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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1906

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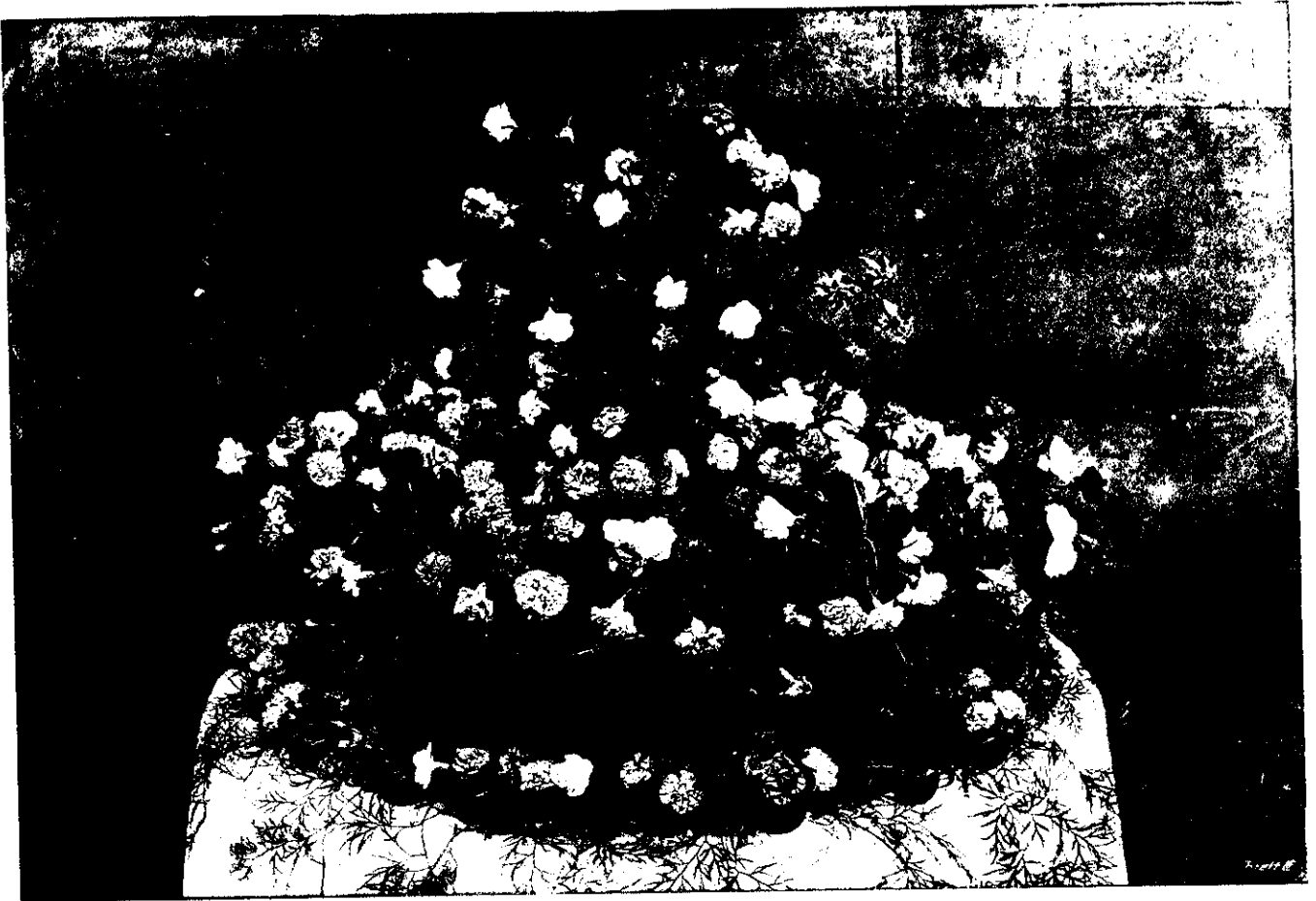
THE LADY SLAVEY.

The 20th century mistress to her "house assistant": "Oh, dear Miss Cholomondoley-Grubbs! how sweetly you play; and that delightful little song 'The Bird in the Gilded Cage.' I have just brought you and Mr Barclay some afternoon tea. How good of him to come in and relieve the monotony. You must be quite worn out after feeding those wretched canaries. Don't trouble about dinner, dear; I'll see to that, and my husband will wash up."



Photograph sent by Mr Rowland Cluho.

COCOANUT GROVE IN THE BEAUTIFUL HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.



MR H. BRETT'S TABLE DECORATED WITH CARNATIONS.



MRS G. J. MACKAY'S DECORATED TABLE.

THE EARLY SUMMER FLOWER SHOW IN AUCKLAND.

SOME FINE EXHIBITS AMONGST THE SPLENDID DISPLAY BY THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.



THE HON. GEORGE FOWLDS, M.H.R. LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW WARD FOR LACURABLES AT THE COSTLY HOME, AUCKLAND.

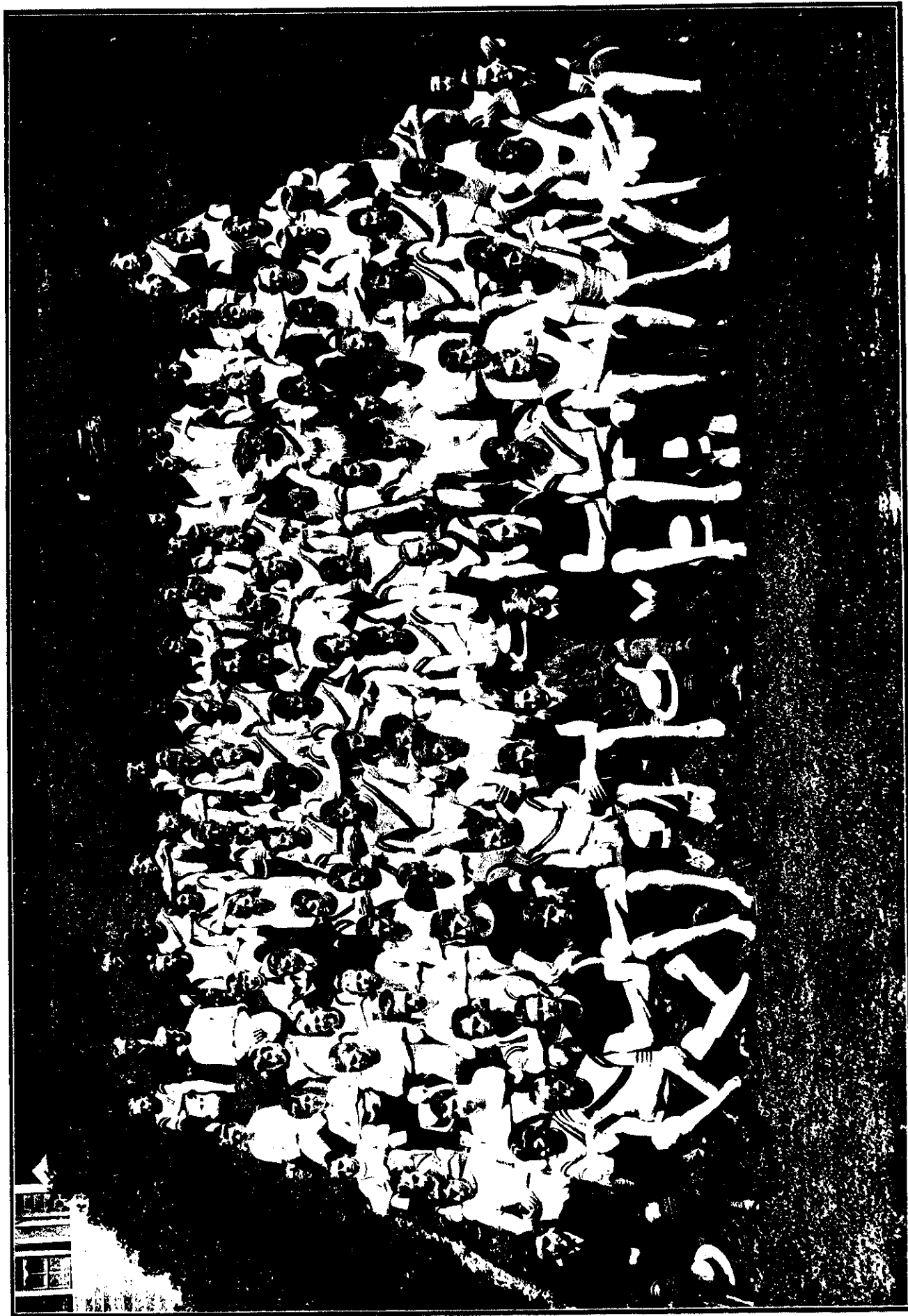
This will be the first institution of its kind here and will have accommodation for thirty-three inmates.



Schoof, photo.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE TEACHING STAFF.



WELLINGTON COLLEGE ANNUAL SPORTS.

SCHOLARS AND COMPETITORS.

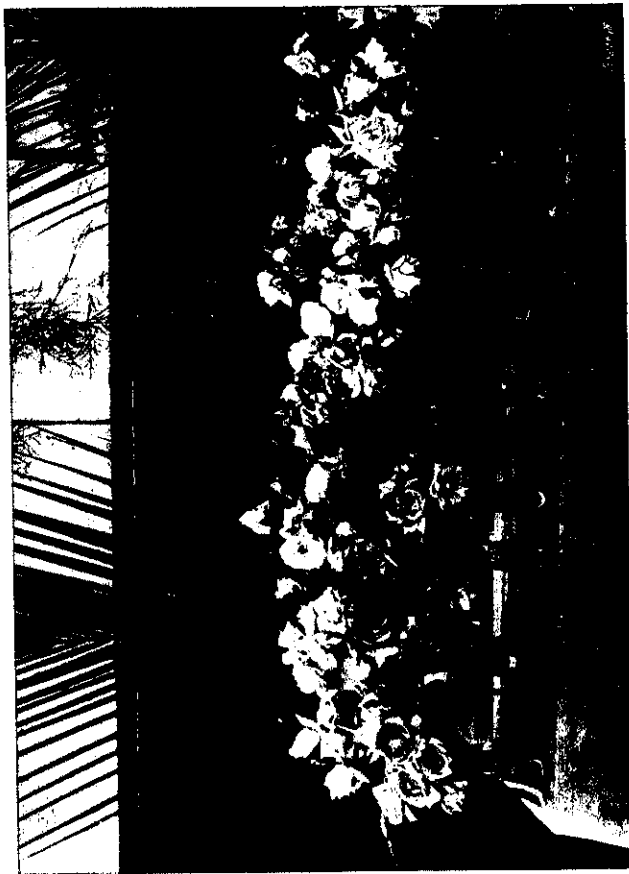
Schaefer, photo.



CHAMPION ROSE IN OPEN CLASS, "MIDM. VERMOREL" (YELLOW), GROWN BY MR LIPPIATT, OF OTAHUHU.



CHAMPION ROSE IN AMATEUR CLASS, "WHITE COCHET," GROWN BY MR T. U. WELLS, AUCKLAND.



ONE OF MESSRS D. HAY AND SONS TABLES OF ROSES.



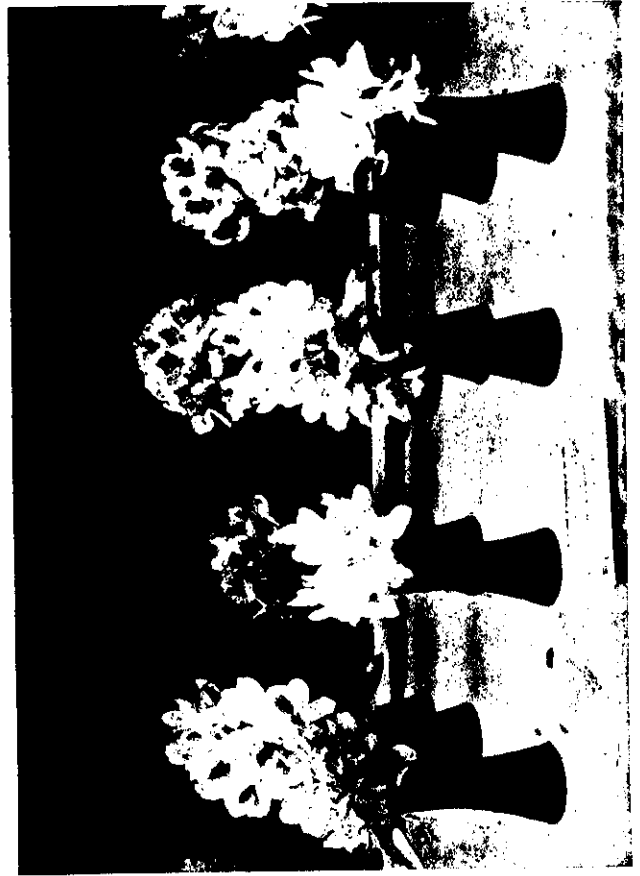
FIVE PRIZE BOUQUETS IN CHILDREN'S CLASS.

made by Rita Peek, Mabel Chatwyn, Eric Harper, Harold Keesing, and Trilby Broughton.

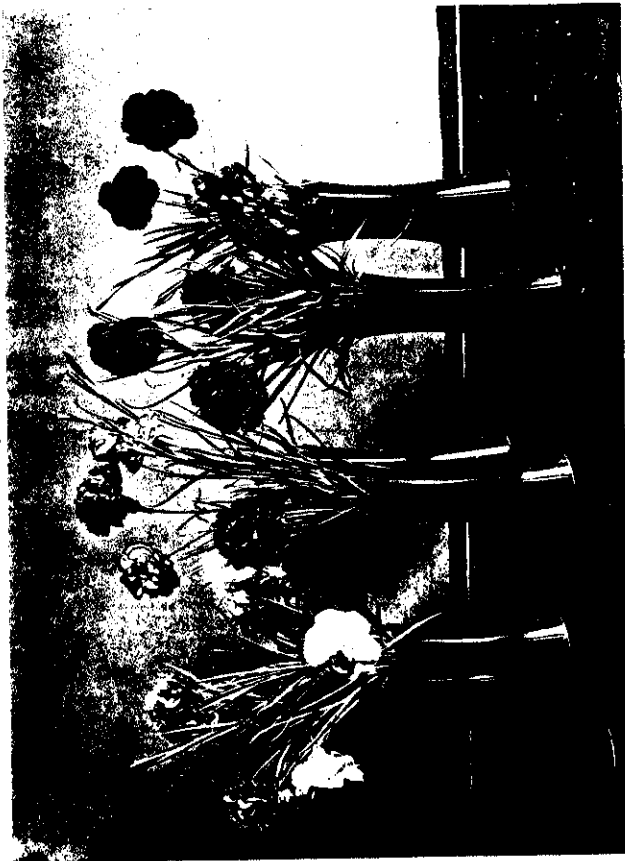
THE EARLY SUMMER FLOWER SHOW IN AUCKLAND.



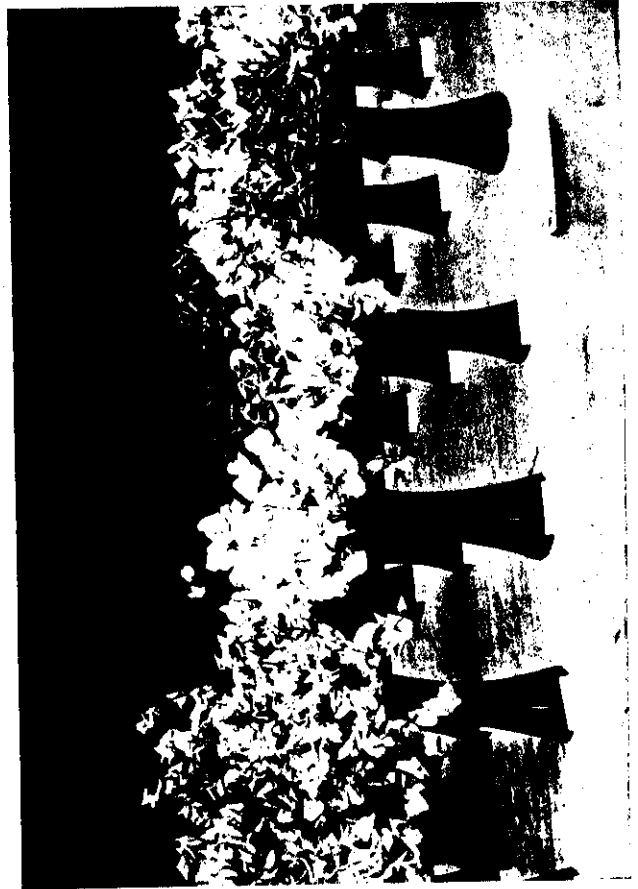
AMARYLLIS EXHIBITED BY MESSRS BENNETT AND GREEN.



FIRST PRIZE RHODODENDRONS SHOWN BY MR H. E. SHARP.



MR H. BRETT'S FIRST PRIZE CARNATIONS.
Varieties: Much the Miller, Voltaire, Estelle, King Edward, Hildago, Mrs. Croker.



MR H. BRETT'S FIRST PRIZE SWEET PEAS, 36 VARIETIES.

THE EARLY SUMMER FLOWER SHOW IN AUCKLAND.

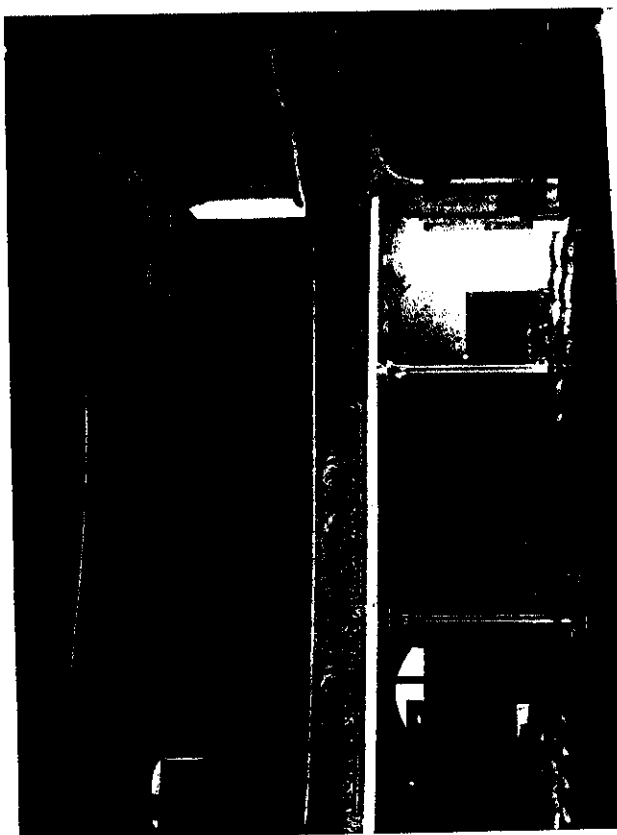


MISS GRACE PALOTTA.

THE BEAUTY ACTRESS, IN "THE MAN FROM MEXICO," OPENING AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, AUCKLAND, DECEMBER 3rd.



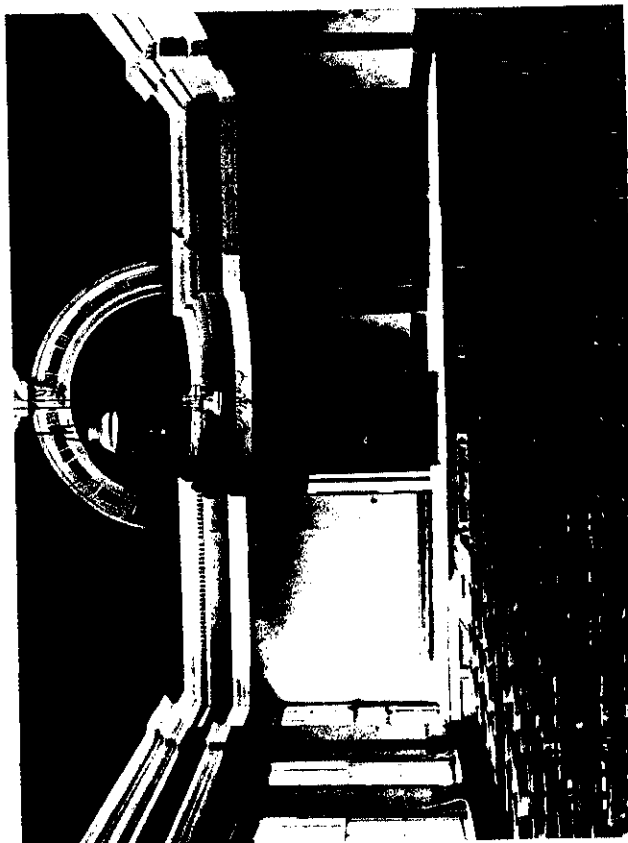
SIR J. G. WARD AND PARTY AT THE A.C.M. ROOMS AFTER THE CEREMONY.



AUDITORIUM OF THE OPERA HOUSE FROM THE STAGE.



ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR.



THE VICTORIA HALL IN THE NEW BUILDING.

OPENING OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND OPERA HOUSE, INVERCARGILL.



FIRST PRIZE BASKETS DECORATED BY LILIAN PEEL AND EILEEN BROWN.



MRS C. S. McDONALD'S EXHIBIT OF CUT FLOWERS.

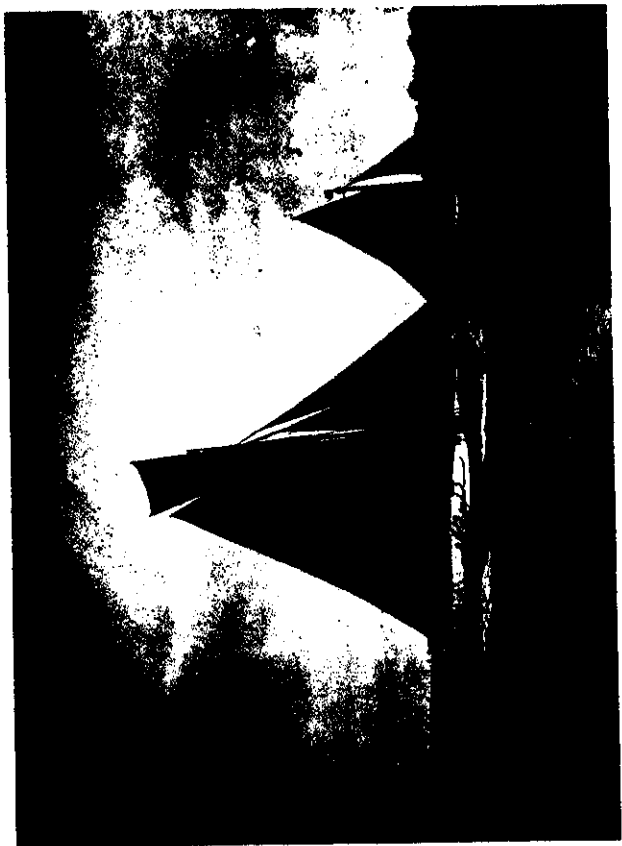


THREE PLACED EXHIBITS IN THE SIX VARIETIES CLASS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: F. J. BROWN SECOND PRIZE, T. C. WELLS FIRST PRIZE, H. F. EDGAR THIRD PRIZE.



THE FIRST PRIZE DECORATED TABLE, DONE WITH WILD FLOWERS BY MRS E. S. HARVEY.

THE EARLY SUMMER FLOWER SHOW IN AUCKLAND.

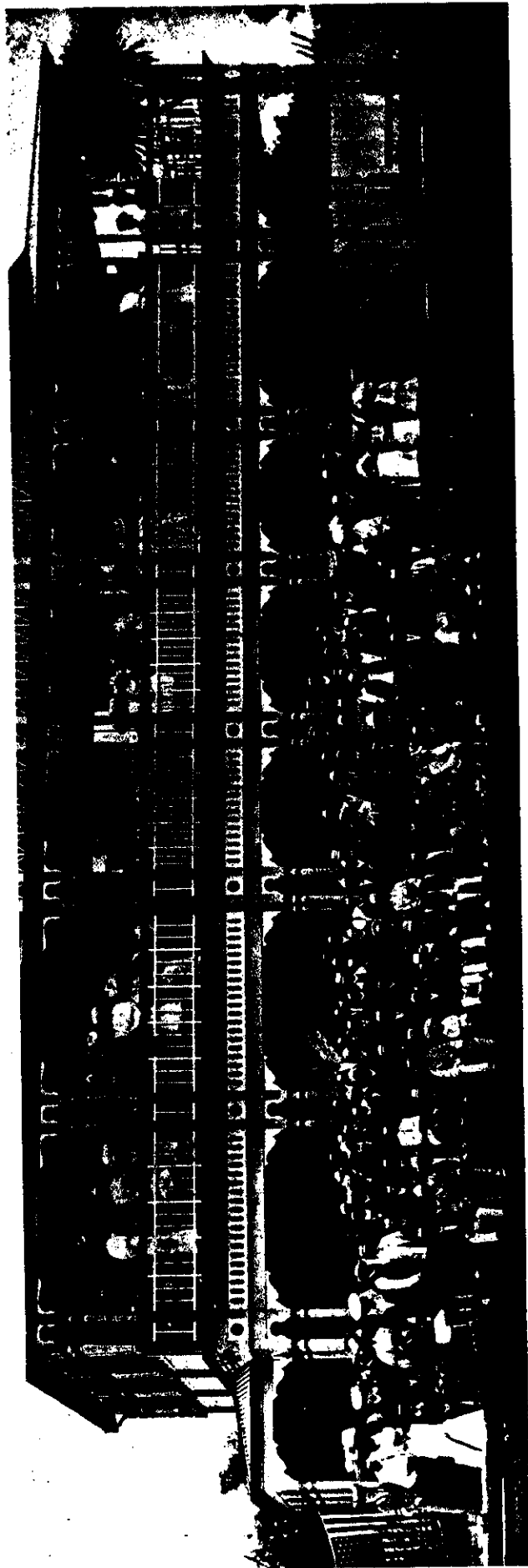


NGATIRA AND MAHAU IN THE 32ft. AND UNDER CLASS.
 Won by Waitere, Queenie being second and Janet third.



START FOR THE OVER 32ft. HANDICAP.
 Ariki, the winner, leading. Rainbow took second prize and Monna third.

ROYAL NEW ZEALAND YACHT SQUADRON'S FIRST RACES OF THE SEASON.



MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE REMUERA BOWLING CLUB AT THE OPENING OF THE GREEN LAST SATURDAY.

H. Wulfeimann, photo.

F. B. Roberts, photo.

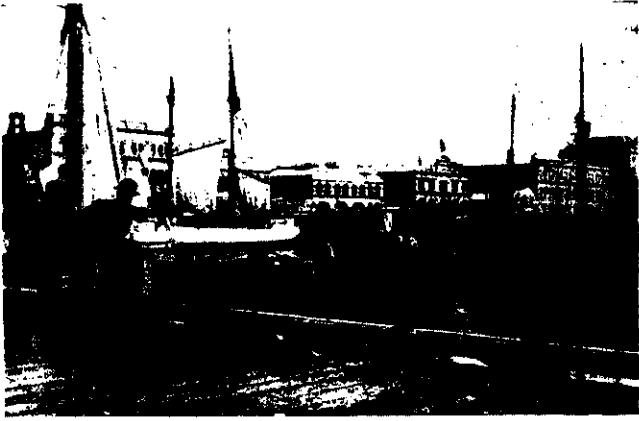


MANUKAU-ROAD, NEWMARKET. A BUSY SUBURBAN SHOPPING THOROUGHFARE.



KYBER PASS AND ST. SEPULCHRE'S CHURCH.

AUCKLAND'S SUBURBAN STREETS.



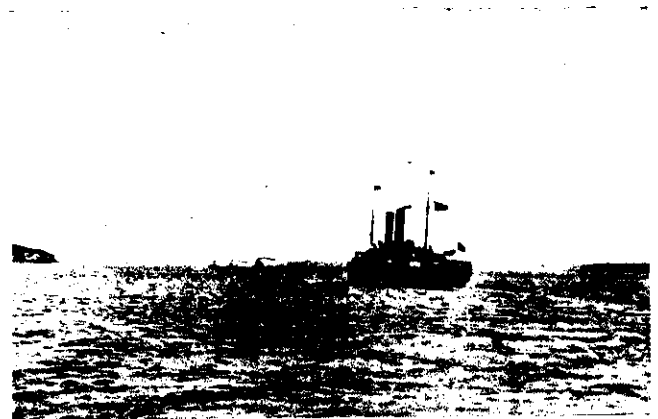
BLASTING OUT ROCKS NEAR THE RAILWAY WHARF.



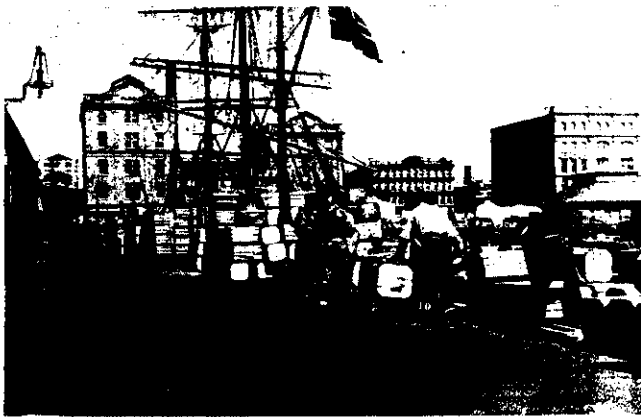
PRODUCE FOR SYDNEY BY THE SS MANUKA.



IN THE GRAVING DOCK.



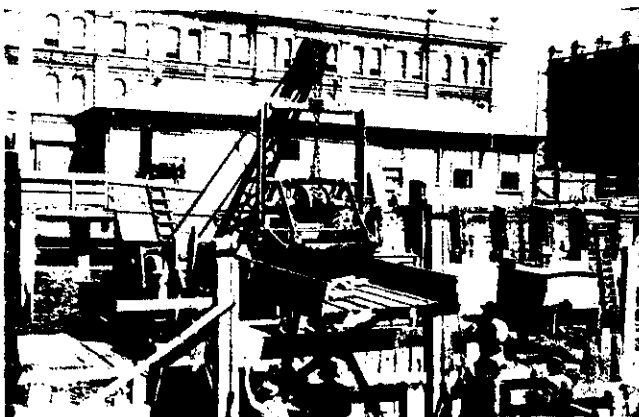
THE SONOMA OFF TO SAN FRANCISCO.



POTATOES ALL THE WAY FROM AMERICA.



EVENING.



BUILDING NEW WALL, QUAY STREET.



UNLOADING THE MAIL BOAT.

ROUND THE WATERFRONT, AUCKLAND.



A. E. Wilkinson, photo, Wanganui.
W. WEBB, CHAMPION AMATEUR SCULLER OF NEW ZEALAND,
 who is now getting into form to row James Stanbury, the famous
 Australian on the Wanganui River at Christmas for £200 a-side.



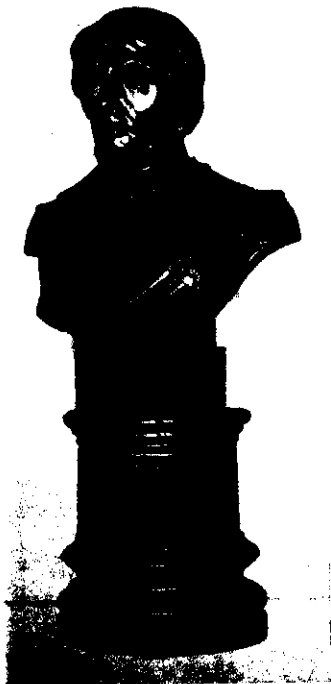
Photo. by Captain Maxwell, of the Matatua.
BURNING OF THE HAVERSHAM GRANGE.

On October 23 the Shaw Savill steamer Matatua (which arrived in Auckland last week) when off Capetown fell in with the Greenock steamer Havesham Grange, bound from New York to Australia, which was on fire. The Matatua took off the crew and landed them at Capetown. The Havesham Grange was completely destroyed, the loss on vessel and cargo being about £300,000.



"GOOD VALUE": THE BRESOCIANS, WHO PROVIDE THE MUSICAL PART OF THE PROGRAMME AT THE WEST-BRESOCIAN SHOW.

LEYS INSTITUTE GYMNASIUM SPORTS AT PINE ISLAND.



BUST OF NELSON.

made from copper from the famous flagships Nelson and Foudroyant, presented to the city of Auckland by the Rev. R. E. Matthews, representative of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, who came to New Zealand at the invitation of the late Mr Seddon, to arrange the Victory stall at the New Zealand Exhibition.

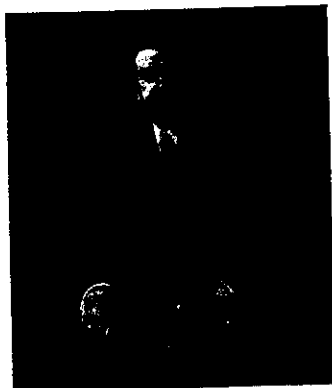
The bust is mounted on a pedestal of polished oak from the Victory, and the whole stands about 12 1/2 in high. Upon the pedestal, on a brass plate, is the following inscription:—"England expects every man to do his duty." October 21, 1805. October 21, 1905. This bust of Nelson, standing on Victory oak, and containing copper taken from his historic ship, is presented to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Patron, Vice-Admiral H.R.H. Prince of Wales, K.G., to the corporation of Auckland, and is associated with the New Zealand International Exhibition, 1906-7, and the 101st anniversary of the death of Nelson. "Thank God, I have done my duty." E.R. VII."



THE ARRIVAL AT PINE ISLAND.

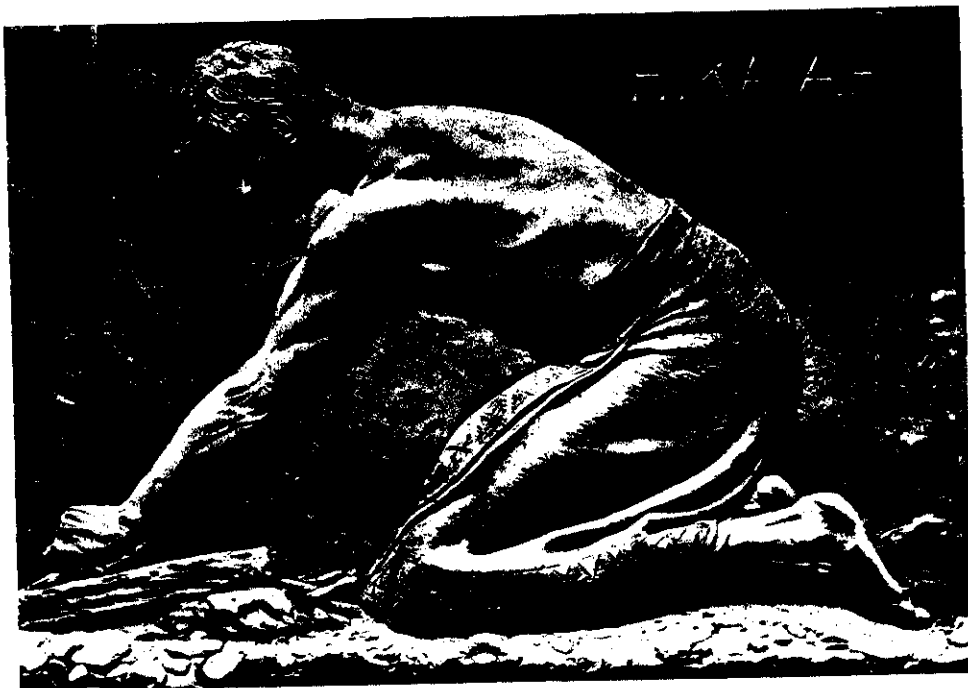


THE TUG OF WAR.



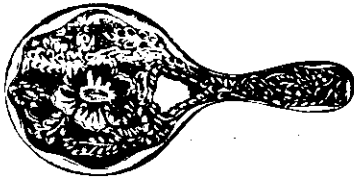
MAYOR SCHMITZ OF SAN FRANCISCO,

who, together with Abe Rueff, the notorious "boss," has been indicted on charges of extortion by threatening to withdraw saloon keepers' licenses.



UIKA ABI (FIRE MAKING).

Bas relief illustrating the ancient Maori method of obtaining fire by friction, modelled by Mr J. McDonald for the base of his Maori statuary group at the Christchurch Exhibition.



G4467—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newes Design, 9 in. long, 37/8. Other designs at 25/-, 27/6, 30/- upwards.

STEWART DAWSON & CO.,
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145 and 148 Queen Street, AUCKLAND.
Our variety makes suitable selection easy.
Our Goods are Marked in Plain Figures at Cash Prices. Our Illustrated Booklet is sent Free to all.
Goods posted free to any address.



F7760—Silver Hair Brush, 5 1/2 in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6. Great variety of others at 15/6, 22/6, 25/- upwards.



G4750—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 16/6.



No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 12/6.



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



No. G4022—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trunk Box, 17/6.



G6020—Gent's Silver Backed Military Brush "Ang 1 Choir" design, 22/6. Other designs at 21/-, 22/6, 27/6.



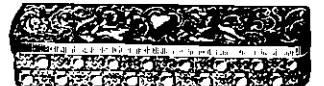
F7769—Silver-backed "Watteau" design Cloth and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 18/6 each.



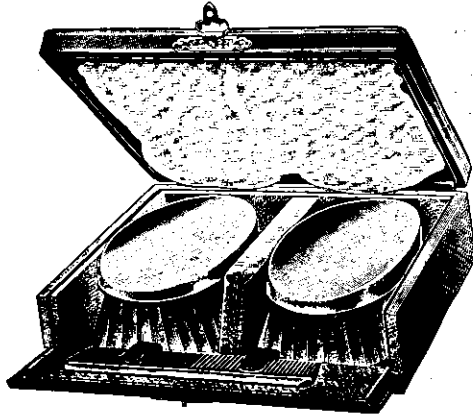
G1269—Fine Seal Purse, Manilla Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 19/6.



G5852—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.



G1262—Cut Glass and Solid Silver Jar. Box, Two Sizes, 5 1/2 in. long 10/6; 5 in. long 14/6.



G1506—Case containing 2 Gent's Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Racks and Comb, 23/10/-.



F8747—Solid Silver-mounted Comb, 7 1/2 in. long, 8/6. Great selection of others, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6 up to 21/-.



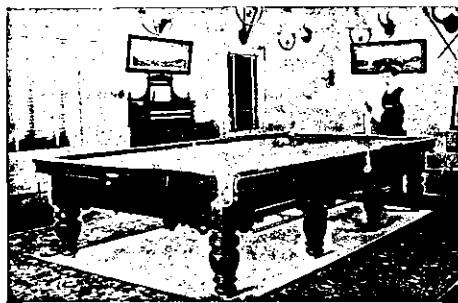
G5285—Solid Silver and Best Steel Manly Set, in Morocco Case, 22/7/6. Other sets at 21/-, 25/-, 27/6 upwards.



G9672—Case containing Beautiful Set of 2 Hair Brushes, Clothes Brush, Hat Brush, Mirror and Comb, all mounted in Solid Silver, 410/10/-.

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BILLIARD TABLES AND
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Telephone 1225 We make all sized Tables. Price List on application.

Makers of the renowned Champion Low Cushions. Our Champion or Atmospheric Low Cushions Fit to any Table.
FULL-SIZED TABLES all Prices.
Hotels, Clubs, Private Gentlemen, before purchasing elsewhere will find it to their advantage by giving us a call.
All Billiard Requisites kept in Stock.
A Specialty for Private Houses.
PARLOUR BILLIARD TABLES Slate Bed and Fast Low Cushions, from £10. Can be placed behind the door when not in use.
So manufacturers of the most perfect elevating Billiard Dining Table in the world.

GOOD SUNLIGHT SOAP
Good healthy odour.

Good soap emits a good healthy odour from the wash tub. Sunlight Soap has a good healthy odour, for Sunlight Soap is good.

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Mr. J. J. PADEREWSKI says—
"Play only on an ERARD whenever obtainable."



"ERARD"



By Royal Warrants to His Majesty the King, Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Princess of Wales.

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The Firm of ERARD have obtained the Highest Honours and Gold Medals at all the principal Exhibitions during the last century, except when, owing to the high official position occupied by the firm, their exhibits have been placed *hors concours*, as was the case in the Paris Exhibition, 1900.
The DURABILITY of the ERARD Pianoforte is proverbial, and is one of its most valuable characteristics. While many instruments are worthless after a few years' use, the ERARD can be effectually restored to its original excellent condition when 30 or even 50 years old.

SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH NEW ZEALAND

The English and Foreign Piano Agency, Limited

(S. GOLDICUTT, Manager).

191 Queen Street (near H.M. Theatre), Auckland.

[COPYRIGHT STORY.]

Man and Maid: A Garden Idyll

By Justin Huntly McCarthy, author of "If I Were a King." Etc.

AS the man was going out of the house into the garden, the maid was coming from the garden to the house. The man stood in the space of the open French windows, with the cool gloom of the library behind him. The maid paused on the grass plot, irresolutely resolute, affecting surprise to see the man, who was honestly surprised to see her, and honestly glad of it, and honestly sorry for it, all in a breath. She was all white, and he thought that the white butterflies fluttering near her, and the white pinks that filled the air with fragrance seemed a share of her bright essence. The grey sundial behind her accentuated her youth, the glowing lawns illuminated her beauty. Beyond and below the river gleamed, deserted by the nymph.

"Hulloa," he said vaguely, blinking a little, for the noontide light was strong after the cloistered quiet of the book-room. "I thought there was nobody about." Once again he felt fiercely glad and fiercely sorry that he was wrong. "There is nobody but I," the girl answered glibly, then added, as an hurried afterthought, "And you." Her blue eyes smiled on him with a kind of fine malice in their smile that puzzled him. They were not very good friends, these two: their house-party acquaintance of eight days had not ripened from its initial crudity, which was all for the best, he assured himself with a sigh that seemed the requiem of a dream.

"I don't count," he asserted. "I thought you were going on the river with the others."

"I thought you were going for a walk by yourself in pursuit of ideas."

"I changed my mind," the man admitted. "Ideas seem too poor a game to chase to-day, and the garden seemed such a jolly place to loiter in, all by oneself."

The girl puckered her pretty face into a grimace that made her look, he thought, like an adorable Japanese mask. But he preferred her when she showed smooth again.

"I, too, changed my mind," she said. "I, too, thought the garden would be a jolly place to loiter in—all by oneself."

She emphasised the final words with such a pretty malignity that the man took her meaning like a pin-prick, and was embarrassed.

"I did not look to find a fairy in the garden; I was thinking only of humans." She frowned a little at the insincerity of the phrase. "But if I infringe upon your kingdom I will retire to the Debateable Land behind the Laurel bushes, and you shall reign alone in your Arcadia."

He made as if he were really going towards the shrubbery, and as this was not at all what the girl wanted, she delayed him with a dainty gesture of command. Neither was it at all what the man wanted; it was a rare chance to find her alone, but he took it for granted that they were little less than enemies, and he wished to be considerate.

"No, no," she insisted. "Let us reign here together like the two kings of Sparta, unless, of course, you would rather be by yourself."

She was all sugar-sweet this morning, and there was an appeal in her voice that was irresistible. He would accept the favour of fate, though he felt it

would end in a bitter. So he protested against a desire for loneliness vigorously, cramming his pipe into his pocket, an act of abnegation which the girl instantly stayed.

"You may smoke as much as you please," she said, "on one condition. I was going to get a book to read while I lay in the hammock. Now, you shall be my book, my talking book."

"You would find me a dull book," he sneered. "There would not be a page in it to interest you from cover to cover. In the book of my memory there are no chapters devoted to the things girls care about."

This was the way he always talked, to her, or at her, since the beginning of their brief, unamicable acquaintance-ship. She said nothing, but turned round and began to walk slowly down the garden, and the man, obedient to her invitation, kept at her side. They walked in silence. Each was thinking of the whimsical companionship, thinking different thoughts. He wished he could be civil and say silly things with an air, and then he longed to kick himself for desiring to trade in such follies.

A few paces brought the pair to the sundial, and there the girl paused, and the man paused with her. She rested her elbows on the grey stone, dipped her chin into the prop of her palms, and looked gravely at her companion.

"Why do you speak of girls as if all girls were alike? It would be silly to speak in that way of cats. There are good cats and bad cats, kind cats, cats for every classifying adjective. Well, you know, or you ought to know, that there are just as many kinds of girls as kinds of cats."

The man shook his head stubbornly. They were beginning to spar now as they had always sparred, two, since chance and their hostess had brought them together in that quiet corner of the world.

"All cats like milk, all cats like to run after string, all cats like to catch birds," he went on insistently. "Also, all girls like sweets, all girls like dancing, all girls like flirtations, the whole catalogue of girliam. Some girls, of course, are plain, and have to limit, if not their likings, at least the gratification of them. Some girls are pretty—" he eyed her provokingly as he spoke—"and then, of course, they get their heart's desire heaped up full measure."

She grinned at him with pretty impertinence.

"You are very obstinate about it," she said. "I suppose we must all seem very commonplace to you."

The speech sounded humble, but he knew very well that it was not meant humbly, and he felt resentful with his intelligence for not finding something withering to say. But his wit was delinquent, and in his thoughts he was glad he was not so wholly at this maid's mercy as, but for his better sense, he might have been.

She turned from the sundial, and he accompanied her in silence again, to where the hammock hung, swinging from the trunks of neighbouring trees. The girl switched herself into it very dexterously, rested her pretty head on its garish cushions, and surveyed with complacency the dainty feet in their high-heeled shoes, the slim ankles in

their openwork silk stockings, that showed themselves below the frills of her discreet petticoats. The man contemplated the girl for a moment from head to feet, then stretched himself upon the ground beside and below the hammock, and proceeded leisurely to fill his pipe. The girl peeped down upon him whimsically.

"I hope you do not forget," she said, "that you have promised to be my book, and that I want my book to combine amusement with instruction, as people say when they recommend books to children."

"Children seldom like these sort of books," the man said, between the early puffs that fanned the tobacco to a glow.

"Ah, but I shall only read the interesting bits in my book. It is to be the book of life, of your character. Mind, you must have no secret from me while you are my book, though I mean to ask the most impertinent questions."

"Are you so inquisitive?" he questioned. "Really, if you expect any awful revelations, you will be disgustingly disappointed."

"Question number one," she began, indifferent to his protests. "Why do you show yourself so hostile to women?"

"I do not think I am hostile to women," he said gravely. "Have I been rude? If so, I beg your pardon."

"Oh, I don't mind," she laughed. "I was only curious. Question number two. Have you ever been in love?"

He made a deprecatory gesture. "I suppose nobody comes to my time of life without having known what is called being in love, some time or other." "Did you like it?"

"No."

She gave a little start, and her eyes widened.

"Question number three. Are you in love now?"

He nodded. A thick cloud of smoke from the pipe floated between them for a moment, veiling the face of each from the other. "Yes," he said presently, as

the smoke cleared away, in confirmation of his nod.

"Question number four. What is she like?"

"That you mustn't ask, for I don't mean to tell you."

"I want you to tell me. I want to know the kind of girl you would be in love with."

"Did I say it was a girl? You know my opinion of girls."

"That is why I guess it is a girl. I suppose she doesn't care for you."

"I suppose not."

"Don't you know?"

He shook his head and sighed, perhaps because he had allowed his pipe to go out.

"Do you mean to say that you are in love with a girl and that you haven't been sufficiently interested to find out what she thinks of it, of you?"

He began to light his pipe again as he answered her meditatively.

"She would think me an idiot, and I shouldn't like her to do that somehow."

"No girl thinks a man an idiot for being in love with her."

"Oh yes, when the man is no longer young, as I am no longer young, when the man is a bookish fellow, as I am a bookish fellow; when the man is afraid of being disillusioned, as I am afraid of being disillusioned; all these are excellent reasons for making him hold his tongue."

"Why are you afraid of being disillusioned?"

"I am a dreamer," he said. "It is my business and my pleasure to dream dreams. I have dreamed a great many dreams about this girl, and they are so pleasant and delicate that I don't want to wake up."

"I don't believe there is any girl at all. I don't believe you are in the least in love."

"There is a girl, and I am in love with her. Haven't we talked enough about me? Let's talk about you for a change. Which of the cheerful youths that haunt

Ladies' Evening Shoes.

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LADIES' PATENT EVENING BROOKS 1/8, 1/11, 2/3, 2/11, 3/3, 3/4, 3/11 and 4/0 pair

LADIES' 1 and 2 Bar Evg. SHOES, 2/0, 2/11, 3/3, 3/4, 3/11, 4/3, 4/4, 4/5, 4/11, 5/0, 5/11, 6/11, and 7/11 pair.

LADIES' GLASS KID COURT SHOES 1/11, 2/0, 2/11, 2/3, 3/3, 3/11, 4/0, 4/11, 5/0, 5/11, and 6/11 pair.

LADIES' HORN Evg. SHOES, 4/0 and 4/11. LADIES' BRONZE Evg. SHOES, 4/0 pair.

Miller's Boot Palace, 102 & 104 VICTORIA STREET (Corner of Federal Street)

this Arcadia has the honour to interest your heart?"

She took no notice of his question. "Once for all," she challenged, "dare you to tell me the name of the girl?"

Her voice was very eager; there was something in the sound of it seemed to spur the man to compliance. He spoke very quietly, and there was a melancholy in his voice.

"If I had the heart to play the fool and spoil the day, I would tell you I loved you."

"Will you play the fool to please me? I don't think it will spoil the day."

He lifted himself on his elbow, so that his face came a little nearer to hers, and looked steadily into her eyes. She gave him back his gaze as steadfastly. He lowered himself on to the turf again, and spoke slowly, his eyes still challenging her eyes.

"I love you," he said. "I didn't mean to tell you, for if one has a sense of humour it is better to keep such thought to oneself. What could there be between us, you beautiful girl? But it is a pleasure to look at you and tell you, in your youth and beauty, straightly, that I love you, just as I might say the words to a beautiful image in a shrine of dreams. But the worst of it is that one may say 'I love you' to the statue or the picture as long as one pleases, but when you breathe it to the living loveliness there is an end of the business; it is good-bye, then, good-bye."

"Why is it good-bye?" the girl asked calmly. "I should have thought such a statement a beginning rather than an end."

"Not if one had better have left it unsaid. For one can revisit one's shrine, one's idol, as often as one pleases; the changeless image never blames. But the man who haunts the presence of a woman who has denied his love eubs, to my mind, a very ridiculous figure."

"You assume that the woman denies him?"

The man stiffened a little, and the note of his voice was mockery.

"When a man has made a fool of himself, fair lady, if he is a wise fool, he has reckoned the cost of his folly. My plan was to get away from here without telling you in so many stupid words, what, perhaps, God knows, you may have guessed already. Then I might, swinging down the spirals of life, have said to myself, 'she doesn't know from me what I know for me, and all is well.' But this summer morning got into my head, I suppose, and our unexpected meeting. I have played the extravagant Romeo to an astonished Juliet, and my only hope is that you will forgive and forget, like a good little girl, till I take the train to-morrow."

"If you call me Juliet, my Lord," said the girl, parodying Polonius, "I am afraid that I was by no means astonished. And I have nothing to forgive and nothing that I want to forget."

He sat up and stared at her with a frown, shaking his head disapprovingly.

"You are a naughty Juliet," he said, "for, by all the Gods, I was dismally in earnest, and I don't think I can stand being teased about it."

"There was quite a silence between them, during which the June sun seemed to grow hotter, the sky bluer, the grass greener, with the intensity of a dream. The man was telling himself it was time to wake up; the girl was telling herself it was time to waken her companion."

"I wonder," she began, with a hesitancy, strange in her, "if you will forgive me if I tell you of something very wrong that I meant to do this morning."

"I think I can promise that," he answered, with a brisk, false cheerfulness. "What was your purpose?"

"I meant," she said softly, "to make you do what you have done."

"You meant to make me tell you that I loved you? Then you knew?"

"Perhaps. I meant to try, anyway. You made me so mad with your superior air, and your little cynicism, and your high and mighty aloofness. Of course, you are very clever, and I was ready to like you at first, but you irritated me with your attitude, and I felt sure that you were not as indifferent to me as you pretended to be. So I determined to find out. That is why I stayed away from the river, that is why I trapped you to sit here by my hammock. I meant to make you confess—and then—"

"And then?"

"That's the worst part of it. I meant to make you confess and then laugh at you, to deny you, as you said."

"Do you think it was a straight game?" he questioned drily, and the girl shook her head.

"No. But the question is, can you forgive what I meant to do, for, you see, I am not laughing at all, and, indeed, I do not deny you."

He sprang to his feet and caught hold of her wrists, steadying her and the hammock as he looked down on her troubled, faintly smiling face.

"I love you," he said. "Can you give me your love?"

"I believe I can," she answered, and then added swiftly, "but are you afraid of being disillusioned?"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, and she made no attempt at resistance, for she was amazingly helpless lying there in the hammock. The world was very young, the world was very lonely. Time paused in his swathe to whet his scythe, and the sun stood still, as it, or its consort moon, always do for lovers.

As they walked a little later across the grasses hand in hand, both the captives of an unfamiliar sentimentality, their hostess came out of the twilight of the library into the fervour of the sunlight. The man made for an instant as if he would withdraw his hand from the companionable clasp, but the girl retained his fingers firmly. As they walked thus linked, their attitude was that of ostentatious confession on the man's part, ostentatious assertion on the part of the maid.

"Dear people," said their hostess, laughing and pretending to be agast, though indeed she was surprised out of all whooping. "What is the meaning of this?"

The man made to speak, but the man was naturally slow, and the maid forestalled him.

"It means," she said, smiling sweetly, "that I have promised to disillusion him."

The Practical Wife at the Breakfast Table.

HIE—Your eyes are like the Southern skies
With words of love within them peep—

SHE—Please leave the money for the beer,
And don't forget to pay the rent.

HIE—Your mouth like Cupid's bow is archer;
—sneaky cuap—to call you nice—

SHE—Now, this is washday—don't forget—
Bring up the tubs and stink the lute.

HIE—Your hands—divinely dainty hands—
Fit hands are they for taming Jove—

SHE—Come home at five to-night, because
You slumpty must put up that stove!

HIE—Your cheeks are tinged so fairly
With blushes of the early morn—

SHE—Now, don't forget the front jars and
Have him send up a dozen corn.

HIE—Your hair bewitchingly is waved
Across your brow like strands of gold—

SHE—It's eight o'clock! You're late to-day!
And—there, your coffee's grown stum cold!

HIE—I'm off to work—good-bye, fair one—
Light of my soul—farewell, dear lass—

SHE—He's gone! (She hollers to him, tho')
Tom, don't forget to pay the gas!

The Nursery Toy Cupboard.

often becomes very overcrowded. Some children have toys simply showered upon them, and soon tire of them once the novelty has worn off. It is a good plan to weed these out once or twice a year, and place them on one side. The upper shelf of a cupboard, or a large box in the attic, make a good storehouse for these despised treasures. Then one day when the children have been confined to the house by bad weather or some ailment, and have exhausted or tired of all their present playthings, these new-old friends make their appearance in mother's hands, and joy reigns in the nursery. This plan keeps the nursery from being overcrowded and varies the monotony.

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THE ACE HIGH

By F. WALWORTH BROWN

I was a thick, foggy morning, and the little schooner-yacht was all our world as we beat our way up the Sound. The naval attache and I stood aft, trying to talk. At regular periods the electric fog-horn broke in with a bellowing reverberation which would have rendered ample protection to the ten thousand blundering tons of an ocean liner. The yacht was registered at forty net.

"At the wheel stood Danny Scidmore, in his oilskins. Danny is the particular glistening ornament of the yacht. He is still under forty, but his years have not been lean ones, and when Danny Scidmore opens his mouth, he initiated keen silence before him. Danny and I are friends."

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" said the naval attache in his excellent English. "It takes me back to the Okhotsk Sea and a summer I spent up there chasing seal-poachers."

"Now, I chanced to be facing Danny. Not a muscle moved, but his eyes turned quickly, fastened for an instant on the back of the Russian's head, and returned to their work."

"It was an awful place to send a man," went on the attache. "Wet and fog and cold, and cold and fog and wet. Nothing else night and day for weeks. We had just one experience that relieved the monotony. We caught a poacher one evening in the very act—had him right under our guns, you know, when he ran up the American flag and blew his vessel up rather than be caught. I never quite understood why. We picked up the only survivor, and he swore the captain was crazy, and in some ways, just before the explosion, his actions were a bit strange."

"Then and there I saw a holy, chastened smile amble over the countenance of Danny."

"What's the joke, Danny?" I asked.

"Joke?" says Danny solemnly. "I don't see no joke, sir."

"The fog-horn burst upon us like a hurricane, and when it ceased the attache broke in:

"You seem on excellent terms with the—er—hands, Mr. Brown," he said rather nastily.

"Certainly," I returned. "Why not?"

"Well," he drawled, "it's bad for discipline, for one thing. Can't keep the men in their place, you know, if you mix with them on equal terms. Rudimentary maxim in all navies, I assure you."

"So?" I said, and let it go at that.

I glanced at Danny, not without trepidation, for I valued his friendship. To my surprise, I noted a most peaceful, stuffed-animal, wooden-Indian look on his face, and at the moment failed utterly to interpret it.

Later in the morning the fog broke, the sun came out, and what little breeze there was died down till we had bare steeringway on the vessel. Later still I came upon Danny on the forward deck, smoking one pipe and carving a skull and cross-bones with his jack-knife on the bowl of another. The Russian was standing some ten feet away in the bows, studying the Long Island shore with a glass.

"Set down, sir," said Danny hospitably, as I approached. "Who is my lord, the duke with the spike mustache?"

"This last under his breath."

"Friend o' yours?" he asked when I had told him.

"Not particularly," I answered.

"Well," said Danny, "I'm glad o' that."

You just wait a shake or two now, and I'll let you in on the joke you missed a piece back."

"Why not now?" I asked.

"I ain't quite ready yet," returned Danny.

Five minutes passed, Danny whittling silently. The attache lowered the glass and turned down the deck behind us, and Danny burst into full narration.

"Say," he began, "if you've ever been up to Vladivostok, maybe you've heard them Rooshians tell about a Yankee skipper of a seal-poacher that blowed his vessel to small firewood, rather'n be ketch'd by a Rooshian cruiser. Well, I don't reckon there ever was a policeman that let his thief get away from him and didn't have a mighty plausible excuse to account for it, so I suppose them Rooshians are entitled to their yarn."

I heard the attache stop short behind us, and my heart went out to Danny, for I perceived a joyful climax.

"It's a nice little yarn, too, the way they tell it," went on Danny; "reflex, a lot o' credit on the vigilance o' the gunboat's officers; depicts the horror o' evil-doers in the face o' the Rooshian law; and is all o' half-way true, and that's wonderful."

There was the sound of some one sitting down behind us, but Danny went calmly on, as though speaking for me alone:

"Among other things, they claim they picked up the sole survivor and brought him home, which the same it's kind o' queer when you come to think about it, 'cause I was aboard that scunner that was blowed up, and I'm dummed if I came back in any Rooshian gunboat."

"Way it happened was like this: I was sittin' on the water-front at Hakodate, smokin' a pipeful o' dust, with thirty-eight cents Mexican in my breeches and my insides all clogged up with rice, which the same it ain't white man's victuals. "Frisco looked a long ways off across the sea, and I was agurin' sort o' feverishlike and frantic about stowing away in some steamer and runnin' the chances o' starvation and coal-dust. Out in the stream a ways laid a little white scunner, with a crew o' Japs hustlin' over her decks, gettin' ready to pull out. I watched her casuallike, not bein' p'tic'lar interested."

"Out o' a job?" says somebody behind me; and I switched around quick, because English ain't so awful frequent in Hakodate, and American English is like diamonds in Greenland."

"He was a square little man, with a long upper lip and whitish-gray eyes that sort o' et right into you and yet was kindly."

"I'm Cap'n Israel Bedrock, o' the scunner Ace-High," says he. "That's her out there abast the steamer; and he pointed at the craft I'd noticed. 'I'm short one man."

"I'm not shippin' with Japs," I says, kind o' scornful, still havin' thirty-eight cents Mexican."

"You don't git the lay of it, son," he says, sittin' down alongside. "This ain't what you might go for to call an ordinary cruise. You see that there scunner? Well, there's more good Rooshian seal-skins come out o' that vessel the last two seasons than out o' airy other craft in them waters."

"Lord!" thinks I, "am I sunk this low?"

"What'll it pay me?" I asks him.

"Ten dollars gold for every prime skin you put aboard her. One o' my hunters is took sick, or you wou'dn't get the chance. You don't look like a feller easy-scared," he says, jollyin' me.

"I ain't a bit superstitious, but that sure looked like a call. Here was me, stranded, broke, and full o' rice, offered a job that meant a pile o' money if we won out with white man's grub thrown in. I ain't sayin' as how I haggled very long with my conscience. If we got ketch'd, it meant usin' a pie; and shovel for the Rooshians over Siberia way; but, somehow, I didn't reckon Cap'n Israel Bedrock was goin' to get ketch'd—not to any extent. Anyway, shovelin' for the Rooshians looked about as good as starvin' to death on rice or hidin' in a coal-bunker, so I went aboard the Ace-High peaceful."

"Come dark that evenin' we screened our lights and slid out o' Hakodate harbour without raisin' what you might call a riot over our departure. By mornin' we were off Cape Krino, and stood north-east up the east coast o' Yezo Island, makin' out we were a Jap fishin'-boat. A white men kept pretty much below-decks or down behind the rail, where we were hid by the bulwarks."

"There were two hunters besides me—Turk McGraw, a wiry little, red-headed man, with a snub nose and shiny-blue eyes that looked so meek, he said they were forever gettin' him in trouble; and Charlie Bennett, a big man with a husky voice and a way o' lookin' sideways, like he suspected the sheriff was a-trackin' him. I liked Turk McGraw right well, and neither of us had much use for Charlie. Turk said he was the meanest man in Asia, but could shoot a seal through the head with a Winchester at two hundred yards."

"Well, the Ace-High turned out to be a mighty decent little craft Yankee-built, speedy if she had all the wind she could carry, and easily handled. Bedrock owned her, and was sort o' crazy in his head over her. He'd stand at the wheel if the weather was bad and converse to that scunner like she was human. Said she waked away better if she was humoured that way."

"Everything went off beautiful. We ran pretty well to the eastward before breakin' into the Rooshian sea, 'count o' them havin' gunboats stationed to watch all the likely passes. But it come thick with fog just after we raised the Black Brothers Island; and we slipped through into Okhotsk Sea when we couldn't a' make out a gunboat a length away; and, once through, we set her north a point east and drove into the another end over end."

"Lord, but it was thick! It gives you sort of a creepy feeling to butt head-fore into fog like that, never knowin' what you may smash your bowsprit on next. I've sailed in plenty boats, wind and steam both, and the thing to do when it comes on a bit thick is to get the horn goin', and keep it up tremendous, till the fog lifts."

"Well, we weren't blowin' any horns. We was thankful for fog, and prayin' for more. But all the same, it gives you a queer feelin'. We were halfway up Sakhalin Island before we saw daylight again, and then only long enough to get our bearings and dive into it once more. We made out one other objek, though, before it closed down on us, which the name it was the funnel and masts of a gunboat, hull down to the

eastward. We got our bearings in a hurry, the fog closed in again, and away we drove, hopeful the gunboat had mistook us for a friendly battle-ship or something."

"I was standin' by the house that night, smokin' a pipe before turnin' in, when Charlie Bennett wanders up."

"That gunboat's goin' to get us, Dan," says he, sort o' mournful. "I wisht I hadn't come this trip. She'll foller us right up to the island and get us, sure."

"Well, jumpin' Peter!" I says. "You don't expect to ship for a cruise like this 'un and not run no chances, do ye? If it wasn't for the gunboats, we wou'dn't be gettin' ten dollars a pelt," I says."

"All right," he says. "You'll see. She's goin' to get us, I tell you."

"Shucks!" I says. "We ain't ketch'd yet; and Charlie went forward shakin' his head. I knocked out my pipe and went below and slept peaceful."

"That was the last sign of another craft we had till we'd made the island. It was June, and as we ran up our northin' the night kept gettin' shorter, till fine we were north o' Sakhalin, we were gettin' about two hours o' twilight between sunset and sunrise. But it didn't make a bit o' difference; we couldn't see anything day or night most o' the time for the fog."

"Old Bedrock, though, was a navigator out of a book. He sort o' smelt his way along, till one mornin' we heard the slappin' o' seals at play around us, and directly the bark of an old mame. The fog lifted a minute toward noon, and the skipper got a squint around. It all looked alike to the rest of us, but he said we'd be up with our island by six bells, and come six bells there we were, which the same it was all-fired good navigatin'."

"We could hear the surf breakin' on the rocks, and the noise of the seals barkin'; and all around the vessel the water was alive with 'em. Lord, that was a rookery! Why them Rooshians didn't have a gunboat layin' to anchor off that chunk o' rock I'll never know. It sure was puttin' sinful temptation in a man's way not to have."

"Bedrock got us hunters overside quick as might be in the boats, each with a Jap to row us. We were fitted out with a ten-bore shotgun and a boat-hook. A seal sinks like a stone once it's dead, and you got to be mighty sudden with the hook after shootin' 'em, or you miss your ten dollars."

"Well, we hung to that island for three full days, shootin' till we had a boat-load, and then pullin' to the scunner, outwidin' and off again. It was bloody work; and it didn't make it any better to know there was a pup on the rocks goin' to starve to death for every seal we killed. I didn't enjoy it, not a bit, but it was ten dollars a skin, and I needed the money."

"The Japs were kept busy skinnin' and saltin' down what we brought 'em; and in three days we had our load and pulled out. We had three hundred prime skins below decks, and felt pretty good. Me being new to the work, McGraw and Bennett beat me the first day, but my share of the cargo came to the right side o' seven hundred dollars all the same."

"Well, as I was sayin', we pulled out and pointed her south into a light head wind, and right away came trouble. Us four white men were standin' aft talkin' things over. A Jap had the wheel, and the rest o' 'em were swabbin' down

the decks, for the old man wouldn't leave the Ace-High dirty, not for a minute. Charlie and the skipper were havin' a little set-to, Charlie claimin' he hadn't been given credit for one moat-load o' skins he'd put aboard.

"Who do you reckon did get credit for 'em, Charlie?" asks the skipper.

"I dunno," says Charlie; "but it wouldn't surprise me none to find wery one of us got credit for 'em."

"That meant the skipper had been cheatin' us, and it made old Bedrock mad. He never said a word, but he took a long look at Charlie, and I was glad my name was Daniel.

"We'd made a long leg, and just come about on the port tack when the fog sort o' rolled itself up like a curtain at a show, and the whole sea laid open, gray lookin' and mean. Off behind us I made out the breedin' rock, with the surf breakin' on it tremendous, and the seals gallopin' up and down in their funny, floppy way. I was lookin' back at it sort o' studyin' on the trouble we were leavin' behind us, when there came a yell from Turk McGraw.

"My God!" he says; "look at that!" "The wind was light and flawy out o' the south-west, an' we were runnin' pretty near westerly on the port tack at this time. I switched around and followed where Turk was pointin'; and I tell you my breath stopped right up, like I'd swallowed a cork.

"Not more'n five miles away on our port quarter was a nice little shiny white gunboat, steamin' slowly up to the island to see was there anything doin'. We could make out the nasty lookin' quick-firers in her barbettes.

"Lord, but that was a sight to shock you! We watched her swing about slow till she pointed our way; and she looked so close I was wonderin' if she'd try a shot at us. Maybe she reckoned we'd lay down and die peaceful, without her wastin' any ammunition on us. Anyway, she didn't shoot. There wasn't a thing we could do, and we just stood there like gravestones in a churchyard and watched Siberia comin' for us.

"Then the fog rolled down between, solid as a wall, and old Bedrock let a yell out of him that sort o' woke us

out of a sound sleep. He drove us forward like savvies, and 'fore we knew it we were pulling and hauling with Japs on both sides of us. He set the vessel about, fair before the wind, and we piled every inch of canvas on her, flyin' jibs and stays'ls, swing the booms out wing and wing, and dove into the blessed another, headed about nor-east. We reckoned that gunboat would expect us to wait right where we were till she came up and put the handcuffs on us, and we aimed to be some little distance off when she got there.

"Well, the fog was good to us for a solid forty minutes; and the little Ace-High certainly did herself proud. She was rollin' some, but not bad, and considerin' the wind we had, she walked away surprisin'. When it lifted, sure enough, there laid the gunboat all o' four mile behind us, and probably about where we'd been when she first sighted us. She'd stopped her engines and just laid there heavin', all ready to shackle us up when the fog lifted. I wouldn't wonder now but what her feelin's were some hurt when it did lift.

"Turk McGraw came out o' the cabin with his arms full of American flag.

"What's that for?" snaps old Bedrock, glarin' at his out o' them white-gray eyes o' his.

"Goin' to show them fellers what they're up against," says Turk.

"The old man sort o' grinned; and McGraw and me we bent the flag to the balyards and sent her up. Meanwhile the gunboat had got her engines turnin' over full speed ahead, and was comin' for us like a thirty-six knot destroyer and madder'n a burnt wildcat. Directly she let go one of her forward guns. We saw the flash and heard the "boom," and maybe some of us sort o' grabbed hold o' something while we waited for the shell. Then it plumped into the sea a good piece behind us and well out o' line, and we felt better.

"Down come the fog again, and we jammed the scunner round, triced things up sharp, and stood away southerly on the starboard tack.

"Say," says Charlie Bennett, white as chalk and all a-tremble, "I don't like this. I say, let's heave to. I don't see

no sense in gettin' blowed to pieces." "What's that?" snaps Bedrock, like he'd eat him. "If you don't like it, you suckin' lamb, you kin take one o' the boats and go aboard o' that Rooshian. The Ace-High'll give 'em a run for it first. I don't know," he says, kind o' thoughtful—"I don't know now but what I'd blow her up 'fore I'd see her sold in Vladivostok."

"I didn't think he meant it, and maybe he didn't, but I ain't quite sure. He thought a sight o' that scunner. Anyway Charlie shut up, though he was scart so his teeth chattered.

"We drove away southerly, now and then gettin' a puff that heeled the Ace-High over to what her skipper called her racing line; and I will say that when she got wind enough she was sinful fast. Bedrock had the wheel, and he'd talk to her and humour her, takin' advantage of every puff, and in between pokin' his nose out to windward and snuffin' the air.

"Git some wind directly," he says, cheerfullike, after a bit. "We'll give them fellers a run for it yet, won't we, old girl!"

"Thirty-five minutes by Turk McGraw's watch the fog held that time, while we scuttled off south, hopeful the enemy was steamin' up nor-east, to where we'd been last time they saw us. You see, they didn't dare to turn right or left to hear us, for we might 'a' gone any one o' three ways—straight away north-east, or westerly, or southerly; and if she tried to head us off it was two chances to one she'd miss our direction, and be farther away than ever when the fog lifted.

"So she did just what we reckoned she would, and plowed straight for the place she last saw us. Even so, she cut down our lead some every time, for the fog didn't hold long enough for us to make any distance. It was about ten o'clock in the evenin' now, and in another hour it would be night—or as near night as we'd get.

"The wind was freshenin', too, just as the skipper said, and if we could only hold our distance till it came dark we might give 'em the slip yet. Of course we couldn't keep that dodgin'

game up forever. We were just travelin' round a triangle, and there'd come a time when she'd get close enough to put a shell into us; and just one shell in that little scunner would 'a' been a plenty.

"When the fog drifted off to loo'ard this time we found we'd figgered right; for the gunboat was up where we'd been, but maybe a half-mile nearer than before. She no more than saw us when 'bang' she let fly at us; and when the shell plumped down only two hundred yards behind us it showed things were gettin' warm.

"Directly, she let go another, but either the range was beyond her or her gunners were rotten, for that fell short, too. Meantime she was comin' for us in scandalous leaps, buttin' into the sea and throwin' spray all over her. For all o' five minutes the fog was up between us, but, glory be! the wind was risin' fast, and the little Ace-High was a slappin' along gatherin' way with every jump, so that the gunboat, with all her steam, wasn't gainin' much.

"Then the wind backed a bit to the west and came down a-howlin'. The fog dropped in between and shut out the gunboat, and I expected we'd come about and go off on the other tack. It was gettin' along toward sunset, and what with the pea-soup fog it was fairly dark a'ready.

"But instead of goin' about, the skipper held straight ahead, everything creakin' with the strain; and the minute the fog shut us in he sings out for two of us to go below with a couple o' Japs and break out the powder-barrel and get it on deck. Turk and me went along down.

"What's doin'?" I says.

"Search me," says Turk.

"Will he blow her up?" I asked, feelin' some interested, as you might say.

"He'd leave it below if he meant for to blow her up," says Turk; "which the same it looked like sense, too, when you come to think about it."

"So we rolled out the barrel and h'ated it to the deck. It was chock-a-block, for we'd had enough cartridges

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'The Snowball,' 'Sweet Idleness,'

By H. PIFFARD.

Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Printed in 13 Colours.

By J. W. GODWARD.

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'The Cause of Many Troubles,' By E. G. HANDEL LUCAS.

Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Printed in 12 Colours.

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for our work at the island, and hadn't even opened the barrel. When Charlie saw it he near had a fit.

"What's that for, cap'n?" he says, shakin' on his legs.

"Never mind what it's for, Charlie," says the skipper, sort o' mournful. "Mebbe we won't have to use it. Mebbe we kin give 'em the slip yet."

"Oh, but say," says Charlie, scart out of all wense, "I didn't slip to be blowed up, I didn't. I won't stay aboard if you're goin' to blow her up. I'd rather go aboard that Rooshian. I ain't a fool."

"I won't never lower my flag to no Rooshian, Charlie," says the skipper, mighty solemn. "If you'd rather go aboard o' that feller, I wouldn't go for to say but what now's the time. Sea's raisin' every minute, and you might not make it later on."

"Charlie looked at the sea and then looked at the barrel.

"Are you fellows goin' to stay with that crazy man?" he says, turain' to Turk and me.

"I'll take my chances, Charlie," says Turk.

"Same here," I says. "I don't like Rooshians."

"Charlie took another look at the barrel settin' there kind o' ominous-lookin'." Then he starts for the skipper.

"Say, cap'n," he says, "you ain't realy goin' to do it, are ye? You ain't aimin' to blow her up, are ye? Not honest?"

"Charlie," says the skipper, calm as an infant, "I ain't aimin' to blow her up. But I'll suddenly set fire to that barrel 'fore I'll be ketch'd by that Rooshian."

"That settled Charlie. I ain't sayin' but what I felt sort o' wobbly myself.

"Help me with a boat, boys," says Charlie. "I'm goin' to surrender. You kin stay aboard with that feller if you want to. I'm goin' to quit. He's crazy, I tell you. He'll blow ye to the devil, sure."

"We got a boat out and ready to lower away. Charlie climbed in and got his oars fixed, and we waited for the next lift of the fog, so he could get the lay of the gunboat and make sure o' findin' her.

"We didn't have to wait long. We'd been runnin' straight away, and the gunboat had been followin' right in our wake and makin' prob'y three feet to our two; and when the smother lifted, I don't reckon she was a bit over a mile behind us. She let fly at us instantaneous, and even considerin' the sea that was runnin', and the darkness, her gunnery was vile, for the shot went singin' overhead and well off to loo'ard."

"Good-bye, Charlie," says Turk McGraw. "Tell the folks we died game."

"Then we dropped him, and he swirled off astern of us, workin' at the oars like a wild man. The skipper began snappin' orders at us, and we hadn't time to take notice o' what happened after that. Fog must 'a' fell again, though, for they didn't try another shot."

"McGraw take the wheel!" sings out Bedrock, and Turk jumps aft.

"Git that barrel into a boat now, lively, Dan," he yells at me; "and sling it to the falls, ready to let go."

"He dived down into the cabin, and I went to work with the Japs, not knowin' what for any more'n a newborn puppy. The old man was back in a minute with a length o' cotton rope he'd dipped in grease in one hand, and an ax in the other.

"Make a line fast to her bows," he says, "and stand by to pay it off."

"Then he swung the ax through the head o' the barrel as it laid in the boat, and sticks one end of his cotton fuse well into the powder.

"Are ye ready?" he says to me.

"Aye, aye, sir," I says.

"Keep a strain on that line now when we let her go."

"Aye, aye, sir," I says, feelin' queer inside.

"He slid a match along his thigh, and sheltered it with his hands till it blazed good. Then he reached out and held it to the end o' that fuse, steady as though there wasn't a grain o' powder nearer than a mile; and I stood there beside him, lookin' for kingdom come and a golden harp the next minute.

"Lower away now, easy," he says, jumpin' back; and the Japs at the falls let her go. I followed along the rail as she drifted astern, payin' out the line and keepin' just enough strain on it to hold her head up to the sea, so she wouldn't founder. For a minute the red end of the fuse showed, burnin' steady, and then the fog swallowed it,

and all we could do was think about it and keep right on thinkin' about it.

"The old man came back and grabbed the wheel.

"Turk," he says, "you get them Japs to work now, chuckin' stuff overside. Rip out everything we don't need that'll float and heave it over. Lively now," and Turk got an ax and sailed in.

"I stood at her quarter and paid out that line. Mebbe you think it was fun to stand there and wait for that barrel to bust loose. Seemed to me I'd paid out a hundred fathoms, thankful, too, for every inch that ran over the rail; and I'd about made up my mind the fuse had failed or something, when the line went slack in my fingers, and then came a roar that shook the teeth in my jaws.

"Good!" says old Bedrock, behind me at the wheel. "That'll give 'em something to think about. Reckon they'll heave to to pick up the pieces after that."

"I got my line aboard and went forward, where Turk McGraw and the Japs were rippin' the heart out of her and heavin' it overboard in small sections.

"Is he crazy?" says Turk, drivin' his ax through our last boat.

"Crazy?" I says. "Jumpin' Peter! Here's where that gunboat lays to for awhile lookin' for the survivors of this terrible disaster."

"Turk looked at me, dumb for a minute, then it broke through to him.

"And we got two hours o' darkness to lay low for Hakodate!" he says, sort o' gaspin'. "Oh, my Carolina! Let me get some'ers where I can yell!"

"Avast, there!" sings out the skipper. "There's enough over now. Come mornin', she'll look like we'd had a Sunday-school picnic aboard of us. Dan, you lay below and get some sleep. We'll hold her steady as she is for awhile, and it'll be your trick at the wheel directly."

"I didn't take any sleep, though. The wind kept a-backin' round and strengthenin', and we had to shorten sail about midnight, or have 'em blowed out of her. Come sunrise, we were runnin' off slap-bang into the smother before a gale blew out o' the nor'-west. When the fog cleared for a minute an hour later, there wasn't a sign of a gunboat—north, east, south, or west—and the little old Ace-High, with three hundred skins in the tubs below, and her decks and cabin tore up like an iceberg fell on her, sort o' heaved a sigh o' relief and jammed away south for Hakodate."

"We ran through Okorofu pass in the night, and, once out o' the Rooshian area, felt easier in our minds. I fell asleep walkin' the deck soon after that, and woke up in the scuppers to find us swingin' to anchor in Hakodate harbour."

"We transferred the skins on the quiet to a Frisco liner, and us three white men divided Charlie's share. I tucked away something better'n a thousand, and quit seal-pouchin' while I was still ahead o' the game. It's a grand business if you're broke and stranded and full o' rice, but you have to run a little too close to Siberia."

Danny paused and bent over the bowl of his pipe for an instant.

"Of course," he said, "I know it's bad for discipline, sir, me settin' here talkin' to you, but I want to ask you one question: Honest, now, what do you think o' that Rooshian yarn they tell up to Vladivostok?"

I turned for answer to the naval attaché, but he had risen hastily and was already half-way up the deck, in full retreat towards the cabin.

Toby, M.P.

SOME STORIES OF MR H. W. LUCY, THE GREAT PARLIAMENTARY JOURNALIST.

Mr Henry W. Lucy, "the member for Berkshire," is one of the three or four journalists everybody knows, remarks a writer in a Home paper. For very nearly forty years he has been chronicling the doings of Parliament in a manner that has endeared him to the public and made him the friend of every M.P., from the doyen of the House to the most recently elected member.

Henry W. Lucy is by birth a "Dicky Sam"—otherwise a Liverpoolian—and he began his career of usefulness by becoming an office boy in the employ of a worthy hide merchant in the bustling city on the Mersey.

Mr Lucy tells many stories about those early days. The funniest of them centre round a horse which his employer used to ride to office every day. To the youthful but enterprising Lucy was assigned the task of looking after the bodily comforts of this beast. He had to take her to a nearby stable, where she was put up until she was wanted in the evening.

Friday was a day of joy for him, for being market day, the horse had not been taken to the stable, but was supposed to be walked quietly up and down the street during the time the hide merchant was reading his letters. This duty completed, he came out and rode off to the market.

Now the wilewake Lucy used to take a good look at the stock of letters, and soon learned to judge to a nicety the time that would be taken in opening and dealing with them. This time he used to put in riding up and down and round about, always taking care to be quietly leading the "gee-gee" when his master appeared.

One day when Lucy and the horse appeared, there was no hide merchant. It appeared the merchant received a sudden call almost as soon as he got inside the office. He ran downstairs, but his horse had disappeared, and, as might be expected, trouble ensued.

Though he was often in hot water for youthful pranks, young Lucy stayed at the office for a considerable time. There was, however, gradually growing within him a desire to become a journalist—an editor, if possible—but a journalist without a doubt.

With this idea in his head he taught himself shorthand and wrote continually. His first contribution to be accepted by any journal was a poetical effort that the "Liverpool Mercury" published.

"The 'sub' of the 'Daily Post' " etc. gave Mr Lucy his first chance, is now Sir Edward Russell, the chief proprietor and editor of the "Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury." It was while engaged on this paper that young Lucy began to show his mettle. Besides his office work he began to write articles on heavy subjects for various papers, and in addition started a newsagency for supplying some of the London papers with new paragraphs which alone brought him in about £300 a year.

He has always been an extraordinary worker, and to-day he turns out nine columns of Parliamentary gossip for a newspaper, his "Essence of Parliament" for "Punch," and a certain amount of magazine work every week. All his work is dictated to a shorthand writer, and this has been the case for over 20 years—in fact, ever since he met with an accident which prevented his using his pen for some time.

Mr Lucy has some delightful tales to tell of his early journalistic experiences.

One story in particular Mr Lucy is very fond of telling concerns an Irish policeman who was stationed on the main road leading into Dublin to prevent motorists travelling towards the city at excessive speed. The first motor car came past at 20 miles an hour.

"Oh," said the policeman, making to attempt to stop it.

Within a few moments a second car came by, this one travelling at 26 miles an hour.

"Ah!" said the policeman, in evident delight.

Presently along came a third car, and vanished in a cloud of dust at 35 miles an hour.

"Be jabers!" exclaimed the "bobby," "that's the best of the lot!"

It was in a balloon that Mr Lucy first met the late Colonel Burnaby, the hero of the ride to Khiva, who died fighting with an Arab spear in his throat. Both Lucy and Burnaby were in the balloon party, and when at an altitude of over a thousand feet above the earth their host introduced them. From that moment they became the closest of friends. Mr Lucy describes with great zest how one day Burnaby carried two ponies, one under each arm, down the stairs at Windsor Castle, a feat of strength which very soon reached the ears of Queen Victoria, who was a great admirer of the intrepid soldier.

"Yes, sir," the barber prattled as he shaved the patron: "livin' is mighty high these days. All kinds of prices has gone up, so it's hard for us workin' men to even git enough to eat."

"Yes?" growled the victim: "I judge, however, that you 'nd onions cheap enough."

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"My mother-in-law begged me to try Cuticura. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh, and brought me the first real sleep in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely, and took the Resolvent for the blood. Soon the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, my hair started to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured."

Mrs. Wm. Hunt, Newark, N. J., Jan. 11, 1905.

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VERSE OLD AND NEW

When Dorothy Went to Town.

When Dorothy went to London Town, In her Sunday hat and her Sunday gown, Which, till then, she had thought so fine, you know, And a bottle of cowslip wine, heigho!

When Dorothy went to London Town, In her simple hat and her simple gown, Though her eyes and complexion won praise, you know, They laughed at her countrified ways, heigho!

When Dorothy said "Good-bye" to Town, In a smart bow hat and a smart new gown, There was hardly room in her box, you know, For her ribbons and frills and frocks, heigho!

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How to Make One.

To build a neat ballade like this (Pronounce the word "bah-lahd," you know), You can't go very far amiss If you construct the thing just so. We'll take, to end this line, "bestow," Or any other word in sight, Whose rhyme and rhythm smoothly flow;

Ballades are easy things to write. Now let your word be "preceptive." It sounds all right. We'll let it go. Then here, perhaps, a sounding kias May be succeeded by a blow. Now watch your blooming poem grow. Your Pegasus is in full flight-- But this, somehow, suggests a "whoa!" Ballades are easy things to write.

Then next you try the word "abyss," And follow it with "overflow"; Lug in some reference to kisses, Or something as to Cupid's bow, Or "marble brows," of "driven snow." The process thus you expedite. This sort of thing is not so slow-- Ballades are easy things to write.

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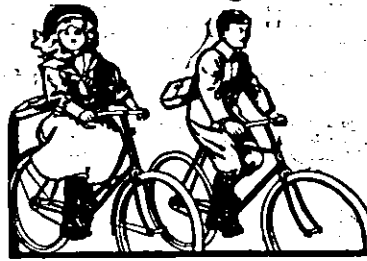
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Some Day.

He's not at all distinguished, but You want to wait awhile and see. When once that fellow leaves the rut There's nothing that he couldn't be. He's in a rather humble place, But that's not where he means to stay. He means to strike a swifter pace And move up to the front-- some day.

Just now he hasn't had his chance To show the world what he can do. There's so much adverse circumstance To keep his plans from going through. But time will bring his opening, And clear the obstacles away. He's merely crutching for the spring. You'll see what he will do-- some day.

He's getting past the flush of youth, At times we think he's lacking steam-- Some people say, to tell the truth. He's less disposed to do than dream, But he has faith that's fresh and green, Although his head is getting gray. He's huge a sublime, his faith's serene, He means to do a lot-- some day.

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The Song of the Open Road.

Eerily the winds are calling, sweeping in From the north, the west, the east, Where the long white line of breakers Meets the sky-line far away; And the great, ghostly headlands rise So naked, bare, and brown, With the mighty waves of moorland And the splendid trench of down.

Golden gorse and purple heather, shining stretch of yellow sand; Call of petrol far to seaward, cry of bitterns from the sand; Wilderness of thorns and thistle, wind-swept dune and stunted tree; Flash of white wing, cry of sea-fowl, breath of blossom, hum of bee.

These and thousand thousand voices call me forth, and I must rise, Wander out upon the moorlands underneath God's naked skies. So I lay aside my burden, daily work and daily load, And I hearken to the voices calling to the open road!

By Tom Quad, in "Chambers's Journal."

By Tom Quad, in "Chambers's Journal."

Chums.

He lives across the street from us An' ain't as big as me; His mother takes in washin', cus They're poor as they can be. But every night he brings his slate An' 'en I do his sums, An' help him get his lessons straight, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

His clothes ain't quite as good as mine, But I don't care for that; His mother makes his face 'st shine, An' I lent him a hat, An' every mornin' 'st by rule, 'Wen nine o'clock it comes, He takes my hand an' goes to school, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

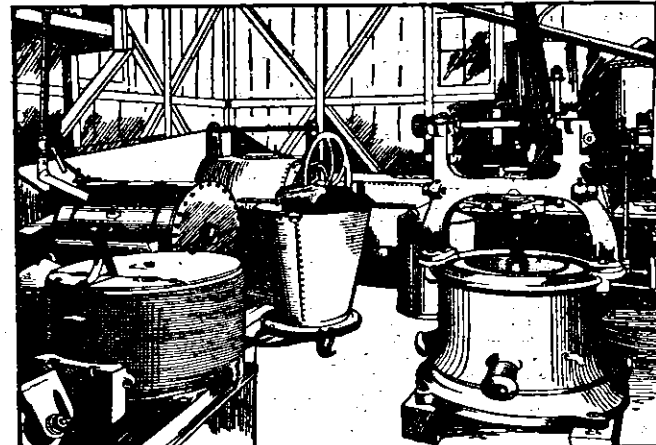
Nobody better plague him, too, No matter if he's small, 'Cuz I'm his friend, for tried and true, An' 'at's th' reason all. Th' boys don't care to plague him, cus I 'st wait till he comes, An' he walks by me, he does, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

He fell an' hurt hisself one day The summer before last, An' 'at's w'at makes him limp 'at way, An' don't grow very fast. So wen I got a piece of pie, Or maybe nuts or plums, I always give him some, 'cuz I Get lots--an' we is chums.

An' wen it's unfin' time, we go, An' I climb all th' trees, 'Cuz he can't climb--he's hurt, you know-- But he gets all he sees Come droppin' down, an' my! he's glad; An' wen th' twilight comes He says 'w'at a fine time we had, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

But, my! his mother's awful queer; 'Cuz wen we're home again, She wipes her eye--a great, big tear-- An' says: "God bless you, Ben! Th' Lord will bless you all four days 'Wen th' great Judgment comes." But I say I don't need no praise, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

By J. W. FOLEY.



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When She Was an Only Boy

By MARION HILL

THE change had taken place, according to little Hester's acute remembrance, at a time of much trouble and many tears.

There had been some one called Brother. Theoretically, the brother had been Hester's; but in reality he had belonged, body and soul, to father. The two had been inseparable. Then Brother disappeared. No one had ever seen him again. Apparently, no one knew where he had gone to, either, for they all were most particular to tell Hester that he was not under the mound where they put the flowers every Sunday.

To the strange loss, Hester had rapidly accustomed herself. So far, the history of her whole young life had been of beautiful things which came but for a short time and went forever. It is at once the charm and the sadness of babyhood that all time is now—yesterday is but a blank forgetting, and to-morrow is non-existent, inconceivable. The sorrow that she felt, and it was heavy, was not for the far-off loss of a brother, but for the ever-present loss of a father. This silent, dreary man with the stern mouth and the aching, asking eyes, was not the father that was rightly hers. He had been but another boy; a big one, to be sure, but nothing but a fun-loving, noisy, laughing boy, for all his size. True, Hester had never been an active participant in the good times; for father had belonged to Brother as exclusively as Brother had belonged to father; no third person had ever come in between them; but still the merry comradeship had been very pleasant to witness, even from the outside, and had made life a continual holiday. Now—Hester shivered with speechless dread at a situation for which she had no name. She had overheard some men say that her father would "lose his mind" if he could not get over his grief. She did not quite know what this new calamity was, but she felt confident it was something to be avoided if possible.

She intuitively divined, too, that certain lonely walks he constantly took were none too beneficial for his moody state, and she had repeatedly offered her companionship, only to have it refused. One day she bethought herself of the brilliant expedient of following him without asking.

No small was the village that following was no hard matter. All the lanes led into the main road, and the main road led past the graveyard. For she had known just where she would find him. Laggingly, her weary chubby legs tracked him to the mound, where Brother was not. She came unheeded, and stood afraid, not daring by speech to intrude upon the awful sorrow which stared from her father's ashen face. He was seated on the ground. From time to time he methodically arranged things, pulling a twig here, or patting a root there; then, all of a sudden, he fell face downward on the mound, clutching at the grass and calling aloud, in a strangled way:

"Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Instantly, down beside him plumped Hester, tugging at him with powerless baby hands. Her face was white with fear.

"Get up. I'll be your boy," she said breathlessly.

At her touch, he started and struggled to master himself. Momentarily he gave way again and put his head

down upon Hester's tiny, round shoulder, gasping brokenly:

"That's right, you're my only boy now, baby. You're the old man's only, only boy."

"Yes," said Hester. "Yes; I promise." From a tiny pocket in her brief skirt she dragged a toy handkerchief and pressed it gently against his eyes. He kissed her hand as it passed his lips, but, nevertheless, pushed it wearily away from him. He was preparing to sink again into forgetfulness, when Hester said cleverly:

"I'm tired. Carry me home."

So he picked her up in his arms and carried her. She had leisure to think over two things, and both of them were distressing: in the first place, her father was the Old Man; and, in the second place, she was an Only Boy.

At long she had keenly joyed in her father's youth, and had felt desperately sorry for little girls who had fathers that looked like grandpas. And now—he himself had said it—he was the Old Man. But the other was even worse—to be an Only Boy. Hester was a woman from the top of her curly head to the tip of her shivered toes. Her treasures were flowers, kittens, dolls, baby chickens, and lily dishes; her kingdom was the home hearth. Would she have to repudiate all sweet, cuddling things and take up with such hard comforts as tops, marbles, and kites? Would she have to desert the peaceful safety of the house for the dog-ridden, bull-menaced, snake-infested dangers of the highway?

Not that she wavered or regretted. Detestable as were the possibilities of her new condition, she was ready for them. Anything to bring back the smile to the Old Man's eyes, the laughter to his lips! Surely, he would begin to be happy again, now that he had an Only Boy.

But as the days wore on Hester could see no change in him. Yes, one day he now suffered her companionship. He paid scant attention to her, but at least he did not send her away. Tirelessly she trotted beside him, not resenting his silence and distraction, and ever casting him timorous glances, in the hope that she might in time discover upon his face the radiance that was its due. But it seemed to turn to stone. Evidently she was not coming up to the requirements of an Only Boy. So she sought his assistance.

"What do boys do that girls don't?" was the vague form of an inquiry she pressed upon him.

He took the question to be not personal but ethnological.

"Throw stones, I guess," he said casually. "Girls can't throw."

Here was something definite, and Hester acted accordingly. Early and late she practised the art of throwing stones till she acquired proficiency. Then she began to look for results. But aim straight as she might, and hit as true; the hopeless blankness never lifted from the Old Man's adored young face.

Then Hester looked at the situation despairingly but courageously, and admitted to herself that to make an acceptable Only Boy she would have to go to some frightful lengths. She would study the animal in his lair.

With this purpose in view, she one day forsook the rose hedged limits of her own lane and wandered down the road to the store. In its vicinity, as she expected, there were agreeable lots

of boys. She mentally singled out a group of three who were playing marbles. For awhile she watched them thoughtfully from afar. Then she drew near and said briefly:

"I'm going to play."

"Go on!" cried one of the boys, meaning exactly the opposite. He never even looked up, and the click of the marbles went steadily along.

The Only Boy put her small foot determinedly upon a beautifully clustered bunch, thereby spoiling the whole scheme of things. This, at any rate, gained her the dubious tribute of attention.

"You quit that!" yelled the boys, in unison.

"I'm going to play," repeated the Only Boy stoically.

"Oh, chase yourself!" cried a lad; and, while not approving the sentiment, Hester was thankful for the educational expression, which she gratefully appropriated.

"Chase yourself yourself," she remarked chidingly, "I'm going to play."

One of the boys, without in the least intending to let fly, for chivalry forbade, here pictorially threatened her with a stone.

It failed to intimidate. It merely furnished her with a new idea. Retiring to a projective distance, she picked up a rock and drove it unerringly into the threatener's hat, quite removing it.

"Will you let me play?" she asked. Receiving no better permission than a glare of astonishment, she pelted another lad, landing him a stinging one on the knuckles.

"Will you let me play?" She hardly expected him to answer, his mouth was full of sand. There remained but the third lad to convince, and the Only Boy clipped him in the ear.

"Will you let me play?" she persisted.

With one accord, her wounded adversaries burst into tolerant laughter. "Get! she can throw, anyhow," said one.

"Let the kid in for a game; it won't hurt us none," cried the second.

"Here, sis, I'll stake you," cried the third, tossing her three crystals; "come on in."

Wallowing bravely in the hated dust, the Only Boy received a good coaching in the mystery of the spheres. That she ended with a handful of earnings was, of course, to be confessed, to her skill than to the intemperate courtesy of the American boy—when he feels inclined that way.

Rocking her multicoloured prizes in her two begrimed palms, Hester wended her slow way home. She was anxious to get there, and yet she dreaded it, for she knew that her father would be returned from his business and would be again at his fatal moping. Her wry knowledge of his habits made her search for him in the library.

Yes, there he was in the old place—seated wistfully beside the desk upon which was Brother's picture, his idle hands tapping the cover of an unopened book, his strained eyes fixed on lonely vacancy.

Hester coughed raucously. Then he looked at her. She immediately flipped some marbles in his astonished direction, which he caught mechanically.

"Here, Old Man, I'll stake you," said the Only Boy. She dropped to the

floor, assumed a business like attitude, and beckoned imperatively. "Come on in."

At last she was on the right track! Flinging back his head in the old, boyish way, her father suddenly laughed. It was joyous and irrepressible, even if it did last only next to no time. The sweet, rare sound tingled through Hester's heart, making it beat with a frightened flutter. But she showed no sentiment. She merely braced her pudgy thumb in the carpet, scrawled a circle with her fingers, and remarked:

"Chase yourself, and knuckle down." With a murmur of "poor lovely baby," which to Hester bore not at all upon the situation, the Old Man dropped to the floor and "came on in."

To whom, in all the world, did "lonely" apply? How could anyone be lonely when all outdoors was a beekon with society—and society of the right sort? Why, at that very moment, Hester herself was fairly ardent to go out among her daisy children in the meadow lot—long-stommed, gaily bobbing creatures, always whispering and giggling and nodding at one another. They were very grassy of flowers, full to the brim with tales; right good company, once one became accustomed to their rather commonplace limitations. Of a choice sort were the quiet clovers. They had a most piquant reserve, and over them constantly shimmered a drove of tiny white and yellow butterflies—not the big, wicked-looking kind, with bad faces and prongs, like aerial grasshoppers, but tiny, tiny butterflies, as innocent as petals blown from a primrose. And all the apples and baby apples on them. And there was a nest in the honey-suckle. And kittens in a barrel in the woodshed. Lonely! What business had people to be lonely in such a teeming world?

Hester resolutely forced these waiting allurement out of her mind and resigned herself to barren marbles. Several times during the game did the Old Man laugh ring out, and always at some unaccountable utterance which Hester parroted from her vivid remembrance of her recent companions down by the store. She anxiously and thankfully took silent note of each success, and plodded herself to garner a choice new stock of explosives.

Truly, being an Only Boy meant plenty of hard work and no fun. A very tasteless occupation, for instance, this banging about of marbles. She was glad when the game came to its mysterious finish.

"Who won, Old Man?" she questioned dubiously.

"Why, you, to be sure," he replied, gathering the marbles and stowing them variously away upon her person. "You ought to have trouser pockets. Where else is a fellow to put things?"

"Ought I?" asked Hester, paling.

"Indeed you ought."

"Have you lost your mind, Old Man?" At this the Old Man quirked one of his former joyous whoops of amusement. But Hester was anything but joking. To help preserve the Old Man's mind, she had just tired her back, grimed her hands, and scratched her knees, and she naturally wanted to know whether her suffering had availed nought.

"Have you?" she insisted.

"Why, no; I think not," he replied, very seriously, in spite of a pleasant light which danced in his eyes.

"Where is it?" he asked Hester.

"Where is what?"

"Your mind."

"Right in here," he said, tapping his forehead.

"Inside your head?"

"Yes."
"Oh!"

Hester took comfort. A head seemed a safe place. She went thoughtfully away, looking back once to note gladly that the smile still lingered on his dear face, and that his glance had not drearily died, but was brightly following her. The sight of so much success made her heart surge victoriously, and gave her courage for the imminent martyrdom of trousers.

Determinedly, she trudged upstairs to her fate. Just once, in the serene and dimly-frilled seclusion of her small room, her outraged womanliness bewailed itself in a burst of tears. Trousers! No more lacy petticoats; no more spreading, embroidered skirts; no more ruffled aprons with floating sashes and strings; just trousers. After her sacrificial tears had wept themselves dry, she went to her sweet-scented clothes-box, dug down to the banished articles at the very bottom, and dragged up a despised pair of overalls, forgotten of all but herself.

Vividly she remembered the frightful occasion of their first appearance. The grown-ups had presented the garment to her under the utterly misfit name of "rompers," attempting to disguise the effrontery of it in that vague title, much as they occasionally tried to drown out in a glass of soda-water the vicious sickeningness of castor-oil—and with as conspicuous a lack of success. The rompers had taken the romp promptly out of Hester, sending her into such hysterics of rebellion that the grown-ups had wisely dropped the subject. They recognised that her wee, incomprehensible but none the less charming modesty had been shocked by the things, and they all hastened to forget the whole bad business. No one but Hester knew what had become of the insults themselves. It was her tiny hand which had thrust the blue-jean atrocities to the bottom of the clothes-box. It seemed an execrable enough place, for, from much painful previous experience, Hester was of the

opinion that anything which got down there was as good as lost forever.

However, here they were again, creased into extra hideousness. Heroic little soul that she was, Hester, nevertheless, was not brave enough to don them at once. She warded off doom for at least a night, and spent even the next bright forenoon in the daintiness of skirts and ribbons. But at the time of day when any hour might bring the Old Man back from town, she set her teeth upon her trembling lips, hauled on the detestable trousers, and ruthlessly rammed and crammed all her cherished pearls founcces into the horrible bagginess of them. With trembling fingers she tried up the suspender part, jammed some marbles into the yawning, rough-edged pockets, and then raced frantically out of the house, shrinking from the mirrors as if they had been fire-breathing dragons.

Seeing the Old Man afar, and braced to effort at sight of his laggard bearing, the Only Boy shook back the curls from her flaming cheeks, thrust her hands a-top of the marbles, sprawled her feet as far apart as she could and keep upon them at all, kicked open the garden gate, and swaggered down the road to meet him.

"Hello, Old Man! what's the good news from town?" she called affably.

His reply was the one for which she had planned. As his face cleared and his surprised laugh rang out, Hester forgot the ignominy of her apparel and hung chummily to his hand, her whole small being happily elate at her success.

"Just let's look at you; let's look at you!" he said, tricked into new laughter as he noted the remarkable lumps and bumps caused by the hidden founcces. "You look so small. And your feet beneath your trousers peep out no bigger than peanuts. And what do you call this?"

"Hair," said Hester unctuously, somewhat enjoying being a spectacle.

"I never knew you had so much. You're a French poodle, that's what you are. There's no 'Hester' about you now. You're Peter Poodle. I shall have to call you

Pete for short. Suppose we don't go into the house, Pete? Suppose we go for a walk?"

"All right," said Hester, with just the proper nonchalance of a good comrade. Her heart gave one exultant leap to think that she had lured him from the lonely library, but immediately sank with its increasing load of private oppression. So her pretty name was gone now. She could better have stood anything but Pete. There had been a red-haired grocery boy once who threw a turnip at her. His name had been Pete. She did not like violence, nor red hair, nor grocery boys, nor turnips; and the accumulation of these dislikes was all bound up in the already sufficiently abominable Pete. Of a verity, it was a little bundle of suffering that trotted uncomplainingly beside the Old Man on his nerve-calming walk. And, as the Eternal Feminine braves itself on sacrifice, Hester was charmingly companionable. She evinced polite interest in the utterly uninteresting rows of things which were sprouting in the vegetable garden, thoughtfully bending over—her hands on her trousered knees—to gaze long at humps in the earth, said to be beans; she shut her eyes and forced herself fiercely through a blackberry hedge in order to reach the river road—which when reached was sure to prove bullfroggy beyond endurance; she plunged pallidly but silently through a field of the snakiest kind of high grass; she even took into her trembling, revolting hand a cold and boring polliwog, which was offered as a treat; in a word, she accepted every horrible entertainment which the rude mind of man could conceive. But she earned her desired reward.

"This has been a pretty good afternoon, hasn't it, Pete?" asked the dear Old Man, as they came back through the garden gate. He was strait as a tree, and his hat was shoved rakishly askew. To Hester's critical eye he looked an encouraging object. "We'll do this again!"

"Bet we will," said Hester heartily. Down, down, down went her inward spirits. Hard as it was to begin to be

an Only Boy, things looked as if the leaving off would be harder still. Were the frogs and polliwogs and the haunts of snakes to be her fate again?

They were. Not only the next afternoon, but succeeding afternoons—all afternoons. All her life. Wouldn't it soon be Christmas? Yet these wretched beans were only an inch or two high. And it was pretty blazing hot for the Christmas season. But, oh, how long it seemed since Hester had curled up on a pillow on the shady porch and dressed her dollies in the lace-trimmed copies of the finery which once had happily been her own.

Still, there was compensation. The Old Man's mind apparently kept in his head. True, he had many gloomy lapses; but Hester had a thrifty accumulation of surprises upon which she drew in time of need. The river road was growing apt to lead to a pool where Brother had been taught to swim. And the Old Man took to gazing too long.

Seeing this, Hester's eyes dilated with a touch of the old terror. But she knew what she should do. She yanked the Old Man's coat.

"If a feller'd give me a leg up, I mos' b'lieve I could climb a tree," she said wistfully.

"Why, I'm your 'feller,' Pete, if you want to try," said the Old Man, pulling himself together. He looked around in vain for a trunk of good proportions.

"But we can't climb willows, can we?" "These aren't the only trees in the world," observed the Only Boy brazenly. "What's the matter with the orchard?"

"Nothing at all, I hope. Let's go there," said the Old Man promptly.

Then followed the hideous period of "shinning" up of trunks, all knubbly with bark, into perilous branches where there was nothing to see and much in the caterpillar line to fear. How much better things looked from a distance. The baby apples, for instance. They were fair-sized children by now, and seen from below had a commendably edible appearance. But glared at

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dimly from their own insecure quarters, they betrayed themselves to be given to the reprehensible habit of rotting where they hung and attracting wasps. Just like a wasp, to take to rot. What a nasty world this boy world was! But the orchard proved merrier than the swimming-pool, and the Old Man laughed again.

Sometimes, the Only Boy had the ill luck to precipitate trouble by a faulty mischance of her own. The matter of the hair is a case in point. Swinging head downward from a limb, she one time had the leisure to study approvingly her own shadow as it swayed beneath her. Pleased, she turned right-side up, dropped to her feet, thrust her hands in her trouser pockets, tilted her head engagingly, and said:

"I'm stuck on pants now; you couldn't tell me from a boy, could you?" She shook her tousled yellow mane from her face as she spoke.

"A boy with hair like that!" teased the Old Man. "I wouldn't own such a boy!"

No sooner had he said the words when he caught his breath shortly and turned abruptly away.

If he felt that badly about her hair, why, it had to go. There was no help for it. In actual anguish, blind and dumb to the sights and sounds of the summer happiness around her, the Only Boy fought herself into resignation. To lose them! Those floating yellow curls, where the blue bow poised like a lazy butterfly in autumn corn! Even now, acknowledging that the deed was as good as done, how was she actually to accomplish it? She had not the skill, let alone the nerve, to guide the shears on their awful way. And the village barber had a greed for coin, of which the Only Boy had none. Well, she might wheedle it out of the Old Man.

Desperately she chased in search of him. She found him in the barn. And he evidently was still annoyed about her hair, for he was fighting loudly with the hired man. The hired man asked something in an equally loud tone, and the Old Man said it was none of his damp business. Why damp? Looking cursorily around, the Only Boy thought everything seemed dry, as usual. But damp must have been the right word, for the hired man kept quiet. The Only Boy stored the word away for possible future use. She might need it herself. Personally, the quarrel proved a god-send, because the Old Man answered her timid request for twenty-five cents by handing it right out. He didn't even seem to know she was there, and, without turning his head, kindly held the money into space.

The Only Boy captured it, and sped down the lane to the village. There is no need to dwell upon what happened there. The barber and she will never forget.

Nor did she speed on the homeward trip. Instead, she slunk miserably, and kept within the shade of the fence-hedges. By so doing she protected herself from another chance sight of her shadow in the road. The first had been enough. No longer did she silhouette like a chrysanthemum. She was merely a radish—small end up. And her head felt very trivial and empty.

But, arrived at the house, she gripped up enough courage from the inside lining of her overall pockets to enable her to stare her father coolly in the face.

"I've lost my lid," she remarked curtly. "What do you think of it?"

"Why, Pete," he gasped, "your beautiful hair! Who did it?"

"Barber. That's what he's for."

"Your mother never sent you?"

"Never. You can bet on that."

"It was your own doing?"

"Sure."

The Old Man's eyes flashed with a danger light, and the Only Boy groped in her memory for a talisman.

"What do you mean by doing such a thing?" he demanded.

Now was the time or never.

"None of your damp business," said the Only Boy affably. She was anxious, too. But the anxiety proved unnecessary, for the Old Man burst into hopeless laughter. Not but what he regretted it on the instant, and took the Only Boy gently to task for her morals and manners; still, the laugh had come. A scolding under such preliminary circumstances is rather a cheery affair. The whole business was soon blown over. Yet it left its subtle influence. Did the Old Man faintly guess at last at Hester's comedy of life? Who knows? Nothing was ever said, but the resulting comradeship was nearer and dearer even than before.

There is no limit to the perfection it might have reached had not mother commended inexorably to intrude. She certainly bothered the Old Man outrageously. Many a lovely rambles was brought to its untimely end by the Old Man looking at his watch and saying: "Poor mother. I must go back and read to her, Pete."

"She's reading herself," Hester might announce in vain.

"I know. But she's lonely, all by herself in her room."

"Why don't she come with us if she wants us?"

All the gloom would be back in the Old Man's face, and he would answer sadly:

"She is not well, Pete."

"What's the matter with her?" once asked Hester, and somewhat callously. She, for one, felt that any woman who could manage Lizzie, the cook, and incidentally Hester, as firmly as mother did, could be in no imminent bodily danger.

"Mother's far from strong," said the Old Man, frowning with worry.

Denial in large quantity loomed on Hester's face.

"Far from strong!" she scoffed.

"Wish you'd felt the spank she gave me to-day. You'd know better, then."

Though the Old Man threw her the tribute of a sympathetic smile, he rubbed his fingers through his hair till it stood up like a bunch of grass, and kept on frowning.

Discouraged, Hester inclined to the belief that the world was a hard master. No sooner had she rescued the Old Man from one mysterious misery than he fell into another—thereby indefinitely lengthening her hated period of boydom. For, of course, to keep the small amount of family joy circulating properly, she would have to remain for the nonce in pants and be boisterous to suit.

"Cut me a switch, Old Man," she said resignedly.

Receiving it, she strode ahead of him, her legs manfully apart, and whistled desperately while she switched with hypocritical viciousness at the asters as she passed. Not for worlds would she intentionally have harmed one gracious, nodding head. It was through sheer inadvertence and miscalculation of distance that she caused one royal bloom to shiver on its stalk and then fall fair face downward in the stifling dust. Hester's cheek went white.

"Well, you're a boy all right!" cried the Old Man, with wonder infused in his admiration.

So Hester stoically switched an onward way till a bend in the road shut the aster patch from sight. Then she pretended to see a lizard.

"Guess I'll go after that wriggler," she announced. "You keep on, Old Man, and I'll catch up."

Running back to the scene of her unfortunate cut, she knelt in the dust, picked up the severed flower, rocked it pityingly in her arms, and laid her tender lips upon it.

"Oh, my child, my child—my little killed baby," she whispered, while the quick tears dropped. "I never meant to do it; never, never. Oh, my pansy-coloured daisy; oh, my aster child, that I made to die!"

Kissing it chokingly, she laid it in a crotch of the plant where it belonged, and twisted in beside it one of its living sisters to be a comfort and companion. Then she rubbed her tears away and hurried back to the Old Man.

"Did you get it?" he asked.

"Get what?" demanded Hester, startled.

"Your lizard."

"None," said the Only Boy indifferently.

Since the open held such perils, Hester was not quite sorry when the coming of cold weather shortened the walks abroad, and kept them more in the house.

But it was a dreary winter—the Old Man needed such a lot of boy to keep him decently cheerful. Hester climbed so many chairs, and sat so much astride the sofa back, and slid so horribly often down the banisters, that the overalls wore out, and new ones were purchased—tougher ones to suit her fancied need. Her poor, torn, tired spirit fairly bled at sight of them, but she plunged within them, and whistled hard to keep the tears back. One can't cry and whistle, too.

It was firmly her impression by now that she would never be a girl again. The dollies were in the attic—a veritable north pole in winter, so that she never even visited them. The kitchens had

grown, unpelted to cats, and had been distributed among good Christian homes. There came an eternity of skating and sledging, cold and sniffling joys at best.

Then the miracle of leaves came round again, and overnight the violets purpled suddenly in the grass. One might almost be happy again—if one could be a girl—one's hair was getting fuzzy, too, and had to be persistently wettled to preserve the meagre appearance proper to a boy. Rumples it, and it would curl deliciously—could one be a girl. Which, of course, one couldn't. For the time of polliwogs and kindred abominations would soon be round.

Hester took it philosophically when her father again appeared before her in a straw hat.

"Why, sure, Old Man; tramps, isn't it? I'm ready."

"Not this time, Pete. I have to take a trip for the firm. I'll be gone all night. But I'll be back to-morrow. You won't let mother get sick while I'm gone, will you?"

"I don't think I could stop her if she starts, but I'll try," said Hester, dubiously.

"That's right. Be mother's little man while father's gone. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Hester apathetically accepted manhood. Father's Only Boy and mother's Little Man. It was a frightful set out. With the Old Man absent, Hester spent the loneliest of afternoons. Nobody gave her any attention. Mother got it all. Night came uneventfully, and everybody went to sleep. The commotion did not happen till next day, but there was plenty of it when it came. Mixed up with it were doctors and nurses and hot water and medicine. Mother had done just what she had been requested not to do.

After hours of aimlessness, when quiet had somewhat been restored, folks tartly remembered Hester's existence. Lizzie, the cook, came to her. Lizzie was all broad smile and excitement. Kneeling on the floor, she hissingly whispered into Hester's ticklish ear a tidings of apparent mightiness.

"Is that so?" observed Hester politely, striving to cloak her indifference, and rubbing her ear. But, as she dwelt upon it, the situation held out certain grand possibilities. So she pushed inquiry:

"Is he going to stay?"

"May the howly saints grant ut! Av course he's goin' to stay."

"Oh!" said Hester.

Again she ruminated. Then pointedly: "Lizzie, is he the Old Man's?"

"Will you list to that now! The child it is! Av course he's the Old Man's."

"Oh!" said Hester again.

"An' don't ye want to room up-stair wif Lizzie, darlin', an' see?"

"No," said Hester, decidedly. "I'm going to be busy."

And busy she certainly became. The details of her activity would take too long to specify. Briefly, she put her overalls in the kitchen fire—the room was desirably empty at the time—she dumped tops, whips, balls, marbles, and kites in the wood-box; she rumbled her hair to curls and crowned them with the bluest and biggest of haws; she went the reckless length of her Sunday dress to make a proper toilet; she gathered her dolls and dishes and toy table and rocking-chair into one glorious bunch, and, sitting down with her favourite child in her arms, she revelled in recovered girlhood, singing a soft lullaby an devotionally that its melody rose like a hymn of praise and thanksgiving.

A shadow thrown across her small tea-table caused her to look up. There stood her young father, evidently just returned from his brief trip, his suitcase in his hand, his hat shoved back from his rather tired face, and on his lips the smile that Hester knew to be the fruit of her past industry.

"Hello, Pete!" he said. "How are you?"

"I'm Hester, and I'm pretty well."

"How's things?"

"Pretty well."

"How's mother?"

"Pretty well."

"Where is she?"

"Up-stairs, I guess."

"You're not very talkative. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing. Only I'm so nice and busy. I'm having a party."

"So I see. And dolls, too! Well I declare!" Then in mock tragedy he cried: "Dear me, you're a little girl again! A little girl! Have I lost my boy?"

At this bare possibility, unlikely though it was, Hester looked up startled. Then her good sense came to her rescue, and she said reassuringly:

"Why, he can't be lost yet. He's only just come."

"Who has?"

"Your boy. He's up-stairs. With mamma. They're both in bed. So Lizzie says."

"What!"

After the explosive word, Hester was at liberty to play party again, for she was alone.

Quietly but with consuming swiftness the Old Man was lounding up-stairs three steps at a time.

And the hymnal lullaby sounded anew.

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A NEW METHOD OF TUNNELLING.

This is an age of tube-railways, and tunnels driven beneath the bed of broad rivers have ceased to attract attention as anything wonderful. Everybody knows that these tunnels bored under rivers are principally dependent upon compressed air to keep the water from entering during the process of construction. Pumps are kept constantly at work and air is driven into the bores at a sufficient pressure to counterbalance the weight of water outside and prevent it from entering. In the case of a small tunnel this method works fairly satisfactorily; but in the larger tunnels demanded by modern railway construction immense difficulties have to be faced. The pressure of water percolating through the river-bed varies, of course, in proportion to the depth below the water-surface, and it follows that the pressure upon the lower portions of the boring is far greater than that upon the upper part. The counterbalancing air-pressure from within must necessarily be sufficiently great to set against the greatest water-pressure—that at the bottom of the tunnel; and this pressure is, therefore, much in excess of what is necessary to keep the water from leaking in through the upper walls. As a consequence of using an air-pressure considerably higher than is necessary to balance the weight of water above, "blow-out" frequently occur, and the air rushes with explosive force into the river above. Apart from the grave danger of flooding the works through these occasional blow-outs, there is always the effect of compressed air upon the human workers to be considered, and many lives are sacrificed in the making of every subaqueous tunnel because of the distressing effect of the compressed air upon the men who have to work in it. A new method of making large borings without the aid of compressed air is being thoroughly experimented with by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Although at first sight it appears to be a roundabout method of accomplishing the result, it is said that these experiments are justifying the means. Broadly speaking, the new method consists in boring a small pilot-tunnel a few feet in diameter, using the old compressed air process, and then by means of a refrigerating system freezing the mud around it so that it can be worked in the solid state. Within the small pilot-tunnel a large number of refrigerating tubes is placed, and for a long time freezing mixture is forced through the tubes from a refrigerating station on the shore. This refrigerating is kept in constant operation for several months, and all around the pilot-tunnel a core of freezing sand and mud is gradually increasing in diameter. When this congealed mass has reached the necessary radial distance all round the original boring, the freezing can be stopped and the tunnellers may enter with safety and proceed to enlarge the tunnel to the required diameter without any fear of the intrusion of water from without.

BRAKE-HORSE-POWER.

Exactly what is meant by "brake-horse-power" is very frequently not in the least understood even by the owners and users of engines of various kinds. The brake-horse-power of an engine is ascertained by attaching to the flywheel or shaft a slipping brake and measuring the pull upon this brake, which pull, calculated in conjunction with the speed of rotation and size of the wheel to which the brake is applied, gives the relative power of the engine under test. The method is difficult of application, and contains many possibilities of error. An ingenious and remarkably simple device known as the "Sellers' dynamometer" is described in a recent issue of the "English Mechanic," and it is said to give very reliable results. It consists simply of a long lever designed so that its fulcrum rests upon the floor and its short end presses against the underside of the flywheel of the engine. Upon the upper

press upon the flywheel. The brake-block is mounted on four tiny wheels as though it were a small truck in itself, and connected to one end of a spring balance of which the other end is attached to the body of the lever. The method of using this device is as simple as the machine itself. When it is placed in position so that the flywheel is in contact with the brake-block, a suitable weight is placed on the longer end of the lever and shifted from place to place until the most suitable position is found. The rotating flywheel pulls the brake-block away from the spring balance, which accurately measures the stress. It is simply sufficient to multiply the reading on the balance by the speed of the periphery of the wheel in feet per minute, and divide the result by 33,000 to find the brake-horse-power of the engine. It is believed that a special compact form of this device is to be placed on the market for the use of owners of motor cars. Doubtless some interesting results may be expected when the figures given by the manufacturers of the cars can be checked by the purchasers.

MOTOR-DRIVEN COMBINED ROAD-SWEEPER AND WATERING-CART.

The rapidly increasing use of fast motor cars has made the dust nuisance so intolerable that any appliance designed for its abatement deserves consideration. Messrs. D. Stewart and Company (Ltd.), of Glasgow, have recently submitted to the Corporation cleansing department a combined watering-cart and road-sweeping machine, which, we understand, is doing excellent work. An ordinary Stewart-Thornycroft 30 horse-power steam lorry-chassis is fitted at the rear with a rotating brush driven through bevel-gearing from the first motion-shaft of the engine; the intermediate shaft being arranged to swivel, so that the brush may be raised or lowered as desired. A galvanised water-tank capable of holding 1000 gallons is mounted on the rear half of the chassis, and the water is conveyed by means of pipes to two sprinklers placed one on each side of the front of the vehicle. These sprinklers are controlled by valves, and with full water-supply cover a width of roadway 22ft wide. The operations of watering and sweeping can be carried on simultaneously or separately, and machines of this description will, no doubt, be found more useful than the horse-drawn vehicles at present in use.

PROTECTING WOOD AGAINST WHITE ANTS.

Some time ago reference was made in these columns to a new process for rendering wood impervious to the attacks of white ants or termites which ordinarily will destroy any woodwork, from domestic timber to railroad sleepers. The new process has been exploited by the Powell Wood Process Syndicate, who are now exhibiting a piece of confirmatory evidence of a very conclusive character. Two pieces of ordinary yellow deal yellow deal is considered a toothsome morsel which no healthy-minded white ant would refuse—were the subject of a very interesting experiment. One piece was treated in London by this new process, and was afterwards bolted to the other, which was left in its natural condition. The pieces were then forwarded to the Curator of the Government Botanical Gardens at Singapore, and laid by him—still bolted together—in a place where termites most do congregate. In a little while the untreated portion of the compound block was almost demolished, whilst its sophisticated fellow remained untouched. They were returned to London before the former had quite disappeared, and they form a splendid testimonial to the efficacy of the protective process. The solution with which the wood is treated is absolutely odourless and quite unobjectionable from every point of view—except that of the white ant.



ONE TELLS ANOTHER

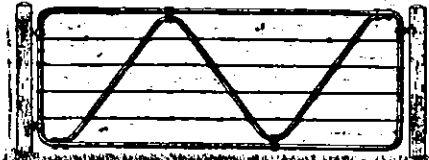
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The Gate of Understanding

By EDITH BARNARD

WHEN the operation was successfully over, the last bandage adjusted, and the last words of direction spoken to the attendants, the white-gowned surgeon passed through the white-tiled doorway into the doctors' room, glad to escape the heavily etherised atmosphere, glad to pass by the admiring, respectful, awe-filled faces of the younger men, glad to throw aside the red-spotted garment and to feel the soft lather of soap and water on his hands and face.

The operation had been of the most dangerous, but it was neither fear for the man's life nor doubt of his own success in saving it that, during the hours just past, set the doctor's lips in a firmer line than usual, made his voice harsh and grating in the few sentences he spoke to the men and the nurses, and sent him from the operating-room nervously fatigued and restless. He had seen the man only twice before he was wheeled, etherised, into the glass-lined room, and both times as a patient, as one of the many in the great hospital. He had been a case, a problem, scarcely a man; his life was a matter of breathing and heart beats rather than of work, play, love; but this morning his standing as a patient's case, had been changed suddenly into that of a human entity.

The morning had seen cold, very cold, and the doctor's man drove the horses up and down the street. The doctor himself, overcoated at last, opened the door of his house; a coupe which he thought his own was stopping before it. He had turned back for his small black bag, and when he reached the door again a woman was mounting the steps, close to him. The doctor frowned impatiently, but the woman had said at once, imperiously:

"I know you have no time, Doctor Brooke, but I am his wife."

Surprised, involuntarily the doctor stepped aside, and she went past him into the house, her furs brushing against him. Then, in the hall—it had been terrible, ghastly! There was nothing hysterical about her; it would have been easier for him if there had been. He knew how to deal with hysterics, but before this blaze of emotion he was helpless, amazed. She was not of the class which readily bares its feelings, nor, indeed, of that smaller class which feels intensely. The doctor knew by every evidence of her dress and manner, even of her face, that life had been easy for her; yet here she was in his dim hallway, baring her soul, tearing its motives and passions apart with an intensity which he had never seen equaled. The doctor had seen the human heart, un-fleshed, palpitating with its own marvellous life-force; the sight was not as awe-inspiring as that of this woman's dissecting her own heart's motives and depths. The face of the lady of quietly ordered life changed before his eyes into a mask of tragedy.

The man on whom he was to operate that day was her husband; they had been good enough friends, but had amused themselves in different ways. Now that he might die, she knew that she must have him back. There was so much for life to give them! She must show him! The doctor must save him. She must, must have him back! That was the substance of her wild appeal, and it was in itself commonplace enough; it was her fierce intensity of suffering and demand that made it wonder.

Her eyes were the colour of Helen's, and the patient, the case, the senseless human thing which he had just cut, was

the man whose danger had made them glow, broken the surface of the wife's reserve of coldness, selfishness, indifference, stirred the under-depths of her soul into this anguished call for help, this insistence on rescue. Her eyes were like Helen's, but Helen's eyes had never held that look! The doctor wondered whether they ever would, or could; whether it would be given to him to awaken it. How would it be, he wondered, when that man should see his wife, the wife who must, must have him back! How would it be if Helen—

The doctor shook himself impatiently, went out of the great bronze door of the hospital, down the long flight of stone steps, and started to walk towards the west. He was half angry with himself because of his fancies, his dreams. He told himself that he was no schoolboy, to indulge himself with castles of air; that the woman of the morning had upset him, with her pleadings and commands; that overwork was telling on him, and that if he only had the time he would take a Sunday at Hot Springs. He told himself everything but the truth; yet as he walked towards the winter's sunset towards Helen's home, he knew very well that it was the memory of the woman's eyes which was making his heart pound—eyes which were like Helen's, but with that wonderful living glow in them which had been called up by her tardy realisation of her need of the man, and of her love for him.

He would not let himself dwell on the dream of what Helen's eyes might hold, for that thought but emphasised the other—that for him they had never held more or less than the friendliest, manliest good-fellowship. He did not believe they had shown more to Robert—his friend Robert, his successful rival with the young girl who was the most brilliant beauty of her season. He had taken the part of best man at their wedding with no bitterness whatever, for it seemed no more than natural, and right that Helen should take Carroll, who had everything to give, rather than himself, who had everything to make. His love for the two was never shaken, and that his friend understood him was proved when, dying six years later, Robert made the doctor trustee for Helen and guardian of the baby. No word was ever spoken between the two men to indicate whether Robert had found in his marriage all that he had hoped for. Helen was gay and clever, proud of her health, her beauty, money, name, playing through life like a child; and as a child gathers flowers and more flowers only to throw the first aside for more, so she had danced through every pleasure, always leading, always seeking and finding more and more. She had not wanted the child, but when he came she was proud of him, too. The years of her marriage had wrought less change in her than those of her widowhood, but all had not changed her more than they had changed the doctor. If she was now the brilliant woman that her small world of pleasure sought, he was the great surgeon, sought by all worlds of suffering; and still they were friends, and, even as in Robert's time, he was her familiar house-guest, the friendliest and most welcome.

The man at the door told him that Mrs. Carroll was in the library upstairs, and added, with a slight, apologetic cough for his familiarity as the old servant:

"Master Robert is not very well today, Doctor."

"I'll take a look at him before I go,"

the doctor replied, and the man watched him mount the stairs, an affectionate look on his face. Before he returned to the back of the house he noticed a speck of mud on the doctor's long coat, carefully brushed it off, and looked for more, before hanging it up again. It was a way the servants had with the doctor. All of them, even those in his friends' houses, took care of him.

Helen came from the fire to meet him. The doctor could not bring himself to look directly into her eyes, and he was all the more conscious of the rest of her. Someone once said that Mrs. Carroll was always in winter the warmest looking of women, and in summer the coolest, and the doctor remembered this and smiled. This afternoon the warm reddish brown of her dress gave colour to her hair, which was really of that "blood red," which is more gray than golden, and the fire back of her was scarcely more a thing of flame and shadow than was she.

"I was sure you would come," he said, "I was sure you would come. I am after-noon. Roger, I came home early for you, and I'm starving!" She gave him the friendliest of smiles, and then, after a glance at his face, she added, "And so are you!"

Without speaking, the doctor sank heavily into a large chair, rested his head on its back, and watched her. All of her movements were strong and calm; in everything she did there was evidence of the poise and reserve that goes with perfect health and accustomed self-control. Her actions were really quick, but never seemed so. The doctor was always soothed and rested by merely watching her, and this afternoon her handling of the tea things, her deftness and sureness, quite took his mind from the troublesome day.

She did not speak until she had given him his cup, and was seated, with another, at the opposite side of the fireplace. Then she began to talk to him of a thousand things—her day, her friends, the Symphony the night before, the last new play; she quoted the latest saying of their witliest friend, reported the progress of another's love-affair, repeated a remark of Bobby's, told about a visit to his school.

The doctor drank his tea and poured himself a second and third cup, without answering her in words; he nodded once or twice, smiled grimly at her quotation, laughed at Bobby's speech, and was rested by it all. When he finished his third cup he sat with his elbows on the arm of the big chair, his hands before his face, their fingers lightly touching, and with his head bent slightly forward.

Helen watched him in silence for a few moments, and then asked:

"Tired?"

The doctor roused himself and smiled at her. "I was tired, yes," he answered, "but you've rested me." Then he added, to her surprise:

"I've had a hard day."

It was the first time in all their acquaintance that he had spoken, however indirectly, of his work. Even his greatest achievements, the marvels of surgery that had made his name world-wide, she had learned only with the rest of the world.

"Can you tell me about it?" she asked.

"I want to," he said. "It's got hold of me, somehow. I want to tell you."

She listened to his story of the morning; he did not speak of the subsequent operation on the man, except to explain that the encounter with the woman had made it difficult, and he added, had made his own nerves uncertain. He need not have said the last, however, for the effect was still evident in his restlessly moving around the room while telling the story;

when he finished he stood looking down into the fire.

Helen's first question was the inevitable one. "Will he live?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," the doctor answered, "he will live. But—"

"But," she laughed, "when he is well again the woman will probably find herself just where she was before he was ill. A variation on the old theme that when 'The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be.'"

The doctor said quickly, sharply, "Don't talk like that!"

She flushed a little. "No," she said, "I will not. That was foolishly spoken—and, besides, not true. I see the meaning of it as plainly as you do, Roger. Tell me, was she of—our sort?"

"Oh, perfectly," the doctor said. Then, after a pause, he added, "The way she let herself go, the revelation of herself!"

"She probably didn't half realise it all until she told you!"

"But to come to me, a stranger—Jove! I thought of it every second while I was cutting that unconscious man, thought of the poor devil's missing the moment of her that would have been supreme for him."

She followed her own line of thought, rather than his. "It was fine, dramatic! That revelation doesn't always come, even when there is something to be revealed, you know!"

He turned to her quickly. "That's it," he said, "that is what upset me. Suppose the chap had never been taken ill; suppose she had never found out all that! Think what they have both been missing, what they might never have known!"

She was as keenly interested in it as he. "It was worth the price!" she said.

The doctor looked at her, and spoke the key-note of his thought. "Helen," he said, "her eyes were like yours!"

She did not move or speak, but there was a tenseness about her that showed she understood. The doctor looked at her for a moment, moved restlessly, then laid his arm along the mantel shelf and closed his fingers over its corner, as if steadily fixing himself.

"Helen, I've been wondering all day—"

She could not help him, could not move or speak, although she would have given much to prevent his speaking.

"Her eyes—I've been wondering whether you may not be denying yourself and me, whether you just haven't been made to find out!" The appeal of his hesitating sentences was tremendous, but still she would not look at him, and only shook her head from side to side.

"No, Roger, no! That doesn't come to all of us! I know myself. I am not made for deep emotions, for great strength of feeling."

"Her eyes were like yours," he repeated. It was her turn to be restless now. Presently she came and stood in front of him, and touched his arm.

"Roger," she said, "I cannot make myself anything but what I am. You are the best and dearest friend I have in the world, and I'd rather spend an hour with you than with anyone else. You—she looked up at him quickly—"you are too good to me, but it isn't anything in me that makes me so. It's just your own greatness. If I could match your love, my dear, I'd—"

She moved away again, and when she came back her face was flushed, her eyes shining with the tears held back. The doctor knew her difficulty in saying so much. There had always been about her, even in Robert's day, a certain quality of maidenly reserve or hesitation, a sort of

spiritual abyness, which said, "Thus far." It always made her seem more rare and fine; both men had loved it in her.

"Roger, I—I know how selfish I am! It is a horrid thing to have to acknowledge, but I have always been happier in myself than in anyone else! I was perfectly satisfied as Robert's wife, but I am equally satisfied now! I was fond of Robert, but I don't miss him! Then—there's Bobby! I adore Bobby, I'm tremendously proud of him; but I didn't want him, and even now I know perfectly well that I could live without him as I live without his father. If I heard anyone else talking like this, I should think her a monster. But I'm not a monster; I'm not even abnormal. I've never in my life had to want anything very long without getting it; so I've never had to desire anything very intensely. I never had to do anything very intensely. I gave Robert all I could, but there wasn't much to give. I love Bobby as much as I can, too, but I certainly don't love him as many women love their children. I see other women lose themselves in their love of their husbands and babies. I've never lost myself in my life, and I don't want to! If I could make myself care for you as they say women do care, as that woman this morning must have been caring, I shouldn't be willing to do it. But if I did care that way, Roger, I'd—I'd—"

"There," he said quickly, "there! You contradict yourself! You say you do not care, cannot care, and then you speak in a way that disproves all your protestations. You are like that other woman, Helen, the woman with eyes like yours; you only need to have it proved to you! I tell you, it is there!"

"And what is going to prove it, if it be true?" she demanded. "But it is not true. It isn't in me to feel deeply."

"Oh, my dear," he protested; but she would have no further talk of it, and they chatted for a while, until the doctor remembered the words of the servant in the hall below.

"How's Bobby?" he asked. "He complained of a headache at luncheon," she laughed, "but this is the afternoon of his dancing-school. I'll send for him; the sight of his Uncle Doctor usually cures him!"

When the boy came in the doctor looked at him keenly. He turned on a light, held the child in front of him, and felt his head and his wrist.

"Headache, old chap?" he asked. "Let me see what your throat looks like! Now shut your eyes and open your mouth!"

After a quick glance the doctor looked at the mother, and took the child upon his knees. The little boy put his arms around the "Uncle Doctor's" neck and began to cry. Helen quickly knelt beside them, touched the child's forehead, and reached for his little hands.

"Why, Bobby, what is the matter?" she asked; then, of the doctor, "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

The doctor did not look at her, nor answer. His face was very grave, with a stern look she had never seen before.

"Come along, Bobby," he said, lifting the boy. "How would you like to have Uncle Doctor put you to bed?"

The days that followed were as years to Helen. Shut out from her boy's room as being of no use there, listening for sounds from within to be rewarded only by unbroken silence, at first she felt a sharp resentment toward the doctor, whose decree had made her the outsider. She tried to go boldly into the room, but the nurses were firm. The doctor's orders were that no one should go in, and to the nurses his orders were immutable. She would not argue with the women, but when the doctor came she met him in the hall, coldly angry and insistent.

"There is absolutely nothing you can do for him," the doctor said. "You might disturb him, and your going into danger would be senseless."

"I wish to nurse him," she said.

"There are three women doing that."

"Then let me take a fourth of the time!"

"That would be unwise. They are trained nurses, and know just what to do. You have no acquaintance with sickness—and Bobby is very sick."

"But other women nurse their sick children," she cried, "and they have no training!"

"They have the best," he said quietly "their love teaches them."

He bowed slightly, and went upstairs. Helen felt as if she had been struck across the eyes. She was bewildered; anger returned later. Where was Roger Brooke, her friend, whose gentleness she had always been able to count on? She had never seen this new man before, this doctor whose stern harsh manner was almost brutal. And

did he dare to think that she did not love her child, Bobby, as much as other mothers loved? Suddenly she remembered what she had told him the afternoon before. Oh, surely he had not misunderstood her! Her face felt hot with shame, with anger against herself for having spoken, with resentment toward him for seeming to hold it up in reproof before her. Later, the thought gripped her heart—was it only her pride which made her long to enter and rule in the sick room? She held up her head; the doctor's refusal had only proved, after all, what she herself would have said at another time; of course the child was better off in the nurse's care than he would be in her own.

After that, however, she saw the doctor only once every day, although she knew that he came many times. Then she met him coldly, resentfully, and when he answered her questions perfunctorily she felt as far removed from him as if they had been talking by telephone. But as the days passed she began to forget herself and the doctor in remembering her sick child. She heard the slightest movement in the room where he lay and the house and her heart seemed full of him. She moved restlessly about from room to room; she could not force her interest toward anything but the boys; she had of necessity to stay indoors, and the sign in the vestibule kept people away. She found herself more and more often outside the child's door. The wet white sheet hung before it made the door seem to her like that of a sepulchre. When she caught a glimpse of the nurses, their faces seemed daily more grave.

One afternoon she was sitting on the steps in the hall, watching the sheeted door, when the youngest nurse came out. As she looked at Helen her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll," she said impulsively, "he's such a darling little boy!"

Helen rose unsteadily to her feet and gripped the banister for support.

"Is he worse?" she gasped.

The nurse nodded, and wiped her eyes. "The doctor is going to perform tracheotomy this afternoon," she explained.

The doctor found Helen crouched on the stairs, her head bowed to her knees. He roused her with a gentleness not unlike his old manner towards her, though any of his patients would have recognised it as the doctor's way; he bade her to wait for him in the library below, and promised to come in there as soon as possible. The only things she saw as she went into the library were a book of fairy tales lying opened on a chair, and an engine of Bobby's under the table. The servants, through some feeling of reverence, had let them lie there during all the days, and she herself had been in the room before. Suddenly she had a vision of the doctor's knife, of Bobby's soft, white throat.

After a thousand dead ages that might have been one hour or three the doctor came downstairs and into the room. Some part of herself that was still alive looked into his face and wondered where she had seen that look before. It was not a thing of feature, but of spirit. She remembered: Robert's face had worn it, when he turned back at the door to look at her before Bobby came. It was the expression of the mental anguish of a man for the physical agony of some loved one.

She cried out jealously, "You do not love him as much as I do! He is mine, my baby!"

The doctor's face relaxed, grew almost tender. He stood in front of her, and for the first time since Bobby's illness looked at her.

"He is breathing comfortably through the tube," he told her.

They sat there through the night, neither thinking of eating and speaking seldom. At intervals the doctor went upstairs. His step on the stairs reminded Helen of a noise she had heard before from her room.

"Did you stay here last night?" she asked him. He nodded. "And the night before?"

"Things come so suddenly to children," he said.

After that night he asked for her each time he came, and gave her full reports. When the child was decidedly better she asked again to be allowed to go into his room.

"Be patient a few days longer," the doctor said. "You will have enough to do when he is really convalescent."

Many things were being made clear to her; humbly she accepted his decision.

The next day he did not come, but sent a doctor friend instead.

"I am afraid Doctor Brooke will not be able to come for a few days," he explained. "He asked me to tell you that Bobby is really out of danger, and to beg you not to be anxious."

"Doctor Brooke is ill?" she asked.

"He is not very well," the other doctor admitted.

Some swift message mounted from her heart to Helen's brain. She was sure before she asked, but she must hear it. Her voice was low; speech was difficult.

"Diphtheria?" she asked.

It was the young doctor's turn to have a vision, to behold a revelation.

"He is very strong," he said.

A half hour later, in Dr. Brooke's room, his nurse and the younger doctor were standing by the window, speaking together in low tones. No one was on guard, and before they were aware of it Helen stood beside the sick man's bed and was bending over him. The nurse exclaimed, and the young doctor moved quickly forward.

"My dear Mrs. Carroll!" he exclaimed. "This is no place for you!" He touched her arm, and Helen looked at him.

"I must, must stay!" she cried. "I shall know what to do!"

The young doctor saw, was dumb, and moved away.

Helen bent over the sick man again, and laid her hand on his forehead, smoothing back the hair. He remembered a darkened room, flickering lights and shadows on the ceiling, a gay counterpane that danced before a boy's fevered eyes, his mother's soft touch. Then he saw Helen's eyes, reached for her hand, and kissed it.

"Yes, stay," he said. His eyes closed, but a moment later opened again. He looked searchingly into her face, then smiled, satisfied.

"It's worth the price," he said.

One day at Latin recitation Johnny Jones was so drowsy that when the professor asked for the conjugation of a certain verb he failed to catch it, and, turning to his bosom friend, inquired, "What verb?" "Daminio," whispered his classmate. "Daminio, Daminare, daminavi, daminatum!" said Johnny Jones to the horrified professor.

A Guide to Courtship Land.

Approaches.—The time-tables and handbooks should not be consulted too closely, as they are likely to change without warning. Also beware of getting information from travellers who have been over the ground before. They are often misleading. Courtship Land may be approached through summer and winter resorts, in which case the traveller will do well to provide himself with a return ticket, but the Home Route is the one most reliable, and is recommended to those who intend to become permanent residents. The traveller should provide himself properly at the start with letters of credit and suitable protection from sudden storms, as it is always likely to blow hot and cold, the climate of Courtship Land being very unstable, the mean temperature sometimes varying nearly a hundred degrees in an hour.

It is useless for the traveller to secure an accident policy, as the insured companies have decided that in this country the risk is too great, and are issuing no more risks.

To Sofaton.—After leaving Introduction Station, the way leads through the quiet valley of Acquaintanceship, the train moving slowly along among aridly, regularly laid-out gardens until the summit of Mount Friendship is seen in the distance. Winding carefully, around this mountain, we pass more rapidly through Handclasp Centre, where we view for a moment the beautiful Palpitation Waterfalls. There is a slight delay at Kissing Junction, and almost before one realises it, Sofaton is reached.

Sofaton lies on the site of Ancient Moundville. It is a quiet, sheltered place, limited in capacity, it not being desirable to hold more than two at a time. Its springs are celebrated. Sometimes from Keyhole Centre a good view of Sofaton can be obtained. The lighting facilities of Sofaton are poor, but this does not necessarily limit the enjoyment. The traveller is advised to linger here as long as possible.

Engagementville.—This is much more populous than Sofaton, and it is advisable to cash your letter of credit before entering, as it is expensive. One of the chief places of interest is The Ring—an amphitheatre holding only a small portion of humanity, but of surpassing interest. The amusements are riding, driving, spooning. This latter is a game handed down by the original inhabitants and kept alive by tradition and constant practice. Great skill can be gained in a very short time. It is not advisable to linger in Engagementville too long. It is better to hurry on to

Honeymoon Centre.—Here the traveller should abide. It is the capital of Courtship Land, and stragglers who wander away from it oftentimes lose their way later in life, and stray out of Courtship Land itself. Those who make it their headquarters, no matter how old they grow, are the happiest in the end.

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Bartlett Carter's Awakening

By William Forster Brown in "Munsey's"

ARRAYED becomingly in her best black silk, Mrs Hepsibah Harkness descended backward with the celerity of much practise from the high seat of the newly varnished Concord. Securing the fat old farm horse from the hitching-post she advanced along the gravelled path toward Mrs. Bartlett Carter's back door.

"Thank goodness," she ejaculated, glancing over her shoulder at the morning sun. "I don't believe it's goin' to rain. I'm here good an' early; I do hope Linda's ready! I've been lookin' forward to this trip all summer," she continued, walking briskly past the glowing geranium beds, crossing the worn boards of the narrow piazza, and lifting the latch of the screen door. "An' I—merry sakes, Belinda Carter, don't you know what time 'tis?"

Mrs. Harkness paused on the braided rug just inside the kitchen door; astonishment, wrath, and glowing apprehension fighting within her for coherent utterance.

Mrs. Carter, standing beside the kitchen table, laid down her rolling-pin, pushed up a faded calico sleeve with three floury fingers, and turned a pair of swollen eyes toward the door.

"Good mornin', Hepsie!" she said forlornly. "Ain't you dreadful early! I s'pose you're struck all of a heap to see me in this rig, but"—with a sudden sniff—"I ain't goin' to the Food Fair."

"You ain't goin'!" echoed Mrs. Harkness helplessly. "You ain't sick, or you wouldn't be rollin' pie-crust. There ain't nothin' the matter with Bartlett, is there, Linda?"

"No," Mrs. Carter answered slowly. "He's down in the lower wood-lot with Jim Raymond. sawin' wood."

"I thought Jim was sawin' over to Berwick's place this week," commented Mrs. Harkness. "He told Nathan he didn't expect to get 'round here for a fortnight."

"He wasn't goin' to," agreed Mrs. Carter. "But yesterday afternoon Berwick's roan colt kicked the buggy he was hitched up in all to finders and Berwick got hurt pretty bad. You know, Hepsie, the old man's close as the bark of a tree; he wouldn't hear of Jim's sawin' another stick till he could be 'round an' see he wasn't bein' cheated. So Jim yoked up his oxen an' dragged the engine an' mill over here, 'bout ten o'clock last night—woke Bart an' me up, greehavin'!"

What's Jim Raymond an' his travelin' saw-mill got to do with your goin' to Boston?" demanded Mrs. Harkness sternly. "You ain't agoin' to help 'em saw, be you?"

"No, course not; but somebody's got to get the meals for all of 'em to-day, so Bart said I'd hev to stay to home."

Mrs. Harkness fairly snorted. "Do you mean to tell me that just 'cause Bart thought you orter cook them men a hot dinner, you're goin' to give up the Food Fair, Belinda Carter?" she exclaimed indignantly. "Now, see here, I won't put up with no such foolishness, Bart or no Bart. Ain't there some cold vittles you can leave for 'em? You hurry an' change your dress an' I'll get out some pies an' things an' cover 'em over with the table-cloth."

"I jest wish I dared to!" gasped Belinda, fumbling at her apron-strings. "I declare I believe I will!" she went on, flinging off the apron. "I jest about cried myself sick this mornin' 'cause I'd got to give it up."

"You won't hev to give it up," Mrs. Harkness assured her, bustling energetically about the table. "Leastways, you won't if you stir yourself."

Mrs. Carter disappeared into another

room, and her sister continued her trips to the pantry.

"Bartlett Carter means well," she said to herself, "but he's gettin' to be mighty thoughtless an' domineerin'. Linda's beginnin' to look as dragged out as an old rag—an' she used to be the prettiest girl in Meadowfield. I guess I'd better go in an' hurry her up some. There! That dinner's good enough for a king."

Mrs. Carter sat on the edge of the bed, her face bowed in her hands, the tears flowing thick and fast from between her locked fingers. With a quick swoop Mrs. Harkness gathered the weeping figure into her arms.

"Don't cry, Linda," she said soothingly. "You ain't got more'n time to finish gittin' ready. Bart ain't a fool, an' mebbe you're showing a will of your own'll do him a world of good. It's high time he learned there was somebody in the universe besides himself."

"I warn't cryin' 'bout Bart," Mrs. Carter sobbed, wiping her eyes. "It was—was—'cause I can't go, anyway, Hepsie; I ain't got any money."

"No money?" broke in Mrs. Hepsibah in amazed tones. "Why ain't you? You got four dollars for the rag carpet you sold, didn't you? An' saved nine dollars butter-money? What's become of it?"

"Bart took it. That is—I gave it to him," answered Mrs. Carter. "We warn't expectin' Jim so soon, you see, so there warn't no money in the house but my thirteen dollars. Bart reckoned Jim'd git through sawin' by supper-time, so he wanted my money to pay him with. He said as I warn't goin' to the fair I wouldn't need it."

Twice Mrs. Hepsibah Harkness essayed speech, and failed.

"I'm goin' to speak my mind for once," she announced finally; "an' when I git through, if you don't put on your hat and do as I tell you—thank the Lord you've got your dress changed—I'll wash my hands of you and go to Boston alone. I don't b'lieve in interferin' between husband an' wife 'cept on uncommon occasions, but I allow this is one of 'em. You've been married goin' on five years, ain't you?"

Linda nodded.

"Well, what hev you got out of it? You've worked early an' late—like a slave—so Bart could put money in the bank. Mind you, I ain't sayin' but what that's a good thing—the money part—but 'tain't everything. You can't hev this, an' you can't hev that, 'cause Bart thinks he can afford it. You're even scairt to give a loaf of cake or a pie to the Ladies' Aid Suppers, 'less you ask him first. Bart's a good man—I ain't rummin' him down a mite—but he's no different from other men; give 'em an inch of authority, more'n's rightly belongs to 'em, an' nine times out of ten they'll take an' ell. I tell you, Linda Carter, you're actin' like a fool givin' in to Bart the way you do, an' if you don't turn square round pretty soon an' stand up for your rights it'll be everlastingly too late!"

"I dunno but you're right, Hepsie," admitted Mrs. Carter reluctantly.

"Linda," resumed Mrs. Harkness, impressively, "if I tell you something I ain't breathed before to a livin' soul, I hope you'll profit by it. When Nathan an' I was first married, I was jest about as proud of our big new barn an' all the stock we had as any girl ever was; 'specially of Nellie, the colt Uncle Amos give me for a weddin' present. I guess I used to go down to the barn 'bout forty times a day to look everything over—the pig an' the mowin' machine, an' the tons an' tons of smelly hay piled 'way to the rafters—an' I alius wound up by gettin' Nellie out of her stall an' currying her an' brushin' till

she'd shine like a silver dollar. Bimeby some busybodies seen me 'cooin' it, an' said they thought I'd better stay in the house; that horse-cleanin' an' messin' round stock warn't a woman's business. One afternoon Nathan came into the barn while I was fussin' over Nellie, an' said, with his face kinder drawn down: "Hepsie, don't you think it would look better if you stayed in the house more, 'stid of comin' down here to the barn so much? It's makin' talk!"

"I guessed in a minute what had put him up to sayin' it, for he'd alius been as tickled to hev me 'round the barn as I'd been to be there. I knew if I didn't put my foot down right then, I'd hev to give in till kingdom come, so I sez, soft an' pleasant:

"Do you mean I'm lettin' my house-work go, or neglectin' anythin' I ought to do, Nathan?"

"No," he sez, hesitin'. "I don't; but a woman's place is in the house."

"Mebbe you're right, sez I, an' I dropped the currycomb an' started for the house without another word—for an idea had popped into my head.

"We'd had a dreadful backward spring that year, an' the weather was middlin' chilly for April. Soon's I got to the house I shook down the settin'-room fire so's it would go out; then I took Nathan's slippers an' put 'em in the closet. After a while I got supper, an' when Nathan had got through eatin' he went into the settin'-room to read a spell, same's he did every night—but in a minute he'd come out ag'in."

"How'd you come to tell the fire go out, Hepsie?" he sez. "It's colder'n Greenland in there."

"I s'pose it is, I sez, as if it was the most natural thing in the world—but all the time my heart was beatin' faster an' faster. I allowed I'd run over to Mis' Green's, an' as I warn't goin' into the settin'-room to-night I thought I might as well save the wood."

"Nathan looked at me as if he didn't hardly know what was comin' next."

"I can't find my slippers," he sez.

"I've put 'em away," sez I, screwin' up my courage an' lookin' him square in the eye. "A man's place is in the barn, not hangin' 'round the settin'-room in easy-chairs an' slippers every night; it don't look jest right, an' folks might talk. I reckon they'd hev as good reason as they hev talkin' about my goin' to my own barn!"

"He didn't say a word for as much as two minutes, and the expression on his face made me feel mighty uncomfortable; but I was bound I wouldn't give in. All to once I seen a change come over Nathan's face, an' he laughed an' grabbed me into his arms."

"I reckon they would, little girl," he sez, patten' me on the back—I begun to cry then, like a good one—though it never struck me that way till jest now; I guess we'll agree to let 'em. The currycomb's hangin' on the inside of the harness-room door, 'stid of layin' on the beam—an' Hepsie, do you s'pose while I'm buildin' the fire you could find my slippers?"

That settled the 'woman's place' business in the Harkness family, for good an' all," concluded Mrs. Harkness, rising. An' now, Linda, you write a note an' tell Bart that you're goin' to the fair—that you've borrowed the money of me; I can spare it just as well as not. Pin the paper on the tablecloth in plain sight, an' for the land's sake, hurry! It'll be touch an' go if we git the train!"

II.

The shining concord was vanishing over a rise in the road across the valley

from the lower wood-lot as Bartlett Carter, piling the last stick of methodically packed cord of freshly sawn wood, caught the glint of whirling wheels. "That must be Hepie," he mused, shading his eyes. "She must have stopped at the house quite a spell." I reckon Linda's pretty well down in the mouth because she had to give up going. She ain't talked of nothing else all summer; but she's just as well off. It don't hurt a woman to stay at home. Thirteen dollars is a good sight of money to spend in one day for car-fare an' foolishness, leavin' nothin' to show for it."

Bartlett began a new pill and dismissed the subject from his mind. Twelve o'clock arrived, and the screech of the saw promptly ceased. Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by, and Bart heard no welcome foot from the direction of the house—and dinner.

"That's queer," he remarked, in a voice that betrayed increasing wonderment. "I never knew Linda to be behindhand before by as much as a minute. Guess we might as well go up to the house, Jim; 'tain't no use waitin' any longer."

A glance at the cloth-covered table, and a hasty perusal of the scrap of paper pinned conspicuously on the linen, revealed to the astonished Bartlett the cause of the dinner horn's silence. For a second his domestic world tottered about his ears; but he came of a hard-headed race and was game to the core.

"You boys will have to put up with a cold dinner," he announced, as Jim Raymond and his helpers filed in from the back-room sink. Linda's gone to the Food Fair after all. I calculate her sister must have over-persuaded her. Jest set right down, an' I'll make some coffee."

The meal was despatched in silence, the frown on Bartlett's face discouraging conversation.

"You can start right up without waiting for me," he remarked, as the men headed for the door. "I'll clear up an' come along binny."

Left to himself, Bartlett, during trips to the sink, dish-laden, gave audible vent to the wrath that welled up in his affronted and bewildered soul.

"By Judas!" he muttered: "I wouldn't 'a' believed Linda'd do such a thing; but I'll bet a dollar it was Hepie Harkness' doin'." She's too high an' mighty anyhow, an' Nathan lets her do jest as she's a mind to; but Linda'll find out that things ain't agoin' to be run that way in my house. I ain't Nathan Harkness, an' I don't callate to be, nuther! When Linda gets back I'll—"

"A loud 'Hello!' ended Bart's soliloquy and brought him hurriedly to the piazza, to behold a white-topped meat-cart and the red face of Caleb Myrick, the Plainfield butcher, peering forth inquiringly from beneath the cover.

"Hello, Bart!" called Myrick, hitching forward on his seat. "Have you heard the news?"

"I ain't heard nothin'," admitted Bart, with interest. "Berwick ain't dead, is he?"

"Not as I know on," replied the butcher soberly. "It's worse'n that: the Meadowfield Centre excursion train has gone through the bridge into Miller's River—eight cars an' the injine—pretty aigh everybody on it killed or drowned. I've jest come from the Centre, an' they got word 'bout 15 minutes 'fore I left. There's a wrecker comin' from Kitchburg with a car-load of doctors—it's something awful!"

The noonday sun went out in black eclipse over Bartlett Carter's head. He clutched unconsciously at the piazza rail. Myrick leaped from his seat and clattered swiftly up the path.

"What's the matter, Bart?" he queried anxiously. "Don't tell me any of your folks was on that train?"

"My wife and her sister!" Bart's dry lips writhed in an endeavour to frame the words. "They went to the Food Fair this mornin'." He groped uncertainly for the latch of the screen door. "I must hitch up an' go for Nathan," he muttered thickly. "Hell know what to do—I can't—think straight!"

"You go right into the house and sit down," commanded Myrick, laying a hand on Carter's shoulder. "Mebbe they ain't hurt after all; 'tain't likely everybody's killed. I'm going by Nathan's place, and I'll tell him to come here right off—that'll save time, anyhow."

Caleb departed, and Bart—with a vague idea that he must change his working-clothes before going to the Centre, waded into the bedroom. Through the open window a slender golden finger of sunlight touched Linda's worn calico dress, thrown carelessly over the back of the rocking-chair, and the sight of its

familiar outlines went into his heart like the thrust of a knife.

"What shall I do?" Bart groaned. "I can't stand it—I can't!" His fingers closed convulsively over the limp sleeve. "Life ain't worth nothin' to me without Linda. I ain't been as good a husband to her as I might hev—but I've meant to—God knows I hev!"

The recollection of his scarcely cold anger at his wife rose up and smote him accusingly. A hundred poignant memories of her housewifely virtues, of her patience, of her unwavering love and trust, thronged in on his brain; and he saw in damning contrast his own selfish, unworthy soul.

"It's a judgment on me," he cried bitterly. "I ain't done right. I never realised how good she was an' how precious—the best wife a man ever had! I've been rough an' overbearin' an' mean—an' now she's taken away from me. Oh, God!" He prayed in sudden fierce entreaty. "If you'll only give me back my wife, safe and sound, I'll do anythin'—I'll be different—I'll promise—"

The door slammed violently, and Bartlett, with a choke, turned and looked into the eager face of the butcher, standing on the bedroom threshold.

"Look here, Bart Carter," Myrick cried excitedly. "It struck me all to once, as I was goin' along, that jest now you said somethin' or other about the Food Show. Ain't that in Houston?"

Bart nodded dismally.

"Then, by the great horn spoon, yelled the butcher, 'you ain't got nothin' to worry about after all! 'Taint the Houston excursion that's wrecked; it's the Hoosac one. If it hadn't giv' me such a jolt seein' you keel over on the railin', I'd hev remembered there was two excursions to-day: one to Boston an' 't'other through the tunnel."

Bartlett Carter, with an inarticulate cry of relief and thanksgiving, snatched up his wife's dress and buried his quivering face in its faded folds.

III.

Hours afterward, when Belinda Carter—flushed, tired, but holding tight the memory of a deliciously exciting day as a fisherman to cling to when the waves of the coming domestic upheaval should close over her head—pulled open the screen door and stepped on the braided rug, she halted in sheer amazement at the picture that confronted her apprehensive eyes.

The oblong openings of the range draft were glaring cheerfully, and from under the spider's tin cover arose a fragrant hissing. The supper-table—laid for two—stood forth spotless and complete, even to a tall vase of ruddy nasturtiums. To crown the wonder, Bart—the defied and outraged husband, whose bitter and not unmerited censure Linda, during the long ride home, had been steeling herself to endure patiently—was withdrawing a pan of biscuits from the oven, whistling softly to himself.

"That you, Linda?" he called eagerly. "I reckoned it was about time for you, so I took out the biscuits. I doze the best I could with 'em, but they don't look right, somehow; mebbe I forgot somethin' or other. They're good an' hot, anyhow, an' praps you can eat 'em. Had a good time? I've been off on a little trip of my own this afternoon; been to Plainfield to get some money to pay back Hepie—I won't believe in owin', not even to relations—an' I brought back somethin' for you."

Bartlett fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat, and extended a small, flat book with drab covers.

"Why, Bart," exclaimed Linda wonderingly, turning the book over in her hand, 'ain't you made a mistake? This is your bank-book you've giv' me."

"No, 'tain't; you jest open it an' see," said Bart exultantly.

Mrs. Carter complied. On the first page, in the crabbed handwriting of Jason Stubbs, cashier of the Plainfield Savings Bank, was chronicled the astonishing fact that Mrs. Belinda Carter had, deposited to her credit in that institution, the sum of 860 dollars.

"Oh, Bart!" faltered the dumbfounded Linda. "You don't mean this for me, do you? Why, it's half of all the money you've got in the bank an'—"

"Don't care if 'tis," broke in Bart, cooing nearer. "It's yours, Linda. You can spend it jest as you're a mind to; I don't callate for you to hev to borrow no more money."

Mrs. Carter dropped the book, and threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Bart," she sobbed, 'you're the best husband that ever lived, and I don't de-

serve it, nuther! I've been a wicked an' ungrateful wife, but I'll never do anythin' agin' you don't want me to." "I reckon you won't hev no call to," replied Bartlett, a cautious little catch in his voice. His clasping arms tightened, and he pressed his lips to his wife's brown hair.

The Crofters and Their Cloth.

HOW AND WHERE HARRIS TWEEDS ARE MADE.

If you have never worn a garment made of Harris tweed, you have missed a luxury. No other cloth can compare with it for comfort. It is warm in the winter and cool in the summer. It is porous, and allows the body to breathe while keeping the wearer warm.

Being made entirely from wool, the wearer of Harris tweed is proof against chills, while the soft, loose texture prevents the body from getting stifled and hot. You can wear the same clothes summer and winter with the utmost comfort.

For country wear Harris tweed cannot be matched, and it is worn by most gentlemen, and, notwithstanding the competition from machine and factory-made cloth, the tweed is still able to hold its own.

It is well that it does, for the making of the tweed is the life history of many of the families in the Highlands and the islands around.

The popularity of the tweed means prosperity for the crofters, and a lack of purchasers means simple starvation.

On the Islands of Harris and Lewis there is little alternative. The land is barren and rocky, the sun seldom smiles on the face of the country. The men live on the sea, but when they are unable to go fishing through stress of weather, times would be hard indeed were it not for the "grist brought to the mill" by the workmen and their tweed making.

There is one name and one person who is adored by the crofter folk. The Duchess of Sutherland has extended a protecting wing to the inhabitants of the bleak islands, and through her energy has been established the Scottish Home Industries Association.

The Duchess uses her influence, assisted by her aristocratic friends, to induce the wealthy of the land to buy Harris tweed. The association provides when necessary wool for the crofters to work with, and often the food to keep the workers while they are making the tweed. The association has opened depots at Tarbert in Harris, Stormoway in Lewis, and at Golspie in Sutherland, for the collection of the cottage-made Harris tweed.

Primitive indeed are the homes of the workers. Little houses—they might almost be called huts—built of loose stones, with a thatched roof often weighed down with stones to prevent an exceptionally heavy wind from removing the roof bodily. In most of the cottages there are no chimneys; the smoke from the peat fires finding its way out through the windows, which are little more than loopholes, or through the open door.

Seventy-five per cent of the homes contain spinning-wheels and primitive hand-looms, with which the cloth is made. The whole process of turning crude wool, as it is taken from the backs of the sheep, into soft, durable tweed is done in these little cottages.

The making of the tweed is an interesting process, and in the first instance the wool is cleaned and carded—that is, drawn out by a hand tool somewhat resembling a wire brush, so as to lay all the fibres one way. The next step is to dye the carded wool and spin it into yarn. The yarn is next worked on the hand-loom and the tweed made, after which it is felted and shrunk. The felting is to even the texture of the cloth, and it is largely owing to this that the softness so noticeable in the tweed is due. They call this process "wauking," probably because the lassies used to do the felting with their feet.

All the material and labour is a home product, even to the dyes, which used to be entirely made from various plants which are native to the soil, but in some few instances, imported dyes are now used.

The men, from lack of opportunity for enterprise, have grown lethargic, and if they are not engaged in fishing they tend little plots of cultivated land called lay-beds which lie on the rocky hillsides. The women are always working never idle; and besides the making of Harris tweed,

they work wool in other ways, such as knitting.

About £25,000 worth of this home-spun cloth is turned out annually, and if it is of necessity a little dearer than the cheap products of the factories, still it far exceeds them in warmth and durability, and the Duchess of Sutherland has been so far successful in defending this home industry from being pushed out of the market by the products of the factories. She has appealed to the rich to wear Harris tweed, and they have responded in such a way that the crofters still find a fair share of work.

What the extinction of the trade would mean, those alone know who are conversant with the life of the crofters, and are familiar with the fact that they rely on the home spinning to such an extent that any checking of it spells ruin. Industrious as they may be, the women can turn their hands to nothing else, for there is nothing else possible on the bleak and barren country.

CUTS AND BRUISES.

A Railway Porter Gives Zam-Buk Great Praise.

Cuts and bruises are not only sometimes very painful, but are most inconvenient, for one cannot do their work properly with a finger or arm tied up, or a painful bruise worrying one. Therefore, rid yourself of these "encumbrances" as quickly as possible by a few applications of Zam-Buk Balm, the world's greatest skin-healer and embrocation. Mr. R. H. S. Thompson, Head Goods-shed Porter at Wagga-Wagga, N.S.W., says:—"I have derived much benefit from the use of Zam-Buk Balm. During my occupation I am constantly getting my hands knocked and cut about, and I assure you Zam-Buk comes in very handy. It seems to act like magic on cuts and bruises, and quickly heals them up. I find Zam-Buk very beneficial for chilblains also. My children suffered very much with them last winter, and although I tried several remedies, I found nothing to compare with Zam-Buk. This Balm applied properly very soon takes away the burning and irritation. I recommend Zam-Buk strongly, and no home should be without it." Zam-Buk Balm—a pot of which should be kept handy in every home—cures all injuries to, and diseases of, the skin. Obtainable everywhere, at 1/6 or 3/6 large pot (contains nearly four times the 1/6), or direct from the Zam-Buk Co., 39, Pitt-street, Sydney.

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ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

HIS CHARMING TYPEWRITER.

When Mr Keedick reached home one evening he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall rack before she blurted out:
 "You've got a new typist."
 "Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How did you find it out?"
 "Oh, I am up to your goings on. I can tell you. You got your new typist yesterday."
 "I did. Who told you?"
 "Well, if you must know, it was Mrs Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."
 "I have no desire to, dear."
 "Don't 'dear' me! Your typist is only about eighteen years old."
 "As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."
 "And has melting brown eyes?" Mrs Keedick went on indignantly.
 "Possibly, but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."
 "Oh, no; of course not! With a soft voice and charming manners!"
 "You are nearly right."
 "Nearly! right! I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."
 "You want the name of my typist?"
 "Yes, I do."
 "What for?"
 "Never mind what for. I want your typist's name."
 "It is John Henry Simpson. What are you going to do with it?"

A SURPRISING VENTRILOQUIST.

Caruso, the great tenor, is a great ventriloquist as well, and in New York, before he sailed for home, he told, at a little farewell dinner, a story of his ventriloquial skill.
 "I was one of a house party at a millionaire's great new castle overlooking the Hudson," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still."
 "Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in a loud and angry voice:
 "Hello! What are you doing up there?"
 "To my amazement a thin young voice replied:
 "I ain't doin' no harm, nuster. I'm just a watchin' the big bugs."
 "The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on:
 "Did anyone give you permission to climb up into that tree?"
 "Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin."
 "Well," said I, "so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let anyone see you."
 "All right, mister," said the humble voice.
 "I turned to my audience, and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said that they had never listened to ventriloquism so superbly. And they were quite right, too."

DEFICIENT OF BUTTONS.

The following once occurred at a weekly kit inspection:
 Officer (inspecting kits): "Well, Gunner Jones, is your kit all complete?"
 Gunner Jones: "Yes, sir."
 Officer: "Everything got buttons on?"
 Gunner Jones: "No sir."
 Officer (in surprise): "What do you mean, then, by showing an incomplete kit! What is deficient of buttons?"
 Gunner Jones: "Please, sir, there are no buttons on my towel!"
 Fortunately for Gunner Jones, the officer was gifted with a keen sense of humour, and no punishment followed as a result of the sally.

THE SENTRY'S ADVICE.

The corporal in command of the guard in a British regiment stationed in the West Indies, at about ten o'clock at night, cautioned the soldier on sentry, a young arrival, to keep a sharp look out for the field officer. About this time a man was being put in the guard-room for misconduct. During the absence of the corporal the field-officer arrived, and not receiving the usual challenge from the sentry, he immediately asked him if he knew who he (the field-officer) was. "No; who are you?" When informed that he was addressing the field-officer, the young soldier remarked confidentially: "You'd better clear out quick; the corporal told me to keep a sharp look-out for you. He's putting one man in the guard-room now!"

HE WENT WITH THE BAND.

It is the Church of England chaplain who is chiefly responsible for the state of the religion of the Army, for, excepting Scotch and Irish regiments, nearly ninety per cent of the rank and file "go with the band." The allusion to the band is explained in the following story.
 "What's yer religious persuasion?" said the sergeant to the recruit.
 "My what?"
 "Yer what? Why, what I said. What's yer after of Sundays?"
 "Rabbits mostly."
 "Ere, stow that lip. Come now, ch'uch, chapel, or 'oly Roman!"
 And after an explanation from his questioner the recruit replied, "I ain't nowise pertickler. Put me down Ch'uch of England, sergeant. I'll go with the band!"

THERE WERE OTHERS.

A professor of sciences, well known for his absent-mindedness, was engaged in a deep controversy one day with a fellow-student, when his wife hurriedly entered the room.
 "Oh, my dear," she cried, "I've swallowed a pin!"
 The professor smiled.
 "Don't worry about it, my dear," he said in a soothing tone. "It is of no consequence. Here—here he fumbled at his lapel—here is another pin!"

MIXED METAPHORS.

A minister said to his congregation: "Brethren, the muddy pool of politics was the rock on which I split."
 An orator is credited with a peroration in which he spoke of "all yanks, from the queen sitting on her throne to the cottager sitting on his cottage."
 "My client acted boldly," said the counsellor. "He saw the storm brewing in the distance, but he was not dismayed. He took the bull by the horns, and had him indicted for perjury."
 A Hindoo journalist, commenting on a political disturbance, said: "We cannot, from a distance, realize the intensity of the crisis, but it is a certain thing that many crowned heads must be trembling in their shoes."
 An old negro woman whose needs were supplied by friends never failed to express her gratitude in original language: "You is powerful good to a pure ole 'oman like me, wid one foot in de grave an' de oder a cryin' out, 'Laud, how long, how long!'"
 No one could imagine what a speaker meant when he said: "Biddy, 'diddy," and then stopped, and after a moment of confusion said: "Diddy, biddy," and then, with scarlet face and coldly perspiring brow, gasped out: "Diddy, hidy, biddy, doo!" Then he had to sit down and rest awhile before he could say: "Did he bid adieu?"

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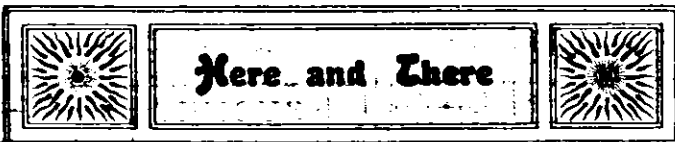
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Practices strict business economy, but not meanness.

Is courteous in manner and appreciates the commercial value of cordiality.

Is honest, not only from policy, but from principle. He considers success lacking self-approbation as failure in disguise.

Is careful in details, knowing that they are the mortar which binds his operations.

Possesses executive ability to a degree which renders him appreciative of the valuable points in employees.



How Bridge Got Its Name.

The following ingenious explanation is given in Mr. W. Dalton's book "Saturday Bridge," of the origin of the name of this popular game. Some twenty years ago there lived in Great Dalby, Leicestershire, two families who took in turns to visit each other's houses and play a game of cards called "Russian Whist." The only road of communication between the two houses lay over a broken-down and somewhat dangerous bridge, and on a dark night the departing guests would say to their hosts: "Thank goodness it's your bridge to-morrow," meaning that the others would have to cross the dreaded bridge the next night. Thus arose the title "Bridge."



Blushes When Rain Falls.

Among the many wonders of the vast Florida swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree. This tree is not common. It is only found in the densest thickets of those interminable marshes, whose luxuriant vegetation is a revelation to explorers. It actually blushes when the rain falls upon it.

This phenomenon at first seems incomprehensible. It never fails to astonish those who see it for the first time. The mysterious and beautiful glow of colour which it assumes in a rainstorm baffles description. The Seminole Indians, who once ruled Florida, have always known of the tree, and have in their musical language words signifying the maiden tree, which reddens at the coming of her lover the rain.

When the cool rain drenches a tree, a changing of colour is noted. Gradually, yet unmistakably, the green hue gives way to pink. In a few minutes the green fades from sight. Only in a few half hidden spots beneath broad branches and on its trunk is there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree is as pink as the cheek of a healthy girl.

After an hour or more, when the shower passes over, the wonderful tree assumes its familiar green once more. As it is changing back to emerald the spectator suddenly realises the secret of the phenomenon. Certain tiny insects and not the tree itself change colour. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright, warm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live. But when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their tiny backs and become a pretty pink in colour. Millions of these change the tint of the tree and impart to it a blushing aspect.



Is Anglo-Saxon Friendship a Myth?

In the New York "Critic" "An American long resident in England" says that if he were to live in England for a hundred years he could never forget that he was a stranger in a strange land. Time has convinced him that nowhere is it so hard for an American to feel at home as in England. This does not seem to augur well for an entente cordiale between the United States and England. The writer says—

"The truth is, we never have under-

stood one another since our forefathers left England, because they could not endure the country no longer; we never shall understand one another while America remains America and England is the England we know.

"In his isolation John Bull opened the floodgates of his affection upon us, of a sudden recognising in us not merely a friend, but a relation. We ceased to be Yankees — we were transformed into Anglo-Saxons. All Britain rang with the new entente cordiale, the English language apparently having no word for so un-English a sentiment.

The Anglo-Saxon is an alliance to keep on misunderstanding one another and pretending we think it friendship—that is, if we in America hold to the part of the bargain assigned to us. But the American cannot change his independence nor the Briton shake off his prejudice."



Sam Got the Pants.

In Atlanta there lived a well-to-do young man who was noted for his eternally immaculate appearance, and in fact was considered the Beau Brummel of that town. He had a coloured valet named Sam, who had just two ambitions in life—one to please his master, and the other to some day marry Lindy Pell, the handsomest Creole in that section.

The master accidentally stained his finest pair of trousers with some paint, and, calling Sam, directed him to get the pants cleaned. Sam took them first to his own sanctum, and, after admiring them from all sides, slipped them on. He hardly knew himself, as he strutted majestically in front of his mirror. Those pants would clinch the argument with Lindy. He took them off and carefully laid them away.

Sam approached his master with a woe-begone look, announcing:

"Yuh can't do 'nuthin' with dem pants, nohow."

"Did you take them to the tailor, Sam?"

"Yassir, and he says you mought as well frow 'em away."

"Did you try good soap and water?"

"Yassir; scrubbed 'em till I was brack in de face."

"Well, did you try benzine?"

"Shuah, but she wouldn't touch dat spot."

"Um-m, well, did you try ammonia?"

Sam grinned. "Yassir, and dey fits me fine!"



Uncle Sam as a Colonist.

Much has been heard of the experience of the United States as a colonising Power—using "colonising" in its broadest sense—in the Philippines, but less is known of the manner in which the great Republic has borne the burden of empire in Guam, the largest island of the Mariana archipelago, which was ceded by Spain at the close of the war in 1898. Superficially, the island is not very extensive, having an area of about 180 square miles with a population of some 19,000, of whom 7,000 are collected in the capital, Agaña. As a naval station, however, Guam is of considerable importance. In some respects, it seemed at first as though the inhabitants had not benefited by the change of ownership. The United States did not take kindly to the idea of paying for the upkeep of the dependency, and in an official report on the island, which was drawn up a couple of years ago, it was pointed out that, whereas under Spanish administration the yearly expenditure amounted to about 35,000 pesos, of which only some 4,000 pesos were raised by import duties and direct taxation, the rest coming from the Spanish exchequer, under American administration in 1902 the expenditure amounted to about 49,000 pesos, the whole of which had to be provided by the local population. Yet, in spite of the increased taxation, the service of public schools had to be suspended on account of lack of funds. Gradually, however, matters are adjusting themselves. Schools have been reopened, and last year the Naval Gov-

ernor was able to report that the Federal Government had "already assumed the medical treatment, care, and supply of medicines to the sick of the whole population, the extension and care of roads, telephone service, harbour improvement, and a portion of the cost of school maintenance." Fairness requires, moreover, recognition of the change which is reported in the character of the administration. It is declared to have been almost impossible at first to make the inhabitants realise that the object of officials was not personal gain, and the disinterested regard shown for the welfare of the general population is represented to have made a great impression on the islanders.



India's Comedy King.

The coronation of the agitator Banerjee as King of India was performed, in a large quadrangle attached to a private house in Calcutta, in the presence of a great crowd of spectators. The "Amrita Bazar Patrika" states that Banerjee was fanned, decked with garlands, canopied, anointed, and crowned like a real king.

Banerjee's own journal, the "Bengalee," published a laudatory account of the ceremony, according to which the leading Brahmin pundits of Bengal and other provinces were present, standing in groups around Banerjee. Over his head was placed a richly embroidered umbrella, while a white chowrie was waved before him in royal fashion.

Then, while the pundits chanted Vedic Mantras, a floral crown was placed upon Banerjee's head, amid loud shouts of "Bande Materam" (Hail, Motherland!) from the assemblage.

After benedictions had been pronounced Banerjee delivered a speech in which he urged the people not to allow their resources to be drained by foreign commerce.

He declared that the tallow, blood, and bone of cows and swine were used in foreign manufactures, and referred to the English method of a zinc cloth, maintaining that Hindus and Mahomtans alike should not use foreign manufactures which were objectionable on religious grounds.—Reuter.



Something Like an Hotel.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is, perhaps, the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the King of Bavaria, and patronised by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000, notes W. E. Curtis, in a letter from the Bavarian capital. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers—plain wooden benches without backs, beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it one of the basins of running water, which line the walls, and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it up with beer from the barrel. There are 100 steins of beer in each barrel, and from 90 to 100 barrels are consumed each day. The price is 3d a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.

BABY'S CLOTHES.

Baby's Clothes must never be washed with Alkaline Soaps or Soap Powders. They always leave an irritant in the fabric.

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ROUND ABOUT THE COLONY

New Zealand Birds in Queensland.

Some two years ago Mr J. E. Ward, of the "Graphic" staff, who formerly lived in Queensland, took a number of thrushes and blackbirds across to Queensland from Auckland to endeavour to acclimatise them. Nothing more was seen of them for some time, but latterly, at Auchenflower, near Brisbane, strange song birds have been heard, and Mr T. J. Coupland, writing in the "Courier," suggests that the newcomers are the descendants of the birds introduced by Mr Ward. Mr Joseph Berry, of Auchenflower, took down the birds' song and reduced to tonic-sylls, and is as follows:—

I d | t s | d i t d |
t t d |
t t d | t t t |

Can any of our readers tell us if this is the call of the thrush or the blackbird?

Suez Mail Service.

A correspondent, "Mail," writes suggesting that if any arrangement is entered into whereby the Sydney steamer would leave Wellington on Fridays, so as to make the Suez mail connection, the vessel should leave Sydney on the return trip the following Friday, as by this means the English mails via Australia could be brought direct to Wellington instead of to Auckland, where at present it has to be transhipped, writes the Wellington "Times." We have made enquiries and are informed that no saving of time could be effected by keeping the mail for a direct Friday boat from Sydney to Wellington. The Brindisi mail reaches Sydney on Wednesday and the intercolonial steamer leaves for Auckland the same day, arriving on Sunday, and the mail reaching Wellington as a rule on Monday night. With a steamer leaving Sydney on Friday for Wellington, the mail could not reach here until Tuesday morning, at the earliest, and as often as not it could not be sorted until late on Tuesday afternoon, and sometimes Wednesday morning.

An Interrupted Carol.

Martha Tainui, a half-caste impostor, who at different times has "taken down" quite a number of Wellington business people, and who has spent years in gaol, was amongst the visitors to the Christchurch Exhibition. The other day, at one of the local hotels, she represented herself to be a sister of the Hon. James Carroll. On the strength of this representation, remarks an exchange, she got goods from Messrs. King, Harris and Co. for a young man, who she said was going up to Wellington to be private secretary to her brother. She also during the day played the confidence trick on several people, and had a great day at the races, where she was introduced to several notabilities as Miss Carroll. On returning to the hotel in the evening she was celebrating her victories with champagne, when she was bowled out and arrested, and the sequel came in six months' imprisonment. Her name is Mata Tainui, and she had only been four days out of gaol for similar frauds.

The "All White" Bowlers.

Anyone who may be unaware that bowling is an important pastime has only to glance at a postcard that has come from South Australia to convince himself that the bowler is a royal person (remarks the Wellington "Post"). The town turns out to greet him, the band plays, the Mayor speaks, the girls pour out tea, horses take him to see the sights, he is a guest at sumptuous dinners, singers entertain him at smoke socials. One card has a heading, "New Zealand bowling tour, a sample of the ordinary everyday ex-

perience of the New Zealand bowlers in Adelaide and on tour. This is a sample of the first three weeks, and still five weeks to follow." The day's fixtures, commencing with "9 a.m. breakfast," total fifteen. There are official receptions by mighty people, drives, afternoon teas, concerts. There is only one reference to the object of the tour, and that is covered by a line: "2.45 p.m., drive to bowling green." It is not at all certain, however, judging by anterior and posterior items, that the men went to the green to work. Apparently the actual bowling must have been done in the stilly night, in accordance with the final entry: "11 p.m., curtain falls, and bowlers go out on their own." The fact that the New Zealanders won matches under the luxurious dietary scale outlined speaks wonders for their powers of digestion, and incidentally must be a splendid advertisement for the colony's atmosphere and climate in general. However, friends of the bowlers may have some difficulty in recognising the champions when they return home. The print on that postcard makes it obvious that the pilgrims will come back with very chubby cheeks, very florid complexions, and very well-filled vests.

Funny Thing to Lose.

Says the "Lyttelton Times":—The police require an owner for a valuable motor car, which has been found under peculiar circumstances. The servant of an Avonside resident was working about the garden on Tuesday and found, under a fire tree, a very handsome motor car. A cover was put on it, but as that did not appear to be a very ample shield it was run into the shed and carefully locked there. No owner turning up, information was given to the police, and they will direct the owner to his missing property.

For Swimmers.

A list of don'ts to be observed by bathers has been drawn up by Mr. William Henry, honorary secretary of the Royal Life Saving Society, as follows:—"Don't bathe in quiet, secluded spots. Don't swim out from shore in the sea and other tidal waters unattended by a boat. Don't bathe shortly after a hearty meal. Don't bathe alone if subject to giddiness or faintness. Don't take fright because you happen to fall into the water in your clothes; clothes will float. Don't take fright because taken with cramp; keep calm and turn on your back, then rub and stretch the affected limb. If seized in the leg, turn up the toes, straighten the leg to stretch the muscles, and apply friction by kicking the surface of the water. Leave the water as soon as possible. Mr. Henry concludes by drawing attention to the need of making swimming a part of our national education.

Inventive.

The successor to the murdered Papekaia schoolmaster writes to a friend that the late teacher evidently was a mechanical genius. All the maps were fitted on rollers, and could be pulled up and down as blinds. The blackboards were hung on hinges, and behind one of these was a telephone, at which he could hear everything that was said in either porch. The school is beautifully decorated inside. Another ingenious contrivance is a clock fitted up to ring a bell at 9.30, 11, 12, 1, and 3.30. The school-garden is in splendid condition; and last of all comes the pride of the district—a fife and drum band, containing about 16 instruments, all of which are played by the school children, girls as well as boys.

Newcastle v. Westport.

The "New Zealand Times" says:—"Yesterday we published an extract

from a Dunedin Exchange regarding the burning of Newcastle coal on direct liners in preference to the higher priced New Zealand coal. The Manari was instanced as having left Dunedin last week to coal at Newcastle. Inquiries made at the shipping offices elicited the fact that in cases (like that of the vessel named) where boats are laid up in a New Zealand port idle for some length of time, it is found to be cheaper to steam to Newcastle and take in coal there than to load the bunkers with New Zealand coal. There are always a certain number of vessels laid up, but it is only in their cases that advantage is likely to be taken of the New South Wales port for coaling."

Undesirables.

It is stated that among the visitors who departed from Christchurch last week were two of an extremely undesirable sort, two smart female pickpockets, who came from Australia to try their luck at the exhibition. It is, of course, not known how lucky, or otherwise, they were, but it is understood that they complained of having been constantly "shadowed" by the police. They are supposed to have left for Melbourne.

Pigeon Shooting.

Considerable interest is being taken by Gun Clubs and shootists generally in the appeal lodged by John Tucker, of Feilding, against his conviction for cruelty to animals by taking part in a pigeon-shooting competition. Messrs. Martin Chapman, T. Wilford, and Cohen are appearing for the appellant, and the appeal will be heard before two Judges at Palmerston North shortly.

Religion and Art.

Preaching at the Christchurch Cathedral on the relation of religion to art, Dean Harper said that people in older countries sometimes wondered at the absence of admiration for art on the part of some young colonial who was visiting older countries. He seemed to pass by unremoved the great and splendid works of art to be seen in England or on the Continent. One young Australian was taken to Westminster Abbey. It seemed to excite in him no feeling of admiration. All that he was reported to have said, after the beauties of the great church had been pointed out to him, was "Why, I do not believe it is any larger than my father's woolshed." He came of a large sheep breeder's family, and on the sheep run was a woolshed, a mass of timber and corrugated iron, which possibly covered as much space as the floor of Westminster Abbey. But it should be stated that you are born and bred in the colonies, just at that time and age when they were most accessible to impressions of all sorts, were through no fault of theirs deprived of much that might be included under the term art.

Illness in Political Circles.

Illness and death have levied heavy toll on politicians and their families for some months past. The Hon. Mr. Seddon, the Hon. D. Pinkerton, Mr. Kirkbride, and Colonel Pitt have all passed away within a few months. Mrs. Millar, wife of the Hon. J. A. Millar, died a week ago. Mr. Hanna has been very ill, and Mr. Eli has just got through an illness. Mr. Izard recently was a private hospital patient; Mr. Fisher has had a visitation of bronchial pneumonia in his family; Mr. Houston's health is reported to be far from good; and the Hon. T. K. Macdonald was prostrated for several days recently. One of the head messengers at the Parliamentary Buildings died last week.—Wellington "Post."

Generosity in a Refuge.

During the quarterly visit of inspection paid by the trustees of the Benevolent Institute to the Ohoro Home (Wellington), Mr. Hogg addressed the inmates on the decision of the trustees to reward the men to a small extent for their industry, and to give them a little pocket money. That decision, he said, had been

objected to in certain quarters, on the ground that it placed temptation in the way of the men to spend their money unwisely. He hoped that for the credit of the institution the men would disabuse people's minds upon that point. The men generally expressed appreciation for the consideration of the trustees. One aged inmate contended that it would be unwise to penalise all because of the deficiencies of the few. The best plan would be to withdraw the help given from those who did not appear to appreciate it. This suggestion seemed to meet with general approval.

RHEUMATISM.

**John Kennedy, Dunedin
Bed-ridden for 3 Months
Left the Hospital a Cripple
Given Up by Specialists
Not a Pain or Ache To-day
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

"For three solid years Rheumatism and me a cripple," said John Kennedy, a retired mariner living at No. Arthur-street, Dunedin. "For thirteen weeks I lay in the hospital, and couldn't move hand or foot. The best doctors and specialists could do nothing for me. As a last hope I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cured me, and I have never had an ache or a pain since."

"I had my first attack at sea six years ago when taking a cargo of wheat, from South Australia to London," said Mr. Kennedy. "I had always roughed it at sea, and for a long time my blood had been in a bad state. Off Cape Horn we ran into a terrible ice storm. The cold struck right into my bones. The Rheumatism was in my system—but that exposure to an ice storm set the pain going. When every head was needed on deck, I had to be paralysed with pain. My hands were useless. My fingers grew stiff, and then started to swell up. Every day I got worse. Quawing, burning pains came in my shoulders, and spread down to my elbows. I screamed every time I went to lift my arms up. I got so helpless that I could not move, unless one of the men turned me. The ship's medicine chest was stocked with all the standard treatments, and my mates rubbed me till I was blistered. But none of these things did me the least real good. I was a cripple till we reached London."

"The London doctor sent me straight to the hospital, where I was treated by the greatest specialists for three months," Mr. Kennedy went on. "At last the head doctor told me to go back to Australia and get a shore billet, for I could never stand a cold climate or exposure at sea. I shipped for Queensland—and no tongue ran tell the unspeakable torture I went through on that voyage. When I left the ship I was a wreck. Every day the Rheumatism got a bigger hold on me."

"I made my way to the Gulf country, and got a light station job. There I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The other men said they were only for pale people—but one chap named Charlie Morley said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured his neck of one of the worst cases of Rheumatism on record. I sent straight for a supply. After the first two or three boxes, I could have knocked them off—but Morley said that if I didn't give them a fair chance to cure my Rheumatism it would be my own fault if I was crippled for life."

"So I kept on. Soon the pains in my hands and shoulders began to ease up. Gradually my muscles lost their stiffness, and I could move my joints with ease. My general health improved in fifty ways. My case was so stubborn that it took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a few months to cure me—but in the end they did twenty times more for me than the best hospital doctors of London could do. When I started them I was a cripple—when I left them off I was a strong active man. Since then I have never had the slightest sign of Rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me for good."

Nothing else could possibly cure John Kennedy, because nothing else could drive the Rheumatism poison out of his veins. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do just that one thing—but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't thicken with mere symptoms. They strike straight at the root and cause of all blood diseases such as anaemia, general weakness, dizziness, indigestion, biliousness, headaches, back-aches, kidney and liver troubles, lumbago, Rheumatism, sciatica, neuritis, nervousness, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, failing powers, and the secret blood troubles that ruin the regular health of growing girls and women. If you are not sure whether Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are suited to your own case, write for free medical advice to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. From the same address you can order the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at 3/ a box, or six boxes 16/6 post free.

Wet Fly Fishing for Brown Trout in New Zealand

By G. D. HAMILTON,

Author of Trout Fishing and Sport in Maoriland," etc., etc.

No. 11.

ON the whole, what should be aimed at in fly-dressing is to produce by general effect an imitation of the colours of flies that are to be found on the water at all seasons, and not to attempt slavish imitations of a great variety of flies. The colours already given are always represented on the water where water flies are to be seen. It is well to keep in mind that trout cannot be taken by any fly unless they are feeding. A north-east wind, although warm and generally moist and favourable to the birth of flies and insect life, is for some reason not yet explained, almost a bar to sport in Maoriland, at any rate by daylight, the fish hardly feeding by daylight while it lasts; while, during a rough cold south west wind, they are generally on the feed during the whole twenty-four hours. Perhaps for fly-fishing the most favourable condition is when, in warm summer weather, there is a light south west air or breeze. This in warm weather does not interfere much with the birth of flies. The fish rising freely generally all day. Most-ly when the wind has some west, there is a chance of sport, and when the wind has some east there is less chance of sport. When there is "thunder in the air," and before the storm has begun, trout seldom take, but after the storm has passed, except in a north-east wind, they often rise freely, and even do so sometimes when the storm is at its height. The question of rods is often discussed. My own preference for fly-fishing on streams that can be fished from bank to bank by wading is for ten-foot rods. Twelve ounces should be the outside weight for a ten-foot wood rod for this purpose. I am using an eight ounce wood rod and a six ounce Palakona cane rod, made for me by Hardy Bros., of Alhwick. The latter, except in a gale, is by far the most pleasant and effective rod of this length I have ever fished with, and should be still more suited to persons whose occupations are sedentary, or to women. These light rods will be appreciated towards the end of a day's fishing. They are not so apt to break the gut in striking too hard, and in playing fish are not so likely to tear away the hook from a slightly hooked fish as are heavier rods. With them should be used the best quality of No. 10 level silk line, taking Hardy Bros.' level line of that number as a guide for thickness. There is no need to have rods or reel lines heavy for fly fishing, as the gut used is of necessity light compared with

that used for minnow or similar fishing. Still, very fine gut, except for special purposes, is unsuitable, losing too much time in landing the fish, and, except in very experienced hands, is apt to be broken in striking. Owing to different dealers numbering their reel lines and gut differently, I give Hardy Bros.' gut figures also as a standard for size. In the same way I have taken Limerick books and numbers as a standard guide to size for my own books, which are numbered according to Limerick sizes.

A useful strength of gut for general use for lower six feet of gut cast is Hardy Bros.' "x and 1/2 drawn gut," and of natural gut "Regular" and "Padron 2nd." For the three feet between this and the reel line stouter gut may be used. As to the respective merits of natural and drawn gut, the latter frays more quickly, but requires less skill in making or mending level lines, as the strands of a size are drawn to one thickness, whereas, in natural gut, they require to be picked. With regard to the respective merits of tapered and level gut casts—the tapered cast rather better, but when broken require more skill and trouble in replacing the broken strands so as to maintain the taper, whereas, with level lines, if broken, and spare natural or drawn gut is carried, according to the material of the cast, the spare strands will fit in anywhere; also, pieces of level line of the same thickness can be joined together without any arranging. The gut should be tinted only of some natural tint, bluish or greenish, but decidedly not more than tinted. The natural colour is too white and shining, and shows too much in any state of the water. Tinted as advised, it hardly shows, even in clear, still water, and is mostly seen by the trout from below and against the sky. Reels for use with these rods should hold a minimum of fifty yards of reel line, because it is necessary to cut off the damaged lower part now and then, and so a line gets shorter by degrees. This length of line is generally sufficient for streams of the size and character already mentioned.

(To be continued.)

"That's an awfully rude letter," said little Elsie, pointing to the letter "Q."
 "Why do you say that, dear?" asked her mother.
 "Cause," explained Elsie, "it's always stickin' its tongue out."

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The Tourist Resorts of the Colony. By Marama

SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

WELLINGTON TO TAUPO VIA NAPIER.

One of the best and most comprehensive tours in the North Island is that from Wellington to Rotorua via Napier and Taupo. This embraces a run over the famous Rimutaka Incline, a visit to Napier, which is one of the prettiest seaside resorts in the colony, the drive from Napier to Taupo, which includes some very good bush scenery, while from Taupo right through to Rotorua, the visitor travels through the heart of the Thermal District, which is quite worthy of the name of "Wonderland" by which it is generally known. In the present article I propose to deal with the portion of the road between Wellington and Taupo.

Leaving the Government station at Wellington by the 8.22 a.m. train, the line runs through Petone, which is really the manufacturing town of Wellington, and then, after passing through the picturesque Hutt Valley, a start is made to climb the Rimutaka Mountain by a zig-zag of fairly good grade, and during the trip up some very good views are obtained of the Hutt Valley below. Several small tunnels are passed through and eventually the summit is reached at a height of 1144 feet, the last 800 feet of which has been climbed in under ten miles. The actual summit is in the middle of a tunnel, and here as the train passes an electric bell rings to show that the up-grade is finished and the train then commences its downward course. After half a mile has been travelled, a halt is made and the brake vans which grip the centre rail are put on to minimise the danger of running down the 800 feet, which is done in less than four miles. During the downward journey some magnificent views can be got of the gorges and the Wairarapa Plains stretching out far below, as the train rushes down the tortuous way which leads to the lower level. Wairarapa Lake lies just at the foot of the mountain and the train runs alongside it for some distance. During the run across the plains, which are mostly grazing country, Carterton is passed through. This has a very large cheese factory, and is the town in which the Wairarapa Society's Agricultural Show is held annually. Masterton is another rising town which is mainly supported by the dairying industry. Woodville Junction, 116 miles from Wellington, is reached just after 2 p.m., and here twenty minutes are allowed for luncheon, which is partaken of in a well-found refreshment room. Here the trains diverge for Palmerston North, Foxton, Wanganni, etc. The engine is reversed and the Napier train then proceeds on through some rather better and more interesting country, consisting for the most part of rolling downs, dotted with trees. At one time the whole of this country was covered with dense bush, but now it has all been cleared and turned into dairy and sheep farms. Ormondville, a good-sized township, is passed through at 145 miles, and Waipukuruan is reached at 167 miles.

Hastings, which is 200 miles from Wellington, is a very pretty and rather pretentious town with some very good buildings, and gives evidence of prosperity. Soon after leaving that place the line diverges to the sea coast, and runs along the beach until Napier is reached, the journey of 211 miles occupying ten and a-half hours.

Napier itself is a fine town, and the inhabitants are very proud of their Marine Parade, which extends for over two miles. This place quite justifies the claim of the people to have it called the Brighton of New Zealand. It has a bright, breezy atmosphere, with a lovely situation in the bend of Hawke's Bay with Scinde Island forming a beautiful back setting. Away towards Portland Island and south to Cape Kidnappers, the bay curves gracefully until it forms what is said to be a remarkable counterpart of the Bay of Naples. Westward and southward the Ahuriri Plains stretch away with the Katmanawa and Ruahine ranges as a protection from the cold rains of the West Coast, while the expanse of water stretches away eastward, leaving the town open to the pure invigorating breezes of the Southern Pacific Ocean with its cool summer and warm winter winds.

The business portion of the town is built at the foot of Scinde Hill on a flat extending for several miles along the sea coast, while the residential portion is prettily situated on the various hills behind which form what was once Scinde Island but what is now a peninsula. Lovely villa residences are dotted about these hills in a most picturesque manner embowered in trees and shrubs of luxuriant growth. There are some beautiful private gardens, in which tropical shrubs and flowers abound, while both oranges and lemons can be seen growing in the open. The public gardens, which are situated in a valley, are very picturesque, the walks winding around the hills amidst a profusion of trees and flowers. The water supply is drawn from artesian wells, a fine high pressure system being obtained by pumping into a reservoir on the top of the hill, and the sanitary arrangements are equally good. Some lovely walks are available, and there is perfectly safe sea-bathing from the Parade. The roads are perfect for cycling, both in the town and surrounding country. One of the favourite trips is along the beach front round Scinde Island via Port Ahuriri and the Hyderabad-road, a distance of about five miles, while beyond there is a stretch of many miles along the Ahuriri Plains on well-kept roads. A drive about the hills with varied scenery, affords many lovely peeps of river, mountain and sea, while within easy distance of the town is situated the beautiful Petane Valley, and also Meanee, with the celebrated vineyards of the Mission of Greenmeadows. At a distance of twelve miles is Frimley, where there is an orchard with over a hundred miles of leach trees, and here there is established a very large fruit canning industry. There are excellent golf links at Waiohiki, close to the town, and good sea and trout fishing

are available. The Tutaeuri River which runs through a swamp to the south of the town affords very good boating and is well supplied with oil launches. A channel is now being cut so that this stream will run direct to the sea, and this will reclaim a very area of rich land. To the north of the town, and about half a mile away, is the breakwater and harbour, which now allows of fair-sized steamers berthing at the wharves, but most of the Home-boats lie in the roadstead and are tendered by small steamers. A little further round is an inner harbour and around this is the industrial portion of Napier. The fishing industry is a large one, quite a dozen steam trawlers being engaged, and the fish are sent to Wellington by the morning trains. Large freezing works which deal with the output of the Hawke's Bay sheep and cattle stations, are situated on the foreshore. The town is exceedingly well supplied with hotels, and there are plenty of motor cars and cabs always available.

The coach for Taupo, 101 miles distant, leaves Napier at 6.30 a.m. and runs through a valley in Scinde Hill until it emerges at the back of Port Ahuriri. The estuary is crossed by a bridge over half a mile in length with a couple of turns in it, and then for about four miles the road runs along a narrow slingle spit which divides the sea from the estuary. Here are a number of summer residences of Napier business-people, who keep boats and launches for trips across the estuary to the low foothills beyond, the water at this point being from two to five miles across. After leaving the Spit the route goes through the picturesque village of Petane. This is an historical spot, for it was here in the year 1867 that the Maoris attacked the settlers on what was then known as Captain Carr's Hedgeley Station, but fortunately they were repulsed with the loss of fifteen of the natives. The road then winds for some miles through the Esk Valley with the river some distance below, and in this stream excellent trout fishing is to be obtained. The road is very good, though hilly in parts until Maori Creek is reached at a distance of twenty-six miles from Napier. This is a canyon some hundreds of feet deep, not more than fifty feet at the top with precipitous sides, and is interesting as being the spot at which a great Maori massacre was enacted. The legend is to the effect that two tribes met here and that those who lived in the vicinity overpowered their adversaries and drove them over the cliffs into the creek below, where they all perished. It is stated that many attempts have been made to endeavour to recover the many valuable greenstone ornaments which are supposed to have gone over with the defeated warriors, but so far without success. At Pohue (29 miles) a halt is called for luncheon and a change of horses, and here it is quite worth while to visit the lake, where the phenomenon of a floating island is to be seen. This place is at an elevation of 1400 feet above sea level and it is a favourite holiday resort of Napier people, as the

streams around abound with trout. There is a very commodious hotel here and very good accommodation. From Pohue to Tarawera is about twenty miles, and for this part of the journey, the road is very hilly, in four miles the valley is the Mohaka river, which is 1200 feet above Pohue. The descent has some very sharp turns, and these open out some grand views of bush and gorge scenery, while from the summit there is a fine comprehensive view of the Haukaki Gulf. At the bottom of the valley is the Mohaka river which is a fine trout stream. This is now spanned by a splendid bridge, which has replaced the one washed away in the disastrous floods of 1897, at a cost of over £7000. A stiff climb up a circuitous sideling road brings the coach to the Turanga Saddle at a height of 2900 feet, and from the Kumu Hill adjacent, one of the best and most comprehensive views to be got in the colony is obtained. The descent of 1400 feet is made by means of a double crossing of the road, opening out a series of picturesque views, and then a climb is made to Te Haroto, the site of an old block house, at which there is a native school and settlement in which there still exists one of Te Kooti's prophets. A descent is now made to the Waipunga, a good trout stream 49 miles from Napier, and a drive down a stony creek brings the coach to Tarawera (52 miles), where the night is spent at a very good hostelry. This is the site of one of the old constabulary camps in the time of the Maori war, and here the first hot bath on the road is to be obtained. It is situated a little over a mile from the hotel, and is said to be one of the best in the world for the cure of eczema and other skin diseases.

Next morning "all aboard" is called at 7.30 a.m., and the coach rattles along to "The Nunery" Creek, which is famous as the spot where the Maori women were consecrated in war time, and where the natives left all their women and children in 1867 when they went down to attack the settlers at Petane. From here the road winds round the hills through some very fine bush, studded with tree ferns and totu palms, and crossing the Waihono bridge, runs for some distance along the valley, which was the original boundary between the Auckland and Hawke's Bay provinces. This valley is a great place for the peculiar vegetable caterpillar. After climbing up through very fine timber in the Runanga Bush, Pakorunui Saddle is reached, from which a clear view for some miles is opened up, and a native village with runanga house is met with at Te-Nga-Kau-o-Kiue-Kuku, and half a mile further on is the Devil's Elbow, which is well-named, as the road here doubles back on itself by a very sharp turn after crossing a bridge at the point of the elbow. For the next few miles the climb is through magnificent bush, undoubtedly the best met with on the trip, and then descends until the Runanga Falls come into view. Here the coach waits while the passengers go down and see this truly charming sight. There are two distinct falls, which are fed by the Upper Waipunga and Wairunui Rivers, which converge at this point till they each drop into the main stream

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some Goff below at a distance of about 50ft from each other. This double fall is a very pretty sight, each of the branches having at least three distinct falls, and the rocky sides are clothed with deep green vegetation, while there is a sufficient volume of water to supply all the power required in the Hawke's Bay district. Close by is the old military Runanga camp. The next point of interest is the Oranga-ti-hau Sad, which is the watershed between Hawke's Bay and the Bay of Plenty. The Karori Plains are then entered upon, with their interesting punice creeks. These plains are known as the home of the wild horse, and mobs of these creatures can be seen galloping away as the coach approaches. After crossing the Manatoki, another good trout stream, a stop is made at the hotel for luncheon and a change of horses.

From here the country is mostly punice, and rather uninteresting, until Otape is reached, 12 miles from Taupo. There are to be seen the remains of the old military headquarters when the armed constabulary were making the road from Taupo to Napier, which required at that time constant protection from the Maoris. Here, also, are the graves of 12 troopers who met their deaths at the hands of the natives. At that time (1869) Te Kooti was very troublesome, and this camp was made the headquarters of the Bay of Plenty cavalry. The fir trees and hawthorns planted at that time have now grown into immense trees, and the real Scottish heather is to be seen in bloom on the hillsides.

Nearing Taupo the first view of the lake of that name is got with the magnificent snowy mountain peaks in the background. These include Tongariro (6450ft), Ruapehu (8873ft), and Ngauruhoe (8873ft). Tauhara (3083ft) stands in the foreground, and up this a track of easy grade has been cut in order to allow of tourists obtaining the view to be had at its summit, from which can be seen the three mountains just named on this coast, and also Mounts Egmont and Edgecumbe on the other.

From Otape the road descends for a distance of ten miles to the Terraces, which are really the commencement of the thermal district. Here there is a comfortable hotel situated on the cliffs above the Onekeneke Valley, which is full of hot springs, terraces, and geyers. During this descent views can be obtained of many steam holes issuing from the mountain sides, while the very active Karapiti Blow-hole, which Dr. Hector asserts is the safety valve of the North Island, shows out above them all with the immense body of steam which day and night issues from it.

The view down into the Onekeneke Valley is a very pretty one, well kept gardens alternating with miniature hot lakes, mud geyers, boiling pools, silica terraces, etc. There is a natural soda spring and sulphur and alum baths. 4000 bathhouses have been erected, and the place is very well managed. The hotel itself stands in the midst of a grove of English trees, and from its balcony lovely views of Lake Taupo and the mountains at the back are to be got.

The Terraces are almost on the bank of the lake, and a two-mile drive brings one into the village of Taupo, which was once the headquarters of the military in this portion of the North Island.

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CUEQUE FOR £1 is has been sent to the writer of this verse - Miss E.F.K. Fairweather, Mount Eden, Auckland. I washed my clothes with SAPON, And left them out all night. The angels came and stole them, Because they were so white.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best four-THOUGHT line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON" (Gaius) Washing Powder, P.O. Box 655, Wellington.

84, Wimpole-st., London W., November, 1906.

DR. VAN NUYK has for the last year and a half been devoting himself to the diseases of the Eye, at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields. For a year he has acted as my clinical assistant. He has made himself thoroughly familiar with the methods of correcting errors of refraction with glasses. He is skilled in the use of the ophthalmoscope, and a qualified in the various changes met with in the fundus of the eye, as well as with the diagnosis and treatment of its external parts. I always found him a reliable and most trustworthy assistant.

E. THEACHER COLLINS, F.R.C.S., Surgeon. Address - Pitt-st. Buildings, Newton, Auckland. Hours - 10 to 2 and 4 and 7 to 8. Telephone No. 202.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB. SUMMER MEETING, 1906-7.

FIRST DAY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28. First race to start at 12 noon.

TRIAL HANDICAP of 110sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Seven furlongs.

GREAT NORTHERN FOAL STAKES of 30sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 20sovs out of the stake. FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Colts, 8.10; geldings, 8.7; fillies, 8.5. By subscription of 2sovs each, payable at the post, unless forfeits are declared as follows: - If struck out by the first Friday in December, 1906, 2sovs forfeit; if left in after this date, liable for the whole 2sovs. All forfeits go to make up or increase the stakes. Six furlongs.

AUCKLAND CUP (Handicap) of 150sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. The winner of any flat race or flat races after the declaration of weights of the collective value of 12sovs, 20sovs, 70s extra. Entrance 1sovs, acceptance 2sovs, and a final payment of 5sovs each at the post, to go to the funds. Two miles.

GRAPTON HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 30sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. Over eight flights of hurdles. Winner of any hurdle race after declaration of weights to carry 7lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Two miles.

RAILWAY HANDICAP of 40sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 20sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race or flat races after declaration of weights of the collective value of 7sovs to carry 3lb; of 15sovs, 7lb; of 30sovs, 10lb penalty. Six furlongs.

NURSERY HANDICAP of 110sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of Great Northern Foal Stakes to carry 10lb penalty. Five furlongs.

ROBINSON HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards that have never won a flat race of the value of 10sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 25sovs at time of starting. Winner of any race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Seven furlongs.

CHRISTMAS HANDICAP of 150sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race after declaration of the weights to carry 5lb penalty. One mile.

SECOND DAY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1906.

First race to start at 12 noon.

BOWEN HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards that have never won a flat race of the value of 20sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 15sovs at time of starting. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Six furlongs.

PONSONBY HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 150sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs and third horse 5sovs out of the stake. Over seven flights of hurdles. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. One mile and three-quarters.

CRITERION HANDICAP of 200sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs and third horse 5sovs out of the stake. FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Six furlongs.

SUMMER CUP (Handicap) of 500sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 20sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race after declaration of the weights to carry a penalty of 5lb. One mile and a-quarter.

SALISBURY WELTER HANDICAP of 200sovs; second horse to receive 50sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Lowest weight, 8.0. One mile.

VISITORS' PLATE of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For two and three year olds that have never won a flat race of the value of 50sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 20sovs at time of starting. Entrance 2sovs each, to go to the funds. Two-year-olds to carry 7.5; three-year-olds, 8.4; fillies, allowed 3lb; geldings, 8b. Five furlongs.

ALEXANDRA HANDICAP of 200sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Seven furlongs.

WAITEMATA HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards that have never won a flat race of the value of 100sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 20sovs at time of starting. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. One mile and a-quarter.

THIRD DAY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1907.

First race to start at 12 noon.

FERGUSON HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards that have never won a flat race of the value of 50sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 150sovs at time of starting. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Six furlongs.

NEW YEAR'S HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 200sovs; second horse to receive 35 sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. Over eight flights of hurdles. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Two miles.

THIRTY-THIRD GREAT NORTHERN DERBY of 750sovs; second horse to receive 100sovs and third horse 50sovs out of the stake. Colts, 8.10; geldings, 8.7; fillies, 8.5. By subscription of 7sovs each, payable at the post, unless forfeits are declared as follows: - If struck out by the first Friday in December, 1906, 2sovs forfeit; if left in after this date, liable for the whole 7sovs. All forfeits go to make up or increase the stake. One mile and a-half.

MIDSUMMER HANDICAP of 225sovs; second horse to receive 35sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Five furlongs.

COUNTY HANDICAP of 250sovs; second horse to receive 35sovs and third horse 15sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Six furlongs.

AUCKLAND RACING CLUB HANDICAP of 750sovs; second horse to receive 100 sovs and third horse 50sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and a final payment of 5sovs each at the post, to go to the funds. The winner of any flat race after the declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. One mile and a-half.

MAIDEN HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. For horses that have never won a race of the value of 10sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 10sovs at time of starting. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. One mile and a-quarter.

GLASGOW HANDICAP of 150sovs; second horse to receive 20sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Seven furlongs.

FOURTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1907.

First race to start at 12 noon.

GOODWOOD HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. One mile.

SYLVIA HANDICAP of 150sovs; second horse to receive 15sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Six furlongs.

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP of 425sovs; second horse to receive 50sovs and third horse 25sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. One mile and a-quarter.

TWELFTH ROYAL STAKES of 500sovs; second horse to receive 100 sovs, and the owner of the third horse 5 per cent. out of the stake. For two, three, and four year olds. Weight for age. Two-year-olds, 6.12; three-year-olds, 8.0; four-year-olds, 8.0. Winners after August 1, 1906, of any race or races collectively of the value of 250sovs, 3lb; of 500sovs, 5lb; of 750 sovs, 7lb; of 1000sovs, 10lb extra. Maiden four-year-olds at time of starting allowed 14lb; three-year-olds, 10lb; two-year-olds, 7lb. By subscription of 5sovs each, payable at the post, unless forfeits are declared and paid as follows: - Upon payment of 2sovs by 9 p.m. on the Friday, December 28, 1906, all horses remaining in after the first Friday in December, 1906, must pay their total subscription of 5sovs at the post, should there be any surplus arising from the subscription. It will be given to the race. Six furlongs.

AUCKLAND HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 200sovs; second horse to receive 50 sovs and third horse 10sovs out of the stake. Over eight flights of hurdles. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Two miles.

NEWMARKET HANDICAP of 250sovs; second horse to receive 50sovs and third horse 20sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Winner of any flat race after declaration of weights to carry 5lb penalty. Six furlongs.

AUCKLAND PLATE of 300sovs; second horse to receive 60sovs and third horse 25sovs out of the stake. Weight for age. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each at the post, to go to the funds. One mile and a-half.

GREY HANDICAP of 100sovs; second horse to receive 10sovs out of the stake. For three-year-olds and upwards that have never won a flat race of the value of 100sovs, or flat races of the collective value of 250sovs at time of starting. Entrance 1sovs, and acceptance 1sovs each, to go to the funds. Five furlongs.

DATES OF NOMINATIONS, ACCEPTANCES, ETC.

With amounts to be transmitted to Secretary A.R.C.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, by 9 p.m.

Acceptances: Auckland Cup, 5sovs; Railway Handicap, 3sovs; Grafton Hurdle Race, 1sovs.

Nominations: Trial Handicap, 1sovs; Nursery Handicap, 1sovs; Robinson Handicap, 1sovs; Christmas Handicap, 1sovs; Bowen Handicap, 1sovs; Ponsonby Hurdles, 1sovs; Criterion Handicap, 1sovs; Salisbury Welter Handicap, 1sovs; Visitors' Plate, 2sovs; Alexandra Handicap, 1sovs; Waitemata Handicap, 1sovs; Glasgow Handicap, 1sovs; New Year's Handicap Hurdles, 1sovs; Midsommer Handicap, 1sovs; County Handicap, 1sovs; Ferguson Handicap, 1sovs; Railways Handicap, 1sovs; Goodwood Handicap, 1sovs; Sylvia Handicap, 1sovs; Grandstand Handicap, 1sovs; Auckland Hurdle Race, 1sovs; Newmarket Handicap, 1sovs; Auckland Plate, 1sovs; Grey Handicap, 1sovs.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, by 9 p.m.

Acceptances: Trial Handicap, 1sovs; Nursery Handicap, 1sovs; Robinson Handicap, 1sovs; Christmas Handicap, 1sovs.

J. F. HARTLAND, Secretary.

NOTICE is hereby given that Written Tenders will be received and will be received at the District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, up till 12 o'clock noon on THURSDAY, the 6th day of December, 1906, for the Purchase of the undermentioned Milling Timber standing on

BLOCK V. PATENTEE COUNTY.

PLAKO COUNTY.

4254 Green and Dry Rima Trees, containing approximately 6254,534 sup. ft. (standing measurement)

202 Green and Dry Kahikatea Trees, containing approximately 727,302 sup. ft. (standing measurement)

80 Green and Dry Totara Trees, containing approximately 123,105 sup. ft. (standing measurement)

313 Green and Dry Totara Trees, containing approximately 275,833 sup. ft. (standing measurement)

Poster plans, giving full particulars and forms of tender, may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

JAMES MACKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Written Tenders are invited, and will be received at the District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, up to 12 o'clock noon on THURSDAY, the 6th day of December, 1906, for the Purchase of the Kauri and other Milling Timber standing on

HOKIANGA COUNTY.

Lot 1, sub lot 1, Section 73, Block VII., Whangape Survey District.

Lot 1, sub lot 2, Section 2, Block X., Whangape Survey District.

Lot 1, sub lot 3, Section 3, Block X., Whangape Survey District.

Lot 1, sub lot 4, Section 2, Block VIII., Whangape Survey District.

BAY OF ISLANDS COUNTY.

Lot 2, Part Block III. Invercargill Survey District (Subsidiary State Forest)

Poster Plans, giving full particulars and forms of tender may be obtained on application to the above office.

JAS. MACKENZIE, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

AUCKLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW. FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NEXT.

ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME BOTH DAYS. EDWIN HALL, Secretary.

167, Queen-st.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Direction of Edwin Geach.

Music Managers:

MESSRS WILLOUGHBY AND WARD.

MONDAY NIGHT NEXT.

See the Popular

WILLOUGHBY AND WARD
NEW LONDON COMEDY COMPANY.
Including

MISS GRACE PALOTTA

In

THE MAN FROM MEXICO

"SYDNEY BULLETIN" says: Miss Grace Palotta, Hugh Ward, and George Willoughby had a house that would have done honour to Bernhard, and they tickled it almost into hysterics.
Secure your seats at Wildman and Arty's.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Lessee Mr C. E. Bailey.

LAST WEEK

OF

WEST'S PICTURES

And

THE BRESCIANS.

EVERY NIGHT AT 8.
EXTRA FAREWELL PROGRAMME
THURSDAY TO SATURDAY.

Extra Plans, English & Foreign Agency.
PRICES - 3/2, 1/6.
Day Sales in Arcade.
Plans at Wildman and Arty's.
T. J. WEST and H. HAYWARD, Managers.

Miss Grace Palotta will hold a reception at the Star Hotel on Tuesday afternoon from 3.30 to 6.

Mr J. C. Williamson has completed the necessary agreements which secure to him all the rights in "Les Merveilleuses," the new musical play at Daly's Theatre, London, about which he recently received such eulogistic cables.

The Willoughby and Ward Auckland season is positively limited to twelve nights, since the talented company are due to open the Sydney Criterion on the 22nd of December in the production of "The New Clown." Mr Edwin Geach departs on Monday next to complete the necessary plans.

The 300th performance of "His House in Order," which Mr J. C. Williamson will produce here in the near future, has just been registered in London, and to all appearances Pinero's great play will see a considerable addition to that total before it is withdrawn.

Mr J. C. Williamson has been advised by cable that Mr Lewis Waller's new piece, "Robin Hood," has been received with remarkable favour in London, and that it has been definitely secured for Mr John Knight's repertoire. In all probability that actor will choose it for his opening piece when he returns to Melbourne at the beginning of February next.

With over 100 people to accommodate, and faced with the necessity of moving them as quickly as possible, Mr J. C. Williamson has found it advisable to practically charter the Riverina to convey the Royal Comic Opera Company to New Zealand next month, even although he has to pay heavily for the privilege, in addition to the usual fares and freight. The steamer will leave Hobson's Bay at midnight on Thursday, December 20th, after the performance, and will travel direct to Wellington, via Cook's Straits, a route never taken unless under

special circumstances. She will arrive on Christmas Day, and the company open their tour on Boxing Night.

Four Australian stars will scintillate in this year's pantomime at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, which is to be "Sinbad the Sailor." The principal boy will be embodied by Miss May Beatty, the second girl will be Miss Nina Osborne, and Mr. Edward Lauri and Mr. G. H. Snaezelle will also take part in the production.

Mr. George Musgrove cables from Europe to his agents in Melbourne that the formation of his grand opera company continues to progress satisfactorily. Already ten artists are fully engaged, while three others are not yet settled with. Engagements of high importance are those of Mme. Heinze, a dramatic soprano of note, and Bruennhille Greder, probably the greatest buffo bass in Germany.

An excellent advertisement for "The Spring Chicken" has been forwarded to patrons all over Australia by Mr. J. C. Williamson. It takes the shape of an india-rubber egg, which when pressed between the fingers shoots up a quaint-looking fowl through an orifice at the top, and the bird remains inflated as long as the egg is squeezed. Like the musical comedy, the toy is of French extraction, and Mr. Williamson has bought up all that were available.

The New Zealand tour of the Tittell Brune Company, which has throughout, and especially in Christchurch, been a singularly successful one, is now very near its close. A fortnight hence (on the 8th December) Miss Brane reopens in Sydney for a long season with "La Tosca," a play in which she has not yet appeared in that city. The fortnight which intervenes between then and Xmas will be occupied with preparations for "Parsifal," which promises to be one of the highest theatrical events of the decade. The company have already had their parts, and have been studying hard all through the New Zealand tour, but as much has been altered and re-written since they left, they still have a good deal of work in front of them.

It would seem that Mr J. C. Williamson's dramatic company has a second "Squaw Man" in "The Virginian," so very favourable has been the reception of the latter by the Sydney Press and public, who have found the dramatisation of Owen Wister's novel extremely to their liking. It was originally intended to play out the season with it, but as the company has the adaptation of Ouida's novel, "Under Two Fags," ready for production, Mr. J. C. Williamson thinks it advisable that it should be staged in Sydney before the company leave for New Zealand at the beginning of the month. The piece, in which Miss Ola Humphrey appears in one of her best impersonations as Cigarette, will accordingly occupy the last few performances of the company in Sydney.

As soon as "The Spring Chicken" had commenced its career at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr Gerard Coventry at once took up the work of preparing the Xmas pantomime, and already rehearsals, voice testing, and scenic arrangements are all alike well in hand. Mr George Hall was taken away from the Gilbert and Sullivan Company to assume charge of the music, and Mr J. C. Williamson's agents all over Australia have been sending along batches of the best "show girls" possible to engage in the various centres of population. The chorus and ballet are to be an especially strong feature of the production, and Mr Williamson some time ago issued instructions to his representatives to pick the very cream of the girls who applied to

them. Mr Harry Phydora, who is to play the dwarf part, and Queen and Le Brun, the animal imitators, and the rest of the English importations, have left London on their way out, and will be here in a few weeks, so that before long everything will be in full working order.

Those requiring admirable chorus and patriotic songs, sure of popular acceptance at public meetings, round the camping-out fire, or at smoke or other concerts, should secure a copy of two new nautical ballads—"Britannia's Heart and Hands" and "They'll 'Elp to Rule the Waves." Both are excellent, and are destined to have a big vogue. They are, indeed, already the songs of the season in Christchurch, and down South, where copies are selling extremely freely. Mr. Horace Seebing, the well-known Auckland vocalist, is author of both words and music of "Britannia's Heart and Hands," and of the words of the second song as well, the music in this instance being by Mr. John Heartwell. Both are fine manly songs, patriotic, but not jingoistic—just, in fact, the sort of songs to keep us alive to our naval and defence responsibilities, and are, therefore, very much wanted just at present. They are published by the English and Continental Piano Co., Queen-street, Auckland.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has been telling a Dublin interviewer how he baffled the inquiries of the New York reporters on a certain occasion. "I went out," said Mr. Tree, "on the same steamer as Mr. Richard Croker, of Tammany fame. He and I became very friendly on the steamer, and the New York reporters, hearing this, attacked me in pursuit of copy. 'I understand, Mr. Tree,' they said, 'you talked a good deal with Mr. Croker on the voyage?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'I should like to tell you how much I like America.' 'But what did Mr. Croker say?' 'Oh, Mr. Croker—well, what Mr. Croker said was his business, wasn't it?' 'Pardon us,' they cried in chorus; 'we guess it's ours.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you insist on my revealing a private conversation, I must tell you that Mr. Croker talked exclusively about horse-racing and the immortality of the soul.' Mr. Croker was much pleased. He said that what he liked about actors was their discretion."

His Majesty's Theatre on Monday evening next will no doubt be crowded to the doors to welcome a new band of popular players in the Willoughby and Ward London company, who are to appear under the spirited direction of Mr. Edwin Geach. In addition to the two well known comedians, playgoers will be afforded an opportunity of welcoming Miss Grace Palotta, whose name alone would suffice to attract a brilliant audience in any English speaking community. Regarding the opening attraction (says an exchange) it is not necessary to discuss the construction of the comedy presented, and the plot has been already sketched in these columns. It is sufficient to say that "The Man from Mexico" deserves to be classed among the world's greatest laughter-makers. It embraces a continuous chain of diverting situations, particularly smart dialogue, capital song hits, and some clever dances. The action of the piece is delightfully brisk. There is not a dull minute in the whole three hours. The plot develops apace, one situation follows in the heels of another, the dialogue flashes, and the audience is whirled along with shaking sides.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has delivered himself frankly to a Glasgow interviewer on the question of social order in that city. "Glasgow," said the eminent actor, "is a good city to be away from on a Sunday. Sunday in Glasgow is a day of Godless gloom. You take away, if you do not forbid, all the chance the people may have of obtaining rational recreation, and then you wonder why drunkenness is the disorder of the day. People talk of the Continental Sunday. I have just come from there; and what is the Continental Sunday? It is a day of joy, of life, of beauty. The people are given opportunities of hearing delightful music. Now, why can't you have such in Glasgow? Why can't the municipality of Glasgow establish places of recreation where the public may obtain their refreshment, seated comfortably, and listening to good

music. Instead of standing in a crowd on a sawdust-littered floor, drinking as much as they can in the brief while allowed them?"

Miss Annette Kellerman, who hopes to repeat her Hippodrome triumph at Hengler's, in England, this year, is not only a wonderful swimmer, but a most charming girl, says the London "Era." Frank, high-spirited, absolutely fearless, with her twentieth birthday still to come, she is the pride of New South Wales—the home of champion swimmers—and represents the finest class of physical culturists. It is needless to say that Annette is an enthusiast in her own work, but she goes in for other sports with characteristic energy with the exception of cycling, for though certain muscles are strengthened by work on the wheel, others are not used at all, and swimming requires an all-round development. She is past-mistress in the art of trick-diving, from what she describes as "the slip into the water as clean as a whip to the great splash."

Born in Sydney, she laughingly describes herself as of "German-English-American-Australian descent." She had few opportunities of "padding about in the water" as a child, having been sent to boarding-school; but at fifteen she quickly got "into the swim," literally and figuratively, and won every race and every medal for which she could compete in the colony. It was a great amusement of hers to rescue other girls from the deep end of the swimming baths, although she confesses that they did not always see the joke, as it was necessary to use some strength and strategy in throwing them into the water before she bravely fished them out again! Miss Kellerman came to Europe about fifteen months ago, making her debut as a swimmer in the Seine. She has twice attempted the Channel, and hopes to make a third effort next year. Hitherto her great trouble has been seasickness.

A very novel communication has been received by Dalton's Agency from an American firm, which reads as follows: "Dear Sir,—We are still laid up in port. Our sails are ready to be hoisted to a fair wind and good pilot, so if you will favour us by taking the wheel in hand, we'll be sure of a good long, successful voyage; but, as I said before, we only want a good pilot. We shall meet the pirates later on, but they'll find us armed to the teeth. Our cargo of entertainment is of the best—unequaled and unrivalled; our crew determined and impatient—and with a long telescope in hand on the look-out for hand with gold in it, P.S.—"

"Methinks I scent the morning mail,
With contracts for our ship to sail;
So hurry up and let us know
Where it is we've got to go."

Mr. Charles Manners is heartily to be commended upon his latest effort towards promoting the musical education of the people in the Old Country. His matinee at the Camden Theatre recently, with Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" was performed to an audience of children numbering over fourteen hundred, drawn from schools in the neighbourhood, was successful from all points of view, says a correspondent. The opera was artistically staged and sung, and the youthful audience followed the performance with the greatest attention, and applauded with enthusiasm. Prior to the beginning of the opera, a lecture explanatory of the work was given, and interest was stimulated by Miss Fanny Moody's offer of prizes for the three best essays recording the impressions of those who listened to a grand opera for the first time.

The Webbe School of Music. STUDENTS' RECITALS.

St. Andrew's Hall, Lower Symonds Street
Monday, November 26th
Wednesday, November 28th
Friday, November 30th

Visitors are requested to present Cards of Invitation at Door, and to be seated at five minutes to 8.
Cards of Invitation may only be used for one occasion.
Special Train Cars after Recitals to Epson, Remuera, Kingdome, and Parnohy.

St. Andrew's Hall, Symonds street, Auckland, appeared in festive garb on Monday evening last on the occasion of the first of a series of recitals being given this week by pupils of Mr W. H. Webbe and Miss Margaret Spooner (of the Webbe School of Music) as a fitting conclusion to the year's work. The programme opened with an artistic interpretation of Wagner's great overture to "Tannhauser" played as a piano quartette by Misses V. Henderson, L.A.R. I. Vuglar, A. Dawson, and Mrs Worthington, and organ obligato by Mr Webbe. "Nocturne" (Gurlitt), another piano quartette, was well played by juvenile pupils, Misses A. and M. Sibbald, D. Hale, and L. Cleave, as were Gobbaert's "A Toute Vapeur" from memory by Misses G. Ehrman, D. Hamilton, E. Carlaw, and M. Fox, and E. Pauer's "British Guards," Misses V. McEwain, L. Burns, H. Sturdon, and G. Gifford, with organ obligato, Miss A. Webbe. The duos for two pianos included Heusselt's "Romance," nicely played by Misses M. Fuller and Connie Buchanan, and "Valse Tyrolienne" (Raff-Smith), which was brilliantly played and from memory by Misses Dorothy Nicol and Dorothy Henderson. The "Andante" and "Allegro Molto" from Mozart's "Sonata in D," by Misses Maud Anderson, L.A.B., and Edith Spooner was a fine performance. Solo, the "Adagio" from the "Moonlight Sonata" was expressively played by Master Lewis Eady. Four other solos which are all memorised were Bachmannoff's "Prelude," artistically played by Miss Jessie Little, Godard's "Second Mazurka," played with good effect by Miss Dorothy Nicol. Miss Gertrude Spooner created a most favourable impression with a remarkable performance of a series of fifteen pieces from Schumann's "Carnival," a work rarely played except by virtuosos. This talented young pianist gave a musically interpretation of this great work. Miss Madeline Webb played a delightful little piece "At Evening" by L. Schytte, followed by a splendid performance of Rubinstein's exceedingly difficult "Concert Study," opus 23, No. 2. Miss Peggy Bain, A.T.C.L., a young violinist who has recently taken up her abode in this city, delighted the audience with her playing (from memory) of "Vorilrom Bild" (Jeno Hubay) and "Legende" (Carl Bohm), as did also Mr M. Hamilton-Hodges in his vocal selections "With in Those Sacred Towers" (Mozart) and "Devotion" by Nicholls and Johnson. The accompanists were Miss Madeline Webbe and Mr Webbe.



The new 1 cent stamp of Panama, of the permanent design, is bi-coloured, and resembles the current stamps of Chili. In the centre is a portrait in black of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, who established the first Spanish settlement on the continent of South America. The colour of this stamp is green and black.

The use of Natal official stamps except by the Government Railways has now, it is reported, ceased. The remainders were burnt in the furnaces at the back of the Colonial Office at Pietermaritzburg.

A threepence stamp, King Edward type, is reported as issued in Lagos. The colour is lilac and brown.

The annual report of the British Guiana Post Office shows that during the year the number of letters despatched was as follows:—Ordinary, 2,001,740, as against 2,114,996 the previous year; On Service, 248,820, as against 202,631 the previous year.

The price quoted by a London firm for a pair of red 1/- N.Z. stamps, surcharged "Aitutake," with no stop after the word "Tiringi," is no less than 20/-, and the 2d N.Z. overprinted O.P.S.O. (postally used), is quoted at 15/-.

Cayman Islands stamps, King Edward type, on single water mark paper, are rapidly rising in price. The one shilling orange is catalogued at 7/6 unused, and for the set, 1d, 1d, 2d, 6d, and 1/- dealers ask 12/3, a good rise on stamps of the face value of 1/10.

The new stamps to be issued this month for use in Bosnia and Herzegovina, are reported to be beautifully executed, showing picturesque views of the country. There are sixteen varieties. The highest value, 5 b., bears the picture of the Emperor Franz Joseph.

To the query, "what is there in collecting post cards?" the "Post Card and Stamp Collectors' Annual" (Adelaide), replies in the following paragraph, which it may be said applies equally to stamp collecting:—"To the leisure it affords a stimulating occupation, with a spice of competition; to the busy it yields the delight of a recreative change; to the studious, an inexhaustible scope for profitable research; to the traveller a means of corresponding with a large circle of friends at home, and more explanatory than the usual note 'arrived safely'; to the old, the sociability of a pursuit popular with old and young alike; to the young, a hobby prolific of novelty, and one, moreover, that harmonises with school studies in historical and geographical directions."

While the Tourist Bureau and the Exhibition at Christchurch are both in their way aiming at advertising this colony, there is a series of post cards that are being sent out of New Zealand which are not calculated to do much in the way of attracting people here. One has on it the following verse:—

"Things have come to a terrible pass, Crops are bad and there ain't no grass; Winter has come a month too soon, And trade is playing a very dull tune. I'm sorry I can't afford a good card, So please accept this as a good card."

The fact that last shipment of butter from Auckland was a record one, does not accord with the above rhyme, about "there ain't no grass."

"Too many of the so-called comic cards published lately have been either vulgar or nonsensical, often both." Thus comments a stamp journal. It is pleasing to note that in Adelaide recently a man was fined £15 and costs for having post cards that were worse than vulgar.

"There are indications that collectors will have a somewhat rough time in the future. A twentieth century revision of the authorised version of the New Testament has not long been published, and the eleventh verse of the ninth chapter of St. Matthew, which formerly read: "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" is changed to "Why eateth your Master with collectors and outcasts?" In future collectors are to be classed with outcasts. So far no large body of collectors has protested, but if the revisers would only alter it to tax collectors, as before, they might save a deputation."—"Post Card and Stamp Collectors' Journal."



FLOWER SHOWS.

AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FINE DISPLAY.

Flower gardens are now gay all over the colony, and flower shows are a feature in the doings of the month. In Auckland the local horticultural society are able to congratulate themselves on the largest and most effective display of early summer blooms ever gathered together in one show in the province. The quality of the flowers was as admirable as their amazing variety, and it may be safely said that no finer tables of sweet peas and carnations could have been seen at any show south of the line. Roses were scarcely so fine as usual. The spring was an unusually warm and early one, and brought the "Queen of Flowers" to their fullest perfection a full week or ten days since. There were, however, some very beautiful stands, and those well-known growers, Messrs Lippiatt and Sons, were once more to the front with gorgeous specimens. Mr Brett, of Takapuna, besides easily carrying off prizes for sweet peas and carnations exhibited—not for competition—a table of specimen carnations. There were upwards of 30 separate varieties, and the blooms were of the largest kind and in the utmost profusion, dozens of each being shown. Mrs Mackay had a notable exhibit, and so did Messrs D. Hay and Son and Mr MacDonald. The children's sections were really wonderfully good, both in bouquets, cut flowers, and arranged flower baskets, the taste and ingenuity displayed being wonderful. Several pictures of the show will be found amongst our illustrated pages.

Eighteenpenny Dinners.

MENU No. I.

RABBIT EN CASSEROLE.
POTATO STRAWS, GRILLED TOMATOES, FEATHER PUDDING.

The need is often felt for suggestions for very inexpensive, yet recherche dinners that can be easily prepared by the average plain cook. With the hope, therefore, of supplying this want, I propose for a week or two to insert a few menus, the cost of which shall not exceed about one shilling and sixpence for four persons: I shall aim also at giving recipes as free from trouble as is possible, with the usual demands of good cooking and serving.

Do not imagine that the following menus can be carried out if every ingredient has to be specially purchased.

It is taken for granted that the meal is to be prepared in one of the thousands of homes that exist everywhere, where every penny is of importance, but where the common ingredients in daily use are to hand.

Our housewife must be a thrifty one; the pantry shelf, no matter how small it be, must display a clean jar of clarified dripping and another of precious stock made from all the suitable scraps of bones and trimmings of meat and vegetables, etc.

Parsely and onions from the garden, or a pennyworth from the greengrocer's, will last some while if used with discretion, and the stalks of the former placed in fresh water.

Should the garden produce fruit of any kind, a tart should cost the merest trifle, and a simple savoury of cheese might be indulged in.

There is usually a dry piece of some kind on hand.

Have the potatoes carefully cooked; this is good economy. A pound of plain boiled potatoes looks meagre and commonplace, but with the expenditure of just a little more time and a small amount of some other ingredient, they can be done in some fancy style, and the dinner gains a touch of refinement and style that reflects credit both on mistress and cook.

Rabbit en Casserole.—Required: One wild rabbit, four ounces of bacon scraps, one carrot, one onion, one ounce of flour, one pint of stock or water, salt, pepper, nutmeg, four allspice. Wash the rabbit well in tepid salt water. Cut it into neat joints; chop the liver and heart very finely; trim the bacon, cut it in large dice, and fry it slightly in a frying pan. Next fry the pieces of rabbit and sliced onion also in the bacon fat. When browned, take out the rabbit and onion, and place them in a casserole, or, failing that, a stewing jar. Fry the flour carefully till a light brown. Pour on to it the stock, and stir this same over the fire till it boils and thickens. Pour this over the rabbit in the casserole, and the washed and scraped carrot cut in large dice, the allspice, and a little salt and pepper. Put the lid on the casserole, and place it in a moderately hot oven for one and a half hours. After that time, season it carefully, and serve on the casserole. Should the stewing jar be unsightly, the stew could be turned out on to a hot dish.

Potato Straws.—Required: One pound of potatoes, salt, fat for frying. Wash and scrub the potatoes and peel them carefully, cut them into thin slices, and then into straws as much as possible the size of matches. Have ready a pan of frying fat; when a bluish smoke rises from it, put in some of the straws and fry them a delicate brown. Drain them well on kitchen paper, dust them with a little salt, and served them piled up in a hot vegetable dish.

Grilled Tomatoes (when in season).—Required: One pound of cooking tomatoes, a small piece of dripping, salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, if possible. Wipe and stalk the tomatoes. Cut them through in halves, cutting them round. Rub the gridiron with dripping, lay on the tomatoes, and grill them over or in front of a quick clear fire till they are tender. Probably they will not need about ten minutes. Serve in a hot vegetable dish, put a tiny bit of dripping on each, and dust with salt, pepper and parsley. If grilling is not a convenient method for any reason, put the tomatoes on a baking tin in the oven and bake them till cooked—they will be quite as excellent done in this way.

Feather Pudding.—Required: One egg, 2ozs. of beef dripping, 2ozs. of castor sugar, two ounces of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, nutmeg to taste. Beat the dripping and sugar till a soft cream. Separate the yolk and white of the egg. Add the yolk to the creamed dripping, and beat it well for about five minutes. Whip the white of the egg to a very stiff froth. Mix the flour and baking powder together and stir them very lightly into the dripping, etc. Next add the white of egg as gently as possible, and the nutmeg. Well grease a tin or basin, half fill the basin with the mixture, using a second one if there is too much mixture. Cover the top with a piece of greased paper, and steam the pudding gently for about three-quarters of an hour—or till, when tried with a skewer, the centre is quite set. Turn it out on to a hot dish, serve at once with jam or stewed fruit.



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10 YEARS GUARANTEE



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COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like to be one of the cousins very much; I take a great interest in the "Graphic"; the pictures are very good, especially Buster Brown. I would like a badge, please Cousin Kate. I will write a longer letter next time.—Cousin ESMA.

Dear Cousin Esma,—I would send you a badge at once if I could, but you never sent me your address, so till you do, it is quite out of the question. I am glad you like our pictures. I too think they are very good. As you like them so much I hope you will paint some one of them and send them in for the competition. Buster Brown is most amusing, but rather too much of a pickle. What a charming name you have. Is Esma all of it or is it shortened. I like short names, don't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will accept me as a "graphic" cousin, and send me a badge. I am thirteen years old and in the sixth standard. Good-bye. I remain, your affectionate cousin, ELLEN.

Dear Cousin Ellen,—I hope that now you have been accepted as a cousin you will write longer letters, and they ought to be interesting, as you live in the most interesting part of New Zealand. I have never been to Taupo, but hope to very soon, there is such a tremendous lot to be seen, the only trouble is that it is rather a long time and tiring journey to get there.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—As I have not written for a long time, I am going to write now. We had three little chicks, two died, the other one is quite a big chicken, one little chick was black, the other brown, and the other white, the white one has turned grey. It has only got a short tail. We had three little kittens, the other died; one was tortoiseshell, the other two were tabby. Baby has a rocking-horse. Mother went to town in a motor-car on Wednesday and came home on Friday. We had a concert a week or two ago, and it was lovely. Our garden is looking very nice, though there are not many flowers in it now, but there soon will be. Mother brought us such a lovely lot of loya; she brought me a writing-case; it is brown; and a sweet little cup and saucer.—From DOLLY.

Dear Cousin Dolly,—Haven't you had a badge yet, or have you lost yours and want another, as you have sent an addressed envelope? If that is the case, I will send you one next time. You were very unfortunate with your chickens this year. We are much luckier; we have only lost one, so far, and we are expecting a lot of new ones out tomorrow. Were you very sad when the kittens died? Kittens are dear little

things, but when they grow up they are such a nuisance, they are always in mischief. Did your mother enjoy her motor ride? I think it is lovely being whizzed along just as fast as I can go. What nice toys she brought you; no wonder you were delighted.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Constance is writing to you, and please may I be a cat for too? I am ten years old. I want to tell you about my Kitty which is the cutest little kitten in Auckland. He is quite black, and it is such fun to see him play with his mother's tail. He will curl up like a furry black ball, and pretend that he is not looking, but all the time his little bright eyes are peeping out looking for a chance to jump. He can beg so nicely, too.—Your loving cousin, Mary.

Dear Cousin Mary,—I don't think I ever had quite such a short letter to answer before, I do hope that this is not the average length of your letters generally, if it is, you won't take up very much of our page. Your kitten certainly sounds a beauty, and very clever too. I wonder if you ever read any of Cousin Lynn's cat stories that he wrote about this time last year, perhaps your kitten will become nearly as clever as some of his. I rather doubt it though, because his were really too remarkably clever.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like very much to become a cousin, so would you please send me a badge, a blue one if you have it? I am twelve years old and am in the third form at school. Not long ago I went to West's Pictures and enjoyed them very much, but the one I liked most was when a prisoner escaped and the warders chased him for miles. I like very much to read "Buster Brown" in the "Graphic." I keep guinea-pigs. I have two, "Black-Eye" and "Nibbler." Black-eye is the father and Nibbler is the mother. Not long ago they had two young ones, but I gave them away today. We have a little dog called "Bogey," a funny name, is it not? I have a garden with a few flowers and seeds in it. Today I got a lot of little oak trees, they were all under one very big tree, and had grown from acorns. I think that I will enter for your "Painting Competition." If I painted one of the "Buster Brown" pictures, would that count as one of the "graphic" pictures? As it is getting dark I think that I must say good-bye now.—I remain, one of your cousins, BERNARD.

Dear Cousin Bernard,—I shall be very pleased to have you for a cousin, and I will send you the blue badge at once. I wish all the cousins would tell me which colour they prefer, then every one would be pleased. I was very much amused at that same picture last time I went to West's, and though more it was quite wrong, I was very glad he managed to get away. I don't think I ever cared much for guinea pigs, but I used to have rabbits, which was against the law, because we were in the city. I think that rather added to their attraction than otherwise, as there was always a chance of being found out. What will you do with the young oaks now you have got them? They grow too big for comfort unless you have a large place. Of course, the Buster Brown

pictures would count in the painting competition, but I would choose something better if I were you.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—All the girls have been telling about the books they have read lately, and as I have been interested in their opinions, I thought I should write a book-letter too. I am afraid I am the first of us to disagree with the popular opinion on "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but I did not care for it at all. It should make an entertaining and dramatic play, though. Another I was disappointed in was "Lavender and Old Lace." I liked "The Master's Violin" very much indeed, so I was the more disappointed in the other. They were such dear people in "The Master's Violin," and it was so very pretty, and so humorous. Wasn't Lynn's garden funny? Where he would grow "cucumbers, tomatoes, corn, melons, peas, karpagoos, and what else?" "Nothing else, my son," said Margaret, "unless you rent a vacant acre or so. The seeds are small, but the plants have been known to sprout." Some time ago I got a little book called "The Road-mender," by Michael Fairless. It is very beautiful, not a story exactly. I love it. Another little book I enjoyed very much was Stephen Phillips' poem, "Maypeasa." It is beautiful, especially Ida's lines telling what Maypeasa was to him. I love it, too. I have been re-reading an old favourite, "The Elf-Errand," by Moira O'Neill. It is the story of an English elf who is carried to Ireland between the leaves of a Snakespeare, and finding himself among the Irish elves, sets himself to understand them, and to reform them. They are so hopelessly irresponsible. Naturally he fails, and becomes irritated and disgusted, yet his last message on leaving for home is "Tell the fairies I love them, Speedwell." One characteristic remark that seemed to him most unreasonable was Speedwell's quaint, "We understand things so much better when they are not explained." The English elf always explained. It is a very dainty, charming story—I am so fond of it. Lately, too, I have been re-reading Foster Fraser's "Round the World on a Wheel." Isn't it an interesting book, and so entertainingly written? I know a good many of the places he passed through, but, of course, he went even more off the beaten track than most people could. I certainly don't yearn to follow him into some of the places he describes. Just now I am enjoying myself over a volume of Keats. My library is growing to an unwieldy size, and I must leave some of my books at home next time. I hate to leave any of them. When I am twenty-one I shall settle down in the old home among my books, and read and read and read.—HERO.

Dear Cousin Hero,—I see you and I will not agree on the subject of books, because I was charmed with "The Scarlet Pimpernel," though I confess I was rather disappointed in "By the Gods Beloved"; it was so very like "The Eye of Isis," and I preferred "Lavender and Old Lace" to the "Master's Violin"; it is not perhaps such a pretty story, but I thought the characters were much more vivid and more natural. I suppose that my Irishism comes to the fore when I say I quite agree with Speedwell's remark about explanations, they are such a mistake, I think. If you

don't understand anything at once. explanations only make your ideas more foggy than ever, and anyway listening to them is nearly always a bore. I have never read the "Roadmenders." I will get it and see if we will agree about that.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to become a cousin if you will find room for me in your band. I often thought of writing before, as I take an interest in the letters, and am, besides, fond of reading. But I should be one of the elder girls, and they seem to be so fond of grown-up discussions, which must be rather beyond young girls like us. In fact, but for the appearance of Cousin Hero, I do not think I should have gathered courage to write at all. She is, I think, much the cleverest, and yet she is not a bit formal or grown-up. She just seems to write of things that interest her in such a natural way, and her quotations always seem to come as if they had to, just there. Perhaps that is not quite clear. I am not, of course, judging from her subjects, for she has travelled so much, she must have more interesting things to tell, but from the things that interest her and the books she likes. My grandfather was much interested in her list of books; he thinks it quite a remarkable selection. He ordered Wertheimer's "Duke of Reichstadt" solely on Hero's recommendation. I have been trying to get some books by Jane Harlow, whom she spoke of, too. Wasn't her last letter about Ireland splendid? I hope she will tell us about Lochs Lomond and Katrine, and other Scottish scenes soon. Well, if you will have me I shall try to find something interesting to tell you about next time. I have left school, and am studying music and painting at home. Please forgive me for sending this type-written, but I have hurt my right thumb and cannot write. It is such a nuisance, as I cannot practise or anything.—Your new cousin, CONSTANCE.

P.S.—I wonder if Cousin Hero would tell me if I could get "J. Aiglon" in English, or if hers is a French copy. I liked the play very much.

[Dear Cousin Constance,—I shall be only too delighted to have you for a cousin. I am glad you have at last plucked up courage to write, and I hope you will join in the discussions too, at least those that interest you. I always enjoy Cousin Hero's letters very much, she seems to take such a tremendous interest in life and everything that comes in her way, then travelling has enlarged her ideas, and travelling itself is a liberal education. Her list of books certainly was wonderful, and such a queer mixture, I could not help laughing at it. I hope your thumb will soon be better, for with a sore hand both practising and painting are out of the question.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wish to become one of your cousins and get a badge. I am so glad that the Christmas holidays are near because I always spend them at the seaside. I have five young pigeons, and all of them are Homers, it is very interesting work teaching them to home. I have a bike which I ride to school every morning, and was very fortunate in winning a mile race on it at our school sports last week. Have you been to West's Pictures yet? I went the other night, and they were very interesting, seeing the pictures of the Exhibition made me wish that I was down there. Buster's page is a very funny one, and affords much amusement to many of us. As it is now half-past eight I must say good-night.—I remain, your loving cousin.—COLIN.

[Dear Cousin Colin,—I will be very pleased to have you join us, and will send you a badge. If the weather gets much hotter you will want to spend your Christmas holidays in the sea, not at the side. I always think that bicycling must be really hard work. Weren't your legs very tired when you first started? I have never tried one, but have often been very much amused at other people's efforts to learn. I have only been once to see West's Pictures this time, but enjoyed them very much, and thought the Exhibition pictures splendid, but I did not need them to make me wish I could go down to see the original, and I have great hopes of seeing it before it closes.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—During the last fortnight we have been having a gay time, so I cannot this time start my letter to you with complaints about the lack of news. The long-looked-forward-to International Exhibition is now in full swing, and so one need never be at a loss for somewhere to go as long as the Exhibition remains open. Of course, you have heard a great deal about the Exhibition, but I daresay some of the cousins would like to hear about it, even though they may possibly intend to visit it themselves. The opening ceremony on the 1st was very interesting, and I much enjoyed Lord Plunket's great speech, and also that of Sir Joseph Ward. The singing of the Exhibition Ode by Miss Amy Murphy, assisted by the members of the Christchurch Musical Union, was, to say the least, a great musical treat, and I am sure everyone thought it the most enjoyable feature of the ceremony. Afterwards the Governor shook hands with the composer of the music and the author of the Ode itself. But it would take too long to tell you every detail of the ceremony, and as I must not make my letter too long I will not do so. Suffice it to say, however, that everything went without a hitch, the only note of sadness being when our late Premier, the real inaugurator of the Exhibition, was mentioned by the Governor and the present Premier. It seemed so hard to think he was not present to see the result of what would have been his greatest and crowning achievement. After the ceremony was over most of the guests departed, and at one o'clock the building was thrown open to the public. All the afternoon and until late at night crowds of people visited the Exhibition. It seems almost incredible 37,000 people should have done so on the opening day, does it not? It will take a long time to see everything in the Exhibition thoroughly, and although I have been about seven or eight times I have not seen half its attractions. I have been in the Art Gallery twice, but will give you a description of it some time when I have not so much to write about, as it would take pages to give you any idea of the beauty and rarity of the pictures. The fernery is wonderful, and even more beautiful than I at first thought possible. It has been made as near as possible like a piece of real mountain forest. There are charming walks between high over-arching tree ferns and a pond with pretty fountains rising from heaps of boulders. The pond is crossed by a little bridge made of the stems of tree ferns. Waterfalls trickle and bubble out of the rocky walls on two sides, and run into the pond. Then there is a grotto with imitation stalactites, which look very real indeed. The smaller ferns all have a peculiar beauty of their own, and there are lots of different specimens of maidenhair growing in little clumps here and there. The biggest of the tree ferns rises to a height of 20 feet, and stands immediately opposite the entrance. It is called, I think manaku, and its stem is jet black. Besides tree ferns and smaller ferns, there are a quantity of nikau palms, lance wood and cabbage trees, and a great many other native plants whose names I have forgotten. The building is about 100 feet in diameter, and it seems quite big when one is inside. I could tell you a great deal more about the fernery, but I think perhaps I had better not write any more now, but if you like I will continue my description of the Exhibition in my next letter. I keep forgetting our letters have to be short, but I hope you will forgive me if I have made this too long. With best love to you and the other cousins, your affectionate cousin, WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—I can quite imagine how you are enjoying yourself these last few weeks rambling round finding unexpected stalls and new corners to explore. The opening ceremony must have been interesting, but not so amusing as the Exhibition itself. If it is half as hot in Christchurch as it is here I should feel inclined to spend the day on the water chute; that would be the coolest place, I should imagine. I am very anxious to hear all about Wonderland, as I have heard that that is the favourite portion. It is marvellous the number of people that have visited the Exhibition already, and the cry is still they come. Is that the first time you have seen a manaku. It is funny that you should be so close to you and yet have such different vegetation. There are lots of manakus in all our bush, and are, I think, the most splendid specimen of our fern trees.—Cousin Kate.]

My First Trip to Town.

When I went to town for the first time I was little more than six years old. I may mention that I am a fox-terrier, and come of a good family, one of my near relations having travelled all the way from England to settle in Australia. My mother died when I was a very small puppy, and I was sent from my first home in a cigar-box all by myself by train! I was brought up in a large family, and soon made myself quite at home, taking the most comfortable cushioned chairs, and enjoying myself immensely. I was a great hunter as I grew older, and was especially clever at catching rabbits which had run into logs for shelter. Several times I have been caught in rabbit traps; but, as I never went hunting alone, some of my friends always released me in time to save me from having my leg broken. As I said before, I was over six when I left my old home with the family, and went to town. The trip down was very tedious. I felt so tired my head quite ached. When I arrived, late at night, I was glad to find a cab waiting for me, into which I jumped, and soon reached the house where I was to stay with my aunts, as I call the girls in the family where I live. I felt so strange in a new house; but they made me a comfortable bed on the floor, where I slept very fairly till morning. Nearly every day my aunts took me for a walk on the end of a chain! Just think of that for a country dog accustomed to go where he liked. Well, by degrees, I got to know my way about town, and they let me run alone. I chased every bicycle I could see, and had a little fun; but they soon called me back, and beat me, so I had to give that up. I got very fat while in town, as I begged from everybody in the house, and, when visitors came I put on my most piteous face. Of course they thought I was starving, and fed me with biscuits and cake. At the house where I stayed there was a large collie tied up in the yard. I had such fun teasing him. I used to stroll up and down the verandah with my tail very erect, and worry delicious bones before his very eyes. How he did bark! He nearly went mad with fury, and I almost laughed; but, one day, he had the laugh on his side. He was let loose, and suddenly sprang into the house and fell upon me. I was nearly killed, but my aunts took him by the throat and almost choked him, and my uncle carried me away to dress my

Continued on Page 55.

Parts of Speech.

- Three little words you often see
Are articles, a, an, and the.
- A noun is a name of any thing.
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
- Adjectives show the kind of noun.
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
- Instead of nouns the pronouns stand,
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.
- Verbs tell us something to be done.
To read, write, count, sing, jump or run.
- How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.
- Conjunctions join the words together,
As men and women, wind or weather.
- The preposition stands before
A noun, as in, or through, the door.
- The interjection shows surprise.
As oh! how pretty! ah! how wise!
- The whole are called nine parts of speech,
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

Sir John Gorst, "The English Tim Healy."

Sir John Gorst, or, as he is called, "the English Tim Healy," is on his way to New Zealand, where he will act as British Commissioner at the Christchurch Exhibition, remarks a recent issue of "M.A.P." If there is one country Sir John knows more than another it is Maoriland. More years ago than the distinguished Parliamentary cares to remember, he sailed for the Pacific Island, under the influence of Bishop Selwyn, as a missionary. On board the steamer was a charming young lady who was the innocent cause of much inward argument on the part of the young enthusiast. For some days he weighed the claims of the altar against those of the heathen, and, with the lady's consent, the altar turned the scale. So he broke his journey at New Zealand and married. In 1861 he was appointed Civil Commissioner by Sir George Grey.

Sir John has the reputation of being able to digest a Blue Book quicker than anyone in Parliament; probably this rapidity of assimilation assisted in his express mastery of the Maori language, for he acquired it in record time. This facility led to one of the strangest episodes ever experienced by a statesman. The more educated of the Maoris, who were leading Maori opinion in revolt against the English authorities, published a paper with the high-sounding title of "The Eagle on the Mountain." Sir John, annoyed by the mutinous tone of the journal, decided on a counterblast, and produced in humorous parody, "The Lone Sparrow on the Housetop." For an English statesman to edit a Maori newspaper is an unparalleled achievement, and the complete set of the issue is now worth its weight in gold. For six issues the paper successfully combated sedition, and then finished its useful career in a remarkable way. One morning on reaching the office Sir John was surprised to find it depleted of everything. Type, press, MSS., and files had all vanished. The place had been burgled by irate Maoris, and the offending press and type had been carried off by canoe to be smashed up or made into bullets.

Sir John Gorst is labelled as an "undependable." Three times he has led the Opposition into the Division Lobby against his own Party in defence of natives. He is mentally the most nimble man in the House, and enjoys nothing so much as a riddling fire of questions. Most orators hate interruption. Sir John enjoys them, because repartee is his strongest point, and his stings never recoil. His oratorical method is quite unemotional. With expressionless face and quiet, drawing voice, exhibiting no feeling, he looks as though he cared for nothing on earth—praise, blame or applause. He just stands and jokes at anybody or anything—his leaders and himself. Grey-headed and bearded, with spectacled eyes and hands locked behind his back, he suggests the kindest of old gentlemen, and not one who carries a whole nest of scorpions in his tongue. He is a clever amateur painter, and was, until recently, a keen cyclist. His bright vermillion "safety" is still spoken of in the House with bated breath. He believes that the State should maintain its children; and his motto is: "Spare the food and spoil the scholar." He was responsible for no small sensation when, in 1904, he refused to resign his seat for Cambridge because of his failure to see eye to eye with his Party. It fell to Sir Robert Ball Sir John's life-long friend, to convey the request for resignation, but the wary politician took up a "come-and-fetch-me out attitude with great effect. Sir John Gorst was born in Preston in 1835, so is seventy-one years old. He was educated at Cambridge, and in 1857 was Third Wrangler.

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Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE

Mrs. Sainsbury and Miss King (Gisborne), are on a visit to Dunedin.

Miss Oliphant (Auckland) is staying with Mrs. G. J. Black (Gisborne).

Mrs. Huntley Elliott (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. George Elliott (Gisborne).

Mr. L. J. Bagnall, chairman of the Auckland Education Board, is at present laid up with an attack of influenza.

The Rev. Dr. David Bruce was a passenger by the Mokoia for Sydney on Monday.

Mr. John Rowe, Mayor of Onehunga, arrived from the South by the Karawa on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Thomas have returned to Gisborne from their visit to the Exhibition.

The retirement is announced of Mr. H. Dunbar Johnson, a judge of the Native Land Court.

Mrs. Hamley and Mr. Barnett of Auckland left by the Manuka on Tuesday for the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mr. J. J. Crawford returned to Auckland on Monday from a trip to England and the Continent.

Miss Dargaville, who has been spending several months in Sydney, returned to Auckland on Sunday by the Manuka.

Mrs. Ralph and Miss Ralph of Ponsonby, Auckland, have gone to the Christchurch Exhibition. They left by the Manuka on Tuesday.

The Rev. W. L. Satter, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Tabernacle at Ashburton, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Waipi.

Professor Brown, of the Auckland University College, who has been granted twelve months' leave from his professorial duties, was a passenger for Sydney, en route for the Old Country, on Monday. He was accompanied by his two daughters.

Mrs. R. Bedford, of Ponsonby, Auckland, leaves this week by the mail steamer Sonoma for America on a visit to her sons in the United States, and afterward goes to England to be present at the marriage of her daughter, Miss Vera Colley.

Mr. Hurry Gorrie, of the South British Insurance Company, who has been spending his furlough with his people in Auckland left last Monday by the Sydney steamer on his return to Bombay. He was accompanied by Miss Gorrie who will spend several months in India before returning to New Zealand.

The Hon. Mr. Fowlds received by the last "Frisco" mail news of his father, who is in his 101st year, to the effect that the centenarian had now permanently retired from his calling, his last week having been finished. He was still looking strong and vigorous, but intended to spend the remainder of his days in retirement.

The secretaryship of the Farmers' Union, vacant by the resignation of Mr. A. J. McCurdy, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Edward Jack, who will enter upon the work at once. Mr. Jack, who was for some years in the Wairarapa, has recently been representing Messrs A. S. Paterson and Co. on the west coast of this island.

Oversea callers at the Auckland Tourist Office during the past week included Messrs Ronald M. Malcolm (Glasgow, Scotland), R. Hodgkinson (England), James Seager (England), Rev. Edward W. Matthews and G. E. Martin (London), T. Whitehead (Seaford, Sussex), John Warden (Ireland), James Hardie (Pittsburg, U.S.A.), Cledwyn Nicholls (Ballarat, Victoria), E. Bunting (Sydney), O. T. O. May (Hobart), W. Anderson (Sydney), and W. Laing (North Island).

Mr. J. Lovell, city messenger and caretaker of the Municipal Buildings, was last week granted six months' leave of absence on full pay by the City Council. Mr. Lovell has been in the service of the Council for 25 years without taking a holiday. The Mayor last week expressed the hope that Mr. and Mrs. Lovell would thoroughly enjoy their well-earned holiday, which is to be spent in a visit to the Old Country.

At Messrs Huddart, Parker's office, Hobson-street Wharf, last week, Mr. Arthur Pell was presented with a gold Albert by his co-workers and admirers. Mr. Wesley Martin, who made the presentation, spoke of the good qualities of Mr. Pell, and wished him Godspeed and success in his new venture. The recipient suitably responded. Mr. Pell left by the Victoria, having accepted a position with a Southern shipping firm.

The death occurred at her residence, Mangere Bridge, last week, of Mrs. J. Massey, senr., the mother of Mr. W. F. Massey, M.H.R., Leader of the Opposition. Mrs. Massey, who at the time of her death was upwards of 80 years of age, arrived in the colony from the North of Ireland with her husband in the early sixties, and resided first at Otahuhu, and later in the West Tamaki and Mt. Wellington districts, moving from the last-named locality some years ago to Humata. When J. F. Massey, senr., retired a few years ago from active farming pursuits, they took up their residence at Mangere Bridge. Mrs. Massey was a thorough representative of that sturdy pioneer class of men and women who came out in the early days to win a home in the young colony, which at that day was overrun by savages, and throughout her life she has been a hardworking and devoted wife and mother. The end was not unexpected, as for some days past she has been in a very weak condition. She is survived by her husband, Mr. J. Massey, senr., two sons, Messrs. W. F. Massey, M.H.R., and J. N. Massey, of the Tamaki, and two daughters, one of whom married Mr. Douglas, of Mangere, and the other, Mr. Edgar, late of Auckland.

HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

Mrs. Major, of Hawera, is on a visit to Napier.

Mr. Moeller, of Napier, is spending a holiday in Taupo.

Judge Edwards left Napier last week after spending a week there.

Mrs. Swiss, of Wellington, is spending a holiday in Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, of Napier, are spending a holiday in Christchurch.

Miss Smith, of Marton, is on a visit to Napier.

Miss Johnstone, of Waipukurau, is spending a few days in Napier.

Miss Nathan is spending a few weeks in Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Tomlinson are spending a holiday in Nelson.

Mrs. Nathan returned to Wellington this week, after spending several weeks in Napier.

Miss Hamlin has returned to Napier, after spending a week or two in Wellington.

Miss Foot has returned to London after spending some months in Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. and Miss Martin left Napier last week for Taupo and Rotorua, and intend to spend some weeks there.

TARANAKI PROVINCE

Mrs. Dodgshun, Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Newton King, New Plymouth.

Mrs. Blundell (Wellington) is visiting her relatives in New Plymouth.

Mr. R. Simpson, general manager of the Phoenix Insurance Company, paid New Plymouth a short visit last week.

Mrs. and Miss Devenise (New Plymouth) are on a visit to Christchurch and the Cold Lakes.

Mr. Blain, who recently resigned from the teaching staff of the High School, New Plymouth, left last week for Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Samuel and the latter's sister have returned to New Plymouth after their pleasant trip to Auckland.

Miss Grant, of the teaching staff of the High School, New Plymouth, who

has been in England on a holiday leave for about a year, leaves for New Zealand on December 4, and is to resume her duties when the school re-opens in February.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE

Mrs. Studholme (Canterbury) is staying with Mrs. Adams (Wellington).

Miss Stead is in Wellington for a visit to Mrs. Grace, Hawkestone-street.

Miss A. Edwin has gone to Auckland en route to Sydney.

Mrs. and Miss Beere have gone to Christchurch for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, New Plymouth, were visitors to Palmerston North last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Clay who have been living at Otaki for some years, have just gone to England for an indefinite period.

Mrs. and Miss Begg (Dunedin) are staying with Mrs. Howorth (Wellington).

Mrs. and Miss Kirkealdie are back in Wellington after a stay of several weeks in Sydney.

Mrs. Riddiford and Miss Hewitt, who have been spending a fortnight or so in Christchurch are back in Wellington again.

Mr. R. M. McKnight, manager of New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Company, Palmerston North, was unfortunate enough to slip off a step and has broken his ankle.

Sir John Gorst (England) has been staying at Government House for the past week. He has now recovered from a slight attack of influenza, and is leaving in a few days for the North via the Wanganui River.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crawford have taken Mrs. Pynsent's house (Hobson-street, Wellington), for some time. Mr. Cowper, who was the preceding tenant, has gone to Melbourne for several months, and Miss Cowper has returned to Wanganui.

Mr. and Miss Fowler (Masterton) have come to Wellington for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Russell, and Miss Russell (Palmerston) are on their way back to the colony after a year or two at home. Mrs. Russell's sister, Mrs. Fergusson, is coming with them.

Mrs. H. D. Bell, who has been absent from Wellington for the last few years, has just returned home. With her are her two daughters who have been completing their education in the Old Country. They are staying at a hotel for a time before going to Mr. Bell's country house at Lowry Bay.

Mrs. W. Hutchison and the Misses Hutchison returned to the colony by the Athenic after an absence of six years. From South Africa—where they went to after leaving Wellington—they went on to England, as they found the former country very unsettled and depressed after the war. They intend to live in Auckland for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Hannay are back in Wellington after a trip round the world. They were among the large party of Wellingtonians who left by the Maheno for Vancouver last March. After Canada they went to the United States, and on to England, where they spent most of their time. The return journey was made by Suez and Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton, and Miss Fulton are back in Wellington after a trip round the world. They left last February, travelling by way of San Francisco. Mr. Fulton was in that city at the time of the great disaster, and narrowly escaped with his life. Very fortunately, Mrs. Fulton and her daughter had left two days before, so they were spared the terrible experience. After some weeks in the United States they went on to England, also Scotland, where they visited many of the places of interest. They returned to the colony by way of the Continent and Australia.

SOUTH ISLAND

Miss Handyside (Hawke's Bay) is visiting friends in Christchurch.

Miss Willis (Rangitikei) is staying in Christchurch.

Mrs. Riddiford and Miss Hewitt, who went to Christchurch for carnival week, are back in Wellington.

Miss Una Williams, who has been the guest of Mrs. Boyle, at Riccarton, has returned to Wellington.

Mrs. McNeill Jameson, who has been the guest of Mrs. Elworthy, at Merivale, has gone back to her home in Timaru.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bethell, who were the guests of Mrs. Pym, "Hesley Avenue," (Christchurch), during race week, have returned home to "Pahan Pastures."

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Studholme, who have been staying with Mrs. G. Gould at Avonbank (Christchurch) have returned to Hawke's Bay.

It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. George G. Stead and Miss Stead, "Strowan" (Christchurch), contemplate a visit to England early next year.

Dr. and Mrs. Coleridge Farr have left their house at Fendalton, and leave Christchurch shortly for a trip to Australia.

Some Uses for Sale Remnants.

DAINTY BOXES OF CHINTZ AND CRETONNE.

Remnants of pretty chintzes and cretonnes form an irresistible temptation to the woman who is making a tour of the sales at the present moment, and many and various are the uses to which they may be put in making useful and dainty articles.

A cardboard box, covered with a rose-patterned chintz, which forms an ideal receptacle for hats and gloves, represents one of the many easy and simple schemes which may be evolved at the cost of a few pence. The box and lid should be treated separately, each side being carefully measured off and the material cut out double, so as to provide for the lining as well as the covering. It must then be sewn together on the wrong side by machine, then reversed and fitted on to the cardboard. The lid should be sewn to the box last of all by close even stitches, but care must be taken not to draw them too tight or the box will not open well. The inside of the lid should be padded with a little quilted silk, which provides an excellent holder for hats of all sizes.

Another use for a remnant of floral-patterned chintz may be found in the manufacture of candle-shades, the bases of which consist of white calico. A disused shade should be used as the pattern by which to cut out the foundation, which is then covered with a pretty pattern of trails of rose or other flowers which are cut out of any odd piece of flowered chintz and sewn by minute stitches to the calico.

The grouping of the flowers is left to the ingenuity of the worker, who may embroider dots in coarse cotton at irregular intervals or introduce bands of green silk ribbon in lattice fashion over and under the rose garlands, fastening these to the groundwork by as small and invisible stitches as possible. The upper edges are outlined with the ribbon, and the lower border is finished in the same manner.

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 Table Decoration and all classes of Floral arrangement undertaken.
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ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Edgar Williams, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Williams (Wellington), to Miss M. Boyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Boyle (Christchurch).

Orange Blossoms

SEYMOUR-STACE.

A wedding of much local interest was quietly celebrated at the Church of the Nativity, Blenheim, recently, when Mr. Fortescue Graham Seymour, youngest son of Mr. A. P. Seymour, of Picton, was married to Miss Alice May Stace, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stace, of Robin Hood Bay. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Grace, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Stace, eldest brother of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of ivory satin, the bodice trimmed with chiffon and sprays of orange blossoms, and the skirt with true lovers' knots. She also wore the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended as bridesmaid by her sister, Miss Bertha Stace, who was prettily attired in a dress of white silk with pale blue belt and hat, and carried a shower bouquet of white flowers tied with pale blue ribbon. Two little flower girls, the Misses Joyce and Meryl Grace, were daintily dressed in pale blue spotted muslin frocks and white silk hats. They carried baskets of daisies and forget-me-nots, which they strewed in front of the bride and bridegroom as they stepped out of the church. Mr. E. V. Stace, brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. Wilson, organist at the church, played "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" as the bride entered the church, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March, at the conclusion of the service. The ceremony over, the party returned to Miss McLaurin's, Maxwell-road, for light refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue Seymour went on to Picton by the morning train, and left by the Penguin early in the afternoon for their home at Ruimswick, near Wanganui, where Mr. Seymour acquired a nice property some months ago. The bride's travelling dress was a green cloth Eton coat and skirt, the coat trimmed with white silk braid, with vest of white pleated chiffon trills, white hat trimmed with tips and pale blue forget-me-nots. A few days previous to the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Stace gave a large "At Home" at Waitohi House, Picton, in honour of the approaching event. Among the many beautiful presents were those from Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Seymour, chocolate jug; Sir George and Lady Clifford, opossum jug; Misses Murphy (Spring Creek), silver vases; Mr. Stuart (Spring Creek), silver mustard pot; Mr. and Mrs. Richmond (Nelson), cream jug and sugar basin, and tongs; Mr. and Mrs. Richardson (Meadow Bank), cheque; Mr. Tinline (Nelson), cheque; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Mowat, silver sugar sifter; Mr. Harry Mowat, silver bread fork; Mr. and Mrs. Chaytor (Spring Creek), travelling rug; Dr. and Mrs. Foster (Blenheim), crumb tray and soap; Mr. and Mrs. Seymour (Meadow Bank), sauce bowl; Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield (Blenheim), large flower bowl; Mrs. D'Arcy Chaytor, serviette rings; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goulter (Blenheim), fish knife and fork; Mr. Dix (Blenheim), set of carvers; Mr. and Mrs. Conolly (Blenheim), teaspoons; Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (Blenheim), cream jug

and sugar basin in stand; Miss Robinson (Picton), jam dish; Dr. and Mrs. Fitchett (Wellington), sugar basin and sifter; Mr. and Mrs. W. McRae (Kaikoura), sweet dish; Mr. and Mrs. Gilles (Blenheim), teapot, sugar basin; and cream jug; Mr. Powell (Robin Hood Bay), cruet stand; Mr. Evans (Picton), silver serviette rings; pupils Robin Hood Bay School, cheque; Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore (Blenheim), muffin dish; Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths (Blenheim), silver salt cellars; Mr. and Mrs. Foster (Seddon), butter-dish; Miss Foster (Seidton), table centre; Mr. Haughey (Onamututu) sugar basin and tongs; Misses Chaytor, carved bellows; Mrs. Moura (Bankhouse), cheque; Mr. and Mrs. G. Watts, (Wairau Valley), bread board and knife; Miss Masefield (Alamaron), silver photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowat (Blenheim), framed pictures; Miss Huddleston (Nelson), picture; Mrs. Walter (Clifford (England), cheque; Mrs. Stace (England), ribbon-work table-cloth; Miss Stace (England), hand-painted handkerchief sachets; Mr. D. Monro, Tenerife work tray cloth; Mr. Ken and Master Everard Stace, doyleys, fray-cloth, pillow shams and cushion covers (all beautifully worked by the girls at the Anroli College, Auckland); Miss Philipotts, cosy; Mr. and Mrs. Philipotts (Picton), teapot; Miss Seymour (Picton), crumb brush and tray and outlet dish; Miss Western, cushion; Mrs. and the Misses McAllister, Japanese table; Miss Trent (Blenheim), drawn thread worktray cloth; Mrs. Western and Messrs W. and H. Western, music-stand; Mrs. G. Kenny, set salad bowls and sweet dish; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kenny (Picton), silver mounted vase; Mr. Weld (Flaxbourne), silver and cut glass toilet set; Mrs. C. Philipotts, butter dishes; Miss Stone, sweet dishes; Mr. and Mrs. Hall (Richmond Brook), set of irons; Bishop and Mrs. Mules (Nelson), Tennyson's poems, also table cloth (Indian work); Archdeacon and Mrs. Grace (Blenheim), Indian rug; Mrs. Roy Furness, marooned jar Messrs. Butsell and Bick (Seddon), biscuit barrel; Mr. and Mrs. Matthews (Lower Hutt), butter-knife and jam-spoons; Mrs. Rae (Wellington), silver shoehorn button and glove hook; Mr. A. P. Seymour (Picton), twenty sovereigns; Mr. B. Totton (Auckland), brush; Mr. and Mrs. Burzen (Blenheim), toast rack; Mrs. and the Misses Gard (Blenheim), box Violetta scent; Messrs. W. Girling and Co. (Blenheim), travelling rug; Miss McMaster (Martimborough), butter knife and jam spoon; Rev. and Mrs. Stace (Havelock), large vases; Mr. and Mrs. Vuvansour (Blenheim), silver tea-spoons and sugar tongs; Mr. and Mrs. B. Clouston (Blenheim), cruet stand; Mrs. and Mrs. Strachan (Blenheim), teaspoons; Mrs. Allen (Picton), vase; Messrs. H. and E. Stace, hot water kettle and stand; Mrs. and Miss McNab (Blenheim), pictures; Miss Winstanley (Blenheim), picture; Mrs. Winstanley (Blenheim), tea and coffee cabinet; Mr. C. Blackston, picture; Mrs. Duckworth and the Misses Eyes (Blenheim), duchess cloth mats and handkerchief sachet; Master L. Mowat, handkerchief; Mr. and Mrs. Inglis (Kaikoura), tray cloth; Mrs. Escourt Parsons (Kaikoura), flax wall pockets; Miss C. Coulters, ruby coloured water jug and tumblers; Mrs. Rutherford, (Kekerangau), silver vases; Miss Dart (Picton), table centre; Misses E. and H. Dart, carved tray; Mr. and Mrs. Howard (Picton), Japanese tray; Mr. and Mrs. Reid (Blenheim), butter dish; Mrs. Lambert (Seddon) Indian mats and table cloth; Mrs. Stace (Robin Hood Bay), cheque. A few days previous to her marriage, the Picton girls gave Miss Stace a kitchen tea, and she was the recipient of many useful gifts. Outside the numerous circle of their relatives both bridegroom have hosts of friends in Marlborough, whose hearty good wishes will accompany them.

BARTON-SIGGS.

The marriage of Miss Letitia Siggs, youngest daughter of Mr. J. H. Siggs, Palmerston North, and Mr. Herbert A. H. Barton, son of Mr. Barton, S.M., at Gisborne, took place at All Saints' Church, Palmerston North, on Monday afternoon. The Rev. C. C. Harper was the officiating clergyman. The bride was richly dressed in a plain cream duchesse satin toilette, with the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. She was attended by one bridesmaid, Miss Gower, Wanganui, who looked very daintily in a white muslin frock, the skirt made with numerous little frills

edged with narrow Valenciennes lace, a zouave effect of the same lace trimming the bodice, white lace hat with pale yellow roses; she also had a lovely shower bouquet. Mr. H. Siggs, brother of the bride, acted as best man. Mrs. Siggs, mother of the bride, wore a black costume, made with long coat, white lace vest, black bonnet with black tips and osprey and touch of white tulle. Mrs. Lawson, sister of the bride, gray check coat and skirt, pink floral hat; Mrs. Gould, pale green and heliotrope floral muslin, white Valenciennes lace edging frills, wide belt of deeper shade of heliotrope silk, black chiffon hat with black tips; Mrs. Nannestad, grey check Eton coat and skirt, lace vest, black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs. Moeller, white muslin with lovely lace and insertion, pale blue muslin hat with wreath of autumn-tinted foliage and cluster of crimson and pink roses; Mrs. Hirsch, heliotrope check muslin with lace and touches of velvet of deeper shade, wine coloured hat with pale roses; Mrs. Cook, pale grey made with short basque, navy blue hat with two shades of blue ribbon; Miss Armstrong, in cream cloth, touches of pale blue and gold braiding on collar and cuffs, white lace hat with wreath of forget-me-nots; Miss Bond, pale blue voile with Paris-tinted lace insertion and strappings of paler shade of blue silk, white lace hat with pale blue silk bows and pale yellow roses under brim; Miss Nannestad, pale grey voile with white spot, cream lace yoke, cream hat with tulle and cream flowers; Miss Reed, in cream, coat made with long basque, pink floral hat; Miss Moeller, light grey Eton coat and skirt, white silk vest, cream floral hat; Miss Mowlem, white embroidered muslin, pink and heliotrope floral silk sash, white lace hat with pink roses; Miss Vera Mowlem, white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat with frills of narrow white Valenciennes lace and loops of white satin ribbon. At the conclusion of the ceremony afternoon tea was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Broad-street. Mr. and Mrs. H. Barton left by the afternoon train for Dannevirke, en route for Gisborne, where their home is to be.

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.

ALISON.—On November 19, at "The Drive," Lake Takapuna, to Mr. and Mrs. Ewen W. Alison, Jun., 4 son.
 ALLINGHAM.—On November 18th, at Kingsland, the wife of John Ewing Allingham, a son.
 HARDMAN.—On November 13, at Karanga-hake, the wife of David J. Hardman of a son.
 CARR.—On November 14, at their residence, Surrey-street, Grey Lynn, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Carr, a son.
 HOGAN.—On November 19, at her parents' residence, Church-st., Ponsonby, the wife of Michael D. Hogan, Jun. of Bradford-st., Parnell, and sixth daughter of J. C. Peltam, of this city; aged 25 years.
 HUSTLER.—On November 2nd, at Mrs. Hartshorn's Private Nursing Home, New Northcote, Kingsland, the wife of J. Hustler, Kawhia, of a son. Both doing well.
 TAPPER.—On November 23rd, at her residence, Wellington-st., One Tree Hill, the wife of J. Tapper, of a son.
 WOOLCOTT.—At her residence, Remuera, the wife of A. C. Woolcott, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

BURNIP-MACKIE.—On October 22nd, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. W. Beatty, Frederick Stephen, only son of Geo. Burnip, of Christchurch, to Florence Eleanor, youngest daughter of Mrs Jas. Mackie, of Remuera.
 BLOMFIELD-SIEFBERG.—On November 3, at the residence of the bride's parents, Grosvenor-road, by the Rev. Grimshaw Williams, fourth son of the late James Blomfield, of Olive, youngest daughter of Mr John Shepherd, late of Port Albert.
 HAMPTON-BROUGH.—On October 15th, 1906, at All Saints' Church, Auckland, by the Ven. Archdeacon Calder, Robert Henry (Herb) Hampton, fifth son of Walter Hampton, engineer, Auckland, to Eliza Phoebe Brough, third daughter of Eliza and the late Thomas Brough, of Hawera, Taranaki.
 MATRICKA-BELL.—On November 18th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Samuel Griffiths, of Devonport, Albert, youngest son of Martin Matricka, of Otago, to Evelyn, second daughter of William F. Bell, Metropolitan, Ponsonby.

ROGERS-MAWEN.—On November 2nd, at the Unitarian Church, Auckland, Richard Rogers, eldest son of H. Rogers, of Ponsonby, to Ethel Laura Mawen, only daughter of Mathew Mawer, of Lincolnshire, England, and Bay of Islands, N.Z.
 WEBSTER-POTTER.—On November 23rd, 1906, at Newford-st. Congregational Church, Auckland, by the Rev. Joseph Robertson, assisted by the Rev. A. Macdonald, Robert Webster, only son of the late Thos. Webster, of Knotty Ash, Liverpool, England, to Helen Watson, eldest daughter of Joseph Potter, merchant, of this city.

DEATHS.

BIRNE.—On November 21st, 1906, at his late residence, Staley-st., Arch Hill, Edw. A. Birne, third son of the late James Birnie, of Peterhead Farm, Fifehire, Scotland; aged 80 years.
 CARMICHAEL.—On October 13th, at his residence, 1331, 32nd-st., Chicago, James, the beloved brother of Joseph Carmichael, Birksdale, Auckland.
 CROASDALE.—On the 15th October, age 63, at the residence of Mrs William Lee, Crumpton, Rochester, Mrs Jane Croasdale, eldest daughter of the late Benjamin Holt, Hockliffe, Lancashire, only sister of Jacob Holt, of this city.
 DUNN.—On November 7th, at his late residence, 20, St. Albans-st., James, the beloved husband of Annie Dunn, and eldest son of Hugh and Elizabeth Dunn, of Haslett-st., Eden Terrace; aged 42.
 EWART.—On November 24, at her late residence, Haddon-street, Flora, dearly-beloved wife of John Ewart, after a short but painful illness; aged 39 years.
 GROVES.—On November 24th, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs A. E. Nicholas, First-avenue, Kingsland, Jane, relict of the late Joseph Archibald Groves, in her 72nd year.
 HARRISON.—On November 19, at his late residence, Otahuhu, George, beloved husband of Mary Harrison; in his 70th year.
 HOGAN.—On November 20, 1906, at his daughter's residence (Mrs. Allen, Mt. Roskill), John Hogan, suddenly, aged 58 years, late of Remuera.
 HOGAN.—On November 23, at her parents' residence, Church-st., Ponsonby, May Mildred, the dearly-beloved wife of Michael D. Hogan, Jun. of Bradford-st., Parnell, and sixth daughter of J. C. Peltam, of this city; aged 25 years.
 HUBBARD.—On November 23, at Epseme, Hannah Mann, the relict of the late Edward William Hubbard, in her 72nd year.—Home papers please copy.
 MASSEY.—At Mungers, on November 23, Massey, Mary Ann, the dearly-beloved wife of John Massey, senr., in her 80th year.
 MOORE.—On October the 20th, at Huntly, Waikeke, New Zealand, the dearly-beloved husband of M. A. Moore; aged 44 years.
 Laid to rest
 Till the shadows flee,
 Cornish papers please copy.

MOLLOY.—On November 23, 1906, at the residence of her son (Mr. J. Molloy), Kentish Hotel, Waiuku, Mary, widow of Michael D. Hogan, Jun. of Bradford-st., Parnell, and sixth daughter of J. C. Peltam, in her 70th year.—R.I.P.
 MCCONACHIE.—On November 18, 1906, at Dannevirke, John Andrew, beloved twin son of John M. and Olive M. McConachie; aged 9 months.
 PHILLIPS.—On November 20th, at Sydney, Julia, wife of Alfred H. Phillips, and dearly-beloved third daughter of Mrs Arthur B. Nathan. Deeply mourned.
 RHIND.—On 20th November, at Papakura, James Rhind, beloved husband of Mary Rhind, in his 76th year.
 TANGYE.—On the 14th October, at Coombe Bank, Kingston Hill, Surrey, England, Sir Richard Tangye, K.B., F.R.G.S., in his 73rd year.
 TELLEPSSEN.—At the District Hospital, John, the dearly-beloved husband of M. Tellepsen, aged 72, late of Kawau. Absent from the body. Present with the Lord.
 WALKER.—On November 21, at Kingsland, Richard Walker, beloved husband of Caroline Walker; aged 77.—Southern papers please copy.
 WINDER.—On November 21, at New Lynn, Adam Henry, the dearly beloved husband of Christina Winder; aged 87 years.
 WILLETTS.—On November 21st, 1906, at Barnes Hospital (as a result of burns), Henrietta May, dearly beloved youngest daughter of Walter and Eliza Willetts, and beloved grand-daughter of the late John and Susannah McDonald; aged 5 years and 5 months.
 WOOLLEY.—On November 19th (suddenly), William Joseph Grimby Carpenter, Woolley, of Mt. Eden-rd., the dearly beloved father of Albert, Frederick, William, and John, and of Medames Herd, Drummond, and Belcher, the eldest son of the late Wm. Woolley, and grandson of the late Grimby Carpenter, of Mt. Pleasant House, Hagdon, Somersetshire, England, late 22nd Charles-st., fought under the Star of Charles Napier in the battles of Mearns and Myderabad, and at Rangiriri, Waikato War. For 63 years in receipt of His Majesty's Imperial pension; 44 years a resident of Auckland; aged 84 years.
 Deeply regretted.

STEARNS' WINE
THE TONIC
RECONSTRUCTOR

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 27.

A most delightful

GARDEN PARTY

was given on Thursday afternoon of last week by Mr. Ernest Gerard, of Lake Takapuna. The grounds of the picturesque residence were looking their best, and were gay with a profusion of lovely flowers. The afternoon was fine and warm, and the cooling ices and strawberries and cream, which were handed round in the garden by two Samoan boys, were greatly appreciated. The afternoon was principally devoted to a "treasure hunt" in different parts of the grounds. The one who found the most treasures got a pretty silver photo frame for a prize, Miss Corry being the fortunate winner. The consolation prize was a pair of small silver scissors, and was won by Mrs. Jackson. Later on afternoon tea was served in the house, which is one of the most artistic. Mrs. Gerard is an ideal hostess, and made everybody perfectly happy. She wore white muslin, with frilled fichu; Miss Zella Gerard was charmingly frocked in a white muslin Empire frock, with a heliotrope sash; Mrs. Gerard, sen., was attired in a black costume; Mrs. Brett, heliotrope flowered muslin, violet vest veiled with black lace, cream silk scarf, and smart bonnet with asters; Mrs. Green, black and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Williamson, black and white toilette; Mrs. Goldie, dark grey; Mrs. Harrow, black; Mrs. Cheseman, dark grey, faced with putonia, white hat with roses; Mrs. A. Brett, navy blue spotted costume, hat to match; Mrs. H. Brett, grey muslin; Mrs. O'Neil, white, with touches of black; Mrs. Geddis, cream lustre, with cuffs and belt of black, black and white hat; Mrs. Corry, cream muslin; Mrs. Tompkins, pale green; Mrs. La Trobe, white coat and skirt; Miss La Trobe, pale green; Mrs. Boak, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Moren, pretty cream silk; Mrs. Hart, white embroidered linen, pale blue and white hat, blue belt; Mrs. Kirk, black and white checked gown; Miss Kirk; Mrs. F. Kirk, rose coloured frock; Miss Moon, black and white spotted gown; Miss Corry, pretty pale blue muslin, hat to match; Mrs. Palairat, claret coloured dress, hat with pink roses; Mrs. W. Somers, grey; Mrs. Purdie, cream; Miss Courtyne, pale blue embroidered linen; Miss Alison, pretty pale blue muslin; Miss Abbott, cream; Miss M. Abbott, pretty pale blue, with chemisette of Valenciennes lace; Miss Langford, coat and skirt; Mrs. F. Williamson, pretty cream Empire dress; Mrs. Sharland, white coat and skirt; Miss Berry, pink and white; Mrs. Monkton, black, with cream vest, and green hat; Mrs. Parr, tautan dress; Miss Houchen, white dress; Miss K. Houchen, navy blue; Mrs. E. Mahony, violet costume; Mrs. Haven, black; Miss Haven, cream.

Such an unusually large crowd had collected at the Choral Hall last Friday to see the Horticultural Society's annual show that anything like a good view of the exhibits was quite impossible, and, for the same reason it was almost impossible to see the costumes worn. However, these are a few I noticed: Lady Campbell was charmingly gowned in an orchid mauve eolienne with touches of cream lace on bodice, dainty little bonnet to match; Miss Campbell wore a pale grey skirt and soft white blouse with touches of green, cream hat trimmed with green; Mrs. Ernest Moss Davis was strikingly gowned in leaf green chiffon taffeta, the cream lace yoke brightened with green jewelled encrustations, green hat to match; Miss Hague Smith (Paeon), becoming navy chiffon taffeta with cream applique yoke, very pretty pale pink tulle swathed hat; Mrs. (Dr.) Jones was gowned in a white cloth, becoming blue hat; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis wore a smart black and white check costume; Mrs. Guy Williams (Masterton), navy skirt and white blouse, with blue hat wreathed with cornflowers; Mrs. Burgess, brown silk spotted eolienne, with brown silk tights, cream vest with touches of pale blue, white hat with heliotrope and

cream hydrangeas; Mrs. Holmes, cream skirt and pretty white inserted blouse, smart Tuscan hat with black feathers; Miss Holmes (Wellington), soft white sprigged muslin daintily inserted with lace, cream hat wreathed with pink; Mrs. Brett was handsomely gowned in a black and violet floral silk muslin over violet glace, pretty black and cream bonnet with touches of violet; Mrs. Rauger, pale grey summer tweed Eton coat and skirt worn over a dainty white blouse, Tuscan hat trimmed with pale blue and green; Mrs. Kenderline, black costume, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Kenderline Welbe, biscuit coloured gown and black picture hat; Mrs. Sellers, handsome black chiffon taffeta with cream lace encrustations on bodice, black bonnet with white ostrich tips; Mrs. Hall (Christchurch), pale grey chalice over pink glace, the bodice richly trimmed with lace, grey and white toque, and white ostrich feather bon; Mrs. Kempthorne, rich black brocade with cream vest, cream and black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs. Hardy, black and cream gown, dainty cream and black bonnet brightened with touches of pink; Miss Rattray, black skirt and white blouse, black and white hat; Mrs. Abbott, pretty biscuit coloured costume; Mrs. Mackay, pale grey skirt and cream and black blouse, Tuscan hat garlanded with roses; Mrs. Arthur Robertson, green mohair and pretty green hat; Mrs. Leslie Muir, blue-grey gingham gown and Tuscan hat; Mrs. Coates, navy and white figured voile with white vest, navy hat; Mrs. C. Baker, white muslin, trimmed with narrow black velvet beise ribbon, white hat with touches of black; Mrs. Horspool, black and white sprigged muslin, white hat; Miss Cameron, navy mohair coat and skirt, china silk revers cream and navy hat; Mrs. Huxtable, black skirt and soft white muslin blouse, black and white hat with wings; Mrs. Pierce, pale grey costume with touches of green velvet, smart black hat with white ostrich tips; Miss Gilllan, dove grey coat and skirt, pretty black hat with cluster of pink roses under the brim; Miss Du Rieu, beautifully fitting grey tailor-made and dainty green toque; Miss Dagna Gilllan was prettily gowned in white muslin, white hat with pale blue ribbons; Miss Mary Nolan (Gisborne), dainty white costume, cream straw hat with floral trimmings; Mrs. Owen, very handsome black silk skirt and white blouse, becoming hat en suite; Miss Kelly, pale heliotrope muslin with white vest, cream hat; Mrs. Atkinson, handsome black costume with white and black applique lace motifs; Miss Atkinson, champagne corselet gown with very pretty pale pink hat; Miss Migrants wore white with white and pale blue hat; Miss — Migrants, blue and white floral muslin, softened with lace, hat to match; Miss Geddes was dainty in white, burnt straw mushroom hat, trimmed with shaded ribbon; Miss Buckland, cream Eton costume and smart Tuscan hat; Miss — Buckland wore soft white muslin, white hat with touches of pale blue; Miss Keesing, fine check biscuit-coloured Eton coat and skirt, faced with a pretty shade of green, white and green hat.

A MOST SUCCESSFUL AND EXCELLENTLY MANAGED BAZAAR

was held in St. Mary's Parish Hall last week and lasted for four days. The hall was charmingly decorated with white and festoons of soft white material hung from the arches, and each stall holder had chosen a pretty pale shade for decorating her stall, the whole was most artistic. The good effect was considerably enhanced by the number of helpers in their pretty coloured frocks with quaint mob-caps — and old-fashioned white fichus and aprons running round attending to the numerous wants of the customers. There was a splendid display of work of all sorts, and one could buy anything from the most elaborated art needle work to cut ham and fresh eggs.

A CHRISTMAS TREE

In aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Children was given by Dr. and Mrs. Knight, at Saver's House, Ponsonby, on Saturday last. The house and grounds were brightly illuminated, and a large number were present. Dr. and Mrs. Knight, with a number of lady assistants, were most assiduous in attending to the visitors, and the children had a good time of it. A substantial sum was realised towards the deserving object for which the function was held.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, Nov. 24.

The weather cleared up sufficiently last Saturday to allow

THE POSTPONED FLORAL FETE

to be held in the Domain. All had worked hard to ensure the success of the gathering, and had the sun been shining brightly instead of showers of rain, it would have been a pretty sight. There were decorated bicycles, go-carts, hoops, and all kinds of stalls, and a merry-go-round, which proved very popular with the children. Last Thursday afternoon the Misses Bradley were

AT HOME

to a number of their friends. The lovely garden was looking its best, and as it was a glorious day, afternoon tea was served out under the wide spreading old trees. The lawns were perfect, and with tennis, croquet and music, we spent a delightful afternoon. The Misses Bradley received their guests in dainty white frocks; Mrs. Smith, white embroidered muslin. Those present were: — Mrs. Rees (2), Bennett, Carmichael, Huntley Elliott (Wellington), Porter, Wachsmann, Elliott, Parker, Morrison, Mann, Maclean, Harney, Misses Reynolds, Wachsmann, Foster, Messrs. Bradley, Nolan, Grant, Barron, Burse, Gouldsmith, Rees, White. ELSA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, Nov. 23.

Last Wednesday evening a

BRIDGE PARTY

was held in the Kia Ora Tea Rooms in aid of the Recreation Grounds Sports Committee Fund, and that game being still "ever green" in popularity, the room was crowded, much to the delight of the Misses M. and H. Humphries, who headed the management of the affair, and to whose stall the funds are to assist. There were thirteen tables, and the first prize was won by Miss Amy Kemp, Mrs. Fitzherbert receiving second honours. Among those present were: — Mrs. Newton King, white silk blouse, inset with silk insertion, black voile skirt; Mrs. Douglas (Wanganui), grey costume relieved with cream silk and lace; Mrs. Mathews, black silk, daintily finished with frills of white point d'esprit; Mrs. J. Wilson, black silk grenadine, fichu of cream chiffon; Mrs. McKellar, black and white silk; Miss J. McKellar, pale blue silk blouse with transparent yoke of white lace, and frills of same, black voile skirt; Miss Messenger, white tucked and inserted silk blouse, black skirt, pale blue Empire belt; Mrs. Gibbons, black silk, berthe of black jetted lace; Mrs. Marshall, black merveilles; Miss Marshall, blue silk taffetas blouse, cream lace berthe, black silk skirt; Mrs. K. McKellar (Wellington), pale blue silk and white lace blouse, black tucked voile skirt; Miss Jackson, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Hall, white silk blouse, berthe of lace, black silk skirt; Miss Hall, soft ciel blue muslin trimmed with white lace finished with black beise ribbon; Miss H. MacKenzie (Auckland), dainty shell pink silk, trimmed with accordion-pleated frills, dark skirt; Miss M. Humphries, white silk and lace blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Alice Hill, black voile, with tucker of white ruffled chiffon; Mrs. J. Avery, black silk grenadine, trimmed with lace and jet; Mrs. A. Avery, dainty pale blue accordion-pleated chiffon blouse, black voile skirt; Miss A. Avery, pale pink silk blouse, with cream lace berthe, dark skirt; Miss A. Kemp, white embroidered muslin blouse, voile skirt; Mrs. Fletcher, black relieved with white; Mrs. Fraser, navy blue voile flecked with white, cream silk and lace vest; Miss J. Fraser, can de nil silk finished with white lace and pale pink chiffon; Mrs. Fookes, black and white; Miss E. Hanna, red and white checked silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss N. Hanna, rose-pink silk blouse, cream lace berthe, black voile skirt; Mrs. Blagell (Wellington), dainty pale blue crepe de chine blouse with berthe of cream lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. Fitzherbert, pale green silk blouse, finished with cream lace and red roses on corsage, black satin skirt; Miss Brown, primrose chiffon blouse, profusely trimmed with lace, black tucked voile skirt;

Miss Testar, black silk skirt, white lace blouse; Miss Cameron, black silk, decollete lace finished with tiny frills of Valenciennes lace; Miss Brett, white blouse trimmed with lace and silk, dark skirt; Miss Gray, white silk skirt trimmed with narrow frills, satin Empire belt; Miss J. Gray, white book muslin, tucked and inserted scarlet Empire belt; Mrs. Butler, black lace frock; Mrs. Addenbrooke, pale blue silk blouse, white lace berthe and yoke, black merveilles skirt; Miss Tidy, white silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. H. Bailey, navy blue and white spotted silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Perry Webster, cream voile, frills of accordion-pleated chiffon, tangerine Empire belt; Mrs. Hickman Russell, blue figured silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Webster, white tucked and inserted silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. H. Stocker, shell pink silk blouse with cream lace frills, black voile skirt; Mrs. Carthew, navy blue and white costume; Miss Hamerton, blue and white muslin blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Quilliam, black; Miss Kennell, dainty pale blue silk blouse, profusely trimmed with cream lace, black silk skirt, etc.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, November 23.

I have not very much to tell you of this event. Last Wednesday

THE LADIES' CRICKET MATCH AGAINST THE MEN ATTIRED IN SKIRTS

caused great amusement, but unfortunately, owing to a flower show being held on the same afternoon, there was a poor attendance. Afternoon tea was provided by Miss Seal. The ladies who were playing looked very neat in white linen, red belts, and white and red hats. I noticed amongst the spectators — Mrs. Core, biscuit check muslin frock, same coloured hat trimmed with apricot ribbons; Mrs. Caro, white linen frock, small white hat trimmed with green ribbons; Miss Burke, pretty navy blue flowered frock, bodice trimmed with lace, white cloth picture hat trimmed with cream chiffon and roses; Mrs. Dewes, navy blue tallor-made coat and skirt, navy blue hat, cluster of red and pink roses; Mrs. Chapman, blue linen costume; black picture hat trimmed with feathers — and chiffon; Mrs. Carter, pale pink check muslin frock, bodice trimmed with white insertion, white hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. Merton, heliotrope striped muslin frock trimmed with heliotrope silk, white hat trimmed with feathers, white stole; Miss Hoadley, brown muslin and lace frock, brown stole, green straw picture hat, wreath of yellow roses; Miss Nina Hoadley, smart white muslin frock, green and blue picture hat; Miss Rutherford, dainty white linen frock, white lace hat, touches of pink, clusters of roses; Miss Kettle, heliotrope striped print frock, becoming white hat trimmed with green and heliotrope ribbons; Miss Kennedy, white check muslin dress, white satin folded belt, white lace toque, pink and red roses; Miss Seal, white muslin dress trimmed with Valenciennes lace, dainty blue hat; Mrs. H. Baker, pink flowered muslin and lace frock, smart long cream cloth coat, green velvet cuffs and collar, smart white toque, touches of orange, and long white plumes; Miss Kelly, pretty soft white muslin frock trimmed with lace, white lace picture hat, tau-tee of pink rose ribbons and roses; Miss Sanders, pale blue muslin frock, white hat trimmed with roses; Miss Graham, dainty white embroidered linen frock, navy blue straw hat trimmed with pale pink roses; Miss McVay, white muslin dress, white hat trimmed with pink ribbons; Miss Margolouth, white and blue frock, pink picture hat; Miss Thompson, pale pink striped crepe frock, white muslin hat, pink roses; Miss Williams, white embroidered muslin frock, blue folded belt, white picture hat; Mrs. Westall, grey voile frock trimmed with white lace, blue and grey hat.

MILIE DOLORES' RECITAL,

given in the Theatre Royal on Thursday night, was a great treat for the Napier people. We have never heard here a vocalist who can compare with Milie Dolores, and she was greeted with a large audience. Amongst those present I noticed: — Mrs. Luck, palest pink chiffon frock, trimmed with lace, pink stole; Mrs. Coleman, black brocade frock, bodice trimmed with lace and sequins; Miss

Carte, pink silk frock, touches of black velvet, berthe of lace; Mrs. Hoadley, black silk frock; Miss N. Hoadley, dainty white muslin, blue on bodice; Miss King, becoming black lace frock, trimmed with black velvet, pink and red roses in hair; Mrs. Moeller, handsome pale blue taffeta frock, bodice trimmed with delicate lace; Miss Newton, black satin, berthe of lace; Mrs. Russell, becoming black satin frock, vest of white net, scarlet flowers; Miss M. Russell, string-coloured net over satin, touches of pale blue; Mrs. Stopford, black satin and white lace fichu; Miss Smith, becoming frock, large scarlet coat; Miss E. Smith, white silk frock; Mrs. Wenley, white lace frock, long grey cloth coat; Mrs. Diuiddie, dainty blue and white flowered muslin frock, lace vest, lace cuffs; Miss Tripp, salmon pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss Williams, black taffeta frock, trimmed with white lace; Miss A. Williams, dainty blue taffeta frock, bodice trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss May Williams, white crepe de chine frock, bodice trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Rutherford, black silk frock; Miss Rutherford, white satin frock, black velvet on bodice; Miss S. Rutherford, dainty soft white silk and lace frock; Mrs. L. McAllary, cream satin frock, bodice trimmed with chiffon and silver; Mrs. Jardine, black satin frock, lace on bodice; Miss Jardine, white muslin dress, trimmed with lace, red roses on the bodice; Mrs. Campbell, becoming black satin dress, berthe of white lace, threaded with black velvet; Miss Graham, white silk frock, vest of Valenciennes lace, blue belt; Mrs. Dixon, black taffeta frock, cream insertion on bodice; Miss Johnstone, soft cream frock, trimmed with lace; Miss McVay, white silk frock; Miss J. McVay, pretty blue accordion-pleated frock, bodice trimmed with chiffon; Mrs. Ronald, handsome black frock, trimmed with lace, black satin coat; Mrs. A. Kennedy, becoming rose pink brocade, bodice trimmed with chiffon, pale grey coat faced with blue; Mrs. P. Hunter, black satin; Mrs. De Lyle, pale pink silk blouse, black satin skirt; Miss White, apricot silk blouse, bolero of black lace, black satin skirt; Miss Gaulton, pretty black frock, berthe of lace; Miss Mackenzie, dainty white silk frock, frills on skirt, bodice with berthe of chiffon; Miss Smith (Waipawa), handsome black taffeta frock, bolero of white lace, pink roses; Miss Brown, white muslin and lace frock; Mrs. G. Broad, pretty white frock, blue chon on bodice; Miss Hindmarsh, searlet silk frock, yoke of Maltese lace, white cloth coat, scarlet collar; Miss B. Hindmarsh, pretty blue silk frock, frills edged with lace; Miss Brown, pale pink silk frock, searlet roses on bodice, red coat; Mrs. F. Williams, black velvet frock, handsome black and white satin coat; Miss Braithwaite, white satin blouse, black skirt; Miss Chapman, white silk frock, bodice trimmed with lace, edged with black velvet; Mrs. Dalzell, black silk; Miss Dalzell, pale blue silk blouse, dark skirt; Mrs. Henley, handsome black satin dress, white lace bodice; Miss Connor, black frock, trimmed with blue chiffon, white silk stole; Miss Hetley, dainty white frock, touches of blue; Mrs. Moor, white silk frock, blue coat, trimmed with lace; Miss Beatson, becoming all black taffeta frock, gauged skirt; Miss Samson, pink and white flowered taffeta frock, pink folded belt; Miss Jameson, green silk dress, trimmed with cream lace, yellow roses on bodice, green velvet in hair.

MARJORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

Wanganui is looking its very best just now, with all the tender spring foliage, as yet unspoiled by summer drought and dust. We are still talking mainly of the big week, and I must endeavour to tell you about

THE MANY SMART TOILETTES WORN ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE SHOW.

I noticed Mrs. D. Ridiford (Marion) in a stylish tailor-made tweed coat and skirt, moss green straw hat with green tulle and spray of violets; Mrs. Pratt (Waitotara), navy blue Melton sac coat and skirt, cream embroidered linen blouse, becoming electric blue fine straw hat with ruche of tulle on the crown and a high bow composed of blue and pink floral ribbon at the side, bandeau of the same; Mrs. Mowat (Hunterville), white embroidered linen gown, deep cream straw hat with ribbons to match; Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverhope), pale grey tweed skirt, white linen blouse, cream straw

hat with white ostrich feathers at the side, and pink roses and foliage; Mrs. O. Russell (Nukumara), navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, cream vest, navy blue and cream fancy straw hat with ribbons and bandeau of shaded pink and cream roses and foliage; Mrs. Booth (Patea), black cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, collar and cuffs of white silk, black hat relieved with white; Mrs. A. Izard wore an elegant golden brown silk chiffon taffeta, the skirt was made with wide French tucks, bodice with fichu effect and banded with champagne lace and insertion, bronze straw hat with green velvet ribbons and high coque feathers; Mrs. H. Sarjaunt, pale grey three-quarter coat and skirt, cream silk vest, becoming course green straw hat with spray of heliotrope flowers; Miss Willis, dainty white embroidered muslin frock, fancy straw hat with pale green and pink ribbons, and a wreath of tiny pink roses and foliage on the crown; her sister wore a cream canvas skirt and a beautiful cream silk blouse, her hat was cream straw with pale blue satin ribbon and spray of offwers; Madame Briggs, cream serge skirt and blouse of cream silk, the full lace forming a berthe effect, cream hat with tulle and ostrich feathers; Mrs. James Watt wore a beautiful cream serge frock, the bolero was edged with cream silk military braid, cream straw hat with cream feathers and sprays of pale pink shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. Blundell, smart tabac brown Melton cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, Tuscan straw hat with pink and crimson shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. H. Blundell, cream canvas voile frock with silk insertion, crimson straw hat with ribbon to match, and quill at the side; Mrs. J. Peat (Waitotara), navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, cream vest, round straw hat with band of pale blue and green velvet with small quill; Miss Blair, smart navy blue three quarter coat and skirt lined with cream satin, Tuscan mushroom hat with white chiffon and rosettes of pink and blue ribbon. Mrs. H. Wilson, smart holland seotume, skirt made with wide French tucks, swathed crimson plaid belt, Valenciennes lace hat with brim of fine crimson crinoline straw; Mrs. Willford, black cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, with collar, revers, and cuffs of white cloth embroidered in black and white silk braid, black and white bonnet; Miss Wilford wore a beautifully embroidered cream linen gown, the bodice having bands of cross-stitched trimming, cream straw hat with high bow of pale blue silk ribbon at the side, and a wreath of pink roses of foliage; Miss Jardine, cheek voile costume relieved with yoke of champagne lace insertion, fancy straw hat with ribbons and a spray of shaded flowers; Miss Liditon, navy blue cloth costume with linen vest, and a tie of pale blue silk, fancy straw hat with pale blue ribbons, bandeau of ribbon and pink roses; Miss M. Liditon, cream tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, crimson straw hat with wigs to match and silk ribbons; Mrs. Polson, black silk costume, relieved with cream lace, mantle of silk and lace, black bonnet with chiffon and white osprey; Miss Polson wore a dainty white voile

with small crimson embroidered spot, cream straw hat with ribbon and wreath of shaded flowers and foliage; Mrs. R. Jackson, serge costume with three-quarter coat, white linen vest, cream straw hat swathed with moss green tulle and a bunch of white marguerite daisies; Mrs. (Dr.) Wall, cream serge costume, outlined with cream silk military braid, the coat was made with a small pleated basque, cream felt hat with high bandeau of cream silk ribbons, cream parasol; Miss Barnicoat, pale green costume, the three-quarter coat was lined with pale green silk, Tuscan straw with green tulle and velvet to match; Mrs. C. Powell, bright blue voile skirt, silk blouse of the same shade with lace and insertion, cream straw hat with pink roses and foliage; Miss Drewe, cream canvas voile with insertion, fancy straw hat with wreath of cream roses; Miss Linda Barnard Brown wore a dainty white muslin embroidered frock with belt and sash of pale blue silk, cream hat with pale blue and pink roses; Mrs. John Anderson, smart green tailor-made costume, the coat was tight-fitting, and male with deep basque, cream lace vest, light green felt hat with coque feathers; Mrs. A. E. T. Nixon wore a very stylish cheek tailor-made gown, the Newmarket coat had revers, collar and cuffs of cream cloth, Tuscan straw hat with chiffon and small white flowers and foliage; Mrs. Hatrick, becoming black and white cheek tailor-made coat and skirt, relieved with black velvet collar, cuffs and revers, black straw hat with ruche of tulle and black ostrich tips; Mrs. W. Anderson, black serge coat and skirt, cream vest, Tuscan mushroom hat with black ribbon and ostrich plumes; Miss C. Anderson, smart pale green tweed coat and skirt, the Russian blouse had a tiny waistcoat of white cloth embroidered in green French knots, and collar of green velvet, cream sailor shaped hat with green and pink floral ribbon, high bow of the same, and bandeau of the same at the back; Mrs. H. Montgomery, golden brown cloth gown, the Russian blouse had lapels and collar of fawn, embroidered with pale blue, brown straw hat with chiffon to match, and a bunch of heliotrope-shaded violets on the crown; Mrs. James Anderson, black costume, relieved with cream, black straw and chiffon hat with lilac flowers; Miss H. Anderson, black skirt, long pale grey tweed coat, cream vest, white sailor hat with pale blue band; Mrs. Hoggard, white embroidered muslin frock, long cuffs and vest of embroidery, pale blue crinoline straw hat with a bow of ribbon to match at the side; Mrs. Broughton, beautiful gown of dark mauve brocade with undersleeves and vest of silk lace, pink straw hat with ribbon and flowers to match; Miss Lucy Duigan, white embroidered muslin frock with belt and sash of pale blue, white hat with blue ribbon and pink roses and foliage; Miss Dean Higgin, pale grey voile costume, profusely trimmed with champagne lace, old rose straw hat with full rosettes of pink ribbon; her sister wore a becoming pale champagne voile with lace and insertion, becoming straw hat with chiffon and roses; Mrs. Empson, bright navy blue voile over glace silk to match, yoke of cream lace, and long embroidered lace scarf, maize straw hat with green tulle and spray of pale helio-

trope flowers; Miss Empson, pale green tweed coat and skirt, with collar, revers and cuffs of sage green cloth, light straw hat with ribbons and wreath of flowers; Mrs. Duigan, black and white check tweed, the bolero and skirt were trimmed with black velvet buttons, white straw hat with tulle and black ostrich feathers; Miss Allen wore a white embroidered linen gown, cream hat with ribbons and spray of flowers; Miss Gibbons, pale grey tweed costume, the bolero was outlined with white cord, white silk and lace vest, pretty electric blue hat and ribbon to match; Mrs. H. Forlong, tailor-made coat and skirt of pale grey cloth, cream silk vest, smart straw hat with green tulle and a wreath of poppies; Mrs. Giesen, black cloth coat and skirt, white linen vest, white hat with black velvet and pink, and cream roses at the back; Mrs. Humphreys, pale grey cloth coat and skirt, cream silk and lace vest, pale blue fancy straw hat with ruche of blue tulle and black velvet; Mrs. C. H. Chavannes, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, cream vest, navy straw hat with ribbon to match; Mrs. Porritt, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, old rose and green straw hat with roses and foliage; Mrs. P. Forlong, pale grey Russian blouse and skirt with vest of cream cloth, grey hat with ribbon to match and pink roses.

THE CHRIST CHURCH BAZAAR.

was brought to a most successful conclusion on Friday evening, good business being done by all the stalls. Amongst those present during the concluding evenings were Mr and Mrs Stewart, Mrs Bond, Mrs Montgomerie, Mrs W. Anderson, Mrs Hankins (Levin), Mrs Pratt (Waitotara), Mrs and Miss Christie, Miss Brabant, Miss O'Brien, Miss Shand, Mrs Kissing, Mrs Innes, Mrs Skerman (Marion), Mr and Mrs Barthorpe (Silverhope), Mrs and Miss Empson, Miss Hadfield (Marion), Mrs Humphreys, Miss Anderson, Mr and Mrs Izard, Mrs R. Jackson, Mrs H. Jackson, Mrs and Miss Wilford, Mrs and Mrs H. Wilson, Mrs Briggs, Mrs James Watt, Mr and Mrs Stanford, Mrs Nixon, Mrs Hatherley, Mrs Griffiths, Mrs Mason, Mrs Saunders, Miss Inlay, Mrs Gonville Saunders, Mrs Inlay Saunders, and many others.

MIDLE ANTONIA DOLORES

had a most successful concert in the Opera House on Friday evening. There was a crowded audience from all parts of the district to listen to her beautiful voice. Middle Dolores wore an exquisite frock of maize and cream striped brocade with a panel of satin and chiffon, berthe of crystal lace and folded chiffon with diamond ornaments on her corsage and in her coiffure. Amongst the very large and fashionable audience I noticed Mrs J. G. Wilson (Bulls), in a beautiful black chiffon taffeta gown with cream lace and net on her bodice; Miss Wilson (Bulls), dainty pale pink silk muslin frock with bouillons of pink lace edged with narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss Empson, black silk evening gown with cream lace, Oriental embroidered scarf; Miss Empson wore a pretty pale blue silk frock with numerous tiny frills of silk and lace on cor-

The Right House for Reliable Goods
at the Right Price.

McCullagh & Gower

The Ladies' Popular Draper, Auckland.

A fresh lot of COSTUMES just opened up in Cream, Navy, and Check Laines, Silk, Gauda, Cloth, summer weights in Tweeds, Flannels, etc. 35s 9d, 42s 9d, 45s 9d to 7 guineas. Muellin, Delaine, Gingham and Voile Dresses, 25s 6d, 35s 9d, 35s 9d, 45s 9d to 4 guineas.

An inspection of the EXCLUSIVE DRESS LENGTHS, VOILES, and EMBROIDERED BOX BODIES of all that is newest and chic in SILK, SILK and WOOL, RADIUM CHIFFONS, &c.

Big variety of WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN and LINEN BOX DRESSES, 15s 11d, 22s 6d, 27s 6d, 27s 6d, 35s 9d, 42s 9d, 45s 9d, 50s 6d, 63s, 65s 6d to 85s 6d.

Our COTTON DRESS DEPARTMENT is well-stocked with moderate priced MUSLINS, DELAINETTES, CAMBRIC, 6d, 9d, 12d to 15s 11d. COTTON VOILES, all the rage in London, including the fashionable "Sweet Pea Design", 1s 4 1/2d; others, 1s 9d, 1s 11d, 1s 11d to 1s 6 1/2d.

WOOL VOILER, good design, 1s 4 1/2d, 1s 6 1/2d, 1s 9d, 1s 11 1/2d. **DRESS TWEEDS** in great variety, 1s 6 1/2d, 1s 11d, 1s 6 1/2d, 1s 9d, 1s 11 1/2d, 2s 3d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, to 4s 11d yard.

PARASOLS. - Dainty goods from London and Paris, plain coloured and stripes, &c., 2s 6d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d, 7s 6d to 3s 6d.

A beautiful assortment of REAL LACE MALTESE GOODS: 2s 6d, 7s 11d, 9s 11d, 15s 11d to 65s 6d.

GLOVES. - 3-dome Coloured Kid, 2s 6d; 4-dome Coloured Kid, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d; 8-dome White, 1s 11d, 2s 11d to 4s 11d; 8-dome French Russet Gloves, all colours, 2s 11d, 3s 11d to 5s 11d. Long White Kid Gloves, 2s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 6d; Long Washing Kid Gloves, 6s 6d and 5s 11d; Long Fabric Gloves, all colours, 1s, 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 11d; 3 and 3-dome Long Fabric Gloves, all colours, 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, to 3s 6d.

DRESSMAKING - Our Dressmaker is an experienced modiste who puts her very best into all work entrusted to her. Moderate charges. Fit, style, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Miss Richmond, black silk evening gown, transparent lace yoke; Mrs A. K. Kitchen, exquisite frock of black chiffon taffeta with berthe of wide Houghton lace, black velvet bow in her coiffure; Miss Willis also wore a becoming black evening gown with berthe of beautiful lace, pale pink roses in her hair; Miss A. Willis, white silk with lace and insertion and fine lace on her corsage, in her coiffure she wore a rosette of pastel blue velvet ribbon; Mrs A. Sheriff, pale blue silk evening blouse, with fichu of net and lace, black silk skirt; Miss Smith (Marton) wore a becoming frock of pale pink floral chiffon, with wide swathed silk belt and fichu of deep cream net; Mrs Pratt, (Waitotara), black silk muslin gown with deep yoke and berthe effect of real lace, on her corsage she wore a spray of pale cream roses; Mrs Fairburn, black silk, fichu of cream lace and net with pale pink roses; Mrs James Watt, beautiful pale blue broadened gown with berthe of lace and spray of roses on her corsage, Mrs Briggs, black silk gown with fichu of lace; Madame Briggs, deep maize broadened gown with exquisite trimmings; Mrs Saunders, black silk with fichu of cream net and lace; Mrs Gonville Saunders, black silk evening gown with berthe of real lace; Miss Inlay, black chiffon taffeta with collar of lace on her bodice; Mrs Inlay Saunders, soft white silk gown with lace and insertion; Mrs Montgomerie, black silk with vest of cream lace and tiny black velvet bows on it; Mrs A. Izard, white net frock made over white silk with frills edged with black velvet ribbon, berthe of net and lace; Mrs A. Good (Hawera), white silk blouse with lace and insertion, black skirt; Miss Harrison, pale pink silk blouse with bands of insertion, black skirt; Mrs Pharyzyn, dark grey velvet gown with collar and revers of cream lace; Mrs Arthur Davis, becoming white silk blouse with lace and insertion, black voile skirt; Mrs Beaumont (Dunedin), black silk with deep collar of real lace; Mrs Mackay wore a beautiful evening lace and net blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs Innes, black silk with lace yoke; Mrs Collier Campbell, pale heliotrope gown with deep berthe of real lace. There were also present Dr. and Mrs Skerman (Marton), Mrs Levette (Bulls), Mr and Mrs Horace Wilson.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, November 23.

Winter seems to have returned, it is so bleak and cold. Last Saturday there was only a moderate attendance at the tennis courts. Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Pickett dispensed the afternoon tea. Mrs. Adams was wearing a grey skirt, cream blouse and grey hat; Mrs. Pickett, blue skirt, white embroidered linen blouse, a scarlet American sailor with scarlet tulle and flowers; Mrs. Gibbons, grey sea coat and skirt, black chiffon hat with black tips; Mrs. Hardon, blue skirt, long grey coat, navy mushroom hat with two shades of blue tulle; Mrs. Broad, wine-coloured tweed coat and skirt, velvet cuffs and collar of same shade, pale blue ermine hat with white flowers; Mrs. Colne, pale blue linen with small velvet spot, burnt straw hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Bennett, light grey coat and skirt, pink ermine hat; Mrs. A. Thompson, grey coat and skirt, burnt straw American sailor, with pink and cream ribbon and pink flowers; Miss Waldegrave, navy blue skirt, cream and red striped blouse, burnt straw hat with narrow velvet bands and blue quills; Miss M. Waldegrave, navy blue skirt, white embroidered muslin blouse, white lace hat with pale pink flowers; Miss Fitzherbert, small grey-blue linen check, navy blue hat; Miss Lord, blue skirt, white linen coat and blouse, white linen hat with navy blue band; Miss Gwen Bell, black skirt, pale blue blouse, white hat with pale blue band; Miss Wilson, brown skirt, cream blouse, Panama hat; Miss H. Bell, Miss Belle Robinson, Miss Armstrong, Miss Reed, Messrs. Adams, Hardon, Wither, Barrard, Coles, Cunell, Swainson, McLean, Reed, Spencers, Smith, E. Waldegrave, Fulton, Burr, Reedy, Collins, M. Waldegrave, Moodie, Hogg, Pickett, Thompson, Dr. Putnam, and others.

The different tennis matches are progressing rapidly, the committee insisting that each round must be finished within a week, otherwise the competi-

tor failing to play his or her match is scratched. To-morrow a team of four ladies and six men come from Feilding to play a match with the local club.

THE WILLOUGHBY AND WARD LONDON COMEDY CO.

played a short season at the Opera House this week, "The Man from Mexico" and "The Talk of the Town" attracting large audiences. On the first night Mdlle. Dolores and party were present. Mdlle. Dolores wore a plain black evening dress with a pale blue velvet bow in her hair. Others I noticed were Mrs Davis, wearing a nil green crepe de chine with silver sequined berthe, pink roses in hair, long pale blue silk coat; Mrs Snow, cream voile skirt, cream spotted net and lace blouse, wide yellow silk belt, cluster of roses of same shade; Miss Snow, black crepe de chine, frills of narrow white Valenciennes lace on corsage, cream embroidered coat; Mrs Louissou, pale pink evening dress, Paris lace and pink roses on bodice; Mrs Park, black silk, black sequin berthe and cluster of crimson flowers; Miss Paris, black skirt, cream silk blouse; Mrs Bennett, pale blue satin and white chiffon; Mrs Gibbons, black striped net over black glaze, frills edged with black satin ribbon, black sequin berthe; Mrs Colbeck, pink and heliotrope floral muslin, cream brocade coat; Mrs Bagnall, cream satin, white lace berthe; Mrs Stowe, black crepe de chine, fichu of cream spotted net; Miss Keeling, black skirt, cream and blue floral muslin blouse with white Valenciennes lace; Mrs Fickett, white satin and lace; Mrs Johnston, black striped gauze over silk, transparent elbow sleeves of black pin spotted net, pale blue silk chon; Miss Johnston, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk belt; Mrs J. E. Innes, emerald green velvet with some beautiful lace, spray of deep cream roses, cream coat; Mrs Milton, black silk, cream lace berthe and cluster of crimson roses, cream accordion-pleated cloak with swansdown; Mrs Warburton, black silk, silver sequined berthe; Miss Warburton, pale blue silk and white lace, long cream coat; Mrs W. Keeling, white lace over white satin; Mrs D. O. Shute, pale blue silk, white lace berthe, with spray of blue flowers; Miss Drew, black velvet skirt, pale pink silk blouse with cream lace yoke; Mrs A. Guy, black skirt, cream and pale blue blouse with lace; Mrs Ward, black evening dress with black chiffon frills; Mrs Holmes, cream voile skirt, cream spotted blouse over pink and blue floral silk, pale grey coat; Mrs Harold Abraham, pale pink crepe de chine, white lace berthe; Mrs Alys Riddiford, white muslin and lace; Mrs Hankins, black evening dress, cream coat; Miss Hankins, pink silk, white lace berthe, and cluster of pink roses, pink cape; Miss Fitzherbert, a dainty white muslin and lace frock made with cross-over bodice, large cluster of pink roses; Mrs F. E. McRae, black skirt, pale blue silk blouse, cream coat; Miss Ennsler, black silk, white chiffon on bodice; Miss Dalrymple, white voile and lace, crimson roses; Mrs S. Hump, white satin and lace, pale blue silk chon; Mrs J. Nash, black velvet, yoke of Paris tinted spotted net; Mrs Lissaman, black silk voile skirt, white silk blouse with frills of white accordion-pleated chiffon, pale grey accordion-pleated cape; Miss Wyatt, white embroidered muslin, blue silk belt and blue flowers, pale blue accordion-pleated cape with white swansdown; Mrs W. E. Smith, black brocade skirt, cream satin and lace blouse; Miss Belle Smith, cream satin and lace, crimson flowers; Mrs Freeth, cream voile skirt, cream and pink floral muslin with cream lace insertion; Mrs Fitzherbert, black evening dress, grey velvet coat; Mrs C. K. Waldegrave, black broadened black sequin berthe and cluster of pink and crimson roses; Miss Margaret Waldegrave, cream silk and lace, cream flowers with green foliage, long pale blue coat with white swansdown; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk belt; Mrs Randolph, black crepe de chine with frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon on corsage and sleeves, cream coat; Miss Randolph, blue silk, Paris lace and cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss O'Brien, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk belt; Miss — O'Brien, black velvet, rose-coloured sash and bow in hair; Mrs Rutherford, black evening dress, long cream coat; Miss Fegden, cream voile, cream chiffon, and touch of turquoise velvet on corsage, pink coat; Miss Knight in cream silk and lace, cream rose in hair, pink coat;

Miss —, Knight in cream with pink roses on bodice and in hair, blue coat; Mr and Mrs Council, Miss Armstrong, Miss Bond, the Misses Mowlem, Mr and Mrs S. Luxford, Miss Stannestad, Miss Akers, Messrs Harman, Abraham, Grant, Bagnall (2), Fitzherbert, Waldegrave (2), Freeth, Innes, Milton, Drew, Warburton, Guy, Hume, Holmes, Hankins, McRae, Sini, Gibbons, Bennett, Louissou, Colbeck, Davis, O'Brien, Nash, Mrs. Stowe and Martin.

On the second night Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, Mrs. Kinear, Mr. and Mrs. Mellisop, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. Hobnes, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. J. Pascal, Miss McLennan, Mrs. and Miss Smith, the Misses Park, Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, Miss Warburton, Mr. and Miss Keeling, Miss Phyllis Keeling, Mr. and Mrs. Freeth, Dr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Buckley and others were present.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Eliot Warburton gave a small supper party at her residence, Main-street, for Miss Gillan Scaife, a member of the London Comedy Company. Miss Scaife had been an old school friend of Miss Warburton when at Home some years ago. Mr. C. Warburton Gamble, of the same company, was also a guest. These present were Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, Miss Warburton, Miss Scaife, Mr. Gamble, Miss Margaret Waldegrave, Mr. Norman Waldegrave, Miss Armstrong, Miss Fitzherbert and Mr. Victor Fitzherbert.

On Saturday last Mrs. Inder, Alexandra-street, gave

A SUCCESSFUL TENNIS PARTY.

A dainty afternoon tea was served in the garden. Mrs. Inder received her guests in a black voile skirt and becoming pale blue silk blouse. Miss Inder was in cream with cream lace trimming; Mrs. Greig, black skirt, wine-coloured blouse, wine-coloured hat with green trimming; Miss Baker (New Plymouth), black skirt, cream silk and lace blouse, blue hat; Miss Park, navy blue coat and skirt, blue French sailor with green and red flowers; Mrs. Purcell, in blue with blue mushroom hat; Mrs. Rennell, grey coat and skirt, white cloth collar, blue hat with cornflowers; Mrs. Vernon, brown braided costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Foote, in cream with cream hat; Miss Hamilton (Sydney), blue voile and cream lace insertion, cream hat; Miss Tatton, pretty pink dress, pink hat with pink flowers, Messrs. Inder, Vernon-Reid, Purcell, Tatton (2), Bayes, Blackbourn, and Dr. Greig.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 23.

Gardens and gardening are at present the great topic, so Miss Johnston's

GARDEN PARTY ON FRIDAY

was very apropos. Fickle Fortune this time smiled on the hostess, and the weather was absolutely delightful, warm, and still, with the faintest haze tempering the heat of the sun. The garden itself was at its best, and the beautiful lawns, surrounded with gay flower beds, presented a charming picture. Tea, ices, and fruit salads were dispensed at various tents in the grounds, and a string band was stationed under a big tree. Miss Johnston wore a lovely dress of bronze and green shot glaze with lace vest and ruffles, ermine toque swathed with tulle and wreathed with flowers; Mrs. C. Johnston, black and white striped colienne, chine belt; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black and white glaze, Irish lace bolera, and Tuscan hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Williams, black crepe de chine, white ostrich boa, black chiffon toque; Mrs. Fitzroy, grey voile and white lace vest, grey and white chiffon toque; Mrs. Crawford, white and black striped glaze, and toque of red roses; Mrs. Pearce, navy blue crepe de chine, blue hat; Mrs. Gince, black crepe de chine and handsome coat; Miss Stead (Christchurch), white muslin, pin-spotted with mauve, mauve belt, and dark blue hat with roses; Mrs. Denniston, ivory cloth and Nil green toque; Mrs. W. Johnston, white cloth with motifs of lace, rose pink hat; Mrs. D. Nathan, pale blue glaze with bouffants of lace, pale blue hat with tips; Mrs. W. Turnbull, orchid mauve crepe de chine, with lace and chiffon blouse, mauve hat with tips; Miss Williams, periwinkle blue with chine sash; Mrs. Adams, bisquit voile with touches of mauve; Mrs. Statholme, deep blue chiffon, and floral hat; Miss Harcourt, pink and white floral voile, and

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Hot Springs Hotel

R. L. SOMERS, PROP.

SEE THAT SPOT

WASH THE SPOT WITH THE LIGHT-OIL SOAP THEN WATCH THE COFFEE AND OTHER TEA DRINKERS

Hat with flowers: Miss L. Brandon, white embroidered muslin and white hat; Mrs. W. Moorhouse, reseda crepe de chino with touches of darker velvet, pale green hat; Mrs. Menzies, black voile, white boa and mauve bonnet; Miss O'Connor, blue-grey cloth, and pink toque; Miss Duncan, white embroidered cloth, and rose pink toque; Miss Hislop, pale blue voile and pale blue hat with tips; Miss Pell, gray Sicilienne, and hat with flowers; Miss Harding, pale blue alpaca, and hat with roses; Mrs. Buchanan, black taffetas, and pale blue hat; Mrs. Wood, white voile, and floral hat; Mrs. Newman, black crepe de chine, and black and white toque; Miss Lawson, mauve linen pinafore dress with frilled muslin and lace sleeves and vest; Miss F. Rawson was similarly dressed in reseda.

FLOWER SHOW.

The early summer show of the Rose and Carnation Club was characterised by a very fine display of flowers, notably roses. Carnations were also good, but it is still early in the season for them, and the exhibits of sweet peas were very few. Mrs. H. Gore won the prize for the best decorated table, which was done with crimson sweet peas and sprays of feathery brown foliage. Miss Duncan carried off the honours in sweet peas, and Mrs. and Miss Marchant were successful with rose bouquets. The show was opened by Mrs. T. Williams, who was escorted by Dr. Izard, the president of the Club. She wore a handsome dress of black crepe de chine, white boa, and black bonnet with tips; Mrs. Crawford, biscuit tweed and dark blue hat with roses; Mrs. Buchanan, grey alpaca Eton costume and smart hat with tips; Mrs. Duncan, brown green voile and green hat; Mrs. Pearce, navy blue taffetas, dark blue hat; Mrs. O'Connor black Sicilian coat and skirt, vieux rose bonnet; Miss O'Connor, smoke-grey Eton and rose pink toque; Miss Duncan, dark blue tailor-made and pale pink hat; Mrs. Waldegrave, reseda alpaca Eton costume and smart hat; Miss Quick, cream Eton costume and floral toque; Miss D. Quick, grey voile and pink hat; Mrs. A. J. Joseph, grey glace with ecru lace vest banded with turquoise velvet; Mrs. H. Harding, black crepe de chine, ivory hat with black ostrich plume; Miss Kennedy, white muslin and lace.

A VERY DELIGHTFUL TEA

was that given by Mrs. A. Pearce last week in honour of Mr. and Mrs. C. Crawford, who have just arrived from England. Mrs. Pearce wore navy blue taffetas with vest of ficelle lace; Mrs. C. Crawford, pale blue taffetas with frills of narrow lace, smart black hat; Mrs. H. Crawford, white cloth with handsome embroideries, deep rose hat; Mrs. R. Lervin, white cloth Eton dress, and rose trimmed hat; Mrs. Tweed, grey glace with floral pattern; Miss Tweed, white alpaca and rose pink hat; Mrs. Buchanan, black taffetas and pale blue hat with shaded feathers; Miss Harcourt, pink and white floral muslin; Mrs. G. Fitzgerald, blue taffetas; Miss Fitzroy, white crepe de chine.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 21.

THREE DINNER PARTIES

were given at the United Service Hotel, Cathedral square, by Sir John Gorst and Miss Gorst during their stay in Christ-

church. Amongst their guests were his Excellency the Governor and Lady Plunket, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dryden-Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cracroft Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Mr. and Miss Murray-Aynsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Studholme, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, Mr. Munro, the Rev. and Miss Moreland, Dr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Bloxam, Mrs. John Deans, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. Nicholls.

A SMALL AFTERNOON TEA

was given by the headmaster of Christ's College Grammar School and Miss Moreland in honour of Sir John Gorst and Miss Gorst. Among those present were the Bishop of Christchurch and Mrs. Julius, the Hon. C. C. Bowen and Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. and Miss Reeves, Professor and Mrs. Cook, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Neave, Dean Harper, Mr. and Mrs. John Cocks, Mr. and Mrs. Dudding, Mr. and Mrs. Merton, Mrs. C. Maude, and Messrs. Jenkins, Hogg, and Monteith.

SMALL BRIDGE PARTIES

having been given during the week by Mrs. Henry Wood (Avonside), Mrs. Wigram (Park Terrace), Mrs. H. H. Loughnan (Avonside), and Mrs. Reswick (Fendulton).

TILE CONCERTS

given in His Majesty's Theatre by Miss Narelle were a great treat to all lovers of the sweet old ballads. The only pity was that, through some misunderstanding these concerts were not held in the Exhibition building, as was originally intended.

AT AN EVENING PARTY

and dance given in the Merivale school-room by Mrs. Carey Hill, the guests were asked to wear early Victorian costume characters (from fiction or otherwise), but, unfortunately, the notice given was too short to permit of getting special dresses made, particularly during race week; consequently, the fancy dresses worn were very few, and most of the guests appeared in ordinary evening dress. The hostess, as "Becky Sharp," wore a white embroidered muslin frock, large poke bonnet with pink roses; Miss Muriel Allen, as "Helen Pendennis," wore white silk. Other characters were Miss Elsa Thomas (Mrs. Lupin), Mrs. Carter (Anne of Gerstein), Miss Ethel Wilson (Winson Chartris), Miss J. Wilson (Florence Nightingale), Miss Bullen England (Miss Flight), Miss Bullen (Kalkoura), Mrs. Chilton wore a black evening dress; Mrs. Weymouth, black crepe de chine; Mrs. F. Cowlishaw, pale blue silk and lace; Mrs. Moore (Dunedin), black with white lace; Mrs. Quane, cream lace dress; Mrs. Chas. Louison, black with beautiful old lace; Miss Weymouth, cream accordion-pleated frock; Miss A. Weymouth, black and pale green; Mrs. R. Dillon, black with white lace; Mrs. Fairhurst wore black voile; Mrs. Bloxam, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Guthrie, pink and grey glace silk with lace; Miss N. Guthrie, pretty pink floral muslin and white chiffon; Mrs. R. Anderson, black satin; Mrs. Rose, black crepe de chine; the Misses Louison, McClatchie, Bloxam (2), Gossett, Mrs. and Miss Staveley; Messrs. Whitcombe, Ross, Moore, Ronaldson, Guthrie, Carter, Dr. J. Guthrie, and Dr. J. R. Thomas.

THE THEATRE.

Miss Tittell Brune has had a very good season in Christchurch, playing to crowded houses in "Leah Kleschna," "La Tosca," "Merely Mary Ann," and "Sunday." Amongst the audience I noticed Mrs. and Miss Elworthy, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, Miss Boyle, Mrs. and Miss Stead, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood, Mrs. and Miss Deans, Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Louison, Mrs. Kohn (Dunedin), Mrs. and the Misses Kettle, Mr. and the Misses Burns, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Loughnan.

COMING EVENINGS.

During this week Mrs. W. Wood is giving a large dance. Mrs. George Harris has a garden party at the Hagley Park Tennis and Croquet Club's grounds. Mrs. Murray-Aynsley and Miss Gerard have also sent out invitations for garden parties.

DOLLY VALE.

En Avant. En Avant. En Avant.
En Avant. En Avant. En Avant.

Aulsebrook & Co.

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DRESSMAKING. LADIES' OWN MATERIAL
MADE UP.


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Latest Paris Modes.

Baby Linen. Baby Linen. Baby Linen.
Ladies' Underlinen.

We invite you to inspect our New Premises. Everything New and Beautiful.

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GENT'S SILVER WATCH.
THE CHEAPEST WATCH ON THE MARKET.

Sterling Silver, Short Wind, Open-faced. Stand any amount of knocking about; Reliable Timekeeper. For general knock-about use in the country you can't beat this watch.

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THE NATIONAL SUPPLY STORES,
SWANSON-STREET, AUCKLAND.

By Appointment to
H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

CEREBOS SALT

Report of the INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE, London:

"Cerebos Salt is composed of refined table Salt, combined with phosphates which exist in most food products in the natural condition. The phosphates in wheat are much diminished in the preparation of flour. Phosphates in meat and vegetables are, to a large extent, lost in cooking. The use of Cerebos Salt in place of ordinary salt restores these natural and valuable products to the daily food."

Agents: Messrs. L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.

By appointment to His Majesty the King.

BOVRIL

It is guaranteed the pure product of the finest Ox-beef.

HUDSON'S EUMENTHOL (Regd.) JUJUBES

FOR THE THROAT! THE VOICE! THE LUNGS!


Miss AMY CASTLES writes:—"I have used your Eumenthol Jujubes and have found them invaluable for the throat, particularly in case of colds. I should like to recommend them to all singers."

*Yours faithfully,
Amy Castles*

Unlike Cough Medicines, Eumenthol Jujubes do not interfere with the Digestion. On the contrary, they have a beneficial effect, as their Antiseptic Properties prevent abnormal fermentation of the food.

BOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. TINS, 1/6.

HOLD THIS TO THE LIGHT
Look at it from Opposite Side



YATES' RELIABLE SEEDS

IF OTHER ADVERTISEMENTS USE THIS STYLE PLEASE SEND THE DRAWING, YATES & CO., DUNEDIN

OVER THE TEACUPS BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS . . .

The Perfect Man.

FROM THE PERFECT TAILOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

The beautiful "mannequin"—the living model who sweeps through the saloons of West End dressmaking establishments, showing off gowns and mantles, has her counterpart in the sterner sex.

During the "Tailor and Cutter" exhibition which closed last month in London, a number of "male mannequins" were pressed into service to show off the beauties of frock coats, lounge suits, and sporting kit.

Some of them were soldier students from the Army Clothing Department at Pimlico, others were cutters who had moulded their exhibits to their own figures.

What is the perfect figure from the tailor's point of view? This was the question propounded by a "Press" representative to an expert at the exhibition yesterday.

The expert at once rattled off the following measurements of the tailor's ideal:

Height	5ft. 6ins.
Chest	39ins.
Waist	32ins.

"The length of the leg should be half the height, minus two inches. The length of the sleeve should be half the height, minus four inches.

"In France the ideal man's waist is thirty inches, and this applies also to officers in the British Army.

"A good figure immediately enhances the appearance of any garment. A 'strongman' can never be well dressed. The chest and arms should never be abnormal, and fat calves spell badly-setting trousers."

The cutter who enters for such exhibitions as that given by the "Tailor and Cutter" must, of necessity, lead the simple life. Being a "male mannequin" he cultivates a certain pose in addressing his clients. His mind is for ever on his "lower chest" which he represses on all occasions. He endures silent agonies when a friend asks him to dine, and his soul is torn between the luscious and fatty foods, the opulent liqueur, and the perfect set of a perfect frock coat to his perfect figure.

Mr. Robert Davies, the triumphant cutter who won the trophy for the perfect frock coat this year as well as last, moulded the coat to his own figure.

Adopted Children.

Adopted children have of late come much to the fore in smart society. Baroness Eckarstein, daughter and heiress of the late Sir Blundell Maple, has adopted a small girl as a companion to her only daughter. Princess Alexis Dolgorouki owns an adopted child in the person of little "Nacha," a Russian, who may often be seen dressed in white, driving in a wondrous white pony-cart. Then, at one time, Lady Anglesey had a tiny adopted daughter, whom she used to dress exquisitely, and take to the smartest children's parties in London. And the late Lord Anglesey also adopted a little girl, who used to drive with him in his carriage at Pajis and Monte Carlo. The mid-Victorian era saw several instances of adopted daughters in high society. Madame de Champagny, who is now a widow, and lives in a lovely home near Torquay, was the adopted daughter of the late Lady Mount Temple, and the late Princess Liechtenstein—known before her marriage as Miss Fox—held this position with Lady Holland, the world-famed chateleine of Holland House

Dressing for Dinner.

CHANGE OF CLOTHES ALMOST AS BRACING AS A BATH.

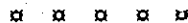
The "Lancet" advocates the custom of dressing for dinner, and, going even further, declares that every worker should change his clothes before the evening meal, even if he does not possess evening clothes.

"The bracing effect of a change of clothes is well known," says the "Lancet." Many a man feeling almost too fatigued after an arduous day's work to change his clothes finds himself considerably refreshed when the change is accomplished, and at the same time he experiences a feeling of cleanliness and preparedness for his dinner, and good digestion invariably waits on healthy appetite. The changing of clothes may even thus favourably affect nutrition.

"Nor need the changing of clothes be the exclusive luxury of the persons who dress for dinner. The hard-worked clerk, the shopkeeper, and the working man would all be better if they would cast off their work-a-day clothes and put on clean clothes for the evening meal after the day of toil is over.

"The effect of a change of clothes after a day's toil is in some respects similar to that of a bath, mildly stimulating, bracing, dispelling the feeling of tiredness and fatigue so commonly experienced.

"The explanation most likely is that the clothes after they have been worn all day get more or less clogged and lose temporarily their ventilating properties, so that the emanations of the body do not escape freely."



The Luxury of Being Stupid.

Because a person is dull and lowly, it does not follow that he or she need be left out of all entertainments. This does not mean, however, that the dull or stupid person has as much right to exist socially as the bright person. Some people are really stupid, and do not try to be anything else; while others are not stupid, but wish to be thought so. They realise the luxury which a reputation for stupidity affords. Even children of tender years are sometimes clever enough to realise it. An eight-year-old boy was sent a message by his mother. He gave it incorrectly. Soon afterward he was sent to buy something. He brought home the wrong article. "It is no use sending him any more errands," said the mother crossly, "he is so stupid." The boy confided to his sister that he hated errands, and that he knew if he executed them properly he would continually be sent here and there.

This reasoning so appealed to his little sister that when she became older she found that she could not learn to use a machine, or to make puddings. Consequently she was never asked to do any of the sewing for the family, and her avoidance of the kitchen was hailed with relief.

These two "stupid" children, being clever enough to avoid distasteful tasks, used their brains in more congenial directions, and were never a nuisance in their own circle.

People who go to social entertainments have no right to be socially stupid. A clever man visiting Sydney said of one or two women whom he met constantly at a relative's house that he would sooner break stones upon the road than talk to them.

A girl who is afflicted with a silent partner at a dance is much to be pitied. Such a man is selfishly refraining from using his brains. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, said

Ruskin. When one goes into society, one cannot help wondering very often what has become of these hundreds.

The really dull and stupid, who have no other claims to toleration, are generally wretched out of social gatherings by small degrees. It is those who are not stupid, but put on a stupid disposition, that are so hard to deal with. Sometimes they are stupid simply because they want to be wretched out, sometimes because they feel lazy. For the sake of the occasions when they do not "act stupid" they are humoured and forgiven.

The most selfish sinners are those to whom society bows down by reason of their money or position. They feign a stupidity which they do not deserve, because they realise the utter luxury which such a reputation gives them. Nothing is asked, nothing is expected of the stupid. Their lack of wit is construed into a lack of understanding of society's requirements. The result is that they revel in laziness.

Social entertaining becomes anything but a luxury for those who neither earn nor are stupid. Not only when she is a guest, a girl who is clever and at the same time conscious of her social responsibilities will often take the whole burden of entertaining a roomful upon herself. If such a girl feels that she is partly responsible for the success of the entertainment, her hostess will generally not hesitate to shift the burden to her willing young shoulders. At any rate she will let her share the burden equally. While the bulk of the company are luxuriating in being stupid, the hostess and her one conscientious guest are paying the penalty for being "bright." The weight of the buoyant, will in the end break them down.



Fashions for the Tea-table.

DAINTY DESIGNS FOR ARTISTIC COSIES.

The artistic tea cosy, which threatened last year to go out of fashion, has returned to favour, and dainty trifles of chiffon or silk, only sufficiently large to cover the regulation "5 o'clock" teapot, are much in evidence.

"Tea cosies are really very beautiful this season," the manageress of an artistic fancy salon informed an "Express" representative recently. "The old covers, which resembled a small quilt, are quite out of favour."

"One of the favourite designs for a cosy is called by the emotional name of 'Flower Petters.' The foundation of this cosy is a soft satin, while chains of the owner's favourite flower, made of chiffon, are wreathed round it.

"Another pattern is one large flower made of velvet. The petals open and enclose the teapot. Hand-painted cosies are decorated with most elaborate designs. One of the prettiest is of white-satin with tiny silver stars powdered all over it, and a large bunch of most natural looking and scented flowers tied in one corner.

"We executed an order for a teapot cosy last week of which the ground was pale rose satin. On this were embroidered baskets of forget-me-nots and violets. The baskets were worked in real silver thread, the forget-me-nots were represented by turquoise, and the violets by tiny amethysts.

"We are also selling cosy sets, which consist of tea and coffee-pot cosies, six egg, muffin dish, and hot milk jug covers, all made in the same pattern.

Ravenous Wedding Guests.

John Eickhorst, a wealthy peasant of Oerdinghausen, in West Prussia, invited to the wedding of his daughter only guests with good, healthy appetites. For each guest he provided 1½ lb of beef, 1½ lb of pork, ½ lb of veal, ½ lb of mutton, and half a fowl, with an unlimited supply of vegetables, bread, wine, and beer.

The guests rose to the occasion and consumed 1500lb of beef, 1200lb of pork, 200lb of veal, 600lb of mutton, 250 chickens, 150 geese, 100 ducks, 100 turkeys, 350 leav's of bread.

Five tents were erected to accommodate the 1200 guests.

Eickhorst is a peasant who has grown wealthy, and owns a large estate, but he still clings to the peasant customs of hospitality and the peasant appetite.



Evolution of the Ruffle.

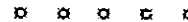
RETURN OF AN ELIZABETHIAN FASHION.

The tulle ruffle is passing through certain well denned processes of evolution that threaten to bring the Elizabethan ruff into fashion again.

"There certainly seems to be a chance that the Elizabethan ruff will become fashionable," says a West End lodiste.

"When the tulle ruffle first came in it was a soft, gossamer arrangement, as light as thistle-down. Gradually the ruffle became more substantial, flower petals were sewn on the tulle, and a stiff muslin lining was employed to hold up the ruching.

"The 1906 ruffle is not the most comfortable form of adornment. It is wider than its predecessors, and dozens of yards of stiffened tulle are used in its making. The lady who wears the modern Elizabethan ruff might easily be accused of being disdainful. She cannot turn her head to the right or the left, and if she lowers her chin she is soon reminded of what she is wearing."



Gambling for Charity.

"Yes, of course, I play bridge for money, but the stakes are never high, and I save all my winnings and give them to charity," remarked a well-known society woman to an interested American friend. "Last winter," she continued, "a party of ten of my friends went up to the Adirondacks for a week's frolic, and I was trying at the time to think of some way of donating 2000l. to a big charity bazaar that was being planned. I didn't want to ask people for the cash, but I had promised to give something of 20 dollars' value to be sold by chance, and my husband had personally given 4000l. so I couldn't ask him for assistance. We played cards on the train going up to the mountains, and I wound the party that I was out to win 2000l., and as soon as I had won it would stop and not play again until after my return home. I won the 2000l. the first day, which was an absolutely unparalleled streak of luck for me. I'm usually a loser. Then I bought a mission rocker and made them all take chances on it after they had lost their cash to me to buy it with. There were 100 chances sold at 50 cents each, and the bazaar was richer by 5000l., so you see the consequences of bridge-playing are not always dire and dreadful."

How to be Well-bred.

A GOSIP ABOUT DRESS AND ORNAMENT.

To a woman her dress is something more than covering and ornament. If we are to believe notable students of the feminine character, it is an index to her mind and a revelation of her good breeding, or its reverse.

In the "Taller," Richard Steele, that universal lover of women, describes a certain Falvio, "the gentlest woman you meet," as being always well-dressed, her garb so charming "that you would think it impossible she should change it for anything so becoming. There is no mystery in this," he adds—"a woman must think well to look well." So while it is a small-minded woman who lets dress and ornament be the chief interest in her life, one who wishes to be well-bred will neither despise nor neglect them.

To quote another old writer, "A woman's dress is like the envelope of a letter—the cover is frequently an index to the contents."

WHAT TO AVOID.

To be the sign of good breeding, dress should be attractive without extravagance. A woman need not be dressed in silks and chiffons to be stamped a lady; indeed, she will look vulgar in these if they are patently inappropriate to the occasion and to her position. The well-bred woman never does her marketing in an elaborate gown and feathered hat, any more than she will visit a friend later in the day or go to church in the frock and the headgear which are suitable to the former occasion.

THE KEY-NOTE OF GOOD DRESSING.

Suitability is the chief key-note of good dressing. The well-bred woman seeks something which, while quiet, looks "individual." One often hears it said, "Such-and-such a lady has her own style," which means that she has decided what becomes her; and, without too flagrantly running counter to accepted "modes," avoids what is extreme, and alters her own fashions but slightly.

Clothes should always be suitable to the climate and weather, to the wearer's age no less than her position, and to the business or pleasure on which she is bent. A collarless blouse or a "transparent yoke" in chilly weather or in the street is in the worst taste, because so manifestly unsuitable, and are never seen on the well-bred girl; nor will she indulge a taste for frills and chiffons, charms and baubles, in those hours which she devotes to the serious business of her day.

Flaunting colours, extreme shapes and styles, excess of trimming, over-elaboration in hairdressing, and the lavish use of pungent perfumes, are always to be avoided. That gets authority on dress—Beau Brummel—used to say, "You are never well dressed if people stop to stare at you."

JEWELLERY SHOULD BE WORN SPARINGLY.

Jewellery, even if it be good and beautiful, should be worn sparingly, especially by the young, and seldom in the street. I recall the adverse impression made on me a little time ago by the inroad into the railway carriage where I was seated of a stout, affrid, young woman, hoted by an undignified rusk along the platform, glovesless, panting, and buttons and hooks agape here and there.

"Only just caught the train by a rush!" she cried breathlessly to a friend. "I know I look a sight—but there"—she glanced complacently at the couple of long chains, the miscellaneous collection of trinkets pendant from them, the bangles on her wrists, and the ponderous rings on her bare fingers—"anyone can tell I am a lady from my jewellery"—a statement with which her companion, a mountainous lady who bore the name "Trix" in paste diamonds on her breast, was in complete accord. To one who would be well-bred both these women were striking examples of "What not to do."

ABOUT IMITATION JEWELLERY.

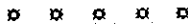
On the question of the propriety of wearing "imitation jewellery," there used once to be much debate. It was thought exceedingly ill-borne to wear an ornament which was not "real," but the art of to-day fashions so many ornaments which, while of no great intrinsic value, are beautiful in design and workmanship,

and these, because they do not pretend to be other than they are, may be worn by the well-bred woman. Vulgarity only comes when the ornament pretends to be something it is not and the wearer wishes to give that false impression. "Sham" of all kinds is in bad taste.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR APPEARANCE.

In her own house the well-bred woman is as careful of her appearance, as neat and daintily attired, as when "expecting company" or preparing to visit. Her duties and her purse may compel her to wear a simpler and more unsoilable gown, but it will be clean, whole, and well put on. No lady would be seen in the bosom of her family with soiled collar or langing braid while soap and water and needle and thread are within reach. The blouse bulging at the waist, the stained skirt, the hair left undressed until late in the day, betray the underbred. I have heard dark hints of women who go about their household duties during the early hours of the day in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers. The gentlewoman ever does such things; and the girl who would become a woman of refinement will not permit herself, through indolence, to slip into such habits. We should be able to look into the mirror at any hour without any loss of self-respect.

"I just despise myself when I look frowzy, and I never let myself look so without paying a fine into my pin-box," said a bright American girl. She had the secret of good breeding, though she spent less than fifteen pounds a year on her dress and worked hard for her living.



Girl Architect.

Miss Elspeth McClelland, the girl architect, who sprang into fame among women workers in the Old Country last year, has been steadily rising in her profession. Her latest achievement is a design for a house at Grange-over-Sands, overlooking Morecambe Bay.

"I am very proud of my house," Miss McClelland told an "Express" representative recently. "It is the most ambitious design that I have ever attempted. The house is built on a hill, overlooking the sea, and the views are really magnificent. A special feature has therefore been made of the windows, which are very large.

"The style is Elizabethan, and the house is built of grey stone with a slate roof. There are five bedrooms, two reception rooms, and a large hall with a delightful ingle nook. The domestic offices are most luxurious, my client being very particular on this point.

"I am so thoroughly interested in my profession that it is a delight to feel that I am succeeding," Miss McClelland continued.

"My first work was decorative designs and advice on furnishing, and this I have never allowed to drop. The inside is as important as the outside of a house. I worked for a hand-streem firm, and as I often had to design alterations in cottages, such as the addition of a bay window, I thought a knowledge of building construction would be useful.

"I had great difficulty in obtaining admission to the Polytechnic building classes, for there were 600 men and I was the only girl, but I had my way and worked hard.

"During the last few months I have been lecturing on workmen's cottages, and next month I shall travel from place to place lecturing on furniture from an historical point of view."



Poison Leads to a Wedding.

A romantic wedding has just taken place in Paris, a chemist marrying the widow of a man whom he had accidentally poisoned.

Some two years ago the chemist sold to a servant a quantity of arsenic in mistake for bicarbonate of soda. It was not until half an hour later that he discovered his mistake, and rushed off in a cab to the customer's residence, only to find that the man was dead. The chemist offered £4000 to the widow if she consented not to prosecute him, and the real cause of the husband's sudden death never transpired.

The chemist sold his business and pursued another occupation, in which he has succeeded. A year ago he proposed to the customer's widow, but the marriage was only celebrated recently,

Make the Best of Things

(My Mountain Fairies.)

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining; Behind the clouds is the sun still shining. Thy fate is the common fate of all: Into each life some rain must fall; Some days be dark and cold and dreary. —Tennyson.

Disappointment, disillusionment, and trouble are bound to come to us all. We can't get away from our share of earthly ills, but there's no sense in sitting down and crying over them.

If we want to have any sort of life at all, we must make the best of things. We are altogether too much given to exaggerating our troubles.

No often what seems to be a mountain of trouble will settle down to nothing but a little molehill of worry. And in the meantime we will have worn ourselves to "frazzles" worrying over it.

Things that seem terrible at night-time are not so bad when faced in the morning.

Of course, there are some troubles which must just be faced and accepted as our share of life's handicap.

But even they will not be helped any by nursing and brooding over. It is better to tuck them away in our heart's deepest corner, and only look at them when they fight their way to the front.

There is nothing so hard to fight against as heartache.

It throbs and throbs, and when you think you have conquered it it awakens and throbs more fiercely than ever. But time, that blessed healer, softens it eventually, and leaves nothing but a scar to remind us of the pain.

If you have a trouble or a headache to fight, keep at it unceasingly. Don't give way to it, nor encourage it for one moment.

Conquer it, or it will conquer you and make you a miserable pessimist.

If you conquer, you will be a better man or woman for the struggle.

The way is long and runs through the valley of tears; but the sun shines at the end of the journey. And it may be some comfort to know that there are thousands travelling the same weary way.

If the sun shone on us all the time we would be hothouse plants, unable to stand the least breath of adversity.

It takes unhappiness as well as happiness to make us strong, brave men and women.

We must look for the sunshine behind the clouds and make the most of it, and when the days are "dark and cold and dreary" we must accept without complaint our share of life's bitterness.



Neatness Pays.

ANOTHER LITTLE TALK ON MAKING THE BEST OF ONESELF.

Two women sat at near-by tables in a restaurant, one with glowing, unlined face, glossy hair, bright eyes; the other sallow, wrinkled, with dull hair showing from under her toque.

In years and dress they were about on a par. But one looked ten years older than the other—passe, uninteresting.

Yet the difference was altogether a matter of taking proper care.

If those two women were to seek a business position, which think you, other things being equal, would get it?

If they have children, which are the children likely to regard their mother with the greater pride and loving admiration?

In their circle of friends, which is the more sought after—the comely, bright, glowing woman who breathes vitality, good health, and joy in living from the very finger tips; or the wrinkled, sallow woman, who shows weariness of the world from her whole being?

It's a duty as well as a pleasure to be as beautiful as possible. Make up your mind to look "well-groomed" as to hair, teeth, nails, skin, and small details of dress. Live simply, and avoid all that makes for indigestion and biliousness.

We expect the young to have good complexions and bright eyes, but to carry this gerdon of youth far down the aisles of time—ah, that is to possess a charm well worth every woman's earnest seeking.

Miss JOHNSTON IRVINE

Successor to Mrs. Thornton Leach.

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I have been troubled with itching and Protruding Piles for six years. Some 18 months ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left me very weak. For 12 months during that time was troubled constantly with Piles. Tried all sorts of recommended Remedies, without result, until I obtained Peters' Pile Cure. One large box of same has completely changed my condition. It has already done me an immense amount of good, and have only finished using it about a fortnight. I shall certainly recommend it to any one who is suffering, and wish Peters' Pile Cure every success, which it is entitled to.

It cannot become too generally known that

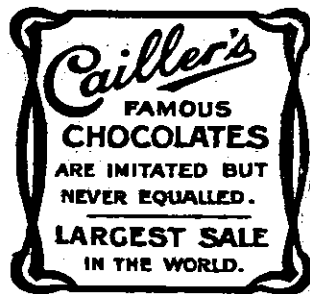
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Large Box (five times the quantity) 5/- or will be sent Post Free on receipt of price by F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor, 19 LOYNE ST., AUCKLAND.

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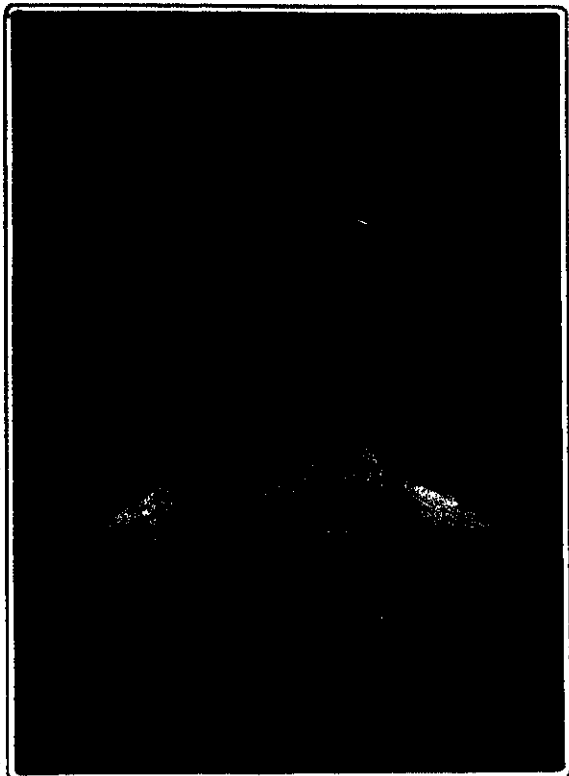
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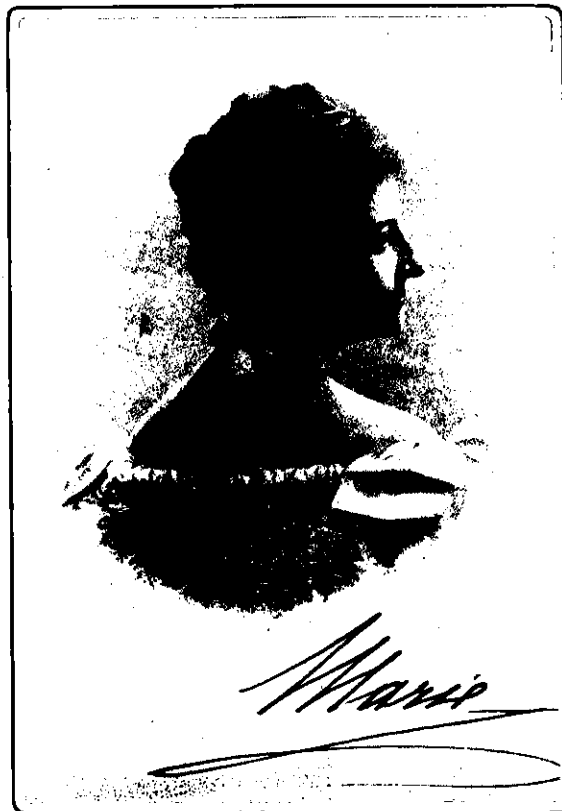
DUCHESS SOPHIE CHARLOTTE OF OLDENBURG.



THE DUCHESS HELENE D'AOSTA.

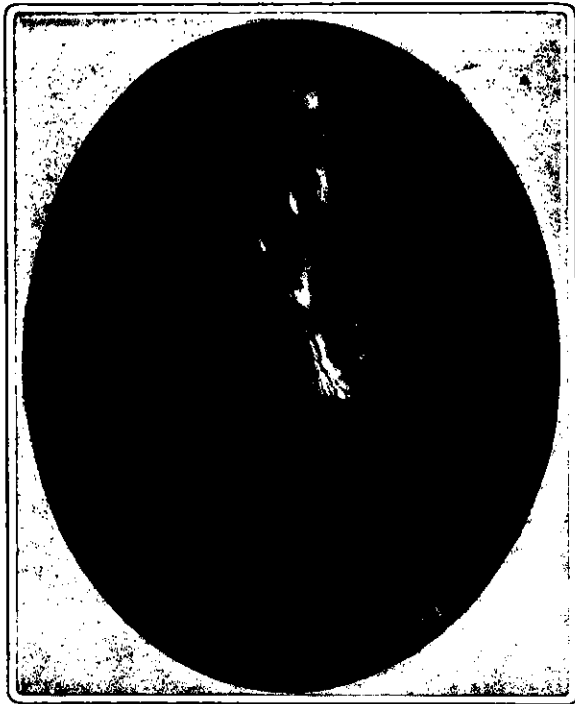


PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE.



THE DUCHESS D'ORLEANS.

FOUR GOOD-LOOKING ROYALTIES.



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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.



Everyone who daily cleanses the mouth and teeth with Odol will soon discover from a general sense of freshness and stimulated energy how beneficial is the purification of the mouth with this preparation.

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

The Early Morning Cup of Tea.

This is an anxious question for those who love their early tea, but who don't want to injure themselves by taking it if they are convinced that it will do them harm.

Well, let me first assure them of this comforting fact (says a writer in "Home Chat").

That great authority on dietetics, the late Sir Henry Thompson, allowed the early cup of tea under certain restrictions. If, therefore, it is taken with prudence, it won't do any harm, and often does a great deal of good, especially to those who suffer from morning headache.

By prudence, I mean, first of all, the avoidance of taking it too strong. This is a very important point.

To pour a solution of tannin (strong tea always contains a large proportion of tannin) into an empty stomach is a very mischievous thing, from a health point of view. The mucous coating is unprotected by the presence of any food, and is therefore more exposed to the hardening effect of the tannin than it would be during the progress of a meal.

Secondly: A slice of bread and butter, or a couple of biscuits, should be taken with the tea. To take tea without some small quantity of food with it is very apt to injure the digestion.

Thirdly: The early tea and bread and butter should be taken at least two hours before the regular breakfast hour, otherwise it will certainly do harm, because it will take the edge off the appetite for breakfast; and this, by preventing the taking of a proper amount of nourishment, may be productive of serious mischief to the health.

It may, indeed, lead to anaemia, which is sometimes caused simply by want of a proper amount of nourishing food.

If the ordinary breakfast hour is nine, the early cup of tea should be served at seven.

Ladies' Costumier and Habit Maker.



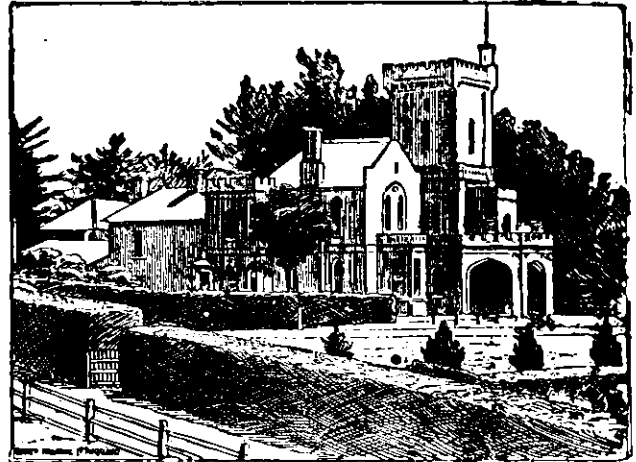
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FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

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This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles.

Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship.

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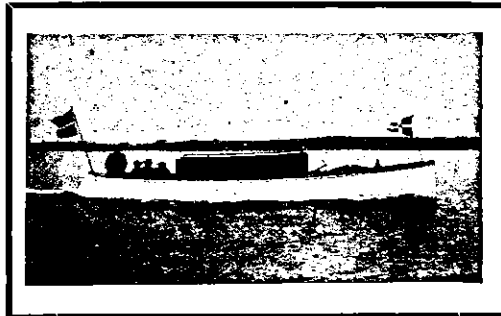
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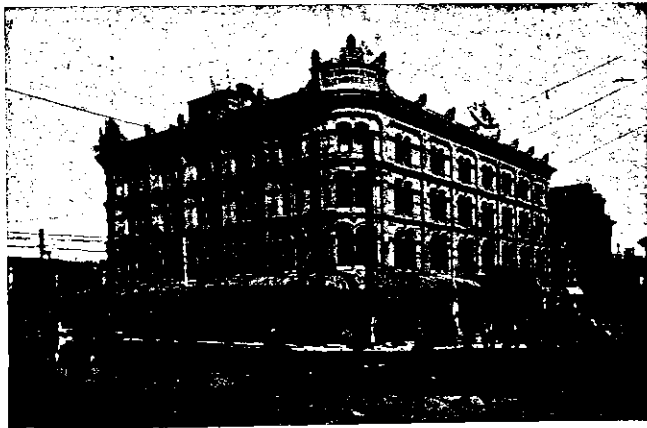
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THE NEW
P.D.
CORSETS.

LATEST MODELS.

FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

The Charm of the Lingerie Frock.

There is a charm about the pretty white summer frocks that are being

shown now in the shops that cannot be withstood, even should the skies be leaden.

Broderie Anglaise dresses look more dainty than those embellished with blind or raised embroidery; but to be really

a la mode this summer there must be scarcely any background material shown; the whole gown must be perforated with sprays and blossoms, executed in hand-wrought stitchery.

To be sure the sleeves are short, and

the guimpe is made of lace; then there is also an old-fashioned sash of ribbon wound round the waist; but even when these items are deducted from the whole, the remainder amounts to a considerable display of embroidery, and so the gown



A BEAUTIFUL GOWN OF SILK AND LACE FOR THE RACES.

must needs be a fairly expensive one.

Coloured batiste is well liked in many quarters, and for girls' morning wear there is a very dainty way of making it up into dresses, with a narrow centre panel down the skirt of blind embroidery wrought in colour or in white and a band of the same to edge the bolero. As for the bolero, what scheme more smart for it than that which is called the demi-Eton, which fits the figure snugly, because the fulness is drawn into a band at the edge about three inches above the waist-line, where a broad corset belt is revealed.

Naturally a lingerie parasol and an embroidered lingerie hat must be possessed as the completion of the linen or batiste dress, and should a coloured sash be worn the handle of the sunshade ought to be gaily decked with a big butterfly bow of silk or satin to match. There are fretful frills of Valenciennes lace upon the hats and parasols of this genre,

and the guimpe of the corsage is ruffled as well with the same obliging ubiquitous adornment.

Two Pretty Hats.

One of the hats sketched is of black horsehair and velvet, and is trimmed with

an enormous uncurled black and white ostrich feather, which is fastened under the brim in front, and is brought down over the hair. The other example depicted in our sketch is of pale pink horsehair adorned with pink Malines tulle and Liberty ribbon, and further ornamented with roses in a lovely shade of pink.



TWO PRETTY HATS.

THE FASHIONABLE COMBINATION OF WHITE CLOTH AND BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



FOR "SWEET SIXTEEN."

The time just before a girl is grown up is an awkward period in matters pertaining to dress. Something simple, not too childish, and not too overdone with flounces and trimmings, is suitable. A little party frock of a pretty type is here depicted.



Weingarten's W.B. NUFORM CORSETS

Are the **LATEST MODEL** from Weingarten's Factory, and are the only Corset that produces that beautiful tapering effect to the waist, so necessary for the present fashions.

**THERE IS A MODEL
JUST FOR YOU**

So **INSIST** on **BEING FITTED** with a
**WEINGARTEN'S NUFORM,
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The new models are specially suitable for the Tighter Fitting Gowns, so fashionable this season, and are immensely popular with all who have tried them.

**STOCKED BY ALL THE LEADING DRAPERS THROUGHOUT
THE COLONY.**

Getting Educated!



THIS IS THE ROOM.
IF YOU WILL COME
AFTER LUNCHEON WE'LL
BEGIN

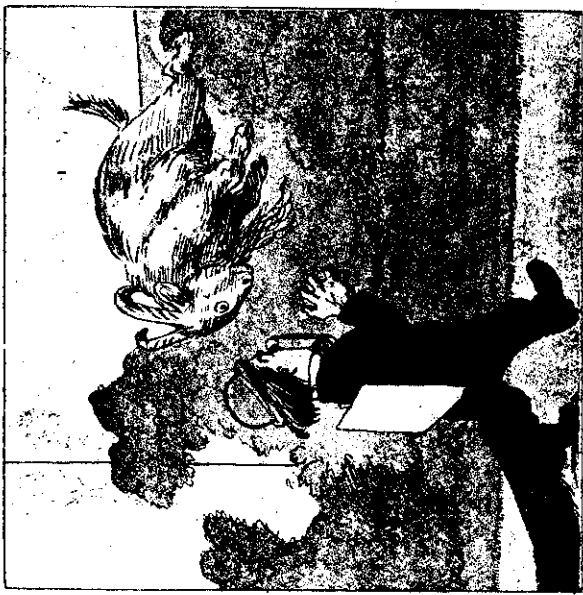
3



I'LL SHOW YOU
THE NURSERY
AND THE CHILDREN

I WAS TUTOR
TO HIS MAJESTY

4



I'LL EXPECT YOU
THIS AFTER NOON

SHE NEED N'T
EXPECT HIM

ALL RIGHT
THANK YOU

1



I SAW YOUR
ADVERTISEMENT IN
THE PAPER FOR A
TEACHER

YES



5



NOW CHILDREN THIS IS THE NEW TEACHER. I ENGAGED THIS MORNING



NOW KIDS, I BELONG TO THE OLD SCHOOL AND BELIEVE IN A LIBERAL USE OF THE ROD, KINDNESS DOESN'T GO WITH ME

GET OUT YOUR LASSO BUSTER



I HAVE BROUGHT MY ROD

ANYTHING YOU SAY WILL SUIT 'US

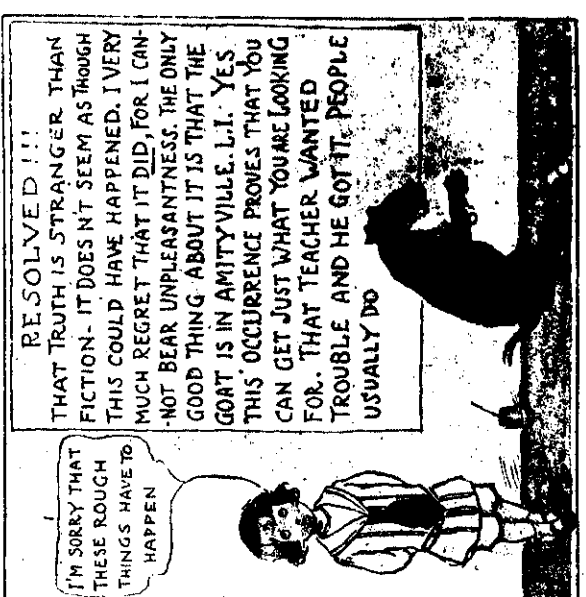


WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

HE HAS RESIGNED



RESOLVED!!! THAT TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION. IT DOESN'T SEEM AS THOUGH THIS COULD HAVE HAPPENED. I VERY MUCH REGRET THAT IT DID, FOR I CAN NOT BEAR UNPLEASANTNESS. THE ONLY GOOD THING ABOUT IT IS THAT THE GOAT IS IN AMITYVILLE. L.I. YES THIS OCCURRENCE PROVES THAT YOU CAN GET JUST WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR. THAT TEACHER WANTED TROUBLE AND HE GOT IT. PEOPLE USUALLY DO



I'M SORRY THAT THESE ROUGH THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN

Continued from Page 40.

The next day was Sunday, and I took a good rest and felt better next day. I teased that dog all the harder ever after, and I think he minded even more than before. Some weeks passed rather uneventfully, when, one Sunday morning, I woke early, and

pet-sweeper, and they belaboured that dog. Ah! how my heart jumped for joy as I heard the thumps resounding on his ribs. The umbrella had one of its ribs broken, but, strange to say, the dog seemed not at all hurt. He ran off, and was tied up for the rest of the day. I suffered from nervous headache for days, and had such bad dreams at

night; but my aunts and all my relations were very thoughtful and kind to me. I made acquaintance with quite a number of dogs in the street, and one day I very nearly fought a large St. Bernard, but the girls were quite fright-ened, and took me in their arms. I left town after a visit of some weeks, and am now completely settled in

the country, where I hope to remain. The noise in town really upsets my nerves. I have had a few rabbit hunts, and put up some quail, and mice are not at all bad sport. I roust up all the garden digging for mice; my relations are very angry, but I don't mind. I keep them awake at night sometimes barking, as I

have plenty of time to sleep during the day. It is getting near bell-time, so I must not tell any more of my adventures to-night. I hope you have been interested in hearing of me. I never tried to write before, so I find it rather hard to express myself.—Good-night, Yours sleep-ly. JOHN FOX TERNIER.



COOL.

"Mary," Mrs Housekeep called from the foot of the stairs. "How about breakfast?"
 "Oh," replied the new servant, who had overslept herself, "ye hadn't trouble to bring me anny. I ain't very hungry this mornin'."

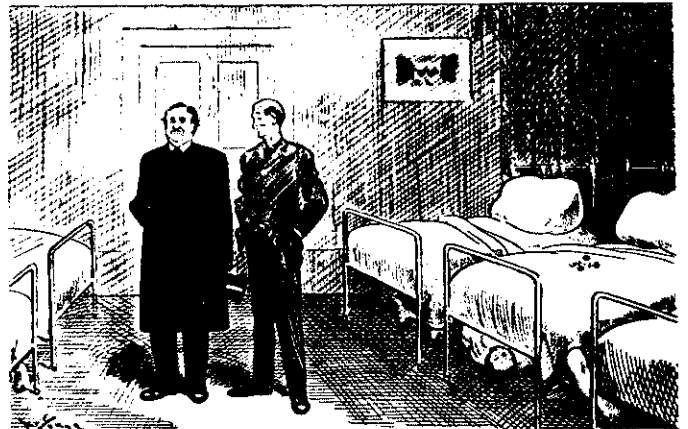
CANNY JAMIE.

Jamie, having come into the possession of considerable wealth through the death of relatives, was thus addressed by one of his neighbours:
 "Aye, Jamie, it was a guid thing for you that your rich freens waur born afore yer."
 "Weel," said Jamie. "I'm nae aye sure 'bout that; but it was a guid thing that they de'd afore me."



SUCH A TEASE!

Miss Chimpanzee: "Don't hold my hand in public, dearie."
 Mr. Orang Outang: "I'm not. This is your foot."



AUTO-MANIA.

Asylum Attendant—"This is our new ward for people afflicted with violent auto-mania."
 Visiting Physician—"Where are they? I don't see them."
 Asylum Attendant—"Oh, they're all under the beds, fixing the slats."



Colonel (to recruit, just enlisted, waiting outside orderly room): Look here, my lad, don't you know that a soldier always salutes an officer?
 Recruit: I've said "Good mornin'" to 'ee once already!



THE UNEXPECTED.

Dorothy: "Do you expect to go to heaven when you die, grandma?"
 Grandma: "Certainly, child."
 Dorothy: "Well, it's always the unexpected that happens—isn't it, grandma?"



KEPT HER WORD.

"Mamma, I wouldn't marry the handsomest man living."

And she didn't.

WHAT HE TRAVELED IN.

It was in a railway carriage, and the company consisted of several commercial travellers and a staid and pompous old gentleman. Various efforts were unsuccessfully made by the knights of the road to draw their companion into conversation. At length one of them said:
 "Come, sir, I know you are one of us. Tell us what you are travelling in."
 "Sir," answered the old gentleman, facing his interlocutor calmly. "I am travelling in very objectionable and inquisitive company, and the carriage is full of my samples."

QUITE THE REVERSE.

Hicks: "My hair comes out in handfuls. If it keeps on I'll soon be bald."
 Wicks: "Nonsense, if it keeps on you can never be bald."

Lady (staunch teetotaler): "Oh! please, would you mind fetching my little dog, Fido, out of that public-house?"
 Obliging 'Ostler: "Yes, mum. Certainly, mum. Which bar was you in?"