

# The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 1

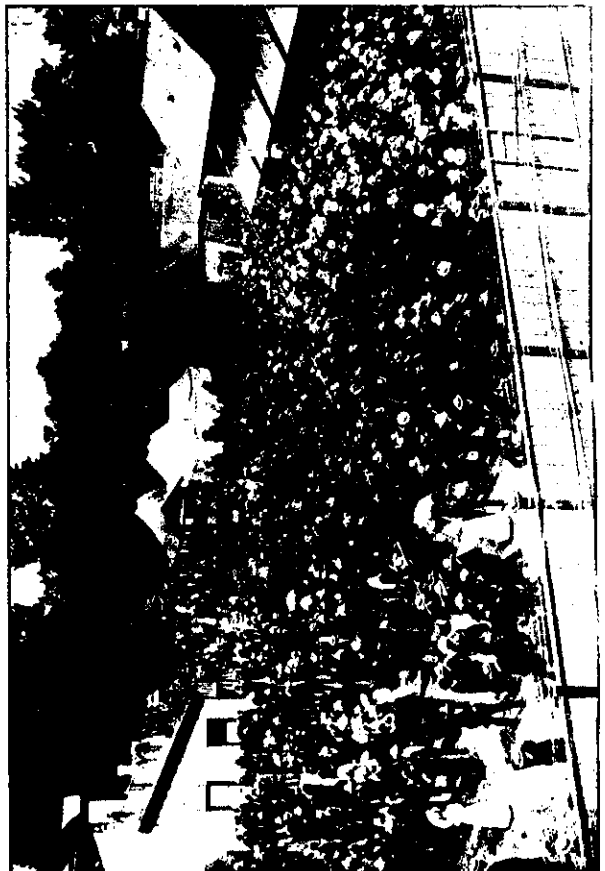
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1907

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





A VIEW OF THE LAWN.



THE TOWN BOARD THE TEN SHILLING TOPMASTORE.



MASTER DELAVAL WINNING THE CUP.



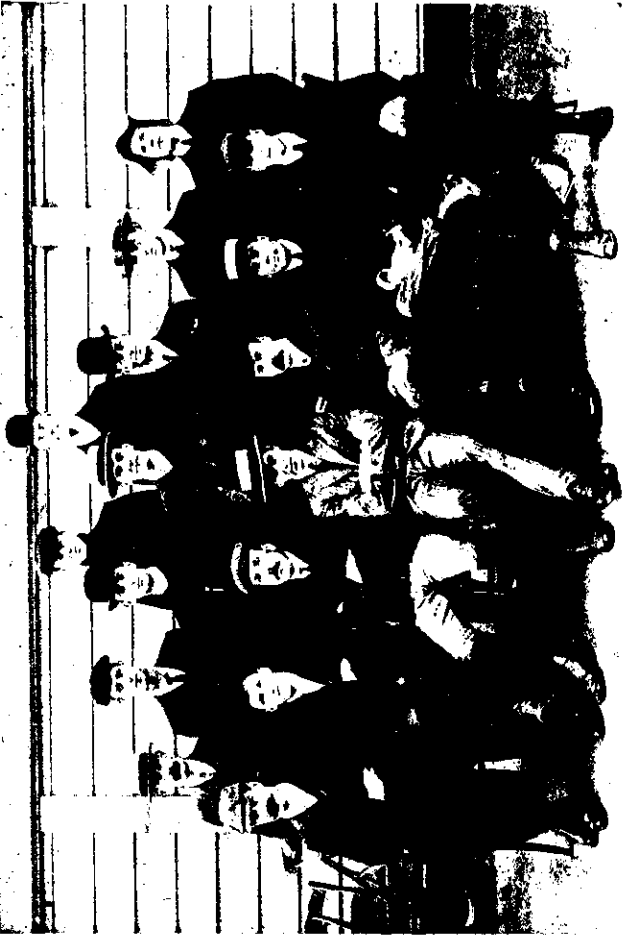
THE RACE FOR THE CUP, FIRST TIME PAST THE POST.



IN FRONT OF THE GRANDSTAND.



MASTER DELAVAL, WHO WON THE CUP IN RECORD TIME.



A GROUP OF OFFICIALS.



TWO CHAMPIONS OF THE WATER POLO.



LADIES AND COMMITTEE.



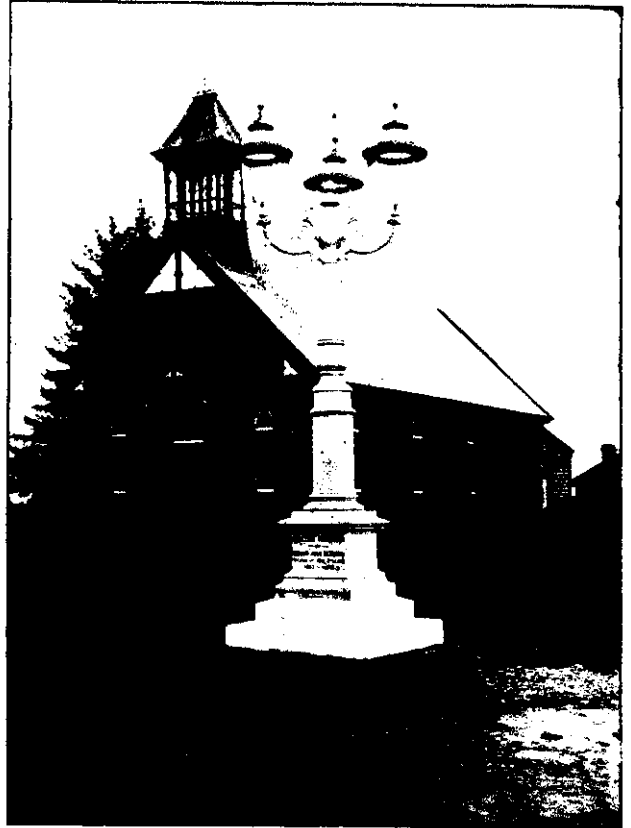
WELLINGTON AMATEUR SWIMMING CARNIVAL



A. V. Davis, photo.

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

This British ensign, which is one of the oldest in New Zealand, is said to have flown from the flagstaff at the Bay of Islands which was cut down by Hone Heke—the incident which led to the war of 1845. It is now in the possession of a Maori war veteran named W. Rutherford, of Mount Eden, Auckland, late of the 43rd Regiment, who is standing alongside.



L. Steele, photo.

IN MEMORY OF OUR LATE PREMIER.

The triple lamp erected by the people of Pukekohe to the memory of Mr. Seddon.



H. Love, photo.

BISHOP LENIHAN'S VISIT TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION AT TAUPO.



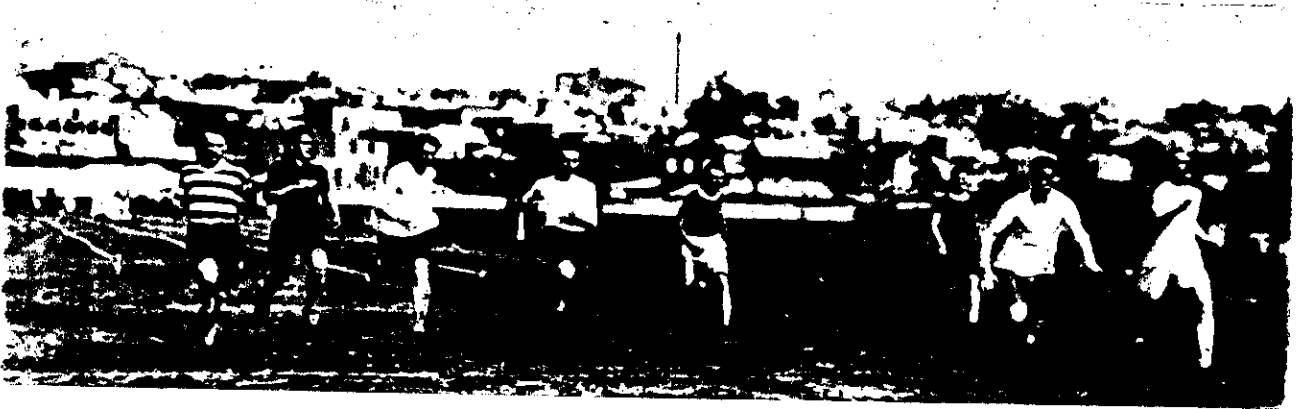
Papa's New Year Resolution and Why He Very Nearly Broke It.



START OF THE HALF-MILE FLAT HANDICAP.



START OF 440 YARDS FLAT HANDICAP.



FINISH FOR FINAL. 100 YARDS HANDICAP.

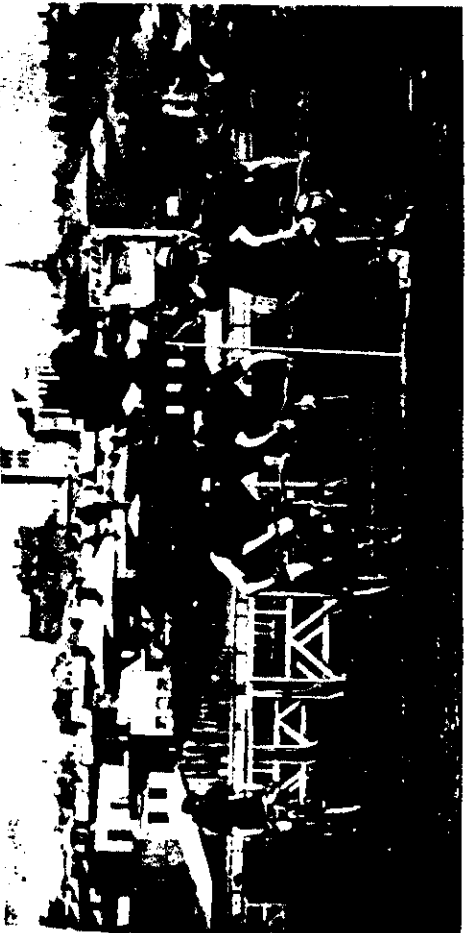


100 YARDS HANDICAP. FINAL HEAT FOR YOUTHS UNDER 19.

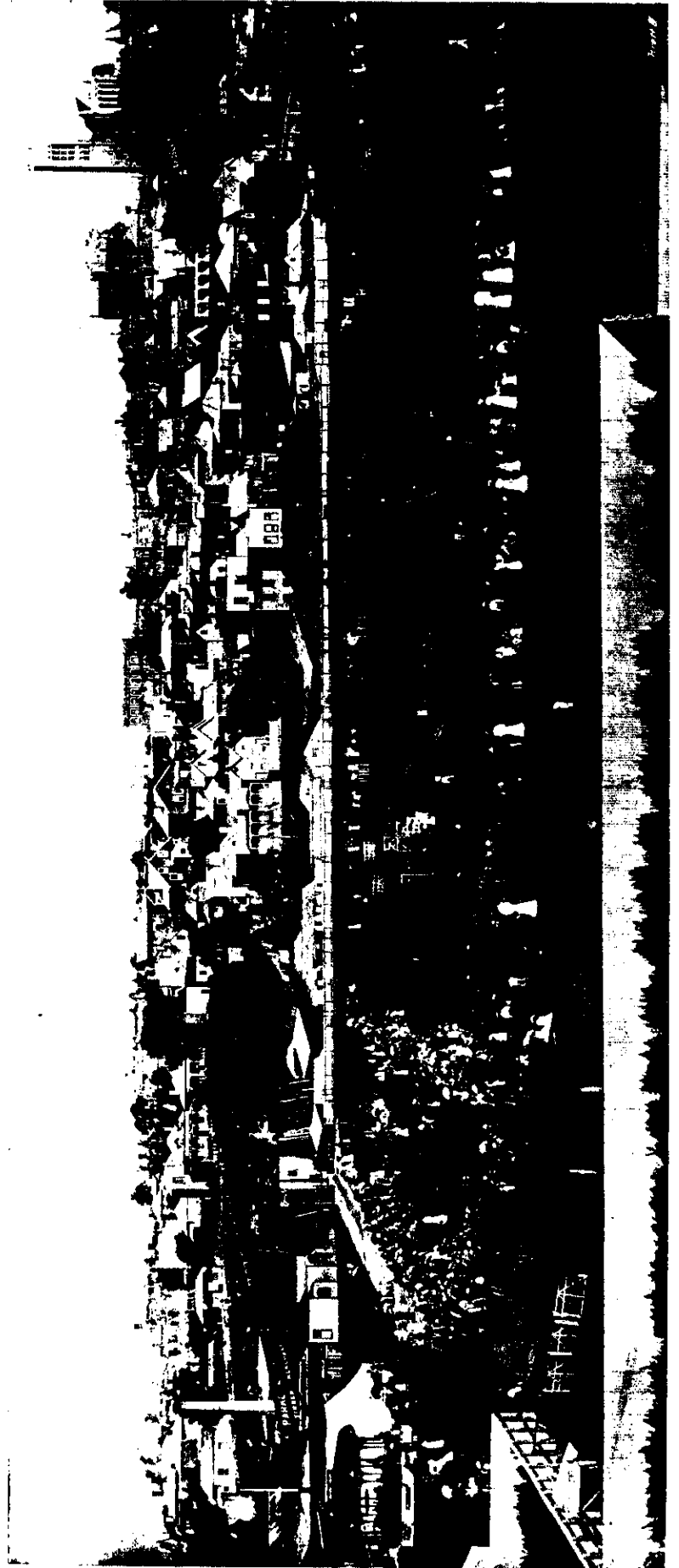
AMATEUR ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE VICTORIA PARK, AUCKLAND.



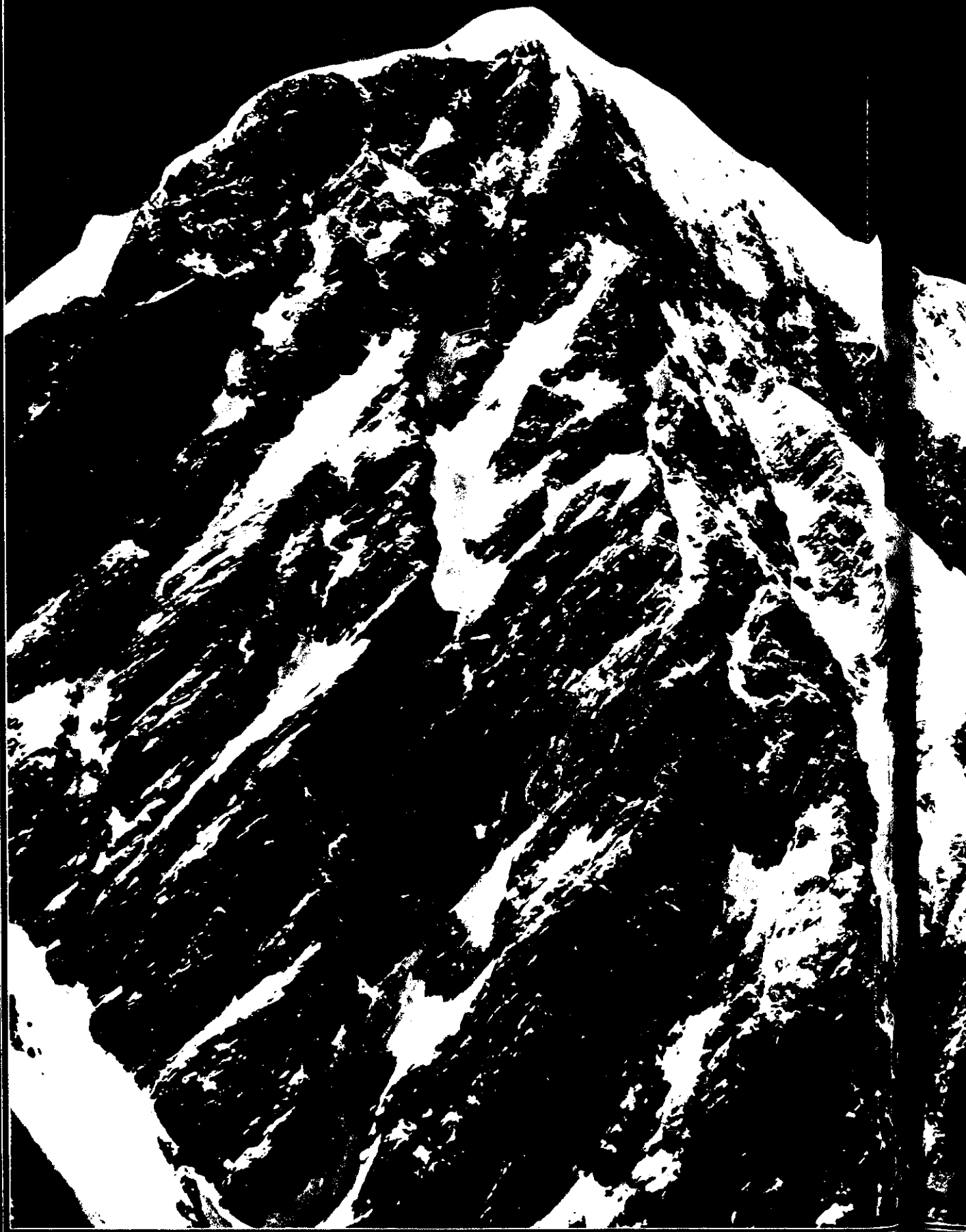
FINISH FOR THE ONE MILE NOVICE BICYCLE RACE.



SECOND LAP, ONE MILE NOVICE BICYCLE RACE.



A GENERAL VIEW, VICTORIA PARK, DURING THE SPORTS.



Kindly lent by Dr. E. Teichmann, Hokitika.

**THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE**

THE THREE PEAKS OF MOUNT COOK 10 MOUNT





**Y OF THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS:**

**OUNT COOK<sup>10</sup> MOUNT HICKS (DAVID'S DOME).**





SNAP-SHOTS AT THE LARGE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY MR. AND MRS. PAUL HANSEN AT THEIR RESIDENCE: "MON DESIRE," TAKAPUNA, AUCKLAND, DEC. 29, 1906.

# The Tourist Resorts of the Colony

BY MARAMA

SECOND SERIES—No. V

## ROUND TRIPS AT ROTORUA.

Perhaps the most interesting round trip from Rotorua is that known as the Waimangu trip. Leaving Rotorua at eight o'clock in the morning, a well-horsed conveyance takes the tourists past the beautiful Blue and Green Lakes, with their magnificent reflections, to the buried village of Wairoa, and here they are shown evidences of the vastness of the eruption of Tarawera. Portions of the buried village are still to be seen, with the skeleton remains of the two fine hotels which were overwhelmed by the tremendous fall of ashes and lava. The points of interest are described by the Maori guide, and the visitor is shown the spot where Mr. Bainbridge, an English tourist, was killed by the verandah of the hotel falling on him. Just on the border of Lake Tarawera is a comfortable accommodation house, where morning tea is provided before the lakes trip is commenced. The party embarks on one of the Government launches and crosses Tarawera. On landing on the other side a walk over a neck formed solely of ashes thrown out by the eruption brings them to Lake Rotomahana. Here another lunch is waiting, and in a very few minutes the boat is running along the steaming shores of this truly wonderful sheet of water. A visit is first paid to the site of the Pink and White Terraces which were destroyed by the eruption, and which now lie buried under ashes varying in depth from fifteen to seventy-five feet. A landing is effected here, and several geysers, spout-holes and boiling-pools are inspected, after which the launch is taken along the shore close enough to traverse a portion of the lake which is always boiling. The feeling is certainly uncanny as the water boils up and thumps under the boat. On reaching the head of Rotomahana the passengers disembark, and are taken in hand by the Waimangu guide, who discourses upon the various wonders as the party toils up the hill to the shelter-shed above the great Waimangu Geyser, which, unfortunately, is now quiescent. Even now, however, there is plenty to interest the visitor at this truly awe-inspiring spot. From the hill one looks down into the Inferno, which is appropriately named, with its clouds of steam rising from boiling cauldrons and miniature geysers, while close alongside is the Frying Pan Flat, which is one of the wonders of the thermal region. Refreshments can be had at the Government accommodation house at Waimangu, and from here conveyances take the trippers back to Rotorua by the Waiotapu Road. The round fare for this trip is 20s, and the distance covered is about forty miles. The drive from Rotorua to Wairoa is ten miles, the launch trip across Tarawera six miles, the walk to Rotomahana one mile, the run across Rotomahana three miles, the walk to Waimangu two miles and the drive back to Rotorua seven miles.

Another round trip of quite a different character is that of the Hamurana Spring, thence to Okere Falls, and thence back to Rotorua by way of Tikitiki. A conveyance leaves the township for the lake at ten o'clock, and here launches are in waiting to proceed across Rotorua to the Hamurana Spring, and sometimes a call is made at Mokoia Island en route. Arrived at

the jetty, a short walk alongside a lovely creek with marvellous blue coloured water, brings the tourist to within a hundred yards of the spring, and from here boats are utilised. The boats are taken right over the spring,

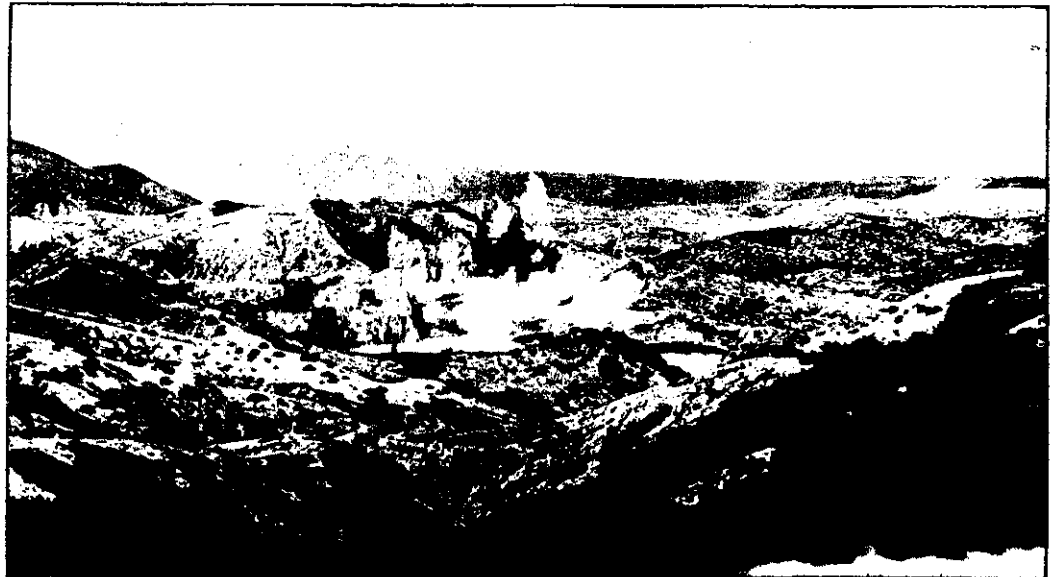
which wells up in a cavity some ten feet in diameter and of great depth. Looking down into the pellucid water, its immense depth can be seen, while the air bubbles keep portions of the surface in a constant state of effervescence. So

powerful is the up rush of water that coppers thrown in are suspended for hours, and eventually are thrown out on the edge of the spring. From Ha-

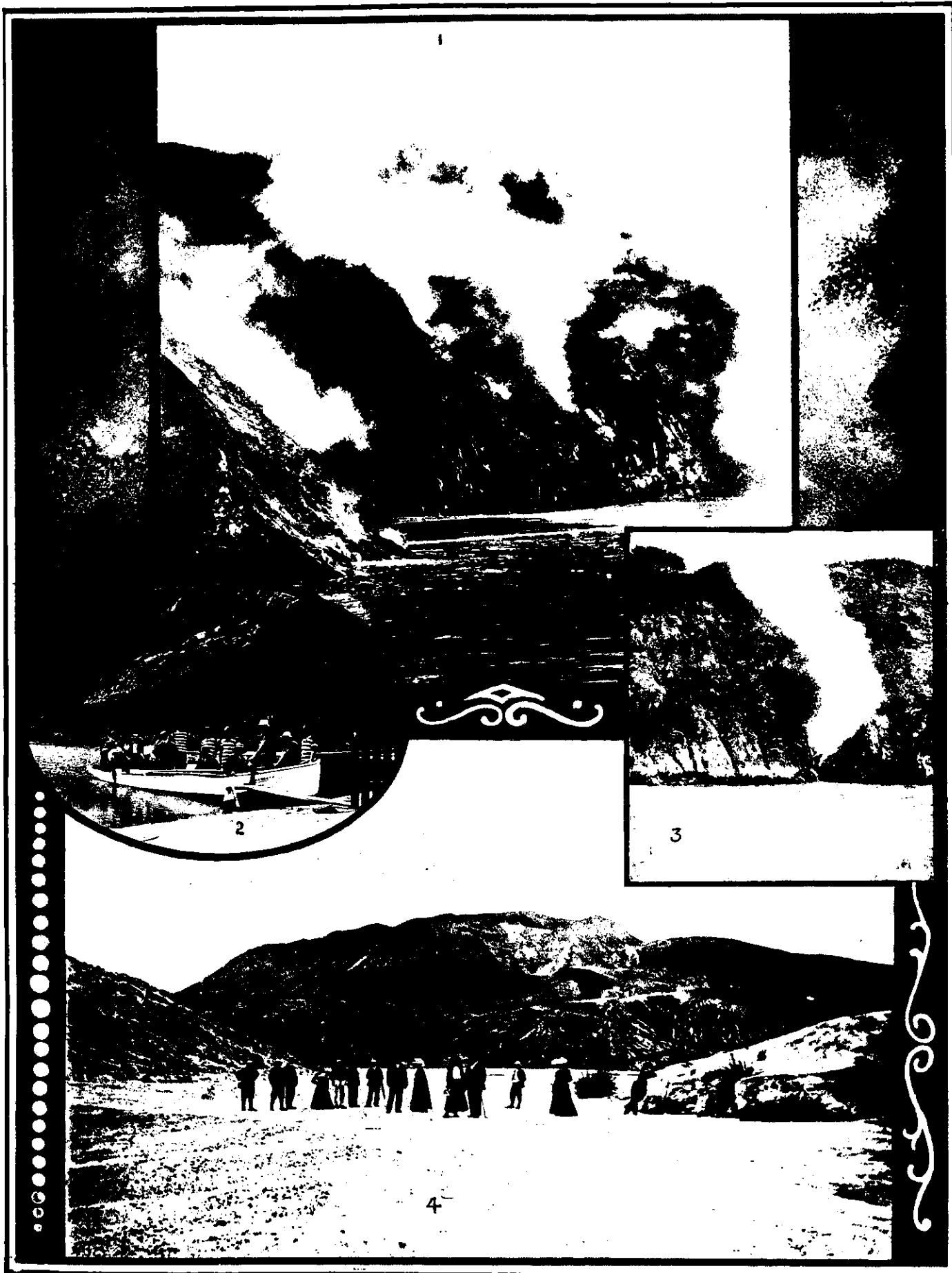
Continued on Page 17.



HINEMOAS BATH, MOKOIA ISLAND.

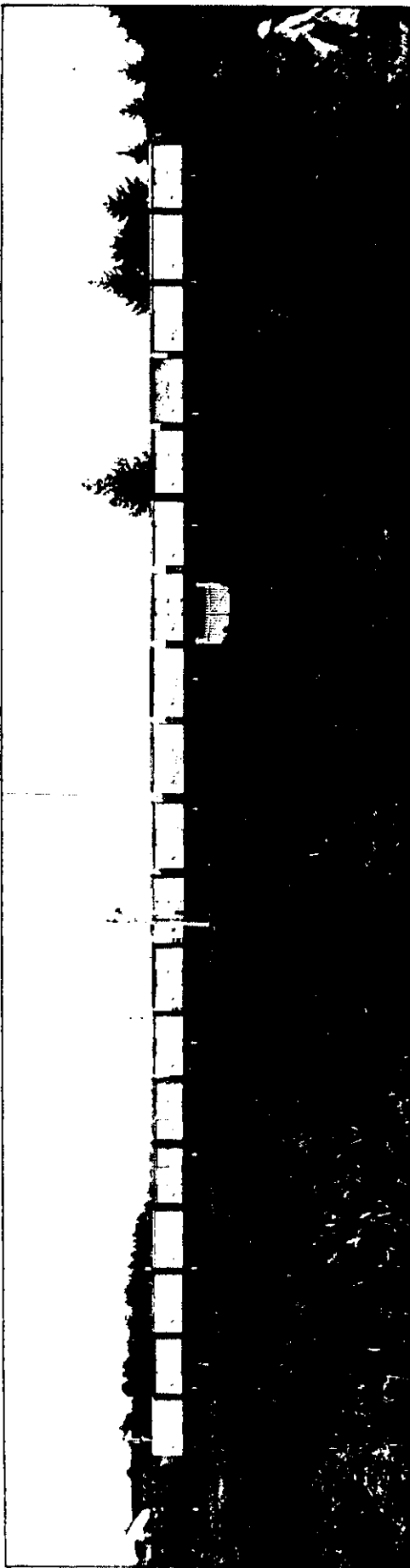


IN THE VALLEY OF WAIMANGU BEFORE THE GEYSER BECAME QUIESCENT.



SIGHTS ON THE ROUND TRIP

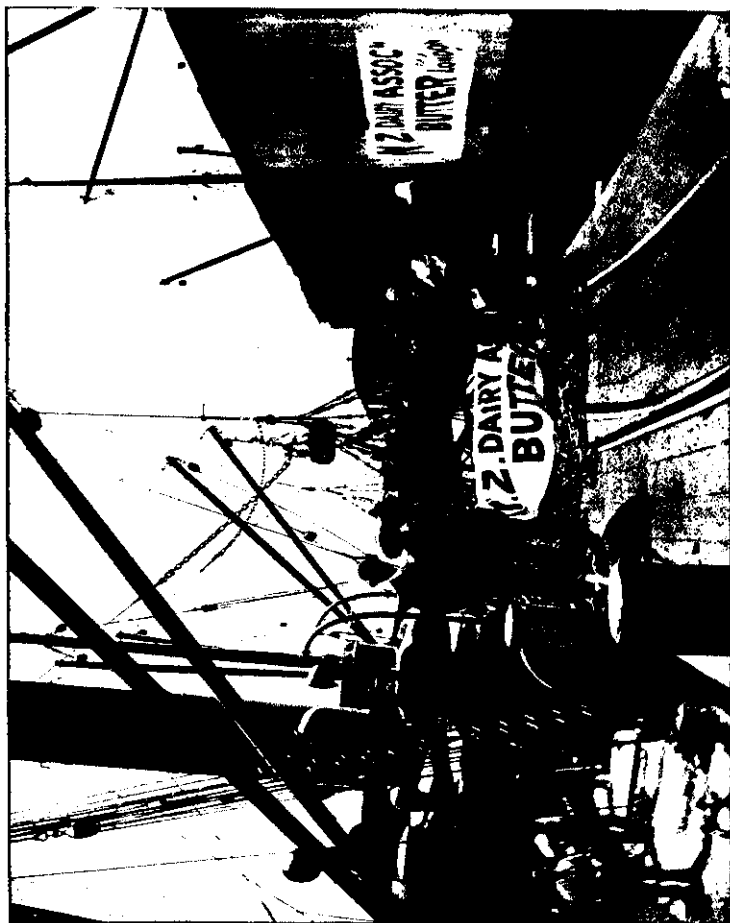
(1) Awarua cliffs, Rotoramahana; (2) leaving Wairoa on Lake Tarawera; (3) Pat's Geyser, Rotoramahana; (4) Mount Tarawera.



FULL TRAIN LOAD (49 TRUCKS) OF BUTTER, MANUFACTURED BY THE NEW ZEALAND DAIRY ASSOCIATION, AUCKLAND, EN ROUTE FOR SS. CORIENNA, AND FOR SHIPMENT TO LONDON.



A HUGE SHIPMENT OF THE NEW ZEALAND DAIRY ASSOCIATION IN COURSE OF TRANSIT FROM RAILROAD TO THE SHIP'S HOLD.



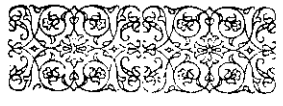
A RECORD SHIPMENT OF NEW ZEALAND BUTTER.



Collis, photo., New Plymouth.  
MR. F. D. HOLDSWORTH.  
Late Chief Postmaster, New Plymouth, promoted to Chief Postmastership, Auckland.



MRS. ELIZABETH NIXON,  
who died in Nelson on the 20th December, 1906. Age 102 years.

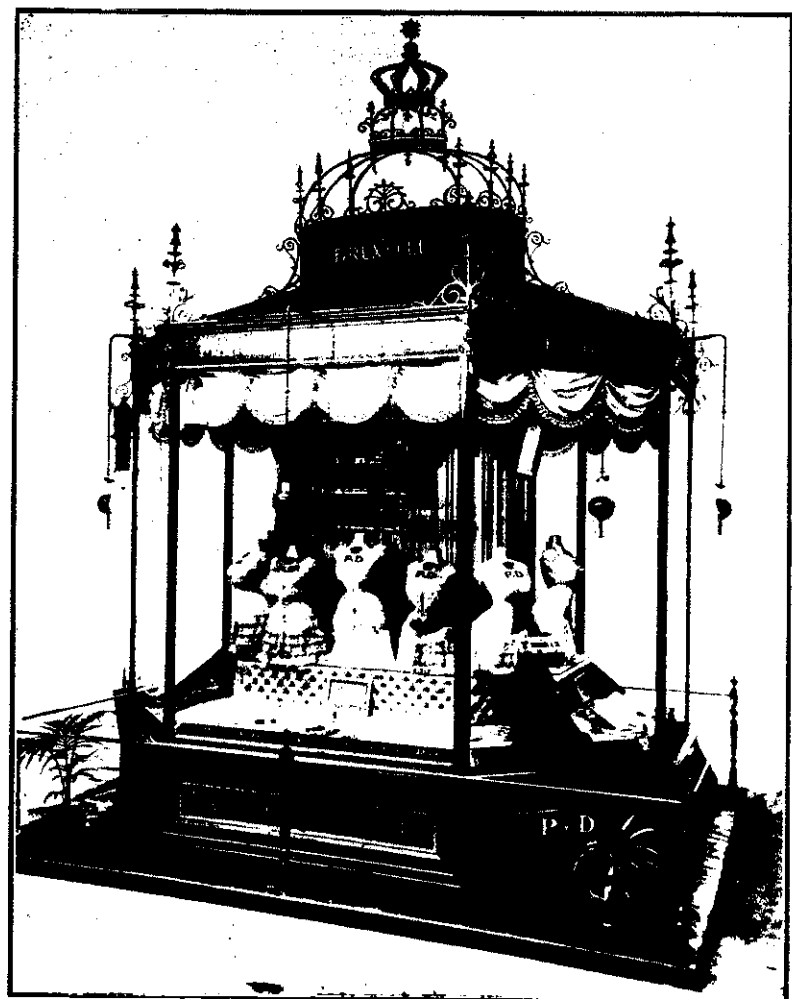


*Gold Medals*

- NIJNI NOVOGOROD, 1896
- AMSTERDAM, 1883
- LOUISVILLE, 1883
- NEW ORLEANS, 1884
- PARIS, 1889

*Grandi Prix*

- BRUSSELS, 1897
- LONDON, 1883
- PARIS, 1900
- VIENNA, 1894
- MILAN, 1891



P. D. CORSET EXHIBIT AT CHRISTCHURCH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.  
(See paragraph page 32.)



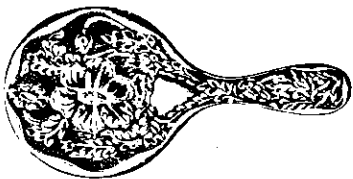
# STEWART DAWSON & CO.,

Jewellers,  
146 and 148 Queen Street, AUCKLAND.

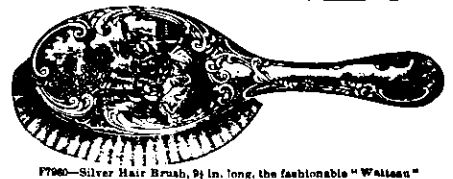
Our variety makes suitable selection easy.

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

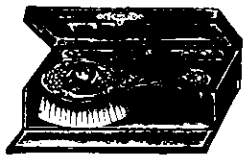
Goods posted free to any address.



G497—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newest Design, 9 in. long, 3 1/2 in. wide.  
Other designs at 25/-, 37/6, 50/- upwards.



F700—Silver Hair Brush, 9 1/2 in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6.  
Great variety of others at 18/6, 22/6, 25/- upwards.



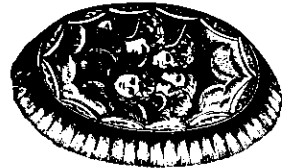
G573—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 16/6.



No. G171—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 2 sizes, 10/6 and 13/6.



No. G406—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trinket Box, 17/6.



G4020—Gent's Silver Buckle Military Brush "Angel Choir" design, 29/6.  
Other designs at 21/-, 22/6, 27/6.



F700—Silver-backed "Watteau" dozen Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 18/6 each.



G3859—Fine Seal Purse, Massive Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 19/6.

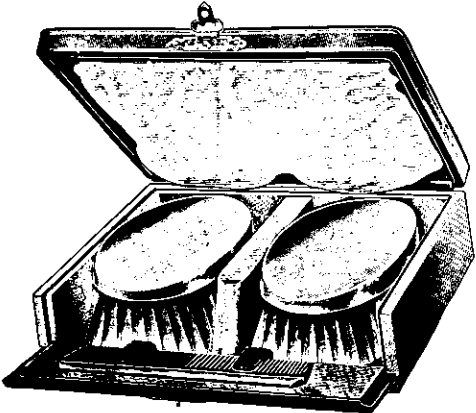
G6031—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Puff Box, 3 1/2 in. high, 10/6.  
Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6 upwards.



G5838—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.



G3682—Cut Glass and Solid Silver Jewellery Box, Two Sizes, 3 1/2 in. long 10/6; 5 in. long 16/6.



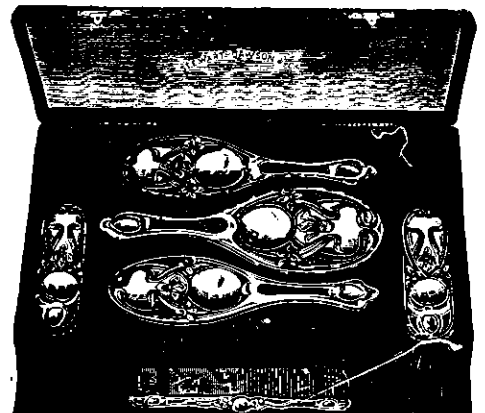
G7506—Case containing 2 Gent's Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb, 23/10.  
Other Silver Sets at 45/-, 52/6, and 60/-.



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/-.



G5035—Solid Silver and Best Steel Manicure Set, in Morocco Case, 23/7/6.  
Other sets at 21/-, 25/-, 27/6 upwards.



G3912—Very beautiful set of 2 Hair Brushes, Clothes Brush, Hat Brush, Mirror and Comb, all mounted in Solid Silver, 410/10.  
Other sets at 40/10/-, 48/10/-, 49/10/-.



Speed Launch "SLIM JIM," 30 feet by 5 feet, 15 h.p. Monarch Engine, speed over 15 miles per hour, designed and built by

## T. M. LANE & SONS,

Ship, Yacht, Launch Builders and Designers.

Designers and Builders of Auxiliary Schooner "Courtes of Hanbury," built for the N.Z. Government, and sister-ship "Samoia," Auxiliary Schooners "Kaeo," "Aotea," "Greyhound" and others.

OIL LAUNCHES ON SALE AND BUILT TO ORDER. Estimates and Designs on Application.

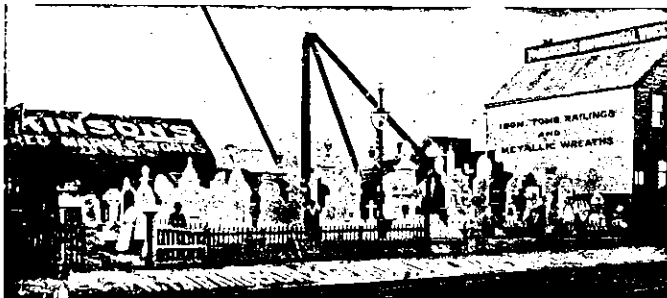
KING'S DRIVE, AUCKLAND, and TOTARA NORTH.

FOR SALE—MOTOR LAUNCH "SLIM JIM," fastest boat for her power and displacement in Australasia, now fitted up as a pleasure launch suitable for cruising. Price £250. Discount to cash purchaser. Apply T. M. LANE & SONS, Designers and Builders, King's Drive, Auckland.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE  
**MONARCH OIL ENGINE**

From 1 1/2 h.p. up to 150 h.p.  
(2 and 4 cycle).

MOTOR LAUNCHES A SPECIALTY.



## W. PARKINSON & CO.,

Monumental Sculptors, VICTORIA ST. WEST, AUCKLAND. [TELEPHONE 96.]

Work Yard, WAIKUMETE STATION. (Between Hobson Street and Nelson Street.) Sculptors for the Westland War and Coronation Memorials, N.Z. Factory Commemorative Statue in Albert Park, Reed Memorial in Albert Park, Roberts War Memorial. The Largest Stock of Marble, Granite and other Memorials in New Zealand. Catalogues on application. Iron Tomb Railings, Cemetery Walls, Slabs, Etc. A large stock of Porcelain Wreaths on hand. LOCAL TION—Take College Hill car and ask the conductor to put you down at Nelson Street. IT WILL PAY YOU.

ASK FOR  
**PEEK, FREAN & CO'S**  
**"Oyster Wafers"**

Dainty oyster-shaped Wafers, filled with deliciously flavoured cream.

PEEK, FREAN & CO., LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND.



## "DENTO-PHOTO CHAIN."

IN your judgment and opinion, which three pictures of MISS MARIE STUDIOIME (numbered 1 to 3) show her teeth so as to give her face the most pleasing expression? First prize, value £10, second, value £7. Copy of pictures, conditions, and full particulars may be obtained (FREE) from the chief lady-attendant at—

MR. HOWEY WALKER'S DENTAL SURGERIES,

NEAR HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

OPPOSITE YATES' SEEDSMAN.





born associates remembered only the former. They took advantage of them to push him from power; and he spent nearly forty years, the remnant of his long life, in the cold shade of opposition. The most brilliant, the most versatile, and the most remarkable figure of the early days of the century, whose trumpet voice had roused England as it has never been roused from that day to this, and whose services to education and progress are acknowledged but slightly even now, paid for the phenomenal splendour of his youth by long years spent in a changed and obdurate world, jostled by a generation forgetful or heedless of his fame. To us he is but the name of a carriage or is remembered, if at all, for his part in Queen Caroline's trial.

Though a political narrative, the book possesses a freshness and a vigour uncommon in these days of neurotic delirium. As literature it will stand in the front rank. Every political aspirant should read it, and indeed every man, who, prizing the inestimable boon of a voice in the making of the laws, moral, social, economic, of his country, may profit by it, and learn to use the power vested in that voice so wisely as to render impossible a repetition of the wrongs and abuses from which their forefathers suffered, and suffering ever came.

A LADY OF ROME: F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan and Co., London.)

This book will be found somewhat tame after the masterly portrait of Separra. Not that the character analysis is not as keen, but that in the analysing the characters seem to have got mixed up, so incongruous are they. It lacks, too, the charming description of the locale, in which the characters are envisioned, generally so admirably pictured by Mr. Crawford, and which adds so greatly to the charm of his books. The scene is laid in Rome—the Rome of to-day—at the time of Kerness, where, officiating at a refreshment stall, "Maria Montalto" sees "Baldassarre Castiglione" (a discarded lover) for the first time in nine years. Maria Montalto had married at the age of seventeen "Diego di Montalto," while loving Castiglione. After marriage they met frequently, and she felt, and the knowledge of it becoming known to her husband by, on the advice of his mother, retired to Spain and resided there on his mother's family estate with her. He, however, managed his desertion of his wife so well that it was only known to a few, and those few pitied Maria, and said slighting things of Montalto, tied to his mother's apron strings. The coming of Castiglione was a menace to Maria in two ways. Firstly, she had lived a perfectly blameless life during the nine years of her husband's desertion, and whosoever blame had attached to her then was quite forgotten now; and secondly, what she had taken for absolute forgetfulness of Castiglione, as far as her love for him was concerned, she found was only apathy. He insists on seeing her, and in an interview granted to him a compact of platonic friendship is agreed upon. But destiny interfered. A telegram was handed to her telling her that Montalto's mother is dead, and in the letter that followed he assures her of his moving love, and begs her to again receive him as a husband. Every instinct in her rose against again receiving him. Love, natural or acquired by widowhood, she had none; the tie of children was not between them, since the boy born to her after her husband's desertion showed too plainly by its likeness to Castiglione its paternity. After a fearful struggle with her own duty rose up in arms, and she consented to receive him. After his arrival he behaves with such excessive nobility and generosity that Maria finds life more tolerable than she could have expected. At times Montalto shows weakness, which will seem to the real reader utterly incompatible with the general nobility of his character. He neglects her boy, and trains and educates him exactly as he would have trained his own child, devoting a great portion of his own time to him. Maria has been foolish enough to keep a packet of letters from Castiglione, and one day discovers to her great consternation that they have disappeared. Some time after, having occasion to reprove a steward for suspicious conduct, he tells her that he has stolen them, and will betray her to Montalto if she speaks to Montalto of his fault. A few days after he disappears, and from a distance sends her a photographic copy of one of the letters, threatening to publish them in certain papers unless a large sum of money is sent to him by a certain date. At first Maria, being rich in her own right, would

have sent the money, but knowing that if it were discovered Montalto would find it hard to again trust her, as this was the only point on which he was inflexible, that she should never come in touch with Castiglione, but at length tells Montalto, and begs him to save her honour. Here again Montalto shows incredible weakness, and it is Castiglione, reached through her father's confessor, who saves her good name. Shortly after this Montalto dies of apoplexy, and a letter is found, in which he expresses the desire that Maria and Castiglione will marry after his death. The plot is stale and unprofitable, the moral lacking. It is one of those books which, when written by a favourite author, the reader lays down with a sigh, and a Why, oh, why was it written? DELTA.

Great People Who Do and Who Don't Smoke.

The occupant of every throne in Europe smokes—except two, that of Holland and that of Turkey. Queen Wilhelmina possesses all the ideas of our grandmothers on the subject of women smoking, and of course the Mohammedan religion forbids the Sultan. But all the others are keen and inveterate smokers. King Edward is fond of both cigarettes and cigars, with a decided leaning in favour of the latter. His cigars are said to cost him at least four shillings apiece. But they probably stand him in even more than that, notwithstanding that, for him, they come in free of duty. The only persons possessed of absolutely correct knowledge on the subject are the Keeper of His Majesty's Privy Purse and the Comptroller of the Household. One thing can be certain. Both of cigars and cigarettes he has the best that are made. Emperor William of Germany smokes enormous cigarettes, made, of course, especially for him, but is not a great cigar smoker. He is, however, immensely fond of an old-fashioned German—really Dutch—pipe. The Emperor of Austria prefers the Austrian manufactured cigar. It is not made of Havana tobacco, but of pure Virginia. These cigars are made round a long straw, running from end to end. King Leopold of Belgium is seldom without a cigarette in his mouth, though he is very fond of a pipe. This he has on the quiet. King Alfonso has never taken to cigar smoking. He was too young to smoke when the American war lost him Cuba. Before then the Royal House of Spain had as tribute the finest Havana cigars made. Now he would have to buy them like other people. But he is a keen and constant cigarette smoker. His favourites are the genuine Spanish cigarito; these are small, of black Havana tobacco, and thickish paper. They are not gummed like other cigarettes, but merely held together at the ends by a tiny fold-in of the paper. To smoke them properly, you must re-roll them. This is a performance requiring much dexterity and practice. The smoke of these cigarettes has a most delightful smell, but they stain the fingers of the smoker quite brown. King Carlos of Portugal it is stated, smokes from forty to fifty cigars a day. An occasional cigarette is all he wants. Pope Pius X. is the first Pope known to smoke a cigar, or indeed tobacco in any form. Previous Popes in history only took snuff. The Khedive of Egypt is a great cigarette smoker, but is a poor judge of a good one, and consequently is noted for the wretched quality of his cigarettes, which are, of course, imposed upon him as the best. His friends dread having him offer them one. The Czar smokes Russian cigarettes, of course, with the cardboard mouthpieces. He sometimes indulges in a cigar, a very dry one for choice. All the Presidents smoke, or are believed to, except President Roosevelt, who is particularly strenuous in his non-smoking.

Some symptoms of Acute Rheumatism are: A feeling of coldness; want of appetite; thirst; and sharp pain in the joints. RHEUMATISM is the cause of the trouble. excess ure acid in the blood. 2/6 and 4/6.

This is the strong and convincing testimonial of a lady residing at Balmain, N. S. W., whose portrait is also given.

"Some time ago I was taken very ill, losing my appetite, could not sleep, and was unable to do my work. I was attended by two doctors, but to no effect. I became very thin and weak. Sometimes when I was out I would become so ill I would have to go into a neighbor's house until I was fit to walk again. I cannot describe my sufferings, only to say that this state of things lasted for months.



"At last I remembered your advertisements in the papers, so determined to try a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Finding the first so beneficial, I took another, and still another, and the three bottles completely put me to rights.

"I am now perfectly healthy and strong, and can eat and sleep, and work like a Trojan."

All Sarsaparillas are not alike. There are many put up in imitation of Ayer's. Avoid them. Be sure that you get

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

and then you will not suffer disappointment.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Ayer's Pills act on the liver; they cure biliousness.

Miss KELLERMANN (the Lady Champion Swimmer) writing of

# CADBURY'S Milk Chocolate

Says: "I find it more nourishing and sustaining than any other."

All who have tried it speak in equally high praise of its sterling qualities. It is the ideal food for persons of all ages and occupations. It is agreeable and convenient to take, and gives substantial benefit to the muscular and nervous system. At the same time it can be absorbed with little digestive effort.

Manufactured by clean-handed, healthy employees in sweet, clean and airy workrooms at the beautiful Garden City of Bourneville, founded by the manufacturers of

## Cadbury's Cocoa

of which The Lancet says—it is "The Standard of Highest Purity," while Health calls it "A Perfect Food."

# EDWARDS' HARLENE

FOR THE HAIR

## The Great Hair Producer & Restorer

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

Restores, Strengthens, Beautifies and Promotes the Growth of the Hair. Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey. The World-renowned Cure for Baldness.

1/-, 2/6 & 4/6 per bottle, from Chemists and Grocers.

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

[COPYRIGHT STORY.]

# THE CONDEMNED

By MAX PEMBERTON, Author of "The Iron Pirate," Etc.

THEY carried cigarettes and Turkish coffee to a terrace above the glacis of the castle, and thither I followed the Governor when dinner was done. A radiant sunset followed upon a day of torrid heat and burning winds. The distant Adriatic had that shimmer of hazy light which is the aftermath of a summers day, as the sun of Dalmatia knows it. Even the dwellers upon the mountain side complained.

I had been through Montenegro and was returning home by Trieste and the Adriatic sea. All the world nowadays knows those glorious waters, and the countless islands are marked down in every tourist's yodomenquin. Then it was very different. Austria had just entered upon her dominion of the States. There were brigands abundant. You could be held to ransom and robbed almost on any island you cared to name. Travel was adventure worthy the name. I remember that an Austrian officer at Metkovich cautioned me not to venture among the people of the hills on any pretence whatever. "They are all thieves," he said, "even the soldiers. Keep on the ship and you will be all right. Our folks cannot help you ashore. We are still shooting, but the work is slow."

The advice was wholesome, and I took it. Not until we touched at the port of Spalato did I leave the Austrian-Lloyd steamer at all, and then it was merely to carry a letter of introduction to the Governor, given me by this timorous friend at Metkovich. Here, as elsewhere, I found the Austrian official the most delightful person in Europe. The Governor was up at the fortress in the hills, said the young captain in charge, and, if I cared to go as far, he would send an escort with me. The invitation had a nice sound, and I determined to miss a steamer and take advantage of it. After all, there is something picturesque in being robbed by mountain brigands—and what a tale would it be for smoking rooms until the end of my days.

Let me state at once that this pious hope of polite brigandage was not destined to be fulfilled. I had an escort of half-a-dozen splendidly mounted hussars, and they were as unlike brigands as any half-a-dozen hussars could be. The road itself, winding up from the sea amidst green mountains and sweet-smelling pines, I found, beyond words picturesque. Here fresh breezes tempered the pursuing heat and bade the traveller live again. The solitudes were im-

mense, and of insurpassable majesty. Nor did the castle itself strike a discord in this gamut of pleasing harmonies. Such a castle it was as the second Mahomet might have built, or Caesar himself have overthrown; a veritable fortress of the hills; a granite keep, superb in its isolation and its dignity. As for the Governor, he received me with the characteristic hospitality of his race. Strangers were rare enough in that lonely mountain vastness that he would readily part with one.

"I will show you the hills," he said, earnestly, "we have fishing which cannot be bettered, and shooting as good. I can promise you anything from a bear to an African snipe. The country is remarkable—so are the people, a little too remarkable sometimes. We are shooting one of them at dawn to-morrow—a young trooper, from Zara. I don't know whether you have ever seen a man shot, but if you haven't, this affair may interest you. I'll tell you the story after dinner—it's characteristic of the place and of the temper I have to deal with."

All this, mind you, from a pleasant-faced old gentleman with white whiskers and bright blue eyes, and the aspect of a saint in the picture. Had he been speaking of the contemplated execution of a fowl, he could not have referred to the subject less seriously. For myself I but dimly understood that a man was to be shot, and that I was invited to witness his execution. A truly British horror of such spectacles found some expression, I suppose, in my manner and bearing. I was profoundly interested and yet frankly a coward in the matter. The Governor perceived as much and turned the subject adroitly.

"I must tell them to get a good horse for you," he said, "we will start out early to-morrow and see what we can kill. Or, if you prefer to fish, I can arrange it. Perhaps you may play piquet? That would be great good news."

I told him that I did play piquet and so filled his heart with joy. Evidently he had determined to make a prisoner of me and he, it appeared, was the veritable social brigand against whom I had been warned. The lonely life he led up there in the hills undoubtedly accounted for his earnest desire that I should remain his guest for some weeks. It is true that he had a squadron of hussars in the citadel, but the officers were not much to his liking, and I imagined that the presence of a stranger who shot and fished and played piquet was a god-send—even if that stranger had display-

ed no overmastering joy when he heard that there was a man to be executed at dawn to-morrow.

It was astonishing, upon my part, how this hint of a grim tragedy, so soon to be played within these monstrous walls, ran in my head and would not be disturbed. I could think of nothing else. The very isolation of the scene, the majesty of the hill-lands, the stories I had heard of their romance and their danger accentuated the sense of awe with which the Governor's callous words had filled me. A man to die at dawn to-morrow! Had I been a son of the Adriatic such an intimation would have left me quite indifferent. Life is cheap in Dalmatia and what is it to any man that another must die? My very judgment of the old Governor may have been harsh and misplaced. He was there to rule these provinces in the name of Austria and duty must be done. A moment's reflection, as I dressed for dinner, reminded me that I knew but little of the condemned man's story and must wait to hear it before I could pronounce an opinion. The young trooper might be nothing better than a common brigand of the hillside. The Governor alone could tell me.

This confidence came when our dinner had been eaten and the coffee carried to the terrace above the glacis. It was at this moment that we were joined by an old Italian priest, old enough, it appeared, to remember the days when Spalato belonged to Italy—and he, to my satisfaction, at once raised the subject in which the Governor had interested me so profoundly. I gathered that he was but lately come from the condemned man's cell and not only this, but that some question of the lad's guilt or innocence yet remained unsolved. A rapid conversation between priest and Governor in the tricky Italian dialect of the coast left me little wiser than before; but when our cigars had been lighted and liquors served, my amiable host at once gratified my curiosity and spoke of the prisoner.

"It is a most serious case," he said—"there is a young soldier named Sandra accused of striking an officer in defence of a young woman to whom he was passionately attached. He is condemned by the court at Livno, not for striking the officer—about which there is some doubt—but for murdering the very girl who was the author of the trouble. This district, as you may know, is, for the time being, under what is practically martial law. There have been so many outrages, so much disorder everywhere that my Government is determined to establish its authority at any price and will do

so as successfully in Dalmatia as we have already done it in Herzegovina and the South. I am sorry for the lad and there is an element of mystery in this case which I do not altogether like. That, however, is not my business. Sandra must die at dawn. I could not pardon him against the judgment of the Court unless the evidence in his favour were overwhelming. My own prerogative is really very limited."

He appealed to the old priest, who supported his view with animation. "The fact is, signor," he said, "we are not—his excellency and I—we are not absolutely convinced that the girl is dead."

I stared at them in amazement. "Not convinced that she is dead and yet you will shoot the man! Is that Dalmatian justice, excellency?"

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "There had been a brawl at the inn and the girl, Lucy, was picked up insensible. I saw her myself that night and certainly she appeared to be dead. What follows then? We learn that they carried the body to Strepitza to bury it. I send some hussars over to Strepitza and they can learn nothing of the matter. We know that the man-keeper, Lucy's father, did not wish her to marry Sandra. I confess my perplexity. His excellency cannot help me. What would you do under such circumstances, signor?"

"Suspend all judgment until the truth is known. You cannot shoot a man for a murder he has not committed, reverence. That would be a crime against our common humanity."

"There is no official crime in Dalmatia but that of official backwardness," the Governor rejoined.

I could see none the less that he was not convinced. There were seeds of hesitation already taking root in a disposition which did not lack sympathy.

"Governments which rule savage countries cannot do so with a white rose in the button-hole," he ran on—"I must show them in Vienna that I mean to make the mountains safe. What would be said if I pardoned this man without further evidence? Would they not call me a faintheart who was also something of a coward. No, no, I must do my duty. It can be nothing to me officially whether the girl be alive or dead."

He persisted in this, and yet I perceived plainly that his duty was abhorrent to him. We had argued the point a hundred times, I suppose, when he proposed to me that I should see the prisoner, and jumping at his invitation, I followed him from the terrace

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down the hundred stairs by which the keep is approached—and so to the dungeon of the fortress. A heavy jowled Dabuntian trooper, carrying a monster samitar in the best spirit of mediæval valour, showed us into a chamber cut out of the solid rock, but wonderfully cool and clean—and there in a corner, fast asleep upon a prisoner's bed, I beheld the lad, Sandra, and instantly determined that he was innocent.

A kinder face I had never seen on a youth. Italian in type, he had the pink and white skin of a mountaineer, the eyes of a son of Ragusa, the curly dark brown hair that one sees so often in Southern Italy. Of slight build, he appeared to possess an agile and well-shaped figure, trained to endurance on the mountain passes. Nor did his manner, when they awoke him, contradict this pleasant impression. I discovered that he spoke German and instantly entered into conversation with him.

"I am a stranger and would help you, Sandra. Please tell me how to do so?"

"Mein Herr," he said, with great reverence, "God alone can help me. I am to be shot at dawn."

"They charge you with a grave crime—I do not believe that you committed it, Sandra."

He looked up at me with such an expression of gratitude as one reads in the eyes of a dog.

"Mein Herr, if you have ever loved a woman, you will know that I could not have committed the crime."

"But Lucy is dead. Do they not say that?"

"They say it, excellency. Would to God it were true, for then should I see her again when I die at dawn, mein Herr."

"You do not believe that she is dead, do you?"

"How can I deny it—her father has said so?"

"And the priest saw her? Well, they have taken her to Streptiza. Is that far from here, Sandra?"

"It is nine miles across the mountains."

"And have you no friend in this place?"

"They were all my friends before

this—but who will be my friend now! It is not natural to think so, mein Herr. It is not what we expect of men."

I turned the subject and harped back again to the story of the girl about whom the trouble had come. A hundred questions, taxing the Governor's patience to the last point, hardly satisfied me. Already there was something in my head which I hardly dared to confess to anyone. The unhappy lad could enlighten me but little. I perceived that he had loved the girl so passionately that any thought of the measure of love she had given in return had never entered his head. As to the young officer, whom he had struck, well, there was no doubt that he had made advances to Lucy.

"We were never friends, mein Herr," the lad said; "from the first day he came here he marked me down. I have suffered a great deal at his hands. He was not in love with Lucy—I do not believe it; but he followed her to torture me. And she laughed at him always. She was not very strong, and rarely came down to the village. Last year she had a great illness but it would not help me to tell you about that. The Lieutenant Katka saw her but little. It was quite an accident that he met upon the night of my misfortune."

"Do you know where the lieutenant is now, Sandra?"

He has a week's leave, they tell me, and has gone hunting in the hills."

"Did they name the place, Sandra?"

"They spoke of Duka, mein Herr. It lies toward the sea, twenty-eight kilometres from this post."

I made a mental note of the fact and observing that the worthy Governor's patience had been strained to the breaking point, I consented reluctantly to terminate the interview. It was now about ten o'clock and I remembered that the sun would rise at four. The poor fellow, therefore, had but six hours to live unless some miracle of God's providence intervened in his favour. For my part, I had but a wild dream of an idea how to help him and this seemed so grotesque in its assumptions that

some minutes passed before I dared even speak of it.

"You are interested in Sandra, and you believe him to be innocent!" the Governor remarked.

I rejoined that he had read my thoughts exactly.

"I believe him to be the victim of a superior officer's malice—in which fortune has aided that officer in a very remarkable way. Your excellency has said that you could only pardon him if evidence were forthcoming which placed his innocence beyond doubt. Should you desire my assistance—"

He interrupted me sharply.

"Your assistance in what, mein Herr?"

"In bringing the truth of this mysterious business to light."

"Do you believe that you can help me?"

"Let us put my theories to the proof. No harm will be done. You can imagine that I speak with some hesitation. At least you will be spared the danger of an act you will regret to the end of your days if these youth really be innocent."

I saw that I had impressed him but it would have been dangerous to assist. We had returned to the castle by this time, and there he called for wine and cigars. Never in my life, I think, did I sit down to a table with greater impatience. There were but five and a half hours left and the business was not so much as begun.

"Come," this cheery old gentleman exclaimed as he filled my glass, "you are making a great deal of fuss about a very little. What is Sandra to you—a stranger whom you have never seen before, and certainly will never see gain. Put the thought of him out of your head. You know nothing and are only guessing. Let us have a game of piquet."

I jumped at the idea and bade him call for the cards.

"I will play your excellency upon one condition."

"Which is?"

"That some of your hussars carry a message from here to Duka, and return

with the answer before dawn to-morrow."

"Impossible—they are all in bed. And it is twenty-eight kilometres."

"They will wake up if you call them. I know what splendid horsemen they are."

"An obstinate fellow, I perceive. Let us cut and see if it is to be so."

He spread the cards upon the table, and I drew one with trembling fingers. Often have I asked myself if I did well thus to gamble for a fellow creature's life that night. A hand of mercy, however, drew the card for me. I showed the three of hearts, and the Governor could do no better than a nine of clubs. "The men shall go," he said immediately—"where is your letter?"

"It is there," I said, "addressed, you will perceive, to the Lieutenant Katka."

A single shrug of those expressive shoulders was the only answer he vouchsafed to me. An orderly carried the letter from the room and we fell to our game of piquet. He had named stakes of some value and I played with the interest and the concentration of a man who would forget. Sleep or bed were out of the question. There, in the vast hall, the monstrous wooden fingers of a clock, as old as the centuries, seemed to race onward to the day. Every card that I played marked in my fancy a stage onward in the journey the flying hussars were making. "Good God," I said, "if it were all a dream!"

I have played many a good game of piquet in my life, but rarely one with such a true-blue gambler as that merry old gentleman, the Governor. No sooner had we cut the pack than I made sure that he forgot the very existence of Sandra and cared not a straw whether one man or a hundred were to perish at day-break. His joy when he had won was that of a little child who has discovered a wonder. His rage when he lost was that of a General cursing the troop which had betrayed him. Now roaring with laughter, now uttering wild cries of delight, raging at this card, grinding his teeth at that, I could see that play had been the passion of his life and had stranded him in this wild place—remote

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 beautifies the complexion,  
 keeps the hands white and  
 imparts a constant bloom  
 of freshness to the skin.  
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from Vienna and the whole joy of living. And there I sat, seeming to play against the watches of the night, a man who feared the dawn and the news it must bring. A gauze to remember—momentous and unparalleled.

It would have been, I suppose, about three o'clock in the morning when the Governor put his cards down. A doleful tolling of the 'a-tle bell brought him suddenly to remembrance—and holding a losing hand, he seized the opportunity and rose from the table.

"I have much to do, mein herr," he said more gravely—"you, no doubt, will wish to sleep. There is no message from Duka, as you see. This poor fellow must die. There is no hope for him."

I said that it must be so and went sulkily to my room. Not for a kingdom would I have been a witness of this ghastly tragedy. And yet, in a sense, I must be the witness of it. Down yonder, beneath my window, lay the courtyard in which Naundra was to suffer. My mind refused to shut out the picture of that manly face with all its pleasing suggestion of love and kindness and true nobility. Every instant of waking became a torture and yet, God knows, I could not sleep. The doleful bell echoed in my ears as though in mockery of my failure. What a farce that night ride to Duka had been! How the troopers must be laughing at the mad Englishman. "Fool," said the bell, "fool to come here." Tortured beyond belief, I lay on the bed and drew the clothes about my head. A desperate desire to hide myself from all remembrance of the place and the circumstances, warred against my curiosity and seemed to better it. Thus striving I shut my eyes, barred my ears to the woful sounds—in vain, I could hear the very clock ticking, and when a rifle was fired, I raised myself up and cried, as though my own brother had fallen—"Naundra is dead."

Now, I heard the rifle shot distinctly and upon it, at an interval of some ten seconds, another report and then another; the sounds coming nearer with every discharge. Perplexed, as well I might have been, I still lay a little while, afraid to move from the bed when, who should burst into the room but my amiable governor himself in as wild a state of affrighted surprise as ever I have seen a man.

"Here's a pretty business—" he began

"Say it once," I cried—"the girl Lucy is alive but she is sleeping."

"Mein herr—you are evidently a wizard."

"No wizard at all, excellency. Did not Sandra speak of an illness and of her long sleep which followed upon it. Directly I heard as much, I guessed the rest. The girl fell into a trance when her lover was arrested. The shock brought a return of her illness. She will go on sleeping until the lad, Sandra, awakens her. You had better address some civil words to that Lieutenant of yours. He is evidently a rascal. Of course he and the old father have been keeping the girl out of the way the whole time. He deserves a flogging."

"More than that, mein herr—and I will see that he gets it. How can I thank you? What do I owe to you?" "You will pardon Sandra, of course?" I said.

He reflected upon it an instant, his blue eyes shining with a merry twinkle that was unmistakable—

"No," he said quietly—"I will banish him for a month to the pleasant island of Lissa—and, mein herr, I will banish the girl—that black eyed minx—I will banish her there too."

We laughed upon it together and went down to visit the happy prisoner.

the custom of such a ceremony is first found.

There is also the possibility of its referring to the time when the bridegroom carried off the bride by force, though this seems less likely.

It was in the sense of confirming a sale or exchange that the Jews understood the removal and giving of a shoe or sandal. When the kinsman of Boaz consented to waive his claim upon the parcel of land which Naomi would sell, in favour of Boaz, he "drew off his shoe." for "this was a testimony in Israel."

In a different sense the removal of a shoe marks the winding up of negotiations among the laws and ordinances given in the book of Deuteronomy, where the widow who is refused marriage by her husband's surviving brother is directed to "come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot," thus asserting her independence and heaping upon him the blame for failure to comply with the law.

When the Emperor Wladimir proposed marriage to the daughter of Reginald, she refused him with the words: "I will not take off my shoe to the son of a slave."

In Anglo-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his authority.

The idea of luck is the principal thought associated with it always in these later times—especially luck in making journeys.

Ben Jonson wrote—  
Hurl after me a shoe,  
I'll be merry whatever I'll do,

and old Heywood says—

And home again hitherward, quick as a bee,  
Now for good luck cast an old shoe at me;

while Tennyson ("Lyrical Monologue") tells us—

For this thou shalt from all things seek,  
Marrow of mirth and laughter,  
And whereso'er thou move, good luck  
Shall throw her old shoe after.

Undoubtedly it is the remnant of something which came from the Egyptians or some other ancient nation with which the Jews came in contact, though investigation shows that it was never confined to any one race.

There are some interesting points in regard to the practice which have usually been overlooked in treating the subject, for example, the priests and worshippers at the shrines of the Roman Cybele, the Grecian Ops, the Canaanish Asherah, and the Egyptian Isis were compelled to remove their sandals.

The shoes and sandals of the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and Jews were ornamented with horns, crescents, and other representations of the moon, while at marriage ceremonies the custom of casting the shoe was, and is now, combined with the throwing of flowers and various kinds of grain. These symbols and offerings seem to indicate the propitiation of a god, probably the deity who presides over productiveness.

A Connecticut newspaper editor once hired an Englishman as a reporter, and gave him as his first assignment a big fire in a nearby town. Arriving at the place, the reporter found great masses of flames pouring from the huge factory building. He seemed nonplussed and didn't know what to do. Finally he sent back to the office this telegram: "Have arrived and the fire is burning fiercely. What shall I do?"

Of course, he was sent to write up the fire, but as it was now too late for the afternoon edition, the editor said something under his breath, and sent back the following reply: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."—"New York Tribune."

On our friend's table we observe numerous bottles labelled "amifine," "acetic acid," "formaldehyde," "boracic acid," "pulverised sawdust," "extract of chicory," etc.

Noting our look of wonderment, he explains:

"You see, I grew so accustomed to eating the old-fashioned canned goods, my wife not being a cook, that since the new pure-food laws have gone into effect I have to dash the proper adulterant into each food, cutting down the supply little by little. It would have been too great a shock to leave off everything at once."

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## The Significance of "Throwing the Shoe."

CUSTOM CAME FROM ANCIENTS.

Removing of Sandals at one Time Indicated the Transfer of Authority with Regard to Persons and Places.

Throwing the old shoe was not always confined to weddings, though the custom nowadays has come to be associated entirely with the going away of bridal couples. Authorities differ concerning the origin of the practice as well as of the exact meaning attached to it, but there seems to be a general opinion that it has to do with some very ancient ceremony or rite in connection with the transfer of property—woman being regarded as such among the nations where

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# THE TRAGIC COMEDIAN

By Baroness Von Hutten

It was exactly ten minutes past four when the train stopped at Easton and Mrs Britton descended from it—ten minutes past four o'clock on a raw November morning. The blurred street lights looked sleepy, and round them was visible the fog that was invisible in the gray darkness.

Mrs Britton took a hansom and mechanically gave the address. The respite was over and she had come back to the horrors she had escaped from. He would be waiting for her; probably in the brown dressing-gown with red facings that she so detested. His hair would be ruffled like a cockatoo's crest; his eyes red with sleep. He would have milk heating for her on the spirit-lamp; in his way he would be kind. And she hated him.

When the hansom stopped she was sitting with her strong, little hands clenched in an intensity of hatred of the man to whom she was returning. The man to whom she belonged.

"Gee, lily," suggested the cabby. Startled, she jumped to the moist sidewalk, pulled him, and opened the house-door with her latchkey.

Strange there was no light! Pausing in surprise, she turned on the switch and looked vaguely about her. The hat-box was empty, and no coat lay in a tumbled heap on the chair to its left. What if he had not got her wire?

She went softly upstairs, and into the drawing-room, which was also unlighted. He was out, surely, and her first thought was one of unbroken relief. Then she shivered violently with fear at the thought that something might have happened to the man whom she hated.

The room looked curiously uninhabited. Quite evidently he had not sat there waiting for her. There had not been a fire; no chair was out of place; no cigar ash-littered the rug; no bottle and glass stood on the table. Then on the writing desk she saw, lying open, a telegram. Half unconsciously she picked it up and read it: "Arrive 4.20 Wednesday with the Hendersons. Don't meet me."

Well, this was Wednesday. He couldn't have known that a young Henderson's sudden sore throat had detained her friends, therefore he couldn't think that she had put off coming. For a moment she stood staring blankly at the message, and then she burst out laughing. This was Tuesday, not Wednesday! He was expecting her twenty-four hours hence, and without doubt was spending his last free night with some of his theatrical cronies.

As she reached this point in her reflections, she heard the sound of a fumbling key in the house door, and switching off the light she stood quietly in the darkness, listening, while the door opened and heavy footsteps ascended the stairs. Breathing hard, she stumbled past, up the second flight, and when she heard a door close over her head she switched on the light again.

"He doesn't expect me until to-morrow," she said, under her breath, still flushed with angry disgust; "the next twenty-four hours are mine."

faintly paled darkness until she found herself to her surprise on the embankment near Carlton House Terrace. Then, naturally, as she came to herself, fear awakened in her, and she hurried blindly on past a man sleeping on a bench, her heart throbbing in terror of the night, the place, the people she might meet, the unpeopled wastes she might find.

At last she paused, out of breath, and stood leaning against the river wall, wondering what she would do. She could not go home even if she wished to for she had left the key on the table. It would not be really day for hours, and ———. With a sudden feeling of sickness she felt in her pocket, to find that her purse, too, had been forgotten in her hurried flight.

In her despair she moaned, and at the sound a low voice drawled at her out of the fog. "Anything wrong, my dear?" She had not seen the man before, but she was brave enough, and answering shortly "No," she started to pass him. To her horror, however, he put out his hand and touched her arm: "Don't be frightened," he said, good humouredly. "I'm the most harmless creature ———." He broke off, and raising his hat, finished sharply, "Oh, I beg your pardon!"

The fog had lifted as he spoke, and in the electric light they started at each other. He was evidently surprised by her aspect as was she to find herself confronted by a man in a well-cut coat over evening dress.

"Oh, you frightened me so!" she gasped. He laughed. "And now you are relieved by—my clothes! Yet I am really an awful blackguard, and lots of chaps in fustian—not that I have the least idea of what fustian is—are infinitely more trustworthy than I."

Then he burst out laughing, and Mrs Britton joined him, partly through nervousness, partly through a sudden appreciation of the absurdity of the situation. "I can at least trust you not to rob me," she said, after a moment, "and — to let me go my way unmolested."

"That, of course. Perhaps however, I could be of some service to you?"

"No." His face, pale and extraordinarily lined, was that of a man of about five and thirty, she saw. His scant hair was very pale yellow in hue, and was brushed smoothly back over his head. His large, nervously sensitive mouth looked vaguely familiar to her, but she could not remember when, if ever, she had seen it or one like it.

For a moment they studied each other's face in silence and then he said gayly:

"You are, then, just—out for a walk?"

"Just that."

"It is a fine morning."

"Exquisite," she returned with much gaiety. Then she burst out laughing again. "I am not mad, really I am not. I am a perfectly respectable householder. Do you believe it?"

"Of course I do. Is thy servant a but?"

"That see at night."

"And this is morning! However, you will let me help you find you a cab. It is an unpleasant hour, and this confounded fog makes it quite dark between the lights."

As naturally as if at a buff he had offered to take her across the room, he gave her his arm, and they walked on. He was a gentleman and he had understood, and for a moment she was

full of graceful relief. Then came the thought that she could not go home and ring up the servants at that hour. Also, she had no money to pay for a cab.

She stood still. "You—are—very kind," she stammered, "but I—I do not want a carriage. I—I want to walk, and I am not at all afraid."

They had reached another circle of milky light, and he faced her, screwing a glass into one eye, his face wrinkling fearfully as he did so. "You must go home," he said gravely.

"No. I—thank you, but—I will go on alone now."

She drew her hand from his arm, and for several seconds she stared thoughtfully at her. Then he said, apparently to himself:

"I can't possibly let her go. There's something very wrong about it, and I can't let her go."

Mrs Britton frowned. "You must," she answered. "And there is really nothing wrong at all. I came back by a late train, and there had been a misunderstanding about my wire, and the house was closed—that is all. Good night."

As she spoke a clock struck one. "Half past five," cried the man, a spasm of pain contracting his face. "Oh, my God!"

It was her turn to stare, her turn to be frightened. He had turned a ghastly white, and the lines about his mouth deepened as if accentuated by charcoal. "You are ill," she cried.

"No. I—You are right; I have no right to detain you, madam. Good—good morning."

Turning on his heel he raised his hat and was gone. And with a gasp of fear she followed him. When she found him he had taken off his coat and was folding it. He turned fiercely. "What do you want?" he asked.

"You—you mustn't do that—you mustn't—"

"Mustn't what—go through my own pockets?" He had turned the coat and was making a pretence of searching for something in its folds.

"You were going to drown yourself!" Suddenly his face changed and he laughed, sadly enough, but it was a laugh. "Was I?" he returned. "Ah, you see, that's just the point. I happen to be a coward—a real bred-in-the-bone coward. Life is too much for me, and yet—"

"The man who does kill himself is the coward," she interrupted, with nervous asperity: "and you don't look like one." Looks are deceitful. But why should I bore you? You lied to me very kindly and politely. Allow me to lie to you and assure you that—oh, well, anything you like," he concluded vaguely.

"Yes, I lied, because I had no money to pay for a cab, and because I can't go home until to-morrow morning. But—I have no money and nowhere to go."

Slowly he drew on his coat. "You must have something to eat, first of

all," he said; "and then, we shall see. As for me—the river can wait."

Again he gave her his arm, and again she took it, but this time their positions were reversed. She was now the protector, and strangely enough this fact gave her perfect courage.

By six o'clock the two sat in a very humble and not particularly clean room of a small inn not very far from the river, waiting for the breakfast that a very frowny and ill-tempered woman had been persuaded to prepare for them.

"It will be very bad," Mrs. Britton's companion told her, with one of his humorous grimaces, "but it will be hot, and it will do us both good. Would you like," he went on with a quick transition, "to know my name?"

"Oh, no," she returned hastily, "surely that is not necessary. I should not like to tell you mine, and ———"

"I did not mean that." His voice sounded hurt, and she was sorry. "Listen," she said, "I will tell you how I came to be roaming about the streets at such an hour."

And she told him quite truthfully, he listening with compressed lips and a frown on his white brow.

He had, she saw, singularly large and gentle eyes of a pale greyish-green colour. The lids were finely cut but never lashed, and under the iris a narrow line of white was visible. In the prematurely wrinkled, wan face these eyes had a curious air of being too innocent, too childlike, as if they had got there by mistake.

When she had finished speaking, he said gently:

"I see. You dislike him so much that you forgot everything, and just—bolted."

"Yes, I just bolted."

"And I imagined you were going to do what I was going to do."

"No," she answered quietly, "I can stand things."

He flushed. "That was rather hard, wasn't it? However, you are right. I am a coward. Now may I tell you my story? It is short."

"Yes, tell me. And—I didn't mean to be hard."

So in the dingy, commonplace little room she listened to his story. It was as dingy, as commonplace, in its way, as the room. For weeks he had tried to make up his mind to die, but he was, as he said, too great a coward. One night he had spent on Westminster Bridge, trying to jump over; once he had taken a pistol and managed to get shut in the park; once he had had sat for hours with his legs dangling over the outside of his window sill, trying to jump. "I can't do it," he wound up, as the woman brought in the breakfast and slammed it down on the table, "I just can't."

"It is strange," she returned, "how alike our stories are. He does that, too,—I mean, what she does."

"Drinks?" he asked harshly.

"Yes."

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"Oh, you poor child! And you can stand it!"  
 "Yes—in a way."  
 "Yet you hate him."  
 "Oh, yes."  
 "Do you ever," he asked, leaning across the table and speaking in a whisper, "do you ever hate him so that you—you want to kill him?"  
 "Oh, no!" In spite of herself she shrank back from him.  
 "Ah, well, I do. I—I frequently want to kill her. You have no children?"  
 "No."  
 "Well, we had. I—was fond of him. And she got some whisky one day and let him—crawl into the fire and be burnt to death while she slept."  
 Mrs. Britton set down her cup of tea untasted.  
 "There, I shouldn't have told you! Forget it, and eat your breakfast. The butter is fairly good; have some."

At noon they were still together, having driven over the river and out into the country. It had all happened, it seemed to her, quite naturally. After breakfast he had gone back to the subject of the child he had lost, and over which he had apparently brooded to a dangerous extent. Suddenly, as he was trying to describe the little fellow, he had broken down and wept convulsively, his smooth, yellow head in his arms on the table. And she, quite as a matter of course, had tried to comfort him, stroking his hair, patting his arm, whispering to him such words as occurred to her.

When he was himself again, the child-likeness of his eyes curiously dominating the rest of his face, so that he seemed years younger, he had thanked her, paid the bill, and they had gone out again into the rainy morning.

"You won't leave me yet, will you?" he asked, piteously, his lips still shaking, and she answered that she would stay with him as long as he wanted her. So he hailed a hansom and told the man to get them away out of the streets as soon as possible.

"You are an angel of kindness," he said to her after lunch, as they sat by a fire in the deserted inn-parlour.

"No, I am not good at all."

"You are to me."

"You were good to me."

"Oh, good! I am kind-hearted all ways. I am even kind to her. I can't be unkind."

"I can," she remarked grimly. "I am always unkind to—to him."

"Are you?" He looked at her with a curious kind of admiration. "What do you do to him?"

"Well, I ignore him as much as possible, and refuse to have his friends come to the house. It is really my house, so that it makes it all the meaner of me. And I don't pay his debts until I absolutely must—so that he won't get to taking it as a matter of course."

"You have money, then?"

"Yes, I have three thousand pounds a year. And when he has been—you know—I refuse to listen to his apologies and I look disgusted. Oh," brightening, "I am very horrid to him!"

"Does he dislike you, too?"

"No, oh no, he rather likes me. He is proud of me—of my money and my looks," she added indifferently.

The man looked up from the fire. "Yes, you are pretty," he said, as if noticing the fact for the first time. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight. And you?"

"Thirty-three, but I look older, of course; I make so many faces. That makes wrinkles—and then the make-up"

"Oh!" she dropped the poker with a clatter. "You are an actor?"

"Of course I am. Didn't you know?"

"How should I?"

"Of course! Oh, yes, I am an actor. I do—low comedy at the Jockey Club."

"You! Low comedy!"

"Yes, it's rather a joke, isn't it? But you must have seen 'The Telephone Girl'?"

"Of course! Of course I did, and you were the dancing-master, 'Foljambe'?"

"Oh, I know I had seen you before. How I laughed! You were—wonderful!"

"He smiled. "Yes, it was funny. A good role, you know; but it suited me. I ought to have been a great actor," he added, with a sort of simple regret, "for I certainly had talent; but—"

She was silent for a moment, remembering some remarks of her husband's about the role in question. Her husband had been a dramatic critic for years, and though he had of late years lost caste, he was still discriminating enough when quite himself.

"I heard—some one who knew, say that you were too good for such plays," she began at length; "that you ought to play Shakespeare. I suppose you have thought of that!"

He shook his head with a frown. "No, low comedy is my style—or was. Even that is too good for a man in my condition. I—I have begun to forget my lines."

She was painfully sorry for him. "Why don't you—get rid of her and begin over?"

"I can't."

"But why? Why he, that critic, said that your very voice was remarkable. He spoke of Touchstone, and other Shakespearean characters. And you are so young. You have no right to give up, I tell you."

He laughed. "As if I didn't know all that! But it's no use thinking about it. I'm so—so miserably unhappy. Oh, it's weak, I know, but I can't help letting it make me miserably unhappy. I can't do good work, or have any ambition, when I'm—like this."

"Of course; I understand that. That's why you ought to get rid of her—divorce her—I mean."

He stared at her curiously for a moment, his big, light eyes filling with tears. "I can't," he said; "the poor thing is fond of me."

"There was a long silence."

"How—strange! How—awful! That is what is so awful about—us. He is, too, in his way." After another pause, she went on, "I suppose it ought to make us care for them, too, only it doesn't."

"No, it doesn't."

"But even as it is you ought not to let it ruin your career. Have you any people? What do they say?"

"My father is dead, and my mother married again—beneath her. My father was only a bookseller, but this man is—well, he keeps a pub out Earl's Court way."

"I see. But, really, Mr Power—I remember your name, he, that critic, talked of you so much—what are you going to do?"

He rose and went to the window. "Look! the sun is coming out! Let us drive on. Shall we? This one day is ours, let's be happy!"

"Happy? Yes. What time is it?"

"Twenty past three. I must be at the theatre at seven."

"And I—I can come by an earlier train; there is one at 7.15. I can invent some reason."

"Then—shall we go?"

At five they had come part way back to town, and were drinking tea in another inn-parlour. A quaint, tidy room, this, with a bright fire, pictures of the royal family on the walls, and humble, well-tended plants in the window.

"This isn't so bad, is it?" asked Power, watching her hands as she poured the tea into the thick cups. "It seems—homelike, somehow. Not like my home, God knows."

"Yes. Have some bread and butter."

They ate and drank silently, for the last minutes had come. In a quarter of an hour they must set out for the life they seemed to have escaped from, and horror to both lay in the thought. Suddenly he said:

"Look here; I am going to leave you here, and go back by train. The station is only ten minutes' walk from here."

"But why?"

"Because I want to say goodbye to you here, and not at some street corner. You have been very good to me."

"I have liked being with you. Some more, too?"

"No. Look here; will you tell me your name? You needn't be afraid; I'll never—try to see you or anything, but—I want to know."

"My name is Minnie Britton—Mrs Oscar Britton."

"Oscar Britton? Is he your—oh, my God, you poor little thing! You poor little thing! Why, I've known all about him for years."

"So have I. Let's not talk about it. I am of no particular consequence—I mean to anyone but myself. But you have a talent that you ought to develop. I can't ask you to come to see me, but—I want to have been of some little use to you. Will you promise me not to—not to do that? You know."

Again the bitter expression came to his face, and he laughed with scorn of himself as he promised.

"It's hardly necessary, for when it comes to the point I—funk it, but—I

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will do as you want me to. Yes, I promise you."

They had both risen, and she gave him her hand.

"I shall never forget you," he went on plumbly. "And—I wish I could do something for you, but I can't."

"No, you can't. And—you will try not to let it ruin your life? I mean, you will work hard and try to do things worth your while? Oscar knows, even yet, and has said so much about your possibilities."

"Oh, yes, he knows. A few years ago no one could touch Oscar Britton for dramatic criticisms, and even yet—Well, I must go. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

His luminous eyes were wet as he looked at her. "I feel as if you were my sister, and I was losing you," he stammered. "I hate to lose you."

"Listen, I'll talk to him about you. Oh, I'll not tell about today, but I'll manage in some way. And perhaps he'll say a word for you to Sir William Buckley. He comes to us sometimes still, and he values Oscar's opinion, I know."

Power frowned. "Oh, Buckley would trust me with a role if—he could see me act as I used to, but the trouble is, I—I'm retrograding, and I know it. It—it is so sickening."

"Then—then it is no use, and we must just give up!"

Her eyes were wet, too, now.

"Yes. Nothing is any use. She will cry and promise to—to be good, and then—it will all begin over again. Don't bother about me, Mrs Britton."

He took up his coat and put it on. "It is rather tragic, all this, isn't it? I mean, our meeting this way. It would make a good curtain-raiser. Only it would have to be changed a little—we'd have to fall in love with each other. I wonder," he went on, screwing his glass into his eye and taking up his hat, "why we haven't! I mean, why I haven't fallen in love with you. You are—well, you know, and the—the contrast is certainly sufficiently great, and you saved my life."

She gave him her hand. "Good-bye. You must go now, and—God bless you!"

Six months later she sat back in the shadow in a box at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre, her eyes fixed on the stage. The play, a curtain-raiser, was one of the hits of the season, and its author played the title role—that of the "Tragic Comedian."

"He is amazing," Britton murmured thickly, beside her.

"One of the women's party turned. "And isn't he fine acting! Such a wonderful make-up! They say Buckley is keenly interested in him, and is going to give a long play of his next winter."

Britton looked at her with a blurred smile. "He's my discovery, isn't he, Minnie? I saw him a year ago in some fool thing at the Jocundity, and you can't fool me about a chap's talent! I spoke to Buckley about him, too. Didn't I, Min?"

Mrs Britton, leaning forward, was listening to the last of the play. "Yes, Oscar," she returned coldly, "he is your discovery."

The man on the stage stood facing her as he said good-bye to the heroine. His eyes met hers, and he started nervously. "I wonder," he said slowly, "why I haven't fallen in love with you. You are—well, you know—"

He paused, and the heroine spoke. "Good-bye," she said, "and—God bless you!"

Mrs Britton drew a long breath, and then, as the man in a sudden frenzy of overmastering feeling knelt at the heroine's feet and burst into the nervous sobs which, in their perfection, had caused so much admiring comment, Mrs Britton drew back out of sight from the stage.

"Wonderful," cried Britton lazily, as the curtain went down on the solitary figure of the heroine; "fine acting! I ever saw!"

The pretty woman whom he admired passed him and put on her cloak. "It is such a pity," she remarked thoughtlessly, to Mrs Britton: "they say he, Power,

has the most awful wife. A confirmed — She was young, and in her confusion accredited her blunder by breaking off suddenly."

Mrs Britton smiled. "Yes, so I have heard—a confirmed drunkard. Poor man!"

French wines were never cheaper than they are today, and consequently there is a great demand for claret, Graves, and Sauterne (remarks "London Express"). Moreover, they are of infinitely better quality than they were five years ago.

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"There wines are all of better quality than they were five years ago," said a member of the firm. "The vineyards have increased greatly, and the fact that the supply is greater than the demand has much to do with the cheaper prices. The taste for sherry has distinctly revived in consequence of the marriage of King Alfonso to Queen Victoria. Good sherry can now be obtained at 36/ per dozen. Light tawny port has quite taken the place of the heavier wine of another generation. The port now generally drunk is matured in wood and sold at 48/ per dozen, and is the same class of wine which has been drunk by Spaniards for many, many years. The present generation—speaking generally—will not drink the heavy port which takes from 15 to 20 years to mature in bottle, and which sells for about 8/ per dozen. As for champagne, the prices remain much the same. In regard to this year's prospects, we never venture to issue a reliable report before the end of October. Rain, hail, or frost may ruin a vintage. People are now drinking the good 1898 and 1900 vintages."

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**A Queen of Fairyland.**

"If you were Queen of Fairyland, with everything at your command,  
With fairies all at beck and call, what-  
ever would you do—  
If every wish were carried out exactly as  
you planned,  
And everybody everywhere should only  
kneel to you?"

"If I were Queen of Fairyland, with all the  
world at my command,  
With everything a wish could bring, I  
know what I should do:  
I'd put a crown upon your head, a scepter  
in your hand,  
And everybody should be made obedient  
to you.

"But if as Queen of Fairyland I could  
not have you near at hand,  
I'd throw away the crown to-day and—  
just as now I do—  
I'd put my arms about your neck to  
make you understand  
That all the world was very nice — but  
not so nice as you!"

—PHILIP CARMICHAEL, in "Pearl  
Boys."

**A Tragedy in Verse.**

The poet's love was boundless  
Although he feared to speak,  
He feared it might be groundless  
And loving made him weak.

So all his love he'd utter  
In verse, right off the reel,  
"She'll see this sure," he'd mutter,  
"Then know just how I feel."

His verses appeared in the "Centaurian,"  
"Scribner's," "Smart Topics," "Boozy-  
body's," "The Subway Man's Magazine,"  
"Dunster's," "Dappleton's," "Ladies' Home  
Companion," "Swampscott County  
Clarion," "Failure," "Yellow Book,"  
"Brown Dog," "Park Street Monthly," and  
"Wallower's Weekly."

While she — she loved him truly  
But dared not tell him so;  
Nor eaze him up, mildly,  
Though thinking he was slow.

And as he was a poet  
If love had really seen,  
In verse, she thought, he'd show it —  
So she watched each magazine.

But the magazines she subscribed for  
were "Warper's," "Row Boat," "All Amer-  
ican," "All-Poem," "Flat-bot," "Farm  
and Hearth," "Makere's," "Farm Life  
in America," "Pink Book Monthly," "What  
Not to Eat," and "The Shining Schu-  
matic."

**AND AS A RESULT.**

The couple never wed,  
And though you feel like laughter,  
I'm bound to add this must be said,  
"Lived happy ever after!"

—FRANK H. WILLIAMS, in "Pock."

**A Plea for the Dictionary.**

O Roosevelt, spare that look,  
Touch not a single bough;  
In youth it covered me—  
And I'll protect it now.

I sat upon a pile  
At table when I ate;  
So came within my reach  
The dainties of each plate.

I sat upon it grown,  
Where letters' feast was spread;  
So came within my grasp  
Strong Shakespeare's meat and bread.

So prittle cut it not, guess,  
Nor its dimension carve,  
For were its bulk reduced  
We all of us would starve.

**Not Friendless.**

Some people shed their idle tears, if they  
be witnessing a play,  
Whom'er the heroine appears, or hero has  
a line to say,  
For such as those I little care. My sym-  
pathies I must confound,  
Are with that most unhappy pair, the vil-  
lain and the villainess.

Why should the brine run down my nose, I  
ask of you, my worthy friend,  
About the hero's patty woe? He's bound  
to win out in the end.  
The villain with his cigarette, he knows  
what trouble is, I guess,  
My sympathies they'd always get, the vil-  
lain and villainess.

The villain and his hapless mate, they get  
through down on every side;  
To be forever fouled their fate, whilst yok-  
els grin and boozey deride.  
The hero's woes are all a myth, the hero-  
ine's are something less,  
My sympathies, my cries, are with the  
villain and the villainess.

**Keeping the Peace.**

A heedless word  
I spoke to Molly,  
Her sweet eyes filled  
With melancholy.  
She was annoyed  
And wouldn't speak,  
And thus things were  
For quite a week.

But Molly is  
A true Eve's daughter,  
And, knowing this,  
I angrily sought her  
A Paris gown  
And hat beside,  
And Molly now  
is mollified.

STUART FURNISS.

**Sleepin' on the Floor.**

Sometimes, when we gets company,  
An' all the beds are full,  
Our ma she says to Jim an' me,  
"When we gets home from school,  
"You boys can't have y'r room 'tigh't,"  
But that don't make us care,  
"Cause then we know she'll make us up  
A nice bed on the floor.

She makes it in th' parlor,  
With the bricky-brack an' all,  
An' we c'n lay an' look at  
All th' pictures on the wall,  
An' we p'fends we're emigrants  
A-campin' in th' w'ls,  
An' has t' keep th' light turned up  
T' scare the annyw'iles.

It's better'n any reg'lar bed,  
"Cause it don't squeak an' shake,  
An' when yer turbin' annyw'ers  
They ain't no springs t' break,  
Y' never haf t' keep no track  
"Bout which is foot an' head;  
Beside, no matter what y'do,  
Y' can't fall out o' bed.

When I grow up, of I'm ez rich  
As ol' John Rockybill,  
I won't hev no beds in my house,  
But I'll jee' take a quilt,  
An' big, fat pillows, like my ma's—  
Er as much ez three or four—  
An' hev the biggest kind o' fun  
A-sleepin' on th' floor.

American Magazine.

**If I Were a Boy.**

If I were a boy again, and set  
Back where I used to be,  
I would not get up at the hills nor fret  
For countries over the sea;  
But I'd understand that the sea and vale  
Hold much for a master's ken,  
And I'd make the most of my narrow pale,  
If I were a boy again.

If I were a boy again, I'd not  
Pine for adventures far,  
But I'd strive to find in my own home spot  
What deeds to be done there are;  
For many the humblest feats of earth,  
So small in the eyes of men,  
Are the bravest quite, and I'd know their  
worth  
If I were a boy again.

If I were a boy again, I'm sure  
I'd envy no man but my  
Nor chafe that youth must so long endure,  
Nor crave that the years slip by;  
For a boy has enough with never a cent,  
And cares are but feathers then,  
I know it now, and I'd be content  
If I were a boy again.

If I were a boy again, there's one  
Who closest of chums should be—  
Whatever might happen, secrets none  
Should count of which mother and me,  
If I were a boy—but the hour rings true  
And halts my hurrying pen,  
Oh, many the lessons I'd put to use  
If I were a boy again!

**If Love Be One.**

The skies are black, the winds are bold,  
The road is rough and stony ways,  
But what are clouds and stony ways  
When hearts are full of love?  
And two there be who walk life's path  
Subsiding of wind and weather,  
And finding but you weary spirits  
Who binds their hearts together,  
All ways are smooth, all days are bright,  
With him for guide and sun;  
And three are always company  
If Love be one.

The road is smooth, the wind is soft,  
The sky is clear overhead;  
But what are pleasant ways and days  
To those whose hearts are dead,  
And what is song that fills the ears  
But can no further go?  
And what is light that eyes can see  
But souls can never know?

At the fork the path divides,  
As though they walked alone;  
For two are never company  
If Love be gone!

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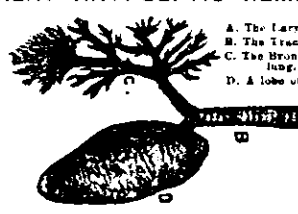
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# ACCORDING TO CONFUCIUS

By LEO CRANE

S AID Benson to me one night when things were quiet: "Did I ever tell yeh the story of Pepper?"

I denied that he had.

"Let me have a smoke, will yeh?" Benson suggested.

Benson is forever loyally a cigar tribune when telling stories. He watched me narrowly to see if I would stab him with a cheroot from the box kept expressly for press-agents. Once I had palmed that brand on him, and several minutes after lighting it he had plaintively asked my permission to lay it down. But I know Benson now and I would not do such a fiendish thing. However, Benson is suspicious. He will not trust me any more. He examined the cigar I proffered as though he thought to find it of rubber composition.

"Excused?" he said at length, sighing in some relief. "But you know you do get them mixed."

Then he was for going off to examine a case of snakes, when I halted him, demanding that he make good with the story.

"What story?" he asked, puffing innocently at the Havany, his face like that of a cherub.

"About Pepper."

"Oh, yes—I did say somethin' 'bout that little chap. Singular that I forgot. Pepper," reminiscently, "was the goods—a sweet, playful, cunning monster, that Pepper."

Benson sat down. I can believe him when he is sitting down. He is then at one's mercy. But standing, he has a chance to make a clean getaway.

"Yeh see, Sims Foraker knew he was a rare sort when he bought him. It ain't often Sims Foraker is fooled. He can come nearer to beatin' the game by instinct than any one I know in the show business. This Pepper was somethin' like a cross between a prize chimpanzee and an orang-utan, only the mixing hadn't hurt him any in looks. He had the brains of one tribe and the execution of the other. He was that agile, well-lightning would have to stretch a bit to catch him. He was of a reddish colour, that's why we called him Pepper—yeh see, red pepper. At first we had

him in a stout box on deck, but he got so tame and good-natured that we let him have the run of the shop. Sims Foraker said he came from Burma, I believe, but he was wise enough to have hailed from the Know-It-All Islands. He had a little thin beard, did Pepper, which made him look like the Markee Elo, that Jap. fellow. We all liked Pepper, but you know yeh can get too much of that stuff.

"Yeh see, the cause of it was this: We had a Chink cook, a tall, thin, saffron-coloured Celestial, who could pray in four languages and swear in ten, and who for a cheerful liar had Confucius beat by lengths against the money an' carryin' weight. He had a name which sounded like a gong which has fallen downstairs at night, so we agreed to dub him Confucius, for he was a real wise-lookin' guy. The captain was German, though, and he hadn't much use for two-storeyed names, so more than often he would bawl out Wang, or Bong, or Bling, and any of it went.

Pepper took somewhat of a fancy to this galley-chef, an' a good bit of his time, when he wasn't investigatin' the more dangerous things aboard, he idled around the galley, playin' the dip game, yeh see. Why, one day he walked off with the captain's pie, which threw Confucius into a pink fit. The captain liked pie, an' he hadn't no especial benignity for Confucius. Then, too, Confucius was a religious cuss. Confucius was a good Christian—beg pardon, I meant to say a good, conscientious heathen. He had the purest gawd nailed up over the galley stove that ever yeh see. Well, Pepper takes a lot of his spare time strikin' up a friendship with that gawd. I think Pepper must have thought it was some old acquaintance, and when Confucius wasn't lookin' he'd try to shake hands just as if they were human. There really was some qualities in Pepper; but Confucius, he takes sides with his patron saint, and he let's drive a tince-up at the beastie, which was, to say the least, unkind. Pepper went out at the port and considered himself ill-used. Next day, back he goes, lookin' for pickin's, and there he beholds some cookies.

Right good invitin' lookin' cookies they were, the kind that makes a kid's mouth water, yeh know, an' Pepper, he strains his art an' lifts one. The fact that the Chink was on the spot and didn't let drive at him, ought to have made Pepper suspicious, but there was nothin' doin'—that is, not right then. But, say!—five minutes later, the action was plenty.

"Oh! Confucius had scooped out the inside of that cookie, and had crammed the interior with cayenne pepper. He did it by way of a Celestial experiment, yeh know." He had an idea that two peppers ought to make some sort of salad dressin', I guess; and by Hokus! he did get up a stew. The trouble he took to prepare that dainty wasn't appreciated by any one in that ship. Pepper had sbinned off to a quiet spot, and there he proceeded to absorb about one-third of that cookie in a single bite. He immediately got rid of the bite, but the taste stayed right with him. For a minute or two he fled around scandalous. Then he bit the pike for the galley. Confucius saw him comin' and accepted the challenge for a race to the stern.

The cook made a good energetic run for it, but as they rounded the judge's stand and came into the home stretch on the lee side, Pepper got a clutch on his blouse, and he ripped the stuff off like cotton rags, and then he writ his name all over the Chink's bare back with his finger-nails, inscribing the same in Yiddish characters, which you can see to this day when Confucius, or Bling, is washin' out his shirt. Oh! it was a merry time. Sims Foraker, hearin' the rumpus, gets on deck in time to rescue the cook by clubbin' off the cheerful brute with a deck-chair. After which mild overture, Pepper retired to the masthead, from which elevation he launched Abyssinian curses on the lot of us.

"Now, any fellow who has seen a time or two would have thought that enough fun for one round, but Sims Foraker had handled these pocket revolutions before, and he comes to me an' says:

"Benson, there ain't no sense in alarmin' yeh, but just as a friend, I'd go down and write a few letters, home!"

Which meant that the fight was to a finish an' nothin' barred. I didn't feel worried until the beast got a coil of rope and, tried to lasso the bo'sun; in fact, I didn't get anxious until he had nearly knocked out the captain's brains with a neatly fung bucket. I can hear that bucket earoming off the bulwark yet. He made a sort of draw shot with it, but it missed the captain and came back from the cushion like an explosion in a barrel. The captain made a jump, thinkin' a gunboat had started a shot, an' he yelled out to the mate that there was a war on, an' that we were pinched. But, wait—you think this is funny, don't yeh, but this is only the beginnin'. There's more an' worse to come.

"It got dark. It gets all quiet out on them waters. When dark comes yeh feel a sort of scared peace, with the long waves liltin' in toward the vessel, all solemn, and regular and easy, and the stars beginnin' to blink out like the lights in the village store. That's the time when a fellow feels like he wants to go off by himself, an' hang himself over the rail, an' wonder about the bigness o' things. That's my steady evenin' job when we're out there. It gets all grand and still. Why, a man's bare feet on the deck sounds like a disturbance, an' yeh want him to go away somewhere and pray for himself. The waves slap up against the sides, an' the old hooker trembles along, an' the moon glows out like a greased paper lantern which some Chinese has painted fishes on."

"But speakin' of Chinese, brings me back to Confucius—he wasn't havin' no peaceful time. He wasn't in the mood for a soliloquy on the gentle evening tide. No—he was trying to sloop the captain up a meal, with his eye on the deck at the same time, an' his back throbbin' with them engrossed Yiddish resolutions. You can just lay big odds that Confucius wasn't happy. He knew that Pepper was loose some, and the deck wasn't safe. Confucius wasn't taking any chances. He played right close to the home-plate, an' he watched the losses when he made a move. Pepper had segregated another bucket, and dar-



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ing the evens' he caught the Chink off third, when he made a wild throw, but there was no umpire to decide the play. Confucius kept going and scored.

"It was just about this time when I ambled out to take my pipe, havin' a calm and melancholy feeling. Seems to me it helps a fellow to hang over the side, and think how nice it would have been to keep close to home, teachin' school, maybe, an' singin' in the village choir, an' marryin' little Urphant Annie. Somehow, my lamps always get sooted at that point, 'cause—well, you know what I married. Course if anybody's around, I blame it on the tobacco, 'cause there don't seem no sense in a snake hunter bein' sentimental. Then I hears a swift patter on the deck, and I slews around—with my eyes kinder on the blink, and som'thing goes past me, som'thing big in the shadow, an' then I see old Pepper goin' down the deck in the moonlight with his tail wig-waggin' at me to come along and see the fun.

"At that moment Confucius made a quick sally out of his pannery and up deck. They met. There was a swift exchange of lefts and rights. The cook backed away, and ran into a clinch, swung his right, countered, blocked and jabbed, stopped a stiff one and took the count. He was groggy when I got up to him, but Pepper was gone. I thought he would have made a stand against me, but he just seemed to wink and go off about his other affairs. Then it dawned on me that he had narrowed it down to a personal matter between himself and the Chinese nation.

"Confucius got up, groanin'. He wiped the blood from his face, which wasn't none to classic at any time, and which was now some damaged. He was excited, an' clung to me, an' told me all about it. He insisted on going in to the captain and makin' a complaint. I tagged along. The captain and Sims Foraker were having a little game. We appeared on the scene, Confucius bloody an' sniffin', me wearin' a sympathetic grin.

"Clapten! Clapten!" moaned the Chink.

"Well! what the— began the captain. 'Get away from me outer here to one!' he roared.

"Clapten, me wantee protection."

"You want protection from what?"

"That monkey, he killee me soon," sniffed the cook.

"Oh! I guess not," laughed Sims Foraker, who was enjoying the show.

"Say! that'd make a good ad. Benson," he says to me. 'Monstrous Man-Eating Gorilla! Killed Five Men and a Chinaman on the Voyage Home! Great Gruesome Gigantic Ape Terrorizes the Crew!'

"Gwan!" snorts the captain, picking up his hand.

"He no killee me, I killee him," spat out Confucius, who wanted sympathy bad, and realised that public-sentiment was against him.

"Sims Foraker laughed louder. 'Guess you won't kill Pepper,' he said confidently, shuffling the deck.

"Get out!" ordered the captain.

"Confucius went on deck disconsolate, but not so disconsolate that he forgot to keep a bright lookout. Sure enough, right amishups he ducked down like a fish just in time to escape being brained, and I could hear the rattlines being brained, and I could hear the rattlines hummin' as Pepper made his retreat. The Chink scuttled for the galley. Later in the night, I took a stroll down that way, and noticin' a light, peeped in at the port. Confucius was burning some red paper prayers before his Gaud. He was terribly in earnest about this operation, his yellow face set and determined. Then I saw him come out of the galley, his eyes gleaming like little nasty fires. He carried a long knife in his hand.

"Me killee him," he said grimly. "Now, that ape hadn't done nothin' to me, but I could have given him advice as a friend. To be an ape with little chin-whiskers like a Bowery comedian ain't agoin' to help yeh much when the Chinese are out. 'Nelp me! but I'd rather go against the Black Hand Society than a Chinese when he's been at his prayer burnin'. Put me in the rear of the procession, says I, for I want plenty of time. Yeh see, they take so long in getting their mad up, that when it is hoisted, you be'che it's flyin' right at the top o' the mast, with the nails in it. I started after Confucius to speak a good word for Pepper, but then I recalled that set-to on deck, when the Chink was groggy, an' I remembers that fine bunch of engraving down under his blouse, an' I says to meself: 'It ain't right to ring in the Golden Rule on a

beathan!' Which it ain't. So I lets him go his own way to vengeance."

Benson arose at this point, and, nicely adjusting his waistcoat, started for the door. "Wait!" I called after him. "What did he do—what happened?"

Benson regarded me in a pitying way. "Do yeh actually want to hear all the 'horrible details? Do you want me to make you sick with a story that fairly turned men's hair grey—sailormen at that? Dyeh?"

With some pardonable hesitation, I did confess that I had been and was interested. I said his story sounded good to me; that I wanted to know the method of Chinese revenge. Benson regarded me with the air of one who had trusted, and who had been deceived. He sat down again, his face grave, almost sad.

"Poor Confucius!" he muttered, staring at the carpet. "ere was a sufficient pause.

"Have yeh got another one o' them pieces of rope?" says Benson suddenly.

"When you have finished the story," I replied.

"Well! you're worse'n Dives, the rich man. Say! can't yeh spare 'em? I'd think you might want to get rid of 'em without questions asked—honest. This story ain't no pipe that I'm givin' yeh. It's worth a genuine five-cent cigar."

I yielded, producing another smoke. Benson made the usual examination for scorpions and man-traps in the perfecto, and then, with evident satisfaction, proceeded to annihilate it. He puffed out a cloud of smoke, and then motioned mysteriously through it at me, squinting up one eye to excite a morbid curiosity.

"Next morning," he said, lowering his voice to a subdued tone, "the captain bawled aloud for his coffee—why?—there wasn't any cook. No—the Chink had disappeared."

Benson gave me a chance to absorb this wonderful revelation.

"We ought to have slow music for the finish of the story," he said. "There we were, breakfastless, cookless. The mornin' was beautiful, the sun was gleamin' splendid, but Confucius was nowhere. We searched the galley, we searched his bunk, we searched his chest, thinkin' he might have got so scared that he had gone an' locked himself up for safe-keepin'. We searched from one end of the hooker to the other, and no Chink, no Confucius. Then some one said he had heard of Chinese suicides before this, which was a favourite diversion with 'em when tired. Another man said he had known 'em to play it like a game with cards. Then Sims Foraker asked if any one had seen Pepper, we realised that we hadn't. We were both cookless and upless. We began to smell a rat. It was a serious condition. We hunted, booted, looked, investigated, and sought, but nothing did we find that resembled a chink or an ape, nor even the remnant portions of either.

"Then one of the crew discovered a smear of blood on the anchor chains, and we came to the conclusion that Confucius had cornered the brute there, had stabbed him, that they had clinched, and that they had both gone over together, locked in a lovin' embrace. Sims Foraker cursed the cook, and the captain cursed the ape. Sims Foraker was lye aker cursed the cook, and the captain was a fine breakfast out of stomach. It was a gloomy lanch.

"They installed a deck-hand in the galley, and he had us on the lanch in no time because of his fancy cookery. Things were reachin' a fine stage, when one mornin' the new cook gives a glance up from the lanch to the port hole, and there stands Confucius watching him.

"The fellow gives a yell, an' comes down the deck with all sort set and the oars out. I never see such consternation congregate around one human in all my previous or later life than that fellow collected. We had to choke him into a state of speakable calm. He swore he had seen a ghost, the Celestial ghost of the cook, and he refused to peel another potato in that galley.

"This is fierce," says the captain, getting hungry before his time.

"But I was the lad to settle them all, 'cause I don't believe in nothin' I can't see with these two lamps, an' I went on a tour of investigating. And, Great Antelope! there was the Chink, sure! He stood in the doorway of the galley and smiled at me. It was a hideous smile, for he was cut and gashed like a hamburger steak. The double engrossin' he had received in that frat mill wasn't a marker to this set. He looked like a man who had gone through a

stone crusher on a bet, and who doesn't want the money. I regarded him, my knees waverin' an' my tongue dryin' up. Then I went up close, an' discovered that he was alive. It was Confucius, by Hokus! the real old yellow thing.

"And I says to him: 'Where's Pepper, old yellow button?'"

"Oh, me killee him," he replied, with some pained effort.

"At that moment up comes Sims Foraker, his eyes bulgin' like toy balloons, and his face workin' nervous.

"Where have yeh been?" he says, 'gulin' down his heart. 'Where's Pepper?—What have yeh done with him?—Where is he?—Where did yeh hide?'"

Benson paused, removed his cigar from his lips, and looked at me with a sincere and altogether mystified expression. He seemed to realise that something was owing me, but that the debt was far greater than he might ever hope to cancel. He sighed. He said:

"But that yellow Chink wouldn't tell!"

### The Man Who Makes the Fiddle Spee . . .

Sarasate, or His Excellency Pablo Martin Meliton Sarasate, of Navasena, to give him his full name, was born at Pampeluna, in the north of Spain, on March 10th, 1844. Thirty-five years ago he went to England with a letter of introduction to August Manns from the great composer Rossini which procured him a trial engagement at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. His success was instantaneous, and, as far as England is concerned, he has never looked back. In other countries he has not been so fortunate. Once, in a South American city, he was stranded after an unsuccessful turn. "What shall I do?" he asked of an admirer. "Teach," replied this friend, "and you will soon earn enough to pay your debts and your passage home." But nobody wanted to learn the violin. "Never mind," said his accommodating adviser, "teach singing." Of the technique of vocal music Sarasate knew nothing, nor did he rejoice in the slightest shred of a voice. But needs must when a certain personality, who shall be nameless, holds the reins. The violinist advertised and waited. At last a lady pupil appeared. Sarasate ingeniously produced his violin, and, with all the assurance in the world, played several vocal exercises. "There!" he said confidentially, "sing like that." The strange part of it is that the pupil progressed wonderfully and brought such a sufficiency of friends to study "the new method of voice production" that Sarasate was not long before he returned to Europe.

Sarasate hates talking audiences. Once while playing at a private concert he observed a lady talking animatedly and abstractedly fanning herself to the same tempo as her utterances. He suddenly stopped playing, and exclaimed loud enough for the entire room to hear: "Ah, madame, how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" This gentle admonition had the desired effect—there was quietness after. His fiddling has brought him in an income of £10,000 a year and an enviable reputation. Once when asked the secret of his success, Sarasate said: "Six hours a day since I was twelve." If that is true he must have been fiddling for nearly 120,000 hours. Sarasate is superstitious, and carries a mascot, without which, he says, he cannot play. It is a miniature violin case, about an inch in length, and made of silver. Inside is a tiny violin, beautifully made in every detail, and a correct model of Paganini's favourite instrument, the Guarnerius. This was a gift from a friend, and the violinist maintains that it has always brought him luck.

"What are all these things for?" asked the meat-packer, indicating a lot of large flat cans, about three feet wide by four feet long, and a quarter of an inch deep.

"Those are the new cans for our corned-beef hash," explained the superintendent.

"What was wrong with the little ones we have used?"

"Nothing; but the new law requires us to print the contents on every package, and I had to get this new can for the hash."

Shakespeare said "Throw Physic to the dogs." Well you can throw most of it in that direction if you use

## BONNINGTON'S PILLS

Strictly speaking they are not "Physic," but a small tasteless pill made of purely vegetable compound and designed to be an "assistant" to the liver and stomach. If these important organs are in health they are easily able to keep the rest of the body well, and it is in the nature of things that people eat what disagrees with them and consequently they are in need of a little corrective medicine, and for this purpose BONNINGTON'S PILLS are used from one end of the Colony to the other. They are just what is required, and do their work without causing the slightest pain or uneasiness. "The Pill of the Period," and we want everyone to try them.

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# ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

"We shall be shot at sunrise to-morrow."

Whispering these grim words, the two soldiers sneaked out of camp and disappeared in the gathering evening shadows. But their funds ran low before midnight, and the orb of day, cocking his solitary and inquisitive eye over the horizon, saw the military pair only half shot.

## SUMMER TAX.

"T.E.,"

"Yes, my son."

"What is a summer school?"

"Oh, a summer school is one which is held outdoors in the summer time."

"I wouldn't like that sort of a school, pop."

"Why not, my boy?"

"I'd be afraid of getting tanned."

## HE KNEW THE BIRDS.

"Well, Casey," said Wagley, "I hear the crops are so poor in Ireland that they can't even afford to keep scarecrows there."

"The truth's not in yo," replied Casey.

"Oh, come now; you know very well they haven't any scarecrows there."

"Haven't we, though? Shure, many's the time I've gathered the eggs of them."

## THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE'S LATEST.

In the cook's absence the young mistress of the house undertook, with the help of a green waitress, to get the Sunday luncheon. The hurried maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee machine that refused to work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Eliza. Go on with the coffee, and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do you keep the soap?"

## SHEENE WORKED TOO WELL.

A certain clever parlour maid hurried to her young mistress one evening and said breathlessly:

"Oh, Miss Fanny, both of them young gents you are engaged to has called, and they're in the parlour together, and somehow they've found out you've been false to each, and it looks to me as if there's going to some terrible trouble."

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" Miss Fanny moaned, as her powder puff dropped from her nervous fingers.

"I'll fix it," said the clever maid, after a moment of deep thought. "I'll go and say you're crying your eyes out because your pa has lost all his money. Then you can keep the one that stays."

"Good, good!" Miss Fanny cried.

The maid withdrew. Some minutes passed. Then she returned with an eased face.

"Both gents is gone," she said.

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S ORCHIDS.

One of the greatest sources of interest to Mr. Chamberlain during his indisposition has been his wonderful collection of orchids. They are displayed in five houses which lead from his drawing room. Thus, let the weather be ever so inclement, he may still visit his beloved blooms without let or hindrance from the clerk of the weather. One noble orchid has been called after Mr. Chamberlain, who, since he first turned his attention to these flowers, has made their cultivation the absorbing recreation of his life. The bloom of which he used to be most proud, however, was the Cattleya Autumnalis Vera. This is an orchid with a history. It was once famous and popular. Then it disappeared as completely as if it had never existed. For years it was lost. Hunter at last rediscovered it, and Mr. Chamberlain was not happy until his collection included one.

## A DOUBTIFUL CONFIDENCE.

"But why have you broken your engagement?"

"Well, I simply couldn't marry a man with a broken nose."

"Ah, I wonder how he got his nose broken, poor fellow?"

"Oh, I struck him accidentally with my brassie when he was teaching me golf."

## A TALL-TREE YARN.

Scott Cummins, the poet of Winchester, Woods County, was a cow-puncher in the North-West many years ago. His outfit came to Snake River one day with 3000 cattle. Cummins, with a poet's license, relates what happened:

"The river was too dangerous for swimming, but after following the bank a short distance the foreman found a giant redwood tree that had fallen across the river. Fortunately, the tree was hollow, and, making a chute, they had no trouble in driving the cattle through the log to the other side.

"As the cattle had not been counted for several days, one of the cowboys was stationed to count them as they emerged from the log. The count fell short some 300 head, but about that time a distant lowing was heard.

"Their surprise may be imagined when on looking about they found that the cattle had wandered off into a hollow limb."

## BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

At a recent dinner, which was attended by a number of clergymen, President Buchanan, of the University of Vermont, told the following of Bishop Hall, of the episcopal diocese of Vermont, in response to some good-natured chaff about the liberal views of the Congregational Church and the ease with which almost anybody could join it:

He said he had heard of a negro who had many times applied for membership in St. Paul's Church at Burlington, but had not been able to satisfy the bishop that his state of mind entitled him to admission. The negro had been advised to pray that his spiritual condition might improve.

After doing so he made a new application. The bishop said to him:

"Well, Erastus, have you prayed as I told you to?"

"Yes, indeed, sah; I done prayed an' I done tole de Lawd I wants to join St. Paul's Church, an' de Lawd he say to me:

"'Good luck, Erastus; I been tryin' to jine dat church fo' twenty years mah-self.'"

## GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

There is a coloured preacher in Mobile who has no sympathy with the modern doctrines of some of his white brethren.

One Sunday evening, after preaching a long sermon bearing upon the "good old-fashioned religious ideas," the divine paid his compliments to the "more fangled religion" in no uncertain terms. Finally, he pounded the pulpit and wound up with:

"An' brethren, I wish to say that when all is said and done the hell of my fathers is good enough for me."

## A WASHINGTON WAITER.

Of a political transaction that had a suspicious look a well-known Senator said one day:

"Though in the thing there is nothing on which we can lay our hand, it certainly appears fishy. It reminds me of a Washington waiter.

"A gentleman, after eating a good dinner, said to this waiter:

"I am sorry I can't give you a tip, but I find I have only just enough money to pay the bill."

"The waiter seized the bill hurriedly. 'Just let me add it up again, sir,' he muttered."—Washington Star.

## FOOLISH WAYS OF MEN.

Ever watched a man as he takes a chair? He'll move it—every time—even if it's only an inch. He wouldn't sit in it just where it was for the world. Watch him next time, and see if he doesn't move it. A woman will seat herself without touching the chair—a woman is more philosophical anyhow.

Men are queer creatures, as every one knows. A man will always stir his coffee before drinking it. This is very foolish—he should taste it first to see if it needs stirring.

Few men open their personal correspondence without looking at the postmarks to see the time of posting. Women, on the other hand, tear open the envelope at once; they are in too much of a hurry to waste any time.

When a man puts on his hat he almost always looks inside it first. What

he expects to see remains a mystery, but he looks for it all the same.

He subjects the point of his pen to the same careful scrutiny before commencing to write a letter. A woman starts right off—jabs her pen in the inkpot and straightway begins to scribble as if her life depended on it.

It is the man who reads with his back to the light, holding his book in one hand. Herein lies wisdom. A woman rests her book on the table and leans both elbows thereon. But the foolishness of the man's act lies in the fact that he is seeking comfort and seldom takes this position because it is the most scientific one. Of course, he finds it isn't comfortable—his arm aches after the first ten minutes, whereupon he puts his book down and remarks he is going out.

It is the man who lets out secrets—not by telling them, but by ill-timed silence. He does worse—by refusing to gratify the curiosity of his questioners he invariably causes them to jump to conclusions much more damaging than the truth of the matter.

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# The Marrying Off Of Dolly

By M. H. VORSE

I WILL, if you please, begin my story at the point where it begins—as the French say—"to march," or, rather, at the moment just before it, when my dear Edith Van Buskirk and I sat in silence, Edith frowning a little and sighing a little as she tried to spear a fallen leaf of my Virginia creeper with her charming beruffled parasol, which at a distance so fantastically resembled some huge exotic flower. Beside her slept the sleep of innocence, Gum-drops. He is a new acquisition, and is a prize-taking bulldog, brimled, bow-legged, undershot—a fearsome monster.

This moment, when apparently the capturing of that leaf was the most important thing on earth, was, although I then didn't know it, the calm before the storm. The leaf, once captured, she spoke and, though I didn't realise it, either, with her speaking the storm that was to whirl me along with it in such a remarkable way broke.

What she said was this: "I haven't the slightest patience with American mothers!"

"No?" I inquired, politely. "No," she asserted, defiantly. "They act like hens—precisely like hens: fuss over their babies, and cluck and cackle, and as soon as their children grow up they take not the slightest interest in their affairs—"

"Oh, come!" I protested. "Aren't you exaggerating a bit?"

"No, I'm not," she maintained. "When did you ever see a mother arrange a suitable marriage for her daughter? It's revolting to me, positively revolting, the way mothers let their daughters marry anybody or nobody, or not marry at all—revolting!"

"What," I inquired, "would you have them do—arrange their daughters' marriages?"

"Arrange their daughters' marriage, of course," she snapped. "The way the mothers of every other nation on the face of the earth do."

"Who?" I thought I. "That's what comes of living so long away from home—for Edith had lived abroad the last five years. But I said in a light facetious tone: "My dear Edith, do you realize that you are proposing to interfere with the liberty of the individual, that you are assailing the principles of our great nation—"

"Liberty of the fiddlestick," was the convincing argument that Edith Van Buskirk put forth. "I suppose," I answered, with a note of fine sarcasm, "that you are preparing to arrange for Dolly's marriage?"

"I'm preparing to do exactly that," replied Edith; "and I wanted to tell you I intended to do it. And that I'm going to do it as far as you're concerned openly and aboveboard; not the way the few women who have common sense enough to do it act—as if it were something to be ashamed of. I'm not ashamed. I feel it's my duty. I'm thankful I'm not a shiftless, shilly-shallying thing!"

"There, there," I soothingly put in; "nobody's blaming you."

Edith laughed, but seriousness lay under her laugh.

"Don't you think I'm right?" she persisted.

"I can tell you better when I see how it comes out," I answered cautiously. "Myself, I think it's a pretty large order. How are you going to make her do it?"

"It will require tact," my friend admitted.

And the thought of how much tact it would need kept us silent a moment. Some way, when Edith tells her troubles

to me, I feel as if I used to when she brought me her broken toys to mend. I'll swear she did it only weak before last. It's always hard to believe that's she grown up—so grown up that her daughter is already old enough to be married. But when I tell you that I might have been Edith's father but for the fact that Edith's mother married some one else, and that I have arrived at that time of life when the forties seem to me the heyday of youth, you will better understand how things are between us; and the idea of a married Dorothy, and Edith a grandmother, perhaps, took my breath away. While I was adjusting myself to this preposterous thought, Edith prepared to deal me another blow.

"It's perfectly hateful," she said, "being poor. I will not be a poor relation; nor shall Dorothy!"

"You certainly shall not," I thought, wise to answer her.

"Well, that's what shall be if she doesn't marry within five years, and marry some one with—with a decent competency." Edith brought it out quite naked, and handed it to me for inspection.

"What do you mean?" I asked quite sharply, for, since her husband's death, five years before, Edith had always lived as all of us live—comfortably and without apparent thought of money. Edith crossed her little feet and leaned over toward me.

"I mean that I've invested in Dolly herself," she said complacently. "I've turned her out a perfectly lovely child among all those golfing, slangy girls; and you don't imagine I've done it without trouble—or money?"

"You don't mean," I almost shouted, "you've been living on your capital?"

Edith smiled at me tolerantly. "I just naturally have," she admitted. "What else could I live on?" That's what she asked me—what else could she live on? Here Gum-drops, overcome, apparently, even as I, emitted a low, rumbling growl. "Did I step on his tail, poor darling?" said Edith. "Poor angel, I didn't mean to. He will not have his tail trampled with. No," she resumed, "I simply couldn't bring up Dolly to a refrain of 'We can't afford this, we can't afford that.' And keeping up my connections here, and going back and forth across the water while she was in the convent—and she can have anything in the world she wants, and entertain, and dress, for five years more, and then—"

I gathered from Edith's gesture that "then" meant the poorhouse. "So you can quit now," she concluded, calmly, "how important it is that Dolly should marry properly."

At this I lost my temper—it wasn't the first time, either, that Edith had made me lose my temper—and I gave her a proper lecture about economy, common sense, and the absurd financial ideas of women. She listened, while a little ghost of a dimple winked impudently at me.

"Why didn't you come to me?" I ended by bellowing at her.

She came then and kissed me. There are two mean advantages a woman can take of you—one is to kiss you, the other to cry.

I calmed down at once. There was nothing else for me to do.

"Does Dolly know?" I asked.

"Do you think I'm an idiot?" cried Edith. "Do you think I'm utterly lacking in intelligence?"

"Sometimes," I answered. And it did me good to say it.

"Do you think I'd bring her up as

I have, free from all worry about money, and then spring it on her that she'd got, poor darling, to consider—well, money when she marries? I've brought her up to be a flower. Now, you can imagine if I'm going to undo my work."

We both were quiet a moment, and I imagine that there came to the minds of both of us the vision of a slender slip of a girl—tender, obedient, sweet, full of the graces that another generation decreed for its daughters, and which our generation has so disregarded. A perfectly charming child, indeed; a child who walked straight as a dart, and whose lovable manners put to shame the dashing tomboys of her generation.

Of course she would "take" by her difference from the others, and I wondered what ambitious match Edith had been revolving in her shrewd, far-seeing mind.

"What are your plans?" I asked Edith sternly.

"I've got them all arranged," she asserted. "Naturally, I wouldn't have come to you without plans." She spoke as though she would have said: "Naturally, I wouldn't come to you without clothes." "I've my man, even, picked out."

I gave Edith what I intended to be an awful look.

"Don't look so frightened," she beamed. "I'm not looking for a bad, rich old man for a husband for Dolly; and as for titles, when we were abroad—"

Her gesture conveyed eloquently how many titles had been piled at Dolly's feet. "I'm not mercenary, dear Uncle Geoff," Edith assured me. "Who in all the world would you prefer to have Dolly marry? Now, think!"

"You don't mean—" I cried.

"I do mean," she said. "Whom else could I mean?"

"They have barely met since Dolly grew up."

"All the better," said Edith.

"But they don't love each other," I objected.

"They will," she asserted.

"Why do you think so?"

"I'll make 'em." She shut her mouth firmly.

"How?" I doubted.

"Oh, isn't this lovely; isn't it as it should be?" cried Edith. "Here we two, the natural guardians of our children, discussing their marriage and making all the necessary arrangements. I feel like a real mother."

I was quite carried away myself. I glowed with enthusiasm. The idea of my heir and nephew married to my all but grandchild would be all I could wish, Geoffrey is the finest fellow I know, and if he were my own son—still—

"It's a good bit older than Dolly," I reminded her.

"I'll have a house-party for them at once."

"Propinquity is a great factor," I conceded. "It was a splendid match, desirable from every point of view. Its only fault was that it was too good to be true."

"I've been warning her against him for some time past," Edith went on serenely. "Warning her?" I said. "What about, for Heaven's sake?" (Geoffrey, you know, is one of the staidest of young men now living.)

"I wanted," said Edith proudly, "to rouse her interest and pique her curiosity." And the surprising woman laid before me all the plans of her little campaign; how they were to be thrown together here, and kept apart there; how

Dolly's sense of romance, and her youth, and her desire to please—"She's been brought up, thank Heaven! to feel that the chief end of woman is to please," said Edith. By the time she got through I felt that there was no more chance for Dolly to escape Geoffrey than the little sacrificial lamb already before the altar and the priest's knife. Even now I could be of use in influencing Geoffrey was put before me.

But before I could protest that I, at least, was no Macchiavelli, my other nephew, Dicky Wren, appeared on the piazza.

"Why, Dicky?" cried Edith.

"I thought you were at work in the city," I said as severely as I could.

"I was," he replied shamelessly. "I was, but I got broke. Supportin' one-self's awfully expensive."

By which you may see that Dicky is not the exemplary individual that Geoffrey is.

"It must have been pikin' doll for you here all alone with old Geoff," he remarked to Edith.

Now, I have always taken shame to myself that I got more diversion from the company of Dicky than of Geoffrey; and I was about to relate Edith in a becoming manner when Edith had the bad sense, and bad taste to giggle.

"I'm having a house-party next week. Come over and make us gay, Dicky," she said.

That night, as they met at dinner, Geoffrey greeted Dicky with commendable cordiality.

Dicky hadn't been losing time.

"Say," he began, with that distinguished elegance of diction which so distinguishes the youth of the present moment, "have you seen Dolly Van Buskirk? That girl's a winner! Ripper! And I come near as anything you ever saw to getting engaged before I come down! But Dolly for me every time."

"Her mother certainly has brought her up charmingly," Geoffrey agreed, in that superior tone which always serves to diminish Dicky's impudence.

But at that moment a loud "shuff-shuff" resounded outside.

"What's that?" asked Geoffrey, sharply.

"That? Why, that's a motor car," replied Dicky. "He had the air of one identifying a rare bird."

"I didn't suppose it was a second-hand schooner," said Geoffrey dryly. "What's it doing out there, I mean?"

"It's probably come looking for me," said Dicky. "Faithful heart, that cart Devotion to me's outside! I'll wait for hours for me outside a house—'pon my word. Eat's out of my hand—"

"Shut up," Geoffrey briefly commanded. "You know well enough what I want to know. When I saw you here, I thought you'd just been playing one of your jokes on somebody. I didn't think you'd have the nerve to turn up at Uncle Geoff's—"

"Well, I had," and Dicky smiled a beneficent smile at his cousin.

"Has Dicky been buying a motor car?" I asked, with some interest.

"It's worse than that," said Dicky, with a grin.

Then it was that Geoffrey lost his temper.

"It's disgusting!" he cried. "If you want to be seen and you might at least be as well as such a way that you'd not make us the laughing stock of the whole community."

"It goes and, of my own free will, my light under a bushel, I married Dicky, with deferential courtesy."

"What's this all about?" (I may have been a shade testy myself.) "It's that Dicky thought it fitting to engage himself as the Griffiths chauffeur." Geoffrey brought it out with the air of one who regretfully delivers the blow which will bring his relative's old gray hairs to the dust. The minute I had said it I was sorry I replied in a relieved tone: "Oh, is that all?" I may even have smiled, I hope not, however. But, "All!" echoed Geoffrey. "All!" He washed his hands of us both; that was certain. "You can't fraze Uncle Geoff's crowd, Dick. He's game!" "How did it happen?" natural curiosity led me to ask. "I lost my job," Dicky explained with all simplicity. "So I got another. You didn't think I was going to come howling 'Vaal!' every time I lost a job, did you?" "He lost his job through some of his sickening funny business," said the disgusted Geoffrey. "I like this job better, anyway—good pay, exercise, short hours, walk with the Lord and eat with the servants," Geoffrey shivered. I may here explain that the Griffiths are two very rich and "exclusive" maiden ladies of very good family. They are pious and humane, and have recently taken to a motor car through extreme regard for their aged horses. "The old girls don't know who I am, Gee, won't it jolt 'em when they do?" Geoffrey arose from the table. Disgust oozed from him. The way he said: "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to call on the Van Buskirks," subtly conveyed reproach to me for taking so light-mindedly the family disgrace. "Break it gently to Mrs. Van Buskirk," Dicky called after his outraged cousin. Edith Geoffrey had vanished with a snort. From all I could judge at my end of the line, the little drama of Dolly's betrothal and marriage seemed disposed to march as Edith had planned. And the more I thought of it the less I liked it. All that there was of independence in me revolted. Let the girls, thought I, choose their own husbands, even if they don't choose good ones. Or let the mothers confer with their daughters. If I'm going to marry to please my mother, I want to know it. I want to walk with eyes open. I don't want to be managed into any marriage, however suitable, and I imagined Dolly felt as I did. I got quite morbid over it. Every time I saw Dolly I wanted to warn her: "Run, my dear, run for your life. They're trying to marry you off. They're making you think you want to. But it's not you at all, it's themselves you're pleasing. Don't do it. Don't let them move you like a pawn in a chess game." I found myself watching Geoffrey with a critical eye. Would he, I wondered, make such a good husband, after all? Wasn't twelve years too great a distance between them? And it was in this dissatisfied frame of mind that I waited upon Edith one day when her house party was in full swing. "How is your plan prospering?" was what I wanted to know. "He's immensely taken with her," Edith confided. "He'll sit with me an hour at a time talking about her." "And Dolly?" "Oh, Dolly'll be easy enough to manage! I told you before, I'm counting on the fact that a girl almost always falls in love, or thinks she does, with the first man who makes love to her," said Edith lightly. "You're very sure of yourself," I suggested. "I'm very sure of Geoffrey," she corrected. "It seems to me a little like kidnapping," I went on. "He'll make an excellent husband." "He's out out for it," I agreed. "He'd make any woman an excellent husband." "What more do you want, then?" she demanded. "A little more romance, a trifle more glamour." I was foolish enough to say, "Yes, and get her heart broken in the scramble." "There are more ways than one of breaking a heart," I reminded Edith. "He may never even touch it." "I want Dolly to have a happy life," cried her mother. "By all means," I said. "But, come, would you care to have any man, even Geoffrey, foisted off on you as a husband?" My shot told. "She's not got to marry him if she don't want to," she cried, blushing.

"I'm not forcing her into it, but I believe in girls getting married early." "And often?" I asked politely. But now Edith turned on me. "I believe you don't think Dolly's good enough for your precious Geoffrey!" she cried, and I was about to answer with some temper, for the more I thought of it the less I liked Edith's acting the role of the hand of fate, and Geoffrey certainly seemed ready to play the part she had designed for him in the little drama; but my attention was taken up by Dolly, who approached accompanied by Dicky. They were talking, it seemed to me, earnestly. There was about them the atmosphere of those who understand one another perfectly and who are perfectly happy in each other's company. And I had a moment of unreasoning pity. They both looked so fresh, so young. Youth and Spring they seemed to me—Dicky and Dolly—Dolly and Dicky. I'd never thought of the two together before. I shot a glance at Edith which she was quick to interpret. At sight of our young people, her irritation had vanished, too. "Oh, I've thought of it, naturally, since I've seen them together. But, dear friend, it's husbands we're talking about, and what kind of a husband would Dicky make?" "An absurd one, no doubt," I replied. "But still—" "Dear Uncle Geoff, you're a sweet, sentimental old thing, and I dare say I seem calculating and horrid." When Edith takes me that way it's all up with me. "Besides," she went on gaily, "I've warned Dicky. He knows how I'm fixed." "He knows?" I echoed. "I thought it was fairer to tell him." Edith had a virtuous air. "Dolly's so attractive, and young men are so impulsive. And since he's such a hero and all—" "A hero!" I wondered. "About the automobile, you know. All the girls are wild about him. It's so fine and independent of him." I burst out laughing. Did you ever hear of anything like that? I longed to get at Geoffrey with this story, just for the sake of seeing his chops fall. "Instead of making a fool of himself, here was our Dicky, something of a hero." "He's made the whole town roar," Edith went on. "And every one's conspiring to keep it from the Griffiths—who he is, you know. And so I thought it might work on Dolly's imagination—he's such a way with him—so I just had a little talk with him." "Do you think it was wise," I asked Edith, "to give Dicky a dare—to set him on, so to speak?" "Oh, he didn't take it that way at all! He took it beautifully," Edith hastened to assure me. "Oh! he took it beautifully did he?" I mused. "Well, let me urge you to bring Geoffrey to the scratch as soon as you can." She pointed at this. "You put it so hatefully," she protested. "No need of being a brute because I'm doing my duty. And we had such a lovely time the other day, when we just talked it up." But I was asking myself if, after all, Dicky would take a dare. The next two weeks brought me no answer, except that which I could gather from Geoffrey, who, ever since the house party, seemed distraught and dreary. He made flimsy excuses about errands in the village when he transparently was on his way to the Van Buskirks. So I inferred that he at least was marching in the way Edith had marked out for him. One afternoon I called at Edith's and found her radiant. "Has he?" I naturally asked her. "No, not yet," she answered; "but he's here now. He asked last night in the most pointed way to see Dolly." "Oh!" thought I. "I'm in at the death, it seems." "I've been expecting it," Edith went on. "He's spent more and more time at the house, and has tried in every way to propitiate me. There've been times when I've wanted to say: 'Goose, you don't need to spend so much time on me. I'm on your side, anyway.'" I looked out of the window. Geoffrey and Dolly were walking across the lawn; at their heels was Gum-drops, lately returned from winning ribbons at some polite dog show. "Come," Edith suggested, "let us play chess on the little piazza." Chess is my weakness, so I readily consented, though I well knew that Edith wanted to get both of us out of the way.

Now, see what happened. Listen to the guile of innocence. We were no sooner at play than I heard Dolly's voice at the other side of the piazza. Edith looked at me sharply. I raised my eyebrows. For Dolly had seen us as we made our way to the secluded little piazza, and she had led Geoffrey to a spot where every word they said would be distinctly audible to us. "What does it mean?" Edith telegraphed me. "I can't imagine," I telegraphed back. Meantime, before any retreat was possible, I heard Geoffrey's voice: "I've come to speak to you about something very important—" and then came: "Gr-r-r-r!"—the long-drawn-out growl of a bulldog who has been irritated to the last point of endurance. "Be quiet, Gums," said Dolly's sweet, innocent little voice. "Is he ill-tempered?" asked Geoffrey. "Look at him," said Dolly. "Gr-r-r-r," Gums resumed, the warning emphasised. I looked at Edith; she was wincing her little handkerchief into bits and frowning. "Dogs generally like me," Geoffrey went on. "I must make friends with the famous Gum-drops. Here, Gums, old man!" "Gr-r-r-r," Gums replied, and his growl was like the rumbling of distant thunder. "Oh! don't touch him," came Dolly's voice, in real alarm. "I wouldn't have him bite you for the world." "Would he really bite?" asked Geoffrey, and there was a wee bit of nervousness in his voice. "Bulldogs never let go," answered Dolly. "Then Geoffrey made another desperate try for the goal. "What I wanted to say was—" But "Gr-r-r-r!" rumbled Gum-drops. "Come here, Gummy! I'll hold him by the collar," cried Dolly, and again came the low, fearsome growl of Gummy. "I'll stand no more of this," Edith whispered to me, and, sailing forward, she broke into the uncomfortable tete-a-tete. Other callers arrived, but yet I stayed to learn the answer to it all. When they had gone, Geoffrey with the rest, and Dolly, in the sweetest and most affectionate way, had asked our permission to go to the garden. "Well!" I asked. "Well!" returned Edith. "Did you ever see anything like it? Brought up as she's been, too!" "Like a flower," I agreed. "If thought you said Gum-drops was a dog of an engaging temper." "He's a spring lamb!" cried Edith. "He never growls except some one steps on his tail." "And Dolly, then—" "Did it on purpose, the bad little thing. Stepped on the poor angel's tail, simply to head off Geoffrey. Did it where she knew we'd both hear it. Put her defiance of us wishes plainly before me, and in a way that I can't take any notice of without showing too plainly where I stand." And then I ran the risk of forfeiting Edith's favour forever, for I burst out into uncontrollable laughter. "But can't you imagine it? Can't you see Geoffrey dressed in his proposal dress, full as he would be of the loftiest sentiments suitable to the occasion, sitting opposite that grinning bulldog? Can't you see him nerved up to the point, only to be greeted by Gum-drops' rumbling thunder? Can't you hear Dolly—"I'd hate to have him set his teeth in you!" Fancy having teeth set in you while you were asking the girl of your choice to marry you. Humour is a brutal thing, so I laughed at the tragic aspect of Geoffrey. "She'll have to meet him at the dance to-night. She's afraid of him—of what she'll answer if he asks her. He can be persuasive, you know." Edith ignored my untimely mirth. But I didn't answer, for I was occupied with the thought of how Dicky would have nuzzled Gum-drops had he been in Geoffrey's place. I spent the evening in my library, revolving the afternoon's scene in my mind. It grew late. I was thinking of bed, when the chuff-chuff-chuff of a motor-car greeted my ears, and Dicky in evening dress appeared before me. His face was strained and white. "You've got to come with me, Uncle Geoff," said he. "Is there something wrong?" I asked apprehensively.

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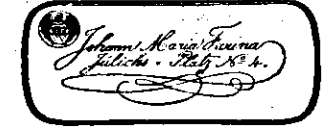
"About four years ago I was afflicted with black spotches all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of annoyance and suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of my town. After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint they announced it to be skin eczema in its worst form. They treated me for the same for the length of one year, but the treatment did me no good. "Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. Shortly afterwards, my husband in reading a copy of a weekly New York paper saw an advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies. He purchased the entire outfit, and after using the contents of the first bottle of Cuticura Resolvent in connection with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, the breaking out entirely stopped. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that every spotch was entirely gone and the affected parts were left as clear as ever. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since. "The Cuticura Remedies not only cured me of that dreadful disease, eczema, but other complicated troubles as well, and I have been the means of others being cured of the same disease by the Cuticura Remedies, and I don't hesitate in saying that the Resolvent is the best blood medicine that the world has ever known. Lizzie E. Sledge, Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Patent Drug & Chemical Corporation, 245 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Said throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills (Chocolate Coated, in vials of 50) may be had of all druggists. A trial will often cure. Patent Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A. Write for Free Book, "The Cuticura Remedies." Address, H. Lewis & Co., 175 Nassau, N. Y. C.

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distilled strictly according to the original recipe of the inventor, my ancestor, which is known in all parts of the world by the lawfully registered label here shown. The addition of address "JULICHS PLATZ No. 4" alone warrants genuineness of my EAU DE COLOGNE. JOHANN MARIA FARINA, Cologne a Rhine, Julichs Platz No. 4, By appointment to H. M. KING EDWARD VII, and to most other Imperial and Royal Courts.

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R. L. SOMERS, PROP.

"The worst ever," he replied succinctly.

"What?"  
He cut me short. "Come, get in," he urged. "I'll fill you as we go along. Here's your hat. Hold onto it." With small ceremony he hustled me into the tonneau before I knew where I was. There, jostled in a shawl, was Dolly. She also was in evening clothes; and I remembered the ball that Edith had spoken about.

"Is your mother—" I asked. The automobile was already under way.  
"Aha, Van Buskirk is about to have an awful fit," remarked Dicky, and at that moment the machine seemed to leap from under us like a living thing, and I could barely hear Dolly's protesting, shocked "Oh, Dicky!" Again the car leaped, and the wind hit me in the face like something solid, and we plunged into the velvet darkness of the night, shoving before us the insistent, blinding light of our lanterns. Going at high speed, we ran into swarms of night-flying insects, which pelted us like gravel.  
But at that moment I was occupied solely with the object of this wild flight into the night.

The wind blew the words from my mouth as I cried in Dolly's ear:  
"What's the matter?"

But she ducked her head on my arm. I felt that in another minute there would be tears.

"Tell me!" I shouted, as tender as a calypso may be.

She raised her little, flowerlike face, and gave me her preposterous answer to the riddle:

"We're going to be married; Dicky and I."

Then she ducked her head on my arm again.

We struck some unevenness in the road, and the heavy car bounded bodily in the air, like some ponderous, frightened beast. We shook around in the tonneau like peas in a pod. The shock of it seemed like the judgment of God following on the girl's words.

Again came Dolly's little voice, remote, far-off, as though one heard it above the storm of the elements.

"I couldn't help it, Uncle Geoffrey. I—I was afraid. I've always done things to please people—I was afraid I'd please mamma—I know what she wants—I couldn't—Geoffrey—he was going—to talk to me to-night again. Oh; oh; oh!" and she fell to weeping in my arms, and the car soothed her grief in the fierce lullaby of its rocking. Dicky never turned his head, never took his eyes off the triangle of light ahead of us. And I—you've heard me called a sentimental old thing—what could I do but comfort the distressed child in my arms, but shout in her ear that, bless her! she should marry whoever she liked; that I would stand by her; that her mother—I went so far as to say it—wouldn't care, and that if she did, I would make it all right, and while I comforted her I longed to get my hands on the reprobate Dicky, who had kidnapped me out of my comfortable house to go eloping with him and Dolly.

Then deep down in me a voice began to speak: "Didn't you want Dolly to choose for herself, and hasn't she chosen in spite of difficulties?" and my first impulse of anger died within me.

Then my mind began to work, and the outcome of it was this: "What if Geoffrey is my heir? Is that any reason why I shouldn't give to some one else what I wanted to? After all," thought I, "there's no real reason why Dicky should remain so impossibly ineligible." Thus ran my thoughts, disconnected, disjointed, as we leaped through the night.

Far ahead of us shone two little wan streaks of light, and as the light of our coming ate up the darkness a buggy developed itself out of the shadows. Our horn brayed aggressive warnings, and we flashed past the vision of a frightened horse. I got to know those two streaks of light—our own lights reflected in the backs of each vehicle as went in our direction—and still the rain of hard-shelled insects in gut fares, the visions of horses and carriages, the visions of men in futile rage, and, before me, Dicky, tense, alert, speeding through the blackness of the night—Dicky eloping with Dolly, Dicky, who had kidnapped me—Dicky, who was ascending into the night with the Griffiths' motor-car. And meantime Dolly clung to me as we surged along, leaving behind us a wake of foot and curses, of dust and evil smells.  
Presently Dolly screamed at me

"Dicky thought mamma would bear it better if you came along."

The lights of a town were upon us. We slowed up as we glided through its almost deserted street, and again Dolly spoke:

"We're going to be back at the dance before it's over, and if you'll tell mother—"

"We paused before a house; the lights were lit.

"A clergyman," explained Dicky—"a friend of mine."

"Your license?" I questioned.

"I got the town clerk out of bed."

"He's a friend of Dicky's," supplemented Dolly.

"Won't you be missed," I inquired, "at the party?"

Dicky grinned. "I fixed Dolly's card; she's dancing."

"With friends of yours, I suppose. So?" I went on, for I was determined to do the thing handsomely, "will the bride permit herself to be given away by—another friend of yours?"

So the story was finished, and Dolly married, married in the good American fashion, to the man she happened to fall in love with, and who was also the least eligible, the most good-for-nothing, the most lovable lad I know—bless him! Bless 'em both, foolish babies that they are!

And if Geoffrey hadn't more good old-fashioned "spunk" than to let his sweetheart be snatched away from under his eyes, serves him right, say I.

Thus I was ruminating when I was aware that Edith Van Buskirk was mounting my piazza steps. She looked very young and very lovely. A look of discontent sat not unbecomingly on her face; she puckered her smooth forehead.

"Thank your kind Heaven," she said, "that you have no daughters to marry off."

"Well, you haven't, either, this week," I said, "whatever you may have had last. I mistrusted your plans weren't built to succeed in America."

"Oh, you don't know how badly I failed!" she moaned.

"Geoffrey didn't even get a chance to propose, I understand," I grinned.

"Oh, that's the worst of it!" cried Edith.

"I should think you'd be glad his feelings were spared?"

"But they weren't, they weren't!" cried Edith, and disgust and anger were written large on her face. "He did propose."

"But when? I thought Gummy—"

Edith spared a leaf vindictively.

"It's all too disgusting," she said, "after all I'd done for him, and at my time of life."

She paused. I waited.

"It was to me he proposed!" she said at last.

### Henry Irving, the Man.

#### MR BRAM STOKER'S REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT ACTOR.

Mr Bram Stoker published on the anniversary of Sir Henry Irving's death a brilliant book of "Personal Reminiscences" of the great actor, whose beloved friend, confidant, and "right-hand" man he was for nearly thirty years.

The work is in two large volumes of some 370 pages each, bound in red cloth with a gilt medallion of Irving on the cover, and liberally illustrated. The dedication runs: "To the memory of John Lawrence Toole, loving comrade and true friend of Henry Irving."

Some critics may contend that there is in his book rather too much Bram Stoker and too little Henry Irving. But that is a moot point. The biographer's egotism is pardonable, for it is evident that he did fine things for the master he so dearly loved, whose Boswell he was to be.

Mr Stoker's fitness for the task he has so notably fulfilled is shown further by the brotherly intimacy he enjoyed with Irving and his dearest friends over a lengthy course of years.

Irving was the intimate of all the Victorian giants, from his consistent patron, the then Prince of Wales, downwards, and wherever Irving went there was his Boswell also.

Thus the book is richly stored with anecdotes and conversations of Tenyson, Browning, Burne-Jones, Abma-Tadema, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Dickens, Toole, Ellen Terry, Hall Caine—indeed, of most of the celebrated poets, artists, musicians, actors, and authors of recent times.

The Tenyson reminiscences are most valuable. They throw fresh light on the poet's relation with dramatic art.

The book as a whole will enhance Irving's reputation and cause his memory to be more deeply revered. It reveals in him qualities as an artist and as a man which will be deeply gratifying to his admirers.

Mr Stoker shows that all Irving's grand achievements originated with himself. He was truly master, and the tool of no man. His enterprises were born of his own initiative. No marvel was his own artistic insight that he could improve upon the work of men no less able than himself in their different crafts—witness the stories of how he inspired Sir Arthur Sullivan and beautified a tableau by Teltan.

Surprising indeed are some of the "hard facts" of Irving's career cited by Mr Stoker. Over two million pounds sterling was paid by the public to see Irving from the time he began management. Mr Stoker wrote in Irving's name nearly half a million letters. Irving acted Shylock 1000 times; Mathias, in "The Bells," over 800; Mephistopheles, in "Faust," 702; and Becket 388.

Tennyson, speaking of his Hamlet, said: "I did not think Irving could have improved his Hamlet of five years ago; but now he has improved it five degrees. And those five degrees have lifted it to heaven." Of his Richard III. the poet asked the actor: "Where did you get that Plantagenet look?"

The greatest British actor, in Irving's estimation, was Edmund Kean.

The story of Irving's sufferings, mental and physical, during the last seven years of his life is infinitely pathetic. By disasters of all kinds he was "struck, and struck, and struck."

For years, as he served the public, he was dying on the stage.

"His bearing through the last seven years was truly heroic," says Mr Stoker. "I can recall, in my own experience nothing like it. Each day, each hour, had its own tally of difficulty to be overcome—of pain or hardship, to be borne—of some form of self-denial to be exercised."

"Many and many a time, day or night; in stillness; in travel; in tropic heat such as now and again is experienced in early summer in America; through raging blizzards; in still cold; in dust storms of rapid travel; in the astounding dust of many theatres, the man had to toil unendingly.

"For others there was rest; for him none. For others there was cessation, or at worst now and again a lull in the storm of responsibility; for him none.

"His very popularity was an added strain and trial to increasing ill-health. But in all, and through all, he never faltered or thought of faltering.

"Henry Irving had undertaken to play the game of life; and he played it well. Right up to the very last hour of his life, when he was at work, he would not think of himself. He would play as he had ever played; to the best of his power; in the fulness of his inclination; with the last ounce of his strength."

At Bradford, where Irving died, as he went slowly up the steep steps of the Town Hall to a mayoral reception he passed several times to get his breath. He had become an adept at concealing his physical weakness on such occasions. He would seize on some point of local or passing interest and make inquiries about it, so that by the time the answer came he would have been rested.

"It may be wondered at or even asked why Henry Irving was allowed to play at all, being in his then state of weakness.

"He could not stop. To do so would have been final extinction. His affairs were such that it was necessary to go on for the sake of himself and for the sake of others.

"If those who make it their business to direct the minds of youth knew what I knew about Henry Irving, they would take their man—this great Englishman—as a shining light of endurance; as a living embodiment of that fine principle, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'"



It's an easy job for the barber to part the hair on a head like this. It's just as easy to prevent baldness if you only do the right thing. Baldness is almost always a sure sign of neglect; it is the story of neglected dandruff. Dandruff is untidy, unnecessary, and unhealthy.

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cures dandruff and prevents baldness. You save your hair and you are spared the annoyance of untidy clothing. It also stops falling of the hair, and makes the hair grow thick and long. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Be sure you get AYER'S Hair Vigor. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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"DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT."





# From a Club Window

By MARMADUKE

WHAT a lot of good fellows we meet at holiday time whom we never see all the rest of the year. I ran across a parson, who is generally exiled in the back-blocks, but who somehow or others manages to keep up his reading, an old skipper who has seen much of life from his bridge, a very Tory old farmer who denounces the Government and all its ways, and a prominent Government M.H.R. We celebrated our meeting by all dining together, and having a chat on the gossip of the day.

The Skipper: What abominable roads you have for motoring. I see you have reliability contests instead of speed tests. What you want is not motor cars but armoured waggon built on the steam roller principle. I was nearly sea-sick for the first time in my life when I foolishly went out for a spin in a friend's motor the other day. Give me a tornado, I say, and a good ship under me. It is far safer.

The M.H.R.: Don't abuse our roads, skipper. We are only a young country, and every little place in the colony expects Government to make a metalled road to its front door. The settlers think we are made of money, and will expect us to provide wooden blocks next.

The Farmer: As long as we send our thickest wooden blockheads to Parliament we can't hope to use them for such useful purpose as roads. I tell you, sir, it is a disgrace that we who make the backbone of the country should often be unable to get our produce to market. I have to keep a staff of men to dig my carts out of the clay in winter. Aye, sir, I have even in walking had to dig myself out with a spade.

The Parson: I reckon they don't have persons up your way to teach you the value of sober truth. I know something of bad travelling, and understand why the prophet says "Woe to him that hideth himself with thick clay." By the way, I see that the pro-Boers are now pro-Baboos, and are clamouring for Home Rule for India. All empires tend to disintegrate under democracy. Witness the Macedonian.

The Farmer: I am glad to hear you say that, Parson. The rule of the people means the rule of those who have no stake in the country. I have bought my land, and worked like a slave to develop it, and I have no more say in the Government than any publichouse loater. The British Empire will fall to pieces unless they get Balfour and Chamberlain back.

The Skipper: My ship would soon founder if I let my men dictate to me, which, thank Heaven, I don't. You want a strong man to run the ship of State, and you want white men under you. I know something about niggers, and I would never have them on board my ship.

The M.H.R.: But the country belongs to the people, and why should we not allow them to have a say in their own affairs? If they are not fit to be trusted it does not say much for all our missionary and educational work.

The Parson: The mention of Chamberlain reminds me how utterly the Education squabble has ousted the Fiscal question. Lord Crewe has had a bad time of it with the bishops. The colonies are much more interested in the question of preferential tariffs than in sectarian disputes. The great British public are like the old lady in the song, who has been carried beyond her station, and vainly calls out to the railway porter:

"Oh! Mr. Porter, what shall I do?  
I want to go to Birmingham, but you've switched me on to Crewe."

The Skipper: If I remember right, Parson, I used to hear that song sung by a very short-skirted young lady at a London music-hall, but doubtless you heard it elsewhere.

The Parson: To change the subject, I see the Melbourne people are much exercised because a speaker at the recent Church Congress said the Australian youth was lacking in reverence and respect for his parents. I must confess that I have not found him worse in this respect than his English confrere.

The Skipper: I had a young English blood once on board my ship whose father, a man of title, had got badly mixed up in company promoting. When we touched at the Cape we got some papers, and I saw that the father had been sentenced. I wanted to keep the papers out of the son's way, but I saw he had got hold of one, and was reading the cables. "Hullo!" he said. "The Guv'nor's got six months. That will take the curl out of his tail."

The M.H.R.: Well, boys, shall we have another round? I suppose you'll join us, Parson, as it's Christmas time.

Lord Crewe, who had charge of the belligerent Education Bill in the House of Lords, has inherited much of his father's genius without his father's eccentricities. He is a strikingly handsome man, and is regarded as the George Wyndham of the Upper House. The tragic circumstances attending the death of his first wife gave him a look of interesting melancholy, which made him an object of great interest to the ladies of the Dublin Court when he was Viceroy. He takes a great interest in New Zealand, regarding it as the most essentially prosperous of our colonies. His father, Lord Houghton, used to say that some people had so many talents that they never took more than a second class in life. This has proved true of most of the Milnes family: they do too many things well to ever do any one thing really excellently. Lady Galway was the only one to achieve unique distinction, she having been known for some years as the worst dressed woman in London.

How much we do from sheer idleness. The morning glass of sherry at the club—we don't want it, only we must do something. The same applies to much of our reading. We don't really care if Bill Smith has been fined 10/ for being drunk and disorderly, but we read the record of his misdoings with a languid interest because after all we must read something, and the paper is a capital refuge from the club bore. Anything is better just now than the Fiscal question: even a debate in the German Reichstag begins to wear an aspect of novelty by comparison. Some fellows get their hair cut, and others get their nails cut, just for lack of something else to do. The same remark generally applies to having your hat ironed. One man's illness makes another man's work.

It is delightful to have really nothing particular to do, and to settle down in a big armchair, with a pipe and a book and a glass of something of your elbow. In some such mood I have been dipping into Sir Samuel Hall's "Oxford Movement." He is not as go-sippy as dear old Mozley, who was a regular old woman for an anecdote, and he writes too much like a judge summing up to make really chatty reading. But he has one or two good things about W. G. Ward. What a strange mixture Ward was! He convulsed all Oxford by his fiery advocacy of clerical celibacy, and submitted to be deprived of his degrees and publicly censured, and all the time he was himself engaged to be married. He did not mention this fact, we are told, for fear it might prejudice his argument.

## Music and Drama

I think there are as many fine plays produced nowadays as ever were produced since the Elizabethan period. So far as public taste is concerned, it is quite recognised that public taste fluctuates. There are periods of depression, and there are times when the public has a nearer and better view of what is good and true.—Mr Martin Harvey, interviewed in the "Manchester Courier."

The difficulties of a manager who is also actor, acting-manager, and money-taker are illustrated by Miss Soldene in an anecdote of Mr. Harry Webb, of "Two Dromios" fame, who filled all these positions in a company on tour under his management. "One night (the bill was 'Macbeth'), during a lull at the receipt of custom, he ran up and peeped through the bull's-eye window of the centre boxes to have a look at the Witches scene. Horror! He could only see two witches. Rushing round to the stage, he shouted, 'Where's the third witch? Where's on earth's the third witch? Fine him, fine him!' 'You're the third witch, sir,' replied the stage-manager."

An anecdote of John Ryder shows the ease with which that important artist could produce the evidences of grief. Says Miss Soldene: "On Feb. 10, 1868 I, by appointment, met Mr. John Ryder on the stage of the Queen's Theatre, to hear his opinion. He asked me what could I do? I said 'Nothing.' He gave me the Portia speech, 'The quality of mercy,' etc., to read. After I got through, he walked up and down for a minute or two, then stopped. 'You have tears in your voice,' he said; 'are your tears near the surface? Can you cry easily?' I could not tell him. 'Look at me,' said he, smiling, and, reciting a few lines, the tears ran down his face as freely and as miserably as possible."

Mrs. Kendal recalled a fateful incident of her earlier life in presenting the prizes at the chrysanthemum show of the Scottish Horticultural Association in Edinburgh on Thursday. When the Haymarket company went to Edinburgh some years ago, she said, its members were entertained to a picnic, and one year it was held just below Arthur's Seat. While the preparations were in progress the younger members of the company strolled away, and on the very top of Arthur's Seat a young man proposed to a young woman and was accepted. She would not tell who the young man was, because he ought to have been there beside her on the platform. She had been looking for him everywhere. "He was far more attentive on the day of the picnic," added the popular actress, smilingly.

Misfortune has dogged the steps of Wirth Bros.' Circus Proprietary ever since it landed at the Bluff nearly a fortnight ago. First the lioness made a meal of its two cubs, then an expressman's horse took fright at the elephants, a law suit ensuing; then the tent was blown to ribbons at Gore; and now a fourth loss is reported. One of the best jumping horses was observed to be walking lame after the concluding performance in Invercargill. The animal was, however, trucked next morning, but on arrival at Gore it was unable to shift. A veterinary examination revealed that a leg had been broken, and the animal spared the manager the pain of destroying it by succumbing before it was taken from the truck. This succession of misfortunes is certainly a poor welcome to the show in New Zealand.

Letters to hand by the late "Frisca" mail intimate that Miss Madeline Boyle, daughter of Mr. J. C. Williamson's New Zealand representative, has been doing some excellent work in London, and promises a successful career in the musical world (writes our New Zealand correspondent). Three and a-half years ago Miss Boyle went home to complete her education as a pianist, after being many years one of Herr Kretschmann's best pupils. In London she has been studying under Mr. Franklin Taylor and Ma-

thews, two of the world's greatest teachers. Miss Boyle has been remarkably well received at several concerts lately, including a recent one at Queen's Hall, on which occasion she was accorded four encores—a triumph for a young performer against a number of popular vocal artists.

When the Royal Comic Opera Company takes wing, it always supplies an instance of the large amounts which Mr. J. C. Williamson pays out, as a matter of course, for travelling expenses. Their trip to New Zealand upon which they started in Wellington last week (a company of ninety) will cost for the round trip from Melbourne to New Zealand through the colony and back to Sydney considerably over £2000 in fares alone, without reckoning in the expenditure on freight by steam and rail for scenery and baggage. It is safe to say that there is no other manager in the world who would spend such a large sum for the sake of sending a single company on a three months' tour of a country boasting less than a million inhabitants. The company were due to open in Wellington on Wednesday of this week in "The

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE.  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.  
FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY.  
First Production in New Zealand of  
WHAT WOULD A GENTLEMAN  
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Orchid," as the forerunner of a repertoire which includes such favourites as "The Country Girl," "The Cingalee," and "La Mascotte."

Miss Emily Soldene, whose matinee at the Palace, London, was most successful, has some interesting reminiscences of great singers. "Mme. Tietjen's corsets were dreadfully stiff, laced dreadfully tight, and audibly creaked. She never appeared without a lace pocket-handkerchief, princess or peasant it was all the same; alike in the agonies of Donna Anna, the grandeur of Fidelio, the dungeon of Marguerite, clinging to the Cross in "Robert le Diable," or frantically entreating her lover in "The Huguenots," she carried her costly monchoir, and her scuffle, under any stress of emotion or danger, was always perfect, not a hair disturbed. On the other hand, Mme. Grisi, so imitable and careful in her art, was careless to a fault as to her personal appearance, and never, even at a morning concert, had her bonnet quite straight."

Miss Ashwynne's recollections of Stephans in "The Sign of the Cross" are serio-comic. She learned how to give the screams of agony of the unfortunate young Christian martyr by stabbing her own arm with a strong needle—a cruel method, but effectual—in the privacy of a room at the top of the house. One night, in struggling with the jealous in the torture scene, her wig came off, and when she fell on the ground there was a space of a foot between Stephans's "proud young head" and his "rich dark locks." Many unknown admirers of Miss Ashwynne used to wait at the stage door when she was playing in "The Sign" to see how she looked after being tortured. On one occasion an old lady, who had been much impressed with the play, said how much she would like to go behind the scenes, to see "the machine that did the screaming." The young actress told her quietly that Miss Ashwynne was the only machine employed by the management.

Mr Julius Knight, now en route for Australia, via the United States, will spend a fortnight or so in New York, looking round and paying particular attention to the manner in which the American stage managers produce their plays. While there he will have an opportunity of seeing Kyle Bellew starring in "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," one of the four new plays Mr Knight brings with him to Australia. In two of the others—"Robin Hood" and "Raffles," Mr Knight has already seen Mr Lewis Waller and Mr Gerald du Maurier in the leading characters, so that he has been able to compare his prospective interpretations of the part with those of players already familiar with them, and such a comparison is always a valuable aid to an actor.

Thousands of his admirers throughout Australasia will be glad to know that Mr Adew Mack, the popular Irish-American singing comedian, who has already an enviable reputation out here, is returning in a few months to fill another engagement with Mr J. C. Wilkinson, with a new company and a repertoire of new pieces.

Mr W. S. Gilbert has been telling the "Daily Mail" a story of "The Mikado," that has a piquant flavour. "It was suggested to me," said Mr Gilbert, "that it would be a proper thing to introduce the Mikado's entrance with appropriate music. A friend at the Japanese Legation suggested, 'Why not the Japanese National Anthem, words and music?' A capital idea, I thought. 'You dictate the words to me,' I said, 'and I'll hum the air to Sullivan.' So it was done; and that air and those words have been sung and played somewhere almost nightly for many years in theatres and respectable drawing-rooms, and several church bazaars. But a year or two after the production of "The Mikado," a correspondent sent me a German newspaper containing an interview with a Japanese diplomatist on the recent production of "The Mikado" in Berlin. 'Yes,' said the diplomatist, 'there is much to admire in the accuracy of detail in gesture, costume, and scenery, but I am quite at a loss to understand why the author chose to introduce the sacred person of the Mikado

with the music and the words of the most absurd song ever sung in the most reckless tea-houses of Japan.' A practical joke on the part of my Legation friend."

Nothing, writes Mr. George Tallis, was lacking in the production of "Mother Goose" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, on Saturday (22nd December) to make the performance a notable success, and to stamp the pantomime as one of the very best that Mr. J. C. Williamson has ever put on. With excellent foundations, in the shape of a book that tells a connected story in a really humorous way, a superstructure has been built up that displays all the very best characteristics of its type—excellent specialities, artistic novelties, gorgeous dressing and mounting, a strong singing cast, dashing dances, much fine comedy work, and a generally finished stage management which reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. Gerard Coventry. Some of the novelties, notably the very effective Swing Song, in which the chorus swing out over the orchestra on long lines lit by multi-coloured electric lights, were cheered to the echo by a delighted house, while others, and especially the ludicrous imitations of a horse and donkeys by Messrs. Queen and Le Brun, evoked inextinguishable laughter, the first entrance of the assing pair when they are run down by a motor-car keeping the house in a roar of merriment for many minutes. Mr. Harry Plydora, in the name part, more than fully realised the high expectations formed of him as a comedian. Miss Florence Young's principal boy was an instant success, the enthusiasm for her impersonation growing steadily as the evening proceeded. Miss Olive Morrell was dainty and charming as the principal girl. Mr. Harry Shine was intensely funny in a part that suited him down to the ground, and Mr. Victor Loydall scored heavily as a typical Scotch comedian. The singing and dancing were strong attractions, the "Moon Dear" ballad of Miss Young making a specially big hit, while the scenery, the dressing and the mounting generally were on an exceptionally high level of excellence.

To all playgoers in towns to be visited by the Brough-Fleming Comedy Company on the present N.Z. tour (which commenced in Auckland on Boxing Night), this paper confidently recommends "Dr. Wake's Patient." It is a clean, fresh, wholesome comedy of the highest class. The management are indeed fortunate to have so excellent an opportunity of showing their abilities, and the public can be warmly congratulated on being afforded the chance of seeing so clever a specimen of the art of playwriting. The plot has been briefly epitomised in a previous issue, but no such synopsis of the story of the play can do justice to the excellence of the character drawing, which is always firm, mostly original, and in one or two notable instances really brilliant. Homely Farmer Wake is so exceedingly lovable, and has so many intensely human traits, that we easily overlook the fact that he is drawn somewhat on the fanciful side. It is a part which fits Mr. Fleming like the proverbial glove, and he does pretty well what he wishes with the emotions of the audience, now making them laugh, now producing tears, and in the two supremest moments of the play, thrilling them to that chill shiver of the spine which is only produced by perfection, whether it is in singing, acting, art, or the sublimity of nature.

Duff Winterton is also an exceedingly fine part, and it would be "absolutely" fine he would say—impossible to praise too highly the work of Mr. Grogan McMahon. His impersonation is—as he would put it—"absolutely" fine. Mrs. Brough, who was warmly welcomed, has a most excellent part, which she plays perfectly, and the only weaknesses of the cast are the Earl of St. Aubyn—really shockingly weak—and a tendency to buffoon an excellent little part of a pompous bishop.

"Mrs. Goring's Necklac" replaces "Dr. Wake" this (Wednesday) evening, and as it comes straight from Wyndham's, London, is an assured success.

At a dinner of the Old Playgoers, of which he was the guest of the evening, Mr. Hall (late) said: "I will venture to tell you of a few stories from my own experience of the theatre during the last twenty years, and leave you to draw

your own conclusions. Twenty years ago, when I was an almost unknown author, I produced my first play. The conditions under which it was produced were as unfavourable as can be imagined. In spite of this we had on the first night a triumphant success. I do not remember a play which was received with what seemed to be more genuine enthusiasm. The papers the next morning reviewed it with delirious rapture. I fondly imagined I had opened up a new career, my manager thought his foot was on the rung of fortune's ladder. The second night, in a house capable of holding £250, we opened to receipts amounting to £27, and after dragging on a miserable existence for eight weeks, we "shut down" to a loss of £3000. This illustrates the general unreliability of a first-night verdict. Sixteen years later I produced a play under the most favourable conditions of leading West-end management, and it brought me more money than I should care to reveal to the income tax-collector. All the first-night audience said my play was an utter and abject failure. The next morning the newspapers, without any exception, tore my play to rags. On the second night we opened to the record takings of the theatre, and for eighty nights we played to the utmost capacity of the house. I think that we have some reason to be downhearted, not only as to the verdict of some first-night audiences, but also on

the development of the clique on first nights in London, although within certain limits the clique may be necessary, if only as a set-off against the stolid indifference of the occupants of the stalls, or the boozing of the boys in the gallery. Two or three months ago I came to London to produce a new play, and, on my arrival I received a letter from a stranger who ran something like this: "Dear Sir,—Perhaps you remember that I was a super at such-and-such a theatre so many years ago, when you produced such and such a play. I am now out of a billet; but I know a lot of good men, and if you think you would like to make it worth my while, on the first night of your new play, I shall be glad to give you a hand." I handed that letter to the manager of the theatre at which my play was produced, and I have excellent reason to believe that it was my correspondent and not my play who got the benefit of the hand."

Under the spreading Christmas-tree  
The little children stand.  
But none is happy unless he  
Has a box of soldiers in each pocket, as  
many apples and oranges and nuts as  
he can slip underneath his waistcoat  
without being seen, a toy goat, a ditto  
monkey, a train, a magic-lantern—  
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# MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

## THE NEW CHUM.

I have just received some letters about a young English lad who has failed in his Army examinations, and whose parents feel that the best thing for him is to go to New Zealand. And what delightful letters they are: how they breathe the spirit of a refined English home. The father, a brave old soldier, writes a strong, sensible letter:—"I don't suppose you remember Percy; he was only a boy when you left. He has grown up to be a strong, manly lad, and I hope he will run straight. He has not got too much scholarship, though he is bright and intelligent; but they don't seem to care much now whether an officer is a sportsman and a gentleman, they seem only to want bookworms. It was very different in my day," and the brave old man runs on to express the opinion that the whole Service is going to the dogs. Times change, and we are too radical and too reformed now to care as much as we used to about the honour of the Service. The mother will write a long, chatty letter, saying she is sure the examination was not quite fair. Percy knew really a great deal more than some of the men who passed. But they all think he will do well in New Zealand; he is so bright and clever. Alas! my dear madam, brains developed under the English public school system and the sporting instincts fostered in an English country house do not count for as much in a new country as sheer grit and knowing how to take advantage of opportunities. And the sister Madge, who was always rather a tomboy, is sure her brother will have a ripping time, and she only wishes she was going with him. She tells you she knew Percy would never pass for the Army, as he hates books as much as she does, and she tells you all about the new curate and how different he is to the dear old rector, and asks you if you remember the old mulberry tree and the haymaking, and a lot of other things that make you think and think, and wonder if after all you are as happy here as you were at home.

And in due time the lad will come out. He will bring with him the usual new chum outfit of perfectly useless articles—a thermometer to take his temperature, a compass, a weird and wonderful knife, a perfectly useless box of tools, a medicine chest full of compressed drugs, silver-topped bottles and ivory brushes, and the inevitable india-rubber bath. His friends will have equipped him with all the gear necessary for exploring strange and savage climes. But your heart goes out to him; he is so jolly and light-hearted, so confident that he can do anything; "don't you know," so trustful of others and honourable in himself. Of course, he will take a farm, and, equally, of course, he will neglect all your good advice, and he will pay double for most things, and will be regarded as a heaven-sent blessing by all the people who have horses and cows and other domestic pets to dispose of. But it will do him no harm; he is learning, and all education worth having must be paid for, in spite of State schools and education bills, and, above all, he is learning to do things for himself. When you next meet him he will strike you as being more manly and independent, and a trifle shrewder than of yore. He will have a hard time at first, and the dinner will generally consist of fried steak and strong tea; but he will be happy and healthy, and his farm will begin to bring something in, and the settlers round will take to him, and in time he will marry a good sensible colonial girl and he will cease to be a new chum, and others will be writing to him in turn to look after their sons, who have failed for the Army and are going out to the colony.

It is lads like this who made New Zealand when pioneering meant more than a trip in an ocean liner and a settled country to come to. They were not afraid of putting their hand to anything; they cleared our forests, founded our towns, made our roads, and built up our great

houses of business. They fully deserved the success which attended their efforts. Let us hope their spirit is still alive amongst us, and that we may welcome many Percys to our shores; with their strange outfits, their very English expressions, and their singular innocence in matters agricultural, but with their real grit and high sense of honour, and that British pluck that overcomes all obstacles.

## ON WOMAN.

The sapient individual who remarked that women were of two kinds, plain and coloured, hardly went far enough. Some women are both. All our modern aids to beauty have not yet solved the problem of giving us eternal youth and loveliness. The micro man is alike impressed and bewildered by the eternal feminine and all that goes to make it. Enterprising firms occasionally post me, along with catalogues of seeds and saddlery, catalogues of essentially feminine gear. I hope they do not post these same documents to Sergeant Hendry or District Judge Kettle. We can never hope to analyse the secret of woman's charm, and yet how potent it is, and how many little things go to make it. Hair nets and crinkly pins, mysterious things called "pads," funny little curlers made of some springy stuff that shoots across the room if you rightly manipulate it between your finger and thumb. These things are greater puzzles to the male mind than the decisions given in our local police courts. Fashions change with bewildering rapidity. A woman's sleeves are sometimes puffed out at the shoulder, sometimes at the elbow, and sometimes at the wrist. A mau will stick to his "long sleeve," but a woman's sleeves will sometimes disappear altogether. Then they buy long gloves in a vain endeavour to solve the ever-tantalizing puzzle of how to make both ends meet. The most hideous fashion will be adopted so it be the fashion. I can remember the day of a certain "ornament" known as a dress improver, the chief object of the improvement seeming to be like the object of the Lords' improvement to the Education Bill—to provide something to be sat upon.

You can never argue with a woman, you will never try to if you are wise. I can remember going to an entertainment with a club friend, and paying double what we should have paid because the young lady at the ticket office explained that she had no change. I can remember she raised her muff to the level of her eyes, and looked most bewitchingly over the top while she explained that we surely didn't want her to do anything so purely commercial as hunt about for change for a sovereign. When we got inside my friend remarked: "It strikes me there were three muffs in that business."

A passion for analysis and definition is the bane of modern life. When we try to find out the reason for the charm of anything beautiful, the charm usually disappears under the process. We say women are credulous, but we welcome the credulity that takes the form of a belief in ourselves. And, thank Heaven, they don't reason; they only love. The mere man, rough, clumsy, unsmooth, untidy in the house, but with a blundering, stupid, big kindness, is still a hero to some dainty, loving woman. Her confident assurance that we are really much smarter than Smith, who has got the better of us in the last deal, that we are heaps and heaps better at public speaking than Brown, whose practised oratory is at once our envy and despair, soothes our wounded pride and helps us to believe in ourselves. When we have made our century we look to the pavilion for applause; when we have been bowled first ball, we go to the one woman in the world who we know will assure us that it was a horrid sneaking thing and not fair at all.

As I sit in the twilight and think on past mistakes and past successes, my thoughts go back long ago to one who

would have understood, to one who would have appreciated. For the sake of the one I would fain pay tribute to all. We live in a world dull and dreary enough, with much that is drab-coloured and commonplace. It is the dear, loving, unreasoning creatures, with their unexplained ygasias, their torturing anxieties over hats and dresses and icy things, but with their strong affections, their devotions and their beliefs, that make our life worth living, that give us courage and strength to face the world, and tenderness and love for our fellow men.

## NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.

### LARGE HOLIDAY ATTENDANCE.

### NEW YEAR ATTRACTIONS.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

### CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The attendance at the Exhibition during the five days which ended on Friday night, as recorded by the turnstiles, was 76,614, which is largely in excess of the total for any previous successive six days since the first week of the Exhibition's progress. To-day, again, there was a very large attendance, and the crowds of visitors to the city enjoyed the various entertainments and spectacles of interest which the great show affords.

The sports grounds were the scene of an athletic meeting, which was excellently organised by the Pioneer Amateur Bicycle and Athletic Club. There was a very good attendance, considering the strong counter-attractions of the cricket match, and some interesting contests were witnessed.

Great interest is taken by visitors in the splendid collection of pictures in the art gallery, and this part of the Exhibition is always largely patronised. The Hon. W. Kidston (Premier of Queensland) expressed surprise and gratification at the extent of the collection and the excellence of the works comprised. On his return to Queensland he will endeavour to induce the art societies there to make a selection of the pictures on view. Besides the British court, Mr. Kidston was very much impressed with the fine display that is being made by Canada.

A chamber music concert this afternoon and an orchestral and vocal concert this evening delighted satisfactory audiences.

Although the fire-walkers have now gone, the party of nearly 30 Fijians who came first to the Exhibition still remain, and their entertainments in the form of native songs and dances are always much appreciated. The Fijians have made numerous friends in Christchurch, whom they entertain on "off" occasions with songs and "kava" drinking in the quaint Fijian house which they have built for themselves on the grounds. The Nine Islanders are also a most interesting people, who show much dexterity in making hats and model canoes.

"Wonderland" has found its projected floral feté too large an affair to organise within a week of the last carnival, and a postponement has been made till Thursday, January 10.

There will be no lack of amusements at the Exhibition during the next few weeks. The New Year will be welcomed in by a display of Pain's famous fireworks, starting at half-past ten p.m. on Monday. From a position near the Maori pa special displays will be given by Messrs. Pain and Sons during their Exhibition season, and some highly elaborate and dazzling effects are promised.

At the Scottish Society's "gathering of the clans" on January 1 and 2 nearly 200 competitors will take part in Highland games and dances, pipe music, solos on the great Highland warpipe, and other distinctive competitions.

The great dog show on January 3 and 4 is certain to attract a large attendance.

The approaching land contest is also being looked forward to with great interest. Lieutenant Bentley, of Sydney, has been appointed judge of the quick-step marching and selection competitions, and the North Island Brass Band Association has been asked to appoint two other judges for the solo contest.

The Beases of the Barn Band, who arrive on January 10 for their fortnight's season, attained a unique record in the

history of bands in 1892, when their victory in the Bellevue contest made them the holders of every challenge cup in Great Britain. Between the years 1884 and 1892 the band competed in 105 contests, with the following results: First prizes 74, second prizes 13, third nine, fourth four, fifth two, sixth one, and two. In addition they won 44 special prizes offered in "own selection" competitions. The band carried off prizes to the value of £1504, and in the test piece competitions prizes to the amount of £1400. Out of 54 successive competitions they took 46 first prizes and 25 specials against all the leading bands of the United Kingdom.

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18th December, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the sale of the undermentioned lots will take place at this office on Friday, 23rd January, 1907, at 11 a.m. Town of Hawke—Lot 249, 25 perches, upset price £45 9s; Lot 248, 29 perches, upset price £104 10s; Section 2, Block XII, 206 acres, £103; seven acres from Towal. Plans can be seen at all post offices. Copies can be obtained on application here.

JAMES MACKERRIE,  
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

## "THE THAMES DEEP LEVELS ENACTING ACT, 1906," AND THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY EXTENDED SPECIAL CLAIM.

By Instructions of the Warden of the Thames Mining District, acting under the authority of the above-mentioned Act, Messrs. Head, Gillespie, and Co., will sell by Public Auction, at the Warden's Court, Thames, on THURSDAY, the 10th day of January, 1907, at the hour of noon, the improvements existing in the parcel of Land described in the Schedule to the said Act, and known as the Queen of Beauty Extended Special Claim, excepting nevertheless the area, one acre two rods and five perches, or thereabouts, as mentioned in the said and the particulars, terms, and conditions of sale as deposited, and may be inspected at the Warden's Office, and at the Office of the Auctioneers.

R. S. BUSH,  
Warden,  
Warden's Office, Thames,  
10th December, 1906.

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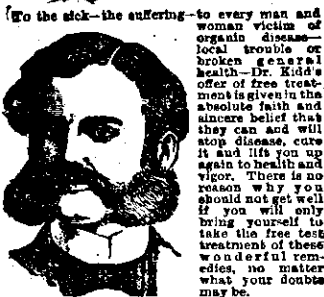
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**10 YEARS GUARANTEE**



**Children's Page**

**COUSINS' BADGES.**

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

**COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.**

Owing to the Christmas and New Year holidays, all letters to Cousin Kate will be held over till next week.

**The Four Kings of Candyland.**

By C. H. Bennett.

Once upon a time the Bluebell Fairy was offended, and sad results ensued. The King and Queen of Candyland sent the Lord High Chancellor down to the Bluebell wood the day after their first-born came into the world to ask the Fairy if she would be so kind as to bestow as much courage on the heir-apparent as she could conveniently spare; but, having just packed up a fairy gift for the little fellow that would have suited him a hundred times better, she flew out of her Bluebell in a great passion at the Chancellor, and told him to get out of her wood at once, for he was so ugly and stupid she could not bear the sight of him. "And tell the King," said she, "that the Prince shall grow up bold, enough, if only he is christened by the name of Longnose."

So Longnose the Prince was called, and bold enough he was growing, when a second Prince was born, whom both King and Queen wished to be a courtier. Down went the Chancellor to be wood, just as the Bluebell Fairy had cut out a large piece of Honesty that would have fitted the baby Prince all the days of his life. Still she promised that if they would christen the child by the odd name of Greathead, he should certainly grow up a very smooth-spoken sort of Prince. Well, after a few years, came a third Prince; and this time they all went down to the Bluebell wood in great state—King, Queen, Lord Chancellor, and Court—to ask for the Poet's gift but, having just corked up a bottle of Industry for the baby, she was so offended this time that, after crying out, "Call him Longears, and be off!" she flew back to her Bluebell, drew its leaves round her, and never allowed any Candylanders to see or spake with her any more.

So, when a fourth Prince came they could not find the Fairy; and, after waiting a year and a day for her, as this youngest son promised to be neither bold, polite, nor poetic, they called him Slow, and by that name he was known for ever so long after. Perhaps it was well for them that the Fairy had gone away, for they found, in course of time, that their Brave prince had a Nose two yards long, and their Courteous prince's Hands were as long as his arm, and that their Poet prince had a huge pair of Ears, as rough and as hairy as a donkey's.

These were the sad results that ensued from offending the Fairy, and sad

enough the Candylanders thought them, when, from very grief, the old King and Queen fell ill and died, leaving the kingdom between their three sons, and only reserving a sterile, rocky, little north end bit for Slow, hardly enough excuse for his wearing a crown, let alone paying for it.

But that brings us to the Sandylanders and their Giant. In Sandyland nothing would grow but weeds, and not many of them; so the Sandylanders, who were so rich, fat and sellish, when the Giant helped them, became poor, thin, and sorry after he had gone away. He would not have deserted them if they had treated him well; and after bringing them such heaps of gold, silver, and precious stones from the great mountain over which rises the Sun, he thought to rest himself a little, while they greedily sought for more. They made him work for them night and day; and, although he was as good tempered a Giant as you would ever wish to find, he ran away from them into a cave up the mountain where no one cared to go, and there, gathering to him for playmates a thousand leopards, left the silly Sandylanders to their own devices.

If their King was not so thin as they were, he was quite as miserable, for his subjects, all abused him for allowing them to be so selfish and wicked to the Giant; and, although they did not cry out against his only daughter, Daisy, the Princess, they insisted upon offering her as a prize to the first bold man who should bring the Giant back. They might as well have done a little work for themselves, only that did not occur to them; for now the Giant was gone away, the only question was, "who will fetch him back?" There he sits in his dark cave glaring at all intruders.

The Bandylanders will not, I am sure, for there are only two inhabitants of that country; and I think you will agree with me that they could not do much against any giant; nor the Handylanders, for they are such a race of cowards as to run away from each other; so, of course, they ran away from the Giant. As to the Four Kings of Candyland, with Princess Daisy for a prize, we shall see. There is the old Sandyland King at the door of his palace pointing to them as they come in procession, while the Princess implores him to deliver her from the attentions of such an ugly set of Kings; but as her father invites them in to dinner, Princess Daisy is rather to be pitied, I think. Shall Longnose conquer? The Princess hopes not; he, bold King, felt certain that he should; the more when, at the mouth of the Giant's cave, he killed every one of the thousand leopards without getting a scratch; but when the Giant peeped out to see who had been killing his pets, he was so put out at the absurd length of the famous nose, that he caught hold of it very rudely and swung King Longnose back to Candyland.

Will Greathead persuade? he could persuade almost anybody, still he had a difficulty with the Giant, who might, and, indeed, would, have gone back with the King if he had not caught sight of his monstrous hands; but they so offended him that he just struck Greathead a blow with his fist and off he flew to join his brother.

Will Bigears charm this Giant? He sang a sweet song to him, and pleased

him very much; yet when the donkey's ears came in view his pleasures were brought so suddenly to an end that he could think of nothing better to do than, taking up the Poet King by these ears and leaning far over the mountain, to drop him in Candyland too. So all had failed but Slow, and he went up the mountain at last, without weapons, or compliments, or beautiful songs; but the Giant, looking at him, and seeing a man who could be brave without wearing such great hands, and who, although he sang no sweet ballads, at all events had not donkey's ears, took a notion into his head that this was a King to be believed in. So as soon as Slow had promised that he should never be ill-treated again, he called out:

"Your name shall be Speedwell; you shall be my King, and I will carry you down on my shoulder."

So it was only Slow, when he became Speedwell, who brought the Giant back. The King of Sandyland, feeling that he could not manage the Giant, gave up the kingdom to Speedwell, on the day of his marriage with Princess Daisy; and as for the elder brothers, they were so ashamed of their defeat that, as soon as they heard how the Handylanders had implored Speedwell to govern them, as they could not govern themselves, Longnose, Greathead, and Bigears gave up Candyland to their young brother without a word, and, moreover, went over to Sandyland to dance at Speedwell's wedding. So that Speedwell the King and Daisy the Queen ruled Sandyland, Handyland, and afterwards Candyland, for many a long year after.

**The Fairy Ship.**

(A Fairy Tale.)

In the olden times, long ago, there lived a fisherman and his son Jack. They dwelt on the seashore, in a little black hut, and lived on the fishes that they caught in the sea.

Now the fisherman was very cruel to poor Jack. He used to use unkind words to him, beat him, and starve him. Every day poor Jack had to sail out in a little boat, long before it was light, and fish in the seas.

With him he took a large basket, and if he didn't fill this with fish his father beat him and sent him supperless to bed.

One day when he was out in his boat busy pulling in his nets, a little voice behind him cried:

"Cheer up, Jack. If you are brave for time will soon come to you."

He turned round quickly, and saw a pretty little mermaid floating on the waters a few feet away from him.

"Dear Maiden," said Jack, "is very kind of you to cheer me up," and then joyfully: "Are you one of those sea-fairies that my poor dead mother used to tell me about?"

The mermaid laughed merrily.

"Yes, Jack," she said, "I am a sea-fairy. Some day I will show you my palace. But you must be patient and brave."

With these words she disappeared, and all Jack saw in the place where she had been were a few ripples upon the water which flashed in the rays of the setting sun.

So glad was Jack at the fairy's words

that he forgot all about the fish, and when the time came for him to return home, his basket was but half full. Quickly he rowed towards the shore through the falling darkness. When he arrived at his father's hut he entered with a trembling heart.

When his father saw the empty basket he caught Jack by the collar and beat him with a thick stick.

Then supperless and sore in every limb he was sent off to bed.

There in the darkness of his little room, lying upon a straw bed, he longed for what he never got—happiness and cheering words, and the sound of a kind father's or loving mother's gentle voice.

The moon came in through the little window and shone upon this weeping little figure. The stars glimmered out as the dawn came up, and found poor Jack still lying, miserable and weary, upon his straw couch in the corner.

When the sun was but a red blaze upon the horizon Jack rose from the sea, and leaving the hut sailed out to sea in his little boat.

Soon he came to the fishing ground, and anchored his boat. He threw out his nets, waited, and pulled them up, but he caught no fish. Again and again he threw the nets, but with no better luck than before.

The day passed, the sun set, the darkness came down, and poor Jack had not even covered the bottom of his basket.

"Father will kill me," he moaned aloud, and started to draw his nets in for the last time.

Suddenly he paused.

Away on the horizon he heard a faint rumble, as though a storm of wind was blowing there. The rumble grew louder and louder, and the sea which was so calm before began to swish against the side of Jack's boat.

A great darkness fell over the sea as the rumbling approached.

"I must hurry home," thought Jack, and with that he quickly pulled up his nets and started to row towards the shore. But hardly had he gone a few yards when a strong current caught the boat and whirled it onwards through the darkness. Jack was powerless to resist, and all he could do was to cling to the seat and peer into the darkness before him. Every moment he expected to see rocks ahead and to be dashed against them. But they never came, and all he saw was blackness on every hand.

Suddenly right away in the darkness he saw a little white light, which twinkled like a star. His boat was rushing towards it, and as it came nearer, the light grew bigger and bigger.

"What can it be?" wondered Jack, and even while he was wondering the opening to a great cave rose up before him, and his boat carried by the waters rushed into it.

Through great crystal corridors he was carried. Through rooms of gold and silver. Through great halls of coral, all of which were lit up with myriads and myriads of tiny red lamps.

The farther his boat went the slower it travelled, until presently it stopped altogether.

Jack found himself in a great big hall with crystal pillars, and a bright red coral floor. The ceiling was of solid gold, and from it hung down little tiny lamps, made of real red pearls, which are only seen in magic land. Jack got out of his boat, and looked around him. Presently his eyes travelled to the other end of the hall, and there he saw something that startled him.

Seated upon a little stool before a blazing fire was a tiny little goblin. He was dressed from head to foot in shining gold. In his hand he held a red-hot poker. This he kept thrusting into the fire. Every time he pulled it out he gazed at it intently, blew on it, and exclaimed, "It is not hot enough yet."

Wondering, Jack approached the little goblin.

"Sir," he said when he came near, "I am nearly dead with hunger. Can you give me anything to eat?"

The goblin turned quickly round, and Jack saw the ugliest little man in all the world. He had an owl's face with two wicked twinkling eyes.

"Certainly," said the goblin with a bow, "just follow me."

Along corridors and through vast rooms Jack was led, until he came to a little iron door.

The goblin opened this.

"Step in," he said, "and I will turn the lights on."

Jack did as he was told, and found himself in darkness. As he stood waiting for the goblin to follow he heard a bang behind him, and turning quickly

round discovered that the door was shut, and that he was a prisoner.

From the other side of the door came a wicked chuckle and the goblin's voice crying:

"Ha, ha, ha! You foolish little boy. You foolish little boy. In a few hours when that poker is hot enough I will touch you with it and you will be turned into a piece of seaweed."

And with that he went away and all was silence.

Jack discovered by feeling with his hands that he was in a little iron cell. In a corner he found a stool, and sitting down on this he tried to think what he should do.

While he sat there in the darkness he heard a voice, the sweet soft voice of a girl, raised in song. So pure, so gentle, so melodious were the notes that he was soon lost in rhapsodies of joy, and could do nothing but sit and listen.

These were the words that the singer sang:

I am lost to the world in this dark, dark cell,  
When I was cast by a goblin's spell;  
And I long for the sun, blue, the birds, and  
And I long for the sun, blue, the birds, and  
The flowers,  
The kiss of the dew, and the sweet gentle  
showers;  
The touch of my father's dear lips to my  
own,  
As I sit in this darkness weeping alone.  
But here I a prisoner for ever must be,  
Alone with my tears and deep misery.

Slowly the sweet voice faded away until there was silence again.

For a time Jack sat lost in thought, and then suddenly jumping up, he determined to escape and rescue the owner of that lovely voice.

Now Jack's common-sense told him that as he had heard the words of the song so distinctly there must be some opening to his cell.

"For," argued he, "in a closed iron cell one would hear scarcely anything."

Going round the room Jack felt carefully with his hands, but he could find no opening. For half-an-hour he continued at this task, and then giving it up as hopeless, he sat on his stool again, and would have given way to despair if an idea had not come to him.

"How silly of me," he cried, jumping up. "How silly of me not to think of it before."

Taking the stool he placed it against the wall, and standing upon this passed his hand over the iron above his head.

Presently he gave a little cry of joy, for his hand suddenly discovered an opening in the wall. By feeling carefully he ascertained that it was a fairly large hole, and that it would probably be large enough for him to scramble through.

In a moment Jack had pulled himself up, and squeezed his shoulders through the hole. Then drawing his rest of his body through he jumped upwards, and found himself standing upon a little bed of straw.

For a few moments he could see nothing but blackness all around him, and then suddenly, as his eyes got used to the dark, he made out the graceful figure of a girl kneeling upon a bed of straw.

Never in all his life, in all his dreams, had Jack seen or pictured so beautiful a child.

Her sweet face, white with suffering, was upturned towards a dimly-lit window; her golden hair, soft as the sunlight was scattered in profusion about her; her pretty little hands were held

up in prayer, and great iron chains were fixed to her pretty wrists.

"So this is the singer," thought Jack.

In a moment he lowered her, and swore to rescue her if he lost his life in so doing.

Going forward he spoke to her as gently as he could.

"Dear maiden," he said, "I have come to save you."

The girl jumped up with a little cry of fright.

"Who are you?" she asked with a trembling voice.

"I am a fisher boy," said Jack. "I was shut up like you in one of the sea-goblin's cells. But I have escaped, and I mean to help you to do the same."

A light of joy came into the maiden's face, and taking one of Jack's hands she kissed it passionately.

"Dear, brave boy," she said, "oh! how I hope you may find a way of escape. I have been in this dreary darkness place for a long, long time. More than two years ago I, Princess Mildred, was stolen away from my father's palace by the sea-goblins, and brought to this dreadful place."

Hardly had she finished speaking when far away in some distant hall of the palace they heard a great roar of voices, crying out in anger. Jack knew in a moment that the sea-goblins had discovered his escape.

"Princess Mildred," he said, "we must get away from here. Come, follow me."

Then, followed by the Princess, he rushed down the dimly-lit corridor as quickly as he could. At the end he stopped, for he heard a funny voice crying:

"Don't leave me here, good people, pray."

Going to the cell, Jack opened the door. Out staggered the funniest-looking mortal alive. A little tiny man, dressed in armour much too large for him, and carrying a sword as big as himself. The armour was put on the wrong way, and caused him to look a very funny spectacle.

"I am a pirate knight," he said, with a sigh. "But how I do wish I had never left my turnip fields, for I shall never learn how to fight."

"Give me that sword," said Jack. "It will be of more use to me than to you. Come along. Hurry up."

Off he started again, and Princess Mildred and the funny little knight followed quickly after him.

Presently they came to a coral cave, and Jack stopped running, for he knew it to be the hall where he had been brought by the current in the sea. At the further end sat the ugly little sea-goblin with the red-hot poker in his hand. Bidding the princess and the pirate knight stop where they were, Jack moved carefully and slowly towards the mannikin. In his hand he held the little knight's sword.

Suddenly the goblin turned round and saw Jack approaching. Giving vent to a weird shriek, he jumped up and rushed towards him.

The fisher boy stepped back and raised his sword. The little goblin, furious with anger, struck at him with the poker. There was a flash of blue light as it travelled through the air, and a quick leap from Jack as he got out of its way, then with a shower of sparks it smashed to pieces upon the golden pavement.

Raising his sword, Jack struck the ugly sea-goblin to the ground.

Immediately there was heard a great rumbling of thunder, and all the lights of the palace went out, and Jack and his companions were left in utter darkness.

As they stood wondering what would happen they heard the sound of sweet music approaching in the distance, and then a great golden ship lit up with silver lights came out of the darkness and floated towards them down the same stream that had brought Jack to the cave.

On came the golden ship until it was opposite Jack, and then it stopped, and the beautiful music stopped too.

Then a little voice cried: "Come aboard, brave Jack. Come aboard Princess Mildred and Pirate Knight."

A small golden ladder came down from the ship's side, but Jack could see no one lowering it, nor could he see the person who had called to him.

Quickly he ran to the place where he had left his companions. Taking Princess Mildred by the hand he led her towards the ship, bidding the knight follow them. They came to the ship's side and mounted the little golden ladder, until they stood upon the deck. There a beautiful sight stretched before them. In the centre of the ship, a few feet below them, lay the most beautiful garden that was ever seen.

A mass of sweetly coloured flowers, great and small, grew there, flowers every colour of the rainbow, and green shrubs and grassy banks lay dotted here and there. Before them stretched a path of bright red roses, which made the air fragrant with their scent.

While they stood looking in wonder about them, a little fairy with golden wings suddenly appeared.

"Brave Jack," she cried, "do you remember a little mermaid that once appeared to you?"

"Remember her," cried Jack, "why, I have never missed a day without thinking of her."

"That mermaid," said the fairy, "is our ruler, the Queen of the Sea-Fairies, and she has sent me to bring you to her."

So saying she led them down the path of roses until they came to a fairy bower. Here hundreds and thousands of fairies skipped and played. Some were dressed in gold, some in silver, some in purple, some in red, and some in pure white. Round and round they went, skipping and jumping, and throwing roses in the air. But when they saw Jack they all stopped and cried joyously:

"Here's the brave boy that saved us."

Then they cheered heartily, and threw showers of roses over Jack and his comrades.

When the shouting had died down a little voice cried:

"Brave Jack, I am glad that you are come."

The fisher boy turned round at the sound, and saw seated upon a bank of flowers the pretty little mermaid who had appeared to him while he had been fishing from his boat.

"Dear boy," she continued, "we fairies are very grateful to you. You have saved us from the wicked sea-goblin, who, if you had not come, would have killed everyone of us. And we all thank you very much, and wish to reward you. Therefore we have given you the power to obtain everything you wish for a whole year. Now go with little Golden

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Wings, and she will take you to the land again."

"So saying she reclined back upon her couch of flowers, and bade the fairies continue in their play.

Jack thanked the fairy queen, and kissed the little hand that she held out to him.

Then he and his companions followed little Golden Wings, who led them along many paths until they came to the deck of the fairy ship.

The golden ship lay rocking in a gentle swell of the sea very near to the beach. The sun was shining, and its rays glistened on the silver walls of a palace, which stood on the land near by.

"It's my father's palace," cried Princess Mildred.

"Yes," said little Golden Wings, "and now you must go ashore."

So saying the little fairy motioned them to get into a boat that lay by the side of the ship.

They thanked Golden Wings, and got into the boat, which moved quickly to the shore. When it touched the sands they got out, and like a flash the golden ship was gone. They watched the place where it had disappeared sadly for a time, and then they set out for the palace.

When they arrived there they found everyone sorrowful and cast down with grief, for they thought that the dear princess was dead, and the king was sitting with his head resting on his hands, thinking of the daughter whom he loved.

How joyful, how glad he was when he saw the Princess again. How thankful to Jack when he heard that he had saved her. From that moment there were great rejoicings in the land, and Jack married Princess Mildred, and was promised that he should rule over the land when the king was dead.

And then in the happiness and sunshine of sweet love Jack and Princess Mildred lived happily ever after.—Max Pemberton, Jr., in "Little Folks."

**PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.**

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 18.

Miss A. W. Whitelaw, M.A., the new headmistress of the Auckland Girls' High School, leaves for New Zealand by the "Gothic," joining the vessel at Plymouth to-morrow. She had a great send-off from Wycombe Abbey School, on the staff of which she has been for the past eight years as chief mathematical mistress and house tutor. The headmistress, in her address on Speech Day at Wycombe Abbey, referred to Miss Whitelaw's departure in the following terms: "Sorry as we shall be to lose Miss Whitelaw from this country, we cannot but congratulate her on finding work among her own friends and her own people. I am quite sure it will not be long before we shall hear from the other side of the world how much Miss Whitelaw is appreciated in Auckland." The new headmistress has been the recipient of a great many presents on the occasion of her departure from this country.

Mr. Hubert R. Morton, of Auckland, who has been in British Columbia for the past eighteen months, has arrived in London. Mr. Morton is on a holiday trip, and the length of his stay in the Old Country is at present uncertain. He goes to Switzerland next month.

Mr. F. Stuckey, of Auckland, has spent the past two years on this side of the world. He has travelled a good deal about the United Kingdom and on the Continent, and for the last few months has been teaching at Durham. Mr. Stuckey intends returning to New Zealand by the "Mongolia," but before joining that vessel at Marseilles, on December 14th, he will first make a short trip to the chief town of Italy.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office:—Mr. S. M. Ponlitt (Stratford), Miss Katherine Boyce (Welling-ton), Mr. William Andrews (Christ-church), Mr. James McLean Muir (Dunedin), Mr. W. H. West (Napier), Mr. Chas. Nordell (Wairarapa), Mr. Alex. D. Pirie, Mr. Jas. Kennedy Stuart Dunedin, Captain Garzia (Christchurch), Mr. W. Vernon Shone (Christchurch).

A number of New Zealanders were present at the first of the Royal Colonial Institute's winter meetings on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Richard Jebb, who recently returned from a colonial tour, read a paper on "Imperial Organisation." Amongst them were Sir Montague Nelson, Sir Arthur Douglas, Mr. Douglas McLean, Mr. J. E. Daveport, Mr. W. J. Napier, Mr. F. and Mrs. F. A. Anson, Mr. Gilbert Anderson, Mr. Acton Adams, Mrs. H. Acton-Adams, Mrs. Sydney Johnston, Mr. P. T. J. Paritt and Mr. W. Weddell.

The Shaw-Savill steamer Gothic, which has been completely overhauled and renovated since the recent fire in her interior, left London to-day for New Zealand, via South Africa and Hobart. She takes the following passengers for New Zealand ports:—Mrs. C. E. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss H. Anderson, Mr. W. Anderson (Auckland), Mr. E. Andrews, Mr. W. Andrews, Mr. W. Andrews, Mrs. Andrews, Miss A. Andrews (Lyttelton), Miss L. Barker (Auckland), Mr. S. W. Buck, Miss Buck (Auckland), Mr. H. H. Cheriton (Lyttelton), Mr. H. M. Dalton (Auckland), Mr. H. Davies (Auckland), Mr. A. H. Dolden (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. H. Edwards (Oamaru), Mr. G. L. A. Field (Hobart), Mr. F. P. Garnett (Auckland), Miss Gerse (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gresham and two sons (Oamaru), Dr. T. C. and Mrs. Guthrie, Miss Guthrie (Lyttelton), Mr. M. Hutton, Miss K. Hollins (New Plymouth), Sergeant Major and Mrs. Jones (Wellington), Miss A. Kerr (Lyttelton), Mr. A. Kitch (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lambert and son (Auckland), Mr. C. Lindsay, Mr. R. Lindsay (Bluff), Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Linn (Auckland), Mrs. Lunford and son (Wanganui), Miss M. M. Mason (Wellington), Miss N. Metcalf (Auckland), Rev. C. A. Mount (Nelson), Mr. F. E. Pearce (Hobart), Mr.



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Simple Susan, one fine day,  
Resolved that she would make  
A rich and plump, outside "gummy,"  
Inside fruity cake.

She mixed her cake, and popped it in  
The oven, warm as toast:  
She baked it for five minutes, at  
The very, very most!

And then she took it out but it  
To heat had scarce begun.  
And even Sue, the Simple, knew  
That 'twasn't nearly done.

Again into the oven's jaws  
She pushed it to get hot:  
And now she baked it for five hours,  
For she her cake forgot!

"It must be done!" she thought at last,  
And opened wide the door:  
It made her weep — a slender-weep  
Was there and nothing more!

**THE GUINEA POEM!**

A CHEQUE FOR £1 Is. has been sent to the writer of this verse — Miss E.K., Auckland.

Old Father Time he bends our backs,  
And whitens all our hair;  
But SAPON whitens all our clothes,  
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The Hon. W. P. Reeves, who is President of the New Zealand Association in London, had a very fair audience to listen to his lantern illustrated chat on New Zealand with which he opened the Association's first session of winter reunions at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The majority of them, of course, were New Zealanders, but a few members had brought friends with them to see the wonders of the Long White Cloud as depicted by aid of lantern slides, of which the High Commissioner had provided himself with an extremely good set, depicting almost every phase of life and scenery in the colony. Mr. Reeves prefaced the exhibition of the pictures with a brief introductory address, in which he gave, for the benefit of the strangers present, a very good idea of the general geographical features of the colony, and then, to a running fire of comment, which evoked much laughter, the pictures were shown.

Among those present were Sir Arthur Douglas, Mr. C. W. Balliser, Dr. Parkinson, Mr. J. G. Ross, Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. G. Spooner, Mr. Dan Reese, Mr. F. H. Niding, Mr. F. C. Whitham, Mr. Chas. Hale, Mr. J. Annand jun., Mr. P. Hyams, Mr. A. D. Henderson, Mr. G. H. Goddall, Mr. A. S. Cook, Mr. E. Coleman, Mr. W. Cowern, Mr. Stewart Bridge, Mr. F. A. Anson, Mr. J. J. Rogk, Mr. R. H. Hooper and Mr. B. Spiller.

**Training for Athletic Sports.**

Continued from Supplement (page 4).

medical man, and should mention any illness that has compelled him to keep his bed, for however short a time. He should also mention any accidental injury he may have received, especially any fracture or dislocation of any bone, or any severe sprain of a joint. He should state whether cuts or bruises of the skin heal up rapidly, or have a tendency to fester.

Apart from any other symptom I should hesitate about advising any man, either very considerably above or below the mean weight of his height to engage in an athletic contest. It is generally known that by measurements taken of many thousands of healthy recruits for the army, the average weight of a man is known pretty accurately, and any considerable deviation from these weights may be looked on as suspicious, and showing some constitutional or organic defect.

The following table explains itself. It may prove useful for some of my readers. It will be easy to make the calculations required:—

Average weight for height, with exact measurement of a man, dressed, aged 20. The weight tends in middle life to increase with age, so that about three-quarters of a pound should be deducted for each adult year under the age of 30, and added for each year above that age.

Height.	Weight.	Chest Circumference.	Height.	Weight.	Chest Circumference.
5 ft. 0 in.	8 0	34	5 ft. 7 in.	10 8	38
5 ft. 1 in.	8 4	34	5 ft. 8 in.	11 1	38 1/2
5 ft. 2 in.	8 8	35	5 ft. 9 in.	11 5	39
5 ft. 3 in.	9 2	35	5 ft. 10 in.	12 1	39 1/2
5 ft. 4 in.	9 6	36	5 ft. 11 in.	12 6	40
5 ft. 5 in.	10 0	37	6 ft. 0 in.	13 0	41
5 ft. 6 in.	10 4	37 1/2	6 ft. 1 in.	13 6	41 1/2

The average weight of the clothing is 1/4 lb. of the male body.

Now, with regard to chest expansion. In the above table the chest is supposed to be measured by a tape passed round the body at the level of the nipples. No one can do this for himself, as it is impossible for him to see whether the tape is at the same level all round the body. Unless this is accurately

adjusted the measurements will be useless.

It is a curious fact that only a few people know how to inflate their lungs to the full extent. The great majority, when asked to "draw a full breath," give something between a gasp and a sigh, and do not expand the chest at all. This is particularly noticeable in candidates for life assurance, who are usually in such a state of nervousness that they do not know what they are doing. Others give a sudden and rapid inspiration which jerks the tape out of the doctor's hands. Some are so excessively nervous that no reasonable delay will put them into a proper condition, and it is necessary to have a second interview. I need hardly say that these exhibitions of super-sensitiveness show that the man is quite unfitted for taking part in any athletic competition. Where athletic competitions are taken as seriously as they are in these colonies, it is necessary for the doctor to treat the case as seriously. He must not give any opinion, or any hint of his opinion, until he has made a complete examination, unless he discovers something at once (such as heart disease) which admits of no doubt. He should, before commencing the examination, and as soon as he knows what will be required of him, tell the patient (if a stranger) that the examination will be a lengthy one, and that he cannot on any account omit any essential part of it. If he does not do this a perfectly healthy young man, who has never, as he expresses it, "been under the doctor's hands before," is apt to get very much alarmed, and think there is something seriously the matter. I have known a healthy man's pulse run down to 40, and another run up to 120 from sheer funk. It is a perpetual source of puzzle to me, what these folk think we can or will do to them. Let us suppose that the examination results in a favourable verdict, and that the athlete is passed as all sound. Then should come the advice as to the training, its character, and the length of time it should go on before the contest. With these points I propose to deal in my next paper. But suppose that the doctor detects some weak point, of which, perhaps, the candidate has no suspicion, he will have to tell him that he cannot advise him to go in for the competition. Personally, I should say no more than I could help, unless I could fully explain the case. If, however, the candidate insists on having the whole truth, of course he is entitled to have it. Sometimes a man is fool enough to come, and ask for a candid opinion, and then get very angry when it is given, and resent it as a personal affront. It is of no use arguing with people of this stamp. The majority are rather inclined to exaggerate the importance of the doctor's opinion.

Arthur-street,  
Onehunga, December 17th, 1906.



What is meant by the specialising of stamps may be gathered from the fact stated by E.W.S.M. that the 1 black of Great Britain of 1840 was printed from 11 plates, which means 11 varieties of each combination of corner lettering, making 2,640 in all. One specialist has already secured 2,300 of these stamps.

The half-anna green stamp of India, King Edward type, is reported as having been seen inscribed "India Postage and Revenue," instead of "India Postage."

The one shilling stamp of Trinidad is reported lilac and blue on yellow, instead of black and blue.

"The History of Railway Stamp Collecting" (H. L. Ewen), in its preface, gives the following interesting details:—"As nearly as can be ascertained, the total number of railway letter stamps printed down to August, 1906, was

2,992,826. This gives an average of 18,100 monthly, or 193,000 annually, but the actual quantities used would be a little less, as these figures make no allowance for the stock on hand at the 7,000 stations where they are sold, and at the head offices of the companies; it is probable that at least 400,000 are held in this way. Making allowance for these, the annual consumption works out at 161,000, and probably there has been very little variation from this average figure. Even in 1898, when these stamps were at the height of their popularity with stamp collectors, it is doubtful whether more than 10,000 additional were sold."

After all that has been written from time to time regarding the Bordeaux issue of France, it seems late in the day for a fresh discovery to be reported. "L'Echo de la T." however, publishes an interesting description of a novelty discovered by M. Paul Hermand. It is an impression of the 10 c. in the exact colour of the 30 c. The copy is used, but in excellent condition, and the colour is stated to be too uniform to be the result of chemical action upon an ordinary copy.

The new series of stamps issued in Haiti, and dated 1906, are of interesting design. The 2 c. bears the portrait of President Nord-Alexis; others have pretty views on them. The issue is as follows:—1 c., yellow-green; 2 c., vermilion; 3 c., brown; 4 c., carmine; 5 c., deep blue; 7 c., slate-grey; 8 c., deep rose; 10 c., orange; 15 c., olive-green; 20 c., grey-blue; 50 c., orange-red; and 1 piastre, claret. The values are expressed in centimes de piastre, and are, therefore, presumably, for foreign use, the piastre most probably being equivalent to the silver dollar. There is also a series of five stamps for inland use, on which the values are expressed: "C de gourde." They are: 1 blue, 2 yellow, 3 grey, and 7 green.

A forgery is reported of the current 5c. stamp of Uruguay. The fraud was, however, quickly discovered at the Post Office owing to the different spacing in the sheet.

The Roman States, when they first issued stamps in 1852, included a large portion of central Italy; but the wars of 1859-60 caused the loss of three-fourth of its area, including Romagna, the States being then reduced to Rome,

Civita Vecchia, and the districts round these places. The stamps of the States were suppressed in October, 1870, and replaced by those of Italy.

If any collector in Auckland has a Tuncan stamp bearing the word "Feldpost" as a postmark, the following explanation from Stanley Gibbons' "Journal" will be of interest:—"In order to maintain the Grand Duke on the throne, Austrian troops entered Tuscany in 1849, and remained until May 5, 1855. While there they established a military post at Florence, and for a time used the postmark 'Feldpost,' with a number and the date."

The Pan-American Congress stamps issued in Brazil are oblong in shape and of singular design. Three ladies are shown, with outstretched hands, while at the left corner is a globe, showing North and South America.

An idea of the value of the stamps of Switzerland may be gathered from the prices asked by a London dealer for a few choice rarities. The quotations are:—Zurich, 4 r., vertical lines, red postmark, £9 10; Zurich, 4 r., vertical lines, black postmark, £14; Zurich, 6 r., horizontal lines, mint, £8; Zurich, 6 r., with retouched background, used, £7 10; Geneva, the double stamp, unused (cracked and rejoined), £40; Geneva, the double stamp, used, superb, £23; Geneva, right or left half of double stamp, used separately, £4 4; Geneva, half of double stamp used on entire original, £5 10; Geneva, 1847-48, Large Eagle, 5 c., yellow-green, mint, early impression, £3 5; Basle, 2 1/2 r., used on entire original, £5 16; and (1850) 10 r., black and red on orange-yellow, with framed cross, unused, £12.

Stamps of the value of 3d. were issued for the first time in Great Britain in 1862, being then used exclusively for the prepayment of letter going abroad, especially to Belgium and Switzerland, and it was not until three years later, after a change of type in the stamp, that it became available for inland postage, when the letter rate was fixed at 1d. for every half-ounce or fraction thereof.

A £25 stamp, green on red, appears in Gibbons' new catalogue of the issue of Zanzibar.

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**Personal Paragraphs**

**AUCKLAND PROVINCE.**

Miss Eva Kinder has returned to Auckland after an extended visit to Sydney.

Miss Hilda Williams left Auckland by the Waikare on Christmas Day for Wellington, and Miss Una Williams arrived in Auckland this week and is staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. W. V. Dam, of Castlemaine, Victoria, son of the late Capt. Dam, of Auckland, is at present on a visit to Auckland with his wife and daughter.

The Hon. J. A. Millar, Minister for Labour, will take part in the Exhibition bowling tournament to be held at Christchurch next month. He will play for a Wellington Bowling Club team.

Mr. E. J. C. Clarke, a member of the local staff of the Survey Department, died at Devonport last week. The deceased was only 26 years of age, and had given great promise in his profession.

The Rev. W. M. Grant, who recently relinquished charge of Angoston Congregational Church (says the Adelaide "Register"), has accepted the pastorate of Port Chalmers Congregational Church, New Zealand. He will leave South Australia on January 19.

Mrs. Champatou and family, who have been associated with the Birkenhead Methodist Church for many years, and who intend taking up their residence in the Mt. Eden district, were the recipients of a silver cake dish, silver tea pot, serviette, and card case, at a social tendered by that church, Sunday school, and the Guild last week.

The many friends of the late Mr E. C. J. Clarke, of the Survey Department, will learn with great regret of his death, which took place at Devonport on the 26th inst., at the early age of 26 years. As a young man of exceptional attainments, as well as a kindly disposition, his death, at the outset of what promised to be a brilliant career, will be deeply felt by all who knew him.

The Hon. J. W. Evans, Premier of Tasmania, who with his wife and daughter have been touring New Zealand, arrived in Auckland last week. Mr. Evans came to New Zealand principally for the sake of his health, but also to study our legislation on the spot. The hon. gentleman speaks highly of the kindness and courtesy extended to him by everyone in the colony from the Premier downwards.

Mr Dougald Crawford, who has been chief engineer at the Bruce Woollen Mills, Milton, Otago, for some years, has resigned that position, to enter into business on his own account. Mr Crawford was for many years in the service of the Union S.S. Co. On severing his connection with the Woollen Co., he was presented by the employees with a travelling rug, portmanteau, and handsome silver-mounted umbrella, as a token of esteem and respect.

Mr. C. H. Kilfoyle, so well known in connection with the handicapping of aquatic events, was the recipient of a pair of marine glasses at the R.N.Z.S. Rooms last week, as a mark of appreciation of the work done by him for the club. Mr. Alex. Alison, the vice-commander, in making the presentation, spoke of the general satisfaction that attended Mr. Kilfoyle's handicaps; and the recipient, in acknowledging the presentation, remarked on the courtesy and good feeling with which his efforts to bring the boats together were received. It was a future, he said, that made handicapping rather a pleasure than a labour.

**HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.**

Mr G. Stead, of Christchurch, is in Napier for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs Moore, of Napier, are on a visit to Taupo.

Mrs Macfarlane, of Clive, is spending a holiday in the South.

Miss Fania, of Napier, is on a visit to Christchurch.

Mr. and Miss W. Dinwiddie, of Napier, is spending a week or two in Taupo.

Mrs Bowen, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Christchurch.

Mr and Mrs W. Barnicoat, of Wanganui, are in Napier for a week.

Mrs Claude Cato, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Poru.

Mrs Avis, of Clive, is spending a holiday in the South.

Mr and Mrs Bradley, of Napier, are spending some weeks in Feilding.

Mrs R. Davis, of Kumeroa, is in Napier for a few days.

Mr Frost, of Wellington, formerly of Napier, is on a visit to Napier.

Mr and Mrs Leven, of Napier are spending a holiday in Nelson.

Mr and Mrs R. Rodie have left Napier for a three weeks' tour of the South Island.

Miss Berry, of Auckland, returned to her home last week after spending a holiday in Napier.

Mr A. Turnbull, S.M., Mrs and Miss Turnbull, of Hawera, are on a visit to Napier.

Mr and Mrs W. Shipbald and family arrived from Auckland last week. Mr Sibbald comes to take up the duties of Collector of Customs of Napier, vice Mr Bowen.

**WELLINGTON PROVINCE.**

Mr Bendall, Palmerston North, went to Wellington for the holidays.

Mr Spencer, Palmerston North, spent Christmas in Napier.

Miss Edith Wilson, Palmerston North, is visiting in Inglewood.

Mrs J. Hewitt, Pahiatu, was a visitor to Palmerston last week.

Mr and Mrs Cave, of Waverley, were in Wanganui last week.

Miss Biss, of Auckland, is the guest of Mr and Mrs Biss in Wanganui.

Mr and Mrs Gill-Carey, of Hawera, were in Wanganui for Christmas week.

Dr. Hay has returned to Wellington after a short stay at Rotorua.

Mr. Leslie Brown (Fiji) has been spending a few days in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Glasgow (Wellington) are paying a holiday visit to Auckland.

Mr. James Macintosh (Wellington) is paying a short visit to Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Quick (Wellington) have gone to the Hot Lakes for a few weeks.

Professor and Mrs. Salmon (Wellington) have been spending the holidays at Rotorua and Auckland.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston (Wellington) are at Lowry Bay for the summer months.

Miss MacDonnell (Auckland) has been staying with friends in Wanganui on her way South.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor (Wellington) are staying at their house at Titahi Bay for some weeks.

Miss U. Williams has gone to Auckland for a visit. She will return to Wellington before long.

Colonel Collins (Wellington) is making a stay in Christchurch in connection with the military tournament.

Mrs. and Miss Knight have gone back to Dannevirke after a short stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Macrae (Auckland) has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fifth at the College, Wellington, for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Harvey are back in Wellington, and have taken a house at Kelburne for the summer.

Mrs. Faulke and Miss G. Faulke (Wellington) are going to England for a trip in a few weeks time.

Mrs. Kay (Wadestown, Wellington) has been visiting relations in Christchurch.

Mrs. Morice (West Coast) has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Seddon, at Wellington.

Mr and Mrs A. Izard, of Wanganui, have gone to Christchurch for the holidays, where they are visiting relations.

Miss Ethel Miles, Wellington, is the guest of Mrs Handyside, Palmerston North.

Miss Ada Preece, Auckland, is staying with her parents, Captain and Mrs Preece, Palmerston North.

Mrs Waddy (Blenheim), is visiting her daughters, Mrs G. Sim and Mrs Broad, Palmerston North.

Mrs and Miss Amelius Smith (Wellington), are the guests of Mrs C. E. Waldegrave, Palmerston North.

Mrs McEae (Auckland), is visiting her son and daughter-in-law Mr and Mrs F. S. McEae (Palmerston North).

Miss Krull, of Wanganui, who has been staying in Auckland, has returned to her home.

Mr B. Ashcroft, of Wanganui, who has been in Australia for some years, is in Wanganui for a holiday.

Miss A. McDonald, of Auckland, who has been staying in Wanganui with her aunt, Mrs A. Lewis, has gone to Wellington.

Mrs T. Powell and Miss Tudor, of Raungitikei, were in Wanganui last week.

Mr Durion Warburton, of Christchurch, is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr and Mrs Eliot Warburton, Palmerston.

Dr. and Mrs. Ewart (Wellington) are on their way back to New Zealand. They left the colony last March, travelling by way of Canada. They are returning by the Suez and Sydney route.

Miss Warburton has returned to Palmerston after a stay in Wellington with Mr. and Mrs. J. Fulton, who have recently returned from their trip round the world.

Dr. Napier McLean (Wellington) has taken the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tollhurst during the latter's absence in England. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Tollhurst leave early in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kennedy and the Misses Kennedy are leaving Wellington shortly for a trip to England. Two of their daughters are now residing in that country, where they intend to devote themselves to a religious life, and it is in order to see them that Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are taking this trip.

Mr. A. Barclay, who has just been appointed sub-editor of the "Southland Times" at Invercargill, is a son of Capt. A. de R. Barclay (Wellington). He has been engaged in literary work for some time past in Wellington, and lately at Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield (Christchurch) are coming to Wellington to live before long, as Mr. Litchfield's acceptance of the general managership of the Bank of New Zealand makes it necessary for him to reside in the capital of the colony. He has taken a lease of Mr. Kennedy's house in Salamanca Road for some time to come. Both Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield have formerly lived in Wellington, where they have many warm friends.

Visitors to the Palmerston races included Mrs D. Riddiford (Marton), Mrs and Miss A. Smith (Wellington), Mrs and Miss Loughnan (Wellington), Mr and Mrs (Godfrey) Balwin (Levin), Mrs Abbott (Wellington), Miss Miles (Wellington), Mrs Pharyzyn (Feilding), the Hon. and Mrs Walter Johnston (Awarua), Mrs A. McBeth (Kiwitea), Mr and Mrs W. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth), Mr H. Hyndside (Wellington), Mr A. Keeling (Wellington), Mrs Pat. Fitzherbert (Waihi), Mr K. Duncan (Wellington), Mrs and Miss Chase-Morris (Wellington).

The famous Italian chemist and drug expert, Dr. Frederigo Corboni, has created a sensation by openly acknowledging that he has never washed in the seventy-five years of his life. "My mother may have washed me while I was unconscious of her carryings on, but water never touched my body after I came to my senses," says the scientist. In defence of his anti-wash crusade he quotes De Corboni, the great war hero who, at one time, did not separate himself from his clothes for three long years. "When a boy," he continues, "I could never understand why people should bathe, unless they were sick. Now I know. It's a foolish habit, like the tooth-brush habit, the discarding of boots at bedtime, etc." Despite his seventy-five years, he is hale and hearty—never knew a day's sickness in his life. "Five years ago," he continues, "my landlady furnished me with three towels; they are still on the rack, old and yellow, but unused."

**PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.**

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, November 23.

In the current issue of his journal, "John Bull," Mr. Horatio Bottomley, after much "anxious and sorrowful consideration," decides to lift the veil which he says has hidden the real truth concerning the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's illness from the public. From his article I extract the following:—

"The Press throughout the country has, with unceasing monotony, daily proclaimed that 'Mr. Chamberlain is making satisfactory progress.' Why, this foolish conspiracy of silence? Do not Mr. Chamberlain's family and friends realise that when the truth is known the shock will be all the greater in proportion to the country's unpreparedness for it? . . . If we thought that anything we are about to say could by any possibility cause Mr. Chamberlain himself a moment's pain, we would cut off our right hand rather than pen these lines. We know too well, however, that such cannot be the case—for at this moment the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain—he, who a year ago was the most virile, active, and militant political protagonist of the day—is a nerveless, voiceless, and almost sightless paralytic. The original seizure occurred some four months ago, whilst the right hon. gentleman was absolutely alone. When he was discovered he had been lying in a critical condition for nearly two hours. He was subsequently removed from London surreptitiously, late at night, to his home at Highbury, where about twice a week and with the utmost difficulty, he is wheeled into his favourite orchid house. There is the bald and painful truth. Of course, it will be denied, but after this specific announcement, nothing short of cooler demonstration will, we venture to think, satisfy the public."

There is, of course, another side to this picture of the ex-Colonial Secretary. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who ought to know, flatly contradicts Mr. Bottomley's alarmist statements, and records the fact that his famous father was yesterday able to indulge in walking exercise in the grounds of his residence at Highbury, after many weeks of pain and enforced idleness caused by his old enemy gout.

It is freely admitted that Mr. Chamberlain's illness has pulled the veteran Tariff Reformer down very much, that his physical condition will preclude his accepting any political engagements for some time to come, and that he will not be fit to appear in the House of Commons again this year; but the suggestion that he is a mental as well as a physical wreck is poor-pooled, and it is pointed out that even during his enforced rest he has managed to get through a vast amount of correspondence, and to keep in close touch with the political and other organisations in which he is interested.

Amongst New Zealand artists now in London is Miss Marjorie Tempest, who hails from Auckland. Miss Tempest is a vocalist whose speciality is comic opera, but she also plays the harp, the violin and the piano professionally. She studied in Sydney for five years, and then was engaged by Mr. J. C. Williamson, and later by Mr. George Musgrave for Miss Nellie Stewart's "Zaza" Company, and at the conclusion of its run she joined Mr. Pollard's comedy company for a long tour in the Far East. After the company returned to Australia Miss Tempest took a second tour in the East, giving her own recitals, and met with much success. On May 15 she sailed from Calcutta for London, and since her arrival here she has been taking singing lessons under Madam Udin and latterly under Signor Pao's Tosti. Her present intention, she tells me, is to study in London for a year or so, and then go to Italy and to Paris for further study. Meanwhile she has taken the name of Tempest-Yuk, to avoid confusion, as there are a number of Tempests in the theatrical profession in London.

Mr. Duncan Steffox, one of the senior partners of the firm of Messrs. Onyon, Lake and Co., Manchester, leaves for the colony by the s.s. Rimutaka on the 29th November. Mr. Steffox will travel through New Zealand, will visit the International Exhibition at Christchurch, and while in the colony will take the opportunity of meeting all the leading producers and merchants with whom his firm is dealing in connection with direct shipments to London and the West Coast.

**STEARNS' WINE**  
THE  
INVIGORATING TONIC

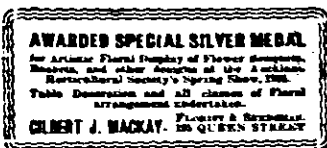
ports of England. Mr. Stelfox's hotels in the colony will be: The Star, Auckland; the Royal Oak, Wellington; Colver's, Christchurch; and the Grand, Dunedin; where correspondence may be addressed to him.

The British Empire League, in view of the approaching visit of the Prime Ministers of the Colonies, are raising a fund for their entertainment as they did in 1897, when the Prime Ministers came for the Diamond Jubilee, and again in 1892, when they came for the coronation. Mr. Chamberlain has forwarded to the British Empire League, as he did on each of those occasions, a contribution of £100 from the Cordwainers' Company of the Court, of which he is an honorary member.

General Booth, whose amazing energy never seems to flag with the passing years, announces that he is going to Japan at the beginning of next year, and hopes to spend April in that country. The General will travel via the United States and Canada. The object of his visit is to examine on the spot the work of the Salvation Army in Japan. To a reporter the General expressed himself highly satisfied with the work of the Salvationists in Japan, where they had met with excessive courtesy from the authorities. The Salvation Army had been instrumental in rescuing 30,000 Geisha girls from the state of bondage in which they were held. The Army, General Booth concluded, was also doing good work in Korea, where they were receiving every assistance from the Japanese authorities, and a start would be made in Manchuria as soon as the country was again fully open. Just at present the General is conducting a vigorous campaign in Germany.

The following is a list of officers appointed to the cruiser Pegasus, on recommissioning at Colombo, for another two years' sojourn in Australasian waters: Commander George C. Quayle, commanding; Lieutenants R. M. Tabuteau (first and gunnery officer), J. B. Bateman, A. R. A. Baker (navigating officer), and J. F. Finlayson; Engineer-Lieutenants, W. H. Clifton and H. J. A. White; paymaster, E. T. M. Green; staff surgeon, F. F. Lohde; sub-lieutenant, B. A. Francis; gunner, J. Pardo; and clerk, C. H. Rogers. Commander Quayle entered the service in January, 1888, was promoted lieutenant in 1895, and reached his present rank ten years later. Lieutenant Tabuteau entered the navy in 1894, and got his lieutenantcy in 1902; Lieutenants Bateman, Baker, and Finlayson received their commissions in 1899, and their present grade dates from last year. Lieutenant Baker was recently navigator of the cruiser Hampshire. Engineer-Lieutenants W. H. Clifton and White have held engine-room commissions since 1892 and 1902 respectively. Staff-surgeon Lohde, serving in the medical department since May, 1898, and he had the advantage of seeing active service, having served in Southern Nigeria, and the expedition up the lower Niger, 1902, and in the Gambia, with the greatest French African medical, with Amalasp.

One is getting rather tired of paragrafing gentlemen who have undertaken to compass the earth on foot. There must be at least a dozen of these gentry at present on the go in various parts of the world. Among them is Captain Clarke, sailing from Douglas, in the Isle of Man. He has undertaken to walk 32,000 miles, and to cover 28,000 miles of water in a given period for his alleged wage of £10,000. One would like to know very much who the other parties to this somewhat startling proposition are, as usual they prefer to conceal their identity. Clarke, who is accompanied by a Scotch collier, will have to leave this animal behind whenever he leaves England, started from Yarmouth on June 1st, 1906, attired in a soft mass of newspapers, and as to his covered 15,000 miles and worn out 22 pairs of boots. He must neither beg, borrow, nor steal during his wanderings, but must support himself solely by leavering and writing for newspapers. He leaves for New York presently, and proposes to make his way thence across the States to New Zealand, and on to Australia, South Africa, India, China and Japan, and home again to Douglas by way of Sierra and Thessa.



# Society Gossip

## NOTE TO READERS OF SOCIETY GOSSIP.

CORRESPONDENCE DELAYED.

Owing to Christmas and New Year holiday arrangements, some of the Christmas week correspondence has been delayed. Two sets of letters are, therefore, published from several centres in this issue, the correspondence thus being brought up to the usual dates.

### AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 31. THE PACIFIC CLUB "AT HOME."

It is only occasionally that ladies gain access to these exclusive resorts, gentlemen's clubs. We hear a good deal about them, and not always to their advantage; the promoters of the Pacific Club, therefore, acted wisely in giving us a peep behind the scenes, so that we may feel assured that this new candidate for the patronage of our masculine friends is a place to be trusted if not encouraged. The club rooms occupy the whole of the top flat of Edean's buildings, Queen and Quay streets, and command a magnificent view of the harbour, shipping and islands of the gulf. The luxurious comfort of the rooms on the opening night made one feel envious, and suggested the question "why could not a similar place be established by the ladies?" The members and guests assembled to the number of two hundred, and were received on arrival by the office bearers. Mr W. J. Speight, president, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Robert Stout, who, it was hoped, would have officiated on the occasion. He explained that the constitution of the club was similar to that of the Alliance in London. Membership was not confined to total abstainers—more than half the members were free from pledges on the liquor question, but alcoholic liquor and gambling on the premises were absolutely barred by the club's rules. It had been asserted that a club could not be made financially successful without the profits from intoxicants, but they intended to prove that this was a mistake, and the club would become a centre of pleasant social intercourse as well as a convenient place of resort for members and visitors to our city. The Hon J. A. Tole and Messrs W. B. Leyland, W. H. Smith and W. H. Lyon spoke cordially of the prospects of the club and wished it success. Afterwards, an enjoyable musical programme was rendered by Mrs J. W. Stewart, Miss Blanche Garland, Messrs Hamilton Hodges, G. E. Poore, and A. Hooton. Afterwards the guests dispersed into the various rooms. A recherche supper was spread in the dining-room and was handsomely round. The floral decorations were a special feature, and an artist's hand was distinctly revealed in the arrangement of some lovely flowers. One large table was decorated with pink and blue, composed of pink Malvastrum carnations and pink and blue sweet pea, intermingled with feathery grasses in crystal specimen glasses, and pink and blue silk down the centre of table arranged in a lattice effect, caught with pompadour wreathlets of tiny pink roses. The other table was a study in rich crimson flowers and Marguerite daisies

## ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Alice Knott, second daughter of Mrs. Knott, New Plymouth, to Mr. Jack C. McLean, of the P. and T. Staff, New Plymouth, eldest son of Mr. R. McLean, Dunedin.

The engagement is announced of Miss E. A. Scherff, daughter of Mr. F. Scherff, of Auckland, and Mr. W. Deatly Brown-Clayton, of England.

## Orange Blossoms.

### HARVEY—STUART.

Much interest was felt in Wellington at the marriage of Miss Ina Stuart, eldest daughter of Mr D. T. Stuart, (Wellington) to Mr Frederick R. M. Harvey, son of the late J. S. Harvey, Esq. of New Quay, Cornwall. The service was performed by the Rev. T. H. Spratt at St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, and the "Wedding March" was played by Mr Rowley. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very well in a gown of white satin duchesse, slightly trained and trimmed with beautiful lace. Her tulle veil was worn over a wreath of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and stephanotis. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss M. Stuart and Miss Tolhurst, who wore pretty dresses of flowered muslin in delicate tones of pink, mauve, and green. Their smart hats repeated the same colours, which also harmonised on their shower bouquets of sweet peas. The bridegroom presented each with a turquoise and pearl brooch. Mr Sutton and Mr Ward acted as groomsmen. After the reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs Harvey left on their honeymoon, which was spent in the North. Mrs Harvey's going away dress was of navy silk eolienne, the vest and sleeves being ruffled with narrow Valenciennes lace. Mrs Stuart, mother of the bride, wore black crepe de chine, with a yoke and ruffles of lovely lace, her green tulle toque was wreathed with flowers. Miss O. Stuart was in pale blue glace and a floral hat; Miss V. Stuart was wearing white embroidered muslin and lace.

Messrs Samuel Peach and Sons, lace curtain manufacturers, of Nottingham, England, have an exhibit in the British section at the Christchurch Exhibition. The exhibit comprises curtains of every variety and superb quality, also a model of a lace curtain machine, which should give visitors a good idea of the intricacy of the machinery used in lace curtain manufacture.

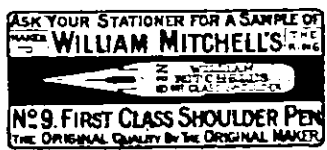
Society must be very select in Paona. There has been a custom there for young ladies to be married to selected gods. You would have thought that to be the bride of a god was a good enough marriage for anyone. But it is not good enough for Paona. The leading inhabitants of Paona have been memorialising the Government, praying that wedding a god should be treated as such. Perhaps there are not enough gods to go round, and the disappointed maidens and their parents are envious.



and grasses. Miss K. Speight (daughter of the president, Mr W. J. Speight) was responsible for the floral decorations.

The suite of rooms is handsomely and comfortably furnished. All the main rooms open on the lift lobby by swing doors; the smoking-room, to the right, on the eastern side of the building, and social and dining-rooms to the left. The smoking-room, about 30ft by 20ft, is a very pleasant apartment, comfortably and substantially furnished with plenty of easy chairs and lounges; the upholstery being, of course, in leather. Three windows light it, while in the middle of the ceiling is a wide skylight for ventilation purposes. Leading from this room is a passage, upon which open the lavatories and bath-rooms, while at the end of it is the staircase by which members may reach the billiard-room and lower lavatories. The club kitchen, cool and light, in which the most up-to-date cooking apparatus has been installed, including an automatically gas-heated boiler, which maintains an unvarying heat of 140 degrees, also open on to this passage. West of the smoking-room, and facing the lift entrance, are the manager's and strangers' rooms, while beyond them is the social and reading room. This apartment, 35ft by 20ft, is the room par excellence of the suite, for occupying a corner site, its external walls look both north and west, and, in fact, one can from its seven windows command a superb aspect, embracing practically the whole harbour, from Kauri Point to Rangitoto. This room has been handsomely furnished in rima, while the green velvet pile on the floor harmonises artistically with the walls and ceiling, shaded in delicate tones of the same colour, picked out with yellow, the tout ensemble being exceedingly attractive. Swing doors connect this social room with the dining-room, which also opens on to the lobby, and here, in a well-lighted and airy space of nearly 40 clear feet square, the inner wants of the members will be attended to. Dining in this room, which will accommodate considerably over a hundred diners with comfort, will be something more than a mere attention to the details of mastication, for its half-dozen windows facing the western or Queen-street side, command an unrestricted view of all that part of the city lying between Queen-st. and St. Mary's Point, besides taking in the upper harbour. The furniture here is all in American oak, while the colour effect of walls and ceiling, which here, as throughout the suite, is of stamped steel, is produced in light shaded green and delicate rose pink. From the dining-room access is obtained to the card or chess rooms, while the pantry and serving-room, fitted with special heating apparatus for keeping dishes warm, lie handily behind it and the kitchen. The billiard-room, downstairs, is not yet out of the plasterer's hands, but when finished it will complete a suite upon the possession of which the Pacific Club may genuinely pride itself. The furnishing has been done by Tomson Garlick Company and Smith and Caughey, Ltd., while the club itself imported its silver and china-ware, the latter being of a uniform pattern, having a royal blue border edged with gold, and being of an especially delicate shape and quality. Some idea of the general completeness of the furnishing scheme can be gathered from the fact that it has cost the club upwards of £1000 to effect.

Mrs. W. J. Speight wore a black striped crepe toilette; Miss Speight was charmingly frocked in a rich white satin with silver sequins appique on décolletage; Miss V. Speight wore yellow silk with berthe of Valenciennes lace; Miss C. Speight was in a soft white mousseline de soie and lace edged frills; Mrs. Beatty, black toilette with lace elbow sleeves; Mrs. Rees, black with touches of white; Mrs. J. W. Stewart, black satin evening frock brightened with jet; Miss Blanche Garland, white mousseline de soie with lace berthe and heliotrope tulle; Mrs. J. A. Tole wore white chiffon glace veiled in white net, and large bow of black velvet on décolletage; Mrs. T. Maboney, black velvet evening frock, with rich lace bolero; Mrs. Chas. Wallnut looked



very dainty in a cream voile evening gown trimmed with yellow bebi ribbon. Mrs. W. H. Smith, effective bisuit chiffon voile gown; Mrs. R. Hudson, rich white satin evening gown with lace berthe; Mrs. C. C. Baker, white silk and pretty blue evening coat; Mrs. Smeeton, dove grey evening gown; Mrs. J. Dawson, black crepe de chine evening gown; Mrs. W. E. man, white silk; Mrs. W. Hutchison, violet silk with white lace; Mrs. Stopford, heliotrope brocade; Mrs. E. Querec was dainty in a lovely cameo pink brocade, with cream lace on corsage; the Misses Dawson looked pretty in China blue silk and white satin evening frocks respectively; Miss Tibbs wore white Indian embroidered muslin and blue ribbon on décolletage; Miss V. James was in champagne chiffon voile; Mrs. D. R. McDonald, black, with white lace entredoux; Mrs. C. M. Calder, black taffeta evening gown with velvet shoulder straps, and chiffon sleeves; Mrs. W. R. Leyland looked exceedingly well in a black satin evening gown with jet encrustations; Mrs. W. H. Lyon, black silk with white entredoux; Miss Elkin, black toilette; Mrs. Neaves, black brocade evening gown; Mrs. J. H. Mackie, black silk with cream lace yoke; Miss May Eses looked pretty in white mousseline de soie; Miss Kennedy, cream silk; Miss Vaile, white silk with touches of blue; Miss Jessie Reid, white silk and lace evening frock; Mrs. A. Goldie, black evening gown and pale blue boux; Mrs. Osley, grey skirt and cream silk blouse; Miss Louis, dainty white silk evening frock; Mrs. E. C. Browne, black satin evening gown; Mrs. Osmond, shrimp pink silk; Mrs. Casey, black silk; Mrs. Mackay, black satin with cluster of damask roses; Miss Russell was dainty in azure blue silk with cream applique and black skirt.

GARDEN PARTY.

"Mon Desir," the charming residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hansen, was en fête last Saturday afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. Hansen gave a large "At Home" in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Tegetmeier and Mr. Emil Garcke, of London. The ss. Kestrel had been chartered to convey the guests to the Lake, and the trip enhanced by the stirring music of the brass band in attendance proved an apropos prelude to a delightful afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hansen received their guests on the lawn, and they had spared no trouble in providing for the enjoyment and comfort of their numerous guests. Afternoon tea was served at small tables scattered about under the shade of the trees, an efficient staff of waiters being in attendance to see that no one wanted for anything. Some charming frocks were worn. Amongst others I particularly noticed: Mrs. Hansen, who wore a charming gown of pale grey floral mousseline over glaze with V-shaped vest of lovely lace, becoming white cap straw toque, trimmed with ostrich plumes and touches of green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Tegetmeier was gowned in a beautiful apricot chiffon taffeta with vest of cream lace, Tuscan straw hat, garlanded with clover veiled in brown tulle, handsome white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Scott, rich black silk toilette with vest of white satin overlaid with white lace applique, pretty black and white toque; Miss Scherff, beautifully fitting navy cloth tailor-made costume, with smart little green hat; Miss Dolly Scherff was effectively frocked in sea blue spotted muslin with Valenciennes lace transparent yoke, dainty white hat, wreathed with pink roses; Miss Kathleen Hill was dainty in white inserted muslin with lace yoke, pale blue ceinture, pretty white hat, swathed with pale blue; Mrs. F. E. Baume was strikingly gowned in ivory shirred silk, prettily finished with lace, small white toque with pink rose crown; Mrs. Prickett, handsome black silk, relieved with white, black silk mantle, and pretty black bonnet, brightened with pink roses; Mrs. Seager was tastefully gowned in black taffeta with cream lace and insertion, folded belt of pale blue, and a becoming white toque; Mrs. Young wore a cream voile toilette, relieved with green, and a green hat with red berries; Mrs. Brett, handsome black taffeta gown with white lace, and a black and white bonnet, white lace scarf; Mrs. A. Brett, in a navy chiffon taffeta with a V-shaped yoke of white lace, and a Tuscan hat, wreathed with green leaves; Mrs. Harry Brett, lovely charming in a pale blue and pink chine mousseline with Valenciennes lace trimming, pink and blue; Mrs. Ralston was wearing a pale grey crepe de chine with bands of dark green velvet, white lace waist, and a dark green hat; Mrs. Thorne George, handsome black chif-

fon taffeta, with a white lace vest embroidered with black, and a becoming black and white toque; Mrs. Duthie, white cloth costume, and a Tuscan hat with blue feathers; Miss Coates wore a striking gown of prune-coloured cloth with myrtle green facings, cream lace vest outlined with chine ribbon, small toque to match; Mrs. Nelson, black tailor-made costume with black and white toque; Miss Nelson was gowned in a pretty pink gown with white insertion, and a Tuscan hat, trimmed with pink; Mrs. Lecky, in a dainty white inserted muslin, with a black plumed hat; Miss Ireland, in a blue and white striped cloth costume, white vest, and a white hat; Miss J. Ireland, black and white tailor-made, with a small white hat; Mrs. Allison wore a striking gown of rose pink cologne with a cream lace vest, and a rose toque to match; Miss Alison, in a Brussels a role over white, white folded belt, and white and blue hat; Mrs. Myers wore a beautifully embroidered black, cambie, with a dainty black and cream bonnet; Mrs. Coleman was becomingly gowned in royal navy taffeta with cream vest, braver hat with drooping ostrich plume of same shade; Mrs. Richardson wore a striking plum-coloured taffeta gown toned with cream lace vest, smart hat to match; Mrs. Gerant, pale blue figured challie Empire gown inset with bands of Valenciennes lace, small blue toque of same shade; Mrs. Cotter wore a lovely English gown of pompadour silk with lace V-shaped vest, black plumed toque; Miss Cotter, pretty white inserted muslin frock with chine ribbon ceinture, white hat swathed with electric blue; Miss Willis Cotter, cool green silk lanced with chine ribbon, cream vest, and becoming green hat; Mrs. Ware, black chiffon voile with lace vest and black and white hat; Miss Ware, dainty cream crepe de chine finished with lace, and green shaded hat; Mrs. Denniston wore black serge de chine with cream lace yoke, becoming pink hat; Miss Denniston looked pretty in pale grey with white lace yoke embroidered with shaded French knots, green tulle swathed hat; Mrs. Benjamin, pretty pale grey check silk toilette finished with black and white lace, dainty black and white toque; Mrs. Kerr Taylor, pale blue linen coat and skirt, white toque; Miss Kerr Taylor wore white muslin and pretty white hat relieved with touches of scarlet; Miss Ivy Allison was daintily gowned in white glaze veiled in cream lace, and a pale blue hat with long shaded feather; Mrs. Abbott in a charming gown of grey mousseline with bands of white insertion, and a pretty toque to match; Mrs. Owen, white embroidered muslin with white folded belt, black picture hat; Mrs. Finlayson wore a handsome bisuit coloured silk with cream lace and insertion, and a toque ensuite; Mrs. Buckleton was gowned in a check taffeta, the belive outlined with cream insertion, cream hat wreathed with shaded flowers; Miss Prickett, dainty ivory Sicilian costume, white hat with touches of green; Mrs. Devore was richly gowned in black silk with not and lace vest, very pretty black and white bonnet trimmed with pale pink roses; Miss Devore, cream mohair Eton coat and skirt with lace vest, black picture hat; Miss L. Devore, pretty cream canvas voile gown prettily finished with cream silk knife pleatings, dainty pink hat with touches of black; Mrs. Basley, handsome black silk with touches of cream, black and heliotrope bonnet; Miss Basley, very pretty white inserted muslin with chine sash and large black picture hat; Mrs. Gresham, black silk with cream lace vest and pretty electric blue hat; Mrs. Smith wore black chiffon voile handsomely appliqué with cream and black, dainty mauve hat; Miss Smith, tabac brown silk relieved with cream, small Tuscan hat; Mrs. Suggate, cream mousseline with cream Valenciennes lace edged frills, white hat trimmed with black wings; Mrs. Harriner wore a lovely frock of grey floral muslin handsomely inset with bands of black Chantilly lace, black picture hat; Mrs. Tole was strikingly gowned in a plum-coloured chiffon taffeta with lace vest, and dainty hat en suite; Mrs. Rathbone, navy blue chiffon taffeta with Maltese lace yoke and navy velvet strappings, pretty pale blue plumed hat; Miss Lusk, pale blue mohair with cream yoke and black hat; Miss Olive Lusk, shrimp pink Sicilian pinafure frock and pink tulle hat; Mrs. Goldie, becoming brown silk toilette relieved with cream, small hat to match; Miss Goddis wore white muslin, white hat brightened with pale blue; Miss Dunnett, handsome black chiffon taffeta with

cream vest, threaded with green velvet bebi ribbon, black and green toque; Miss Brackon, soft white muslin frock and black hat; Mrs. Blair, black silk grenadine over green glaze, black hat; Mrs. St. Clair, rose pink costume, small hat hat wreathed with roses; Miss St. Clair, pretty white embroidered muslin, white hat brightened with pink roses; Mrs. Craig, champagne canvas voile over glaze, and black toque; Mrs. Keogh, dark tailor-made costume, white vest, and a black and white toque; Miss Keogh, dainty white embroidered muslin with a pretty pink hat; Mrs. Mackay, white linen costume, smart by drangea toque; Mrs. Goldie wore an autumn tinted green Sicilian gown, cream lace vest, and a green toque to match; Miss Goldie was gowned in cream voile, with lace and insertion, picture hat; Mrs. Pritt, handsome black silk costume with heliotrope silk vest and a black and white toque; Mrs. Shafo Douglas was wearing a pretty pale grey mousseline with green ceinture, and a pretty green toque; Miss Douglas, in a dainty pink and white floral muslin, with pink silk belt, and a pink and brown tulle swathed hat; Miss — Douglas was charmingly frocked in white embroidered muslin with blue ceinture, and a white lace hat with blue ribbon; Mrs. Scott, pretty pink muslin gown with toque to match; Mrs. R. Hunt, in a becoming mauve challie with white net and lace vest, Tuscan and mauve hat to match; Miss Hooper, white embroidered muslin with pale blue ceinture, and a white and blue hat; Mrs. Thomas wore a stone blue Eton coat and skirt, white vest, and black jetty lace toque with pink roses; Mrs. Lyons, white Eton coat and skirt with a Broderie Anglaise vest, and a white toque with Neapolitan violets; Mrs. Evans, royal navy taffeta gown relieved with white, and a pretty toque to match; Mrs. Stopford, in a dainty cream frocked muslin, with hat en suite; Mrs. Monckton, becoming blue costume; Miss Brodie wore dark blue and pretty white hat; Mrs. Bush wore a well-fitting electric blue cloth corselet gown with pretty Eton jacket, cream vest, becoming white hat garlanded with shaded roses; Mrs. T. Hope Lewis wore a white and black striped cloth costume with black and white striped silk facings, pretty heliotrope hat; Mrs. Up-ton, rich black silk with white V-shaped vest, black and white bonnet; Miss Stewart, champagne and white spotted grass lawn, with small white hat; Mrs. Burton wore black relieved with white, and black toque.

BUNTING DAY RACES.

Really I don't remember having such lovely Christmas weather for years, and the races at Ellerslie were better patronised than ever. The lawn looked lovely, and between the races presented a most brilliant appearance. After the first race the stand was so crowded that it was impossible to get a seat, so many people wandered up to the saddling paddock and sat under the trees, which really was the coolest place, as there one got a slight breeze. Among those present I noticed:— Mrs. Thorne George was gowned in black and rose pink mousseline over pink glaze, black toque with pink roses; Miss George, in a lovely white chiffon taffeta with lace and insertion, and a becoming pale pink hat; Lady Lockhart wore a white embroidered muslin, blue hat with green leaves and touches of pink; Miss Gorrin, pretty red and white spotted muslin and red buttons, and a green hat with white tulle; Miss Gwen Gorrin, ciel blue check taffeta, Tuscan straw hat turned up at the side with black wings; Mrs. Duthie wore a charming gown of pale blue mousseline with white lace, and a Leghorn hat with tulle and a staid blue feather; Mrs. Hope Lewis, smart cream Sicilian, with a green tulle swathed hat finished with red roses; Mrs. W. Bloomfield was gowned in a heliotrope and white floral muslin with white lace, heliotrope ceinture, and white hat with shaded feathers; Mrs. Lucas Bloomfield, grey chiffon taffeta, softened with lace, and a white hat with pink roses; Mrs. G. R. Bloomfield wore a dainty gown of white and pink mousseline with bands of white lace, pink ceinture, white hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Savage was charmingly gowned in a white chiffon hand-painted design in heliotrope roses and green leaves, heliotrope hat with band of velvet, and a feather to match; Mrs. Henry Nolan, lovely gown of old rose cologne, with cream lace, and a black plumed hat; Mrs. Baily, blue chiffon voile with cream lace and touches of apple green velvet, Tuscan hat with shaded rose; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, pale grey

crepe de chine with lovely Irish lace, and a grey hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Leatham was gowned in a becoming grey and pink Japanese silk, with a pink hat to match; Mrs. Myers, in a handsome black and white striped silk, with a black and white toque to match; Mrs. Leo, Myers, exquisite corselet frock of white and pink chine silk with lovely lace bolero, white hat with tulle and pink rosebuds; Mrs. George Dunnet, in a grey silk gown with white lace and bands of black velvet, becoming black toque with pink roses; Miss Dunnett, cream floral mousseline with cream lace yoke outlined with black velvet, and a black hat with shaded rose; Mrs. Benjamin, handsome grey chiffon taffeta with white lace and touches of black, smart grey and black toque to match; Mrs. Ernest Benjamin, pretty cream and pink floral mousseline, black picture hat; Mrs. Sharman, charming gown of black and white spotted voile with bands of white lace and yoke and sleeves of Valenciennes lace, large black and white hat; Mrs. Roberts, lagoon chiffon taffeta with cream lace and insertion and smart brown hat to match; Mrs. Lyons in a lovely cream stamped chiffon over glaze, cream lace yoke outlined with blue Roman embroidery and black velvet ribbon pretty cream toque with Neapolitan violets; Mrs. Fitzroy Peacocke was gowned in cream net over black glaze with touches of mauve and a black bonnet with mauve and white; Miss Peacocke, pretty pale blue gown with white vest, blue hat with shaded feathers; Miss Madge Peacocke, heliotrope silk pinafure with dainty white vest and a heliotrope and a white hat to match; Mrs. Ponsomby Peacocke, navy chiffon voile with blue and white striped silk vest, and blue and white toque; Miss Inez Peacocke, dainty cream silk frock with white lace hat; Miss Pabst was charmingly gowned in pale green chick silk with white lace yoke and a becoming hat swathed with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Devore was gowned in a grey and white striped mousseline over white glaze with white lace and a becoming grey and white bonnet; Miss Devore, deep cream canvas voile, trimmed with cream taffeta and a pretty pale pink hat; Miss K. Devore, dainty white embroidered muslin with blue ribbons and a white lace hat; Mrs. Allison wore a deep rose pink chiffon voile with yoke of cream lace and a pretty rose toque; Miss Alison in a becoming blue and cream silk with white lace yoke, white lace hat with blue and white striped ribbons; Miss Ivy Allison, dainty white tucked muslin, blue hat with long shaded feather; Mrs. Dargaville, handsome black chiffon taffeta with white Irish lace white feather boa and a black toque with white feather; Miss Muriel Dargaville wore a charming frock of white inserted muslin with a chine silk sash, white hat with black velvet and white feathers; Mrs. Harold Thompson (Eltham), white embroidered muslin with blue ceinture and a black picture hat; Mrs. W. N. Holmes was gowned in a black chiffon taffeta and a black hat with white feathers; Mrs. E. C. Smith, royal navy mousseline with white lace yoke, pretty hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Harry Marzack, pretty pale pink mousseline with Valenciennes lace yoke and a becoming pink hat en suite; Mrs. Charles Brown, cream chiffon voile over glaze with cream lace and insertion and a smart green hat; Miss K. Mitchell in a charming heliotrope mousseline with white lace and a pretty French sailor hat to match; Mrs. John Reid, handsome black chiffon taffeta with a black toque with white ostrich tips; Miss Jessie Reed was dainty in a cream pinafure frock with white lace yoke and a white lace hat with heliotrope and blue ribbons; Miss Williams, deep pink linen with wide bands of insertion, black picture hat; Miss Ida Thompson, pretty pale pink mousseline with white lace insertion; Miss Towle wore a becoming gown of white and black spotted muslin, cream hat with white clove, crown, white and crimson under the brim; Miss — Towle, dainty white inserted muslin, with Tuscan lace and green hat; Mrs. Buckland, handsome black chiffon taffeta, softened with white, pretty black bonnet with white tulle and ostrich tips; Miss Buckland, pretty white inserted muslin, white and green hat; Miss — Buckland in a charming gown of pale blue spotted muslin with white folded belt and a white and blue hat; Miss H. Buckland was daintily frocked in white with a becoming white hat; Mrs. Baker wore a black silk with black lace, and a becoming black hat; Dr. Elmer Baker was daintily gowned in white inserted muslin with a Tuscan hat wreathed with white roses; Miss Loyde, pretty cream og

tune relieved with pink, and a white and pink hat; Miss W. Cutter was charmingly gowned in a cream silk gown, the dainty little bolero opening over a cream Brussels net blouse with transparent lace yoke, becoming green hat garlanded with marguerite daisies and bouquet of nasturtium budjet; Miss Millie Cutter wore a white inserted lawn gown with white silk sash, large picture hat with white ostrich feathers and pink roses; Miss Stevenson, pretty white muslin and lace frock, green hat with pink roses; Mrs. Charlie Owen wore a very smart biscuit coloured voile with brown velvet, shaded embroideries, dainty little green toque with crown of pink sweet peas; Mrs. Peter Lawrence, cream Sicilian long coat and skirt, worn over a white silk blouse, reseda green tulle swathed hat, with clusters of pink roses; Miss Percival was gowned in navy blue silk with cream lace yoke and small blue and cream toque to match; Miss Myra Reed, dainty cream voile Etton costume, with knife pleatings, and silk braid on the waist, white and green hat; Mrs. Holgate wore a smart bottle green taffeta with cream yoke, pretty black toque; Mrs. Harry Clark's gown was a dainty pale pink mousseline, finished with Valenciennes lace, white hat swathed with white tulle and shaded pink and white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Derry wore white silk with white plumed hat; Mrs. Markham was gowned in well-fitting ivory Sicilian coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. Ranson was gowned in a pale grey and white striped costume, white hat trimmed with black; Miss De Camp was wearing a royal navy chiffon voile with touches of cream on bodice, small blue toque; Mrs. Ching, handsome grey and white check taffeta with brown velvet ribbon linings, deep cream toque finished with brown velvet and pink roses; Mrs. Cottle, handsome black chiffon taffeta with cream lace vest, black toque; Mrs. Coney was prettily frocked in pale blue silk mousseline with Valenciennes lace yoke, black plumed picture hat; Mrs. Angus Gordon wore a beautiful white chiffon with hand-painted design of pink sweet peas, deep pink eucalypt and small black toque; Mrs. Mansfield wore a charming gown of pale blue silk, and small pale blue hat to match with bandeau of pink roses; Miss Wyde Brown was dainty in pale pink, small pink hat to match; Misses Kerr-Taylor were gowned in pale pink striped muslin, with pink hats to match; Mrs. Clifford Dawson (Waikoi), white radium silk with transparent lace yoke and Tuscan hat; Mrs. Pilkington, cream cloth costume, and white hat with deep pink roses; Miss Duder, white embroidered muslin with pretty pink hat; Miss —, Duder was dainty in a white inserted muslin, and smart Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Leavie, pretty pink and white floral muslin, white hat garlanded with pink roses; Mrs. Louison, pretty striped eolienne gown in two shades of pink, handed with French knotted glove silk, white hat trimmed with tulle and ostrich plumes; Mrs. H. Keesing was gowned in green taffeta with cream lace vest, becoming black hat; Mrs. McDonald, handsome black costume, with touches of cream, black and cream bonnet; Miss McDonald wore white, with small black and white hat; Mrs. Goodhue was gowned in black relieved with cream vest, black toque with cluster of pink roses at one side; Miss Ireland, smart blue, white striped flannel tailor-made costume, with small gem hat; Miss J. Ireland, black and white striped summer tweed coat and skirt, gem hat; Miss Sylvia was prettily frocked in cream voile with blue and white hat; Miss Lily Thorpe, dainty white Madras muslin with lace insertions, white Valenciennes lace hat with crown of pale blue ribbon; Mrs. Otway, pale grey Norfolk coat and skirt, and black hat; Mrs. Grierson, black silk spotted moirai with touches of cream, black and cream toque with green fudge; Mrs. Foster, smart navy blue taffeta with cream lace and yoke, price coloured hat swathed with tulle; Mrs. Thionton Jackson wore a navy chiffon taffeta with white Valenciennes lace yoke, pale blue hat; Mrs. Walker, heliotrope check eolienne with cream net yoke, pretty heliotrope toque to match; Mrs. Barker wore a beautifully embroidered pale biscuit coloured cloth gown, hat on suite; Mrs. Forbes, champagne voile finished with brown velvet, brown hat; Mrs. R. B. Lusk, pretty white muslin with embroidered bolero, pale green hat; Mrs. Herz, lovely white embroidered lawn worn over pale pink gloves, pretty pink hat; Miss Bracken was charmingly gowned in white muslin and

black picture hat; Mrs. McLaughlin, rich toilette of navy blue and white check silk, smart black and cream toque voile; Mrs. Sam Morrin, navy and white pin spot gown with lace vest, blue hat swathed with blue tulle; Mrs. Hanley wore a stylish black chiffon glace with silk medallions, and pale blue hat.

It is with regret we learn of the departure from Auckland, after a period of twenty-two years, of Mr. and Mrs. Sibbald and family. They left by the Talune on Dec. 22 for Napier, where Mr. Sibbald has been appointed Collector of Customs. During their stay in this city they have made many friends, and Mrs. Sibbald has endeared herself to many by her cheerful and genial disposition, and she has ever been ready to lend assistance to a good object by her vocal ability. Her daughter (Mrs. Ryland) is booked for London by the Ionic about the end of March next, where she will pursue her musical studies.

#### MT. EDEN COLLEGIATE SCHOOL SPORTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The annual sports and distribution of prizes in connection with the Mt. Eden College (Misses Bews) were held on the Domain Cricket Ground on the afternoon of Tuesday, 18th. The function was favoured with ideal weather, and there was a very large attendance of parents and friends. Ever since its inception this function has proved highly enjoyable, both to parents and scholars, and this year's proved no exception. Some of the events on the programme were very attractive from a spectacular point of view. The bicycle parade, in which a large number of girls, all dressed in white and riding machines decorated with flowers, took part was exceedingly picturesque. During the sports there were indications that the girls of this school receive physical as well as mental training. The musical drill, in which some 100 girls took part, was another conspicuous item of the programme, and both in marching and dumb bell exercises credit was reflected on pupil and teacher. The Maypole dance was another attractive event; while the numerous cycling and running events were well contested. The potato, sack and menagerie races were very amusing, especially the last-mentioned, into which all species of animals, from a chicken to a calf, were brought into requisition. The Bavarian Band was in attendance, and provided some choice music. Afternoon tea was provided. The prizes won during the year were distributed by the Rev. W. Beatty, who congratulated the school upon the solid progress that had been made during the year. He spoke in eulogistic terms of the practical evidence of humanity displayed by the scholars in providing an entertainment during the year for the purpose of raising funds to assist in the education of Maori girls. This entertainment realised sufficient money to pay for a Maori girl's schooling for two years at the Victoria College. The conduct and general tone of the children, he said, indicated the sort of influence they had been subject to at school, and he impressed upon parents the desirableness of backing up that influence at home.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

#### GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,

Dec. 21.

What a busy time Christmas is! Nobody seems to have any spare time for amusements, and the streets are thronged with hurrying crowds laden with parcels of all sizes.

On Saturday last

#### AT THE WHATAPOKO TENNIS COURTS.

Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Parker dispensed a delicious afternoon tea. Mrs. McLean was wearing a brown linen coat and skirt, cuffs and collar strapped with white linen, biscuit coloured straw hat trimmed with biscuit and pink tulle and shaded roses; Mrs. Parker, brown cloth Russian coat and skirt, lace vest, cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet and quills. Miss Maclean, white muslin frock, white hat; Mrs. F. Barker, dainty frock of pink and white striped silk, the bodice trimmed with white net and frills of lace, deep pink hat and shaded roses; Mrs. Jex Blake, handsome white embroidered linen dress, white chiffon hat trimmed with blue forget-me-nots; Mrs.

Maun, grey tweed coat and skirt, lace vest, burnt straw hat and navy blue ribbon; Mrs. Rees, grey tweed skirt, blue and white blouse, cream straw hat with red roses; Mrs. Walter Barker, pretty frock of pale grey voile, ostrich feather bonnet, blue hat with cream roses and blue quills; Mrs. Elliott, dark green tartan, lace vest, black and white hat; Mrs. Arthur Seymour, dark tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, violet hat; Mrs. Porter, white linen blouse and skirt, red hat; Mrs. White, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, brown straw hat; Mrs. Matthews, dark brown coat and skirt, black hat with violets; Mrs. Stock, black silk blouse, black voile skirt, black chiffon hat; Mrs. Parris, cream voile and cream hat; Miss Booth, white silk blouse, black skirt, cream straw hat with ribbon; Misses Reynolds (2), black serge coats and skirts, black and white hats; Miss Reynolds, cream serge coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Clark, white muslin, blue hat; Misses Barker (2), white muslin, white hats; Miss F. Barker, blue and white muslin, pale blue hat; Miss Barker, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown hat to match; Misses Broley (3), white muslin, panama hats; Miss Etta Nolan, grey tweed skirt, white blouse, blue and white hat; Miss Hunter (Hamilton), white linen, white and green hat; Miss Wachsman, blue linen coat and skirt, black hat; Miss E. Wachsman, grey silk muslin, grey and pink hat; Miss Black, blue linen, sailor hat; Miss Olliphant, white serge, white and blue hat; Miss Delatour, white linen, white and green hat; Miss M. Wachsman, biscuit spotted linen, white and pink hat; Miss Foster, black voile skirt, white blouse, sailor hat. The first round of the croquet tournament was played off during the afternoon.

The last few days Gisborne has been enveloped in smoke, from the

#### HUGE BUSH FIRES

which have been burning a few miles away, and the heat has been so intense that very few people have been brave enough to venture out, even to tennis. To-morrow a cricket match is to be played between two teams of gentlemen, who are to wear skirts. It should be very amusing, as they get into such difficulties with their skirts, and their elaborate hats will not keep on.

A large number of people left for the South last week, amongst them being: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Seymour and their little daughter; Mrs. Schumacher, Messrs. W. Nolan, Clark, Veitch, Wachsman, the Rev. N. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Bright,

Dear Bee,

December 28.

#### A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN PARTY

was given by Mrs. Murphy at her pretty old home at Te Arai on Tuesday last. Delicious afternoon tea was served in the garden, and a very jolly afternoon was spent with different kinds of sports and races. The lucky winners of which were presented with charming prizes. All the guests stayed to tea, and a few dances brought a very successful day to a close. Mrs. Murphy was ably assisted by Mrs. John Murphy. Mrs. Murphy received her guests in a black and white toilette; Mrs. John Murphy wore a white muslin frock, white hat trimmed with blue floral ribbon; Mrs. C. Bennett, white muslin with navy blue flower, cream and green hat; Mrs. Dodd, white pique coat and skirt, red hat; Miss Foster, white embroidered linen, red muslin hat; Miss Henri Johnson, white embroidered linen, blue chiffon and white lace hat; Miss Nolan, blue and white floral muslin, white lace hat trimmed with blue ribbon; Miss Clark, white muslin, white lace hat; Miss Monckton, brown and white striped muslin, burnt straw hat with brown ribbon; Miss D. Monckton, blue and white spotted muslin, American sailor hat with ruche of net; Miss Sherratt, green muslin, cream hat; Miss R. Reynolds, black and white muslin, black and white hat; Miss C. Reynolds, white linen, black belt, cream straw hat; Miss Amy Sherratt, white muslin, cream straw hat with navy blue ribbon.

There were very few people

#### AT TENNIS

last Saturday, most of the people having gone away for the holidays. Mrs. Frank Barker and Mrs. Buckridge provided a delicious afternoon tea at the Whataupo courts. The table was beautifully decorated with red sweet peas in silver vases. Mrs. Barker was wearing a white embroidered

blouse, pink linen skirt, pink straw hat trimmed with ruche of pink tulle, deep pink roses on bandeau; Mrs. Buckridge, dainty blouse of white silk and lace, white linen skirt, toque of green foliage and cream roses; Mrs. Parker, rose pink and white silk frock, straw hat with black velvet; Mrs. John Murphy, pretty frock of sea-green voile, trimmed with white lace, blue hat with large blue plume; Mrs. White, cream spotted muslin, cream straw hat; Mrs. Rees, grey skirt, white blouse, cream straw hat trimmed with red roses; Mrs. Porter, white muslin, red straw hat; Mrs. Elliott, white linen, straw hat with pale pink ribbon; Mrs. C. Bennett, pink muslin, cream straw hat trimmed with green ribbon; Mrs. Watkins (The Hutt), blue cloth coat and skirt, smart hat of pink, blue, mauve and cream flowers; Mrs. Parris, white muslin with white flowers, cream straw hat; Miss Booth, grey floral muslin, cream hat; Miss Black, navy blue skirt and blouse, navy blue American sailor hat; Miss B. Black, white muslin blouse, cream serge skirt, sailor hat; Miss Wachsman, white muslin blouse, blue linen skirt, black chiffon hat; Miss E. Wachsman, biscuit spotted muslin, black picture hat; Miss Heath (Wellington), white embroidered muslin blouse, white linen skirt, black and white hat; Miss A. Sherratt, blue skirt, blue and white blouse, burnt straw hat with blue ribbon; Miss Foster, white muslin, red belt, sailor hat.

ELSA

#### NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee,

December 23.

The prizes won during the past year by the pupils of the High School were presented at the School last Friday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of pupils and parents. Delicious afternoon tea, which was provided by Mrs. Pridham, was served in one of the senior rooms, the tables being prettily arranged with flowers by a committee of girls. Among those present were:— Mrs. Pridham, who looked charming in a black and white check silk, cream Valenciennes lace yoke and cuffs, finished with strappings of black velvet, cream Leghorn hat trimmed with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Ward, dainty white embroidered muslin, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, pale green and blue hat; Mrs. Evans, black and white costume, pale blue and white hat, trimmed with feathers; Mrs. Bridge, black silk voile, long cream coat, black and white toque; Mrs. MacDiarmid, black voile, trimmed with lace, shaded mauve and heliotrope, chiffon toque; Miss MacDiarmid, blue and white muslin, white hat; Mrs. C. Govett, black voile, profusely trimmed with ruffled ribbon, black feathered hat; Miss Govett, heliotrope and white check costume, white tulle hat, trimmed with feathers and pale pink roses; Miss D. Govett, white muslin, large white hat; Mrs. Leslie Webster, dainty cream voile, trimmed with silk lace, pretty green hat, with shades of ribbon trimming; Mrs. Matthews, embroidered tussore; Mrs. Marshall, black; Mrs. Julliman, green and white voile, trimmed with narrow black Valenciennes lace, black feathered toque; Miss Quilliam, white embroidered muslin, white hat, with pink roses on bandeau; Miss J. Gray, white inserted-lawn, pale blue hat; Mrs. J. Wilson, navy blue and white costume, hat trimmed with tulle; Mrs. Addenbrooke, grey costume, black hat; Miss Tidy, pale blue linen, burnt straw hat, trimmed with red roses; Mrs. Buller, pale blue costume; Miss G. Avery, blue and white check, cream and pale pink hat; Miss Dugon; Mrs. Newton King, black voile, long cream coat, pale grey hat, trimmed with red cherries; Mrs. Roy; Miss D. Roy, pink flowered muslin, cream hat with yellow flowers; Mrs. Gibbons, black voile skirt, white tucked silk blouse, white feathered hat; Miss Percy-Smith, white embroidered linen, black hat; Miss McKiller, heliotrope voile, cream Valenciennes lace hat, trimmed with heliotrope ribbon; Mrs. Tomlinson; Miss Tomlinson, pink and white costume, burnt straw hat, trimmed with red; Miss L. Skinner, white muslin, French tucks on skirt, cream chiffon hat, trimmed with yellow flowers; Mrs. W. Spaw, stylish black voile, white feather bonnet, black and white toque; Mrs. Bewley, grey voile costume, pale blue and pink hat; Miss Pope, pale blue costume, trimmed with cream silk and lace, brown chip hat; Miss —

Pops, white, insertion muslin, white hat, with pale pink roses; etc.  
NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,  
December 21.  
The annual prize-giving at the Girls' College took place on December 12, in the large dining-hall at the College. Mr Gilbert Carson occupied the chair, and on the platform were the Lady Principal, Miss M. L. Fraser, Mrs Wood (late matron), members of the Education Board, and the teaching staff. The prizes were given away by Mr G. Hogben, M.A. (Secretary for Education). Mrs Wood

wore a rich black velvet evening gown with collar of real lace, full elbow sleeves with a fall of kilted chiffon; Miss Fraser, black silk with cream lace; Miss Shand, cream voile with tucked skirt and yoke of fine cream lace, and a spray of crimson flowers in her corsage; Miss Richmond, white silk, banded with lace and insertion; Miss Reichardt, black silk with yoke of black transparent lace and roses, with foliage; Madame Briggs, white satin gown with berthe of lace and deep crimson roses on her corsage; Mrs Ashcroft, white silk blouse with insertion, pale grey skirt; Mrs Humphreys, soft blue silk blouse profusely trimmed with rows of narrow Valenciennes lace, black skirt; Mrs Fairburn, pale blue floral silk blouse with transparent champagne lace yoke edged with kilted

of pale blue silk, black skirt; Mrs R. Taylor, black and white spotted voile with lace; Miss Taylor, white silk evening blouse with lace and insertion, black skirt; Mrs H. Harper, black crepe de chine frock with cross-over effect of cream insertion, floral silk belt; Mrs Hatrick, becoming pale blue evening silk blouse with yoke of lace, black skirt; Mrs Bignall, eau de nil silk blouse relieved with cream lace, black silk skirt; Mrs Webster wore a beautiful old rose-pink blouse with deep cream shaded lace on it, black silk skirt; Mrs Milne, black silk gown with lace; Mrs Clappett, cream satin blouse with tiny tucks and lace on it, black skirt; Miss Price, white tucked silk blouse banded with lace, black skirt; Mrs Sandilands, black silk evening gown with berthe of chiffon

and elbow sleeves with frills of the same; Mrs Anderson, navy blue and white muslin gown with V-shaped yoke of white lace. Last week a most successful bazaar was held in the Fordell Town Hall in aid of funds to build a new church at Mataraua. The bazaar was formally opened by Mrs Emspon, who was presented by a tiny maiden with a beautiful heliotrope shaded bouquet. Amongst those present were Mrs Corie, Mrs White, Mr and Mrs Burnett, Mrs McBeth, Rev. and Mrs Deane, Rev. A. O. Williams, Mr and Mrs Lewis, Mr and Mrs Wilson, Mrs Addenbrooke, Mrs Higgin, Mr and Mrs Morse, Mr and Mrs Menzies, Misses Higgin (2), Walford Marshall, Emspon, Harrison, Baker, Menzies, Mr and Mrs Allison, Mr and Miss B. Taylor.

# A Discovery in Soap.

UNEQUALLED for  
The NURSERY



BATH



& TOILET.



## Zam-Buk in a New and Useful Form.

### How to Secure a Perfect Skin.

The question has often been asked why the elements which have made Zam-Buk Balm famous the world over were not embodied in soap form.

One thing that sufferers from skin disease need is care in the choice of a medical soap to supplement the healing influence of the balm already applied.

The good effects of Zam-Buk Balm may easily be nullified if not quite lost by carelessness in this direction, and it is only natural that the proprietors of Zam-Buk should have anxiously occupied themselves with investigations after the right medical soap.

They felt that it was far better to market no soap at all if the right methods and the right substances were not forthcoming. This explains why the present demand has remained so long unfulfilled. The idea was too lofty to reach so soon. What the proprietors sought for, and for a considerable time in vain, was a soap pure enough and good enough to contain similar soothing essences of Zam-Buk Balm.

Most medicinal soaps, medicinal in name only, possess no specific action on the skin. Moreover, they usually contain too much soda or other alkali, a grave danger to sufferers from skin trouble.

They often contain, too, cheap and coarse materials used in the process of manufacture, and lastly they are made by the "cold process," that is, without boiling, resulting in an article worth little even as a toilet soap, much less for medicinal or hospital use.

It is generally a case of too much alkali, too much fat or bad mixing.

To-day the Proprietors are able to announce the attainment of their highest ambitions. The Zam-Buk Soap is no longer a dream, but an actual fact, and an invention which is destined to prove invaluable to all skin disease sufferers, and be a boon as an every-day toilet and nursery soap as well.

Zam-Buk Soap does not gloss over the surface-skin as common soaps do, nor does it rob the skin of its natural oil. It opens and cleanses the clogged pores, gets down to the true skin, uproots disease, and imparts a beautiful flexibility and velvety softness to the whole tissue.

Make this test to-day—put a tablet of Zam-Buk Soap (it is cheap and economical) on your washstand alongside the old soap you have been using. Use the two soaps on alternate days. The disappearance of that rough, uncomfortable "feel," that parching, chaling, and stiffness, and that reappearance of perfect skin-comfort with the daily use of Zam-Buk Soap, will convince everyone that its claims have in no sense been overstated.

Zam-Buk Soap may be obtained from all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 4d. per tablet, or a dainty box of three tablets for 3s. 9d., or for same price direct from the Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

and forward it in us with your name and address attached, also 1d. stamp to pay postage, and we will send you a Free Sample Test Tablet of Zam-Buk Soap by return post. Address all applications to the Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., 39 Pitt St., Sydney.

"N.Z. Graphic," Jan. 5, 1907.



## TENNIS.

There was a large attendance at the Campbell-street Tennis Courts on Saturday afternoon, owing, no doubt, to the perfect summer's day, which was indeed a treat after the awful gale of wind and dust of the previous day. Afternoon tea was provided by the Misses Hawkins. Amongst those present were Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Mrs. G. Saunders, Miss Moore, Mrs. G. Marshall, Mrs. Glenn, Mr. and Mrs. Barnicoat, Misses Barclay, C. Anderson, Hawkins, (2), Wilford, Dr. and Mrs. Wall, Miss Stanford, Messrs Strouts, Stewart, Biss, Willis, Harold and others.

The annual prize giving at the Collegiate School took place on Tuesday, 18th December. There was a large muster of friends and relatives present. The prizes were distributed by the Bishop of Wellington. Prior to the prize giving, a short programme of songs was rendered and the evergreen "Forty Years On" was sung by C. H. Ritchie. Amongst those I noticed Mrs. Empson in a beautiful black silk evening gown with berthe of lace and an Oriental shaded silk shoulder scarf; Mrs. Wallace (Wellington) wore a becoming gown of black chiffon taffeta with floun of cream lace; Mrs. Atkinson, cream voile with tucks and bands of insertion; Miss Empson wore a pale blue silk frock, the sleeves were composed of narrow frills of blue silk, floun of chiffon and a spray of roses on her corsage; Miss Moore, pretty silk blouse trimmed with lace, and shoulder scarf of pale blue silk, black crepe de chine skirt; Miss Norris, tucked white silk frock with transparent lace yoke; Miss Williams wore a turquoise blue voile with lace; Mrs. Barnicoat wore a green gown trimmed with champagne insertion; Mrs. Harper, tucked white silk blouse with lace yoke, black crepe de chine skirt; Mrs. McLean (Napier), black silk gown with berthe of lace; Mrs. G. Pownall, dainty white silk frock with yoke of lace and insertion; Mrs. Blundell, blue-green silk blouse with yoke of fine champagne lace, elbow sleeves edged with frill of lace, black skirt; Mrs. Carew (Dunedin) wore a most becoming blouse of white chiffon veiled with black lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. Christie, black silk skirt, smart net blouse with champagne lace; Mrs. McNaughton, Christie wore a dainty white gown with embroidered insertion; Mrs. Hope Gibbons, black voile gown with champagne transparent yoke and cuffs; Miss D. Christie, pretty white silk frock banded with lace and insertion, pale blue ribbon bow in her hair; Miss Stevenson, pastel blue crepe de chine frock; Miss Blundell, becoming white muslin frock with lace and a shaded blue silk sash; Miss Cameron, black velvet gown and beautiful cream lace scarf; Mrs. Palmer, black silk gown with berthe of cream lace; Miss Carew (Dunedin), smart evening blouse of honiton shaded net and chiffon, black silk skirt; Mrs. Maclean, black silk, with scarf of cream lace; Mrs. A. Nixon, pale blue silk blouse with Valenciennes lace and insertion; Miss Nixon, white silk frock; Mrs. D. Riddiford (Marton), stylish blouse of soft white silk with bands of insertion, black silk skirt; Mrs. Corry, black silk gown with cream lace; Mrs. Rankin Brown (Wellington) wore a becoming black silk frock with transparent lace yoke; Mrs. Ashcroft, white silk blouse with insertion, black skirt; Miss Ashcroft, white silk frock with bands of insertion and lace.

HUIA.

Dear Bee, December 29.

Last week the Liedertafel concert was held in the Opera House. There was a very large and appreciative audience present, and the concert was a great success, all the items being splendidly rendered, and encore were numerous. Amongst those I noticed were: Mrs. Hatrick, in a becoming black chiffon taffeta gown with transparent embroidered net yoke; Mrs. Babbage, black silk toilette, the corsage veiled in black lace, with berthe of deep cream lace, and a spray of dark red roses and foliage; Miss Jardine, black silk frock, floun of champagne lace and net; Mrs. Burnett, handsome black silk gown, vest, covers and cuffs of white satin, having facings of narrow black velvet ribbon; Mrs. G. Pownall, white silk frock, with the bodice beautifully embroidered; Mrs. Lennard, black chiffon taffeta evening frock, the corsage was finished with a tucker of white tulle; Mrs. Haines, black silk costume with V-shaped vest of cream silk, edged with deep fall of cream lace; Mrs. R. Bond wore a

pretty white silk frock, the corsage was made with a wide frill of sun-ray pleated chiffon; Mrs. John Anderson, black silk gown with transparent sequin net yoke; Mrs. H. Treadwell wore a heliotrope floral silk blouse with lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. V. Tronson, white silk gown with over-yoke of deep cream chiffon; Miss Naylor, white embroidered skirt, the corsage was of silk, covered with narrow frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. James Watt wore a beautiful pastel blue brocade gown, berthe of blue chiffon and elbow sleeves of the same material.

## THE CRICKET MATCH

between the Murylstone team (England) v. Wanganui was played on Cook's Gardens on Friday and Saturday. The weather was glorious, but the attendance poor, owing no doubt to great numbers being away for their holidays, but under the most favourable circumstances cricket is never well patronised in New Zealand, Wanganui being particularly bad in this respect. The game resulted in a very easy win for England. Amongst the onlookers were Mrs. A. Sheriff, in a grey tweed skirt, pale heliotrope blouse, with lace and heliotrope straw hat, with chiffon to match; Mrs. T. Powell (Hunterville), pale cream serge, three-quarter coat and skirt, white feather boa, fancy straw hat with soft green ribbon and wreath of pale blue forget-me-nots; Miss Tudor (Hunterville), pale grey tweed sac coat and skirt, pretty cream straw hat, with grey ribbons and pale pink roses and foliage; Mrs. Clifford Marshall, old rose silk, with overskirt of black figured muslin and wide swathed belt and sash of old rose silk, fancy straw hat with black chiffon and roses; Mrs. Atkinson, holland costume, with Panama hat; Mrs. H. Sargeant, smart navy blue and white voile costume, the trained corselet skirt was made with band of cream insertion and festoons of Valenciennes lace, bolero with navy blue kitted sock, and full elbow sleeves, with wide bouillons of the skirt, becoming straw hat with navy blue ribbons; Mrs. Cave (Waverley), cream silk gauged frock, profusely trimmed with lace, pretty old rose straw hat, with a spray of roses the same shade; Miss Cave, white embroidered spot muslin gown, with frills, black straw hat with chiffon and feathers; Mrs. H. Nixon, white embroidered linen frock, smart cream straw hat, with crimson and pink shaded roses and foliage in it; Miss Nixon wore a very dainty white embroidered muslin frock and a becoming white lace hat, the crown and brim was covered with lace motifs, and at the shade a full bow of the softest shaded pale pink and blue ribbons; Mrs. Blundell, black voile costume, with yoke of fine cream lace, full elbow sleeves with fall of cream lace, stylish tuscan straw hat, Princess Ena hat, with wreath of crimson and pink roses and foliage; Miss Blundell, white muslin gown, with frills of the material edged with lace, white straw hat, with white ribbons at the side and bandeaux of the same; Mrs. Carew (Dunedin) looked very stylish in a heliotrope lion costume, black and white hat; Miss Carew (Dunedin), pale pink muslin, daintily trimmed with lace, fancy straw hat with pink roses and chiffon; Mrs. John Stevenson, pale grey tweed costume, the skirt was pleated, with smart tailor-made coat, becoming straw hat with pink and green hydrangea in it; Mrs. Cleghorn, pale grey tweed skirt, white silk blouse, straw hat with black chiffon ruche and pink roses on the bandeau at back; Mrs. H. Christie, pale grey crepe de chine gown, gauged and trimmed with pale blue, black picture hat with chiffon; Mrs. Gordon, black skirt, white silk blouse, cream hat with black chiffon ruche; Miss Gresson wore a dainty white muslin with tiny black embroidered spot, straw hat with black chiffon ruche and bandeau of black and white daisies; Mrs. Mason, black and white tweed coat and skirt with collar of black velvet, white vest, cream straw hat with black velvet bands, and quill; Miss Mason, pale blue check gingham frock, the bodice was made with a narrow pleated basque, and vest of cream insertion, cream straw sailor shaped hat with blue and pink floral ribbon, her sister wore a similar frock in pale pink check gingham, cream hat with pink ribbons; Mrs. Wall, dainty white frilled muslin frock, white hat with chiffon and large pink roses and foliage; Miss McNeill, pale pink check gingham frock, cream straw hat with pink roses and black velvet ribbon; Miss Morecroft wore a pale blue gingham with cross-over bodice and vest of cream embroidery, cream hat with pale blue; Mrs. Gill-Carey (Hawera), navy blue voile

with vest of cream embroidered silk and tight-fitting sleeves of the same, cream straw hat with folds of navy blue chiffon; Mrs. H. Good wore a cream muslin and Valenciennes lace robe, cream straw hat with large cream wreath of roses and foliage; Mrs. Fairburn, white embroidered linen frock, pale blue straw hat with blue and green hydrangea; Miss Biss (Auckland), white linen costume, becoming brown straw hat with green chiffon and shaded roses with brown and green parasol to match.

## THE GREAT SCULLING MATCH.

The long-talked-of aquatic event, the race between James Stanbury and William Webb, took place at the Kaliahaik reach of the Wanganui River, about ten miles from the town, on Boxing Day, and resulted in a win for the latter. The hills, overlooking the river at the winning post were literally covered with spectators, and it was consequently very hard to distinguish people. Amongst these I noticed were Mr. and Mrs. H. Sargeant, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Babbage, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Mason, Miss Haddfield, Mr. and Mrs. Lundius, Mrs. and Miss Moore, Mr. and Miss Blundell, Mr. and Mrs. Good, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Pownall, Mrs. Peel, the Misses Cowper, Messrs Willis, Earle, Fairburn, Cameron, Dugan, Harrison, Orford, Allison, Cave, Jones and many others.

HUIA.

## WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, Dec. 21.

Here we are within a few days of Christmas, and the weather is just what one could wish. Trains and steamers are crowded with excursionists, and everyone seems bent on holiday making.

There has been little entertaining during the past few days; most people have been too busy shopping or packing up for any outside diversions. Miss Stuart, whose marriage to Mr. Harvey took place on Tuesday, gave a farewell tea to her girl friends a few days before. Last week I had no space to tell you of

## THE GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY MRS. GERALD FITZGERALD.

The day was an ideal one, the pretty garden looked charming. A band was stationed under a group of trees and elsewhere little tables were scattered about with supplies of tea, ices, etc.

Our hostess wore a beautiful dress of white and black striped taffetas, hemmed with chine silk and adorned with Irish lace, black picture hat with plumes; Mrs. Brandon wore black crepe de chine with ruffles of lace, and a black and white toque with tips; Miss Brandon, red linen and smart red hat; Miss Higginson, pale blue voile and floral hat; Mrs. Duncanson, white flowered voile and picture hat; Miss Duncanson, white embroidered cloth, and hat of shaded pink tulle; Mrs. Elgar, chine silk with bolero of Irish lace, and smart white hat with osprey; Miss Blackett, black cloth Princess dress, and smart black hat; Mrs. B. Brown, white alpaca with tiny black check black toque with tips; Mrs. Pearce, white alpaca Eton coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Mrs. O'Connor, black tailor-made with white facings; Miss O'Connor, grey Eton costume and floral hat; Mrs. Johnston, black eolienne with ivory lace yoke, black hat with feathers; Miss Johnston, white and pink floral muslin, and pale pink hat; Mrs. Loughnan, pale grey voile and smart black and white toque; Miss Medley, pale blue voile and hyacinth toque; Mrs. Denniston, white alpaca Eton cos-

tume and white toque; Miss Hacon, pale blue voile, with wide insertions of ecru lace, small black hat; Mrs. Levin, ivory cloth dress and rose trimmed hat; Miss Fell, grey voile and hat with flowers.

## THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MRS. KENSINGTON.

on Monday, came as a terrible shock, and the very deepest sympathy has been evinced for her relations. She was spared all suffering, and death left her with a calm and tranquil countenance. Her eldest daughter, who was knocked down and injured, is making a good recovery. A peculiarly sad circumstance is that Miss Olive Kensington and her father were both eye-witnesses, though the latter was some distance off at the time.

Mrs. Grace gave

## A DELIGHTFUL AFTERNOON TEA

in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Dalziel, who have just returned from their honeymoon which was spent in England and abroad. Unfortunately the day, which was very fine and summery in the morning, changed to a cold, southerly wind, with rain, so that the garden, which is always the centre of attraction, had to be admired from the windows, and very bright and gay it looked. In the conservatory there was a fine display of polargoniums and maitaisons. Mrs. Grace, who received in the hall, wore a beautiful gown of black crepe de chine and Chantilly lace; Mrs. Dalziel a white eolienne with fine black lines, finished with knots of pale blue velvet; Mrs. Ian Duncan, lovely frock of blue crepe de chine, much trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace and tiny pink rosebuds; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, pale heliotrope cashmere with touches of lettuce green, hat with ruches of the same flowers; Lady Stout, pale grey taffetas, white ostrich feather boa, smart grey hat; Lady Ward, dark blue cloth, with vest of white satin and lace; Miss Ward, pretty frock of champagne tinted voile, small black hat with plumes; Mrs. Bell, striped grey and white silk muslin, high waist belt of black velvet, small hat with grey and heliotrope feathers; her daughter, a green silk muslin and smart white hat; Mrs. Harold Johnston, pale pink voile with touches of brown; Miss Una Williams, blue taffetas, hat with blue and blue tips; Miss Tolhurst, soft pink silk muslin, with yoke of fine lace, Empire belt of pink velvet with long ends; white hat with shaded pink ostrich feather; Mrs. Moorhouse, re-eda eolienne with vest of cream lace, touches of black velvet; Miss Doris Johnston, white embroidered muslin, hat with roses; Miss Coates, black voile spotted with white, ostrich feather stole, black hat; Mrs. Tweed, pale grey taffetas, blue hat; Mrs. Nathan, grey glace trimmed with fine lace, smart toque with plumes; Miss O'Connor, white crepe de chine, pink chiffon hat; Mrs. Brandon, black voile, yoke and sleeves of Paris lace, hat with white tips; Mrs. Medley, blue voile, floral toque; Miss Nathan, white silk frock, hat with cherries; Miss Harcourt, white embroidered muslin, hat with pale blue bows.

Dear Bee, December 28.

Christmas was again blessed with the finest of weather, and all Wellington has been holiday-making with vigour. The number of visitors to Christchurch has lessened the population of Wellington for the time being, and the place is not so crowded as it was last year, though the hotels report they have some difficulty in accommodating the influx of strangers.

## THE CRICKET MATCH

was, of course, a source of great interest, and drew a lot of people from the country districts. The arrival of two dis-

DELICIOUS

# MELLOR'S

# SAUCE.

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tiest theatrical companies from Melbourne on Christmas Eve gave promise of good things to come, which was amply justified by

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "THE ORCHID."

The Opera House was all too small to hold the audience, which was in the happiest frame of mind, and the performers were all warmly welcomed. A particular feature of the play is the dressing, which is unusually good, even for a Williamson company, and the music is gay and catchy. Among the audiences have been Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, the latter wearing white taffetas, veiled in black lace and jet; Miss D. Johnston, pink and white chiffon; Mrs. W. Johnston, white taffetas and lace berthe; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan; Mrs. A. Duncan, in chine silk, and pink belt; Mrs. Crawford, white Louise and lace tucker; Miss Simpson, white crepe de chine; Miss Simpson, pale pink glove; Miss Fell, white taffetas; Miss — Fell, pale blue glove; Dr. and Mrs. Young; Mr. and Mrs. Young, the latter in black taffetas; Mr. and Mrs. Blundell; Mrs. Blundell, in white and pink lace; Mrs. W. Blundell, black taffetas; Miss Kennedy, white and pink floral chiffon; Miss Fitzgerald, white mousseline de soie; Mr. and Miss Cooper; Mrs. and Miss Reid; Mr. and Mrs. Levin; Miss Miles, wearing white crepe de chine; Miss — Miles, white and mauve taffetas; Miss Richardson, pale pink silk muslin; Miss Stuart, white crystalline.

A pleasant little tea was given last week in honour of Miss Webb, whose marriage with Mr. Hewitt is to take place on the 9th. The hostess (Miss Haybittle) received her guests in the drawing-room, which was prettily decorated with sweet peas, and carnations and poppies. Mrs. Haybittle wore mauve eolienne with yoke of narrow lace and ribbon; Miss Haybittle, floral voile with bolero bodice of lace; Miss Webb, white embroidered muslin and pretty floral hat; Miss D. Webb, white muslin and hat with flowers; Miss Blundell, pink and white muslin, pale pink hat; Miss Ewen, mauve linen with white vest, white embroidered muslin and floral hat; Miss Ward, white muslin and long pale blue coat; Miss Watson, pink linen with white lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Simpson, cream embroidered muslin and floral hat; Miss R. Simpson, pale blue voile with white lace yoke, hat with roses; Miss Riley, white and blue muslin, and picture hat; Miss Stuart, white embroidered muslin, white hat; Miss Didsbury, white muslin and lace; Miss McKellar, white embroidered muslin and floral hat; Miss Fulton, dark navy cloth dress and small blue hat.

Cricket has attracted a great many people to the Basin Reserve during the last few days. His Excellency the Governor was a keenly interested spectator, together with several of his staff; and others present included Dr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Captain Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Miss Brandon, the Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis.

THE LIEDERTAFEL CONCERT,

held on Monday evening, attracted a large audience. The programme was a good one, and included some charming glees, also Villiers Stanford's setting of those old sea songs "Drake's Drum" and the "Old Superb." These were taken rather too slowly, and with a lack of swing. Miss Ross played two pianoforte solos brilliantly. Among those present were—Mrs M. Ross, wearing a floral muslin and white cloak; Miss Massey (Auckland), pretty white frock, white opera coat; Lady Hector, grey poplin, with self-coloured embroideries; her daughter, a soft white silk frock; Mrs. Parker, black silk, white coat; Mrs. Coleridge, white Oriental satin; Miss Wilson, pale blue skirt, white silk blouse; Miss D. Wilson, white muslin frock, with touches of pink; Miss Plimmer, pretty white frock; Miss Ewing, cream voile and silk blouse; Miss West, black voile skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Hafey, black broche; blue opera coat; Mrs. Deane, navy blue silk and white lace; Miss Deane, white embroidered muslin; Miss Warren, pretty floral muslin; Miss Brown, black crepe de chine; Miss Mangatani, cream frock and opera coat; Miss Parker, black voile skirt, cream blouse; Miss Mackenzie, black, red, and white; Miss Quick, Plimmer, Ross, Jackson, Warren, and others.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Sir, December 21.

Mrs. Coles and Miss Nannestad dispensed afternoon tea at the tennis courts on Saturday last. The day was beautifully fine, and there was a large number of members present. Mrs. Coles was wearing a pale blue linen frock with a small white spot, burnt straw hat with pink and crimson roses; Miss Nannestad, white spotted muslin and lace insertion, pink American sailor with pink tulle; Mrs. McKnight, navy blue Eton costume braided in black, cream lace vest, black mushroom hat with black tulle ruching and cluster of pale pink roses; Mrs. Harden, navy blue coat made with long basque, navy straw hat with two shades of blue tulle; Mrs. Adams, blue skirt, fawn blouse, cream hat with red silk scarf; Miss Keeling, grey check Eton costume, coat finished with narrow grey silk killings, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Robinson, pale blue and white striped, linen frock, white embroidered hat with pink silk bow on bandeau; Miss Armstrong, white embroidered muslin, pale heliotrope silk belt, white embroidery hat; Miss Mowlem, white embroidered linen, white Valenciennes lace hat lined with pale blue chiffon; Mrs. Thompson, navy and white spotted muslin, cream hat; Miss Wilson, pale blue muslin, Panama hat; Miss Randolph, navy and white spotted de-laine, Paris insertion and navy velvet ribbon trimming bodice, navy hat with pale blue tulle ruching; Miss Fitzherbert, grey and white striped linen, dark green leather belt; Panama hat with wide green velvet band; Miss M. Waldegrave, white muslin, pink and white striped silk tie, Panama hat with pink and white silk scarf; Miss Reed, white linen, Panama hat with wide wide-coloured velvet band; Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Greig, Miss F. Waldegrave, Miss G. Bell, Miss Belle Robinson, Miss Porter, Mrs. Warburton, Messrs. Gibbons, Hughes, Thompson, Swainson, Wither, Reed, Moodie, Spencer, Smith, Fulton, McLean, Reedy, Coles, Connell, Barraud, Waldegrave (2), Hogg, etc. The different matches in the tournament are all being finished. In the men's handicap singles, Spencer beat Collins in the final, 40-37. In the men's handicap doubles, Hughes and R. Waldegrave (25) beat Adams and Fulton (scratch), 40-25. The handicap had been much too liberal in this match. The president of the club, Mr. Adams, has given a trophy for an American tournament, with sealed handicaps. This tournament will be most interesting, as the winner will not be known until all the games have been played, and the handicaps (sealed until after the games are completed) have been added to the aggregates.

On Saturday last Mrs. Beattie gave a small children's party in honour of the birthday of her son, Jim. There was the usual birthday cake and sweets, etc., so delightful to young people. Games of all descriptions were played during the afternoon and evening, a few elders helping to entertain the little guests. The children present included Kathleen, Joe, and Willie Young, Ethel Dempsey, Ellen and Jack McKnight, Noeline Luxford, Grace and Tim Elliot.

All the public schools have had their annual concerts during the week. Terrace End and College-street schools on Tuesday night, and Campbell-street on Thursday. Success was achieved by all. For the Campbell-street concert, the Opera House was taxed to hold the large audience present. Mr. and Mrs. Larecomb, Mr. P. Larecomb, Miss Perriu, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Reed, Miss Alice Reed, Miss Lord, Mr. McLean, Mrs. and Miss Archer, Miss Brisbane, Mrs. and Miss Astbury, Mrs. Lissaman, Mrs. Mellish, Miss Wood, Miss Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, were a few among the many.

Next week is race week in Palmerston. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday there are races at the Awapuni racecourse, and on Friday at Ashurst, a small township 8 miles distant. I hope to tell you of them when next I write.

Dear Sir, December 28.

It was the holidays' tea at tennis last Saturday. On account of the holidays a great many of the members were away, and the attendance limited. Those present included: Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Harden, Mrs. Coles, Mrs. H. Waldegrave, Mrs.

Adams, Mrs. McKnight, Mrs. Thompson, the Misses Waldegrave (2); Randolph (2), Armstrong, Porter, Reed, Fitzherbert, Lord, Messrs Wither, Hughes, Barnicoat, W. Waldegrave, Smith, Swainson, Reedy, Wolfe, Churnside, Wall, Adams, Thompson, Collins, Fulton.

THE RACES.

The weather was glorious on Boxing Day for the first day's racing, and the attendance very large. The pretty course at Awapuni was looking its best, the flower-beds and borders a blaze of colour, and the lawns in perfect order. The banks of the Awapuni Lake, with its protection of willows and natural bush, make an ideal spot for luncheon parties, of which there seemed to be scores. The toilettes of the ladies were more beautiful than I have ever noticed them before. Among the many were Mrs Lionel Abraham, pale blue glace silk, white stole, and black plumed hat; Mrs R. S. Abraham, an exquisite white lace robe over white glace, the skirt handsomely embroidered in black, with little frills edged with fine narrow black lace, crossover bodice, and long white embroidered silk scarf, small blue hat, with crown of crimson roses and white aigrette; Miss Abraham, cream crepe de chine, a broad band of turquoise blue velvet at foot of skirt, white Valenciennes lace, and touches of velvet on bodice, pale blue chiffon hat with blue tip; Miss Ethel Abraham, cream voile made with crossover bodice, pale blue hat; Miss Marjory Abraham, white and pink floral muslin, Valenciennes lace trimming bodice, pink floral silk sash, Leghorn hat, with pink glaze bows and cluster of pink lilac on bandeau; Mrs Harold Abraham, white and pale blue floral muslin, Leghorn hat, with small black flowers and cream lace drape; Miss Walter Johnston, a handsome black toilette, with V-shaped vest of white veiled in black lace, black plumed hat and white and black parasol; Mrs Percy Baldwin, white embroidered muslin, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs Pharaoh (Feilding), cream and pale pink floral muslin, much trimmed with pink satin ribbon, cream hat with deep pink roses; Mrs Godfrey Baldwin (Levin), white embroidered muslin, cream hat, with white and black tulle ruching; Mrs Cohen, a lovely frock of golden brown crepe de chine; hat of same shade, with long white ostrich feather; Mrs Walter Strang, a dainty white embroidered muslin, white hat with turquoise blue glaze bows and cluster of pale mauve flowers on bandeau; Mrs J. Strang, white embroidered muslin, cornflower blue hat, with pale shade of blue hydrangea; Mrs Loughnan, black and white muslin, white lace hat, with pink roses; Mrs Loughnan (Wellington), grey floral de-laine, white feather stole, black hat with black tip; Miss Loughnan (Wellington), pale blue silk, white Valenciennes lace trimming bodice, pretty white hat with pale green roses; Mrs Davis, pale grey crepe de chine, black hat with white tips; Mrs Dan Riddford, brown, with a white flock Eton costume, with narrow blue silk killings edging coat, pink blue toque; Mrs Handyside, lilac and white striped silk toilette, lilac toque; Miss Handyside, white embroidered muslin, wide pale blue and pink silk belt, white hat; Miss May Handyside, cream skirt, white embroidered muslin blouse, cream Leghorn hat with black tip; Miss Handyside, pale blue muslin, cream hat with pale blue flowers; Miss Miles (Wellington), golden brown silk, cream Leghorn hat, with lilac silk bows; Mrs Abbott (Wellington), white embroidered muslin, large cream Leghorn hat, with pink roses and black tip; Mrs Harold Cooper, cream and pink floral muslin, white feather stole, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs O'Brien, white embroidered muslin, small white hat with black tulle and black tip; Miss O'Brien, white muslin and lace, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs H. Waldegrave, a rich black accented-plaited silk costume, grey feather stole, black hat with black tips; Mrs C. E. Waldegrave, a handsome black toilette, wide black velvet revers on bodice and cream and pink silk embroidery, cream Leghorn hat with cream tulle and black tips; Miss M. Waldegrave, white embroidered muslin, cream hat with pale pink tulle ruching and cluster of pink roses on bandeau; Miss D. Waldegrave, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk sash, white lace hat; Mrs Annelius Smith (Wellington), black cloth costume, white cloth collar, small green toque with lilac flowers; Miss Smith (Wellington), pale blue Eton costume, white hat, with white tips; Mrs. Randolph, black cloth made, with very long coat,

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THAT BALD SPOT! CAPILLA advertisement featuring an image of a man's head and text about hair restoration.

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SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS advertisement for Dr. Sheldon's Digestive Tablets.

white satin revers embroidered in black, black toque with black tips; Miss Randolph, blue silk, Paris lace and tulle of green velvet on bodice, blue hat, with blue tip and green aigrette; Miss F. Randolph, pale pink muslin, wide pink silk belt, green hat, with pink roses; Mrs. J. P. Innes, a pretty pale blue striped silk toilette, wide fine black lace insertion on skirt, black plumed hat; Mrs. Millton, navy blue Eton costume, navy hat, with tulle and deep crimson roses; Mrs. Holmes, pale blue muslin, V-shaped vest of Paris lace, brown hat, with pale blue trimming; Mrs. Mellisop, black crepe de chine and black lace, black hat, with black tips; Mrs. W. Keeling, pale blue cloth Eton costume, made with cowslot skirt, cream hat, with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. D. O. Stute, white embroidered muslin over pale blue silk, pale blue hat; Miss Keeling, cream and pale blue floral muslin, cream hat, with pink flowers; Miss P. Keeling, cream and pink floral muslin, cream hat; Mrs. Bell, heliotrope floral muslin, long grey check coat, heliotrope toque; Miss Bell, pale pink silk, burnt straw hat, with brown glaze bows and white marguerites; Miss Owen Bell, white linen, pink hat, with roses; Mrs. A. W. Bell, white muslin and lace, white hat, with white tips; Mrs. Tripe, a very effective cream and black costume, black hat, with black tips; Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, white embroidered muslin, black hat, with black tips; Mrs. Warburton looked well in a handsome black glaze, the bodice was veiled in fine black spotted net, black plumed hat; Miss Warburton, white embroidered linen, cream hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Hankins, black toilette, long cream coat, mauve floral toque; Miss Hankins, white linen Eton coat and skirt, white hat, with scarf of white silk with black spot; Mrs. H. Hankins (Levin), white embroidered muslin over pink, pink hat, with deep bandeau of pink roses; Mrs. W. Fitzherbert (New Plymouth), in brown, made with cross-over bodice and strapped with brown velvet, cream hat, with cerise flowers; Mrs. F. S. McKee, fine cream canvas voile, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and touches of pale blue, black hat, with tips; Mrs. Fitzherbert, grey and white striped coat and skirt, navy blue hat, with stashed mauve roses and ribbon; Miss Fitzherbert, pale green muslin and Paris lace, burnt straw hat, with pink roses; Miss Snow, white muslin frills edged with narrow lace, white lace hat, with white tip and cluster of mauve flowers; Miss Slack, white linen, made with long coat, pale blue chiffon hat; Mrs. J. Pascal, pale green, with trimming of darker shade of green velvet, green hat; Miss Elsie McLennan, white embroidered muslin, pale pink hat; Mrs. Toxward, grey Eton costume, cream Leghorn hat, with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Gifford-Moore, white embroidered muslin, green American sailor hat, with mauve roses; Mrs. Coles, white embroidered muslin, green hat, with white feathers and cluster of mauve flowers; Mrs. Waddy (Blenheim), black canvas voile, white Valenciennes lace trimming bodice, black and white toque; Mrs. G. Sim, white and pale blue floral muslin, white hat, with tulle and blue flowers; Mrs. Broad, white and blue muslin, white hat, with white chiffon; Miss Wood, pale green voile, wide belt of darker shade of green velvet, black toque, with black tip; Miss Buick, white embroidered linen, burnt straw hat, with pink roses; Miss Lily Buick, heliotrope floral muslin, heliotrope hat; Mrs. Stanley Hume, the white embroidered muslin over pale blue silk, blue chiffon hat; Miss Knight, cream muslin, frilled to the waist, each frill edged with narrow lace, pale blue hat; Miss — Knight, a similar frock, with Leghorn hat, with black tulle and black tip; Miss Preece (Auckland), cream voile, trimmed with insertion of deeper shade, cream Leghorn hat, with black tulle and pink roses; Miss Sheila Preece, pale blue muslin, pale blue hat,

and cream aigrette; Mrs. F. S. McKee, grey Eton coat and skirt, narrow facings of green on coat, black hat, with black tips and white tulle; Mrs. McKee (Auckland), black voile, with V-shaped vest of cream lace, black and white toque, with white lilac; Mrs. Davis, golden brown crepe de chine, black hat, with white tips; Mrs. Loughman, cream voile, cream silk scarf, black plumed hat; Mrs. Loughman (Wellington), grey floral toilette, white stole, grey hat, with lilac trimming; Miss Loughman (Wellington), pink linen, white lace yoke, white hat, with pink glaze bows; Mrs. Bell, a becoming black crepe, black stole, lilac toque; Miss Bell, white embroidered muslin, burnt straw hat, with marguerites; Mrs. J. P. Innes, grey and white check costume, coat finished with touches of pale blue, black plumed hat; Mrs. Pharaiza (Feilding), fine cream voile and lace, white stole, white crinoline hat, with white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Percy Baldwin, rose pink linen Eton coat and skirt, wide cream insertion on skirt, cream hat, with pink and cream sweet peas; Mrs. Godfrey Baldwin, fawn Eton costume, white hat, with white and black tulle ruching; Mrs. W. Johnston (Awahuri) pale grey crepe de chine, made with Eton coat, white lace on coat, grey crinoline hat; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, black toilette, black and white lace hat, with pink and lavender roses; Miss Waldegrave, pink linen Eton costume, white lace collar, white chiffon hat; Mrs. Warburton, black muslin, with pink rosebuds, frills finished with fine black lace edgings, black lace trimming bodice, white hat, with black tips and small pink roses; Miss Warburton, cream spotted drill, cream lace hat, with pink roses and green foliage; Miss Smith (Wellington) green linen, Panama hat, with white silk scarf; Mrs. Tripe, white and mauve floral muslin, mauve hat, with pink, cream, and crimson roses; Mrs. Snow, cream voile and cream lace, grey toque, with pink flowers; Mrs. Buckley, white linen with red spot, red leather belt, green and white hat; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, cream cloth costume, cream silk scarf, navy blue toque, with cluster of deep crimson roses at side; Mrs. Harold Abraham, cream and heliotrope floral muslin, cream lace finishing bodice, heliotrope silk sash, cream hat, with cream silk scarf; Miss Handyside, bright pink floral muslin, wide pink silk belt, cream hat, with pink roses and green aigrette; Miss May Handyside, white embroidered muslin, burnt straw hat, with black tulle and black tip; Miss Barraud, a very dainty white muslin, embroidered in pale green, cream Leghorn hat, wreath of pink roses and bandeau of green ribbon; Mrs. Jack Strang, blue and white striped silk, strapping of darker shade of velvet on bodice, blue toque, with paler shade of flowers; Miss Slack, blue and white floral muslin, blue silk belt, white lace hat; Miss Willis (Rangitikei), white embroidered muslin, pale blue mushroom hat, with wreath of forget-me-nots; Mrs. Hankins, navy blue and white spotted delaine, long cream coat, hat of two shades of violet; Miss Hankins, white linen Eton costume, white feather bon, black hat, with black tips; Mrs. H. Hankins (Levin), cream serge coat, made with short pleated basque, navy blue velvet collar and cuffs, deep cream hat, with same shade of roses; Miss Nicholls, grey and white check costume, cream hat, with pink silk trimming; Mrs. Moeller, white embroidered linen, pale blue mushroom hat, with wreath of autumn tinted foliage; Mrs. Chase-Morris (Wellington), navy blue Eton coat and skirt, cream Leghorn hat, with black tips; Miss Chase-Morris, navy blue, pale blue hat; Miss — Chase-Morris, pale blue linen, cream hat; Mrs. W. Keeling, white embroidered muslin, green American sailor hat, with pink roses; Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson, cream silk and lace, cream hat, with pink flowers; Mrs. Harold Cooper, pale blue Eton costume, white feather bon, white hat, with cerise flowers and pale blue silk; Mrs. Stanley Hume; nil green silk, cream hat, with green silk trimming; Miss Wood, white and lilac floral muslin, blue toque, with paler shade of tulle trimming; Miss Knight, cream, with pale blue hat; Miss Buick, rose pink linen, burnt straw hat, with pink tulle; Miss Lily Buick, white, white hat, with pale pink roses; Mrs. A. Bell, pink linen, cream hat, with pink roses.

Today races are being held at Ashurst, eight miles from Palmerston, and tomorrow is the third day of the Palmerston races.  
Mrs. Walter Strong is giving a large dance at her pretty residence (Awapuni) to night.  
VIOLET.

**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.**

CLARKE.—At her residence, Ardmore-rd., Ponsonby, the wife of Irving Clarke, of a daughter; both doing well.  
DUMFRIES.—On December 13, at Karaka-street, the wife of E. J. Dumfries of a daughter.  
GUILFILLAN.—On December 23rd, the wife of E. A. Guilfillan, of a daughter.  
GREENSLAIDE.—On December 16, at Rawhiti Nursing Home, Park-rd., to Mr and Mrs W. Greenslade, of City-rd., a son.  
HART.—At her residence, Pollen-st., Grey Lynn, the wife Mr. H. Hart, of a son.  
KENDALL.—On December 26, 1906, at Stanley-st., the wife of G. C. Kendall, of a daughter; both doing well.  
MCANALLY.—On December 25, 1906, at Nurse Grace's Sanxey House, Vincent-street, to Mr and Mrs T. J. McAnaney, of Hanratty, Klug Country, a son. Both doing well.  
PETERS.—On December 25, 1906, at Nurse Grace's Sanxey House, Vincent-street, to Mr and Mrs G. Peters, of Eden Terrace, a son. Both doing well.  
TUCK.—On December 27, at this residence, "Aratonga," Great South-road, to Mr and Mrs G. E. T. Tuck, a daughter.  
WILSON.—On December 19th, at her residence, "Elfringlen," Birkenhead, the wife of W. Wilson, of a son.  
WILSON.—On December 20, to Mr and Mrs C. Wilson, of Epsom, a daughter; both doing well.  
WILLIAMS.—On December 23, at Valley-road, Mount Roskill, the wife of J. T. Williams, of a daughter.

**MARRIAGES.**

LEWIS—NEEDHAM.—On November 28th, by the Rev. Canon MacGregor, James Richmond, eldest son of James Brady, Ponsonby, to Mabel Elsie, youngest daughter of Mrs Needham, Remuera.  
COATES—NEALE.—On December 18, at St. Stephen's, Auckland, by the Rev. Canon Watson, Minnie Rose Coates, third daughter of Thomas Coates, Belmont, Auckland, to Thomas Neale, of Nelson.  
COLE — AYERS. — At St. Helier's Bay, on the 18th December, John M. Cole to Gertrude, second daughter of Mr T. Ayers, of Woodend, Canterbury.  
LEIGH—WOOD.—On December 12th, 1906, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. W. Day, Algerian Henry, elder son of the late Henry Leigh, London, to Bertha Mary, second daughter of Emuch Wood, "Warwick," Mt. Roskill, Auckland.  
McCARTHEE—CAMPBELL.—At Auckland, by the Rev. Gilliam Norman Phillip McCarthee to Hilida, youngest daughter of the late Robert Campbell; both of Auckland.  
MCNEIL—BUTLER.—On November 21st, 1906, by the Rev. Clark James, third son of James McNeil, of Dunedin, to Wilfred Butler (Fred), youngest daughter of Thomas Butler, of Jernynst., Auckland.  
PHILPOT — FRICKER. — On December 14th, at All Saints' Church, Auckland, by the Rev. Archdeacon Calder, Frederick the Ven. Philpot, of Wellington, to Catherine Frances (Kate), oldest daughter of Walter Fricker, Picton-st., Auckland.  
SKINNER — COLDHAM. — On November 28th, at St. Peter's Church, Onehunga, by the Rev. Canon Harselden, John A. Skinner to Laura A. Coldham, both of Onehunga.  
SPARGO—IDE.—On August 4th, at St. Thomas' Church, Rozelle, Sydney, by the Rev. John Dixon, Charles William, eldest son of Capt. W. Spargo, of Auckland to Ettie, second daughter of Thomas Ide, Esq., of Sydney.  
TAYLOR — REDGATE. — On November 21, at Epsom Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Canon John, John, eldest son to the late William Taylor, to Lilian, the youngest daughter of William Redgate, of Cornwall Park, Epsom.  
WEBBER—BEATTY.—On October 16th, 1906, at St. Mark's Church, Remuera, by the Rev. Canon Charles, fourth son of the late Mr W. Webber, to May I. Beatty, only daughter of the late Mr J. P. Beatty, Auckland.

**SILVER WEDDING.**

CAMMELL—SULLEN.—On December 29, 1881, at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, by the late Rev. W. Tibbs, William Henry, eldest son of the late G. S. Cammell, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late John Sullen, both of Auckland.

**DEATHS.**

CARLISLE.—On December 23, at his late residence, Napier-street, James Caradus, passenger by Duchess of Argyll, 1842), beloved husband of Elizabeth Caradus, in his 84th year.  
CLARKE.—On the 26th December, 1906, at Mrs. Bangor's Nursing Home, Devonport, Edgar Charles John, eldest son of Mr and Mrs J. J. Clarke, Hokitika; aged 20 years. —Hokitika and Thames papers please copy.

CROMBIE.—On December 22nd, at Hamilton, accidentally killed, Henry Gordon Jones, beloved youngest son of William Crombie, stationmaster, Auckland; aged 21 years.  
COLGAN.—On 24th inst., at her late residence, Edinburgh-st., Newton, Ellen Bennett, relict of the late George Wellington Colgan; aged 82 years.  
COWIE.—On December 23, at his parents' residence, St. Mary's-road, Claude Athol, dearly beloved infant son of Morton and Agnes Cowie; aged 45 months.  
Gwynne.—On Christmas Day, at Hamilton, Sarah, relict of the late Richard Gwynne, in her 70th year.  
HOUGH.—On December 22nd, at her late residence, Chusey Avenue, Mt. Roskill, Louisa, the dearly beloved wife of Albert Hough; age 55 years.  
JERRIAM.—At his late residence, Bell-rd., Remuera, on 23rd December, James Tait Jerriam; aged 61 years.  
KIMSAIL.—On December 25, 1906, Annie Cordella, the dearly beloved youngest daughter of Alice and the late Walter Kimsail; aged 7 years.  
LAXON.—On Sunday, December 23, at his late residence, Marlborough, Epsom, John McIntyre, the beloved husband of M. G. Laxon; aged 43 years.  
MARKS.—On December 23, at his late residence, Kaukapakapa, Henry, beloved husband of Fanny Marks; aged 72 years.  
MARSHALL.—On December 28th, 1906, at her residence, Sale-out, Brigg, dearly beloved wife of W. H. Marshall; aged 54 years. K.I.P.  
MCADAM.—On December 25, at the District Hospital, after a long and painful illness, Percival (Percy), fifth son of W. H. McAdam, Prospect-terrace, Mount Roskill; aged 25 years.  
MASEFIELD.—On December 25, at her late residence, Wood-street, Ponsonby, Elizabeth, wife of Richard M. Masefield; aged 41 years.  
McCARTEN.—At the District Hospital, on December 28, 1906, Doris Evelyn McCarten, of an accident; caused by her clothes catching fire; aged 8 years.—Taranaki papers please copy.  
MITCHELL.—On December 28th, accidentally killed at Michmoud, James, the dearly beloved husband of Alice Mitchell; aged 40 years.  
MORGAN.—On December 23, at her parents' residence, Drake-street, Freeman's Bay, Daisy, beloved wife of David Morgan, also dearly beloved granddaughter of the late I. Solomon. Deeply regretted.—Home and Southern papers please copy.

PARRIDGE.—At Port Albert, on December 21, 1906, Elizabeth, relict of the late William Partridge, in her 68th year.  
SUCH.—On December 24, at Sydney, New South Wales, Fanny Elizabeth, the beloved wife of William Parker Such, retired railway employee, of Auckland, in her 62nd year. (By cable).  
How still and peaceful is the grave, Where lies'tv'n cumula past; The appointed house by Heaven's decree Receives us at the last.

**EVREN**  
Nerve & Brain  
**TABLETS**  
Are especially beneficial  
in restoring to . . . . .  
**PERFECT HEALTH AND VIGOUR**  
those who are weak and debilitated from either  
**DISEASE, WORK, OR WORRY.**  
ALL CHEMISTS & STOREKEEPERS SELL THEM  
Price 2/- per Box.  
Or will be sent Post Free on receipt of price by  
**F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor,**  
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

A concentrated nutrient  
**PLASMON**  
containing all the necessary elements for renewing muscle, brain and nerves.

**THE SECOND DAY'S RACES.**

The heat was intense on Thursday for the second day's racing, and the dust indescribable; the two-mile drive from Palmerston to the course was through a dense fog of dust. Fortunately, rain fell during last night, and matters will be much pleasanter today for the Ashurst races, a drive of eight miles from here. Many of the ladies of the races yesterday were wearing the same toilettes as on the first day, but a few different ones I noticed were—Mrs. Abbott (Wellington), a pretty pale blue cloth costume, the coat made with a short basque and finished down the front with cream lace ruffles, a large cream hat, with tulle, pink roses,



**Jimmy Whistler, Geographer.**

New stories of the artist who, when someone said that he and Velasquez were the two greatest painters the world has ever seen, remarked sententiously, "Why drag in Velasquez?"—James Macneil Whistler, of the white tuft and the butterfly signature, are rare, but the following incident which Lord Archibald Campbell has been heard to repeat in private, has never hitherto appeared in print. He knew Whistler very well, having first met him in Liverpool. Subsequently, Lord Archibald came to London to enter Coutts's bank, in which he is now one of the partners, and in the early eighties he took Coombe Hill Farm where he still lives. There

the Whistler influence may be seen in some of the decorations of the drawing-room and the dining-room, as well as even outside the house. On a certain day when Whistler was visiting the farm, a French artist, Elie Maillard, who was carrying out some of the decorative work schemes, was also there. In the evening the two painters and Lord Archibald went for a walk in Coombe Wood, which lies on the top of a plateau. There, on the extreme summit, is a depression which is, as clearly as possible, the remains of an old road leading to what was probably an English camp long before the Roman invasion. That camp, indeed, is believed to date back to the Bronze age, ingots of copper being found there. Now it is a modern road to the gravel pits in the

neighbourhood. The talk drifted to the road, and there was some discussion as to what it had originally been. Whistler looked up, and with his eye-glass in his eye said, in his curiously rasping voice, "I know perfectly well what this used to be. Why, it's a river bed." Elie Maillard threw back his head and roared with laughter. "What an idea," he exclaimed, "a river running up to the top of a mountain!" It was only then that Whistler realised that geographical facts and artistic supremacy do not necessarily go hand in hand.

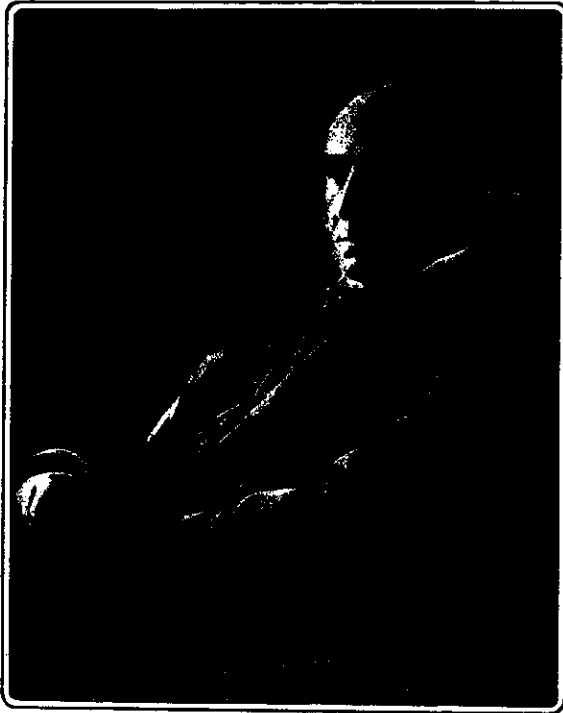
**Coddling.**

Many people take too much "care of themselves," they think so much about their health or their ill-health that they make themselves ill through sheer mental concentration and worry. Continual thought about any organ will influence the state of that part of the body, as Christian scientists know very well.

"I simply can't eat cold meat," the man who has allowed his stomach to get the upper hand of him will plaintively assert, and he seems rather proud of the fact that his organ of digestion is of a more fastidious and delicate

Wakeful Willie: Mamma!  
Tired Mamma: Well, dear?  
Wakeful Willie: When Santa Claus was a little boy who filled his stockings?

**PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.**



MR. ARTHUR PINERO,

author of many delightful plays, including "His House in Order," which has run over 500 nights at Home.



PROFESSOR FRIDTJOF NANSEN,

the Arctic explorer who represents Norway at the British Court.



She: Hello! Who's that?  
He: Ahem!  
She: Oh, it's you, is it? The usual thing, I suppose; detained, important business; can't get home to dinner; sorry, and so on.  
He: Right again, but I shall be home as quickly as possible.  
She: Well, then bring me a bottle of Odol.  
He: Speak louder, dear, I can't hear; a bottle of what?

**AT THE TELEPHONE.**

so much about lately. Since they've been using it, they do nothing but smile, to show their beautiful teeth.

She (eagerly): Yes, Jack, yes, that's it. (Then more seriously.) But I say, Jack, if you've heard so much in its praise, why haven't you bought me some before now?

He: Well, you see, dear, I didn't think your teeth could be improved; besides, your smiles are perfection.

She: Don't be ridiculous, Jack. You don't understand. Odol is a serious matter. It isn't a tooth-powder, or a tooth-soap, or any of those antiquated things which are useless for preventing fermentation which causes the teeth to decay. Odol gets into every crevice of the mouth and between the teeth and washes the mouth clean of every impurity. Odol is a liquid antiseptic dentifrice and its refreshing effect lasts for several hours after using it. Odol is such a famous—

He (impatiently): Well, well, it's all right, you shall have it, and I'll bring a bottle for myself as well.

She: Do, Jack, do, but I say, you must bring half-

She: Odol, O-d-o-l, O-dol. Are you there?  
He: Yes, all there, darling, all there.  
She: And you know what I mean?  
He: Of course I do. It's that lovely tooth and mouth-wash I've heard the fellows at the club talking

crown bottles, they contain twice as much as the eighteenpenny ones.

He: How economical you are getting!  
She: And bring the Sweet Rose-flavoured Odol for me, please Jack. The Standard, with the stronger flavour, will perhaps be best for you.

He: I'll not forget, my dearest Odol-idol. I mean Ta-ta.

They ring off.



order than the common or garden stomach of ordinary humanity. The truth is that he has trained his stomach badly, he has accustomed it to "loaf," has permitted it to get into a condition of semi-invalism by pure pampering.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," said a medical man of my acquaintance, "to cultivate a fastidious stomach. If you habitually feed yourself upon slops, semi-digested food, or only certain types of food, your stomach will accustom itself to your requirements. It goes 'on strike' because it discovers it does not require to work.

"Half the people who declare they cannot eat this, that, or the other thing, would be much healthier and happier if they were simply made to take the ordinary diet of everyday life and did not bother their heads whether their food agreed with them or not."

#### OVERFEEDING.

Some people coddle themselves by overfeeding. They think that the more they eat the healthier they will become, they tell you that they mean to "take care of themselves." So they take little exercise and much food.

Don't think that if you rest and eat and eat and rest you will grow strong. You will only grow fat, fat and flabby.

The invalid habit is the simplest thing to acquire and the most difficult to get rid of. The woman who thinks she is interesting if she is physically delicate, who enjoys her ailments, is often perfectly strong and healthy in the first instance.

"I never recovered from that severe attack of influenza," she will tell you with no little pride, and ill-health to such a woman is a luxury she could not bear to forgo.

Many an "invalid" tied to a sofa for years has suddenly recovered health and strength and happiness by being forced by financial difficulties to bestir herself for her family.

#### A CHRONIC SORE THROAT

is Nature's punishment to the person who perpetually coddles his throat. The man who will not venture out of

doors in winter without a muffler, the woman who wraps herself to the ears in a fur, only make their throats more sensitive to cold and more liable to illness.

"Me all face," said the Indian who was asked if he was not afraid of catching cold without clothes, and it is certainly true that we can accustom our bodies to cold, and can harden ourselves against catching chills.

But the more we coddle ourselves by

overclothing, by sitting over fires, by staying indoors because it happens to be wet or cold, the more certainly shall we contract a cold when we venture out of doors.

What causes half the colds in winter? Overcoats.

We hurry along in a heavy overcoat and arrive at church or theatre or concert-hall in a steaming condition and throw off the coat because we are no longer in the open air.

Then we get a chill, and not one man in fifty does the right thing—namely, carry his coat to church and put it on inside when he is sitting still.

Lady: Well, Molly, what are you so sad about? Is your sweetheart at the manoeuvres?

Cook (sobbing): All three of 'em!



COUNT TOLSTOI AND HIS WIFE,

taken from one of the very few photographs which are in existence of the famous Russian novelist's better half.

Splendid Fishing!

Glorious Drives!

Delightful Picnics!

Musical Evenings!

# Annual Summer Cruise

along the

## NORTHERN COAST.

#### POST CARDS.

A new series of twelve beautifully coloured cards illustrating the trip will be sent to any address on receipt of 1s 1d.

#### What people say who have taken this trip.

Mr C. N. Worsley, artist, Nelson, wrote to the manager as follows, under date March 8th, 1905:—

"I feel I must write you a few lines to congratulate your Company on the great success of the Excursion trip by the Ngapuhi. From an artistic point of view, taking it all round, I consider the trip second to none in New Zealand. It has a great advantage over others in the shore excursions and variety of scenery. The Ngapuhi is a most comfortable boat, and remarkably free from smells of all kinds. The captain and officers could not have shown more consideration and, as regards myself, were always ready to give every facility for sketching."

Other passengers wrote as follows:—  
"From start to finish, most perfect; regret it did not last three weeks instead of only eight days."



"The most pleasant holiday I ever spent. A trip which should be taken by every body wanting a thoroughly enjoyable holiday."

"Have enjoyed the trip immensely, and shall recommend my friends to come next year."

#### The s.s. CLANSMAN

MAKES WEEKLY TRIPS  
TO THE BAY OF ISLANDS AND  
MANGONUI

Leaving Auckland every Monday, and arriving back on Friday morning. For those who have only a limited time at their disposal this is a most delightful summer trip. The cost is moderate and the accommodation and service the very best.

#### WEST COAST SERVICE.

#### The s.s. Rarawa

Leaves Onehunga for New Plymouth every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, connecting with express train for Wellington. The passenger accommodation is of the highest class.

### s.s. Ngapuhi, February 1st to 9th.

Send to the Northern Company's Office for a descriptive leaflet of this grand holiday tour.

**FARES: From £7 to £10.**

**Land Excursions, 13s. extra.**

**CHARLES RANSON, Manager.**

# International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH, 1906-1907.

The following HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICGATED and DELICATELY PERFUMED,

## LONDON MADE TOILET SOAPS

Will be exhibited by the Manufacturers:

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. LTD.,

(LONDON & LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA,"  
"REGINA CREAM," "REGINA VIOLET,"  
"COURT," "BUTTERMILK,"  
"PALMITINE BATH," "GLYCERIN CREAM."

These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or STOREKEEPER. Wholesale in

AUCKLAND,  
CHRISTCHURCH,  
DUNEDIN,  
INVERCARGILL,  
&c.

NAPIER,  
NELSON,  
NEW PLYMOUTH,  
WELLINGTON,  
&c.

Enquiries may also be addressed to the Company's Representative  
Mr. ARTHUR DAY, at the Exhibition.

The Company will show specimens of their leading brands of:-

CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, GLYCERIN,

And of their Celebrated:-

"GAS ENGINE OILS,"  
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS.

51 HONOURS AND AWARDS.

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## United Service Hotel

CATHEDRAL SQUARE,  
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This high-class Establishment is luxuriously furnished. Has conveniences all that science can suggest, and an appearance of comfort prevails everywhere. Electric Elevators. All Trams start from the door.

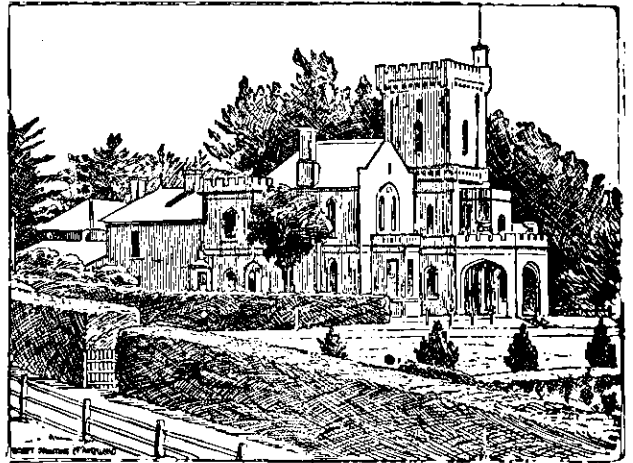
PROPRIETORS:

Lt. Col. Jowsey and A. W. Lane.

## The Ladies' College, Remuera,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.  
Studies resumed (D.V. June 5th.



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. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses - English and Foreign.

Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal.  
MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.K.

The most important Cycle improvements for 1906 are found in Rudge-Whitworths only. Recent discoveries in the Rudge-Whitworth Laboratories (the only ones in the Cycle Trade) have made it possible to give a signed certificate of guarantee with every Rudge-Whitworth. And the guarantee is that of a responsible firm whose assets exceed £350,000 in value, all of which stands as security for the guarantee to riders of Rudge-Whitworths

**RUDGE-WHITWORTH**

ROAD RACERS, £13 13s. nett. LADIES' or GENTS' ROADSTERS, fitted with Eadie Coaster and Front Brake, etc., £15 15s. nett. Easy Terms £2 extra. Depots and Agencies in all centres. Write for Catalogue.

**E. Reynolds & Co. Ltd.**  
WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH and INVERCARGILL.

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S  
**CHERRY BRANDY WITH SODA.**

SWIFT & COMPANY, 82 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.

**Circular Pointed  
Pens.**

Seven  
Prize Medals.



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Attention is also drawn to their patent Anti-Biting Series.

Works: Birmingham, England.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION

By MARGUERITE



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR BATHING GOWNS.

1. In pale blue serge with white embroidery; 2. In cream serge with white embroidery; 3. In navy serge and white embroidery.



AN ELEGANT TEA-GOWN OF INDIAN MUSLIN.  
trimmed with gold galon and embroidery.



A SMART HAT.



LITTLE GIRLS FROCK.



A PRETTY DINNER DRESS FROM PARIS.

Clean White  
Teeth

mean sound Teeth. As for the work, the sensation they are kept in by the use of

**CALVERT'S**  
Carbolic Tooth Powder.

It is made for clearing the Teeth and for  
to be pleasantly, thoroughly and gently  
a good assistant to the brush. The reason  
That is why it is in such constant demand  
All over the world.

Sold by Local Chemists and Druggists.

F. D. Calvert & Co., Wellington, N.Z.

**Ladies'**  
Costumier and  
Habit Maker.



**B. J. M. KEMP**

Merchant Tailor

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AUCKLAND.



THE NEW

**P.D.**

**CORSETS.**

Latest  
Models.

FROM ALL  
Leading Drapers.



OH, NO.

I WANT MY TOOTH EXTRACTED

I'M GOING TO THE DENTIST AND HAVE IT PULLED

DR. MOLAR TOOTHSMITH

THE DOCTOR SAYS HE AINT IN - HE'S OUT AND BUSY

THAT IMITATION OF BUSTER THAT IS IN SOME OF THE PAPERS HAS GIVEN PEOPLE A BAD IDEA OF HIM

DR. MAXILARY. D.D.S.

NOT ON YOUR LIFE I WONT

PLEASE PULL MY TOOTH

THEY SEEM TO THINK HE'S A BAD BOY

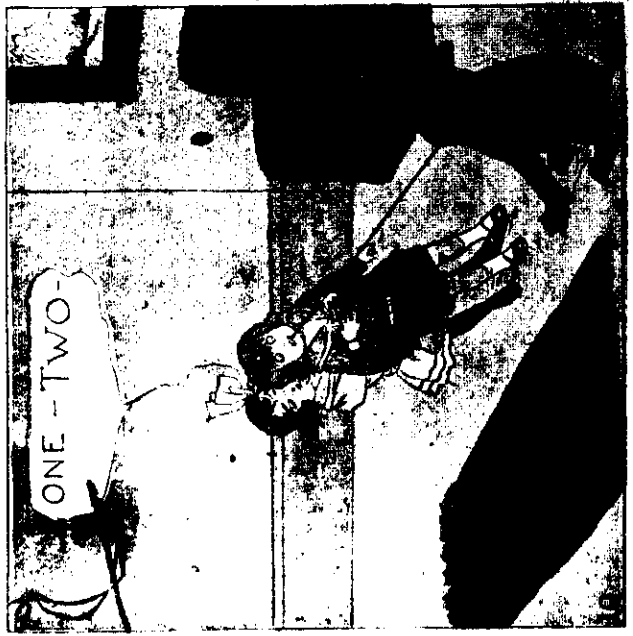
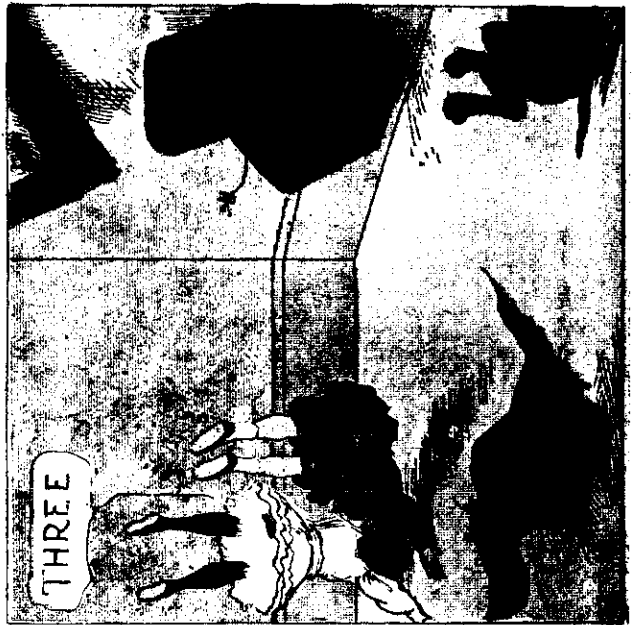
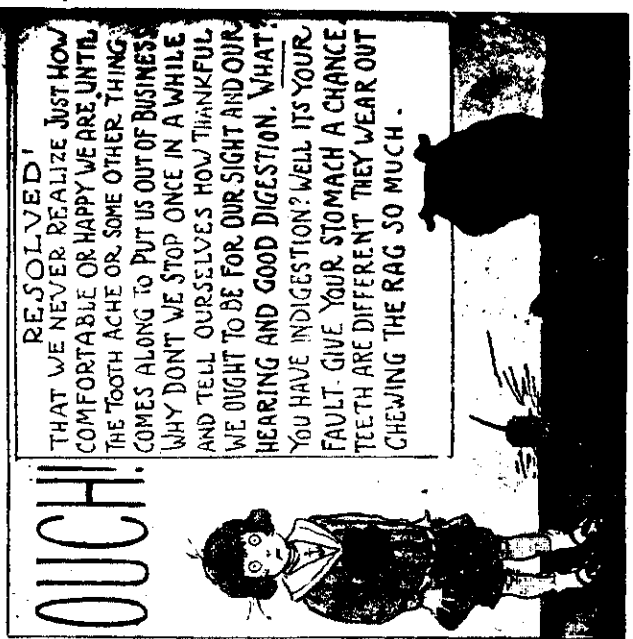
DR PULLEM DENTIST

NO

TEETH PULLED, PUSHED, JOLTED AND THINGS

WILL YOU PULL MY TOOTH ?

EVERY BODY KNOWS HIM





WE CAN SEE IT HAPPENING, CAN'T YOU!



I.

Grace: "A seat on the Stock Exchange was sold to-day for £300."  
Genevieve: "Seats seem to be more valuable here."



II.

.....!?!?.....



"Uncle Jack, what is it the men play, when one takes a long pole, rubs some chalk on the end of it, pokes a white ball around the table, and then h-ists up on one leg and says 'damn'?"



NEVER GOT FURTHER.

The Monkey: "Did a fat little monkey, wearing a high hat, go by here?"  
The Tiger: "No monkey went by here."

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

He: "I think modern dress reveals the vanity of the human heart."  
She: "Oh, I never saw one so décolleté as that."

GIVE HER TIME.

Never ask a woman for her reasons. If you will only keep still and wait a little she will give them to you.

THE LESSER EVIL.

"Hey, there, it is forbidden to walk on the railway tracks." "Do not be afraid, my good man, we have come here to escape the automobiles."—Humoristic.

ONLY ONCE.

Mrs. Rurale: "Did you ever find a man under the bed?" Mrs. Outskirts: "Yes, the night we thought burglars were in the house I found my husband there!"

AS HE EXPECTED.

Mrs. Knagg: "You talked about coming home early to-night, but I thought it would all end in talk." Mr. Knagg (wearily): "So did I, my dear." (It did!)

NOT TOO FRESH, EITHER.

"I suppose that some of your battle scenes are very realistic?" said the sympathiser. "Yes," said the second-rate actor. "I have impersonated Napoleon at Waterloo several times when real shells were bursting all about me."

EVIDENCE.

A young thing of some fifty summers was playing the piano before the open window, and said to her maid, "Maria, do you think the Signor Stuzzini opposite hears me?" "Yes, senorita, I am sure, as he is shutting his window."

CERTAINLY NOT.

Employer: The increase in the cost of meat makes a lot of difference in my living expenses! Don't you find it so?

Clerk: "No, sir; my salary is so small that I've bought no meat for several years!"

"You're fortunate! You won't mind it, then, if on account of the high price of meat I reduce your salary a little."

THE PEACH AND THE VEGETARIAN.

"Can't see why you're so smitten with her."

"Why, because she's so deucedly pretty."

"Beauty's only skin deep!"  
"Well, great Scott! I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me."



THE RECIPE FOR WEDDING CAKE.

Cupid—"Funny, but these up-to-date cook books call for a lot of this."





CHELTEMHAM BEACH, AUCKLAND, BOXING DAY, 1906.

TWO IMPORTANT AND INDEFATIGABLE WORKERS FOR AUCKLAND'S INTEREST AT THE EXHIBITION.

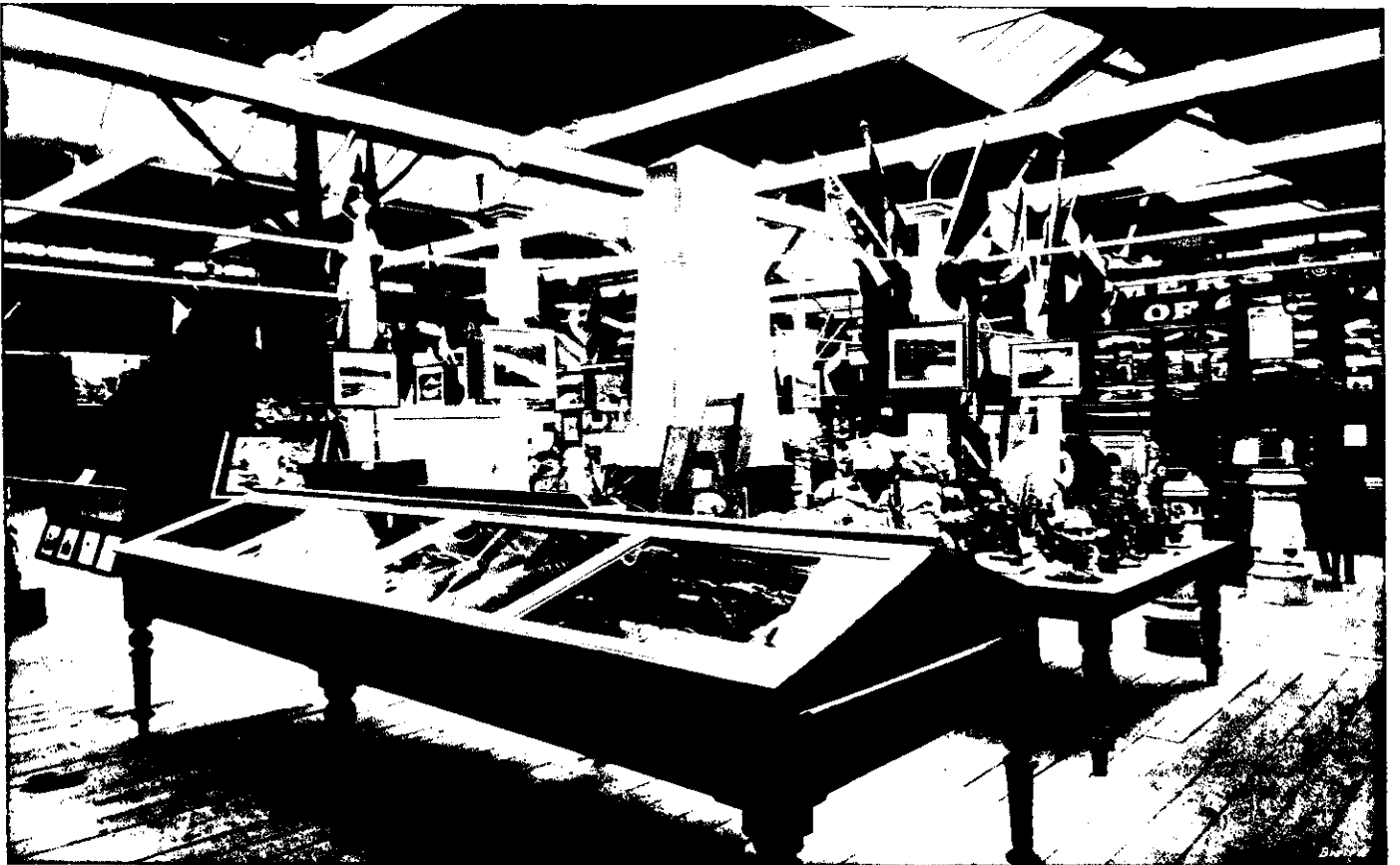


MR ROBERT T. CHATFIELD  
 AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATIVE.  
 N.Z. EXHIBITION, 1906

MR ROBERT CHATFIELD.



MR W. R. HOLMES, secretary for the Auckland Province, and local secretary in Auckland for the N.Z. International Exhibition.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRE OF THE COURT SHOWING GOLD OBELISK, GREY COLLECTION, GUM EXHIBITS AND PICTURES.  
 PORTIONS OF THE AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL COURT AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. CHRISTCHURCH.



HEAVETHA OSTERICH FARM EXHIBIT AND PART OF MR MITCHELSON'S GUM EXHIBIT.



N.Z. CANNING CO. MULLET, CANNED TOMATOES, GORTIKI MAIZE, FLAX, ETC.



THE WAIKATO COURT, INCLUDING THAMES, EAGLAN AND KING COUNTRY.



AUCKLAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE EXHIBIT.

PORTIONS OF THE AUCKLAND PROVINCIAL COURT AT THE NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CHRISTCHURCH.

**TRAINING FOR ATHLETIC SPORTS.**

By ROBT. H. BAKEWELL, M.D.

At the present season a few remarks on training, from the medical point of view, will not be considered out of place by the majority of my readers. The widespread—I might almost say the universal—interest taken in athletic sports in the colony, and the earnestness with which they are practised, render it necessary for those who engage in them to subject themselves to a system by which their diet, exercise, and mode of life generally are governed by very rigorous rules, which are summed up in the word training. Everybody who intends to compete with others for prizes in athletic games recognises that some kind of training is absolutely necessary if success is to be attained.

We may take it that the successful competitors in any athletic sports must be possessed either of greater quickness, greater skill, or greater strength and endurance, or of a combination of these qualities, than the unsuccessful competitors. The degree in which these qualities will be required in any particular sport depends on the character of the sport, and the kind of training required will vary accordingly. It is obvious that the kind of training required for a man throwing the hammer will differ in many important respects from that required for a boat race, or a hundred yards foot-race.

I have no intention of going into the minute of training for particular sports, as that would require a special knowledge that I do not possess. But having had a good deal to do with athletes who have consulted me medically, and having made some original researches on the effects of severe muscular exertion on the nervous and circulating systems, I propose to set down a few of the conclusions at which I have arrived after many years' observation and experience.

For success in any athletic competition worth considering in this respect, a candidate requires: 1. a sound constitution, 2. good health, and 3. superior skill in the particular sport or game.

The first and second of these conditions can only be judged of by a skilful and experienced physician. The third belongs to the trainer's domain, and is only subject to the judgment of the physician when the training appears to be so severe as to be detrimental to the general health.

Every young man who proposes to go in for any prize competition in any athletic sport should first submit himself for examination to a properly qualified medical man. I don't mean a "legally" qualified man, because there are some of "legally" qualified medical practitioners who from their youth and inexperience are quite unable to detect those slight

symptoms and early signs of constitutional disease which show to the experienced man that the patient has not a good constitution, and will break down under a severe strain.

The would-be athletic competitor should never have had the slightest symptom of consumption or any other tuberculous disease, or of rheumatic fever, or of typhoid or a severe type necessitating a long convalescence, or of any recent attack of acute disease. He should have no tendency to bronchitis, and should not have suffered from any severe attack of inflammation of the bronchial tubes, pneumonia, or pleurisy, all of which impair the capacity of the

lungs or heart. The heart, of course, should be perfectly sound as to its structure and free from any trace, even the slight test, of valvular disease. The blood, which should be examined under the microscope, should be healthy. There should be no trace or suspicion of syphilis. The kidneys should be sound, and the liver also. Functional derangement of the liver, such as are comprised in the popular term biliousness, will be cured in the process of training, and so also of the digestive organs.

The would-be athlete should be thoroughly candid in his statements to the

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KINGS COLLEGE PREFECTS, 1906.

LEFT TO RIGHT: L. B. Hutton, J. H. I. Walker, A. A. Swarbrick (head boy), J. Hudson, W. S. Hill



KINGS COLLEGE CRICKET TEAM—SEASON 1906.

TOP ROW (left to right): F. Best, H. Tressidder, D. Deane, J. Walker, J. L. Hartland, L. Tressidder, V. Abraham, MIDDLE ROW: A. Stewart, L. B. Hutton, J. Hudson (captain), T. M. Wilson, W. S. Hill, BOTTOM ROW: C. F. Hartland, G. J. E. Young (captain), A. Darling