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"YOU NAUGHTY BOYS!"

Principally About People

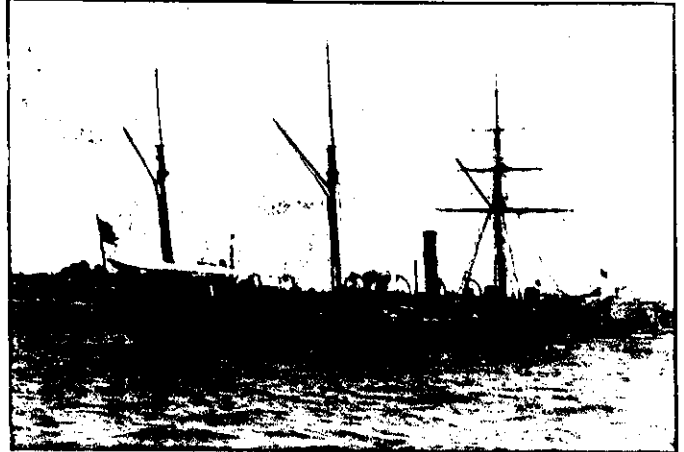
Our Musical Prodiges.

All lovers of music in Auckland will read with satisfaction the cabled references to the success achieved in London by Miss Ivy Ansley. This young lady left Auckland four years ago to pursue her musical studies at Home, and she has been fortunate enough to attract the attention of Madame Melba, whose patronage has naturally been a great advantage to her. Miss Ansley's fine contralto voice gave great promise even in her Auckland days, and now that she has studied under Marchesi, and has received lessons from Melba herself, her future should be assured. Miss Ansley has now had the honour of singing before the Prince and Princess of Wales, and according to our cables her debut was a marked success. It is a gratifying proof of the artistic capacity of the rising generation in this colony that several of our young students have already attained high honours in the European musical world. A striking instance is the career of Mr Arnold Trowell, of Wellington, who left the colony to study the cello on the Continent. Last year he won the famous "Concours" prize at Brussels, the highest distinction that the Conservatoire can bestow. This year he has made his debut as a virtuoso, and his first public appearance at Brussels is described as a veritable triumph. He was deluged with laurel wreaths and flowers, his room was rushed by scores of people anxious to display their ad-



Schmidt. Hennis Studio, photo.

MASTER FRED BYRON,
The Australian boy vocalist, now appearing in N.Z. with great success.



TRAINING SHIP FOR NEW ZEALAND.

The gunboat Sparrow, which will be re-christened the Richard John Seddon, and used by the New Zealand Government as a training ship for boys. The Sparrow, which originally cost £275,000, was bought from the Admiralty last year for £800. Mr Hall-Jones, the Premier, states that no time will be lost in putting the vessel into commission.

miration after the enthusiastic fashion natural to Continental musicians, and his carriage was escorted home by bands of students singing and cheering in wild excitement. One of the leading Brussels papers heads its notice, "A Magician of the 'Cello,'" and there were some critics who went so far as to predict that he would soon be the greatest 'cellist in the world. It should be a source of great satisfaction to music lovers throughout the colony that this young New Zealander—he is still little more than a

boy—should so speedily secure recognition on the world's musical stage. The remarkable powers displayed by young colonial musicians such as Miss Ansley and Mr Trowell should at least prove that though our civilisation is of a somewhat material type, there is nothing in the life of this colony inimical to the development of a very high degree of artistic talent and skill.

* * *

The Style of Scott.

Mr. Lang in his Biography, admits Scott's faults, but is justly angry with the harsh judgment of Carlyle, who wrote that Scott never got near the



LAWN TENNIS IN THE OLD COUNTRY: MISS DOUGLAS, THE CHAMPION LADY TENNIS PLAYER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Last year Miss Douglas was beaten by Miss Sutton, of America. She was not then, however, in her best form, and this year she proved her superiority by completely reversing the tables upon her young American adversary, the score being two sets to love.



AN AUCKLAND SINGER IN LONDON
MISS IVY ANSLEY,

who made a successful debut last week at the Bechstein Hall, London. Miss Ansley, whose stage name is "Irene Ainsley," belongs to Auckland, where her people reside. She went Home upon the advice of Melba, who heard her sing when in New Zealand, and studied under Madame Fischer and later under Madame Marchesi in Paris. Melba also gave the young New Zealander lessons herself, and took the most kindly interest in her career. On the occasion of her debut Miss Ansley's accompaniments were played by Melba.



MISS IVY MURIEL DUNDAS,

Whose engagement has just been announced to Mr Austen Chamberlain. Miss Dundas is a daughter of Colonel H. L. Dundas, late East Yorkshire Regiment, of Byrness, Datchet. Mr Chamberlain, who is 43 years of age, is the eldest son of Mr Joseph Chamberlain.



MISS PUDNEY,

Of Christchurch, New Zealand, who is now in London studying singing.



COUNTESS MARGIT BETHLEN,

A member of a very old Hungarian family, greatly admired on account of her beauty.

hearts of his characters. Says Mr. Lang: "Far from being a conscientious stylist, Scott not infrequently proves the truth of his own remark to Lockhart, that he never learned grammar. I have found five 'which's' in a sentence of his, and five 'ques' in a sentence by Alexandre Dumas, his pupil and rival. Dumas had

more of the humour of Scott than Scott had of the wit of Dumas. Many parts of his tales are prolix: his openings, as a rule, are dull. His heroes and heroines often speak in the stilted manner of Miss Burney's Lord Orville, a manner (if we may trust memoirs and books like Boswell's 'Johnson,' and Walpole's 'Letters'),

in which no men and women of mould ever did talk, even in the eighteenth century. But Catherine Glover, in 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' usually speaks from stilts. . . . "Scott 'fashions' his characters from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them!" Never near the broken stoical heart of Saunders Mucklebackit; of the fallen Bradwardine, happy in unsullied honour; never near the heart of the maddened Peter Peebles:

never near the flawless Christian heart of Bessie McClure; or the heart of dauntless remorse of Nancy Ewart; or the heart of sacrificed love in Diana Vernon; or the stout heart of Dalgetty in the dungeon of Inveraray, or the secret soul of Mary Stuart, revealed when she is reminded of Bastian's bridal mask, and the deed of Kirk o' Field! Quid plura. Thomas Carlyle wrote solenetic nonsense: 'he was very capable of having it happen to him.'



THE GRANDMOTHER OF A FUTURE KAISER.

The Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, mother of the Crown Princess of Germany, who recently gave birth to a son.



MRS CHAUNCEY,

One of the best-known American hostesses in London.

Art in the Home

WRITING TABLES.

IN furnishing a room it is very necessary to try to give it not only an air of refinement and beauty, but one of comfort, a feeling that it reflects in some measure the individual tastes and habits of the people who are to occupy it. This can be done by introducing useful pieces of furniture and avoiding things which are merely for show. At the same time the useful must be combined with the ornamental, as it is in all really clever designs where form and construction are thoroughly understood. "What is

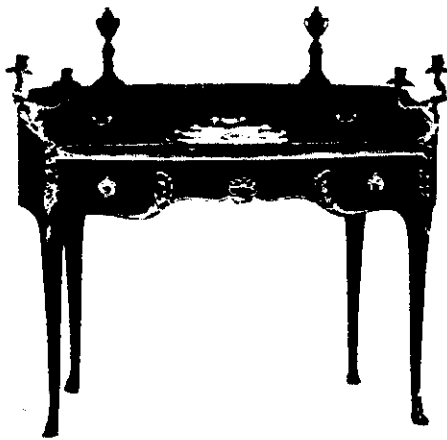
yond that they are somewhat eccentric and given to meaningless forms or ornamentation. Many of them, however, are quite of the useful type, and may appeal to those who think that because a design is unusual it must therefore be original.

LOUIS SEIZE FURNITURE.

Amongst French styles of furniture, there is none so well adapted for English rooms as that of Louis Seize. It is simple and elegant, and does not depend, as so many people think, upon

period, which naturally were very different, yet in their way, equally beautiful. With the Louis Seize we may have comfortable armchairs, useful tables and simple panelled walls, all so refined in character that it would be difficult to find better models of workmanship and construction. It is not the ornamentation, but the form which is so

favourably with the English lounge of the present day. It is made of carved wood and has a cane seat fitted with a mattress with a pillow-like cushion upholstered in handsome material in keeping with the hangings of the room. The commodes and cabinets contain some exquisite workmanship, which even now in the specimens still in existence does not bear conspicuously the mark of old



A LOUIS XV. WRITING TABLE.

it is fine" is a proverb which applies most forcibly to the decoration and furnishing of houses, for appropriateness is the key-note of such work, and once lost sight of, the result must mean failure. Next to easy-chairs, the pieces of furniture which are most helpful in making a room look homely are writing-tables—not the absurdly small writing-tables without any of the accommodation which is expected of such things, but really useful and well-constructed pieces which seem in harmony with the surroundings. No room seems complete without one, which should always be kept well stocked with all the necessary writing materials.

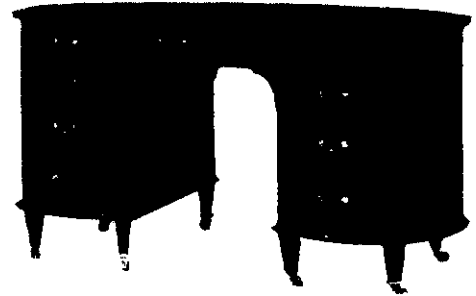
The bureau which became popular in the Queen Anne period is one which still maintains its position at the present day, having many advantages over the ordinary open writing-table. It is fitted with pigeon-holes and drawers, and can be closed without disturbing the papers on the desk. It looks well in almost any room, as, for instance, for a drawing-room, when it is made in mahogany inlaid with satinwood, it is a most decorative piece; or, again, in walnut, with marqueterie, as in the Queen Anne style, it is equally nice. For a hall or library the same piece looks well in carved oak; in fact, when well made, it is the writing-table de luxe for English styles of furnishing. With the French styles, however, such a thing would be most incongruous, and the daintier Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. designs provide elegance with usefulness in a manner which is so well understood by the French designers and craftsmen. Our own eighteenth century designers, Chippendale, Sheraton, and Heppelwhite, took these French pieces as their models, and although they were not mere copyists they adapted the Louis styles to suit English taste, and we can trace the influence in most of their work. These writing-tables are all well suited for their purposes, and can as a rule be used with most of the prevailing styles of furniture. Of the more modern designs known as the Nouveau art, there is not much to be said be-

garlands, bow-knots, and a profusion of gilding; in fact, it may exist without any of these and still keep its true character. Unfortunately, the general idea of the French styles is taken from the State apartments in palaces such as Versailles, and Fontainebleau, not from the private houses of the same

good, and therein lies the beauty of the furniture.

The rooms of private houses during the Louis Seize period were even simpler and more practical in their treatments than those of the ordinary modern house. There was the fine mahogany, walnut, and painted birchwood furniture with the comfortable armchair or bergere, and the lit de repos, which certainly compares more than

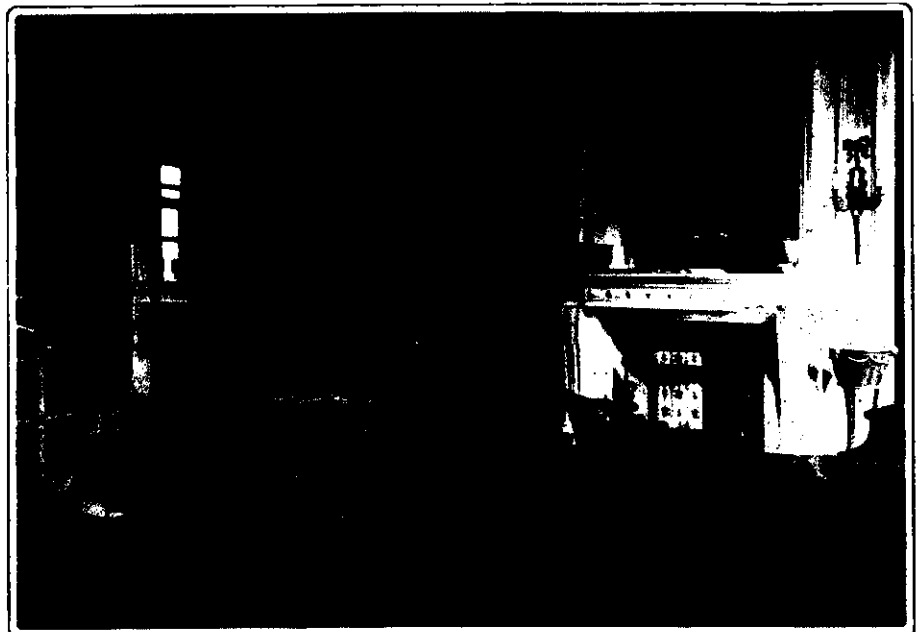
age. Some of the finest pieces of furniture were made by Riesner and David, and were decorated with ormolu mounts by Gouthiere for the Queen Marie Antoinette, and there are some fine examples of it in the South Kensington Museum. These are in light and richly-coloured woods, such as tulip-wood, maple, holly, purple-wood, and rose-wood for the marquetry work and oak for the foundations and linings.



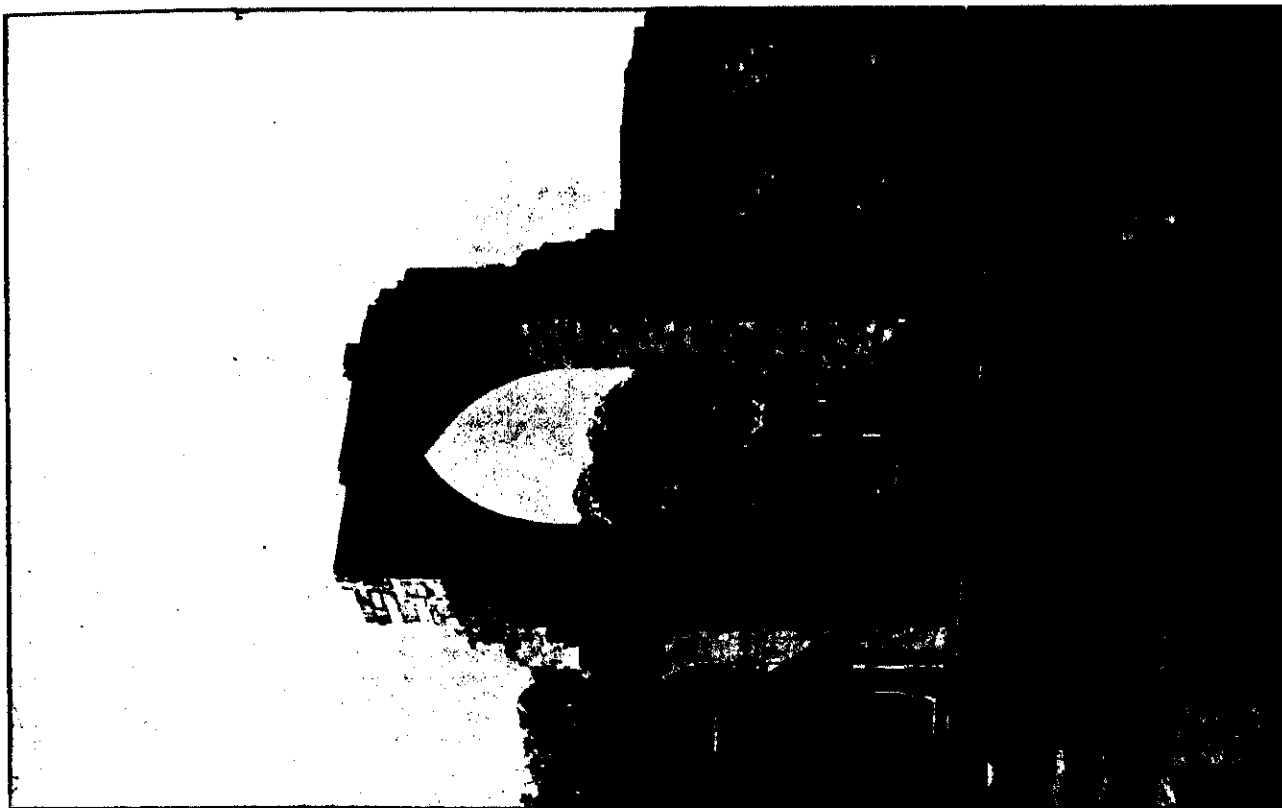
A SHERATON WRITING TABLE.



A QUEEN ANNE BUREAU.



A LOUIS SEIZE ROOM.



THE RUINS OF THE OLD HINDU TEMPLE AT THE KUTAB MINAR (OLD DELHI), destroyed in the Moslem invasion in the Middle Ages. The iron pillar in the foreground is believed to date back to 319 A.D., and is one of two survivals of the kind in India.



MASSIVE WALLED GATEWAYS TO THE SQUALID VILLAGE OF PUDUKKOTTAI, SITUATED AMONG THE RUINS OF THE OLD CITIES THAT MARK THE SITES OF EARLIER DELHIS.

ROUND THE WORLD PICTURES: AMONG THE RUINS OF EARLIER AND MORE REMARKABLE DELHIS.

FAIRY DAYS BY RANGATIRA



THE bright summer sunshine fell warmly on an old garden one morning in February—so warmly and brightly that the bees drowsed lazily, and the pretty brown and yellow butterflies drifted hither and thither, lighting now on the tall clumps of sweet peas, now on a lovely purple jakarandah tree, which looked as though it had come up from a purple sunset sea, and had kept all the pale purple and blue it had found there. Happy fantails and cheery gay little goldfinches dived from the Christmas tree at the top of the garden, down to the field below to gather thistle-down.

All the little garden beds, like moons and crescents and squares, were full of lovely flowers—masses of yellow honey-mania, and pink and red phlox, and rows of prim China-asters. The garden seemed empty, but for the birds and bees, till Mona came wandering in under the arch of dark branches which overhung the garden path. Mona was like a fat pink and white cherub, and looked so small as she came strolling in, the shadows falling on her white frock and big mushroom hat. All the fairy folk, hidden in the flower cups, opened their sleepy eyes to see if the newcomer was Beasley, with hoe and rake, or their little friend and playmate Mona. In one of the flower beds grew a bunch of the lovely blue bells of Scotland, and a bush of real Scotch heather. The bells were big, of a

lovely bluish purple hue, and waved gaily in the wind on their tall stalks—so gaily that Rua, a little sister of the Fairy Queen, who was asleep in the flower, fell out and broke her pretty long green fairy wings. She fell on the earth and could not rise. She could only lie and moan with pain. Her tears fell so fast that soon they made a deep salt-water stream, which ran down the bed, and under the box hedge, and out into the blue shingle path.

Mona, wandering by, heard a tiny, wistful cry, but thought it was a baby cricket, so took no notice. Presently she met a great, black, hairy spider, who drove her back till she ran across the shingle path, and wetted her shoes in the stream of fairy tears. Halt! She pulled up short, for wet shoes were quite against the rules, and then she caught sight of Rua. Poor, tiny fairy! There she lay; her soft lilac silken gown all crushed, and her lovely greenish wings broken, and hanging limply from her shoulders. Quick as thought Mona picked her up, and laid her in the palm of her fat, baby hand. Softly she smoothed out the broken wings and carried poor Rua down to a seat under the purple jakarandah tree.

"Now," said Mona, "you let me make you a pretty soft bed of lovely, fuzze, yellow wattle flowers." And so she did, and the fairy invalid lay in the warm, scented, yellow nest. "Now, I'll fetch

the doctor." And away Mona ran and brought Dr. Robin, a dark-haired New Zealand robin, with blue, misty eyes. He was a kind, friendly fellow, and cheerful too, and made the fairy feel strong and bright at once. He gently smoothed out the gleaming green wings and put them in splints, cut from grass stalks, and told Mona to nurse her up, and keep her warm. When he had gone, and Mona had brought her drops of honey to sip from the white tube of a big scarlet gladiolus flower, the fairy proposed that while she lay still and let her wings mend, she should tell Mona a giant story.

"Yes, yes," cried Mona, dancing and clapping her hands. "What is it about—a real giant?"

Rua lay gazing into the blue overhead.

"Listen, now. Long ago, before you or your grandfather were born, this lovely country was very different from what it is now. All its blue hills and flowing rivers and deep, lovely lakes were full of fairy people, who wandered far and wide in deep, dark forests, over hills all covered with long brown fern. No one came and dug our grassy homes and dells away, or cut down our trees, and happily we roamed all day long. How we used to dance round the big kauri trees and swing on the long trailing clematis vines, and pick the flowers, and sip the honey from the Christmas flowers!

"There were hardly any animals to frighten us; no dogs, or pigs, or cows—only some black, thin-nosed, long-tailed rats; some lizards, and a few great giant creatures who stalked over the plains, through the streams, and sung all day long, "I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me!" But we cared—

very much—and were very frightened, for often these great giants, like other giants, were blind to what was very close to them, and if one of the fairy folk chanced to climb a grass stalk and swing on it, as likely as not one of these giants would swallow him up, and never know it.

"Like Tom Thumb of old, who was tied to a thistle by his mother, and was eaten by a cow who bit the thistle, and swallowed it and Tom too, my fairy friend, Akiri by name, was swallowed by a giant. Tom went into the cow's stomach, where he kicked and scratched till the cow, feeling a tickling down his throat, coughed and choked till out came Tom, but Akiri found his giant was not like other people, and instead of a stomach had only a crop, filled with such odd things—smooth white and yellow cornelians, and sticks and stones. Now, this hard collection made no easy bed for the fairy boy, for he tumbled and jumbled about amongst eels' feet and stones, fish-tails and sticks. It was very wet and dark and horrid in the giant's crop, and poor Akiri cried with grief. "What ho, there! Who may you be, you noisy rat?" asked a rasping, thin little voice, and Akiri stopped his noise and looked up to find a fat red worm looking at him. They bowed nicely, and soon began to talk, and the fat worm said that the giant's name was Moa, and he was a gigantic bird, as tall as the biggest tree-fern, and as quick as the wind, with rough brown feathers and great ugly feet. He was as tall as two men, and instead of lips he had a great long, strong bill.

"Moa began to feel as though he had indigestion in his crop, and thought some exercise would suit him, so away he went, swinging along with a long loose stride over the hills and over the plains till he reached his home in



"His fairy friends came trooping down the valley like a great army of dragon flies."

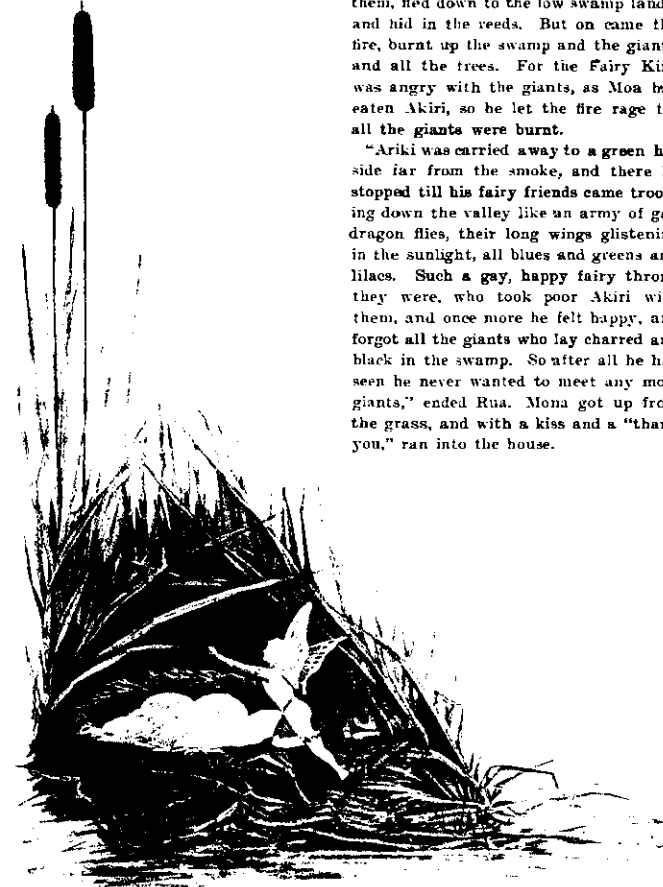
the reedy swamps where the tall grass met overhead. Moa loved the wet swamp land, where his feet splashed in the cool, muddy water, and the eels wriggled. He loved the eels—long, shiny, grey, worm-like things! He used to eat them, and they hated him, and always tried to swim away out of sight. Hungry and tired, he forgot his sore crop, and went down to poke in the raupo reeds. Presently, in a deep pool he espied a long, fat grey eel, nearly as long as a man. The eel, with his little beady, black eyes, saw him, and vainly tried to hide in the shadows, but down came the giant's head. Snap! went his great bill, and the luckless eel dangled in two long ends in mid-air.

"The unhappy little fairy Arika, after fighting and weeping in his dark prison, now bided his time till Moa bent his long neck. Then, with a bound and a spring, out he fell into the swamp water. Poor Akiri felt dirty and cross, and almost wished he could drown, but this was impossible, as fairies can't drown. So, disconsolately, he swam about till he found in the reeds the nest of a wild duck. The nest was just out of the water, dry, and well-lined with down from the duck's breast. Faint and weary

the fairy crept up, lay down by the duck's eggs, and fell fast asleep. The wild duck came home soon, and flying down, sat on her eggs, and covered the fairy with her soft warm wings; and truly snug and cosy he felt. All through the long afternoon he lay there and slept, and all through the night, till early morning, when dawn was just breaking. Out Akiri jumped from under the duck's wing, and saw all the world was grey, and the sky was covered with long trailing clouds, and the morning star gleamed down peacefully on him.

"Soon the swamp began to stir, and birds rose and chirped, and called, till all the trees round seemed alive. The beautiful bell birds and tuis called sweetly, and clear as a bell chimed their notes. Wild duck rose on her cramped legs, and giving her wings a shake, caught the fairy between her strong wing feathers. Then up she flew. Up, up, high in the clearing sky, where long rays of red light shone in the east, and Akiri, in his swift flight saw many giants sitting on a hill top, waiting for the sun. Suddenly a great cloud of smoke came on the wind. Soon more giants were all running to the hill top; great red flames and sparks filled all the air, and a great, rushing, mighty wind filled the world with smoke. The giant Moas, when they saw the great fire rushing to them, fled down to the low swamp lands, and hid in the reeds. But on came the fire, burnt up the swamp and the giants, and all the trees. For the Fairy King was angry with the giants, as Moa had eaten Akiri, so he let the fire rage till all the giants were burnt.

"Arika was carried away to a green hill side far from the smoke, and there he stopped till his fairy friends came trooping down the valley like an army of gay dragon flies, their long wings glistening in the sunlight, all blues and greens and lilacs. Such a gay, happy fairy throng they were, who took poor Akiri with them, and once more he felt happy, and forgot all the giants who lay charred and black in the swamp. So after all he had seen he never wanted to meet any more giants," ended Rua. Mona got up from the grass, and with a kiss and a "thank you," ran into the house.



"Disconsolately he swam about till he found in the reeds the nest of a wild duck."

Shall I Pay Cash?

Cash or Credit? That is the question which most people find it hard to decide. In this article the advantages on both sides are lucidly set out, and you can decide for yourself which is the better for you—Cash or Credit.

YES!

Shall I pay cash down for everything I buy, or shall I take credit for a week, a month, a quarter?

Of course this question is not supposed to be put to the business man. Credit, long credit, often is absolutely necessary to the successful carrying on of some forms of commerce, though the man in the small way of business is without a doubt better off if he pays cash down on every possible occasion.

The person whom the question affects very nearly is the householder, particularly he who is keeping his house and his family on a small income. That is to say, any income up to a thousand a year.

To him the answer is most decidedly: "Yes, pay cash always."

The advantages are not very far to seek.

To begin with, if one pays as one goes, making one's purchases in accordance with the money in one's pocket, there is no danger of "over-running the constable," as the saying is; one can never be suddenly called upon to pay a large amount when the balance at the bank is near vanishing point.

By paying cash the householder can jog along comfortably, "cutting his coat according to his cloth," and without being in a perpetual worry as to where the money is to come from to pay a crowd of bills, large and small.

Then there is the question of economy. It is a well-known fact that the tradesman who does a cash business can afford to sell his goods more cheaply than his fellow who has to take into consideration bad debts and the expense of collecting money overdue.

The man or woman who pays cash does not have to pay for good advice by less conscientious folk who do not meet their liabilities.

How often does one see advertisements that Mr Such-a-one or So-and-so and Co. can afford to sell more cheaply and give better value because they are doing a large cash business.

That brings us to another point. The spot-cash tradesman can usually afford to give better value for money, for the same reason that he can usually charge less for his goods. Therefore the person who pays cash not only in many cases spends less but gets a better article than the one who runs up bills.

By paying cash one runs less risk of being cheated.

It is a well-known fact that some housewives who run bills with "the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker," as the old rhyme has it, have to keep a very sharp eye on the servants of those worthy tradesmen, as they find themselves paying for bread they have never had, butter they have never seen, and milk that has never reposed on the early morning doorstep.

NO!

The whole question of paying cash or taking credit resolves itself into one of convenience.

Occasionally it is convenient to pay cash with an order, but more often than not the best and most simple method of running a house is to pay a weekly or a monthly account.

There is a great deal of unnecessary bother and worry connected with paying for all small and regular supplies, such as bread and milk, as they are delivered. Such a course necessitates the keeping of a constant supply of small change, and is responsible for a deal of running about every time a tradesman knocks at the door.

Then, again, in regard to larger matters, the butcher's bill, the greengrocer's bill, etc., it is much better to order what you want when you want it and let the bill be sent in every month or every week, according as the money comes in.

If you run bills with your tradesmen, be they milkman or baker, butcher or tailor, they know that you are not likely to take your custom elsewhere unless they serve you badly; therefore they look on you as a kind of friend as well as a steady source of income, and give you attention such as they do not give to the cash-payer who shops just where his or her fancy leads.

You have to consider the matter from another point of view as well. By paying cash you get rid of money that might be in your bank for another week or month or quarter, earning interest.

If your tradesmen are willing why should not you have the benefit of the money? The taking of credit should commend itself to the thrifty, for we know that "a penny saved is a penny earned," and the money accruing in interest by the putting off of payment for articles received for a month is likely to amount to more than a few pennies in a year.

Those folk who pay cash as they go very often do without something they would like, just because they have not the money to pay for it in their pocket at the time. On the other hand, if one has credit at various shops one can indulge one's whim, and pay when the money comes in at the end of the month.

Here we see credit benefits two people—the purchaser, who gets what she or he desires, and the shopkeeper, who makes a sale where in other circumstances he would probably not.

Let us recapitulate the advantages of credit system.

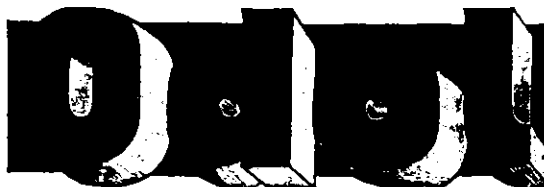
Firstly, this is convenient to the purchaser, who does not have to worry with small accounts.

Secondly, credit with a tradesman means increased civility and additional attention to one's desires.

Thirdly, by only paying at stated intervals, one's money remains longer in the bank, earning interest.

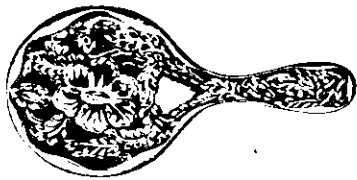
Buttons.

"Fashion," says the "Draper's Record," "is once more giving a flip to the pearl button trade. In Birmingham, long the home of the industry, the prospects are considered to be brighter than for some time past, though the ancient glory of the trade has departed for ever. Foreign competition has for a long time past gradually curtailed the opportunities of the button-maker. Moreover, the great advances made in the application of labour-saving machinery to the industry have greatly diminished the numbers engaged in the manufacture. The caprices of fortune in regard to buttons and buckles no longer spell ruin or plenty for thousands of the men and women of Birmingham. There are still, however, a considerable number of people dependent, or partially dependent, upon the industry, and it is very encouraging to them to note the present trend of fashion in regard to feminine gear. There is a large output of fancy buttons, in anticipation of a big demand for bouses for summer wear."



The Best for Mouth and Teeth

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



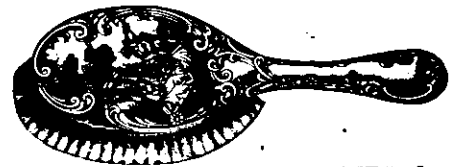
G447—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newest Design, 9 in. long, 3 1/2 in. wide.
Other designs at 25/-, 27/6, 30/- upwards.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.,
Jewellers,
146 and 148 Queen Street, AUCKLAND.

Our variety makes suitable selection easy.

Our Goods are Marked in Plain Figures at Cash Prices.	Our Illustrated Booklet is sent Free to all.
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Goods posted free to any address.



F798—Silver Hair Brush, 9 1/2 in. long, the fashionable "Watsons" design, 15/6.
Great variety of others at 18/6, 22/6, 25/- upwards.



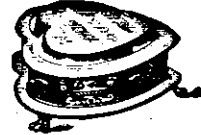
G479—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 16/6.



No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 15/6.



G6031—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Puff Box, 9 1/2 in. high, 10/6.
Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6 upwards.



No. G4066—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trunk Box, 17/6.



G6020—Gent's Silver-backed Military Brush—Angel Choir—design, 2/6.
Other designs at 2/6, 23/6, 27/6.



F7799—Silver-backed "Watsons" Design Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 18/6 each.



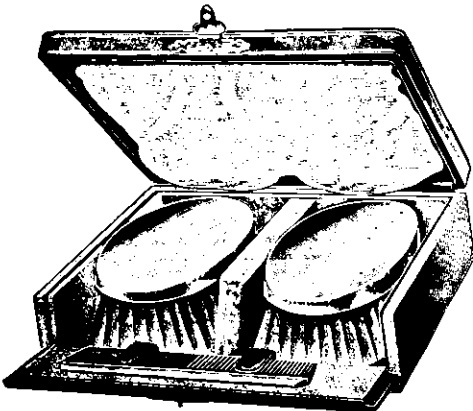
G5629—Fine Seal Purse, Massive Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 15/6.



G5628—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.



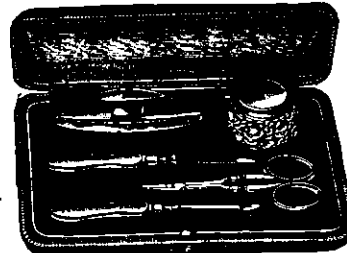
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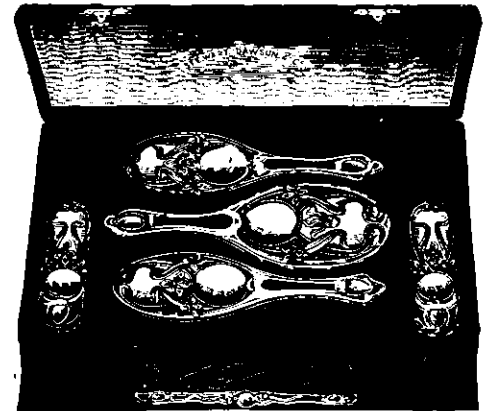
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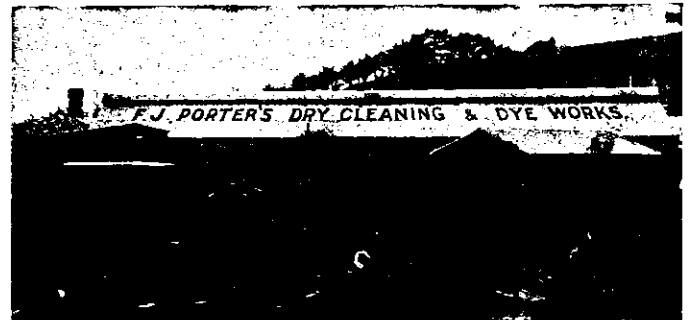
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CHAPTER VI.

AWKWARD QUESTIONS.

GRANDDAD, do you remember what you was telling me about yesterday—about marry, you know?"

"You mean marriage, Aimee?"

"Is that how you call it? But you called it marry yesterday."

"Weel, what of it?"

"I've been thinking, Granddad, that I'd like to see someone do it when we go for our holiday."

"I don't know as we can manage that, Aimee; anyway, we'll inquire when we gets to the city."

"Granddad, was father married, and mother?"

"Yes, dearie, they was. It's wicked to live together an' not be married. Bad look do that, but not good folk."

"Are we good folk, Granddad?"

"I reckon so, Aimee. Good livin' sort o' folk, as reads our Bible regular, though we can't get to the kirk now."

"I don't read it—I can't."

"Weel, I reads to ye, don't I, pet?"

"Oh, yes, an' I know all about it, Granddad, from the pitchers. Are you an' me married? I don't remember being married to you, Granddad. It must have been when I was ever so little."

Duncan was pretty well used to awkward questions from his little granddaughter, but he was hardly prepared for this one.

"Lawks alive, lassie, lassie, that settles it. Ye must gang to school. Dear, dear, what have I been thinkin' about to leave ye so unknowledgeable? Children don't marry their granddads, my lambie; that would be an awful sin. It's forbid in the Bible. Bairns don't marry at all—it's only men and women as gets married."

"How is it different to you an' me living together, Granddad? An' when you got the lass up to learn me, will you have to marriage with her, 'cos wouldn't you be wicked if you didn't? An' when w'd I be old enough to marriage somebody, Granddad? I'm sixteen now, you know."

"Not for years, lassie," he said, ignoring her other questions. "Maybe when you're twenty-four or twenty-five it'll be time enough. An' now we won't talk any more about it. When ye can read ye'll understand more about it nor I can learn ye." And, seizing his hat, Duncan fled to escape further questioning.

Left alone, Aimee rested her elbows on the table, and placed her chin in her open palms, and sat gazing at her pictured face on the wall. After a little she said aloud to herself:

"Poor man, he hadn't anyone to love him. Praps the girl said 'No' when he askt her. I wouldn't have said 'No,' at least if I'd never had any granddad. I mean, but then I have got Granddad. It's funny, but I'm sure I could love him, too, as well as Granddad. I wonder why Granddad doesn't like him. He called him a villain, an' when I askt him what that meant, an' if it was anything nice, he said, 'quit talkin',' an' looked sort of staring at me."

Presently Aimee got up and went to the door, shading her eyes with her hand. The sky had that peculiar blue, red and gold glow which preceded a hot wind. Very sweet the girl looked in her short Highland frock, which exposed to view a pair of shapely legs and beautifully modelled ankles, for she wore no

stockings, although a pair of soft goloshes encased the little brown feet. Stepping out of the door, she leisurely walked to a knoll a few yards from the hut, and, standing upon it, made a pretty picture silhouetted against the sky—far too pretty for her station in life and her future happiness. After surveying the sky with a very weather-wise and critical eye, she came back to the hut, and, taking the bird-cages down from their hooks, stood them on a bench outside the door, and began to clean them out. In half-an-hour Duncan returned, and sat down on a small barrel which stood by the bench. Then he informed Aimee that he had met Tommy Trot the day before, and that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get him and his missus to come up and take care of the place and the sheep while they were away on their little jaunt.

"I've never seen Tommy Trot, Granddad. Is he a nice man?"

"No, dearie, he ain't. But he'll do well enough to look after the sheep, and his missus ain't a bad sort. Hope there'll be no fires on the hills this summer. It was awful to see them poor sheep last year burnt to a cinder."

"What makes the grass catch fire, Granddad? Is it the hot winds?"

"That, an' the folks throwing down lighted matches. There's a nor'-wester comin' up now—look at the red sky yonder."

Aimee looked up and then fell into a reverie. Duncan had given her the birds for a birthday present—two canaries and a young African parrot. He had paid two guineas for the parrot, and did not begrudge it from his hard-earned savings. It was a bargain, too, and would never have been sold for that sum had not the owner wanted to leave the colony. So it was knocked down at auction for two guineas, and Duncan was the proud purchaser. The two canaries he bought from an old sailor at Port Lyttelton.

Presently Aimee looked up from her work and said:

"Granddad, I'm going to plant ivy round the house, so it will etidee all over, an' look pretty, an' green always. We'll bring some home with us."

Duncan removed his pipe from his lips and whistled to the birds. He saw the bent of Aimee's mind, and tried to turn her thoughts into another channel. He apprehended more awkward questions. So he called Mary Ann, the cat, a skinny little tortoise-shell coloured thing which Aimee had shelled up on the hills. Mary Ann jumped on his knee, and began working her paws up and down as though she was kneading dough, or on a treadmill.

"Gad! Mary Ann, ye're tarin' the flesh off me legs, not to mention me pants. Just look, Aimee, she's tore out the darns in yer poor wee fingers filled in 't'other day."

"Oh, never mind the tear; I'll soon mend it again. That's a way Mary Ann has of showing how pleased she is; she's very fond of you, Granddad."

"Oh, aye, so she is. There, now, lie quiet, pussy, or ye'll get the run."

The cat did as she was told, and purred contentedly while the old man stroked her lustreless and skinny back.

"Was that a pun, Granddad?"

"Didn't hear none, but it's likely enough; it's shootin' season now, ye ken."

"You don't shoot much now, in the season. But I'm glad, for I don't like the poor pheasants and quail and the dear little pigeons shot. I used to always cry when you brought 'em home for me to cook."

"Weel, Aimee, my shootin' days is over now, anyway; my hand ain't as steady as it used to be."

"I'm sorry for that, Granddad, dear; but you won't get any shakier, will you?" she asked anxiously, looking at his hunched face while she crept to his knee, and, sitting thereon, laid her rose-leaf cheek against his corrugated brown one. He pushed the cat away, and, folding his arms round Aimee, gently rocked her to and fro for a little without speaking. Then he said, softly:

"I canna tell, my bairn."

CHAPTER VII.

A VISIT TO CHRISTCHURCH.

"Oh, this is lovely, Granddad. An' I've lived all my life up there (pointing to the mountains), and didn't know how lovely the world was. You said it was the world, didn't you, Granddad?"

"Only a wee bit o' it, dear. Scotland's better, larger, and grander."

"If it is better than this, it must be beautiful." And as they gazed down the Avon in a pretty pleasure boat the girl trailed her fingers in the clear, fresh water of the river.

The wind was in the nor'-west; therefore the morning was warm and still, for in the south of New Zealand it is generally cold up till Christmas, with the exception of an occasional warm day. It was now near the end of November, and Duncan Keith and Aimee had been three days in Christchurch, having left Tommy Trot and his wife in charge of their mountain home. The weather was beautiful, and they were enjoying themselves immensely. The "City of the Plains" delighted Aimee, with its beautifully-laid-out streets, so level and straight after the rugged hills. And the lovely little Avon, with its graceful and evergreen willows, drooping their branches into the water, in many places almost meeting overhead. And how far more beautiful the river must have been with its clear water, through which you could see the pebbles at the bottom, before an injudicious Parliament sowed seeds in it in order to facilitate trout-breeding, with the result that the Government have to spend hundreds of pounds per annum to keep the weeds low enough for navigable purposes, while pleasure boats are constantly getting stranded on them. The river, however, had lately been cleared, for the 1st of October was the opening of the boating season, the day on which (if it was warm) the ladies appeared for the first time in their summer gowns. Generally, however, it was miserably cold, with an east wind blowing which cut through to the marrow those who ventured out. Fortunately, the weeds did not only the higher portion of the river, and its waters rippled clear and beautiful as they wended their way through the Botanical Gardens. It is near New Brighton (the Ninety Mile Beach), a fashionable watering place where the river joins the sea, that the weeds flourish most luxuriously. It was through

the Gardens that Duncan and Aimee were now slowly drifting, and presently the boat wedged itself against the little island in the river, the old man lighting up his pipe before taking up the sculler again.

"Granddad, couldn't we have our dinner now, while the boat is still?"

"I'll have my smoke first, and take a stroll through the park while you are eatin' your bit dinner, Aimee. You won't be afraid to be alone for a bit, sure. I'll keep my eye on ye while I'm walking." And as he spoke he paddled the boat to the opposite bank on the Hagley Park side.

"Oh, no, I won't be frightened; I'd never feel that here; it's too lovely," said Aimee, drawing out of her little basket some sandwiches and a slice of cold plum pudding which their kind-hearted landlady had given to her just before starting.

"There, my dear," she had said, "take that, and I'll have a good dinner for both of you at five o'clock, so there is no need to hurry home before then."

As Duncan stepped on to the bank and moored the boat to the stump of a tree, Aimee lay back and drowsily began to eat her lunch. She was still dressed in her quaint plaid, and wore her one and only head covering, the old blue Tam-o'-shanter. But her grandfather had purchased some navy blue stockings and a pair of buckle shoes for her, which she was constantly admiring, to the great amusement of Mrs. Miller, their landlady, and anyone else who happened to see her, with her pretty foot stuck out and a happy, innocent smile on her guileless young face.

Duncan had been careful in his choice of lodgings, and decided on those of a widow whose husband had died lately, leaving her with a baby three months old. Four other children had died at birth, and to this little fatherless one the widow was passionately attached. So to her cottage on the North Belt of the town Duncan took his little granddaughter. At first Aimee was afraid of the baby when it cried. It was positively the first she had ever seen, and she kept close to her grandfather when it exercised its youthful lungs, and a drawn look of pain would come over her face.

"Can't it stop, Granddad? It's chokin'! I know it's in pain. Oh, won't you tell it to stop. I feel so queer all over when it cries like that."

"It canna understand what ye say; it's a wee bairn yet. Maybe it wants a drink. Run and tell its mither."

Directly Duncan said it wanted a

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drink, Aimee disappeared, and presently returned with a dipper of water, and held it to the baby's lips, at the same time telling it to sit up and have a drink. Just then Mrs. Miller came into the room, and gave a scream.

"Oh, my baby! Child, what are you doing to it?" Duncan had left the room before this.

"Only giving it a drink, please; but it won't sit up and have it. Granddad said it wanted one."

"You poor little innocent, it doesn't want water, and it's little back is too weak to sit up; besides, she does not know what you are saying; babies don't know until they are much older than this little darling. But, tell me, have you never seen a baby before, Aimee?"

"No."

"Dear me, you can't mean it! Never seen a baby! Well, well."

"I never seen anyone since I was twelve, except Tommy and Mrs. Trott, just before we left the Peninsula. Oh, yes, I forgot, I seen a man an' talked with him, an' he took my pitcher, an' gave it to Granddad." And Aimee's eyes lighted up with pleasure at the remembrance of her stranger.

"Did he, now? Well, my dear, your face is worth it, so sweet and pretty it is."

"Yes, I know," she said, eagerly. "Granddad says I'm bonny, and the gentleman on the hills said so, too. Will your baby be bonny, too, when she's as old as me?"

"I hope so, little one. But I am afraid not, as few girls are as pretty as bonny Aimee Keith." Mrs. Miller then explained that there was no cause for shame in a plain face.

And now, after three days at Rose Cottage, Aimee was getting more used to the ways of other people, and of babies in particular. Thus, when the tiny morsel of humanity crowded at her and grasped her fingers, she was delighted, and begged its mother to allow her to nurse it for a little while. And as she lay munching her sandwiches in the boat she was thinking that she would miss the baby when she returned to her mountain home. Then she began dropping some bread to the fishes, and watched them jump up and snap at it—

they were quite a number, round the boat. Meanwhile, Duncan was enjoying his smoke and his walk in the beautiful, expansive park of five hundred acres, but after a while returned to the boat and ate his lunch.

"Isn't Hagley Park a big place, Granddad? Wouldn't you like to stop here for a year? I would, 'cos we won't have a baby at home. Will you get me a baby, Granddad?"

"Tut, tut, an' no mother to feed it."

"Mrs. Miller says there's tubes to feed 'em through when they have no mothers; I as't her."

"An' what about the poor wee birds—are ye tired of them? Ye canna' have everything ye see, my bairn. An' I couldn't afford to feed an' clothe another bairn."

"Very well, Granddad, I won't have one now; I forgot about that when I as't you, an' I do love the birds."

Just at that moment a boat shot past them, and in it sat a girl and a man. The girl was rowing and bending gracefully to her oars; the man was steering and gazing with admiration at his companion.

"Why, dash me! if that isn't the lass I saw in the coach from Akaroa eight or nine weeks ago; but that ain't her husband," muttered Duncan to himself, as he criticised the pair. "Looks more at home than she did in the coach, and happier, too. Aweel, poor lass, she's goin' the wrong road; s'pose he's her lover. Looks more suited to her, anyway."

"Granddad, what are you talking about to yourself? Do you know them people in that boat?" asked Aimee, peeping round Duncan's shoulder in order to get a better view.

"Na, I don't know 'em," and, taking up his sculls, he prepared to row back again.

Arrived at the boat sheds, Duncan helped Aimee to terra firma, and, after paying for the boat, they made their way to the Museum close by, where they spent a pleasant half-hour, although Aimee did not care so much for it as she did for the river trip. As they came out of the Museum several students from Christ's College passed them, and stared rudely at Aimee. She was only

a poor, obscure little peasant girl, but so lovely that people could not help turning round to have another look at the exquisite little face, framed in its short, flowy curls and old Tam-o'-shanter cap. There was still plenty of time to spare before they were due at Rose Cottage, so they decided to take a trip to New Brighton, a pretty little place seven miles from the city. They mounted to the top of the tram, for although travelling on the top of a tram or bus would be considered undignified and unladylike in the North Island, it is quite correct in Christchurch, where ladies prefer it to inside travelling. On account of the country being so level, the people seldom get a good view of it except from the roof of a tram or omnibus, and an outside seat on a car or bus to New Brighton or Sumner, another watering place, nine miles from the city, is one of the pleasantest trips to be had in Christchurch.

CHAPTER VIII.
SHADOWS.

A week had passed, and the old man and his granddaughter were still in Christchurch. Old Duncan Keith enjoyed wandering about the city. It was so eminently English in its appearance, architecture, and surroundings, and situated as it was on the banks of the Avon, it reminded him of many a beautiful spot in his own country. It was one of Duncan's and Aimee's chief pleasures to go into the Cathedral and rest after having returned from some excursion or other, the terminus being in Worcester-street, close to the sacred building. And once he took her up the tower, from which they had a splendid view of the city and surrounding country. Then, at Rose Cottage, after dinner, they would love to sit and listen to the chimes of the Cathedral bells as their music floated sweetly on the evening air. On Sunday they had gone to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, and for the first time Aimee experienced a strange, uncomfortable feeling when she saw all the well-dressed people, so different to her grandfather and herself,

file into the church. Such feelings did not trouble Duncan; the caverns of his memory were filled with other scenes and faces of the long ago, especially of his still loved wife, who had crossed the Great Divide. She had always been fond of the kirk, and it was there he had met her first in Bonnie Scotland. Such were his thoughts during the service, and he was not aware of any difference between his little ewe lamb and the other young girls around them, at least as far as dress went; in other respects he thought her far superior, and so she was. As they came out of the church a man thrust a note into Aimee's hand, and then disappeared in the crowd, but not before she had recognized him.

A strange thrill swept over her, and she held the little note crumpled up in her hand, as she walked by her grandfather's side, lost in reverie.

"What's the matter with the wee bairn? Warn't the service grand, an' the kirk. Aye, my lamb?"

"Just that, Granddad." She was thinking how much she would like to talk to him about her stranger, and wondering how to break this piece of news. The thought never entered her pure mind to keep this little secret from him, so, after a pause, she said:

"Granddad, look what Sir—what did you call him?"

"Who, dearie, the passen?"

"Oh, no, the man on the hills what did my pitcher."

"Now, Aimee, quit that subject; he's far enough away now, anyway, thanks be to God."

"But he isn't, Granddad; he's here. I seen him, an' he gave me this."

"Oh, Lord, deliver us fra' evil to come." And with a gesture that was almost fierce, he snatched the note from Aimee's unwilling fingers, and thrust it into his pocket, and, catching her by the hand, hurried her away through Latimer Square until they came to the Avon and crossed the bridge. Then he stopped, and leaned heavily against the rail.

"What's the matter, dear Granddad? Have I hurt you? I was wondering to myself if I ought to show you that note, for I knew you didn't like him, an' it might vex you if I told you; but, you see, I didn't know what to do, an' I al-



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ways tell you everything, Granddad. I always have, haven't I?"

For answer Duncan drew the little figure to his side and held her tight, as though he feared some danger. After a little he said, brokenly and with effort: "Aimee, lang, lang ago, when you was a wee bairn, I said to myself, 'Duncan, says I, 'stay on the hills and rear that wee jewel away fra' all the sin o' the world, an' keep her untouched by evil, and when she's grown up she'll be a comfort to ye in yer auld age; she's all ye've got to cling to now or in the future.' So I just settles down ag'in, an' teaches ye to love me, and ye soon became the very light o' me e'en. Then, dearie, when ye began to prattle yer wee lubbie's talk, it nigh sent me daft wi' joy."

He paused again, and tears slowly trickled down his withered cheeks. Then he continued:

"Aweel, ye went on makin' sunshine fur me. An' later on the joy it was to see yer bonnie een light up when the auld man cam' hame tired to his bit dinner; an' to feel yer wee soft arms around my neck an' yer sweet voice a-singin' sae sweet about yon bit hame." A low moan came from under Duncan's arm, then—

"Oh, Granddad, why do you say all them things and be so sad? Isn't things always to go on the same as ever? An' if you're not happy here, why can't we go home agsin? I'm just longin' to see my birds and chicks again." Then she added:

"I couldn't help the man giving me that, Grandad. Oh, you know I couldn't." And Aimee burst into tears.

"I wasn't cross wi' ye, my ain wee birdie. O' course ye couldn't help it. Aweel, give yer auld granddad a kiss, and we'll just be gettin' on to Rose Cottage, an' see what the little woman's got fur supper; something tasty, I'll warrant."

Aimee kissed her grandfather, and smiled through her tears. It was an effort to do so, for the poor girl felt depressed with a vague unrest. A feeling that things would never be quite the same again oppressed her, and for the rest of the evening she sat quietly in the corner, watching her grandfather with a wistfulness that was quite pathetic. The same feeling, in a measure, was shared by Duncan, but he tried to put it from him, and his cheerfulness was restored, as Aimee, with her keener woman's instinct, knew. The knowledge made her unhappy, and for the first time in her life she went to bed and could not sleep.

When Duncan retired to his little room next to Aimee's all his cheerfulness vanished, and he dropped dejectedly into a chair, leaned his elbows on his knees, and buried his face in his hands. A sully half an hour passed before he changed his posture; then, with a drawn, anxious look, he rose and blew out the candle.

"I must think," he muttered to himself, "and save the bairn at any cost. Even if he was a single man he'd never wedder, nor would I let her if he would. But he's the devil himsel'—report ain't exaggerated about that." And to think I was so easy took in—me, a Scotchman, an' always reckoned sharp. He either didn't go to Wellington to catch the mail boat, or he came back from there, an' he's been skulkin' around after my ewe lamb, poor, wee, bonnie lamb."

Another long pause followed these reflections, and then he quietly removed his boots and threw himself on his bed without undressing. Next morning he awoke to find his beloved grandchild bending anxiously over him with a cup of tea in her hand.

"Hey, dearie, what's up?"

"Oh, Granddad, what is worrying you so? You've never undressed, an' I heard you up so late last night; but you mustn't speak till you've drunk this nice cup o' tea."

Duncan took the tea and drank it at a draught. As he set down the cup he drew Aimee over and kissed her.

"Aimee, tell me, are ye happy wi' me, dearie, an' content to go on the same as ever on the hills?"

"Happy? Content? Why, I'm longin' to go home again, Granddad; longin' ever so."

"Poor girl, she thought she was, but in reality she was ready to make any sacrifice to please her grandfather. But then she loved him more than anything on earth. He had been all sufficient for her until now, and she thought he was still. She could not understand the strange feeling of unrest that possessed her. Duncan looked keenly at her as though he would read her very soul. She bore the scrutiny without flushing, and his appeared satisfied.

"I lay down wi' my clothes on; as ye was a bit worried like, thinkin' as ye wouldn't be happy up yonder again. An' now I've made up my mind to sell the sheep an' the wee bit house, and shift up country. How will ye like that, Aimee?"

"That'll be splendid, Granddad," and Aimee clapped her hands with affected glee. "When shall we go? But don't sell Humpty-Dumpty, please, Granddad." Humpty-Dumpty was her pet lamb, a name she had given it from one of the few picture books she had possessed when a child, and which were still prized.

"No," replied Duncan, "I won't sell it, nor the birds, nor Dodger. An' we'll have to keep Bosa; she's a good ewe, and yields a deal more milk than t'other one we sold."

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW HOME.

Before going out with Aimee to call on his old friends, the Joneses, Duncan just remembered the note in his pocket. Drawing it out, he opened it, and slowly read aloud:

"My Dear Child,—Can I see you alone for a few minutes? I wish to give you a little keepsake in memory of our meeting on Port Hills. I will be at the cottage gate at eight o'clock to-morrow evening. I saw you in Cashel-street yesterday, and followed you, intending to speak, but remembered in time that your grandfather would not like it. I am sorry he does not like me, but I hope you do not share the unkind feeling towards your friend.—B.L."

The old man's hand shook with agitation as he crushed the paper; then he struck a match and burnt it. Just then Aimee came in with her hat on, and although she saw the burnt paper she said nothing.

"Ain't you ready, Granddad, dear? I've been waiting ever so long. Are we going to have dinner at the Joneses?" She tried to look interested as she perched herself on the side of the bed, and wondered what had been written on the burnt paper.

"After all, Aimee, I don't think we'll go to Papanui to-day; I ain't feeling so well," and the old man passed his hand wearily across his brow. "I think as we'll be gettin' hame again, and fix up the bit place fur auction; then we'll come back and have a longer spell on our way up country."

An idea had suddenly occurred to Aimee since receiving Langstone's note that she would like to learn to read and write. Previously she had not favoured the idea when her grandfather had suggested it, but now a great longing to learn possessed her.

"Granddad, won't you lie down if you don't feel well? You didn't have any sleep last night, you know; and then, if you feel better, this afternoon 'praps we could go an' peep into one o' them big schools where all the children are learning to read and write."

"Aye, we can do that, lassie; but I'll no lie down just now. I've got some business to see to, so I'll leave you with Mrs. Miller for an hour or two," and, kissing her tenderly, he left the house.

When he returned he did not forget Aimee's wish, and after the mid-day dinner the two proceeded along the Belt, which brought them to Richmond, and, turning into the Stannmore road, they found themselves close to the Public School. The couple attracted much attention. The fair young girl, just budding into womanhood, although unconscious of the fact, with her short curls and large, limpid eyes looking out from under beautifully marked brows, and the old Tam-o'-shanter; the old man, tall, gaunt, with a nose like an eagle's, and piercing, deep-set eyes under shaggy white brows, pursed up lips, and clean-shaven, rugged face, on every feature of which individuality was strongly stamped. Stealing into the school-yard, they entered the porch and peeped in. At first they were unobserved, but after a few minutes one of the teachers came forward and inquired their business.

"I'm only fur lettin' the wee bairn have a peep, meen; we're down for a bit holiday, ye ken, an' she's never seen inside a school afore."

The young lady smiled, and, taking Aimee by the hand, led her into the school, and offered the old man a chair. Aimee was delighted with the singing, but the lessons tried her a little. They confused her mind, and she was glad to be once more outside in the free, cool air.

"Well, Aimee, so ye've been in school, an' how do ye like it?"

"Not much, Granddad; it's too craney-up. I don't want to go to school, but I do want to learn to read and write."

"That 'minds me, Aimee, that we've just got time to walk to High-street, an' buy ye some lesson books."

They crossed the Stannmore Bridge, and turned to the right along Avon-side, then crossed the East Belt into Armagh-street. For the time being they appeared to have forgotten their depression, and chatted gaily to each other until they turned into Colombo-street. Then, all at once, Aimee stood still, her eyes riveted on a man who was walking on the opposite side of the street.

Duncan was a few yards ahead before he noticed that Aimee was not at his side, and he turned round in some alarm. Just then Aimee recollected herself, and hastened up to him.

"Ye musn't lag, Aimee, ye might get lost, dearie. What were ye lookin' at sae scared like?"

"I—at least, the people make me sort of silly, Granddad, and I forget what I'm doing."

It was the first time she had equivocated when asked a question, and it was solely for her grandfather's sake that she did so. She would much rather have discussed the subject of her thoughts with him; indeed, she was longing to do so, but dared not.

"Aweel, we're not fur off the shop now," said Duncan, as he took hold of the girl's arm.

They soon reached the shop, and, to the old man's surprise, Aimee showed very little interest in the purchases. After paying for the books, Duncan said:

"Come along, lassie. Poor wee bairn, she's tired out," and, tucking the little brown hand under his arm, they made their way back to Rose Cottage.

Christmas had come and gone, and the Hills knew the old man and the girl no more. They were now settled far up country, in an out-of-the-way place called Salt Water Creek, and had already resumed their usual occupations. Duncan had a large piece of ground under cultivation, and Aimee had her pets and flower garden, which had been a source of pride to the previous tenant. Roses covered the picturesque little cottage, hung over the doors, and peeped lovingly into Aimee's bedroom window, while huge boxes of mignonette adorned the sills. Apparently there had been done to make the girl's life happy all that a loving heart and willing hands could do. There was even a pony, which Duncan had bought with a view to bringing in his products to the city, and which Aimee was learning to ride. It had been offered to Duncan for a few pounds, and he decided to buy it and teach Aimee to ride. Later on he intended to get a spring cart, but not just yet, for he had crippled himself a little through his change of residence. And so matters continued for three months.

Election Curiosities.

Two curiosities are recorded by the London papers in connection with the recent election. In the annual election of one-third of the members of the Chiswick Urban District Council, Mr. E. Stone and Mr. Arthur Buckingham, the two candidates for the vacancy in the Old Chiswick Ward, entered into an agreement not to canvass the electors, either personally or by agent; not to print or cause to be printed, or cause to be exhibited in any house or window, any window-card or bill seeking votes; and not to use on the polling-day any vehicle for the conveyance of voters to the poll. The penalty for any breach of this agreement was the payment by the offender of the whole of the election expenses of the other, the agreement to be null and void in the event of any other candidate being nominated for the ward. No other candidate was nominated, and the conditions of the agreement were faithfully observed. Mr. Stone was returned by 304 votes to 120.

In the West Ward and Finchley, Messrs. Bennett and Harveyson tied for second place on the poll with 355 votes each. Mr. Harveyson was the sitting member. The retiring officer declined to give his casting vote, and the two names were written down and put in a policeman's helmet. The one drawn, by a police-sergeant, was the slip of paper bearing Mr. Bennett's name, and Mr. Bennett was declared elected.



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Lady Letty's Literary Lesson

By Robert Barr

Author of "Over the Border," Etc.

IF an artist had wished to paint a picture representing scorn, anger, and various other evil passions, he could not have found a better study than Lady Letty's face as she finished the letter. Luckily for Letty there was no witness to that undeniable scowl which for the moment marred the very perfect beauty of her face. The first reading of the letter had merely caused amazement that anyone should dare to pen such lines to her. She was too much astonished at the moment to remember that the correspondent did not know he was writing to a lady. She forgot also her own persistence in sending to him letter after letter, imploring, and even demanding advice. Here she had it, and yet, she was not happy.

Lady Letty's lines had fallen in pleasant places. The rod of criticism had been spared, and if the young lady had not been spoiled by the lack of this corrective, she was unprepared for brutal frankness now that she had brought it down upon herself. Indeed, Lady Letty was so charming a girl that no one who knew her ever thought of saying anything in her presence that was not complimentary and pleasing. Her school essays into literature had been so enthusiastically commended by her friends that the poor girl actually thought she had only to step into the great world, gently wave Mrs Humphrey Ward aside, and occupy the place hitherto held by that woman of genius.

And Lady Letty had very high and noble ideas about life in general. She wished to devote her time and talent to worthy objects. She sometimes said unkind things about fashionable people, and yet no one enjoyed a dance better than Lady Letty. She wished to sway mankind toward the good, the true, the beautiful, and it must be said of the younger portion of mankind whom she knew, that they displayed great anxiety to be so swayed by Lady Letty, especially in the dream mazes of a waltz. But Lady Letty was determined to be loved for herself alone; youth and beauty were to be unaided by rank and fortune when that important turning point in her life arrived, all of which goes to show that she was very, very young indeed. She was also bent upon winning fame entirely through her own merits, and so she had chosen the non de guerre of John Hazelden.

The lack of appreciation which John Hazelden met at the outset of his career grows familiar to us all by reading biographies of the truly great. The manuscripts invariably returned, often accompanied by a polite little printed note, amiably explaining that this rejection cast no reflection upon the merits of the manuscript. John tired of the monotony after a while, and when the sixth story came back from that well-known magazine, "The Magnet," which, as everyone is aware, attracts hundreds of thousands of readers, John offered to rewrite the story if the editor would kindly point out what was wrong with it. A stamped and addressed envelope brought a brief reply, written by some subordinate in the "Magnet" office, to the effect that it was against the custom of that periodical to criticise contributions sent in. The fact of the story's return proved it unavailable so far as the "Magnet" was concerned, and the writer remained—most sincerely, J.D.W.

Now these three initials failed to satisfy the literary yearnings of Lady Letty. She was a persistent little person, who had been allowed all her life to do exactly as she pleased, with that amount of leisure time on her hands which the Prince of Darkness delights in filling up, so she wrote a letter to an old school friend who was making her way in journalistic circles, somewhat, it must be confessed, to Lady Letty's chagrin, for the girl at school had not shown cleverness superior to that with which Lady Letty received assurance she was endowed, and her ladyship beg-

ged her journalistic friend to discover for her who the actual editor of the "Magnet" was, and to send her, if possible, his private address. The journalistic friend replied promptly in a hurriedly scrawled note from the Scribner's Club, saying the editor's name was Richard Grant, and he lived in bachelor's quarters at No. 17, Plum Tree Court, Temple, E.C. Then the flippant journalist went on to say that if Lady Letty intended entering the literary field, she was taking unfair advantage of her competitors by storming the editor's sanctuary instead of his sanctum. The journalist begged Lady Letty, in fairness to those who had to make their living with the typewriter, not to send her photograph to the editor, or write on paper that bore the Balmor crest. To this Lady Letty replied with dignity, after thanking her friend, that if she ever attempted to write, she would adopt a non-de-plume, which the journalist thought a wrong phrase to use. Lady Letty then explained that she wished the private address of the editor, not for herself, but for a friend of hers, named John Hazelden.

It was John Haselden himself who wrote to Richard Grant, enclosing his manuscript once more, begging the editor to amend anything that might be wrong, or if this were impossible, imploring him to point out in what respect the story failed to meet approval. Mr. Haselden would be glad of any advice the editor might be pleased to tender to one who desired to make his living with his pen. The result of this appeal was the letter now in the young lady's hand.

"17, Plum Tree Court,
Temple, E.C.

John Haselden, Esq.

Dear Sir,—

You might as well ask me to carve a marble statue out of a pile of bricks as to set me the impossible task of making anything worth reading out of your story. You want to know what is wrong with it. I beg to inform you it is all wrong. Your people are impossible; your conversation stilted and unnatural. Living men and women never spoke as your characters do. The work is more like that of a silly school girl than of a man, even if he happens to be exceedingly young, as you doubtless are. What you need is experience. Fall in love with a girl, and get her to fall in love with you, then set down what you say to each other, and the result is bound to be better than this effort. It certainly couldn't be worse.

Yours truly,
RICHARD GRANT."

Lady Letty tore both the letter and the returned manuscript into exceedingly small pieces. Then she went out for a long walk, and during that promenade partially cooled her heated temper, and came to a very grim determination. She would acquire the love experience recommended by the rude Mr. Grant, and he himself should be the teacher. She would lead him a dance, that she would; twist him round her little finger, and when he proposed would reject him with scorn. Her revenge would be made complete by sending him afterwards a story in which his own conversation with her should be set down as accurately as if written by a shorthand clerk. She would contrive to meet him somehow under the name of Miss Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, and when, afterwards, John Haselden sent the new story to the impolite Richard Grant, he would write

that he knew it to be true, because it was told to him, amid much laughter, by a charming girl named Miss Brown.

What with the inspiring effect of the walk through a beautiful park, and the exhilarating effect of this newly-concocted plot against an unfortunate man's peace of mind, Lady Letty came back to the Manor House in a much better humour than she left it. She sat down and wrote to her accommodating friend the journalist, saying that John Haselden was very anxious to meet Mr. Richard Grant, and wished to find out when and where he spent his vacation. A week passed before the reply came, and the delay was explained by the letter itself, which was rather inaccurately type-written. The journalist admitted that she had invested in a machine, and was still practising. Besides, she said, it was not quite so easy to see Mr. Richard Grant as a person in the country might suppose. However, the enterprising journalist had requested an interview in order to learn what he thought of the literary outlook, as she proposed to write an article on that subject, and Mr. Grant had consented to see her on condition that his name was not mentioned in the forthcoming contribution. It appeared that his views regarding literature were most pessimistic, but after that question was settled they got a talking of forest and glade, and here the young man grew enthusiastic. It appeared he was a younger son of Lord Fernley, of Scotland, and he was going to spend his holidays in the Highlands. On the fifteenth he would join the Gorm House party of Mr. McLean, on the shores of Loch Gorm, where he would spend a fortnight trout fishing the Loch. He had secured the only boat on the lake, and expected, therefore, to revel in the sport unmolested. So if John Haselden thought to make his acquaintance there he might find his project inopportune. After fishing in the West, Mr. Grant would go across to his father's place near the east coast, and there would be Mr. Haselden's best opportunity for meeting him.

It was now the third of the month, and Lady Letty lost no time in becoming Miss Letitia Johnson, and it was as Miss Letitia Johnson, of Glasgow, that she took two rooms in the farmhouse overlooking the Loch. The farmer successfully carried her canoe over the exceedingly rough road from the landing place of the Glasgow steamer, miles and miles away, and delivered it safely at the margin of the lake. Lady Letty had planned it all out. The canoe was to be the means of introducing her to Mr. Richard Grant. She knew just how that young man would act when he learned that the plain household held another visitor than himself. His first inclination would be to desert the place altogether, and enjoy his vacation somewhere else. A few minutes' reflection would show him this was not so easily done as it may have appeared on the first thought. Most of these two weeks were likely to be consumed in the search for any place so secluded as Loch Gorm. He would then, she surmised, succumb to the temptation of the Loch, if he were a true fisherman, and would resolve to stay and make the best of it, ignoring his fellow guest. Then the canoe would play its part the first day or the second. She would lose her paddle, and drift helpless on the lake, with a signal of distress flying. The objectionable Mr. Grant could scarcely refrain from coming to her assistance, and Lady Letty, young though she was, had already enough of experience to know that a man was not

It was late at night when Mr Grant arrived, and Lady Letty saw nothing of him that evening. Next morning, when the servant brought Lady Letty's breakfast to the front parlour, which was study, library, and drawing-room for her ladyship during her stay in the Highlands, the lass was very gossiping and eulogistic about the newcomer. He was a rare nice body, she said, and a thorough gentleman, unco' free with his money, which Letty took to be a hint for herself. After breakfast the young lady surveyed herself in the mirror, and with a touch or two here and there, concluded she was suitably arrayed for conquest. She was fetchingly attired, and her short skirt, exceedingly neat, the product of the best shop in London, showed a pair of small feet and dainty ankles. The expensive hat from Paris displayed that fashionable simplicity which is nowhere more effective than in the wilderness, and doubtless a mere man, while admiring the artistic completeness of hat and costume, would be fool enough to imagine that the whole combination had been purchased at the nearest village. Nevertheless, the final result would be the same as if he had seen the bill. With the light yellow paddle under her arm, the young woman opened the door, and went out. She carried herself with a quiet dignity which seemed to intimate that she had no thought of masculine intrusion within the realm of her earthly paradise.

A well-set-up young fellow, in a Harris tweed Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, with a cap of the same material jauntily stuck on his head, was stuffing a black pipe with tobacco from a rubber pouch. For one instant he looked in stupefied amazement at the vision which had just emerged from the front door, then he thrust pipe, pouch and loose tobacco hurriedly into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and removed his cap. The young lady had paused for an instant on the threshold gazing with admiration in her eyes towards the steely mirror of the placid lake, which at that distance gave no hint that its waters were brown with the peat which surrounded it. Then she drew herself up as she noticed the salute from the stranger, and, returning it with the slightest possible inclination of her fair head, she glided down the path toward the lake, while the young fellow gazed in stupefaction after her, with his cap still in his hand.

"By Jove!" he murmured to himself. "Who would have expected Bond-street in Argylshire?"

Finally he gathered together basket, landing net and jointed rod, with its long brown canvas bag, then strolled in the direction the vision had taken, quite forgetting his pipe, which was an extraordinary thing.

Old Donald was waiting for him in the stern of the boat, and as Richard stepped past him into the prow, Donald shoved the craft off from the bed of peat on which it partially rested, then took to the oars while his employer put together the trout rod. Then, as he stood up he saw the vision calmly paddling her own yellow canoe toward the middle of the Loch.

"Who is that, Donald? Do you know?" asked the young man.

"I'm not sure," replied Donald, "it's a young lady fra' Glasgow, that's been stopping up at the loose this week or mair."

"Surely to goodness she's not going to attempt fishing for trout from that treacherous cockle-shell!"

"Ah, ye can never ken," replied Donald nonchalantly, as if it were no affair of his. "Glasgow bodies are a' daft."

"Row over there," said Richard. "I must speak with her."

Donald did as he was directed, and as the boat approached, perfectly unknown to the young lady, of course, for she was looking altogether in another direction, Richard made so bold as to address her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but I hope you don't intend fishing from that canoe." She turned towards him, an expression of mitigated surprise upon her very pretty face.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it is so unstable. You have no one with a landing net; if you are so unfortunate as to hook a fish, I assure you there are ten chances of your going to him, to one of his coming to you."

The girl smiled very winningly. "Do you think a canoe is so treacherous as all that? I confess I am not an expert fisher, but I did imagine myself an expert canoeist."

"I see that you understand the canoe perfectly, but one might as well attempt to play a fish from the back of a galloping horse, as to stand up in that craft. I beg of you to abandon the canoe, and come into this boat."

"Oh, thank you very much, but I could not think of such a thing. I brought my canoe all the way from Glasgow for the express purpose of learning to fish in it."

"I am sure you are attempting the impossible. I don't know very much of canoes, but I had one at Oxford, and, goodness knows, it threw me into the river often enough without my trying to fish from it. This boat is as steady as the ark, and nearly as roomy. I shall be delighted if you accept a place in it, and Donald here will be as pleased to dip out fish for two as for one."

Letitia cast a regretful look over the surface of the lake, a look touched with pathetic reluctance.

"There couldn't be a finer day," she said, "for my experiment with the canoe," and she spoke with most touching wistfulness.

"Oh, if you wish the experiment tried, just step into this boat, and I'll take your place in the canoe. I don't mind a wetting in the least. I'll try the experiment."

Lady Letty laughed very sweetly. The young man had referred to the canoe as craft, little thinking the craft was in its passenger, and so at last that passenger accepted a place in the stern of the boat, contriving, quite successfully, as she did so to give to her action the air of conferring a favour.

With her first cast the hook caught the young man in the shoulder of his Norfolk jacket, and he, unfortunate wretch, little suspecting the typical nature of the incident, laughed with exceeding cheerfulness, and then showed her how the trick of making a cast should be done.

This day was the first of many pleasant outings on the little loch, and, as has been intimated, trout was not the only thing that was caught. Nearly two weeks later he invited her to attend the bag-piping and the sports at Skill-manduch, just as if he were a farmers lad, and she his lass.

The farmer drove his wife and all that belonged to the house over to the Fair, and if there were not the Hundred Pipers of the song, there were at least enough of them in the musical contest to make the air very resonant with the skreel of the pibroch. It was a great day, and the whole of the country-side was there. Early in the afternoon, Richard Grant said to Letitia:

"Are you tired?"

"Not in the least," she answered, "it's very jolly."

"Would you mind walking home across the moors?"

"Do you know the way?" she asked.

"Yes, I have been across once or twice in the quest of tobacco."

"Very well," she replied, "let us be off," and so they walked up and up from the village, and over the hills and far away. At last they came to the summit, and saw beneath them the farmhouse that had been their home, and beyond that again, the blue Atlantic, with the red western sun hanging over its outer rim.

"You must be tired now," he said, "let us sit down in the heather for a moment and enjoy this unexampled scene."

"It is beautiful," she murmured.

"Letty," he said, "we seem to be alone in the whole world, and speaking for myself there is no one in the world but you. Letty, I love you. Will you marry me?"

Now was her opportunity. Now had come the crisis she had planned for, schemed for, and contrived for. The lesson was long ago prepared, and she knew it by heart. She glanced up at the young man, at his clear-cut face which was in desperate earnest. Then she looked towards the sinking sun.

"But you know nothing of me," she said at last, a remark which was not in the lesson at all.

"I know that you are the dearest, most honest, best girl in the world, and

in addition to that the most beautiful woman that walks the earth. Of course I should have written to your father, and asked his permission to pay my addresses to you, but I was too anxious, and wished first to assure myself of your assent."

Lady Letty continued to gaze at the distant Atlantic, and for some moments there was silence between them.

"Won't you answer, dear?" whispered the young man, bending towards her.

"I think you may write to father, or perhaps it would be better if you went to see him, and said nothing of my assent."

"Oh, heaven bless you, Letty," cried a jubilant voice, "tell me where I shall find him."

"He is easily found," said Letty, with one of those confiding little laughs which he admired so much, "he is Earl of Balkerl, at Balkerl Castle, in the Midlands."

Elephant Ghosts.

STRAITS-BUDGET OF SINGAPORE.

Some four years ago, when I was engaged in certain prospecting operations in the highlands of Pahang, on the borders of that State with Perak, I had occasion to make a somewhat lengthy stay at a place called Kampar, on the Yuo River, one of the tributaries of the Betok, in its turn a tributary of the Jelai, the principal feeder of the Pahang River. I selected this spot because it had already been cleared of large trees and had only recently been in occupation as a Sakai settlement, from the remains of which we reared our unpretentious little camp. The Sakais, however, strongly advised us to go elsewhere, alleging that this place was haunted by elephant ghosts, and that they had been the direct cause of a number of deaths, principally among their children, whose remains lie buried there.

It is necessary to explain that at the back of this place, not fifty yards away, is to be seen one of those peculiar muddy pools which animals of all kinds frequent for their saline properties, this particular one being known as the Kubang Gajah Hantu (the mud pool of the ghostly elephants). These salt lakes are also known as genuts in Malay. When the Sakais refer to this place it is usually with bated breath and a mysterious and awesome gesture. These men declared that almost nightly elephants are seen and heard breaking twigs and branches and wallowing in this mud pool, and yet in the morning not a vestige of their spoor can be seen anywhere. Of this I am certain, the prints of deer and pigs were always plentiful and fresh, but no elephant could have been within miles of the place during my residence in that locality. My mandor's wife, an oldish woman, who always followed her husband in his journeys, doing the cooking for my followers, declared that the first night we slept there she and all my men heard continued, long drawn wails, like a long wee-eee, which went on without intermission until almost daylight. This noise, they said, came from those Sakai children buried there.

This account is interesting from an ethnological standpoint in so far as it illustrates the beliefs and superstitious of a race of very primitive people. As for the number of children dying at the time, this would only seem natural when it is remembered that an epidemic of measles was then and had been for some time raging.

"That changes the question altogether," said the mining speculator. "That fact puts a new light on the matter."

He was talking about a telegram he had received.

"It is like the young woman's experience at the ball," he said. "A couple of matrons were discussing a certain young woman, and the first said that she was very homely and very unpopular."

"Can that be?" the second matron murmured, with a perplexed air.

"Why, yes," the first insisted. "She is a perfect wallflower."

"But at last week's ball," said the other, "I understood she danced every dance."

"So she did."

"Well, then—"

"Ah," interrupted the first matron, "but it was a masked ball."

Lea and Perrins' Sauce.



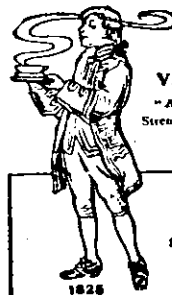
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Capturing Wild Animals

By George McLean Buchanan

ONLY those who have had the experience," said a wild-animal hunter fresh from the jungles of India, "have any conception of the hardships to be endured and the dangers to be met in exploring the wilds of India for the purpose of capturing wild animals. From the minute of leaving Calcutta or Bombay to the end of the return trip, not only are privations necessary, but a man's life is constantly in danger; for as soon as it is rumoured about that he is in quest of wild animals, the natives know that he carries money, and are ready to mob, rob, or murder him should the opportunity offer. For this reason I travelled with two guards, one of whom kept watch over me when I slept, as the ten thousand rupees sewed in my clothing would be a good haul, and the treacherous natives would think nothing of committing murder in order to gain possession of it.

But notwithstanding the risk and the facts that I had to live on curry and rice for the nine long months of my journey, since the killing of game is against the religious code of the land, and had to endure the discomfort of sleeping on bare ground under the eaves of native huts, the dew being too heavy for sleeping in the open—it was a splendid experience, and I am looking forward to a repetition of it next year, even though I know well that every step in the process of capture and shipping is fraught with difficulties and perils.

"To begin with," he went on, "the most desirable wild animals to be had, elephants and tigers, are protected by the Government, and unless you buy them from the authorised dealers, which is not the least expensive means, there are stumbling-blocks in your path. Elephant catching is accomplished by practically one method, and because of this unity of means employed I will skip over this part of the story briefly.

"Upon starting out from Calcutta, I first engaged the services of two natives who were to accompany me on the entire journey. This was necessary, as it is impossible as you travel about to get natives to leave their own districts unless they are in the business of acting as guides and protectors. With this meagre band of assistants and the most limited traveller's kit possible, I made for the jungles, and after reconnoitering for a time, soon found natives who would undertake the capture of elephants. While they were off on the hunt, I busied myself supervising the capture of other creatures of the forest upon which I had set my heart.

"The natives are so keen in their detection of various animals that it does not take them long to locate the whereabouts of the elephants; and building a small inclosure about four feet high (over which an elephant never jumps), well concealed on the outside by brush, and having a narrow approach, they cautiously make their way out beyond the elephants, observing great care to be absolutely noiseless, as the mere breaking of a twig may put the animals to flight. Then, having formed a miniature 'surround,' they begin the drive-in by shouts and yells that frighten the elephants forward toward the trap. When the animals are safe within the enclosure, the entrance is blocked, and the capture is complete.

"But the next step, 'tying it up,' is far more perilous than the actual capture, for it is necessary for the natives to enter the corral with these loose wild beasts. Several tame elephants, however, are first led into it, and so well trained are these sagacious animals that they immediately set to work in pinning down a wild elephant and pinning his body between theirs, thus allowing the natives to tie the hind legs of the captive and fasten the rope to a tree without the aid of any other help.

"When all are made secure the great tug-of-war begins. They pull and fight

for their freedom until completely exhausted, when they fall apparently lifeless to the ground. But after they have recovered from this collapse they rise more reconciled to their fate, and when led off to water in company with two tame animals of their kind the process of subduing is in a large measure accomplished.

"All that now remained for the catchers to do was to drive the result of their hunt down to our stopping-place, whence, with my two men and a relay of others that I secured to travel a short distance—to the limit of their district, where I must engage another gang—the march began to the nearest railroad station.

"All went smoothly for a time. The elephants proceeded meekly. We had to swim them across the Ganges, as the numerous changes of the course of that river preclude the possibility of bridging. But when within a few miles of the railroad station it behoves us to keep a watchful eye on our captives. With remarkable keenness of the sense of smell and an intelligence that is surprising, they catch the whiff of smoke and rails and intuitively realise the danger. Suddenly they will take flight, madly making for the forest, and once having gained the advantage of a few rods it is next to impossible to overtake them.

"If, however, the greatest care is observed at this critical point, the elephant may be brought in safely to the railroad terminal, where the most tedious part of the whole undertaking is to be met.

"For a wild elephant to board a train of his own volition is in the realm of the unknown. He simply will not do it, and he exerts all his stubbornness and strength to avoid it, which is saying much when it is considered that with one blow of his fore paw he can fell a tree a foot in diameter. It is consequently compulsory to deal with them as you would with the little birds that can sing and won't sing; you must make them sing.

"Constructing a rude and impromptu gang-plank from the railroad timbers that happen to be lying about (there are no conveniences whatever for this sort of business), I thus supplied a means of entrance to the box-car that had been tracked for my use, and both doors of which I now thrust open. Then, tying heavy ropes about the elephant's hind feet, I managed with the aid of a large corps of helpers to drag him to the gang-plank. Next, throwing the loose ends of the ropes through the ear to the opposite door, I stationed twenty natives there to grasp them, ready to obey orders.

"After this, with two assistants, I took my place behind my captive, and armed as we all were with sharp-pointed bamboo goads, began operations. I shouted to the twenty natives to pull on the ropes, and as they drew the elephant's fore feet from under him, we goaded him from behind, compelling him to move his hind legs forward to support himself from falling. Again I shouted; again we goaded; again they tugged; and inch by inch we gradually dragged Mr. Elephant into his prison cell. It was a tedious task, sometimes consuming several hours, but under existing conditions it was the only means of forcing these strange creatures against their instincts and tastes.

"Having landed him in the box-car, though my troubles were far from ended, the natives have more fear of elephants than Europeans and Americans have, and you could not hire one of these people to enter the car with a loose elephant. Hence it was necessary for me to do the 'tying-up' act myself.

"The inhabitants of India are also not altogether trustworthy, and just as Mr. Elephant is hoisted into the car, at which point I select the twenty elect who are supposed to hold the opposite door while you make fast the one on your

side, they are likely to take fright and bolt for the open, leaving an easy means of escape for the hard-earned prize, whose ready intelligence comes quickly to his aid. Cleverly pushing the door wider open with his head and trunk, he kneels his fore feet on the ground, and kneeling on his hind legs, skilfully lets himself down, a distance of seven feet, and makes a bold dash for his native haunts. So quick is he that he may be down and off a good pace before you can make the circuit of the car and start in pursuit.

"This trying experience happened to me with one of my elephants, and as I saw this fifteen hundred dollars fleeing from me, soon to be swallowed up in the jungles, I put on all the speed that I could command, and after several rods of chasing managed to get hold of the end of one of his ropes. Holding on for dear life, I continued my fight, until I came to a good-sized tree, around which I rapidly ran several times, fastening it firmly, and incidentally taking a piece out of my arm where the rope had rubbed against the flesh. But I did not complain of physical discomforts, for I had secured my prize, and notwithstanding the fact that I had to repeat the whole process of loading him on the train I was happy over my successful capture.

"If no accidents have happened, and your elephant is securely inclosed, you must now perform the risky stunt of tying him to his allotted apartment in the car. With nearly all of my elephants I succeeded beautifully, always doing my work with great despatch. But one elephant showed fight and refused to go into his moorings. I was behind him, but no amount of goading would urge him into the desired position. He would not budge an inch. But with the cleverness of his race he soon realised that he could not strike me but that another means of retaliation remained open to him. Backing slowly toward me, I knew that he intended to crush me. Fortunately I was in an angle of the car, and reaching out on each side, slid my legs up over his back, thus escaping as close a call as I have ever had.

"Having loaded and secured my five elephants, which was the number of my first capture, I accompanied them by train to Calcutta, a distance of three hundred miles, covered in the interminable time of four days, since freight is always slow of travel. In the meantime my captives had become accustomed to the machinery and noise of their new surroundings. They had been fed generously with small banana-trees, of which they are fond and which the natives at the railroad stations cut down to order and sell for ten cents, bananas and all. And when our destination was finally reached, they were led off like old farm-horses to water. Giving them into the keeping of some natives whom I hired, I returned to the wilderness to bag some more big game.

"On my second elephant expedition I secured three prizes, and when a large number of animals were in readiness for shipping the eight elephants were led out for their sea trip. Putting a sting about the belly of one of these, the poor creature was hoisted into midair by means of a derrick, and of all the grotesque sights that I ever witnessed, one of these animals thus suspended, pawing the air wildly, fighting with his trunk, screaming blue murder, is surely the most extreme. Fortunately for him, his troubles do not last long, for he is soon lowered to a comfortable place on the ship, while others of his fellows go through the same performance, and after a voyage on the ocean, he lands in New York in the most abject submission. If another railroad journey is necessary to transport him to some zoological garden or menagerie, he willingly boards a train and bows graciously to the inevitable. Indeed, only a few days of captivity tame him sufficiently for all practical purposes; for he is one of the most intelligent animals in the world."

"And how about the tigers?"

"They are all trapped. Have you ever

seen a tiger with a book in his tail? Well, he has been trapped and the door of the trap has shut down on his tail, breaking it.

"Tigers are scarce, and the price of them is constantly advancing. I brought home three tigers and five leopards. The latter are plentiful. I engaged the natives to trap them for me. They explore the forest for tracks, or 'pugs' as they are called, in the sandy beds of dried river courses, and set a trap in the usual path of the tiger. They have the trap, which is simply a large box with a door so arranged as to spring down; well baited with buffalo calf or some other greatly desired dainty that tempts the palate of the coveted beast.

"The tiger must always be handled with gloves. For travelling purposes, he must have a cage of teakwood, anything softer than this giving way under his great strength. He must also be well barricaded with close bars. When these precautions are observed, there is no more difficulty with him, other than supplying him with an abundance of food. I had one narrow escape from one of these tigers, and it happened after I had bought him safely to this country. He was in a car with two leopards and a hyena, each in a separate cage, of course, on his way to a distant city. One night, with a red lantern in hand, I entered the car to see if everything was all right. I heard a growl, but concluded that one of the animals objected to the red lantern. Stepping over to the tiger's cage, what was my horror to find it in splinters! Then I knew what had happened. The loose animal was right at my back. The fright gave me supernatural strength and alertness. With lightning speed I rushed out of the car, closing the heavy door rapidly behind me. If I had used a bright lantern, as was my custom, the tiger would have seen me and sprung upon me.

"Besides these, there were dozens of snakes. With them, as with the other creatures that I made captive, the natives gave me great assistance. Frequently they set fire to the jungles, whereupon the snakes would run out. They could then be caught easily by the use of nets, which are nothing more nor less than exaggerated butterfly nets.

"The method that I preferred in handling them consisted in the use of a long stick, to the end of which was attached a heavy cord; the loose end of the latter passing through a hole in the stick. In this way a sort of slip-noose is formed. This may be passed over the snake's head, drawn tight to hold it firmly, and loosened to allow its escape when it is safely housed in a cage covered with wire netting."

"So the Murkins boy could not hold the place his father got for him?" asks Fadoogus. "Well, I am surprised. Why, that Murkins boy is said to be the smartest boy for his years in the city."

"That's the trouble," explains Migglety. "He's entirely too smart."

"To smart?"

"Yes, you know the lad knows the encyclopedia backward and forward, always led his classes at school, can repeat whole sections of the dictionary, and generally holds the blue ribbon for useful information. Well, old man Green thought he was the very sort of an office assistant he needed, and when Murkins asked him to take Tommy on he jumped at the chance. But he fired the boy before noon. The boy hadn't been in the office an hour until he had corrected Green's pronunciation six times, found forty errors in his spelling in the little notes he scribbles as orders to his employees, snapped him up on a couple of arithmetical questions, and finally got old man Green riled by arguing that Kansas City was in Missouri and not in Kansas. It was then that the old man gave him a week's wages and told him to quit, and then telephoned to an employment agency for a boy who didn't know the alphabet, and who knew no other figures than those on the clock."

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.



The Way of Peace.

I sought the way of peace—
So long I sought, and far;
A place where naught might enter in,
My happiness to rear.
I sought, and sought in vain,
Until, with fainting heart,
I turned about, and found a place
Where I could bear a part.
In lifting heavy loads,
In sharing others' woes;
And the rest of duty, lo!
I found my heart's repose.

What He Got Out of It.

He never took a day of rest,
He couldn't afford it;
He never had his trousers pressed,
He couldn't afford it;
He never went away, care-free,
To visit distant lands, to see
How fair a place this world might be—
He couldn't afford it.
He never went to see a play,
He couldn't afford it;
His love for art he put away,
He couldn't afford it.
He died and left his heirs a lot,
But no tall shaft proclaimed the spot
In which he lies—his children thought
They couldn't afford it.

Three Fishers.

Three fishers went strolling away to the stream,
To the babbling brook where the fishes swim,
Of speckled beauties they all did dream,
And each felt certain they'd bite for him.
For men will tramp from morning till night,
And suffer the fierce mosquito's bite,
And drink to stop their groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the market-places,
'Twas some two hours after the sun
Went down,
And a look of gloom was on each man's face,
For at certain baskets they each did frown,
For men may fish, and may get no bite,
And tired and hungry go home at night,
And vent their wealth in groaning.

Three fishers strolled into the beer saloon,
Where the crowd sat round and the gas was bright,
And each gaily whistled a merry tune,
And showed his fish with assumed delight,
For men will fish, yes, and men will lie,
And boast of catching the fish they buy,
While inwardly they're groaning.

Modernised Spelling.

(By James J. Montague.)
(Andrew Carnegie has contributed to the spelling movement—thereby assuring it of success.—News Item.)

2 late I morn the daz I spent, not wryly,
but 2 wet.
When but a yung and guttleless yuth, in
4 skoolboys of this modern tym by learned
men r bid
2 spel the English langwji like good old Josh
Billings did.
My dixerary's throce asyd, and I just feel
ground
Bes I start to rite a wurd, and spel it by
the sownd.

And yet I somehow do not think that this
new-fashyid sille
Will b adoptid jenerly, 4 quite a littul while;
4 what a purson wunc has turned it's pritty
safe 2 bet
Will lykly b an awful lot us trouble 2 4get,
4 instand, the wuu's skolarship is re-rigged
4 and aft.

Still 2-in-a-n-e-e kontinyos 2 spel graft.
A riter need not stop to think about his
spelling long,
No mater how he spels a wurd, just so he
spels it rong.
'Tombso, 'tym, and 'the rest that yused 2
rise him owl.
He just can rite rite on the reel without
the slightest dowt.
And yet, altho I must confess the sistern's
pritty fine,
I dont think that Depew and Plat kan turn
to spel 'realise.

Then back to Noah Webster and the good
old-fashioned days,
When one must learn to spel one word a
dozen different ways.
'E right' or 'to rite' or 'rite' is right,
though learning may come slow,
We surely get our money's worth in know-
ing that we know.

—New York American.

The Washerwoman's Song.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

An occupation strange is mine:
At least it seems to people droll
That while I'm working at the line
I'm going to from pole to pole.

Where'er I go I strive to please,
From morn to night I rub and rub;
I'm something like a Hagenee—
I almost live within a tub.

To acrobats who vault and sprig
In circuses I take a shine;
They make their living in the ring,
And by the wringer I make mine.

My calling's humble, I'll agree,
But I am no cheap callio,
As some folks are who sneer at me:
I'm something that will wash, you know.

I smile in calm, I strive in storm,
With life's distresses I cope,
My duties cheerfully to perform,
My motto—While there's life there's
soap.

Wring out the old, wring out the new,
Wring out the black, wring out the gray,
Wring out the white, wring out the blue—
And thus I wring my life away.

The Song of the Submarine.

This is the song of the submarine!
The tale of her pericardillo!
How she plunges unseen, through the shimmering
green,
To prepare a lonely pillow
For the admiral proud—as she laughs
aloud,
With flame and blood on the billow!

"All tint and trim, away I skim
Awash with the swifling water,
A thing of life for the deadly strife,
Old Neptune's own net daughter;
I plunge unseen, through the shimmering
green,
A proud machine for slaughter!"

"Like a fitting ghost 'mid the battle host
I wield a wurd existence,
A belt from the blue, I vanish from view
To appear in the misty distance,
Or sink below to grapple the foe
At the point of least resistance.

"Where the searchlights flash through the
gleam I dash,
My dread torpedo ready,
Till the quivering bell its tale shall tell
As we rush through a whirling eddy,
Then I swim dead slow, five fathoms low,
With the helm a-port and 'Steady'!

"For now in the hull, some mighty hull
'Has cost a shadow round me,
I can almost feel her grating keel—
Ten thousand tons to pound me—
But little I fret, for she'll not forget
The spot where to-night she found me!

"A loud report—'tis Satan's sport!
'Tis done while the lils are blinking,
The rent is vast, she's filling fast,
No time for prayer I'm thinking!
With starboard lunges, a mighty plunge,
She's listed and she's sinking!"

"A moment more and all is o'er,
There is peace on the troubled water,
Far down in the deep the brave shall sleep
In a bed of unseen slaughter;
And I shriek with delight, 'Who dreams
to-night
Of Neptune's favourite daughter?'"

For this is the song of the submarine!
The tale of her pericardillo!
How she plunges unseen, through the
shimmering green,
To prepare a lonely pillow
For the admiral proud—as she laughs
aloud,
With flame and blood on the billow!

—ARNOLD ITAG, in "Pearson's."

How Shall I Know?
Hast thou a dream
That comes in tender seeming,
Comes in the hush of sunset afterglow?
If 'tis of me
Thy happy heart is dreaming,
How shall I know, Love, how shall I know?
Hast thou a thought,
A thought when thou art lonely,
When day is done, and woodlands whisper
low?
If that sweet thought
Is all for me, mine only,
How shall I know, Love, how shall I know?
Hast thou a love
Within thy cor heart dwelling?
If 'tis for me the love thou couldst be-
stow,
Lift thy true eyes to mine—
Thy heart's sweet secret telling,
—And I shall know, Love,—I shall know.

—G. Hubi-Newcombe, in "Pearson's."

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TO RENEW A MIRROR.

Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth, and silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine, or gin and water, to clean off all spots; then dust over it powdered blue tied in muslin, rub it lightly and quickly off with the cloth, and finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Even if the world should not be fed on chemical products, there is every reason to believe that the food of a few generations hence will differ greatly from that of to-day. As population grows we may possibly tend to become vegetarians, for it has been found that double the land is necessary to sustain one man on flesh meat than on wheat. The time is approaching when the human race will, we are told, live chiefly on the fruit of trees. An acre of banana plantation will feed 25 human beings, while a potato field of the same size would support only two, and a wheat farm only one; a grove of full-grown chestnut trees will yield six times as much nourishment per acre as any cereal crop. With the reclaiming of desert areas, date palms, banana, and other fruit will result in a vast new supply of food.

"BLOODLESS SURGERY."

It appears that the much-talked-of "bloodless surgery" methods of Professor Lorenz have not, after all, succeeded in the case of poor little ten-year-old Luita, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, of Chicago. The child was born with a dislocated hip, and it may be remembered that Professor Lorenz, whose methods consist in "breaking up the adhesions by manipulation and forcing the head of the thigh bone into its proper socket," went to Chicago in 1903 specially to operate on her. For which he is said to have received the enormous fee of £3000. The case attracted enormous attention in the world of surgery. In March, 1904, it was asserted by the Professor's rivals that he had failed. In the following month the child was taken to Vienna to his private hospital. Hopes were held out that a perfect cure would be effected. But after one journey to America she was taken back to the hospital apparently as far from being cured as ever. Her parents have lately arrived in Vienna from Chicago to visit her.

A CURIOUS ORGAN.

An ingenious French priest, at the end of the last century, invented an organ by which he purposed to combine harmony with the gratification of the palate! He arranged a scale thus: The note C stood for acidity, D for insipidity, E sweetness, F bitterness, G acid-sweet, A harshness, and B pungency. The instrument was enclosed in a case, the keyboard being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into what appeared to be common organ pipes. Opposite to the pipes, however, were ranged an equal number of wine bottles filled with liquids flavoured according to the above scale. The organ was thus so constructed that by pressing the fingers of the keyboard the air entered the sounding pipes, and at the same time uncorked the bottles, from which the released liquids ran into a large glass received beneath. The result was that the organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquids mixed in the receiver had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious notes, the mixture was delicious. Music teachers might do worse than take a hint from the old abbé's invention.

THE RIGIDITY OF THE EARTH.

In regard to the paroxysms of Vesuvius, Professor Palmieri was of opinion that they were most violent at the period of new and full moon, and Professor Alexis Perry of Dijon, after tabulating catalogues of earthquakes, came to the conclusion that these also were most frequent at new and full moon, and when our satellite was nearest to the earth. At the time of the Martinique eruptions we pointed out that they began when the moon's attraction was at a maximum over that part of the globe. The rigidity of the earth as a whole is great—greater than that of a globe of glass, probably equal to one of steel, but along lines of weakness, where volcanoes are situated, it may be less, and there differences of the moon's pull may be effective at critical times. The tide-producing effect of the sun and moon is enormously increased by nearness to the earth. On April 10 the moon was 223,100 miles distant; on March 29 the distance was 252,100 miles. As a consequence, the attraction on the 10th inst. was to that of the earlier date approximately as 16 to 11. Differences of atmospheric pressure must also tell at depths of the world's interior, especially if any considerable part of the mass is, as most persons suppose, still liquid. A fall in the barometer of one inch would mean a reduction of pressure on every square mile of the earth's surface, sea and land alike, of about 870,000 tons, so that on the area covered by Vesuvius alone, over 100 square miles, the diminution of atmospheric pressure might easily amount to 100,000,000 tons. These influences would not cause eruptions, but it is thought they might act as the last straw on the camel's back, in a condition of great strain.—Daily Telegraph.

LEAF INSECTS.

Although stick insects have often been represented in the collection, up to lately no examples of the leaf insects—the "walking leaves" of popular speech—had been received at the Zoological Gardens. Then ten were presented, but at least one has since died. These insects belong to the genus Phyllium, forming part of the same order as that domestic pest the cockroach, and these examples were brought from the Seychelles. The genus is confined to the tropical regions of the Old World, and ranges from the Mauritius to the Fiji Islands. The natives firmly believe that these insects began life as leaf-buds, developed into leaves, and afterwards took to walking. The new arrivals have been placed in a case in the insect house, and following the plan adopted when some were reared in Switzerland in 1903 from imported eggs, beech twigs have been supplied as food, to which they seem to take readily. The female is about 3in long, with well-developed wing-cases, rudimentary wings, and short antennae; male is somewhat smaller, with minute wing-covers, well-developed wings, and long antennae; the young, of course, are flightless. The general resemblance to a leaf is very striking. The case is not yet labelled, but visitors who know that it contains some insects have great difficulty in detecting them, and have appealed to the keepers for assistance. When at rest leaf insects usually attach themselves by the hind feet, with the body bent backwards; but they can hold on equally well head downwards, and their grip is so powerful that if one seeks to detach them the legs are often pulled off. Owing to the length of the tarsi, they possess a sort of elasticity which admits of the whole insect being moved just as the surrounding leaves are shaken by the wind. In both sexes the body segments carry leaf expansions, which are also found on the legs, and the resemblance to a leaf is made the more complete by the serrated edges and veining. When the larva is hatched it is of a reddish-yellow, and as soon as it begins to feed it becomes of a bright green hue like

that of a young leaf. Before death these insects are said to pass through the different hues of a decaying leaf. Browniart, who bred some, enlisted the aid of the famous physicist Becquerel, and submitted their green colouring matter to spectral analysis, and found that the spectrum gave the same lines as chlorophyll. These insects are purely vegetable feeders, but when a number kept together are short of food they nibble pieces out of the leaf-like expansions. In a case of this kind recorded in the "Cambridge Natural History" (v. 269), it is said that the specimens did not seriously injure one another but confined their depredations to the appendages. According to the same authority, the eggs "look unconspicuously like some seeds, and if the edges of *Mirabilis jalapa* were rubbed off the seed might be mistaken for the egg." This seems to be a provision for purposes of protection, as from observations made in the East and on examples in captivity it appears that the egg is simply dropped on the ground; there is nothing like a nest or an egg-case such as is made by the mantids, and the egg-laying goes on for five or six weeks. In 1903 Morton obtained 580 eggs from his six females. Many larvae were hatched out, but the results of his experiments as to the existence of parthenogenesis in these insects do not appear to have been published. The species which he kept was *Phyllium seythe*; that in the Gardens has not yet been determined.

"Drinks" in the Commons.

That the present House of Commons contains a great preponderance of teetotalers is evidenced by the enormous pressure this session in the tea-room, and by the marked falling off in the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the dining-rooms and smoking-rooms and at the refreshment bars. It was mainly because of the heavy profits accruing from the sale of wines and spirits that the Kitchen Committee found themselves able, with the more businesslike and up-to-date methods adopted during the chairmanship of Lord Stanley (1895-99), to reduce the food tariff so as to make it possible for men of limited means to obtain meals at reasonable prices without going outside the Parliamentary precincts. A change has, however, come over the scene, and those responsible for the catering arrangements, remarks the "Glasgow Herald," can no longer find consolation in the philosophic showman's reflection that "what we lose on the swings we make on the roundabouts." There are still in evidence at St. Stephen's a few members who can recall the time when 50 per cent of the entire legislative body took wine with their dinner, when a good many of the wine-drinkers were "two-bottle" men, and when champagne and port were the beverages most freely indulged in.

Nowadays the thirst of the people's representatives seems to be more easily quenched. Beyond the fact that avowed rigid teetotalers are to be seen at every table, there is a notable sprinkling of temperance reformers who do not profess to be total abstainers, men who, as a rule, content themselves with a pint of light claret, graves, chablis, hock, or Moselle, a modest tankard of ale, a mug of lager beer, or a tumbler of aerated water, just flavoured with whisky. A certain amount of champagne will probably always be called for by the very wealthy, but the point is that the demand for it is steadily diminishing.

Of drinks between meals, whisky and soda-water continues to hold its own. Brandy and soda has quite gone out of fashion, but instead some members have strange concoctions, such as whisky and ginger-ale, barley-water and gin, and biters and soda. The favourite temperance drinks are lemon-squash, ginger-beer, ginger-ale, lemonade, barley-water, and coffee. At late sittings clear soup, which is served hot in the Lobby buffet, is in constant request.

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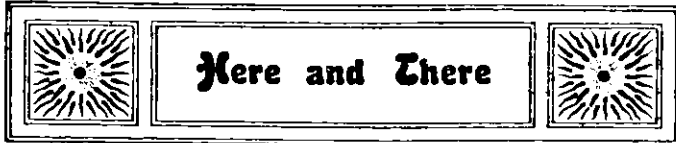
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"The Light of the World."

Though very few of those who are in the building daily are aware of it, there is carefully hidden away at the Admiralty to-day one of the most notable pictures ever painted by a British artist (remarks "M.A.P.") This is the original painting of the well-known "Light of the World," by Holman Hunt. It is the property of Lady Tweedmouth, who regards it as, to use her own words, "the most wonderful and soul-stirring picture ever painted by man." There is a general impression that this original picture is at Keble College, Oxford, and even the usually correct "Who's Who" stumbles here. This Oxford picture, however, is only a replica. Though it is now many years since the picture was first painted, it is as fresh to-day as it was when it first left the artist's studio. This is accounted for by the fact that it has always been kept carefully covered and is shown only to a favoured few. Lady Tweedmouth is a great connoisseur of works of art, and her collection, though small, is one of the most notable in London.



German War Party.

Sensational revelations of secret influences at work at the German Court are made by the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" and one or two other leading Conservative newspapers.

A powerful group of German noblemen and high officers of the army and navy, who may be briefly termed the war party, have recently redoubled their efforts to acquire predominant influence at Court, and thereby over the home and foreign policy of the German Government.

They aim at getting rid of Prince Buelow and the new Foreign Secretary, Herr von Tschirschky. Having removed from power these two statesmen, both of whom exercise a moderating influence, the war party hope to initiate an energetic aggressive policy.

They are pan-Germans, and believe that Germany should become the supreme power in the world. Their first object as a means to this end is a rapid increase in the strength of the German fleet.

The dangerous character of their intrigues may be gathered from the fact that the "Deutsche Tageszeitung," which is itself a strictly Conservative journal in favour of a big navy and a strong foreign policy, denounces them as a public danger.



Why Jonah Escaped.

In the April "Harper's" Clifford W. Ashley relates his experiences on a long whaling voyage, and incidentally reports the following remarks of the mate on whales and the adventure of Jonah: "There are only two kinds of whale," said Mr. Hicks. "One of 'em is the sperm-whale, the rest of 'em is the other. The sperm-whale is mainly valuable for his oil (sperm-oil, you understand); has teeth only on his under jaw like a cow, fights at both ends, has one forward spout, and lives only in warm country. Now right-whale oil ain't worth beans; you hunt him for bone: 's got a whole sieve made out of slabs of bone in his mouth instead of teeth. Then he only fights with his flukes; but you bet he can use them pretty lively. Never known of a right-whale's crossing the Line. Swallow Jonah? Humpf! Well, a sperm-whale could a-done it, but how'd you like to swallow a woolly worm? No wonder it went agin' his stomach."



The Exception to the Rule.

Jones was a regular subscriber to the "Smaller," and one week chanced to read the interesting statement that anyone possessing a watch, and seeing another drawn out of the pocket, would immediately follow the example. In fact, it stated that pulling out one's watch was quite as infectious as yawning or the measles.

Travelling one morning in the company of Tompkins, he noticed, seated opposite, a gentleman who sported a massive gold chain.

"Tompkins," he whispered, "a dollar I make that chap—without speaking to him—look at his watch."

"Done!" Jones succeeded in attracting the attention of the possessor of the chain; then he deliberately drew forth his watch and looked at it. The stranger smiled, fidgeted, his hand unconsciously moved towards the chain, then suddenly drawing himself up he stared out of the window.

"Strange!" thought Jones; "must try again."

He did so, several times, without the least success.

At the end of the journey Tompkins drew his dollar, and Jones went off to the office musing:

"Strange, very strange!"

That very same evening Jones was travelling alone, when the stranger of the morning entered the carriage. They engaged in conversation, and just before reaching their destination Jones mentioned his unlucky bet.

"And now tell me," said he to the stranger, "however you managed to withstand the temptation of drawing out your watch?"

"Well, the er—fact is," he replied, "it's near the end of the month, and I was er—hard up; the watch is—well, yes, and I had the chain sewn on inside the pocket, don't you know."

The "Smaller" has lost one of its subscribers.



Pulpit Blunders.

The divine who is drawing the attention of his congregation to a special Communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening," is chronicked with praying for the children of his parish in these words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the Kingdom of Heaven."

A Scotch minister innocently, perhaps, lit the mark by telling his people: "Well, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get the money, honestly, we will have to see what a lazar can do for us."

There is a certain amount of excuse to be made for the young curate who, remarking that some people came to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes, finished up as he glanced over his audience, "I am thankful to see, dear friends, that none of you have come here for that reason."

But what can be said of the negro student, who, conducting the prayers at once of the great missionary colleges, said, "Give us all pure hearts, give us all sweet hearts," to which the entire congregation made response, "Amen!"

The giving out of church notices has often proved a pitfall for the unwary. "During Lent," said a rector lately, "several preachers will preach on Wednesday evenings, but I need not give their names, as they will be all found hanging up in the porch."

It was a rector who gave out a hymn beginning "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," before his sermon, and a curate who read in the lessons for the day, "He spake the words, and rathoppers came and grass-pillars innumerable."



How "The Maple Leaf" was Written.

A rather interesting story is told in a Canadian paper about the author of "The Maple Leaf," the national song of Canada—Alexander Muir, who is described as an "elderly man, white-haired, clean-shaven, wonderfully alert, and as enthusiastic as a youth." It was on an October day in 1867 (thus the story) that Alexander Muir, then a vigorous young man, walked with a friend in a Toronto garden. The dying maple leaves were falling from the trees, and one fluttered down on to the coat sleeve of Alexander, and stay-

ed there because of the roughness of the cloth. He tried to brush it away. He thought he had done so. But no, it was still there. Its tenacity made an impression upon him. Then he was struck by the beauty of its crimson and gold hues. "You have been writing verses; why not write a song about the maple leaf?" asked his companion, as they were saying farewell. Muir went home, and in less than two hours he had written the poem that has made his name known in every part of Canada. When romping with his children the next day he repeated aloud the words of the poem, and his wife, who heard them, suggested that he should set them to music. Several melodies he tried did not please him, but at last he composed one himself, and the splendid tune that has inspired thousands and thousands was, at last on paper. The poem vibrates with love for Canada, for England, for Ireland, and for Scotland. *We quote two verses and the chorus:

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign;

Our Union bound by ties of love,
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green, o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple leaf for ever.

The Maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple leaf for ever!
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple leaf for ever!



No More Senior Wranglers.

The Senior Wranglership, the most famous of all Cambridge institutions—will be abolished if certain reforms suggested by the Special Board for Mathematics are carried into effect.

The members of this board find that effort is being wasted on unessential details at present.

"The greater part of the men spend too much time upon an excessive amount of polishing of their mathematical tools," they state.

This prevents the application of their learning to practical scientific work of which mathematical knowledge is the basis.

The remedy brought forward by the board is a simplification of the examination, its division into two parts, and an arrangement of successful candidates' names in alphabetical order. At present the results are announced in order of individual merit, and the student who stands at the head of the list is known as the Senior Wrangler. The one who comes last on the list is invariably made the recipient of a wooden spoon—presented to him in the Senate House by virtue of old tradition when he receives his degree.

If names are arranged in alphabetical order no one will know who is Senior Wrangler, and who has earned the decoration of the wooden spoon.

The alphabetical arrangement, it is thought, will prevent men devoting their entire ambition to the "show" distinction of achieving high places on the Wrangler list.

The Mathematical Tripos was instituted in 1747, and since that date the Senior Wranglership has been regarded as the blue ribbon of the examinations at Cambridge. The Senior Wrangler has the right of being presented singly and before all others for his degree.

At one time the Classical and other Triposes were arranged according to individual merit, but the Mathematical Tripos is the only one in which this order survives.

Cambridge men regard these latest suggested reforms with astonishment.

"If the Senior Wrangler and the wooden spoon vanish before the reformers, the only really old institution left will be the boat race," says a Cambridge man. "And before long I expect that even the boat race will be reformed out of existence."

THE GUINEA POEM I

A CHEQUE FOR £1 16, has been sent to the author of this verse Mr R.F.C. Havelock Hill, Marlborough.

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ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

The Maori Objects.

In support of a sweeping charge that the Government of New Zealand has deliberately determined to deny the Maori subjects of his Majesty redress of their most important grievances, the Maori "Record" for July publishes a synopsis of the native petitions to Parliament, to which is attached the "tag" from the Native Affairs Committee, "This committee has no recommendation to make." The petition that Maoris may be placed on the same footing as Europeans in regard to dealing with their lands is thus endorsed by the chairman of the committee: "I am directed to report that, as these petitions refer to a question of policy the committee offers no opinion, but refers them to the Government for consideration." Thus are the portals of hope alleged to be closed against the native race.

Durable Timber.

A striking exemplification of the durability of two of the native timbers was afforded at Wright's Bush (Southland) recently, when the employees of Mr. John McKinnon opened up a slab drain which was put in by him over 40 years ago. The slabs were obtained from red pine and black pine trees which were felled in winter when the sap was down. They were utilised immediately after being split, and are to-day perfectly sound. The drain ran through a clay ridge, and the fact that it was found to be carrying off the water as well as it did on the day it was put in is admirable testimony to the value of these timbers for the purpose mentioned.

A Dunedin Bull's Evening Out.

There was one head of cattle slaughtered locally yesterday without any Government inspection (says a late issue of the "Dunedin Star"). Prior to its death the animal afforded any amount of excitement, and presumably enjoyed itself to the full during the last riotous hours of its earthly career. It was a polled Angus bull. On its way from the cattleyards, after the sale, along with a mob of other cattle, a tram car "touched it up" in Caversham. No authentic news of the animal could be gleaned until its sudden appearance at about six p.m. in the back yard of Mr. Lawson's house, on the Anderson Bay road, just by the railway crossing. The bull burst through the picket fence, and gave Mr. C. Lawson, one of the members of the family, an exciting run to the back door of the house. Another brother was jammed by the bull against the wall, while a third escaped beneath the animal's legs and found sanctuary in an outhouse. The bull tried to force an entry into the house through the back door. He got his nose in, but the united efforts of several members of the family got leverage to work on the suggestion of neighbours perched on fences and near-by roofs, the Lawson's put out the laupa in their house, for fear the bull should charge the lights in the windows. The commotion in the yard and garden lasted from 6 p.m. till 6.45 p.m., at which latter time the third shot from a Snider rifle, fired from a neighbouring yard, ended it. The carcass was then skinned by those in charge of the mob from which the bull had broken away, and was cut up and removed in pieces.

A Queer People We New Zealanders.

We are a queer people, we New Zealanders (says a casual correspondent in a contemporary); we spoil the original

possessors of their land, and then with glowing accounts of "God's own country," we invite men of brains, strength and capital to sell out their homies and leave the comfort of home surroundings and the ties of kindred to go miles out of civilisation by a six-foot track to help raise the value of this land of milk and honey, and when the last cent of the capital has been expended, when after 25 years of wasted energy and when the brain has become dulled with despair, we offer the poor wretch a dose of 10/6 a week and hope that he may die soon. In the meantime we are accepting tenders for the erection of palatial residences for workmen! who can afford to pay 12/6 a week and goodness knows how much more for sinking fund and maintenance on quarter-acre sections eight miles out of town. What working people will occupy these homes, I wonder? outside of Government employees.

Music in R.C. Churches.

Over 12 months ago the Holy See at Rome issued a decree in which it set its face against the class of music used in Catholic Churches, and practically ordered a return to the simpler form of musical services by use of the old Gregorian and plain chants. These have for many years been displaced by the vocal and instrumental glories of such masters of music as Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Sullivan, and others, who have found inspiration in writing masses and anthems for the church. The adoption of such music has led up to the highly-paid choirs and orchestras. Soon after he was elected, Pope Pius turned his attention to this matter, and the result was the mandate ordering the simpler church music. Of course, the change could not be made immediately, as these grand old chants are practically unknown to the present generation in this part of the world, though they are still used in some of the European churches. A committee representing the Wellington diocese, and including the Rev. Fathers Kimbell (Wellington), Power (Hawera), and Walsh (Hutt), Mr. A. Bunny (of Masterton), and others, presided over by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, is to meet at the Meance College (Hawke's Bay) to discuss the reorganisation of church music on the lines indicated by the Holy See. It is forbidden that orchestras shall perform in the Roman Catholic Church for the future, but the organ will be retained. It is not proposed that any radical change shall be made at once; but gradually the new order of things will supplant the great music that has enriched the Roman Catholic Church service for generations past.

Dunedin's Dust.

"Dust oh!" is a cry rarely heard in our street (remarks the "Dunedin Star"). The severe ideal of municipal responsibility which a fatherly Council have ordained for our guidance necessitates that paterfamilias shall at an early hour salute the morn in scanty clothing clad, and carry with his own hands the one, two, three, and more kerosene tins of ashes, sweepings, and kitchen remnants adown the garden to the public footpath, exercising, of course, sufficient strategy to arrange them where, though seen, they must neither be felt nor smelt by pedestrians. As an exercise, as well as an early domestic duty may be defended, Ashputta; their due and proper emptying, good drainage, and sufficient water are ideals that cannot be performed by the city for a two-shilling-in-the-pound ratepayer. Still, it is just a little trying, a trifle aggravating, and the cause for the use of reproachable language when paterfamilias, at the end

of the day, is met, not with three or four "thms" whose yawning emptiness craves to be filled, but by the same full, bulging, bubbling commodities of ten hours earlier. On such occasions one loses that appreciation of the aesthetic, which is so admirable, and brushes hastily aside whispers as to the blessings involved in the possession of a disciplinary City Council. However, he hides them carefully behind trees, or carries them laboriously back again, and waits for the next turn when he, somewhat wistfully, goes through his customary gymnastics with the four old and one fresh Standard Oil Company's contribution to his household economy. It is only when at eventide, like so many Banquets, they again glare at him with full stuffed leer, and are as unorged as when he a second time deposited them, that he says things. This is the mental and moral condition of many otherwise respectable and peaceful city ratepayers at this hour. Will those to whom they look for light and leading hear their prayer?

Undergrade Impudence.

The students behaved fairly well at the capping ceremony in Stuart Hall, remarks the "Dunedin Star." That is to say, the interruptions were fewer and less unmanly than usual. We congratulate the young fellows— all of them excepting the one who insulted the venerable vice-chancellor. Whilst the Hon. C. C. Bowen was speaking the startling remark rang through the hall: "That's a lie." This passes the bounds of endurance. If the person who thus disgraced himself and his city is not a University student, the students themselves should at once make the fact known. If he is a student, he ought to be identified and suspended until he makes ample satisfaction to the vice-chancellor, and by repentance earns the forgiveness of the University authorities. In the meantime, through his offence, Dunedin is disgraced.

The Mayor Asked to be Host.

A large number of natives assembled at the Land Court, Wanganui, last week, and complained to the judge that they were unable to obtain accommodation in town, and asked that the Court be adjourned to some settlement upriver. The judge (Mr. Jones) stated that he thought the people of Wanganui were very shortsighted in not providing accommodation for the Maoris attending the Court, who spent a lot of money in the place. Other places went out of their way to do so. At this moment the Mayor entered the room on some business, and with a shout of "Now we have the bird in the cage," Takarangi Mete Kingi rose and delivered a long harangue. The burden of it was that by native custom the chief of any party always provided accommodation for those visiting his tribe, and he looked to the chief of Wanganui to do the same for the visitors to this town. His Worship, in reply, stated that he would ascertain if any building could be secured for their accommodation. Mr. Goffe added that he thought the Government would assist.

Oil All Over Taranaki.

Now that the petroleum-boring in Taranaki has given promise of success, indications of the presence of oil are being found in many parts of the province. A few days ago a report reached the New Plymouth "Herald" office that mud, bubbling with the pressure of oil from beneath, had been noticed on a marshy property near the town. A "Herald" representative examined the spot in company with the owner of the property. First the natural gas escaping from the bed of a stream was ignited, and a strong, steady blaze burst forth. When a hole was made in the mud, gas escaped in such quantities that a flame strong enough to boil a kettle could be obtained. The party was given several demonstrations. The bubbling mud remained to be seen. A young man with a long arm worked his hand down into the mud for a couple of feet. Then a sound was heard, as of a small motor-car in motion. Peering into the hole, the investigator saw motion in the mud, and could clearly discern oil. It is said there are indications that the property is on the same oil-bearing line as the Moturoa bore. The "Herald" surmises that the ground may be thoroughly exploited at an early date.

Effect of No-License in Invercargill.

One of the effects of no-license in Invercargill is a noticeable diminution in the number of those who lolled about the street corners under the previous conditions, and a complete absence of drunkenness in the town. During the past two days (says the "Southland News") not a single case of inebriety has been dealt with in the Police Court, and many who formerly did not allow a day to pass without frequent libations seem to have become reconciled to the altered circumstances. There are no evidences of drink coming into town from licensed districts in bottles or larger quantities, and generally the appearances up to the present have been such as to inspire hope in the breasts even of those who could see nothing but ill in the proposal to abolish the sale of liquor. Some opponents of the reform have circulated not only locally, but in the North, that "many sly grog-shops are springing up," but this statement is not in accordance with fact.

Tauhinu, a Noxious Weed.

I see that tauhinu, or cottonwood, is gazetted as a noxious weed (says a correspondent to a Wellington contemporary). Now, this is rather curious, for, in fact, it is quite the contrary. When birch land is first cleared, manuka scrub begins to grow, with fern and other rubbish, and where the manuka grows there is no grass at all. When after infinity of labour the manuka is conquered up comes the tauhinu, but now, with the tauhinu the grass begins to grow. The tauhinu is therefore the secondary stage of converting birch land into grass-growing country. This plant also acts as a shelter to grass on windy, rough ranges, and when it has been destroyed in such cases it has been noticed that the grass also disappears. If manuka scrub were treated as a noxious weed, there would be some sense in it, but to call the tauhinu so is too bad, when it is doing good in a quiet way by destroying the poisons left in the birch soil. Of course, everything must be in moderation, and it may happen that tauhinu left to run riot may become a nuisance; but that does not mean that, in a true sense, it is a noxious weed.

An Interesting Visitor to N.Z.

Dr. Rudolf Brods, a distinguished Frenchman touring the world on a most interesting mission, is at present in the South. Six years ago he left Paris to study, on behalf of the College of Psychology, the state of culture among the working classes of the leading nations of the world, the results achieved by Labour legislation, and the growth and development of the Socialistic movement. He has visited every part of the world except the southern portion of America and South Africa, and now (says the "Southland Times") he has arrived in the land "which, I am told, is the most progressive country in the world."

Poor Captain Jackson Barry's Faimy Days.

Mr. James Wilson, of Lyttelton, writes to a Southern contemporary: "I was very sorry to read of the position in which Captain Jackson Barry is now placed. My memory goes back to the winter of 1878, or 1879, I am not sure which, when the weather was very severe in Dunedin, and poverty was rife. The unemployed were put to work in the Dowling-street cutting, married men at 3/6 per day and single men at 2/6 per day. The captain, in conjunction with the late Sandy Inglis, of A. and T. Inglis, started a meat market to supply the poor. A fresh leg of mutton, a smoked leg of mutton, and a dozen rock oysters were sold for ninepence. That was supposed to be the price, but no one who asked was refused, money or no money. I know that it cost just up £2000, for I worked for the captain. A more benevolent old gentleman than Captain Barry, I never knew. Contrast what he was then, with his silk hat and sealskin coat and vest, standing on a box, inviting the poor to come and get their Sunday dinner, with what he is now. I trust something may be done to make him comfortable in his old age."

ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

GOT THE TRADE.

"That druggist Gettemwell seems to have nearly all the trade hereabouts," we say to the resident of the neighbour-hood.

"Yes, and he deserves it. You see, like all druggists, nine-tenths of the people who deal with him want to buy stamps. So he devised a scheme whereby he treats the back of the stamps with a medicated mucilage. If you have dyspepsia, you ask for pepsinised stamps; if you have a cold, you ask for quininised stamps; and so on. He charges a little bit extra for the stamps, but he holds his trade, and manages to overcome the annoyance of handling that profitless line of goods. He is now endeavouring to perfect some scheme to utilise postal cards in the same way."

* * *

PRICELESS WINES IN THE GUTTER.

His wife having become an ardent Rechebite, Mr John B. Henderson, ex-tenor for Missouri, three years ago ceased to serve wine at his dinner-parties at Henderson Castle, his fine Washington home (writes the "Daily Mails," New York correspondent). He had previously kept in his cellar notable vintages, which he generously dispensed.

His conversion was regarded with respectful regret in the inner circles of legislative and official society, but he advanced rapidly in the Rechebite councils, and the new "John B. Henderson Tent" was named in his honour.

In celebration of this dignity his wife recently entertained the members of the Tent to dinner, and afterwards announced that the cellar still contained a large stock of various kinds of expensive liquors, and invited counsel as to what she should do.

With one consent the Tent cried, "Destroy the accursed thing." The ex-tenor said he had no desire to make lanted money by its sale, but that among the bins were a few dozens of generous Burgundy, some choice champagnes, and some priceless Napoleon Brandy, which his friends might be glad to have on account of their rare medicinal properties, or which might be given to hospitals.

The opinion of the Tent members, however, favoured destruction, and Mr Henderson produced the keys of his cellars and bins. The Rechebites formed in procession, bearing the cobwebbed bottles upstairs, and there smashing them and pouring the contents down the drains. Mrs Henderson broke the first bottle.

Mr Henderson took no part in the actual destruction, and received composedly the enthusiastic felicitations of his fellow-members.

* * *

GLADSTONE AND DOROTHY.

This is the season when good house-wives have trouble with the servants who cannot get up. But I doubt if it ever occurs to them, as it did to Miss Dorothy Drew, when she was not more than seven, that the Scripturea emphasise the vanity of early rising. Dorothy positively refused to get up, and her grandfather, Mr Gladstone, had to be called to overawe the rebel.

"Why don't you get up, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Because the Bible doesn't approve of early rising, grandfather," was the unexpected reply.

"Really, Dorothy," said the astonished statesman, "you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she persisted; "here it is," and she turned up the second verse of the 127th Psalm: "It is vain for you to rise up early." The old parliamentarian had nothing more to say. The argument floored him.

* * *

A QUAKER.

Walking down the streets of Philadelphia one day, while the wind was blowing a perfect gale, the broad-brimmed

hat of a Quaker was lifted from his head and went rolling down the street. A small boy laughed at the old gentleman's calamity, and the Quaker made futile efforts to overtake the spinning hat as less to the youth, the Quaker said: "My lad, art thou a profane lad?"

"Once in a while," replied the boy. "Then, lad, take this quarter and damn that hat its full worth."

* * *

THE EVIL OF GOSSIP.

"Gossip is a bad thing," said Mr McMimmers.

"Indeed it is," replied Mr Filmore. "Often it breaks the friendship that has existed between two people."

"Worse than that," Mr McMimmers remarked. "In my home town there was an appalling instance of the evil of gossip this spring. Mrs Jones heard through a friend that Mrs Smith had said something about her. So she went straight to Mrs Smith, but on the way met three or four other friends, all of whom had heard the gossip, and all of whom told her of it, and all of whom assured her that everybody in town knew of it. You can imagine how she boiled over and accused Mrs Smith of wholesaling that rumour about her. But Mrs Smith positively denied having mentioned it to anybody except one certain person, and that certain person had promised faithfully not to breathe a word. So Mrs Smith goes on the war-path and finds the one who had broken her promise, and come to find out about it, that one had merely repeated the rumour to a bosom friend, with the same proviso that the bosom friend was not to breathe it to a soul. So it went, each one that heard it had told it only to her best friend and the best friend had solemnly agreed not to whisper it to any-one else. Consequence of the whole thing is that everybody is mad at everybody else for being untrustworthy, and the only two women in the town who are on good terms are Mrs Smith and Mrs Jones, and they are only being nice to each other long enough to finish criticising the rest of the women."

* * *

RECOGNISED.

Miss Doolittle was giving an elaborate description of a blacksmith, preparatory to teaching her pupils the poem of Long-fellow's.

"Now, children, we are going to learn a poem to-day about someone who works very hard. He is very large and has great arms that can lift such heavy things. His face is blackened with soot that comes from his fire. And he wears a dirty black apron, and he has a fire that glows so red, and whenever he makes anything he puts it into his fire and then pounds it with a great hammer which makes a clanging noise and makes the sparks fly about. Now who can tell me what I have described?"

A little maid, who had listened to these vivid details with eyes twice their natural size, sprang to her feet and said, in an awed whisper:

"The devil."

* * *

A VERY BRAVE MAN.

Evelyn is the little daughter of a Hawke's Bay family. She is very cowardly. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?"

"No; certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, of course not."

"When you see a dog, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!"—with emphasis.
 "When you see a bumble bee ain't you 'fraid?"
 "No!"—with scorn.
 "Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"
 "No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"
 "Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"

* * *

A SCOTCH STORY.

A young Scotchman, bashful but desperately in love, finding no notice was taken of his visits to the house of

his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the fair one thus:
 "Jean, I was here on Monday night."
 "Ay, ye were that," replied she.
 "An' I was here on Tuesday night."
 "So ye were."
 "An' I was here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.
 "Ay, an' ye were, on Thursday night an' a'."
 "An' I was here last night."
 "Weel," she says, "what if ye were?"
 "An' I am here the night again."
 "An' what about it even if ye came every night?"
 "What about it, did ye say? Did ye no' begin to smell a rat?"

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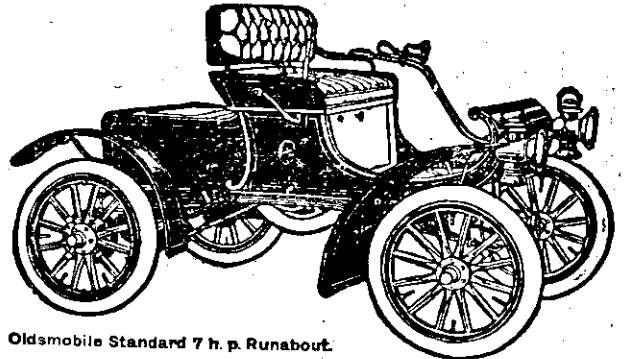
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A Legislative House of Dames

Inscribed to All the Women of New Zealand

THE SECOND CHAMBER IN NATIONAL LEGISLATURES.

There are people who hold that second chambers in National Legislatures are alien to the pure democratic idea, towards the realisation of which the world has long been struggling, and, perhaps, is now struggling more than ever. As a matter of history, too, it is probably capable of proof, that in all primitive communities there is only one council of state, or legislative and administrative committee; and, indeed, was there not a time when the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain itself consisted of only one chamber? But at that time the nation had not segregated into classes, or, rather, there was not then any general belief that the distinctive classes of the population should be specifically represented in the Parliament of the country. There were nobles and knights and burgesses in Parliament, but the ascendancy of the nobles and the knights was so assured that the burgesses did not think of asserting legislative individuality, and neither they nor the others felt the need for parliamentary separation. That came later, with the curiously concurrent growth of modern aristocratic prestige and wealth, and of popular rights; and now there are those who argue that when the democratic idea is ripe for translation into fact, constitutionally governed countries will revert to the Parliament of one house, because the rights and the representation of the people will be all in all within the arena of politics and statecraft.

NOT A DEMOCRATIC BODY.

But are those who reason thus not, in the main, influenced by only one aspect of the subject? Does it not look as though they were somewhat too exclusively influenced by a study of Upper Houses or Second Chambers as we now have them? Assuredly, the Legislative Council of New Zealand is not, constitutionally, a democratic body. Is it not now, just as much as the House of Lords in England, a representative of sectional or party power, instead of being, as it should be, immediately representative of the people? Since the celebrated incident of 1892, when the Balfour Government constrained Lord Glasgow to call twelve new members to the Council, one of the vital facts of New Zealand politics has been, that the Ministry of the day can, practically at will, make the Legislative Council an echo, a shadow, of the House of Representatives. Some may say, "What of this? Is the House of Representatives not the House of the People; and what harm can come of the Council being its reflex?" To this, however, there is a common-sense reply, namely, that the House, though it generally is, is not invariably representative of the people, but sometimes the creature of a Ministry, and the Ministry the plaything of one man. This is not democratic government, and an Upper House which can be, made or marred under its influence is capable of becoming the mere tool of a political tyrant, be he Liberal or Conservative, or whatever else he may call himself. This should not be possible in a free country; yet it is perfectly practicable in New Zealand; and, this being so, it is not hard to see how earnest-minded men and women in the colony have come to look upon a

Second Chamber as being not only an unnecessary but a mischievous institution.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE?

What, then, should be done? Some people will reply by saying that the time is not ripe for the absolute abolition of the Legislative Council; but they would make it directly representative of the people, not of any political party. Those who are of this opinion would have the Council elected by the people as a whole chiefly for the sake of securing the invaluable "second thought," the reflective "other look" to the work of the House of Representatives, but also because an Upper House thus constituted would be beyond the reach of oblique Ministerial influence. Such is the view of some; but there are others who would destroy the Council root and branch, and have no Second Chamber at all in the Legislature of the country.

BOTH SIDES IN ERROR.

Now, what if both these sets of reasons should be in the wrong, and that it can be shown that they are in the wrong? In politics, the term Constitutional surely means, firstly, something in keeping with the native political character of the country; and, secondly, such legislative and administrative organs or institutions as may be indispensable to the adequate expression of that character and to the realisation of its ideals. If this be so, then a Second Chamber is not constitutional—in the terms of these categories—in any democracy, in which the completeness, the permanence and paramountcy of the general welfare are the sole objects of the general welfare—and no other objects can be legitimate or constitutional in a true democracy; that is, a Second Chamber is neither constitutionally warranted nor constitutionally necessary in such a democracy, in so far as the expression of the country's masculine mind, and the realisation of the country's purely material ideals are concerned; for these ends will be fully gained by a Parliament of one House, if it consists of men elected by the whole body of the people. If this reasoning is sound, and our definition of the term Constitutional is accurate, then it follows that a Second Chamber of men in a democracy like that of New Zealand is unconstitutional; if it is nominated by a Minister it is, functionally, a mere registering clerk or endorsing machine in the personal service of that Minister; and if elected by the people, the people must vote for it in a spirit of political fetishism, for it is not needed to give expression to the masculine intelligence of the country, nor to realise, legislatively, its material ideals. Both these ends are necessarily and amply secured in the Primary House that consists of men elected by the whole body of the people.

A SECOND CHAMBER OF WOMEN.

If this is justly argued, it follows that no constitutional warrant can be found in the democracy of this country for a Second Chamber whose members are men; yet, having regard to the constituents of the democracy, a Second Chamber is, nevertheless, a constitutional necessity. It should, however, consist of women, and these women should be elected by the men and women of the country, just as the members of the House of Representatives are now elected by the men and women of the country.

MINOR PROPHETS ON THE PROPOSAL.

Now, this proposal may fill many wise bosoms with feelings of the profoundest horror, and the Solons of the clubs, and the Solomons of the bar-rooms, bank parlours, and street corners may grow pale or red, or gasp for breath, at the bare suggestion of the thing. They did all this, and far more than all this, when the women of New Zealand secured the Parliamentary franchise. According to some fearfully wise persons, women were to bring about the abolition of motherhood, and to go in for the legislation of lux marriages and lightning-change divorces. Other sages solemnly assured each other that society was to be turned topsy-turvy; women were to become men and men women; or, at any rate, the sexes were to exchange places in the everyday work and political government of the world. But these extravagant prophecies have not yet come to pass in the land of the Maori. Men here are still men, and women are still their mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, and, socially and industrially, each sex pursues the work to which it is adapted by natural fitness or to which it is drawn by circumstance. To be more explicit, the women of New Zealand have had the franchise now for nearly 13 years; they have voted in large numbers at five general elections; and will anyone say that the Parliament of the country has deteriorated under their influence? The results clearly show that the women voters have voted with judgment, and not in that effervescently emotional manner which the Solon of the clubs and the Solomons of the street corners predicted was to strike the world dumb with amazement and drive the country headlong down the precipice of ruin.

And all this may happen again in connection with the proposal that the second chamber in the Parliament of New Zealand should consist of a Legislative House of Dames; and in connection with the argument that such a House is a constitutional necessity of the democracy. If it should, sensible men and women will know how to laugh at it, and they need have no fear as to the results justifying their laughter.

OTHER CONSIDERATIONS BY THE WAY.

"But how," it may be asked, "how can it be proved that such a House is constitutionally necessary in New Zealand?" Well, is it not in this way that we can prove it? Women possess the franchise. How did they come to secure it? Was it not because they themselves, implicitly if not explicitly, discovered, declared and argued that, morally, economically and constitutionally, they were as much citizens as men, and that men, too, became fully persuaded of that vital fact? To this there is only one reply, namely, that such was, in substance, the case. The wonder is that the subject was so late in being brought into the arena of practical politics; for there is, really, only one grand qualification for citizenship, and that is adult human nature, in respect to which the woman is the equal of the man. But there are also irresistible secondary considerations. Men make it their business to engage in trade and industry, in the administration of affairs and in lawmaking; in a word, in the production and distribution

of wealth; and on that score, and because women were not generally so engaged, men thought that they alone were entitled to the rights of citizenship. Yet all the while, apart from other services to civilisation, women devoted themselves to bringing forth, bringing up, and largely educating those very men, without whom, in their own lordly, estimating the world would indeed have been a desert and a solitary place. And still it was only the other day, even here in democratic New Zealand, that women were admitted to the franchise. When you come to think of it, men are indeed creatures of amazing political penetration and of overwhelming generosity and condescension; and yet, would they have given women the franchise if women themselves had not fought for it like intellectual Amazons? No; no more than they will grant their further constitutional right—a Legislative House of Dames—unless they fight for that too.

THE PITH OF THE ARGUMENT.

All this is partly by the way, and yet it also brings us to the final link in the chain of our argument. Women have obtained the franchise because, morally, economically and constitutionally, they are as much citizens as men; and now, being citizens, they are, constitutionally not less entitled than men to adequate representation in Parliament. Some may say they have this through the votes they give to men members; and others may argue that they would have it if they were elected to the same House as men. But is it so in the first, or would it be so in the second of these instances? Surely not. For women are not only citizens in law, but citizens whose aspirations and convictions cannot be adequately expressed, whose ideals as citizens cannot be even remotely realised, unless they have unhampered, unequalled constitutional opportunity to legislatively express themselves as women. This they cannot have even through the medium of the most sympathetic men members of Parliament; and they would not, could not, have it were they fellow-members with men in a General House of Representatives. This they could have, and would have, however, by means of a Legislative House of Dames, which should as a constituent chamber and as a working part of Parliament, take the place of the present democratically unconstitutional Legislative Council. Of course, the members would be elected by adult men and women within duly constituted electoral divisions throughout the country; and, necessarily, at least one member of the House of Dames would be a member of the Government.

This completes the argument. Is it clear or not clear; is it convincing or not convincing? If it is, all else is merely a matter of detail; but presumably the procedure of the Legislative Council as an organic body would be quietly taken up as a natural inheritance by the new Second Chamber. This, however, is a mere detail. The important thing is to be sure of the constitutional position. It is a fact that there are thousands upon thousands of enfranchised women in New Zealand. Is it a fact that they have no adequate constitutional representation in the Parliament of the country? Is it a fact that they cannot secure that representation through the membership of men,

or an unincorporated co-membership with men? Is it a fact that women as citizens are entitled to adequate constitutional representation in the country's Parliament? Is it a fact that the country must necessarily lose much, as a nation and as a democracy, while so large a body of citizens as its women are without adequate constitutional representation in its Parliament? If the reply to these questions can be made, logically and constitutionally, in the affirmative, then it follows as a matter of logic and political principle, that a Legislative House of Dames is a constitutional necessity of the democracy of New Zealand, and in connection with the Parliament of the country. If the thoughtful and public-spirited women of New Zealand are assured of this, and if the just and wise men of New Zealand are assured of it, let them join forces, and deliberately and determinedly combine to work towards the end in view; and at no distant date a memorable success will reward their public spirit and crown their patriotic efforts. All who from whatever motives or for whatever reasons are in favour of continuing the present state of things, and all who from whatever motives or for whatever reasons are opposed to progress, justice and the realisation of great democratic ideals, will doubtless oppose the proposal, its advocates and champions; but if the proposal is as well justified as we believe it to be, victory for its advocates is already smiling through the morning veil of another blue day for our democratic country.

PRACTICAL DISCUSSION.

And now, in order to bring the whole subject within the sphere of practical discussion, we should, perhaps, formulate a modest expressive of these opinions.

SUPPLEMENTARY CONSIDERATIONS.

Yet, before this is done, it may be as well to notice one or two supplementary considerations. In proposing that there should be a House of Dames, there is, of course, not the remotest idea in the mind of the proposer that it should be opposed to the House of Representatives. To entertain such an idea would be to raise foolishness and the summit of absurdity. But it is all the other way. The institution of this new Second Chamber is advocated, because it is constitutionally necessary to the adequate legislative representation of a very large number of the country's citizens—in fact, of half the nation; but it follows that, as it could effect nothing without the legislative co-operation of the House of Representatives, it would cordially co-operate with that House within the limits of its conscience and its constitution. It would do this as a matter of political policy, and as a matter of common-sense, of which women, as women, have much more than some men seem inclined to believe; but, of course, the functions of the House of Dames would be clearly and comprehensively defined by statute—the functions belonging to itself as a Second Chamber, and its functions in co-operation with those of the House of Representatives. Women themselves, if they take this matter up, will necessarily have much to do with the composition of this constitution; and I think it may safely be said, even at this early stage of the business, that they will prove that their wish is that the things now mainly dealt with by the House of Representatives should still, in the main, be dealt with by that Chamber, and that matters for which men have less aptitude than women should be devolved mainly on the House of Dames, all in the interest of the social betterment and surer ethical advancement of the country. Such things as the nation's interest in the care of children, neglected and unmolested; the education of girls; the equipment of young women for the duties, the rights and the responsibilities of grown-up women; the civilised housing of the people in towns and cities; household hygiene for the whole nation; the humanisation of all industries followed by men and women; better differentiation in the industrial work of the sexes; morals and manners; systematic provision for widows and fatherless children, on the principle that the nation has a vital interest in the humanised welfare of all its people, individually and collectively; the beautification of town and country; and all the social, more ethical, and more artis-

tic needs and developments that come into view from time to time in connection with a progressive civilisation—these, and such as these, I take it, are the subjects with which the House of Dames will be chiefly qualified to deal, and with which its members will chiefly concern themselves. And how much would this country, or any country, gain by all this? Assuredly more than we have any idea of, because, so far in the history of the world, women as a whole have not been recognised as citizens with constitutional rights, and, so far even in New Zealand, they have had no adequate opportunity to show what they are capable of attempting or doing legislatively in these great matters—matters so vital in their bearings on the advancement, elevation, and happiness of a civilised people desirous of becoming still more civilised, to the glory of God and in the interest of peace on earth and goodwill amongst men.

CONSTITUTIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Of course, too, a House of Dames would not act in the spirit or manner of a debating society. It would be an elected representative Chamber, responsible to its constituents and to the country at large; and its object would be to give, with the insight, sympathy, and energy of representative women—legislative expression to the country's wishes and the country's needs, especially within the sphere of the country's social well-being.

SUGGESTIVE INSTANCES.

There are some suggestive instances that might be cited as illustrations in this connection. Twenty-two years ago Sir Harry Atkinson, in a speech delivered at Auckland, declared that one of the most important of the practical duties that could not be shirked by New Zealand statesmen was that of seeing that none but absolutely healthy dwelling houses were built or let in the towns of the colony. Twelve years later, Sir Robt. Stout, speaking in the same city of Auckland, touched on the same subject, and drew illustrations from the slums of American cities to show what resulted from the insanitary housing of any considerable number of people. But what, up to the present moment, has been done by the Parliament of New Zealand with respect to this most important matter? In the middle of last month—the month of May, 1906—every newspaper in the country had telegrams and articles about hideous conditions and insanitary tenements in the slums of Wellington; and there is hardly a town in the colony of which similar things might not be written any day in the week. Yet the subject was prominently spoken of as one of national importance nearly a quarter of a century ago; and, up to the present, what has been done in this matter by the nation in its own interest—in the interest of the health and efficiency of thousands of its citizens? Literally, nothing. Had women been in Parliament—had they even since they have had the franchise been able to secure anything approaching sympathetic representation through men—would the great subject of the hygienic housing of the people have been shunted and shunned in this utterly disgraceful manner? Assuredly not; and had it been comprehensively treated with reasonable promptitude, how much would the people have escaped in the way of ill health, disease, crime, and ineffectiveness; how much gained, in personal well-being, social character, and industrial efficiency?

Another illustration may be given in this connection. On a certain occasion, in one of the chief centres of New Zealand, a denotation of citizens interested in the systematically better treatment of neglected children, waited on a political servant of the people. They argued their case on the principle that the nation has a vital interest in the humanised welfare of all its units, individually and collectively; and they got for their answer the blunt declaration that they were mistaken if they thought the faithful servant of the people would do anything which took power out of his own hands. That, in this democratic land; that, in the interest of poor little neglected humanity—for the most part, practically fatherless and motherless humanity, and yet also incipient citizens, and the potential fathers and mothers of unborn thousands! But the point is: Would any public man have dared to set so inhuman and so autocratic a pat, had the woman element—the feminine equation—the dis-

tinatively human and social spirit in the country's citizenship, been even approximately represented in Parliament? And had it been impossible for him to have acted in that way, would that not have been a guarantee that—politically, socially, industrially, and humanly—the country must have been in a very much better state than it was under the circumstances that made it possible for any public man to act in that manner with impunity? Surely, to the first question, the answer must be a thousand times No; and, to the second, a thousand times Yes.

WHAT DO THE WOMEN SAY?

So these, I think, are some of the changes and some of the channels through which a Legislative House of Dames would be able to promote the well-being of our people, and the efficiency of the Commonwealth, and aid our young democracy to realise itself with fulness and joy. It is for the women of New Zealand to say whether they think they, as citizens, are constitutionally entitled to such a share in the constitutional government of the country; whether they themselves think they are fitted to take part in the serious and onerous business of a House of Dames; and whether they, as women and citizens, truly and reflectively wish to take up such high and important duties, in the interest of this country, and for the sake of increasingly humanising its social, industrial, and political life. There must be a considerable number of women with talent enough and with time enough—if they have the inclination—for such work: women who have wisely and faithfully done their duty as mothers, and yet have ample energy and intelligence left for other interests—women who, while still engaged in these duties, also have energy and intelligence to spare for other things, and women who, with ample energy and intelligence, have not had the duties of wives and mothers devolved upon them. And would the lives of such women not gain, and would the country not gain through them, were they constitutionally in a position to exercise a legislative influence on and in the country's affairs? The wise-mother element—the true feminine equation—is as much needed in the government of the nation as it is in that of the home. But what do women themselves say to this, and what do the majority of just and sensible men say to it? If these are with us, let us rejoice; but if they are not with us, do not let us lose heart, even though their arguments should constrain us to reconsider the whole position. We want what is right and just, not merely our own way in the world.

WHAT SUNDRY SAGES WILL SAY.

Doubtless many distinguished and undistinguished persons will oppose the proposal with their whole hearts—heads are not in their line, for they belong to the miscellaneous:

Who think too little, and who talk too much.

These people will be ready to declare without a moment's hesitation, and with just as little reflection, that the proposal is fortuitous, fatuous, and futile—like themselves; that such things should not be thought of in connection with women; that they will unwomanise, unfeminise the sex; that such changes are unnecessary to the country, and would be certain to end in social and political disaster. Very likely, though, these wise and eminent persons are on a par—as sages, statesmen, and prophets—with those giants in genius who of a former time assured the world that, to grant the franchise to the women of New Zealand, would lead to this unhappy country's speedy precipitation into the yawning gulfs of perdition. But somehow, so far as ordinary persons can see, the country still occupies its customary corner of the planet.

OTHER ADVOCATES OF THE PROPOSAL.

In conclusion, I should like to say that I believe I am not the only man who has thought of a House of Dames as the Second Chamber of the country's Parliament. I think it is about twenty years since the idea first came into my mind, and I have on several occasions since then written about it in a more or less off-handed way; but I was told by friends who are better informed than myself, that, years ago, the subject was, on separate occasions, independent-

ly mentioned by two of the ablest and most eminent of our country's departed statesmen; namely, the late Sir George Grey and the late Mr. Alfred Saunders. I regret that, personally, I have no knowledge of what those able men said on the subject, or when, or where, or under what circumstances they said it. But if the women of New Zealand decide to take up the general proposal, there are sure to be amongst them some who will know how and where to secure the testimony of such doughty, and knightly auxiliaries. They will certainly—if they enter on a campaign for their constitutional rights—avail all the assistance they can secure from that and all other honourable sources; for every politician interested in the maintenance of the political status quo, all the opponents of all change, and many derring-doers of the pen in the public press, will be against them. But, if they care to try, they can produce incontrovertible arguments in support of their claim; and with wisdom, tact, organisation, patience, and persistence, they will assuredly achieve their purpose. This, however, is at present, by the way, and I suggest, as

THE FINAL PROPOSITION.

to be moved, seconded, and deliberately discussed:—
That the Legislative Council of New Zealand is at variance with the principles of democracy, inasmuch as it is not elected by the people, and would not, if elected by the people, be necessary to their due representation in the national legislature; wherefore, it is desirable that the said Council should be superseded by a Legislative House of Dames, which is necessary to the complete constitutional representation of the country's citizens in the country's Parliament.

AMICUS MULIER.

1st of June, 1906.

The system of numbering the seats on the expresses between Christchurch and Invercargill is now in vogue. Each seat in the first-class carriages bears a numbered metal plate, and either on the wall of the carriage or on the side of the arm chair is affixed a small circular brass cleophrax with a glass front and a projecting handle metal slip, which can be removed on the insertion into a peculiar keyhole of a key carried by the guard. On payment of sixpence a passenger has a ticket inserted in the metal case over the seat he desires and is given a duplicate, by the authority of which he can out any one who should at any stage of the journey jump his seat.

A curious phenomenon was observed by two cyclists while traversing the Taratahi plains in the direction of Masterton. While looking in the direction of Wangarua—about due east from their position—they noticed what appeared at first sight to be a luminous cloud rising from behind some hills. The object of their attention was large and of a cigar shape with a phosphorescent glow. After emerging slowly in a slanting position, it darted with lightning rapidity along the horizon in a southerly direction, keeping low over the hill-tops, and disappeared behind the Maungaraki range. They can only compare it to a body of luminous gas, though the shape was suggestive of an air-ship.

"To-day is what is known as 'Animal Sunday' by hundreds of Church of England adherents at home," said Canon Mayne at the Napier Cathedral on Sunday week. During the course of an impressive sermon he appealed to his hearers to love and treat with kindness all members of the animal kingdom, who were just as much the creation of God as human beings. He strongly referred to the cruelty inflicted on birds and beasts to gratify the vanity of women—not especially in Napier—for personal adornment and admiration as leaders and members of society. Later Canon Mayne gave expression to views against the practice of vivisection of animals without the use of anaesthetics simply for experimental purposes in the hope of demonstrating some physiological or pathological fact, and condemned it as an unecessarily cruel proceeding.

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THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.
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"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."
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WILLIAM ANDERSON'S NEXT
DRAMATIC PRODUCTION.
The Great Australian Drama,
THUNDERBOLT.

Exceptionally heavy booking has taken place for the Adelaide season of the Royal Comic Opera Company, which commences there this evening (July 14) with Andre Messager's charming opera, "The Little Michus."

Mr. Lionel Barnabas Brough, better known as Robert Brough, the well-known actor and manager, who died in Sydney on April 20 last, was possessed of personal estate valued at £2700. By his will, which was filed in the Victorian Probate Office recently, the testator bequeathed his property to his widow absolutely.

Miss Ada Rohan, whose exquisite impersonations of Shakespeare's heroines, among which her Viola and Katharina figure conspicuously, will be well within the memory of London playgoers, is in a worse state of health than former reports led us to believe. The gifted American actress is unfortunately suffering from appendicitis, and her contemplated trip to Europe is in consequence indefinitely postponed.

Prior to Miss Tittell Brune's special season of "Dorothy Vernon" in Sydney next month, she will pay a five nights visit to Ballarat (from July 27 to August 1) playing "Dorothy Vernon," Leah Kleschina for two night each, and "Sunday" for one night. Her West Australian season, which is still proving remarkably popular, ends next week, and on Saturday next she sails for the Eastern States.

"The Geisha" may be expected at Daly's Theatre in a month's time, when the peerless musical comedy is sure of a reception as cordial as that which greeted it throughout its first phenomenal run. Miss Marie Studholme will be the Mollie Seamore, and the role of Juliette Diamant will be given to Mlle. Mariette Sully, a singer and comedienne of the highest popularity in Paris. The cast will also include Mr George Graves, Mr Fred Wright, jun, Mr Robert Evett, Mr Louis Fyfield, and Mr Gordon Cleather.

M. Coquelin, on his last visit to England, travelled from Vienna and arrived in London just before he was due at the theatre. He was so tired that in the second act of the play, in which he was supposed to go to sleep, he went to

sleep in reality, and had to be aroused by vigorous prods from the back. In one of the papers the next morning a critic complained that his slumber scene was obviously overacted!

Mme. Melba had an amusing adventure on her way from Coombe Cottage to sing at Covent Garden recently. The motor car in which she travels every night broke down. There was no time to go back and get another vehicle, no time to make repairs, so she clambered into a grocer's cart that had pulled up alongside and told the man to drive to Coombe Station. He did not know her, but, of course, he gallantly assented, and the van arrived at Coombe Station in time for the prima donna to catch the train to Waterloo, whence she drove to the theatre in a cab.

The third concert of the season given by the members of the Auckland Orchestral Society takes place in the Choral Hall on Tuesday next. The programme will comprise the following items:—Overture, "Melusine" (Mendelssohn); overture and Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni); dance, "Andalusia Toreador" (Rubinstein); selections, "Tronbuidler, 45" (Reinecke); waltz, "Weiner Wald" (Strauss); symphonie (No. 5 in E Major)—(11) "Andante," (2) "March Tempo" (Raff). The society will be assisted by Mrs Mervyn Kynane (soprano) and Mr Abel Rowe (tenor).

Miss Annette Kellermann is said to be making as much as eighty pounds a week. In London her salary was stated to be fifty a week, but the Continental cities apprise the fancy plunge more highly, and are ready to pay fancy figures for such an aquatic show as Annette—our fair Sandow—provides. According to rumour she will not be content till she has forded every great river in the world. The ambition of Miss Kellermann is insuppressible, and her courage immense. Nothing frightens her. There is no aquatic performance on record that she will not attempt—no feat too difficult to achieve. She is the true sport, and, fortunately, she has a strength to match her intrepid spirit.

Olympia, at Christmas, will be the scene of a gigantic international fair and carnival. Whilst all the popular features of the old English fair will be retained, every effort will be made to make the undertaking of a cosmopolitan character, and travelled visitors will find much to remind them, not only of the Ginger Bread Fair in Paris, but the big shows of Coney Island—Luna Park and Dreamland. The stalls will be arranged to represent celebrated Continental thoroughfares and an American avenue. Other attractions will be a circus, with many up-to-date features, and a production of "Mazepa," a pantomime in the annex, and a wrestling tournament in another part of the building. The gentlemen interested in the enterprise are well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Four hundred per year, it is said, is the number of plays received by Mr. George Alexander, and all are gone through religiously by himself and Mr. C. T. Helmsley, his manager. "The literary quality of the plays sent us is better than it used to be," said Mr. Helmsley. "It is often surprisingly good. But, then, literary excellence is not a very important feature in dramatic work, and the construction and characterization are generally very feeble." One of the most curious plays ever heard of was that once offered to the late Wilson Barrett, by a Puckee-geutland. It consisted of ten acts, each containing a heavy set scene and several smally tableaux; there were ninety-seven speaking parts, and the dialogue filled nearly three

hundred typewritten pages. Inclusive of the necessary waits, it would have played for about thirteen hours.

In London (or rather Europe) at the present time three of the dramatic pieces most recently secured by Mr J. C. Williamson for Australasian production, have all made most favourable impressions upon players. The "Lion and the Mouse," which was staged in London at the end of last year, had an excellent reception—superior, according to the London "Daily Chronicle," in cordiality to that experienced by any play produced there this year. Brigadier Gerard has been so permanently popular that Mr Lewis Waller considered it advisable some weeks ago to postpone his change of bill, and when the last mails left London had postponed the next production indefinitely. Thirdly, Pinero's great play "His House in Order," had been translated into Italian, and as La Casa in Ordine had profoundly impressed Milanese theatregoers.

Apropos of the visit to Auckland of Miss Amy Murphy, a local singer has broken into song with the following rather happy result:—

When Amy Murphy comes to town,
With welcome-songs the birds come down;
Down from the sky
They gaily fly,
To see their rival passing by,
When Amy comes to town.

When Amy Murphy comes to town,
The heavy clouds that gloom and frown
Dissolve away,
And joyous day
Holds once again her sunny sway,
When Amy comes to town.

When Amy Murphy comes to town,
The daisy dows her fresh-made gown;
The rose to choose her gayest hue,
Looks in the mirror of the dew:
All Nature seeks her wardrobe
through,
When Amy comes to town.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' idea of "Faust," a version of which he has in contemplation for Mr. George Alexander, is that it should be "a compact drama," of which spectacular embellishment should form no part. "In the version of 'Faust' which I am going to prepare," says Mr. Phillips, "there will be nothing spectacular, nothing to overshadow or intrude upon an immortal theme. As to how I shall treat the story, and as to the form in which it will be written, I am not yet sure—it may be a play in blank verse, or in prose with lyrics. But, as least, I have decided not to closely follow Goethe, whose second part of 'Faust'—great as it is—does not, in my view, lend itself to effective dramatic treatment. Far more suitable, I think," continues the poet, "is the ending of Marlowe, who, into the last hour of life vouchsafed to the unhappy Faustus brings tragedy terrible and appalling. In Marlowe's last, awful scene, Faust, left alone by his friends, counts the flying minutes of the final hour:—

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.

These are the words of the man who, having tasted the joys of his bargain, knows that the punishment is inevitable. Here, it seems to me, is a situation of great possibilities, and upon this ending I shall base the closing scene of my version, in which Faust will be the dominating, outstanding figure."

The "imported" section of Mr J. C. Williamson's new dramatic company, Mr Charles Waldron, Miss Ola Jane Humphrey and their fellow passengers on the Sonoma, certainly, are entitled to complain of their first experiences in Australasia. Their steamer was nearly a week late in arriving in Sydney, and only reached port on Friday evening, June 20. Even then the lateness of the hour prevented the health officer's inspection, and it was Saturday morning before the vessel was berthed at Circular Quay. As there was no train to Melbourne Mr Waldron and his companions hurried on board the Orient, which was to leave a few hours later, hoping to reach Melbourne early on Monday morning. But the mail steamer ran into the exceptionally heavy weather, and her passage was seriously delayed, so that

it was five o'clock in the afternoon before Hobson's Bay was reached. With only two hours rest the company were rehearsing at 7 o'clock the same evening, and thenceforward their days and nights were spent almost unbrokenly at the theatre. Under such circumstances it is much to their credit that Saturday evening's performance in its completeness and finish betrayed not one single instance of the great strain that the performance had gone through.

We do not think that, as a rule, either actor or playwright are aware of the immense importance of their work, of the intense reality which is attached to the acted and spoken play by the young, unsophisticated, and the impressionable. But if everyone will cast back his memory to his first visit to the theatre, and to those which immediately followed it, he will remember what a powerful impression it made on his mind. It is true that the dramatic art does not speak directly to the individual auditor. But the implied sermon is much more powerful and impressive than the stated one. You cannot have a play which is non-moral. No matter how carefully the writer avoids anything didactic, the work will have a subtle tendency called "tone," which is as strong as it is insidious. We cannot hear a piece like "The Merchant of Venice" played without imbuing an admiration and a love of noble sentiments and a hatred and contempt for those which are base. What we are made to admire and what we are made to laugh at is far more important than what we are told we ought not to do. It is not necessary to inveigh against a principle; one has only to make it repulsive or absurd on the stage to preach a lesson much more effective than any homily.

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QUEEN-STREET.

The following is a specimen of what has been held to be "fair criticism" by an American Court of law. The writer of the notice is giving his opinion on the performance of three sisters. He says: "Nellie is an old jade of fifty summers, Jennie a frisky filly of forty, and Maisie, the flower of the family, a capering monstrosity of thirty-five. Their long skinny arms, equipped with talons at the extremities, swung mechanically, and anon waved frantically at the suffering audience. The mouths of their rancid features opened like caverns, and sounds like the wailings of damned souls issued therefrom. They pranced around the stage with a motion that suggested a cross between the danse du ventre and fox-trot—strange creatures with painted faces and hideous mien."

The very high standard reached in the animated pictures which Messrs. Tait showed us here some months back has evidently encouraged this enterprising management to go one better, in procuring a highly interesting moving picture entitled "Building a British Railway." This film forms one of a series of industrial pictures, possessing very educative elements, which will be displayed during the return season here next month. "Sunny Ceylon," another picture, described as being of great merit owing to its beautiful artistic colouring, and the wealth of interesting detail of life. A very sensational effect is said to be a fight between a cobra and a mongoose (the ferret of the East), which Kipling describes so charmingly in his Rikki Tikki Tavi story in "The Jungle Book." Amongst the new pictures "The Launching and Christening of the Dreadnought by His Majesty King Edward," will no doubt prove of great interest, as should also Vesuvius in eruption and the funicular railway recently damaged in the big upheaval. The selection of humorous items has been well made, and the season should result as satisfactorily as the first visit of these very clever pictures. In the meantime a short tour of Taranaki, Wairarapa, and Hawke's Bay will be made. Mr Portus reports excellent results from the Waikato season.

A curious scene took place recently in the House of Commons with reference to the Musical Copyright Bill. As the Bill is in the hands of a private member, it could not be brought on till eleven o'clock. Mr. O'Connor then proposed that the second reading should be taken. According to the rules of the House a Bill cannot be taken after eleven o'clock if any one member objects. There was only one opponent of the Bill present—Mr. Caldwell—and as he is now vice-chairman of the House, it was supposed that he would act in accordance with all precedent, and, being an official, would refrain from taking part in any discussion on Bills.

But Mr. Caldwell is not a man to be guided by the ordinary rules, and, to the surprise of everybody, when Mr.

O'Connor proposed his Bill, called out, "I object." Something strange followed. Mr. O'Connor appealed to Mr. Caldwell to allow the Bill to pass, and when Mr. O'Connor sat down Mr. Herbert Gladstone got up and made the same appeal. Mr. Gladstone, as Home Secretary, has in charge the department which deals with copyright; and, of course, as a Cabinet Minister and as a colleague had it, it was assumed, to look with certainty to Mr. Caldwell accepting his advice. But, to the amazement of the House, Mr. Caldwell took no notice of the appeal, and again called out, "I object." Mr. O'Connor made another appeal—it was equally vain. This remarkable incident is expected to have other and larger consequences, and, in the end, may not prove to have been prejudicial to the cause of copyright and to the chances of the Bill passing this year into law.

An amusing incident which took place recently behind the scenes at the Berlin Comic Opera has just come to light. The principal figure in the story is Frau Kaiser, wife of the celebrated composer, Alfred Kaiser, whose opera "Die Schwarze Nina" has just been put on at the above-mentioned opera house. During the rehearsals of the work Kaiser, the composer, was, for unexplained reasons, prohibited from being present by the management of the theatre, who probably feared a series of interruptions and fault-finding. So he hit upon the scheme of sending his wife to the rehearsals in the capacity of critic, naturally without the knowledge of the theatre management. Frau Kaiser's report upon the progress of the opera was far from satisfactory, and the composer, necessarily disclosing the trick he had played, made complaints of a comprehensive nature. Frau Kaiser's presence at the rehearsals was then forbidden. She, however, was also clever enough to outwit the authorities, and, disguising herself as a sweeping-woman, she saw the rehearsal through, everything being, on this occasion, in clock-work order. A critical moment occurred to Frau Kaiser when, in order to discover whether this audacious composer's wife was really absent from the auditorium, the electric lights were switched on in full force. Frau Kaiser, who was at the moment busy with her broom in one of the opera boxes, had just enough time to twist her skirt over her head, as an apparent protection against the dust she was creating, and hide her face from sight by stooping energetically over her self-imposed menial duty.

There can be but little doubt that given weather of anything less than the savage atrocity lately experienced, the Choral Hall will be all too small to hold the audience which will assemble there on Thursday evening (tomorrow), when Miss Amy Murphy will give her second concert in Auckland. To say, in the customary journalist phrase, that "the elements were unpropitious" on Monday last would be grotesquely inadequate, the day and evening being of that diabolical character which always makes one imagine

that the early emigrant who embellized "our glorious climate" on the reputation of the colony must have been expatriated from Colney Hatch. Yet, there was, in spite of all, a good audience, and one which was so obviously pleased that, as said, a very large gathering is assured for the second recital. Miss Murphy may best be described as a charming singer, using that much misused adjective in its classical sense. She emphatically does charm. Infringe harm is often done by careless comparisons, and the foolish people whom one has heard dub Miss Murphy as the "New Zealand Melba" are really unkind to her, as they are absolutely without critical faculty, or sense of proportion. Miss Murphy in no sort or fashion resembles Melba, either in strength or power of voice, or in dramatic vocalisation. On the other hand, she has not Melba's hardness. As said, comparisons are futile. When a local singer—however excellent—is dubbed the N.Z. Melba or the Perth Patti, a certain irritation—unjust to the local celebrity—is set up, and the audience sets out prepared for discrepancies which would never have been thought of or noticed but for the silly attempt at flattery. Miss Murphy possesses a pleasant voice, of a range and quality seldom heard in this colony. Her training is, of course, not that of Europe, but then neither are her hearers European-trained audience and critics. So after all they meet on equal ground. Certainly few indeed have been the soprano who have given more enjoyment to their audience than does Miss Murphy. Her voice is sweet, and sweetest when she makes no effort to force its power, as she occasionally makes the mistake of doing. She has the "nous" to choose her items well—a hint picked up perhaps from Dolores—and, as stated, she thoroughly delighted her audience. Mr. McLean's cello solos were the other feature of the concert deserving special mention. They were absolutely delightful in their unstudied, unpremeditated art.

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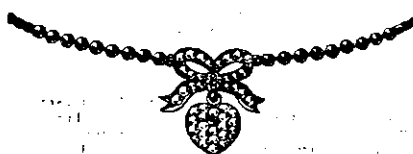
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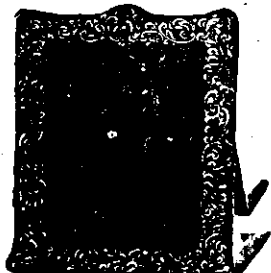
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Australian Bullock Drivers.

The bullock-team, once so familiar in town and country, is becoming a novelty in many places (writes E. S. Sorenson, in "The Australasian"). Railways and steamers are responsible for the change in the good districts, and in the dry parts the camel is a formidable rival. While the camel cannot be said to be a sign of progress like the railways and steamers are, yet many of the settlers who are blessed with water and rail communication look upon the days of the teams as the good old times. To them, perhaps, the times were good, comparatively speaking, for there was always a cheque to be picked up by those who had teams, and the roads afforded congenial employment for father and sons in the early years of their home-making, when clearing, fencing, and building absorbed so much time and money. Where teams are still the only means of transport competition has cut down the rates till there is little more than a bare living in carrying, taking a fair average of seasons; and a long drought, when teams are most required, means a desperate gamble, not infrequently ending in complete ruin to the teamster.

Bullock-driving is not the sort of calling that the average man bankers after; the average man, in fact, considers it one of the worst that he could be asked to take up. But to the veteran ox-conductor there is no grander thing on earth than his waggon, and a spanking team of 16 bullocks, Henry Kendall sings of "Bullocky Bill":—

What trouble has Bill for the ruin of lands,

Of the quarrels of temple and throne,

So long as the whip that he holds in his hands,

And the team that he drives are his own?

He thrives like an Arab. Between the two wheels

Is his bedroom, where, lying uncared,

He thinks for himself, like a Sultan, and feels

That his home is the best in the world.

Of course, he must dream; but be sure that his dreams,

If happy, must compass, alas!

But bullocks at feed by improbable streams,

Knee-deep in improbable grass."

While smoking a pipe in a bullocky's camp one evening the conversation turned on Tattersall's sweeps, and I asked Combiter-Jack what he would do if he had the luck to draw a big prize. "I'd 'ave one glorious drink," he said. "I'd 'ave a month, though," he added quickly. "A month satisfies me at any time. Then I'd get a real spankin' new table-top, with broad tires, that 'ud carry 20 ton. I'd 'ave it made to order. I've got it all specified, an' drawn out, an' it's rumm' beautiful—in my mind. I'd lay it 'ud 'take a bent under some of those 'arion choppers out 'ere."

"What would you do, Bill?" I asked, turning to another man.

"I'd 'ave the best bloomin' team this side o' Bourke," said Bill, in an emphatic burst of confidence.

Punching is the mainspring of Bullocky Bill's existence, and he could hardly be happy if released from the thralldom of the yoke. He can talk bullock to you for a week at a stretch, dilating on the merits of Strawberry, and the skull-dragging propensities of old Prindle; and on the fashions of yokes, chains, bows, and other jewellery; on the respective merits of black myrtle and kinnet wood for whip-handles, and the marvellous things that can be done with a whip. Greenhide Jack, for instance, never used an axe on barren roads; but fed his stock by whipping showers of leaves from the trees. He could pick up a sixpence nine times out of ten with a whip-thong; and he flogged his name, as neatly as a man could carve it, on the trees in passing. He particularises his team from poles to leaders; how Rowdy and Ball stop dead, and will stand dragging at the call of "Whex," and would steady a waggon down any hill without chain or brake; how Spot handled the steer, shoving him off, and lugging him, too; and how Starlight was the devil's own for turning his yoke. He gives you novel ways of starting a sulky bullock—making a fire under him, pounding his ribs with a shovel, or rubbing a stick smartly backwards and forwards on his tail; and he has equally effective methods of dealing with the skull-dragger, and the beast that is always getting his splaw foot over the chain.

I innocently gave my ear one day to

Crooked Mick as he reclined lazily on a bale of wool, waiting for a load at a border station. He started at nine a.m. to tell me his experiences down the track in yoking-up a refractory team. When we adjourned for lunch he had one bullock, named Bismarck, yoked, and was bringing back his mate, Rattler, across a maize paddock for the forty-eighth time. He got him bowed and keyed during the meal, but had forgotten the coggles. He was searching for them about the yard when I left the table. Mick always made for me afterwards while he remained at the shed, to elly me with the yoking of the other fourteen. Fourteen more Bismarcks and Rattlers! I always suddenly remembered urgent engagements elsewhere.

Out in the far west, where there is a drought between each shower of rain, and bush fires are unknown on account of the scarcity of grass, bullock-punching is an occupation calculated to deaden a man's soul. It is cruel; but men forget the cruelty when, at a pinch in the blistering sun, the way-worn brutes refuse to pull together. I have seen many a man, after tearing up and down like an escaped lunatic, gesticulating wildly, slashing left and right, and venting all the execrations at his command, throw himself down by the waggon, exhausted and speechless. When he has cooled down, he looks remorsefully at the whip-streaked ribs of his beaten team, and his conscience pricks him, as one by one the dumb brutes turn their heads slowly towards him, their eyes full of suffering and mute appeal. He looks, pityingly—and then curses himself.

Some men are naturally cruel, and even go to the extent of lighting a fire under a stubborn animal.

A peculiar instance of a bullock turning the tables on a driver occurred some years ago on a western track. One of the pin-bullocks had lain down, and all other means failing to shift him, the man with the whip lit a fire under his middle. When it began to burn well the jibber jumped up and put his shoulder to the yoke with great energy, and, assisted by his mate and the poles, pulled on just far enough to leave the waggon fairly over the fire. The smile that had momentarily played on the driver's face died suddenly; he rushed forward with dilating eyes, lashed with the whip, belted with the handle, yelled and howled; but the whole team had gone on strike. The waggon, loaded with inflammable material, caught fire, and was very quickly reduced to cinders.

On the dry bush tracks, with their frequent intermissions of heavy sand and stony hills, between Bourke and the Queensland border, the bullock-driver has a hard time. A long day through blistering heat, flies, and dust; then a rick back with tired bullocks, eight or ten miles, to the last water; and tomorrow a long night ride ahead to the next water. There he camps for the night, getting back to the waggons about sunrise next morning. There is often no grass or herbage, and, after taking his cattle to water, he has to cut scrub to feed them. One can hardly blame the poor bullocky if he helps himself to a nip from the tempting consignment of hotel goods he has on board. He has many ingenious ways of accomplishing this. One of the hoops on the beer-cask is knuckled up the least bit, and a small hole bored through the side. This is afterwards plugged with deal, and concealed by replacing the hoop. The rum or brandy cask is managed in another way. A couple of quarts of boiling water are poured on top, and left there all night. In the morning it is strong enough to make the hardest of them drunk if they drink enough of it. Again, when the worn-out op-persuader feels the need of a reviver in the shape of a glass of whisky, one feels inclined to excuse him when he lets some heavy weight drop—accidentally, of course—on the whisky-case, and smashes a bottle. It is only natural, and in accordance with the laws of economics, that he should catch the flowing spirit in his billy, and drink "beter luck" to the rest of the consignment.

Many teamsters on the western tracks are bound to time, and in making up for some unforseen delay the cattle suffer, and not infrequently several head are left by the roadside to die. There is a stiff penalty for dilatoriness, ranging up to one pound per day. Sometimes the drivers are docked so much per ton for every day over contract

time. On these roads grass and water are precious, and very often a good night for the team is not to be had for love or money. Still, the team must eat and drink to get the load through; so the teamster has to battle for it, and the evening begotten of long experience on the roads is set against the watchfulness of the landowner. The bullocks are taken quietly to the tanks at night—not to the one near which the teams may be camped, but to one several miles distant. Then the wires are strapped down, and the hungry animals are slipped in where the feed is best, and left till nearly daylight, one of the men sleeping in the paddock with them. Perhaps only half the team will be thus treated at a time, the other half being left on neutral ground, carrying all the available bells to mislead the enemy.

I knew a teamster to camp one night in a lene where there was an excavated tank on each side of him. About midnight two boys, carrying a far-sounding bell in each hand, walked across to one tank, and the tolling of the bells soon brought out the owner and his assistant. The boys sought cover while the deluded pair rove round; and when they were leaving the neighbourhood, one bell rang out violently, as when a bullock shakes its head. Back came the searchers, and another hour was wasted in beating about among the bushes. By this time the old man had watered the bullocks at the other tank, brought them back into the lane, and turned in with his face wreathed in smiles.

One hears a good deal about lucky and unlucky trips; but the luck or otherwise of a trip depends greatly on the management and general ability of the man. Some men go up and down the roads, year after year, with the regularity of clock-work, breaking records in time and weight-carrying, and with scarcely a mishap. Some have their bullocks always in good condition, sleek, fine-looking animals, tried and true—not a waster in the team. Others, on the same roads, have hungry, miserable, hunted-looking beasts, generally criss-crossed from horn to tail with whip marks. They get stuck at a very little out-hill and in every little gutter; and, after a considerable expenditure of energy and strong language, often have to double-bank, or, failing that, throw off part of the load and dig their way out. When a man has to cut away the hills, and ease the gradients at creeks with pick and shovel, besides removing a good deal of the first strata of soft flats, there isn't much in carrying. I saw a carrier start one evening from a shed with eleven tons of wool on. He intended to have a Yankee start for morning; but he had not gone half a mile before he capsized, and he spent the best of next day righting his waggon and loading up again. He had an extraordinary run of misfortunes, and the first load of the following year's clip was on the road before he reached his destination, 200 miles away.

Mention of record loads reminds me that Wilkinson, in January, 1902, drew 130 bags of wheat, equal to 14½ tons, into Temora railway station with 14 bullocks. In 1898, Dick Turbot brought over 18 tons of Edgeroi wool into Narrabri in one load; and I have heard of 25 tons being carried on one tabletop waggon.

The bullocky takes as much pride in

his waggon as a captain does in his ship, and, like the ship, the waggon is always "she." To quote Kendall again:

"His day is no being responsible thing, 'But he gives it the gender of life: And, seeing his fancy is free in the wing, It suits him as well as a wife."

Each waggon bears a name fancifully painted on the sides. Some I have met with are: "Margaret Catchpole," "Gipsy Queen," "Inverney Lass," "The Never Get Stuck," "Dancing Girl," "Sarah Bernhardt," "Rose of Beauty," "Flirt," "Marie Corelli," "Mary Ah Foo," and "The Esko Queen." There are "Freetraders," "Protectionists," "Democrats," "Republicans," and "Home Rules" wheeling about in dozens; also "Wombats," "Wallabys," "Brumbys," and other animals. One happens upon peculiarities at times in bullock nomenclature. One teamster called his pets Villain, Rascal, Vagabond, Scoundrel, Demon, Vampire, Monster, etc.; and another's team was named after prominent politicians, with Barton and Kingston in the pole, and Reid and Lyne in the lead. Occasionally one meets a team composed of all Devons (red), or all Herefords, or all spotted bullocks. I saw one all-black team, which belonged to a farmer; but I never met an all-white turnout. White is an off-colour with Bullocky Bill.

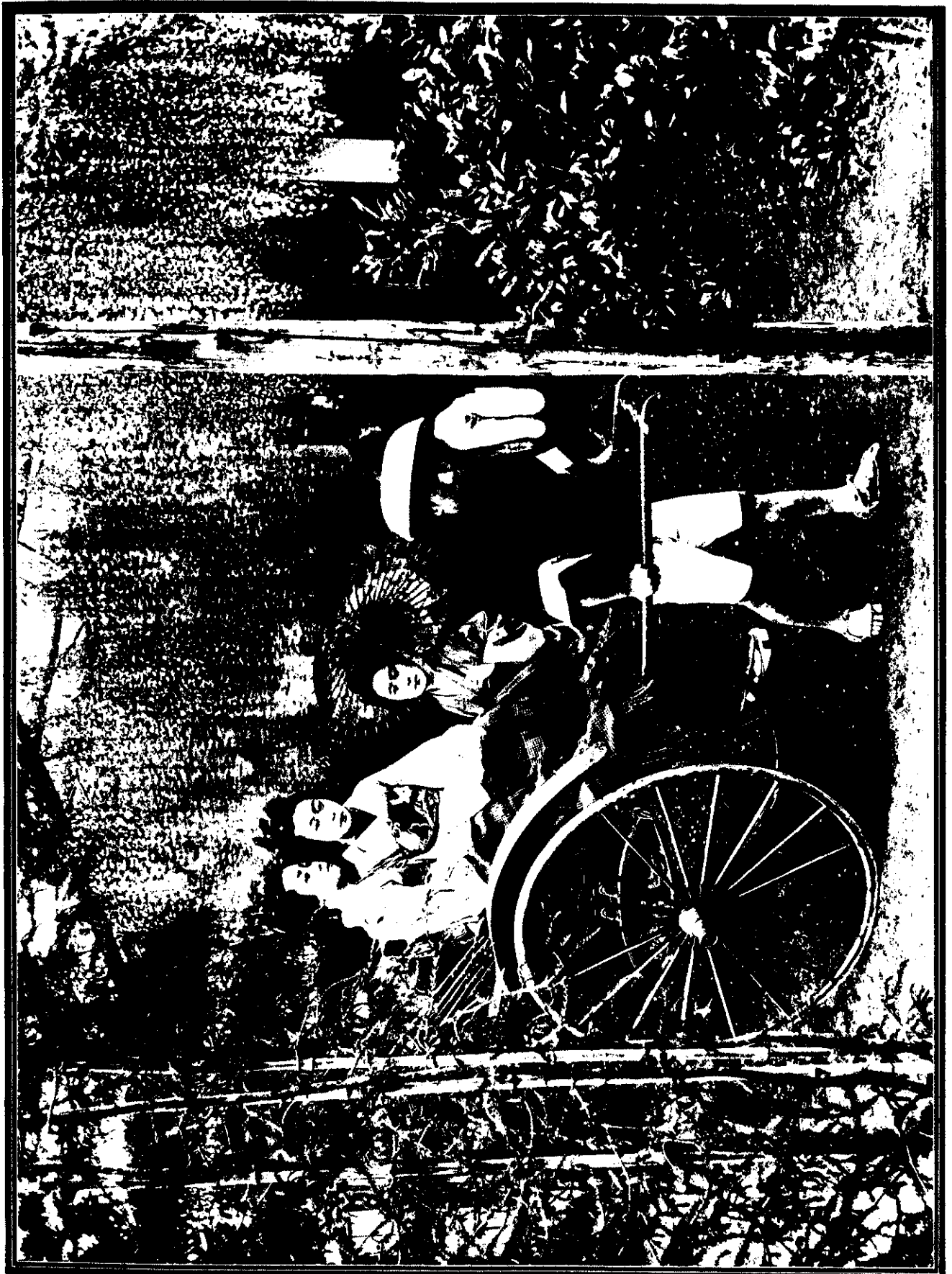
The Queensland bullockies are generally in better fettle than those of New South Wales and Victoria, having the main roads yet very much in their own hands. There they take their families, and their fowls and goats with them on their far-inland trips. I happened upon a camp of them once in a bend of the Ward River, spelling an good feed. There were eight teams; each man had his wife and children, his herd of goats, and his crop of poultry; and the place resembled a prosperous farmyard. The women clustered under the trees in the cool of the evenings, the men reclined by the waggons, all swopping yarn and experiences; whilst the bare-legged children yelled and gambolled about the billabongs. When travelling, the missus sat on top of the load, or drove behind in a tilted cart; the children—some mounted, some walking—drove the goats and spare oxen; while the coops swung under the roofs of the waggons. On reaching camp the fowls were let out, to chase the unwary grasshopper, and disport themselves in the bush until all was ready to trek next morning. Under such circumstances, the carrier gets much pleasure out of life. Every camp is home; and when the day's work is done the voices of his wife and little ones add cheeriness to the camp fire's blaze.

"And thus through the world, with a swing in tread,
Bill Bullock self-satisfied goes:
With his cabbage-tree hat on the back of his head,
And the string of it under his nose."

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 they, for cold secure
A store of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Hudson's Balloon... Brand Baking Powder. Awarded Special Gold Medal. ABSOLUTE PURITY GUARANTEED.—Thirty years of popularity is ample proof in all reality. PRICES GREATLY REDUCED. PROFESSOR J. M. TUNY says: "After having made very careful analysis of your Baking Powder, I have great pleasure in testifying that it is composed of substances which are quite innocuous, but are at the same time calculated to produce the best results when used for the purposes for which they are intended." J. H. HUDSON, Manufacturing Chemist, AUCKLAND.





SPRINGTIME IN JAPAN. GEISHAS OFF FOR A RICKSHAW RIDE.



Tourist Department, photo.

IN THE GRIP OF JACK FROST: LAKE HARRIS WATERFALL IN MID-WINTER.



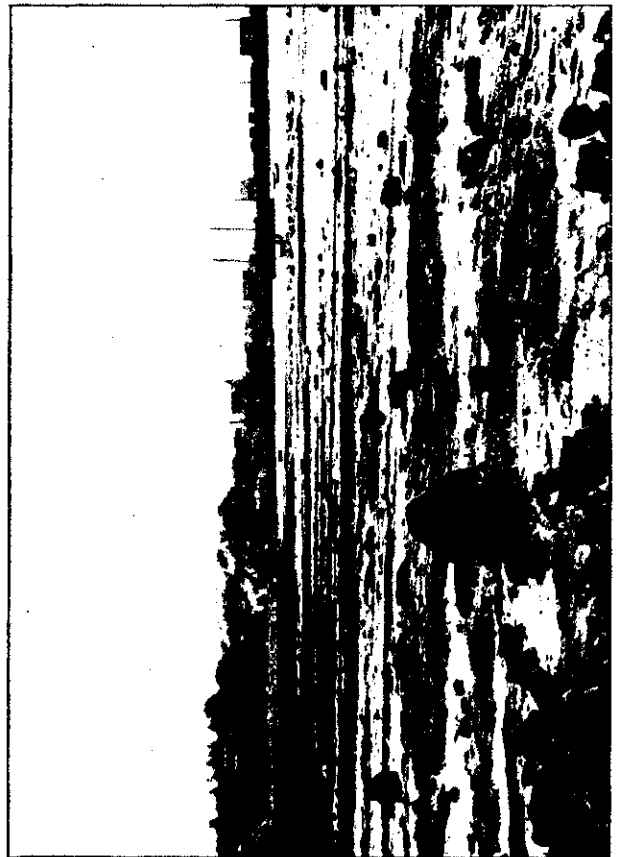
THE UPPER ROUTEBURN VALLEY, LAKE WAKATIPU, UNDER SNOW.



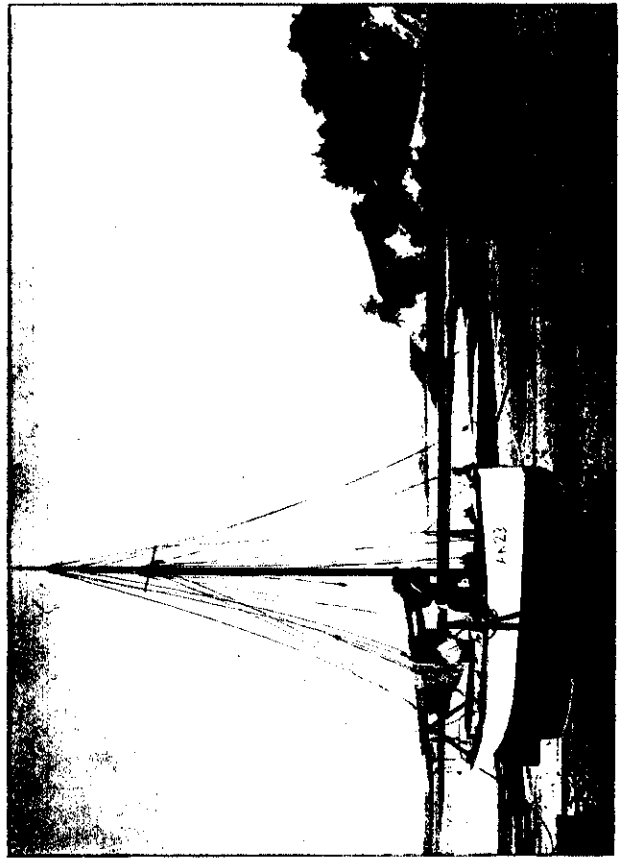
KAOHI TIMBER COMPANY'S ROOMS.



CUSTOMS-STREET WEST BRESTWORK.

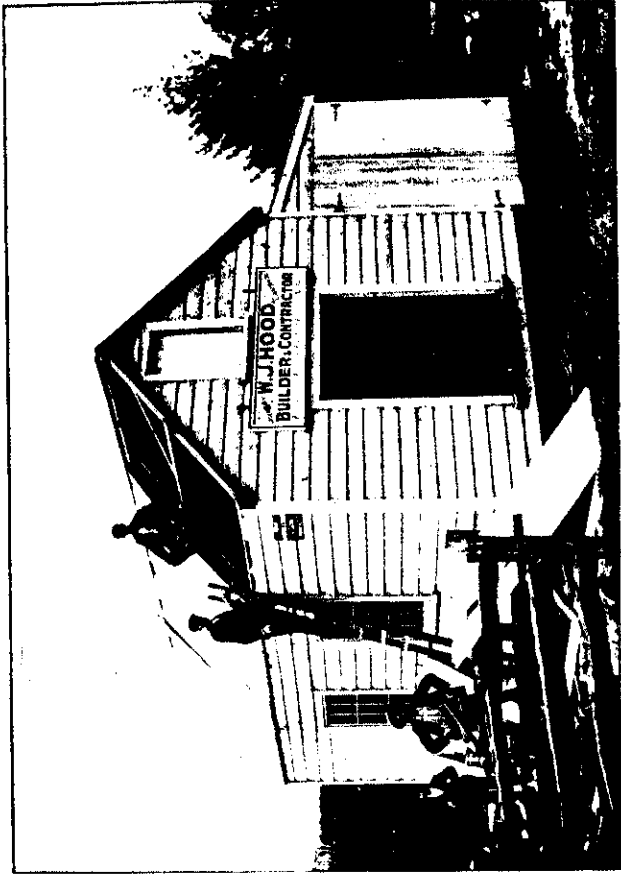


MECHANICS BAY.



IN JUDGE'S BAY.

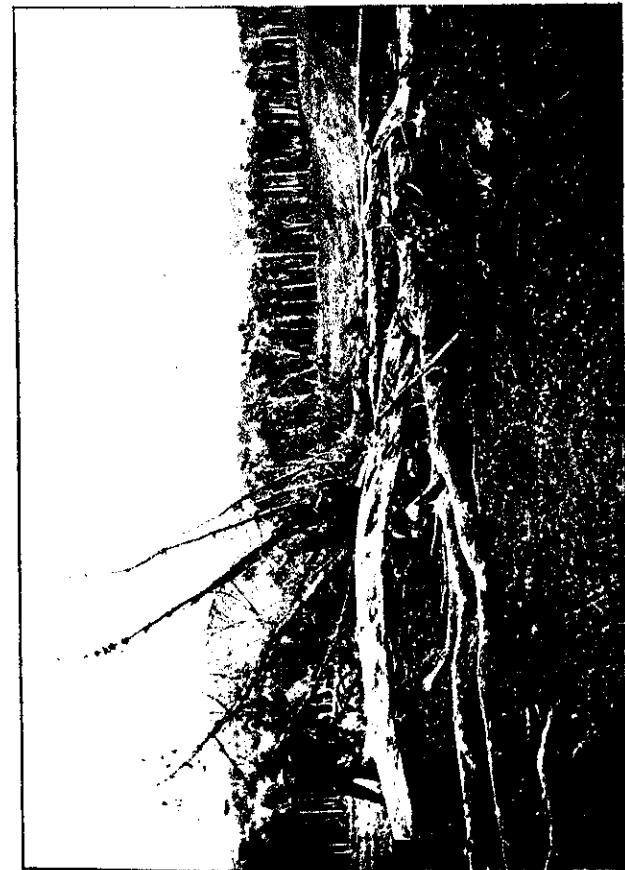
FORESHORE VIEWS OF AUCKLAND.



PUTTING THINGS TO RIGHTS.



DAMAGE AT MR. A. M. HARRIBALL'S PLANTATION.



PINE TREE BLOWN RIGHT OUT OF THE GROUND.



THE REMAINS OF A SHED.

DAMAGE DONE BY THE GALE AT WAIUKU.

On July 10th the westerly gale, which had been blowing more or less all the week, reached hurricane force at Waiuku, on the Manukau Harbour, unroofing houses and uprooting many trees.



RAILWAY WORKMAN'S CAMP ON THE MAIN TRUNK LINE.



Eberbeck, Karangahape Road, photo.

THE THREE REMARKABLY FINE SCOTCH COLLIES BELONGING TO MR. W. U. TIMEWELL, NORTH SHORE, AUCKLAND, WHICH WON TWENTY-ONE PRIZES AT DUNEDIN LAST WEEK.

From left to right they are: Milton Majesty, Milton Maquis, and Milton Maid.



Copyright photo by F. Babbage, London.

FOUR HIGH-PRICED SHORTHORNS WHICH WERE SOLD AT THE RUDDINGTON (ENGLAND) SHORTHORN SALE.

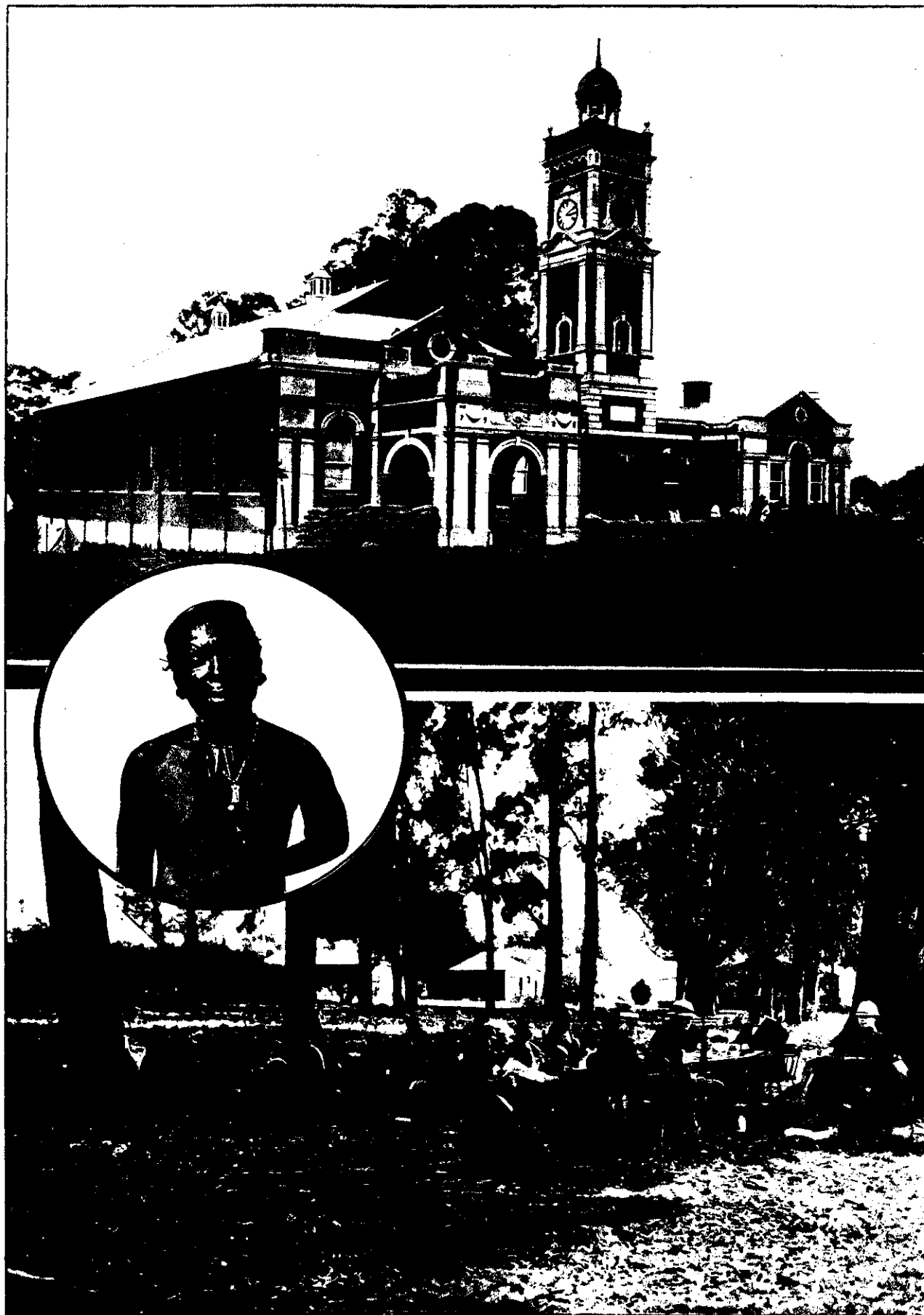
Left to right: Countess Farewell Y., 600 guineas; her cow calf, 400 guineas; King Christian of Denmark, 900 guineas; Ruddington Prince Christian, 1,100 guineas.



Jones and Coleman, photo.

WAIKATO RUGBY FOOTBALL REPRESENTATIVES.

TOP ROW: A. Richards, R. Henderson, M. Keeley, D. Ryburn, W. Wilson, J. Vincent, T. Clarken. SECOND ROW: H. Prince, D. Turner, W. Thomson, O. Campbell, F. Innes, G. McCauley, C. Cowley. THIRD ROW: C. Spates (Selector), W. Harwood, J. P. McGarrigle, W. B. Smith (Captain), R. J. Gwynne (Manager), J. Richardson. FOURTH ROW: T. Hughes, L. Macky, R. Gwynne (Mascotte), H. Page.



T. Brittain, photo.

THE ZULU RISING IN NATAL.

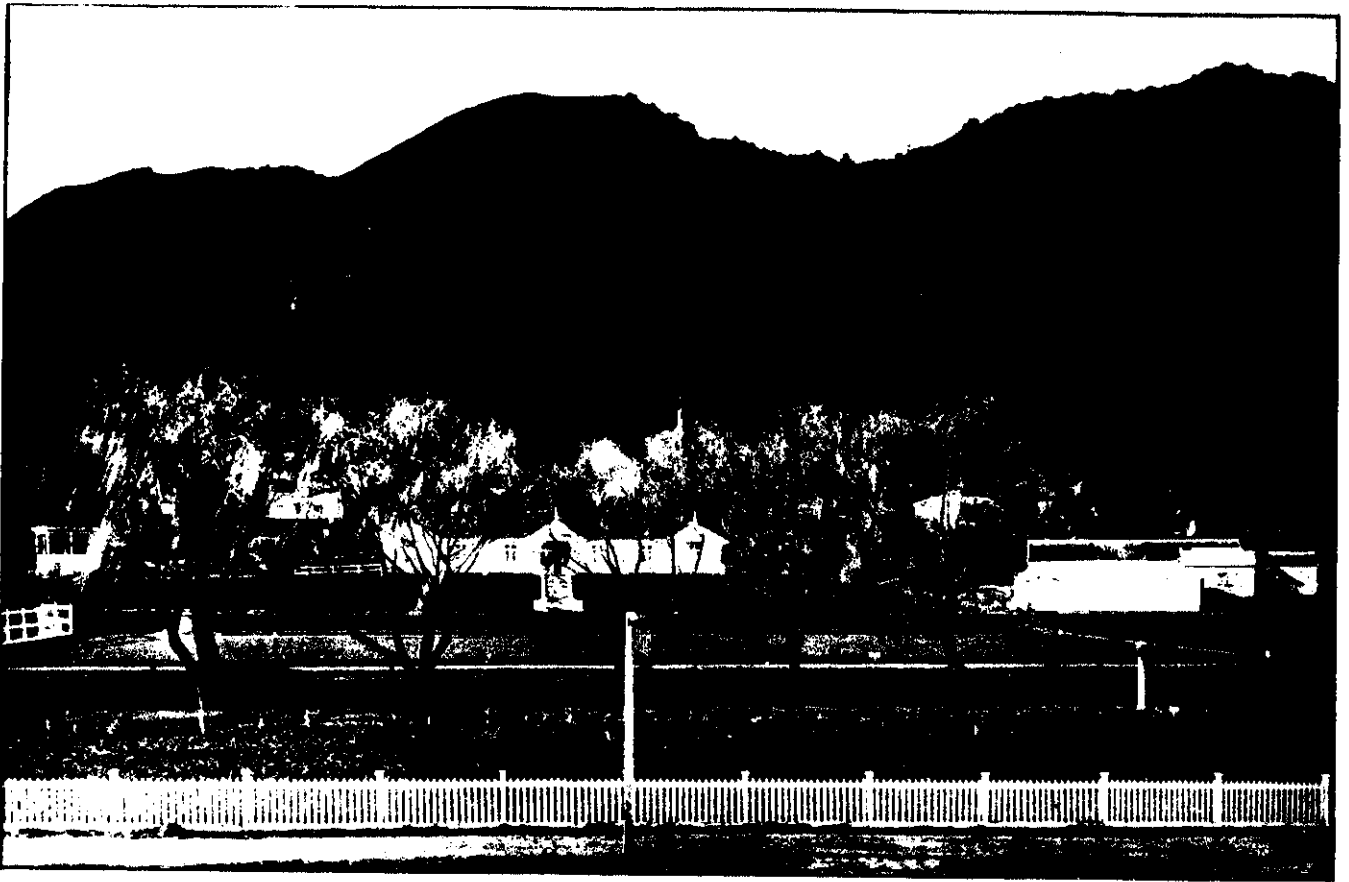
1. The Town Hall, Greytown, fortified with sandbags, entrenchments, and barb wire entanglements. Powerful electric lights are placed along the line and kept alight all night. Greytown is only two miles from the late Bambaata's kraal. 2. Mr. Cross, the magistrate and his staff collecting the poll tax from natives at Greytown. The portrait in the circle is that of Nkoma, Bambaata's chief induna, who was captured after much difficulty by Trooper Pine, of the Natal Police, and has since paid the death penalty for his part in the rebellion. He was a noted rebel, and spent all his time rallying the disaffected natives and inciting them to kill the white man.



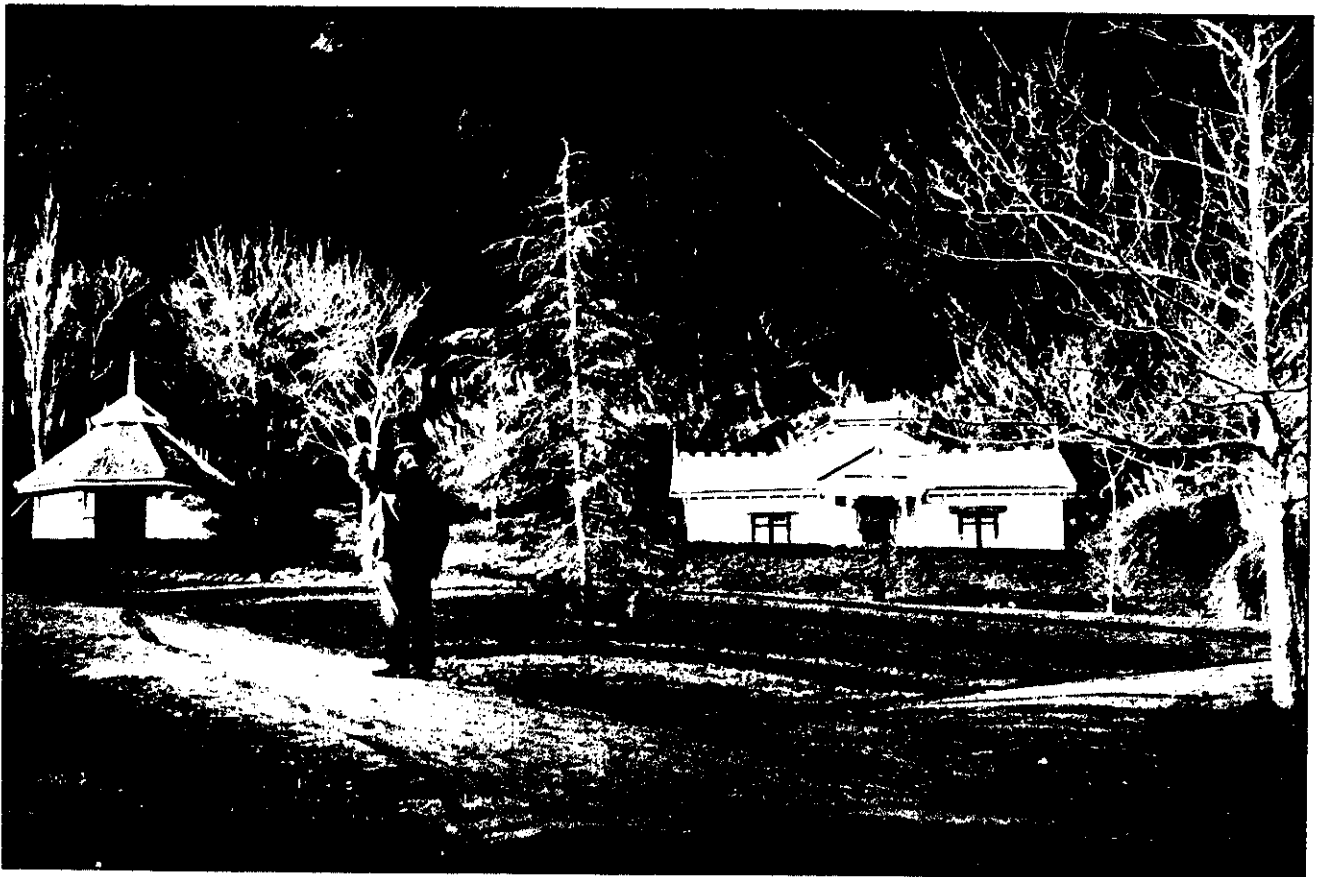
T. Brittain, photo.

THE ZULU RISING IN NATAL.

1. Some of Bambuata's men, with native police, who assisted in their capture. 2. Bambuata's widows and children in custody. 3. The main entrance to the beleaguered township of Greytown, in the heart of Natal. These huge gates are lowered at night, like the drawbridge of an ancient castle.



A VIEW OF THE DOMAIN AND BATH HOUSES.



ANOTHER VIEW IN THE DOMAIN.

TE AROHA, WHICH, AS A WINTER RESORT, IS RAPIDLY INCREASING IN FAVOUR.



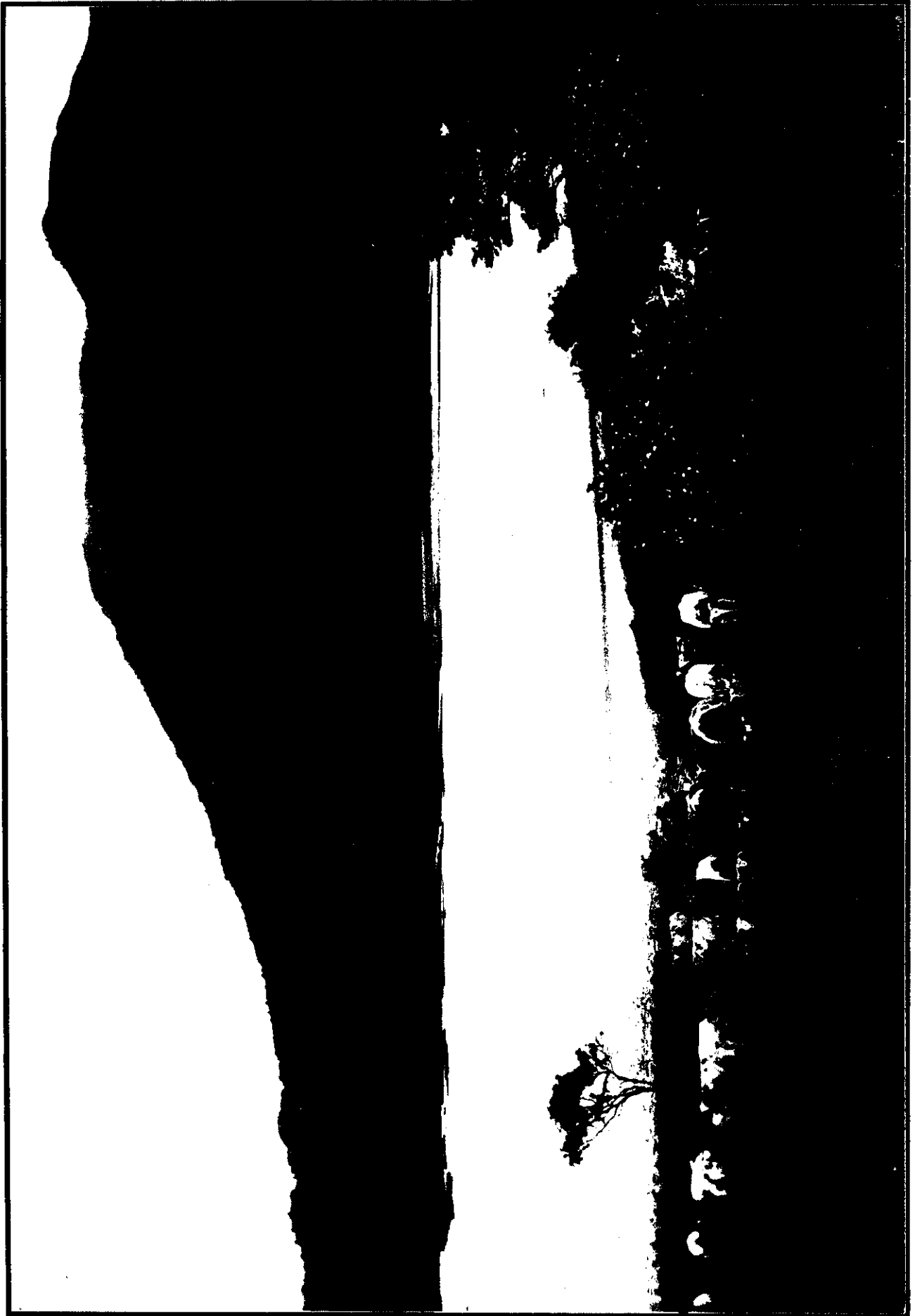
A PECULIAR TREE.

Some surprise will be felt if this photo is reversed the other way of the page.



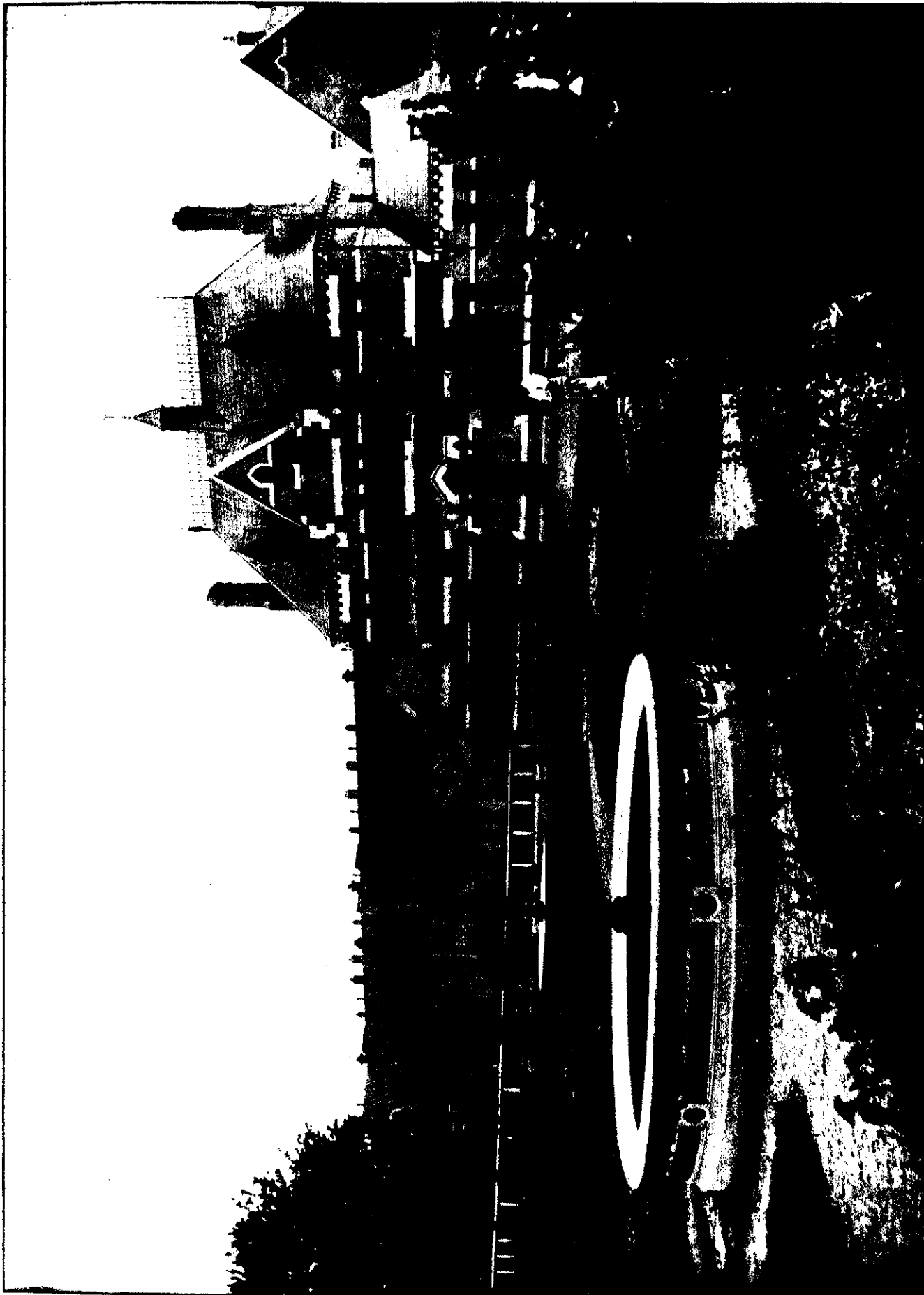
ONE OF LABOUR'S VETERANS.

A. R. Carnie, photo.



BISHOP'S PENINSULA, NELSON.

PART OF MR. JAMES MARTIN'S PROPERTY AT THE MAORI PA, WAKAPUAKA. THE HILLSIDE ROAD SEEN TO THE RIGHT LEADS TO CABLE BAY.



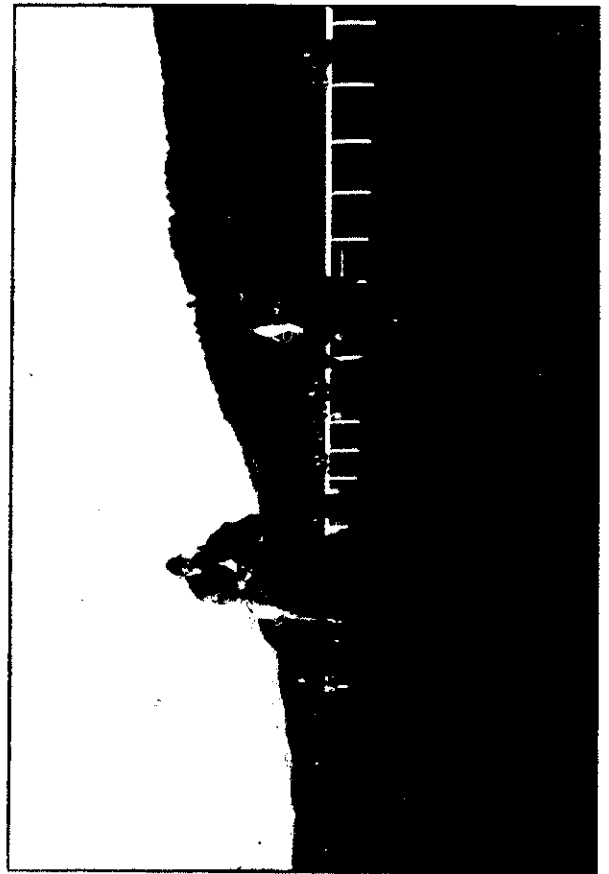
SUNNYSIDE ASYLUM, CHRISTCHURCH.



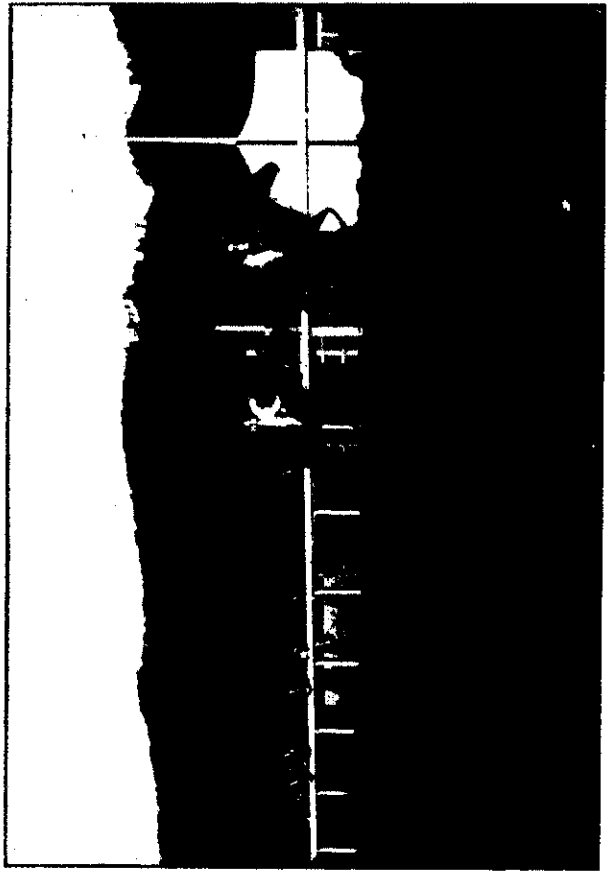
FIRST ROUND OF THE STEEPLECHASE: PLAYFAIR, IRISH AND RONGOA.



SECOND ROUND OF THE STEEPLECHASE (LEFT TO RIGHT): SLOW TOM, PLAYFAIR, MOCCASIN, RONGOA AND IRISH.

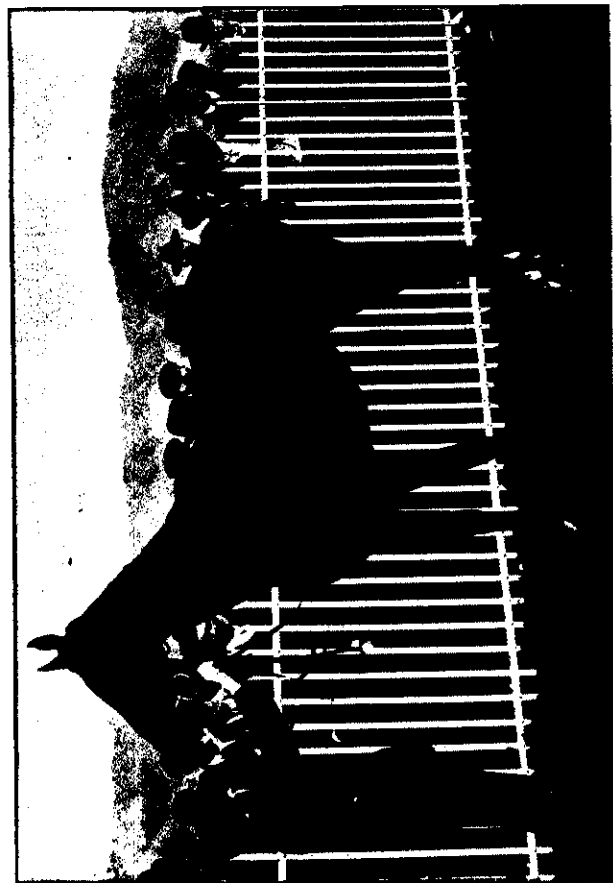


RONGOA, THE WINNER OF THE STEEPLECHASE, AND MOCCASIN.



BLACK REYNARD AND PROJECTOR, IN THE FIRST HURDLE RACE.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.



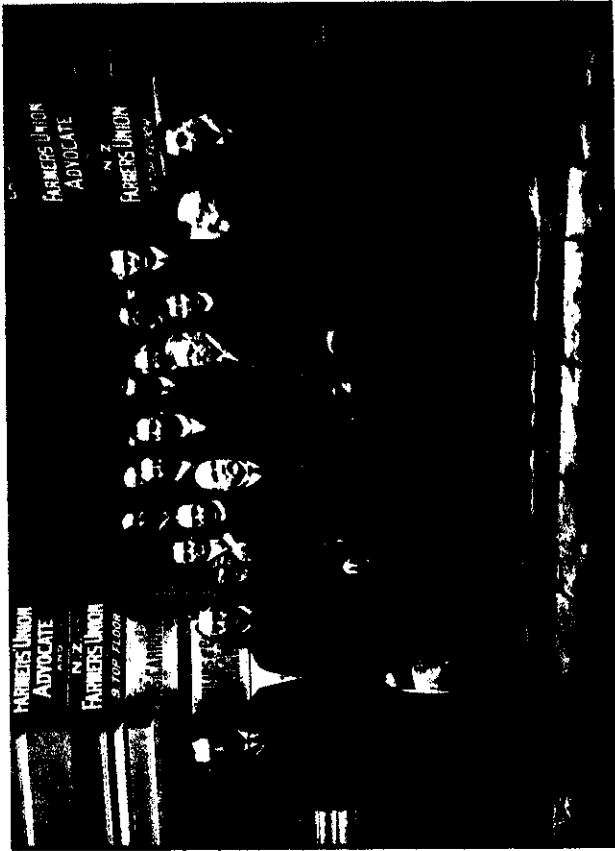
KUKU, WHO FINISHED FIRST IN THE MIRAMAR HACK HANDICAP.



NARCOTIC, WINNER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY STAKES.



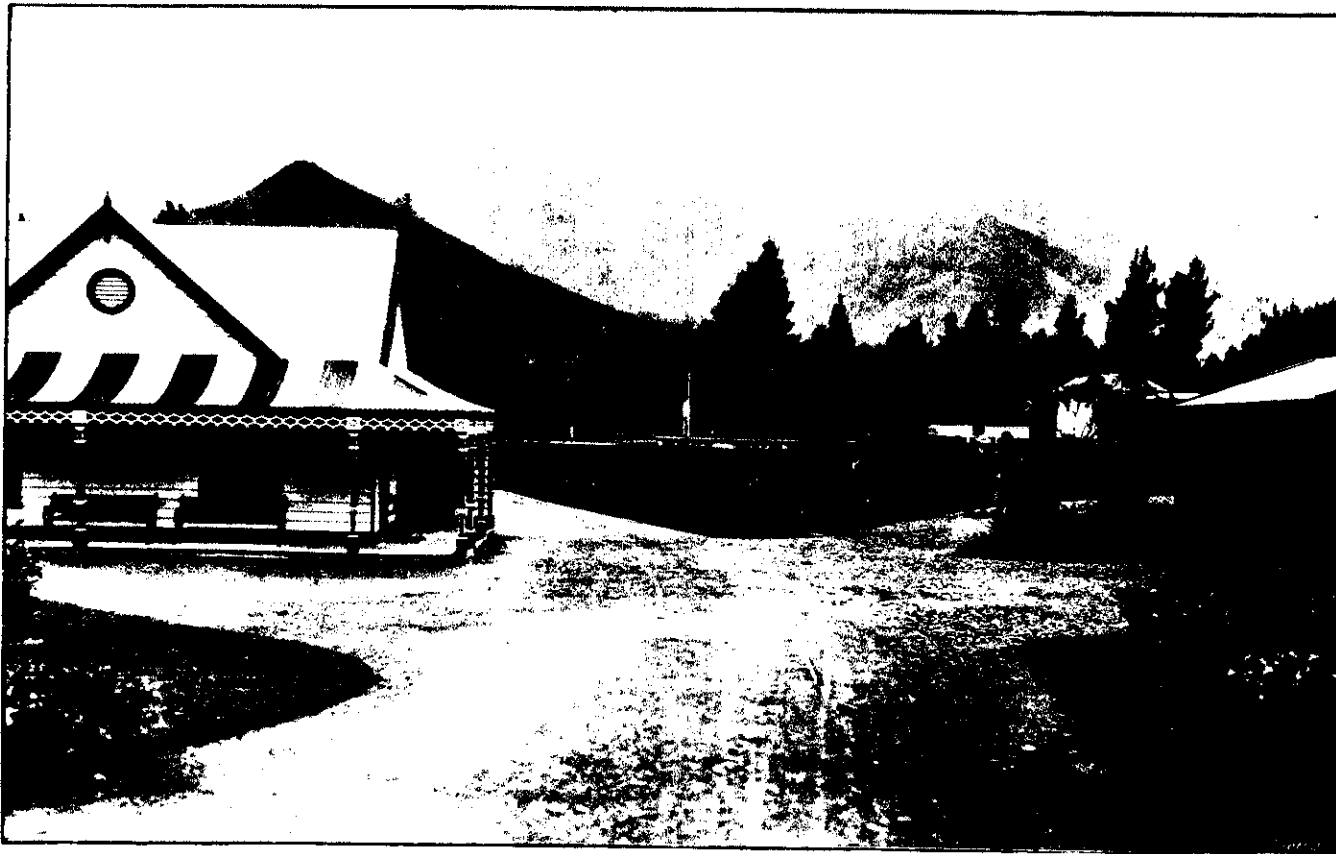
WATCHING THE DIVIDEND BOARD.



DELEGATES TO THE RACING CONFERENCE, HELD LAST WEEK IN THE WELLINGTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

Schaeff, Sarony Studios, photo.



HANMER SPRINGS.



Tourist Department, photo.

"THE HERMITAGE," MT. COOK.

TWO WELL-KNOWN CANTERBURY TOURIST RESORTS.

IRON BALK, barrels, large American Gage, 14 casks, 2 hoo wheels, solid flat oak, rich tone. — Seen at Robinson's, 15, Wyndham-st., Auckland.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE

The Rev. A. Donll, Presbyterian minister at Otara, returned last week from a visit to the South.

Mrs Buckridge (Gisborne) is at present visiting Mrs Ernest Davis, Auckland.

Dr. W. J. Anderson, of the Education Department, returned South by the Takapuna, on Monday.

Mr J. F. Hartland, secretary of the Auckland Racing Club, returned by the Takapuna from Wellington on Sunday.

Miss Dolly Metcalfe returned to Auckland last week after an extended visit to the South.

Mr and Mrs G. B. Ireland were passengers by the Sonoma for San Francisco, en route for England.

Mrs Willis has returned to the "Vicarage," Cambridge, after a five weeks' visit to her mother in Auckland.

Miss MacAndrew (St. Stephen's-avenue, Parnell) is at present on a visit to Rotorua.

Dr. Lewis, who has been spending a few weeks in Auckland and Waiwera, returned last Monday to Rotorua.

Mr. Ernest Simpson paid a flying visit to Auckland last week, returning to Napier on Saturday last.

The Secretary for Agriculture (Mr. J. D. Ritchie) will pay a Departmental visit to Auckland this week.

Mr A. S. McCulloch, of the Paeroa post office staff, has been transferred to Wellington. He is leaving next week.

At the meeting of the Auckland Presbytery the Rev. A. J. Thompson, M.A., B.D., of the Thames, accepted a call to Masterton.

Messrs. W. H. Herries, H. Poland, F. Lawry, and A. Kidd, M.H.R.'s, arrived on Saturday by the Ngapuhi from Wellington.

The Rev. J. H. Simmonds has been nominated by the Governor-in-Council as a member of the Auckland University Council.

Mr J. W. Carliner, of Auckland, who has been absent for some time past on a tour of the world, returned via the South by the Rotolil last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bloomfield (St. Stephen's-avenue, Parnell) leave next Monday for Sydney en route on a tour to Japan.

Mrs. Ireland and the Misses Ireland returned to Auckland from Waiwera last Saturday, and are staying at the Esplanade Hotel.

Mr Foster, general manager of the Assets Realisation Board, was a passenger by the Tarawera on Saturday for Wellington.

Mrs R. J. Roberts and her two daughters, who have been on a visit of some weeks to Auckland, have returned to Cambridge.

Mr. E. C. Hoie, of the Christchurch "Press" staff, and late of the "Otago Daily Times," has been appointed editor of "Truth" in succession to Mr. W. J. Polson.

Mr. McLaughlan, of the Rotorua Tourist Office, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Blow at Invercargill, the latter gentleman having been transferred to Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. Bagges, formerly of Auckland, have returned here to live, and have taken a house at Remuera. In the meantime they are at the Royal Hotel.

Mr. E. O'Reilly, manager of the Mauku creamery, was presented with an address and a rinet and pair of carvers by the residents of the district last week, prior to his removal to the charge of the Waiuku creamery.

Miss Nellie Metcalfe, who has been on a visit to relatives in England for 18 months, intends to return to Auckland at Christmas. She has had a delightful time visiting all places of note in the United Kingdom and the Continent.

Mr and Mrs G. W. Venables, of Cambridge, were tendered a farewell social on Wednesday of last week, when a marble clock and gold pendant were presented to them by their fellow townspeople.

Mr. L. Wiltsde, one of the directors of the Waikoi Grand Junction Goldmining Company, who arrived in Auckland from London by the Triace mail steamer Ventura, is on a visit of inspection to the mine.

Mr. G. H. Hardey, choirmaster of St. David's Church, Khyber-pass, was on Thursday of last week the recipient of a silver-mounted baton by the members of the choir and friends. The presentation was made at the close of choir practice, the choir secretary, in handing the baton to Mr. Hardey, asked him to accept it as an earnest of the esteem in which they held him. Mr. Hardey suitably acknowledged the gift.

The following were the guests at Okoroire Thermal Springs Hotel last week:—Major Blewitt (England), Captain Bosswan, Mr J. B. Thompson, Mr and Mrs J. M. Wilkie, Master Wilkie, Miss Campbell, Miss F. G. Campbell, Mr J. Real (Auckland), Mr Alexander (Lichfield), Mr Clifford (Morristown), Mr and Mrs J. Peat (Waikotara), Messrs Cutfield (2) (Hamilton), Mr and Mrs A. Oldham (New Plymouth), Mr A. J. Wagner (Christchurch).

At the ordinary meeting of the Auckland Lodge of Druids last week, the Arch Druid called upon the Grand District President to present Past Arch Brother John Strathern, on behalf of the brethren of Auckland Lodge, with a handsome case of pipes as a token of esteem, and in recognition of his long and valuable services both as an officer and private member in their lodge. He had held the office of trustee, and filled the various chairs several times since the formation of the lodge, being one of the foundation members. Bro. Ryan, who had rendered valuable assistance to the lodge in connection with various of its trusts, was also presented by Bro. Hunter for the lodge with a valuable pipe.

HAWKES BAY PROVINCE

Mrs Williams (Wellington) is visiting Mrs Lowry, Okawa, Hawke's Bay.

Mrs C. P. Davies (Gisborne) is visiting Hawke's Bay.

Mrs A'Deane has been in Napier for a few days.

Miss Foot has returned from Napier to her home in the Wairarapa.

Miss Watson, of Napier, is spending some weeks in the South.

Mr F. Allen, of Wellington, is on a short visit to Napier.

Miss Chapman, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Gisborne.

Dr. Edgar has left Napier for a short holiday in Wellington.

Miss Burke has returned to Napier after spending some week in Gisborne.

Mr and Mrs Logan, of Wellington, are on a visit to Napier.

Miss Broughton, of Omahu, was in Wellington for the races.

Mr Hugh Campbell, of Poukawa, Hawke's Bay, is spending some weeks in Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Nairn, of Napier, are spending the winter months at Porepore.

The many friends of Mr Harold Williams, at one time lieutenant in the Napier Guards, will be pleased to learn that he has been promoted to the rank of captain in the British Army.

TARANAKI PROVINCE

Miss Sinclair (Wellington) is the guest of Mr. G. Morgan, New Plymouth.

The Misses Humphries (2), New Plymouth, have gone for a trip to Wanganui.

Miss Muir, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs Walker, New Plymouth, has returned to her home in England.

Mr. Leslie Kirkby (Normanby) is on a visit to his sister's, Mrs. Penn, New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Williams (New Plymouth) have gone for a trip to Wanganui and Wellington.

Mr. A. H. O'Loughlin, station-master, New Plymouth, is on leave of absence. Mr. L. P. Pepperill has taken his place.

Mr. W. T. Jennings, M.H.R., has returned to New Plymouth after a visit to the South Island.

Mr. O. Samuel (New Plymouth), who has been on a short visit to Wellington, has now returned.

Miss Effie Hannam, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs George Frowie, Bombay, and her relatives in Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mrs. Simpson and Mrs O. King, who attended Miss Dowdson's wedding at Wanganui, have returned to New Plymouth.

Mr. Jim Laing, assistant-purser of the Tarawera, is spending a month's holiday with his people in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheffield have returned to New Plymouth, after their short but pleasant trip to Auckland.

Mr. Arthur Cowie (Auckland) is assisting Rev. F. G. Evans as curate in New Plymouth.

Mr. C. Burgess has returned to Auckland, after his short visit to New Plymouth.

Dr. Marchant, who has been on a visit to Auckland, is making a short stay in New Plymouth, before leaving for his home in Timaru.

Mr. W. P. Moynihan, assistant engineer of the Stratford Public Works Department, has been transferred to Auckland.

Mr. P. Warburton, of Normanby, has been appointed second engineer of the New Plymouth electric lighting powerhouse.

Miss Ada Cunningham (New Plymouth) is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam. Holford, Wellington. She afterwards goes on to Blenheim, where she will be the guest of her niece, Mrs. Bennett.

Mr. E. P. Boot, who has been connected with the firm of Messrs. Miller and Gray, chemists, left last week for Ashburton, where he has purchased a dental practice, and before leaving he was presented with a travelling rug by his fellow boarders at the Imperial Hotel, writes our New Plymouth correspondent.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE

Colonel and Mrs. Gordon (Bulls) have been making a short stay in Wellington.

Miss Hankins (Palmerston North) is away in Wellington.

Mrs J. Strang (Palmerston North) left last week on a visit to Sydney.

Mr Vasasomr (Marlborough) was in Wellington for the races.

Miss Armstrong (Canterbury) is staying with Mrs. McKellax at Kelburne.

Mrs. E. Barton (Hawera) is in Wellington for a short visit.

Mrs. Harold Cooper (Palmerston) is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mrs. Moore (Wairarapa) was in Wellington lately.

Mrs. Rose (Wellington) has gone to Auckland for a short visit.

Mrs. Kornot (Wellington) has gone South for a short trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stead have returned home after a stay in Christchurch.

Miss N. Wilson (Bulls) has returned home after a few days in Wellington.

Mrs. Spratt (Wellington) has left for a brief trip to England.

Mrs. Strang (Palmerston North) has gone to Sydney for a time.

Mrs. Stratton Izard is back in Greytown after a stay in Wellington.

Dr. Edgar (Napier) was recently in Wellington for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowry (Hawke's Bay) have been spending some days in Wellington for the festivities there.

Mr and Mrs W. Coombs have returned home to Palmerston North. Mrs Coombs is much benefited in health.

Mrs W. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth) and her little daughters are staying with Mrs Hankins (Palmerston North).

Mr. and Mrs. McVay, who have been staying in Wellington, have returned to Napier.

For Heart Trouble.

YOUR heart beats more than ten thousand times a day.

And every heart beat is an impulse of the inside nerve branch called the cardiac plexus. The heart is a muscle, but it is the nerve that makes the muscle do the work. An irregular or weak heart is almost in every instance the direct result of a weak or irregular nerve—inside nerve. To cure heart trouble, restore the nerve to normal. **EVREN NERVE & BRAIN TABLETS** will restore the cardiac plexus, just as they restore the solar plexus of the great inside nerve system—the power nerves—the master nerves.

ALL CHEMISTS & STOREKEEPERS SELL THEM
Price 4/- per Box.
Or will be sent Post Free on receipt of price by
F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

COUGHS, COLDS & ASTHMA

The best known remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, and NEURALGIA IS **FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE.** The fact that it is used by MEDICAL MEN, both at home and abroad, is a guarantee of its worth.

Sole Manufacturers:—**FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE, LTD.** LONDON, S.E.
And Sold in Bottles, 1/1 1/2, 2/6, and 4/6 each, by all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.
CAUTION.—See that the Trade Mark "THE ELEPHANT" is on the wrapper when ordering FREEMAN'S ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE

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Digestive Tabules.
"DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT."

IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery. There are many imitations of our famous drink, and the public are warned when buying to see OT is branded on every bottle.

Open sesame.—Fruity Juice Water is the "open sesame" of the human organism. Speedy, sure, and gentle, it fulfils every indication in health and disease. It is a therapeutical arsenal in itself. Indispensable to millions of human beings all over the world.

AIDS DIGESTION.
BRACES THE NERVES.

PLASMON

COCOA

Is non-harting. One cup contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa.

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.

STEARNS'
HEADACHE CURE
CURES.

Mr. A. H. Miles is back in Wellington after a run across to Sydney. Mrs. and the Misses Miles will not return for some weeks yet.

Miss D. Willis (Greatford) spent a few days in Wellington with Mrs. Menzies before going South, where she intends paying a round of visits before returning.

Mr. A. McCarthy, who has been associated with the clerical staff of the Supreme Court at Wellington for some time, has been transferred to Wanganui, where he will take up a similar position. Mr. McCarthy's colleagues in the Wellington office presented him with a token of their esteem prior to his departure.

At the Anglican Synod Wellington Diocese, Wellington, the Revs. C. C. Harper, G. N. Woodward, G. R. Stephenson, and H. W. Kingender and Mr. K. Wilson and Captain Hewitt represented the Parish of Palmerston. The Rev. C. C. Harper was elected to succeed the Rev. Joshua Jones as the clerical secretary of the Synod, and Mr. Kenneth Wilson was elected a lay secretary.

A movement is afoot to present the Rev. Dr. Sider, of Christchurch, who resigned last November from the clerkship of the Presbyterian Assembly, with some fitting testimonial of his long and valuable services. The presentation will probably take the form of an illuminated address or portrait in oils and a purse of sovereigns, and will be made at the next meeting of the Assembly in November.

Mr. P. Browne, who has arrived in Wellington from Karatouga, is well known in the former city, where he was for many years a resident. He was one of the staff of the Colonial Bank, and for some time held a position in the London office. After leaving the service of the bank he went to the South Sea Islands, where he has been residing ever since. He has come to Wellington on Departmental business connected with the Government, and will probably remain for some weeks.

The news of the death of Miss Nellie Rose was received with great grief by her many friends in Wellington (writes our correspondent). Captain and Mrs. Rose and their daughters lived in Wellington for so long, and were so much liked that their departure to England for good caused many regrets on both sides. Not long ago Miss Nellie Rose was out here renewing old friendships and making new ones, and at the present time Captain and Mrs. Rose are in New Zealand visiting their sons, Messrs. H. and J. Rose (Wellington), and Mrs. Houghton (Auckland).

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs. J. Deans (Riccarton) has returned from a visit to Wellington.

Miss Nanearrow has returned to Christchurch from Sydney.

Mr and Mrs. F. Burns (Orari) are visiting Mrs. Gower Burns (Christchurch).

Mrs. Noel Bealey (Hororata) has been staying with Mrs. Blunt at Merivale.

Miss K. Fitzgerald (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. Walter Moore, St. Albans, Christchurch.

Miss Way (Park-terrace, Christchurch) is visiting her friends in Timaru.

Mr. Charlewood leaves Christchurch this week for the North Island, on his return trip to England, where he will reside for the future.

Mr and Mrs. Wilfred Stead arrived in Christchurch from Palmerston on Monday, and after staying at "Strowan" for a few days, left on a visit to Dunedin, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

Mrs. Dennison and her youngest son have left Christchurch for Wellington, owing to the indisposition of Judge Dennison, which has made a rest for some months necessary.

Mr. W. J. Tolson, editor of Christchurch "Truth," has resigned his position, and leaves at the end of the month to take up the management of his father's station, near Wanganui.

Mrs. Bo-Prep has lost her voice, and doesn't know where to find it. Mr. Bo-Prep says not a word—He doesn't seem to mind it.

The Part of Chance in Progress.

PORTUNY ACCIDENTS FREQUENTLY HAVE OPENED THE WAY TO THE DISCOVERY OF IMPORTANT TRUTHS BEFORE THE SEARCHLIGHTS OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION WERE BROUGHT INTO PLAY.

Nature has her own ways of telling her secrets to man, and the commonest of those ways is what man chooses to call "chance" or "accident." The words are convenient names, and that is about all we know of the phenomena which they are used to describe.

Below are given the stories, "From the Scrap Book," of a number of important "discoveries" made "by accident." Perhaps it will occur to the reader that none of the discoveries was really made "by accident," since in each case it was the witnessing of the accident by an intelligent human being which aroused in the mind of that human being the train of thought leading to the discovery. An Australian black might watch a swaying chandelier for ten years, and he would never discover the pendulum. As a rule, special knowledge is required to make "discoveries by accident."

But the apparent working of chance in the incidents here narrated are obvious.

An alchemist, seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day discovered that he had made porcelain.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle-glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church spire.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was his hint enough. He drew figures upon glass, with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mozotino owed his invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusty with dew.

The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum.

ART OF LITHOGRAPHY.

The art of lithography was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as copper.

After he had prepared his slab, his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure.

A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to discover the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft glue which had fallen out of the glue pot. It was such an excellent substitute, that, after mixing molasses with the glue to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist, by the name of Lundyfoot, was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smouldering ruins, he noticed that the poorer neighbours were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself, and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma.

It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjecting the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a peculiar name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him.

The process of whitening sugar was

discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay paddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were, the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

ORIGIN OF TINTED PAPER.

The origin of blue tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand.

The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar colour of the paper, while Mr East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened that she would not confess her agency in the matter.

After storing the damaged paper for four years, Mr East sent it to his agent in London with the instruction to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advance over market price.

Mr East was astonished at receiving an order for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife, she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply the article.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his show window with piles of writing paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use; and to finish his pyramids off nicely he cut cards to bring them to a point.

Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern.

As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he after much thought invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates made for the purpose.

The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

HANDWRITING IN IRON.

It was an accident that led to the discovery of the method of transferring handwriting to iron. An iron founder, while experimenting with molten iron under different conditions, accidentally dropped a ticket into a mould. He presently found that the type of the ticket was transferred to the iron in distinct characters. Following up the idea which this fact suggested, he prepared a heatproof ink, with which he wrote invertedly on ordinary white paper. This paper was introduced into the mould before the molten iron was poured in. When the mould cooled the paper had been consumed by the heat, but the ink, which had remained intact, had left a clear impression on the iron.

All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are, in fact, artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt

from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was in 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mined for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for its use in medicine and the arts. It is a limestone, impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields, on analysis, from eight to fourteen per cent.

It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from a waggon were crushed by the wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced.

A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made, which gave very good results, and finally, in 1854, a portion of the Rue Bergere was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle-street in 1869, and Cheapside in 1870, and in successive years on other streets.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A Cook Gives Zam-Buk Great Praise.

"As I am a cook by profession," says Mr S. Balcome, of Holloway-road, Mitcheltown, Wellington, N.Z., "and constantly engaged over a fire, I am very liable to receive burns and scalds. A few days ago I had the misfortune to have my hand and wrist scalded with boiling fat. Having Zam-Buk by me, I at once applied the balm. The heat and inflammation were at once banished, the wounds were soothed. Before night-time nearly all traces of the scalds had disappeared. I have also used Zam-Buk for cuts and sores, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a first-class preparation, which I, for one, will never be without." Zam-Buk, the great healer, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczema, Boils, Running Sores, Sore Legs, Ringworm, Barcoo, etc. As an embrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons, Zam-Buk rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a Household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Pimples, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Raw Chapped Hands, Chillsains and Chest Colds Zam-Buk is invaluable. From all medicine vendors, 1/6, or 3/6 (family size) (containing nearly four times the quantity), or from The Zam Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

WHAT MR JOHN STEVENS, M.I.R., THINKS OF RHEUMO.

Mr John Stevens, of Bulla, the member for Raupariki, has a high opinion of RHEUMO. Read what he writes:—"I had a severe attack of rheumatism and was advised to try RHEUMO. I did so, with most satisfactory results. After taking two bottles it practically cured me. I have no hesitation in saying that your remedy is the best I have used." Try RHEUMO yourself. If given a fair trial it will quickly cure Rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, and kindred diseases. All chemists and storekeepers sell it at 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle.

WINCHESTER

"REPEATER"



SMOKELESS POWDER SHOTGUN CARTRIDGES

Carefully inspected shells, the best combinations of powder, shot and wadding, loaded by machines which give invariable results are responsible for the superiority of Winchester "Repeater" Factory Loaded Smokeless Powder Shotgun Cartridges. There is no guesswork in loading them. Reliability, velocity, pattern and penetration are determined by scientific apparatus and practical experiments. Do you shoot them? If not, why not? They are THE ONLY CARTRIDGES TO SHOOT

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.

CROFT — On July 14th, at Haultain-st., Eden Terrace, to Mr and Mrs George Croft, a daughter.

COLLEDGE — On July 12th, at Walters-rd., Mt. Roskill, to Mr and Mrs J. A. Colledge, a son.

DICKSON — On July 2nd, at her residence, Williams-st., Epsom, the wife of T. Dickson, a daughter. Still born.

GALLAGHER — On July 15th, at Mount Albert, the wife of J. Gallagher, a daughter. Both doing well.

HARRIS — On July 10, 1906, at Market-rd., Remuera, the wife of F. Harris, of a son.

HOGAN — On 17th July, at her mother's residence, Wellington-st., the wife of William Hogan, a son. Both doing well.

HOFFMAN — On July 11, at her residence, Sheehan-st., Ponsonby, the wife of Christian Hoffman, a son.

HOYTE — On July 8th, at her residence, Te Awamutu, the wife of Charles A. Hoyte, of a daughter.

ROBBARIE — On 12th July, 1906, at "Beaumaris," Harbour-st., Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs H. Reginald Hobday, a daughter.

HOGAN — On 14th July, at her mother's residence, Wellington-st., the wife of William Hogan, a son. Both doing well.

KING — On July 10, at Hill-street, Newmarket, to Mr and Mrs J. B. King, a son; both doing well.

FARRIS — On July 15th, at her residence, 94, Franklin-rd., the wife of Edward Farris, of a daughter.

WORRELL — On July 7, at Epsom, the wife of W. A. Worrell, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MCCORMACK-CROWDER — On July 4th, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, Ernest Carroll, youngest son of John McCormack, Park-rd., to Amelia (Millie) Margaret, third daughter of Mrs and the late William Crowder, Huntly, Waikato.

MINNS-BRADY — On July 12th, at Howick, by the Rev. Father O'Hara, Richard, second son of the late William Minns, Melbourne, to Lillian Lavina, fifth daughter of James Brady, Howick.

DEATHS.

BOWDEN — On July 10th, at the District Hospital, Thelma Constance, the beloved infant daughter of Charles and Constance Bowden; aged 11 weeks.
"Not lost, but gone before."

BOWDEN — On July 15th, 1906, at the District Hospital, Emma, the dearly beloved wife of John Bowden, of Dock-st.; aged 57 years.

BOWDEN — On July 15th, at the Auckland Hospital, Henry John, eldest son of Josiah Bowden, age 15 years 9 months.

CHATWIN — On July 12th, at Ellerslie, Ida, the dearly beloved wife of Henry Chatwin; age 38 years.

HEATH — On June 12th, at his parents' residence, "Hurlingham," Molesworth-st., New Plymouth, John Alexander (Jack), the dearly beloved younger son of Edwin and Eva Heath; aged 10 1/2 months.

MCDONALD — On July 11th, 1906, at his late residence, College Hill, George McDonald; aged 74 years, late of Waikato South.

MORGAN — On July 9, at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr J. H. Hays, Essex-terrace, Mount Eden, Arthur, the dearly beloved husband of Mildred Morgan; aged 33 years.

PARR — On July 10th, 1906, at his late residence, Symonds-street, Auckland, James Parr, retired sheep farmer, late of Timaru; aged 69 years.

PEACHEY — On July 12th, at his parents' residence, Napier-street, Alfred Kinton, dearly beloved son of W. and M. Peachey; aged 10 months.

PERRY — On July 12th, 1906, at her parents' residence, St. Paul-st., May, the second eldest daughter of John Perry; aged 22 years.

SHALDRICK — At Onehunga, on July 9th, 1906, William Shaldrick, in his 75th year.—R.I.P.

WINSON — On July 13, 1906, at his son's residence, Cornwall Park-avenue, Thomas Winson, late of Pokeno; aged 80 years.

WRIGHT — On Thursday, 12th, at the District Hospital, Frederick, the beloved husband of Emily Wright, of Nelson-street, Plumber; aged 60 years.

MACKAY'S FLOWERS, PLANTS AND SEEDS

If you want everything up-to-date give us a call. **YORK MATS** (the new heavy put cover) **ART Brooms** at **Greatly Reduced Prices.** **FLOOR WARE** A SPECIALTY. **Opposite B.C.O., QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND.**

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HIGH CLASS COOKERY of Every Description, for **WEDDINGS, AFTERNOON TEAS, SUPPERS, etc. WEDDING BOUTIQUES** and **TABLE DECORATIONS, etc.** a Specialty.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement of Miss Mina Ellis, fifth daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Ellis, New Plymouth, to Mr. F. J. Good, of Christchurch, is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss George Denniston, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Denniston, St. George's Bay-road, Farnell, to Dr. Holbrooke Chatfield, of Auckland.

Orange Blossoms

SHERA-BIGGS.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, recently, when Mr Henry Colin Balcanquhall Shera, of the Bank of New Zealand, Hamilton, and son of Mr J. M. Shera, of Auckland, was married to Miss Eva Maud Biggs, granddaughter of the late Rev. R. O. Biggs, for many years vicar of St. Peter's. The service, which was choral, was conducted by the vicar, the Rev. N. C. W. Radcliffe, assisted by the Rev. T. Fisher. The church was very prettily decorated by the friends of the bride and bridegroom.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Mr H. I. Biggs, looked very charming in a lovely dress of soft white tulle with ruffled chignon and yoke finished with bertha of killed chiffon, elbow sleeves and soft girle belt, gathered train skirt, with the new ruffled frill, wheels of kiting going round the skirt. She also wore a handsome embroidered tulle veil and the orthodox wreath of orange blossoms.

The bridesmaid, Miss Shera, sister of the bridegroom, wore a dress of soft white silk, with Irish lace yoke relieved with touches of violet, elbow sleeves finished with bands of insertion and frills, flowing skirt with tiny frills, and folded belt of violet silk. She also wore a lovely white French felt hat, swathed with tucked chiffon, turned up and finished in shaded violets and chiffon at the back. The two little dots, Miss Barbara Wheeler and Miss Betty Jolly, cousins of the bride, who attended her, were dressed in creme velvet, "Olde English" style. They wore wreaths of violets in their hair and carried dainty crooks decorated with violets.

Both bride and bridesmaids carried lovely shower bouquets. Mr L. M. Shera attended his brother as best man. The happy couple left the church to the strains of the "Wedding March," and amid showers of rice and flowers drove away to the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr A. B. Wheeler, Opia, Pa. Claudlands, where a reception was held. The hostess, Mrs A. B. Wheeler, wore a handsome costume of violet Amazon cloth, lined and faced with lilac-tinted silk and finished with a deeper shade of violet velvet, pretty embroidered silk chiffon vest made over lilac silk, ornamented with gusset-buttons, dainty toque of threaded silk straw covered with clusters of shaded lilac, blooms; Mrs F. Jolly, navy silk voile, made over foundation of glace silk, cross-over bodice with pretty tinted silk vest trimmed with miniature frills of Valenciennes lace, stylish toque of chiffon applique, with white osprey; Mrs H. R. Biggs, handsome black merino silk dress trimmed with real silk-point lace, pretty toque of shaded green straw with clusters of roses on bawleaux; Mrs R. J. Gwynne, brown cloth costume and toque, cream feather boa; Mrs Jolly, rich black

silk dress with mantle of embroidered silk, black bonnet with violet pendants; Mrs Radcliffe, green tweed costume piped with white Chinchilla fur toque with clusters of violets; Mrs D. Ward, navy blue velvet blouse, black skirt, felt hat; Miss Jolly, navy blue poplin with white vest and black Gibson hat; Miss Newell, grey tweed costume with silk vest, grey hat relieved with cerise; Mrs Horace Walker (Auckland), pretty prune cloth costume relieved with cream and prettily embroidered galloon, violet toque with clusters of pascies, grey fur and muff; Mrs Probis, brown cloth costume with brown straw turban toque; Mrs Lord, brown bengaline dress trimmed with velvet, pretty straw hat with clusters of shaded cerise ribbon; Mrs Shannaghan, navy coat and skirt with fox fur and muff; Mrs Coates, black silk voile trimmed with killed silk and shirred ribbon, navy toque; Mrs Stevens, navy cloth coat and skirt, black chignon hat; Mrs Going, violet Empire gown relieved with white, pretty toque; Misses Dorothy and Muriel Wheeler, pretty frocks of stone blue and sage-green cashmere, white hats; Miss Jepson, cream serge frock with scarlet mushroom hat; Miss M. Edgecombe, grey tweed coat and skirt with brown felt hat, brown furs; Miss Williamson, pretty rainbow shaded glace silk blouse, made in cross over style, with killed trimming, black voile skirt, grey beaver hat trimmed with shaded ribbon; Miss Swarbrick, dove grey voile with pretty cream silk and lace vest, white hat; Miss Holloway, grey tweed costume with black Gibson hat; Miss Clara Holloway, grey tweed with pretty red hat; Miss Seranke, navy blue Newmarket coat and skirt, navy felt toque; Miss McPherson, brown costume of Irish poplin made with cross-over bodice, and pretty front of champagne lace, brown turban hat; Miss Stevens, neat dress of navy serge with white felt Breton sailor hat; Miss Walnutt, bottle green cloth costume with green shaded straw hat, boudeaux of roses; Miss Boles, grey tweed costume, white felt hat trimmed with shaded red roses and foliage; Miss M. Cussen, pretty grey Norfolk costume, erimason felt hat; Miss Chitty, grey check tweed coat and skirt, dainty felt hat trimmed with shaded roses and ribbon; Miss V. Graham, navy cloth costume, cream vest and fancy straw hat; Miss R. Graham, grey tweed coat and skirt, blue hat swathed with chiffon, grey wings; Miss O'Neill, grey tailor-made costume, pretty brown shaded straw hat; Miss M. O'Neill, smart navy coat and skirt, felt hat to match. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs A. B. Wheeler, A. T. F. Wheeler, H. R. Biggs, F. Jolly, R. Bradley, T. Jolly, R. J. Gwynne, T. C. Beale, R. Lord, A. Shand, E. Jollie, J. Shera, Rev. Radcliffe, and Fisher, and Dr. Going. The young couple left for Auckland, and will spend the early part of the honeymoon at Devonport. The bride's going-away dress, a present from her mother in America, was a smart stone-blue tailor-made costume, and she also wore a fur toque with violets. The presents, including a handsome clock from Mr Shera's fellow employees in the bank, numbered over one hundred and twenty, and were both handsome and useful.

D. W. RUNCIMAN, Registrar. July 14th, 1906.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE GILLES SCHOLARSHIP.

The Gilles Scholarship of £10 a year, tenable for three years, is offered for competition in October next. This Scholarship is open to all persons, male or female, born in the Colony of New Zealand who, at the time of examination, shall be between the ages of 16 and 20 years, and who have not kept terms at attended Lectures, or held a Scholarship in any University or College, and who shall satisfy the Council of the College that neither they nor their parents or guardians can obtain for them a University Education without pecuniary aid. The holder of this Scholarship will not be allowed to hold concurrently a Junior University Scholarship. Candidates will be examined in Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry, and will be required to write an English Essay on a subject selected by the Examiners. The standard of the Examination will be the same as that for the Junior Scholarships of the University of New Zealand. Special weight will be given to attainment and capacity in Physics and in Chemistry. Candidates are required to give in their names on or before August 1, 1906, to the Registrar, from whom further information can be obtained. The Examination will be held about the end of October, at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin.

MIDWIVES REGISTRATION ACT, 1904.

Prime Minister's Office, Wellington, 6th July, 1906.

In pursuance of the Midwives Registration Act, which enacts that after the 1st January, 1907, no woman shall practice as a Midwife unless registered; examinations will be held in the four centres in September and December next, to enable those women to register who have not hitherto done so.

Candidates for registration must be of good character, and have either been in bona fide practice as midwives for four years or over, or can produce a certificate showing that they have attended not less than twenty cases of labour under the immediate supervision of the Medical Man, or a Nurse holding a certificate in midwifery training.

Forms of application for intending candidates can be had from the Registrar of Nurses and Midwives, Hospitals Department, Government Buildings, Wellington; and applications to sit for examination should be sent in to the Registrar in August, or the first week in November.

WM. HALL-JONES, Registrar.

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TERMS, SIX SHILLINGS A DAY.
BATHS FREE TO BOARDERS.

Coupons may be obtained at Messrs T. Cook and Son, The Waingaro Coach Leaves Ngaurahia 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 30,000 gallons a day. Within easy reach of Haglan Harbour, Lakes and Fishing excursions may be arranged daily.

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Head Office: GEORGE-ST., SYDNEY.

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Reserve Fund	£1,450,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	£2,000,000
	£5,450,000

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THOUSANDS of people in Auckland City are to-day drinking OT PENCEL'S Ash Wine.

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Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

LAST WEEK,

July 17.

MISS AMY MURPHY'S CONCERT

Last Monday was a great musical treat. The weather was simply atrocious, but the brave ones who did face it were amply repaid for their trouble, and I'm quite sure that on Thursday, if the weather will only be a little more encouraging, Miss Murphy will have another bumper house. The gifted young singer was presented with four of the most charming bouquets, and was vociferously applauded after each of her songs, giving Tosti's "Good-bye" and "On the Banks of Allan Water" as encores. Miss Heywood was also much appreciated, and she also was presented with a sweet little crescent of violets, tied with heliotrope ribbons. Great amusement was caused by the inability of some of the male performers to open the "Blackstein Grand." Mr Winkleman received great kudos for successfully accomplishing the feat. Miss Murphy's gown was a very becoming white duchesse satin, with lovers' knot, silver diamonds, and pale blue velvet band outlining décolletage; Mrs MacAndrew wore a rich black chiffon taffeta, with jetted lace, and white tucker caught in front with a bunch of Gloire de Dijon roses; Miss Millicent Heywood was charmingly frocked in a white chiffon taffeta, with frilled lace berthe and short sleeves. Amongst the audience were:—Mrs Fenton, wearing a handsome black silk toilette, relieved with white, and dainty white lace cap with tiny black velvet bows; Miss Fenton also wore black, with becoming opera coat; Mrs T. Hope Lewis, rich black glace, with cream lace yoke, and very pretty oiel blue silk evening coat; Mrs Montague was gowned in black velvet, with deep lace berthe; Mrs Myers, black silk skirt, and handsome evening blouse,

long black silk coat, with encrustations of cream lace; Mrs Coleman, black taffeta, relieved with white and a lovely black silk coat; her daughter Ruby was frocked in white, with pale pink corsage; Mrs Ernest Moss Davin wore a black silk skirt, with very dainty silk and lace jacket; Mrs Buckeridge, can de Nil silk, with becoming frilled lace rosette; Mrs Sydney Nathan wore black; Mrs Baume, black-silk; Mrs Heywood was gowned in black, with white caracal jacket; Miss Heywood, black skirt and pretty soft silk blouse, and emerald green coat; Miss Dagna Gillilan, pretty black gown, relieved with cream lace and pale blue corsage; Miss Beale was daintily gowned in black and pale blue; Miss Peacocke, black silk skirt and silk evening blouse, grey opera coat; Misses Muriel and Dorothy Knight wore dainty white silk frocks; Mrs Stericker, black silk, with touches of white, and grey evening with touches of white and grey evening; Miss Bagger, black, and pretty pale biscuit coat with pale blue velvet tabs over cream lace cape; Miss Leila Langsford, becoming pale blue silk; Miss Judson, dainty white silk; Mrs Bennett, black silk, with cream lace; Miss Cardno, black evening frock, with cream lace berthe; Miss Greig wore a pretty silk and lace frock, and a rose-pink cloth opera coat; Miss Sybil Greig looked charming in a black skirt, pale blue silk blouse, and very pretty blue Empire opera coat; Miss Audrey Stubbs, soft white silk and lace; Miss Doris Tewsley, cream voile, with dark crimson velvet opera coat; Miss Maggie Frater was prettily gowned in pale blue silk, with white lace tucker and pale blue chiffon scarf; Mrs. Archie Clark, handsome black silk toilette, with biscuit-coloured embroidered cloth coat; Mrs. Helliaby, white silk, and blue coat; Mrs. Mackay wore black, with blue cloth opera coat; Miss Isabel Clark, black skirt, dainty white blouse and Empire opera jacket; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, black, inserted with bands of cream lace; Mrs. McCullum, black skirt and pretty shell-pink blouse, and evening coat; Miss Nora Walker wore black; Miss Lusk, cream voile; Miss O. Lusk, black skirt and pastel blue velvet blouse with cream lace encrustations; Miss Donnelly was daintily frocked in white, with cluster of pink roses on corsage, and pale blue coat; Mrs. W. S. Cochrane, rich black silk gown; Miss Cochrane, black skirt and very pretty silk evening blouse; Mrs. Orley, pale grey combined with blue, and grey opera coat; Miss Kennedy, black skirt, with dainty rose-pink silk blouse; Mrs. Sharman, cinnamon brown taffetas; Mrs. Stewart, black and white toilette; Mrs. Johnson, very pretty white silk and lace blouse, black skirt, and handsome pale blue coat with cream lace; Mrs. Ashton Bruce, black silk toilette; Miss Bruce, black silk, and cream lace fichu; Mrs. Buttle, black silk, and cream lace plastron; Madame Welaert, pretty pale blue crepe de chine blouse, black silk skirt, and white ostrich feather boa; Miss Speight, moonlight blue silk blouse and black skirt; Miss Eva Beale, pale blue silk, and becoming rose-pink evening coat; Mrs. Beale, dove grey voile; Mrs. E. Blomfield, black silk; Misses Brown were attired in white silk blouses and black skirts; Miss Wingfield, pale blue silk; Mrs. Arthur Goldie, black, and rose-pink evening gown; Mrs. Hodgson, black evening gown; Miss Edwards, white silk; Miss Nelson, white silk, and blue evening coat.

DRAWING-ROOM MEETING.

A drawing-room meeting was held on Monday afternoon at Oakmont, Parnell, when Mrs Bettray invited a number of ladies who would not otherwise have had that pleasure to meet Miss Leslie, of the Chinese Zenana Mission. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, those from a distance were unable to come, but the few who braved the elements were amply repaid for their exertions. In the warm drawing-room, seated on comfortable chairs, listening to the cultivated voice of a very fluent speaker, they forgot the rain and cold wind. Miss Leslie gave an exceedingly interesting address on the life of a Chinese lady, describing the terrible girl infanticide, the torture of foot-binding in order to produce the distorted tiny feet so much admired, the ceremonies attending weddings, etc. At four o'clock the party adjourned to a delicious tea in the dining-room, returning to the other room to ask questions about the various garments, embroidery and curls scattered about. Miss Leslie

gave much interesting information, and sold some hand-made lace. She has silver ornaments also for sale for the mission. She is now staying at the Y.W.C.A. Perhaps other ladies interested in helping their Chinese sisters would hold drawing-room meetings for her, as has been done in other places.

EUCHRE PARTY AND DANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent gave a delightful euchre party and dance at their residence on Friday, 6th, in honour of Miss Skinner (New Plymouth), who is at present their guest. A most enjoyable two hours were spent in progressive euchre, Mr. Thompson and Miss Marion Metcalfe winning the prizes. This over, a recherche supper was partaken of, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing. Mr. and Mrs. Kent and their son and daughter were indefatigable in promoting the enjoyment of those present, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all. Mrs. Kent was gowned in black silk, with touches of white lace and black velvet; Miss Kent, pretty black crepe de chine, with corsage bouquet of tangerine roses; Miss Steele, old gold silk and white lace; Miss Mabel Dawson, black satin frock, with cluster of dark red geraniums on corsage; Miss Thornes, pale blue silk, softened with white lace; Miss D. Gillilan, pale pink silk gown, with crimson ribbons; Miss P. Boulton was pretty in peach pink silk; Miss E. Holland, cream voile gown, with large crush rose on corsage; Miss Hesketh, dainty blue muslin; Miss Holland, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Atkinson, azure blue voile frock, with pink roses; Miss Skinner, white corded silk, brightened with blue flowers; Miss P. Gorrie wore white silk, with heliotrope corsage; Miss Nelson, green satin gown, with clusters of golden brown roses; Miss Pickmore, black velvet and white lace; Miss Frater, white silk and lace frock, floral silk belt, and crimson flowers; Miss Beale, black net, adorned with white lace and blue flowers; Miss K. Nelson, black net over satin; Miss Hunt, black voile, softened with Maltese lace; Miss J. Tye, pretty white silk, inserted with white lace, bunch of tea roses on corsage.

COOKERY DEMONSTRATION.

Miss Bertha Hickson, who undertakes the cookery for weddings, afternoon teas, etc., table decorations, and wedding bouquets, gives an exhibition of cookery and table decorations in St. Andrew's Hall, Symonds-street, on Friday next, 29th July, from 2.30 to 4.30.

BALL AT WAHAI.

At the Academy of Music, Waihi, on Friday evening, July 6, the first ball of the dancing season took place (writes a correspondent). The committee—Messdames Barry, Cave, Chapman, Misses Banks, Forster, Haszard, Simmonds, Messrs Anderson, E. W. Cave, Leslie, E. Banks, C. Banks, Howell, Gauvain,—and an indefatigable secretary, Mr Cramer-Roberts, worked hard, and must feel gratified at such a successful ball.

Christian's Orchestra supplied good music. Amongst the ladies I noticed—Mrs Benge, black silk; Mrs Bush (Paeroa), black glace silk, blue rosette in hair; Mrs Cave, pretty white silk; Mrs Devereaux, crimson silk, Maltese scarf; Mrs Gilmour, handsome black silk; Mrs Guinness (Auckland), white satin, sequin trimmed and red roses; Mrs Hutchings, heliotrope Empire gown, with violets; Mrs Hessel, green silk, black velvet trimmings; Mrs Hopkins, white satin, with violets; Mrs N. Haszard, black accordion-pleated chiffon, pink roses; Mrs Johnston (Katikati), pretty black silk; Mrs W. Johnston, dainty white silk; Mrs Lawlor, black merveilleux, jet trimmings; Mrs Lapraik (Thames), handsome black silk relieved with blue; Mrs Moore, black silk; Mrs Mumford (Tauranga), pretty white satin; Mrs Murray (Athenree), amber silk, clusters of violets; Mrs McKinnon, black silk and forget-me-nots; Mrs D. McArthur, dainty white silk; Mrs Norman, black silk; Mrs Russell, white silk; Mrs Ridings, black satin; Mrs Reid, black silk; Mrs Stafford, black glace, overdress of tulle and sequin panel; Mrs Sherman (Tauranga), black silk and pink roses; Mrs H. Wynyard, white satin and pink roses; Mrs Thompson, black and white brocade; Mrs Williams, handsome black silk; Miss Anderson, yellow satin and roses; Miss Banks, brown velvet with pink roses; Miss F. Banks, dainty mull muslin, scarlet flowers; Mrs Buddle, black velvet, lace bertha; Miss Bey (Paeroa), black velvet, pleated white chif-

fon bertha; Miss Benge, black silk; Miss Brodie (Waikato), white crepe de chine, red flowers; Miss Draney (Auckland), handsome China silk; Miss Brodie, dainty white muslin; Miss D. Beale, blush pink silk; Miss Brown, (Tauranga), pretty red silk; Miss E. Haggall (Tauranga), white mousseline de soie; blue in hair; Miss Coote (Paeroa), tangerine silk, net overdress; Miss Cranwell (Henderson), much frilled white tulle over pink silk slip; Miss Clark, pretty white Liberty silk; Miss Cave (Papakura), white embroidered silk; Miss Evans, dainty white silk, Valenciennes trimmings; Miss Fitzgerald, white silk, pink sash; Miss Forster, black satin and net, violets on corsage; Miss J. Forster, pretty sea-green accordion-pleated silk, lace bertha; Miss Gilmour, dainty white silk; Miss Gledstanes, blue Liberty silk; Miss Graham, becoming yellow silk; Miss Haszard, pretty cream accordion-pleated voile; Miss Hague-Smith, cream accordion-pleated silk, sequin bodice; Miss D. Hague-Smith, white tussore, turquoise trimmings; Miss Henderson, pretty white silk; Miss Hicks, dainty primrose silk; Miss Hubbard, pretty white Liberty silk; Miss Jordan (Tauranga), white silk, red velvet on corsage; Miss Kneebone, white Indian silk; Miss Lawlor, cream satin, net overdress, pink roses; Miss Maribel Lawlor blue silk, gauze overdress; Miss Marsden (Thames), white glace, covered with net, white violets; Miss Power, blue Liberty silk, black velvet trimmings; Miss A. Power, dainty white silk, much trimmed with Paris lace; Miss Price, dainty Liberty silk; Miss P. Pattullo (debutante), white glace, overdress of floral net and lilies of the valley; Miss Ruddock, pretty pink silk with net overdress; Miss Radford, pale blue voile; Miss Rae, yellow silk, overdress of cream net, ribbon trimmings; Miss Swears, blue voile, flowers on corsage; Miss Seecombe, pretty blue silk; Miss Simmonds, rich red silk, cream lace trimmings; Miss Taylor (Cambridge), maize silk, cream lace trimmings; Miss D. Taylor (Cambridge), pretty China silk, flowers on corsage; Miss Taylor, very dainty white silk, blue sash; Miss Williams, black lace over silk; Miss Walker (Auckland), lemon silk; tulle covering; Miss Wrigley (Tauranga), striking apricot satin trimmed with cream Paris lace. Amongst the gentlemen were: Messrs. Cranwell (2), Wynyard (2), Meredith, Coote, Hessel, Lawlor, Clarke, Kingsford, Adams, Jordan, Brown, Burleigh, Jackson, Fitzherbert, Thompson, McKinnon, Hanna, Lapraik, Forster, Williams, Evans, Morton, Benge, Cassells, Noakes, Wrigley, Johnston, Haszard (3), Foy, Aitken, McDonald, Masters, Ulrich, Hutchings, Russell, Evered, Stafford, Hopkins.

PHYLLIS BROWN

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Pee,

July 12.

A WAIKATO FARMERS' SOCIAL,

held in the Alexandra Hall on Monday evening, with the idea of bringing members and their families together, was a huge success. The hall was artistically decorated with tree ferns and other bush scenery. Settlers from all parts of the district were present with their families, and there were also a number of townspeople. Mr. M. Butler, president, explained the object of the gathering. Mr. G. E. Clark, the first president of the club, spoke of the club of the past. Mr. James Gane's subject was "Social Intercourse." Mr. John Fisker spoke of "The Club of the Future." The Mayor (Mr. W. F. Buckland), who was the last speaker, spoke on "Unity of Interests." The Cambridge Orchestral Society, under Mr. J. H. Edwards, rendered a number of choice selections. Songs were contributed as follows:—Song, "Flight of Ages," Miss Neal; quartette, "Bells of Eve," Misses Vialle (2), and Messrs. E. Veale, and G. W. Venables; song, "Tomany Lasa," Mr. T. Richards; song, "The Yeoman's Wedding," Mr. N. R. Farnall. The accompanists were Messrs. M. P. McDermott and T. Hartly. An excellent supper was provided by the ladies, who spared no trouble in looking after the wants of everyone. After supper the young people had a dance, which proved most enjoyable.

THE FIRE BRIGADE

held its most successful ball on Wednesday evening in the Alexandra Hall. Captain H. Bell and the members of the brigade did everything possible to make it the success it was. The ladies' committee consisted of Mesdames H. Bell, Webber, A. E. Harris, Ed. Amer, and the Misses Hugo (2), Gardner, and Plescher, who undertook the management of the supper, which was delicious. The music was provided by Mrs. Lowe, and extras were played by Miss Law, Miss Plescher, and Mrs. Tutschka.

THE WAIKATO GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

was to have been played on the Cambridge links last Saturday, but had to be postponed on account of the weather and is to be played on Saturday next. A mixed foursome will be played on Wednesday 25th and Saturday 28th for a trophy presented by the vice-president, Mr. R. J. Roberts.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,
Last week Mr. Gouldsmith gave a most enjoyable

EUCHERE PARTY.

These present were: Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, Miss Bradley, Miss E. Bradley, Miss Pitts, Miss Dunlop, Miss Wachsmann, Miss Seymour, Misses A. and B. Bradley, Miss Foster, Misses E. and W. Reynolds, Miss C. Boylan, Miss Foster (Wellington), Messrs. Reynolds, Bradley, Banks, Barkon, White, Nolan (2), Sainsbury, and Fenwick. Miss W. Reynolds won the ladies' first prize, and Mr. Burke the gentlemen's.

On Monday night a very enjoyable FAREWELL DANCE

was tendered to Mr. Cyril Sharp, who in a few months is leaving for England.

Mrs. Agnew-Brown on Wednesday gave a large and most enjoyable

"TEACUP" AFTERNOON

for Miss Campbell-Thompson, who is to be married next week. Miss Thompson received the prettiest collection of cups and saucers I have ever seen. During the afternoon there were guessing competitions, and at intervals the Italian String Band discoursed lovely music. Mrs. Agnew-Brown received her guests in a pretty heliotrope chiffon taffetas blouse, black satin skirt. Miss Agnew-Brown wore a white frilled silk blouse, black voile skirt, and Miss H. Agnew-Brown, champagne-coloured voile, with vest of Valenciennes lace. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Chatterton, Mrs. Stock, Mrs. J. Clark, Misses Bradley (2), Miss Nolan, Miss Seymour, Miss Willis, Miss Zoe Williams, Miss Sherratt, Miss Foster, Miss Murray, Miss Bright, Miss Coleman, Miss Maimie Williamson, Miss G. Pike, Miss W. Reynolds, Miss Mabel Burke (Napier), Miss Every (Oamaru), Miss Wachsmann.

ELSA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, July 13.

THE MILITARY BAND'S SOCIAL

was held in the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening, and, in spite of the wretched weather, the attendance was good. There was also bridge and eucure in the Burlington tea rooms, just adjoining, which was keenly enjoyed by a large number. The duties of M.C.'s were well carried out by Messrs. E. E. Humphries and W. Way. Mr. Reg. George (secretary) and an energetic committee did all they could for the enjoyment of the guests. The Mayores (Mrs. Dockrill) presented the prizes to the winners of the card tournaments as follows:—Bridge: Ladies—First prize, Miss Tidy; second, Miss McKellar; third, Mrs. C. T. Mills. Gentlemen—First prize, Mr. G. O. Waddy; second, Mr. J. O. George. Eucure: Ladies—First prize, Miss G. F. Wood; second, Miss Stoddart. Gentlemen—First prize, Mr. R. Andrews; second, Mr. E. Colson.

The Ladies' Committee consisted of Mesdames Dockrill, K. M. Smith, C. Ward, F. Newell, F. E. Clarke, R. Jury, Back, and Bacon, and Misses Hampton, Humphries (2), F. Capel, N. Hanna, G. Colson. Mrs. W. S. Fitzherbert and Miss K. Hamerton attended to the bridge and eucure arrangements. The music was supplied by Mr. Garry's orchestra. Among those present were: Miss Feinton, in a buttereup-coloured silk, decolletage finished with cream lace; Miss Cameron, deep red silk; Miss Fell, pretty pale blue satin, sequined net on corsage; Mrs. Wright, black net, with silver sequined frills on corsage; Miss Norma Garry looked well in pale blue tuckered frock, pale blue flowers in coiffure; Mrs. Mills, black merveilleux, rose pink silk blouse; Miss Brown, black canvas voile, trimmed with jet and satin ribbon; Miss Flemming, white silk, relieved with pale blue; Mrs. W. Spence, pretty cream chiffon over satin, trimmed with lace, red empire sash; Mrs. I. Goldwater, white tuckered silk and lace blouse, black skirt; Miss E. O'Brien, pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Miss C. Campbell (Auckland), dark skirt, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with frills of cream lace; Miss J. Fraser, pale pink tuckered silk, inserted with Paris-tinted lace; Mrs. D. Laing, handsome heliotrope silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Wood, white silk blouse, dark skirt, pretty pink satin opera coat; Miss B. Clarke, pretty white French muslin, full skirt, trimmed with big frills and bebe ribbon, early Victorian bodice; Miss O. Kelly, pale green silk, decolletage finished, with scarlet roses, green rosette in coiffure; Miss Nicholas, rich white satin veiled in net; Miss Stoddart, black over apricot silk; Mrs. Colson, black with white satin facings, red opera coat; Mrs. Clarke, black velvet, red opera coat; Miss Cameron, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Brewster, Miss D. Bedford, Miss N. Hanna, cornflower blue, with violets on corsage; Miss G. Colson, white silk, pale blue silk belt; Miss Cameron, black, red opera coat; Mrs. Alexander, black silk, red roses on corsage; Miss Blanchett, pale blue, trimmed with frills of cream lace; Miss Hanna, white silk; Miss Testar, blue silk blouse, brown brocaded skirt; Miss A. Avery, pretty pale pink silk, ruffled and puffed, trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Dockrill, black silk; Miss Humphries, black net over white satin; Mrs. F. Wilson, pale shell pink silk; Miss Thomson, white silk; Miss Webster, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Remell, pretty white chiffon blouse, black merveilleux skirt, white opera coat; Miss Morey, cream tuckered silk blouse, trimmed with lace, black skirt; Miss G. Morey, dark skirt, cream silk blouse, pale blue belt; Miss V. Rennell, white silk blouse, dark skirt, cream opera coat; Miss A. Crawford, dark skirt, white silk blouse. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs. Humphries (2), George (2), Fraser, Cutfield, Hobday, Free, Weir, Williams, Crawford, Waters, Baker, Standish, Selson, Hanna, Webster, Cathro, Mills, Bewley, Stocker, Smith, Avery, Kirkby, Preshaw, Armitage.

A SURPRISE PARTY

at Mrs. Penn's, Avenue-road, last Tuesday evening, was thoroughly enjoyed, the house being delightfully suitable for that sort of thing. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Penn, Miss E. Penn, Misses D. Bedford, Brewster, Taylor, M. Kerr, E. Bayley, E. Simpson, G. Colson, N. Hanna, V. Brett, and Messrs. Hansen, D. Day, Williams, Weir, Kirkby, E. George, Bayley.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, July 13.

THE NAPIER PARK RACING CLUB

held its winter meeting at the Napier Park on Wednesday and Thursday last. On the first day the weather was not too fine and rather cold, but the second day was sunny and bright and afforded people an opportunity of wearing their race frocks. Among those I noticed were: Mrs. J. Ormond, wearing a cream cloth coat and skirt with pretty brown velvet toque; long grey overcoat; Mrs. H. Lowry, handsome brown coat and skirt, with brown hat; Mrs. Perry, black and white check skirt, long brown coat, with smart hat trimmed with mauve flowers and maidenhair fern; Mrs. J. H.

A'Deane, smart long grey tailor made coat and skirt, with black plumed hat; Mrs. Wenley, navy blue costume, with sealskin toque and jacket; Miss Wilder (Christchurch), long grey coat and skirt, hat trimmed with red; Mrs. Bowen, neat grey tailor-made costume, with black toque; Mrs. Steadman, violet dress, with grey coat, grey toque; Miss Williams, neat navy blue Etou costume, with navy blue toque; Mrs. Baxter, cream cloth costume, long grey coat and dainty violet hat trimmed with violets; Mrs. Kennedy, navy blue costume, with long grey coat, brown felt toque; Miss Chapman, navy blue costume, with white felt toque; Miss Hunter, grey cloth coat and skirt, with white hat; Mrs. Hunter, black skirt with brown fur jacket; Mrs. McLernon, violet cloth dress trimmed

with cream lace, lavender and blue toque; Miss McLernon, neat long green coat and skirt, with black felt toque; Mrs. Elkington, grey skirt, with brown sealskin jacket, brown toque; Miss Humphries, white cloth coat and skirt, dainty white hat to match; Miss K. Bennett, long coat and skirt, white fur and white toque; Miss C. McLernon, wine-coloured costume, smart hat to match; Mrs. Bernau, navy blue coat and skirt, with red floral hat; Mrs. Newbiggin, navy blue costume, blue toque trimmed with roses; Miss McVay, brown tweed coat and skirt, brown hat trimmed with green; Miss White, grey costume, with red toque; Mrs. Humphries, navy blue tailor-made costume, with violet toque; Miss A. Ormond, long blue coat and skirt, with blue velvet hat to

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match; Miss Gainsford, grey skirt with long grey coat, black hat; Miss Foote, fawn cloth costume, with brown hat and fur; Miss Hamlin, neat navy blue costume, with stylish green hat; Mrs. Bayley, grey coat and skirt, with white felt toque; Miss D. Kennedy, navy blue costume, with grey felt toque; Mrs. Hector Smith, pale green cloth bedingecote coat and skirt, with black toque; Mrs. East, black coat and skirt, black toque trimmed with violets; Mrs. G. Broad, navy blue coat and skirt, red hat; Mrs. Nantes, green coat and skirt, neat green floral toque; Miss Clark, cream cloth coat and skirt, white hat with wings; Mrs. Henley, navy blue costume, beaver toque; Mrs. I. Cato, wine cloth dress, with velvet toque to match; Mrs. Hindmarsh, green coat and skirt, with black hat; Miss Hindmarsh, grey coat and skirt, white felt hat with wings; Miss J. Hindmarsh, grey costume, with white hat.

MARJORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, July 14.

Last week Mrs John Stevenson gave an enjoyable little

BRIDGE PARTY.

The first prize, won by Mrs Griffiths, was a pretty liberty needle book and pin-cushion combined. The "booby," a needlebook, fell to Mrs Godwin. Amongst those present were Mesdames Stevenson, Peake, Kissing, Godwin, Griffiths, Greenwood, Fenwick, Sarjeant, Dodgshun, Blundell and Miss Owen.

Mrs Barnard-Brown gave

AN AFTERNOON TEA

on Friday in honour of her daughter, Mrs Patterson, who is spending the winter in Wanganui. Amongst those present were Mesdames Sarjeant, Biss, Greenwood, Stevenson, Chamberlain, Stanford, Gifford Marshall, Izett, Dodgshun, Ashcroft, Humphreys, Fairburn, Hole, Patterson, Barnard-Brown, Misses Ashcroft, Williams, Stanford, Cameron and Blundell.

THE EGDMONT-WANGANUI HUNT CLUB

held their "meet" at Fordell last Saturday, and hunted over the properties of Messrs Morse, O. Lewis, Lee, Carroll and W. Chapman. A drag was engaged over a splendid line of obstacles. Amongst those following, were Messrs Enderby, Higgin, Wootton (Rangitikei), O'Neill, Selby, Morton, J. Blair, Giesen, Kennedy, Boyd, Gibson, Galpin (Rangitikei), Gordon and Dr. Graham. Riding and driving were Mr and Mrs Chapman, Mr and Mrs Morse, Mrs and Miss Marshall, Mr and Mrs Campion, Mrs Campbell, Miss Estfield, Messrs Nixon, Fletcher, Falek, Grummitt, Carroll, Batt, Green, Lee and others.

On Tuesday Mrs Blundell gave a small

BRIDGE PARTY.

The prize, a book, was won by Mrs Greenwood, and the "booby," a photo-frame, fell to Mrs Godwin. Amongst those present were Mesdames Kissing, Stevenson, Anderson, Dodgshun, Peake, Allison, Blundell, Patterson, Miss King (New Plymouth), Mesdames Greenwood, Fenwick, Godwin and Miss Owen.

THE WANGANUI ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

held their first concert of the season at the Opera House on July 11th. The concert was an excellent one, and reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Leslie Peck, the conductor, and the orchestra generally. Amongst the very large and fashionably audience I noticed: Mrs. Alexander, in a very handsome black silk evening gown, relieved with lace, black silk opera coat with wide revers, collar and full turn back cuffs of white satin, with black velvet applique, flowers and foliage, white roses in her coiffure; Miss Alexander wore a black silk costume relieved with cream lace and chiffon; Mrs. A. Izard, pale pink silk frock, berthe of lace on the low-cut corsage, full elbow sleeves, and wide swathed silk belt; Mrs. Empson, black silk, with deep berthe of champagne lace; Mrs. Aeland (Canterbury), black silk frock, with fichu of beautiful lace; Miss Sale (Dunedin), soft white silk gown, full gauged elbow sleeves, the corsage and panel of the skirt were trimmed

with black velvet motifs; Mrs. Frank Smith (Marston) wore a becoming pale pink silk blouse with net lace berthe, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. Sherrill, pastel blue crepe de chine evening blouse, with champagne lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. Barnard-Brown, black silk frock with black lace, and V-shaped yoke of fine cream net and lace; Mrs. Patterson wore a sky blue silk evening blouse, gauged and trimmed with lace, and narrow black gauged ribbons, black silk skirt; Miss Barnard-Brown, cream voile, embroidered with pale blue silk flowers, wide swathed blue silk belt, and Victorian yoke, edged with gauings of pale blue silk at intervals; Mrs. Barnard-Brown, black silk and net evening gown, with jet and sequins on the corsage, pale blue silk opera coat with deep collars of champagne lace; Miss Phillips (Canterbury) wore a becoming cream silk frock, cream cloth opera coat edged with cream fur; Mrs. Blundell, black silk, with yoke of cream lace, cream cloth opera cloak, outlined with ostrich feather trimmings; Miss H. Blundell, sky blue velvet blouse, with scalloped yoke of deep cream lace, edged with blue gauged chiffon, black skirt; Mrs. Wall wore a dainty cream frock, and pastel blue satin opera coat edged with white fur; Mrs. Stevenson, hand painted chiffon evening blouse, white silk skirt veiled with black lace; Miss Stevenson wore a pretty soft blue silk blouse with berthe effect of lace and silk, black voile skirt; Miss King (New Plymouth), gauged white silk with lace and insertion; Mrs. Hope Gibbons, black silk evening gown with fine cream net and lace, cream chiffon scarf; Mrs. Peake, black silk with jet and cream lace; Mrs. Godwin wore a black silk costume relieved with lace; Miss Claire, pale pink silk blouse banded with champagne insertion, black skirt; Mrs. Reaney, cream silk blouse with deep collar of champagne lace, black skirt; Mrs. Good (Hawera), pale pink accordion pleated chiffon frock; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk gown with fichu of black lace over cream, with outline of jet trimmings; Miss E. Anderson, wore a dainty white muslin evening gown, the low-cut corsage made with narrow frills edged with satin ribbon, crimson cloth opera cloak with band of cream satin and ribbons to match; Miss Anderson, black sunray-pleated chiffon frock with a square-cut corsage bordered with black velvet and black silk insertion; Mrs. Napier (Auckland), wore a very pretty pale pink chiffon evening blouse with berthe of finely-embroidered Brussels lace, and a large pink silk rose in the front of her corsage, black silk skirt; Miss Cameron, black velvet with berthe of beautiful lace; her sister wore a gauged black crepe de chine frock with white tulle tucker edging the corsage; Mrs. Beaumont (Dunedin), black silk relieved with cream lace; Mrs. H. Hole wore black silk, with yoke and berthe of Honiton lace, the elbow sleeves edged with the same; Mrs. Krull wore a black silk gown with vest of cream net and lace; Miss Krull, dainty, white silk frock, with lace and insertion; Miss Witchell, black velvet gown with berthe and panel of white lace, chiffon shoulder scarf of crimson and blue; Miss E. Witchell (Masterton), white gauged silk coat; Miss Irelle Jones wore a white silk evening frock with wide crimson swathed silk belt, and roses to match in her coiffure; Mrs. James Watt, pale blue silk berthe of cream net embroidered with true lovers' knots, and a spray of soft pink roses on the corsage; Mrs. John Anderson wore a handsome black silk gown with fine transparent net yoke and sleeves, white chiffon shoulder scarf; Miss W. Anderson, white silk frock with full sleeves, and berthe of chiffon, with a frill of the same on the sleeves; Miss Knapp, black velvet gown berthe of beautiful Maltese lace, long green velvet opera coat with collar and revers of white satin; Miss Abranti, white gauged blouse profusely trimmed, with net and narrow Valenciennes lace insertion, black skirt, pastel blue cloth opera coat edged with fur; Mrs. Kissing, black satin gown with yoke and berthe of cream lace; crimson roses on her corsage, and bow of the same shaded velvet ribbon in her hair; Miss Waterston wore a soft white silk gown, with lace and insertion; Mrs. A. D. Willis, rich black silk costume, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Lennox, pale blue silk blouse, with deep collar effect of champagne lace; black satin skirt; Mrs. Sarjeant wore a beautiful cream taffeta chiffon blouse, with transparent lace yoke in vandykes, and puffed

taffeta sleeves with close-fitting lace cuff effect, black silk skirt; Miss Moore, dainty white muslin frock, with frills edged with lace, white silk sash with fringed ends; Miss Jardine, claret shaded silk gown, with bands of champagne insertion and lace; Miss Bringezu, cream silk, with narrow frills of the same; her sister wore a pale pink silk corselet gown, with black velvet belt and a transparent lace yoke; Miss Towsey, white satin frock, gauged chiffon berthe and sleeves, spray of pale pink roses and foliage in her corsage; Miss Best, white silk frock, the corsage of accordion-pleated chiffon, and wreath of crimson roses in her coiffure and on her corsage; Mrs. J. C. Greenwood wore a smart blouse of salmon pink silk, made with wide French tucks, and a V-shaped yoke pointed back and front to the waist of fine champagne lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen wore a stylish pale blue striped evening silk blouse, with champagne lace and shoulder straps of pastel blue velvet ribbon, black silk skirt, pale grey ostrich feather boa; Miss Willis, pretty turquoise blue silk blouse, with fine cream net and lace, black skirt; Miss Walker, black silk skirt, white muslin blouse, with tiny frills edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, black silk skirt; her sister wore a becoming pale blue taffeta blouse, with transparent lace yoke and berthe of the same, black silk skirt; Miss Christie wore a pale-blue evening blouse, with champagne lace, black silk skirt, cream opera coat, with deep lace collar; her sister wore a dainty white silk frock, with frills and lace; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, black silk evening gown, with berthe of cream lace, handsome deep cream cloth opera coat, with very wide collar of coarse champagne lace, rosettes and ends of green velvet ribbon in the front; Miss Luke, black silk, with Victorian transparent yoke of cream insertion; Miss Maunders, black silk, with berthe of cream lace; Miss Richmond wore a soft white silk blouse, with lace and insertion, black silk skirt; Mrs. Mason, black silk gown, with fichu and sleeves of white chiffon and lace; Mrs. C. Campbell, cream evening gown, with deep berthe of Maltese lace, long opera coat of cream accordion-pleated silk, champagne lace collar and rosette, and wide blue satin ribbons. HUTA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, July 13.

Friday, the 6th inst., was truly a dreadful night for the

FEILDING BALL.

Thunder, lightning, hailstorms, a high wind and torrents of rain off and on all night, and on one occasion the elements were having such a time that the sound of the band was drowned in the noise, and dancers had to stop. A large number of guests went from Palmerston. Many went in cabs, returning the same night, and others left by the afternoon train, staying till the next day. Everything was perfectly arranged for the comfort and pleasure of the guests, who all spent a thoroughly enjoyable time. Amongst others who went from Palmerston were: Mrs. W. Keeling, wearing a dainty frock of white lace flounces over white glace, berthe of lace and clusters of small pink roses finishing bodice; Miss P. Keeling, cream Louise silk, made with crossover bodice, cream chiffon on corsage; Miss Fitzherbert, cream silk and lace; Mrs. Bagnall, a rich cream satin toilette; Miss F. Waldegrave, a pretty white muslin frock over white silk, skirt and bodice trimmed with many little flounces; Miss E. Collins, cream Louise silk, gauings of cream chiffon on corsage; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, cream silk, very full skirt, and crossover bodice trimmed with cream embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Warburton, a becoming pink satin toilette; Miss Warburton, dainty white silk frock; Miss Armstrong, black satin, frills of black accordion-pleated silk trimming bodice; Miss Alice Reed, white muslin, cluster of pink and blue flowers on corsage and in hair; Miss Porter (debutante), a soft white silk frock, white flowers in hair; Miss Handyside, in green silk, her sister in white; Miss Doris, Robinson, cream Louise silk and chiffon, cream chiffon rosette in hair; Miss Belle Robinson, in pink silk; Messrs. Warburton, M. Waldegrave, Collins, Bell, Fitzherbert, Smith, Spencer, and Hogg.

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Many Women Owe their Beauty to it, and others their Lives.

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Cures Anaemia, and puts pale, feeble women on the path of health again. Nature does the rest, and life becomes worth living. If your blood is impoverished try a bottle.

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"SYDAL" (Wilton's Hand Emollient), price 7/6 per jar, is now well known and becoming celebrated.

Clean White Teeth mean sound Teeth, fit for their work, the condition they are kept in by the use of

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YOU cannot beat a little O.T. and whisky before going to bed and after rising in the morning take O.T. and soda.

GOLF.

In the match played on the Hoko-whitu links on Saturday last, for trophies presented by Mr. Hood, Mrs. J. P. Innes was the winner among the seniors and Miss Fitzherbert in the junior grade.

A team of men journeyed to Wellington last Saturday to play a match at Miramar, and suffered defeat by seven games. Messrs. H. Gifford-Moore, O. Druce, J. Strang, V. Hartman, A. Barraud, W. Strang, P. C. Freeth, H. Cooper, C. J. Monro, Colonel Gorton, A. N. Jones, P. Sim, A. Stuart, and A. Seifert represented Palmerston North.

On Tuesday the monthly stroke competition was played. The weather was very boisterous and severe, and several of the players did not complete the round. Miss F. Waldegrave returned the best card, Miss McLennan second, and Mrs. Milton third.

Two ladies' teams left by the early train this morning for Dannevirke to play a match with that club.

THE FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL

was repeated at the Olympia Rink on Wednesday, and again the attendance was large. During the evening Mr. W. T. Wood, M.H.R., presented the prizes won in the different competitions. Best fancy dressed lady: Miss Giorgi (Italian), 1; Miss N. Jack (violets), 2. Best dressed gentleman: E. Waldegrave, 1. Most graceful skaters: Lady, Miss F. Downie; gentleman, F. Hare. Most original costumes: Lady, Miss Hare (lollies); gentleman, J. Lomax (swagman). Best sustained character: Miss L. Walkeley (fake walk). Most comical character: Frank Jack (comic cuts). Musical skates: W. Dudley. Half-mile novice race: J. Kellop. Half-mile hoop-race: T. Stagpoole. Half-mile handicap: H. Webbe. Walking race: S. Wilson. Fan and balloon race: Miss Nellie Jack. Ladies' tilting competition: Miss O'Brien.

SOME PRETTY TOILETTES

I have noticed in the street lately are: Mrs. J. Strang, wearing a peacock blue cloth costume, Maltese lace vest and ruffles finishing sleeves, brown mushroom hat with green foliage and cluster

of pale blue flowers under brim, brown fur and muff; Miss Pickett, navy blue, coat made with long basque, navy straw hat with green wings, sable furs; Mrs. Moeller, long grey coat, pale blue straw hat with a profusion of violets, white fox fur and muff; Mrs. W. Keeling, in cream serge, cream caracal coat, scarlet straw hat with wings of same shade, white fox fur muff; Mrs. V. Baldwin, navy Eton coat and skirt, pale blue cloth collar and cuffs, scarlet hat with scarlet flowers, white furs; Mrs. Putnam, a light grey Norfolk coat and skirt, green velvet collar and pipings, grey hat with pink roses, grey fox furs; Miss Gemmel, sapphire blue velvet, coat made with long basque, white fur toque with cluster of violets; Miss Price, navy Eton costume, dark green velvet hat with pale blue glaze and wings of same shade, sable furs; Mrs. Armstrong, wearing black with long sealskin coat, black bonnet with black and white tips and pink roses; Miss Armstrong, navy blue, cream lace vest and ruffles, white felt hat with cluster of violets, white fox furs.

VIOLET.

lace, and a deep swathed belt; with this she wore a smart little black and gold toque and a long race coat with a high collar; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket was in dull mauve, with a smart coat, and a hat of shaded mauve and lilac; Miss Harcourt wore brown cloth tailor-made, with velvet revers, a brown hat, with tips; Mrs. Johnston, ivory cloth, and hat with flowers; Mrs. Duncan, cedar brown cloth, and white beaver hat; Mrs. J. Abbot, sapphire blue cloth, and smart French toque; Mrs. Nathan, brown cloth dress, and toque with tips; Mrs. Barmicoat (Wanganui), cream hopsac, and floral toque; Miss Stead (Christchurch), navy blue cloth, and smart toque; Mrs. Johnston, brown vicuna, with ivory cloth waistcoat, and brown toque; Mrs. Biss, dark tailor-made, and black toque; Mrs. Richardson, pale brown cloth, black toque; Mrs. H. Cooper (Palmerston North), ivory cloth, with lace front, floral toque; Mrs. Stafford, black and white tailor-made; Miss Stafford, biscuit cloth, and black hat; Miss E. Stafford, blue tannine, and dark blue hat; Mrs. Tringham, nutmeg cutvas, and brown toque; Mrs. Bristow, putunia cloth; Mrs. Nathan, ivory cloth, and ermine furs.

ideal house for any festivity, and the other night it looked charming with the rose-shaded lights, and the tangles of golden wattle adorning the reception rooms. The supper tables were charmingly done with vases of daffodils and bowls of fragrant violets. Mrs. Riddiford had on a lovely gown of amethyst chiffon glaze, with touches of silver embroidery, and patten of deeper velvet, the corsage softened with beautiful lace; Mrs. D. Riddiford wore a handsome gown of ivory brocade with flounces of deep lace; Mrs. Johnston, ivory satin and lace; Miss Hislop, white glaze; Miss Higginson, pale blue chiffon glaze; Miss Zoe George (Auckland), white crystalline and Valenciennes lace; Miss E. Fell, white crepe de chine and eline ribbons; Miss Harcourt, ivory taffetas and chiffon; Miss Fitzgerald, white crepe de chine; Miss Willford, sea blue chiffon satin and Valenciennes lace; Miss Abraham (Palmerston), ivory taffetas and lace; Mrs. M. Denniston, chiffon satin, with deep tucker of net and lace; Miss Williams, pale pink chiffon taffetas, much frilled with lace; Miss Scales, white glaze, with tiny frills of silk and lace; Mrs. H. Sladen, ivory satin with flounces of lace; Mrs. H. Cooper, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss Pamfroy, white crystalline and lace; Mrs. Broad, white crepe de chine; Miss Tolhurst, ciel blue taffetas and roses; Miss M. Fell, pink and white chine silk; Miss Somerville, black taffetas and lace berthe.

THE ANNUAL AT HOME

given by the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis is always much looked forward to. It gives the visiting clergy the opportunity of meeting their city friends in the pleasantest possible manner, and every year new friendships are made and old ones renewed. On Tuesday afternoon the concert hall was just comfortably filled with people. A string band in the gallery played cheerful music. The platform was comfortably furnished and decorated with bowls of spring flowers and wattle. The arrangements for tea were really excellent. Mrs. Wallis wore black velvet, enriched with handsome fiddle lace. She carried a beautiful bouquet of narcissus and daffodils and feathery mimosa, the gift

WELLINGTON.

MRS. COLERIDGE'S DANCE

Dear Bee,

July 14.

There is so much to tell you about that I hardly know where to begin, so many events have been packed into one short week. Races, balls, teas, dances, recitals have crowded so fast on each other's heels that even the most energetic must welcome a respite.

First, about

THE RACES.

The weather was simply glorious (though the day before was disagreeable), and the train journey seemed quite short, so smooth and easy was the running. The course and grounds have vastly improved since the January meeting, when everything was still rather crude and incomplete. His Excellency the Governor was not present, but Lady Plunket was there, looking so well in a dress of black chiffon taffetas, with a plastron of ficelle

on Friday was a very cheery affair. The floor and music were both good, and the supper an excellent one. Mrs. Coleridge wore pale blue taffetas, with flounces of delicate lace; Mrs. Spratt, black crepe de chine, with lace motifs; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, white chiffon taffetas, with moonlight paillettes, and touches of black; Mrs. S. Harcourt, ivory satin and lace; Miss Harcourt, white crepe de chine; Miss Tolhurst, pale blue taffetas and lace; Miss Coleridge, black satin and lace berthe; Miss J. Coleridge, white mousseline de soie; Miss Fell, black taffetas; Miss E. Fell, white crepe de chine, and yellow belt; Miss Edwin, white satin, and chine sash; Miss Hislop, white taffetas and lace berthe; Miss G. Harcourt, cream satin; Miss Young, black taffetas and lace.

A VERY JOLLY DANCE

was that given at the Hutt on Tuesday by Mrs. Riddiford. "Ferngrove" is an

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FAIR



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Every Article reduced to Bona Fide Clearance Price

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of the country clergy. Lady Stout wore grey brocade and handsome furs; Mrs. Rhodes, black poplin and rich lace collar; Miss Comtes, black glaze and black chiffon toque; Mrs. P. Nathan, ivory cloth, with cravat of lace, ermine toque and furs; Mrs. Von Zedlitz, black cloth Etou costume, and small black toque; Mrs. J. L. Campbell, maroon cloth, and white toque; Mrs. Haron, grey tweed and black toque; Miss Haron, brown cloth, with lace jabot; Miss Otterson, sapphire cloth, and white picture hat; Mrs. Burnett, copper-brown cashmere, and brown toque with wallflowers; Miss Burnett, green tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Fell, myrtle green voile, and pale blue hat; Mrs. Fisher, putuma cloth, and ciel blue hat; Mrs. Coleridge, navy tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. Stafford, black cloth coat and skirt; Miss Stafford, putty coloured Newmarket coat and skirt, and black toque; Mrs. Martin, brown cloth with lace jabot; Miss Martin, dull red tailor-made; Miss Parry, blue cloth Etou dress, and red hat; Mrs. Findlay, dark brown cloth, waistcoat of ivory silk braid; Miss Kensington, navy tailor-made, and toque with violets; Miss Morton, brown tweed, and fur toque; Miss Cooper, green canvas, and dark green hat; Mrs. MacKellar, black tailor-made, black and white bonnet; Miss McKellar, navy tailor-made, and white hat; Mrs. Quick, black voile, and bonnet with flowers; Miss Quick, black taffetas, and pink toque; Miss D. Quick, grey voile, and pale grey hat; Mrs. Duncan, cream cloth and white furs; Miss Johnston, grey voile with lace vest, black hat; Mrs. Barton, black crepe de chine; Miss A. Greenwood, wine-coloured velvet, soft-lined with lace; Mrs. S. Harcourt, grey eolienne, with lace vest, hat with flowers; Mrs. Johnston, ivory cloth, and floral toque; Mrs. Bethune, navy serge, tailor-made, and black toque; Mrs. Medley, black crepe de chine; Miss Medley, cornflower blue voile, and toque composed of cornflowers; Mrs. Tulhurst, black poplin, and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Chaytor, navy blue Newmarket coat and skirt, and red toque; Mrs. W. Kennedy, dark blue tailor-made, and black toque; Mrs. J. Campbell, autumn red, with revers and cuffs of deeper red velvet, red hat with tips.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, July 11.

THE MAYORAL RECEPTION

Took place in the City Council Chambers on Thursday afternoon, and was very largely attended. The hours on the cards were from three to five, and during that time a stream of people ascended the stairs, where they were received by Sir John Hall and his daughter (Mrs. J. Cracroft Wilson).

As usual on such occasions, the whole circle of rooms was thrown open, and decorated with foliage plants, palms, and early spring flowers. Miss Scriver's band was in attendance. Tea was served in the large Council Chamber, where the crowd was so great that but for the fact that a number of Mrs. Wilson's girl friends assisted in looking after the guests many would doubtless have been unable to obtain any refreshment.

Mrs. Wilson was charmingly dressed in black taffeta, with lace insertions, black toque, with white a-pereys, set of black fox furs; Mrs. J. D. Hall wore a smart tailor gown of brown tweed, toque to match; Mrs. George Gould, green cloth coat and skirt, large green hat, with pale blue feather; Mrs. A. C. Wilson, navy blue costume, with toque to match; Miss Wilson wore a pale blue faced, toque en suite; Mrs. Kettle, dark green tweed coat and skirt, green toque, with shaded berriettes; Miss Kettle, white coat and skirt, white toque; Mrs. Smees, grey tweed costume, blue toque; Mrs. Geo. G. Stead, a handsome toilette of brown cloth, pale green toque; Miss Stead, navy blue coat and skirt, violet toque; Mrs. E. V. Palmer, a dark green coat and skirt, green toque; Miss Deans, brown cloth costume, brown and cream toque; Mrs. Morton Anderson, pale blue velvet costume, toque to match; Mrs. Cover Burns, brown coat and skirt, brown toque; the Misses Birrus wore costumes of white cloth, white fur toques; Mrs. P. Campbell, green coat and skirt, blue hat; Miss Congress, navy blue costume, green toque; Mrs. Litchfield, brown costume, pale blue and brown toque; Mrs.

Juman, grey tweed and grey toque; Miss Juman, navy blue coat and skirt, red toque; Miss Guterie, violet cloth gown, sealskin coat, brown hat, with cream roses; Mrs. Michael Campbell, dark grey coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Louison, tailor-made gown of dark green cloth, faced with pale blue, green toque; Miss Louison, cream cloth costume, toque to match; Miss Denniston, navy blue costume, cream and blue toque; Mrs. S. Saunders, brown dress, cream and fawn coat, black toque; Mrs. Vernon, white serge costume, black and white toque; Mrs. Joseph Palmer wore black silk, black satin and lace coat, black bonnet; Mrs. Wardrop, grey with touches of violet, violet toque; Mrs. Pitman, gown of violet cloth, toque to match; Miss Pitman, navy blue with toque to match; Mrs. Mills, pale blue tweed costume, fawn toque; Miss Mills, grey coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. J. C. Wilkin, black cloth with sealskin coat, black and white hat; Mrs. Henry Cotterill, white cloth costume, purple toque with roses; Mrs. Beswick, navy blue gown, blue and white hat; Mrs. W. Thomas, black costume, black and white hat; Mrs. J. Stevenson, red cloth gown, cream toque with ospreys; Mrs. P. Robinson wore black and white costume and hat; Mrs. P. Graham, navy blue costume and toque; Mrs. Quane, bright blue cloth, tailor-made costume, toque to match; Mrs. Norton, black costume, pale reseda green coat, toque to match; Miss Croxton, pale green cloth costume and toque; Mrs. Isaac Gibbs, brown chiffon velvet with handsome set of furs; Mrs. Waymouth, grey costume, toque of grey and pale pink; Mrs. Coverdale, grey coat and skirt, cream toque, handsome furs; Miss Cabot, costume of black and white, with blue toque; Mrs. Ogle, grey coat and skirt, toque of violet and pale blue; Mrs. H. P. Hill, brown costume, brown bonnet; Miss Hill, navy blue costume, white hat; Mrs. A. Roberts, black cloth gown, black and white hat; Mrs. Hurst Seager, cream cloth costume, fawn and cream toque; Mrs. Walter Stringer, grey cloth gown and toque, sable furs; Mrs. Blunt, light grey Norfolk costume, grey fur toque.

A MUSICAL PARTY

was given at Avonside on Saturday by Mrs. Price. A delightful afternoon was spent. The whole of the house was thrown open to the guests, who greatly admired the numerous Chinese and Japanese articles collected by Mr and Mrs Price during their long residence in the East. The afternoon passed all too soon. Such a delightful musical treat was enjoyed, the items including violin solos, songs, and organ solos.

AT THE SHIRLEY LINKS.

on Wednesday Mrs Beals gave prizes for a foursome match of both Hagley Park and Shirley members, and invited them all to tea. The winners in the first grade were Mrs Pyne and Miss Harley. The game for the second grade ended in a draw between Mrs Blunt and Miss Fisher, and Miss J. Wilkin and Miss Louison. Among others present I noticed Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mrs Henry Weed, Mrs and Miss Stead, Mrs Wilfred Stead (Palmerston), Mrs Archer, Mrs Campbell, Miss Rutherford, Miss Louison, Miss Campbell, Miss Pyne, Mrs and the Misses Kettle, Mrs and Miss Harley, Miss Wilson, Mrs F. Robinson, Mrs Geo. Gould, Miss Berkeley, Miss Turnbull, Miss Reeves, Miss Denniston, Miss Anderson, Mrs Vernon, Mrs Borthwick, Mrs Blunt, and Mrs Bealey.

AT HAGLEY PARK LINKS

a begay match was played on Monday, when Mrs Henry Wood and Miss Wilson tied for first place. They played it off, and Mrs Wood proved the winner. The prize, a silver match box, was presented by Mrs Archer. For the second grade a box of golf balls was won by Miss Overton. Others playing were Mesdames Stead, Pyne, Archer, Kettle and Boyle; Misses Reeves, Secretan, Rutherford, Stead, Murray-Ansley, and Campbell

If fine next Saturday the mixed foursomes for Mr Wardrop's trophy will be played on the Shirley links.

A BRIDGE PARTY

was given by Mrs Kettle on Saturday. The players were Mesdames Wardrop, Beswick, Pyne and G. Ronalds, Misses Synes, Deans and Helmore.

"DOLLY VALE"

IN CONSUMPTION.

Allice Sycamore, Invercargill, Coughing Up Her Life Blood, Heart Disease and Dropsy Her Death Looked for Daily Another Life Saved Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Nine years ago I was dying of Consumption, said Miss Allice Sycamore, 122, Crown St., Invercargill. "Month after month, I wasted away. I looked like a Death's head. My sisters dreaded being left in the same room with me. When I was asleep they used to cover my face up with cloth. I was just skin and bone. My cough seemed to tear my lungs to pieces. Often I failed dead away out of sheer weakness. Even after I had suffered like this for twelve long years, I would not give up hope. I was on the verge of the grave when I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—for I had read how they had cured many other cases, when doctors had failed. They changed me from a dying Consumptive into the strong healthy woman that you see me to-day. I owe my very life to them.

"I was only fifteen when I started to slip into this Decline," Miss Sycamore went on. "Everyone told me how deadly mine I looked. Even my lips lost their colour. All my blood turned to water. When I held my hands up to the light, you could almost see through them. When I let them fall by my side, they swelled as if I had dropped in them. That shows what a vile state my blood was in. My feet were always cold and clammy. My flesh got flabby, and soon I got dreadfully thin. My cheeks fell in, and my eyes grew large and staring, as if they were going to burge out of my head. If I did a hand's turn, it left me all of a tremble. Sometimes I had not the strength of a kitten. I soon got too weak to be any help to Mother about the house. If I shook the tubercle, my heart jumped and fluttered for the next hour. I just hated the thought of having to do anything. I could never get that weary feeling out of my bones. I was always tired, and my back was never done aching. I wanted to lie down all day long. Nothing had any interest for me. I didn't want to see my girl friends, and they all thought I had grown bad-tempered and irritable—but they all knew how ill I was. Sometimes I lost heart, and thought I would be happier in my grave.

"The doctor said that I ought to go for a walk in the sunshine every day—but sometimes I had hardly the strength to put one foot before the other. Suddenly the blood rushed to my head, and my brain whirled round and round. Then my knees would give way, and I would drop in a dead faint. Many a time I had to be carried home. Once I was driven nine miles over a rough road to my brother's at Forest Hill, Winton, and the continual jolting started me spitting blood. I fainted at the end of the drive. For forty-eight hours I lay in a trance—as cold as ice. The doctor could not bring me to my senses for two days. I was as stiff and rigid as iron. When I came round I was weaker than ever, and my memory was gone. Everyone said I was in Consumption.

"My lungs were so weak that a few steps made me gasp for breath. Any little excitement or cold sent me into hysterics. My nerves were in such a state that often the tears ran down my cheeks with Neuralgia. Terrible splitting headaches often drove me mad. In fact, my whole health failed. Every part of my body was in pain. A peculiar stomach disorder made my breath very foul, and destroyed all my taste for food. My teeth decayed, and I could digest nothing—for even a morsel of meat gave me frightful pains under the breast bone. I dreaded meal-times. My appetite was feebly. Sometimes I could not eat a bite—and at other times I would have given worlds for something or other that wasn't on the table. I hardly ate enough to keep body and soul together. Every day I got thinner and weaker.

"Doctor after doctor told mother there was absolutely no hope for me," added Miss Sycamore. "They said that, sooner or later, I would fill a Consumptive's grave. At last, my long struggle for life seemed coming to an end—for deadly Dropsy set in. My legs and body swelled up with water. I could not close my eyes, and used to sleep with them staring wide open. During my Decline, I had got terribly thin and frail—but the Dropsy spread so quickly that I soon weighed 11st 2lb. I was a terrible sight to see.

"All this went on for twelve years. Every month I got worse. At last, I was too weak to be taken upstairs. I had lost all hope of ever getting better, but mother got it into her head that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure me, even if the doctors couldn't. The first two or three boxes gave me a wonderful appetite, and made me stronger. It was three or four weeks, however, before the Dropsy

began to go down. After that, I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills regularly after each meal, and lost 2st 6lb in three months. Every dose helped to work the water out of my blood. Two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills filled my veins with new, red blood—and this healed my lungs and swept them clear of the deadly germs of consumption. I am now a strong, healthy woman—and I have been so ever since Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from the grave."

Miss Sycamore's case is, indeed, a miracle. It baffled doctor after doctor. In the end Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her just as they cure all diseases that are caused by bad blood. In fact, they actually make new blood. They do just that one thing—but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused chiefly by bad blood. But that is the cause of all common ailments such as anæmia, decline, general weakness, backaches, headaches, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, partial paralysis, and locomotor ataxia. If offered a substitute, send for the genuine to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington—3/- a box, six boxes 16/6, post free. Letters asking for medical advice will be answered free.

DISFIGURED WITH ECZEMA

Brushed Scales from Face Like Powder—Under Physicians' Care Six Months But Grew Worse—Some Said Face Would Be Marked for Life—Now Without a Blemish.

CUTICURA REMEDIES WORK WONDERS

"As I was a sufferer with eczema I write to tell you what a great friend I found in Cuticura Remedies. In six months I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. It was on my body and on my feet so thick that I could hardly put a pin on me without touching eczema. My face was covered, my eyebrows came out, and when it got in my eye, I then went to another doctor. He asked me what I was taking for it, and I told him Cuticura. He said that was a very good thing, but that he thought that my face would be marked for life. But Cuticura did its work, and my face is now just as clear as it ever was before."



"My brother-in-law told me about the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. I took his advice and got the Ointment, Soap, and Resolvent. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and then applied the Ointment, and took the Cuticura Resolvent as directed. In a short time my face began to get better, and when I had taken one bottle of Resolvent I could brush the scales off my face like a powder. When I had taken four bottles my face was as clear as ever. I feel so thankful I want everybody far and wide to know what Cuticura can do. It is a sure cure for eczema. Mrs. Emma White, Camden, N. J., April 25, 1906."

The original of the above testimonials is on file in the office of the Editor of the New York Times. Reference: N. Towns & Co., Merchants, Sydney, N.S.W. Complete list of all Internal Remedies and every Homeopathic Remedy in Scotch, English, and French. Agents, Wholesale and Retail of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent: Messrs. R. Towns & Co., 111, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Agents, Wholesale and Retail of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent: Messrs. R. Towns & Co., 111, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Agents, Wholesale and Retail of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent: Messrs. R. Towns & Co., 111, Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

SANTAL MIDY

Superior to COPAIBA CUBEBAS and INJECTIONS.

Cures the same diseases in 48 hours without inconvenience.

Each Capsule bears the name MIDY

WHAT a Grand Compliment to the proprietors of CUTICURA, in seeing many testimonials of their efficacy. I'm trying to get a hold on the market. Ask for O.T.

Stamp Collecting.

A new surcharge is reported on the stamps of Costa Rica. It is one cent on 20 cents, the surcharge being in emerald green and gold, instead of black.

It is wonderful how old stamps keep turning up in unexpected places. An instance occurred this week in Auckland, when a gentleman going through a bundle of old newspapers that had been carefully preserved by his father since 1853, found on one a specimen of a 1d red Sydney view. There were 20 papers in the bundle, and the others had all been posted, but the stamps had disappeared, having evidently dropped off in the course of years.

The new rupee stamp of East Africa with the portrait of the King is dull green in colour—in fact, quite a distinct shade. It is watermarked Crown C.C. on toned paper instead of pure white. The 10 rupee stamp, blue and grey; watermark C.C., is on chalk-surfaced paper. It is expected that the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 20, and 50 rupee stamps will all in due course appear on the chalk-surfaced paper.

Now that chalk surfaced paper is proved to be an efficient check against cleaning the postmark off used postage stamps, the necessity no longer exists for printing in the fugitive colours. It is, therefore, quite probable that the various colours will adopt the system of single colours for their stamps. Already the penny stamp of Fiji is reported red on white paper instead of purple and black on red paper. Collectors will, therefore, be wise to fill up the blanks in their albums with the bi-coloured stamps as quickly as possible.

The question is being revived in philatelic journals as to whether there is to be one universal issue of stamps for the Commonwealth of Australia. The reason for this is that next October the five years' book-keeping period agreed upon when the States agreed to federate will expire. Meanwhile nothing definite has been decided regarding a Commonwealth issue. The "Australasian Philatelist" fears: "We shall have in the near future a so-called Commonwealth series printed in Adelaide on the South Australian pattern, viz., one die, with spaces for the insertion of the name of each State and value as occasion requires."

Scientists are continually warning people against new dangers. In fact, so many warnings have been given during the last few years that people sometimes wonder how ever folks existed at all in the "good old days" when sanitation was scarcely considered, and when bacteria were unknown. This, however, by the way, the "Lancet" has been recently pointing out the awful fact that "There is enough poison to kill a man in fourteen postage stamps. The poison is chromate of lead (chrome yellow), and it is so deadly that recently two children died who sucked one-fifth of a grain of it from some pastry ornament. Each 3d postage stamp (British) weighs rather more than half a grain, of which 2.53 per cent. is chromate of lead. On this basis 70 stamps would contain one grain of poisonous lead salt. The 3d stamp is in considerable use, especially for parcels, and although in all post offices wet pads are provided, most people wet stamps with their tongue. The prosaic official reply is beautiful in its simplicity. The public licks the gum arabic on the back of the stamp, which is perfectly wholesome."

With regard to the Nelson series of stamps issued in Barbados, the "American Journal of Philately" states: "It seems that Barbados' claim to 'The First Monument erected to Nelson's Memory, 1813,' as advanced in their recent commemorative issue of stamps, is disputed and, apparently, with good reason. We are in receipt of a neatly gotten up post-card from the Century Stamp Co., of Montreal, which bears one of the farthing Barbados stamps at the left under the inscription 'Barbados, 1813,' while at the right is a photo-production of another monument under the heading of 'Montreal, 1808.' At the top of the card is: 'Who erected the First Monument to Nelson's Memory?' while just below it is 'Canada first.' At the bottom of the card is the following:—'Inscription on base of monument.—In memory of the Right Honourable Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, who terminated his career of naval glory at the memorable battle of Trafalgar, on October 21, 1805, after inculcating by signal a maxim that can never be forgotten by his country, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' This monument pillar was erected by a subscription of the inhabitants of Montreal in the year 1808.' Subscriptions to Montreal Monument started the night that the news of Trafalgar reached the city. Thus does philately bring out historical facts which might otherwise remain unknown."

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The Real Servant Problem.

Our servant has just left, and we cannot get another anywhere." You hear the cry on every side. The rich only get servants by paying fancy wages, we are told. The middle class either have to do the work themselves or engage the servants which the rich do not want.

SERVANTS ARE NOT MACHINES.

Have you ever wondered whether it was altogether the servant's fault that she did not suit you?

There are many mistresses—it may not have been so in your case, but that is for you to judge—who regard their servants as machines. The servant who is a mere machine, who can carry out the everyday duties of the house, is not an over-whelming success in the long run. Some day there will be illness in the house, and then your servant would have to be something more than a machine. You will require her services in many ways which before were not necessary. And this is where the "machine servant" fails. She cannot adapt herself, and so at the very time when you want a valuable servant you find your "machine" almost useless.

MISTRESSES OFTEN TO BLAME.

Your servant is not a drudge. She is like yourself in being flesh and blood, and therefore she cannot do what you cannot. So many mistresses make the great mistake of forcing their servants to keep aloof from early morning till the last thing at night. What happens is one of these alternatives:—
Either your servant tires of her situation and leaves, or the continual and never-ending labour without periodical breaks of rest, saps her strength and she loses interest in her work, becomes slovenly—the downward step is so easy. Then you discharge her, and tell your friends that "she was good enough when she came, but she proved quite a useless girl."

Do you know what effect continual grumbling has upon you? Perhaps there has been a time when you have done all in your power to please your husband, but all your pains were repaid with grumbles. He was in a bad mood. You were in exactly the same position as a servant is when she tries to please, but is repaid with grumbles and no encouragement. It is the most heart-breaking thing on earth, and makes work twice as hard for the girl, who, whether you admit it or not, works as hard as anyone in your house, and harder than most.

HOW TO KEEP A SERVANT.

Don't expect a servant to have an angel's temper when she is tired out, and there is still half the day's work to be done.

See that she gets a little time to herself in the evenings, and encourage her in her amusements, her sewing, and so forth.

Don't treat her as you might a stray dog that hadn't a home and which you took in out of charity. She is as sensitive as you are, her feelings are just as acute.

Let her go out as often as you reasonably can without upsetting the home. All work and no play never accomplished anything yet.

Think twice before grumbling. If you are convinced that she has really been careless and not thoughtless, a rebuke will be necessary; if not, it might pay you to help a lame dog over a stile by speaking kindly. She will work none the worse for it.

ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS

For Rheumatism, Weak Backs, Colds, Coughs, Aching Kidneys, Chill on the Liver, Influenza, Asthma, Lumbago, Weak Chests, Sciatica, &c.

A Remedy of over 50 years standing. Prescribed by Physicians and sold by Chemists in every part of the civilized world. Guaranteed not to contain Belladonna, Opium, or any poison whatever.

ALLCOCK'S—The Original and only Genuine Porous Plaster.

Alarming Increase in Baldness!
A REMEDY OFFERED

Which possesses all the elements that go to produce a good head of hair. Its powerful, stimulating properties go straight to the hair roots, giving them a life and vigour they never knew before. And life and vigour to the roots mean more hair, stronger hair, better hair. It will assuredly do all this for YOU, as it has done for thousands of others.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

Mr. HARRY DE WINDT, The Great Explorer, writes: "I have only used your 'HARLENE' for TWO MONTHS and am perfectly astounded at its marvellous results. My hair has ceased dropping out, and is growing again quite thickly."

1/-, 2/6 & 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

Edwards' "Harlene" Co. 95 & 96 — London, W.C.

In weather extremes of heat and cold, nothing is so sustaining as

Cadbury's MILK CHOCOLATE

A Concentrated Sweetened Food of the highest quality. A product of the beautiful cocoa bean of the "Old Country," found by the Manufacturers of

Cadbury's COCOA.

of which The Lancet says it is "The Standard of Purity and Quality."

"SNOWED UP" A real infrequent winter occurrence. As some people of the "Old Country" say.

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY BRANDY WITH SODA.

SWIFT & COMPANY, 32 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

If you have been very ill, and are not recovering as fast as you expected, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will make your blood pure and will give you strength and energy.



Mrs. M. McShane, Hobart, sends this letter, with her photograph: "After recovering from a long attack of typhoid fever I suffered from a poor appetite and great depression, and was so weak I could hardly walk. Having seen

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

advertised as such a good blood purifier and general tonic, I thought I would try it. I did so, and soon my old strength came back, my appetite returned, and before I had finished the second bottle I could do all my work just as well as before."

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas. Be sure you get "AYER'S." Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. AYER'S PILLS, the best family laxative.

BISSELL'S



Insures Easy Thorough Sweeping

TO USE tallow candles for illuminating purposes today would be no more absurd than to use a corn broom for sweeping fine carpets or rugs. Would you use a harsh whisk broom to brush a delicate fabric of silk or satin? We are confident you wouldn't.

Then why use a harsh corn broom for sweeping a fine carpet or rug? A corn broom is positively destructive to fine carpets or rugs, to say nothing of the fact that it doesn't sweep clean. After you've swept with a broom, the BISSELL will follow and gather an immense quantity of fine dust and grit.

Once you use a BISSELL you will never be without one, and don't forget its economy, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms. Sold everywhere. Price 10/ to 18/.

Buy a "Cyclo" Bearing Bissell now, send us the purchase slip and we will send you a neat, useful present from BISSELL CARPET SWEEPERS CO., 25 Warren St., New York, U.S.A.

To soothe the Skin (suffering under the heat of a burning sun) and to remove the effects of perspiration.

CALVERT'S Prickly-heat Soap

is specially adapted. Though indispensable in cases of Prickly-heat (when the normal and other irritations of the skin, it is also popular for general bath and toilet use, being pure, antiseptic, and refreshing. 1.50 Sold by all local Chemists and Stores.

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

Make never mack of cold or cough. They danger spell, however slight. Not even steam it quite enough. To treat the primal symptoms lightly. Consider, see you money spend, To buy but mixtures safe and sure. Remember out and reformed. The worth of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

"Her Dreamland Tryst"

By Hallie Erminie Rives

TELL me you care nothing for me," he said, "and I will go away and never trouble you again." She turned her head towards him. In the early moonlight he could see the shining track of a tear on her cheek, and her fingers plucking at the wisps of beard-grass that tufted the dry lake-margin on which they sat. Her eyes were only half open, and their violet depths were nuzzed with a terror that made his heart suddenly contract. "No, no!" she breathed. "You do love me!" he exclaimed stubbornly, an edge of masculine resentment rasping his tone. "You do! I'm not mistaken. Do you think I don't know? Before I went on that confounded trip to Egypt in Burlingame's yacht a year ago—"

"Don't. Oh, don't!" She put out her hands weakly, and he caught one of them with a straining impetuosity and bent his lips to it. "I shall say it! You kissed me then here in Del Monte, in this very spot, with the moon yonder shining on the water. You kissed me! Didn't you love me then? Or was it only—" He half choked; but he felt the slim hand he held grow less forbiddingly rigid in his clasp. "I was such an inglorious coward, and the money wasn't mine, and I had no prospects, and I—oh, I wanted, when I asked you to marry me, to have something decently tangible to offer you! But you knew I meant it; you knew I would come back to say it. You couldn't have misjudged me that way; for I wasn't that sort. There has never been anybody else with me. And you have admitted that there is no one else with you. And yet you won't marry me!" His voice broke off with something like a groan. He dropped her yielding fingers, and his chin sunk dejectedly in his hands.

The gaze she turned to his dejected posture was very soft, now that he could not see it. Her eyes were luminous as fire-opals, and her lips were tremulous and tender. The hushed whispers of tropical fir and palm, and the pale scent of exotic California blossoms seemed to cling about her like a caress. He looked up suddenly and felt the full measure of her regard. Even in the dim light she could see the tinge that leaped to his cheek. "Jessica, Jessica!" he besought, "what is this thing that has come between us? Tell me, dear, please. Can't you?"

Again she had averted her head, again her fingers plucked at the tapers grass spears in a nervous trepidation. "You wouldn't understand."

He moved closer to her on the moss.

"Try me." "You wouldn't, you wouldn't!" she cried. "Nobody would. I feel it's irrational, absurd, and yet—and yet—oh, she finished miserably, "I can't shake it off, and I can't want to! And the worst of it is, I can't explain to anybody. I tried once to tell a woman, and she advised me to see Dr. Holbrook. She thinks now that I am queer; I see it in her eyes whenever she looks at me."

It was a sorely puzzled countenance she saw now in the moonbeams; but it was grave enough. "You mean there is something in your thoughts that forbid you to marry me?"

"Yes," The acquiescence was faint and troubled.

"Forbids you to marry anyone?"

"A shake of the suburb head."

"The trouble seems to be my own personality, then," he said with a shadow of bitterness. "Have I altered so? Do I disappoint your broadening ideals?"

"No, no!"; The denial was tense and eager, and he took courage.

"You love no one else, yet. Do you imagine you may come to love some one else?"

No answer. He winced as he saw the quick interlocking of her fingers.

"Some one you know?"

She shook her head.

"Some one you have seen?"

"No—yes—no—ah, don't ask me! Don't you see I am unreasonable and contradictory and queer?" She laughed now, a sad, unmitigated little laugh.

He paid no heed to her vehemence. "You have seen him, and yet you haven't seen him," he went on slowly. "I used to think the terms mutually self-exclusive. Perhaps they are not. Come, now. You know that if I thought there was a well-grounded reason for your determination, I would put the whole round world between us before I would trouble you with a word, but somehow, I can't think so. You see, this means so terribly much to me. Isn't it some shadowy self-deception you are nursing? Aren't you dreaming something that doesn't really exist at all?"

"That is what I thought at first," she said in a muffled voice, "—that it had no real existence—but when I dreamed it again—" she stopped, startled at the involuntary confession.

A note of almost laughter bubbled in his voice, the relief was so substantial. "So it was a dream, a real dream! And do you think such an airy fabric can shipwreck me? I love you, Jessica. I love you! And I am flesh and blood. Kiss me, as you did that night so long ago, here in the moonlight!" His masterful arms had drawn her close; his rough tweed jacket seemed to burn her cheek. She knew that she was yielding, yielding with a sweet consent, while the trouble in her brain crept back a pace. She felt her face lifted to his, and their lips clung into a kiss. Joy pierced her like a spear of desperate gladness, and the sigh of the firs and the lap of the lilted water seemed to be choking all her senses with a new and sufficient melody.

"Do you doubt still?" he asked presently, softly.

Her brown head stirred against his arm. "Now I want nothing but you—only you! It has always been so—since that night, here. When I am awake, it has never been different. But—"

"The dream?"

"In the dream I felt the same way—all of it, all of it! You were not in my thought at all. Don't you understand? I loved the one in my dream. I wanted nothing on earth so much as to touch him—to hold him. I would have died for him! I still love the very memory of it. I can't help it. And often and often I fall asleep in dread and terror of its coming."

The man's arms had slowly released her as she spoke. Now he leaned his resolute chin in his palm and gazed out across the misty water, where a belated water-fowl paddled, a shining arrow of silver wake, to its nest under some leaning clay-bank. His brows had puckered painfully at the tremor of feeling in the girl's voice; but his own still strove for an affected lightness. "Yet, if the very memory of the dream is so pleasurable, why do you dread it?"

"Because, each time he—it has been a dream of danger. When it comes, it is just as if he was calling me in some voice I have sometime known and—and loved, calling me to come. And each time I go, and see him in his extremity, and cannot help him! I try—oh, how I try!—and I wake up crying and trembling. I tell myself that it is only a dream; but in my dream I know that it is true—the danger, I mean, and my love. I know it. It is not like other dreams; while I am dreaming it, I realise the difference very well."

She had clasped her fingers over her knee. The passion now had faded from

her face, yet her eyes were bright with a sort of sober seriousness. An irritant pity stung him—a compassion that cradled in its core a rankling barb of self-hurt. "Let us consider the case judicially," he said, after a pause. "When was your first experience of this kind?"

"Last November, on father's birthday. I remembered it by that."

"November," he repeated. "My rival took his good advantage. I was far enough away, at least; somewhere on the Barbary coast, if I remember. And when was the next?"

"It was on the twelfth of February. I shall never forget that date. It was the night your letter arrived—the one written when you were in the Mediterranean. I fell asleep thinking of that, and of that last evening here at Del Monte. Then—it came! It was much more terrible than the first. I was ill for days afterward."

He could see that she was trembling. His man's cerebral impatience at the fanciful and irrational was gripping him hard; but he crushed it down, and his tone was even, as he said: "Dear, don't you see that this is a fantastic and intolerable situation? that it hasn't any basis in logic or fact? You're over-imaginative, and you've been brooding too much. Surely our dreams aren't given us to build our lives upon! You love me, and I'm satisfactorily tangible, a being with a briar pipe and a wholesome appetite. I don't sail on a cloud. I drive a motor car. You can't be in love with a dream-man. Why, it's unthinkable! I presume he is handsome," he added.

But the playful irony missed its answering smile. "I have never seen his face," she said soberly. "It was always turned away, or in the shadow. But I didn't need to see his face. I knew that the form I saw was the only one that existed for me in all the world."

"Yet you love me," he continued, with stubborn persistence. "And I am here, and the other one isn't. I hold the nine points. I'll guarantee he won't call again with me in possession."

"But he may," she said, in a panging revulsion. "The dream may come again now—while you are here. It was a hundred times nearer and stronger, the second time—the love, I mean. You have just kissed me; but suppose it came again to-night. Don't you see? Ah, don't you see?" She stopped abruptly; but he did not speak. "You needn't say it," she added with a tremulous smile.

"Say what?"

"What you are thinking; that I ought to see Dr. Holbrook."

"Dearest!" he said. "Medical science teaches that such things are the results purely of physical condition. If your symptoms were real waking hallucinations, there might be cause for worry. But yours are bona fide dreams—vivid ones, I admit, from their immense effect on your mind, but still only dreams. We should be able to take care of them without much trouble. Let me be physician. Give me the whole story, at any rate. Begin at the beginning and tell me all you can recall of the first dream. Won't you? Anything that touches your love, concerns me no less than yourself. Don't you realise that it does?"

She was silent for awhile, and he waited. When she began, her eyes were on the water, where a fairy mist, lights as a spider's gossamer, was beginning to wreath among the rushes. From the slope of lawn behind them, whence, from between the cypresses, sparkled the lights of the great hotel, came the throb of a motor car and mingled voices; but there was no near sound save the myriad insect chirp of

the thicket, and the rustle of breeze-bent boughs.

"It was on the third of November," she said, "in the afternoon. It had been very warm, and I had golfed that morning and was tired. But it was too nice weather to waste indoors, so I carried a book down to the magnolia-walk. I sat at the very end, by one of the little wicker tables. The story was dull, and that and the smell of the magnolias (you know how I love them) made me drowsy. I fell fast asleep, with my arms crossed on the table, and my head upon them. I dreamed other things first—it was in one of these dreams that I heard the calling, and knew that I must go."

"Who where?" he interrupted. "I didn't know. But I left that dream immediately and went. It seemed not to be difficult at all. It was most like the shifting, on the canvas, of one stereopticon slide into another, where the outlines of one picture fade into those of another with no abrupt shock of change. I had been in one picture, and it grew into another—that was all."

"The place I came into was a cabin in a ship; I knew that by the portholes and the way the floor regularly rose and fell. He, the man who had called me, was lying in a berth. He seemed to be asleep. His face was turned toward the wall, and one arm was thrown up over his cheek and forehead. A second man stood in the room—an Italian, I thought, from his black, waxed moustache. A square, leather handbag, full of little glass vials, lay open on the table, and beside it stood a decanter of brandy and a goblet. I knew somehow that he had taken the brandy from a cabinet on the wall, for its door was swinging open, and by the way he wavered on his feet and by the vacant look in his beady black eyes I knew that he was drunk."

"When I found myself in the room, he had one of the little vials in his hand and was about to pour some of the liquid it held into a glass of water. I knew perfectly well that it was poison, and that it was intended for the man in the berth—the man I loved. I screamed; but he paid no attention to me. Then I came close and took hold of his wrist; but he went on pouring just as if I had not been there at all. He was so strong! It made a dull, cloudy mixture in the glass. There came a noise outside the door, and he turned quickly, stuffed the decanter into the cabinet, set the glass on the stand by the berth, and went out, stumbling."

"I tried to pick up the glass, but it seemed to weigh a ton. While I was struggling with it, another man came in. He didn't appear to see me, either, and made no answer when I spoke to him. He came in, swearing under his breath as if he had been quarrelling; but looked at the man in the berth as if he was very fond of him. He glanced at his watch, took a spoon from the drawer, and filled it out of the glass. I knew the dose was for the sleeping man, and that if he swallowed it he would die."

"It seemed to me that I lived—only in those few seconds. I stood before him and snatched at the spoon, and held the other's hands, and prayed to God. But I might have been a stone. He paid no more heed than the Italian had done. It is poison! I cried. Poison, poison! You don't know what you are doing! I threw both arms around him frantically and tried to drag him away."

"Suddenly he started, and I saw his face twitch. 'Blank that Niccolini and his noholy perfumes!' he said. He faced round sharply, struck his elbow against the table, and dropped both glass and spoon to the floor. I heard the glass break. I had turned very dizzy—I thought to myself that I was fainting, and then—I woke up, with my head on the little wicker table in the magnolia-walk, with the air full of the heavy dew-smell of the blossoms and the dinner-dressing bell striking."

"That is all. But I can feel it still, to the very finger-tips: the awful numbing fear, and the gladness when it passed."

"The man had listened absorbedly. 'It must have been terribly vivid,' he said. 'You tell it as if you had actually seen it.'"

"Not a line of it has faded. It is as fresh to-day as it was the moment I awoke."

"They sat silent a moment, the man pondering. 'And the next time?' he said at length.

"The next time," she went on, "as I said, was the night of February 12th. Your letter, mailed at Alexandria, had come, and I spent the evening in my room reading it. It was late when I went to bed, and as I lay trying to go to sleep, I was thinking of one thing you said: that your yacht-host, Mr. Burlingame, and I wouldn't get along well together, because I loved the magnolia scent so, while it happened to be his pet detestation."

"I remember," he said. "He had a curious hatred for that particular odour. While we were at Assuan, on the Nile, he discharged his best native servant, because he thought he had had some of the flowers (or a particularly rank Egyptian species that had much the same perfume) in the room where he gave a dinner to a local pasha. Pardon me, I didn't mean to interrupt."

"I was still smiling at that sentence in your letter," she went on again, "when I remembered that a great China bowl of magnolias sat in the hall just outside the door. I brought them in and set them on my lamp-stand close to the pillow, with your letter beneath them, and so it was that I fell asleep."

"This time it seemed, when the calling came, as though I had been waiting and listening for it for many minutes, and it was fainter and farther away than the first time. The pictures slipped and merged again, just as before, and suddenly I was there. It was a different scene in this dream—a wide space like a roofed courtyard, with a raised platform at one end, surrounded with curiously twisted stone columns. A sudden exclamation came from the man beside her. 'What did you say?' she asked."

"Nothing," he interposed hurriedly "that is—will you go on, please?" His fingers had clonched themselves between his knees, and the face he turned from her was tense with a strange and growing wonder.

"There was a floor of mosaic in red and blue. A table was set at one end, as if for a meal, and about it stood a group of men—three in the evening-dress of Englishmen or Americans—the man who had dropped the glass in the ship's cabin was one of them—and three or four in close-buttoned coats, shaggy in at the waist, with yellow frogging and red fezzes."

"Yes, yes!" broke in the man eagerly; but without turning, as she drew a long sobbing breath. "And the other?"

"He was standing with his back toward me, and half in shadow. I could see that he held a broken chair upright in the air by its back, like a club, and below the edge of the raised platform a brown, naked body lay rolling in agony, thudding with its hands on the stone pavement. All this lasted only a second; but I can't express how clearly I saw every detail of it all, even down to the arabesques carved on the walls, and the sickly loathly look of fear on the faces of some brown, white-coated servants, who were peering in between some curtains. It was just at sunset, for a great bar of deep, purplish-magenta came through a circular window above the table."

"Then—then—I saw why the calling had come. Another brown naked form was sprawled one side, behind a pillar. A crooked knife was between his teeth, and he was crawling, like a great misshapen snake, straight, straight behind the man with the chair. As he lowered the chair, the brown form rose to its feet. The servants now were lifting the one who lay on the pavement, and every one was looking in that direction. If I lived a thousand years, I should never forget what I felt and suffered in that moment! Dying oneself can't be nearly so— Her words had trailed away into incoherency."

"Dear!" said the man, and put out his hand and took her own. His eyes were moist and shining with a sudden knowledge, and his own voice was uncertain."

"I screamed—I could hear myself, but nobody else could hear me. Then, all at once, I knew that I must make some one else see; that if the man in the shadow turned, it would be too late—the crouching figure would strike first. How I strove to send out the current of my will to make him see the creeping murderer that he was blind to! Every vein was like a throbbing fire; but my heart was ice. It was his life! It was worth more than all the world to me. If he died, I knew I wanted to die too. And I was powerless, powerless—nothing but a writhing shadow, and the arm I clung to was as steady as if I had had no be-

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ing; I was desperate. I threw myself on him, and beat at his face with both hands. It was like striking a cloud—no shock, or sound, or resistance.

"Suddenly the same thing happened as on the ship. He started, angrily, I thought. I saw his nostrils expand. He turned—and saw the deadly figure behind the pillar.

"He moved so swiftly that something bright and shining seemed to leap from nowhere into his hand. There was a loud, crashing, smoking report that turned everything to storm, a fearful, shrieking confusion of voices and wind and light and fall. And then—I was in my own room here at Del Monte, in my bed, with the great bowl of magnolias beside me, and the dawn coming in at the open window. I was in a fever for several days afterward."

"She ended with a long, shuddering sigh. "Now," she said presently, "I've told you. I presume I am to see Dr. Hurlbrook?"

"Will you wait here," he asked, "on this bank, for ten minutes? I want to go to my room and bring something for you to see."

"Yes," she agreed, and added with a pale smile: "I shall expect you to return with no less than two attendants and a strait jacket. But I don't promise to go quietly."

The moon had been dropping lower, and as his quick footfall died away its topmost rim slipped below the fringe of the cypresses, leaving the lake a ghostly farr of darkness, and the near thicket a wraith-haunted playground of elemental things. She leaned back on the pungent, springy moss, vibrating at once to the beauty of the night and to the thrill to which her strange recital had accorded. Experience had opened her mind to the eternal enigma of life and living, the subtle mystery of soul-in-stinct. Her maturing thinking had always been clear and wholesome; all her life, each several night had meant a cooling bath in the perfect health of sleep, until this weaving cross current, this mixed motive of joy and pain, had come to maze her. This concrete bodily presence was the man she loved; but even with his arms about her had risen this spectre of a spiritual affinity that, in its sleeping consciousness, her soul recognised and fled to. Could one love two men—one in a fleshly envelop and one in the immaterial body of vision? A living suitor and a dream lover? An uncanny sense of unreality swept over her, and even in this she seemed to feel a warm human breath against her hair. She crouched close to the ground, striking it hard with resentful hands. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" she cried to the swathing shadows.

She had grown calmer before she heard his returning steps. As he sat down beside her, she saw that he had brought with him a flat morocco-bound book, and a tiny electric pocket-lantern, while a letter, fresh from the post, was in his hand. "It's from Burlingame," he said, "posted at Alexandria, just in by the late mail. I read it for the first time not five minutes ago, as it was handed to me at the desk." He laid the volume and letter on his knee, and focussed the gleaming bulb of the lantern upon them. "You have told me a wonderful story, sweetheart, more wonderful than I have ever heard. I am going to add a chapter to it, which I think will exorcise the Terror of your dream forever."

She looked up, puzzled, for his face was grave to reverence, yet softened and glowing as if from some brilliance within. "Your first dream," he went on, "came last November. What I am going to read you now is the closing page of Burlingame's letter. Listen:

"I enclose you a clipping from 'Galvani's' to the effect that one Nicolini, a discredited medico here, has been arrested for manslaughter. It seems that who irresponsibly drunk he dosed a poor tourist with something deadly—cyanide of cadocyl, I believe, instead of ipecac. Apropos this interesting Italian, I am going to confess here something you never knew. Do you remember last November when a certain comrade of mine was down sick on the yacht with a touch of Mediterranean fever? Well, the first day he got ill his head, I sent for a doctor and by some evil luck drew this same rascal. He hadn't made his bid name then, and my ignorance was complete; so I told him to leave some medicine. You remember my hatred for the magnolia scent? Well, the idiot used some such perfume. He left the cabin positively

reeking with it; and when I came in I was so ill-tempered as to upset the glass and spill all the medicine he had left. If the clipping and my tale of this accident, combined, do not convince you that some patients bear charmed lives, the word of the consular surgeon whom I got an hour later, may do so. He took oath that the glass had held enough laudanum to kill the entire crew, including your friend and ex-commander.

"Burlingame."

She had not spoken, and the shade held her face; but her hands were clasping his arm with an almost hysterical pressure. He had read slowly and distinctly, while the beam from the lens wavered on the crackling white paper like a huge glow-worm. He laid down the letter now and turned to the thin morocco volume.

"Your second dream," he said, "was on the night of the twelfth of February. This book is my diary. At that date—he turned the leaves rapidly—the yacht lay at Assuan, in Upper Egypt." He broke off a moment to pencil some figures on the margin. "At dawn here, on the day of your dream, it was then, let us say, sunset, eight o'clock in the evening, at Assuan. You see what I am coming to?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, with her breath coming faster, her pulses beating to riot. "Go on!"

He turned to a folded leaf and read: "Assuan, February 11.—A dull day. Burlingame and I had an unpleasant row this morning with a couple of the servants of Aman Pasha; over the beating of a slave-boy. He thrashed one, and I was obliged to ditto the other. It seems the beating was by the pasha's order.

"Later—Burlingame is going to make it all right with the old hypocrite by giving him an American dinner at the local 'Sherry's'—dress-suits, champagne, and carte blanche to Sidi, as to courses."

"Assuan, February 12.—A dull day. Burlingame's dinner to Aman Pasha in the evening ended with fireworks."

She looked up started, into his smiling face. "That is all the entry," he said. "This diary, you see, is for my mother's eyes. What really happened that night in Assuan, Burlingame, the British Consul, and I agreed to be silent about. But I know now, sweetheart, what I should never have guessed but for your story—a knowledge that makes me very humble. I know now," and his voice shook, "that your love has twice sent your spirit to me in a moment of deadly peril, once to snatch my life from a hate that failed only by a fraction of a second. Dearest, don't you understand? I am the comrade Burlingame speaks of in his letter—the sick man you loved, who lay in his berth that third of November. I am the man you loved, who stood in the sunset shadow that evening with the chair. It was Burlingame who spilled the laudanum at Alexandria, Burlingame whose revolver stopped the man behind the pillar at Assuan; but it was you—thank God, you, Jessica!—who both times came to warn him and to save me!"

He had opened his arms, and she crept into them in a great wonder.

"It was you only that I loved all the while," she whispered, "and I never knew! But it was the flowers after all. They spoke where I could not. I am glad I always loved them so."

"That reminds me," he said; "there is a postscript to the letter, that I didn't read." And with one arm about her, he read the closing words:

"P.S.—I have taken back Sidi into my service. He has the assurance to stick to his yarn about having had no magnolias on the premises the night of my Aman Pasha dinner, when those brutes of felahs came so near killing us. It was a curious thing about those magnolias, wasn't it?"

The tiny electric bulb went out, and the dim, purpureal night, with its soft, insistent odours, wrapped them around. Her head was on his breast, and her lips repeated softly—so low that he bent where she lay in his arms to hear:—

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it!"

Mr. Jimpson: "Are you fond of yachting, Miss Dashway?"

Miss Dashway: "Oh, yes. At the very thought of it, a inspiring breeze, the straining sail, and the rushing water, I can hardly contain myself!"

Mr. Jimpson: "Yes, yes. That's how it usually affects me."

Duel Before the Camera.

"A duel was fought with pistols at the Parc des Princes this afternoon (Friday, May 11) between the Count de Noailles and M. Lucien Millevoye. Two shots were exchanged without result." Thus briefly runs the official description of the duel between the fire-eating editor of the "Patrie," M. Millevoye, and his recent opponent at the elections. But such a description is entirely inadequate to the occasion, writes the Paris correspondent of a London journal.

Although not one-tenth of French duels ever result in any bloodshed, although there is little in them indeed which would cause an insurance company to make the parties involved "exceptional risks," they are always well stage-managed.

To-day's combat was no exception to the rule. Everybody made the most extraordinary efforts to look as solemn as to take matters as seriously as possible. Even the photographers—who are absolutely indispensable at a French duel—were black, and tried to look as much like seconds as possible.

The duel had been announced for 1.30, but the two combatants arrived on the ground a quarter of an hour before their time. They bowed to each other with great formality, and then moved off in different directions in the company of their respective seconds and their respective doctors.

The Count had brought with him Dr. Doyen, the famous cancer specialist, and Dr. Doyen had brought a case of instruments large enough to operate on a regiment.

The quarter of an hour passed quickly, the seconds spending the time in measuring the ground and tossing for places. The photographers adjusted their cameras, and the journalists their notebooks.

Then the director of the combat took charge of the affairs. He placed a small instrument on a table, and drew the attention of the duellists to it. It was a metronome, such as we have all used in practising our scales at school, and was to beat time for the bloodthirsty encounter.

"When I have asked if you are ready," he shouted to the duellists, "you will answer 'Yes.' Then I shall say, 'Fire—one—two—three,' and you will fire between the words 'fire' and 'three.'"

The duellists nodded, showing that they understood, and then they grasped their pistols tightly.

"Are you ready?" thundered the director of combat. "Yes," replied M. Millevoye a little nervously. "Perfectly," said the Count, with another little smile, which was immediately suppressed. "Fire—one—two—" shouted the director, and before he could say more two pistol shots rang out.

When the smoke had cleared the Count turned and walked up to the fence behind him, from which he extracted M. Millevoye's bullet with a penknife. He put the bullet in his waistcoat pocket as a souvenir.

The bullet he had fired himself could not be found, and M. Millevoye had to go away without it.

Then M. Millevoye bowed to the Count, who returned the bow with great formality; the seconds exchanged similar courtesies; the photographers packed up their cameras; and everybody went away to lunch.

There had been a social entertainment in one of the best families of the capital. The following day a lady who had been a guest appeared before the magistrate and told him that she had been robbed of her gold watch and chain by one of the male guests, whom she named. As the story seemed almost incredible, the magistrate asked her to tell how the thing happened.

"You see, it was hot in the ballroom, and so I walked out to the porch and sat down in a rocking-chair. This man accompanied me. I leaned back in the chair, and closed my eyes, while he stood by my side, talking. And after a while I felt a soft touch at my waist."

"I see," said the magistrate, "and then you screamed."

"No, I didn't. I did not move. But after a while when I opened my eyes, the man was gone with my watch and chain."

"But I can't understand why you didn't scream when you felt his hand at your waist."

"Well, you see, I thought he did it with good intentions!"

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Mr. Falk Cohen, clothing, of Willis-st., Wellington, is a well known Wellington City Councillor and business man, and his testimony will carry weight. Mr. Cohen suffered from rheumatic gout, but RHEUMO quickly cured him. He writes: "Last Friday I experienced a very bad attack of rheumatic gout—in fact, so bad that I had to be assisted to a cab. On arrival at home I immediately took a dose of your RHEUMO repeating same every four hours. The pain soon left, and in the morning I came down to business as usual. I cannot say too much for the prompt and effectual manner in which RHEUMO acts on pain." Your chemist or stockkeeper sells RHEUMO at 2/6 and 4/6 a bottle.

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The Room With the Red Curtains

By CAROLINE DUER

ABOUT a week after the death of my old cousin, Miss Abigail Linn, I was summoned to Tuttleborough to assist in the dismantling of the poor lady's residence. The house was to be sold, and the furniture, pictures, and ornaments distributed among such of her few relations as cared to take them; all this at the discretion of my mother, who was her principal heir and executor.

I had seen little of my cousin. Her small crumpled white face, thin, hunched figure and flighty manner were rather distant memories to me. Therefore her sudden demise was not so much of a sorrow as a surprise (since she had reached an age when the confirmed habit of living is difficult to break), and my chief concern was for my mother, whose enforced detestation from home was irksome to her. The fact that she desired my help and company in her exile made me exceedingly proud. I was just seventeen, and to be important was to be happy.

It was late afternoon when I arrived at Tuttleborough and drove up the steep little cobbled-stoned street to Miss Linn's late abode.

In answer to my ring there appeared a respectable, middle-aged woman, short and thick-set, with a pale, expressionless face, and very black hair demurely parted in the middle. She ushered me in with prim formality, and at the same time my mother came down the stairs all in a flutter to welcome me.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "what is left of me is glad to see you. You might not think it, but sorting and arranging odds and ends and fastening tags on the furniture and pictures that are to go away is very wearisome."

I expressed my regret for her fatigue and my desire to be of assistance, and she patted my cheek and went on:

"Oh, yes, you will help me with all that, and choose something for yourself, too, as a memento. It seems strange to think of her as gone. Poor old lady! Her peculiarities were very marked, of course" (here mamma smiled and sighed tolerantly), "but she was just, in a certain way, and not ungenerous for her means. She left a thousand dollars to Jane Armstrong, her servant, you know—the woman who let you in."

We had been standing for some minutes in the musty little drawing-room, and Jane Armstrong had gone upstairs with the cabman who was carrying my trunk.

"To be sure," continued my mother, "Jane has been very faithful, and deserves that, and more. It was not easy to live with your cousin; and as time went on she grew more and more inconsequent and flighty."

"Was she out of her mind?" I inquired. "Oh, no, my dear, only a little unbalanced. She had an unhappy love affair, and she brooded over it till she became—rather queer. That's all. Well, what do you think of this curious old house?"

I gazed about me with interest. The rooms on the main floor were low-ceilinged and narrow-windowed; square, with faded walls and time-stained portraits. The air had a curious, close feeling, as if it had been exhausted forever by the consumption of that sacred fuel, hard coal, while the smell of old matings, old rugs, hangings, and furniture stults, faint but persistent, hung over all. The place was a perfect curiosity-shop, but mamma permitted me only the most cursory glance before she led the way upstairs.

In its second storey, the house was divided, as most city houses are, into a large and small front and a large and small back room, with closets between. The large front one was evidently a sitting-room, and though the companionship of a huge black stove would not have been congenial to me, I was informed that my cousin spent the greater part of her day beside it.

"She used to sit here knitting and doing worsted-and-bed work for fairs,"

explained my mother, pointing to an old rosewood rocking-chair, upholstered in horsehair, and tastefully draped with a red and white crocheted shawl, "and she would get up fifty times a day to look out of the window and see if Dr. Davenport, the rector, were passing. He was her one romance, you know. And he never had an idea of it! Sometimes she used to be unhappy and mutter to herself that he'd treated her badly, and sometimes she'd be furious."

"What a dismal life!" I exclaimed, full of sudden pity. "Had she no one who could stay with her?"

"She wouldn't have thanked them for it. You see, she and Jane had got into each other's habits, and any new element would have been disturbing. I used to have difficulty myself in inducing them to let me come, from time to time, just for a day, to see how she was getting on."

"And had she no friends here?"

"A few old women cronies. But she did not encourage intimacies. I've been too busy with the funeral, and the lawyers, and the business part of it all, to look them up; but I think there's an ancient widow, a Mrs. Munching, who lives across the street. I must go and see her before we leave and take her some little remembrance. I don't suppose anybody would say 'thank you' for those plants," my mother added, doubtfully surveying three green wooden stands of long-shanked, one-sided geraniums that constituted a "conservatory." "They seem to have run entirely to leaf and stalk. Poor old soul! She prided herself upon the way things grew for her, too."

"Oh, dear me," I observed mournfully, yet with a certain appreciation of my own neatness of sentiment, "they are like the years that just went on and never flowered for her."

"Well, my dear," returned mamma briskly, "one has to supply a great deal of the sunshine oneself, when one wants blossoming years, and whatever good qualities your cousin had, pleasantness was not one of them. Few people could be more disagreeable than she when she chose. Jane tells me that her temper had, for some time, been exceedingly violent. A less long-suffering person would not have stood it, I fancy, in spite of the sincere attachment that undoubtedly existed between them. However, it's ill work commenting upon the faults of the dead. Have you noticed her gloomy old bedroom here at the back? I couldn't have endured it a moment! And it was lonely, too, for her all alone on this floor. But she would not change it, nor even allow Jane to sleep down here near her. Her will was as set as the walls."

I followed in the wake of mother's voluminous skirts, which swept scarping over the matting.

The room was gloomy. There could be no question of that. On one side of the mantel-piece was a ponderous wardrobe with heavy mahogany doors; on the other an enormous desk with a rolling top. A great double bed occupied most of the floor space, its head against the wall and its foot serving as a back to a narrow, hard-looking bench covered with chintz of the fiercest red and blue Persian pattern.

Between the windows, which were curtained in dull red, a spired dressing-table of the domestic Gothic type presented in its way glass a dim green picture of the objects nearest it. The gold and dun flowered paper reflected the late sunset in a sombre bronze glow. Only the prospect outside the windows seemed bright, and as I approached them I wondered if this were not the reason for my cousin's preference of the apartment. For the view was lovely.

"Yes," said my mother, as I gave an exclamation of pleasure, "it's very pretty; but she always sat in the other room, where she could hear the feet of the horses tramping on the stones, and watch the passers-by, and could do Dr.

Davenport. I dare say she enjoyed herself after her fashion. Perhaps—if that were as near as we could get to active life—we'd sit in our front windows, too. Come, let us go upstairs and get ready for supper."

I found myself the possessor of a small white-walled apartment, decidedly more cheerful than anything on the story below. Mama was next to me, and across the hall were Jane's room and the storeroom.

I unpacked my trunk, took my bath, dressed, and presented myself at the table in a frame of mind both amiable and energetic.

Jane waited upon us with a gloomy sort of reserve that made me, personally, feel as if I had intruded upon a sorrow that I was incapable of sharing, but I ate my scrambled egg and crunched my toast with a reasonably good appetite for all that, and betook myself resolutely to my evening's task of destroying old letters and photographs.

My mother was an indefatigable worker, and it was quite ten o'clock before she allowed either of us to leave off. By what time a storm had come up and I heard the rain sweeping against the front windows. It seemed to be a most melancholy downpour, and pattered drearily on the tin roof of a small extension, just outside my cousin's window. I heard it distinctly as I passed the open door on my way to bed.

I suppose I must have been tired, for, in spite of the beating of the drops on the glass and the creaking of the door that would not shut, I fell asleep almost as soon as I closed my eyes; and I think I should have slept till morning if a sudden gust had not blown the shutter to with such violence that a window-pane was broken and the rain dashed in a fierce little shower across the room.

Considerably startled, not to say wet, I jumped up and endeavored to move my bed—a most disastrous attempt on my part, for the vigorous tug I gave to the foot only succeeded in loosening the heavy old-fashioned wooden slats from the side-piece. I heard them slip out and fall with a succession of dull thuds, saw my mattress and pillows sink half out of sight, and was divided between the inclinations to laugh and cry.

It seemed hopeless to try to put the cumbersome piece of furniture together again by myself; I did not wish to disturb my mother—if the noises already made failed to do so—and I had an odd sort of reluctance about rousing Jane to attend to any of my wants.

Jane's general air of tragic aloofness made me feel desperately uncomfortable every time I addressed her. So after a few months I began trying to drag the mattress from the frame with a view to making up a bed on the floor. I had pulled off the coverings, one and all, and was reconstructing my couch in a corner when mamma appeared yawning in the doorway.

"What has happened to you, dear?" she inquired, with a kind of gentle endurance in her tone.

I explained, feeling that the endurance was not all on her side, sorry as I was to have waked her.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, all sympathy at once. "Poor child! You can't sleep in these sheets. They are all wet. What are we to do? Would you mind?—I'm sure you wouldn't!—and the bed down there is all freshly made and comfortable—would you mind sleeping in your cousin's room on the next floor for the rest of the night? If you do, you can take my room and I'll go down."

I was not in the least afraid, and promptly said so. I think I was a little proud of myself for not being, but I could lay my hand on my heart and assert positively that I collected the few things necessary for my transit and descended to my new apartment without a quail. I never felt less nervous in my life, and after I had lighted the gas and

shut the door I was conscious only of satisfaction at the prospect of resuming my healthy sleep in dry quarters.

As I turned down the coverlet, however, I had a curious sensation of uneasiness, and it occurred to me that I had noticed a key in the lock and had not turned it. I was so little in the habit of locking doors that I struggled with myself several minutes before I yielded to the insistent impulse that had come upon me, but finally I did yield, and locked not only that but the other two doors in the room—one leading to the trunk-room next, and one (through the closets) to the front of the house.

I felt more at peace when this was accomplished, and walked to the window to open it a little as I have been brought up to do. The wind on this side was not violent, but the rain drummed on the roof of the extension more loudly than ever.

As I crossed back again I was aware of a charming old mirror in a tarnished gilt frame that hung over the mantel-piece. I had not happened to notice it in the afternoon, but now, admiring it greatly, I resolved to ask mamma if I might have it for my own. I approached it, but the face that looked out at me seemed scarcely mine. In the feeble light of the one gas burner I appeared to have suddenly aged—to have grown pale and pinched, wrinkled and hollow-cheeked, and above all most horribly afraid.

I stood staring at myself, terrified and naturally the more terrified I felt the more my dreadful reflection gave me back distorted features. It seemed as if this dismal image could not be mine. The sick feeling of furtive uneasiness I had experienced before could hardly account for the ghastly expression I now encountered.

It was as if some fear, beyond any I had ever known, was trying to impress itself upon me. Shocked and shaken I tore my eyes from the eyes in the glass, and running to the bed threw myself upon it and buried my face in the pillows.

To lose sight of the mirror was a relief, and after a few seconds I began to take myself to task for my silly panic. I forced myself to get up and make a survey of the room.

I opened the great gloomy wardrobe. I shook the dark red curtains of the windows. I poked into all the corners and even looked under the bed—a childish proceeding at which I promised myself to laugh in the morning—finally I turned out the light without, as it were, giving myself warning and slipped quickly between the sheets.

I did my best to compose my mind with reasonable thoughts and lie still, but whichever way I turned I imagined evil lurking behind me. Little evils crept over my shoulders and up into my hair. I kept straining my ears for the least sound in the silent house, and it seemed to me that I was waiting for something I dreaded, and was curiously conscious that I had dreaded many a time before this.

In vain I agreed with myself and tried to summon common sense to my aid. Some power outside my will held me tensely alert and apprehensive of further terror—terror with which I felt myself familiar, and danger which I had somehow long anticipated and been impotent to avert.

By and by I was convinced that I heard footsteps—clumpy, lurching footsteps—on the stairs and in the hall. I was not surprised; I absolutely knew that I had been in alarmed expectation of them; that they would pause at my door; that the handle would be violently turned and twisted by angry fingers.

Cowering under the clothes I listened, or thought I listened, to a rough voice threatening me in coarse and incoherent language. And the dread and fear of that voice in my ears were only surpassed by the horror of knowing that if I turned toward the window I must catch the sound of movement on the extension roof, the jar of a sash being raised, the soft, sinister tread of some stealthy intruder crossing the room.

In every fibre I was conscious of the advance of creeping feet—of hands feeling, feeling, feeling their way toward me and my wretched little congested throat, from which I well knew no cry could issue. Gasping and strangling I suddenly fought myself free from the stunned horror of it and leaped in one great bound from the bed over to the door. In spite of their flumbying my fingers managed to turn the key. The

creature outside that called was better than the creature inside that crept. I flung myself into the hall—and the hall was empty.

The gas flared a little as I dashed open the door, and the shadows of the lamplight wavered on the wall, but no one was there. The house was again as silent as the grave. As I looked down the passage I saw that the faint light of early morning glimmered grey in the square of the front window. That in itself gave me a scrap of courage and I dared to glance over my shoulder at the blackness I had fled from. Not the least sound came out of it.

With bravery as unaccountably dominant as my previous fright I took a match from the box which hung on a nail in the hall, struck it, and holding it before me turned back into the room. No one stirred in it but myself. I lighted the gas. The place was no more gloomy, and no less quiet and respectable than it had been in the afternoon. Not a fold of the red curtains was changed; the window I had opened was just as I had left it, raised a few inches; the rain still beat upon the roof. I flung wide the shutters and the dim dawn-light struggled in.

I had no idea what time it might have been when the storm roused me from my first sleep up-stairs, but I told myself that undoubtedly the sun would soon rise, and it was unnecessary for me to go to bed again, and I huddled my dressing-gown about me, pinned up my straggling locks, and betook myself to the sitting-room, where, curled up in my cousin's favourite chair, I waited and watched till I heard the call of the milkman and the homely rattle of cans in the street below.

Then, fearful that Jane, descending, would disapprove of my irregular encampment, I retreated to the back bedroom, collected the few belongings I had left there, and as soon as I heard the creak of boots and the rustle of petticoats lessen in the distance I ran swiftly up-stairs and took refuge in my former domicile.

I resolved to say nothing about the nightmare, vision, visitation—whatever it was I had suffered from; and to tell the truth, as I looked back upon my sensations, they appeared to diminish till I could hardly be sure I had not really been asleep and dreaming from the very first moment.

I answered mama's comments on my paleness with vague complaints of a headache which I assured her came from reading the faded old writing of last evening's letters. I attempted a pleasant word or two with Jane as she served our breakfast, hoping to cover the fact that I could not eat a morsel, and she relaxed enough in her melancholy reserve to remark that "a cup of strong tea might do my eyes good, which I often told Miss Abigail, who suffered from them something dreadful."

As soon as the meal was over mama and I set to work, she writing tags and I fastening them on different articles as I was directed. The morning was half gone before she asked me the question I had been dreading:

"Well, my dear, did you settle upon nothing that you wanted for yourself?"

The thought of the mirror as I had seen myself in it last night came over me with a thrill. I did not quite know whether I was going to demand its history, if it had one, or deny that I wanted anything out of this dismal old house, when the door-bell rang, and after a decent interval Jane announced Mrs. Minching.

She was a tall, untidy, meek-looking woman, well advanced in years, and she held out a claw-like hand, encased in a black cotton glove, to mama, and begged that we'd excuse her if she seemed intrusive, but being very friendly with Miss Abigail, she thought it could not be taken amiss if she came over in a neighbourly way just to see if she could do anything.

The rest of the sentence trailed off into nothingness, but my mother understood the kind intention, and, assuring Mrs. Minching that we had only been waiting for her advice to distribute certain small keepsakes, led the way up-stairs. I followed lily, and Jane accompanied us with an expression of countenance that told as plainly as words could have done her insuperable objection to seeing anybody outside the family interfering with her mistress's belongings.

Our visitor stayed only a short time and departed, timidly and hesitatingly as she had come, declining to accept

anything for herself but a picture of the deceased in a mournful black oval frame, and a huge old inlaid wood workbox, which she declared was precious in her eyes because she had so often seen Miss Abigail use it.

I carried these valuable possessions across the street for her, and she detained me in nervous converse till I was obliged almost abruptly to bid her good-bye on the grounds that I could not leave mama any longer at work alone. Then she suddenly stretched out the claw-like hand and clutched me. "I couldn't tell you there," she gasped, "but she—your cousin, Miss Abigail she wasn't happy; you know. And I'm—afraid—Jane used to ill-use her sometimes. Jane drank badly, and—and she was very violent when she was drunk. Oh, I've heard things—all the way over here. And she kept bad company. I've seen queer men about. But Miss Abigail, she was too scared of her life to let me know she knew. And now I ask myself—I've asked myself every day since she died—did anything awful happen there? Did it? Did it?"

"No, no, no," I cried, putting my hands in front of my eyes. "Nothing happened. Nothing could have happened. She died of heart-failure."

But, as I left her, with a sickening throb of last night's horror, the question forced itself upon me:

"What caused that heart-failure? Had she been frightened once too often? Was the terror in that room her terror before the end? And what end? Who knows?"

—From the "Scrap Book."

A Hundred Tons of Food a Month.

THE PANTRY OF AN OCEAN LINER.

Probably not one passenger in a hundred gives a thought to the magnitude of the catering done by the firms who keep the pantries and storerooms of ocean steamers stocked with foodstuffs. And yet the question of meals is always a vital one to travellers, and the quantity and quality of the food that is supplied while one is crossing the Atlantic interests ascetics as well as gourmets.

Recent inquiries brought to light the fact that the largest steamship afloat uses 100 tons of food every month. This enormous quantity is none too much for hungry passengers, and for the crew, who alone number over 500 individuals. The ocean steamships contract with the caterers for a year's supplies, stipulating that the provision must be of the best quality procurable.

One of these caterers is of a statistical turn of mind, and has figured out that if it were incumbent upon him to fill the storerooms of a modern liner with foodstuffs sufficient for a whole year's voyages, it would require a procession of carts drawn by no less than 1000 horses to convey them to the ship, and that this procession would be about four miles long.

He says that the supply of meat for a twelvemonth would comprise 180 tons of beef, 3400 sheep, representing 90 tons of mutton, 120 tons of lamb, and 10,000 pounds each of pork and veal. This would mean an allowance of nearly 20 tons of meat for each voyage, assuming that the ship crossed the Atlantic 20 times (single voyage) during the year.

In addition to this, chickens, ducks, and other poultry and game to the number of 60,000 are used, and 45 tons of fish, fresh and dried, including lobsters and sardines, are needed to satisfy the appetites of the passengers. The morning rasher of bacon or ham condemns 600 innocent pigs to their last squeal, and represents an addition of 25 tons or over to the ship's refrigerator.

The manner in which this caterer added up figures proving the consumption of vegetables was too much for the overtaxed imagination of the reporter, but one fact was noted down, namely, that 600 tons of potatoes are eaten during the year by the ship's patrons.

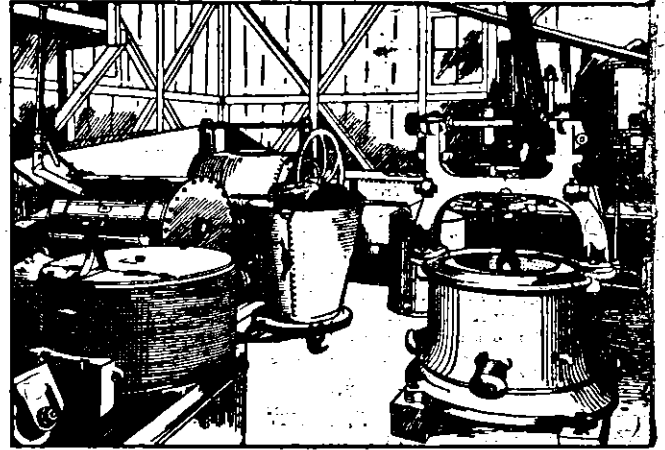
A supply of flour for this same steamer makes 280 tons of bread, and the quantity of butter used to spread on the staff of life should make the average traveller ashamed to look a cow in the face. Eggs to the number of

300,000, turning the scale at the approximate weight of 13 tons, are also supplied, and 10,000 gallons of milk represent a light estimate of the quantities of lactical fluid consumed.

The caterer produced bills and papers to prove that he was not exaggerating, and pointed out one document showing

that 25 tons of coffee were used in a year on one liner.

He explained that the items mentioned represent only a few of the foodstuffs which he supplies, and he figured out on paper that the tea consumed during the year's voyage would fill a swimming bath six feet deep and fifty feet long.



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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received the badge by last mail, and thought it was very nice indeed. My sister is back from Auckland now, and she tells me she likes it very much indeed, and was sorry to come away. You said you had relations staying at our place not so long ago; well, if you tell me who they are by name I will, by next letter, tell you if I remember them. You must not think because we live so far out that we are always quiet, and that it must be easy to remember all the names of the people. We are simply crowded in summer-time; sometimes men sleep on the verandah. In winter, of course, it is rather quiet. Yes, the Hot Springs are wonderful. Outside the bathhouses is a fairly deep creek, and there are a lot of springs in it. In summer-time we swim across it. My schoolmate did not write last time, as she was ill; but I think she is writing this time. I am going to encourage a lot of my other friends to write to the "Graphic"—that is, if you will have them. At this school, where I go now, there are eight children going; but at the Raglan school, where I went before, there were about seventy. I saw in the "Graphic" a little while ago where one of the cousins went to Raglan; I wonder if it is the same Raglan I mean. Yes, indeed, I think you would like to come here; the bush around is so pretty and the baths are a great attraction. Did you go to the pantomime? My sister did, and enjoyed herself greatly. The answer to that riddle is "Swallow"; of course, if you do not swallow, you will die in time. What sort of weather have you been having in Auckland lately? We are having awful weather down here—rain, thunder, and lightning. We have two telephones—one is a private and the other a public one. I answer the private one sometimes, and think it is nice sport. Doesn't Cousin Hilda write long letters? Some parts of them are very amusing, I think. Would it not be nice to be able to travel as much as Cousins Hilda and Hero have done? though I would be very sick on the boats, coaches, and train, as I am a fearfully bad sailor. I pin my badge on the bedroom wall, and as long as I have it I will always remember the cousins' page. My mother had given to her to-day by a gentleman a lovely picture frame. This frame consists of 100 separate pieces of wood, and is done on red plush. Then there is a lady's two hands and four roses made of kauri wood put on this plush, and all painted red. I think it is very pretty. I will now give you and the cousins a puzzle:—One day there was a lady and a gentleman in a tramcar. The lady: Stop smoking. The man: Take that dog away. So the lady threw the pipe out of the window and the man threw the dog out of the window. After the car stopped they got out. What then was the name of the man, and what do you think the dog had in its mouth?—From MILLY.

[Dear Cousin Milly,—I suppose it will be your turn to come to Auckland for a trip next time. You must try and stay a little longer than Edie did, two days hardly gives one time to see anything, does it? The friends who told me about the springs were staying there at Christmas-time, and, of course, when there are so many people there you couldn't possibly remember them all. Of course, I shall be very glad indeed for your little friends to join the cousins' page. I am sorry your particular school friend has been ill. I hope she is quite right again by this time. We have been having just the same sort of disagreeable weather in Auckland as you have been having, and it doesn't seem to be going to clear up yet either. I suppose we ought to congratulate ourselves that hailstones the size of oranges don't fall here. Did you see in the papers what a lot of damage hailstones had done in Spain? I should think the answer to your riddle must be its tongue or its teeth; of course, one is supposed to say the pipe.—Cousin Kate.]

and a pigeon match on the 19th. Our local tennis club held a bazaar on two nights, and their concert is to-night. There are a terrible lot of (strag) strangers about, and it is not safe to go about at nights with anything valuable in your pockets or anywhere about you. There is a team of Adelaide footballers coming here to play football against our local combined teams. Do you save post-cards? I have just started. I have been saving stamps for a good while. We have been having plenty of rain lately, but not very heavy as yet. We had a bit of a thunderstorm last night. Are you having much rain? I cannot think of anything to tell you, so I must now close this short letter with love to all.—Cousin HERBERT.

[Dear Cousin Herbert.—What a very long time it is since I heard from you last. I have not forgotten you, though, but I quite thought you had forgotten me. Did you send me a photograph, and when? I certainly have never received one. Your tennis club committee must be a very energetic one. They seem to hold plenty of entertainments during the year. I wonder why it is that pick-pockets are so numerous just now; one hears of them everywhere, and some of them are so daring. It makes one rather chary of going out alone at night, doesn't it? No, I don't collect either post-cards or stamps, though I think they both make interesting collections. We have been having plenty of rain this last week, but until then we have had glorious weather, so we can't complain, can we?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is indeed a very long time since I last wrote to you, but I sincerely hope to continue my letters and write regularly every week. Everybody in Hamilton was terribly shocked and grieved at the sad news of Mr Seddon's death, and on the day of the funeral all the shops and working places were closed and a memorial service was held in the Town Hall. The weather has been very unpleasant in Hamilton the last few days, but nothing more can be expected at this time of year; indeed, I think we have been very fortunate with the weather up till now, but we cannot grumble; if it was summer I dare say we would be complaining of the heat or dust or something. Hamilton is still improving, and it seems wonderful the way the houses are springing up everywhere. The Waikato Hounds met at Hamilton East yesterday, but as the weather has been had here lately it was not a very suitable day for hunting, and the ground was in a bad condition. There is going to be a library hall here this month. The first night is going to be for the adults, and the second for the children, and my sisters and I hope to go. I have just been reading some of the cousins' letters, and also the cleverly-written letters by the children about Boston and Wombell's menagerie, which I think was a splendid object-lesson for school children, as one could see such a variety of animals and birds. Isn't it wonderful the way the year is flying by Cousin Kate? One can hardly imagine half of this year is over already. As it is getting rather late I will bring my letter to a close, hoping to see it in

[Dear Cousin Aileen,—I'm afraid I don't remember William-street at all, because it is some years since I was in Dunedin, but, of course, I remember High-street, so I know whereabouts you live. How lucky you are to have a good view of St. Clair. I used to love going out there just to watch the breakers—it is such a grand sight on a stormy day. You know we never have snow in Auckland, but this morning we had such heavy hail showers, that the whole place was quite white, so if we made believe just a very little we could fancy that we had been having a snowstorm. I'm sure some of the cousins will be very glad to exchange postcards with you after seeing your letter in the "Graphic." Don't you get the "Graphic" every week? You say you were very lucky to get the one with your last letter in it, so I suppose you don't get it regularly. I hope you will see this one.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you have not quite forgotten me. I was down at Remdesham for a holiday not long ago. Did you receive my photo? The ones were on the 20th and 21st of this month,

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print this week.—I am, your affectionate cousin, LINDA (Hamilton).

[Dear Cousin Linda, I think everyone was shocked when the news of Mr Seddon's death came through. It was so terribly sudden, wasn't it? We have been very fortunate this winter, I think. Really, there has not been a day when you could not go out in comfort, though the last few days have been rather unpleasant, cold, and showery. I don't mind the rain, but I hate the cold winds—in fact, directly the winter comes I want to start off to the Islands and stay there till summer time. Even there I don't believe it would be too warm for me. Do you ever follow the hunt? We drive out to the meets sometimes, and it looks so exciting that I always wish I could join in. I don't suppose it would be so much fun in bad weather, or when the ground was muddy. I hope you will enjoy the bull very much, and that it will be a great success. Dancing is delightful, and such good exercise for one too. Bo-tock and Wombwell's menagerie was very good indeed. Some of the animals were wonderfully well trained, but the monkeys were so hideous. As you say, this year has simply flown, and really they seem to grow shorter and shorter as one grows older.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Thank you very much for the nice badge you sent me. It was a rather wet and miserable trip to town, but I did not mind that, because I had not seen Auckland for four and a-half years. Yes, I did go and see the pantomime, and I thought it was lovely. We were there only for two days. The first night we went to the pantomime, and the second night we went to Fuller's, at the Opera House. Did you see the pantomime? I think I will close now, as I have got toothache, and I do not feel much like writing. Love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain, yours truly, EDIE, Waingaro, P.N.—excuse such a short letter.

[Dear Cousin Edie.—I am so glad you got your badge safely, and that you liked it. Coming from Waingaro to Auckland for just two days seems a very long trip for a very short time. Didn't you want to stay a little longer? Yes, I went to the pantomime, too, and liked it very much. I laughed so much at poor old "Mrs Sinbad." But I was quite tired. I haven't been to Fuller's for ages, so I don't know what is going on there. Did you enjoy that, too? Poor Edie, I can sympathise with you if you have toothache badly. It was very good of you to write even such a short letter when you had it. Are you going to have the tooth stopped or taken out?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is not a long letter, but merely to ask you a most important question on the subject of clothes summer ones. Our granny is most anxious to embroider us some white linen frocks for next year. Dear Cousin Kate, will this be correct, or shall we find ourselves, as per usual, just a season late? What would you think of white linen embroidered in some pale colour? Just consider the matter, please, and let us know your decisions as soon as possible, as gran might change her mind, or the summer pass away before they are finished. It is no use our buying to save; the improvident Irish strain will out, and we are both head over ears in debt. Do you, dear cousin, know any receipt for saving? If so, you might publish it, and we will try to follow it out. Must stop, with much love to the cousins and yourself. From Cousin GERTIE.

[Dear Cousin Gertie.—I was delighted to get your letter yesterday, and will answer your question re the matter of summer clothes to the best of my ability. Of course, one cannot be quite sure yet what the fashions for next summer are going to be. The sales are on now, as no doubt you know, and when they are over all the shops will be showing their new season's goods, so I shall be able to give you a more decided answer then. Looking through some of the English papers I find that they were very much in evidence at Home in the summer, so I imagine they will be here, too. I like linen frocks embroidered in pale colours, but do not care for embroidered skirts except in white. However, should a man govt. I'm afraid I only know one faithful receipt for saving, and as it is

very old you may not care for it. Still, I can but give it you. If you wish to save, don't spend. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Many thanks for your letter. As you say, a hundred pounds a year, devoted to art purposes, would never be missed by our City Fathers, and would be a great incentive to artists to paint their best. But what seems to me most lacking in our art exhibitions are ideal paintings. Painted scenery, however beautiful, palls by repetition; ideal painting does not, even though the same subject be chosen, because ideals are individual. Lord Carrington is said to have defined Australasians as men who sat in fifty guinea chairs to look at guinea pictures. The reproach is only too true. Cousin Hero's letter was delightful, was it not? I could almost smell the lilac, which I love dearly. I know a dell in North Lanca-shire where the winter carpet of snow gives place to the snowdrops of early spring, and succeeding these come bluebells, violets, and primroses—so thick that one had to tread very carefully for fear of crushing their dainty loads. The snowdrops had been artificially planted years before, and were growing with a vigour that I have never seen in a garden. Standing on the edge of this dell, I could see the ruins of a famous Abbey, and the contrast between Nature and Art was very great—the one perennially fresh, the other soon only to be a memory of what had been. Talking of daffodils, or Lenten lilies, as they are sometimes called, reminds me of a village in the same county, where, in the meadows, they grow wild in great profusion during the months of March and April. Imagine yourself on the edge of a swiftly-flowing river, whose course is serpentine and whose banks are fringed with silver palms and drooping willows, and stretching away to the right and left marshy meadows full of daffodils, which, when the sun shines, are transformed into a yellow blaze of glory, and you have a picture of what is known in those parts as Baffold Park. They have in this village a custom which I thought a very beautiful one. On Good Friday, after morning church, all the Sunday-school children, carrying large clothes baskets, walk in procession to these meadows, where they gather and fill their baskets with daffodils for the decoration of their village church. This church is the oldest in its diocese, and my great-grandmother remembered perfectly the time when its floor, being of earth, was strewn with rushes. These rushes were renewed yearly, and the day on which they were renewed was the day before the yearly wakes, or fairs, which lasted for a week, took place this year on the holiday of the year. Fresh rushes were cut and placed in waggons, and then taken to the church, accompanied by the whole of the villagers, who, dressed in holiday attire, danced before it a dance called a Morris dance, the men holding above their heads a tower-like erection made of greenery or flowers. After the strewing was finished a feast was given by the rector and squire, and the rest of the day spent in dancing, playing old English games, etc. How quaint some of these old-world customs are; nearly all of them have their origin in some old sacrificial or religious rite. Like Cousin Hero, I, too, love Bacon's "Essay on Gardens." The part of it I like best is, "And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, when it comes and goes, like the warbling music, than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do perfume the air." Then he goes on to tell his readers the kind of flowers and plants that provide these sweet scents, and advises them "to set whole alleys of them, to have the pleasure when they walk or tread." Marie Antoinette is said to have been so fond of the perfume of violets that great banks of them used to be erected in her rooms at Trianon. It is also said that to this day the odour of violets clings to these rooms. I myself like landscape gardening, which, after all, generally speaking, is an improvement on Nature, inasmuch as it reduces to form and order what might be mere struggling overgrown luxuriance. I think carpet bedding beautiful as a feast of colour when the gardener happens to be an artist, which he often is. Cousin Winnie deplores the falling out of our ranks of older cousins. So do I. Nor can I think that one can ever be too old to be a cousin. Even the youngest of our band can, and do, appreciate older cousins' letters, and it is only a question

of time for they too to write as interestingly as the elder ones. I read every one of the letters, and I cannot remember one that did not amuse, interest, or teach me something. Cousin Winnie says: "Of my new cousins we have Lynn, whose letters we all love, and Cousin Hilda, who is so clever." May I, dear Cousin Kate, through the medium of your letter, assure Cousin Winnie that I would rather be loved than be interested. As so many of the Cousins were interested in the Pigmies, I have ventured to send you a little picture of one of them, which I cut out of the Pall Mall Academy Pictures of this year. Though, according to the English ideas, the face is a fearfully ugly one, it cannot be said to lack intelligence. I wonder if you could persuade the editor to put it into our page? How did the tiny tots enjoy Sinbad? I went, and enjoyed it immensely; but, really, it was more of a variety show than a pantomime. I saw Sinbad at the Ragby Theatre just before coming out. Graham is immense, but don't you think it is rather rough on Sinbad, Graham taking first place? I do. I like Marie Campbell very much as Sinbad, but did not think the pantomime children as clever as the children in the "Fatal Wedding," did you? I cannot endure aerobic performances, but all the same they were good. The sort of transformation scene I like best is where flowers unfold, and fairies are discovered in their centres. I did not stop for the harlequinade. I was tired of laughing at the incompetent. "Who do you think I saw to-day?" Cousin Alison invites a discussion as to what girls read. A discussion of this kind has great charms for me, so great that I feel that before I begin I must put on a curb, for fear of your giving me a wiggling. Girls do read, and though they don't all read Dickens, they don't all read rubbish. I dare say that a great many of them would read Dickens if they had the opportunity. It is only lately that I could read Scott. Not that I had not the opportunity, but that I could not. It was his "Kenilworth" that fired my imagination. My earliest recollection of reading was a story book that was profusely illustrated, and the story I liked best, which was in rhyme, ran as follows:—

If you please, Mrs Murphy,
I've called in to say,
We want some potatoes
For dinner to-day.
Our cook does not like them
With too many eyes,
She says that they stare
At her jellies and pies.

I liked jellies, and I liked pies, and was to be awfully afraid that the potatoes, which I then, and do now, dislike very much, might develop mouths and eat up my "jellies and pies." Then I remember "Chatter-box," and after that the "Girls' Own Paper." I like it still. There is a great deal of wisdom in fairy tales, and always a moral. There are certain books every girl or boy should read, such as "Little Women," "Sanford and Merton," "The Wide, Wide World," "Tom Brown's School Days," Kingsley's "Westward, Ho," and "Geoffrey Hamlyn," Lamb's "Tales of Shakespeare," "Ben Hur," and a host of others too numerous to mention. I think that what a girl reads depends entirely on her environment, but of one thing I feel sure, and that is that if she learns early to acquire a taste for good literature, she will never revert to bad. Of course, a girl's taste would alter and improve, or what would be the benefit of reading? I think it would be splendid if the Cousins would discuss this question of reading, as to why we read, what we read, and the benefits that accrue from reading? I should like to ask you before closing this letter a question. Christmas will soon be here, and I have set my heart on those bags going round this Christmas. Is there any objection, after we have filled our own bags, to asking friends to help fill other bags? It seems early to talk about them, but nearer Christmas there are so many calls on our pocket money. We have turned the half-year, and it would be easy to begin now to fill our bags. You see I have seen the children's ward, and I know, with love to yourself and all the Cousins, I remain, your affectionate Cousin,

Ponsonby. HILDA.

[Dear Cousin Hilda.—As usual your letter is most interesting, and I also shall be very pleased, if some of the elder cousins will enter upon a species of essay discussion on the question of reading and books. There used to be before the "Girls' Own Paper" was brought out a capital annual called, if I remem-

ber rightly, "Aunt Judy's Annual," and it was edited by that beautiful, high-minded and exquisitely polished lady, Mrs. Scott Gatty, mother of the writer of the plantation songs. It was quite the ideal of a girl's magazine, and contained most admirably written girl stories free from precocious love nonsense, and yet not namby-pamby. I wonder if it is still in existence, and if still as tastefully and wisely edited. My earliest affections in the way of stories (before I could read, of course), were the "Three Little Pigs," "The Seven Little Kids," "Golden Hair" and "The Three Bears." Then came "Struwwelpeter," the pictures and stories of which are still a delight to me, as they have been to countless thousands of children. I think, indeed, it should be compulsory on parents to give their tiny tots "Struwwelpeter." Life is not complete unless one can look back to one's first righteous horror over the heinous sins of "Cruel Frederick," or the awe inspired by "Tall Agrippa," who dipped the naughty boys in the ink. Tenderest recollections, too, hover round the pictures of the pussy cats weeping over the ashes of naughty Matilda, who would play with matches. Lear's nonsense rhymes and pictures came at a later date. The "Toy Books" of my childhood's days were very crude and highly-coloured productions, and contained the most stupid stories imaginable. Caldecott, on the comic side, and Ruth Greenway, on the artistic, revolutionised matters in this direction, and we have gone on from good to better till the modern children's annuals, such as Nesbit's, are marvels of artistic illustration and excellent juvenile literature. The first taste for reading in children is unquestionably instilled by telling them stories, and parents who will not take the trouble to begin this at the very earliest age, don't deserve to have children at all, and can certainly not feel surprised if their progeny turn out stupid, and hard to amuse. When this first stage is passed, reading aloud follows, and in every house there should be a children's hour, when this delightful duty should be performed whatever else remains undone. Few boys or girls will begin reading Dickens or Scott for themselves, but if started by a grown-up who skips dull, unsuitable and difficult passages and pages, these and other classics will soon be delighted in. I must, however, not let my pen run away with me any faster on this subject, which is a pet one of mine. I will try and look up some very old and very amusing little books called the "Daisy Cowslip," etc., next week, and give some extracts from the "Cautionary Verse" of which they consist. They are delightfully quaint and old-fashioned, and the rhymes in places execrating, but they always contain a lesson such as our great-grandmothers loved to instil into the mind of their children of those days, who were dreadful little prigs. Only one can I remember at the moment. It is called, I think, "Naughty Sam," and it runs as follows:—

Tom and Dick once took a walk,
To see a little lamb,
And on the way began to talk,
Of naughty little Sam.

Who teased his little sister Nell,
And threw her in the dirt,
And when his poor mamma was ill,
He teased her for a splint.

"And I," said Dick, "won't play with Sam,
Although he has a top;"
But here the pretty little lamb,
To talking put a stop.

As children used to delight to picture the "little lamb" putting an end to this virtuous conversation by advancing unseen from the rear and heartily biting the two goody-goodies. Our sympathies were with Sam always.—Cousin Kate.]

Both Were Knights.

He was a very decided English type, and as he stopped an Irishman and asked for a light he volunteered to say: "Excuse me, my man, for stopping you as an entire stranger. But at home I'm a person of some importance. I'm Sir James B—, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. And your name is—what, my man?" "Me name," was the ready reply, "is Michael Murphy. Night before last, last night, to night, and every night, Michael Murphy."

The Finding of a Lost Temper.

Father, Mother, and the children were ready to go to the Zoo. They were standing in the hall while Mother was just finally adjusting Percy's hat. Something was wrong with the elastic, so she took it off to improve matters. When the hat was replaced on the little boy's head the elastic slipped from Mother's fingers just as she was putting it under his chin. Consequently, Percy's chin felt very much as if it had been pinched. He gave a sudden roar, stamped his feet and clenched his little hands in the way that some passionate little boys have when anything happens that they don't like.

"Hush! hush!" said Mother. "You should have stood still, Percy, whilst I put your hat on. I have so often spoken to you about being so fidgety." But Percy, who was little more than five, still continued to scream. He lay on his back and kicked. Dressing to go out had been a very troublesome job that day. At all times a very nervous and highly-strung child, he was quite over-excited by the idea of going to the Zoo for the first time in his very short life. The sharp sting of the contracting elastic had come as a climax, and to relieve his feelings he lay and kicked and screamed.

Mother was very sorry for her little boy, and tried to pacify him with soft words. Had there been more time she would probably have succeeded, but there was a train to catch, and Father was anxious to be off.

"Come now!" said the latter sternly. "Stop that noise at once!"

But Percy could not stop if he wished. He had reached the stage when passion cannot be suddenly checked.

"He must stay behind," said Father very decidedly at last. "Let him stay in the nursery alone, and tell Annie to give him some tea when the time comes. He must be taught to control himself. He is always losing his temper for the slightest trifle. It is time it was stopped."

Very sorrowfully Mother picked up her little boy and led him into the nursery. He was sobbing now, and she placed him on a very big old grandfather's chair by the window in the nursery. He looked such a little picture of misery that she put her arms round him and gently soothed him.

"You really must try not to lose your temper so often," she said gently, and then with a kiss on his wet cheeks ran suddenly away as Father's voice was heard calling in the hall.

"Don't you think he might come?" she whispered so that the other children should not hear.

"No, no, he wants a severe lesson to teach him not to give way to those sudden outbursts of passion. Let him stay where he is; he will have time to think. Come quickly now, or we shall never catch that train."

There was no more time to waste, and very unhappily Mother passed out of the front door, leaving her little black sheep behind.

It was quite true that it really was time that Percy should be taught to control his temper, which was at times very violent. But the remembrance of her little sobbing boy spoilt all Mother's pleasure for that afternoon. She did her best to be cheerful for the sake of Elsie and Harold and their little cousin Kitty, who was staying with them for a holiday.

For them that visit to the zoo was a red-letter day in their lives. They saw the lions fed, inspected the snakes and monkeys, fed the bears with buns, and rode on the back of Jumbo's successor.

Meanwhile, Percy remained on the big chair where his mother had put him. His sobs started afresh when he heard the big front door bang, but after a while they grew less and less, and he became a little calmer.

He coiled himself round like a cat in the huge grandfather's chair, gave his eyes one final mop with his very wet handkerchief, and said right out loud: "I wonder where my temper is? I am always losing my temper, Daddy said."

Just then the cuckoo popped its head out of a clock on the wall opposite, and said "cuckoo," "cuckoo," "cuckoo," three times. It was three o'clock. The little door of the clock shut with a snap, and Percy lay looking at the pendulum as it swung backwards and

forwards—tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack. He wondered all the time what sort of a thing his temper was, and where it had gone to.

"Hullo!" said a voice. Percy started, rubbed his eyes, and looked round. The voice sounded so exactly like his own.

On the arm of the chair, with his legs astride, sat a little boy, so exactly like himself, and so exactly in the manner he had often done, that Percy was quite dumb with amazement. But this little boy had no trace of tears on his face; he was all smiles and laughter, and sat there looking at Percy with an amused air as much as to say: "Well, and don't you recognise me?"

But he said nothing, and only smiled merrily.

After some time Percy took courage to ask:

"Where did you come from? I never heard the door open."

This latter remark seemed to tickle the boy very much. He laughed so much that the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he could not answer for mirth.

Percy was discomfited. "I think you are very rude," he said angrily. "Why don't you answer me when I speak to you?"

The merry boy took out his handkerchief, a nice, dry, clean one, but with exactly the same red border as Percy's, and wiped his laughter tears away.

"I beg your pardon," he said politely. "The thought of my having to open a door was so strange. I never trouble about doors."

"Why, who are you?" asked Percy, his curiosity aroused yet more than before.

"Guess!" said the merry boy. "You ought to be able to recognise me. Don't you know anybody I am like?"

Percy's face got red all over.

"You are just like me," he stammered hesitatingly.

"Ha, ha," laughed the merry boy. "You are quite right. I am just like you. But I'm not you all the same. Oh, dear no, I'm not you; how could I be? Why, you've been crying, and your face is all dirty with tears, and your nose is all red—and—and—oh, no—how could I be you?"

Percy looked very shame-faced, and rubbed his face with his hand as if to obliterate the tear marks as the merry boy was speaking.

"I never cry," said the merry boy. "I am always laughing and happy, and if anything happens that I don't like, why, I just try not to think about it, and as soon as I can I laugh again. I feel so cheerful at times—"

"Are you never unhappy?" interrupted Percy. "Don't you ever feel cross and get into passions?"

The merry boy shook his head. "No, never!"

"Don't you ever get punished, then?" said Percy. It seemed impossible to him that what this little boy said could be true.

There was just a tinge of sadness in the merry boy's voice as he answered: "Yes, very often."

"How can that be?" asked Percy eagerly and curiously. "You say you are never cross and never lose your temper—"

"Stop!" cried the merry boy suddenly. "I never said that. You asked me if I got into passions, but you never said anything about losing my temper."

"Well, it's the same thing," said Percy just a little petulantly.

"It is and it isn't," answered the merry boy. "You see, I can't exactly say I lose my temper, but sometimes I get lost."

"Get lost?" Percy was getting more and more puzzled.

"Yes, my little master loses me sometimes, and that is my punishment."

"Who is your master?" Percy asked.

"A little boy—just like me."

Percy flushed all over; the truth was beginning to dawn on him.

"Why, I believe you are my temper!" he cried excitedly. Laughing triumphantly, he jumped up, when a hand touched him on the shoulder, and another voice sounded in his ear—

"Wake up now, Master Percy, it's tea-time!"

And he woke up to find Annie the maid standing by his side.

"I thought I was never going to wake you," she cried. "You must have been dreaming."

"Dreaming! Why, of course I have not," he answered gaily. "I've found my temper, Annie; such a dear little boy—just like me!"

Which naive remark Annie repeated to Percy's mother when she came back.

It was quite a long time after this before Percy lost his temper again. He had only to think of the merry little boy sitting astride on the arm of

the grandfather's chair, and a smile would come into his face. His father and mother were both so pleased at this improvement, that one fine afternoon they arranged another excursion to the Zoo.—Agnes Gibbs.


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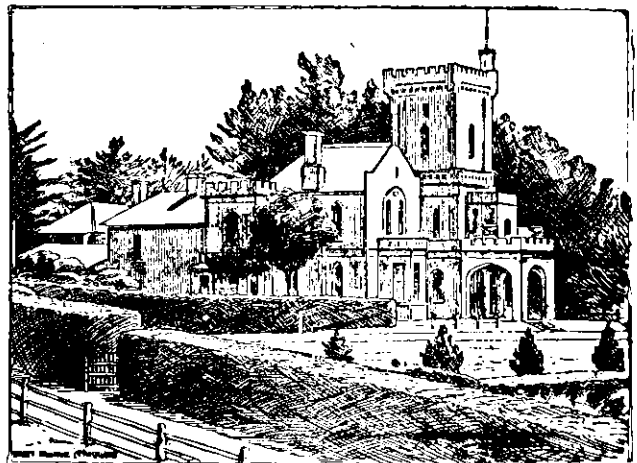
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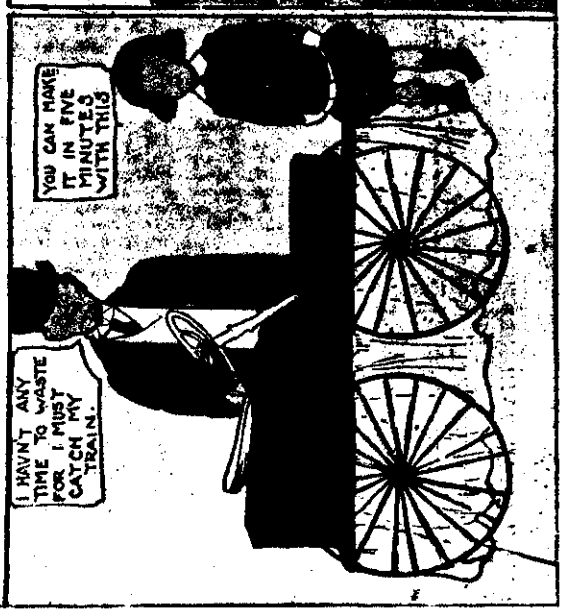
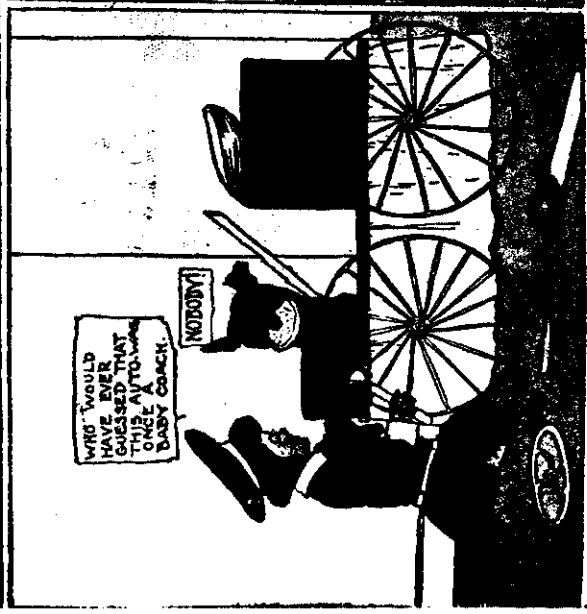
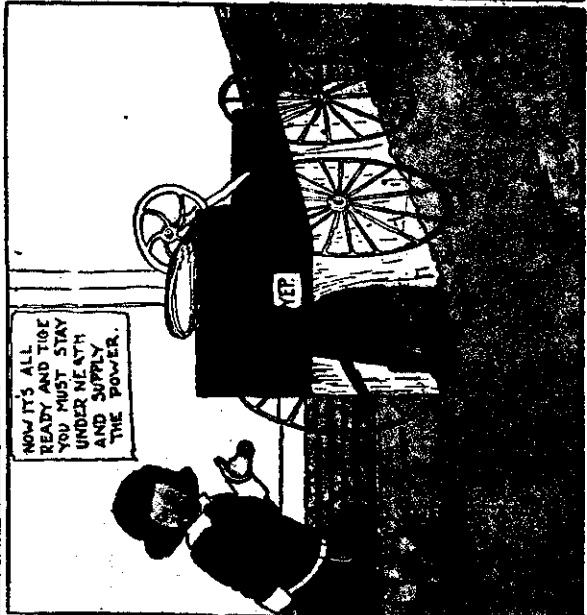
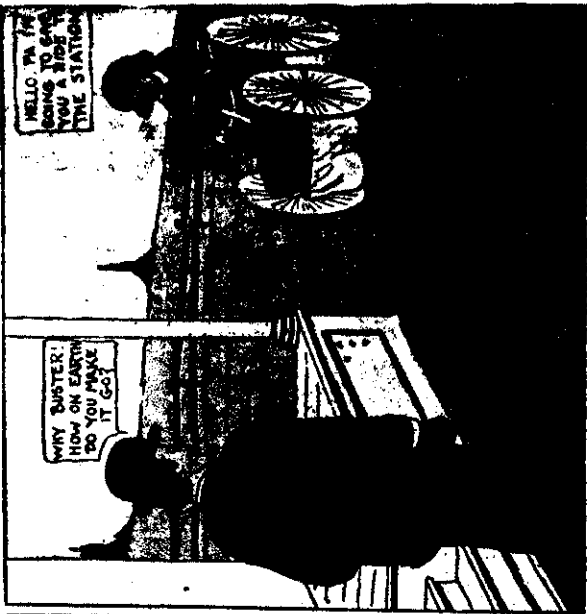
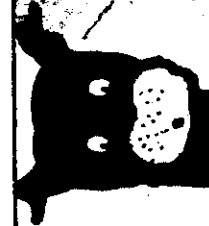
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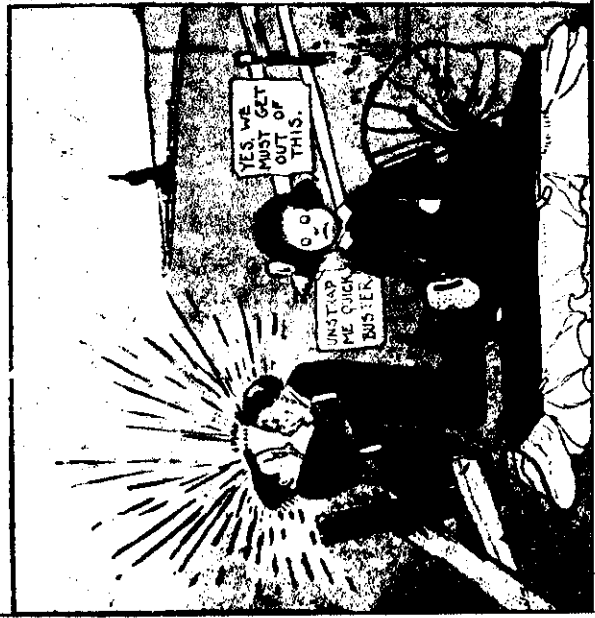
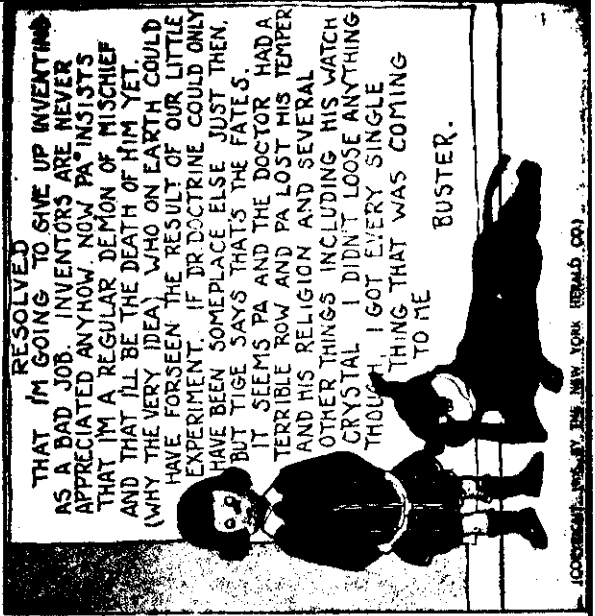
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AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES

KING ALFONSO'S MOTHER.

The marriage of the King of Spain with Princess Victoria Eugenie of Battenberg is an event which must exercise a most important influence on the lives of the two nations, as it undoubtedly initiates a new era of cordial political approximation between Spain and England. Therefore, the "casos de España"—all those matters which are peculiarly Spanish, and distinguish Spain from other countries—are beginning to make a special appeal to the imaginations of English people. Next to his Majesty no figure in contemporary Spanish history can have such interest for your readers as the Queen-mother.

Of medium height, with a melancholy face, Austrian profile, in aspect noble, a Queen in manners, soft of speech, and energetic in action, Dona Maria Cristina is the great figure of the Regency, the most difficult and critical period through which the monarchy had passed since the September Revolution. On the death of her husband, Don Alfonso XII., there remained of the marriage two princesses—Dona Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias, now deceased; and Dona Maria Teresa, Infanta of Spain, who was recently married to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria. But the Queen, on the death of her husband, was anticipating the birth of a third child, so the proclamation of the late King's successor was postponed in view of the possibility of a son being born. Thus arose a case, unique in history, of a throne being vacant for a certain period of time. With the birth of Don Alfonso XIII., Queen Maria Cristina began to live for her son alone, and all Spaniards know that to the care and nurture of him she consecrated every hour of her life. She was, in reality, a slave to the King. Those in palace circles who are in a position to know assert that by night as well as by day, at all hours, she watched over the life of her august son with such assiduity that rare was the night in which the careful mother did not rise from her bed four or five times in order to see with her own eyes how that precious life was being guarded. Thus, a slave to her son, bringing him up under a strict regime, regulated to the minute under the beneficial influence of the open air, removing everything hurtful, fostering his gradual development, educating him in a marvellous manner, and surrounding him with good examples, the Queen-Mother lived without being separated for a single day from Don Alfonso. She dedicated herself entirely to him, defended him against the insidious attacks of illness, carried on the titanic battle of a mother and a queen. I have said, and I repeat: The Queen was a saint.

For Queen Maria Cristina the regency was full of trouble, but Dona Maria Cristina fulfilled constantly her constitutional duties. In her political decisions the Queen-Mother on no occasions displayed any marked tendencies; but confined herself to following the counsels of her Ministers. A proof of this is afforded by the fact that during the regency the Liberals were in power longer than the Conservatives, and that Dona Maria Cristina never abused her position by working in a reactionary sense.

Like all Austrians, Queen Maria Cristina is highly ceremonious, but, at the same time, extremely affable. During the period of her mourning, however, and later on during the infancy of her children, there were no festivities in the palace. Isolated as Spain was from the rest of the Powers, there only came to the palace a few of the relations and friends of the Queen. In silence they

came, and they departed in silence. The Royal Palace was in reality closed until the majority of King Alfonso XIII., and through its magnificent halls there passed on days of solemnity only the official world. On such occasions the Queen, who was usually dressed in black, put off her mourning, and with sovereign elegance arrayed herself in gala costume and adorned herself with jewels. Mauve, pearl-grey, and heliotrope are her favourite colours; pearl, her chosen gems. She delights in flowers, not to deck herself with them, but to see them. Perfumes she uses scarcely at all, and those who are intimate with her Majesty aver that she sometimes says that the best perfume is plenty of water. In her jewel room are displayed some famous pearl necklaces, which, in the opinion of experts, are the finest in Europe. Her Majesty, however, only wears jewellery at Court functions, for she has a passion for simplicity, and holds the view that elegance is rather a matter of distinction than of display.

A notable administrator of the property of her son was Queen Maria Cristina. Coming from exile Don Alfonso XII. had not a large fortune, and the Palace was very badly managed. Waste and extravagance reigned supreme. During her widowhood the Queen organised all the services, suppressed the useless, put a rein on extravagance, fought every ambition, and, not content with this, regulated the administration of the Royal properties, which were converted into Crown mortgages instead of being fiefs of their administrators. This work of her Majesty was so great, so tenacious, so fruitful, that a President of the Council of Ministers is reported to have said on one occasion to some of his friends: "It is a pity her Majesty is Queen. If she were not I would make her Minister of Finance."

With this wise administration Queen Maria Cristina was able to renounce for the benefit of the Treasury her dowry, which thus became the foundation of a handsome fortune for her children. The Infantas, therefore, had very respectable dowries, which enabled them to contract marriages of affection with the Infantes Don Fernando and Don Carlos. Every day, after disposing of her large correspondence with the help of her secretary, Don Alfonso de Aguilar, the Queen-Mother received the reports of the administrator of the Royal patrimony, the Marquis de Borja, and then gave audience to her Ministers for the despatch of State business. After luncheon she would walk with her children in the Campo del Moro, one of the great parks surrounding the Palace, or proceed to the Casa de Campo, or El Pardo, returning at sunset. The spring season was spent at San Sebastian, and at all times her Majesty retired early, so as to rise with the sun. She attended the theatre very rarely, and almost exclusively on occasions when the performance was being given for a charitable purpose.

Queen Maria Cristina took no part in international politics. Whether in this she did well or ill is for history to say, but she employed an argument of tremendous force. "Regencies," said her Majesty, "are periods of transition. They are Governments during a minority, and nothing ought to be done to compromise the minor. Canovas and Sagasta were of the same opinion, and for this reason during the Regency Spain pursued a policy of isolation. After King Alfonso, having attained his legal majority, had taken the oath to the Constitution, the Queen-Mother

withdrew entirely from the direction of the affairs of the realm, and, giving proofs of her great talents, refused absolutely to speak one single word about politics. Certain Ministers state that, having endeavoured from time to time, when they were received in audience by the Queen, to approach the discussion of political themes, her Majesty interrupted them, saying, with a smile: "But, por Dios! you forget that the Regency is a thing of the past."

Since then the Queen, passing more and more into retirement, witnessed

with joy the action of her son, and although she became afflicted with new griefs, she could not temper them by sharing in the happiness of his success. The loss of her mother, the death of the Princess of the Asturias, and of her grandson, the Infante Don Fernando, were bitter trials—too bitter, indeed, not to dim her felicity. Let us do justice, as history will do it, to this woman and to this Queen, saying that as a woman she was a saintly mother, and as Queen a faithful servant of the Constitution.

THE EVILS OF GOSSIPING.

The worst caricatures that have been presented by the great cartoonists since the days of Cruikshank have never presented pictures that really conveyed the hideousness of professional gossip, a propensity which grows upon persons who indulge in this sort of thing until it becomes a mania that is fruitful of much mischief.

In this day and time it seems that gossip is indulged in by men and women of all grades of society. The newspapers publish stories and hints of Dame Rumour hinging upon an intimation of "something being rotten in Denmark."

Innocent people are slandered most outrageously because somebody has discovered they are in correspondence with some distinguished person, or that they have received possibly certain individuals in their homes, which these gossips do not understand, but which are legitimate in every sense of the word. They must, however, hasten to put their own construction upon everybody's acts, and insist upon knowing the whys and wherefores of the friendships and social relations between men and women. They accept as true the whisperings of every idle wind, and turn them over in their mind until they conclude they have seen things which point to something very wrong, consequently they give it out as a fact that such and such things occurred, when, as a matter of fact, there was never the slightest foundation for their scandals.

A fine illustration of the vivid imagination of gossips was long ago given by "Widow Bedotte," who represented that a certain young man was to be married to a particular young lady, and, when called upon for proof of her assertion, she declared she had seen the young man's dog sitting on the young lady's front porch—which was about as much basis for the senseless report as is furnished by the gossips of to-day, who are busy from morning until night circulating falsehoods.

It is astonishing that the moment people congregate at dinners, receptions or other social gatherings, some one in the company begins at once to ask: "Have you heard so-and-so about Mr or Mrs So-and-So?" Each one departing from the circle immediately repeats what the author of the hints has said, and each adding a little by enlarging upon what has been said. The next thing you see is a column in a newspaper, all of which has emanated from the gossip who, without intellectual resources, must do something or be considered the ignoramus that he or she is.

It is a fact that there is such a tendency to cruel gossip that in many places timid people are deterred from keeping up friendships with persons for whom they have great respect, and whom they would greatly enjoy, simply because their exchange of calls would be misconstrued, and in the capi-

tal of the nation very few prominent men would brave the glib tongue of the ever present gossip enough to carry out their real inclinations for friendship, especially with ladies.

Many matrons and maidens hesitate to honour gentlemen by invitations to their houses, or to encourage in any way their friendship, because some officious or evilly disposed person would put an improper construction upon any advances on their part. The more prominent the persons the more careful they have to be of everything they do. And it is a curious fact that gossip and scandals against illustrious characters never die. Some one is always resurrecting the stories, and either printing or repeating them, so that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

We have in mind the experience of a distinguished widow who, it was reported, was engaged to be married to a well-known man of the country. When the bold correspondent came to inquire of the lady the date of her marriage, etc., to the party named, she surprised him by telling him she had never met the gentleman, and was quite sure he was not aware of her designs upon him; therefore she was not able to fix the date of the marriage, which it was said was to occur.

Gossips illustrate the truthfulness of the adage that there is always something evil for "idle hands (and, it might be added, "idle tongues") to do." There is no person whose character is so correct as to escape these scandalmongers; they are everywhere, and are wont to put an evil construction on everybody's acts without stopping to inquire the motives by which innocent parties are moved. It would not be so dreadful if it were not for the fact that tragedy has often followed the cruel circulation of scandalous tales, especially of women. Sensitive, proud, delicate women are not equal to the endurance of the humiliation of being held up to public scorn. Brave, honourable, high-toned men are equally sensitive to ridicule and slander, and many a man has become almost a recluse on account of some wicked story that has been told touching his moral character and integrity.

Why there should ever be such wicked, unjust slanders calculated about distinguished people is a mystery, unless it is based upon the fact that one-half of the world must pull down the good name of the other half, or that there are some idle people who live like parasites on public patronage and eke out their deficiencies by selling vicious rumours to blackmailing publications which are the product of their own shallow brains.

The past year has witnessed more tragedies, the result of false reports, than has ever been known in England. There may have been some foundation

for many of the investigations and the punishment of individuals, but doubtless their evil deeds were greatly magnified. The more culpable have probably escaped what they deserved, while the less guilty have been overwhelmed by the startling developments which have been brought out by the investigating committees and the expose in the press.

One rejoices at the punishment of evil-doers, but it is always pained to see innocent people destroyed by outrageous and wicked slanders. The men of the olden time were wont to punish vipers and slanderers in a very summary way, and one recalls instances where there was no newspaper discussion or investigation, but they went to the author of the disparaging stories and gave him a sound thrashing. We cannot help regretting that this way of disposing of this class is not more in vogue at the present day.



Dishes and Dinners.

By GEORGE FORTIS.

For dishes and feasts the world always has time. New dishes are still being invented, and banquets, large, small, strange, and conventional, are still held. The greatest pride has always been taken by the cook in his art. The ancient cooks had only a small variety of dishes, however, and it was not until 1550 that French cookery began its evolution. At that time nobles of both sexes, and even Kings and Queens, began to vie with each other in devising delicate dishes. So keen was the competition that duels were frequently fought between men who both claimed to have invented the same dish.

Among famous royal cooks were Charles IV. of France and Henry IV. Cardinal Richelieu was a lover of fine victuals.

TONS AT THIS BANQUET.

During the reign of Louis XIV. cookery made rapid advancement toward excellence. This monarch was an epicure of no mean taste, and the French court was noted for its sumptuous repasts. In the following reigns of Louis XV. and XVI., French culinary art was at its zenith, and the famous dishes named a la conde, a la conti, and sousbe originated at that time.

One of the great banquets of the seventeenth century was that given to Louis XV. by the Duke of Orleans.

At this feast, which was attended by the majority of the leading nobility of France, expense was not spared, and eighteen hundred pounds of beef and mutton were cooked and consumed. Besides this, three thousand pounds of ham was used, and ten thousand pounds of bacon and lard, fourteen thousand pounds of fish, thirty-six thousand eggs, sixty-six hundred pounds of butter, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of bread, eighty thousand bottles of wine, twenty thousand bottles of vin ordinaire, eight hundred bottles of Rhine wine, fourteen hundred bottles of cider, three thousand bottles of cordial, eight thousand pounds of sugar, two thousand pounds of coffee, fifteen hundred pounds of chocolate, eighty pounds of tea, sixty-five thousand oranges and lemons, fifteen hundred pounds of sweetmeats, fifteen thousand pears and apples, and two thousand sugar-plums. In other words, food sufficient to supply an average community for a year or more was served to the courtiers of the French King at one meal. Four hundred special cooks were employed to prepare this banquet, and it took them two weeks to do it.

NAPOLEON AS A DINER.

Napoleon, though not a gastronome, gave many grand dinners. On the event of his marriage with Maria Louisa in 1810, he gave a banquet to three thousand people, and a year later was the host at another one in honour of the birth of the King of Rome.

Talleyrand the diplomat was also famous for his dinners, and even surpassed Napoleon in this respect.

After the fall of Napoleon, Louis XVIII. gave the allies numerous banquets. At one of these one hundred cooks were employed for ten days getting things in readiness. They used six oxen, twenty-five veals, two hundred and fifty sheep, eight hundred turkeys,

three thousand chickens, one thousand partridges, besides thousand of pounds of other kinds of food, and drank ten thousand gallons of wine, and twenty thousand bottles of Macon.

The feast given at the coronation of Emperor Nicholas of Russia in 1826 lasted eight days, and was one of the most costly and elegant on record. About two hundred thousand persons were served.

The dishes and dinners of barbarous people differ materially from those served to the delicate epicures of civilized nations. For instance, the natives of the South Sea Islands are fond of sharks. Cooked as we cook most of our fish, the flesh of the shark is positively inedible, being so tough and stringy; but the South Sea Islanders have a way of preparing it that makes it a palatable dish. They cut the fish into pieces, parboil it, knead it with their hands, and then cook it in bread crumbs.

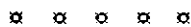
In South Africa the flesh of the hipopotamus is eaten with relish. It tastes much like our beef, and unless a man knew what he was eating he would think he was putting away a portion of a prize ox.

The Hottentots eat camels' flesh, and the African Kaffirs hold orgies at which they gorge themselves on the leather-like-meat of the elephant. Porcupines and hedgehogs made into pie or roasted are really an excellent dish.

DINNER TO A DEAD KING.

Perhaps the most unusual dinner on record is that which was tendered daily to the corpse of Francis I. of France at the house of the Archbishop of Paris. When Francis died in 1547 his body was kept in an abbey for six weeks, and then taken to the home of the Archbishop at Saint Cloud. Here a wax duplicate of the King was lying. The dead King was placed on a couch of rich red satin, about which were constantly grouped numerous priests, whose duty it was to offer up prayers for the dead monarch. In the adjoining chamber lay the effigy in wax. It was attired in the most gorgeous apparel, and everything that could lend solemn glory to the scene was displayed. On the head of the duplicate sat the crown of France, and a host of guards, sentinels, prelates, and nobles moved gaily about the chamber; for it was the last festivity to the dead King. The royal dinner-table was laid at the side of the bed, a cardinal blessed the viands, and other nobles served the wax effigy with food. After the repast was over a knight wiped the wax lips of the similitude of the defunct King. All these things were performed amid a deathlike silence, and the room was lit only by funeral torches.

One of the largest banquets, as far as numbers go, was held in Paris last autumn. Over fifty thousand persons sat together at an enormous dinner given in the Galerie des Machines. At this feast, which was the largest of modern times, if not of ancient times, the meats alone which were consumed weighed almost seventy tons.



Royalty in Love.

The most memorable moment in the life of any man or woman is perhaps the beginning of an engagement, and the Royal lovers whose betrothal will be consummated in marriage next week are not likely ever to forget the last few months, so happy with the flow of congratulation and goodwill from every Royal house.

The veil has at times been gently lifted for those who would look upon the making of a love-match in the palace. Queen Victoria herself made it known to the world that when Prince Albert first came to Windsor from Saxe-Coburg she found him "most amiable and unattracted," his beauty most striking, and "in short, very fascinating," with the adjective underlined.

A QUEEN'S PROPOSAL.

She had sent in the morning for the Prince to come to see her in her room, and there, as no prince can propose to a Queen, the Queen herself had opened the conversation. When it was over, and she was again alone, the Queen wrote to a friend that "Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. . . . I feel certain

he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of my making him happy, but I shall do my best."

Princess Alice was married at twenty, and there was no reason, of course, for such an early betrothal as in the case of King Edward's eldest sister. The Princess Royal was only fifteen when she was engaged to Prince Frederick of Prussia. The Prince was in England when he proposed, and the two came to Queen Victoria for her blessing.

It was forthcoming, but the youthful lovers were asked to keep their love a secret until after the Princess Royal's confirmation, till when "the simple unconstraint of girlhood was to continue undisturbed." "The Prince is really in love," Prince Albert said, "and the little lady does her best to please him."

A MATCH IN THE MAKING.

We find the betrothal of Princess Alice jotted down in a Royal diary for 1860, towards the end of which year Prince Louis came from Hesse to woo and win Queen Victoria's second daughter. After dinner the Queen observed Alice and Louis talking "more earnestly than usual," and as her Majesty passed them, we read in her diary: "Alice, in much agitation, said he had proposed to her, and he begged for my blessing. I could only squeeze his hand and say 'Certainly,' and that we would see him in our room later."

Later in the evening "Alice came to our room . . . agitated, but quiet . . ."

Albert sent for Louis to his room. He went first to him and then called Alice and me in. . . . Louis has a warm, noble heart. We embraced

our dear Alice, and praised her much to him. After talking a little we parted, a most touching, and to me, most sacred moment."

As the years have rolled by great betrothals have come among us to woo and win amid English scenes—the Tsar won the hand of Princess Alix on the banks of our own Thames; and there have been few Royal marriages of importance in our time in the inception of which Queen Victoria was not interested.

A TERRIBLE CONTRAST.

But in her long life Queen Victoria knew no betrothal so pathetic as that of King Edward's son, the Prince who at this moment, had he lived, would have been heir to the British throne. Within a few weeks the Duke of Clarence was betrothed and laid in his last resting-place. "Was there ever," the late Queen wrote to Tennyson, "a more terrible contrast—a wedding with bright hopes turned into a funeral?" And in her address to her people the Queen described the occasion as "more sad and tragical than any but one that had befallen her."

It was a happier picture upon which she looked still later in the evening of her day. The little daughter of the Tsar was at Balmoral, and Prince Edward, having mastered the art of walking, would take the hand of his cousin and help her along.

"La Belle Alliance," said the Queen one day, as the little cousins came towards her, hand in hand. Who shall say the Queen had not a vision of the years she can never see?



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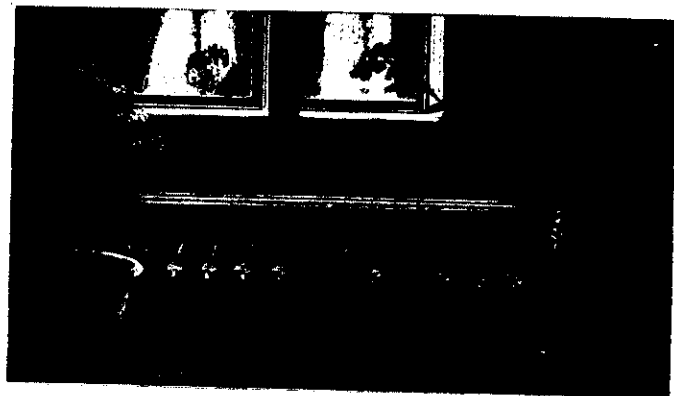
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"GEE WHIZ! I WISH H'D GO HOME."

THE SYSTEM'S LIMITATION.

Upandown: "Is there no simple way to produce sleep?"

Knowitall: "Sure. Just begin and count one, two, three, and on until sleep comes."

Upandown: "Yes, but one, two, three is as far as the baby can count."

AT LAST.

Mrs Henpeck: "I have come to the conclusion—"

Mr Henpeck: "Thank Heaven!"

ROOM FOR RETROGRESSION.

Drummer: "Your village band is pretty poor, isn't it?"

Pettyville Merchant: "Yes; but it could be worse; there might be more of 'em."

AN OVERSIGHT.

Ikestein and Aaronburg, two Semitic money-lenders, met. "Good bithness yesterday, Ike," said Aaron. "Young Lord Sthofftely came to me to borrow £500. I gif it him at fifty per thent, and deduct a year's intereth and pay him £250."

"Vell, you was a fool, Aaron. Vy, you should have lent it to him for two years and paid him nothing."

RELIEVED.

Bleeker: Say, old chap, I'm in beastly bad luck; need money badly and haven't the least idea where I can get it.

Baxter: Well, I'm glad to hear that—I thought perhaps you had an idea you could touch me for it.

FIGURED UP.

"Who is that homely girl?" asked Coinchaser.

"That's Miss Eyress, who has just fallen heir to two millions," answered Miss Newsgive.

"Hum! As I was about to say, she has a good figure."

Dyspepsia seems to be usually a state of mind which causes people to doubt the wisdom of eating certain articles of food, but which never prevents their doing so.

HER CHOICE.

Ethel: Yes, I'm going in for teaching. Marjory: You going in for teaching! Why, I would rather marry a widower with half a dozen children.

Ethel (with a sigh): So would I. But where's the widower!



HE WAS TOLD SHE'D BE DOWN IN A MINUTE.