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THE PATRON: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LORD PLUNKET.



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SIR JOHN HALL, MAYOR OF CHRISTCHURCH, Vice-President.

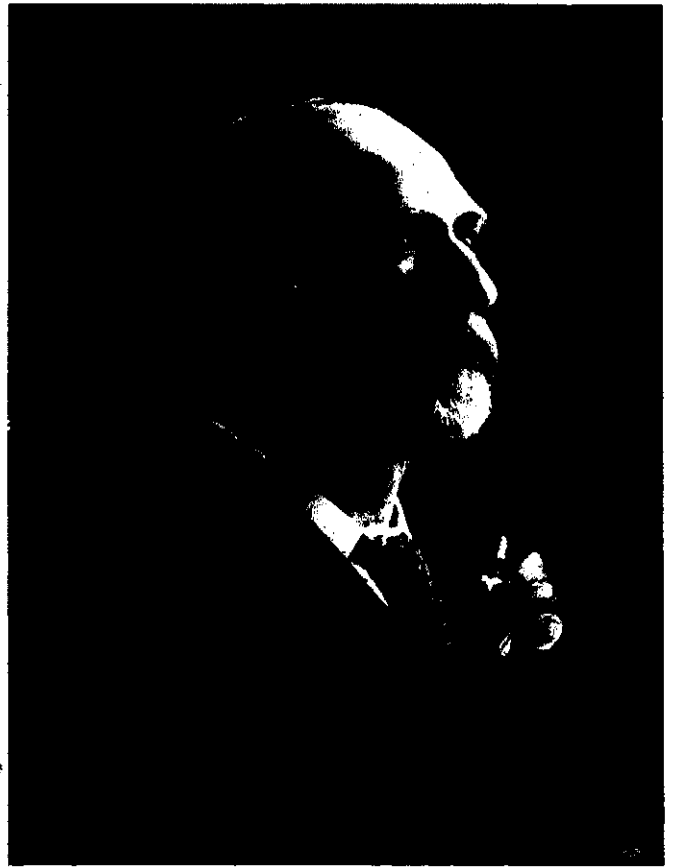


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OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



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MR. HENRY BRETT, Auckland, Commissioner.



THE MAYOR OF AUCKLAND, MR. ARTHUR MYERS, Vice-President.

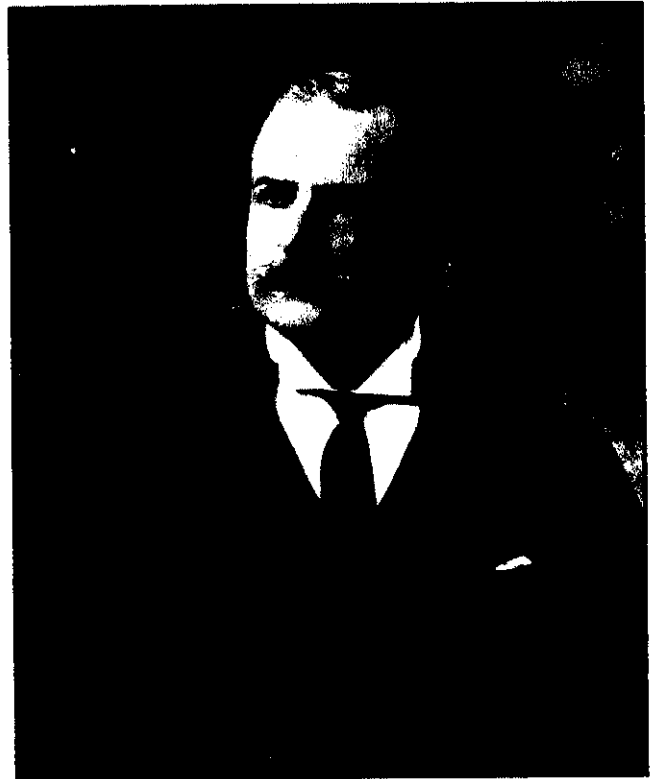


THE MAYOR OF WELLINGTON, THE HON. T. W. HISLOP, Vice-President.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



MR. JOHN ROBERTS, Dunedin, Commissioner.



MR. JAMES MILLS, Dunedin, Commissioner.



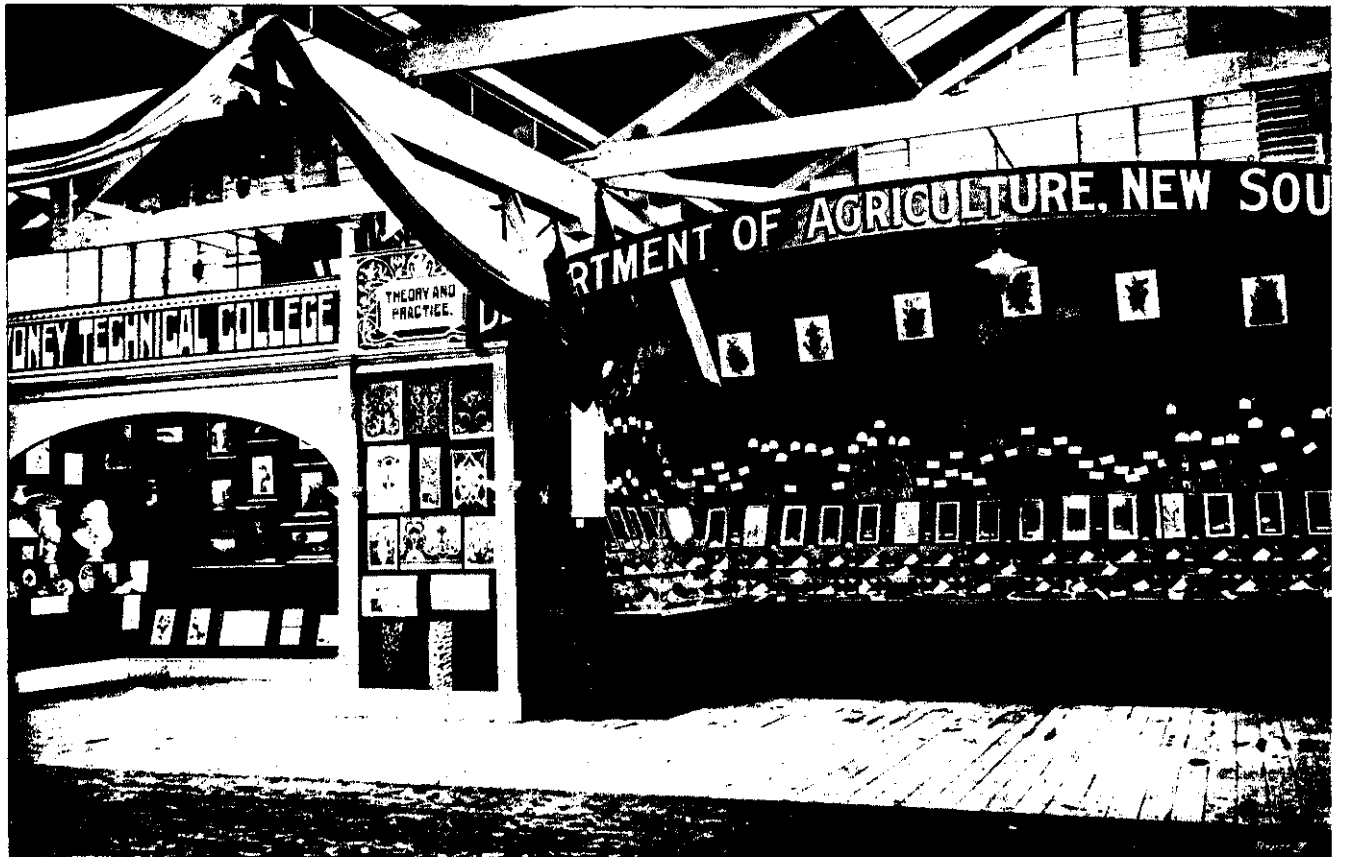
CONDUCTOR ALF. HILL AND HIS ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.

All the pictures of the Exhibition, etc. (except photographs of individuals) were specially taken for the "Graphic" by Mr. Schaefer, Sarony Studios, Wellington.

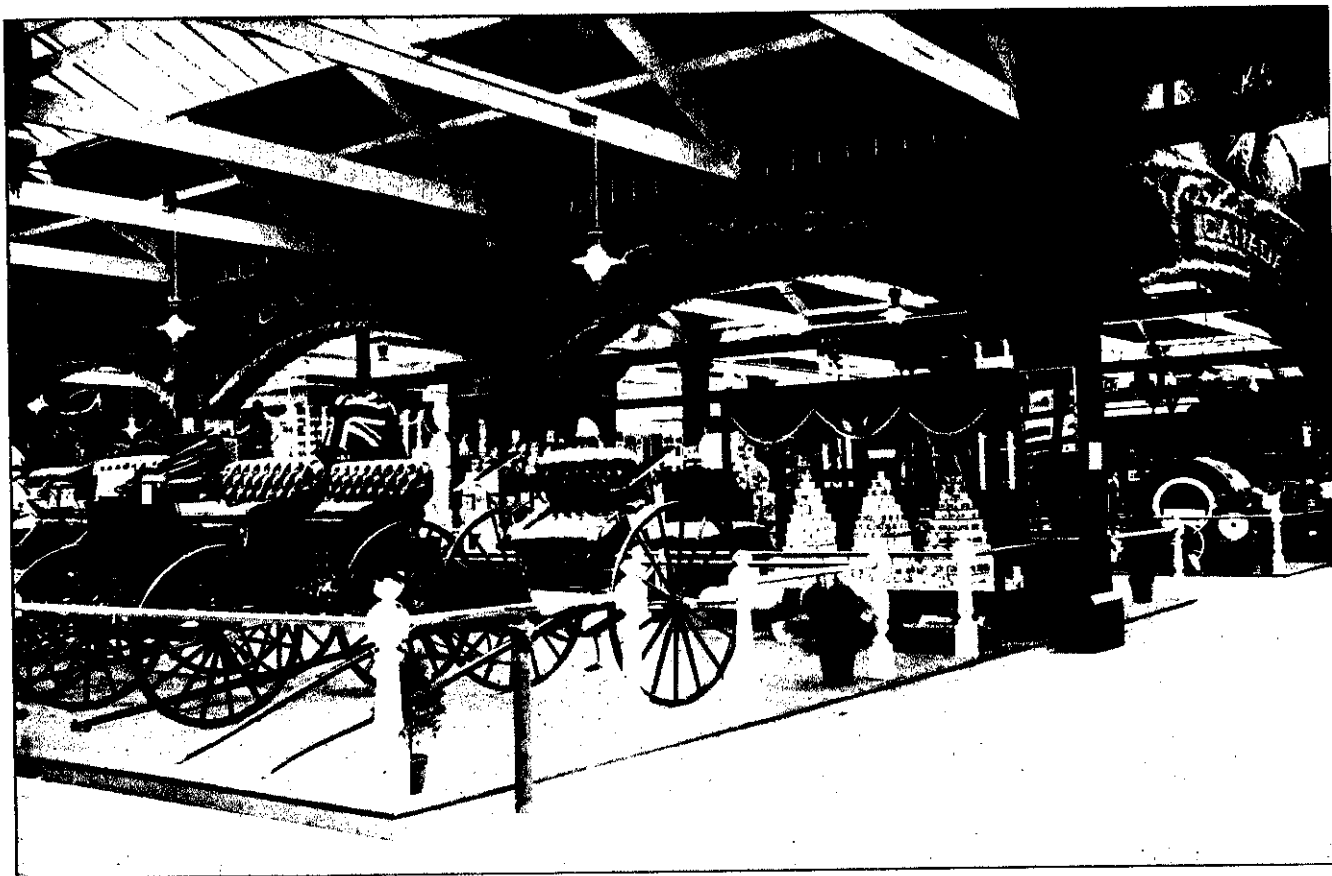


GUESTS ARRIVING AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE

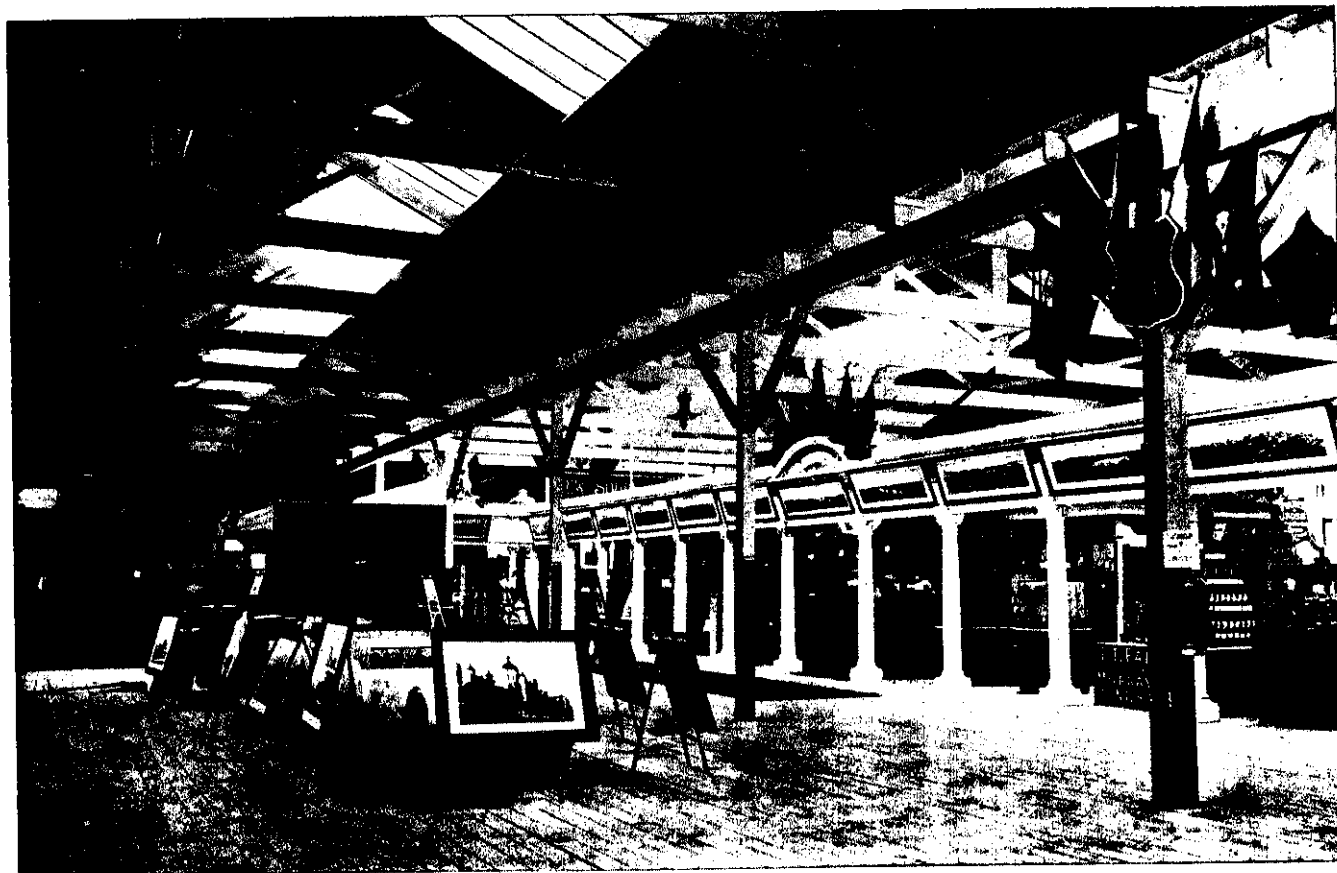


A PORTION OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES EXHIBIT.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



IN THE CANADIAN COURT.



FROM CANADA.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.

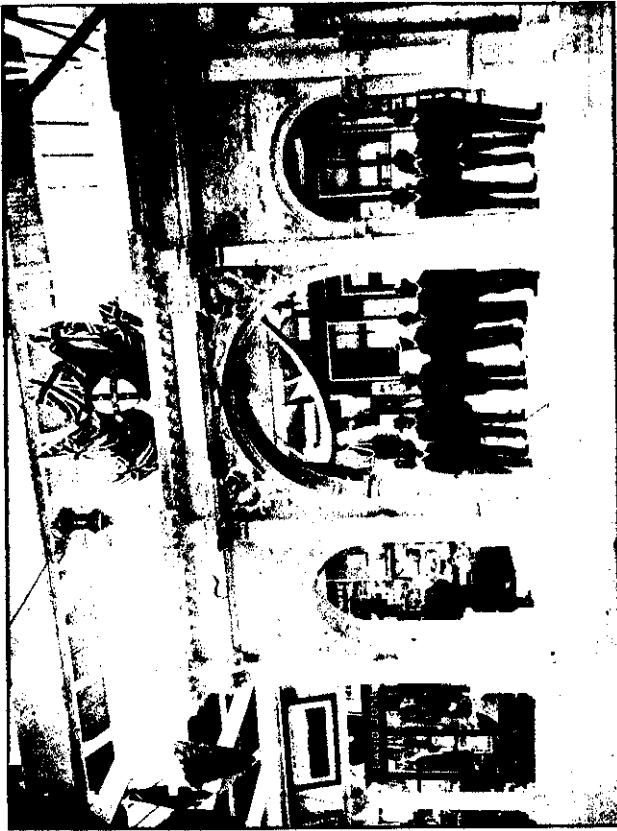


CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

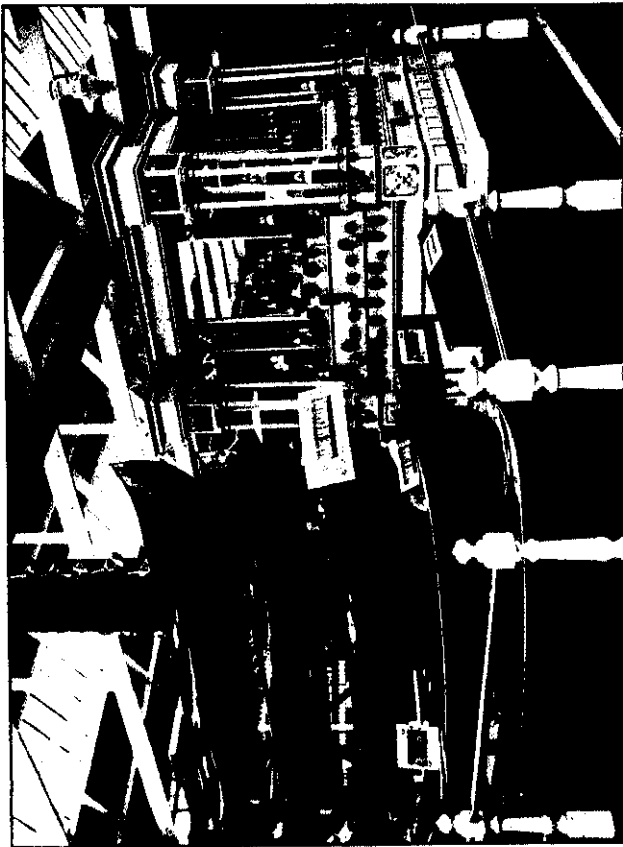


ANOTHER PART OF THE CANADIAN EXHIBIT.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



NEW SOUTH WALES OFFICERS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THEIR COURT.



CANOE FROM CANADA.



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FLIAN COUCHT.
OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



ROTORUA IN MINIATURE: THE GEYSER AND SOME OF THE GUIDES.



A CORNER OF GEYSERLAND.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



A CORNER OF WHAKAREWAIDEWA.



ANOTHER PART OF WHAKAREWAIDEWA.



MODELLING THE MAORI GROUP OF STATUARY FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Mr. J. McDonald and his Maori assistant, Mutu Porou, putting the finishing touches to the central figures. The group, which consists of six figures of heroic size, is first modelled in clay, and afterwards cast in plaster of Paris. When completed it will be placed in the main Hall of the Exhibition.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTER

THE VAST CONCOURSE OF INVITED GUESTS AT THE INAUG

An enormous number of well known faces are easily recognisable in this fine photographic reproduction. The performance of the ode composed music at the banquet given by His Excellency



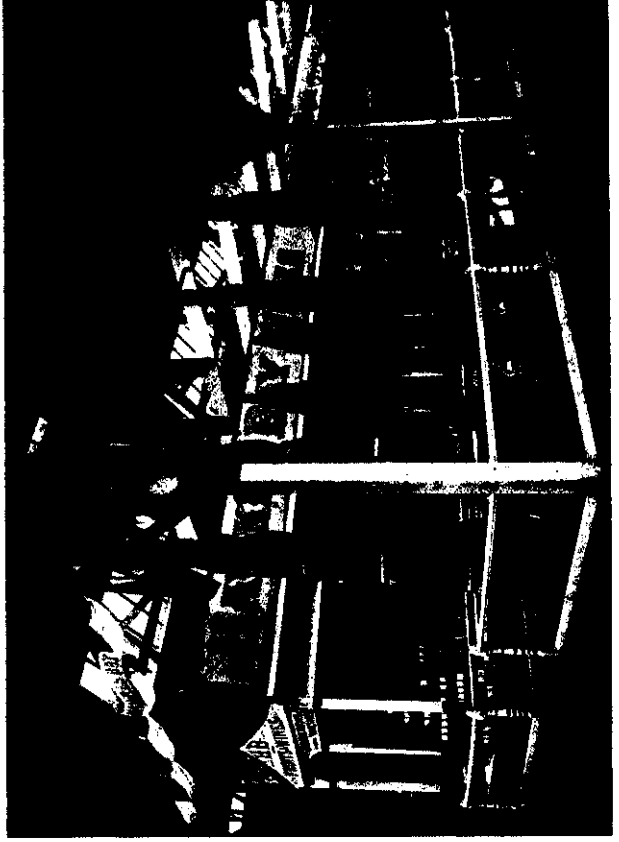
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH

A CEREMONY, AT WHICH THE EXHIBITION ODE WAS SUNG.

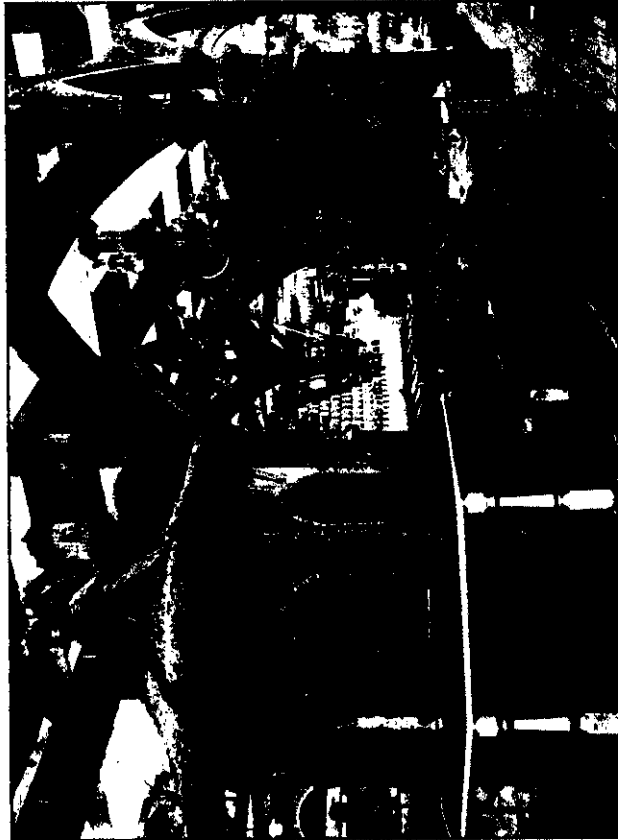
The Hill, written by Mr Johannes C. Anderson, aroused much enthusiasm. Sir John Gorst made special reference to the splendour and originality of the ode and it was clear New Zealand excelled in the art of music.



ANOTHER PORTION OF THE SOUTH CANTERBURY COURT.



FROM HAWKE'S BAY.

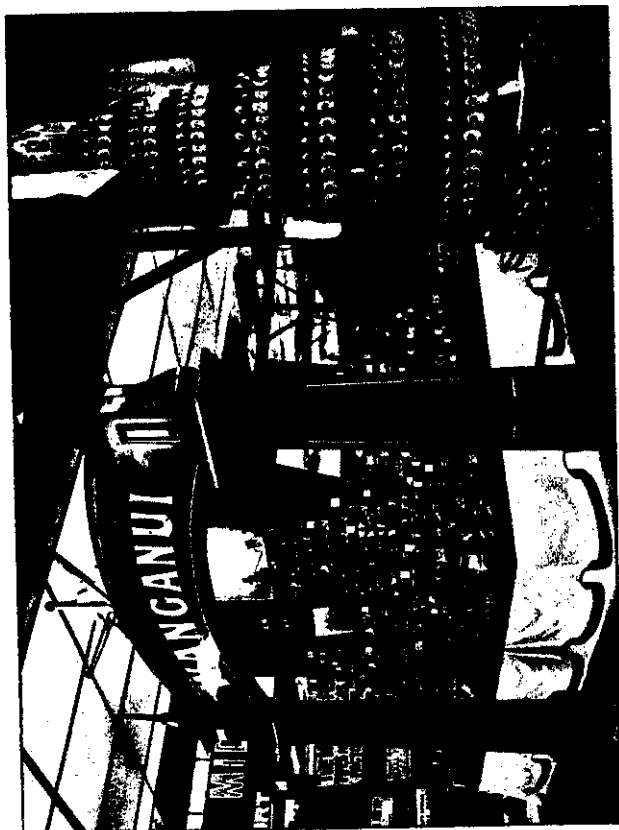


A PART OF THE SOUTH CANTERBURY COURT.



THE FRIMLEY CANNING CO.'S STAND FROM HAWKE'S BAY.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



FROM WANGANUI



EXHIBIT FROM THE HELVETIA OSTRICH FARM.



MAIZE FROM OPIWIKI.



A MODEL GARDEN EXHIBIT.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.

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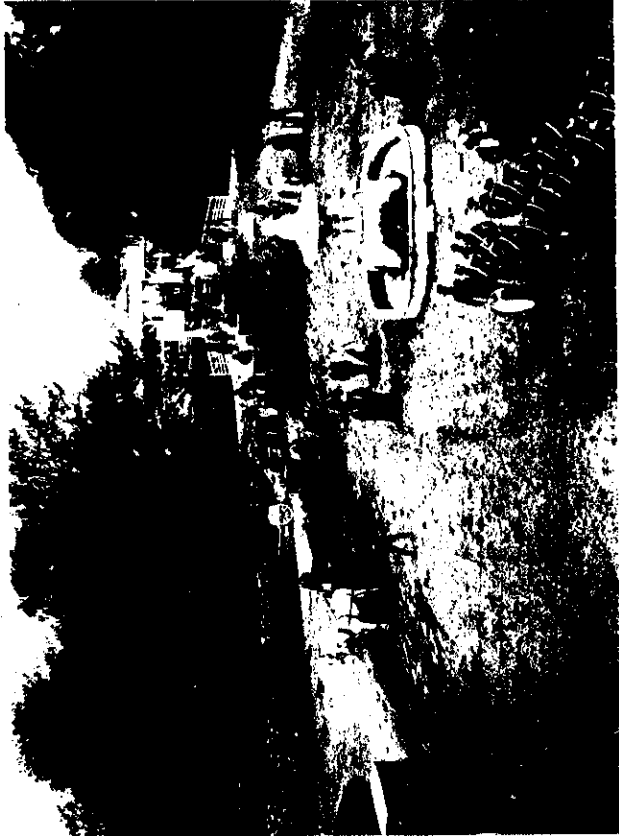
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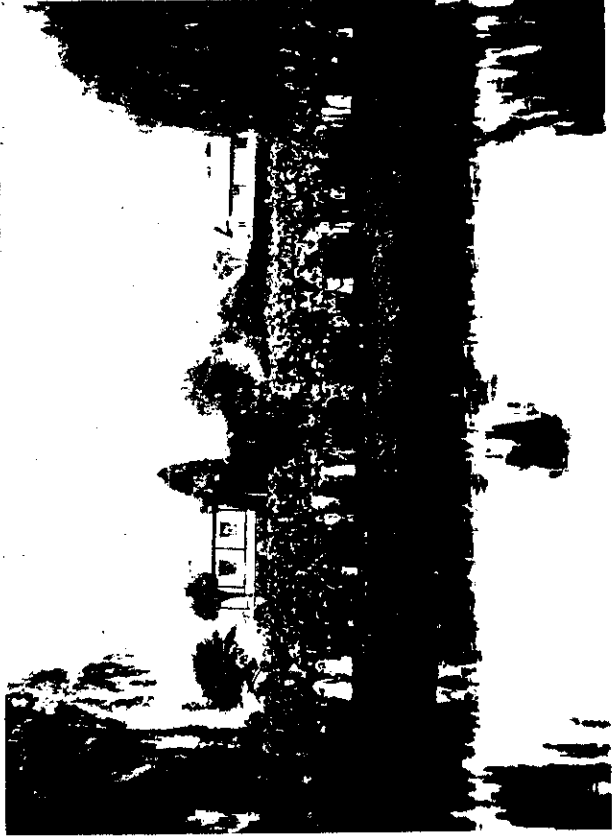
AN INTERESTING EXHIBIT BY MESSRS. E. MITCHELSON & CO., AUCKLAND.



THE CHRISTCHURCH MEAT COMPANY.



EARLY ARRIVALS AFTER THE GATES WERE OPENED

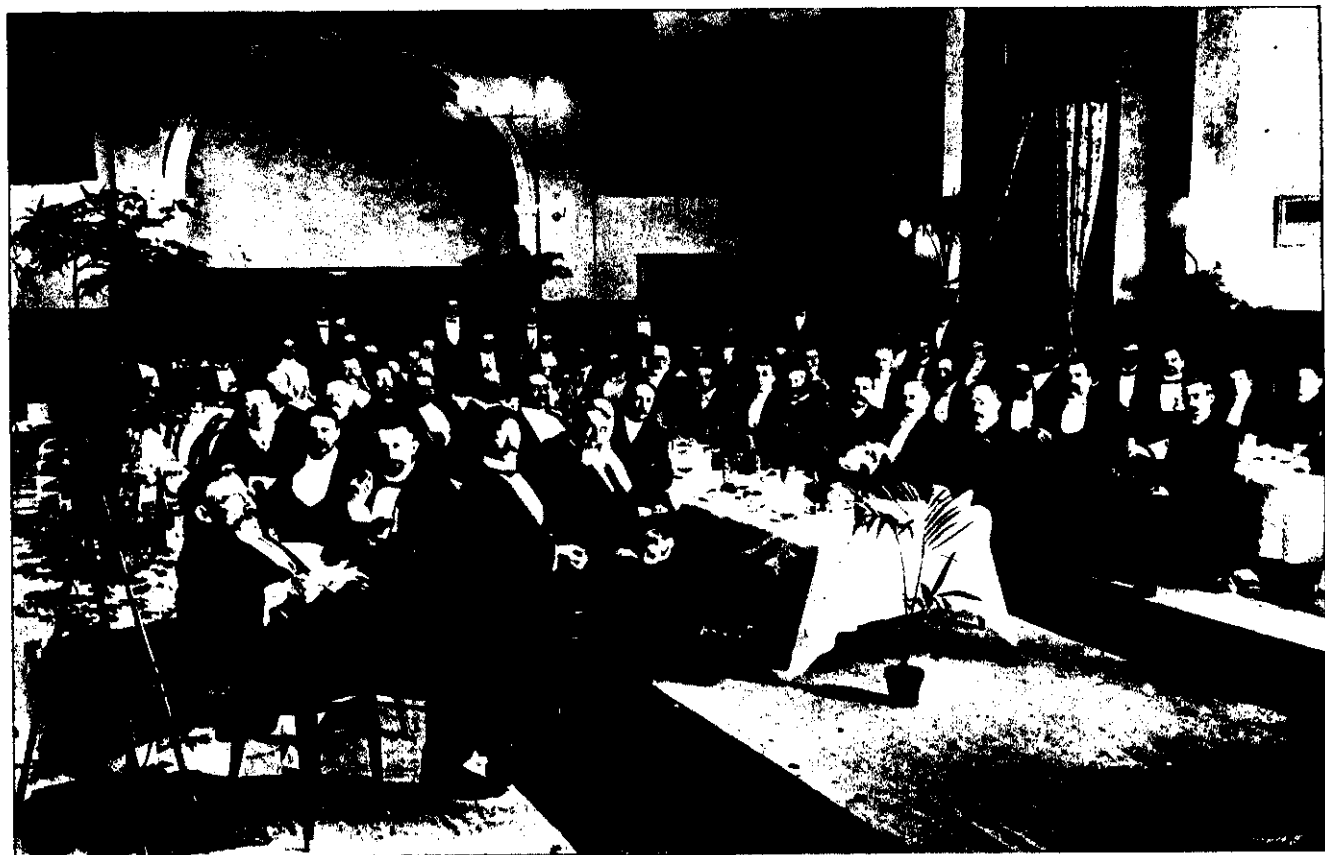


WATCHING THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY FROM ACROSS THE RIVER.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR'S DINNER TO OVER-SEA REPRESENTATIVES AND EXECUTIVE COMMISSIONERS.



DINNER GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT (SIR JOSEPH WARD) TO VISITING JOURNALISTS AND LOCAL PRESS REPRESENTATIVES.

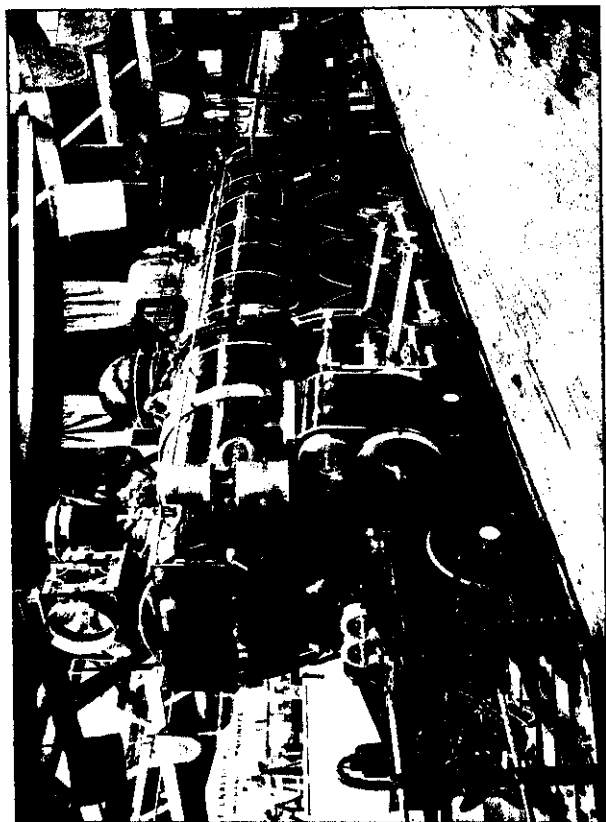
OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



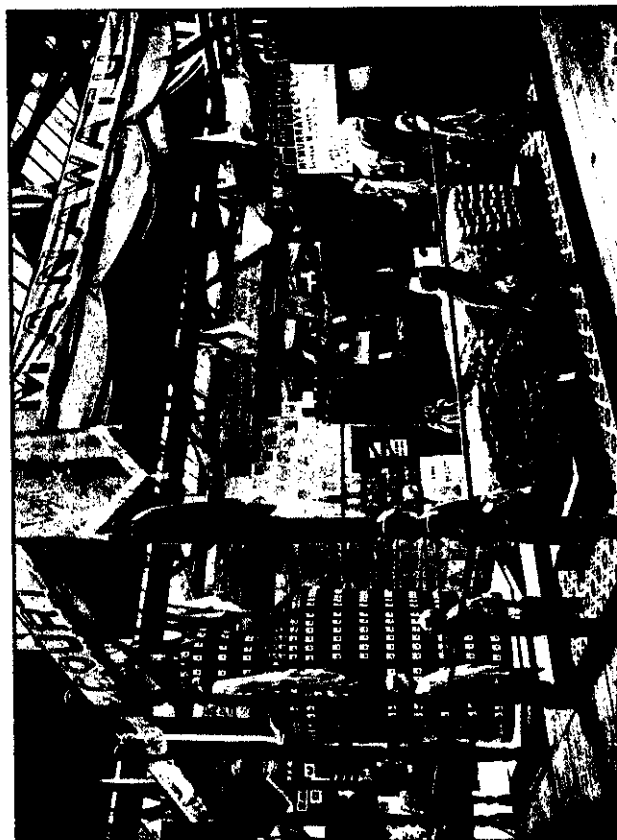
WARSHIP MODELS IN THE BRITISH COURT.



ARRIVAL OF SOME OF THE GUESTS.



NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT'S LOCOMOTIVE DISPLAY.



FLAX, ETC., FROM MANAWATU.

OPENING OF THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT CHRISTCHURCH.



A VIEW OF THE SHOW GROUNDS.



WATCHING THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.



JUDGING LADIES' HACKS.

THE MANAWATU A. AND P. SHOW AT PALMERSTON NORTH.



THE BOWLERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.



LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET PLAYERS AND GUESTS.
OPENING OF THE SEASON BY THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB AND THE AUCKLAND LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUBS.



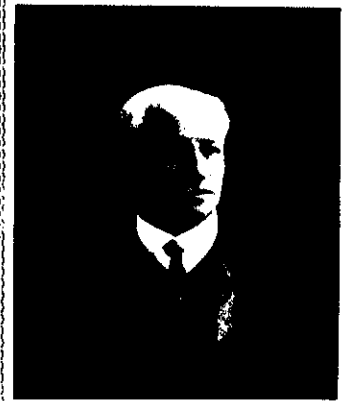
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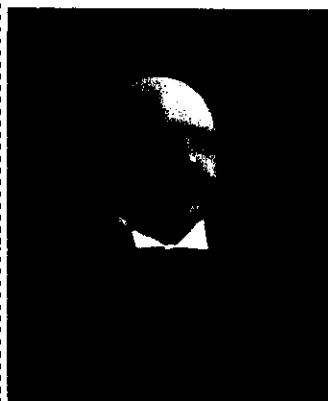
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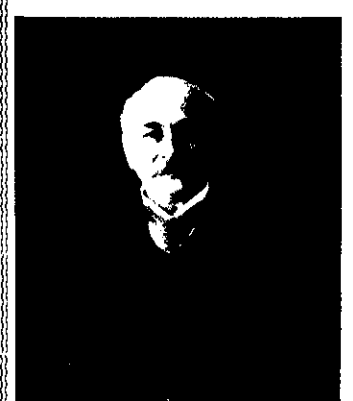
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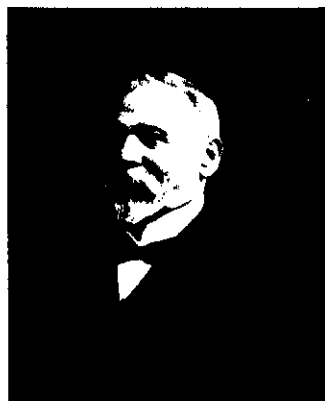
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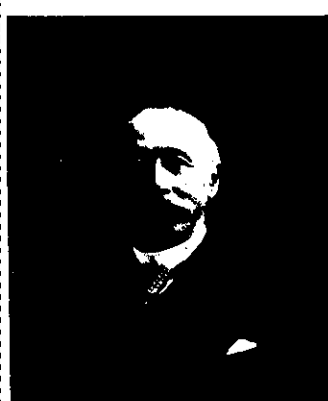
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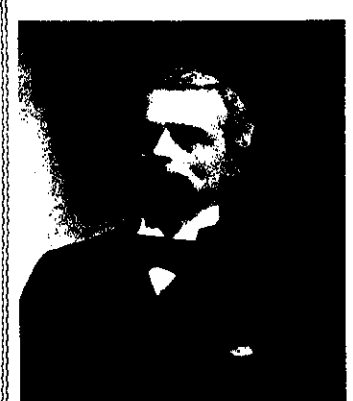
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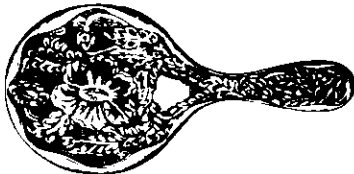
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6447—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newest Design, 3 in. long, 37/8. Other designs at 25/., 27/8, 30/ upwards.

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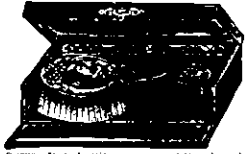
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7780—Silver Hair Brush, 9 1/2 in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6. Great variety of others at 12/6, 15/6, 25/ upwards.



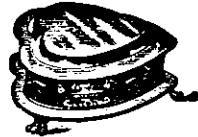
6536—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 15/6.



No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 13/6.



G631—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Perf Box, 3 1/2 in. high, 10/6. Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6 upwards.



No. G408—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trinket Box, 17/6.



6400—Gent's Silver Backed Military Brush "Aag" Choir" design, 14/6. Other designs at 11/., 20/6, 27/8.



F779—Silver-backed "Watteau" design Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 15/6 each.



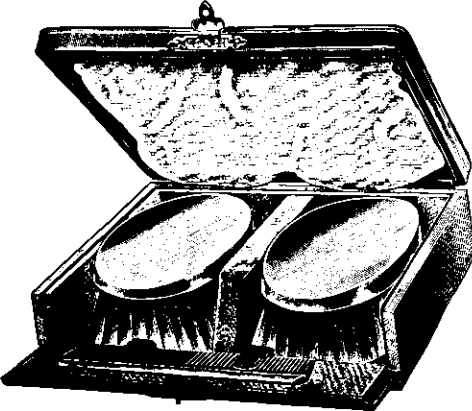
G4859—Fine Seal Purse, Massive Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 18/6.



G3858—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.



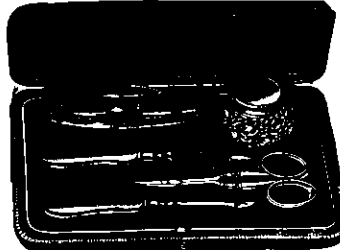
G3203—Cut Glass and Solid Silver Jew. Box, Two Sizes, 5 1/2 in. long 10/6; 6 in. long 15/6.



G7506—Case containing 2 Gent's Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb, £3/10/-. Other Silver Sets at 45/., 52/6, and 60/.



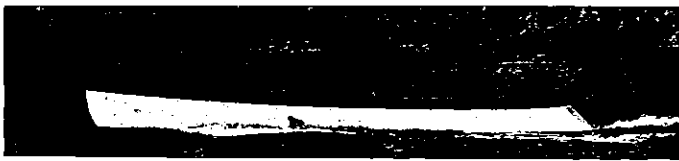
F877—Solid Silver-mounted Comb, 7 1/2 in. long, 6/6. Great selection of others, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 up to 21/.



G5083—Solid Silver and Best Steel Manicure Set, in Morocco Case, £27/6. Other sets at 21/., 25/., 27/8 upwards.



G6712—Case containing Beautiful Set of Hair Brushes, Clothes Brush Hat Brush Mirror and Comb, all mounted in Solid Silver, £10/10/-. Other sets at £6/10/., £9/10/., £9/10/.



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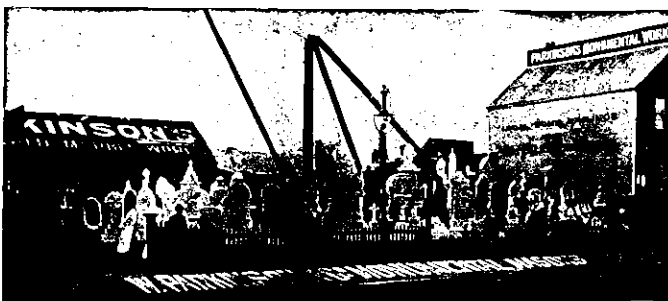
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and in fact the lunch for all engaged in sports, should consist of that food which gives substantial benefit to the muscular and nervous system and which at the same time can be absorbed with little digestive effort.

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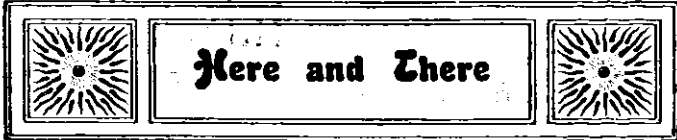
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OFFICE:
SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.



Typewriter or Pen?

Judge Hamilton's recent rebuke at Preston (England) to the Lancashire doctor whom he advised to use a typewriter, because his writing was illegible, has induced a number of readers of the "Express" to give their views on the subject of bad handwriting. The following is a selection from the letters received:—

Sir,—The more civilised we become, the more writing we do. To-day the greater part of the world's business is transacted by letter, and a very large percentage of these letters are typewritten. Yet not thirty people in a hundred will use a typewriter for note-taking, study or for the writing of letters to friends.

Modern letters of friendship are less ornate and carefully written than those of our grandfathers, but people seem to be foolish enough to believe that the use of a typewriter for such a purpose makes the letter "constrained," "businesslike," "formal," and so they continue to write with the pen hurried letters to each other, with the result that much of the subject matter is lost, and the recipient strains his sight.

If this narrow-minded objection to the typewritten letter as a medium of intercourse were surmounted, such complaints as that of Judge Hamilton's would seldom be made. PEN-HATER.

Grosvenor-square.
Sir,—Use a pen and strain your friends' and acquaintances' sight; use a clicking typewriter and strain your own nerves. Of the two evils, despite Judge Hamilton's rebuke, I will continue to choose the least. SCRIPTOR.

Maida Vale.
To the Editor of the "Express."

Sir,—Can Judge Hamilton tell a doctor how he is to reproduce from a typewriter the amount of medicine to be used by the patient?

Again, doctors do not very often write long prescriptions, and a busy man cannot afford to waste time putting paper into a typewriter to write four or five words. J. J. Q., M.D.
Kensington.

Wireless Gambling.

The police started an amusing panic in Chicago last month by an attempt to stop a system of "wireless" gambling which has been introduced to defeat the law.

As pool rooms are illegal, a number of gaming men chartered the steamer City of Traverse, in which to conduct their operations on water by means of wireless telegraphy.

The police thereupon took out the tug Andy, and, getting quite close to the Traverse, set an immense foghorn going in the hope of creating aerial vibrations which would spoil the racing messages received by the gamblers' boat.

Unfortunately, the intentions of the police were misunderstood, and the prolonged sound of the horn was taken as a signal of distress by the life-saving crews of Jackson Park and South Chicago, who hurried out in their boats to the assistance of the police. Numbers of launches, sailing boats, and smaller craft also hurried towards the tug.

While this was going on the wireless operation on the Traverse was doing its work perfectly, and the betting men and their patrons continued operations to the accompaniment of a pandemonium.

When Mr. Chamberlain Travels.

On the London and North Western Railway Mr Chamberlain is very well known. He usually sees after his luggage himself, and knows most of the porters as well as they know him. His customary attitude in a compartment is to lie back reading. He sends large numbers of telegrams en route. Mr Austen Chamberlain, it seems, is given to losing his ticket. Of all politicians he possesses the most fashionable luggage. "He's not a frequent traveller, and isn't by no means as friendly as Mr Joseph," said a porter at Euston station.

Princess Alice of U.S.A.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of the President of the United States, is a princess in fact, if not in title. During a recent tour through England and the Continent, following on her wedding, she was granted an audience by Queen Alexandra, and her secretary, writing a note of the affair for an American journal, reports that the interview was entirely private and informal. She was accompanied by Mrs. Whitclaw Reid, wife of the American ambassador to England. The only other persons present were the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, always called "Chatty" by the Queen, and Lady Alice Stanley. The Queen received her visitors in her boudoir, and what delighted Her Majesty particularly about the President's daughter was her distinct speech. The Queen is "very hard of hearing," and Miss Knollys had hinted beforehand to Mrs. Longworth to move her lips carefully when talking, without raising her voice too much. Shouting annoys the Queen intensely, as she is very sensitive about her affliction. The Queen asked innumerable questions about America, and especially about the daily life of the President. All sorts of photographs and souvenirs never shown to ordinary visitors were brought out for Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Longworth. Altogether, the audience, which became a very informal tea-party, lasted over an hour and a-half.

£920 for a Single Sermon.

Perhaps the highest price for a sermon goes every year to a German preacher, who receives £920 for his effort. This high figure is obtained in a curious way.

Away back in 1690, a wealthy French baron named Favart, who lived in Elberfeld, died, and bequeathed his money to the Protestant Church there, on the condition that it should be invested, and the interest given annually to some clergyman, chosen haphazard from those holding the poorest livings in the See, on condition that he preach a short sermon, extolling the good deeds of the dead baron.

The sermon is generally delivered after the regular morning service on the first Sunday in June, and lasts half an hour.

Quite Fair.

Two friends entered a restaurant and ordered fried sole. The waiter appeared, bringing two soles—one small and one large.

One diner served the fish, and gave his friend the small one.

Said the latter: "What did you do that for?"

"What's wrong?"

"Well, if I'd been serving, I should have given you the large sole."

"Well," said the other, "what are you gambling at? I've got it!"

Madame Patti.

Madame Patti's intention to bring her professional career to a close excites, of course, the liveliest regrets, but we have to accept it as one of those inevitable strokes which it is fond to say the "Pall Mall Gazette." The famous Diva has delighted us for nearly half a century, and even singers and singing teachers are older after half a century's triumphs, than when they began to astonish a raptured public. Sometimes they know this better than their fond admirers. Sometimes they don't. It is certainly much wiser to rest upon unfaded laurels than to lag superfluous and lamented on the stage; whereupon Madame Patti's friends should pull themselves together and pray that her farewell concert at the Albert Hall in December may not be followed by others after the manner of the late Mr Sims Reeves. Their reward, of course, is the envy of the younger generation, to whom they will be able to say what they please, unchallenged about her matchless vocalism.

Author-Dramatists As They Are.

Those who do not come in contact with celebrated authors are apt to draw imaginary pictures of their respective personalities by the aid of the tone of their respective works. The stalwart, soldierly-looking Sir Conan Doyle, with his full "official" face—the face one would expect to see on a fighting general or a well-promoted police officer—was a shock to a young friend of mine who sat near him at a dinner given at the Mansion House to Literature, Science, and Art (remarks a writer in a London paper). He had been taking Anthony Hope, with his shrewd face and his sleek hair, for Conan Doyle until the speech-making began, and Conan Doyle for a military guest. "Guy Thorne," the author of "When It Was Dark," is another notable surprise to the reader who meets him in the flesh for the first time. His works suggest the pale author with the shaggy locks, the soft felt hat, and the art-green necktie resting on the outside of the lapels of a mustard-brown jacket. The real "Guy Thorne," in appearance, is a gentleman-farmer from top to toe. He is big, almost to hairiness, and his favourite attire consists of a knickerbocker suit, leather leggings, shooting boots, and a horsey tweed cap. A bull-dog pipe is his constant companion, and—so I am told—he prefers ale to whisky. It is suspected in many quarters that Mr. W. W. Jacobs, author of those delightful books, "A Skipper's Wooing," "Sea Urchins," "Many Cargoes," etc., and of the fine play, "Beauty and the Barge," is like the breezy, hearty characters he so truthfully portrays. But so far from being the bluff, sunburnt, red-whiskered sea-giant of the reader's imagination, Mr. Jacobs is a man of slight build, somewhat delicate-looking, with a modest and serious and rather boyish face, and an air about him of the Post Office Savings Bank counter, upon the polished top of which, from the official side, he addressed to the editor of the "Post Office Magazine" his very first story. He loves the sea, and the men who go down to it in ships, but he has no love for going down to it with them. When a lad, he thought a life on the ocean wave was the only life worth living. But that was before he took a voyage on a coasting vessel. "Just to see what it was like." He has been ashore ever since, perfectly content to draw his characters from among the fishermen who do not happen at the moment to be at work, as well as from his memory of the good-hearted, simple folk he mixed with as a child when he lived with his parents on a Thames-side wharf. The characters in "Beauty and the Barge" were old friends of his childhood's days.

Beware of Vidders.

The immortal worldly wisdom of Mr. Weller, senior, in respect of widows was commented recently at Lambeth (London) police-court, to a disillusioned husband. He had refused to maintain the son of his wife by a former partner. "It seems hard lines, that you should have to do so," said Mr. Hopkins, "but two years ago you didn't mind marrying the woman." Two years, however, are leisure enough for some repentance. "Yes, sir," said the contrite man, "but I didn't know what she was then." He had never seen the boy, and did not know of his existence! All widows are not shy, and we shall even avow a sentiment of vague regret about the Widow Wadman; but the fact is not to be blinkt that marriage with a single woman is, in most cases, a comparatively simple business. Uncle Toby was not capable of Mr. Tony Weller's cynicism, yet, after all— Do we know enough of Mrs. Wadman to reproach him?

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VERSE OLD AND NEW

Ballad of the Extra-Special Sale.

My ladle has donned her hat and veil
And she's off to the Extra Special Sale
Where the furling tickets stand:
"One Dollar and Five—marked down from
Two
(It's just the thing for a bride)."
"This Line a Winner and Strictly New
(With the Trading Stamps beside)."
The crown is awarming like one o'clocks
Or rats at an open bin,
Now heaven preserve my Ladie's frock,
For she has luttred in:
Who's worned her way to the nearest clerk
And elbowed it left or ribs:
She's fingered a piece of fancy-work
And said, "How much is this?"
She's opened a road to the Paris hats,
And she's critticed the style;
She's had a couple of windy spats
With the man in the centre aisle;
She's ramblid through the hardware dept.
And answered at a Fry's—pans;
She's seen the counter where silks are kept
And ogled the rugs from Dan;
And now she has climbed to the topmost
floor
Where they sell upholstery,
And she's pinched a Davenport hand and
fore
And scratched the mahogany.
Heaven be praised! She's edged and fought
Till she's past platoon and show;
She's grazed the section where books are
bought
And kittens and cockatoos;
And now she is out in the air again
And wearied of wind and rain:
She's lost a glove and her chataleine,
And her hat is out of trim;
Her vest is minus a gandy bow,
Her fur is less than a pair;
But she's saved a quarter on calico
At the Extra Special Sale.
—Horatio Winslow in "Puck."

Merely Alphabetical.

Airtful Algic at the seashore
Agnes' hand essayed to win,
And he stily stopped to see her
As to baffle she waded in.
"All delicious!" murmured Algic.
"Any man for such a prize
Ardently, might, might, four rivals
All at once and twice his size."
Busy birds can always write
Better at the dead of night,
Being then devoid of care,
Bound by nothing, free as air.
Bubbling snooks and sipping tea—
Burred are here and can die
Reverent thoughts can poets think,
Bubbling up on quarts of luk.
Could you, if you had a million
Cool situations in cash,
Calm yourself and be contented,
Caring not to cut a dash?
Come, now, tell us — if you had it,
Cool and frost and bright and green —
Crawling humbly, wouldn't you, sir,
Cut a gash in skies serene?

From Propertius (II, 12).

Who first did draw young Love a child
What skill had he! He knew how wild
Are lovers' ways, and what a rout
Their small desires do bring about.
Wings, too, he added cunningly,
And made the little god to fly,
Knowing the fate woe lovers mourn,
This way, and that at random blown,
Wise Love's arrows, wisely, too,
The quiver at his back, he drew,
Who wouldst before he knew him nigh,
A wound that's past all surgery.
Me this same child with all its stings
Both bannt; but since he's lost his wings,
For he'll not fly me, nor will rest
From the fowling of my breast,
Hence godding! In so seared a heart
What joy to lodge? Feather your dart
On some fresh fowling more your peer,
"His but my shade you harass here;
Which shade destroyed, whom will you
fright?
To please my lady to your mind —
Her little hand, her eyes like snow,
And how she delicately goes?

The Country.

Sunny skies and waving corn,
Furling parks;
Crimson eyes and row down,
Hees and twittering larks—
That's the blead.
Furling rain and ditty food,
Sleet and ditty winds;
Foul manure and squelching mud,
"Crouth, crouthling kind—
That's the real.

Life.

Why all this toll for triumphs of an hour?
—Young.
Life's short summer, man is but a flower.
—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die.
—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.
—Prior.
To be is better far than not to be.
—Sewall.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
—Shreiner.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs
are dumb,
—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they
come.
—Kaleigh.
Thy fate is but the common fate of all.
—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
—Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care,
—Churcill.
Custom doth often reason overrule,
—Rochester.
And turns a cruel sunshine on a fool.
—Armstrong.
Live well, how long or short permits to
Heaven,
—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most for-
given.
—Bailey.
Sear not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.
—Crowley.
Oh, then, renounce that unpoise self-esteem,
—Beattie.
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream;
—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
—Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!
—Gray.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
—Dryden.
The way to bliss lies not on path of down.
—Quarles.
How long we live not years but actions tell;
The man lives twice who lives the first life
well.
—Herriek.
The trust that's given, guard and to your-
self be just,
—Shann.
For live now how we may, yet live we must.
—Shakespeare.

The Very First.

I like to think that once on a time
In the far-off days of yore,
When no one said at the end of a tale
That he'd heard the thing before;
In the days when man had a simple mind
And humour had scarce begun
Somebody took his life in his hands
And shot off the Primal Pun—
The very first, and perhaps the worst,
The original Primal Pun.
Those were the days when the humorist
Was a practical sort of man;
He didn't rely on verbal points,
But worked on a different plan.
A sudden snook from behind with a club
Was what he considered fun,
Till one fine morning a genius came
And worked off the Primal Pun.
How it must have gone in those dim, dead
days!
What a stir it must have made!
How they must have roared till they
strained their ribs
And their friends applied first aid!
Joys there have been by the acre since
then,
But that was the earliest one,
When that light-hearted careman gave a
wink
And uttered the Primal Pun.
I often wonder when lights are low
And my final pipe I smoke,
What was it that pleasure of mirth,
That earliest verbal joke?
But ever in vain do I rack my brain;
There is none to tell me, none,
What were the words of the first buffoon
Who shot out the Primal Pun.
Yet often again, when I'm dining out,
And o'er my coffee I sit,
And my host is painfully trying to air
A rudimentary wit,
As he slowly works through his laboured
jest
With dulness that seems to stun,
I say to myself, "If he! he! he!"
'This must be that Primal Pun!
The very first, and certainly worst,
The original Primal Pun!"

Caught.

"Name Fortune sister! Most kindly fute!"
A cried on meeting pretty Kate
Unfastening her garden gate;
"How lucky we meet!"
But Kate replied, "If I were you,
I'd give you the same her due,
I've seen you for an hour or two
A-waiting down the street!"
—Doris Webb.

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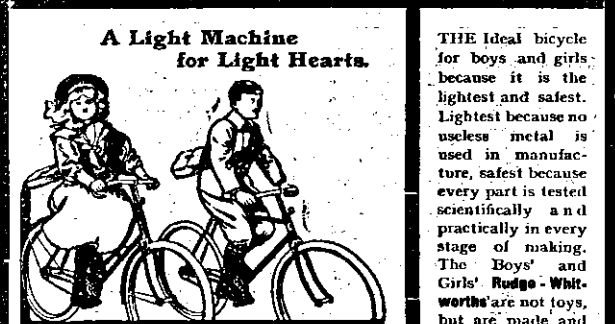
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THE TRUANCY OF BENITO

By MAY ARMSTRONG RYAN

TONA stood at the door of her little mud rancho and looked out upon the sunset. The great river flamed with living fire as its bosom threw back to the heavens the shining reflection of the resplendent clouds above. Ever-changing masses of royal colour were they, purple, gold, crimson, turquoise and violet, deepening and glowing as the sun sank lower and lower, glorifying the earth for one hour by a baptism of celestial beauty. Lazily rocking in the little bay, a schooner was preparing to take advantage of the breeze which was springing up from the land, and the voices of the crew, singing as they made taut the sails, and grew in the clanking anchor chain, came faintly across the water, to be drowned at last by the sound of the Angelus which rang out loud and clear from the twin towers of the old church in the little town on the opposite side of the harbour.

It was beautiful, uplifting and peaceful, but the soul of Tona, as she stood in the shadow of the overhanging thatch, her faded gown hanging loosely about her and slowly sucking the evening "mate" (a sort of tea, the drink of the country, was not uplifting, nor saw the beauty of the scene, nor knew its peace. For every soul, from the highest to the lowest, has its limitations, and those of poor stupid Tona's were very narrow. The only moment of her life in which she had been stirred to any degree of exalted emotion was when she had first pressed to her heart the infant Tonita, while her idea of beauty in its perfection was expressed in the huge cotton kerchief of brilliant red, with bunches of pink and yellow grapes gushing in unblushing contradiction of nature from its gaudy centre, which she wore tied tightly over her head and under her chin upon festive occasions. Festive occasions, however, were so rare in Tona's life that most of the time it lay carefully folded in the security of an old tobacco tin which the Patron had one day, in passing, tossed into the road. Benito had bought the kerchief for her on that great day when he had won a prize of two pesos (dollars) from the lottery in Montevideo, and it was not only the pride and joy of her life, but it was her treasure—the one thing she had ever possessed in all her life that she did not absolutely need. There is some compensation in possessing a soul of narrow limitations. Tona was perfectly satisfied with her treasure.

Her idea of true happiness was to sit in the doorway on Sunday afternoons and practise upon Benito's wheezy accordion, after he had galloped off to the races in all the magnificence of freshly-ironed bombachios, a cast-off coat of the Patron, and an unusually large white handkerchief knotted about his throat, while the chiquita slumbered peacefully upon the new sheepskin which served for her little bed. That this musical diversion was a privilege not to be lightly treated she well knew, for every penny in Uruguay buys from his savings, first, a knife, then a horse, and then an accordion, and happy indeed is he who possesses all three!

Had Benito stayed at home in order to spend Sunday with her and the little one, she would not have been pleased at all. She would have been embarrassed and troubled at so unheard of an innovation and, in all probability,

would have spent the time in sullen silence, her mind divided by speculation as to why he had remained with her, and the dread of the taunts and banter of her friends when his sudden fancy for his own fireside became known among them. For it is another unailing custom of every peon who is a true son of the mother soil to ride off on Sunday afternoons, himself arrayed in his very best and with bridle, spur and stirrup cleaned and polished to shining perfection, his destination one of the many roadside general stores which dot the country from river to ocean. At one of them some particularly exciting races between some particularly bad horses are sure to have been arranged to take place in the adjoining potrero, or pasture. At another, where the cana is cheaper, he can always find an opponent for a game of peloti (a Spanish ball game), while from within the click of the imitation ivory balls, bumping their troubled way over the torn and dusty cover of some ancient billiard table, sounds cheerfully through the afternoon.

Tona was neither a reformer nor an iconoclast. No mode of living other than the usual ever suggested itself to her; so if Benito left her with the fascinating accordion, as long as the baby was quiet, she sat through the long summer Sundays in perfect bliss, painfully picking out the notes of some plaintive periton, and, when she seemed to have caught it, repeating it over and over and over again.

This evening, however, the accordion possessed no charms for her. She was worried and vaguely unhappy. Four days before, Benito had gone to the neighbouring town of Rosario with the cart and eight bony horses, which were his capital and stock in trade, to bring down a load of young orange trees and rose bushes for the new garden which was being made for the Senora at the quinta on the hill. Three days only were required to make the journey and return, but the morning of the fourth day had passed and the afternoon had waned and still Benito had not arrived.

Before the baby came, he often had remained away many days, and then returned in heavy-eyed penitence, with empty pockets and perhaps a broken cart, but at that time even this did not trouble her deeply. She meekly accepted it as her "destino," and lived upon dry biscuits and mate until enough was saved to pay for having the cart mended. Since the advent of little Tonita this had never once occurred. All his earnings were brought home to Tona, and as long as work could be obtained they had lived in comfort, sometimes even being able to afford the luxury of macaroni in their daily pot of soup.

The baby had grown strong and fat, and lay all day kicking her little naked legs and sucking her tiny thumb in healthy content. For the past four weeks, however, it had been difficult to obtain steady employment as a cartman and Benito had been upon the point of applying to the Patron, as he still called his former master, to take him on again as a regular peon at the quinta, when the work of bringing down the trees fell into his hands.

The stock of provisions was very low when he left, but there was enough to supply Tona's meagre wants for the

three days he was to be away, though now that the fourth day had gone by nothing remained but a little mate and one hard biscuit.

Still it was not the fear of immediate want that made her heart heavy within her, for she knew that the Senora's ever-generous hand would not let them starve—it was that, as she stood, straining her ears for the rumble of wheels, she saw Benito slipping back into his old careless ways; and now it was not for herself she feared—it was for the little Tonita.

Autumn, with its days of heavy mists and soaking rains, was close at hand, and the little naked limbs must be covered and the chiquilina could not go hungry as she could. Worse than all was the bitter thought that she herself was to blame for Benito's delay. Had she but done as he had asked of her on the morning when he drove away—if she had but spoken those two little words!

Bonita possessed a playful spirit. Tona was unfortunate as far as Tona was concerned, as her phlegmatic temperament, which would have been called sensitive in one of higher development, could not respond to his banter, and the more he railed and chaffed her, the more silent and unsmiling she became.

On the morning of his departure he had been unusually cheerful, and as she was preparing his steaming bowl of mate cocida (mate boiled in milk), his pleasantries had been directed towards the sleeping Tonita, whom, in reality, he adored above all earthly beings.

"Mirad! (Look!) Tona, how she resembles a little bicho! (insect!)" he exclaimed in well-feigned distress. "Povrecita! so thin and ugly. Her mother does not care for her; nor feed her good papita, is it not so?"

Tona knew that he was but teasing her, but her face hardened, and taking up the child, she went outside. At the back of the rancho she sat down with the baby in her lap, and gazed moodily ahead at nothing.

The eight bony horses were standing expectantly in the small corral; and Benito came out wiping his mouth upon the sleeve of his blue blouse and tightening his faja so that the beloved knife would be in no danger of slipping through its folds. He playfully poked Tona's side and pinched the baby's cheek as he passed, and then without waiting to note the effect of his caresses went on to the corral and busied himself in getting the horses into their primitive rawhide harness. Finally with much noise of stamping and shouting and not a few lively expressions in picturesque Spanish, the cart was ready and Benito clambered over the back with the agility of a monkey, followed by his small white mongrel pup which rejoiced in the name of Monarco, and was never far from the heels of his master. He stood still in the bed of the waggon for a moment and looked expectantly at his wife:

"One little kiss from the child!" he pleaded.

Tona did not stir.

"Come Tona, give me your hand, and say 'Adios, amigo!'" he begged.

She looked straight ahead without moving a muscle.

"Say, 'Adios, amigo,'" he demanded. Stony silence.

"Bueno! senora then until my return—and now, quien sabe when will that be," he added in a changed tone.

Tona sat just as she was, the baby on her knee, but with a great tightening about her heart, and Benito rattled off down the white road to Rosario.

All this came back to her as she stood in the doorway to-night, scanning every cloud of dust arising from the road for signs of the well-known cart. The highway stretched away to the horizon empty and silent. By day it presented a level, sunny track winding irregularly through endless fields of wheat and maize and great grassy potreros, dotted with grazing animals, its only shade an occasional onbu dropping its giant branches above some whitewashed shepherd's hut, or perhaps a row of blue-green eucalyptus dwarfing and paling by contrast a hedge of feathery cinacina. Now, however, as the sun sank lower, great patches of cool, deep shade crept slowly across its dusty perspective, and the shadow of the hairy cactus stretched its snaky arms toward the tall thistles, burned and browned by the summer sun, their purple blooms long since transformed into fluffy down which floated afar with every passing breeze.

There was a clatter of hoofs and Tona turned as the newcomer drew up his prancing black pony before the rancho. Don Luciano Monsalvo was the owner of a small piece of land and a few fat animals, and could afford clinking ornaments of silver upon his bridle of finely braided rawhide, on the stirrups, spurs, short whip with lush like a strap, and a beautiful skin of the gato-montes (species of wild cat) beneath his silver-trimmed saddle. He was therefore always addressed as Don Luciano by his friends, with all the respect and homage due to one of possessions so exalted. His little round felt hat was tied under his stubby beard by strings of black cotton, but he touched it grandly with his revenque and bowed with sweeping grace.

"Buenos tardes, senora—how are you this evening?" he inquired.

"Bien, senor, and you?" returned Tona apathetically.

"Muy bien," with much emphasis.

"I am very glad," she answered mechanically.

A long silence ensued, Tona twisting her apron in embarrassment, while Don Luciano passively rolled and lighted a cigarette.

"And Benito?" he asked suddenly.

"He is not here—he has gone to Rosario."

"To Rosario? What a pity! They are in want of a cartman at the Estancia San Pedro to carry wheat to the wharf, but he must be there early to-morrow morning, as a great grain boat from England comes to-night and they are anxious to load and be away again as soon as possible. I thought to tell Benito of the chance because he drives horses instead of the slow bullocks and no doubt the work would be his if he were on the spot early enough—but as God will," he added piously. "If it is not he, it will be another."

"That is true, senor," answered Tona, wearily.

"Bueno! Dona Antonia, I salute you—may you pass a good night!" he con-

cluded briskly, and leaned from his saddle to offer a very horny, grimy hand.

Tona touched it with limp fingers. "Adios!" she said.

"¡aramba!" muttered Don Luciano, giving his pony a vicious cut with the cruel strap-like lash of his rein, "not a word of thanks, nor the offer of a tiny drop of cana. Preserve me from such a woman!"

Tona sat down heavily upon a little stool which stood by the door, her head sank into her lap, her whole attitude the expression of absolute dejection. The consequences of her fault seemed to be growing greater and greater. In addition to her former worry, there was now the knowledge that Benito was to lose this opportunity for making a goodly sum—and all because she had not been able to bring herself to say those two little words, "adios, amigo!" so simple at the time, now grown so portentous.

There was the sound of wheels and Tona started joyfully and raised her head; but no, of course it could not be the cart! She knew that it was the light trap of the Senora even before it swung into view. The Senora sat upon the high seat in front, driving her pair of thoroughbreds as usual, but the place beside her was vacant, and Juan, the patron's own servant, sat stiff and important behind. This arrangement of things was so unheard of that Tona stared in open mouthed curiosity, not even noticing that the Senora forgot to nod and smile as was her custom, but sat with her beautiful pale face hard set, and her eyes, which could dance so brightly, heavy and sad. Never before had Tona seen the Senora drive alone. The Patron always sat there beside her, and they would come home, laughing and chatting together, or singing scraps of melody unintelligible to Tona's ears, but dear to them as well-remembered strains of college days, or silly little songs they had sung together so far away from present scenes, when love was young.

Juan sprang from the trap, throwing open the wide gate with a flourish, and

the thoroughbreds trotted briskly up the eucalyptus avenue to the quinta house.

The baby awoke with a hungry cry and Tona's curiosity gave place to maternal solicitude. She took the child in her arms and hushed her again to rest, singing the universal lullaby of south-western America, be it in the nearest hut in most remote district of "the camp," or in the stateliest palace of its most beautiful city:

Rye-oh-by, my child,
Rye-oh-by, my sun.
Sleep, thou, little piece of my heart.

The old Indian woman who was Tona's neighbour had a certain manner of singing this to her numerous brood of grandchildren, which at once excited Tona's unbounded admiration and liveliest efforts at imitation. The first two lines of each verse would be growled in a rumbling bass, but at the last two her voice would suddenly change to tones exactly an octave higher, and the particular piece of her heart to which she might be singing, would be lulled to sleep in a shrill falsetto. Tona's ear for music, however, was in perfect accord with her entire make-up—it was dull, and she therefore succeeded only in changing the key, the flight of the perfect octave being a vocal accomplishment entirely beyond her. Fortunately, Tona was not critical, and under the soothing effect of this crippled melody soon relapsed into heavy slumber.

Tona laid her gently upon the sheepskin and straightened the small pillow of wool under the little black head. She stood a moment looking down upon her sleeping child in satisfied contemplation. Another mother would have stooped to kiss the smooth round cheek, and breathe a prayer, with swimming eyes; but Tona timidly touched the dimpled hand with one dirty finger and drew a short, quick breath. Then taking down an old bag of sacking from a peg driven into the mud wall, she went out to gather sticks with which to replenish the fire slowly dying upon the rude hearth of sundried bricks.

She walked out and aimlessly onward toward the quinta, stooping here to pick

up a dried thistle stalk, and there a bit of bark or tiny twig blown from the trees of the driveway into the open. From where she wandered she could see the Patron sitting in the corridor surrounding the great house, stretched at length in a deck-chair, his hands thrust into the depths of his pockets, his eyes gazing moodily out over the river, and as she neared the fence which separated her and the hot tears gathered and fell.

She dashed them aside with an impatient gesture and looked out to where the garden from the paddock where her steps had led her, she caught a glimpse of the Senora, sitting alone in a low chair by the open window of her bedroom. Her eyes were red as if she had been crying, and Tona vaguely wondered if things could sometimes go wrong with one who had so beautiful a home, and never had any work to do, just as tonight they were going wrong with her.

The Senora herself, however, knew that a beautiful home, leisure, and an abundance of all the material things which go to make life attractive and lovely, were not all for which her heart cried out. Until within the last few days they had seemed to mean far more to her than they did to-night, for then they had been glorified and blest by the light of mutual love. But a week before a shadow had dimmed its radiance, a tiny shadow at first, caused by a few hasty words, by which of them spoken she scarcely remembered now. Then other shades of pride, and obstinacy, and hardness of heart had joined the first; and lo! a cloud had risen between them—the first one in all the five years of her happy married life—which became harder and harder to dispel as the days went by, and, as she thought of her lonely drive that afternoon and realized how apart they were growing, it seemed about to engulf her in its chill, gray depths.

It had all been so unnecessary, so foolish, in the beginning, but hard words had been spoken since by each, and now—how was it to end? If only her husband would come to her and sue for peace, even by a slight caress

—she would not ask from him one word of self-reproach—how her heart would go out to him! So freely she would pardon, so gladly welcome back the old, dear days of confidence and loving companionship! Her whole being cried out for him and unconsciously she stretched her arms across the silence of the twilight to meet his coming. She was so unutterably lonely, without him—a sigh like a sob escaped the gardener was directing the removal of some rose cuttings in her new garden. Just beyond the fence, she saw Tona wearily lifting her bag of sticks to her shoulder.

"Tona!" she called, "come here a moment."

Tona allowed her burden to slide to the turf again, and holding apart the wires of the fence, clambered awkwardly through.

"What is your pleasure, Senora?" she asked, shuffling across the corridor, her loose native shoes with rope soles flopping heavily against its red tiles.

"I want you to send Benito to me—I have a commission for him in town which I forgot this afternoon," was the answer.

"But Benito is not here—he has not yet returned."

"Not yet. Do you know why?"

"Si, Senora," answered Tona, sadly contemplating the toe of her alpargato.

"Why?" asked the Senora, absently. Her gaze had wandered to the moon rising in white radiance at the foot of the drive, touching with silver the great gate and the seemingly boundless plain beyond the shadow of the avenue. At that moment the sense of her loneliness swept over her like a flood and Tona's reply fell upon unhearing ears.

"Because I did not say 'Adios, amigo!'"

Now that at last Tona had spoken aloud the fateful words, all the pent-up regret and bitterness which had been gathering in her heart throughout the day, came with them. One large tear slowly rolled down her sallow cheek. She sniffed dismally and wiped it away with the corner of her apron. The Senora turned in surprise:

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"Why, Tona!" she exclaimed, "what is it?"

"He has not come back because I did not say 'adios, amigo,'" she repeated slowly; then, with a burst of feeling utterly unusual—"Oh, Senora! He said that I did not give my Tona enough to eat, so I would not let him give her a kiss of farewell, and then he bade me say 'adios, amigo,' and I would not—it seemed so foolish a thing to say to one's marido, and he was laughing at me and I could not say it, and then we drove away, and said quien sabe when he would return, and now—and now the nena will go cold and hungry, too, for he will go again from home, and again, and all the money will go—" halting in the flow of her words, she made an eloquent gesture—her hand closed like a cup at her lips, her head thrown back as if she were drinking deeply and then went on, the tears falling faster and faster—"Oh, senora! If I had but done as he bade me—if I had only said those words while he could hear, if only for the sake of the nena! Look! now I will say them over and over, but it is too late!"

The apron again went up to her tear-stained face and she wept as her own child might, loudly and unrestrainedly.

The senora stood for a moment in silence. Then—"Go back to your baby, Tona," she said quietly. "We will see what can be done about all this."

Tona retraced her steps, clambered ungratefully through the fence as before, and taking up the bag of fuel, walked slowly towards the rancho. The senora stood in the low French window and watched the retreating figure, bowed beneath its material burden as her soul was bowed by its burden of unhappiness.

"A sermon from a stone," she thought. She and this lonely woman of the camp were sisters, after all. The same mother love which dwelt in her, lived in the heart of the other, and the same stubborn pride and sense of injured dignity which had kept Tona from speaking that morning and had brought her to tears of penitence and regret, were now near to wrecking her own happiness. Tona's hopeless cry—"Look! now I will say it over and over again, but it is too late!" rang in her ears. "To be sure her child would not suffer from the cold—ah! but love, which is built upon true comradeship and whose warmth, and health, and life is loving sacrifice, love could grow cold. Her darling would never go hungry—but there are hearts that starve! And though her babe might not suffer through lack of creature comforts, would not her unhappiness be reflected and perpetuated in its little life? Should she not humble herself a little before it was too late, if not on her own account, at least "for the sake of the nena?"

She walked quickly to the door crossed the patio, heavy with the scent of stary jasmine and late roses, and turned toward the long, cool sala, her heart beating loudly and rapidly. At the threshold she paused—her husband sat there in the moonlight which flooded the room, gazing out at the twinkling lights of the distant town. She had thought to find him in his own room beyond, and at the sight of the silent figure sitting there in the dusk, her courage ebbed away, and a great lump arose in her throat. How should she begin—what should she say to him? She did not know, but with a sudden impulse went quickly forward and then, shyly and tremulously, she whispered, "Adios, amigo!"

Her husband turned in glad surprise. One look at her shining, expectant face, and all wonder as to the meaning of her words vanished with the clouds of their misunderstanding—and he held out his arms to her.

Late that evening as they walked hand in hand, lovers once more, up and down the moonlit corridor, in the soft, misty stillness of the Uruguayan night, and Tona, in her little hut, joyfully unfolding from a huge hamper, various garments of flannel and linen which had warmed the Patroncita's (little mistress) own chubby form the winter before, through the silence came the rumble of a cart, bumping and rocking in reckless haste as it rattled over stones and ditches, and as it drew nearer Benito's cheery voice came borne by the night wind from far away down the road:

"Up-ha, Chiquito! Vamos Clavelina!" and then a long drawn "Sh-sh-sh!" as with frantic backs from Monarca,

and the neighs of the eager foals in the corral, he drew up in front of his home at last.

"And so, after all, the truant returns to the fair Tona," said the Patron kissing his wife's upturned face.

"Dear Tona!" said the senora softly. "Short Stories."

Origin of the "Pullman."

George Mortimer Pullman, inventor of the Pullman car, was born on a farm in 1831. The family was poor, and when George was fourteen years old his mother became ill, and he was forced to leave school and go to work in a country store. He stayed there three years, and was then apprenticed to his brother in Albion, N.Y., to learn the cabinet-making business.

It was at this time that he got the idea of an improved sleeping-car. One night he was riding from Buffalo to Westfield, a distance of sixty miles, and the rattling and jolting of the cars as they swung round the curves or banged over the uneven road-bed made sleep almost impossible.

At that time the bunks provided were nothing more than three tiers of shelves similar to the bunks on the canal boats. It was necessary on rounding a curve to hold on tight to keep from being spilled out on the carriage floor.

Before the end of the journey was reached he had decided to build a car in which it would be possible to sleep, and which would also give passengers as much comfort as the space at command permitted.

Young Pullman was not then able to put his idea into operation, for none of the railroad officials would listen to him, and he did not have the necessary money to carry on his experiments independently. He earned the money, however, in the work he did in Chicago. The whole city was being raised so that a sewerage system could be introduced.

Then he set to work to carry out his ideas about sleeping-cars. He took two old passenger coaches and refitted them, and went to the head of the Chicago and Alton Railroad and asked that they be given a trial.

"All right," said the president, "go ahead. We won't charge you for the use of the road during the trial."

The trial showed that there was a demand for more comfortable cars, but none of the roads was willing to put any money into the scheme. This necessitated more experimenting by Pullman, at his own expense, and in 1863 he built at a cost of £3000, a car that was equipped according to his plans.

This first sleeping-car, the "Pioneer" embodied many of the features of the modern Pullman, but it was condemned by practically every railroad man in the country as a wild extravagance, for the ordinary sleeping-car of the time cost only £800.

"The Pioneer" lay in the train shed most of the time during the first year of its existence, but whenever it was used the demand for berths in it was promising.

Still, the railroad men could not see the advisability of investing five thousand pounds or more—for Pullman's plans grew in expensiveness all the time—in cars and they steadfastly turned down his requests that they gave him orders to build cars and buy the cars when they were finished. This led him to determine to build the cars and rent them.

Investors did not flock to him, but he got together enough to start operations, and the five cars he already had on the rail were earning money. During the first year he did not add any new cars, but the next year, he put several out, and they were a huge success—the company that year earning £50,000.

The factory had outgrown its quarters, and all the surrounding land was held at prohibitive prices. Pullman determined to break away from the city, and he went out several miles, and for £100,000 purchased a 3500 acre tract. Here he built the city of Pullman.

For a year Pullman had 4000 men constantly employed in raising the ground, laying out streets, and building shops and residences. When they had finished he was ready for the 7000 employees engaged in building the Pullman cars.

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AVERAGE DOSE:—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

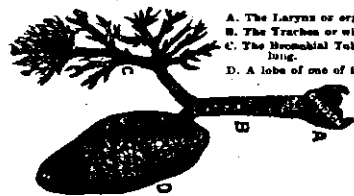
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LAWN TENNIS

How to make and mark a Court

I have laid out a good many grass courts in my time, and my advice to any one who wants to do the same thing is to get some person who makes it his business to do it for him if he can afford it (writes P. A. Vaile in his "Lawn Tennis Guide" published by Spalding.) In laying out a court the first thing is to select your site. See that it is protected from the prevailing winds, if you can conveniently arrange it so by taking advantage of any natural shelter, but on no account have any trees, particularly deciduous, near it.

Having selected your site, you must lay down your side line and measure out your court. Now comes the important matter of setting your levels, and I don't mind telling you that I always got a surveyor to do it for me. It saves a lot of trouble and prevents you having a court like the centre court at Wimbledon, with a drop of six inches from one side to the other.

If you cannot get a surveyor you must manage it for yourself by driving in a stake or two with a straight-edge nailed on at a right angle, putting a spirit-level on that, and repeating the operation with the other stakes. You will have to level from stake to stake by another straight-edge and then along the tops of the attachments, still using the straight-edge and level, which I am afraid you will find rather tedious.

Having got your levels, the next thing will be to reduce the ground. If you are adding the soil to make the lawn, you will simply have to straighten out the ground roughly and spread your soil on top. You must be careful to get good-soil-free from weeds.

If you are using the soil already there, you must, if your excavation would take you into poor soil, lay back the good soil on each side, level up the subsoil and spread the good soil again. You must then see that it is thoroughly pulverised and raked, and every sign of a weed must be taken out. When you have gone thoroughly over it, and raked it until there isn't a nut or a weed in it, you may sow it. Here I must leave you to the tender mercies of your seedman with the warning to avoid clover as you would sin, and to use nothing but fine lawn grasses suitable for your district and climate.

In sowing you must be careful to spread the seed well with a free circular sweep of the hand, which releases the seed equally at all portions of its passage; in fact, unless you know how to do it, again you had better get someone who does. Whatever you do, be generous with the seed. Put 50 per cent more on than the seedman tells you to rather than 10 per cent less. You should sow when the ground is dry, then roll well with an ordinary roller. You can run a brush or bough over the lawn so as to sweep all seeds into the soil, or rake lightly again. Then roll once more, and Nature will do the rest.

This is really a very general direction, but it is hard to be more specific, as the conditions in each case vary so much; but whatever you do take no notice of the local quidnunc who advises you to have clover because it is always so nice and green, like the balls will be and he is, or some other kind of grass because it is so soft, as he apparently thinks you are.

You may, of course, want to turf your lawn. Good turf is in many places quite impossible to get. We will assume, however, that you can get it and that you have levelled out your lawn and the surrounding ground. You must be careful to see that it is well drained. In some cases it will be right without anything further. In others you will have to tile-drain it. Here again I am afraid you will want

the tradesman, as so few amateurs can do this properly.

You should have at least ten inches of good soil above the subsoil before you think of putting down your turf, and it stands to reason that this must be perfectly and equally consolidated all over, otherwise you will have trouble with your turf. See that all your turf is of an even thickness. After your turf is laid it has to be well trowled or rammed and then lightly rolled. You must now leave it alone for a while to settle, and then in a few weeks, when it has "gripped" the soil, you may put a heavier roller on to it. During the first two or three weeks, if there is not much rain you should have the sprayer going on the lawn.

Always keep the grass closely mown. If you allow it to grow long it becomes rank and thick at the roots, and this spoils a lawn. You can hardly cut a tennis lawn too close. I can remember nearly getting into trouble with a very worthy secretary of my club, who thought half an inch of grass made it "nice and soft for the feet," by making him an offer for the "grazing" on the lawns. He could not understand that you cannot cut a lawn too close unless you scrape the earth up.

Shortly after the end of your season it is well to give the base lines some attention. Possibly they will want top-dressing and re-sowing, or they will perhaps, in the case of the turfed lawn, want re-turfing. In the case of a lawn where the seed has been grown on it, especially in its first year, it is a good plan to give it a top-dressing of an inch or so of good soil similar to that which was used in putting it down, and to treat this with a liberal application of some of the superphosphate or bone manures so liberally advertised nowadays.

Water your court in the cool of the evening, never in the heat of the day. Keep the roller and the mower going. These are the three chief factors in obtaining and keeping a good surface after you have once got over the initial difficulties. Carefully remove all weeds as soon as they make their appearance.

There are so many different kinds of hard courts that I cannot attempt to fully describe each one. I shall therefore give general directions which are really applicable to nearly all hard courts except such as asphalt, cement, or concrete.

For nearly all hard courts the following directions will be found to answer: Excavate the soil over the area which you intend to put down for a depth of eight inches. Level the surface. Lay down about five or six inches of large gravel, broken brick, or any other stone or cinder which you care to use as a foundation. Every stone in this should be of such a size that it will pass through a two-inch ring. Have this thoroughly raked and levelled. Then roll it with a heavy roller—the heavier the better. Two and a half tons is not too heavy if your subsoil will stand it. Roll it thoroughly, and do not water it. This will put it down nearly an inch.

Now put down an inch and a half to two inches of gravel, cinder, burnt clay, or whatever you are using, that is about half the size of the foundation-stone. Have this spread by a shovelful at a time and sown with a good semi-circular sweep of the shovel, so as to distribute it evenly. Sweep it well into the interstices between the foundation-stones. Do this thoroughly. Then have it raked and smoothed and dry-roll it heavily and well.

Now you have a very solid bed, and you must start to put on your top. Let this consist of very small gravel, cinder, or stone chips. They must be small enough to readily sweep in between the interstices in the last layer and present a smooth surface. "Sow" this as before. Sweep it well in as it

is put down. Give it a good dressing, and now put your water on. Don't flood it, but give it a good drenching all over, so as to wash the chips down between the larger stones. Now for the first time you wet-roll it, and you can hardly give it too much.

You ought now to have a good surface, but if you are not thoroughly satisfied with it you must, when it has dried and set, give it another dressing of smaller chips that are almost dust. Sweep these well in and water them copiously. Then roll again as heavily as you like. If you are making a sand court, your last layer would consist of, say, an inch and a half to two inches of sand, but it would then be well to have some lime or some similar substance to mix with it, otherwise it will probably not bind well unless it is fairly coarse.

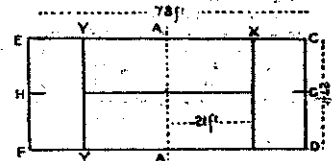
You must not make the mistake of putting down too much dust on the court. Your final dressing should be small chips in preference to dust, for if your last layer is too fine, it merely sinks between the larger stones or rubble and is in dry weather a cushion of dust and in wet a pad of mud, so that your court will not consolidate at all, and it will be a ghastly failure.

In each layer you must see that you have your stones carefully graded. They should be as nearly as possible of uniform size. It is a good idea to have your court an inch or an inch and a-half higher down the centre than at the sides. This allows the water to run off freely.

Unless your site is naturally fairly well drained you should tile-drain it before you put down your foundations, or if you do not do that you can make your floor "slope" to some given point and put in a few pipes to carry off any soakage.

HOW TO GET THE MEASUREMENTS.

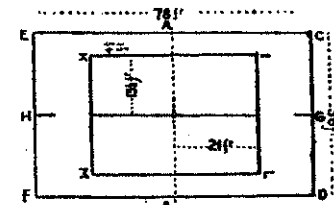
For a single-handed game the court is 27 feet in width and 78 feet in length. It is divided across the middle by a net, the ends of which are attached to the tops of two posts (A and A') which stand 3 feet outside the court on each side. The height of the net is 3 feet



The Court for Two Players

6 inches at the post, and 3 feet at the centre. At each end of the court parallel with the net, and at a distance of 39 feet from it, are drawn the base lines (CD and EF), the extremities of which are connected by the side lines (CE and DE). Halfway between the side lines, and parallel with them, is drawn the half-court line (CH), dividing the space on each side into two equal parts, called the right and left courts. On each side of the net, at a distance of 21 feet from it, and parallel with it, are drawn the service lines (XX and XY).

For the three-handed and four-handed games the court is 36 feet in width. Within the side lines, at a distance of 4 1/2 feet from them, and parallel with them, are drawn the service side lines (IK and LM). The service lines are not drawn beyond the points J and M to-

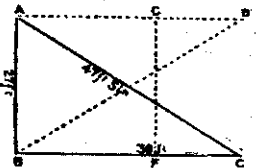


The Court for Three or Four Players.

wards the side lines. For convenience the lines IK and LM may be continued to the full length of the court, in which case the court bounded by the line IKLM may be used for the single-handed game only. In other respects, the court is similar to that for the single-handed game.

As a double court practically includes

every line to be found in a single court, it is best to first take the measurement for the latter. Having determined the position of your net, plant in the ground in the line chosen two pegs 27 feet apart (at the points A and B in the diagram). Then take two measures, and allot their respective ends to the pegs A and B. On the first, which will measure the diagonal of the court, take a length of 47 feet 6 inches on the other 39 feet, pull both taut in such directions that at these distances they meet in a point (C). This will give one corner of the court. At the point F, 21 feet from B, put in a peg to mark the end of the service line. The other corner (D), and the other end of the service line (G) may be formed by interchanging the measures and repeating the progress. The same measurements on the other side of the net will repeat the exterior boundaries of the court. By prolonging the base lines 4 ft. 6 in. in each direction, and joining the four points thus obtained, the side lines of the double court are obtained. It only remains to mark the central line. This is done by joining the middle points of the service lines. If a double court is



How to Mark Out a Court.

alone required, the interior side lines need not be prolonged to meet the base lines. Remember that in all cases the net posts must stand at a distance of 3 feet from the side lines. Plenty of room should be allowed all round the court. A green background is desirable; a pointed wall or fence is good, but a hedge protected by wire netting is the best. The court should be laid so that the sun shall pass as nearly as may be across it in line with the net.

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THE LOAN OF A HAT

By Rosamund Langbridge

Author of "The Flame and the Flood," "The Third Experiment," etc.

FROM the doorway of her father's house, Kate Heffernan watched her father slink into the pawnshop half-way down the street. An apprehensive colour swept suddenly into her cheeks.

"Ye have a letter from yer b'y this morning, Miss," remarked the postman, passing her at this juncture on his mid-day rounds. He held out a letter to the girl.

"Thanks, Mr Hourigan," Kate murmured, with her eyes across the road—he's up to his thricks ag'in."

"An' why wouldn't the poor b'y? More power to his thricks!" said Mr Hourigan, mistaking the involuntary reference to her father as a voluntary allusion to the letter. Kate turned aside into the house, and ran her finger feverishly through the envelope. But it was not of the letter she was thinking. It was of the broad, high parcel that had passed with Heffernan under the three golden balls.

"Dear Miss Heffernan," she read, "Me an' my dawter would be pleased if ye would take tea with us this afternoon at our residence in William St. at half-past 4 o'clock as we think it time we should be acquainted with the young lady that Sarsfield is walking with. Excuse short notice I did not think it necessary as we are not expecting company any yourself.—Sincerely dear Madam,

N. Doolan."

With her hand over her mouth, Kate made a muffled scream.

"Sarsfield's mother!" she gasped, then flung herself flat on the floor and felt with her two hands under the bed. She dragged out a battered bandbox and shook it. It was horribly light. She tore off the lid, then groaned, and sank on the floor.

"Holy Mother of God!" said Kate. "Me father have me hat pawned, an' Sarsfield's mother have asked me to tea!"

She did not cry, but clasped her hands and rose to her feet. Her very soul was shaken with despair.

"Sarsfield, me darlin' b'y!" she exclaimed, in bitter meditation. "What'll I do at all?" Her grey eyes roved round the room. There was scarcely any anger in her heart towards her father; she merely felt that life was mercilessly hard.

"I have on'y the shawl," she reflected aloud. Kate had no mother to consult with, for the wife of Heffernan had been some years dead. A notion struck her suddenly.

Bridgie Bourke, next door, had a beautiful new hat, and, as her father had been steady since his last month's drinking bout, it was possible that this might still be out of pawn.

Kate discovered Bridgie sweeping old cabbage stalks off her door-step. She pushed her back into the living room.

"Bridgie Bourke, I have an invitation to drink tea this after noon with me b'y's mother, at her residence in William Street, an' me father have me hat in pawn!" she cried.

"Well to goodness!" said Bridgie, not at all surprised, "th' old daymon!" she added.

"An'—an' what'll I do at all?" said Kate.

"Sure, can't ye go in the shawl?" said Bridgie, a little bit uneasily.

"Is it in the shawl?" exclaimed Kate, "to Mrs Doolan's o' William Street, wid Mrs Doolan, Dressmaker, on a brass plate on the door!"

"Arrah be damned to the old brass plate!" said Bridgie. "—There's more brass in her ladyship Mrs Doolan's ould snout than there is in the whole of her plate."

"Don't be talkin' that way o' me own b'y's mother!" said Kate.

"Faith, Katie Heffernan, be yer own accounts, that's a thrille to the way yer

own b'y's mother does be talking of her own b'y's gerril," said Bridgie. "Wasn't yerself tellin' me what Maggie Malone heard Mrs Doolan say—the darter of a drunken ould shoemaker, in a very common set—very common entirely—walkin' out wid me son Sarsfield (so they're tellin' me; though I niver seen her meself), wid a dirty, common ould shawl thrown around her."

Kate flung out her hands dramatically.

"There ye are now!" she exclaimed, "an' you axin' me to take tea for the first time at me b'y's mother's wid a brass plate on the door, in me dirty, common, ould shawl!"

Bridgie was silenced utterly. She turned into a room which led out of the kitchen. Kate, with a consolation in her manner, spoke through the open door to her, and raised her voice a little.

"Ye're axin' me to shame the darcit b'y that I'm promised to, Bridgie Bourke; thure for Mrs Doolan, I did walk out a couple o' wet nights wid Sarsfield in th' old shawl—but sure wouldn't anyone be apt to do that when 'twould be teemin' rain. Ye don't reckonise th' importance, Bridgie Bourke, o' doin' credit to me b'y's chieft, for his people's ag'in me—an' I have the yaller thread gloves, an' the astrichan jacket an' all."

Bridgie Bourke came slowly out of the room with a black hat plumed with feathers on her closed fist.

"Musha, God love ye!" said Kate, hurriedly, and without the least show of surprise.

She snatched the hat from Bridgie's hand and set it on her head.

"Where would I see meself?" Bridgie pointed silently to a small, cracked mirror hanging on the wall; she was too full of feminine emotion for speech. When Kate saw herself in the glass she flushed with delight, and drew back. Bridgie flushed, too, but for a different reason.

"I wouldn't say it suited you!" said Bridgie, chewing something carelessly.

"'Twill never become me the way it becomes yerself!" answered Kate, with a modest diplomacy. Bridgie waved her hand.

"Take it off wid ye now," she said. As Kate moved to the door, smoothing the feathers with reverent fingers, Bridgie crossed to the window.

"Isn't the sky very dull-lookin'?" she remarked.

Kate looked out of the door with nervous eyes.

"I wouldn't say too dull at all!" she replied.

"Have you th' umbrella?" asked Bridgie.

"Deed no!" answered Kate. "I have not, Bridgie Bourke."

Bridgie raised her voice and shouted: "God knows I'll kill ye, Katie Heffernan, if it rains on me noo hat."

"Arrah go on—'twon't rain," said Kate.

"—For I'm as proud o' that hat—" said Bridgie. "I'd tear the head off of you if ye sp'it it on me—the dear knows I would—I'd be that mad in meself."

"Arrah go on wid yer ould hat," said Kate, as she stepped out of the house.

"What time'll ye start?" called Bridgie from her own step to Kate's.

"I'll have me own house at a quarter past four, an'll be at Mrs Doolan's—"

"O' 26, William Street—I know the place well—at half-past four egg-ackly," Bridgie concluded. "I'll be watchin' out for ye and yer b'y." She passed into her house, then stuck her head out at the door—"an' my hat!" she shouted.

At a quarter past four of the clock Sarsfield Doolan arrived for Kate.

He was a fair-haired, fresh-skinned young man, with a good-humoured, but slightly pompous expression. His Sunday suit, which he was wearing, inclined to the colour of dried green peas—the necktie round his collar was navy blue, with a little white sprig in it. Sarsfield's gaze climbed from Kate's boots to her hat, where it stayed for an admiring minute.

"Faith, I never seen ye so nice!" he remarked with satisfaction. Kate's eyes rose tremulously to the upper storey of the Bourke's house, and there was Bridgie leaning from the window.

"Ye're a beautiful pair, God bless ye," she remarked. "Mither Doolan in his grand noo suit, an' Miss Heffernan in her gorgeous noo hat! Hurry on down quick, Katie Heffernan, I'm in dread ye'll be caught in the rain."

"Arrah what rain!" Katie shouted exultantly.

She drew a deep breath as they stepped out together.

"I have the palpitations awful bad," she said to Sarsfield. Sarsfield was looking at the women who passed them in the street.

"There isn't a better-lookin' gerril than yerself—when ye're dressed—in the town!" he said stoutly. "Ye're grand altogether to-day."

Kate tossed her head and blushed.

"Gwan away, Sarsfield!" she said, "ye're gamin'!"

"Divvie a game!" cried Sarsfield. "an' ye have great taste wid yer hats."

"Would ye say that?" she answered, and she turned, her face up to the sky. "I'm in dread, fer I'm in dread to get c'ot in the rain."

Sarsfield shook his head.

"'Twon't rain at all to-day," he said decisively, "not at all—no! Me mother have the best spoons laid out, an' beautiful cake-plates wid ribbins t'rough the handles an' all."

"Ye'r mother have great taste," Kate murmured.

"She have so," said Sarsfield, settling his chin in his collar, "great taste."

"Tell me the truth, now, like a good b'y!—Will I do ye credit, Sarsfield?" said Kate.

"Ye will," answered Sarsfield, "ye're grand altogether—if ye'll spake up bound to me mother—an'll not look in dread that she'll ate you; an'll take yer tea in yer gloves—for she sets great store by that—I wouldn't drink out o' me saucer ayther, fer though me mother does that herself when on'y ourselves'd be there—"

"I'll do ye credit, no fears!" Kate gasped, as they approached the door with Mrs Doolan, Dressmaker, on the brass plate, "on'y—the palpitations is—awful!"

The door was opened, after a gentle

pause, by a dressmaker's apprentice of fourteen, in a cap and apron. Sarsfield stared at her, blushed, and stumbled on the mat, for this supreme effort of his mother's genius had been sprung upon him unawares. The apprentice girl showed them into the parlour. It had a sloping floor covered with oil-cloth; it was draped extensively with odoriferous art-muslin, adorned with Japanese fans spread out upon the walls, and brackets holding families of small china dogs. There were two full-length mirrors opposite each other, and both were hand-painted—probably by Miss Doolan—in waving waterily plants with prodigious white flower-heads. Sarsfield coughed and settled his chin in his collar. He was wondering if he could live up to all this for an hour and a-half. "Comport yerself like a lady!" he whispered to the girl, as the door opened and Mrs Doolan, in a crackling underskirt, followed by her daughter, swept into the room. Sarsfield's mother was a stunted, pallid woman, with a weak and affected, but good-natured face; she looked every inch that type of dressmaker that aspires and pretends to cut for the quality only, and that has cut for her own class since she began her trade. Her daughter was the duplicate of herself, with the stumpiness, and the sedentary pallor more accentuated.

"I preshume ye are Miss Heffernan, the fongy of me son," said Mrs Doolan.

"Yes, ma'am, that same. I hope ye're well," said Kate.

"May I have the pleasure of introducing ye to me darter, Miss Veronica Doolan?" Sarsfield's mother said.

"I'm sure I'm gratified to make yer acquaintance," said Sarsfield sister to Kate.

Sarsfield, standing at a little distance from the woman, coughed, and stood with hands clasped neatly in front of him, like a soldier standing at ease.

"Will ye be seated, Miss Heffernan?" said Mrs Doolan.

"Thank ye, m'm," said Kate.

Sarsfield sat down at the same time that Kate took a chair, and close to her, perched his bowler hat upon his knees, and folded his arms across his chest above the hat.

"Haven't we extremely agreeable weather, Miss Heffernan?" suggested Miss Doolan, with her head nestling archly in her shoulder.

"Very agreeable entirely, Miss," Kate replied, drawing her boots close together.

"The evenin's are gettin' very short, I'd fancy," Sarsfield remarked. It was the first sentence he had said. He raised his bowler to his lips, bit on the brim, and looked thoughtfully inside it.

"Yes, indeed, so they are, too," Miss and Mrs Doolan, and Kate exclaimed gratefully at once. Mrs Doolan rose and placed her hand on the bell.

"A cup o' tea might be agreeable," she remarked, with an affable display of teeth, and her head, like her daughter's, on one side. "I'm a great one fer me cup o' tea."

Sarsfield, drawing his chair close up to Kate's, trod on her foot.

"Spake up bound!" he whispered into his hat.

"Indeed, I think we'd all be apt to do badly without our cup o' tea," Kate blurted out.

"We must have our cracher comforts," responded Mrs Doolan with increasing pleasantry. She rung the bell again. "These servant gerrils!" she exclaimed expressively.

"They're awful wicked," said Miss Doolan.

"So I've heard," said Kate.

"So I know!" replied Mrs Doolan, more affable.

"Very whoopid, too," Sarsfield threw in, biting so hard upon the brim of his hat that it hit him in the face.

The wind rose suddenly, and hurled a handful of hail at the window.

Kate leapt to her feet. "What's a'it'n' ye?" Sarsfield cried in alarm.

"An' corn is jumpin' like the divvle!" Kate tried to explain, with a crimson face. "Such a k'p as it gave—with pardon to ye!" she added.

Sarsfield looked at her with a motherly air, to see how she received this artless exclamation. He wished he had remembered to tell Kate not to mention corns: "Very disagreeable things, too, corns!" said Mrs Doolan, sitting up very straight in her chair.

"No wonder 'tis painin' ye," said Miss Doolan, pointing to the window, "for 'tis teemin' rain."

Kate was scarlet all over her face and neck with a double discomfort; at the knowledge that it was pouring with rain, and the knowledge that she had spoken so indelicately before Sarsfield's mother. "Did ye ever thry Cornitoe?" Sarsfield joined in helpfully.

At this moment the apprentice girl appeared with the tea-tray, the bosom of her dress threaded with various needles, and with scraps of white thread scattered on her skirt.

"Now, what do ye want with a thread-needle stickin' out o' yer huzzum, Ader Ethel!" Mrs Doolan exclaimed.

Ada Ethel glanced down at the portion of her body called in question, coloured, and grinned at Sarsfield, removed the needle, and went out chewing the thread.

"Look at that, now!" exclaimed Mrs Doolan, "ye need to be airways thrapist' after her. Now, what'd she want with a needle stickin' into her huzzum?" "Very dangerous thing," remarked Sarsfield inside his hat.

"Maybe 'twas sewin' she was!" Kate suggested timidly; she was listening to the rain that came down in a torrent. Mrs Doolan sniffed with an air of great incredulity.

"May I assist ye to sugar, Miss Hiffernan?" she said, "and excuse me passin' remarks, but I reely must adjuite that hat."

Kate turned crimson again. "Would ye like it, Mrs Doolan?" she replied.

"'Tis reely exquisite," said Miss Doolan; "might I make so free as to ask what price ye paid for it?"

Kate hesitated, then faltered out: "I forget now—seven an' sixpence, I paid—I think. She bit her lips and sighed heavily.

"An' very cheap at that," said the mother, nodding her head.

"So uncommon-lookin'," said Miss Doolan. "Deed, I never saw one like it."

"Come, now, Miss Hiffernan," said Mrs Doolan, wheedlingly, "won't ye thry me sweet cake?"

Someone was knocking violently at the door. The bell rang, and the knock sounded again. Everyone listened. Feet were coming upstairs. The door flew open, and Bridget Bourke, bloused and breathless, burst into the room. For a moment she stayed on the threshold, her dripping shawl closed over her face. Kate sprang to her feet, confronting her, and put her hands up to her head. With a sudden gesture Bridget produced a fattened, faded shawl from the folds of her own, shook it out into the face of the company, and then trailed it full-length on the floor.

"Here ye are now," she cried, "take yer ould shawl, Katie Hiffernan, me beautiful bride to be! 'Twas good enough to be wearin' in the dark, so 'twill be good enough to be wearin' in the rain. She turned and made a kind of insolent courtesy to Mrs Doolan. "I beg yer pardon, for interruptin' ye, ma'am, and Miss Doolan, ma'am, and Misther Sarsfield, sir, sittin' so cosy and so grand at yer tea—" she broke off short and made a clutching movement at Kate, "but Miss Hiffernan have me hat—so I'll trouble ye, your ladyship, Mrs. Sarsfield Doolan to be—an' I'll take it under me shawl!"

Kate was fumbling with feverish fingers for the pins in her hat.

"Oh God, Bridgie Bourke," she said with trembling lips, "aren't ye very cool—"

Mrs Doolan, standing up, surveyed Bridget with a curling mouth and folded arms, from head to foot.

"May I ask who this young leddy is?" she said.

"Madam, are ye aware that this is an intrusion on the privacy of the domestic hearth?" said Sarsfield.

"May ye ask who this young lady is?"

cried Bridget, curtsaying lower and lower. "Tis a friend o' Katie Hiffernan's," she curtsayed, "a particular friend—that's a'fter lendin' her me hat—her own bein' in pawn—that's who the young lady is, Mrs Doolan, dress-maker, wid a brass plate, yer ladyship, ma'am."

Kate flung the hat at her head. "Take yer ould hat," she sobbed, "ye dirty little trickster, ye're no friend o' mine!" She threw herself into Sarsfield's arms. Sarsfield, with a proud face, disengaged himself.

"Oh yes, kiss now!" said Bridget, picking over her hat, "kiss—kiss! Oh, begorra, Katie Hiffernan, ye have me hat drenched—'tis rooned!"

Sarsfield took her by the arm. "I'll escort ye to the door now, ma'am," he said.

As he pushed her outside, Bridget was heard shouting hysterically: "God speed the bride an' bridegroom. God speed yez all!"

Kate fell, weeping like a child, upon Mrs Doolan's neck.

"Oh, mother!" she sobbed, "for I've none o' me own—I'm heartbroken altogether. I was in dread to bring shame on Sarsfield—Sarsfield, me darlin' b'y. I'd a beautiful hat o' me own—seven and sixpence I paid for it—an' this mornin' me father took it out from under me bed—an' pawned it on me for dhrink. Seven an' sixpence, I paid; 'twas a beauty; anny b'y would be proud to walk out wid a hat like that, so I borrowed the hat off of Bridgie Bourke, in dread to bring shame on Sarsfield."

Mrs Doolan had tears in her eyes. "Ye have brought no shame on me son," she said, and patted Kate's back, while over the girl's shoulder her eyes filled. "Don't take on so, me child. Sure ye done yer best—we can all of us only do that, and 'tisn't as if ye had neer a hat at all—"

"When ye had it under the bed, and paid seven and sixpence for it," Miss Doolan threw in, feeling out of this tender scene.

"Ye'll believe me?—that I had it under the bed," Kate sobbed. "Sure Sarsfield knows—he seen it himself!" She clung tightly to Mrs Doolan. "I have no mother o' me own," she repeated.

"Sure I know that, pet," said Sarsfield's mother, her eyes running over, "but ye won't have long to wait before ye have one, me child!"

When Sarsfield came in, flushed with manly wrath, he found his sweetheart supported on one side by his sister, while his mother drew forth her own handkerchief and pressed it into Kate's hand.

"There," said his mother, winking proudly with one moist eye, "go to yer own b'y, me child."

Kate drew down Sarsfield's head and whispered in his ear:

"Yer mother's goin' to make me weddin' dress, an' yer sister'll thrim me the hat!"

An Acquaintance by Marriage.

Alfred Harmsworth, the great London publisher, who is now Lord Northcliffe, is constantly pestered when he is at home by people in his employ who want increases in salaries or position or who have grievances to be adjusted.

Like many other great publishers, Harmsworth thinks varied employment gives mental acuteness, and he has a habit of shifting his people around. His brothers, all of whom work for him, are not exempt from this rule. It is nothing surprising for a Harmsworth editor to be lifted to the height of authority or depressed to the depths of subordination overnight.

He has been known to put employees with whom he was especially displeased to running the elevators. For this reason, Harmsworth is always nervous when he goes into an elevator, for he cannot get away from whatever sort of complaint the elevator conductor may choose to make.

Some time ago he darted into the elevator in the office of one of his newspapers, the "Daily Mail." He saw a young fellow at the controller, whose face seemed familiar, and who was evidently preparing to say something.

"Well, well," said Harmsworth, hurrying to forestall the youth, "and who are you?"

"Why, Alfred," was the reply, "I am your youngest brother."

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ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

PROOF.

A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson place, and glued together the connecting pages.

In consequence the clergymen read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife, who was" — here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch in and out."

After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles, he looked gravely at the congregation, and said:

"My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

* * *

HE DID THIS BEST.

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday, and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beef-steak smothered wid onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

* * *

HOW DID HE KNOW?

After dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the men, over their coffee and cigars, talked, as some men will, of love. All of a sudden the host cried in a loud voice:

"I will tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth: I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl. I have kissed the South Sea Island maiden. I have kissed the slim Indian beauty. And the girls of England, of Germany, even of America, I have kissed, but it is most true that to kiss my wife is best of all."

Then a young man cried across the table:

"By heaven, sir, you are right there."

* * *

VAIN MAN!

They were very, very fond of each other. So fond!

They were almost inseparable, for they were engaged—she the clinging, soulful creature; he the masterful, protecting one.

Then, ah, me! a lovers' tiff; a quarrel! They parted in anger. They were too proud to make it up.

Two whole days passed by.

Then he remembered that he had important business with her father. At his house. He rang the bell. It was answered. How he started! She had answered the bell.

"Ah!" and his speech was haughty.

"Is your father in?"

"No, sir," and she was calm. "He is not in at present, sir. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"She is yielding!" was his thought.

"She yearns for forgiveness!"

Then blunty to her, and short:

"Yes, personally. On business. Good evening!"

He turned to go.

"She is touched! Her vain pride is breaking down!" he murmured, hugging the thought to himself.

He went slowly down the steps.

She spoke.

"Pardon me," she said, "but"—

"Was there a quaver in her voice?" He stopped.

He half turned to meet her and forgive.

"Pardon me," said she, "but who shall I tell him it was that called?"

A MAN WHO WORKED OVERTIME.

Among the horsey-handed it is a proverb that the very hardest way to earn one's living is to serve a certain South Island firm of parcel carriers, who start their yard at 6 a.m. to the tick, but have no fixed hour closing.

As a worn-out human document crawled wearily through the gates at 8.10 on Boxing morn, the lynch-eyed boss dropped on him:

"Aha, Peters, just spotted you, have I? Fined sixpence for being late."

"Chuck it, gov-ner, chuck it!" snarled Peters, feebly. "I ain't knocked off from yustiddy yet!"

* * *

RAPID FIRE.

A frivolous young English girl, with no love for the Stars and Stripes, once exclaimed at a celebration where the American flag was very much in evidence: "Oh, what a silly-looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checker-berry candy."

"Yes," replied a bystander, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

* * *

A PERSONAL DEMONSTRATION.

Chatting in leisurely fashion with Prince Bismarck in Berlin, Lord Russell asked the Chancellor how he managed to rid himself of importunate visitors whom he could not refuse to see, but who stuck like burrs when once admitted.

"Oh," replied Bismarck. "I have my easy escape. My wife knows people of this class very well, and when she is sure there is a bore here, and sees them staying too long she manages to call me away on some plausible pretext."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the Princess Bismarck appeared at the door. "My dear," she said to her husband, "you must come at once and take your medicine; you should have taken it an hour ago."

* * *

IN STYLE.

"Yes, my dear," said the fond husband, "they are er—um—well, they are good cigars of their kind, but they—"

"You see?"

"Now, dovey," said the gentle wife. "I know you can't find a more fashionable cigar than that. It is the very latest tint of brown. I matched the cigars very carefully with a piece of the goods of my new dress, and I am sure it is the precise shade that is most popular this winter."

* * *

SUCH A PLEASANT ROOM.

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending a night at her house.

"This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on, as she hustled around opening shutters and arranging the curtains. "My first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillows, and poor Mr Jinks died settin' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still."

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the window. Poor pa! He was a Spiritualist, and he alius said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in Spiritualism, and I'd hate to think that."

"My son by my first ma fell dead of heart-disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and half a dozen skulls in the lower drawer."

"There, I guess things'll do now—"

"Well, good-night, and pleasant dreams."

If you are run down, losing strength, are greatly debilitated, and suffer from the long, hot summer, there is one medicine that will quickly cure you. It is

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If you are sick, you certainly should give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a thorough trial. It cannot fail to help you, for it purifies the blood first of all. Then your nerves become steady and strong, and the hot weather of summer does not affect you. Remember, it is a wonderful medicine for the children, too, when they are thin and feeble, pale and languid. Put your confidence in it, for there is no family medicine in the world its equal.

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THE GREATNESS OF HELENA

A Story of an Ambitious College Girl

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

Author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," "The Madigans," etc.

FROM her girlhood Helena had seemed destined for great things. The rest of us in the dormitory recognised the sacred aureole that haloed her spirited little head; and we even borrowed a hypocritical hope or two for the future, that should keep us in countenance while she talked and planned.

But we were mainly pretenders, in our hearts awaiting only that future whose open sesame is a plain gold ring; while in Helena's voice and eyes—we three noted it particularly the day after Commencement, when she left town for college and the East—there dwelt the inspired certitude of ambition's Amazon.

"I'll see you surely in two years, dear," said Lexie, the youngest of us. "I'll teach, you know, that long, and save every penny. Then I'm coming on to New York to some dramatic school, and then—"

"And then I'll begin to talk about the great actress, Alexandra, Tennis, who used to be a chum of mine," concluded Helena.

"I shall just have to potter along at my piano here," said Belle, the one blonde in our quartet, "and long for chance to send me where I can hear some real music. Mother gives me a coming-out tea, you know, though, next Thursday."

"It seemed a frivolous thing to say at a time like this, when we were all a-tiptoe, as it were, to peep into the future and be worthy of it."

"Yes, I wanted to stay for it," answered Helena. "But you, Georgie?" she asked, turning to me.

I blushed. I had thought in the excitement of leave-taking just to whisper it to Helena. Asking the idea with her as she left us all behind, she would look at it indugently. I had hoped, as something that might as well happen to an ordinary little thing like me.

"I'm engaged, Helena—and next month it'll be—it's Bob!" I stammered. "And to my amazement I found myself the goal of all their eyes. Even Helena hugged me hard and said kindly that many early marriages turn out happily, when Belle exclaimed, 'A wife at seventeen!'"

In fact, they were all so interested in me and Bob that we had time for no further talk before the train pulled out, and Lexie, Belle and I, feeling like some Mormon's three red-eyed widows, climbed the hill from the depot together.

When Belle married her music-teacher and went away off to Honolulu, Lexie and I read our letters from Helena together. She brought one over to me to console me the day that Bob went away without me for the first time.

"It's a lovely spot, this Bryn Mawr," we read, "and I've got one of the very nicest rooms in Old Penn. I'm making Biology and Latin my majors—always keeping my M.D. ship in view, you know, I've quite a crush on Miss Merivale—she's assistant-demonstrator in B-classes; the cleverest ever, a regular dabster."

"Oh, Georgie, guess who turned up to

call on me the other day!—Frank Gault, Bob's fearfully learned cousin, who complimented me on Commencement Day, when I read that pompous essay of mine on 'The Individual Versus the Race.' You know the girls are as inquisitive as anything when you're entertaining a MAN in the drawing-room, so I gave them their money's worth by inviting him to dinner. You should have seen that poor, solemn fellow, when he followed me into the dining-room and sat down in company with two hundred chatting, laughing, singing girls. (You know we cheer and shout and sing at table on big days.) To put him quite at ease, I trotted out my latest accomplishment—a ballet-dance done by the first and second fingers of my left hand. Try it, Georgie—you used to be clever with your fingers. Double up your thumb, third and little fingers, and leave the field to the other two. First movement: Make them run forward, like dainty little ballet-girls' legs, stop as though in the centre of the stage, pause and curtsy, gravely. Second: While you whistle under your breath the Ballet-Musik from Rubinstein, you put them through the steps, keeping time carefully and letting the 'kick' go now to the first, now to the second finger. Third: After a sudden spring and a pause, make a quick, tripping rush to the wings, give a last swift pirouette, a record kick, a bow, and then—"

"You'll be surprised how well you can do it after practicing a bit. I spent only one forenoon at it, cutting lectures, of course, and now I can do it better than any girl in our hall."

"Frank Gault is rather heavy, isn't he? And he's so everlastingly serious. If it weren't that he's a man (most of the girls' callers are only boys, you know) and so very presentable, I'd send him I'm out next time he calls. Remember me to Bob, who is so much nicer than his cousin, and write to me—do. H.H."

Lexie and I looked at each other when we finished reading and then hastily looked away. But Lexie is bound to say the thing she thinks:

"Georgie Randall, that's a—positively awful letter," she cried. "If seems almost as though Helena were—"

"Hush—hush, Lexie," I interrupted quickly. "She's just trying to amuse us, to write little interesting things that we can understand. How could girls like us comprehend all the wonderful things she's really thinking about?"

Belle sent me a letter of Helena's all the way from Hawaii, telling me to pass it on to Lexie.

As the months go by and the baby keeps me so busy I find we correspond less frequently, but I never see Helena's handwriting—it is a bit hard to read now that she is a Junior—without that old thrill of reflected delight in the glorious career that will soon open before her.

"Denbigh Hall burned down to the ground last night," she wrote. "It was the most awful thing. All the girls got out safely, but they lost nearly all their things. The rest of us donated parts of our wardrobes to help them out. I gave them all my stockings and then found I had only an odd one left, so I had to borrow one from a girl in Penn. It was dreadful. When the alarm came I jumped out of bed, slipped on my silk petticoat and my white coat, dragged on my Du Barry ties and rushed out. The

minute I got out on the campus some one planted me under the hose, which of course promptly burst, just deluging us. Part of the time I passed buckets of water, part of the time I helped the Seniors carry out their theses and things. And then when the Haverford boys came up with their college yell to help us I went into the dining-room and passed out coffee to them. It was awfully exciting. And in the midst of it all, out from town in his automobile comes Frank Gault. He'd heard Denbigh was my hall (he ought to have known better) and dashed out in the bubble. Fancy! And me in such a rig! I never thought of how I looked, though, till I saw the way he was looking at me. He made me drink some of the hot coffee myself then, and stormed around about what he called 'the absurdity of an institution that had no better protection against fire than that supplied by a company of hysterical girls in dragged, silk petticoats and thin-soled, French-heeled slippers!' Wasn't it perfectly nasty of him?—I told him that the conduct of the girls had been splendid, that the Dean herself had complimented us upon it, and that I was sorry my costume displeased him; had I known he was to come out to call at midnight I should certainly have received him in my best frock."

"I thought I'd crushed him—I was so indignant. But he only laughed and said that, under the circumstances, dignity became me about as well as a pair of spectacles might a dowdy, half-drowned kitten. I hate a man that insists upon talking to me as though I were half a pretty vegetable and the other half a useful animal! I said good-night to him very distantly. I really shouldn't have been civil to him, but that I knew the girls thought it great of him to come charging out like that to the rescue. And, besides, he is making such a name for himself. Our Physics Prof. actually quoted from his book on Light Waves last week."

"Do you know I'm making an awfully attractive record in Embryology, Belle! I'm in line for the European fellowship—think of that! And oh, I've got the cutest graduated collection of underdone baby-rabbits in alcohol. Wish I could see you, you dear girl, and all the beautiful places you write about. H."

"Perhaps it was deceitful of me, but I didn't show this letter to Lexie—that is, I pretended to have lost all but the last page about Embryology, when she came over yesterday, after school, to show me a book of college songs and a lovely little hand-made corset-cover of lace Helena had sent her for her birthday. Tears actually came to my eyes as I touched the dainty thing and thought that Helena's own hands had made it."

"Isn't it lovely of her?" I cried. "Yes—of course," Lexie said, with no heart in her voice; "but what right has she to waste her time on a thing like that, that any seamstress might do?"

"Why, Lexie, how ungrateful!" "If she wants to make me glad I was born," cried Lexie fiercely, "let her do with her opportunity what I'd have done with mine—if it had come to me. Imagine Helena singing college songs—stuff like this!"

the covers of the book Helena had sent, and mockingly she sang:

"The Freshman had a caller in the parlour one day;
They were sitting side by side and had lots and lots to say.
In walks a haughty Sophomore, a suitor by her side;
'Oh, Freshman, leave the parlour, please, and take your heau outside!'"

"And she says she composed it herself," Lexie's voice was bitter and contemptuous. "I'd be proud of a thing like that, wouldn't you?"

I didn't answer. My eyes, searching for something worthy of Helena, had caught sight of another verse. I knew it was hers, for it was also marked with a cross.

"As Freshmen we came to the halls of Bryn Mawr,
All third, tenth, and green,
Like undifferentiate, typical cells.
Where the others developed had been,
I pointed tentatively to this; it sounded scientific! But Lexie cried "Frivolous! Frivolous!" and stormed out of the house.
I was very blue that night."

This is my own letter from Helena, which came a week late that month:—"Georgie, dear, I'm going to tell you something that I oughtn't, and you must not repeat it to a soul. But I know that Frank Gault tells Bob everything, so you will know anyway. I was in town shopping last week when I met him—Frank Gault—and he trailed around after me like a patient bull in a crockery shop, from counter to counter (imagine him—the coming Physicist!), while I got the materials for my gown for the garden party we Seniors are giving for the Library Fund. Of course, then I had to invite him to come. It was yesterday, a beautiful day, and my elbow-sleeved Paris muslin with the Valenciennes was just the coziest thing! He stayed quite late and drank such quantities of tea and lemonade that I promised to have a wing of the New Library named after him."

"No—do I deserve a reward?" he said then, in that literal way of his. "Well, let me choose it. Walk to the train with me."

"I shook my head. "Too late for that, according to self-government rules. I'll go down as far as the gates with you."

"As we walked he began to talk about himself and the work ahead of him—a thing he never does, you know. I listened, really interested, for he's certainly going to be a great scientist, and it's flattering to an undergrad to be the confidante of such a man."

"It will be fine to watch you do all this," I said when he stopped.

"No—will it?" he said, taking my hand and putting it on his arm—as though, even if it was dark, I didn't know the road better than he! "Well, come closer and help instead of merely watching, won't you Helena! Oh, you must know that I love you, little girl! I love you with all the strength that's in me, and if you'll only give me a chance I will make you care—care as vitally as I do. Oh, child, I know you don't love me. You love no one, nothing. You are only a child playing at being a woman, but you play so well—ah, so well, Helena, that you've caught my heart in the meshes of the game and you must—"

"You mustn't say any more," I interrupted at last. I could feel his arm trembling and the earnestness of his

LOVE IN A CAB

By EUGENE FOURRIER

It was snowing fast. A young man was walking rapidly up and down the street looking impatiently and vainly for a cab. Numerous cabs passed him, but they were all taken. At last an empty one came along. He hailed it and jumped in, neatly knocking down a young woman who entered the opposite door at the same instant.

"Excuse me, madame," said the young man. "The cab was empty when I engaged it."

"I beg your pardon," the young woman replied. "It was I who engaged it."

"I hailed the driver."

"I beckoned to him."

"I am in a great hurry," the young man persisted. "I have some things to do which must be done at once."

"It is just the same with me, monsieur. I have errands that cannot be put off."

She settled herself on the cushions and the young man sat down by her side. The discussion continued. Neither would yield, and the driver showed signs of impatience.

"Well, madame," the young man said at last. "I have a proposition to offer. Let us both keep the cab."

"You surely do not mean that, monsieur?"

"Why not?"

"Because it would not be proper. I am not acquainted with you."

"True, I forgot. Here is my card."

The young woman took the proffered card and read:

ADRIEN DUBOIS,
Licencie en droit.

"Reassure yourself, madame," said the

young lawyer. "You are quite certain of running no risk in my company."

"I accept your proposition, monsieur," said she.

"Have the goodness to begin," Adrien suggested. "My turn will come next. What address shall I give the driver?"

"Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle."

"Driver! Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle! That suits me exactly as I have to make a call in the Boulevard de Strasbourg."

The girl made no answer. Adrien furtively studied his companion. She was a very pretty brunette, well-dressed and with an air of distinction, but her expression was rather melancholy.

The cab stopped. The lady alighted, entered a shop, made a few purchases and returned.

"Now, if you will permit me," said Adrien. "I will make use of the cab."

"Certainly. That was the agreement, I believe."

"Driver! Boulevard de Strasbourg! I shall not keep you waiting long, madame."

"I am unmarried."

"A thousand pardons, mademoiselle!" the young man exclaimed. "Now I understand how improper my suggestion was. If you prefer I will leave you at once."

"That is unnecessary, monsieur. We have begun, let us go on."

"I thank you. You are doing me a real service. It is snowing, cabs are scarce, and I am pressed for time."

The cab stopped again.

"I will cut it as short as I can," said Adrien, as he sprang out.

"Do not hurry, monsieur, I am only shopping."

"She is certainly charming," remarked the young lawyer to himself.

When he returned they drove to a shop indicated by the young lady, and

they continued directing the course of the vehicle in turn, as had been agreed.

The longer Adrien studied his companion the prettier she seemed to him.

He drew her into conversation, referring to all the new books and fashionable plays.

The girl appeared well-informed without being pedantic. Her taste in literature and art was excellent. She adored music, she said, and played a little herself.

Adrien's tastes were similar to hers. He found the prolonged tete-a-tete not at all wearisome, and looked forward with annoyance to its inevitable termination.

The girl began to find the adventure amusing, and now and then a smile lighted up her pretty face, which soon, however, relapsed into its habitual expression of sadness. Adrien experienced a lively desire to see her again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am delighted by the happy chance which was permitted me to enjoy the society of so charming a companion. I have not, hitherto, been precisely spoiled by fortune. This unexpected pleasure at the commencement of the new year seems like a good omen."

"I hope it may be," said she.

"You will complete your goodness to me if you will permit me to call at your home to thank you for it."

"Do not take the trouble. We are rendering each other a mutual service, and when we part the account will balance."

"Then," said Adrien, sadly, "I shall not see you again."

"There is nothing in that fact that ought to surprise you."

"But it saddens me, now that I have the honour of knowing you—"

"So little."

"Of enjoying the charms of your conversation."

"You are forgetting your promise."

"I promised to be respectful and I have not been otherwise, but surely I may say that I think you pretty, well-bred, aristocratic."

"Why, you are making me a declaration!"

"Please allow me to call."

"We do not receive calls."

"If the idea offends you very deeply, of course I shall not insist."

She made no reply to this.

"I am free," Adrien resumed, "and I have a comfortable income. I live with my mother, who is very anxious to see me married. I should like her to know you."

"You wish to marry me! The adventure becomes more and more interesting."

"Wouldn't it be delightful if it should end in such an unforeseen and romantic denouement—like an operetta?"

"Let us talk of something else."

"It all rests with you."

"Perhaps?"

"Why, are your parents so terrible?"

"They are goodness itself, but—do not insist, please."

Her voice was trembling.

"Forgive me for speaking to you in this way," Adrien pursued. "I know that I am violating all the conventions, but I wanted so much to see you again that I thought it best to tell you my intentions at once. I feel sure that I shall make you happy if you will consent to become my wife."

"Oh, you will forget me."

"Never! You do not like me. My offer appears ridiculous to you."

"On the contrary, I am greatly honoured by it. But I must warn you that I am not free to marry like other girls. My family imposes a condition."

"What condition? I accept it in advance."

"Do not. You would regret it."

"As if the man who is fortunate enough to win you could regret anything! Put me to the proof."

"Very well," said the girl in a decided voice. "My father wishes his son-in-law to succeed him in his profession."

"Is that all? I do not doubt that it is an honourable one."

"Honourable? Oh, yes. My father is a government officer."

"I have no objection to official life."

"He is attached to the department of justice, and his post is one of the most important."

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"Better and better! As you have seen, I am a lawyer. Is that enough?"
 "Quite enough. It is not necessary to be a great lawyer."
 "I was hesitating over the choice of a profession; this decides me."
 "It is a fixed rule in our family that if a son does not succeed the father, a son-in-law does so. On this point my father is inexorable."

"There must have been many applicants for the position," said Adrien, gallantly.
 "You are the first."
 "And I hope to be the last," the lawyer replied, smiling and gazing on his companion so passionately that she lowered her eyes.
 "We shall see," she replied.
 "My errands are finished."
 "So are mine. It is understand, then, that you will permit me to escort you home and that you will present me to your father."
 "Oh! give me up!" she pleaded, almost in tears.
 "What! Now? Never!"
 "Well, it is your wish, remember I live in Autenik."

She gave the address to the driver. The cab stopped before a pretty suburban villa, amid a furious barking of dogs. A maid opened the door.
 "Be quiet, Sultan!" the young lady cried to an enormous mastiff.
 "This is my home, monsieur." She conducted Adrien into the presence of her parents, an elderly bourgeois couple.
 "This gentleman insisted on seeing me home, and wishes to make your acquaintance," she explained.
 Turning to Adrien, she said:
 "Monsieur, this is my father." She mentioned her father's name.
 Adrien's knees shook under him, and he had to grasp the back of a chair to keep himself from falling. The name he had heard was that of the public executioner.

Songs of the Sailors.

QUAINT DITTIES WHICH HELP THEM AT THEIR WORK.

The seamen aboard our sailing ships sing as they work, and their songs—"chanties," as they are more particularly termed—are the quaintest ditties imaginable. In these prosaic times—alack the days!—steamers supplant the stately ships with masts and spars and white wings, and on steamers no chanties are wanted. Hence these songs are not heard so frequently across the waters now as they were years ago, when anchor was raised or sails set to time and music of strangely sounding solos and choruses.

The chanty generally consists of a solo line followed by a line of chorus; then another solo line, and again a line of chorus, and so on. The chanty-man is a privileged kind of person, who, in return for his services as soloist, receives the easiest jobs. As he sings his line, he swings his arms, and the men are still. Just as he is concluding the line, however, the men chip in with their chorus, hauling or heaving in time with the music.

Landmen can have scarcely any idea of the difference the chanties—pronounced shanties—make in the working of a ship. When not trolling forth "Hoodah Day," or "Haul a Bowline," or "Paddy Doyle," the sailors work without spirit, mechanically. Then the mate yells out, "Tune up there, one of you!" the chanty-man commences a line—and there you are. The men are infused with new life, and the work fairly jumps.

The men are hauling in the slack of the anchor chain, and as it comes plug, plug, through the hawsepipe, the strains of "Sally Brown" are raised, and the winds are informed that "Sally Brown was a gay malatto":—

Chorus: Heigh, heigh, roll and go.
 Chantymen: Yes, Sally Brown was a gay malatto.
 Chorus: I spend all my money on Sally Brown.

The chanty-man proceeds with his doleful story. As thus:—
 For seven long years I courted Sally,
 Chorus: Aye, aye, roll and go.
 Chantymen: But she called me long and silly daff.
 Chorus: Aye, aye, roll and go.
 Chantymen: Sally Brown, she got married to a baker.
 Chorus: Aye, aye, roll and go.
 Chantymen: And to New Orleans did the lubber take her.
 Chorus: When I'd spent all my money on Sally Brown.

We have mentioned "Paddy Doyle." This is a furling song, and is used in tossing the bunt of the sail:—

To my heigh, heigh, ho, ho!
 Will you pay Paddy Doyle for his boat?
 Yes, we'll hunt her up tight with a fling,
 aye,
 And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots.

It was with the emphasised word "boots" that the tose was given.

Not in all the chanties do the men wait while the solo line is given. Work at the capstan will not allow it, and so a lively song, which takes the men right through, stepping merrily round, is needed. Such a one in words and music is "Hoodah Day":—

Chantymen: Now, as I was walking down the street,
 Chorus: Hoodah, to my hoodah!
 Chantymen: A charming girl I chanced to meet.
 Chorus: Hoodah, Hoodah Day.
 Chorus: Blow ye winds, heigh!
 For California, O!
 For there's lots of gold, so I've been told,
 on the banks of Sacramento.

It transpires, as the song progresses, that the lady refused to accompany Jack.

Chantymen: So quickly then I turned away.
 Chorus: Hoodah, to my hoodah!
 Chantymen: I'd not another word to say.
 Chorus: But hoodah, hoodah Day.

Into those two last chorus lines the sailors put an amount of scornful expression which is remarkable. It is the same in the sail-setting chanty, "Whisky for Johnny." It goes as follows, and the reader will understand that every other line is the chorus:—

Chantymen: Now, whisky is the life or mat.
 Chorus: Whisky, Johnny!
 Whisky for an old tin can;
 Whisky for my Johnny!
 Whisky made me paw my clothes,
 Whisky, Johnny!
 Whisky got me a broken nose,
 Whisky for my Johnny!
 Whisky here, and whisky there,
 Whisky, Johnny!
 Whisky gets us everywhere,
 Whisky gets you, Johnny!
 Whisky makes the skipper say—
 Whisky for Johnny!
 Another putt, and then belay.
 No whisky for you, Johnny!
 Whisky stole my brains away,
 Whisky, Johnny!
 Still, I'll drink whisky every day—
 Yes, whisky for my Johnny!

As the tale of what whisky did is told, the tone of the chorus becomes more and more lugubrious until when the line "No whisky for you, Johnny," is reached, it is a perfect howl of despair.

One of the advantages—so the sailors think—of the chanty is that it affords opportunities to express discontent, and to vent a legitimate grumble, or to "take it out" of an officer whose personality or methods meet with disapproval. There are occasions, and certainly there used to be, when the food was not good enough. In past days there was justification for the suspicion that all was not beef that was meat. And the sailors would solemnly chant a ditty like this:—

Salt horse, salt horse, what brought you here.
 From Milwall Dock to Blackwall Pier?
 You've carried stress for many a year,
 And when worn out by sore abuse,
 They salted you down for sailors' use.
 To eat such tough and wretched fare
 Would whiten even a nigger's hair.

Or they might be annoyed with things in general, and the chanty they would indulge in might be, "Leave her, Johnny," which goes thus:—

Chantymen: The work was hard and the wages low.
 Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
 Chantymen: The seas were high and the gales were strong.
 Chorus: It's time for us to leave her.
 Chantymen: The food was bad and the wages low.
 Chorus: Leave her, Johnny, leave her.
 Chantymen: But soon again aboard we'll be.
 Chorus: It's time for us to leave her.

It looks pretty mutinous, of course, but the men are privileged in their chanties, and sing just what they please, the chanty-man, who is not worth his past unless he can improvise when occasion demands, now and then dragging in allusions which are fairly startling. Sometimes they are jocular, as in "Haul a Bowline," which is one of the oldest of sea songs. It was heard in the reign of Henry VIII., and is well known now. "Haul on the bowline," early in the morning," pipes the chan-

tyman, and the chorus join in, "Haul a bowline, a bowline haul!"—

Chantymen: Haul a bowline, the kettle is a-boiling.
 Chorus: Haul a bowline, a bowline haul.

That is legitimate enough. But there are variations, as thus:—

Chantymen: Haul a bowline, the skipper he's a growling.
 Chorus: Haul a bowline, a bowline haul.
 Chantymen: Haul a bowline, the boson he's a howling.
 Chorus: Haul a bowline, a bowline haul.

Meanwhile the officers indicated may fuse as much as they like. It matters not.

Sarah Bernhard's Funniest Stage Experience.

It is very difficult to say which is the funniest stage experience of one's career, because, in the course of years devoted to amusement, there are so many.

But I do remember one experience that occurred when I was not serious enough in my art to overcome the desire to laugh at the buffoon who caused the interruption. It is so long ago that I recall neither the player nor the play, only the part wherein the scene was spoiled. The hero said to me, "Do you object to this cigar?" which he had already lighted and was puffing vigorously.

"No, no, no!" I answered, which was his cue to tell me the story of his life. He looked at me instead, and said, rolling the cigar between his fingers, "That, madame, is because you do not have to smoke it!"

The audience appreciated the fact that he was smoking a cigar furnished by the property man, and laughed; but the interference made him forget his line. He could not remember a word; so, taking my arm, he said: "Come with me for a walk, and I will tell the story of my life." We walked off the stage, and on at the next entrance, which required no more than two seconds' of time, and he began, "Now I have told you the story of my life."
 The audience would not let him finish in several minutes. The actor who indulges in such pastime usually injures himself, is unjust to his fellowplayers, and without dignity to his audience.

Living on Etiquette.

For example of how men may live and act according to precedent, there can be no better reference than to the Lord Chamberlain's office. There, in quiet rooms, day after day, men learned in State etiquette, Court dress, and Royal functions, reach down heavy volumes to see what was done on such and such an occasion. Beautiful pictures showing with minute exactness the details of the Court costumes under various circumstances, are ready to their hands.

Is the Shah of Persia coming? Is the Kaiser soon to arrive? Is the King going to receive the Monarch of Italy or the President of the French Republic? Is one of the Royal princesses to be married? When any of these events happen, the officials at the Lord Chamberlain's office know exactly what to do. And if some point should crop up which has not been raised for a century or more, they have the faithful official records as to what was done on the last like occasion.

Feathers on Hire.

Ostrich plumes are as much of a necessity to the London easter girl on her outings as are the pearl buttons to her masculine companion, and the big trimmed hats with their drooping feathers are familiar in all gatherings of this class.

Many of the girls cannot afford to keep their money tied up in useless plumes, and there thrives a brisk industry in the hiring of these feathers. The loan of a single plume for a day costs but a shilling, or for four shillings a gorgeous trio may be had for an outing, to be returned promptly the next morning. Weather conditions cause the terms to fluctuate somewhat, since a wet or foggy day will take the curl out of the feathers and make reviving necessary, for which "Arriet" has to pay an extra shilling.

While thin hair and baldness are undesirable for men, they are vastly more so for women. Nothing adds more to the adornment of women than rich, heavy, flowing tresses. The hair is too valuable to allow it to suffer from neglect. So just as soon as you notice that your hair is coming out you should use

Ayer's Hair Vigor



It checks falling of the hair promptly. This feature of Ayer's Hair Vigor is now recognized as most marked, and has brought to this preparation a world-wide reputation.

You cannot possibly have a splendid head of hair when the scalp is covered with dandruff. We urge upon all who are in any way troubled with dandruff to begin the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor at once. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Make sure you get AYER'S Hair Vigor.

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

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revive the grass and flowers, giving them beauty, vigor and freshness.

In precisely the same way

DR. SHELDON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS

revive the weak stomach by supplying those natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks. They will positively cure indigestion, Dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Price, 2/6. Guaranteed.

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Disinfecting Fluid.

COLORLESS, FRAGRANT, NON-POISONOUS. For Kitchens.

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Oxidant & Germicide

Indispensable in all Sick Rooms.

Also 1/- Tins Powder and 1/- & 1/3 Boxes Soap.

Of all Chemists and Druggists.

The "SANITAS" Co., Ltd., Limehouse, London.

Clean White Teeth

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

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder.

It is made for cleaning the Teeth and does it, too, pleasantly, thoroughly and gently without scratching or injuring the enamel. That is why it is in such constant demand all over the world.

Sold by local Chemists and Druggists.

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

"Will recommend it to every person I know."

W.M. SIMS, Dunback, Otago, New Zealand, writes:

Having been almost a constant sufferer from itching and protruding piles for a long time without getting even relief from other preparations and treatments successfully, I am very pleased to tell you that I secured a box of Peters' Pile Cure and used same according to directions, and am more than pleased with the results obtained from its use, as I am cured. I have, and will continue to recommend your remedy to every one I know to be suffering with piles.

Wishing you every success, which your Remedy is honestly entitled to. I will also answer any personal or letter enquiries that may be made to me.

It cannot become too generally known that

PETERS' Pile Cure.

(EASY TO APPLY)

Quickly and Permanently Cures

BLIND, ITCHING, BLEEDING OR PROTRUDING PILES,

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ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS. PRICE, 1/6.

Large Box (five times the quantity) 5/- or will be sent FREE on receipt of price by

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Scientific and Useful

DRY MILK.

From time to time various processes have been proposed for freeing the essential constituents of milk from the water which ordinarily holds them in suspension, the idea being that this valuable food, when reduced to a dry form, might be safely transported from place to place without the grave danger of extraneous contamination from which it, in the liquid form, too often suffers. In the ideal dry milk, it should suffice for the user simply to add an amount of water consistent with that which the manufacturers have removed to produce a quantity of perfect milk indistinguishable from the original. The various processes which have aimed at securing this desirable result have fallen far short of the ideal. Many of them depended upon heat for the evaporation of the water; but heat alters the character of the milk, and the resultant powder, even when very finely pulverised, is not entirely soluble in water. In one of the processes milk is sprayed upon revolving metal rollers heated to a temperature sufficient almost instantaneously to drive off the water and leave the milk in the form of a dry skin, which is removed by scrapers and afterwards powdered. The "Scientific American" publishes a description of a new process for producing dry milk without the aid of a temperature sufficient to alter its character. The process aims at the reduction of the now almost useless skim-milk to a powder, which, when mixed with water, forms a highly valuable food. As everybody knows, the temperature at which any liquid will boil bears a direct relation to the pressure of the atmosphere or other surrounding medium. At the top of a high mountain water boils at a much lower temperature than that with which we are familiar, and in the partial vacuum produced by an air-pump the boiling-point is still further reduced. In the process under review full advantage is taken of this principle, and although a temperature of only 105 Fahr. is employed, the milk boils violently, and is rapidly reduced to a dry form, while its chemical properties remain unaltered. The final drying is accomplished in pans subjected to a blast of cool, dry air, and the resultant crust is then powdered in a revolving cylinder containing a number of porcelain balls, which reduce the milk to a fine flour. It is not contended that the milk reconstituted from this flour by the mere addition of water is quite equal to pure fresh milk, but it nevertheless is of high value especially for cooking purposes. It is only about one-tenth the weight and bulk of liquid milk, and among the several advantages which it possesses may be mentioned the fact that it is difficult of adulteration. It is obvious, for instance, that it cannot be mixed with water by unscrupulous vendors without immediate detection.

HEART MASSAGE.

The suggestion indicated in the recent statement of a Cincinnati physician that 60 American convicts are willing to be electrified provided that if resuscitated they shall receive their freedom, may surprise the public, but it does not astonish the medical profession in this country. Direct massage of the heart—the process upon which the amazingly-optimistic convicts of the United States rely—is not a new theory. For some years it has been the subject of investigation and experiment both in Great Britain and on the Continent. Dr. Dudley Buxton, a well-known London specialist, informed a representative of "The Tribune" that personally he knew of two cases where such an operation had been successful. In several other cases it had been tried, and though the patient's heart in some instances had resumed beating for a time death had ensued. A case from Aberdeen was reported recently in the medical journals in which a brilliant young surgeon had operated

for obstruction in the larynx. The patient, a woman of 55, died, to all intents and purposes—that is, all the signs by which medical men recognise death were present. There was no pulse or heart-beat, no colour in the cheeks; the pupils were dilated, the muscles flaccid, the eyes glassy. As a last resort, the surgeon made an incision, inserted his fingers till he touched the heart, and then pressed intermittently for several minutes. The heart became gradually firmer, and very slowly began to beat. Gradually it resumed normal action, the patient became lifelike, and an hour later was "doing well." That she died a few hours afterwards (she had a cancerous growth) does not affect the wonderful result of the surgeon's action—the restoration of life after death. In a second case where the same experiment was made, the patient recovered, and is still living. Other cases, with good recoveries, have been reported from America. In one, a miser apparently died of shock, following a severe accident. Not less than two minutes after death was apparent to those present, the doctor massaged the heart, with success, the pulse gradually recommenced, and the patient recovered.

THE ATMOSPHERES OF THE PLANETS.

Many people have a hazy notion that except in size and in distance from the sun our fellow-members of the solar system are very much like ourselves. It is true all are built out of the same chemical elements, and obey the same physical laws; but there the resemblance ceases. It is only the uninformed theorist who can imagine there is anything like what we call "life" on the rest. To begin with, one essential is the existence of an atmosphere. It is fairly easy to tell whether a planet has an atmosphere or not. The brightness of a planet is very directly related to the presence of an atmosphere, without the reflecting power of which its "albedo," as it is called, remains low. The telescope gives another direct test. As the planets revolve they pass in front of various stars and hide them. If there is no atmosphere round the planet the star disappears, and reappears, suddenly. If there is an atmosphere a sort of twilight effect is noticed—we see the star a little longer, just as we see the sun after it is below the horizon. Finally, we understand the conditions under which a planet can hold an atmosphere, and in some cases these conditions are not realised, so there is not even an initial possibility of an atmosphere being present.

Mercury has either an extremely rarefied atmosphere, or none at all. The light reflected from him comes from a solid unbroken surface. At transit there is no brightly illuminated atmospheric ring. It is easy to see why he has no air. He is too small to have a good grip on his atmosphere, and on the other hand he is so near the sun that the air he once had must have got intensely heated. This means that the molecules of gas acquired a great velocity, which carried them beyond the effective range of the planet's gravitation. The case of Venus is more like our own. In size she does not very greatly differ from us, though she receives about twice the light and heat we do. It fits in with these general similarities that Venus has an atmosphere as dense as our air. Twilight effects may be observed, and when her crescent is thin the atmospheric ring is illuminated beyond the horns. On some occasions, indeed, a yellow ring of light, due to refraction, has been seen entirely around the planet. There is even some slight spectroscopic evidence that there is water vapour in her atmosphere. There is, however, a great drawback attaching to both these inferior planets. By reason of their nearness to the sun tidal friction has slowed down their rotation enormously, so that their "day" is about

the same length as their year. This means also that the same side is always facing the sun. Thus one half the atmosphere is strongly heated, while the other is eternal night. However, excellent their atmospheres might otherwise be, they would therefore be swept by incessant rainstorms. Mars has an effective gravitation only about two-fifths that of earth, and is therefore not likely to retain much atmosphere. As a fact, stars undergo a sharp and sudden occultation as they pass behind him. The cloudlike formations sometimes seen on his surface are probably due to dust, and the "snow" on his polar caps may possibly be frozen carbon dioxide. The outer bodies of the solar system have considerable atmospheres, partly because their great gravitation prevents escape, and partly because they have not progressed so far in planetary evolution as we have. Jupiter has a large and dense atmosphere. Apparently light reflected from it does not penetrate far, for the spectrum is almost identical with that of sunlight. Saturn is still largely vaporous, for he is light enough to float on water. Uranus and Neptune have both extensive atmospheres, containing much hydrogen.

HAILSTONES.

Hailstones as large as hens' eggs are a common phenomenon in South Africa. Summer thunderstorms often bring a terrific shower of hail. These crash through corrugated iron, destroy vineyards, and kill whole flocks of sheep and goats. After such a storm has passed—they generally go over a narrow strip of country—the veldt looks as if it had been devastated by a fire or a swarm of locusts.

THE FINGER-PRINT SYSTEM.

The United States Army will adopt the finger-print system for the identification of men and officers, whether alive or dead. Every man in the army and every recruit hereafter will be required to put his finger-print on a glass for an official record. More than one finger may be recorded, so that in case one is shot off the other will be available. It is expected that there will be no more unidentified in the U.S. Army, thanks to this plan, which will also be worked in connection with the Bartillon system for the identification of deserters.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A Little Boy's Painful Accident.

Zam-Buk Proved Invaluable.

Burns and scalds may vary from the merest scorching or blister to extensive injuries. Zam-Buk Balm is an invincible soother and healer in all such cases. With the use of Zam-Buk, the pain is subdued, inflammation and festering are allayed or averted, and a new natural layer of skin is quickly formed. The following is a striking illustration—"Mrs E. Morton, residing at 'Jindon,' Fernberg-road, Rosalee, Brisbane, says:—"A few months ago my little boy unfortunately fell against a hot stove, burning his hand so severely, that all the skin peeled off, leaving the palms and fingers quite raw. The little fellow was in great agony, but fortunately I had a supply of Zam-Buk in the house—having had occasion to use this Balm before—and at once applied it to his hands and bandaged them up. I followed the instructions given and dressed the burns night and morning, and in a little more than a week the result was a revelation: new healthy skin had formed, and the little sufferer's hands were almost completely healed. On applying the Balm the healing and soothing effect was very gratifying, and, continuing the treatment, his hands were completely and thoroughly cured. I have also found Zam-Buk to be a splendid remedy for chest colds. Zam-Buk is, without doubt, the very best healer and embrocation I have ever used." Doctors and nurses use and recommend Zam-Buk Balm which is invaluable for all injuries to and diseases of the skin. Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists at 1/6, or 3/6 large family pot (contains nearly four times 1/6), or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 39 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Advertisement for Peerless Gloss Footlights. Includes text: "lends the charm of a brilliant polish to well-dressed feet in every corner of life's stage" and "It puts a permanent, waterproof shine on boots and shoes—a bright, clear shine that will resist dampness and can only be effaced by continuous daily wear."

Advertisement for Plasmon. Includes text: "A concentrated nutrient containing all the necessary elements for renewing muscle, brain and nerves."

Advertisement for Cailler's Milk. Includes text: "ASK FOR 1001 THOUSAND A ONE Cailler's NEW CONFECTION. SAVE THE WRAPPERS."

Books and Bookmen

BY THE GODS BELOVED: Baroness Orczy. (Greening's Colonial Library.)

This novel, while lacking the common interest which the subject of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" must always have for Englishmen, is quite as much above the ordinary level of books as it. It is a story of ancient Egypt, and tells of a people and civilisation as great, if not greater, than our own, over whom and which is thrown the glamour and mysticism of the East together with the distance of time which lends enchantment. The following extract from the book will show how "Hugh Tankerville" was initiated in the ancient lore of Egypt.

"Mr Tankerville, who was one of the greatest archaeologists and Egyptologists of his generation, took a keen delight in lullabying his boys into the half-veiled mysteries of ancient Egyptian history. We were never tired of hearing about Ra and Horus, about the building of the great Pyramids, about the tombs and the wonders of Thebes and Memphis. But above all did he delight our ears with tales of that mysterious period which immediately followed the death of Queen Neit-Akrit and the close of the Sixth Dynasty. This, so far as the scientific world is concerned, also marks the close of the old Empire. Strangers appear to have over-run the country, and for over 400 years the history of ancient Egypt is a blank; neither tombs nor temples mark the changes and vicissitudes which befall that wonderful nation, only a few royal names appear on scarabs, or tablets, but of the great people, themselves, and of their ancient civilisation, the people who built the great Pyramids and carved the immortal Sphinx, of them there is not a trace.

"When once more the veil is lifted from Egyptian history, the whole aspect of the land is changed; we see a new Empire; and it is a new people that dwells along the banks of the sacred Nile.

"What had happened to the old? This blank page in Egyptian history Mr Tankerville had reconstructed on a theory all his own, and his fancy had filled it with warriors and conquests, with downfalls and regeneration. Open-eyed, open-mouthed, we listened to his theories, while, sitting round the huge, old-fashioned grate, with the light of the great log fire illuminating his shrivelled features, he told us of Neit-Akrit and of the strangers who overran the land, and of the great Egyptian people, the old, original builders of the most ancient monuments, they who disappeared, no one knew whether to make way for the new Empire, with its new art, its new architecture, its new religion.

"This point in history was his hobby, and I learnt long afterwards with what derision the scientific world looked upon it; but we boys listened to these tales as if it were the words of a prophet, near as the Gospel. Hugh's eyes would then begin to glow, his hands would be tightly clenched, he would hang on every word his father uttered; and I too listened, awed and amazed, while before my eyes Cheops and Khefen, and the mysterious Neit-Akrit wandered in gorgeous and ghost-like procession.

"Then, as we both grew older, gradually Mr Tankerville extended our knowledge of that most ancient of all histories. His erudition was perfectly amazing, but his hobby—at least, I looked upon it as a hobby then—was the language of ancient Khabt. Upon Dr. Young's and Champollion's methods he had constructed a complete, though somewhat complicated grammar, and

this, with marvellous patience, he began slowly and thoroughly to teach to us, together with the hieroglyphic and cuneiform writings practised by the ancient Egyptians.

After his father's death Tankerville and his friend, "Mark Gunnett," set out on a journey across the Great Desert in order to test the truth of his father's conviction that somewhere hidden in the Great Desert was to be found the ancient land of "Kamt," where a people lived in the same splendour as in the days of the Pharaohs, under the rule of the Goddess Isis, as interpreted by her priests, and whose laws, while often revoltingly cruel, were models of simplicity, and as seldom failed in the justice of their application as our own more complex laws do. After many days of dreadful toil and privation Kamt was reached and was found to be inaccessible. This they had not only seen for themselves, but it had been confirmed by meeting a criminal outside the walls of Kamt, in the place of bones, these bones being the remains of criminals who had suffered capital punishment. Capital punishment in Kamt was the casting out of the offender into the sandy desert, there to wander until they died of hunger and thirst and madness caused by the loneliness and the horror of the vultures. The mode of casting out criminals by the use of a crane, suggested to Tankerville and Gunnett the way to get in, and they were hoisted by its medium into the city undiscovered, and found that the inhabitants were all assembled in the temple of Isis. Tankerville conceives the idea of working upon the superstitions of the priests and the people, and appearing in the midst of them, gives himself out to be a reincarnation of "Khefen," an ancient ruler of night and power, translated into the body of Tankerville by Osiris, and sent to them by "Ra" himself. Being of tall commanding presence, and possessing an audacity as commensurate, Tankerville succeeds, and the people fall down and worship him as a god. Finally a marriage is arranged between him and "Maat-Kha," the queen mother, as the then reigning Pharaoh was at the point of death, and the next heir being the Princess, Neit-Akrit, the rival of the queen mother, in love, beauty, and popularity, Maat-Kha prefers to marry a stranger and provide a fresh heir, to permitting her rival to ascend the throne and depose her. Time goes on and Tankerville, using his power as a ruler wisely, wins the love and confidence of the population. In several cases his will and that of the chief priest, (Ur-tasen) who hitherto has been the real ruler of Kamt, ruling the people through their superstitions, clash on matters of mercy and justice, and each time Tankerville triumphs. In the meantime he has acquired all the information necessary for his father's

vindication, and would be glad to find a way out of the land, not loving the queen, or the people, the land or its customs. Reverting in Eastern fashion, an invitation to visit Princess Neit-Akrit at her home in Net-Amen, he journeyeth thither, and hitherto invulnerable to women, he sees and falls in love with Neit-Akrit, and reciprocation following, complications ensue which end in the tragic death of Pharaoh, his mother strangling him on being twitted by her son with Tankerville's unfaithfulness. Ur-tasen, who has witnessed the tragedy unseen, enters into negotiations with Maat-Ka to fix the murder on Tankerville, and Maat-Ka agrees, thinking that if she cannot have Tankerville's love, Neit-Akrit shall not. But Neit-Akrit has been an unseen witness and also enters into negotiations to save him, which succeeds—as true love must over false. The result is a triumph of mind over matter. Ur-tasen helps Tankerville to leave Kamt, giving him a safe escort across the desert. Tankerville reaches home in safety and vindicates his father's memory at the cost of his own and Neit-Akrit's happiness. It is impossible in the limits of this critique to do full justice to the book. It is uncommonly written and has not a dull page in it from start to finish. In parts it is reminiscent of "She," but only so far as its Eastern imagery and mysticism is concerned. The pictures drawn of the wealth, art, architecture, laws and social and religious customs of this ancient city of Kamt, can only have been written by a student of Egyptian lore, and are delightfully instructive in the reading. And underlying it all is the principle that honour is above love, or more rightly speaking, its material realisation. It also shows the evils that prevail in the shape of ignorance, cruelty, injustice and oppression in a priest-ridden country, whose priest's chief power lies in the credulity and superstitions of the people. And if there is not the same dashing chivalric plot which characterised "The Scarlet Pimpernel" it is quite as good an example of the author's skill.

DELTA.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN: Marie Corelli. (Constable's Indian and Colonial Library.)

In a circular issued some months ago by the publishers of this latest fulfilment from the pen of Marie Corelli, great stress is laid on the fact "that the book contains upwards of 600 pages." If the chief merit of a book lies in its length, then is this book most meritorious, since its length constitutes its sole merit. Its plot is of the flimsiest, its situations improbable and absurd, its denouement unsatisfying, inartistic and unnatural. The reader is given the picture of a five-times told millionaire (David Helmsley) who goes on tramp in quest of a disinterested love, and after many days and divers wonderful experiences, finds it in the person of "Mary Deane," a blonnettesse by profession, and the embodiment of all the virtues, including the most righteous horror of riches, and "Angus Reary," a discredited journalist, who has been dismissed from his post on a first-class daily because his ideals were too

high; and the friends of his pen, in consequence, unmarketable. After a long game of blind man's buff, David Helmsley dies, leaving Mary Deane his sole heiress in the certain hope that she and Angus Reary will marry, which hope eventuates, and the reader is left with just as certain a belief, that the millions left by Helmsley will soon be dissipated in running a daily, and a few other journalistic ventures in the altruistic style affected by Reary, and preached but not practised by Marie Corelli in her own journalistic work. That a writer... of Marie Corelli's reputation should foist such an utterly worthless book upon the reading public can only be explained by the fact that this book, like the majority of her books, has been used by her as a peg on which to hang invective. To use her own reprehensible habit of interlarding her abusive tirades with Scriptural quotations, "There is none that doeth good"—only Marie Corelli. Of Marie Corelli's talent there can be no doubt, but there is probably no modern writer of note whose writings have had a more pernicious influence, or who have so prostituted the talent entrusted to them by that Albigist with whom Marie Corelli is presumably on such familiar terms. And she would do well to lay to heart another Scriptural injunction. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

DELTA.

THE INVASION OF 1910: William Le Queux (Macmillan and Co., London.)

This book, having appeared in serial form in the columns of several daily papers, needs no description further than to say that it should be of absorbing interest to everyone of British extraction. Coming at a time when it is becoming imperative that some scheme of national defence must be taken in hand in our own colony, its note of warning, and its urgent plea for readiness cannot be too widely disseminated or too strongly emphasized. Not only in the United Kingdom, but in this and every colony and dependency over which the English flag flies, the horrors of an invasion have been too graphically painted by Mr. Le Queux in this book to need recapitulation, and nothing remains but to echo the author's and Lord Roberts' advice as to the wisdom and necessity of being prepared. To be prepared for a rapid invasion; to be prepared to strike it.

DELTA.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 is, has been sent to the writer of this verse: Mrs A.P., 13 Pitt-street, Dunedin.

Sheets so snowy; spotless skirts; Singlets soft; sweet-smelling shirts; Sure success, self-acting scheme, RAPON simply stands supreme.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize poem published every Saturday. Best four-SHORT-line advt. verse about "RAPON" wins each week. RAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "RAPON" (Postnoon) Washing Powder, P.O. Box 623, Wellington.



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SALTINE.

Much superior to common salt for cooking, baking, or table use.

SALTINE will be found much superior to the ordinary salt in use, being more nutritive, and possessing properties not contained in ordinary salt.

Unequaled for Table and Kitchen.

The Impressionist

By Justine Ingersoll

THIS is the true "narration of an episode in the life of an actress, posters and my virtues will some My charms are proclaimed on my day be enumerated on my tombstone. Charming in life; virtuous in death—could mortal ask more of this world or the next. Being vouched for by authorities of such undoubted authenticity there is nothing left for me to tell except that between you and me and the highlights I had begun to find the recession of my profession a trifle monotonous and unsatisfactory. In real life lovers do not count one, two, three before they kiss; five, six, seven before they smile, gasp, jump, or do whatever the situation demands. I longed to go through a love scene for once without a diagram, a prompter and a modus operandi of a stage manager clattering at me from the wings. It must have been an idle two months away from the theatre, at an out of the way place on Long Island Sound, together with a big, languishing, morbid moon which on a certain night in August put such morbid thoughts as these into my brain. Gilmore's Point the place was called. Gilmore's house was a hotel by brevet, but within the length of a lower was Gilmore's cottage, quite a different affair, being brown and snug and standing up to its window sashes in a tangle of tiger lilies and plox. I had the cottage to myself, with the exception of Petunia Potter—Petunia was at once my "nanny" and my major domo. She was round and fat, and when she laughed it was as if a chocolate cream were to turn inside out, but on this day there had not been a gleam of ivory on the face of my faithful friend. For the first time in our lives we were to be parted. Petunia had been summoned by telegram to the deathbed of her only sister in Baltimore. "Yo' poor child, Gawd knows, I hates to leave yo' case yo' can't take care of yo'self, but it's no poh sister, an' death o'ly comes on." I assured her that I could take care of myself for the short time she would be gone. "But it's de box, honey, it's de box, I've mortal 'raid soanin' 'll happen to de box." "Now don't you be foolish, Petunia," I rejoined. "I promise you to take care of the box, and what is more, you shall take the key with you." This arrangement somewhat allayed the apprehensions of the good soul so that when I put her on the train she was a trifle less prognostic of evil, but do what I would, I could not persuade her to carry her old-fashioned carpet bag anywhere but in her lap, and this being packed to a fatness like unto her own, was on a hot day simply smothering. "Min' de box, Miss Beatrix, min' de box," she whispered in muffled tones when she kissed me good-by.

The box was our secret. No one but Petunia knew of the beauty, rarity and intrinsic value of the jewels which it held. Every true artist has a hidden source of inspiration—my jewels were mine. I never wore them; they were too sacred. I kept them enshrined for the reason that I believed they possessed an inspirational power too precious to diffuse. Always when I studied a new role, I locked myself in my room, and with my angled stones about me, my spirit flashed into new creative power.

But to go back to the night whose witchery beguiled me into forgetfulness which in the retrospect makes me marvel. I remember how I stood on the porch of my cottage and looked through its honeysuckle vines up into the moon's face, and I remember how I said, "You moon, you are like myself, a fraud; you inspire feelings in others which you do not feel yourself, and I am going to be wise and shut my door in your face," which I did with a bang. Then I lighted my lamp. "You are, with all your amadue, a far more wholesome companion," I said, "because you are practical, and no one ever heard of your lead-

ing any one astray." Then I took the pins from my hair, got myself into a loose gown of liberty silk, and settled day received from Narragansett Pier. "The artist, Desmond Iveagh, is here, but finds no woman worth the painting, he says. But when he heard that I was a friend of Miss Beatrix Bramwell, what should he do but beg for a letter to you. He saw your Juliet last season in London, and has been haunted ever since by the desire to paint you for the next Academy. His stay in the country is brief, and I took it upon myself to promise him, in your amiable name, at least one sitting, and so, my dear, you must be prepared to see Mr. Iveagh at any moment. P.S.—I have just given my letter of introduction to Mr. Iveagh's messenger. You see he is very much in earnest."

With these words before my eyes I heard the whirr of a wheel coming to a standstill in the grass outside my window. The knock which followed upon my door being imperative, I obeyed it, to find myself in the presence of—I must confess it the handsomest man I ever set eyes on. He was tall, and straight as a soldier. I looked up at him and he looked down at me, and at once, without words, we were comrades. There was a masterful something in his eyes which said you are you, and I am I, and we know each other. He was the first to speak. "I was afraid I might have to apologise for my appearance," with a glance at his knickerbockers. "I was so keen to get here that I left my luggage at the station and came down on my wheel—but I hate explanations, and now that I meet you face to face, I know that they will not be required of me. Conventionalities," he laughed lightly, "are not meant for souls," are they, but even so, permit me to deliver my credentials." I took the letter from his hand, "A man's face is his letter of introduction, and so, Mr. Iveagh, I know you without this," and I tossed the letter aside. "You are very good, Miss Bramwell, I assure you I am touched by your recognition of me, for it comes from an artist much greater than myself," and he bent his face with its Vandeyke beard above my hand. "It is really remarkable," he went on, letting his eyes rest on me in a long gaze. "It is remarkable how in this world we get the things we want. The picture that I want you to sit for has been an ideal with me for—well, ever since I began to have ideals. I have, thank God, never lost my faith that somewhere in some woman's face I should find the something elusive, the soul that I see in your face. I tried to be presented to you after your performance, but you were to set sail for America the next morning, and I was too late, and now it is I who have to leave America by to-morrow's steamer, and so—" He hesitated. "And so you want me to sit for you now, Mr. Iveagh?" "How good you are; yes, right now, in this heavenly light. I am to call the picture 'A Lunar Lorelei,' and I know that it will bring me a something which has never yet been mine, and which without you would never be mine." He looked to where the sea lay like fretted gold. "Will you go out there with me, Miss Bramwell, and let me sketch you on those rocks?" I saw that the hotel was dark, and that the Piazzarini, the pale little ladies in chudder shawls who go-sped on its piazza, had gone to bed. I was safe from the observation of the Piazzarini, but nobody ever went on those rocks; even by day they were considered improper, and by night downright immoral. But the night was so beautiful, and my companion so charming, besides, as he had himself said, conventionalities were not made for souls, and so I told him I would go with him to the rocks. "And will you keep on the lovely gown you are in? It's diaphanous blue is just what I want, and—wait a moment—and he stopped and

picked long stalks of the tiger lilies. "Hold these in your arms, and let me arrange some of them in your hair—so, just look of your ears as the Burnish girls wear their buns. And now, I think we are ready. I have my portfolio here, and I shall, with your permission, take it along with my wheel—no never knows what marauders may be abroad, and are you not afraid, Miss Bramwell, to leave your door open? Do you never have thieves in Arcadia?" "Never," I laughed, "but still I shall lock it lest the moon should lure bad men abroad—" "As it does me, Miss Bramwell—" Then, like two children going to a masque, we made our way through the wet grass of the meadow till we came to the rocks. I let him take my hand to help me over their seaweed-covered sides. "There!" he exclaimed. "Stand just where you are, with the sea at your feet, and the moon above your head. By Jove, its light curls about you as if it loved you—and what a colour scheme! You don't know it, Miss Bramwell, but this one hour snatched from the proprietaries will give me fame and fortune. You don't know how much—you can't realise how much I am taking from you."

He sat a little distance from me sketching rapidly, but I could see conscientiously, rubbing in and out but never, for a moment, so absorbed was he did he break off his work. We talked soul to soul of love, friendship, art, of all things. It was midnight and more before I dared to move from the rocks where he held me as by enchantment. "We must go back," I finally found will to say. "As you wish," he sighed regretfully. "I could stay here forever," he said as he took me in his arms half fainting as I was, from my slippery pedestal. "You are tired," he murmured reproachfully, "lean against me." "May I see," I asked, "what you have made of me?" Pardon me, my dear Miss Bramwell, if I seem ungracious, but it is a tenet with me never to let any one see my work until it is quite finished," and he shut the sketch in his portfolio.

When we came in sight of my cottage I was startled to find it dark, although I had left my lamp burning brightly. Mr. Iveagh begged permission to be within call should I find anything had occurred during my absence. Something, clearly, had, for upon going into my bedroom I found that the window was wide open. I had left it shut and securely fastened. My box had gone—it was nowhere to be seen. I called to Mr. Iveagh to come. "I have been robbed," I cried, and sure enough it was only too true. "Petunia was right—I was not fit to take care of either the box or myself. It was a comfort to have some one near me as cool and collected as was Mr. Iveagh. 'It's strange, Miss Bramwell, but you know I had a feeling all the evening that something of the sort might happen. I'm glad I didn't leave my wheel for the scoundrels. Let me take you over to the hotel, and then I shall go up to the village, put myself in communication with the police and send out a reward—leave that to me," he said with the most delicate consideration, "that is my affair. I and I alone am responsible for your loss, but there is no time to be lost," he added. "Yes, yes," I replied, "don't wait. I shall rouse them, myself, in the hotel." "I hate to leave you," he said, "but really think the sooner I am off the better." Outside on the porch he took my hands in his. "It has cost you too much, my poor child, I fear, to have made my acquaintance. But remember that you have fulfilled my most ardent dreams." He bent his head and kissed my hands. "I shall be back as soon as possible, au revoir," and he was gone.

The sound of those wheels, scattering the pebbles in their flight, were ringing in my ears when I caught sound, coming from the opposite direction, of a wagon, madly driven. The two men who alighted from it were detectives. They knew of my robbery before I told them. They could easily have captured the man who was, I knew by a quick flash of intelligence, fleeing from them, but was it sentiment, or was it discretion, did I wish to avoid the scandal of the Piazzarini or did I want to be true to that hour of companion-ship on the rocks? I cannot tell—perhaps if this ever meets the eye of Mr. Desmond Iveagh he will know why I deliberately threw the officers off the trail. I told them I had gone to the rocks alone, that I had seen no man, much less the man they called "Diamond Dick," alias Desmond Iveagh; that beguiled by the night's beauty I had stayed longer from the cottage than I meant to

stay, thus giving the thieves ample time to look.

One of the detectives found the letter lying where I threw it when I quoted Lord Chedersfield. "Here is the very letter that was stolen from the real artist clap-to-day. The bogus one meant to get you out on them rocks, lady, and while he was pretending to paint your picture, his pal was to crib the kit. Well, it's fortunate for you, man, that you didn't meet him—he's a dead sure one with the ladies. The man who purloined this letter squealed on the gang, and that's how we got on to them, but I'm sorry you've lost your jewels. I doubt if you ever see them—since 'Diamond Dick' 's got them." Then being authorized by me to offer a reward, the man made off, and more dead than alive I sought the hotel. By early train the real Mr. Desmond Iveagh arrived, but after the counterfeit I found him not at all interesting, merely a prosperous and phlegmatic Englishman. I gave him no sitting. Toward evening it was when my landlord put his head in at the window of the little cottage. "Cheer up, Miss Bramwell, your jewels are found. The party that has them is over at the house, but they won't give them up till you pay down the thousand dollars reward." Now I could hardly believe my ears. The reward, although inadequate, was every penny I had in the world, but I never dreamed it would bring back my lost treasures. Surprise of surprises! Whom should I find, sitting up very stiff and grand on the best plush-covered chair in the parlour, but Miss Petunia Potter, clasping the carpet-bag on her lap. At sight of her I burst into tears. "Oh, Petunia, Petunia," I cried, and would have fallen on her neck, but she waved me off. "Didn't I know as yo' wasn't fit to take care of yo'self, Yo' don't catch dis niggah nappin', so I jus' filled dat ar box up with pebbles of de beach, an' I tuk de jewels in dis beach bag—dat's what I dun do, an' my sistah, she no mouth dead dan I am, dat yer 'spatch was all a put up job to get Petunia out ob de way—so, Mi-ay, you jus' gib me dat ar thousand, befo' I gib yo' de jewels."

Gladly did I give the reward to the good soul, and she keeps the thousand dollars with the jewels for me in the box, and for the future I am quite content to go through my love scenes with a diagram, a stage manager and a lime-light moon.

CAN'T EAT
CAN'T WORK
CAN'T THINK
CAN'T SLEEP!

When that is your condition your Stomach and Liver are not working properly. Indigestion is poisoning your blood and sapping your vitality. Nothing will so soon restore you to health and vigour as the Digestive Tonic.

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From Mrs. S. Dams, 109, Gertrude St., Fitzroy, Victoria, April 19, 1906.

Gives You
Fresh Vigour

The International Exhibition

BRILLIANT OPENING CEREMONY

DESCRIPTION OF THE COURTS

CHRISTCHURCH, November 1.

Rain began to fall yesterday about noon and it continued more or less heavily till an early hour this morning. It will do no harm to the opening ceremony of the Exhibition, and was much needed to lay the dust, which a long stretch of dry weather had made a nuisance in the grounds. It will also "save the situation" for the farmers' crops and pastures, which were in a critical condition. The city is full of visitors, and every volunteer in Canterbury who can get away will be on parade for the trooping of the colours ceremony. Crowds of representatives of local bodies from all parts of the colony are also in the city, and there is every prospect of the opening being a brilliant affair. All depends on the weather. At nine o'clock the sky was threatening again.

The Exhibition itself, though far from complete as to the placing of exhibits, is sufficiently forward to make a magnificent display both from an educational point of view and in point of general interest. His Excellency and Sir Joseph Ward have been in the city since yesterday.

The weather became settled shortly after ten o'clock, and a great number of people flocked to the Exhibition grounds. Every conveyance, electric, gas, or equine in the city seemed to be hurrying to and from the great show place, and the front of the buildings presented an animated appearance. The crush to the main hall, where the ceremony was to be performed, set in early, and soon every available inch of standing room was occupied. Many visitors could not even get a view of the spectacle.

At 11.30 the Vice-Presidents, the Executive Commissioners, the Chairman of the Executive, and the Ceremonial Committee assembled in the main entrance to await the arrival of the Governor, and from the opposite side of the river a mounted guard of honour was stationed. A naval guard lined the Kilmore-street bridge, and a gorgeous guard of volunteers extended from the west side of the bridge to the main entrance.

The grand avenue was lined with troops, and seamen of the Imperial fleet formed lines from the main entrance to the dais erected for the opening ceremony.

The Governor was met at the entrance by Sir Joseph Ward, as the President of the Ceremonial Committee, and was escorted to the dais, the band playing a verse of the National Anthem. On the Vice-regal party reaching the seats reserved for them, the National Anthem was sung by the choir accompanied by the orchestra. The effect was thrilling. Andersen's Exhibition Ode was then rendered by the Christchurch Musical Union, assisted by the Exhibition orchestra and the Woolston brass band, the conductor being the composer of the music. The Ode was finely given, and elicited much applause.

ADDRESS BY THE PREMIER.

The Premier followed the Governor. The Premier's address opened with an eloquent reference to the national loss which the colony had sustained by the death of the statesman who was the author of the Exhibition. Amid applause he read a telegram from Mrs. Seddon, hoping everything would pass off satisfactorily; that the Exhibition would be the success that Mr. Seddon would have wished.

Sir Joseph Ward welcomed the distinguished visitors from England, Canada, and the Australian States, and went on to praise the Exhibition officers. Speaking of Mr. Munro, the Chairman of the Executive, he said the Government recognised that he had a most difficult post to fill between the people and the Government as a buffer, and he had carried out his work exceedingly well.

Showing the magnitude of the Exhibition, the Premier said the exhibits were valued at half a million sterling independent of the pictures, which were worth at least a quarter of a million. He had been informed by those well qualified to judge that the Exhibition was more advanced at the opening than many of the larger exhibitions of the continent and America.

Dealing with the financial aspects of the Exhibition, the Premier stated that not nearly all the last vote of £64,000 would be required. There was every prospect that the finances would turn out much more favourably than was anticipated.

The Old Hundredth was then sung, the Governor received the golden key from the Premier, and he declared the Exhibition open, and simultaneously, in every part of the grounds, the ringing of electric bells signalled the event to the waiting thousands of the general public.

A cablegram was then despatched to His Majesty notifying the opening.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH.

NEW ZEALAND'S GREAT FUTURE.

"HAPPY, PROSPEROUS, AND GREAT."

The Governor's fine speech was as follows:—"It is, I can assure you, with feelings of the deepest pride and satisfaction that I rise to carry out the honourable duty which has been conferred upon me. That satisfaction is, however, tempered with sorrow that the New Zealand statesman and the British Imperialist who laid the foundation stone, figuratively and actually of this undertaking, is not here to see completed the largest exhibition ever held beneath the Southern Cross, and to witness the response which the Mother Nation and her daughters have made to New Zealand's invitation. We call this the New Zealand International Exhibition, and the number of foreign firms which are exhibiting entitle us to use that name, but when you have viewed the Canadian section an object lesson in the art of national advertisement—the representative exhibits which the Australian States and Fiji have placed before you; the list of private exhibitors from nearly all our colonies; and last but not least, the carefully prepared English section and magnificent gallery of British art.

"I venture to say that an equally honourable and perhaps more appropriate title would be 'New Zealand's Empire Exhibition.' Proud as I am to be associated with so important an undertaking, I am even more interested in the object underlying its conception—that object, if I interpret it rightly, was to show to their fellow citizens of the Empire what New Zealand, with a history of but a man's lifetime, has accomplished. It was also to demonstrate to the world that there is rising here a young nation which, though furthest from the Mother Country, and separated 900 miles from her nearest neighbour, is British in thought and blood, happy and prosperous, standing only on the threshold of her splendid future.

It may be thought by some that it is presumptuous if not ridiculous for less than a million people living on a mere speck in the Pacific Ocean to anticipate becoming the New England of the Southern Seas, or for a land of but yesterday to expect to compare with the greatest maritime and manufacturing nation of the old world. But it is in no such doubting spirit that the New Zealander regards his future. He points to the thirty-seven millions of Great Britain, and proudly tells you that his own country is as large, as healthy, and as fertile. Indeed, nothing has impressed me more during my visits to the different parts of this colony than the fact that, beneath the surface of their general content, the pioneer and farmer, the merchant and the artisan, are looking forward confidently to their children's heritage. "There's a divinity that shapes our end, rough-hew them how we will." "Wool, wool, and flax are not to be our 'Ultima Thule.'" For Providence has not merely blessed New Zealand with those fertile valleys and fruitful plains, which are at present her main asset; not only is she yielding us gold in in-

creasing quantities, and hinting that in the oil fields of the north we have another valuable product; but as a promise of our future greatness upon the seas Nature has given us splendid harbours, inexhaustible beds of coal, and iron in a condition which needs but the magician's wand of the modern chemist to become the finest steel. And if this country has materials to build her ships, she has also the sailors to man them, for the New Zealander has eminently the seafaring nature of the Englishman. Small as the colony is, the Union flag of the Union Company flies in the principal ports of Australia, waves through the islands of the Pacific, and salutes the great Dominion at Vancouver.

"Leaving her maritime future, New Zealand with her enormous and constant water-power waiting only to be harnessed, has hopeful prospects as a manufacturing country. Is it difficult to believe that, with humanitarian legislation for workers and wise treatment of capital, there will arise before long manufacturing towns differing only from those at home in that grinding poverty, overcrowding and dirt, smoke and fog will be absent? I do not think the people of New Zealand will consider I have over-estimated the probable future of this land in which they take so much pride, and it seemed to me that at an epoch of her history such as this Exhibition is likely to prove it was a fitting occasion to dwell upon her future, upon the coming day when this beautiful country will be not only happy and prosperous, but happy, prosperous, and great.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have finished. I have but to welcome our visitors in the name of His Majesty the King, and to repeat to the people of New Zealand how fully I appreciate the respect and honour they invariably pay to the representative of their Sovereign, and how deeply sensible I am of their generous good-will towards myself."

The Governor then declared the Exhibition open amid applause.

SIR JOHN GORST ON NEW ZEALAND.

CHRISTCHURCH, November 1.

A dinner was given to oversea representatives and Commissioners by His Excellency, at Freeman's rooms, this evening.

Sir John Gorst, responding to the toast of the Exhibition, proposed by the Premier, said that he returned thanks for the toast with all the greater pleasure because the British Government, which he had the honour to represent, was one of the largest contributors to the Exhibition. What measure of success the British court might achieve it would be for public opinion to determine when the public had visited the Exhibition. He could claim, at least, that the motives which had actuated the British Government in sending its contribution had been strong sympathy with the aspirations of the colony, and a sincere desire to promote the success of the undertaking upon which the colony had embarked. In the first place, the British Government had sent illustrations of the progress of art in the Mother Country and of the application that was now being made in the Mother Country of that art to the process of manufacture. He did

not know of anything that could be more useful to study in a young country like New Zealand, because the progress of art and the promotion of beauty was not a speciality of nations that were very numerous and had acquired a great deal of wealth. The examples of the world showed that some of the greatest art nations of antiquity had been agricultural and comparatively small countries. Egypt was one example of that. She was the first art country in the world, and in her early days, when she had a pastoral peaceful people, her art was much greater than in later days, when she became the great conqueror, and subdued many of the nations of the world. Another country of antiquity which illustrated the point was Greece. The people of New Zealand might aspire quickly to set an example to other nations in the production of art and beauty, in manufactures and industrial works. He confessed that he was astonished at the opening ceremony that day to note the wonderful ability with which, apparently, music had been cultivated in the antipodes. The opening ode, which was rendered by an antipodean audience, and an antipodean band, and which was composed, he understood, by a native of New Zealand, would have been received with admiration and applause in any of the old cities of Europe. The British Government had given New Zealand an illustration of what the Mother Country was doing in regard to the education of the children of the poor, not only in book-learning, but also in technical instruction; and the application of learning to industrial pursuits. They might depend upon it that in the days to come that nation would be greatest and would lead the other nations of the world which succeeded in producing the healthiest and most intelligent population. (Hear, hear.) Those who were behindhand in the arts would have to take the humble position of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The people of New Zealand had rare advantages. Since he had been in New Zealand, for three days on his present visit, he had seen many things that astonished him, but nothing astonished him more than the fact which was referred to by the Premier of the extraordinary healthy race of boys and girls which the colony was bringing up. He had been accustomed to visit great schools, not only in the United Kingdom, but also in many parts of Europe, and he had never seen a more healthy lot of boys and girls than in New Zealand. They were far in advance of any children produced in London or in any of the great cities of the United Kingdom. If these children were trained, not only to be healthy, but also to be wise, they would produce a future race of New Zealanders which might challenge comparison with any race in the world. There was another point to which he would like to call attention. He could not give a lecture on the British court, but he would call the attention of those who visited the Exhibition to a series of photographs contributed by Sir Benjamin Stone. They illustrated the customs—the quaint original customs—of every part of the old Mother Country; and they would give the people of New Zealand some idea of the variety of qualifications which go to form the nation of the United Kingdom. New Zealanders inherited all those qualifications. They had the enterprise and the versatility of the Englishman; they had the dogged perseverance of the Scotchman; they had the generous and genial humour of the Irishman; they had the poetry and the song of Wales; and with those qualifications among them they might develop a New Zealand with an originality of its own, not a slavish imitation of anything in the Mother Country, but a race that would contribute to the greatness of the world, and would have qualifications of value to mankind. The British Government had furnished a catalogue, which explained the photographs exhibited by Sir Benjamin Stone, and without that explanation they would be comparatively unintelligible to many people; but with it in their hand the people could read the history of the places from which they had come. There was one more point in regard to the British court which he would refer to. It was rather a sad one. It dealt with the tables furnished by the Board of Trade. They showed the present social conditions of the British people, and they contained warnings of what the New Zealanders must avoid in regard to the diseases and disadvantages which were imposed upon the population of the Old Country, but which it would be their business to prevent in New Zealand.

FEATURES OF THE BRITISH COURT.


The expenditure of about £10,000 by the British Government to furnish a representative display of English art, crafts, scientific pursuits, things of historical interest, and information of great value to those interested in social and economic progress provides the Exhibition with an exhibit of first-class importance and educative value. A separate article deals with the magnificent collection of painting and statuary which is housed in a special annex while in the main building are grouped exhibits dealing with education, social economy, the navy, army coinage, seals, geography and exploration, meteorology and photography.

HOW THE WEATHER IS RECORDED.

One of the most interesting exhibits shows in detail the careful and elaborate weather-recording arrangements of the Meteorological Office, London. The office issues daily weather forecasts for the whole of the United Kingdom. It prophesies storms with certainty, and even the vagaries of an April day in the Old Country are somehow anticipated in these useful forecasts. The exact record of what occurs from hour to hour in a large number of stations widely distributed is the most important element upon which forecasts are based, and the Meteorological Office has provided for the Exhibition a very complete set of the recording instruments used. Rain, sunshine, temperature, atmospheric pressure, and wind velocity are automatically registered. Atmospheric pressure is marked to a very fine degree by the ordinary barometer, but a first-class meteorological station possesses a microbarograph which shows the most minute fluctuations. Its recording pen will register the changes of pressure caused during working hours in the Exhibition by the presence of large numbers of workmen, and the opening and closing of doors. On the drum which carries the record was to be seen a steady horizontal line. "This is when the doors are closed at night," explained the officer in charge of the exhibit. "That shows when work recommenced at 7 a.m.," he added, pointing to an irregular continuation of the line. The meteorologist is not content with recording the ordinary shade temperature. He must needs secure a record of the earth temperature, grass minimum and solar radiation. One of the simpler instruments enables the meteorologist, by pressing a button and consulting a dial on his desk, to ascertain which way the wind is blowing, a wind vane being electrically connected with the instrument. The ingenious instruments which can be attached to kites for the purpose of recording readings of the barometer and thermometer above the earth's surface are exhibited, and among the many specimens of meteorological records in the exhibit is the meteorological log of the schooner Thrust, which was commanded by the late Prime Consort on a voyage from Port Royal to Trinidad in 1891. Diagrams are displayed which indicate the wind circulation at the South Pole, and the actual sunshine recorder used by the National Antarctic Expedition in 1901-3 is included in the collection of instruments.

MEDALS AND COINS.

The man in the street is probably unaware of the fact that a five-pound piece is current coin of the realm of King Edward VII. Possibly he seldom becomes entitled to that amount, but if he possessed the smaller amount of £2 he could represent it in a single gold coin. Specimens of these interesting coins, and the complete set coined by British and colonial mints are on view in the British court. Another particularly interesting feature in this section is a large case of reproductions in wax of the Great Seal of England from that used by King Henry of the Mercians, 790 A.D.; to Queen Victoria's Seal of State. Colonial seals also find a place in the collection, and it is a curious fact that while Canada favours a design approximating the size of a saucer, all the other British colonies possess seals nearer the size of a five-shilling piece. The War Office has provided a very fine collection of naval and military medals, dated from Waterloo and completed to the present time.



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NAVAL AND MILITARY DISPLAY.

Working drawings of H.M.S. "New Zealand" will probably be attractive to those interested in marine architecture, while the general public will regard with admiration the exquisitely finished models of H.M. first class battleships "Swiftsure" and "Albion." So much detail is provided in the former model that the small boats are even fitted with ivory oars and boat-hooks. A fine gallery of photographs accompanies these exhibits, showing all types of modern warships. The Maxim and Gardner automatic guns, which fire 600 shots per minute if required, are set up in working order, and there is also the complete 10-pounder breech-loading jointed-gun and equipment used on the hilly frontier of Northern India. This again is composed of two sections, each of which provides a load for a mule, the carriage makes another load, the wheels a fourth, and the axle and small stores a fifth, while "ammunition mules" each carry two boxes of shells and fuses and cartridges. Thus equipped, the Mountain Artillery penetrates to the inmost fastnesses of the hill tribes. The display includes a very complete collection of modern military equipment, and there is also an interesting historical collection, including the chain shot invented by Admiral De Witte in 1666, grape shot, rib shot (the earliest form of shell for use with a grooved bore rifled gun), and the old hand grenade.

HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS.

With the object of preserving for posterity a permanent pictorial record of English national life and history, Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., of Birmingham, is compiling a collection of photographs, a selection from the series being on view in the Court. Those who have only read or heard of the picturesque survivals of old customs will find in these photographs a wealth of interest. May day festivities, ancient customs at fairs or markets, and the beautiful ceremonies connected with the Welsh Eisteddfod national musical gathering are depicted in realistic fashion, and there is a large selection of pictures taken in historic buildings.

Scientific photography receives a fair amount of attention in the exhibit. Specimens of process work, plate tests, X-ray photographs, astronomical work, and the many other applications of the camera for scientific purposes find a place in the display which, although not of much interest to the casual visitor, will provide many a valuable lesson to those interested in the various branches.

Pictorial photography is represented by 132 specimens, evidently selected with great care, showing that the camera in the hands of workers with artistic taste has a much wider field than of minute and exact reproduction. Beautiful atmospheric effects are reproduced in many of the best examples, and by the subordination of detail in enlargement and the introduction of suitable tones, pictures are produced which compare very favourably with the impressionist studies of those who work with the pen and brush. The collection is regarded by the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, by whom it has been prepared, as fairly representative of the best modern English pictorial photography, and as such it should provide a good deal of inspiration to the colonial worker. Adjoining the photographic exhibition is a small but choice selection of original pen and ink drawings by famous artists, many of which are thoroughly familiar to colonials through the pages of "Punch."

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL ECONOMY.

These important subjects receive a very comprehensive treatment in the court, but as they do not lend themselves to popular description, I do not propose to do more than indicate the general features. Educational institutions from the primary schools to the English universities are very fully described, a number of well arranged cases of framed photographs serving to give visitors a very realistic idea of the main features of the English educational system. The Board of Trade has furnished a very complete set of charts dealing with economic subjects, and a huge map of London, twenty feet square, is coloured to show realistically the social condition of the people as indicated in Mr Charles Booth's monumental work "Life and Labour in London."

THE CANADIAN COURT.

EFFECTIVE ADVERTISING METHODS.

AN OBJECT LESSON TO NEW ZEALAND.

I have visited the Canadian Court, and chatted with one of the Dominion's Commissioners, Mr W. A. Burns, a business like, courteous gentleman, who is one of the staff of five accompanying the Canadian exhibit. The Dominion Government has set about advertising Canada's attraction in the most thorough manner. Connected with the Department of Agriculture is an exhibition section by means of which Canadian products are displayed in every large exhibition through out the world. About £50,000 spent annually in this way, and, says Mr Burns, the country gets a return in immigration and increased trade which fully recoups it for the outlay. "We figure it out that this work is profitable," explained Mr Burns. "To exhibit at St. Louis, the largest world's fair ever held, we went there alongside every country in the world, and spent about £60,000. We reckon that the 50,000 moneyed American farmers who crossed the border into Canada that year were largely the result of that display, so it paid us well, you see."

"No, we are not on an immigration mission here," said the Commissioner in reply to a question. "Our object is to bring your people through Canada on the way Home, and to further promote our trade relations." If New Zealand, with its many attractions, would carry on the same propaganda as we are I am quite sure it would get results if it went to work in Canada.

"Can you indicate the lines upon which trade may be promoted?" I asked.

"We use your butter and other products which you export," Mr Burns pointed out, "because our winter is your summer, and we can exchange the products in season. We hope that this exhibit will bring about such an increase of trade, as will necessitate a better service of steamers between New Zealand and Canada. Two of Messrs Bucknall's boats are on the run, and they have already proved inadequate for the amount of freight offered. We can sell New Zealand furniture of a class which will compete with any in the world. We have the raw materials, our forests are very rich in all kinds of furniture woods, and the beauty of our Golden Oak is unequalled."

So with this preliminary chat and a handful of publications, including "One Thousand Facts About Canada," the capable advocate of his country's attractions started me on a tour of the Canadian Court.

The mineral section provides the most noteworthy feature of the exhibit, demonstrating as it does, how excellent a grip the Dominion has upon the markets of the world. Canada provides 90 per cent of the world's supply of asbestos, Canadian asbestos has the longest fibre and for that reason is most popular for working up into manufactured articles. The exhibit shows asbestos as it is found in the rock, and there are also examples of finished products. Granite, coal, mica, and corundum (a substitute for emery) are mined in Ontario,

and there are interesting exhibits of these products. The mica, used in electrical equipment and often for unbreakable gas chimneys comes from rich Canadian mines in thick slabs several feet in superficial area. A block has been taken out weighing over half a ton. The colour, known as Cobalt, was extremely rare until a big deposit discovered in Ontario flooded the market, and the ore from which it is obtained is now being mainly worked for its large percentage of nickel. Excellent displays of minerals are to be found in the court, and the Dominion's products from timber are likely to attract considerable attention. The Canadian bent-wood chair is already established in popular favour. There are hundreds of patterns on view, and office furniture, splendidly finished, is also shown as an illustration of good workmanship and the beauty of Canadian oak and other furniture woods. Many who see the stack of spruce and balsam wood resembling a firewood heap, will be somewhat surprised to know that the varied specimens of paper exhibited close at hand, including "news" and high-class note, come from similar blocks of wood. Paper making from wood pulp is a big Canadian industry, and the pulp is also being turned to account for indurated fibre-ware such as buckets and pans which are quite watertight and wearable though made from the same raw material as the daily newspaper. Cedar canoes of surprising lightness, maple sugar and honey, and a beautifully arranged display of bottled fruits occupy central positions in the large court, and there are a hundred and one other products from goloshes to pianos which the Canadian Government is showing on behalf of the manufacturers in the Dominion. The complete exhibit was packed into 1400 cases, and the display occupies 14,000 feet of the special annex built to accommodate it. The wall space is decorated in red art muslin, with panels of straw arranged in exceedingly pretty fashion, while over every arch—and there are many—is the inscription "Canada" worked in corn cobs surrounded with a border of sheaves, an appropriate design for the go-ahead colony which is "the granary of the world."

HOME INDUSTRIES.

It is satisfactory to find that trade and foreign exhibits, though very extensive, do not dwarf home productions at the International Exhibition. I spent a morning in the south gallery, where home industry has filled nearly the whole of the space. Ten thousand exhibits have been sent for competition and hundreds for display, so that it will be realised that my impressions are necessarily general, and that numberless meritorious productions are unnoticed. Judging has not yet taken place—there will be at least three weeks delay—consequently the names of competitors and their places of residence are not available. The technical schools of Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch, and the Canterbury School of Art provide a really magnificent display of decorative design and practical work in wood and metal. An attractive picture gallery is provided, simply from contributions in oil, mainly studies in

still life, executed by the students. The Wellington school has constructed a model church in modern Gothic style. The complete church is built to small scale, while above spart in larger size is a portion of the roof with well-designed timber work. Decorative designs for various parts of the church are shown, and a portion of the altar rail design has been nicely worked out in metal. A large settee, with magnificently finished panels, in carved wood and copper repousse work, constitutes the chief feature of the Canterbury College School of Art display. The Auckland exhibit is strongest in plumbing work. I am not able to pick out the items, and I confess to lacking that technical knowledge necessary to a proper description of the exhibit, but it is evident that the four classes for plumbers are well filled with admirable specimens of work. The metal work section is one of the strongest. Admirable work is displayed in the way of finished parts of engine and machine castings and wrought-iron work, while there are seventeen exhibits of model machinery. A London and North Western railway engine, built to scale, by an Auckland amateur, is remarkably well finished, in striking contrast to several other models, including a larger locomotive, also sent for competition. Electrical locomotives and high-speed stationary engines have received a good deal of attention, some attractive work having been turned out.

Woodworking exhibits take up a large portion of the space, and include many exquisite examples of cabinetmaking. One of the most effective of the half-dozen sideboards displayed in the section was made, according to the official label, by an apprentice of less than 24 years' experience. Golden oak has been used, and a beautiful finish has been obtained. The fittings are in gun-metal, and on either side of the central mirror are pretty corner cupboards with coloured leadlight doors. In this section there are also classes for apprentices over 24 years, and an open class, both of which are well filled, the articles, generally of a useful character available for furnishing or house-fittings, being nearly all up to a high standard of finish and originality of design.

Every encouragement has been given to carving, and the specimens, though varying greatly in workmanship and beauty of design, make a particularly attractive exhibit. The open class for amateurs in relief carving contains one of the finest collections ever grouped in a colonial exhibition. While some competitors have made modest attempts in the form of photo frames, the majority have launched out upon large articles of furniture, such as sideboards. Some of the most tasteful work was upon writing cabinets, hall chairs and settees, and notably a beautiful mantelpiece in walnut. A fault about one of the most ambitious efforts, a carved sideboard, was its overwhelming burden of floral designs in high relief, carved in a free and effective manner, but quite unsuited for such a piece of furniture. The total number of exhibitors in the carving classes is 140.

Specimens of brush-work and models from the elementary schools of New South Wales exhibited at Melbourne Exhibition, have been sent to New Zealand for display. They include many fine designs based on nature studies, and form an excellent means of comparison, exhibited as they are close to similar work from New Zealand State Schools.

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The West's pictures and the Brescians continue to attract large audiences at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland. For this week a splendid programme has been prepared, the musical portion being particularly good. The usual matinee will be given on Saturday afternoon, and there will also be one on Friday afternoon (King's Birthday).

The Stouham Morrison Company, who are now playing the West Coast of the South Island, report excellent business throughout New Zealand. The company leave Nelson this week, for Auckland, from which town they will commence their return tour of the colony, showing an entirely new set of articulating pictures, amongst which we are promised something extraordinary in the way of animated photography.

In the course of a friendly chat on Monday at the Grand Hotel with the illustrious and much-travelled cantatrice, Mdlle. Dolores, a "Graphic" representative gathered a few interesting reminiscences concerning her Australian tour, which, doubtless, will prove of interest to the music-loving public of Auckland.

Well, Mdlle, it is nice to see you back again and to have once more the opportunity of chatting with you.

And I can assure you, answered Mdlle, that I am delighted to be back in dear old Auckland, where I have so many sympathetic friends. Do you know, I am just longing to sing to them again. I don't forget how very kind Auckland audiences have always been to me. It is just like coming home.

Will you give me some of your reminiscences of your doings in Australia?

"Well, what is there to say?" laughingly responded the charming cantatrice. "Oh, well, you know, I do not like interviews, but I suppose I must submit to the inevitable.

You have had great successes over there?

Yes, wonderful. Everybody has been so kind; so enthusiastic; treating me like a queen. And I did try to sing my very best for them. It has all been like a dream. Notwithstanding the long programme I gave them, they applauded me, ovated me, rushed my carriage, and tore from me all the floral emblems that had been presented to me. This moved me very much, and I felt that much was expected of me, and my! Didn't I work. The audiences were most critical, and listened to my efforts with rapt attention.

You had a great reception at the Town Hall in Sydney?

Yes, it was brilliant; there were over 4000 present. In Sydney I gave seven concerts, favourite numbers being the German songs which I have learnt since I was last here; Bach's "Come, Sweet Death" was redemanded every time I sang it.

Did you sing anything of Brahms's? Yes, I sang his serenade, and the "Feldensankt," which is one of the best pieces of the German leader singers. This is a piece which is, as you know,

seldom attempted on account of its intricacies.

What operatic numbers did you contribute?—I sang the famous soprano aria from the opera of "La Tosca," the "Shadow Song," and the "Polareo" from "Mignon," and other popular operatic selections. The old English songs appeared to please, and, as usual, I often sang national airs as encores. There were, of course, many requests made for "The Laughing Song," "Home, Sweet Home,"

and "Comin' thro' the Rye." In my New Zealand programme I will introduce the old Crusador songs, the composers of many of which are now unknown.

Did you have big houses all through Australia?—Yes, wonderful. In Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and in fact everywhere, we had phenomenal successes.

How is your voice?—I do not think that I have ever been in better health. My voice is in splendid condition. However, you will hear on Thursday.

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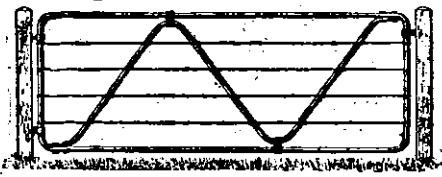
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Children's Page

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FOR YOUNGER COUSINS ONLY.

Some years ago we had a Painting Competition, and it was very successful. Now I wish to try another.

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Colour it as prettily as you can in Chalks or Paints.

You may send as many pictures as you like, or you need only send one.

You are not obliged to send pictures from four separate weeks' "Graphics." Four are mentioned in order to give Southern Cousins a chance.

No cousin above the age of 13 may compete.

The work must be all your very own.

THE PRIZES.

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ONE FOR COUSINS FROM 9 TO 13.

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"Painting Competition."

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,—At last I am writing. I am sorry I have not written sooner. We are back from the country, and we had a lovely time while we were there. I go to school again, and am

glad to get back. We are getting quite a number of new cousins for the "Graphic." I am going to West's pictures some time this week, and I hope I will like it, have you been yet? Did you go to the Domain on Labour Day? I did not go to the Domain, but I went to see the procession, and I liked it very much. It was awfully pretty. I think this is all the news, so good-bye.—I remain, your loving cousin, RENE.

P.S.—Love to yourself and all the cousins.

[Dear Cousin Rene,—It is rather a long time since you wrote to me last, but I never expect any letters in the holidays. What did you do all the time you were in the country that you enjoyed it so much? I have not been to West's pictures this time, but they are sure to be good, because they always are. I did not go to the Domain on Labour Day either, but we had a grand view of the procession. It was splendid wasn't it though not quite so long as last year's, I think. Some of the exhibits were very funny, especially the small bears.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am quite a stranger to the cousins' page, and no doubt you will be under the impression that I have deserted your band, but I hope that is not the case. Since I last wrote to you we have had our school examination, and I am pleased to tell you my sister and I were very fortunate, and passed into the sixth standard. I don't think I told you about the children's last ball, which was a huge success, and I am sure thoroughly enjoyed by all the children. Some of them looked simply lovely, and I think there was every kind of fancy dress there. I went as Red Riding Hood. I think Cousins Hilda and Winnie's letters on the National League competition splendid, and must congratulate them both. Cousin Hilda must be very clever to write such wonderfully good letters. I do not know if it was myself or another Cousin Linda's address which Hilda wanted. If it was mine it is Linda Cussen, Victoria street, Hamilton. I will be very pleased to send postcards to Violet Tate and Dolly Ball, who I feel very sorry for, and should like to do anything to amuse them, for I myself was in bed a couple of years ago with a bad illness, and was always ready for postcards and letters, and I am quite sure they also love to get them. Hamilton is getting quite lively now, and this year there has been a great many dances, which are very pleasant in winter, but I think it is getting rather hot for them now. The Hamilton annual show is to be held on the 8th and 9th of next month, and we are hoping that the weather will keep fine, as a wet or dull day spoils everyone's pleasure. As it is getting rather late I will conclude my letter, and, if good enough, I should like to see it in print next week. With love

to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—I am, your affectionate cousin, LINDA.

[Dear Cousin Linda,—I really thought that you had forgotten all about us, and that we should not hear from you any more, but I am glad to find that such is not the case. How relieved you must be to know that the examination is over, and that you have passed. I think children's fancy dress balls are one of the prettiest sights imaginable, as the children look so sweet when they are dressed. There is nothing so delightful when you are ill as to receive letters, books, and papers, and I am sure Violet and Dolly will be delighted to get yours. Hamilton is growing such a big place that you can always find plenty to amuse yourselves with now. I hope it will be fine for your show day.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you have quite forgotten me by now. I was very naughty not to have written before. I have always been going to, but have always put it off, and now I am almost ashamed to. We all went down to Wellington for two months last March, and we were so lucky, for there was a cinematograph and a circus on, and we went twice to the theatre, first to see the "Gondoliers" and next to "Sinbad the Sailor." Is not it lovely, Cousin Kate? We are all going down to the Exhibition at Christmas, and when I come back I will write and tell you all about it. We had five pet lambs this year, but very unfortunately every one of them died, but we have two little pups, and four sweet little kittens. I am going to write to Violet Tate and Dolly this month. We have two little friends coming up to spend the Christmas holidays with us after we have been to the Exhibition. We are looking forward to seeing them. My sister and I went out for a lovely ride on Thurs-

day. The bush is looking so pretty now. All the fern trees are coming out. With love to all the cousins and yourself.—I remain, yours sincerely, CECILY.

[Dear Cousin Cecily,—I have not forgotten you at all, and anyway I have all your names written out in a book, so you can't escape me in that way. I am glad you enjoyed your visit to Wellington. Was that your first visit to the theatre, or are you quite an old theatre-

RE ARTHUR McELMEE, DECEASED.

ARTHUR McELMEE, late of The Des Bush, near Rockhampton, Queensland, Mine Manager, died at Rockhampton on the 2nd November, 1906.

The next of kin of deceased, or any persons knowing their whereabouts are requested to write to

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95 & 96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

goer? We all enjoyed "Siabed the Sail-or" immensely, and for days after we went about quoting it on every possible or impossible occasion. You are very lucky to be going to the Exhibition. You will have a good time. I envy you, though I hope to see it some time. You were unfortunate with your pets this year, though I should think two pups and four kittens were pet enough for anybody. I am so pleased to find so many of you are going to write to Violet and Dolly. I have not been out riding for some months now, but I think I spent nearly all my last holidays in the saddle, and enjoyed myself hugely. What a grand holiday you are going to have: first the Exhibition, then your two little friends. Be sure you write and tell me all about it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—There is not very much news to write about, but we are all looking forward to the opening of the Exhibition on the 1st of November. I daresay I will have plenty of news to write about when it is open. I have been over the building and it is very large. People were fixing up their exhibits; and there are hundreds and hundreds of workmen working for all they are worth to get the place in order. I had a peep through the door into the fernery, but no one is allowed in just yet. Even that one little peep showed me a perfect paradise of beauty. Tall tree ferns everywhere, smaller ferns and all kinds of creepers, and a big lake with floating water lilies, and a real waterfall. It looked to me just like a real tropical forest. Winding paths were here and there, and pretty moss-grown banks. It only needed the song of birds and the hum of insect life to complete the illusion that it was a piece of real bush. On one side the fernery is closed in by a green glass wall which harmonises beautifully with the green of the big ferns. I did not see the art gallery, as it was closed, but when the Exhibition is opened I shall be able to tell you about everything. It was sad to see all the beautiful statuary lying as it had been opened, all broken and cracked. Does it not seem a shame that more care was not exercised in packing it? We had before this paid the visit to the Maori pah I told you we expected to in my last letter. The pah, though not then finished, was very wonderful and interesting. We saw the "little stranger," and had the privilege of nursing her. Such a soft little thing she was, with an olive skin and limpid eyes darkly brown, and a lot of soft brown hair. It was like a dark European baby, and much prettier than many European children at that age (four days). You will hardly believe that it was out with its mother in the middle of the pah at that age. The mother seemed quite happy, and when we asked her if she felt well she nodded her head with a swift smile of sunny sweetness. "Oh yes," she said, "quite well." "And the baby," we asked, "is it strong?" Again her fleeting smile of amusement passed swiftly over her face as she said, "Strong, oh yes, very strong." Our concern seemed to amuse her greatly. I could tell you much more of our visit, but I'm afraid I must leave it until next time, or my letter will be too long. I was pleased to see my essay was commended, and I hope to do better next time. I would like to congratulate Cousin Hilda on her success. Well, Cousin Kate, I hope I have not made this letter too long. With fondest love, from Cousin WINNIE.

Dear Cousin Winnie.—I think it must be twice as interesting to watch the Exhibition grow as you are doing than it all complete. The fernery sounds beautiful indeed, and what a shame it is that so much of the statuary was broken. The packers must have been dreadfully careless. I am so glad that the pah is a success, it must have been a very long and hard job getting it to look anything like lifelike, and otherwise it would have looked ridiculous. I think Maori babies are lovely, their eyes and hair are so wonderful; even the dirt only seems to add to their picturesqueness, and when they grow up they have the sweetest manners and voices, which is their great charm I think.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—We are waiting for our uncle, who is coming this morning. Yesterday we went to a party and had great fun, and played French fig, fox and goose, nuts and naps, and several other games and a lollie man. I got about

eight bags full and shared them with the others. The motor car was great fun, and we all had lots of rides in it. We went to the King's Drive for a walk this afternoon and brought home some shells, which we washed in a bucket of water. We saw a goose the other day with seven goslings. I meant to write a longer letter, but have to go to the dentist. Good-bye, from Cousin BOBS.

Dear Cousin Bobs.—What a delightful time you must have had at that party, and what lots of games you played, but I suppose the motor-car was the best of all; didn't you wish you could take it home and keep it? How did you manage to get all those lollie bags off? They could not have been sewn on very tight. Was it one of your uncles from New Plymouth that you were waiting for? You will be glad to see him again. I expect you often wish yourself back there again. It is lovely down on the King's Drive now, but I did not know you could get any shells there. I hope the dentist won't hurt you very much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is just a short letter, especially for Essie, because she liked the flowers. I thought I should tell her about a very beautiful orchid that grows in Panama. It is called the Espiritu Santo orchid, and is revered as a holy symbol, for, nesting right in the heart, is a tiny dove, quite perfect and unmistakable. The colouring is exquisite. There is a sort of golden sheen on the little head, the breast and half-spread wings are snow-white, and the tiny beak, almost touching the breast, is crimson. And it does look too delicately lovely to belong to the earth. I have seen lots of other orchids in Brazil, the West Indies, and the East, gorgeously coloured and extraordinarily shaped, but this one I thought the loveliest of all. Did you ever hear the legend of the Californian poppy, that vividly-gold, cup-shaped flower that makes such a blaze of colour in Californian fields? It is said that when the Franciscan fathers first came to the West, finding the golden crop, they took it for an unfulfilling sign of the success of their mission—it was the Holy Grail. If any of the girls know legends of New Zealand flowers I do wish they would write them up for me; you would tell them, would you not? The only one I have heard is that about the Maoris finding the crimson pohutukawa in full bloom when they arrived after their long journey from Hawaii. HERO.

Dear Cousin Hero.—I know there are innumerable Maori legends, about all the flowers, but I am sorry to say I don't know them, but I will try and find out about them for you, and will be only too delighted if the other cousins would do the same, not only for your sake, but for mine. I don't wonder the people regard that orchid as a holy symbol, it must be perfectly lovely as well as wonderful. But do you know orchids are really as a rule more wonderful than beautiful? I think it may be that my taste is depraved. After all, I do know one legend and about your favourite yellow Kowai. Once long ago there was a Maori lad who was very strong and handsome, who felt desperately in love with the daughter of his chief, and she with him, and after much trouble she consented to cross the Wangamui River with him, but on the eve of their departure they were discovered, and he was brought before the chief, who decided to tomahawk him at once, but his daughter pleaded so hard for his life, and the youth declared he could produce a tree without leaves but with golden flowers. When the old chief heard this he said if he could do this he should have his daughter, and then the youth produced the kowai, and the two lived happily ever after. I will try and find out some more for you next time.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am always a long time writing to you. We had our examination on September 27, and I am very glad to say I passed. I am now in the fourth standard. We had only two failures in the school this time. There is going to be a plain and fancy dress ball here on Friday night, and my two sisters are going in fancy dress. Our cat has three kittens. Will you please give me a name for one of them? We are having very wet weather on the coast lately, but I hope it will clear up soon, as I have to stay inside when it is rain-

ing. Are you going to the Exhibition, Cousin Kate? I think it would be very nice to go. My flower garden is looking very nice just now, as there are a good many flowers out. I have a lot more overground, which will be out about Christmas. My brother is in the infant reader now, so he will be soon able to write to you. I must now close, with love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself. From Cousin MAGGIE.

Dear Cousin Maggie.—We have had such a long spell of hot, dry weather that I am sorry to say my garden looks rather sad. All the spring flowers are over, and the summer ones look rather withered and dried up; however, the whole garden is redeemed by the quantity of roses we have had—the bushes are simply a mass of bloom. It is very dreary having to stay indoors, so I hope it has stopped raining down your way long before this. I don't know if I will get down to the Exhibition, but I hope to. I am glad you passed your examination, and how lovely that so many passed; but I am so sorry for the two that failed; they must feel miserable. I hope your sisters enjoyed their ball. I am afraid you will have to find a name for your own kitten, as I can think of nothing but Fluff. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I intended to write last week, but I was sick. I did not come from Christchurch, as you said you thought I did. It was Cousin Winnie, who lives in Ponsonby, that I spoke about. I should like very much to go to the Exhibition. One or two of my drawings have been sent down from school. Our Christmas holidays will soon be here, but it does not seem long if I am going away these holidays, but last Easter I spent a fortnight at Rotorua, and I liked it very much. I liked the badge you sent me very much; it is exactly the same as cousin Minnie's. I suppose with all your cousins' names you get quite confused. Have you any cousin Katie's besides me? I must now close. I remain, your loving cousin, KATIE.

Dear Cousin Katie.—The Christmas holidays are coming very close now—only another month to wait, and then six weeks with nothing to do but enjoy yourself. I don't wonder you are looking forward to them, especially these hot days. Rotorua is simply a lovely place to spend one's holidays. There is so much to be seen, and one never gets tired of it, even if one sees the same thing over and over again. The gardens are glorious, and worth seeing by themselves. I am glad you were pleased with the badge. No, I have not other Katie's beside you, and when you think of the number of cousins there are, it is wonderful how few of them have the same names. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is such a long time since I have written to you that I expect you thought I was never going to write again. But I have not forgotten you, and I intend keeping up the communication. I received the pretty badge you sent me, and I think the shade is lovely. I have not worn it yet, but I intend to soon. The gymnasium which I go to is going to have a picnic in a short time, which I think will be grand, and besides this we are going to have an entertainment. Christmas is drawing near, and people are making up their minds where to spend their holidays. I think many people are going to the Exhibition, which will be a beautiful trip. I must close now, as it is bedtime. I remain, your loving cousin, WINNIE (Auckland).

Dear Cousin Winnie.—I think we all have times when writing becomes an awful bother, because we have got nothing to write about, so I quite excuse your rather long silence; all the same, I hope it won't occur often. I am glad you liked the badge; both colours are lovely, though the gold design shows up better on the red. Where are you going to have your picnic? The beauty of Auckland is that there are so many really good places to choose from. Is the entertainment to be a concert or a gymnastic display? Christmas is indeed coming very close, and of course you are looking forward to the holidays. They are quite the best part of the year. Cousin Kate.]

Lady Lipping and Others.

BY E. J. RATH.

Nothing more nor less than a transient record of three extremely fascinating kids.

"All board for Europe, Asia'n Africa! All 'bo-o-ard!"

The voice of Kenneth was shrill with excitement. One foot was on the seat of the Morris chair, so that he could swing about the minute the train started. The hurrying feet of the belated passenger—the only passenger—sounded in the hall, and, a second later, Irene, in one of her mother's skirts, entered the room breathlessly.

"Wait! Wait!" she cried. "I must catch this train."

"Step lively, madam," admonished the conductor. "Not that car; that's the smoker."

"I'm huthling ath lively 'th I can," said the passenger, picking up a train that trailed a yard behind her. "Which 'th the Pullman?"

"This one, ma'am," said the conductor. "The third car."

Irene seated herself luxuriously in a rocker, patted her skirt out smoothly, and, from somewhere in the folds of it, extracted a small gray kitten, which she placed upon her lap and began to cuddle fondly.

"Let 'er go," shouted the conductor, holding up two fingers and then waving his arm. The signal produced no sign of animation in the locomotive, where the engineer sat like a statue in his rocking-chair cab. The conductor swung down on the platform again and walked forward.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"You don't do it right," said Robert, from his seat in the cab. "You got to pull a string and it goes 'ps-sst,' in the engine."

"There ain't any string," said the conductor simply.

"Well, holler 'ps-sst,' anyhow," said the engineer.

"When we get to Europe I'm going to be engineer," remarked the conductor as a parting shot, as he walked back to the rear of the train.

"'Ps-sst!'" he shouted.

"Now, what's the matter?" he demanded, half a minute later, as the locomotive still remained inert.

"Holler it good and loud," said the engineer. "I didn't hear it."

The conductor swallowed his mortification and hissed it out vindictively. Like magic was its effect, for the locomotive became a thing of life, and, although the train was heavy and hard to start, by dint of bell-ringing and whistle-blowing and a prodigious amount of puffing on the part of the engineer, it finally got under way. As it gained momentum the locomotive rocked violently back and forward, rearing and bucking like a bronco, so that the engineer finally had to lay aside the dinner-bell and use one hand to hold on with. The other he employed in keeping the whistle continually at his lips.

"You don't need to whistle so much," said the conductor at length.

"You clect the tickets," retorted the engineer. "I got to keep cows and people off the track."

Kenneth climbed dexterously over the backs of two chairs that intervened between him and the Pullman, where the lady sat.

"Tickets," he called sharply.

"You should say 'ticketh, pleathe,'" said the lady, with dignity, handing over one of her mother's visiting cards.

"Where you going to?" asked the conductor.

"Athia'n Africa."

"They're different stations," explained the conductor. "Anyhow, you can only go to Europe on one ticket."

"Here'th another," said the passenger. "Now how far can I go?"

"I'll have to take that one for the old ma'am," said the conductor remorselessly.

"That'th not a cat," exclaimed the lady. "That'th my little daughter, and she's only a year old and she rid'th free."

"You'll have to get off at Europe," the conductor was inexorable.

The passenger's lower lip trembled while the kitten purred peacefully.

"I want to go to Africa," said the lady. "Pleathe let me go to Africa, Kenya."

"It's no place for ladies, ma'am," said the conductor, ignoring the familiarity. "Or babies, either. Do you want to be cut up by a grilla?"

"No-o," said the passenger hesitatingly. "Not by a grilla."

"Well, maybe something worse'll eat you up if you don't get off at Europe. Anyhow, I can only take you as far as Europe, 'cause then I'm going to be engineer."

"Tunnel!" interrupted a voice from the locomotive.

"Merthy!" exclaimed the passenger.

"Their goenth through the old tunnelh again. Daughter, shut your eyeth tight up." But the kitten's eyes were already shut, so the passenger had nothing to do but shut her own.

"You tell me when we get out of the tunnel," she added, "cauthe I don't want to mith the theaney."

The tunnel was not long, but it was followed by so many others that the passenger complained bitterly about missing the view.

"When I'm engineer I don't have so many tunnels," said the conductor.

"Tunnel!" called the engineer.

The passenger's eyes closed quickly and she exclaimed "merthy" again. At that moment the engineer glanced back and caught the conductor with his eyes wide open. "Shut your eyes," he commanded.

"Yours ain't shut," retorted the conductor.

"I'm the engineer," said that person loftily. "I can't shut 'em."

"Well, I'm the conductor. Only passengers shut their eyes."

It followed that the rebellion of the conductor was the martyrdom of the passenger; now there were twice as many tunnels. But the worm turned at last. In the middle of a brief stretch of open the passenger gattered up her skirts, signalled the conductor, tucked the kitten under her arm, and announced:

"I'm going to get off."

"Can't," said the conductor. "There ain't any station here; it's the middle of the ocean."

"I forgot that," faltered the passenger disconsolately, settling back in her seat.

"Aren't we nothit to Europe now?"

"Half way," called the engineer, carefully surveying the ocean. "Tunnel!"

As they emerged into daylight again, Irene opened her eyes and surveyed the scenery. The most prominent object in the foreground was Aunt Emma, surveying the train with silent but eloquent disapproval.

"Oh!" exclaimed the passenger involuntarily, whereupon the engineer also beheld Aunt Emma and the train came to a violent stop.

"You children will wake the dead," said the lady in the doorway.

"My papa sayth you can't wake dead folkh," returned Irene.

"Glad I ain't dead," remarked the engineer.

"I suppose this is playing?" said Aunt Emma, with rising indignation.

Aunt Emma was known by the young Hewletts to be shockingly ignorant of games, so Kenneth reassured her.

"Yes'm, Aunt Emma," he said. "It's playing. It's a train of cars going to Europe, Asia'n Africa."

Mr. Hewlett's sister sighed. It was one of those resigned, hopeless sighs that the little Hewletts had been listening to for five days. When Aunt Emma sighed they knew what to do—sit quietly and wait for the lecture. Since Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett had gone away for a brief vacation Aunt Emma had been in charge of the household. She had made many discoveries about the little Hewletts; or, rather, she had confirmed suspicions concerning them. For a long time she had suspected that their upbringing was being conducted in a manner widely at variance with her own ideas—now she knew it. And with this full knowledge also went an authority which she had never before possessed. That it was her duty to exercise this authority, even though it might be brief, Aunt Emma never for a moment doubted.

The little Hewletts lived in a riotous world of imagination, through which they made weird exciting journeys, even to the uttermost frontier of that fanciful realm. Worst of all, they actually believed in the reality of it all. Of course, this was very bad for their little minds. Aunt Emma firmly believed, for the fantastic and the unreal had no place in her scheme of the child life. She was a contender for the same and the simple. "Making believe," except as ap-

plied to the simplest of things, she regarded as a form of falsehood.

"Actually," she had protested to Mrs. Hewlett, "these children seem to believe these things. Their minds are becoming distorted."

Mrs. Hewlett always smiled sweetly and never argued.

"You won't mind if I give them a few little talks while you are away, I hope," remarked Aunt Emma, as the Hewletts said good-by.

"Oh, not a bit," said Mrs. Hewlett cheerfully.

"Talk as much as you like, Emma," said Mr. Hewlett, winking at his wife.

And Aunt Emma had talked. Patiently and conscientiously, for five days she had been trying to make the little Hewletts see the unreality and wild absurdity of what they called play. Equally patiently did the little Hewletts listen and then go forth again to shatter the idol of simplicity. The signs that betokened a talk from Aunt Emma were not hard to read. So it came that when she interrupted the journey to Europe, Asia, and Africa they understood perfectly that a talk was at hand.

"Children," she began—that was always the beginning—"perhaps it is all right for you to play that you are on a railroad, though I had hoped you would find something more simple and more quiet. But playing railroad, I find, leads you to imagine impossible things. Always remember to keep within the bounds of the possible, preferably of the probable. Although you seem to believe it, this is not a real railroad upon which you are riding. Neither do railroads run to Europe. In crossing the ocean ships are employed. And in playing tunnels, remember that they are but imaginary tunnels. I have been watching you, Irene, and I think you really believe you are in darkness when you close your eyes. Such is not the case; you are merely simulating darkness. Play engineer, if you must, Robert, but remember that you are only sitting in a rocking chair, after all. And you, Kenneth—Aunt Emma never left anybody out—should not try to make your sister believe that you are in the middle of an ocean. Trains do not run on the water."

"Well, we had a ship once," said Kenneth, "but the boiler busted and we all fell overboard and got drowned and eat up by sharks. When you get drowned you have to crawl under a rug, and it's too stuffy, so now we don't get drowned any more."

"And the water wath awful thait," said Irene, "and I got thoking wet."

"Anyhow," added Kenneth, "there's only one captain on a ship, and on a train there's two."

"Well," sighed Aunt Emma, "try to make your play as much like the realities of life as possible. It will be just as pleasant as riding upon your purely imaginary railroad."

When she had gone beyond hearing, Robert spoke.

"It was a real railroad," he declared stoutly. "It had a whistle and passengers and an engine and everything."

"And there wath real tunnelh, 'cauthe it wath dark," said Irene, "wathn't it, putthy, dear?" But the gray kitten had escaped from the room in disgust.

"And we were going to Europe," said Kenneth, with finality, "but now I ain't going to play train any more. Let's be robbers."

"I'm head robber," shouted Robert, leaping from the locomotive.

"No, me," cried Kenneth. "I thought of it first. Anyhow, you're always head robber."

"Well, I'll be second robber," said Robert.

"Irene, you're the traveller."

"I'm alwayth the traveller," said Irene sadly. "You don't ever let me be even a little bit of a robber."

"Girls can't be robbers," said Robert, which settled it. "And besides, if you ain't the lady traveller you won't get a chance to cry."

The last observation settled any doubt that may have remained in his sister's mind, and the trio ran noisily through the hall and out upon the lawn, where a commotion arose that brought Aunt Emma to the porch in haste. Her niece was on her knees, getting beautiful grass stains on her stockings and weeping copiously, while her nephews, each holding a pigtail of the child's hair, stood over her, waving clubs and shouting furiously.

"Children!" screamed Aunt Emma, running down the steps.

The clubs fell to the ground, the pig-tails were released and Irene arose reluctantly from her knees.

"What in the world does this mean?" said Aunt Emma.

"Robberts," said Irene, wiping away her tears.

"Are you injured, child?" asked Aunt Emma anxiously.

"No," replied Kenneth, "she ain't hurt a bit. She's a rich lady being robbed and she always cries like that. That's part of being robbers. You ain't hurt, are you, Irene?"

"No," said the late rich lady. "You three, Aunt Emma, I couldn't get robbed if I didn't cry. I alwayth cry; it's fun."

"What are those sticks for?" demanded Aunt Emma, pointing.

"They're guns; they ain't sticks," said Kenneth. "Robbers carry guns. We're Spanish robbers and we catch Irene in the mountains and tell her we're going to shoot her dead, and then she cries and gives us millions of dollars to let her go. And then we go off to the cave. Sometimes, when she don't give us enough, we take her to the cave, too, and tie her up with chains and starve her and hold her for a ransom. We were taking her there to-day," he concluded. Irene glanced reproachfully at her aunt, the interrupter of that delectable event.

"Children, listen," said Aunt Emma. The trio ranged themselves in a row.

"Robert and Kenneth, you are no robbers at all; you are just little boys. If you wish to play, play something quiet and reasonable; something that does not pretend to be what it is not."

The trio listened in silence and nodded at the conclusion, and Aunt Emma retired to the house.

"She's spoiled that, too," said Robert sulkily.

"We were real robbers," said Kenneth, always champion of the world of delightful adventure. "What'll we play now?"

"Let's us go down to the barn," said Robert, "and be kings and queens and emperors."

It was almost supper time when Aunt Emma again beheld her niece and nephews. They came straggling to the house, hot and dirty, and evidently happy.

"Go and get some clean things and wash your hands and faces," said Aunt Emma. "Supper will be ready as soon as you are."

The little Hewletts were quite presentable at the table, so far as their hands and faces went, and their appetites were beyond reproach.

"What were you doing all the afternoon?" inquired Aunt Emma pleasantly. The trio exchanged glances grimly.

"We were down in the barn," said Robert, finally.

"Playing?" asked Aunt Emma.

"Yes'm," said Robert.

"Playing what?"

Robert hesitated, but decided to face it. "Kings and queens," he said.

Aunt Emma bit her lip in annoyance. "Tell me about it," she said.

"I'll tell Aunt Emma," said Irene. "Rob and Kenny were kingth, Kenny wath Henry the Eighth and Rob wath William the Conqueror and I wath Mary Queen of Scotch. It's a play. They both wanted to marry me, but I wath going to marry the King of Rutthia, tho Henry the Eighth cut off my head."

"How?" asked Aunt Emma.

"I took her by the hair," exclaimed Robert, "and held her head on a box and Henry the Eighth tied her hands behind her back and then he cut off her head with an axe, and she cried." Irene corroborated the verbal by several emphatic nods, murmuring ecstatically: "I wath Mary Queen of Scotch."

"An axe!" exclaimed Aunt Emma. "Did you play with an axe?"

"It was really a stick," said Kenneth, "but we played it was an axe, and I just sawed it along the back of Irene's neck. She cried good, too; didn't you, Irene?"

"Ye'ha," said Irene happily. "It ain't nithe to have you head cut off, Aunt Emma. But it's exciting."

"She's a fine crier," added Robert, generously.

"After that we were other kings and queens," continued Kenneth. "Rob and me were emperors, fighting for a throne, and Irene was the damager empress. And when she couldn't decide between us she poisoned us."

"Poisoned you?" repeated Aunt Emma, mystified. "With what?"

"Pillth," said Irene.

"What sort of pills? Where did you get them?"

"Oh, juth little pillth," said Irene, evasively.

"Where did you get those pills, Irene?" Aunt Emma was in earnest.

"In the medithin chesth," said Irene. "Mercifull heavens!" shrieked Aunt Emma, sitting back helplessly in her chair.

"It's all right, Aunt Emma," said Kenneth soothingly. "They're just plain white pills. Here's the bottleh."

Aunt Emma grabbed at a small phial which Kenneth fished out of his pocket and read the label. "How many have you taken?" she asked.

"We each took two," said Robert, "cause the first ones d'dn't poison us enough."

"We've taken 'em bot'lh of timeh," added Irene.

Aunt Emma rushed from the room, ran upstairs and the little Hewletts heard the telephone ringing violently.

"Doctor Williams says the pills will not injure you," said Aunt Emma, when she returned. She seemed to acknowledge it with regret. "But never dare do such a thing again. You might have killed yourselves."

"Why, they're juth teeny little pillth, Aunt Emma," protested Irene. "Aitty cut to 'em, too, and they don't hurt her a speck."

"Now, observe what I say," said Aunt Emma, waving the pill-bottle for emphasis. "I will not have this sort of play. It is dangerous. I insist that you shall play reasonable and suitable games," she said. "Hide and seek; puss in the corner; even tag, if you do not run too violently. There are lots of children's games that I used to play. Why don't you play games like that?"

"They ain't any fun," said Kenneth. "Nobody gets killed in 'em."

"Is it necessary that anybody should be killed?" demanded Aunt Emma.

"It's bettey," said Robert, judicially. "Anyhow, Irene always peeks before she counts five hundred."

"I only peek thome'timeh," declared Irene indignantly.

"Tragedies are more fun," said Kenneth. "We bung Rob one."

Robert confirmed the statement with a nod.

"He hang'ed fine," said Irene. "We put the rope under hith'n'ath and he can hang awf'ol long."

Aunt Emma, who was losing authority and dignity in the discussion, ended it by sending the little Hewletts to bed. They displayed singular willingness to go; in fact, they submitted to the banishment with an alacrity that was suspicious.

Half an hour after their retirement, Aunt Emma, who was reading in quiet enjoyment, dropped her book and exclaimed, "Oh, what now!"

The exclamation was caused by a pattering of feet upstairs, accompanied by little squeals of alarm. She ran up two flights of stairs softly. At the head of the second flight, at the very edge of the top step, stood an oil lamp, flaring high and smouldering odorously. Aunt Emma thrust it aside and dashed into the nursery, which she found brilliantly illuminated. Irene, dressed in her night-gown, was disappearing out of the window, uttering terrified shrieks. Robert and Kenneth, in pyjamas and bedslippers, were leaning out after her at an alarming angle. They drew in hastily as their aunt screamed, and let go of a rope that was composed of knotted sheets. Immediately followed a soft thump and another sound from outside.

Aunt Emma rushed to the window, and, by a supreme effort of will, forced herself to look out, knowing full well that she was about to view the crumpled and inanimate form of her small niece, two stories below. What she did see was a small figure on the roof of the porch, one storey below, in the net of crawling in at a window, and dragged the knotted rope after her like the tail of a great kite. As the end of the tail disappeared there was a sound of bare feet on the stairs, and Irene burst into the room, shouting:

"There, now! I told you thot. You dropped me again, and you promised not to." Then she observed Aunt Emma, standing stern and rigid, and subsided, with an awed "Oh!"

"Are you injured, Irene?" said Aunt Emma. Her voice was tragic.

"No, ma'am," said Irene meekly.

"Then explain, please."

"I wath being thaved from fire, tho I wouldn't get burned to piet'eth," said Irene.

"It's a hot fire, Aunt Emma," put in Robert. "Irene's a lady in a hotel

Late Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Leo, November 6.

GIFT AFTERNOON.

At St. David's on Wednesday, 21th October, the ladies of the sewing circle sent out invitations for a gift at home, and about one hundred and fifty responded. Mrs. Gray Dixon received the guests in her usual graceful manner. Among those present were: Mrs. Moir, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. D. Craig, Misses Shepherd, Moir, Davis, Elliott, Anderson, Mesdames Connolly, Mains, Beerlton, Bennett, W. and G. Elliott, Fleming, Williams, Froude, Millar, Sinclair, Jones, Wing, Stevenson, Hattray, Buttle and Millar. A number of ladies, and gentlemen kindly assisted with a musical programme. Mrs. Phillips sang a very pretty coon song, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Miller, the Misses Wyman, and the Misses Garlick also contributed musical items. Afternoon tea was presided over by Mrs. Wing and a bevy of young ladies. The afternoon was a most enjoyable one.

ST. DAVID'S BAZAAR

was opened on Wednesday, the 31st October, by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Sydney, and late of St. Andrew's Church, Auckland. He said a few words with regard to St. David's, and then declared the bazaar opened. The stalls and their holders are as under:—Grafton stall, Mesdames Lambourne, Fleming, Williams, Drynan, Young, and Miss Robertson; Eden Terrace, Misses McKinnay and Duffin; Mount Eden, Mesdames MacDonald and Ferguson; Young Ladies' Guild (fancy work), Mesdames Gray Dixon and Moir, and Miss Rattray; Rocky Nook, Mesdames Millar, Sinclair, and Froude; Mount Roskill, Mrs. Chisholm; jumble stall, Miss Grace Lambourne, assisted by the members of the Junior Bible Class; flower stall, Misses Connolly; sweet stall, Misses H. McNally, Alcock, and Wallace; book stall, Miss Morrison. Extensive arrangements to cope with the demand for refreshments are supervised by Mrs. Wing. The sale was a most successful one, and was carried on for three days, and despite the rain, the hall was crowded each night.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mr H. Watson (Dannevirke) has just been visiting Gisborne.

Mr C. F. Parker, of "Emerald Hills," Gisborne, returned last week from a visit to England.

Mr and Mrs Nolan (Gisborne) are in Auckland on a visit.

Mrs T. A. Coleman and her son Mr W. Coleman (Gisborne) are at present in Auckland.

Mrs F. W. King left Auckland last Monday by the Takapuna for Wellington to join the Ionic for England.

Mrs Arthur Hewitt returned to Auckland after a pleasant three months' trip to Rotorua and Tararaki.

Mr and Mrs W. Barker are home again in Gisborne after a year's travelling on the Continent and in England.

Mrs. Baune, mother of Mr. F. E. Baune, M.L.R. for Auckland East, arrived at Onelunga by the Takapuna last week.

Miss Bertha Hickson's friends will be sorry to hear that she will be compelled to go South for a month or so to recuperate, her health having broken down. She expects to return after Christmas and will then resume business.

The untimely death of Mr Trevor P. Hull who died on October 31, at the age of 22, will be the cause of deep grief to many in and about Auckland, and indeed in many other parts of New Zealand. Among his large circle of friends Mr Hull was noted for his ever-ready wit and quaint humour. Already he was a contributor to several New Zealand papers and magazines, and both his humorous and serious work show talent far beyond the ordinary. Had he been granted health and a longer life, there is no doubt that a brilliant journalistic career would have lain before him. As a boy Mr Hull attended the Auckland Grammar School. Leaving in 1900, he entered the Auckland University College, where he took a prominent part in college affairs, and was always the most popular of students. At school he had held the record for the high jump, and competing in the same event in the New Zealand University Tournament of 1902 he became the holder of the New Zealand University record. He was also well known as a tennis player, being a member, and at one time secretary, of the Eden and Epsom Tennis Club. But Mr Hull's many firm friendships were won not so much by his intellectual and physical powers as by the sterling qualities of his character—above all, by his frankness and sincerity.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss M. Alison, of Auckland, is the guest of Mrs. Fraser, New Plymouth.

Mrs. and Miss Cathro, Palmerston North, are on a visit to New Plymouth.

Miss Roy, of New Plymouth, is visiting Mrs. Bird, of Hamilton, Auckland.

Miss Lomax (Wanganui) is at present visiting New Plymouth.

Miss Rennell, matron of Rotorua Sanatorium, has been on a visit to her home in New Plymouth.

Miss Cummings, who has been visiting her relatives in Wanganui and New Plymouth, has returned home to Auckland.

Miss L. Webster, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. R. L. Lusk, Auckland, is back in New Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton King and Miss King, New Plymouth, have gone on a visit to Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Samuel, New Plymouth, are visiting Auckland and Napier.

Miss Hooper, who has been visiting Mrs. Henry Grey, of New Plymouth, left last week for her home in England.

Miss Aitken, who has been visiting Mrs. Claude Weston, of New Plymouth, has returned to her home in Auckland.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mrs McLernon is in Gisborne for a few weeks.

Miss Dinwiddie, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Dunedin.

Mrs Claude Cato is in Wellington for a week.

Mrs Walter Fulton arrived from Dunedin last week in Napier for a visit, and is the guest of Mrs H. Baker.

Miss D. Leal returned to Napier last week after spending a holiday in Auckland.

Mrs Gore and the Misses Burke left Napier last week, and intend to spend some months in Waipukurau.

Mrs Collins returned to Wanganui last week after spending a week in Napier.

Mr and Mrs Holdsworth, of Havelock, are spending some weeks in the South.

Miss Rogers has returned to Blenheim after spending a holiday in Napier.

Mrs Dabzell has returned to Napier after spending a few days in Palmerston.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss Christine Smith is paying a visit to Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs John Abbott have gone to Christchurch for the races.

Mr and Mrs Johnston (Wellington) are making a stay in Christchurch.

Miss Brandon (Wellington) is visiting Christchurch for some weeks.

Miss Bishop (Wellington) is paying visits to Christchurch.

Miss J. Wilson, of Bulls, has been in Wanganui on a visit.

Mr and Mrs Craig, of Wanganui, have gone to live in Christchurch.

Miss Marshall, Wellington, is staying with Mrs Taplin, Palmerston North.

Miss Oliver, Hawke's Bay, is staying with her sister, Mrs McPherson, Palmerston North.

Mrs Harold Cooper (Palmerston) has returned home after a stay in Wellington with Mrs Riddiford.

Mrs and Miss Crosby Martin have returned to Napier after a short stay in Wellington.

Mrs White, Hawke's Bay, is the guest of her sister, Mrs Andrew Guy, Palmerston North.

The Misses Kirkeukie are back in Wellington after spending the winter months in Sydney.

Miss Warburton (Wellington) has gone to Sydney and Melbourne for a few weeks.

Mrs D. Nathan (Wellington) has taken a house in Christchurch for two or three months.

Mrs Barton has returned to Wairarapa after a week or two in Wellington.

Mrs Gifford Marshall (of Wanganui) has returned from her trip to Rotorua and Auckland.

Miss Lloyd, Auckland, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Lloyd, Hokowhitu, Palmerston North.

Mrs and Miss Hundell, of Wanganui, were the guests of Mrs Melliss in Palmerston North for the agricultural show.

Miss Pearson (Wellington) has left for England en route for Ceylon, where her marriage with Mr Carver will be celebrated. Her pupils in Wellington have given her a parting gift of a silver cream jug.

Miss Massey (Auckland) who has been spending a few days in Wellington with Mrs Ross, has gone on to Christchurch with Mr Massey. They will remain in that city for a week or two.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs. Hurst-Seager is back in Christchurch from Sydney.

Miss Boyle (Christchurch) is visiting friends in Wellington.

Mrs. Harman Reeves (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs. Robert Allan at Merivale (Christchurch).

Mr. and Mrs. Hamish McLean (Mount Hutt) are staying in Christchurch on a visit.

Mrs. and Miss Bullock (Sydney) are staying with Mrs. Henry Wood, Avon-side (Christchurch).

Mrs. Stevenson has returned to Christchurch from Sydney, where she has been spending the winter months.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Palmer and Miss Ovenden (Christchurch) have gone a fortnight's trout fishing to Pleasant Point.

HEADACHES SINCE SCHOOL DAYS.

Constant Pain and Misery Ended by Bile Beans.

The only genuine remedy for headaches is Bile Beans for Biliousness, which strengthen the liver and cleanse the blood of bilious poisons. Bile Beans will cure a sick headache in a day, and a regular course of this medicine will permanently remove the cause, banishing sick headaches from your life altogether. Illustrative of this we quote the following case. Mrs. R. Bright, of 11, Sussex-street, Parnell, Auckland, says:—"Ever since I first went to school I have suffered from sick headaches, which caused me much misery. At times I have been altogether unable to attend to my household duties. Some time ago Bile Beans were recommended to me as a proved cure for headaches, and I decided to give them a trial. The first few doses afforded me relief such as I had not experienced for years. This encouraged I continued the course, with the result that my headaches were entirely banished. Bile Beans are now installed as our only family medicine, and I cannot speak too highly of their value." Bile Beans, the purest and most efficacious of all household medicines, are the world's greatest remedy for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Summer Fag, and ensure sleep by toning up the stomach and liver, thus purifying the blood in Nature's own way. Of all stores and medicine vendors throughout New Zealand.

THRIFTY PEOPLE

Don't waste Health, Time, and Clothes over a steaming wash-tub. They soak, squeeze, rinse, and wring with SAPON Ounetel Washing Powder.

If your Grocer does not stock SAPON, send us his name and address — SAPON, LIMITED, P.O. Box 635, Wellington.

For particulars of SAPON Weekly Guinea Prize, see elsewhere.



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TO USE tallow candles for illuminating purposes today would be no more absurd than to use a corn broom for sweeping fine carpets or rugs. Would you use a harsh whisk broom to brush a delicate fabric of silk or satin? We are confident you wouldn't.

Then why use a harsh corn broom for sweeping a fine carpet or rug? A corn broom is positively destructive to fine carpets or rugs, to say nothing of the fact that it doesn't sweep clean. After you've swept with a broom, the BISSELL will follow and gather an immense quantity of fine dust and grit.

Once you use a BISSELL you will never be without one, and don't forget its economy, as it will outlast fifty corn brooms. Sold everywhere.

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Buy a "Cyclo" Bearing Bissell now, send us the purchase slip and we will send you a neat, useful, free, BISSSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. 25 Warren St., New York, U.S.A.

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Dresses, Skirts, Costumes, Furs, Hats, Boots, Goggles, Hosiery, Underclothing, Corsets, &c., supplied at same prices as to our London customers. All the latest fashions will be found in our Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, sent free on application. We make the London Trade a Speciality. A post card will bring you this Catalogue with full particulars. Write to Wynne Bros., The Mail Order Warehouse (Dep. 47), Bridgewater St., London, Eng.

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BLOOD THIN AND WATERY.

Mrs. M. Murphy, Featherston. Never Wanted to Eat Splitting Nervous Headaches Ailing for 3 Years Her Health Perfect To-day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Shortly after my marriage, I started to go into bad health," said Mrs. Mary Murphy, of Featherston, near W. Dington. "The doctor said I hadn't enough red blood in my body to keep my heart beating. He had known scores like me to go off like the snuff of a candle. That is just what would have happened me, too, if it hadn't been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In two months, they built me up till I was stronger and healthier than I ever was before. In fact, they saved my life.

"As a girl, I lived all my life in Warwick, Queensland—but the climate there started to turn my blood to water," said Mrs. Murphy. "I could hardly drag myself about the house. Every day I grew weaker. I thought the change to New Zealand would do me good—but my health broke down altogether a few months after I came here. No one knows what I went through month after month. Heavy dark clots came under my eyes, and my face looked like death. I don't know how I ever struggled through. The five-long day I was drowsy and had no heart for anything. Sometimes I could hardly stand with the heavy, dragging pain in my back.

"Mr. Murphy was worried to death about me. He said he could see me growing thinner every day. My lips were almost blue, my cheeks fell in, and I lost so much weight that all my clothes were too big for me. A child would have eaten more than I did. A few spoonfuls of the pudding made me feel as if I had eaten the biggest dinner of my life. There was hardly any blood left in my body—but after a meal it all rushed to my head till my face burned. My ears started to ring, and everything in front of me seemed to be jumping up and down. Half a minute later I fainted clean away.

"When I came round, I was shaking like a leaf. For days afterwards I could not get rid of the thought that something dreadful was going to happen. My head ached fit to split. All the time my nerves were on the jump. If a log cracked in the fire, it made me give a bound, and set my heart fluttering for an hour afterwards. All the doctors said my heart was dreadfully weak. If I hurried to get the dinner table set, I had to sit down and gasp for breath. I never knew the day when Mr. Murphy might come home, and find me lying dead from heart disease.

"Month after month, I suffered as only a woman can understand," Mrs. Murphy went on. "Like other women, I tried to struggle through, and keep my troubles to myself. But I knew I would break down before long. Small sores broke out between my fingers—so that will show you what a terrible state my blood was in. When doctors and everything else failed a friend of mine made me give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. They were not a bit like any other medicine I had taken. I did not think at first they were going to do me any good at all. They didn't act on my bowels, and didn't seem to affect me in any way. But Mr. Murphy said he noticed that I had been eating better ever since I was through the first box. He said that was a sure sign they were suited to me. You must not expect them to work wonders in a week or two," he said. "At the end of a month, all my friends said there was a big change in me. The colour came back to my face, and I was far more cheerful. Every day I got stronger. From that time out, I never had a headache or a backache. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills pulled me together all right. I took them for some weeks. After that there was no more fainting fits. Since the day I left them off my heart has never given me a minute's anxiety. To-day, I am overflowing with life and health, and take a delight in looking after my house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Murphy after doctors and all other treatments had failed. Still there is no mystery about that. They cure disease simply because they strike at its root in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing, but they do it well—they actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't tinker with mere symptoms. They won't cure any disease that isn't caused by bad blood. But then, that is the cause of all such common ailments as paleness, pimples, skin diseases, eczema, asthma, anaemia, indigestion, acid-acidities, backaches, kidney trouble, numbness, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, rickets, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, falling powers, decline and the irregularities in the health of growing girls and women. Every day Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are curing these diseases, because they all spring from bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold at chemists and druggists, and by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, P.O. Box 4, a box, six boxes 1/6, post free.

Orange Blossoms CATHRO-RENNELL.

One of the prettiest weddings of the year took place at St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on November 1st, when Miss Violet Rennell, youngest daughter of Mr. Clarence Rennell, secretary of New Plymouth Harbour Board, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Mr. Walter A. Cathro, of New Plymouth. The weather was bright and fine, and a large number of friends and spectators assembled at the church. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a trained gown of rich white silk tulle with lace, and the bodice with transparent yoke of silk lace, and tucked chiffon finished with an effective spray of lilies of the valley. The orthodox veil and wreath of orange blossoms, with a lovely shower bouquet of white roses and maidenhair, completed an effective tout ensemble. The bridesmaids, Miss Emily Rennell (sister to bride) and Miss Lily Cathro (sister to bridegroom), wore dainty frocks of white and heliotrope flowered voiles over lace, finished with tiny frills, and Valenciennes lace. Empire belts of silk, violet-chiffon hats with pink roses. They carried charming shower bouquets of cream roses, and wore a pendant of opals, pearls, and rubies and gold cable bangle, respectively, gifts of bridegroom. Bridegroom's present to bride was a diamond and ruby ring, while that to the bridegroom were gold initialled sleeve links. Rev. F. G. Evans officiated, and Mr. E. A. Craig acted as best man, with Mr. Norman Bewley as groomsman. Mr. A. E. Fletcher presided at the organ and played the Wedding March.

After the ceremony, the guests adjourned to the bride's parents' residence, where the wedding breakfast was held. The table looked lovely decorated with white flowers and ferns, and from the very handsome three-tiered wedding cake hung streamers of ribbon, which were finished with bows at the corners of the table. Under a canopy, from which was suspended a huge floral bell, were seated the bride and bridegroom.

The happy couple left by the afternoon train for Napier, where their honeymoon is to be spent, the bride's travelling dress being a navy blue tailor-made costume, rich white lace vest, and hat, white feather stole.

Among those at the reception were Mrs. Cathro (mother of the bridegroom), rich black silk relieved with white, black hat with scarlet roses; Mrs. A. H. Holmes looked extremely well in cream voile, richly trimmed with silk and lace motifs over glace, pale blue hat with pink roses, feather stole; Miss Rennell (Rotorua), handsome gray cologne over glace, trimmed with rich cream Irish lace, black hat trimmed with feathers and pink roses, shower bouquet; Miss Loux (aunt of bridegroom), navy blue and white costume, pale blue hat with pink roses; Miss B. Rennell, charming costume of cream voile over glace, daintily finished with silk lace, cream hat with ostrich feathers and pink roses; Mrs. S. Teed, dainty heliotrope muslin over glace, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, white hat with heliofeathers; Mrs. Evans, grey coat and skirt, hat en suite; Mrs. Morey, handsome black brocade, cream lace vest, toque trimmed with pink roses; Miss Morey, pretty heliotrope and white, flowered voile trimmed with white lace, hat to correspond; Miss J. Morey, charming pale green and white floral voile trimmed with Valenciennes lace, pretty hat of two shades of pink; Miss G. Morey, green and white flowered voile with white lace frills; dark green hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Mrs. Teed, black silk grenadine, with vest of tucked chiffon, laced with black velvet ribbon, black feathered toque relieved with white; Mrs. E. Gilmore, pale blue and green floral voile, cream silk lace yoke, Empire belt, pale blue and pink hat; Mrs. Fred. Watson, rich brown silk tulle profusely trimmed with cream lace, brown and pink hat; Mrs. Sydney Rennell, pale green mousseline de soie with tiny frills, finished with cream lace yoke and sleeves, shaded green, hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Foote, navy blue corselet costume, handsome cream lace trimmings, hat with roses; Miss J. Foote, cream

voile trimmed with lace, hat to correspond; Miss Godfrey, grey figured costume, Eton coat, cream silk vest, hat with feathers and pink roses; Mrs. Hall, cream silk, hat en suite; Miss Macklow (Auckland), cream corded silk, Empire costume trimmed with lace, white velvet hat with feathers; and Messrs. Kennell (3), Teed, Gilmore, Rev. F. G. Evans, Foote, Masters Leo and Lancelot Teed. Besides the many telegrams of congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cathro were the recipients of rich and handsome presents, the bride's father presenting her with a cheque and a handsome gold watch and chain; Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Rennell (Auckland), handsome silver cake basket and hot water jug; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Rennell, handsome silver spirit kettle; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holmes (Wellington), cheque; Mr. and Mrs. Alton Rennell, silver toast rack; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lightfoot, silver sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. S. Teed, liqueur stand, handsome tea set; Miss B. Rennell, dainty silver sugar basin and cream jug; Miss E. Rennell, silver server; Miss Kennell (Rotorua), silver butterdish and knife; Mr. E. C. Kennell, silver pepper caster and scent bottle; Master Clarence Holmes (Wellington), silver-mounted vases and sugar tongs; Master Leo Teed, Master Lancelot Teed, silver-mounted vases; father of the bridegroom, cheque; mother and sister of the bridegroom, handsome dinner service; Miss Loux (Wanganui), handsome Japanese cushion; Mr. and Mrs. J. Cathro (Pahurua North), ball clock; Mr. P. Loux, cheque, Mr. G. Exley, handsome silver epergne; Mrs. Exley, silver photograph frame; Miss Exley (Christchurch), cheque; Mr. and Mrs. Exley (Wellington), cheque; Messrs. G. and C. Donne (Wellington), handsome inlaid bowl; Mr. and Mrs. W. Pearson (Auckland), silver spoons; Mrs. J. Hunter (Kawhia), cushion cover; Mr. and Mrs. A. Mann (Gisborne), silver bread fork; Mr. and Mrs. D. Teed, silver purse; Mr. and Mrs. C. Foote, pickle jar; Miss Irene Foote, dainty green vase; Miss L. McKay, set of jugs; Mrs. McKay, breakfast cruet; Miss D. McKay, glass dish; Miss G. Holdsworth, pair of bronze trays; Miss Godfrey, picture; Mrs. Macklow and Miss Macklow, silver and cut-glass scent bottle; Mr. and Mrs. J. Ryan (Auckland), handsome hand-painted panel; Mrs. and Misses Morey, set of carvers in case; Miss Collis, jam dishes; Mr. W. C. Weston, salad bowl; Mr. and Mrs. R. Cock, biscuit barrel, Mrs. A. Williams, silver smelling salts bottle; Mrs. Wright, pair of vases; Mrs. D. Robertson, silver jewel case; Miss Rundle, silver jam spoon, Mr. Hawkins, pair of blankets; Miss V. Gilmore, pickle fork; Mr. J. Avery, jam dish; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gray, tray-cloth; Miss A. George, cake dish; Mr. and Mrs. E. Griffiths, silver spirit kettle; New Plymouth Hockey Club, silver teaspoons; Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Watson, handsome Japanese bowl; Mr. and Mrs. E. Gilmore, oil painting; Miss Richardson (Wellington), toilet mat; Mr. H. Ward, tender, with fire-irons, and ashpan; Mr. West, picture; Messrs. Morey and Son, berspread; Messrs. E. Craig and Norman Bewley, handsome silver egg cruet; Mrs. Allan (Melbourne), hand-worked doyleys; Misses Capel, butter dish and knife; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hall, honey jar; Miss A. Avery, pair of vases; Mr. J. Bennett, silver butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart (Normandy), pair of silver-mounted hair brushes; Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Hughes, silver-mounted purse; Messrs. Griffiths and Co.'s staff, travelling bag; Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith, handsome oider-down quilt; Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Hill, silver-mounted scent bottle; Mrs. Evans, vase (Hadlyware); Dr. and Mrs. Fookes, silver mounted claret jug; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Webster, picture; Mr. A. Dosham, cheque; Rev. Mr. F. G. Evans, marriage service.

BELL-COOPER.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Bombay, Auckland, recently, when Miss Jessie Cooper, youngest daughter of the late Captain D. R. Cooper, was married to Mr. Keith Bell, of the National Bank, Wellington. The Rev. Y. L. A. Kyaal officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, (Mr. G. Clarke), looked charming in white embroidered muslin over glace silk, dainty white hat, and carried a lovely shower bouquet. The only bridesmaid, Miss Bessie Laird, was becomingly, frocked in white muslin, crimson hat, and bouquet. Mr. G. P. Cooper was best man.

BURGESS-WOODWARD. A very pretty wedding was solemnized last Wednesday, 31st October, in the Congregational Church, Mount Eden, the bride being Miss Emma Jane Woodward, eldest daughter of Mr. J. A. Woodward, Mount Eden, and the bridegroom Mr. Walter Oswald Burgess, third son of Mr. E. Burgess, of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. Day, pastor of the church. The bride was given away by her father. The bridesmaids were the sisters of the bride, Misses Malsie and Maudie Woodward, Mr. J. T. Merry, of Hamilton, acted as best man, and Mr. R. Lempiere, Mount Roskill-road, as groomsman. The guests were afterwards entertained at the residence of the bride's parents, View-road. The happy couple were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents.

THE GUINEA POEM I

A CHEQUE FOR £1 Is. has been sent to the writer of this verse - Miss T. Kawhia, Auckland. The Members of both Houses on Land questions are divided; But on SAPON'S many virtues, All housewives are decided. WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Rest four-SHORT-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 633, Wellington.

AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL For Artistic Floral Display of Flower Bouquets, Baskets, and other designs at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, 1906. Table Decoration and all classes of Floral arrangements undertaken. Florist & Seedman: GILBERT J. MACKAY, 136 QUEEN STREET.

STEARNS' WINE REBUILDS, REFRESHES, INVIGORATES

Consumption Can Be Cured. At Last a Remedy has been found that Cures Consumption.



Dr. Derk P. Vonkerman, Discoverer of the New Cure for Consumption. In order that all in need of this wonderful product of science may test its efficacy for themselves, a company has been formed to give it to the world and a Free Trial Treatment can be obtained by writing the Derk P. Vonkerman Co. Ltd., 487 Dixon Buildings, Sydney. Send no money. Simply mention this paper and ask for the Free Trial Treatment. It will be sent you by return of post, carriage paid. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Don't wait if you have any of the symptoms of consumption, if you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the free trial treatment and book of instructions, and cure yourself before it is too late.

Dr. SHELDON'S Digestive Tablets. "DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

FLEEMAN.—On October 29th, 1906, at St. Andrew's, Waiuku, the wife of Percy V. Fleeman, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HALL.—HOWLETT.—On October 3rd, at St. Thomas' Church, Auckland, by the Rev. C. E. Fox, Mary Ann (May), the second daughter of Horatio Howlett, late of Norfolk, England, to Fred Hall, late of Bolton, Lancashire. Home papers please copy.

ROGERS.—MARTIN.—On September 26, at Auckland, Frederick Stephens, Rogers, of Parnell, to Emily Alicia Martin, of Arch Hill.

SILVER WEDDING.

BROWN.—SLATTERY.—On 31st October, 1881, at St. Mary's Church, Wellington, New Zealand, by the Rev. P. Kerrigan, James Ulysses, third eldest son of the late James Usworth Brown, Daylesford, Victoria, to Ellen, third eldest daughter of J. Slattery, Esq., professor of music, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare, Ireland.

DEATHS.

ASHBY.—On November 3, 1906, at the District Hospital, Tapanui, beloved son of James and Emily Ashby, of Morrow-st., Newmarket; aged 21 years.

BARBER.—On November 2nd, at his late residence, Vincent-st., Auckland, William, the dearly beloved husband of Kate Barber, in his 73rd year.

BARTHOLOMEW.—On November 3rd, 1906, at the residence of his daughter (Mrs. Hone), 67, West-st., Hannah, widow of the late William Barrow. Requiescat in pace.

BLOKAM.—On November 2nd, 1906, at the residence of her grandparents, Chiswick-st., Arch Hill, Muriel; aged 5 months.

BEHRE.—On October 20, 1906, at Greenvill Private Nursing Home, Metros, Devonport, Margaret Henrietta, dearly beloved wife of Constable W. Berry, Thames, and second daughter of George and Elizabeth Hampton, of this city; aged 22 years and 3 weeks.

CARNEY.—On November 2, 1906, at her parents' residence, Aratapu, Northern Wairoa, Emily Maude, youngest daughter of John and Sarah Carney.

DELL.—On October 28, 1906, at Cambridge, suddenly, Catherine, widow of the late Charles James Dell; aged 65 years.

GARDNER.—On the 21st October (suddenly), at his late residence, Auburn, South Australia, and late of Hilmkounie Farm, Danby, Victoria, Auckland, New Zealand; aged 83 years; leaving 5 surviving daughters and 1 son, 25 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren.

HUGHES.—On November 4th, at his late residence, Valley-rd., John Hughes; aged 50 years.

HALL.—On October 20, 1906, at Wellington Hospital, from injuries received through a fall, John Paxton, dearly beloved eldest son of Annie and the late John Paxton Hall, late of Devonport.

HULL.—On October 31, 1906, Trevor Pittson, eldest son of Francis Hull; aged 22 years.

JONES.—On October 20, James Cassell Jones, of King-street, Newmarket; aged 85 years.

LINCOLN.—On 3rd November, 1906, at her late residence, West-st., Newton, Maria Augusta, the dearly beloved wife of R. S. Lincoln; aged 82 years; late of Wrentham, Suffolk, England.

LODGE.—At his residence, "Emerald Villa," Brighton, Parnell, William Francis Lodge, formerly of Coleraine House, Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland; in his 89th year.

MILLER.—On October 31, 1906, at her grandparents' residence, Union-st., Ellen Miller, dearly beloved daughter of Mary Walstrom and the late John Miller, and eldest grandchild of Thomas and Elie Jensen; aged 18 years.

MINTAKA.—On October 30, at Auckland, Robert, the beloved husband of the late Ellen Simkins, late of Oahu, Hawaii; aged 71.—Thames papers please copy.

STOKES.—On November 1, at Wanganui, Airedale, the beloved wife of S. T. Stokes, eldest daughter of Mary and the late John McCarty, Khyber-Pass-road, Newmarket; aged 32 years. H.L.P.

STOKES.—On the 1st inst, at her residence, 40, Duffield-st., Waiwae, Maria, beloved wife of James T. Stokes, late of Auckland; aged 81 years.

TARRY.—On November 3rd, 1906, at his late residence, Northcote, Philip, dearly beloved husband of Mary Elizabeth Tarry, in his 70th year.

TILLY.—On October 30, at her late residence, Exmouth-street, Ann, relict of the late John Tilly; aged 81 years.

WALKER.—On October 29th, 1906, at his residence, 14, Alexander-st., Alexander, beloved husband of Mary Jane Walker; aged 44 years.

WALKER.—On October 20, 1906, at the District Hospital, Thomas Henry Walker; aged 45 years.

WELLS.—At the residence of his son, J. K. Wells, Huntly-avenue, Newmarket, William Robert, the beloved husband of the late Harriett Wells; aged 81 years.

WHITTINGHAM.—On October 31, at her late residence, Victoria-street, Auckland, Kvelyn, beloved wife of William Whittingham.



AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 6.

THE AUCKLAND BOWLING CLUB'S

beautiful green in Grafton-road opened its 44th season on Saturday afternoon under the most favourable circumstances. The club's pavilion was beautifully decorated with strings of flags. Among them the place of honour was given to the champion pennant. Along the sloping bank between the greens a pretty effect was gained by the Maori motto, "Haere-mai." Afternoon tea was dispensed by Mrs. Mennie, assisted by a bevy of young ladies. Bright sunshine, pretty dresses, a crowd of animated figures surrounding a sward of emerald green, with the strains of music floating in the air—what more was needed to make a charming picture? The President (Mr. J. M. M. Nicoll) extended a hearty welcome to all present, and expressed gratification at seeing so many ladies present. Mrs. Mennie gracefully threw the jack across the green, and declared the green open. The secretary (Mr. Coldicutt) and the members of the committee deserve praise for the excellent preparations made for the entertainment of visitors, and for the hospitality extended to the numerous guests. Mrs. Mennie (wife of the President) wore a handsome black satin, and becoming gold ermine bonnet with polyanthus and black plumes; Mrs. McKail Geddes, black gown and heliotrope clip hat with violet velvet and violets; Mrs. Myers, black silk grenadine with touches of white, mounted over silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Pond, fawn stripe Gaze de soie, and crimson mushroom hat; Miss Shepherd, black and white striped silk grenadine, and violet hat; Mrs. Kempthorne, fawn silk, smart heliotrope and violet bonnet; Mrs. Harold Bagnall, navy and white check gingham, white Scarborough hat with navy ribbon; Mrs. Battle, becoming pale grey tweed costume; Miss M. Sommerville, royal navy toilette; Mrs. E. E. Baume, stylish ivory pink and green lace silk with green centre, and white floral tuil hat with group of white ostrich feathers; Miss Ratray, black silk, black and pink chiffon hat; Mrs. L. D. Nathan, black toilette with handsome black ostrich feather tight-fitting coat; Miss Isaacs, black skirt and coat, and stylish black picture hat; Mrs. Porter, grey cloth, and Bordeaux mushroom hat; Mrs. J. Donald, pretty rose pink gown with white lace full sleeves, pink hat; Mrs. Arthur Nathan, black costume; Mrs. W. Rainger, grey check tweed, white hat with blue and roses; Mrs. J. Reid, black crepe de chine, with pink embroidered bretelles, and white toque; Mrs. Coleman, becoming white and fawn floral voile, and fawn hat with vari-coloured roses; Miss Ruby Coleman was pretty in a white Broderie Anglaise frock; Mrs. Workman, black taffetas, and black hat; Miss Abbott, smart cream hopsac; Miss Maud Abbott, cream serge, and bolero composed of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Baume, black toilette with touches of lemon chiffon; Miss Coleman, cream and blue spotted voile, and smart white tuille toque, with pink roses; Mrs. T. Peacock, black and white spotted silk, Tuscan bonnet with moss green tuille and white roses; Miss Peacock, azure blue and white spotted silk, white and black hat; Mrs. Benjamin, light grey coat and skirt, black hat with plumes; Madam

Believre, French grey cloth with cream lace yoke, pretty rose pink tuille hat; Miss Rose Nathan was pretty in heliotrope Indian muslin, and white Valenciennes lace hat; Miss Hooper, cream voile and white hat with reseda green and Marguerite daisies; Miss Kirker, champagne Shantung silk, and wistaria blue hat with touches of pale pink; Mrs. Lusher, cream voile inset with white lace, and black picture hat; Mrs. Dawes, fawn striped grenadine, gold lace straw hat with cream roses; Mrs. S. Nathan, white Swiss embroidered muslin, white hat with navy silk; Mrs. J. L. Holland, black and white figured silk, smart jet bonnet; Miss Basley, white silk blouse and Nil green Sicilian skirt, white and pale green hat; Miss L. Butters, white silk, and white hat with vari-coloured roses; Miss Carrick, champagne Shantung silk coat and skirt, wistaria blue hat; Miss Brassey, white and pink floral muslin, pink hat; Mrs. Virtue, black taffetas with white lace yoke, white hat wreathed with cornflowers; Miss Virtue, cream serge and white silk, Wedgwood blue hat with tuille ruching; Mrs. Ashton, golden brown eolienne, cream coat, and pale blue hat with damask roses; Mrs. Hugh Owen, black taffetas, white tuille toque with pink; Miss Owen, black; Mrs. F. W. King, white and black pin striped Gaze de soie blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Culpan, pale grey striped and Persian floral muslin, white hat; Mrs. F. Wilson Smith, cream hopsac with pink applique, and pale blue hat; Miss Cutpan, white lawn, and white tuille hat with blue flowers; Miss Itaby Culpan, pale green costume; Miss McLaughlan, smart dainty cloth gown and white felt hat; Mrs. Grant, white Broderie Anglaise frock, and moss green hat; Mrs. Wootton, Havanna brown costume, with pink flowers in brown hat; Miss Coldicutt, white and pink floral muslin, and pretty green hat with pink flowers; Mrs. James Battle, black taffetas; Mrs. Hertz, white and pink floral muslin, Tuscan hat with white ribbon; Miss Mary Battle, white costume; Mrs. Ernest Burton, rich black taffetas, and pale blue hat wreathed with tea roses; Mrs. Oldham, black eolienne, and heliotrope hat with violet velvet; Mrs. Wallace, cream costume; Mrs. W. Lambert, black, stylish white embroidered Empire coat, white and black hat; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black coat and skirt, and black toque; Mrs. H. Keesing, crash costume, with white facings, navy hat with green wheatears and grasses; Mrs. A. Coates, cream voile, and royal navy hat with tuille ruchings; Miss Krout (America), olive green gown, white silk coat veiled in black Spanish lace, olive green toque; Mrs. Thomas, white and heliotrope toilette; Miss Thomas was pretty in heliotrope silk and Indian muslin, and white mushroom hat with heliotrope ruching; Mrs. Davy, black taffetas, dark hat with Gloriz de Dijon; Mrs. W. Thorne, black and white spotted voile, black hat with white lace; Miss Cotterill, Bordeaux cloth, hat to match; Mrs. A. Brodie, black toilette; Miss Morton, black taffetas, white mushroom hat with black ruchings; Mrs. Ambrose Milar, black peau de soie, light green hat trimmed with dark green velvet; Mrs. Keesing, pearl grey hopsac, white Valenciennes lace hat with pale pink ribbon; Mrs. Ismonger, royal navy eolienne gown, and hat en suite; Miss R. Hanna, white muslin; Mrs. S. Hanna, rich black brocade, and violet hat; Mrs. J. Beale, royal navy voile, and pale blue crinoline hat with black plumes; Miss Beale, white and blue check gingham, white and navy hat; Miss Dickinson, black costume, and apricot hat; Mrs. Beattie, myrtle green coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Cora Anderson, pink, latiste, and pale blue hat; Miss Beale, rose pink loek, and pretty hat en suite; Mrs. Spreckley, navy hat with lavender facings, and heliotrope hat with ruching and chine ribbon; Miss Leila Langford, light grey coat and skirt, and moss green hat; Mrs. Macgregor, lavender costume; Mrs. Allsop, white lawn; Mrs. Brown, effective white, blue and pink floral Japanese silk gown, white French hat with green and pink velvet bows; Mrs. Oxley, grey voile, and white silk blouse and hat; Mrs. Thompson, pearl grey voile, and pink hat; Mrs. Little, handsome black taffetas, and black hat with touches of heliotrope.

DRAWING-ROOM TALKS ON PLACES AND PEOPLE.

In spite of the numbers of our friends who come tramping back every year from foreign lands, it is not often that we find one who can talk to us in such a vivid manner that we can be wholly and hon-

estly interested in their descriptions of places we ourselves have not seen. Perhaps that is why so many who are bubbling over with the things they have seen complain that they can find no listeners. Many folks have so often been bored by tedious accounts that they cling to the ground they themselves know and can speak of, rather than encourage diversion in foreign talks. But during the last week quite a unique and charming opportunity has been afforded the Auckland ladies of hearing one talk of foreign lands who is in many ways exceptionally qualified to do so.

Some months ago Miss Mary H. Krout, an American lady journalist, wrote to the Mayress (Mrs. Arthur Myers) stating that she had just come down from China, and would be passing through Auckland in a few weeks' time, and that she would then be pleased to deliver in Auckland a series of drawing-room talks, similar to those she was delivering with much success in Sydney, provided that a sufficient number of ladies interested in such matters could be gathered together.

The Mayress, realising the difference in size between Sydney and Auckland, felt rather dubious as to the possible success of such a scheme, but, on the arrival of Miss Krout a few weeks ago, Mrs. Myers kindly communicated with a number of ladies, and held a meeting in her

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own house. Miss Krout was not present at the meeting, but the Mayor read a list of the subjects on which Miss Krout proposed to talk, and, as each of the twenty-five ladies present expressed pleasure at this means of obtaining knowledge, it was decided to arrange with Miss Krout for the talks to take place during the following three weeks.

Miss Krout, in spite of the fact that her journalistic experience has lasted over many years and in many lands, feels that she is not adapted to lecture, in the ordinary sense of the word, in a public hall. So five of the ladies present very generously offered their drawing-rooms for the purpose, and Mrs. Forster arranged the business part for Miss Krout.

Miss Krout's first two talks have already been held—the first at the house of Mrs. L. D. Nathan, last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Krout told us of hospitality in the Far East, and the second on Saturday evening, at Mrs. Louis Myers', when we heard Miss Krout speak of the distinguished people she had seen. The lady, who is a native of Indianapolis, in the United States of America, has spent much time in China, Hawaii and Samoa, and it was of the ways of these lands that she chatted with us last Wednesday afternoon. She has a bright manner, and is exceedingly clear in her descriptions. One understands at once why she prefers to call her discourse a talk rather than a lecture, for her mode of speech is so very friendly and chatty. Half the pleasure we derive from Miss Krout's talks is owing to this friendly manner, that makes the hour during which she speaks fly briskly.

Apart from describing the technical details of Oriental customs, Miss Krout interspersed many humorous personal incidents, which gave a vivid interest to her more general remarks. All women are more or less interested in the ways and modes of other folk's entertainments—the more foreign and strange, the greater the interest. So I don't think Miss Krout found any but interested listeners as she vividly described an Hawaiian feast, the Samoan kava drinking ceremonies, and the universally interesting rule of the mother-in-law in China.

On Saturday evening, at the home of Mrs. Louis Myers, Miss Krout spoke to us of the celebrated people she had seen in the course of her wanderings. She commenced with authors, and passed on to artists, musicians, statesmen, and so to Royalty. All the names she mentioned are great and familiar ones, and with many of these famous people Miss Krout has had personal acquaintance, apart from her profession. After all, we are all more interested in people than in places, and one and all agreed on Saturday that to hear one speak who has had personal knowledge of these men and women gives us a fuller insight into their work.

At the close of the talks the ladies in whose drawing-rooms they are held have provided us with delightful afternoon tea, so all the cold formalities of ordinary lectures are completely removed.

Miss Krout gives three more talks ere she departs for America. At the next one, on November 5th, in Mrs. H. Horton's drawing-room, Miss Krout will speak on "American Women in the Profession." Following that, on November 8th, at Madame Boucye's house, we are to hear something of American social and domestic life; while the last talk, on the "British Legation at Peking during the Boxer Uprising," has been arranged for the evening of November 15th, at Mrs. Leo Myers' home. As Miss Krout was herself located at Peking during the uprising, this last talk promises to be one of the most interesting.

RACES.

The A.R.C. were fortunate in having a glorious day for the first day of the Spring Meeting, in spite of which there was an unusually small attendance. The recent improvements were, of course, the subject of general remark, and though there is now far more room for the public round and about the main stand than formerly, having the totalisator at the back of the stand is certainly putting temptation as far away as possible, but otherwise is not an improvement I think. As I have just said, the attendance was very small, so there are not very many frocks for me to describe to you, but here are some that I noticed: Mrs. Harry Gorrie wore a smart check tweed costume, the predominating colour of which was a pretty dark green, cream lace vest, and small toque with touches of green; Miss Gorrie was daintily frocked in pale grey with bowered toque; Mrs. B. R. Bloom-

field was gowned in a beautiful pale green moiré checked silk toilette with butter-coloured insertion and lace, black picture hat; Mrs. G. R. Bloomfield wore an exquisitely fitting pale grey cloth gown, becoming black hat; Mrs. Colbeck, white cloth tailor-made, smart black hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Duthie was gowned in a white cloth costume and a Tuscan hat swathed with black tulle; Mrs. Ted Anderson, brown coat and skirt with a becoming toque to match; Mrs. D'Arcy (Sydney) was charmingly gowned in a cream cloth Eton costume, Tuscan hat trimmed with crimson tulle and berries; Mrs. R. B. Lusk was gowned in white Sicilian with touches of brown, green hat garlanded with roses; Mrs. Stewart Reid, dark tweed costume with white cloth facings, hat en suite; Mrs. Cummings, cream voile with brown velvet facings, Tuscan and brown hat; Miss Cummings, pretty reseda green toilette worn with white vest and hat to match; Mrs. Nolan, dark grey tailor-made with white vest and black plumed hat; Mrs. Savage wore a very pretty pale grey spotted muslin with white embroidered vest finished with touches of heliotrope, heliotrope mushroom hat; Mrs. Wynyard, pink floral muslin with lace foundation, black hat; Mrs. Black, pretty black gown with a bisuit-coloured dustcoat and black plumed hat; Mrs. Hanna, bisuit-coloured mohair, faced with brown and a Tuscan and brown hat; Miss Jackson, dainty heliotrope mousseline with Valenciennes lace and a becoming white hat; Mrs. Davy wore a handsome black gown with a black silk and lace coat and a black bonnet with touches of white; Miss Davy, grey coat and skirt, with a smart red hat; Mrs. Jones, navy pinflore frock and blue hat to match; Mrs. Dunnett, grey tailor-made costume, black and white toque; Miss Dunnett, dark grey flecked tweed faced with white, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Ross (Hamilton) wore a crush coat and skirt, white vest, and a white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Churton, grey coat and skirt, white vest, and a black and white hat; Mrs. Wallace Lawson, bottle green tailor-made costume with a green hat to match; Miss Spicer, butcher blue linen with a black and white hat; Mrs. Martelli, black skirt, pretty pink floral silk blouse and a red hat; Miss Krull (Wanganui), beautifully fitting blue coat and skirt, and smart blue hat to match; Mrs. Owen, white tailor-made costume, white silk vest, and a becoming white hat; Miss Wilde Browne wore a brown taffeta with Valenciennes lace and insertion and a white hat swathed with black and white tulle; Miss Percival was gowned in brown voile with cream lace and a brown toque to match; Miss Lusk, cream voile with cream vest threaded with shaded ribbons, black hat; Miss Olive Lusk, cream with red coat and white hat with clusters of pink roses; Miss Buckland, white costume with touches of black, and a black and white hat to match; Miss — Buckland, white serge tailor made with white hat with blue; Mrs. Dargaville, black with white dust coat and a pretty black and

white toque; Mrs. Frank Dargaville wore a dainty white embroidered muslin with a becoming white and blue hat; Miss Shutterworth (New Plymouth), grey tailor made costume with a black and white plumed hat; Mrs. Ware was gowned in a grey and white check muslin with Valenciennes lace and a smart grey and white hat to match; Miss Towle, white cloth costume with a white and blue hat; Mrs. Hamtley, handsome black gown with cream dust coat and a black and white toque; Mrs. Rothschild, handsome black inset with bands of black insertion, black toque; Miss Rothschild, dainty white inserted muslin, black hat; Miss Horton, white cloth Eton costume and pretty pale blue hat; Mrs. Southey Baker wore a becoming cream gown and modish green hat; Miss Lloyd, white Sicilian hat wreathed with roses; Miss Southey Baker looked pretty in cream serge, hat garlanded with flowers; Mrs. Peacocke wore a royal navy silk voile with incrustation of cream lace and a pretty black and white hat; Miss Blanche Peacocke, white serge costume with touches of blue and a blue and white hat; Mrs. J. London was gowned in a dainty heliotrope mousseline with a chine sash, white hat with blue; Mrs. U. Lawford, pale grey chiffon taffeta with smart red hat; Mrs. — Firth, cream cloth costume with a becoming white hat swathed with blue.

POSSONBY SHAKESPEARE AND RHETORIC CLUB.

The tenth and last reading of the season was given at the Leys Institute on Tuesday to a large audience, when Shakespeare's popular comedy "The Taming of the Shrew" received a very spirited and well-sustained treatment. Petruchio, to whom Mr. Walker gave an essentially English humour which stood out strongly against the Italian background, was a very able conception, supplemented by admirable elocution. Miss Essie Holland was an excellent Katharina, and her transposition of Kate the Curst to the extreme of wifely docility was cleverly graduated. The meek Bianca, who in contrast to her sister cultivates quite a charming degree of spirit after her marriage, was capably delineated by Miss Mary Sloane. Mr. Nevill was a most fatherly Baptista, and the other characters were generally well sustained, as follows:—Vicentio, Mr. C. H. Jones; Lucentio, Mr. W. H. Graham; Gremio, Mr. E. Aldridge; Hortensio, Mr. E. T. Hart; Tranio, Mr. McLean; Bondello, Mr. Bullen; Grumio, Mr. Hemus; Pedant, Mr. James Cooper; Tailor, Mr. Goode.

WEST END TENNIS CLUB

opened their courts on Saturday afternoon. The weather being ideal, a most pleasant afternoon was spent. At about 3 o'clock, Mr. C. J. Parr (president of the club) made an appropriate speech, declaring the green open for the season. The laws were in perfect order, and some very interesting games were witnessed. Delicious tea and sweets were handed round by the lady and gentlemen members at intervals during the after-

noon. There was a large number of the fair sex present, among whom I noticed Mrs. C. J. Parr, who was gowned in a very becoming brown checked silk, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs. Angus, smart grey tweed skirt, figured silk blouse, and white hat swathed with blue silk; Mrs. S. Hanna, black toilette and violet chignon toque; Mrs. Arthur Goldie, black cloth coat and skirt, vieux rose toque; Mrs. Archibald, brown silk gown and brown hat brightened with cerise; Mrs. Newell, white embroidered Irish linen gown, white chip hat swathed with silk; Mrs. H. Jones, blue and white tartan silk blouse, black skirt and picture hat; Mrs. N. Burton, cream silk blouse, pink floral muslin skirt, pink hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. Wilfred Mauning, azure blue checked Sicilian gown, white hat; Miss Violet Tibbe, brown skirt, white muslin blouse and cream hat; Miss Solomon (Wellington), looked pretty in white embroidered muslin with pale blue centre and blue erinoline straw hat; Miss D. Gittos, cream serge toilette with touches of blue silk; Miss Essie Holland, white muslin blouse, pale blue skirt, and white Panama hat with folds of navy silk; Miss Ada Davis, pretty white and black striped Sicilian skirt and Empire coat, cream straw turban with pink and blue silk trimming; Miss V. Brigham, pale green linen frock and becoming white hat; her sister was in pink; Misses English wore cream and white respectively; Miss C. Butler, dainty white Indian muslin gown with blue centre, white and blue hat; Miss Ethel Bugnall, smart holland frock with blue sailor collar and centre, cream hat; Misses Nicholson wore white pique gowns and white and navy hats; Miss J. Patterson, pretty pale green muslin, white hat; Miss Marion Metcalfe, white embroidered muslin, white chiffon hat veiled in black blonde lace; Miss Thompson, white Swiss muslin gown and white hat; Miss B. Butler, becoming brown frock with touches of pink, hat en suite; Miss Pearl Hanna, charming white silk gown inserted with lace, white hat brightened with heliotrope; Miss Taylor, pearl grey tweed gown, and white hat; Miss Greg, white muslin frock with blue ribbons; Miss Holloway, pale grey skirt, white silk blouse and white hat with bunches of red berries.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Sir, November 3.

On Wednesday afternoon the Cambridge Croquet Club opened their new laws in Victoria street, adjoining the residence of Mr. W. Earle. There was a large attendance. The opening ceremony was performed by the Acting Mayor (Mr. E. J. Wilkinson). A delicious afternoon tea was served by the ladies of the club, and the Cambridge Band enlivened the proceedings by playing several items. General regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. P. Forbes, the energetic secretary, through indisposition. A party of ladies drove through from Hamilton for the occa-

McCullagh & Gower

AUCKLAND.

Extracts from our Home Buyer's letter:

Enclosed we beg to hand you Bill of Lading per s.s. Pakeha. The invoices relating to same are sent under separate cover as usual. We trust that the Summer shipments, which are the largest we have yet made for any one season, will open out to a good and profitable market, as large portion of these goods has been inspected by your esteemed partner, Mr. Gower. Of course, the amount of indents has been largely exceeded, as you will notice by the figures, but they were selected by himself. The value in every respect could not be better, as well as the styles.

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A fine selection of SMART GOODS suitable for House, Promenade, Exhibition and Function wear, including Stylish Millinery, latest in Coat and Skirt Costumes, Blouses, Coatees, Coloured Tussorees and other silks. Large assortment of Cotton, Woollen, and Silk and Wool Dress Materials.

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slon. Among those present were: Mrs. W. Hume, wearing a pale grey coat and skirt, white silk blouse, grey feather boa and grey toque; Miss O. Graham, white silk blouse, grey skirt, and white hat; Miss Swarbrick, grey coat and skirt, and hat to match; Miss Holloway, heliotrope voile gown and white hat; Mrs. Earl, white silk blouse and black skirt, white hat; Mrs. McDermot, white silk blouse, black skirt, white hat; Mrs. McCullough, navy blue coat and skirt, and white hat trimmed with navy and pale blue; Mrs. Bunyard, tussore silk blouse, mauve ceinture, black skirt, and white hat; Miss Langmuir, navy blue coat and skirt, and gem hat; Mrs. A. Bell, white silk blouse, navy blue skirt, and navy and white hat; Miss E. Skeel, white silk blouse, navy blue skirt, and gem hat; Mrs. Court, black costume and hat to match; Mrs. Jefferson, navy blue costume, and hat trimmed with cornflowers; Mrs. C. Hunter, grey coat and skirt, white silk vest, white hat trimmed with blue and white ribbon; Mrs. W. Thornton, pale grey costume, trimmed with pale peacock green velvet, and toque trimmed to match with peacock's feathers; Miss M. Frater (Auckland), grey Norfolk coat and skirt, and white hat; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, black cloth coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with ribbon and wings; Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson, grey coat and skirt, and black hat; Mrs. Hayward, black costume and mantle, and black bonnet; Mrs. Croxford, navy blue coat and skirt, and blue hat; Mrs. John Hally, black cloth coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Isherwood, navy blue coat and skirt, and white hat; Miss Taylor, white linen frock and white hat; Miss Willis, pink gingham and white hat; Miss C. Willis, pale green costume with cream lace vest, and navy blue toque; Miss Wrigat, pale pink gingham frock and green mushroom hat trimmed with black; Miss Gwyneth, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, and Tuscan straw hat trimmed with cornflower blue ribbon; Miss Wells, white embroidered muslin blouse, grey cloth skirt, Tuscan straw hat; Miss Skeel, grey coat and skirt, and gem hat; Miss Aspinall, heliotrope blouse, black skirt, and white hat; Miss Veale, silk blouse, black skirt, and old rose hat trimmed with roses to match.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, November 2.

I forgot to mention in my last week's letter of the success the Amateur Operatic Society had in the production of

"THE GONDOLIERS."

Crowded houses greeted the performers every evening, and from the rise to the fall of the curtain the opera went with a splendid swing. Mr. A. F. Kennedy (stage manager), Mr. M. Foster (conductor) and Mr. W. Miller (business manager) should feel more than pleased with the success of their efforts. The principals took their parts splendidly. Mr. A. F. Kennedy as Don Alhambra surpassed himself, Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. P. Adair made an ideal Casilda and Luiz, Mrs. Buckridge as Tessa, Mrs. P. Barry (Gianetta), Mr. Teat (Guiseppo) and Mr. Barlow (Marco) kept the audience thoroughly delighted; also, Mrs. Collins as the Duchess and Dr. Buckridge (The Duke) played their parts to perfection. The other minor parts were taken very successfully, and there was no fault to be found with the chorus and dancing, which was very good. To-night a dance is being given by the members of "The Gondoliers," and of which I shall tell you in my next letter.

TENNIS.

Last Saturday the Whataupoko Tennis Club had a very successful opening day. Invitations were extended to the members of the Kaiti courts, and a very enjoyable day was spent. The Italian string band played during the afternoon, and delicious afternoon tea was provided by the lady members of the club. I noticed Mrs. Symes, in a grey coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. Jex Blake, pretty white linen and white hat; Mrs. Mann, white linen, cream and pink hat; Mrs. C. White, grey costume, grey hat; Mrs. F. Barker, pretty pink silk frock, pink hat; Mrs. Stock, cream voile, violet hat; Mrs. A. Seymour, pale grey muslin, violet hat; Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Sainsbury, Miss King, Miss Wallis, Miss McCredie, Miss F. McCredie, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. P. Parker, Mrs. H. Williams, Mrs.

R. Barker, Miss Barker, Miss F. Barker, Miss Bradley, Miss E. Bradley, Miss H. Bradley, Miss A. De Latour, Mrs. A. Rees, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Murray, Miss C. Boylan, Miss Foster, Miss Williamson, Miss M. Williamson.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, November 2.

Things are very quiet here just now, but last Friday Mrs Morgan gave

A VERY JOLLY KITCHEN TEA.

for Miss Humphries, who is to be married very shortly. Miss Humphries received heaps of useful and pretty things. The rooms looked very pretty, decorated with masses of lovely roses. A tempting afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, the table most artistically arranged with yellow flowers. Mrs Morgan received her guests in a slate coloured silk voile frock, the bodice trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace; Miss Humphries, pale blue muslin dress trimmed with cream lace, pretty fawn straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons; Mrs Henley, handsome black taffeta gown, bodice trimmed with lace and blue velvet, pale blue floral hat; Mrs Margoliouth, white canvas long coat and skirt, pale green hat trimmed with chiffon; Mrs Levien, grey check long coat and skirt, picture hat, bunches of roses; Mrs C. Cornford, dainty white muslin frock, pale blue belt, smart blue hat trimmed with blue and white striped silk; Mrs Balfour, black skirt, smart white embroidered coat, small hat with flowered ribbons; Mrs Edgar wore a becoming black taffeta gown trimmed with black velvet, white chiffon vest, touches of pale blue, smart tiny cornflower blue hat trimmed with peacock's feathers; Miss Hitchings, black silk dress trimmed with cream lace, pale blue chiffon vest, pretty blue picture hat, long blue feather; Miss Rogers, dainty white muslin frock; Mrs Bull, black and white striped coat and skirt, coat faced with white, black and white hat; Miss Horton, neat embroidered Holland frock, blue belt, becoming blue and white hat; Miss Hindmarsh, white linen coat and skirt, dainty white lace hat; Miss B. Hindmarsh wore a dainty fawn taffeta embroidered frock, lace hat; Miss Hill, white muslin over pink, pink floral hat; Miss Williams wore a graceful cream voile frock, bodice trimmed with flowered silk, becoming periwinkle hat; Mrs Baxter, mauve coloured Eton coat and skirt, touches of pale pink velvet, pretty pink rose hat; Miss E. Humphries, dainty blue frock trimmed with lace, large white lace picture hat, touches of blue; Miss Brown, black and white check frock trimmed with black velvet, fawn straw hat with pink roses; Miss Kennedy, dainty salmon pink crepe frock, white hat, long white feather and pink ribbons; Miss Williams, pale grey voile frock, grey stole, black picture hat; Miss —, Williams, pretty white muslin and lace frock, picture hat, masses of roses; Miss M. Williams, cream voile and lace frock, rose floral hat; Mrs Frost, smart fawn silk voile dress over blue, small fawn straw hat, touches of blue; Miss King, pretty white muslin frock, pink rose hat; Miss McVay, smart black and white check Eton coat and skirt, coat faced with black and white silk, blue picture hat; Miss M. McVay, fawn and white check costume faced with white, pretty pink and blue chiffon hat; Miss Neal, blue taffeta gown, pretty white picture hat, wreath of green leaves; Miss Anderson, green muslin frock, smart green and violet hat; Mrs Rodie, grey corselet frock, black velvet hat with black feathers; Miss McLernon, becoming embroidered fawn silk frock, green belt, smart fawn straw hat, wreath of cherries; Miss C. McLernon, cornflower blue check costume, deep black belt, coat faced with black, smart brown and blue hat with roses; Mrs Dewes, tailor-made navy blue coat and skirt, navy blue and red hat; Miss Dewes, tussore silk frock, pink belt, pink floral hat; Miss Elkson, apple green voile frock, touches of brown chiffon, small fawn floral hat; Miss Pavaock, white muslin dress trimmed with lace, blue folded belt, blue hat, touches of pink and velvet; Mrs Furlong, becoming grey tweed costume, grey and pink hat; Mrs Loudon, pretty blue silk voile frock, blue floral hat; Miss Margoliouth, brown voile frock, touches of

blue velvet on bodice, brown picture hat trimmed with roses; Miss Tonkin, sky blue voile frock trimmed with lavender blue picture hat; Mrs Sonhaman, pale blue plaid frock, white feather stole, burnt straw picture hat, pink roses; Mrs Humphries, handsome black voile frock, black toque, black feathers; Mrs Gruchy, brown Norfolk coat and skirt, French sailor hat trimmed with velvet; Miss Trollop, navy blue silk blouse trimmed with lace, blue cloth skirt, small round hat trimmed with blue; Mrs Leamon, white linen coat and skirt, white and blue hat; Mrs Brady, becoming black silk frock, bodice trimmed with handsome Maltese lace, small green net hat trimmed with lily of the valley; Mrs Thompson, blue coat and skirt, lace vest, touches of heliotrope, small hat, bands of ribbons.

MARJORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, Nov. 2nd.

Last Saturday the weather was stormy, and therefore interfered with the attendance at the tennis courts. Afternoon tea was provided by the Misses Stanford. Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Fairburn, Misses Baker, L. Barnard-Brown, Stanford (2), M. Browne, Barnicoat, Cave, Darley, Messrs. Biss, Harold, Allen, Stevens, Willis, Dr. Wall and others.

WANGANUI HAS BEEN VERY QUIET

this week from a social point of view, as everybody is very busy preparing for the large church bazaar, which is to be held in the Drill Hall during show week. Some really excellent side shows and evening entertainments, with tableaux on a very elaborate scale, are to be staged — for which the performers are very busy rehearsing and making their frocks.

CROQUET.

has started again this season, and most of the lawns are in excellent condition. During the week enjoyable sets have been played on the lawns belonging to Mesdames Fitzherbert, Barnard-Browne, and John Stevenson. Amongst the dainty summer toilettes worn this season I noticed Miss Gresson in a becoming white muslin frock, with small black embroidered spot and narrow Valenciennes lace insertion; with this she wore a white fine straw hat with a ruche of black tulle round it, bandeau of tulle, and white flowers at the back. Mrs. Inlay Saunders in a smart gown of pale grey voile; the skirt was made with wide French tucks, and shaped yoke of nice lace, pretty white hat with crown composed of narrow Valenciennes lace, and a spray of flowers at the back. Mrs. Mackay in an exquisite cream lace robe over cream glaze silk, elbow sleeves edged with lace, white swathed silk belt of turquoise blue, Tuscan straw hat with fancy straw trimming in the front, and large white aigrette at the back were two large flat rosettes of blue silk to match her belt.

HULA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, November 2nd.

Driving showers of rain and a fierce gale made a most depressing outlook on Wednesday morning, the first day of the twenty-first Manawatu A. and P. Association show. As the day advanced the rain ceased, and the sun tried to assert itself, but there was no enjoyment for anyone or anything, excepting the wind, and it had a royal time. The principal item of interest on Wednesday from a lady's point of view was the driving competition, the lady drivers proving more expert than the men at steering their traps between the barrels. Indeed, most of the men seemed to think it necessary to knock all the barrels down, causing the spectators a great deal of amusement. Among the many ladies present I noticed Mrs. Bumdell (Wanganui) wearing a becoming brown costume, made with long coat, cream American sailor with cream tulle ruching, and cluster of deep yellow roses. Miss Blundell (Wanganui), grey Norfolk coat and

skirt, crimson hat; Mrs. Nellsep, light grey check coat and skirt, white hat with green glaze bows; Mrs. Toward, dark grey and white striped coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with pink roses and touches of green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Wheeler (Rangitikei), light grey coat and skirt, black hat with black tip; Mrs. Dan Kiddiford (Marlton), dark tweed costume made with long coat, green straw American sailor with green velvet ribbon and cluster of pink roses; Miss Dalrymple (Rangitikei), navy blue Eton coat and skirt, cream straw hat with wreath of flowers; Miss Anne Dalrymple, navy coat and skirt, white cloth collar and revers, scarlet hat with glaze bows of same colour; Mrs. Jack Strang, stylish brown costume, cream cloth embroidered revers and cuffs, brown furs, brown mushroom hat with wreath of foliage; Mrs. Walter Strang, in navy blue, navy straw toque with green ribbon and blue quilt; Mrs. Warburton, navy blue coat and skirt, burnt straw toque; Miss Warburton in navy blue with long coat, blue hat with white and blue check ribbon; Miss Dorothy Watgrave, blue skirt, scarlet coat, white furs, sailor hat; Mrs. Lougban, long grey check coat, green and cream straw hat with green quilt; Mrs. Lougban (Wellington), long grey coat, brown fur toque with brown wing; Mrs. McKnight, in black, beaver toque and furs; Miss McLennan, black costume piped with white, white American sailor with black and white plaid ribbon; Miss Elsie McLennan, dark green, made with long coat, cream hat with green glaze bows; Miss Handyside, bright blue, coat with long basque, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Keeling, cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Shute, cream costume and cream hat; Mrs. H. Hankins, grey coat and skirt, cream mushroom hat with deeper cream glaze bows; Miss Hankins, in brown, pink straw hat, with wreath of green foliage; Mrs. F. S. McEne in navy blue, cream mushroom hat with roses and foliage; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, long grey coat, navy blue hat; Mrs. Tatton, dark grey coat and skirt, navy hat with green trimming; Miss Tatton, light grey costume, coat made with deep basque, white furs, cream straw hat with pink roses; Miss Price, dark tweed coat and skirt, cream American sailor with pink roses and foliage; Miss Frances Fraser, blue skirt, light fawn coat, blue straw hat with tulle ruching and cluster of pink roses; Miss Lloyd (Auckland), in brown, long fawn coat, fawn hat with brown quilt; Mrs. J. P. Innes, stylish grey tailor-made costume, white cloth collar and revers, navy blue American sailor with lavender hydraunga; Mrs. S. Hume, cream serge, long grey plaid coat, pink straw mushroom with white lace ruching; Miss Knight, navy blue skirt, white coat, green straw toque; Miss — Knight, navy blue linen, fawn coat, white hat with blue trimming; Mrs. Harold Abraham, navy blue, green plaid silk collar and cuffs, rose coloured hat; Miss Robinson, light grey costume, coat made with short pleated basque, cream hat with tapering flowers; Miss Belle Robinson, navy blue Norfolk coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Keeling in grey, sailor hat; Mrs. Fitzherbert, brown coat and skirt, brown velvet collar and cuffs, brown hat with cream flowers; Mrs. Bell, grey coat and skirt, wine-coloured hat; Miss K. Bell, long grey coat, red hat; Mrs. Taplin in black, brown furs, cream hat with pink and crimson roses; Miss Marshall (Wellington), navy blue, made with long coat, cream American sailor with cream and green check bows; Mrs. Bunting, grey and black striped coat and skirt; cream straw hat with cream and pink floral ribbon; Miss Stephenson in navy blue, pale blue mushroom hat with white tulle ruching; Mrs. McPherson, dark grey coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Oliver (Hawke's Bay), light grey coat and skirt, cream hat; Mrs. Laing, dark green costume made with long coat, black and white toque with white ospreys; Miss Drew, navy blue coat and skirt, cream and green straw American sailor, with pink roses; Miss Gladys Drew, grey Norfolk costume, crimson hat; Mrs. White (Hawke's Bay), navy blue coat and skirt, navy straw hat with wreath of pink flowers; Mrs. Jolly in navy blue, with blue felt hat; Mrs. Butler, black coat and skirt, wine-coloured straw hat with flowers of same shade; Mrs. Pernaun, navy coat and skirt, scarlet hat with scarlet wing; Mrs. Grigg, navy blue costume made with long coat, dark red felt hat, with green wing; Mrs. S. W. Luxford, green tweed coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with green glaze bows; Miss Glendonning,

black cloth coat and skirt, black and white toque with white ospreys. When telling you of the driving competition, I quite forgot to say that Miss Hankins was placed first, and her sister, Mrs. F. S. McLaue, second. All the remaining competitors were men.

The weather was perfect on Thursday

THE SECOND DAY OF THE SHOW,

and the attendance very large. Among others were Mrs Barthorpe (Hunterville), wearing a dove-coloured toilette, black hat with black tips; Mrs Holmes, brown corduroy velvet costume, brown hat with Paris tinted lace and wreath of green foliage; Mrs Ward, black, long check coat, black bonnet with black tip and white aigrette; Mrs Handyseide, violet costume, black toque with aigrette and wreath of small pink roses; Mrs F. Riddiford, dark grey coat and skirt, black toque with tips; Mrs Davidson (Pahiatua), grey coat and skirt, white revers and cuffs, cream straw hat with green laces; Miss Eyaus, grey Norfolk costume, green hat; Mrs R. Leary, dark blue coat and skirt, white American sailor with white tulle and black ostrich feathers; Mrs H. Giesen (Dunnevirke), light grey costume; Mrs Peach, in grey, white feather boa, white hat; wine coloured hat with flowers of same shade; Mrs Loughlan, peacock blue toilette, toque of same colour; Mrs Colbeck, black and white check frock, white hat; Mrs Harold Abraham, light grey Eton coat and skirt, pink hat; Miss Abraham, navy blue coat made with short killed basque, white cloth collar braided in blue, cream straw American sailor with wreath of deep crimson roses; Miss Marjory Abraham, dark grey Norfolk coat and skirt, brown hat with brown and pale blue ribbon; Mrs H. Hankins (Levin), grey coat and skirt, pale grey hat with long ostrich feathers and white tulle strings; Miss Hankins, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, white stole, pink straw hat with wreath of foliage; Mrs F. S. McLaue, cream serge, made with long coat, cream mushroom hat with pale pink roses; Miss Holmes, grey and black check coat and skirt, black mushroom hat with black tulle; Miss Ward, brown coat and skirt, white hat with black velvet band; Mrs A. Guy, in cream made with long coat, cream straw hat with black tulle and black tips; Mrs White (Hawke's Bay), dark blue voile with cream lace; blue American sailor with pink flowers; Mrs J. P. Innes, cream and black, check, pale blue velvet collar and strappings, white Valenciennes vest with tiny blue velvet bows, pale blue hat with pink roses; Mrs Milton, light grey Eton coat and skirt, white embroidered collar, white muslin and Valenciennes lace hat; Miss Haywood, pale grey coat and skirt, pale blue velvet collar embroidered in white, pale blue hat with narrow white Valenciennes lace and pink flowers; Miss Millie Haywood, in grey, white hat with white tulle and sprays of maidenhair fern; Miss Ida Haywood, long grey coat, cream hat with pale and deep pink silk trimming; Mrs E. W. Hitchings, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, wide floral silk belt, cream mushroom hat with cream and deep crimson roses; Mrs McKnight, navy blue Eton costume braided in black, white lace vest, navy blue hat with a pale shade of blue roses; Mrs Benton (Pohangina), dark grey and white striped coat and skirt, cream straw American sailor with black trimming; Mrs Blundell (Feilding), violet cloth costume, coat made with long basque, pale heliotrope hat; Miss Bachelier, in cream serge, pale green hat with tulle and pale green and heliotrope flowers; Mrs Thorntonsigh, violet cloth made with long coat, hat of same colour; Mrs Tatton, black brocade, white stole, cream toque with pink; Miss Tatton, white embroidered muslin, large pink hat with pink flowers; Miss Lord, peacock blue frock with touches of black velvet, white embroidered hat; Mrs Hunting, white silk, long pale blue coat, toque of forget-me-nots with crown of green foliage; Miss Stephenson, white embroidered muslin, pink hat; Miss Wood, pale green voile, wide belt of darker shade of green velvet, black chiffon hat with black tip; Mrs Uridge, cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat with green and pale blue ribbon; Mrs S. Hume, grey blue linen frock, cream mushroom hat with pink roses; Miss

Knight, in cream, cream straw hat with pale pink flowers; Miss — Knight, blue linen frock, white hat with brown tulle and bunch of wheat; Mrs Thompson, grey coat and skirt, cream straw hat with cream and pink ribbon; Miss Wilson, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, white cloth facings, white hat with blue glaze bows; Miss Gemmel, sapphire blue velvet made with long coat, white hat with Paisley scarf; Mrs Graham, navy blue coat and skirt, brown hat with brown feather and clusters of cerise flowers; Miss Graham, white and black check, coat made with deep basque and trimmed with tiny killings of black glaze, black chiffon hat with black feathers; Miss Harding (Ashhurst), navy blue and green plaid costume made with capelit, white hat; Miss Price, navy Eton coat and skirt, white cloth collar and revers, cream straw hat with pink roses; Mrs Bond, light grey coat and skirt, grey hat with grey wings; Mrs Porter, in black, black toque with black and white wings; Mrs Dermer (Feilding), navy blue, pale blue hat with white brush aigrette; Miss Fitzherbert, white embroidered muslin, white hat with pink roses; Miss Keeling, grey check Eton costume, narrow killing of black glaze finishing coat, white hat with navy blue and white ribbon; Miss Phyllis Keeling, cream Eton costume, cream hat with wreath of flowers; Miss Alice Reed, navy Eton costume, cream hat with cream and green floral ribbon; Mrs Taplin, light grey coat and skirt, white stole, white hat with white ruching edged with narrow black lace; Miss Marshall (Wellington), grey braided Eton coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with pink roses and green velvet ribbon; Mrs A. Bell, pink floral muslin made with tiny frills, white hat; Mrs Watson, dark blue coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Watson, grey Norfolk coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs Tripe, grey coat and skirt, blue mushroom hat with pink feathers; Miss R. Bell, navy blue linen, white embroidered yoke and collar, hat of white embroidery; Miss Hell, cream serge, coat made with tiny basque, green mushroom hat with lilac flowers; Miss Gwen Bell, long grey coat, green American sailor with ribbon of two shades of green; Mrs O. Monrad, navy coat and skirt, cream hat; Mrs and Miss O'Brien, Mrs and Miss Warburton, the Misses McLennan, Mrs Fitzherbert, Mrs and the Misses Randolph, Mrs Keeling, Mrs J. Strang, Mrs and Miss Blundell (Wanganui), Mrs Mellsop, Mrs J. Puseoe, Mrs and Miss Oliver (Wanganui), Mrs McPherson, Mrs Elliot, Mrs Wyldie, etc., etc.

On the same afternoon Mrs. J. Merritt, Grey-street, gave

AN ENJOYABLE AT HOME,

many of the guests going on there from the show. Afternoon tea was served in the garden, several little tables being studded about the lawn. The flower beds and borders were gay with flowers, and, aided by brilliant sunshine, the effect was very picturesque, the festive toilettes of the ladies adding not a little to the prettiness of the scene. Croquet was enjoyed by those interested in the game, but the majority sat about in groups and discussed what had been and what was yet to come of the show. Mrs. J. Merritt received her guests in a most becoming cream silk toilette, the bodice much trimmed with lace, white floral silk belt, pretty cream hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Merritt (England), black voile with black jet trimming; Mrs. Warburton, black cloth costume, coat braided in black, pale blue cloth facings, burnt straw toque with deep pink roses and green fern foliage; Miss Warburton, navy blue cream lace vest, and ruffles of lace on sleeves, white hat; Mrs. J. Strang, peacock blue cloth toilette, brown mushroom hat with wreath of green foliage; Mrs. H. Waldegrave, light grey Eton coat and skirt, grey stole, becoming black chiffon hat with black tips; Miss Waldegrave, pink floral muslin made with tiny frills, long scarlet coat, white hat with black and white ruching; Mrs. Keeling, white embroidered muslin, long cream coat, Tuscan hat with deep crimson and yellow roses; Mrs. Biggall, light grey made with long coat, facings of pale blue, white hat with white tips; Mrs. Randolph, black cloth costume made with very long coat, white collar embroidered in black, Paris lace vest with narrow killings of pale blue glaze, black toques with black tips; Miss Randolph, light grey striped coat and skirt, white Valenciennes lace vest, black hat with

black tip, pale blue silk parasol; Miss F. Randolph, cream serge coat and skirt, collar braided in gold, green straw American sailor with pink rosebuds and green foliage; Mrs. Davis, golden brown silk toilette, scarf of net lace on shoulders, black hat with white tips; Mrs. Louison, black silk voile, grey and black feather stole, fuchsia-coloured hat, Mrs. Gibbons, navy blue coat and skirt, navy blue hat with lighter shade of blue silk trimming; Mrs. Connell, crash costume, with embroidery of same shade, cream American sailor with black tulle and pink roses, white parasol; Miss McLennan, in black made with long coat piped with white, grey feather stole, black and white chiffon hat; Miss Elsie McLennan, light grey coat and skirt, white hat with lilac flowers; Mrs. Fitzherbert, dark tweed coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with brown ribbon and black and yellow buttercup; Mrs. O'Brien, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, cream American sailor with cream tulle and pink roses; Miss Reed in black, black chiffon hat with black tip and cluster of yellow roses; Miss Reed, cream serge, coat and skirt, cream lace vest, green American sailor with pink roses; Mrs. W. Harden, navy blue costume made with long coat, navy mushroom hat with pale shade of blue silk trimming; Mrs. Freeth, white embroidered muslin, white chiffon hat with scarlet flowers, scarlet silk parasol; Mrs. Robinson, black coat and skirt, black hat with black tips; Miss Robinson, pale grey coat made with short killed basque, white hat; Mrs. Barnicoat, black Eton coat and skirt, black tucked silk collar, black hat with black tulle; Mrs. Harold Cooper and others.

TENNIS.

Heavy rain prevented the official opening of the tennis courts last Saturday, but we hope to have better luck to-morrow. Tournaments are already commencing, entries for ladies' singles, men's singles, ladies' and men's doubles and combined doubles closing on November 6th. Mr. J. L. Barnicoat is giving the prize for the men's singles, and Mr. A. Thompson for the combined doubles.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 2nd.

Influenza and the Exhibition are the principal subjects of interest. Such a number of people have gone South if not for the Exhibition then for the Races that town seems very empty. I hear of some perfectly lovely dresses that have been created especially for a trip to Christchurch, and it is to be hoped that the weather will prove amiable enough to let them be displayed to the best advantage.

ENJOYABLE AT HOME AT THE POLO CLUB.

Miramar was a very gay scene on Saturday when the guests were making their way to the Polo ground. Mr. Skerrett (who is captain of the Polo Club) and Miss Skerrett, were having an At Home on the club grounds, which proved a very enjoyable affair. An interesting match was being played, and the spectators were provided with good seats and delicious afternoon tea. Miss Skerrett wore a coat and skirt of black catual, and a smart French toque. Miss N. Skerrett was in white crepe de chine, the smartly draped bodice being caught up with rosesets, black erinoline hat with tips. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore a pretty voice dress and a long black motor coat; Lady Ward, blue canvas with vest and ruffles of esprit net and lace, black toque with tips; Mrs. Riddiford, black and white chine taffetas, black hat with feathers; Miss Hewitt, white voile and floral hat; Mrs. Levin, white chiffon cloth and hat with flowers; Mrs. Johnston, grey canvas and rose pink hat; Mrs. Nathan, cream cloth and black picture hat; Miss Nathan, pale blue voile and hat with flowers; Mrs. K. Duncan, grey tailor-made and grey hat, with shaded aigrette; Miss Simpson, white voile and lace hat; Miss R. Simpson, pale green eolonne, and a white picture hat with long shaded plume; Miss Harecourt, white Eton coat and skirt; floral hat; Miss Rawson, blue and white checked alpaca and pale blue hat; Miss E. Rawson, white muslin and floral hat; Mrs. A. Young, grey green eolonne with lace yoke; smart black hat; Miss Miles, white cloth dress and hat with flowers; Miss Ewen, blue cloth and navy toque; Miss Quick, black crepe

TORTURED BY ITCHING SCALP

Eczema Broke Out Also on Hands and Limbs—Suffering Intense—Doctors Said Too Old to Be Cured—An Old Soldier of 80 Years Declares:

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"At all times and to all people I am willing to testify to the merits of Cuticura. It saved me from worse than the torture of had on about the year 1900, with itching on my scalp and temples, and afterwards it commenced to break out on my hands. Then it broke out on my limbs. I was advised to use salt and water, which I did, to no effect. I then went to a Surgeon, who commenced treating me with a wash of borax. This treatment did me no good, but rather aggravated the disease. I then told him I would go and see a physician in Erie. The reply was that I could go anywhere, but a case of eczema like mine could not be cured; that I was too old (80). I went to an eminent doctor in the city of Erie and treated with him for six months, with like results. I had read of the Cuticura Remedies often. I was strongly tempted to give them a trial, so I sent for the Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent and continued taking the Resolvent until I had taken six bottles, stopping it to take the Pills. I was now getting better. I took two baths a day, and at night I let the lather of the Soap dry on. I used the Ointment with great effect after washing in warm water, to stop the itching at once. I am now cured.

"The Cuticura treatment is a blessing and should be used by every one who has itching of the skin. I can't say any more, and thank God that He has given me the world such a curative." Wm. H. Gray, 3303 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia, Pa., August 2, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation. References: H. Towns & Co., Merchants, Jersey, N. J. W. Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Humour, from Pimples to Scrophula, from Itchiness to Aggravation of Cutaneous Sores, Ulcers, and Resolvent Pills (Chocolate Coated, 100 of 60), may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Potomac, Md., U.S.A. Sole Allied Free, "How to Cure Disgusting Humours." Address, H. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

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the ebine and smart black hat; Miss D. Quick, white voile and cream hat; Miss MacGregor, navy tailor-made and blue hat; Mrs. Braithwaite (Fogland), cream voile and long driving coat; Miss Pitt, grey crepe de chine, the white vest and revers being embroidered in mauve, black hat with violets; Miss Couper, white cloth and rose-pink hat; Miss Kember, palest green alpaca and pink hat.

THE BAZAAR.

The principal event of the week is the bazaar which is being held at the Town Hall in aid of the District Nurse Fund, under the auspices of St. John Ambulance Association.

Mrs. Rhodes, who has taken the greatest interest in the work since it has been started, was instrumental in getting the bazaar up, and has been untiring in her exertions; Miss Duncan is hon. secretary, and to her much of the success which attended it is due.

The Governor and Lady Plunket formally opened it, the Governor making a neat little speech. Lady Plunket was accompanied by the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, Captain Braithwaite, Miss Almond, and the Messrs. Plunket. The latter were soon hard at work, selling boxes of sweets, chocolates, etc., which found ready purchasers. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket was helping at Mrs. Rhodes' stall, also Dr. Alice Moorhouse, from Christchurch, who came up to help. Lady Stout was helping Mrs. T. C. Williams and Miss Coates. The flower-stall, under the supervision of Mrs. Barton and Mrs. W. Barton (Featherston) was one of the most successful, and looked very bright and gay. Flowers had literally poured in from all over the country; there were also many pot plants. The tea-room was prettily decorated with a lattice of gycnery, studded with red geraniums.

Amongst those present on the opening day were Lady Plunket, who wore royal blue voile and Paris lace, hat with long white ostrich feathers; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket also wore blue voile, white furs and black hat; Miss Almond, grey tailor-made, hat with grey feathers; Mrs. Rhodes; black chiffon taffetas, handsomely embroidered coat, black toque; Mrs. Riddiford, dull petunia cloth, toque to match; Mrs. C. Johnston, navy blue braided in black, smart black hat; Mrs. Levin, cream cloth, white hat with tips; Mrs. O'Connor, black brocade, old rose toque; Miss O'Connor, soft grey dress, pink hat; Mrs. Martin, (Napier), grey muslin, black hat; Mrs. Martin, white frock, hat with roses; Mrs. Finch, navy blue, black toque; Mrs. Mitford, grey blue gown, black hat; Mrs. Stafford, black cloth piped and finished with white; Mrs. A. Duncan, floral muslin, sunburnt hat; Mrs. B. Levin, soft white frock, hat with small roses; Mrs. Thorne George (Auckland), black tailor-made, smart hat; Mrs. Abbott, white serge, small black hat; Mrs. Crawford, navy blue, with touches of plaid, white and navy; Mrs. Young, tabac brown hat with pale blue bows; Mrs. Grace, handsome black costume; Mrs. Stolt, pale blue cloth, small white hat; Mrs. Campbell, navy blue, red hat; Mrs. Fitchett, violet cloth, hat with violets; Mrs. Pearce, navy blue tailor-made.

THE RECEPTION GIVEN BY MISS GRACE PALOTTA AT THE EMPIRE HOTEL

was a very pleasant one; the hostess, who has a very bright, unaffected manner and charming smile, said nice things about Wellington and the pleasure it was to her to meet the people; she wore a corselet skirt of black velvet, white chiffon blouse with lace garniture studded with tiny gold beads, black hat with white ostrich feathers. Tea was laid on small tables prettily decorated in the dining-room, at the far end of which a string band played during the afternoon. Among those present were Miss Marie Narelle, who wore a lovely gown of white India muslin, finely embroidered, over a skirt of heliotrope taffetas, much frilled at the hem, waist belt of folded silk to match, small white chip hat, with black plumes; Mrs. Donne, finely checked brown and white silk, finished off with brown velvet, brown hat with orange bows; Mrs. Findlay, royal blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Pezgar, navy blue voile, patterned in white, black toque; her daughter, a pretty white frock, hat with pink roses; Miss Stafford, white serge, red hat; her sister, blue gown and white hat; Mrs. A. Young, navy blue voile, small white hat; Miss Stuart, white embroidered linen, hat wreathed with green; Mrs. Fitchett, beautiful coloured gown; Miss Skerrett, em-

broidered chine silk, hat with orange bows; Mrs. Chatfield, grey tailor-made, heliotrope hat; Miss Brandon, navy blue, small white hat; Mrs. Cooper, black voile, ostrich feather stole; Mrs. Langard, black brocade, bonnet with pink roses; Miss Grady, grey frock and rose-trimmed hat; Miss Kennedy, moss green voile, hat with lilac; Miss B. Miles, white serge; Miss Nelson, green frock, black hat; Miss O'Connor, pale grey, pretty pink chiffon hat; Mrs. M. Ross, grey muslin, small black hat; Miss Couper, cream serge gown, rose pink hat. OPHIELLA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, October 31.

THE GARDEN PARTY

In aid of the Melanesian and Maori Mission took place at College House, Rolleston Avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, when a large number of people attended. The lawn looked very pretty with its gaily decked tables and stalls, which were filled with articles both useful and ornamental. The bazaar was opened by Bishop Julius, who in the name of the whole diocese thanked Mrs. Carrington, and all those who so ably assisted her, in this good work. Amongst the many present I noticed Mrs and Miss Julius, Mrs Curnow, Mrs Arnold Wall, Mrs Wigram, Mrs Boyle, Mrs Bunt, Mrs and Miss Maling, Mrs and Miss Reeves, Mrs Hugh Reeves, Mrs and Miss Williams, Mrs and Miss Elworthy, Mrs and Miss Pitman, Mr and Mr P. Campbell, Miss Acland, Mrs and Miss Wilson.

A LUNCHEON

was given on Thursday by Mrs Henry Wood, Avonside, in honour of her mother and sister, Mrs and Miss Bullock, who have just returned from Sydney. The guests were Mrs John Deans, Mrs Michael Campbell, Mrs Elworthy, Mrs Leonard Harley, Mrs Palmer and Mrs G. G. Stead.

BRIDGE.

During the week small bridge parties were given by Mrs Pyne and Mrs Pitman.

THE THEATRE ROYAL

has been well attended every night since the opening of the Willoughby-Ward season, and Miss Grace Palotta has established herself a favourite with Christchurch audiences. Her gowns are lovely. A much-admired one was of black mousseline de sole, with broad bands of sequin embroidery over rich white satin. Among the patrons during the week were Mr and Miss Louisson, Mr and Mrs Harley, Mrs and the Misses Kettle, Mr and Miss Macdonald, Mrs and Miss Stead, Mr and Mrs Peter Wood, Mrs and Miss Meredith-Kaye, Mr and Miss Reece, Mrs Gower Burns, the Misses Burns, Mr and Mrs Cobham, Mrs and Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs Henry Wood, Miss Bullock, Mr and Mrs J. C. Collius.

GOLF.

The golf season closed on Saturday, when mixed foursomes competed for the Wardrop trophy.

The winners were Miss Rutherford and Mr Cotton; Mr H. H. Loughnan and Miss Symes coming second.

THE EXHIBITION.

To-morrow will see our big Exhibition open. Already there is a big buzz and hum of excitement in the air. Visitors are flocking into Christchurch from North and South to see the show, and share in the pleasures of the carnival week.

THE COMING EVENTS

The Mayoral garden party will take place at Mr and Mrs J. Craofoit Wilson's residence at Cashmere Hills, on Friday, November 2. It is greatly to be regretted that Sir John Hall is not yet strong enough to take any part in the festivities.

Mrs John Deans has sent out invitations for a garden party to be held at Lower Riccarton on Tuesday in Race week.

The Hon. C. Louisson and Mrs Louisson are giving a ball at the Art Gallery on the Thursday in race week.

Several married ladies and girls are getting up a dance which will also be held next week.

DOLLY VALE.

DELICIOUS

MELLOR'S SAUCE.

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Latest from Paris. High-class Millinery Ladies' Underlinen. Baby Linen.

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IS OUR NATIONAL DEBACLE AT HAND?

Dark Shadows That Presage Darker Coming Events—The Sin of Rifle Shooting in Schools—

Augustin Birrell's Shameful Apologia

It is quite impossible to adequately describe the shock of shame and contempt which galvanised all sections of the community in New Zealand last week, on reading the cable concerning the disgraceful and amazing apologia of Augustin Birrell, Minister of Education, to Keir Hardie, Socialistic demagogue, concerning the teaching of rifle shooting in the schools of England.

With a whine, which makes the blood boil with rage and a vicarious feeling of disgust, this precious Minister of the British Crown admits to "a dislike of teaching rifle shooting in schools." Cowering and grovelling under the lash of the labour leader's practised tongue, he comes like a whipped puppy to heel, cringingly admits a mistake, and abjectly howls a promise not to do it again.

Loyalty to the Motherland is as the very marrow of our bones in New Zealand; the fatuous talk of "cutting the painter" has seemed, and we hope ever will seem, to us the height of absurdity and folly. Yet even the most loyal must have asked themselves with a shock of pain (and unmitigated surprise) how much of crass folly and mischievous maladministration such as this could we, or, indeed, can we endure.

At the moment when the Empire is waking from its idiotic apathy with regard to National Defence, at the moment when the rising generation is beginning to feel in the stir of its young blood the glorious duty and necessity of being able to defend its birthright, is it not intolerable that the National safety should be endangered by the shouts of a noisy demagogue whose cry is "down with everything" and the puling pusillanimous palaver of a knock-kneed puking sentimental politician. Out upon such criminal folly, a curse be on all such sickly sentimentalism.

Must not old Tennyson turn in his grave and spit forth—

We are not Labour Leaders all,
But some love England in her lionour yet.

Truly the National Defence League of New Zealand was not formed too soon, and truly to its other duties it will have to add the condemning of such mischievous nonsense as that talked by a Minister of the British Cabinet. The literature below has a bearing on the subject.—Ed. "Graphic."

THE ISLANDERS

No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is above the King's.
Who speaks in your presence must say acceptable things:
Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in fear—
Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King should hear.

Pleased by your careful fathers, stung by your leader's seas,
Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
Till ye said of Sutek, "What is it?" of the Sword, "It is far from our ken;"
Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of your armed men.
Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would neither look nor heed—
Ye set your leisure before their toll and your lusts above their need.
Because of your witless leaching and your boasts of warren and chase,
Ye grudged your sons to their service and your fields for their camping place.

Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for the bricks they brought;
Ye forced them follow in byways the craft that ye never taught;
Ye hindered and hampered and crippled; ye thrust out of sight and away
Those that would serve you for honour and those that served you for pay.

Then were the judgments loosed; then was your shame revealed,
At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.
Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's long-suffering Star),
When your strong men cheered in their millions while your striplings went to the war.

Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhardened, unmet—
Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them raw from the street.
And what did ye look they should compass? Warfare? learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of Death?

Sad! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed and prize?
How are the beasts more worthy than the souls your sacrifice?
But ye said, "Their valour shall show them;" but ye said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them counts and pictures to help their hurry your loss.

And ye vaunted your fatuous power, and ye flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye favoured on the Stranger Nations for the men who could shoot and ride!
Then ye returned to your tricks; then ye contended your souls,
With the dumfounded fools at the wicket or the muddled outs at the goals.

Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the hand laid fenceless, and ye let the mouths go by
Waiting some easy wonder; hoping some saving sign—
Idle openly idle—in the lee of the foretold Line.

Idle—except for your boasting—and what is your boasting worth
If ye grudge a year of service to the lowliest life on earth?
Ancient, effortless, ordered, cyclic on cyclic set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget

If was not made with the mountains, it is not one with the deep.
Men, not gods, deposed it. Men, not gods, must keep.
Men, not children, servants, or kinfolk, called from afar,
But each man born in the island broke to the matter of war.

Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the same;
Each man born to the island entered at youth in the game—
As it were almost eager, but to be mastered in haste,
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living chaste.

As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play,
Weighted and pondered and worshipped, and practised day and day.
So ye shall little sure-guarded when the restless lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the pallid nation quake.

No, at the laggard tramps, instant your soul shall leap
Forthright, accounted, accepting—slent from the wells of sleep.
So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye shall send
Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught to the end;

Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice.
But ye say, "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "It will diminish our trade."
Do ye wait for the scattered trumpet ere ye learn how a gun is laid?

For the low, red glare to southward when the railed coast-towns burst
Till ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn;
Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even the odds,
With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and bats and rods?

Will the rabbit war with your women—the red deer horn them for hire?
Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is master of many a stir.
Aid, aloof, fanciful, unthinking, unthoughtful, get,
Will ye loose your axioms to beat them till their brow-beat columns melt?

Will ye pray them or preach them, or plait them, or batter them back from you?
Will your workmen issue a mandate told them strike no more?
Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye were idle both?)
Pride by insolence chastened? Indulgence purged by sloth?

No doubt but ye are the People; who shall make you afraid?
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods shall aid.
Adols of great gifts, but for the body's ease,
From little houses, meals and talking fetlocks;

Trophies of lust and party, and wise word-payment gods—
These shall come down to the harp and snatch you from under the rods;
From the sly, flickering gun-rod with viewless salacious root,
And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not whence they were shot.

When ye are flung as with iron, when ye are scourged as with whips,
When the meat is yet in your belly, and the boat is yet on your lips;
When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds you broke,
Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under the yoke.

No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong, and wise; (eyes,
Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld from eyes,
On your heads, in your own hands, the sin and the saving lease!

THE CANT OF ANTI-MILITARISM

[With reference to Mr Keir-Hardie's criticism of militarism in schools, the President of the Board of Education (Mr Augustus Birrell) confessed that he disliked school rifle shooting, but permission had been given in one case by way of experiment for a year, and it had also been given to four other schools through misunderstanding. Hereafter there would be no further extensions.—London cablegram, dated October 30.]

Mr. Keir Hardie is a Labour leader whose devotion to the cause of the industrial is merited a great deal of sympathy. But when Mr. Keir Hardie begins to talk about Socialism or War, we cease to appreciate him, for the simple reason that he is no longer coherent or rational. For the moment we have nothing to say about his curious brand of Socialism, but his most recent utterances on the subject of rifle shooting in and outside schools deserve rather vigorous comment. It seems that in one of the English schools, permission has been granted by the Minister for Education to incorporate drill and rifle shooting in the school syllabus. We cannot say whether this means that drill and rifle shooting were taught during school hours; but Mr. Keir Hardie's objection to Mr. Birrell's action is not based upon any technical ground. He resents the inclusion of drill and rifle shooting in the school curriculum because they savour of militarism. He denounces the Liberal Ministry and their Ministers for permitting such a step; and he urges the people of England not to allow their children to be taught "the hellish doctrine of shooting their brothers." It is difficult to take thisrodomontade seriously; but it has evidently produced such an impression on Mr. Birrell that he has replied in most apologetic terms and promised that in future no more permits of this kind shall be granted. Under the circumstances we fear that Mr. Keir Hardie's views on this subject carry some weight at home, and we regret that he and his friends are not in a position to realise the storm of ridicule and contempt which such preposterous nonsense would cause in the colonies.

We have no desire to rival Mr. Keir Hardie in the use of inflammatory language; but we venture to think that no man in his position has ever talked more insane and puerile folly than this. So far as any sane and logical meaning can be attached to this tirade, Mr. Keir Hardie's doctrine is that men are to give up war and cease to provide themselves with any means of defence against actual or possible enemies. The "hellish" practice of "shooting our brothers" is, of course, necessary in the navy as well as the army; and it must be as damnable in the one case as the other. Therefore, says Mr. Keir Hardie, disband the army, "scrap" the navy, and let the world go as it will. We must not train soldiers or sailors to defend our shores against invasion, to guard our country from dishonour, our goods from

plunder, or our wives and children from outrage and slaughter. For if we do any of these things, we may have to shoot our "brothers," and that is a "hellish" proceeding. We need not waste time in suggesting to people of Mr. Keir Hardie's type that the physical and moral effects of discipline is excellent for school boys, or that the only sure way of preserving peace is, as the Latin aphorism runs, to prepare for war. What they are concerned about is the awful iniquity involved in shooting their "brothers"; and rather than take that risk, they openly demand that the young men of the nation shall be brought up in absolute ignorance of the whole art and practice of war. Can the maudlin sentimentalism of the peace-at-any-price agitator drift closer than this to the verge of emotional insanity?

Our readers may perhaps think that we attach too much importance to this fatuous nonsense. But unhappily there is only too much reason to believe that this sickly sentiment is envenomating the British race and robbing a large section of the nation at Home of its old-time courage and vigour. When a Cabinet Minister finds it necessary to pay serious attention to this sort of thing, we may well fear for the future of the nation and the Empire. And if we look back a few years to the "stop-the-war" agitation, and the flood of literature of the "Shall I slay my brother Boer?" type that was then poured forth, we have to admit that even in the face of imminent national peril there are many men who have no appreciation of "the primary duty of self-defence." So far as British "anti-militarism" has any rational basis, it is directed against active military aggression. But if the crusade against militarism means that the principles and practice of self-defence are to be scouted and neglected lest they should enable us to kill someone who will otherwise certainly kill us, all we can say is that the people who take this tone have passed beyond the range of sane argument. We admit that "militarism" of the Continental type is in many ways a national evil, and that excessive expenditure upon army or navy is to be deprecated. But unhappily behind the piteous appeals against "conscription" and the insistent demand for "disarmament," there lurks an insidious national danger; and Mr Keir Hardie's outburst against "militarism" has brought it forth into the light of day. The fear to strike a blow in self-defence lest it should infringe some abstract moral code, the refusal to accept any responsibility for the safety of country or home or family lest it should lead to "conscription" or "militarism"; the shrinking horror of war whether in a good or evil cause—all these are prominent features in the public and social life of England to-day. And it is because they mean, when carried to their logical conclusion, national cowardice, national inadequacy, and national ruin that we hope and believe the majority of British men and women throughout the Empire will repudiate ravings of the Keir Hardie stamp with the utter contempt that they deserve.—From the "Auckland Star."

ART IN THE HOME

GRES DE FLANDRES.

THE term "Gres de Flandre" is usually applied to all stoneware vessels with a transparent glaze, dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but there is no doubt that some of this stoneware was made in England from the foreign models, chiefly at Fulham, Nottingham,

Namur and Hainault, were at that time in Flemish territory.

These stoneware vessels consist of a solid vitreous substance of intense hardness, and owing to the almost indestructible nature of the material, they have been preserved to the present time in comparatively large quantities. The decorations in relief were generally applied by means of moulds, and as the latter frequently

places in the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre, while a peculiar variety was also manufactured at Creusen, near Boireuth, in Bavaria.

It is not definitely known when the manufacture of stoneware was commenced at Raeren, but the industry flourished there during the sixteenth century and up till about 1618, when the Thirty Years' War began and prevented the exportation of this ware to Germany, where there had been a large demand. The vases made here were generally brown or greyish-whites in colour, with a central band of various relief decorations and inscriptions in blue, the usual subjects portrayed being illustrations from the Bible, peasants dancing, and armorial bearings. The necks are decorated with medallions, and the groundwork has guilloche borders and serppwork in the Renaissance style. Occasionally vases of annular shape are met with which have portraits in relief.

Engellant, No. 77." The spout is in the shape of a lion's head, and the same decoration occurs at the bottom of the handle.

A kind of stoneware seems to have been made at Siegburg as early as the thirteenth century, but these early vessels were brownish-grey in colour and of primitive shape, whereas in the sixteenth century the ware became more artistic and consisted of a fine greyish-white material, known as "terre de pipe." Some of the vessels or cannettes are cylindrical in form, and have handles and long spouts fastened to the neck by means of a scroll or flat piece of clay. The decorations include coats of arms, masks, and elaborate arabesques; the jug shown in figure 2 is an example of Siegburg ware.

At Grenzhausen and Hohr a greyish blue stoneware of fine quality was manufactured, and many vessels bear the

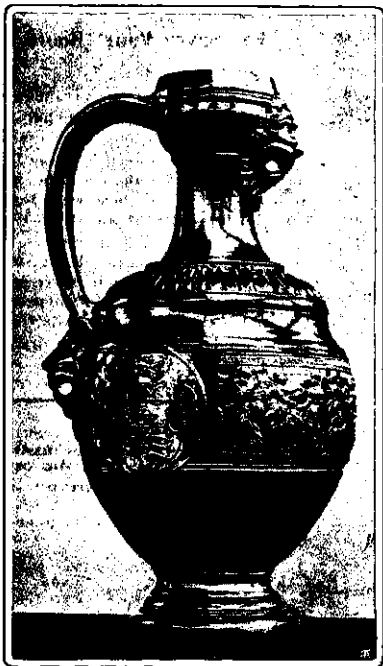
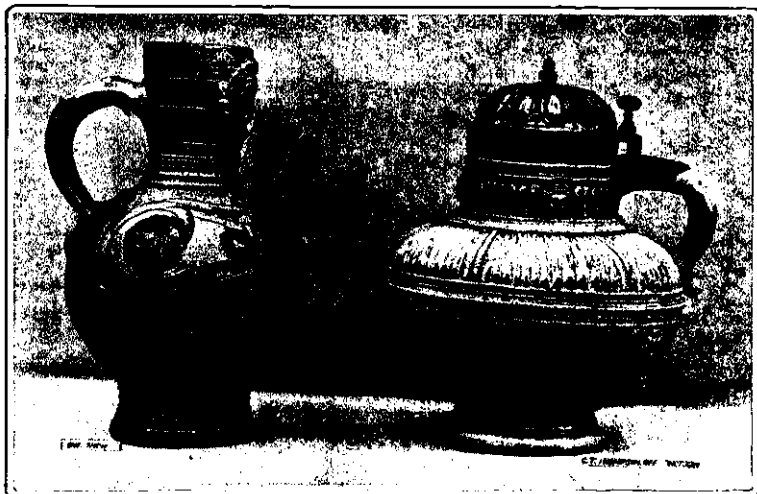


Fig. 1. EWER, RAEREN WARE.



HOHR-GRENZHAUSEN CRUCHE. Fig. 2. SIEGBURG JUG.

and, possibly, York. Within the present geographical boundaries of Flanders this stoneware could not have been made, as the materials necessary for its production do not exist in the Valley of the Scheldt, but during the sixteenth century (the principal period of manufacture) Flanders included all the Low Countries (Pays Bas), and therefore all the principal factories, whether in Lemberg or Brabant, or in the counties of

bore the date, and were used for several years in succession, it follows that the vessels were not always made in the year indicated, while it is by no means uncommon to meet with a piece which bears two different dates.

The principal factories were those at Raeren, Siegburg, Grenzhausen, Hohr, and Frechen, though an inferior kind of stoneware was made at Dinant, Chatelet, Verviers, Nemur, Buffoulx, and other

The ewer shown in figure 1 is a remarkably fine example of Raeren ware, and bears the date 1577, and an inscription, meaning "I submit to God's will, Master Balder Monnicken, potter, dwelling at Raeren. Patience under suffering." On the central band are personifications in relief of the seven liberal arts and the seven virtues, and on each side there is a circular medallion of the arms of England with the inscription, "Wapen, von

initials "G. R." which stand for Guillaume III. of Orange-Nassau, King of England. Those intended for the English market were sometimes decorated with portraits of William III. and his Consort, Mary of York, and bore an inscription meaning, "In our Dutch garden thus flourish the oranges and roses." The cruche shown in figure 2 is an example of this ware, and has a grotesque mask on the neck, while the body is



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

decorated with incised lines and scroll-work in slight relief.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, owing to a dread of fire, the authorities at Cologne prohibited the stoneware potters from carrying on their work within the walls of the town, and the industry was then transferred to Frechen. The ware made here was very artistic, and usually spherical in form. The jugs and vases generally have a central band with Gothic letters, and medallions or other ornaments on the body of the piece, while during the latter part of the sixteenth century arms and rosettes were employed for decorative purposes. The most familiar examples of Frechen ware are the curious brown jugs with rotund bodies and narrow necks, named in derision after the hated Cardinal Bellarmine, who made himself so notorious for the persecution of the Reformers in the Netherlands. These jugs are often known as "grey-beards," or "long-beards," and generally have a human face with a long beard on the neck, though this is sometimes replaced by a coat-of-arms or a seal. The texture is not unlike that of a modern drain pipe, and the surface is covered with a rich brown glaze, which, if well mottled, is highly prized by collectors.

At Cruessen most of the ware was decorated with brilliant colours, and had painted enamel inscriptions, but in some instances merely a dark brown glaze was employed, with ornaments of the same colour in relief. Both the pieces illustrated in figure 3 are decorated in colours, and have pewter lids, an addition which often occurs on these Continental stoneware vessels. The Cruessen pieces known in Germany as "mourning jugs" are ornamented with guillochs and

metallic surfaces by inlaying, only this new method enables combinations of metals to be made which have hitherto been thought impossible, and the result is different from anything which has previously been obtained in art metal work, as the designs are not only inlaid, but they are raised at the same time, and the metals blended together form a variety of alloys of many colours and

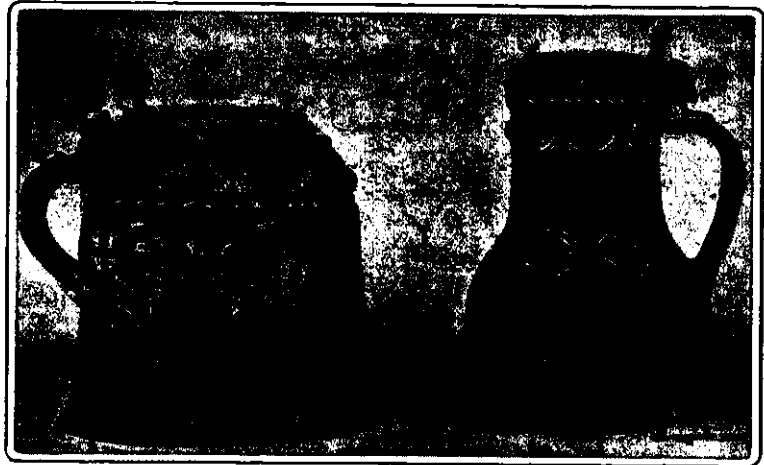
such as panels; and is so very decorative that it can be put to a variety of uses and will be appreciated by architects and decorators alike.

Girls Reading.

Girls of the sweet seventeen age are "going in," as they themselves would say, for Dumas. The headmistress of a large girls' school has stated that "The Three Musketeers" is the most popular volume in the school library. Certainly it is better that Miss Romantic Seventeen should read Dumas than buy photographs of actors, however handsome they may be.—"The Book Monthly."

To Save Your Boots.

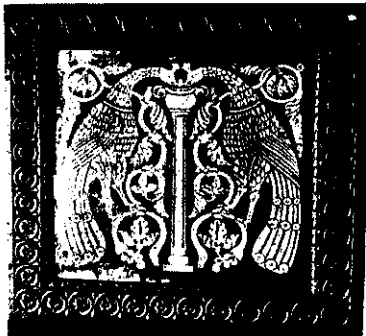
Women with small dress allowances always find that their boot bill is a somewhat heavy item in their expenditure. They can reduce it by using boot-trees. These not only keep the boots in shape and make them wear longer, but they stretch out the leather and prevent its forming deep creases, and when cracking. The same boots should not be worn every day; it is far better economy to have at least two pairs in use, and on taking off one pair to put them at once on the trees to dry and resume their proper shape.



Cruche with pewter cover.

Jug with pewter cover.

Fig. 3.—CREUSSEN WARE.



AN INLAID PANEL.

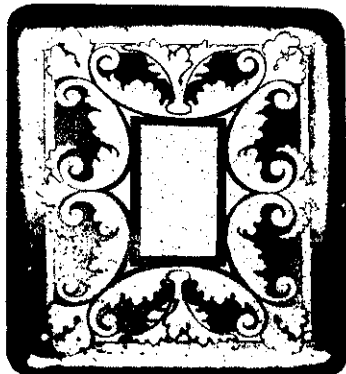
bands in black and white, sometimes relieved by gilding, while other favourite subjects included hunting and Biblical scenes, particularly of Christ and the Apostles.

METALLIC ORNAMENTATION.

From the earliest times the process of inlaying metals with other metals such as gold and silver has been known and practised by the ancient nations, the art being called damascening, from Damascus, where it seems to have originated. A very similar result is obtained by the Sherardising process lately introduced by Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles which is applied to the decoration of

tints. The process consists of burning one metal into another at a temperature below the melting point of any of the metals employed, thus enabling a large variety of effects to be obtained, while the thickness and depth to which the metals can be inlaid and overlaid can be controlled at the will of the operator. A very pleasing effect is obtained by the inlaying of a copper tray with zinc, the materials being so arranged that a portion of the copper is converted into gold-coloured brass, or, again, by altering the preliminary treatment and varying the length of time of stoving, it is possible to get very fine effects, ranging from silver white zinc to red copper.

This style of metallic ornamentation lends itself especially well to bold work



A COPPER LIQUEUR TRAY INLAID WITH ZINC.

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The Art of Going to Sleep.

By a Lady Doctor.


When ladies come down to breakfast they not infrequently declare they "haven't slept a wink," or that they "kept awake for hours, thinking," statements made in all honesty, but nevertheless inaccurate. In the first case slumber came, but it was all broken up by semi-conscious intervals of daylight worries or the results of careless living. In the second case, there was "trying" to think, not thinking, but thoughts undisciplined all day could not suddenly be put to flight and remained haunting the pillow. The desultory and unscientific mode of life affected by modern women is in a great measure responsible for the sleeplessness of to-day.

Now, sleep is a condition of complete repose of every limb, organ, nerve, muscle, and gland; a little sleeping child is a good picture of such mental and physical repose. But contrast this with the adult whose limbs are drawn up, forehead contracted, hands clenched. The child has "dropped" off to sleep naturally, and the adult has struggled into it. The enormous influence of habit on the

periodicity and prolongation of sleep seems but dimly apprehended, whereas the subtle force of carefully and progressively habit inevitably leads to the needed repose. The habit of abstraction, once formed, will become automatic; each and every kind of mental exertion will be banished at the time when natural law decrees repose of the brain centres.

A succession of sleepless nights in one who has had hitherto good nights will create the morbid idea that she cannot sleep, and the surest way to keep awake is to go to bed with such an idea up-most.

Substitute, or rather institute, the idea that sleep will come, and in a few weeks it will be impossible to keep awake. Don't count sheep or give way to any of the old nostrums. Leave those to people unable to control their thinking powers. Once in bed, voluntarily relax every muscle—prepare for sleep; expect it and think about nothing, i.e., voluntarily "make the mind a blank." Though this may seem difficult or impossible, it can be done, and sleep is already claiming you. Do let your mind dwell on the fact that you have to go to sleep; let sleep possess you.



THE NEW

P.D.

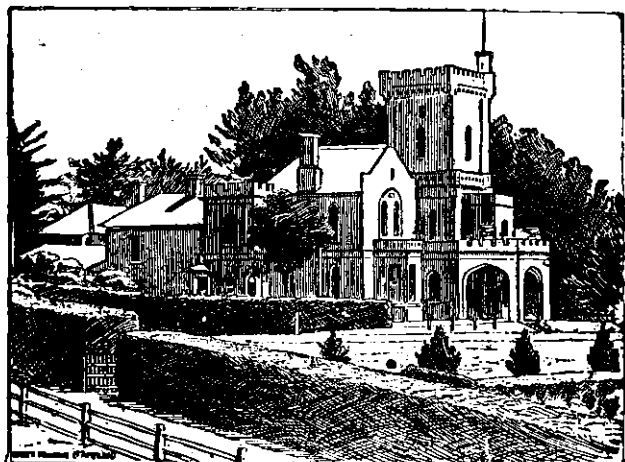
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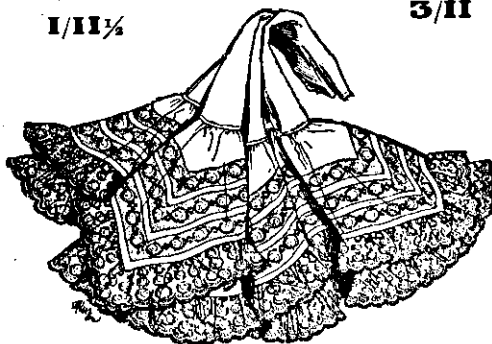
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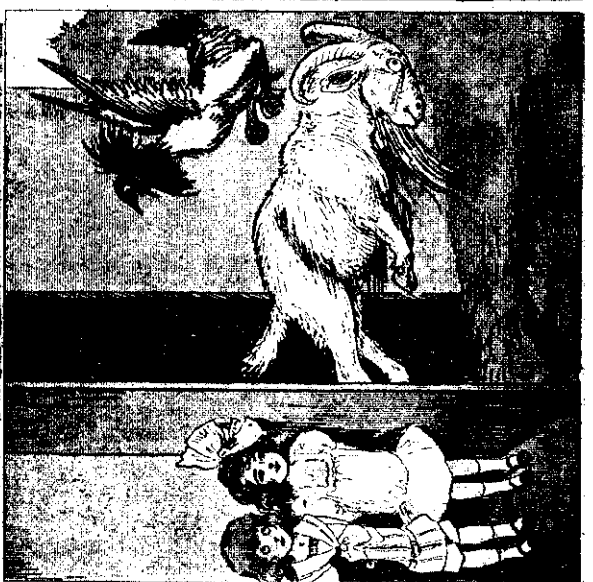
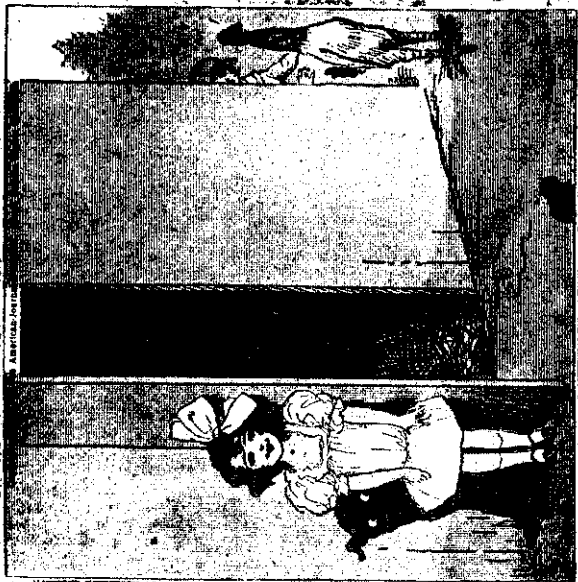


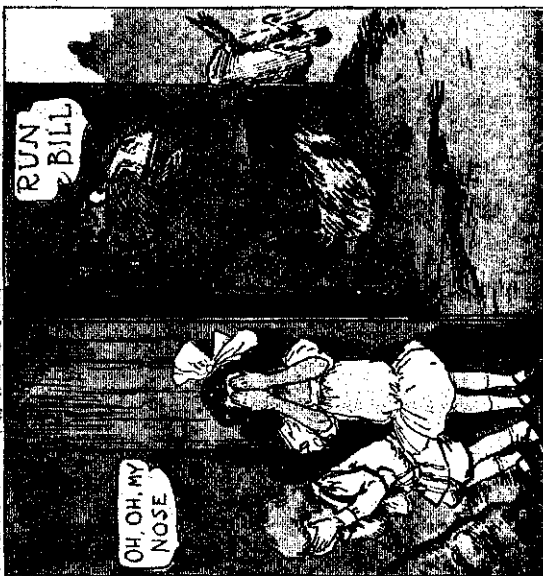
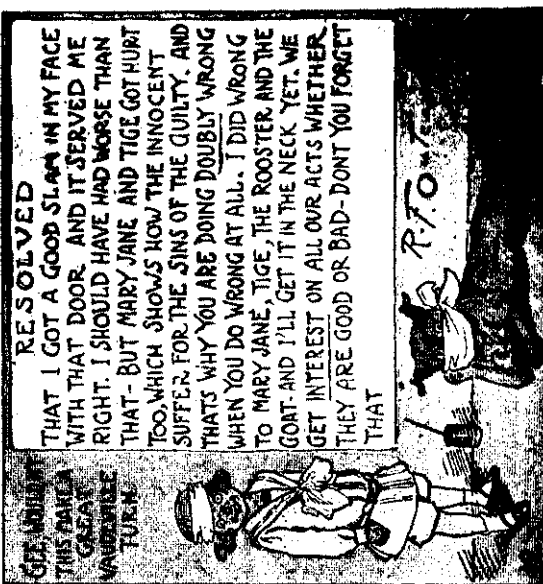
B. J. M. KEMP

Merchant Tailor

Queen and Swanson St.
AUCKLAND.

Why Is A Goat Nasty?



surry; so ashamed. I left th m nice and clean and expected to see them waving to you from the porch."

"Mrs. Hewlett poked her head through a tangle of arms and small bodies and smiled happily. Her hat was tilted ruthlessly over one ear and her cheeks, flushed and rosy, bore grimy evidence of the dastardly work of her assailants.

"Why," she said contentedly, "if they hadn't done something like this I'd have been worried almost to death."

tossed them into the carriage, where they attacked with fresh energy a lady who occupied the rear seat.

Aunt Emma, viewing the look-up from the front seat, was dumb with horror. The cowardice of Patrick, who made no effort to save his passengers from the banality, was abominable. He merely grinned. For a full minute the attack raged and then Aunt Emma recovered eye-oh.

"Oh, Louise," she cried. "I am so

"Hands up! Money or y'r life!"

"Hands up!" echoed a voice from the gully, as its owner scrambled out into the road.

"Hands up! Ma-ma! Pa-pa!"

Mr. Hewlett leaped from the carriage and stood rigid, his hands high above his head. Three robbers, dirty, tattered, and brutal, fell upon him at once, seized him by the waist and endeavoured to climb him as though he were a tree. One by one he overcame them, kissed them and

Just, almost under the forelegs of the horse, which was pulled up with a jerk and a muttered exclamation from Patrick. Almost instantly there came a third arrival, tripping at the top of the embankment and making spectacular revolutions like a pin-wheel, which landed it on top of the postulate one in the gully.

The dust-begrimed figure in the road scrambled to its feet, brandished a stick to which it had clung desperately in its descent, and shouted:

wooled embankments, and now headed directly toward the house.

A big-pitched yell broke the stillness. It came from the shrubbery at the left of the road and was immediately followed by a small figure that plunged abruptly into view, endeavoured to descend the embankment in two strides and fell headlong in the gully by the roadside, as a result. A second yell was followed immediately by a second figure, whose momentum carried it sprawling into the

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portable brick trot. Three of the occupants were in animated conversation; the fourth was flicking flies with the end of the whip. The afternoon, now grown late, was as quiet as Sunday; there was a play of yellow sunshine through the trees that shaded the road and a low-scented breeze stirred the leaves very gently. The carriage turned into a narrow way, bordered by high and closely

BREAK AWAY, THE BELL RANG

I THINK I'LL JUST PEEP OUT AND SEE WHAT THEY ARE DOING

GET WHIPPED THIS PARK A GREAT MANDARIN TUNING

OH, OH, MY NOSE

RUN Z BILL

RESOLVED THAT I GOT A GOOD SLAM IN MY FACE WITH THAT DOOR AND IT SERVED ME RIGHT. I SHOULD HAVE HAD WORSE THAN THAT - BUT MARY JANE AND TIGE GOT HURT TOO, WHICH SHOWS HOW THE INNOCENT SUFFER FOR THE SINS OF THE GUILTY, AND THATS WHY YOU ARE DOING DOUBLY WRONG WHEN YOU DO WRONG AT ALL. I DID WRONG TO MARY JANE, TIGE, THE ROOSTER AND THE GOAT - AND I'LL GET IT IN THE NECK YET. WE GET INTEREST ON ALL OUR ACTS WHETHER THEY ARE GOOD OR BAD - DONT YOU FORGET THAT

R.T.O.F.



ON THE DUNDEE EXPRESS.
 Guard (searching for lost property puts his head inside the carriage door):
 "Hae ye a black mackintosh in there?"
 Passenger: "Na, we're a' Red Macgregora."

ELATED.
 "They are having an engagement dinner at the Brown's to-night."
 "Who is engaged?"
 "A new cook."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.
 Teacher: What are bills payable?
 Bright Boy: Bills that ought to be paid, but ain't.

HAD BEEN IN THE PARK.
 Teacher: "Now, Tommy, can you name one of the commandments?"
 Small Boy: "Please, ma'am, 'Keep off the grass.'"



HISTORIC NOTE.
 Boarder Warfare.

AMONG GIRLS.
 Patience: "Would you believe she was twenty eight?"
 Patrice: "Oh, yes; I believed it the first summer I heard it."

FOR ACCURACY'S SAKE.
 Tomdickon: "Did you ever see Miss Plumpleigh in her new bathing-suit?"
 Hurry: "No, but I've seen most of her sticking out of it."

SOCIETY THERMOMETER.
 Ethel: "How long have the Newly-riches been in society?"
 Bob: "From the way they play golf, I should judge about two days."

EXPLAINED.
 "Twist beggar man and man of wealth. The difference is not immense; The former lives upon his rags, The latter on his rents."



WHY THE KID WAS LATE.
 The Stork: I can't help it if I am expected; I've simply got to rest.



"Hay! What's the rumpus down there?"
 "I'm lost, and I want to stay here all night."
 "Wall, why in time don't you stay there then, and not make such a thunderin' noise about it?"



TANGIBLE EVIDENCE.
 "Oh, my boy, you don't believe in Heaven? Dear me! Do you believe in Hell?"
 "Sure. I git it roost all the time."