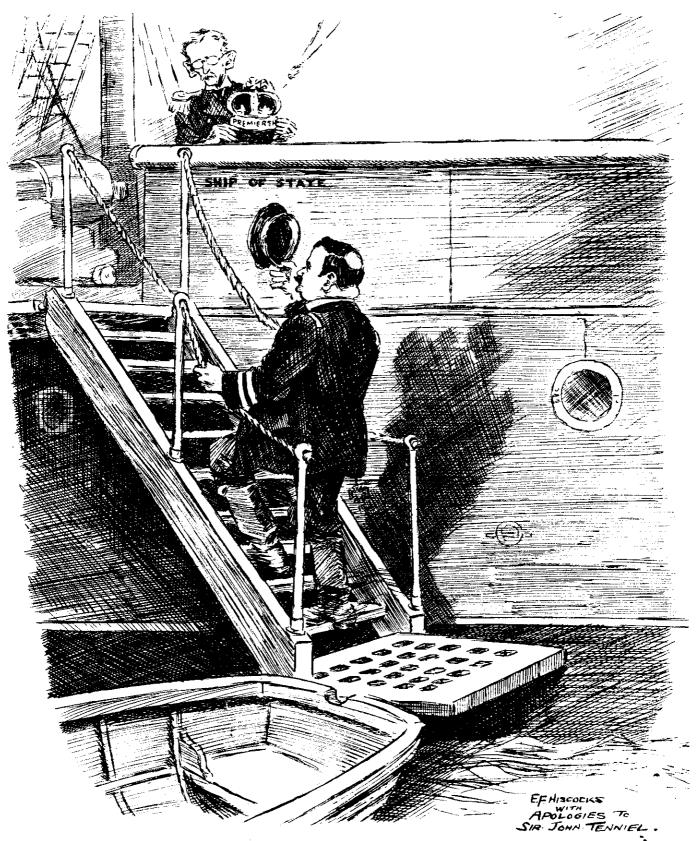
# The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

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Subscription-25/ per annum; if paid in advance 20/. Single copy-Sixpence.



TAKING THE PILOT ON BOARD.



THE RACE FOR THE CROWN.



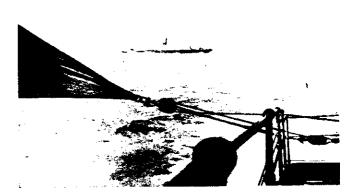
Heavily laden coastal steamer threshing through rough confused sea.



Lightly laden steamer rolling violently.



In a very high sea: Ahaura signalling to Rosamund to anchor.



Making heavy weather.

THE STORMY WEATHER OF OUR NEW ZEALAND COASTS:—SNAPSHOTS ON THE WESTPORT-GREYMOUTH RUN.



FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF THE VAST AUDIENCE AT THE SMOKE CONCERT TENDERED TO THE AUCKLAND CITY FOOTBALL TEAM IN SYDNEY TOWN HALL. Norman, photo.

# The Heart Geisha of a

-TATSU-SAN was making her Her "kimone" was of toilet. violet silk, and her "obi" was stiff with threads of gold. The little maid, Kiku-San had spent many hours over the honourable hair. and, at last satisfied with its gloss and piled-up wonder, she stuck carefully therein her most precious "kauzashi" of jade and amber. She smoothed with a drop of oil her high, navrow eyebrows. and touched her full, drooping lids with She made the cherry-blossoms at her checks bloom a little more brightly. and now was adding the last touch of of the colour of sunset, bore on top a "hat," on either side of which was perched a fierce white bird of the sea. while fastened to the edge of the hat floated long strands of green, very thin silk; so that the bird of the sea appeared to be poised with outstretched, longing wings over green waves of the billows.

These thoughts ran idly through Tatsu's head as she smoothed with dainty. fluttering fingers the folds of her "obi." But it is time now to go to "O-Chaya" steahouse). Indeed, she is a little late. She gets into the rickshaw.

against supports of small, flat sticks. When tea and sugared beans have been brought by the Musume (little maid) Tatsu-San makes a very low bow and

says:
"Shibaraku o me ni kakaramashita" (It is a long time since I have hung upon your honourable eyelids!). She always repeats these polite words, and

Mr. Hayward always laughs. But she is not yet satisfied—is he not a very illustrious person? Again she bows, and exclaims sweetly:

and exclaims sweetly:
"O shikei itashimashita" (Pray excuse
me for my rudeness the last time we
met!). Mr Philip Hayward catches
quickly at one of the small hands and
presses it to his lips. "Tatsu-San," he



"It is a long time since I have hung upon your honourable eyelids."

the centre of her mouth. carmine which she had been told had been "made to kiss." She wished to look very pretty indeed,

She wished to look very pretty indeed, for lad not the honourable young Engish mister promised to be at the "Teahouse of the Iris Gardens" that evening: And had he not promised to bring to her pictures of his honourable nother and his honourable brothers and sisters, who lived in that far-off land of which he so much talked!

She had seen many English holies who sometimes came to the teahouse. Truly, their skins were white, like milk, and their garments very wonderful. Sometimes the hair of these honourable persons was beautiful gold colour, but some possessed red hair. like the dreadful

sons was benutiful gold colour, but some possessed red hair, like the dreadful "oni" (devil) which terrified one at the play. Also, she wondered why these august ladies chose to wear on their heads the dead bodies of birds, whose cruel, staring, yellow eyes seemed atways to look fierce protest into her own eyes! She had but that day observed in the Street of Many Lanterns a tall young woman with square shoulders and honourably large feet, whose hair,

Hyaku!" she calls. "Hai, hai" (Yes. yes) answers Totaro—and off they go very quickly. They pass rickshaws bearing grishas, and Tatsu greets and acknowledges many greet-

ings.
As they approach O-Chaya, Tatsu sees.
Vaclishman, who runs As they approach O-Chava. Tatsu sees that nice young Englishman, who runs quickly down the steps of the balcony to meet her. He assists her to alight, and her soft "arigato" (thank you) is sweet music to his ears, while the proprietor of the teahouse. Ito Takeda, smiles and makes many bows in the background. Ito Takeda has a greedy heart, but this he cleverly conceals under a sleek, good-natured countenance. Truly, O-Tatsu-San is his most valuable geisha, and her time of service at the teahouse has yet two years to run; yet. geisha, and her time of service at the teahouse has yet two years to run; yet, if the honourable English sir desires to make temporary marriage with her, he will be bound to pay him well for so great a loss to his business.

The room in which they sit opens on a halcony overbooking the gardens, with their stone lanterus, tiny lakes crossed by scarlet bridges, and beds of iris flavers dessed in number and white like

by scarrer bridges, and seeds of his flowers dressed in purple and white. like beautiful ladies and leaning slimly



"The little maid, Kiku-San, had spent many hours over the honourable hair."



"She tells him a tragic story, wherein love and jealousy are intermingled.

exclaims, "you are the pink of politeness! I don't believe you could be 'bonourably rude,' even if you tried. But, I say, Tatsu, you look even more lovely than usual to-night, little one. Those huirthings are stunning. Where did you get them!"

them?"
"Arigato!" said Tatsu-San. "Vaery
nize 'kanzashi' (hairpin); yon like him!"
"By Jove, they're beautiful. But
(jealously) who gave them to you?"
"Truly, nize young man from big ship
giving me that 'kanzashi.'"
"Well, I'll be hanged. I like his
clock!"

eneek:
"So do I." says Tutsu-San. "He has honourably red cheeks; I like vaery much!

much!"

Mr Philip Hayward laughs; but the laugh has a note of irritation—or is it anxiety—and he continues—

"Tatsu, surely you don't care anything about that red-faced little cub: He's only a 'middy'—not old enough to know his own mind for two minutes at a time."

Women of every nation have instinct of coquetry, and this little geisha is no exception to that rule. A gay laugh ripples through her red lips, as she an-

"Oyama! He is so nize young mans! I like vaery much."

I like vaery much."

A very peculiar pain, sharp and hot, shot through the breast of Mr Philip Hayward, and suddenly be realised that he loved this little Japanese girl; not with passing madness of passion that turns men's blood to fire (as sometimes he had 'loved'), but tenderly, truly, quickly—for he is a man of action, this young English gentleman—he makes up his mind. He will arrange with Ito Takeda for Tatsu-San's liberty. He will marry her and take her to England. He will secure for her best masters, and in a little while she will not only satisfy He will secure for her best masters, and in a little while she will not only satisfy all his love, but he will be very proud of her as well—his pretty, dainty lotus flower! But he does not at once speak of all this. The meal is a very gay one, for Tatsu, fearing she has made him angry, makes use of all her prettiest tricks. She tells him a tragic story wherein love and jealousy are intermingled, and of the wonderful deeds of the "Forty Ronins;" she sings, in a high, sweet voice, to the twanging of her samisen, a little song of love samisen, a little song of love-

"Hana-ka? Chocho-ka? Chocho-ka? Hana-ka? Don! Don!" (Flower is it Butterfly is it? Butterfly or flower? Don! Don!)

But when at last the musume had re-



"The Song of Falling Leaves."

moved the remnants of the feast—the custard soup, the minced raw fish, the snowy rice with "nori" (dried seaweed), the fish boiled with lotus-roots and soy, the pickled cabbage leaves, the beautiful little cakes in the shape of maple leaves, etc. (for he resolutely refused to take away with bin, in the dainty lacquered boxes used for that purpose, the "tid-bits" left from the meal, as is custombits" left from the ineal, as is customary), and he had finished his last cup of "sake" (rice-wine)- he took O Tatsu-San's hands in his own, and in a straightforward way, in a few tender words, he told her he loved and wished to marry her; that he would arrange it with Ito Takeda. He will take her to England, and his mother and sisters will be very kind and good to her-first for his sake, but very soon for her own. "For," he added, drawing her head down on his shoulder, quite regardless of that wonderful butterfly coffure, "when they know you, they cannot help but love you. Tatsu-San!"

As for that little geisha, she fancied she was not really awake, Could it be that this splendid young English sir, whom

she was anxious to please, truly wished to take her away to his own land? So, since love is love, and is ever new,

the hours passed all too quickly. But before escorting Tatsu to her 'rick-shaw, Mr Hayward attended to an important matter. After making settlement for the evening's entertainment, he informed Ito that he wished to arrange for Tatsu's liberty; he intended to marry her. Ito, thoroughly familiar with such "tem-porary marriages" (as he thought) smiled an oily smile.

ed an oily smile.

Truly, the illustrious English sir had excellent taste. Tatsu-San was considered the most beautiful and accomplished geisha in all the city of Tokyo. Ova! His augustly insignificant establishment would suffer much by letting her go—with much rubbing together of hands and hissing intaking of breath, and many low hows. At length, after evading the "hedging" until he had gauged the Englishman's carnestness in the matter, a number of "yen" was named which, though really exorbitant, was accepted promptly by Mr. Hayward as the price paid for Tatsu's liberty.

The next day Philip, visiting Tatsu-San at her own "shoji," drew from his pocket a tiny box.
"Shot your eyes, Tatsu, just for an instant."

She screwed up her eyes, in childish tashion; then Pholip, slipping a ring on

tashion; then Philip, slipping a ring on her finger, said:—
"Now you may look, sweetheart!"
She apened her eyes and gave a delighted little shriek.
"A-Fa! Such priddy rings! He is for me, Phee-lesep?" she inquires, with sparkling eyes. Indeed, it is a iscuttful "solitaire" hought at a large price at the English jeweller's, and now gleamslike a great drop of fire on the slender hand.

hand.

"Yes, little love," says Philip. "It is a token, as is the fashiou of my country, that some day you will be my wife. And, by and bye, when we are married, you shall have another ring-a small band of gold-to wear also." Tears sprang to Tatsu's bright eyes, as shopressed Philip's hand against her cheek. "Phee-leep," she said, with a little catch in the cooling voice, "when you marry wis me, voice, were go away and leave be, like American says who marry wis 0-Hama-San?"

"No. Tatsu." he answered gravely; "that small gold ring will be a sign

"No. Tatsu." he answered gravely; "that small gold ring will be a sign that you will be my honoured wife al ways—till death do us part."

Alas! How quickly clouds sometimes overcost the blue of the summer sky! Next day Philip Hayward received a cablegram—

"Your brother thrown while hunting; not expected to live; return at once."

He packed feverishly. He could just The packed teverishly. He could just catch the outgoing steamer, which as it fortunately happened, sailed in a few hours. But he must see Tatsu. In a few words, for time was precious, he explained what had happened. She did no cry, but with troubling bands clung to him a moment.

"I will pray Benten-Sama tek' care of you, Phoe-hep, so you vaery soon come back to me. Oyama: Those poor lady -your honourable mother and your hon-ourable sister! For them my heart have great sorrow!"

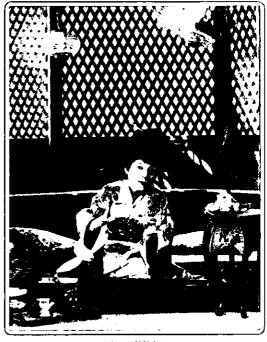
"Thank you, my darling. I will re-"Thank you, my dacling. I will return as quickly as possible, and you will hear from me very soon. And do not go to the teahouse again, Tatsu, You are your own unstress now, you know, and I wish you to wait here till I come back for you. Good-bye, my little love—good-bye!"

"Sayonara," she whispered; "good-hye, if it must be so!" and the soft lips trembled under his long, last kiss. Then the 'rickshaw was off again, and in an

Continued on Page 30.



"Tatsu-San gorgeous in a golden kimono."



MISS TUILKO



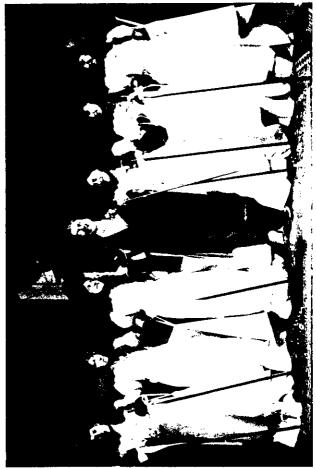
HAWKE'S BAY KENNEL CLUB'S SHOW. SOME PRIZE-WINNERS.

Sorrell, photo.

1. Mr. John Jamieson's litch. Blowhard Recky, winner 5 firsts and 2 specials. 2, Mr. A. C. Rowe's cocker spaniel, Huyelock Ren, 1st and special. 3, Miss Hunter's Scotch terrier, Browher Blowhard Bunny, 1st and special. 7, Mr. John Jamieson's Blowhard Bunny, 1st and special. 7, Mr. A. C. Howe's cocker spaniel Gainsboro Coated, 1st and special. 8, Soler Bros. English setter, Wonganni Ranger, 1st and special. 9, Judging collies.
A. C. Howe's cocker spaniel Gainsboro Coated, 1st and special. 8, Soler Bros. English setter, Wonganni Ranger, 1st and special. 9, Judging collies.



Act II.—Lord Lee: "Tell me, and tell me spredily, do you like Beant and Rice, or Rice without Beant?" Nellie: "Well now, to let you into a little personal secret. I never take any of those new-fangled dishes. My digestion is so poor." Witson: "Merciful heavens!"



Lord Lee and the Gaiety Girls. Lord Lee; "I am their bader wherever they go." Gaiety Girls, "Yes, he is a man about town,"

Act. H. The Count and Claire. Count: Ze birds zey sing of you. Ze sun he shines of you, an'ze little puppy-dogs w. H. Bartlett, photos. SCENES FROM "I

SCENES FROM "THE LADY TYPIST,"



This new and original nursical controls has been written and composed by "Mr. Humphries," on Auckland gentleman, and is to be produced in Auckland on Angust 13 at His Majosty's Theatre.



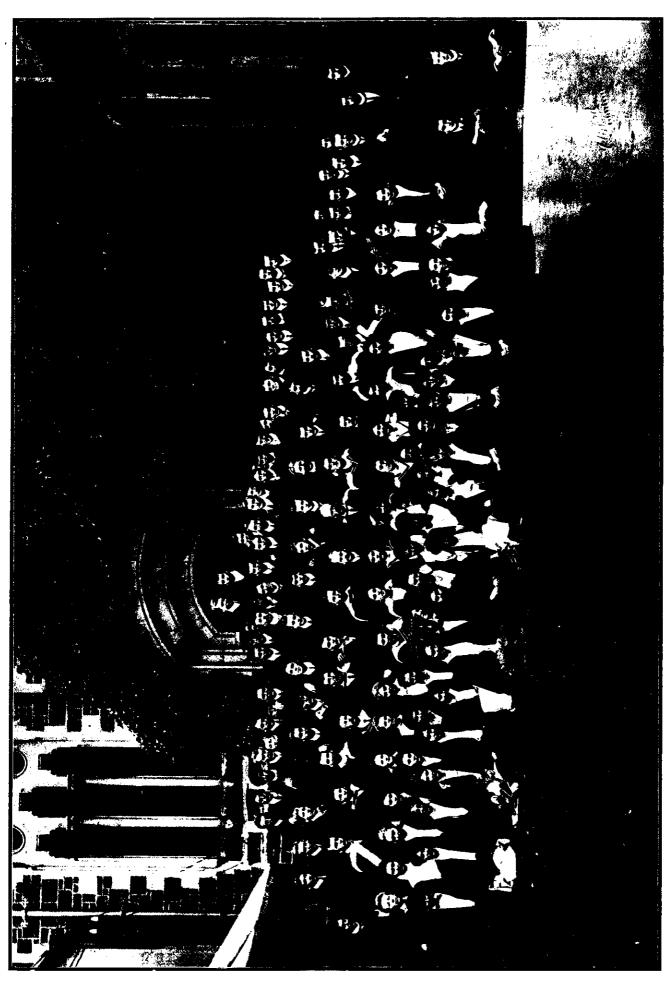
THE NEW STATION FROM THE LINE.

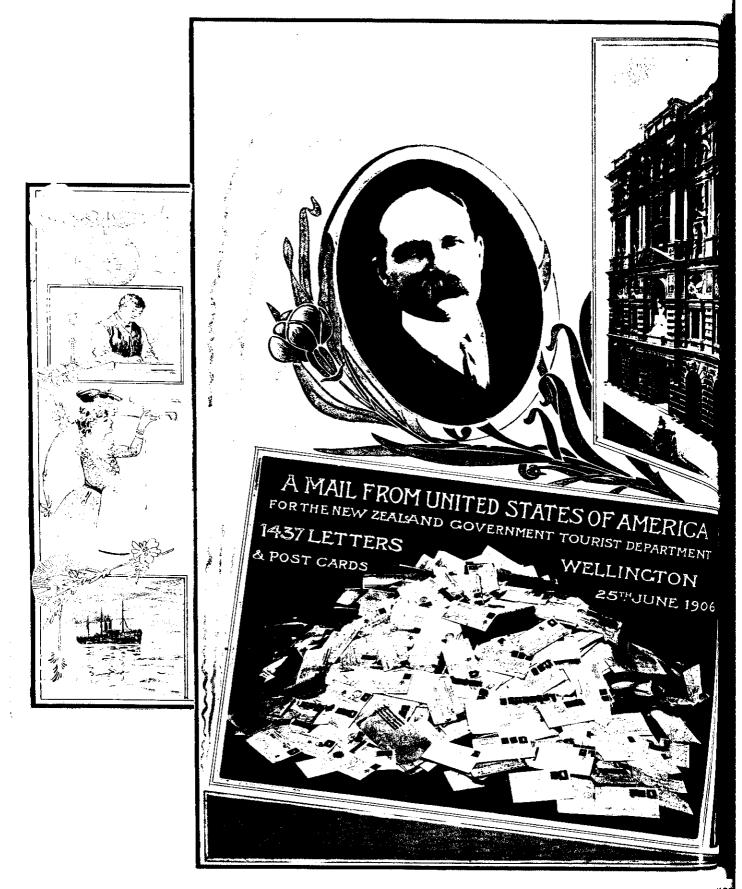


THE NEW STATION FROM THE STREET.



THE HON, COLONEL PITT ADDRESSING THE CITIZENS.





THE PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND NO

NEW SYDNEY ME

The progress of the New Z aland Tourist Departm at has been phenomenal, and the work it has accomplished we or plate Sir Joseph Ward is shown on the right and Mr. Donne on the left of the Departm.nt's new offices in Syder day's mail from America explains itself, and bears cloquent testimony to the extent to which resources of the base. The electric han

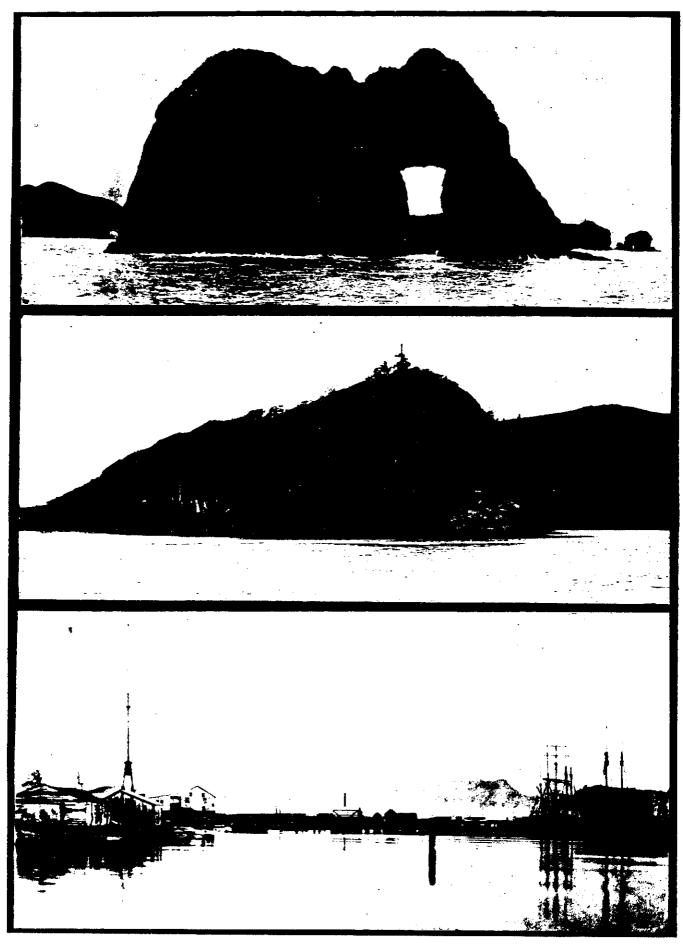




# MOUSLY SUCCESSFUL TOURIST AGENCY.

BOURNE OFFICES.

bigator (Sir Joseph Ward) and its energetic Superintendent (Mr. E. T. Donze) is hard to overvalue. In the present stand Life Association of Australasia building, which is full view of the General Post Office. The photo of a single of tax d on occasion. On the right is a view of the Melbourn office of the Department looking down Collins street.



MERCURY BAY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT SUPPOSITIOUS WRECK.

). THE HOLE IN THE WALL, MERCURY BAY. 2. ROCKY HEADLAND OPPOSITE WHITIANGA, MERCURY BAY, 3. THE TIMBER MILLS, WHITIANGA





WRECKAGE OF MASTS AT NEAR WHERE THE BODIES OF THE CAPTAIN AND HIS WIFE WERE WASHED ASHORE.



THE FAMOUS FRENCH SOPRANO, MME, BLANCHE ARRAL, WHO WILL see "brains." SHORTLY TOUR THE COLONY.



Hargreaves, photo, Walpho Bay,

STARTING TO CUT INTO THE MAIN CABIN IN SEARCH FOR BODIES.



THE DESPERATE ENGAGEMENT IN THE MOME GORGE.

McKenzie had planned a "coup de guerre" for the capture of Bambata. The Transvaal Mounted Rifles were directed to hold the mouth of the gorge. C Squadron, under Captain McFarlane, was discovered in position before daybreak, and the rebels, finding themselves in a cordon, made a desperate effort to force an exit through the gorge. McFarlane sent a heavy volley, and was almost immediately shot dead through the heart. The men stood their ground, and the rebels fied in confusion, leaving 575 dead on the field.

# A Linguistic Parrot.

An American naval officer on the retired list tells a story of the days when Admiral Dewey was a lieutenant under the command of an eccentric captain.

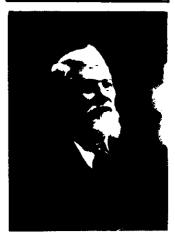
It appears that, about the time the vessel under the command of the cuptain mentioned put into the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, the commander was considerably worried concerning the health of a pet parrot. He had asked the ship's physician to prescribe, and the latter had expressed the opinion that all the bird needed was an opportunity to climb a tree, chew the bark thereof, and otherwise disport itself. So the captain summoned his steward, and ordered him to take the parrot ashore and to give it some exercise.

In those days the captain's steward was a most important personage-more so perhaps than he is now. This steward was a conneal old darky, who had an absurd habit of aping the authoritative ways of his master, and the men of the vessel liked nothing better than to play him some trick; so when he now stepped to the port gangway to get into the liberty-boat, with the eage containing the bird they saw their opportunity. There was a sea running in the harbour, making it difficult for the boat to keep alongside, and just as the steward put out a foot toward the gunwale they purposely eased her off, with the result that the darky tumbled into the sea. Of course, he was pulled

into the sea. Of course, he was pulled out in a minute, but the parrot and the cage went to the bottom.

Naturally, the steward was much distressed. He dreaded punishment by the captain, who had said that he would hold the steward responsible for the safety of the bird. Having shore-leave for three days, he spent his time wantering others the stream of firmers. for three days, he spent his time wan-dering about the city and figuring to himself how he would put in the bal-ance of the voyage in the ship's brig on bread and water, double-ironed, and exposed to the derision of the crew. At length a happy thought came to him. Rio was full of parrots, and one parrot is much like another, expecially even core. He bought, for a trilling

green ones. He bought, for a trifling sum, a green bird with a yellow head, which seemed to him like the twin



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. F. AN-DERSON, OF AUCKLAND.

brother of the one drowned. He was

brother of the one drowned. He was also lucky enough to find a cage resem-bling the lost one and in it he took his precious purchase back to the ship. Or course, the captain was delighted to see his pet again, and especially when he observed how much its plum-age was improved, and how much more spirited it was than before. But his asspirited it was than before. But his as-tonishment may easily be magnined when, being asked whether he would like a cracker, the wicked bird responded with a string of Portugese oaths. Upon being fed, it further contributed

Upon being fed, it further contributed to the amazement of the captain by expressing its satisfaction with a lot of "swear-words" in Spanish. At this juncture the captain felt that he must share his feelings with some one. Licutenant Dewey, who had been walking the quarter deck, was summonel to the abin, and the parrot was persuaded to swear some more for his benefit.

"Mr. Dewey," exclaimed the commanding officer excitedly, "don't you think that is a most remarkable bird? Why, he has been ashere only three days, and in that time he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Portugese and Spanish languages!"



THE NKANDHLA BUSH FIGHT, CAPTAIN CLARK'S PLUCKY STAND.



THE DOCKS, VANCOUVER, WHICH PROMISE, ACCORDING TO "THE WORLD'S WORK," TO DEVELOP INTO ANOTHER LIVERPOOL



Photos, supplied by Vancouver Tourist Association.

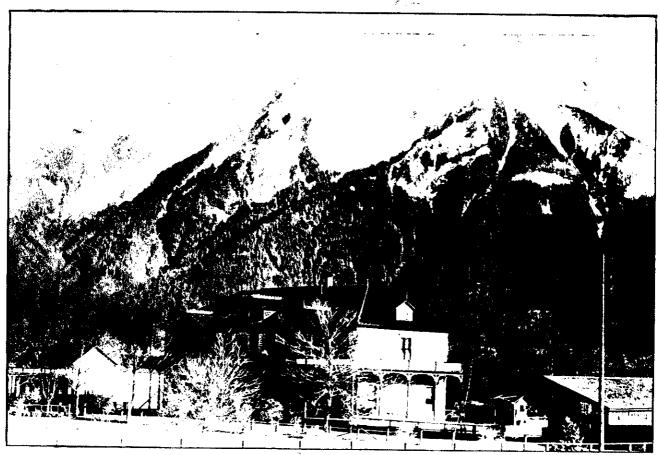
See "Letterpress
BIG TREES IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, WHICH IS, SAYS SIR MICHEL HICKS BEACH, "THE FINEST PLEASURE GROUND I
HAVE EVER SEEN,"

PICTURESQUE COLUMBIA: THE BEAUTIFUL SISTER COLONY WHICH TOURISTS TO OR FROM NEW ZEALAND MAY CONVENIENTLY VISIT EN ROUTE.



BANFF, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK AND HOT SPRINGS, 561 MILES EAST OF VANCOUVER.

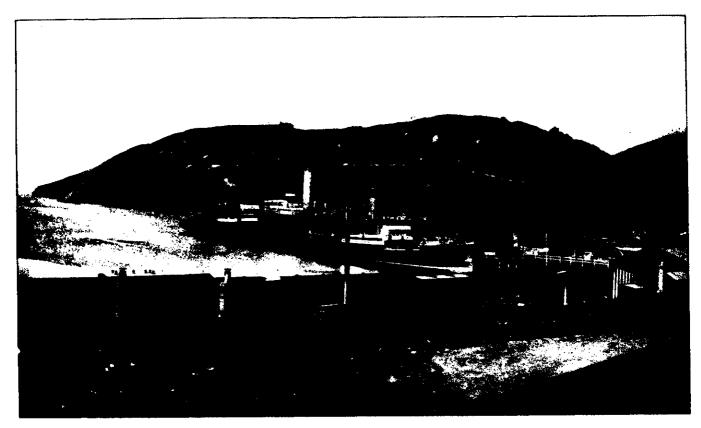
Altitude, 4521ft, situated in the midst of charming scenery.



Photos, sumplied by Vancouver Tourist Association.

MOUNT CHEAM, AT AGASSIZ STATION, 70 MILES EAST OF VANCOUVER, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAHLWAY.

The famous Harrison Hot Springs, five miles distant, are celebrated for their curative properties. The Government Experimental Farm is situated at this point



Akemster, photo.

THE WHARF, PICTON.

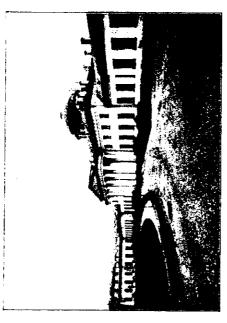


Jones and Coleman, Anckland.

AUCKLAND HOCKEY REPRESENTATIVES, 1906, SOUTHERN TOUR.

# The Dawn of Russian Liberty





THE BUILDING IN WHICH THE DUMA ASSEMBLED.

PRESIDENT MUROMISEV.



CAUGUS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY HELD PRIVATELY THE DAY BENNRE THE OPENING OF THE DUMA. This Party is running the Assembly.



THE TSAR, HIS MOTHER, AND HIS WIFE EXTERING ST. GEORGES HALL, PRECEDED BY THE CLERGY. In the foreground is the Lunous ikon that belonged to Peter the Great.

In the right foreground are the members of the Duna, on the left those of the Conneil of the Empire or Upper House, THE TSAR REABING HIS RESCRIPT IN THE WINTER PALACE.



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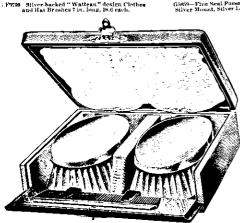
Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 15/6 upwards.











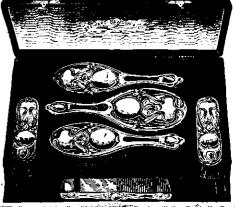
G7506 Case containing 2 GenUx Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb. \$21.05.
Other Silver Sets at 157, 2548, and 505.



anted Comb; () in. long, 8/6.



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# **UNTO SEVENTY** TIMES SEVEN

Or, THE FLOWER OF THE **PENINSULA** 

ALL PIGHTS PESERVED

# By Lily Froude

CHAPTER XIV.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

E had gone, and she stood where he had left her, the dead leaves falling upon her and around unherded, as she watched her the trail of the boat in the From a house across the river water. came the soft, sweet strains of "Robin Adair," and above her head, in the willows. Valerie could hear the twittering of the birds. But she heeded them not nor was she conscious that the sun was shining, and that all Nature was glad and joyous. Her own heart alone was and, and out of secord with all around

"He might have kissed me," she said, "He night have kissed me," she said, "just once on my forehead, to show he cared: it wouldn't have been a great sin—at least, so far as I know it wouldn't. But he knows best: he has such clear judgment in these things, and he is so honourable. I woulder if it was because he is so honourable that he didn't kies me, or because he did not care to. He didn't even ask me to write to him. After ail. I don't suppose he ever loved me—he never told me so, anyway. What a he never told me so, anyway. What a prident lover he abvays was. One would suppose that I was some adventuress, and that he was afraid of my prescenting him for breach of pronise of marriage, therefore never putting it in my power. Of course, I'm thinking or past days, when he was considered my lover hy some neonle his mather. he never told me so, anyway. What a lover by some people, his mother uded. Ah, well to the pure, all is But why did he never confess his lee, if he had any, for me; and he ex-pected me to confide my troubles to him before he had given me the right to do Well, I am going to try to forget you. Lewis St. Mar."

Poor girl, she did not know how im poor girl, see and now show now in-possible she would find it in the long, warry struggle of the years to come, and how, in her solitude, her thoughts would revert more and more to her girthood's lote. Whether for weal or woe, Lewis love, V St. Mar 81. Mar would possess her heart until it seased to best,

limpes, only dead hopes

forn from the heart by the storms of

Hopes, only dead hopes, Killed by sorrow and strife, Witherea and chilled by the cold world's

Crushed and torn and trampled down se forest leaves 'neath the winter's sky,

The hopes of our young life wither and die."

Valerie repeated these words to her-ted as she slowly turned away from the river towards her own gate. She had For towards her own gate. She had read the words somewhere, and thought they suited her own sad life. All her hopes were dead, and she could see no way out of her misery, but just to suffer on and hear her burden alone. When her reached the gate she found the faithful companion of her many lonely walks within for her.

Poor old Ponto! You love me, don't

You, doggie!

Ponto signified that he did by Immehately responding to her caress in a face, and behaving in a generally riothar latch key, and went straight to a

little room that was entirely her own, where she sewed and painted and dream ed of the past. It was understood that when in this room she was not to be disturbed, and the servent was forbidden to enter it. Valerie always cleaning it out herself. So, tarowing herself down on a sofa, she quictly fainted away, and there she lay until found by her husband some twenty minutes later. He was holding a glass of water to her lips when she opened her eyes, and gave a wan smile; then she sat up and took the glass from his hand, and eagerly drank

"What made you faint?"

"f-oh, it's rather close, don't you think so? I suppose there is a nor'-wes-ter coming up; they always unnervo me

80."
If thought the heat agreed with you;
you always said that it did. I saw St. Mar on the river as I came home.

he been here?"
"Yes, I told you at breakfast that he "tes, I told you at breaklast that he would be up this morning to take me for a row. I waited for him on the river in our boat; he did not come in; I did not ask him."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps I felt he would not come in if I had asked him. He leaves Christchurch again in a couple of days.

"Does he? I suppose that was what made you faint. Was the leave-taking of a tender nature?"

or a tender nature?"
"Quite the contrary." said Valerie,
with flashing eyes. "Do you want to
know what passed? I will tell you if you do."

"Oh, you need not unless you like; I never thought St. Mar a particularly affectionate individual."

"He may be affectionate to those who belong to him, but he never was particularly so to me.

Instead of answering, Mr. Day drew a chair up to the fire, which had burnt low, and planted his feet on the fender rail. He had a habit of doing this, even when there was no fire in the grate, and when the weather was warm.

"Frank!"
"Well!"

"I wish Lewis St. Mar had kissed me."
"And didn't he?"

"And didn't he?"
"No, he is too honourable."
"Too jolly cold, you mean. I believe
if you lost your good looks he wouldn't
eare a fig for you."
"I have lost them. He told me I was thin, and he said when I frowned that I looked tairty-six."

looked tuirty-six."

"Didn't I say so? That's why he did not kiss you, and that's the man you've thrown your heart away upon. Women are queer creatures. Fancy imputing to honour every cold-blooded thing he does. Can't you see he does not love you, and

never did!"
"Of course I can see it. I nover said he loved me, and he never told me that he did. That is the reason I married

yeu."

"I know; and if I were you I'd try
and cure myself of loving a man who
was indifferent to me. You never were
the sort of girl to give your love ussought. What made you in this case?"

"He used to come after me, and we
used to go on the river and to dances
together, and I thought he cared for me;

I fanciel a woman could tell, but I don't now; I am sure I was mistaken, especi-

ally as you say it was not honour prevented him kissing me."

"I feel sure of it. If a fellow wanted to kiss a girl be cared for he'd do it-honour be hanged."

"It wouldn't prevent you, anyway, I suppose, and naturally you judge by yourself. I was thinking myself a while age that I was getting a little three of honour, my life is so barren of lave, and I feel so lonely."

You had better ask St. Mar to clope with you, and then you won't be lonely. or are you too honourable?"

"How coarse you are, and how I hate you. I cannot help being a woman, and having a woman's nature. Men complain of the New Woman, but the eem to forget that their sneers often turn a loving heart into that hideous creation, a mannish woman. They are denied affection by men, and are scoffed at for possessing it themselves. Give me about seven years to crush out my feelings, and after that you won't bave to complain that I am too affectionsta. Love wants to be fed, and as I am in me danger of a surfeit of that sort of food, I will be as hard as mails in seveni years," and with a scornful laugh Valerie left the room. She was smarting from his taunt, and felt very hitter towards men in general. She had been in the habit of discussing her feelings with

3200

#### AND TARANAKI OIL FREEHOLD COMPANY, LID.

CAPITAL ....

In 15,000 Shares at £1 each, payable as follows: 2,6 per share on application, 2,6 cd allotment, and calls if required not to excreed 1 per share per month.

PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS:-Messrs W. T. Jennings, M.H.R., F. P. Corkill (chair-man), G. W. Brown, J. Hawkins, W. T. Gardner, T. K. Skinner, and M. Jones, Mr J. S. S. Medfey is Secretary.

The Company is being formed to hove for oil at New Plymouth, on the Carringies Road, where strong Indications have for years been known to exist, and oil existing Road, where strong Indications have for years been known to exist, and oil existing Road. The addition to Fen Acres of Freehold, secured under a purchase agreement, the Company is in possession of a complete chain of horing rights and epitons, situated within the oil-bearing area of Taranaki, and tous-thing the districts of indications. Lepperton, Carrington Road, New Plymouth, and Moturos.

It is the intention of the Directors to commence aperations on the Carrington Road at a very carry date, and there is every probability that when oil is struck the Road at a very early date, and there is every probability that when oil is struck the ware sold at 282. It is thought that the oil hot may be much morrer the surface in law very sold at 282. It is thought that the oil hot may be much morrer the surface in law very sold at an important factor, midmissing the cost of horing and greatly enhancing the chances of a good and permanent flow.

A large amount of the explication this company has already toon subscribed, and those who wish to become shareholders should apply at once to may of the following Rockers!-

Mossrs. V. J. LARNER & CO., Stock Exchange, Auckland.
Messrs. HARCOURT & CO., Wellington.
Messrs. LEWIS & CO., Wanganni.
Messrs. GRIFFITHS & SON, Blenkeim.
Mr. J. S. S. MEDLEY, New Plymouth.
Mr. J. S. FREEMAN, Dannevirke.
Mr. W. LISSANT CLAYTON, Gisborne.

# APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of THE TARANAKI OIL AND PREEHOLD CO., LTD. (Involporated under "The Companies" Act, 1963.")

GENTLEMEN.— (Incorporated under "The Companies" Act, 1933")

I beg to apply for Shares of 20s each in the above-named Company, upon the terms of the Prospectus, and antisect to the Articles of Associations and I hereby hand you the sum of E. being a deposit of 28 fall per Share payable on application, and I agree to accept the same or any same or universal to make and to pay the further installment as provided by the said Prospectus.

4 PT	espectus.								
	Name (In ft	zil)	 	 	 <b>.</b> .	 	 	 	
	Add (Pee		 	 	 <b>.</b> .	 	 	 	
	Occupation								
	Signature								
Date						•	 	 	

Prospectus may be seen at Messrs V. J. Laruer & Co., Stock Exchange, Auckland, DEMEMBER, ONLY 15,000 SHARES.

Shares are being applied for freely, and a sarge amount of the capital is need

Applications may be made personally or by letter, with amount of first permett 12.6 for each where applied for exchange.

APPLY TO-DAY TO MESSES. V. J. LARNER & CO. STOCK EXCHANGE, AUCKLAND,

her husband, and he had never before ahown himself so spiteful, knowing when he married her that her heart was given to another. She had told him everything, but he was only too glad to marry her on any terins, and she naturally. St his taunt to be unjust to herself. Valerie had made many enemies because she could never dissemble; her nature was too straightforward, and if she disliked any one they soon discovered the fact from her inability to hide her feetings. Not that she was ever rude. On the contrary, she was scrupulously polite, and to those she liked her manner was free and confiding. er husband, and he had pever before was free and confiding.

#### CHAPTER XV.

ON THE AVOY

Three o'clock found Valerie walking rapidly along the river bank, where presently she came to a clump of willows that had been her trysting place in days gone by. It was a lovely nook in a bend of the river, and old associationa becoming too strong for her, she allowed vent to the bitterness and pain which filled her heart.

"Perhaps I shall never see him again," she whispered to herself, "and if I do there is the old agony to endure all over again. Oh. Lewis, Lewis, why did you do it! Will a woman ever love you as I have loved you?—and, God help me, as I do now, and ever shall. I have nothing in my life to live for, and nobody cares for me. If he had only told me once, just once, that he loved me, I could cheerfully have borne years of pain, and it would have helped me so in the battle of life, and would have sweetened its bitterness; but he never told me."

tuld me."

A boat slowly gliding into the alcove arrested Valerie's attention, causing her to sit up and peep through the branches to see if it were anyone she knew, and she immediately recognised the gentleman and the girl with whose boat she had collisied that morning. She was wondering how she could slip away without them seeing her, when these words fell on her ears:

"Oh, please let me go back to my

Granddad; I do want to see him ever so much, Bruce, an' he'll be so lonely now without me. I'm all be has, too, 'eept Dodger, an' Mary Ana."
"Why, my dear, I thought you loved

MAn' I do; but I feel sick for Granddad. There's no one to get his meals for him, an' why can't we go to him, for we was married, you said. An' you told me you'd take me back to Grand-dad, an'-an'-"

dd, an'—an'—"

Here the girl's voice broke, and tears trembled on her lashes as she looked appealingly at her companion, who left his seat opposite, and, sitting down beside her, placed his arm around her wist and drew her head to his breast.

"Have patience, my little wife, and try to content yourself awhile with me twhy, it is only a month since you told me that you could not live without me, just after we were married, you know."

"I know, an' it's true; but I love Granddad, too, an' I want to show him all my grand frocks what you gave me."

"Aimee, I will tell you what I will do. I will go to your grandfather and confess, and then come back and tell you all about it, and perhaps bring him back with me. Will that do, little one!"

Aimee clapped her hands, and flung her arms around the man's neck as she said:

"Ob. ves. ves. an' I'll tell Granddad

sau:

"Oh, yes, yes; an' I'll tell Granddad how good you are to me, an' that you haven't a wife in England at all, an' we'll all be so happy again."

A flush dyed the man's face as he said:

Are you not happy now, little one?

I thought you were.

I thought you were."

And Valerie, from her seat on the bank, thought she had never beheld such a guileless and beautiful countenance as Aimee's. The face was so childlike and trustful, and she wondered who she and her companion could be. "They must be strangers," thought Valerie, "for I know every face almost in Christ-church," and a sigh of envy escaped her as she rose to go. With a start the man heard it, and planced up, and saw courter, and a sign or eny escaped her as she rose to go. With a start the man heard it, and glanced up, and saw with surprise the same face that he had seen at Sunner. He knew she must have heard what he and Aimee had said, and, if so, would be in a position to

give information were inquiries to reach her ears regarding the girl. He must stop her at all risks, and entreat her silence; besides, he held her sceret; and he meant to use it, or threaten to do so, if the distinct meaning allows.

if she did not promise silence.

"timee, I wish to speak to that lady who was sitting up above there just now. You won't be frightened, little one, will you? I won't be long," and,

now. You won't be frightened, little one, will you? I won't be long," and, springring on to the bank, Sir Branden Langstone was soon at Valerie's side. "Partlon me, madam, but will you kindly tell me if you overheard a conversation in a boat just now over you der," he said, pointing to the alcove. Valerie was so surprised that for the moment she remained silent, and the man went ou:

"It that is would you mind not man."

"I—that is, would you mind not men-tioning having either seen the girl in the boat, or what was said?"
"Certainly. But I do not understand you. Is there anything wrong in the girl being with you? It would seem so, judging from your manner."
Instead of answering her questions, Sir Branden said:

Sir Branden said:

"I might take this opportunity to tell Sir Branden said:

"I might take this opportunity to tell you that I have seen you before, and—purdon me—overheard your outbreak of passionate seorn against your husband at Sunner about a month ago. One of your expressions was that you would like to have killed him at the altar. Am I correct? We are evidently fated to overhear each other's confidences," and Sir Branden smiled, while Valerie's face paled, and she felt sick and faint with the shame that consumed her. What did he know, what had she said, for she felt instinctively that the man was bad to the core. His polished manner and handsome face did not deceive her as they did poor little Aimee. But then she had lived in the world, and Aimee had not. Valerie was quick to read character, and invariably correct in her judgment. She did not err on the present occasion, and shivered a little as she half turned from the man at her side. Then she said, with an effort:

"You—you are not a gentleman, sir, to have listened to a conversation not intended for your ears."

"You forget, madam, that I overheard in perhaps a less culpable manner

than you displayed just now. I was askeep on the rocks, and your voice awoke me while you were you also askeep just now?"

said Valerie, homently. "I was sitting there when your hoat came into the alcove, and I stayed to look, unseen, at the lovely girl who was with you, and, of course, I heard what you both

said."

I have your promise, then, to keep silence as to what you have seen, and heard this afternoon in the boat?"

Valerie bowed, little dreaming how soon she would be called upon to break her promise, and as abe moved away Sir Branden gracefully raised his that and stood with the sun playing on his bare head, until she turned a bend in the river and was lost to sight. Then he hurried back to Aimee.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE CHURCHTARD.

Valerie Day was a passionate lover of Nature, and nothing pleased her better than to go to some seeluded spot where she could dream and think of the past undisturbed by human sounds. On the present occasion, when she came to the lovely, picturesque little church at Avonside, with its ivy-covered walls and white tombstones dotted about on each side of the long, straight path, she opened the gate and walked in. Her footsteps fell silently on the wattle-barked path as she made her way to the church steps, where she sat down tired out with her long walk. After the lapse of a few minutes she noticed an old man moving amongst the gravestones, followed by a dog. Presently be caught sight of her, and came slowly towards her.

ed by a dog. Presently be caught sight of her, and came slowly towards her. "Excuse me, lady, but maybe ye liva hereabouts," he said, halting a few steps

"I live nearer New Brighton, but I know every step about here. Can I help you in any way!"

"Aweel, maybe ye can." I've lost a wee bit lassie, an I've traced her this far, sae a poor, wee bit lambie, as inner-

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SOAPMAKERS

ROYAL WARRANTS



Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED

FOR TOILET SOAP

GREAT BRITAIN-ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

gent as a babe. Maybe, seem, ye've seed the like about here."

pent as a name. Bayon seems yet were to the like about here.

"I could tell bester if you were to the seribe her to me," said Valerie, as she turned pale and cold with apprehension. Weel, she had on an auld Tam-o'-ahanter cap and a tartan frock, an' a pair of boanie shoes w' straps acrosa; an' her face is sae fair, mem, w' its rec curla round it like a pictur. Aye, lady, but she's a bonnie lass, and she's aganged fra the auld men the noo. Did ye see the like aboot here, lady?"

'I have not seen a girl in the dress you describe. Did she leave you of her own accord, or did she get lost?"

'I dinna just ken, lady. She went ta

own accord, or did she get lost?"
"I dinns just ken, lady. She went ta
a school, and niver coomed back fra it.
Maybe she were entired away, or maybe
she jist wandered on and on."
"I am so very norm."

she jist wandered on and on."

I am so very sorry for you. How
long ago was it that she left you?"

About a month, but it is a year I'm
feelin' it to be, ase lonely I feel wi'out
ny ain ewe lamb, fur that's what she
were to me, mem; but it ain't a David
that's took 'er but' a divil."

A tear glittered in the rugged cheek
of the old man, and he bent forward on
his stick. The wog looked up at his
master, and Valerie thought that he,
what lears in his ever: then he whined

too, had tears in his eyes; then he whined piteously and crouched down again at his feet.

'Aye. Dod.

"Aye, Dodger's lonely, too, mem, an' the auld man's no kempany fur him

o.
"Won't you sit down?" and Valerie made room for him beside her. . "You can then tell me all about your daugh-

"She's me granddaughter, lady," he said, as he sank down on the steps. The dog came over, too, and snifed at Va-lerie's outstretched hand. Then, becoming consinced that she was a desirable acquaintance, he settled down at her feet and tried to lick her hand.

feet and tried to lick her hand.
Duncan Keith, for it was he, crossed his hands on the top of his stick, and leant his chin on them, as he fixed his gaze far into the distance. 'His white hair was longer than usual, and his trousers were frayed, and the soles of his hoots were almost worn away. Valerie's heart atirred with pity, as she glanced at him, and her own sorrows appeared insignificant beside his. 'She was debating in her own mind as to debating in her own mind as there she should tell this poor, lonely there she should tell this poor. She was debating in sec. on a new whether she should tell this poor, lonely man about the girl in the boat. She felt that to withhold the information would be criminal, no matter what the consequences might be. But there was just a chance that his lost little girl was not the one she had seen.

was not the one she had seen.

Would you mind telling me your granddaughter's name?"

granddaughter's name?"
"Aimee, mem, Aimee Keith,"
"What a pretty name." said Valerie,
as she moved uneasily in the effort to
make up her mind, now that she was
aure she could give the required infor-

folks always say that."

"Mycht I inquire your name?"
"O' course, lady; Keith's my name."
"Mr. Keith, you said that a devil took our little Aimee. What do you mean? your little Aimee. What do you mean? has she been decoyed away, do you think?

think?"

Aye, sure enough." And, then Dun-can told Valerie his history up to the present. When he came to the selling of his little home on the Peninsula, his voice broke and the tears fell fast, and Bodger went over to him and licked his

leager went over to him and ficked his withered hand.

"An' now me wee bit hame in country's goin' to ruin, "fur' I canna' rest wiout me little ain, an' I blame:niysel', as I forbid her talkin' bout the—the—"Never miad, Mr. Keith.—Do you know, I think I can help you to find dimee; in fact, this very afternoon. I saw a lovely girl in a boat with a gentleman, and I overheard what they were saying, and they talked about their marriage, so do not grieve any more, for after all-sine mind to marriad—his wife in England many have died. The gentleman called her Alimee, and she asked. in a fire all she may be used. The genus in England may have died. The genus in England may have died. The genus in an catted, him to take her home to her grandfather, and I heard him promise to go to him and confess. So you see, after to help you. How father, and I neare to produce to him and confess. So you see, after all. I've been able to help you. How strange, is it not?"
While she was speaking she had pushed back her hat, and for the first time

ed back her hat, and for the first time ber face was fully revealed to view. "Aye, is it possible? Is it possible? Where can't see my bairn? Quick, tell ime, lady, and ha' pity on an auld man dur merejs sake." Ile had risen up, and now saw her without the shade of her hat. Then he

paclaimed:
"Why, ment, I've seen ye twice afore "Why, most, I've seen ye twice arore locally; aye, an' it wasna' fur nothing tither that we've met in God's Acre. The Lord heat ye ta me to comfort me wi' tidings o' my bairs. Maybe ye ha'

troubles o' yer ain; ye're young, lady, an' I pray that ye will ha' yer heart's desire. God bless, comfort, and keep ye

desire. God bless, comfort, and keep ye always. Now, come; an' show me where to find my lassie, please."
"But, Mr. Keith, I do not know where they are now. It was quite on hour ago that I saw them, and they may be miles away by this time. I think they were then on their way back to the sheds. That was the second time to-day that I saw them; the first time was about 11 this morning."

saw them; the first time was about 11 this morning."

I must be goin' mysel', then, for I canna' waste precious time wi gossiping, an' me little ain waiting me. Gooday ta ye, mem, and thank ye kindly fur a' yer goodness ta me."

"I will come with you to the boat sheds and inquire; perhaps we may yet be in time."

So down the path they want as fact.

So down the path they went as fast as Duncan's poor, tired feet would take him. Arrived at the sheds, Valerie inhim. Arrived at the sheds, Valerie in-quired of the man who let out the boats whether Sir Branden and Aimee had re-turned, and was told that a gentleman and young lady answering to the de-scription ahe gave had returned the boat about twenty minutes ago. "And," added the man, "he was a proper sort of a gentleman, judging by the tip he gave me."

gave me."
"Do you know which way they went?"
"Well, I saw them get into a cab at
the foot-bridge there, but I don't know
which road they took; anyway, they
didn't come this side o' the river. Fancy

didn't come this side o' the river. Fancy the cab went straight down the Hell, but couldn't be sure."

"Do you think five shilling would help your memory? Please try and think which way they went; it is of vital importance," said Valerie in great distress as she looked at Dunean's staring eyes and haggard, disappointed face. She could ill afford the money she had of-fered the man, but she was nothing if acred the man, but she was nothing if not generous, and she thought she could deny herself something to make up for it. Poor Valerie had all her life loved denying herself something, and she often wouldered if anythody would are leading to wondered if anybody would ever do the same for her sake.

same for her sake.

"Well, mem, perhaps my boy may know; I'll just ask him if you'll please to wait a minute. Willie, come here," he shouted to a small boy who was sitting on the rail of the bridge, and who immediately came in answer to his father's call.

Which way did that gentleman and lady go that gave you sixpence?"

Down Chester-street, father" said

"Did you hear them say anything about where they were going."
"No, father: I didn't hear anything."
"I'm afraid, mam, that's all I can do

for you."
"Thank you," said Valerie, as she placed the money in the man's hand and

praced the money in the man's hand and turned away.

"Come, Mr. Keith, don't be so down-hearted, for you are sure to find them. Indeed, they may now be on their way to see you, and will not find you at home."

home."

"The scoundrel will nae coom ta me, lady, fur ye ken I told ye he was married in England afore he cam' oot, and now he's stolen my bairn. Poor wee lamb as thinks she's married."

"Why do you not go at once to the police, Mr. Keith? And what a pity you did not go at first. Aimee might then have been safe, and none the worse

then have been safe, and none the worse if you had found her as soon as you missed her."

"Aye, I can see that now. But I was on the track o' them, an' thought I'd not bring my little ain into any police business. But now I'll gang awa, at once an' gie them a' information."

""Mr. Keith, this is my address." said Valerie, placing a card in his hand. "I hope you will come and see me and all

hope you will come and see me and 'all me how you succeed. I also hope you me how you succeed. I also hope you will bring Aimee with you when you come. And now, good-bye: I will not detain you any longer, for I know you are any longer to go.

detain you any longer, for I know you are anxious to go."

The old man's hard, rough hand clasped the small, gloved one held out to him, as he tried to speak, but no words came; only two tears aplashed down on their hands, and then Valerie hurried away for fear she should burst brito tears. Looking back, she saw the old man slowly toiling along towards the city, his white hait blewing about his head, and his old overcoat flapping in the wind.

## CHAPTER XVIL

WORK CUT.

A week later Valerie was writing let-ters in her little den just off the kit-chen, when she heard a jimu tap, at the back door. Presently the servant oams

to say that an old mun wished to see

"He looks like a beggar, mem. Shall

"He looks like a beggar, mem. 'Shall I send him away?'
"No, no; ask him to come in and sit down. I will be there in a minute; show him into the dining room, Jane."
"Yes, mem, but do you think the silver will be safe?"
"To as I tell you, Jane. The silver is all right. The old man is houset. I know

all right. The old man is houest; I know who be is."

When she had sealed her letters, Valerie went to the dining room, and found, as she expected, Duncan Keith.
"I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Keith; but where is Almee!" And as she ask-

ed the question she noticed how much more pinched his features were, and his appearance was that of a man who had tramped for many weary days in all weathers. She noticed, too, that his bare feet were showing through his boots. He saw her look of compassion, boots. He saw her look of compassion, and tried to hide them under his chair. Then Valerie flushed searlet, and protended she had not seen them, for the old man was proud, and Valerie was terribly distressed at her apparent want of delicacy, for to hart the feelings of the poor she considered a crime. Hastily trying to cover her confusion, she went to the sideboard and poured out a glass of whisky and water, which she glass of whisky and water, which she offered him.

"There, now, drink that Mr. Keith, before you tell me anything. You've had a long walk. I am sure.'

a long walk, I am sure."
"Aye, lang, indeed, mem. An' thank
ye kindly. But ye asked me where
Aimee was. Well, mem, she's just married, as ye said she might be, an' the
auld man's got ta put up wi' the lonesomeneas; so I'm just goin' back hame
the day, and cam' ta let ye know all's
well wi' Aimee afore I start."
"Oh I am ee afore I start."

"Oh, I am so glad for both your sakes.
And so Aimee is a lady now, Mr. Keith, she? How nice! But where is she? "Ganged ta Sydney, mem, day afore yesterday.

"So you saw them, and wished them good-bye, then?"
"Aye, o' course, ruem."

"Aye, o' course, mem."
"And did they go out to the Creek to

ace you?"
"Na, na. I heard as they was stayin'
at a hotel down Ferry road way, an' I
ganged oot ta see 'em."
"And wasn't Aimee glad to see you?

fancy the dear little face lighting I, egn with joy.

up with joy."
"Ave, clanc daft wi' joy."
"Did Sir Branden Langstone tell you his wife was dead." "He did, mem.

"No you know, Mr. Keith, I think it is wonderful that Aimee has married a baronet—Little Lady Langstone." Well, she is lovely enough for anything or anybody."

"Lovely, as a angel, an as pure,

Valerie thought that the old man's Valerie thought that the old man's manner was abstracted and peculiar compared to what it had been on her first meeting with him. He set the glass on the table when he had drank his whisky, and his eyes closed.

"Mr. Keith, I know you are tired, so just come to my little den and he down for an hour, and then I will give you some lunch before you go.".

He did not appear to hear her, so

some lunch betore you go."
He did not appear to hear her, so
she went quietly out of the room and
closed the door.
"Poor old man," she said to herself;
"I will leave him alone awhile; he is

rribly cut up at the loss of his grand-

Valerie had not been scated long at Valerie had not been seated long at her painting when she hear a noise in the dining room, and, running in, she found Duncan on the floor, with his mouth twisted to one aide.

"Jane, come quickly," she called. But Jane had heard the noise, and was already beside her. "Run and ask Mr. Ash to come and help the old man on the heart, tell him your mager is out.

and only we two are here."

When Jane returned with Mr.

who was a giant of strength, being a famous boating man, their united efforts succeeded in placing the old man on the sofa, where he lay unconscious until

sofa, where ne may uncomment the doctor came,
"If I were you, Mrs. Day, I would send him at once to the hospital."
"If think I will nurse him myself,"

"I think I will nurse him myself, said Valerie softly." I am just going into the city with the trap, and if you like I will bring the doctor back with me, and I'll send the missays in to you in case you want sasintance." tant

"Oh, thank you so much; that will be quicker than if Jane were to go. And I will be glad if Mrs. Ash will come in, as I may require assistance if the old man comes to. Jane is not much belg, in sickness."

"Well, I'll hurry off; but where are you going to put the man? You haven's too much room as it is."

going to put the more much room as it is."

Oh, I'll find a place: you know my materials ways and ingenuity in contriving means," laughed Valerie.

wans, magned vaccie.

When Mr. Ash was gone Valeric sat own beside Dimean's manimate form and took his wrinkled old hand and took his wrinkled old hand into her young, warm ones, and chafed it gently. Her experience in nursing was limited, and she hardly knew what to do. She wanted to help him, for her heart bled for his crushed and lonely life. Someone tapped at the door, and Valerie said, "Come in."

"Please, mem, that there dog what the old man brought is howling terrible to get in, and scratching all the paint off the door."

"Let him in, Jane: I intend to keep him until his poor old master is better, if indeed he ever will be. The dog's name is Dodger."

"Wot a name; that means a pick-pocket, don't it, mem? I seen a play once called somethin' like that."

once called somethin' like that."
"I suppose you mean the 'Artful Dodger' in 'Oliver Twist."
"I don't know no 'Oliver Twict;' was 'e playin' at the Royal?
"Oh, don't worry me; go and let the dog in." But still the girl lingered.
"Did you say, men, the old man was to sleep 'cre? There ain't no bed, is

to skep

"Yes, he will stay here for a while, and you can sleep in the den. Mr. Keith will have your room."
"There sin't no bed in the den." "But there is a sola, and you can

"But there is a sofa, and you can make that comfortable for the present."

"A sofy! I can't sleep on no sofy; it ain't wide enough."

"Leave the room instantly, and let the dog in."

the dog in."

The girl went out, and banged the door after her. Presently the dog was tearing up the mat at the door of the dining-room, and when Valerie let him in he flew to his master and whined piteously. Then, as though he understood how matters were, he lay down beside the sofa to guard fla precious burden. burden.

"Poor Dodger, come here," said Va-rie. "Poor doggie, how you miss lerie. them."

The dog looked at her in a friendly way, but did not attempt to move.
"You poor thing, I don't believe you have had any Tood to-day, or your master either. His heart is broken, doggie, and his ewe lamb is gone, never to return as he has known her—never again."

She tried to neather the best feet.

She tried to entice the dog to the kitchen to feed him, but he only whined, and lay with his eyes fixed on his master, and so she left them while she went? to see about preparing the servant's room for Duncan.

Meanwhile, in a shed at the back of the house, Jane was pouring her supposed wrongs into her master's ears. Ite had returned earlier than usual, and

He had returned earlier than usual, and seeked are had drawn him into the shed.

"Just fancy being turned out of my room for an old beggar like that. Pershaps she'll put the dog in the drawing-room? I won't sleep in that den fur nobody."

nobody."
"Til take jolly good care you don't get turned out of your room for any old beggar your mistress chooses to bring herr. The idea! It's preporterous! Hush! I think she's—here, let me hide

nush: I think she's—here, let me muc--get into the house, girl, quick!" "Jane ran: with a shovel of coat, and just met; Valerie in time to stop her into the shed; and for the p averted an exposure.

"I thought I hear someone talking to

you?"
"Oh, no, mem: I was repeatin' some hynns to myself, and I expect that's wot you leard."
went in search of his wife, whom he. After a while Mr Day came in, and found in her, bedecom ransacking his clothes to find clean socks and linen for Duman.

"What the mischief are you doing, Valorie, and who is that old joker on the dining room sofa."
She told him all she knew, and then

ndded:

"I suppose you don't mind lefting me give him a change of linen; he is very

poor?"
"Of course I mind. I haven't too among clothes myself that I must chuck that I must chuck the course become who comes along." many clothes myself that I must chuck them at every beggar who comes along." "Frank, do let me give him these? They are the very oldest I can find, and the poor old man has no one in the world now to care for his wants."

Mr. Duy looked carefully over the clothes, and, finding them well work and well mended, grudgingly gave his foncest.

But, look here, Vaterie, he's not go

ing to stop here; we can't have the place

ding to stop here; we can't have the place durined upside down for a beggar, and a perfect stranger, too."

"it won't turn the house upside down, and he won't trouble you at all; he will have Jame's room? And then she will leave. I suppose. It's hard enough to get a girl to live this distance out of town without chasing her away when she suits so well."

"Jame will not be any loss to me if she does leave. She is too impertiment, and I was thinking only half an hour go of giving her notice."

"Oh, take your own way, as usual, mit suffer for it afterwards. But I am

mpo of giving her notice."

"Oh, take your own way, as usual, and soffer for it afterwards. But I am determined that the man shall not stay here. It's ridiculous. Fill go over and ask Mr. Ash to lend me his trap to take the old fellow to the hospital, a job I don't thank you for, either."

"Don't trouble; Mr. Ash has gone to town for a doctor; he went in the trap."

"liv Jove! And who's to pay for bringing a doctor all this distance from hown?"

"I certainly never thought of that. It is awkward. Oh, well, I suppose he had better go to the hospital," and Valerie sighted as she thought of this terrible want of money that was warping the best instincts of her nature.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### VALERIE LEAVES CHRISTCHURCH.

It was not before autumn had nearly It was not before autumn had nearly merged into winter that Frank Day had persunded his wife to pay her long-promised visit to her sister in the Korth Island. There was a flush of excitement on her usually-pale cheeks as she bent forward in the cab and waved a last good-bye to the smilling old lady who stood at the gate, and who was already installed in the house to look after things during Valerie's absence. She had made up her mind to have a good time, to throw care to the winds, and to try to forget her troubles if she could.

and to try to lorget her troubles it she could.

"There, now, I think that is all the lugrape, isn't it, Val!" said Frank, as he crushed a dress basket under the seat and tried to make room for himself amidst portmanteaux, hat-boxes, etc.

"Yes, I think that is all. There's room the other side; you'll crush my basket if you sit there. Frank."

They drove down the New Brighton foad into Worcester-street, and when they reached the Stanmore road Valerie could not help exclaiming at its beauty. It looked so lovely with the sun glinting through the trees on to the dead leaves that lay thick on the ground, and the pretty bridge in the distance made a charming picture. This road slways looked lovely at that time of year, and valerie caught a glimpse of it at its best.

"Soi't it lovely Frank?" Valerie was

best. "Isn't it lovely, Frank?" Valerie was

"What do you mean? I don't see any-thing particularly lovely about here."
"You are too late now; we've turned into Hereford-street, so the scene is lost to view."

lost to view."

"Your seem in high spirits to-day; ghad to be rid of me, I suppose,"

"Bon't be so sarcastic, please. There is one thing. I never pretended to love you as you did me. You know very well you are very glad indeed to see the last of me for some time. I, at least, anno hypocrite, and feel sorry you should start this sort of thing on my last day. We may never neet again, you know?

"Ob. all right. I didn't mean to start an argument. It's grand weather for your trip."

an argument.

your trip."

all the year. Spring isn't to be compared to it, in my opinion," said Valerie. "I think autumn the loveliest time of

pared to it, in my opinion," said Valerie.

The cab drew up at the station, and Frank got out and assisted his wife to alight. He directed a porter to take the luggage to the train, whilst he went to the office for the tickets. The train was packed, as it always is on Thursdays, that being the day on which the unon Company's boats leave Lyttelton for the North Island and Sydney. As the train passed through Heathcoat, Valerie thought she had never seen the valley host so lovely and green. It was an ideal autumn day, just tinged with frost, and the many passengers who were returning to Australia after spending the summer in New Zealand were giving expression to their regret at leaving so perfect a climate.

"You wouldn't be so enchanted with the climate of Auckland after spending a winter there, man," remarked on old gentleman to one of the Australian party.

"Indeed! Why so?"

"Indeed! Why so "

"Un, incessant rain and gales, the wind is awful, especially the equinoctial gales."

"Pear me!" responded a stout lady with a lisp. "How dreadful!"

"Yes," continued the old

"I remember one Sunday morning when I went to church I found it lying on

"Good gracious! But that surely isn't
a usual occurrence."
"Oh, yes, it is. Anyway, if the
churches den't blow over now the houses churches don't blow over now the houses do—it's all the same. Why, man, didn't I see a man in a sentry box in the early days carried over half a mile in the air; but that was in a whirlwind, and the man wasn't at all hurt. You see, he was doubtless used to it. But here we are entering the longest tunnel in the colony, one and three-quarter miles, man."

"Really! So we are! Well, I amelad that we did not around last winter.

really! So we are! Well, I am plad that we did not spend last winter at Aucklend, as we had intended doing. After all, we are safer in Australia, al-though it is so hot in summer; but no-body can deny that the winters are per-fect."

"Quite true, madam; I've been in

Sydney, and ""
"What do you think of our harbour?"
interrupted an unsophi-ticated young hady who had taken her first trip abroad moder the wing of the stout lady. Everyinterrupted an unsophi-ticated young ludy who had taken her first trip sbroad under the wing of the stout lady. Everybody who had been to Sydney had heard that question before, and they smiled with announcers as they awaited the old gentleman's reply.

"The harbour, Miss? Let me see—well, I don't think it's as pretty as the Anckland Harbour, do you?"

"You don't mean that, surely," returned the girl, indignantly. "Why, next to Rio, it's the most beautiful in the world—everybody says so."

"In that case my opinion can't amount to much, so I hope you will excuse my want of taste."

"Shut up, Juliet; everybody is laughing at you," said the girl's brother, as he noticed the smiles of amusement on the pa-sengers' faces.

His sister blushed, and turned to the window to hide her confusion.

By this time the term had comercial

window to hide her confusion.

By this time the train had emerged from the tunnel, and everybody began to By this time the train had emerged from the tunnel, and everybody began to gather up their parcels, flowers, etc., preparatory to leaving the train, which drew up close to the wharves. The Tarawera, with her red funnel, was conspicuous not far off, and, after seeing the luggage on to a trolley. Frank and Valerie Day made their way over to her. There was the usual bustle and crowd of visitors seeing their friends off, but no one whom the laps knew was amongst them. After Frank had stowed his wife's luggage away under her berth, they both returned to the deck. "I hope somebody nice will occupy the other berth in my cabin." said Valerie. "I was unfortunate in that respect when I went to Dunedin."

"It's to be hoped so. They appear to be a decent lot of passengers this trip; but then one can never tell who will get on at Wellington and the other ports. Do you intend going ashore at Napier and tiisborne?"

"It will depend on the weather, principally."

"Well old girl there's only toe will."

"Well, old girl, there's only ten min-utes left, so I'll say good-hre and get on to the wharf again. Shall I get your rug for you first, or will you go to your cabin now?"

rug for you first, or will you go to your cabin mow?"

"Oh. I'll stop on deck as long as I feel well. I will have too much of my cabin soon. Well, good-bye. Frank, and—and I hope to see you soon again."

"Good bye, Val, and a pleasant trip."

The last bell had run, and all the visitors were back on the wharf again, and as the Tarawera moved slowly from her moorings quite a battery of repartee was exchanged between those on shore and those on the departing steamer. And the last thing Frank Day saw was the stout lady who had been a fellow passenger in the train speaking to his wife. When there was nothing more to see, and the land was almost lost to view, Valerie went to her cabin, and found that the stout lady was already in bed in the other berth.

"Alerie smiled as she sail. "Are you and I to be companions, madain."

"It looks like it my dear. My noon."

valerie smiled as she sail, "Are you and I to be companions, madain?"
"It looks like it, my dear. My name is Mrs. Truebody. I saw yours on your lugrage. I always like to know who I am travelling with."
"You are quite right, although I am afraid you would not learn much from my luggage. I generally feel nervous myself; once I had a barmaid in my cabin, and she was not always sober."
"That's bad. Did you go in to dinper? I did not; I had a bit here."
"No, I stayed on deck and had a few blemits and a cup of hot water."
"Ah, you are a bad sailor, I can see."

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Tes, and we will soon be in the Braits; it's a horrid bit to cross."

"th, you must not alarm me, for this is my first trip on this coast; I came from Melbourne via the Bluff."

"You are doing the round trip, then? I hope you have anjoyed it."

"th, very much; and we have been on Lake Wakatipa. Dear me, what a country years is, to be sure. I nave dreamed of such wild and romantic scenery; it is very awe inspiring. Have you any idea when we will get into Wellington, Mrs. Day?"

"Let me see, we should get in about seven in the morning; it generally takes from twelve to fourteen hours. Some of the Company's boats are quicker than

from twelve to fourteen hours. Some of the Company's boats are quicker than others, you know, and that is a consideration when one is sick."

A snore was the only answer, and Valerie, feeling glad to escape further conversation, crept into her berth, feeling very sick as the vessel began to nitch.

#### : CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE HERMIT.

The wind had risen within the last hour, and during the night blew a hur-ricane, and towards morning the passen-gers had a bad time of it crossing Cook

Valerie lay white and still, until she heard somebody say in a weak voice: "Oh, Mrs. Truebody, I am sure I am

"Oh, Mrs. Truebody, I am sure I am dying."

Raising herself on her clbow, she saw by the passage light the same girl who had spoken to the old gentleman in the train about the Sydney Harour.

"Oh, don't be afraid," said Valerie, kindly, "we will soon be in now. Lie down on the couch over there; I think

down on the couch over there; I think your friend is askep."
"Askep, in this awful sea!" Then the girl fell on the cabin floor, too ill to move, and Valerie was too ill to help her, and thought she was as well there as anywhere while the ship was pitching

At six o'clock the stewardess came with the coffee, and the news that they would be in port about half-past seven

would be in port about half-past seven. Nobody, however, wanted any coffee, Mrs. Truebody being still asleep.
"Well," said that lady, half an hour later, how are you this morning, Mrs. Day? Not sick, I hope," and as she spoke she bent over her berth to look out of the port hole. "Gosdness, what is that on the floor? Why, Juliet, my love, now did you get there?"
There was no answer from anybody, and she climbed down from her berth to investigate.

and she climbed down from her borth to investigate.

"My poor child, let me help vou on to the couch," and with motherly tenderness she raised the girl a little, and, seeing she was too ill to move, placed a cushion beneath her head, and covered her with a run. her with a rug.

Mrs. Truckody was one of those women who are indispensable on board ship. Never sick herself, she was tenderly solicitous for those who were.

ship. Never sick herself, sile was tenderly solicitous for those who were. Dressing quickly and panting with exertion, whilst the vessel flung her from one side of the cabin to the other, she was soon ready to assist Valerie and her young friend Juliet.

"You poor little woman, how white you are! Do you think you will try and get up? I really believe the vessel is steadier than it was, and so it ought to be, for there's the land in sight."

"I will not rise until we get to port. I feel too light headed, and will just lie quiet, thank you."

At 7.30 the ship was alongside the wharf, and by 8.30 Valerie, Mrs. Truebody, and Juliet, were breakfasting at the Empire Hotel. After reaching the Empire City of New Zealand, the two younger ladies soon recovered from their rea sickness, and were well enough to drive round the city and out to Island Bay to see the Hermit. Everybody said that they must see the Hermit, so they went, and found a pale, blue-eyed, red-haired, inoffensive individual who lived in a cave, and whom they found reading a Bible. Afterwards they heard that the landlord of a hotel not far off paid the Hermit to live there, as a means of increasing his business.

"My poor man," observed Mrs. True-

the Hermit to live there, as a means of increasing his business.

"My poor man," observed Mrs. Truebody, "why do you choose to live here? Are you not afraid of getting rheuntatism in this damp cave!"

The mna rose and effered his visitors the only seat the cave gould boast of, a box turned on its end.

"I do get rheumatism, but as the lonely life suits me I put up with it, madam."

andam."

After that he would only answer in
honosyllables, and although quite courhous, he gave the ladies to understand
that they were invading his home; as

they took the hint and left, after a few

general remarks.
"Do you believe he was crossed in love, as that waiter told us this morn-ing at breakfast?" asked Mrs. Truebody of Valerie as they drove back to the

"Well, he looks melancholy enough for

Well, he looks researched enough for anything, and it's as likely as not to he true. Anyway, there's more romance in that view of the case, and there is not nuch romance in life nowadays."

"Why, my dear, you are young to talk so. I am sure, now, you and your young hushand are dying to see each other again, although it is not twenty-four hours since you saw one another, and if that is not romance, what is it?"

"I dare say you are right," said Valerie, trying to look as though she were the happiest wife in New Zealand. In reality, she was dreading the time when she would have to return to her hus-

she would have to return to her hus-

band.

"You can't deceive me, my dear. I was young my-self, once, and I married the one I loved. But he died years ago, and although I have had offers in plenty I still remain true to him. And I am sure you would be the same, although it is to be hoped you will be long spared to each other."

"Thank you for your kind wishes, Mrs. Truebody. Who would have thought when I saw you and Miss Gore in the train yesterday that we would be driving about Wellington together today. I seem to have known you bother, or years; but where is your brother,

day. I seem to have known you both for years; but where is your brother, Miss Gore?"

"He preferred walking about the town with the rest of our party. Some of them, I believe, have friends to call upon, but Mrs. Truebody and I are not so fortunate in that respect, or perhaps

Bo fortunate in that respect, or perhaps I should say unfortunate, as we have had such a pleasant time together ""last this the town where the wind is always blowing, Mrs. Day? I den't think I like Wellington as well as Danedin and Christchurch—I absolutely detailed." ed Lyttelton. You must not mind criticisms, for I shall give you ty before we part. I think you said tested Lyttelton.

plenty before we part. I think you said you were going to Auckland?"
"Yes." said Valerie, replying to Mrs. Truebody's last question, "and I intend to stay there three months if all goes well. Have you any friends there, if I

well. rare yournay ask!"
"Well, I have a cousin who went to Auckland when quite a boy, and if I could only find him I should like to stay there a bit: but I have not the renotest idea whether he is alive or dead.
If living, he must be quite an old man 

The three ladies went back to the steamer to sleep, although most of the passengers spent the night on shore, and joined the vessel again just before sailing the next day.

The gangway was just about to be drawn up when an old gentleman came briskly down the quay and got on board just in time to save himself from being left behind.

left behind.

"Why, that's the same old gentleman who snubbed Juliet in the train, and told us those dreadful things about Auckland. By the way, are they true, Mrs. Day?"

"In the main they are. My sister often gives us accounts of a like nature. That rewthanan must have here a week.

often gives us accounts of a like nature. That gentleman must have been a passenger from Lyttelton; I did not notice him on board. Did you?"

"No. He must have kept in his eahin or the smoking-room."

That evening at dinner Mrs. Truebody found herself placed next to the old gentleman.

gentleman.

"All, madam, here you are again. I hope you are continuing to eajoy yourself. And did you manage to keep your head-gear on at Wellington yesterday? It's always blowing like that, you know, or so I have always found it."

"It was windy, certainly, but to-day was not so bad. I don't care for Wellington, and am all impatience to see your wonderful Auckland. I wonder, now, if you ever hear of a Mr. Bourne."

"Dear me! But perhaps it is not my Lealie Bourne. He would be about sixty-eight now."

"May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking, madam."

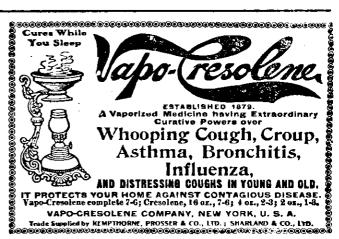
"Certainly. Mrs. Truebody is my name."

"And once Trixie Earth?"
"Why, yes. But how did you know
my maiden hame!"
"Because I am Leslis Bourne,"

"Good Heavens! Is it possible! How extraordinary! But, come away up on deck and talk it out. You my long lost cousin! Well, well, foct certainly is stranger than fiction after all."

(To be continued.)



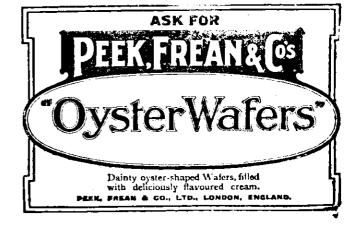


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LANDLE TRDINGHOOS

# MISTRESS JUDITH

R WHITTON took snuff; if every movement betrays character, the act of saufling surely indicates the presonce of absence of personal daintiness.

The tension of the doctor's slender fingers as he pocketed his gold box, and deftly dusted an imaginary grain from his coat sleeve, matched with his refined face.

"Yes," he smiled genially. "The heiress is a handsome creature; she'll make devilish fine woman; thoroughly a devilish fine woman; morosgan-healthy, too; to me there's a suggestion of storm about her, lightning might sud-

of storm about her, lightning might sud-denly fisch from her bright, dark eyes."
Colonel Dakeyn frowned.
"Judith Barwick is a splendid girl, wealthy and well connected; why try to prejudice me—I'm bout on wedding her-to Jasper." Dr. Whitton smiled.
"I may be mistaken," he said; "my chief objection is, your son does not love the Indy."

Indy." he Colonel swore, and this quieted

him: he said gently:

him: he said gently:
"You can persuade Jasper if you can persuade Jasper if you choose; he believes in you; so did his poor mother. Ah! you jolly bachelors don't know how hard life is for us soldier fathers; we come home from India and find a son, who has grown up with completely different opinions to one's own."

own."
The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.
"In these days, Colonel, people do not
think alike; you have seen little of Jasper since he was a child."
"No; that's the curse of Indian service. I meant him, when he left Oxford,

vice. I meant him, when he left Oxford to live here with his mother, and share the pursuits suited to live hogstion; then lirs. Dakeyn died, and, as you know, when Jaspar, wrote me, the had accepted a post in London; he greatly preferred such a life to 'regetating in the provinces,' as he termed it."

"Well, he's a crack shot, I may say a good all-round sportsman; a cricketer, too! A popular quality with the yokels; he'll be home for Christmas, eh?"

The allusion to cricket brought back the Colonel's frown.

he'll be home for Christmas, eh?"
The allusion to cricket brought back
the Colonel's frown.
"Jasper is here," he said gravely.
"I've asked him to use his opportunities.
He's riding over to Snettisham this
morning. Usless I greatly mistake the
girl's willing enough."
The Doctor rose, replaced a large silk
muffler, and buttoned his great coat up
to his chin.
"Well, we shall see; my belief is that
Jasper enjoys his freedom; maybe he's
as old-fashioned as I am."
"In what way?" said the Colonel, suspiciously.

piciously.

The Doctor laughed like a boy.

"He perhaps believes in true love."

There was soorn in the Colonel's laugh.

"True lover An old bachelor like you, too! Thank Heaven, Jasper is too practical for that nonsense."

The Doctor shringerd his abunders.

Doctor shrugged his shoulders,

and took leave.
"I wonder," he thought, "why was
Jasper Dakeyn so set on being independent of his father?"

11.

Nestled among the lofty hills near the Peak, are now and again quaint old halfs and manor houses, surrounded by wild scenery. Behind Nettisham Grange a and manor houses, surrounded by wild accenty. Behind Nettisham Grange a brown heather-covered waste stretches upwards to a frowning ridge. A narrow high read, a mile away in front, leads to the small town of flupe, and the stony by-way to Snettisham was seldom traversed except hy hoad wheeled waggons; the ruts right and left in this rainy weather resembled canals. Farther on the by-road crosses a little brown stream that goes sputtering over stones into a wooded dell. A few gloony cutages and a tumble-down church made stones into a wooded dell. A few gloomy cuttages and a tumble-down church made the village of Suctishum; a quarter of a mile beyond it, one hill of the lofty ridge projects a huge spur across its reighbour; from the narrow gorge between comes a glimmer of blue smoke, revealing the chimney stacks of the Grange.

. A lattice in the upper storey opened,

By Katharine S. MacQuoid

Author of "Patty," "Appledore Farm," "His Heart's Desire," etc.)

and a pale young face, pinched with cold, looked out on the sodden landscape. The atmosphere was still misty, but the rain had ceased; the girl's lips parted, her eyes shone with joy, as her rich young voice carolled:

Angels ever bright and fair. Take, oh take me to your cure,"

open in the oriel below, silenced the singer, her sweet brown eyes showed alarm, till a bright smile chased it away; rosy colour in the cheeks restored the girl's natural loveliness, a loveliness created by expression, rather than by regular beauty.

She quitted the window trunk needs

regular beauty.
She quitted the window, locked a trunk near her bed, and put the key in the large pocket she wore beneath her tucked up skirt.

the large pocket she wore beneath her tucked-up skirt.

"Thank goodness! it's all done." Her smile was tike sunshine as she took up a cloak, fastened it under her chin, and drew the hood over her head.

In the quaint old parlour below she found her cousin, Judith Barwick, standing in the origh. The rich blue and green tapestry, the carved oak panels above the hearth, glistened in the blaze from the burning logs; the richly-coloured glass of the recessed lattice beyond made a background for the brijltiant beauty of the heiress. Her clear, dark skin glowed with colour, her full, round throat was creamy white against the shining curl that fell beside it from her stately head, where blue-black masses of hair gutbered where blue-black masses of hair gathered in a sort of coronet. Her dark eyes fixed sternly on her cousin.

"I gave no consent, Lettice. Go. put off your wraps, child; you are to stay; I said so."

I said so, "is threw back her head, mischief

Lettice threw back her head, mischer curved her smiling lips. "Tis not lucky to change, Judith," she said 'merrily; "all's ready; Deborah will bid Tibrook earry my trunk to Castleton; Jane Morris expects me, and

Judith stiffened while her cousin talk-

Judith stiffened while her cousin talked in such easy fashion.

"Can you not be serious for a moment" she interrupted.

Lettice tried to look grave.

"Tis better to laugh than to cry, coz. But I am serious when I offer you best thanks for your kind hospitality."

Judith shook her well-placed head.

"Prove them by remaining here. I like your singing, I also like your company. Since Miss Knollys died, you are under my care, Lettice. Miss Knollys gave you advantages, took you to Paris and London; then she died at sixty, abroad, too, leaving naught behind her; 'twas a pity she adopted you, when she had no fortune."

Judith spoke scornfully, a deep flush

Judith spoke scornfully, a deep flush rose on her cousin's face.

"You mistake when you say Aunt

Knollys left me nothing; I cannot forget her kindness in the happy years I spent with her; I owe her everything ho," she went on, "we will not discuss her; she was good to me, and she is dead."

Judith was not used to contradiction, or to hear praise of others. While Let-tice spoke the heiress had lashed herself into violent anger.
"I am mistress at Snettisham," she

said, with the harsh exaggeration of illsaid, with the harsh exaggeration of ill-temper, "I shall discuss any one I choose. It is not seemly for a young gentlewoman to go into the world to earn her living. Pray, what can you do? Beggars can-not be choosers."

Lettice stood very erect, white even to the lips; she looked at her cousin. "Beggars may choose to earn their living".

Judith was pacing up and down; she

stopped.
You are unforgiving, obstinate "You are unforgiving, obstinate, too; you go because you are angered with my words—" Sudden red suffused both throat and forchead. "When I spoke of marriage with Mr. Jasper Dakeyn, you presumed to answer, 'He cannot love you,' while I, Heaven help me! know that he will ask me to be his wife." "You have been good to me, and I thank you, Judith. Now, farewell; I go to Castleton, remember, and I shall get there by daylight, if I set off at once." The door opened.
"Madam," said the white-haired but-ler, "Mr. Jasper Dakeyn asks leave to see you."

see vou.

see you."

Triumph shone in Judith's eyes.
"Show the gentleman in." She turned
mockingly to her cousin.

Lettice pulled her hood over her head;
she wrapped her cloak round her as if
she meditated departure.
"You cannot leave me in such haste,"
Judith exclaimed. "Sit you down in
yon corner. This is fortunate," she was
walking up and down, her cheeks glowwalking up and down, her cheeks glowing with excitement. "You denied that Jasper Dakeyn could think of paying his court to me."

insper Dakeyn could think of paying his court to me."

Footsteps spunded near to the door. Jasper Dakeyn came in; fairly good looking and well set up, as sun burned as though he spent much time out of doors; a deeply thoughtful expression in eyes and forchead indicated a student. Judith curtaied, then held out her hand. Her manner was stiff, compared with her visitor's charming courtesy.

Taking the seat she offered, he explained that he brought a message from no our house on Tuesday, at eight o'clock the young fellow said. "My father asks you, madam, to honour the Manor-house by dining and sleeping on Monday to save the fatigue of a ride beforehand."

Judith blushed and smiled.

"Alack, sir, I do not hunt, but I am much beholden to your father's kindness in inviting me." She waited, so that he might press his request, but he only expressed regret. "Stay, sir," she said, "I, too, regret to discussion." Judith blushed and smiled.

expressed regret. "Stay, sir," site said, "I, itoo, regret to disappoint your father." She looked down, thereby showing her long, fringing eyelashes. "To please Colonel Dakeyn, I will accept his lospitality, although I cannot hunt," Jasper bowed.

inospitality, although I cannot hunt,"
Jasper bowed.
"My father will be greatly honoured
by your visit, madam." He rose, bowing he added, "I will tell my father he
may expect the pleasure of seeing you
on Monday."
Before she could speak, he said:
"I had no notion your tapestry was
so fine, madam. Do you know its date."
He looked towards the corner where
Lettice still sat. Her hood muffied her
face, but the girl felt his approach, and
trembled. Why, she asked herself, lad
ahe not slipped away by the door behind
the tapestry.
"I am not clever at dates," said
Judith. She had promised to keep Let-

"I am not clever at dates," said Judith. She had promised to keep Let-tice's stay with her a secret, even from Dr. Whitton. In her excited mood, the promise was forgotten. As she pointed out the finest piece of tapestry, she said, "I must introduce to you my cousin, him Winttons." Miss Wynstone.

Lettice rose and curtaied; she did not throw off her hood.

Jasper exclaimed, "Thank God! at last I have found you," and clasped her

hand in his

nand in his.

Judith atood pale and quivering with surprise. "Miss Wynstone is my old friend," he said eagerly. "Will you not bring her with you madam, to the blanor House!"

Judith recovered herself; she forced a smile to her pale lips as she stood between Jasper and the shrouded girl. "I beg a thousand pardons, air, but I am extremely carrless; I should have remembered at once; unfortunately, I am engaged on Monday, and I leave Snettisham the day after. I beg, sir, you will offer my excuses to Colonel Dakeyn."

Dakeyn."
She shook hands with Jasper; then one snook nands with Jasper; then he looked wistfully at Lettie. The girl gave no answering sign. He said farewell, and quitted the parlour with a fire in his eyes, which had not previously sparkled there.

numy minutes there was silence, st the sound of Jusper's horse's

At last the sound of Jasper's horse's trot died away.

Then Judith turned; she shook her clenched hand in her cousin's face:
"Liar! hypocrite!" she cried. "Go out of my sight; go instantly, lest I strike you."

· Hf. ···

Lettice took a short way over the springy heather. She now gazed rue-fully before her, at the long, dank path, bordered by deep and sodden grass. She hesitated.

"Am I wise to leave Judith in such haste!"

The memory of her cousin's face again

The memory of her cous....

She soon found tare needful, deep holes showed in the road, the ruts beside them overflowed with yellow water; the rain fell heavily, and she could have against the driving against the driving the road of t hardly make way against the driving wind. But she was too full of thought to heed the storm.

"Judith has some right to be angry, e thought. "I ought to have said she thought. "I ought to have said knew Jasper, and that he loved me. knew dasper, and that he loved me. I did not speak of him till the day of our quarrel. I could not then explain how much we had been to one another. I could not say I was hiding from him, because I was poor, and he must have thought I was as rich as Aunt Knollys seemed to be."

She hust into another than a large Angle of the property of the seemed to be.

seemed to be."
She burst into sudden tears, As she dashed them away she felt that her closk, soaked through with rain, clung heavily against her knees. Could she, heavily against her knees. Could she, she wondered, reach Castleton through this furious storm? She set her teeth hard, and plodded on ngainst it. She told herself she must not complain; how could she? She had seen in Jasper's eyes that he loved her.

She at last reached the road, more like a river, so madly was the stream of rain driven along it by the blustering wind.

A hope came to Lettice that some cart or wargon might overtake her. She

A hope came to Lettice that some cars or waggon might overtake her. She looked up and down the high road; nothing was to be seen. It seemed to the girl, panting with exhaustion, that it would be best to wait for the chance of help.

Presently she saw something looming through the rain; she drew a breath of relief.

of relief.

The horse came rapidly along. Very soon she made out a high phacton; the hood hid its driver.

Lettice stood on the edge of the road; she called out "Help!" but feared her cry would be quenched in the bluster of the storm.

Yes! the phacton stopped; a cheery wice crief.

storm.
Tes! the phaeton stopped; a cheery

"In with you, mistress. You must climb: I cannot help you, my horse is scared." Whitton stretched out a hand.

Springing forward, Lettice climbed to the perched-up atep, and was soon seated beside him.

looked compassionately at the alender, dripping figure.
"I cannot take you farther than
Castleton, mistress, while the storm

A blue fork of lightning shot from the dark clouds, the horse reared, then plunged on at a mad gallop.

TK TK

Yesterday's storm had cleared the air. Birds chirped and twittered; blades of

gram beside the road glittered. Dr. Whitton could not help enjoying his early ride; he was bound for Snettisham Grange.

He had not ridden far, when he heard a clatter of hoofs behind him, and his now loadily called.

a clatter of hoofs behind him, and his name loudly called.

Jasper Dakeyn rode up to him, breathless with hasfe, and mud-splashed from head to foot. I "I say, Doctor, you must stop and speak to me, or I shall go crary. Your man sent me after you."

"I'm on my way to Snettisham." The Doctor looked at Jasper. "Where have you been, my boy, to get in such a been, my boy, to get in such a plight!"

you been, my boy, to get in such a plight?"

"I've been to the Grange already." Jasper said sullenly, "and was told Miss Barwick could not see visitors."

"No, because she's engaged to me; sent for me an hour ago."

Jasper groaned. The devil she did. You must hear my story before you listen to Miss Barwick," he cried passionately, and poured out his love for Lettice Wynstone. How, on his return from meeting his father in Paris, he had called on Miss Knollys, and learned that she had died suddenly in Rome. "I could not find out what had become of Miss Wynstone. All these months I have been striving to find her, when I met her yesterday she hid her face."

They were riding side by side, but at this Jasper rode on furiously for a few minutes, then came back to his friend. "You're a pretty fellow to think of taking a wife. Can't you be quiet for five minutes?"

Jasper was silent.
"Unm!" said the Doctor. "after all.

Jasper was silent.

"Itum!" said the Doctor, "after all, you're a faint heart. Can't you guess why that poor girl hid herself! Keep quiet and listen to me. You said that Mistress Lettice told you she could not wed you against your father's wish. I believe everyone was surprised that Miss Wynstone was left, penniless. I know little about young ladies, but I think a nice girl might shrink from holding a man to his promise, more especially if gossip told her his father wanted him to wed an heiress."

Jasper looked distracted. Jasper was silent. "Hum!" said the Jasper looked distracted.

"Good heavens, what a fool I've been!"

he gasped out.

"Cranted," said his friend. "Now, you've got to ride back to Castleton; tell You have come to wait for me. Wait in the dining room, mind. You'll find a good fire there. I don't want you in my study."

in my study."

The two men nodded, then Dr. Whitton rode on quickly to Snettisham, chickling as he went.

"Tis a long lane that has no turning," the Doctor thought, as he followed the old servant across the hall. Judith one our servant seroes the half. Justite rose when she saw her visitor; her eyes were red and swollen with crying. She pulled forward an easy chair for him.

"How good of you to come so quickly; but, indeed, I sorely need your counsel, Ductor."

"Not much amiss, ch?" he smiled. She choked back a sob, and shook her

She choked back a sob, and shook her head.

"I'm in trouble, and you've known me so long. You did not know Lettice Wynstone was here, did you." She wanted to hide from everyone, and we quarrelled, and she ran away."

She broke down, then dashed away her tears, and angrily told her pittful story. "Lettice behaved like a fool," she said, but she did not spare herself. She did not speak of her own love, but she, poor sout, knew that he read her thoroughly. Leaning back in her chair, Judith covered her face with her hands.

"What can I do for you, my dear Judith." Dr. Whitton said kindly.

"Fing Lettice," she cried passionately. "Bring her back to me, that will stille scandal."

Her hands dropped from her face;

soundal."

Her hands dropped from her face; there, was the old herceness in her eyes; she must force him to help her.

Will you do it? she cried, her hands working nervously.

He looked graye.

"I will not try to bring her back, unless you force yourself to be patient."

Judith started up.

"God help me!" she cried, and walked rapidly up and down the parlour.

She stopped abruptly.

"You are kind, but oh! calm people like you and Lettice can never understand the torments I suffer. That pale little fool thinks she can love! She!" her lips curled with scorn.

He was silent; he pointed to the chair from which she had risen. "Sit down. In this husiness you are called on to stiffe two items of scandal. one is, the statement that you drove your orphan cousin from your house; the other, Colonel Dekeyn's assertion that you wish to marry his son. You must at once show him he is middlen. Judith writhed; the Doctor sat wait-

ing her answer.

"Give me time, I pray you; give me time. Once more she covered her face with her hands.

with her hands,

He broke the silence. "I can bring your cousin here when you wish." Then, abruptly, "Can they not marry soon after Christmas? That would silence all

Judith started up, her face white and

"Yes, yes," she cried. "You must not bring her here till the eve of the wedding —I myself will give away the bride."

Jasper had meanwhile ridden back to Castleton. He entirely forgot the Doc-tor's caution, and was shown into the study, where the fire had burned out. A

study, where the fire had burned out. A door, panelled like the rest of the quaint room, stood half open, and Jasper recalled the Doctor's parting words. He rose, and pushed the door wide open. Lettice Wynstone was sitting by the fireside. Jasper hurried forward and grasped her hand tightly in his. "Run away," he exclaimed, made prisoner of the other hand, and pressed both to his lips. "I have a mind to keep you safe now I have found you." Bending over her, he said, tenderly, "What have you to say for yourself?"

If pressed her to his heart. She smiled up at him, sweetly, rognishly, and whispered:

niled up at him, sweetly, rognishly, and whispered:

whispered:
"Suppose I don't say anything? 'Least said, soonest mended.'"

Judith bravely kept her word. But when the married pair drove away from the church, she turned to Dr. Whit-ton, who had also witnessed the cere-mony, and asked him to take her home.

"Old friend," she said, as they neared the house, "we will part here, but you must make me a promise." He was startled by the strange gleam in her

eyes.
"They must never return to Snettisham, I so hate them!" Her voice rang with passion. "It might not be safe. Nay, I will not be thwarted; keep them away, or you will be answerable for what follows."

She stopped and held out her hand.
"Leave me," she said imperiously; then
she stood waiting till he had passed out of sight.

of sight.

Judith died young and unmarried. To this day people in the valley talk of the wild heiress of Snettisham Grange.

## Dinners Consisted Only of Books.

With the exception of minerios it is difficult for one to find on the earth's surface substances that do not tempt the appetite of some sort of animal, of queer articles of dist inch

appetite of some sort of animal. The list of queer articles of diet includes the earth, which is munched with satisfaction by the clay-cater, and the walrus hide, which the leskimo relishes as much as does John Bull his joint of beef. It is not generally known, however, that men, as well as mice and bookworms, have caten dinners that have consisted only of books. This tendence has been described as "biblioplagia," though the word has not yet gained scholarly approval. An interesting acthough the word has not yet gained scholarly approval. An interesting account of some of these extraordinary meals appeared in a recent issue of the "Scientific American," and is as follows:—

"Scientific American," and is as follows:—
In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two Papai delegates to eat the bull of excommunication while they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchinent, not paper, it was all the more difficult to digest.

A similar anerdote was related by Oel-rich, in his "Dissertatio de Bibliothe-carum et Librorum Fatia" (1756), of an carrin et Librorum Patis" (1750), of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for two thousand florins, and when it fell due compelled his creditors to eat it. The Tarlars, when books fall into their possession, cut them, that they may acquire the knowledge contained in

them.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript hoiled, in broth.

Jisaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to awallow them meanized.

Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenlurger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to cat a pamphlet of his writing, but also to be flogged during his repast, with orders that the flogging should not cease until he had swallowed she last crumb. If you like no other Cocoa vou will like

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# VAI A7

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specially adapted. Though indispensable cases of Prickly-best (whence us mered dather irritation of the skin, it is also pulsar for genrical back and foliot use, being a nitropic, and refreshing.

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Ains and noe reprinters from cost, in dect, makes sweeping a pleasure instead of a drudgery. For sale by all first-class lealers. Price 10, to 18 y, 80y a "Cyco" Bearing Busell now, send us the pur-chase slip and receive a neat useful present, free. Bissell Carpet Bweeper Co. 25 Warren Birnet. How Terk. U.S.A.

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A STITUR in time saves plue, especially where a had cold is. Feed the cold and starve the fever, by taking O.T. PUNCH before going to bed.

# Charlecote's Chance

# The Story of a Diamond Robbery

By Blanch L. Macdonolt

T was no especial wisdom of my own, but only a fortunate chance, I freely admit that fact, yet it made every difference in the tenor of my life.

This good fortune came just at a moment when I was vielding to despair. I am naturally sanguine, and the de-pression of the buoyant temperament constitutes the blankest blackest abysa of gloom. I was a briefless barrister, with no private means, and no particular prospects, and saddest of all I was desperately, hopelessly in love with Dora Bretherton.

I had passed triumphantly through college, and with the easy confidence of inexperience supposed I had only to show myself as an advocate in order to find myself besieged by hosts of clients. It did not take me long to find out my mistake. These had despised as dunces, but Those whom I pushed by influential connections, passpushed by inhuential connections, pass-ed me easily in the race. Professional etiquette prevented me from pushing my own claims. Shall I ever forget those hours of anxious waiting, when my heart was consumed by bitterness? my heart was consumed by butterness? Then I met Dora; life became full of meaning, and later, when I found that she really deigned to care a little for me, my satisfaction swelled to sweetest rhythmic harmony. Mr Bretherton's determined opposition soon introduced an element of gloomy uncertainty into an element of the situation. A practical, clear-head ed man of business, he spoke to me on the subject quite frankly.

"I have no personal objection to you; on the contrary, I have rather taken a fancy to you, but in justice to Dora I cannot allow this folly to go on. I have lived like a rich man, but I am not one in reality; I have spent more than I ever saved; I have no fortune to leave to my only child. You have no assured income no anaticular, prospects. sured income, no particular prospects. Dora has been brought up in luxury; she has no idea of self-dental; I hate to contradict her inclinations, but I have contradict her inclinations, but I have no intention of a lowing my girl to be made miserable. Oh, yes, I know you would plead that love will supply all deficiencies. Well, perhaps, occasionally it may, but what guarantee have I that in this particular case it will do so? No. no. I have gone through the world with my supply and have so? No. no. I have gone through the world with my eves open, and I have acquired a knowledge of good and evil. If ever you are in a position to support my daughter in the style I consider necessary, we will discuss the matter."

"Do you forbid us to meet?" I inquired.

"Certainly not I have no desire to the domestic tyrant. play the domestic tyrant. I am quite willing to allow your intercourse to be regulated by your own honour and Dora's sense of right. I have every confidence in you both."

His decision had all the calm logic of fact. Though the arrow quivered in

the quick. I could say nothing in refun of his argument.

tation of his argument.

"I can never go against father's wishes, but I can promise never to marry any man but you. And if necessary I will wait for you a hundred years," Dora assured me earnestly.

I did not know how to bear the wistfut enthusiasm of her eyes. One dark fact loomed against the pictured brightness of the future—a hundred years is a very long time, and there was a possibility of disappointment at the end. My beart sank fathoms deep, and all My heart sank fathoms deep, and all

Dora's sweetness could not console me.

Mr. Rretherton had a summer place Dora's sweetness could not consule me.

Mr. Rretherton had a summer place
at Cliffdene, on the St. Lawrence, and
when this momentous decision was
reached I had been up spending the
week's end there. I decided to return

te Montreal by boat, and took passage on the Richelieu Company's steamer As usual at that time of Algerian. vear it was very much crowded by tourists, and not happening to see any acquaintances among them. I placed myself in a secluded corner, and yielded myself up to my own gloomy reflections. After a time my attention was attracted to a man dressed as a priest, who was sitting near me. There was a fine, pictorial quality about him which interested me. He was a man about forty, with a slight, agile figure. What I noticed first was the curious discrepancy between his orthodox clerical cospancy between his orthogonal states and the character of his face, which was essentially of the bird of prey type. The features were aquiline and expressive of audacity; the he perceptive development; faculties showed strong development; the eyes were hawklike in their swift keenness, a tinge of subtlety lingered about the thin lips.

"If power counts for anything, that man will mount high to the church. He not the stuff of which saints are made, ther." I concluded.

At this juncture the priest turned to me with a courteous remark, and when I answered his question we fell into quite an animated discussion. His manners an adduated discussion. His manners were suave, his fine voice wooing and barmonious: he had rare descriptive barmonious: he had rare descriptive powers. His experiences of life had evidently been wide, and I could not help thinking of a rather odd description for an ecclesiastic. He spoke English fluently, but with a slight foreign accent. I found myself well entertained. My new acquaintance appeared to be intelligently interested in the country, and asked innumerable questions about Montreal.

Montreal.

"This is, then, your first visit to Canada?" I asked.

"Yes. I am a Californian, but of French descent. I have never been out of my own country before," he answered.

I would have thought that only one who had travelled extensively could travelled extensively have gathered so wonderful an experience of men and things, but I was only seeking the amusement of an idle moment, and was not particularly interest-

As we talked, I noticed another man hanging about us as though striving to catch statches of our conversation. This last had a sly, crafty, in fact a most villatious type of countenance. I remarked to my companion:

"I may be entirely mistaken, but if I have any skill in physiognomy, that man is the lowest kind of crook."
"Oh! my son," remonstrated the priest, with a note of lofty rebuke in his

voice. "It is such the el-to gather within her fold." church desires

Leaving me he immediately sought the unattractive subject

More than once I noticed these two apparently dissimilar characters conversing eagerly together; apparently they must have found something in common. Once again, finding my-self in the priest's vicinity, I had sufficient curiosity to inquire if

cient currosity to impression, been able to make any impression.

"It is the sheep lost in the wilderness of sin that the sheepherd is bidden to or sin that the snepheru is bidden to seek. Exercise, then, a little charity, my son." he answered, calmly. I must acknowledge that I felt hearti-ly assumed of myself.

When we arrived at Montreal, I re-marked that the priest and his new protege went away together, and concluded that his persuasions must have produc-ed more effect than I could have believed possible.

The next day I happened to call in the most fashionable jewellery establishment in Montreat-Messra Beaum and Blank. I had left my watch there to be repaired. The obliging clerk told me it was not quite ready, but assured me that if I could wait I should have it is a few minutes. I sat down, and was glancing around carelessly when accents which seemed strangely familiar greeted my ear. Turning, I perceived a priest talking to one of the shopmen. Surely I knew that face, which bore a strange, clusive likeness to my acquaintance of the Algerian; the features were precisely the same, but startlingly and incredibthe same, but heartone. It means expression, instead of being intensely keen, instead of being intensely keen, sion, instead of being intensely keen, was obtuse bordering on stupidity. He spoke slowly, besitatingly, in very broken English. There was no trace of the Californian's clear, crisp intomation, but even the voices were alike.

"I must tell you," he was saying, "I am Assistant Cure at St. Retronelle de Cumberland a very remote country disc.

5 %

am Assistants. Cive at 2. Retriation as Cumberland, a very remote country this trick in the lumbering district up the Gatineau, of which you city people may never have heard. However, I am stay-ing at the palace of Monseigneur, the Archlushop, who has graciously permit-ted me to refer to him."

"I am sure it is all right," answered.

the clerk, civilly.

the clerk civilly.

"For your own sake it behooves you to be careful. They tell me this is an evil world, though I myself have seen little of its temptations," with meek propitiatory fervour. "My superior, the Rev. Father Bare, a most holy man, beloved by the whole countryside, has had acres much before the little little. some money left him—just a little, little legacy—and has the lies of investing it in diamonds. As I was coming to the city to consult the synthesis or engage. affairs, he insisted upon instruct cmal anairs, he messes about materialing the negotiations to me, though I was careful to explain that I know absolutely nothing of gems, therefore my judgment is altogether worthless. He insisted that in dealing with gentlemen of Messis Besum and Blank's well-known probity and experience I should be perfectly sair, and need entertain no misgirings.

"You would like to see some dis-onds? If you would, kindly step into mounts: It you would, kindly step into this inner room; Mr Besum will see you hip-self." monds?

Presently I heard Mr Resum's cheer-

ful tones.
"Oh, yes. I have known Father Rare for many years, and have had many transactions with him-a reverend gentleman who is greatly respected. I will show you what we have in the way, of diamonds."

As the door of the inner room stood n and there was no attempt at privacy had not the slightest hesitation about drawing near, where I could watch the scene. The chamber was small; there strong enphoands into walls: a massive safe stood at one side. Happening to catch my eye. Mr Resum, to whom I was well known, called out:

"How d'ye do, Mr Charlecote! I know you have a taste for precious stones: Should you care to see these

stones: Should you care to see these which I am showing to this gentleman?"

The priest turned his head quickly. A glance, keen and swift as cold steet, Bashed over me. I was smitten by a conviction that this assuredly was the Californian. In another instant the dult, heavy face was staring at me deprecatingly, and I was plunged into the depths of uncertainty. I listened with increasing perplexiity, concluding that my trouble must be shattering my nerves.

"Eather Girmy assistant ours at 88.

"Father Giroux, assistant cure at St. Petronille da Cumberland," he mid humbly.

eyon face is perfectly familiar to me, ather Giroux. I must have met you

somewhere.

"I have not had that pleasure, mon-sieur. I am of the country, and rarely stray beyond the precincts of my own parish, where, indeed, I was born and brought up: it was only through the parish, where, indeed, I was sorn am-prought up: it was only through the goodness of Father Rare that I received any education and was enabled to enter the church, for my even people are of the poorest and most humble."

The frankness of this admission im-mediately concitated my esteem. I said

hastiy:
"I travelled down on the Algerian
yesterday with a clerical gentleman from
Laifornia, whom you greatly resemble."
"I had a brother in California, but it is

"I had a brother in California, but it is years since we have heard from him. We feared he must be dead."

This must be the solution of the mystery. The wide-awake Californian might be a brother of the gentle country cure. Satisfied for the moment, I turned my attention to the subject in hand.

Mr. Besom brought several drawers from one of the cuphourds: from these he took small, expectually foliated mackages,

he took small, earefully folioid packages, which on being opened proved to con-tain sparkling gens. I have always tuin sparkling gens. I have always been keenly interested in precimis stones, and really know something about them. An animated discussion arose be-

them. An animated discussion arose between the jeweller and myself, to which the cure listened passively.
"For Father Rare's purpose, I decided-for recommend these," Mr. Besum addressed him. "What sum did you say dressed him. "Wha

he wished to invest?
"Never thousand dollars. As I have
never seen a genuine diamond before, I
must remain entirely in your hands. My
superior assured me that I should be
perfectly safe in doing so," with a smile
that was transparent in its guileless
simplicity.

that was transparent in its guileless simplicity.

"That is all very well, and I highly appreciate the compliment. I have told you knowstly what I think, but in a large transaction of this sort you should certainly have an expert upinion for your own sale of the bargain."

own side of the bargain."

"Another opinion." looking around with a lewildered air. "And where should I seek it! I, who know nobody in the city." Then, after a doubtful, treubed pause: "An idea comes to me. Monseigneur, the Archbishop is kimself a connoisseur in geins, I have heard."

"There is none better in Montreal."

"For the last few days he has been confined to his rooms by a slight attack of la grippe, but in his kindness he will not refuse me the favour. I can certainly depend upon his condescension. I will

not refuse me the tayour. I can certainly depend upon his condessension. I will make my request, and should Monseigneur agree. I will telephone at what hour it will suit him to examine the diamonds."

"I could send my confidential clerk up to the palace with them," Mr. Besum agreed, readily.

"Then, if Monseigneur approves of the

"Then, if Monseigneur approves of the stones I could pay your bearer by cheque, as I leave for St. Petronille by the five o'clock train."
"A genuine specimen of a country cure," remarked Mr. Besum, when the priest had left his office. "Imagine a man attempting to buy diamonds without knowing about them."
That same afternoon I had occasion to visit the Bonaventure Station, and outbe way to it passed through Cathedral-street.

This street skirts the lower portion of Dominion Square, running beside large buildings, the St. James' Cathedral, which, facing Dorchester-street, runs back along Cathedral, the Archbishop's Church, and the Episcopal Palace, whose principal entrance is on Palace-street. As most pedestrians prefer passing through the Square, this thoroughfare is decidedly lonely. Across the Square I could see people passing to and fro, but on Cathedral-street only one man appeared in sight. He was slowly strolling to and fro before the steps which descended from the side entrance of the stakes, as though awaiting someone. Something in his stealthy movements arrested by attention, and as I approached I perceived that it was the individual whose villainous countenance had impressed me on the "Algerian."

At that instant a man dressed as a This street skirts the lower portion of

At that in-tant a man dressed as a priest rushed out of the side door, the other received from his hand a small backage, like a hox wrapped in white paper, then the two separated, one flying paper, then the two separated, one slying in one direction, the other in the oppo-site one. Surely that was the Califor-nian priest. Instinctively I dashed after the man who carried the package. As I ran a new light, like an intuition, flashed across my mind; suspicion blos-tomed into concrete action. Certainly the obreod Californian had been mas-querading as the unsophisticated coun-try care. With what object? I remem-

try care. With what object? I remembered that the diamonds were to be sent to the palace. Were these the conference in a scheme of fraud?

He flew down Windsor-street. Regardless of curious glances I followed in hot pursuit. Once he entered the marrow streets in the vicinity of the station the chase became more difficult; but I held on doggedly, as though my one object in life was to entrap him. My training as a college athlete atood me in good stead. Just as he was darting into the side door of the station I grabbed him.

him.

This man has assaulted me. I give him in charge," quite cool and composed, he turned to the tall policeman on duty. "I fancy he must be an escaped lunatic, as I am a stranger and never saw him before."

With a sudden chill I realised that I had absolutely no proof against this

With a sudden chill I realised that I had absolutely no proof against this man. My rashness might place me in a very unpleasant predicanent. There was no help for it now. I must have it out. With satisfaction I recognised the policeman as a man who had once been in my father's empley. Inspired by a desperate determination. I cried:

"Masters, he is a thief. He has diamonds belonging to Besum and Blank in his possession."

I saw by the poor wretch's face that

in his possession."

I saw by the poor wretch's face that the chance shot had told. Even then he tried to make a dash for liberty, but Masters was too quick for him. Then he tried to throw away the diamonds, but when he dropped them, I seemed the prize.

When Masters had carried off his pri-oner, I carried the jewels back to their owners.

their owners.
"Mr Besum is in his private office. I
do not think he will be able to see you, sir," one of the clerks assured me. Please tell him I have important business and very good news or I should not disturb him." I urged.

As I was ushered into the fire. I heard the firm's co-clerk crying wildly: confidential

"I don't know how I can face you.

Mr Besum. I feel as though I must
go down to the St. Lawrence and drown

"I do not know that you are per-sonally to blame, Nelson. I have every

sonally to blame, Nelson. I have every confidence in your integrity. It seemed that we had taken every precaution, but it is a heavy loss,"
"But the lost is found," I cried, laying the little package on the table.
I do not exactly know what happened after that, we were all so excited. Nelson laughed. I am not certain that he did not cry as well. I believe he tried to embrace me. Mr Besum nearly wrung my hand off. I was the hero of the hour.

of the hour.

The thieves' plan had been bold in its utter simplicity. When Nelson arrived at the palace, he found the supposed Father tirony awaiting him. They went into a large public antechamber, where there were a number of people passing to and fro, apparently intent on their own affairs, and no one paid any particular attention to him. Giroux had said that as the Archhishop was not strong enough to see strangers, and had promised to give an opinion on the jewels, he would like to take them to Monseigneur's private rooms. Nelson denurred, saying that he had been told not to allow the diamonds out of his possession. Giroux he had been told not to allow the dia-monds out of his possession. Giroux immediately proposed leaving a cheque-covering the value of the gens in Nel-son's hands. As the seven thousand dollar cheque was on the Bank of Mon-teral, and appeared to be perfectly cor-rect, the clerk felt no misgivings in according to this request.

rect, the clerk felt no misgivings in according to this request.

The thief must have run out of the side door, given the diamonds to his companion and escaped. Nelson waited until he began to get impatient, then inquired for Father Giroux and was told that no such person had been staying at the palace. In his desperation he begged to see the Archbishop, who was perfectly well, and assured him that the only Father Giroux in his diocese was an aged man who had not been able to leave his parish for years.

Wild with terror, the unfortunate man rushed to the bank, only to find thirt there were no funds there to

that there were no lunus there to meet the cheque.

We found that the bogus priest was an exceedingly clever Parisian crook, who, finding the Od World too hot for him, was trying his fortune in the New. He was never caught, but his less for-

tanate confederate not a long ferm in

tamate contenerate got a long term in the pentinentiary.

Mr Bestin's gratitude constituted my good fortune. He employed me in a lawsuit in which I was able to give him ratisfaction. His brother-in-law, large manufacturer, was able a large manufacturer, was able to throw a good deal of profitable employ-taent in my way, and when, through his influence, I was appointed solicitor to a wealthy corporation, I felt that my fortune was secure. Six months after the affair of the Besum and Blank-jewels, I was engaged to Dora Bre-therton, and at the end of that year we were married with her father's full approbation.

## Cloud Signs.

Soft looking or delicate clouds fore-Soft folking or uetrous crouss received fine weather, with moderate or light beezes; had redged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky is windy, but a bright blue sky indicates fine weather.

Email, inky looking clouds forctell

rain. Light send chouds, driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but if alone may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon, or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind toward their direction.

of wind toward their direction.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by a murky vapour that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less only or watery, as wind or rain will move it is an institute in the first properties.

ress only or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infailible sign.
Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual but general the coming change of weather will prove.

Light deliants waits the

weather win prove, Light, delicate, quiet tints, or colours, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, in-dicate and accompany fine weather; but unusual or gandy hues, with hard, defi-nitely outlined clouds, foretell rain and

ntiety outlined cious, increten rain and probably strong wind.

Misty clouds forming or hanging on heights show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine

# BABY'S SENSITIVE SKIN.

Zam-Buk is Invaluable in the

A baby's soft, delicate skin often becomes very sensitive, burning, irritating, and inflamed, as shown by chafing, crujetions, soreness, and itching. This conand inflamed, as shown by chaling, crup-tions, soreness, and itching. This con-dition causes not only agony to the little one, but brings on a lot of an-noyance and worry for its mother and nurse. Powder and puff will not more than temporarily allay the pain; and as a consequence, when this resort is adopted the itching condition is aggra-vated and all the more difficult to con-trol. Evidence that this is so, will be found in the statements of Mr Graban Weatherley. Sconic Artist, of Leich-hardt, Sydney. This gentleman writes; -"My wife has derived great benefit from your Zam-Euk Bahu in cases of chapped hands and face, and has proved it invaluable in the case of our little daughter, aged eighteen mounts, who was very chafod in the limbs. Other treatments had been previously thed, but as the child had an extremely sen-sitive skin, these caused her much pain, lay Zow Buk has as won leafully great. and as the child had an extremely sensitive skin, these caused her much pain, but Zam-Buk has a won lerfully snothing influence, and completely heads the affected parts." Zam-Buk, the great header, is a speedy cure for Piles, Eczena, Roils, finning Sores, Sore Large Pilementer Pilementer Comments. Eczema, Roils, Itaming Sores, Sore-legs, Ringworm, Barcoo, etc. As an ombrocation for Strained Muscles and Tendons, Zam-lark, rubbed well into the parts affected, is unequalled. As a Household Balm for Cuts, Burns, Busies, Pinghes, Blackheads, Cold Sores, Raw, Chapped Hands, Chil-blains, and Chest Cold, Zam-Buk is in-valuable. From all medicine vendors, 1/6, or 3/6 family size toouthing nearly four times the quantity), or from The

Shall backing couch my rest destroy, And at my pleasure here alby? Are point that cut me like a knife. To make a misery of 116°. Shall brondial treathes were me out? No-merce, all are put to rout. By best of medicines, simple, pure, W. E. Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

four times the quantity), or from The Zam-Buk Co., 39. Pitt-street, Sydney,



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# MOTHER PRAISES **CUTICURA REMEDIES**

"Our baby had that dreadful com-plaint, Infantile Lezenia, which afflicted "Our baby had that dreadful complaint, Infantile Lezems, which affilieted him for several booths, commencing at the top of his head, and at last covering his whole body. His sufferings were untold and constant misery, in fact, there was nothing we would not have done to have given him relief. The family doctor seemed to be wholly incapable of coping with the case, and after various experiments of his, which resulted in no benefit to the child, we sent to Mazon, Ill., to a druggist and got a full set of the Cutioura Remedies and applied as per directions, and in about three or four days began to show a brighter spirit and really laughed, for the first time in a year. In about ninety days he was folly recovered, with the exception of a rough skin, which is gradually disappearing, and eventually will be replaced by a healthy one. Proise for the Cutioura Remedies has always been our pleasure, and there is nothing too good that we could say in their favor, for they certainly saved our baby's life, for he was the nost awful sight that I ever behold. Mrs. Macbelle Lyon, Parsons, Kasu, July 18, 1905."

The original of he above sectioned is on Be in the Reference of the content of the above sections of the Balance of the Bala The original of the above recircular is on fite in the office of its It for the growth on the point on. Reference, M. Turman Co., Marcharta, System, N. S. W.

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OT PUNCH in igerates, imports a gowthe glow, and pleasantly exhibits

ates with its delicious flow.

# The Heart of a Geisha.

#### Continued from Page 5.

Instant had turned the cornerheart of Tatsu San grew cold as the anow on Fujiyama's cone. 

The weary weeks went by, and no mes-The weary weeks went by, and no mes-lage, no letter came; still the waited patiently! Philip Hayward had, left money with her, so she was not in want as yet, though every day now her pretty silk purse grew lighter. Also, the un-welcome attentions of Oki Mayeda, the rich silk incremant, through the "nakado" (match-maker) troubled her greatly. If only the knomerable letter would come! Again and again she sent her little maid Kiku to the teahouse to make inquiry; but, alas, always the little maid returned with, empty hands. One cypting she decided to go to the

with empty hands.
One evening she decided to go to the teahouse herself and make inquiries. Ito Takeda received her with smiles, thinking she had at last grown weary of lone-lay waiting, and longed once more for the laughter, the lights, and the excitement of the teahouse. How different were her feelings! Her soul sickened at the sound of the singing and the loud laughter. Ito begized her to remain; the English mister begized her to remain; the English mister of the singing and the loud laughter. Ito begind her to remain; the English mister would never return; it was always so. Why waste more time waiting for one who had forgotten! Having gained no satisfaction and no confort, still she refused to go back to the teahouse, and returned sadly to her own "skoji." As for Ito, he was like nothing so much as a spider patiently awaiting the poor fly. He rubbed his hands gleefully together at his eleverness in having intercepted all the Englishman's communications, from the first cable to the last anxious letter, received only a few days ago. "Oya!" he said, "the English mister will think her unfaithful, and will forgether, and she will in time be forced to return to me, for to live one must have food."

A few more weeks dragged slowly by, and the search of the same always are a development of the controlled some man and the will be presented.

return to me, for to live one must have food."

A few more weeks dragged slowly by, and the pretty silk purse was almost empty. One day, after kneeling a long time at the shrine of Benten-Sama, goddess of mercy, she arose at last with quiet determination shining in her soft eyes. She would go to that "England" of which "Phee-beep" used to talk. But she had not sufficient gold to pay her way on the great boat. Oxama: There was the beautiful ring which her lover had given her. Ay, yes, but he had said it was a sign that some day she would be his wife. No, she must not sell that ring. A-i-a! She would conceal herself behind, the high boyes which she had not tied on one occasion while visiting the big ship, and so, hy-and-bye, she would see "Phee-heep."

Having settled her small affairs, she packed her choicest "kanzashi" thair-ormament-i and her favourite "obi" in a little lacquered box. She had long ago dismissed the maid. Kiku, and that evening, as the twilight fell, she left her "shoii." In the gathering dusk she managed to sing on beard unmoticed, and with heart beating so loadly she feared it would be heard at a great distance concealed berself behind some bales of silk.

When a "stowaway" in the form of a Japanese girl was dissovered on board the Empress of Japan there was great excitement. There she stood, in the centre of a circle of amazed spectators—a shender, pathetic figure, her hands, wrapped in her long sleeves, pressed closely to her breast. She was questioned by the captain and by the first other, but, like that talking bird called the parrot, to all questions she made the same reply:—
"The big ship he go to Eengland. I go to Eengland to find Physoleep." At length a young woo an, with sinesteed-cured hair eyet she was very learning to-the captain she waid:—
"Ah, captain, doer, leave her to me. You great awainess will frighten the life out of the poor little darling. Come with one flecting look into those bright blue eyes, now highter still with unshed toars of sympathy, clung to her new found friend and and anid the applace of the assembled massemers. Miss Sychil

fears of sympathy, clung to her new-found friend and and the applause of the assembled passengers Miss Sybil Slaney led the "stownway" to her own

calin.
That evening Miss Clancy had a prig-vale talk with the captain.
"Sure, captain dear," she said. "I will be very pleased to pay her passage home. I make Darrel, of money at the halls, and I don't think I've ever done any

thing worth while with it before-I've

dies. Ed do my best to get you to give up the halls.

Miss Clancy laughed merrily. "Ah, captain dear," she said, "you'd he too late. I'm thinking: Still," with a cov glance, "a woman always has the privilege of changing her mind, and if it were not for the table of the still. not for that wife and the kiddies'-

The voyage was pleasant, varied by the usual entertainments, concerts, at which Miss Clancy was always the "hit" of the evening, games on deck, etc. At last, however. Tatau's dream was a reality, and she was in England.

and she was in England.

Miss Sybil Clancy was known throughout two continents for her clever impersonations. Her trip to the "Land of the Lotus." indeed, was to study the "genus geisha:" but, as she laughingly confesed, "after seeing the quaint little dears on their native heath, I have quite abandoned that ambition. I don't believe in half doing a thing, and to properly impersonate a geisha, with her mervellous pantominic dancing, etc., would require several gaismo, with her marvellous pantominic dancing, etc., would require several years' hard work—and life is too short! So I must be satisfied to imitate the Thirm Sarah,' the great and only Tree, Sir Charles, etc.'

estba hier are r Cla nev ati rds vo This young woman's London home was a small but artistic "fat" at the tup of a tall lusiness building near the Strand. To TatsuSan it was like a and at the Strand. To Tatsu-Son it was like a dream: she lived in a strange world of shalows, seen through London fog, and, in spite of her new friend's kindness, she had but one thought-co find "Phee-Icep."

Miss Clancy was getting ready to go to the West End music hall where she was to open her London scason. was to open her London scaton. Kissing Tatsu good-bye, she exclaimed: My
dear. I wish you had some proper
clothes, and I'd take you with me tonight, but you'd attract too much attention that way. You are such a mite,
we couldn't find anything at the shops
to fit you. I'll send for Mrs Carroll,
was descentler, to more the Now. my dressmenter, to morrow. Now, dearie, if you want anything while I'm away, just ring this bell, and Norah will get it for you, won't you, Norah?"

Norah, who was deftiv earrying away the china from the dinner-table, replied heartily: "Sure, that I will, miss!" Then added sotto voce, as she retired to the kitchen-

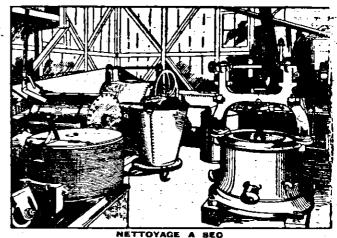
"The hanted look in the two ey the names sook in the two eyes of the heart reavening fair goes to the heart of me! Bedad, it's amazin' that a haythen-Chinay loike that (evidently Norah's knowledge of netionality is somewhat deficient) could be decent and so swate! An when she spakes in somewhat memerical counts be discussed and so strate! An' when she spakes in that gibberidge o' hers it 'minds me o' a little brook murmurin' along through the green meadows of 'Ould Gireland'! Miss Sybil tould me she is after tryin' to find her English young man. Bad 'cess to him, the spalpeen, for desavin' the pore dear!

Having thus relieved her feelings. North begins washing up the dishes, and singing, in a rich natural contratto which many stage ladies might envy. "The Wearin" of the Green." As for Taton, when she hears Norah's singing, and realises that she is at last alone, she quickly ships out on the landing, and she quicky ships out on the failing, and begins to descend the many hights of white stone steps which lead to the strict below. As she reaches the bot-tom of the last flight, her caurage be-gins to fail, but, making a great effort, she passes out into the street, and flutters up to an old, white-haired man, who, his eyes seeming to bulge through his gold-rimmed glasses with astonishment, stands staring at her.

"Please, illustrious one, you telling me where I find Mr Phee-leep Hay-ward?"

The old gentleman moves, as if in a rance. He moistens his lips, clears his

trance. He moistens his lips clears his throat, then, impressively pointing one podgy forefinger at her, remarks:—
"Hm-m-m! This is most extraordinary! Young woman, who are you, and where do you come from?"
"My name 0-Tatsu San. I come from Teabouse of Iris Gardens. Please you



s can now have their most elaborate Coatumes, Pancy Dresses, Capea Blosses a done by this process. No part of the livings, trimmings, or ornaments it he goods are not shrunk or eltered in abape; the lustre and faitsh are promot delicate colours are not injured,

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most extraordinary

In the meantume; the street was becoming congested from the evergathering crowd of curious ones, and the old gentleman. fearing trouble, managed to conver to Tajsu that neither he nor anything the convertion of the could just then tell where Mr. Ibilip Hayward was to be found; but if she would try and find out. Fortunately, Tatsu had proceeded a very few steps before her appearance had attracted the crowd, and now, pacified by his promise, she willingly turned with him, and a few seconds' walk brought them again to the - the street was be the meantim walk brought them again to the hig building, the entrance to which she hickily remembered, as she knew neither

high hilding. .... hickily renembered, as she amplitudes street nor the number.

When, Mise Clancy, returned; North gave ber a highly-coloured description of Tatsu's adventure. After the first hysterical burst of laughter, that young woman sat down on the sofa in her little and and calling Tatsu to her. woman sat down on the sofa in her little drawing room, and, calling Tatsu to her, drew the foolish little head down to her

own broad, warm heart.
"Poor innocent!" she said. Then she
slowly and enrefully explained to Tatsu
that she would leave no stone unturned that she would leave no stone unturned to find her liver; but that she must not be teo much disappointed if she failed; in a great city it was sometimes very sidicult to find people. He might not

difficult to find people. He might not be there at all.
And she kept her word, making inquiries and telling the pathetic little story in all directions; but no trace of Philip Hayward was found—a quite natural result, since "Hayward" was Philip's middle name, and he was now Sir Philip Dartics of the research of the research Surray. ras, of Darrascourt, Surrey.

So three months slipped away, and ir roses of Tatsn's cheeks had become

the roses of Tatan's cheeks had become palest of pink, instead of glowing bright-h, as in the old days.

Miss Clancy must soon sail for New York, where she was booked as a special attraction at one of the big "vaudeville houses," She had grown so fond of the birtle Japanese girl, however, that she did not dream of leaving her behind. Tatan, on her part, was never tired of Tatan, on her part, was never tired of Tatan, on her part, was never tired of trying to please her friend. She could sew very nicely, and delighted to make pretty tritles. Swith picked up for her one day, at an old curiosity shop, a samison" (Japanese banjo), and hour after hour she would sit on her pillow and sing to its twauging, the songs of her native land; those strange, haunting little melodies, yet as misty and ining little melodies, yet as misty and in-deduite, with their soft trailings from key to key, as dreams that float across

desirie, with their soil trainings, way to key, as dreams that fleat across a summer night.

Listening to her thus singing one afternoon, through the twilight of a thick London fog, a thought struck Sybil—why would not Tatsu-San be a success on the music-hall for "variety" stage. The managers of such are always looking for "moveties." She would take her to New York, as she had intended, but, instead of keeping her at home as a pretty toy, she would take her to a friend of her own there—a certain "hustling" manager—who would, if he liked Tatsus's performance, exploit her as "the real thing is Geishas." as he doubtless would have expressed it. The glamour, the excitement of the life, would perhaps be very leneficial to her little friend. It would give her once more an object in life, and help her to forget her unfortunate love affair. Acting on this thought, the week siter Sybil reached New York, she gave a Small and very select Sunday "At Home" in the handaome suite at the hotel on small and very select Sunday "At Home" in the handsome suite at the hotel on Broadway where she stopped, and intro-duced our little Geisha.

Tatsu-San, gorgeous in a golden ki-mon, embroidered with lotus blossoms, attered in, fluttering her putple fau, ble sank gracefully on a pillow and sang in her high, soft voice, which yet

sang in her high, soft voice, which yet held a certain wild note of longing that touched the heart, a song of Falling feaves." She told, in quaint, broken English little stories and legends of "Old Japan." And, last of all, she included and Syhil, who "was a good musician, had arranged it for the pisano. She floated down the room, with tiny hands outspread, and fluttering like white butterfliers in the cherry-orchard. She took from the folds of her "obi" as second fan—and there were two lings, as of some giant moth, was heard. She took from the folds of her "obi" a second fan—and there were two gorgeous butterflies of purple and gold, the heard the beating of their wings; the sanetic the perfume of the blossoms from which they sipped; one felt the joyousness of the early summer day, the said down they fit, these butterflies.

durting there, circling here, chasing each other merrily, madly. Down, down they wheel—and the purple-black cloud of hair touches the floor. Then up again hair touches the floor. Then up again they flutter, wafted-on a breeze of melody, while the long, flowing, wing-like sleeves sway and float like the waves of a sata ocean! At last, as she sinks again on the pillow, they flutter gently down, as if a weary, and are still! "Great!" cried the manager. "Great! "Pill back you, all right, little-laly. She'll make a sensation," he said, turning to his neighbour.

ing to his neighbour.

A few weeks theres A few weeks thereafter, O-Tatsu-Sun was billed to appear as "A Real Oriental Attraction" at Fairport—a wonderfu! was billed to appear as "A Real Oriental Attraction" at Fairport—a wonderful city by the sea, where the houses that stretch along the top of the famous "Cliff Walk" are all palaces, and the illustrious lords and ladies who live in them have so much money, the endless, weary search for pleasure, for "something new"—must be very hard to bear.

All day long she had sat alone in her little room at the hotel. Now, again it was evening, and she must go on and do her "turu." Separated from her friend Sybil, she was almost evercome with nostalgia for her own dear and with a despairing longing for leep But, when one is billed as bewitching Oriental beauty" -by ail pro-nounced the personification of the "poetry of motion"-Oyama! it is necessary to present an appearance of happy

The pretty summer theatre was crowd-The prefty summer theatre was crowded. The management was complimented by "the press" on having the "best bill of the season." All the boxes had been engaged by the illustrious ones, who came to chat, to laugh, to throw at each other meaning glances, to flaunt the evidences of their riches—in many cases so newly acquired! And the people from the houses in the town came to gaze upon the illustrious ones who lived in so newly acquired: And the people from the houses in the town came to gaze upon the illustrious ones who lived in the palaces. The lords from the palaces leaned over the beautiful ladies, who displayed, on bosoms and arms as white

displayed, on bosoms and arms as white as the blossoms of the ume-tree, strings of jswels that gleamed like coiled serpents of living fire, the lovely ladies who stirred men's blood to dame!

Yes, undoubtedly the little Jap, was quite a success. She was really "a novelty," with her funny waddle, her piteling hair, her weird music, her wonderful dancing, and her foolish little white-clad feet.

Tatsu-San had finished her first nur ber-a song-to generous applause which sounded like the booming of great guns to her unaccustored ears tered on the stage again, and began her dance. She certainly was extremely amusing, especially to one Lovely Lady, known as a "society queen" throughout two continents, and who, evidently having dired "not wisely, but too well." now pointed a jewelled finger at Tatsu. and quite audibly remarked to her neigh-

I say, Harry! Do look at the creature's feet! Let's get a pair of those ridiculous things she wears from her as a pattern, and then you can come s a 'geisha' to my fancy-dress ball." Then, amid gusts of tinkling laughter,

Then, amid gusts of tinkling laughter, lorgnettes and opera-glasses were levelled at the small feet, clad in native "tabi"—short, white, "digitated stockings." as someone has described them.

And Tatsn! As she fluttered through the dance a painful lump grew and grew in the slender young throat. Opena! If only she were now at the "Teshouse of Irish Gardens," dancing to music of "saimisen" and "koto," before a pleased andience who understood and petred her audience who understood and petted her instead of being in this painful place, with its sea of cruel white faces! The faces leered at her and wavered up and down in uncertain lines. The music down in incertain lines. The inner sounded now very loud and terrifying, now soft and far away. There is a stir. A young man who has just arrived enters the box of the

wounded moth, as she stretches forth her arms, with a gesture influitely gesture

Phee-leep!" she cries. "Phee-keep! The curtain is hastily rung down.
"Great God?" cries the man who has entered the box, "it is Tatsu-San!" He glances with an expression which it is not good to see at the Lovely Ludy beside him, and makes hasty adicux

A few weeks later a Lovely Lady who A tew weeks later a Lovely 1 de who spends the summer months in her pelace by the sea, and who has angled industriously to catch a certain rich English nobleman for her daughter, read in that herald of fashion, the "New York nobleman for her daughter, read in that herald of fashion, the "New York Chronicle," the picture-que details of the marriage of Sir Philip Darras, of Darrascourt, Surrey, England, to Miss Tatsu Ikeda, better known as O-Tatsu-San, of Tokyo, Japan. That day Felice, the maid, acted disgracefully, and pulled my lady's hair so hard she was promptly dismissed. Also Miff-muff, the Japanese poodle, who are off a golden plate and poodle, who are off a golden plate and wore jewelled bangles on his slender limbs, misbehaved scandalously, and received a severe slapping from the Lovely Lady's own white hands.

# The Metric System Criticised.

Writing in the "Scientific American." Mr Alfred Lang, of Pittsburg has something to say against the metris system, which he maintains is not suited to everyday life. He says: "Come with me to a French market. The first stall is the dairyman's. "How much is the butter?" you ask. "Thirty-eight sous a pound," is the answer; not "Three francs sixty a kilo." If you ask the will take you for a foreigner, and will bill it as "un quart." Eggs will be thirty sous a dozen; nothing is sold by tens. Potatoes you buy by the bushel (boisseau), which is not metric, and a harrique of wine holds 227 liters. You hay cloth by the meter, half meter, and me to a French market. The first stall buy cloth by the meter, half meter, and rter-meter, and the salesnum quarter-meter, and the succession lift his eyebrows if you asked for 00 or 70 centimetres of ribbon.

or a centimetres of ribbon.

The centime is too small, and everything therefore goes by five centimes, commonly known as a son. The centime does not harmonize with the coins

millimeter for engineering purposes is very inconvenient. I speak from experience. The natural divisions of the inch into halves, quarters, and or the men into naces, quarter, and eighths do not give us over three decimals; and if into sixteenths swhish is a better working size than the millimater and not very much longer- four decimals, the last being in all cases a five. For very fine measurements the one thousandth of an inch is in every way as satisfactory as the one-hundredth of a millimeter—I have found it more soand all natural divisions down to thirtyseconds can be read in thousandths and halves or quarters of thousandths. We therefore, getting the benefits of the natural and decimal divisions, and there seems to be no reason whatand there seems to be no reason whose-ever for adopting a different standard unit which is as arbitrary as ours, when we, Anglo-Saxons, hold the controlling interest in the markets of the world,

When it comes to the laboratory, mat-ters are very different, and I will agree that the inter relations of the gramme, cubic continueter, and the centiliter are of the greatest utility. For analy-sis, the milligramme and the centiliter for analy sis, the minigramme and the centifiter are vastly superior to the English mea-sures; but the quantitative work done in the laboratory in no way influences the weights and measures of the works to which these laboratories are attach

Let us have the metric system by all means for the laboratory work, but not for the vastly greater amount of work which does not require delicate instruments and intricate calculations cannot use a microscope on the stars or a telescope on bacteria, nor can we use a reading glass for either. A system which will suit both science and industry has not yet been devised."

"I wish the company would discharge that conductor. He's the most uncivil man I ever saw."

"That may be, but he can crowd more passengers into a car than any conductor on the pay roll."







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# THE DAWN OF RUSSIAN LIBERTY

By Vance Thompson, in "Everybody's Magazine" for July

Last week saw "the death of the Duma." It is hoped universally by lovers of liberty that it will be report greater and more useful than ever; but there is only too much peaked to bloodshed unperallised in the annuals of revolutions. He this as it may, the present article will be read with absorbing interest by all who take an interest in their fellow creatures in Rossia. It is the less and the last word uttered on the terrible question we are to see solved. The article is duly acknowledged to "Everghood's Magazine." a capital publication.

HE last autocrat in the white world summoned his people to contirm the title which once he held from God!

The date will get itself cut deep in the granite of history-May 10, or, according to the old calendar, April 26, 1906. This day the little Czar, bent 20, 1900. Ins any the fittle Uzir, sent under the weight of his omninotence, laid part of his burden down; and for the first time his vague millions—the Red Russians and the White, Poles, and Tartars and Calmucks, Armenians and Jews and Circa-ssians, Georgians, Letts, Esthonians, all the far-flung races of the land found articulate miliotic propagation.

thomans, all the far-ling races of the hand—found articulate national voice. It was a pageant and an experiment—the loosing of unknown forces.

You may see in it, if you will, the dawn coming up over Russia; and there is a haunting coincidence in the fact that on another day in May, France—it was long ago—hailed such a dawn. Over the Latin world liberty broke vehennent and red. Well, often history is written twice

I.

AT THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS,

"Have your own way." said Maria Feodorovia, "but I do not wish to be Marie Antoinette."

Marie Antoinette."

A hard old woman, this Mother-Empress, it was against her will that Nicholas summoned, like the French king, his States General; but when it was all arranged in spite of her, and the little Czar—who, ever since January, 1905, memorable for massacre, had hid in his country palaces—decided to visit his Imperial City, she went first to test the situation, since Grand Duke Sergius was "removed" this grim old woman has had the distinction of being the worst-hatel member of the royal family. So where she might tion of being the worst-batel member of the royal family. So where she might pass safely even the Czar bad little to fear. Two weeks before the opening of the Duna, then, she went to St. Peters-burg. Without a guard she drove through the streets, faunting the royal crimson uniforms, thenly she visited the (athedral of Kazan and prayed there among the women. She walked back to her carriage through a silent crowd. Since she rame and went in safety, it was dothe name and went in safety, it was de-cided the Car might venture into his enpital city; but precautions were taken. (th, nothing was left to chance that 10th th, nothing was left to chance that 10th of May. At day breaks, it was two o'clock, and already the short Arctic night was over-mysteriously down the wide streets and across the bridges the froops began to move. They traversed the empty city in all directions. Over all the 12 wards they wove a military network, so meticulously fine that through the interactions bright the leanest Anarch could

meticulously fine that through the inter-stices hardly the leanest Anarch could have slipped. Cavalry, infantry, gendar-meric—and everywhere the police. Everywhere the watch was set. My hotel in the Bolchain Morskais had not been overlooked. When I went down, the balls were thronged with officers, gal-looned and cloaked and plumed; with Blavie lords from far-away governments,

with grand-ducal folk, whose crimson servants hung about the door; and among them, disguised as gentlemen, the frock-coated spics of the Third Section stepped softly, so that there was no one, from the Tartar servants to the old historian Leroy-Beaulieu, who was not shrewdly studied. Out of doors the troops were drawn across the street, shutting off the approach to the Dvortsovy Place and the Winter Palace. In the Nevski Prospekt the shops were closed and barred with shutters of iron and wood. And the people idled and strolled in the sunlight. It was a curlous crowd: working men; students in uniform; mechanics, their bands black-ened from ironwork; women in summer frocks; and black-coated shopkerpers, fat and indifferent. And few words were said. On toward the Neva I was stopped everywhere—at almost every street—by everywhere—at atmost every street—by the cordons of soldiers or gendarmors. The bridges were all guarded. The quays in front of the Winter Palace were swept naked of people; but on the far side of the river black crowds were gathered— mile long crowds, shepherded along the me river oack crows were garetrumile long crowds, shepherded along the quays by gendarmes. And from one side to the other none might cross. The city was cut in twain--here an imperial desert; yonder swarming, anonymous democracy. Empty, to, was the river, save for a few sim police-hoats, darting here and there like water-files. All the boats and harges had been removed to the right bank: they lay there, moored to the quays and packed with police. The great waterway was ready for the coming of the Czar. It shone like steel in the radiant morning. For day had come yellow and hot. Not in one handred years, they told you, had so ferrea sun heat down upon the city. Such days come now and then in August in New York. No air stirred. I do not quite know whether I have called up the New York. No air stirred. I do not quite know whether I have called up the new 101s. The scene of the scene for you—the maked, metallic river, the black crowds hevded on the far side, the smitght and the since; then far down the stream three light-coloured launches crept into sight; slowly they came up-stream; slowly they passed—a melancholy little procession, unberalded, unbailed. So the Little Father came to give his children liberty. He landed at the grim old fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. You could see him step ashore first of all—short of leg, long-bolied, a square-stroning man in a white ashore first of all-short of leg, long-bolied, a square-stepoirg man in a white military coat. Two women followed, his wife and his mother. Opening their parasols they went up the red-carpeted stairs and disappeared in a cloud of soldiery and police. At that moment (it was ten o'clock) everywhere over Petersburg the bells began to clamour-from gilded domes and gilded beliffes and gilded spires; and in all the cathedrals and clurches and temples—here and all over thirty degrees of latitude—a Te Deum was celebrated. The Little Father prayed. There among the whitemarbled tombs of the Romanovs—by the bones of the great Peter and Catherine bones of the great Peter and Catherine and the dead Alexanders—the Little Father prayed, prostrate before the golden iconostasis,

In the streets of the Admiralty quar-fer the crowds—the fatted shopkeepers, the shrill women in white, the idle me-chanics, and the students in uniform— strolled indolently past the empty churchest they smoked little eigarettes and chatted. Even the Cathedral of St. Isaac was deserted; no one prayed be-fore the thirty-three saints of enamel and gold. Midway in the Nevski Prog-

pekt is a little shrine open to the street. There a moujik had thrown aimself down, with outspread arms, before the altar. Humbly he prayed, the Eternal Peasant; and his prayer was mystic and sad as that of the Little Father praying among the tombs.

II.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

A triple cordon of troops is drawn around the Winter Palace and its quays and the gardens—there where the massacre took place in January a year ago. The great square behind is held by hussars and lancers. And every approach to the big low palace is barred. It lies in a zone of silence and isolation. A in a zone of silvince and isolation. A monstrous, rectangular building, squat and absurd. Its colour is a nixty yellowish-brown. It has neither dignity nor ago; it lies like a discoloured fungus beside the splendid river.

Along the quay in front of the palace the populace—as a stage-manager would say—has been marshalled: at each ex-tremity a little group of men and wo-men, three or four hundred in all. They men, three or four hundred in all. They have been costumed for the roles they have to play. Dressed like "men of the people," "women of the people," they are to clamour their loyalty to the Tsar who comes with gifts. The tovernment has left nothing to chance. In the square behind the palace the carriages begin to arrive. Almost all, they are drawn by black stations; all are driven by bearded coachiers, fat and monstrously middled. Gorpaykin passes. monstrously padded. Goromen, it and monstrously padded. Goromykin passes, the Prime Minister, a sleepy man with mutton-chon whiskers; Stissinski passes, Minister of Agriculture—the old pupil of Ploehwe, a painted, smiling, dangerous man, the heart of the reaction; Ignaticy passes had all all posses, his hat over his eyes. And al-ways from the carriages white-cloaked wors from the carriages white-cloaked women descend, their coronets catching the sunlight. Very wonlerful is the great square at this moment, with its barbaric riot of colours—the troops in orange, in blue, in white, plumed and plastered with gold; troopers splendid and dirty; and their chargers, weighted with trappings, dancing in disorder; faither on the military bands, and with trappings, dancing in disorder; faither on, the military bands; and always in the foreground the stream of carriages and automobiles, bringing clistocracy to witness the grim triumph of

Your permit has carried you through the three cordons, past the guard at the little side door; scarlet flunkies guide you through halls and corridors and up the stairs leading to the little gallery which looks down on the throne room. officers and soldiers at every step. You pass through lanes of bayonets and sabres. It is as though you had entered a fortress, held against a dangerous enemy. (In a little while he will come—the enemy—a bearded, visionary come-the enemy—a pearedd, visionary man in blouse and dirty boots, and stare about him.) The great hall of St. George, upon which you look down, is a most empty. At one side the musicians have already taken their places; cians have already taken their places; a few private gentlemen in evening dress whisper together; a few gold-braided officers come and go. For all its cold splendour—the white Corinthian pillars, the gilt clandeliers, the gold armorials—the throne room has a little the look of a stage before the curtain rises. There stands the empty throne, an arm-chair over which the stage manager has thrown, with ha effect of carelessness, the Imperial mantle of purple and eraine; in front of it a table covered with cloth of gold serves as an improvised eltar. Upon it stands a black ikon-it was the ikon of Peter the Great and has been brought hither from his chapet of the Isles, servant gives a final touch to the tablecloth; then he takes a rag from his pocket and wipes the black ikon.

The hour set for the ceremonyo'clock-has gone by; Litle by little the guests and functionaries begin to arrive, a welter of gold uniforms; and the choir comes a swarm of little boys in wine-coloured gowns, like the children of the choir at Rome. At the door leading from the Nicholas Hall there is a moment's contasion. Then a tail cham-beriain, splashed and ribboned with golds, steps to one side and a deputy of the Duma enters. He is a stocky man with a ragged beard; he wears a brown jacket, dusty black trousers, and yellow shoes; a labour deputy from what fac-tory town I know not. He glances about with a dazed air, at the empty throne, at the little wine coloured boys, at the functionaries cuirassed, from shoulder to thigh, in gold. After him a fat and smilling prelate, trailing violet ment's conlusion. Then a tail chama fat and swiling prelate, trailing violet robes, and on his face a look of fatuous pride—the Catholic Bishop of A A moujik, in a blouse of faded crosses himself before the altar. Wilns. Denu ties from the cities, overfed lawyers, old professors, in shapeless frock coats or evening coat; working men in jackets evening coat; working men in jackets, blue, brown, gray; peasants in rough cloaks; Poles in tight-fitting trousers and almost beardiess faces, wearing sleeveless coats and fumbling their grey bonnets; long-haired popes in black—the new Parliament huddless together at one end of the hall and is fenced in by routing officialities. Since the contract of the coats of the coats of the same and the coats of the coats of the coats. one end of the hall and is fenced in by golden officialdom. Simultaneously the senators have come from the hall of Hermitage Pavilion. Old men of dignity, they wear red senatorial robes or the uniforms of their rank. Among them waddles an enormous general in a distended blue tunie—a Cossack member of the Taperial Council. Take Prime Minister, Goreankin, promenades his skeptisism to said fro; for a moment he has word with the Count Eumsdorf—a slim, white haired, dainty man. And yonder is Witte, a great immeering figure in ill-fitting uniform; no one speaks to him and few greet him; the cloud is over him, and groomy and solitary he bides his time. [Did not Necker come again?]

tary he bides his time. (Did not Necker come again?)

Massed far back at either end of the throne room the people wait; nearly two-thirds of the hall is reserved for royalty. It is almost two o'clock when the clergy enter in procession, old bishops so swathed in cloth of gold and brocale they can hardly move along toward the door opposite the throne. There they range themselves, awaiting the coming of the Tsar. One of them bears the aspersorium, a little rod of green twigs, upon a metal plate. A bears the aspersorium, a little rod of green twigs, upon a metal plate. A priest lights the six candles on the little table in front of Peter's black ikon. Somewhere someone raps sofuly with a wooden baton; that was like the trois coups that announce the rising of the curtain in a French playhomse. Par off a band plays the "Roje Tsara Krani," The deputies—this mass of monjiks, mechanics, and word-mongers hended to the left of the throns—airge forward a little and crane their necks toward the closed door. It spens slowly from without

Pompous courtiers enter bearing on vel-vet cushions the Imperial amblems, the sage, the acceptre, the sword, the sagle, the sceptre, the sword, the seal, the diamond crown; and lastly there comes one who uplifts the Imperial shere comes one who uplifts the Imperial standard, heavy with silver and gold. Then abruptly the Tsar enters, followed by the two empresses, and advances, asperged by holy water, to the little altar. Nicholas II. wears his colonel's uniform of the Preobrajenski regiment; on the greenish tunic the red gibbon of St. Alexander shows like a splash of blood. So calm a little man! There is no meaning to be read into that still, bearded face. At his right hand the Empress Mother takes her place; Maria Feodorovna wears a Russian tiara and an immense court mantle place; Maria reconstruit wears a the-sian tiara and an immense court mantlo of white satiu, edged with fur; the Em-press, standing at the Crar's left hand, is dressed in cream-coloured robes, seem with gold and pearls; they are stately women, towering above the little greenclad, bearded man letween them, stand there immobile, unreal, among the liturgic figures, hieratic and Byzan-tine, of the old prests. Far to the the liturgic figures, heratic and Byzantine, of the old priests. Far to the
rear is a little group of grand dukes;
they how low and make vague signs of
the cross. The grand duchesses and
ladies of the court sweep over to the
right of the throne and coil their long
trains in front of them; what you see
is row upon row of gleaming tiaras and
maked shoulders and breasts. The winecoloured choir boys chant softly; as the maked shoulders and breasts. The wine-coloured choir boys chant softly; as the service proceeds the Czar crosses him-self again and again. At last the pricats make an end. The empresses pass to the side of the throne and stand in front of their women. The clergy with-

The little Czar is left alone. moment he does not move. As im-mense space has been made round him. In the silence a little boy runs out from the grand-ducal party and starts to-ward the Czar, smiling and important. It is the Grand Duke Dimitry Pavlo-vitch; parental authority reaches out and captures him. Then with an effort, it seems, the Czar begins his long, solitary march the length of the hall, to-brone. He bows slightly to tary march the length of the hall, to-ward the throne. He bows slightly to right and left—the gilded dignituries ahase themselves; the deputies stare at him with eyes troubled, sceptical, be-wildered. And who would not stare at this little green figure, strutting with short-legged dignity, through splendour so barbarie, to the theatrical throne? A sombre little man! With care not disarrange the purple mantle he down upon the throne. A chamberl down upon the throne. A chamberlain hands him a paper. He glances it over and rises; and in a steady, metallic voice he reads the speech from the throne. Now and then the even flow of words is broken by a stress of emphasis; but he makes no gestures. Very calmly, without visible continn, he recites the words which, though he knows it not, strip him of autoeracy, and free the one hundred and forty milhons of men he has held in the hellow A chamberlain lions of men he has held in the hollow of his hand.

salute in you." and he glances at the black mass of the people's deputies, the chosen best men, whom I commanded my subjects to elect. Difficult and complicated daties await you. am convinced that love of your native land and a true desire to be useful to it will dictate your acts. I, on my part, will protect, without wavering, the institutions which I have granted, for I am firmly convinced that you will do all in your power to serve the fatherland with devotion; to give satisfaction to the needs of the peasants, so dear to my heart: to force the education of the people and the development of their the people and the development of their prosperity, always remembering that for a state to be really prosperous it does not only need liberty, but also order, based on the principles of the constitution. May my ardent wish to see my people happy be realized, and may I leave as an inheritance to my son a solid, well-organized, and highly civilized state. May God bless the task which is before me in collaboration with the Council of the Empire and the Duma, and may this day of rejuvenation for Russia, from the moral point of view, mark the remaissance of new forces. Go to the task for which I have convoked you, and may you fully justiconvoked you, and may you fully justify the confidence of the Czar and of the Russian people. May God help me and help you."

as he says "God help us!" the wild cheers break out; it is a tumult enormous nneouth, frenette; wave after wave, the cheers roll across the hall, techoing and re-echoing; the grand dukes has shouting—Boris, red and swollen with drink, waves a blue handicrchief; and the white-breasted darkscases, in broidered earnjane, cheer; and the old generals and the uld senators and the old tehinovniks cuirassed in gold, out remporates caraster in good, for military bands crash the national hymn. Only the deputies do not cheer. They are sitent and morose. On the side where they are grouped not one cry is refrect. When the Czar, passing side where they are grouped not one ory is refeed. When she Carr, passing out, bows to them, they give no sign. They huddle there, timed, melancholy, confused—it was not for this they had been sent up to Petersburg, bearing the

been sent up to Petersburg, bearing the bopes of the nation. And when the empresses have departed, followed by lesser royalties, they shuffle out of the throne room, whispering bitter words. One old peasant (whom you shull see again) looks with sombre eyes at the naked backs and white breasts of the women and says: "Do they think they can buy us with that!"

And Senick the Cosack claves at disciplinations of the same of the cosack claves at disciplination.

And Senick, the Cossack, glares at dignitaries plastered with gold, and says: "They told us there was no gold left in Petersburg!

little mechanic deputy in the yellow shoes waves a dirty hand and cried aloud a phrase. They tell me what he said was: "All this is ours—and we'll he said was: "
take it, too!"

pageant and an experiment -- the sing of unknown forces.

loosing of unknown forces. You come out on the quay in time to see the Tsar take boat. He still wears, the green trousers and boots, but has donned a white tunic. As he comes down the steps the "populace"—stationed at either extremity—raises a loyal cry. The deputies, straggling by, pay no heed. And for a little while the Tsar stands there in the sunlight, the centre of a little circle, dominated by the tall old man with grey side whiskers—the Grand Duke Vladimir. Then unaccompanied he goes down to the little wharf. The Empress and the Dowager-Empress walk press and the Dowager-Empress walk slowly after him, one in black and the other in grey. The little launch puts out into the stream and the Tsar is taken back to the safety of Peterhof,

#### HI.

# THE VOICE OF THE NATION.

The Taurus Palace got its name from that general of Catherine II. who con-quered those Asian hills. It was built a few years before the French Revolution. quered those Asian hills. It was built a few years before the French Revolution. It stands in fair gardens out in the Liteiny quarter, flanked by barracks of the troopers of the goard; on one side is a prison, and on the other rise the five blue domes of the Cathedral of the Resurrection of the Redeemer. Architecturally, its bastard classicism recalls the old White House at Washington. It was toward this vast editice that all St. Petersburg marched that forrid afternoon, for the Little Father had gone and the streets were free once more. Softiers and police broked on, indifferent. The crowd poared into the broad Chyalernaia leading to the Taurus Palace, and, when the street was filled from side to side, men scaled the bilconies and perched on walls and rots. And through this close packed mob there throbbed a fierce rhythm of exultation. There were thousands of women, old and young; some of them were pretty in a haggard way. Louder than the men they litted the cry of liber of sides and each article and right who of rights. Syobodal—I saw one sill who became a chant, a menace, a declaration of rights. Svoboda—I saw one girl who leaped in the air and spat full in the face of a trooper. He wiped his beard and did not budge. And the crowd yelled with delight. Oh, liberty had come at last! I began to understand the soul of last! I began to understand the soil of the mob. Such maemads as these, lean and hysterical, shouted once "A Versailles! A Versailles!" and may some day shout "to Peterhof!" To Peterhof!" Women of the people and female students; with them many well-dressed men, but one and all the product of the great city; city-bred, too these visionary students, Poles, Jews, Atmenians, dreamers, finatics, gaunt "intellectuals," hungry with ambition, after with envy, thrown up from the black under-world of city life—weobodal So much they had city life--avoludal So much they had already guined, that speech was free. Here one and there another started up to harangue his fellows, impatient, verbose, with Slavic indignation and fury. From the balcony of the Democratic Club in the Chpalernaia an orator declaimed wild words. Suddenly a little detach-ment of cavalry came moving down the erowded street. The mob broke and fled in panic stricken disorder. For a moment it had forgotten it was free. The soldiers roke by laughing as one laughs at children. And the women, suddenly

remembering they were free, screamed, "Death to them! Beath! Beath!" The orator on the believing gesticulated and beat his palms together, and there was no end to his liberty of speech. Heat intolerable, the sun blazing down.

and from democracy in sweat and tri-umph an edour rising more intelerable than the heat.

Carriages began to struggle through the crowd. Police nor soldiers made a way for them. Chamberlains, functionway for them. Chambertains, furctionaries, ambassadors got through as best they could. Many of the deputies came afoot, lighting their way. At last two mon—one a pope and the other a student—made a lane for them through the press of people; when the heavy-footed peasants passed the crowd shouted "Land and Liberty!" But the dominating cry was "Annesty! Amnesty! Armsely! From the barred windows of the prison ing cry was "Amnesty! Amnesty!" From the barred windows of the prison innumerable handkerchiefs flutter hands were thrust out-Amuestia!

Iron gates; then a bread court; finally you go up a strip of red catpet, and, showing your card, enter the vestibule of the palace: Farther on is the Itall of Wasted Footsteps, lighted by great windows veiled by sulphur-coloured curtains; round the walls stand red velvet benches, severely Empire; fastened to the pillars are little boxes into which aristocracy tosses half-barned cigarettes and into which democracy spits. The neu who come and go are history-makers. Sooner or later their names will get themselves impressed on the public mind—Stakhovitch and Kovalevski, the "liberal leaders". Milyonkov, the historian (he was once a professor in Chicago), who is a leader among the constitutional democrats, a skeptical, theorising man; Nabokov and Feodorov, who look toward the French constitution as a basis for Russian republications; and, Iron gates; then a broad court; finally look toward the French constitution as a basis for Russian republication; and, more than any one else, Roditchev, the orator of the Assembly. Speak for a moment with this man. He is Sourov, deputy of the peasants of the Valuga: a dark bearded man, with black hair waved off his forchead; and to your question, "What do you want?" he laughs, showing strong, white teeth, and answers, "Everything!" No political platform could be simpler.

These men have their grip on the future.

ture. What will they make of it? For instance, Savvelier, the labour deputy from Moscow, a working printer; he has a fare of savage energy, big moustabe, outstanding errs, and frowing brows; or this Tartar from the government of Onta, who wears the dress of his race-Huramchitch, a slow, deep, dangerou man. And here, soft stepping, lougel bearded, comes a Jewish rabbi and take dangerous ng. longely our hand: "I am Levine, the deputy of

You have speech with him in German;

Wilm."

You have speech with him in German; suddenly he asks: "Do you know my sister? She is a playwright in New York. Her mame is Martha Morton."

And this is Khevilenko, of Poltava, a calm old man. He takes your huad between both of his big paws and holds it while he talks. "I have been sent here to get the lavid for the people—the land for the people—the land for the people." he says slowly, "and unless I get if I shall never go back—my brothers will kill me surely." From him you turn to a tall, chear-eyed, indifferent gentleman, who watches will amused eyes these moujiks and rabbis and mechanics, and he says: "The best thing is autocracy enlightened by public opinion"—it is Englehardt, a leader of the Autocratic party. Out of such classing opinions and ambitions and wants the Duma is to make a government. Before we go in, however, to the Chamber, you should mark this burly, handsome, insolent man, who strolls up and down with halteshut eyes. He is Prince Paul Dolgoroukov. Moseuw elected him to the Duma: he resigned his sent in favour of a Jewish banker, Hertzenstein.

"He knows more about finances than I do." said the Prince, with a pretty gesture of indifference.

A son of Rurik, of obler royal race.

ture of indifference.

A son of Rurik, of older royal race A son of Rurik, of older royal race than the Romanofs, he looks upon the Little Czar as a kind of usurper who has got in his way; and in a covert fashion he dreams of making a constitutional Russia of which he shall be the head. Ho seeks friends in all parties even the reddest. "Why shouldn't they throw bombs?" he askes and shrugs his shoulders. And so with half-shut eyes he walks up and down the Hall of Wasted Pootstens, dreaming.

Pootsteps, dreaming.
The Chamber is bright and spacious, a hall infinitely better then those in which Fugland and France and Cormany house their parliaments. Behind the President's chair and tribune is a great circular window; to the right, the ministerial benches—Isvolski, the new minis-

ter of foreign affairs, has already taken his place; in front the members' seats rise, circle after circle. There is a long gallery facing the tribune, set apart for journalists and ambassadors. It is searly five o'clock when the four hundred and twenty-three deputies take their places. The pessants come last, for they have waited for the "Te Deum," which was chanted in the Hall of Wasted Fortsteps, There is little references. M. Fritsch, the There is little ecremony. M. Fritsch, the senior member of the Council of the Empire, speas the sitting in the trar's name; and the State Secretary, Ishall, sammons the members to sign the oath of allegame. This takes a leng time; for an hour the members file past. Mohammedans, Jews, Catholies, Russians, taking the vow of loyalty to the throne, And then somes the election of President. It is evident at once that this matter has been settled in preliminary caucus. By six o'clock Muromtsey has been elected almost unanimously; and a few moments later the first President of a Russian parliament takes the chain amid a whirtwind of applaces. All this pire, opens the sitting in the thar's name: amid a whirtwind of applauss. All this is very dull and businesslike.

is very dull and businesslike.

For a moment Muromtsev is worth studying, though, according to the inexorable law of revolutions, he will be eclipsed ere long like his prototype, the Abe Sieves. He is a grave old man, a professor of law. His turn of mind is wholly academic. And yet in the first flush of his triumph he shows a flush of energy. On the floor of the House the Caar's functionaries come and go, whispering the Deputies into order. Muromtsey glares at thou through his spectacles. Then in a fursh, schoolmasterly voice he orders them to lave the Chamber. They troop out, angry or laughber. They troop out, angry or laughing, and the deputies applaud by clapping their hunds. For the first time Democracy frees its power.

In the order the Vice-Presidents and Secretaries should be elected; but the Chamber is in no mood for work. The street cries, "Annesty! Annesty!" are still ringing in their cars, Petrnakevitch rises. He waits for no man's permission. An old, gray insurgent, he has spent half his life in the exite of 8/beria and Archangel.

Archingel, "I demand the anmesty?" he shouts; and looses a torrent of high-keyed eloquence. So time brings in its revenge, When the present Carr took the throne, Petrunkevitelt came up bearing the congratulations and allegiature of the Zemstvo of Tver, and, as he howed to his monarch, he said: "Majesty, Russia is rine for a constitution!"

gratilations and allegiance of the Zemstvo of Tver, and, as he howed to his monarch, he said: "Majesty, Russia is ripe for a constitution!"

The Car made two answers. He said, "It is a senseless decam." And sent Petrunkevitch to Siberia.

The years have made that senseless dream a reality, and in a constitutional assembly the old exite demands liberty for those who have fought, conspired, and killed in the holy cause. Think you the deputies cheer? The wild Muscovite cries rise like points of finne and mense. Only the old Muromtsey weakers all this is out of time and order; the speech from the throne mart be answered first; and with schoolmasterly decision he adjourns the Duna, bidding the deputies come again in two days. It is not very parliamentary, lat so ended the first day. Shall we call it the first day. Shall we call it the first act of the tragedy?

Revolutions, you know, Farely have a happy ending until they have worked their way through the red coil of melodrama.

drama.

In the Palace of the Taurus the authorities had established a buffet, a restaurant, and a tearoom. I was sitting at one of the little tables drinking tea from a glass and cating cherry-farts. In the garden without was a little lake with an island; down the liber-lined paths sol-diers in white tunies, with red and white

caps, were leitering.
"You see my guard of honour, eless
It was Senick, the Cossack, who spokes
he is a friend of mine. He sat down and

ealled for beer.
"Well, at last," said I, "you've got your constitution."

Senick is a big fellow, with wild, black eyes and a heavy fist; he best the table till the glasses danced and declared that constitutions were a fares-"We want

Roditchev, the great orator, came up and listened with a calm, cynical swileand listened with a calm, cynical smile; then he shrugged his shoulders and lit a

rigarette. "You see," he said, "what is to be done?"

Now Roditchev is wise, broad, liberal; Now Rodichev is wise, broad, interact, withat he is a man of fivey democracy—when he speaks, the blue eyes shining, the grey-blond hair tossed back from the white forchead, you feel the force of real things; and yet his knowledge leads him.

no further than: "What is to be done?" So well be knows the turbulent races of his land! And you and I, before we go his land! And you and I, before we go away from this place where history has feer made, let us try to untangle the multiplie threads of the problem. Petersburg has its Dream of liberty; outside the city, drunk with the Dream, goes shouting—men kiss each other and weep. Here, we may drink our tea, you and I, scarching for what lies under the pageant and the experiment.

# ıv. THE RED DREAM.

Une fact should be held in mind: the One fact should be field in minot the resulting has been aimed not so much against the Tsar as against the hureautracy. It was this extraordinary organisation which formed the nation out chaos. The hureautracy made Russia. Since Cutharine's day it has exercised, in the name of the Tsar, absolute authority. It was already enough to annihilate in the name of the Tsar, absolute authority. It was strong enough to annihilate the efforts of two Tsars—one of whom said, "I shall live and die a republican"—to deliver their power to the people. The present appular movement has its roots far back in the past. The question now is, not whether the people will triumph, but how they will triumph. Are Tsar and people to triumph together; or is the sembre little idealist of Tsarskes-Selo to be desired. to be drugged down in the ruin of the bareaucracy?

Before the meeting of the Duma, he promulgated what he called the Fundamental Laws of the Empire. This was mental laws of the Empire. This was reither a constitution nor a charter. It was a declaration of what the Crown would yield and of what it would keep. It announced his supreme, autocratic authority. It gave him the power of veto on all laws voted by the Duma. It—(traphic—Russia Liberty: 10.), reserved to him alone the discretion of the

reserved to him alone the discretion of the foreign policy of the State and the right to declare peace or war. It declared inviolable the person, domicile, and property of the individual—"save in certain cases foreseen by law." Lastly it decreed Rossia "one and indivisible forever."

And with such phrases autocracy hopes to endike and canalise the rising tide of popular fiberty. Surely it is a dream more visionary than that of Seniek, longing for a consultane of the Steppes.

The Duma is a ferment of men and ambitions. Hardly as yet has it fallen apart into organised parties. Those who have been elected to it represent the rulinger thought of the cannity, for the will of the electors was expressed only in its second intention. In spite of this the whole tone of the Assembly is more demogratic, more radical if you will, than is, for instance, that of the labour party of England. Many of the members would accept the Tsar as a constitutional romarch, but the great majority is openly in favour of a republic; the radicals want a United States of Russia, with a single chamber elected by the universal suffrage of men and women alike, and, in addition, they advocate a single tax on irecome. Farther to the left are grouped the independent working men whom the arreleded Gapon betrayed; and on the the independent working men whom the wretched Gapon betrayed; and on the cutreme left are the revolutionary social-ists of Gorki and Minski, with Kruta-Iv's democrats. The aristocracy has lev's democrats. The aristocracy has abdicated; the lurreaucracy has scuttered

abdicated: the lureaucracy has scattered in disacracy; there is left only this Third P:tate—in caftan and yellow boots——Behind it is grouped the vague and obscure mass of the peasantry; they demand their own likerty and the land of

others.

And the Conservatives? There are no Conservatives: they have gone down into iconocracy as into a cave where they may hide. The moderate men, the constitutional democrats who control the Duma aional democrats who control the Duna to-day, will pass. In revolutions power moves always to the left. Nooner or later the red lattation will ride into power. And then there will be left neighber. Withe twho is less a man than a stratagent; nor Prince Paul, making himself little that he may be made great; the fatted lawyers, too, and the grey proramagic active that he may be made great; the fatted lawyers, too, and the grey professors will go their way—not, however, ahat dark send savage, little printer from Moscow. Source will remain; he who wants "Everything!" In other words, accolution to-day means socialism; in Russia, as everywhere else, it is the great fact. Moreover, in Russia as everywhere rbecloscialism is a creation of the intellectual profedriat. It was born in the Muscovite world a generation ago. After the Turkish war laureauersey asked itselfgwhy it had been so badly served—soly, its Information bureaus had failed; and some one answered "It is the lack of clusation."

Education! What's that!" 'It's something they have in Ger-

"Ah, then, send to ermany and get

And all over Russia colleges and uni-And all over Russia colleges and uni-versities were established—in cities and towns broadcast. Generation after gen-ciation was given "education." But what was to be done with them? Thousands were fitted into the bureaucratic sagus were fitted into the bureaucratic erganisation; thousands more came clamouring—lean and hungry intellectuals, too fine for the work of the fields, aire with ambition and discontent. So Russia had "education" and the revolu-Russia had "education" and the revolu-tion. The gaunt intellectuals went to the prople. They taught the peasant the simple socialism of coveting the land of his neighbour and the land of the State. They gave the red hope to the black bri-gade of the factory towns. And they are the power that waits without, while in the Duma the academic Girondins cheer cach other's speeches. It is of them that Roditchev spraks as the "Red Reserve," The peasants want the land; the Poles want Home Rule, the Jews want consi-

want Home Rule; the Jews want equality: each race, each caste, has its own ambitions and needs. One and all demand a freedom greater than the world has known. And this poor little Duma has been thrown to them as one throws a worm into an ant-heap. It is the beginning, not the end. Surely never any nation was so charged with the elements of hate, of fearful hope, of lawless idealism. It is as though the social structure were supped; and filled with powder awaiting the first spark. What may come I know not, nor does any man; for in the darker ways of Russian life the eternal Anarchs prowl and from one to the other they pass the word: "We are the dogs of revolution that knaw the homes of kingst" and recognise each other in the dark. What will be will be. The has been thrown to them as one throws a worm into an ant-heap. It is the bebones of kings!" and recognise each other in the dark. What will be will be. The Tsar has opened the door not to reform But to the great social revolution; and throughout the immense Russias the Red Dream ise spreading from town to town, from mir to mir.

In the "Congregationalist" is a curious In the "Congregationalist" is a curious story about rats, which seems to indicate that they will not reinain where their company is not desired, if politely invited to change their quarters, though everybody knows that they are driven out with difficulty. Here is a perfectly true story which corroborates that one.

My house is supposed to be rat-proof, My house is supposed to be rat-proof, and was so when quite new, but at one time, more than 20 years ago, we had a large colony of rodents, greatly to our annovance, and it was with us a matter of daily wonder where they found a weak spot in our defences among them. One evening a young lady from a friend's family, living in a large, fine house near-family, a mile away, was with us, and the talk turned on rats, as we heard ours scampering up and down the walls.

turned on rats, as we heard ours scampering up and down the walls.
The young lady said that none had ever been in their house, and she did not think there was any point at which they could enter. My eldest daughter, a great wit, said: "I've heard that, if politely invited to do so in writing, rats will leave any house and go to any other to which they may be directed, and I will tell ones that at your house they will find spacious quarters and an excellent commissariat."

At the moment, before us all, she

At the moment, before us all, she At the moment, before as all, she wrote the most grandiloquent letter to the large family of rats that had, so favoured us with their presence, pointing out to them that at No. 65, Pearlstreet, was a large, fine house which had never been favoured with the residence never been lavoured with the residence of any of their family, where they would find ample quarters and a fut larder. When finished, she read the missive to the company, and we had a great laugul over it. As an old superstition, she then put hard upon it, and carried it into the

over it. As an old superstrion, she then attic, where it would probably be found by those to whom it was directed.

A few days later the young lady was at our house sgain, and burst into a laugh, exclaiming: "Our house is over-run with rats!" That recalled to us the fact that we had heard none in our walls. My daughter went to the attic, and the letter was gone. While they were talking and laughing over the curious affair, a friend came in, and, hearing the talk, said that two evenings before, in the bright moralight, he saw several rats running down Congress-street, being the straight road to Pearl street. We have never been troubled with them since, but I have not heard how it has been with the house to which our beneficiaries were directed.

# Scientific and Useful <u>ම්වවලවලටලටලවලටලටලටමටමටමටමමම්</u>

## THE MAGNETIC KNIFE.

Most sailors carry a sheath-knife, and no fisherman is without one when a trawler goes to sea. But it is only just trawier goes to sea. Dut it is only just beginning to be recognised what risk to shipping may be involved in the prac-tice. It appears that knives of a highly-magnetised kind are nowadays being sold magnetised kind are nowadays being sold in large numbers to seafarers, and that some of these instruments are so magnetic that if the wearer brings them within 18 inches of the compass-bowl he may deflect the needle fully two points either way. Quite recently there have been an exceptional number of fatalities to steam traylers, and people are specubeen an exceptional number of fatalities to steam trawlers, and people are speculating as to how far the magnetised knife may be responsible for stranding attributable to deviation from the correct course. The matter is regarded as so serious that the secretary of the Grimshy Steam Fishing Vessels' Insurance Company has issued a formal notice to masters, in which he points out that, while they cannot always prevent these knives from being carried by members of their crews, they must stringently direct knives from being carried by members of their crews, they must stringently direct that no knife shall be worn by any per-son who is steering the vessel, or who is on the look-out in the bridge-house. A hope is added that manufacturers will A nope is added that manufactures with see the importance of producing knives which shall be non-magnetic, and there-fore incopable of producing the risks to which the circular draws attention.

# + + + FLYING SNAKES.

Although the alleged flying power of Atthough the attiget lying peretain Malay frogs is now generally considered to be a myth, according to Mr. R. Shelford, who recently read a note on the subject before the London Zoological Society, three tree-snakes from Borneo are stated by the natives is now generally from Borneo are stated by the natives (and native testimony has very generally at least, a foundation of truth) to be possessed of the power of taking flying leaps from the boughs of trees to the ground. The snakes in question, which belong to two distinct groups, are respectively named "Chrysopela ornata," "C. chrysochlora," and "Dendrophis pictus." In all three of these, the scales on the lower surface of the drophis pictus." In all three of inese, the scales on the lower surface of the body are provided with a suture or hinge-line on each side; and by means of a muscular contraction these scales can be drawn inwards, so that the whole surface becomes quite concave, lower surface becomes quite concave, and the snake itself may be compared to a rod of bamboo bisected longitudinally. By experiments on "C. ornata" it was seen that the snake when falling from a height descended not in writhing coils, but with the body held stiff and rigid, and that the line of the fall was at an angle to a straight line from the point of departure to the ground. In the author's opinion it is highly pro-bable that the concave yeutral surface bable that the concave ventral sample of the snake helps to buoy it up in its fall; as it can be shown that a longitudinally bisected rod of bambeo fails more slowly than an undivided rod of equal weight.—"Knowledge."

# + + + DREAMERS HAVE NO MEMORY.

No one is over surprised in a dream. A man dreaming is at one moment bathing in the sea and at the next mo-ment soaring in a balloon, but the sudment souring in a bancoon, but the studen and inexplicable change does not surprise him. Nor is he surprised to meet in the flesh tricuds long dead; nor is he surprised to find himself doing deeds that really are beyond him, as winning the love of notable beauties, or honething out champion heavy, we let the surprise him to be supported to the surprise heavy, we let the surprise heavy we let the surprise heavy we let the surprise heavy we let the surprise him. knocking out champion heavy-weights, knocking out champion neavy-weights, or, if politically inclined, besting in debate Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Henry, Camphell-Bannersan. No one, says a writer in "Popular Science Siftings," is ever surprised in a dream, and the reason is that dreamers have no memory. son is that dreamers have no memory. In real life, to be pursued through tha atreets by a lion would be astonishing, but this accident would be accepted in a dream as horrible but quite common-place, the memory not being there to say that it is unheard of for lions to

pursue men in cities. In the same way pursue men in cities. In the same way, in dreams, men are not surprised to find themselves ballooning, because they do not remember that they were never up in a balloon before, and they are not surprised to find themselves conversing with dead people, because they do not remember that these people are dead. There can be no surprise without memory and it is because men are dead. There can be no surprise without memory, and it is because men have no memories in their dreams that they then accept calmly and credulously the most amazing and incredible things.

# THE ELECTRIC PERIL.

Universal blindness, according to an "X-ray and therapeutic expert" in Chicago, is the danger threatening mankind because of their audacity in utilising the electric force of the universe. This prophet of woe, Dr. H. Preston Pratt, was called to give evidence for a young lady who has for nearly four years been partially blind and paralysed owing to an electric current passing into her hody "through the atmosphere" from the wires of the Union Traction Company, and who accordingly claimed 110,000 damages. The doctor sets forth "that corroding effects have been discovered by eye specialists to proceed from the millions of dynamos now at work in every corner of the civilised world. Day and night we are never free from their baleful influences; and the eyes the most delicate part of the human body—are the first to suffer."

# + + + COOKING FOOD, .

The object of cooking food, apart from the gustatory effect of bringing out the pleasant flavours, is to increase its digestibility by breaking up its fibres into lengths more convenient for the diinto lengths more convenient for the argestive organs to deal with. In some instances meat would be quite as digestible without cooking; and Brillat-Savarin declared that it was not unpleasant to the taste. But if cooking is only to break up the fibres the same effect might be produced by extreme cold; and it has been shown that west can feet might be produced by extreme cold: and it has been shown that meet can in this way be "cooked" by liquid air. A smaller degree of cold will produce similar effects on vegetables and Dr. Ephraim Cutter speaks in the most appreciative terms of a "frost-bitten potato." It was, he says, shrunken, soft, limp, and elastic. It looked dark as if rotten, and yet there was ro dead or deraying odour. Under the microas if rotten, and yet there was ro dead or decaying odour. Under the microscope its starch grains were shrunken, cracked, and fissured in the long and short diameters, wrinkled, and they polarised light beautifully. From all of which, as well as from the evidence of taste, Dr. Cutter thinks that such potatoes might be eaten without harm. Cranberries and onions were also frozen and tested; but though they might have been catable, and were at any rate tasted, it is not quite certain from the microscopic examination of the grains whether they were "cooked" in the scientific sense.

LINSEED COMPOUND, The 'Stockport Remedy' for ingle and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.

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OT PUNCH is a splendid Cure for Bessickness. Is sold by all leading Chemists and Druggists. Buy a bottle.



# VERSE OLD AND · • NEW · •



#### A Ballad of Vogetables.

### BY JOSEPH MEEHAN.

A pointo went out on a mash
And sought an onlon bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Your love I cannot be;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumptin be your lawful bride—
You canteloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came, And lay down at her feet; "You conlidower by any name And I twill smell as wheat; And I too, am an enrly rose, And you I've come to see; 50 don't turnly your lovely nose, But spinachet with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go, think that you have never seen.
Myself, or sincled my sigh!
Too long a maiden 1 have been.
For favours in your rye!"

"Oh, space a cuss," the tuber prayed;
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid.
That's currant now with me!"
And as the willy tuber spoke.
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her un articlooke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

"Philadelphia Record."

DG DG

## The Town of Impossibleville,

There's a wonderful town named impossiblerine, a viltage eccentric and nice. Where no matter how het is the midsummer day the leanna leaves plenty of lee; The dairymon never once waters his milk, but leaves yellow cream in his wake; The baker gives always a full lost of bread and the butcher serves porterhouse steak;

steak;
The coal man gives two thousand pounds for a ton, nor weighs up his man wirn the load;
There isn't a lawyer, a judge, or a court, and the old Golden line is the code;
It lies in the valley twist thomesty Fints and the top of Millendam Hill.
And it's peopled by poets and decamers and such—the town is impossibleville.

s a wonderful place is impossibleville, where there's never a scramble for pelf, i the rights of man's neighbour are valued as high as the rights that he chains for himself; hand-organ man on the street ever grads out his ancient, soul-harrowing times.

times.

Nor the man who must board haunted three fimes a day with small dishes of watery gennes;

There's only one church in impossible tile, and that one is all that if needs.

Nor do people lose sight of the one grain of good in the chaff of their musty o'd creeds;

It's just over there where the Golden Rule Heights overflock the green vale of Good Will. erces.
It's just over
Heights over
wall Will.

coon WIR.

And it's peopled with felks it might please you to mret, is the town of Impossible-ville.

No sewing society there ever meets unless there is something to sew:
Good deeds are the coin of the realm over there, and the whole town is Millionaire's Row;
The cider's ail made from the ripest of Fibrit and, open at bottom of the.
The barrel of apples hooks equally good, for there's only one salable crap;
In matter what happens the cook never quite, nor ever swas one known or sculet. The work of the work of the work of the cook never with the cook never that the work never the cook never that the work of the work of the cook never that the cook never that the cook never that the cook never the cook never that the cook never that the cook never that the cook never that the cook never the cook never that the cook never that the cook never the co

Hill,
It's peopled with folks that you don't
often meet, is the town of Impossibleville.

Ur you'd reach the coal shades of Impassible ville you must start on your journey in youth.

Turn uside from the main travelled road and set root on the little used pathway of Truth.

of Fruth, see on, past the towns of Eair Play, and Don't Fret, filtyon climb up the folders Rule Heights, if then you may look down the vale of Good Cherr and see all of these wonderful sights. It wany have set but with hope and light part determined to reach the fair spot

spot
Who some way have strayed from the little-used path shul her lost til the mersh of Dry Rot.
But it's right tobe thefe, where the Goldon Rule Heights overlock the green yale of Good Will,
And it's peopled by poets and dreamers and such, is the town of Impossibleville.

J. W. FOLEY,

### An Honest Poet to the Editor.

This stuff I send is very poor;
'Twere scarcely worth the time it took,
It has the same old rustle seat The grassy mead — the winding brook.

I tried to write the thing at night;

My head was heavy, quite, as lead;
I crashed my fingers through my hair—
Alas, the Muse had gone to bed!

The metre you will find unique— It rocks on four unsteady feet; And, like the policeman that we know, It has a most uncertain best.

The figures are of every shape,
And how they crowd for "standing

You should have seen the row they had-One metaphos most met its doom,

But, pardon now my greatest sin—
I tagged a moral at the end:
Because I did as masters do.
Pray, don't delay my cheque to send!

I now enclose the simple verse. 'Tis poorly done - but never mind! I'll send it in 'tis just as good As lots of other stuff you'll find!

RARA AVIS.

# o o o The Sin of Omission.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone Wheel gives you a bit of a heartache. At the setting of the sun; The tender word forgotten.

The letter you did not write, The letter you did not write, The dower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

"The stone you might have lifted Out of the brother's way. The bit of heartsome comise! You were lurried too much to say. The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone That you had no time nor thought for, With troubles enough of your own."

"These little nots of kindness, So casily out of mind,
These chances to be angols.
Which even mostals find.
They come in night and shence.
Each mild, reproachful wealth,
When hope is faint and flagging.
And a blight has dropped on faith.

"For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion.
That tarries until too late,
And it'n not the thing you do dear;
It's the thing you leave undone.
Which gives you the bitter heartache,
At the setting of the sun."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER,

# I Wonder Why?

When first we met in the ball-room We both were shy.

He bowed, then asked for a two-step—
I wonder why?

We did not dance, but sat it out -I felt less shy. Strange! the weather was not discussed -I wonder why?

He asked two dances inter on tile was not shy!) I cut another muo for him--I wonder why?

After the ball he came to call— Norther was shy. He took me to a theatre then— I wonder why?

But now I always wonder why We felt so shy, For he's the dearest man I know-

α α α α

# The Raigh's Elephant.

The Rajah of Brandipawnee Had an elephant, tame as could be; Till one day be caraged The poor creature, when caged, By a very stale but for its tea.

And the elephant took an eath her this insult avenged would be And the first chance be got Was when some foreign 'pot' Paid a visit to Brondlyawace.

Said the Rajah; "My elembant, see, is as gentle as gentle with me; He will go through his tricks. Like a cat. on hot brinks."
For his tread is as light as a flea."

And the Rajah lay flat as could be Down in front of the elephant. He link his foot on the chest Of the Hajah and pressed. (So the son rules in Brandipawncel)



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The Servant Question: To get one. The Divorce Question: How much ali-

The Social Question: To live beyond

The Social Question: To live beyond your means and keep out of debt.

The Marriage Question: What time did you get home last night?

The Money Question: How to raise it.

The Race Question: What are the

The Sunday Question: Getting up in time for church.

The Question: Asking her father,

# A "Neat" Suggestion.

The "Lancet" is beginning a temper-The "Lancet" is beginning a temperance crusade. Not one of the ridiculous superficial kind. The very reverse. Our contemporary goes to the root of the matter. Whisky may go to pot for all it cares, Nothing is to be gained by attacking alcohol. The insidious soda-water is what must be assailed. "There are scores and scores of persons who would never have cultivated the taste for whisky unless they had had the opportunity of mixing it with sodawater and converting it into an efferwater and converting it into an effer-vescing boverage." That discovery is water and converting it into an effer-rescing beverage." That discovery is quite beautiful in its truth. Why has nobody thought of it before? Real temperance reformers will implore the "Lancet" to place itself at the head of the new temperance movement. Crush-ing blows must be dealt at such wicked drinks as lemon keil is sharbet (for celled) drinks as lemon kali, sherbet (so-called) and the whole tribe of aerated waters. We shall be made a sober nation by the simple process of driving men to drink whisky neat,

# "Save Your Voices," says Patti.

Madeline Adelina Patti, on the occa-sion of her last visit to America, gave this as the secret of her long retention

this as the secret of her long retention of her great vocal gifts:

"I should never have kept my voice until now," she said, "if I had gone into opera. Opera ruins a voice. No voice can stand that strain upon it for many years and keep its first youth and power. The woman who wishes to keep her voice uninvaired in quality must her voice unimpaired in quality must learn to save it, just as she saves her physical strength. If I had become au opera singer I should have retired ten

opera singer I should have retired ten years ago.

"Even yet." she added, "I save my voice constantly. People say, 'Madame Patti does not give her entire programme with the dash that she used to she cannot sing as she did.' I answer: 'Ah, yes, Madame Patti can. Only now she is obliged to save her voice in every effort. If she spent it recklessly, as she might easily do, she could not, in a little time, sing at all.' No voice is inexhaustible, but not every one learns this in time." in time.

# **◆**••

# Strange Things in Figures.

A very curious number is 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by even gives all nines: Multiplied by one it equals 142,857, multiplied by two equals 428,571, multiplied by three equals 428,571, multiplied by fore equals 571,428, multiplied by six equals 857,142, multiplied by seven equals 989,599. Multiply 142,857 by eight and you have 1,142,856. Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142,857, the original number. curious number is 142.857, Then add the first figure to the last, and you have 142.557, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start. Another mathematical womler is the following: 1t is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 4, 44, 44, 44, 45. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45, we get a result equally curious, 5, 555, 555, 505. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, 6, 606, 606, 606. Returning to the multiplicand, D 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 54 as the multiplier again,

we get 53, 333, 333, 35—6H 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand, and 27, the half of 64, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26.666.666.667—all 6's except the first and 26.096.600.602 — at 6 s except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 as the multiplier, and 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 as the multiplier, we get a product of 71.111.111.112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72 -the multiplier.

#### 

## In a Grocer's Shep.

An anusing incident recently occurred at a grocer's shop in Plaistow. The pac-kets of tea exhibited in the windows of the shop in question are "dumnies,"

the shop in question are "dummies," made of wood.

A lady who wanted some tea refused a packet from those kept in racks behind the counter, as she said they were different from those in the window. The manager, recognising the fact that she would only accept those from the window, was forced to gratify her wishes.

The packet was duly wrapped, and the money was taken, but the purchaser was evidently ashamed of herself, as she never returned the block of wood, for which she had paid tempence, the price of half a pound of tea.

#### Tit for Tat.

He rejaiced in the not very humorous name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartees. Few of his friends had escaped the lash of his tongue, and he had victimised many by his practical jokes. In fact, he never lost an opportunity of being funny. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss. "Good-morning, Mr Stone," he said, gaily, "and how is Mrs Stone and all the little pebblest?" He rejoiced in the not very humorous

pebbles?

"Oh, quite well, Mr Wood," was the withering reply. "How's Mrs Wood and all the little splinters?"

## Why We Catch Cold.

Dr. Arthur W. Thomas claims that as Dr. Arthur W. Thomas claims that as he personally has a perfect talent, amounting almost to a genius, for "catching cold." he has naturally devoted some time and thought to the matter, and has come to these conclusions. Chilt in pure air has nothing whatever to do with it. You may get wet to the skin, sit in through draughts, spend hights in an open heat your will spend nights in an open hoat, you will never get a common cold: bronchitis, rheumatism, you may have, but a com-mon catarrhal cold never without direct mon catarrhal cold never, without direct bacterial infection, Chill may lower your vitality, and make you more sus-septible—that is all. Again, you must possess a suitable soil for the growth of catarrhal micro-organism. This is curi-custy exemplified in his own family of his wife, himself, and daughter. His his wife, himself, and daughter. His wife never catches a cold; his daughter takes after him, and can hardly enter a church or transcar without developing entarch. Churches are the great sources catarrn. Churches are the great sources of infection. They are never ventilated, and in a health resort visitors and strangers are constantly bringing down firesh supplies of the septic organisms that produce common catarrh and influence. cuza. Antiseptic treatment is needed for the cure of such a condition.

## Sound Business Hints.

Mr. William Whiteley, the famous Universal Provider of London, who built up his gigantic business from absolutely up his gigantic business from absolutely nothing, has been telling in a Home paper about his career. In the course of his article he says:—There are certain tritle liftle maxims which I have been careful to observe throughout my business career, and although you may say they are somewhat obvious, I would point out that it is those things that are most obvious that so frequently get over looked altogether. Here they are:

Add your conscience to your capital.

It is not the largeness of your capital, but the smallness of your capital, but the smallness of your wants that will make you rich.

Watch the waste.

Be discreet in your tran-actions; run no risk that you cannot meet without inconvenience.

inconvenience

Trust in self-help.

Always pay as you go; if you eas't pay, don't go. Civility costs nothing. It is better to be the victim than the

culprit.

Never disappoint a client. Don't despise trifles; the

made out of drops of water.

Keep cool; don't lose your temper Fair trading means successful

ing.

These are the maxims which guided me throughout my business career. They have enabled me to carry on my business for over forty years successfully.

**⊕**√**3**•3

# Interesting Facts About Germany.

Area, 208.830 square miles; population,

The German Empire consists of twenty-five States and the reichsland of Alsace-Lorraine. The largest of these is Penssia.

is Prussia.

Berlin, the capital, is also the largest city, its population being 1.888.848. Beglin leads the cities of the world in the cleanliness of its streets, the leanty of its window gardens, and the utter absence of ragged, slovenly persons.

Her chief staples for manufacturing are coal and iron.

are coal and iron.

Every German capable of bearing arms has to serve in the standing army or navy six years—as a rule, from the end of the twentieth year until the beginning of the twenty-seventh year of age, although liability to military service begins on the completion of the seventeenth year. teenth year.

teenth year.

Germany's peace footing is estimated at 24.374 officers and 582,408 men, and although no statements regarding her war strength are published, it is estimated that under her present organisation she would have more than 3.000,000 trained men to place on the battlefield.

Har nedger may consist at 13 first.

trained men to place on the battleheld. Her modern navy consists of 13 first-class battleships, 12 second and third class battleships, 8 coast defence-ships, 9 armoured cruisers, 20 first-class cruisers, 19 other cruisers, 27 seagoing gunboats, 10 river gunboats, 58 torpedo boat destroyers, 103 torpedo boats, 160 other vessels. Officers, 2646; men, 37.610. Only Great Britain, France, and the United States are greater in mayal States are greater in naval streugth.

Germans eat six meals a day: break-fast, "second" and "third" breakfast, dinner (after which the men take their moonday nap), "vesper" and an early supper, often followed on their return home by a later and more substantial

Woman has conquered quite a large ld of her own in German journalism. and of the professional writers of fiction about 50 per cent. are women. Census statistics show that there are at least three female blacksmiths and one coppersmith in the empire.

## THE GUINEA POEM !.

CHEQUE FOR £1 1s. has been sent the writer of this verse - K.F.S. Glase writer of this verse - K.; Terrace, Parnell, Auckland.

A maiden was leisurely sitting.
With an interesting book, in the aun—
"Tis early, she said, with a nod of her head,
But my washing, through SAPON, is done.

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turned to England from South Africa writes concerning this "wonderful medicine": "While in Cape Town the past sum-mer I suffered greatly from the long-continued heat. I was completely continued heat. I was completely worn out; my blood seemed to become as thin as water, and I lost all energy and interest in life. My friends recommended

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

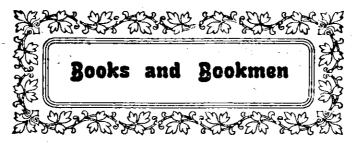
and a course of this wonderful medi-cine restored my health and spirits. My he shand suffered in the same way as I did, and he also was greatly beneas I did, and he also was great fited from the use of Ayer's parilla."

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WHAT a Grand Compliment to the pre-grictors of O.T. PUNCH, to see so many imitations of their famous Drink typing to get a hold on the market. Ask for O.T.



FENWICK'S CAREER: Mrs. Humphrey him a half-finished picture, which he has Ward (Macmillan and Co., London).

A new book from the versatile pen of the writer of "The Marriage of William Ashe" will be received with more than ordinary interest, and, though "Fenwick's Career" lacks the brilliant dislogue the author has hitherto accustomed us to, we are more than compensated by the very real insight given us of the lives, aspirations, ambitions, and limitations of those dwellers who are popularly said to inhabit Bohemia, and designated artists, from which place, whether they be Idealistic, Impressionist, or ther they be adeaustic, impressionist, or Hedonistic, the geniuses energe, bearing the hall mark of the academy, and suc-cess stamped upon them, and hie them to the flesh pots of Egypt. And Bohemia knows them no more. The scene is laid in Westmoreland, London, and Versailles. In the delightful description of sailles. In the delightful description of Langdale Pikes the reader will be re-minded of "Robert Elsmere," and, if a minded of "Robert Eismere," and, it a North Country man, will be smitten with home sickness, and will long for "the snowy tops of the mountains and the sound of engry waters"; while in the picture drawn of "Trianon," silent, depicture drawn of "Trianon," silent, deserted, decaying, the tragedy of the French revolution will be brought back as vividly as though it had happened only yesterday. John Fennick, the son of a Kendal bookseller of substantial means, has married Phoebe Glisson, a poor school assistant, which folly, coupled with the fact that he despises his father's business though a striction. pled with the tact that he despises his father's business, having strong artistic tendencies, causes a rupture between himself and his father, which ends in his being thrown upon the world with no prospect other than the painting of rus-tic portraits, the commissions for which being few, and the remuneration small constitute a sufficiently poor outlook for one who, whatever his faults as a man, had within him the elements of a great painter. At the time this story opens Fenwick had executed a commisaion for Mr. Morrison, the manager of the local bank—namely, to paint the portrait of his daughter Bella, which portrait portrait of his daughter Bella, which portrait, though an exceedingly good one, is not a thing of beauty, Bella Morrison being both plain of feature and vixenish of expression. She is bitterly disappointed with it, and Mr. Morrison suggests that Fenwick shall add a few gracing touches to it. But Fenwick, who has suffered a great deal of rudeness at the lady's hands, sees no reason for such embellishment, saying that it is a fine piece of painting, and refusing to supply her with the graces she lacks, and the portrait is delivered as at first painted, which causes Bella Morrison to painted, which causes Bella Morrison to conceive herself deliberately insulted, painted, which causes held Morrison to conceive herself deliberately insulted, and she vows vengeance, and keeps her word to the undoing, as the sequel will show, of Fenwick and his wife Phoebe. Fenwick is surprised at this time by receiving an offer from Morrison, who is ceiving an other from Morrison, who is an expert in art matters, to supply him with money to go to London, there to study and attain to proficiency in his art, which offer kenwick accepts, almost be-side himself, as it is the cherished dream of his life, undertaking at the same time to repay the loan in pictures within a year. He determines to leave Phoebe and his little daughter (Carrie) behind, and his little daughter (Carrie) behind, both on the score of economy and also fearing that a wife and child would be a hindrance to study. To this Phoebo strongly objects at first, knowing fer husband's weakness in money matters, and for pretty faces; but he brings her round to his own way of thinking at last, and departs for London, taking up his residence in a house and neighbourhood where artists congregate. Going one day to the rooms of a fellow artist, he is into the rooms of a fellow artist, he is in-troduced to "Lord Findon," a wealthy putron of art, and is asked by him if he hus mything of his own to show. Pen-wick takes him up to his room and shows

called "The Genius Loci," in which he has introduced the face and figures of his wife and child, Lord Findon is greatly pleased with it, and secretly determines to buy it. He asks Fenwick who his model had been, and Fenwick replies harriedly that it was someone had known in Westmoreland, thus Judas like, denying his wife and child. A conversation follows, in which Lord Findon declares for an artist to marry before attaining celebrity is the greatest act of folly he can be guilty of, and Fenwick, who had regretted, the moment he had denied Phoebe, now thinks t ruin to confess and so allows his stand, Before leavwould nean marriage, and error to star first error to stand. Before leaving, Lord Finden invites him to dinner to meet some propile who might be of use to him in his caroer. Femfirst wick gratefully and joyfully accepts, and at Lord Findon's house meets "Madam de Pastonrelles," his host's daughter, me rascontenes." ms nosts daugiter, who is afterwards to prove the inspira-tion of his life in all that is best and truest in him. Madam de Pastourelles is delighted with the artist, but deplores the plebian in Fenwick. After the ladies leave the dining room, he manladies leave the thining room, he manages by his ill-bred arrogant manner to upset the sangifoid of every man in the room and principally Monsieur de Chailles, the French Ambassador, so much so that Lord Findon feels it incumbent on him to apologise to de Chailles. Madame de Pastourolles, however, manages with infinite tact to bring out the best in Fenwick, and before the evening is over he is reinstated in his host's good favour, and has extracted a promise from Ma-dam de Pastourelles to sit to him for cam de l'astourelles to sil to him for her portrait. In the menutime poor Phoebe has bren pining in loneliness and poverty—Fenwick's letters being short and not particularly affectionate. He has sent Phobe very little money. Be-fore beginning "The Genius Loci" he had made money by supplying illustrations to papers, but had of late been writing articles to the "Mirror," an art magazire, declaiming arrogantly against the methods of several artists, and the powers that be of the Royal Academy. Christmas came, and a flying visit was paid to Phoebe whom he finds looking ill and laggard. He hears from her that a few days before a tramp had tried to enter her cottage at night, that she had managed to repulse him, whereupon he had threatened to return some time and kill her. Phoebe is not suitided he the zire, declaiming arrogantly against kill her. Phoebe is not sutistied by the way her husband takes this news, and though before leaving her he takes every precaution against its recurrence, she feels that she has a rival. White on this visit he hears of Morrison's death by suicide, and fears that he will be called upon to pay his debt, as it is discovered after Morrison's death that he had been after Morrison's death that he had been defrauding the bank for years and his widow is left almost penniless. But the debt had evidently been overlooked, and Fenwick returns to London herathing more freely, and falling into the second great error of his career, denying his debt to Morrison. Soon after Fenwick's return to town Phothes in neuronal here. debt to Morrison. Soon after Fenecick's return to town Phoebe is surprised by a visit from Bella Morrison, who brings back "the hateful portrait," and also informs Phoebe that her husband is not true to ber, that he is in love with, not true to ber, that he is in love with, and is painting a portrait of, Madame de Pastourelles, and that they are seen about everywhere. Phoche indigmantly repudiates this statement, but the sting of jealousy is planted, and she makes a resolve to go up to town when she shall have saved sufficient money for the journey, and claim her right to live with her lusband. By this time Fenwick has fallen into monetury difficulties. He had are answard, by this time removes his fallen into monetury difficulties. He had nearly finished both "The Genius Loci" and the portrait, but had not received anything on account of them from Lord Findon. But Madam de Pastourelles had begun to surmise that he was in

difficulties and had persuaded Lord Fig-don to write Fenwick a cheque, and ass companied by her father went to Fen-wick's studio, taking the cheque and the good news, which they had learned privately, that both pictures had been accepted by the Academy, and were hung on the line. Fenwick was overwhelmed with happiness, which so irradiated his face that Madam de Pustourelles and face that Madam de Pustourelles and her father found it hard to leave him, but at length Lard Findon remembering but at length Lord Findon remembering that he had not told Madim do Pastone-elles that he had written out the cheque for £500 instead of £450, as at firsh agreed upon, carries her many, and Fen-wick is left alone with his great joy. He first thought was of restitution Phoebe, whom he really loved at

When Fenwick was alone, he walked to a chest of drawers in which he kept a dinorderly multitude of possessions, and took out a mingled handful of letters, abstraction, and sketches. Throwing them a table, he looked for and found a photograph of Pincebe with Carrie on her knee, and a little sketch of Pincehe — one of the first tiless for the "Genius Lock," he looked at them in a passion of triumpia. triumph.

reliangh.

"It's all right, old woman — It's all right!" — he nurmared, smilling. Them he spread out Lord Fludout's cheene before the photograph, as though in offered it at Photobe's shrine.

Five hundred pounds! Well, it was only what he work was worth — what he had every right to expect. None the least the actual possession of the money seemed to change his whole being. What would his old father say? He gave a laugh, half secontal, half good-hunoured, as he admitted to himself that not even how—probably would the old man releat.

The probably the continuered of the happy woulder her cycle that he well man releat. It was not had been a verificial the happy woulder her beginner with the old man releat. It was not her types and the releast of his work, bood the final wrestle with the "Goodus Loed," including the minforture of the paints, had really been a recrible affair!—then—he confessed it — the intellection of the work woods woods with the correspondence with Madanae de Pastourelles; hetween those two obsessions, or constitute, poor Pheeba and fared III.

"But you'll forgive me now, old girl—won't you?" he said, kiesing her photograph in an effosion that brought the molsture to his eyes. Then he replaced the with the sketches, in the drawer, forgraph in an effosion that brought the molsture to his eyes. Then he replaced the with the sketches, in the drawer, forgraph in an effosion that brought the morting had been a terribed affair,—in the head of the work. The morting had been a terribed affair,—in the head of the work of the work of the work of the work of the corresponding his collection, and write head — work. The morting had been a the store of the work of the content of the properties of the morting had been a the store of the properties of the pastoured to do not be forgraph to the pastoured to do not be settle for the sketches, in the drawer for words and furnish in the store of the properties of the pastoured to be medium and write here well with the store of the rough and the last of the pastoured

On his way out he made his landledy suppy by promising to pay the whole of ed to tell the news to his friend and low-artist, "Watson." Passing I low-artist, "Witsom," Passing Peter Robinson's on the way, he went in, and asked that some dointy trifles that he thought Phoebe would like be sent to him thought Phoebe would like be sent to him next day, and then sped on his way to Wulson. At the very time he was purchasing these trifles Phoebe was knocksing at the door of his lodgings, and trysing to convince an incredible handlady that she was Fenwick's wife, who, after seeing a letter from Fenwick in Phoebe, believed, and allowed her to go upstairs to Fenwick's room, and the render can imagine what a jestous, highly-wrought, conde, undisciplin d woman would think and believe when she saw what she thought to be a portrait of her rival see

shrined, idolised, while she, his true wife, had been left to loneliness, powerty, hard-ship and dishonour. Finding some let-ters of Madame de Pastourelle's, which she does not scruple to read, and which have constituted Fenwick's highest education, she finds what she considers con-ficiently proof of their mutual love, and determines to leave him, taking Carr, with her, and to leave no clue behind h as to her whereabouts, which project she puts into immediate execution, and when Fenwick returns clated, flushed with happiness, he finds that Pho-be has been happiness, he finds that Pho-be has been and gone, leaving nothing hut a note, which tells him she has left him for ever. He uses every effort to find her, but in yain, and bribing his landlady to secreey, gots on acting a lie. Twelve years elapse between the second and third part of the book, and in this time Fenwick has run the whole gamut of experience known to the successful artist. After Phoche's flight, for some years he had flourished exceedingly, but his earlier faults proved his ruin. He had continued his virulent articles to the "Mirror" with disastrous results to his had continued his virulent articles to the "Mirror" with disastrous results to his preket, friendships, and reputation, and at this time was bankrupt in all three; and was at last glad to take a commission to paint the scenery for a play that was to be produced in London, for which some scenes of the Royal palace at Versailles were required. At Versailles he meets Madame de Pastourelles, whom he has not seen for some time. The old friendship is renewed, much to the regret of "Arthur Welby," an old lover of Madame de Pastourelles, but now married to her cousin. Welby does not think Fenwick worthy of Madame de Pastourelles, which opinion Lord Findon shares. But Nemesis, in the shape of Bella Mortison, is at last on Fenwick's track. Seeing Fenwick with Welby, she finds out where they are staying, and, waylaying Welby, she tel's him of Phobbes flight and Fenwick's history. Welby this on his leaving Versailles, which fenwick is only too glad to do, but before going consents to see Madame de Pastourelles, who insists as her right that she be allowed to help to find Phoebe, to which he consents, and after many days she is found, only just in time, as Fenwick, tired of himself and the "Mirror" with disastrous results to bis Phoebe, to which he consents, and after many days she is found, only just in time, as Yenwick, tired of himself and the world, is about to put an end to his life. Knowledge by suffering entereth, and of suffering Phoebe had partaken largely since her flight, never having ceased to reproach herself for forsaking her duty. For a time Fenwick could only just tolevate Phoebe, but seemed to derive great pleasure from Carrie's ministrations; but, when fully restored to health, bodily and mentally, complete reconciliation takes place, and Fenwick, tothed in his right mind, gets back his cunning and Phoenix-like rises out of the ashes of his former ruin, and wins to greater heights. Phoenix-like rises out of the ashes of his former ruin, and wins to greater heights. It the preface to the book the author touches on plagiarism, which she declares to be the "literary crime of crimes." But it is exceedingly difficult to define plagiarism. If the choosing of a certain type, made use of before by a writer, and investing it with the same emotion, under stress of which anyone of that type would act similarly, be plagiarism, then is Mrs Ward convicted of that "literary crime of crimes," for the conception of Fenwick and the Tito Melema of George Eliot's "Romola" are almost identically the same. The destruction by Phoebe Fliot's "Romola" are almost identically the same. The destruction by Phoche of Madame de Pastourelle's picture has its counterpart in Kipling's "Light That Fuiled," where blick Heldar's model destroys his masterpiece. To duplicate a common, or certain type, is not plagiarism. The writer's delineation of Fenwick is a very powerful one, and shows very plainly the limitations of the artistic temperament and the excesses it is temperament and the excesses it is one to. In his rehabilitation the auprone to. In his rehabilitation the mu-tion has reached the highest pinnacle of Art from a humanitarian point of view. Art from a humanitarian point of view. It may be more in accordance with Old World tradition, that the wages of sin heing death, he should have died, but sin repeated of, condoned, and atoned for, together with the rehabilitation of the sinner, is a much higher gospel. Madame de l'astourclle is a vety rare type of the spiritual, which is too often confounded with the merely ascetic. Married at an early age to sman round whom was thrown the halo of an historic name, she before long discovered that the man whe had married was either that the man she had married was either very wicked or very mad. Being what also was, she preferred to believe the latter, and refused, though atrongly urged by her family, to sue for the divorce she was entitled to. Berett of the consolutions of wife and motherhood she mothered humanity, and, mother-like, the most faulty had the greatest

elzim on her sympathies. Had Phoebe been more spiritual or less ascetic she could have held Fenwick against allcomers, both on account of his weakness and his love of her beauty. Carrie is a pleasing example of the girl of English parentage, brought up and educated unconventionally in a colony where versatility and resouractulness are more in request than accomplishare more in request than accomplishments. There are some interesting details of art and artists, all the more interesting as they have been authenti-cated by the artist, whose illustrations have accentuated the value of the book.

DELTA.

#### The Wizard of Wessex.

Thomas Hardy, whose second volume of "The Dynasts" was published a little time ago, alone among the many novelists, sees country life as no other writer can, his whole nature is attuned to its beauties. Sixty-six years ago he was born in one of the humblest little cottages in Dorset, which is still standing about two miles from Dorchester on the verge of "the vast unenclosed tract of land known as Egdon Heath," as he calls it in "The Peturn of the Native." of land known as Egdon Heath," as he calls it in "The Return of the Native," but better known to local Hodges as Puddletown Heath. The cottage contains four rooms and is the tchedmany of the straws from that thitch have gone to America for American have gone to America, for Americans, who appreciate Hardy even better than we do, flock to the spot to carry away relies, says a writer in a Home journal. There is a rambling old garden with a high hedge at the back, and in front miles of bronzed heath. Here young Hardy lived as a boy with the nuise of the neighbouring pines always in his ears, uningling with the cries of wild birds, almost cut off from civilization in the great wilderness. gone to America, for Americans

It is said that the first book Thomas llardy ever wrote has never been published, and the man who persuaded him not to publish it was no other than (conge Meredith. The book was called "The Poor Man and the Lady." and contained some strong revolutionary principles. But it was a novel of great promise, and this, the reader for the publishing house to which it was submitted quickly recognised, for he sent for Hardy to come and see him, and told him plainly that the great B.P. would account it presumption for a young man to force such views down its throat. And so Thomas Hardy took feorge Meredith's advice, and went home to remedy the defects, and by a curious freak of chance he called his next novel "Desperate Remedies."

It was not until "Far from the Maddian (call") It is said that the first book Thomas

next novel "Desperate Remedies."

It was not until "Far from the Madding Crowd" appeared that Hardy began to be talked about, although his previous novel, "Under the Greenwood Tree," was pronounced by Tinsley to be the greatest novel he had ever read. Nevertheles, at the time it was an ignominious failure—a failure which enme as the greatest blow of his life to Tinsley, though the novel subsequently ley, though the novel subsequently came into its own. "Tess," the most dramatic though not by any means the best of Hardy's books, was inspired by the sight of a girl's face. Its author was walking down a lane in West Dorwas warking down a firm in West Dorset when a farmer's eart rumbled past on, which was scated the original of "Tess." The novelist never saw her again, but he found himself weaving a romance around the girl, and in due time, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" appeared.

peared.

With all due respect to Dorset, Hardy is not recognised as he should be in his own county. Occasionally you will see a copy of one of his works in a shop window, but nine out of every ten people in Casterbridge, to give Dorchester its Hardyesque title, know that he is a novelist and no more. I believe in that romantic old town he has won greater fame as a naviertate. But what

a novelest and no more. I believe in that romantic old town he has won greater fame as a magistrate. But what probably made Hardy take to verse was a remark Coventry Patmore made to him when "A Pair of Blue Eyes" was published, which was: "Wonderful book—wonderful! But how much finer if thad been written in blank verse!"

Thomas Hardy can often be seen in Dorchester. He is carelessly dressed, for Hardy was never a Beau Brummell—what trun lover of the country is? He waiks with his hand behind his back and his head nearly bent, a slow, shambling walk like that of a man prematurely sged. The whole face is finely chiselled, but it is the forchead which stands out paramount.



### ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES



#### SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ELE-PHANT.

As the guard of the Rotorua train about to start from Auckland was standing by the luggage van, he was accested by a smartly dressed English tourist: "Ah, guard, that's my trunk," pointing within the open van, "that leather one near the wicker basket, You'll look after it, won't you! See that it is not thrown off before we reach Rotorun."

The guard had many watters on his

The guard had many matters on his mind other than a care for individual pieces of luggage, but with Scotch shrewdness he foresaw a possible tip, so

shrewdness he foresaw a possible tip, so he answered, amiably enough:
"Oh, aye, sir, all see tae uer."
Stopping at Mercer when one-third of the journey land been travelled, John was again accosted by the tourist:
"Guard, is my trunk all right?" and again he was assured that his trunk was being looked after.

again he was assured that his trunk was being slowed after.

The guard had to account for that trunk upon three subsequent occasions before the train stopped for the last time before reaching the terminus and then once more came the drawling

query:

"Guard, is my trunk all right?"

John turned quickly and seeing no signs of the looked-for tip, his tried patience gave way.

"Yer trunk is in the van, but," he added testily, "A'm thinking that instead o' heing the ass ye are, ye should her been an elephant, for then ye could carry yer trunk yersel."

#### + + + SAGACIOUS DOGS.

There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them askep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped them and drove them forth.

The next night, when he came home, the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. There-

tound it warm from their bodies. Therefore he gave them another whipping.

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool

#### RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE,

A man out West says he moved so often during one year that whenever covered waggons stopped at the gate his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet in order to be tied and thrown in.

#### A SNOWSTORM IN A BALLROOM.

A snowstorm in a room actually oc-curred at a court ball in St. Petersburg. The temperature indoors had gone up to some 90 degrees, and, several ladies having fainted, a rush was made to open the windows.

There was no storm outside, but as soon as the windows were thrown up snow began to fall inside the ballroom, the moisture in the air being suddenly condensed by the extreme cold without.

#### A BLOW OUT.

Witherty paused in front of a haber-dasher's window. He needed a new

cravat, "That's a stunning-looking thing," he said to himself.

said to himself.

He stepped inside.

The cravat was ten shillings—more than Witherby had ever paid—but after some discussion of its merits, he bought it and walked out.

As the knowledge of the new cravat hegan to work into his consciousness Witherby awoke to the fact that his shirts were not what they should be—nor did the collars he wore go with that nor did the collars he wore go with that tie—they were too cheap.

Ite went back and ordered some shirts

and collars.

Then he stopped at his tailors' to get

a new suit.
Then it occurred to him that his

Then it occurred to him that his evening clothes were sltogether too shabby for a gentleman of his standing.

In two hours' time he had spent nearly L60 on a new wardrobe.

Shame-faced, remoraeful, hating himself heartily, he made his way home.

He entered the hall. He walked upstairs. At the door of her dressing-room his wife came forward. In an excess of affection she threw her arms about his neck.

neck.
"Darling," she murmured, "will you forgive me?"
"What have you done?"
"I've been shopping—and I've been extravagant. I started with a simple little gown. One thing led to another—I'm afraid I've ordered a lot. Oh, dear, I know you will never forgive me!"
Witherby, unable to contain himself, danced about the room in an excess of joy.

"Horray!" he exclaimed.

His astonished wife gazed at him in anxiety. "What can you mean?" she cried. "What is the matter?"

"Why," cried Witherby, "when I came home just now I actually believed that I was the biggest fool in the world. And it's such a relief to know that I'm not!"

#### + + + A DANDY BARBER.

t natumer: "Hair cut, please. Short." Barber: "Yes, sir." (Ten n elapse.) "That about right, sir! (Ten minutes

Customer: "I suppose my head is full of dandruff, but I have no time today.

Barber: "Very clean, arr; no use of shampooing it."

Customer: "And possibly my whis-kers want trimming, but—"

Barber: "Not at all. They are very neatly trimmed already, and I could not improve them.

Customer: "And you have no hair lotion to sell?"

Barber: "Not unless people ask for it.

(And then the man awoke! It was all a drenni.) , 1 + 1+ +

#### TOOK THE WHOLE HOG.

Whether "a lie well told and stuck to afterwards is as good as the truth," was debated at the dinner table where a man was sitting one day this week, and it brought out the following story from a rather dyspeptie-looking man who had eaten very sparingly:—"I used to live up in the country," said he. "One of my neighbours, an unlucky, nnthrifty sort of a man, killed a pig one day with the aid of a local butcher, and after the killing he said to the butcher:—"By jinks, Sam, I hate to cut up that pig." "Why?" "Cause you see I'm owin' 'most everybody around here a piece of pork, and if I cut up the pig I'll have to give most of him away." "I tell you what to do," said the butcher. "What's that?" "Td have the pig hung up out doors till twelve o'clock at night, then take him in and give out the next morning that he's been stolen." "By jinks, I'll do it!"

It was a wonderfully fine plan the

It was a wonderfully fine plan the farmer thought, and he left the pig hanging out as the butcher suggested.

At eleven o'clock the butcher himself came along, and loaded the park into his team. It was not there when the his team. farmer went out niter it.

farmer went out after it.

The next day, with a long face, he accused the butcher, in a hoarse whisper. "I say, Sam, sonwbody did really steal that." "That's right," said the butcher, nudging him and winking wickedly at the same time. "But, by jinks, the pig was really stolen," "That's right; you stick to that and you'll be all right," said the butcher, encouragingly, and his hurried off, leaving his friend in a most bewildered state of mind, from I don't think he ever fully emerged.

# MUSIC AND DRAMA.

MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Under the Direction of
WILLIAM ANDERSON
GOOD WIDE Needs No Bush."
THE WORK GIRL.
THE WORK GIRL.

THE WORK GIRL.

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PEGRES,
THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY.
Are Thoroughly Awakened to the Evils of
the Sweating System.
PRICES - 3/, 2/, and 1/.
Early Door, 6d extrs.
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Lessec Mr C. R. Bailey.

MONDAY, AUGUST 33.

AUCKLAND'S LATEST WORK.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE

MUNICAL. SEN'.

An Entirely New and Original Play in

THE LADY TYPIST.

An Entirely New and Original Play in

Written and Composed by "Thomas

Horized Green Composed by "Thomas

Horized Green Comedian.

Mr FRED. 14. GRAHAM.

The Famous Comedian.

MISS NELLIE DENT.

MADAME WIFLLERT.

AND GRAND CHORUS OF 00

TRAINED VOICES.

THE FINEST CAST AND THE

GREATEST NUMBER EYER ENGAGED

IN A LOCAL PRODUCTION.

The whole produced under the Sisse Man
segment of

MR FRED. H. GRAHAM.

EVERY COSTUME,

EVERY PROPERTY

EXPERS PROPERTY

EXPERS PROPERTY

FASTERS HE COSTUME,

EVERY PROPERTY

FASTERS HE COSTUME,

EVERY PROPERTY

FASTERS HE COSTUME,

EVERY PROPERTY

A. G. MARRIE.

"Touts le monde et sa fenunie" ave asking what is the "Lady Typist" all about? Well, it is all about a lady She is a clerk in a large type writing agency, and very much in love with a young Indian Civil servant, one feco. Fairchild. But Fairchild's step-father and mother object to the marrather and mother object to the mar-riage as a terrible mesalliance, and de-sire that their boy should marry money. Clouds gather, all is dismal, when there returns to London a West Australian mining millionaire, who discovers in thel Blyth, the lady typist, his daughter, whom he has never yet seen. She was born white he was digging in Australia. The clouds are lifted, and all ends happily. Within this simple old plot are woven two minor plots, and those who have been privileged to read the book say that the author has handled the work well. There are vari-pus comic scenes, and the characters are pus comic scenes, and the communication boldly and broadly drawn. Two or three of them are, we may say, from life. The dialogue is quick and bright, as is the music tuneful and very meloas is the music teneral and very meto-dious. Mr. Fred, H. Graham is work-ing hard to make this "All-Auckland production" a luge success. Some pic-tures from somes in the contedy spear smongst our illustrations this weekk,

Mr. Chas. Holloway has purchased the Australasian rights of two new dramas. "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Coal King."

JE 35

Melbourne "Table Talk" has the foilowing:—Mr. Claude Bantock is looming large in Melbourne just now. Can it be on marriage thoughts intent? on marriage thoughts intent!

.46

از او Mr. Kyrle Bellew has been engaged by Mr. Charles Billingham for a London season. Time has dealt leniently with "Kyrly," and he looks as juvenile as ever out the stars.

"Sinbad the Sailor" is panning out a rich reward in New Zealand for the Anderson management. It ran for 18 nights in Auckland—a record for any play in that city—and mostly bumper houses, too.

Cinquevalli, who could balance anything, from a piece of paper to a man seated on a chair, is getting tired of juggling. He says he will give up the game in three years and spend the rest of his days in London. By that time he will be half a century old.

When the South-castern railway Sta-When the South-eastern railway Sta-tion in London collapsed recently, the Avenue Theatre adjoining was ruined by the falling masonry and ironwork. A London cablegram of July 18 says the railway company has given Mr. (yril Maude, the proprietor of the theatre, z20,000 as compensation.

Interest in the Gazoka has been much Interest in the Gazoka has been much stimulated during the week by a series of advertisements in the Melbourne preas, setting forth various exciting episodes in the life of that quaint little animal, and by the time it arrives in Melbourne the public will have begun to look upon it as an old familiar friend. look upon it as an old familiar friend.

Mr J. C. Williamson's latest dramatic Mr J. C. Williamson's facest distinction, this House in Order, reached its 150th performance in London last month, and to all appearances would double that number before withdrawal. Already two companies organised by Mr George Alexander are "on the road" through the English provinces with Pinero's great play.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Company The Gilbert and Sullivan Company who left New Zealand after a prolonged and popular season will follow the Brune Company in Sydney, whither they go after a visit to Brisbane, which is their immediate objective. They spend three weeks in Sydney, and then "take the long trail. In other words, Mr. J. C. Williamson has decided to dispatch them direct to Work Australia, and they are direct to West Australia, and they are due to open in Perth on the 1st Octo-

Extra special will be the description Extra special will be the description applied to this years pantonine which Mr J. C. Williamson is to produce at Her Majosty's Theatre, Melbourne, on Roxing night. Mr Coleman is afready hard at work on the planning and the painting of the succession of elaborate senes necessary for it, and some start-ling electrical effects will be a prominand electrical effects with be a promin-ent feature. As for the company to be enlisted with it, Mr Williamson has commenced organising it, and will be in a position shortly to make some im-portant announcements.

The popularity of "Thunderbolt" scarcely seemed on the wane after nearly a week's run in Auckland, but on Saturday evening Mr Anderson replaced it by "The Work Girl," which judging from its reception, is also sure of a good long run. Of the bushranger series of niclo-drama "Thunderbolt" is one of the best drama "Thunderbolt" is one of the best, but seeing that the annals of dare-devil theatrical youthful crime is on the increase, one cannot but feel some greater affection for such thoroughly wholesome dramas as "The Mariners of England," which is certainly one of the best acted melodramas in the Anderson repertoire. One wonders by the way if "The World" could not be revived by Mr Anderson. Who holds the righta! It would just suit his lavishness in siago management. management.

The four days extra holiday did the numerous invalids of the Royal Comie

Opera Company all the good in the world, and it was a thorough fit east who delighted a packed house of Adelaidens with Messager's charming open and the state of lighted a packed house of Adelaideans with Messager's charming opera, "The Little Michua" on Wednesday iast (July 18th). It was, however, only played for four nights, because in view of the shortness of the season, and the number of peces to be played, Mr J. C. Williamson has resolved on changing the programme frequently. "The Shop Girl," "The Girl from Kays," "The Courty Girl," and "Paul Jones," icomprise the repertoire, which has to be negotiated before the company, leave again for Melfore the company leave again for Mel-

Mr Charles Waldron, Mr J. C. William-on's new leading man in "The Squaw Mr Charles Waldron, Mr J. C. Williamson's nev leasing man in "The Squaw Man" Company, has already, by dint of sterling and artistic work, established himself a warm favourite with Australian audiences, and it is not too much to expect that before his sejourn in this part of the world is at an end he will stand very highly in their estimation. Though a young man, he has a stage experience which dates back some dozen years, and for more than half of that time he has been "playing lead," both with his own companies and others. Altogether he can count no less than 300 with his own companies and others. Al-together he can count no less than 300 parts in his repertoire, and these char-acters range from light comedy to high tragedy, and from Augustus Thomas to Shakespeare.

عو عو

Miss Tittell Brune is back in Vic-Miss littled blune is back in toria again after her noteworthy season in West Australia, and on Friday, 27th July, is announced to open at Ballarat for a five nights' season to be oc-cupied with Dorothy Vernon, Lesh Kleschna, and Sunday. She opens for a Kleschna, and Sunday. She opens for a special four weeks' season in Sydney in the first named next Saturday (4th August), and at the end of the month moves on to New Zealand. Wellington will be the first town visited (on September 5th). The tour should be more than usually successful considering the strong reperties at present passessed. strong repertoire at present possessed by the company. Dornthy Vernon, Leah Kleschna, Merely Mary Ann, and La Tosca, to say nothing of the older favourities like Sunday, L'Aiglon, will constitute a series of powerful attrac-

The William Collier Company are said to wish never to see Melbourne again isays a writer in "Table Talk"). Yet their comparative failure here, while bitterly disappointing to such a "star" as Collier, can be attributed to other causes than non-appreciation of his talent. He attracts the more intellectual and reading people, who appreciate his smartness and caustic wit, not so much the hig general public. It was the same in London, where he played to full stulls and circle—most of them at a gainea a head—and a poor gallery. Then, for his style of play, Her Majesty's Theatre is much too large. Both in London and New York he played in cosy little theatres. Here much of the dialogue never reached the more distant portions of the house, and at best about half, owing partly to the American intonation, partly to the size of the theatre, was really followed. But sulmost worst of all, in Anstralian eyes, both "On the Quiet" and "The Dictator" are two hour plays spun out to ill three. The wait until aquarter past note on the quiet" and "The Dictator" are two hour plays spun out to ill three. The wait until aquarter past eight, then the long intervals, did much to flatten their effect. Why, Harries "Little Mary," with really far more in it, was preceded by a curtain raiser.

"I Wouldn't Leave My Little Hut For You," with which Madame Titus has fairly captivated Southern vandeville patrons, has (says a Christchurch contemporary) only recently been added to her repertoire, having been picked up in London a few months back, and, as the air strummed on the hotel piano in a room below greeted our cars, she expressed her pleasure at the manner in which it had taken on. American matters were discussed, and Madame Titus explained how the position of vandeville artists in the United States had deteriorated in the United States had deteriorated in recent years as the result of a conflict between performers and managers. The forner banded together in an organisation known as "The White Rats," will Mr. George Fuller Golden at the head. Funds were raised, and at a certain time, the vandevilla artists belonging to the "I Wouldn't Leave My Little Hut For the vaudeville artists belonging to the "Rate" in all parts of the States simul-

taneously coased performing as a means of enforcing their domands. The managers, as a counter-move, combined, and the fight-which ensued, ended, as such lights usually do, inc win for capital, Vaudeville remuneration since that time has never reached its former level.

A few particulars of the career of Mr. Charles Waldron have already been given, but in addition to him there are other members of Mr. J. C. Williamson's new Dramatic Company well entitled to a of ... ready u him Dramatic Company well entitled to a few words of personal reference. Mias few words of personal reference. Mias alla Jane Humphrey, for example, the leading lady of the combination, can claim a singularly extensive stage experience, seeing that she has in her individual repertoire more than thirty parks, most of them of a far more exacting nature tann the one she is at present filling. Another of the newcomera, Mr. Rapley Holmes, who plays lig Bill, the cowboy, with such cheery honhomic, attracts attention not only because his birth, and upbringing by all the rules of environment should have fitted him for anything but the stage. His father is a Canadian Methodist elegymon, high in the estimation of that denomination, is a Canadian Methodist elergyman, high in the estimation of that denomination, and in the family circles there are no less than eight other ministers. Naturally Mr. Holmes' choice of a profession is not regarded with unmixed favour by his kith and kin, but that the choice was an eminently wise one has been already fully justified, and if he continues in Australia as he has begun, he will certainly be able to answer all objections with weight. with weight.

With audiences unusually large through the week, and absolutely pack-

THE MUSICAL IMPORTING COMPANY, Next Bank New Zealand.

The Leading House for Violins, Rag-pipes, Bridos, Mandolins, Flittes, Harmon-lers, Ciarinets, Strings, Pittings of all de-scriptions, at Lowest Rates.

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ed houses in which hundreds are unable to gain admission, on Saturday evenings, there can be no doubt that "The Squaw Man" is to be a prime favourite with Australasian theatregoers for many months to come, and that Mr J. C. Williamson's new dramatic company will continue to be a very strong attraction wherever they appear. E. Milton Royle's piece certainly deserves its success, for it is full of powerful and admirably-played situations, redolent of realism, and amrounded by an atmosphere so vividly reproduced, both by the acting and the senery, that nothing whatever detracts from the completeness of the stage picture. Its problem is a human one, and its characters are natural, while the way in which they are interpreted from the fine efforts of Mr Charles Waldron, Miss Ola Jane Humphrey, down to the alightest of comedy sketches, leaves nothing to be desired. Only three weeks now remain of the company's first Melbourne visit, and on its conclusion they begin a tour of Victorian provincial centres, taking in Bendigo, Ballarat, Geelong, Castlemaine, and Warrnambool. Adelaide and Sydney will be the next places visited, and afterwards Mr Williamson will send his latest organisation to New Zealand. ed houses in which hundreds are unable

#### Taranaki Petroleum.

Attention is directed to the advertisement on page 21 of this issue for the Taranaki Oil and Freehold Company, who, we understand, have been doing wery satisfactory business in the sale of shares on the Auckland market during the week.

The Company is being formed to pro-The Company is being formed to pros-mect for oil on the Carrington-road. New Plymouth, in which district much inter-ist has lately been centred on account of the further discoveries of fresh and andoubted surface indications of petro-leum. It is thought from the lay of the atrata that the oil may be found at some hundreds of feet less depth in the Car-rington-road district than at any other point at which a bore has been previous-by nut down, and the directors of the point at which a bore has been previously put down, and the directors of the Taranaki Oil and Freehold Company have decided to test the district for its petroleum yield at the earliest possible opportunity. There are 15,000 one pound shares to be issued, and a proportion of these are now offered for public application, the balance being reserved by the Company for future sale. Payments for chares are easy—2/6 on application, 2/6 on allotment, and calls if required, not to exceed 1/ per share per month. In the light of past events, and the experience of shareholders in the Moturoa Lompany, floated under somewhat similar circumstances, and whose £5 shares were afterwards sold for £62, the Taranaki Oil and Freehold Company may be regarded as offering a good deal more regarded as offering a good deal more than ordinary attraction for speculation or investment, and it would certainly be difficult to find in New Zealand another industry offering anything like the linge possibilities the oil trade appears

The directors are very confident of the success of their boring operations, and entertain a strong belief that underlying the property proposed to be bored upon by them, and at a comparatively favourby them, and at a comparatively lavourable depth, will be found petroleum deposits of immeasurable wealth. Applications for shares may be made to Messrs. V. J. Larner, Stock Exchange, Auckland, or any of the brokers whose names appear below the Company's advertise ment on page 21.

"What's all this I see in the papers about the Russian Duma question?" asked Mrs. Hixby of her husband the other evening.

Hixby, delighted to have his wife in-terested in public affairs, began at the beginning, and carefully and elaborate-ly detailed the entire affair to his wife and when he was through, he said:-

"Now, do you understand it, my

"Ye-e-s, I think I do, George; only I -I've been thinking-"

"Thinking what?"

"Thinking for the last ten minutes that, after all, I'd have cardinal instead of lettuce-leaf green on my new bonnet. Wouldn't you like the cardinal better, dearest?"

### Stamp Collecting.

A gold medal was awarded at the London Philatelic Exhibition to Mr. T. Buck, for his collection of the stamps of Tonga.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker is reported to have lost stumps to the value of £15,000 owing to the earthquake and fire at Sau Francisco, his mansion being destroyed, and his bank gutted. The London Philatelic Exhibition saved his valuable Hawaism collection from being similarly destroyed, because the stamps were despatched before the calamity.

Speaking at the official banquet in connection with the Philatelie Exhibition in London, Mr. John W. Luff quoted the following from an American humourist: "My son, consider the postage stamp; its chief merit consists in sticking to a thing till it gets there."

"Please thank my brother philatelists for their good wishes on the occasion of our visit to Spain, and I hope that you are all spending a very pleasant evening," was the message of the Prince of Wales to the Earl of Crawford at the official banquet held in connection with the London Philatelic Exhibition.

An interesting article appeared in the "Illustrated Breefmarkers' Journal" re-"Illustrated Brochmarkers' Journal" regarding the stamps issued in the Philippine Islands during the ten months, from June, 1898, until the 31st of March, 1899, while Emilio Aguinaldo was president of the native Republic. The article states that the destroyed telegraphs were repaired by the Fili-pinos, post and telegraphs were estab-lished, and men of high integrity occuhished, and men of high integrity occupied the most important offices. The stamps for the Republic were lithographed in a suburb of Manila. The first stamp of 1898 bears the Correo Y Telegrafos at the top, and Filipinas at the foot. In the centre within a circle is a triangle, this again contains a sun with rays, and a star in each of the three corners. Below the triangle appears the value 2 cents, and below this is the letter K, which is repeated right and left of the triangle, representing the initial of "Katipunun," the name of a secret society which gave the first impulse to the revolution against Spain. of a secret society which gave the first impulse to the revolution against Spain. The stamp is printed in rose on white paper, perf. 119. A second stamp of the same value was issued in 1899, and is in all respects identical with the first one, but the inscription reads Corress only value on a white background; colour rose, perf. 119. Later a similar stamp was issued showing the value on a lined background. For registered letters a larger stamp was issued in 1898. Inscription at top Certificado, at bottom 8e de peso, in centre within a double circle Gobno Revolucionario Filipinas. Colour, light-green, perf. 113. pinas. Colour, light-green, perf. 113. There was also a newspaper stamp with the inscription at the top Impresos, at bottom Una Milesima. The devise in bottom Una Milesima. The devise in centre is the same as for the registra-tion stamp with the exception that for the star a sun is substituted. Colour black, 1898 imperf., and 1899 perf. 11½. Ms hfea.cf, ? crrbto c4 12dttoml

According to the article in the "Illustreertes Briefmarke Journal," Agninallo was at first the catspaw of the United States Government. The following is the story as it appears; whether it is historically true is another question:—"Shortly before the war broke out between Spain and the United States of America, 1898, the revolutionary native inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, under their chief leader, Emilio Aguinaldo, had concluded peace with the Spaniards on the strength of promises which the later did not redeem. At the beginning of the Spanish-American war, Aguinaldo was in Hong Kong. Of course, it lay greatly in the interest of the Americans to revive a rising of the Filipinos, as the natives are called, in order to press harder on their mutual enemy. For this reason the American Admiral Dewey supplied Aguinaldo with plenty of arms, and brought him back from Hong Kong to the Philippines on board a U.S.A. ship. Very soon the indefatigable insurgent was again at the

head of the Filipinos, organising a new rising. While the American fleet block-aded the capital, Manila, from the sea, Aguinaldo with 30,000 Filipinos besieged the city from the land side. On 13th August, 1898, the Spaniards surrendered Manila to the Americans, who then occupied it, but declined the insurgents the right to enter the capital. Now it began to dawn on the latter that the United States were wishing to gain the Philippine Islands for themselves, and that the Americans were not their saviours but their seamies. In a short time the Filipinos were fighting against the Americans with the same intense hatred as shown before towards the Spaniards."

#### An Old Cantonment.

By G. F. MacMunn.

In many a native state ten miles from the mail-route track India stands to-day as it stood a thousand years ago. There the levelling Saxon spirit has not penetrated, and there wealth and poverty, tyranny and largesse, intrigue and sudden death, go side by side as in the days of Sevaji, of Akhbar, and of Aurungzebe, probably to the far greater satisfaction of the bulk of the people than ever they would realise from the blessings of British rule and apright administratiration.

In the village they marry as they

married before Timur Lang came dowe the Gomat; in the palace an etiquette is that of the early kings, save, and save only, that the descendant of blue-blooded ancestors, the grandsons of soldier adventurers who hacked their way to power, now eat their hearts out, since war and rapine is forbidden them, and other occupation they have none, and the British supremacy has found none for them. It is ill to take their occupation from a race for whom might has been right since history hegan.

So to the native states we must go for a glimpse of the India that Marco Polo saw, and to the old cantonments for a vision of the days of Clive.

It was in just such an old cantonment, not far from native state terri-

ment, not far from mative state territory, that fate and srmy orders took me last year to command a battery with an up-to-date equipment in surroundings redolent of the palmy days of the company. The barracks low and tiled, with the cupolaed hospital, and the domed magazine that dated from the days of the Marquis Hastings and earlier, had been occupied by a from the days of the Marquis Hastings and earlier, had been occupied by a company of European artillery, company's or Queen's, since before the Mutiny. Old gnarled trees lined the mail, which led past old yellow stuccoed guardrooms, deserted, and the only remnants of the old lines of the regiments that rose against the messers in the days of the Great Terror. Only remnants save the line of circular Only remnants save the line of circular bells-of-arms behind them, built to a now forgotten pattern, to which the

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

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Grofessor D. LAMBL, of Warsaw, Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University, writen—
"Hunyadi János Bitter Water, besides being an excellent general aperient, has proved apecially efficacious in the treatment of chronic constipation, venous obstruction and congestion, hæmorrhoids and obesity."

AVERAGE DOSE:—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

CAUTION - Note the name "Henyadt James," the signature of the Proprietor,
ANDREAS SAXLEHRER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Par
et the Laket.



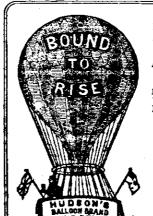
THE SHOT GUN, RIFLE, AND REVOLVER CARTRIDGES WITH A WORLD WIDE REPUTATION, ARE MADE BY

BROTHERS LT OF LONDON.

THE BEST CHEAP BLACK POWDER CARTRIDGE ON THE MARKET IS THE ELEY "UNIVERSAL"

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ELEY CARTRIDGES. Always Reliable.



Hudson's Balloon... Brand Baking Powder. Awarded Special Gold Medel.

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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. espoy had surged one June evening close on a century ago.

an a century ago.

In hise with the bell-of-arms stood the old main-guard, whence the brigadies, returning from his evening ride with his daughter that same day in June, had met with volleys instead of the usual salute, and had galloped at face in his aged nerves would let him to turn out the European artillery and send the Indies to the fort. The same guardroom where Rang Khan, Resaddar-Major of the cavalry regiment, had established his headquarters that very next morning, assuming the title of general in the army of the Padishah of blelhi, and had opened with round shot Delhi, and had opened with round shot from the station time-gun, that had once battered at the bastions of Bhurtpar, on the brigadier and his saventy artillerymen in the old Bundels fort that overhung and overswed the seeth-ing city beyond the cantonment.

The old fort had been ours since the day when Sir John Malcolm and Sir Thomas Histop had swept up from the Decean and hunted the last of the Peishwas to earth in Asseerghar, and broken the power of reviving Pindari barons and Mahratta free captains for

Secure in the old bastions and spiked Secure in the old bastions and spiked gates, the small garrison of artillery-men and homeless officers, with their charges of helpless women and child-ren, had "kept their end up" for nine long months, till someone found time to relieve them, though the old briga-dier from his quarter in the latticed balcone worthanging the lake had went ser from his quarter in the latticed balcony overhanging the lake had wept at his impotence to inflict punishment, and perhaps at his age, that had hin-dered him from circumventing the mu-tineers, as younger men had done at other garrisons.

The old fort still remains as the bri-The old fort still remains as the brightier left it, save that a police guard now turns out, where for forty years after the Mutiny a British guard had mounted at the gate under the big tower—the tower, forbye, from which the brigadier had the satisfaction of securing the said Ressaidar-Major Rang Khan, late of the —th Light Cavalry, and some time general of Corpheres. Khan, late of the —th Light Cavalry, and some time general of Gorcheras tirregular horse) in the forces of the Emperor of Delhi, liung as high as liaman for all the world to see. And to this day that Central Indian city talks of the prestige of those that held the fort, and how Rang Khan hung for his pains, so that there is more courtesy and reverence in the Bundels peasant's greeting to the ruling race than there is to be met with in this twentieth century in the length and breadth of Hindustan. Bis dat qui cito dat, and he hangs twice who hangs promptly. In the evening twilight and the early morn the scene of those days cito dat, and he hangs twice who hangs promptly. In the evening twilight and the early morn the scene of those days will print out for those who care to read it, by the side of the station timegun, that went back to its old place on the artillery parade ground from its rebel earthwork by the main guard, and stands to this day, with the inscription, "Cossipore, 1803," and the company's arms on its breach.

In the old cemetery, on the fringe of the cantonment, lies half the history of India, tall tembs, in a long-past fashion, chronicling in two or three languages the services of the occupant, languages the services of the occupant, plaster and marble inset dropping from the crumbling brick. Here lies a general who, after the good old fashion of the Honourable Company that so paralysed their army in its later wars, died in harness, at the age of eighty, in command of the "Nerbudda Division of the Army of Bengal"; by his side a commissioner of a province, light of Haileybury and a "Howe boy"; beyond a major who died of wounds received at the battle of Mehildpoor. To hear testifor who died of wounds received at the battle of Mehidpoor. To hear testi-mony to the lawless habits when Eng-lish ladies graced not the outskirts of an empire, stands one with the follow-ing inscription:

In loving memory of

CAPTAIN -

of the Regt. of Native Infantry. This Tomb is Erected by his Native Woman

CARMINA. - ·

Again, on another and less preten-

· In loving memory of SERGT, W. BROWN

Of the Madras Artillery Died May 12th, 1826,

GUNNER J. MALONEY.

Of the same Company Died Sept. 27th, 1828.

This Tomb was erected by their Sorrowing Widow.

This last relic of the days when the soldier's widow must starve did she not straightway marry a survivor—a state of things, by the way, that a grateful country has altered but little.

In the cantonment the solid old bungalows, with their high cool rooms, their thick walls, high portices, and low tiled or that thed roofs, tell of the day when the hills were out of reach of the many, and the hot weather had to be faced as best it could,

to be faced as best it could.

Sitting one day in my own cond house, after return from stables and orderly room by the same mall as the brigadier when he was fired on, and past the same main guard, long deserted, I heard a voice in the verandah, and my orderly brought me in a soiled card with "Mr Patrick Doyle" written on it in a struggly hand. It was evidently the trail of the out-at-elbows white or Eurasian that occasionally tramps the country round—tramps who usually have a marvellous tale, increastramps. the country round—tramps who usually have a marvellous tale, increasing in wonder inversely with the age and experience of the person they visit. "One of General Wheeler's force, sir," was a favourite statement with Eurasians of a military appearance, but that sinns of a military appearance, but that has died out now. However, a white visitor is a white visitor in the East till you know his business; so I called out, "Will you came in, Mr Doyle?" and straightway a voice replied, "Oi will so, sorr!" and in stepped, not the shambling loafer that the dirty card had indicated, nor the bibulous tramp, but a real old soldier of a fast disappearing type, a spare, erect old min, with an iron-grey moustache and a weatherbeatten face that made him any age from 50 upward, but the wrinkles on his face showed more.

upward, but the wrinkles on his face showed more.

On the breast of his cont were nany medal ribbons—Persia and the Mutiny, the Afghan ribbon, and that of the rainbow star. Mr Doyle saluted, "Oi beg your pardon, sorr, but Oi'm an old soldier (he would be), and on my way to Doulali (Daolali, the trooping depot). Mr Kitchener sent me down, sorr, him that's brother to the commander-in-chief, Oi'm on me way to the old soldiers' house at Doblin—mayhap you know it, sorr? Mr Roberts now will get me a bunk there, for he's the ould soldiers' friend." Here the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and I called for a drink for him, while I puzzled my mind for the memories the voice aroused. I turned to Chelsea Hospital, where the old old soldier of the old sold of the southerly we himself on the southerly.

aroused. I turned to Chelsea Hospital, where the old old soldier of the old school suns himself on the southerly benches, and many of the old English soldiery are Irish, erry Irish.

"Here's your health, sorr!" went on the musical drawl. "O'm not the man Oi was, sorr; Oi was ill at Umbala last Christmas, bad luck to it! The judges lady came to see me, sorr; Oi disreminher her name, but she talked wid me and gave me twinty rupees. "For you've been in India longer than me, ould man," says she, 'and that's a mighty long toime, God knows,' said she, for she'd children God knows, said she, for she'd children

And then I knew the voice. And then I knew the voice. It was Mulvaney himself, as Kipling had drawn him, the veritable soft accent and the quaint charm of expression; Mulvaney himself, with all the charm of Mr Kipling's rendering; possibly the original, but an elder soldier than Mulvaney, for he had only been to the Kabul ways, while this old man had been in Persia with Outreen. with Outrana.

with Outram.

The accent I know well; it was that of the old Irish, soldier that you may hear any day in that old Soldiers' House at Chelses, in the piazza by the chapel, or in the Long Mail, where the Duke of Wellington lay in state. It is the accent of a race of men that are fast dying out. Hark to old "Mic," for other name he had not, who had been in the old Eighty-accentit, and who says "Me eyes is that bad to-day, Minther Garge, that Lear't black Euganish Pole at all, and I can't play Spanish Pola at all, and there's big Joa there laughing at me for it. Ye'll mind big Joe, Misther Garge? —him that stuck the foive Rocelans at

Inkerman: your father will reminder that, sorr," and there would be the same soft Irish accent, and the voice and language of Mulvaney.

guage of Mulvaney.

Mr Doyle began again: "Whin Oi last lay here, sorr, it was where your polo ground now is. Of was with Gineral Whitlock's column, in the Eagle Throop o' the Bombay Horse Artillery. You'll mind the Eage Throop, sorr?—Jim Turubull commanded it, sorr, and he was nearly killed at Janzi. Oi volunteered to the Loight Dragoons after that, sorr. Oi was a young man then. untered to the Longat Dragoons after that, sorr. Oi was a young man then, and now O'in an ould one on me way to Kilmainham House. "Twas a foine throup, sorr, the Eagle Throop, when the Mutiny begun; we wore a shiny black betment loike a fireman's wid toiger skin round.

"When they thramsferred us to the Royal Artillery, sorr, without niver so much us axing 'by your lave,' they gave use broad red stroipes to our trow-sies, but the captain he out them off and made two, the same us we had be-fore. When Gineral Mansfield came to see the throun at Kirkan the hed done fore. When Gineral Mansfield came to see the throop at Kirkee that had done the same, he ordered the captain to pay for new ones; but when our captain hearrd that the gineral was coming—we were laying at Mhow thin, sorr, after the Mutiny was suppreshed—he filled up the cinter of the two stroipes wid red braid, cinter of the two stroipes wid red brand, and the ginoral was that shortsighted he niver saw it at all. He was a foine man, sorr; was Jim Turnbull and Oi was his srough rider, though you would not think it now sorr. We marched in Centhrall India in June, wid the high red collars on our diress-jackets; but the captain he cut thim off at the neck, and captain he cut thim off at the neck, and nearly had to pay for that tu, sorr. But the gineral got sansthroke and threw away his rigulation stock, and said to the captain, 'You may go to hell, Captain Turnbull, and take your collars wid you,' an' we did, sorr, whin we bate the Barna at Jauzi, six guns in loine and captain hell-for-leather in front till he was wounded, but Ol distensimber where.

(Chillean the Bear warr was on, sorr,

"When the Boer warr was on, sorr, and the Quane called for ould soldiers to come to the colours, Oi wint to the officer commanding the Garrison Battery at Allahabad. 'What do you want, ould man!' sees he. 'Oi've come to rejoin the colours, sorr,' see Oi, 'seeing that the Quane wants her ould soldiers,' and the maior, sorr, be bust out laushing, and major, sorr, he burst out laughing, and said, "Take him away, sergeent-major," sez he, 'and give him a hundred rupecs from the canteen fund,' sez he, 'for he's seen more foighting than iver you or Oi'lt see, sergeant-major.' He remoind-ed me o' Jim Turnbull, sorr, did the major o' that battery.

jor o' that battery.

"Was Oi in Persia, sorr? Oi was so; but Oi was a recruitie then, and dirove in the gun, sorr, for one av the black droivers was sick, and the captain said, the cared not for black or white, but that recruit Doyle should droive, and be damned to him;' and Oi dhrove Number Tu gan whin the right division and the Third Bombay Cavalry charged the Shah's squares, and the wheeldroiver, sorr, was a shouting Ram Sammy for all he was worth. But now O'm on me way to Kilmainham, sorr, wild niver a penny he was worth. But now O'in on me way to Kihnainham, sorr, wid niver a penny to me name, me that was Jim Turnbull's rough rider, and God rest his sowl! Tisn't money Oi want, sorr, at all, at all, but a suit of clothes, for Oi lost me duds and a ticket for Doolahi, where Mr Kitchener promised Oi'd have orders for a passage. Oi wint home at the Jubilee, sorr—Mr Roberts sent me; but Oi'd money thin, and niver thought Oi'd know the want of it.

"Wree you in Africa, sorr? Were you, now? and My Roberts tu, he did well, sorr—did he not? and why wouldn't he, sorr? Till me that, now, for he was wan o' John Company's artillerymen, like wan o some companys artiflerymen, like Jim Turnbull and meself, sorr. Oi moind Mr Roberts to, whin he was a liftiment, or maybe 'twas a captain—Oi disremini-ber: they said he'd been the divil and all at Dilhi, sorr."

And here my old soldier gave me an opening, so I said, "Will you stay to-night in my barracks, Mr Doyle?-the Bergeant-major will make you comfort-able."

"That will Oi, sorr, and the bhoys will be good to the ould man," said he.

will be good to the ould man," said he. So I wrote a note to my good sergeant-major telling him to look after the old gunner and not let him get drunk and be laughed at in the canteen. The hard old man then trudged off to the lines, refusing a lift in a trap or even a glass of whisky.

It was with some anxiety that I went down to the lines next morning, fear-ing to hear that Air Doyle might have

excooled in the wine of the country, However, I was soon reassured, for my, sorgeant unjor told me that they had made him very constrable—that he had sat in the canteen till it closed, and then had some the form of the constraint. had come over to the sergeant's mean, where he had stayed till midnight. But 'ce never drunk nothing at all, sir, and the men took to 'in wonderful; he slept in No. 2 harrack, sir." And I could see that Sergeant-Major Jones approved of my action; it is always more satisfactory when one's battery sergeant major approves one's actions.

approves one's actions.

I had hardly got to the orderly rooms when Mr. Doyle himself appeared, shaven and in my blue suit, and the salute he gave me was in the best early Victorian eryle. "God bless you, sorr," said he, "for taking care of an ould mun. It's not often that til come across a battery, sorr, that remoinds me of the Eagle Throop, but, be the powers, sorr, yours does. Oi moind whin we lay here, sorr, along o' Gineral Whitlock, that we had two teams o' roan horses, loike as it teams o' roan horses, loike as it two teams o' roan horses, loike as it night be to yours, sorr. Whin we arrived by the Damoh road there, we found ivery mother's son in the ould fort, and the rimmant o' a company o' Curry bhat Artillery — that's what we called the Madras boys, sorr—that came on with us to Janzi, and manned the guns we tak from the Ranni. from the Ranni."

The old man was fairly off his havers some dull, some interesting, and many amusing; and my men, as the sergeant-major said, had taken a fancy to him. He stayed with us three days, came out He stayed with us three days, came out to a drill order, and was pleased to say the drivers drove as well as dim Turnbull's. They made a subscription for him and handed the most of it to me to send to the commandant at Deolait, to be given him on board ship, since they knew their own ways. We paid for his ticket, gave him some pocket maney, and half the battery went to see him off. The man's chair of hammer, his quaint ancodotes, his soldierly appearance, and his abstemious habits had won every heart. When he came to say good-by to me I. When he came to say good-bye to me I was in the gun park, and the guns ate was in the gun-park, and the guns at-tracted him. "Of misdoubt, sorr, but tressell be better nor those we had in the Hagle Throop. God bless you, sorr, for your kindness to an ould artilleyman, sorr; and praise the Virgin that Of shruck this contonnent in me wander-ings on me way to Kibuainham. "This yourself, sorr, that remoinds me of Jim Throughth contribute and Office were him yoursen, sorr, that remonins me of this Turnbull entoirely: and Oi was his rough rider—reminder that, sorr." And off he went to his train. The commandant wrote to us later that he had turned up there, but that friends had offered him. a home or some employment up country, and that he had proceeded to join them, resigning the passage which, as he told us, "Mr. Kitchener" had arranged for

I daresay he will turn up again in the I daresay he will turn up again in the Kaat with more tales of the "Eagle Throop," and of his subsequent life in the Light Diagoons, or as a milway driver. If not, his counterpart is to be seen any day at Kilmainham, or the old house at Chelsea that is the best claim of Charles II, to the memory of posterity. There the Mutiny and the Crimea veterans still drows on the southerly benches. ons still drowse on the southerly benches, where veterans of Waterloo and the Peninsula and of the earlier wars belowed out their years before them.

The old cantonment likewise will drowse on, left high and dry by the tide that tends to the frontier; and ere long Kitchener helmet, khaki jumper, and quick-firing gun will leave John Com-pany's linese to the decaying belle-of-arms, the mouldering stucco tombs, the jackal, and the serpent. Sie transit gloria mundi. -- From "Blackwood's Magazine."

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#### NOTE FROM COUSIN KATE.

Will Cousin AllAden, 2, Williamatreet, Dunedin, send her surname, as there is a post-card from Cousin Hilda for her waiting to be posted?

Also Cousin Kate would like to know which Cousin FLORENCE has arranged to exchange post-cards with Cousin ALISON, as there is one to be forwarded as soon as she learns who to send it

#### 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 hope that you do not think that I have forgotten to write to you. We have given three of our kittens away, and have only one left. I took one of them to the College this afternoon. It eried all the way in the trans car, and I was very glad when I got there. The other kilten is going to a farm at Pukekohe next week. The mother cat is fretting over the loss of her kittens, but if we were to keep them, she would soon become jealous of them and scratch them. Our little dogs are growing very big. Of course you can imagine they are very jealous of one another. The weather has been dreadful for the last three weeks, and it is built with the hard the course of the co ful for the last three weeks, and it is quite nice to have two or three fine days as we have that at the present time. We have not been able to play hockey because the weather has been 200 wet. We hope to play a match next Saturday if the weather promises to be fine. Next Sunday I am going to the Onehunga Tea Klosk with my father and my two sisters. Have you been down to see the as. Corinthic at the pharff It is the largest steamer that calls at Auckland, and it brought a large number of immigrants from England and America. I think I must large number of immigrants from Eng-land and America. I think I must bring my letter to a close now, as it is nearly time for me to go to bed. With love to you and all your consins.—I remain, your loving cousin, WINNIE N. P.S.—Excuse my bad writing please.

(Dear Consin Winnie N., -I didn't think (Dear Consin Winnie N.,—I didn't think you hard forgotten me quite so soon, and of course I am very glad you haven't, but I think I ought to scold you a little for not writing oftener. Ware you not very sorry to part with all your kitens? they are such dear dittle things when they begin to get playful, I always want to keep ours until they are grown up. Yes, I expect the cats and dogs are jealous of one ampather. Most of them are, though when other. Most of them are, though when I was away for my holiday this time I saw a cat which was always following a big sable colle about, and they always slept together. We have a tiny puggy at home now, but all the cats are

afraid of him. If they only knew they could do him far more damage than he can them, but I expect it won't be long can them, but I expect it won't be long before he begins to tease and chass them. I hope you will win your hockey match. I think you will be able to play, for it looks as though we should have a few fine days now. We watched the Corinthic coming in, and wondered what the immigrants were thinking of their new home. She is an immense boat, isn't she!—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is such a long time since I wrote to you hast that I am afraid you have almost all the time here now. We had a fairly strong gale yesterday too. A bullock was shot the week before last. We are enjoying the meat immensely. All my uncle's corn is cut now. I have been stripping and tying it, so that has taken some of my writing time. It is raining very hard to day. The sparrows are all sitting on the window sill for shelfer. Sometimes they fight for a place and pull feathers the window sill for shelter. Sometimes they fight for a place and pull feathers out of one another, which is not very wise of them for they want all the feathers that they can get to keep themselves warm. The calves that have realisers that they can get a state have selves warm. The culves that have been tied up have been let go in the hav paddock as this rainy weather is very hard on them. It is getting late so 1 must close—Cousin BRUCE.

[Dear Cousin Bruce,-It is indeed a very long time since you wrote to me last, but I'm very glad that you have not forgotten me altogether. I was not forgotten me altogether. I was wondering what had happened to prevent you writing. We have had some very bad weather, but to-day is so warn and sunny that it feels quite like late spring, but I suppose we shall have plenty of "real winter weather presently." The Gisborne people have been having a very bad time haven't they? Fresh meat is hard to get in the winter time in the country, so I don't wonder you are enjoying it so much. Are the sparrows very tame up your way, or is there no shelter close to for them? The ones about our place are very shy. The ones about our place are very shy, and fly off directly one appears on the scene at all. I expect they find it very hard to get food in the winter,—Cousin

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am writing to ask you if you will have me as a cousin; if you will, please send me a badge. I go to school, and I am in the Third Standard. I have to ride three miles to school, and enjoy the ride very much. I will be ten years old next October, and I hope I will be here for my birthday.—Cousin Douglas.

Dear Consin Douglas,—Of course I will accept you for one of the "Graphic" cousins. There are quite a lot of new ones this week—the more the merrier, though, isn't it? I will post you a badge at once—be sure and let me know if you receive it safely. Three miles' ride to achool every day is rather a long way, but I suppose you have some companions to ride with, and that must be lovely in the summer time, though I should not like it much on cold wet mornings. Are you thinking of leaving Waingaro, that you say you hope you will be there for your birthday in October!—Cousin Kate.] Dear Cousin Douglas,-Of course

Dear cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? If you will have me I will try to write often; and please may I have a badge? It is wet to day. I am seven years old, and I have two little brothers—one is called Percy and the other Bobs. Good-bye.—From Sydney.

[Dear Cousin Sydney,-I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and will post a badge to you this week. You and Bobs both write so well for such little people that I shall be very glad indeed to have letters from you often. Is your little brother durin well arms more than the state of the shall be the shall little brother quite well again now?
The last time I heard of him he had such a dreadful cold. Bobs tells me he has garden, so I suppose you have one too? Did you ever hear about the little girl who had a garden of her own? She used to plant all her own seeds and flow-

ers and then when they had been in the ground for a day or two she used to pull them up to see if they were growing. That was a funny way to garden, wasn't it? How are you getting on with your music? Can you play "In Happy Moments" yet?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, May I become one of your cousins, please? Will you send me a badge? I have a little brother and sister. I am six years old. We went to the circus when it was here, and "Sinbud the Sailor." We laughed such a lot. I was quite tired of laughing. My little cousins are going to a fancy dress party. Sydney and I went to two in New Plymouth last year. I shall have a great many flowers in my garden soon. Love from Bobs.

[Dear Cousin Bobs,-I shall be very pleased to have you for one of my little cousins, and I hope you will write to me often. I have often seen your little brother; hasn't he got lovely curls—I wonder if he will be as glad to have his lair cut off as you were. What grand wonder it he will be as glad to have his hair cut off as you were. What grant times you seem to have; fancy a little boy of your age going to the circus and the pantomime, too—I don't wonder you the pantomime, too—I don't wonder you laughed at the pantomime, I laughed a lot too. I hope your little cousins will enjoy the fancy dress; their frocks are so pretty. What did you and Sydney wear to the ones you went to in New Plymouth? I will send you a badge as soon as I can, and I think you ought to send me some of the flowers out of your garden in return. What do you think!—Cousin Kate.] Cousin Kate.1

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you have been thinking that I had deserted the Cousins' Page, but I have had such a number of lessons to do that I have not had time, but I have not many lessons to do to-night, so I thought I would write to you. The children's plain and fancy dress ball is to be held here sext Friday, July 27, and my sisters and I are going. I am going in fancy costume. I hope I will enjoy myself. The next time I write to you I will tell you all about it. Bostock and Wombwell's menagerie was here a little while ago, and I went to it and enjoyed swyself. and I went to it and enjoyed enyself very much, though I was frightened when I not near the lidn's cage. I see by Cousin Ailcen's letter that she would like to exchange post-cards with any of the cousins. I would be very pleased if she would exchange them with me.

Will you please ask her for her address, and ask her what kind she profers? I like the ones of actresses best. I am going to make a bag for the children in the hospital this year. I have to make a big bug, and wrap all the things up, and put them in the bag, haven't I, Cousin Kate! If you do not mind, Cousin Kate! If you do not mind, Cousin Kate, may I change my name and sign my letters Cousin Nora, Hamilton, because I get confused when I sign Cousin Violet. Hoping you will not mind, I am, yours truly (may it be!) Cousin NORA, Hamilton.

[Dear Cousin Nora,—Of course you may sign yourself Cousin Nora, as long as you put "Hamilton" after it, so that I sha'n't get confused. Will you please write your full name and address on a separate slip of paper. next time you write, so that I can enter it in the countries, bearing book! Children's fancy dress balls are quite the fashion just now. I have sins' book! Children's fancy dress balls are quite the fashion just now. I have heard of several lately. What are you going to wear! Bostock and Wombwell's menagerie was splendid, wasn't!! I liked it very much, too, though I never like seeing anyone go into the lions' cage. I'm always so afraid there may be an accident. I am so glad you are going to make a bag for the hospital children this year. I wonder if you could persuade any of your little friends have asked for Cousin Alleen's should have asked for Cousin Alleen's sound persuage any or your little riends in too. It was funny you should have asked for Cousin Alleen's address this week, for I have just written a note asking her to send it me, as I have a post-card here for her.—Cousin March 1. Kate,]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wonder if you will accept me as one of your cousins. If so, please would you send me a badge. I am not allowed to go to school for the winter, because I have had rheumatism. I go to the Devonport Girls' College, and I am in the second form. I am ten years of age. Father gets the "Graphic" every week, and I am very fond of reading the cousins' letters; and Buster Brown, is he not a little mischief? Every week he gets worse, I think. Have not we been having bad weather lately? One could not get outside the house. I have got a little cream pony. Would you give me a name for it? I have three brothers and one sister. I must close now, as I have not much to say. Goodbye. With love to yourself and all the cousins.—I remain, your loving cousin, RENE.

4 4 4

[Dear Cousin Rene, I am so very sorry you have rheumatism so badly, and hope you will get quite rid of it soon. Are you sorry to miss so much school? You will have to work just school? You will have to work just twice as hard in the summer time, so as to catch up to the other girls. I am so glad you like reading the cousins' letters, and hope you will write often; then you will have the pleasure of reading your own too. Of course I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and I will post a badge to you one day this week. Buster Brown certainly is a most week. Buster Brown certainly is a most mischievous little boy, and I agree with you in thinking that he gets worse every week. We have a cream horse, which we call Creamy. Do you think that would be a pretty name for your pony? or how would Biscuits do?—Cousin Kate ] + +

Dear Cousin Kate,-News, as usual, is a scarce commodity here, so I have neglected writing to you for some time, but you know how fearfully hard it is but you know how fearfully hard it is to write when news is short, so I hope you will forgive me. Do you know that in some way I missed seeing my last letter in the "Graphie" I was sorry, because I always like to see your answers. What an interesting letter Alison wrote the week before last. It is nice to hear from the older Cousins sometimes. I wonder if Cousin Roise will write again now she is in Auckland. is nice to near from the older Cousins sometimes. I wonder it Cousin Rois will write again now she is in Auckland. I saw in one of the local papers that she had come "out," so perhaps she will think she is too grown-up to write now. Just at present Olive and I are busy working for a juvenile bazsar, which is to be held in the King Edward's Barracks next month. The bazsar is in aid of Nurse Maude's Consumptive Camps, so I hope it will be a success. Last night we went to see "The Fatal Wedding." I thought the children were splendid in the Tin-can Band, and the little girl who played "Jesse" is a sweet little actress. All round us the people kept melting fato tears, and it was rather funny watching them, although I suppose it was a little unkind. But some people do look so funny when they cry, dont you think sot Bridges and Toto were immense, especially the former, and Mr. Schwartz I thought very good. He was so slow and easy-going, and so attached to his "Missis," the lady "with the corrugated iron face?" We are having delightful weather here; in fact, we have not had any winter weather to speak of yet. Usually at this time of the year we have long spells of wet weather, and often snow. Was not the death of Mr. Seddon a terrible calamity? I suppose people think more of it as it was so unexpected. I am reading one of Max Adeler's books, "Elbow Room." It is rather absurd, but I think that most American humorous stories are the same, don't you? but I think that most American humor-ous stories are the same, don't 'you'? Since starting this letter we are having a spell of cold, wet weather, so I spoke too soon when I said we were having such a delightful winter. Evidently, we are going to make up for it now. I quite agree with Alison regarding the tind of books the average girl reads at quite agree with Alison regarding the kind of books the average girl reads at different stages of her life. The fairy story stage is to many delightful, but I think that the number of children who read fairy stories and believe in them I think that the number of children who read fairy stories and believe in them are comparatively few in these prosaic days. Fairies! They pooh-pooh the idea. Such beings do not exist, have never existed, they tell you frankly. Yet not so very long ago, in the days of our mothers and grandmothers, children family believed in the existence of the firmly believed in the existence of the "little folk." Children were more imaginative in those days, and fairies and clees, gobins and ogres, appealed to their susceptible little minds, and more especially to the minds of the girls. It was an age when golf and hockey and cricket were undreamed of as pastines for girls; when battledore and shuttle-cock, and a few games of like nature, were considered quite boisterous enough for such feeble creatures. So naturally they drew on their imaginations much more than do the children of the present day for their amusement. Boys' adday for their amusement. Boys' adventure books are much more popular. "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," any-"Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," anything and everything that comes their way is eagerly devoured. School stories about both boys' and girls' schools are always popular, and books by such writers as Dickens, Scott, and more modern and lighter writers, such as Allen Raine, "Alien," B. M. Croker, etc., are eagerly read by older girls. Moralising, as Alison says, is always detestable when come across in book, and most girls avoid such books whenever possible. As for poetry, they delight in it to a certain extent, though very few are able to wade through whole volumes are able to wade through whole volumes are able to wade through whole volumes of one writer, unless indeed that writer is her favourite. For myself, Shakespeare: has few attractions, though often I come across quotations from some of his plays in other books which I think delightful. My favourite poets are Shelley, Cowper, Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Adelaide Anne Proctor, and Tom Bracken. I hope, as Alison suggests, some of the other Coustns will give us their opinion of what girls read, as I think it is a most interesting subject. The Exhibition Buildings are rapidly The Exhibition Buildings are rapidly nearing completion, and they are assuming quite an imposing aspect. I believe the Maori pa will be one of the chief attractions. The North Island Maoris who are engaged in constructing it are quite interesting to talk to, and willingly give any information asked. They have had a big whare built, where they all live, so as to be near their work. Their families are also with them, so that there is quite a small tribe of them, The children are so funny, but they do not seem to value their clothes very much. Several of the boys we noticed much. Several of the boys we noticed vlad in quite new Norfolk suits, and they were rolling about the muddy en-closure, fighting and knocking each other about, all in good part, though. They were the merriest and dirtiest little vagabonds I ever, saw. Well, Consu Kate, I am afraid I can think of nothing rise to write about.—With much love to all the Cousins and yourself, I am your affectionate Cousin WINNIE. Christchurch, 13th July, 1906.

(Dear Consin Winnie,—I'm sure news can't be more scarce with you than it is here, so I'm afraid you will only get a very short letter this week, especially as I am indulging myself in a bad cold, and that, as you know, does not help to make one. interesting. I'm sorry you missed seeing your last letter, and I'm afraid I cannot remember what I wrote to you about last time, so cannot tell you what was in it. What work are you and Olive doing for the began. It is for such a splendid object that I hope

it will be a success. I went to the "Faist Wedding," too. "The children were quite the best part of it I thought, especially little "Jessie," ahe was wonderfully clever. I'm afraid I'm rather like you, and often want to laugh at people who ery at theatres, though I must confess that once or twice I have felt Tather "weepy" myself. I should have liked to have a quiet ery, I think, lett rather "weepy" myself. I should have liked to have a quiet ery, I think, at "The Light that Failed," only everyone else seemed to be, so I hadn't time. The second time I went to it I took a friend of mine, who was always most scornful of anyone who cried at any-thing on the stage, and was delighted when she began to mon her eyes and use her handkerchief in a most suspicious her handkerchief in a most suspicious, way. Of course I had to laugh at her and chaff her a little, which made her very angry. She thought it quite had enough to cry without having attention culled to it. The Maoris are very interesting to talk to, are they not? and their broken English is so pretty. I was staying in the King Country a short time ago, and of course saw a great deal of them, and used to hold long conversations with them. Of course I could not speak a word of Maori, so one day I asked a wahine if she would teach me. asset a wanne it see wond teach me. She evidently didn't think me particularly intelligent, for she only laughed and said she "Was afraid I couldn't learn.". Not very complimentary, was it's "Cousin Kate. it ! - Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you will be surprised to get a letter from me, but you know there is an old saying, which states that one should never be but you know there is an old saying, which states that one should never be surprised at anything in this world; so, although I said I suppose you would be, I hope you won't. I have, in fact, often sat down to write to you, but have always been called away or interrupted some way or another. After reading Cousin Winnie's letter, however, I went home determined that nothing would stop me writing, as there was someone who thought my letters worth reading. I suppose you will ask what I have been doing? Well, I can only answer, conjuring. I have heen on the stage three times since I last wrote to you, and I sin wanted to go on again. My stage from the plume I have the name of Carle Delma.

If I thought the cousins would be interested I would write about a few tricks and the best wave of doing them the

terested I would write about a few tricks and the best ways of doing them. Do you think they would like them, Cousin

Football is now on the second round, but it is somewhat dead here this season, but it is somewhat dead here this season, mainly on account of the rain, through which there has been no football for three weeks. Two teams were supposed to play yesterday, but as the ground was not in too good a condition, one team objected to play, so now they go by the name of the Fine Weather Team.

There is to be a hockey match between the Greymouth and town girls here on Tuesday, so I do hope it will be fine.

Did you not get a shock at Mr. Seddon's death, Cousin Kate! My little sister came home from school, and asked me who I thought was dead. I named several townspeople, and when she said

several townspeople, and when she said Mr. Seddon I do believe you could have knocked me over with a feather. I went knocked me over with a feather. I went to a memorial service held here, and it really did seem sad listening to the hand playing the "Dead March," and to hear the firebell tolling every now and then. I remember when Mr. Seddon was last here. He rode into town on horsehack from a place six miles out of town, called the Pant. In speaking to the people he remarked that everybody knew him. As he was nearing town he said he heard a little boy exclaime, "I say, Ifilly, there's Dick," Where?" exclaimed filly. "Why, that big fat fellow on the horse," returned the other.

I believe I said I have been only doing

I believe I said I have been only doing conjuring since I last wrote to you. This was an error, as I am learning the cornet, and hope to be soon in the band. There is a band going to the Christ-church Exhibition from here composed of players from all parts of the district. I was reading a funny piece about a man who said he liked Shakespeare's plays, but when he tried to stage "Hamlet" someone made an Omellete out of a rotten egglet and bit him on the Eyeht. Paddy was lying in bed one day, but the hanket he had was not long enough, so he cut a piece off the top and sewed it on the bottom. This, I think, is as silly as the Irishman who turned his stocking inside out because there was a hole in it.

Oh! last time I was performing there was someone in the pit who kept calling

out. I was doing a card trick, and put-ting the pack behind my back I started prasing about my X-ray eyes, said then pulled a card out of the pack and asked the man I had on the stage if the t was the card he was thinking of. Isfore he could reply the man in the pit sang out, "No, that isn't the card." I came for-ward and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to see there is another man in the hall with X-ray eyes." I got a good clap, and thus succeeded in quieting my noisy friend. "As I think I am trespassing too far on your valuable page, I will now concinde,

your valuable page, I will now conclude, with love to you and all the consins, dear Cousin Kate, always being mystically thine, CARLE.

Herr Cousin Carle, I am perfectly certain the cousins and other readers of the "Graphic," too, will be vastly interested if you tell us how to do some card the "Graphic," too, will be vastly inter-ested if you tell us how to do some card tricks, though if some of us manage to learn them or not is a different mutter. I am positively certain I never could. I am very foud of good conjuring, and never miss going to see any famous pro-fessor of legerdemain who passes themuch Andelbaut. We have had one or fessor of legerdemain who passes through Auckland. We have had one or lessor of tegerdemain who passes through Auckland. We have had one or two excellent performers here of late years. Carl Hertz was, perhaps, the most elever, but Dante was good, and so was a man named Bosco here recently. Carle Beland is quite an imposing nom de theatre. Westport must be a drendful place for rain. A friend of mine who is leaving Auckland to live there told mathat the people of Westport "didn't know enough to come in out of the wet." If they did, he remarked, after a pause, they would never get out at all. I am sorry I can only answer your letter very briefly, but it has been delayed, presumably by the awful storms, and is only just in time to catch the paper for this week. Don't forget to write about the tricks. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written for a long time now. I spent a weck of my holidays at home, and the next week at Hastings with my auntie and uncle and little cousins. I used to play with them all day. They had a big walmut tree, and they were very found of getting me to knock down walmuts. I brought my little cousin home with me for a few days. He is only three years old, and it is the first time he has been away without his mother. My other consin who went to London is in Newcastle just now. She was in Paris, and went up the Elifel tower, which is 12,000ft high. But she loves London best of all. She says it is such a nice place. We have been having some bad weather lately, have we not? But we wanted it bodly. Those wrecks at Gisborne have been dreadful, haven't they? Our oranges are ripe now, and we have a great number. Are you going down to the Exhibition at Christehurch? I suppose you are. What a number are going. Cousin Hilda's letters are heautiful. She must be having a lovely time. I must close now, with love to all the consins and yourself, Cousin RUAHINE. Dear Cousin Kate. I have not writ

Dear Cousin Runhine, -- I was just Dear Cousin Rushine,—I was just wondering the other day if you had completely forgotten me, or if I should hear from you again. You must have enjoyed your visit to Hastings, very much, I should think. I did not think there could be any walants left on the tree by this time. Your cousin in England must have lead a very interaction. there could be any wanturs set on correce by this time. Your cousin in England must have had a very interesting time. Newcastle is a dirty city, but a very important one indeed. I quite agree that London is after all nicer than Paris. It is certainly more impressive. I do not expect to go to Christchurch Exhibition, unless some fairy godmother turns up to avrange so great a treat for me, and this I feat is not likely.—Cousin Kate.1

#### Pepper for the Professor.

Of course you know about the Ohl Woman who lived in a shoe, who had so many children that she didn't know what to do. But did anyone ever tell what to do. But did anyone ever fell you why she gave them all broth with out any bread, and whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed? I'll tell you; but don't please, go and copy them—will yout

Well, first of all, the Old Woman kept a boarding school. That was why she had so many chibiren to look after. The School was in the Shoe, which

was generally a hundred million times was generally a hundred million times bigger than one of your shoes, and lind rooms and doors and windows, though, as it was a magic Slice, the Old Woman could change it to any size and shape she liked. I dare say yon've seen pictures of her and her children sitting together in it, as if it were a big Bathchair. (Don't you wish you could change your house into a coach-and-four or motor-car whenever you wanted a drive?)

Now, the Shoe children weren't any Rouder of Jessons that you are, though, of course, some schooldays seemed nicer than others. But the natiest day of the whole year was the one on which Professor Smackenwell-he was the Old Woman's brother—came to give them an examination on everything

then an examination on everything they'd learnt during the year.

He was always as cross as two sticks when he gave lessons, and so fond of putting children in the corner that, by the end of the day, although the Shoe was a very cornery place, there really weren't enough to go round; and they would all be standing in rows against the wall. the wall.

That year things were worse than ever, because they'd begun French; and, if you don't know how it feels when ever, necause they'd begun French; and, if you don't know how it feels when somebody glares at you over big glasses, and says: "First person plural, preterite tense of ofter-quick!" and you can't for the life of you remember, well, I hope you never will!

"How I wish that old Smarkemwell wasn't coming to-morrow!" said Wilfred Wilkins, "Hie's a hundred times worse than Mother Birch! Let's have a lark and pay him off for bothering us!"

"How?" cried a number of voices.

(There were so many children in the schoolroom that I can't remember all their names, so I shall just tell you the principal ones who were speaking.)

"I'nt some tar on his ruler! He's atways waving it about!" suggested Wilfred.

"Or sprinkle pep, or on his desk to make him against and

"Or sprinkle popter on his desk to make him succee!" cried Jerry Jacobs, "Or chalk something on his back!" giggled Esther Eccles.

"Or stitch up his containered before he goes!" said Lena Little.

They really were naughty children, weren't they!

Mary Mayflower, another little girl, who had been thinking hard ever since Jerry had mentioned pepper, suddenly

"Tree a much better plan! You know Mrs Birch always sends bim in a cup of broth at eleven?"
"Yes; and he fusing his head off for

"Yes; and he fus: as his head off for fear she should have forgotten and put pepper in it! He hates pepper!" said Wilfred.
"That's it!" cried Mary excitedly. "I thought what fun it would be if we trouble put some int", "Oh-h.h!" gasped the children.
It really was a very daring blea. You see, between you and me, Professor Smackenwell was rather greedy. And they knew he wouldn't suspect.

fessor Sinackenwell was rather greedy. And they knew he wouldn't suspect them if his broth was spoilt; and they thought it would be all the greater fund he few into a temper and scodled Mrs Birch before she'd had time to say that she'd had nothing to do with it! So they planned, then and there, that, during the ten-minutes' playtime that they had at eleven, some of them should get her out of the way, while three others slipped into the kitchen and genered the Professor's cup of soup,

peppered the Professor's cup of soup-which was sure to be waiting there. (Whew! Don't you wonder what's

coming?)

Now we'll go on to the next morning; and 19 tell you what Professor Smackenwell was like. Very tall and very thin, with a point-

ed nose and a pointed chin dear me, I didn't mean to be writing in verse!and white hair, that stood straight up

round his head.

And he wore a black coat, with long tails, and always carried a long ruler as if he were going to hit someholy, and talked in a high, squesky voice.

This particular morning his head was This particular morning his hear was cammed with masty irregular French verbs; and he kept pointing down the classe-"Quick, quick! quick!"—and giving the children no time to think; till, by ten minutes to cleven, all the corners was a familiar of the representations. and two sides of the schoolroom were used up!

Weren't they glad when a bell rang, which meant that they might all go into the playground for ten minutes!

Only, as you can guess, they didn't all go into the pinyground. Ethel Eccles slipped down to the kitchen and

knocked at the door, and asked Mrs anomed as the door, and asked Mrs Birth, who was cooking instead of teaching that morning, if she would please go upstairs and speak to Pro-tessor brackenwell.

And no souner had Mrs Birch bustled and he sought had all shire business out of the kitchen than Mary Mayflow-er and Wilfred Wilkins crept in; and they all began hunting hard for the cap

they all began hunting hard for the cup of broth and the pepper pot.

"Here's his tray all ready; but the cup's cupty!" cried Mary. "She hasn't poured the broth out yet."

"It's kere, in this big saucepan on the fire. Smells awfully good!" said Ethel. "We'll have to put the pepper in the pan, cause if we ladle any broth into the cup, she'll guess!"

"I can't find the pepper-pot; but there's a whole tin of pepper here!\(\frac{1}{2}\) said Wiffred, who had climbed on to the dresser. "Suppose we— Achishoo!"

achishoo!

He had taken the lid off the tin and anified, and of course it made him

anevze like anything.

"For goodness' sake be quick, or Mrs
Birch'll be back!" said Ethel. "Where's

sirch'il be back!" said Ethel. "Where's the tin? Better put in a good dose, or he'll never taste it in that big pan!" She seized the tin from Wilfred, who was still "chishchishooing." Next min-ute the tin was empty, and she was stirring the broth round with a wooden ladle.

"There!" she said. "That'll pay him out for putting me in the corner Hurry up! I believe that was the bell! Didn't they scuttle upstairs again! When Professor Smackemwell came back to the schoolroom, they were all back to the senontroom, they were an stitling denurely in their places. And they never even smiled when Mrs Birch tapped at the door a minute later, and said: "Your broth, Horatius."

"I frust, my dear," said the Professor, "that you have remembered that I dou't like neprest".

don't like pepper?"
"Of course I've

I've remembered!" susp-

dou't like pepper?"
"Of course I've remembered!" anapped Mrs Birch, setting down the tray.
And Professor Smackemwell said:
"Boys write out the conditional of "etre." and girls the subjunctive of "avoir," and took up his teacup and brained it at one gulp!
Oh, my dear chicks! He coupled, he pluttered, he stormed, he fumed. And Mrs Birch russed in again, and began patting him hard on the back.

And he gasped out: "How dare you?" because, of course, he thought she'd peppered his broth. And, whea he went on panting "Pepper, pepper;" she began to understand, and declared that there hadn't been any.

"Should—I be-going on—like this—if there—hadn't?" storned the Professor, "I've burnt my throat-dreadfully, I tell you! Send for the dector!"

I tell you! Send for the doctor!"
"Nonsense!" said Mrs Birch.

But the Professor was in such a temper that she simply had to. And, when the doctor arrived, he said that, though there was nothing really wrong, the Professor had better keep quiet for

the rest of the day, Well, the children-who didn't hear

rather frigitiened, and expecting every minute that Mrs. Birch would come back and say she'd found them out.
But, as time went on and nothing happened, they got rather braver, and began to play "manghts and crosses;" and then "turn the trencher" with

and then the first belt rang as usual.
At last the first belt rang as usual, for dinner, And they went rather nervously into the dining-room, and found Mrs Birch standing at the end of a long table before a soup-turcen. "Be quick, children!" she said. "I'm

going to have my dinner upstairs with Professor Smackemwell."

She didn't sound cross, though her eyes gleamed hard from behind her horn spectacles as she ladled out mut-ton-broth into blue plates, But—I wonder if you've no sooner ha ive guessed what's coming?amounted than he put it down very quickly, and took a drink of water.

"Can I have some bread, please?" he

Ethel Eccles had suddenly begun to

"You don't may of you need bread to-day, with good soup like this!" said. Mrs Birch.

Mary Mayflower had turned very red, and put her speen down.

"There's so much peppert. I've burnt my tongue!" whimpered Peter Pelling, from the end of the table.

"Nonsensel" said Mrs Birch. can there be pepper, when I've not put any in? I'm afraid you wen't get any-

thing else, because with Professor Smackenwell's not being well, I've had no time for cooking. The broth's just no time for cooking.

an I poured it out of
Don't be fanciful!"

awar, be taneaur:

Well, Mary, and Ethel and Wilfred saw at once what had happened.

They'd not only pappered the Professor's broth, but they'd pappered their own at the same time, because the big saucepan had held the soup for their dinner as well! r as well!

dinner as well!

And of course, they knew perfectly well that Mrs Birch had guessed this. And there they sat, getting redder and redder, and trying to get down spoonfuls of the broth, and coughing and choking, because they'd no bread to help tham with it. And finally they put down

choking, because they'd no bread to help them with it. And finally they put down their spoons, and gave it up altogether!

And then Mrs Birch just said: "Now, cuffwyp vburigk vbgkqi vbgkq cuffwypm as you know perfectly well what I'm going to punish you for, we needn't waste time with talking about it!"

And, as you know perfectly well what happened next (think of the third and fourth lines of the "Old Woman"

rbyme!), I needn't take up your time in describing it. Besides, it's kinder to the children if I don't!

children if I don't!
You can understand that, after no dinner and a long afternoon in bed (they many sent there directly after—— Well, duner and a long afternoon in bed (they were sent there directly after—Well, what we're not going to talk about!), they felt frightfully hungry for tea. And they were allowed to come down for it, and found Mrs Birch and the Professor in a good temper again, and extra supplies of thin bread and butter all round.

But I think they deserved something remember that examination day by,

#### Tim Thimble's Dream.

Tim Thimble was extremely fat — much heavier than I, and that's because he always sat when chairs were standing by.
He did delight to take his case—a shocking thing to do—
For exercise in plenty, please, I recommend to you.

to you.

The lazy ways that made him grow I shunned with all my might,
And thate exactly why, you know, I'm
moderately slight

nioderately slight
But this is all beside the mark, and quite
snother thems;
I meant to say that in the dark Tim Thimble hat a dream.
He dreamt that as he tucked the sheet
securely round his chin;
He heard a rearing in the street—a most
appaling din;
It really was a shocking noise. (But here
I ought to say;
That 'miest the most untidy hoys Tim
Thimble led the way:
He never brushed his Sunday coat; he never
did his hat;
And as to collars round his throat, I seidom
saw them there.)
Now, having made this matter plain, the
subject we will drop, and swithout au-

the story up again without au-

other stop.

Lond, loud, and londer grow the roar, Tim Thimble shrank with fear. For someliew to his befroom door he thought it drawing near. His half tild stiff and stiffer grow (but that

His hade did stiff and stiffer grow (but that I cannot blame.

For more than once or twice, you know, my own has done the same):

And then was heard an awful crash: the door wide open fled, When health the clothes Tim made a dash, and covered up his head.

Don't lauch at him: I've hardly after, and though you think it shame.

I biddly own that once or twice I've acted much the same.

much the same.

When next he peeped into the dark, as bravely as he could, Heside his pillow, stiff and stark, a Congo Lion stood.

"My hair is rough," the Lion cried. "Come, tell me while I walt, how brush and could should be applied to make a parting straight?"

make a parting straight."

Tim Thimble, with a heart of woe, exclaimed with feeling groun:
"I cannot say; I do not know -I never do my own."

"Then, sir." the Lion reared amain, "such lazy habits shui,
Or every night I'll come again, to see what you have done."

Tim Thimble trembled, waked from sleep.
"Twas half an hour from dawn;
And when around he dared to peep, the visitor was gone.

But after that he long displayed a neatness and a care:

and a care:
The straightest parting ever made was in
Tim Thimble's bair;
And this was all became that night the
Lion Conscience came.
And taught him in a dream of fright that
negligatese is shame.

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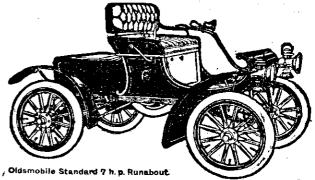
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#### STRAIGHT TO POINT.

Mr Alexander Miller, the well-know builder, of Roslyn, is not lavish with words. The says what he leas to say briefly and to the point. Writing under date 19th May. Mr. Miller says: -- "I suffered from rheumatism in my heel for two months, and was coved by libermo in two or three days. I can recommend it to any one sug-fering from the same complaint." It is a worms from the same complaint." It is a woman a nutshell. Two months' agong cured in two days! "I can recommend it," says Mr. Miller. You can believe him. Bleeuno is sold by all chemists and store-keepers at 2,6 and 4,6 per hottle."

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#### AFTER INFLUENZAL

Mrs. Cassie Musre, Timeru. Too Weak to Walk Wasting Away in a Decline Saved Just in Time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Stronger than Ever To-day

"Three years after my marriage, I grew so weak and thin that I had to spend most of my time is bed," and Mrs Cassie Muore, Le Cren's Terrace, Timaru. "I caught the Industrial and the State of the State of the State of the State of the Art of a year after the attack, I was so weak that I could acarcely walk from one room to asother. When the docturs couldn't build me up, I lost all heart. But Mr Muore got me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pais People, Inside of ten weeks, I was stronger and plumper than ever I was in my life. For over five years my health has been perfect—so no one can deny that for williams Pink Pills have cared me for good. "It was in the middle of winter, that year the Induseuss was so laid in Christchurch, that I took sick," said Mrs Muuro, who, by the way, is the fourth daughter of Mr Samuel Bruce, of Jackson's-road, Lyttef-ton. "One bleak Saturday afteenoon, I went out to do a little shopping. When I get kome, I was chilled to the very bone. Do what I would, I could not stop shiver.

get home, I was chilled to the very bone-bo what I would, I could not stop shiver-ing. I went to bed with a head as heavy as lead-sud all night long I tossed and turned, and never closed my eyes. Next morning I could not get up. Every inch of me ached. My hack was as stiff and sore as if it was bruised black and blue. The way my legs ached was worse than if I had walked for raties. My head was all stuffed up with the Influenza. It burned and throbbed till I could not find a cool apot on the pillow to lay it. I tried to att up—but the bursting pains in my templey apot on the pillow to lay it. I tried to sit up—but the bursting pains in my templew made me sick on the stormach. When the doctor came, I was in a raging fever. For three weeks I wasm't shie to leave my lock. The first day I got an my feet again, I mearly fainted with weakness.

"Mr Munro was in a great way shout me," added Mrs Munro. "He said t didn't eat me much as a child. The truth was that I couldn't funcy my food at all. The wery smell of it took away my appetite. Often it was as much as I could do to force down a blecult or two. Some days, even

retr smell of it took away my sipetite. Often it was as much as I could do to force down a blocult or two. Some days, even a sip of milk terned me billoss. If I touched a bit of meat, it set me comitting. Every day found me worse. My head sched fit to spilt. Often I wanted to accessment merces were in anch a state. Even the ratisles of the window, on a windy night, set my heart in a flutter and turned are faint. From one day's end to another. I could not get rid of the fear that something dreadful was going to happen. For hours after I went to bed, I faucted I rould hear all sorts of strange noises. It was no use trying to got sleep, I twisted and turned from one side to the other till it was almost daylight. Next morning, I got up feeling as if I had not been to bed at all. Often when trying to dress myself my eyes went dim, and I fell back on the pitlows in a half faint.

"The doctor did his best for me—but meeting seemed able to get me out of my weak state. It was all on account of the influence. I had never got it out of my bloced. At the end of every week I was a bitsere invalid. When I went to stand up.

Influenza. I had never got if out or any blood. At the end of every week I was a bigger invalid. When I went to stand up, may knees went from under me. There was only one place for me, and that was stretched out on the sofa all day. Then one day my husband read of a case something like mide, that had been cured by Ir. William? Bluk Fills for Ital Fornic. one day my hasbaul read of a case something like miae, that had been cured by Dr. Williams' Plak Pills for Pale Prople. Nothing would do him but that I should give them a fair trial. He sent to Rominizaton's, in Christchurch, for six boxes. At first they seemed to make me worse-and, only for Mr Murre, I would have knocked them off. But be said if I wanted to get better I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair chance. The third box gave me a better appetite thas I had had for years, in fact, I could not est county. That showed that Dr. Williams! Pink Pills swited me, and so I kept on. The colour came back to my cheeks, and I grew fat and strong agalu. Every morning I woke lighthearted, and with energy enough for three. When I finished the sixth box. I had to the well for years—but he said that I had better take a couple more boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, fast to make sure. So I did—and they cured me for good. The longest day's work never thes me now. I am far stronger than I was even before I had the Influenza. I can wever give half enough thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Tale People."

enough thanks to Dr. Williams' Pluk Pills for Paie People."

Dr. Williams' Pluk Pills cured Mrs Munro's debility jost as they cure all diseases that are caused by had 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 eriginally by bad blood. But that is the cause of all common aliments such as ansemis, deckae, general weakers, buck-ackes, headsches, indigestion, rheumatism,

neuralgia, sciatica, partial parajysis, aut locomotor ataxia, if offered a substitute, locomuter staxia. If offered a substitute, send for the growine to the Dr. Wittams's Medicine Co. Wellington—3/ a box, six boxes for 15/8, post free. Letters asking medical advice will be answered free

### Personal Paragraphs

#### AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr. James Kirker left Auckland on Monday for a short business visit to the South.

C. A. Stubbs returned to Auckland from a visit to Europe yesterday by the Ventura, via Sydney.

Mr George George, director of technical education, has been granted a fortnight's holiday leave by the Board of Education.

Mr. Harold Holmden leaves Auckland on Friday for Wellington to catch the "Corinthic." He intends to study for the medical profession at Edinburgh.

Miss Ethel Green, who has been visit-ing New Plymouth for some weeks, ar-rived in Auckland last Thursday, and is st of Mr. and Mrs. J. Reece, Alten-road.

Miss Ada Lockie, who has been the aest of Mrs. T. W. Leys, and Mrs. James Kirker, Auckland, returned to Wellington en Monday.

Mr R. S. L. Morris, of the San Francisco office of the Oceanic Company, is returned to America by the Ventura from a visit to Australia and the East.

Mr. H. G. Palethorpe, who for many years has been connected with the firm of Thos. Cook and Son, shipping and tourist agents, has entered into partnership with Messrs. Heminingway and Robertson, accountants and auditors, of Auckland.

#### TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Mr. Fenwick Halse is on a short visit to his home in New Plymouth.

Mr. R. Paul, of Wanganni, is on a visit to New Plymouth,

Colonel Hume, Inspector of Prisons, is at present in New Plymouth.

Miss Shuttleworth, Anekland, is on a visit to her relatives in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Carei, of Feilding, are visiting their relations, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, New Plymouth.

Mr. Rochfort, former manager of Bank of New Zealand, Eltham, and Mrs. Rochfort, have gone for a month's trip to Namer.

#### HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mr. Hawley (Gisborne) has returned from his trip to Sydney.

Mrs. G. Eliott (Napier) is on a short visit to her friends in Gisborne,

Mr. and Mrs. Batley, of Moawhanga, are visiting Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams, of Napier, are spending a holiday in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Butters of Have-lock, are spending a few days in Napier.

Mrs. Gore has returned to Napier after spending some weeks in Melbourne

Miss Adair, of Gishorne, is spending some weeks in Napier,

Miss Toole, of Auckland, has been spending several months in Napier, and returned to her home last week.

Mr. W. F. T. Anderson, manager of Murray, Roberts, and Co.'s branch of Gisborne, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Kemp, of Wellington, is in Na-pier for a week or two, and is the guest of Mrs. Saxby (Bloff Hill).

Mr. Hawkins, ex-member for Pahia-tua, was entertained last night, prior to his departure on a business trip to England.

Mr. Charles Olliver, formerly a resident of Napier, who has been in South Africa for some years, returned to Na-pier last week, on a visit to his rela-

#### WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Captain and Mrs. Dulles (India) have seen making a stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Shirtcliffe is back in Wellington after a stay in Nolson.

Mr. Thorpe has returned to Nelson after a stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Toriesse (Hawke's Bay) has returned home after a stay in Wellington.

Dr. and Mrs. Batchelor (Dunedin have been making a stay in Wellington, (Dunedin)

Miss Stead has returned to Christchurch after a stay in Wellington.

Mrs. S. Fitzherbert, Feilding, spent a few days in Palmeraton North this week. Miss McVay (Napier) is visiting friends in Palmerston North.

Miss Fitzray (Namer) is staying with

friends in Wellington. Mrs. E. Allison, of Wanganui, paid a

short visit to Wellington recently. Miss Thomas, of Greymouth, has been

staying in Wanganui with relations. Miss Tennant, of Marton, is the guest

of Mrs. J. C. Greenwood in Wanganui, Miss Sale, of Dunedin, is the guest of Mrs. Empson in Wanganui.

Miss Barnicoat, of Wanganui has re-turned from her visit to Wellington.

Miss Nathan (Auckland) is staying with friends in Wellington.

Miss Cameron, of Auckland, is the guest of Mrs. Griffiths, in Wanganni,

Miss Jacobs (Dunedin) is visiting Wellington.

Mrs. Cornford, who, has been spendlag a month or so in Wellington, re-turned home to Nupier last week.

Mrs Kirkcaldie and the Misses Kirk-caldie have left Weltington for Austra-lia where they will spend several weeks,

Miss Stella McLean (Auckland) is Wellington at present staying with Misa McLean.

Miss D. Johnston is back in Welling Miss D. Journston is care in vicinis-ton after a flying visit to Greatford to stay with Mr and Mrs Levin,

Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour (Marl-borough) are spending a few days in Wellington before going to Sydney. The Hon. C. H. Mills and Mrs. Mills

e back in Wellington after a stay ic Blenbeim. Miss Rawson is back in Wellington

after a stay of two or three weeks in Nelson.

Professor and Mrs Salmond are back Wellington after a stay in Duneda with Mr Salmond, senr.

Mrs. J. A. Taggart, Palmersten North leaves on Tuesday next for England Miss Reed accompanies her.

Mrs. F. Waldegrave, Wellington, is the gueset of Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Palm erston North Mrs. A. Bunny, Martinborough (Wal

rarapa), is visting ber mother, Mrs. R Riddiford, Palmerston North.

Mrs. Porter. Palmerston North, it away in Feilding, staying with her daughter, Mrs. Dermer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lyons, Otaki, are coming to reside in Palmerston. They have bought Mr. F. Cooke's residence. Mys. Pharazyn, of Napier, is stuying

in Wanganni with her daughter, Mrs. A. Miss E. Witchell, of Masterton, is the

est of Mrs. D'Arcy, St. John's Uill, Wanganui. Miss Wright, of Christchurch, is the

guest of her sister, Mrs. Fenwick, in Wanganui.

Miss R. Acland, of Canterbury, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Empson, in Wonganui, has gone on a visit to the Hawke's Eay district.

Miss Frankish, of Chvistchurch, who has been staying in Wangamui with her sister, Mrs. D. Meldrum has returned to her home.

The Misses Hadfield, Walkanne, spent a few days with Mrs. F. Robertson, Palmerston North, on their way to Wan-gumi, where they will live in future. F. Robertson.

gami, where they will the in failure. The Misses Greenwood (Wellington) have gone to Sydney for a mouth of two. The Hon. C. C. Bowen and Mrs. Bowen (Christchurch) will occupy their house during the absence of the Misses (Greenwich). Greenwood.

The Rev. C. C. Harper, view of AR Saints' Church, leaves Anokhud to-day. He has been asked by the Bishop of Auckland to assists him in conducting

a mission in one of the parishes in that city. He expects to be away ten days enty. He expo or a fortnight.

England, via Australia and the Cape, by the Oswestry Grange. They will return to Wellington about Christmas. Mr Palmer will study Navy League matters while he is in the Old Country.

Mr J. G. W. Aitken, M.H.R., who has been absent for some months, returned to Wellington last week. While away be visited England, America, Cannda, and Australia, besides spending some time in his native country, Scotland.

Mr de Bathe Brandon, who has been away in England for some years, has returned to Wellington again. He is a son of Mr A. de B. Brandon (Hobson Street), and will shortly join the well known legal firm of Brandon, Hislon and Johnston. Mr de Bathe Brandon was recently called to the Bar in England. was recently called to the Bar in England, and previous to that he had taken a degree at Cambridge. He made the journey out from England by P. andO., and was met in Sydney by his sister, Miss Flora Brandon, who has been apending some weeks there.

#### SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs Duncan Cameron (Methyen) staying with Mrs George Gould at Fen-

Mrs John Anderson, who has been braying with friends in Dunedin, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs Ensor, of "Park Terrace" (Christchurch), has gone to Sydney, where she intends remaining for the winter months.

Mrs George Harper, who has been visiting her son at Palmerston, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs Denniston returned to Christ-church last week; she has been staying with Mr Justice Denniston and their youngest son, both of whom have been ill in Wellington, but are now convalescent.

Miss Bathgate (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs Denniston, "Armagh Street," Christehurch,

Professor Blunt, who has been staying with Mr and Mrs M. Lewin (Methwen), has returned to Christchnreh.

The Misses Frankish, who have for some weeks been visiting relatives in the North Island, returned to Christthur h to-day.

#### How Royal Palaces are Guarded.

Besides the picked company of "palace police," by whom King Edward's home is guarded night and day, there is a system of night patrols by civilian retainers of the Royal household, whose duties consist in inspecting corridors and portals at stated intervals. In England the chief danger to be seared during the hours of darkness is not an attack upon the Royal person, but an accidental outbreak of fire, and the watchmen are accordingly trained to make instant use of the nearest means of fire extinction, and are also required to become familiar with the rudiments of electrical science, with the rudiments of electrical science, so as to be able to repair a short circuit or to replace a fuse. Night slippers are used, in order that the slumbers of the used, in order that the slumbers of the Court shall not be disturbed; but no password is deemed necessary, and tell-tale clocks are not employed, it being a tradition of the Royal establishment that only trusted men shall be chosen for these responsible duties.

these responsible duties.

A sentry is usually posted beneath the Royal high-chamber, and on one occasion the Gualdsman on duty at Windsor was tempted by a sudden whim to put his hand through the open window and to abstract a watch that lay on the window table. Ever afterwards it was the custom of Queen Victoria to require gauze anshes to be inserted into the window frames on summer nights, not only for the purpose of keeping out intrusive inserts, but also to serve as an added safeguard against other and more substanguard against other and more substan-

tial intruders.

the a certain occasion King Edward had a diverting apounter with one of his own watchmen. He was returning at a late hour from a social function, passed the sleepy janitor in the corridor, and was ascending the staircase when he was accending the staircase when he was accending the staircase when he was acied with as irresiatible temptation to hear a voice growling at him from beneath, and saying; \*\*Do you, want to wake the house, you fool?\*\* When the watchman realised that it was not a the a certain occasion King Edward had

fellow servant he was addressing, his

fellow servant he was addressing, his dismay can be imagined.

King Leopold is watched with the military precision which is characteristic of Continental palaces. Even his most continential courtiers are unable to enter the palace after nightfall unless they have provided themselves with the password for the day from the master of the palace before sunset, and the King himself—like the late King Humbert at the Quirinal—has on occasion been at a loss on account of having 19rgotten to furnish himself with this open sesame. As soon as his Majesty enters his apartment the key is turned upon him by his valet, who also turns another key in a door leading from the nute-chamber to the outer world, and thus interposes his own body between his sovereign and any hostile intruder. Should harm come to the King during the night, the valet would be liable to be shot without hope of reprieve.

The practice of the Onivival is very of reprieve.

of reprieve.

The practice at the Quiriual is very similar, and King Victor Emmanuel is guarded by a hody servant who does not leave the precincts of the apartment until seven in the morning. The watchmen in the palace are old military men, and their centers in core of the atmost men in the palace are old unitary men, and their system is one of the utmost precision. Each reports to his nearest neighbour at intervals, and by this means a network of protection is woven about the person of the menarch, while the vigilance of each is also secured.

The most varied assortment of night watchings to be found in any value of

the most varied assortment of high watchinen to be found in any palace of Europe is that which guards the life of the Emperor of Russia. Each company is independent, and is under the control of a separate administration. Even the master of the palace is subservient to the emperious demands of some of these threateness. watchmen, should they lay down any par-ticular instructions for the guidance of the imperial household at times of spethe imperial household at times of spe-cial anxiety. There is the ubiquitous force of the secret police, who are under no obligation to any member of the Court. There is a hody of Cossacks of the Don, who do fatigue duty about the palace, and are trusted by the Czr to an extent that cannot be claimed even by his selwart and haughty guards.

an extent that cannot be claimed even by his stalwart and haughty guards. One personage who inhabits a palace, and lives in royal state, is the "prisoner of the Vatican." His Holiness is carefully safeguarded at night by his own hand, which turns the key of his bedchamber, and his personal attendant locks the outer door as well. The peculiarity of the Pope's watchman is that he has the opportunity of inspecting the interior of the apartment at any moment, as he is furnished with a peephole in the wall of the bed-chamber. This destruction of his personal privacy is charstruction of his personal privacy is characteristic of the Pope, and it enables the servant to watch his master very closely.

#### INDIGESTION ENDED.

Bile Beans Cure where Many Medicines Fail.

Indigestion comprises many ailments, as many varied symptoms. Pain after Indigestion comprises many atiments, has many varied symptoms. Pain after food, relieved slightly when wind is rifted, a feeling of sickness if awakened suddenly, headache, a bad taste in the mouth; the recurrence of food, hearthurn, sleeplessness, all these or any of them may be present. They all mean that the disestive organs are out of them may be present. They all mean that the digestive organs are out of order, and need a little help to get them equal to their work. Bile Beans give that help and tone up the digestive organs so that they can do their work properly. Mr James Young, a blackmith, of Cambridge, Waikato, N.Z., says: "I have been a sufferer from Infilingation for years and have tried digestion for years, and have tried numerous remedies, but all of no avail. In complaining to a friend of mine be In complaining to a friend of mine he informed me that his sister, who was a martyr to the complaint, was permanently cured by Bile Beans. I therefore decided to give them a trial. I procured a box, and before I had finished the contents I experienced a decided relief. Altogether I have taken six boxes. It is now about two months since I discontinued taking them, and I have never felt before in my life, and can now cat. continued taking them, and I have never felt better in my life, and can now eat food that formally disagreed with me. Whenever any of my friends complain of indigestion, I eurourage them to give Bije Beans a trial, and the results inwariably warrant the recommendation.

Bile Beans are a safe and speedy cure
for Biliomenes, Heatlache, Indigestion,
Constipation, Piles, Debility, Feniale
Weaknesses, Nervousness, Rad Blood,
Bad Breath, Anaemia, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and, by giving tone to the system, will ward off Coughs, Colds and Influenza. Bile Beans are obtainable throughout New Zesland.

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#### ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winnie Reynolds, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Reynolds, "Sandown," Gisborne, to Mr. R. W. Burke, solicitor, Gisborne.

engagement is announced of Miss Lily Moir, youngest daughter of Dr. Moir, Auckland, to Mr. Leslie Gardiner,

The engagement is announced of Miss Lity Slater, St. George's Bay Road, Par-nell, Auckland, to Mr. Q. McConnell, also of Auckland.

### Orange Blossoms

DAWSON-DONELLY.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Rev. Father Holbrook on Wednesday, July 25th, when Miss Leah Donelly, elder daughter of the late John Donelly, Esq. of Waihi, was married to Mr. Clifford Dawson, Mt. Albert. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Thos. Donelly, looked charming in a dainty gown of white radium silk, with V-shaped transparent vest of lace. She wore a beautifully embroidered tulle veil, falling over a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a lovely shower tonquet of white roses, carnations, intermingled with asparagus. The bridesnaids were Miss May Dawson, who wore a heautiful gown of shell pink chiffon taffeta with yoke of Valenciennes insertion, and a becoming hat triumed with kitted primrose and white ciennes insertion, and a becoming hat trimmed with kilted primrose and white ribbons. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of pink and white roses tied with white satin ribbons. Miss Eva Beale was gowned in a pretty ciel blue silk, with Valenciennes lace yoke, and smart blue hat with pink roses, her bou-quet was composed of daffodils and maidenhair. Miss Ruby Donelly, sister of the bride, was the third bridesmaid. She wore a prettily inserted white nusof the bride, was the third bridesmaid. She wore a prettily inserted white muslin frock, with cream straw Dolly Varden hat, garlanded with violets and finished with violet ribbon strings, white and heliotrope bouquet. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a pearl ring, and he presented the bridesmaids with gold chains as mementos of pearl ring, and he presented the brides-maids with gold chains as mementos of the occasion. Mr. Jack Alexander act-ed as best man, and Mr. Ceoil Dawson was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Grand Hotel, in Princes-street. During the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were toasted, and afterwards the healths of the brides-maids and the visitors were drunk. Later on in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. atterwards the meaning of the maids and the visitors were drunk. Later on in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dawson left on their honeymoon trip, Dawson left on their honeymoon trip, the bride wearing a smart navy blue face doth coat and skirt, with dainty not and lace vest, and very pretty pink hat garlanded with roses. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. Bell, who wore black with handsome black silk embroidered jacket, with black bonnet; Mrs. Glennic, was gowned in black, with black and white lace fielm, brown hat trimmed with violet; Mrs. Edgecube, smart navy blue cloth tailor-made Eton coat and skirt, with velvet and broderie Anglaise facings on the coat, white Valenies facings on the coat, white Valenies has facings on the coat, white Valenciennes lace vest, and very pretty blue hat trimmed with dark blue, and light blue choux and pink roses; Mrs. Williams were a cream costume with dainty violet hat; Miss Larkins, pretty brown-costume; with cream lace vest and kilted ruchings of same shade, brown toque to match; Miss Muriel

Dawson was prettily frocked in a cream

hopsack Eton coat and skirt, and very pretty pale blue trinimed with gink roses; Missyldissie Hell, swart green cloth costume with cream vest, dainty, green straw hat with ruchings of cream Valencieunes Ince; Miss Dolly Scherft looked charming in greens serge, with net and lace vest caught with tiny Louis seize hows, black picture hat: Miss looked charming in acream serge, with net and lace vest catught with tiny Louis seize bows, black picture hat; Miss Gertie Hunt, white cloth gown, with brown ceinture and brown fur toque and necklet; Miss Kathleen Hunt wore navy blue, with blue beaver hat; Miss Olive Lusk, cream costumes, with Bordeaux Empire coat and hat; Misses Taylor wore cream costumes, with smart crimson hats and brown furs; Miss Nance McArthur (Waihi) wore a daffodily ellow silk, relieved with brown, yellow and brown hat; Miss Gilmore wore a pretty white frock, with crimson ceinture and white hat; Miss Downey was in cream serge, with violet hat. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Rev. Mr. Larkins, Mr. Williams, Mr. J. O'Neil, Mr. Norman Hill, Mr. P. Dawson, Mr. Edgar Gilmore, Mr. Percy Hunt, Mr. Walter Mangey (Te Aroha); Messra, J. and G. Donelly. J. and G. Donelly.



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#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting ann ments of births, massinges, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BRYAN.—On July 27th, 1906, to the wife of Rose Bryan, of Hobson Park-road, Parinell a daughter.

CRAIG.—On July 21st, 1906, at her residence, SX, Mason's avenur, Bayfield, Ponsonby, the wife of W. H. Craig of a son, Ernammer-road, to the wife of Mr Arthur Heap, a daughter.

MITH.—On July 26, at "Kirriemult," Atheny-road, Ponsonby, to Mr and Mrs David Smitz, a son.

BTEWART.—On July 22nd, at Mrs Clarkes residence, Seafield View-rd., the wife of John L. Stewart, Helensville; a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

CLUMES ROSS—SLOAN.—On June 77th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Pousonby, by the Rev. Gray Dixon, M.A., Percy Franc, eldest son of Captain A. Clunies Ross, harbournaster. Straban, Tasmania, to Alice Maude, second daughter of J. R. Sloan, Fisq.
Holustr papers please copy.

EVANS.—SWITZER.—On July 11th, at St. Janies Manse, Auckhud, by the Rev. R. L. Walker, George, second son of the late Janies William Norman Evans, of Auckland, to Adelina, fourth daughter of James Switzer, Victoria Valley, Mongonii North.

ROGERIS—KNIGHT—At the Universe.

BOTTH.

ROGERN-KNIGHT:—At the Unitarian Church, on July 18, by the Rev. W. Jeille, Henry J. Rogers, of Napier, to Mary, youngoal daughter of the late Sergt.—Major Knight, and Clerk of Works, City Council.

City Council.

SYKES — SHORT. — On July 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Joseph Sykes, only son of Sylvester Sykes, or Bradford Yorksbire, England, to Ida Jane (Queenie Short, edest duspiter of Thomas Bengeman Short, of Auckland.

man Snort, of Aucklaud.

SPARGO—HASSALL—On 14th June, 1906, at the Primitive Methodist Church, Stratford, Tarasakt, by the Rev. T. H. Lyon, Renjamin Henry, Secoud son of Captala W. Spargo, of Auckland, to Violet Annie, third daughter of H. and M. Hassall, of Stratford:

Streiford:
WARD—HUTCHINSON.—On June 27, at
the Sacret Hilbert Church Basilica, Hillstreet, Wellington, by Rev. Father Holley, Thomas, the third son of the late
J. Ward, of Wellington street, Auckland,
to Ceclia May, the eddest daughter of
B. Hitchinson, both late of Auckland,

#### DEATHS.

ASIMORE. At Auckland Respital, James Renry Ashmore, heloved husband of Eumon Ashmore, into vexton; aged 46. CLARK.—On July 27th, at her parents' residence, 137 Wellestey-st., West, Edmalily, dearly beloved Infant daughter of T, and L, M. Clark, age 13 months.

Safe in the arms of Jesus.

FINCH.—On July 25th, 1896, at her late residence. "Mountain View," Morningside, Marths, the beloved wife of Samuel Finch; aged 63 years.

HEATHCOTE.—On the 23rd July, at Tirl Private Hospital, Herbert Bower (Herby); aged 21 years.

aged 21 years.

JONAS.- On July 22, at his late residence, Wallmanku, Kuipara, Stanley William, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Jones, and son of Charles A. Jonas, Auckland, aged 45 years. Deeply mourned.

KING. — At the Auckland Isistict Heapited, on July 23, James, the dearly beloved husband of Helenor King, in lis 57th year. On the 23rd July, at Wellington Hospital, Minua Kober (professionally known as Madame Hellee); aged 55 years. After a stremuous life, at rest in peace. Though parted in body, not in spirit.

Luserted by her loving son.

EXNCH.- On Thorsday, Joly 26th, at Eden

Inserted by her loving son.

ENCH.—On Thorsday, July 26th, at Eden.

Terrace, Margaret, the beloved wife of Charles Lynch, 8ther a long and painful liness; aged 44 years. R.I.P.

London and St. Louis papers pleane copy.

MONIO.—On July 26th, at Holson Park-rd., Parnell, stoutyn (Commy) Monro, only years of Arthur and Lelia Monro; aged 10 years.

years.

MACKAY.—On July 20th at Kent Cottage, Gladstone-st. Harriet. Markay, beloved another of Men Linton, Howe-st. Chas. Markay, Birkenthead, and toblest Mackay, bookselte, of this elly; aged 80 years.

Heepity regretted.

SIGMADENT. - At the residence of her son in law S. B. Roste, Brighton-rd., Remners, Mrs. June Flixabeth Semadent; aged 75 years.

mgru to years.

MiTH — On July 25, 1996, at her late residence, Monmouth-st., Arch Hill, Elizabeth, relief of the fate T. H. Smith, and mother of Edmund Dutton, Aucland, in her 85th year.

WitiGHT.—On July 28, at Costicy Home, Jienry Cone Wright, late Armourer-Ser-keant 1st Walkato Hegt., in his 79th year, Deeply represted.

ESIN.—On July Zith, at his late residence, Lemmington-ed, Mt. Edcu, Peter Zein, late carpetter s.s. Hawon and Wanska; aged 71 years.

#### Miss JOHNSTON IRVINE



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#### + + + Madame Marion.

# Society Gossip

#### AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

July 30.

KING'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS' BALL.

The sixth annual ball given by the Kīng's College Old Boys' Association in the Art Society's new hall in Coburgstreet on Wednesday evening last was as great a success as usual, and that is saving something, as you know. The dancing room was prettily decorated with festoons of lycopodium and palms, and the floor was beautiful, our only cause of complaint being the excessive heat. The supper tables were daintily arranged with flowers and maroon and gold ribbons, the club colours, and were laden with a most delicious supper. Marriage's band provided the music, which means that it was excellent. The committee were untiring in their efforts to keep things going amouthly, and altogether everything went off with the greatest celat. The committee were: Mesdames Bruce, Reid, Major, Walker, Duthic Chatfield, and Clerk, Miss Owen, and Messis, Murray, Morpeth, Chatfield, Rose, Dickeaon, Fairer, Robertson, and Wigmore. Some remarkably pretty gowns were worn; amongst others I moticed: Mrs. Reed, wearing a very handsome spangled net toilette, were over spangled net toilette, were over black glace; Mrs. Bruce, striking gown of pale grey yamaga, relieved with clusters of pink roses; Mrs. Chatfield, handsome black silk, veiled in beribboned net; Mrs. Duthic, charming pale blue chillon taffeta, the bodiec draped with cert lace; Miss Owen, rich black safin gown, with white chillon thoker; Mrs. Griffiths was effectively gowned in a plainly made white Duchesse satin; Miss Nora Walker, refty sen green silk, contrasted with adarker shade, the bodiec softened with lace; Miss Mand Douglas, soft white liberty salin; with lace beethe, caught with clusters of roses; Miss Evic Richardson (Cambridgo), dainty ean de nil silk, with lovely cream lace berthe; heaf. The supper tables were daintily arranged with flowers and maroon and with clusters of roses: Miss Evic Richardson (Cambridge), dainty can de nil silk, with lovely cream lace berthe; Miss Doris Gillon was charming in a white inserted muslin, with crimson roses on corsage; Miss Garrett, soft pink shirred silk, finished with lace; Miss Sybil Greig, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Georgie Denniston; black silk, relieved with cream lace tucker, chine ribbon

belt; Miss Helen Hay, green stamped chiffon over glace, green crystalline butterfly in coffure; Miss Brassey, bandsome white brocaded silk gown, softened with shaded chiffon; Miss Mubel Thornes, very pretty pale green silk, trimmed with lace, pink ceinture; Miss Emmie Young, dainty floral chiffon, with wide pink silk band at foot of skirk, wounted on visit close silk. Miss Chiffe, Emmie Young, canny horst conton, with yide pink silk band at foot of skirk, mounted on pink glace silk; Miss Gladys Beale, cream challie, with lace encrustations and berthe, pale blue cointure; Miss Rita Cleveland, pretty frilled pink mousseline de soie, with net tucker; Miss IIIe Culpan was prettily frocked in white crepe de chine and lace, with wide blue corselet belt; Miss Butler's gown was dainty pale pink crepe de chine; Miss — Butler was daintily gowned in pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Goldir, lovely white satin, with lace on hodice caught with clusters' of roses; Miss Williamson, soft white silk, with pink ceinture, and pale pink medallions; Miss May Sluman, white liberty silk, with lace insertion, and pink ceinture and sears' Miss Muriel Horricks, white taffeta Empire gown, with tucker of lace, pink roses and pink ceinture and sears: Miss Mariel Horricks, white taffeta Empire gown, with tucker of lace, pink roses in her hair and on the bodice; Miss May Hesketh, white silk, with corselet belt of brick pink silk; Miss Dawson was dainty in cameo pink taffeta, with chemisette of white Valenciennes bace; Miss Colbeck was gowned in blue Oriental satin, softenes with lace, wreathlet of forget-menots in her huir; Miss bace; Miss Colbeck was gowned in blue oriental satin, softenes with lace, wreathlet of forget-me-nots in her lair; Miss Macklow were her debutante's frock of lovely white chiffon faffeta; Miss Hooper, white embroidered colienne, with touches of vellow; Miss Mary Frater, sea green silk, with cronn lace berthe, and chine ribbon ceinture; Miss Jennie Frater, pretty pink s'lk, with wine coloured velvet ceinture; Misses Dyer were daintily frocked in clear white muslin, inserted with Valenciumes, pale green corselet belts; Miss Martin wore the peach pink satin, veiled in lovely Renaissance lace; Miss Minnie Frater, very pretty pale pink crope de chine; Miss Rene Walker wore a becoming black soft silk gown, with clusters of crimson ramblers on bodiee, and a wreath of same in her hair; Miss Myra Reed looked charming in shell pink silk, softened with chiffon and lace; Miss Hudson wore a beautiful gown of pale blue chiffon taffeta, with the hodice draped to form a holeto: Miss — Hudson wore a came pink tafets similar to her sister's; Miss - Hudsen with the house graped to form a noted. Miss — Hudson wore a camen pink faffeta similar to her sister's; Miss — Hudson looked very pretty in a lovely white crepe de chine, with applications of cream lace applique; Miss Minuitt's gown was of black springed net, inced with sufin ribbon over black glace silk; Miss Kent, blue shirred silk corselet gown, resatin ribbon over black glace silk; Miss Kent, blue shirred silk corselet gown, releved with white lace, blue corsage spray; Miss Hume, peach pink Oriental satin, with lace encrustations; Miss Skinner (New Plymouth) booked charming in white silk, with chiffon prettily draped on hodice, pale blue in her hair; Miss Boe Heather, deinty white soft silk, with lace encrustations finished with violet velvet buttons, lovely Victoriun scarf; Miss Douglas, pretty paie pink yamaga, softened with lace and chiffon, criuson roses on corsage; Miss Buckland, dainty white chiffon taffeta, finished with beautiful lace; Miss Thorpe wore a cream Benarea silk, with clusters of shaded roses on corsage; Miss Florence Walker was effectively gowned in shell pink chiffon taffeta, with encustations of lace and chiffon, nigrette in her hair; Miss Northeroft, becoming pale blue mousseline de soie, with white lace on hodice, shaded pink roses; Miss Wells (Cambridge), white muslin over silk foundation, green chou on corsage; Miss Ruddock, black fisherman's net, with creem Valenciques lace on hodice; Miss Mchdock, effective lace robe over white glace silk, white roses in collure; Miss M. Ruddock, effective lace robe over winte glace silk, white roses in collure; Miss Ruddock, black fisherman's net, with cream Valenciumes face on bodice; Miss M. Ruddock, effective lace robe over white glace silk, white roses in coiffure; Miss Winnie Lewis was duintily gowned in white snotted muslin over glace, white lisse frilled fichu; Miss Vera Lewis (debutante) wore a pretty soft white silk "grannie" frock; Miss Latimer was strikingly gowned in a smoke coloured fiberty silk, with cerise cointure and wreath of small cerise roses in her hair; Miss Topsy Dickey, white muslin, with crimson ceindure, and crimson cerage spray; Miss — Borlace, black spotted silk net over glace; Miss Kitty Clark wore white silk, with pink striped chiffon fichu and waist band; Miss Heatrice Brown, soft white frilled silk, finished with lace, pale blue sash; Miss Kathleen Hunt wore a striking gown of cream lace applique; Miss Maggie Frater wore a lovely white chiffon talfeta frock, softened with lace and chiffon caught wiff deep pink roses, pink roses in her hair. Miss Madge Rice was chamingly gowned in a pastel blue silk, with lace

herthe, clusters of pink roses on cor-sage; Miss Donnlison wore a becoming white silk frock, with lace cucrusta-tions, and clusters of roses; Miss Nora Haywood, dainty white roft silk and lace; Miss Muriel Knight; Miss Vera Rose (debutante) wore a very pretty, picture trock of white chiffon tuffeta, with lace berthe; Miss Poris Citton (debutante) wore a sweet white crepo-line frock, with wreathlet of white line frock, with wreatment of a wielest in her hair; Miss Elsie Court (debutante) was charming in a pretty, white chiffon taffeta, with tiny kiltings; Misa Kirk, cream embroidered mousse-line, with cluster of violets on corange and in her hair

One of the most delightful

PAT HOMES"

of the season was given by Mrs. George Hoomfield at her lovely resistence. "Rawhiti," Rennera, on Thursday last, "Rawhiti" is just the house day last. "Rawhiti" is just the house for entertaining—the drawing-room makes a perfect ballroom, and the floor is a splendid one for dancing, while the vernudahs, smoking-room, and halls pro-vide plenty of cosy corners for sitting out in. A most recherche supper was laid in the hilliand-room, the table de-coertions area. (If execution, the page of the profor a very long time. The room itself is crimson and white, and the same shades were repeated on the supper tables. Crimson chilfon was used as a centre-piece, and crimson ribbons were suspended from the chandelier; large bows were tied at each corner, and artistically arranged vases of snowdrops amongst the red formed a marning contrast. All the lights had crimson dudes, and this materially added to sludes, and this naterially added to the heanty of our complexions, as well as adding to the effectiveness of the colour scheme of the decorations. Burke's band supplied the music, so there is not need to tell you it was all that one could desire, especially as Therr Without was playing the violin. Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield were indefatigable in looking after their guests, and were a delightful linst and hostess. Mrs. Bloomfield was effectively gowned in a black springed net over place, with the Bromfield was effectively gowned in a black springed net over glace, with tiny frills of black Natenciennes have forming the sleeves, and V-shaped vest, which was outlined with a band of silver embroidered net; she wore a lack and silver butterfly and white aigrette in her hair. Miss Davey wore a lovely white his band of silver his black, chisters of violets on corsage; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield was gowned in a rich black glace, brightened with jet and finished with chiffon, crimson roses on bodies with chiffen, crimson roses on bodies and in her hair; Mrs. E. R. Bloomfield was picture-squely gowned in a black taffeta picture freek, with lovely Irish lace berthe caught with cluster of crimson velvet roses; Mrs. Arthur Myers was charmingly gowned in a beautiful pale blue chiffon velours, trimmed with lovely lace; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis, very bandsome white brocaded silk, relieved with tenders of which him. We Etimed. force are: ars. 1. tope lews, very handsome white brocaded silk, relieved with touches of pate bine: Mrs. Edward Russell were a deinty pate blue lisse over glace, with events lare and pate blue

#### BUTTER-SCOTCH

Is the most delicious sweet for children, and the favourite in England.

#### CALLARD & BOWSER'S Butter-Scotch

Is beyond criticism

Mothers give it their children, because it is pure, and Medical Men say it is nourishing.



Ask the Confectioner for it, and note the brand, the 'Thistle.'

Dr. SHELDON'S Digestive Tabules.

"DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT."

satin ribbon on bodice, crimson roses on enrange and in her hair; Mrs. Savago looked sweet in black glace, with over-stress of chiffon: Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, ivory brocaded silk with bace berthe, rehieved with touches of pale blue, wreath of forgetime-nots in her hair; Mrs. Fred. Walter, warran a grangful black toilette. of forget-me-nots in her hair; Mrs. Fred. Waller wore a graceful black toilette with here tucker threaded with narrow black velvet gad grean lace berthe; Mrs. Archie Chrk. 4t.h oyster grey broonde, with beautiful lace outlining decolletage, caught with pink roses; Mrs. Harry Clark, white crepe de chine, with beau applique motifs on corange, and sosh of Paris lace; Mrs. Borritt was strikingly gowned in a becoming rainbow silk toilette, relieved with black, black tulle how in confure; Miss Norn Gorrie wore a white chiffon taffeta draped with beautiful lace, clusters of roses on corange and in her hair; ters of roses on corsage and in her hair; Miss Buckland, very pretty blue chif-fon taffeta with lace berthe; Miss Buck-land, dainty white yamaga, with bunch of white violets on corsage; Miss Devof white violets on corsuge; Miss Devereux was prettily frocked in eau de nil chilfon in-exted with Valenciennes over glare foundation; Miss Waller wore a beautiful gown of ivory satin with touches of silver on bodice, wreath of ivy green leaves on coiffure; Miss Horton wore a lovely gown of white and blue pompadour silk, the bodice was made with small bolero of pale blue veiled in lace; Miss Denniston, pretty white Renaissance lace over white clace. white Renaissance lace over white rdace with tucker of fine net, spray of pink roses and maidenhair on corsage; Miss Beather looked charming in a rich white chiffon tuffeta with lare encrustations; chiffon taffeta with lace encrustations; Miss Pearl Gorrie was becomingly gown ed in maize coloured silk toned with white lace and cluster of shaded flowers white lace and cluster of shaded flowers on corsage; Miss Jessie Reid's frock was a dainty white chiffon stamped with design of pink rosebuds, the bodiec was softened with chiffon outlined with tiny pink banksia roses; Miss Towle was daintily frocked in ivory thiental satin with lace arranged as a W-shaped fichu outlined with silver emperidary. Miss.—Towle grann societ. broidery; Miss - Towle, cream spot-ted net over glace with green ceinture ted net over glace with green ceinture end clusters of manue orchids on bod-ice and in her hair; Miss Dargaville was gowned in white crepe de chine softened with lace. Miss Ware was pretty in a white satin striped bengaline over glace, chaplet of white roses and green leaves in her hair; Miss Steven-son, pale forget-me-not blue glace veiled in black love. Miss Lusk black creae de son, pale forget-me-not blue glues veiled in black lace; Miss Lusk, black crepe de chine, with cream lace chemisette and epaulettes, black bird in her hair; Miss Olive Lusk, sea green liberty silk with lace encrustations and clusters of chiffen roses, green ceinture; Miss Grierson's gown was a pretty pale blue crepe de chine with chiffon and lace on the bodice; Miss Lloyd, cream Brussels net inserted with wide insertion over not inserted with wide insertion over white silk, pink ceinture and pink roses on corsage; Miss Daphne Baker was daintily gowned in white yamaga; Miss Kitty Clark wore a pretty white shirred silk, with pink stamped chiffon fichu and corselet belt; Miss Latimer, pastel blue silk, with cerise ceinture and wreath of tiny roses of same shade in her hair; Miss Ethna Fierce was gowned in whall mink core declared in which the core of the property of the control of the core of the cor on corsage; Miss Daphne Baker ner mare; Miss filma Pierce was gown-ed in shell pink crepe de chine with dainty lace draped bodice; Miss Jack-son, white chillon taffeta, with clusters of pink roses on corsage; Miss Daisy Mowhray was prettily frocked in ivory Mawhray was prettily frocked in ivory triental satin, with a tucker of real lane: Miss Fitzroy (Napier) wore an exquisite gown of white glace silk, with an overdress of crean Brussells net richly finished with cream lace applique; Miss Williams, pretty pink Oriental satin, with white lare berthe, spray of pink roses in coiffure: Miss Ivy Buddle was picturesquely gowned in a white Princess robe, with deep berthe of pale blue veiled in lace;

### CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS

It would be difficult indeed to imagine more beautiful or captivating spec-tacle than that presented in the draw-ing-room at "Rawhiti" on Saturday

tacle than that presented in the draw-ingeroom at "Rawhiti" on Saturday seeming, when from 6.30 to 9.30 Mr. and Mrs. George Bloomticid entertained a joyous crowd of wildly delighted youngsters at a children's fancy dress ball. A children's party must atways provide a picture of singular beauty, but, of course, the effect was immeasurably heightened on this occasion by the fact that the little men and women were decked out in all the bravery of silks and sature, in costumes taken from fairy tale, song, or story. To say that the little ones enjoyed themselves is to

confess to the ridiculous inadequacy of language. They were literally in the seventh heaven of delight and w is safe to say little rise will be talked of for months to come amongst the fortunates who were present. Musical chairs, oranges and lemons, and other games suitable to the occasion and beloved of childhood were rotously enjoyed, besides, of course, danning. Mrs. Bloomfield and a few grown-up friend, were untiring in their exertions to promote revelry to its highest pitch. Miss Phyllis Bloomfield assisted her mother to receive the little guests. She looked radiant and charming as "The Evening Star," while her twin brother and sister, were irresistible as Pierette and Pierrot. Here are as many of the dreases as I can recollect. Amongst the "grown-upa" were Mrs. Ernest Bloomfield, who went as her "great grandmother," and looked sweet in the old-fashioned gown, with lovely lace on the bodier, and a becoming poke bonnet: Mr. Edwin Horton, Harlequin; Miss Horton, Dolly Varden; Mrs. Davie. French Pessant. Mrs. and Mrs.

poke bonnet; Mr. Edwin Horton, Harle-quin; Miss Horton, Dolly Vurden; Miss Davie, French Peusant; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clarke caused great fun as "The Twins," wearing long white muslin frocks, low-necked and short-sleeved, run frocks, low-necked and short-sleeved, run with ribbons, one pink and one blue, lithe muslin bonnets, and carrying a feeding bottle; Captain Hughes was amusingly got-up as "Mrs. Slabad," of pantomine fame; Miss Naneye Hanna, Japanese; Miss Jean Robertson, Japanese; Miss Selwyn Robertson, Jin Rose; Miss Gladys Nathan, Kate Greenaway, in a pretty pink picture frock; Miss Nevil George, French Peasant; Miss Muriel Payton, a Mountaineer; Miss Sybil Payton, a Peasant Girl; Miss Dorothy Nolan; Miss Stella Nathan, Italian Peasant; Miss Betty Grierson, Puritan Maid; Miss Dorothy Baker, Powder and Patches; Miss Yolande Baker, Fairy; sant; Miss Betty Grierson, Puritan Maid; Miss Dorothy Baker, Powder and Patches; Miss Yolaude Baker, Fairy; Miss May Colegrove, Poppy; Miss Nellie Thompson, Tambourine Girl; Master Graene Lockhart, Crickefer; Master Seymour Colbeck, Cook; Master Buzzie Colbeck, Sailor; Master Trevor Bloomfield, Sailor; Miss Thelma Norton was lovely as the Duchess of Devoushire in white satin and large black velvet hat, with white feathers; Miss Mavis Norton, Cherry Ripe; Miss Phyllis Taylor, a Daisy; Master Alan Gordon, Volunteer; Master Jack Gordon, Sailor; little Alison Gordon, a Sailorboy; Miss Joyce, Bewes, a Page; Master Ian Bewes, Sailor; Master Charlie Walker, Sailor; Miss Ruth Roberton, Evangeline, and her sister was a Pierette; Miss Mollie Egerton, Quality Street; Miss Leslie Egerton, Albanian Peasant; Miss Hope ton, Quality Street; Miss Leslie Egerton, Albanian Peasant; Miss Hope
Egerton was a charming little mite
dressed as n Water Sprife; Master
Tommy Purchas, Soldier; Master Kiwi
Purchas, Cook; Miss Thorald Clerk,
Peasant; Master Eric Clerk, Beefeater;
Miss Thelma Bloomfeld, Little Michu;
Misses Masie and Evid Peas Verse. reasant; Master Ene Clerk, Beeteater; Miss Thelma Bloomfield, Little Michu; Misses Mavis and Enid Reed, Veronique in different coloured frocks; Master Mervyn Reed, Buffalo Bill; Miss Juan Tubbs, Little Bo-Peep; Miss Una Buddle, Puritan Maid; Master Wenner Langguth, Lawyer; Master Heini Langguth wore a splendid representation of a Gnome; Miss Elvie Langguth, Folly; Master Keith Anderson, Marcus Superbus; Miss Durelle Cooke, an excellent pet up as a Japanese Maid; Miss Isobel Clarke, Early English; Master Humphrey Clarke, Cowboy; Miss May Rathbone, Deesden China; Miss Merle Pollen, My Lady Coquette; Miss Merle Pollen, My Lady Coquette; Miss Margot Bloomfield wore a love, dress as Cupid; Miss Girlie Russell, Fairy; Master Jack Russell, Monsieur Beaucaire; Miss Filter. Russell, Monsieur Beancaire; Miss Elaine, Buchanan, Flower Girl; Master Willie Buchanan, a page in pale blue satin; Miss Aivini Carr, a Shepherdess.

Mrs. Kenderdine, of Manukan-road, Parnell, gave a delightful

#### AFTERNOON TEA

on Friday last for Mrs. Arthur Kenderdine, who is leaving next Wednesday for her new home at Tanmarunui. The weather was not at all cheerful, but in-side bright fires and a constant ripple of laughter and gay chatter more than made up for the dreariness outside. We had a delicious afternoon tea, and the table looked so pretty with its spring-like decorations of primroses and violets. Mrs. Kenderdine was assisted violets. Mrs. Kenderdine was assisted in looking after her guests by her two slaughters, Mrs. Kenderdine Webbb (England) and Miss Hallo Kenderdine. Amongst the guests were: Mrs. Arthur Kenderdine, Mrs. John Kenderdine, Mrs. Wallace Lawson. Miss Spicer, Mrs. Harold Fenton, Mrs. Ernest Simpson. Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Woodhouse, Miss Belle Buchanau, Mrs. Rathbone, Misses Lusk, Miss Cleveland, Mrs. Perey Buller, Mrs. R. B. Lusk, Mrs. Dr. Grant,

#### A BACHELOR'S HALL AT HAMILTON.

The backelors of "Abbotsford" gave a most enjoyable dance on Thursday even-ing, about 90 being-present. The room was prettly decorated with figgs, etc., ing, about 90 being present. The room was prettly decorated with flags, etc., and a dainty supper was laid in one of the smaller rooms. The music was supplied by Misses Gillespie, Graham, Holloway, Messes. Panton and Tuschka. The hostesses for the evening were Mestames Holloway, Hunter, McNicol. and Steele. There were some pretty frocks worn. Mrs. Holloway, Diack; Mrs. Hunter, black lace; Mrs. Steele, black net; Mrs. McNicol. all black; Mrs. Radchiffe, pale blue, finished with black velvet; Mrs. Brewin's pale blue silk; Mrs. Geing, pale shade of green silk; Mrs. J. Smith. black net, bodice finished with Paris coloured lace; Mrs. Fueze, black silk; Misses H. Gralian, pale blue silk; Misses Hunter both wore white; Miss Martin, white net over silk; Miss O'Neill, white silk, bodice prettly trimmed with chiffon; Miss M. O'Neill, white silk, pink roses on corsage; Miss C. Walluut, white satin; Miss Stevens, white silk; Miss Chitty, pink brocaded satin; Miss Katic Chitty, pretty white silk, handsome theatre cloak; Miss Graham, blue; Miss G. Graham, pretty white frock; Miss Furze (debutante), pretty white Ratie Chitty, pretty white silk, handsome theatre cloak; Miss Graham, blue; Miss G. Graham, pretty white frock; Miss Furze (debutante), pretty white silk bodice, prettily trimmed with chiffon, spray of lilies of the valley in the hair; Miss Ewen, cream; Miss Bell, white: Miss Rothwell, eau de nil green silk; Miss Johnstone, apricot shade of volle, with darker shade of velvet on bodice; Miss Holloway, pale green silk; Miss G. Holloway, white silk; Miss Barton, pink silk; Miss Edgecumbe, red silk; Miss G. Edgecumbe, black net; Miss Gilleipe, cream and pink; Miss Patrick, grey silk, with touches of black; and many others. Among the gentlemen were: Messrs, Panton, Broadfoot, Smith, Bell, Barrett, Chitty (2), Farrar (2), Frimrose (2), McNichol, McLeod, Holloway, Seller, Elgood, Lee, Kenny, Mediamid (2), Ranstead (2), Coote, Empson, Tuschka, Craig, etc. son, Tuschka, Craig, etc.

PHYLLIS BROUN.

#### NEW PLYMOUTH.

July 27.

THE HOUKEY DANCE

given by the Whakatika Club was the most brilliant and successful function held this season. The scene of the fes-tivities was the Freemasons' Hall, which was in the hands of the decorattivities was the Freemasons' Hall, which was in the hands of the decorating committee for several days previous to the dance, and presented a picture of beauty that would be difficult to surpass. The interior of the building was a bower of ferns and palms, throwing reflective shadows on long-panelled mirrors, which were arranged along the walls. This very pretty seene was all due to the energetic secretary, Mr. Peter Cathro, who worked untringly to make the ball the great success it was. The large porch and other rooms were arranged cosily for sitting-out. Me Kinnon Bain's orchestra supplied the music. The carefully prepared floor was in excellent order, and the general arrangements left nothing to be desired. The supper room was prettily decorated with pungos. Chinese lanterns and umbrellus, while the floral decorations for the tables were daffoldls and minosa, intermingled with the club's colours (pale and dark blue). This was under the supper itself was very recherche, and was provided by the members of the tivities the supper itself was very recherche, and was provided by the members of the club. Among those present were: Mrs. Robertson, black merveilleux, berthe of

real hee; Mrs. Extrison, black suffin, decolletage finished with rich cream lace; Miss A. Hutchison, white fucked and frilled muslim, relieved with searled flawers; Mrs. MacDiarmid, black; Mrs. (Dr.) Walker looked well in black satis, betthe of real lace on low-cut bodies; Mrs. Puns. bluck satis, the property of the wertne or real face on low-cut bodies; Mrs. Penn, black satin, vefed in net, scarlet roses on decolletage; Mrs. Stocks er, black; Miss E. Hanna, black satin, reheved with scarlet; Miss N. Hanna, white tucked and frilled muslin, with white tucked and frilled muslin, with pale blue vaile, tucked betthe of cream lace on low-cut bodier; Miss E. toldwater, white silk and Mattese lace blouse, black voite skirt; Miss E. O'Brien, white tucked and insertioned oilk, pale blue Empire belt; Miss B. Snow, ball looked well in white silk with silk silk, pale bine Empire belt; Miss R. Snow-ball looked well in white silk with silk encrustations and ruchings on skirt and decolletage; Miss Amy Kemp looked extremely well in pale blue silk, panelled with lovely cream lace, berthe of same on low-cut bodice; Miss MacDiarnid, white tucked voile, with violets on decolletage; Miss J. Fraser, pale green soft silk, decolletage with pale green and pink rosebuds; Miss E. Penn, pale pink; Miss Eileen Penn, pale green and white lace: Miss V. Sinpson, white tucked mushin, with pale blue Pmpire belt; Miss E. Sinpson, white; Miss E. Sinpson, white relieved with pale pink; Miss Cameron, very dainty white spetted chiffon, over cream satin, looped with pale pink and blue chiffon rosen, low cut bodice arranged with some; Miss E. Pookes, pretty white silk, trimmed with Valcuciennes lace, low cut bodice fineshed with lace berthe; Miss Campbell, pale pink silk, pink roses in hair; Miss Standish, pale blue silk, white lace berthe; Miss Calders, pale pink silk; cream net, profusely trimmed with satin chee ribbon; Miss N. Dempsey, white cream lace on decolletage; Mrs R Hall, cream net, profusely trimmed with satin hebe ribbon; Miss N. Dempsey, white frilled muslin, pale blue silk empire belt and chou on bodice; Miss D. Skinner looked pretty in pale blue mousselind de soie fluished with bow s of satin ribbon; Miss Turner, pale primrose silk, with silk lace berthe, finished with scarlet roses; Miss C. Colson, soft white frilled muslin, pale blue gauged silk belt; Miss Brown, white muslin, pale pink belt and chou in hair; Miss D. Bedford, white mousseline de soie with scarlet satin empire belt and shoes; Miss E. Bayley, black net over glace; Miss E. Bayley, black net over glace; Miss E. Hoskin, black satin; Miss E. Hoskin, pale blue silk, white lace berthe; Miss E. Bayley, black net over glace; Miss A. Hoskin, black strin; Miss E. Hoskin, pale blue silk, white lace berthe; Miss T. Hoskin, soft white silk; Miss Govett, black glace, veiled in ruched black net; Miss V. Rennell, tucked white silk and lace frills; Miss E. Rennell, black net; Miss A. Crawford, pale pink; Miss R. Crawford, pale pink; Miss R. Crawford, white muslin, betthe of lace, scarlet empire belt; Miss Deacon, pale blue silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Buxton, white silk and lace frills, pale blue chou in hair; Miss Avery, pretty pale pink silk, full gauged skirt, decolletage finished with tiny frills of Valenciennes lace; Miss B. Webster, pale pink silk, inserted with cream lace berthe of lace; Miss V. Kirkby, white muslin, yellow sash; Miss M. Skinner, rich primrose satin, low cut bodice finished with chiffon frills; Miss Myra Kerr dainty white muslin, pale nink silk belt and how in hair. Miss skinder, reprintive Satin, low chas bodice finished with chiffon frills; Miss Myra Kerr dainty white muslin, pale pink silk belt and bows in hair; Miss E. Rundle, white muslin; Miss E. Russell, white muslin, pale blue belt; Miss M. Dowling, white relieved with pale blue, etc. Among the gentlemen were: Messys Humphries(3), Avery, Weir, Williams, Batharry, A. Mac-Diarmid, Cutfield, Bewley, Dixon, Armitage, Kirkby, Stanlish, Seldon, Sott, Higgins, Jennings, Mallet, Binnington, Simpson, Macey, George, (2), Day, Bayley, Medley, P. Cathro, Crawford, Phillips, Edwards, Hansen, Steede, Long, Fower, Taylor, Deacon, Preshaw, Holdsworth, Robertson, Crombie, Robison, Stead, Brown, Lux, Hobday, Blain, OLoughlin, Buckley, Halse, Harvey, Waters, Tribe, Skinner, etc.

#### 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 Condy'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 "Condy's Fluid." Substitutes are greatly inferior. Physicians Reports on bottle. Made by Condy & Mitchell, Condy's Fluid Works, London, Eng.

#### NAPIER.

The much pertpened

PANCY DRESS AND POSTER BALL in aid of the Veterane' Home was held

last week in the Drill Hall, Hastings. The building was hung with flags and floral decorations, and the floor was in splendid condition. The fancy contumes lent did candition. The neight candition was decided by ballot, the Empire being 1st, Oriental 2nd, Blackbirds 3rd. Amongst those present in fancy dress I noticed: Mrs. Reach, who looked very well as Lady Surrey; Mrs. Braithwaite, Queen of Hearts; Mrs. R. Rathbone, Pierette; Mrs. Lewis, 18th Century; Mrs. Barcroft, Powder and Patches; Mrs. E. Clarkson, Marie Antoinette; Mrs. Newbigen, Miss Livery, from Quality-street; Mrs. Hankins, French Dancer; Mrs. Bennett, Starlight; Mrs. C. L. Mackersey, Antumn 18th. S. H. Williams, Powder and Patches; Mrs. J. Brandon, Gainsborough Lady; Mrs. E. Basil Jones, Duchess of Devonshire; Mrs. A. Reid, Lady Ursala; Mrs. A. L. D. Fraser was splendid as Mani woman; Mrs. W. F. Stratton, Duchess of Devonshire; Mrs. Halse, Old English Waiting Maid; Mrs. Rotchford, Night; Lady Russell, Lady Castlewood; Mrs. J. D. A'Deane, Mary Queen of Scots; Mrs. J. Pattison, French Fishwife; Mrs. L. H. McHardy was much admired in Court costume; Mrs. Mischens; Miss Fitzroy, A Copy of Blair Loighton's Picture; Miss Barcroft, Turkish Lady; Miss Rutherford, Juliet; Miss Carkson, Queen of Hearts; Miss Margoliouth, Spanish Maid; Miss Couper, My Great Grandmother; Miss Douglas, Margoliouth, Spanish Maid; Miss Couper, My Ferder, Miss Smale, Folly; Miss Borothy Rainhow, Turkish Lady; Miss Bonglas, Magpie; Miss Smale, Folly; Miss Borothy Nurse; Miss Smale, Folly; Miss Borothy Nurse; Miss Smale, Folly; Miss Bontett, Miss Freenan, Carnival; Miss Mand of the Mill; Miss Jones de Name Person Newborders, Miss Mand of the Mill; Miss Douglas, Magpie; Miss Develos, Maid of the Mill; Miss Douglas, Magpie; Miss Smale, Folly; Miss Bontett, Miss Freenan, Carnival; Miss Mand of the Mill; Miss Douglas, Magpie; Miss Develos, Maid of the Mill; Miss Douglas, Magpie; Miss Develos Mande Williams Dresden Sheuberdess; Miss Maude Williams Dresden Sheuberdess; Miss Maude Williams Dresden Sheuberdess; Miss Maude Williams Dresden Sheuberdess; Miss Matton, a brilliant aspect to the scene. The result of the sets competition was decided Rainhow, Turkish Lady; Miss Beatson, Forget-me-not; Miss Ramsden, Military Nurse; Miss Peebles, Maid of the Mill; Miss Johnstone, Lilac Sun Bonnett; Miss Freeman, Carnival; Miss Maude Williams, Dresden Shepherdess; Miss Nation, Flyeytian; Miss MacLean, Japanese; Miss Toswill, Kate Greenawuy; Miss Mabel Miller, Poppy; Miss Newall (Wellington) looked charming as Dolly Varden; Miss Drummond, Powder and Patches; Miss Dorothy Waterhouse, The Lady of Shallott; Miss Corose, Normandy Peasant; Miss Hodgshin, New York "Herald"; Evelyn Gilbertson, Japanese; Miss Colman, Oranges and Lemons: Miss Russell looked well as Lady, What Ho; Miss Smith, Flower Girl; Miss Gilbertson, Sea Maiden; Miss Cary, Hospital Nurse; Sir William Russell, Veteran Uniform, 1856; Mr. Fitzroy, Moorish Dress; Mr. Couper, Windsor Dress; Mr. Daecon, Windsor Dress; Mr. Daecon, Windsor Dress; Mr. Deacon, Windsor Dress; Mr. Detteman; Mr. Clarkson, Windsor Uniform; Mr. D. Hill, Court Dress; Mr. Honderson, Second N.Z. Contingent; Mr. T. Wildler, Earl of Leiester; Mr. Maddison, Naval Captain; Mr. Mackie, Almiral Cerveria; Mr. Hooper, Ilunt Evening Dress; Mr. S. H. Johnstone, Unde Sam; Mr. Rainbow, Knight of the Bath; Mr. Basil Jones, Military Mess Bres; Major Gascoyne, Soldier of the Maori War; Mr. Algy Rainhow, Mindli, Mr. A. Turner, Clown; Mr Rotchford, Chinese Priest; Captain A. H. Russell, Military Uniform; Mr. H. Beatson, Wirzard; Mr. P. McKenzie, Huntsman; Mr. W. C. McLean, Sir Francia Drake; Mr. Frank Ormond, Little Boy Blue; Mr. F. Donnelly, Court, Dress; Mr. D. Shield, Sultan; Mr. B. Holdsworth, Arah; Mr. G. Williams, Knave of Hearts; Mr. P. Hay, Cricketer; Mr. T. Moll, Jookev. Arab; Mr G. Williams, Knave of Hearts; Mr P. Hay, Cricketer; Mr T. Todd. Jockey.

POSTERS.

Mrs Arthur Hyde, Old Judge Cigar-ettes; Miss Doherty, Honnor and Jac-



ger (tailors); Miss Lindsay, Rlythe and Co.; Miss M. Laurie, Aubsebrook and Co.; Miss Vickers, Brown and Ross Co.; Miss M. Laurie, Aubsebrook and Co.; Miss Vickers. Brows and Rosa (photographers); Miss Preebles, S. H. Knight's boot warehouse; Miss Nina Duns, Elite Band; Mrs Shields, Nelson Bros.' Tomoana; Mr S. M. Hobbs, Bank of New South Wales. Those who took part is the sets are: Empire—Mesdames F. H. Lowry, Carlyon, F. Nelson; Misses N. Wilson, Gaisford, Marjorie Russell, Foot and Wilder; Messra Lowry, Carlyon, Logan, Birch, Nelson, Wilson, Russell, Gaisford, Oriental—Misses Barroroft. Rainbow. Nation. Gilbertos, Braithwaite, McLean, Dalziel, Hoadly, Messra Circuit, Dalziel, Holdsworth, Edwards, D. Shields, Fitzroy, Drs. A. E. and P. T. Barcroft. Blackbirds—Mesdames Toswill, Smith, Elkington, Maschenzie, Campbell, Alec Williams; Misses Simcox and Campbell; Messra Smith, Pattison, Ludbrook, Tanner, Mackenzie, Campbell, Polson, Dr. Toswill. Red Heart—Mrs Gordon, Misses Smith, Macfarlane, Lily Macfarlane, Williams, Holdsworth, Chambers, R. Chambers, Messra, Williams, Gordon Williams, Douglas, Cook, Fitzroy, Macfarlane, Giblin, Jamieson. Geranium—Misses E. Smith, Burgess, Hay and farlane, Lily Mactarlane, Williams, Holdsworth, Chambers, R. Chambers, Messers. Williams, Gordon Williams, Douglas, Cook, Fitzroy, Macfarlane, Giblin, Jamieson. Geranium—Misses E. Smith, Burgess, Hay and Pratt; Messre Wellwood, Maddison, Smith, Harrishorn. French Maid—Misses Elsie Smith, Wellwood, Eva Wellwood, Ruby Wellwood; Messre Huntley, Miller, Synics, Raymond. The Ladies' Poster—Hyde and Co., by Mrs Hyde, 1st prize, Mrs Lindsay, 2nd; Miss Peebles, 3rd; Miss Vickers, 4th. The Lady's Fancy Dress wora by Miss Nacion got the 1st prize; Mrs Fraser, 2nd; Miss Russell, 3rd. Gentleman's Poster—Mr Hobbs, Bank of New South Wales, 1st; Mr Wilson, 2nd. Gentleman's Fancy Dress—Dr. H. Barcroft, Rajah, 1st prize; Mr Rotchford, Chinese Priest, 2nd; Dr P. Barcroft, Greek, 3rd.

MARJORIE

#### GISBORNE.

Dear Bee.

THE THIRD OF THE WINTER AS-SEMBLIES

was heki last Friday, and, as usual, was simply delightful. The bad weather kept very few away, and with the exception of a few country people who could not cross the rivers, the attendance was as large as usual. I noticed Mrs ;Willock wearing a handsome purple velvet gown with touches of violet and cream lace; Mrs Jex-Blake, ivory satiu, triumed with cream chiffon and forget me nots; Mrs Jex-Blake, tvory satm, trimmen with eream chiffon and forget me nots; Mrs Kennedy, oream brocarded satin dress, pink roses; Mrs Symes, pale pink crepe de chine, trimmed with tiny white daisies; Mrs Tombleson, crimson satin dress; Mrs W. D. Lysnar, black sequinded net over red satin; Mrs Mann, cream creme de chine over pink silk, bodice crepe de chine over pink silk, bodice trinmed with wide silk lace; Mrs J. Wil-liams, white chiffon taffetas, crean lace; Mrs Fraser, black merveilleux silk; Mrs liams, white chiffon taffetas, cream lace; Mrs Fraser, black merveilleux silk; Mrs Morgan, black crepe de chine, and white lace; Mrs C. Sherriff, heliotrope broaded satin; Mrs C. Thomas, palest pink merveilleux silk, dark red roses; Mrs J. Clark, black merveilleux silk, touches of cream chiffon; Mrs II. Maude, heliotrope silk, trimmed with cream silk lace; Mrs Pyke, black satin; Mrs Cussen, black satin; Mrs Grey, black merveilleux, silk, cream lace; Mrs Collins, white chiffon dress, over white silk, corsage out-lined with black velvet; Mrs Stephenson Smith, black satin; Mrs Hine, black net over satin; Mrs Hings on black silk; Mrs A. Seymour, pale blue silk muslin; Mrs Kemp, white corded silk; Miss Tucker, crimson silk, touches of cream; Miss Nolan, pink silk; Miss Wallis, pale blue silk; eream lace and black velvet; Miss C. Lark, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Miss R. Reynolds, pale blue horeaded satin; Miss G. Monekton, white net over satin, panel on skirt of gold embroiderate och forwers. Miss Monekton statis; Miss G. Monckton, white net over satin, panel on skirt of gold embroidered net, gold flowers; Miss Monckton, black muslin over pale blue glace; Miss Bright, pink satin, itounces of cream accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss D. Bright, soft white silk; Miss Murray, white chiffon taefftas; Miss Williamson, soft white silk; Miss Williamson, soft white silk fulls of lace, wide pink ceinture; Miss Davies, white chiffon taffetas; Miss M. Agnew-Browne, white satin pink roses; Miss H. Agnew-Browne, soft white silk gauged and tucked; Miss Bushy, pale green satin; Miss Willis, black silk; Miss H. Sherratt, pale green chiffon taffetas, trimmed with dark green velvet bowe and lace; Miss A

### "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

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light and share. Every yard of the "Louis" Velveteen, and the "Louis" Chiffon Vef Duvet, is sumped with the mame spelled L.-Q-U-i-S and gearantee of wear, and Ladice phoneis inaking one sering this and thus avoid the substitution of inferior imitations.

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tation from heat, riding, or weakness.

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complexion that needs no powder.

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Rherratt, pale blue spangled net over blue silk; Miss Christophers, soft white silk and lace; Miss C. Foster, blue nilk, white lace; Miss Poster (Wellington), blue crepe de chine; Miss Black, white muslin prettily inserted and trimmed with lace; Miss L. Black, pale blue silk voile; Miss N. Loisel, yeldow silk, frills edged withruched ribbon; Miss C. Boylan, pate blue silk, pink Miss C. Hoylan, pate blue silk, pink roses; Miss N. Seymour, straw-coloured chiffon taffelas, crimson flowers; Miss chiffon taffelas, crimson nowers; miss M. Bradley, white sequined net frock; Miss B. Hradley, cream embroidered net over satin: Miss Schumacher, white silk; Miss Pitta, soft white book muslin, white satin belt; Miss Jeffries, blue silk; Miss Anti, soit wine does mushi, which satis belt; Miss Jeffries, blue silk; Miss M. Woodbine-Johnson, pale pink monseline de soie, small pink rosebuds; Miss H. Woodbine Johnson, cream merveillenx silk, crinson roses; Miss M. Cussen, sea green silk; Miss Mabel Burke (Nase green silk; Miss Mabel Burke (Nase green) sea green silk; Miss Mabel Burke (Napier), pale blue merveilleux silk; Miss G. Pyke, pale green crepe de chine, wide hem of dark green velvet on skirt, and decolletinge outlined with dark green velvet: Miss Grey, cream satin trimmed with chiffon, brouze flowers; Miss W. Adair, soft cream silk and violets; Miss M. Duntop, white slirred satin and lace; Miss Tutlock, white crepe de chine; Miss Parsons, pale green chiffon taffetas; Miss Kebble, black chiffon taffetas; Miss M. Gillinghum, red silk. Gillingham, red silk.

Last Saturday a very pleasant day was

#### ON THE GOLF LINKS.

match Mr T. Carroll won the men's Mr T. Carroll won the men's match (this year's players only). Others play-ing were Mrs King, Mrs Morgan, Mrs O'Meara, Miss eSweet, Miss Murray, Miss Tucker, Miss Mainsty, Miss De La-tour, Mrs Morgan, and Mrs Mann pro-vided delicious afternoon tea.

ELSA.

July 27.

#### PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee,

Things socially have been very quiet here lately. Mostesses are afraid to attempt anything in the way of entertainment, the weather has been so impos-

#### GOLF.

GOLF.

Golf enthusiasts seem to be the only people undaunted by the elements. On Saturday last a match was played on the Hokowhitu links between a team from the Wellington Club and a local team. The visiting team was not strong, and suffered defeat by seven games to five. The following represented Wellington: Messrs, Abbott, Mc-Ewan, Webster, Handyside, Mylne-Ross, Higginson, Clark, Weston, Baleson, and Turrell. Palmerston: Messrs. Pryde, J. Strang, Freeth, A. Barraud, Harden, Cooper, Moore, W. Strang, Jones, H. Abraham, and Dr. Wilson. On Tuesday a ladies' atroke handicap competition was played for trophics presented by Mrs. Jamieson. The weather was beautifully fine, and a large number competed. Miss Slack, Mrs. Mellsop, Miss Porter. Miss McLennan, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Musro, Mrs. Seifert, Mrs. Jamieson, and Miss Abraham represented the seniors. The juniors were: Miss Hankins, Miss F. Weldegrave, Miss M. Abraham, Mrs. Welberson, Miss Hankins, Miss F. Weldegrave, Miss Mandyside, Mrs. H. Waldegrave, Miss Hankins, Miss F. Weldegrave, Miss Hankins, In the senior division Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Mellsop tied for first place, and Mrs. Preeth and Mrs. Seifert for second. The junior competition was won by Miss E. McLennan, Miss Hankins Mrs. McHerson, Miss Handyside, Mrs. H. Waldegrave, and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Mellsop tied for first place, and Mrs. Freeth and Mrs. Seifert for second. The junior competition was won by Miss E. McLennan, Miss F. Waldegrave being second. Entries are being invited for a competition for a bandsone silver cup presented to the Manawatu Golf Club by Messrs, Rarraud and Alvalam. It will be played for on the American tournament system.

#### A MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Miss Chivs Hickson and Mr. H. Hankins, which took place at Foxton last Thursday, was of much interest to Palenceston, the bridgeroom being the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hankins, who have been well known residents of this town for a great many years. Several relatives went to Foxton to be present at the cerescont.

which was very quiet, only relations of bride and bridegroom being present. Those going from Palmerston were: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hankins (parents of brid-groom). Miss N. Hankins (aister), Messrs. W. and K. Hankins (brothers), Messes, W. and R. Hankins (protners), Mrs. F. S. McRae (sister of bridegroom), Mrs. W. Fitzherbert, New Plymouth (sister of bridegroom), Mr. F. S. McRae and Misa Bonnie McRae, and Miss Nicholl (cousin of bridegroom). The flood of some days before had washed neon of some days here nan washed away a considerable portion of the roil-way, so the journey to Foxton was made by motor; the roads fortunstely were good. At the conclusion of the eremony the bride and bridegroom left by motor for Palmerston.

#### THE OLYMPIA SKATING RINK '

closes at the end of this week for the season. Large numbers of skaters are taking advantage of the few remaining days. Mrs. Pickett the Misses Wylde, days. Mrs. Pickett the Missea Wylde, Mrs. McKnight, Miss Fitzherbert, Miss Porter, Miss Campbell, Miss Dorothy Wakingrave, the Missea Reed, Miss Hill, the Misses Collins, Miss Armstrong, the Missea O'Brien, and many others have been present this week. Mr. Tydeman's trophy for the most graceful skater of the season was won by Miss Eva Walk-ley. lev.

Mrs. J. R. Tripe entertained a few friends at bridge on Friday evening last. Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Naune-stad, Miss Nannestad, Miss Maeller. Mr. Armstrong, and Mr. Reed were those playing.

#### THE THIRD OF THE CINDERELLA DANCES

took place in the Foresters' Hall on Thursday. The attendance was not so took place in the Foresters Hall on Thursday. The attendance was not so large as usual but those present spent a very jolly time. The chaperones included Mrs. Gibbons, wearing a black net toilette over black satin, frills edged with satin ribbon, cluster of pink flowers; Mrs. Freeth, black evening dress, crimson flowers on corsage; Mrs. Rennell, cream silk and chiffon; Mrs. Hitchings, white net with black spot over white satin, black sequin insertion trimming bodice; Mrs. Milhton, black silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Lord, white brocade, panel of lace on skirt, lace threaded with narrow red velvet ritbon trimming bodice; Miss F. Waldegrave, cream and pink floral muslin, skirt, and bodice trimmed with tiny frills; Miss Porter, white muslin frills edged with narrow ruchings of ribbon; Miss Bell, cream silk and lace; Miss Currie, pink, with cream ruchings of ribbon; Miss Bell, cream silk and lace; Miss Currie, pink, with cream lace berthe; Miss Hayward, pale blue silk, white lace berthe, with pale blue chiffon rosettes; Mr. and Mrs. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, Dr. and Mrs. Greig, Misses Fitzherbert, McVay (Napier), Reed, Messrs. Rennell, Eliot. Waldegrave, Reed, McLean, Spencer. Vaughan, Hogg. Barraud, Fulton, Collins, Dr. Pope, etc.

#### AFTERNOON TEAS.

Mrs. McKnight: Queen-street, had a few friends for afternoon tea or Friday afternoon. The hostess was wearing a very becoming blouse of black glace silk with frills of black embroidered accorwith trills of black embroidered accor-dion-pleated chiffon, yoke composed of frills of narrow white Valenciennes lace, black voile skirt, with wide inser-tions of black lace; Mrs. Barnicoat, navy blue costume, coat made with bas-que, navy hat with blue and white

wings; Mrs. Millton navy blue cost, asble fur, black toque with black sigrette; Mrs. Connell, dark grey flecked tweed Eton cost, and skirt, white revers and cuffs, braided in grey, black chiffon toque with black and white wings; Mrs. Randolph, navy blue cost and skirt, white cloth collar, black and white toque with black tips; Mrs. Ellot, grey check costume, male with very long cost, cream: silk and lace insertion blouse, grey and pale blue chenille hat with wings of same shades; Mrs. Gould, dark blue, cost made with basque, scarlet straw hat with quill; Mrs Hitchings, dark grey cost and skirt, black velvet cellar, navy hat with blue and green trimming; Mrs. Freeth, light grey cost and skirt, navy and cream hat; Mrs. K. Reed, Brond-street, is giving an afternoon tea to-day.

ing an afternoon tea to-day.
On Wednesday next there is to be large children's fancy dress ball in the ra House

On Friday next, August 3rd, the county ball takes place in the Municipal Room in the Opera House.
On Tuesday, August 7th, the second orchestral concert of the season is to be

VIOLET.

#### WANGANUI.

July 27. Dear Bec.

Last Wednesday "

A "ONE CLUB" GOLF MATCH

was played on the Ralgownie links for prizes presented by Mesdames Cleghorn and John Anderson. The senior, a silver fruit knife, was won by Miss Knapp, Miss Cave second; the junior, a silvermounted golf score book, was won by Miss Empson, Miss Christie second, Afternoon ten was given by the Misses Young, and Dynagel. Amongst those Afternoon ten was given by the Misses Young and Dynock. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Innes, Sarjeant, Stewart, Cleghorn, Izard, G. Marshall, Izett, Fairburn, Christie, Cave, Watt, Lomax, Misses Christie, Cave, Jackson, Empson, Brabant, Cameron, Auckland), Anderson, Cowper (2), Stanford (2), O. Williams, Stevenson, Liffiton, Hawken, Marshall (Rangitikei), Taylor, Lewis (Auckland), Mrs. Bridgewater, and Miss M. Browne.

#### HUNTING.

The Egmont-Wanganui Hunt Club held their meet at Bushp Park last Sat-urday. There was a very large attend-ance; sports coming from along the coast between Patea and Fordell. Almost 200 must have assembled, and the delicious lunci provided by Mr. F. Moore, with Miss Connolly as hostess. Moore, with Miss Connolly as hostess, was much appreciated. A drag was laid over a splendid course of about three and a-half miles, after which afternoon tea was dispensed by Miss Connolly, assisted by Mrs. Cutfield. Amongst those following, were: Messrs, Frank Moore, Jas. Higgie, O. Symes, Noake, Elaiv, E. Symes, Giesen, D. Blair, McKae, W. Jones (Patea), O'theilly, Gordon, Wilson, Gilson, Jones, Boyd, L. Wilson, Parsons, Norton, Dr. Graham, Riding were: Mrs. Booth, Miss Wordsworth, Miss, and Miss Campbell, Miss Crespin, Messrs. Wilson, Cutfield, W. Patterson, H. Jackson, Driving were; Mesdames (Dr.) Anderson, Cutfield, Mrs. and Miss Mar-

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and Palpitation of the Heart,

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shall, Mrs. McGregor, Misses Harrison, Baher, Mesera H. Wilson, J. H. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Higgie, Mrs. Brewer, Mr. and the Misses Higgie, Mr. and, Mrs. Harle, Messrs. Cholmeley, R. Grace, Wray, C. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar (Napier), Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Blair, Mesdames Gordon, Swan, Clay, and Giesen, and many others.

On Friday evening Mrs. J. C. Greenwood gave

#### A MOST DELIGHTFUL FANCY DRESS CHILDREN'S DANCE

in the Assembly Rooms. There present about eighty children, ran from wee mites of three and four There were maidens in their teens, with a small sprinkling of grown-ups, who danced with and helped to amuse the children in their games. Mrs. Greenwood re-ceived her guests in a handsome black silk gown, with fine champagne net and ceived her guests in a manasime of accasilik gown, with fine champagne net and lare. V-Shaped yoke reaching to the waist, and lärge tangerine satin bow on the corsage; Miss Asheroft went as powder and patches; Miss Anderson, Donnino; Miss Wright (Christchurch), good luck; Miss O'Brien, Grecian costume; Miss Brabant, old woman; Miss Blundell, one of the Marys; Miss Stanford, lady of the 18th century; Miss Istevenson, powder and patches; Miss Best, powder and patches; Miss Best, powder and gown; Mr. Hardwicke, Lady Teazle; Mr. Lomas, Highlander; Miss M. Greenwood, Master Leslie Greenwood, Baby Greenwood, a. Japanese lady; Miss G. Dodgslun; Alice in Wonderland, Mr. R. Stevenson the white rabbit; Miss R. Fairburn, the white rabbit; Miss R. Fairburn, Ahec in Wonderland, Mr. R. Stevenson, the white rabbit; Miss R. Fairburn, Mother Hubbard; Miss D. Humphrys, a lady in the time of Nelson; Miss D. Marshall, a lady in the reign of King George III; Miss P. Cutfield, a judge; Master E. Brown, French cook; Master Master E. Brown, French cook; Master B. Kitchen, a cricketer; Miss Millward, a nurse; Master Foreman, a raval offia murse; Master Foreman, a raval officer; Miss Harvey, Christmas; Miss R. Jones, a Maori; Miss Jones, powder and patches; Miss L. Williams, Mother Hubbarl; Miss I. Humphrys, a French peasant; Miss II. Humphrys, a French peasant; Miss II. Biss, a gipsy queen; Master Meldrum, a sailor; Miss Jessic Allison. Kate Greenaway; Miss Elsic Reid a Japanese lady; Miss D. McLean, buttercups and daissies; Miss V. Biss, flower girl; Miss Florence Clissold, a murse; Miss A. Jones, Vivandiere; Miss M. Jones, a daisy; Master Drewe, a Maori; Master Forlong, a soldier; Miss P. Forlong, a peasant; Miss C. Hogg, a flower girl; Master Hogg, a Turk; Master Boron, a cook; Miss D. Brettaych; a gipsy; Master Gordon. a flower girl; Master Hogg. a Turk; Master Barnard Brown, a cook; Miss D. Brettargh; a gipsy; Master Gordon, a Turk; Master Porritt, a brown and golden butterfly: Miss Duigan, a crimson poppey; Mr. Basil Asheroft, the Farl of Leicester.

#### BRIDGE PARTIES.

Last Tuesday evening Mrs Dodgshun gave a small bridge party in honour of Mr Marchant. The ladies' prize was won by Miss Linda Brown and the men's fell to Mr Wilson. Autongst those present were—Mrs Dodgshun, Misses Newton King (New Plymouth), L. Barnard-Brown, Gresson, Anderson, Stanford, Messis Dodgshun, Stevenson, Jones, B. Smith. Drs. Wilson and Marchant. The Misses McKeil Raye's most enjoy-

The Misses McNeill gave a most enjoy-able bridge party at ttheir residence in Plymouth-stret last Thursday evening.

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There were eight tables, the ladies' prize, There were eight tables, the ladies' prize, a beautiful silver photo frame, was won by Miss. Newton King, of New Plymouth, and the men's fell to Mr Tuke. Bridge was played till eleven o'clock, and after supper a little dance terminated a most delightful evening. The supper table was artistically decorated with pale blue shaded iris with traits of measure reliated with time white supper table was artistically decorated with pale blue shaded iris with traits of greenery, relieved with tiny white flowers; Miss McNeill wore a becoming black velvet gown with berthe of beautiful Irish lace; Miss C. McNeill, soft white silk frock with fichu of silk and lace. Max McNeill black ill. watte sirk frock with nedu of sirk and lace; Mrs A. McNeill, black sitk evening gown relieved with cream lace; Mrs Pattle-Izett, black satin costume, with lace on coreage and a spray of crimson roses and foliage; Mrs Sarjeant wore a roses and foliage; Mrs Sarjeant wore a pretty velvet gown with deep cream lace on corsage; Mrs Wall, white satin frock relieved with cream net and lace, she also wore a bridge jucket fo old rose satin; Miss Linda Brown, beautiful frock of pale green silk taffeta, the corsage had a berthe of silver sequins and net; Miss Newton-King (New Plymouth), man a pertue of sinter sequina an act; Miss Newton-King (New Plymouth), white muslin gown with lace and inser-tion and a spray of pale pink roses and foliage on her corsage; Miss Gresson, be-coming white gauged silk banded with have some insertion and lace. Miss M. champagne insertion and lace: Miss H. champagne insertion and lace; Miss H. Anderson, black sun-ray pleated chiffon, with square yoke of black silk insertion; Miss E. Anderson, white muslin nade with frills and edged with white satin ribbon, fiehu of white chiffon, handed with white satin; Miss Jones, white silk gown, the frills on the corsage outlined, with smued temperine ribbon. white silk gown, the frills on the corsage outlined with gauged tangerine ribbon, her sister wore a pale blue silk evening frock; Miss Cowper, white silk frock with a high swathed belt of pale blue silk; Miss Stanford, old rese voile gown, the corsage was relieved with a berthe the corsage was relieved with a berthe of cream lace; Miss O. Stanford, black silk frock covered with black net and the corsage trimmed with embroidered chiffon. There were also present—Messrs Chamberlain. Holderness, E. Jones. Stevenson, Hardwicke, Lomas, Money, Hair. Dodgshun, Tuke, Collins, Medhurst, Dr. Wall and others.

#### The representative football match TARANAKI V. WANGANUI,

on Thesday afternoon. The game resulted in a decided victory for Taranaki, 19 points to Wanganui's R. Amongst the onlookers were—Mrs Ashcroft, Miss D. Christie, Dr. and Mrs Wall, Miss Barnicot, Miss Phillips (Canterbury), Mr and Mrs Campbell, Mr Dalgety, Mr and Mrs Lundius, Mr ano Mrs Good (Hawera), Messrs Innes, Green, Silk, Harold, J. Stevenson, Allison, C. Johnston.

HUIA.

#### WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

July 28.

#### STAR BOATING CLUB BALL

There was another ball the other night in the Town Hall, this time the promot-ers being the members of the Star Boat-ing Club. The concert hall looked very pretty with its festoens of lycopodium suspended from the ceiling. Round the walls were trophies of sculls, rowlocks,

and other nautical gear connected with atreamers of white and pale blue (the Chub's colours), and garhands—of lycopodium. The corridors were surfained off and carpeted, and used for sitting out and supper rooms. The official set was danced as follows: His Kacellency the Governor and Mrs. Brandon, her Excellence and Pale and Mrs. Brandon of the Rich and Pale and Mrs. Brandon and Pale and Mrs. Brandon and Brando the Governor and Mrs. Brandon, her Ex-cellency Lady Plunket and Mr. Biss, Dr. Fell and Mrs. Menzien, Mr. A. Cooper and Mrs. Hislop, Captsin Braithwaite and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. Menzies and Mrs. Bendall, Mr. Duncan and Mrs. Widdop, Lady Plunket wore white glace, entirely veiled in black lace and chiffon, the de-colletage softened with folds of tulle, in which snakked her diamonds: the Hon which sparkled her diamonds; the Hon, Kathleen Plunket wore n handsome dress of white mousseline de soie, the bodice having a bolero richly embroidered in gold and crystal; Mrs. Menzies wore black velvet and Brussels lace; Mrs. Duncan, black chiffon satin, and folds of tulle; Mrs. A. Duncan, Pompadour silk, with design of rozes; Mrs. Histop, black satin, pailette; Mrs. Braudon, ivory brocade, with berthe of lace; Miss Brandon, pale blue glace; Miss L. Brandon, ivory satin; Mrs. Widdop, white crepe de chine; Mrs. Bendall, black poplin, and Honiton lace; Miss Bendall, white mousseline de soie, with tiny rozettes of pale luc: Mrs. L. Wilson, black jetted satin; Mrs. L. Wilson, black jetted satin; Miss. Wilson, pale blue glace; Mrs. Macwhich sparkled her diamonds; the Hon. Miss Wilson, pale blue glace: Mrs. Mac-Beth, white satin and lace; Miss Hislop-pale green taffetas, with quillings of lace; Miss Thorne-tieorge, white glace, with knots of black velvet; Miss Har-court, cream satin and lace; Miss Bur-nett, Plack taffetas, with sequin bolero; Miss Higginson, sea blue crystalline and Miss Ingginson, sea blue crystation and lace; Miss Abraham (Palmerston), pale blue glace; Miss Borlace, pink taffetas; Miss Eliott, white glace; Miss Tregear, white mousseline de soie, and wreath of roses; Miss Shand, ivory taffetas and deep satin belt; sone. And wreath of Town Shand, wory taffetas and deep satin belt; Miss M. Jones (debutante), very pretty dress of white glace with lace frilis Miss Brindley, white chiffon and glace; Miss Buckley, pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Cattleld, amber taffetas and lace berthe; Miss Ewen, white glace; Miss C. Ewen, manue crepe de chine; Miss Rawson, white mousseline de soie; Miss Nation, white cripe de chine and lace; Miss Stanrt, white crope de chine; Miss McKellar, white crepe de chine; Miss McKellar, white crepe de chine; Miss McKellar, white glace; Miss Lakin, white taffetas; Miss Somerville, pink and white pompadour silk; Miss Teed, white glace; Miss Lawen, and white glace; Miss Lawent, sea-green taffetas.

#### A VERY PLEASANT LITTLE DANCE

was held last Thursday in the Goringwas neid hast Indirectly in the worlds street Hall. Among the guests were Miss Burnett, wearing black brocade; Miss Burnett, white taffetns; Miss Harcourt, Burnett, white taffetns; Miss Harcourt, white satin and Valenciennes here; Miss Otterson, green crepe de chine; Miss Webb, white taffetns; Miss Fitzgerald, black velvet and rose coloured sash; Miss Butts, black satin and berthe of lace; Miss Michie, pale pink silk; Miss Ewen, red crepe de chine; Miss Hacon, chiffon taffetns and lace.

#### AN ENOYABLE LITTLE BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs T. Young, who wore a smart gown of pastel cloth and lace. The guests included Mrs A. Young, Miss Hollurst, Miss Harcourt, Miss Simpson, and seventhelic the support of the support

wild small but delightful tea

was given one day this week by Mew O'Connor. The quantities of exquisite narcissue, freesias, and daffodils, and violets called forth exclamations of delight from everyone present, but it was sad to learn that they were not grown in Wellington, but in the Wairarapa district. The rooms were bright and cosy with glowing wood fires, which added to the comfort of the guests. Mrs O'Connor looked very well in a handsome gown of taffetas with yoke and ruffles of ceru lace and net. The Misses O'Connor wors pretty dresses of crepe de chine and lace. The guests included Mrs Moorphuse, Mrs Hunter, Mrs Tollurist, Mrs Barron, Mrs 'Bethune, Mrs Loughnan, Misses Contes, Barron, Turner, and Scully: Scolly:

A very cheery

#### AT HOME

on Thursday given was given on Imirsony by MTB Duncan. The room were fragrant with freesias and flowering lucerne, and gay with howds of yellow disffeddis and erosins. MTS Duncan received her guests wearing a smart dress of black erepe de chine, with applications of the and cubicidery west. plications of face and embroidery, vest of ficelle face and ruffles of the same; of heric lace and ruffles of the same; Miss Dimean was in a lovely gown of ivory souple cloth, enriched with open-work embroidery on the skirt panela and on the bolero, vest of delicate lace and net; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket wor a navy tailor-made with revers of manye cloth, small toque of manye, with wings of the same same, many and white brocade and black toque; Mrs Wallis, cardinal jed cloth and sable fors and dark red toque; Mrs Rhodes, black poplin and lace ruffles; Mrs. I. Dunean, reseda taffetns, with narrow quillings of silk; Mrs. A. Dunean, manve voile, with ruchings and serolls of silk, relieved with leaf green smart black and white hat; Mrs. K. Dunean, pate grey colienne, the crossover budice disclosing a vest of eeru lace. Mrs. C. J. Johnston, black lace over white glace, black toque with tips; Miss Johnston, wings of the same shade; Lady Slout, grey and white brocade and black toque; Johnston, black lace over white glace, black toque with tips; Misa Johnston, olive green taffetas, the bolero bordered with ruchings of pale blue and opening over a lace vest, black hat with tips; Mrs. Neuman (Rangitikei), dark blue louisine, with even lace motifs edged with quillings, dafk blue hat; Miss Neuman, grey voile with lace vest and white man, grey voile with lace vest and white picture hat: Mrs. G. Johnston, ciel blus cloth vest, white revers and embroidered waisteout, black picture hat and white furs; Mrs. D. Nathan, black chiffon glace encrusted with lace, ermine toque and furs; Mrs. O'Unmor, grey tweed tailormade, white ostrich hoa and pink toque; Mrs. Leckie, black crepe de chine, with lace vest; Mrs. H. Crawford, while cloth tailor-made and red but: Mrs. Hislop, black tailor-made. Mrs. Shand, brown black tailor-made. black tailor-made: Mrs Shand, brown cloth, with dark-red hat: Mrs Buchanan, grey voile, white ostrich bas and floral toque: Miss Izard, pule grey soft-came, black hat with tulle and high signette: Mrs G. E. Campbell, plum coloured cloth with pale blue revers and smart hat: Mrs Barton, black creje de chine: Miss Coates, dark green cloth, the bulero edged with ruchings of glace, floral loque: Miss Medley, pale blue voile and toque of forget me nots; Miss Henry, dark blue canvas and red hat;



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E 8 E

Mrs Laranch, black crepe de chine and lace; Mrs Warren, duli red cloth and black toque; Mrs Marchbanks, pale bine cloth and blue hat; Mrs Fitchett, dull purple cloth and bat with violets; dull purple cloth and hat with violets; Mrs Palmer Campbell, dark red cloth, with white vest, red hat with tips; Mrs Hadfield, white cloth and black teque; Mrs Abbot, black crepe de chine, with insertions of black Chantilly lace; Mrs P. Hunter (Porangahau), dark brown taffetas and black hat; Miss Skerrett, tussore silk embroidered in dark brown, brown glace frills and ruffles; Miss N. Skerrett, blue cloth dress and pale blue lat; Miss Harding, brown cloth, with white revers embroidered with red; Mrs Barton, black creps de chine; Miss U. Williams, brown voile and hat wreathed with shaded red roses.

#### ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BALL

was that given by the Wellington College Old Boys' Association, which was held in the Sydney-street Schoolroom. The golden yellow of daffolils and gorse was predominant everywhere, judiciously intermixed with a soupeon of black in order to carry out the College colours. The arrangements were excellent, and the committee has to be congratulated on the result. Mrs Mee wore black creps de chine, with sichu of Brussels lace; Mrs Wills, jetted satin and lace; Misa Richardson, ivory satin, veiled in Maureague lace; Miss Young, sky blue taffetas and lace; Miss Solumon, white satin and chiffon; Miss Mee, ivory lace over satin of the same shade. Iv intermixed with a soupcon of black ivory lace over satin of the same shade.

OPHELIA,

#### CHRISTCHURCH.

July 25,

We have had a week of rain truly depressing weather with very little going on socially to enliven matters. Even golf came to a standstill, and Christchurch lacks any rendezvous or place of amusement for wet weather, where one could meet their friends.

#### On Friday Mrs. George Gould gave

#### A MUSICAL AFTERNOON

at her residence, "Avonbank," Fendalton, in honour of her guest, Mrs. Duncan, Cameron, of Methren. Mrs. Gould was beautifully gowned in white silk canvas and glace, richly trimmed with lace, she also wore a white cetrich feather stole; Mrs. Duncan Cameron, dress of soft, pale pink cloth, with cream lace yoke and trimming. During the afternoon some most enjoyable muthe afternoon some most enjoyable mu-sic was given. Several songs were sung by Mrs. Gower-Burns and Miss Kettle, Mrs. Beswick and Miss Tweedie gave pianoforte selections, and Miss Lucy Cook played the violin. Mrs. Gower-Burns wore a green cloth costume, brown hat, and sable furs; Mrs. Kettle, brown hat and sable furs; Mrs. Kettle, a green coat and skirt, smart green toque with shaded red berries; Mrs. Beswick, a becoming gown of navy blue cloth, faced with Oriental embroidery, hat of dark blue straw with white wings; Miss Lucy Cook, costume of navy blue cloth, white fox furs; Mrs. Julius, dark brown cloth coat and skirt, bennet of sable fur; Lady Clifford, dark errey costume, fur toque: Mrs. skirt, bennet of sable fur; Lady Chi-ford, dark grey costume, fur toque; Mrs Reeves, black silk costume, black bon-net; Miss Reeves, navy blue serge dress, red hat; Miss Nelle Reeves, turquoise blue frieze costume white hat with wings; Mrs. Boyle wore navy blue cloth, braided with black, toque of navy blue tulle; Miss Royle, frock of vioict cloth, with cream late yest belightens stray with crean lace vest, heliotrops straw toque; Mrs. Geo. G. Stead, a smart cos-tume of navy blue cloth, faced with white satin, dark blue straw toque, with pale blue tralle strings; Miss Stead, navy blue coat and skirt, sable toque; Mrs. Henry Cotterill, white cloth cos-tume, toque of Neapolitan violets; Miss Moreland, costume of dark green cloth, green and white hat; Mrs. Nancarrow, green and white hat; Mrs. Nancarrow, dark blue costume, grebe feather toque; the Misses Burns, white serge frocks, with toques and atoles of white fur; Mrs. Wardrop, green cloth coat and skirt, hat to match, and squirrel furs, Mrs. Ogle, costume of heliotrope frieze, Tuscan straw hat with touches of blue;

Mrs F. Rebinson, black coat and skirt, black and white toque; Mrs P. Campbell, black tailor-nade costume, violet toque; Mrs Denniston, blue cloth gown, sable toque; Miss Beaniston, red frieze sable toque; Miss Beaniston, red frieze costume, hat of tuscan straw; Miss Rathgate (Dunedin), dark green cloth faced with white, green and white hat; Mrs George Happer, black gown, black and white teque; Mrs A. Murray-Aynshey, dark heliotrope gown, floral toque of shaded pansies, white furs; Mrs Pitman, gown of violet cloth, toque of the same shade trimmed with pale pink roses; Miss Pitman, heliotrope frieze costume, heliotrope and white hat; Mrs M. tume, heliotrope and white hat; Mrs M. Campbell, coat and skirt of grey tweed, black hat with violets; Miss Campbell, black hat with violets; Miss Campbell, grey tweed costume and pretty grey hat; Mrs A. Roberts, black cloth gown with velvet motifs, smart hat of tuscan straw and pink silk; Mrs E. Palmer, tailor-made co-tume of dark green cloth faced with velvet, green hat; Mrs Moore, blue cloth skirt, blue velvet coat, blue and white hat; Miss Hill, grey coat and blue cloth skirt, blue refret coat, blue and white hat; Miss Hill, grey coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs John Deans, black cloth costume, black toque, and handsome furs; Miss Deans, grey tweed coat and skirt, tricorn hat of white felt; Mrs J. D. Hall, brown costume and purple hat; Mrs Deals, coat and skirt of black cloth, black and white toque; Mrs G. Harris, navy blue coat. and skirt of black cloth, black and white toque; Mrs G. Harris, navy blue coatume, hat to match; Mrs Symes, grey coat and skirt, blue toque; Miss Symes, brown costume and brown hat; Mrs C. Dalgety, costume of red cloth, toque to match, and sable furs; Mrs Arthur Reeves, white croth costume and hat; Miss Congreve, costume of brown tweed, Mrs Arthur white felt hat; Mrs H. Knight, black and white check costume, black hat; Mrs L. Lane, black cloth costume, black toque, white feather stole; Mrs Vernon, black and white coat and skirt, black toque. Others present were Mrs and Miss Mailing, Mrs and Miss Gossett, Mrs and Miss Overton, Mrs and Miss Prins, Mrs F. Cowlishaw, Mrs R. J. Scott, Mrs Gee, Mrs and Miss Inman, Mrs and Miss Cox, Mrs G. Hanmer, Mrs Corey Thomas, and Miss Turnbull. Mrs Gould's rooms, which have been renovated and enlarged, white felt hat; Mrs H. Knight, black which have been renovated and enlarged, which have oven renorated and enlarged, were greatly admired, especially the drawing-room, with its white walls and deep frieze of roses and large recessed mantel-piece, on each shelf of which were

placed magnificent pot plants, ferms, and palms, the whole effect being extremely artistic Delicious ten and dainties were served in the dining-room, where the table was decerated with large chryma-themums of the same tone as the wall.

#### A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Tuesday by Miss Muriel Anderson, Armagh-street, the players being Dr. and Mrs Goulburn Gibaon, Miss Denniston, Mr Harper, Miss De-venish Mears, Mr Monteith, Miss Camp-bell; Dr. J. Guthrie, Miss Cook and Mr Nancarrow.

To-day a team of golfers left for Timaru, six ladies and six men, to com-Timmru, six ladies and six men, to compete for the Orbell Cup. The return match between the ladies' clubs will also be played. The Christchurch team consists of Mrs Pyne (ladies' captain), Mrs Michael Campbell, Miss Nora Campbell, Miss Stead, Miss Syntes, Miss Wisson; Messrs W. Harman (men's captain), J. Wood, A. M. Borthwick, K. Olliver, I. Rounington and R. Buthar. Olliver, L. Bonnington, and R. Ruther-

#### COMING EVENTS.

The annual regimental ball of the Canterbury Mounted Brigade will be held in Christchurch during Grand National week.

The College Rifles will hold their annual dance in the Art Gallery early next month.

DOLLY VALE.

The shepherd rosming o'er the plain, The stockman on his lonely run. The transfer with his builock wain, The sportagan out with rod or gun. The digger on gold-bearing reef.— While firm to duty's call they stand—For coughs and colds they find relief With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure at hand.

OT PUNCH is made from the Pure Ex-tract of Chillies, the Receipt of which was obtained from one of the Maharajahs of India. There are many im-itations, but none so pure as O.T. Try it.

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AUCKLAND.

#### Crystal Palace Cat Show.

BY FRANCIS SIMPSON.

(Author of "The Book of the Cat.")

At the National Cat Club show at the Crystal Palace the total number of entries was 770. This was 80 in advance of the previous year, and the quality of the exhibits was certainly above the average. Amongst the most successful exhibitors may be mentioned Lady Decies, Lady Alexander, the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison. Mrs. Slingsby, Mrs. Collingwood, Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Norris, Miss Clifton. Mrs. Curwen. and Miss Whitney. The blue classes were, as usual, the largest. ney. Inc. the largest.

There were some lovely blue kittens exhibited, and quite a sensational specimen was to be found in Mrs. Curwen's Moufflon Grey, who took first in the

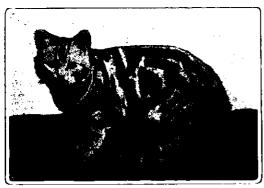
male class. This superb kitten might well have claimed the highest honours for best in the show. There was a good muster of Siamese, and quite a number of Manx exhibits. Lady Alexander's beautiful short-haired blues were the best specimens that have been penned for many a year. It was a treat to see such really good orange eyes in the variety. In neuter long-haired cats there were some surprises, as Mrs. Bourchier's auorange were not on this occasion to the perb silver and Mrs. Hastings Lee's noted fore. The ring classes were, as usual, disappointing, as the cats refused to be led. Mrs. Slingsby's well-known silver tabby, Don Pedro, made the best show, and won in the males. Sir Hubert Jerningham's magnificent blue neuter quite declined to walk, or would have won easily. The show remained open two days, and a large number of visitors thronged the centre transept, where the pens were very conveniently arranged. pens were very conveniently arranged.



MRS. SLINGSBY'S CHAMPION "DON PEDRO,"



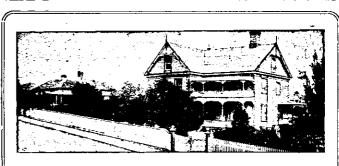
"OMEEWOO," MRS. BOUTCHER'S WINNING SILVER NEUTER.



CHAMPION, "MISS TOODLES," BEST SHORT HAIRED CAT AT CRYSTAL PALACE SHOW,



MRS. MOORE'S "HOLMEFIELD MANDARINA."



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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

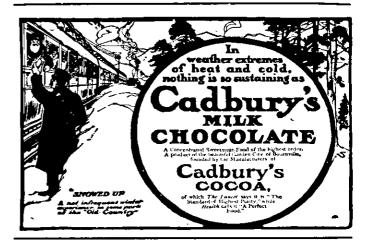
Principal, MRS. T. HANNA, assisted by an efficient Resident and Visiting Staff.

The School Year is divided into Three Terms of 13 weeks each. Pupils prepared for University, Matriculation and Civil Service Examinations. Second Term, 1903, begins 28th MAY.

Prospectuses may be obtained from Mrs Hanna, or from Messrs Champtaloup and Cooper.



SLINGSBY'S BLUE MALE "BERTRAND OF THORPE," MRS. PRIZEWINNER.



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### Round-the-World Pictures

#### The Eastern European Alps in Winter.

UCH has been said and much has been written concerning the winter season in the Eastern Alps, which, to a great extent lie in Austrian terri-There is no doubt that winter eports can be indulged in in many districts to perfection. To mention only a few, there are the capitals of Tyrol, and Salzburg, there is the beautiful Semmering near Vienna, there are the various places on the Arlberg Railway from Bregenz down to Insbruck, of which St. Anton deserves special mention as one of the best ski-ing centres, there is Kitzbuchel, which has already won some renown as a winter resort, there is the Austrian Davos, Gossensass. Further south we find Brixen, we find Bozen-Gries, and that pearl of Austrian watering places. Meran.

Everything in Austria moves slowly. and if the kindly, easy-going people of the various Alpine provinces of Austria had anything of the enterprise of their neighbours over the Engadine border. such places as we have mentioned above would long ago have become the most popular winter resorts of Europe. It is, indeed, astonishing that these places have not gained a fame and importance as winter resorts, to which they are justly entitled. An Anglo-Indian of the Indian Medical Service, writing from Instruck to the "Times of India," says: "These Insbruck streets are some 2000 feet above the sea level. Like the whole visible world before me, they are under snow. Here you have an almost tropical sunshine blended with the serene cold of northern skies the winter months, in fact enjoy all the advantages of a low temperature without the dis-

advantages which a cold wind would entail, and which is so conspicuous by its absence in the Eastern Alpa. It is well known that the body can support a very low temperature in the absence of wind, and, accordingly, owing to the dry cold of these regions, the influence on the system is immense. The air is pure, invigorating, and exhibitating in the last degree. Far better to go into the

the sunshine glorious, and the frost dry,



RESTING.

mountains and work off congestions in an environment that never disgusta, but that ever exhilarates, because it tones up from the first hour, muscle, liver, nerve, and brain."

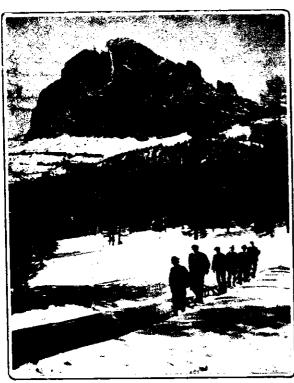
We are convinced that the best method of treatment for persons who are in need of having their constitutions built up as a mere preventive measure is that which combines the requirements of the cure with amusement and distraction and all the necessary climate conditions. All these requirements may justly be said to be provided for in the Eastern Alps during the winter months.

One of the pleasant features of the districts under consideration is that almost in every place the visitor will find excellent hotels at moderate prices and sports clubs, which look after the skating rinks and toboggan courses, etc. Sleighing parties are frequently arranged and the proprietor of the various hotels do their utmost to make the stay of the visitors pleasant and comfortable

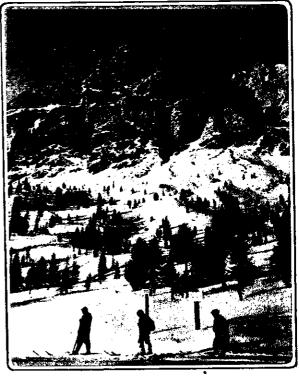
#### The Brierly Fog-Signalling Apparatus for Railroads.

Railroad engineers in Great Britain are following with great interest the experiments that are being carried out upon the Great Northern Railroad with a new signalling apparatus for operation in foggy weather. The system now used on this British railroad has been in service for the past three years, though its devices have been preserved a secret until their utility and certain action was conclusively demonstrated. The invention of Mr Wynford Brierley, an experienced railroad engineer, who is consequently fully cognizant of the various problems that have to be surmounted in devising such an apparatus, the system is so designed that a failure would be sufficient to arouse the locomotive engineer's suspicions and cause him to come to a stop as soon as possible.

The Brierley apparatus is extremely simple, both in design and operation, and comprises a minimum of integral moving comprises a minimum of integral moving parts. The general character of the invention is plainly shown in the accompanying illustrations. Beside the track and close to the rail is a rocking arm carrying on either end o heavy head. The axis of this rocker is connected at one end with a lever, to which is attached the cable operating in communication with the semaphore with which the apparatus acts. The movement of the side lever owing to its rigid fixation on the paratus arts. The movement of the sore lever, owing to its rigid fixation on the rocker, raises the one or the other of the two weighted ends to a horizontal position, according to the setting of the semaphore arm. When the latter is set semaphore arm. When the latter is set to danger the weight nearest the track is horizontal—its normal position. The signalman in the cabin, when he lowers the semaphore arm, at the same time actuates the rocking arm of the apparatus, since a single cable operates both, and the weight at the opposite end is swung up to the horizontal, the other



LOFANA (AMPEZZO).



MONTE CRISTALIO.

weight being naturally lowered out of

ne way. On the engine is a amall box from On the engine is a small box from which extend two vertical triggers one behind the other as shown in the illustration. As the locomotive passes the apparatus on the track, one or other of these triggers according to the setting of the semaphore strikes the rocker, is forced backward, and at the same time rings a gong on the engine. This gong has an indicator the dial of which placed in the cab shows whether the road is clear or otherwise, and the engineer is is clear or otherwise, and the engineer is

is clear or otherwise, and the engineer is able to act accordingly. When the trigger has passed over the rocker it returns instantly to its former position.

The mechanism on the engine is carried out upon novel and ingenious lines, especially that part which acts with the trigger and serves to return it to the vertical position after passing the rocker contact. Upon the horizontal shaft retrical position after passing the rocker contact. Upon the horizontal shaft carrying the trigger is fixed a new type of coiled spring. There are two coils placed opposite one another, i.e., one has a left-hand coil and the other a right-hand coil. These are keyed to the sail shaft so as to become an integral part and are of great strength and ease. In passing over the rocker contact, the trigger is forced backward until its angle is sufficient to ride over the obstacle. sufficient to ride over the obstacle is sufficient to ride over the obstacle. In so doing one spring is necessarily uncoiled, but simultaneously the other spring is coiled tighter. Consequently the moment the trigger has passed over the contact the trigger is brought sharply back to the normal vertical position, mainly by the action of the part of the spring which has been coiled tightly. This invarious arrangement enables the spring which has been coiled tightly. This ingenious arrangement enables the apparatus to work equally well when the engine returns over the same road, the reverse action of the springs taking place. The value of this device is that the trigger is anways brought back to the the trigger is an any strong a back to the dead centre, not violently, but slightly oscillating. If only a single coil spring were used, continual action of the trigger in one direction would tend to release the tensions of the spring, so that the trigger would not always return to the dead centre, and in a short time the spring would be so weakened that the trigger would not touch the contact at all. By using a reverse coil such as this, all. By using a reverse coil such as this, positive action under all and varying



THE EASTERN ALPS.--CORTINA

circumstances is insured, and the trig-ger is always brought to the same nor-mal point. At the same time the memal point. At the same time the me-chanism constitutes an efficient cushion for absorbing the tremendous shock of tor absorbing the tremendous shock of the inpact that results when the trigger strikes the contact when the train is travelling at express speed. The ma-jority of such mechanical devices have failed at this point. The terrific force with which the moving part has been brought into contact with the station-ary section breaks the apparatus. Three years' constant use upon the Great Northern railroad, nowever, has shown Northern railroad, nowever, has shown that with the Brierley apparatus no such apprehensions need be entertained. The reparatus is placed on the section of the track where both north and south bound trains pass, and even with trains travelling at 80 miles per hour no failure of action has yet been recorded, nor has the apparatus shown any signs of breaking under the enormous strains imposed upon it. Each trigger and its

Each trigger and its accompanying spring constitute one unit, so that in the case of a locomotive carrying an instal-lation to denote both "on" and "off" actions of the semaphore, two sets are required, but owing to the small space occupied by the mechanism they are carried in one box or casing.

It will be observed that this appara-tus does not supersede the present semaphore system, but rather supplements it, phote system, but rather supplements it, giving greater certainty and security, and enabling locomotive engineers to maintain high speeds in foggy or dirty weather with a greater degree of safety than is possible with the existing auxiliary. ary signalling systems.

#### When Going to the Photographers.

Don't wear black. It gives a hard,

dense tone.

Don't smile unless it comes naturally.

or the result will be annoying.

Don't expect to get a photograph that will please you if you are fatigued when

sitting.

Don't be afraid of wearing lace. line between flesh and dress will be softened by it.

sottened by it.

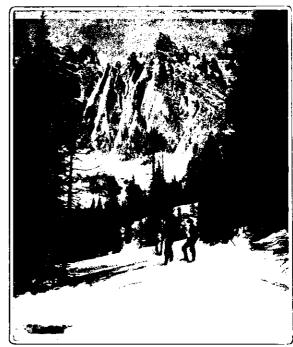
Don't take a full-face picture if the nose is erooked or the eyes weak. Try a three-quarter view.

Don't choose a day when the sun-hine is very bright, or every imperfection will be developed.

A well-lighted, cloudy day is best.

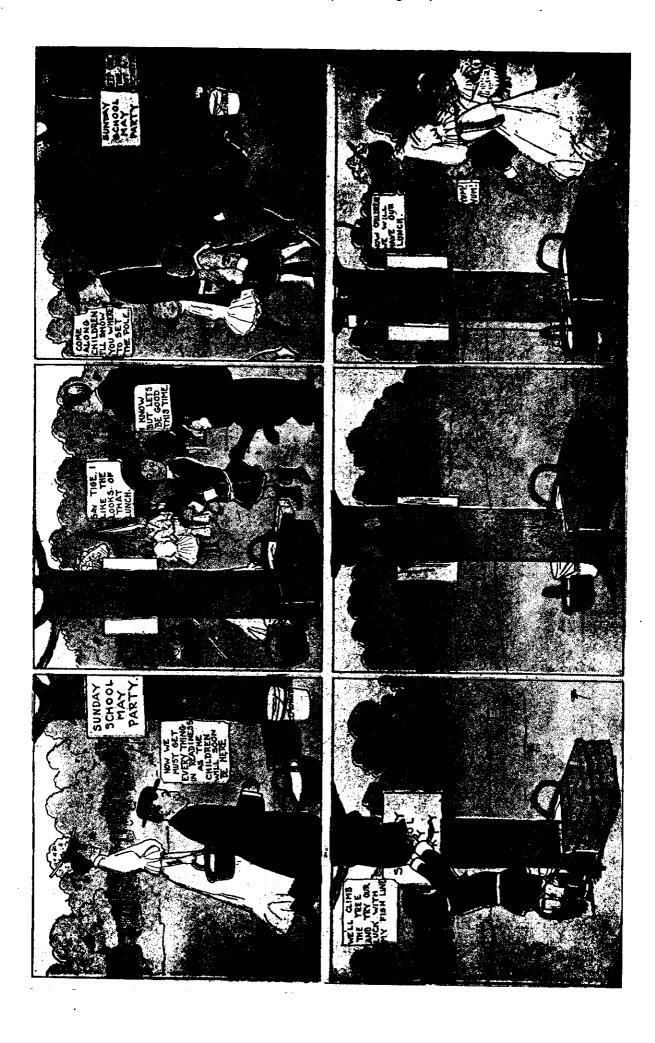


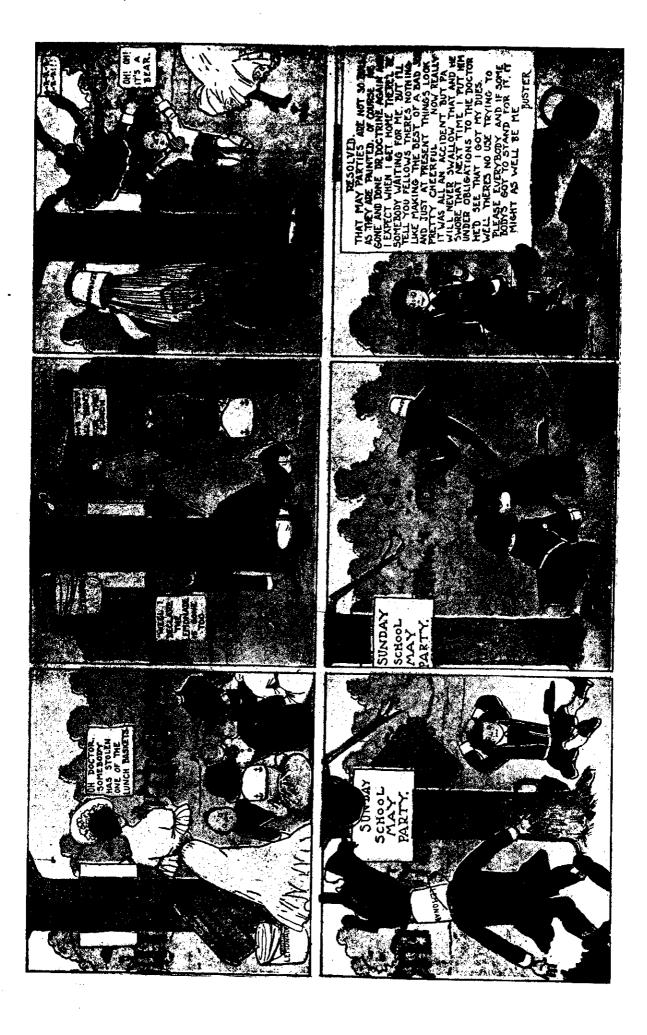
WINTER SPORT.



POPPENA BASSA.







### **FASHION** THE WORLD OF BY MARGUERITE

The production of "The Little Chernh." the new musical piece at the Prince of Wales's London, has given one more proof that, nowadays, the stage is indeed "the glass of Fashion," and that it is this specially favoured mirror which often shows the very first reflections of Dame Fashion's latest flights of fancy. For example, it now reveals some half-a-dozen of the daintiest possible dresses for girls still in their teens, their attractions being vouched for by the name of Jay's Ltd. as makers, and the fact that these attractions will be made the most of, by the dainty prettiness of the weavers Miss Zena Darc, Miss Gabrielle Ray, Miss Pinder, and Miss Elsie.

One of the most fascinating of these dresses—sketched for the benefit of our readers—has a skirt of white chiffon, whose softly hanging fulness is eneircled by three little scalloped frills, all bound narrowly with white satin, braces of drawn chiffon, edged with rouleaux of satin, crossing the bodice, where Valenciennes and Irish laces are combined with loveliest effect. Little motifs of silver follow the curves of the chiffon chemisette, and there is a shimmering silver, too, from the high draped waistband—truly a very delightful dress. The other picture frock is for evening wear, and its full skirt of white spot met bears the light burden of many tiny pink roses, and pale blue forget-

me-nots, all fashioned of chiffon and festoned within a trellis-work of white satin ribbon, tied up into true lovers' knots. The same decorative little blosoms bloom out on the bodice, and border the sash ends of the satin waistband, and a further dainty detail is an elging of chiffon roses to the chiffon frills, of the full underskirts.

Then try to imagine a white muslingown with broad insertion bands of Irish crochet lace to produce the fashionable pinafore effect on the bodice, and to finish their career decoratively with clusters of tiny tassels, just one insertion of lace being used as a trimming for the skirt, though the underskirt reveals an elaborate design of

festooned ruchings. For the same wearer (Miss Zena Dare) there is a sweet little evening dress of white chiffon, where groups of tucks are divided by bonds of sateen, and the fichu collar is all edged with little leaves of satin, and fastened with just one long-stalked pink rose. Still another evening dress is of rosy-pink spotted net, with fern leaves wrought in pale pink satin, for its trimming, while from the foam on its frilled chiffon underskirts there comes now and again a gleam of silver paillettes. Truly the girl in her teens—always an enviable person!—is to be congrabulated on having such perfect models provided for her imitative admiration. For the same festooned ruchings.



DELIGHTFUL DRESSES WORN IN "THE LITTLE CHEAUB," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,

And for those who have passed the "sweet simplicity" age, and require rather more elaborate styles, there are the gowns worn by handsome Miss Evis Greene, one fashioned of turquoise blue Greene, one fashioned of turquoise blue creps de chine broidered with shaded blue silks and gold, having many gatherings at the waist to mould it to the figure in the popular Princess form, while a still more striking affair shows a Louis coat of white silk patterned with a rose design, and enriched with lace and paste buttons worn over a skirt of white and pink chiffon where broad insertion bands of lace are decorated with an applique of silken roses.

#### FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Lovely are the evening dress and coat of our sketches, the gown being an exquisite creation of shell-pink chiffon and ivory white net and lace as fine as a cobweb, while, shining out like dewdrops on this filmy transparency, is embroidery of tiny diamonds, each set in the centre of an equally diminutive silver paillette. On the bodice a west of tucked chiffon makes background for two bows of diamonds, and the introduction of a gradually widening panel to match on the softly flounced skirt is responsible for much of its novelty of effect, while the sleeves, too, must be noted, for their short frill puff of embroidered net and lace are finished off with two frills of very fine gold lace, tied in with bands and bows of pink satin ribbon, which matches the waistband. And then the coat of palest biscuit coloured cloth, lined with satin and accordion-pleated chiffon, can boast of a wonderfully decorative device of vine leaves and bunches of grapes in raised crochet-work of exactly the same soft tone as the cloth, while, then, there is a turned-down collar of velvet embroidered in softest shades of pink and mauve, with just a glint of gold here and there, and with scarves of ivory lace drawn out at either side in front and threadel through crossed loops of satin ribbon. Indeed, a most covetable coat.

The new bouquet is worn hanging from the wrist. Girls found it tring

The new bouquet is worn hanging from the wrist. Girls found it tiring to hold up a heavy shower houquet as they danced. After the first one or two dances flowers are usually given to a chaperone to hold, or are put on a chair and forgotten for the rest of the evening. The wrist or chatelaine bourquets consist of light trails of flowers, with a hoop covered in twisted risbon to slip over the hand. Posses are carried simply by a "sling" of ribbon.

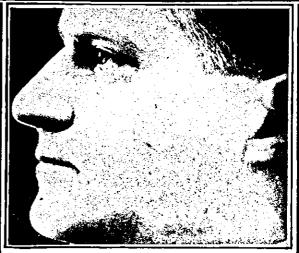
I MITATION is the sincerest form of flat-tery. There are many imitatious of our famous drink, and the public are warned when buying to see O.T. is branded on every bottle.



FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS. An evening coat and gown worn by Miss Marie Tempest in "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy," lately produced at the Duke of Vork's Theatre, London.

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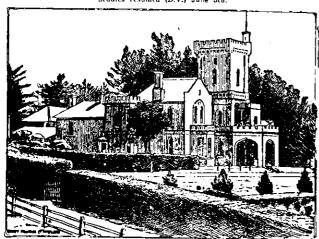
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WOMAN'S WAY.

The car was just getting under way when two women, rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other, met right in the middle of the street and in front of the car.

There the women stopped and began to talk. The car stopped, too, but they did not appear to realise that it was there. Some of the passengers on the front seats began to make sarcastic remarks. Then the motorman showed that he possessed the saving grace of humour. Leaning over the dashboard he said, gently: "Ladies, would you like me to get you a couple of chairs?"

Mother: "I hear that the lieutenant had the impudence to kiss you at the station. What did you do?"

Daughter: "Oh. I kissed him too, so

as to make people think we were relatives."

#### APPEARANCES ARE DECEPTIVE.

Uncle John: "My goodness, Tommy, Tommy: "I expect I aren't so little fellow."

Tounny: "II expect I arent so little as I looks from the outside."

#### HOW, INDEED!

Bobby: "Is this a camel's hair brush,

Bobby: "Is this a camel's hair brush, mamma?"

Mamma: "Yes."

Bobby: "But how does a camel man-age to brush its hair with a little thing like that?"



Male voice: "Is this Miss Tottie Twin-kletoes of 'The Maid From Maine' chorus?"



GUESS THE ANSWER.

"Yer Cought nobody seen yer go inter dis valentoine store, didn't yer, Willie?"

IN CHICAGO.

Mr. Pork Pack.r: "So he writes poetry, does he?"
Sylvia: "Oh, papa, it is perfectly heavenly!"
Mr. Pork Packer: "Well, we're exploiting a new pork sausage and can probably use him in the advertising depart-



The Right Reverend Moor Richard, Bishop of Huckland.