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the Imperial Government negotiates treaties with Japan as though the United Kingdom were the only part of the British world, as though the English of the Atlantic were the only ones to be considered in the making of treaties and the assumption of national obligations. It is as though the father of a family failed to recognise that his sons were full-grown and made agreements involving them without asking them "by your leave."



CHOOSING FOR HIMSELF.

STERN BRITISH FATHER: Aha, me boy! Here is a nice little party I want you to marry. I'm inclined to think it'll be a good match for you.

COLONIAL SON: Thanks, awfully, guv'nor, but I'm not taking it on. As I have to see to this little matter to the bitter end, as it were, I prefer to choose for myself. I intend to make this little girl my partner, and keep the race pure. No offence, I hope!

Principally About People



LORD NELSON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



JAMES II., ST. JAMES' PARK.



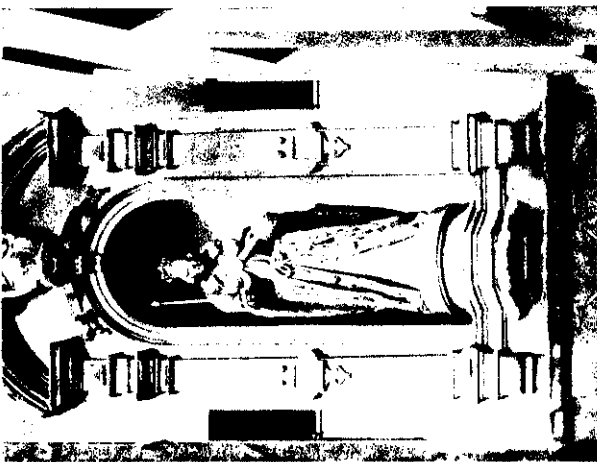
KING WILLIAM III. ST. JAMES' SQUARE.



CHARLES I.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

See "Our Illustrations."

Some London Statues



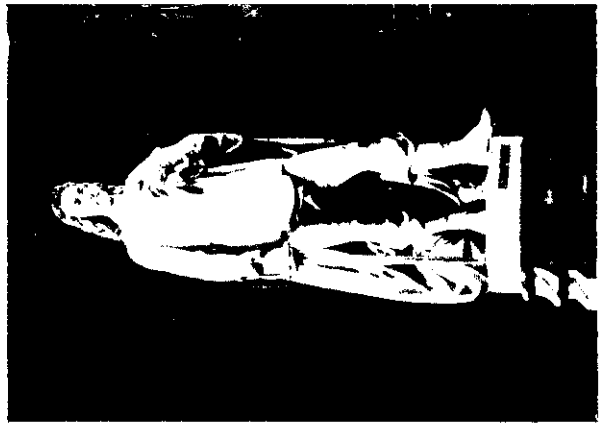
QUEEN ELIZABETH—ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH, FLEET-STREET.



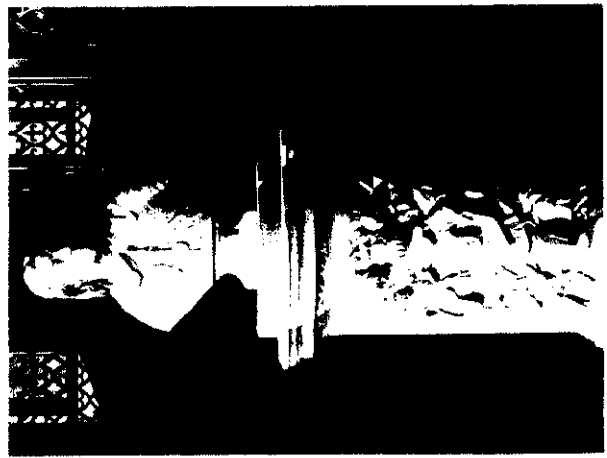
BOXING KANGAROO AT BOSTOCK AND WOMBELLS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, opening in Auckland June 4.



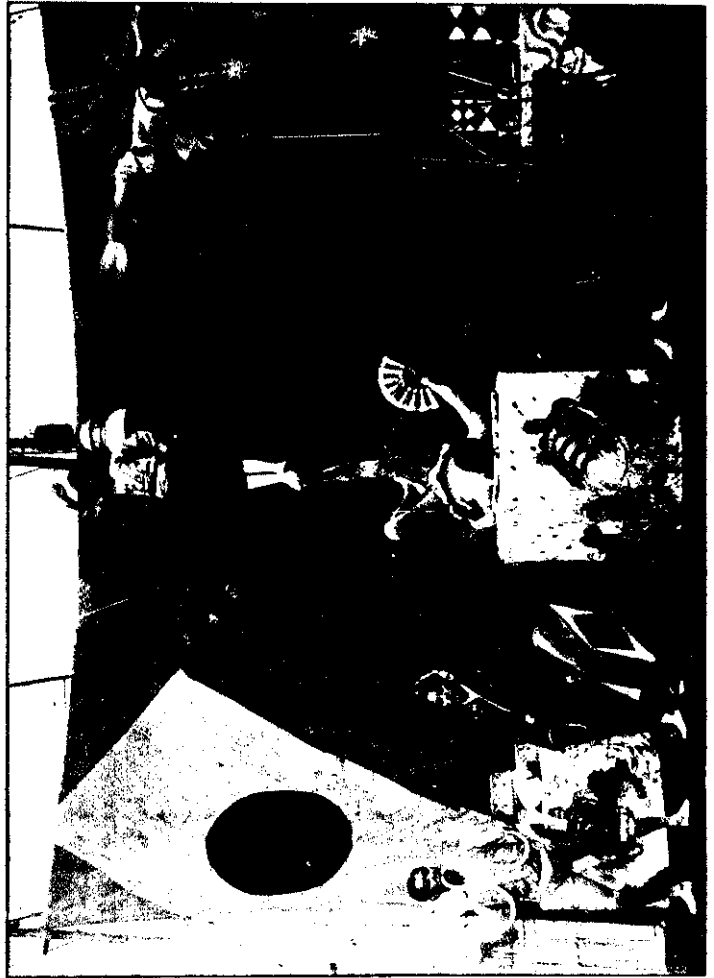
THE PERFORMING LIONS AT BOSTOCK AND WOMBELLS CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE, OPENING IN AUCKLAND JUNE 4.



JOHN HAMPTON, ST. STEPHEN'S HALL, WESTMINSTER.



OLIVER CROMWELL— HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT



THE LUKISHIMA TROUPE. IN BOSTOCK AND WOMBELLS CIRCUS, OPENING IN AUCKLAND JUNE 4.

SOME LONDON STATUES.

See "Our Illustrations."

THE SACRED CENTRE OF HINDUISM.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BENARES.

(By Cecil Leys.)

Concluded from May 19.

The visitor to Benares rises early in the morning, and after a drive of some three miles, arrives at the Ganges while the sun is still engaged in lifting the mists from the river, and in driving the chill of dawn from the air. It is then that the pilgrims bathe in greatest numbers, and the various phases of life on the great stairs are best seen.

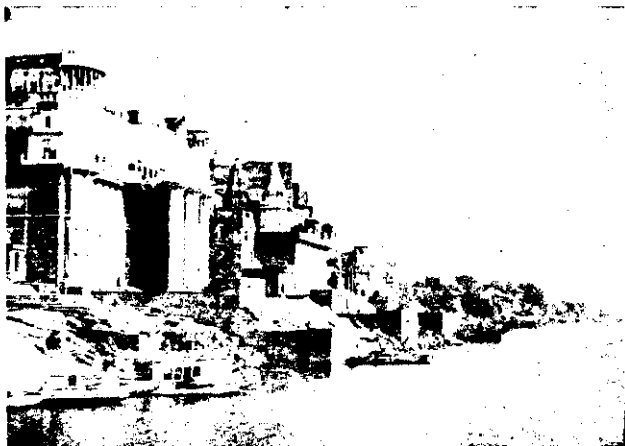
gilt trident or perforated disc that surmounts buildings given over to the worship of Shiva. Descending the steps, and pausing on the platforms where preachers take their stand under the great spreading umbrella, one soon sees that the ghats have their commercial use. Great numbers of native craft are moored alongside, and the platforms are encumbered with their cargoes of stone, fodder or firewood. The usual procedure is to row up stream, keeping close to the edge. As the morning mists clear off the surface of the water the sun shines out on a scene of extraordinary fascination. Although the morning may be cold, the lower steps are crowded with devotees carrying out their devotional ablutions. Here is an old widow with closely shaven pate, almost undistinguishable with her heavy jewel from an ill-favoured fat man. Here, again, is a pretty mite, her only costume a medal



MOVING SHADOWS.

of his grey smeared face like coals, their light the light of fanaticism. Alongside is a youthful native whose peculiar lightness of skin immediately attracts the eye. He is suffering from an incurable disease, the whitening of the skin in connection with which is but a symp-

white bundle which a native is busy attaching a stone to. He places it on the prow of one of the rudely constructed native boats, and pushing off some thirty or forty feet into the stream drops his pitiful little burden overboard. Mother Ganga takes the mite



SHIVALA GHAT,

once a fort of Chet Singh, Raja of Benares, now occupied by the descendants of the Mogul emperors pensioned by the Government.

It is usual to take one of the queer-looking high-sterned craft at Dasawamedh Ghat, about the centre of the line. As one enters upon this ghat a stonemason's yard is worth glancing at. Here temples in stone to suit the buyer's taste may be purchased ready made and complete down to, or rather up to, the

suspended by a string round the hips; her mother is washing her head, and in place of soap scoops up a handful of the black Ganges mud and rubs it in freely—its cleansing properties, I believe, are renowned. Over there is an old fakir covering his lean, hairy body with ashes; his sunken eyes glare out



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GHATS.

Looking down the river from below Dasawamedh.

tom, and it is to be feared that his pilgrimage will physically avail him little. Ahead the blue smoke of a funeral pyre rises lazily on the still air from the midst of the blackened remains of many similar primitive cremations. The white shrouded figure is plainly visible through the curling smoke. Alongside is a little

to her ample bosom. A little further yet up stream a man is towing out to the channel the carcass of a buffalo, and as its bloated body on liberation floats down the sluggish stream the evil-looking vultures, scenting their prey, gather from the far bank and settle on the derelict. There will be little



A SACRED COW IN ONE OF THE CITY'S NARROW STREETS.



A SMALL LOAD OF THE COUNTRY'S EARTHENWARE POTS.

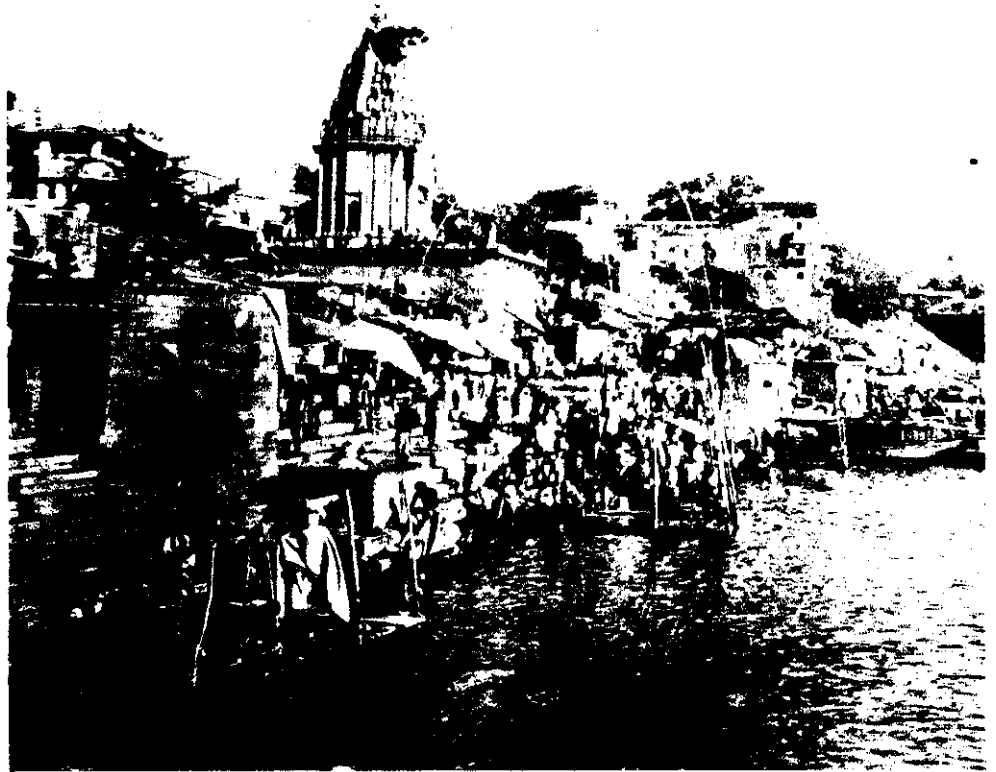
ROUND-THE-WORLD PICTURES

THE SACRED CENTRE OF HINDUISM: SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BENARES.

left when this ill-omened fowl has done its repulsive scavenging work. Almost at this point the huge pipe of the great waterworks on the bank immediately above enters the river. The Ganges is said to possess remarkable qualities of self-purification, and samples taken within a few inches of a disintegrating corpse at rest in a backwater are said to yield no traces of unhealthy contamination, but a morning on the river emphasises the warning that the traveller receives when entering India to eschew indulging in the water of the country as a beverage. The processes through which it is possible to put large quantities of water hardly seem adequate to the occasion, and yet the natives drink indiscriminately while they bathe on the margin, and apparently suffer no serious effects. Returning down stream, the journey is usually continued till almost opposite the tall and graceful minarets of the mosque. The most interesting of the ghats passed is Panchganga Ghat, situated on the mythical site of the junction of four rivers. It is an act of no mean efficacy to bathe at this spot. Here the flimsy jetties are more numerous and more crowded. Kneeling on the end of one is a devotee facing the river performing his devotions. The variety of his actions and their iteration attracts attention, and the fact that the strange figure is palpably oblivious of all surrounding objects rivets it. Usually the telling of beads and the people's devotions are less demonstrative if not less sincere. A return is made to the landing at Dasawamedh Ghat.

A walk down the three mile length of the ghats is equally interesting, but the closer view that it affords in a measure dissipates to a large extent the belief in the universal seriousness of the pilgrimage, which is not difficult to maintain when viewed from the river. I started in at Assi Ghat, close to the waterworks, and walked slowly the length of the ghats. A boat was just landing its gaily-dressed freight of pil-

For Conclusion see "Our Illustrations."



DASAWAMEDH GHAT.

One of the five special holy places on the river, and the central ghat of the city.



JALSAIN, OR BURNING GHAT.

In the foreground, on the right, two pyres are burning, while near them two have been built, and parts of the corpses can be seen.

THE SACRED CENTRE OF HINDUISM: SOME IMPRESSIONS OF BENARES.

THE BAKED APPLE ALIBI

In which the Stone Dog and the Jack of Spades Establish Innocence of the Guilty

By Hugh Pendexter

MR EZRA STACKPOLE BUTTERWORTH, the founder of the Bureau of Abnormal Litigation, frowned impatiently on his rough voiced, fidgeting visitor and repeated decisively: "No, no; I tell you, we can't take the case! We do not go in for criminal practice, and your man, my assistant informs me, has a most undesirable record. The fact alone that he is known in police circles as 'Slinky Bill' is enough to convict him."

"Butch" McCarty, ward heeler, and at present envoy for Mr William Bilks, burglar, drew down his coarse, red face sorrowfully, and without attempting to meet the snapping gaze of the old lawyer, murmured: "Poor ol' Slinky! To think his record must er-rop out to down him when fer wanst he's innocent!"

He has no one but himself to thank for his record! Those things usually do count against a man," commented Mr Butterworth, turning to his summons and complaint in a civil action.

"Well," sighed Mr McCarty, rising slowly, "a stone dog ain't th' best abby in th' wurld, an' yit if a good legal guy cud have played it up, Slinky wud go free."

Mr Butterworth slowly revolved his swing-chair until he faced the politician, and with curiosity in his voice, thinly disguised by a tone of pettiness, demanded: "Stone dog? Huh! What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean a stone dog. Wan with blud on his head," replied Mr McCarty listlessly, as he moved toward the door.

"And that is his alibi?"

"That an' a baked apple, sir," said the ward boss mildly.

"Er—please sit down, Mr McCarty," invited the old lawyer nervously. "Let us heady go over the facts in the case so far as they are known—but mind you, without my committing myself as to whether or not I will accept your retainer. Now, William Bilks, self-confessed, burglar, better known as Slinky Bill, server of several sentences, is arrested and indicted on the charge of looting the safe of the Wand-Hungar Lumber Company in Bloomville, one of our suburbs. The robbery netted some body 25,000 dollars, and as a result of this loss the company cannot meet its obligations. Mr Bilks was seen in the immediate vicinity of the crime, the prosecution maintains, shortly before the safe was opened."

"An' we can prove he was thn miles west iv that point," interrupted Mr McCarty eagerly, his red face radiating waves of sincerity.

"On what errand?" asked the lawyer suspiciously.

"Lookin' over th' pounises iv a feed store," admitted Mr McCarty honestly.

"And his alibi consists of?"

"A stone dog, bleedin', an' a baked apple," was the firm reply.

Mr Butterworth sank back with a glint of admiration in his keen, old eyes, and murmured: "Do I understand the dog or the apple had been injured?"

"Th' dog."

"Who is the prosecution's principal witness?"

"James Hekle, manager iv th' company. He'll swear to seein' Slinky."

"Hasn't the man any right to a Christian name?" shuddered Mr Butterworth.

"Mebbe; but it don't fit so good. That's all. But anything to oblige. Well, th' manager says he saw Mr Bilks that evenin' hangin' around th' lumber yards. Thin th' safe was plucked an' th' money an' cowpans was misin'."

"Cowpans as well as money?"

"Shure. Terbacker cowpans; thin yez can swap fer a sofy piller, or a hat rack, or a air-gun," explained Mr McCarty. "Th' manager says he use to keep 'em there so th' office-boy couldn't steal

'em. An' to think anny wan cud iver accuse Slink—excuse me, I mean Mither Bilks—iv touchin' such tr-ruck! But up comes Mither Wise Cr-racker, th' polisman, an' 'truns back his coat an' dashes his pewter—"

"I beg pardon?"

"His medal, his bre-breastplate, his—"

"Possibly you mean badge?"

"Shure. Well, he turns in th' alarm an' Slinky—Bilks—is pinched, investigated, indicted, an' now, whia there's so many jobs he cud conscientiously do time fer, he must tr-rip along, wan-two, wan-two, fer a job he niver touched. I've heard say that even th' divile has some r-rights, an' Slinky—Mither Bilks—ain't no divile. Why, that 'lad cud be left alone all day in this dump."

"No," broke in Mr Butterworth hurriedly, as his eyes dwelt fondly on

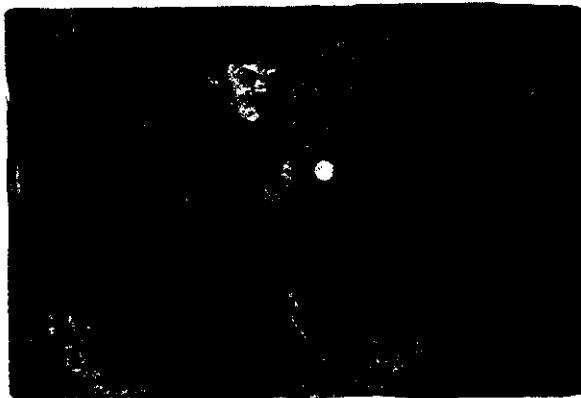
"What difference could that make?" cried Mr Butterworth.

"A hear-rt shows up so much better in th' early hours I wish it was that. I begged Slink—Mither Bilks—to change it an' s-say it was a hear-rt. But no. Sez he, 'I'm tough, but I'm honest. I'm a burglar by profession, but I ain't sunk to deceit yit. A spa-ade's a spa-ade.'"

"I will interview him to-day," repeated Mr Butterworth gravely. "His defence sounds sincere to me."

"Why, to prove it wud be th' yolk iv th' aig I'r ye," said Mr McCarty admiringly, as he backed humbly to the door and bowed himself out.

Mr Butterworth, once his visitor was gone, pursed his lips in doubt and shook his head several times as he overhauled a file of newspapers and read how seemingly conclusive was the old



Twenty Thousand Dollars.

several bronze pieces; "he must never come here, and if I take the case he must never know where my office is."

"Oh, that's all right, iv course; though it wud br-rack his heart if he knew yez cudn't trust him," said Mr McCarty. "But can I tell th' gang y'e're on an' will take th' modest little fee we've scripped an' saved jist to give Slink—Mither Bilks—a square shake?"

"Hm! Really, I am inclined to say 'No,'" mused the old lawyer. "I wouldn't consider it for a moment unless I could be convinced of his innocence."

"He's as innocent as I be!" cried Mr McCarty.

"Possibly," agreed Mr Butterworth dryly. "But will he prove it? What about this alibi? A dog and—s one fruit, did you say?"

"Baked apple," reminded Mr McCarty.

"Strangely inanimate for an alibi, yet smacking of oddity," mused the lawyer. "Well, I'll call on Mr Bilks in his retirement and talk with him. If you will drop in to-morrow and bring the retainer, I'll be ready to announce my decision."

"Thanks," cried Mr McCarty heartily. "An' now as I want to be fair an' square with yez, would ye think at first blush that th' Jack iv Spa-ades, worn proudly in a milkman's hat band, wud help th' case anny?"

"Why, bless me," gasped the old lawyer, mechanically seizing his pencil. "It sounds convincing! Some more of the alibi!"

"It is. At first I thought I'd say not a wurrd as it was th' Jack iv Spa-ades, an' not iv Hear-rt."

crackman's guilt. Since creating his Bureau of Abnormal Litigation and winning considerable renown by his eccentric methods, he had been deluged with petitions to take up the defence of criminal cases. His nature was not in sympathy with this line of work, however, and he had summed it as far as possible. But occasionally, when a prisoner protested his innocence and brought forward something unusual in exonerating, the old lawyer had relented, lured on by the very novelty of the situation. He was a connoisseur of unusual legal points, and his sign, stating to the busy street that he was "Counselor at Eccentric Law," brought him much civil practice, the nature of which had frightened away his more mechanical and prosy fellow-attorneys.

When, however, he took up the defence in a criminal prosecution it was as a rule in a homicide case, where his sympathies had been enlisted by the desperate straits of the prisoner. But in this instance the defendant was a notorious safe-blower, a man from the lower walks of life, who doubtless would have robbed the lumber company's safe if given an opportunity. Not the dignity of his bureau demanded he resist the glamour of Mr McCarty's appeal and have nothing to do with it. He would not take it, and—Then his eyes fell on his pencilled notes, where "stone dog," "baked apple," plus the "jack of spades," caught his gaze and held him. The novelty of it all, the inherent possibilities of, say, a baked apple, pulled strongly at his inclination. A common doer of evil would have relied on the perjured word of his mates.

But here was a man who was eager to substantiate his assertions of innocence by a group of inanimate objects; who, with the unconscious yearning of the artist, appreciated the value of the trivial and commonplace. And as this introduction of the insignificant at an unusual time and place was the keynote of the old lawyer's many successes, and had won for him the characterisation "abnormal," the pencilled notes were carefully pocketed, and Mr Bilks was called upon an hour later.

"The man is certainly innocent," muttered Mr Butterworth, as he emerged into the sunlight with a sharp sparkle in his eyes. "What an anomaly! An honest villain! I'm almost sorry I accepted his case. Yet what a unique chain of exonerating evidence!" Then he sought to console his wavering mind by suggesting: "But possibly it will be the means of teaching a lesson. He may reform." Yet as Mr Bilks' stubby and stubborn face returned before his inner eye, he added doubtfully: "Just possibly!"

The amount of the booty, coupled with the prisoner's history, had lifted the crime above the average plain or county court prosecutions and had furnished an important news story for several days. It only needed the intelligence that the Bureau of Abnormal Litigation was to conduct the defence to revive and double the interest when the case was moved for trial.

The circumstantial evidence had seemed so conclusive that the District Attorney approached his task with scant vigour. But when one of his assistants informed him that Mr Butterworth was on the other side a wave of activity swept through the office, with the D.A. dumbly wondering in what guise the inevitable surprise would come.

The trial opened before a crowded court-room, the major portion of the audience being lawyers, who never missed an opportunity to witness the old practitioner at bay. Although inactive and interesting when appearing for either side in a civil action, he was at his best in defending a forlorn hope. Some of those present had refused the retainer, and now were wondering what abnormal thread had been discovered to cause the veteran exponent of unusual law to take it up.

The judge, always eyeing a defendant as one created solely to annoy him and interfere with his dinner hour, frowned slightly as he mounted the bench and looked down on the defendant's table. And Mr Bilks was not one who could be expected to excite pity. Short and thick of figure, his strong frame was surmounted by a heavily-battered head, which, when close cropped in a penal institution, would be characterised in the vernacular as "bullet." The hair was now long and wiry, and, like the eyes, jet black. The jaw, thrust well forward, was of the popular bulldog style, and showed blue-black from the good barber's morning efforts.

The slight form, the delicate features and white hair of the old lawyer showed in deep contrast, as the two bowed their heads over the table and held whispered consultations.

"Say, Bo," growled Mr Bilks in a voice meant to be husky, but really resembling the stifled plaint of a fog horn, "does them guys in de jury box look good ter youse?"

Mr Butterworth nodded his head slightly and murmured for his client to keep silent as the District Attorney was about to open for the prosecution.

The People's case was simple and dire. The lumber company had been robbed of twenty-five thousand dollars on a night when the defendant was seen loitering about the office, and later seen scurrying toward the city encumbered

with a gripsack or parcel. Mr James Heke, manager, would swear to receiving this amount of money in banknotes of various denominations, and to placing it in the safe on the night of the robbery. The money was intended to be used in paying off the help, and as a consequence of its disappearance the company could not meet its other obligations and might be forced into bankruptcy. The crime was the more abhorrent as it struck at so many. No portion of the money had been recovered, but the jury was reminded that the defendant had had ample time to reach the city and conceal his loot.

"Why didn't you tell me they would try to prove seeing you leaving the scene of the robbery?" whispered Mr Butterworth sharply.

"S'long as I'm innocent what differ does it make how many swears ter sear' me?" growled Mr Bilks indignantly.

Mr Heke was the first witness called. He told of the company's method of paying off a host of workmen every two weeks, and explained that the twenty-five thousand dollars not only included the pay-roll, but also was to have been used in meeting outstanding bills. He had placed it in the safe in the presence of an aged clerk, and the two had left the office together to attend a secret society meeting. On their way to the hall they had met the defendant at the entrance of the yards, a few feet from the office. At midnight the witness had been summoned from the hall by the village watchman, who informed him that the door to the company's office had been found ajar. An examination quickly revealed that the lock to the safe had been picked and the money taken. The robbery must have been committed prior to twelve o'clock.

"Well, say, Bo, but he certainly is de slick 'un," admired Mr Bilks in a husky whisper.

"You have told all you know about the affair?" was Mr Butterworth's first question in cross-examination.

"I believe so."

"What about the tobacco coupons you kept in the safe?"

The witness reddened, but replied, "I wasn't asked about them."

"Yet such coupons were there?"

The witness answered in the affirmative, and added that he had told the District Attorney of them.

"But as their discovery in the defendant's possession would be almost positive proof of his guilt, and as they have never been found, you did not remind my opponent of them in your direct examination, as a bit of evidence, realising he would have asked about them had he wished any mention, liable to exonerate the defendant, to be made?" suggested Mr Butterworth genially.

The District Attorney hotly objected to any conclusions being drawn, and was sustained by the Court. Then he added, with a shrewd glance at the jury: "A man who had time to conceal 25,000 dollars in banknotes wouldn't be inconvenienced to finding a hiding-place for, or to destroy, a bunch of worthless tobacco prize coupons. It was a simple matter to throw them away."

"I accept your apology," said Mr Butterworth kindly.

"Fer de love of— Say, Bo, dar certainly was a warn shot," said Mr Bilks in a half-audible tone that sadly detracted from the dignity of the prosecutor's passionate disclaimer.

"The defendant is not being tried for stealing tobacco coupons," reminded the Court sternly and with an icy stare at the distorted face of the burglar. "Coupons are not even mentioned in the indictment. The District Attorney evidently does not care to litter up the case with immaterial evidence."

"I take an exception to the Court's remarks," said Mr Butterworth. "Nothing is immaterial that goes a step toward proving the prisoner's innocence."

The aged clerk next substantiated his employer's story in every detail and was positive that the defendant was the man he saw near the office. The third witness told of seeing Mr Bilks, between the hours of eleven and twelve, hastening cityward, carrying something under his arm. It was quite dark, despite the moonlight, yet he was almost positive the man whom he saw and the defendant were the same. This evidence, followed by several policemen, and a clerk of courts staggering under a heavy record of convictions, who tore the defendant's reputation to shreds and pictured him as a man who lived solely to be sentenced for burglaries, closed the prosecution's case.

"If the Court please," said Mr Butterworth, "I will endeavour to be as brief in concluding the defence as has been my learned brother in presenting the people's proof. I will enter on no outline of the defence beyond the simple assertion that my client stole no money from the complainant and is here solely as the result of his former ill-advised activity. But he is not to be convicted

night of this occurrence?" Mr Butterworth plunged into the examination.

"Is in a joint called Eply, ten miles from dat punk job."

"Where in Eply?"

"Well, fer one t'ing I was in de bug-house grounds."

"Witness was where?" asked the Court.

"He says he was on the premises of the insane asylum," interpreted Mr Butterworth.

"Huh! Go on."

"What did you do there?"

"Is sort of weary wid walkin' round town an' I sets down on a dawg."

"Stenographer, did the witness say log or dog?" demanded the amazed judge.

"I said a dawg," broke in Mr Bilks confidentially. "In de langwidge of de poet, a pup, a bow-wow."

"What kind of a dog?" interrupted Mr Butterworth quickly, as he detected a storm hovering over the face of justice.

"A stone 'un."

"Stone! I believe he said stone," murmured the Court, removing his spectacles and breathing heavily. "Mercy!"

"Dat's wot," agreed Mr Bilks genially.

"What happened then?" hurriedly asked counsel.

"Well, den I puts down my mit. See?

sir," observed the Court to the complacent Mr. Butterworth. "That this is all very—er—peculiar, and possibly to be viewed with amazement."

"That the dog didn't bite him?" demanded Mr. Butterworth. "I except to your Honor's remarks as being unduly prejudicial to the defence. My client is unhappily envolved, I will confess, but these circumstances, related to his defence, although seemingly abnormal, are purely trivial and yet conducive to a fair inference that he did not commit this crime."

"Say, Bo, dat's all ter de good!" cried Mr. Bilks enthusiastically, mopping his black hair from his deep-set eyes as he leaned forward eagerly. "I never did a job yet—"

"There, there," broke in counsel sharply. "That will do, sir."

"Let the witness finish," urged the Court gently.

"Dat I was ashamed of," concluded Mr. Bilks defiantly.

"A striking illustration of the perfect candour of the simple mind," cried Mr. Butterworth exultantly; "revealing at a flash the man's innate honesty, despite his record! He has erred; he has paid the price, and he is not ashamed to confess it."

"Fer de love of—" gasped Mr. Bilks in an undertone.

"If the Court please," spoke up Juror Number Six pompously. "I live in Eply, and there are stone dogs scattered about the premises of the insane asylum. What the defendant calls blood was paint. I remember well when the images were being freshly painted."

"Ah-a-a!" snarled the heretofore quiescent District Attorney, jumping to his feet. Then he collapsed, as he realised how foolish it was to rattle a juror. But his imploring gaze was not lost upon his friend, the judge, who promptly, and a bit warmly, reminded the juror he was there to hear and not be heard.

But, as the offender set his lower jaw and drew down his mouth, Mr. Butterworth smiled brightly and observed to the District Attorney that truth should not be feared, even when coming from a juror.

The Court, fearing to go further into the situation, could only glare at Number Six and snap to counsel: "Proceed."

"Where did you go after leaving the dog?" continued Mr. Butterworth.

"Why, I goes ter a church fair, where dey was playin' some innocent sport an' graftin' de small coins in brace games, where youse name de number of beans in a bottle an' gits maced. See?"

"Will you swear it wasn't a funeral or a glee club you visited?" sneered the District Attorney.

"If the Court please," gravely remonstrated Mr. Butterworth, "I believe the defendant has the right to be heard, even if in telling his story he does fly in opposition to the inclination of my learned and inopportune friend."

The Court coughed behind a pudgy hand and frowned judicially for a few seconds, and then compromised by commanding: "Proceed."

"What happened at the fair?" resumed counsel.

"Why, when I steps in, kind of soft-like, an' sees me clothes don't match up wid de pest of de guys' fixin's. I picks up a laked apple an' skidoos."

"So," cried the District Attorney triumphantly, "you do admit, sir, that at least you are guilty of petit larceny?"

"That's what he has sworn to," declared the judge loudly.

"Wid all recommendations fer de mercy of de Court, I's done nuttin' of de kind," croaked Mr. Bilks in hoarse anger. "Why, fer de love of— Say, Bo, is dey goin' ter spike me good name like dat—"

"There, there!" soothed Mr. Butterworth. "That will do, sir." Then to the judge he added: "I know this Court



"Now an' den He'd Light a Match an' Look Inter a Big Milk-can Ter See de Time o' Day."

because of his reputation. And I would desire the jury to remember that nothing is inconsequential and trivial and apt to 'litter up the case' that in any way tends to show the defendant could not have participated in the crime charged. Our defence is an alibi. It is a bit unusual, and for that reason all the more impressive."

With this foreword the old lawyer paused and daintily dusted with his handkerchief the fingers that had been employed to restrain Mr Bilks in his chair while being identified as the man with the bundle. Mr Bilks was then motioned to the witness stand.

"Mr Bilks, where were you on the

An' I gits it all sticky. See? An' I An' I gits it all sticky. See? An' I strikes a flicker, an' if it wan't covered wid blood!"

"Blood!" recoiled the Court, suddenly slumping several inches in his high-back chair.

"Dat's wot," retorted Mr Bilks stoutly. "An' I gits it on de tail of my coat. Den I quits de place on de jump."

"Did the dog bite you?" asked the Court anxiously.

"Now, de dawg didn't bite me. See? De dawg was stone an' couldn't bil nuttin'!" growled Mr. Bilks, as one suspecting he was being made game of.

"Candour will compell you to admit,

Hygiene
of the Mouth

ODOL

Soundness
of Teeth

Price 2/6 a bottle of Odol, lasting for several months (the half-size bottle 1/6). Of all Chemists.

is so big, so magnanimous, that it will not heed the strivings of an untutored soul, eager only to assert its innocence."

"Dat would certainly sound punk from any gent but youse," observed Mr. Bilks doubtfully. "But wot I was goin' ter say was dat over de apples was a sign, writ large, dat read: 'Take a Chance.' Dat was me ter de finish."

"Your Honor," bubbled Juror Number Six eagerly, forgetting his recent rebuff and now leaning far out over the rail. "I was there, and some unknown, roughly-dressed man did snatch an apple from the guessing booth, which bore the placard he speaks of. And in one of the apples was a gold ring, and the chances were ten cents each, although not so stated on the placard." Then he added sorrowfully: "The ring was never found in any of the apples sold, and was probably contained in the one snatched by the stranger."

"I demand the privilege of asking the juror if this is the ring taken from the fair and contained in the apple," said Mr. Butterworth gravely.

The juror, who now considered himself greater than the Court, broke silence by crying: "If it has a narrow, oval band with the initials 'L.A.F.' for 'Ladies' Auxiliary Fair,' engraved inside, it is our ring!"

"It has such an inscription, and I refer it in evidence," said Mr. Butterworth. "I contend the defendant entered the church vestry on the night he is represented as being busy in blowing the lumber company's safe. Being hungry and seeing the sign, 'Take a Chance,' over the luscious pile of baked apples, he obeyed the dictates of his stomach, reassured by the generous wording of the placard, and seized an apple and retreated. That he did not know of the presence of the ring is self-evident, as we must assume the guessing contest was to be a fair one. That he did not sell the ring is evidence of his honesty."

"The contest was certainly fair and square. I'm a deacon in that," began Juror Number Six complacently.

But he was cut off by the Court's raspy voice crying:

"Will you refrain from taking over all responsibility in this trial, sir?"

"And, your Honor," cried the District Attorney, now awake to the fact that he had been silent overlong, "I want to interpose an objection!"

"You object to what?" asked the old lawyer pleasantly.

The District Attorney rumped his hair and glared wildly at his rival for a few seconds, and then lamely qualified: "To everything about this ring."

"The ring will be returned to the Ladies' Auxiliary Society," said Mr. Butterworth sternly, "whether you object or not."

Juror Number Six smiled openly at this announcement.

"I will now ask the witness if he ever plays cards," said Mr. Butterworth.

"When I's a kid I's a wise guy wid any kind of a pastebord game," was the rumbling reply.

"So that you know one card from another?"

"Oh, your Honor, I must protest!" cried the District Attorney; then sarcastically: "Unless you intend to show he lost the stolen money in some game of chance. Are we to understand he frittered it away at the church fair?"

"For de love of —" ejaculated the indignant witness, when his attorney stilled him and explained to the Court: "It is merely intended to pave the way for perfecting our alibi."

"Then we must receive it," moaned the Court, now openly evidencing his perturbation. "But—er—kindly keep as close to the bounds of normality as possible, counsel."

Mr. Butterworth promptly took an exception to the last remark and then allowed the defendant to state that he did know every card in the pack and knew them intimately.

"Did you meet a playing card that night, after leaving the church fair?"

At this question Juror Number Three displayed symptoms of hysteria and caused the Court to demand: "What are you laughing at, sir?"

Number Three denied the imputation and insisted that his bulging eyes and red face were purely the results of a coughing spell. "I felt as if I was going to have a fit," he added humbly.

"How dare you have fits in my courtroom? Did you ever have a fit?" pursued the Court hotly.

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know it felt like one? A man who has fits is disqualified

for jury duty," stormed the Court. "Huh! Repeat the question, stenographer."

The query was put anew, and Mr. Bilks, who had been winking reassuringly at nervous Number Three, gave attention and replied: "I certainly did. He was walking near de edge of de town."

"Card was walking," murmured the Court, speaking wholly to himself and in a trancelike tone.

"Dat's wot. Dat is, he was in a guy's hatland dat was walkin'," modified the witness.

"What card was it?" inquired Mr. Butterworth gently.

"De Jack of Spades."

"What was the man doing, in whose hat you saw this card?"

"Not much of nuttin'," deprecated the witness sorrowfully. "Only now an' den he'd light a match an' look inter a big milk-can ter see de time o' day."

"Witness," cried the astounded Court, while the District Attorney held his aching head unsteadily, "do you mean to tell this Court a man looks into milk-cans to ascertain the hour?"

"Say, Bo, dat siffs in slow," remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly; "but I reckons I's on an' twigs de drift. An' I do mean it. De guy was potted—"

"I believe he intends to say the man was intoxicated," explained Mr. Butterworth softly.

"Well, he had it proper, anyway. An' he was a milkman. An' he'd strike a flicker an' take a squint inter de can an' den call de hour. Dat's all," insisted Mr. Bilks, now looking very solemn.

"We have the milkman in Court," assured Mr. Butterworth, "and although reluctant to appear and confess his weakness, yet to save an innocent man he is here, ready to admit his inebriated condition on this night in question; and also to relate how he wore home in his hatland from a neighbourhood card-party the Jack of Spades. He left the party at eleven o'clock, thus proving conclusively the defendant met him and observed his actions at an hour when the prosecution alleges he was ten miles to the east, busy robbing a safe."

This completed the direct examination of Mr. Bilks, and, cross-question as he would, the District Attorney could gain no advantage. He dared not ridicule the stone dog and baked apple and the lone playing-card too strongly, as Juror Number Six had vouched for the first two, and doubtless there were several witnesses ready to establish the last.

The milkman was called next. He testified in detail, in so far as he could remember, what Mr. Butterworth had promised to obtain from him. Then followed several of his neighbours, who grinned broadly in describing his actions when wearing the Court card in his hat.

That closed the evidence, although the District Attorney recalled the company's manager and the man who swore to seeing the defendant fleeing from the scene of the robbery. The two attorneys were brief in their summaries; the Court was sleepy and rambling in his charge, and the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

While Mr. Bilks was busy returning the felicitations of "Butch" McCarty and other friends, the old lawyer gathered up his papers and quietly made for his office. He had done his duty, and acquitted an innocent criminal, and now he wished to see him and his class no more.

But if he thought to escape thus easily he erred, as an hour after he had reached his desk the door opened softly—may, almost slyly—and Mr. Bilks stepped gently in.

"Jest dropped round ter say 'anks," he explained gruffly and almost sheepishly, as he exhaled a heavy cloud of smoke from a big pipe.

"Not necessary, Mr. Bilks. I have been paid in full and it's all right. By the way, I never smoke a pipe, you know. Sometimes I think the smoke chokes me up," said Mr. Butterworth stiffly.

"Say," declared Mr. Bilks impressively, removing his pipe, "I ain't so low down but wot I can take a hint when it's kicked inter me. But how a new pipe, sweet as Heaven, can stuff a guy up gits yers truly. Look at it," and he held it from him in pride. "It's her, tin' dat joy producer cost ten plunks."

Mr. Butterworth pricked up his ears a bit and carelessly said: "Fally as much as that. You gave—"

"Jest 'ree hundred cowpoms for it," "What?" cried Counsel. "Coupons!

And then you did get them, after all?"

"Why, yes, Bo," grinned Mr. Bilks; "I's put me hoof in, I reckon. But wot's de odds? I's acquitted. An' I's did git de cowpoms."

"And the money?" gasped the old lawyer.

"Never had a smell at it," mourned Mr. Bilks sadly. "Say, dat manager is a smooth 'un! He smooched de wad, after temptin' me ter do de job. De wot was ter be in a fat wallet an' we was ter go cahoots. See? An' den I wakes up an' finds me prize is only a mess of cowpoms. Course, if I blowed de gaff no one would believe me, an' he was wise enough ter know I'd say nitn. See?"

"But how could this man of business meet and know you and put himself in your power by making any such a deal?" demanded Mr. Butterworth icily, his eyes seeking the telephone.

"Why," explained Mr. Bilks easily, "his porter uses ter be a ol' pal of mine. He reformed an' got work wid dis guy's company, an' dey got thick at last, an' when de manager decided he'd frame up a clean-up he reached me 'ro de porter. I was ter pinch de stuff an' divvy. See? An' I gits a new pipe out of it. See?"

"But the alibi?" expostulated Mr. Butterworth. "The juror substantiated that. Wasn't any of it real?"

"De tings was all hunkey; real see—ery, youse know. De apple an' de dawg an' de Jack was all on deek, but it wasn't me dat was in Eply ter twig 'em. Butch is de only harp in de city dat can handle a tough ward. Say, he's slick! One of de boys put up a ring for drinks in his dry house, an' when he was busy gunnin' 'round ter dig up a alibi fer yers truly he remembered it an' framed up a few more tings dat was bein' pulled off in Eply on dat night. An', when I could show down dat I was de guy wot see 'em, de gitaway was easy. See?"

"I see," said Mr. Butterworth sadly. "And here is the retainer I received from your cultured friend, Mr. McCarty. Give it back to him. It is tainted. The door is right behind you. Good-day."

"Why, Bo, I certainly wants youse ter keep dis reward of merit 'er holdin' out a helpin' hand ter me—" remonstrated Mr. Bilks earnestly, but he was cut short with another curt "Good-day."

Within forty-eight hours the creditors of the Ward-Hungar Lumber Company were agreeably surprised to learn they would be paid in full, and yet another day saw a new manager in charge.

A week later Mr. Butterworth awoke to find his house had been feloniously entered during the night. And on a library table was an envelope containing a sum of money and a rough-scrawled note, which read:—

"Youse certainly was good to me this money haint tainted see it comes cten an' fresh from the house of the judge wot tried to jug me I always remember my friends.—Slinkin' Bill."

Old-time Marriage Notices.

Personal journalism is supposed to be a recent development, but these extracts from old newspapers show that it has at least the sanction usually accorded to old age.

"A few days ago was married at St. Bridget's Church in Chester, Mr. George Harding, aged 107 years, to Mrs. Catherine Woodward, aged eighty-three. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I. and part of George II. This is his fifth wife, and he is Mrs. Woodward's fifth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been for the past thirty years chiefly buttermilk, with a little flour, and bread and cheese." The personal tone of the latter part of this announcement suggests another, which ends with the edifying information: "He served in King William's Wars and received a ball in his nose."

Besides age and diet and accidents there are also allusions to height, fortune and length of courtship; as for example the following: "Mr. Thomas, a grenadier in the Yorkshire militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Tennick, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds."

And to another item is appended: "What is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on betwixt them for more than sixty years."

Often a complete romance has been related, as in the case of an English soldier, who went through various experiences in foreign countries and after an absence of thirty-three years returned to his native land where he accidentally met his first wife. He had lost two wives and she two husbands during the time and "both being disengaged, they willingly renewed their former connection."

Disparity of ages is one of the commonest of incongruities among married couples, the instance of the much-married woman, who for the fourth time had "honoured the marriage register with her name," suggesting a ridiculous condition. It was announced that in the evening "several of the relations went to the apartment of the newly married couple to pay their respects to their young grandfather."

A difference less great but more conspicuous is referred to in an account of the low status of the colliers in a certain district of England. Church ceremonies were attended with unseemly display, and from time to time collections of absurdities passed through the streets on the way to the parish-house. On one occasion the marriage of "Johnny and Betty" was being celebrated. In the procession floated a couple of yards of painted calico upon which the secret of rejoicing was told in the words:

"At Johnny and Betty's wedding
We will merry be;
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three."

Reinforced glass, produced by rolling two plates of glass with a metallic grating between them, promises to become of great importance as a building material. In a recent French test, a sheet four feet long by 18 inches wide, and less than a quarter of an inch thick, easily supported 1047 pounds, and under heavy weights or exposed to fire, it bends and cracks without breaking. Its strength, resistance to fire, and passage of light, admirably fit it for roofs, shop-windows, partitions, and staircases.



WET FEET

If you are tired of living, and want to see what comes next, you've only to cultivate WET FEET.

WET FEET carry off more people than war and old age combined. This is the season when it is most important to PROTECT YOUR FEET.

We have just opened, ex. ss. "Sonoma" and "Star of New Zealand," direct from the manufacturers, 46 cases of GOOD AMERICAN RUBBERS. BEST IN THE WORLD! UTILITY AND SHARP!

Ladies' Rubber Overalls.	2/6 2/11 3/6
Gentlemen's "	3/11 and 4/11
Ladies' Rubber Boots "	8/11 and 10/6
Gentlemen's "	15/6

At MILLER'S BOOT PALACE, 100, 102 and 104 VICTORIA ST.

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THE MAN WITH THE AXE

By Dr. C. W. Doyle

Author of "The Taming of the Jungle," Etc.

ONE bright sunny afternoon in October, 189—, in the city of Los Angeles, California, a man with a curious shambling gait was leading by the hand a little girl about eight years of age. They proceeded towards Main Street along one of the smaller streets that branch off from that thoroughfare. He was of medium height, and his spreading shoulders and immense hairy hands were indicative of great strength. A tangled fringe of red hair emphasised his ruddy complexion and surrounded his face with a fiery halo. The vacuous expression of his countenance, the untidy condition of his dress and person, his beard checkered with crumbs of food, and stained with the tobacco juice that dribbled from the corners of his mouth—all showed that his mind was unbalanced. His clothes were old and shabby; and from his neck was suspended a much-worn bag that permitted the scroll of a violin to protrude, and in the belt round his waist there hung a woodman's axe.

The little child was a striking contrast to her companion. She was dressed entirely in red, and from her hood there escaped a wealth of light flaxen hair, which formed a dainty setting to her sweetheart face. She carried a small tambourine adorned with red ribbons, and as she tripped beside her strange companion she laughed and prattled with all the artlessness of happy, careless childhood.

The half-dazed expression in the man's face almost vanished when he looked at his companion, and the love that shone in his eyes at such times transformed him into a reasonable being. To her remarks, which were framed in a curious mixture of Spanish and English, he replied briefly when they were by themselves; but when they were with others his expression became imbecile, and he spoke in monosyllables only.

"Henrique, tio, thou wilt let me dance to-day the calchucha I learnt of thee last night?" enquired the little one, looking up archly at her companion.

"Wouldn't bring shame on thine old uncle?" he replied, shaking his head at her, "thou art not perfect yet, carissima."

"But, uncle mine," she answered, "thou knowest not that I danced it all night long in my dreams. See," whereupon, freeing her hand from his, and gaily shaking the tambourine aloft, she went through the steps of the stately dance with the daintiest grace. He rewarded her with a smile of ineffable love, muttering to himself, "Mother of God, could Felisa but see her now!"

Then as heads began to appear at the window, he caught her hand again, and once more they resumed their way, whilst he lapsed into his usual apathetic condition.

Passing down Main Street a little way, with a gathering crowd behind them, they stopped in front of a large hotel. Here the man went down on his knees and dusted his companion's shoes; then rising to his feet and leaning against a lamp-post, he took his violin out of its bag, and proceeded to play a slow movement. His knowledge of harmonies, and an occasional brilliant chromatic passage, showed him to possess a fine technique, and a high degree of skill in his difficult art, that were surprising in such a half-demented creature. The performance closed with a series of arpeggios, which presently shadowed forth the theme of "In Fair Sevilla," and when, after a pause, he commenced to play the air of that beautiful song, the little girl began to dance a bolero to the lovely strains. She danced with charming abandon for so young a creature, and appeared to be intent on pleasing herself rather than those who watched her. The exercise and excitement increased the rosy hue of her cheeks, and gave an added sparkle to her eyes, whilst her smiles, and dimples, and white teeth, completed a picture of gaiety and in-

nocence such as that unlovely street had never before witnessed.

When she ceased, the shower of silver that fell at her feet was a due tribute to her beauty and grace. The crowd cheered and clamoured for a repetition of the performance. She could obtain silence only by putting a finger to her lips. Then, amidst a feeling of expectation on the part of the crowd, and after a few preluding chords by the violin, she sang the following song—her high shrill treble being softened by the richness and depth of the obligato played by her companion. She sang as unconsciously as a bird on its native bough, and was all too young to have any understanding of her song:—

How sweet when Evening wraps the world
In twilight dim! Her silent feet
Go westering when day's flag is furled
The star-decked solemn Night to meet.

How sweet when ploughs are left afield,
And tired kine with tinkling bells
Draw nearer home their dues to yield,
And all the ice of quiet tells.

How sweet when labour o'er, at ease
The ploughman stretched before his fire
Thanks God for all; while on his knees
Climb children—Love's fulfilled desire.

But, oh, 'tis sweeter far in fight
To fold your arms about your foe,
And raise your knife aloft and snite,
And smiling slay him with one blow!

When her song was over the man replaced his violin in its bag, and taking the axe from his belt he ran the thumb of his left hand along its edge, as though he were testing its keenness, the while taking no notice of those about him.

The crowd stirred uneasily, for there was something uncanny about the whole incident: the savage ending of the song was as little in keeping with the beautiful music, as was the shambling idiot, fingering his dangerous weapon, with the fairy singer beside him.

As the child proceeded to pick up the coins lying at her feet, the crowd rapidly dispersed, and in a few minutes the street had resumed its usual appearance.

Amongst those who had watched and listened to the strange man and his young companion, was a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled on the balcony of the hotel in front of which the performance had taken place. Somewhat apart from the rest was Carey of Washington, who, whilst reading a newspaper, had fallen asleep in a rocking chair. He was a stout middle-aged man, handsome in spite of his heavy jaw; his empurpled complexion and puffy eye-lids brought to mind the psalmist's description of the ungodly, whose "eyes swell with fatness, and they do even what they lust." He was an attorney for one of the wickedest corporations in the world, and had a large and lucrative practice throughout the state of California, owing to his influence with the corrupt politicians in many of the county towns, who elected the judges and arranged the personnel of the juries. He had a special reputation for drawing up contracts which could be legally evaded by his clients, when necessary, and his services were accordingly greatly in demand by all sorts of usurers and blood-suckers. But Sumner Carey had sown a harvest of hatred and revenge in his successful and unscrupulous career, that he was likely to reap some day.

As soon as the first notes of the violin were heard that afternoon he awoke with a start, and looking down on the street he encountered the gaze of the man who was playing; the next instant he was apparently deeply absorbed in the newspaper that concealed his face; but Sumner Carey's complexion had turned many shades paler, and the newspaper shook in his hand.

After the crowd had dispersed and the musicians had gone, Carey went to his

room and rang for a bottle of whi-ky, of which he partook freely before the colour returned to his face; and steadiness to his hands.

That evening, at the dinner table, it was noticed that Carey was somewhat excited; his face was unusually flushed from his recent potations, and there was a feverish haste in his speech and actions. He drank freely of the magnum of champagne he had ordered, and laughed so noisily and defiantly, that he attracted the attention of the entire company. Behind him was an open window, which looked out on the garden, and it was noticed that he cast several furtive glances behind him that evening.

The dinner had not proceeded very far, when the conversation turned on the performance that had been witnessed in front of the hotel. The musician's strange appearance, his excellent playing, and the beauty and grace of the child, called forth many comments; but nobody knew anything about them. Sumner Carey tried to introduce some other topic of conversation, but the company would not be turned away from the latest sensation, and finally a white-haired old gentleman, who had but lately arrived, and who regarded Carey curiously during the early part of the dinner, said—"I think I can tell you all about the minstrels."

An expectant hush fell upon those present; they were so interested in the old gentleman's story that they failed to notice the change which had come over Carey's face, and that his hand shook so violently that he spilled his wine as he lifted it to his lips.

As his story proceeded the narrator glanced significantly at Carey from time to time. The latter pushed his plate to one side, and leaning back in his chair, he mopped the clammy perspiration from his face at intervals, and drank frequently from the bottle before him.

"The man we saw this evening," began the old gentleman, "is named Henrique Garcia, and the little child with him was his niece, Lucia."

"The following narrative was told me by his sister, Felisa, a few days before her death: Her father, Manuel Garcia, was a Castilian of good family who lived in Napa County, where he owned a considerable rancho bought under the alcalde's grant. Many years after the completion of the purchase, there arose some dispute as to the validity of his title. A clever and unscrupulous San Francisco lawyer, who made a special study of the old Spanish grants, and who owned property adjoining Manuel Garcia's, laid claim to a portion of the latter's rancho.

"In the suit that ensued, Manuel's interests were looked after by a young attorney, whom I call Standish, and who was, really, acting in collusion with the claimant in the case.

"Under such circumstances it can be easily imagined how the proceedings dragged along till the proud Castilian was bankrupt in health, in hope and in wealth. He died about ten years ago; his wife's death soon followed, and Henrique and his sister, Felisa, became heirs to an unsettled law-suit. Henrique was then a young man, about twenty-five years of age, with imperfectly developed faculties. He had a special gift for music, however, and attained to a high degree of excellence as a violin player. He was devoted to his lovely sister, Felisa, who was then about nineteen years of age. Her beauty was of a type most unusual amongst the Spanish—she had a fair skin and blue eyes, and a wealth of light auburn hair, such as Titian loved to paint.

"Before a year elapsed from the time

of Manuel Garcia's death, the entire estate had disappeared in costs, and Felisa was hiding in a miserable tenement house in San Francisco.

"When his sister disappeared, Henrique was disconsolate for many days, but there slowly arose in his mind a determination to find her. It was known that she had taken the train to San Francisco, but enquiries instituted by some of the old friends of the family failed to elicit her whereabouts. So they made up a small purse for Henrique, who, taking his beloved violin with him, set out on his weary search for Felisa.

"It was his hope that she would hear the familiar strains of his instrument, and so come back to him; and with such a thought in his mind it can be easily understood what pleading and pathos were added to the magical notes that responded to his rushing bow, and flying fingers. He had no difficulty in maintaining himself in San Francisco, and might have had a permanent income, and a manager to exploit him, at one of the variety theatres, but he resisted all the tempting offers that were made to him.

He used to spend the whole day wandering about the streets and noisome alleys south of Market Street, peering up at the windows in a pathetic dazed fashion, and when he fancied he saw a look of sympathy in the face of a passer-by, he would question him concerning Felisa.

At night it was his wont to take up his stand under a lamp-post at, or near, some crowded crossing, and play on his violin for half an hour at a time, changing his station four or five times an evening. Without appearing to notice anyone, there were very few passers-by who escaped his observation, and often, in the middle of a passage, he would abruptly cease playing to follow some one, whose face, or figure, reminded him of Felisa.

One night, as he was playing at the corner of Fourth and Market Street, a woman, heavily veiled and concealed in the shadow of a house on Fourth Street that projected slightly from its neighbour, stood listening to his music. As she had turned out of Market Street under the brilliant light that streamed from the cafe at the corner, Henrique had an opportunity of watching her closely, and he knew he had at last found his sister. He was about to follow her when she stopped in the shadow to listen to his music. Whereupon he played some of her favourite songs by Schumann and Schubert. So full of passion was his rendering of "Du bist die Ruh," that a woman in the crowd sobbed, and threw a dollar at his feet. When the last note had died on the air, the veiled woman resumed her course down Fourth Street. Henrique followed her warily, and when she turned down Jessie Street he quickly overtook her.

"Felisa, carissima," he began, "it is I, Henrique. Oh, sister mine, I knew that my violin would find thee!" She turned abruptly as he came towards her with outstretched hands, but she stopped him with a gesture as he was about to take her in his arms. Lifting the veil she wiped the tears from her eyes, for she was greatly moved, and then in a voice as of one entirely bereft of hope she said "Henrique Garcia, I am no longer thy sister; think of me as one who is dead, and go thy way, and may God help thee!" But he persisted in following her with piteous appeal, so that she could not refuse him entrance when they reached the wretched house where she lived. When they gained her room, he knelt beside her and kissed her hand whilst the tears streamed down his face, and he looked at her with such a love as only dumb beasts can bestow. And she put her arms about him, and had her head on his shoulder, and the poor month creature wept with her and tried to soothe her in his own pitiful way.

"From that day Henrique never lost sight of his sister. Understanding in some dim way that she was in trouble, he devoted himself to her, and tried in every possible way to cheer and dis-

tract her. A few bright ornaments and flowering plants were added to the dingy room, and it was his chief delight to pour his earnings into her lap every evening when he returned from the streets, but all his efforts were unavailing: a deep gloom had settled upon the poor girl, and she fell into a dull melancholy.

The old gentleman paused a few moments to collect his thoughts, and through the open window came the savage ending of the song sung by the little street minstrel that afternoon. Resuming his narrative the old man said, "One evening, when Henrique was playing on the streets, Standish came to the house to ascertain why the miserable pittance, which he used to send Felisa, had been returned to him of late. She informed Standish that Henrique had found her, and was earning enough money with his violin to maintain them both, and that she would not accept his alms any longer. She had not seen her lover for several weeks, and as he sat there, well-groomed, insolent, and careless, and with the air of superiority that comes of success, her old fondness for him stirred once more, and she made a final appeal to him to redeem his promises. Had Standish not been engrossed in scornful contemplation of the woman kneeling before him with clasped hands and streaming eyes, he might have seen in the mirror in front of him the visage of an angry man standing in the doorway behind him. Henrique had returned just in time to witness the end of the scene, and to hear Standish say 'Don't be a fool, Felisa.' The next instant the attorney was torn from his chair; he was a heavy, powerful man, but his strength availed nothing against the fury of his assailant. By the time the police arrived on the scene he had been beaten into insensibility. No charge was brought against Henrique, and no mention was made of the incident in the San Francisco papers, for the reason that Standish was a man of many resources, and of much influence with the newspapers.

"Felisa never saw Standish again. Her love had turned into the hate and fury

of a 'woman scorned,' and she was at great pains to impress upon Henrique that Standish was the author of all their troubles. It would have gone ill with him if Henrique had met him in those days, but the corporation he served sent him to Washington on important business that required the attention of a skilled lobbyist. So well did he acquit himself, and so necessary had he become to his employers, that they gave him a permanent position in Washington to look after their interests, and he has never been in California since then until last week, when he arrived in this city to attend to some important business that he alone was considered fit to conduct.

"When Felisa's baby was about eighteen months old, the poor girl, unable to bear the wretchedness of her life any longer, committed suicide. A few hours before her death she gave solemn charge to Henrique concerning her babe, and made him vow to kill Standish."

Once more through the window was heard the child's song. A shudder seemed to pass through Sumner Carey, and he glanced apprehensively behind him.

The old gentleman resumed his narrative: "The day after Felisa's funeral, Henrique appeared with an axe in his belt, and since then he has never laid it aside. His only aim in life is to fulfil the promises made to his sister. How well he has taken care of his little niece, Lucia, you all witnessed to-day; that he will slay his sister's betrayer is as certain as the fact that Mr Sumner Carey is at this moment under the spell of an overpowering dread."

"You lie, curse you!" shouted Carey, now livid with fear, and springing to his feet he clutched the bottle in front of him; whilst he was in the very act of throwing it at the old man, there was a yell of savage laughter near him, that stayed his hand, and struck a horror into the faces of all those who heard it.

Carey turned just in time to see Henrique leap in at the window behind him; he hurled the bottle at the intruder, but his aim was marred by fear, and his missile flew wide of its mark.

Before he could draw his pistol, Henrique—shouting "Felisa, Felisa!"—was upon him, and with one swift stroke of his axe he clove his skull to the shin.

"You have doubtless guessed," said the old man soon after in the smoking-room to some of his fellow-guests, "you have doubtless guessed that Sumner Carey was the Standish of my narrative. He was a cruel unscrupulous scoundrel, and I am glad that I witnessed Henrique's fulfilment of the last promise made to his sister."

Napoleon's "M" and Richard Wagner's "13."

Coincidence is, of course, the basis of superstition. So many coincidences are noted from time to time that it would not be remarkable if the list of common superstitions increased yearly. Consider, for example, the great part that the letter M played in the career of Napoleon I. The letter seems to have been both lucky and unlucky for him. It has been pointed out that his first great battle was Marengo, and that his decline began with Moscow.

Marboe was the first to recognise the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals. Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy.

Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Mouton—and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counsellor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault on Montmaitre. Milan was the first enemies' capital, and Moscow the last in which he entered.

He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou, and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired

against him, afterward Marmont. His Ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu.

Napoleon's most unlikely letter was W, with which two ominous words begin—Wellington, Waterloo.

As the letter M was connected with Napoleon's life, so the figure 13 was connected with Richard Wagner's, though generally in a more fortunate sense.

Wagner was born in 1813, the numerals of which, added together, are equal to thirteen, and he received a name, the letters of which when added to those of his family name are also equal to thirteen. Moreover, he finished "Tannhauser" on April 13, 1860, and it was performed for the first time on March 13, 1861. Twenty-two years later he died, and again the mystical number was dominant, for he passed away on February 13, 1883.

Small boy.—Little pool,
Oh, joy.—no school,
Felt wet.—bad cold,
Home got.—another scold,
Boy sick.—nearly dead,
Cure quick, doctor said,
Don't wait, but secure
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

The first Essential for the preservation of the Teeth is to keep them clean by constant attention at least every morning and evening.

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder

makes the work of your toothbrush so much more complete and satisfactory, because it perfects the cleansing and also supplies the necessary antiseptic properties.

Delightfully flavoured and refreshing to use. Sold by local Chemists and Stores.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

O.T. PUNCH is a Winter Drink. It warms the cockles of your heart.

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

Two Suicides That Still Live

By Leonard Merrick

HAVING bought the rope, Tourniquot wondered where he should hang himself. The lath and plaster ceiling of his room might decline to support him, and at five o'clock in the afternoon a lamp-post was out of the question. As he roamed on, he reflected that a pan of charcoal would have been more convenient after all; but the coil of rope in the doorway of a shop had fired his fancy, and now it would be laughable to throw it away.

Tourniquot was much averse from being laughed at in private life—perhaps because Fate had willed that he should be laughed at so much in his public capacity at Le Jardin Exterieur. Could he have had his way, indeed, Tourniquot would have been a great tragedian, instead of a little droll, whose portraits, with a bright red nose and a scarlet wig, grimaced on every kiosk in the Quarter; and he resolved that, at any rate, the element of humour should not mar his suicide.

As to the motive for his death, it was as romantic as his heart desired. He adored "La Belle Lucree," the fascinating snake charmer, and somewhere in the background the artiste had a husband. How little the audience at Le Jardin Exterieur suspected the passion that devoured their grotesque comedian while he cut his capers and turned love to ridicule; how little they divined the pathos of a situation which condemned him behind the scenes to whisper the most sentimental assurances of devotion when disguised by a flaming wig and a nose that was daubed vermillion! Truly it is said, "Not half the world knows how the other half lives!"

But such incongruities would distress Tourniquot no more—to-day he was to die; he had worn his chessboard trousers and his little green coat for the last time; for the last time had the relentless virtue of Lucree driven him to despair. When he was discovered inanimate, hanging to a beam, nothing comic about him, perhaps the world would admit that his soul had been solemn, though his "line of business" had been funny; perhaps Lucree would even drop warm tears upon his tomb.

It was an evening in late autumn, and dusk was already gathering over Paris. The white glare of electric globes began to flood the boulevards; before the cafes, waiters hustled among the tables, bearing the "tassees," the vermouth, the absinthe of the hour. Instinctively shunning the more frequented thoroughfares, Tourniquot wandered, plunged in reverie, until he perceived that he had reached a neighbourhood which was unknown to him—that he stood at the corner of a street which bore the name "Rue des Aents." Opposite, one of the dwellings was being rebuilt, and as he gazed at it—this skeleton of a home in which the workmen's hammers were silenced for the night—Tourniquot recognised that his journey was at an end. Here he could not doubt that he would find the last, grim hospitality that he sought. The house had no door to bar his entrance, but—as if in omen—above the gap where a door had been, the sinister number "13" was still to be discerned. He cast a glance over his shoulder, and, grasping the rope with a firm hand, crept inside.

It was dark within, so dark that at first he could discern nothing but the gleam of bare walls. He stole along the passage, and, mounting a flight of steps on which his feet sprang mournful echoes, proceeded stealthily towards an apartment on the top floor. At this point the darkness became impenetrable, for the persiennes had been closed, and in order to make his arrangements it was necessary that he should have a light. He paused, fumbling in his pocket; and then, with his next step, blundered against a body which swung from the contact like a human being suspended in midair.

Tourniquot leaped backwards in terror. A cold sweat bespangled him, and for some seconds he shook so violently, that he was unable to strike a match. At last, when he accomplished it, he beheld an apparently dead man hanging by a rope in the doorway.

"O, mon dieu!" gasped Tourniquot. And the thudding of his heart seemed to resound through the deserted house.

Humanity impelled him to rescue the poor wretch if it were still to be done. Shuddering, he whipped out his knife, and sawed at the cord desperately. The cord was stout, and the blade of the knife but small; an eternity seemed to pass while he sawed in the darkness. Presently one of the strands gave way. He set his teeth and pressed harder, and harder yet. Suddenly the rope yielded and the body fell to the ground. Tourniquot threw himself beside it, tearing open the collar, and using frantic efforts to restore animation. There was no result. He persevered, but the body lay perfectly inert. He began to reflect that it was his duty to inform the police of the discovery, and he asked himself how he should account for his presence on the scene. Just as he was considering this he felt the stir of life. As if by a miracle the man groaned.

"Courage, my poor fellow!" panted Tourniquot. "Courage—all is well!" The man groaned again; and after an appalling silence, during which Tourniquot began to tremble for his fate anew, he asked feebly, "Where am I?"

"You would have hanged yourself," explained Tourniquot. "Thanks to heaven, I arrived in time to save your life!"

In the darkness they could not see each other, but he felt for the man's hand and pressed it warmly. To his consternation, he received, for response, a thump in the chest.

"Mon dieu, what an infernal cheek!" croaked the man. "So you have cut me down? You meddlesome idiot, by what right did you poke your nose into my affairs, hein?"

Dismay held Tourniquot dumb. "Hein?" wheezed the man; "what concern was it of yours, if you please? Never in my life before have I met with such a piece of presumption!"

"My poor friend," stammered Tourniquot, "you do not know what you say—you are not yourself! By-and-by, you will be grateful, you will fall on your knees and bless me."

"By-and-by I shall punch you in the eye," returned the man, "just as soon as I am feeling better! What have you done to my collar, too? I declare you have played the devil with me!" His annoyance rose. "Who the devil are you, and what were you doing here, anyhow? You are a trespasser—I shall give you in charge."

"Come, come," said Tourniquot, conciliatingly, "if your misfortunes are more than you can bear, I regret that I was obliged to save you; but, after all, there is no need to make such a grievance of it; you can hang yourself another day."

"And why should I be put to the trouble twice?" grumbled the other. "Do you figure yourself that it is agreeable to hang? I passed a very bad time, I can assure you! If you had experienced it you would not talk so lightly about 'another day.' The more I think of your impudent interference, the more it vexes me. And how dark it is! Get up and light the candle—it gives me the hump here."

"I have no candle, I have no candle," babbled Tourniquot. "I do not carry candles in my pocket."

"There is a bit on the mantel-piece," replied the man angrily; "I saw it when I came in. Go and feel for it—hunt about! Do not keep me lying here in the dark—the least you can do is to make me as comfortable as you can!"

Tourniquot, not a little perturbed by the threat of assault, groped obediently; but the room appeared to be of the dimensions of a park, and he arrived at the candle stump only after a prolonged excursion. The flame revealed to him a man of about his own age, who leaned against the wall regarding him with indignant eyes. Revealed also was the coil of rope that the comedian had brought for his own use; and the man pointed to it.

"What is that? It was not here just now."

"It belongs to me," admitted Tourniquot, nervously.

"I see that it belongs to you. Why

do you visit an empty house with a coil of rope, hein? It should be like to understand that! . . . Upon my life, you were here on the same business as myself! Now, if this does not pass all forbearance! You come to commit suicide, and yet you have the effrontery to put a stop to mine!"

"Well," exclaimed Tourniquot, "I obeyed an impulse of pity! It is true that I came to destroy myself, for I am the most miserable of men! but I was so much affected by the sight of your sufferings that temporarily I forgot my own."

"That is a lie, for I was not suffering—I was not conscious when you came in. However, you have some pretty moments in front of you, so we will say no more! When you feel yourself drop, it will be diabolical, I promise you; the hair stands erect on the head, and each spot of blood in the veins congeals to a separate icicle! It is true that the drop itself is swift, but the clutch of the rope, as you kick in the air, is hardly less atrocious. Do not be encouraged by the delusion that the matter is instantaneous. Time mocks itself of you, and a second holds the sensations of a quarter of an hour. What has forced you to it? We need not stand on ceremony with each other, hein?"

"I have resolved to die because life is torture," said Tourniquot, on whom these details had made an unfavourable impression.

"The same with me! A woman, of course?"

"Yes," sighed Tourniquot, "a woman!"

"Is there no other remedy? Can you not desert her?"

"Desert her? I pine for her embrace!"

"Hein?"

"She will not have anything to do with me."

"Comment? It is love, then, with you?"

"What else? A passion eternal!"

"O, mon dieu, I took it for granted that you were married! But this is droll. You would die because you cannot get hold of a woman, and I because I cannot get rid of one. We should talk, we two. Can you give me a cigarette?"

"With pleasure, monsieur," responded Tourniquot, producing a packet. "I, also, will take one—my last!"

"If I expressed myself hastily just now," said his companion, refastening his collar, "I shall apologise—no doubt your interference was well meant, though I do not pretend to approve it. Let us dismiss the incident; you have behaved tactlessly, and I, on my side, have perhaps resented your error with too much warmth. Well, it is finished! While the candle burns let us exchange more amicable views. Is my cravat straight? It astonishes me to hear that love can drive a man to such despair. I, too, have loved, but never to the length of the rope. There are plenty of women in Paris—if one has no heart, there is always another. I am far from proposing to frustrate your project, holding as I do that a man's suicide is an intimate matter in which 'rescue' is a name given by busybodies to a gross impertinence; but as you have not begun the job, I will confess that I think you are being rash."

"I have considered," replied Tourniquot, "I have considered attentively. There is no alternative, I assure you."

"I would make another attempt to persuade the lady—I swear I would make another attempt! You are not a bad looking fellow. What is her objection to you?"

"It is not that she objects to me—on the contrary. But she is a woman of high principle, and she has a husband who is devoted to her—she will not break his heart. It is like that."

"Young?"

"No more than 30."

"And beautiful?"

"With a beauty like an angel! She has a dimple in her right cheek when she smiles that drives one to distraction."

"Myself, I have no weakness for dimples; but every man has his taste—there is no arguing about these things. What a combination—young, lovely, vir-

tuous! And I make you a bet the oaf of a husband does not appreciate her! Is it not always so? Now I—but of course I married foolishly, I chose an artiste. If I had my time again I would choose in preference any seamstress. The artistes are for applause, for bouquets, for little dinners, but not for marriage."

"I cannot agree with you," said Tourniquot, with some hauteur. "Your experience may have been unfortunate, but the theatre contains women quite as noble as any other sphere. In proof of it, the lady I adore is an artiste herself!"

"Really—is it so? Would it be indiscreet to ask her name?"

"There are things that one does not tell."

"Perfectly! But as a matter of interest? There is nothing derogatory to her in what you say—quite the reverse."

"It is a fact. Nevertheless—"

"Also I shall be dead by to-morrow."

"True, I was overlooking that. Well, the reason for reticence is removed! She is known as 'La Belle Lucree.'"

"Hein?" ejaculated the other, jumping.

"What ails you?"

"She is my wife!"

"Your wife? Impossible!"

"I tell you I am married to her—she is 'Mme. Beguinet.'"

"Mon dieu!" faltered Tourniquot, aghast; "what have I done?"

"So? . . . You are her lover?"

"Never has she encouraged me—recall what I have said! There are no grounds for jealousy—am I not about to die because she spurns me? I swear to you—"

"You mistake my emotion—why should I be jealous? Not at all—I am only amazed. She thinks I am devoted to her! Ho, ho! Not at all! You see my 'devotion' by the fact that I am about to hang myself rather than live with her. And you, you cannot bear to live because you adore her! Actually, you 'adore' her! It is not inexplicable! O, there is certainly the finger of Providence in this meeting! . . . Wait, we must discuss—we should come to each other's aid! . . . Give me another cigarette."

Some seconds passed while they smoked in silent meditation.

"Listen," resumed M. Beguinet, "in order to clear up this complication, we must first arrive at a thorough understanding; a perfect candour is required on both sides. Alas, as to your views, is it that you aspire to marry madame? I do not wish to appear exigent, but in the position I occupy you will realise that it is my duty to make the most favourable arrangements for her that I can. Now open your heart to me; speak frankly."

"It is difficult for me to express myself without restraint to you, monsieur," said Tourniquot, "because circumstances which we both regret naturally cause me to regard your existence in the light of a misfortune. To answer you with all the delicacy possible, I will say that if you had been cut down five minutes later, life would be a fairer thing to me."

"Good," said M. Beguinet, "we make progress! Your income? Does it suffice to support her in the style to which she is accustomed? What may your occupation be?"

"I am in madame's own profession—I, too, am an artiste."

"So much the more congenial! I foresee a joyous union. Come, we go famously! Your line of business—snakes, songs, performing rabbits, what is it?"

"My name is 'Tourniquot,'" responded the comedian with dignity. "All is said!"

"Aah! Is it so? Now I understand why your voice has been puzzling me! Monsieur Tourniquot, I am enchanted to make your acquaintance. I declare the matter arranges itself! I shall tell you what we will do. Hitherto I have had no choice between residing with madame and committing suicide, because my affairs have not prospered, and—though my pride has revolted—her salary has been essential for my maintenance. Now the happy medium jumps to the eyes; for you, for me, for her, the bright sunshine streams! I shall efface myself! I shall go to a distant land—"

say Brussels—and you shall make me a snug allowance. Have no misgivings; crown her with blossoms, lead her to the altar, and rest tranquil—I shall never reappear. Do you not figure yourself that I shall enter like the villain at the Ambigu and menace the blissful home? Not at all! I myself may even remain. Who knows? Indeed, should you offer me an allowance adequate for a family man, I will undertake to remain—I have always inclined toward speculation. That will shut my mouth, won't it? I could threaten nothing even if I had a base nature; for I, also, shall have committed bigamy. Suicide, bigamy, I would commit anything rather than live with Lucree!

"But madame's consent must be gained," demurred Tourniquot; "you overlook the fact that madame must consent. It is a fact that I do not understand why she should have any consideration for you; but if she continues to harp upon her duty, what then?"

"Do you not tell me that her only objection to your suit has been her fear that she would break my heart? What an hallucination! I shall approach the subject—with tact, with the utmost delicacy! I shall intimate to her that to insure her happiness I am willing to sacrifice myself! Rest assured that if she regards you with the favour that you believe, your troubles are at an end—the barrier removes itself, and you join hands. . . . The candle is going out, shall we depart?"

"I perceive no reason why we should remain in truth, we may have got out of it sooner."

"You are right; a café will be more cheerful. Suppose we take a bottle of wine together; how does it strike you? If you insist, I will be your guest; if not—"

"Ah, monsieur, you will allow me the pleasure," murmured Tourniquot.

"Well, well," said M. Beguinot, "you must have your way! . . . Your rope you have no use for, hein—we shall leave it!"

"But certainly! Why should I burden myself?"

"The occasion has passed, true. Good! Come, my comrade, let us descend!"

Who shall read the future? A while ago they had been strangers, neither intending to quit the house alive; now the pair issued from it jauntily, arm in arm! Both were in high spirits, and by the time the lamps of a café gave them welcome, and the wine gurgled gaily into the glasses, they pledged each other with a sentiment no less than fraternal.

"How I rejoice that I have met you!" exclaimed Beguinot. "To your marriage, mon vieux; to your joy! Fill up, again a glass!—there are plenty of bottles in the cellar. Mon dieu, you are my preserver—I must embrace you! Never till now have I felt for a man such affection! This evening all was black to me, I despaired, my heart was heavy as a cannon ball—and suddenly the world is bright! Roses bloom before my feet, and the little larks are singing in the sky. I dance, I skip! How beautiful, how sublime is friendship!—better than riches, than youth, than the love of a woman! riches melt, youth dies, woman snores. But friendship is—. Again a glass! It goes well, this wine. Let us have a lobster!

I swear I have an appetite; they make one peckish, these suicides, n'est-ce pas? I shall not be formal—if you consider it your treat, you shall pay. A lobster and another bottle, hein? At the expense of you or me?"

"Ah, the bill all in one!" declared Tourniquot.

"Well, well," said Beguinot, "you must have your way. What a happy man I am. Already I feel twenty years younger. You would not believe what I have suffered! My agonies would fill a book. Really! By nature I am domesticated; but my home is impossible—I shudder when I enter it. It is only in a restaurant that I see a clean tablecloth. Absolutely! I pig! All Lucree thinks about is dress."

"No, no," demurred Tourniquot; "to that I cannot agree."

"What do you know? You 'cannot agree! You have seen her when she is laced in her stage costume, when she minces and prattles, with the paint, and the powder, and the false hair on. It is I who am 'behind the scenes,' mon ami, not you! I see her dirty peignoir and her curl rags. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon! Every day! You 'cannot agree!'"

"Curl rags?" faltered Tourniquot. "But certainly! I tell you I am of a gentle disposition; I am most tolerant of women's failings; it says much that I would have hugged myself rather than remain with a woman. Her untidiness is not all; her toilet at home revolts my sensibilities, but—well, one cannot have everything, and her salary is substantial; I have closed my eyes to the curl rags. However, snakes are more serious."

"Snakes?" ejaculated Tourniquot.

"Naturally! The beasts must live, do they not support us? But everything in its place is my own motto; the motto of my wife—all over the place!" Her serpents have shortened my life, word of honour! They wander where they will. I never lay my head beside those curl rags of hers without the terror of finding a cobra decapitè on the pillow. It is not everybody's money! Lucree has no objection to them; well, it is courageous—fortunate, since snakes are her profession—but I—I was not brought up to snakes; I am not at my ease in a zoological garden."

"It is natural."

"Is it not? I desire to explain myself to you, you understand; are we not as brothers? O, I realise well that when one loves a woman one thinks always that the faults are with the husband; believe me, I have much to justify my attitude. Snakes, dirt, rages, what a menage!"

"Rages?" gasped Tourniquot.

"I am an honest man," affirmed Beguinot, drawing another bumper. "I shall not say to you I have no blemish, I am perfect! Not at all! Without doubt, I have occasionally expressed myself to Lucree with more candour than courtesy. Hein? Such things happen. But—" he refilled his glass, and sighed pathetically, "but to every citizen, whatever his position—whether his affairs may have prospered or not—his wife owes respect. Hein? She should not throw the ragout at him. She should not menace him with snakes." He wept. "My friend, you

will admit that it is not gentle to coerce a husband with deadly reptiles!"

Tourniquot had turned pale. He signed to the waiter for the bill, and when it was discharged, sat regarding his companion with round eyes. At last clearing his throat, he said, nervously:

"After all, do you know—now one comes to think it over—I am not sure, upon my honour, that our arrangement is feasible!"

"What?" exclaimed Beguinot, with a violent start. "Not feasible! How is that, pray? Because I have opened my heart to you, do you back out? O, what treachery! Never will I believe that you could be capable of it!"

"However, it is a fact. On consideration, I shall not rob you of her."

"Base fellow! You take advantage of my confidence. A contract is a contract!"

"No," stammered Tourniquot, "I shall be a man and live my love down. Monsieur, I have the honour to wish you 'Good-night.'"

"Hi, stop!" cried Beguinot, infuriated. "What then is to become of me? Insolent poltroon—you have even destroyed my rope!"

Had sorrow thy young days shaded?
Or hast thou a cold in thy head?
Try rouses, are they out of order?
Thy nose, is the tip of it red?
If these be thy symptoms, I charge thee,
All nostrums inferior abjure.
There is but one remedy for thee,
And that's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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invigorating, and warms the body without
iceberiating.



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Song the Poet
Whose Clothes were

Washed with
Sapon

"Soak—Squeeze—Rinse—Wring,
SAPON is a Magic Thing!"

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April 12, 1906.

'DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT.'

A Matter of Heredity

By Gordon A. Couper

AND you mean to say you think you can possibly foretell what any man will become—ultimately? he said, with a curious earnestness, quite unlike his usual tactful way of falling into her moods.

"We know what we are," she began idly, and stopped. It was not worth the effort to continue.

"One's surroundings and perhaps heredity fighting it out. Who knows which will win?"

"Surroundings, if one could always live in Devonshire," was her answer. "You couldn't be wicked with that fairyland of purple cornaline before you; or sorrowful, with the possibility of a mermaid or some other sea-beauty popping up in that cave over there—could you?"

"Oh, yes, all these things," he retorted coolly. "I'm not romantic like you."

She was a trifle nettled, and answered, twisting her ring: "Haven't we had enough philosophy for one day?"

"Does it bore you?"

"Rather. My mind is not large enough to be interested in such matters unless they happen to have a personal application."

"I should have called this rather personal, but perhaps you have had no hereditary weakness to conquer—only graces to develop. Well—to change the subject—that's a pretty ring; looks like an engagement ring."

"It is," said she, calmly. And there was a silence.

"You haven't worn it before—since I came—have you?"

"I cut my finger," she explained, "and it was very painful at first; and then—I forgot." She ended tamely and in some confusion.

"Then how could I be expected to know?" he demanded.

She turned and looked at him steadily: at the dark regular face, with its strong lines and angles; at the deep blue eyes now rather clouded, but ready for a sudden impulse of mirth; at the comical uplifting of one eyebrow above the other; at the one-sided smile, half-amused, half-satirical, on the somewhat changeable mouth. Then she made up her mind and said deliberately:

"I don't see that it makes an atom of difference whether you know or not."

"Nor do I," he granted. "Only you took the trouble to tell me by wearing your ring again."

She looked away, hot and uncomfortable.

"I wonder why it is I like you so much!" he continued presently, with a change of tone.

"So do I," she answered lightly—that is, if you really do."

"Well, I do," he said simply and added: "It isn't because you are pretty, you know? I've seen scores of prettier women."

"Thank you," she bent her head in mute response.

"You must know that is true—unless you are vain, and I didn't think that of you. Am I mistaken?"

"Perhaps it is because of my cleverness," she suggested somewhat bitterly.

"No; nor yet because you dress well; nor for your pretty ways; nor for your quaintness. You are delicate and womanly, and as sweet as—as well as my ideal woman should be, as sweet as my idea pictured her to be. I think, Sybil," said he, "I love you for your sweet nature and—and your honesty."

"So here was the love-making; and after all she did not like it."

"I'm not Sybil to you," she corrected him gently.

"Did I call you Sybil? I am very forgetful. But it doesn't matter," he concluded, as if to himself.

"Doesn't it?" she retorted, with a quiet smile. "There is another who would hardly agree with you."

"Another? Oh! I see—the other fellow."

"My sister will be wanting to go

back. It's nearly tea-time," she suggested, as he did not seem disposed to break the silence.

"She went ten minutes ago," he answered; "I heard the swish of her skirt. I think she wanted us to join her."

"By all means," said the girl, and rose quickly. Not one word did they speak as he helped her up the steep, winding path. When they reached the long, dusky road, she cleverly steered the conversation toward safe topics, with no encouragement from him except a single monosyllable now and then. But when they stood at the gate of the house where she and her sister lodged he seemed suddenly to rouse himself.

"I'm sorry," he said, as he opened the wicket for her. "I have made a fool of myself this afternoon."

"Yes, I think you have," she admitted sweetly.

"I don't exactly know how to undo it."

"There's no way," she interrupted quickly. "Such things are never undone; they are forgiven often; forgotten occasionally."

There was a curious note in her voice that caused him to lean forward to see her face, but she kept it turned away.

"I must go," he began; but she looked at him, dumb and wide-eyed, with some emotion, that made him ask hurriedly: "What is it? Tell me! What is wrong?"

"You said I was honest," she almost whispered; "and—and I must be—now. I don't know what you have done—you have—you have caught my soul away from me."

He stepped back, suddenly, white and troubled.

"You have—I don't know how it could happen—in a few weeks—but my will is no longer mine."

Her steady look dropped, and she suddenly turned away; and still he waited as though stunned.

"You mean you love me?" he asked, presently.

"I don't know," she answered, dully. "I don't know what love is. I thought I loved him—I mean the other fellow—at least I told him so. But perhaps there are different kinds of love—for other people. I don't know. Tell me what to—"

She stopped, and held out her hands appealingly, but before he could take them she slipped her ring into her pocket.

"I must be free," she said, simply.

Then he took her hands, but almost coldly; and she, looking up into his face, was frightened, and asked, "Are you ill?"

"No," he answered, smiling a little, but with beads of perspiration on his forehead; "only tempted."

"You mean—that I—I—am mistaken?"

And then he was holding her close, his face against her brow, as he said hurriedly, "It is all wrong, Sybil. I am sinning against you—now—this moment; for even if you were free, I am not."

She closed her eyes as though in pain.

"You are married, then?"

"Oh, no!" with a startled raising of the head.

"Engaged, then?"

"Not at all."

"How, then, not free?"

"I can't tell you."

"But why?" She tried to draw away, but he held her fast.

"I cannot. I'm a coward."

She stood above him now, with one hand resting on his shoulder, the other putting back her dishevelled hair.

"I can't—quite—see," she said presently.

"There are some things a man cannot help."

"And there are some things a woman cannot fathom," she said, quietly. "You made me think that you cared—"

"And so I do, but I did not mean you to know."

"Yet, when I—let you know—you put me aside—without any reason—"

"Yes," he replied, quietly, "it is wrong, but I cannot do otherwise—at present."

"Will you tell me some day?"

"Well, if I can, yes. My father and my grandfather died from—well, from what I shall die of."

"Is it something that you can't help?" she pleaded, timidly. "I might help you, and would forgive much."

He was silent for some minutes. Then, rising, stretched out his hand in farewell. "No," he said, "you cannot fight against heredity, and, besides, there's him—the other fellow to consider. Good-bye."

She took his hand for a moment, and then quietly went towards the house, leaving him absently gazing at her retreating form.

He had been sitting there, how long he did not know, when he was aroused by a footfall behind him, and, turning round, saw her walking slowly towards him.

She came up to him and stopped short.

"I only wanted to say that I—understand you better now than I did yesterday."

"What? Since yesterday?"

"Yes, I understand your trouble now."

"And have discovered, no doubt, that I was right in not allowing you to make the sacrifice you would like to have made?"

"No, that's the point," she said, smiling a little. "You are quite wrong. I came to tell you so."

"You think I'm wrong?"

"Yes."

"You are very foolish!"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"You see, we expect him to-day, and I thought, perhaps—oh, why won't you help me?"

"Help you I will," said he suddenly. "You are a mere baby in these matters. I must help you from yourself, Sybil."

"I am quite sure you are not to blame," she said, earnestly.

"But I am not sure," he replied, looking at her closely.

"Could I not help?" she began, piteously.

"How many good women," he began, but turned his sentence differently, "help the devil!" he ended, in a hopeless tone. "It has gone too far."

"How long?" she asked.

"Some three generations, I know, and probably much longer. And I'm the last of the family."

He changed his tone. "I return to town to-morrow," he said.

"I shall tell him—the other—as soon as I see him," she said, ignoring his remark.

"No," he interrupted, eagerly. "Wait—wait a fortnight after I have gone." Reading the protest in her face, he continued: "Take my judgment, and be quite sure first. Would you have me curse myself?"

A figure in grey flannels was seen in the distance, evidently walking to where they sat.

"You must tell me something else—quick—it is my right to know—quick, before he comes, tell me now—"

He kept his face resolutely from her and said: "You know most, or have guessed most of it; but you cannot possibly realise, of course, what it is to have one's whole body cry out for stimulant—weeks at a time. I make no excuses, but you must understand that the case is hopeless. In my young days I made a better fight; but it was bound to be a losing game in the end: one individual against—how many?"

He turned and smiled at her for a moment.

ment. "I saw it was a losing fight, and I made the best of it, perhaps; only I vowed never to love any woman, and I have broken that vow. I am talking too long. This last time, though—I am ashamed and sorry for this last time—"

"It was because you were unhappy," she said, softly.

"Don't excuse it," was the curt answer.

He took out of his pocket his silver-mounted leather flask, looked at it for a second, and, with a sudden movement, hurled it over the face of the cliff; then turned to her, his face a deep red.

"I trust you don't think I'm guilty of excess often?"

She apparently did not hear, for she said:

"Since you will not have me on any other terms, will you take me with you—over the cliff—like the flask?"

He was silent for some time, then, rousing himself as from a dream, he said, quietly, "If I do not it is from love of you; if you will believe—the temptation—" again he paused, then continued, "You can be strong, and you will be happy, and I shall do what I can."

She rose to her feet, gathered her courage together, and said, clearly: "Whatever happens, you are and I am; and I'm glad—" Her voice failed her.

He smiled into her tearful eyes. "Now you are your real self; you're Sybil."

She gathered up her skirts and fairly ran to the top of the hill; when there she paused and waved a hand to him, and he was alone.

How long he sat there he never knew. He was roused by a soft rustle in the grass, and turned with his heart beating wildly, but it was not Sybil.

It was a strange dog, a poor, mangy cur that came up and nosed him, and finally taking courage, thrust his head under the man's arms for comfort. The man's hand almost mechanically fell to rubbing the forlorn head and thereupon he came to himself with a jerk. He leaned out over the cliff and looked down upon the waves dashing over the boulders below, then addressed the friendly beast with a laugh. "Melo-dramatic instinct, old chap, that's what it was made me hurl the flask down below; only have to get another to-morrow. To-morrow? Not quite so soon, if we can help it, eh? Come along home now, and you shall share a bone with me; and we'll call you 'Comfort'—comfort has a pretty bad time, like you and me. And when our troubles master us, as they are bound to do, you lopped, bleary-eyed creature, why, we'll just drink their health: there's nothing else for us to do, eh? To my ancestors!" He raised his hand in an imaginary toast, then he walked slowly back, and the dog followed him.

When an editor has printed an untrue story, he should be willing to retract it. Some editors, though—benighted, stupid fellows—will print no denials unless the truths they have uttered have been libellous. If they have not been libellous, the editors refuse to make denial. They pretend to believe that their stories have been true, after all.

They are as pigheaded as the Taranaki editor who issued an obituary of the leading citizen of his town. When the leading citizen called at the office the next morning and requested that the report of his death be denied, the editor refused to accommodate him.

"We are never wrong here," he said, in a lordly way. "We never print denials or retractions in our sheet."

But the leading citizen protested and protested, and finally the editor said:

"No use talking, sir; we can't deny your death. The best we can do for you is to put you in to-morrow's list of births."

Sore Throat, Hoarseness cured in a few hours.

Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., the Eminent Throat Specialist (Consulting Physician to the late Emperor of Germany) frequently ordered Condyl's Fluid to be used as a Gargle for speedily curing Sore Throat, Relaxed Throat, and Hoarseness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Insist on having "Condyl's Fluid" Substitutes are greatly inferior. Physicians Reports on bottle. Made by Condyl & Mitchell, Condyl's Fluid Works, London, Eng.

Scientific and Useful

A SIMPLE REMEDY FOR A CORN.

The following is said to be a simple remedy for corns:—Tie a piece of lemon on the corn for five nights, leaving it on all night. Then soak the foot in warm water, and the corn can be easily removed. When the root of the corn is taken out cover the toe with collodion or some other preparation to protect the skin, which will be sensitive. Unless the tender skin is protected it will soon form another corn. A piece of cotton saturated with vaseline and put over the toe will also effect this purpose.

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IMITATION PRECIOUS STONES.

"Paste" from which imitation precious stones are made is widely known, but few are acquainted with the ingredients, though it is generally understood that the paste gains its brilliancy from the lead it contains. Formulas vary for the paste, but all contain rock crystal, which also contributes to the brilliancy, red lead, carbonate of potash, borax, and white arsenic. It is required that these articles shall be of a high grade of purity, as there is a considerable waste, so that the gems made from "strass," as the composition is technically known, are by no means inexpensive.

♦ ♦ ♦

IS YOUR FOOD PURE?

To test the presence of coal-tar dyes in such things as jam, fruit syrups, or any other very red article of food, all that is necessary is to boil a piece of white woollen cloth, first wet thoroughly with boiling water, in the suspected article for five or ten minutes, and then wash out the cloth in boiling water. The natural colouring of the fruit will leave the cloth only a dull pink in hue, while artificial dyes make it a brilliant red. Honey is often adulterated with glucose, and its presence can be discovered by putting some of the honey in strong spirit of wine. If glucose is present, it will cause turbidity in the spirit, and will settle at the bottom in a thick gummy mass, while genuine honey forms into a flocculent precipitate, and when it has settled, leaves no turbidity. Adulterants are not always added because they are cheaper than the genuine article, but the public have a right to know when they are used; and it would be a distinct gain if, in case of suspicion, a simple test could always be applied.

♦ ♦ ♦

ONE DROP OF WATER.

In a single drop of unfiltered water may be seen in miniature the tragedy that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death-dealing competition, with all its mystery and woe.

It was a French biologist who invented the method by which this wonderful state of things is demonstrated. He called the method the "hanging-drop shape," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary pond is placed in a hollowed-out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thinner glass. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear, and apparently pure, water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world in itself. Multitudes of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms, with tremendous swishing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way, in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

VEGETABLE EGGS.

Some discussion has arisen as to supplies of West Indian so-called vegetable eggs. Trial shipments are being sent from Jamaica to the London markets. The eggplant—brinjal or aubergine—is *Solanum Melongena*, an annual supposed to have had its origin in India or Arabia, but now cultivated in all tropical countries, where the fruits are highly esteemed. They are eaten either raw or cooked in the same way as tomatoes, to which they are nearly related. There are many varieties, ranging in colour from white to black-purple, and in shape from that of a hen's egg to that of a German sausage. The largest we have seen were 8 in long and 3 in in diameter. They have not hitherto found much favour in this country, but here and there one hears of them being grown for table use. In continental countries, however, especially France and Italy, they are in general use. The plants thrive in the open air in England during the summer, but we have not, as a rule, sufficient warmth to make their cultivation profitable in this country. The success of the tomato and banana in the English market should encourage those who hope to make vegetable eggs grown in the West Indies as popular as those two kinds of fruit have become.

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EROSION BY THE SEA.

A writer in the "Revue Scientifique," speaking of the inroads of the sea upon the borders of England, says that between Kibble and Dee, on the east coast, the land has been submerged since the fourteenth century, and the work is still going on. The walls of a castle that only 50 years ago stood half a mile from the sea are now washed by the waves. Near Land's End a whole region of 227 square miles has disappeared with more than 100 towns and villages. Since the time of Edward I. the area of the Duchy of Cornwall has been greatly reduced, and plainly so since 1776. At Selsea, Sussex, ships now cast anchor along a line that is called "the park," and which was formerly a park for deer. At Bexhill-on-Sea a submerged forest is visible at low tide. In Suffolk and Yorkshire many towns have been overwhelmed in comparatively recent times. Four hundred houses were carried away in a single year at Dunwich. Between 1353 and 1600 four churches disappeared. In 1399 Henry IV. disembarked at the port of Ravensburgh, but since 1338 Ravensburgh is no more. Easton, once an important town, could count a century ago, only a dozen inhabitants and two houses. The 33 years from 1867 to 1900 were marked by a reduction of the area of Great Britain from 36,964,260 to 36,782,653 acres. In a third of a century the loss has been 182,207 acres.

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UNIVERSAL TIME STANDARDS.

The proposition to make Greenwich time the legal standard in France has, according to "Nature," been revived this winter. No statement is made about the chance that it will receive legislative sanction, but at least two pretexts for pursuing an independent course have been removed since the question was last seriously discussed by French statesmen and scientists. Spain, after long delay, fell into line only a few years ago, though the difference in time between Madrid and London is greater than that between Paris and London. Practically the whole of Europe now, except France and Russia, have officially sanctioned the related projects of having time belts exactly an hour apart, and making Greenwich the starting point to which they should all refer. America, it is hardly necessary to add, adopted the plan twenty years or more ago.

Another obstacle in the way of co-operation was a singular disagreement between British and French astronomers regarding the difference in longitude between Paris and Greenwich. Time changes four minutes for every degree as one goes eastward or westward, and though the computations of the experts

were only a few seconds apart, it was necessary to eliminate the discrepancy entirely before it would be feasible to say just how far back French clocks should be set when the new programme took effect. Within the last three or four years an international commission has made a fresh determination of the positions of the two cities, or, rather, of particular landmarks in them. On that point a harmonious conclusion was reached a few months ago. It is conceded on both sides of the English Channel that if France alters her standard at all it should be to the extent of 9 minutes and 21 seconds.

Popular prejudice against English ideas and institutions may account in some measure for the hesitation of the French people to accept a plan that has been approved by nearly all the other civilised nations of the world. However, if such a sentiment has exerted any influence in the past, it would appear to be less potent to-day than it was ten or twenty years ago. Now that the last important technical objection to taking the step has disappeared, therefore, it would not be surprising if France should formally commit herself to the project when it is next presented to her Senate and Chamber of Deputies.

♦ ♦ ♦

MILITARY TROUT IN THE WAIRARAPA.

New Zealanders who know Masterton and the Wairarapa will be able to trace the localities mentioned in the following letter, in spite of the somewhat strange disguises in which the English compositor has sought to bury them. The letter appears in the "Field," and is written by Mr George Beetham, from Cannes. He says: "I have just received from my brother, Mr Richmond Beetham, of Masterton, Wellington, New Zealand, a letter which contains a reference to a fishing excursion to the Ruamahunga River, Wairarapa, Wellington, N.Z., which I think will interest your readers. 'I and Galway,' my brother writes, 'went to Holmes's place on the Ruamahunga below Bidnell's. We got fourteen fish averaging 5 lb, and had the weather been more favourable we could have taken fifty. The habits of the fish are peculiar. You stand or sit on the bank about 10 ft from the water, and watch them promenading up and down the river close by the bank. Each fish appears to have its own promenade, and does 'sentry go' backwards and forwards up and down the river. They do not take the slightest notice of you. When the fish comes opposite to you, you put a locust about 3 ft above its nose, it swerves a little and gulps it in, you count three and strike, then it fights like anything. You watch the whole operation, and the brighter the sunlight the more fish you catch. We were about two miles above where the river runs into the lake. There is a slight current, and the river is about 100 yards wide. When the fish gets to the top of his promenade he meets the other fish coming down; they apparently salute each other and turn, but if either fish should attempt to trespass on the other one's beat, he goes for him at once. We saw this several times. Some of the fish were not three yards from us when the locust was dropped over their noses. It was the most extraordinary fishing I ever did, and you know I have some experience. I must have another go at them. To show you how certain you are of your fish, we were just starting away in the car, the rods packed away, and the car moving on the slowest speed, when Holmes, who could see the water, said there was a big fish coming down. I stopped the car, put my rod together, attached the cast, put on a locust, and caught the fish, 8 lb. If they do not see the locust when they are going one way, you wait until they come back, because you know that this will be the case. This may sound like a trout yarn, but it is the absolute truth.'"

An Irishman and a coloured man had a grievance, and agreed to submit its settlement to prowess. They further agreed that when one of them was licked, and wanted to stop, he was to yell "Sufficient!" and the other must let him up. In a secluded spot they went at it hot and heavy. After half an hour the coloured man gave up and whispered from the bottom of the mix-up, "Sufficient!" "Be gorry, what a misery ye have!" said the Irishman. "Dive been tryin' to think of that word for tin minits."

RHEUMATIC CRIPPLE.

Mrs. Violetta Rogers.
In Agony Day and Night
Bed-ridden for Months
Doctors Gave Her Up
No Rheumatism Now
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I was so crippled with Rheumatism that the doctors said I would never walk again," said Mrs. Violetta Rogers, Manchester, street, Christchurch. "It was as much as I could do to feed myself. Morning after morning I had to be dressed and carried from my bed to the dining room. There, on the couch, I would lie until bed-time, as helpless as the day I was born. Every joint and every muscle in my body was filled with pain. If I wanted to turn from one side to the other someone had to move me. My means and groans could be heard in the street. Life was such a misery that I often prayed for Death. The doctors could find no way to ease my pain. They said my case was hopeless. And so it was—till I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before four months were out, they put me on my feet as strong and active as you see me today. I tell everyone that a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the doctors and all the medicines that money can buy."

"Six years ago I got my first attack of Rheumatism," said Mrs. Rogers. "Somehow I think it must have been in my blood for years before it started to torture me. Dull gnawing pains came in my shoulders and then spread down my arms. In a few days, my fingers were so stiff and swollen that I could not close my hands. My arms were crippled every bit as bad. I could not even raise my hand to my head. Every day the Rheumatism spread further. It was so bad in my back that I had to cry out every time I stooped. Little by little the pain worked down my legs. My knees got stiff, and were all red and swollen. At last, every bone in my body ached. The pain wore me down to a wreck. I became weaker and weaker, until I was forced to keep my bed altogether. I couldn't move hand or foot."

"All the neighbours know how now crippled I was," added Mrs. Rogers. "From my head to my toes, I was one mass of pain. It was even in my eyes. In fact, I was almost blind with the agony I suffered. Often I felt that I could not struggle against the pain another day. My flesh felt as if I had been battered and bruised. I could not bear anyone to come near me. All my joints were sore and tender. Often they burned like fire. I had to have two pillows on each side of me, to keep the bed-clothes from touching me. I was a misery to myself and everyone in the house. My husband got me everything that money could buy. But for all that the Rheumatism got worse. My feet swelled up to twice their size, and I thought I had dropsy."

"Year after year I suffered like this. When the doctors could do me no more for me, I tried every morbid thing that people said was good for Rheumatism. In spite of it all, I went from bad to worse. At last, I gave up all hope. I saw nothing ahead of me but a few more years of agony, and a cruel death at the end. Sometimes I thought I would go mad before the end came. No one but God knows what I suffered."

"I was at Death's door when an old friend called to see me. All the time she sat by my bed, I was in agony. She knew that all the doctors had given me up, yet she did her best to put fresh hope in me. 'Why not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' she asked. 'Oh,' I said, 'there's nothing but put me to my sufferings now but Death.' But my friend said she knew better than that—and she went straight and bought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. That box gave me a better appetite than I had had for many a long day. Two more boxes seemed to make me stronger and gave me fresh heart. My joints and muscles were not nearly so stiff, and in a little while I got back the use of my legs and arms. The swelling went out of my feet and I was soon able to get up and walk wherever I liked. Twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me of Rheumatism that the doctors could not even ease. To this very day the neighbours will tell you that they never expected me to walk again. My one regret is that I didn't try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner. They would have saved me years of suffering and expense."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Rogers by driving the rheumatic poison out of her blood. They actually make new blood, just that; nothing more. In the same way, they drive out the germs of other diseases, and build up the blood to carry healing, health and strength to every nook and corner of the body. In New Zealand, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of bloodlessness, indigestion, biliousness, liver complaint, kidney trouble, weak lungs, asthma, influenza, headaches, backaches, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, spinal weakness, skin complaints, and the special ailments of girls and women whose blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. If anyone tries to palm off substitutes on you, write for the genuine to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington—A box, 5/-; twelve, 10/-; post free. Medical advice given free.



Try Again.

Oh, the disappointed hurt
Of manuscript a refusal,
Sent by aspirant all alert
For Editor's perusal!

What seemed the writer very fair
Has changed its form in toto.
The blemishes are now laid bare
As faults upon a photo.

And when the lines can find no place
Within that publication,
The Editor with courteous grace
Asserts a kind negation.

Then the writer still undaunted
Takes to the pen once more,
And lo! writes now just what is wanted,
Some thought ne'er scribed before.

"Tis needless now to trace the same,
The entering wedge is set;
All obstacles on way to fame
O'ercome as soon as met.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Equality.

Come, give me your hand, sir, my friend
And my brother.

If honest, why, sure, that's enough!
One hand, if it's true, on as good as an-
other.

No matter how brawny or rough.

Though it toll for a ring at hedges or
ditches

Or make for its owner a name
Or fold in its grasp all the dainties of
riches—

If honest, I love it the same.

Not less in the sight of his Heavenly
Maker

Is he who must toil for his bread:
Not more in the sight of the mate under-
taker

Is majesty shrouded and dead.

Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neigh-
bour

Or mock at his lowly birth.

We are all of us God's. Let us earnestly
labour

To better this suffering earth.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Three Kisses.

A violet kissed my love to-day,
And then turned white;

And some one passing by exclaimed,
"How strange!" Last night

I saw this flower and it was blue!"
Dear heart, within the eyes of you

The blue is flashing bright.

A red rose kissed my love to-day,
Then fell apart;

And 'twixt, running afterward,
Found there his dart.

And on your cheeks I saw confessed
The crimson drops the rose had pressed

From out its bleeding heart.

I kissed my love myself, to-day,
And found a tear.

I would not kiss her lips in case
Thieves should appear.

But where the wind some time had played,
I raised the curls, and undismayed

I hid the kiss my dear.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Poems for the Pushful.

[It is said that lyrical advertisements
will soon be even more popular than they
are now. The bard, anxious to be up-
to-date, has turned out a few specimen
efforts.]

How sweet it is to view, ah me!
Two men so subtly linked together,

From strife so beautifully free
As Messrs. Moogs and Mereweather.

Two souls with but a single aim!
To their no competition matters:

Zoomb! You might confound with the name
of Moogs and Mereweather, batters.

Often has Edward disavowed
With Ambition, I've heard tell,

Upon the subject of the deed.
She says, "She doesn't like the smell."

He carries the blessings of his bride,
The peace no sort of wrangle mars,

Who needs all other brands aside,
And smokes "I should think" cigars.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Buy 'em from De Jones and Co.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Every corner of sight in stock.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!
Give 'em from a trial once.

And you'll come here evermore.
If you've got room for 'em allow for 'em,
Liberal discount granted you for ready
cash.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Buy 'em
from De Jones and Co.

And you'll come here evermore.

You ask me where is Fancy bread,
What shop in my doffs bakes it,
Where customers on cake are fed,
The name as mother makes it,
Go seek that Heaven of your dreams
At Gough's, Piggott's and Crane's.

Long Ago.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;

For every dower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads, and
bees:

I knew where thrived in yonder glen
What plants would soothe a stone-bruise

Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be
found:

I knew the rushes near the mill
Where piskered lay that weighed a
pound:

I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot—
Only to learn the solemn truth—
I have forgotten and forgot.

Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was as wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know it fully to complain
Of whatsoever the Fates decree;

Yet, were not wishes all in vain,
I tell you what my wish should be:

I'd wish to be a boy again.
Back with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—
But that was very long ago.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

The Brave Little Man.

BY WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat,
As it hangs on the rack in the hall.

There's mud from home on two little
shoes

Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite, and the little
stick horse

Stands still as ever he can.
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a song of bird, nor bloom
Of rose that blows in the spring.

Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of sun
But there's some tears will cling.

There's never a dash of the evening star
On the hearthstone's fireside

Of winter night but will bring some tears
For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them for
aim.

And lay them out of sight—
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,

The little stick horse and the kite;
And down in his pocket a rusty nail,

A bit of chalk and string.
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!

And star of God at morning's song,
Noontime and twilight tide.

One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

In Medieval Times.

In the thrilling Middle Ages, when the
poets earned their wages

By their spirited descriptions of the
fights in various lands,

With an ardent love of slaughter went no
love of soap and water.

And the heroes of those conflicts very
rarely washed their hands.

Even when, hot from a tourney, or a
nightly errand journey,

Where they'd won sundry honours with
their lances and their brands

(Though their obvious perspiration indi-
cated such requirement)

Seldom did the notion strike them that
they'd better wash their hands.

Likewise, too, the ladies tender, limp of
waist and trimly slender,

With their tresses tailwise hanging in
the most triumphant band

(While their kisses were delicious) were a
trifle too capricious—

If I may so gently phrase it—as to
when they washed their hands.

To the chase they'd ride together, in this
steaming summer weather,

Which no modern scheme of stanching
were than partially withstands;

But some drops of scented waters made the
cooler of those daughters.

Of a period when men found no fault
with unwashed hands.

When a mandolin or lute or other instru-
ment a suitor

Of the troublous persuasion poured his
soul out through the strings,

Though he daintily fingered, still about
his fingers lingered

Much too obvious suggestion that he had
not washed his hands.

And the dame at her timboursing, object
of this troubadour's

Languishing to test her lover by the
most severe commands—

Though her jewelled digits glistened, while
she slighted and flicked and listened,

Never dreamed they'd listen better if
she'd only wash her hands.

Also, who so stately lady—in a rose-
lined alley shady—

Knelt a noble with an offer of his heart
and sword and lands,
While he vowed till death he'd serve her
he'd observe (if an observer),
That she'd rarely—practically, never—
washed her hands;
And the noble thus kneeling, all his
troubled love revealing,
With that fervour which no woman ever
willingly withstands,
In his wild gesticulation could not but draw
observation
To what lengths of time had vanished
since he'd thought to wash his hands.

Gone is Medieval glory, though we cher-
ish still the story
Of the deeds of knightly valour which
the modern heart expands.

Would that with those gallant drubbings
had gone also daily tubbings—
That those knights and dainty ladies had
seen fit to wash their hands!

Truly, in their stately castles, domineer-
ing o'er their vassals,
Quite heroic are the figures which the
Middle Age upstands—
But their fame would be complete (as their
persons would be greater)

Had we only the assurance that they
sometimes washed their hands!

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

The New Stenographer.

I have a new stenographer—she came
to work to-day.

She told me that she wrote the latest sys-
tem.

Two hundred words a minute seemed to
her, she said, like play.

And good for word at that—she never
missed 'em!

I gave her some dictation—a letter to
a man

And this is I remember it, was how the
letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favour, and in re-
ply would state

That I accept the offer in yours of recent
date.

I wish to say, however, that under no con-
dition

Can I afford to think of your free lance
proposition.

I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter
out;

The copy will be ready by August 10th,
about.

Material of this nature should not be rush-
ed and muddy.

Thanking you for your favour, I am, yours,
very truly,"

She took it down in shorthand with ap-
parent ease and grace.

She didn't call me back all in a hurry.
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth

keeping 'round the place!"
Then said, "Now write it out—you

needn't hurry."
The typewriter she tackled—now and

then she struck a key.
And after thirty minutes this is what she
handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the favour, and in a
file I sit

And I except the offer as you have reas-
oned it.

I wish to see however that under any
condition

can I for to think of a free lunch Pre-
sident?

I shall be in tomorrow To., turn the
matter out.

The cap will be red and will cost, 10 dols.,
about.

Material of this nation should not rust
N. Dooley.

Thinking you have the favour I am Yours
very Truly."

Do It Now.

Anyone who has travelled over the United
States of America cannot fail to carry away
from the crowded, bustling cities of the
States a feeling of the tense lives lived by
the American man, and, for that matter
also, of the American woman. The alert-
ness that has produced the vigorous young
republic is seen in the home, the factory,
and the counting-house. The American is
practical. Let's he forget he hangs his virtue
or desired virtue over his desk. Step into a
live office in New York to-day, and one can-
not fail to see a little card before the desk
of the master of the business. On the card
are the words, "Do it now." That card in-
dicates a wave that is passing over the
States to-day—a "do it now" wave. An-
other wave may come along and another
card may take the place of "do it now"—
but, meanwhile, that card at present in
doing a work that will remain in the charac-
ter of the person reading it daily and
hourly. The "do it now" character will
have been working into the life of the man,
and he can afford to pass on to, perhaps,
the "Hurry up" wave or the "Be alive"
wave. Whatever wave may come along,
"do it now" will have become, to an extent,
part of his character. It's the same prin-
ciple that a certain picture constantly be-
fore the youthful eye of Nelson made of
him a naval hero. The American recognises
that a picture or thought constantly moulds
the life.

Would not our lives be the better of a
little "do it now" virtue? Suppose we
worked for a week on the "do it now"
motto, would we not at the week end be
the happier and the better? Try it. You
need not print a card, but remember the
motto, "Do it now." When you feel a
little suggestion of "time enough," just re-
member, "do it now." The "do it now" will
become a pleasure, because it becomes part
of your character, gradually but surely. You
have often thought you would try Sunlight
Soap, "do it now." You have often put it
off—don't "do it now." Put it down on
your grocery list—"do it now." Then there
is Monkey Brand. Ever tried it for scrub-
bing out? Never, and you have thought of
doing so to often. Note it on your grocery
list—"do it now." When you have tried
these two home remedies you will see what
you have missed by not having had the "do
it now" virtue. You cannot make a better
start to the "do it now" virtue than by
writing Sunlight Soap and Monkey Brand
on your grocery list—"do it now." You
will find good Sunlight Soap good in the
laundry, good in the kitchen, good all over
the house; where there is cleaning work to
be done good Sunlight Soap has good clean-
ing virtue. Now don't forget to note Sun-
light Soap and Monkey Brand on your gro-
cery list—"do it now."

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

"What do you think, ducky—Jack's
given me a row of pearls. There's one
for every year of my life."

"Allow me to congratulate you, lovey.
What a nice long necklace it must be!"

She: "Tell me, Bertie, is it true you
proposed to Miss Belsize last week? I
didn't know you were in love."

He: "Oh it wa-n't that. She was in
bad spirits and looked so seedy. I
couldn't think of anything else to say to
cher her up!"

The proof of the Beverage is in the Drinking.

Try

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and you will not be disappointed. It is
a pure cocoa with a delicious natural
flavour which you cannot fail to enjoy.

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value, the unanimous opinion of the
Medical Press is conclusive proof"

—Madame

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foremost place."

Dr. Braithwaite's
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Here and There

Visitors in Profusion.

A circular has just been issued by the relatives and friends of Luther Burbank, calling attention to the annoyance to which he is subjected almost daily, and requesting the discontinuance of visits by the public. In the year 1905 over six thousand visitors were received on the Burbank grounds, and Mr. Burbank was given absolutely no opportunity to rest. A warning sign has been placed on each gate at the residence, declaring that anyone entering or trespassing on the grounds will be prosecuted.

Little Dorrit Still Alive.

In view of the announcement that the crypt of the Church of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, so closely associated with Dickens' "Little Dorrit," is to let for "storage purposes," it may interest lovers of Dickens to learn that the original of the character is still alive (remarks a London paper).

Mrs. Cooper, who, as Mary Ann Mitton, was a playmate of Dickens and the sister of his closest school companion, has lived at Southgate for more than half a century. Although more than 90 years of age, she is still in full possession of all her faculties, and takes an outdoor walk every fine day.

In a conversation with a reporter, Mrs. Cooper showed how keen a pleasure it affords her to talk of the far-away times when as a girl she attended St. Pancras Church with "Charles," and of the visits afterwards paid by him to Manor Farm, Sunbury, where the Mittons lived later.

Of the boy Dickens she retains the fondest recollections. One of her quaintest anecdotes tells how as a girl she teased him about his future wife.

He declared that she must possess an intellectuality which would qualify her to take a keen interest in his work, and when the girl remarked: "Then I would not do for that, 'Charles,'" he agreed, "No, Dorrit, you wouldn't do for that."

How keen an interest both she and her brother took in the young writer's work is shown from the tales she tells of how "Charles" used to bring his manuscript and read it aloud to them. "If we thought anything was not quite as it ought to be, we would tell him straight: 'No, no, Charles, that won't do at all,'" Mrs. Cooper would say.

Of Dickens, the man, the old lady says: "There never was such a man. He was so gentle and kindly to every one, and clever, for he never really had much education; but he had a natural gift for noticing things and describing them."

The old lady has still in her possession many relics of those old days, notably part of the bed upon which Dickens slept when he used to visit her brother during holidays at Sunbury. She is proud, also, of having received many letters from the great novelist in his younger days.

She dearly loves to tell of the trouble she used to get into in the early days of young Dickens' sojourn in Camden Town (Mrs. Cooper was born in Hatton Garden), when, instead of returning straight home after the service at St. Pancras Church, she used to listen to Charles' persuasions, and go to see the "beadle in his gorgeous dress," or some such other wonder of childhood.

Speaking of the life at Sunbury she said: "You could always find Charles lying out among the hay, absorbed in some book."

Erroneous Ideas in regard to Snakes.

King Solomon acknowledged that there were "three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not," and one of these was "the way of a serpent upon a rock," and for years the mode of progression of a snake remained to men of science as much a mystery as it was to Solomon. It is thought that the absence of limbs is a great disadvantage to snakes, but the fact is their ribs take the place of limbs, so that, instead of having two pairs, they sometimes have over 200. Mr. Ferguson, of India, says that he once followed a

large snake, and found a smart walk sufficient to keep up with it. Nor do snakes exercise any fascination over their victims. Pops alleged that they ejected poison on larks in full flight so that they fell into their mouths—but in fact, chickens, rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, and hens show no fear of snakes when given to the latter in a cage. A hen has been known to roost on a pathon, and one has been known to peck at a snake's tongue in motion, evidently taking it for an insect or worm. The functions of a snake's tongue have also been the subjects of popular error. Job speaks of the viper's tongue slaying one, and Shakepeare is full of similar remarks. The tongue is really a very delicate organ of touch, for the eyes are so placed that the snake cannot see in front or below, and by means of its tongue it literally feels its way. The popular notion that every snake is poisonous is, of course, absurd, but the proportion of poisonous to harmless snakes is much less than is generally supposed. In India only one genus in ten is poisonous, and the same proportion is probably accurate as to individuals also. The cobra is timid—the charmers who play a pipe in front of it do not attract it by the music, for it is nearly deaf; but by the movement from side to side, which is followed by the snake. The bites of some species of poisonous snakes are not fatal at all, and merely produce a little pain and swelling of the injured member.

One Way of Doing It.

There are all sort of ways of offering your manuscript to a publisher. One of them is this from a letter received in a newspaper office the other day:—"Dear Sir,—If this is any use to you, why any use you use it for will be all right, and I can use whatever you're used to giving for whatever you use.—Yours truly, 'Ulysses Honston.'" The letter, at all events, was not useless.

A Startlingly Large Family.

The visit of the Japanese sailors to Australia just now recalls a laughable incident in connection with the visit of some Japanese sailors to Cork a couple of years ago. A Japanese battleship was in Queenstown Harbour, and a large number of the men obtained leave to visit the city. They were to be seen everywhere, walking, driving, riding, and, as may be imagined, they were an object of great interest to everyone. An old woman, up from the country to see the exhibition, which was then open, was also "doing the sights," and was "tramping it" in a car which happened to be more than half full of Japs, of whom she had never till that day seen a specimen. Utterly bewildered by what appeared to her the absolute sameness of all their faces, she turned at length to someone beside her, and remarked aloud, "Glory be to God! Wasn't she a wonderful woman that had all them sons? Everywhere I went to day I seen more of them, and they have all the same faces on them, the little crathurs!"

Ghost in the Camera.

An astounding story of mysterious photographs, which is vouched for by a well-known London photographer, is told in "M.A.P."

A certain young lady, who may be called Miss R., lives with her mother in one of the Home Counties. Some time ago, wishing to have her photograph taken, she made an appointment with the photographer in question. The sitting was duly given, and the photograph taken.

After the lapse of a week Miss R. received a letter saying that the photos were not a success, and asking for another sitting. She at once agreed, and as soon as possible went to London again, and a second photograph was taken.

A short time elapsed, and as no proofs were sent she wrote to make inquiries, only to receive a very apologetic letter,

saying that again the photos were failures, and asking for a third sitting.

So for the third time Miss R. came up to London. She is a good-natured girl, and contented herself with expressing a hope that this time there would be a successful result.

In two days' time she received an urgent letter from the photographer asking her to come up to his studio and to bring a friend with her. As a result of the letter Miss R., accompanied by her mother, paid a fourth visit to the studio, and there the photographer exhibited the amazing results of the three sittings.

The actual photos of the girl herself were quite good, but in each plate there was to be seen standing behind her the figure of a man holding a dagger in his uplifted hand.

The features, though faint, were clearly discernible, and to her horror, Miss R. recognised them as those of her fiancée—an officer in the Indian Army.

The effect of this experience was so great that after a few days she wrote out to India breaking off the engagement.

The "Geds."

Mr Arthur Boncherie pleaded for a clean and wholesome drama at the annual dinner, at Frascati's, of the Gallery Firstnighters' Club (says the "Express"). The following are some of the principal points in his response to the toast of "The Drama":—

I maintain that the public do not want to go to the theatre to see a rehash of the sweepings of the divorce court offered them as a picture of English home life in the nineteenth century.

No play has ever made for the good of its author, its producer, the actors engaged in it, or of any one else, which had a breach of the seventh commandment for its pivot, or the display of the swamy side of private life for its raison d'être.

The man with the muck-rake is not wanted within the walls of the playhouse.

He certainly will never hold sway in my theatre; and it rests with you, free and independent gallery firstnighters, to make his stay elsewhere both brief and inglorious. As sure as "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give," if you will, you can send him back to the obscurity from which he ought never to have been allowed to emerge.

There is nothing novel in his methods, for wherever there are two men and a woman, or two women and a man, there is bound to be trouble. To pervert the old proverb: "Where there's a will there's a way."

I know from experience that the reward is great for one who will take the extra pains and exploit the wholesome, which, after all, is the grandest thing in art. In this present year of grace the art of acting is, in my humble opinion, on the up-grade, but the craft of the playwright hangs in the balance.

Are the writers for the stage to-day prepared to take the hard but only way that ennobles them and leads them towards the uplifting of the true standard of the British drama, or are they satisfied to lie back on the epicurean rewards of the society for the promulgation of the greatest possible fees with the least possible labour?

The Fanning Island Sale.

Apologies of the sale of Fanning Island, where the Pacific cable station is, a lawyer writes to the London "Express" as follows:—"The private sale of a British island to a foreigner, or even to a foreign Government, has no more effect to detach the property from the British Empire than the sale of a freehold house in Park Lane to a foreigner would do.

Some years ago the island of Anticosti, opposite the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, was purchased by M. Menier. He thought the purchase entitled him to hoist the French flag, but was quickly undeceived.

"It is well known that the island of Born, in the Channel Islands, is owned by a German. I have heard that he, too, presumed to fly the German flag, but was promptly required by the captain of an English gunboat to haul down the offensive emblem of foreign sovereignty.

"The rights of the Crown can only be ceded by the Crown, and no owner of land, even in fee simple, is other than a tenant of the Crown."

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

FROM THE REAR PLATFORM.

An Irish street car conductor called out to the passengers standing in the aisle:

"Will them in front please to move up, so that them behind can take the places of them in front, and have room for them who are nayther in front or behind?"

But no one moved.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT EASTER.

The word Easter is a corruption of Eostre, the name of a Saxon goddess, whose festival was held in spring.

In the eleventh century Easter Sunday was known as the Sunday of Joy, and it was always celebrated by gifts to the poor and the liberation of prisoners.

In many parts of Austria Easter is called the "Great Night," and among native Christians of Eastern countries it is generally known as the "Bright Day."

The custom of giving Easter eggs, the symbols of renewed life, may be traced back for thousands of years, and the eggs were always solemnly blessed by the priest. Egg-rolling was, a century ago, a great festival in most English villages, and for centuries it was the custom on Easter Day to salute acquaintances with an Easter kiss.

Hot cross buns were originally cakes eaten in honour of the Goddess Eostre. The early Christians, unwilling to give up the custom, marked the cakes with a cross; and so we have arrived at the baker made product of to-day.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHERE IS C-FLAT?

Richard Strauss, the musician, tells a little anecdote which will be appreciated by musicians, and perhaps by others as well.

He was teaching his young son the piano key-board by the inductive system, and the boy having learned all the notes, both white and black, Strauss began to review the lesson by asking:

"And now, Henry, show me A-flat."

Henry soon figured it out.

The next question was: "Where is G-sharp?"

"That also proved easy."

After asking the boy several more questions about sharps and flats, Strauss said:

"Where do you think we shall find C-flat?"

Henry looked at the key-board long and curiously; he put his finger on C, and next B, then he got down close to the piano, and after examining it carefully replied:

"I don't know, papa, but I guess it's gone down that crack between B and C!"

♦ ♦ ♦

RECENTLY ACQUIRED.

"Come: 'By George, old man, that's a cunning girl who just bowed to you. Who is she?"

Jack: "My sister."

Tom: "Your sister? Since when?"

Jack: "Since last night."

♦ ♦ ♦

A LITERARY LIGHT.

A short time ago a well-known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the non-canonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles, and light literature. "Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

♦ ♦ ♦

CATS AND MICE AFLOAT.

Every large ocean liner carries from six to ten cats, these being apportioned to various parts of the ship, as well as

appearing on the vessel's books for rations.

There is promotion for pussy on board ship. Ordinarily, unsociable cats are kept in the hold, in the steerage, or the fore-castle; but a cat that is amiable and handsome is given the run of the first and second class saloons.

When at sea the cats attend to the mice and rats; but, after all, can do little more than scare them out of the parts of the ship frequented by passengers. In port the ship is visited by a professional rat-catcher, who frequently captures 500 in one day.

It is not generally known that every submarine in the British Navy carries a number of tame mice in a cage, for which the Treasury grants a shilling a week to each vessel. The mice give the first warning of any danger from the gasoline, and their hurried movements directly anything goes wrong warn the crew.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE COMMUNICATIVE BARBER.

A talkative and self-important young court stenographer went with a detailed judge to one of the fend towns in the Kentucky mountains to do his part in holding a term of court.

It was a small place, far from a railroad, and the inhabitants were all feudists of one clan or another. After a day or two at the little hotel the stenographer said to the hotelkeeper: "Where's the barber shop?"

"Ain't no barber here," the boniface replied. "We all mostly lets our hair grow."

"But can't I get shaved anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon you kin, Uncle Joe down to the cobbler's shop sometimes shaves folk."

The stenographer went to Uncle Joe's and found the cobbler to be a mild-mannered old man, with flowing grey whiskers and a pale and beatific eye.

Uncle Joe said he could shave him, and he got out a razor and a shaving mug. The stenographer sat down on a chair and leaned back. He waited in some trepidation, but the old man was skillful and gave him a good shave.

It was necessary for the young man to talk, so, when the barber was on his throat, he said: "Good many murders around here, ain't there?"

"Well, suh," the barber said, "we don't call them murders. Howsomever, there is some killin's, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, well," said the young man. "I suppose one name's as good as another. When was the last killing?"

"A man was shot out here in the square last week."

"Who shot him?"

The barber brought the razor up on the young man's Adam's apple. "I did," he said.

♦ ♦ ♦

JOHNNY WAS WELL POSTED.

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, during an examination in geography, "what is the axis of the earth?"

Johnny raised his hand promptly.

"Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?"

"The axis of the earth," said Johnny proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves."

"Very good!" exclaimed the teacher. "Now, could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Indeed?" said the examiner, disappointed. "And what sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

♦ ♦ ♦

HOOD'S TABLE-TALK.

Once, when Charles Lamb, supping at Hood's, was asked what part of the roasted fowl he would have, and replied, "The back; I—I always prefer the back." Hood, dropping his knife and fork, exclaimed: "By Heavens! I would not have believed it if anybody else had sworn it."

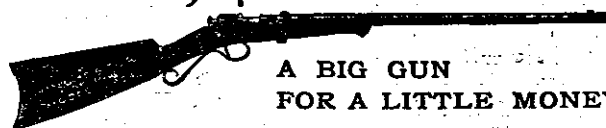
"Believed what?" said Mrs. Hood anxiously, and colouring to the temples.

"Believed what? Why, that Charles Lamb is a backbiter," replied the rogue, with one of his short, quick laughs. "When Hood's foot swelled so that he could hardly touch the ground, he comforted himself with the reflection that it could not be a long-standing complaint like the gout. He asserted that a certain trembling of his hand in weakness

was not palsy, but only an inclination to shake hands. He was so thin, he said, that he could drink nothing that was thick, and would have to stick his poor spider legs, like piles, in the sea-mud to get mussels to them. In his youth Hood sat at a desk in some commercial office, but found that he was not destined to become a winner of the Ledger. He complained of his looks, because his face insinuated a false Hood."

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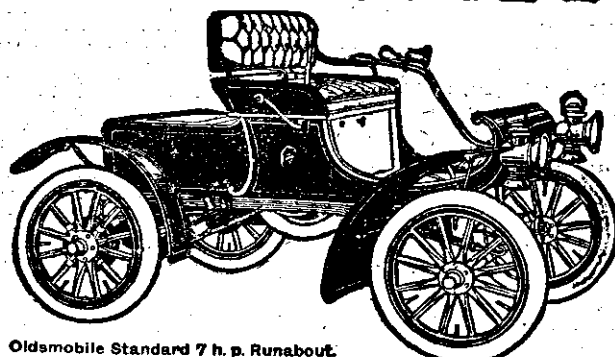
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District Land and Survey Office.
Auckland, 1st May, 1906.
IT is hereby notified that 51,000 acres in
the Opotiki County, in areas ranging
from 317 acres to 2000 acres, and situated
from 10 to 32 miles from Opotiki Town-
ship will be opened for application under
the optional system of the Land Act at
Auckland and Opotiki on the 18th June,
1906. Posters giving full particulars will
be available shortly, and copies can be
had on application at this office.

JAMES MACKENZIE,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.
PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTHDAY.
JUNE, 1906.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued
from any station to any station on
the Auckland section from FRIDAY, 1st
June, to MONDAY, 4th June, and from
any station to Auckland, from FRIDAY,
8th June, to SATURDAY, 9th June, all
available for return up to and including
MONDAY, 25th June.

RACES AT ELLERSLIE.
2nd, 4th, and 9th JUNE.
Trains will leave Auckland for Ellerslie
Racecourse at 10.50, 11.10, 11.25, 11.50 a.m.,
12.10 p.m., 1.10 p.m., and 2.10 p.m., and a
Special Train will leave Auckland for Mer-
cer at 6.35 p.m., arriving Mercer 9.30 p.m.
BY ORDER.

**NOTICE TO MAKE RETURNS OF IN-
COME UNDER "THE LAND AND IN-
COME ASSESSMENT ACT, 1900."**

1. Land and Income Tax Department.
Wellington, 12th May, 1906.
Notice is hereby given that in pursu-
ance of the above Act, and the Regula-
tions made thereunder, every person and
company within the meaning of the said
Act, having derived income during the
year ending 31st March, 1906, from any
source or by any means which is made
the subject of taxation under the said
Act, is hereby required to duly make and
furnish to me, in the prescribed form,
returns of such income on or before the
1st June, 1906.

And, further, notice is hereby given that
such returns shall in all cases be delivered
at or forwarded to the office of the Com-
missioner of Taxes, in the Government
Buildings, at Wellington.

P. HEYES,
Commissioner of Taxes.

NOTE. — Persons who have not received
forms of return from this office may obtain
them at any Postal Money Order Office.

SPECIAL NOTE. — Any person failing
to furnish a return at the prescribed time
is liable to a penalty of not less than £2
nor more than £100.

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J. RUSSELL FRERCI,
General Manager.**Our Illustrations****SOME LONDON STATUES.**

SCULPTURE has always been the
Cinderella of the Arts in Eng-
land, and its best specimens (not
forgetting the many fine statues
in St. Paul's and Westminster
Abbey) are to be seen in the galleries
of the great and rich, writes Charles H.
Heydemann.

The great evil from which London
suffers, as regards open-air statuary, is
the smoky condition of the atmosphere.
Of course it is difficult to get anything
to harmonise with the peculiar black-
ness of London, but why not follow the
example of ancient Rome, which had at
one time more than 8000 statues in the
open, all of them gilt?

The statue of Queen Elizabeth, at the
side entrance to St. Dunstons-in-the-
West, is an unobtrusive figure tucked
away at the eastern end of the church.
This effigy of hers in ruffe and farthing-
gale, so well displayed in the famous
"rainbow" portrait by Zuccheri, in
Hatfield House, is more an interesting
relic, having survived the great fire of
London, when it adorned the front of
Ludgate (together with the statues of
King Lud and his two sons) than a
striking representation of the masterful
woman who ruled England at the most
glorious period of her history.

Wandering furthest west, the first
thing that strikes the eye in Trafalgar
Square is the Nelson column. The
statue of Nelson is 17 feet high, but
perched up as it is on a granite column
145 feet above the spectator, it is diffi-
cult to decide upon the artistic value of
this work of Baily's, who, by the way,
was a pupil of Plaxman's. As far as
anybody at the base of the statue is
concerned, it might be a statue of Eng-
land's enemy, Napoleon himself, to
judge by the legendary swallowtail coat
and cocked hat, which would look just
as much in place on top of the Ven-
dome column, in Paris, as they do here.
The only distinctive details are the
hanging sleeveless arm and the coil of
ship's rope against which Nelson is
leaning.

In front of the Nelson column, facing
towards Whitehall, the place of his exe-
cution, stands the equestrian statue of
Charles I. Modelled by Robert Leighton,
a pupil of John of Bologna, was taken
down by the Revolutionary Parliament,
and ordered to be broken up. But the
brazen to whom it was hounded buried
it underground, intact, driving mean-
while a bristly trade in knives and forks
with bronze handles, ostensibly made
out of the obnoxious statue. Then
when Charles II. and the Royalists were
again in power and fashion, the bronze
statue came forth to light, and was set
up in 1674 here, where his murderers had
perished. What a degradation this
statue, with its little square-wheeled
figure, crouching on the enormous horse,
is to the memory of our Royal Charles,
who, whatever may have been his faults,
was yet pre-eminent by his stately re-
serve, personal dignity and decency of
manners, in such striking contrast to
the gabbie and indecorum of his father.
It was a poetical, happy idea to place
the King gazing at Whitehall, the place
of his downfall, but then his whole atti-
tude should have expressed the feeling,
"And yet, in spite of all, I am the
King." Only Vandyke has given us the
real picture of the man whose proud
motto was "Nulla vestigia retrorsum."

Of Hampden, another of the leading
figures which emerges from those trou-
blesome times, there is a statue in St.
Stephen's Hall, forming one of twelve
ranged along both sides of the hall, who
rose to eminence by their eloquence and
ability. Mr. Philip Smith, of the House
of Commons, informs me, that "it is by
J. H. Foley; it does not bear the date,
but I should think it was executed
somewhere in the sixties." It is perhaps
noteworthy that these statues stand
just in the hall upon the actual site of
which stood the House of Commons be-
fore the fire, and within the walls of
which the real statesmen thundered

forth their eloquence. Hampden's statue
stands just at the back of where form-
erly stood the Speaker's chair, and the
table from which Cromwell ordered the
haughty to be removed."

The work of our one notable sculptor
(born in Amsterdam), Grinling Gibbons,
is the well-known statue of James II.,
now behind the New Admiralty, in St.
James' Park. It was set up in 1686, just
two years before his abdication, and is of
bronze, representing the King dressed in
a Roman toga. It has been claimed for
this statue that it is the only one in the
Metropolis that will bear a rigid inspec-
tion as a work of art. It may be taken
as a sign of the moderation of the Revo-
lution of 1688, that, after the accession
of William of Orange, the statue was still
left standing.

William III.'s statue stands in the
centre of St. James' Square, where
formerly was a large oval basin of water.
John Timbs tells us that a pedestal for
a statue was erected in the centre of the
square in 1732, but the statue, cast in
brass by the younger Bacon, was not set
up till 1808, the bequest in 1724 for the
cost having been forgotten until the
money was found in the lists of unclaimed
dividends. The external appearance
of William is almost as well known to us
as to his own captains and counsellors.
His name calls up at once before us "a
slender and feeble frame, a lofty and
ample forehead, a nose curved like the
beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that
of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a
thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a
firm and somewhat pearly mouth,
cheeks pale, thin, and deeply furrowed
by sickness and care." Now he rides in
solitude such as would have pleased even
his secluded tastes, behind the railings
in St. James' Square.

**THE SACRED CENTRE OF
HINDUISM.**

Continued from Page 5.

grims straight from the railway. They
were more like a crowd of bean-feasters
on an English bank holiday than a band
of devotees seriously seeking deliverance
from future reincarnations and the early
attainment of Nirvana by an act of great
piety in the present life. They were
welcomed with shouts, and as they landed
at the base of the great flight of steps
of Kidar that the women pressed them-
selves and readjusted their silk dra-
peries, while a holiday air pervaded the
crowd.

All the primitive acts of the Hindus'
day were in progress. Many of those
richly endowed with this world's goods
were combining their ceremonial ablu-
tions with the washing of their only out-
fit of clothing, and the red, which is so
universally popular a shade in India,
tinged the water like the blood of a living
sacrifice. Under the spreading un-
drellas, and on the stone platforms,
groups were making their frugal morn-
ing meal of rice. Barbers were busily
plying their trade, while the victims fol-
lowed the progress of operations with
the aid of a scrap of ill-reflecting mirror.
Shaving as carried on without any at-
tempt at lathering, while all parties
squatted on their haunches, looked an
unsatisfactory and painful ordeal; but
what can be expected at a farthing or
halfpenny?—I forget whether these out-
door consort artists charge one or two
pice. The main burning ghat was
busy this particular morning. Corpses
were plentifully lying around in the
most casual manner in their covering of
white linen, rising and falling on the
river's margin as they underwent their
final bath of purification, or in process
of being built into wooden pyres by na-
tives who casually dumped the wood on
the unprotesting bodies. There are
varieties in cremation, and they were to
be seen here. The poor man whose rela-
tives can only afford three rupees' worth
of wood gets barely charred, but as the
essentials are the burning of the scents
it suffices, and the vultures, as the corpse
floats down the stream, accomplish the
rest. The rich man, however, with his
ten rupees' (13/4) worth of wood, gets
pretty completely incinerated, and there
is little left but ashes to be dissipated by
the broad river. The worst unfortunate is
the pauper, for whose funeral the State
provides three rupees, a considerable per-
centage of which remains as gusts, or
communion, in the various hands
through which it passes before the wood-
seller provides the necessary fuel.
Strolling along the ghats one gets a bet-

ter view also of the queer contortions
into which Scindia ghat was thrown by
the subsidence of the huge building that
the Maharaja Scindia started in 1820
with quite inadequate foundations. It
promised to be the most beautiful struc-
ture on the river, but all that remains is
the massive stone piers which in their
subsidence have thrown at all angles the
buildings on the steps immediately below
in a manner that brings into disrepute
the work of the most conscientious of
cameras, as no one will looking at snap-
shots of the place, believe but that the
kodak that took them was on a disgrace-
ful spree at the time. Close by is Panch
Ganga ghat, one of the five most sacred
on the river. The four streams that de-
vout Hindus believe here join the Ganges
are Dharmya Nadi (river of virtue),
Dhutatappa (dancer of sin), Karmu-
di (brook of sin's rays), and the Sar-
wasti (spouse of Brahma). Here even
the gods are supposed to find merit in
bathing in the brown waters. But the
most interesting spot of the three miles
of river front is perhaps Manikarnika
ghat. On the piers extending from the
base of its stairs sit devotees who for
hours daily go through the repetition of
prayers and charms, interspersed with
posturings and bathings. At its head is
the sacred kund, or tank, in which the
liar, the thief, the murderer, the adul-
terer may wash and be cleansed from all
sin, although the intrusion of the purest
Christian would utterly defile its sanc-
tity. It is the heart of Hinduism. Here
all classes mingle, and every shade of
pilgrim comes, and the familiar wail
inevitably strikes the ear. "Bakhsheeh
give here, sir; one rupee—eight annas—
four annas. I am priest; I make
prayer for you." It is the very centre of
Brahmin chicanery, where the poor pil-
grim is robbed by one who, under an os-
tentatious sacred office, is a combination
of beggar, bully and tout, the lines of greed
deep marked on his fat features. I can-
not hope to convey the vivid impression
of the combination of serious and de-
vout attention to the round of prescribed
acts of purification side by side with the
hollow mockery of the many who take
the pilgrimage as a glorious holiday and
the avocations and skilled effort of the
Brahmin to turn both alike to his pecu-
niary advantage, that a stroll along
these remarkable stairs, with their back-
ing of great buildings, must leave on
even the most superficially observant
and casual tourist. Benares is filthy, the
centre of a religion whose ideals are low
and practices revolting, but its past his-
tory is remarkable, its present is unique,
and its future an enigma of unrivalled
interest.

**AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS
EXHIBITION.****A FEW PRELIMINARY REMARKS.**

It would obviously be both easier and
more pleasant to take "the primrose
way," and to declare, as is usual at the
opening ceremony, that the present ex-
hibition of the Auckland Society of Arts
equals, even if it does not surpass, the
best of its predecessors. Unfortunately,
it is impossible to truthfully congratula-
late the society in this fashion, for
though there have unquestionably been
one or two more mediocre and less in-
teresting exhibitions, it is impossible to
deny that there have been others which
immeasurably outclass that of the pre-
sent year, which, judged as a whole, is
somewhat disappointing and below the
average of what we had come to expect
now that the society possesses its own
gallery, and after the somewhat en-
couraging fresh start made last year.

It is not that there are not some very
beautiful pictures, nor is it that there
are many which must be written down
bad. There is a small percentage of
both oil and water colour which any
gallery in the world might honour at
their annual exhibitions, and the weed-
ing out of atrocities on the eyesight has
been thorough, but mediocrity is the
keynote. There is not that advance
which one might reasonably hope for.
No old exhibitor has risen so far above
his or her form as to perceptibly raise
the general fitness, and no young painter
has flashed into the art firmament
to startle us with the brilliance of
originality and genius. It is not reason-
able to expect miracles, but it is surely
a matter for serious consideration that
the exhibitions of some years ago were
better than that of this year, both in
quality, and if one mistakes not, in
quantity also. Auckland possesses its
handicrafts and endowed Blam School of

Art, at which a very large number of pupils are annually educated, and also there is an almost Gilbertian preponderance of teachers of art in proportion to the population, yet (in the last decade, shall we say) how many promising artists have emerged, whose pictures now grace the walls of the present exhibition? The state of art in Auckland would in fact appear to be like the claret objected to at a banquet by a farmer used to stronger potations—"Fair enough, but we don't seem to get no farrader wi' 'un."

It is again disappointing to find that Southern artists are either not working, or do not care to send their pictures up to Auckland. The number of exhibits from Christchurch, Wellington and Dunedin are below the average, a state of affairs which is as surprising as it is regrettable. What is the reason? The society appears, so far as one knows, to do its best to encourage Southern exhibitors, but the response seems to grow less and less, with occasional flickers of revived interest as the years go by, on exactly opposite result to that one might have hoped for. The cause for all these things may not be easy to find, but a valiant effort should be made, to do so, and to rise above the slough of listlessness and mediocrity into which we are now sinking. With regard to local artists, one cause of non-advancement is fairly obvious. Only a certain level is apparently to be reached by the teachers, and since these have not the opportunity of journeying to the foreign or even English ateliers of art, where they might advance themselves, they of necessity remain "in statu quo," and are really unable to help forward a pupil who might rise to higher things aided by hints which, unfortunately, the teacher is not in a position to give.

This difficulty is enhanced if, indeed, not caused, by the fact that painting is so little encouraged financially in the colonies that it is not only infeasible for almost any artist to save money enough from his pictures to journey to Paris or Florence and Rome, and there to sojourn for a season; but it is really not possible even for the men at the top of the colonial tree to live on art, or even to obtain from the annual sale of pictures the bread without the butter. Therefore, it arises that in many cases pupils of our various art schools directly they have exhibited, themselves set up studios, and set forth giving lessons of that of which they barely know the rudiments, thus rivaling the almost ludicrous, if it were not tragic, state of things prevalent in the so-called musical profession in Auckland, where half the unfortunate teachers of music—from sixpence a lesson upwards—scarcely know more than their own notes and the beginner's first book, "The Maiden's Prayer," or, perchance, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" To ridicule is not our object, and it is also only right if one describes the unfortunate facts to endeavour to find a remedy. This, as has been said, is not easy. It is all very well to cry aloud for the raising of the standard of colonial art, but it is equally easy for the artists to retaliate with some natural exasperation. "That's all very well, but how are you going to do it?" Scholarships, or what would amount thereto, junior and senior, for the two finest pictures of the year seems the only solution; and, to the writer's mind, not an infeasible one. But how about the raising of the money? Well, is a really fine loan exhibition out of the question? We believe certainly not if energetically handled. Sir Chas. Booth's example would, we believe, be followed by other owners of notable pictures if an enthusiastic canvass were set on foot. An opportunity to try may be afforded after the New Zealand Exposition in Christchurch, where there is promised a fine loan collection. Why not endeavour at once to gain permission for this collection to come on to Auckland, and then to be exhibited under the auspices of the Society of Arts? This, aided by an art union amongst local artists, for which each would paint a picture, would, easily set the ball a-rolling, and provide for, say, a year's residence for a senior artist at such art school as he or she might choose. Certainly something of this sort should be attempted if the level of our art exhibitions is to be raised.

FIRST NOTICE.

In our first article, the suggestion was thrown out that, with the object of the improvement and encouragement of colonial art, scholarships or diploma pictures should be arranged for, the prize

offered being sufficient to keep the winning artist at one or other of the great Continental and British Schools of Art for a couple of years at least. Funds for the purpose, it was suggested, might be in the first place raised by a loan collection. It had been intended to go on to say that this might not probably prove sufficient; but the requirements of space then forbade further discussion. Now, however, it is desirable to re-ur to the matter to point out that the City Council and the Mackenzie trustees might well join forces and assist in the betterment of colonial art, and incidentally the addition to the city treasures of pictures of true colonial value. In all the larger municipalities of the Old World, the City Councils have their arts committees, who arrange for the annual exhibition, from which in due season they purchase so many pictures to add to their permanent collections. Now, it is not to be expected that in Auckland we should spend any very large sums in this direction, while purely utilitarian works remain undone. But a few hundred—say three for a beginning—would help wonderfully. If this amount were expended on the diploma pictures of the year, we should soon see a surprising advance in the character of the works of our senior artists, who have at present no encouragement whatsoever to put forth their best endeavours, or to devote the time and outlay of money in efforts to secure a really great picture, which they never could hope to sell. But if there were the hope, then we should see the difference. All this has been said many times before, of course, and more than once or twice insisted on by the present writer. The only excuse offered for repetition is that connected with the inopportune widow.

However, to come to the pictures of the present year. As observed in our preliminary remarks, there are in the exhibition one or two paintings which would unquestionably have obtained good positions and due notice if submitted to the hanging committee of Burlington House or of any of the Metropolitan galleries. Of these unquestionably the most noticeable—one does not say the best, since different styles and subjects cannot be thus compared—is the large canvas of Mr. Goldie. Another of those splendid specimens of the fast disappearing native race, studies of which Mr. Goldie has made particularly his own, and of which he is unquestionably the finest exponent this colony has seen or is likely to see. It is, we believe, the opinion of the artist himself—and the conscientious artist is often his own severest critic—that this picture contains the best work he has yet done. And so far as technique pure and simple goes, this is probably true. The technique is simply marvellous, and it is not too much to say that in this branch of his craft Mr. Goldie is probably one of the greatest masters south of the equator. The treatment of the grey-white hair, the marvel of the tattooing, and the extraordinary detail in the painting of the cloak, where every little cord stands out and shows its shadow, all these are nothing less than amazing, for while possessing every minute exactitude of the most pronounced pre-Raphaelite school, the artist has yet steered clear of anything approaching "fimicking" or redundancy of detail which should detract from the broad effect of the majestic figure as a whole. In technique, then, and as a specimen of Maori portraiture, absolutely without rival, Mr. Goldie's great large canvas for 1906 is, perhaps, the best thing he has done. But this is not saying that it is either in itself or in public popularity his best picture. We venture to think that in those fine pictures "Widowed," and "The memory of what has been and never more will be," Mr. Goldie was not merely more popular, but that the pictures, as pictures, were better. That there is sentiment in the present picture there is no doubt, but it is not so striking as it was in the earlier canvases alluded to. The old warrior does not stir in our breasts the immediate surge of pity as did "The Widow." The picture does not tell its story to heart and brain so quickly or so well, but it is none the less a painting of which Mr. Goldie and the Society may be duly proud, and the possession of which we should like to see in the hands of some colonial collector or municipality.

The portrait of "Sophia" by the same artist is another specimen of superb technique. The only criticism save unadulterated praise one has to offer is that it appears just a trifle younger than Sophia is now. Possibly it was not painted this year. Sophia, to the

writer's recollection of a month or so back, was that the old lady was considerably more wrinkled. But memory is apt to be treacherous, and possibly, again, Mr. Goldie caught her on one of those "young days" which visit the aged every now and then.

And while the word technique is yet at the tip of the pen, and portraiture is being spoken of, it is altogether fitting to refer to the portrait of a child, "The Daughter of Dr. Pabst," by that veteran artist, Mr. Louis Steele. In the painting of the dress, more especially the white embroidery on the white silk dress, there is a fine example of mastery of technique which would be hard to excel. It is wonderfully clever, the touch is almost Messiaen-like in its minuteness, and there is also some exceedingly clever work—trick work one might almost call it—in the treatment of the blue satin lining to the velvet over-robe. As a lady standing near the writer observed, "That is real velvet and real satin." The figure stands a little stiffly perhaps, but the portrait as such is quite as good as anything the artist has given us of recent years.

The title, "The picture of the year," will probably go to Mr. E. W. Christmas' very fine oil, "Betwys-y-Coed," which, measuring as it does 90 inches by 60 inches, is easily the largest picture in the exhibition. But it does not derive its importance merely from its size, though this, and the fact that it is boldly and broadly painted, unquestionably adds to its impressiveness and beauty. Unquestionably it is a very fine picture, and well deserves the position of honour allotted it by the hanging committee. It displays much power, much capability for seizing upon the most beautiful aspect of a beautiful landscape, and making a picture therefrom, which is the métier of the landscape artist. Mr. Christmas, who has exhibited frequently at the leading galleries in London and Scotland, may be congratulated, and it is a subject for general satisfaction to know that he is at present at work on some New Zealand landscape subjects for the Christchurch Exhibition.

SECOND NOTICE.

The Society can scarcely be too warmly congratulated on the acquisition as exhibitors of Mr. Sydney L. Thompson and Mr. R. Sydney Cocks, both of whom are artists of ability, whose work adds very considerably to the tone of the present exhibition. The pictures of Mr. Cocks are specially fine, and each and all well repay study, revealing him, as they do, as a fine craftsman in the water colour medium, and an artist of great versatility, with a bold and original style and method. In number nine, "An Easterly Breeze," he gives us a delightfully effective coastal sea picture. The subject is handled with much force and vigour, and the result is altogether admirable; the tossed and swirling waters affords a fine sense of movement, and it is impossible to look at the picture without almost feeling carried to the coast and being refreshed by the sting of the breeze and the spume and spray of the surf. "Sea Gull Bay, New South Wales," is another most admirable picture in quite a different style. Here we have another coastal scene, with a calm sea, and a grass-clad cliff, and a dull, cloudy sky to show up the vividly brilliant colours, combined in the picture, which is painted with great daring and much originality. A tiny sketch, "A Winter Storm," will, though small, delight those who like bold handling; while certainly one of the finest pictures in the whole exhibition is "Storm Torn and Tossed," yet another coastal scene, where the wind blowing in from the sea wrecks and tears the inland landscape, the prominent features of which are the torn and tossed trees, which gives the title to this exceedingly fine and effective painting.

Mr. Sydney L. Thompson is an exhibitor in both oil and water colour. In oil, his best and most effective work is No. 159, which is entitled simply "Girl and Mandolin," but which from the admirable haughty post of the head and mirable scornful expression of the eyes and mouth might well have been called "Dear Lady Disdain." It is a really clever piece of work, pleasant, effective, and altogether well conceived and wrought out. And the artist has, moreover, been exceedingly moderate in the value placed upon it. "Shy" (No. 179) is another capital study by the same artist, and "An Old Fish Vendor" (No. 30) is a remarkable example of what

may be done in mono tones. Impressionate in style and treatment, it is a good because unexaggerated specimen of the school, and well deserves the attention it receives.

Mr. Frank Wright, most certainly one of the foremost of New Zealand's landscape painters, exhibits both in oil and water colour this year. His most important picture is in oil, and may, one thinks, be fairly set down as one of his very best things in this medium. Mr. Wright has yet produced, and assured one of the most notable and best pictures of the present exhibition. "When Nature Seeks Repose" is a beautiful and charmingly truthful picture of the New Zealand bush scenery, painted with almost a poet's love of nature, and an artist's eye for the beautiful. The subject is handled with much delicate care, and wonderful skill, and Mr. Wright can be warmly congratulated on having produced a very beautiful and lovable picture. In water colours—his favourite medium—Mr. Frank Wright has several dainty examples, of which the best is, without question, the sunset view of St. Paul's and Whangaroa Harbour. "Sunshine and Shower" and "Evening Calm" are about the next, and are fair examples of the pleasant, soft, dainty, delicate little pictures in this popular artist's well-known style. Still in water colour, Mr. Wright has not, we venture to express the opinion, given us any single work which equals the best he has shown in some previous exhibitions, notably, if memory serves, the year before last.

Mr. Walter Wright has no very ambitious effort in this year's exhibition, having preferred to confine his attention to a large number of smaller works instead of venturing on at least one large and important undertaking, as has been his custom of recent years. One can scarcely blame the artist for this decision, since patrons for works entailing months of labour, cost of models, and generally expensive outlay, are to all intents and purposes non-existent, but while condoling with the circumstance one must certainly regret the fact. Mr. Wright had shown himself an artist of discernment, who had long since passed the milestone of "promising," and his progressive achievements led to high hopes of a new New Zealand subject painter who should give the Old World some really characteristic pictures of New Zealand and native life and character amidst the country's unrivalled natural surroundings. To find the artist somewhat apparently discouraged and content for awhile to rest upon the not unnoteworthy achievements of the past, is to say but natural enough, but we trust Mr. Walter Wright will next year once more "take his courage in both hands," as the French have it, and again give ambition rein. The works which Mr. Walter Wright does place before us are pleasant enough little canvases, and show that the artist still possesses latent those forces which justify one in hoping for—and expecting—a great picture one of these days. The eye for effect, the knack for felicitous composition, the clever handling of light and shade, and the grip of reproducing sunlight, all these are to be found in the various little canvases scattered round about the oils section. "The Picninnay" (No. 132), "In the Shade" (128), and more especially "At Ngauwahia," may be singled out as perhaps the better of the collection, all of which are, as has been said, pleasant enough.

COMPETITIONS.

The results of the competitions are as follow: Shaded study from the round (ornament); "Patsy," Alice Mary Farnsworth; study of still life, in oil, G. K. Webber; decorative panel, "Taniwha," M. Winifred Westwood; Brett's special prize (subject, "Evening"), "Jupiter," E. J. Webb; silver medal for best work in monochrome, Alice Mary Farnsworth.

UNVEILING SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S STATUE.

A CITY'S GRATITUDE FOR A PRINCELY GIFT.

Empire Day was chosen for the unveiling of the statue which the people of Auckland have erected at the entrance to Cornwall Park as a lasting memorial of their gratitude to the viceroy.

able donor of that magnificent property. There was a great gathering. And everything passed off with elation, thanks to the excellent arrangements made by the Executive Committee, and especially the Hon. E. Mitchellson, chairman, and Mr. W. R. Holmes, secretary. After a speech by Mr. Mitchellson, His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, paid a very graceful tribute to Sir John's princely generosity. The "father of Auckland" was received with great enthusiasm when he rose, and during his speech he was visibly affected.

He said: "I uncover to the people of New Zealand, under the statue which they have this day raised to the donor of Cornwall Park. I thank you for this grateful tribute, and your trustees have endeavoured to make the ante park worthy the reception of your great memorial. I ask you to rejoice with me that it has been my good fortune to save from the inevitable encroachment of the future great city destined to arise on this plain, the most historic ground of all Maori-land, which will be handed down to posterity as a lasting memorial of the great aboriginal people whose country we now occupy. (Applause.) Here, where we are now assembled, once dwelt in thousands the native Maori of the land, a great, warlike and chivalrous race, who challenged us in intellectual capacity, and whose reasoning powers commanded our respect and admiration. Here the great chiefs held high council, arbiters of peace and war. Here let me say, that I consider we have a great duty to perform, the raising to the memory of this native people, a commanding obelisk on One Tree Hill, which shall be a memorial of the Maori race for all time. (Applause.) Now about ourselves and the great future which has been predicted of this the glorious land of our adoption, and our great inheritance? Away back in the early forties there was written a wonderful account of this country by a great German savant, Carl Ritter, who was entitled the "Creator of scientific geography," a man with the far-seeing mind of a great statesman, who told the world that these islands would become the Albion of the South Seas, where Great Britain's poor would find a land of plenty, that it lay in the latitudes which secured a genial climate, that it had down its coast many magnificent harbours, wonderful estuaries piercing inland, and a shore-line of thousands of miles, the cradle for the sailors of a future great maritime people, without which no country can become a truly powerful nation. He told of our ever-flowing rivers watering fertile plains, and that it had mountains sublime in their solitary grandeur; to dwell under their shadow and look upon them elevated the mind and ennobled the character.

"My sits are the mountains and the ocean. Earth, air, stars; all that spring from the great whole Who hath produced, and will receive the soul."

Now listen to Carl Ritter's wonderful prediction, "New Zealand, before all other countries, is destined to be a mother of civilised nations." Do you grasp the magnitude of this great prediction, this little strip of territory of ours, which looks like a scratch on the face of the map of the world, lying away in the antipodean waters of the South Pacific, is destined to become a mother of civilised nations. And what does Froude, the great modern historian, after visiting us, predict? "If it lies written in the book of destiny that the English nation has still within it great men who will take a place among the demigods, I can well believe that it will be in the unexhausted soil and spiritual capabilities of New Zealand that the English poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers of the future will be born and nurtured—the future home, as I believe it to be, of the greatest nation in the Pacific." Since the Carl Ritter prediction was given forth, little more than half a century has elapsed, and we have reclaimed the wilderness, and we now send the products of our fertile soil to the ports of the world; we have made formidable strides in liberal legislation, recognised and copied by other countries, and we already claim to have fulfilled the prediction. New Zealand has conceived and brought forth a civilised nation, and we are her first-born. These are great results to have achieved, but we must not forget that we are the children of a land bountifully supplied by lavish na-

ture, and we must take heed that we do not allow the luxuries by which we are surrounded to sap our true manliness of character. Look to it that you can shoulder and well use your rifle. The day of danger may come when the summoning bugle enrolls you in martial array, and standing side by side and raising rifles high in air, we may have to shout the Marmion call—(applause)—

"Where's the coward who would not dare To fight for such a land?"

Your Excellency, you have been graciously pleased to preside over to-day's ceremony and honour it with your presence, a compliment fully appreciated by all present. I have to thank you for the eulogistic terms in which you have spoken of me with regard to Cornwall Park. It appeared to me only fitting, that I should share with my fellow-colonists my good fortune, and make the gift which much enriches them and does not make me poor. (Applause.) Mr. Mitchellson, need I say how gratifying it is to me that I should be addressing so old a friend, who dates back his recollection of me to his earliest years. That it was you, as Mayor of your native city, who presided at the opening of Cornwall Park. On that day you asked your fellow-colonists then assembled to erect a statue to the donor. That appeal has resulted in to-day's proceedings. The statue has been erected, and I stand under its shadow with feelings of deepest gratitude, in much wonder that in the vicissitudes of life it should have fallen to my lot to be so greatly honoured, and breathing the words of Childe Harold:

"Would I were worthier. I extend to you the hand of old friendship." (Applause.)

Your Worship, the Mayor, I greet you to-day as a brother worker for the welfare of our people. The action taken by you in securing to the citizens of Auckland Victoria Park, and the liberal manner in which it is to be hereafter dealt with will be gratefully remembered, is not the least of the many administrative successes of your Mayoralty. As a chronicler of events pertaining to the early history of New Zealand and its pioneers, I have to travel back over forty years. In 1864 there strode forth from his native village and home in the Mother Country a youth single-handed and alone to face the world, seek his fortune, and fight the battle of life. That youth's name and fame are known throughout the civilised world as the Premier of New Zealand. When the history of the colony comes to be written it will be recorded that in his own day he brought this great land of ours to hold a position in the world as the young nation of New Zealand. (Applause.) My friends, it is now a long long back to the days when I first trod the fern footpaths of the Tamaki Plain, when in possession of the native owners of the soil, before the advent of the Government. Great indeed are the changes since that day, and my life has been so prolonged that I have lived to see the birth of a fourth generation. I have lived to see your children playing by thousands in the green fields and pure air of Cornwall Park, and that has been to me a great happiness and is my reward. Yes, I have lived so long in the land that I well might say, "Now let thy servant depart in peace," and yet I would fain dwell yet a little with you were it given me to be one of the great assemblage destined to congregate here and witness the greatest historical event in the history of New Zealand—the upraising heavenward from the summit of One Tree Hill a towering obelisk in memorial to the great Maori race, whose traditions and history can be traced for centuries into past ages. How can I thank you all for your presence here to-day? We are told that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh"; but there are events in the course of a life when the fullness of the heart cannot find words. I ask you to believe this of me to-day. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

A stirring speech by the Mayor (Mr Arthur Myers) brought an historic gathering to a close.

The following is the list of people to whom invitations were forwarded to witness the ceremony:

Mr E. W. Allison, M.P., and Mrs Allison, Mr and Mrs G. Aikin, Dr. R. Aikin, Mr and Mrs Alex. Aitken, Mr and Mrs Arnold, Mr and Mrs T. Buddie, Mr and Mrs H. Brett, Mr A. Bell, Mr F. E. Baume, Mr M.H.R., and Mrs Baume, Mr James Burr, Mr and Mrs L. A. Habeldier, Mr and Mrs E. Bennett, Mr W. Basley (Mayor of Parnell), Mr R. C. Brown, Mr L. J. Bazall, Mr L. Benjamin,

Mr John Burns, M.P., and Madame M. Houten, Mr and Mrs A. Houten, Mr J. M. Brigham, Mr J. Bolland, M.H.R., and Mrs Bolland, Mr C. Bagley.

Mr and Mrs M. A. Clark, Mr Wm. Coleman, Mr J. J. Craig, Mr Hugh Campbell, Mr A. Clark, Mr H. Carr, and Miss Carr, Mr and Mrs J. Court, Mr and Mrs A. E. Cooze, Mr and Mrs D. W. Durbie, Mr A. E. Cooze, Mr and Mrs J. E. Dendoe, Mr C. C. Dacre, Mr and Mrs J. Elson, Mrs Elson, Mr and Mrs A. J. Entrican.

Mr and Mrs T. Finlayson, Mr and Mrs J. Pitt, Mr G. Fowlds, M.H.R., and Mrs Fowlds, Mr John Farrell (Mayor of Grey Lynn) and Mrs Farrell, Mr and Mrs D. Fallon, Miss Florence.

Hon. R. T. George, M.L.C., and Mrs George, Mr and Mrs J. Goshis, Mr and Mrs D. Goldie, Mr and Mrs Gubbins, Mr and Mrs C. Grey, Mr and Mrs A. E. Glover, Mr H. Rees George.

Mr and Mrs H. Horton, Mr and Mrs P. Hansen, Mr and Mrs C. V. Houghton, Mr Edwin Hall, Mr R. Hall, Mr and Mrs W. H. Hume, Mr and Mrs W. H. Hume, Mr and Mrs W. E. Hutchinson, Mrs Harrington, Mr and Mrs R. Hobbs.

Mr and Mrs J. Kirker, Mr A. Kidd, M.H.R., Mr and Mrs J. G. Knight, Mr and Mrs A. Keyes.

Mr and Mrs T. W. Leys, Mr E. Lange, Mr and Mrs G. M. Laxon, Mr and Mrs R. Logan, Jun.

Mr and Mrs J. M. Mennie, Mr and Mrs H. B. Morton, Mr W. F. Massey, M.H.R., and Mrs Massey, Mrs L. Myers, son, Mr and Mrs Leo Myers, Hon. and Mrs J. M. Mitchellson, Mr and Mrs M. A. Clark, Mr T. Musfeld, Mr and Mrs G. M. Morris, Mr B. Myers, Colonel and Mrs Morrow, Dr. and Mrs McDowell, Rev. Canon and Mrs MacMurray, Mr J. M. McLachlan.

Bishop and Mrs Sydney Nathan, Mr John Neatley, Mr and Mrs O. Nicholson, Hon. Sir G. M. O'Rourke, M.L.C.

Mr and Mrs C. J. Parr, Mr and Mrs W. W. Philson, Mr and Mrs A. F. Porter, Mr W. Prickett.

Mrs and Mrs J. Reid, Mr and Mrs E. W. Robinson, Mr and Mrs J. Lower.

Mr and Mrs W. H. Smith, Mr and Mrs J. M. Shera, Dr. and Mrs E. W. Sherrin, Mr and Mrs H. M. Smeeton, Mr and Mrs C. Seeger, Mrs H. Somerville, Mr W. Somers, Capt. Sharp.

Mr and Mrs H. C. Towley, Mr and Mrs H. Thompson, Mr and Mrs E. Tulloh, Mr and Mrs J. H. Tupton, Mr and Mrs S. Valle.

Mr and Mrs W. R. Wilson, Mr John Webster, Mr and Mrs H. W. Wilson, Misses Williams, and Mrs T. C. Williams.

JUBILEE OF DEVONPORT PARISH.

On May 18, 1856, the first clergyman appointed by Bishop G. A. Selwyn took up his residence at North Shore, and to commemorate this event special jubilee services and meetings of a most interesting character were held in Devonport from May 18 to 25 this year. In 1854 about 15 families were settled in the North Shore, and in the next year these settlers determined to erect a church and a school. There was no State education then, and no board to make grants for education, so the settlers paid 1/6 per week for each child's tuition. The Rev. E. H. Heywood undertook the duties of both clergyman and schoolmaster. He held services every Sunday at North Shore, Stoke's Point (that is Northcote) and the Lake, and made his journeys on foot. Mr Heywood was exceedingly popular in all the settlements, and it was his boast that during his whole ministry of eight years he had never been embroiled in a single village trouble or difficulty. The first settlers of the North Shore were Mr T. Hammond, Captain Burgess, Mr F. Duder, Mr T. Alison, Mr Oliver, Mr R. Dunne, Captain Wynyard, Captain Fidler, Mr Alan O'Neill. In 1860 the establishment of the shipbuilding industry on the North Shore brought a considerable increase of householders, and the little building, part of which is still standing at the back of the present vicarage, became crowded both as a church and school, so it was resolved to enlarge the building. To raise part of the money a social tea was held in Beddoes' shed, which stood where now the Devonport ferry slip is. It is interesting to note that about 60 people were brought over from Auckland in the cutter Betsey, and in whaleboats to join the merry party. In 1864 the Bishop removed Mr Heywood to Remuera, and the vacancy was filled by the Rev. T. Kerr. Mr Kerr had been a lieutenant on board H.M.S. Pandora, and in course of voyages in that vessel visited the Melanesian Islands he frequently visited the Church of England mission stations. He was so filled with a desire to evangelise the heathen that on his return to Auckland he resigned his position as lieutenant and offered himself to the Bishop for ordination. Mr Kerr's desire was gratified, he was ordained, and placed on one of the islands where a station had recently been established.

After a year's work his health became so bad from fever and ague that when the Southern Cross visited his station he was found prostrate and helpless, and being carried on board that vessel he was brought to Auckland for medical treatment. When Mr Kerr's health had somewhat recovered he was placed by the Bishop in charge of North Shore. Through his activity and perseverance a new church was built in 1865, and was opened by the Bishop one stormy day in September of that year. It was on that occasion that the first ferry steamer, called the Waitemata, ran between Auckland and the North Shore. The Rev. T. Kerr remained in charge of the parish for two years, during which time he gained great popularity.

In the beginning of 1866 the Rev. B. V. Ashwell was moved to the North Shore. He had been for about 20 years one of the Church Missionary Society's agents in the Lower Waikato and Taupiri. The war of 1864, which originated in Taranaki, spread to the Waikato and stopped all missionary work among the natives there. One of Mr Ashwell's first works in the parish was to raise funds to build a Sunday-school. Up till then, that is for eleven years, the old school building in which so many young men and women had received their education was the only school building in North Shore, but in 1866 the Wesleyan chapel, which occupied the site of the present district school, was purchased by the inhabitants for a day school. Mr Ashwell returned to his missionary labours in the Waikato in 1872, peace again reigning there, and the Rev. T. Bates was appointed by Bishop Cowie to the North Shore. During Mr Bates' incumbency of 25 years the present handsome church was erected in 1881 over the old building. The Sunday-schoolroom was removed to its present site, and the church of 1865 was added to it; while the vicarage was built on the site of the old school. The Rev. S. Hattthorne succeeded Canon Bates as vicar in 1898, and the present vicar, the Rev. T. Evershed, was instituted on January 9, 1905. At the jubilee reunion of past and present parishioners were the widows of three former vicars, Mrs Heywood, Mrs Ashwell and Mrs Bates, and many old settlers of 50 years' standing, whose portraits may be seen in this number.

THE WARSHIP BALTIMORE.

The United States cruiser Baltimore, which is paying courtesy calls at the principal ports of Australasia, is now in Auckland.

The visitor is a second-class cruiser, and is at present attached to the Asiatic station, with headquarters at Cavite, in Manila Bay, in the Philippines. She has been on that station for upwards of 12 months, and was previously on duty in the Mediterranean station. Her officers and men a few months ago were provided with some amount of excitement during the riots at Shanghai. When the trouble started in December last the Baltimore happened to be at Woosung, on the river immediately below the scene of the riots, and she was ordered to proceed at once to Shanghai. On arrival there marines and soldiers were landed, and they camped on the shore for several weeks. No real difficulty, however, was experienced, but there were disturbing elements, and it was a time when serious complications might have arisen at any moment. As soon as the Baltimore was relieved of this duty in January last she proceeded to Cavite, where she arrived on February 8.

A very prominent part was played by the Baltimore in the historical engagement of Manila Bay, fought on May 1, 1898, and which decided the result of the Spanish-American war. The flagship of Commodore (now Admiral) Dewey on that occasion was the Olympia, and among other vessels composing the fleet were the third-class cruiser Boston, the small cruiser Raleigh, and the gunboats Concord and Petrel. This engagement—the first decisive battle in the war—was fought and won practically without any casualties on the American side, while the fleet of the Spaniards was completely destroyed or captured. The present officers of the Baltimore, however, were not present at that engagement.

After visiting New Zealand ports the Baltimore will proceed to Hobart and Melbourne, and possibly Adelaide and Albany. On her return journey to the Philippines the Baltimore will make calls

at Batavia and Saigon. She is to be at anchor again at Cavite five months from the date of starting her cruise.

Commander N. Sargent is in command of the Baltimore, and associated with him are Executive Officer Lieutenant-Commander C. M. Stone; navigating and ordnance officer, Lieutenant Chester Wells; chief engineer, Lieutenant M. J. McCormack; watch officers, Lieutenant Cyrus R. Miller, Ensign M. H. Simons, jun., Ensign P. W. Foote, Ensign F. W. Sterling, and Ensign D. Lyons; surgeon, Dr. Raymond Spear; paymaster, G. W. Pignam. Captain M. Babb is in command of the United States Marines, and the ship's company numbers upwards of 300 all told.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

OPENING OF THE SEASON.

The official opening meet of the Pakuranga Hunt Club took place on Saturday at the Three Kings. The attendance was not up to that of former years. Amongst those present were Mrs. Moody, Misses Gorrrie, Lloyd, Ferguson, Abbott, Miller, Johnson, Syms, and Roberts. Sir Robert Lockhart, Messrs Halliday, R. Lewis, H. Moody, Webster, H. Gorrrie, E. G. Edlett, H. Wilson, H. Kitchin, J. Dalton, F. Price, W. H. Blomfield, W. McLaughlin, W. A. Scott, T. Brown, Wayne Gray, and W. G. Martin. There were also a number driving. After the country around Mount Roskill had been worked, a hare was put up in a turnip field, but after a short run was lost. Some time was lost in endeavouring to locate another puss, without success, and it was eventually decided to lay a drag. The drag, which was laid by Messrs Gorrrie and Dalton, jun., gave a good run of about 25 miles over some pretty stiff country, during which there were several spills, but fortunately no one was hurt. After the day's sport the party adjourned to the residence of the master, Mr. H. T. Gorrrie, where they were entertained by Mr and Mrs Gorrrie. Sir Robert Lockhart, in proposing the health of the host, said the thanks of the club were due to Mr Gorrrie for accepting the position of master, and he believed that the club, which was at present at a very low ebb, would, under Mr Gorrrie's guidance, soon recover its former position. Sir Robert Lockhart also spoke in favour of the revival of the drag, and mentioned that although he personally was in favour of hunting for hares, he was sure the drag would induce a number of gentlemen to join the club who at present were unable to spare the time for hare hunting. Mr Gorrrie, in responding, thanked those present for their attendance, and with regard to the drag he would talk the matter over with his huntsmen. There were then given and the luncheon dispersed. After the run Mr J. Dalton's mount (Albion) fell on the road, and expired almost immediately. His rider was unhurt.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. S. LUKE.

There died at his residence suddenly on Monday Mr Samuel Luke, the respected chairman of the Auckland Education Board. The end came very suddenly, the deceased gentleman dying "in harness" at the age of 74 years. He was at the unveiling of the Campbell Statue on Thursday, and was apparently in his usual health on Sunday morning when he attended the morning service at the Holy Trinity Church, Otahuhu, and, in his capacity as lay reader, read the lessons. Before the service was concluded he complained of feeling unwell, but remained to the close of the service, when he proceeded home and immediately went to bed. Mrs. Luke wished to send for a doctor, but Mr. Luke said that nothing serious was wrong, and a medical man was not called in. Later in the day he felt better, but at four o'clock Monday morning he took a sudden turn for the worse, and expired almost immediately, without pain. Drs. Owen and Bewes, who have been in attendance on him, stated that had they been called in they could have done nothing, death being due to heart failure. Mr Luke has suffered from a weak heart for some time, and as the doctors were able to certify to this effect, no inquest will be necessary.

The deceased gentleman was born at Rayston, Hertfordshire, England, in 1832, and came to New Zealand with his wife in the ship Anio Dondelon in 1857. Soon after his arrival he bought a farm at Paerata, near Pukekohe, and remained there until the exigencies of the Maori war compelled him to seek safety nearer Auckland. He then settled near Otahuhu, and has lived there ever since. During his whole life Mr. Luke took great interest in local affairs, and particularly in the cause of education. He

has occupied the position of member and chairman of the Otahuhu Road Board, member and chairman of the school committee, and member of the County Council and Licensing Committee. Besides being member and chairman of the Education Board, he was a member of the University College Council and the Board of Governors of the Auckland College and Grammar School. He was also a member of the Royal Commission on Education in 1901, and toured the colony on that Commission. He was a J.P., and was coroner for the district. He took a deep interest in church matters, being a member of the Synod and a lay reader of the Anglican Church.

Mr. Luke has been closely identified with the Auckland Education Board for very many years. He was frequently chosen as chairman, and occupied that position at the time of his death. He was first elected a member of the Board in 1878, upon the retirement of Mr Hugh Hart Lush. In 1884 Mr. Luke was first elected as chairman, which position he held until August, 1885. Mr. Luke was again appointed chairman in 1888, again in 1892, 1897, 1903, and 1906. From 1878 until the present time Mr. Luke has been almost continuously a member of the Board, and had a better grasp of the details of management than any other gentleman, with the exception of the secretary, Mr. V. E. Rice, whose connection with the Board dates still further back.

In July last year Mr. and Mrs. Luke celebrated their golden wedding, receiving congratulations from all parts of the colony. Mr. Luke was in every way a friend of the poor; no one ever went away from him empty handed. He will be greatly missed, and his place will be difficult to fill. Mr. and Mrs. Luke had but one daughter, Mrs. Jas. Robb, of Onehunga. Mrs. Luke, Mrs. Robb, and her three children are thus the only surviving relatives.

THE LATE DR. PURCHAS.

One of the most prominent figures in Auckland passed away at an early hour on Monday in the person of Dr. Arthur Guyon Purchas, who passed away at Hastings while on a visit to the southern portion of this island. Dr. Purchas, who was in his 85th year, left Auckland on Sunday week, being accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Seth-Smith, wife of Mr. Seth-Smith, Chief Judge of the Native Land Court. Prior to leaving Dr. Purchas was in excellent health and spirits, but he caught a chill while travelling in the train between Wellington and Napier. He left the train at Hastings, and at midnight last night he was seized by acute bronchitis, and two hours later he expired, his daughter being present.

For over 60 years Dr. Purchas has been associated with the history of Auckland as a clergyman and medical man, and his soldierly figure and kindly face have during that time been a part of the city itself, there being no more familiar citizen in Auckland than the worthy doctor. A man of most estimable qualities, he endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact. He was the friend of all, the enemy of none.

Dr. Purchas was born in 1821, at St. Arvans, in the valley of the Wye, Monmouthshire, and was the eldest son of Mr. R. W. Purchas. Dr. Purchas went to Guy's Hospital at the age of 18, and there became clinical clerk to Dr. Addison and a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Bright, who discovered the disease known by his name, and was there for three years, when he became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and L.S.A. In 1843 he went to Liverpool to take charge as one of the resident surgeons of the Southern and Tenth Hospital, now known as the Royal Southern Hospital. He had previously arranged to come to New Zealand to St. John's College, Auckland, but not hearing, as he expected, from Bishop Selwyn, he left in October, 1844, for New Zealand in the barque Slains Castle. Dr. Purchas being in medical charge. The Slains Castle arrived at Nelson on 26th January, 1845. The Slains Castle went on to Wellington, Taranaki, and Auckland, arriving in Auckland the day after the sacking of Kororarua. He returned to England at the end of the year. On arrival in England Mr. Gladstone, who was then Secretary for the Colonies, sent for him to Downing-street in order to give him all the information in his power concerning the Heke war and the condition of things in the colony. While in England Dr. Purchas got married at

Liverpool, and shortly afterwards, with Mrs. Purchas, left again for New Zealand by way of Sydney in the barque Fenyard Park. On arrival in Auckland by the brig Mankin in October, 1848, Dr. Purchas went out to St. John's College, where a hospital was built, of which he took charge for two or three years, after which he went to Onehunga as resident clergyman, where he had not only to do clerical but also medical and engineering work. At Sir George Grey's request he undertook to see to the location of the natives of the Ngatimahuta tribe, under their old chief Te Wherowhero, afterwards known as Potatau, the King, on the land allotted to them by the Government. In 1860, when a Maori was killed at Patumahoe, a party of 400 Waikatoes came down under William Thompson, believing he had been murdered by the pakehas, and intended making a tana for utu. Dr. Purchas having ascertained, through native sources, that if the war party were left unmolested, there was no danger, succeeded in obtaining from the Government authority to induce the settlers who were leaving for Auckland to return to their homesteads. In 1863 Dr. Purchas, after the Kingites had seized the Government press at Te Awamutu, went up there at the joint request of Sir George Grey, Sir William Martin, and Bishop Selwyn, with a view of assisting Mr. Gorst in preventing the Waikato tribes from becoming involved in the general war which was then threatening. The step was taken too late, and all that could be done was to watch events and report for the information of the Government. Dr. Purchas warned Sir George Grey that the natives contemplated opening hostilities again in Taranaki, with a series of murders, according to native custom. A fortnight afterwards the event referred to took place. On leaving Te Awamutu, after sending away Mrs. Gorst and her children, Dr. Purchas left for Auckland, having with him Te Paea, the king's sister. On the way down he called at Waahi, on the opposite side of the river from Huntly, where he had a talk with Tawhiao over the impending war. In passing through Rangiriri he noticed that the rifle pits were already dug, and the fortifications manned. The scowl-

ing faces of the natives showed him that but for the presence of Te Paea he would probably not have been allowed to pass through unscathed. The night before the natives retired from Mangere, on the eve of the Waikato war, a number of the party came to say good-bye to Dr. Purchas, and admitted that they knew what would be the issue of a struggle with the pakehas, but that they must go, and, as Tamati Ngapora said, "die with their people." Dr. Purchas took an active interest in procuring a water supply for Auckland. He sent the first samples of coal from the colony—Waikato coal from Waahi to the Great Exhibition of 1851. In conjunction with Captain Ninnis, he patented a process for dressing flax, and built a mill at Waitangi, near Waiuku, destroyed by the natives during the Waikato war. In 1875 Dr. Purchas left Onehunga for Auckland, resigned active ministerial work, and resumed his medical practice, which he has continued ever since. He has had 14 children, of whom four sons and six daughters are living. His sons are: Mr. Geo. Purchas, of Melbourne; Dr. A. Challinor Purchas, of this city; Mr. Claude Purchas, and Dr. Maurice Purchas, of New South Wales. Dr. Purchas was exceedingly active for his years, and was in active practice up to the time of his death. He took a great interest in the Institute for the Blind, which he attended weekly in order to give music lessons. He was one of the founders of the Auckland Institute, and was president on many occasions. He was also prominent in the deliberations of the Auckland Synod, of which he was a member from its inception. The Scenery Preservation and other societies claimed a share of his attention, and in their discussions his counsel will be greatly missed. His was a truly noble life, and his death will be regretted by the whole city.

Brave men have tried times over again To reach the ice bound poles in vain; There needs yet more acute device To storm those battlements of ice; Perchance, by flying ships to be, They'll gain triumphant victory. Provided then, for colds secure A store of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



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The Favourite London Actor,
MR CHARLES VANE.

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A PLAY OF GREAT HEART INTEREST.
BY THEODORE KOEMER.

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Remarkable Display of Vocal and Terpi-
storian Talent by

THIRTY TRAINED CHILDREN.

PRICES - 4/ 2/6 and 1/.

Early Door Sales, 6d extra to Stalls and
Gallery.

Business Manager... G. HOMAN BARNES

Mr Geo. Barnes, the well-known busi-
ness manager for Messrs Meynell and
Gunn, arrived on Sunday by the Manuka

from Sydney to make arrangements for
the forthcoming season of "The Fatal
Wedding."

Master Harry Ellwood, the clever
young New Zealand violinist, has won
the Trinity College (London) Open Schol-
arship. Master Ellwood, who is only
22 years of age, scored 94 marks out of
a possible 100.

The attractions of a quiet wedding
from her own home in Little Wales, are,
it is rumoured, more potent with Miss
Margaret Thomas than those that sur-
round the marriage of a popular thea-
trical favourite in Australia, and she
will therefore go back to England
shortly.

Apologies of the Anderson success in
Christchurch, Mr William Anderson is
so pleased with the Christchurch season

of "Sinbad the Sailor" that he is making
arrangements to extend the stay of
his opera company in the Cathedral
City over a longer term than had origi-
nally been intended. This is the company
which opens its New Zealand tour in
Auckland in August with "Tambour
Major."

The other new theatre for Christ-
church in Gloucester-street is to be
modelled on His Majesty's, Sydney, the
chief difference being a slight reduction
in size. It will have a gallery as
well as dress circle above the ground
floor, with six boxes. The plans are not
yet passed by the City Council, but I
understand that every provision is made
to provide the Cathedral City with a
theatre that we shall be proud of. Di-
rectly the plans are passed, tenders are
to be called for immediate construction.

The disorganisation caused by the San
Francisco earthquake has enabled Mr
J. C. Williamson to secure the engage-
ment of Mr Charles Waldron, an Ameri-
can actor of much note, whom he had for
a long time tried to induce to visit Aus-
tralia. Mr Waldron, who will make his
first appearance in Melbourne next July,
will bring with him several other play-
ers to his support, and two important
dramatic productions in "The Squaw
Man" and "The Virginian." The former
has met with a very pronounced success
in the United States, while the latter is
a dramatisation of Owen Winter's most
popular novel of the same name, which
has ever since its publication been wide-
ly read and appreciated in Australia.

Those who scan the amusement ad-
vertisements in the Melbourne daily press
must have been somewhat surprised on
Saturday last when they came to the
announcement that Mr J. C. Williamson
was charging "three, two, and one
guineas" for the privilege of seeing the
romantic mystery drama, "Parsifal," at
Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday
morning, the 22nd of May, for the first
time on any stage. The explanation of
this departure from the ordinary run of
things lies in the fact that a copyright
performance of the Rev. T. Hillhouse
Taylor's piece was necessary under the
new Commonwealth copyright law. The
performance, which was undertaken by
the members of the Tittell Brune Com-
pany, was the very first of its kind in
the annals of the Australian drama.

The news that Mrs Brough has with
characteristic courage faced the situa-
tion created by the irreparable loss of
her late husband, and looking up her
sorrows determined to return to the
stage, will surprise none who knew her
at all intimately. A benefit was offered
Mrs Brough by the entire profession,
both in Melbourne and Sydney, and had
these been accepted would unquestion-
ably have been the vastest affairs of
the kind ever known in the history of
the colonies. Tickets might have been
made any price whatever, and a mam-
moth house assured. However, with in-
finite gratitude, but becoming and gentle
dignity, Mrs Brough refused the honour
and announced her early return to
the stage as already recorded. In
view of the circumstances a tremen-
dous welcome no doubt awaits this
brave actress whom everyone admires.

Miss Mabel Munro, daughter of Mr.
G. S. Munro, executive commissioner of
the New Zealand International Exhibi-
tion, is the first New Zealand girl to
appear in a secondary role in one of
the principal London theatres. She is
now playing in "The Little Cherub," Mr.
Geo. Edwards' new musical play at the
Prince of Wales Theatre. Miss Munro,
who is only 17 years of age, won the
George Edwards scholarship in Septem-
ber, 1904, at Barrett's Lyric and Drama-
tic Academy, Oxford-street, London. The
scholarship carried with it an engage-
ment with Mr. Geo. Edwards. Miss

Munro joined the Prince of Wales' Theatre in December, 1904, and played
through the whole run of "Lady Mad-
cap," which ran 15 months, and then
was given the part in "The Little
Cherub."

A leading Australian daily, apropos
of the children in the "Fatal Wedding,"
remarks that the management are to be
congratulated on their efforts and suc-
cess in training the children of the com-
pany. Over forty are introduced in the
third act, in what is known as the "Tin
Canmarig Band." These are specially
cared for by Messrs Meynell and Gunn.
They are boarded in the suburbs at a
pretty water frontage house. They are
sent to and from the theatre in a drag
specially chartered for the purpose.
Every morning they have school and
music lessons, and two hospital nurses
are always in attendance to look after
their health and welfare. This really
careful method of training theatrical
children should be a lasting and good
object lesson to other managements.
Many of these little ones hail from Vic-
toria, which enhances the responsibility
of travelling and caring for them.

In view of the fact that Mr. Andrew
Black is now in New Zealand and has
just commenced a concert season in
Auckland, the following excerpt from
the London "Daily Chronicle" of
March 29th is interesting:—"There has
been considerable speculation in musical
circles lately as to the whereabouts of
Mr. Andrew Black, the distinguished
vocalist. His name has been absent
from concert programmes for many
months past, and it was stated that he
was seriously ill. As a matter of fact,
information was received in London re-
cently to the effect that he is now in Aus-
tralia, and will return in time to fulfil
engagements at the provincial musical
festivals in the autumn. Mr. Black went
away desiring a complete rest after the
anxiety attending the fatal illness last
June of his wife, a sister of Mr. Ivan
Caryll, and to avoid being worried by
correspondence he left no address."

I had a look over the Canterbury Hall
the other day, writes "Prompter," and
found the inside of the big building torn
out, and Mr. Tom Pollard superintend-
ing the alterations which are to trans-
form it into His Majesty's Theatre. It
has frequently been said that it is impos-
sible to change any building so that it
will satisfactorily assume the qualifica-
tions of an up-to-date theatre. Mr.
Pollard pointed out, however, that this
argument does not hold good in the pre-
sent instance. The Canterbury Hall is
so much larger than is required for a
theatre that, with the interior dismant-
led, there is ample room within the four
walls to construct any style of building
that may be desired, so that cost be-
comes the only consideration. I have
not seen the plans, but it is only reason-
able to assume, under the circum-
stances, that the proprietors will not
allow a few hundred pounds to stand
in the way of complete success. One
thing is already certain, the accommoda-
tion behind the scenes will be excep-
tionally good, for the stage itself and
the dressing-room facilities are all that
can be desired. The cellar, too, is a
magnificent one, roomy and well light-
ed, so that there is opportunity for the
most elaborate stage mechanism. His
Majesty's is to be opened by the Mac-
mahon Dramatic Company, probably to-
wards the end of July.

Two of the "electroplate" youth of
Christchurch had a salutary lesson dur-
ing the recent pantomime season of
"Sinbad the Sailor." It is charitable
to suppose that they had looked upon
the whisky when it was yellow, for they
proceeded to make themselves
thoroughly objectionable throughout
the performance, annoying and disturb-
ing the entire audience. Mr Michael
Josephs, Mr Anderson's smart manager,
did not want to create a further nu-
isance by sending in constables, but when
the interval came the jovial twain
stumbling out for "jes' one more" were
dropped upon with amazing suddenness
and marched off to the manager's sanc-
tum, where the Riot Act was read with
much impressiveness, and an ultimatum
issued—either pay £5 5/ between the
two to the offended management, as an
expression of regret, or to be summoned

in the morning as a common nuisance.
Subdued by the terrible severity of the
managerial aspect, and assisted by a
couple of lung "soda straighties" swal-
lowed by order of the implacable Mr
Josephs, the youths saw much trouble
looming ahead at the office, in society,
and at home, and sadly agreeing to
cash up on the morrow returned home
a much chastened couple. Next morn-
ing, the little cheque being forthcoming,
£5 5/ was handed over to Nurse Maude
for the Christchurch Consumptive
Camps. Mr Josephs murmuring smil-
ingly, "Thus out of evil and the most un-
promising materials good may come."

Two new English artists will be seen
by Aucklanders in the production of
the "Fatal Wedding." Miss May
Congdon, the new leading lady,
was originally educated at the
Brussels Conservatorium of Music, but
her preference for the stage induced
her, about six years ago, to take up
dramatic work, and she has since played
Peggy in "Mice and Men," as well as
leading parts in "A Marriage of Con-
venience," "Sunday," and many Shakes-
pearean pieces. Mr Charles Vane was
with his regiment in India in 1885, when
"the sweet uses of amateur theatricals"
taught him his powers as an actor. He
then went to England, joined Mr F. R.
Tenson's Shakespearean Company, and
did a great deal of useful work with
various managers all over the country,
and also visited South Africa. In 1901
he was with Miss Ellen Terry, and was
then introduced to Sir Henry Irving,
who included him in his company at the
Lyceum Theatre. Mr Vane then toured
the provinces with the Irving combina-
tion, and went to America, where he
subsequently supported E. H. Sothern
in "Hamlet" and "If I Were King."
After a second visit to South Africa,
the traveller joined Mr John Hare in
England, and during his stay success-
fully produced a one-act play of his
own. He is, in fact, an actor of con-
siderable experience, who should be able
to give a good account of himself during
the forthcoming season.

The audience which witnessed the final
production of "Veronique" at His Ma-
jesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Saturday,
was one of the most brilliant, as well as
the largest, the writer remembers to have
seen gathered in that theatre. The
dozens of Princess-street were in special
force, and for Auckland the display of
dress and diamonds was extraordinary.
However, "the play's the thing," and it
seems generally conceded that "Veroni-
que" is the best thing done by the
company on the present tour. The
absence of a low comedian capable
of playing Copequard (a magnificent
part) to full advantage was certainly
much felt, for Mr. Wallace, while a la-
berious and conscientious artist, toils too
obviously after his laughs, and, tiring
himself, makes his audience in his
forced endeavours after fun. Sponta-
neous humour is not this gentleman's
forte. Mr. Vernon, too, is scarcely ideal
in "Loustot, being 'toursjours Vernon,"
and, in brief—"loffy for breakfast"
quotation applies. On the other hand, it
would be impossible to overrate the quite
admirable work of Miss Olive Godwin,
both in acting and singing. She has
some particularly fine advantages in
both branches of her art, and uses both
to the full. It is certainly not too much
to say that she is responsible for much of
the unquestioned success of the per-
formance. Miss Castles was applauded
as Veronique, and alias Helene de So-
langes, and her acting was certainly cap-
ital. Other members of the company did
well as did the chorus, and "Veronique"
may be warmly recommended wherever
the present company may appear.

Miss Tittell Brune is fortunate in
having a manager who takes extreme
pains to show her talents in a shining
light. "Parsifal" is to hand—a dramatic
arrangement of the famous Wagnerian
opera, written by a Sydney clergyman—

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THE DE MEGGIO MANDOLINE.
Copied by hand, excellently
These Mandolines are scientifically cor-
rect in form and construction, beautiful
in finish and exquisite in tone, and will be
a lasting pleasure to the purchaser.
MUSICAL IMPORTING CO.
135, QUEEN-ST.

the Rev. T. H. Taylor—at the desire and instigation of Mr. J. C. Williamson. Miss Brune's best opportunity for portraying high emotional character and passionate love gets full scope in this wonderfully dramatic play. The reading of it is an exciting performance. The story of Kundry, "The Cursed One," direct descendant of the legendary woman who mocked our Saviour on the Cross—carries one breathlessly on from scene to scene. A splendour of weird scenic pictures is suggested as the story progresses, so that the mind is under the spell of this pictorial magnificence as well as the stormy passions of the lovely sinner. The allegorical struggle of Good and Evil becomes most eloquently real in this version of "Parsifal." The alternate triumph of one and the other provide two of the strongest scenes possibly ever staged. When shall it be produced? That is the great question. That such a passionately human drama will raise controversy and paper battles goes without saying, but isn't such the very life of theatrical enterprise? Apart from the aspect of the new morality play, there is this to say—that Miss Tittell Brune is rare in having a manager who considers her starting talents and provides a play built on lines that promise to set her in one of the most sensational roles of her experience.

The promotion of the Australasian Grand Opera Company, Limited, is proceeding (states the "Argus"), and the prospectus will be published shortly. The company is being formed, as the outcome of a consultation among leading musicians, for the purpose of co-operating with Mr. Musgrove in the production of grand opera in the principal cities of Australia and New Zealand by competent artists to be engaged abroad. Mr. Musgrove has entered into an agreement to engage a grand opera company, and it is intended to open a season in Melbourne about Easter next year. Thereafter Mr. Musgrove will go with the company on a tour of the States and New Zealand. Of course, such an undertaking means a large preliminary expenditure, and the company is formed practically for the purpose of providing a fund upon which Mr. Musgrove can call. At the end of the tour, which it is estimated will last about 12 months, the net profits are to be divided equally between the company and Mr. Musgrove. In the event of a loss it will be borne by the company, but only to the limit of its unexpended capital, and no further claim can be made on the company of the shareholders. Shares in the company give no right to seats at the performance, but shareholders will have the privilege of booking seats in priority to the public. The operas to be produced will include "Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Meistersinger," "Die Walkure," "Der Freischutz," and either "Romeo and Juliet" or "Orthello." It is to be hoped that Mr. Musgrove will be able to include also such favourite operas as "La Boheme," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Pagliacci." The operas will be given in English. The capital of the company is £4,000 in £2 shares, and Mr. Musgrove is entitled to use £2,000 for preliminary expenses, which are to be repaid out of the receipts. The company will receive one-half of the profits. If there be a loss the capital of the company is available to meet it as far as it will go. No shareholder is allowed to take more than ten shares.

To Remove Tight Finger Rings.—Pass the end of a piece of twine underneath the ring, and wind it evenly round the finger upwards as far as the middle of the finger; then take hold of the lower end of the string beneath the ring and begin to slowly unwind upward, when the ring will gradually slip over the twine towards the tip of the finger and come off.

A Ghost Story of the Sea.

BOARDED BY A SPECTRAL CREW.

The "Auklet Review" publishes a "Story of Mid-ocean Visits"—a ghost story which would have appealed strongly to Robert Louis Stevenson. It is vouched for as true by the narrator, Captain Johansen, of Liverpool, of which Mr. Birchall, the managing director of the Liverpool "Journal of Commerce," says:—"Captain Johansen may be regarded as absolutely trustworthy, and I certainly think that his statements may be thoroughly relied upon."

Captain Johansen begins his weird narrative by telling us:—"In the autumn of 1900 I made a trip across the Atlantic from Gibraltar to Florida, in a small open boat. During the voyage a most extraordinary visitation occurred to me—to me it was no illusion. Here is a plain account of it. . . I may here remark that I had always been a decided unbeliever in anything pertaining to the supernatural."

His incredulity was soon put to a severe test:—"On the eighth day out, August 24th, 1900, in the forenoon, I was sitting on the stern of the 'Lotta,' my boat, steering, while my son was sleeping, when I heard a voice close to me as if someone had made a remark. Shortly after I heard a second voice, different from the first, as if in answer to the remark. Then I heard other voices in different keys, and softly modulated tones, remarks, responses and interjections, until it seemed there was a general conversation going on round about me, all in a foreign tongue, no word of which I could understand."

His son also heard the sound of the voices, but they could see nothing.

On the tenth day a gale sprang up. The boy was at the helm, when his father ordered him to let go the jib sheet. The boy obeyed, but he let go not only of the sheet but of the tiller. Instantly shadows of men flitted past the binnacle light and a tall figure grasped the tiller and sat down beside the son. When Captain Johansen went to the stern, this man addressed him, while his companion stood by, in a language which, says the Captain, "I do not ever remember to have heard in my life, and no word of which I could understand. He seemed very earnest, as if he wanted to impress some important truth on my mind." The tall spectral helmsman, finding that he could not make Captain Johansen understand, stood up in the boat, facing to windward, shouting with commanding voice, as if directing some operation carried on in the immediate vicinity. Captain Johansen heard a voice respond, but he could see nothing in the darkness.

Captain Johansen continues his narrative as follows:—"After this the leader sat down on the thwart, immediately forward of the seat in the stern where my son and myself were seated facing him, the cheen from the binnacle lamp illuminating his features. I noted his stature was about six feet. He was of muscular build, and had iron-grey hair, features elongated, with a lofty brow, firmly-set mouth and prominent jaws; his countenance was pale, and there was a sardonic smile playing about his lips that gave his features a striking appearance; he was dressed in a coarse white canvas cap, without a peak, a faded mantle looking the worse for wear enveloped his shoulders, and a sash around his waist held his trousers, which were of a dark woollen material. I noted in particular that he had a substitute of iron for his left leg of about 1½ inch diameter, at the bottom of which was a plate of the same material doing duty for a foot, the bottom of which was worn bright with continual service, and that his left trousers leg was neatly tied with a string at the particular place where the ankle ought to be. His companions were short of stature and broad of chest, and their features were good-humoured and bronzed by the sun; they were simply dressed in shirts and trousers,

with sashes at their waists doing service for belts."

His son, being drenched through, went amiships to his trunk to change his clothes. As he passed, two of the spectral crew took possession of the lad and proceeded to act as his valets:—"My son was addressed in endearing tones by the men, one of whom took him by the hand and patted him on the shoulder, while the other man tried to embrace him, an attention he seemed unwilling to endure. Then the trunk was opened and dry clothes were brought forth; one of the men helped to relieve him of his wet apparel while the other handed to him the dry clothing, article by article, as required, a flowing commentary in softly modulated tones being kept up all the time by the strangers. After this one of the men gathered up the wet clothing in a bundle, took the sash from his waist, and tied the bundle with the sash to the mainboom. Then I understood that our visitors, whoever they were, and though so unconceremoniously intruding on our privacy, were friends desirous of our welfare."

Captain Johansen slept soundly that night:—"When I awoke again it was dawn. I started up and looked forward. There was the leader sitting astride of the inner end of the bowsprit, like a person riding a horse. He was shading his eyes with his hands and intently scanning the horizon ahead and to windward. As he sat there, his mantle thrown loosely over his shoulder, he looked like some great piratical chief in quest of the next prize of which to make conquest. A grim figure-head! and incongruous for our trim boat."

When next the Captain woke the ghosts were gone. At five at night he and his son were congratulating themselves upon the departure of their unwelcome guests, when "Lo! as we were talking, and looked forward, there were the strangers again in that end of the boat. There was the leader in his faded mantle, canvas cap and iron leg, with

the same sardonic smile on his pale face, talking to his companions in commanding tones. We watched intently to see what would follow. One of the men detached the jib at the tack, while a second got hold of the sheet; the former took up a position on the gallant forecastle, and the latter stationed himself at the mast. In these positions the two men kept swinging the jib from starboard to port and from port to starboard for upwards of ten minutes, while the leader, with hands shading his eyes, and the remaining man kept scanning the horizon in the direction whence we had come. I could understand they were making a signal."

Nothing could be seen, and after a while the visitors retired to their old quarters at the bottom of the forward end of the boat, where they seemed to be discussing something. The Captain was furious. He decided to solve the mystery. If he could do nothing else he would seize the fellow's iron leg. He sent his boy to summon them to come. As he went they vanished, and never returned. Captain Johansen swears the story is literally true. His trip was chronicled by Reuter in the "Times" between August 20th and 26th, 1900. But who were the ghosts? why did they come? and whither did they go? The story beats the legend of the Flying Dutchman hollow.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 is. has been sent to the writer of this verse—E.T.G., Gloucester Street, Christchurch.

Boy in gutter, Ma in flatter,
She can't get him clean;
Sapon thought of, nothing short of
Transformation scene.

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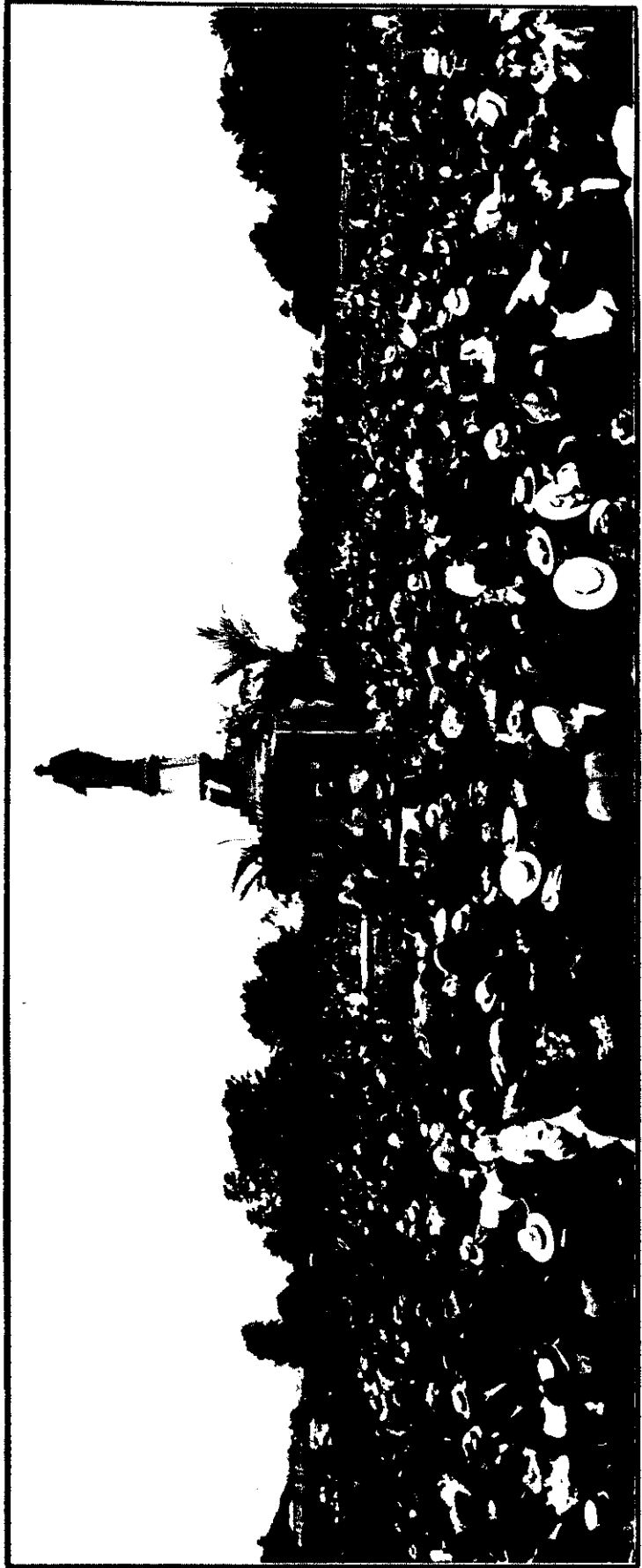
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UNVEILING OF SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S STATUE ON EMPIRE DAY.

THE THREE SMALL PICTURES SHOW HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, MR. ARTHUR MYERS AND THE HON. E. M. CROFTON SPEAKING, AND THE LARGE ONE THE SPECTATORS ROUND THE STATUE LISTENING TO SIR JOHN.

1850, and in 1851 paid a short business visit to San Francisco.

In 1852 Sir John entered the field of politics. He contested successfully the Superintendency of Auckland with Mr. Whitaker, and at the same time was returned at the head of the poll as a member of the House of Representatives for Auckland. In 1855, also, he started the rifle-shooting and volunteer movement in Auckland, thus inaugurating at the Antipodes the citizen-soldier movement long before it was begun in England.

In 1861 he again returned to Europe, with the intention of taking a long holiday, which was prolonged to nine years, spent chiefly on the Continent, and notably in Italy. In 1871 he returned to Auckland, and has resided here ever since.

idea of sheep and cattle-raising and farming in Australia, and determined to try his fortunes in the new colony of New Zealand. He landed at Christchurch, but afterwards came on to the Waitomata with his partner, Mr. William Brown, and purchased Otaia Koroa (Brown's Island). In December, 1840, Sir John left the island and pitched his tent in Commercial Bay, Auckland. The tide then washed the beach where the Post Office now stands. The doctor threw aside his profession and started the firm of Brown and Campbell. The firm purchased at the first town sale (April, 1841) the allotment on which it has ever since conducted its business. In 1848, after a nine years' absence from the Old Country, he left the colony on a visit home. He returned to Auckland at the end of

Sir John L. Campbell, M.D., M.R.C.S., now 89 years of age, is the only son of the late John Campbell, Esq., M.D., of Edinburgh, and grandson of the late Sir James Campbell, Baronet, of Auchill and Kilbowie, Perthshire. He was educated in Edinburgh, and took the degree of M.D. at its University, then the first medical school of the Kingdom. Having been bitten with the mania which prevailed in the Old Country in 1838-39 for emigrating to Australia, where everyone vied to make a fortune in a few years by wool growing, he threw up a commission in the East India Company's service and sailed from Greenock, July, 1839, in the ship Palmyra, for Sydney. After a visit to the Bathurst Plains, he gave up the



At the age of 21 Sir John was living in Edinburgh; at 37 in Brighton; at 49 in Florence; and when the remaining four photographs were taken he was in Auckland.

SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS IN PORTRAITS.

AFTER THE UNVEILING.

The statue, which is in bronze, is by Mr. Fred Pogson, of London. The pedestal is beautifully polished, the large central portion bearing the inscription in letters of gold: 'Sir John Logan Campbell. He gave Cornwall Park to the people of New Zealand.' The statue measures 9ft 6in, and weighs about three tons. On the base, cast in bronze, is a thistle flower and foliage, in tribute to the country which gave Sir John birth.

UNVEILING OF SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S STATUE ON EMPIRE DAY.



UNVEILING OF SIR JOHN LOGAN CAMPBELL'S STATUE ON EMPIRE DAY.

SIR JOHN MAKING HIS ELOQUENT AND TOUCHING SPEECH OF THANKS.

"The statue has been erected, and I stand under its shadow with feelings of deepest gratitude, in much wonder that in the vicissitudes of life it should have fallen to my lot to be so greatly honoured."

See "Our Illustrations"



HIDING TO THE MEET, MR. H. T. GORRIE, THE NEW MASTER, IN THE FOREGROUND.



tailor, photo.

BEFORE THE THROW-OFF.



SUDDEN DEATH AFTER THE RUN OF MR. J. DALTON'S HUNTER ALBION, AGED ABOUT 27.



A CHECK.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.



Signal Point. Auckland Ballast Ground and Powder Magazine. Pilot's House. Rangitoto Island. North Head. Sketched by Elou. Gialfrey in 1844. DEVONPORT FROM PARNELL IN 1844.



DEVONPORT FROM PARNELL IN 1906.

THE JUBILEE OF DEVONPORT PARISH.

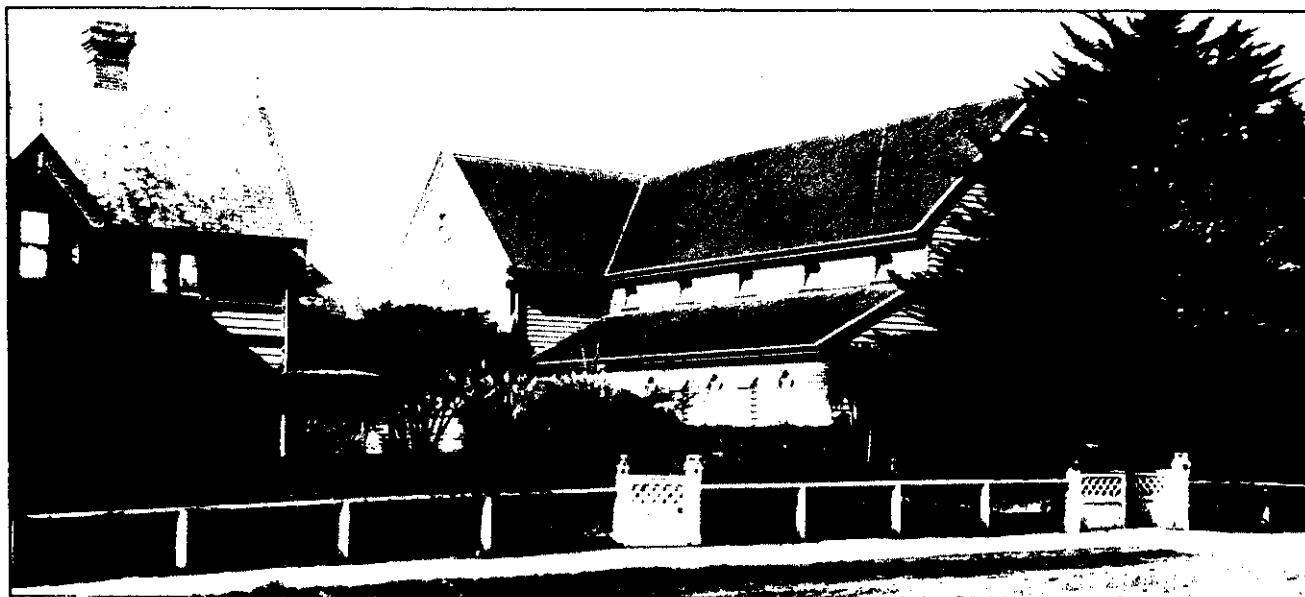


SOME PAST AND PRESENT PARISHIONERS OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, WHO CELEBRATED THE JUBILEE.



MEMBERS OF FIFTY YEARS' AGO.

BACK ROW—Mr. Tizard, Mr. Trethick, Mr. H. Burgess, Capt. Duder, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. J. Duder, Mr. Fuljames.
FRONT ROW—Mr. E. W. Alison, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Glenn, Mr. Woodham, Mrs. Captain Burgess, Miss Burgess, M. W. Duder.



Vaile, photo.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, DEVONPORT.

See "Our Illustrations."

This building, which is the third the parishioners have erected, dates from 1881.

THE JUBILEE OF DEVONPORT PARISH.

EGYPT AND ITS MUMMIES AT THE N.Z. EXPOSITION.

The following admirably told story has been sent us from Los Angeles by Mr. Allen Kelly, the American journalist, who recently toured the colonies.

One of the attractions of the Christchurch Exposition will be an Egyptian village, in which will be shown ancient and modern life on the Nile. Egypt suggests mummies, and the promoters of the scheme are going to have mummies enough to satisfy the most exacting Egyptologist. Mr. Fisher, of Los Angeles, is making twenty mummies for the New Zealand Exposition, and the ancient caskets in which they will be shown are being made in Auckland. Mr. Fisher has been a maker of antiquities for many years, but he has tired of the trade, and the New Zealand order is the last he intends to fill. The foundation of a mummy consists of a board and a plaster cast of a skull. The superstructure is composed of burlap, cotton batting, and glue. Curled wood shavings, called "excelsior," are used for filling. If the mummy is to be shown under glass and in a casket, Mr. Fisher uses only excelsior and burlap in building the legs and arms, and strips of bamboo for exposed ribs. He usually leaves a hole in the side to expose a rib or two. When the mummy is likely to be subjected to critical examination, Mr. Fisher pays more attention to detail, models the hands and feet, and attaches nails, made of cow horn shavings. Cotton batting, laid on in layers with glue, makes an excellent imitation of dried and wrinkled skin, deceiving even to the touch. Fisher has been working in public on the New Zealand job lot of prehistoric Egyptians, and hundreds of per-

sous have visited his shop and watched the whole process while listening to his frank description of his trade. He learned taxidermy and clay-modelling to start with, and drifted into the business of manufacturing ancient relics. He has made tons of Indian relics, some implements, pipes, tomahawks, war clubs, iron

and copper tools and ornaments, and his handiwork may be seen in most of the museums and private collections in America and Europe. His mummies have been exhibited all over the country, and many of them are cherished as genuine relics of past ages by proud collectors. In addition to the twenty ordinary mum-

mies, Fisher has made a nine-foot giant for the New Zealand Exposition. The material for a plain mummy costs sixty cents, and about half a day is required to build it. The giant required six shillings' worth of raw material, and Fisher devoted about two days to the work.

ALLEN KELLY.



FISHER, MUMMY MAKER, AT WORK.



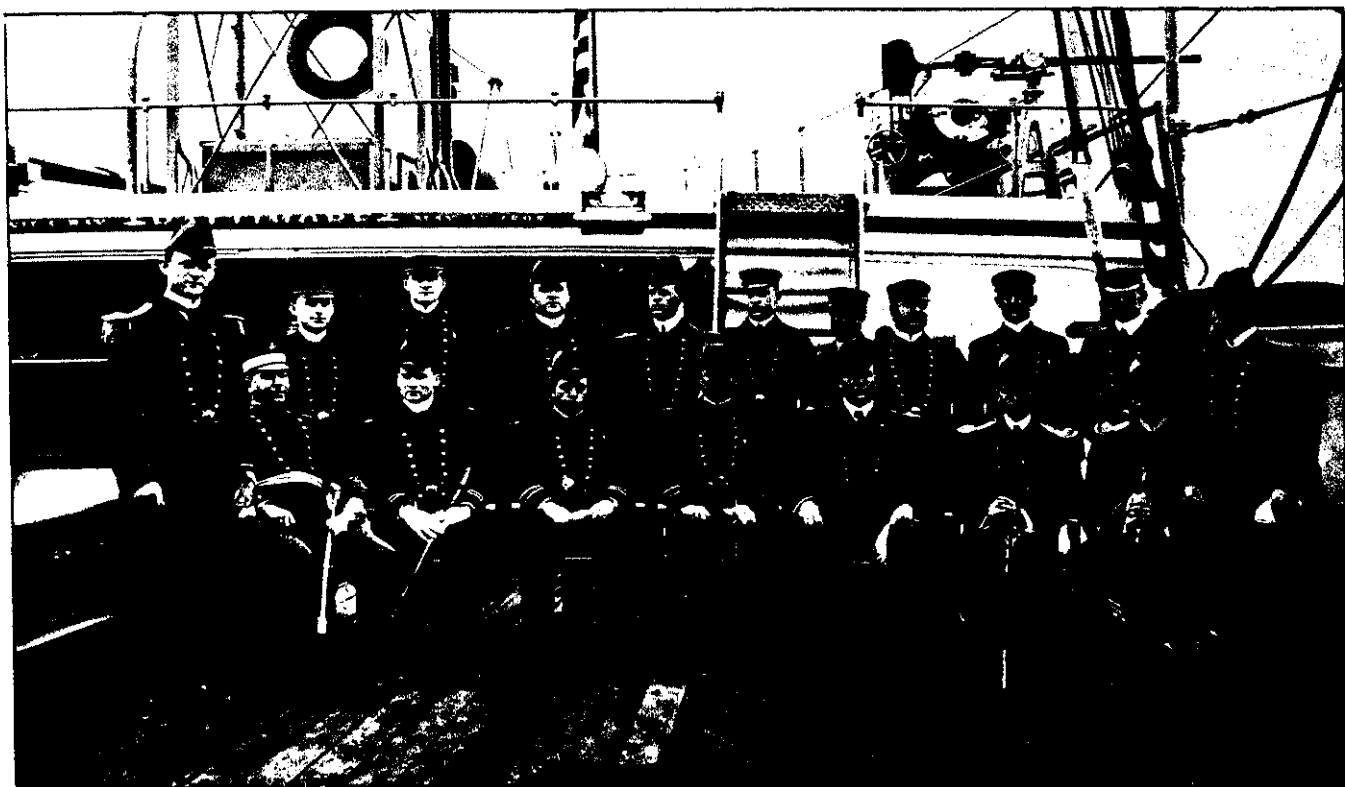
THREE OF FISHER'S MASTERPIECES.

The one on the right purports to be a cliff-dweller; on the left is a subject of one of the Ptolemys; and the centre figure is incomplete, showing the method of "embalming."

ANTIQUITIES WHILE YOU WAIT: MUMMIES FOR THE CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION.



GROUP OF PETTY OFFICERS.



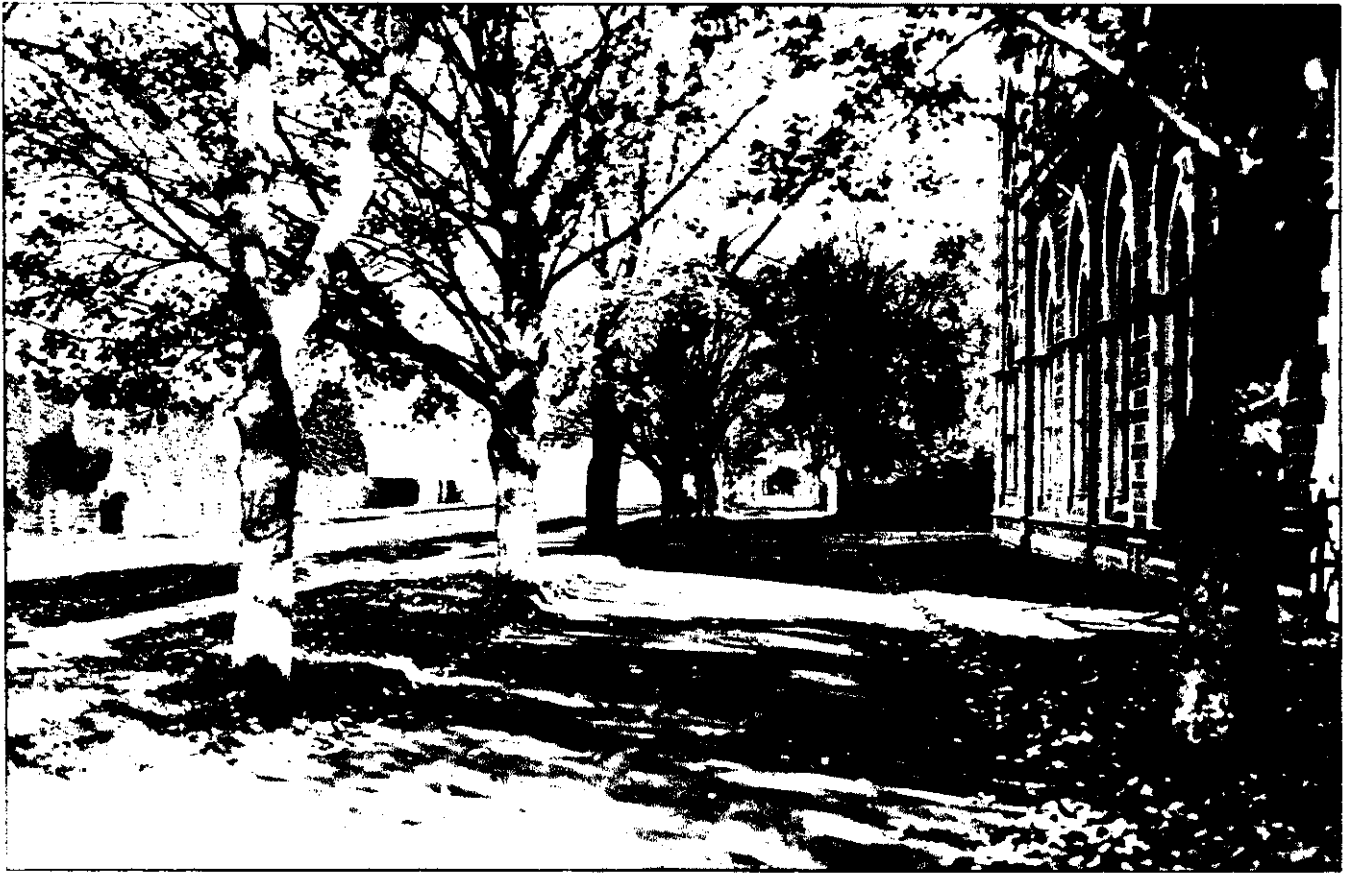
THE OFFICERS.

BACK ROW (left to right): Warrant Machinist J. J. Cotter, Warrant Machinist T. A. Thormahlen, Ensign David Lyons, Ensign W. Sterling, Pay Clerk W. N. Dunlap, Carpenter Patrick Sarsfield, Gunner Franklin Hoins, Boatswain F. Meyers, Warrant Machinist C. E. Woods. FRONT ROW: Ensign R. W. Fwyte, Captain Macker Babb, U.S.N., Lieutenant M. J. McCormack, Surgeon Raymond Spear, Lieut.-Comdr C. M. Stone, Lieutenant Chester Wells, Lieutenant C. R. Miller, Paymaster G. W. Piquan, Ensign M. H. Simons.

VISIT OF THE U.S. WARSHIP BALTIMORE TO AUCKLAND.



VISIT OF THE U.S. WARSHIP BALTIMORE TO AUCKLAND.
THE SHIP'S COMPANY.



OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM. THE FINEST IN THE COLONY.

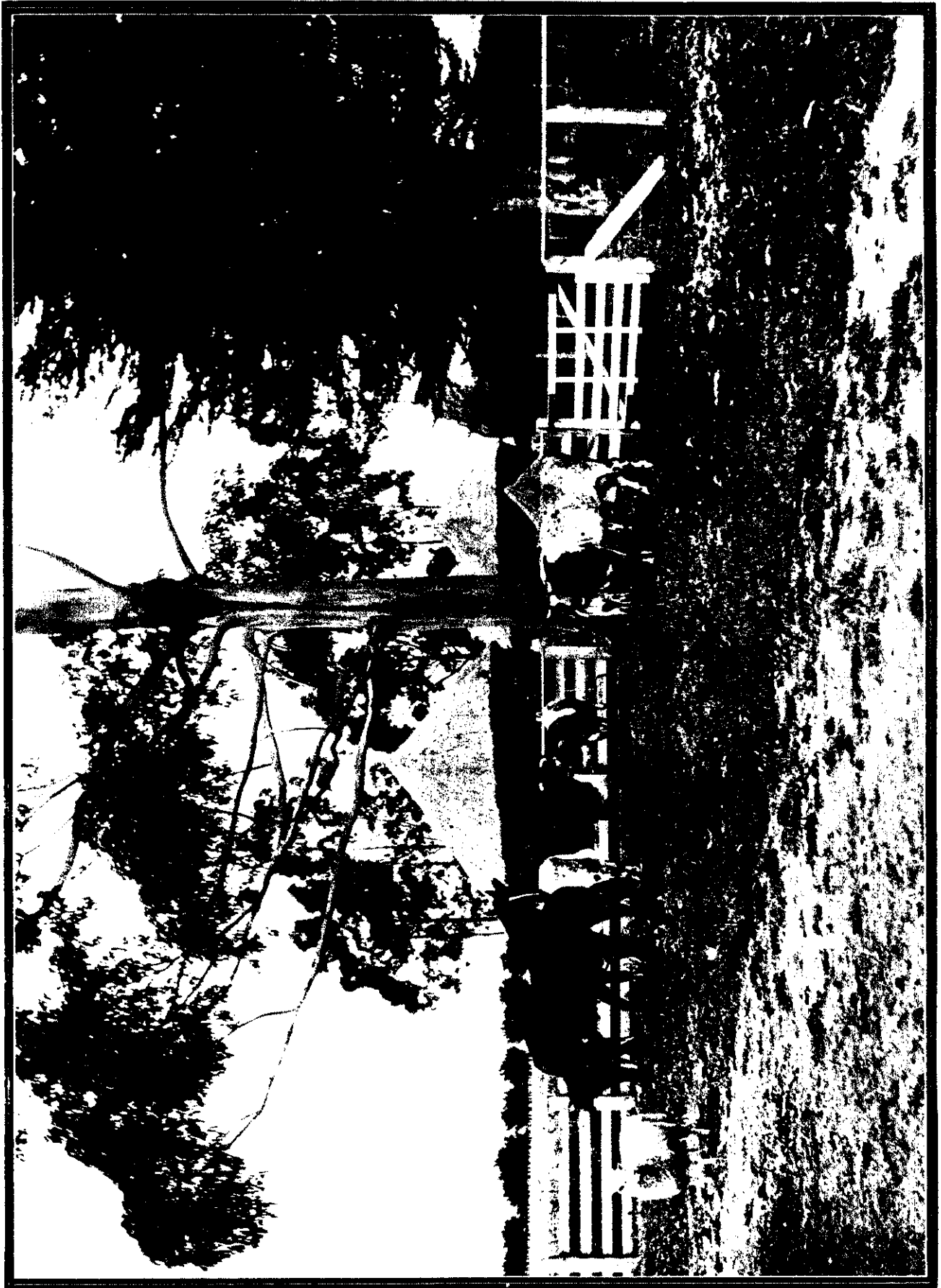


Thomas' Department photo

HIGH-STREET. THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

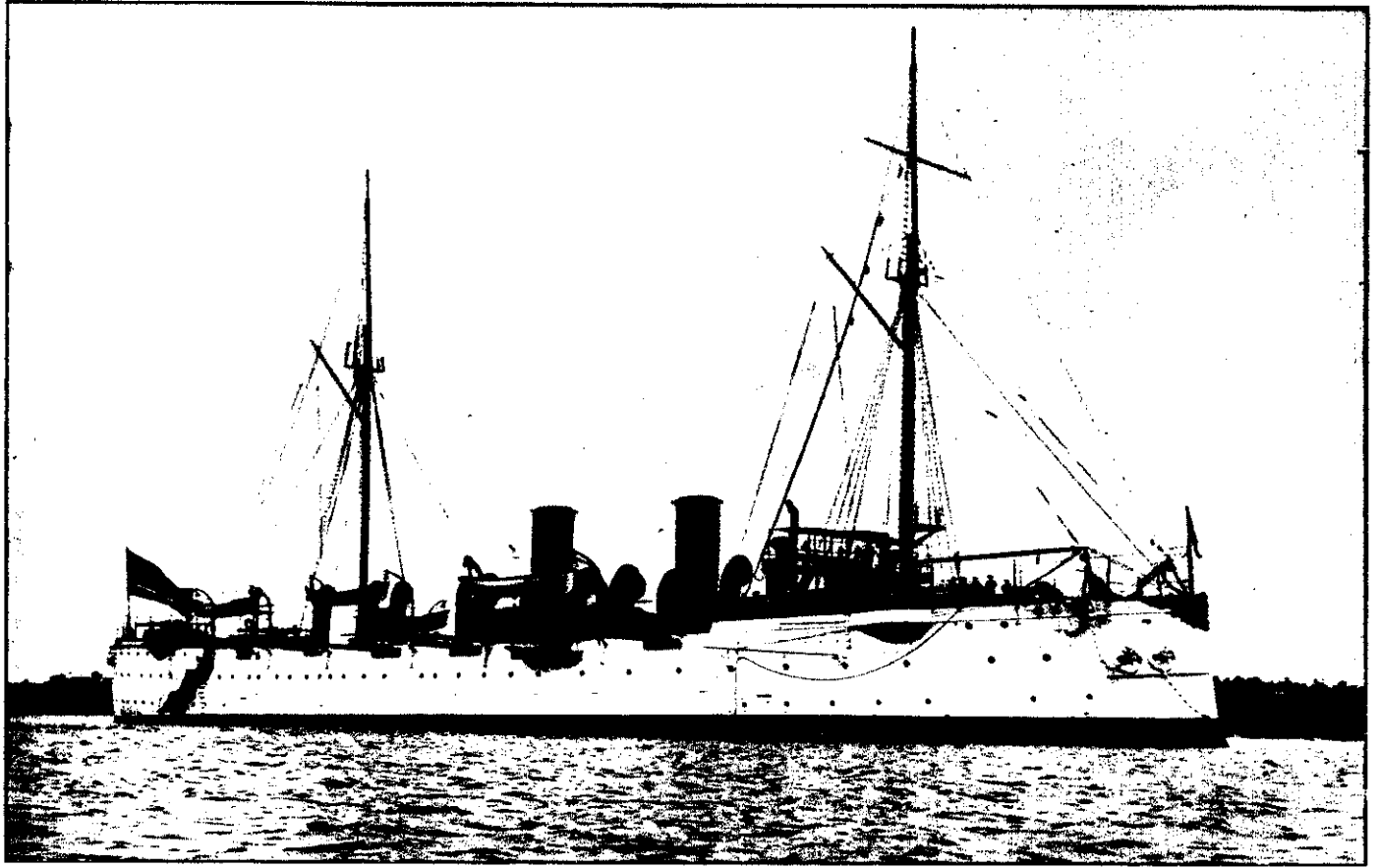
CHRISTCHURCH: THE CITY OF THE PLAINS

WHERE THEY ARE ANTICIPATING A BUSY TIME NEXT NOVEMBER. WHEN THE EXHIBITION OPENS.

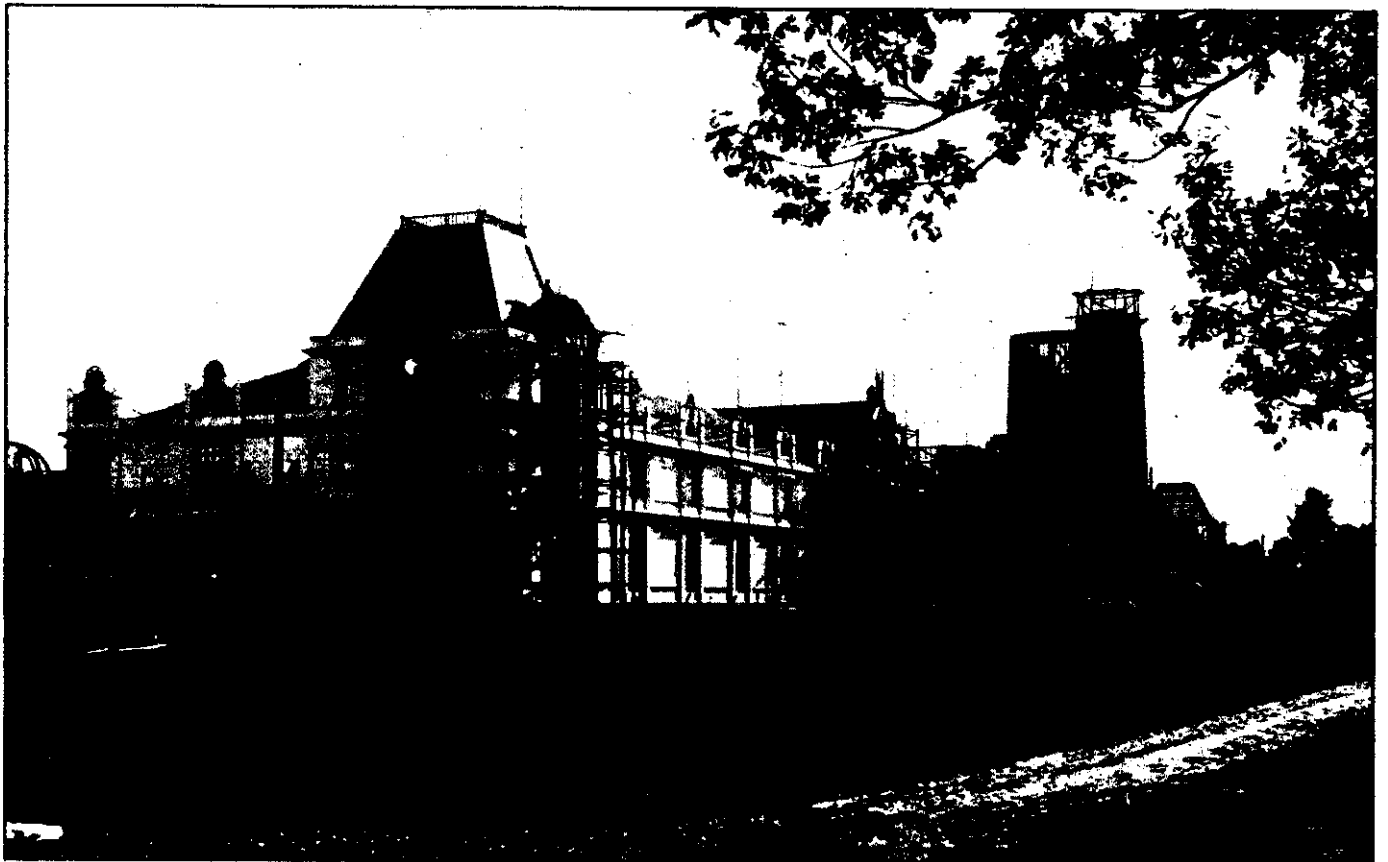


GROUP OF CHAMPION PRIZE-TAKERS AT THE GOVERNMENT FARM, HAMILTON.

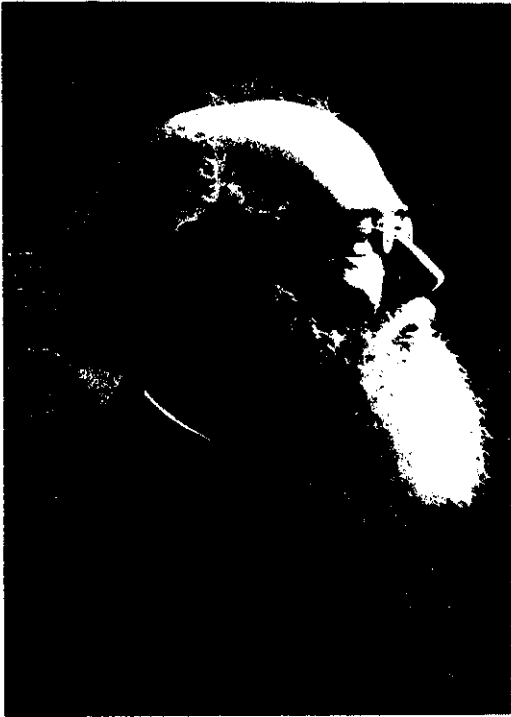
Geo. photo



THE UNITED STATES WARSHIP BALTIMORE IN AUCKLAND HARBOUR.



A VIEW OF THE CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION BUILDINGS, SHOWING THE PRESENT ADVANCED CONDITION OF THE WORKS.



THE LATE REV. DR. A. G. PURCHAS, SENIOR CHURCH OF ENGLAND
DIVINE AND SENIOR MEDICAL PRACTITIONER IN AUCKLAND,



Lafayette, photo.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL LUKE, OF OTAHUHU, FOR MANY YEARS
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See "Drama."

THE FAMOUS TIN-CAN BAND IN "THE FATAL WEDDING."



WHEN NATURE SEEKS REPOSE, BY F. WRIGHT (OIL, 48 x 30).



ERICA, DAUGHTER OF DR. J. C. PABST, PAINTED BY J. L. STEELE (OIL, 50 x 34).



AN OLD FISH VENDOR, BY S. L. THOMPSON (OIL, 31 x 25).

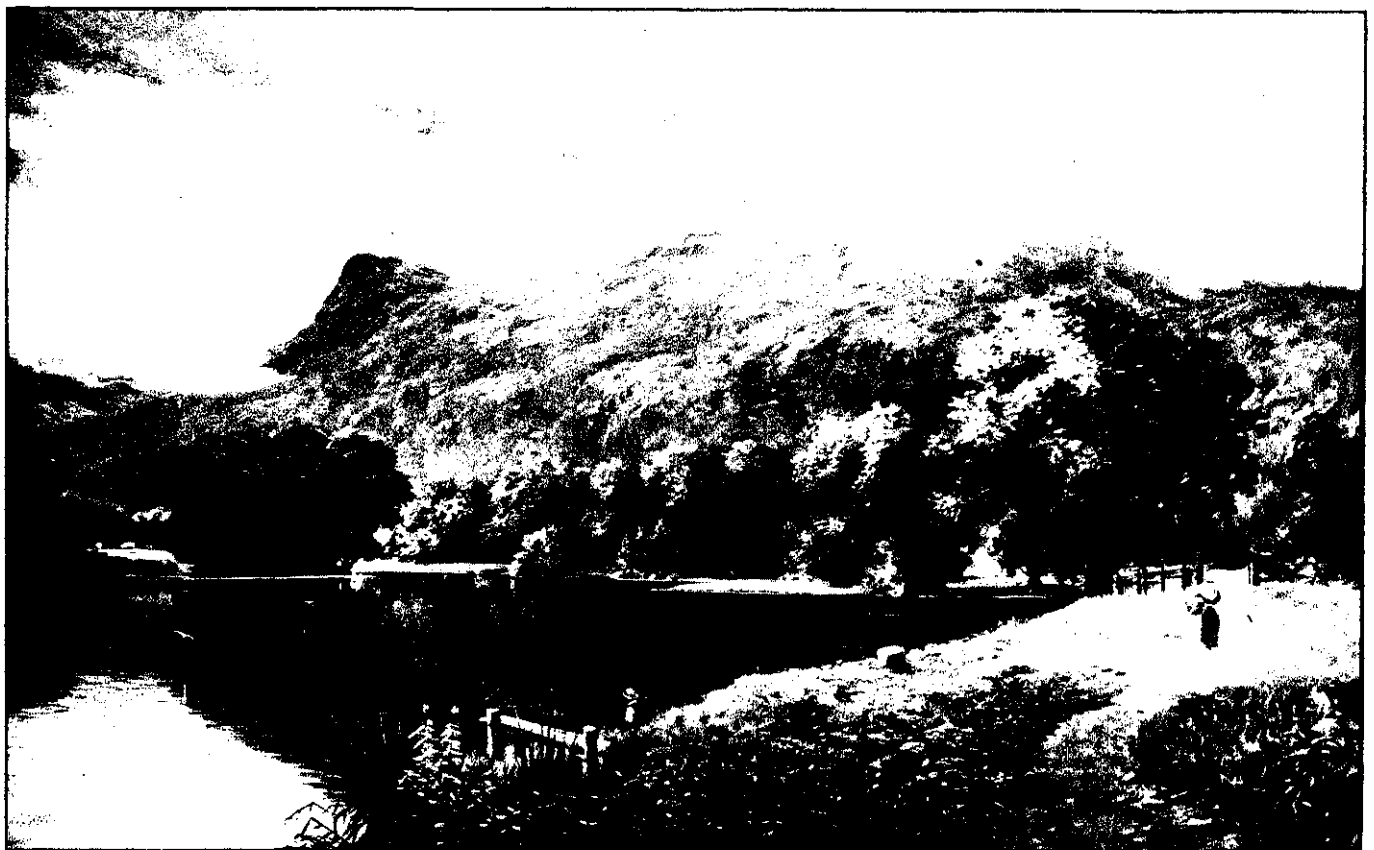


A PORTRAIT, BY MISS E. VON MEYERN (OIL, 30 x 24).

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS: SOME PROMINENT CANVASES.



AUTUMN, BY MISS BESSIE BLOMFIELD (oil, 24 x 18).



BETWYS-Y-COED, BY W. E. CHRISTMAS, THE LARGEST CANVAS IN THE EXHIBITION (oil, 90 x 60).

AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS: SOME PROMINENT CANVASES.

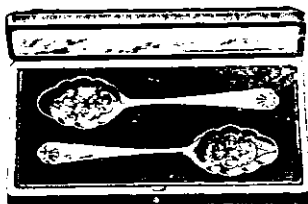
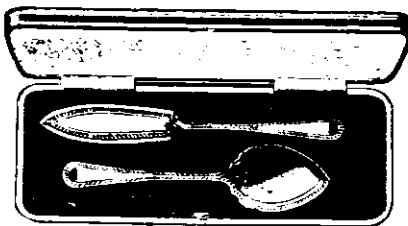
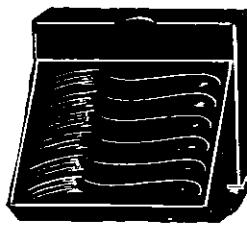


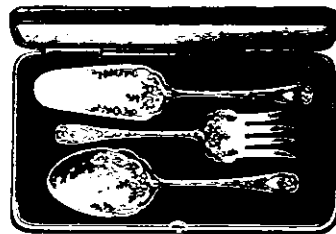
FIG. 1.—Two Best Quality Silver-plated and Chased Jam Spoons in Morocco Case, 15 6. Others at 10 6, 12 6, 13 6, 14 6, 16 6.



No. G700.—Solid Silver-plated Butter Knife and Jam Spoon, in Morocco Case, 15 6. Others in Silver-plate, 10 6, 12 6, 16 6.



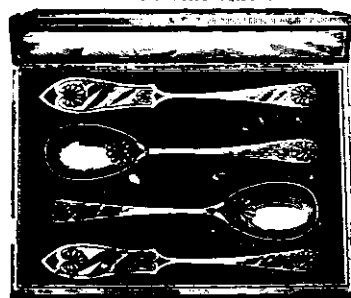
No. G165.—4 Fine Silver-plated Table Forks, in Velvet-lined Box, 12 6. Others, 15 6, 20 6.



G646.—Case containing best silver-plated Fish, Fruit, or Pie Servers, 25 10. Others, 30 6, 35 6, 40 6 upwards.



No. 301A.—Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Pot, Sugar, Cream and Tongs, in Morocco Case, 45 10. Others, 49 10, 51 10, 52 10.



260.—Case containing 4 best Silver-plated Butter Knives, and 1 Jam Spoon, Shell Tops, Engraved B-wis and Blades, 21 6.

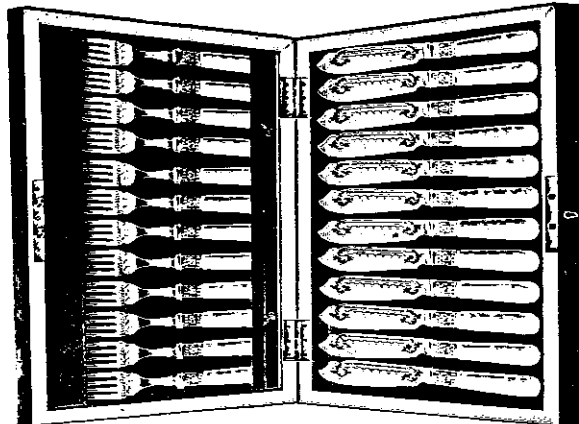
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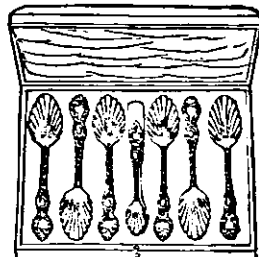
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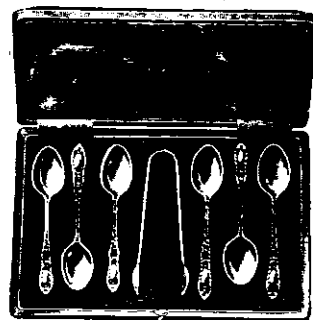
Illustrated Booklets free on application.



G248.—Handsome Oak Case containing 12 pairs Best Quality Silver-plated Fish or Fruit Knives and Forks, Finest Quality Mother-of-Pearl Handles, 48 6. Similar Cases, with 6 pairs, 23.



No. G357.—Case containing 6 Tea Spoons and Tongs, Silver-plated, Afternoon size, 16 6. Others, 12 6, 14 6, 15 6, 21 6, 22 6.



F382.—Morocco Case, containing 6 Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, 22 6. Others at 40 6, 42 6, 55 6, 60 6.



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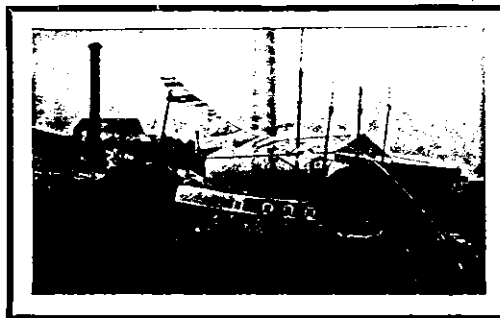
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ESTIMATES and
DESIGNS FURNISHED

Miss Conah Fitzgerald (Wellington) has gone to the Rangitikei for the hunting season. She is staying with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Riddiford at View Hall, Marton, and will not be back in Wellington for some months.

Mr. E. T. Morhead (New Plymouth) is re-visiting Wellington again after an absence of over a year. On his retirement from the Government service he went to Taranaki to live, and while there he received news that he had succeeded to a baronetcy. He preferred, however, not to take it up, so the title remains in abeyance until it is claimed by one of his descendants.

Amongst the visitors in Wanganui for the winter race meetings were Mr and Mrs H. Good (Hawera), Mr and Mrs Foyster (Hawera), Mr and Mrs D. Riddiford (Marton), Miss Riddiford (Marton), Miss Fitzgerald (Wellington), Mrs Abbott (Wellington), Mr and Mrs W. Johnston (Wellington), Mrs Cholmeley (Dannevirke), Mr and Mrs E. Cowper (Dannevirke), Mr Aldworth (Silverhope), Mr. Bathorpe (Silverhope), Mr and Mrs Scott (Rangitikei), Mr A. FitzHerbert (Feilding), Miss Stanford (New Plymouth).

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mr and Mrs C. Russell, who have been visiting in Christchurch, have returned to their home in Wanganui.

Mrs Wilder, who has been the guest of Mrs Boyle (Riccarton) has returned to "Fernside," Rangiora.

Mrs Linda Ferguson, who has been staying with Mrs Wigram at Park Terrace (Christchurch), has returned home.

Mrs Howell (Timaru) has been staying with Mrs Moorhouse at Oxford Terrace, Christchurch.

Miss Medley (Wellington) has been the guest of Mrs C. C. Bowen, Riccarton.

The Misses Boyle, of Riccarton, have returned to Christchurch from a visit to Hawke's Bay, where they were the guests of Mrs J. D. Ormond.

Mr and Mrs J. U. Collins have left for the North Island, where they intend settling on land, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

The Misses Guthrie (2), who for some time have been staying with relatives in Australia, are returning to Christchurch this week.

Lieut. Humphrey Grace, eldest son of the Ven. Archdeacon Grace, of Blenheim, is home on furlough, after a couple of years in India with the frontier forces, stationed at Peshawar.

Curious Ground for a Divorce.

Mrs Marks, of Chicago, has asked for a divorce from her husband on the ground of infidelity, in striking her in the face with a fresh fish, that was not so very fresh either, though her husband was fresh enough. There is no brand of infidelity that is much worse than striking a wife in the face with a fish. No good woman can have confidence in a husband who will caress her with a fish. Try however hard she may to love him, the smell of the fish will hang around her, and it cannot be driven away. The love that should be warm and genial becomes cold and clammy when she is clubbed with a fish. Women must be punished at times, but how much nobler it is to hit them with a stick of cordwood or an axe, than to whack them across the mouth with a cold, slimy, uncomfortable dead fish. No husband who has any respect for a wife will hit her with a fish, and no woman who has any style about her will stand idly by and see herself assaulted in that manner. The lady should have left the marks of the fish on her face and showed them to the judge, and he should have granted the divorce at once. Think of kissing a woman who has been recently smuffed with a dead fish. Such a husband should be a Mormon.

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Cats Is Dogs, and so is Rabbits, etc

An amusing case, showing the looseness of natural history terms as employed by the British public, occurred in the Brompton County Court, says the "Field." A landlord summoned one of his tenants for keeping parrots in a flat, an agreement having been entered into that no dog or other animal should be kept in the flat in opposition to the wish of the landlord. The defendant's counsel maintained that a parrot was not an animal, and he put it to the court that the landlord had no more right to forbid the keeping of a parrot than canaries or goldfish, evidently regarding these two species as not belonging to the animal kingdom. The counsel is not alone in this opinion, for in common language birds are very often spoken of in conjunction with animals as though the birds were not entitled to the latter appellation. It would be interesting to know in which of the three great kingdoms of nature those who object to birds and goldfish being regarded as animals would place them. They can hardly be regarded as vegetables, and certainly they are not minerals. The presiding judge very quickly disposed of the case, and declared that a parrot was an animal, and should not have been kept in the flat.

Somewhat Mixed.

The information contained in the following paragraph from "M.A.P." is mixed to say the least. We would like to hear some of those threepenny concerts, and would be glad to know when and where the next will be held:—"It is most interesting to hear from Watkin Mills of the great demand he has met with in Australia for the compositions of Mme. Liza Lehmann. Her "Daisy Chain" and her "Persian Garden" were clamoured for in some of the most out-of-the-way places in New Zealand—which goes to show that the municipal concerts of the country, where the people can enjoy the best music on payment of threepence for admission, have done much in the way of cultivation. The Sydney Town Hall accommodates four thousand persons, and at some of the municipal concerts held here every seat is occupied. This, of course, in the general way, makes it a little difficult for English concert parties to gain financial profit in addition to artistic appreciation; but for Melba, for Miss Ada Crossley, and for Watkin Mills the patronage has been ready and numerous enough."

A Second-hand Book.

Book collectors are wont to complain of the increased literary knowledge and acuteness of the second-hand bookseller, who nowadays rarely allows them to pick up a scarce and valuable first edition for a "song," remarks a London journal. A surprising loss has, however, just been sustained by a London bookseller, who inadvertently accepted sixpence for a copy of the first and only edition of Lady Anne Hamilton's "Secret History of the Court of England," published in 1832. The book is reputed to be worth a thousand pounds—at least there is some evidence that this large sum was once offered for a copy of Lady Anne's scandalous little-tattle of the Georgian Court, the scarcity of which is due to the fact that it was suppressed immediately after publication. The unknown buyer was probably quite ignorant of the commercial value of his acquisition; but the bookseller is sportsman enough to admit that the purchase was entirely regular and binding. That is doubtless a correct interpretation of the law; but it is a nice little ethical point for the purchaser whether or no he should return the volume and be content with the £13 reward offered for its recovery. Proverbially, however, moral considerations of that kind weigh very little with the collector.

NEUROL

IS
THE REMEDY
FOR

HEADACHE and NEURALGIA.


A NEW SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED MEDICINE

POWDERS or WAFERS,
1/- Per Box.
All Chemists and Stores.

TORA-LINE

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

TO TORA-LINE
BY DOCTORS AND
SPECIALISTS



The Best
Life Insurance.

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Leads the Tubes
AND
Saves the Lungs

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BOTTLES
1/- and 2/-

Chemists and Stores.

DELICIOUS

MELLOR'S SAUCE.

Genuine
Worcester

The Favourite for Quarter of a Century.

VALAZE

Now that winter is near at hand, fair women who possess tender skins are made most uncomfortable, for biting winds have no mercy. It is very hard on them, and when they are bewailing spoilt prettiness, chapped, chafed skins, you hear the suggestion, why not use a good skin-food? No lady need have the slightest trouble with the skin if she uses VALAZE as the best of all foods. Its healing properties are marvellous. It is a soothing preparation that allays all irritation, soreness, and roughness caused by wind and weather. It is a pure herbal skin-food, goes straight to the spot and works its way into the tiny pores of the most delicate and sensitive skin. The effect is magical. Wrinkles, blackheads, the ravages of time, illness, or weather, every blemish, disfigurement, or imperfection, disappears immediately under its spell. It is guaranteed to defy the ravages of the elements, and to secure to its users enviable brilliant complexions all through the winter. It is also a most exquisite preparation for chapped lips and hands. Used by gentlemen after shaving, VALAZE is delightful. The fact that many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons use VALAZE is proof of its soothing after-shaving properties. For ladies, when VALAZE is used in conjunction with the VALAZE Herbal Complexion Soap, the combination is complete. VALAZE preparations have done more than all other specifics to rob the cold season of its complexion terrors, and ladies who are not already acquainted with VALAZE are strongly recommended to give it a trial. VALAZE 4/- and 6/-, or post free direct from Melbourne, Dr. Lykouski's Special VALAZE Blackhead and Open Pore Cure, 2/9 box, by post 3/-. VALAZE Herbal Soap, lasts 6 months, 2/3 cake. VALAZE Herbal Face Powder, 3 tins, 2/3. All VALAZE Preparations obtainable from W. H. WOOLLIAMS, Chemist, Queen St., Auckland, also The DAVIES Pharmacy, Wanganui, all Chemists, or direct from MRS. H. WOOLLIAMS & CO., 274 Collins St., Melbourne. "Guide to Beauty"—free. SHARLAND & Co., Wholesale Distributing Agents.

BEAUTY

GOOD SUNLIGHT SOAP

makes you
feel good.

When you have proved the value of Sunlight Soap you will be equally satisfied if you try Monkey Brand for scouring metal, woodwork and kitchen sinks.

To feel good is good.
Sunlight Soap makes you
feel good, for Sunlight
Soap is good and does
good work for you.

PETER F. HEERING'S

COPENHAGEN.

CHERRY BRANDY

The Favourite Liqueur.

SWIFT & COMPANY, 32 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

Stories About Stamps.

Every stamp, like every picture, tells a story. Some of the most interesting ones are connected with the commonest, and most familiar stamps, which any of you may have in your collection.

For example, the prettily coloured map-stamp of Canada tells us not one story, but many. It tells of an Empire the like of which has never before been seen. It shows a map of the world on which the parts belonging to the British Empire are coloured red.

Of course, to print such a tiny map of the world in colours is a difficult task; and some of the specimens of this stamp have not been so well printed as others. So that on some of them we find that Canada has taken up the greater part of the United States, while England has invaded France, and the Cape of Good Hope has gone out to sea. We must be careful, therefore, in taking our geography of the world from such a minute picture, though it is a useful and instructive stamp, which every boy and girl collector ought to possess.

Two other stamps tell a curious little story. Hayti is an island in the West Indies; and some years ago the President of the Haytian Republic was a negro named Salomon. He did not want to put his own portrait on the stamps of Hayti (most rulers have their own portraits on their stamps), but he used a design showing the figure of the Goddess of Liberty.

After a time, when Salomon, was not quite so popular with his subjects, they objected to the picture of Liberty, and declared that it was not "Liberty" at all; but a portrait of Mrs Salomon, the President's wife. They grumbled that

"the President would not have his portrait on their stamps, but he had put his wife's on instead."

It so happened that there was some resemblance between the picture and Mrs Salomon; and so the President had to give way, and put his own portrait on some new stamps. But in a half-civilised Republic like this the President rarely holds his office for long. Salomon had to flee from his enemies, and reached Cuba and finally Paris. His enemies did not want to continue using the stamps with his portrait, but there were many in stock, and the expense of getting new ones was heavy. So they decided to use the Salomon stamps, but to order that all letters henceforth must have the stamps stuck on the letters upside down as a mark of disrespect to the ex-President.

A Dish of P's.

First in pride stands the letter P, though little to be proud of. He is also present in poverty, prejudice, and presumption. Placed at the head of philosophy, he is silent, make a physician of him he is the same. He has mean tricks, too. Play with him and he'll plague you and pinch you, and prowl around your peach, pear, and plum trees and be the first to pick them, and when pounced upon pleads provocation by the pears, peaches, and plums being placed in so prominent a position, preventing him from passing without peeping at them. Then he prints on paper paragraphs of plans proposed and plots prepared. In appearance he is one of too many, in dress, plain; in temper, passionate; in complexion, pale. His nose is pointed and shows signs of port. In manner, he is puffed up, his brow is puckered; he has a pipe in his mouth and a press in his hand, he is poor in pocket and is known to the police. He often pawns things, but won't take the pledge. He will, no doubt, become a pauper and die in a parish poor house.

Pierpoint Morgan and "Aud Lang Syne."

It seems that although Mr. Pierpoint Morgan has not secured Lord Rosbery's valuable Burns manuscripts he will carry over the pond a valuable collection of the poet's autograph poems. In London the American financier purchased a collection of which he believes to be one of the best, if not the best, in the world. It contains, among other things, an autograph copy of "Aud Lang Syne," but whether it is the "only original" is open to doubt. Burns was in the habit of writing copies of his songs at the request of friends, and thus it is difficult to say of this, as well as of many other manuscripts, that it is the only copy in existence. It is interesting to note that at Messrs. Sotheby's the autograph manuscript of "To Mary in Heaven" was to be sold just before the last mail left. The manuscript is the property of Miss Murphy. The song, consists of four stanzas of eight verses each, and is printed on two quarto pages. The edge is frayed and slightly torn, but the manuscript itself is in excellent condition.

Professor William Stirling has been enlightening his audience at the British Royal Institution on the subject of the comparative value of certain beverages as stimulants to the brain. Tea, coffee, and cocoa, it appears, are "intellectual" drinks; alcohol—in all its various forms—is merely a paralytic. When the champagne circulates at a dinner party, and the strings of men's tongues are loosed, as if by magic, the real truth is that the guests have all been smitten with sudden paralysis of the inhibitory nerve centres which preserve the habitual dignity of the first-class season-ticket holder behind his morning paper. We are not sure, says the "Pall Mall Gazette," however, whether an occasional stroke of this mild paralysis is not a good thing for mankind in general; it is possible to be too intellectual. The House of Commons, for instance, is a much more entertaining place when the Irish party are grievously sick of palsy (in the Professor's sense) than it is when every member is in a state of abject sobriety and consequent intense intellectual activity.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

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

BIRTHS.

BROWNE.—On May 14, at their residence, Takapuna, to Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Browne, a daughter.

CUNNINGHAM.—May 25th, at her residence, Collingwood, Devonport, the wife of J. Cunningham, a daughter.

HERBERT-JONES.—On May 21st, at their residence, "Opurui," Shelly Beach, Ponsonby, the wife of A. Herbert-Jones, of Tainui, a daughter.

KATTERNE.—On May 20, 1906, the wife of W. Katterne, a son. Both doing well.

McDOWELL.—On May 15th, at Macky-street, Thames, the wife of John George McDowell, of Auckland, a son. Both doing well.

BEACH.—At Auckland, to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Beach, a daughter; both doing well.

SMYTH.—On Monday, May 28, 1906, at her residence, Auckland, the wife of Robert S. Smyth of a son.

MARRIAGES.

CROSS.—On April 25th, 1906, at the Mt. Eden Wesleyan Church, by the Rev. W. H. Tuck, Alfred Samuel Cross, youngest son of W. H. Cross, Architect, to Mabel Hannah, youngest daughter of J. H. Fish, engineer, both of Auckland. Home papers please copy.

FRENCH.—On May 2nd, 1906, at Gracefield, the wife of the Rev. W. H. French, assisted by the Rev. G. W. J. Spence, Charles Arthur, third son of Robert French, to Olive, second daughter of I. Hilli Creamer; both of Auckland.

KENNEDY.—On April 25th, 1906, at the Hoping Hand Mission, by the Rev. Rothwell, James Albert, only son of the late George Kennedy, of Auckland, to Minnie Violet, eldest daughter of Richard Pepper of Hastings, Hawke's Bay. Southern papers please copy.

OSWALD.—On April 30th, at All Saints' Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. Archdeacon Calder, Albert Ernest, eldest son of H. G. Oswald, to Jessie, second daughter of the late Robert Brown.

RODGERS.—On March 28, 1906, at Auckland, by the Rev. B. F. Rothwell, David, fourth son of David Rodgers, Esq., of Pine Flat, Taumare, Bay of Islands, to Mabel Rebecca, youngest surviving daughter of Captain Josiah Tiller, Cornumandel.

SOPPET.—On April 20th, 1906, at the residence of the bride's father, Auckland, by the Rev. Joseph Clark, William Henry, youngest son of John Soppet, to Ada Florence, youngest daughter of G. A. Thompson; both of Auckland.

TONKIN.—On April 16, at St. John's Wesleyan Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. F. A. Luskford, Arthur Charles Tonkin, third son of the late P. Tonkin, Poulton, Cornwall, to Olive May, eldest daughter of A. J. Binfield, chemist, Ponsonby, Auckland.

WALLIS.—On April 24th, at St. David's Church, by the Rev. Canon, William Fletcher, youngest son of W. H. Wallis, "Tairāwhiti," to Ann Elizabeth (Aunt), only daughter of Captain James Crawford, Auckland.

WARDELL.—On March 27, by the Rev. W. Walker, at St. Andrew's Church, Epsom, Robert, the eldest son of Robert Wardell, to Florence, the eldest daughter of Thomas Henry Rowe, both of Epsom, Auckland.

SILVER WEDDING.

JOAN.—On May 21, 1881, at St. Matthew's Church, by the late Rev. T. Jones, Andrew Joan to Susan Louisa Wilcox, of Auckland.

DEATHS.

ALDERTON.—On May 18th, 1906, at Kaitake, Bay of Islands, Charles Alderton (J.M. 65th Regiment), late of Renouva; aged 69 years.

BAILEY.—At Abbott's-ld., Mt. Eden, on the 25th May (suddenly), Christopher Bailey, in his 78th year.

BENNINGTON.—On Saturday, May 19, accidentally killed at Mount Roskill, Leslie Arthur, the dearly beloved son of John and Ellen Young; aged 5 years.

BRIGHAM.—On 19th May, at her late residence, "Marino," York-street, Parnell, Elizabeth Dines, the beloved wife of J. M. Brigham.

DAVIES.—On May 25th, 1906, at her late residence, Howick, "Maude" Davies, the beloved wife of Dr. A. J. Davies; aged 30 years.

ISAACS.—On May 19th, at her residence, Eden Crescent, Diagh, widow of the late Edward Isaacs, in her 80th year.

LIFE.—On Monday, May 25th (suddenly) Samuel, the dearly beloved husband of Lucy Elizabeth Luke, of Otahuhu, and Royston, Hertfordshire, England, in his 74th year.

McDOWELL.—On May 25th, 1906, at the Auckland Hospital, Thomas John, dearly beloved infant son of Emily Rose and the late Thomas John McDowell; aged 6 months.

MORROW.—On May 21, 1906, at his residence, Shadocks-street, Eden Terrace, Charles James Morrow, aged 36 years, dearly beloved husband of Mary Morrow, and oldest son of the late Adam and Elizabeth Morrow, and beloved father of Adam Morrow.

RIX.—At Lawrence, on the 20th inst., Mrs. S. Rix, the beloved wife of Mr. Jas. Rix, of Kaitake, Otago, in her 84th year. She died as she lived, trusting in Jesus.

SWANN.—At Cambridge, 26th May, Rosie, dearly beloved wife of Ed. Swann, and youngest daughter of James Fagan, Mangatawhiri, aged 28 years. Deeply mourned. R.I.P.

WALKER.—At his residence, The Port, Nelson, Alexander Christie, the beloved husband of J. E. Walker; aged 46 years.

Why Sir F. Burnand Resigned.

Sir Francis Burnand, in an interesting letter to the "Observer" (England), explains the circumstances under which his resignation of the editorship of "Punch" took place.

"I had intended—but my intention was a secret from everybody save one confidant, entirely unconnected with journalism and literature," he writes—"to retire from the editorship of 'Punch' at the beginning of the next year."

"I was meditating on the question as to what time would be most convenient for my friends, the proprietors to receive from me the first intimation of my purpose—a rather delicate and difficult matter after forty-four years' service, including twenty-five years and a half editorship—when unexpectedly, the proprietors, who had evidently been struck by the same happy thought that had occurred to me, wrote me a most laudatory expressed and kindly toned letter, anticipating my design, of which they had no knowledge, by the space of one year."

"It was in effect, 'Don't stand upon the order of your going, but go—as soon as you can conveniently manage it.'"

"The case seems to me to bear some resemblance to that of a guest in a country house who, without informing his host, has determined on leaving by a late train in the afternoon of next day, and who is somewhat upset by his hospitable host genially telling him overnight that the carriage will be ready to take him and his luggage to the station at 8 a.m. 'Breakfast 7.30 sharp, my boy!' 'The guest demurs, but finally, falls in with his host's plan (amended by guest) of leaving at 9.30 instead of 8.0, and thereby breakfasting, rather more comfortably than he otherwise would have done, at 8.30. The guest does not 'voluntarily' select his own hour for leaving, but he does accept his host's proposal modified by the amendment."

"The mutual attachment that exists, and that has always existed, between my conferees and myself, would at any time have prevented me from severing myself from them willingly. So also, but, of course, in a slightly inferior degree, I can honestly express my good feeling towards the proprietors, much as I fancy the imaginary guest in the foregoing fable would have palliated to himself and friends the unexpected rump given him by his genial and otherwise kindly disposed host."

BABY COVERED WITH SORES

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—Wasted to a Skeleton—Grew Worse Under Doctors—Skin Now Clear.

WOULD HAVE DIED BUT FOR CUTICURA

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh."

"He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My Aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So great was her faith in them that she gave me a small piece of Soap to try and a little of the Ointment. I took it home without any faith, but to please her I tried it, and it seemed to dry up the sores a little."

"I sent to the drug-store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed the directions, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since."

"He is now strong and healthy, and I can say that only for the Cuticura Remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Woodville, Conn., April 22, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Foster Drug & Chemical Corporation. Reference: H. Toward & Co., Merchants, 370 Broadway, N.Y. Complete External and Internal Treatment for every form of Skin Disease, from Itch to Eczema, to Acne, to Ringworm, to Scabies, to Psoriasis, to Erysipelas, to Ulcers, to Cancers, to Leucoderma, to Pityriasis, to Lichen, to Syphilis, to Gonorrhea, to Chancres, to Boils, to Pimples, to Freckles, to Sunburn, to Frostbite, to Burns, to Scalds, to Wounds, to Cuts, to Bruises, to Sprains, to Rheumatism, to Gout, to Gravel, to Diabetes, to Dropsy, to Consumption, to Tuberculosis, to Cancer, to Syphilis, to Gonorrhea, to Chancres, to Boils, to Pimples, to Freckles, to Sunburn, to Frostbite, to Burns, to Scalds, to Wounds, to Cuts, to Bruises, to Sprains, to Rheumatism, to Gout, to Gravel, to Diabetes, to Dropsy, to Consumption, to Tuberculosis, to Cancer, to Syphilis, to Gonorrhea, to Chancres, to Boils, to Pimples, to Freckles, to Sunburn, to Frostbite, to Burns, to Scalds, to Wounds, to Cuts, to Bruises, to Sprains, to Rheumatism, to Gout, to Gravel, to Diabetes, to Dropsy, to Consumption, 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It gives you the comfort that mere money cannot buy—it means the clear brain action, the physical strength, the bright spirits that fit you to seek and win fortune.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS BOTH

HEALTH & WEALTH
BECAUSE

It is the most effective remedy in the world for the most widely spread form of disease—and all the world knows that

— IT CURES —

INDIGESTION

The Shine that
Outshines
EVERYTHING else in the way of shoe-shines is the shine you get from HAUTHAWAY'S

Crozone Blacking

which is pleasant and easy to use, and more than pleasant in the effect it has upon your boots and shoes. There is no uncertainty about it. While putting the shine on to the boots it puts softness into the leather, and thereby renders them more comfortable and more durable. The shine that Crozone assures is a shine of deep shimmering black, as brilliant as jet.

Can be had from all Boot Stores.
Insist upon having HAUTHAWAY'S.
It is best to get the best.

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MAKE EVERY DAY COUNT.

ON RAINY DAYS WEAR



TOWER'S
Waterproof
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If your dealer will not supply you, write us.

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MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, BRISBANE,
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MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS

If you want everything up-to-date, give us a call. YOKO MATS (the new flower pot cover Art Shades at Greatly Reduced Prices. FLORAL WORK A SPECIALTY. TELEPHONE 3 Opposite D.S.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced between Miss Ivy MacShane and Mr. Howey Walker.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Parkes, Tiki Marama, St. John's Hill, Wanganui, to Mr. Anderson, also of that city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Amy Halliwell, of Devonport, to Mr Douglas Richardson, of the Auckland Savings Bank staff.

A Rich Man's Wisdom.

RUSSELL SAGE, THE MOST CONTENTED MULTI-MILLIONAIRE IN NEW YORK.

Ninety years of age and weighted with scores of millions, Russell Sage is to-day one of the most completely satisfied rich men in the world. This is true, for "he himself has said it, and 'tis greatly to his credit."

Russell Sage is now the oldest of the money-kings in New York. He was born twenty years before Andrew Carnegie, who threw off the harness of business five years ago. The original John Jacob Astor died at eighty-five, and Commodore Vanderbilt at eighty-three. But Russell Sage is still standing at the tiller of his gold-balanced craft, as keen and sharp-eyed as he ever was.

He is as saving in his opinions as in his money, and it is seldom that he can be persuaded to make his mind an open book for the general public. But recently he consented to give the New York "World" the full story of life as he sees it. It is the most complete description of the Sage philosophy that he has ever given to the public. Whatever this advice may be worth to you, it has been worth about a hundred millions to Russell Sage.

I think, if I had my life to live over again, he said, it would be as honest, as simple, as home-loving as I could make it. I would try with all my power for home-like comfort, happiness and long life, as against show, shallow pleasure and a short existence. Home life is best. Clubs are only a place for idle old men and wasteful young men.

Great wealth is not everything, by any means. The mere making of money is not the only criterion of success. Many men whose names are our common heritage have died in very moderate circumstances, or even in poverty. Money is not a measure of brains.

Real success is often achieved after many failures. An active man builds success upon a foundation of failure; a passive man does not. A real man is not hurt by hard knocks. Hard knocks make character.

WOULD MAKE CHARITY A LIFE-STUDY.

I think, had I my life to live over again, I would make charity a life study. It is a science. It cannot be learned in a day. The older a man lives the more he gets to realise this. From my own investigations I have found that there is a large class of professional mendicants that prey upon the well-to-do and charitably inclined.

From time to time I have taken a whole month's batch of appealing letters and have had them thoroughly investigated by trained agents. Very few have been found to possess real merit. Most of the appeals were from persons who would not help themselves even with the aid of a helping hand.

Real charity is dispensed without the glare of trumpet. Notoriety and professional philanthropy, indiscriminate almsgiving in any guise, have al-

ways been repugnant to me. I have never asked for any publicity for what I have done. Silence has invariably been my rule and practice.

MARRY EARLY AND KEEP OUT OF THE "FOUR HUNDRED."

If I had my life to live over again I am sure I should not attempt to move in what is termed "society." I would rather be one of a few gathered together by a bond of friendship than to partake of all the glitter and hollowness of what is called the "Four Hundred." The friendship of a few outlives life itself. Friendship remembers; society forgets. In the home only is there true happiness. It is there that a man's best ideas get their birth and growth.

If I had my life to live over again I would marry even earlier than I did. The tender care of a good wife is the finest thing in the world. I am thankful indeed that I have had this in the fullest measure.

LOOK OUT FOR CLOTHING BARGAINS.

Thrift is the first element of successful manhood. When you have made your fortune, it is time enough to think about spending it. Two suits of clothes are enough for any young man. The only thought that a young man need spend about his clothes is to look out for bargains at the lowest price.

Let him be on the lookout for cheap hats, bargains in shoes, knockdowns in suits. He is fostering business traits that augur well for his success in years to come.

The boy who knows bargains in socks makes the man who knows bargains in stocks.

Fifty cents is enough for a straw hat; it will last two seasons. You can get for 39 cents an unlaundersed white shirt, which is excellent. You can get a good undershirt for 25 cents. Silk is not for salaried men. Fine clothes bring sham pleasure. Don't try to rival the flowers of the field.

A GOOD MAN CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH MONEY.

A rich man does not work for himself alone.

He is really the nation's agent. He turns his wealth over constantly in a way that helps others. No one need be alarmed over the constant increase in the wealth limit. Big enterprises require big men. Had I any life to live over again, I would work just as hard.

There is no such thing as a money-curse.

It is the man, not the money, that makes the amount of individual wealth wrong. A good man cannot have too much money. The easiest way a poor citizen is made is through inheritance. Take a young man who comes into a large fortune which he hasn't earned. What does he do with it? He wastes it.

And so let me say in conclusion, if I had my life to live over again, I would try just as hard as I know how to turn my money over and over again, that it might do the most good to other men.

I would live no differently. I would do as hard a day's work as I knew how. I would not feel it necessary to take vacations to recuperate. I would get my pleasure simply. I would take a drive in the afternoon as I have always done. I would dine simply on plain food. After dinner there would be a little reading of the papers or of good books, a chat with friends that might drop in, and maybe a game of whist. I get plenty of relaxation from an exciting rubber. When the game is over, my day is done. I sleep like a top till morning.

That would be my life if I had it to live over. All my life my home has been my haven of happiness.

"Hallo, old boy! Haven't seen you for ages. What's your little graft now?"

"Dealing in furniture."

"Ah! Doing well?"

"No. It's my own bits o' sticks I'm selling."

"It appears you're very virtuous in the man's face?" said the lawyer to his excitable lady client, after bail had been refused.

"Yes, sir. You can't tell how sorry I am! I thought he was my husband!"

MARION,

COURT MILLINER.

(Late of Valerie's, London West.)

French and English Millinery at Moderate Prices.
Country Orders receive prompt attention.
Illustrations of latest styles sent to customers.
Renovations a specialty.

ONLY ADDRESS—

HIS MAJESTY'S ARCADE,
QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

May 29.

SOCIAL DOINGS OF MR. SEDDON AND FAMILY IN AUSTRALIA.

Of course you have read all about Mr. Seddon's political doings in Australia, but I wonder if you have heard anything of the social doings of our Premier and his family; if not the following will no doubt be of interest to you: New Zealand residents in Sydney, as well as Sydney admirers of Mr. Seddon, entertained the New Zealand Prime Minister and his family at an "At Home" on Friday in the Winter Garden of the Australia Hotel. Seats were placed here and there under the tall palms, and the visitors sat about in little groups chatting to each other, and listening to the music, an excellent programme having been arranged by Mr. G. Rumsey and Mr. J. T. Shaw. Mrs. Seddon stood just within the doorway, and shook hands with the guests. She wore a handsome black gown, with frills and berthe of point lace. Miss Jackson presented her with a bouquet of pink carnations and Comtesse de Berthe roses, tied with streamers of white ribbon. On one end was written "Kia Ora" and the presentment of the Southern Cross, and on the other a silver fern-leaf. Nearly all those present sported the little leaf of fern, the emblem of New Zealand, some of them in silver being very pretty. Mr. Seddon's two daughters and his son were present. Miss May Seddon wore a frock of pale blue, trimmed with wavy lines of cream guipure. Mrs. Dyer chose cream Roman satin, with touches of net and lace, and a large pink rose on the corsage.

Refreshments were served at little tables decorated with flowers, bowls of autumn-tinted Virginian creepers being most effective. A small raised platform was arranged at the further end of the room, and here the vocalists stood to sing. Here also at the close of the evening Mr. Seddon made a happy speech. Mr. Stuart Seddon and his sisters moved about amongst the people, and had a few words to say to each little group. The New South Wales Premier, the Minister for Works, the Minister for Lands, the Colonial Secretary, the Minister for Agriculture, and others were there, as well as many well-known politicians outside the Ministry, some of whom were accompanied by their wives and families.

The arrival of the Premier of New Zealand last Wednesday was the excuse for the arranging of several social entertainments, and which took place during last week. Mr. Seddon was accompanied by Mrs. Seddon, Miss May Seddon, Mr. Stuart Seddon, Mrs. Dyer and her daughter, as well as his two secretaries, Mr. J. F. Andrews and Mr. F. G. Matthews. The Warrimoo was met at the Heads by the Government launch, and the New Zealanders were taken on board and brought to the Phillip-street

AIDS DIGESTION.
BRACES THE NERVES.
PLASMON
COCOA
Is non-heating. Use cup contains more nourishment than 40 cups of any ordinary cocoa.

jetty. Some fellow countrymen in the crowd of some thousands of people which had assembled cried "Tena Koe" and "Kia Ora," as the Prime Minister stepped ashore, much to the interest of those folk who had business on the Circular Quay at that hour.

JUVENILE FANCY DRESS BALL.

The Ponsonby Hall was the scene of brilliant and animated festivities on Thursday evening, the occasion being a juvenile fancy dress ball given by Mr and Mrs C. J. Parr. The little ones, who numbered about 250, began to arrive about half-past six o'clock, and assembled in the hall for the opening march. The artistic hall decorations of nikau, palms and flags, and the glamour of the sparkling and brilliant costumes of the children as they marched round and round the room in twos, presented a beautiful spectacle. The variety of costumes was endless, and showed much originality in design. Amongst those chosen by the little masqueraders were several early century dresses, courtiers, fairies, heroes and heroines from drama, gipsies, Geishas and many others too numerous to mention. A charming feature of the evening was a minuet danced by eight little girls in Georgian Court dresses, four as gentlemen, namely by the Misses Rachel Suggate, Marie Dufaur, Dulce Hazzard, and Norma Iwerson, in satin knee breeches, and cutaway satin coats, their long fluffy hair, pretty faces and graceful movements adding to the picturesque effect. The other four little girls were Misses Marjory Parr, Ivy Hazzard, Winnie Butler and Phyllis Hazzard, who were charmingly frocked in varied coloured satin court dresses opening over jewelled petticoats. A eachucha and a skipping dance admirably given by the Misses Hopkins (2), Hazel Rainey, and Eileen Gentles, gave additional novelty to a most delightful dance. The intervals between the dances were pleasantly varied with recitations by Mr E. T. Hart, and Mrs Jarley's waxworks by several ladies and gentlemen. Master Colin Massey as "Zulu Warrior," was certainly the most unique impersonation, his costume being perfect in every detail. Another striking and well carried out costume was "Harry Hotspur," represented by Master Jack Parr. About 10 o'clock a dainty collation was served. Afterwards the young people again resumed dancing, which was kept up till about half past eleven, when everyone dispersed after thoroughly enjoying themselves, and with their pleasant recollections largely augmented. Mrs Parr, who was ably assisted by Mr Parr, wore a rich white satin and powdered hair and patches; Miss Hazzard, white silk and net evening dress, forget-me-not wreath in coiffure; Miss Bertha Hazzard, maize silk and violets; Mrs Airey, black evening dress and powder and patches; Mrs Walter Dufaur, black brocade, powder and patches; Mrs Suggate, black toilette and powder and patches; Miss Elsie Hazzard, white silk; Miss Violet Tibbs, hospital nurse; Miss Minnie Oswald, poi dancer; Misses Oswald, pretty evening frocks; Miss Devore, powder and patches; Miss Blanche Devore, Pierrette; Miss Ethel Bagnall, white silk evening frock; Miss Bell, pale blue gauze over white satin; Merritt, black evening frock; Miss Kennedy, pink silk; Mrs E. Hart, blue silk; Mrs C. Baker, black; Miss Irvine, pearl grey chiffon taffetas; Mrs Hopkins, black evening gown with cream lace berthe; Misses Marjory Parr, court lady; Ruth Parr, sport; Marie Dufaur, Enceyable; Phyllis Broughton, violet; Trilby Broughton, snowball; Miriam Hazzard, gleaner; Laurie Dye, rose of Rivera; Eva Dickenson, Grecian girl; Dorothy Webber, spring; Ruby Coleman, Italian peasant; Gladys Easton, Japanese lady; Jo Easton, Lady Gainsborough; Isa Gallagher, Belle of New York; Dorothy Daw, Jap.; Rachel Suggate, Marguerite daisies; Esther Thomas, Boadicea; Edwyna Thomas, Pierrette; Elma Weston, forget-me-not; Phyllis Weston, field daisy; Sybil Lausford, Dame Durden; Bessie and Valerie Wilson, little sailor boys; Nora Boak, yellow butterfly; Mabel Leys, bluebell; Doris Gittos, evening; Rita Ashton, Jap.; Daisy Carter, forget-me-not; Connie Jones, fairy; End Whitelaw, butterfly; Gladys Butler, Japanese; Doris Butler, Geisha; Phyllis Baker, queen of the roses; Ida Baker, Kate Greenaway; Mollie Baker, Little Miss Muffitt; Lottie Sloane, Mercia; Bessie Watt, Geisha; Margaret Morpeth, bluebell; Muriel Buchanan, tambourine girl; Jessie Buchanan, Red Riding Hood; Vida Caldwell, milkmaid; Nesta Self,

starlight; Rita Matthews, forget-me-not; Rona Culpan, pink rose; Hilda Russell, Nancy Lee; Isabel Devore, tambourine girl; Gussie Tole, Jap.; T. Morpeth, Swiss girl; Ella Morpeth, Queen of the Fairies; Gwen, Casey, Bohemian Girl; Ruth Boardman, pink lampshade; Marjory Taylor, page; Tai Montague, flower girl; Eileen Gentles, eachucha girl; Hazel Gentles, flower girl; Elsie Miller, milkmaid; Edna Norton, Jap.; Gwyneth Clarke, evening; Kathleen Manning, Queen of the Fairies; Kathleen Montague, Japanese girl; Madge Montague, French sailor; Muriel Tibbs, Jap.; Gwen, Newell, Jap.; Elsie Hopkins, Gipsy Queen; Mabel Hopkins, French maid; Madeline Tole, grass-hopper; Eileen Stithbury, Gipsy Queen; Zeka Iwerson, red, white and blue; Blanche George, Jap.; Jean Ballantyne, Shepherdess; Edith Fowler, Jap.; L. Fowler, flower girl; Phyllis Jones, daisy; Rita Ashton, Japanese; Rosie Ralph, queen of the roses; Rena Ralph, Kate Greenaway; Gussie Wakefield, Kate Greenaway; Vera Owen, butterfly; Gertie Darby, evening; Esma Iwerson, butterfly; Masters George Devore, gondolier; N. Gallagher, yachtman; H. Ogilvie, Turk; Alan Gallagher, Highlander; Branton Massey, yachtman; Ormond Butler, cadet; Roy Dufaur, Roman; Vernon Jones, sailor; Norman Hazzard, cowboy; Vere Gulliver, highwayman; Alan Hudson, sailor; Alan Whitelaw, Japanese; Jack Manning, sailor; Gerald Calder, Prince of Wales; Eric Calder, Punchinella; Collett Dickenson, sailor; Leonard Suggate, old English Court gentleman; Percy Suggate, old English Court gentleman; Bennett Wright, Spanish bull fighter; Horace Wright, Little Lord Fauntleroy; Harry Gallagher, yachtman; Keith Caldwell, Eton student; Fred Newell, Lord Telloho; Douglas Baker, stock-driver; Norman Russell, evening dress; Jack Bagnall, Sandow; Logan Morpeth, page; Lindsay and Bryce Hart, sailor boys; Alan Watt, Jack Tar; Albert Gittos, tennis; Owen Self, jester; Athol Hodgson, jockey, with Empire colours; Arthur Billington, foreman; Norman Carter, dancer; Neville Hopkins, foreman; Donald Miller, Ralph Rackstraw; Eric Tayler, knave of hearts; Jack Bartlett, jester; Horace Bagnall, sailor; Melville Barnett, cadet; Stuart Dickenson, foreman; Jack Matthews, sailor boy; Albert Bagnall, Garibaldi; Hugh Owen, Little Boy Blue; Stuart Hanna, sailor; Albert Gittos, tennis costume; Keith Hazzard, fireman; Morrin Little, Ned Kelly; Harris Little, huntsman; Karl Iwerson, Roumanian; M. Baker, baker; F. Coutts, bugler; Miles Boardman, naval officer; Garth Ballantyne, Pierrot; Frank Baker, Jap.; Keith Buchanan, Pierrot; Leslie Buchanan, cadet; Frank Baker, Jap.; Fred Carter, yachtman; Rollo Baker, cowboy. Those in evening dress were: Wm. Watt, Athol Hart, Cecil Blomfield, Selwyn Boardman, Norman Blomfield, George Tole, Russel, Hazzard.

A DELIGHTFUL AT HOME

was given by the German Consul, Mr Carl Segner, and his wife, St. Stephen's Avenue, Parnell, last Friday evening in honour of the captain and officers of the German warship Condor, which was then in port. Mrs Segner received her guests in the drawing-room, and the large dining-room was cleared for dancing. The spacious glassed-in verandah was arranged for sitting out, and one part of it was reserved for the supper room. During the evening a very enjoyable short programme of dances was gone through. The dance cards were prettily tied with the German colours, black, red and white. Mrs Segner wore an effective toilette of rich brocade satin with myrtle green hanging sleeves and facings; Miss Grimmer was daintily gowned in pale blue silk veiled in Paris-tinted net, pale blue satin lover's knots on skirt, and clusters of roses on corsage, and in hair; Miss Rich, black silk toilette with handsome white lace berthe caught with spray of yellow chrysanthemums; Miss — Rich, black brocade silk, the corsage prettily draped with lace, dainty spray of crimson roses; Miss Doris Towsley, pretty ciel blue silk finished with cream lace, china ribbon sash; Miss May White, dainty white satin veiled in fine white net and lace; Miss Zoe George, looked charming in pale blue soft frilled silk, white lace berthe; Miss Lily Kissling, black taffeta relieved with white; Miss Lusk wore pale blue silk with white chemise sash and tucker, pretty floral silk sash; Miss Olive Lusk, pretty pale green silk with white tucker, and shadéd chiffon roses; Miss Lily Thorpe, Benares silk

gown with white lace berthe caught with cluster of deep yellow roses; Miss Georgie Dennison, effective crimson silk with cream lace enrustations; Miss Dorothy Ware was daintily gowned in oyster grey crepe de chine softened with chiffon and lace; Miss Barga-ville wore pale blue crepe de chine, with silver braided embroidery on skirt and pretty lace on bodice.

Mrs. Raynor, who has recently returned from a trip to America, is now quite settled in her new home, at the corner of Remuera-road and Victoria Avenue. Mrs. Raynor will be "At Home" the first Thursday in June, and after that will receive the first Friday in every month.

DRESSES IN "THE FATAL WEDDING."

Miss Dina Cooper (niece of Sir Pope Cooper, Queensland's acting-governor and Chief Justice) has the honour of playing the heartless adventuress in the forthcoming production of the "Fatal Wedding" at His Majesty's on Monday, June 4. Apart from her acting, says a Sydney contemporary, which is indeed excellent, her frocking alone is worth a visit. They are sufficiently brilliant and gorgeous to make her appear most strikingly sinful. Her dinner gown is tangerine pame with medallions of a deeper shade on the skirt. Her coat and skirt of tabac brown cloth in the third act is a triumph of the tailor's art. The coat reaches to the hem of her skirt, and when open displays a handsome white satin lining. Her hat is of sable with an immense bird of paradise plume, and her muff of the same fur, with deep frills of lace. The whole is most smart and effective. Miss May Congdon, the leading lady of the company, is said to be young, charming, and of piquante personality. Miss Congdon is a young actress, by the way, whose advancement on the English stage has been rapid. Her most recent success is that of "Sunday" in the play of the same name. Miss Congdon appears in some lovely gowns during the play. Miss Congdon is said to be of French extraction.

"COMING OUT" DANCE.

A delightful dance in honour of the "coming out" of their daughter Stella was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Steele, of Parnell, on Wednesday night, when about 150 guests were entertained. The dance, which passed off very pleasantly, took place in King Edward's Hall, which was effectively decorated with flags and greenery. Part of the stage was converted into a drawing-room for the chaperons, and the other part was arranged with the supper tables, where a recherche supper was partaken of. Miss Camilla Steele and her brothers were indefatigable in promoting the enjoyment of those present, and a most delightful time was spent. Mrs. Steele was attired in black crepe de chine, and a handsome grey evening coat with touches of pink; Miss Camilla Steele was graceful in an amber yellow crepe de chine picture frock, with cream lace applique, and tiny kiltings round décolletage; Miss Hilda Steele looked charming in white taffetas with blonde lace berthe, and a lovely shower bouquet; Mrs. Arnold, black beribboned lace robe; Mrs. Dawes, black crepe de chine, with spray of pink roses; Miss Minnie Steele, dainty white silk and lace; Mrs. (Col.) Abbott, nil green crepe de chine, with pink roses; Mrs. Lewis, black, peau de soie; Mrs. Chas. McCormick, black taffetas, with cream lace berthe; Mrs. Lyons, handsome butterfly brocade, with crimson roses in coiffure; Mrs. Oxley, rose pink silk, and white lace stole; Mrs. J. Whyte, black toilette; Miss Dagnar Gillman was daintily frocked in cameo silk, with white lace berthe; Miss Pickmere wore a graceful black velvet, with white chiffon fichu; Miss Quennie Peacocke looked charming in lemon-coloured silk, with spray of tangerine roses down right side of corsage; Miss McCormick, pretty lace frock, with clusters of lily of the valley; Miss Blazard Brown wore a pretty pale blue shimmering crepe de chine, with white lace applique; Miss Florence Walker, dainty white chiffon taffetas, with lace flounces and berthe; Miss Vera Devoreux, Paris-tinted net, with numerous rows of black velvet, and mounted on a white silk foundation; Miss M. Metcalfe was winsome in black lace, with white ruffled ribbon Louis bows, mounted on a white silk foundation; Miss

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY PLACE.

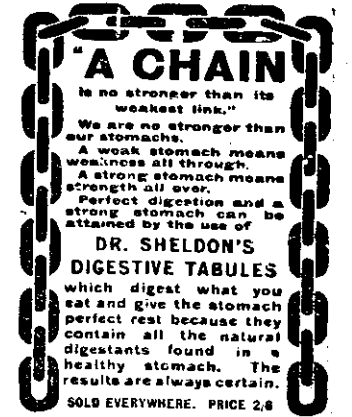
WAINGARO HOT SPRINGS HOTEL.

TERMS, SIX SHILLINGS A DAY.

BATHS FREE TO BOARDERS.

Coupons may be obtained at Messrs. T. Cook and Son. The Waingaro Coach leaves Ngauruhia each TUESDAY and FRIDAY, on arrival of express from Auckland. B. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.

Large comfortable baths, with unlimited supply of Hot Mineral Water, discharge from one spring alone being over 300,000 gallons a day. Within easy reach of Lagoon Harbour. Launch and Fishing Excursions may be arranged daily.



"A CHAIN"

Is no stronger than its weakest link.

We are no stronger than our stomachs.

A weak stomach means weakness all through.

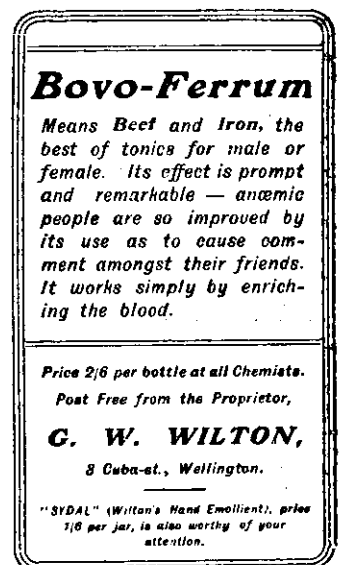
A strong stomach means strength all over.

Perfect digestion and a strong stomach can be attained by the use of

DR. SHELDON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS

which digest what you eat and give the stomach perfect rest because they contain all the natural digestants found in a healthy stomach. The results are always certain.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 2/6



Bovo-Ferrum

Means Beef and Iron, the best of tonics for male or female. Its effect is prompt and remarkable — anæmic people are so improved by its use as to cause comment amongst their friends. It works simply by enriching the blood.

Price 2/6 per bottle at all Chemists.

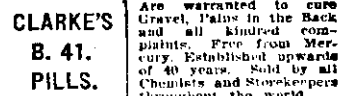
Post Free from the Proprietor,

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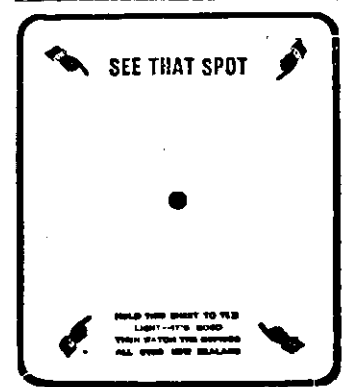
"SYDAL" (Wilton's Hand Emollient), price 1/6 per jar, is also worthy of your attention.

25,000 PEOPLE in N.Z. are to-day drinking O.T. TONIC.



CLARKE'S B. 41 PILLS.

Are warranted to cure Gravel, Pains in the Back and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 40 years. Sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers throughout the world.



SEE THAT SPOT

HOLD THIS SHEET TO THE LIGHT—NOT YOUR BACK—THEN WATCH THE SPOT ALL OVER THE BACK

Muriel Hesketh, cream point d'esprit over white silk; Miss Brooke-Smith, effective turquoise blue silk, with huge crimson roses; Miss Skinner (New Plymouth), ivory white Ottoman silk, with lovely rose point lace berthe, and black roses in coiffure; Miss Myra Reid, white crepe de chine, with silk lace insertion; Miss Greig, pretty white crepe de chine, and wreath of heath in coiffure; Miss Sybil Greig, effective white silk, with lace-edged frills to the waist, sleeves and corsage were also composed of frills; Miss Estelle Davis, lovely white crepe de chine, with Nil green silk shoulder straps and corsage, and spray of violets and maidenhair fern; Miss Nesta Kinder was charming in pale blue silk with handsome point lace berthe, and floral sash; Miss Kent, black figured chiffon with touches of pale blue velvet, and cream lace applique round décolletage; Miss Audrey Stubbs, dainty white muslin with numerous tiny frills on skirt, and frilled berthe; Miss Thorne, pretty eau de Nil silk, with blonde lace berthe, and pink corsage; Miss K. Clark, rich white satin with rose point lace berthe; Miss Laird, black crepe de chine with cream lace berthe; Miss Violet Lindsay, white chiffon frock embroidered with pale blue chenille crescents over azure blue silk; Miss F. Hudson, very pretty shell pink crepe de chine, the skirt and corsage fastened with tiny chiffon roses; Miss Marjorie Harrowell, white mousseline; Miss Gwen Hill, pretty white shimmering satin; Miss Cooper, white silk inset with lace, spray of pink roses, and wreath in coiffure; Miss Madge Ruddock, pretty white tulle over lace robe over silk; Miss Gladys Rundlock, blue silk; Miss Olive Smith, dainty azure blue silk; Miss Mabel Dawson, black satin, and damask roses; Miss Irene Walker, black crepe de chine, spray of pink Pompadour roses on corsage; Miss Devore, pale blue moire, décolletage wreathed with forget-me-nots; Miss Bailey, black beribboned net, with Louis XV. velvet coat, and clusters of blue hydrangeas; Miss Gladys Beale, black point d'esprit, with wreath of forget-me-nots in coiffure; Miss Iso Whyte, yellow silk with white chiffon fichu; Miss Ruth Whyte, blue silk; Miss Savage, black toile; Miss Maude Hindson, dainty white crepe de chine; Miss Audrey Carr, effective eau de Nil silk, with clusters of white roses; Miss Veronica Walsh, white silk; Miss Mary Godkes, were her graceful debutante frock of white mousseline with numerous tiny frills, and pink roses; Miss Tru Walker, blue silk; Miss Rita Cleveland, dainty cream chiffon voile with cream lace berthe; Miss Muriel Horrocks, pretty white chiffon taffetas Empire frock; Miss Kathleen Hume, Miss Mary Frater, white silk; Miss Northcott, white silk; Miss Emmie Young, pretty floral chiffon frock with pink silk border; Miss Hanuan, soft white point d'esprit; Miss Helen Dewes, in white silk; Miss Laura Morrison, white and blue; Miss Shera, white silk; Miss Madge Peacock, pale blue; Misses St. Clair, pretty white silk frocks; Miss de Montalk, white mousseline; Miss Helen Hay, blue crepe de chine; Miss McKenzie, pale blue silk with frilled skirt;

THE EXHIBITION OF THE AUCKLAND SOCIETY OF ARTS

was opened on Wednesday last by Mr. A. E. Devore, the president of the Society, the ceremony taking the form of a conversation, which was, in spite of many other attractions, very well patronised. The hall was very tastefully arranged. Music by Edy's orchestra was very much appreciated. Among those present I noticed:—Mrs.

Devore (wife of the president) was gowned in a rich black silk, with lace transparent yoke, handsome ostrich feather pelerine; Miss Blanche Devore was charmingly frocked in cream cologne, daintily finished with cream lace and insertion; Miss Reatrice Webster (New Plymouth) was in blue; Miss Ware, black silk, with lovely beaded silk opera coat; Mrs. Dargaville, black gown, with pretty yoke of black tucked chiffon; Mrs. Lays, black silk toilette, finished with lace applique; Miss Winnie Leys was daintily gowned in white; Miss Gorrie wore a becoming black net over lace; Miss Pearl Gorrie, white silk with large shaded crush rose on front of bodice; Miss Pierce, black silk, with cream lace applications; Miss F. Pierce wore soft white silk and lace, with pale green velvet corsage; Miss Lusk, cream voile skirt with ciel blue Oriental satin blouse; Miss Olive Lusk, maize-coloured silk blouse and cream voile skirt; Miss Hutton, pale blue silk, with touches of cream lace on bodice; Miss May Moore wore white; Miss Tisdale, black net evening gown, with cluster of roses on corsage; Miss Pearl Tisdale, dainty white Louise silk; Miss Goldie wore a very pretty gown of white taffeta; Miss McGregor, pale yellow silk blouse, with transparent lace yoke and black skirt; Mrs. Phillips wore a black gown, relieved with white; Miss Phillips was gowned in cream silk; Miss T. Binney wore a pretty white silk and lace toilette; Mrs. Hellaby was effectively gowned in heliotrope floral silk, with beautiful lace on bodice, black velvet opera coat; Mrs. Mackay wore black, with smart grey blue opera coat; Mrs. Babst, graceful black crepe de chine, with cream lace on bodice; Mrs. Dawson, handsome black velvet gown, with beautiful white lace on corsage; Mrs. Colegrove wore reseda green, relieved with touches of cream; Mrs. Langguth, rich black silk, with lovely lace coat; Mrs. Montague wore black and heliotrope, prettily combined; Mrs. Von Meyern wore black; Miss Von Meyern, pretty white gown; her sister wore white, with silver belt.

A SUCCESSFUL HAT AND POSTER CARNIVAL

was held at the Olympia Rink in Coburg-street last Wednesday and Thursday. Fun and laughter was the order of the evening, both spectators and those taking part in it being thoroughly well amused. The hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and having the band in the centre of the hall was a great improvement. The costumes were remarkably well carried out, notably Miss Possennickie's which was a poster advertising the A. and A. Co. Ltd. The "Observer" posters were also remarkably good. Of course, there were the usual number of peasant girls, Indians, Turks, negroes, romps, tramps, etc., but undoubtedly the clowns were the feature of the evening as far as amusement was concerned, some remarkably clever skating being indulged in by these amateur comedians.

A most delightful

"AT HOME"

was given by Mrs J. P. Stevenson last Tuesday, in honour of Mrs Stevenson, of Wellington, Mr Stevenson's mother, who is at present visiting her son. The weather was rather boisterous, but inside the house bright fires, pretty frocks, and a constant ripple of chatter and laughter defied the depressing influence winter weather usually has on one's spirits. A delicious afternoon tea was served in the diningroom, and the table looked so pretty. The blinds were drawn, and the gas lighted, which gave a very cheery look to the room. The floral decorations were yellow, and there was the most lovely hanging basket of ferns suspended from the gasolier. A fortune-teller was much in request, the stairs leading to her sanctum being crowded the whole afternoon with those who were anxious to hear of the past and look into the future. Mrs Stevenson received her guests in the hall, wearing a dainty white gown, the bodice prettily finished with lapels of white silk, embroidered with a floral design of pink rosebuds and white lace; Mrs Stevenson (Wellington) wore a very handsome gown of grey and white silk, with white chiffon and black lace yoke and vest; Miss White, brown cloth costume, relieved with white, hat to match; Miss May White, violet cloth tailor-made gown, with white facings, small violet and white pork-pie toque; Mrs Bertram White, handsome

black costume and black bonnet; Mrs John Kenderline, sapphire-blue gown, with cream lace vest, black toque, with cluster of pink roses under the brim. Amongst others were:—Mrs Schwartz Kissling, Mrs Harold Kissling, Mrs Pavitt, Mrs Wilson, Mrs Heywood (Wellington), Mrs Seymour Thorne George, Mrs George Thorne George, Mrs Pollen, Mrs Rathbone, Mrs Bert Whitson, Mrs Arnold, Mrs J. L. E. Bloomfield, Mrs Alexander, Mrs Lyons, Mrs Lerner, Mrs Bloomfield, Miss Leary, Mrs Gillilan, Mrs Goodhue, Mrs Dargaville, Mrs Hill, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Hunt, Mrs Friend, Mrs Tewsley, Mrs Houghton, Miss Denniston, Misses Lusk (2), Misses Gillilan (2), Misses Dawson (2), Miss Gregg, Miss Darcy, Mrs Proctor (Canada), Mrs Holmes, Mrs Walker, Miss Florence Walker, Miss Gould.

DANCE AT THE THAMES.

A most enjoyable juvenile dance was given by Mrs H. L. Wright for her little daughter Kathleen, who is spending her holidays at home (writes a Thames correspondent). Quite a number of grown-ups were invited also, and young and old had a very pleasant time. It is not often the little ones are thus regaled, and they made the most of their opportunity. Mrs Wright wore a handsome gown of black ruched chiffon over black silk, the bodice being relieved with black lace; Miss Kathleen Wright looked daintily in white tucked silk with blue sash and ribbons. Amongst the guests were:—Mrs Dodd, wearing red silk blouse and black velvet skirt; Mrs Thompson, pink silk blouse, black voile skirt; Mrs Read, black canvas voile; Mrs Von Bernwitz, black; Mrs H. Jordan, white silk; Mrs Crease, pink; Miss Belcher, black velvet; Miss Gibbons, pale pink; Miss Guthrie, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Benner, champagne tinted muslin; Miss McIlune, tangerine silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss J. Read, delicate pink silk; Miss Baker, blue silk blouse, black flounced skirt; Miss E. Baker, scarlet accordion-pleated silk; Miss Aitken, blue figured blouse, black skirt; Miss Pownall, pale blue silk; Miss Marsdon, white embroidered silk blouse, black frilled skirt; Miss Baydon, dainty white book muslin, tucked and frilled; Miss J. Baydon, white silk; Miss Gillespie, ciel blue silk; Miss E. Gillespie, white silk banded with guipure; Miss L. Price, white lawn prettily inset with valenciennes; Miss Harold, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Watson, fine white muslin trimmed with broderie Anglaise; Miss H. Dunlop, deep cream; Miss J. Henderson, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss E. O'Callaghan, cornflower blue delaine with bunches of bebe ribbon; Miss D. Smith, white book muslin, sea-green sash; Miss V. Wilkes, white silk with touches of tangerine; Miss B. Cooke (Auckland), white silk, pink bows; Miss M. Hague-Smith, white silk and salmon pink sash; Miss E. Read, white silk; Miss R. Smith, cream; Miss Olga Cassels, white silk frilled and edged with lace; Miss E. Menzies, pink blouse, black skirt; Miss Marjory Barton, in salmon pink silk; Miss Essie O'Callaghan, cream nun's veiling; Miss Olive Baker, white muslin and red sash; Miss Doris Turner, white lawn inserted with lace, pale blue sash; Miss Gladys Smith, white frilled book muslin; Miss Vera Haskins, white muslin; Miss E. Milnes, cream silk; Miss E. Kummert, white frock with scarlet sash; Miss B. Whitehouse, cream silk, pink sash; Miss S. Beddek, cream; Miss Freda Geraghty, white muslin trimmed with lace. Amongst the gentlemen were:—Messrs H. L. Wright, R. J. Thompson, J. Kenrick, Gillespie, P. Baker, Shaw, Given, Bongard, Clark, P. Carpenter, Winklemann, Dengate, Watson, Price, (2), O. Wright, Tewsley, Wilkes, and Masters Baydon, Smith, Badois, Marsden, Harold, Paul.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,

May 25.

THE FIRST OF THE WINTER ASSEMBLIES.

held last week, was most enjoyable. The floor was in perfect order. Such a number of pretty frocks were worn that it would be almost impossible to describe them all! However, those that I noticed were: Mrs Symes, in black velvet, deep white lace berthe; Mrs F. T. Morgan, black net over satin; Mrs A. Seymour,

pale blue silk spotted muslin; Mrs Joe Blake, handsome ivory satin, prettily arranged with chiffon and forget-me-nots; Mrs Kells, deep yellow silk dress, trimmed with narrow ruched ribbon and lace; Mrs A. Watson, black chiffon taffetas, crimson roses; Mrs Murray, black satin, white lace berthe; Mrs Nolan, black crepe de chine; Mrs Stephenson Smith, black satin; Mrs C. Thomas, pale pink merveilleux silk, deep red flowers; Mrs Bright, black corded silk; Mrs Buckeridge, princess robe of deep maize-coloured Roman satin, corsage and skirt trimmed with sequined silk gauge, pink roses; Mrs Raymond, black broadened satin; Mrs J. Wachsmann (Christchurch), black satin; Mrs Field, black satin and lace; Mrs Howard Kenway, pale pink satin trimmed with narrow bands of sable; Mrs J. Blair, pale green satin, trimmed with circles of narrow green ruched ribbon, deep dark green velvet belt; Mrs J. Clark, black lace dress; Mrs J. Williams, ivory chiffon taffetas, prettily trimmed with chiffon and lace, with touches of pale blue and pink woven into the lace; Mrs Blann, pretty cream silk gauge frock over glace; Mrs Max-Jackson, white accordion-pleated crepe de chine, trimmed with ceru insertion; Mrs Harding, pale grey merveilleux silk, trimmed with black lace; Mrs Fraser, black merveilleux silk, folded tucker of white chiffon; Mrs Tomblason, cream Roman satin, cream lace; Mrs Wachsmann black satin; Miss Crowley, pale green satin, cream lace; Miss Clark, pale blue chiffon taffetas, trimmed with soft cream lace; Miss Nolan, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss N. Seymour, white silk and chiffon; Miss L. Loisel, maize-coloured silk, cream lace, and ruched ribbon; Miss A. Sherratt, white lace frock over glace; Miss S. Evans, rose pink silk dress, white chiffon fichu, fastened with white rose; Miss M. Christophers, pink chiffon dress, frilled and edged with pink ribbon; Miss Schumacher, black net over satin, wide panel on skirt of sequined net; Miss M. Schumacher (Christchurch), cream embroidered net over green satin; Miss R. Reynolds, black satin, cream lace berthe; Miss W. Reynolds, pale blue silk spotted muslin; Miss M. Bradley, pretty white sequined net over white satin; Miss M. Dunlop, white satin, shirred and trimmed with lace; Miss W. Adair, pretty pale green net dress, violets on décolletage and in hair; Miss Wallis, pale blue silk, trimmed with lace and black velvet bebe ribbon; Miss Murray, white lace silk, trimmed with wide embroidered chiffon; Miss G. Pyke (debutante), white satin, prettily trimmed with chiffon and lilies of the valley; Miss Monckton, white satin relieved with tangerine velvet; Miss G. Monckton, dainty pale green colienne frock, tucker of Valenciennes lace and touches of pink; Miss Bright, pink satin, trimmed with white ruched ribbon and silk lace; Miss D. Bright, soft white silk; Miss F. Davies (debutante), cream chiffon taffetas, trimmed with embroidered chiffon; Miss A. Woodbine Johnston, biscuit-coloured soft satin, corsage and bodice arranged with garlands of crimson bud roses; Miss Parsons, eau de nil taffetas, white lace; Miss E. Wachsmann, pink satin, trimmed with wide cream lace; Miss E. Williamson, white silk, deep gathered tuck and bounces of lace on skirt, bodice arranged with lace and blue flowers; Miss Harding, pale pink duchess satin; Miss C. Boylan, pale blue silk, bodice trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace and pale pink roses; Miss Foster, black merveilleux silk, berthe of cream lace threaded with pale blue ribbon; Miss Foster (Wellington), pale blue crepe de chine dress; Miss B. Orr, pale green silk, white lace; Miss I. Hingston, white corded silk, silver passementerie; Miss M. Agnew-Browne, cream satin, pale pink roses; Miss H. Agnew-Browne, pale blue tucked silk trimmed with blue embroidered chiffon. Among the gentlemen were Messrs Kells, Symes, Mann, F. Parker, Wallis, F. T. Morgan, Seymour, Stephenson-Smith, C. Thomas, Bright, Wachsmann (2), Field, Blair, Fraser, Max Jackson, Tomblason, Burke, Grant, McLean, Monckton (2), A. W. Rees, W. G. Sherratt, C. J. Bennett, Rutledge, Saunders, Adair, Roberts, Sherratt (3), Sainsbury, Coedner, (Christchurch), Nolan (2), Ruby, Wilson, Evans, Symes, Innes, Weymouth, Fenwick, Pyke, Reynolds, Dr. Williams, Schumacher, Buckeridge.

We had a glorious treat on Monday and Tuesday nights, when

MR ANDREW BLACK

gave two concerts. I noticed amongst the audience Mrs H. Kenway, Miss

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GOLF.

Last Thursday at the golf links the ladies had a bogey match. Mrs King, Miss Matheson, and Miss Sweet tying for first place. Others playing were Mrs Morgan, Miss Nolan, Miss Crawford, Miss Bright, and Miss Adams. Next Friday a ladies' tournament will be started.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee,

May 25.

Last week we had a most enjoyable orchestral concert. Mrs. Dudley Hill's singing was lovely, and Mr. Spaeman's orchestra was splendid. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs Colman, wearing black brocade trimmed with lace; Mrs Hawkins, cream lace and silk, red flowers on bodice; Mrs Leven, pretty pale blue blouse, black satin skirt, white cloth coat; Mrs Russell, black silk, trimmed with white lace, heliotrope coat; Mrs Graham, white silk and lace blouse trimmed with black velvet, black voile skirt; Mrs McHardy, pretty black silk dress, trimmed with white chiffon, white fur coat; Mrs Hetley, black satin blouse, trimmed with black insertion, black voile skirt; Miss Hetley, pretty silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Honnor, pretty white silk dress, deep blue belt, blue chiffon coat; Miss McLean, white muslin and lace dress; Mrs Edgar, pale blue chiffon blouse, white voile skirt; Mrs Bowen, green silk and lace dress; Miss Kennedy, becoming black satin, bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs Dabiel, black voile dress trimmed with lace; Miss Macfarlane,

cream voile dress, heliotrope belt; Miss Campbell, pink flowered muslin blouse, grey voile skirt; Miss Fannin, cream silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss Todd, white silk blouse trimmed with lace, black satin skirt; Miss Kettle, dainty white muslin and lace dress trimmed with blue velvet; Mrs D. Hill, handsome black chiffon taffeta dress; Miss Hacon, pale blue blouse, trimmed with cream net, blue voile skirt, grey coat; Miss Hindmarsh, white muslin, red belt; Mrs Campbell, pale blue muslin blouse, lace folk, black voile skirt; Miss Clark, pretty white chiffon dress, bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs McLean, black satin, red coat; Miss Duff, black net dress trimmed with black velvet; Miss Johnstone, white silk dress, deep red belt; Miss King, cross-over blue silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss M. McVay, white silk, pretty white cloth coat trimmed with pale blue; Mrs Henley, black silk trimmed with lace; Mrs Thompson, grey silk dress trimmed with violets; Mrs McKay, pale green silk blouse, trimmed with lace, white cloth coat; Mrs Dinwiddie, white silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Dixon, becoming black brocade dress, black stole; Mrs Gaisford, cream silk dress, black satin coat.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

May 26.

THE TARANAKI RIFLES.

held their annual ball in the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening (Empire Day). The decorations of bunting, Chinese lanterns, and evergreens were pretty and effective, and the ball was voted one of the most enjoyable of the season. Turner's orchestra discoursed entrancing music. Amongst those present were: Miss N. Capel, wearing soft white silk, lightened with scarlet sash; Miss M. Capel, white inserted silk; Mrs. Wright, pale green figured silk, softly finished with cream lace; Miss Woodling, pale blue silk, with cream chiffon frills; Mrs. Clarke, black velvet, with encrustations of jet; Mrs. R. Cock, black murrelleux, decoletteage finished with

chiffon and silk passementerie; Mrs. E. M. Smith, black silk, with lace trimmings; Mrs. Dockerill, black figured silk, piped with white; Miss Davey, scarlet silk, veiled in white net; Mrs. G. Cook, black silk, relieved with white chiffon; Mrs. Bishop, black satin, jet passementerie on corsage; Miss R. Jury, cream; Miss Ivy Cook, pretty soft pink silk, with white lace berthe; Miss V. Jury, cream; Miss Olive Cook, cream silk, trimmed with tucks and lace insertion; Mrs. Okey, black and white; Miss N. Smith, white; Miss B. Clarke, white frilled muslin; Miss R. George, pale green, trimmed with cream chiffon frills; Miss Edna Cook, pretty white inserted silk, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Whittington, black silk skirt, pale green silk blouse; Mrs. F. Beltringer, white silk; Miss Abbott, white frilled muslin. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Dockerill (Mayor), E. M. Smith, M.H.R., Major Malone, Captain-Adjutant C. H. Weston, Quartermaster-Captain G. Cook, Surgeon-Captain Home, Captains Mills and Okey (Guards), Lieutenant F. Beltringer, Sergeant-Major Armitage, Messrs. R. Cook, Lister, Humphries (2), W. Weston, E. Clarke.

A VERY EXCITING FOOTBALL MATCH.

was played between Star and Tukapa (senior grades) last Thursday afternoon. After a severe contest the game ended in a draw, both sides scoring three. Among the spectators were: Miss Calders, wearing cream coat and skirt, white toque with violets; Miss Hall, grey costume, furs; Miss Standish, brown costume, fur toque; Miss R. Crawford, green tweed costume, white silk vest and hat; Miss A. Crawford, grey Eton costume, silk vest, white hat; Miss L. Ryan, cream blouse, navy skirt, navy hat; Miss M. Skinner, navy blue costume, black velvet toque; Mrs. Percy Webster, olive green costume, lace vest, white furs; Miss A. Roberts, navy Norfolk costume, pale blue hat; Mrs. F. Moverley, black costume, white and green hat; Miss E. Kelly, brown cloth costume, toque en suite; Miss Kelly, blue costume, violet toque; Mrs. Roberts, navy costume, black hat; Miss M. Ellis, stylish grey pleated costume, scarlet toque;

Mrs. Dell, navy and white costume, white felt hat; Miss E. Nixon, blue cloth coat and skirt, blue and white hat; Miss Carruth, navy skirt, white blouse and hat; Miss E. Russell, navy coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. Pinsen looked well in a navy costume, black hat; Miss Q. Hawkins, navy skirt, grey coat, scarlet hat; Miss M. Kerr, white blouse, grey skirt; Miss J. Fraser, pretty olive green Norfolk costume, full tucked skirt, mushroom hat, brown furs; Miss O. Stanford, navy costume; Miss M. Givett, navy blue costume, white felt hat; Mrs. Bewley; Miss Gwen Bewley, grey costume, white furs, scarlet hat; Miss Quilham, grey Norfolk, brown mushroom with pink roses; Mrs. Broome, navy costume, scarlet hat; Mrs. Baker, Miss E. Carthew, Mrs. Carter; Mrs. N. Clarke, blue coat and skirt, white furs; Mrs. Cooke, black costume, green and pale blue hat; Miss Kirkwood, navy costume, white furs and toque; Miss E. Sole, grey costume, white hat; Miss O. Kelly, grey coat and skirt, silk vest, black hat; Miss I. Taylor, navy Norfolk costume, red hat; Miss C. Sole, green frock, pink chiffon hat trimmed with green; Miss Ainsworth, pretty grey costume, green hat; Mrs. Sykes, black costume, dark green velvet toque; Mrs. Dan O'Brien, dark grey costume, brown hat and furs; Miss W. Alexander, grey coat and skirt, scarlet hat; Mrs. Bacon, brown costume, hat en suite.

NANCY LEE.

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WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

May 25.

Last week Mrs. C. Campbell gave an enjoyable little

BRIDGE PARTY

In honour of Miss Rhind, of Wellington, who is staying with her. The prizes were won by Miss Krull and Mr. Harold. Amongst those present were: Misses Rhind (Wellington), Krull, Christie, L. Barnard-Brown, M. Liffiton, McNeill, Messrs. Harold, Jones, Hardwicke, Holderness, and Dr. Wilson.

On Friday Mrs. Anderson gave a delightful

MUSICAL EVENING

at her residence in Wicksteed-street. Amongst those I noticed Mrs. McNaughton-Christie, Miss Anderson, Mesdames Blundell, John Stevenson, Millward, Polson, Fenwick, Vaughan, Misses Gresson, G. Stanford, Polson, G. Duigan, Stanford (New Plymouth), Gresson (Christchurch), Waterston, Blundell, Ashcroft, Hilton, McDonnell (Wellington), Mrs. Anderson, Christie, Fenwick, Tripe, Wilson, Messrs. Brookfield, Blundell, Stevenson, Duigan, P. Lewis, Silk, R. Stevenson, Stewart.

Last week Mrs. Newcombe gave

A FAREWELL BRIDGE PARTY

In honour of Mrs. Hughes-Johnston, who left this week for a visit to England. Miss Jones won the first prize, and the "booty" fell to Miss I. Jones. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Peake, Greenwood, Newcombe, Hughes-Johnston, Dodgshun, Gordon, Griffiths, Misses Towsey, E. Gresson, E. Jones, M. Newcombe, K. Gresson (Christchurch), L. Newcombe, I. Jones, Messrs. Towsey, Greenwood, and Dr. Hatherly.

The weather was perfect for

THE RACE MEETING

held on the 24th and 25th of May. The racing was excellent, and there was a very large attendance of the public, visitors coming from all parts of New Zealand. Amongst the smart toilettes on the lawn I noticed: Mrs. D. Riddiford (Marton), in a stylish beather mixture tailor-made coat and skirt, with velvet collar and brown fur stole, cherry-shaded velvet hat with brown ostrich feathers at the side and folded brown chiffon; Miss N. Riddiford (Marton), green Melton cloth Eton coat and skirt, cream vest, becoming white toque with a bunch of dark red roses at the back; Miss Fitzgerald (Wellington), navy blue coat and skirt, white silk vest, white fur stole, black hat with black velvet and ostrich tips; Mrs. Abbott (Wellington), black serge Eton coat and skirt, smart pill-box toque with waving aigrette at the side, white fox stole and muff; Mrs. W. Johnston (Wellington), tweed coat and skirt, flecked with red, hat relieved with crimson wings, and fox stole; Mrs. Cholmley (Dannevirke), pale grey tweed costume, white vest, black crinoline straw hat with black and white ribbons; Mrs. E. Cowper (Dannevirke), navy blue serge, with coat made with deep basque, crimson straw pill-box toque with red velvet bow at the side and wings; Mrs. Good (Hawera), cream serge costume, crimson French sailor straw hat with crimson birds to match; Mrs. Foyster (Hawera), cream skirt, long cream and blue striped coat, cream straw hat with ribbons; Miss Baker (New Plymouth), black serge coat and skirt, cream vest, small black straw toque with white wing at the side; Mrs. A. Bayley (Stratford), cream serge costume, brown fur toque with shaded violets at the side, brown fur stole; Mrs. H. Wilson (Cambridge), pale grey Empire cloth coat, grey felt hat, with pale grey velvet chrysanthemums and a bunch of crimson cherries and foliage at the back; Miss Berry (Greymouth), navy blue serge coat and skirt, cream vest, white felt hat with shaded heliotrope flowers; Mrs. Hawke, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, coarse straw hat of navy blue with wings at the side; Mrs. Gill-Carey (Hawera), tailor-made coat and skirt of grey tweed, flecked with electric blue, brown feather stole, black straw hat with electric blue velvet ribbon and blue shaded bird; Mrs. H. Good, pale grey Norfolk striped tweed coat and skirt, cream hat with bunches of pink shaded roses at the side, with green tulle, and a bandeau of green velvet ribbon to match, Stone Marton stole; Miss Wilford (Wellington) wore a smart costume of golden brown cloth, with vest and berthe effect of

champagne lace, strapped with bands of brown velvet, full elbow sleeves, with frill of lace and wide cuffs of the same, beautiful white fox stole, brown velvet French sailor hat with brown satin ribbons and bunch of dark red shaded roses and leaves; Mrs. O. Lewis (Fordell), pale grey Norfolk coat and skirt, with collar of black velvet, becoming pale grey felt hat with folded grey chiffon and shaded wing at the side; Miss Cameron wore a golden brown tweed coat and skirt, with velvet collar, brown beaver hat with tangerine and gerine shaded velvet at the back; Mrs. Rutherford (Picton), navy blue cloth costume, with long, close-fitting coat, floral toque of shaded violets; Miss Rutherford (Picton), smart tailor-made coat and skirt, straw hat with wings and relieved with pale blue ribbons; Mrs. Blundell, becoming brown cloth costume, with champagne lace on bodice, brown sequin toque with tangerine velvet, brown bear stole and muff; Miss Blundell, pale grey striped Norfolk coat and skirt, white fur stole and muff, white fur toque with white bird at the side; Mrs. Dodgshun, grey tweed coat and skirt, crushed strawberry straw hat with bunch of shaded ribbons to match; Miss Dodgshun, grey Norfolk shaded velvet at the back; Mrs. wings; Mrs. H. Wilson (Mangamahua), stylish Empire coat and skirt of navy blue serge, navy blue straw hat with blue shaded birds and steel buckle and silk ribbons to match; Mrs. Gifford Marshall, navy blue costume with smart pleated skirt, Russian coat with tiny waistcoat effect of pale green cloth revers of dark green chenille applique roses and leaves, burnt straw hat with black velvet; Miss Moore, navy blue serge tailor-made coat and skirt, with collar of velvet cream astrakhan toque with black velvet and black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Major (Hawera), navy blue Empire coat and skirt, Stone Marton stole and muff with toque to match; Mrs. Clay, dark blue Eton coat and skirt, with cuffs and revers of white cloth, white felt hat with green chiffon and wings, long ostrich feather stole; Mrs. James Watt, pale grey tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, grey felt hat with chiffon and velvet the same shade, white fur stole and muff; Miss Dodgshun, grey chevron Norfolk coat and skirt, guipure lace vest, grey felt hat with chiffon and large bird at the side; Mrs. Hope Gibbons, light grey frieze coat and skirt, becoming toque of shaded violets; Mrs. Porritt, grey tweed sac coat and skirt, flecked with violet, the coat and skirt was strapped with violet velvet, black straw toque with bunch of violets; Mrs. P. Forlong, cream serge coat and skirt, brown felt and velvet hat with fawn shaded ostrich plumes; Miss McNeill, dark blue tailor-made coat with deep basque and skirt to match, white felt and velvet hat with white wings; Miss Linda Brown, dark brown cloth costume, muslin and lace vest with pale blue silk, brown straw French sailor with chiffon ends, velvet and wings with crimson berries and leaves; Mrs. Fenwick, reseda serge, the Russian blouse strapped with narrow braid, white fur toque with bunch of shaded violets at the side; Mrs. Brookfield, navy blue striped frock with champagne lace on

bodice, Breton sailor hat with chiffon and grey bird; Miss Cutfield, pale grey gown with silk vest, navy blue straw hat with band of velvet the same shade; Miss B. Cutfield, dark brown tailor-made costume with revers, cuffs and collar of white cloth braided in brown, brown felt hat with wings; Mrs. H. Nixon, princess robe of mole corduroy velvet, smart hat with ermine crown and brim of panne velvet lined with green and bunch of shaded violets at the back; Mrs. Greenwood, pale grey tweed, white silk vest, toque of green chenille; Miss Morse, (Fordell), smart grey tweed coat and skirt, black straw hat with wings; Mrs. Chavannes, navy blue cloth costume, beautiful seal-skin coat, blue felt hat with silk to match; Mrs. J. Foster, stylish princess robe in fawn cloth, Stone Marton stole and muff, white felt hat with a spray of shaded pink roses at the back; Mrs. Barnicoat, pale green and cream striped tailor-made three-quarter coat and skirt, cream vest, smart black crinoline straw hat with black feather at the side and crown of pink roses; Mrs. Wall, cream serge Russian coat and skirt, embroidered with pastel blue braid, cream felt hat with bandeau of soft cream silk ribbon and wings, pale grey feather stole and muff; Mrs. Mackay, navy blue costume, the coat made with deep basque, dainty white felt hat with wings and silk ribbon; Mrs. A. Lewis, navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, crimson velvet toque with wings to match; Mrs. H. Speed, navy blue costume with champagne lace, petunia shaded straw hat with ribbon and flowers to match; Miss Phillips (Canterbury), cream serge, the Russian blouse piped with black velvet and black velvet buttons, smart cream cloth toque, with coque feathers at the side and shaded heliotrope velvet foliage, brown fur stole and muff; Mrs. Speed (Australia), light green chevron tweed coat and skirt, blue velvet hat with green and blue shot ribbons and green wing; Miss Rutherford (Picton), light grey tweed coat and skirt, cream felt hat with white ostrich feathers and velvet; Miss Barnicoat, cream cloth gown, white fur stole and muff, white velvet and felt high crown hat with white silk ends and ostrich tip; Mrs. Anderson, light fawn sac coat and skirt, brown fur, brown hat with wreath of white chrysanthemums; Mrs. C. Campbell wore a very stylish blue green coat and skirt, smart green straw mushroom hat with shaded ribbons and bird to match.

HULA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee,

May 23.

Mrs. H. Waldegrave, Park-road, gave a large and successful

CHILDREN'S DANCE.

on Saturday last. The little ones ranged from two to twelve years of age. Everything possible was done for their entertainment, several grown-up girls devoting themselves entirely to dancing and playing with them. Among the many

present were: Marjory, Allison, Wallis, and Cuthbert Barnicoat, Tracie, Dorothy, Doris, Sybil, Marjory, and Geoffrey Waldegrave, Sybil and Loris Fitzherbert, Audrey Harper, Eileen McKnight, Noeline and Bibbie Keeling, Nancy Haguall, Molly Goldingham, Linda, Muriel, and Neville Bell, Dorothy and Betty Abraham, Gladys Moore, Noeline Luxford, Dorothy Harden, Ngaire Colbeck, Cecil Baldwin, Barbara, Letty, and Harold Loughnan, Maud and Mollie Warburton, Thyra Richter, Wallis and Alma Guy, Winnie Watson, Leger Holmes, Alec, Strang, Bertie Gibbons.

Other hostesses during the week who gave large children's parties were: Mrs. Gifford Moore, on Monday night; Mrs. C. J. Monro, for bigger children, on Tuesday night; Mrs. Frank Robinson, for children of all ages, on Wednesday night; and Mrs. McKnight, who had a boys' party on Monday night in honour of the birthday of her son Jack.

A strong wind and heavy showers of rain spoilt the enjoyment of those playing in the golf match on the

HOKOWHITU LINKS

on Saturday last. Wanganui brought a strong team, which was victorious by one game. The following were the players: Wanganui—Messrs. Harold, D. Meldrum, G. Saunders, I. Saunders, W. Meldrum, R. Bates, Jones, Taylor, Barnard Brown, Dalgety, Hardwick; Palmerston—Messrs. Harman, W. Strang, J. Strang, Barraud, Freer, Moore, Harden, Cooke, Abraham, Colonel Gorton, Mrs. Wilson, and Stowe.

Tuesday evening was fine and frosty for

MRS. F. ROBINSON'S "AT HOME,"

making it pleasant for the dancers. The dining-room and a large closed-in verandah were used for dancing, the drawing-room and hall being arranged for those who were not dancing. The supper table was prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. McMin supplied excellent music. Our hostess was richly dressed in black silk, with frills of black and white accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice and sleeves, yellow flowers; Miss Robinson wore white silk, made with many little frills, pink silk belt, and pink flowers in hair; Miss Frances Robinson, white spangled gauze over yellow silk, yellow aigrette in hair; Miss Doris Robinson (debutante), a dainty frock of white silk and chiffon, white chiffon rosette in hair; Miss — Robinson, white silk with pale blue sash; Mrs. Putnam, an effective bright red silk toilette, skirt much gauged, grey chenille berthe with red chiffon roses, frills of chiffon on sleeves; Mrs. Oswald Gardner, white satin, frills of chiffon on skirt, embroidered chiffon berthe; Mrs. E. W. Hitchens, white satin, veiled in white chiffon with black spot, black spangled insertion on bodice; Mrs. Bagnall, black satin, frills of black spotted net with narrow silk ruchings, large cluster of pink roses; Mrs. Warburton, black glace, skirt much gauged, berthe of black and silver sequin trimming; Mrs. Gibbons, black satin veiled in black net, black sequin trimming and

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McCULLAGH & GOWER,

Winners of Popularity for Dresses and Dressmaking, Millinery and Gloves, Costumes and Underwear, and all Household Drapery.

pink roses on corsage; Mrs A. N. Gibbons, cream brocade and lace; Mrs. H. Cooper, white lace over white silk, cross-over bodice of white lace, wide pink silk belt, pink roses on corsage; Mrs W. Keeling, deep cream embroidered net over green silk, green silk belt, large cluster of pink roses; Mrs. Shute, a dainty frock of cream silk, with deeper shade of cream lace insertion, touches of blue on bodice; Mrs Moeller, tucked cream silk voile, white accordion-pleated chiffon puffed sleeves, frills of same chiffon on bodice, cluster of pale blue flowers; Mrs F. Cooke, black silk and chiffon; Mrs Paisley, cream with cream lace trimming bodice; Mrs Barnicoat, black silk, cream lace and pink flowers trimming bodice; Mrs Mililton, in black with net frills, pink roses on bodice and in hair; Mrs C. Harden, cream voile, deep gauged founce on skirt, white accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice, pink flowers; Mrs Burr, white embroidered muslin, scarlet geraniums on corsage and in hair; Mrs Eliot, grey crepe de chine, bodice veiled in cream lace, touches of grey velvet; Miss Simcox (Otaki), white silk with white lace insertion, cluster of small pink rosebuds; her sister, pale blue silk with white insertion, white chiffon frills edged with pale blue, spray of violet flowers; Miss Warburton, white silk and chiffon, pink flowers; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, cream silk, wide green silk belt; Miss Powell (Wellington), white silk and lace, white flowers in hair; Miss Akers, white silk, large pink rose on corsage; Miss Keeling, black satin, black and silver spangled berthe, black chiffon sleeves; Miss Bell, pale blue satin skirt and bodice, trimmed with ruchings of satin, white lace finishing bodice, forget-me-nots in hair; Miss Given Bell, white silk and lace; Miss Dolly Wilson, white satin and chiffon, white and pink floral silk sash, cluster of violets on bodice; Miss Randolph, blue crepe de chine, cream lace insertion and blue accordion-pleated chiffon trimming bodice, pale pink roses; Miss F. Waldegrave, pale blue accordion-pleated silk, Maltese lace berthe; Miss Harden, black silk, black spotted net frills on bodice and sleeves, yellow flowers; Miss Gibbons, black satin, with touches of white on corsage; Miss Alice Reed, white frilled muslin, pale blue silk belt, pale pink and pale blue flowers on corsage and in hair; Miss Armstrong, black satin, with frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice; Miss Gardner, white spotted net over silk, scarlet silk sash and flowers; Miss Fitzherbert, white muslin and lace; Miss Porter, white muslin, with ruchings of white silk; Miss Lord, white flowered silk, panel of lace on skirt, lace threaded with red velvet ribbon on bodice, red rose in hair; Miss Phyllis Keeling, cream silk and chiffon, cream chiffon rosette in hair; Miss Collins, pale blue silk, cream lace berthe, same lace on sleeves, cluster of forget-me-nots on corsage and in hair; Miss Ethel Collins, cream silk and chiffon lily of the valley on bodice and in hair; Miss Power, black silk and chiffon, pale pink flowers. The men present included: Messrs. Robinson, Gibbons (2), Harden (2), Collins (2), Waldegrave (3), Watson (2), Keeling (2), Fitzherbert, Vaughan, Smith, Bell, McLean, Spencer, Fulton, Reed, Harman, Paisley, Eliot, Bagnall, Warburton, Cooke, Hanks, Cooper, Gardner, Simcox, Burr, Wilson, Barraud, Mililton, Drs. Putnam and Macintyre, Messrs. Barnicoat, Richter, Hogg.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, May 25.

That Wellington is an excellent place for raising money is shown by

THE SPLENDID CONTRIBUTIONS

that are being made to the Y.M.C.A. Building Fund. Prominent on the list is the name of Mrs S. A. Rhodes, who is always to the fore when the object is a charitable one. Mrs Rhodes is particularly interested in the St. John Ambulance movement, and the establishment of two district nurses under the auspices of that body is very largely due to her initiative. She spares no time or pains in helping on the scheme, and has contributed very generously to the funds. A vast amount of pain and suffering is relieved by the districts nurses, and I cannot resist putting in a special plea for their work now winter is upon us. Any contributions in money or otherwise would be gratefully acknow-

ledged by the secretary of St. John's Ambulance Nursing Guild.

Now to turn to more frivolous matters, I must tell you of Mrs Montagu Laing's

JOLLY LITTLE DANCE.

The Thorndon Hall is a capital place for a small dance, the floor being specially good. For some years it was the ballroom attached to the residence of the Hon. W. Johnston, and was the scene of many gay parties. On Thursday it was very charmingly decorated with palms and lycopodium, while the supper table was done with chrysanthemums. Mrs Laing wore a smart dress of black chiffon velvet, embroidered with paillettes; Miss Laing was in white cry-stalline and lace, and her younger sister had a black velvet frock and a wide red sash; Mrs Pratt (Manawatu) wore black satin and lace; Miss Fitzgerald, shell pink crepe de chine; Miss Elliott, white taffetas; Miss Wheeler, black taffetas and tucker of ivory chiffon; Miss M. Wheeler, pale green crystalline; Miss Nathan, pale rose mousseline de soie, with narrow volants of white Valenciennes; Miss S. Nathan, white chiffon glaze trimmed with many tiny quillings; Miss Humphrey, white crepe de chine; Miss Marchant, white glaze and pale blue belt; Miss Seddon, black taffetas and lace; Miss Webb, white crepe de chine; Miss Didsbury, white glaze.

Mrs W. Lawson was lucky in having a lovely day for her

AFTERNOON TEA.

Kelburne was at its best, and the view was generally admired. The young hostess received many congratulations on the subject of her husband's new book, which is dedicated to her. Mrs Lawson wore a charming dress of Broderie Anglaise having a three-tier skirt and puffed elbow sleeves; Mrs Ross (Auckland), who is staying with her, had on a smart gown of cream cloth with narrow quillings of glaze; Mrs Willis wore black voile, and a black tulle toque with flowers; Mrs Webb, brown cloth tailor-made; Miss Elliott, red canvas and brown beaver hat; Mrs G. Campbell, auvergine cloth and smart toque; Mrs Macarthur, black voile and long fur coat; Miss Seed, blue tailor-made and small floral toque; Mrs Macon, black canvas with esprit lace vest; Miss MacKellar, black tailor-made with white revers; Mrs J. Lawson, dark green cloth and black hat; Mrs Beere, white voile and floral toque.

ANOTHER TEA AT KELBURNE

was less fortunate in the weather, but the house was so warm and cheerful that the contrast was pleasant. Mrs Hislop made a splendid hostess, and her daughter's musical skill was displayed to advantage in the competition which was keenly contested. It was odd to note the mistakes made by people in naming the most familiar tunes, but two of the guests, Misses Arthur and Henderson, were very successful, and both carried off prizes, one being a silver bonbon dish and the other a dainty gold pin. Mrs Hislop wore black glaze with panels of lace; Miss Hislop's dress was of white voile, and her sister was in white muslin.

CHILDREN

are having a gay time at present, and quite a number of parties are being given for them. Mrs Stott entertained a number of little girls last week, and now Mrs T. Young is giving a party for her small boys.

MUSICAL PEOPLE

have been well catered for lately, and at present they are reveling in the joy of hearing organ recitals by Mr Lomate. The fine organ is displayed to great advantage, and it is wonderful what it can do when called upon. Long as the recitals are, they are all too short for the audiences which fill every part of the big hall. I have noticed among the people present Mr and Mrs Parker, Mr and Mrs Furling, Mr and Mrs Cochemaille, Mr. Mrs and Miss Dean, Mrs and the Misses Quick, Captain and Mrs Rose, Mr Kennedy, and the Misses Kennedy, Mr and Mrs Sprott, Mrs Coleridge, Mrs and Miss Tolhurst, Mr and Mrs Young, Mr Hislop, and Miss Hislop, Mr and Mrs Macdonald, Mrs and Misses Nathan, Mr and Miss Fraser, Mr Barnett, and Mr and Mrs Loughnan.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, May 23.
The Canterbury Rowing Club's

ANNUAL BALL.

took place in the Art Gallery on Wednesday night. The decorations were exceedingly artistic and appropriate. The chaperons were Mrs. Frank Cowlishaw and Mrs. Norman McBeth. Mrs. Cowlishaw wore a charming gown of pale pink crepe de chine, trimmed with dainty cream lace; Mrs. McBeth, black point d'esprit net over black satin, bertha of Limerick lace. Others present were: Mrs. Steele, in white silk and chiffon; Mrs. Symes, pale grey satin, covered with white lace flounces, and beaver fur; Miss Symes, bright pink satin and chiffon, dark red roses; Mrs. Guy Ronalds, heliotrope crepe de chine, with panel of lace frills, the corsage trimmed with tiny red roses; Miss Chapman, pale blue silk, with touches of darker blue and pale pink velvet; Miss Steele, cream lace over pale blue silk, wreath of pale blue flowers; Miss Young (debutante) wore a pretty frock of white net and lace; Miss E. Croxton, pale green silk, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade; Dr. Edith Brown, black crepe de chine and sequins; Miss Way, white crepe de chine and lace; Miss Bloxam, white silk, with insertions of lace, red flowers; Miss May Townsend, black tulle skirt, relieved with white lace; Miss Hadfield, cream chiffon over silk; Miss Garrick wore black silk and chiffon; Miss Myra Bruce, white spotted net over pink silk; Mrs. Gorton, black silk and white lace; Miss Middleton, black crepe de chine and lace, red flowers; Miss Francis, yellow Japanese silk and lace; Miss Croxton, white lace dress, with motifs of heliotrope; Miss Collins, blue mousseline de soie and Valenciennes lace; Miss Synthe, white silk with touches of pale blue; Miss N. Guthrie, pale blue crepe de chine, with insertions of cream lace, sash of pale pink floral silk; Miss Harris, dress of white taffetas and chiffon; Miss A. Cholmondeley, pale blue silk, made with many little frills edged with narrow black lace; Miss Allan, black satin, relieved with white lace; Miss Thorpe (Lyttelton), white lace over satin; Miss Jones (Rangiora), white silk; Miss McBeth, soft cream silk and chiffon; Miss Martin, white satin; Miss E. Martin, cream satin and chiffon; Miss Devenish Mears, white Mull muslin, trimmed with lace and insertions; Mrs. R. Lake, white crepe de chine, with bertha of white lace; Miss Kettle, white chiffon taffetas, with touches of pale green; Miss G. Merton, pink floral silk, trimmed with pink of a deeper shade; Miss Louison, frock of pink taffetas and cream lace; the Misses Barnett (2) wore white muslin and lace; Miss Bain, white crepe de chine; Miss Partridge, pale blue crepe de chine. Amongst the men were: Messrs. Cowlishaw, McBeth, Morrison, Hawkins, Brown, Bloxam, Martin, Kitson, Guthrie, Styche, Little, Comfortford, Townsend, Hobbs, Griffen, and Ensor.

A GIRLS' AFTERNOON TEA

was given on Tuesday by the Misses Denniston (Armagh-street) in honour of Miss Woodhouse, of Dunedin, who is staying with them. Mrs. Denniston wore a pretty dress of black and white check taffetas, with vest of cream lace. Miss Denniston wore a figured muslin of mauve and white; Miss Helen Denniston, pale pink and white muslin; Miss Woodhouse wore a costume of brown cloth, faced with brown velvet; Miss Stead, navy blue cloth, and sabbie toque; Miss Thomas, grey coat and skirt, mauve hat; Miss B. Julius wore navy blue cloth and violet toque; the Misses Burns, cream cloth gowns with dark hats; Miss Wilson, navy blue serge and cream hat with touches of brown; Miss Merton, sage green cloth and black hat; Miss G. Merton, pale blue frock, white turt; Miss Symes, brown costume and squirrel furs; Miss Bullock, smart blue gown with tartan facings, royal blue hat; Miss Bowen wore blue, with hat to match; Miss Murray-Aynsley wore brown; Miss Bridges, dark blue costume, black hat with touches of pale blue; Miss Medley (Wellington) wore dark blue; Miss Secretan, brown tweed costume, with fawn and red hat; Miss N. Reeves, dark blue costume, red hat; Miss Muriel Anderson, grey coat and skirt, grey hat with feathers; Miss D. Steele, red cloth, velvet toque to match; Mrs. Russell (England), smart cream cloth coat and skirt, brown toque. Others present were: The Misses Price, Meredith-Kaye, Louison, Neave, Bennett, Cook, Newton, Maling, Orbell,

Mears, Moore (2), Harley, Poulton, Macdonald, Bonner, Izard, Bodhmer, Henderson, Elmley, and Mendelsohn (Timaru).

BRIDGE PARTIES.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Wardrop (Hereford-street) gave a bridge party in honour of Miss Lindo Ferguson (Dunedin). The players were: Mrs Wigram, Mrs Wilder, Mrs Boyle, Mrs and Miss Kettle, the Misses H. Denniston, Woodhouse (Dunedin), Symes, Reeves, and Murray-Aynsley.

Mrs. Stephenson gave a bridge party at her house in Webb-street (Merivale) on the same evening. Her guests were: Mrs Henry Wood, Mrs H. Loughnan, Mrs Irving, Mrs Maude, Miss Nedwill and Miss Denniston.

Dr. Alice Moorhouse (Worcesters-street) gave a bridge party on Thursday evening. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Day, Miss Howell, Miss Peter, Miss Nedwill, Messrs. Moorhouse and Tollerunter, Mrs. B. Moorhouse and Bell.

Mrs. Wigram, whose party was given in honour of her guest, Mrs Lindo Ferguson, entertained Mrs. G. Gould, Mrs. Wilder, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. Kettle, the Misses Murray-Aynsley, Denniston, Woodhouse, Symes, Kettle, and Reeves.

Mrs. H. H. Loughnan (Aven-side) held an afternoon bridge party on Wednesday, the guests being: Mrs Glover Burns, Mrs Stephenson, Mrs. and Miss Jessie Wilkin, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Mrs Kirkpatrick, Mrs Irving, Mrs Beswick, Mrs Kettle, the Misses Murray-Aynsley, Denniston, Woodhouse, Symes, Kettle, and Reeves.

GOLF.

On Friday the ladies' medal match was played at Shirley Links. There were a large number of competitors. Mrs Pyne and Miss Rita Wilson came equal in the first grade, and Miss Freda Moore in the second.

Mixed foursomes against Boney were played on the Shirley Links on Saturday, the winners being Miss R. Anderson and Mr. Borthwick.

It has been decided that the New Zealand Ladies' Golf Tournament shall be played on the Shirley Links during the week following the Grand National races. The men's championship will be played a fortnight later.

DOLLY VALE.

The "Lancet" has something to say of the injurious effects of inhaling tobacco smoke in a railway carriage which is inadequately ventilated:—"The poisonous effects of tobacco smoke are most marked when the smoke is inhaled or when it is brought into intimate contact with the lung cells and conveyed directly into the blood. The cigarette-smoker who 'swallows the smoke,' as it is often said, deliberately exposes himself to the risk of unmistakably poisonous symptoms, as are manifested in palpitation of the heart, dyspeptic disturbances, impairment of vision, headache, breathlessness, malaise, and so on, and precisely the same risk is run by those who remain long in a carriage which is practically always full of smoke for the want of efficient means of ventilation." Indeed, the "Lancet" asserts, the risk in the latter case is greater, "because not only is the smoke drawn from the tobacco inhaled, but that escaping from the bowl of the pipe or from the lighted end of the cigarette or cigar is inhaled also."

It is well known, the journal goes on to say, that the smoke of smouldering tobacco has very powerful physiological effects:—"Amongst the highly toxic products occurring freely in the tobacco-smoke is carbon monoxide, which has disastrous effects upon the oxygen-carrying power of the blood. Smokers in the railway carriage should guard themselves against the evils of inhaling smoke by agreeing to give the smoke an outlet by opening or partly opening the window—that is to say, if the ventilating arrangements provided prove to be useless, as is nearly always the case. The smoker, who is jealous of his health, enjoys smoking without having recourse to inhaling the smoke, and he should see that his care to avoid the dangerous process of directly inhaling tobacco smoke is not defeated by smoking in a smoke-contaminated atmosphere, which is practically never changed." For the same reason, it is pointed out, the smoking-concert is an institution not free from danger, and is a very frequent source of disturbance to health.

That Tired Feeling

Which is so disheartening is often caused by poor, thin blood, resulting in deficient vitality.

The blood needs to be enriched and vitalized, and for this there is no medicine in the world equal to



Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The cures it has worked, the men, women, and children it has restored to health, are countless in number. One such experience is as follows:

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for years, and would not be without it. I used to suffer with boils and skin eruptions, attended with great lassitude and exhaustion. In fact, I was so ill that I could not attend to my business. Being advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I did so, and I am happy to say that the medicine restored me to perfect health. I have since used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for my children, in various complaints, and it has always proved effective. I can safely recommend it to sufferers as a true blood purifier."

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "AYER'S."

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AYER'S PILLS, the best family laxative.

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Over six thousand amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks system last year. Fifty per cent of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

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FOOTBALLERS should drink O.T. PUNCH before every game.

"Silent" Smith's System

By FRED NYE

A POKER PLAYER WHO KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT AND HIS EARS OPEN WITH MARKED SUCCESS.

THERE weren't many poker players in Cheyenne in 1875 more gifted than Wall Dickerson. He was a straight man in a straight game, but if he caught any other player indulging in Chinese he had a few tricks of his own which usually turned out a profit.

He was no hand for a "gun play" under any circumstances; just adapted himself to the situation, whatever it was—a marked-card game or an honest up-and-up trial of skill, courage and judgment—and he generally smiled.

But he wasn't really a merry man. He didn't smile like a fellow that felt good, but like one that had learned how in a smiling school.

Being the kind of poker player he was, with a reputation that reached all the way from Omaha to 'risco and back again, it was a mystery to everybody in Cheyenne the way he lost money that winter of 1875. There were generally five in the game—Wall and "Bud" Peterson and "Champ" Beebe and "New York Joe" and "Uncle Jake" Childs—and they played four or five evenings a week in the back room of "Jim" Bishop's saloon.

Peterson and Beebe had only been in Cheyenne a few months. The others were old settlers in the town. Peterson said he was a sheep man and Beebe claimed to be a cattle man, but of course nobody believed them. Cheyenne in those days was full of "capitalists" who were sleuthing for "sleepers" on the faro bank floors and borrowing quarters for drinks.

Every new gambler that came to town claimed to be a business man of some kind. Not that he was ashamed of being a gambler, but that he thought he'd stand a better show at that game if he posed as an amateur. This kind of foolishness might deceive the deacons of Montpelier, Vermont, but it didn't go far with the citizens of Cheyenne in 1875.

Well, that winter it was a case with Dickerson of playing for even after the first bet at every sitting, and never getting there. Once in a while he'd win a pot on his own deal, but never enough to put him to the good—net. And it wasn't luck that was against him. Nobody ever thought that. For one thing, Peterson and Beebe won all his money.

Luck plays a good many queer pranks, but she never sticks to the same parties like that—night after night. She flirts. Dickerson himself knew that it wasn't luck—that he was outplayed. But he wouldn't give up.

"There's twenty thousand dollars in the bank in my name," I heard him say once (that was in the fall before the big game began), "but it ain't mine; it belongs to any maverick that can hold better cards 'n I do in the show-down."

He was that kind of a sport. Just a custodian of other people's money, you might say.

At last one night, the end came. Dickerson had an ace full on kings. Peterson, who had drawn one card, raised him, and Dickerson raised Peterson, and so it went back and forth till there was about fifteen hundred dollars on the table and Dickerson called. Peterson laid down four little treys and took the money. Dickerson got up and lit a cigar.

"Gents," he said, "I'm all in. Good night."

Then he smiled—and went out. We didn't see him in Cheyenne again for some time. There wasn't much talk about him and nobody cried because he was gone. Gamblers don't have friends, even among themselves. The game eat their hearts out, as you might say.

Somebody declared that Dickerson had gone back to pounding brass (he was a telegraph operator before, he took to following the green), but no one ever

went to the trouble of finding out whether the rumour was correct or not.

Even the game at Bishop's seemed to get along without him pretty well. A railroad man with more cash than science dropped in and contributed several thousands to Peterson and Beebe. And there were others.

It must have been about four weeks after Wall left that we first noticed "Silent" Smith in town.

I never knew what his first name was. They called him "Silent" because he never spoke. He used to go around with a paper tab and a pencil and write out whatever he wanted to say.

At first he was kept rather busy writing "Deaf and dumb" on his tab, but the boys soon got to understand about him. They all liked him and sympathized with him. He was a careless, slovenly, dreamful man, and always had plenty of money to spend.

After all, you didn't need much conversation in Cheyenne in 1875. "Silent" Smith could hold up one finger at the bar, or three or four fingers if he had friends with him, and everything was understood perfectly. Or he could shove in enough chips to call or raise and there was no demand for explanations.

Sometimes in the game at Bishop's he did bring out his pad. Once he had raised Beebe a red stack and with the chips he pushed in one of his little square pieces of paper, on which he had written:

MONEY TALKS.

Like that. He was a joker in his quiet way.

He put up a fair game of poker, but he was no match for the Peterson-Beebe combination. However, he was a conservative player, and after he'd dropped twenty or thirty dollars at a sitting he knew enough to quit. Besides he didn't play so often as some.

It was a habit of his to sit near the table after he'd quit the game for the night. He'd rest his elbow on his chair arm and his head on his hand and close his eyes, and anybody would have thought he was asleep. Perhaps he was.

Another thing that we always noticed about him was a curious habit of tapping, tapping, that he had. Sometimes it was with his fingers, sometimes with his pencil. It annoyed the other speculators in the poker game at first, and one of them grabbed Smith's paper pad one night and wrote on it, "Stop that tapping."

Smith looked at the message with a sort of sad expression and then he wrote underneath:

"I can't. I'm nervous."

After that they didn't bother him about it any more. As I have said, he was good to lose about thirty dollars every time he played and the boys felt that they could afford to be patient with him.

Along about the middle of March Wall Dickerson drifted back to Cheyenne. For some time he kept away from the game—said he'd quit the cards. But one night when he was looking on and Beebe stumped him to buy a stack and sit in, for the sake of old times, he took off his coat and roped into a chair.

"Before investing," said Wall, as nearly as I can remember his words, "I'd like to make a few preliminary remarks."

"Fire away," said Beebe.

"I don't say," said Wall, "that (his ain't a square game, and I don't say it is. I don't say anything about it, one way or the other. What I do say is that, if ebng a gentleman's game, we should make the agreement that if any party is caught at any particular variety of crooked play he shall cut that out from the time of the aforesaid discovery and go on as if nothing had happened."

"I don't want to see any guns and I don't want to hear any hot talk. I'm willing to live up to this contract my-

self, and if you gents will do the same my money's yours."

Beebe and Peterson looked as though they'd like to start a dispute over this proposition, but they didn't quite dare to.

"Suits me," said Beebe finally.

Dickerson asked for a new deck and the game began. It went on quietly for fifteen minutes or so and then Dickerson called a halt. It was Beebe's deal, and he was shuffling the cards.

"Just a minute!" said Dickerson, quiet but firm. "That card-marker hitched to an India-rubber band which the gent is using, and which is up his right sleeve at the present moment, is contrary to the new rules and regulations of the game."

Beebe started to rise from his chair, but Dickerson looked him straight in the eye and he quailed and settled back.

"No hard feelings," said Dickerson, pleasantly. "This is a gentleman's game and I hope the gents will all conduct themselves as such."

Beebe looked mad and silly both together for a minute and at last, seeing there was no other way out, he unfastened the contrivance from his sleeve and laid it on the table.

"We'll put it in the next jack-pot," said Dickerson, smiling, "and I hope I win it. I reckon it lays over any I've got in stock."

After that there was no interruption till Dickerson caught Peterson holding out the ace of clubs. Peterson behaved better than Beebe had under like circumstances.

"I didn't calculate to use it," Peterson said; "allowed I'd make a bluff to see if Dickerson's system was still working."

"Well," said Dickerson, "you found out."

Several times during that evening and the evenings that followed Dickerson discovered the cattle man and the sheep man attempting the use of tricks and devices which are not permitted in a straight game, but the matter was always settled in a polite and friendly way and finally there was no more trouble whatever. Beebe and Peterson had learned their lesson and settled down to straight business.

As for "Silent" Smith, as the game went on night after night he got more and more dreamful. The boys often had to nudge him to ante or come in. The only thing he didn't seem too sleepy to do was to tap. He kept that up with the regularity of a machine.

I suppose you have guessed that all this time Dickerson was getting the best of the game. He certainly was, and he not only quit 'way to the good the first night, but every night after that until those two partners in crime and science, Beebe, the cattle man, and Peterson, the sheep man, faded out of Cheyenne, leaving their entire stock of crooked paraphernalia and all their good money in his possession.

Ordinarily this kind of see-saw would not have caused much talk in Cheyenne in 1875, but there were points about the game which made it a mystery to all of us outsiders and which after Beebe and Peterson had gone we discussed for many weeks without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

First, there was the way in which Dickerson had discovered the tricks that Beebe and Peterson were playing on him; nobody could explain that. Next was the fact that in all the play Dickerson was never once beaten in a show-down.

I never witnessed such poker as he played in my life. If he had seen every card his opponent held he couldn't have showed better judgment. Why, one night when I was sitting behind him I saw him lay down a flush—ace, king, queen, ten and seven of hearts—to Beebe without betting a chip on it.

Beebe showed his hand after Dickerson had passed out (although he didn't have to show it) and what do you think he had? The ace, king, queen, ten and eight of diamonds. He had Dickerson beaten by just one spot! And Dickerson

son and Beebe had drawn one card each. Could you beat that for poker? And other fellows saw Dickerson perform miracles just as wonderful as that.

Another thing that happened along about the time that Dickerson was getting toward the bottom of the Beebe and Peterson pile set me to thinking hard. I went out hunting jack rabbits one morning, and coming to one of those big stone buttes which help to make that part of the country the loneliest on the Lord's earth, I heard voices on the other side.

One of them said: "I tell you, you ain't careful enough about your spac-in'! Your 'c's' and 'r's' and 'o's' keep me guessin' all night."

"All right," said the other, "give me a hundred and I'll do better."

"That's easy," said the first voice cheerfully.

Then I walked careless-like around the corner of the butte and saw—Wall Dickerson and "Silent" Smith! Dickerson was handing him a roll of bills.

Dickerson, when he saw me, looked up and smiled, his way, like ice, but he didn't say anything. Smith didn't say anything, of course. I didn't say anything myself, there or thereafter. I never was a sanctified man, but I believe in being honourable about some things.

Well, there you have the whole story up to a couple of weeks ago when I went to New York. The second night I was there one of my business friends took me to his club.

No, it wasn't the Union League, and it wasn't one of those clubs that are organized to protect a poker game or a poolroom. Kind of betwixt and between. A good enough club, but one where the investigating committee doesn't go too far back, I judge, in examining the candidates for membership.

It was a dull night at the club, and my friend and some of the others got to discussing what they called telepathy—where you think of something and the other man tells you what it is. Most of us didn't believe in it.

Finally a man they called Oglethorpe sauntered over and took part in the talk. He sided with the fellows that believed in the new-fangled science and the discussion grew so warm that he offered at last to prove by an actual test that he was right—said he could tell just what any man in the room was thinking about.

Oglethorpe, in some way, despite his fifty years, seemed to remind me of somebody that I had seen in my earlier days, and when he began trying his experiments in mind-reading the memory grew clearer and clearer. He did do some amazing feats—told my business friend the name of his grandmother, which he was thinking of, and things like that.

Yes, Oglethorpe proved his case, but when all the rest were satisfied, and so declared, I said that, if he would be kind enough, I should like to try just one small experiment with him to satisfy myself personally, you know. He readily consented, and I took his hand firmly in mine and he closed his eyes.

I watched him while I thought the thought that I wanted him to read. It wasn't half a minute before I felt his hand tremble in my grasp and saw the colour flush his face, which had been remarkably pale before. Twice or three times he attempted to speak, but failed, and finally with a great effort he dropped my hand, stammered out something about my being a poor subject and hurriedly left the room.

They tell me that he hasn't been to the club since, and they are worried about it some, because, they say, he has been one of their richest and most generous members.

Anyway, the next day after the tests I wrote to Professor Godkin. You know Professor Godkin—the thought sharp—F. R. G. D. V. S., or words to that effect (most of his initials coming after his name), and put the whole case before him. Here is what he writes. Listen:

"I have been extremely interested in your letter, and I am inclined to the opinion that your theory regarding the game of chance at Cheyenne in 1875 is correct. It is quite within the realms of psychological and scientific possibility that one player, by reading the minds of the others, may have discovered the exact character of the hands they held, or the dishonest tricks they were performing, and by means of telegraphic signals, employed as you suggest by the tapping of pencil or finger on the

table, communicated his knowledge of those facts to his confederate.

"It must be obvious to the most casual observer that the tense application of the mind of the player to the character and value of his hand, or to the use of any cheating device employed by him, in a game of chance where large sums of money are at stake, creates an almost ideal condition for the successful operation of what is commonly known as mind-reading.

"I shall conduct experiments on this line myself in the near future. In the light of the facts revealed in your letter, it seems to me quite astonishing that mind-reading has not been extensively employed by dishonest gamblers under such circumstances as you describe."

You ask what was the thought I thought the night of the test with Oglethorpe? I made a picture in my mind of a scene in Cheyenne in 1875—the low, dim back room in "Jim" Bishop's saloon—of the rough-looking players at the table—of Dickerson winning pot after pot—of the pale, dreamful man sitting in half a doze and tapping, tapping with his pencil or his finger—and over and over again as I watched the nervousness of Oglethorpe I thought this sentence—

"You are Wall Dickerson's confederate—'Silent' Smith!"



They'll both tell you that

DO YOU FEAR WINTER?

How to Avoid its Perils.

Why is Winter more deadly than the milder Seasons of the year, and more unhealthy? And why do people catch cold sooner, and suffer more from colds than at any other time? The simple reason is that Winter puts a heavier strain on the system. Hence if your vitality is lowered, if you are run down, anaemic, or just convalescent after Influenza or fever, let that familiar chilly feeling, those frozen hands and feet, that slight hoarseness, and that cutting pain in your back and chest, be your danger signals. By keeping the stomach healthy and the liver active, Bile Beans enable you to defy Winter's grim attack on your system. The secret of robust health is rich red blood, the supply of which is only limited by impaired digestion. When your food is doing you no good, how can strength and bodily heat be maintained? Bile Beans practically transform the food into rich red blood, which then circulates on its mission of life and heat to all parts of the body. Mr. A. J. Breach, a Commercial Traveller, of Dunedin, N.Z., says:—"It is with pleasure I add my testimony to the many that have preceded it to the effective and curative properties of Bile Beans. I bear witness that among the many pills and mixtures which are manufactured for the ills of mankind, your Beans stand out prominently as the most effective and reliable. I may state that after many years of close confinement at office work, and having had several attacks of Influenza, my health ran down to such an extent that my work was often performed with difficulty. Hardly a week passed but my head ached, and my digestion was much impaired. After trying many professed remedies my attention was directed to the many testimonials in praise of Bile Beans. After taking about half a box I felt a vast improvement. The digestive organs were put in good trim, and a splendid appetite revived. The after-effects of Influenza have entirely left me. I am confident if an occasional dose of Bile Beans is taken, it will be the means of warding off such ailments. I always have a supply by me, and recommend them to all." Of all medicine vendors at 1/12d. and 2/9 family box. Refuse all substitutes.

ARTHUR NATHAN'S

"RELIABLE"

TEAS

Are SURE to Please.

MELLIN'S FOOD

Contains no Starch and makes a perfect Food for a baby from birth.

Samples and pamphlet, "The Care of Infants," free on application to GOLLIN & CO. PROPY., LIMITED, WELLINGTON.

"Is superior even to meat and of inestimable value as a food."
—Vitchom.

PLASMON

Dr. Robert Hutchison says:—"A diet rich in protein MAKES PHYSICAL & MENTAL ENERGY. To growing children deficiency of protein is especially dangerous."

O.T. PUNCH The Great Temperance Drink has made its appearance. Ask kindly every Man, Woman, and Child should drink it.

Beautiful Home Decorations



easily and economically obtained by the most inexperienced. Unlimited decorative possibilities.

"RAPIDLY" FLOOR STAINS stain and varnish with one operation. Brilliant, rich, permanent hardwood colors produced on Floors, Borders, Woodwork and Furniture where extreme durability is desired.

"RAPIDLY" ALUMINUM ENAMELS gives thoroughly Flues, Borders, or anything made of metal, wood, etc., a durable, stainable silver finish, in or outdoors. Simply beautiful.

JAPANESE GOLD PAINT (Ready Mixed). Unequalled in lustre and ease of application. Adheres to any surface. For all decorative purposes, economical and satisfactory.

For sale by all up-to-date dealers. Avoid imitations.

Successfully used in this climate for over 20 years. GERSTENDORFER BROS., New York, U. S. A.

Also makers of "OUR FAVORITE" GOLD ENAMELS, "RAPIDLY" ENAMELS, "RAPIDLY" STAINS.

Stamp Collecting.

The "Comet" 5c stamp of New Brunswick, realised £9 15/- at auction in London.

The 2 franc brown on yellow, and the 10 franc red on green stamps of Indo-China have been overprinted for use in the French post offices in China.

The 20c Dutch Indies stamp has appeared in olive green colour, and it is reported that the 25 guelden is slate colour.

The 1d. stamp of Transvaal on the new multiple watermark paper is described as nearer true scarlet than crimson in colour.

The 8 anna violet and 12 anna purple on red stamps, King's head type, have appeared for use in the Indian State Patiala.

The 9d straw coloured stamp of Great Britain, with hair lines, date 1862, sold for £4 at auction in London, and the £1 brown lilac water-marks anchor, date 1862, unused fetched £25, which is good interest on 20/- even for a quarter of a century.

Sir William Baily Avery, Bart., possesses a valuable and varied collection of stamps. His British Colonials are arranged in 36 massive volumes, while a larger number are required to accommodate his general collection. He is hon. president of the Birmingham Philatelic Society.

A new set is announced for Hyderabad, in which the main difference is the alteration of "Post Stamp" to "Postage." The native inscriptions are also altered. In general appearance the stamps are the same as the old designs, but slightly smaller and also square.

The late Rev. John Archibald Dunbar-Dunbar, of Sea Park, Forres, a great authority on natural history and postage stamps, left personal estate in the United Kingdom valued at £151,192. He bequeathed his collection of stamps to the Museum of Science and Art (now the Royal Scottish Museum), of Chambers-street, Edinburgh.

The "Philatelic Record" states that "The new Swiss stamps of 2, 3, and 5 centimes will bear the portrait of William Tell's son, drawn by the Swiss artist, M. Wetti, of Munich; and the 10, 12, and 15 centimes the head of Helvetia, drawn by Prof. L'Eplattenier, of Chaux-de-Fonds."

With regard to the stamps overprinted for British post offices in the Levant, it is stated that the reason why the 2d. and 5d. stamps exist both with surcharge "Levant" and with value in Turkish money is that the stamps overprinted with value in piastres are used exclusively for letters, whilst those over printed "Levant" are intended for printed matter, post-cards, and parcels, the postage on these being charged in English money, whilst letters are charged in piastres.

Notwithstanding that the St. Louis Exhibition commemorative stamps did not take well, still another lot will be issued for the Jamestown Exposition next year to celebrate the tercentenary of the first settlement of white men on the American Continent. Perhaps a hundred years hence a commemorative stamp will be issued in honour of the 'Pisco earthquake.

As far back as 1654 a certain Mons. de Velaye, who held the position of Maître des techniques under Louis XIV.,

established a private post for the city of Paris, worked under royal letters patent by his own servants. Though intended to operate only within the city limits, the post also carried letters to Paris from members of the royal suite during the King's absences from town. The letters could be posted in boxes erected for the purpose at convenient points in the city. The adoption of street letter-boxes by the English Post Office in 1855, was, therefore, after all, only a revival of the idea carried out in France over two centuries before.

The Nelson centenary stamps issued in Barbados all have black centres with the exception of the farthing value, which is all grey. The other stamps are 3d green, 1d carmine, 2d orange yellow, 2d bright violet blue, 6d light mauve, and 1/- lake. The stamp is just double the size of the ordinary issue. The design is the statue of the hero on its old dwarf pedestal and some palm trees and vegetation in the background. Under the statue is the legend "First monument erected to Nelson's memory, 1813." The dates 1805, 1905 are in the bottom corners. In the top border is "Barbados," and the value in the bottom. The side borders bear the names, Nelson, Trafalgar.

Definitions of "A Friend."

The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out.

A bank of credit on which we can draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help, and love.

One who combines for you alike the pleasures and benefits of society and solitude.

A jewel whose lustre the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who multiplies joys, divides griefs, and whose honesty is inviolable.

One who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

The Triple Alliance of the three great powers, Love, Sympathy, and Help.

A watch which beats true for all time, and never runs down.

A permanent fortification when one's affairs are in a state of siege.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

A balancing pole to him who walks across the tightrope of life.

The link in life's long chain that bears the greatest strain.

A harbour of refuge from the stormy waves of adversity.

One who considers my need before my deservings.

The jewel that shines brightest in the darkness.

A stimulant to the nobler side of our nature.

A volume of sympathy bound in cloth.

A diamond in the ring of acquaintance.

A star of hope in the cloud of adversity.

One truer to me than I am to myself.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

An insurance against misanthropy.

A link of gold in the chain of life.

One who understands our silence.

The essence of pure devotion.

The sunshine of calamity.

A second right hand.

In the Depths of the Sea.

Laying along the beds of oceans are about two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles of submarine telegraph cables. More than half of this immense mileage is British, and every year British messages number all told 100,000,000 words.

In forty years we have virtually forgotten that the seas were once barriers to international communication. Now they have been narrowed by speedy ships and the deep-laying cables until, as far as communication is concerned, they are little wider than streams across which men can almost shout to each other.

Great depths have been conquered by the cable layers.

The greatest known depth of the sea is in the mid-Pacific Ocean, and is recorded as five thousand two hundred and sixty-nine fathoms—thirty-one thousand six hundred and fourteen feet—or sixty-six feet short of six statute miles. This sounding was obtained on the United steamship Nero, and it is greater than any elevation in the world.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—

CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS nearly - - - £4,200,000

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Rates Low.

MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.

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Bonuses Large.

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Peters' Pile Cure

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY
FOR THE CURE OF
HEMORRHOIDS—PILES.

NOT only do Piles affect the region in which the seat of the disease is located, however, but also the whole system. Pains in the pelvic regions caused by some form of Piles are often accompanied by decided constitutional disturbances, as indicated by flushed face, furred tongue, rapid and wiry pulse, and extreme restlessness. The general health becomes greatly affected where the disease has lasted for any length of time. All the symptoms of great loss of blood follow, the pale face, bad skin, weak and rapid pulse, and great general weakness. The patient is in peril from other causes when in this condition, for he is unable to resist the attack of disease or other danger.

"LESS THAN ONE BOX EFFECTS
A COMPLETE CURE."

CHAS. THOMSON, KIM KIM, Ta Awamutu, Auckland, New Zealand, writes:—

For the past five years, I have been troubled with Itching and Protruding Piles. Have been so bad that I was compelled to consult a physician, but without receiving any satisfactory relief. Have also tried various advertised preparations, but until using PETERS' PILE CURE, was not able to get even relief, and with less than one box of your remedy, I received a complete cure. I shall not fail to recommend PETERS' PILE CURE to my friends, as I am more than thankful to have found such relief.

Peters' Pile Cure

(EASY TO APPLY)

Quickly and Permanently Cures

BLIND, BLEEDING, PROTRUDING, AND ITCHING PILES.

and is obtainable from ALL CHEMISTS & STOREKEEPERS.

Price 1/3 Large Box (five times the quantity) 5/-

or will be sent POST FREE on receipt of price by

F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor,

19, Lorne-street, Auckland.

PETERS' PILE CURE

IS AN OINTMENT

which possesses powerful Antiseptic and Healing properties. It is especially beneficial in the treatment of Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, Ringworm, Pimples, Rash, &c.; also for Burns, Scalds, or Abrasions. It will heal the fresh made Wound or Chronic old Sore.



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is more than a month since I wrote to you, although I always mean to send a letter regularly—the time goes so fast that it is hard to keep pace with the months. However, you are in for a big dose now. My brother and I have just returned from a fortnight's holiday, which we spent at French Hoek, a lovely little village 86 miles from Cape Town. It is simply surrounded by range after range of glorious blue mountains, and is noted for its vineyards. The first Huguenots settled in French Hoek, and one day we drove over to see the oak which they planted over two hundred years ago. You may be sure we gathered a few acorns from it. It is an enormous tree—the sort that spreads all ways and is low on the ground. We stayed on Mrs Kreil's farm, which is at the very foot of the largest mountain. We spent our time walking, climbing, cycling, and lying under some beautiful pines below the orchard, but always took grapes with us there to pass the time eating them. At ten o'clock on the moonlight nights four of us ran down to the vineyard, and having eaten as many grapes as possible we carried some up for the other girls. The people staying on the farm were fairly jolly, and altogether we had lots of fun. We often rode in farmers' carts, and ran wild generally, while we had the chance. After walking a terrible distance to the Burg River (almost dry), one day, we stopped at a small farm where one solitary man was living, and he invited us in and gave us a water-melon, all of which he cut up and we finished. The house was very funny—the Dutch style in the country where there isn't a wife or sister to improve it. It was quite bare, with floors made of mud. We were very sorry when the time came to come back to horrid old town to work once more; it was grand being outside all day. I enjoyed "Veronique" immensely when I saw it played last week. It is quite as pretty as "The Cigualee," and of course quite different. I suppose it is being played in Auckland now, so you will see it. Beyond that and a beautiful sacred concert in the City Hall I have had no excitement, so must fall back for news on other things. I was so glad to see one of Henry Newbolt's poems in the children's page. I have learnt it now, and love it. Don't you think his poems are all lovely? I have just finished "Barbe of Grand Bayou," by J. Oxenham—liked it exceedingly. It is rather an uncommon story, and Barbe is one of my favourite book-girls now. I had a grand time with "Princess Paucilla's Fortnight," the latest by the authoress of "E. and Her German Garden." There is something so natural and dainty about all those stories that they are favourites with most people. It was some time until I read those two books since I had allowed myself a story, so I enjoyed them more than usual. I love R. L. Stevenson's books, and have just bought myself "Memories and Por-

traits." My brothers and I have had our usual long Sunday cycle rides. Last time we went to Coberg, and were caught in a few showers. We had some foggy days, when nothing could be seen, and Sunday was fairly bad. We managed to get about 28 miles in all, and on the whole enjoyed the day. When the weather is hot and cloudy the sunsets are too glorious to imagine, unless you had seen some. I can't describe them. To-night great banks of cloud turned pink, golden, and then as the sun went down were left a marvellous scarlet—quite a blood colour, mixed with streaks of bright yellow. The sea is always tinted with the same colour as the sky, so when the sunset is yellow, and the sea has been blue, the latter turns an uneasy shade of purple. I have also seen sunrises lately, as during the last week my sister and I have slung two hammocks on the balcony and slept there all night. It is simply grand, and I shall hate having to sleep inside the house again. We have had letters from some jolly Irish girls who lived in Auckland, and who are now travelling, and they are giving two of their cousins from Switzerland letters to us. They arrive in Cape Town in about a month's time, and are, the Irish girls say, very nice. I hope they live near to us, as I should like to have two more girl friends, especially when they have travelled and will have plenty to talk of. Cousin Winnie sent me a grand long letter last mail, so I have that on my mind whenever a boat goes to New Zealand. She is a treasure as regards correspondence, and gives me all the news, and tells me of the latest things in books she has met with. I notice that our page is simply overcrowded with letters from Dora. She is fairly mean where writing is concerned, and it is a good long time since I last heard from her. From Cousin Hilda's description I think the Pigmies must be in appearance very like the Bushmen who live in caves in the bush far back in Central Africa. They, too, are tiny and very ugly, stunted people, with no intellect apparently. They are rather like monkeys, and their short hair (or wool!) grows quite close round the face. They are below even the Hottentots, who are quite horrible enough. It is hard to believe the Easter holidays are almost here. We haven't arranged anything, so they will be deadly dull, I expect. They are usually pretty bad, even when fine, but we think they will be wet this time, as the weather has broken up. Just now nothing of interest is happening here; everything is slow, and nearly every week some man commits suicide, which facts, with cricket and Natal disturbances, form the topics of conversation. We have had few south-easters, so after saying how wonderful the weather is, they fall back on the other three matters. I have none to fall back upon, so must stop writing and making this dull letter still worse. With love to you, dear Cousin Kate, and all the cousins, I remain, your absent cousin, Alison. Easter Monday: I have not posted this letter, so shall add a little. We saw "The Prodigal Son" played on Thursday night; it was very good, and though sad most interesting. I liked the book better than the play, but the scenery was so beautiful that it made up for the omission of anything which we

liked in the story itself. The holidays were rather dull on the whole. We had a sad service in the cathedral on Good Friday, and the morning and evening services on Sunday were beautiful. The cathedral was full, and people stood in the porches as well as outside. The cathedral service is very High Church, and on festival days lasts nearly an hour longer than usual, as the processions take up a good deal of time. The music was grand, with a full choir, of course, and many anthems, etc. Low Church people consider it wrong to have candles, banners, processions, and so forth, but it makes the service so impressive and one which is not easily forgotten. I do like it, don't you, Cousin Kate? I gardened diligently all this morning, and went for a long walk later on. The day was perfect till about six at night, when the rain came down, and the poor picnic people came home by hundreds in carts of every description, and looked rather damp, not to say depressed. When you see others returning in the rain, while you are safely home, you can afford to laugh; otherwise the wet makes you feel somewhat enraged on a holiday. I received a post-card from Cousin Florence, but as I don't collect I should like her, if she doesn't mind, to send them to my sister, who will exchange. Her correct address is Miss M. Salmon, Fairfield, Green Point, Cape Town. The post-card, addressed to "Green Lane, S.A.," was a few days finding me! Now, dear Cousin Kate, you will be in despair if I write much more, so I must say good-bye once more. With love to you and all the cousins.—From Cousin Alison, Green Point.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—Is it really a month since you wrote to me last? I can hardly believe it, the time has gone so quickly. We must both have been enjoying life, I think, or we should have found time going very much more slowly. What a delightful holiday you must have spent at French Hoek. It is so nice to be able to run wild and do just exactly what one likes, even if it is only for a fortnight, but work seems less inviting than usual after such a holiday, I think. I haven't seen "Veronique" yet, but it is to be played here by Williamson's Opera Company this week, and I am going to see it if I can manage it. We went to "Utopia, Limited," last night, and were rather disappointed in it. Have you seen it? It is one of Gilbert and Sullivan's, but not to be compared with any of their other operas. We have been having such musical treats here lately, and for a long time I have had nothing at all. Te Rangī Pāi (Mrs Howie) gave two concerts last week, and Andrew Black gives three this week. It is always a pity, I think, when they all come together like that. I like to spread my treats out, don't you? I haven't come across "Princess Paucilla's Fortnight" yet, but I liked "Barbe of Grand Bayou" immensely. Another book I read lately that I thoroughly enjoyed was "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is charming, so if you see it be sure and read it, and tell me what you think of it. I have always heard that the South African sunsets are wonderfully beautiful, but as you say it takes more than mere words to describe them, so I must wait until I see them for myself. The ser-

vices in the cathedral must be rather different to what we are accustomed to at St. Mary's, but I think I prefer the simpler service, though the other may be more impressive. Well, Alison, I really must stop now, or I shall never answer my other letters.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic," and I hope I will continue writing to you. I think that "Betty of the Wilderness" is a very interesting story, and I like it very much. Buster Brown is a very funny little boy, he is always up to mischief, is he not, Cousin Kate? I will give you the answer to my riddle, which is a very simple one. This is the answer: P A S H I O N. I will put another one at the end of my letter. I had a very delightful time at Easter. I did not go out anywhere, but enjoyed myself very much at home. I went out for long walks. Have you ever been to Waitara? It is such a pretty place. A little while before Easter mother and father, two of my brothers, and myself went over to Waitara in the boat. It is about 15 miles from our home. The day was lovely when we started, and the water was as calm as could be. We were going to come home again that night, but it started to blow, and so we could not return for about three days, and on the third day we started, and it was rough. We are having very cold and wet weather down here at present. I wonder what sort of weather you are having up there? I think I must close now, so with love to all the other cousins, I remain, your loving cousin, QUEENIE (Warkworth).

P.S.—This is the riddle: Why is the letter E like London?

[Dear Cousin Queenie.—I am glad you like "Betty of the Wilderness"—it is a charming story. I wonder how Betty would have managed if she had had Buster Brown to look after? I guessed your last riddle, but am afraid I cannot see any likeness between the letter E and London, so will have to wait for the answer until you write next time. Yes, I have been to Waitara. We stayed there for a week last year, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. I loved the baths, didn't you? But I think a week is quite long enough to stay there, as there really is not very much to do, unless one is a very keen fisherman, and I am not fond of boating at all. We are having very much the same sort of weather as you are, I fancy. It is raining hard this morning, and is bitterly cold. I am just wondering what I can do to keep myself warm. I don't care for winter weather at all, do you? Cousin Kate.]

ECZEMA FOR YEARS.

Zam-Buk Cures where many Treatments fail.

Eczema is more prevalent in winter than at any other season. In the severest cases Zam-Buk has afforded a complete and lasting cure. "I have suffered for years with Eczema on both my legs," says Mr J. C. Duncan, of Belmont-street, Yarrawonga, Vic., "and during that extended period have tried all sorts of so-called remedies, but could gain no relief whatever. I always found it worse during the wool and grain season, in which two products I am interested. I can't say whether the close air of the wool and grain sheds had an aggravating effect on the Eczema, but the complaint was always most severe then. Last season while superintending the loading of a cargo of wheat at Willemsdorp a friend of mine, hearing that I was afflicted with Eczema, recommended Zam-Buk. I followed his advice, happily, for the first two or three applications satisfied me that I have secured the right remedy at last. I continued the treatment, and in a very short time the Eczema was thoroughly cured. I have also found Zam-Buk invaluable for Chafings, which troubled me somewhat during the summer months. One application of the Balm in such cases always brings relief." Zam-Buk is invaluable for Eczema, Ulcers, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Bad Legs, Inflammation, Rashes, Eruptions, Pimples, Sores, Scabs, Scalds, Pains, Swellings, Chapped Hands, Sore Faces, Cold Sores, Chills, Chills, Cold in the Head, Cuts, Burns, Festerings, Gatherings, Poisoned Wounds, etc. Of all Chemists, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney, price 1/6, or 3/6 family size (containing nearly four times the quantity).

Don't waste time in experimenting. **Thirty Years' unbroken and increasing Success** is the best proof of the claim of

Ombridge's Lung Tonic

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

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

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR FOR THE SKIN

COOLING, SOOTHING, HEALING and Emollient; Preserves the Skin, heals all eruptions, and Beautifies the Complexion more effectually than any other preparation; removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness and all irritation and is warranted harmless. Ask Stores and Chemists for Rowland's Kalydor of 77, Hatton Garden, London.

BUTTER-SCOTCH

Is the most delicious sweet for children, and the favourite in England.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S Butter-Scotch

Is beyond criticism

Mothers give it their children, because it is pure, and Medical Men say it is nourishing.



Ask the Confectioner for it, and note the brand, the 'Thistle.'

O.T. PUNCH has many qualifications. It is an instant cure for Indigestion, Cramp,

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

Mosquitoes Avoid the presence of Carbolic, so do fruits, and many other insects. That is why the use of

CALVERT'S 20% Carbolic Soap

has been found such a protection against their attacks. It is powerfully antiseptic, too, a quality readily appreciated in hot climates, and imparts a delightful freshness to the skin.

Sold by local Chemists and Stores.
F. C. CALVERT & Co. Manchester, Eng.

Betty of the Wilderness

By Lillian Turner (Mrs. F. Lindsay Thompson)

Author of "An Australian Lassie," "Sights of Sydney," etc.

DEDICATION: To my Husband.

CHAPTER XIX.

BETTY'S SCHEME.

THE next evening Betty opened her father's study door and peeped in.

Her face was all aglow, as surely it had never been before, and her heart was beating till it seemed to set her throat throbbing.

For Betty had a "scheme"—a scheme which had kept her awake half through the previous night, and made her by turns distraught and gay in the day—to Dot's bewilderment.

At the sound of the opening of the door Mr. Bruce raised his head, and gazed, unseeing, at the girl's face. His brain was just beginning to warm and quicken with new thoughts, and a sheet of ink-wet paper was before him.

"Should I interrupt?" asked Betty, wheedlingly.

"Eh?" said her father. "Could your worship grant me ten minutes?"

She came into the room and shut the door.

"No more, then," said her father; "and I'd rather have given you them at any time during the day. Well?"

He lifted his eyes from his sprawling black scrawl, and saw her face.

"What is the matter?" he asked in surprise, for the shining light in the girl's face was wonderful, her glowing eyes, her tremulous mouth!

"I—I've got a scheme, daddie," she said, and she didn't sit down. She just began to walk up and down the small room.

"If you throw cold water on it," she said, "you'll kill me. Oh, father, there's no cold water in the world, so don't look for any. I've used it all up during the seventeen years of my refrigerated life."

"Poor little icicle!" said her father, smiling humorously.

"I want to go away from home," she said feverishly—"right away by myself. I want to live in an attic up ten flights of stairs, where I can see nothing but chimney tops and sky by day, and stars and sky at night. Now Dot is here—"

A sudden thought came to her father. "Surely not a quarrel the first day," he said.

Betty laughed.

"I should think not," she said. "We're far too polite! We're keeping the first quarrel for the fifth day. No, if Dot had not come home I was going to slaughter my Pegasus and become a model Martha. I was going to 'make and mend, and do all the housewifery that best becomes a woman.' But, oh, I hate it so—I hate it so. And I love my Pegasus."

"But, child, you can keep him at home in your room."

"And never rise on him. Never!" said the girl hotly. "It's Betty, Betty, all day long. There's no peace." She clasped her hands and faced her father.

"My life is one long study in interruptions," she said, and her eyes filled. "I'd rather have a limb or two off and have done with it," she said, speaking as one who had several to spare. "But the hourly sawing away at my thoughts—it's—it's positive agony."

No one could doubt her. Her mobile face was working, her eyes shining with tears; she was suffering the agony even while she spoke.

Her father threw down his pen. "He, perhaps, better than anyone in the world, could understand her."

He, too, had yearned for an attic up ten flights of stairs, with only the chimney pots and the star-world for company. And he had been given eight noisy children and a weatherboard cottage!

"His present office in town was the nearest approach to the attic, and the ideal he had yet attained."

"I know," he said. "I know. But

how on earth can it be done? I don't want to blot out your stars, my child; but how can it be done? We must be practical, Betty!"

He tried to look so; threw back his head and bent shoulders, and frowned. But of the two of them, Betty, though more of an enthusiast, because younger, was far more practical.

"Quite easily," she said cheerfully. "Of course, I know, for one thing, it wants money."

She then told her father of her visit to the "Times" editor, and of her engagement as letter-writer.

Mr. Bruce was as astonished as she could possibly have desired; and the salary was in his eyes, as well as in Betty's, magnificent.

"Forty-eight—practically fifty pounds a year," he said.

"Yes," said Betty eagerly; "and that's only one letter a week. I might be taken on by New Zealand or Melbourne. I shall try all the colonies. I could easily manage three letters a week—and then get time for my stories. In an attic all things are possible."

Her father smiled.

"To the young," he said, "all things are possible. Life looks just a golden stairway, Betty, to the highest heaven of all. And I suppose, my child, it is—or may be. We who've missed our footing blame the stairway, and even doubt the heaven."

He stared before him with sad eyes. How he, too, had longed to climb—how eager-hearted, warm-blooded he had been. And now—now—

"The desire of the moth for the star!" he murmured.

Some of the glow, a very little, faded from the girl's bright face. Her father noticed it at once.

"Go on, my child," he said, rousing himself. "Climb, and climb, higher and higher. . . . I know what you want—you want your struggle. I won't stand in the way of your ten-storey-high attic. I'll make you a settled allowance. That's how a practical father should talk, isn't it?"

"Not a penny!" said Betty firmly. "It would spoil everything, father. I am practical. I've been into this over and over. I intend to be a self-supporting young woman. If I come to grief (and no fear of that) I can come to you then for an allowance. Let me have my flutter, anyway."

"Well, let me pay rent."

"Not a penny," reiterated Betty. "Not a fraction of a penny!"

"Let me pay the —"

"Nobody and nothing," said the girl firmly.

Her father considered, then a new thought came.

"My dear," he said, "is it is it what the world calls proper? No, I'm sure it's not."

"Pooh!" said Betty scornfully. "What do I care for the world?"

"But we must consider it. Look at the thing, my child. You're seventeen, aren't you? Now, can I let you face the world at seventeen, alone? Characters, my child, though highly unpleasant shadows, are highly necessary."

"Suppose," said Betty, thoughtfully, "that I got my attic in some old lady's house. There are loads of old ladies—" "With attics to let?"

"Yes," said Betty, stoutly; "loads. Loads who would be glad to let a room for a trifle a week. An unfurnished room. And if she's a lonely widow lady, or a dear little old maid, think how she would like to go to the 'functions' with me! Why, it would open up life for her. I'll put an advertisement in the paper, father, and I promise you, if you don't approve of the old lady and the attic, I'll—not give up—but I'll try 'ill you do."

"Very well," said Mr. Bruce, smiling. "We'll leave things like that. But, again—"

"Not more cold water!" said Betty. "No; it's lukewarm. How about Dot?"

Is she able to do at once what you have been doing for years?"

"I really think she's very good," said Betty. "She's so tidy, and she's a book-full of recipes, and one of the completest work-baskets I ever saw."

"Still—" said Mr. Bruce.

"And she can carve poultry," said Betty; "she's taken lessons in it."

"But we rarely have poultry."

"Oh, I know. But it's a sign, isn't it? She sounds so capable. She has a lot of hints on sick nursing—"

"But we are seldom ill."

"I know. But if you are! I'm only showing you that taking her all round she is far more capable than I. I only know a few childish ailments—sore throat, toothache, earache, and so on. And when I carve a fowl, I start at one end of the table and before I've half done I've travelled all round—I and the fowl, and the dish, and my work-basket is always half full of children's treasures. Oh, I'm sure Dot is far better than I."

"For everyday life—and a rough girl like Mary?"

"Oh, yes. Dot knows the duties of all servants, butlers, cooks, under-housemaids, nursery housemaids—"

Mr. Bruce's eyes twinkled.

"Then she can manage our staff," he said.

Betty laughed.

"I'm only showing you," she said, again, "how much better she is than I am. Now, I couldn't set one of those servants their duties if my very life depended on it."

"Suppose you and Dot talk over pros and cons," suggested Mr. Bruce. "Hear what she has to say. We must consider her. Remember, she has come home out of consideration to us—has given up, I suspect, a very comfortable home, to make us happier. You must consult Dot."

"I'll go now," this instant," said Betty. "You're quite right, father. I should tell Dot. Have I taken up very much of your time? I believe I've been here hours."

Mr. Bruce gave a whimsical look at his blackly-written page—

"I was really in good vein," he said. "Now I'm all attics and old ladies. Betty, do you know this?"

"Making a mock of life and all its cares—Rich in the glory of my rising sun. Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs. In the brave days when I was twenty—"

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will; There was my bed, full hard it was and small;

My table there — and I decipher still Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall."

Well, never mind the rest. It's a cry of one old and weary, who has done precisely what you would do. Go to—go to; and shut the door."

Betty found Dot in the dining-room, sitting idly in front of the piano, her hands sunk on the keys, just as she had struck her last chord.

The children were all in bed. Cyril had disappeared with his books to his bedroom. Mr. Bruce was in his study, and Betty she had lost sight of.

Last night Dot had been treated as a visitor. She had been talked to, listened to. She had played and sung, and the family circle had seemed drawn together. But to-night they had all gone their own ways without her.

Even Nancy, her worshipper, had crept to bed, almost blinded with one of her headaches. There was a little weariness at Dot's heart. Until to-day a sort of exaltation had buoyed her up. Perhaps she felt something of a heroine; perhaps she felt she was coming to be a household angel. And now—now where was she? Where was there room for her in all the weatherboard cottage precincts? Who wanted her? Who was there to belong to? Not her father, certainly. He seemed to actually require no one—unless it was Betty. Not Cyril. He gave her scant attention, and turned to Betty in all things. Not Betty! That strange, eager-eyed sister, who seemed to walk with her head in cloudland, and—

"Dot," said Betty, in the doorway, "is that 'The Lost Chord' or a song without words, or—"

"I wasn't thinking," said Dot, raising her hands from the keys, and leaving the piano.

"If you're not going to do anything particular," said Betty, "let us have a little talk. I have something I would like to consult you over."

Dot's face brightened.

"Certainly," she said, and looked expectant.

Doubt darkened Betty's mind. What if Dot should say "No, I couldn't undertake it. I'll pack up and go back to Mona, and peace and plenty."

"I hardly know how to begin," said Betty, diffidently; "but the truth is, I want to do something similar to what you have been doing. I want to go out into the wilderness and keep myself."

Dot's eyes opened widely.

"A companion?" she asked.

"No," said Betty; "a scribe. Something of an author, and something of a journalist. But till I'm out of the grub-like state, call me a scribe."

"A scribe!" repeated Dot, as one dazed.

"A scribe!" said Betty, "is one who wields a pen. I never could get a chance to wield mine. Now I've got it, and it rests with you whether I take it or not."

"With me?" said Dot.

"Yes. You're new to it all—to the house and the children and Mary. Would it be dreadful if I went away and left all on your shoulders?"

"I was going to suggest a division of work," said Dot.

"And now—Oh, Dot. It would be too much for you, wouldn't it? It is a lot. But we might find a way to lessen it—a young girl to come daily and mind the children, for instance."

Something like a smile came to Dot's face. Perhaps she was a little pleased—just a little—at the prospect of being Queen of the Kingdom of Home. She always had been a trifle afraid of Betty, and although these two days she had rigidly kept to her plan of only regarding the surface of things, she had seen beneath it, for how could she help it? And she had been longing for, say, the fourth or fifth day, when she might say:

"Let us make an arrangement, Betty, as to the work and the children. There are so many things I want to see altered, that must be altered. But don't let us quarrel!"

Yet some subtle sense had warned her that Betty was not an easy young person to dethrone.

She would not meekly step down to a lower seat if she felt the higher one was hers by right.

And she had recollections of Betty's eyes flashing, of Betty's lips curling, of Betty's feet stamping!

"If," said Dot, "if you have been able to manage Betty I really think I can. You see I'm so much older!"

"Only four years!" said Betty.

"I have had eight years more experience of life," sighed Dot, as one who had been over the rocks of the world and cut her feet.

"Pleasant experience," corrected Betty.

"I've seen how houses are managed," said Dot. "I've seen what you can call the wheels within the wheels."

Betty felt she was being muzzled of something.

"There's such a difference," she said, "between merely looking on and making the wheels go round!"

A little stiffness got into Dot's voice. "Still," she said, "it is possible I can manage."

"It's possible," said Betty doubtfully.

Dot laughed. She saw, for some reason, things were going wrong, and she made an effort to smooth them over.

"Do you want my credentials, my references?" she asked. "I am a fair cook. I can make soups and jellies, puddings and cakes, and entrees. I can sew and darn, do plain and fancy needlework; I—"

You know as much of children as the heathen know of you I expect," Betty.

"Ah!" said Dot, airily; "but I have in my trunk a book, and it's entitled 'The Care and Management of Children, from their tenderest day,' which will include even Baby."

"Um," said Betty. But her eyes certainly admired her elder sister almost frankly.

"Are you sure you can learn from a book?"

"It's how I learnt drawn thread work and netting," said Dot. "You can learn anything from a book if you only get the right book."

"I give in," said Betty with a sudden laugh. "I didn't expect you to know so much! I thought you'd be a fashionable young lady who would only be able to drink afternoon tea and play tennis. In all probability this household will live to bless the day when Betty turned Scribe, and Dot Head of the House."

CHAPTER XX.

"FOUR PAIR OF STAIRS."

Betty's advertisement appeared in the two morning papers, and brought a host of replies. She advertised for an unfurnished room in the home of a married or an elderly lady—must be quiet and central.

And an exhilarating number of elderly ladies replied that they had unfurnished rooms to let, and would be pleased to show them to "Scribe" if she would call.

Betty sorted out half a dozen that she considered likely ones, and went with an eagerly beating heart to view them.

In the first instance there was a baby—and it was crying lustily, so Betty, with a lively recollection of the murdering of supreme moments by the cry of a child, refused. At the second place she was offered a front room off the street; she who longed for an attic; and at the third place the neighbourhood was noisy and unpleasant.

The fourth was central. It was in one of Sydney's main streets, and faced a park. A high three-storey house, in a long terrace of high three-storey houses. There was an iron railing in front, and three steps, and at the side of the door three brass plates bearing the names of two doctors and one dentist.

"The wrong place, of course," said Betty. "Doctors don't let rooms to scribes."

Nevertheless she pressed the bell and put her inquiry to the maid who answered it, whether a Mrs Thornton lived there.

"Third floor," said the maid. "Wait a moment, please."

She put her mouth to a speaking-tube on the wall and whistled. An answering whistle came down again.

"A young lady to see Mrs Thornton," said the maid.

"Will you ask her to come up," said the replying voice.

And Betty mounted the stairs deeply impressed. She had heard nothing like that before in her life.

Up she went, higher, higher. Through an open door on the second floor she saw a luxurious room with a luxurious red plush chair in it, and a glittering machine beside it.

Betty had never been to a dentist's in her life. She had had one tooth only extracted, and that by the local chemist.

She went on, upwards and upwards, like Excelsior, and when she stood on the third storey she saw yet another flight of stairs running skywards.

She stood on a square landing with two doors facing her. One was closed, one stood open.

Out of the open doorway came a woman. Betty scanned her face eagerly for signs of middle-age; but it bore no mark that warranted one in supposing it had looked on more than three and thirty years of life.

The woman scanned Betty just as eagerly, and bade her come in and sit down, somewhat abruptly. She was a tall, thin woman, blue-eyed, golden-haired. Her complexion held the glow, given by colder climes than Australia.

"I came about a room," said Betty, shyly. She felt so very small, so very girlish, so very insignificant all at once.

"Yes. I saw you wanted one without furniture." Then they looked at each other. It seemed to Betty that the woman suddenly grew antagonistic to her.

"I do not know," she said, brusquely, "why I wrote to you. What do you want the room for?"

"To live in," said Betty. "I write—and I want to be quiet."

"To write in?" asked Mrs Thornton. "You would not then want to eat there, or sleep there?"

Betty's eyes widened. "It was stupid of me to forget," she said. "I ought to have said 'with use of kitchen.'"

"Oh," said the woman, and looked more than ever antagonistic.

"I don't think you would find me much in the way in the kitchen," said Betty. "I was hoping—" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I was hoping for an attic room," said the girl, and her eyes were eloquent.

"It is what you would call an attic," said the woman, less brusquely. "Would you like to come up?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty, with alacrity. It was the first attic she had been asked to view.

They went up the fourth flight of

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stairs and reached another landing. Here were three doors.

"This is the room," said Mrs. Thornton, pushing open a door. Betty entered.

The room was long and narrow. It ran from the front of the house to the back, and had an attic window at each end. The ceiling sloped, or was "battered," after the manner of attics. The walls were white and clean plastered; the floor bare; there was no fireplace.

Betty ran across the floor to the front window. It showed her green tree tops and a sky-world all soft blue, and billowy clouds.

"Oh!" said Betty. Her eyes fell. She saw the lower earth—tramcars far below, cabs, little people walking; how little they looked, how blissfully far away.

"Perfect!" she said, and ran to the back window. Here was blue and white sky-world, too. Lower, chimney-tops and chimney-tops; lower again, little cells of back yards.

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty, again. "Perfect, perfect!" She turned round. Mrs. Thornton was regarding her with a pleased smile.

"You could have quiet," she said. "Yes," said Betty—"up your pair of stairs," with a thought to her father's quotation.

"Come down," said Mrs. Thornton, and led the way again. Going down the stairs, Betty bethought herself of shillings and pence. She must be practical, and not forget orthodox inquiries.

"People generally ask after drains and stoves when they look at houses," she told herself, "and neither matter to me up here—only rent."

She sat down on the sofa edge again. "About rent," she began.

Her hostess looked nonplussed—and annoyed.

"Yes," she said. "About rent," repeated Betty, earnestly.

They both flushed, and regarded each other shamefacedly.

"I do not know anything about such things," said Mrs. Thornton. "I had not thought of it."

"I don't know anything," said Betty. "I've never engaged a room before."

They stared at each other again and shuffled uncomfortably.

"Won't you think?" said Betty.

"It's like this," said Mrs. Thornton. "My husband is a doctor, and has gone to the Continent and London. He may be two years away. He has left another man in his place, and we have let the other rooms. There are two doctors and one dentist, and they all go home at night. I am lonely. The servant goes home. There is no one in the house but me. I thought—if there was someone else—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty. "It is just as I wanted it to be. I longed for an attic, and for either a widow lady, or an old maid, and you're as good as both!" Then she stopped, gasped, grew scarlet, then white.

The next minute Mrs. Thornton laughed—a laugh of deep enjoyment.

"The colour came slowly back to Betty's face; she managed to raise her eyes again.

"When would you wish to come?" asked Mrs. Thornton.

"At once," said Betty; "next week." "I didn't show you—the bathroom is the room next to yours, the third room is a lumber room. I live in this room. If you will come I will show you the kitchen."

They returned to the landing, and Mrs. Thornton opened the other door there.

Betty thought she had never seen such a kitchen. The floor wore linoleum, there was a snow-white table, a white enamelled gas stove. A long white dresser, with arrays of cups, white and quaint-shaped, of picturesque looking jugs, of white plates of all sizes. There were two big drawers to the dresser, each with peculiar shining brass handles. There was a sink in one corner, and hanging neatly over it brushes of all sorts, from the large scrubbing brush to the bottle-brush.

Then, on a higher level, but still upon the wall, a long row of scrupulously clean enamel samplers. Above the table was a green painted board, and hanging to this, on gilt screws, all kinds of household necessities—corkscrew, tin opener, egg whisk, chopping knife, scissors, etc. Behind the door was a mangle. Everything was neat, natty, scrupulously clean; and in some way uncommon, most kitchens possessed such furniture and yet but few looked like this one.

"What a beautiful kitchen," said Betty.

ty enthusiastically; "even cooking would be a pleasure here."

"You can use it as you like," said Mrs. Thornton. "I do little cooking. In the basement I have my laundry—you can use that, too."

"Thank you," said Betty; "and I will have to think about my furniture. I have never furnished before. It is like being married."

"Have you anyone belonging to you?" asked Mrs. Thornton abruptly.

"Oh, lots," said Betty. "We are nine in family altogether. I am the second eldest. My father is the editor of 'The Mirror.' I want to make my own way in the world, and this is my plan."

They were still standing in the kitchen doorway.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Thornton, giving the girl a kindly glance, "you will like to do as I have done—to hide the bedroom part of your room."

"I didn't notice," said Betty—"a curtain?"

Mrs. Thornton led the way back to the front room, and Betty looked round bewildered. It was a square, lofty room, with two pairs of French windows opening on to a balcony. There was an Axminster carpet square on the floor of soft sage green, and a surround of the same coloured linoleum. Near the fireplace was an elegant cosy corner; across one corner a combination of desk and bookcase; across another, a wide-seated, many-cushioned sofa. There were a few easy, comfortable chairs, a small table or two, and a screen. Little else.

"Bedroom?" echoed Betty.

"This is my drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-room," said her hostess.

Then she smiled at the bewilderment in the young face. She gave a few touches to the sofa—and it became a bed!

"I make it up each night," said Mrs. Thornton, "for I do believe in having comfort. I make the bathroom my washstand, and have a shelf there for a dressing-table."

She pointed to the landing whereon stood an old-fashioned press.

"That holds most of my clothes," she said.

"What a splendid idea," said Betty enthusiastically—"what a splendid idea. I don't want a drawing-room, though—I only want a study. And can you buy beds like that, or was it made to order?"

"You can get them at Knox's at one pound nineteen and six each," said Mrs. Thornton.

The mention of money recalled Betty. She grew scarlet and began to stammer.

"We—we did not finish about rent," she said.

Mrs. Thornton immediately put on her antagonistic look again.

"Eight shillings a week?" queried the girl.

"For an unfurnished room," said Mrs. Thornton. "I am not your Skylock."

"Then six," said Betty—"or six-and-sixpence."

"Six and six—and for an attic! I do not make my bread out of young girls."

"Then five," said Betty—"there are so many conveniences."

"No, no. There are four lots of stairs. It is a bad room, though I could live in it. We will say three shillings."

"But gas," said Betty—"and water."

"We will say three shillings. No more. I should be uncomfortable. It is my arrangement to get away from loneliness. It is not talk I want. But it's good to know there is someone else, even up at the roof—when one is lonely."

"Let us say four," begged Betty. "Then I can boil by kettle with a happier mind. If you don't say four, I shall be reduced to cold water."

"Then—four," said Mrs. Thornton, grudgingly. "I don't like it, and my husband would be vexed. What day will you come?"

"I'll write," said Betty, making her way to the staircase head.

"The room is there," said Mrs. Thornton. "You can just come. Or you can ring up—there is the telephone."

"Very well," said Betty, and held out her hand.

Mrs. Thornton gave her a limp handshake.

"I'm not sociable," she said. "I don't like much talk. I like myself. Some days you may not see me at all."

"I'm like that," said Betty, and laughed. "We could each have caps," she added, "and just put them on when we want to be let alone."

She passed down the stairway, laughing, happy-eyed.

"How perfectly beautiful life is," she said to herself on the second floor landing.

She ran down the next flight and paused again.

"Four pairs of stairs—five to my attic," she said, and looked up again to smile at the banisters.

She passed out of the street door, still smiling, still happy.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BISCUIT TIN GOES FORTH.

It was a fortnight after Captain Carew's conversation with John concerning a profession. There was on John's mind a trouble, and it seemed to grow darker every day. It had nothing whatever to do with the question of being solicitor, surgeon—or even champion cricketer of the world.

Yesterday that had happened which had precipitated matters.

For perhaps three years John had recognised his own position in the captain's good books and household with an easy mind. He had been adopted, he knew, for some good reasons connected with the captain's will and convenience. Previously, being a boy of inventive mind, he had satisfactorily arranged the reason for his sudden translation from a rough bush home to this comfortable suburban one.

He was a boy of thirteen when this translation took place, and his new life speedily brought him into communication with the young Bruces.

He learned that they, too, belonged to the captain. Then, that the captain regarded them with shut eyes. So he arranged a sort of genealogical tree, in which he figured as heir presumptive to the Carew estate, stating that he was only son to Captain Carew's only son—while the Bruces were only the descendants of a mere daughter.

And that romance satisfied him for more than three years.

Then someone in the world of facts enlightened him, and proved to him quite conclusively that he was no relation at all to his supposed grandfather.

Even the captain, when severely examined by the boy, owned there was no bond of blood between them.

John was 16, but it was not the age of chivalry with him then. He was in a sort of summatulistic stage, and not afire to be or do anything in particular.

He liked to-day very well, and dreamed about to-morrow.

But the lethargic stage passed too. Something very near akin to chivalry and romance stirred in his veins.

Nobler impulses came to him. He longed to be a knight-errant, to do and to dare, not necessarily for a fair lady, but for a fair cause.

Two roads in life seemed to stretch before him. The one looked easy, level, pleasant-faring, just such a road, in fact, as seems to await the feet of most wealthy gentlemen's only sons.

He had only to go straight on, and in due time he would find himself well along the road, walking shoulder to shoulder with comrades, who, like himself, had never conjugated the verb "to want," never tasted the bitterness of money-frustrations, never known the terrors of looking into the face of Life alone—absolutely alone!

But the other road: he could see only the stony beginning of it, but he knew it went over the rocks of the world; he knew they who walked there had blistered feet, and aching hearts, and he longed to walk among them.

He wanted to take life for himself. To fight his own fight. To get over and live down that (now), to him, so terrible indignity—being adopted!

Then Yesterday happened upon the Scroll of Ages. He had come out of his grandfather's gate, and was just about to turn his feet towards the post office corner, when there passed him in the roadway a cart.

It was travelling slowly, the driver looking half-asleep, and the horse well content that he should be so.

Then, through the still air came a cry—something like a coo-ee, and John, looking backwards, saw Betty Bruce, running down that bush-track from her home.

She saw John and waved to the cart, crying, "Stop him! Stop him!"

So John promptly stopped the driver of the cart.

Breathlessly Betty came up. She carried a biscuit-tin, large size, and a bird cage.

She went round to the side of the cart.

"You left these!" she panted. "They are very important. I'd—have got there—to-night with the bird—and there'd have been no cage! The tin is very important, too. Take care of it, please."

John handed the well-corded tin and the empty cage up to the driver, and

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took a quick look at the contents of the cart.

There were two chairs, rather old, cane-seated ones, a roll of pillows and bedding, a small table, a kerosene box (out of which protruded two saucerpan handles and a pink and white cup), a portmanteau, a tin trunk, several other biscuit tins, and a small bamboo table.

"Goo' day," said the man. "Gee-up, there, my lass; git along."

Betty and John faced each other, and the cart rambled on down the red country road.

Betty was hatless; she wore a pink cotton dress, old and well-washed. Pink was in her cheeks, scarlet in her lips, and a wonderful light in her brown eyes.

"Going to do a camp, any of you?" asked John, who was always ready for vagaries on the part of the Bruce family.

Betty laughed, a laugh of intense enjoyment.

"Do you remember, John?" she said, "when you and I went out into the world to make our fortune?"

"Don't I?" said John, with energy.

"We were ragged," said Betty.

"And barefoot," said John.

"I'd got a few pence, tied up in my handkerchief, I think," said Betty.

"I believe I had a shilling," said John.

"And I sang songs at street corners, and made about a shilling an hour, and you—"

"I made threepence in the day, I think," said John.

Betty looked after the cart, and her eyes glowed.

"I'm better equipped to-day," she said; "a little better. I've a box of groceries, and a pillow to rest my head on. But I'm off again, just as I was then, and—"

"What!" exclaimed John, almost leaping in the air with surprise.

"It's true, most beautifully and wonderfully true," said the girl. "I'm going out into the world to earn my own living. No, not to stand at street corners and sing, but to live in an attic, and write, write, write."

"But the children—your father—"

said John.

"Dot's come home," said Betty.

"That's all right."

The iron gate behind John clicked, and both young people turned and faced the captain.

All three flushed.

The captain, because he knew that impudent madcap girl again, even though she was seventeen.

John, because it was a predicament, and so awkward.

Betty, because she always flushed at meeting the old man.

"Are you coming, John?" asked the captain.

"Not yet, sir," said John, politely.

"Good-bye," said Betty, with a head toss.

John turned and walked beside her.

"I'll go with you to the gate," he said. Then, over his shoulder to the captain, "I'll catch you up, sir."

The captain fumed along alone.

He had wisely ignored the friendship between John and his disowned grandchildren, although knowing it existed.

"That girl again!" he said. "The hoity-toity madam!"

"You're not going alone?" said John to Betty; "it is such madness."

"Alone," said Betty.

"You've more than a shilling?" said John, laughing, nervously. "You're so mad, Betty!"

"A box of groceries," said Betty.

"Truly, truly, instead of the usual half-crown or shilling, a few chairs, and a table, and a box of groceries! Wish me luck."

"I won't," said John, hotly. "It's the greatest madness I ever heard of. Why doesn't Cyril go! Why, you—a girl! It ought to be stopped!"

But Betty laughed, again and again, and then ran along the track away from him home.

John did not catch his grandfather up.

For one thing, the captain had gone striding along angrily, caught his train, and gone citywards. For another, John went walking off across the country, through the bush, alone and angry.

He saw the thing, quite clearly now, or thought he did.

Betty was brave; she always had been. Cyril, her twin, was the coward.

Betty was the one to do—Cyril to blame whatever was done!

There was that terrible incubus—the Family Poverty. John of course knew

all about it. Knew how poor pretty Mrs. Bruce had married against her father's will, had never been forgiven—and had died, poor, pretty, faded and worn.

He knew how Betty had striven to raise the family fortunes by trying to reconcile her irate grandfather, and had gone to his window one night moaning and pretending to be a ghost—all to bring about a reconciliation, and to, perhaps, get Cyril adopted.

He remembered how she had gone into the world a street singer, to raise the family fortunes, at eleven or twelve years old.

And now, here she was again, ready to face the world for the others. Alone! A girl!

John tramped across the bush-world, and reached the tramway road.

It occurred to him that he would never go home any more. That he would go anywhere, over the harbour waters and take up life in the city.

He would be no longer, he told himself, that blot on creation—an adopted man.

Bitterly he took himself to task for his years of dependence.

"I have been in their place!" he told himself—"in Cyril's, in Betty's. I've no right there—they have every right. They should have the life of plenty and cash—I the struggle and the fight!"

Then the uselessness of just going away struck him. He must go back again and face the captain, and show him clearly wherein his duty lay—and that he, John, could no longer occupy what he felt to be their shoes.

No he took the road home again, and he strode up and down the verandahs, and through the lower floor rooms, and about the grounds.

And he rehearsed grandiloquent speeches after the manner of youth on fire—and he tried to see a little way down the stoney road he was planning to tread.

At noon the old man came home again—tired from his journey to town, somewhat worried over business, somewhat annoyed still with John.

If John had known anything about diplomacy he would have postponed matters till after luncheon. But he knew nothing of it, he was very young, his blood was on fire, and he was burning to "right the wrong."

He went to his grandfather's study before the old man had even put down the packet he had carried from town—and he began at once.

"If you will give me a few minutes private conversation, sir, I shall be very glad."

"Hem!" said Captain Carew testily.

"A little while ago," said John, beginning to pace the room, "you asked me to decide what I was going to be, doctor, lawyer, or what—"

"Hem!" said the captain more testily.

"And I didn't know," said John—"or rather I didn't say. For a long time now" (it might have been a month), "I have been ashamed of myself for being here at all. What right have I sponging on you? Why am I here, where—where others ought to be."

The old man's eyes blazed.

"That girl's been at her games again," he said. "Does she want me to adopt her?"

"Pooh!" said John, "she never mentioned your name. I don't believe she would be adopted. What do you think she's doing—going to do?" John wheeled round and faced the captain. "She's going out into the world to work for her family. She's seventeen! A girl! Do you think I can stand it. I to stay here, where she ought to be—and she to go out working, and probably half starving!"

"Do you want to go too?" asked the captain, and a peculiar light of anger danced in his eyes.

"I'm going!" said John.

"Very good," said the old man.

"I'm going to take myself on my own shoulders," said John.

"Very good," said the old man again.

"And you'll let those be here—who should be here?" begged John. "I've worn their shoes long enough. I step out—let them step in!"

"Look here," said the old man, bursting with anger, "you've worn the shoes very comfortably for a good number of years, how you're taking them off you needn't throw them at me. Go!—go out of my room. At once, sir."

(To be Continued.)

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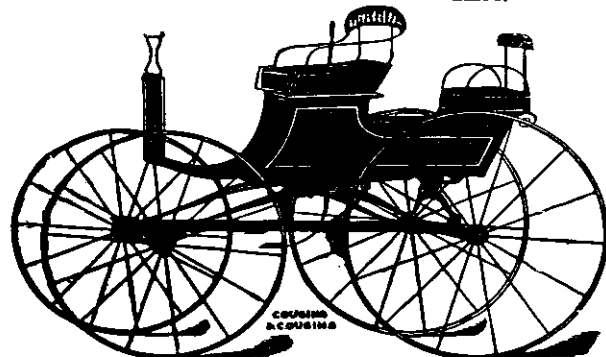
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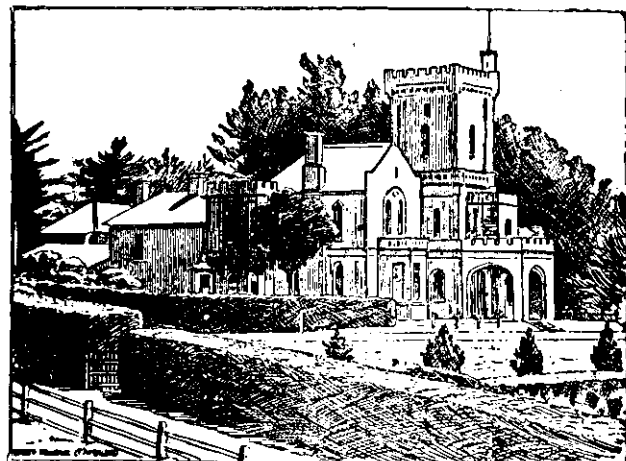


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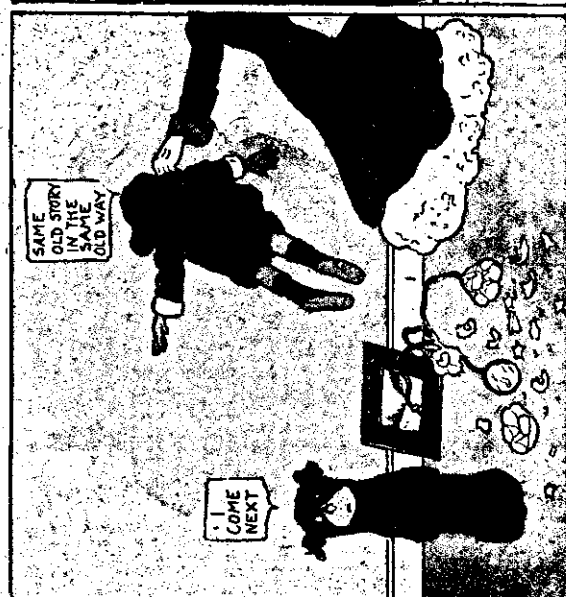
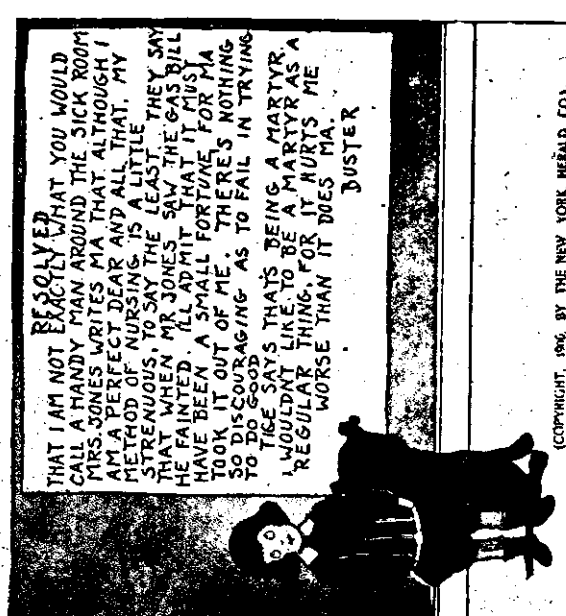
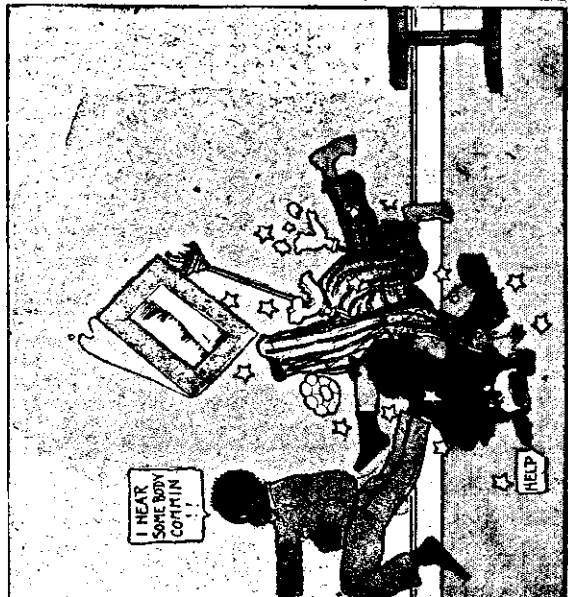
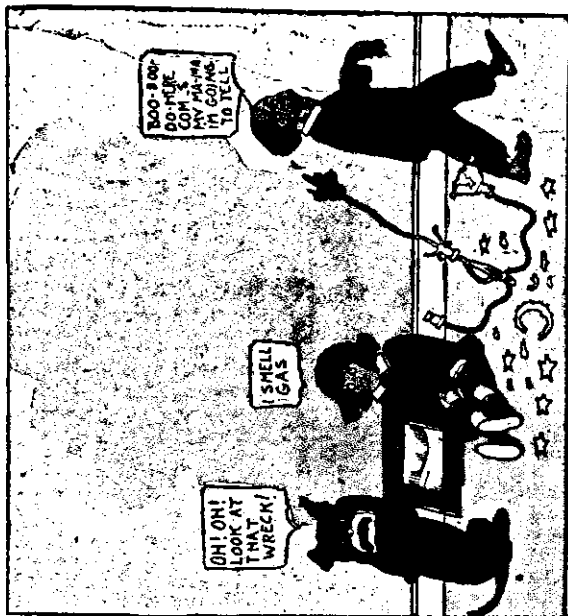


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BUS ROWLING





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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

After Business.

FOR THE GIRL WHO EARNS HER OWN LIVING.

It is a grievous mistake for the business girl to forget how to play, or to sell her girlhood and her capacity for enjoyment together with her services as clerk, cashier, or typist for weekly wages. The capacity for enjoying every small pleasure which comes her way will keep her young, and do more for the complexion and eyes than could the highest-priced beauty doctor.

It will also train the lips to be cheerful, upward curve, soften the voice, and keep dimples playing in the cheeks of the fortunate girl who possesses these pretty birth-marks.

Now, then, is the moment, with holidays behind us, and the long, sombre winter stretching before us to plan the winter pleasures.

No girl can succeed in business who cannot give her employer the enthusiasm and attention his interests demand, nor can she be even healthy and happy unless she learns how to rest and play when the work is done.

FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT.

Men bear the strain of business life so much better than women, not only because they are physically and nervously stronger, but because they know how to drop all thought of work and office annoyances when they go home at night. They seek amusement from the moment they unfold the evening paper on their homeward journey. Already some business girls meet together for their mutual benefit, and it will be well worth while for other girls to follow their example.

One small club of ten girls has been organised for theatre parties. Six other girls, who work at one of the great city stores, have started an exploration club.

GOOD READING.

Every pleasant Sunday afternoon will be devoted to trips or visits to points of interest in and around suburban towns, and each girl has pledged herself to walk half an hour every pleasant day, either to or from work, or during the noon hour. One night in each week they will meet to read historical works and novels bearing on English life.

Four typists have arranged a calisthenic class among their girl friends, to meet twice a week, and they hope to make it large enough to command the exclusive use of the hall and services of the teacher. Once a month the club will give a dance, to which young men will be invited.

The girl who earns her own living, and who envies her freer sisters, should stop and inquire how these other girls, so-called society girls, spend their time, and she will find that she may enjoy some of their pleasures.

LEARN TO SING.

The society girl does not give up every moment to calls, receptions, and dances. There are luncheons with her girl friends, with frequently cooking classes as a hobby. The independent working girl can belong to a cooking class or club if she has energy enough to organise one among her girl friends.

The only difference is that working girls must give their "spreads" at night instead of at high noon. Mothers will hardly refuse the use of kitchens once a week, and even typical London landladies have been known to turn their kitchens over for such festive purposes.

The society girl generally does something in a musical way. So can the girl who works in the city. Every town and suburb supports its choral society, where fresh young voices are welcomed, and excellent training is given. Many churches have large choirs, where girls with fair voices receive training in re-

turn for singing twice a day on Sunday, or a small salary.

Pleasant acquaintances are made in such choirs, and musical taste is fostered.

The society girl, too, has some charitable hobby. Even girls who work long hours will be happier for giving up one hour in each week to someone less fortunate.—"Daily Express."

Beautiful Children.

Sucking the thumb has probably brought more comfort to the average small child than many of the pastimes of advanced years put together, but it has also been the innocent cause of many disfigurements. If persisted in it will completely spoil the shape of the mouth.

and render the lips thick; not only this, it will cause the teeth to protrude. Very often it will also spoil the shape of the nose, as while the thumb is being "chewed" the fingers are most likely pressing the nose in an upward direction.

My little lady will appreciate it when she grows up if her mother has been careful to train her hair to grow prettily on her head, and wonders can be done in this direction if an early start is made. If the forehead is too high, the hair, by constant brushing, training, and massaging in a downward direction, may be made to grow lower and cover the deficiency. The same treatment may be applied to make the hair grow prettily at the nap of the neck.

To make baby's hair curl, brush it upward and twist round your fingers while wet after washing. Brushing downward encourages the hair to grow straight and smooth.

There is another childish habit which is the cause of many bodily deformities, and that is sitting badly.

All mothers are deeply interested in the future good looks and health of their babies, and these are only a few suggestions to remind them that a little carelessness on their part may have the disastrous effect on the soft features and limbs, and cause the children many heartaches and rebellious thoughts in after years, when they have to pay the penalty of this neglect.



Overdoing It.

Lovers are long-suffering creatures, but nothing so irritates and upsets them as having to wait whilst their sweetheart spends an extra half an hour "titiating." The gloom, however, will quickly disperse from his face when a young man sees his sweetheart at last appear, and he always thinks she looks too lovely for anything; but there may come a time when this waiting proves too much for the young man's temper, and none but the girl is to blame for the trouble that ensues.

"I won't be three minutes," she will exclaim, as she disappears to array herself in readiness for some project that has been suggested, and fully expecting her to be absent for at least ten minutes the lover will employ himself for that time, and only then begin the wait that extends from twenty minutes to half an hour and oftentimes beyond.

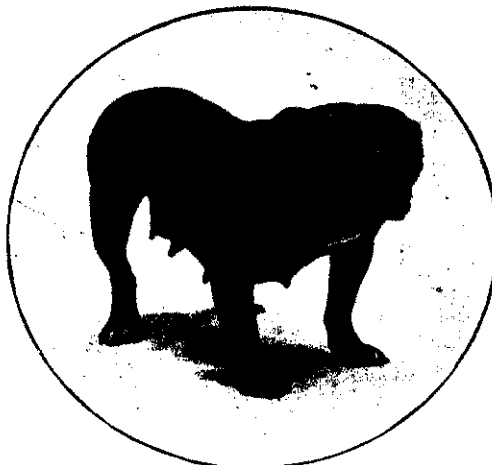
Experience ought to teach him, but he is always so anxious to spend every moment he can with her that he hesitates to leave the meeting spot, and she would be overwhelmed with apologies if she happened to be there and not find him.

Some girls love to torment their sweethearts by keeping them continually anxious. It gives them pleasure to feel that some man is at their beck and call, awaiting them and living only for their approval, but they can enjoy their lover's devotion without giving pain and showing disregard to another's comfort.

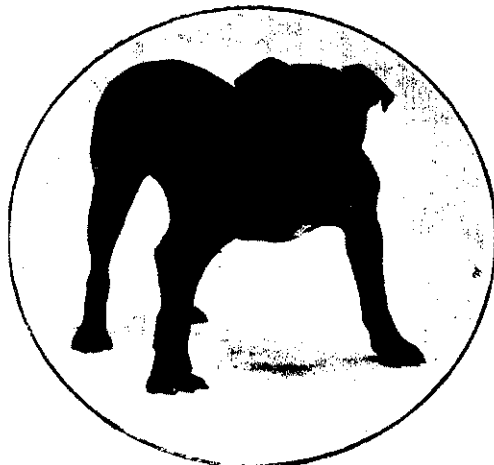


Spanish Girls.

Love and religion are the only subjects with which a Spanish senorita is expected to concern herself. Happiness is thus made to hang on chance. Even where a Spanish girl wins her crown of wifehood and motherhood, her ignorance and poverty of thought tell heavily against the most essential interests of family life. The Spanish girl is every whit as fascinating as her musical, cloaked gallant, who confides to her iron-gated lattice. Indeed, these amorous serenades hardly do her justice, blending as she does French animation with Italian fervour. In Andalusia she dances with a grace that makes every other use of life seem vain. And when she bargains! There is nothing sordid about it. Her haggling is a social condescension that at once puts the black-eyed young salesman at her mercy.



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Mrs. B. S. Rowe's "Florinda."

THREE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE LONDON BULLDOG SOCIETY'S SHOW WHICH BELONG TO LADIES.

Women in Tyrol.

Tyrol is one of the few places in Europe which are not well enough known to be overrun with tourists, though it is rapidly becoming popular with the English, who go there for mountaineering.

The scenery is beautiful, and the people are charming, especially in Southern Tyrol.

The women are very handsome, tall and mostly dark, with beautiful hair, and eyes like the Italians, but they are quicker in their movements than the Southern races, and do not grow old so quickly. In the country districts they still wear the native dress, which is like the German peasant costume, but their hats are unique, being small, round, and black—just like a man's—and which they always take off in church.

They have charming manners, so bright, and with such sweet smiles. They are always ready to talk and to give one lots of information, and, meeting one on the road, will turn back a long distance to point out the way if asked for a direction. Even the tiny children, playing in the road, wish one "Grussgott," and offer tiny bunches of wild flowers with no thought of payment such as Swiss children have. All the women work in the fields, and hard work it is; they are very sturdy and independent, and make a success of most things they take up. One old woman, considerably over 60, lived, with only a dog for company, at the top of a pass which was blocked with snow for five months of the year.

We were the first people to go across after the road was opened one year, and she was so delighted to see someone with whom she could talk. She asked me for a red poppy out of my hat; it was so long since she had seen a flower growing that an artificial one was a delight to her.

The Tyrolese are good linguists. The language of the country is, of course, German, but in the south they have the prettiest Italian patois. Now that English people go there the innkeepers are learning English, and the women especially speak with extraordinary fluency, and are apt to use the funniest slang expressions, thinking that they show their knowledge.

I heard one landlady saying to a staid and dignified English clergyman who was descending from a carriage after a long drive, "Buck up, buck up; dinner's ready."

A New Substitute for Corsets.

Those women who are tempted to take the advice of health-wishers, and discard corsets, always have one little drawback. "We don't want our clothes to hang from our shoulders" (as advised). "We don't want those big flat waists, and we won't have them; we'll suffer badly rather." There's not a doubt corsets are injurious; we all know that. This is an excellent plan to minimise the difficulty of the lack of support for the skirts to the corsetless woman: Purchase 1½ yd of Petersham (silk) belting, which is slightly elastic, firm, and strong, and will not crease. Cut in halves (½ yd lengths), join neatly together. The easiest way is to overlap the edge about one-eighth of an inch, and run along with the sewing machine twice, making a firm band ¾ yd long and about 4 in or 5 in wide. This you simply pin round the waist with an ordinary strong safety pin, thus having a good comfortable support for even heavy skirts, which can be fastened on by either buttons or safety pins, as preferred. This plan obviates the discomfort of tight waistbands of skirts and many tears in slip bodices through the temptingly ever-ready pins, in the attempt to keep things all taut at the back without the support of corsets.

When Chicken Is Expensive.

You may not always have chicken, but if you will cook pork after the way seen among the Pennsylvania Germans you will not miss it.

Pork Chops with Cream Gravy.—Put the chops, salted, into an iron frying pan hot, but not greased. Let fry until they are touched with plenty of rich brown on both sides, but don't allow the lean part to harden or crisp. You will need to loosen and turn them frequently, and, if they are fat, pour off part of the grease. After they are browned without a particle of scorching—which would be

fatal to the gravy—pour in a half cup of water, cover tightly, and turn down the gas until the water is cooked out. Remove chops, add a tablespoonful of butter, and if there are six or eight of them pour in nearly a pint of rich milk. Put back the chops, cook a minute in the gravy, and serve. This makes the gravy richer and gives it more of the flavour which is so decidedly like chicken, but if preferred the chops may be kept dry and the gravy served in a boat.

Pork Chicken Pie.—To save time as well as the heat of the gas, prepare a double quantity of this meat with a superabundance of the gravy when cooking it. Scrape part of it hot from the frying pan into your baking dish, set it away over the next day, fit it with a top crust of biscuit dough, and bake as you would chicken pie.

The Middle-Aged Woman.

At what age is the spinster superannuated? And when may a woman be regarded as middle-aged?

It depends on the individual woman and her will power.

The readiest method whereby a woman manufactures herself into a superannuated spinster is to allow people to give her the impression that because she is not married at thirty she is necessarily a "has been."

The woman who remains at home still at her mother's apron-strings after reaching maturity is almost bound to wither early on the parent stem. Average mothers are apt to subject their grown-up daughters to the discipline and regime of the nursery. And the process is terribly ageing.

Suppression, and the chronic subjection of her will to that of another woman takes the spirit, spunkiness, and youth out of the grown-up daughter.

Some family circles are not sparing in their cynical reminders that one of their number is getting on in years. Younger sisters "coming on" impress on their elder Elizabeth, who is still remarkably handsome, the necessity that she should take a social back seat.

"You must give the girls a chance," urges the mother.

Elizabeth's spirit of coquetry is chilled by the cynical attitude of her more youthful sisters, to whom a woman of thirty is synonymous with an old frump. Because she has not married, her family regard her as a failure. To live in an atmosphere of failure, regarded as an old maid whom no man has wanted in the past, or woos in the present, is about the most ageing influence there is.

If the eldest of several grown-up daughters dresses her hair in a new and becoming manner sundry hints drop that she is setting her cap at somebody, or trying to look young. Unless she has the courage to face the music she subsidises into the sad and depressing role her relations have so industriously prepared for her.

A Street Car Incident.

She was a middle-aged woman, with a sour, pessimistic face, and from the time she got on until she alighted she was continually plying the conductor with questions. He was a good-natured son of the Emerald Isle, and answered all her interrogatories with a smile, though her impetuosity and restlessness were trying on one's nerves.

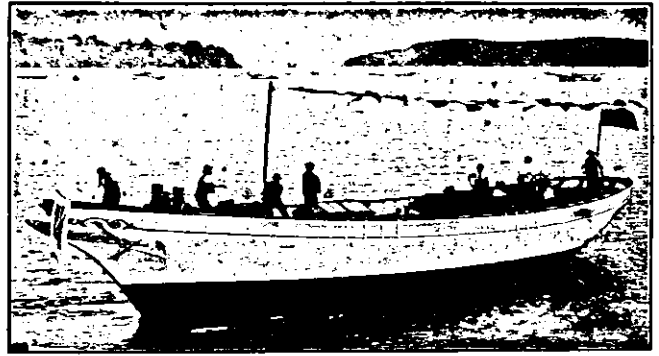
"Be sure, now, conductor, and let me off at Bond-street." "You know, you never can trust these conductors," she said to a neighbour. "If you want to get off at a certain street, you've got to remind them of it constantly. Only a little while ago I asked a conductor to let me off at a certain street, and paid no more attention to the matter. Presently I thought it about time that I got off, and I asked the conductor about it. What do you think? He had let me ride almost a mile past my destination, and when I remonstrated with him, somewhat severely, he said he had enough to do to look after the fares without looking for the streets where passengers wanted to get off. Such impertinence to a lady! I reported him immediately."

"Bond-street," cried the conductor, as the car was slowing down.

"At what end shall I get off?" said the woman with the sour face.

"You can get off at either end, lady. Both ends stop."

And the woman got off at the front end amid a general titter among the passengers.



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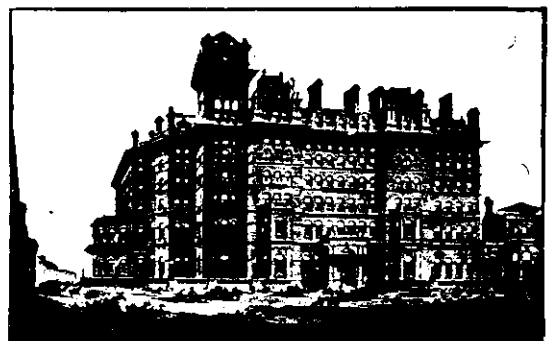
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THE WORLD OF FASHION

(By MARGUERITE.)



PRETTY SUGGESTIONS FOR FANCY DRESSES.



MARCHIONESS OF BUTE'S WEDDING AND GOING-AWAY GOWNS, AND BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

LACE "DOG-COLLARS."

Very light, effective collars fashioned of three narrow bands of insertion, caught together at intervals of a few inches with three tiny rosettes of lace perpendicularly placed—each punctuated with a tiny coral bead or turquoise—are immensely popular as accompaniments to housses of crepe de chine, while more elaborate examples are to be seen embroidered with silver or gold ribbon, embellished with little roses in pale pink, yellow or blue gauze showered with gold dust.



A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING ROBE.



A STYLISH COSTUME

THE RELIEVING TOUCHES.

Bright and pale violet, fashion authorities declare, will be much used this winter in relieving touches. A sort of crude young salad green will also be employed with widely dissimilar colours, as well as cerise, orange, and the softer oriental tints.

The shade in cerise which seems to have found favour with the manufacturers very nearly approaches the old magenta. In thin millinery velvet this colour may trim a brown hat, the velvet gauged in elaborate brown puffs, and into cachepeigne bounces and deckings.

One piece of millinery in the two colours had a cerise velvet crown and brown felt brim, which turned up sharply at one side, where a vast brown owl head and wings were placed.

NOTES ON NOVELTIES.

The Empire coat, the Empire frock, and the Empire styles generally have introduced a desire for Empire jewels. These are most graceful and artistic, with a kind of fragility that is a part of their charm. Amethysts are in favour. As an antique gem the amethyst dates back into the remotest times, when an amethyst necklace adorned the neck of Egypt's fair maidens. Enamel brooches, diamond buckles and the like are all much thought of. Peridots are the newest stone. Pink peridots are seen and are almost like amethysts.

The latest idea in hairdressing is the "pneumatic roll." They are at once one of the most charming and convenient adjuncts to fashionable coiffures.

POPULARITY OF GOLD BRAID.

It is not everyone who can wear with becomingness that glistening gold that holds first place in the world of fashion, and for such the tarnished gold that has been proved so effective is brought into use. With white fur it is invariably the tarnished gold braid or the tarnished gold lace that is employed for its decoration, and it is quite a fancy of the moment to have little chemisettes, even to vests of chiffon, made of soft white fur, with lines of narrow gold braid forming a series of V's or outlining the shape of the collar.

On deep cuffs of white fur, and on those most up-to-date sleeves of white fur reaching only from wrist to elbow, the narrow braid or gold lace makes lines up the arm, apparently reducing the bulkiness which is almost inevitable with fur. With long-haired furs but little braid is used, as so much would be hidden, but to make up for this large rosettes of the tarnished gold lace or tassels accompany these.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Designs in machine stitching are executed upon otherwise plain cloth skirt. To have pipings of the cloth

following elaborate conventional patterns is very up-to-date.

Little tabs, each spotted with a good-sized button, are an approved form of decoration.

Clonks with full sling sleeves are among the smartest of novelties.

Chenille as an embroidery thread is more important than ever. Little strands of coloured kid also give wonderfully soft effects.

Black and white is one of the smartest of present-day combinations for dresses.

Ermine or its clever imitation is seen more often with black dresses than with coloured gowns.

RHEUMO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

One of RHEUMO'S most enthusiastic advocates is Mr F. D. Pelling, proprietor of the Temperance Hotel at Eketabuna. Mr Pelling has proved that RHEUMO cures gout and rheumatism quickly and effectually. He writes:—"Kindly send me another bottle of your RHEUMO mixture, as I have had no trouble with gout since I kept it in the house. It gives immediate relief by taking one dose. I can with confidence recommend RHEUMO for either gout or rheumatism." Give RHEUMO a fair trial, and it will cure you just as it cured Mr Pelling. All chemists and stores sell it at 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle.

WEINGARTEN'S
WB and LA VIDA CORSETS



THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Tomkins (whom she has consistently and mercilessly snubbed, and who has long nourished a desire for revenge): "Ah, how d'you do, Miss Ackridd? I have heard the news. I'm sure I heartily wish your fiancée joy."

Miss A. (sourly): "Indeed? I fear you have been misinformed. Mr Tomkins, I have no fiancée."

Tomkins (lifting his hat, and beating a hasty retreat): "Yes—er—quite so. I—I congratulate him."



TACTFUL PASTOR.

Parson Coopah: "De choir will now sing dat beautiful hymn, 'We Hain't Got Long to Stay Here,' arter singin' which dey will consider demselves discharged and file out quietly. We will hab only congregational singin' here-after."



GUESS THE ANSWER.

"Are youse de mut wot said youse could lick me?"

LAOONIC YANK.

Old Gent (out of depth in river): "Help! I can't swim!"

American (safe on bank): "Waal! I guess I can't swim, either; but I'm not making such a durn'd noise about it."

PROBABLY IRISH.

He was paying the waiter for a wretched meal, and as he threw down his napkin, exclaimed: "Tell the manager that the next time he sees me here I shall be dining somewhere else!"

CAREFUL BOBBY.

Police Officer Longhorn (Irish) to old gentleman who has unconsciously dropped his handkerchief, and handing same back to him: "Oi think this belongs to you, sir."

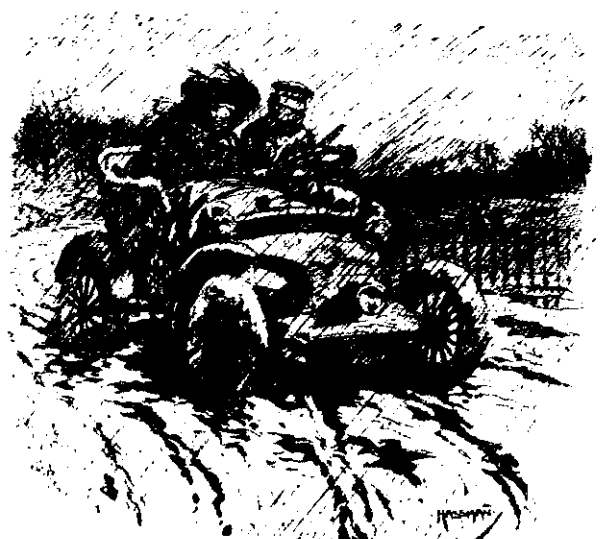
Old Gentleman: "Yes; it does. Thank you very much. Will you come across the road and have a drink wi. a me?"

P.O.L.: "Thank you; no. I'm much obliged; but I never drink with a stranger—unless I know him."



T'OTHER WAY ROUND.

Her: "That's Lady Passeh. She's got an action on at the Courts, asking for Crown damages!"
She: "Damage! I should have thought she'd have asked for repairs."—
"Punch"



COMFORTING.

Feminine Pessimist: Could anything be worse than this?
Masculine Optimist: Yes; if it was n't raining, there would be such a cloud of dust.