

The New Zealand Graphic

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and Ladies' Journal

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A GROWING CONCERN.

YOUNG N.Z.: Gee, whiz! Father never told me nothin' about this 'un.

Principally About People

A Promising Musician.

Miss Janie Amodeo, daughter of the late Captain Amodeo, whose photograph appears in this issue, has just completed her 16th birthday. She passed in October the advanced grade Royal Academy exam. 1905, having previously passed the preparatory, junior, intermediate, and senior exams. Trinity College, London. This young lady possesses great musical ability, and has composed some very pleasing Morceaux for the pianoforte. She is a pupil of St. Mary's High School, Ponsonby, and at their annual presentation of prizes was the recipient of a gold medal given by the Mayor of Auckland (Mr. Arthur Myers) for music.



MISS JANIE AMODEO,
a clever pupil of St. Mary's High School.

The Eccentricities of Singers.

Vanity, conceit and self-confidence will be recognised at once as common traits by any reader who has had any extended acquaintance with the profession. Perhaps one of the most striking instances of it is in the case of the prima donna, Angelica Catalini, who, when criticised by a noted musician for vocal imperfections, shrugged her shoulders and called him "an impious man," adding: "When God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honour it as a miracle; it is profane to depreciate the gifts of Heaven."

The great Handel made a crushing retort to an overbearing singer, who was dissatisfied with Handel's accompaniment, and declared that if Handel did not do better, he would jump over on the harpsichord where Handel sat and break it to pieces. Handel replied, in his inimitable German-English: "Let me

know ven you vill do dot and I vill advertise id; I am sure more beebie vill come to see you shump as vill come to hear you sing." We are not told that the singer fulfilled his threat.

Perhaps it is no wonder that great singers should be vain and overbearing, for much foolish adulation is lavished on them by the public. It is natural that their heads should be turned when

so much fuss is made of them and they are regarded as demi-gods. The attitude of many persons toward a great singer is well expressed in the compliment of the noted composer Haydn to Mrs Billington, one of the best-known singers of her day. Her portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and she was represented as listening to the song of the angels. Haydn was asked for his opinion of the painting, and replied: "It is a beautiful picture, but there is one strange mistake." "A mistake! how is that?" asked the surprised artist. "Why," replied Haydn, "you have made Mrs Billington listening to the angels, when you ought to have painted the angels as listening to her."

The jealousy of singers is proverbial and leads to many ridiculous situations. The unfortunate operatic manager who has more than one prima donna in his company is sometimes in desperate straits on this account, and has to move heaven and earth in order to pacify the rival songstresses. One of the most extreme examples of this class, however, is of jealousy in the same family, where a tenor singer named Ansari and his wife, who lived over a century ago, and who were so envious of each other, that if by chance one received more applause than the other the unfortunate one employed men to go in the audience and hiss the other off the stage. A story told of Adeline Patti is to the effect that on one of her tours she made a contract with her manager that on all printed posters and bills her name was to appear in type at least one-third larger than the names of any of the other artists in the company. On one occasion in Chicago, Patti's husband and a friend actually measured the names on the billboard, and finding that Patti's name was not quite one-third larger than Mile. Nevada's, in-

sisted on the latter's being cut down, which the unlucky manager had to do, cutting out a thin slice from the middle of Nevada's name, giving it a very strange appearance.



KIERAN, THE CLEVER YOUNG AUSTRALIAN SWIMMER,

who died at Brisbane recently after being operated on for appendicitis. He had returned only a few weeks previously from the Old Country and the Continent, and during his tour he annexed all the English championships except two—the mile and the five miles. His list of world's records was a very long one.



Tyree, photo.

NELSON COLLEGE SENIOR ELEVEN: A SUCCESSFUL CRICKET TEAM.

Standing: C. Rout, J. Skeet, G. Richmond, Coote. Sitting: Papps, K. C. Ross, L. S. Jennings (captain), A. Sandel, T. King. In front: R. H. Lucas.



IN PORT AGAIN!



THE HOOLIGANS TRY TO SEE THE KING.

THIS SHOWS HOW THEY SUCCEED.

The Hooligans are American visitors to Europe, who are always in some comic scrape. From time to time some of their other adventures will be shown in the "Graphic."



JIMMY AND WILLY JAMES IN TROUBLE.

JIMMY IS A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY WHO ALWAYS FORGETS THE TIME AND STOPS TO PLAY WHEN SENT ON MESSAGES.



JIMMY AND HIS FATHER HELP POOR AUNTIE.

THIS IS ANOTHER OF JIMMY'S SCRAPES, BUT HIS FATHER IS ALSO TO BLAME THIS TIME.

"Imprudent" Marriages.

By "marrying imprudently" I do not mean marrying in haste, or for money; I mean just what most people do, when they use the time-honoured phrase—marrying young.

But this theory does not apply to a king, or a crown prince, or the eldest son of a peer. Were you to occupy any one of those positions, you would be expected and implored to wed long before you were five-and-twenty—sometimes while you were still legally only an "infant"—and nobody will tell you that you cannot know your own mind, and so on.

But if you are merely an ordinary mortal, whether you are rich or poor—but more particularly if you are poor—to marry your first love in the flush and heyday of your mutual youth will be looked upon as little short of a crime.

It is rather ridiculous, isn't it? Especially considering that the great majority of those kings, princesses, dukes, etc., who married very young are at present engaged in living happily ever after; and remembering that our admirable ancestors, of all ranks in life, made a regular practice of doing so, too. And everybody knows, nowadays, what splendid men and women they were, and how well they brought up their dozens of children, and how extremely rapidly the British Isles are said to be going to the dogs, simply because we have let off being like them!

We have certainly left off being like them in one particular, and that is our view of marriage. To grandpapa it was a solemn career, of which the duties were as important as the pleasures—in fact, its duties were its pleasures—whereas the modern idea seems to be that a wife is a luxury to which a man should only aspire when he has about finished his business career, and is decidedly in comfortable circumstances for his particular position.

"Consider the cruelty," says the worldly-wise mentor to the modern Romeo, "of taking a delicately nurtured girl, and, instead of supplying her with a first-floor flat, an Empire drawing-room, Paris frocks, nightly amusements, and a Norland nurse, to ask her to drudge over housework, bathe her own babies, knit your socks, and spend evening after evening at home with only you for company! To let Juliet know you love her before you can offer her a home as good as—if not better than—the one she leaves, would not be the action of an honest man?"

And poor dear Romeo believes this—there must be some crumbs of truth in the assertion that we are degenerating, after all—and dutifully goes off by himself to wait till his hair is thin and his illusions worn out, and his bachelor ways so fixed, that when he does marry he finds it very hard work to be a satisfactory husband.

And Juliet is hardly likely to prove a satisfactory wife, because even the best of women cannot live on chocolate cream alone, and that is what—metaphorically, of course—the wife of the average successful thirty-seven-year-old husband is expected to do.

They may "rub along" together fairly well, on the whole, but—

But if Romeo had married his first love some dozen years ago, and Juliet had married her first love, too, they would each have had a solid hundred-to-one chance of an ideal marriage—the kind of union which brings two people to their diamond wedding-day with their great-grandchildren round their knees, and that glowing spiritual beauty of happy and reverend age which outshines the very pink and white of youth.

Because, as in every other art, ordinary persons should embark upon marriage before their character has crystallised in its minor details. At twenty-two there are very few men and women who cannot adapt themselves, all unison, seriously, to some constant, loved companion.

At thirty-two this entails hard sacrifice; at forty-two it is all but impossible. Now, it is not because the husband is a Home Ruler, or the wife an admirer of Bernard Shaw, that married people are made miserable, but because of the perpetual pinpricks which two people not absolutely run in the same mould are pretty sure to give each other.



Some Unsuspected Isle

A Romance of Modern Greece

By Blanche M. Burrell

THE restaurant was comfortable and well lighted, the dinner well served, and the hum of many combined conversations cheering.

To-night Dornby had gone there from habit, partly from curiosity, to know if the place had altered any since he had left Paris and the Latin Quarter several years ago, and though he could see no real changes, he felt strangely out of harmony among the pleasure-seeking throng that filled it. For he was suffering from what he fancied a broken heart.

This malady had so altered him that his friends in London, remarking his cold aloofness, twitted him unmercifully on its source; and Dornby, being very much in earnest for perhaps the first time in his life, resolved to fly from their jeers to a more sympathetic spot. Paris, however, hardly came up to his expectations; like the artist Jules he began to long for some unsuspected isle in far-off seas, where he could repair all damages unobserved. As he drank his coffee he was very deep in thought upon this subject should he go or stay? It was of no importance to himself or any one else which he did, and this fact only served to exasperate him the more.

Here he came out of his abstraction in order to light another cigarette, and awoke to the fact that an un-English voice was talking English to the Frenchest of waiters.

"I won't take that five-frame piece," it said, "it's a counterfeit—no good. You don't understand? Well, you seem mighty quick at forgetting, as you understood the English of my order all right."

Dornby looked up to see an exasperated American confronted by the shrugging, smiling waiter.

"Give me a good piece of money, do you hear?" continued the American.

"Monsieur mean he not satisfy with his petit souper?" queried the polite garcon. Several Frenchmen around were now interested, laughing spectators of the big American's embarrassment. They leaned forward so as to miss none of the waiter's replies, or of the American's annoyance. One of them laughed, while the other called some very evident encouragement to his aperted compatriot. The American flushed, and looked around him helplessly. Dornby saw at a glance that he knew he was being cheated, but was ignorant of Latin Quarter methods of persuasion. Also his quick eye noted that he was a gentleman. A sudden liking sprang up in him for this other Anglo-Saxon, and, catching the American's keen gray eye, he called.

"Why don't you try knocking a little sense into him?"

Almost before Dornby had finished speaking, the American was on his feet and the Frenchman sprawling on the

floor. His blood was up now, for as he looked around for more worlds to conquer, he called back to Dornby: "I didn't know matters could be settled so satisfactorily in the effete East," and his comprehensive glance took in the aforesaid interested spectators, who now seemed to have lost all interest in the affair.

Dornby crossed over to his side and said a few words to the waiter, who stood brushing himself off; the five-franc piece was restored, and peace into the bargain, for Dornby and the American walked out of a very quiet and apologetic cafe, talking like old acquaintances.

"It was mighty kind of you to give me a tip just when I needed it most," the American began; "I've never been to Paris before, and I don't know a word of French, so I was in rather a bad way. I was beginning to see red when you called me, for I'd been explaining for about a quarter of an hour, and it seemed to me that all the Frenchmen in the place were grinning and nudging each other. I rather hated to knock that little fellow down without warning, though." Dornby smiled. "Oh, it's no new thing for him," he said, "a rascal sometimes gets what he deserves. It is trying for a stranger to get in such a fix, though—especially if he doesn't know the language."

"You're fairly good at it, I take it," remarked the American, a question in his voice.

"Yes," replied Dornby, "I was brought up on it. My mother was a foreigner—by that I mean not an Englishwoman—and the advantages of knowing more than one language were early instilled into my youthful mind."

"I wish someone had taken that much trouble with me," said the American, enviously. "Here I am, a perfect stranger in a strange land and bound for still stranger ones, and with only my mother-tongue to bewail my fate in, when fate is unkind."

"So you're going to travel?" inquired Dornby.

"Not exactly," replied the other. "You see," and he laughed, "I am on my way to Ithaca, where I shall install myself as American consul in a few weeks!"

"American consul of Ithaca! Why, my dear chap, I doubt if the inhabitants have ever heard of America," cried the surprised Englishman, "they're the most primitive, uneducated creature, you know."

"Well, there only are about twelve thousand of them, as far as I can make out," the consul answered, "and a little education distributed among that many goes a long way. It's an absurd position for a man of my age to accept"—he looked about thirty—"but I've never travelled any, and I thought it would be a chance to see something of other countries besides my own—I dare say you have guessed my nationality by now, as it didn't seem to take that waiter long to size me up. My name

is Chisholm, sir—Barry Chisholm—and I'm from Kentucky."

Dornby grasped the American's outstretched hand as he answered, "Mine is Dornby—and I'm very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Chisholm. Do you know, there is something queer about our striking up against each other in this way, as I am interested in Ithaca to a certain extent myself. Why, I actually know that Vathy is the principal town, and that its white-washed houses seem to bid you welcome as you sail up the Gulf of Molo. And its sky is bluer than England's, its mountains boulder and more rugged—altogether, Ithaca might pose as that 'unsuspected isle in far-off seas' that Browning's hero longed for so ardently, as far as natural beauty and isolation go."

"So you're an artist?" asked Chisholm, who had read about as much Browning as he had French.

"Oh, no, not at all; but my mother came from Ithaca," answered Dornby, in a burst of confidence. He rarely spoke of his foreign mother, this reserved Englishman, perhaps the wish to be quite English in spite of his Greek blood made him talk less about himself than was natural. But the coincidence of his meeting with a man almost his compatriot, who was bound for his mother's birthplace, seemed to loosen his tongue, for he went on, "I've always thought I ought to go to Ithaca, and meant to at one time or another, but I kept telling myself that I had all the time there was, and it was no use wasting the present. Then I never cared much about meeting my grandfather—he was an unusually quarrelsome old chap, it seems—and my uncle, my mother's only brother, must have been a perfect brute in his youth; it isn't likely he's improved with age. No, I'd rather remain the Hon. Basil Dornby than pose as Basil, Count Megalopolis. For I'm a thorough-paced, if commonplace, Englishman."

Chisholm stopped short, and looked at the contented son of Albion with the light of inspiration in his keen American eye.

"Dornby," he said, "why not come with me, nominally as my secretary, if you don't want to do the long-lost relation act? I can't say we are well acquainted, but that will come with time, and if you found anything very disagreeable in me, you could cut for London whenever you wanted to. You've done me one good turn already, and the next one should come from the other side, perhaps—but I must confess that the thought of Ithaca with a fool interpreter as sole companion has gotten to be a sort of nightmare to me. No, don't say a word till we're in my rooms, then we can discuss things quietly, for I see you're beginning to think me mildly insane."

They were at the entrance of Chisholm's hotel, and in another moment the large swinging doors closed behind the two men that Chance had so strangely brought together.

Purple-blue water and sky, and a semi-circle of white houses against a mountain background. As they sailed lazily up the bay Chisholm and Dornby looked around them curiously, the one at his new home, the other at the home of his ancestors. The American consul felt his heart sink as his eyes rested on the low, small houses that seemed to constitute Vathy; at the wild, bare country, and the absence of everything that would have here indicated competition with the outside world. The two black-browed men who managed their skiff did not reassure him much, and he began to wonder why he had ever consented to waste his time on an island more famous in the *Odyssey* than on any list of exports.

Dornby, however, insisted that everything was perfect. Until now, Chisholm had found him rather a silent companion, at times almost too taciturn, and had begun to fear that he had been foolish in suggesting the trip. For in spite of the sudden liking that had sprung up between the two men, arguing some tastes in common, they were, after all, perfect strangers, who knew next to nothing of each other. The two weeks they had spent together had been full of interest to the American, and Dornby had proved an admirable guide—he seemed as much at home in Rome as in Paris or Vienna, but his lack of enthusiasm was rather a damper to Chisholm's high spirits. And now their roles seemed to be transferred; the one was all consul, "Why don't more people come to this corner of the globe, I wonder," Dornby called. "I should think Cook could make a fortune pointing out the exact spot where Ulysses plowed the strand, and the rock to which Telemachus' galley was moored. Besides, everything is so beautiful. I shall re-christen Ithaca and call it a 'Cure for the Blues.' Did you ever see such water, or such a sky? I could spend days climbing around over those rocks." And he began to whistle from sheer lightheartedness. Chisholm looked at him in surprise, he was not prepared for such untainted praise on Dornby's part. And the boatman's scowl deepened as he wondered where this foreigner had learned the air to their count's favourite hunting song.

Half an hour later found them in Chisholm's quarters. He had extravagantly rented a house built on the hillside, a few minutes outside of Vathy, and everything was in readiness for the new master, even down to the servants and well-stocked kitchen. It was more like a miniature feudal castle than a modern consulate, if the truth must be told, for the only entrance led into a small court with a fountain and stone table and benches, and the doors to the master's apartments, servants' quarters and stables all opened in this. These buildings enclosed the court on three sides, but on the fourth was a stone wall, some four feet thick, overlooking the town. The ground sloped sharply down from this point, so that the castle terrace commanded a fine view of the surrounding country; but from the bottom of the hill nothing could be seen save the new consulate's high walls and single turret.

The incongruity of his peaceful calling and this belligerent residence struck Chisholm and amused him. Dornby was delighted, and vowed he would put on enough style for an ambassador.

"Have your trunks dumped into your room, and Harris will unpack them," he said. "We have plenty of time before dinner to take a stroll and see what things are like. I'm impatient to view the home of my ancestors."

Chisholm took advantage of his friend's loquacious humour to ask him if he knew where these ancestors lived, and how; and as they went down the winding path that led to the town, Dornby began on this rather exhaustive theme.

"I must confess that I don't know much about them; you see, my grandfather was bitterly opposed to my father's marriage, for though the Megalopoli are noble and the Dornbys a decidedly younger branch, my English relations always felt there was something outlandish about my father's Greek wife, and never quite forgave his taking the wild step of marrying a foreigner. When I think of my aunts and uncles, I do wonder how he ever had the courage to do it. I know the whole family

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NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST RESORTS

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

TE AROHA.

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

ROTORUA.—THE WORLD'S SANATORIUM.

ROTORUA, on the shores of a beautiful lake, 915 feet above sea-level, is 171 miles south of Auckland. Daily railway service. It is the Centre of New Zealand's Thermal Wonderland, and its Unequaled Natural Hot Mineral Waters are sure remedies for many ailments. The climate is healthy and equable. There are several large and comfortable hotels and many boarding-houses. Easy facilities for side-trips are provided by steamer, coach and buggy. 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 Rheumatical Arthritis, and in such local manifestations as Sciatica and Lumbago, in Peripheral Neuritis, Neuralgia, and many other nervous diseases when not of central origin, in Neurasthenia, and in certain cases of Hysteria, and in certain Uterine complaints; in many diseases due to failure of excretory organs such as the Liver or Kidneys, and in many skin diseases.

THE PRIEST'S BATH.—This is an immersion bath; the water is of a strongly acid and 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 installation, though at present comparatively small, is very complete, while the Rachel water, possessed in a very high degree the "glairy" quality which makes the waters of Aix les Bains so peculiarly fitted for massage purposes. There is no bath in the Southern Hemisphere to compare for a moment with this.

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

THE BLUE BATH, an open air hot swimming bath, fed by the Maltry 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 2/ per week. To these patients are extended all the privileges given to those paying the higher rate. Beds available for Friendly Society patients are limited to six.

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

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA.

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

HANMER HOT SPRINGS.

Government Spa at Hanmer (altitude 1,215 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 douches, 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 Maitte 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; enchanting water excursions. Numerous interesting land trips; Alpine ascents. Lakes Wauaka 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 Sutherland Falls (1,904 feet), the highest in the world, are features of the trip.

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

ALL INFORMATION

as to Charges, Fares, etc., in connection with the above and other Tourist Resorts in the colony may be obtained free on application to the GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT OF TOURIST AND HEALTH RESORTS, WELLINGTON, or on inquiry at the Branch Offices, Auckland, Te Aroha, Rotorua, Wairoa (H.B.), Hanmer Hot Springs, Christchurch, Dunedin or Invercargill. Information is also supplied at the London Office of the Agent-General (Hon. W. P. Reeves), Westminster Chambers, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. Gow, Commercial Agent, for New Zealand, Durban, South Africa. For details as to routes, fares and time-tables see Tourist Department's Itinerary. Minister in charge of the Tourist and Health Resorts Department.

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

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

Cable Address: "MaoriLand."

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CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.



THE NEW YEAR REGATTA IN INSECTLAND.

THE LILY-PAD ROWING ASSOCIATION HOLDS ITS ANNUAL CARNIVAL.

Some Unsuspected Isle

Continued from page 6.

expected me to turn out a sort of black-eyed young bandit, and was supremely grateful when I got through school and college without disgracing my name. I imagine I was rather like the ordinary English boy, for I neither developed 'long, raven locks,' nor was I 'subject to fits of rage,' and I believe my mother was very happy during her short married life, so I can never pose as a hero of romance. I can't even boast an unloved childhood, for though my mother died when I was quite a little chap, my father and I were always good friends, and I had plenty of uncles to visit during the holidays when he was away from home. Since his death, I have been in trouble once or twice, but nothing that my affectionate relations could blame my Greek blood for, if they heard of it."

"I would say you were a typical Englishman," remarked Chisholm, glancing at Dornby's smooth, brown hair and quiet eyes. "Did you ever learn any modern Greek?"

"Used to speak it like a native. My mother was very anxious that I should, for some reason, but I haven't even thought a word of it for years. After her death I was encouraged to forget that there was anything un-English about me, but from what she said, a count really counts for something over here, especially on a little island like this. Before her marriage she always used to spend part of the year in Corinth or Athens—that was where my father met her—but for the most part my grandfather preferred loitering it on his own estate. I'd like to hunt it up, just out of curiosity."

"Why don't you try your Greek on the next man you meet, and ask him where it is?" laughed Chisholm.

They had entered the town now and were walking slowly up the main street toward the church, which stood on one side of the central square. Dornby hesitated an instant, then walked up to a sturdy young fellow in picturesque costume and addressed him in what seemed to Chisholm a series of guttural exclamations. The Greek answered in the same strain with convincing waving of arms and shaking of head, a silver piece changed hands, and Dornby turned again to Chisholm.

"That fellow really seemed to understand me!" he said, delightedly, "and from what I can make out of his dialect, the count seems to be a pretty big man in these parts. He must own about the whole island. But the castle is too far off to see to-night; it's around on the other side of Mount Stefanos. We must ride over some day—I suppose we can scare up a pair of horses—as it would never do for the consul and his secretary to go on foot."

He laid his hand on the American's arm with a greater display of excitement than Chisholm would have thought possible a few days ago, and they were about to walk on when a rider, followed by two other horsemen in the national Greek costume, turned into the square. The newcomer was a heavily built man of middle age, but he sat his horse in a way that proved him perfectly at home in the saddle. His high boots, riding trousers and sack coat were of commonplace cut and well-worn, but there was nothing insignificant in the man's appearance. As he nodded right and left to the citizens, who stood with bared heads to see him pass, there was something almost

primosity in his bearing. But as he came nearer, both men noticed that the black eyes under the low, broad forehead were dull and sulen, the thick moustache only half hid the heavy mouth, and the whole face bore the marks of a life spent in dissipation and self-indulgence.

Dornby's grasp on his friend's arm grew tamer. "By Jove, we are in luck!" he whispered. "It's the count!"

The local celebrity was nearly opposite them now; in another moment he had noticed the two foreigners, and raising his soft felt hat slightly, he reined in his horse before them.

"You are the new American consul, I take it?" he began, in somewhat halting French, glancing first at one, then at the other, and finally settling on Chisholm.

"Monsieur is right," replied Dornby in the same language, mentally noting the count as observant in spite of his heavy appearance, "but, unfortunately, the consul only speaks English. We have the honour to address Count Megalopolis?"

"The same," replied the count, "and as I know very little English—one's languages are apt to grow rusty from disuse—will you please convey my compliments to the consul, and tell him I hope he will give me the pleasure of receiving him at my home very soon? And in the meantime, I welcome him most cordially to Ithaca. You are also an American?"

"I am the consul's secretary," answered Dornby, evasively, though why, he himself could not have told, "and I thank you in his name for your kind invitation."

"In which you, of course, are included," added the count, quickly. "I fear our conversation would be more painful than amusing without your kind assistance. I regret I am not able to say more to the consul himself, but I hope that in spite of that, we shall be very good friends," and, lifting his hat once more, the count and his two grooms clattered on through the narrow streets.

"Well, what do you think of my noble uncle?" asked Dornby, as they walked on.

"I'm the one that should ask that of you," Chisholm answered; "you did all the palvering, while I stood by, feeling like a fool. But if you really want to know my opinion, it's that our friend Count Megalopolis thinks he's a big man, whatever he may be."

"Coincides exactly with mine," returned Dornby. "It remains for us to find out if he is anything or not. I'm mighty glad he did include me in his lordly invitation, for I've no intention of revealing myself as yet—I don't think it would come in the nature of a joyful surprise."

The two men had almost reached the top of the hill on which their new home was perched, and as they stopped to take breath, they looked about them. At their feet lay the little town of Vathy, with the blue Mediterranean lapping at its very doors; behind them frowned Mt. Stefanos, like a sentinel ready to cry, "Who goes there?" at the first approach of danger. As Dornby feasted his eyes on the wealth of colour and the wild beauty of the scene, his heart went out to the rugged little island, and he felt a most un-English desire to throw his arms about the man who had brought him there, and to claim his sympathy.

That evening, as the two men sat drinking their coffee on the terrace, Dornby's man Harris approached them with a troubled face.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he began, "there's something I should like to tell you if you're not otherwise engaged." "Ithaca doesn't seem with engagements for us, Harris," answered Dornby, "so go on."

"Well, sir," the man continued, "I dare say I'm to blame—or will be, if anything comes of it—but I'm sure you'll admit that it's only in a queer, little out-of-the-way place like this for a man as has been used to city life. So, sir, when one of these here furriners up and speaks to me in English, I takes him into my confidence, so to speak. And after he has made a few remarks such as how I likes Ithaca after London, and so on, as is only polite, I says I must put away your things, sir, but if he can wait the matter of an hour or so, I would consider it most kind of him if he would show me about the island a bit. He falls in with the plan most agreeable, and says he'll wait gladly,

and if I wouldn't take it as impertinent, he'd offer to help me, so we could have a long walk before sundown; you having said you'd be back late, sir. I was so pleased to hear a word of English that I accepted of his offer, and together we goes to your rooms, sir, and he helps me as handy as you please. But all of a sudden I notices that I don't hear nothing in your dressing-room where I had left him, sir, and thinks I, 'That man may be one of these here bandits for all I knows, in spite of his smooth ways.' So I tip-toes quiet but uneasy to the door, and what do I see? Not him a-stuffing of his pockets with your gold, but a holding Mrs. Dornby's picture in his dirty hands, a-staring at it with his eyes a-popping out of his head. Well, sir, I was that relieved in my mind, sir, that I bellers out, 'Oh, you're still there, are you?' And at that he drops the picture like he had been caught in a crime, and he says, 'I was just a-looking at that photograph there. Now I had in my mind to say that that was my master's mother, sir; but seeing as he took the whole thing so queer, I says light-like, 'Mighty fine-looking lady ain't she? I often has admired that picture myself,' asking your pardon for the liberty of talking so, sir. Well, at that, he looks relieved, and says, chipper-like, that he'd never seen no one more beautiful or taking, and how it reminded him of his count's sister, as no one in these parts had seen for many a long year. And then he ups and asks me, do I know who she is?"

"What did you say?" cried both Chisholm and Dornby in a breath.

The man evidently encouraged by the interest his story awoke, went on with some show of enjoyment.

"These foreigners have some mighty curious ways, but thinks I, I'm a match for them! And I answers light and easy, 'My master hasn't made me his confidant, so I can't say as I do. It may be one of them fancy heads.' At that he looks at me so piercing that I feels like the bloke in a detective story; then all at once he comes up so close to me that I feels quite cold—it all happened so sudden and unexpected—and he says low and impressive: 'If I make it worth your while, can you find out who the original of that picture is, and let me know?' Well, I was

staggered, sir, it all coming so sudden-like, as I said before, so I gasps at how I'd be glad to tell him if I only knew, and he explains, it's only curiosity on his part, and soon goes off, forgetting the walk most likely, though he was still most friendly. But I argues it out this way: If he's that interested in you, you may want to know about him; so I decides to tell you the whole story."

"And you did quite right, Harris," answered Dornby, "I suppose it was a shock to that fellow to find his countess' photograph in the hands of a man whom he thought was an American and an utter stranger."

"But he acted real guilty, sir," put in Harris.

"Very likely you mistook surprise for guilt. I can't imagine what crime there could be in looking at a beautiful woman's photograph," returned Dornby, practically. "If he asks you again tell him the truth. I'm tired of hiding my light under a bushel."

But as the man turned to go, Chisholm began remonstratingly:

"Look here, Dornby," he said, "I wouldn't be in a hurry about things, if I were you. You seem to know mighty little about this country, or your uncle, or even of your mother's life before she was married. You say her father quarrelled with her, and that her brother was a brute, but do you know why, or even if this is the truth? If I were you, I wouldn't be in such a hurry about stirring up old memories in this out-of-the-way place. Perhaps you have never gone about with the knowledge that an acquaintance would shoot you the first chance he got if you didn't prevent him by forcible means; but I have, and I know what it feels like."

"You don't mean to say that you scent a mystery in this?" demanded Dornby.

"If I said that much, you would merely call me a fool for my pains," answered Chisholm. "What I do say is, 'Look before you leap,' and nothing more."

"Oh, I don't mind looking," acquiesced Dornby, after a moment's pause. "So, Harris, don't tell that man the truth. Say I bought the picture if he asks you anything about it, and together, Chisholm, we'll find out if 'mystery' is the proper word."

That night, as Dornby's thoughts

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turned on the events of the past day, he felt totally unlike himself, as a man in a dream; for though something in him responded to his mother's birthplace, his surroundings were so strange, so foreign that he knew he must change completely before he could feel at home there. He was quite an unimportant individual in this little island. His nationality counted for very little, his name for less than nothing; yet he knew, that the moment he gave himself out as a Megalopolis, son of the late countess, he would be looked up to with a respect almost amounting to awe. Yet he had never used his middle name at home—he had always dreaded pronouncing "that absurd Greek word!" He certainly was quite English. Yet if that were really the case, why did he cherish his little mystery instead of going straight to his uncle and introducing himself, as nine out of ten of his countrymen would undoubtedly have done? He almost began to doubt his own identity—to believe that if he struck a light and looked at himself in the mirror he would see some "black-eyed landit" reflected there, instead of the usual unobtrusive features. On a sudden impulse he went to his dressing-table and struck a light, then smiled at his own reflection as he thought of his absurd ideas during the last hour or two. It was not an unpleasant thing to possess, that reflection—the forehead broad, and not so low as to suggest lack of intelligence; eyebrows well marked, and of the same shade as the smooth, brown hair; quiet, down eyes; and a good mouth that the close-cropped brown moustache did not hide. And these features combined formed an unusually well-bred, well-groomed whole—the face of a manly, self-contained Englishman with a will of his own, when he chose to exert it—the chin spoke for itself there—but for the most part easy-going and conventional, both from habit and choice.

Dorby was as well aware of his personal advantages as any one, but tonight they did not seem as satisfactory as usual. All his homesickness for England, his sudden affection for this second home of his, had left no mark on the calm features; they seemed to him a mere mask to conceal his real feelings. With an impatient movement he put out the light again and crossed over to the moonlit window, where he sat far into the night looking at the white town nestled at the foot of Mt. Stefanos, and listening to the surf beating against the rocky shore.

Chisholm's first night in Ithaca had been a bad one, he showed no trace of it the next morning. The smooth-shaven, grayish face wore its usual expression of resolute contentment, his eyes their wonted steadiness, but he smiled over his egg-cup as he said to Dorby: "Hope you've spent the last few hours planning how to 'ferret out the mystery,' for we've got to have some work to do to keep us in condition. My post as consul doesn't seem to promise much in that direction. It's a fine way of punishing men who have taken some sort of an interest in politics to send them off as government representatives to places like this. I really had a strong desire to cut for the mainland last night. The thought of your disappointment over the untravelling mystery was really the only thing that kept me from it."

Dorby laughed. "I wish you would define as well as unravel the mystery," he said. "It did all seem very sinister last night, with the moon shining full on our ramparts and that confounded native music coming up from the town; but for the life of me, I can't see anything unusual in the Greek's recognising my mother's picture, and then wondering whether he could be mistaken or not. If he had been an Englishman he would have asked Harris a straight question; since he was a Greek, he took a roundabout way of satisfying his curiosity. Now if you can find any mystery in that, you're welcome to it."

"Why, my dear fellow, your whole past life is shrouded in mystery," cried

Chisholm, mockingly. "There isn't so much as a second cousin of mine that I don't know intimately, even down to the few virtues he may possess, and as to my parents' birthplace, I passed my whole childhood in the same town they passed theirs, while you can barely pronounce your mother's name, and haven't even a speaking acquaintance with your only maternal uncle! Mystery—we're knee-deep in mystery, and he rose from the table, chuckling at his own wit.

Dorby followed his example, and the two strolled out on to the terrace. Both men felt vaguely the absence of mail and daily newspapers, and as they were sociating themselves with cigarette and sweetcuria, the American began again:

"I suppose I'm mighty curious," he remarked, hesitatingly, "but if I had an uncle up yonder in the castle, I'd have some sort of a desire to see him."

"Suppose we call on him this afternoon," returned Dorby, leaning both arms on the stone rampart, and blowing a cloud of perfumed smoke into the still air.

"We would have to come back by moonlight, and I don't like riding over a strange road after nightfall. I'm apt to lose my way."

"Then why not try this morning?" questioned Dorby, lazily. His feeling was not altogether one of unmixed pleasure when Chisholm hailed his idea with delight, and declared he was no true Kentuckian if he couldn't rustle up a pair of good horses inside the hour. But as the American's long figure strode off in the direction of the stables, Dorby could not help admiring the energy which prompted his friend always to be up and doing, so he started off for his room with the noble resolve to loaf no more—that morning, at least.

"Have you seen anything of your Greek friend?" he asked of Harris, who was taking the trees out of his boots.

"No sir," replied the man, "and what's more, I don't believe I shall, sir. He was mighty much shook up and ashamed of himself, if his looks was to be relied on, and I don't believe he'll come bothering around me no more."

"I hope he won't, for your conscience's sake, for Mr Chisholm won't hear of you telling the truth about the picture," said Dorby, smiling, as he picked up a spur, wondering if the Kentuckian would really be able to "rustle up" a horse worthy of his steel. A few minutes later he left the room in search of his friend, whom he found coming to meet him, satisfaction pictured in every feature, and already dressed for the ride.

"Come out and take a look at your mount, since you're all ready to start," he said, running his eye over the Englishman's covert cloth costume. "I miraculously ran up against a bay and a sorrel that couldn't be better if we'd ordered them on purpose for ourselves."

"Where did you find them?" gasped Dorby, as he looked at the splendid animals. "I didn't know they grew such horse-flesh on this God-forsaken island."

"They don't," returned Chisholm, chuckling. "I told the groom, the only one that speaks English, that my secretary and I were going for a ride this morning, and consequently needed a pair of horses, which necessary articles he should immediately procure us. I expected him to look staggered, but instead of that, he said he understood perfectly, and that the horses had arrived. So it was my turn to be surprised, but I tried to show only the satisfaction I felt when he led up these two beauties," and he patted the neck of the horse nearest him affectionately.

"But whom do they belong to?" queried Dorby. "I don't want to add 'horse thief' to my list of titles."

"Oh, they're ours all right enough," answered Chisholm; "paid for and got the receipts in my pocket. The count is the only person that loses by the transaction, for, of course, it was he who ordered them to be sent over for inspection. But don't let that worry you."

And evidently Dorby didn't, for a few minutes later the two men elated over the bridge, and were soon cantering around Mt. Stefanos in the direction of the castle.

Rambling, gloomy, deserted, Castle Megalopolis loomed up before the two Anglo-Saxons suddenly after a sharp turn in the road.

"Lord, what a mediæval nightmare!" exclaimed Dorby, reining in his horse. "So this is my maternal inheritance or would be if Uncle Alexander would kindly make room."

"Would you want to inherit a pile like that?" asked Chisholm. "It seems to me that it would rather weigh on one's spirits." But Dorby vouchsafed no answer and the two men sat silent for a moment surveying the frowning walls, the towers and turrets that rose on the hillside above them, a lasting monument to the taste, good and bad, of a long line of Megalopolis.

"The main branches of the family seems firmly enough rooted to its native soil," said Dorby at last, "and they'll be remembered, in one tiny corner of the globe, at least, till that mass of masonry has crumbled to atoms. Hanged if I don't begin to have some respect for the biggest toad in a little puddle than I used to. He's a big toad in some place, at all events."

"This toad seems to be worth knowing," replied Chisholm who always preferred action to thought, "so suppose we proceed."

It was a hard climb for the nervous, spirited horses up the steep path, strewn with rolling stones, but at last their riders dismounted before what appeared the principal entrance to the castle, though it was closed and barred in a way to make any chance visitor despair of ever entering. Chisholm looked around for a bell or knocker—anything to pull or pound; but the acion of this seemingly inhospitable house lifted up his voice in resounding Greek:

"Hols, there within!" he shouted. For a moment it seemed as if no one had heard; then the great gate swung noiselessly back, and before them stood one of the grooms they had seen riding with the count the day before, still picturesque in his native costume. Chisholm's gaze travelled past the man, and he stood taking in every detail of the paved court before him as Dorby explained their errand. Their horses were led clattering away by another groom, who appeared as if by magic, and then Chisholm found himself following Dorby through the court, up a wide staircase, along a broad passage, and finally into a large apartment, half hall, half drawing-room, where their guide took their cards and left them.

"Rummy place this!" observed Dorby, staring around him curiously, now that they were alone. And the room was something of a curiosity. Skins and horns covered the floor and walls in true mediæval profusion; but here and there the light gleamed on a piece of polished marble or ivory in a way that carried one back in thought to a former civilisation. A few coals burned in the long seat which, built into the wall, ran around the room, save where it was broken by the large doorway; and the air held a faint perfume, like the memory of flowers gathered long ago. Here and there the sun pierced the deep windows, set high in the wall, with long shafts of gold; but shadows elung to all the corners, and the dim light seemed like a veil over objects fa-

millar and strange after the outside glare.

"Well, I hope you feel quite at home," remarked Chisholm, and his loud, cheerful voice broke a silence so absolute that Dorby's nerves jumped. "I don't even know whether to sit down on that cold stone bench, or to recline on one of the fur rugs."

"I'm not going to do either, answered Dorby, almost under his breath. "I'm going to look about me. I'd like to go on a tour of inspection through the whole castle—one doesn't see an old pile like this every day in the year."

"And I would be delighted to lead the way," answered another voice than Chisholm's. "It is not often that Castle Megalopolis can boast such interested guests."

Both men swung around as if they heels had been pivots and before them with a quiet smile on his dark face, stood their host.

The American's face flamed with mingled surprise and indignation. Had this man been in the room, then, eyes since their arrival, spying on them from some dark corner? No, for he held their cards in his hand. But Dorby's voice scattered his thoughts and broke a somewhat awkward silence.

"Pardon me, count," he said, pleasantly. "I did not hear you come in. It is true, however, that we are interested in the castle, as we are in everything of importance in our new home."

"You are then pleased with Ithaca?" inquired the count, politely. He spoke English rather painfully, and with a decided foreign accent, but it was a relief to Chisholm that he could understand what was taking place around him.

"Very much, indeed," he answered, for the question had been addressed to him as much as to Dorby. "Though I can't say I'm a very competent judge of its merits. We only arrived yesterday."

"Ah!" replied the count, simply; then he added: "It was most kind of you to visit me so soon."

"Not at all," answered Chisholm. "After seeing you yesterday in the village, both Dor—my secretary—and I were very anxious to become better acquainted with you."

The count smiled. "Standing here, that seems a difficult matter," he said; "let us go where we can be more comfortable."

And again they were led along a broad passage that seemed to curve aimlessly through the huge building till it finally opened into a room as charming as the other was ceremonious. Here again, however, was that mingling of East and West, ancient and modern. The walls were of cool, white marble, without a hanging, the floor covered with a rich Oriental rug; but massive carved chairs struck Chisholm as intensely comfortable, and on a small inlaid table lay a copy of the English "Peerage." But perhaps the most characteristic feature of the room was the wall fronting the garden. It was of marble, like the other three, but broken by three open arches, and elaborately carved that it seemed merely a lace-like fretwork forming a boundary for the stone verandahs outside.

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Dornby was glad the count occupied himself with Chisholm, so that he could take in every detail of this second corner in his mother's old home, from the furnishings of the room in which he sat to the fountain and stone benches in the court outside. He heard the count's smooth voice uttering commonplaces in English that rendered their original, knew that Chisholm was trying to help his host over the rough places of that language, and at the same time was directing imploring glances at his secretary; but, like the giant in the old Chinese fairy tale, Dornby had a vague feeling that his first duty was to remember something—something of immense importance to them all. From the moment that his eyes had first rested on Castle Megalopolis he had felt that he was not seeing it for the first time, and as the groom led them through the wide halls and corridors, there was something familiar in it all, like a place often visited in a dream. Now, as he sat with half-closed eyes fixed on the splashing fountain in the court outside, he was suddenly aware that Chisholm and the count were enjoying quite an intimate conversation.

"Yes," Count Megalopolis was saying gravely, "one sometimes feels alone here, surrounded by mere menials. Yet it is rare that I leave the island. I find that a quiet life is better for me than too much pleasure."

"So you manage your estate entirely yourself?" inquired Chisholm.

"Entirely myself," was the reply. "We are not fond of intrusting strangers with our affairs, we, Megalopolis, and my only relation is not known to me."

"Ah, indeed!" said Chisholm, politely. "He lives in England," the count went on. "My only sister married, much to our dismay, an Englishman. The last letter that passed between us was at the death of our father, who never forgave her. She also died soon after, but she left, I believe, a son."

"Whom you have never seen?" inquired Chisholm, somewhat curiously.

"Never," answered the count, firmly. "Of late years I have sometimes been tempted to declare myself reconciled and allow him to return to the home of his fathers, which is amply large enough for two. But on mature reflection, I have always decided that it is he who should demand pardon of me."

"For being an Englishman?" asked Dornby.

It was the first word he had spoken during the ten or fifteen minutes that they had been seated, and the count turned to him gravely.

"I am not so unreasonable as that," he answered. "But it seems to me strange that a young man should ignore the existence of his mother's relatives."

At that minute, Chisholm really pitied the lonely Greek, and he asked, half with the intention of forcing Dornby's hand, "then you know the name of this nephew of yours?"

"No," replied the count. "Of his first name I am ignorant. His father's was Edwin Dornby."

Unconsciously Chisholm glanced at his friend, and the count's eyes followed his, but Dornby was looking out into the court as before, and only roused himself with a start as he felt the two pairs of eyes fixed on him.

"The sun shining on all that whiteness seems to mesmerize me," he explained, half in apology.

"Yet I have heard that your America is a land of vivid colouring," hazarded the count. "However," he added, "perhaps you both feel equal now to the tour of inspection we proposed a short time ago. There may be a few things of interest in the old place."

To Chisholm, the next hour or so seemed a repetition of those visits to museums with a competent guide that he had made so often of late. He dutifully looked at what was pointed out to him, wondered when he was bidden to wonder, and admired when admiration was due. One incident, and one only, remained stamped on his brain with any degree of distinctness. The three men were standing before the portraits of the last two counts, the one with intense personal interest and family pride, the other two with curiosity and indifference, when an old man entered the room, bowing obsequiously. All at once, however, he stiffened with surprise; his glance had fallen on Dornby. Lifting his hands in wonder, he said something—Chisholm would have given his year's salary to have known what to his lord, who answered him impatiently with a gesture of dismissal. The old man persisted, however, and a short conversation ensued. Chisholm's eyes wandered from the two Greeks to Dornby, who still stood before his grandfather's portrait as if unconscious that a most animated conversation, evidently about himself, was taking place at his very elbow. Only once did the American detect the faintest change of expression, and a second later the old man left the room somewhat hurriedly, and their host turned to them with apologies for the interruption.

But after this Chisholm felt that something had crept into the air that was not there before, like the first faint thread of smoke heralding a forest fire. The count still played the guide, Dornby was still politely interested, and he himself continued his stereotyped wonder and admiration. But it was with a decided feeling of relief that he found himself back in the little smoking-room, thanking the count for the pleasant morning he had spent, and hoping soon to have the pleasure of entertaining him at the consulate. He was glad Dornby seconded his refusal to lunch at the castle. Chisholm was not a nervous man, but he felt that a longer stay between those four massive and gloomy walls would depress him to the point of desperation. The count bade them a courteous farewell as their horses were led up, and Chisholm breathed a sigh of relief as they rode out at the great gate. Neither spoke for some minutes, but when they came to the spot where they had first caught sight of it, both men turned to take a farewell look at Castle Megalopolis. There it towered, more massive, silent and mysterious than when they had first seen it, and as they gazed the silence was broken at last.

"Well, by George!" said the heir apparent of the Megalopolis.

It was evening again, and the consul and his secretary sat smoking on the terrace as before, still deep in discussion over the "Megalopolis mystery," as Chisholm had christened it.

"I know I laughed at the idea yesterday,

but you needn't tell me that there isn't something queer about my noble relative," Dornby was saying. "And since Chance has brought me here, I'm going to find out what it is, particularly since I believe that I'm mixed up in it somehow."

"I thought your uncle didn't even know you," Chisholm remonstrated.

"I never saw any one blow hot and cold the way you do, Chisholm," answered Dornby, somewhat exasperated that his theories were not received with more enthusiasm. "Yesterday it was you who were so keen on the scent of this mystery; to-day you seem to have lost all interest in it."

"Don't be a fool," returned the American by way of comfort. "You know I'm interested, so what's the use of wasting time? The thing I want, however, is a translation of that little conversation between the count and that old servant."

"I was just coming to that," the mollified Dornby went on. "When the old man seemed to know who I was, as if by intuition, I was simply staggered, and so, I don't doubt, was the count. Old Tom, as the count called him, just gasped, 'The son of my Lady! Found at last!' But the count, far from showing any such pleased surprise, told him to keep quiet, and name no names; that he had no reason to believe I was the lost prodigal Tomi deemed me, except by the wonderful resemblance to some one; and that, for reasons of his own, he wished to find out about me at his leisure. The old fellow remarked that I didn't look poor or in want, as if the fact comforted him, and then the count sent him off. It wasn't much, you see, yet it set me thinking. For why wasn't I welcomed with open arms if I am recognised? Do you think the count merely wants me to show my hand because he wants me to show my hand because he wants me to show my hand before he shows his, and was his conversation of to-day a gentle hint in that direction, or was all that merely a blind? Hanged if I know what it all means. Old Tomi seemed to think some one had been hunting me for years, yet Uncle Alexander doesn't appear over anxious to discover me, now that he has me, practically, under his thumb."

He rose and began to wander restlessly up and down, and in a few minutes Chisholm followed him.

"What do you say to a short walk before we turn in?" the American asked, noting his friend's restlessness. "It's a glorious night!"

Dornby nodded his assent, and together they started out in the moonlight, this time taking the path that led up over the rugged shoulder of Mt. Stefanos. It was rather a hard climb that left no room for thought, but both men were in the mood to enjoy it. Silence absolute reigned, so that the sound of a stone rolling down the mountainside, rebounding from rock to rock, seemed to awake a hundred echoes. Chisholm peered down among the low scrub, but everything was quiet again.

"Only a chamois or a bird could come up there," he remarked. "By the way, how's the shooting here, Dornby?"

And the ascent was begun anew. Suddenly Dornby caught sight of something a few yards above them that

reflected the moonlight in a way that struck him instinctively as sinister. He laid his hand on Chisholm's arm and pointed it out without a word.

"A rifle barrel!" said the Kentuckian, half under his breath. "Footpads, perhaps; have you much money with you?"

"Only a trifle," answered Dornby; "but they might consider our watches and sleeve-buttons more valuable than our skins. So since neither of us is armed, let's play the coward!"

Chisholm stood irresolute an instant; then, his discretion getting the better of his valour, he, too, turned, and both men began quickly to retrace their steps. There was no sound of pursuit. They hurried on down the steep path, slipping and alighting with the rolling stones, till their retreat became a mere headlong flight. Straight on they plunged, faster and faster as their momentum increased, so that a sharp cry of warning from Dornby could not check Chisholm at once, though he saw in a flash the necessity of coming to a full stop. For directly across the path, like an enemy's picket, stood a little line of men, typical Greek brigands. Both Chisholm and Dornby saw instantly that they had merely escaped one party to fall into the hands of another. Together they turned and were soon running like hares up the stony path again. A bullet that overtook them and flattened itself on a rocky wall ahead warned them that they had need of all their speed. Even as they ran Chisholm cursed his carelessness in not having carried a revolver; he would have enjoyed nothing better than a stand-up fight at that instant. Suddenly Dornby turned sharply from the path and plunged down into the scrub. Chisholm heard steps coming to meet them and followed him unhesitatingly. Their two bands of pursuers had come together; now there was a short breathing space, while the Greeks hesitated, and the cracking of the dry trees under Dornby's feet sounded like pistol-shots. On they plunged downward, fearing every moment to find their flight stopped by a precipice too high for them to jump. Then they heard the brush crack and crack behind them. The Greeks had started in pursuit once more, evidently lining out so as to surround their prey if it turned to right or left. And after a few minutes' running, leaping, slipping, running again, that which they dreaded happened—they found themselves on the edge of a rock shelf, looking blankly down at the peaceful moonlit valley beneath.

(Concluded next week.)

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Once on Board the Lugger

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Princess Passes," Etc.

If there's ever anything we can, any of us, do for you, miss, you may make sure we'll be glad to do it," said the Coastguard, in his pleasant Kentish accents—for we were looking out on the Cornish sea; and it is the men of Kent who guard the Cornish coast.

I thanked him, and went my way along the narrow sheep-track of a path that belted the cliff above the sea. We had said our good-byes, and his last sentence had been an afterthought, as he stood fingering his cap between strong brown hands. But it seemed to me, as the waves kept ringing in my ears, when I had left him, that they had held some special meaning, which the look in his eyes had emphasised.

Was it possible that the coastguard men, with whom I had made friends (my only friends in these sea-washed "faerie lands forlorn") guessed at the truth? Had their loyal gratitude to me, for the little I had done, quickened their instincts, and made them aware how much I needed help?

I needed it—yet no one could give it me! I must "dree my own weird." I looked out over the endless tumult of the grey water, and tears rose to my eyes. Somewhere—far away, no doubt—on that same sea, was the man who loved me, whom I loved, and to whom I was trying to make up my mind to be false. If I did the thing that lay coldly on my heart, a burden never absent of late, he would not know the real meaning, and that was the worst of all. But could I do it? They could not force me, unless with my consent. This was one of the hours when every drop of blood in my veins cried out, "No!"

Then, I turned my eyes from the sea to the gates of the "Cliff House," as it was called, where my step-mother, my little sister and I, had come to live. There she stood, waiting for me, with the sun on the yellow hair that made a saint's halo for the small, pale face—poor little Winnifred, dear little Winnifred, my one treasure since I had lost Jack Tryon, and—the enemy's trump card. That desperate negation of mine died into silence, and was contradicted. Yes, they could force me to do their will, and they knew it!

"Darling!" exclaimed Winnie, her big wistful eyes lighting at sight of me. "I did so want to go out and meet you—it's such a short way to the coastguard station. But mother wouldn't let me. She never does let me do anything I want to: she's sitting there in the drawing-room window, watching; and that hateful Mr Barrere's in the summer house, pretending to read, but really spying. I know, and hanging about for you to come back. Oh, dear, I wish we could run away, don't you?"

"I do, indeed!" I answered ardently.

I couldn't bear to hear the child call our father's widow "mother." But she had been punished for refusing to do so, more than once.

"Couldn't we—somehow?"
"I'm afraid not, pet," I said. "You see, dear old Dad didn't know how horrid everything would be. He loved Mademoiselle Grandin, and she made him think she was sweet and good. She was nice to you, before he died, and pretended to be fond of you, that in his will she was appointed your guardian until I should marry. Even if I could get you away from under her eyes—which would be very, very difficult—I should not be able to hide you, I'm afraid; and the law could take you from me, and give you back to her, for though she makes you so unhappy, she has never openly done anything cruel enough to justify my stealing you. So things would be worse than before."

"You'd never go and leave me with her alone, would you, Edna? I'm afraid of her. Her great eyes frighten me. She knows that, I think, and she's pleased. I should die if you left me."

"I never will," I said.
"But if you married, you could take me with you. Oh, I wish you would! I wish you'd marry that nice, handsome sailor, Jack Tryon, who always brought me sweets, when he used to come and see us in London, before Dad died."

"He never asked me, baby," I answered; and did my best to laugh.

"But he used to look at you so! I know he loved you, almost as much as I do."

"I thought he liked me—I think so still," I said, for somehow it was a comfort to talk of him to Winnie, child as she was. "But unfortunately there's that wretched fortune that my grandfather left me. Jack hasn't any money, and mine stood between us. I used to hope he'd think differently about it some day, but he went away; and Lady Ronald brought us here—at least, she brought you, so I had to come. Nobody knows when he'll come back, and meanwhile—"

Winnifred was only ten, but she was as clever as she was sympathetic.

"Meanwhile, there's Mr Barrere begging you to marry him. I heard what he was saying to you yesterday, in the summerhouse. He's very handsome, too, but not like Jack Tryon. His eyes are too much like mother's; don't you think so?"

I had often thought of it—and wondered. There was a mystery about

Paul Barrere, at least, I felt the existence, under all the ostentatiously frank revelation of his past, made by himself, and Lady Ronald March, my father's widow. She was French, and had posed as "Mademoiselle" in the house where Dad had met her, acting as companion to an elderly and distant relative of ours. But, for all my father knew to the contrary, she might have been married, or widowed, or divorced more than once before he knew her. He was impulsive, and too ready to trust where he admired. Mademoiselle Grandin had certainly been handsome enough to make any man lose his head. Paul Barrere was handsome, too, and of much the same type. She said he was her nephew, her "dear, dear sister's only son," and even before my father's death, he had become practically one of the family. But it was not till dear, old, hot-tempered Dad was safely underground that he and she had dared to show their hand.

Lady Ronald had only £2000 a year under my father's will; Winnie and I had all the rest. My money was the trick they wanted to take with their trumps, and they held some strong ones, with Winnie for the ace. My step-mother disliked me very much, for I had always been a stumblingblock in her path. Rather than anything, I think she would have preferred my death, for then the miserable fortune that was spoiling my life would be Winnie's. That was the reason, I told myself, why she had let me help to nurse the coastguards' children in the epidemic of diphtheria, when we first (at Paul Barrere's suggestion, I was sure) came to Cornwall out of reach of all old friends. I had isolated myself from Winnie, staying at one of the coastguard's cottages, until all danger of contagion was over; and my stepmother had approved. But I had been inconsiderate enough not to die; and the next best thing was to get control of the money by marrying me to Paul Barrere—who was not at all averse. Lady Ronald had debts of her own, I guessed, and so had Mr Barrere. If I would marry him, I could take Winnie away, and she would be my child, not the frightened, ill-fed, miserable little wail I could not prevent her from being now.

Perhaps Paul Barrere really liked me, as well as he could like anybody except himself. He thought me pretty, I dare say, and was at the pains to make himself vastly agreeable, if I had met

him in other circumstances, I might have considered him an amusing companion, for he was witty, and as a musician could have reached greatness, had he not been too lazy. But as a husband he would have been impossible, if—it had not been for Winnie.

"Here he comes," I said aloud, hastily. "Let's hurry into the house, and get away from him." For I was positively afraid to be asked again for an answer, now.

Winnie's talk of Jack Tryon set me thinking of the bold step I had taken when Lady Ronald had first announced her intention of carrying my little sister off to Cornwall; I had written to Jack giving him our new address. I had not heard from him for a year; I did not even know his ship; so I had sent the rather formal note to his London club, marked "to be forwarded." Somehow I felt that I should be happier if Jack knew my whereabouts, and then he could reply—if he still cared!

Next morning, after breakfast, Lady Ronald invited me to her room, and began to talk more openly than she had ever done before about my marriage, naming Paul Barrere as a suitable husband. My stepmother knew that I despised her as an adventuress, who had hypnotised my father by her beauty, and I avoided her as much as possible, as our interviews often ended in a "scene." So it was to-day. Stung by my contemptuous silence while she was dwelling on her protégée's virtues, she broke out into vituperation, and as usual when she was excited, rushed into French, her mother tongue. Then I rose to go, as I always did when she became abusive; but at the door I could not prevent myself flinging at her a question that came to my lips.

"What is he to you, this man," I demanded, "that you urge him on me as a husband? What is the secret tie between you?"

She darted at me like a snake. Her eyes sparkled; her white, ring-laden fingers twitched as if she would have scored my face with her nails. Then she broke out again, volleys her words at me like bullets from a machine-gun, shouting that she would break me to her will, cost what it might. In the midst of her ravings I left her, and ran into the garden, with a quickly beating heart, and a burning sense of degradation that I should have to live with such a woman, to endure such odious indignities. More—much more—than for myself did I feel for little Winnie, abused and ill-treated by this tergiversant, while I was almost powerless to help. Still my presence had, no doubt, some restraining influence; and the one thing that was clear in the situation was that I could not leave my little sister in the power of this woman.

As I sat miserably in the summerhouse that overlooked the great cliff, at whose feet boiled the sea two hundred

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fast below, Winnie herself came running to me, putting up her face for a kiss. Suddenly I determined to see if escape were not possible—escape for Winnie and me. For my own movements there was no restriction; they calculated that my little sister kept me to them closer than could stone walls or iron bars. Holding the golden-haired fairy child by the hand, I set out on a tour of enquiry. The large grounds were enclosed on all sides by a high stone wall, save towards the sea, where the almost vertical cliff had been considered sufficient guard to their privacy. I knew that there were only two doors in the enclosing wall—the great gates at the end of the drive, and another door near the stables and the servants' quarters.

The gates were securely locked. When I had made sure of this (Winnie still holding my hand), I sauntered with apparent carelessness to the other door, and put my hand on the latch to open it. It too was fastened. A gardener working near at hand, had looked up quickly as I approached; and now when I desired him to open the gate, he answered, with a shame-faced look, that I could go out if I liked, but his orders were that the young miss should not be allowed to leave the grounds without Lady Ronald's permission. So, then, as I guessed, the child was trapped, and in securing her they reckoned that they had secured me also.

Winnie ran off to feed her pet rabbits, and strolling back to the summer-house I sat there awhile pondering on the situation, in a mood of dreary introspection. A flying flag of thick smoke caught my attention out at sea, and I found myself idly wondering what kind of craft it could be that steamed so fast; for now I could discern a long, low hull with four dumpy funnels. The venomous-looking thing came rushing in shore at the speed of an express train, a great foaming wave under her stern; and somehow my heart began to thump as I watched it. It was a torpedo-destroyer.

Almost in the mouth of the Helford River the boat turned at full speed, nearly in her own length, then stopped, and lay idly bobbing on the waves.

Straining my eyes, I distinguished two dark figures on her deck, and the sun cast back a glint that might have been the reflection from the brass-work of a telescope. Then there was the fluttering of something white, and I sprang to my feet with a little rapturous cry as I realised that somebody on the torpedo-destroyer was signalling to me! I plucked my handkerchief from my belt and waved it wildly.

Suddenly flags flew from the boat, and the pennant uppermost signified that spelling signals would begin. How well I remembered that heavenly week three years ago when Jack Tryon taught me the system of flag signalling, encouraging my strenuous efforts as a scholar by saying that I learned more quickly and remembered more readily than anyone he had ever seen! I had forgotten nothing of these lessons, for among my most cherished treasures was the code-book from which Jack taught me, and often I had conned my lessons over, thinking of those happy days.

The flags were at work. "Ed-na!" Letter by letter the words were spelled by the fluttering pennants and flags, out there at sea. "Can you see me? I am Jack Tryon."

I gave a little stifled cry of joy. I would have given anything for some flags with which to answer him; but I could only wave my handkerchief again in token that I understood.

Then after a pause, "H.P." (I have important intelligence") was displayed. I was still staring at the signal when a man's face popped up into my line of sight—a man's face looking at me from the brink of the cliff. The shock of surprise sent me flying back a step or two, before I recognised the honest eyes and sun-burned face of Dan Hoster, my chief friend among the coastguard. Quickly I returned to the edge of the cliff, and, peering over, saw that he was standing on a perilously narrow shelf of rock that ran along the face of the precipice.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said, "but there's a torpedo boat a-making signals we can't quite understand up at the look-out. She says—"

"Edna!" I interrupted excitedly. "That's my name, you know. Then he

—Mr. Tryon, I mean—asked if I could see him. Oh, yes," I went on, in answer to the puzzled look that spread over his features. "I understand the signals. Lend me your telescope!" I caught it from his hand, and pointing it towards the boat, Jack's dear face sprang miraculously into view, his very eyes gazing, as as it seemed, into mine. How brave he looked, how hard-some, in his workman-like, naval uniform! What if I could get off to him, taking Winnie with me! But then my stepmother, her guardian, could retain her, unless—the blood rushed up to my face with the thought that flashed into my mind!

Handing back the telescope, I hastily scribbled on the tablet of my chateleine "H.B." (Want immediate assistance), and "N.F." (Do not abandon me), then mischievously I added "L." (Want a pilot. Can I have one?) and passed the book down to Hoster, telling him to go and make those signals at once.

"Certainly, Miss," he answered with alacrity. "I'll take me five minutes from here to the look-out" (which was on the highest part of the coast, beyond my sight), "and I'll be back for your further instructions in no time."

As I watched him slide along the ledge and disappear round a projecting part of the cliff, I remembered a thing that I had heard of him from the servants. Dan Hoster's wife, before they married, had been upper housemaid to the family then at Cliff House, and there was a difficult way along the cliff, by which he came to see her on the sly.

With desperate impatience, I waited for what would happen next, thrilling with anxiety lest someone from the house should interrupt me before Jack and I could understand each other. As I watched, "H.B." went fluttering down. I knew that the faithful Hoster was transmitting my messages. There was a long pause; then the pennant uppermost flying on the torpedo-boat signified that spelling signals would begin again.

Breathlessly, I watched the fluttering flags. "Will—you?" There was a tantalising pause. Would I what? Why did he not hurry on to the end of the sea-

tence? There; the flags were at work again; "Ma-r-y me!" was the question that came fluttering across the water.

I caught my breath. A proposal of marriage flagged from a torpedo boat to a coastguard station! It was like receiving an offer through a speaking trumpet for all the world to hear! Yet I rejoiced in the message, and my heart answered it, as did Jack would understand. How I wished that I had the flags! How enthusiastically I would have answered "C.C." (Yes, yes).

The grating of a nailed boat on rock brought me back from a world of thought to reality, and there was Hoster on the ledge, looking up with a self-conscious grin.

"Yes, yes, Hoster," I exclaimed hastily, seeing him about to speak. "I quite understood the message. Please answer 'C.'" I was conscious that I blushed to the temples.

"That I will, Miss," he said, "and my respectful congratulations. I'm glad you are marrying into the Navy, Miss," and he was gone again on his mission as love's-go-between. If my care of his sick baby had been a virtue, then virtue was having its reward.

Presently there came the waving of a handkerchief, and I knew Jack had seen my signal. I was engaged to be married! More flags were at work.

"1000 thanks. Happiest of men. Will come for you seven to-morrow morning with special license. Be ready," was the necessarily laconic but exciting message. The boat shot round, the foam wave rose under her stern; she was off like a greyhound up the Channel.

"Was ever woman in this manner wooed; was ever woman in this manner won?" I repeated to myself, paraphrasing Shakespeare; then Hoster came scrambling up once more. Kneeling on the edge of the cliff I leaned down to him, and we had a long whispered conversation.

That night Winnie slept in my bed, pillowing her dear golden head in the hollow of my arm. At six I kissed her and she woke instantly. We dressed with noiseless speed, and went down-

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stairs, and out into the garden, meeting no one. In a bundle I carried our jewellery and such treasures as were easily portable. Once out of the house, and not knowing who might be watching, we stole up a path that led away from the sea, and when secure from observation, doubled and ran to the summer-house. With a great jump of the heart I saw the torpedo-boat rocking in the swell at the river-mouth!

A low whistle at the edge of the cliff brought Hoeter from his hiding place round the curtain of rock. We gave Winnie no time to be afraid, but handing her down into the coastguard's strong arms, he moved cautiously away with her along the steep track, so familiar to him, so fearful to me. Returning he guided my dangling feet to the ledge, as I lowered myself over the brink, and with his hand on my waist I sidled along the narrow way—a mere scratch on the cliff—not daring for an instant to look down. Beyond the curtain of rock, the dizzy ledge widened, and there was Winnie waiting for me in a secure niche. From this point the descent though difficult was not dangerous, and in a few moments were safely seated in a boat, which, with two stalwart fishermen for crew, was ready for us. I gave Dan Hoeter both hands for good-bye, sending him back by a devious path to his quarters: for I would not have him run any further risk of official displeasure by going with us to sea.

Our rowers bent to their oars with a will, and when I felt the free movement of the little craft as she ran up the green slopes, and slid down into the hollows, I was seized with a buoyant feeling of exultation. Clasping Winnie in my arms, I kissed her, laughing hysterically. As I laughed I looked back. We were rounding the curtain of the rock, and looking apprehensively up, I saw the tall, rigid figure of Paul Barrere silhouetted against the sky. He stared down at us, made a quick, vehement gesture with his arms, and disappeared.

Alarmed I urged my men to greater speed. There was a wide expanse of fumbling water between us and the low, long side of the vicious looking torpedo-boat, lying off the mouth of the river. She could not come nearer, because of the half-submerged reefs that showed dark through the green water. What if Barrere should try to head us off? Our men pulled their hardest, but in the rough and broken sea we made only slow progress. Winnie and I sat pale, with clasped hands. Next moment a sailing boat came flying round the point at the river mouth. A sailor had the tiller and with him sat Paul Barrere.

My men looked over their shoulders at the sailing boat, then away to the destroyer, and I knew from the quick glance they exchanged that they had little hope. They were doing their best, but I was beginning to despair when I saw a gig hastily lowered from Jack's boat. He, as Commander, could not leave even for me, but six bluejackets bent to the oars, and sent the gig slashing through the waves. My spirits rose again. I knew that Paul Barrere, as representing my stepmother, had legal right on his side in demanding the surrender of the child; if he caught us, I should have to go back. With parted lips and quick, short breath I watched the sailing-boat, calculating the distance she must run to get between us and our rescuers.

As I looked, I saw to my surprise that

the boat was not being properly sailed, and my two men saw it also, a grim smile playing about the corners of their mouths.

"That's Collinson, Miss, sailing her," explained our stroke oar, "and isn't he witting the gentleman?"

As he spoke a green roller went smacking against the boat, sending a deluge over Paul Barrere. Collinson, in his oil-skin, shook himself like a dog, but the Frenchman, in his summer clothes, must have been half-drowned. "I saw the game!" Collinson was one of my friends among the coastguard; he thought that the effeminately-dressed Frenchman knew nothing about boats; and he hoped that he could steer for a losing race. As she came out of the shelter of the headland, the sailing-boat caught the force of the seas, and sheet after sheet of bright water went flying over her.

But Collinson had mistaken his man. Barrere, I knew, could sail a boat, and as I looked I saw him jump at the tiller, and push the coastguard aside. He had realised the trick that was being played on him, and was now steering straight for our little skiff, manœuvring his own craft with skill in the rough water. It seemed as if the race might have an exciting finish, for our enemy was fast overhauling us. So near was he now that I could see the white of his eyeballs, and a rift where his back-drawn upper lip showed a glimpse of gleaming teeth. I could almost hear the hiss of the boat's cut-water as it dashed through the waves, and, despairing, I turned to the zig. It had gained surprisingly, and was almost alongside. I rose in my place, lifting Winnie in my arms. The gig was close, and a bluejacket stood in her bow with outstretched arms. Before I could think what I was doing, I had thrown the child to him, and seen her caught and placed in safety. Next moment I leaped, alighting on the gunwale, only to be instantly seized and pulled into the boat. At the same moment Barrere dashed down upon us, to be greeted by derisive cheers from my two fine fishermen, and some curt, angry words from the mid-shipman commanding the gig, who demanded to know, in emphatic language, what he meant by charging down in that manner upon one of Her Majesty's boats.

Still Paul Barrere would not give up the chase. Away we went to the torpedo destroyer that seemed dancing with impatience on the waves, with the Frenchman after us. But we gave him our heels in fine shape, as I heard one of the men say; and he could do nothing but shout wicked words in French as Jack Tryon took Winnie and me on board.

"Special license all right, my darling," my sailor lad exclaimed. "Are you sure you haven't changed your mind?"

"Sure than I ever was of anything before," I answered, half laughing, half crying. "I thought you were never going to ask me, you know."

"It was that blessed little note of yours that gave me courage, with its hint that you weren't quite happy. Then I heard that brute, Barrere, was in Corwall, and—well, if I was afraid still that I had no right to ask so much, yesterday settled it once and for all. Even a penniless beggar like me is better—"

"Than anyone else in the world!" I finished for him.

"Then here's the man who will make him the happiest," said Jack, turning to someone my excitement had not let me even see. My eyes grew wide, for it was a clergyman, in his surplice.

He was an old friend, it seemed, a naval chaplain, who had come on board, "prepared for eventualities," as he explained. Then and there we went below, and took our places before him, for there was no time to waste if I were to be qualified as Winnie's guardian, before the birds of prey could swoop.

Winnie was my bridesmaid, the engineer and the tiny midshipman, who had bullied Barrere, the witnesses.

Just as the solemn words were spoken, and Jack and I had been pronounced man and wife, the sail-boat caught us up—for we had been stationary during the ceremony.

"I demand the custody of the child!" Paul Barrere vindictively shouted. "I have authority from her step-mother and legal guardian."

"Her sister is now her legal guardian," retorted my husband. "Let me introduce you to Mrs Jack Tryon."

"Oh, Edna, he looks like a wolf!" whispered Winnie, hiding behind my skirts.

But I had no fear of him any more; for I had signalled "L," and got a pilot with whom Winnie and I would always be safe.



Which Salt?

Salt for the Bones, salt for the Brain,
Salt for the Nerves, relieves the Strain,
Salt for the Country, salt for the Town,
Salt to keep people from breaking down,
Salt for the Kitchen, salt for the Table,
Salt for the Delicate, salt for the Able,
Salt for the Simple, salt for the Wise,
Salt for the Children, increases their size,
Salt of the Earth, without a Fault,
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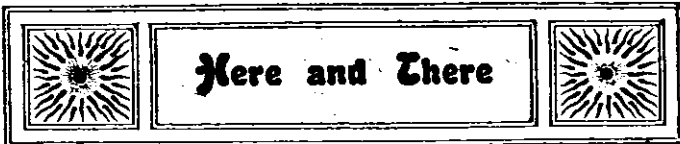
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Here and There

Misunderstood.

She said she'd sing some songs for him, And he was sore beset; She meant it as a promise, but He took it as a threat.

Why the Blush Crept.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff'" asks the city editor.
 "Because," explains the reporter, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust."

Rejected Too Soon.

The daughter of the house was pounding away at the piano like a human pile-driver, and the faces of the assembled guests bore traces of acute mental anguish. Suddenly the "music" ceased, and the company, in order to remove all possibility of its resumption, burst into a salvo of applause. The proud and happy mother of the performer approached the guest of the evening, old Herr Dreaqui, who was stamping his feet and clapping his hands like an unemployed cabman on a frosty morning.

"And what do you think of my daughter's execution, Herr Dreaqui?" she inquired, smiling sweetly upon the old gentleman.

"Your dorder's vot matam?" he cried.
 "Here execution," replied the somewhat astonished lady.

"Er execution!" shouted the professor. "Er execution! Matam, I congratulate you! Ven vos eet be? Ven vos eet coming off? I to be present vill ebery effort make!"

And in his excitement he shook his hostess violently by the hand, and almost burst into tears.

Simple Remedies.

Few people sufficiently realize the value of hot water, salt, and mustard in the treatment of every day ailments. To take the first, in hot water we have a remedy for many aches and ailments. There is no better cure for a nervous headache than to lie down in a darkened room and have sponges wrung out of water as hot as you can bear it applied to the forehead and the nape of the neck. This also gives great relief in facial neuralgia, from which so many people suffer in winter.

Then the "hot-water bag" is a capital "home doctor." By its safe and beneficial aid the agony of lumbago is lessened, stomachache is soothed, chills are cut short, crick in the neck is done away with, pain in the ear is banished—especially if a dose of castor oil is also administered—and toothache is rendered less torturing.

Sips of hot water taken as hot as possible relieve nausea and sickness. Hot-water douglies down the spine are of great use in sleeplessness, hot baths restore suppleness to limbs stiffened and painful from over-exertion, fomentations of very hot water give ease to sprained joints, and a hot bath will restore consciousness to a child in convulsions.

Salt is an aid to digestion and a preventive of worms.

Salt-and-water is a valuable emetic if anything poisonous has been eaten.

A bag of hot salt relieves all muscular pains. Salt-water baths are excellent tonics.

Friction with salt-and-water strengthens weak ankles. A pinch of salt used as snuff is good for a cold in the head. A gargle of strong salt-and-water is excellent for sore throats and quinsy. Soaking the feet in salt-and-water for ten minutes twice a day for a month will cure corns and warts.

A mustard plaster is of great value in chest complaints and bronchitis. Weak mustard-and-water used as an emetic relieves a sick headache.

A mustard bath will bring out the eruption when this is suppressed in measles, and is very useful in the bronchitis of infants.

Post Obiter Dictum.

Servant (to lady inquiring): He's very ill, M'm.
 Christian Science Lady: I'm grieved—but you ought to say, "He thinks he's very ill."

(Two days later.)
 Servant (to same lady, again inquiring): If you please, M'm, he thinks he's dead.

A Song of Life.

Praised be the lips of the morn
 For their musical message of light,
 For their bird-cheated burden of song;
 Praised be the young earth reborn
 For its freshness and glory and might,
 And the thoughts of high solemn delight
 That at dash of its purity throng!

Praised be the lips of the day
 For their clarion call to the field,
 Where the battle of life must be fought.
 Praised be the fire of the fray,
 Where the soul is refined and annealed,
 And the spirit heroic revealed,
 And pure gold from base substances wrought!

Praised be the lips of the night
 For their murmurous message of rest,
 For their lullaby, motherly sweet!
 Praised be the dreams of delight
 While tired life is asleep in Love's nest,
 And in harmony tender and blest
 Heaven's calm and earth's loveliness meet!

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"Bene a Th Th Ist."

The learned members of an antiquarian society recently had submitted to them a Greek charm, which was said to have been taken from the dead body of a Bedouin. It consisted of a scrap of skin, on which was supposed to be inscribed a mysterious legend, but which eventually turned out to be "Old Bob Ridley, O!"

One of the best of this kind of practical hoax was practised with considerable success some time ago by one who professed to have unearthed an ancient memorial slab, on which this epitaph appeared:

BENE. A. TH. TH. ISST.
 ONERE. POS. ET.
 IL. CLAUD. COS. TER. TRIP.
 E. SELLERO. F. IMP.
 IN. GT. ONAS. DO.
 TH. HI. SC.
 ON. SOR. T. J. A. N. E.

It was only when it had driven the cleverest men almost out of their wits that the following reading was suggested by the hoaxer, "Beneath this stone reposes Claud Coster, tripe-seller, of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

Odd Ads.

A Fair Exchange, Etc.—Brother, if thou wilt return the three hens thou didst take from my hen-roost last Friday night, I will return to thee the formidable instrument with which thou didst break down the double door leading to the hen-roost. John R. Jordan—"Lexington (Mo.) Times."

Charley Lung renounces to his friends his genuine and prosperity washing-shirts ten cents and with skirts or collar twelve. His wash sodas sharpen not injure the goods, and to make them shine. Lung is famous. His wash give Happtitude to His, Hiers and Ila. Washing for its a speciality done by the dozen and pound.—A New York Chinese laundry card.

John Hopkins, parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and prices. Shares neat and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn, and the "Salisbury Journal" read gratis every Sunday morning at 8. A school for psalmody every Thursday evening, when my son, born blind, will play on the fiddle. Specimen epitaph on my wife:

My wife ten years not much to my ease,
 My new she is dead in coolo quies.
 But now she is dead in coolo quies.
 Great variety to be seen within. Your humble servant, John Hopkins.—Advertisement of John Hopkins, clerk of Salisbury, England, 1750.

A Female Mark Tapley.

This story is told of an old woman—a woman aged and poor, but sunny and serene—whom some one asked what in the world she could find to make her happy, to which she replied: "Well, I haint got but two teeth, but, thank heaven, they bit."

In Mexico.

Men of the lower classes wear the biggest hats in the world, the women none at all.

Theatre managers are fined if they do not produce the cast and features advertised.

Sunday is the great amusement day. All big entertainments are reserved for this general holiday.

A servant is called or a coach stopped by hissing or clapping the hands, instead of shouting or whistling.

The Mexicans are great smokers, the cigarette being generally preferred.

Gentlemen recognise a lady acquaintance first when they meet in the street, and the lady, as a rule, returns only the most formal bow without change of facial expression.

From the Pen of Beau Nash.

The eleven sarcasms of imperfect syntax which Beau Nash posted in the Pump Room and Assembly Rooms of eighteenth-century Bath are quoted in "Harper's Magazine" by Mr. W. D. Howells, who has been visiting the historic watering-place. They ran:

- I. That a visit of ceremony in coming to Bath and another at going away is all that is expected or desired of Ladies of Quality and Fashion—except Impertinents. II. That Ladies coming to the Ball appoint a Time for their footmen coming to wait on them Home, to prevent Disturbances or Inconveniences to Themselves and Others. III. That Gentlemen of Fashion never appearing on a Morning before the Ladies in Gowns and Caps show Breeding and Respect. IV. That no Person take it ill that any one goes to another's Play or Breakfast and not to theirs—except Captious by Nature. V. That no Gentleman give his Tickets for the Balls to any but Gentlewomen; N.B. Unless he has some of his Acquaintance. VI. That Gentlemen crowding before the Ladies at the Ball show ill manners, and that none do so for the Future; except such as respect nobody but Themselves. VII. That no Gentleman or Lady take it ill that another Dances before them; except such as have no pretence to Dance at all. VIII. That the Elder Ladies and Children be contented with a Second Bench at the Ball, as being past or not come to Perfection. IX. That the younger Ladies take notice how many Eyes observe. This don't extend to the Hair-at-all. X. That all whispers of Lies and Scandal be taken for their Authors. XI. That all repeaters of such Lies and Scandal be shund by all Company; except such as have been guilty of the same Crime. N.B.—Several Men of no Character, Old Women and Young Ones of Questioned Reputation, are great Authors of Lies in this Place, being of the sect of LEVELLERS.

If I Knew Everything.

If I knew everything, I fear My life would be a bore. I could not wait and speculate And ponder any more. I'd find my answers ready made; I'd know then in advance, And life would be too dull for me Without the charm of chance.

I could not read a story then Through which the villain still Pursues her, while she thwarts his guile With many a precious thrill. I'd know its ending from the start, The same as women do, Who, when they read a book, proceed To scan it wrong end to.

In wooing I should know just what Her answer was to be; 'Twould seem, also, as tedious as A twice told tale to me. I could not wonder if she'd say, "Yes, yours through weal or woe!" Or with a sigh inform me, "I Will be your sister, though."

If I knew everything — but, phaw! I don't, so what's the good Of thinking so? But this I know, I wouldn't if I could. I much prefer to live along, Pleas'd, puzzled and perplexed, Mid hope and doubt, to guess about What's going to happen next.

One Consolation.

The woman had just lost her son, and a neighbour had called on her for the purpose of comforting her in her distress. They talked of the youngster's many virtues, and in the sadness of the moment forgot his failings.

"Do not grieve, my good soul," said the neighbour feelingly. "Remember that these great trials are always mercies in disguise."

The old woman pondered these words for a moment, and then a light came into her eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "that's true. Now I come to think of it, Edward always was a big eater!"



The Derelict.

I was the stanchest of our fleet Till the sea rose beneath our feet Unhindered, in hatred past all measure. Into his pits he stamped my crew, Buffeted, blinded, bound and thrown: Bidding me eyesless wait upon his pleasure.

Man made me, and my will Is to my maker still, Whom now the currents eon, the rollers steer—

Lifting forlorn to spy Trailed smoke along the sky, Falling afraid lest any keel come near.

Wrenched as the lips of thirst, Wried, dried, and split and burst, Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;

And jarr'd at every roll, The gear that was my soul Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full, Gaugs of the prying gull That shriek and scabble on the riven hatch-boards, For roar that dumb'd the gale My hawse-pipes gutturing wail, Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watch-eyes.

Blind in the hot blue ring Through all my points I swing— Swing and return to shift the sun anew. Blind in my well-known sky I hear the stars go by, Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

White on my wasted path Wave after wave in wrath, Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me. Flung forward, heaved aside, Witless and dazed I bide The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs career, The spray of seas unceasing Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;

South where the corals breed, The footless, floating weed Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake up-crawling.

I that was clean to run My race against the sun— Strength on the deep, am baw'd to all disaster—

Whipped forth by night to meet My sister's careless feet, And with a kiss betray her to my master.

Man made me, and my will Is to my maker still: To him and his, our peoples at their pier: Lifting in hope to spy Trailed smoke along the sky; Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

RUDYARD KIPLING.



A Strange Calling.

"I can climb the face of any building in New York." This is the boast of John Garrick, aviating man, aeronaut, and sailor. He has proved it by scaling up and down the face of the Flatiron Building without the use of any apparatus of any kind save his fingers and toes. "When I got the Flatiron job," says Garrick, "I had seven men under me, working on awnings. If I went into an office to see if they were working they could hear me coming, and, of course, all hands were hard at work. But when I walked up and down the side of a building they couldn't see or hear me coming, so I could catch them if they were taking it too easy. I can hold on with one hand without any trouble. This is very necessary when you have to swing out to get over a coping." Garrick is a bright-looking young working-man of 25. He is about 5ft 8in tall, weighs 155 pounds, and is well built and set up. Garrick far surpasses the ordinary steeple or flag-pole climbers. They have ropes and tackle to help them, and couldn't fall if they tried. But the slip of a finger with Garrick and it would be all over.

Neatly Snubbed.

An American statesman was travelling by train recently, when a farmer edged into the seat and began telling him how to run the government.

When the farmer's supply of criticisms began to run low, the statesman asked: "What is your occupation?" "Poultry farmer," was the reply.

"Do you know how many eggs each of your hens lay?"

"Why, no," confessed the man. "Well, the man who looks after my chickens knows how much work each hen does. If he didn't, I'd discharge him for not knowing his business. If a hen doesn't produce 15 eggs a month it's a loss to keep it. Now, my friend, doesn't it strike you that after you had learned your own business so well that I couldn't give you points on it, then would be the proper time for you to come and teach me how the Government ought to be run?"



Pianists' Hands.

A correspondent of a scientific journal draws attention to the fact that the hands of great pianists have differed very much. Rubinstein's hands were broad and the fingers short, thick, and clumsy. Liszt had elegant hands. Those of Paderewski are as beautifully formed as a woman's. Emil Zauer's are finely formed, the fingers being long and of uniform thickness. Perhaps the most extraordinary hands on record were those of the Abbe Vogler, the teacher of Weber and Meyerbeer, who could stretch two octaves. Among modern pianists the nearest approach to this extraordinary span is to be found in Siloti, who can stretch an octave and a-half, or, to be more accurate, from C to G sharp. This in a great measure explains the fact of his enormous technique, and the facility with which he can interpret works which to many other artists of the front rank are absolute impossibilities.



A Pumpkin Story.

Pumpkins were under discussion. The Englishman declared that the fruit never grew beyond six feet in length.

The American disagreed. Said he: "A friend of mine once told me that he had a pumpkin patch. Wal, about three falls back, one of the pumpkins began to grow at a most astonishing rate.

"So he fed it most carefully on skim milk and such diet. And the pumpkin grew and grew, until my friend judged it was time to sell some of the fruit. So, next morning, he lopped a cartload and sold it in the market. When he returned the pumpkin looked bigger than ever. He could not cut it up as fast as it grew.

"But one day, when he was lopping off a few loads-full, his axe slipped into the fruit and vanished in a jiffy.

"Running back to his house, my friend seized a lantern and a coil of rope. Then he descended cautiously right into the pumpkin, and began hunting round for his axe. He had not been at the job more than half-an-hour, when he ran almost into the arms of a big, raw-boned fellow.

"What the dickens are you after here?" the man demanded in a surly voice.

"My friend told him that he had come to look for his axe.

"Oh," says the other, 'you can give that up for a bad job at once. For I have been hunting down here for three weeks, looking for my horse and cart, and haven't caught a glimpse of him all the time!"



Quite Thrashed Out.

A boy of twelve years of age, with a melancholy mien, went to the master of one of the Board-schools and handed him a note from his mother before taking his seat. The note read as follows:

"Mr Brown,—Please excuse James for not been present yesterday. He played trooant, but you don't need to thrash him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy fought him, a man they throo stones at caught him an' thrashed him, an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him also. Then his father thrashed him, an' I had to give him another one for being impoedent to me for telling his father. So you need not thrash him until the next time. He thinks he'd better be regular at school in future."

Song of the Schoolboy's Doubt.

There see hee in hur cussen wick is wi ther gear arround so much with him wife i bove his hur studdy hee farz years moost wate

sun see hur just a minuet aft thee gait ween thee in geonins sun see doost freit ur warty about him i hur a yett. hee only wissetu shee sex ann wena hee gear away weel be thee sein agen u cawt butt if hee hur cawtu wi shoed shee go plases with his moren i

Ann henry beams tolled me wuns he had a gurl ann thatt he luvd hur just u badd u i doo hur ann wena hee gone wna day A rillun kum ann aton hur luv away from him ann fee a weak he neaver smild ann o his greet wun terrible ann wild fore daze ann daze ann if he hadd nett mett another gurl hee mite bee greewen yett. ann henry see u wanto hav a kair becaw u boold gurl harts jostt hi a hare.

ann henry see it may bee he is nett hur cussen aftor awl. O turble thoit. He may have gold ann jels ann fine close ann shee sees hee hur cussen too mee some i doant susperkt. I wonder if the go ann tel hur muther awl ann ast to so W itt is reely troo wood shee be msodd ur wood shee say mt boy luse turble g'add ur shode mee this fowl plott ann tel him this too go ann neavur sho his fals agre.



A Useful Suggestion.

The squire expressly informed the shooting party before starting that there was a pretty little hen pheasant in the cover which he intended to have stuffed and placed in his hall.

Of course after a hunt like that, it was only natural that it should be tacitly understood that the squire himself was to have the honour of bringing down this particular bird.

By-and-by up she went, and every gun was lowered while the squire blazed away.

Bang! went the first barrel. But the pretty bird flew on.

Bang! went the second barrel. For the second time the squire missed his mark.

Young Chitterlow, who was of the party, groaned in his chagrin at the dear old man's disappointment.

"Throw the gun at it, sir—throw the gun at it!" he cried, in his excitement. But, alas! the bird escaped.



Another Exploded Idea.

The widespread fallacy that recent animals are small and insignificant compared with the representatives of their species in the past is corrected by Professor Ray Lankester, in a passage of his last book, "Extinct Animals." "That idea," he says, "is simply not true. Recent horses are bigger than extinct ones, and much bigger than the three-toed and four-toed ancestors of horses. Recent elephants are as big as any that have existed, and much bigger than the earlier elephantine ancestors. There never has been any creature of any kind—mammal, reptile, bird, or fish—in any geological period we know of so big as some of the existing whales."

Charles Dana Gibson.

It will come as a surprise and disappointment to the millions that have enjoyed the black point work of the famous American artist, C. D. Gibson, to hear that he has relinquished his black point drawing for ever. He is going to study art in the old world. The matter is anxious new to learn from other masters. For 20 years he declares he has been working to get in the position he finds himself to-day, and he has now bought his freedom. He has saved enough money to take care of his family, and educate his children, and now he is determined to burn all his bridges, and study art in Europe. He is filled with the enthusiasm of a boy over it. He will have a year in Spain, a year in France, and a year in Italy, in order to let every influence play upon his mind and imagination. He does not know what his future medium will be, or how long he will be learning his alphabet. He believes he has reached his limit in black upon white, and that if he still pursued it for the purpose of making money he would lose his self-respect.

"Colliers' Weekly," in which a great deal of his work has appeared, is responsible for that announcement. The work of Gibson appears to be accomplished premier coup, and the result affords entertainments and delights. No living artist can compare with him as a worker at the pen's point. He appears to be utterly unconscious of his medium, and oblivious to tool and surface. The theme carries him away, also the holder. If it be love, we love; if laughter, we laugh; if sorrow, we mourn. Now our eyes are focussed on a page where he has etched a truth, an mordant as ever truth was etched by the biting pen of De Maupassant. Now we smile at types so familiar that when we pass them in the streets we never think of smiling. Mr. Gibson may be by instinct a colourist; there is much colour in his black and white. In black and white, too, he is master of transposed values, of texture, and of the fine sense of space, so rare and so welcome when part of an equipment such as his.

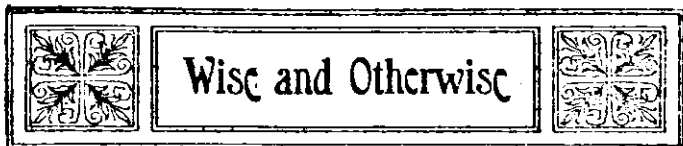
He learnt his art willingly from others, and there is in him much of the gentle wit, charm, and delicate satire of Du Maurier, and in some instances, his technique resembles that of the "Punch" artist. In his drawings he is always a philosopher without offence, excellent in taste, master of his tools, and a poet.



Youth and Age.

I asked my Pa a simple thing, "Where holes in doughnuts go?" Pa read his paper, then he said: "Oh, you're too young to know." I asked my Ma about the wind, "Why can't you see it blow?" Ma thought a moment, then she said: "Oh, you're too young to know." Now, why on earth do you suppose They went and liked me so? Ma asked, "Where is that jam?" I said "Oh, you're too young to know."

Advertisement for 'Something New Chaste and Artistic Christmas and New Year Greeting Cards'. It features the text 'IF YOU WANT', 'THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT TO SELECT FROM . . .', 'CALL AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES AT THE STAR OFFICE AUCKLAND'.



Wise and Otherwise

The frontispiece in the "Graphic" of last week draws attention to the fact that in this country, as in less favoured lands, while the poor of necessity are always with us, there is a large class of financial gentlemen which is only too willing to provide accommodation, of course, for a consideration, for the relief of its neighbours. If this class did not take every precaution to secure the said "consideration" it would, I fear, receive very little at the hands of the general public, for while "borrower" is taken as a synonym for "fool," "money-lender" is associated with all that is unscrupulous and dishonest. As John Graham wrote to his son Pierpoint: "I have found the glad bright borrower, a sad, slow payer," doubtless the ledgers of our banks and other financial concerns would furnish many incidents to illustrate John Graham's experience. Many years ago Rochefoucauld, in his inimitable book of maxims and moral reflections, wrote: "We promise according to our hopes; we perform according to our fears." Now although with discerning eye I can see many distress signals displayed by impetuous "traumps" on the ocean of life, I can only signal them with the genuine regret that an Old Salt must feel under such circumstances—"Short of provisions myself"; but for their relief I will offer a suggestion. It is to eliminate from the commercial lexicon the word "promise" and substitute for it the word "hope." Let the promissory note of the future read: "Three months after date I hope to pay to the order of the sum of, etc., etc." Although it might take some time for the keepers of the money chests to grow accustomed to such a change, seeing what a boon it must prove, and to such a large class, it is worth the attempt. All things must have their beginnings, and cest le premier pas qui coûte.

FROM THE DISTANCE IN THE FUTURE.

Thus gaily to the bank cashier,
The hopeful ladle spoke,
"I notice, sir, you lend cash here,
And as I'm nearly broke,

"I'll take it kindly of you, sir,
if you'll discount this note,
I do not want it all, say, half
Will just keep me afloat."

The cashier gazed upon the note,
With stern official eye,
Then told the youth of hopeful mien,
"Young man, this kite won't fly."

"This draw, it seems, an Charity,
With just a hope to pay,
So wants endorsement on the back,
Try Faith—hear what he'll say."

That a species of Freemasonry exists between those who have been down to the sea in ships, which forms a very strong bond of fraternity between brothers of the brine, is a statement which cannot be denied. At one time in my life, *faute de mieux*, I sought the society of those in command of what is known locally—that is, in the vicinity of the River Murray—as a snag-boat. Their duties consisted of a constant patrol of the river and the removing of tree stumps, snags, rocks, and any other obstacles from the river bed which offered a menace to shipping. It was amusing to hear the brass-bound officials talking about being "aboard" and "ashore" like veritable deep-water men, while the skipper's instructions when going below were not to call him if it came on to blow; but to give him a call when they rounded Gum-tree Bend, and sighted that blessed old stump. The stump, I may mention, forming the vessel's mooring post for the night. Scarcely less hazardous is the navigation as conducted in some steamers of our coasting fleet. Recently when coming down the coast I noticed one night a particularly clear horizon, while the planet Jupiter blazed overhead. Anxious to ascertain whether or not my hand had lost its cunning, I asked the captain for a sextant in order to take an observation. After a somewhat heated discussion, during which I was asked "What the (noun), abstract, neuter, third person singular, objective to everybody) I knew about sextants?" I elicited the astonishing fact that there was not such a thing on board. I trust my readers appreciate the significance of this fact. Not to be beaten, I enlisted the services of all hands, and after a search, which included in its operations the boatman's locker, ended in the carpenter's tool chest. Here, with a couple of cold chisels, a set square, and the small end of a discarded telescope, I rigged what may be described as a "jury quadrant." The observation which I took may be recorded thus: "If a vessel put to sea so ill-equipped as to lead to a disaster, the gravest penalty is inflicted upon its patrons—the travelling public. Verb. sap.

In welcoming to Auckland the visiting chess players, who are taking part in the Congress now, while I write, deliberating, the Mayor of Auckland made, what in the opinion of many, was one of the neatest speeches upon record. In only one of his moves could I see an opportunity to offer him check, and that was the statement, that the only rule which knew no exception was that a man must be "present" when he was shaved. Being a man of "tense"ly strung nerves, it has more than once been my lot to be "past" so often while waiting for a shave, that, in disgust, I have left it to a "future" occasion, and gone away "mood"y in consequence. That the king of games is a selfish one, as some critics allege, is very far from the truth and possibly, my readers will allow me to controvert the allegation, by submitting an experience of my own.

My lady fair, once challenged me,
To play a game of chess;
Although from her I wished it,
It was I who answered "Yes!"

Long months of hopeless courting,
Had been, alas! my share;
To lose the game and win her hand,
Was now my earnest prayer.

Across the board, my lady leaned,
Knit brow and anxious glance,
And when our horing fingers met,
My heart began to dance.

Then presently, in pretty dread,
She said, "Will you exchange
Just pawn for pawn?" I answered "No!"
And do not think it strange.

Since I'm your knight and you my Queen,
No worry knight may hedge,
Against his chance of loss, instead,
I'll give you pledge for pledge.

Thus went the game, at any cost,
Our referee was Fate;
I know I won, whoever lost,
It ended in a—mate.

Windy Wellington has once more proved its right to the title conferred upon it unanimously (with the exception of the "No-Hat Brigade"). A bank clerk, it is reported, had a bundle of notes torn from his hand and dispersed by one of the gentle zephyrs peculiar to the Empire city. After an enthusiastic mob had raced after them the unfortunate temporary owner found himself forty pounds light weight, and under the circumstances, in the absence of stewards, it could not be declared no race. The sequel is, however, distressing, a young man was arrested for having one of the blown notes in his possession; but as the balance—if such can be preserved during one of Wellington's zephyrs—is missing, I presume that the ill wind has blown somebody good. Swinburne is his rhodomontade which opens—if memory serve me rightly—"I shall never again be friends with roses"—declares afterwards that he hates "a chord" in which "a note grows strong." In all the history that is available, has ever a note given rise before to such his-cord as must be apparent to the young gentleman involved? To take what is sent to one by the Gods can never be a losing proposition; but it appears that the Gods must be of substance, and not of wind.

After twanging the banjo, Kipling writes:—

Oh! the green that thunders aft along
The deck,
Are you sick of towns, and men?
Then it's sign and sail again,
For it's Johnnie Howlegs pack your
kit and "tree."

With many regrets "Old Salt" is now engaged in packing his kit, and before "trekking" hopes that he has with his straw mattress, quart pot and oil-skins, the good wishes of some of his readers for his next ship. Before bidding them adieu (which by the way, in its proper interpretation, is one of the most beautiful sentiments in the language of France, commending as it does, a friend, from whom one is compelled to part, to the protection of the Almighty), all that remains to "Old Salt" to do, is to assure his readers, friendly or unfriendly, wise or otherwise, that he will endeavour to retain the esteem of his shipmates, and the respect of his employers.

OLD SALT.

Society Chatter.

(From the "Side-Glancer"—with which is incorporated "Back Stares.")

SOME HOUSE PARTIES.

There were a good many house parties for Midchester races. Unfortunately, the particularly cheery one at Larkington was by way of being marred by the bad form of an outsider. He was only invited for his bridge-playing; but outsiders are never safe. One evening, when everyone was tired, too, with playing catch in the passages, he began to hold forth about the Empire and its defence, of all stodgy, middle-class subjects! Lord Larkington apologised to his guests later, and it seems the person left next day.

At Rippitowers very good fun was enjoyed one evening, when everyone put on pinfiores and bowled hoops up and down the picture-gallery. Mr. "Baby" St. Aubyn, whose colt "Rotten" had won the Midchester Cup in tube afternoon, showed splendid form with his hoop.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING.

There is no doubt hoop-howling has caught on. Indeed, it is by way of becoming quite an obsession with some people. Many smart women are having dresses built specially for it. The most chic is a sort of bloomer dress, in flue cloth or velvet; tall bronze boots are worn with it; and gauntlet gloves and a baby-boy's hat complete a costume in which a pretty woman, with nice feet and ankles, looks really "devy."

A ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT.

"Smart Whispers" is quite wrong in speaking of Captain "Dolly" de Lacy as the fiancé of Lady "Dickie" Sandys. Lord and Lady Ramsgate's pretty daughter. It is to Lady "Dickie's" grandmother, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, that the popular young Guardsman is engaged. The happy couple have been overwhelmed with "congrats" by their hosts of friends. They were dining at Fitz's the other night, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate,

looking radiant in a picture frock, with some pretty bits of jewellery, and her hair dressed in the new bebe style.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE.

Though Society is scattered up and down the land, there are quite a good many people in town just now. The Duke of Dunstable was alighted from a hansom at the entrance of the Senior Fogey's the other day, and paying the cabman with half-a-crown, or a two-shilling piece, I can't be sure which, but I think the latter. Trisxie, Lady Larkington, was whizzing along Pleadilly on her motor-cycle, with Captain Mashem in the trailer. (By the way, her action for libel against "The Planet" for mentioning her, in describing her grandson's coming-of-age festivities, as the Dowager-Countess, will not come on, a settlement having been effected.)

Mrs. "Croppy" Vavassor, in smartest black, with something pinky in her toque, was shopping in Bond-street; and quite a number of smart women were at Olga Fitton's, looking at some simple little day-frocks she is showing at quite absurdly low prices (from 40 guineas upwards), and at her novelties in cigarette-jackets, chatting-coats, and other pretty-pretties.

DANCING PEOPLE.

Mrs. "Bosh" Treasilyan's little impromptu dance in Hill-street the other night was quite a cheery affair; indeed, she is making quite a little reputation for these "spur-of-the-moment" parties. Though the invitations were only sent out the day before, and simply consisted of postcards with "Come and twirl" on them, everything was quite beautifully done, the dancing-rooms and supper-room being made pretty with red and white "naums." It was quite a "boy-and-girl dance, no one much over 50 being present.

The "Hopeless Sufferers" are to be aided by a fancy head dance next week, which promises to be a very smart affair. Several honesses will give "Hopeless Sufferers" dinners, and will take on parties.—"Punch."

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 is. has been sent to the writer of this verse—Mr O.R.D. Veterans' Home, Auckland:—

Whisky and beer may disappear
From this land of my adoption;
But Sapon's fame is rooted here,
And there no "Local Option!"

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best short four-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address "SAPON" [Outward Washing Powder], P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

LEASES IN ROTORUA TOWN.

Notice is hereby given that 80 lots in the TOWN OF ROTORUA will be submitted for Leasing for a term of 90 years, at the Courthouse, Rotorua, on FRIDAY, the 28th January, 1906, at 10 a.m.

The lots are generally 1/2 rood in area and the upset annual rents range from £4 to £6 per lot.

Poster plans and full particulars obtainable on application at the Land Office, Auckland, and copies will shortly be available for inspection at all Post Offices.

JAMES MACKENZIE,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

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BY "WHALEBONE."

TURF FIXTURES.

December 26 and 29, January 1 and 2—Auckland Racing Club
December 27, 30, and January 6—Auckland Trotting Club
December 28—Drury R.C. Annual
December 28—Ashburton-Pohangina Racing Club.
December 30 and January 1—Greymouth Jockey Club
January 1 and 2—Wairapa Racing Club
January 1 and 2—Hawke's Bay Jockey Club
January 1—Opunake Racing Club
January 1 and 2—Rangitikei Racing Club
February 23—Rotorua J.C. Annual
March 1—Rotorua J.C. Annual

TURF NOTES.

In winning the Handic Race on Boxing Day old Walwera scored his first success in Auckland.

Nominations for all events at the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting close on Friday next at 9 p.m.

In steering Putty to victory in the Auckland Cup E. Dwyer scored his first winning ride in the big two mile race.

After winning at Epsom last Saturday the pony Iteuram changed hands, and is now owned by an Otahuhu sportsman.

The brood mare Lady Cecilia, which was passed in at the bloodstock sale last Thursday has been purchased by Mr G. F. Donnelly, of Napier.

Putty, the winner of the Auckland Cup, failed to earn a winning bracket in the season 1902-03. He had no less than thirteen defeats registered against him.

Mr C. A. Brown, well known in racing circles, returned from a nine months' visit to the Old Country on Sunday last, and was present at Ellerslie on Boxing Day.

Private advices state that Mr J. O. Evelt has completely recovered from his recent severe illness, and that he will be able to resume his duties at an early date.

Starshoot's victory in the Alexandra Handicap last Friday is the first occasion on which he has caught the Judge's eye since he defeated Waitaki in the Century Stakes of 1903.

Quarryman's trouble, it is understood, is due to the suspensory ligament in one of his forelegs giving way. His trainer, E. Cutts, is of the opinion that the horse will never race again.

Private advices received from John Rae state that he is returning to Auckland at an early date. At the time of writing Rae stated that Strathvorn was not likely to start in the Perth Cup.

Cables received state that the Victoria's Cup was run at Calcutta on Boxing Day, and resulted in a victory for Long Tom (by Projectile—Frodoan), with Great Scot (by Lochiel—Scott's Mary) second, and Munderah (by Malvollo—Grand Castry) third. The winner was ridden by the Australian Jockey, W. Burn.

Two years ago Starshoot ran second in the Railway Handicap at Ellerslie on the first day, and then came out and won the Alexandra Handicap on the second day and the County Handicap on the third day. He has repeated the two former performances this year, but is not engaged in the County Handicap.

Says an English exchange: Pickpockets were at work after the conclusion of racing at Newmarket, when one owner of racehorses was robbed of £260, and another of £400. It is to be hoped steps will be taken in future to prevent a recurrence of what can only be described as most scandalous. Three card men were also to be observed on the Heath.

After the Christmas Handicap last Tuesday, it is understood the trainer of Geordie expressed himself as being dissatisfied with the way in which the horse was handled. Julian, the rider of Geordie in the race, has written to his stewards and asked them to hold an inquiry into his riding of the horse, and it is understood the matter will come before the stewards at an early date.

When the two-year-old half-brother to Roboro and Silkwood, by San Francisco, was offered at auction last Thursday he was passed in at £2500. The Hon. H. Mowbray was present at the sale, took a great fancy to the colt, and as he has since been purchased by Mr T. Scott, the Hon. Mowbray's manager at Mangere, it is pretty safe to say that he has been secured on behalf of the Queensland sportsman.

A couple of interesting facts came under notice when Lady Warwick won the Auckland Trotting Club's July's last Wednesday. The first was that F. Davis, who rode Lady Warwick, won the first Pony Cup run for at Epsom on Bepoy; and the second, that Bepoy, who is used as a hack by the Ellerslie trainer, was used to lead Lady Warwick to and from the course.

There is an old saying that it is better to be born lucky than rich. Well, it is better to be born lucky than rich, and Starshoot for the full amount of his book, and after Putty had won the Cup he endeavoured, in order to insure himself, to back Starshoot straight out for the Railway Handicap. He was, however, unable to do so, and was forced to put it on the machine. Starshoot got beaten, his stable companion winning, and the penciler gets a dividend by Starshoot being coupled with the winner.

The connections of Putty are reported to have thrown in for a good stake by the victory of their horse in the Auckland Cup. He went out to contest the big two mile race, looked trained to the hour, and his condition reflected the greatest credit on his trainer, Mr. William F. Williams. It may be remarked, is practically only a new beginner at the game, and has never served an apprenticeship to his new profession, and his success is a striking example of what can be done by a well-bred but not bound down by any hard and fast rule, but uses sound common sense. No one will begrudge Williams his success.

The committee of the Auckland Racing Club held a meeting at Ellerslie on Friday to consider the matter of totalisator accommodation at the outside machines. The totalisator proprietor (Mr H. Hays) in his report stated that the whole trouble arose through the want of proper races, and that if the same were fixed properly his staff would be able to cope with the business. As the committee were unable to get terms settled in time for the remainder of the meeting it was decided to employ a staff of men to be stationed at the entrances, in order to keep people from going in and out the wrong way. The arrangements made will usually help to prevent the crush of last Tuesday.

At a recent meeting down the line (says a Melbourne paper) the owner of a horse engaged in one of the handicaps said to his favourite trainer: "You've got no chance against me unless you can break fifteen." "All right," said the other, "we'll see; you won't have it all to yourself I promise you." Surely enough, the first speaker's horse won, and after the race he said to the trainer: "Well I told you how it would be. Your cove might as well have been in the stable." The other answered "But, don't you see, if he had been I should have had to take five to two about yours and as it was I got six to one."

A writer in the "Sporting Times" says:—I do not call to mind an instance in which four jockeys have succeeded in riding such a record is well within reach of accomplishment this year. At the time of writing, the North-country crack, E. Wheatley, has already headed H.A. and Henry. A little over a year ago, when being used in her owner's business on the road, The Toronto man who owns her was attracted to her by the natural speed she could show on the road, and paid £80 for her. In September of last year she took a record of 2:19, and last spring, when she was turned over to Havers James, no one thought for a moment that she would beat 2:10, to say nothing of beating 2:4. With her great turn of speed she should beat all records for racing horses of her class, and it improves as much as it is reasonable to suppose.

According to an American exchange, the Canadian pacing mare, Maud Kewwick (2:31) is one of the wonders of this season's harness racing. She is one of the four pacing mares with records below 2:4, and has practically made all her speed in eighteen months. A little over a year ago, when being used in her owner's business on the road, The Toronto man who owns her was attracted to her by the natural speed she could show on the road, and paid £80 for her. In September of last year she took a record of 2:19, and last spring, when she was turned over to Havers James, no one thought for a moment that she would beat 2:10, to say nothing of beating 2:4. With her great turn of speed she should beat all records for racing horses of her class, and it improves as much as it is reasonable to suppose.

Returning to the subject of the now notorious match which resulted in the winning of Mr De Wend Fenton, "Wiglat" writes:—With Lord Gerard consenting, as we have no doubt he would, the wisest step for Mr De Wend Fenton to take would be to hand over the two horses to the trainer of the jockey club, and ask them to try them with jockeys of their own selection riding; or if the stewards refused to take upon themselves the responsibility, let both horses be sent to W. Wainwright, and let Maud on one and Maber on the other, have the

matter set at rest as to whether Plich Battle could have won or not. In the race before the Ellerslie Flat was beaten only by a neck by Gaspard, to whom he was giving 7lb. We very much doubt whether Plich Battle, giving Gaspard 17lb, would get so near.

Thus an English writer:—The Dewhurst Plate at Newmarket yesterday resulted in a further languishing of the two-year-old form. Admirable Crichton was beaten to cope with Plicton, Maiba, and Gngal, the last-named reversing the Middle Park Plate placings with Pretty Polly's half-brother. Admirable Crichton got well away, and cut out the pace until reaching the bushes, where Plicton headed him, and when Dillon asked the Clarendon House colt to keep his place, he ran as dead as a stone, and quickly failed to keep his place. Plicton promptly drew out clear, and won by a substantial margin. He was perhaps lucky to do so, for Maiba by making a mistake after going half a mile, lost length. The latter was moving much the faster at the finish, but Plicton easily beat him. Admirable Crichton and then Gngal, he could not reach Plicton, whose only classic engagement is the Derby.

A two-year-old should never be thoroughly wound up, as it takes too much out of him to prepare him to run at a distance early in the year, and colts of that age should not be set to race so long a distance till late in the season. Under a featherweight a two-year-old will stay a distance as well as an older horse, but, says an experienced man, he must be thoroughly wound up, and a severe preparation almost invariably ruins him for life. Within comparatively recent memory one of the races at the Newmarket Hongton meeting for several years was the three-mile Feather Plate (afterwards reduced to two miles and a quarter and 28 yards), for two and three-year-olds. It was nearly always won by a two-year-old, and the colts of that age, but, no colt or filly of that age taking part in this race was ever worth twopence afterwards.

The following is from "The Sports of the Times" (London):—In the nineteenth century of the drivers who race over the mile tracks arrayed against the three-five method of racing, it seems as though the managers of racing will be obliged to defer their wishes, and put either the three-five or the two-in-the-mile rule into the conditions governing their races for next season. The large number of horses that broke down this season, many of them before the first of September, is a striking illustration of the severity of the training trainers are forced to give their horses to prepare them for three-in-five races, and enable them to go races, which, in many instances, last from five to eight weeks. The expense of keeping up a racing stable when 80 per cent. of the real fast horses break down before the season is half through, is enormous, and the horsemen seem to have awakened to the fact that as they furnish the horses it is due them that the racing method be made in accordance with their wishes. Just now it looks as though the day of the three-five rule is practically past.

Writing of debaring faults from the training tracks, "The Times" in the "Australasian" says: It is reported from Perth that the authorities are endeavoring to obtain betting advantages for owners. It will not be long before members of the committee of the West Australian Turf Club discover that the "Australasian" from getting early information of what goes on in the morning. Both at Flemington and Handwick the attendance at the gallops is pretty well confined to people connected with the horses training and newspaper men. The W.A.T.C. propose to limit the attendance in the same way, and by doing so, we are told, it hopes to keep bookmakers and barkers in the dark as to the proceeding until owners have had time to get first run of the market. The scheme is sure to fail, as far as the object in keeping "outs" outside the ground is concerned. Anything worth knowing that occurs at Flemington or

Handwick is known all over Melbourne and Sydney very early in the morning. The betting clubs which choose to pay for reports can get them by 10 o'clock. They either come from newspaper men on the small papers, who are always ready to make a little extra, or are supplied by, some press agency.

But, apart from these trainers, jockeys, and stable boys have friends, and none of them see any harm in telephoning or telegraphing information to the press. The owner has a far better chance of backing his horse on fair terms than he who cultivates mystery, and gains a reputation for being "astute." This class of owner invariably has to take a short cut, but the public will reward a horse backed with mystery, rather than back one whose every movement is chronicled, even though the mystery surrounding it is the only recommendation the mysterious one has. And if the newspapers under any circumstances, could only get a few hours' start of the public. The W.A.T.C.'s latest action suggests that, although the average owner appreciates the totalisator as a state-aided vider, he still likes to have the bookmaker to do his betting with.

A writer in the Otago "Witness" is responsible for the following:—One result of the political and honor law campaign which terminated last week will be that some of the racing clubs will be deprived of the revenue which they formerly received from the sale of privileged in connection with their meetings. The North Otago Jockey Club will be a sufferer in this respect, and there is also a possibility of the D.J.C. being affected in the same way. Almost the entire bulk of the patrons of Wingatui are composed of the wealthy and visitors, and it seems farical that our country cousins under certain conditions should be in a position to dictate as to what townspeople should drink when the latter are participating in a day's pleasure in selecting Wingatui for their headquarters, the club caused a lot of capital to be expended in the Mosgiel district, and has also been responsible for considerably enhancing the value of land there, so that it seems distinctly unfair if a local Licensing Committee should exercise its powers to deprive the D.J.C. of a source of revenue when so much benefit has been conferred in the past.

A New York writer, in discounting on starting at meetings in that city, says:—"It is said there is to be a number of improvements on the starting surroundings next season. It is to be hoped as, for anything, it is about the same as the starting in 1905 is not within my not very brief recollection. I have several times begged, implored, and modestly advised, that the assistant starter and his brutal help should be removed to oblivion. I know that I have every practical man with me, and also that several of the leading racing association men support my views. How can it be otherwise to anyone who looks at a start and sees the frightened animals bunched here, there, anywhere from the man with the whip. It is a disgrace to racing civilization to attempt to start high-coupled horses along such lines. It is a man must be had, which I do not hold—let him have a long white cloth not 2ft long. The veteran Major Thomas endorsed this view, and he should know. The cloth will fulfil every purpose of the whip. Note how the assistant starter loudly cracks it as he walks to the starting point, and you have the keynote.

On the question of inbreeding, "Millroy" in the "Sydney Mail" pens the following:—Looking back on the work of our great grandfathers, as set out in books of conference, we find that they were very particular in breeding closely to one or two great individuals, and in this manner raised some crack racehorses and stal-

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. TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GREAT LAKES, NIAGARA FALLS, ST. LAWRENCE and HUDSON RIVERS, &c. CANADA, MINING. UNITED STATES, BREWING. THE GREAT NORTH-WEST, MANITOBA, MINNESOTA, &c. EUROPE. WINNIPEG, Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, New York, &c.

Mon. To get as much Eclipse and Highflyer in a pedigree as possible was considered the royal road to success by breeders in the days of the "old school." Later on it became the fashion to cross Sir Peter (son of Highflyer) as much as possible with the blood of Eclipse, and vice versa. This close inbreeding to individual was denounced from the time the illustrious writers of the old school, but racemasters kept coming and the breed improving as time went on, for all the great fathers of the English thoroughbred were very inbred animals. In the middle of the century the fashion was two crosses of a strong individual at three removes with a powerful corrective in the shape of an "outcross." But in most instances the outcross was as inbred to the main Stud Book leads as the individual that was being inbred to. Such a thing as a direct side outcross has been next to impossible any time during the past fifty years. The only real outcross available in the Stud Book is that of the 50 odd female lines that are still alive, or to breed from a base foundation such as Arab or Barb. Of course every original thoroughbred was powerfully infused with Eastern blood, and the modern climate, feeding, and natural selection have transformed the modern horse into the antithesis of his Eastern forbears. There are many breeders who are firmly of opinion that the modern horse can be obtained in six or seven generations of pure crossings, but it is more than probable that they are wrong in their deductions. On occasion there appears a good horse whose pedigree beyond four or five removes is entirely unknown, but it is always a noticeable fact that the "half-bred," who are capable of holding their own with a pure bred, throw unerringly progeny of whose purity of breeding there is no question. Farnon and Lucknow we have two exceedingly good racehorses, whose female ancestry is shrouded in mystery, and, at least, in the case of Lucknow, is known to be "short"; but Farnon is a true son of his sire, and Lucknow is probably the nearest approach to his own image Husbey ever got.

In his reminiscences of the late James Waugh an English writer says:—It was a rather singular thing that, comparatively though they were, the late James Waugh and his employer, of the closing sixties, the late Mr James Merry, did not fairly hit it off, and finally the horses at Husbey were transferred to the charge of Robert Peck.

One of the best horses Waugh trained for the famous Scots Icomaster was Marksmen who was reckoned at Eitham for 1000 guineas, being the favorite of a florist, who had fetched exactly the same price as the son of Dundee and Shot, and who was destined to defeat the latter in the Derby. In the latter race Marksmen had a leg, but James Waugh afterwards declared that had Grimshaw paid heed to Vauban and a little more attention to Daley on the despised Hermit, he would have defeated the neck dead.

"How do you account for that, Waugh?" asked Mr Merry, after the race. "I don't know, sir; you'd better ask Grimshaw," was the reply. Waugh was greatly disappointed at the result, and was unable to ascertain what it was, but he consoled himself with the reflection, "Never mind; we've beaten the Duke"; for nothing pleased him better than to defeat something bearing the livery of the Duke of Devonshire or Lord Stanford.

Marksmen next race was the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Ascot, but was beaten by Vauban, and never figured again in public. After that race Marksmen was bled in the leg, a quantity of blood being taken away, and the bucket containing this blood was put down at the door of his box. It was some years ere Waugh confessed to Bloss that he was the perpetrator of the job which terrified Mr Chaglin's trainer at the moment, for it will be remembered that Hermit had ruptured a blood vessel prior to his Derby victory, and Bloss feared there had been a recurrence.

Belladrum, a colt by Lord Stanford—Catherine Hayes, was a rare two-year-old, who, however, unexpectedly developed into a roarer. The misfortune was kept as quiet as possible, none knowing anything of the matter save Joseph Burns, who subsequently married Waugh's eldest daughter) and a lad named Harroway.

Mark the nice scheme that was adopted to hide the trouble. Belladrum was fired on the throat, but the veterinary surgeon also performed the operation on a perfectly sound youngster, who was declared to be the only object of his treatment. At the same time Belladrum did not benefit from the firing.

As a three-year-old Butters could scarce rouse him to a gallop, and with respect to the colt's chance for the Two Thousand Guineas, Waugh wrote to Mr Merry, "If my hundred pounds is to raise hedge it, for I am afraid he is no good."

Yet in the first of that season's classics he would have won had Kenyon, the then fashionable light-weight, done as he was told, and made a colt of the matter.

But Kenyon had taken the needle at having been shored on a notorious roarer who was regarded as the possessor of no sort of substance. Let them see whether I'll ride their stiff 'uns or not," was his expression of the situation, and, instead of heeding his orders, he jumped off in front, his mount being beaten only in the last part of the race. In the Derby he won by a nose on the strength of his Guineas' rousing, but he and Ladah—the first of Lord Rosebery's colts of that name—figured in the rear throughout.

In the winter before the Derby of 1870 strained a back alow of her near hind leg, while Macgregor was also unfortunate in his training.

As a yearling Macgregor was tried remarkably smart with Sunshine and Miss Hayes, a four-year-old who was set to give 12lb to each of the juveniles over three furlongs.

James Waugh was the starter, and Mr Merry and Tass Parker the judges. When the trainer went up to his employer with the information that "the Macgregor colt lost a couple of lengths," the remark was it was only to be met with the reassuring response: "Well, he won damned easy, anyhow."

Macgregor never ran as a two-year-old, but he won the Two Thousand Guineas with ridiculous ease, but in the Derby the colt gave a mysterious display and was beaten. The loss of that Derby completed the rupture between Waugh and Mr Merry which had begun through the death of Mungo Knight of the Garter in the Chester Cup of 1859.

The Scots owner declared to Waugh: "If you'd trained Sunshine she'd have won all the classic races," which remark was touched in the wind and had met with a serious mishap. The excellence of the colt can be best appreciated by Waugh's remark to the author of that most interesting "I don't know Gladstair's statement." "I don't know how much he could have given Sunshine."

It was strange that Waugh and his countryman could never hit it off, but with the exception of Robert Peck, as was only Mr Merry's trainer, satisfied him, as was only he changed his trainers.

Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

SECOND DAY'S RACING.

The second day's racing in connection with the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting took place on Friday. The attendance was quite up to the average of former years, and an interesting racing day witnessed. Although a strong southerly gale was blowing, raising huge clouds of dust, the sun was always bright and the wind was not so much noticed. Speculation on the sum of £15,000 was passed through the machines, an increase of £1494 10/ on last year's amount. Added to the first day's amount the sum handed to date is £41,147. As on the first day, the race was first-class style, and there was not an unpleasant incident during the day. The principal event, the Summer Cup, saw Hibernia installed favourite, with Putty, however, greatly disappointed his backers, as although he was in a good position for about three parts of the journey, he failed when the real business commenced, and when the race was over he was fourth. Putty could get no big bid for victory, but the weight told its tale, and he was beat in the last hundred yards for second honours by Scotty, who finished fast, but was unable to reach Landlock, who was in front from start to finish.

Following are the results:—

ALEXANDRA HANDBICAP of 140sovs, second 130sovs, third 120sovs. Seven furlongs.
 6903—Mr E. J. Watts' Starshoot, 8.8 (Davis) 1
 3504—Mr A. Champion's Full Cry, 8.7 2
 784—Mr A. Telfer's Nervine, 7.4 3

Also ran: 216, Delania; 207, The Lark; 163, General Average; and 209, Vivandell. Full Cry was quiet in the race, and was beaten by The Lark the pair carried on the running along the back, with Starshoot almost on terms. The two were almost abreast as they went through the cutting, but crossing the top stretch Starshoot fell back a little, and the leading pair entered the straight together, with the rest of the field close up. At the distance Full Cry was out by himself, but Starshoot, putting in his claim, caught the leader at the lawn rails, and quickly sent him down, and won by a length and a half. Full Cry beating Nervine the same distance for second honours. The Lark was close up fourth, Delania fifth, and Vivandell last. Time, 1.30. Dividends: Inside, £1 11/ and 19/; outside, 15/8 and 9/6.

PONSONBY HURDLE RACE of 100sovs, second 100sovs. 12 mile.

2284—J. O'Driscoll's ch g Pharos, by Jet d'Eau—Opawa mare, 9.0 1
 5503—E. Hannon's b g Hantapu, 11.0. 2
 2624—J. McNeill's ch m Seabird, 10.3. 3

Also started: 833, Loch Fyne; 663, Lerida. Pharos was first to show out, but Hantapu soon took charge, and showed the way across the top stretch, with Seabird and Lerida next. There was no alteration as they reced past the stand, but passing the seven furlong post, Seabird was on terms with Hantapu, and Pharos ran into third place. Hantapu and Seabird were in company as they went through the cutting, where Hantapu jumped into the lead, and was first to turn for home, with Pharos coming fast. Pharos jumped the last fence slightly in advance of Hantapu, and was first to reach Leontor, who won easily by a clear length, Apologue beating Polycaeste a length and a half for second honours. Lerida was fourth, and Lady Hume fifth, with

CRITERION HANDBICAP of 115sovs, second 100sovs. Six furlongs.

2561—F. W. Arnold's b c Cambrian, 2yrs, by Cyrenau—Miss Anne, 8.4 (Flynn) 1
 190—Mrs W. Davies' b c Loongana, 8.4 2
 130—Mrs A. H. Leonard's ch c Pylades, 8.13 3

The trio moved off together, Pylades being the first to break the line, but before

they had gone half a furlong, Cambrian was on terms with him, and the pair raced in company to the mile and a half post, where Cambrian drew out, and Loongana ran up into second position. Cambrian was first to turn for home, and although Loongana was almost on terms at the distance, it was only on sufferance, as when Ryan shook the top weight up he came out again, and won comfortably by two lengths. Pylades two lengths behind Loongana. Time, 1.14. Dividends: Inside, £1 15/; outside, 17/8.

SUMMER CUP of 450sovs; second horse 250sovs; third 250sovs.

233—C. W. Coleman's b g Landlock, aged, by Pylades—Dreamland 1
 331—D. Stewart's b g Scotty, 8.5 2
 6854—T. A. Williams' ch g Putty, 8.5. 3

Also ran: 8003, Mahutonga, 8.6; 308, King Billy, 8.6; 2893, Paratutu, 8.3; 86, Melodron, 7.7; 2194, Zulleka, 6.13; 1374, Jewellery, 6.10; 183, Master Delaval, 6.0.

Master Delaval gave a lot of trouble at the post, but eventually Mr O'Connor succeeded in pulling the lever to a beautiful start. King Billy was the first to find his feet, but was immediately displaced by Landlock, who showed the way out of the straight, followed by Jewellery, Paratutu, and King Billy with Zulleka last. Landlock was still bounding along in front as they raced along the back and through the cutting, where Melodron ran up into second position, and Putty also made a forward move. Landlock was still making the pace solid as they crossed the top stretch, and he was the first to turn for home, with Putty close behind him, and the rest of the field headed by Mahutonga, closing up at the distance. Putty threw out a strong challenge, and a little further on Scotty came through and made a desperate effort to get on terms; but it was of no avail, as Sparkes, keeping up Landlock going, and a half from Scotty, who was a length in front of Putty, and then came Mahutonga, Paratutu, Jewellery, King Billy, Zulleka, Master Delaval, with Melodron last. Time 1.43. Dividends, 15/4 and 12/ and 21 19/; outside 24 19/ and 19/6.

THE SALISBURY WELTER HANDBICAP of 180sovs; second horse 100sovs out of the stake. One mile.

470—Mr L. Coleman's ch g Leontor, 4yrs, by Leontas—Natastor mare, 9.2 (Phillips) 1
 1871—Mr R. Cleland's br c Apologue, 4yrs, by Phoebe Apollo—Miss Gladys, 8.10 (Marchant) 2
 1274—Mr F. McGovern's b m Polycaeste, 4yrs, by Nestor—Nightingale, 8.4 (Sparkes) 3

1274—Franklin, 8yrs, 9.10 (Deeley) 0
 180—Walkito, 6yrs, 8.13 (Davis) 0
 2331—Merolion, 6yrs, 8.0 (Hewitt) 0
 1000—Lorelink, 4yrs, 8.9 (Towers) 0
 4633—Monofomo, 4yrs, 8.9 (Ryan) 0
 92—King Paul, 4yrs, 8.8 (Chaffe, Jun) 0
 24—Lady Hume, 4yrs, 8.7 (Tress) 0
 508—Le Beau, aged, 8.4 (Buchanan) 0
 27—Yollette, aged, 8.2 (McClellan) 0
 12—Takarua, 5yrs, 8.0 (S. Lindsay) 0
 91—Baltimore, 5yrs, 8.0 (Scatts) 0

The field were in a heap when they came in sight. The colour of Le Beau were first to become prominent, but Lorelink immediately rushed to the front, and he plied the field along the back, and through the cutting, closely followed by Takarua and Polycaeste. Crossing the top stretch Leontor took charge, and he was first to turn for home, just clear of Lorelink, with Polycaeste and Apologue following in that order. In the run to the post Apologue made his effort, but was unable to reach Leontor, who won easily by a clear length, Apologue beating Polycaeste a length and a half for second honours. Lorelink was fourth, and Lady Hume fifth, with

Takarua last. Time, 1.42. Dividends: Inside, £2 19/ and £2 10/; outside, £1 9/8 and £1 5/.

THE PONY HANDBICAP of 100sovs, second horse 50sovs out of the stake. Six furlongs.

1068—Mr S. Humphries' b f Lady Warwick, 4yrs, by Forped—Lady Lorne, 8.10 (F. Davis) 1
 301—Mr J. B. Williams' son b g Dr. Quest, 6yrs, by Bault—Neorlina, 6.13 including 5lb over (Deeley) 2
 221—Mr B. Armitage's ch m Gilton Girl, aged, by Medallion—Equation, 9.10 (Cotton) 3

1214—Storyteller, 6yrs, 8.2 (Buchanan) 0
 130—Forth, aged, 8.1 (Scatts) 0
 134—Little Mabel, 6yrs, 8.2 (Brady) 0
 198—Happid, aged, 6.11 including 5lb over (Brown) 0

2214

Dr. Quest shot to the front when the barrier lifted, and he showed the way through the cutting, just clear of Rapid, after which came Lady Warwick. Dr. Quest was first to turn for home, but at the distance Lady Warwick came through, and quickly outlying the leader, went on and won easily by three lengths. Gilton Girl was a length away third. Time, 1.17. Dividends: Inside, £1 7/ and £1 13/; outside, 13/6 and 10/6.

THE VISITORS' PLATE of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. Five furlongs.

306—Mr C. Lovett's b f Prime, 2yrs, by Phoebe Apollo—Lena, 7.4 (Gray) 1
 735—Mr M. McLean's ch g Celtic, 2yrs, by St. Leon—Delaval—Margareta, 7.6 (Deeley) 2
 176—Mr B. Armitage's br f Dear Dolly, 3yrs, by Brigadier—Dolly, 8.9 (Julian) 3

Also ran: 41, Peregrine, 8yrs, 9.0 (Towers); 874, Ingalls, 2yrs, 7.9; 53, Le Mascotte, 2yrs, 7.9 (Buchanan).

When the races flew up, Prime rushed to the front, and soon had a race between herself and the rest of the field, which was headed by Dear Dolly. Making the pace merry, Prime turned for home with a couple of lengths in lead of Dear Dolly, who was just in front of Celtic. In the run to the post Celtic made a big bid to get up, but Prime managed to keep him at bay, winning at the finish by a length. Dear Dolly was two lengths away third. Time, 1.5 2-5. Dividend, 45/.

THE WAITEMATA HANDBICAP of 100 sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. One mile and a-half.

67—Mr S. G. Lindsay's br m Lady Gladys, 5yrs, by Rampart, 7.7 (Brown) 1
 2334—Mr A. Moran's br c Hiro, 5yrs, by Cyrenau—Ephie, 8.4 (Ryan) 0
 2784—Mr J. McGilchrist's b g Bromide, 5yrs, by Issomim—Himie, 7.8 (Deeley) 0

Also ran: 524, Pukekohe, 4yrs, 9.0 (Scatts); 317, Silecia, 5yrs, 8.3 (Buchanan); 243, Pearl Necklet, 4yrs, 8.4 (F. Davis); 507, The Haven, 3yrs, 8.2 (Erickson); 63, Lady Clements, 4yrs, 7.11 (Chaffe, Jun); 54, Haverham, 4yrs, 7.10 (Parker); 60, Korru, aged, 7.7 (McNamara); 453, Silecia, 3yrs, 7.7 (Cotton).

Pukekohe was the first to find his feet, but The Haven immediately took up the running and he showed the way past the stand two lengths from Silecia, with Hiro and Pukekohe at the head of the others. The Haven was still in front as they went along the back, but going through the cutting Lady Gladys took charge and she was first to turn for home. At the distance Hiro singled himself out and went after the leader, but could never get near her. Lady Gladys winning by three lengths from Hiro, who was five lengths in front of Hiro.

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side. The Raven was fourth. Time, 2:42 3/4. Dividends: inside, £28 4/ and £1 9/; outside, £12 2/ and 14/8.

THIRD DAY'S RACING.

The third day's racing in connection with the Auckland Racing Club's Summer Meeting took place yesterday. The weather was splendid and the attendance, although perhaps not up to that of Boxing Day, was large, and appeared to be above the average of former years. His Excellency Lord Plunket and party arrived just after the second race. Mr R. B. Lusk was in the box. Mr A. Kohn officiated as timekeeper, and Mr C. O'Connor as starter, the latter gentleman acting in keeping with his reputation. The racing was most interesting and exciting, and Mr J. Chadwick, the handicapper, secured a decided success. The stewards were called together on no less than three occasions during the afternoon—the first to consider a protest against Ranauna for alleged interfering, which they dismissed; and the other two to consider complaints laid against Gray for interference in the Midsommer Handicap and the A.H.C. Handicap. On the first charge he was fined £5, and on the second he was fined £10. Various objections being brought forward, the stewards were called upon to deal more liberally with him. With these exceptions the afternoon's sport passed off most pleasantly. The secretary, Mr J. F. Hargrave, and the various officials setting through their arduous duties in a highly satisfactory manner. As usual, Mr T. Klug had charge of the catering, and the bands under Mr Jas. Incey and Lieut. A. R. Hunter, with their proceedings with a choice selection of music.

During the running of the Hurdle Race Sol felt at the second fence, his rider (Marchant) sustaining concussion of the brain, besides being badly shaken. He was attended to by Mr Walker and was afterwards removed to the Hospital, where he still lies in an unconscious condition.

During the afternoon the machines under Messrs H. J. Hayer and Co. handled the large sum of £10,000, and were estimated to have done 10% on last year's total. The amount to date for the three days is £65,272.

Landlock, who was made favourite for the Glasgow Handicap, the opening event, justified the confidence placed in him, winning with a couple of lengths to spare.

In the Hurdle Race Ranauna went to the front five furlongs from home, and cracking on the pace ran home an easy winner by three lengths, and secured a good winning margin over the distance. The winner met with a hostile reception on returning to the gate.

The big classic event, the Great Northern Derby, brought out a field of five, and a fair betting for the winner. Multitid was made favourite, while King Billy was also well supported, Master Delaval being the outsider of the field. Multitid and King Billy were together for the first half-mile, the latter leading, but the former crossed King Billy and was dropped back. Multitid was running all over the course up to the back stretch, and Hewitt had to ride him hard with the whip to straighten him up; but once he got him into a nice, even manner, he never gave his opponents a chance, winning with the greatest ease by four lengths from Master Delaval, who ran a real good race. Apologue was fourth, and King Billy, who seemed to lose all dash after being interceded with, fifth, and Clanchattan last. That there was no leaning on the road, the time for the various stages, struck by Mr A. Kohn, shows:—Three furlongs, 1:15 4/5; half-mile, 1:50 2/5; and the full distance 2:40 4/5—1:45 for the race. After the race the winner was led to the lawn, where he was dressed by the official, the Hon. Lady Plunket, amidst cheering. Previous winners of the race are:—

WINNERS OF THE GREAT NORTHERN DERBY STAKES.

Table with columns for Year, Winner, and Time. Entries include 1875-Ariel, by Daisy Astor; 1876-Tot, by Blonides; 1877-Daubary, by Traducer; 1878-Venus Transit, by Meduere; 1879-Duega, by Seduere; 1880-Lidley, by Excelsior; 1881-Tim Whiffler, by Tim Whiffler; 1882-Fitz-Herules, by Yaffuodun; 1883-Welcome Jack, by Traducer; 1884-Nelson, by King George; 1885-Tigrida, by Leolius; 1886-Four Shot, by Musket; 1887-Diamond, by Albany; 1888-Sextant, by Robinson Crusoe; 1889-Columbus, by Excelsior; 1890-Triadon, by Musket; 1891-Medallion, by Nordenfeldt; 1892-Morton, by Captivator; 1893-St. Hippo, by St. Leger; 1894-Loyalist, by Excelsior; 1895-Faithful, by Nordenfeldt; 1896-Faithful, by Fabulous; 1897-Norfolk, by St. Leger; 1898-St. Cecilia, by St. Leger; 1899-Hindale, by St. Leger; 1900-Miss Delaval, by Seaton; 1901-Rowan, by Dreadnought; 1902-Monmouth, by Stepulak; 1903-Wyvern, by South; 1904-Javal, by Seaton; 1905-Isabelle, by Seaton; 1906-Maitland, by Muldoon.

In the Midsommer Handicap Pyades created a bit of a surprise by winning from the lead, but he was interfered with at the start, run second and third. The County Handicap produced a fine race, Te Aroha just beating the favourite, Landlock, in a very close finish. The A.H.C. Handicap was another splendid finish, Paritutu winning by half a length from the top weight, Mahutonga,

with Armistice a neck away third, and the rest of the field in a heap close up. Melodeon ran very shilly in the home stretch, and badly interfered with several of the others, just as they were making their runs. Mahutonga and Armistice were probably the worst sufferers.

The County Handicap was won by Luresome, and the concluding event, the Maiden Handicap, fell to the hitherto disappointing colt Monform, who at last succeeded in paying back some of the 1200s expended on his purchase two years ago. Monform finished like a tradesman, and the owners were heartily congratulated on the horse's success.

The following are the results:—

GLASGOW HANDICAP of 1500svs; second horse 1000s. Seven furlongs. 6014—C. W. Coleman's b g Landlock, by Flintlock—Dreadnought, 8.12 (Cotton)..... 1 8441—E. J. Watt's ch g Starshoot, 9.4 (Davie)..... 2 85—Williamson and Currie's b h Lovelink, 6.12 (Gray)..... 3

Also ran: 72, Geordie, 9.0; 4304, Full Cry, 8.7; 181, Wippena, 8.5; 764, Franklin, 8.3; 154, Avalanche, 7.10; 110, Ironmould, 7.10; 170, Delania, 7.5; 714, Waikato, 7.2; 1834, Nore, 6.0; 265, Polycaste, 6.10; 634, Bonomianna, 6.7. Lovellink and Avalanche were the first to commence, and the former went to the front followed by Avalanche, Polycaste, and Landlock, and in that order they raced along the back, with the rest of the field close up. Going through the cutting Landlock took charge, and crossing the top stretch he was out by himself, with Polycaste, Lovellink, Delania, and Starshoot most prominent of the others. Landlock was the first to turn for home, and holding his own in the run to the post was by two lengths from Starshoot, who came through on the falls and secured second honours by a margin of a yard from Lovelink, with Full Cry and Delania a neck away. Dividends: inside, £3 1/ and £1 1/2; outside, £1 10/6 and 17/8.

NEW YEAR'S HURDLE RACE (HANDICAP) of 2000svs. Two miles.

1704—Mr A. Hughes' Rannus, 10.8..... 1 321—Mr B. Arnitage's Khama, 10.4..... 2 824—Mr J. McNeil's Seabird, 10.0..... 3

Also started: 1000, Waitera, 11.10; 352, Sol, 10.12. Scatched: Inskullien. Khama led the way to the first fence, followed by Seabird, leaving the other two in that order. At the hurdle at the half-mile post Sol fell. Seabird joined Khama, and this pair made the running three lengths in front of Rannus, with Waitera taking off. The latter was in the position of the field as the horses raced past the stand and went round to the hurdle at the six-furlong post, where Khama jumped in front and Rannus ran into second place, going through the cutting. Rannus took charge, and from that point on was a procession, Rannus holding the rest easily and winning with the greatest ease by three lengths from Khama, who was 13 lengths in front of Seabird, three, 8.10. Dividends: inside, £10 10/; outside, £5 9/6. A protest for alleged inconsistent running was entered against the winner by Mr B. Arnitage, the owner of Khama, but was dismissed. Marchant, who fell at Sol, was well, but was stunned and severely shaken, but had no bones broken.

GREAT NORTHERN DERBY of 7500svs. One and a-half mile.

10011—Mr B. O'Brien's b c Multitid, by Muldoon—Excelsior, 8.10 (Cotton)..... 1 2013—Mr W. Pegg's b c Master Delaval, 8.10..... 2 440—Mr H. Cleland's b c Apologue, 8.10..... 3

Also started: 540, Clanchattan, 8.10; 6024, Gay Spark, 8.10; 8334, King Billy, 8.10. Multitid was first to find his feet, and, joined by Multitid, the pair made their running past the stand, with Apologue six lengths away. Then came Gay Spark and Clanchattan together, and Master Delaval followed. Going out of the straight Multitid crossed over in front of King Billy, and had a length's advantage as they passed the seven-furlong post, where he was running all over the course, and Hewitt had to ride him hard with the whip to straighten him up. King Billy lost his position along the back, and was headed by Clanchattan and Gay Spark. Multitid increased his lead as they went through the cutting and across the top stretch, where Master Delaval moved up to second place, with Clanchattan, Gay Spark, King Billy, and Apologue following in that order. Multitid turned for home two lengths in front of Master Delaval, and although the latter made desperate efforts to get on terms it was not until he had almost easily held his own, winning at the Bush by four lengths from Master Delaval, who was seven lengths in front of Apologue. Gay Spark was fourth, King Billy fifth, and Clanchattan last. Time, 2:35. Dividends: inside, £2 2/ and £3 1/2; outside, £1 1/ and £1 1/8. Mr A. Kohn, the official timekeeper, struck the following times for the various stages of the race:—Three furlongs, 37 3/4; four furlongs, 55 3/4; six furlongs, 1:15 4/5; one mile, 1:43 2/5; 1 1/2 mile, 2:36 4/5.

After the race the winner was decorated with the blue ribbon by Lady Plunket.

MIDSOMMER HANDICAP of 2000svs; second horse 1500svs. For two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

1003—Mr A. H. Leonard's ch c Pyades, by Menchikoff—Majorie, 8.4 (Seaton)..... 1 853—Mr J. H. Dwyer's b g Duart, 7.12 (Cotton)..... 2 420—Mr W. Davis' b g Loongana, 8.3 (Cotton)..... 3

Also ran: 5503, Conductor, 8.13; 250, Triluo, 7.0. The field left the barrier in a line, but when they had gone 50 yards Pyades was first to draw away, followed by Duart, and Loongana following in a heap close up. Going along with a nice free stride, Pyades

turned for home a couple of lengths in front of a bunch of field. At the distance Duart threw out a strong challenge, and Seatec had to draw the whip, while Pyades, and although he finished nobly, he lasted long enough to win by two lengths from Duart, who was a similar distance in front of Loongana. Time, 1:4 2/5. Dividends: inside, £12 8/; outside, £6 4/.

THE COUNTY HANDICAP of 1750svs; second horse to receive 250svs and third horse 1000svs out of the stake. Six furlongs.

246—Mr W. Davies' b m Te Aroha, by Seaton Delaval—Loitie, 6.3 (Drewey)..... 1 7774—Mr C. W. Coleman's b g Landlock, aged, by Flintlock—Dreadnought, 8.13, including 50s penalty (Hewitt) 2 88—Mr A. Teifer's b g Nervinc, 4yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Eve, 4.11 (Erickson)..... 3 434—Hoboro, aged, 8.0 (Urrau)..... 0 2004—Glenowlet, 4yrs, 8.4 (Cotton)..... 0 7334—Loonator, 4yrs, 8.2 (Phillips)..... 0 2903—Nogorin, 4yrs, 7.8 (McCloskie)..... 0 1813—Mr W. Davis' b g Nervinc, 4yrs, 7.8 (Cotton)..... 0 2683—Carl Rosa, 4yrs, 7.5 (Seaton)..... 0 874—Certainty, 4yrs, 7.3 (Gray)..... 0 1123—General Average, 4yrs, 7.0, including 40s out of (S. Lindsay)..... 0 853—Luresome, 4yrs, 6.10, including 80s out of (Seaton)..... 0 23—Le Beau, aged, 6.7 (Jones)..... 0 29—Stooper, 4yrs, 6.7 (Cotton)..... 0

The field moved away to a beautiful start, from which the colours of Te Aroha were first prominent, and followed by Certainty, Noteorlat and Le Beau, the quartette were almost abreast as they raced across the top stretch, with Loonator at the head of the others. Passing the mile and a half post Le Beau lost his place, the other three entering the straight almost in a line. At the distance Te Aroha had drawn clear, while the rest of the field were spread right across the straight, making a prettily sight. At the lawn rails Landlock put in a strong run, and got on terms with Te Aroha, but the latter came again, and finishing up her task in a determined manner, beat him a short head, with Nervinc a length away third, just in front of Loonator, after whom came Hoboro. Time, 1:18 4/5. Dividends: inside, £10 2/ and £1 1/; outside, £3 1/ and 10/6.

THE AUCKLAND RACING CLUB HANDICAP of 7000svs; second horse to receive 1000svs and third horse 500svs out of the stake. One mile and a half.

630—Mr J. George's b g Paritutu, aged, by Castor—Yattingan, 8.2 (Gray) 1 634—Mr Lionel Williams' ch g Mahutonga, 8yrs, by Quilt—Mabek, 9.0 (Buchanan)..... 2 612—Mr G. F. Moore's b m Armistice, 4yrs, by Mahak—Mellute, 7.9 (McKay)..... 3 1265—Scotty, aged, 8.9 (Ryan)..... 0 634—Gladstone, 4yrs, 7.13 (Cress)..... 0 2138—Melodeon, 4yrs, 7.5 (Deer)..... 0 1024—Zuleika, aged, 8.0 (Brown)..... 0 118—Jewellery, aged, 8.0 (Jones)..... 0

The field moved away to a beautiful start. Scotty was the first to break the line, followed by Paritutu, Gladstone, Melodeon, with Mahutonga and Armistice running last. Passing the stand Scotty was still in the van, with the positions of the others unchanged. Scotty was still bowling along in front as they went along the back, but going through the cutting Melodeon was on terms, and a little further on headed him, the order being Melodeon, Scotty, Paritutu, Jewellery, Gladstone, Zuleika, Mahutonga, and Armistice. Melodeon was the first to enter the home stretch, where the field swung out wide, and Gladstone getting through on the rails took the coming on. It was only a flash in the pan, as when the whips were drawn Paritutu forged to the front, and a great race home was witnessed. Paritutu leading long enough to win by half a length from Melodeon, who came a neck further back third, then came Jewellery and Melodeon, with the rest all of a heap. Mahutonga and Armistice were both unucky, both suffering a lot of interference from Melodeon, who ran all over the course, when called upon for his final effort; with a decent run either may have reversed places with the winner. Time, 2:37 2/5. Dividends: inside, £4 9/ and £1 1/2; outside, £2 4/6 and 17/6. After the race Gray was again before the stewards to answer a complaint laid

by Mr Ryan, the rider of Scotty, for interference during the race. After hearing the evidence the stewards reprimanded Gray.

THE FORT HANDICAP of 1000svs; second horse to receive 1500s and third horse 500s out of the stake. Six furlongs.

8163—Mr W. A. Scott's b m Luresome, 4yrs, by Seaton Delaval—Lizadurn, 8.2 (Gray)..... 1 190—Mr F. James' b m Storyteller, 4yrs, by Leolius—airy Tale, 4.13 (Buchanan)..... 2 711—Mr S. Humphries' b f Lady Warwick, 4yrs, by Torpedo—Lady Lorne, 9.12 (Davie)..... 3 374—Sonoma, 4yrs, 8.9 (Speckman)..... 0 424—Kilderrick, 4yrs, 8.5 (Hewitt)..... 0 180—Orange and Blue, aged, 7.13 (Harr) 0 1223—Forth, aged, 7.11 (Seaton)..... 0 2904—Dr. Quest, 4yrs, 7.8 (Deasey)..... 0 1884—Resurgam, aged, 7.8 (Sparks)..... 0

Orange and Blue caught a lot of delay at the post, and when the barrier lifted she hung a bit, losing several lengths. Sonoma was first to make play, but soon gave way to Resurgam, and she showed the way across the top, followed by Forth, Sonoma, and Dr. Quest. Resurgam was first to turn for home, where she field closed up. At the distance several looked like having winning chances, but a little further on Luresome drew out, and finishing strongly, won by the best part of a length from Storyteller (who could not get through), with Lady Warwick half a length away third; Resurgam was fourth, and Forth last. Time, 1:17 3/5. Dividends: inside, £3 10/ and £3 8/; outside, £1 10/ and £1 14/8.

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP of 1400svs; second horse to receive 2000s and third horse 1000s out of the stake. One mile and a quarter.

474—Mr E. W. Allison's ch b Moniform, by Hotchkiss—Formo, 8.0 (Ryan)..... 1 478—Mr A. Morgan's b c Hiro, 4yrs, by Cycolus—Eplue, 8.0 (Davie)..... 2 2684—Mr J. McGlashan's b g Bromide, 4yrs, by Innomia—Minnie, 8.2 (Buchanan)..... 3 127—Pukekohe, 4yrs, 9.0 (Seaton)..... 0 123—Sillicia, 4yrs, 8.8 (Jullian)..... 0 134—Kola Nip, 4yrs, 8.6 (Phillips)..... 0 2014—Lord Seaton, 4yrs, 8.4 (Pinker)..... 0 1104—Lord Necker, 4yrs, 7.13 (McCuskie) 0 514—Ben, aged, 7.10 (Deer)..... 0 154—Soulmaded, 4yrs, 7.10 (S. Lindsay)..... 0 41—Lady Clements, 4yrs, 7.8 (Erickson) 0 44—Silkie, 4yrs, 7.4 (Gray)..... 0

As the field swept past the stand Pukekohe showed out slightly in front of Hiro and Lord Seaton, with Ben at the head of the other three. Pukekohe was still in the lead as they went out of the straight and along the back, followed by Hiro, Ben, Lord Seaton and Moniform. Going through the cutting Ben was on terms with Pukekohe, and the pair raced in company across the top stretch, just in front of Hiro, while Moniform also made a forward move. Hiro shot to the front as they turned for home, with Moniform at his girths, and the two finishing in a close race. Pukekohe getting a home was witnessed, Moniform getting a slight advantage at the distance, which he increased to two lengths when the post was reached, and at last succeeded in earning a winning bracket. Bromide was two lengths behind Pukekohe, and there was a fourth, Ben fifth, and Kola Nip and Sillicia together last. Time, 2:12 3/5. Dividends: inside, £4 5/ and £1 8/; outside, £2 2/6 and 14/.

Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting.

FIRST DAY.

The opening day's racing in connection with the Auckland Trotting Club's summer meeting took place on Wednesday at Epson. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance. Mr R. Hill officiated as judge, Mr Geo. Read as timekeeper, and Mr C. O'Connor as starter, the latter gentleman performing as usual. Taken all round the racing was interesting. Mr F. W. Edwards succeeded in bringing the fields well together. The gathering was one of the most successful yet held by the club, and the officials are to be congratulated on their success. Although speculation was brisk, it fell short of last year's amount by £703, the sum handled being £5825, as against £6528. As usual the catering was

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In the hands of Mr T. King, which is a sufficient guarantee. Particulars are as follows:—

Racing commenced with the Maiden Trot Handicap, from which J.P. was the only withdrawal. The race was for about half a mile, when Cleveland's Pride got in front, and he led to the stand, where Tatarumaka was on terms, and the pair trotted together until the back, when Tatarumaka forged ahead, and trotting steadily lasted long enough to win by a length and a half from Lissele Bhg, who beat Cleveland's Pride five lengths for second honours. Time, 4.14 3-5. Dividends, £1 7/ and 6/.

The seven acceptors came out in the Pony Trot Handicap, for which Mangouli was made an even money favourite. Getting to the front when they had gone about half the journey, the favourite came on and won a good race by four lengths from Bell Car, and a mile, when he was in front of Seacole. Time, 4.7 2-5. Dividends, £1 1/ and 0/.

Storyteller dropped out of the Pony Cup, leaving four to go to the post, and Lady Nannie and Lady Warwick were almost equal favourites. Jumping away well, and getting to the front, Lady Nannie led the issue in doubt, winning at the finish by a length and a half from Lady Nannie, who was a similar distance in front of Gladys Rose, with Little Mahel last. Time, 1.46 1-5. Dividend, £1 0/.

The field for the Auckland Trotting Cup, the big event of the day, was reduced by one, Bell Car dropping out. Dan Patch was made a very warm favourite. Dan Patch refused to leave the mark, and lost a lot of ground. Le Roster was quick in getting to his work, and soon had a commanding lead, and although Mint and Waltekaru got within about forty yards of him six furlongs from home, it was only on sufferance, as Le Roster drew away and trotting a good style, won nothing by half a furlong from Waltekaru, who was twenty lengths in front of Harold Abdallah, who passed the tired Mint ten yards from the post, and beat him a length for third honours. Time, 5.7 2-5. Dividends, £2 17/ and £1.

Kitecutter was withdrawn from the Middle Class Trot, a field of six saddling up, and of these Tatarumaka was made the medium of solid support. Tatarumaka was the front for about seven furlongs, when J.P. took charge, and clearing out from the field, won pulling up by ten lengths from the favourite, who was twenty lengths in front of Little Paul. Time, 4.7 1-5. Dividends, £1 8/ and 0/.

Dan Patch was made a favourite for the Great Northern Trot, from which Waltekaru, Baxter and Le Roster were withdrawn. Rosebud was in the lead as they passed the stand, and she led round to the back, where she was met by Typewriter, who a little further on broke, and was displaced by Mistle, and the latter was the first to turn for home. At the distance Mistle was still in the lead, but running unkindly. Dan Patch was in front at the stand, and finishing fast under the whip, won an exciting race by three lengths from Mistle, who was a similar distance in front of Rosebud. Time, 2.30. Dividends, £1 7/ and £1 19/.

Typewriter, who was a similar distance in front of Rosebud, was a similar distance in front of Rosebud. Time, 2.30. Dividends, £1 7/ and £1 19/.

The concluding event of the day saw Farewell II, Empress and Prince Trisix fall to come out. V.S. was made favourite. Getting to the front, and clearing out from the field, winning easily by about a hundred yards from Rosebud, who was thirty yards in front of Colenso. Time, 2.35 3-5. Dividends, £ 12/ and £1 3/.

SECOND DAY.

The second day's racing in connection with the Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting took place at Epsom last Saturday. There was a good attendance, and some exciting racing was witnessed, notably in the Class Trot and the Dash Trot, the latter event resulting in a dead heat between Farewell II, and Happy, with Colenso a head away third. As on the opening day, the racing passed off in the most pleasant manner during the afternoon the sum of £2382 was passed through the machines, a decrease of £747 on last year's amount. Particulars of the racing are as follows:—

Racing commenced with the Maiden Handicap Trot, for which Norval and Eureka found most support. Ted Wilkes was first to settle to his work, but when the stand was reached Eureka was in front, and he led to the back, where he broke badly, letting Norval take the lead on terms. Getting into his stride again, Eureka drew out and Norval being in the last couple of furlongs, Eureka had no trouble in winning by four lengths. Cleveland's Pride was half a furlong away from second. Time, 2.46 2-5. Dividends, £1 9/ and 9/.

Prince Tuxie was made a pretty warm favourite for the Ladies' Bracelet, from which there were no withdrawals. Prince Tuxie refused to settle to his work, and after Fionn Leal had led for about half a mile Eureka got in front, and clearing out from the field eventually won by 10 lengths, which could have been increased to a hundred if it had not been for Macarrie, who was second, three lengths in front of Farewell II. Time, 4.21 2-5. Dividends, £2 10/ and 17/.

The pony event was reduced to a duel between Lady Warwick and Gladys Rose. There were only eight tickets on the machine, and of these were won by Lady Warwick. Going to the front, she led the field, and Lady Warwick had no difficulty in staying her position, winning at the finish by a length. Time, 1.20 2-5. Dividend, 14/.

All the acceptors came out in the Hunter Trotting Cup. Typewriter was favourite. The race was an interesting one. Withington was the first of the limit horses to settle down, followed by Happy and Bell Car. Withington was in front for about seven furlongs, when he began mixing it, and Happy went on from the front, followed by Bell Car, who, however, was breaking badly and soon lost his position. At the back Typewriter ran up to Happy, and at the dip forged ahead, and trotting steadily won by a length and a half from Happy, with Bell Car five lengths away. Just in front of Harold Abdallah. Time, 5.9 2-5. Dividends £1 9/ and £1 7/.

Dan Tracy and Prince Tuxie were withdrawn from the Framway Handicap Trot. J.P. and Lissele Bhg were best well supported, the former winding up the best favourite. Daydawn, from the limit, was quick to get going, and although he broke badly on one occasion he was soon into his stride again, and led steadily for the remainder of the journey won by two lengths from J.P., who finished fast and beat Little Paul a couple of lengths for second honours. Time, 3.3 3-5. Dividends, £6 12/ and 6/.

Waltekaru was the only deflection from the Class Trot, for which Young McKinney was made an odds-on favourite. The race was a good one, as after Bell Car and Rosebud had alternate turns in the lead, Typewriter took charge, and she was first to the head of the straight, with Young McKinney and Mistle handy. In the run to the post a great struggle was witnessed, Young McKinney staying the longest and winning by a length from Mistle, who was a similar distance in front of Typewriter.

With the exception of Storyteller, the whole of the acceptors came out for the Epsom Handicap. Orange and Blue were sorted out as the most likely to score. When the starter lifted his flag, Orange shot to the front, followed by Solitary and Rapid. Making every post a winning one, Inspiration kept her opponents at bay, reaching the post with a couple of lengths to spare, and being the first to the stand. Time, 1.9. Dividends, £1 18/ and 9/.

Peacock was made a moral for the Dash Trot, from which Young McKinney, Whirligig, and J.P. were the only starters. Miss Ingham was in front to the dip, where Farewell II took charge, and he was first to turn for home. In the run to the post Happy and Colenso put in their claims, and a desperate race here was witnessed. Happy was unable to separate Farewell II, and Happy, while Colenso was a head away third. Time, 2.41 3-5. Dividends: Farewell II, £23 8/; Happy, £1 18/.

Drury Races.

The annual meeting of the Drury Hacing Club took place yesterday at Drury. There was a large attendance, including a number of visitors from Auckland. The racing was interesting, and the gathering was well conducted by the secretary (Mr J. Knott) and the various officials. Particulars of the racing are:—

Handicap Hurdles of 20sovs; 11 mile.—Leo Feve, 10.7 (O'Connell); 1; Barney, 10.0. 2. These were the only starters. Leo Feve went to the front with the flag, and won the race by nearly a furlong. Maiden Plate of 50sovs; 7 furlongs.—Blue-skin, 9.0. 1; Lady Grattan, 8.2. 2; Matahura, 8.0. 3. Cushla and Red Cap also started. Blue-skin and Lady Grattan were together for most of the race, but the former drew away and won easily by 20 lengths. Matahura was close up third. Betting: 5 to 4 on Lady Grattan, even Blue-skin.

Drury Cup of 20sovs; 11 mile.—Hurlburt, 7.9 (Porter); 1; Bacchus, 9.2. 2; Countess, 7.10. 3. St. Albertson also started. When half the journey had been travelled Hurlburt was in front, and drawing away from the field won pulling up by 20 lengths. Betting: 5 to 4 on Hurlburt. Handicap of 20sovs; 6 furlongs.—Hurlburt, 7.13 (Porter); 1; Lucy Godfrey, 7.4. 2; Red Cap, 7.8. 3. Freda and Cyrenas also ran. Won by 50 yards. Betting: 5 to 2 on Hurlburt.

Bombay Handicap of 50sovs; 6 furlongs.—Matahura, 7.13 (Parker); 1; Countess, 8.0. 2; Blue-skin, 8.2. 3. Catastrophe also ran. From a bungling start Matahura shot out and was never headed, winning by 10 lengths. Betting: 7 to 2 on Blue-skin, 5 to 1 on Matahura.

Welter Handicap of 50sovs; 7 furlongs.—Blue-skin, 9.0 (Little); 1; Leo Feve, 9.12. 2; Sir Albertson, 9.2. 3. Blue-skin was the only starter. Leo Feve was first away, and led for about half a mile, when Blue-skin took charge and won easily by six lengths. Betting: 6 to 4 on Leo Feve, even Blue-skin.

Flying Handicap of 10sovs; 5 furlongs.—Hurlburt, 8.2 (Porter); 1; Bacchus, 9.7. 2; Lady Grattan, 7.11. 3. Lucy Godfrey also ran. Bacchus jumped away in front, Hurlburt being left; but in a couple of furlongs Hurlburt just got up and beat Bacchus, with Lady Grattan close up. Betting: 6 to 4 on Hurlburt, 3 to 1 on Bacchus and Lady Grattan.

The train leaving immediately after the last race enabled the Auckland people of whom there was a large number present, to get home at 4.30.

Alexandra Races.

The following are the results of the Alexandra Racing Club Meeting:—Maiden Plate.—Walk-Over 1, Roman 2, Alexandra Cup.—Taniwha 1, Sophia 2, Sir Albertson 3.

Malden Hack.—Pibroch 1, Alderhol. 2, Merrywork 3. Flying Stakes.—Ruakaka 1, St. Albertson 2, Sophia 3. Alexandra Bracelet.—Fanny 1, Lucky Jack 2, Larrikin 3.

Ngaunguru Races.

The Ngaunguru races were held on Boxing Day. Results are as follows:—Handicap Hurdles.—Pator Simple 1, Major 2. Miners' Purse Handicap.—Mataganani 1, Lunetta 2. Ngaunguru Cup.—Bar-the-Door 1, Native Rose 2, Matuhua 3. Malden Hurdles.—Major 1, Dick the Finisher 2, Starlight 3. Pony Handicap.—Newhaven 1, Ngaruhal 2, McKay 3. Bushmen's Purse Handicap.—Native Rose 1, Newhaven 2. Forced Handicap.—Mataganani 1, Matuhua 2.

Coromandel Races.

The Coromandel Racing Club held their annual meeting on Dec. 28, under the most favourable circumstances. The following are the results:—Malden Handicap.—Eiga 1, Martini-Henri 2. Flying Handicap.—Donegal 1, Eiga 2, Lochinduff.—Lochard 1, Iona 2, Deception 3. Pony Handicap.—Lady Isabel 1, Luda 2, Martini-Henri 3. Coromandel Cup.—Lochard 1, Sentinel 2, Iona 3. Trotting Handicap.—Little Tom 1, Kuatunu 2, Tussy 3. Maori Hack Race.—Moostone 1, Rimu 2, Jockey 3. Forced Handicap.—Donegal 1, Kitty 2, Irish Kitty 3.

Pirongia Races.

The annual races took place at Pirongia on Boxing Day. The weather was favourable, and the attendance large. The following are the results:—Handicap Hurdles of 12sovs, two miles.—Mr O'Grady's Nick Hunt, 11.0 (Aver); 1; Mr Thomson's Larrikin, 9.10 (T. Bond); 2. Maiden Plate of 50sovs, one mile.—Mr Livingstone's Romp 1. Alexandra Cup of 12sovs, one mile and a half.—Mr J. Harper's Te Taniwha, 11.0 (Ferguson); 1; Mr Kempthorne's Sophia, 8.10 (Ros); 2. Maiden Hack of 50sovs, once round the course.—Mr Harper's Pibroch, 9.7 (Ferguson); 1; Mr Kempthorne's Aldershot, 10.2 (Ros); 2. Flying Stakes of 50sovs, six furlongs.—Mr J. Harper's Ruakaka, 8.0 (Ferguson); 1; Mr Kerr-Taylor's Sir Albertson, 8.0. 2. The Alexandra Bracelet of 50sovs.—Mr J. Harper's Fairy, 11.0 (Paul); 1; Mr Lynch's Lucky Jack, 11.8. 2. Forced Handicap of 40sovs, seven furlongs.—Mr J. Harper's Ruakaka, 10.7 (Brace); 1; Mr Livingstone's Romp, 9.9 (Ferguson); 2.

Thames Jockey Club's Summer Meeting.

SECOND DAY.

THAMES, Wednesday. The weather was fine for the second day of the Thames Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, and there was another large attendance. The sum of £2394 was passed through the machines, making a total of £2835 for the meeting—an increase of £284 on last year's total. The following are the later results:—Hack Race of 35sovs, 7 furlongs.—Whakapouhi, 8.9 (Wilson); 1; Alderhol, 8.3. 2; Bealshin, 7.9. 3. Whakapouhi jumped away with the lead and was never headed. Fabaula, Orakau, and Bellbird also ran. Time, 1.34 4-5. Dividends, 15/ and 7/11. Thames Stakes of 50sovs, 1 mile.—Mille, 8.7 (Marchant); 1; Agrapas, 6.13. 2; Akarua, 8.0. 3. Annoyed also started. Won by three lengths, half a length dividing the second and third horses. Time, 1.46 2-5. Dividend, 15/.

Pony Handicap of 50sovs, 5 furlongs.—Matahura, 9.12 (Dickson); 1; Solitary, 9.12. 2; Opotiki, 7.3. 3. The only starters. Won by a length. Time, 1.3 2-5. Dividend, 10/.

Taranaki Jockey Club's Meeting.

NEW PLYMOUTH, Wednesday.

For the second day of the Taranaki meeting the weather was dull and showery in the afternoon, but the attendance was up to the average. The sum of £1871 was put through the totalisator, making £2088 for the meeting, as against £2083 last year. The results are as follows:—Mangotuku Handicap.—Kalmere 1, Climax 2, Science 3. Scratched: Maharanui and Cyranoo. Time, 1.45 3-5. Dividends, £2 10/ and £1 1/.

Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Summer Meeting.

NAPIER, Monday.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Summer Meeting was commenced to-day at Hastings. The weather was beautifully fine, and the attendance was a record for a summer meeting, about 5000 to 6000 people being present. The course was in capital order, but the majority of the races were easily won, and the favourites prevailed in four of the eight races. In the Two-year-old Handicap Chicano, an outsider, beat a red-hot favourite in Golden Gate, and paid the odds dividend of £46 13/. The sum of £7572 was invested on the totalisator, an increase of £2049 over the total for the first day last year. The following are the results:—Malden Hack Handicap of 50sovs, 1 1/2 furlongs.—W. Slone's Te Huihu, 9.0 (Kirk); 1; Lord Rosebery, 8.3. 2; Merriflow, 8.0. 3. Also started: Queen's Messenger, Flower Girl, Concession, Lebecce, Limerick Rose, The Wivian, Ravishin. Won by two lengths. Time, 1.11 1-5. Dividends, £4 13/ and £2 1/2. Christmas Handicap of 10sovs; 6 furlongs.—A. J. Ellingham's Hippobron, 8.0 (Kemp); 1; Soultina, 8.2. 3; The Stake, 8.2. 3. Also started: Scotch Reel. Won easily by over a length. Time, 1.16 2-5. Dividend, £3 19/. Welter Hack Handicap of 50sovs; 1 mile.—H. H. Phelan's Oryx, 8.18 (Kemp); 1; Pantolon, 8.7. 2; Heywood, 8.6. 3. Also started: Barra, Merrivale, Mataika, Benair, Flower Girl, Grey Goose, Nukumatia, forlornly by a length. Time, 1.46. Dividends, £4 1/ and £4 18/.

Advertisement for GRINCHES Pneumatic Tyres. The ad features a large illustration of a tire with the brand name 'GRINCHES' prominently displayed. Text includes 'THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRES. Invented 1890.', 'Still Unequalled for RELIABILITY, DURABILITY, RESILIENCY.', and 'Thoroughly Vulcanized. Will stand any Climate.' The manufacturer is identified as 'THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO. LTD., CASTLE MILL, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.'

B.S. (Whitehorse), 1; Lady's Link, 8.12, 2; Monarque, 9.12, 3. Also started: South Star, Lady Raven, No Shot. Won by two lengths. Time, 3.30. Dividends, £6 5/ and £1 1/2.

Two-year-old Handicap of 5000s; 4 furlongs.—A. Armstrong's Chicane, 7.2 (Janet), 1; Golden Gate, 8.9, 2; The Squarer, 7.10, 3. Also started: Eous (coupled with Golden Gate), Grand Slam, Whakawaita, and Ikon (coupled), Sir Benson, Kuataunata, Coronon, The Duchess, Cantata, and Pluck. Won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 50 2/3. Dividends, £48 13/ and 12/.

Flying Hack Handicap of 5000s; 6 furlongs.—Hon. J. D. Ormond's Mobility, 8.8 (Gallagher), 1; Moral, 7.5, 2; Osea, 7.10, 3. Also started: The Seer, Martyrfeit, Flower Girl, Spark, Moata, Linklock. Won comfortably by a length. Time, 1.16. Dividends, £27 8/ and £1 6/.

New Year Handicap of 5000s; 7 furlongs.—J. E. McIvor's Polynatus, 5.0 (Kemp), 1; Gold Seal, 8.8, 2; Outer, 7.2, 3. Also started: Ballyneal, Sylvie. Won easily by two lengths. Time, 1.31 2/3. Dividend, £3 6/.

Rangitikei Races.

BULLS, Monday.

The weather was fine for the races today, and there was a large attendance. The totalisator was £9794, against £9827 for the first day last year. In the Cup race Submarine ran second, but the rider could not draw the weight, and the horse left the enclosure before a bridge could be erected. The race was therefore abandoned, and the stewards had no power but to sustain the protest, hops receiving second money. In the hurdle race Apiti ran first, but was disqualified for interference, and W. Young, the rider, was suspended for six months. The following are the results:—

Flying Handicap.—Captain Shannon 1, Red 2, Kaitikei 3. Also ran: Delamere and Jolly Friar. Won easily by two lengths. Time, 1.18 3/5. Dividends, £2 16/ and £2 8/.

Maiden Hack Race.—Volume 1, Windy 2, Splendid Idea 3. Also ran: Rangitikei, Clifton, Kiowa, Miss Terina, Jehau, Kal Erriu, Pomaganant, Appie, Chirabella, Destruction, Lomaria. Won by a neck. Time, 1.18 2/3. Dividends, £10 18/ and 18/.

Obuka Hurdle Race.—Kokunui 1, Mida 2, Levant 3. Also ran: Valium, Wild Cat, Wild Cat fell. Won by several lengths. Time, 3.24 3/5. Dividends, £2 9/ and £1 1/2.

Cartoon Hack Handicap.—A.P.A. 1, Wangchou 2, Marsellaise 3. Also ran: Conter, Kaitikei. Won by a length. Time, 1.19 1/5. Dividend, £2 12/.

Rangitikei Cup.—Nonette 1, Rops 2, Avatus 3. Also ran: Flamen, Submarine, Rapids. Won by half a length. Time, 2.12. Dividends, £2 12/ and £1.

Hack Hurdle Race.—Wearly Bill 1, Ingelwood 2. Also ran: Apiti, Casslopea, Daiky, Levant, Chap Jack, Marcus, Apiti. Won in first but was disqualified for interference. Time, 2.32 2/5. Dividends, £4 18/ and £2 10/.

Makowal Welter.—Floulla 1, Marinella 2, Regulation 3. Also ran: Dexterity, Muscivore. Won by a length and a half. Time, 1.31. Dividends, £2 10/ and £2 1/2.

Pukaki Welter Handicap.—Federation 1, Nova 2, Prospector 3. Also ran: Present, Rosegrove, Kangaroo, Pika, Inaha, Rangitikei, Manu. Won by two lengths. Time, 2.22 2/5. Dividends, £10 2/ and 14/.

Wairarapa Races.

MARTERTON, Monday.

The Wairarapa Racing Club's meeting opened to-day in fine weather. The sum of £9662 was put through the totalisator, against £9719 last year. The results are as follows:—

Maiden Hack Race, 5 furlongs.—Dellion, 8.3, 1; Probability, 8.3, 2; Goldfield, 8.11, 3. Also started: Astarang, 9.0; Oerolis, 8.12; Turgine, 8.11; Aedua, 8.11; Straban, 8.3; Elys, 8.5; Abigail, 8.3; Nabob, 8.3. Won easily. Time, 1.13. Dividends, £2 3/ and £1 8/.

Tablatura Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Alisa, 9.3, 1; Ingelwood, 8.0, 2; Gawan, 7.13, 3. Also started: Wind, 8.4; Little Sister, Albert, 7.13; Pansywork, 7.5; Variation, 7.4; Hinurea, 7.1; Mastakoti, 6.10; Sir Percival, 6.7. Won by two lengths. Time, 1.16. Dividends, £2 7/ and £1 8/.

Te Awitei Hack Hurdle Race, 1 1/2 mile.—Motopropkin, 10.10, 1; Tlono, 10.6, 2; Swap, 9.9, 3. Also started: Buster Brown, 9.0. Won by a length. Time, 2.54 1/5. Dividend, £3 9/.

Rimutaka Hack Handicap, 1 mile and a distance.—Outraged, 7.7, 1; Lethrine, 9.0, 2; Pretty Maid, 9.2, 3. Also started: Taitaihar, 7.7; The Shadow, 7.0; Walleche, 7.0; Lalrina, 8.7; Letholine, 8.0. Won easily. Time, 1.59 2/3. Dividend, £2 13/.

Wairarapa Cup Handicap, 1 1/2 mile.—Walter, 7.12, 1; Abernethy, 6.12, 2; Royal Bion, 7.0, 3. Also started: Martian, 9.7; Ghooora, 8.13; Cyrus, 7.9; Seagull, 7.1; Spill, 6.12; Biverene, 6.7; Ghooora and Cyrus fell. Won easily by a length. Time, 2.39. Dividends, £2 11/ and £1 15/.

Pukaki Hack Handicap, 6 furlongs.—Te Kainui, 7.13, and First View, 7.3 (dead heat), 1; Honeybun, 7.0, 3. Also started: Tukituki, 8.2; Eliza, 8.3; Little Sister, 7.0; The Shadow, 7.0; White Sunnil, 7.0; Decination, 8.3. Time, 1.16 3/5. Dividends £4 11/ and £3 6/.

Reynolds Welter Handicap, 7 furlongs.—Musquerite, 8.2, 1; Tinkler, 9.7, 2; Cameron, 8.5, 3. Also started: Wind, 8.0; St. Albert, 9.2; Sardonyx, 8.5; Dolcinea, 8.3; Holly-Tolly, 8.0. Won by three-quarters of a length. Time, 1.29 4/5. Dividends, £3 8/ and £2 9/.

Mokai Hack Welter Handicap, 1 mile.—Riffled, 8.0, 1; Scorpion Jack, 9.5, 2; The Ruler, 8.3, 3. Also started: Oko, 8.0; Lethrine, 10.3; Moloch, 8.13; Bonnie Prince, 8. Falsheid, 8.0; Napette, 8.0. Won easily. Time, 1.50 4/5. Dividends, £22 17/ and 16/.

Manawatu Racing Club's Summer Meeting.

SECOND DAY.

PALMERSTON N., Wednesday.

The enjoyment of the second day of the Manawatu races was marred considerably by the weather breaking up shortly after the start, and the attendance was exceptionally large, and the betting, Blackboard, liberator, though not equal to that of the previous day, was fairly brisk, £17,132 being registered, as against £17,734 last year. The total for the two days is £41,250. Last year it was £39,411. The following are the results:—

The weather for the second day of the Manawatu races is fine but threatening. The attendance is large.

Second Hack Hurdles.—April 1, Lull 2, Lionheart 3. Scratched: South Star, Kuare. Won by a length. Time, 2.52. Dividend, £2 6/.

Second Flying Handicap.—Dolcinea 1, The Seer 2, Tupono 3. Scratched: Aredait, Marsellaise. Time, 1.18.

An inquiry by the stewards into the running of Lull in the Hack Hurdles was adjourned.

President's Handicap of 45000s, 1 1/2 mile.—Mr. E. J. Watt's Boomerang, 3/yr, by Merrivie — Mousquetier, 7.3 (Butler), 1; Lyrist, 6.10, 2; Boris, 7.3, 3. Also started: Vertigo, Astutus, Blackboard, Blackboard, Hydant. A desperate race to the post resulted in a neck win for Boomerang, heads separating the remaining four horses. Time 2.33 3/5. Dividends, £7 13/ and £10.

Second Flying Handicap of 12000s, 1 1/2 mile.—Mr. C. Trickett's South Star, 9.3 (Hercok), 1; Wild Cat, 9.0, 2; Miss King, 11.13, 3. Also started: Valium, Levant, Lady's Link. The winner finished with three lengths to spare. Time, 3.12. Dividends, £3 10/ and 5/.

Summer Handicap of 25000s, 6 furlongs.—Mr. S. M. Hughes' Delamere, 7.5 (D. Price), 1; Alisa, 8.2, 2; Ballarat, 8.12, 3. Also started: Stronghold, Dexterity, Present, Sir Geraint. Sir Geraint was left at the post. A dug-dug finish saw Delamere forge ahead and win a half-head victory from Alisa. Ballarat being the same distance behind. Time, 1.19 3/5. Dividends £3 11/ and £1 7/.

Christmas Hack Handicap of 10000s, 1 mile and a distance.—Mr. L. Pascali's Bourrasque, 8.12 (C. Jenkins), 1; Bonheur, 6.13, 2; Alisa, 8.7, 3. Also started: Puffball, Togos, Loiret, Refine, Taitaihar, Victoria Park, Windy, Present, Miss Lancelot. Bourrasque obtained half a length's victory amid great excitement over Bonheur. Time, 1.35 3/5. Dividends, £2 13/ and £4 8/.

January Handicap of 15000s, 5 furlongs.—Mr. J. F. Buchanan's Imprenck, 8.3 (King), 1; Marguerite, 8.12, 2; Medallist, 8.2, 3. Also started: Pas Seul, Arc Light, Hendrick. Imprenck was never headed, winning by a length and a half. Time, 1.4. Dividends, £3 14/ and £1 7/.

Forewell Handicap of 15000s, 1 mile.—Mr. J. Monk's Exmore, 8.11 (C. Jenkins), 1; Nonette, 7.13, 2; Chrysalis, 8.3, 3. Also started: Rose 7.13 (C. Jenkins), Muscell, Mystification, St. Albert, Spill, The Stake, Floulla, Capulet. Exmore won by a length from Nonette, who came with a fine sprint at the finish. Time, 1.44 1/5. Dividends, £4 and £9 7/.

Ahurst Races.

PALMERSTON NORTH, Thursday.

The Ashurst meeting to-day was marred by a clear blizzard. The sum of £9682 was put through the totalisator, as compared with £11,018 last year. The results are as follows:—

Trials Hurdles.—Lion Heart 1, Swap 2, Lion Heart, North Star, Rops and Grove. Won easily by ten lengths. Time, 2.5 5/5. Ontario fell.

Flying Hack Handicap.—Marsellaise 1, Red Cross 2, Walpurnea 3. Scratched: Tupona, Devonia, Megranite. Won by a length. Time, 2.20 3/5.

Ashurst Guinea of 100 guineas, one mile.—Mr. D. H. Roberts' b. Tanager, 3/yr, by Son-of-a-Gun—Sally, 3.10 (D. Cameron), 1; Hon. W. Johnston's Aorangi, 8.12 (C. Jenkins), 2; Mrs. S. Mousen's Waiapa, 8.5 (D. Price), 3. Also started: Genuine, 8.5. Won by a neck, half-length separating the second and third horses. Time, 2.19. Dividend, £4 19/.

Ashurst Cup of 20000s, one mile and a distance.—Mr. A. Chesno's Gray's Muscell, 7.5 (D. Price), 1; Mr. E. Stevenson's Nonette, 8.5 (W. Price), 2; Mr. T. H. Lowry's Rose Madder, 7.9 (G. Price), 3. Also started: Exmore, 9.8; Mystification, 7.5; Boomerang, 7.1; Whakawaita, 7.7; Canbura, 7.4; Seagull, 7.2. The field ran into the straight in a bunch. Here it was seen that Muscell had the race well in hand, and striding resolutely through the field, he won pretty race by a length. Nonette and Rose Madder were close up, just beating Flamen and Boomerang for places. Time, 2.19. Dividends, £7 2/ and £1 18/.

Manawatu Welter Hack Race, one mile.—Mr. J. B. Allen's Puffball, 10.3 (C. Jenkins), 1; Mr. H. Brown's Torres, 9.13 (Carmont), 2; Mr. T. R. Morris' Prospector, 9.7 (G. Price), 3. Also started: Hexwood, 9.7; Bonheur, 8.1; Deanoor, 8.3; Loiret, 8.3. Won by a bare length. Time, 1.52. Dividends, £3 10 6/ and £1 5/.

Manawatu Goree Hack Handicap of 10000s, seven furlongs.—Mr. E. W. Collins' Victoria Park, 7.7 (W. Price), 1; Mr. T. Ormond's Barefoot, 8.3 (C. Jenkins), 2; Hon. J. D. Ormond's Tondergier, 8.4 (Gallagher), 3. Also started: Merchoot, 7.0; Rosegrove, 6.10. Won by a length. Time, 1.37 1/5. Dividends, £2 16/ and 19/.

Manawatu Handicap of 20000s, six furlongs.—Mr. J. Brett's Alisa, 8.6 (C. Jenkins), 1; Mr. J. McLaughlin's Captain Shannon, 7.4 (O'Brien), 2; Mr. J. T. Murray's Recall, 8.7 (Cameron), 3. Also started: Dexterity, 8.1; Deanoor, 8.7; Clamer, 7.8; Medallist, 7.7; Ingelwood, 7.2. Won all the way

by a clear length. Time, 1.21. Dividends, £3 6 3/ and £2 7 1/2.

Maiden Stakes of 10000s, 8 1/2 furlongs.—Mr. J. B. Allen's Puffball, 10.3 (C. Jenkins), 1; Mr. A. Reside's Le Beech, 9.0 (Harcourt), 2; Mr. C. I. Burford's Rosewood, 9.0 (McGregor), 3. Also started: Pomaganant, 9.0; Kiowa, 9.0; Hater Moly, 9.0. Won easily by a length. Time, 1.9. Dividends, £2 12/ and £1 4 1/2.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The Dunedin Jockey Club's ill-luck as regards weather is proverbial, and it surprised nobody that as the first day of its Summer Meeting was fine, the second day should be wet and mild. Still, the club has made £500 out of the gathering I suppose it must be thankful. The weather of Boxing Day was all that could be desired, the sand was much above the average, and the racing was really interesting.

Makroff, on the strength of his sequence of victories in Canterbury, was installed favourite for the Otago Handicap. He looked well but together with Apollodoris, suffered some late interference from Tireole at a critical point in the race, and was never afterwards prominent. An inquiry by the stewards showed that Tireole, who was being canoodled against Apollodoris, who was driven on in the favorite, knocking him on to the rails and cutting one of his legs. Makroff is not the most courageous horse in the country, and the mishap is quite sufficient to account for his defeat. Though the stewards satisfied themselves that the interference was unintentional it probably cost Apollodoris second place, but he would otherwise meet the result is shown by the easy manner in which Conroy won. Taking command on the rise of the barrier, the son of Vanguard finished his advantage throughout, winning in the easiest manner possible, a few lengths from Crichton, who defeated Apollodoris by a couple of lengths for second position. His victory indicates that Conroy is quite rejuvenated, and a circumstance which rebounds no little to Goodman's credit. Mr Buckley's success did not stop here. Master Alex, who was made a red-hot favourite, won the Federal Handicap, and then enabled him to take the lead, which in the palm days of the club was eagerly sought after. Master Alex did not have much to spare at the finish, but it was a good performance, and he was to beat Zealand at a difference of 21lbs and such brilliant animals as Chivalry and Petrova, to both of whom he was conceding weight. After the race Mr Payne, the owner of Conroy, and Mr Combs, the owner of Chivalry, were asked to explain that horse's running, which they were able to do to the satisfaction of the stewards.

The Steepack-Ventura filly Rops was most in demand for the Dunedin Handicap, but she was slow in moving, and though she made up her ground fast she could not reach De Witte, who won by a length and a half. The winner is a Canterbury-owned filly, quite rejuvenated, and after a treacherous start, possibly, he is improving, but in any case his victory says little for the Dunedin youngsters.

Catherine Gordon easily silenced the feeble opposition in the Summer Hurdle Race, but she was slow to get away, and the Moudlik and Grosvener at the finish for the Salisbury Hack Handicap. The useful Boscage had no difficulty in winning the Trial Stakes from the Lochiel mare Cavatina; and the disappointing Highland Fling once again let down his supporters in the Caversham Hack Race, which fell to Cathron, who was followed home by another of Obligado's progeny in Red Morn. Nonette was never in the race, and after a tremendous struggle between Casque and Thunder the former prevailed by a head. After the race Hegarty, the rider of Thunder, complained that he had been struck by the wind, but the stewards decided that the blow was unintentional, though they cautioned the winner's rider. Heavy rain set in during the night, and was still falling when the proceedings opened on the second day. As a result the attendance was very poor, probably the smallest ever seen at Wingatui. The going was soft and the form somewhat mixed in consequence. Crichton was made favourite for the St. Andrew's Handicap, but though he ran well he never stood much chance of beating Apollodoris, whom the mud seemed to suit better than it did his opponents. Kopulpa was close up third, but Makroff was never really dangerous, and he was misty-eyed, and after an accident of the previous day. Catherine Gordon again proved too much for the opposition in the Hurdle Race, and Bill Perkins' being really heavy going enabled him to beat Thunder by a short half length in the Altona Welter Handicap. Abusive defeated a slightly better favourite than Moudlik in the Fernhill Welter Handicap, a bad Coscomb getting up in the last stride beat Crichton for the St. Andrew's Handicap. The Grandstand Handicap was decided to a duel between Petrova and Zealand, and the neck by which the former won might have been lengthened considerably by a short half length in the Altona Welter Handicap. The Grandstand Handicap was decided to a duel between Petrova and Zealand, and the neck by which the former won might have been lengthened considerably by a short half length in the Altona Welter Handicap. The Grandstand Handicap was decided to a duel between Petrova and Zealand, and the neck by which the former won might have been lengthened considerably by a short half length in the Altona Welter Handicap.

Australian Reading.

SYDNEY TATTERSALL'S MEETING.

SYDNEY, January 1.

Sydney Tattersall's meeting was held to-day at Randwick. The following was the result of the principal events:—

Tattersall's Cup, 120000s.—Fabric 1, Eivo 2, Marvel Loch 3. Twelve horses started. Betting: 7 to 1 against Osdan, 4 to 1 Cakewalk, 5 to 1 Marvel Loch, 6 to 1 Eivo. Fabric won by a length and a quarter. Time, 3.50.

VICTORIA RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

MELBOURNE, January 1.

At the V.R.C. meeting to-day the principal races resulted as follows:—

Standish Handicap, six furlongs.—Rosebloom 1, Billingsgate 2, Irish Rose 3. Nineteen horses started. Betting: 4 to 1 Gray, 8 to 1 Billingsgate, 12 to 1 Rosebloom. Won by a length and a quarter. Time, 1.15 1/2.

Bogot Handicap, one mile and a half.—Zepho 1, Sulpan 2, Hadji 3. Ten horses started. Betting: 7 to 4 against F.A.A., 15 to 1 Zepho. Won by half a neck. Time, 2.32.

THE PERTH CUP.

PERTH, December 28.

At the West Australian Turf Club's meeting to-day the following was the result of the principal events:—

THE PERTH CUP, of 200000s, 140000s of the total sum to go to the first horse, 40000s to the second horse, and 20000s to the third horse. Two miles.

Messrs Conroy and Hocking's b. h. Crarowitch, 5/yr, by Little Bernie—Casaria, 7.13 1
Mr C. Cutshaw's b. h. Fifteen, 6/yr, by Bill of Portland—Melodie, 9.2 2
Mr H. J. Sander's b. c. Plata, 3/yr, by Castor—Radiant, 7.5 3

There were 20 starters for the Cup. The race was won by a length and a half. Time, 3.33 3/5.

Disposal Sale of Wellington Park Stud.

(See Illustrations, page 38.)

There was a large attendance at Wellington Park, Panmure, on December 30th, when the famous stud which has been conducted there for a number of years was put under the hammer. Messrs A. Buckland and Sons were the auctioneers, and Mr C. Brookes wielded the hammer. Among those round the ring were Messrs J. McDonald, New South Wales, A. Yuille, Melbourne, Hon. J. McLean, R. E. McCree, Sir J. Clifford, Dr. Newman, Hon. Jas. Carroll, G. Duncannet, W. H. Herries, A. Kidd, Pat. Campbell, J. Marshall, J. B. Reid, H. O. Nolan, J. F. Reid, Hon. H. Mosman, J. P. Donnelly, Hon. E. Mitchellson, G. G. Stead, J. C. Colbeck, E. J. Watt, Major B. Pitt, P. Herman, E. Clifton-Tonks, Parker, W. Walters, M. Harrison, B. Armitage, A. E. Price, D. Stewart, Ellis, Melbourne, D. McKinnon, M. Mills, L. J. Bagnall, W. F. Massey, G. Currie, D. Hughes, W. Cooper, Gleeson, O. Symes, M. Moore, E. W. Alison, W. Davis, Cook, Dr. Reid.

The sale realised 9763 guineas, the yearlings bringing 2680, the stallions 970, and the mares 6113 guineas.

The various lots realised the following prices:—

- YEARLINGS.**
- Chestnut filly by Hotchkiss from Coakscuttie, 10gs., A. Aitken.
 - Chestnut filly by Cyrenian from Sparkling Water, 55gs., A. Aitken.
 - Brown colt by Menschikoff from Problem, 300gs., G. G. Stead. Mr Stead commenced at 300gs., and there was no other bid.
 - Bay colt by Bluejacket from Lady, Peer, 65gs., G. Duncannet.
 - Brown filly by Menschikoff from Cressey, 40gs, Mr. C. Parker (Gisborne).
 - Bay filly by Hotchkiss from Sister Francis, 40gs, R. Sands.
 - Brown colt by Hotchkiss from Golden Shine, 35gs., A. Aitken.
 - Bay filly by Menschikoff from Armilla, 280gs, W. Ryan. Bidding started at 100gs, and rose in 10 guinea bids to £250, and thence in five guinea bids to 280gs.
 - Chestnut filly by San Francisco from Campana, 90gs, G. Currie (Wanganui).
 - Brown colt by Hotchkiss from First Love, 50gs, E. Coleman.
 - Brown filly by Phoebus Apollo from Eve, 30gs, W. J. Greenwood.
 - Brown colt by Bluejacket from Bangie, 35gs, C. Coleman.
 - Bay colt by Menschikoff from Sunningdale, 210gs, W. Ryan.

Chestnut filly by Hotchkiss from Miss Delaval, 305gs. W. Ryan. Bidding started at 150gs. and rose in tens to 280gs. thence in 5gs to 305gs.

Chestnut filly by Bluejacket from Lady Emily, 53gs. A. Aitken.

Bay colt by Menschikoff from Apparition, 60gs. Mr. Ellis (Melbourne).

Brown colt by Blue jacket, from Jennie, 15gs. A. Aitken.

Brown filly by Hotchkiss from Edith Cureton, 75gs. G. G. Stead.

Brown filly by Hotchkiss from Simonias, 95gs. B. F. Moore.

Black colt by Menschikoff from Cuiraiba, 70gs. A. Youille (Melbourne).

Bay filly by Menschikoff from Field Rose, 105gs. J. McDonald (N.S.W.).

Chestnut filly by Hotchkiss from Nanny, 30gs. H. O. Nolan.

Chestnut filly by Bluejacket from Yattaghan, 40gs. Mr. Gordon (Wellington).

Bay filly by Menschikoff from St. Amy, 35gs. Mr. Hogg (Wellington).

Brown colt by Menschikoff from Jennie Deans, 45gs. J. C. Colbeck.

Brown filly by Hotchkiss from Chrysolite, 65gs. Mr. Hogg (Wellington).

Brown colt by Hotchkiss from Aleger, 130gs. M. Harrison (Waikato).

Brown filly by Bluejacket from Radiant, 40gs. M. Harrison (Waikato).

Black colt by Phoebus Apollo from Brown Alice, 60gs. F. Holmes (Canterbury).

Brown filly by Menschikoff from Castorlace, 40gs. B. Armitage.

Brown filly by Bluejacket from Young Polish, 50gs. Mr. Dawson.

Brown filly by San Francisco from Athol, 115 gs. C. Parker (Gisborne).

Brown colt by Hotchkiss from Mantle, 35gs. C. Weal.

The 32 yearlings disposed of realised 2980gs.

STALLIONS.

Seaton Delaval, by Melton, from Rose-dale, 500gs.—E. Coleman (Auckland).

Bluejacket, by St. Leger from Antelope, 150gs.—H. O. Nolan (Auckland).

Menschikoff, by Stepiuk from Petroff, 320 guineas—J. B. Reid (Canterbury).

MARES.

St. Mary, by St. Leger—Weasel, with foal by Menschikoff, and served by Menschikoff, 270gs.—Mr. Peacocke.

St. Amy, by St. Leger—Hazel, foal by Menschikoff, served by Menschikoff, 65gs.—Mr. E. J. Watt.

Chrysolite, by Castor—Onyx, foal by Menschikoff, served by Seaton Delaval, 90gs.—H. O. Nolan.

Cisey, by Musket—Frailty, foal by Menschikoff, served by Menschikoff, 120 guineas—G. G. Stead.

Brown Alice, by Nordenfeldt from Wheeler, foaled by Seaton Delaval, and served by Seaton Delaval, 130gs.—E. J. Wyatt.

Cuiraiba, by Cuiraissier from Albatross, foal by Menschikoff, and served by Menschikoff, 45gs.—J. B. Reid.

Yattaghan, by Nordenfeldt from Yattacy, foal by Bluejacket and served by Bluejacket, 35gs.—C. Parker (Gisborne).

Nannie, by St. Leger—Rangi, 55gs.—C. Parker (Gisborne).

Lady Peer, by Muscapeer from Miss Burnett, 25gs.—Mr. Taylor (Wanganui).

Edith Cureton, by Castor from Frailty, 260gs.—Mr. Hogg (Wellington).

Crescent, by Castor from Pangawera-ways, 150gs.—C. Parker (Gisborne).

Armilla, by Castor from Necklace, 310 guineas—J. B. Reid (Canterbury).

Aleger, by St. Leger—Brown Alice, foal by Seaton Delaval and served by Seaton Delaval, 50gs.—C. Weal.

Formua, by Hotchkiss—Formo. Colt foal by Seaton Delaval, and served by Seaton Delaval, 1050gs.—Mr. J. P. Donnelly (Hawke's Bay).

Hilda, by Musket—Ouida, foal by Seaton Delaval and served by Seaton Delaval, 32gs.—Mr. Toxward.

Lady Augusta, by St. Leger—Brown Alice, foal by Seaton Delaval and served by Seaton Delaval, 110gs.—Mr. C. Parker (Gisborne).

Problem, by St. Hippo—Ellerslie, foal by Seaton Delaval, served by Seaton Delaval, 340gs.—G. G. Stead.

Real Blue, by Hotchkiss—Sapphire, foal by Seaton Delaval, served by Seaton Delaval, 420gs.—J. McDonald (N.S.W.).

Simonias, by Simonias—Boyne, foal by Seaton Delaval, served by Seaton Delaval, 130gs.—Mr. C. Parker (Gisborne).

St. Elyn, by St. Leger—Lady Evelyn, foal by Hotchkiss, served by Seaton Delaval, 700gs.—A. Youille (Melbourne).

Miss Delaval, by Seaton Delaval—Campagna, foal by Hotchkiss, served by Menschikoff, 220gs.—A. Youille (Melbourne).

Harpiet, by Hotchkiss—Lyrellinus, foal by Seaton Delaval, served by Seaton Delaval, 115gs.—A. E. Price.

Lady Cureton, by Goldsborough—Mingarn, foal by Bluejacket, served by Bluejacket, 85gs.—Hon. J. Carroll.

Antelope, by Apremont—Miss Kate, served by Seaton Delaval, 105gs.—Mr. E. W. Alison, MILK.

Bangle, by Musket—Locket, served by Bluejacket, 105gs.—Mr. Potts (Waikato).

Ganet, by Anteros—Albatross, served by Bluejacket, 105gs.—Mr. R. Grassan.

Formo, by Sterlingworth—Pulchra, served by Menschikoff, 105gs.—J. W. Parker (Gisborne).

Forma, by Hotchkiss—Formo, served by Bluejacket, 42gs.—Mr. Huddleston.

Castorlace, by Formo—Hotchkiss, served by Menschikoff, 25gs.—Mr. E. J. Watt.

Lady Emily, by Castor—Lady Wellington, served by Seaton Delaval, 40gs.—Mr. W. Potts.

Miss Gladys, by Cuiraissier—Sybil, served by Seaton Delaval, 410gs.—James Donald (Melbourne).

Campagna, by Robinson Crusoe—Campagna, served by Seaton Delaval, 150gs.—A. Youille (Melbourne).

Cricium, by Phoebus Apollo—Cissy, served by Seaton Delaval—350gs.—Mr. Carrington (Gisborne).

Sunningdale, by Hampton—Sally Port, served by Menschikoff, 31gs.—Mr. L. J. Bagnall.

Janet, by Castor—Cissy, served by Seaton Delaval, 120gs.—Mr. J. B. Reid (Canterbury).

St. Evelyn, by St. Leger—Lady Evelyn, served by Seaton Delaval, 210gs.—Mr. Currie, Wanganui.

Lady Marion, by Malus—Wanda, served by Bluejacket, 30gs.—Mr. H. T. Gorrie.

Black mare Moonga, by Goldsborough—Kernel, served by Menschikoff, 40gs.—Mr. B. Armitage.

Brown mare Radiant, by Robinson Crusoe, served by Bluejacket, 5gs.—Mr. W. Brown.

Bay mare Eve, by Brigadier—Jill, served by Seaton Delaval, 22gs.—Mr. L. J. Bagnall.

Bay mare Repulse, by Castor—Aida, served by Menschikoff, 28gs.—Mr. S. Bradley.

Bay mare Athel, by Muscapeer—Ray Bess, with foal at foot by Explosion, and served by Seaton Delaval, 85gs.—Mr. Cheytor (Te Puke).

Chestnut mare Jennie Deans, by Albany—Aholo, served by Seaton Delaval, 13gs.—Mr. Harding (Kaipara).

Chestnut mare Lady Gertrude, by Cadogan—No Name, served by Seaton Delaval, 105gs.—Mr. V. Kerr-Taylor.

The brown mare Hilda was compiled died since the catalogue was compiled her foal by Seaton Delaval was sold, going to Mr Toxward, at 32 guineas.

MISCELLANEOUS LOTS.

The Wellington Park catalogue having been completed miscellaneous lots were sold on behalf of various owners, as follows:

Brown colt, by Hotchkiss—Mantle, 35 gs.—Mr. C. Weal.

Brown mare Electra, by Castor—Welcome Katie, served by Menschikoff, 35 gs.—Mr. J. Chaufe.

Bay mare Ladice, by St. Leger—Electra, served by Menschikoff, 25gs.—Mr. A. E. Price.

Brown filly, 3yrs, by St. Paul—Curacoa, 30gs.—Mr. J. Chaufe.

Brown filly, 2 yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Electra, 20gs.—Mr. J. Chaufe.

Black filly, 2yrs, by Cyrenian—Lady Agnes, 30gs.—Mr. E. A. Price.

Chestnut mare Lady Moth, by St. Leger—Titania, 105gs.—Mr. A. Sands.

Bay gelding, 2yrs, by Soult—Fishgirl, 61gs.—Mr. A. Laing.

Black mare Kilmorey, by Kilwarlin—Union, with filly foal by Eton and served by Menschikoff, 200gs.—Mr. G. P. Donnelly (Hawke's Bay).

Chestnut mare Young Polish, by Feve—Polish, 6gs.—Mr. W. Cooper.

Mare Ladybird, 16gs.—Mr. C. Hyde.

Chestnut mare Agatha, by Nelson—Sister Agnes, 38gs.—Mr. W. Morgan.

Chestnut mare Sister Francis, by Seaton Delaval—Agatha, with filly foal by Menschikoff, and served by Menschikoff, 50gs.—Mr. J. Bond.

Mare Cressy, by Hippocampus—Cressina, with foal by Hotchkiss, 42gs.—Mr. Potts.

Mare Golden Shine, by St. Leger—Young Polish, with filly foal by Hotchkiss, 40gs.—Mr. Morgan.

Mare Jennie, by Nordenfeldt—Victoria, 10gs.—Mr. G. Hyde.

Sale of Bloodstock.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Co. held a sale of bloodstock belonging to

the Hon. H. Mosman and other owners at the Harp of Erin stables yesterday afternoon. Mr H. G. Nolan acted as a auctioneer. There was a good attendance, but bidding was not brisk. The following lots were disposed of:—

Dunoon, 15gs.—Mr T. Wilson.

Gelding, 3yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Lady Wellington, 105gs.—Mr W. Verran.

Revenge, with colt foal at foot by Menschikoff, 145gs.—Mr Kemp.

Leocant, 15gs.—Mr C. Wood.

France, with colt foal at foot by Billigate, 105gs.—Mr. Maitland.

Filly, 2yrs, by Menschikoff—Forma, 15gs.—Mr M. McLenn.

Filly, 2yrs, by Menschikoff—Revenge, 115gs.—Mr Atkinson.

Filly, 2yrs, by Explosion—Leocant, 145gs.—Mr C. Coleman.

Lady Almida, 3yrs, by Grafton—Donna, 35gs.—Mr Bond.

Lady Farrington, 3yrs, by Phoebus Apollo—Lady Custice, 12gs.—Mr Massey.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Miss Nora Lynch, a pupil of St. Mary's High School, Ponsonby, has recently published a very pretty waltz dedicated to Lady Nunket, and called "The Plum-ket Waltz."

Miss Maud Jeffries, of the Knight-Jeffries Company, will, at the end of her present engagement, visit her home in the Southern States of America, accompanied by her husband (Mr. J. Osborne).

Cecil Ward, the Australian actor, has got into harness again, and was at latest playing at Wallaces, in New York, in a comedy called "The Squaw Man." Press criticisms of his work in this particular piece are all favourable.

James E. Rome and Marguerite Ferguson, who were the "Blinky Bill" and "Mamie Clancy" of the original Australian production of "The Belle of New York" are touring with George Musgrove's other big success, "The Prince of Pilsen."

John F. Sheridan, the evergreen, is making a big success of "Dick Whittington and His Cat," a musical pantomime, which is said to be full of good things. Miss Heba Barlow is still with "The Widow" as leading lady, and other stars are Miss Selbourne, Miss Conroy, Mr Jean de Lacey and Mr Collard.

Mr Geo. Barnes, business manager of the "J.P." Company, arrived from the South, via Gisborne, on Sunday, by the Zealandia to arrange for a short tour of the Goldfields prior to the company's return season in Sydney. Mr Barnes leaves by the Mokoia on Monday, 8th inst.

It is good news to playgoers to learn that Miss May Beatty is not to sever her connection with Stephenson's Musical Comedy Co. yet awhile, and that she will play the leading parts with the company on its New Zealand tour, which commenced in His Majesty's at Dunedin on Boxing Night.

Messrs Meryell and Gunn, who have acquired the rights of "The Fatal Wedding" for the colonies, have engaged a special company to play in it, which is due to arrive in Australia next Easter. "The Fatal Wedding" is a musical drama of high interest, and has been an enormous success both in America and England.

Miss Lily Dampier, who has just concluded a season in the Palace Theatre, Sydney, is due in New Zealand after the Sheridan Co. Miss Dampier will produce a number of Shakespearian and other plays. She will be well supported by Mr Alfred Rolfe as lead, with a number of other well-known actors and actresses. The veteran Edmund Holloway will be a member of the company.

The "two houses a night" experiment is to be tried again at the Lyceum, London. With a cast of 300 people, however great a spectacular success may be, it cannot be made to pay on a one performance basis, so the managers,

Mrs Barrasford, has decided to suit the house to the needs of the public. There will be performances at 6.45 and 8.45, and the prices will be: Gallery 3d, pit 6d, circle 1/, stalls 2/ and 3/, boxes 15/ and 21/.

It was shortly before the Irving funeral, and a well-known manager had just placed a wreath in as conspicuous a place as possible. But he didn't like the look of the very small card attached thereto, and so he fastened on one considerably larger with "From the Theatre" on it. "How does that look now?" he said to one of his company who stood near. "Oh, it's all right," responded the actor, "but why not add 'every evening at 8!'"

The Brough-Flemming Company changed their programme on Monday night when "The Walls of Jericho" was substituted for "Beauty and the Barge." His Majesty's Theatre was crowded with a holiday audience, and the piece was received with the utmost enthusiasm. In the "Walls of Jericho" Alfred Sutro has satirised the utter artificiality of life in certain circles of present-day society, and contrasted it with the refreshing frankness and genuineness of sincerity and real worth. Mr Herbert Flemming, after a very long absence from the stage, makes his re-appearance as the hero Jack Frobisher, and the large audience on Monday gave him a most hearty welcome. His acting was exceedingly fine throughout the piece, and gained the popular actor-manager quite an ovation. The company's new leading lady, Miss Beatrice Day as Lady Alethea proved herself worthy of the best traditions of the name name of "the Broughs." She acts with a natural charm which could not fail to make her appearance welcome, and one looks forward to seeing her in other pieces. Mr Brough as Frobisher's Australian chum, had not a great deal to do, but it goes without saying that what he had to do was done faultlessly. Other characters which stood out were the Lady Derenham of Miss Fraser, the Lady Westbury of Miss Temple, the Harry Dallas of Mr Pickford, and the Marquis of Stevenson of Mr. Edgar



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London & Berlin Piano Co.

SHORTLAND STREET.

APROPOS THE WALLS OF JERICHO.

(By "Candidus.")

I went (in Auckland) to see Brough Fleming, in the latest London success, "The Walls of Jericho." A distinguished audience attended with me, adorned in their best imitations of fashions, and fortified by chocolates in sufficient quantities to sustain them during the evening. Numbers of those present, to my personal knowledge, went to see the play because they had heard that there were things to see and hear; others because it was the "ton." All were prepared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. In four powerful scenes, we see the women of the play revelling in all the fostering evils which corrode modern society—not alone I believe that of effete Mayfair, but also the more cultivated circles of our suburban aristocracy. With wolfish and unappetising appetite, they gazed over the heartless rendering of the characters of their sisters; with astounding imperturbability they cheated meanly and ignominiously at bridge, the debased the ancient and honourable epigram to the ignoble uses of their vile talk. The picture upon the stage was a replica of the lives and habits of many of those who, while loudest in their applause, bore the closest and most striking resemblance to the persons of the play. "The Walls of Jericho" were blown down indeed; but they were promptly blown up again by the simple process of reversing the trumpet.

For that happened which always does happen on such occasions. The ladies were driven into expression of virtuous indignation against their sisters of the play, so ogre-like in their scandal-mongering, so contemptible in their chatty, so foul in mind and conversation. The men had several opportunities—(there were three intervals)—of recovering from the shocks dealt them by the out-spoken author. Every virtuous sentiment uttered was extravagantly applauded, though such applause was no indication that the sentiments were being stored up for personal example on appropriate occasion.

We hear a great deal of the moral influence of the theatre. It would be interesting to hold a census of conversions won by it. With its direct and simple human appeal, it should have the most vivid and sustained influence; it should reach out its hand, and touch the heart: it has opportunities, how much finer than the most eloquent preacher or person could ever hope for. Yet, what does it do with the modern? Take "The Message from Mars." No man is in the least degree less selfish on account of witnessing that delightful fantasy (women, of course, were not addressed in that play). What woman is at all likely to abandon scandal, bridge, or even vile talk, after hearing "The Walls of Jericho" addressed by Sattro's trumpet? While, as has been said, the most heinous offenders were the most uproarious in their plaudits, many of them openly expressed their hopes that the certain other women of their own suburb (whom they named) would take the trenchant lessons of the play to heart.

It is always some other woman, it is never the stainless speaker, who rails so glibly about her sister's horrible practice of what she does not hesitate to stigmatise as social crimes. It is never that

child of culture who can see the moat in her own eye, or can detect the cesspit in her own garden. The photographer is, indeed, far too faithful a portrayer. Unless he will retouch, the print will show every defect in the complexion, every stain upon the skin; and such a portrait could never be presented to friends—or rivals; nor will the careless examiner of her own reflection ever acknowledge that the negative speaks even more truth than her mirror. "What a nasty hit at Gertrude!" "Gladys must really come to see this play; it is so true to life" (meaning Gladys' life). "I'll send a ticket myself to Gwendoline; she may learn something from it" (about Gwendoline's own evil ways). Such were the astonishing remarks of the lady from—well, that suburb you all wot of—who has played more doubtful bridge, held more doubtful converse, and riddled more unoffending characters with her poisoned shafts than any other two society women from the same street—I mean avenue. When will you learn, my lady, that you have so black a pot to cleanse that you cannot afford to chatter about the sooty kettle of your neighbour, and when will some kind bludgeon do the work for you and others, which has never yet been done, by trumpet, by rapier, or by truncheon?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

HORSE DENTISTRY.

Among our illustrations will be found a photograph showing Mr Walter J. Bullock at his strange but eminently useful calling—that of a horse dentist. Like human beings, horses have teeth troubles, but it is only quite recently that special attention has been paid to this branch of the veterinary surgeon's business. Mr Bullock has a splendid collection of testimonials, and during the last few years he has successfully treated something like 7000 horses.

GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.

On the site of the old Grand Hotel, at Rotorua, which was burned down last year, a magnificent new hotel has been erected by Messrs L. D. Nathan and Co. and Messrs Hancock and Co. It is said to be one of the most up-to-date hotels in the colony. Prior to the opening ceremony, which took the form of an elaborate dinner last Saturday week, a large number of the rooms had been already engaged. Mrs E. Robertson, a wonderful old lady, 81 years of age, and the oldest resident in Rotorua, in declaring the hotel opened, expressed herself delighted in having lived to see such a beautiful building erected. She said that fine as the previous edifice had been, the present buildings was superior in many respects, and was a credit to the hotel proprietors, architects, builders, and furnishers. At the conclusion of her speech Mrs Robertson presented Miss May Seddon with a beautiful shower bouquet, after which Miss May Seddon signed her name first in the visitors' book. Among those present at the ceremony were Mrs L. D. Nathan, Miss Koie Nathan, Mr David Nathan, and Mr E. Davis.

The hotel contains about 70 rooms, of which about 40 are bedrooms. In addition to a large square entrance lounge, there are well arranged commercial, reading, smoking, and club rooms, ladies' drawing-room, etc., and an extensive dining-room, measuring about 40ft by 64ft, with accommodation to seat 120 people comfortably. The hotel is lighted throughout by electricity, which is installed on the very latest principles. Mr J. Currie, of Auckland, has been the architect for the new building, Messrs Lye and Sons the builders, Mr Salinger was the contractor for the electric lighting, and Messrs McLeod and Green for the plumbing. The handsome furnishing most mostly done by the D.S.C. and Tinson Garlick Company. The popular licensee, Mr McMath, remains in charge, with Mr Winter, lately from the Royal Hotel, at Auckland, as manager. Rotorua residents may well be proud in the possession of such a fine hotel and such splendid accommodation for tourists.

The Lost Bunch.

Seated one day at the piano. My sweetheart was singing to me; And her voice had all plain sailing Till it struck a very high C. I know not what she was singing — I hope I won't hear it again — But she struck one such of music Like the squawk of a frightened hen. I could see she was foundering swiftly; So I foundered another song; For the breakers were certain to break in pieces before very long. But hard as I tried to save her, The last that I saw was she, Without even a life preserver, Adrift on love's high C.

When papa gets his temper up Young men plunge toward the sky; And thus they prove the adage old That sparks will upward fly.



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THE NEW ARTISTIC POSTCARDS.

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From Photographs by Sir John Logan Campbell

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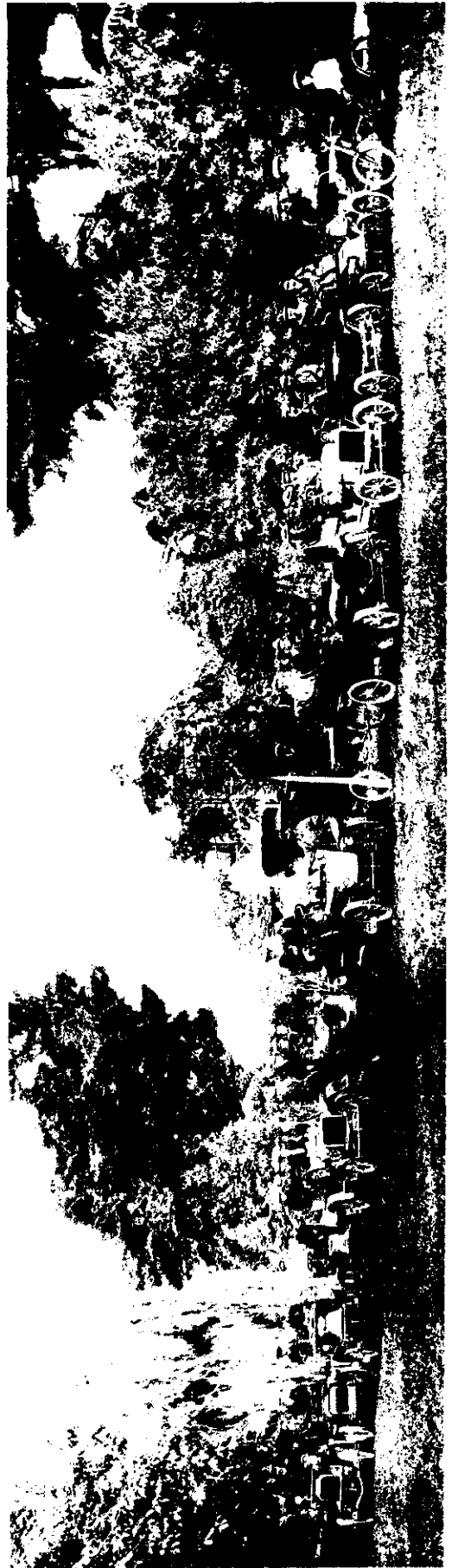
W. I. McALLUM, Manager.



AN EXORDIUM CALLING: THE HORSE DENTIST.
 Mr. Walter J. Bollock attending to the teeth of a horse at Government House stables, Auckland.



CAR OWNERS AND MEMBERS OF THE WELLINGTON AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.



GROWING POPULARITY OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN NEW ZEALAND: FIRST RUN OF THE WELLINGTON CLUB TO THE TAITA GARDENS.

Scho-L. Stegny Studios, photos.



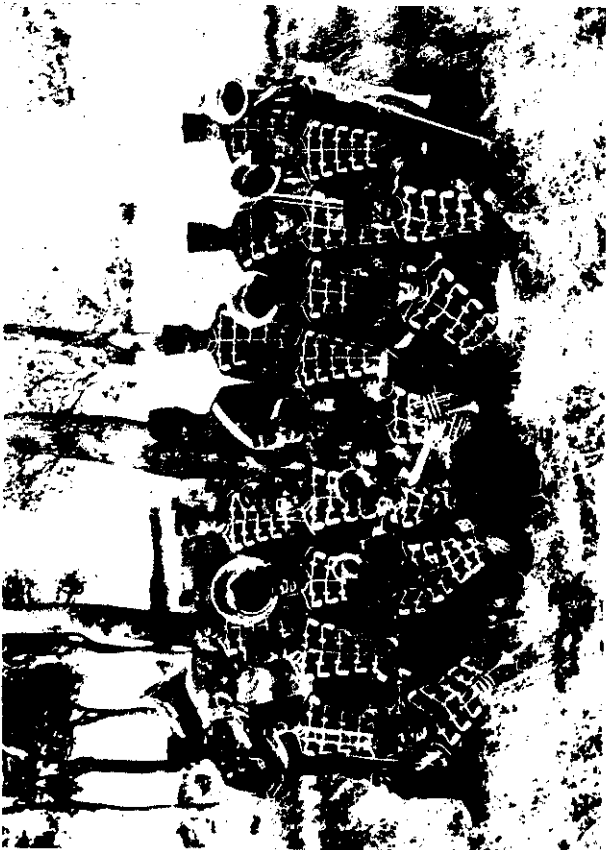
FIRST AUCKLAND MOUNTED RIFLES, FIFTH IN SELECTION, FOURTH IN MARCHING.



KARANGAHAKE BAND, SEVENTH IN SELECTION ITEM, FIFTH IN MARCHING.

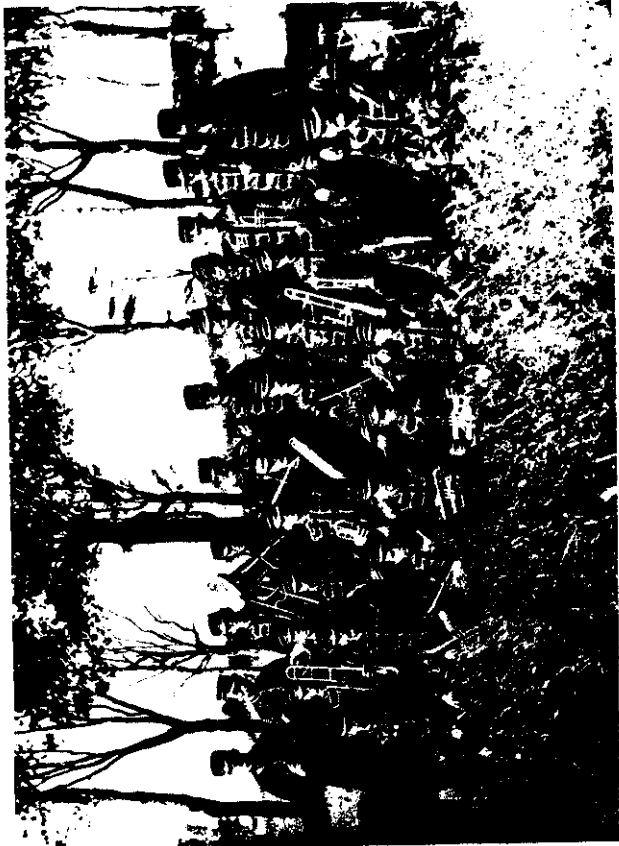


ONEHUNGA, SIXTH IN SELECTION.



ROTORUA BAND, FOURTH IN SELECTION, SIXTH IN MARCHING.

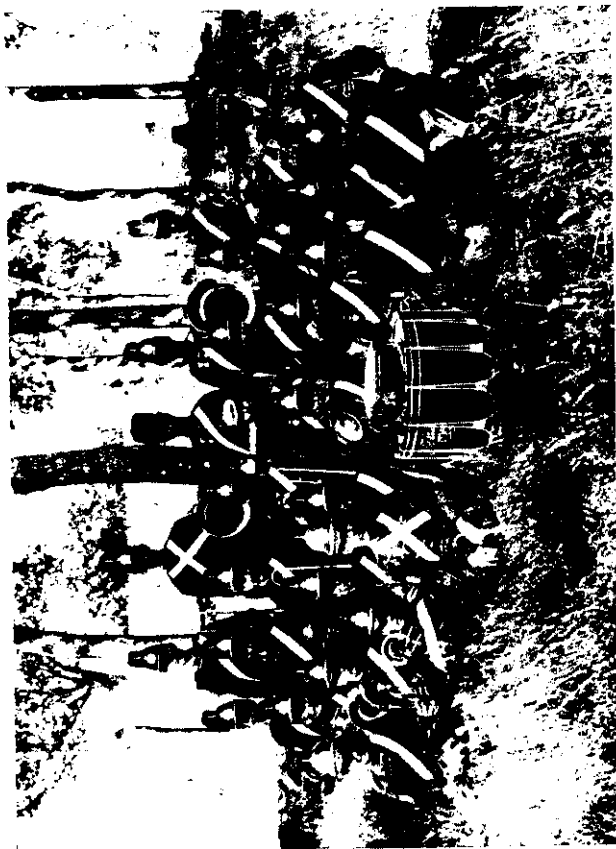
THE BRASS BAND CONTEST IN AUCKLAND IN AID OF CHARITY.



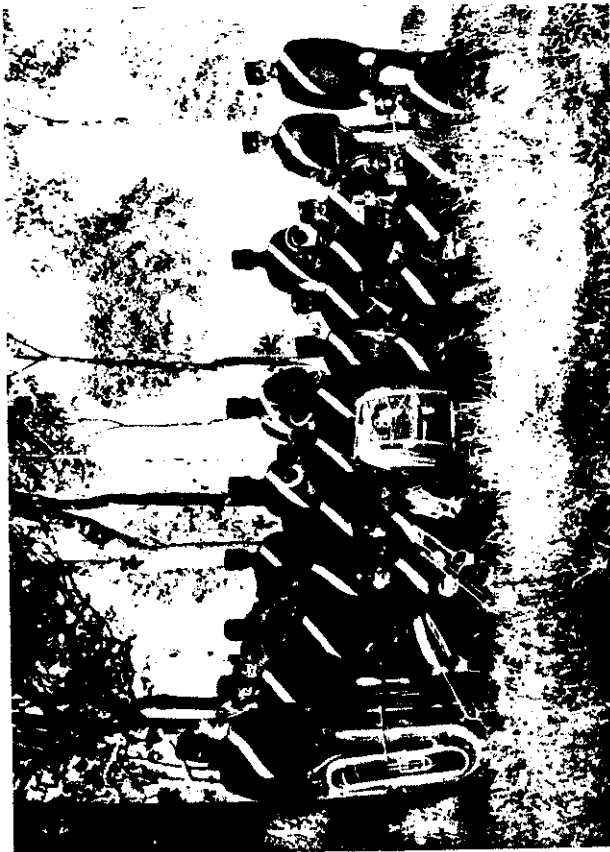
HAAURAKI BAND, THIRD IN SELECTION ITEM AND THIRD IN MARCHING.



MILITARY JUDGES.

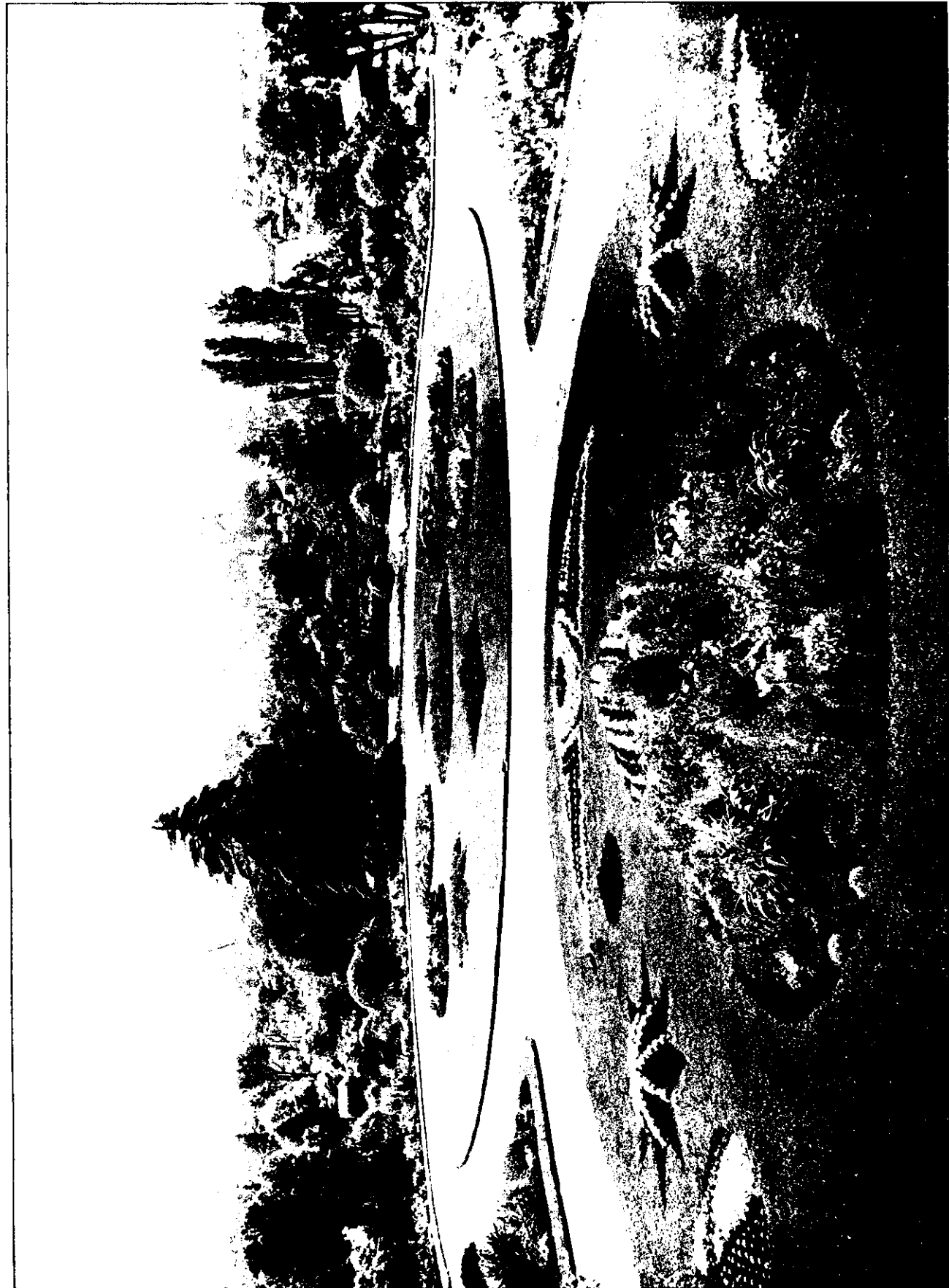


FIRST BATTALION BAND, FIRST IN SELECTION ITEM, SECOND IN MARCHING.



WAHII FEDERAL BAND, SECOND IN SELECTION ITEM, FIRST IN MARCHING.

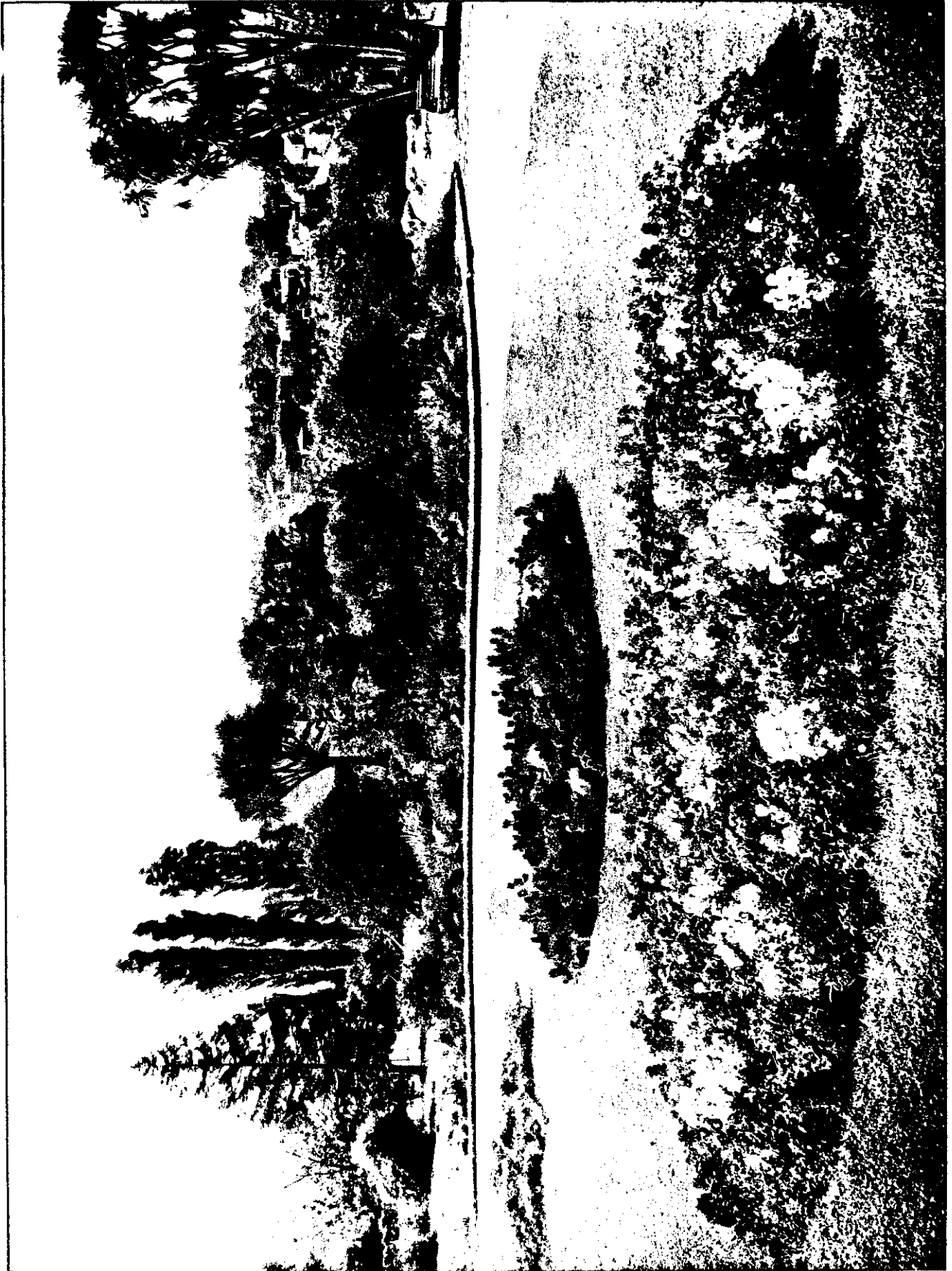
THE BRASS BAND CONTEST IN AUCKLAND IN AID OF CHARITY.



A VIEW IN THE AUCKLAND DOMAIN RESERVE GARDEN.

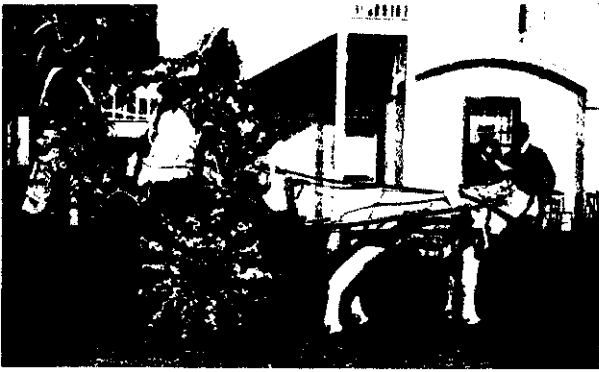
THE GARDENS, UNDER THE CARE OF PARK SUPERINTENDENT W. GOLDIE, ARE NOW A BLAZE OF FLOWERS, WHILE THE DISTANT VIEWS OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR ARE VERY FINE.

The gardens merit a visit from both tourists and residents of Auckland, by whom they are surprisingly little known.

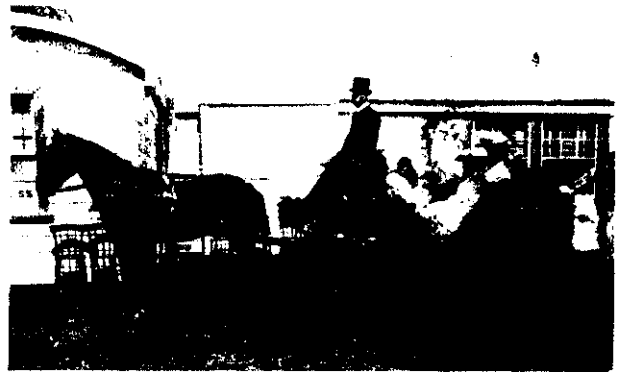


ANOTHER VIEW IN THE BEAUTIFULLY LAID OUT DOMAIN GARDENS, AUCKLAND.

TAKEN FROM PARK SUPERINTENDENT GOLDIEN'S RESIDENCE.



A POPULAR EXHIBIT.



MRS. HATRICK'S BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED FIRST PRIZE CARRIAGE.



FIRST PRIZE CHILD'S PONY.



FIRST PRIZE LADIES' HACK.



A PRETTY LITTLE TURN-OUT.



DECORATED BICYCLES.



FIRST PRIZE BICYCLE.



MISS ESAM AND HER FIRST PRIZE LAMB.

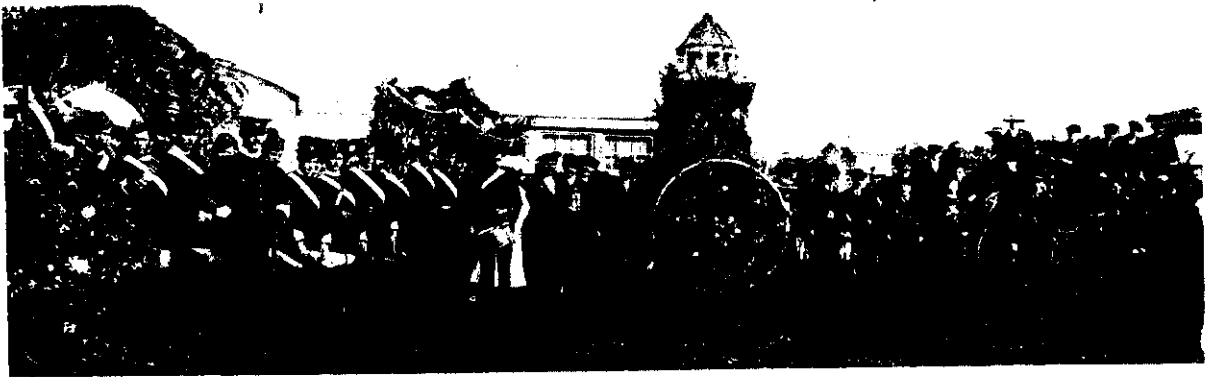
CARNIVAL WEEK AT WANGANUI: PRIZE WINNERS AT THE FLORAL FETE.



CHILDREN'S GO-CARTS AND PERAMBULATORS.



FIRST PRIZE DECORATED BICYCLE QUARTETTE.



THE FIRE BRIGADES' EXHIBIT.



IN THE PROCESSION.

CARNIVAL WEEK AT WANGANUI: SCENES AT THE FLORAL FETE.



Cowdell, photo, Whangarei.

NEW ZEALAND'S PROFITS

BULLOCKS HAULING OUT LOGS IN



TABLE TIMBER INDUSTRY

A NORTH AUCKLAND KAURI FOREST.

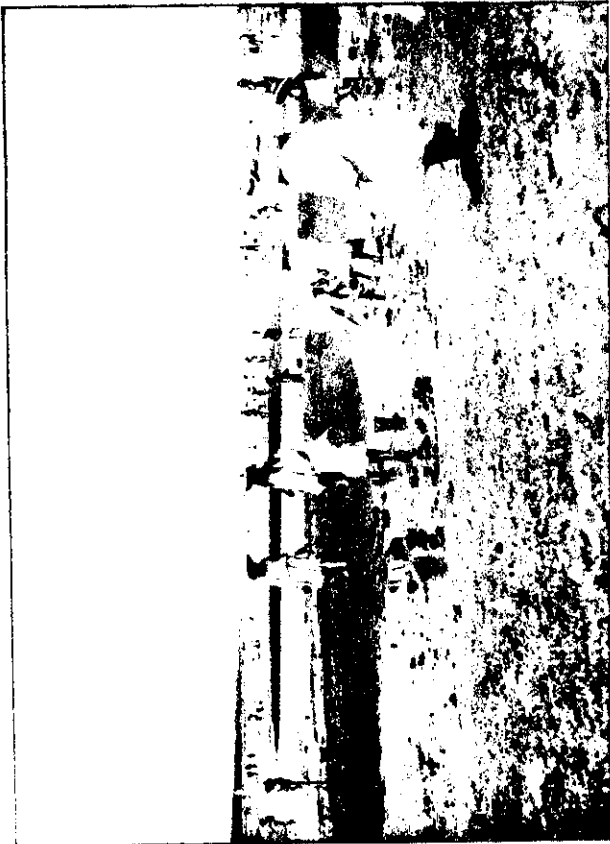
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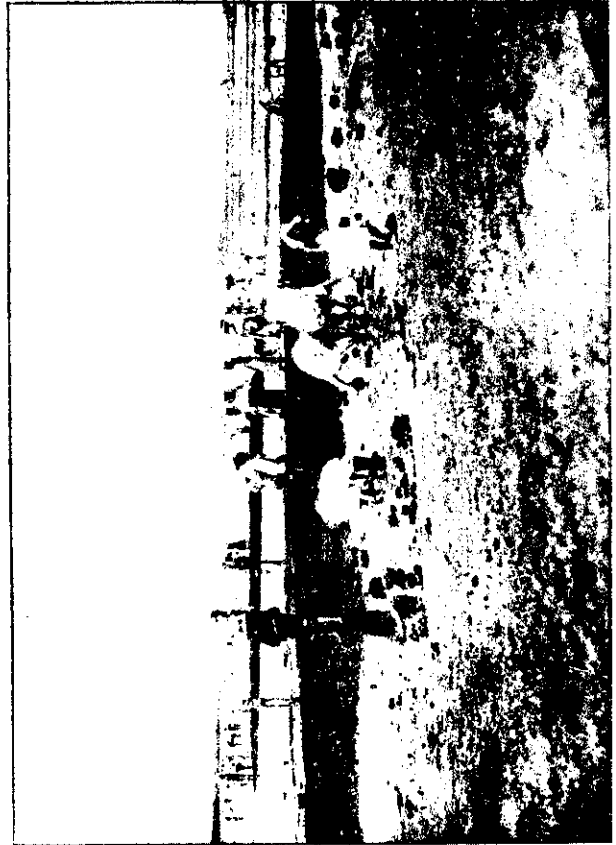
THE DELIGHTS OF PADDLING.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH.



BURROWING FOR PIPES.



A BUSY PARTY.

HOLIDAY SCENES ON CHELTENHAM BEACH, DEVONPORT, A FAVOURITE GATHERING PLACE FOR CHILDREN.

The gently shelving shores, and hard, firm sands of the extensive Cheltenham Beach, Devonport, attract thousands of visitors during the summer holidays, and all the aquatic delights in which children delight, and the water is shallow for such a distance that parents feel easy in their mind, and need not keep too watchful an eye on their youngsters.



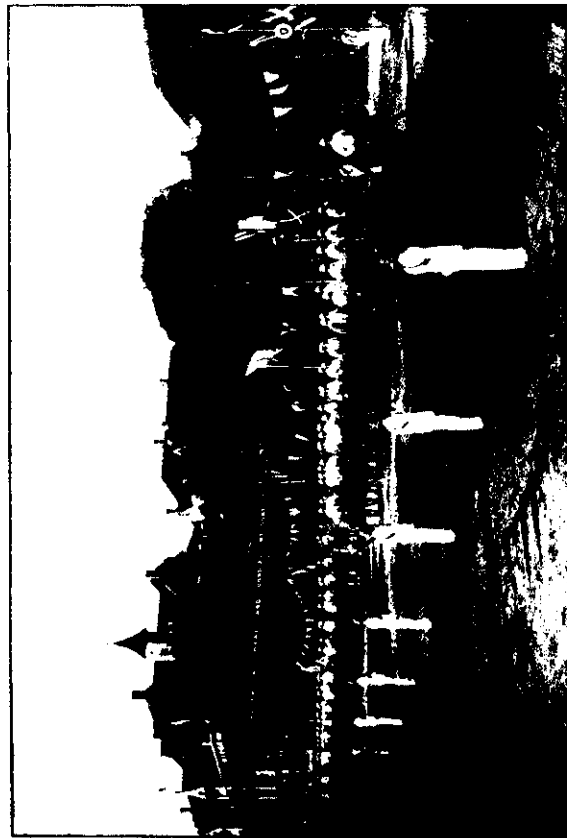
NATIVE RULERS AND PRINCES AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL TRAIN.



Bourne and Shepherd, photo.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

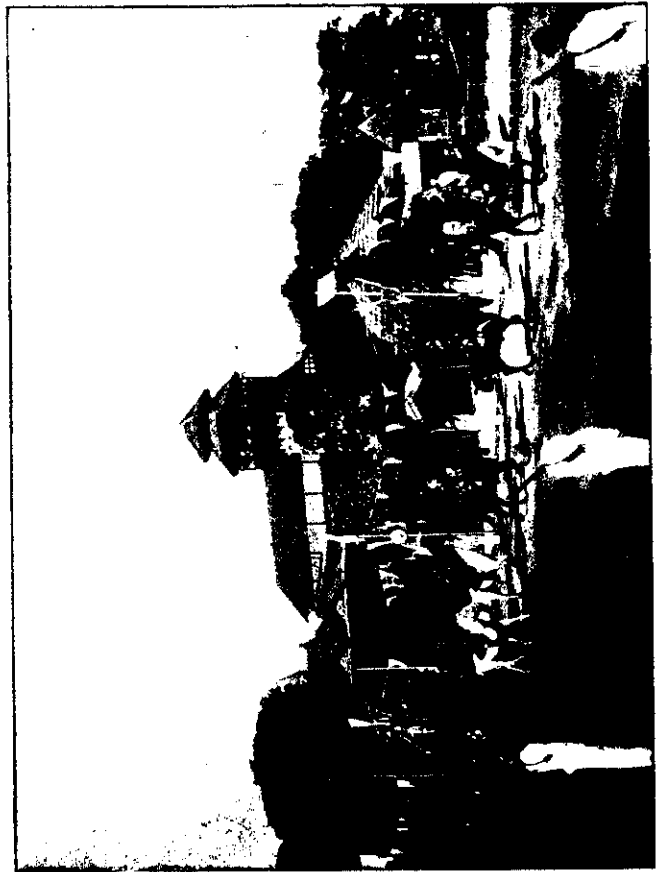
THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA: THE DURBAR AT BOMBAY.



THE TENTH PRINCE OF WALES' OWN ROYAL HUSSARS, IN LORD CURZON'S ESCORT.



CADETS OF THE RAM KUMAR COLLEGE, WHO TOOK PART IN THE BOMBAY PROCESSION. They are all young princes in training for the army. Their horses are purchased Arabs.



THE PROCESSION PASSING THE ROYAL BOMBAY YACHT CLUB'S HOUSE.



THEIR HUSSARIES LEAVING THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY, AFTER THEIR WELCOME.

"Brancepeth"
A Model
Sheep Station

The average visitor to the Wairarapa travels by train, and only catches glimpses of the undulating and fertile grazing country of the Wairarapa, and unless he forsakes the beaten track he has but a very faint idea of the natural beauties and resources of the rural districts of Martinboro', Gladstone, Tupururu, Te Whiti, Taueru, Temui, Te Parae, Brancepeth, and the various runs which extend to Castle Point.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD



ONE OF THE WALKS.

One of the most important and best managed runs in the Wairarapa is the well-known estate of "Brancepeth," originally owned by Messrs T. C. Williams and W. H. and Hugh H. Beetham, comprising about 53,000 acres of excellent grazing land. In 1904, the estate was cut up and subdivided, the Messrs T. C. Williams and Sons retaining the Annedale and Te Parae portion of the run, the Ormatamere, or southern portion, being retained by Mr W. H. Beetham, who is erecting a homestead and new woolshed. The original homestead, known as "Brancepeth," is still in possession of Mr Hugh H. Beetham and family. A division of the celebrated flock of South Downs, as well as the herds of Hereford and Shorthorns, has been divided amongst the late partners. At the present time Messrs W. H. and Hugh H. Beetham are grazing 33,000 mixed sheep, and still continue making the export of South Down lambs a speciality. After an absence of ten years (writes our correspondent), I recently revisited "Brancepeth," and was astonished at the fine new mansion that has been built. The architect, Mr Charlesworth, of Wellington, is to be congratulated upon his taste in designing so

charming a residence. The whole of the residence, barring the concrete foundations, chimneys, and roof, is constructed of the heart of totara, milled from the forests owned by the Beetham family. The main hall and grand staircase is a very fine specimen of the carver's art, especially the panelling which is in mottled rimu. The hall is lit with stained-glass windows of a most beautiful design. The residence will be lit by acetylene gas, supplied by the N.Z. Acetylene Gas Co., of Dunedin, who have installed several of their plants in various residences in the Wairarapa. The residence, which is built upon a lofty plateau, or terrace, is surrounded by beautifully designed walks, native and European flower, and kitchen gardens, orchard, and vineries. One very pleasing feature strikes the visitor, and that is the forethought of the owners of this estate in providing comfortable residences for their numerous employees, and in equipping an up-to-date library and reading room for the benefit of the employees, who show their appreciation by annually subscribing towards this excellent object in conjunction with their employers. The library contains over 2000 volumes.



THE NEW HOMESTEAD.

VIEWS OF "BRANCEPETH," THE WELL-KNOWN WAIRARAPA RUN.



DISPERSAL OF A FAMOUS STUD: SALE OF THE STOCK AT WELLINGTON PARK, AUCKLAND.

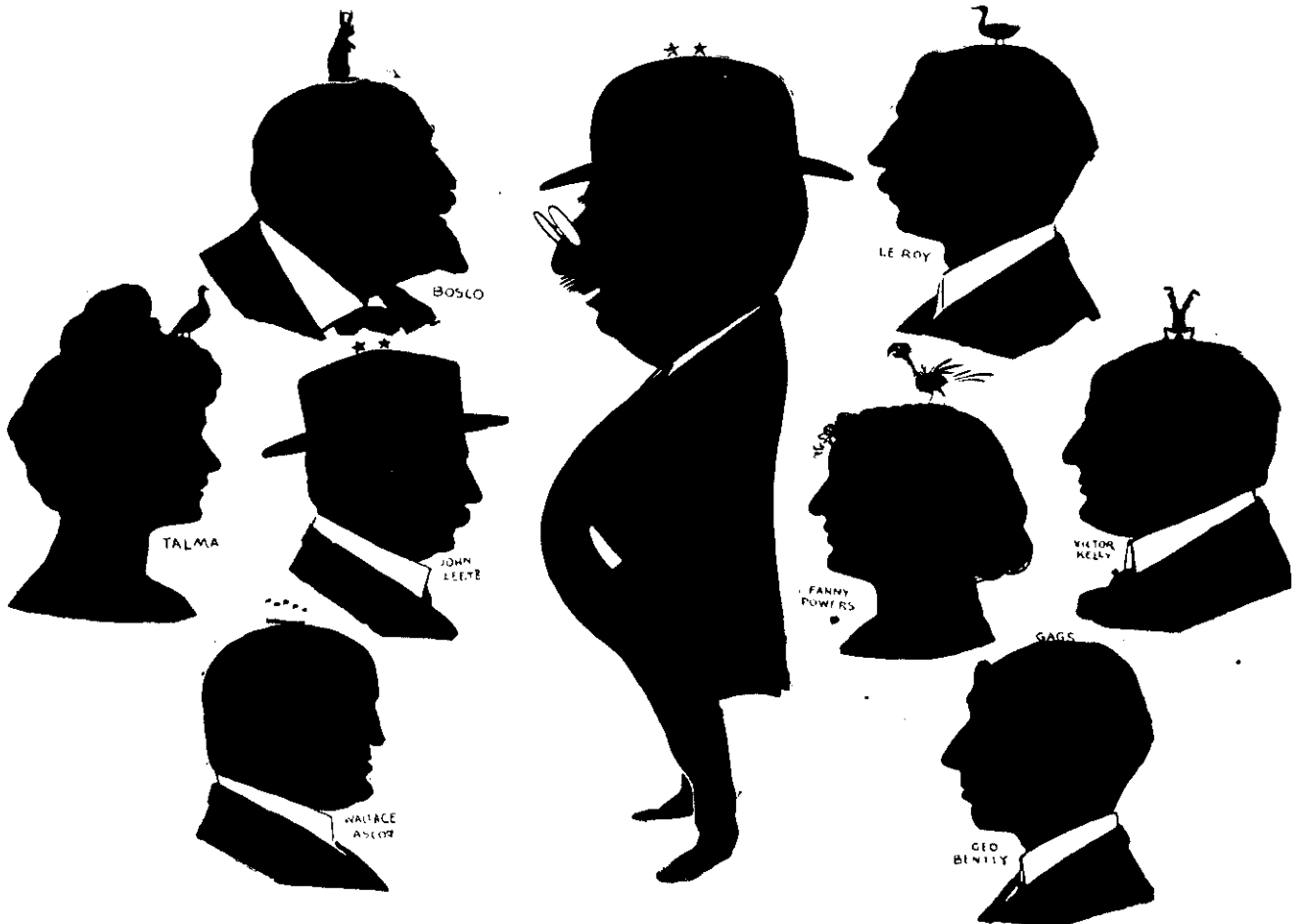
1. Mouschloff, the celebrated stallion, purchased by Mr. J. B. Reid, of Canterbury, for 320 guineas. 2. A view of Wellington Park from the hill, with the yelling stalls in the foreground. 3. An aristocratic youngster. 4. The famous Seaton Delaval, who went to Mr. E. Coleman, Auckland, for 500 guineas. 5. Selling the mares. 6. Disposing of the yearlings. 7. The auctioneer's improvised platform. Mr. Ironsides, who wielded the hammer, is on the left of the box seat. Mr. Morrish, the company's capable manager, is standing in front of the cab reading a catalogue.

See "Hunting News."



PLAYERS AND OFFICIALS AT THE NINETEENTH NEW ZEALAND CHAMPIONSHIP CONGRESS, HELD IN AUCKLAND UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NEW ZEALAND CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Standing at back (left to right): Messrs. H. Green, C. Little (umpire), N. D. McKay (secretary), A. Jowitt. Sitting: Messrs. J. Mason (Hutt), H. L. James (Wellington), A. W. O. Davies (Wellington), J. Edwards (Otago), E. J. Miles (Auckland), F. K. Kelling (Wellington), J. C. Grierson (Auckland), R. J. Barnes (Wellington), M. Freeman (Auckland), E. S. Rutherford (Wanganui), F. Kummer (Wairarapa).



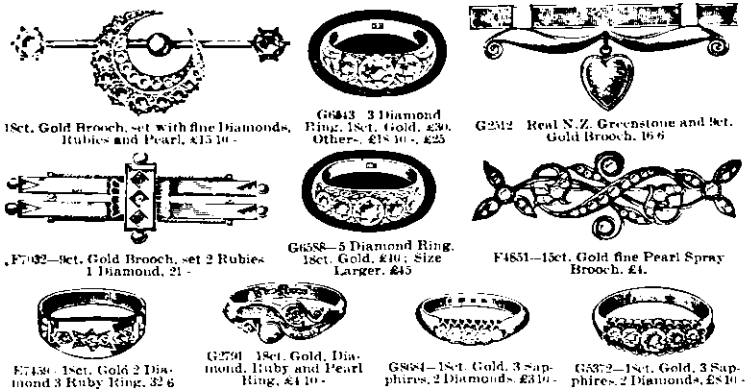
SILHOUETTES AT MR. JOHN FULLER'S ("HARRY RICKARDS") HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OPERA HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.,

146 and 148 QUEEN STREET,

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18ct. Gold Brooch, set with fine Diamonds, Rubies and Pearl, £15 10 -

G6413 3 Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold, £30. Others, £18 10 - £25

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G6588—5 Diamond Ring, 18ct. Gold, £10; Size Larger, £45

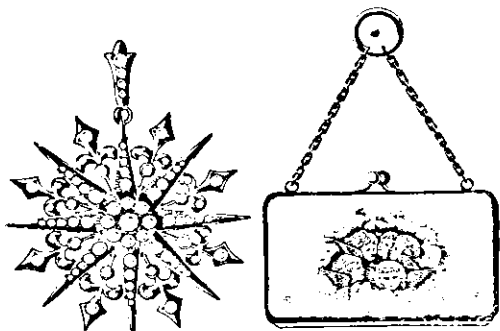
F4851—18ct. Gold fine Pearl Spray Brooch, £4.

F7130—18ct. Gold 2 Diamond 3 Ruby Ring, 32 6

G2791 18ct. Gold, Diamond, Ruby and Pearl Ring, £4 10 -

G8884—18ct. Gold, 3 Sapphires, 2 Diamonds, £3 10 -

G3372—18ct. Gold, 3 Sapphires, 2 Diamonds, £8 10 -



C881 18ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant or Brooch, £9 15 -

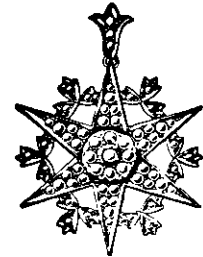
G5705 Solid Silver Purse, with Chain and Ring, £1



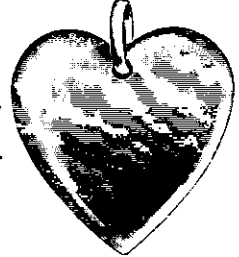
Solid Silver Manicure Set in Morocco Case, £3. Others at 21 - 25 - 35 - 50 -



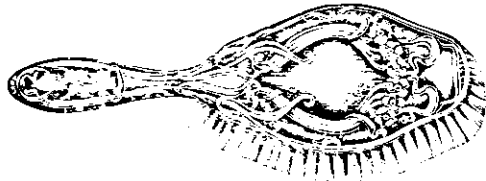
G7053—Solid Silver and Cut Glass—Hairpin Box, 7 6



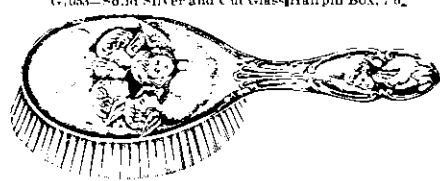
C748 18ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant or Brooch, £5 15 -



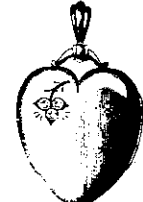
G488—Greenstone Heart Pendant, 16 6



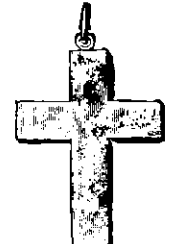
G3023 Silver-backed Hair Brush, 37 6



G2190—Silver-backed Hair Brush, 15 6



G1782 18ct. Gold and Pearl Locket, 22 6



F1943—18ct. Gold Cross, 14 6 18ct. Gold, 27 6

JOHN GREY & SONS, Auckland. MENZIES & CO., Waikato and Thames. TELEPHONE 127.

Grey & Menzies LIMITED.

Head Office EDEN CRESCENT, AUCKLAND.

AERATED WATER and CORDIAL MANUFACTURERS

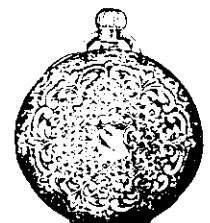
GOLD MEDAL FOR AERATED WATERS AND CORDIALS. Auckland Exhibition, 1898-99.



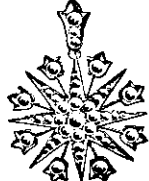
KOHN'S is again the Christmas Jewellery Store. As the law of progression demands, we have gone about making preparations in a more elaborate way than ever before. The store is already full of Christmas hints, and in more ways than one people can advantageously start their Christmas planning now, and call on this store right off to help. You will find it ever ready. Country residents should write for our Xmas Catalogue.

A. KOHN Established 40 years
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,
178 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

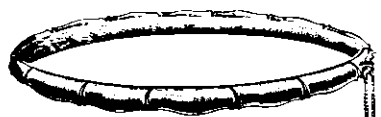
KOHN'S is a Christmas Jewellery Store.



Open Face Gold Watch, 50 -



Pearl Star, £5. Others, 60/- 50/-



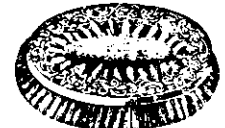
Bamboo Bangle, 50 -
Nellie Stewart, 60 -



Pearl Initial Brooch, 7 6



Band Rings, real Stones, 25 -



Silver Back Gent's Brushes, 12 8, 20 -

A DAY AT THE MINT.

Story of an Australian Sovereign.

In the last issue of "Life" W. A. Bowerset has an interesting article on the Australian mints. He says:

"The Mint pays, nominally, £3 17/10½d. per oz., but deducts 3d. per oz., as a coinage charge, on parcels of less than 500 oz. (with a minimum charge of six shillings), 2d. per oz. between 500 and 1000 oz., and 1½d. per oz. on 1000 oz. and over. Deposits up to 1000 oz. are paid for by cheque a fortnight from date of deposit, whilst depositors of over 1000 oz. may claim payment in actual coin. In reality, the banks are the only depositors who take coin in exchange for gold, the head offices taking delivery at the Mint.

In England, conditions governing minting are different. There, the Bank of England is bound by law to purchase gold at £3 17/9 per standard ounce. The Royal Mint will accept gold from anyone, but as the Bank of England has the first claim to its services, and other depositors may be obliged to wait an indefinite time for payment, the Bank practically monopolises the business. The Royal Mint, by the way, receives the gold already refined, and merely brings it to standard value and coins it, making no charge for the minting. It pays £3 17/10½d. per ounce, so that the Bank has a margin of 1½d. per ounce on which to conduct its refining and make its profits.

THE MINT AS A SHOW-PLACE.

One of the Mint's functions, apparently, is to act as a sort of object-lesson to the world in general, for a steady stream of visitors—armed with the necessary passports—trickles through the building the whole year round, averaging, probably, twenty per day. One wonders that the staff does not tire of explaining the methods and what to them have long ceased to be—the wonders of coining. But the staff is very patient and very courteous withal.

So the daily explanation goes on—so many sovereigns to the ton, so much copper to so much gold, and so on. The only number we discovered whose patience was at all frayed was one who on the occasion of the last visit of a press photographer was asked to pose alongside the machine of which he had charge. The exposure only lasted fifteen seconds, but the camera man strolled off to look at some machinery, and returned a quarter of an hour later, to find his sitter still holding himself rigid, and perspiring in the effort to look pleasant. His remarks on press photographers are still tinged with bitterness.

THE THREE AUSTRALIAN MINTS.

Any reader who is fortunate enough to have an Australian sovereign to examine, will notice a microscopic letter beneath the hind foot of St. George's horse, representing one of the three Australian Mints—Melbourne, Sydney, or Perth. But it is the British Government that guarantees the integrity of the sovereign, and the Mints are, although Australian owned, administered by the Imperial Government—branches, in short, of the Royal Mint on Tower Hill, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer ex-officio head. The charges made for coining pay the working expenses and any profits on the year's transactions are paid to the respective States.

It is an interesting bit of history to note that in the year 1852-3, when the first gold yields of Australia were sent to England, 12,664,125 sovereigns were coined—a larger sum than the entire money issue of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, George I. and II., and William IV.

The Perth Mint, opened in 1859, has just now the largest annual output (amounting to about 4) millions, as compared with 4 millions by Melbourne, and 3½ millions by Sydney; the Sydney Mint is the oldest (1855), whilst the Melbourne Mint has manufactured most sovereigns since its opening (1872), and holds the record of obtaining the most accurate results of any Mint in the

world. Accuracy, indeed, is the keynote of minting. The Mint authorities have learned by force of circumstances what the business man of the twentieth century is gradually realising, that it is untiring attention to the smallest details that makes an enterprise successful. Thus the phrase, "waste-product," finds no place in the mint's dictionary. Every inch of floor is swept daily, and the dust preserved; the crucibles in which the gold is melted, the very ashes from the coke of the furnaces are carefully ground up, and the whole lot is amalgamated and retorted. Even then the residue is not thrown away, but is shipped to England, to be re-treated for such gold as remains.

MODUS OPERANDI.

Every deposit of gold lodged at the Mint is melted separately, cast in a mould, and stamped with a number. From both ends of the slug or ingot a small piece the size of a bean is clipped, and sent to the assay department, to determine its value.

From a visitor's point of view more spectacular results are obtained by following the slugs rather than the clips, though to the scientifically inclined the assay department is full of fascination, and to the depositor the result of the assay of those tiny samples is of vital importance, for it is on it that he receives payment for his deposit.

Experience has taught those who handle gold a number of useful facts. One is that gold is never found in a pure state; it is always combined with less precious metals—invariably silver, very frequently baser metals. Another is that in Australia the finer north gold is found, the greater is the proportion of silver. Thus, while Ballarat gold, the "finest in the continent, may have, say, from 3 to 5 per cent. of silver, Gippsland gold will contain 10 to 20 per cent., New South Wales gold 20 to 30 per cent.; and so on till, in Queensland the percentage of silver will range as high as 40 to 50 per cent.

The assayer sits in front of an assay balance, that is set up, for protection, in a glass case. He handles as little as possible with his fingers, but uses a pair of forceps, with which long practice has made him so dexterous that, when busy, his hand looks like some strange bird, darting hither and thither and picking minute grains with unerring keen.

His balances are constructed with all the delicacy of a spider's web—polished brass beam, silver pans and platinum weights, so finely graded that the moisture from a finger and thumb would render them untrue, the lightest of them resembling a tiny, twisted human hair. But it is vastly important that the assayer's calculations should not be out "in so much as the estimation of a hair," for a miscalculation of the one-tenth-thousandth part of £1 which that hair represents would spell a difference on the year's work of £400.

So important, indeed, is accuracy in this department, that everything is done in duplicate, by independent assayers, whose results are compared and the mean taken.

AN IMPERIAL BAKEHOUSE.

But to follow the bullion through the melting-room—the most important bakehouse in the country. It is here that one gets a fair appreciation of the fact that gold is merely valuable for its purchasing power. It is here that men "with strong and sinewy arms" nonchalantly dump ten thousand pounds' worth of gold into the furnace, or throw down an awful of bars worth £500 each, as if they were so many lengths of iron. "The difference being," as one of the sinewy-armed brethren remarked, "that if a chunk of iron was missing, we could throw in another; but if a chip of this stuff disappears, we've got to stay till it is found."

As soon as the value of a deposit has been estimated by the assay referred to, it is ready for refining. Seven hundred ounces—or thereabouts—are melted in a crucible, a clay slug is

pushed down to the bottom of the crucible, and a jet of chlorine gas forced through it. Immediately the silver becomes chloride, rises to the surface, and is dipped off, whilst the baser metals pass away in the fumes. The refined gold is poured off in ingots, and again clips are taken from the opposite ends and sent to the assayers. To the fine gold is added copper—from South Australia—in the proportion of one to eleven, and back it goes to the furnace once more. In an hour it is melted and ready for pouring. A travelling crane is drawn into position. The furnace top is removed, a pair of tongs adjusted, and out comes the red-hot vessel, full of liquid fire, a layer of crimson charcoal floating on its surface to protect it from the air. A number of iron bars, recessed on one side, plain on the other, are clamped together to form a succession of moulds. One man, with felt apron and glove, tilts the pot, whilst another manipulates the crane. There is a series of pops as the molten gold runs into the moulds, and in a few minutes £6000 worth of standard gold has been turned into bars two feet long, two inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. Once more assay-clips are taken out, the bars are trimmed and sent away to the coining-room.

THROUGH THE COINING-ROOM.

The coining process is interesting to watch, but perhaps dull to read about. Therefore, suffice it to say that the bars are rolled out by successive rollings till they are reduced to about 1-20th of an inch in thickness, and resemble golden bed-slats. Their final treatment consists in being drawn between two fixed rollers so exquisitely adjusted that the thickness of the fillet, as the thinned-out bar is called, does not vary by the ten-thousandth part of an inch.

Follows the cutting out of discs—technically "blanks." Again there is nice adjustment of machinery, the different steam-driven punches varying a minute fraction of an inch in diameter, to suit the varying thickness of the fillets. From each strip is cut a double row of blanks, the "waste" being sent back to the melting-room for re-casting.

The gold at this stage is extremely hard, so the blanks are annealed in a furnace to soften them, are then put through a press to raise the edge, and finally handed over to the coiner, who has in his charge four automatic coining presses.

In front of each press stands a pile of blanks. Number one goes in, and with one squeeze is impressed on both sides, milled round the rim, and drops out a coin of the realm. The average speed of a machine is about sixty per minute, though, at a pinch, it can run up to ninety-two per minute. The dies, which are sent out from the Royal Mint, stand from 200,000 to 300,000 impressions.

The presses are automatic, one man overseeing four machines, keeping the feeders full and watching keenly for "faults." A fraction of charcoal may have caused a smudge, a piphole may have allowed a tiny spark of copper to oxidise and discolour, a minute crack in one of the dies may have marked a hairline—all trifles, but quite enough to send the coins back to the melting-pot. Then come the final tests: A cunningly arranged device carries the sovereign along a sort of endless belt; first, heads uppermost, then "tails," so that discrepancies which escaped the first examination may be detected. Then they are sent to the weighing-room to be tried in the balances.

AUTOMATIC MARVELS.

The machines—there are a dozen of them, and they cost £250 each—that test the weight of the coins are marvelously ingenious. At one end of a beam hangs a glass disc that as near as is scientifically possible is the exact weight of a sovereign, at the other end is a hooked pendulum, whose swing is limited to the thickness of three sovereigns. The machines are driven by water power, and the coins drop with

more than the regularity of plummet into the graduated hook. A coin of the exact weight drops down the middle slit, a coin that is light by so much as a thousandth part swings to the left, and one that is as much overweight is dropped to the right, and both are re-melted. It says something for the previous tests that not more than five in one hundred fail at this final trial.

Probably because most of us have so little to do with sovereigns in any considerable quantity there is something surprising in the weight of coins in bulk. We read, for instance, in a novel by a fairly well-known author, that his hero picked up a black bag containing £5000 in gold, and "daubed down the street hotly pursued by the police." When it is considered that 925 sovereigns weigh exactly 20lb, we can understand the heat of the hero, but not of the pursuit. Mr Rockefeller's income for a single year, in sovereigns, would weigh several tons.

Codfish Aristocracy.

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

Of all the fish that swim or splash
In ocean's azure, there's
There's none possess such haughtiness
As the codfish aristocracy.

A Cod I knew whose blood was blue
As courtly and as noble fish,
Who felt a wrone for baser born
Merc mackerel or cuttlefish.

The swinish blade to him betrayed
The salt mark of the griskin;
The swordfish, too, our hero knew
For reasons merely partisan.

Both day and night, in sorry plight,
With sadness and humility,
The Cod would sigh, "If only I
Were raised to the nobility.

"Much would I thank some dame of rank
To form a social bond with me,
To drop a line and show, in fine,
She wished to correspond with me."

This cod-like thought, oft fancied, brought
A sentiment of tenderness;
Till one day, in a place away
To fair, patrician slenderess.

But man or fish whose dearest wish
Is faithfully idealized,
(If long enough and strong enough)
Will come to see it realized.

So bye and bye there floated nigh
The Princess Sue of Dolibeth,
Who, with a rod and bait for end,
Sat fishing from her jolly-boat.

A chance at last! The bait was cast
Before that Cod of olden hue—
A wonder of a sight to see,
Suspended by a golden line.

The minnow nigh exclaimed, "Oh, my!
We do not like the look of it!
But Master's deep and scornful nod,
Swam up and ate the hook of it.

The line she drew, and up he flew,
An elegant though swishing, Cod,
Bright through the blue where Princess
Sue sat toying with her fishing rod.

He landed—flap!—upon her lap,
And lay with gasp of gratitude,
Exclaiming thus, "Excuse the fuss—
I'm dying of heatitude!"

And so he died, ensconced in pride,
Yet with a due amount of grace,
He'd had his wish, that scheming fish
Was raised to the nobility.

This goes to show, of all below
The summit of aristocracy,
There's none possess a such haughtiness
As the Codfish aristocracy.

At the Sign of the Spade.

On and on, in sun and shade,
Footing over, set the grade,
King and hater, one and friend,
Come, at best, to the journey end;
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

Sage or snare, slave or blade,
Dust or body, the role is played;
Over grass and under sun
Past one hostel trudges none;
Stop man and maid
At the Sign of the Spade.

TWO FEET DEEP.

"See here!" snapped the landlord,
who had responded to the tenant's
burry-call for a plumber, "I thought you
said the water in your cellar was two
feet deep. It's only a few inches."

"Well, that's as deep as my two feet,"
retorted the tenant, "and that's two
much."

The Story of Tammany.

HOW "BOSS" MURPHY KEEPS HIS HOLD ON NEW YORK.

Tammany has had another narrow escape from the destruction which its enemies have predicted for it for the past century. Time and again the great political machine, which not only controls the American metropolis, but also exerts a sinister influence on national politics, has been defeated at the polls. Yet, no sooner is Tammany crushed than it rises again stronger than ever.

Tammany, which was originally a charitable institution at the end of the eighteenth century, confined itself entirely to the relief of distress in New York. One fine morning it awoke to find that it had achieved a new power in politics by the election to local office of one of its members. From that moment until the present day Tammany has been a political scourge. It must not be supposed, however, that this organised robbery and blackmail is altogether bad. On the contrary, setting aside all questions of law and morality, Tammany does more good than evil. The honest citizen, the hard-working poor, and the usually over-taxed middle-class have reason to sing the praises of the great machine which looks after their interests, keeps down taxation, and in general sees to it that in those ordinary things which usually make for good government no stone shall be left unturned to achieve the desired end.

PAYING FOR PROTECTION.

And here is where the amazing cleverness and cupidity of Tammany comes in. The slightest infraction of the law is visited with the severest punishment, or, worse still, blackmail. The gambler, the racing tout, the keepers of disorderly houses, and other smaller fry are all assessed regular sums, which are called for monthly by policemen assigned specifically to this duty. Every great corporation, such as the railways, tram companies, and building enterprises, pay the most exorbitant tribute to the Tammany election fund, so that they may be protected against any infraction of the law which they commit every hour of the day.

Thousands of pounds flow annually into the Tammany treasure chest from the pockets of merchants who use the pavements in front of their establishments to pile up goods intended for shipment. There is no other means in New York of shipping goods, yet through Tammany's Bureau of Encumbrances it is made a misdemeanor to leave even a match box on the pavement. If you walk down, say Spruce-street, and thread your way through mountains of great boxes, you may gain an idea of the blackmail exacted by the great Moloch for this privilege.

The Tammany blackmailer steps airily into the office of the president of a great company which cannot possibly avoid keeping within the minor laws made especially for blackmailing purposes. His hat is on the side of his head. In his mouth, at an angle of 40 degrees, he carries a great black cigar.

"Good mornin', Misherter X—" he says good-humouredly. "I've called fer to tell ye that we are about ready fer another assessment, an' if ye please, will ye bring it up to th' Boss in Fourteenth-street th' day?"

If the money—cheques are not taken—is not forthcoming, that company will find itself in hot water before the week is out.

THE "BOSS."

Election time sees Tammany at its best. The great organisation is engineered by one lone, silent Irishman from the headquarters at Tammany Hall. This Irishman, one Charles Murphy, is the successor of Mr. Richard Croker, who has given up the delights of Tammany for the less exciting pastime of racing. To Mr. Murphy comes all the blackmail known as "assessments," and he is accountable to no one. Books are not kept. Gifts are "voluntary." The Boss divides New York into 20 separate districts, each district under its own leader, usually an Irish alderman.

Each of these leaders sub-divides his

district under a junior leader, and each junior leader in turn sub-divides his district, so that in the end every block of houses in New York has its Tammany district under its distinct leader, who is directly responsible to his immediate Boss for the number of voters in his charge, so that within five minutes the Boss at headquarters can tell the exact number of men he can bring to the polls. If any district shows a decided falling-off, he has but to bring in a couple of carloads of "colonisers," which is Tammany's apt word for illegal voters.

Mr. McClellan, the re-elected Mayor, is a man of the highest integrity, as so many other Tammany Mayors have been before him. It is part of Tammany's programme to put into the higher administrative offices men of undoubted honour and little capacity, leaving the minor offices, which carry with them the opportunities for stealing, to be filled by the henchmen of the Boss and his leaders.

REWARD OF MERIT!

I used to know a man in New York who never did anything, had no visible means of support, and yet lived the life of a man about town, always paying his way, and never short of money. It was by a mere accident that I learned that he held office under Tammany as Inspector of Manhole Covers." He was one of thirty. The only work they performed was to go to the Treasurer's office once a month to draw pay. There are hundreds of sinecures like this under Tammany—the reward of faithful service!

There is no danger that the working man will vote against Tammany. In the first place, Tammany sees to it that he is not taxed; and in the second place, Tammany provides work throughout the year. If a man can prove that he has been a Tammany voter, he will find little difficulty in securing work either as a street-cleaner or a road-maker. The Tammany system is fully explained by these words from a music-hall song:

It's me brother Dan is an alderman,
With a grip on th' 14th ward;
It's him that has the tickets for
To work on the Booleyard.

Small wonder, then, that this perfect system can never be completely crushed out by its dilatory enemies, the reformers. Once every generation or so a wave of purity and morality sweeps over New York, and with irresistible force carries Tammany with it. Then comes the chance of the reformers. They invariably make such a mess of things, being inept idealists, that within two or three months the most respectable members of society begin an agitation for the return of Tammany, with its peace for the law-abiding citizens and its smooth, unobtrusive manner of conducting the affairs of the great city.

The Haunted Woodland.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

My soul goes out to her who says,
"Come, follow me, and cast off care!"
Then tosses back her sunbright hair,
And like a flower before me sways
Between the green leaves and my gaze:
"This creature like a girl, who smiles
Into my eyes and settles less
Her hand in mine and leads me miles,
Long miles of haunted forest ways."

Sometimes she seems a faint perfume,
A fragrance that a flower exhaled,
And God gave form to: now, unreluctant,
A sunbeam making gold the gloom
Of vines that roof some woodland room
Of houghs; and now the silver sound
Of streams her presence doth assume—
Music, from which, in dreaming drowned,
A crystal shadow she seems to bloom.

Sometimes she seems the light that lies
On foam of waters, where the ferns
Shimmers and drips; now, at some turn
Of woodland, bright against the skies;
She seems the rainbow mist that flies;
And now the noisy fire that breaks
Through the forest in a glare of eyes
Of flowers; and now the wind that shakes
Pale petals from the bough that sighs.

Sometimes she lures me with a song:
Sometimes she guides me with a laugh:
Her white hand is a magic staff,
Her look a spell to lead me long:
Though she be weak and I be strong,
She needs but shake her happy hair,
But glance her eyes, and, right or wrong,
My soul must follow— anywhere.
She wills—far from the world's wild
throng.

Sometimes I think that she must be
No part of earth, but merely this—
The fair, elusive thing we miss
In Nature; that we dream we see,
Yet never see; that goldenly
Beacons; that, hushed with rose and pearl,
The Greek made a divinity—
A nymph, a god, a shimmering girl,
That haunts the forest's mystery.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Miss E. Street, of Cambridge, is on a visit to friends at the Thames.

The Misses Alison (Takapuna) are staying at Kia Ora House, Rotorua.

Admiral II. Dowding, R.N., will shortly visit Auckland.

Mr. S. Kronfeld returned from the islands by the Manapouri last week.

Mrs C. L. Levy, Feilding, is the guest of Mrs Empson at Rotorua.

Miss A. Thompson (Christchurch) is visiting Rotorua.

Miss Ure (England) is visiting her sister, Mrs Wolman, at Rotorua.

Mrs Hodge and family (Thames) are staying in Rotorua at present.

The Hon. G. McLean is on a visit to Auckland.

Dr. and Mrs Bewes (Otafahu) are on a holiday trip South. Last week they were in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Beale and the Misses Beale (Parnell) have been spending the holidays in Rotorua.

Mrs Thorne George and Miss George (Parnell) are staying at Waiverua House, Rotorua.

The Misses Berry (Takapuna), who are visiting Rotorua, are staying at Brent's.

Mrs F. Kenderdine, of Mt. Eden, Auckland, is at present staying at Hamilton.

Nurse Stanley, of Waikato Hospital, has been appointed charge nurse of the public hospital at Masterton.

Miss H. Wells, of Cambridge, is at present staying with Archdeacon and Mrs Willis at St. Helier's Bay.

M. Bouefre (French Consul) and his son, who have been visiting the South, returned to Auckland by the s.s. Zealandia on Sunday.

Mr C. R. Cowper, of Melbourne, succeeds the late Mr. Clement Winter as inspector in New Zealand of the Bank of Australasia.

Mr Horace C. Hunt, organist and choir-master of the Terrace Congregational Church, Wellington, is spending a holiday in Auckland.

Bandmaster Herbert Tremaine has returned to Auckland, and taken charge of the City Salvation Army Band, which he worked up so well some months ago.

Major Whitney, general manager of the Colonial Ammunition Company, leaves London for the colonies on January 6th.

Mr and Mrs Parry and family, of Mount Albert, Auckland, have taken a furnished cottage in Cambridge for the holidays.

Mr J. Kays, formerly a member of the staff of Messrs Sharland and Co., of Auckland, but now of Sydney, is on a visit to Auckland with his wife and daughter.

We regret to learn that Mr Harold W. Hudson, secretary of L. D. Nathan and Co., Ltd., is suffering from appendicitis, and has been obliged to enter Woodside private hospital.

The Ouhunga postal staff presented their postmaster, Mr. J. F. Long, with a handsome portmanteau as a Christmas box. The presentation was made by the chief clerk, Mr. T. Hale.

Mr V. J. Larner, a member of the Auckland Stock Exchange, who has been on a tour of Europe for the past nine months with Mrs. Larner, returned on Sunday via Sydney.

Mr A. B. Reynolds, choirmaster of the Sacred Heart Church, Auckland, was presented on Christmas Day with a set of silver fish servers from the clergy and choir of his church. The presentation was made with eulogistic remarks by Dr. Egan while entertaining the choir at his residence.

News has just been received from Cape Town of the death of Mr. Malcolm James Smith, which took place at his residence, Wynburg, Cape Town, on the 24th of November. Mr. Smith leaves a widow and a family of three boys to mourn his loss. He was a nephew of Mr. W. S. Laurie, of Mount Eden.

On the application of Mr A. L. Herdman, His Honor the Chief Justice last week admitted as a solicitor of the Supreme Court Mr R. W. Hill, who has for some time occupied the position of private secretary to Mr W. F. Massey, the leader of the Opposition in Parliament.

Mr and Mrs A. W. Blair left Auckland for Wellington on Sunday. Mr Blair, who was with Mr Andrew Hanna, barrister and solicitor, for a considerable time, has received a very good appointment with Messrs Skerrett and Wylie.

Archdeacon Willis and family have gone to their seaside residence at St. Helier's Bay for six or seven weeks. The Rev. Mr McFarlane, of Auckland, is occupying the vicarage at Cambridge, and will take the services during Archdeacon Willis' absence, writes our Cambridge correspondent.

Amongst Aucklanders in Rotorua just now are:—Mrs and Miss Boulton, Mrs Gawlor, Miss Thornes, Miss Moore, Miss Small, Mrs Cleghorn (Devonport), Mrs Erke Maxwell (Devonport), Mrs Street, Miss Gillies, Miss Rook, Miss Fallwell, Miss Barry, Mr Meldrum.

Among visitors at Waiverua House, Rotorua, lately, have been:—Mrs Proctor (Vancouver), Mr Allen (Canterbury), Mr Quick (England), Mr Krause (Samoa), Miss Tulley and Miss Woolers (Wellington), Mr and Mrs S. Wilson and three daughters (Wellington), Mr, Mrs and Miss Walker (Remuera), Mr and Mrs E. Anderson (Remuera), Miss Campbell (Te Aroha).

The Rev. D. D. Scott was inducted last week to the Ouhunga Presbyterian Church. The Rev. R. F. Macnicol, moderator of the Presbytery, presided, and the Rev. R. H. Catherwood, of St. Peter's, preached. The Rev. R. Somerville put the usual questions to the minister-elect. The Rev. Henry B. Gray (of St. Andrew's) moderator during the vacancy, offered the ordination prayer and addressed the minister, while the Rev. R. L. Walker, of St. James', addressed the congregation.

The following changes have been made among the officers of the Union Steamship Company:—Mr W. B. McQueen, second officer of the Rakanoa, has come ashore for examination for a master's certificate, and his place on the Rakanoa has been filled by Mr R. W. Bohn, second officer of the Taieri. Mr McAlister, late second officer of the Karitane, has joined the Taieri in a similar capacity. Mr Scott, second officer of the Kaituna, has relieved Mr Holmes, of the Patatea, who met with a slight accident.

Captain Hugh Boscawen, hon. aide-de-camp to His Excellency the Governor, received advice last week of the death of his uncle, Colonel Arthur Tremayne, at the age of 80 years, who married a sister of Lord Donoughmore. Colonel Tremayne took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and had two horses shot under him in the course of the historic charge, besides having the heel of his boot torn away by a shot. He got back to the lines practically unscathed, but was wounded in a subsequent action, and afterwards was counted for dead as a victim of cholera. The gallant colonel, who came of old Cornish stock, had lately lived at Carclew, near Falmouth.

The following visitors were staying at the Okoroire Hotel during the week ending December 23: From England—Mr. Pilkington, Miss Pilkington, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Harrison, Mr. A. D. Campbell, Mr. J. C. Buckingham, From Queensland—Hon. H. Mosman, Miss Palmer, Miss E. Palmer, Miss Gardine. From Melbourne—Mr. Ledingham, Mr. Quick. From Fiji—Mr. Burton. From Wellington—Mr. and Mrs. S. Brown, Miss Brown. From Auckland—Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Master McCulloch, Mrs. Leo. Myers, maid, and children, Madame Boeufre, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Dunk, Mrs. Rosenthal, maid, and child, Mr. D. Downes. From Paeroa—Mr. A. Short, Mr. T. Short, Mr. E. Short, Mr. Crick, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Williams. From Rotorua—Mr. Morreassy, From Hamilton—Mrs. and Miss Cussen, Mr. Burr, Mr. Williamson, Mr. McSherrin, Mr. Panton, Mr. Golly, Mr. Henderson. From Drury—Mr. Wright, Mr. Harry Cossey, Mr. Herbert Cossey, Mr. William Cossey, Mr. McPeake.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Mr R. C. Euse, of Waverley, has been revisiting New Plymouth.

Mr H. Ballantyne has been visiting New Plymouth.

Mr J. F. Frith, of Nelson, has returned home from New Plymouth.

Mr J. Standish, of Auckland, is spending his holidays in New Plymouth.

Mrs F. Fantham (Pictou) is visiting her sister, Mrs D. E. Fantham, Hawera.

Mr R. C. Hamerton, of Wellington, is staying with his relatives at New Plymouth for a few days.

Mr A. Atkinson, of Auckland, has been visiting his relations at New Plymouth.

Mr Campbell McDiarmid, of Hamilton, has been spending his Christmas holidays at New Plymouth.

Mr H. Nixon, late of the Bank of New Zealand, Wanganui, has been spending a few days in New Plymouth.

Mr C. E. Messenger, of Wellington, has been staying with his brother at New Plymouth.

Mr W. Leatham, of Auckland, has been on a visit to his relations in New Plymouth, accompanied by Mr Rawson.

Mr and Mrs A. J. McIntosh, of Invercargill, have been spending their holidays in New Plymouth.

Mr R. H. Nolan and his son have arrived in Hawera after a ten months' trip to England.

Miss Latter, who has been spending the winter in Eltham and Hawera, has returned to Christchurch, accompanied by her sister, Mrs A. Tompler, Eltham.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mr and Mrs M. Barnett (Wellington) are spending a few days in Napier.

Mrs R. Duncan (Napier) is spending a week in Wellington.

Misses Todd-Fanua (Napier) are spending a week in Wellington.

Mrs F. Moeler has returned to Napier after spending some months in London.

Mrs Westall, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Wellington.

Miss Simpson (New Plymouth) is spending a holiday in Napier.

Mr and Mrs Ronald (Napier) are spending some weeks in Taupo.

Miss McLernon (Napier) is spending some weeks in the country.

Mrs Von Dadzlon has returned to Napier from the country, and is the guest of Lady Whitmore.

Miss Cotterill (Masterton) is spending some weeks in Napier. She is the guest of Mrs Stopford.

Miss Hamlin (Napier) is spending a short holiday in Wairoa, and is the guest of Mrs Glendinning.

Miss Glendinning has returned to Wairoa after spending some weeks in Napier.

Mr and Mrs Tiers are spending a week or two in Napier as the guests of Judge Brabant.

Mrs Pierce (Wellington), who is spending some weeks in Napier, is the guest of Mrs Holmes Dean.

Mrs and Miss Stead (Christchurch) are spending a week or two in Napier. They are the guests of Mrs Willard Stead.

Miss Twigg has returned to Napier after spending some months in Gisborne.

Miss N. McVay (Napier) is spending some weeks in Feilding.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss O'Brien, of Wanganui, has gone to Wellington for the holidays.

Mrs. Dodgshun, of Wanganui, has gone for a long visit to Dunedin.

Miss Owen, of Wanganui, is staying with relations in Wellington.

Mr R. Anderson, of Wanganui, has returned from Auckland.

Mr H. Waldegrave, of Palmerston North, is at Rotorua.

Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, is staying with friends in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs Chatfield, Wellington, have gone to the Hot Lakes for a visit.

The Misses Gorrie (Auckland) are in Wellington for the tennis tournament.

Mr and Mrs Zielo (Christchurch) are spending a week or two in Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Tanner have gone to Rona Bay for January.

Miss Campbell (Dunedin) is in Wellington on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotteril, of Greymouth, are staying in Wanganui with Mrs. John Anderson.

Mr. Palmer, of Auckland, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson, in Wanganui.

Mrs Thompson and Miss Wilson have gone North to spend Christmas, writes our Palmerston North correspondent.

Miss Dora Reed (Palmerston North) spent the Christmas holidays in Dunedin.

Miss Fookes (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs H. S. Fitzherbert (Palmerston North).

The Hon. F. Arkwright, Mrs and Miss Arkwright spent a week or two in Wellington on their way to England.

Miss Wallis (England) is at present the guest of the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs Wallis at Bishopscourt.

The Hon. T. W. Hislop and Mrs Hislop have left Wellington for a motor trip to Auckland by way of Napier and Taupo.

Mr and Mrs Brian Lysaght (Hawera) are in Wellington, staying with Mr and Mrs Stowe.

Mr and Mrs Burnett and a party of young people are camping out at Trentham, near Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Gerald Fitzgerald, who have been for a six months' trip to England, are back in Wellington again.

Mrs Menzies has left Wellington for Invercargill, where she will spend some weeks with her daughter, Mrs Watson.

Dr. and Mrs MacArthur have left for Canterbury (writes our Wellington correspondent). They will visit Hanmer before returning home.

Mrs. W. Humphreys, of Kawhia, who has been staying in Wanganui, has left for Hunterville, where she is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Barthorpe.

Mr J. Pearce, who has been absent from Wellington for some years, has arrived on a visit to his people. At present he is staying with Mr and Mrs A. Pearce at Lowry Bay.

Mr Leo Buller, who recently arrived from England, has gone to Lake Papatonga for a few days. Mr Percy Buller is still making good progress to recovery, and will soon be able to leave Wellington for change of air.

The Rev. Father Hayes, who since his temperance campaign in Auckland has been recruiting his health in the north of the colony, is now in Wellington as the guest of Dr. Machin. His health is much improved. He expects to leave New Zealand by the Maheno in the middle of January.

The chief officials of the Mines Department assembled in the Ministers' room at Wellington to bid farewell to the retiring Under-Secretary, Mr H. J. Elliot, and to present him with a testimonial. The Minister, Hon. J. McGowan, spoke in high terms of Mr Elliot's past services. Mr. T. H. Hamer, the new Under-Secretary, was present at the function, and his fitness for the position was the subject of eulogy during the speeches.

Captain and Mrs Gisborne, who recently arrived from England, spent Christmas and New Year in Wellington. They intend going the West Coast Sounds trip and doing the South Island. They leave for Sydney after visiting the Hot Lakes, and will probably return to England by way of America. Captain Gisborne is a nephew of Captain Edwin, and formerly lived in Wellington.

Captain and Mrs Rose, who recently arrived from England on one of their periodic visits, are staying at "Bellevue," Lower Hutt. They intend to spend at least six months in the colony. Early in January they are going to Auckland to see their married daughter, Mrs Houghton. Miss Rose and Miss N. Rose are remaining in London.

Early this year Sir Joseph and Lady Ward are going to Italy, where Sir Joseph will represent New Zealand at the Postal Conference to be held at Rome. Miss Eileen Ward will accompany them, and after some weeks in Italy the party will go on to England. Sir Joseph will be back in New Zealand for the session, but it is probable that Lady Ward and her daughter will remain behind in order to make a longer stay in the Old Country.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Miss Somerville (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs John Deans, at Riccarton.

Mr and Mrs Studholme, of Coldstream, are on a visit to Auckland.

Miss Kitson has returned to Christchurch from her visit to Nelson.

Miss Brandon (Wellington) is staying with Mrs Deans (Riccarton).

Mr and Mrs W. B. Cowlishaw, of Christchurch, left last week to do the Australian tour.

Messrs J. B. Reid and J. F. Reid, of Oamaru, were in Auckland for the racing.

Dr. and Mrs Trevor, of Ashburton, are leaving for a trip to the Old Country early in January.

Mrs Finch (Wellington) is paying a visit to Mrs Molyneux, Hereford-street, Christchurch.

Mrs R. Dampier-Atkinson, who has been visiting friends in Christchurch, has returned to Blenheim.

Mrs Reeves, who has been visiting Mrs Lance, at Horsley Downs, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs C. Dalgety, who went to Dunedin to attend her sister's wedding, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs Turner (Geraldine) is staying with Mrs Hugh Reeves at the Deanery, Armagh-street, Christchurch.

Miss Barnicoat (Wanganui) passed through Christchurch last week, on her way to Culverden, where she will be the guest of Mrs Marmaduke Bethell.

Mr and Mrs Gilbert Anderson and family, Mr and Mrs W. Carey Hill, and Mr and Mrs Nixon (Christchurch) are spending Christmas and New Year at Kaikoura, the guests of Mr Bullen.

Mrs Bullock and Miss Mary Bullock, who have just returned from England and the Continent, have taken a house at St. Albans for a few months, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mr C. A. C. Hardy, M.H.R., states that owing to the claims of his private business he will not seek re-election at the expiration of the present Parliament.

Among the passengers by the Rimutaka for London and Edinburgh were three medical students from Otago—Messrs Chapman, Sim, and Murray. They are accompanied by Mr R. S. Ott, a son of Professor Scott, of Dunedin.

The Christchurch Police Force has the distinction of containing in its ranks an expert in Hindustani, in the person of Sergeant Bird. At an inquest recently held in Christchurch, in which most of the witnesses were Hindus, the Sergeant acted as interpreter, and discharged the duties with such fluency that what at first promised to be a lengthy sitting was greatly shortened. Sergeant Bird, who is an Englishman, spent many years in India.

THE STOMACH'S DAY'S WORK.

If any man or woman had to work as hard at the Christmas and New Year holiday period as his or her own stomach has to work, there would be a strike. Little wonder, then, that the stomach occasionally gets wrong, and most people at this time of the year find it necessary to take a few of Bile Beans to keep this busy organ up to par. This is a list of what the stomach has to do every day: "Turn several pounds of solid food into a semi-liquid state. Digest that amount, turning it into a form from which it may be made into bone, muscle, or other tissue. Make its own supply of gastric juice to digest with, 10 to 20 pints per day. Keep up a heat of 100 degrees, notwithstanding all the cold water, ice cream, etc., that is taken." If the stomach gets below that temperature, if it ceases to secrete gastric juice, food decomposes, wind collects, flatulence and pain follow. There is a loss of appetite, headache, sometimes constipation, and other symptoms of digestive disorder. Every day makes it harder for the hard-worked stomach to get back to its proper state, until, unless helped, it breaks down completely. Bile Beans help it in a purely natural manner. They clean away decomposing matter, gently open the bowels, tons up the secreting glands, and in other ways are most beneficial. Bile Beans are obtainable from all medicine vendors. Avoid substitutes.

MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS

If you want everything up-to-date, give me a call. YOKO MATS (the new flower pot cover Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices. FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY. TELEPHONE 2. Opposite B.S.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss M. Richmond, daughter of Mrs J. Richmond, Epsom, Auckland, to Mr Donald MacCormick, son of the late Mr J. C. MacCormick, St. Martin's Avenue, Auckland.



TREACY—SANSON.

A wedding in which much interest was shown took place in the Primitive Methodist Church, Waterview, on Christmas Day, when Mr A. J. G. Treacy, of Khyber Pass, was married to Miss F. E. Sanson, daughter of Mr G. Sanson, of Waterview. The church, which was very tastefully decorated, was filled with friends to witness the ceremony. The Rev. G. Clement officiated. As the bridal party entered the church the choir sang "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden." The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss May Hooper as bridesmaid. Mr G. Arnold was best man. Miss Wilson played the "Wedding March" as the bridal party, left the church. A reception was subsequently held at the residence of the bride's parents. Mr and Mrs Treacy were the recipients of many handsome presents.

TRAYES—TAYLOR.

A very pretty but quiet wedding was solemnised at "Windhill," Mangere Bridge, on December 22nd, the contracting parties being Miss Mariemne Taylor, second daughter of Mr and Mrs C. Taylor, Mangere, and Mr Alfred E. Traves, first assistant master of Pensohby Public School. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked pretty in a gown of ivory white chiffon taffeta, the bodice of which was tastefully trimmed with rich cream lace and the skirt with frills and true lover's knots of gathered ribbon. The long veil, orange wreath, and bridal bouquet, together with a massive plain gold bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom, were her only adornments. The bride was attended by Misses Cis. Phillips and Julie Taylor (sister of the bride), both of whom wore pale pink frocks of fine white embroidery trimmed mullin over a pink silk foundation, and for ornament amethyst and cairngorm brooches, respectively, the stones fluely set each on a gold bar of twelve pearls, these brooches being the gifts of the bridegroom. Messrs E. T. Cox and G. L. Taylor (brother of the bride) waited on the bridegroom, the ceremony being conducted in a most efficient manner by the Rev. J. Mills Stoops, B.A., of Onehunga. Numerous relatives were entertained at afternoon tea previous to the departure of the bride and bridegroom on a tour of the South Island. The happy pair were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents, conspicuous among which was a choice silver tea service, presented by the teachers of the Pensohby Public School.

BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

He: "I'd consider it a great pleasure to talk to a woman like Miss Cassaway."
She: "What! Why she'd talk you to death."
He: "I said I'd consider it a pleasure to talk to her, not to her."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting announcements of Births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 10 words, and 3d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BLACKLOCK.—On December 21st, at her residence, Tenacore Avenue, Mt Eden, the wife of John C. Blacklock of a son.

BLOMFIELD.—On December 20th, at Gordon Rd., Mt. Eden, the wife of H. B. Blomfield of a son.

DICKEY.—On December 28th, at her residence, Liverpool-st., the wife of W. A. Dickey, of twin sons.

HEATH.—On December 23, 1905, at their residence, Murdoch road, Grey Lynn, to Mr and Mrs Thomas C. Heath, a daughter.—both doing well.

SALMON.—On December 21st, at Walters' Rd., Mount Roskill, to Mr and Mrs Percy Salmon, a son.

SCHELLY.—On January 1, at Wolf street, City, the wife of H. Scelly of a daughter; both doing well.

SMITH.—At the vicarage, Northcote, on 22nd December, the wife of Rev. A. F. Smith of a son.

WRIGHT.—On December 15th, at her residence, Great North Rd., the wife of W. H. Wright of a son.

WALKER.—On December 20, at Greenwood street, Eden Terrace, to Mr and Mrs S. Walker, a daughter; both doing well.

LAWRENCE.—On Dec. 27, 1905, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mouna Vale, Henderson, Dnby, the eldest daughter of Mr F. J. Lawrence, to David, eldest son of Mr Geo. Hall, of Kounata, Thames.

MARRIAGES.

MCGONAGLE-FINLAY.—On October 12, 1905, at Auckland, Catherine Phoebe, second eldest daughter of F. K. Finlay, to Walter Crawford, third eldest son of W. McGonagle, of Wanganui.

LETHAM-BRITTAIN.—On November 20th, 1905, at the Helping Hand Mission Hall, by the Rev. R. P. Rothwell, Albert James (Bert), second son of James Letham, to Henrietta May (Bette), fourth daughter of Thomas Brittain; both of Auckland.

SILVER WEDDING.

JOHNSTON-HAMILTON.—On December 31, 1880, at St. James's Church, Wellington street, by the Rev. R. F. Macdonald, Francis, eldest son of the late James Johnston, to Annie (Marie) Hamilton, of County Omagh, Belfast.

DEATHS.

CARSON.—On December 28, 1905, at the Auckland Hospital, the result of injuries received in a tram accident, John, dearly beloved husband of Sarah Ann Carson; aged 50 years. R.I.P.

CARTER.—Accidentally drowned in Claymore-Kapuni collision in Auckland Harbour on December 23, 1905, Patrick, the dearly beloved son of Mrs M. Carter, Devon street, Eden Terrace. Body not yet found.

FARRALL.—On December 20th, at his parents' residence, Mangawhai-road, Newmarket, Cosmas Patrick, the dearly-loved son of William and Anastasia Farrell, aged 1 year and 3 months.

GARRITT.—On December 20, 1905, at his residence, Eden Terrace, George, the beloved husband of Sophia M. Garritt; aged 78 years.

HEDGECOCK.—At his residence, Wellington street, on December 27, John Cobb Hedgcock; aged 73 years.

HORSFALL.—On December 22, at her residence, Summer-st., Eden Terrace, Mrs Horsfall, widow of the late Thomas Horsfall; aged 85 years.

KELLY-ARNOLD.—On December 24th, at her daughter's (Mrs E. Nounan) residence, Clyde-st., Tarnell, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Arnold (deceased), late of Thames; only daughter of Patrick Gibbons, under-shoemaker, Sand Koglan, Klag and Queen's County Bur, Ireland, and granddaughter to Patrick Gibbons, Esq., of the Rake Mills, Ireland, also to Benjamin England, Esq., County Bur, Ireland, who leaves five daughters and one son to mourn her loss; aged 80 years.—R.I.P.—Thames, Wellington, and Home papers please copy.

LEE.—On December 27th, at Remuera, Mary, the beloved wife of William Lee.

LE ROY.—On December 31, at his residence, Varied, Captain Emilius Le Roy; aged 78 years.

NANKIVILL.—On December 20th, at the residence of the late Mrs. Hobson-st., William Nankivill; aged 86 years.

PERCIVAL.—On December 20th, 1905, at Brooklyn House, Hobson-st., James Hogarth, dearly beloved husband of Sarah Percival; aged 74 years.

RAMSBOTTOM.—On December 26th, 1905, at Auckland, Jeanina, the widow of the late Benjamin Ramsbottom; aged 74 years.

SMITH.—At Capetown, on November 24, Malcolm James Smith, aged 53 years.

SMITH.—On December 23, at the Vicarage, Northcote, the infant son of the Rev. A. S. and Mrs Smith; aged 6 days.

Richard Above Himself Again.

[Mr Richard Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, has been making a speech. "The Times" publishes a cable to the effect that "as regards Japanese immigration, Mr Seddon declared that Japanese would not be allowed to come to New Zealand, and that the colony would refuse to be dictated to in the matter."]

Richard: "death whose awful thumb, Like a god's that goes on wheels, Behind the ether's ether's dome, And adjacent Ocean reels; We who catch at times a rumour Touching things that you have said Find our homely sense of humour Hampered by a latent dread. Let our Richard's health should suffer From a swelling in the head.

You have spoken: "I am he Who will give the ailon page; None shall dare dictate to me On our local yellow seas; In a land that teems with gentle Uncontaminated hearts, Never shall the Oriental Dump his diabolic arts, Or pollute our newly greyers or defile our meaty meats!"

But the peoples whom you brand As a swarm of noxious flies—Does your Highness understand They include our own allies? And whose valour, strength, and station We will not just now review, Men to vent the observation (Which, in any case, is true)—Those whom we delight to honour should be good enough for you!

Kindly note this useful fact:— Friends of ours are friends of yours; They implicitly contract Not to raid your helpless shores; Else the Japs, whom you of Zealand Treat as something rather vile, Might to-morrow lift their heel and With a deferential smile Flatten honourable Seddon, if they thought It worth their while.

You have manners yet to learn Such as Eastern nations teach; You must make it your concern To amend your style of speech. Talk no more of our intrusion In affairs beyond the seas, You who nursed the fond illusion That you had a right to seas. When the Rand that fired the heathen neathen never asked you, "May we please?"

Can it be your head is turned By your team of lugsy "blacks"? Has the glory they have earned Set you tottering in their tracks? Well, it's not mere weight and gristle; You must also play the game, Or the referee may whistle And you'll have yourself to blame. If you get a free-kick planted where you don't expect the same. —"O.S." in "Punch."

ULCERS CAUSED BY CHICKEN POX.

Zam-Buk Happily Ends Much Suffering.

"A few weeks ago," says Mrs. E. S. Cartwright, of Molog, N.S.W., "my little boy aged three years had a bad attack of Chicken Pox, causing a number of discharging ulcers to appear all over his legs. I applied all sorts of lotions and ointments prescribed by different medical men. For 12 weeks I persevered with these treatments without noticeable benefit. I was then persuaded to give Zam-Buk a trial. I accordingly purchased a pot from our local chemist, and was amazed to find that after a few dressings with the Balm the sores were thoroughly healed, leaving the skin with a clean, healthy, and unbroken appearance. Since then I have had further cause to test Zam-Buk's healing power amongst the children, and can only say that it is unequalled. No household should be without a pot of this wonderful healer." Zam-Buk, the Great Healer, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Ringworm, Bunco, etc. As a household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Black-heads, Prickly Heat, Freckles, Sunburn, Rash, and Bites of Insects, Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors at 1/6, or 3/8 family size (containing nearly four times the quantity), or from The Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

TO SUFFERING YOUNG MEN. A Reverend Gentleman, an unfortunate sufferer for years, was cured in a remarkable manner after Doctors had failed. I will send the cure free to anyone. Write to Mr. Henry Marshall, P.O., Elizabeth Street, North Melbourne.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, January 2. NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE RACES.

The crowd at the racecourse on New Year's Day equalled if it did not excel that present on Boxing Day, and the lawn was gayer than ever with bright dresses, while places on the stand were at a premium. Some exceedingly smart frocks were worn, but as the paper is already waiting to go to press I can only describe some of the more striking and memorable. Lady Plunket wore a lovely gown of pale blue cloth, with a charming white plumed hat, with clusters of pink roses under the brim, and white feather boa; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket was in a white cloth tailor-made, faced with blue, and a black picture hat; Mrs Braithwaite, in a black lace robe over white glace, and a pretty black and white bonnet to match Miss Braithwaite was in a beautifully fitting white cloth coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a becoming black hat; Mrs Gorrie, in a dainty gown of heliotrope floral muslin, with a pretty black and heliotrope toque; Mrs Arthur Myers was gowned in a pale hyacinth blue taffeta, with crossover bodice, showing a dainty white lace vest, and a blue hat wreathed with shaded blue hyacinths; Mrs Louis Myers wore a black and white figured silk, with black lace and insertion, and a becoming black bonnet; Mrs Coleman was in a charming gown of pale grey, with a white lace yoke and a very pretty toque to match; Mrs Colbeck wore a heliotrope flecked linen coat and skirt, with a white lace collar, and a charming hat to match; Mrs Duthie was daintily gowned in a white embroidered muslin, and a becoming white hat wreathed with pink rosebuds; Mrs George Bloomfield was in a white and black ring-spotted linen costume and a pretty Tuscan hat; Mrs Edwin Horton was charmingly gowned in a pale grey floral silk and a pretty hat to match; Mrs H. Bloomfield wore a lovely white crepe de chine, with real lace, and a becoming white and pink hat; Mrs Wright (Dunedin) was in a putty-colored cloth costume, with a black picture hat; Mrs Ware was gowned in a black and white floral muslin over glace, and charming black and white toque; Mrs Dargaville wore a handsome black velvet costume, relieved with cream lace, and a black and cream toque; Mrs Hoskins was attired in a pale grey spotted silk, with a cream lace yoke, and a pretty toque composed of shaded roses; Mrs Shepherd, in a white inserted silk, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a black picture hat; Mrs H. Thompson looked remarkably well in a black crepe de chine costume, with a black picture hat; Mrs Hope Lewis was gowned in a pale grey barred muslin, with a rose silk belt, and a black hat wreathed with roses; Lady Lockhart wore a brown silk voile, faced with Patrick-green, cream lace yoke, and a brown and cream toque; Mrs Guy Williams was gowned in a blue and cream stamped chiffon, with wreaths of shaded chiflon roses round the yoke and a charming hat to match; Mrs Nolan wore a dainty rose-pink and white floral muslin, inset with Valenciennes, pretty floral hat to match; Mrs Bodle was in a sapphire blue silk voile, with Paris lace and a black picture hat; Mrs Roberts wore a blue chiflon voile, with a cream lace yoke, and a becoming blue and white toque; Mrs P. Dufour was in a charming black glace, with a becoming black plumed hat; Mrs Black was daintily gowned in a white silk voile, with a charming black hat; Mrs Cotter was gowned in a handsome black silk, with a becoming black and cream toque; Mrs Stuart Reed was attired in a dainty white muslin, with a white plumed hat; Mrs J. Reed wore a white cloth tailor-made costume, and a charming black

hat; Mrs Towaley was in a black shirred glace, with a white satin collar, veiled in black lace, and a black and white toque; Mrs E. C. Smith was daintily gowned in a white embroidered muslin, blue ceinture, and a pretty white hat with cluster of pink roses; Mrs C. Browne wore a black and pink floral muslin, inset with Valenciennes, and pretty floral toque; Mrs Marwick was in a charming pink muslin, with a vest of white lace, and a white hat, wreathed with pink rosebuds; Mrs Baume wore a handsome black taffeta, with collar of real lace, and black and white toque; Mrs F. Baume was gowned in a cream and pink floral silk, cream vest, and a pretty floral toque; Mrs Sydney Nathan wore a biscuit coloured silk gown, inset with cream lace medallions, and a pretty cream toque; Mrs Louisson was beautifully gowned in a heliotrope taffeta, with front panel of lace, and a becoming heliotrope toque; Mrs Alfred Nathan looked charming in a white and pink spotted muslin, with Valenciennes lace, and a smart pink toque; Mrs Savage wore a white cloth skirt and a pale blue glace coat, and a charming black hat with shaded blue feathers; Mrs E. Russell was gowned in a pale grey crepe de chine, inset with Paris lace, and a charming black hat; Mrs Holgate wore a white cloth costume, with a smart black toque; Mrs C. Nicol, black chiflon voile, cream lace yoke, becoming black hat; Mrs Grant was charmingly gowned in blue crepe de chine, pretty black toque; Mrs Henderson wore a black crepe de chine, white lace yoke, white quilled toque, with cluster of pink clover; Mrs Benjamin was gowned in a charming grey costume, and a pretty grey and white toque; Mrs Elliot Moss Davis was attired in a lovely lace robe over glace, and a becoming white hat with a yellow bird of paradise; Mrs McCosh Clark was in a black silk voile, with raised design of white Valenciennes, and a pretty black and white toque; Mrs Hume, blue muslin, inset with white Valenciennes lace, pretty white hat, cluster of red roses; Mrs Lawson wore a champagne-tinted voile, shaded ribbon ceinture, violet toque; Mrs John Reed, handsome black gown, with green Oriental embroidery, charming black toque; Mrs J. Neil, in a sapphire-blue voile, cream lace yoke, black hat, wreathed with wistaria; Mrs Bagnall wore cream silk, with ruffings of black ribbon, black picture hat; Mrs Ralph was gowned in a black chiflon voile, with white lace yoke, and a smart black toque; Mrs Ewen Allison looked charming in a black shirred crepe de chine, white lace yoke, Tuscan hat, large white feather; Mrs Ranson wore a black chiflon voile relieved with cream, hat to match; Mrs R. B. Lusk, in a grey coat and skirt, dainty white vest, black picture hat; Mrs G. Anderson wore a blue and white spotted delaine, Paris-tinted lace, white hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs P. Campbell, in a black canvas voile, cream lace yoke, and black and cream toque; Mrs J. P. Stevenson wore a blue floral muslin, cream lace yoke, white hat wreathed with roses; Mrs J. Grey, white linen costume, black picture hat; Mrs Young, white silk voile, becoming black hat; Mrs Foster was charming, gowned in a white and heliotrope figured muslin, heliotrope bows and ceinture, white hat; Mrs Coney, in white ring-spotted linen costume, pretty blue and white hat; Mrs Lepraik wore a white floral muslin, white hat wreathed with shaded roses; Mrs Goodhue, black figured silk, black and violet toque; Mrs Besley wore a handsome black silk, violet bonnet; Mrs Donald wore a handsome black Louise, pretty black and white toque; Mrs McDonald, in a grey flecked tweed costume, black and white bonnet; Mrs W. Churton was gowned in a sapphire blue silk, cream lace yoke, pretty white toque; Mrs N. Van Sturmer, in a white embroidered, linen coat and skirt, blue and white straw hat; Mrs Masfield was gowned in a sapphire blue shirred silk, white lace yoke, white picture hat; Mrs C. Owen, in cream cloth costume, pretty black hat; Mrs Sinclair wore an orchid mauve linen coat and skirt, black toque wreathed with sweet pea; Mrs Phillips, in black canvas voile, with black lace and insertion, black and cream toque; Mrs Keesing, daintily frocked in white muslin, charming pink hat; Mrs Caro, pretty black silk mourning costume; Mrs B. Keesing, in white and blue striped canvas, smart blue and white toque; Mrs Kohn (Christchurch), grey silk voile costume, cream lace yoke,

grey hat garlanded with berries; Mrs Martin wore a sapphire blue canvas voile, cream lace yoke, and blue toque; Mrs Derry, in pale heliotrope and black, check taffeta, long white coat, and Tuscan hat; Mrs Devereux wore a black chiffon voile relieved with cream, black and cream toque; Mrs Ansenne looked charming in white embroidered linen costume, pretty green hat; Mrs Jones, in white inserted muslin, black and white toque, white chiffon and lace pelizine; Mrs Procter wore a biscuit-coloured silk, with a smart brown toque; Mrs Hamlin was gowned in black chiffon voile, white lace yoke outlined with black ruffled ribbon, black toque; Mrs Rees wore a grey tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, dainty white and blue toque; Mrs F. Jervois, in blue floral muslin, pretty silver belt, and Tuscan hat garlanded with green; Mrs Grey was in black figured silk, relieved with white, black toque en suite; Mrs G. Morris wore grey-figured linen, Tuscan hat with wreaths of cornflowers; Mrs Edgcombe, in a grey silk voile, with Paris-tinted lace, grey tulle hat to match; Mrs Featherston, in a reseda green voile, with a black plumed hat; Mrs Witchel was in a black shirred lace relieved with cream, and a black hat with red roses; Mrs Ehrenfried wore a black and white figured silk, with black lace and insertion, and a black toque; Mrs Sharman, in a white serge tailor-made costume, with a Tuscan hat with long white ostrich feathers; Mrs Edwards wore a handsome black Louise gown relieved with green and a black and green toque to match; Mrs Le Cren, in a stone blue voile costume with Paris-tinted lace, and a blue hat garlanded with red berries; Mrs H. Clarke was daintily gowned in white lawn, with white lace medallions, and a blue mirror velvet hat with white feathers; Mrs Munroe Clarke, a white silk, embroidered with roses, and a charming white hat wreathed with pale pink and cream rosebuds; Mrs Kilgour, in a black and white figured muslin, black ceinture, and a black and white toque; Mrs Keogh, in a black figured voile costume and a black toque with red roses; Mrs Brough, in a blue cloth tailor-made costume, dainty cream vest, and a blue toque to match; Miss Temple, in a blue serge coat and skirt with a smart black toque; Mrs Motion, in a pale grey silk voile with a white lace-yoke and a chine ribbon belt, and a pretty grey and white hat; Miss Gorrie wore a Nil green muslin, inset with wide bands of green lace, and a becoming white hat; Miss George was in a becoming gown of pale blue muslin with innumerable tiny frills, dainty white vest, and a blue hat with clusters of pink roses; Miss Zoe George looked charming in a pale blue figured muslin with a white lace yoke, and a dainty white lace hat with blue ribbons; Miss Tolhurst (Wellington) wore a lovely gown of white chiffon taffeta with a white straw hat swathed with white tulle and a white bird; Miss Horton, in a white and pink floral muslin with wide satin belt, and a blue hat with a cluster of pink roses; Miss Williams wore a black crepe de chine with a cream lace yoke and a black quilled tulle hat; Miss — Williams was daintily gowned in a blue and white figured muslin with cream lace and insertion, and a becoming white hat and white feather boa; Miss — Williams wore a charming white poker dotted lawn over lace, and a pale blue ceinture, with a pretty blue and white hat; Miss Coates (Wellington) was in a black chiffon voile costume, relieved with white, and a black and white toque to match; Miss Towle, in a dainty white inserted muslin with a charming white hat wreathed with pink rosebuds; Miss — Towle was in a white embroidered muslin, pale blue ceinture, and a white hat swathed with blue; Miss Denniston was gowned in a charming pink spotted muslin with pink satin waistband, and a becoming black hat; Miss Lusk, in a pale blue chiffon voile with a cream lace yoke, and a black tulle hat; Miss Dargaville was charmingly gowned in a white and pink figured muslin with numerous tiny frills, and a becoming hat to match; Miss O'croft Wilson, in a dainty white muslin, inset with Valenciennes, and a black picture hat; Miss Cotter wore a dark blue silk costume, relieved with cream, and a becoming hat to match; Miss W. Cotter was in a white inserted muslin, threaded with blue ribbon, and a white hat wreathed with daisies; Miss M. Cotter was daintily frocked in white lawn with a charming white and green hat; Miss Louison wore a white silk

with numerous frills edged with Valenciennes, and a Tuscan hat wreathed with roses; Miss Kemphorne (Dunedin) wore a smart grey check taffeta with tiny frills, and a becoming hat to match; Miss Seddon, in a dainty white embroidered muslin with a dark green tulle hat wreathed with forget-me-nots; Miss Lightfoot (Wellington), in a white inserted lawn with a pretty lace hat with navy blue ribbons; Miss Percival, in a blue canvas voile with a cream lace yoke and a Tuscan and black hat; Miss A. Percival wore a black voile costume with a shaded green ceinture and a becoming black hat; Miss Dunnet, in a black cloth costume, piped with white, and a pretty toque to match; Miss May White wore a dainty white inserted lawn with touches of pink, and a white and pink hat to match; Miss Douglas was charmingly gowned in a pale grey silk voile with a cream lace yoke, and a becoming white hat with clusters of pink roses; Miss Walker (Thames) wore a pale grey muslin with Paris-tinted lace, and a black picture hat; Miss Thorpe was daintily frocked in a pale heliotrope figured muslin with a white lace yoke, and a becoming hat to match; Miss — Thorpe wore a pretty cream canvas voile costume with cream lace and insertion, and a Tuscan hat with clusters of red roses; Miss — Thorpe was in a white inserted muslin with a pale blue ceinture, and a becoming blue hat; Miss Macintosh wore a dainty white and floral muslin, with a wide satin belt and a pretty black and mauve toque; Miss Greig was in a charming gown of white inserted muslin, with a white hat wreathed with pink roses; Miss L. Greig, in a white cloth costume, with a smart white hat to match; Miss Davy, in a pretty white embroidered muslin, with a becoming black toque; Miss Little was wearing a grass lawn costume, inset with Paris-tinted lace, and a large black hat; Miss Grierson was charmingly gowned in a grey and white figured muslin, with a green ceinture, and a becoming white and green hat; Miss Devereux wore a holland coat and skirt, with a dainty white vest and a black picture hat; Miss Spicer, in a white linen costume, with a pretty black and white hat; Miss Atkinson was in a pretty pale blue figured muslin, with a cream lace yoke, and a pretty hat to match; Miss Preece was daintily gowned in pale blue, with a black picture hat; Miss Basley wore a charming gown of cream muslin, with mauve ceinture, and a becoming mauve hat; Miss — Basley, in a grey taffeta, with a cream lace yoke, and a grey hat wreathed with yellow roses; Miss J. Reid was in a dainty white inserted muslin, with a white and red hat; Miss Edwards was daintily gowned in white lawn, with touches of blue and a white and blue hat to match; Miss McDonald wore a biscuit coloured voile, relieved with brown and a becoming brown hat; Miss Eva Percival, in a nil green silk, inset with white lace and a white and green hat; Miss Alice Binney was in a leaf-green silk, with a becoming black hat; Miss T. Binney wore a charming white embroidered muslin, with a white hat wreathed with green; Miss R. Nathan, in a beautifully fitting white cloth costume, and a Tuscan and white hat; Miss Benjamin was gowned in a white inserted muslin, with a dainty white hat; Miss Caro wore a dainty cream voile gown, with Paris-tinted lace and insertion, and a becoming black hat; Miss Marks was in white linen costume, with a black plumed hat; Miss Ehrenfried, in a charming gown of white lawn, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a pretty Tuscan hat with shaded flowers; Miss Ida Thompson was daintily gowned in a pale heliotrope muslin, with a charming heliotrope hat swathed with pale pink; Miss Hunter wore a reseda green chiffon voile, with a becoming hat to match; Misses Kerr-Taylor were attired in rose pink muslins, with white and pink hats; Miss Walker was in a black voile costume, with a cream lace yoke and a pretty black hat; Miss Henderson, in an oyster coloured spotted lawn over white, and a becoming green hat; Miss L. Henderson was daintily gowned in white, and charming blue hat.

SECOND DAY'S RACES.

For what is considered an "off day" so far as society is concerned the attendance of ladies at the second day's racing at Ellerslie was remarkably good. Many of course wore dresses which were described on the first day, and need not be redescribed. Amongst those I noticed present were:—

Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore a white linen costume with a dainty white vest, and a black plumed hat; Miss Braithwaite, in a grey coat and skirt, with a smart hat to match; Mrs Gorrie was in a dark blue tailor-made, with a pretty black toque; Mrs George Bloomfield looked charming in a black crepe de chine gown with a V-shaped yoke of real lace, and a Tuscan hat with shaded ribbon; Mrs T. Hope Lewis was gowned in lovely pale blue checked taffetas with a white lace yoke, and charming floral toque; Mrs Duthie was gowned in a dainty pink floral muslin with flounces edged with Valenciennes, and a charming green tulle hat; Mrs E. Horton looked charming in a dainty floral muslin with a cream lace yoke threaded with hebe ribbon, and a becoming toque; Mrs Guy Williams wore a tabac brown cloth costume with a raised design in a lighter shade, and a brown hat garlanded with shaded roses; Mrs P. Campbell (Christchurch) was beautifully gowned in a pink pin striped place with cream lace, and a becoming floral toque; Mrs Louison (Christchurch) wore a pretty grey silk voile gown with raised design of ribbon round the skirt, and a pretty grey toque to match; Mrs Eliot Moss-Davis, in a Wedgwood blue and white check costume with a V-shaped yoke of embroidery, and an embroidered linen collar, with a pretty white hat trimmed with shaded ribbon; Mrs Roberts was in a sapphire blue chiffon voile with a V-shaped yoke of white lace, and a becoming black and white toque; Mrs R. B. Lusk, in a pretty black shirred silk costume, with a becoming green hat; Mrs Ranson, in a pastel green cloth costume with touches of white, and a smart toque to match; Mrs H. Nolan wore a dainty gown of white voile with cream lace and insertion, and a pretty white and pink hat; Mrs Stewart Reed was in a pale blue taffeta with wide bands of cream lace threaded with blue ribbon, and a white hat garlanded with green; Mrs J. Reed (Christchurch) was charmingly gowned in cream voile with cream lace and insertion and touches of nil green, and a black picture hat; Mrs Cotter looked particularly well in a black silk voile costume with a white lace yoke threaded with black velvet, and a black toque to match; Mrs R. Gillies, in a very pretty black crepe de chine with a cream lace yoke and a blue chine ribbon ceinture, and a black and white hat; Mrs Foster was in a charming picture frock of pale pink muslin with a V-shaped yoke of white Valenciennes, and a smart pink and white hat; Mrs W. Churton, in a white cloth coat and skirt, with a dainty white and yellow vest, and a pretty black and white toque; Mrs Martelli was in a white gown skirt, dainty shirred white silk blouse, and a black plumed hat; Mrs N. Von Sturmer, in a grey summer tweed costume, with a pretty white vest, and a white hat; Mrs A. Gordon wore a grey sunray pleated skirt and a white linen coat, with a pretty Tuscan and black hat; Mrs C. Owen wore a fawn cloth costume, with a dainty white vest, and a smart black hat; Mrs Benjamin, in a pale grey summer tweed, and a pretty grey toque to match; Mrs J. Neil, in a sapphire blue canvas voile with a cream lace yoke and cream medallions, and a blue hat wreathed with blue; Mrs Lawson was in a black coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a becoming black and white hat; Mrs Devereux, in a black chiffon voile costume with a white lace yoke threaded with black ribbon, and a pretty black and green toque; Mrs John Reid wore a handsome black taffeta gown with a cream lace yoke and a black and cream toque to match; Mrs Macdonald was in a brown cloth costume with a cream lace collar and a dainty cream bonnet; Mrs Ansenne, in a brown cloth faced with white, dainty white vest, and a hat to match; Mrs Jones wore a grey summer tweed costume with a black and white toque; Mrs Procter was becomingly gowned in white with a charming lace hat; Mrs Phillips wore a brown cloth coat and skirt faced with white, and brown hat with clusters of pink and cream roses; Mrs Ralph, in a black chiffon voile with V-shaped yoke of white lace outlined with a ruching of black ribbon, and a smart black and white toque; Mrs Benjamin, a navy blue muslin with a yoke of white lace, and a large black hat; Mrs Rees, in a Norfolk coat and skirt of pale grey summer tweed, and a pale blue toque; Mrs F. Jervois wore a charming gown of pale blue floral muslin, with a silver belt and a smart blue and white toque; Mrs Hume wore a dainty white barred muslin, with a

rose-coloured ceinture, and a Tuscan hat with clusters of roses; Mrs Caro, in a black silk costume, with a becoming black toque; Mrs Keesing was in a white linen costume and a black picture hat; Mrs Forbes, in a grey and blue tweed costume braided with blue, and smart toque to match; Mrs J. Anderson, in a pretty pink muslin, inset with white lace, a long white coat and a white hat swathed with tulle and clusters of pink roses; Mrs Ehrenfried wore a handsome black crepe de chine costume with a becoming black toque; Mrs Hamlin, in a fawn and brown check costume with brown facings, and a smart brown toque; Miss George looked charming in an embroidered linen costume, and a becoming green hat with wistaria; Miss G. Gorrie wore a white linen costume with a dainty white hat; Miss Jessie Reid, in a dark blue taffeta, and a long blue coat with a becoming Tuscan hat; Miss Ireland was in a dainty white embroidered muslin, with ceinture of shaded ribbon, and a becoming heliotrope hat; Miss O. Lusk, in a pale blue voile, with a cream lace yoke, and a small black hat; Miss Lightfoot (Wellington), wore a blue and white figured muslin, with Tuscan lace and a smart blue and white hat; Miss Worsp, in a rose pink linen coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a black picture hat; Miss Waller wore a dainty gown of white figured muslin inset with Valenciennes, white hat swathed with pink and clusters of roses and green leaves; Miss Ida Thompson, in a blue serge coat and skirt, pretty white vest, and a becoming hat to match; Miss C. T. y wore a charming gown of brown silk voile, with a cream lace yoke, and a smart brown hat; Miss — Cotter was daintily gowned in white, with a becoming white and pink hat; Miss Buckland, in a white linen costume, with a white hat swathed with green tulle; Miss — Buckland, in a pretty pale blue silk voile, with V-shaped yoke of white lace, and a charming blue and white hat; Miss B. Murry (Wellington) wore a blue and black check tweed costume, with a black and white toque; Miss Thorpe was in a dainty blue and white figured muslin, inset with Valenciennes, and a black picture hat; Miss — Thorpe, in a white linen costume, dainty white lace vest, and a becoming Tuscan hat wreathed with red roses; Miss Horton wore a charming gown of pink and white floral muslin, with Valenciennes lace and insertion, and a dainty white hat; Miss Percival was in a sapphire blue voile, with cream lace yoke, and a smart black hat; Miss McDonald, in a biscuit-coloured voile, with medallions of cream lace, and a pretty toque to match; Miss Davy wore a white linen costume, with a dainty white vest, and a black hat with shaded flowers; Miss Dunnet, in a black cloth coat and skirt, piped with white, and a black and white toque to match; Miss Ehrenfried was in a navy blue taffeta, with a V of cream lace, and a Tuscan hat wreathed with blue; Miss Marks, in a white linen coat and skirt, and a becoming black hat; Miss L. Camp wore a grey summer tweed coat and skirt, white vest, and a black toque with clusters of buttercups; Miss Little was in a dainty cream voile, with Tuscan lace, and a becoming black picture hat; Misses Kerr-Taylor were in pale pink barred muslins, with pretty white and pink hats to match; Miss Spicer was in a white linen coat and skirt and a pretty white vest, and a blue and white hat; Miss Ralph, in a pink linen costume, with a dainty white vest, and a white hat wreathed with crimson roses.

DINNER AND DANCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Plunket entertained a number of guests at a dinner at Government House on Friday evening, a dance following the dinner. The pure white architectural effects of the ballroom, with its decorations of huge, graceful palms and tree ferns drooping high above the heads of the guests, made a pleasing setting to so much that was pretty in sartorial art. Lady Plunket received her guests in the front of the dais at the head of the room. The handsome maroon plush curtains were thrown across the front of the dais, tree ferns and palms being used to decorate this portion of the room. The drawing-room was exquisitely decorated, fuchsias in all their wealth of colouring gracing the mantel-shelf and in large crystal vases, and beautiful stocks and pohutakara blossoms decorating the small tables. The supper room

gown, blue belt; Miss Hitchings, cream silk blouse, lace yoke, cream voile skirt, red belt; Miss Kennedy, pretty white embroidered muslin dress, blue folded belt; Mrs Baxter, pretty black and white silk blouse, lace yoke, black voile skirt; Mrs Ringland, pale blue and white muslin dress, trimmed with lace, blue belt; Mrs Santaman, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with white insertion, black satin skirt; Mrs Pettit, black and white flowered muslin dress; Mrs Graham, cream voile dress, red folded belt; Mrs Balfour, black silk, trimmed with point lace, red chou; Miss Pettit, pretty white silk and lace blouse, black voile skirt; Miss Humphries looked well in a pretty white pleated dress, white folded belt; Miss Humphries, white silk, trimmed with lace; Mrs Williams, black satin, cream lace yoke; Miss Paterson, white muslin, pink belt; Miss Williams, blue voile, trimmed with lace, flowered belt; Miss King, pretty green silk crossover bodice, black satin skirt; Miss McVay, cream voile, trimmed with lace, red belt; Miss T. McVay, bright blue satin blouse, black skirt; Mrs Moor, black silk dress, trimmed with black velvet; Miss Baker, grey voile, ruchings of silk, green folded belt; Miss Robjohns, pretty white silk dress, trimmed with lace; Miss Taylor, cream silk dress, trimmed with cream ribbon and lace; Miss Dicken, white muslin, pink belt; Mrs Riddel, black silk, trimmed with lace; Miss Riddel, black satin, trimmed with blue chiffon, blue cloth coat trimmed with fur; Miss Shurley, white silk blouse, black satin skirt.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 29.
THE TARANAKI JOCKEY CLUB

held their Christmas Meeting last Tuesday (Boxing Day), and were favoured with ideal weather, so there was a large attendance, visitors being present from all parts of the district as far down the coast as Wanganui. Among the ladies were: Miss Campbell, pretty pale blue voile with cream silk, pale blue hat, trimmed with black velvet bows; Mrs Robertson, black cloth costume, relieved with white silk, black feathered hat; Mrs Claude Weston, lovely white embroidered muslin, dainty hat to correspond; Mrs Stewart, handsome cinnamon brown voile, pumgus on skirt, with white shirred silk vest, toque en suite; Miss G. Fookes, white embroidered muslin, pale blue toque; Mrs Penn, dainty cream tucked voile, profusely trimmed with yak insertion, pretty wistaria toque; Miss Foote, grey figured voile with cream silk and lace, pretty toque en suite; Mrs Clarke, rich black silk, trimmed with jet and lace, picture hat; Miss Clarke, pretty cream tucked and insertion voile, black feathered hat; Mrs Oswin, heliotrope flowered muslin over pale green lace, pale green Empire belt, toque trimmed with rosettes of the two shades; Mrs Major, rich navy blue lace, trimmed with tiny ruchings of pale green silk, grey feather boa; Mrs C. Bayly, black canvas voile over lace, white lace vest, lettuce green and pale pink toque; Miss Taylor, fawn-coloured figured voile

with cream lace trimmings, hat relieved with scarlet; Miss Jury, pretty cream voile, profusely trimmed with narrow ruching, hat trimmed with turquoise blue; Miss Moverly, dainty white silk with Paris insertion, cream hat en suite; Mrs Brewer, bluey grey costume, trimmed with cream insertion, toque to correspond; Miss Brewer, black and pale blue spotted delaine over pale blue, pretty green toque; Miss L. Brewer, grey costume with cream shirred silk vest, dainty wistaria blue satin straw; Mrs Hill wore a dainty pale green and pink tucked flowered silk, Empire belt, hat en suite; Miss Cameron, cream voile, pale blue hat; Miss — Cameron, cream and gold costume, cornflower blue toque; Miss Cunningham, cornflower blue voile, trimmed with a darker shade, hat en suite; Mrs Paul, very handsome and rich heliotrope voile over lace, with V-shape vest of cream lace, draped with frills edged with black, deep bands of black lace insertion on skirt, charming toque to correspond; Mrs Percy Webster, dainty pale grey voile over pale pink lace, crossover bodice, trimmed with satin and chiffon, lovely grey tucked voile hat, trimmed with black poppies; Miss Bedford, violet and pale blue figured chiffon over a pale shade of lace, crossover bodice with cream chiffon vest, cream chiffon and feathered toque; Miss O'Neil, pale blue voile with cream insertion, pale blue and pink toque; Miss — O'Neil, lovely white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat; Miss McKellar, pretty heliotrope voile, cream hat en suite; Miss J. McKellar, dainty pale pink shirred voile, white feathered hat; Mrs W. Wilson, pale green silk, veiled in white net, pretty hat to correspond; Mrs W. Webster, rich black silk, relieved with cream lace; Miss B. Webster, pale pink and white floral voile, trimmed with cream lace, pink floral hat; Mrs Clem Webster, black voile costume, burnt straw hat, trimmed with rich red roses; Mrs Standish, rich black brocade, charming heliotrope toque; Miss Teed, dainty white embroidered muslin, toque of violets; Mrs Fred Watson, cream tucked voile, burnt straw hat, relieved with pale pink; Mrs Paget, dainty cream cloth coat and skirt, cream silk vest, pale heliotrope toque; Miss E. Bayly, dainty white embroidered muslin, black feathered hat, lovely white feather marabout; Mrs Brewster, black voile, black and white chiffon boa, hat en suite; Miss Brewster, very pretty cream embroidered voile, crossover blouse, scarlet hat and belt; Mrs Walker, pale pink and white flowered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, white and black hat; Miss Muir, pretty navy blue voile, relieved with cream, hat en suite; Mrs Pascoe, rich black silk with cream lace vest, hat trimmed with roses; Miss Thomas, striking black and white striped costume, black and cornflower blue hat; Miss Capel, black voile costume, pale pink hat; Misses N. and M. Capel, lovely cream silk with ecru insertion, pale blue hats respectively; Mrs Ab. Goldwater, rich black satin and jet trimmings; Miss Goldwater, cream tucked voile, cream hat en suite; Mrs H. Goldwater, black silk, lovely real lace collar, dainty heliotrope chiffon parasol; Mrs Fitzherbert, navy blue and white costume, smart French sailor; Mrs Hume, smart black and white check,

cream lace vest, black feathered hat; Mrs A. D. Gray, pretty grey muslin, trimmed profusely with bebe ribbon, black chiffon toque; Miss Alexander, cream tucked voile, black feathered hat; Miss Hanna, dainty white muslin, black chiffon and feathered hat; Miss N. Hanna, red and white striped costume, trimmed with lace, scarlet hat; Miss O'Brien, pale grey voile, trimmed with satin bebe ribbon, white muslin hat; Miss E. O'Brien, pale blue voile, prettily ruched and trimmed with cream lace, hat to correspond; Mrs H. Leatham, rich cream costume, violet toque; Mrs Kerr, handsome black voile, trimmed with lace and satin ribbon, hat to correspond; Miss Kerr, very pretty navy pale blue spotted voile, trimmed with cream net, and ruchings of pale blue silk, pale blue French sailor; Mrs Matheson, brown and white flowered voile, charmingly trimmed with bands of emerald green, toque en suite; Mrs J. Avery, black; Miss S. Cottier; Miss Knight, black cloth coat and skirt, pretty grey turban hat; Miss Clayton, rose pink costume, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs — Clarke, rich black voile over lace, appliqued with pale pink flowers, hat en suite; Miss Mabel Clarke, charming frock of pale blue, veiled in white d'esprit, hat of white chiffon; Miss C. Cameron, cream cloth Norfolk costume, scarlet belt, with hat trimmed with rosettes; Miss Free, white satin, cream lace frills.

NANCY LEE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, December 29.

It is a long time since we had such a successful Christmas as regards weather. With the exception of a small shower on Saturday afternoon, just when every one was shopping frantically, the climate behaved superbly, and blue seas and skies and brilliant sunshine rejoiced everyone's heart. Wellington seems empty of the usual residents, but the influx of strangers is unusually large, and everywhere strange faces meet one's eye.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS"

has proved a very popular piece with the theatre-going public, and there has been a tremendous demand for seats. Certainly the scenery is exquisite, and makes one long to go to Japan more earnestly than ever. Among the audiences have been Mrs Duncan, wearing black taffetas; Miss Duncan, ivory crepe de chine; Mrs Barron, black brocade; Mrs Barron, pretty cream silk; Mrs Wood, black glaze; Miss Coleridge, ivory soie de chine; Mrs Young, cream satin; Mrs A. Young, black crepe-line; Miss Simpson, black taffetas; Miss E. Simpson, white soie de chine; Miss F.H., white glaze and lace; Miss E. Fell, black satin and lace berthe; Miss Fitzgerald, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Grace, ivory lace and satin; Mrs Pearce, cream satin and lace.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

has attracted crowds of visitors to Wellington, and the matches are now in full swing. The College grounds are admirably suited for such an affair. The high, sloping banks that surround the courts afford a splendid view of all the games simultaneously. Among those playing or looking on have been Mrs Wallis, wearing mauve and cream delaine, and a

black hat; Mrs Barron, black tailor-made; Mrs Fulton, brown tweed; Miss Fulton, ivory serge; Mrs Young, blue canvas; Miss Van Staver, a brown tweed; Miss Williams, blue voile; Mrs Grady, grey tailor-made; Mrs Marabant, navy cloth, and red hat; Miss Simpson, blue checked voile; Mrs Morrah, grey cloth; Miss Ward, navy cloth coat and skirt; Mrs Marchbanks, brown tailor-made.

THE NAVY LEAGUE CONCERT

was a great success in every way except in attendance, which was disappointing. The League had had luck in being compelled to postpone the entertainment from Trafalgar Day, when every one was in a patriotic mood. Last week was too near Christmas, and the funds of the League suffered in consequence. The hall was gaily decorated with bunting, Nelson's famous signal, the flags of which were made by the ladies of the Wellington branch, had a prominent place. The Captain of the Promachus was present, accompanied by a number of his officers. Captain Woolcombe made a splendid speech, and applause and enthusiasm greeted his remarks. A capital display of drill was given by the bluejackets and marines of H.M.S. Promachus, who were warmly cheered at the conclusion. Great praise is due to the energetic hon. secretary, Mr Palmer, who made all the arrangements.

The Town Hall was the scene of the Rose and Carnation Club's

FLOWER SHOW.

and it was a feast to flower lovers. Carnations and roses were, of course, the most prominent exhibits, but the display of sweet peas was wonderful. A stand of pot plants, notably b gonias, shown by Mr Chapman, was immensely admired. Exhibitors came from far and near. Mrs Tosswill, of Napier, scored heavily with carnations. This year Mrs Wilson (Bulls) ran carried off the award for the champion rose with an exquisite Mildred Grant. She also secured several other prizes. I noticed among the visitors Miss Johnston in black taffetas, and a blue hat with tips; Mrs O'Connor, dark grey cloth, and black and white bonnet; Miss O'Connor, blue voile; Mrs Perry, grey tweed, and smart toque; Mrs Harding, black tailor-made; Miss Harding, blue voile and black hat; Mrs Johnston, black crepe de chine, and black and white bonnet; Mrs Crawford, navy cloth, and red hat; Mrs Pearce, black and white tailor-made; Mrs Hislop, brown canvas and brown tulle toque; Mrs Duncan, grey tweed dress, and red hat; Miss Duncan, navy cloth, and burnt straw toque; Mrs Johnston, black and white tailor-made; Mrs Young, grey tweed coat and skirt; Mrs Grace, black voile de soie and lace.

Christmas Day itself was saddened when the news of Miss Alice Lockie's death was known. Miss Lockie was bright and cheery in disposition, and dearly loved by all who knew her. Her clear-headedness and practical ability were shown in the manner in which she fulfilled the duties of hon. secretary to various charities, among them being the Ladies' Christian Association. Like her mother, whose death occurred only a few months ago, she was a noble woman, whose loss leaves us the poorer.

OPHELIA.

IMPORTANT REMOVAL NOTICE,

THE LONDON DENTAL INSTITUTE

Finding it necessary to again enlarge its Premises and Plant, has secured a fine Suite of Rooms in ENDEAN'S NEW BUILDING, at the Tram Terminus, next Railway Station (with entrance from opposite the Devonport Ferry Company's Wharf), and is now ready to receive Patients at this address.

Our Rooms are being fitted up with all the requirements of a modern up-to-date practice, and it will be conducted on the same generous lines that have made such a signal success of our operations in every town in which the firm ever started. The history of the Institute in New Zealand is an interesting one. It was started in Auckland 10 years ago. The business

was run on quite new lines, and the prices were so very much less than formerly had been paid that it was thought it never could be made to pay, but the Public is far more awake than many people think, and they have a habit of finding out where they can get reliable work. Anyway, it was only a few months before double the staff was needed. Then the firm decided to open in the four large centres. Business rapidly increased, and man after man was added till now throughout New Zealand there are no less than seven businesses, ten surgeries, and thirty-three (33) employees. Of course, there is a reason why, and the reason is a very simple one. The very best work that can be turned out is always done, and we deal straight out on honest lines with an honest Public.

Right Up-to-Date in every branch of Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry.

LONDON DENTAL.

Remember— ENDEAN'S BUILDINGS.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, December 20. Christmas Day passed very pleasantly in Palmerston. The weather was on its best behaviour, and continued so right through the holidays. Large numbers of visitors were here for the races on Tuesday and Wednesday. A great many people are away from home for the holidays, but those left behind are finding amusement

ON THE LOCAL LAWNS.

During the holidays the regular tea list is interrupted, and the teas become general. By that I mean that those who attend the lawns bring cakes, etc., and make their own tea. I have noticed playing lately Mrs. Jamieson, wearing a becoming blue and white spotted muslin, vest and cuffs of folded cream spotted net, cream hat with wreath of ivy leaves; Mrs. Bendall, pink and white check, white tie and belt, sailor hat; Mrs. Gould, blue and white striped blouse, black voile skirt, Panama hat with blue scarf; Miss Waldegrave, cream tucked silk, cream hat with cream silk chon; Mrs. McKnight, blue and white spotted muslin, burnt straw hat with green tulle and pink roses; Miss Wilson, grey skirt, cream blouse with tangerine silk belt and tie, sailor hat; Mrs. Randolph, black and white costume, black chiffon toque, with black and white tips; Miss Randolph, grey coat and skirt, cream collar and cuffs, braided in grey, blue hat with green tulle and pale yellow roses; Miss Florence Randolph, cornflower blue linen, red silk belt and tie, cream hat; Mrs. Fitz-

herbert, black and white striped coat and skirt, brown hat with tulle and green foliage; Miss Reid, black skirt, white blouse, blue silk tie, Panama hat with blue scarf; Miss Patterson, black skirt, cream blouse, sailor hat; Miss J. Fitzherbert, white muslin and insertion, sailor hat; Miss Porter, navy skirt, white muslin blouse, pale blue silk tie, sailor hat; Miss Waldegrave, white linen, white embroidery on blouse, white hat with white silk pompon.

On Wednesday last Mr. W. T. Wood, M.H.R., was entertained at

A COMPLIMENTARY SOCIAL

in the Municipal Hall by his combined committees and supporters. The attendance was very large, and included the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. In the absence of Mr. H. S. Fitzherbert, chairman of the committee, Mr. S. Abrahams made a few complimentary remarks in reference to the prominent part taken by the ladies in connection with the social. Mr. Wood suitably replied. Dancing was then commenced and continued till after 2 a.m. Mr. H. Palmer acted as M.C., and Mr. A. McMinn's band provided excellent music. Several musical and vocal items were also contributed. Before the dancing commenced Mrs. Wood was presented with bouquets by the Misses Pickering and Nathan.

The races took place on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The weather was beautiful, except for a slight shower on the afternoon of the second day. I will send you an account of the dresses worn when next I write.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, December 27.

The Brough-Flemming Company staged "The Walls of Jericho" at the Opera House on Wednesday. Amongst the large and fashionable audience were Mr. and Mrs. Krull, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Miss Morse, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, Misses Willis (2), Dodgshun, O'Brien, Nixon, Barnard-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Swan, Mr. and Mrs. Keesing, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Miss Peat, Miss Currie, Mr. and Mrs. Salek, Miss Griffiths, Mrs. Peel, Mr. Gordon, Miss Gresson, Miss Brewer, Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Misses Cowper (3), Misses Liffiton (2), Mr. John Watt, Mrs. Fairburn, Miss Cameron, McLeod (Hawke's Bay), Miss (2), Harrison, Brewer, Tennant, Cutfield, Mesdames H. Nixon, James Watt, Mr. and Mrs. A. Izard, Messrs Cohen, A. Lees, Silk, Jones, P. Harrison, Wray, Watson, Houston, H. Harper, Munro, R. Grace, Dr. Wilson, and others. Amongst the audience to witness "Niobe" were the following: Mrs. Krull, in a handsome black silk costume with lace on bodice; Mrs. Atkinson, black evening gown of silk and soft cream lace and net; Mrs. H. Atkinson (Feilding) wore a becoming black lace and silk frock; Mrs. John Stevenson, shaded silk muslin blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. G. Anderson, black crepe de chine evening gown with lace on corsage; Mrs. Inlay Saunders (Dannevirke), gauged white silk blouse with bands of insertion, black silk skirt; Mrs. G. Saunders wore a becoming white silk evening frock; Mrs. Izett, black silk with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, black with flou of lace, pale grey opera coat; Mrs. C. Campbell, white lace and net blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. Bindell, black silk, flou of cream lace; Mrs. Mowatt (Hunterville) wore a black crepe de chine gown with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Kissling, pale blue gauged silk blouse with yoke and revers of champagne lace and insertion, full silk sleeves to the elbow with fall of lace, black silk skirt; Miss Krull wore a dainty white silk frock with lace and insertion; Miss Christie, silk evening gown, smart pastel blue opera coat; Miss Barnard-Brown wore a white muslin gown, banded with lace and insertion; Miss Willis, gauged white silk frock with flou of lace; Miss Cleghorn, white silk with band of champagne insertion edging the corsage; Miss Browning (Dunedin), pale grey silk blouse with berthe of lace, black silk skirt; Miss Dodgshun, white muslin

gown with large collar of lace and insertion; Miss (Theresa), pale blue silk blouse with lace, black silk skirt; Miss Blundell, white muslin with insertion and lace, pink folded belt; Miss Stevenson, pale blue crepe de chine frock. There were also present Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, Misses Newcombe, Fenwick (Dunedin), Mesdames Barnard-Brown, Porritt, L. Jones, Chamberlain, Salek, Atkins, Misses Page, Brewer, Pratt, Wallace, Liffiton (2), Nixon, Anderson, Messrs Houston, Wray, Atkinson, Krull, Blundell, Inlay, Saunders (Dannevirke), G. Saunders, Stevenson (2), Barnard-Brown, Harold, Watson, Jardine, Herbert, Salek, Campbell, Greenwood, Cutfield, Atkins, Ludius, Cohen, G. Marshall, Drs. Wilson, Porritt and Graham.

THE FLORAL FETE

was most successful. The picturesque grounds at the racecourse presented a most animated appearance, with the many pretty floral exhibits. The Garrison Band was in attendance. Amongst the very large crowd it was difficult to see the frocks. Mrs. Hatrick wore a dainty white muslin gown, with bands of insertion, fancy heliotrope straw toque with ribbons and spray of heliotrope flowers at the back; Mrs. Hardy, pale cream serge costume, with deep swathed belt of heliotrope silk, floral toque the same shade; Mrs. Cleghorn, black and white striped tweed, black straw hat with black and white chiffon on it; Miss Browning (Dunedin), black skirt, cream figured muslin blouse, black straw hat; Mrs. Colterill (Greymouth) wore a cream serge with Russian coat, cream silk vest, very becoming cream straw hat with ribbons and shaded flowers; Miss Dodgshun, white muslin frock, the skirt made with narrow frills, full sleeves and deep collar of insertion and lace, white felt hat with ruche of white ribbon; Mrs. John Anderson wore a smart frock of black silk muslin, the skirt trimmed with narrow black Valenciennes lace brought up into points, cross-over bodice with front of white chiffon embroidered in black, black straw hat with chiffon and spray of shaded roses and foliage; Miss W. Anderson, white caquas voile skirt, cream silk blouse with insertion, cream straw hat with wreath of crimson and pink roses; Mrs. Porritt, tussore silk costume, banded with lace and insertion, cream straw hat with scarf; Mrs. Oswald Lewis, cream canvas skirt, banded with silk insertion, muslin blouse to match embroidered in flowers, cream straw hat with black ribbons; Miss Foster, cream serge costume, heliotrope straw toque with a white bird at the side; Mrs. Banks wore a very smart toilette of cream silk muslin, with pink and pale yellow hand-painted flowers and foliage on it; the skirt and bodice profusely trimmed with Maltese lace, dull green straw hat with bird to match on it; Mrs. A. Atkins, pale grey tweed costume, black and white straw hat; Mrs. A. Nixon wore a dainty frock of white embroidered linen, cream straw hat with ribbons and spray of shaded flowers; Mrs. Mason, pale grey coat and skirt, black crotinoe straw with ruche of cream tulle and wreath of lilac; Mrs. McLean, black and white costume, black straw hat bound with green velvet, and yellow and crimson roses at the back; Mrs. Babbage, cream muslin blouse, black skirt, black straw hat with heliotrope ribbons; Mrs. Hope (Gibbons) wore a dainty frock of pale grey muslin, floral toque of shab violets; Miss (Gibbons), cream costume, cream straw hat with rose pink ribbons on it; Miss Bristow, pale grey floued muslin, cream straw hat with pink and cream ribbon; Miss Wicheh, pale pink canvas, the skirt made with wide tucks, and the bodice profusely trimmed with champagne lace, black silk swathed belt, black straw hat with chiffon and black ostrich feathers; Miss Willis wore a pretty white embroidered linen frock, cream French sailor hat with heliotrope wreath of flowers and rosettes of heliotrope ribbon at the back; her sister also wore a white costume, and becoming cream straw hat with rosettes of pink and pale blue ribbons, and wreath of roses and foliage; Miss Cameron, navy blue linen coat and skirt, floral violet toque; Miss Cameron (England), leather-mixture coat and skirt, Panama hat; Miss M. McLeod, black skirt, striped linen blouse, cream fancy straw hat with crimson roses and foliage on it; Miss Stanford, white muslin frock, with lace and insertion, pretty cream straw hat with pink and crimson rose wreath and bow of soft white ribbon; Miss O. Stan-

ford, white muslin gown, with bands of insertion, cream fancy straw hat with green ribbons and spray of shaded flowers; Miss L. Jones, pale pink linen frock, cream straw hat; Miss R. Jones, white muslin, with lace and insertion, cream hat bound with black velvet, pink and crimson wreath; Mrs. Burgess, cream serge costume, brown chiffon toque with wreath of pale pink roses; Mrs. Reaney, navy blue Melton skirt, white silk blouse with insertion, navy straw hat swathed in pale and navy blue silk ribbon; Mrs. Brabant, black and white check costume, cream straw hat with ribbons on it. HULA.

YOUR WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

Mr. E. Rudman, Collingwood-st., Nelson, writes: "It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that by using your wonderful medicine Rheumo I have been completely cured of gout and rheumatism, from which I have been a sufferer for the past 20 years. I may say I have not had the slightest symptoms for the past seven years, and feel confident it is a permanent cure." Rheumo will cure you from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, and kindred complaints, just as it has cured Mr. Rudman and thousands of other sufferers. Your chemist or storekeeper sells it at 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle.

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Restores Ladies' and Gentlemen's Thin, Falling, and Grey Hair

The very latest American Face Treatment which is famous

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is used instead of steaming for renewing and building up the Facial Tissues permanently.

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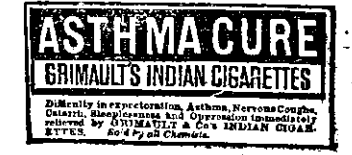
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Sole Agent for DIAMOND, the Wonderful Developer Write for particulars.



WEAK, NERVOUS,

and dependent sufferer, I will send you particulars of a REMEDY, which CURED me, and has CURED others, and will CURE you, write at once, it will only cost you the postage. Address: Arthur Hale, Indent Agent, Chatterbox-st., Sydney.



HANDS CRACKED AND PEELED

Suffered for One Year - Water Caused Agony, Heat Intense Pain - Grew Worse Under Doctors - Could Not Do Any Housework.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"About a year ago my hands began to crack and peel. I tried many remedies, but they grew worse all the time. At last they became so sore that it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put my hands in water, I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to cook over the stove, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted a doctor, but his prescriptions were utterly useless, and I tried another, but without the least satisfaction. I got my first relief when I purchased Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using them for a week, I found to my great delight that my hands were beginning to feel much better, the deep cracks began to heal up and stop running, and in six weeks my hands were entirely well, one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment making a complete cure. - Mrs. M. Drew, 18 Dana St., Roxbury, Mass."

ONE NIGHT TREATMENT For Sore Hands and Feet with Cuticura.

Soak the hands or feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure. Wear on the hands during the night, old, loose gloves, or bandage the feet lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough, and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with brittle, shapless nails and painful finger ends, and for itching, burning, and scaling eczemas, rashes, inflammations, and chafings, this treatment is simply wonderful.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Agents: London, 37 Chancery-lane; Paris, 8 Rue de la Paix; Australia, E. Taylor & Co., Sydney; India, Messrs. Anglo-Siam Corp., Bombay; Sole Proprietors, New York, N.Y., J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Itching, Sore Throat, etc."

CHRISTCHURCH.

The Uninvited Guest.

Dear Bee, December 27.
A HAY PARTY.

given, by Mrs Archer at Fendalton on Tuesday last, was an altogether delightful gathering of old people and young people, all equally intent upon enjoying themselves. Amongst the guests were: Lady Clifford and her young people, Mrs Fyne and her little daughters, Mrs Otterson, Mrs Vernon, Mrs George Gould and family, Mrs Beale, Mrs and the Misses Boyle, Mrs and Miss Dennison, Mrs R. J. Scott, Mrs Dalgety and children, Mrs E. C. J. Stevens, Mrs Hugh Reeves, Mrs and Miss Murray-Aynsley, Mrs H. Haumer, Mrs George Haumer and the Misses Haumer, Mrs Greenwood, Mr and Mrs George Harris and children, Mrs Robinson, Mrs and Miss Cook, Mrs and Miss Campbell, the Misses Banks, Gerrard, Turnbull, Overton, Newton, and several others.

On the evening of the same day
A DANCE

was given by the Christ's College boys to the visiting team of Dunedin cricketers. One of the large class rooms made a capital ball-room. Supper was served upstairs. The guests were received by Miss Moreland, who wore a rich black satin, trimmed with black net and lace; Miss Helen Denniston had a charming frock of soft white silk, and bunches of scarlet poppies; Miss Kitson, pale blue silk trimmed with white net; Miss Gladys Merton, a pink floral muslin; Miss Mathias, black silk and lace; Miss Alys Thomson wore a pale blue silk, trimmed with chiffon; Miss Mills, white silk; Miss Barker, black silk with black chiffon frills; the Misses Harmer, Anderson, Bridges, Chrystall, Overton, Fox, Prins, Elmstie, Gibson, Campbell, Robinson, and Parkinson. Miss Mathias, Miss Prins, Mr Anderson, and Mr Vernon contributed largely to the music, and played several extras and extra extras. The match, which was played on the College ground, was watched with much interest by a large number of people, among whom I noticed: Mrs Percy Cox, Miss Cox, Mrs J. Palmer, Mrs Pyne, Mrs and Miss Anderson, Mrs Reeves, Mrs and Miss Nancarrow, Mr and Mrs Litchfield, Mrs Boys, Mrs Bloxam, Mrs and the Misses Cook, Mrs Murray, Mrs and Miss Kettle, Mrs Elmstie, the Misses Banks, Dobson, Cotterill, Mathias, Harley, Thompson, and Maling. The result of the game was a win for the home team.

On Wednesday
A GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mrs Leonard Clark. Croquet and putting were enjoyed in the lovely Thorrington garden, which had been kindly lent for the afternoon by Mr Charles Clark. These grounds are so beautifully kept and the roses bloom so luxuriantly here that it was a very charming sight. The putting competition was won by Mrs Michael Campbell, Miss K. Nedwill being second. Among those present were: Mrs Henry Wood, Mrs Arnold Wall, Mrs Guy Ronalds, Mrs and Miss Harman, Mrs George Harris, Mrs and Miss Harley, Mrs Reece, Mrs W. Wood, Mrs and Miss Walker, Miss Cook, Mrs and Miss Molyneux, Miss Wynn-Williams, Miss Maling, the Misses Nedwill, and Mrs Wilson.

THE MUSICAL UNION CONCERT
took place on Wednesday evening, when there was a very large audience, every seat in the Canterbury Hall being taken. Madame Paddon's first appearance here was, of course, a great attraction. She is a most valuable addition to our musical world. The same concert was repeated on the following evening, this being rendered necessary by the fact that the Musical Union membership is now so large that Canterbury Hall will not hold all at the same time.

This week there are few society events to tell you of. Family parties, touring, and camping out parties are the order of the day.
DOLLY VALE.

"At every large party given in London there are a number of uninvited guests present."

This surprising statement was made to the writer by a well known society woman, in connection with the case of a certain lady whose uninvited appearance at a recent garden party given by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Sion House, Isleworth, caused such a sensation.

"The person in question, as you know," this lady continued, "is well-connected; indeed, she is said to be related to one of the richest dukes in the kingdom. She explained, when charged, that she wished to see her uncounted host's collection of Old Masters, and, not having done any serious harm, was dismissed with a caution.

"The number of people, however, doing this sort of thing has of late increased by leaps and bounds, and women are the chief offenders. Most of them, I admit, invite themselves from motives of curiosity; the visits of the rest are not so innocent. Only the other day a well-known Jewish banker and philanthropist whose collection of curios is one of the finest in the country, missed two valuable jewelled snuffboxes that had been abstracted from their resting place in one of the numerous cabinets that fill every nook and corner of his vast suite of reception-rooms.

His wife had that afternoon been at Home to the members of a charitable society of which she is the president. The Scotland Yard authorities ultimately traced the missing articles to the shop of a small seaside dealer in antiques, who averred that he had bought them from an American lady who was a frequent week-end visitor to this Old World health resort.

The clue was followed up, and the fair American, whose husband occupies a position of some prominence as a business man in the City, confessed to her "society leanings" and admitted that the expense of "doing the London season" had so far run away with her allowance that the idea had struck her of assisting at this fashionable society function with a view to profiting somehow by its opportunities. A long-suffering husband made good the loss sustained by the dealer, and his feelings were spared to the extent that no proceedings were taken against the unscrupulous woman who bears his name.

"But the real reason why the visits of the uninvited have of late increased to such an alarming extent arises from the fashion of people asking their friends to go to parties given by someone else. This has to some extent been met by hostesses asking people to bring their invitation cards with them; but if they omit to do this, it is very difficult for them to be detected, or for the door-keeper to know that the well-dressed man or woman who, perhaps, has just driven up in a smart turnout, is telling an untruth when saying that they have forgotten to bring their card with them.

"The political hostess, whose parties are given more with a view to entertaining her husband's friends and acquaintances than her own, may be excused if she fails to know more than one in five of the people who crowd her salons; and it is at such gatherings that the visits of the uninvited are most successful. Of course, the majority of these intruders have come for the sake of being seen by their properly introduced acquaintances, and many present themselves with the sole object of being able to arouse the envy and admiration of their less impudent if less "fashionable" neighbours when they announce, with an apparent indifference, that they were at Lady So-and-so's reception yesterday afternoon.

"The advent of the nouveau riche, who is willing to pay any price 'to get into society,' and whose gorgeous entertainments are arranged by the person who is paid 'to run' the parvenu, has given the uninvited a particularly favourable opportunity; for here there is no chance whatever that host or hostess will make the slightest inquiry, and they are more likely to greet the intruder with an effusive shake of the hand than to cause his ejection by the stately fustians, who are nominally supposed to guard the portals of the palatial mansion in Mayfair or Belgravia occupied by Mr Moneybags. Even the discreet pocketing of a few valuables would hardly cause a sen-

sation in such a house, for the odds are that the host has bought his house and furniture as it stands, and that he himself hardly knows what it contains. The crime in this case, as in so many others, is to get 'found out.'

"In all London," continued the speaker, "I know of only one great house where the hostess receives nobody who is not on her personal visiting list. The Duchess of Buccleuch has sternly set her face against entertaining or permitting to be asked to Montagu House anybody who has not the honour of her Grace's personal friendship. Occasionally there is an amusing side to the entertainment of people with whom one is unfamiliar. Some years ago Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the well-known American millionaire, started London society by announcing in the "Pall Mall Gazette," which he had recently acquired, that among the guests at a great party which he had just given at his London residence in Carlton House Terrace was an English baronet who had come uninvited. This public slight was immediately followed by an equally public retraction and apology. The baronet was a "friend's friend;" and this, perhaps, is the only case in which an American millionaire has been known to hesitate over the entertainment of an English man of title.

"Yes," concluded the speaker, "it is easy for any well-dressed man or woman to frequent the best society during the London season. It is a pity that it is so, but if hostesses continue to ask people to their houses much as a

theatre proprietor asks people to see his play, they have only themselves to blame if an occasional umbrella, or even a more valuable piece of bric-a-brac gets abstracted."—"Home Chat."

Fashions in Trimmings.

Scarcely any sort of trimming known to the world of dress can in these days be spoken of as old-fashioned. Rosettes of baby ribbon, bands and bows of greater width, frills, and ruffles, fringes and embroidery, passementerie and galloon, hand needlework and machine stitching, all are seen and admired and approved of by the leaders of fashion.

There seems to be a great feeling for the making of blouses and boleros generally with a yoke piece which looks almost as if it hardly belonged to the garment with which it is worn. This, to a great extent, has been fostered by the fact that far too many folks wear a thin afternoon gown of silk, voile, crepe, or crepe-de-chine, and add a transparent yoke piece of clear lace with sleeves to match, arranging so that they can remove such yoke piece and sleeves at a moment's notice if necessary, and then wear the same gown during the evening for the theatre or some small entertainment, thus making one gown do duty for two, and with, I must say, a certain amount of success. For this reason, doubtless, the yoked dress is becoming vastly popular, and there are a whole host of models suitable for such wear.

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

LEONARD RIGHT quietly opened his bedroom door and descended the stairs. The sun shone brightly through the fanlight in the hall as he approached the door of the dining-room and, clearing his throat a little, entered with a certain air of resolution. A severe lady seated at the farther end of the table looked up for a moment at the opening of the door, then gave her attention once more to an open account-book and a little array of silver and coppers shining on the green baize tablecloth before her.

"Morning, aunt," remarked Leonard casually.

Mrs Right looked up at her nephew again, allowed her eyes to travel to a clock on the mantel-piece, the two hands of which stood uncompromisingly at the hour of one, then wetted her pencil and made a vicious entry in the book before her. Leonard stepped resolutely towards her chair and kissed an unresponsive cheek.

"Any—er—breakfast going, aunt?" he queried bravely.

"The breakfast things were cleared at nine," observed Mrs Right, without looking up.

"Oh—er—right oh!" responded Leonard. "Er—what about lunch?"

Mrs Right laid her pencil on the table before her and regarded her nephew severely. "What is going to become of you," she remarked, "I really don't know."

"Gallows?" suggested Leonard fiercely.

"Christopher," continued his aunt, disregarding this, "was up at seven o'clock, and walked four miles before breakfast."

"Well," responded Leonard amiably, "I was up at six and walked five."

His aunt regarded him with contemptuous scepticism. "Back from the club," explained Leonard. "I couldn't afford a cab. My partner had been going no trumps on spade hands."

Mrs Right frowned. "The only difference," continued Leonard, with an injured air, "between Christopher and myself is, that he takes his walk after going to bed, and I take mine before."

There was a pause. "I am not going to argue with you," said Mrs Right eventually, and attacked her accounts again.

In a moment she looked up hastily. "You forget that Christopher is at his office working," she said, "while you are slumbering the hours away in bed."

"And while Christopher is slumbering away the precious hours in bed," returned Leonard, "I am hard at work at the club playing bridge."

The outraged Mrs Right directed a glance of indignation at her nephew.

"Well, you see," pursued Leonard, "the fact remains that I make a hundred a year at bridge and nothing at architecting. Christopher makes nothing at architecting and doesn't play bridge. That is to say, I make more money than Christopher. Ergo, I'm a more respectable person than he is."

"Christopher sticks to his work," said Mrs Right, hotly, "and that is why he will get on and you never will."

"What do you mean by 'sticks to his work'?" inquired Leonard pleasantly. "You mean he goes and sits in his office, and waits for somebody who never comes to have a house built. I'm in the same boat, only I pay an office-boy out of my bridge winnings to sit and wait for him. He has his instructions. I'm down in Surrey putting a mansion up for a member of Parliament."

"Perhaps that is your idea of honesty," said Mrs Right, with virtuous acidity. "It is not mine."

"I didn't know we were talking about honesty," replied Leonard innocently. "I thought we were talking about getting on in the world."

"Honestly," observed Mrs Right brilliantly, "is honesty. All the world over."

"That," responded Leonard, "is why I don't like sitting in the office doing nothing. Satan finds work for idle hands to do. I stay in bed and cheat Satan."

"You will never get on in the world," declared Mrs Right, with conviction. "Christopher agrees with me. He says you have no force of character."

"I know," nodded Leonard pleasantly. "That's why he wouldn't share an office with me. That's all right—I don't bear malice.—Any lunch going?"

"I am lunching out," replied Mrs Right in a dignified tone, which seemed somehow to imply that some credit was due to her for the fact.

"You mean you want me to," assented Leonard, and moved towards the door. "Right oh!—Don't wait dinner for me if I'm not in."

"Most certainly I won't," said his aunt promptly.

Leonard opened the door, passed through, then paused with his hand on the outside handle.

"By the way," he added, "just think how economical my method of life is. I have breakfast and lunch in one. The money that thoughtless people squander on two meals a morning I am able to save to back horses with."

Mrs Right made an exasperated pretence of being absorbed in her accounts.

"Do you mind going, please?" she inquired chillingly. "—er—Butter one-and-fourpence."

"I'm thinking of cutting expenses down still further," began Leonard chattily, still hovering in the doorway. "Suppose I get up at seven in the afternoon, and dine out. A dress suit and a set of pyjamas would carry me through the—"

But Mrs Right had gathered up her money, purse and account-book, swept past him into the hall, and was already departing up the staircase. Leonard put on his overcoat and hat, and passed out into the open air.

A slanting sun was shining brightly on the wet pavements as he walked briskly down the hill. Half way down he stopped to scrutinise the windows of a large house fronted by a low screen of laurel bushes. In a moment his eye brightened; he took off his hat, and with a hasty glance behind and around him, he kissed his hand towards an upper window at which a girl's face had appeared. Then he produced his watch, pointed to it, waved an expressive hand, replaced his hat, and departed whistling down the hill.

Passing the station, he pushed forward a swing glass door on his right, and advancing up a long bar past the undulating backs of a number of top-hatted gentlemen seated on high stools, eating a hasty meal off a narrow ledge with their faces to a blank wall, passed through a second glass door marked in white letters "grill room" into a depressing apartment occupied by half a dozen more fortunate lunchers who could afford the time to take off their hats. A waiter bustled up to him, retrieved him of his hat and coat, and handed him a length of shiny card-board inscribed "lunch this day." Leonard seated himself, and pulled up the knees of his trousers.

"I want some breakfast, please," he remarked urbanely.

The waiter stared.

Leonard repeated his request, whereupon the waiter backed away from him slowly, then turning approached a whiskered man standing in the middle of the room with a napkin over his arm, and surveying nothing with an expression of rapt attention. A brief conference between the two brought the whiskered man to Leonard's table.

"Sir?" he queried resourcefully.

"I want some breakfast, please," repeated Leonard.

For a moment the whiskered man seemed at a loss; then, recovering himself, remarked without excitement, "Roast-beefrostmuttonsteakandkidneypudding."

and with a dispassionate expression awaited developments.

"Will you be so good," asked Leonard, firmly, "as to get me a fried sole, some eggs and bacon, and a pot of coffee?"

The whiskered man reflected sadly for a moment or two, glanced round the room, reflected again, then murmuring guardedly that he would ask the chef about it, retired in a state of great depression to a speaking-tube in the corner, and put the matter with a marked lack of enthusiasm to an unseen person below. Which done, he returned after an interval to Leonard, informed him with melancholy that the chef had consented to do it, and withdrawing to the middle of the room, resumed his occupation of surveying nothing.

Breakfast over, Leonard paid his bill, left the hotel, and making his way up the hill again, turned in at the gate of The Laurels and rang the bell.

"Is—er—anybody at home?" he inquired diplomatically of the maid who opened the door.

"Miss Phyllis is in, sir," replied the maid. "Mrs Bergman said she wouldn't be in till tea, sir."

Leonard brightened. "Perhaps Miss Bergman would see me," he suggested, and followed the maid into the drawing-room.

In a very few minutes a slim, fair girl appeared, and carefully shut the door after her. The next moment she was in Leonard's arms.

"Any news of the play?" inquired Phyllis, after a minute or two, as they

sat down on the sofa—"Oh, do take care, Leonard; we're right by the window!"

"What are the laurel bushes for?" rejoined Leonard. "He wasn't at the Club last night. I don't suppose he's even read it yet."

"Idiot!" exclaimed Phyllis, with sympathetic feeling. "Fool! Have you been to the office?"

"No," replied Leonard. "I'm—er—on my way there."

"Oh, Leonard, you are awful!" exclaimed the girl. "Why don't you give the office up! It's an awful expense for nothing."

"Do you call it nothing," remarked Leonard virtuously, "to satisfy the girl's moré dearest wish?"

"Write and tell him you'll make far more money writing plays," suggested Phyllis easily.

"I haven't made any yet, you see," said Leonard.

"But you will!" exclaimed the girl. "The play's simply splendid."

"Exactly," assented Leonard dubiously. "How I long to be able to give up architecting and bridge!"

"Yes, bridge as well," assented the girl. "You keep far too late hours with it."

"Duty calls," replied Leonard. "The office boy must be paid, you know. . . . Nonsense, darling. Just one!"

"Oh, do take care—O—oh!"

A male figure had for a moment darkened the window.

"Father!" exclaimed Phyllis, rising in

"Washed with morning's dew,
Washed with 'SAPON,' too—
Whiter than Snow."

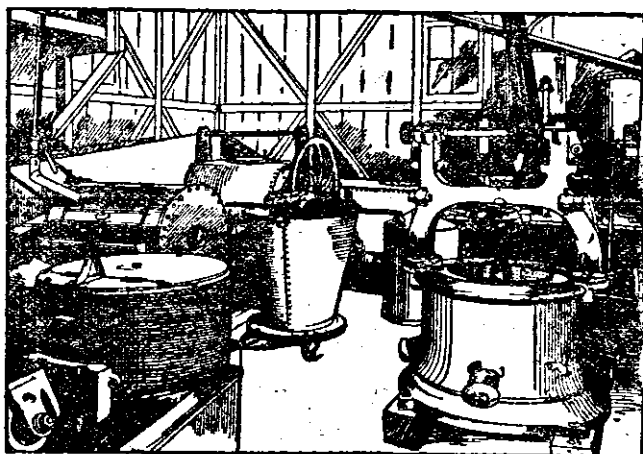
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frapidation. "I knew it would happen one day!"

"Thank heaven it's not your mother!" said Leonard philosophically.

"Back from the city at this time!" exclaimed Phyllis. "It's too bad of him. He's—he's no right to do it!"

A key sounded in the lock of the front door.

"Stand up to him!" counselled Phyllis quickly. "Work him up well. He's always better afterwards. His bark's worse than his—"

At this moment the door of the drawing-room opened, and a stout little gentleman entered, and surveyed the pair ominously over the top of his pince-nez.

"You're home early, father," said Phyllis sweetly.

Mr Bergman advanced fiercely into the room, and banged a silk hat down upon the piano. "Yes, I'm home early," he snapped. "Leave the room, Phyllis."

"Do what?" exclaimed the astonished Phyllis.

"Don't you understand the English language?" demanded her father exultantly.

The offended Phyllis slowly left the room with her head in the air. Mr Bergman walked angrily to the open door and closed it with a bang. Then he turned and regarded the young man for a time in silence.

"Fine afternoon, sir," suggested Leonard.

Mr Bergman glared at him. "No, sir," he snapped; "it is nothing of the kind!" "Considering the time of the year—" began Leonard.

"Confound the time of the year!" spluttered Mr Bergman. "I wish to know, sir, what is the meaning of the scene I have just witnessed between you and my daughter?"

"Well, the fact is," explained Leonard, "we love each other."

"You what?" thundered the little gentleman. "Confound it, sir, you've no right to love each other! What's your income?"

"Er—small at present," admitted Leonard.

Mr Bergman glared at him triumphantly. "And may I ask, sir," he demanded, "do you think it an honourable or a gentlemanly proceeding for a man of your income to be making love to my daughter without asking for her mother's consent or mine?"

"I should have liked to," explained Leonard; "only, you see, I should never have got it."

"Got it, sir?" cried Mr Bergman; "of course you wouldn't have— Confound it, sir, what d'ye mean?"

"I mean it wouldn't have been any use," answered Leonard.

Mr Bergman glared at him in amazement. "Your cousin Christopher, sir," he exclaimed, after a pause, "admires my girl. Your cousin Christopher has been too honourable to hang about her and make love to her."

"That's how it is I've cut him out," said Leonard. "Look here, sir; because my income is small now, it doesn't follow that it will always be. I love Phyllis—"

"Your income will always be small, sir," cried Mr Bergman. "I know your habits, sir. Your aunt has told me about you, sir. You're home early to-day."

"We both are, sir," admitted Leonard.

Mr Bergman's colour heightened. "Leave the house, sir!" he shouted. "Leave—"

"Look here, sir," began Leonard, "if you will only listen to me calmly—"

"Calmly!" thundered the infuriated gentleman impotently. "Ten thousand devils, I am calm!" He strode to the piano. "There's your hat, sir!" he shouted, slinging something wildly through the air towards Leonard. "Now leave the—"

"Excuse me, sir," ventured Leonard, picking up the fallen silk hat and stepping with it towards the piano, "my hat is outside."

Mr Bergman directed one impotent glance at the hat, looking like a Persian kitten, which Leonard had placed back upon the piano. "Go, sir!" he roared, and strode raging to the door. "Leave my—"

At the same moment he flung open the door, and the figure of Phyllis fell precipitately into the room, bearing him backwards against the piano.

"What are you doing, father!" exclaimed that resourceful young lady, rising erect. "I do wish you'd take care!"

Mr Bergman found his voice again. "Understand this, both of you!" he belovved, bringing his fist down with a bang upon the piano, "I—"

"Crash!"

Mr Bergman stopped suddenly short, and gazed at the fallen ornament in speechless dismay.

"There you are," said Phyllis calmly. "Now you see what you've done."

Mr Bergman's fury had been suddenly quenched. The flush had died from his face as though by magic.

"I didn't do it," he stammered fearfully. "It—it simply fell over."

"You'll get it," remarked Phyllis cheerfully. "Wait till mother comes home."

Mr Bergman moistened his lips. "I call you both to witness," he implored in a cracked whisper, "it simply fell off."

"That's true," put in Leonard. "It was standing right on the edge."

Mr Bergman slewed joyfully round upon him. "It was, wasn't it?" he said quickly. "There you are, Phyllis; you hear what Mr Right says. It was standing right on the edge."

"Balanced there practically," added Leonard.

"There you are!" exclaimed Mr Bergman. "It was balanced there. I call you both to witness it was nothing to do with me."

"You happened to be in the room, sir, that's all," assented Leonard. "It would have happened anyhow."

"You hear, Phyllis!" persisted Mr Bergman. "I had nothing to do with it."

Phyllis looked at her father thoughtfully.

"What I want to know," began Mr Bergman virtuously, "is—what careless person put it there right on the edge. That's what I want to know."

Phyllis advanced to her father and put her arms round his neck. "Never mind the silly old ornament," she said. "Daddy, you're not going to send Leonard away?"

Mr Bergman coughed. "Your mother wouldn't hear of it," he remarked weakly.

"Mother needn't bear of it," said Phyllis.

Mr Bergman cleared his throat. "Phyllis!" he ventured severely.

"Any more than she need hear about your being in the room when the ornament fell," added Phyllis. "Daddy, Leonard's written such a splendid play, and he'll get lots of money for it."

Mr Bergman coughed, again. "You didn't tell me this," he remarked, turning to Leonard. "How much are you going to get for it?"

"Well—er—that is undecided at present," answered Leonard. "At least—practically speaking undecided."

"But he's certain to get lots," put in Phyllis, arranging her father's tie. "Daddy, you are going to be nice to us, aren't you?"

There was a pause. "If your mother knew," began Mr Bergman, "that I know what I know—"

"She'll never know," said Phyllis confidently.

"Humph," remarked Mr Bergman. "I'll engage she never knows," broke in Leonard eagerly.

"Humph," mused Mr Bergman. "How can I be certain that—Mr Right!"

"I merely thought," exclaimed Leonard, "it would be more considerate of us not to distress Mrs Bergman with any—"

"I think," said Mr Bergman, "we will leave Mrs Bergman's name out of the question."

"Right oh," assented Leonard.

"Eh!" said Mr Bergman sharply. "I say that you know best, sir," said Leonard hastily.

Mr Bergman put on his pince-nez. "Er—Mrs Bergman is not in a very good state of health at present," he observed, "and I do not feel justified in—er—er—"

Leonard murmured assent. "I have no wish," continued Mr Bergman, "to be harsh with two young people—who—er—imagine that they love each other—"

"Imagine!" exclaimed Phyllis scornfully.

"I repeat—imagine," persisted Mr Bergman. "I can use no other word of the feelings of an inexperienced girl towards a young man of Mr Right's—er—means. I do not wish to be harsh, I say, and therefore I will make a bargain with you, sir."

Leonard bowed.

"I will give you six months," said Mr Bergman, "to prove the genuineness of your affection for my daughter by attaining to a reasonable prospect of making not less than five hundred pounds a year."

"Make it four," suggested Leonard.

"No, sir," said Mr Bergman firmly.

"I will not make it four. If at the end of six months you are unable to lay before Mrs Bergman and myself such a prospect, I ask for your word of honour, sir, to—er—to cease love to my daughter."

Phyllis made a covert signal.

"I'll do my best, sir," assented Leonard.

"And now, sir," said Mr Bergman, "I suggest that you go back to your office. I wish to speak to Phyllis alone."

Leonard crossed to Phyllis and kissed her. "Good-bye for the present, darling," he said.

Mr Bergman coughed uneasily. "I understood," explained Leonard, "that I am permitted to love her for six months."

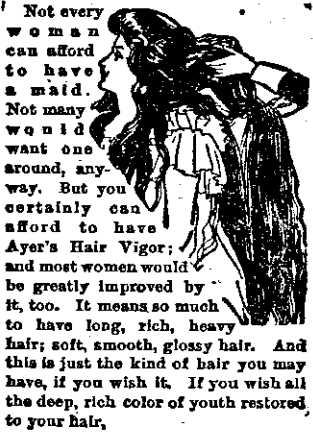
"Of course he is!" cried Phyllis. "You said so."

Mr Bergman hesitated, then turned and accompanied Leonard to the street door.

"One last piece of advice," he said kindly. "Change your ways. I don't pretend to know anything about play-writing, but I do know that a man of your present habits will never succeed at any serious work."

Leonard thanked him for his advice and left the house.

Some eight hours later Leonard rose from his office chair, deposited four sheets of tortured manuscript in the drawer of his desk, and slamming the door behind him, made his way along the echoing corridor past a silent door marked Mr Christopher Right, A.R.I.B.A., and out into the gaslit street. Turning into Piccadilly, he crossed the Circus, and passed through a pair of swing glass doors into the Neophyte Club. As he entered, a



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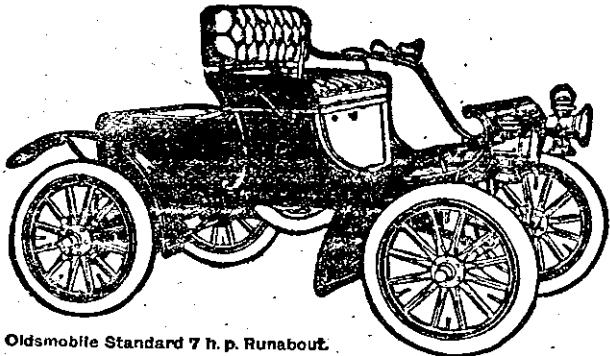
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clean-shaven man in a fur overcoat descended the last few steps of the broad staircase and made as though to pass out. Leonard intercepted him.

"Oh, did you read my play?" he inquired.

The celebrated manager stopped and shook hands hurriedly.

"Dear me," he said: "your play—yes, of course. I'm on my way home to read it now. Looking forward to it immensely."

"Good," said Leonard. "I thought you seemed in a hurry."

"Tearing hurry," assented the manager. "Costume play, isn't it?"

"Modern comedy," said Leonard.

"Oh—a yes, I remember," said the manager. "Part for Mrs D'Arcy Jones?"

"Er—ye-es," said Leonard dubiously.

"You must write it round her, you know," explained the manager. "Plenty of fat in her part? Chance to show her feet? Nothing like Mrs Jones's feet to draw 'em. Well, I'll have a look at it. Write to me if you don't hear in a month. Good-night: I'm in a fearful hurry," and the celebrated manager rushed out and into a cab.

Leonard slowly ascended the staircase and entered the card-room.

It wanted little more than an hour to sunrise as Leonard struggled into his overcoat, and, bidding good-night to a little group of men behind him, sallied out into the raw morning air. He paused for a moment on the pavement and consulted his watch. In an unpleasantly short space of time his aunt would be pouring out Christopher's coffee for him at the breakfast-table at Patey.

Despite the two strange sovereigns reposing in his pocket, and a momentary temptation to astonish his aunt by anticipating her in the bathroom, he declined a passing cabman's offer, and, turning up his coat-collar with a sudden resolution, walked briskly through the deserted streets until he reached his office buildings. Striking a wax vesta on the ground glass of his cousin's door, he made his way along the grim corridor, let himself into his office and locked the door behind him.

Crap! Crap! Crap!

"Or ri," mumbled Leonard. "Jus' gerrin' up."

Crap! Crap! Crap!

Leonard opened his eyes, and the first thing that they saw was a pair of feet in socks standing out against a background of office desk. He gazed at this strange combination drowsily, then with a momentary surprise that dissolved immediately with returning memory.

Crap! Clatter! Crap!

"Right!" called Leonard, now fully awake; and throwing off the overcoat that covered him, flopped his feet from the chair in front of him and rose erect.

A dark figure showed dimly through the ground glass of the door. Leonard hastily pulled on his boots and stepped to the door, conscious of an unpleasant taste in the mouth and of a sensation of thickness in all his joints.

A large bearded man in a silk hat stood confronting him in the doorway. He looked Leonard up and down.

"You seem to be very busy in here, young man," he remarked brusquely. As he spoke the clock on the mantel-piece began to strike nine.

"Busy time of the day," murmured Leonard.

"Too busy to open the door to me, I suppose!" said his visitor.

"Not if you're on business," replied Leonard. "Come in."

The bearded man entered, crossed the office, and planted himself with his back to the mantel-piece.

"What's your age?" he demanded bluntly.

"Twenty-five," replied Leonard, seating himself.

"How many jobs have you got on hand?" asked his visitor.

"I've always room for more," said Leonard.

His questioner laughed shortly. "Don't try and come over me," he said.

"Sorry," smiled Leonard. "I thought you'd come on business."

"So I have," replied the bearded man. "Who's the man lower down—Christopher Right, A.R.I.D.A.? Relation of yours?"

"Cousin," said Leonard.

"Cousin, is he?" nodded the bearded man. "Well, he'll never get on in the world."

"Think not!" said Leonard politely.

"There's no think about it," replied his visitor. "My card."

Leonard took the card from him and read the name, "Sir William Flotter."

"How did I reach my present position?" demanded the famous knight.

"Er—I believe—er—pickles," replied Leonard.

"Pickles," assented Sir William. "But that's nothing. The way I succeeded was by being always on the spot. Punctuality and attention to business."

Leonard bowed.

"Your worthy cousin was not on the spot this morning," said Sir William.

As he spoke a door banged at the other end of the corridor.

"There he is," remarked Leonard.

"Just three minutes too late," said Sir William. "Those three minutes have lost him the chance of his lifetime."

"That's bad luck," remarked Leonard.

His visitor flushed suddenly. "Luck!" he roared, banging his stick upon the floor. "There's no such thing as luck! There's attention to business, that's all there is!"

"It is everything nowadays," agreed Leonard.

Sir William took out his handkerchief, removed his hat and mopped his forehead.

"Your cousin was not on the spot," he observed, replacing his hat. "You were."

Leonard nodded. "Our methods are quite different," he admitted.

"That's the sort of man I look out for when I want a job done," said Sir William. "I look out for a man who's on the spot. You were on the spot early in the day."

"Very," assented Leonard.

"That's the way I discover the rising men," said Sir William. "You're a man who ought to rise."

"I'm continually being told so," said Leonard.

"Well, and now you're going to," said the knight impressively. "I found you on the spot, and that's why you're going to get a job that will be the making of you. Now, then, let's see what you can do. I want a house built."

Six months later Leonard Right, the rising young architect, proposed formally to Mr. Bergman for the hand of his daughter.

"I see you took my advice," said that genial gentleman, as he shook hands upon his consent.

"You were right, sir," admitted Leonard. "My success I owe purely and simply to early hours."

The moral of this story is that one should always be up early in the morning, and that true merit is always rewarded; for Christopher, whose merit none will deny, was taken into partnership by Leonard (a circumstance which, at the time, very nearly lost the latter Sir William Flotter's valuable support), and the firm of Right and Right is every year a more flourishing concern. Leonard, who in moments of relaxation is heard to refer to himself as the sleeping partner, still devotes the bulk of his time to the writing of plays, a collection of which are shortly to be published at his own expense.—By Inglis Allen, in "Pall Mall."

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THE JESTER

MR JOHN THOMAS CRUDELEY—late of Cradley, Woggan and Crumpet, Solicitors—had but recently retired from his daily attendance at Lincoln's Inn, when Cawthorpe Castle came into the market. The old pile, with its frowning battlements and square black oak hall, adorned with ancient suits of armour, took the fancy of the city magnate prodigiously; and prodigious, too, was the price he had to pay for the property. But when once Mr Crudeley had made up his mind to do a thing, cart-ropes and wild horses could not drag him away from the object he had in view. He desired to see himself owner of Cawthorpe; and he became owner forthwith.

After being some months in residence there, Christmas loomed big before him. A bright idea occurred to his ever-busy brain; he would keep the festive season in the good old style. And although Mrs Crudeley and the three Misses Crudeley—who had been the "belles" of Upper Tooting before being brought to live at Cawthorpe—and Master Japhet Crudeley all cold-shouldered the notion, their opposition did but make Papa Crudeley the more determined to have his own way.

To his wife—who, though a somewhat stupid woman, carried considerable weight (sixteen stone at the most moderate computation)—he suddenly said, one night, at dinner:

"Yes; riches and position have their duties as well as their privileges. I, as squire of this venerable old place, and as the descendant by purchase—if I may so express myself—of dead and gone Cawthorpes, who doubtless held wassail—whatever that may mean—in these ancient halls, intend to do the thing properly. We, the Crudeleys of Upper Tooting, will also hold wassail—if we can find out how it's done. After all, Cawthorpe of Cawthorpe is the dead lion, whilst Crudeley of Tooting is the living dog; and the live dog, we know, is better than the dead lion. Japhet, my boy, you are fast from school; expounded to us how Christmas revels were conducted in mediaeval days."

Thus, exhorted, Japhet—just "down" from Oxford—suppressed a yawn, and replied:

"Oh, flowing bowl, rum punch, deuce of a head next morning, and so forth; Yule log dragged in by peasants in appropriate costumes; merry-making turned on from the main—entrance of the sheep's head—no, boar's head—high jinks generally; servants' ball, Sir Roger de Coverley, and all that sort of tommy rot, and so on and so forth, don't you know?"

And then the yawn broke forth in real earnest. Nothing bored Japhet so greatly as Japhet's papa.

Notwithstanding this half-hearted reception of his plans, Mr Crudeley persisted in carrying them out. He was determined that there should be Christmas revels, and, furthermore, that everybody should revel in his—Mr Crudeley's—own particular way.

He slapped his thigh and exclaimed: "We'll be so merry we'll make the rafters ring!"

"There aren't any," objected his son. Mr Crudeley looked annoyed for a moment. Then he said sharply:

"Well, that's not my fault. If there had been rafters, they would have rung—that's all. This very day I'll tell the villagers to bring in the Yule log on Christmas Eve."

He was as good as his word. That evening he electrified the landlord and customers of the "Pig and Compasses" in the village, by appearing amongst them about nine o'clock.

To the small crowd assembled he made a brief, but wholly unintelligible, speech, in which he said that old customs should be kept up, and that he wished to receive a Yule log on the glad Christmas Eve.

"Wot's a Yule log?" asked one of his audience stolidly, expectorating on the flagged floor.

Mr Crudeley explained, and also said

that it should be dragged with ropes into the hall.

"Why don't yer 'ave 'arf a 'undred in, gov'nor?" asked the village carpenter, who was a practical man. "Wot's the good o' 'em?"

Mr Crudeley again endeavoured to sketch the delights of old-fashioned Christmas customs, and differentiates between the Yule log and "arf a 'undred."

"They didn't see it. 'Wot are we to get out of it if we brings this yer log up, mister!' struck in the carpenter.

The new owner of Cawthorpe felt rather dashed. He feared these simple peasants "knew a bit," and were not so entirely pastoral as he could have wished. However, he swallowed his disappointment, smiled as bucolically as his sharp-featured, ginger-whiskered face permitted, and replied:

"You will all come into the hall, and we shall have wassail—"

"Was ale? Wot sort o' stuff's that?" interrupted the blacksmith distrustfully. He preferred "four ale" himself.

"Er—you don't exactly take me, my friend. We shall hold wassail—high revels—in the hall; there will be plenty to drink—"

"Say no more, gov'nor, we're there," exclaimed the blacksmith cordially. Then he insisted, somewhat to Mr Crudeley's annoyance, on shaking hands. This was hardly carrying out feudal customs; it was too levelling in its tendency—too suggestive of republicanism. However, he had ensured the Yule log; his next step was to arrange for the servants' ball and a huge Christmas tree. Over this latter item Mr Crudeley waxed positively enthusiastic when enlisting his daughters' good offices to put fairy lamps on the branches.

"Capital—capital!" he cried, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Nothing could look more Christmassy."

"The branches must all be loaded with presents," said Idalia, the eldest girl, with a somewhat disdainful toss of the head. She considered all this attempt at festivity childish.

"Presents?" repeated Mr Crudeley blankly. "Presents? What for, my dear?"

He had thought that in providing the tree—which he had done cheaply, out of his garden—he had fulfilled all requirements.

"What do you suppose a Christmas tree's for?" demanded the maiden aggressively.

Mr Crudeley rubbed the stubble on his chin thoughtfully.

"On second thoughts, Idalia, I am not sure that we shall need this plant. I think it might be out of place."

"Why, just now you said it looked so Christmassy."

"Did I, my dear—did I indeed? Ah, well, never mind the tree, for the present. I will think it out—think it out. Meantime I will have it removed into the garden again."

Miss Idalia Crudeley cackled contemptuously, and, whisking up her skirts with one hand, departed, leaving her papa still contemplating the fallen idol. For he had quite made up his mind that not even under the pressure of powerful machinery would he be induced to "part" for those presents.

A large party, chiefly of young people—Oxford friends of Japhet's and school companions of the Misses Crudeley—filled Cawthorpe Castle for Christmas tide. And a very promising flirtation was quickly struck up between a smart-looking youth, named Theophilus Kidd (late rusticated for screwing up one of the dons of his college in his own room) and Annie, the youngest daughter of the house. And as Mr Kidd was not only well connected, but also very comfortably endowed with this world's goods, Papa Crudeley looked on with a satisfied smile; nay, he even consulted the gay Theophilus on the working of his scheme for the Christmas revels.

"I am quite at home at managing all entertainments, Mr Crudeley, from amateur theatricals to railway accidents," the Oxonian assured him glibly. "You have already arranged for the Yule log? 'Then yule remambah—yule remambah, remem-eh-eh—bah-me-eh-eh!' he sang, at the same moment gently poking his

head in the region of the lower waistcoat button.

Mr Crudeley looked a trifle astonished at this impromptu lyrical outburst; then he continued:

"Yes; and now I want some mummings and a jester with a song—"

"Jester song at twilight!" carolled forth the irrepressible Oxonian, clapping his hands and turning the whites of his eyes upwards in a sentimental manner. Then, dropping his rhapsodies, he continued: "I quite understand, my dear sir. Leave it all to me. I will just run up to town and engage the simple minstrels and settle everything."

Mr Crudeley was delighted. "I give you carte blanche, my dear Kidd, in the engagement. Money is really no object so that I get the real mediaeval article."

"Mediaeval it is, old cork—ahem!—Mr Crudeley, I mean. And at the servants' and retainers' ball—there are retainers, I believe?"

"Retainers?" queried Mr Crudeley, whose only experience of such things had been in connection with learned counsels' fees in Lincoln's Inn. "Er—well, there are gamekeepers."

"Foresters," corrected the Oxonian gently.

"And gardeners," went on the host. "Call 'em 'verderers,' and there you are," said Theophilus. "Yes, that's it. Your retainers will hold high jinks—high wassail, I mean—whilst these gentlemen in the tin trousers" (judiciously, with an airy wave of his hand, the man in armour) "frown grimly down upon you from your ancestral walls. And you—you, my dear sir, shall open the ball, encircling the waist of the cook."

"Oh, but one couldn't. She—she is an ample woman, and—er—quite impossible to encircle."

"Twice round to the mile, eh? Well, perhaps a pretty housemaid would suit you better."

"Much. I see you are a discerning person. I will leave all these arrangements in your hands. You see, we shall have a large party here, and I should like the thing done well—just

as our forefathers did it, you know. I am sure you fully grasp the situation, so I won't hamper you with any instructions. It's really very kind of you."

"Not at all. I shall provide you with an entertainment which I hope will prove, in these surroundings, positively unique."

Meantime, Japhet and two of his other Oxford friends had been busy. Rather jealous of the strong lead played by the mercurial Theophilus, Japhet determined to take a rise out of him that evening. And with the aid of some phosphorescent paint, which he had discovered in a top room, he drew a hideous picture of a skeleton on the wall of Mr Kidd's bedroom, and painted beneath it these terrifying words:

"You Die To-night Unless You NOW Confess Your Sins!"

And after watching Mr Kidd off to bed, Japhet, accompanied by the rest of the guests, stole upstairs after him, and listened at the door.

An agonised shriek from within caused these enterprising young people intense delight. They crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to repress their laughter, and then listened intently for the "confession."

It was of rather an unexpected order. First, Mr Kidd confessed that he had received a billet doux from Idalia Crudeley that morning, appointing a secret meeting on the staircase, but at the same time excusing himself for any violation of hospitality on his part on the ground that the young lady had restlessly pressed her attentions on him so strongly that he didn't see the way to escaping them without being positively rude.

Idalia, at this juncture, with scarlet face, left the expectant group and went silently downstairs.

Secondly, the victim confessed that Mr Japhet Crudeley was in the habit at Oxford, of "going the pace," and that he—the speaker—had not tried to exercise that moral, restraining influence over him which he should have done.

Japhet coughed, turned very red, and



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followed his elder sister into the hall below.

Mr. Kidd then went on to say that he would freely acknowledge that he had kissed Miss Annabel Weldon—one of the guests—behind the screen in the drawing-room, but added that he did so only under pressure, as that young lady had put things in such a light that he absolutely could not refuse. He was about to add some more interesting details of a like nature, but a shriek of indignant denial from the last accused lady interrupted him, and the party outside his door broke up in great confusion and fled precipitately.

Next morning Mr. Kidd left for London by the early train, to arrange for the nummers and jesters, Mr. Crudeley again thanking him for taking so much trouble. And Mr. Kidd smiled beautifully, and accepted the responsibility. He was the kind of youth who would have accepted the command of the Channel Fleet had it been offered him.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Crudeley went about the house "like a paper man in a gale of wind," almost insisting on his guests being merry—or at least on their trying to look so. And just before dinner was announced that night a hammering and shouting of raucous voices outside the hall door announced the arrival of the villagers—they had all come—hauling the Yule log.

"Rather an inconvenient time they've chosen," muttered the host. "However, it can't be helped. Jameson" (to the butler), throw open the portals," he concluded with a magnificent air. And "Crudeley of Tooting" thrust his right hand into the bosom of his dress waistcoat, and tried to look as nearly like the picture of Cawthorpe of Cawthorpe as he could in the circumstances.

The butler, with an air of resigned disapproval, opened the door, and it rushed a disorderly crowd of "the great unwashed." The huge log was dragged across the polished oak flooring, leaving a track of wet mud wherever it went. It was then lifted and hurled on to the open fireplace, where, being green, it

raised a thick and acrid smoke, which quickly filled the hall.

"My friends," began Mr. Crudeley, blinking his smarting eyes and coughing the smoke out of his throat, "this voluntary act of—(cough)—of yours, in rendering homage to the—(cough)—Lord of the Man—(cough)—Manor, touches me very deeply indeed—(cough). The act, though simple in itself, is illustrative of a—(cough, cough, cough)—illustrative of a now long-forgotten time when—"

"Beg pardon, gov'nor," interposed the blacksmith, "but the other night, w'en you arst us to bring this 'ere long in, you was sayin' somethin' about that wassa ale o' yours. Me an' my pals 'ere is rather in a 'urry, as we're a-goin' to draw the prizes for the 'Pig and Compasses' annual goose club at nine punctual-to-night. Spose you was to order up the drinks fust, and then work off the rest o' the cackle afterward? 'Ow would that suit yer?"

And an approving murmur from the rest of the "simple peasants" gave no option to Mr. Crudeley. He abruptly abandoned the rest of his speech, and ordered in the "wassail bowl."

It was not until nearly nine o'clock that the last of the revellers—the rum punch being by that time exhausted—was got rid of. By then the dinner was completely spoiled, and the cook determined to give warning on the morrow.

That evening the young people got up some charades which were mildly effective, and an impromptu dance which was a genuine success. But they steadfastly declined to perpetrate a "Sir Roger de Coverley," and Mr. Crudeley betook himself off to bed in a huff. Charades and waltzing were far too modern to please the ex-solicitor's mediæval tastes.

On Boxing Night, the servants' hall was fixed to begin at nine o'clock. Dinner was therefore hurried through, and all the men put into a bad temper because there was no time for a cigar after the meal. In his capacity as M.C., Mr. Theophilus Kidd contrived to "let in" the master of the house for the duty of opening the ball with the nineteen-stone cook, in lieu of the pretty parlour-maid he had already fixed his eye upon. The young Oxonian then excused himself from taking any further part in the dance, on the ground that he had to superintend the arrangements for the nummers, jesters, and minstrels, who had arrived from town, and were to make their appearance and entertain the guests assembled at a later period of the evening.

The butler—much against his will—found himself dancing with the mistress of Cawthorpe Castle, and replying to that lady's jerky and inconsequent questions with stereotyped phrases of the "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," "I'm sure I couldn't say, ma'am," order. He and the servants at large disapproved of the ball. They had been practically commanded to "revel," and reveling to order is an extremely difficult thing to do.

The young men and maidens of the house-party voted the whole thing an unutterable bore. Papa Crudeley's overpowering insistence on "merry-making" acted as an effectual wet blanket on the proceedings throughout; and not even the laughter excited by that gentleman's gyrations in the "Sir Roger de Coverley" could quite serve to dispel the gloom and want of "go" which hung about the affair.

The assemblage at the castle was re-infused later in the evening, by about a score of the neighbouring gentry—chiefly attracted by the rumour that Mr. Crudeley was making extraordinary efforts to revive the ancient glories of Christmas. And they looked forward to the advent of the nummers and jesters with a mild curiosity, and an idea that they might derive some historical instruction from the rendering of old English madrigals and glees.

At half-past ten precisely a halt was called in the dancing—which had been going very flatly from the beginning—and the whole company was marshalled into the banquetting hall, at the farther end of which a small stage had been erected. Across this were closely drawn curtains. The audience gradually seated themselves on the rows of chairs placed in front of the stage; all was expectation and suspense, for this was to be the crowning scene in the Old English merry—or "merric," as Mr. Crudeley insisted upon writing it—making. The first Cawthorpe of Cawthorpe had surely never been so intensely mediæval as was Crudeley of Tooting.

And then, with a sudden and strangely

familiar chord, struck upon stringed instruments, the curtains were suddenly drawn aside, revealing the stage and its contents. And, to use a Parliamentary phrase, "the Contents had it." For, on chairs, in the style known so well to the days of our childhood, sat a troupe of beach niggers!

Mr. Crudeley rubbed his eyes and stared hard to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Minstrels? Jestors? Minstrels! Well, minstrels certainly, but of the sort always associated with the name of Christy. He looked again. No, it was no dream. There were the burnt cork artists, sure enough—striped walters, banjo, tambourine and bones. Oh, it was all too horrible! The whole audience was convulsed with laughter as Crudeley of Tooting staggered to his feet and fled from the room.

As may well be imagined, all inquiries for Mr. Theophilus Kidd proved unavailing. Without waiting to witness the result of his cruel practical joke, that astute youth had taken the precaution of leaving for town early in the evening—"Cassell's Magazine."

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Mrs. Merriwether's Plan

How She Solved the "Servant Girl Problem"

By CAROLYN WELLS

WHY, bless your heart, Emily Ann, walk right in! My! but I'm glad to see you! Take off your bonnet! No! You've only run over to tell me the news? For the land's sake! What news? What has happened? You are my favourite niece, Emily Ann, and I'd be mortal sorry to hear bad news about you or any of your folks. Now, look here child, if it's money troubles, out with it! I ain't so awful rich but I guess I can help my own niece out, if she's in a tight place. What! It isn't money troubles! It's that you're going to Europe? Well, well, I'm glad it ain't me that's goin'. Now, don't let me keep you. I know you must have several chores to do before you go. Here, I'll just give you a last and partin' cup o' tea, and then I'll give you my blessing. I do hope you'll get back safe! Is your tea tight! Anniky generally makes it about right.

Have I got a good girl? Well, I should say I had! She's just nothing short of a kitchen angel, and I've clipped her wings so she can't fly away. I'll tell you what I mean. You see, I've had the most awful luck with hired girls the last few years. As we all know, girls ain't what they used to be. They've forgot the strenuous life, 'cept in the little matter o' wages. But that ain't the worst; it can afford to pay my help whatever they're worth, and I'm glad to do it. This is what's been my trouble:

Time and again I've taken in a new girl, fresh and green as a head of early lettuce, and I've laboured with that girl, and taught her everything from dish-washin' up.

It was interestin' work, and I don't say I didn't enjoy it. Some of 'em had talents one way, and some another. You remember Norah now? She was a born cook, and I taught her to make lemon-meringue pies and waffles, till I declare it seemed as if mother had come back to earth. Then, Mary Klemmer, she was just a natural housekeeper. Such a head! She tended to everything, after I showed her how.

Well, 's I say, I taught 'em and taught 'em, one after another, and what did the ungrateful things do but up and leave me and go to another place, just 's I'd got 'em so I could take some solid comfort with 'em. My! but they made me mad! Norah, she went to Mrs. Kingsbury's, cause it was nearer the church, and it just makes me sick to think of Rhodora Kingsbury livin' on them mouth-mettin' victuals of Norah's! Then, Mary that was such a good housekeeper she went to the Baptist minister's, and I guess they've lived in clover ever since. His wife is moral shiftless, and Mary just runs the whole house.

Of course those are only two, but if you weren't just leavin' for Europe I could tell you of a dozen that have served me the same trick. And, if you'll believe me, Emily Ann, it ain't all the girls' doin's either. Ladies—church members; too, in good and regular standin'—entice those girls away by underhand and clandestine means! They think I don't know it; but I just do.

How do they do it? Why, by the most disgustin' connivin', and with the servant-girls too, of all things! Why, Rhodora Kingsbury, she actually demeaned herself to go to Mrs. Cobb's girl and tell her that if my girl wanted to leave me, she'd take her! Before I'd descend to dickerin' with servant-girls! How did I find it out? Oh,

Norah she told Mary Klemmer, and Mary she told me.

Well, 's I was sayin', I've fixed all the Greenvale women once and for all. They won't try again to rob me of a good servant that I've trained by hand to all my own ways.

You see it was this way: Mary had just left me, and I didn't know which way to look for a new one, when 'long came a girl lookin' for a place. She was a Slav or a Hungarian or a Russian Pole, or some of those ridiculous foreigners, and she looked as if she knew about as much as a half-witted tarantoola. But she looked strong, and she seemed willing to work, and havin' done my own housework for a week or more, I was clean tuckered out, and I took her on the spot. She said her name was Anniky—leastwise that's the nearest I can get to it.

Well, Emily Ann, the way that girl took hold was a caution. She seemed glad to work; she was neat as a pin; and took to cookin' like a duck to water. But she couldn't talk more'n a couple o' dozen words of English. I had to teach her the names of every blessed thing in pantry and kitchen, let alone the parlour.

"Now," says I to myself, "here's your chance to fix things so Anniky won't be ruinin' off soon's she learns a few first-rate accomplishments." I thought it all out mighty careful the first day she came, for I saw she had the makin's of a real treasure in her. I went into the settin'-room and compiled a list of things in the kitchen and in the house, I made two lists, side by side.

And they was this way: Opposite tea-kettle I wrote coal-scuttle, and opposite tea I wrote coal. I paired 'em all off like that—sugar and salt, butter and lard, bread and cake, stove-polish and salad-oil, broom and shovel, mackerel and macaroni. What for? Well, I'm goin' to tell you, if you'll only give me time. I studied that list pretty hard, and I carried it round in my pocket, case I'd forget 'em. But I didn't ever let Anniky see me look at it.

Well what I did with it was just this: I had to teach her the names of things, and I taught her all wrong. I told her the name of the tea-kettle was coal-scuttle, and the salt was sugar. Of course I taught her that sugar was called salt, and that the name of the coal-scuttle was tea-kettle. Each pair worked both ways, you see. To be sure, I always had to call the things by these crazy names when I spoke to her; but the game was worth the candle, and with my list handy by it wasn't so very hard. I changed around names of things all over the house. Bed and bureau changed places, mirror and window, and I always said fry for roast, and boil for broil, and contrariwise.

So we went on that way, and Anniky got to be real proficient and a regular comfort to me.

Then it happened as I knew it would. That sly Mrs. Peters, she told my old Norah to hint to my Anniky that she was willin' to pay a dollar a week more'n I did, whatever I was payin'. Norah told Anniky right out, and Anniky told me she was goin' to leave and go to Mrs. Peters's. Then I knew I had the game in my own hands. But I just says: "Very well, Anniky, go along. I presume I can get as good a girl as you any day. And mind now, do just as Mrs. Peters tells you."

Well, she went, and such a to-do! Susan Green, she was dressmakin' at Peters's when Anniky first went there, and she told me about it. Mrs. Peters told Anniky to fill the tea-kettle with water and put it on the range. And of course, bein' used to my meannin's of the words, and my havin' told her to

obey Mrs. Peters's orders, that girl put a lot of milk in the coal-scuttle and set it on the ice-box. I had warned Anniky that Mrs. Peters was very peculiar and would ask her to do strange things, but she must do them exactly according to orders. So, when Mrs. Peters told her to roast the joint of beef, she fried it. And when she was told to put the salad-oil on the table, she brought in the stove-polish. You see, I had mixed up just such things on purpose. I knew what was comin'. When Mrs. Peters told her to make cake, she made bread, and when she told her to put plenty of butter in a pudding-sauce, Anniky put in a lot of lard. So it went on, and of course Mrs. Peters didn't keep her more'n a day or two—she couldn't.

Then Anniky tried one or two other places, but it was just the same, and Anniky bein' kind of stupid anyway, 'cept just about her actual work, she thought the ladies were crazy, and of course they thought she was.

Well, in less'n a week Anniky was back here, beggin' to come and live with me, at any price. I took her back, and she's just about perfection now.

And land! it ain't no trouble to me to call things by other names. It comes natural, when I speak to her, and I never think of using the wrong words to anyone else.

I tell you, Emily Ann, you've got to fight fire with fire; and in this day and generation, if you can get a good servant-girl, use any lingo you can make up, if it'll keep her by you. And I do think when you come home from Europe you'd better bring some servants that can't talk American, and then try my plan.

Annals of a Country Paper.

The Diamond Jubilee clock in the market-place of Dullminster was marking the hour of 10 a.m.; the one in the editorial office of the "Dullminster Herald" (with which is incorporated the "Puddleton Advertiser" and the "Mumblehampstead Gazette and News").

The staff, consisting of a very young man and a very old boy, hastily concealing the Penny Dreadfuls with which they had been beguiling the time, on the approach of their respected chief, were discovered writing busily.

"Letters, Mr Wiggs?" inquired the chief-tan blandly.

"Yes, sir," responded the very young man with alacrity. "On your desk, sir, in your room. There's a parcel, too, I didn't open it."

With a gracious wave of dismissal Mr Pott-Slurk passed on into his private sanctum. On the desk lay a bulky brown-paper parcel, as Mr Wiggs had said, addressed to the Editor. A couple of snips of the office scissors, and a large Orpington hen was revealed to view, and lay with its claws in the air and its head dangling over the edge of the desk, very convincingly dead.

In some surprise, the editor regarded the fowl. There was no note inclosed in the parcel; nor anything to explain its presence there. The paper in which it had been wrapped gave no clue; the post-mark being entirely illegible. The editor summoned his subordinate,

"Do you know anything of this, Mr Wiggs?" he inquired.

No, Mr Wiggs knew nothing of it. He ventured, indeed, to suggest that it might be a valentine.

"You may go, Mr Wiggs," remarked the Editor coldly. And Mr Wiggs went. But the mystery remained unsolved. After turning it over in his mind, the editor came to the conclusion that the bird had been sent as a mark of esteem from an appreciative subscriber, and as this explanation was gratifying alike to his vanity and his palate, he decided to adopt it, failing a better one.

And so it happened that when Mr Pott-Slurk left the office that afternoon, he bore with him a bulky parcel which looked as though it contained a fowl; and that shortly after his arrival at his own house, Mrs Pott-Slurk hastily summoned the cook, and made an enunciation in her previous orders respecting dinner.

On the day following the stirring incidents above narrated, the Diamond Jubilee clock in the market-place was standing at 10.3, while the one in the "Herald" office, having stopped, gravely offered 4.21 as the correct time, when Mr Pott-Slurk again took his seat in the editorial chair, and proceeded to go through his correspondence.

The "ads.," "local," "personal pars.," and other items were duly docketed with that methodical accuracy which had gained for him his exalted position in the borough and the journalistic world; the account of the Deverux—Hooley wedding, to which he had lately escorted Mrs Pott-Slurk (in heliotrope satin) was reserved to be submitted to that lady for her approval before it went to press—for though on most subjects the editorial verdict was absolutely final, the better half of the editorial partnership exercised censorial rights as far as mention of her own person or apparel was concerned—when, without any warning, he was suddenly confronted with the following letter:

Mapletrakes Farm.

To "Herald" Editor.

Dear Sir,—I sent off yesterday by Parcel Post a Buff Orpington hen for your inspection. I would be glad if you would say in your "Answers to Correspondents" what you think it died of, and oblige,

Yours faithfully,
Sarah Tibbetts.

Mr Pott-Slurk went home early that day. He informed Mr Wiggs that he had just received some bad news.

We are happy to state, however, that he has recovered from his indisposition. This we have on the authority of the "Dullminster Herald" (with which is incorporated the "Puddleton Advertiser" and the "Mumblehampstead Gazette and News").

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All on a Fifth of November.

(By Mrs. M. H. Spielmana.)

MORNING.

It might have been the middle of the night; but it wasn't—it was Guy Fawkes' Day, and eight o'clock on a foggy morning. The London square was more than usually hushed and mournful except for a warning call or whistle as a van cautiously lumbered along, or blundered on to the pavement. The nursery fire did its best to look cheerfully the lights were all on, too, showing up the bright pictures on the walls and the bright faces of the three children who were chattering gaily at the breakfast table. And they all looked so smart! Alec and Frank in their best suits, and tiny Molly wore her prettiest white frock and her coral necklace, just as if she were going to a party.

They soon scrambled off their chairs, and Molly, standing on tiptoe, seized hold of a bunch of lilies tied up with ribbon that was on the side table, and each of her brothers eagerly possessed himself of a neat brown paper parcel. It was father's birthday. The occasion was always kept as a holiday, and the children were waiting for his call to summon them to his dressing-room. "I think he must be 50!" remarked Alec.

"No, 45!" contradicted Frank. "I think he's 15," said their little sister.

She spoke in a tone of conviction, accompanied by a toss of her short curls.

"Don't be silly, Mollins," replied the boys with a laugh; but she said she was sure she was right.

"Halloo, Kidelets! Come along down!" came the shout of a manly voice. There was a stampede, and a race as to who should get their first. Molly arrived a bad third, but it was she who was first for him, for he went towards her and picked her up. She put her free arm around his neck, but instead of making him her little speech she exclaimed as he kissed her: "Why, Daddy, your chin is full of splinters!"

The boys delivered their presents, and were paternally patted on the head and thanked, before Molly parted with the flowers which she held so tightly in her little fist.

"Your Babyship is very kind," said her father, gratefully shaking her by the hand, and, laughing still, he put her down. Then he took the hint, and seriously began to shave.

They knew they mustn't talk to him whilst that important function was pro-

Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

The Pirate Band.

THE STORY OF AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE.

"This is just the very place," panted Rosie, as she sank on the soft grass. Then, in a mysterious whisper, "Sst! Sst! I hear someone coming. Don't let them find our secret hiding-place." And Rosie crawled down on her hands and knees and hid in the long grass, dragging her brother Teddy with her.

"Why, it's only Bobby and Chris," he said, whereupon Rosie hopped up.

"Here, Bobby," she cried, "here we are!"

Bobby and Chris cautiously approached, treading so delicately you would have thought they were afraid the ground would open and swallow them up if they pressed too hard with their feet.

Rosie and Teddy were brother and sister, and Bobby and Chris were their cousins. Rosie and her cousin Bobby were each seven years old, Teddy was four, and Chris three. They were having a glorious holiday at the seaside, and had now met together to talk over a splendid idea of Rosie's.

"I got nurse to cut these out for me," she said triumphantly, pulling out four pieces of black velvet from a strange-looking parcel she was carrying. The others looked so surprised that she explained: "They're masks, you know. Pirates always wear them on their faces, and only have little peepholes in them for their eyes." Then they all sat round the stump of an old oak tree. "These are for you and me, Bobby, and here's one for Teddy, and this teeny one is for Chris, 'cos she's the youngest, and nurse had only a small bit of velvet left for her's."

Then these four harmless-looking children suddenly became four extremely fierce pirates, with black velvet masks covering up the tops of their faces, and their bright eyes shining through two holes. The masks were fastened on with pieces of elastic round the back. Poor Chris, however, when you came to look at her again, really looked more funny than force, for her mask was all eye-holes—it was made of such a small piece of velvet that, when the places for the eyes were cut out, there was hardly any velvet left. But she had to put up with that, for there was no chance of getting another.

After this Rosie produced from her magic parcel two big, soft felt hats rather the worse for wear, each turned up at the side, and trimmed with a very draggled-looking white feather.

"Bobby's going to be the Pirate King," she said, "and I'm his left—left—what do you call it?" she asked.

"Lieutenant," said the Pirate King, in a deep voice.

"Yes, so we must have the hats—there wasn't enough for us all."

Bobby looked terribly fierce in his pirate's hat, but poor Rosie quite disappeared inside hers. She wasn't going

to give up this sign of her position, though, so she hastily took it off, bent back the great flapping piece in front, and neatly clipped it in place with a large safety-pin. She really looked quite jaunty now, but the others stared at her solemnly and enviously, and did not say a word, for she looked as though she "dared" them to do so.

"And now, here's a sword for each of us," she said, as she graciously presented each of them with a wooden cross-piece of one flat piece with a small cross-piece nailed on for a handle.

"Listen," said Rosie now, "all we've got to do is to obey the Pirate King, or, of course, if he passes his orders on to me, you'll have to obey me."

The Pirate King then rose up solemnly, and shouted "Stand!" Teddy and Chris hastily scrambled up, somewhat alarmed at his tone of voice, but poor Chris, being rather fat, rolled over again, and had to be helped up this time.

"Shoulder arms! Follow!" roared the Pirate King.

And the solemn procession of four stole off in single file.

"Sst! On your hands and knees!" suddenly came a whispered command. "Crawl down to the shore."

"Crawl down to the shore," indeed! Poor Chris looked at the ground hopelessly, made a noble effort to obey commands, and finally flopped down right on top of her new sword, which snapped in two. It made such a sharp "snap" that Chris wondered for a minute if she had been hurt; but she soon found that she soon found that she had only a tiny little scratch on her arm, and she wasn't going to cry over that.

But the others came tearing back in a great fright. Was one of their men killed? Surely an enemy had not rushed out on her from behind! Woe-betide him if so, for they would have no mercy on him.

"Lieutenant," sternly cried the Pirate King, "see to our wounded comrade. And you, my man," he said, turning to Teddy, who was looking rather scared, "you stand over there, keep a sharp look-out for the enemy, and give me the word if you catch a glimpse of him."

The others seemed to think Chris was too badly wounded to be able to walk, so Rosie hurried to their leader, respectfully touched her rakish-looking hat, and asked if they hadn't better carry the wounded pirate home.

"We could make a handy-chair," she added meekly, "if I was one side, and you wouldn't mind being the other half, sir."

"Very well"—and he strode solemnly over. Then the Pirate King and his lieutenant tenderly carried the injured one towards home, while Pirate Teddy marched in front with his sword in readiness for any skulking enemy. Suddenly, to Teddy's horror, a figure jumped up from the grass in front of him. He stopped so suddenly that the somewhat overheated rescue-party behind hadn't time to notice what he had done, and came full tilt into him, while Chris was shot over the top of his head. She certainly thought she was really hurt this time, and set up such a yell that the enemy rushed towards her, as though about to— To what? The Pirate King did not wait to find out, but, like the brave man he was, rushed to his fallen comrade's side. Then he fell back in surprise. Why, the enemy was only Mrs. Higgins on her way to the beach from the farm, where they went every day to

get a glass of milk each. He allowed her to lift Chris in her arms.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" she said.

"I—I—fink so," said Chris, "but I'm a piwate, you see, an'—"

"A what?" asked the astonished Mrs. Higgins.

"A pirate!" came in one breath from all the others. "It's a game, you know, Mrs. Higgins. Mother said we could play it, and nurse made us the things. One of our men was wounded, and we had to carry her—I mean 'him,'" explained Bobby.

"Well, well, so long as no one's hurt, that's all right," laughed Mrs. Higgins. "I wonder if pirates are as fond of cakes and new milk as some boys and girls I know," she added, with a look at Bobby and Rosie, "because I've got some freshly-baked cakes at home just now."

"We are boys and girls really," exclaimed Rosie. "Pirates is only a game."

"Come along then," said the kind-hearted farmer's wife. And a very merry party they were, as they trooped after her, for they were beginning to feel really hungry.

The Fighting Temeraire.

It was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-winging,
As they polished every gun.

Oh! to see the Hinstock lighting,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
Oh! to see the Hinstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Temeraire.

It was noon-time ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noon-time ringing,
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

There'll be many grim and gory,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Temeraire.

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renew's forever ringing—
To the great days done.

Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
And she's falling down the river,
Temeraire! Temeraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's falling down the river,
But in England's song forever
She's the Fighting Temeraire.

HENRY NEWSBOLT.

Johnny: "Mamma, can I throw this comb away?"

Mother: "But why, child? That comb has lost but one tooth."

Johnny: "That's the very reason, mother, dear. You know the more teeth it loses the harder it will be to part with it."

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ceeding, so the three stood still, deeply absorbed as they watched the performance that fascinated them with its dangers and its hairbreadth escapes.

"Now I can kiss my little Mollikins and she won't complain," he put down the towel, took her up again, and rubbed his smooth cheek against hers.

"Daddy, tell me how old you are," she asked, looking into his eyes.

"Oh, how can I do that? It's a secret." "Do whisper it," she coaxed. After a moment's hesitation he smilingly whispered something into her ear.

"Oh, what a 'tock of years!" she exclaimed.

"What is it?" clamoured Alec. "I'm sure I'm right."

"I'm sure I am!" asserted Frank.

"I know!" cried the delighted Molly, bustling with importance. "May I tell?" Her father nodded. "Twenty-one!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Boh! Why he said he was that L. t year!" cried Frank.

"And the year before," asserted Alec; "and the year before that—I remember quite well. Father always says that."

"Guy!" called their mother just then. "Please send the children in to me." She was having her morning tea, so the young people ran into the adjoining room to hug her and be hugged in return.

NOON.

"Sun's tum out!" announced Molly, as she toddled away from the nursery window.

"Hooray!" shouted Frank. "It's going to be fine for this evening!"

There were going to be great doings. Father's birthday and Guy Fawkes' Day made a grand double event long looked forward to with enjoyment.

"Hooray!" echoed Alec rather feebly, for he was desperately busy. Outside—now that the fog had lifted the busy hum could be heard of everyday life, mingled with boys' shouts as they trundled a guy about.

"I've found something out!" suddenly exclaimed Alec in a curious voice, and he spread out on the table the front page of an old "Times." "Look here, Frank!" he continued in growing excitement.

"Here, under the births—marked with red pencil—'Guy Thompson!' That's father—here's the date. Wait a moment. Now I'll reckon it out. Hush! Don't say anything while I do the sum—I say! Father is twenty-one!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Molly, capering about. "I told you so."

"Rubbish!" said Frank. "Molly do shut up. Alec, where did you find that paper? How did it come here?"

"I found it there, on the rocking-chair. It looks old, and it is old. See, here's the date. It's very funny! I wish we could find out—it would be jolly to find out all by ourselves, if this

really can be true. I say, I know who'd tell us—I've heard all about Somerset House—where you can get to know about people and their affairs—only I don't know where the place is, or who lives there."

"An omnibus will take us anywhere," spoke up Molly.

"Who's us?" inquired Frank scornfully.

"Never mind her," said Alec excitedly. "I'll tell you what—listen: This afternoon, when we've got to be in the play-room, let's go in a cab to Somerset House, and just get to know once for all. I've got four shillings in my money-box; what have you got?"

"I'll count." Frank counted up to five shillings.

"The man may want more. Mollikins, what have you got in your purse?"

"Dot sixpence."

"Well, if you pay your share, we'll take you with us—that is, if you can put on your own hat. I can help you with your coat." And so it was arranged.

And at three o'clock that cold afternoon Alec, Frank, and Molly might have been seen stealing forth into the keen air; only they were supposed to be playing at marbles in the garret or they might really have been seen and packed back again. The boys were well nuzzled up, and Molly had her hat on with the back to the front. The three were in high spirits once they were off, and they realised the full importance of such an adventure. In Alec's hand was the sheet of newspaper in which the truth of the paragraph was to be tested. Alec hailed the first cab, the driver shook his head. The second paid no attention. The third asked them who they thought they were getting at, and where they thought they were going to.

"Somerset House!" ordered Alec, after quickly lifting Molly in, and Frank had closed the door smartly. On the way there they behaved much better than they usually did when they drove out. No one fidgeted; no one complained of feeling hungry, or thirsty, or tired, or anything.

When they alighted the cabman was told to wait. Molly and her brothers passed through the imposing gateway of Somerset House, and were starting to cross the quadrangle, when they saw the headie in his line uniform (whom they took to be the duke), and learned from him where they could find the room of which they were in search.

"Births, please," said Alec, bold as brass, to the gentleman behind the counter. He was leader and spokesman whenever they went shopping, and he was leader and spokesman to-day. Frank never interfered. And Molly had gone stonily shy. "Births, please," repeated Alec, impatient at being stared at.

"What name?" said the gentleman, looking at them amused.

"Thompson," replied Alec.

"Any particular Thompson? You see, we may have several Thomp-sons in our entries, five or six at least."

"This is Mr. Guy Thompson," said Alec, showing the marked paragraph.

"Very well," said the gentleman (whom Alec told Frank must be the Duke's butler) "But have you got the fee?—the half-crown you must pay for the search?"

"A half-crown's very dear," said Alec. "Can't you do it for less?"

The gentleman looked at them with kindly eyes. "I darsay I can," he replied, putting his hand in his pocket, and rattling some coins. "But I'm afraid you'll have to pay a shilling. The King wants one." They paid their shilling; watched while the gentleman looked up his records and followed him in to the corridor as he prosecuted his search. At last he said:—

"Quite right. Born on the fifth of November, year's all right. It's all in order."

"Then Father is twenty-one?" queried both boys, doubtfully.

Molly hopped on one foot in suppress-ed excitement.

"Your father!" exclaimed the clerk. "Why, how old are you?"

"Ten," replied Alec.

"And so your father married at the age of ten or thereabouts, did he? Dear me; very precocious of him!" exclaimed the clerk, with such a serious demenor that the children felt quite uncomfortable. They had not considered the matter in that light at all. Their faces fell and they felt such a wish they had never come that without a word of explanation they turned and fled. They were glad to be once more outside the building, and thankful to find the cab man still their waiting to take them back, and in their discomfiture he was hailed by them joyfully as a dear old friend.

"Home!" said Alec, when they were inside.

"And where might that happen to be?" asked the driver with interest.

Molly, womanlike, jumped at a conclusion. "We're lost!" she wailed, and burst into tears, and it was only when she was in sight of her own nursery windows that she was comforted and smiled once more. Without any enquiry, all their remaining savings were emptied into the willing palm of the delighted driver, who bowed his acknowledgment repeatedly.

The children ran through the garden entrance unobserved, and had just got their outdoor things off when the tea bell rang.

NIGHT.

When Alec, Frank, and Molly entered the drawing-room, where their parents were in readiness, for the great annual frolic with Father, they didn't tumble in as was their usual habit; they walked in sedately. They had something important to say.

"Ten, Daddy, how old are you?" asked Molly, running up to him. She wouldn't be fussed down by the boys. She felt she wanted to make sure what she already knew.

"I told you I was twenty-one, of course! One always expect such a nice lot of presents when one is twenty-one! But you two young rascals evidently think I really must be a very old man of forty at least!" he replied smiling.

"And does he never grow older, Mummy?"

"I don't see it, Molly darling."

"Do you ever see the "Times," boys?" he enquired.

"That's just what's so queer," said Alec. "I've got it here." Alec noticed the glance which his parents exchanged, and their expression of astonishment when Frank remarked:—

"We took it with us this afternoon to Somerset House."

"Yes," corroborated Alec.

"Me, too," chimed in Molly.

And then they told of all they had done, and their parents tried to look grave, but couldn't, and could scarcely speak for laughing, though they extorted a promise that nothing of the kind should ever again be attempted without permission.

"Surely, what is in the "Times," reasoned their father, "must be true—at least one must presume so."

"Hello!" broke in Alec. "I say, Frank! Look here! This Guy Thompson was born in Cambridge Square; I never noticed that. Weren't you born in O Ford Square, Father?"

"Well, I think I might just as well have been born in one as in the other. All I know is, that if I was twenty-one, I am twenty-one—and the rest—you never asked me how many more. Come along, boys, now for our cushion-fight! But first of all, here are your expenses back again—your babyship, there's your sixpence, and now I really cannot wait any longer for a romp!"

Soon the room was gay with laughter. Father, too, had to be a real Guy and a "pretend" one, pushed about in the arm-chair with a funny long nose spoiling his jolly face. And afterwards they all danced whilst their mother played a hornpipe—and really it was very difficult to guess Father's years, they might have been anything!

Then he suddenly ran out. There was a rush to the window, the blind was drawn up, and soon, in the darkness of the night, a grand catharine wheel was seen whizzing round in a blaze of dripping fire. Then, such a glorious shoot of rockets arose! Whish! Bang! Whish! Bang! They went as they burst, each of them, into a shower of gorgeous starry purple, and green, and gold.

"A—a—h!" exclaimed the three children, gazing with rapture. And

"A—a—h!" they repeated over and over and over again, as splendour followed splendour, and the sky was powdered again and again with sparks of coloured fire.

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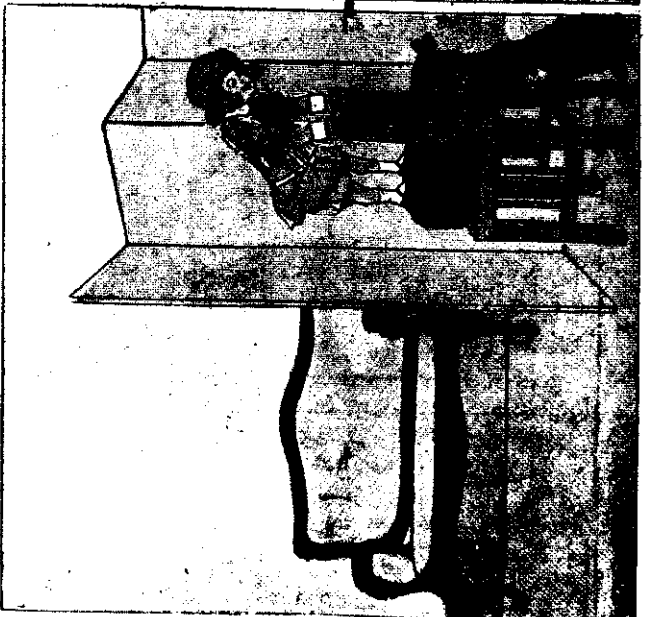
BUSTER BROWN

AND COUSIN FANNY'S BEAU

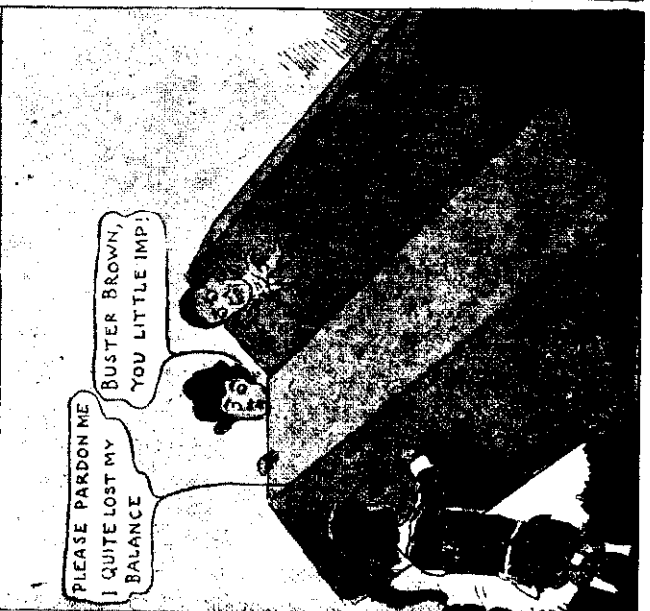
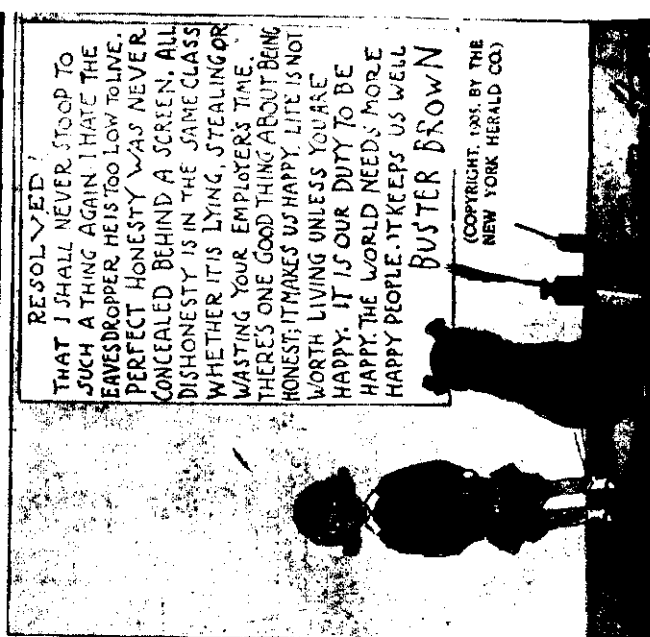
BUSTER, YOU ARE A PINHEAD!

TIGE, AINT I A CHUMP TO MAKE SUCH FOOL MISTAKES?

Dear Aunt Fanny
That Buster is a rascal,
but some how I cant help
loving him and I am going to
ask him to be best man at
our wedding. Tige can be the
usher. We'll be married on
Christmas so would it be
a good plan to have the church
decorated with snow balls
and icicles and a snow man
at the door? Buster must come
to visit us after we're married
it is so lonely to have him
around
Your devoted, Bill



TIGE, THAT YOUNG MAN IS A MILLIONAIRE AND I NEED MONEY



NOTICE
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.
PONDER WELL EACH STEP &
BE SURE YOU ARE NOT TRIPPED BY A
HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

WELL, THAT
ISN'T THAT
TERRIBLE

BUDDY TUCKER

HE AND THE BEAR PLAY A TRICK ON THE MONKEY



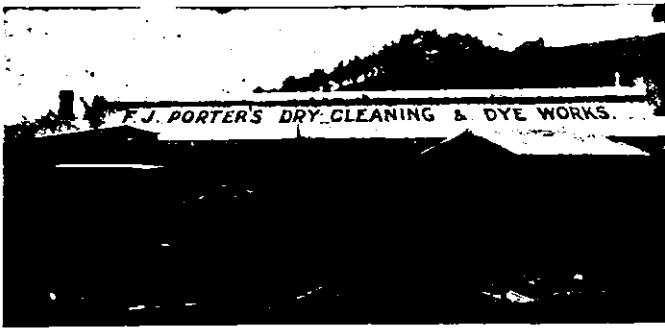

WHEN BABY HAS HIS CLOTHING OFF
Why baby then he bare
A baby bear with his clothes off
- Still has his bear skin hair
So baby has his bare skin bare
While Bruin's bare skins full of hair
see it?

BUDDY TUCKER

HE FINDS THE BABY'S MOTHER AND GETS \$1000.00 REWARD

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK





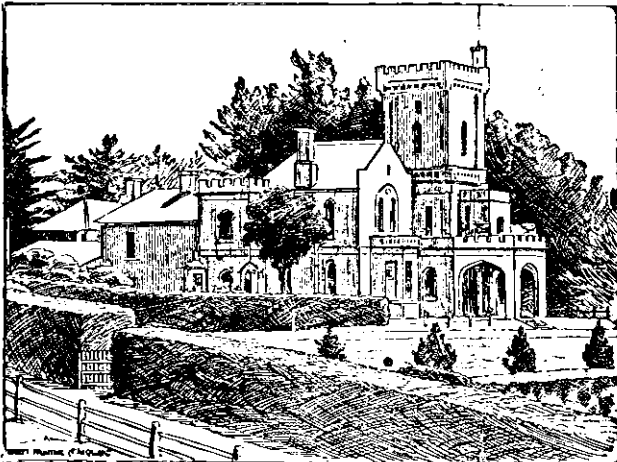
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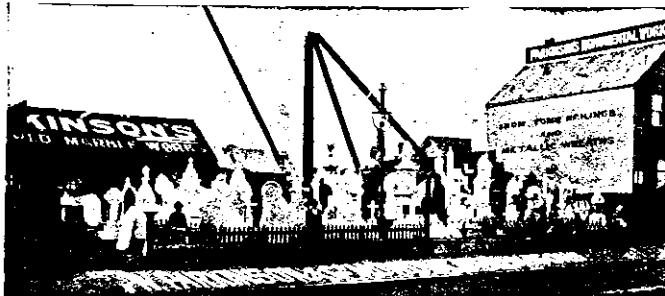
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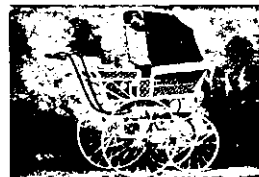
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THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)



TABLE D'HOTE BLOUSE.

This sketch represents a "general utility" blouse of black chiffon with removable vest of closely-patterned cerule lace mounted on chiffon; strappings of black velvet ribbon, and narrow jet

passementerie on bodice and sleeves. Close-fitting cuffs to match the vest may be added for those who do not care for elbow sleeves.



A HOLLAND FROCK.

Already the question of seaside attire for the children's holiday is beginning to agitate our minds. The main points to be considered are, of course, that the garments should be comfortable, cool, and simple; and that the materials from which they are constructed should be light in weight, fairly durable, and not too delicate in colour. Of all summer fabrics, brown holland is, in my opinion, the most serviceable and sensible material for children's wear on the beach. It scarcely shows the stains of wet sand and seaweed, and it is absolutely proof against the rapid disappearance of colour which is the fate of dainty pinks and blues under the influence of sun and sea air. Certainly, holland is not invariably becoming, especially to fair children; but it can easily be made so by touches of scarlet or blue, and by the addition of a dainty little vest or collar.

larly charming. In more delicate colours there are exquisite tones of lily-leaf green and forget-me-not blue—delightfully girlish, and perfectly harmonious with country surroundings. In spite of this feast of colour, however, it is well to remember that nothing is more generally becoming than white. Many a woman who in a coloured dress presents a commonplace and most ordinary appearance will look quite charming and distinguished when gowned in a dainty white frock.



A PRETTY BLOUSE.

This blouse was set into a kind of box pleats from just about the bend of the figure, while above this again was a very pretty full capelet or deep frill cut upon the round, so that the upper part fitted the figure and the lower part fluted in the most becoming fashion. Above this frill, and holding the yoke in position, was a broad band of cream-coloured lace worked with jet sequins. The frill itself was worked with tiny jet sequins set at the extreme edge, and the sleeves, which were very full and gathered at the inside seam, were finished below the elbow with a tight gauntlet, also of the black material, but banded three times with the cream-coloured lace and jet trimming. The yoke-piece of this pretty gown was made entirely from tucked chiffon, the tucks being set perpendicularly from throat to waist: while a single band of lace, ornamented with jet sequins, fashioned the collar-band. Such a yoke-piece, of course, could be removed at a moment's notice, and the sleeves themselves could be arranged so that the lower tight part could be easily removed. By such means, you see, this pretty blouse would be useful for day and evening wear.



A DAINTY WASHING FROCK.

First, of course, comes the question of colour. Every conceivable shade, from pure white to a very excellent black, is obtainable in the various weaves of linen this season. Some of the colours are much more successful than others. Among the darker shades a rather bright navy blue, a beautiful deep purple, and a lovely tone of strawberry-red are particu-



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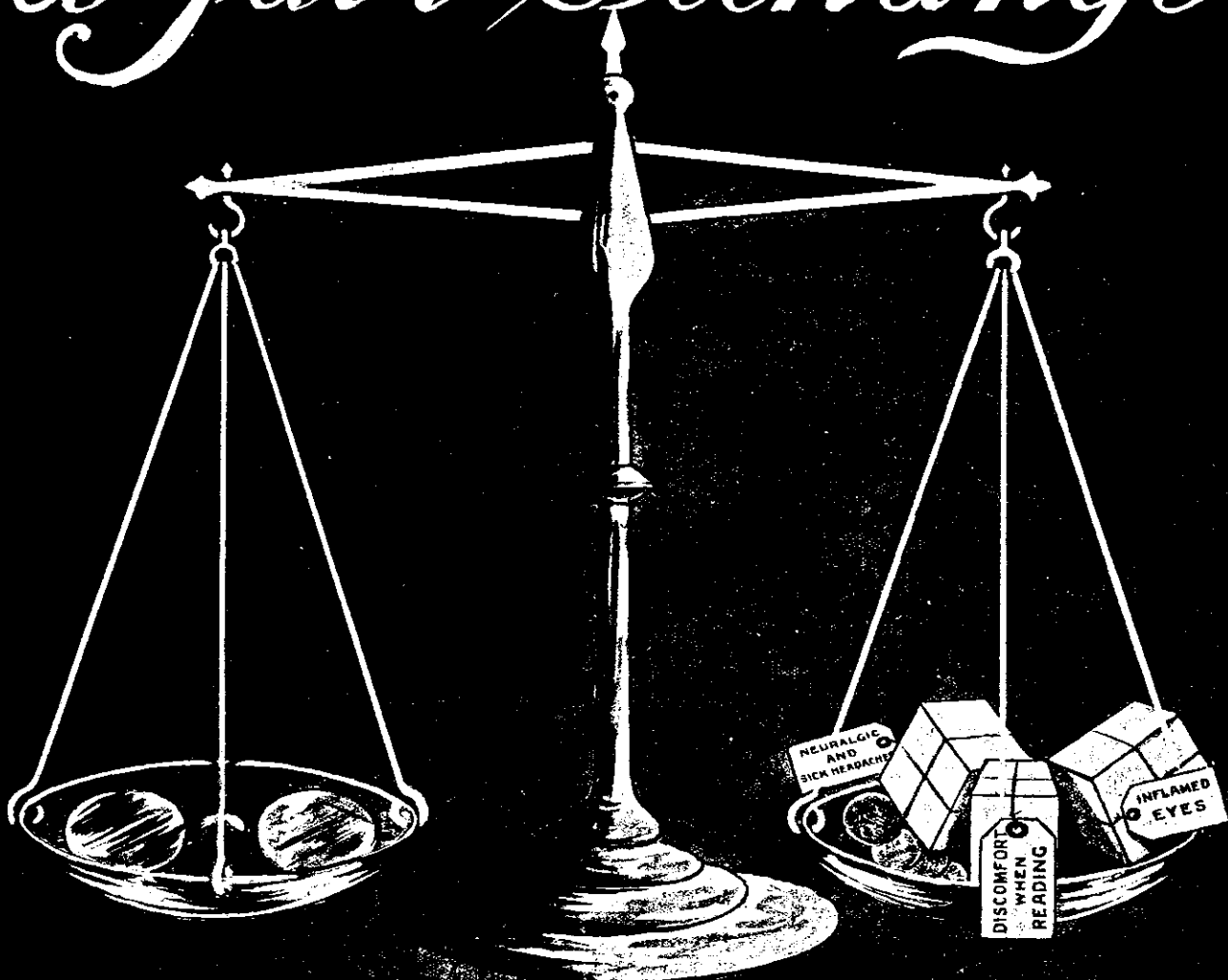
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PLENTY OF IT.
 Madam: Have you had experience?
 Cook: I've had 'em places this month.

THE EFFECT IN CLUTHA.
 Northern Man (inquisitively): "What is the effect of liquor drinking in this region?"
 Mr Corkright (courteously): "We get drunk, sub."



THE PROOF.

"Dolly has offered to sing at Ethel's musicale."
 "I thought she hated Ethel!"
 "Well, that proves it doesn't it!"



A LONG SUIT.

UP-TO-DATE.

"They say she is fast."
 "Oh, don't put it that way, dear. It is much more up-to-date to say that she exceeds the speed limit."

A SURE SIGN

"Is the music in Perkin's new opera catchy?"
 "My, yes. Most of it has been whistled for 20 years past."



"Model? No, I am not drawing any girls now. I'm only painting fruit."
 "Well! Ain't I a peach?"



"Don't you know, Elisha, that when you do wrong you have a father who feels for you?"
 "Betcherlife I do. And he generally catches me, too."