

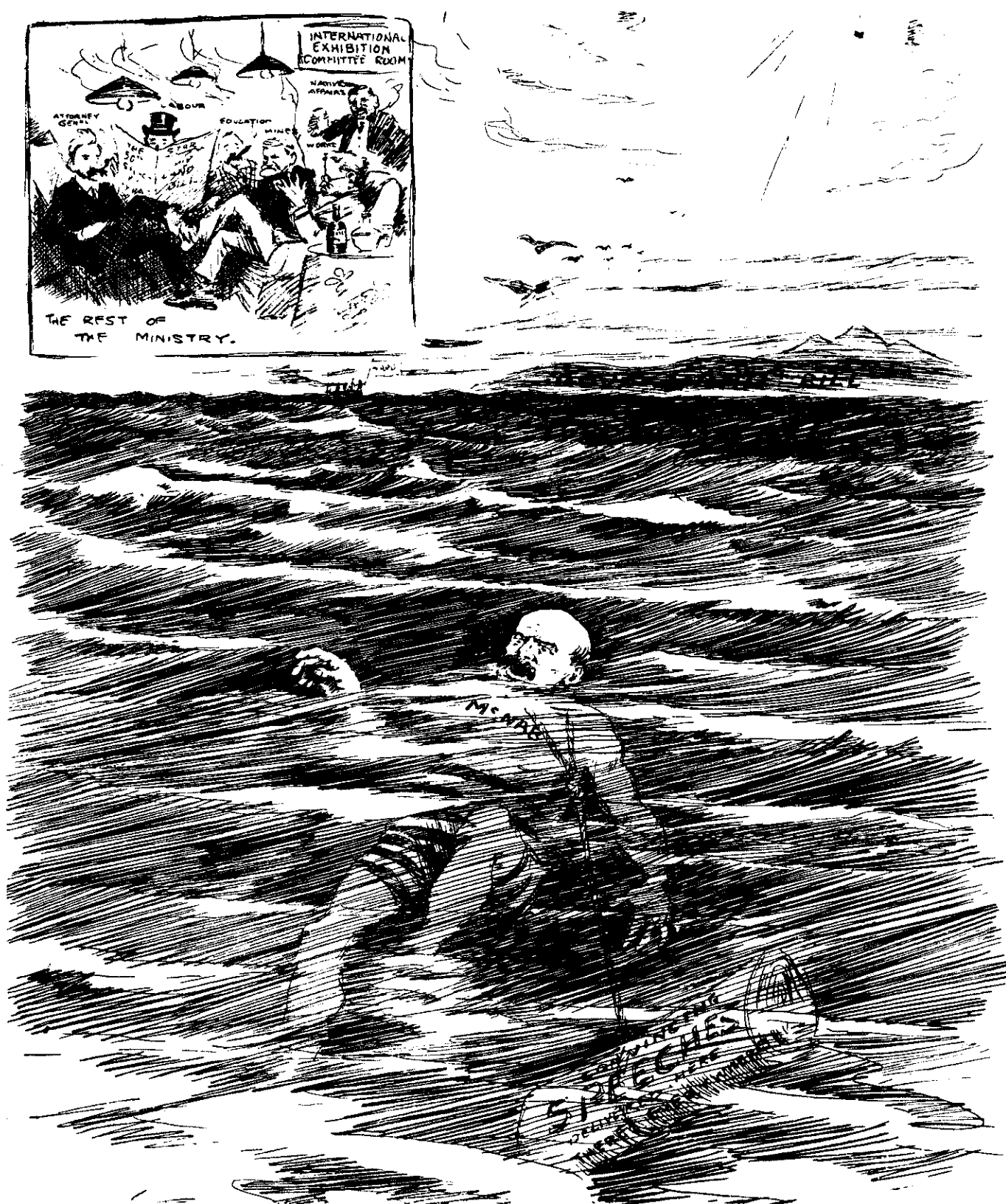
The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 9

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1907

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



WILL HE GET THERE?

"The Government is pledged to the Land Bill. . . . It is the intention of the Ministers to tour the colony from the North Cape to the Bluff and explain to the people the true meaning of the Bill."—Extract from a speech by the Premier at the close of last session.



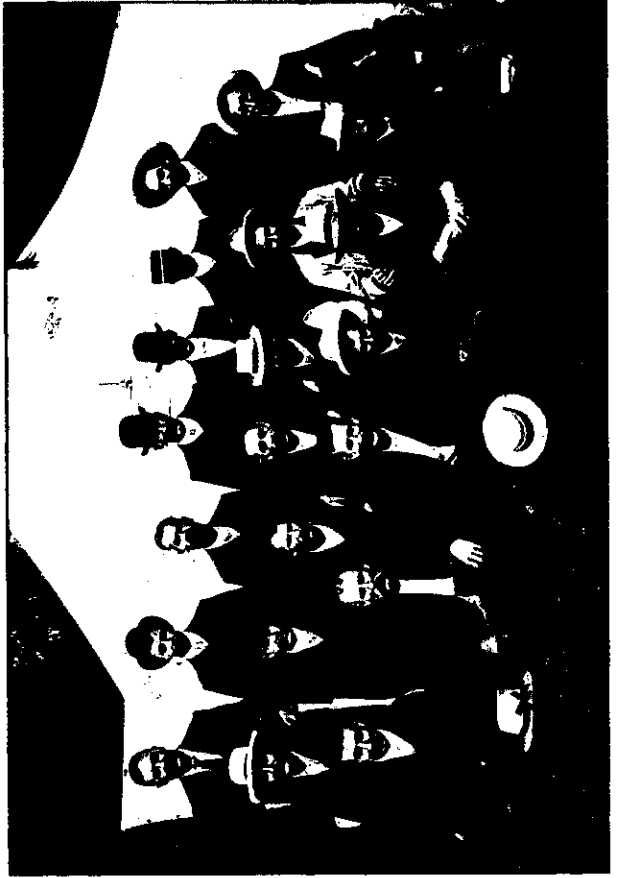
RACE FOR FITTERS AND TURNERS.



SINGLE LADIES' EGG AND SPOON RACE.

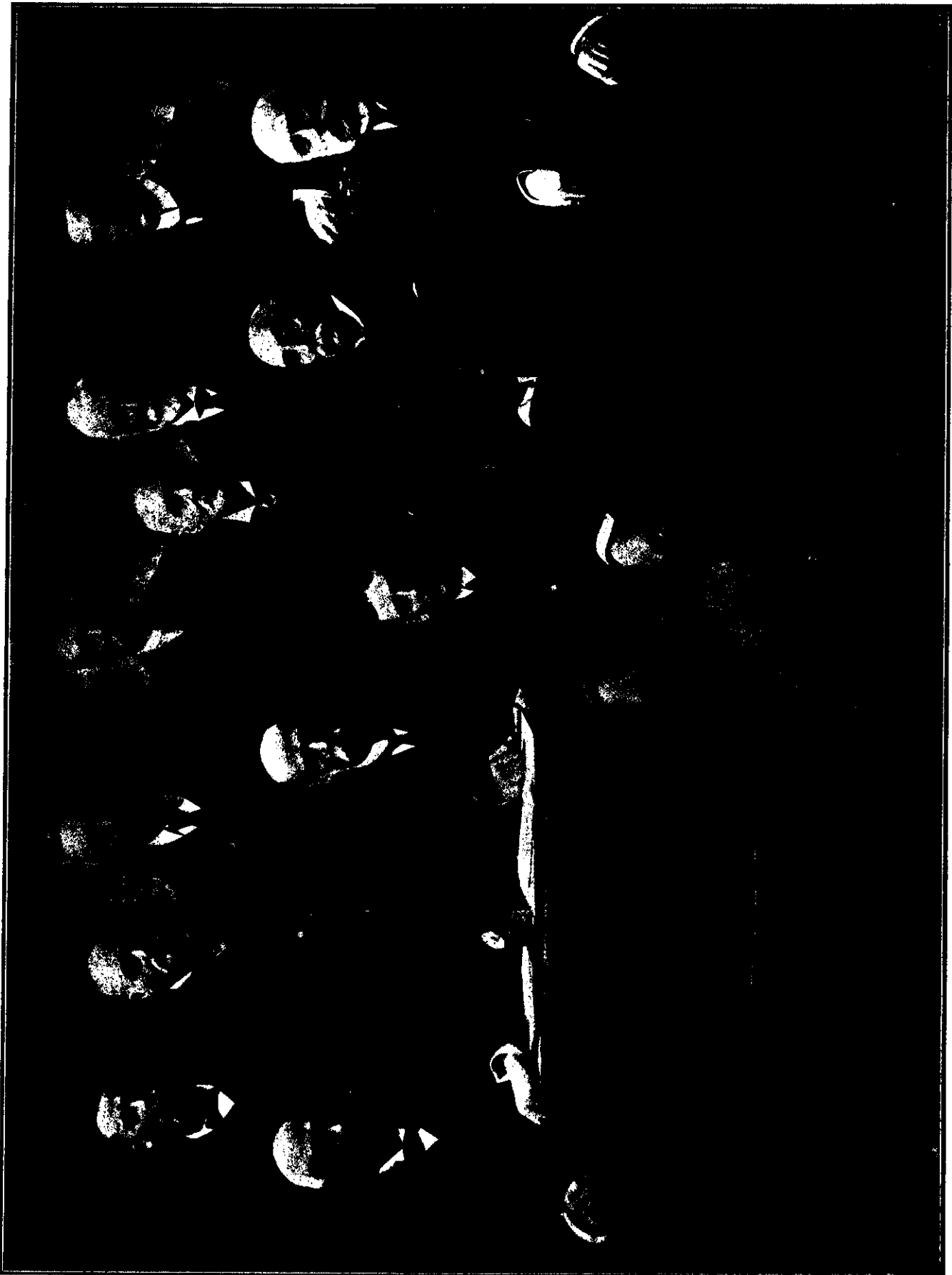


CROWD ROUND THE BABY SHOW.



THE COMMITTEE.

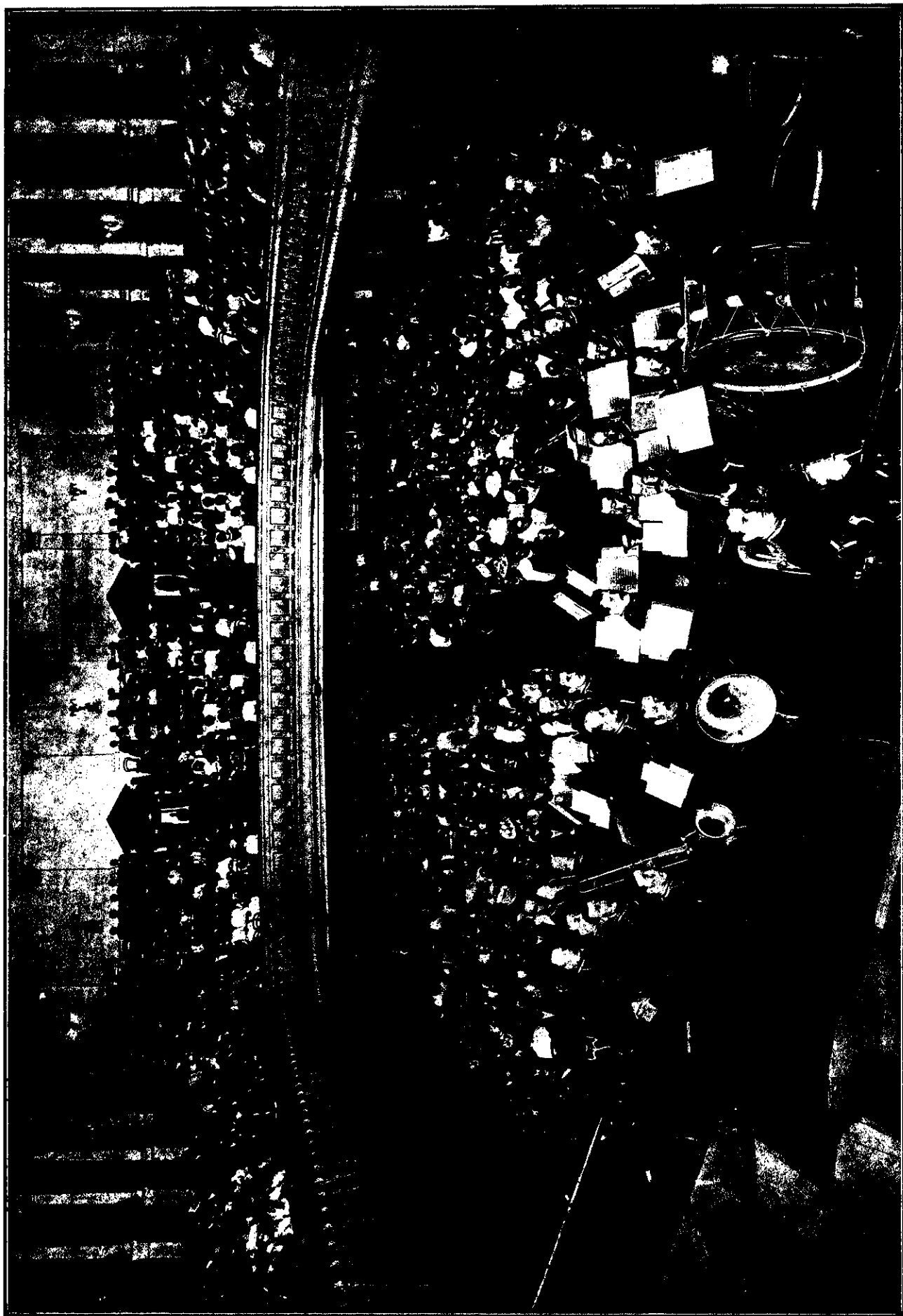
THE NEWMARKET RAILWAY WORKSHOPS' ANNUAL PICNIC TO PAPAURA.



THE REPRESENTATION COMMISSIONERS WHO RECENTLY RE-ARRANGED THE BOUNDARIES OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICTS FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE NEXT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.

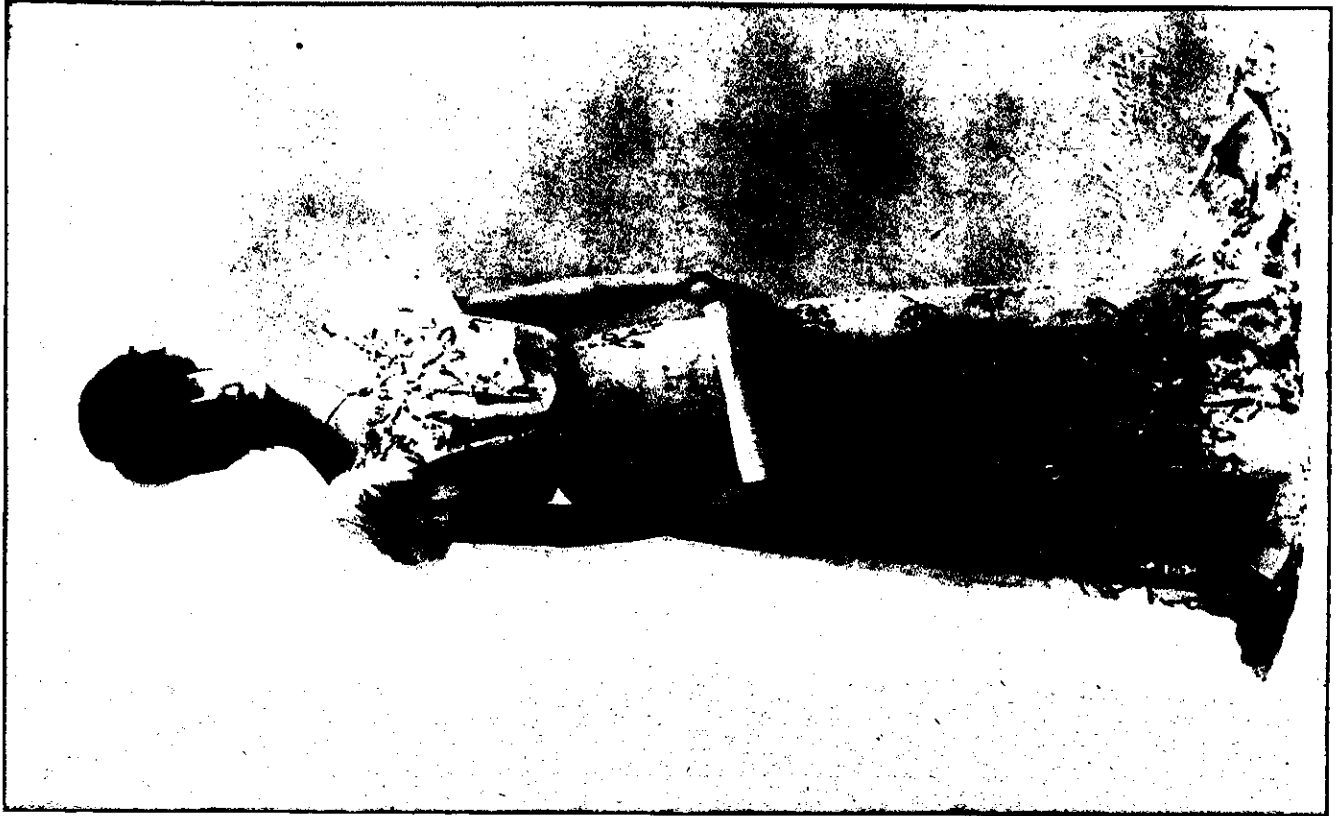
W. S. Teed, photo., Willis-st., Wellington.

BACK ROW (left to right): Messrs. G. J. Roberts, South Island; F. Simpson, North Island; H. S. Wardell, North Island; E. C. Goldsmith, South Island; T. S. Weston, Chairman, South Island Commission; D. Barron, South Island; F. W. Brouce, secretary, South Island.
 SEATED: Messrs. J. Mackenzie, North Island; T. Humphreys, Chairman, Joint Commission; C. S. Reeves, South Island; W. H. Quirk, North Island.

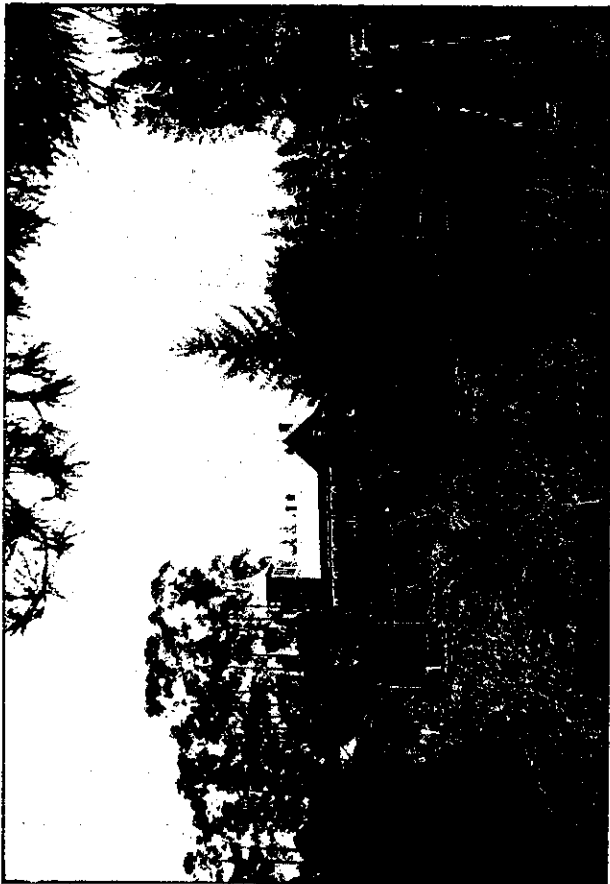


FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BESES O' THE BARN BAND AND AUDIENCE IN WELLINGTON TOWN HALL.

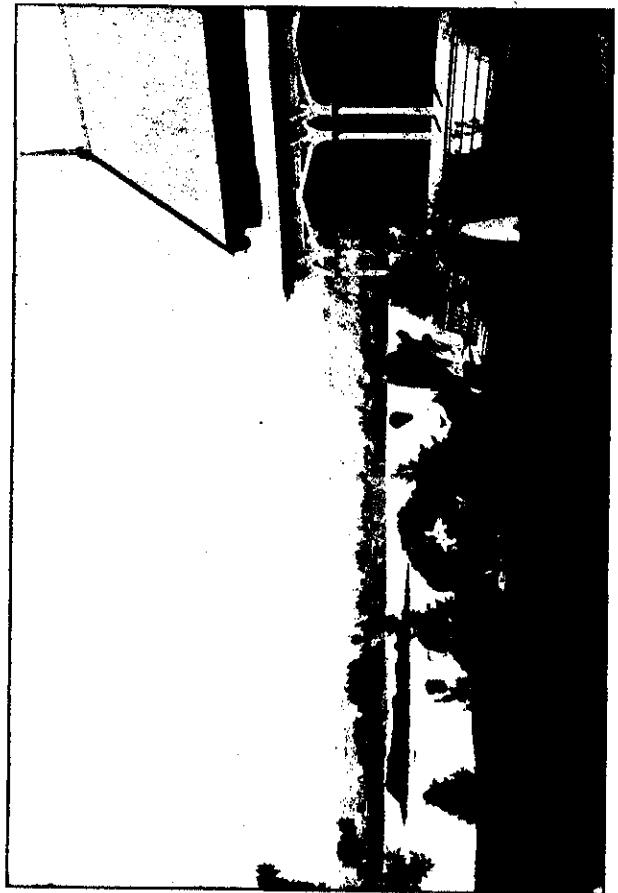
Schaefer, Siroony Studios, photo.



G. J. Jenkinson, photo.
 MISS FLORENCE QUINN,
 a young Auckland singer, who has just returned to the land of her birth after having spent several years studying at
 Bendigo, Australia. Miss Quinn gives a concert in Auckland on March 1st.



"WOODHILL," THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MR. E. H. WOODS, TAURANGA.



VIEW FROM "WOODHILL."



THE NELSON MATCH.



VIEW OF THE BUTTS.

CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION CHAMPIONSHIP RIFLE MEETING.



BARQUE HAZEL CRAIG, WINNER OF THE OCEAN RACE FROM NEWCASTLE TO AUCKLAND.

The Hazel Craig, Jessie Craig, and James Craig, of the Craig Line, left the Australian coal port on February 11, the Jessie and James in company at 7.30 a.m., and the Hazel half an hour later. The Hazel Craig (Captain D. Urquhart) won after a smart passage of ten days, arriving in Auckland harbour on February 21, at 8 a.m. The Jessie Craig (Captain Mathieson) reached port at 5.30 p.m. the same day, and the James Craig (Captain W. Nudge) on the afternoon of the 23rd.



MESSRS. H. NORTHEY, G. BUCKLEY, C. FORREST, AND W. HICKMAN, OF THE WANGANUI GARRISON BAND. Webb & Bunn, photo. Winners of the Quartette at Christchurch Exhibition Brass Band contest.



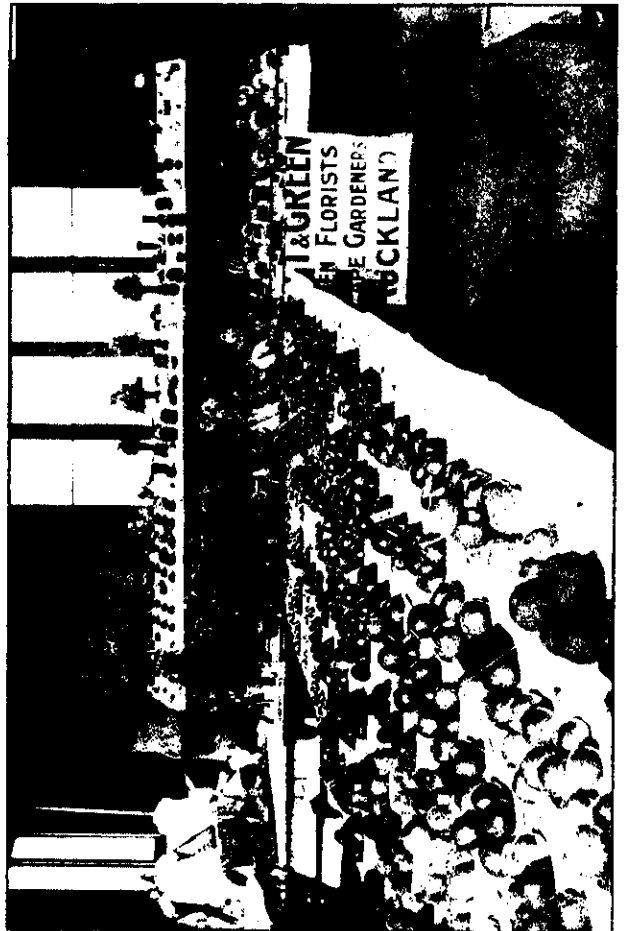
COMMITTEE AND STEWARDS OF THE BIRKENHEAD AND NORTHCOTE FRUITGROWERS' ASSOCIATION SHOW.



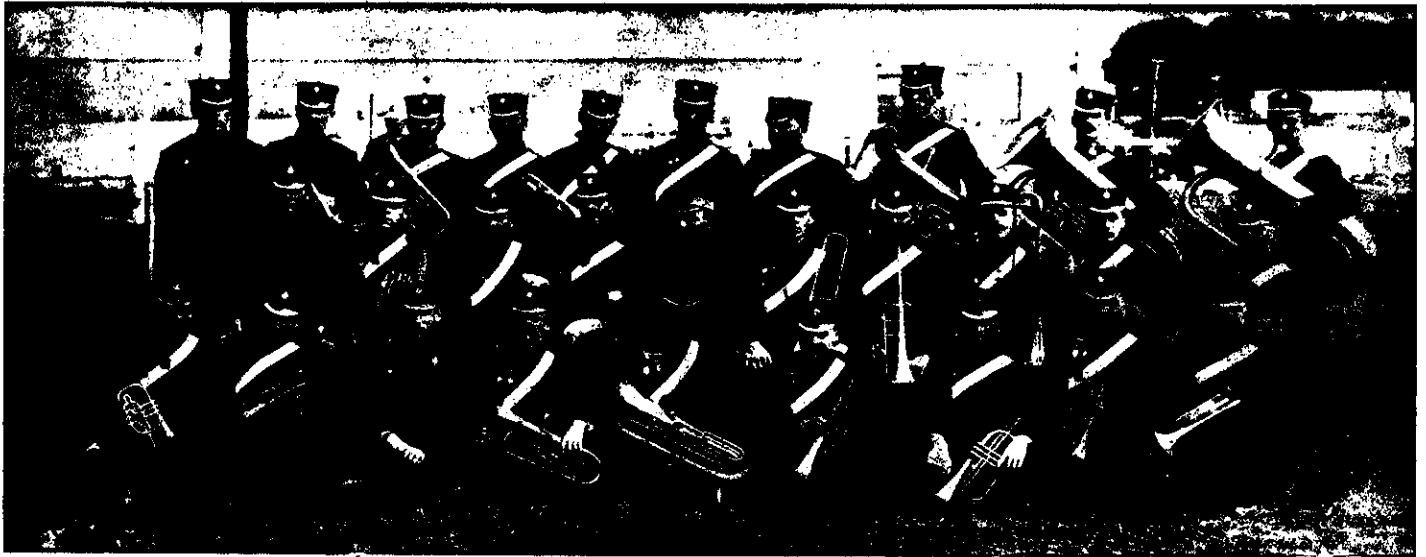
British Photographic Studio, photo.

THE LATE JOHN BERGIN

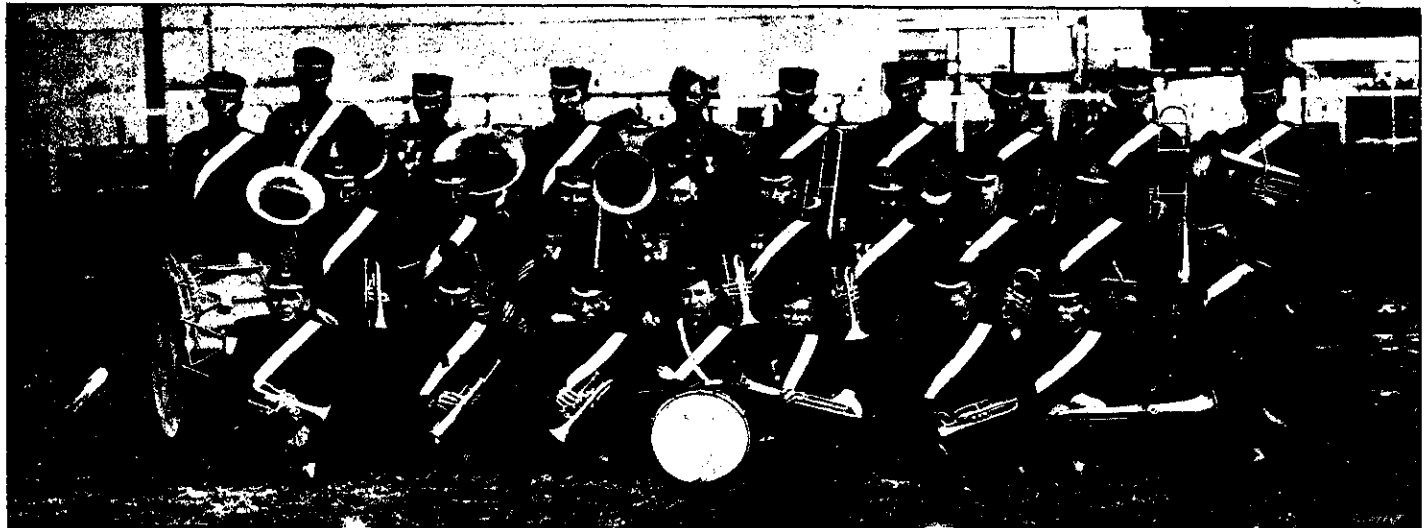
of the No. 8 Garrison Artillery, who was accidentally killed by the discharge of a rifle he was cleaning at the Company's Camp at Fort Cautley.



SOME OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE RECENT BIRKENHEAD AND NORTHCOTE FRUITGROWERS' ASSOCIATION.



AUCKLAND FIRST BATTALION.



TARANAKI.

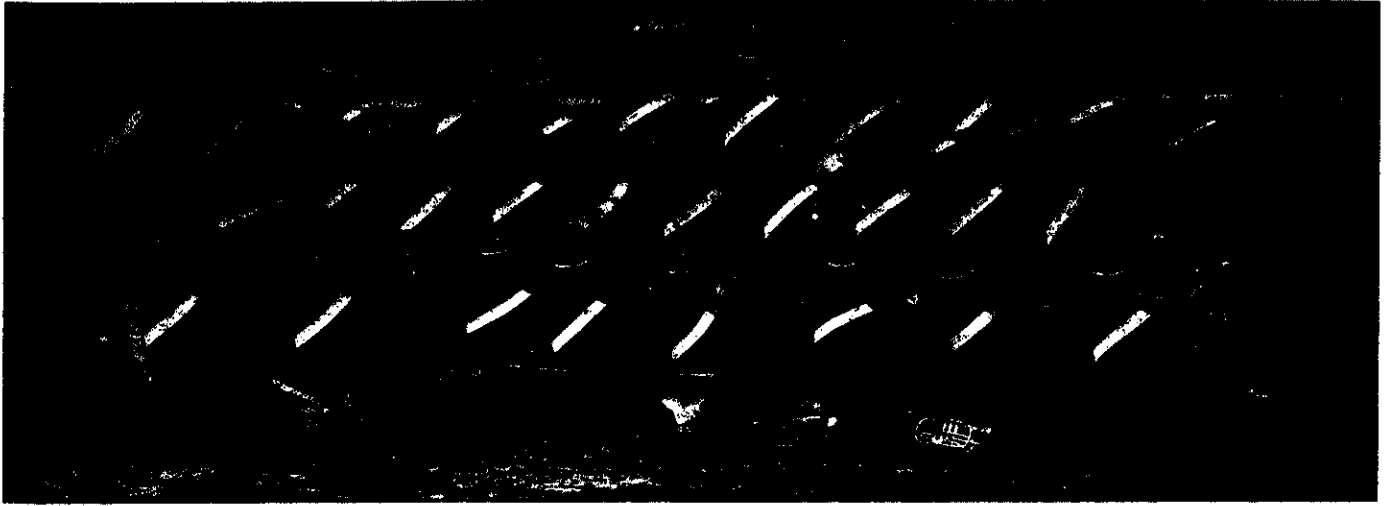


GISBORNE.

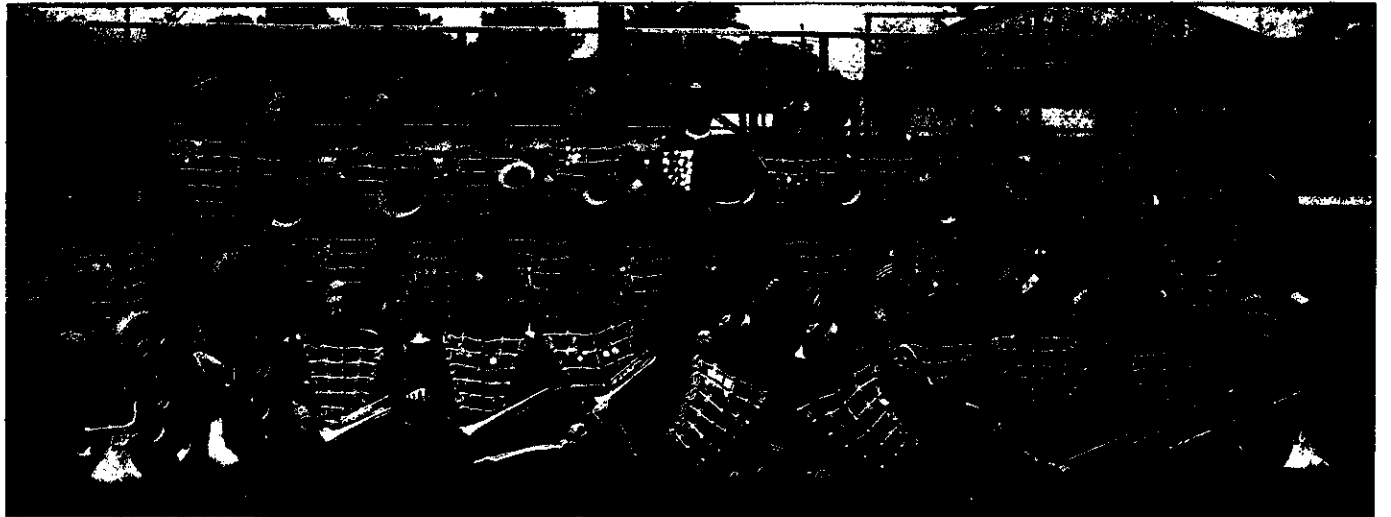
Webb and Buuz, photo.

See Letterpress.

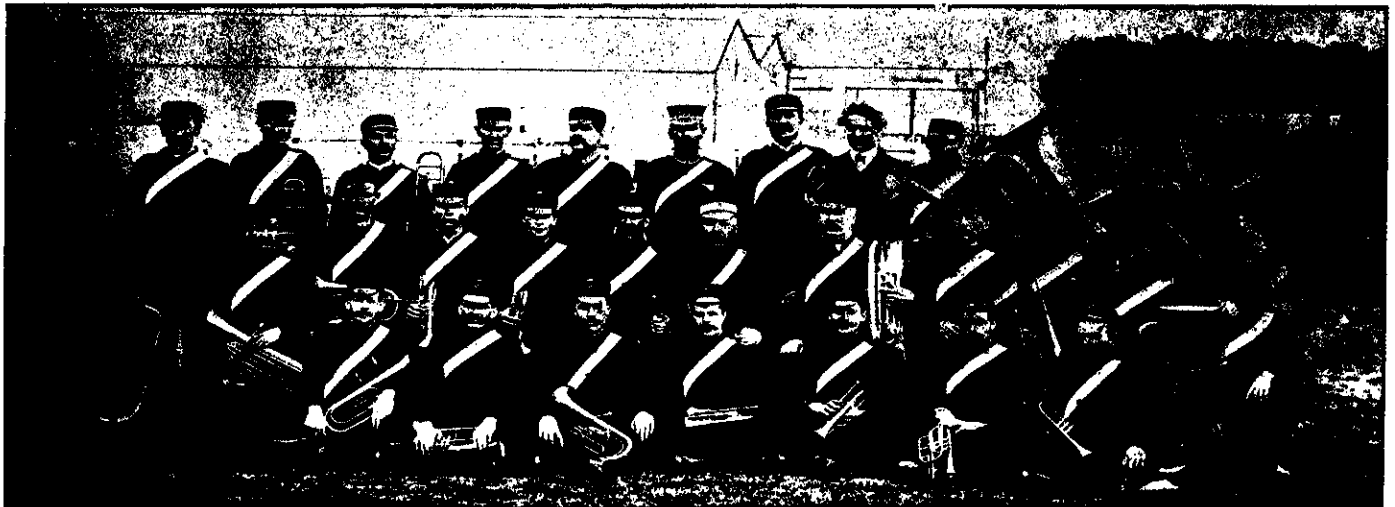
NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL BRASS BAND CONTEST.



AUCKLAND GARRISON



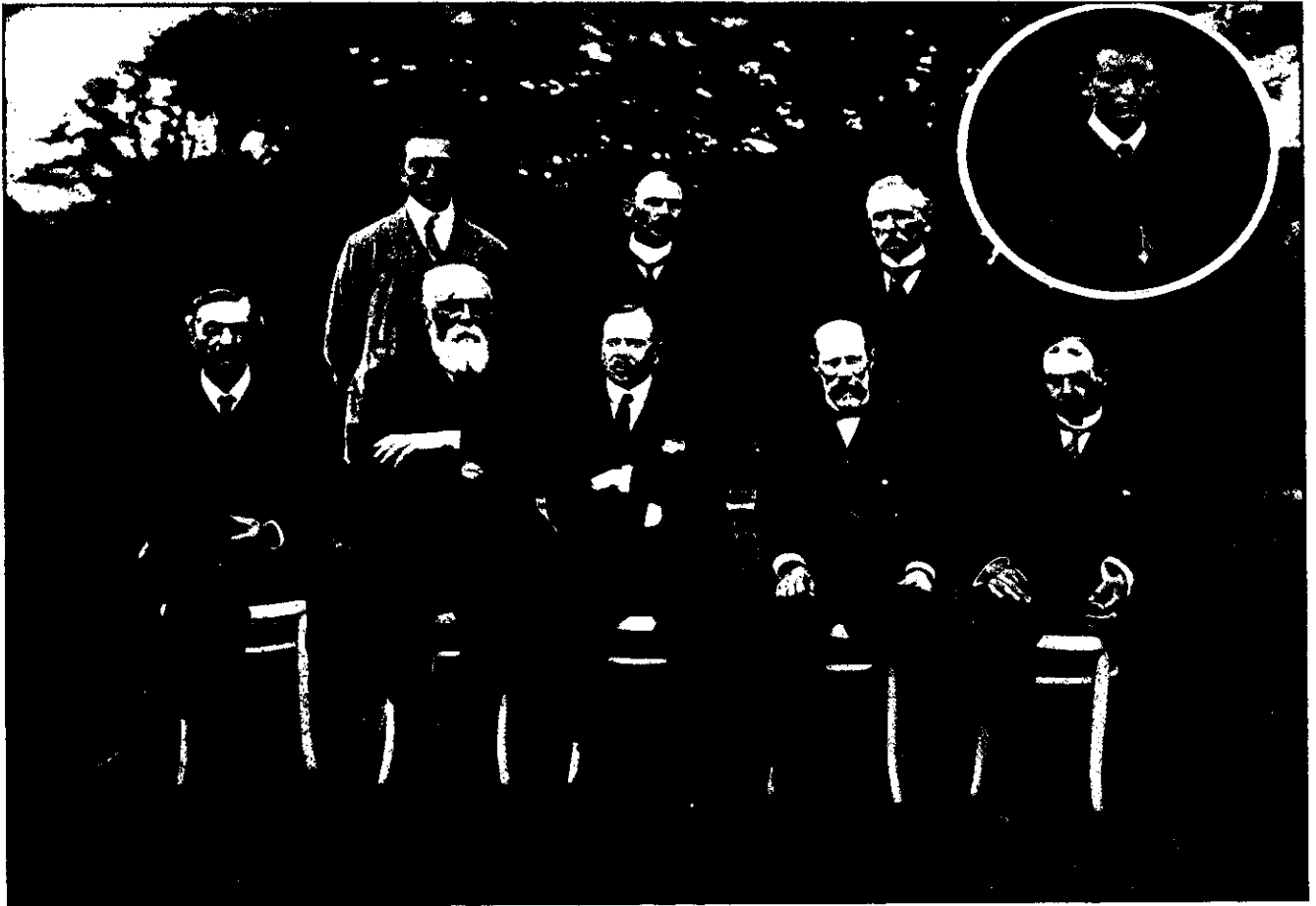
KAIKORAI (DUNEDIN).



Webb and Bunz, photo.

WAIHI FEDERAL.

NEW ZEALAND INTERNATIONAL BRASS BAND CONTEST.



Muir and Mackinlay, photo.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP SELECTION COMMITTEE, 1907.

BACK ROW: Professor Von Zedlitz (Wellington), Professor Wall (Christchurch), Mr C. W. Joynt, M.A. (Secretary). SITTING: Professor Thomas (Auckland), Sir Robert Stout (Chancellor), His Excellency the Governor Lord Plunket (Chairman), Mr Justice Cooger, Professor Beuham (Dunedin). In the corner is Mr Collin Gilray, (Dunedin), N.Z. Rhodes Scholar for 1907.



C. A. Lloyd, photo.

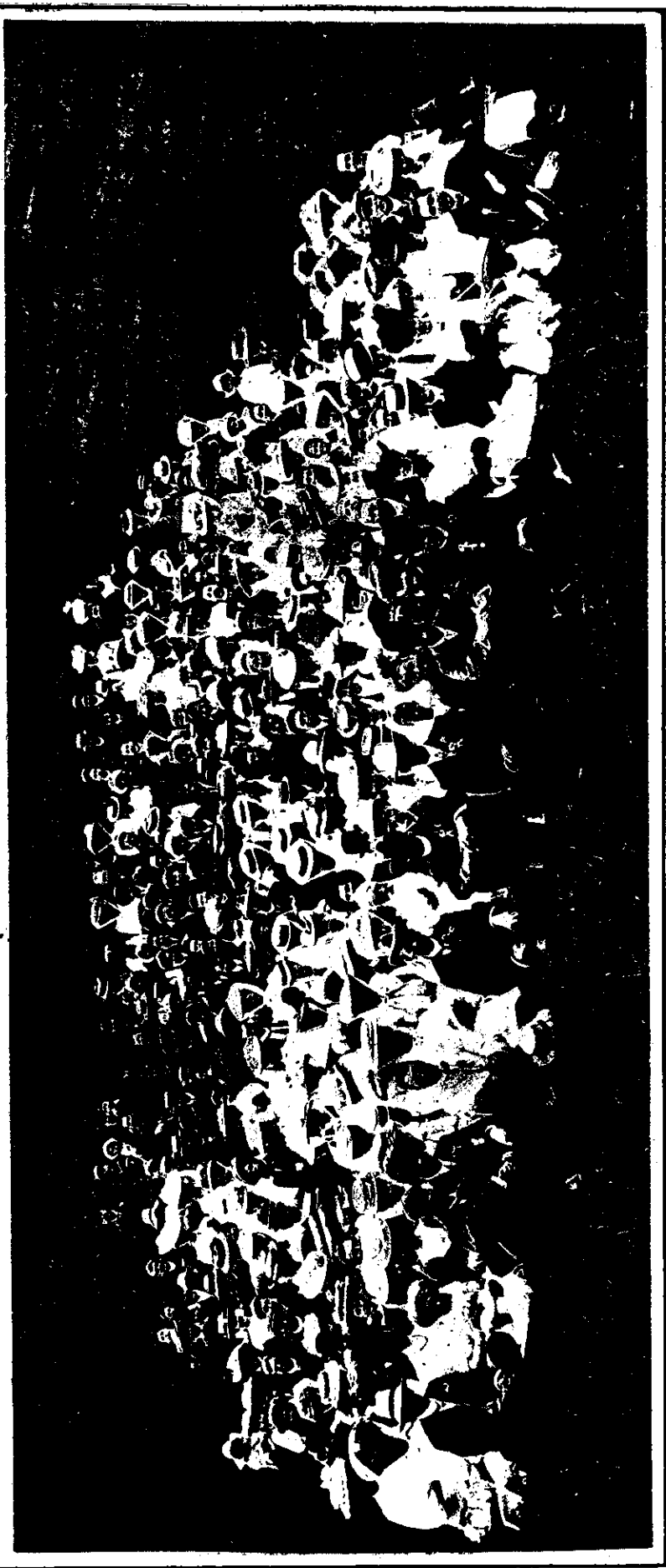
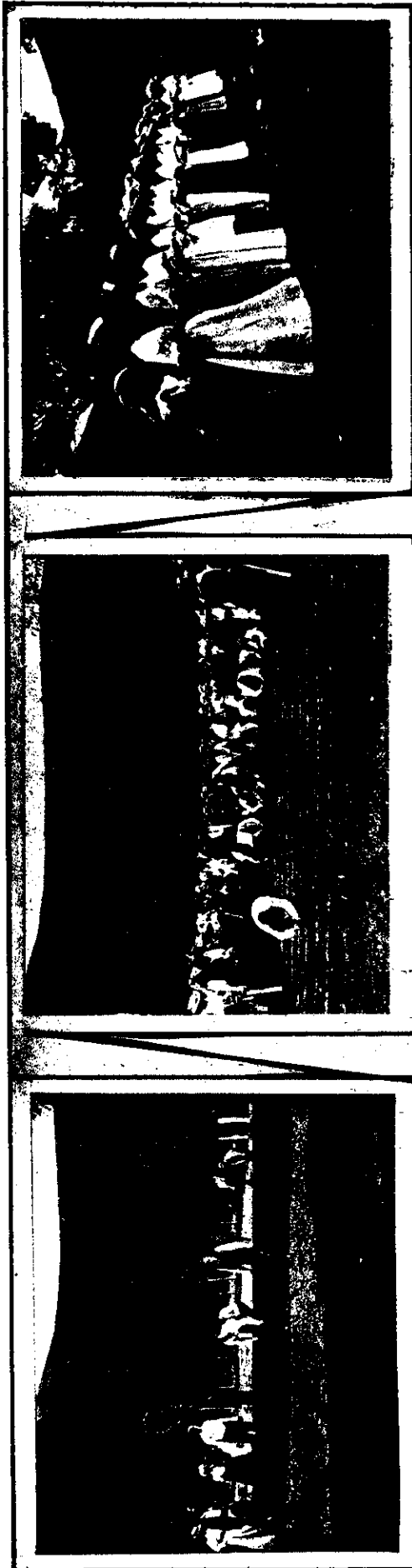
BOWLERS WHO ATTENDED THE RECENT SUCCESSFUL BOWLING TOURNAMENT AT ROTORUA.



S. G. Felth, photo.

AUCKLAND'S NEW WATER SUPPLY FROM THE WAITAKEREI RANGES.

1. Site for dam—which is to be 50 feet high—immediately above the first fall. 2. Camp of the pipe-layers. 3. Pipe track, with entrance to tunnel half a mile long. 4. Reinforced concrete works for upper dam. 5. Site of the upper dam. 6. Waitakerei Falls, 530 feet high from pipe track. 7. The site for reservoir, with Bennett's mill, where timber for dam is cut. 8. A clearing—trees felled ready for burning.



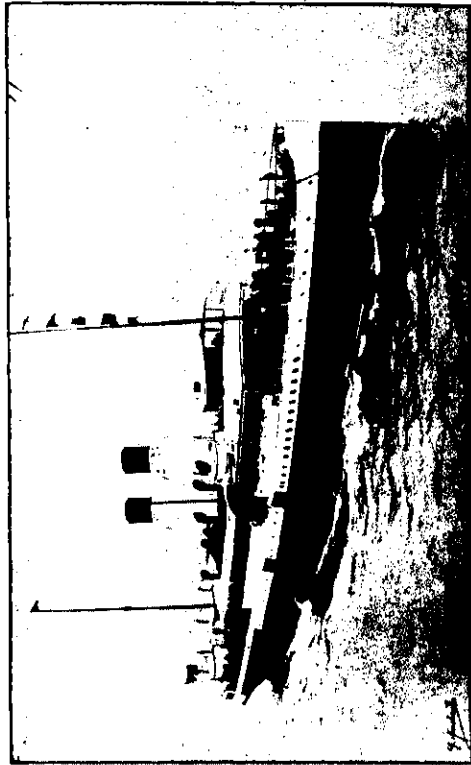
AUCKLAND INSURANCE COMPANIES' PICNIC AT MOTUTAPU.

1. The managers try conclusions. 2. Boat race. 3. Egg and spoon race. 4. The picnickers.



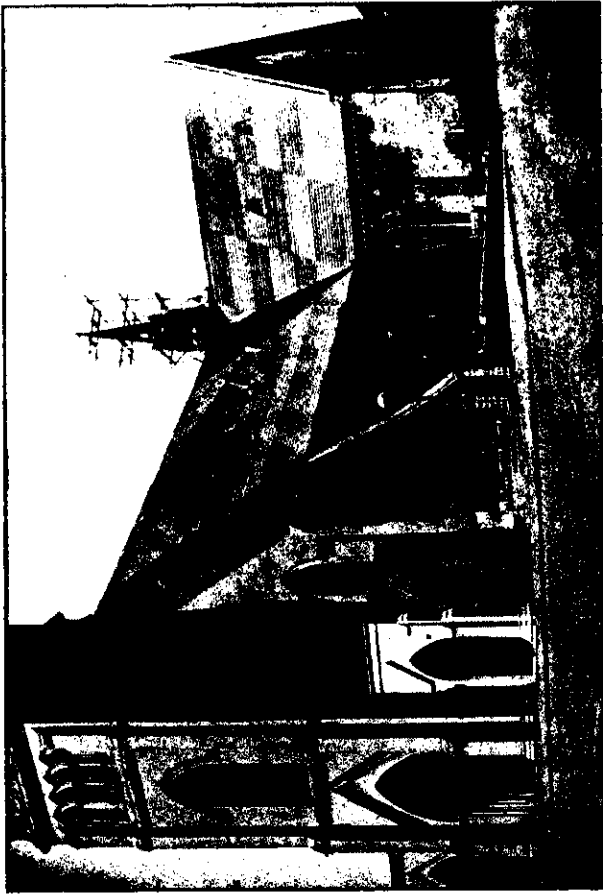
AUCKLAND INSURANCE COMPANIES' PICNIC AT MOTUTAPU.

1. Starting the girls' race. 2. Watching start of steeplechase. 3. "Accident" and "Marine." 4. Committee and Mr. J. Reid. 5. "Alliance" and "New Zealand." 6. Sports Committee. 7. Ladies who took part in needle and thread race.



WRECK OF THE CHANNEL STEAMER BERLIN IN A GALE.

This fine vessel of the Great Eastern Co.'s fleet was wrecked on the voyage from Harwick to the Hook of Holland just as she was about to enter port. Heartrending scenes followed and 142 lives were lost.



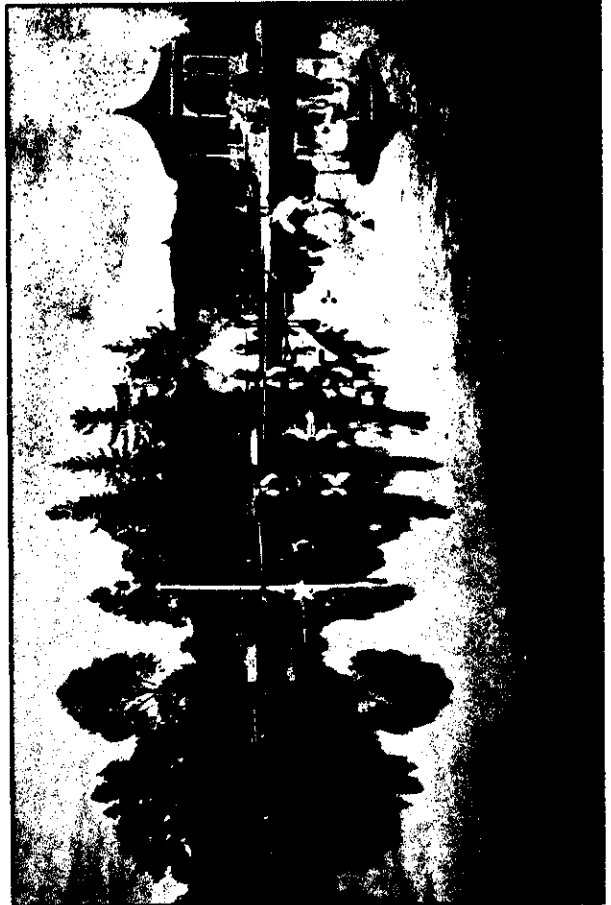
IMPROVEMENTS TO ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUCKLAND. PROGRESS OF THE WORK OF REBUILDING THE OLD STONE TRANSEPT IN BRICK.



C. A. Leyd, photo.

REMARKABLE FREAK IN A ROTORUA TROUT.

This astonishing trout with two distinct mouths was caught by Mr. A. Sheppard at the mouth of the Utahuna.



J. R. Blencowe, photo.

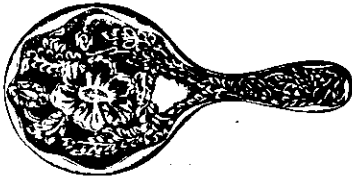
BOWLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT ROTORUA.

For the sake of appearances the usual gutters were not put round the green at Rotorua, and on occasions it has been flooded out, but this fact does not always prevent a few enthusiasts from endeavouring to make up a rink.



THE "ARTFUL DODGER," OR, AN AUDACIOUS ATTEMPT TO "HEDGE."

Mr. Rockefeller, whose health is not by any means what it should be, has in the last two years distributed £18,000,000, in the cause of education, and perhaps £2,000,000 more or less in other benevolent directions. His enormous gifts being somewhat coldly, not to say cynically received by press and public, and broad hints at his enormous fortune and its acquirement being much indulged in America, Mr. Rockefeller has this week pathetically announced (officially) that he only owns sixty millions sterling—not a sou more—and that his beggarly income is never more than £4,000,000.



G4427—Silver-backed Hand Mirror, Newes Design, 9 in. long, 5/6.
Other designs at 3/6, 2/6, 2/0/- upwds/6 in.

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.



F7900—Silver Hair Brush, 8 1/2 in. long, the fashionable "Watteau" design, 15/6.
Great variety of others at 10/6, 22/6, 25/- upwards.



G4890—Baby's Silver-mounted Brush and Comb in Velvet-lined Morocco Case, 16/6.



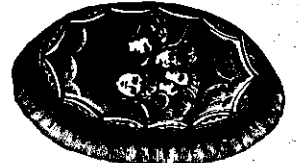
No. G174—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in 3 sizes, 10/6 and 12/6



G6681—Solid Silver and Cut Glass Puff Box, 3 1/2 in. high, 10/6.
Others, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6, 16/6 upwards.



No. G4486—Heart Shape Gold-lined Silver-plated Trinket Box, 11/6.



G4900—Gent's Silver Backed Military Brush "Angel Choir" design, 22/6.
Other designs at 21/-, 25/6, 27/6



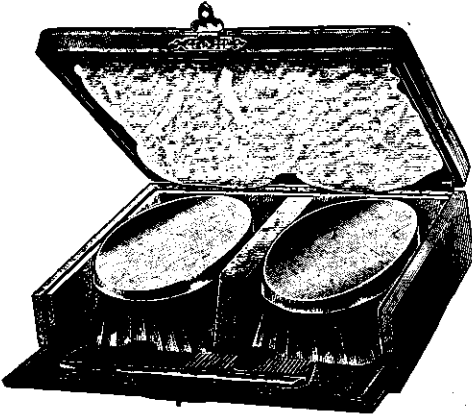
F8729—Silver-backed "Watteau" design Clothes and Hat Brushes 7 in. long, 18/6 each.



G5669—Fine Seal Purse, Massive Silver Mount, Silver Lock, 18/6



G6384—Real Crocodile Skin Purse, with Solid Silver Mounts and Lock, 14/6.



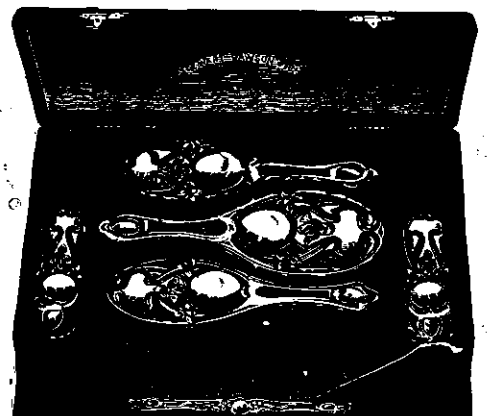
G7506—Case containing 2 Gent's Military Brushes, Solid Silver Concave Backs and Comb, 48/10/-.
Other Silver Sets at 45/-, 52/6, and 60/-.



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



G5086—Solid silver and Best Steel Manure Set, in Morocco Case, 42/7/6.
Other sets at 21/-, 25/-, 27/6 upwards.



G9872—Case containing Beautiful Set of 8 Hair Brushes, Clothes Brush, Hat Brush, Mirror and Comb, all mounted in Solid Silver, 420/0/-.
Other sets at 46/10/-, 48/10/-, 49/10/-.



Speed Launch "SLIM JIM," 30 feet by 5 feet, 16 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 "Countess of Ranfurly," built for the N.Z. Government, and steamer-ship "Samoa," Auxiliary Schooners "Kaoo," "Aotea," "Greyhound" and others.

ALL 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 £235. 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.

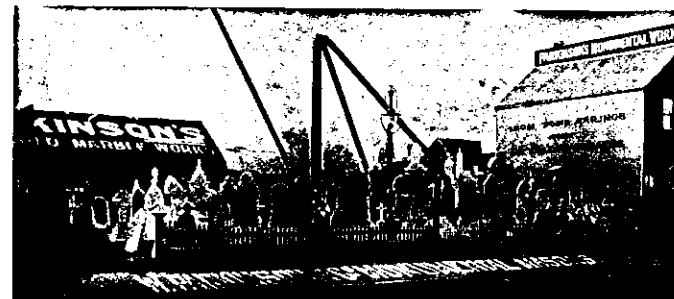
ASK FOR

PEEK, FREAN & CO'S

"Oyster-Wafers"

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

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



W. PARKINSON & CO.,

Monumental Sculptors, VICTORIA ST. WEST, AUCKLAND.

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



"DENTO-PHOTO CHAIN."

IN your judgment and opinion, which three pictures of Miss MARIE STUDHOLME (numbered 1 to 27) 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.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

ON PICNICS.

No form of social entertainment is more delightful than a picnic, nor is there any country better adapted than our own for every kind of outdoor amusement. That is why, being of British descent, we almost invariably prefer to entertain our friends indoors. When our Empire spreads, and we have colonised the wilds of the Antarctic, we shall probably give picnic parties in South Victoria Land. The puzzled hostess, who is tired of progressive eucbre, and finds the men won't dance if she attempts to give a "small and early," would find a day spent in some pretty country spot give herself more satisfaction and her friends more pleasure than the most elaborate and costly "At Home." This, of course, presupposes that the object of entertaining is to interest and amuse your friends and promote social intercourse, rather than to impress them with your own magnificence.

A picnic to be a genuine success should be arranged on the principle of Noah's ark, on "the animals went in two by two" system. You will find, if you manage things properly, that your guests after lunch will be seized with a desire to explore the surrounding scenery, and they will go out in different directions to discover points of interest, and when they return for tea you will be surprised and bewildered at the number of beautiful things they have seen. Also you will feel gratified at the thoughtfulness which prompts them to say: "Oh you should have been with us. We found such a lovely glen with the most beautiful ferns you ever saw. You would have enjoyed it, but I expect you were tired after the long drive, and glad of a rest." You may reflect that the young people left their elders after lunch to tidy up and see to things in general, and expressed no great desire that they should join any of the exploring parties; but if you are charitable you will put this down to a considerate regard for age, which makes the young wish that you could have enjoyed the pleasures of discovery, but unwilling that you should face the perils of exploration. There are those who say that youth is careless, but a picnic will quickly dispel this illusion. If a billy of water is wanted from the stream, an elderly person will thoughtlessly take the first that comes to hand, go down, and fill it, and clamber over rocks and boulders in bringing it back, thereby more often than not spilling half of it. But with the juniors things are so different. A young lady, wishing to make herself useful, will propose to get the water, and a young man will immediately offer to go and help her. They will carefully inspect the billy inside and out to make certain it is quite clean, they will also rinse it out several times in the stream, besides peering into the water to make sure there are no insects in it. Having secured the precious fluid, the next thing is to make certain of carrying it so that it shall not spill. They discover that the only way to do this is for each to take hold of the exact middle of the handle, any other arrangement being liable to upset the equilibrium. Not for these careful folk is the hurried scramble over rocks. They will choose the smoothest and the shadiest route back, in order to protect their precious burden from the fierce rays of the sun, and they will finally deposit the water before their gratified hostess, clear and cool, and go off to look for wood to make the fire.

The charm of the picnic is its unconventionality. To many persons the formal dinner party is a thing to be dreaded. Kindly, unpretentious people lead with a feeling akin to awe the fear-some rules of etiquette that govern these functions. Few people are at their best at ceremonial entertainments. We too often forget that the truest hospitality is that which gives the greatest plea-

sure; we are more anxious people should speak of our efforts as having passed off very successfully than that they should feel they have thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The object of all social gatherings should be to promote good fellowship, to help forward kindly feelings, to enable us by pleasant intercourse to better understand and appreciate each other. For the nonce we meet our fellow men humanely and not professionally; we put aside all business cares and instincts and devote ourselves to the gentle art of making people happy. And how better can we do this than by asking a chosen few to spend a day with us in the country? There is an utter freedom from that bugbear of modern millionaireism, extravagance and display; we have fresh air instead of overcrowded overheated rooms; we are free and spontaneous instead of being mere tags of the art of polite conversation. When in pensive mood we lie by the sea shore or in cool meadow, after the heat of a summer's day, we are apt to pass in review bygone periods of our own life. We think of brilliant Court functions attended by clever men and handsome high-bred women, the flower of England's aristocracy; we think of successful, witty dinner parties; we remember the delights of the dance, and the cool fernery with its shade and rest after the heat and glare of the ballroom. But our best memories are of those pre-autumn days spent amid the hayfields and the strawberries, when the opening wild-rose and the hawthorn blossomed by the roadside.

When all the world was young, lad,
And all the trees were green.

EXHIBITION BABY SHOW

Continued from Supplement.

to the room. Some evidently felt that their offspring had no chance of a prize: for on coming out and being met by the expectant fathers, all that vouchsafed to their eager inquiries was a short, curt "Here catch hold of the blessed child."

MR. MUNRO AS JUDGE.

Mr. G. S. Munro, the hardy and versatile general manager, had qualified himself in some sort for the invidious task of judge by officiating in a like capacity at the recent Exhibition Dog Show. Between a dog show and a baby show there are points of similarity and difference, as was demonstrated by yesterday's event. The skill and minute attention given to the general "get-up" of the exhibits, so that they may strike the judge's eye to the best advantage, are about equal, but in the dog show there is immeasurably more science. There points are counted after a recognised system, but in the human show the appraisement would seem to be very largely a matter of individual opinion. It certainly was not expected that any of the exhibitors, except the lucky ones, would agree in the awards. It is this unscientific aspect of the matter, probably, which makes a baby exhibition a free show, while a display of dogs is accounted worth at least a shilling of any one's money to see.

Still, yesterday's array of babies would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Truby King. Infants have not yet become a curiosity, for they were certainly there in quantity, and the general quality was also high. It was so high, and seemingly so equal, that the heart of Mr. G. S. Munro, one of the three judges, must have quailed within him. A man of less intrepid nature might have excused for finding, at the final moment, that some sudden indisposition would not let him leave his bed. The crowd seemed to expect something of the kind, and looked anxiously for Mr. Munro. With strange temerity he had arrived, and soon was

walking up and down the rows of babies, beaming happiness, and smiling with apparent confidence. A motor-car at the main entrance, however, was assumed to be his intended means of flight, the moment he had announced the awards. Or would he wait to announce them? Possibly for Mr. Munro's benefit, the infants had been carefully arranged in two long lines, boys on one side, girls on the other. All the men present were grateful for this.

The mothers whose children did not secure awards suppressed their emotions nobly when the results were declared, and a certificate of attendance was given to every baby present.

Mrs. Field, one of the judges, expressed her opinion to a reporter that it was in all respects a splendid show. She did not think that any country could produce a better collection of fine, big, healthy babies.

Nurse Ensom, the other lady judge, also expressed her admiration of the size and comeliness of the "exhibits." Judging had been rendered very difficult, she said, by the surprising prevalence of good looks and weight.

PRIZE LIST.

The following is the prize-list:—

Finest and Healthiest Baby over six months of age.—Girls: Marie Pretti-johns, 5½ months, 1; Mrs. Deare's child, 2; Olive E. Vincent, 5 months, 3. Boys: Hilda Bowkes, 5 months, 1; Arthur Burns, 5 months, 2; Erick Brown, 4 months 3 weeks, 3.

Finest and Healthiest Baby over six months and under twelve months.—Girls: Mrs. Pomeroy's child, 1½ months, 1; Winifred Riddell, 8½ months, 2; Margaret Harvey, 11 months, 3. Boys: Albert J. Harper, 6 months 2 weeks, 1; Clifford Baxter, 1½ months, 2; Charles Anderson, 9 months, 3.

Finest and Healthiest Baby, over 12 months and under two years.—Girls: H. Pukehika, 1; Mrs. Fanning's baby, 2; Eileen M. Brewer, 3. Boys: Colin Gardner, 1; Terena H. McComb, 2; B. L. M. Eaton, 3.

Prettiest and Most Graceful Baby.—Girls: Helen T. Thompson, 18 months, 1; Olga McGellan, 1 year and 11 months, 2; Vivian Upham, 1 year 7 months, 3. Boys: Horace Smith, 1 year 7 months, 1; Norman Porterfield, 2; Louis Grant, 1 year 10 months, 3.

Best Developed Baby, under two years of age (open clamps).—Girls: Kathleen Gordon, 1 year 3 months, 1; Elsie M. Stevens, 1 year 1 month, 2; Marian Lock, 1 year 5 months, 3. Boys: Noel Hannah, 1 year 3 weeks, 1; Auston J. Fraser, 1 year 11 months, 2; Edgar Adams, 8½ months, 3.

Finest Pair of Twins.—Mrs. Haberfield's twin boys, 1 year 3 months, 1. Only one prize.

Special Prize for Finest Baby over two years and under two and a half years.—Mrs. Round's child, 2 years 2 months, 1; Mrs. Walker's child, 2 years 19 days, 2; Valentine Staunton, 2 years five days, 3.

I know many men who would be quite well dressed if they would only refrain from lumbering up their pockets; in fact, I wonder that some tailors do not send home a printed warning with each suit: "This suit is not constructed to carry heavy weights." Take those bundles of papers out of your inside pockets, my dear sir, and hutton your coat up, and you will find that you look much better off than you do now. You have stretched the coat a bit out of shape, but it may recover itself. While you are about it you might remember to take everything out of the pockets when you take the suit off and fold it up. That is only fair treatment for a good suit. Clothes are warmed by the body while they are being worn, and while they are warm they get moulded into shape. If you always keep one pocket loaded with a handful of loose change, and another pocket weighted with a huge bundle of keys, those pockets will become permanently spoilt. Possibly you may have noticed that a new suit never looks quite so well as a suit that has been worn half a dozen times; that is because the new suit has not been warmed by being worn, and therefore the cloth is not moulded to the shape of the figure. A new coat should always be worn buttoned up for the first half a dozen times.

ITCHING SKIN SORES.

**J. W. Shellard, of Gisborne
Blood Reeking with Poison
Seven Years of Agony
Doctors Couldn't Cure Him
No Eczema Now
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.**

"There is hardly anyone connected with this church, from the minister down, that does not know how I suffered from Eczema," said J. W. Shellard, of the Church of England, Gisborne. "For seven long years, I had this vile skin disease in its worst form. I was one mass of itching burning sores from head to foot. At one time I was so bad that I couldn't do a stroke of work for seven weeks at a stretch. Every spare penny I had went on drugs and doctors—but none of them did me any real good till I struck Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I took sixteen boxes of them to cure me—but they cured me for good, as you can see for yourself."

Everyone in Gisborne knows Mr. Shellard as the honest old verger of the parish church. For twenty-four years he has lived there, respected by all. Among the old residents of Christchurch, Lyttelton, Hokitika, he is known just as well and as favourably. He is a man who would never lend his name to any statement that was not true to the last word.

"My blood must have been in a horrible state to make the Eczema break out on me the way it did," said Mr. Shellard. "From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was on fire with it. Often I nearly went mad with the burning and itching. There wasn't an inch of my body that was not in agony with the sores. Every week I could feel a fresh lot of hard pimples pushing their way up through the skin. Then the skin cracked and the sores started to ooze and itch. I could not keep from scratching myself. Sometimes I felt that I could have torn my flesh to pieces. Half my body was covered with the dry scales of the old sores—and everywhere else there were new sores bursting and festering. All my skin was raw, and burning like fury. For seven weeks I could not show my face outside the house."

"I don't think there was a single cure that I didn't try—but none of them did me any real good." Mr. Shellard went on to say, "Even sulphur would not drive the disease out of my blood. As for patent soaps and ointments, the sores only dried on them. They got so bad that I called in one doctor after another, but the best of them could not cure me. I went to the Nuhaka Hot Springs, but when I came away the Eczema was worse than ever. My whole health suffered. I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep. I was nothing more than a wreck. In spite of doctors and medicines, the Eczema kept spreading."

"I had given up all hope before I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," added the old verger. "I would never have spent another penny on medicine if I hadn't heard how they cured another case like the very same as mine. Then I made up my mind to give them a fair trial, and got half-a-dozen boxes. Before the first box was finished, my appetite picked up. That showed that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were suited to my case. Every box after that helped me along. The burning and the itching wasn't half so bad. Little by little, the Eczema began to give way. The sores healed up and left a clean skin behind them. There was no fresh crop of pimples to break out. I was doing so well that I got another supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I kept on with them until my blood was just as healthy and my skin just as clean as any man could wish. It took sixteen boxes to cure me," added Mr. Shellard. "But I have not had a single trace of Eczema from that day to this—so it's clear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me for good."

Remember, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills don't act on the bowels. Neither do they tinker with the system. They will cure no disease that is not caused by bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People can be had at all storekeepers, or ordered by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington—3/ a box, six boxes 16/8, post free. Write for hints as to diet, etc.

SYDNEY JONES,

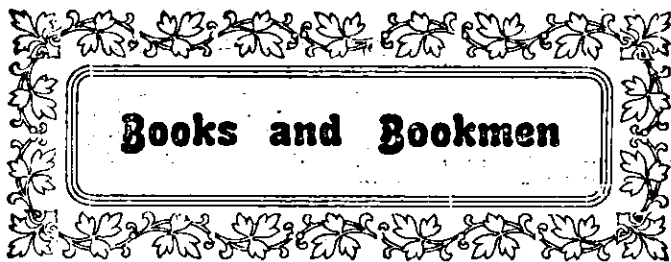
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Books and Bookmen

THE DOCTOR OF CROW'S NEST.—
Ralph Connor, (Colonial Edition).
—Heller and Stoughton.)

Another stirring story by the author of "The Man from Glenegary" will be heartily welcomed by readers who are lovers of humanity pure and simple. In this book there is no complex plot to analytically dissect, no neurotic hero or heroine indulging in imaginary grievances or moral heroics, but a record of the lives and occupations—the loves and the passions—the excesses and limitations—the pains and the pleasures—the sinings and atonements of strong vital human creatures who, living close to nature, like her, bring forth good or evil fruit, according to the nature of their development. It is in parts, reminiscent of the literature known as the "Kail Yard," but only so far as concerns the depicting of the Scottish character, which though transplanted to the Western Hemisphere, and living under greatly altered conditions, still retains its original characteristics. The scene is laid in Canada and Scotland, and the exciting interest of the story begins where, at a "barn raising," Ben Fallows, one of the incidental characters of the book, gets his leg so badly crushed that the limb has to be amputated. "Barney Boyle" (the hero) assists the doctor, "Ferguson" to such good purpose that he proposes that Barney shall study surgery under him. After some demur on the ground of poverty this is finally arranged, and Ben Fallows becomes Barney's first patient, and, after recovery, his best friend. An amusing account is given of a wordy war between Dr. Ferguson and Ben's father on the subject of sympathetic nerves, in which the doctor is worsted. About this time Barney's younger brother, "Dick Boyle," is expected home from the University, where he has been studying to become a member of that profession which is the goal of Scottish ambition (the ministry). The love between the two brothers has always been like the loves of David and Jonathan. Ben's home surroundings are so poor and sordid that it is arranged in order to facilitate his recovery that Dick Boyle, "Margaret Robertson" (the local minister's daughter), and "Iola Lane," the new schoolmistress, shall form themselves into a "good cheer" society, and minister to Ben, which is done, and Iola, who possesses a wonderful voice in addition to a beautiful face and figure, sings herself into Margaret's heart, to the great grief of Margaret, who has loved Barney ever since she could remember. And with this love for Iola, the tragedy of Dick and Barney's life begins. An examination, which is to test alike the ability of teacher and pupil takes place in the local school shortly after this, and both teacher and scholars come out with flying colours on every subject except that of mathematics, in which the teacher is proved weak, and which will remind the reader of "Quality Street." The following extract from the book might with advantage be inwardly digested by teachers and school committees:

But the teacher's weakness in mathematics was atoned for, if atonement there be for such a weakness, by the ample strength of her endowments in those branches of learning in which imagination and artistic sensibility play any large part, and a far larger part, and far more important, do these divine gifts play than many wise educationalists conceive. The lessons in history, in geography, and in reading, seemed to her more money-bags and became "hustles" with life. The whole school would stay its ordinary work to listen while the teacher told tales of the brave days of old in the history class, or transferred the geography lesson into excursions among people of strange tongues dwelling in far lands. But it was in the reading lessons that her artistic talents had full play. The mere pronouncing and spelling of words were but incidents in the way of expression and thought and emotion. After a whole week of drilling which she would give to a single lesson, she would arrest the class with the question, "What is the author's meaning?" and with the further question, "How does he

try to show it to us?" Reading to her consisted in the ability to see what the author saw and the art of telling it, and to set forth with grace that thing in the author's words.

In the writing class her chief anxiety was to avoid blots. Every blot might become an occasion of humiliation to teacher and pupils alike. "Oh! this will never do! They must not see this! she would cry, "I'm going out with infinite care and mending the blot and rubbing in the corner of such a blotment being paraded before the eyes of the vague but terrible 'they.'"

Thus the pathway trodden in the school routine was narrow, neither wide nor far extended, but it was thoroughly well-trodden. As a consequence, when the day for the closing exercises came around both teacher and pupils had become so thoroughly familiar with the path and so accustomed to the vision of the outlook public that they faced the ordeal without dread, prepared to give forth whatever of knowledge or accomplishment they might possess.

By this time Barney has learned all that Dr. Ferguson can teach him, and it becomes necessary for him to go to the University in order to pass the final examinations for graduation, and in order to obtain the necessary funds he and Dick hire themselves out to the neighbouring farmers. An exciting account is given of the reaping and binding—in a given time—of a ten-acre field of wheat, in which the brothers win. Barney and Dick go to the university town, where, some time after, Iola and Margaret go, the one to study for the operative stage, the other the profession of nursing. The friends meet again, and Iola and Barney become engaged lovers. Several unpleasant incidents occur reflecting on Iola's reputation, and Barney insists on Iola's making choice between himself and her profession. But by this time fame and applause have become as the breath of life to Iola, and she chooses the latter, though loving Barney as dearly as her nature permits. Barney, not caring to trust himself in her vicinity, leaves for the West. After a year he writes, asking Iola if she shall come to her, coaching his letter in such a tender, manly style that Iola is touched, and asks both Margaret and Dick what she shall do. Both advise her to send for Barney. During Dick's absence Iola and Dick have been thrown together a great deal, and Dick had conceived a great admiration for her—not love—his love hopeless enough since Margaret still loved Barney, and had told Dick so, and he had used to the full the privilege of Iola's acquaintance. On the night of the day she had received Barney's letter, Dick and she went to visit the play, and, afterwards, returning home, she tells him of Barney's letter, and asks his advice.

"Well," she said, as Dick remained silent.
"Well," replied Dick, "what's your answer to her?"
"You know what he means," said Iola, a little impatiently. "He wants me to marry him at once, and to settle down."
"Well," said Dick, "why not?"
"Now, Dick," cried Iola, "do you think I am a girl for that kind of a man? Can you picture me devoting myself to the keeping of a house (oh, the everlasting of meals? I fancy I see myself spending the long quiet evenings, my husband busy in his office or out among his patients, while I sit and yawn and grow fat and old and ugly, and the great world forgetting me. Dick, I should die! Of course, I love Barney. But I must have life, movement, I can't be forgotten!"
"The picture," cried Dick, "Why should you be forgotten? Barney's wife could not be ignored, and the world could not forget you. And after that," added Dick, in a rushing tone, "to live with Barney ought to be good enough for my woman."
"Why, how low do you set me, Dick?" she cried, making a little noise. "You are quite reasonable," she added, leaning toward him with a mocking look.
"Come, let us go," said Dick, painfully aware of his physical charms. "We must get away."
"But you haven't helped me, Dick," she cried, drawing nearer to him and laying her hand upon his arm.
"The picture of her hair smote upon his senses. The beauty of her face and form intoxicated him. He knew he was losing control of himself.
"Come, Iola," he said, "let us go."
"Tell up what to say, Dick," she re-

plied, snuffing into his face and leaning toward him.
"How can I tell you?" cried Dick, despairing, splashing up. "I only know, you are beautiful, and beautiful as a devil! What has come over you, or is it me, that you should affect me so? Do you know," he added roughly, lifting her by her feet, his breath coming hard and hot from his lips, "I love you, I love you, we must go, I must go, come!"
"Poor child," mocked Iola, still snuffing into his eyes, "be it afraid it will get hurt?"
"Stop it, Iola!" cried Dick. "Come on!"
"Come," she mocked, leaning towards him.
Swiftly Dick turned, seized her in his arms, his eyes burning down upon her mocking face. "Kiss me!" he commanded.
Gradually she allowed the weight of her body to lean upon him, drawing him steadily down toward her while, with the deep, passionate lure of her lustrous eyes.
"Kiss me," he commanded again. But she took her head, holding him still with her gaze.
"God in Heaven!" cried Dick. "Go away!" He made to push her from him. She clasped him about the neck, allowing herself to sink into his arms with her face turned upward to his. Fiercely he crushed her to him, and again and again his hot, passionate kisses fell upon her face.
"Ceaseless only of the passion throbbing in his heart, and all passing through his brain, oblivious to all about him, they heard not the opening of the door and knew not that a man had entered the room. For a single moment he stood stock-still, his horror as if gazing upon death itself, turning to depart, his foot caught a chair. Terror-stricken the two sprang apart and stood with guilt and shame stamped upon their ghastly faces.
"Barney!" they cried together.
"Barney!" they said to them. "Yes, it is I." The words seemed to come from some far distance. "I couldn't wait. I came for my answer, Iola. I thought I could persuade you better. I have it now. I have lost you. And that's here he said to Dick—"Oh, my God! My God! I have lost my brother, too!" He turned to depart from them.
"Barney," cried Dick, passionately. "There was no wrong! There was nothing beyond what you saw!"
"Was that all?" inquired his brother, quietly.
"As God is in Heaven, Barney, that was all!"
Barney threw a swift glance round the room, crossed to a side table and picked up a Bible lying there. He turned the leaves rapidly and handed it to his brother, with his finger upon a verse.
"Read," he said. "You know your Bible. Read." His voice was terrible and compelling in its calmness.
Following the pointing finger, Dick's eyes fell upon words that seemed to sear his soul. He looked at the words, he looked upon a woman to rest after her, bath committed adultery with her already in his heart. Heart-stricken, Dick stood without a word.
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A GUIDE TO THE CITY OF AUCKLAND

WRITTEN IN A JOCLAR VEIN BY HARRIE GREY

No. III.

As soon as possible after his arrival in Auckland the tourist cannot be too strongly advised to make for the summit of Mount Eden—get a comprehensive view of the city to start with. He would do well to walk the journey—for if he becomes so enchanted with the landscape that he decides to settle down in lovely Auckland, he will no doubt, on some future occasion, get a lift to Mount Eden, without any expense to himself, a paternal Government having provided free carriage to this health resort with a constabulary escort. Walking through Queen-street the tourist will be able to take a passing glance at the magnificent buildings that adorn the city. Why! the Post-Office alone is worth coming miles to see! Never was there edifice so commanding, so airy, so convenient! Why, if you put a letter into the slot at one side of the building, it comes out at the other. And the happy officials can be seen at any time showing their heads out of the windows to breathe the balmy air! It is rumoured that the Southerners are so jealous that they are going to try to pull this Mosque of Omaha down! Never! While there is a bit of blood or backbone in any prominent citizen left—never!

From the bottom of Wellesley-street a fine view can be obtained of St. Matthew's Church, a building that would be a credit to a much older city. Auckland is rich in churches, and is to be congratulated on the worthy body of gentlemen who minister to their various spiritual wants.

NELIGAN AND LENIHAN.

Head o' one flock wuz Neligan,
In charge of another wuz Lenihan.
Whichever a sheep got off o' th' track,
An' got mixed in his mates—to th' devil an' back.

Neligan fought it with Lenihan,
They'd be struggling till he wuz set right agin!

That is—this Lenihan
Wuz wrestling with Neligan!

When Lenihan fust met with Neligan,
They'd a wandering sheep, sure, to begin.
His name, faith, wuz Murphy, an' how it occurred.

So many a convincing, persuasive word—
From Neligan—also from Lenihan—
He'd be no sooner caught, than he'd gone agin!

Fust he wuz Lenihan!
Then he wuz Neligan!

Now, Neligan hadn't the "blarney" of Lenihan;
He'd not kissed the "stone," had Neligan;
An' it wuz a bluz claim an' completely out.
When Neligan continued to turr "right about!"

From the care of him, Neligan,
So he wuz back to Lenihan,
"Don't do such a sin agin,
Give it best, Lenihan!"

When Lenihan got this from Neligan,
He blushed rosy rid—old Lenihan;
An' he sed, "I'll risk the contents o' th' plate.

It'll be many a day fore they're able to state
That the other wuz—that's Neligan—
Gets a whack at this same Murphy agin!"
From Lenihan to Neligan:
"He'll not be goin' agin!"

Wan day, when the mindin' o' Neligan
Wasn't the principal concern o' Lenihan,
Murphy's changeable brain took a bit o' a curve.

He got mixed in his "points" as the fock
Mada a swerve,
Sure the "baastie" got away! ses Lenihan:
An' they carried the news straight to Neligan.

An' he thought he'd begin agin
To save Murphy from sin agin!

Down wuz side o' th' bank, thin, wuz
Lenihan,
Tryin' to git Murphy up agin;
But, "be jubbens," as soon as he got him
up right,

He wuz spirited away in a grip that was
tight,
So he bolw up his head, does Lenihan, an'
with a grin,
He politely ses, "My dear Neligan,
Orr agin—on agin—
Gone agin!"

We must draw the tourist's attention to the imposing buildings lying a little way off of the main street. This is the

Council Chambers, Art Gallery, Public Library, and the offices of the City Council. The city has been fortunate in its civic administration. It has produced some fairly "level-headed" men—it doesn't do to be too "flat" about the cranium. Of course, there have been mistakes, but knowing as we do that the greatest study of mankind is himself, it is refreshing to know that so many able men have at all times been found to interest themselves solely for the public good. The wisest of us is not infallible; and after all we are but dust! and if their heads are not "sawdust" we ought to be thankful. But we shall have the pleasure of explaining more fully to the tourist the doings of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table at a later stage.

Once on the summit of Mount Eden, either the climb up or the view fairly takes the tourist's breath away. What a lovely panorama!—there is nothing like it in the world; by the bye, there is nothing in Auckland that is like anything else in the world! Beyond us—the gleaming! glistening! placid! waters of the Waitemata; with its innumerable little crafts, its shipping, its aquatic "white elephant" in the shape of its floating stage—thoughtfully acquired to present an air of superfluity of cash to the observant visitor. Turn as you may there is nothing that does not charm the eye. Verily Auckland is like a smile on the face of nature! Truly can this citizen proudly cry—like he of Rome—"Civis Aucklandus sum!"

Mount Eden is an extinct volcano. There are other mountains hard-by—they are all volcanoes, and they have all gone off; how prominent they must have been in their day—suggestive, isn't it? Tradition has it that Mount Eden used to be a Maori fighting pah. There are no fighting pabs nowadays, save one in the City Council. It is a shame that the name of this beautiful spot should be associated with that place where the gent "who steals a watch, and gets caught in the nick of time," is incarcerated. Oh! the pity of it! When the local Mahomet goes to the mountain, let him be careful of his bearings!

TWO VIEWS FROM MT. EDEN.

The stranger gazed with face serene,
Intent upon the wonderful scene—
The freshening breeze—the swaying trees—
The distant seas—cows—and gee-gees—
That one sees.

From Eden's dizzy height!
And he sucked in rapture his gilded cone,
And his eye grew bright through his win-
dow pane.

And his poetic soul took flight!
O! this is the land that will just suit me—
Of milk and honey—of L.S.D.;
Where the "fellah" toils 'mid peace and plenty.

And makes his pile by one and twenty—
Where the boss on his knees will tender
the job,
And pathetically offer unheard of bob,
And can't get a "chapple" to fill it,
And the stranger laughed loud, and he lied
th' him down;

And he walked and he strutted through
Auckland town,
Whilst he looked for a Government billet.

In Eden's goal a man atones
For poverty's crime by breaking stones.
He does not see the swaying tree,
The distant sea, the five gee-gees,
Others see.

From Eden's grassy crest,
Though his task he light, still his heart is
broke;
He pauses awhile from his Government
stroke
And ejaculates: "Well, I'm blest!
This ain't the place for a well-groomed
messler,
Fresh from his tailor and haberdasher.
Bal Jove! no wonder Governor Plunket
Offers a prize—and they all funk it—
For "cutchar," too. Bal Jove! I say!
Looking for needles in bottles of lay—
If you've got a baw! how! they'll kill it."
The "Johnny" gazed round with a dandy
red air,
And gave a slight tap to a stone here and
there.
For you see he'd a Government billet.

(To be Continued.)

DEATH OF THE SHAH.

AMUSING STORIES OF PERSIA'S LATE MONARCH.

The Shah of Persia died on January 8th. This will come as a surprise to no one, as, despite the conflicting reports circulated regarding his state of health, it was apparent to all that his Majesty was afflicted with a fatal malady.

The late Sovereign of Persia was the fifth of the dynasty of the Kajars, which took possession of the crown after a civil war extending from 1770 to 1794. Born on March 25, 1853, second son of Nasr-ed-din, in 1896 he succeeded his father, who was assassinated while paying his devotions at the holy shrine of Shah-Abdul-Aziz, a few miles from Teheran. The assassin was a small tradesman who had resided some time in Constantinople, and there acquired revolutionary and Anarchist ideas from Kemal-ed-din, the so-called Afghan Sheikh, who, after being kindly treated by the Shah, preached revolution and Anarchy at Teheran, fled to Europe, visited London, and finally took up residence at Constantinople.

There were few troubles in the country when the news of the Shah's death became known. The present ruler was enthroned at Tabriz on the day of his father's death.

In 1900 he was received by the Czar at St. Petersburg, and a few weeks later visited Paris, where he was shot at by a man named Salsou on 2nd August. He visited England in 1902, and was received by Prince Arthur of Connaught at Dover on 17th August, and later on by the King at Portsmouth, and again at Windsor. He showed great interest while visiting Sir Hiram Maxin's Engineering Works, and also in other equally important institutions.

His shopping expeditions were a source of great delight to the proprietors of business establishments, as the Royal visitor seemed to take a special and immediate fancy to everything he saw, from dolls and hats to motor cars and perambulators. He received the Spanish Order of the Golden Fleece, and on 1st January, 1903, King Edward conferred the Order of the Garter. In 1905 he made another visit to Europe, being recommended to do so by his physicians, when he stayed for some time in the South of France, and later visited the Czar at Peterhof.



THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Beyond a few inevitable "strange and suspicious deaths and disappearances," nothing of an exceptionally brutal or tragic nature marred the placid period of his reign. The recent granting of a Constitution was perhaps the greatest and most beneficial reform ever sanctioned by a Shah.

Recent Sovereigns of Persia were able to amass a large private fortune, but that of the late occupant of the throne is reported to amount to only two millions sterling, most of it being represented by diamonds, the largest, the Darya i Nur of 186 carats, and the Taj i mah of 148 carats, and other precious stones, forming the Crown jewels. He had an extremely small harem for an Eastern monarch, having no more than sixty wives. His father had 1720.

The Shah's nervous and excitable temperament was notorious, and there were two things of which he was greatly afraid—travelling fast and thunderstorms. That is why he never allowed his motor car to be driven at a fast pace, and why, when he was in Europe, he always insisted that his train should not exceed five-and-twenty miles an

hour. To avoid thunderstorms he had a room built underground, in which he could neither see the lightning or hear the thunder, and the moment that there was any sign of a storm he went and shut himself up in this room. His Majesty had electric lighting apparatus installed all over the Palace, but as he omitted to set up any dynamos the lamps have not yet been lighted.

THE NEW SHAH.

Reuter's Agency has made inquiries in various quarters as to the effect the Shah's death is likely to have upon the country. There seems small reason to fear that the new Shah's accession will be signalled by an outbreak of general anarchy; in fact, it is pointed out that the advent of a new ruler is more likely to restore quiet and to bring about a firmer form of government. For some



THE NEW SHAH.

time past the late Shah had been unable to attend to the business of the State, and the affairs of the country had fallen into a more than usually disorganised condition. Mohammed Ali Mirza, the new Shah, may be expected to take a more active part in the Government than his father was able to do. He is in the prime of life, having been born in 1872, and has throughout his career been distinguished by intelligent activity. Like all his brothers, he received an excellent education, both Persian and European. He was made familiar with European politics and philosophy by a French tutor.

As the heir to the British throne is the Prince of Wales, so the heir to the Persian throne is the Governor of Azerbaijan. Unlike the other princes, the Vahid took an active part in the actual government of his province, and earned a reputation as an enlightened administrator. He is credited with being a friend of progress and reform, and has signed the recently granted constitution.

His Majesty is, however, above all a military man, and has had a careful and thorough training in the art of war, and has commanded several regiments. Indeed, so desirous were the late Shah and Nasr-ed-din, the new Shah's grandfather, that his military training should be as thorough as possible, that the young Prince entered the army as an ensign, and reached the grade of commander solely on his merits, and only after having served the full period fixed for each intermediate grade.

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA IN PERSIA.

The Paris "Figaro" commenting on the news of the Shah's death, says that, with regard to the foreign relations of Persia, it is probable that the new Shah will continue the policy of his father, which was to maintain the balance between England and Russia. "The rivalry of those two great Powers in Asia," adds the "Figaro," "has hitherto been a formidable threat to the peace of the world, but the Anglo-Russian rapprochement allows us to regard without fear the passing of the heritage of Muzaffer-ed-din to his son. Happily, the influence of England, always liberal, pacific, and moderate, makes itself felt there as everywhere. Before the Anglo-Russian rapprochement, the prospect of the Shah's death was a grave question for the world, in view of the state of disaffection and transformation in which Persia was situated. Thanks to that rapprochement, however, the question need no longer be asked." (Central News.)

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee..... Mr C. R. Bailey.
Under the direction of
MR J. C. WILLIAMSON.

SECOND GRAND PRODUCTION
OF THE
BRILLIANT SEASON

MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
GREAT NEW DRAMATIC COMPANY,
Headed by those Popular Young Stars,
MR CHARLES WALDRON
MISS OLA HUMPHREY.

EACH EVENING.
A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION
For the First Time in Auckland,
Great Romantic Military Drama,

UNDER TWO FLAGS.

Adapted from Ouida's Famous Novel.
Hon. Bertie Cecil — MR CHAS. WALDRON.

Cigarette (Violoncello) — MISS OLA HUMPHREY.

And a
GREAT CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Produced under the Direction of MR
GEORGE F. BRYANT.

Box Plans at Willman and Arey's, day
sales at H.M. Cafe.

Dress Circle and Reserved Seats, 5/-;
Stalls, 3/-; Gallery, 1/-; Early Doors to
Stalls and Gallery, 6d extra till 7.30.

Last Saturday (February 16) "Mother Goose" entered upon the ninth week of its extraordinarily popular run at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, with a record behind it of eight weeks of business that has never even been approached before. With the close of this week it will have registered over 70 successive performances, at none of which has the attendance fallen below the level of crowded houses, and there is so far no evidence at all to indicate that the production has lost a hair's breadth of its hold on the public. Recently, moreover, the introduction of several new features seems, on the other hand, to have increased its attractiveness—if, indeed, that were possible. Miss Florence Young now sings a spirited song, "Cupid is the Captain of the Army." Miss Celia Ghioni has a fine ballad, "If You Only Knew," and Miss Pressy Preston has changed "Gretchen von Wetchen" for another, "Little Dutch Colleen." Mr. Victor Loydall warbles a ditty about "Parting on the Shore." Little Sadie has a song about the band, and Lennon, Hyman and Lennon put in some work alternately clever and comical with Indian clubs for the benefit of the inhabitants of Goose-land.

It is not often nowadays that serious drama in Australia can achieve an un-interrupted run of eight weeks, and the fact that "Parvial," which was withdrawn last Friday from Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, was able to do so, speak volumes for the drawing power of this artistic and admirably done play. This week Miss Tittell Brune is appearing in a revival of "Leah Kleschna," a role she has always maintained to exceptional advantage, and she is being supported by a cast almost entirely new to Sydney, among them Mr. Thomas Kingston, in particular, earning unanimous praise for his finished performance of Kleschna. The rest of Miss Brune's Sydney season will be devoted to short revivals of old favourites.

Owing, of course, to the success of the pantomime in Melbourne, to Ballarat fell the duty of welcoming Mr. Julius Knight back to Australia, and very worthily they fulfilled their responsibilities last Friday (15th February), when "Robin Hood" was produced before an absolutely packed house, which followed the course of the stirring and romantic drama from first to last with the closest attention and warmest appreciation, giving Mr. Knight himself, and to every member of his new company, the most enthusiastic recognition of their respective efforts. The piece indeed justified entirely the high expectation formed of it, and there is no possible doubt but that it will be popular throughout Australasia. The occasion was of a doubly

important character, as it marked also the re-opening of His Majesty's Theatre after a complete overhaul, which has made it one of the best provincial theatres in the Commonwealth, equal, indeed, to the metropolitan houses in the adequacy of its stage arrangements, which will allow the biggest spectacles being produced there, and in its electric lightning modelled on that of Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne.

Mr. Andrew Mack is due to leave San Francisco next week with the new company he has organised for the reconquest of Australasia. They begin that campaign in Wellington at Easter, and will remain in the colony until July, when they are due in Melbourne.

Another wonderful result of the wonderful popularity of the pantomime is the further extension of its touring arrangements by Mr. J. C. Williamson, who has decided to take in New Zealand as well as Brisbane, Adelaide and West Australia—a move which will keep the company employed till the end of the year.

Having finished with Auckland, the Royal Comic Opera Company are now filling in the last month of their New Zealand tour with a round of the South Island centres. For their Adelaide season, which commences on Easter Saturday, the chief attraction will be "The Spring Chicken," and this most modern of musical comedies will be followed by "The Belle of New York," "La Mascotte," and others of the revivals in which the company has of late so distinguished itself. Mr. Reginald Roberts, his friends will be glad to hear, will re-join the company for the season. In addition to the severe operation of a few months ago, he has recently had to undergo another slight one, but he is assured by his doctors that he will be perfectly well in a few days.

As everybody knows, superstition is a marked characteristic of nine out of ten members of the theatrical profession, a fact vividly instanced in a recent experience of Miss Florence Young. She received a solemn circular, intimating that unless she copied out daily and sent to a friend one of the nine prayers attached thereto, something awful would befall her. Impressed with the intimation and with her feelings worked upon by her fellow players, who took the most serious view of the situation, she proceeded to faithfully carry out the instructions, her task being zealously watched by every member of the "Mother Goose Company," who never omitted to remind her tenderly of her duty from day to day, and otherwise took as many precautions as she did to avert the impending doom. When it was averted and the ninth day passed without incident there was much rejoicing. It is not on record what the recipients of the daily prayers thought of it.

A run of eight nights for "The Squaw Man" in Auckland must have satisfied Mr. Williamson, who arrived in the Northern capital on Saturday, and who was, on Sunday, the guest of Dr. Sherman at a harbour excursion. The great Australian impressario will remain a few days longer in the city, and then wends his way toRotorua and the lake country for a thorough holiday. Meanwhile, "Under Two Flags" seems likely to rival the American drama in popularity. Ouida's famous novel makes an effective play, and the company score therein.

An enormous audience fared-well Madame Arral at her final concert in Auckland, but, strange to relate, Madame on this occasion was to some degree out of form. The programme, moreover, did not suit her so well as usual, and something too much was sacrificed to the splendour of the costumes, which were be-

yond all description wonderful, but which were so excessively tightfitting that they must in some degree have affected the breathing. At all events, Madame was in less perfect voice than at previous concerts, and her top notes were less bird-like than usual. The "Bell Song" from "Lakme" is an arduous and trying specimen of vocal gymnastics, and does not appeal to one at a first hearing. Possibly, with further rehearsal, it may prove equally attractive as some other of the gems in Madame's splendid repertoire, but on Monday the singer and her orchestra were at variance. In the "Waltz Song" and in her encore numbers, especially "Manola" and "Un Jour Margot," Madame Arral was, however, quite herself—that is to say, one of the very finest and most satisfying artistes who have ever visited the colony. To have a chance of hearing her and not to use it is a criminal waste of life's opportunities.

EXHIBITION BAND CONTEST.

MOST SUCCESSFUL EVER HELD IN
NEW ZEALAND.

The Brass Band contest held in connection with the Christchurch Exhibition marks an epoch in the history of band music in New Zealand. There were 30 bands competing, and the contest was not only the largest, but the most successful and enjoyable which has taken place in the colony. The final event was the quick-step competition on February 18th.

The honours of the day fell to the all-conquering Wanganui Garrison Band, which, however, gained the victory owing to its superior military display, it being beaten by no fewer than seven competitors on points for music. Wanganui thus takes £150 for the selection (with special badge for the conductor and medals for the bandmen), £50 for the quick-step, and the first prizes for the quartet (Kaikorai also gaining a first for this) and trombone trio—events ranking next in importance. The Kaikorai Band, however, has wrested the North Island Bands' Association Besson Challenge Shield from the possession of the Wanganui Garrison Band, this being held by the organisation obtaining the highest aggregate of points in both selections and for music in the quick-step, the Kaikorai scoring 363 points, against 358 obtained by Wanganui. Kaikorai also takes the Boosey South Island Shield, which was offered under the condition above noted to the South Island band scoring the highest aggregate.

THE QUICK-STEP.

The points awarded in the quick-step were divided as follows:—Dressing 10, intervals 10, steadiness 10, general appearance 10, forming marching order 10, cleanliness of instruments 20, marching and halt 45, counter-marching 20, turning 20, wheeling 5, time 20, paces 20, music 60; total 260. The awards were as follows:—

Wanganui—8, 8, 10, 10, 18, 35, 18, 18, 5, 17, 19, 55—229.
Masteron Municipal—9, 8, 9, 10, 9, 18, 34, 17, 18, 4, 16, 17, 59—229.
Auckland First Battalion—8, 8, 9, 10, 8, 14, 37, 18, 4, 19, 17, 53—225.
Kaikorai—9, 8, 9, 10, 10, 16, 30, 16, 18, 4, 16, 16, 60—223.
Auckland Garrison—7, 7, 10, 8, 16, 36, 18, 16, 4, 20, 18, 55—223.
Taranaki—7, 6, 10, 9, 16, 33, 18, 17, 4, 20, 19, 52—218.
Woolton—9, 8, 7, 10, 9, 15, 30, 19, 10, 33, 20, 20, 49—217.
Timaru Garrison—10, 10, 9, 10, 8, 12, 37, 20, 20, 4, 8, 19, 40—214.
Invercargill Municipal—8, 9, 8, 8, 7, 14, 34, 19, 17, 3, 18, 18, 50—214.
Waikato Federal—6, 7, 8, 5, 8, 15, 30, 16, 17, 4, 19, 10, 50—214.
Palmerston North—7, 7, 6, 9, 9, 18, 36, 17, 18, 4, 19, 18, 45—214.
Derry's—7, 7, 8, 10, 9, 16, 33, 16, 17, 4, 9, 17, 59—213.
Newcastle City—9, 9, 7, 9, 7, 17, 20, 14, 16, 4, 19, 15, 58—203.
Denniston—8, 8, 7, 9, 8, 14, 26, 17, 15, 4, 18, 19, 51—204.
Gisborne City—7, 7, 6, 8, 8, 14, 20, 20, 15, 3, 17, 17, 50—202.
Greytown Battalion—8, 7, 7, 9, 8, 15, 27, 15, 17, 3, 20, 19, 45—202.
Nelson Garrison—8, 7, 7, 10, 8, 15, 25, 15, 15, 3, 18, 19, 47—198.
Tuapeka—8, 7, 7, 8, 9, 15, 24, 17, 14, 2, 4, 17, 17, 47—195.
Wellington Garrison—8, 7, 6, 5, 7, 12, 26, 14, 14, 3, 13, 18, 58—193.

Dunedin Naval—6, 6, 6, 8, 12, 27, 16, 17, 4, 18, 19—189.
Jupp's—8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 14, 14, 3, 15, 21, 17, 15—187.
Hastings Town—6, 6, 6, 8, 15, 21, 15, 10, 4, 10, 19, 50—184.
Timaru Marine—7, 6, 8, 9, 8, 12, 20, 7, 18, 3, 11, 17, 36—180.
Dunedin Citizens—7, 7, 7, 10, 7, 18, 20, 14, 15, 2, 11, 10, 47—179.
Ruahine—7, 7, 8, 9, 9, 17, 22, 15, 14, 13, 12, 17, 39—179.
Napier Garrison—8, 7, 6, 6, 5, 12, 16, 16, 17, 3, 19, 17, 40—171.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

In the evening, and in the presence of a large assemblage, Mr G. S. Munro, general manager of the Exhibition, presented the prizes. Naturally, the champion band, the Wanganui Garrison, met with an ovation, especially when the whole band was paraded to receive the medals of which one went to every member of the first band. The last prizes to be given out were the shields—the Besson for the musical champion of the colony, and the Boosey for the band holding the same position among the South Island bands competing. The Wanganui band had held the Besson shield on four occasions, but this time it was wrested from it by only two points. Wanganui scored five points more than the Dunedin bands in the selections, but Kaikorai caught up five in the quick-step. The scores were:—Kaikorai 362, Wanganui 300. The Kaikorai Band having beaten all the others also took the Boosey shield. A pleasing incident of the prize giving was the presentation of a special prize by the Exhibition authorities to Mr G. Buckley, of Wanganui, who won the B flat cornet solo competition. It was a magnificent gold cornet, of great value, and the prize was handed to the winner amidst general applause.

COMPLETE PRIZE LIST.

The following is the complete prize list for the contest:—

Grand selection—Wanganui Garrison, 305 points, 1; Kaikorai, 303 points, 2; Newcastle City, 302 points, 3; Auckland Garrison, 298 points, 4; Wellington Garrison, 297 points, 5; Woolston and Dunedin Citizens, 295 points, 6.
Quick-step—Wanganui Garrison, 229½ points, 1; Masteron Municipal, 229 points, 2; Auckland 1st Battalion, 225 points, 3; Kaikorai, 223½ points, 4; Auckland Garrison, 223 points, 5.
Quartettes—Wanganui Garrison and Kaikorai, 100 points each, 1; Newcastle City, 97 points, 2.
Trombone trios—Wanganui Garrison, 90 points, 1; Palmerston North, 85 points, 2.
E flat soprano cornets—A. McMasters, Nelson, 90 points, 1; R. Grant, Newcastle, 85 points, 2.
B flat cornets—G. Buckley, Wanganui, 95 points, 1; F. Goodall, Greymouth, 90 points, 2.
Flugel horns—T. Bauehop, Kaikorai, 90 points, 1; P. Cole, Jupp's, 83 points, 2.
Tenor horns—C. Hansen, Nelson Garrison, 93 points, 1; R. Green, Mornington, 87 points, 2.
Baritone—J. S. Barton, Woolston, 89 points, 1; A. Martin, Derry's, 88 points, 2.
B flat tenor trombones—W. Fellows, Newcastle, 95 points, 1; T. Gray, Wanganui, 90 points, 2.
G bass trombones—J. Cuming, Denniston, 91 points, 1; J. Sutherland, Auckland 1st Battalion, 80 points, 2.
Euphoniums—W. J. Stains, Granity, 96 points, 1; R. J. Estall, Woolston, and W. Hickman, Wanganui, 94 points, 2.
E flat basses—S. Nunn, Tuapeka, 92 points, 1; B. A. Johnston, Wellington Garrison, 91 points, 2.
B flat basses—C. G. Gallop, Woolston, 90 points, 1; T. Barton, Denniston, 86 points, 2.
BB flat basses—J. Guthrie, Wanganui, 92 points, 1; W. Fenton, Woolston, 90 points, 2.
Side drums—A. Jacobs, Lyttelton Marine, 97 points, 1; C. Cooper, Wanganui, 95 points, 2.
Sergeant-Major Anderson, Wanganui Garrison, received a gold medal as leader of the band scoring the highest military points.

BAND MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

LIEUT. BENTLEY INTERVIEWED.

Lieut. W. G. Bentley of Sydney, who was judge of the Selections and the

Quickstep, interviewed by a representative of "The Press," said:—"I think the bands are in a very excellent state in New Zealand, because out of the twenty-nine bands which played before me, I think there were only two that were outclassed. I had been informed before my arrival that I should find the bands better here than in New South Wales; but I was rather sceptical until I heard them play. The playing on the first day a little astonished me. I listened to some of the finest brass band music that I have heard. I certainly think that the brass bands of New Zealand compare favourably with the brass bands of any other colony in this part of the world. Taken generally I think they are better than the bands in New South Wales. I would like to say that the behaviour and appearance of the bands struck me in a very favourable light, and the orderly manner in which the bands came on and took their turn is certainly very complimentary to them. I did not know when a band was going to play until they walked on to the stand. I think for such a large contest the arrangements were very good. I would like to thank the bandmen for the courtesy and respect they have shown to me, and for the manner in which they have received my decisions. Nobody can consider himself perfect, but I have endeavoured to give a just decision—one based on 38 years experience of bands. There were no favourites. I was not conversant with the history or reputation of any New Zealand band that played under me. They were simply judged on their performances, and whatever points they obtained were honestly earned. The bands deserve every credit for the positions they obtained in the contest. The tone of the winning band is certainly a grand one. There is a sonority about it that is largely lacking in brass bands. At the same time I would like to point out to bandmasters that, while cultivating the grand tone of fortissimo, they should also study the beautiful pianissimo. There was one band on the first day that excelled in this respect, and that was the Mornington Brass Band. They certainly gave a delightful rendering of their selection and earned all the points that were awarded them. With respect to the North Island Band Association, I think from what I have heard and from what I have seen of the officials who have acted in this contest that it is due to them that there are so many excellent bands in the North Island. The encouragement of band music should be the aim of the public, because there is nothing more exhilarating or entertaining than the performance of a good band. In the marching contest there were some fine displays, but I would like to point out to those bands which obtained high points that the additions of cymbals would make some of them perfect as marching bands. I was rather surprised to find among the number of military bands competing that not one band carried a pair of cymbals. They are part of the equipment of a military band, and they certainly add to the effect of their playing. In Toowoomba I threw out this hint on my first visit, and in the following year I found every band equipped with cymbals, with the result that they all earned more points in the marching competition, and one of those bands was perfect. From the Exhibition officers I have received nothing but courtesy and kindness. With their multifarious duties they certainly took on a big thing when they undertook the management of this gigantic contest. It was a record event, and it speaks volumes for the management that it should have been carried through so successfully.

"In conclusion," said Lieutenant Bentley, "I desire to say how much I have enjoyed my visit. This has been one of the most pleasant duties I have ever undertaken. The arduous nature of the task was not noticed by me on account of the generous treatment I have received from everybody."

STATEMENT BY MR. MAURICE COHEN.

Mr. Maurice Cohen, Mayor of Palmerston North, and President of the North Island Brass Bands Association for the past eleven years, when interviewed, said:—"The North Island Brass Band Association was started for the purpose of organising and controlling band music, with the object of its betterment and development, seeing that it is the one phase of musical art which provides a vehicle for popular recreation in its widest sense. The bandmen undergo a very strict course of discipline in the pre-

paration of their work, and the spirit of enthusiasm is the only force which animates them. The movement has been extraordinarily successful. The number of members eleven years ago was about 200, and to-day the members of affiliated bands number 2300.

"As to the contest in Christchurch," said Mr. Cohen, "it certainly has been the most successful band contest held in these colonies—both in regard to the number of entries, and from a musical point of view. Whereas the best bands have justified the leading position which they have maintained for several years, the most noticeable feature is the lessening of the gaps between what might be known as the first and the lower grades of band. This is a most welcome feature as far as the Association is concerned. I think the future of band music in this colony is indeed hopeful. The Association is financially strong, and the enthusiasm which exists amongst the affiliated bands is very keen.

"In conclusion, I desire to say," said Mr. Cohen, "how much the executive appreciate the courtesy and attention of the Government and the Exhibition authorities."



INSURANCE COMPANIES' PICNIC.

The annual picnic of the employees of the various insurance companies in Auckland was held at Motutapu on February 20. Some 500 people journeyed to the island in the ferry boat Albatross, and the Bavarian Band enlivened the trip by playing a number of selections. The weather was threatening early in the day, but cleared up during the morning, with the result that the outing was thoroughly enjoyed. An interesting sports programme was gone through. Professor Beckford and his marionettes provided capital fun for the children, who also had races arranged for them. The following are the results of the sports:—"Builders' Risk" (for juniors), A. Reid 1, H. Archer 2, H. Clay 3. "Mixed Construction Staff," H. S. Maclean 1, K. T. Howarth 2. "Deck Cargo" (pick-a-back race), Duthie and Bartsow 1, Palmer and Marks 2, Gillies and Dean 3. "Salvage" (boat race), N. V. Prime 1, F. Gillies 2, Morton 3. "Collision Clause" (thread the needle), N. V. Prime 1, Downing 2, Woods 3. "Running Down Clause" (egg and spoon race for ladies), Miss L. Goudie 1, Miss E. Read 2. "Average Clause" (handicap steeplechase), N. A. Duthie 1, J. Gibbons 2, S. S. Dean 3. "The Non-attached Handicap" (for girls), Miss Gillies 1, Miss Prater 2, Miss Goudie 3. "The Attachment Handicap" (for ladies), Miss Hill 1, Miss Clark 2, Miss Wynyard 3. "Breach of Tariff" (handicap for managers), W. F. Harrop 1, N. T. Williams and C. Kissling (dead heat) 2. The prizes were distributed on the return journey.

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' PICNIC.

The railway workshops employees' picnic at Papakura on Saturday was quite a success. About 1000 people took advantage of the day's holiday. An exhaustive programme of sports was gone through, under the management of a committee and Mr. F. Stubbs, the hon. secretary. There were all sorts of sports for the children, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Results:—

Apprentices and Cadets Handicap, 100yds: L. Sainsbury 1, O. Casey 2, G. Champion 3. Officers, Labourers, and Rivet Boys, 100yds: W. Champion 1, S. Bright 2, A. Rogers 3.

Blacksmiths, Boiler-makers, and Machinists, 100yds: N. McLeod 1, C. Thomas 2, W. Davies 3.

Carpenters, Painters, Trimmers, 100yds: H. Knox 1, F. Beck 2, D. Round and J. Homer (dead heat) 3.

Fitters, Turners, and Copper-smiths, 100yds: J. Armstrong 1, E. Nolan 2, R. Leitch 3.

Men's Race, over 50 years, 50yds: J. Thomas 1, C. Cobban 2, D. McFarlane 3.

Putting the Shot, 10lb, W. Bennett 1, R. Handcock 2, A. Taylor 3.

Professional Race, 150yds: G. Cooper 1, J. Reid 2, D. Round 3.

Professional Race, 150yds: J. Smith 1, P. Sainsbury 2, P. Miller 3.

Handicap Handicap, 100yds: L. Sainsbury 1, J. Armstrong 2, C. Thomas 3.

Married Ladies, 50yds: Mrs Taylor 1, Mrs

Wright 2, Mrs Stubbs 3.

Single Ladies (under 18 years), 50yds: Miss Hallantyne 1, Miss Edwards 2, Miss Round 3.

Single Ladies (18 years and over), 50yds: Miss Clarke 1, Mrs Stuart 2, Miss Cronin 3.

Men of Railway Employees, 100yds: E. Hallantyne 1, Hedger 2, Reid 3.

Hop, Step and Jump: C. Thomas 1, S. H. Harris 2, A. Rogers 3.

Railway Handicap, 220yds: L. Sainsbury 1, E. Nolan 2, W. Davis 3.

Married Men (under 40 years), 100yds: R. Ludrum 1, S. H. Davis 2, P. Nolan 3.

Three-legged Race: Champion and Champion 1.

40yds Handicap: J. Tizard 1, W. Davies 2, N. McLeod 3.

Committeemen (over 40 years), 50yds: D. Round 1, J. Reid 2, W. Collins 3.

Open Amateur, 100yds: A. Twissam 1, J. McIntyre 2, S. G. Cook 3.

Committeemen (under 40 years), 75yds: J. Smith 1, H. J. Seely 2, R. Handcock 3.

One Mile Handicap: W. Davies 1, Gunning 2, W. Smith 3.

Knob Race, 100yds: J. Casey 2, Gunning 3.

By winning the 100yds and 220yds Railway Handicap, L. Sainsbury secures the gold medal presented by A. Myers, Esq.

The Wreck of a Great Statesman.

The publication, in Germany, of the Hohenzollern Memoirs created a tremendous sensation, and the London "Spectator" spares long space in two issues for the review of the work. In the latest number, the reviewer deals with the decline of Bismarck, and the moral lessons which that tragic story teaches:—

"Bismarck (says the "Spectator") had an equal contempt for the collective responsibility of Ministers and for Parliamentary control. Having done his best to deprive the members of the Reichstag of power, he is annoyed at their irresponsibility. He calls men like Bennigsen and Windthorst silly school-boy politicians, or 'lying scoundrels.' He is surprised that representation without control results in faction. It is the Nemesis of his own political doctrines. When he meets with opposition he clamours for repressive measures, and cannot understand some of the scruples of the Liberals as to the exceptional laws granted the Socialists. Moreover, having tried, like a Richelieu, to reduce his fellow-Ministers to the position of clerks, he is annoyed at their want of corporate spirit, and when they refuse to follow him into his retirement, he declaims against their apostasy in having left him in the lurch."

"But perhaps the gravest moral of it all is the Nemesis of deception. It is difficult to be both loved and feared, said Machiavelli. There is a sombre irony in the remark of the Czar to the Emperor in 1892, which the latter repeated to Hohenzollern. Bismarck had been compelled to retire because he had failed to induce the Emperor to violate Germany's contractual obligations to Austria by renewing his secret agreement with Russia, and he consoled himself in his retirement with the somewhat unctuous reflection that he was a martyr to the cause of Russo-German friendship, betrayed, according to him, by Caprivi. 'Do you know,' said the young Emperor (in August, 1892), 'the Czar has told me he has every trust in Caprivi; whereas when Bismarck has said anything to him he has always had the conviction that "he is tricking me."'

"We are reminded of the occasion when Talleyrand told the truth so frankly that his interlocutor persisted in regarding it as an elaborate form of deception. After all, there are advantages, even in diplomacy, in being what Schuvaloff called Caprivi, a 'too honest man.' It was the same with the domestic atmosphere. Bismarck, an adept at deceiving others, is always complaining of deception; a master of intrigue, he is always declaiming against the intrigues of others.

"All these tendencies came to a head when the sceptre passed from the infirm hands of William I. to those of a dying King, around whose death-bed the military party and the Chancellor's party began to intrigue for influence over the young Prince whose advent to empire was hourly expected.

"Bismarck feared the influence of the military party over the martial spirit of Prince William, and was determined to show himself equally militant in order to secure his dynasty. His sole object is to get his son Herbert into the saddle," said Bleichroder; "so there is no hope of an improvement in Alsace-Lorraine"—although Prince Herbert alienated everybody by his insolence, which was so gross that the Prince of Wales

(King Edward), at this time in Berlin, declared that he could scarcely restrain himself from showing him the door. The leader of the military party, Waldseeck, was hardly more public-spirited. He had, according to Bismarck, been made Chief of Staff by Moltke, over the heads of more competent men, because he was more docile than they. Between these military and civil autocracies the struggle for the possession of the present Emperor waged remorselessly, and with appalling levity they made the peace of two great nations the pawn in the game. The young Emperor is seen feeling his way, groping in the dark; but those who, like the Grand Duke of Baden, knew the strength of his character foresaw the end.

"For Bismarck's dismissal there were various causes. But it may all be summed up in the words of the Grand Duke of Baden, re-echoed by the Emperor to Hohenzollern—it had to be a choice between the dynasties of Hohenzollern and Bismarck. The end came to such a period of fear, agony, irony, despair, reprimand, and catastrophic laughter as only the pen of a Tacitus could adequately describe. Bismarck's last years, both of power and of retirement, were those of a lost soul. Having tried to intrigue with foreign Ambassadors against his Sovereign before his retirement, he tried to mobilise the Press against him after he had retired, and even stooped to join hands with his old rival, Waldseeck, for the overthrow of his successor, Caprivi, being quite indifferent, complained the Kaiser bitterly, to what might happen afterwards. 'It is sad to think,' said the Emperor of Austria to Hohenzollern, 'that such a man can sink so low.'"

What Marriage Means.

THE VIEWS OF DR. EMIL REICH.

To the Frenchman, the German, to the man on the Continent, matrimony means everything. Woman converts the man who, like a piece of driftwood, floats aimlessly down-stream, into a good citizen, a careful business man, and a conscientious worker; she awakens ambition in him; she makes him, if anything can, a success in life, says Dr. Emil Reich.

To the Englishman marriage is nothing. His wife is as the cigar he smoked yesterday—not worth talking about.

Even when he is courting the girl he says he loves he does not "talk woman," or make pretty speeches to her, or pay her compliments. His thoughts are not a whit more or less concentrated on his work because of her. His cricket does not suffer; he is not less fit for his football matches because of her. When he has a free half-hour after the serious work of life is over (the work of sports and business) he will consent to come and talk to her—probably about politics or the latest cut in coats; never about love.

After his wedding he leads the same life, morally speaking, as he did before, except that he perhaps works a little harder. His wife has made no difference. He goes to his club as often, he takes as keen an interest in his sport, he bets mildly, and he gambles mildly. He is also quite as ready to run after the next pretty face he sees.

And yet this is astonishing, for the Englishwoman is, I consider, the most beautiful and clever woman in the world. Yet with all her charms she has less influence over men than any other whom I know. With beauty to attract, and with brains to enliven, she is only a figurehead in the social scheme of British life.

And, worst of all, she does not demand to share her husband's work. A woman's duty does not begin and end in being a good housewife and a faithful mother. It is not thus that she can influence her husband. She must work with him, share his business worries and troubles, understand his failures and his successes.

The Englishman will not allow it, you say. I know it, but that is because the Englishwoman does not demand it as her right.

If she co-operated with her husband and insisted upon sharing his life, England would not only be the greatest nation in the world to-day, but the greatest that ever existed—she would be Greece and Rome in one.

Marriage makes a man more of a man. It teaches him lessons that he could never have learned otherwise.

THE SINS OF FIA FYE

A STORY OF CHILDHOOD

FIA FYE, whose real name was Sophia Fidelia Williams, lived with Aunt Lou and Uncle Chad in the white house with the green shutters on Third-street, in Wautuku. The reason she lived there was because Fia Fye was an orphan, which means that your papa and mamma have gone away and will never come back. But some day you will see them again—when the Angel takes you.

Aunt Lou was Uncle Chad's sister, and Uncle Chad was the best man in the whole world. He worked in the bank where the bright pennies are, and he laughed a great deal. Aunt Lou did not laugh so much—in fact, she hardly ever laughed—but she was a dear auntie.

"I am afraid," said Aunt Lou, a great many times, to Uncle Chad, "that Fia Fye is not a normal child. She is so serious, and I never heard of such a good child. She is almost uncanny."

This was before Fia Fye learned the advantages of sin.

Fia Fye was rather uncanny in some things. Her eyes were too large. People always said:—

"Oh, yes; I know Fia Fye. She is that Williams child with the big eyes."

Her eyes were blue, with a great amount of white around them, and great black pupils, and she could look and look without winking. She would stand before a person and stare for minutes at a time. Aunt Lou said it was very rude, but Fia Fye was only trying to solve things. Fia Fye felt that she was a small body of girl surrounded by a vast mysterious world, and she wanted to know. She asked visitors questions that were sometimes very rude, and then the visitors would kiss her and say:—

"Fia Fye, you are a dear, dear child. I wish you belonged to me."

Aunt Lou said that Fia Fye thought too much, that she would be happier if she played more, as the other children played, but Fia Fye was quite happy in her own way. There were only two things that worried her—two terrible, mysterious things that she learned about as soon as she came to live with Aunt Lou.

There was God, who would see in the dark and who was everywhere, and there was the Angel, who stood night after night by Fia Fye's bed, watching her. God was the most incomprehensible, but the Angel was the most terrifying thing in the world. The Angel was all in white and you could not see it in the dark or in the light, and yet it was always there. Aunt Lou said the Angel was there to watch and guard Fia Fye, but Fia Fye had another idea of the Angel. She hated the Angel. It was the Angel that had first taken away Fia Fye's papa, and then her mamma, and there was no telling whom the Angel would take next.

Fia Fye always slept with one hand clapping the white iron rods of the head of her crib, so that if the Angel tried to carry her away she might be able to resist. It would need a powerful Angel to carry away Fia Fye and the heavy iron crib too.

Sometimes she would awaken, with a start, to find herself far down in the crib, with her hands empty, and Fia Fye would scramble, panic-stricken, to the head of the bed and grasp it with both hands, while her heart would beat tumultuously. And all the while she knew God and the Angel were there in the dark room watching her. No wonder Fia Fye had great serious eyes. After all she was only a frightened baby. So she was a very good girl, because God and the Angel liked good girls. She hoped to conciliate them.

One day, Aunt Lou decided that Fia Fye was old enough to go to Sunday-school. Miss Grace, who lived in the

brown house across the street, had been talking to Aunt Lou, and Miss Grace taught the infant class at Sunday-school. She wanted Fia Fye. She loved Fia Fye—as everybody loved her—and she promised to let Fia Fye sit right next to her and hold her hand. The next Sunday Fia Fye, in her prettiest dress, went to Sunday-school.

Miss Grace did not teach her little girls from a leaflet or from a book. She sat in the midst of them and told them nice stories, and gave them pretty cards to take home and let them ask questions. Fia Fye asked a great many, and when she came away she had learned something very important. If a little girl was a good little girl, some day the Angel would come and take her away; but if she was a bad little girl the Angel would never, never take her. To be bad was to sin and the Angel never took sinners.

Uncle Chad led the singing at Sunday-school, and he always walked home with Miss Grace, except when she walked with Billy Webster, and to-day he and Miss Grace seemed to have a great many things to talk about, so Fia Fye had nothing to disturb her thoughts on the way home. It was clear she had been making a great mistake; she had been inviting the Angel to carry her off. Instead of being as good as possible it was necessary for her to be as bad as she could. She must sin.

At Miss Grace's gate, Uncle Chad paused. He was clearly not half through with the interesting things he had to talk over with Miss Grace.

"Now, Fia Fye," he said, "you run across home, like a good little girl."

Fia Fye stood and looked at Uncle Chad. She did not move. Her heart beat fast with brave rebelliousness. She was shocked by her temerity, but glad to be sinning. It was a triumph over the Angel.

Miss Grace smiled. "Let her stay, Chad," she said.

"All right. You may stay," said Uncle Chad, and Fia Fye felt her sinfulness pass away. She was sorry. How could a person sin successfully if the wrong became the right so easily?

Fia Fye sat on the porch step while Uncle Chad and Miss Grace talked.

Fia Fye loved Miss Grace. Ever since she had lived with Aunt Lou, Fia Fye had found in Miss Grace a suitable companion for her years. Miss Grace did not do foolish things with dolls as the little girls did, nor did she treat Fia Fye as an odd child, as other ladies did. She answered questions and did not laugh at them, and she never hugged and kissed Fia Fye except just at the right time—when Fia Fye wanted to be hugged and kissed.

Fia Fye sat on the steps and listened as long as she could bear it. From time to time she opened her mouth to speak, but Uncle Chad and Miss Grace were chatting so eagerly that there was no opportunity for a little girl to say anything. There was nothing on Miss Grace's lap but a fan, and at length Fia Fye quietly removed the fan and started to climb upon Miss Grace's knee.

"Don't, Fia Fye," Uncle Chad admonished. "Miss Grace doesn't want you on her lap."

Fia Fye set her lips firmly and edged a little farther on to the coveted knee. "Let her be, Chad," Miss Grace urged. "I like to hold her. I would like to steal her away from her auntie, and keep her forever and ever. Wouldn't I, Fia Fye?"

"If you wanted to steal another member of the family," said Uncle Chad, "I think you could be accommodated. I know one who leaves himself lying around quite promiscuously, just to tempt you, but you won't have him."

"If he was as good as Fia Fye," laughed Miss Grace. "I might be tempted, but he smokes, and he teases me, and he isn't as good as Fia Fye."

Uncle Chad did not seem the least bothered by this. He laughed. Fia Fye looked from one to the other. She longed to be like Uncle Chad.

"Of course," Uncle Chad said, with his eyes still laughing. "I know I am not as good as I might be. Teasing is so natural to me. I even tease Fia Fye, and that is like tickling the Sphinx in the ribs. And I smoke, but that is to drown my woe. But we can't all be like you and Fia Fye. That is impossible."

"Why?" demanded Miss Grace.

"Because Fia Fye is Fia Fye and couldn't be bad if she tried."

The little girl stared at Uncle Chad with troubled eyes. Then she saw his eyes were twinkling and she sighed with relief. It was a joke evidently. A joke was something Uncle Chad said when he wanted you to think he meant what he didn't mean.

"And I?" asked Miss Grace.

"You?" said Uncle Chad, and his eyes lost the joke and took their "really truly" look. "I have known ever since I first met you that you were an Angel."

Like one who is stunned Fia Fye relaxed her grasp of Miss Grace's hand. She slid slowly from her lap and stood a moment gazing at Miss Grace with horror, trembling; and then, before Uncle Chad or Miss Grace realised it, Fia Fye had flown to the smiling girl and was tearing and pulling the light, fluffy dress, and scratching the white wrists and hands that vainly tried to hold her off.

It did not last a minute. Uncle Chad grasped the frantic little figure in his strong arms and bore her across the street. When he set her in a chair before Aunt Lou she was sobbing, but her eyes were quite dry. She clung to Uncle Chad's coat when he tried to go. He told Aunt Lou quickly and forcibly of Fia Fye's strange fit of temper.

Fia Fye agreed that Fia Fye must be ill—she never acted so—and Uncle Chad was told to fetch the doctor. Neither of them said she was a bad girl, and she glared sullenly at them.

"She is certainly ill," said Aunt Lou, so Fia Fye was rocked and kissed and lay in Aunt Lou's arms, thinking until Uncle Chad returned to say the doctor could not come until after tea, which reminded Aunt Lou that people must have tea, even when little girls were ill. She put Fia Fye in the big armchair with a pillow behind her head, and went to the kitchen. Uncle Chad went across the street to explain to Miss Grace that Fia Fye was not well.

Fia Fye waited until she heard Aunt Lou moving the dishes in the dining-room, and then slid quietly from the chair and stole on tiptoe from the room. She glanced across the street as she passed the front door and shuddered, for Uncle Chad was sitting by the Angel, quite as if there was no danger. But then the Angel had said Uncle Chad was not good. No doubt he was safe. Fia Fye turned quickly from the horrifying sight.

Quietly she climbed the front stairs and glided along the upper hall until she came to the door of Uncle Chad's own room. It was just a bit ajar, and she widened the crack very quietly until she could just slip through. She looked around quickly. On the dresser lay the case of razors she had so often been forbidden to touch. She opened it and ran her hand over them. She even took one out. Surely that was a sin.

But that was not what she came for. On the other end of the dresser stood an oblong box of cedar wood, around one end of which was a green paper band. The end of the box bore the picture of a lady's face, surrounded by little gold medals. Fia Fye knew the box well. She kept her dearest treasures in a similar box Uncle Chad had given her.

Now she raised the lid of the box and listened. Aunt Lou was still getting tea, for the sound of dishes came up the back stairs. Fia Fye took from the box a long, black cigar. It seemed enormously large, and she tried to find a smaller one, but they were all of a size. She bit off the end of the cigar, as she had seen Uncle Chad bite them, and lighted the other end. At first it would not light—the match blew out, for Fia Fye blew instead of puffing—but presently she learned the right way.

It was very, very nasty. Nothing, she felt sure, could ever induce men to make a practice of smoking, except the fear of the Angel, just as people put horrid camphor in their furs to drive moths away.

The smoke would not come out of her

mouth alone, as it did for Uncle Chad. It came out of Fia Fye's nose and went down her throat, choking her, and seemed to come out of her eyes, too, making them smart and fill with tears. She wondered how much it was necessary for her to smoke in order to render herself Angel-proof. She did not believe that she could live to finish the whole cigar, but she kept on bravely.

The tea-bell, rung from the front porch, rescued her, and she threw the half-burned cigar out of the window and stole down the back stairs. When Aunt Lou came in Fia Fye was seated in her own chair—the one with the cushion—at the table. There were raspberries—big, soft, red ones, the kind Fia Fye liked best—and ice cream, and thin white slices of bread such as Uncle Chad laughed at; and other good things. But Fia Fye was not hungry. She gazed on the food with an intense indifference that alarmed Aunt Lou, and when Fia Fye turned quite white, like the snowy table cloth, and reeled unsteadily in her chair, Aunt Lou was seriously alarmed. She thought of diphtheria and scarlet fever, and made Uncle Chad carry Fia Fye up to bed. Fia Fye was a very sick little girl for a while, but when the doctor came he only laughed his big, shaggy laugh.

"Eaten something that did not agree with her," he said. "She will be herself in the morning."

Aunt Lou, however, sat in Fia Fye's room that evening, and Fia Fye, after a long thought, in which she considered whether she would have to smoke a cigar every day, turned to Aunt Lou.

"I'm bad," she said; "I'm a bad, bad girl," she said pleadingly.

Aunt Lou took the patient's hand and smiled.

"No, Fia Fye," she said kindly. "You are a good little girl, and you always will be."

Fia Fye turned on her face and wept. Aunt Lou's verdict plainly meant a cigar every day. The way of the transgressor is hard. And Fia Fye fell asleep.

When she awakened—it seemed as if she had slept for days, but it was only fifteen minutes later—Aunt Lou had gone, and Uncle Chad stood beside the bed, and Fia Fye smiled upon him and held out her hand. They were fellow-sinners.

"Miss Grace has come over to see how you are getting on, Fia Fye," he explained. The little figure in the bed sat up very suddenly, and, with one glance at Miss Grace, sprang out upon the floor, and clung to Uncle Chad's leg.

"Take her away! Don't let her get me!" she cried. "Take her away."

"She won't take you, girl, if you don't want her to."

Uncle Chad gathered Fia Fye into his strong arms and held her close.

Fia Fye hung tightly around Uncle Chad's neck, pressing her face into his shoulder.

"She will! She will!" she moaned.

"No, I won't," Miss Grace declared positively. "I promise never to take you until you want me to. Never!"

"And you won't never stand by my bed at night!" asked Fia Fye, her face still hidden.

"No, never!"

"Not even if I'm good?"

"Not even if you are good."

Fia Fye raised her head a little.

"Are you going to take Uncle Chad away?" she asked.

Miss Grace looked across at Uncle Chad and smiled.

"I wouldn't take your Uncle Chad under any circumstances whatever," she said.

"Oh! I say," exclaimed Uncle Chad. But Fia Fye did not allow him to say more.

"Are you going to take Aunt Lou?" she inquired anxiously.

"No, not even Aunt Lou," said Miss Grace.

Fia Fye raised her head quite off Uncle Chad's shoulder and looked at Miss Grace with amazement.

"Who are you going to take?" she asked.

"Nobody," Miss Grace declared.

"Not even Billy Webster?" asked Uncle Chad.

"No," said Miss Grace softly, "not even Billy Webster."

"Never!" asked Uncle Chad.

"Never," said Miss Grace.

Fia Fye studied Miss Grace's face, and she was quite satisfied with what she saw there. So was Uncle Chad.

"Well," said Fia Fye scornfully, "I guess you ain't much of an Angel. You can rock me to sleep now."

LAWN TENNIS

(By Wimbledon.)

Keith played Billing in the Association singles championship on Saturday, and won somewhat easily in straight sets.

Mair has improved his game a good deal lately by the addition of a backhand stroke. Ruddock also has improved his backhand immensely, and is now playing a fine finished drive. The success of these two players in so quickly improving in this valuable stroke should encourage others to go and do likewise. The only change is that at the finish the wrist is allowed to turn, so that the thumb instead of remaining underneath the racket comes up on top, but it is all the difference between a poke and a fine free shot. This is a point of vital importance to about five-sixths of the players in Auckland, and it should therefore be carefully studied.

Nelwyn Upton is playing in fine form just now, his ground strokes, especially, being very good. There is more than one man left in the draw for the Auckland championship, although some people think otherwise.

L. Longuet beat Vaile in handicap singles at Mount Eden. Vaile, who has not been playing regularly during the last two months, was inaccurate at the net. He was owing Longuet four-sixths of fifteen. The winner played a keen game, and followed up all fair length returns with good judgment, and very frequently scored at the net. It was a well-merited win.

G. R. Ruttle has come on in his game very well this season. His volleying is at times very good. He uses his great reach well, and it takes a good lot to get away from him.

Grossmann beat W. A. Brown in straight sets for the Mount Eden club championship on Saturday. Grossmann, as usual, volleyed well, but I am inclined to think that his absence from the game owing to his recent attack of sciatica has affected his play considerably. A fortnight off the lawns just at the height of the season is a serious handicap, especially to a volleyer.

I was surprised to see that recently it appeared in my notes that A. G. L. Brown had beaten Hickson in the Auckland singles championship. I do not care to adopt the usual course and blame the poor compositor, although I have a suspicion that the insertion of "and" instead of "who" altered the sense of the paragraph. I happened to be playing a match in the adjoining court, so could not help following fairly closely the fortunes of this protracted match, which was won by Hickson after five well-contested sets. Brown was not severe enough on Hickson's especial weakness, which is his backhand. Hickson can never have a winning shot on the backhand so long as he plays his stroke as he does. He should follow Ruddock's example at the earliest opportunity, for he is losing invaluable time.

Bad smashing is quite a feature of Auckland lawn tennis just at present. Very few players kill a ball really well, while some miss the simplest of "sit-ers." Then they blame their eyes for being "out." As a matter of fact, the real trouble generally is that players do not watch the ball on to the racket. Naturally, their timing is defective. A. G. L. Brown, a season or two ago, was a glaring offender in this respect. This year he is getting well under the ball and timing more accurately, and, in consequence, is smashing very well.

Grossmann and Vaile beat Turner and Pickmere in the Champion Doubles by three sets to one. The former pair won the first set very easily, but about the second game Pickmere made one stroke that might have won his side the match. He drove a fast one, which glanced off the handle of Vaile's racket into his eye, and it was quite a set before the latter got going again. In the meantime his side had dropped a set.

Turner puts a wonderful lot of head-work into his play, but he is not so accurate as he was of old. Pickmere drives well, but always tries to get too near the net, and consequently finds it fairly often. He forgets that the special merit of the stroke he is trying to cultivate is that one

can play a fine drive a foot or eighteen inches above the net and yet flick the baseline on account of the "drop" put on the ball by the "lift."

Mr. Archdale Palmer, secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, has resigned that position in consequence of the very vigorous opposition shown to his holding it while connected with a leading city firm of tennis goods manufacturers. The reform party regard this as a great victory, and will now press on until the inevitable result is attained and the association, instead of the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, has command of the game in England.

Mr. George W. Hillyard, the well-known lawn tennis player, has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Palmer's resignation.

The Secondary Schools' Championship still hangs fire. Surely it is time to start it. If not too late, why should it not be restored to its former more honourable position, and be made the championship of the provincial district of Auckland for boys under eighteen? I know several lads who have just left school who are barred from entering for this event. In about three years the association will awake to the fact that this idea is good. Couldn't it make a vigorous effort and see it now? It will save thirty-six months if they will struggle to assimilate this obvious fact now.

Keith and Brown beat Hickson and Morpeth in straight sets in the Auckland Championship Doubles. Keith went up and volleyed very well, and his generalship throughout was very good.

What it Costs to Produce a Novel.

By JOHN MURRAY, in the "Contemporary Review."

The money value of books of the same class differs enormously according to the size, the illustrations, the paper, the amount paid for proof corrections, the sum spent on advertising, and the numbers printed. Mr. John Murray gives some interesting facts on the subject in the course of an article on a publisher's work.

One may pick up at random in a bookseller's shop a dozen books of the same character, size, and price, and it is probable that no two of them are of the same value, regarding value as the actual price per copy which it has cost to produce them. It is true that 10,000 of any book must cost much less per copy than 1000 or 2000, but to the cost of production must be added at least 2d or 2½d per copy for advertising. Moreover, we may assume that a writer whose book sells to the extent of 10,000 copies would receive a royalty of 1s 6d per copy, in some cases more.

The estimates of amateur critics are based on the assumption that the whole edition is sold, neither more nor less; but how often is this the case? Not once in five hundred times, perhaps, and if the whole edition be sold out and a reprint made, the sale of the reprint may stop suddenly and leave a large supply, unsold, on hand, which means money out of pocket to the publisher.

But how many novelists' books sell to the extent of over 10,000? Probably not more than a score or two at the most; and the larger number of new novels do not sell beyond 1000 or 2000. In such cases the result is very different. To produce 1000 copies of an ordinary novel costs about £85 (or 1s. 8½d. per copy); add, say, £50 for advertising, and we have a total of £135. If the whole edition be sold, the gross yield is £148, leaving £13 for author and publisher; 2000 in like manner would cost, with advertising, £160 or £170, and would yield just over £300.

Before a book can yield a profit all the expenses of production and advertising must be recouped from sales; but when a book has to be reprinted from type already set, or stereotype plates already made, the cost of such a reprint is very much less than of the first edition, unless it has been altered or corrected meanwhile. It must be remembered that in any case the publisher's share of profit has to bear the entire burden of his establishment expenses, as none of these are charged against the author or his book; and I calculate that establishment expenses, owing to various causes, are now nearly double what they were 30 years ago.

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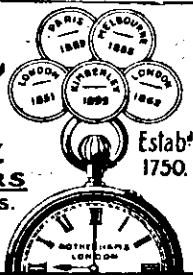
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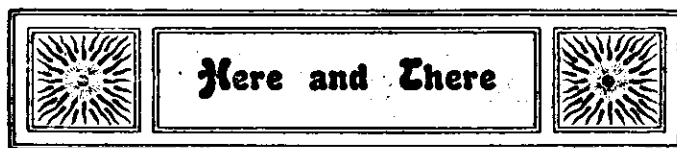
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Here and There

Being a "Good Fellow."

Call a man a fellow and he will resent it. Call him a "good fellow" and he feels complimented. The "good fellow" is present where pleasures abound. He shines at the dinner. His knowledge of mixing drinks is a revelation. He spends his time where the glasses clink, where the horses run, and where the revellers congregate. His earnings go for dinners, bottles and shows. Meanwhile he is under the mistaken idea that his actions evidence "good-fellowship."

Go to the clubs and you will see the "good fellow." He is spoken of by the other "good fellows" as a "good fellow," and they all are good fellows together.

Some day the good fellow is taken sick and dies. He hasn't a cent to his name, and the other good fellows have to take up a collection to bury him. The only persons at his funeral are the other good fellows, and the only requiem he receives is: "Well, Jim was a good fellow."

The "good fellow" at 50 is working for the good business man. The "good fellow" is like the butterfly. He sips life's pleasures and shows off his fancy colours, living for to-day only. The successful man is like the ant. He works and puts something away where he can get it in the future. When the winter comes, with its chilling blasts, the butterfly, having nothing in reserve, starves to death, while the ant keeps himself alive on the product of his own labour.

Some day the "good fellow" finds himself in dire need. He goes to the other good fellows and they can't help him, for they are in the same boat themselves, and the "good fellow" grows pessimistic. He finds out too late that it doesn't pay to be a "good fellow."

Good fellows don't get good jobs often, and when they do get them they don't hold them long.

It's a mighty poor recommendation to refer to a friend as a "good fellow."

People seem to think that the words "good fellow" cover a multitude of sins. When a man has done wrong, and he makes mistakes and continually uses bad judgment, the other good fellows try to excuse his faults by saying, "Well, he's a good fellow, anyhow."

The "good fellow" who is so popular at the club, to-morrow is found trying to eke out an existence selling life insurance to the other good fellows. There is nothing in good fellowship that can be negotiated at the bank.

DON'TS FOR GUESTS.

DON'T, if you are able to play or sing, make your hostess waste a quarter of an hour pressing you to do so.

DON'T, when you are leaving, forget any of your possessions. It is tiresome to have to send such things on by post.

DON'T keep reiterating how much you enjoyed yourself at Browns when you were staying there last month.

DON'T begin a book and ask if you may take it home to finish. Your hostess may not want to lend it, but it will be difficult for her to refuse. If she suggests your taking it that is quite another matter.

Art of Parliamentary Queries.

Answering is a far more delicate art than asking, for an answer may commit a party to a policy, it may injure some great interest, it may even cause international complications, writes Spencer Leigh Hughes in a gossip article on the House of Commons in "M.A.P." And even when the answer is of an unimportant character it is possible, by being too smart, to provoke further questions and protests, and, of course, it is a Ministers' object always to get on with business and to avoid delay. Many an occupant of the Treasury Bench has had to be content with thinking a rattling repartee, and with uttering the soft answer that turneth away wrath. There are, or have been, some Ministers who decline to go beyond the official answer given to them to read, and who dispose of all supplementaries by in-

variably asking for notice. The finest instance of this "playing-for-safety" method that I can remember was furnished by Mr Victor Cavendish, when the late Government was in power. The hon. gentleman faced all questions with the impassive demeanour which is characteristic of his famous family, and it was noticed that whatever the supplementary question might be, he always, without exception, asked for notice. A young Irish member told me that he was looking out for an opportunity to lure the Duke of Devonshire's heir into a decided answer on one of these occasions. At length an opportunity seemed to present itself. Mr Cavendish had read out a long answer drawn up in his office. Then my hon. and ingenious friend rose and said in the most wheedling and persuasive style, "Are we to understand that the answer just given is in the affirmative or in the negative?" Mr Cavendish paused for half a minute, and then amid general cheers he fell back on the sound old formula, "I must ask the hon. gentleman to give me notice of that question!" After that my friend gave it up.

The First Rothschild.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Amshel Moses Rothschild, kept a coin store at 152, Judengasse—or Jewish quarter—Frankfort-on-the-Main. Before this shop was displayed a red shield (hence the name—Rothschild). Amshel dealt also in curiosities, art goods, and old gold and silver. His son, Mayer Amshel, was born in 1743, and died in 1812. He, like his father, continued in the coin business. In the course of his coin business he met a collector, the court banker to the Landgrave of Hesse. This banker was so impressed by Mayer's business ability that he loaned him money for investment, and it was in this way that the great banking firm of Rothschild was established.

The Gift of Tongues.

Most people who find mastery of one language a fairly difficult job will be interested to read of the death recently of Prof. Carl Abel, for years, until he became non persona grata with Bismarck, the Berlin correspondent of the London "Times." Prof. Abel did not know himself how many languages he knew and spoke. He acknowledged to fifty-two English, German, Latin, Slavic, Swedish, and Oriental languages, but these languages have endless dialects, and he seemed to know them all. His familiarity with Coptic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin roots made it an easy task to master a new language over night. With the exception of one Jesuit, Herr Abel was probably the greatest linguist that ever lived.

As Told of President Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt often tells with relish a story against himself of a visit he once paid to a bookseller's shop in Idaho, just after he had written his historical work on "The Winning of the West."

He picked up a copy of his book from the counter, and said to the bookseller with feigned curiosity:

"Who is this author Roosevelt?"

"Oh," was the answer, "he's a ranch-driver up in the cattle-country."

"What do you think of his book?"

"Well," said the dealer, "I've always thought I'd like to meet that author and tell him that if he'd stuck to running ranches, and not tried to write books, he'd have cut a heap bigger figure at his trade and been a bigger man."

Eccelesiastical Franks.

Scotland is the peculiar home of ecclesiastical franks, and Inverary possesses one of the quaintest. The parish church of Inverary is divided for the use of two congregations, for whose

spiritual benefit two distinct services are held, one in English and the other in Gaelic. Though there is only one communion roll and one governing body—or "session," as it is called—there are two ministers and two salaries. The minister who preaches in English has a congregation of several hundred people; his colleague preaches to a dozen Gaels, sometimes to half a dozen. But the minister to the Gaels, whose predecessors preached in the town when English was a foreign language, draws to-day a salary about £30 in excess of his colleague, who has a congregation of several hundreds. Hence it is in Inverary preferred to be called from the big end of the kirk to the little end. And such a call has been offered, and, curiously enough, accepted twice during the history of this remarkable kirk.

Navy Tit-Bits.

The ship's bell is struck every half-hour to announce the time.

The quarter-deck must always be saluted on being approached.

Postal orders are sold at face value without poundage being charged.

The master-at-arms or chief of police is the only man in the ship, not being an officer, allowed to wear a sword.

There is a Government Savings Bank on board every ship paying three per cent, but officers may not use it.

Ropes are marked with a thin coloured thread interwoven—red if made at Portsmouth, blue at Devonport, yellow at Chatham.

From the minute a ship commissions to the day of paying off, there is always an officer on watch day and night without intermission.

Grog is always mixed with three parts water before being served out to the men; warrant officers and petty officers alone receive it undiluted.

At any time of the day or night a man may be called upon for duty, if necessary. Leave to go on shore is regarded by the Admiralty as a privilege and not a right.

An officer's sword at a court-martial is laid on the table, point towards him, when he enters to hear the finding if he has been adjudged guilty. It is reversed if he is acquitted.

The Gordian Knot.

"If I go on trial," said the prisoner, "do I have to sit here and hear all the hypothetical questions asked by the lawyers?" "Certainly," said the judge. "And hear all the handwriting experts?" "Of course." "And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?" "Very probably," said the judge. "Well, then, judge, I will enter my plea." "What is it?" asked the judge. "Guilt!"

Our Billions of Ancestors.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many male and female ancestors it took to bring us into the world? First, of course, it was necessary to have a father and mother, and our father and mother must have had a father and mother, and so on back through fifty-six generations to the time of Christ.

A careful calculation of all these ancestors shows that there must have been 139,235,017,489,534,976 births to bring one of us into the world. And this is only from the time of Christ, and not from the beginning of the world.

According to one authority, if from a single couple for five thousand years each husband and wife had married at the age of twenty-one, and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915, followed by one hundred and forty-four ciphers. To hold such a population it would take several worlds the size of ours.

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Scientific and Useful

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

It is perhaps a natural consequence of the great amount of attention which has been attracted to telegraphy without wires that the dreams of the inventors should turn towards telephones similarly operated. So far the results have given rise to no very significant hopes of success; but now, according to reports in the French papers, M. Maiche has made a remarkable discovery in this direction. Particulars of the invention are not to hand, but it is stated that conversations can be carried on with ease between two small experimental stations one hundred feet apart. Each station consists, it is said, of a telephone battery, a special form of induction-coil, and a frame-like contrivance consisting of a number of insulated wires. It is believed that the distance between the posts can be increased indefinitely by augmenting the power employed in the operation of the instrument. Presumably, however, the wireless telephone will be subject to the same well-marked disadvantage that besets the telegraphic systems dependent upon the radiant form of electricity for their operation. The messages from the transmitting station, it is to be supposed, will radiate therefrom in all directions about equally, and will be equally heard at all receiving stations within the sphere of influence. In this case there can be no sort of privacy about the conversations; but that is not the worst, for supposing half-a-dozen transmitting stations to be working simultaneously, the corresponding half-dozen receiving stations will each receive six messages at once, and the resultant confusion of tongues would put to shame even the worst induction-noises on the telephone systems with which we are already familiar. If, however, wireless telephony comes to be accomplished it will no doubt find a sphere of usefulness quite apart from the wire-systems at present in use, just as wireless telegraphy has done. It is said, for instance, that the new system will be applicable to submarine vessels, and if for that reason alone its development will be awaited with anxious interest.

TWO LIFE-SAVING DEVICES.

Simultaneously two inventors, Wilhelm Lampe of Germany and John Holm of New York, have announced a portable and extensible tower for saving life from burning buildings and for facilitating the operations of firemen in extinguishing or limiting the conflagration. Both of these inventions are based upon the principle of the ladders, that lattice-like arrangement familiar to many in some toys of the Jack-in-the-box order. Although both patents are identical in principle, Holm's is of a lighter and more portable but less complete character. The Lampe tower is, on the other hand, very completely equipped for all emergencies likely to be encountered. In its folded form it is about the height of an ordinary omnibus, and it may be drawn by horses in the ordinary way or fitted with motors for automatic propulsion. At the back of the car is a system of hand-operated cranks by which the tower can be gradually extended to the height of the building to be operated upon. When erected, four light telescopic brace-rods are used to steady it, and it then presents the appearance of a solid ladder-like structure with platforms at intervals all the way up, stretching out like drawbridges, to provide a safe and easy means of escape from any window of the building. These platforms may all be used at one time if required, while at the summit of the tower the firemen can project streams of water upon the blazing building from an advantageous position.

CANADIAN CHEESE.

There is one of our products of which Canadians have no doubt, and that is cheese, writes Miss Jean Graham in the "Canadian Magazine." Denmark may be able to show a better record for butter; but when the subject is cheese, Canada knows that it is unmistakably, if not easily, first. At home we are using cheese in a variety of ways unknown to our grandmothers. Its desirable qualities in any of the dishes known as "savories" are becoming known, and the demand for all the finer varieties of cheese has increased fourfold in the last ten years. We all know that Welsh rabbit has been considered as dangerous a midnight dainty as threatens the human digestion. But this is all a sad mistake, an idle prejudice. Properly made, the Welsh rabbit is a thing of deliciousness and a joy for ever. Everyone knows that macaroni demands cheese, and that apple-pie simple craves such an accompaniment. Celery also is a lonely course without a small jar of delectable cream-cheese in the neighbourhood. But tomatoes, especially when baked, are especially enjoyed by many vegetarians if there be just a suspicion of grated cheese; in fact, this dairy product is just beginning to come into its culinary own, and is going to find its way into salads, savories, and even soups to an extent undreamed of in the comparatively cheeseless days of the past. The traditions of Cheshire may yet yield to the modern wonders of the Canadian product.

A MOTOR DRIVEN BY LIGHTNING.

So many people have become familiar with the word "motor" as an abbreviated term for automatically propelled vehicles that the title of this paragraph may excite fantastic visions of auto-cars driven along our roads by the power which now runs to waste in thunderstorms. That it may come to this is possible, though very far from probable. Still, an actual motor has been constructed and caused to rotate by electricity derived from the clouds, and it is suggested in an interesting article in the Scientific American that the principle may be utilised to give power in sufficient quantity to be of practical use. Without actually subscribing to this, we may note with interest the ingenious construction of the toy—for that is all it is at present, at all events. Its working depends upon the mutual repulsion and attraction of bodies having a similar or dissimilar charge of static electricity. Every one is familiar with the slight attractive force which causes a small piece of paper to adhere to a stick of sealing-wax which has been vigorously rubbed, and with the repulsive force which makes the hairs on a cat's back fly apart under similar conditions. Imagine a very delicately poised disc of some light and non-conductive material having segments of tinfoil pasted upon it. Opposite this disc are stationary pole-pieces connected with a source of high-tension electricity. The charge in these poles will induce an opposite charge in the insulated segments, which will consequently be attracted towards them and cause the wheel to rotate. If each segment as it comes opposite the pole piece makes momentary contact with it, the opposite charge will be exchanged for a like charge, attraction will give place to repulsion, and the disc will continue to revolve in the same direction. Such a motor has been actually constructed in America and connected with the aërials of a wireless telegraphy system, with the result that during a thunderstorm the motor was found to revolve rapidly under the influence of the induced electricity from distant lightning flashes. Whether such a motor could ever be made of sufficient size to be of practical utility is decidedly questionable, but the application of the principle is interesting.

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ANECDOTES AND SKETCHES

SO TRUE, TOO.

"How," said the young man who had been in the matrimonial game for nearly a week, "can I tell when the honeymoon is over?" "It will be over," answered the man who had been married three times, "when your wife stops telling things, and begins to ask questions."

CONCERNING JANE.

Hear the lamentable case of Jane. Jane was a servant who broke much crockery. "Indeed, Jane," said her mistress, "what you break costs as much as your wages come to. It can't possibly go on, you must find some way to stop it. Jane sighed, and sighed again, and promised to try. A while after she sought her mistress again. "Did you say, mum, as what I broke last month came to as much as my wages?" "Indeed, I did, Jane. Now, how are you going to do in the future?" "Well, mum, after what's just happened downstairs, I think you'd better give me a rise in my wages; else we shall be all wrong."

A NEW TRUE GHOST STORY.

The best ghost story we have heard or read for a long time is told in a London contemporary. On one occasion, in Scotland, a guest, arriving rather late at a country house, was given the haunted room. Although he professed to be a sceptic, like many others, his courage vanished with the light. Determined, however, to protect himself as well as possible, he placed a loaded revolver under his pillow, and awaited events. As the clock struck midnight he saw a fleshy hand at the end of the bed, and, steadying his nerves, he addressed the visitant thus:

"If you do not instantly move your hand, I shall fire without further warning."

"He counted three and then discharged the bullet. A howl of pain which aroused the household followed, and it was soon discovered that the successful marksman had shot away two of his own toes."

TO LOVE, HONOUR, AND TO OBEY.

At a Lancashire wedding there was an unheeded effect when the bride was called upon to take her husband "for better, for worse." All went well until that part of the troth "To love, to cherish, and to obey" was reached, when the bride repeated: "Love, cherish, and obey."

The officiating clergymen repeated:

"To love, cherish, and obey."

A second time came from the bride:

"Love, cherish and to obey."

Yet, once more the clerk repeated:

"To love, cherish, and to obey."

Whereupon the litherto patient bridegroom, a lusty niner, remarked:

"That's n' right, mister. Ah'll make 'er say 'Oh! when Ah gets 'er outside!'"

NOT AS BAD AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Poor Nipsley! It was a terrible blow to him."

"Nipsley! I haven't heard about it. What's the matter?"

"It was very sudden. He's all broken up. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he didn't know how he could get along without her. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have believed before it happened that he'd have taken it so hard. He hasn't been able to attend to business or to—"

"Say, for heaven's sake, why don't you tell a fellow about it? What's the old boy's trouble?"

"His wife's dead."

"Oh, lord! I thought from the way you spoke that somebody must have come along and lured his typewriter girl away from him."

A PUZZLE FOR PAT.

An Irishman entered the New York Post Office for the purpose of mailing a letter to his fiancée. He paused in perplexity before a board containing three letter-slots bearing the words, "City," "Domestic," "Foreign."

"Faith," he muttered, "this is a pretty problem. Niggie's a domestic, she lives in the city, and she's a foreigner. What beats me is how I'm to get the letter in the three holes at wanst."

TWO OF A KIND.

A private in the regulars went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two-weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the Colonel, "what do you want a two-weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me woife is very sick and the children are not well, and, if ye didn't mind, she would loike to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes, and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying she didn't want you home—that you were a nuisance whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it! Oi suppose Oi can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say somethin' to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if Oi say it, will yez?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"Oi want to say there are two splendid liars in this room. Oi'm one and ye're another. Oi was never married in me loife."

HARD LUCK.

"At St. Andrew's links," said Andrew Carnegie, "the Sabbath is respected. Indeed, all over Scotland, the Sabbath is respected in a remarkable way. Going one day in the autumn at St. Andrew's, I said to my caddie: 'Angus, man, 't'he leaves are falling. The green is turning red and brown. Winter will soon be upon us. And do you get much caddyding to do in the winter, Angus?' Angus frowned gloomily. 'Na, na,' said he, blowing his nose. 'There's nae muckle caddydin' in winter. If it's no snaw it's frost, if it's no frost, it's snaw; if it's neither frost nor snaw it's rain, an' if it's fine it's sure to be the Sawbath.'

DOG DID THE RIGHT TRICK.

The Irishman wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious, and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell. "You see," he said, "I bought the dog and trained him myself. I got him so he'd bark all the time if a person stepped inside the gate, and I thought I was safe from burglars. Then my wife wanted me to train him to carry bundles, and I did. If I put a packet in his mouth the dog would keep it there till some one took it away. Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up and grabbed my gun. They were three—three of the scoundrels and the dog!"

"Didn't he bark?" interrupted the man.

"Sorry a bark! he was too busy."

"Bark! What doing?"

"Carrying a lantern for the burglars."

"Dublin Freeman."

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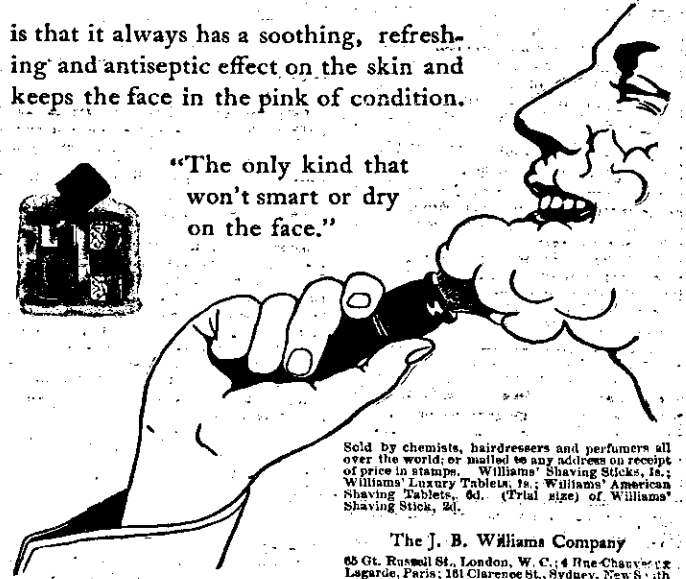
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The Girl Who Couldn't

By JOHN ACKWORTH, Author of "Clog Shop Chronicles," "The Minder," Etc.

FOUGHT, Auntie? Fought?" Mary Astley's great eyes widened out, and she sat up in her chair stiff with sudden excitement.

"Ay! like two mad bulls, and one on 'em's black eyes and t'other's goin' about with a stick." Aunt Bet stood on the hearthrug before the great farm kitchen fire, poker still in hand, whilst her hard red face gleamed with sly triumph.

"But not—not about me?" and Mary, white to the lips, was most genuinely distressed.

"Clut, woman, what else? Why you've got 'em all on a stick, every Jack-man of 'em—sly boots!" and then she propped the poker into its place, shook her head in tickled admiration, and continued, "Hay, I've heard of you quiet ones afore, but I never saw it done so clever—never."

"Auntie, don't. Oh, what have I done?"

But Bethia drew up her chair, put her feet on the fender, propped her chin on her hands as she stared into the fire, and shook her head.

"It's beautiful, beautiful." Mary had risen, her little hands clenched and her face quivering.

"How can you, Auntie? I've never—I've scarcely spoken to them."

"Good lass, that's the style! it licks Kitty Walton! it licks everything!" and the big hard woman hugged her knees and chuckled again.

"Oh, don't, Auntie, it's wrong, it's cruel! Oh, I wish I'd never come!" and Mary dropped back into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

Aunt Bet still held converse with the red embers, grinning and tittering to herself, heedless of the acute pain she was giving. Suddenly she put out her bony arm, drew Mary's chair nearer, patted her encouragingly on the knee, and cried: "It's grand, lass, it's clever; come now, which of 'em is it to be?"

But Mary behind her wet fingers was thinking rapidly. Aunt Bet was what is called a managing woman, which is often only another name for a brutally willful and domineering woman, she had managed the farm and the village and everything in it, not excluding the very Vicar himself, ever since she came to Boskill; nobody ever crossed the will of Bethia Langley and prospered. And Mary was in her hands, dependent absolutely upon her and the recipient of many most unexpected recent benefits from her. It was this bustling woman who had come to her in her father's last illness, engaged a nurse and a specialist; had buried him as she would have wished her father to be buried, and then had whisked her off to the sea-side, dressed her as she had never dreamed of being attired; had indulged and nursed her back to health and spirits and given pretty plain hints as to the disposal of her own savings. She had no friend or relative on earth save this hard blunt willful mother's sister, and her sensitive nature felt powerfully the constraints of gratitude.

"Oh, Auntie, don't, I couldn't, I never thought of such a thing."

"Then time you did. Why, woman, I brokt you here o' purpose!"

"A-u-n-t-i-e!"

"What else? What else is a woman for, but to get married?"

Mary began to see the meaning of the strange alarm; but brief married life of her relative, and she felt as though

some horrid net was tightening its meshes about her. "Oh, Auntie, what nonsense! I've scarcely spoken to them and they've never hinted at anything—not one of them."

"No, and they never will."

"Never? I don't—well, why talk about it then?" and Mary's sickening distress was almost forgotten in dazed perplexity.

"Tchut, woman, don't talk to me. We know, don't we?" and Bet frowning with sly mystery nudged her niece's knee significantly.

"Know? But how—how can a woman—"

"Ger out! that's 'r books and papers and daddin' tales, you know, we all know that if iver t' job's done t' woman has to do it, hasn't she?"

Mary dropped back in her chair and sighed helplessly. "But, Aunt, the woman can't—it's the man who has to do it."

"Is it? You know better. You know as well as I do that ivery match as wur iver made t' woman had to make it."

"Oh, Auntie!"

"Ger out! Stop your silly daffing and hearken to me." Aunt Bethia had risen to her feet to keep control of her rising temper—"Did you iver know a chap come up to t' scratch without being browt? Tell me that."

Mary opened an amazed mouth to protest, and failed; so Bethia went on: "Doesn't a woman wed who she likes, and when and how she likes? Would there iver be any weddin's if t' woman didn't bring 'em to?" and as Mary seemed about to reply she stopped her with an angry gesture—"Cluff, woman, stop your greening and shamming, if iver it's done t' woman has to do it, and the sooner you're shapin' the better."

Mary fell forward elbows on knees and shuddered.

"Hav'n't you five of 'em to go at, all as soft after a lass as a bairn after a butter-scotch? You've a chance in a million'd, and it's Providence and nowt else."

"You don't mean it, Auntie, it's shocking!"

"Shocking my leg! You talk like your soft-headed father. It's Providence I tell you. Wurn't they all here afore you'd been in t' house two hours, and hev'n't they ben moidering about t' place iver sin? Why, woman, they stand in t' yard like lads at a hiring, an' you can have t' best it, bunch for cockin' your finger; so pick one out an' let 'em fight."

Bethia's cruel reference to her late idolized father stung Mary to the quick, but she was learning caution like the rest with this rough and reckless woman, and so she choked back her tears and was silent. Aunt Bet was perplexed; this was a new type of female and she had not got her bearings, yet, so she changed her tactics and spoke more gently.

"I never seed nowt like it; some folk never have luck when it drops i' big lumps into their mouths; any sensible lass 'ud give t' hair off her head for a chance like yours. There's Bob 'Chapple,' she went on, her small eyes glowering with mercenary eagerness, "with a farm and a furrery to boot, and the two Clayton lads wi' twelve hundred apiece if they've a penny, and Red Tom Lee with a freehold coming to him, and Will Hallack makkin' tuns o' money; Ross breedin'—all lined like

cock linets. Why, woman, they've hardly been off t' doorstan' sin' you came!"

The voluble creature paused for a moment, and as Mary was too shocked to answer she sat glowering at the fire following her own thoughts. "Ay, it's a rum thing," she ruminated, "I've thout on it times and times, seven farms i' Crowbeck an' not a lass i' none on 'em—ther—"

"There's Lizzie Hallatt!" interjected Mary faintly, and with the hope of diverting the conversation.

"Liz? You let her alone, she's a booked woman."

"Booked?" and woman's curiosity for the moment got the better of Mary's distress.

"Ay, booked! Booked for our Ben. Only the soft thing doesn't know it yet."

"Auntie!"

"Ay, well that were a slip, but it is so. Liz 'ud a had him long sin', but it didn't suit my ticket; let me get you fixed up an' I'll soon settle them."

"But Lizzie?"

Liz Hallack knows which side her bread's buttered, on'y woman i' th' world could twist our Ben round her finger, but she knows she'll have to ax me afore she gets him."

"But Ben—?"

"Ben!" Bet made a contemptuous gesture of dismissal as though it were sheer trifling to consider his possible view of the case. "You've plenty to pick from and they're all decent wet-set-up young fellows, so tak' your pick and be sharp about—but they're here for their teas." The kitchen door opened and big Ben Greg lounged in, followed by three other young fellows who all fell to downright sheepishness as they caught sight of Mary.

But there was a noise at her door and, whilst Mary sprung to her feet and hastily brushed back her tangled brown hair, Aunt Bet was shaking the latch with surprise and impatience. "Come on," she blustered as Mary let her in, "they're stoppin' to tea an' you mun sample 'em over. I've set your chair by Bob Hallack" (she never could be induced to pronounce the name properly). "He's t'shyest but he's t'moost brass; tak no notice of his blacked eyes. You mun lime him well, he's t' pick o' t' bunch."

In a few moments Mary, looking limp and spiritless, but too much of a woman to be afraid of young fellows, entered the kitchen preceded by her noisy and triumphant relative.

"Ay, sit here, lass. Now, Bob, mak room for her—eh, what? Now let her alone! You chaps is so foward."

As Mary sank quietly into her seat Bet stopped Bob's amazed protest with a significant wink, and the other males looked out at the wide window to hide their sheepish grins.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

We strongly recommend all who suffer from the heat to add a few drops of **Condy's Fluid** to the Daily Bath or Foot Bath. A **Condy's Fluid** Bath imparts a lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It invigorates the body and braces the nerves. The Cooling effect is Simply Magical. It is so lasting. **Condy's Fluid** is sold by all Chemists. All substitutes are greatly inferior. Insist on having "**Condy's Fluid**." Beware of Imitations.

II

A month later big Ben Greg was coming home from market and just rounding the shoulder of Witchbarrow hill. He was utterly oblivious of the bright spring weather, and was engaged in earnest conversation with the only person he ever said much to—his neat little mare.

"It's a fact, lass, I daresay thou thought it never wud come, but it has w' a vengeance! The big soft mester's f' love, lass, clean muddled and moidered in it once and for all and for ever."

With a flash of self-recollection he started and looked guiltily round, and then he shook his head and resumed:

"She's nobbut a little bit of a thing, five feet nowt in her stockings, a white-faced townified mite as doesn't know a churn from a wozzel, and Nance"—here he dropped his voice in a sudden gush of confidence—"I never wanted a woman afore, and I's niver want one again, and she wudn't look at me!"

Nance chuckled up her head in apparent dissent, but her master was not to be convinced. "I've telled thee, now. She wudn't touch me w' t' end of a stick. Way, woman, she'll want a parson or a doctor—a gentleman, thou knows."

At this point Nance sauntered absently towards a fieldgate, which she opened with her mouth, and then proceeded along the hedge side towards Boskill.

Ben, absorbed in his ruminations, observed nothing, and presently began again.

"Thou's seen her thyself, Nance, her gurt eyes and pretty—Hollow!"

Nance had stopped with a jerk that nearly pitched him off, for there under the hedge, her face buried in the young grass, lay Mary Astley sobbing as though her heart would break. Before he could grasp the situation she was on her feet, and clinging pleadingly at his saddle side.

"Oh save me, Ben, save me! I've nobody to help me, and she's making me! Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't!" and the red-eyed face turned so piteously up was

smearred with tears and anguish.

"Why, woman, woman!" and he was at her side, and timidly supporting her with a trembling arm in an instant.

"You are good, Ben, you are my friend. You will save me won't you?"

"Sa-sa—why sartin. Whatever's to do, woman?"

"You're good, Ben, you're kind and true, and I like you, oh I do like you!"

Poor Ben! In her frantic fear she little knew what she was saying. The great tender fellow licked his dry lips, looked helplessly at the pleading face, and shook like a leaf.

In a torrent of fresh tears and pitiful agitation she told him her jumbled story, and he, going from gasp to gasp as the case was made clear to him, was alarmed to discover that all the other elements of the difficulty were fading away before a fury of mad jealousy, that was rising within him.

"But—but—it's a free country, woman, and you needn't have 'em if you don't want, and—and, ay, and you've brass of your own—"

"I? Not a penny, Ben. Why, she bought the very clothes I wear!"

This was beyond him; his face became a map of wrinkles, and he put his hands on her shoulders, and pushed her back that he might search her face.

Then as the truth broke upon him he felt himself dwindling—he was as much afraid of his termagant housekeeper as the rest, and he felt he was going smaller and smaller as he reflected. But the other thought was strongest; his neighbours and chums were robbing him, were taking more than life itself, and he trembled as he recognised the fierce nature of the emotions within him.

"She's had her finger in ivery match that's been made i' Crowbeck,—but what have they being doing? Have they bothered you?"

"N-o, not much, only Bob Hallatt—but don't mind them, Ben."

"Bob? what's he done?" His question was almost hissed out.

"Well, he—but don't mind, Ben, I'm

not afraid of them, he says he'll have me or swing for me."

"Digow that's Bob! But leave him to me, and all—oh Lorjus days!"

Ben had started, and was now going limp with fear, for there a few yards away her hand in Nance's bridle stood Aunt Bet glaring at them in highest indignation.

"Oh, that's it, is it, we can't tak t' neighbour's lads cause we want t' gaffer do we? Walk this way, Miss."

Mary stood still and panted, whilst the long terrorized Ben emitted a low groan.

"D'ye hear me?" this in higher key.

Mary could not have moved to save her life. "Oh, God, God!" she moaned, and then shrank once more towards her shaking protector as Bethia began to stride towards them. Ben stood like one hypnotised and then with a growl of defiance went forward to meet the enemy. As they approached, Ben suddenly lifted his eyes and caught those of the approaching woman. Both of them stood still, both were visibly panting. One long tense moment, their faces set and white, their eyes met in one terrible clench. Then it was over; with a hoarse, defiant, but defeated laugh, Bethia began to waver, and by the time he reached the mare's bridle his aunt was in full retreat.

They were both calm and collected when half an hour afterwards Ben took Mary indoors. For the rest of the evening the house was like a house of death, Bethia cowed and sullen in the kitchen spending most of her time in the outhouse taking it out of the maids. During the next few days Ben scarcely ever left the premises and plainly could not rest a moment if Mary was out of his sight. Her appeal to him had been subtler flattery, but a strongman's strong love had been added to it and if only she would give him a chance, he would end his own suspense, Mary's intolerable sufferings, and his aunt's long reign for ever. But she did not so encourage him; inside the house again all her fear of Bethia had returned, and with it the torturing thought that she was causing disturbance in a

peaceful household. It distressed her to observe that the servants were, now too cautiously, taking her side and paying court to her in a hundred little ways and as this must be maddening to her aunt she lived in momentary dread of a terrible explosion.

Then suddenly Bethia changed her tactics, became conciliatory apologetic, and most extravagantly kind. The travelling draper received orders for finery that amazed him, and Bethia's latest fat for abbepping by post brought consignments of expensive jackets, costumes, etc., which awoke all the woman in her one moment and set her protesting earnestly the next. Had she known, poor soul, that Bethia, mastered at last, was now turning her attention to the accomplishment of her designs with Ben for bridegroom, instead of Bob Hallatt, her misery would have been complete.

The fortnightly market day came round again and Ben, after carefully studying all the weather signs and glasses in the evident hope that they might give him an excuse for remaining at home, had a whispered consultation with Jane Ann, the leading domestic, and then hurried off to town. Mary saw him go with a sinking heart, and well she might, for before Ben was fairly round the Witchbarrow Lizzie Hallatt appeared on the scene, and then for over an hour Lizzie and Bethia poured out the vials of their wrath upon the unlucky girl. She escaped from them at last, fleeing like a wounded pigeon from hungry hawks and took refuge in her own room.

Lying there on her bed crushed with despair and shame, with every opprobrious epithet that coarse women can fling at each other still ringing in her ears, Mary heartily wished she were with her buried parents; and after thinking and struggling for hours came to the desperate resolve of escape. She knew little of the world, had heard much of its harsh pitilessness, but death itself had become preferable to life at Boskill. A few glances round at the window, the tress in the orchard outside, and the distance to the ground satisfied her; and then she heard the sound of horse's hoofs and went to the far corner of the win-

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to

Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

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FOR TOILET SOAP—

IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

How to peep. She could see Nance coming into the fold yard smoking hot and evidently greatly disgusted at the unprecedented hurry of the homeward journey. The sound of Ben's voice brought a gush of weak tears, and hastily brushing her hair and laying her hot face in the basin she went down to face things out for a few short hours longer. Bethia was more fussy and gushing than ever, and called her "Honey," and "Joy," and "Hain," until even the quiet Ben began to look suspicious.

It seemed a long evening. Ben, sitting between the wide opened window and the fireplace, with his inseparable long pipe for the most part unlighted, watched his "cousin" with hungry, anxious eyes, which she could not evade. Those quiet eyes, in fact, seemed to get upon her nerves, and follow her every movement, and it was only when, half an hour earlier than her usual hour, she escaped to her own room, that she ceased to feel their haunting power. The house gradually became quiet; what noises there were, were in rooms upstairs, the distant yelping of a new puppy Ben had brought home for her, were the only sounds, and Mary lay, dressed, on the bed, fighting her difficulties, and nursing herself for her great effort. Then she slipped on her knees and played, but the only help that came was the dull solidifying of her previous resolve, and when she rose to her feet the die had been cast.

She put away the well-filled purse her aunt had given her, gathered the few trinkets that were her very own, paused in her tasks now and then, as her tightly strung nerves made her suspicious of the faintest outside sign, and then went to the wide, low window and unfastened the swinging middle panel. Her hands shook as she twisted sheets and blankets together so that she could scarcely do her work, and her heart was jumping into her mouth. She crept again to the window, looked out, and listened. Then she shrank back with a despairing moan, and stood struggling with nameless fears for several moments.

She nerved herself, put the upper part of her body through the window, gripped tightly the twisted sheets, swung forward with a reckless plunge, hung for a moment in mid-air, her face scraping the wall, and then with a gasp and prayer let go. Her gasp became a frightful shriek; her falling body collided with a warm human frame, great arms were wrapped round her, strong whiskers brushed her face, and in a moment all was blank.

III.

When she recovered consciousness Mary was lying in her bed, and the sweet golden sunlight flooded her room. She was stiff and aching, and as the events of the evening came rushing back upon her she was startled at unusual sounds in the house. There was much running up and down stairs, the bumping of heavy things on the floors, and Aunt Bethia's strident voice raised in shrillest protest. Then the room door burst open, and Jane Ann came dancing in.

"Sha's goin'! Towd baggage is goin'!"—then stopping, she ran to the door, and, putting out her long red arm, joined in a general boo-noo-boo; finally she came back to explain, in excited gasps, that the Master had turned master at last, and Bethia was going for good and all.

They were seated on an old bench in the orchard a week later, she quietly crocheting, and he pulling dubiously at his pipe. There was more colour in her cheeks, but she looked worried even yet.

"Then you couldn't put up wi' a farmer?" he was asking.

"No—oh, yes, I like you, Ben, I love you! You have been like a father to me."

Heaven and hell in a breath. Poor Ben lifted a long sigh.

"But I couldn't like them if I couldn't, could I, Ben?"

"O' coorse not," this with puckered brow and heavy emphasis.

"And I couldn't be so vulgar as to set my cap at them, now could I?"

"O' coorse not," heavier than ever.

"And I couldn't tell her I was engaged to Arthur when I wasn't, could I?"

"Arthur?" this with gasping surprise and sudden fall of face.

"Yes—er. Oh, well, but I couldn't tell anything to any of you when there was nothing to tell, could I?"

Ben was shrinking into the very tree trunk against which he was leaning; his

lips formed for his invariable "o' coorse," but not a sound came.

Mary was disturbed. The conversation was not going as she wished it, and Ben looked most surprisingly glum.

"I've always known Arthur, you know; he is only a workman's son, but we got friends as children. I loved him always, and love him now, but I couldn't be engaged when we were only children, now could I?"

Ben had never heard of Arthur before, and his whole soul was up in arms against the introduction of his name at this point, but she was waiting, and he had to squeeze out a dazed "Coourse not."

"He was poor and fighting his way with scholarships, and trying to become a doctor, and I couldn't hinder him, could I?"

A vague hope began to rise in Ben's labouring breast, and he chimed in more cheerfully, "Coourse not."

"And when he went away he wanted to be engaged, but I was only sixteen, and a person can't be engaged at sixteen, can they, Ben?"

"Coourse not"—very hot and eager.

"And when dear father died he came right home, and wanted to find me a home there and then, but I couldn't spoil his career, could I now?"

Ben wanted to cry, but one emotion frustrated the other, and he laughed ridiculously, "Coourse not."

"And I couldn't be engaged when he is so brilliant, and I am so simple; at least not until he got his diploma and—and—had seen other girls, now could I?"

This sentence had a break in it, and Ben felt like wringing young Arthur's neck, and so to save his face, he muttered, "Coourse not."

"And knowing what he would instantly do I couldn't let him know I was unhappy with Auntie, could I?"

"Coourse not," very thick and grumpy.

"And I couldn't know beforehand that she wanted me to marry one of these men; and when I found it out I couldn't tell her I was engaged when I wasn't, could I?"

No reply, but as Mary was going for a finish she did not notice, but hurried on. "And I couldn't be untrue to my own true love, could I?"

And as his pursed lips were parting for a reluctant reply, Mary glanced up, and cried alarmingly, "Why, Ben, you're ill!"

"Coourse not; coourse not." Poor Ben got up, and began to stomp about as though to restore circulation, but really to conceal almost uncontrollable emotion.

Ben will remember that night to his dying day. If he had spoken a word it must have been a bursting avowal of his love, and if she refused him she would have felt unable to stay at Boskill, and he would have been no better to her than Bethia. So he left her and fled to the fields, and tramped about for hours. It was only when the first drowsy chirps of the awakening birds greeted the coming day that he stole indoors and went to his bedroom.

A few days later he dropped into the habit of way-laying the postman, sneaking into the cowhouse to read his letters, and little though he liked writing he spent a whole forenoon over a letter that ultimately went into six lines. On the Friday before Whit-sunday he went away to some "Hoss fair," but coming back very early drove up to the seldom used front door, and dropped into Mary's arms, when she came rushing out, with the form of a fine young fellow, with a student's air about him.

It was a grand wedding. Mary, during her four years residence at Boskill, had become a great favourite, and everybody was invited to the celebration; the young farmers, her erstwhile lovers, included. The day was perfect and the scene memorable, but when the young doctor and his bride came out to take their departure, a big man wearing a dingy farm coat over his wedding garments stood in non-committal attitude behind the happy weddingers, with one eye on the scene, and the other on a pen of prize pigs.

The bride went down the long lane of friends shaking hands, and saying bright thanks to each, but, as she got to the end and was turning towards the waiting carriage she stopped, looked round, made a sudden dash at the oddity robed inspector of pigs, and taking him by the neck, and punctuating each word with a kiss, she cried, "Noblest, kindest,

trust of all men, God bless you!"

The whiskered farmer bore it all with confusedly happy looks, and as the carriage moved away, and the slippers battered against its rear, he turned to scratch an old sow, and murmured, imitating to ease his heart, Mary's own tones. "She couldn't have took a gurt lollopin' chap like me, now could she?"

And then, as he caught with a quick glance the last glimpse of the departing carriage, he held his face towards the sky as though feeling for impossible rain, and murmured, "Of coourse not."

Commanded by King Edward.

King Edward is demonstrating his love for the drama with uncompromising emphasis, remarks a London paper. No sooner had "The Man from Blankley's" finished its one performance at the "Theatre Royal," Sandringham, than "Robin Hood" was "commanded" to take the stage at the "Theatre Royal," Windsor Castle. Now, since the gallant outlaw has returned to London, his Majesty has "commanded" a Sandringham performance of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's successful play "Peter's Mother." The arrangements for a "command" performance are generally made by Mr. G. Ashton, of Bond-street, who is the King's concert agent. All engagements for Royal concerts and entertainments are made by Mr. Ashton, who knows, from long experience, exactly the sort of items the King requires, and who spends fabulous sums in salaries during a year. When the King, some weeks in advance, has intimated to Mr. Ashton what play he would like to see presented, that diligent agent immediately sets to work all the machinery that will make the performance possible.

Scene painters immediately begin the work of constructing new scenes, on a scale small enough to be set on the stage of the diminutive "Theatre Royal." The original models are unearthed, and the practicabilities and wings are built up by the master carpenter and his men, while the scene painters work on the back cloths, cut-cloths, and borders, as the short pieces hanging from the flies are called. Then the stage has to be fitted up and provided by the electricians with the necessary illuminant. Electric batteries are hung behind each wing, floats are suspended behind the borders, and the regulation footlights have also to be installed. Meanwhile rehearsals are taking place at the theatre, for the actors and actresses have to accommodate themselves to a greatly contracted stage. Actions have to be modified, and pedatory movements curtailed. Then the dialogue is usually cut, although not sufficiently to interfere with the proper development of the plot or the literary value of the work. This is necessary, because "command" performances do not commence until very late, and the King never likes them to outlast two hours.

THE COMPANY.

The King's guests are generally the most distinguished of all his friends, and are always limited in number, consequently applause is rarely heard, and only when started by the King. As His Majesty enters the auditorium, brilliant with flowers and tropical palms, the orchestra plays the National Anthem, and all the guests, who are already understood to be in their places, instantly rise to their feet. A brief salute and the King seats himself, the guests following the Royal example. The King always sits on his right hand a small round table, on which he keeps his programme, invariably printed in satin, and on which some light refreshments are spread. As the intervals are of the shortest, the play is disposed of in minimum time, and His Majesty always makes a point of leading the appreciative applause at the end. As the King retires, the Anthem is again played, the audience remaining on its feet until His Majesty has left the room. Then there is a scampers behind the curtain for the dressing-rooms, and a few minutes suffices to transform the masquer into the maid. Supper is then served, after which the "star" actor and actress are usually presented to the King, who congratulates them and generally hands them a monogram pin and brooch, by way of souvenir.

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"Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle, for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes."

Robert Schoenhauer, Newburgh, N. Y. Aug. 21, 1905. This original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Reference: N. Townsend Co., Merchants, Sydney, N. S. W. Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills (Chocolate Coated, in vial of 50), may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures the most distressing and torturing lameness. Force Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. 50¢ National Free. "The Great Skin Book." Address: R. T. Evans & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.

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VERSE OLD AND NEW

At Anchor.

We're anchored at last, my heart and I,
 And rock at peace 'neath a starlit sky.
 Ah! never a thought of a danger past,
 Nor ever a fear of careening mast.
 Can't our comfort as waves lap by,
 For now we're anchored, my heart and I.

Oh, dark was the voyage, grim the blast,
 And throbbing the billows ending fast!
 Hope's star was quenched, faith's compass
 lost.
 Alone on a menacing sea we tossed,
 While storm in the tempest death drew
 nigh.
 But now we're anchored, my heart and I.

The country of Love lies fast before;
 What matters to us our broken oar?
 The wreckage and woe of the voyage past,
 Love's nether course to his own at last.
 And so we pray as we quiet lie,
 God keep us anchored, my heart and I.

—Grace June Jones.

What Mother Tells Me.

When mother was a little maid
 She was so very good—
 I really often think that she
 Must have been made of wood.
 She never, never, played a trick
 On her pet pussy.

She would not tease; she would not tell
 The "tittles" little fib.
 She always kept her dresses clean;
 Her curls were brushed just right;
 She never cried and coaxed that she
 Might stay in bed at night.
 And very often, when I've been
 In mischief and been bad,
 I think, "Ain't it an awful shame
 That I took after dad!"

In a Luther Burbank Garden.

White are the coreless apple buds,
 As your hand in mine I clasp,
 And we wander through the eyeless spuds
 And the raspberries, sans rasp.

You plucked a blackberry, dazzling white,
 As we chanted a tuneless rime,
 And I took a luscious, soulful bite
 Of a plump, skinless prune.

The cactus plant 'er cackles now,
 As its teeth have all been drawn,
 And calm there falls upon your brow
 The light of a sunless dawn.

In this dear place I would live for aye,
 Discussing the whyless how,
 And spending the minuteless hours by,
 From the path of the pathless now.

The River of Stars.

My river flows through glen and glade,
 By meadows bright and woodland shade,
 To rocky pools and pebbly rills,
 With song and laughter from the hills.
 Its lower reaches teem with trade,
 While cities grim its banks are laid;
 The natives of the world may ride
 Safe harboured on its ample tide.

A thousand floods my river knows
 Of summer suns and winter snows;
 Now black with storm, now glistening
 'neath bright.

Now motion with the sunset light,
 But when the fading twilight hags
 Its magic hand upon it lays,
 And comes the night, no season mars
 My river of the myriad stars.

Oh, dream of jewels unsurpassed
 Upon the sapphire horizon east!
 The heights, the piers, the abides, the shores
 Add to the hoard a countless store;
 The glowing wake behind us whirrs,
 A scintling furrow white with pearls;
 And ever hollow, ever wary,
 Is Sindh's vale, Aladdin's cave.

The sunset day of sweet content
 Upon your sunny hillside spent,
 The winter grass, and autumn gold,
 And spring with beautiful manifold;
 The heat of noon, the cool of dawn,
 The glory of the sunset gone,
 Time never dims, nor distance mars—
 But perfect—night-time and the stars!

—Charles Coleman Mioddard.

The Return.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
 The scenes he had known as a boy;
 "Oh for a draught of those fountain-sweet,
 And a taste of that vanished joy!"

He resumed the fields, he roused by the
 streams,
 He threaded the paths and lanes,
 On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
 In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad sad hills! oh, cold, cold hearth!
 In sorrow he learned thy truth—
 One may go back to the place of his birth—
 He can not go back to his youth.

The Shepherd's Wife's Song.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweet to you, —
 For kings have cares that wait upon a
 crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to
 frown.

And then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at
 night,
 As merry as a king in his delight;
 And merry, too,
 For kings bethink them what the state re-
 quire,
 Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.

And then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain!

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
 His cream and curds as doth the king his
 meat:
 And blither, too,
 For kings have often fears when they do
 sup,
 When shepherds dread no poison in their
 cup.

And then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain!

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
 As doth the king upon his bed of down;
 More sounder, too,
 For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to
 spill,
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their
 fill.

And then, ah then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain!

—ROBERT GREENE, 1590.

My Rosary.

(Transcribed from stenographic notes
 taken during the rendition of the ballad by
 Mr. Howitt (Owte, the eminent baritone.)
 Three you're span with E-o-e, dear Art,
 Are razzas string of pearl stew me;
 I count them no ruzzy ree, wunna part—
 My row street! My row street!

E-o-e chow ray purr looch purr lay prair
 To fibe har-thin' a vooze ruzzy;
 I teller be dun two the yeud
 Dan there across is sung.

O mem now reeze that bless sand burr
 No hubt ran gay Noun bit her law
 Sigh kilt sech beca Dan stry vat lass two
 learn
 Tewk be the craw
 swee! Tar!
 To kilt sss! thee craw; Sss!

My Sweetheart Wife.

'Tis very sweet as the world goes ill
 To know you are faithful and love me still,
 To feel when the sunshine has left the skies
 The light still shines in your dear eyes.
 It is very sweet to see you near,
 When life with its cares seems hard to bear;
 To feel when I falter the clasp divine
 Of your tender and kindly hand in mine.

Sometimes to each the world goes wrong,
 And the birds forget their joyous song,
 But listen, dear one, while you live
 The world has something sweet to give,
 Together may we onward go
 Thru' all the years of weal and woe,
 Loving each other till death shall part—
 Ever and always my own sweetheart.

Her Christmas Wreath.

"I would not wear the laurel," said the
 dear, coquettish maid,
 "For of the pathway leading unto fame I
 am afraid!
 The cedar is too sombre, and the holly is
 too gay;
 I will not wear the willow, and I cannot
 wear the bay;
 The rose is out of season, and the lily, too,
 and so,
 I think, on Christmas eve I'll wear a
 wreath of mistletoe!"

Not in E Z Street

Young Fliesick's got a shingle out
 Proclaiming him M.D.;
 But from A.M. to late P.M.
 His office is M.T.

The Naked Truth

Truth and falsehood went to swim,
 Leaving clothes on river's brim.
 Falsehood dressed up in Truth's clothes—
 That is why Truth naked goes.
 Truth is modest—you'll not meet
 Naked Truth upon the street.

An Adelaide lady sends her photograph, and writes:



"I used to have terrible feelings come over me. The doctors could do me no good. I could not sleep, my appetite left me, and I was a most miserable woman indeed. Having read of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I thought I would try it. To my great surprise, after taking only two bottles I found myself very much better in every way. After taking six bottles all my disagreeable feelings left me, and I was completely cured."

If your appetite is poor, your digestion imperfect, and you feel nervous and weak, you ought to take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It expels all impurities from the blood and gives strength and vigor to the nerves. A thorough course of treatment with it makes rich and red blood, brings the old color back to the lips, fills out the cheeks, and gives the glow of perfect health.

A good appetite—a good digestion—a healthy liver—an active brain and strong nerves; these are better than great riches, and Ayer's Sarsaparilla will help you to obtain them.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
 There are many imitation "Sarsaparillas." Be sure you get AYER'S.

Ayer's Pills, sugar-coated, for constipation. In glass bottles.

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These new materials, made from pure Ramie, will stand any amount of washing without losing strength or lustre, and are absolutely unshrinkable and inseparable. In fact "Tuxedo" is by far the most durable material on the market. This altogether unique combination of qualities, not to be found in any other textile, places "Tuxedo" in the premier position for Ladies' or Gentlemen's Summer wear, especially for costumes and suits for Boating, Riding, Tennis, and other recreations.

"UMUSTAV" } Ramie Underwear
"VATSUMU" }

The pure Ramie fibre from which "Vatsumu" is made possesses unique qualities for absorbing and absorbing perspiration, thus preventing chills, and preserving a normal temperature under circumstances which would otherwise produce exceptional heat.

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ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF, BUT ALLOWS FREE VENTILATION. NO RUBBER IS USED IN ITS MANUFACTURE.

This material is made in all weights. The lighter materials are most suitable for uniforms, clothing, and rough wear. The heavier makes are unequalled for tents, blinds, awnings, etc.

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Shakespeare said.
"Throw Physic to the dogs."

Well you can throw most of it in that direction if you use

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THE BARNDOOR
 An Artist's Love-Story, by Anne Warner

THEY stood in the barn-door and contemplated the rain. The rain was falling steadily, just as it had fallen for hours and days and weeks—on the just, unjust, and the intermediates—on the house, the barn, and the path between—on the Artist, the other Artist, and the Model.

It was the Artist and the Model who were standing in the barn-door. He was tall and she wasn't; he was handsome and he thought that she was; she was in love and didn't know that she was and didn't know that he was, and—so they just stood there in the barn-door.

"I wonder where Ethelberta went," he said vaguely after a prodigious contemplation of the stone wall and the orchard and the grass and the sky. Ethelberta was the other artist.

"Perhaps she isn't coming back," said the Model; "it's too rainy to paint, isn't it?"

She looked a doubtful question at him as she spoke, and he looked at her and then they both blushed and looked out at the rain again.

"There's a splendid north light," he said, turning a little toward the interior of the barn, "but perhaps it's too damp for you to put on that gown again?"

"No, it's not too damp," she said; "I'd just as soon—I don't mind."

Then she turned toward the interior of the barn too. The interior of the barn presented rather a chaotic picture to their eyes because the load of furniture which had arrived in the afternoon previous had encroached both upon the wood-pile and the atelier. The easels were pushed into a corner to make room for the two tables and a huge straw trunk and the couch where, on the Model posed was covered with china and bric-a-brac.

"It would be too much trouble to clear a space, anyhow," she said rather dubiously.

"Oh, I'll clear a space fast enough," said the Artist, laying violent hands upon the straw trunk as he spoke, "the only question is if you'll take cold."

"I won't take cold."

"Or if you're tired."

"It doesn't tire me."

"It ought not to be hard work to sit still and be admired."

Then she didn't know where to look and tried the wood-pile and tried the floor, and finally was forced against her will to meet his eyes, and found them smiling—and so took courage and managed to smile herself.

"I don't believe I can get into that funny gown without Ethelberta," she said then; "she always pins my back up for me."

"I'll pin your back up for you," he declared with great readiness. And then he gathered up the green cheese-cloth costume and—opening the door of what was flutteringly called "the boudoir"—deposited it within upon one of the old benches that stood there.

When she emerged ten minutes later he was squeezing paints on to his easel and all was ready.

"Why, you pined yourself," he said, looking up.

"Yes, it was quite easy," she said, looking down. Then he arranged her carefully among the cushions, and went off and half-shut his eyes, and came near and all-opened his eyes, and went off again and came near again, and finally prepared to begin.

"Where shall I look?" she asked.

"Look right here," he said, touching his forehead between his brows, "and try not to let your eyes wander, please."

She attempted to obey.

"Do you know," he said, sketching outlines, "I'd give anything if I was more able to say just what I want to when I want to say it."

"Can't you?" she asked. "Why can't you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Things just seem to slip right away from me. When I most want them, too."

"That's funny," she said.

"Now, this morning, for instance—Please don't let your eyes wander—"

"I beg your pardon!"

"This morning I came out here and I did so wish—"

The stable-door slid gratefully and Mr. Endicott came in with Dinah.

"What, doesn't even the rain prevent?" he said, seeing what was going forward. And then he sat down on the straw trunk and Dinah leaned her head against his knee and slashed about with her tail.

"Not even the rain," said the artist, frowning a bit.

There was a pause, during which Dinah's tail never ceased its joyful agitation.

"Dinah loves you, doesn't she?" said the Model to the owner of Dinah.

"Do you love your master, Dinah?" asked Dinah's master of Dinah. Dinah's wag increased tremendously.

"I don't know that she loves me," said the master, with his whimsical smile; "I think that it is more respect and esteem that she feels."

She reminds me of an old gentleman whom I once knew. He came into my office one day and said, 'Isaac, do you love me?'

"Why?" I replied, "I don't think I could say that I love you; I respect and esteem you, but I can't really say that I just love you."

He heaved a great sigh and said, "Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that, because those are just the words that I used last night: I was calling on a lady and she suddenly threw her arms around my neck and said, 'Oh, tell me that you love me,' and I unfastened her arms at once, and said, 'I respect and esteem you, but I can't say that I love you,' and now I see that I made the right answer."

"Are you going to town this morning?" the Artist asked almost the instant that Mr. Endicott ended his personal reminiscence.

"I think so—rain or no rain."

"Going before the mail?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it, but now you speak of it, I think I will. Come on, Dinah, let's get out the bicycle."

There was silence in the barn until the bicycle was gone forth and the door rolled together again.

"Isn't he dear?" said the Model.

"Whenever he begins to tell a story you know that it will be amusing; you don't know that with everyone's stories."

The Artist did not reply.

"They are all interesting people here," the Model went on; "I don't know which I like best."

"Do you mind taking your hair down?" the Artist asked, suddenly.

"No—but I can't get my arms up in these tight sleeves."

"I'll take the pins out for you," he said quickly, laying down his palette; and then he crossed to her side and was as good as his word. After the hair was loose he arranged it carefully on her shoulders, and went off and studied the effect, and then came back and rearranged it.

"It is harder than you would think—getting it just as I want it," he remarked, discontentedly, and then he tucked it behind her ears and stared at her reflectively, and then shook it all out again.

"It doesn't annoy you, does it?" he asked, pulling a lock loose on her fore-

head and leaning forward to see just how the result struck his fancy.

"No."

"Now look at me and let me see how that does."

She looked at him.

The barn-door grated. It was Mrs. Mann with a large umbrella in her hand.

"This is like a horrible nightmare," she exclaimed.

"What have we done?" asked the Artist (stambling).

"Not you—the weather."

"Oh!" He was painting again.

"You mustn't feel as if the weather was your fault," said the Model.

"I don't, my dear," said Mrs. Mann, lifting the lid of the straw trunk and gazing rapturously into its depths.

"I feel that it is yours; it never was like this until you came." Then she dived below and brought up a coffee-pot. "That is what I wanted," she exclaimed, and took her umbrella and returned to the house.

"All these interruptions up-set me awfully," said the Artist; "I want to be left alone with you—to work in peace."

"Yes, but you see it's their barn," said the Model.

Then he deliberately laid down his palette and came and sat down beside her.

"Do you think I'm awfully boring?" he asked.

"No."

Then he took her hand and looked in it.

"Did you ever study palministry?"

"No."

"This line shows that you'll be married young and be very happy."

The Model appeared deeply interested.

"How young?" she asked.

"Just eighteen."

"I should say in about a year."

The barn-door slid open.

"Mamma told me that you were painting," said Ethelberta, "so I came to paint, too."

She looked at the Model.

"Why, you've changed her position!" she cried; "what shall I do now?"

"Wait until this afternoon," said the Artist, standing before his easel; "let her sit for me this morning and then she can sit for you this afternoon."

"Or I could paint the head over," said Ethelberta.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that—you've got too good a beginning there."

"I suppose that would be the most sensible," said Ethelberta, shutting up her palette once more; "but—oh, dear, if I'm not going to paint I might as well go back into the house and finish my letters."

"Oh, stay and talk to us," pleaded the Model.

"I suppose you want them to go by the noon post?" said the Artist.

"I certainly do," said Ethelberta, and left them.

"Don't you want a rest now?" said the Artist to the Model; "I do."

He crossed the room and raised her upon her feet.

"Stiff?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No-o-o," she replied, somewhat uncertainly.

Then she went and looked at the picture.

"Oh, am I like that?" she cried, disappointedly.

The Artist was just at her shoulder.

"Do you think that anyone could do you justice?" he asked.


"But is my mouth like that?"

"I've never dared really study your mouth."

"Don't be silly," with an attempt at severity, but he stooped to look in her face and the severity became pink then faded away altogether—like a sunset.

"And are my eyes like that?"

Just because
 you're a man
 don't think
 you have got
 to be bald.
 Your hair
 grows out of your scalp, then
 nourish your scalp and your hair
 will grow.



BARRY'S TRI-COPH-EROUS
 builds up, and energizes thin, dry, tight scalps. It gives them strength so that they can supply vigor and life to the hair roots, which in turn will grow thick, healthy hair. Be sure you get Barry's Tri-coph-erous.

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"You mustn't blame me for anything wrong in the eyes—you never looked where I told you."
 Then she became very pink indeed and quite helpless.
 "Don't tease me," she said, and the corners of her mouth quivered.
 "Tease you—"
 The barn-door slid—he had barely time to get a trifle farther away, when the grandmamma entered.
 "There!" she exclaimed; "I was just sure of it! That thin gown again out in this damp, draughty barn. You'll kill the child."
 The Artist looked troubled.
 "Are you cold?" he asked his Model.
 "Not a bit," she replied.
 "Of course she'd say that," said the grandmamma, who was tiny and quite an autoerat; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself," she added severely to the Artist, and then she went before his easel and paused to note results.
 "What's that?" she asked, pointing.
 "A third leg!"
 "No, only an end of drapery."
 "Looks like a bad third leg. This dab of pink and yellow meant for a hand, I presume?"
 "When it's finished."
 "Dear, dear! Well, child, no one would ever know you so don't worry. 'Tis not worth it."
 Then she sat down in the Morris chair, and a cat which had been prowling the summits of the wood-piles came to her knee to be petted.
 "Poor old Mouldy!" said the grandmamma in soft, pitiful tones; "did they go and just swallow up your little family? It's hard, I must say."
 "It wasn't hard—it was easy," said the Artist.
 "Did you do it?"
 "No—Uncle Isaac did."
 "Oh, well, of course, it is easy that way. I've drowned my own share in my life. We always had the water pleasantly warm, and undertook them before their eyes were open. Then my father had had the fences along the side of the barn taken up for some reason, and I filled the postholes with kittens

one after another, and altogether did a successful job in all directions."
 "It's nearly noon, isn't it?" asked the Artist.
 "I think it is," said the grandmamma, "and that girl ought to be getting into her clothes."
 She rose from the Morris chair as she spoke, and went toward the door.
 "We'll be there in a minute," said the Artist.
 When they were again alone he turned to his Model and smiled.
 "She didn't think much of the portrait, did she?" he remarked.
 "I don't think much of it myself," said the Model.
 "But it is not finished."
 He started to move the easel aside, and the picture tipped toward him.
 "That's the second time this morning that you've tried to lay your head on my shoulder," he laughed.
 The Model blushed terribly, and failed markedly to meet his eyes.
 "I'd better dress now," she said in confusion.
 "Can I help you in any way?"
 "Oh, no, I think I can manage."
 She retreated precipitately into the boudoir. When she came out he was standing idle, with his hands in his pockets.
 "Ready?" he asked with a smile.
 "Yes," she said, looking at him, and then finding himself suddenly bereft of any place to look apparently.
 "Haven't you any sympathy for me—after this morning?" he asked, and dropped his voice, glancing as he did so at the barn-door.
 "Why, what has been the matter?" she asked, innocently.
 "Haven't you noticed?"
 "Noticed what?"
 "My awful luck."
 "What do you mean?"
 Then he took her two hands, and drew her toward him.
 "You surely know!" he said, with charming vagueness.
 She began to tremble a little and colour a great deal.
 "Oh, please, let's go," she murmured, trying to move toward the door.

"In a minute."
 She freed her hands, and went and tried to open a crack to escape through. He came up behind her and started to help her. His right arm was to her right and his left to her left; she felt him to be omnipresent—and embarrassing.
 "Oh—" she began feebly.
 "Did you speak?" he asked, bending somewhat.
 "Please—oh!"
 "What is it?"
 "You mustn't—you know you mustn't!"
 "Why not?"
 "I don't want you—to!—oh!—don't—I know I'm going to cry. Do open the door."
 "I'm trying to."
 "No, you're not."
 "Yes, I am."
 "But everyone else opens it right off—why can't you?"
 "I think that we need to pull together."
 "Oh."
 "Will you pull with me?"
 "Yes, of course."
 "But not just now; I mean—"
 She lifted her eyes.
 "For always," he whispered, looking into them.
 She trembled.
 "Lunch!" cried a voice without, and someone shook the door violently.
 He barely had time to disentangle himself when the door rolled open.
 "What under the sun made it stick so?" demanded Mr Eudicott, rolling the bicycle in, while Dinah followed close at his heels, wagging her usual happy wag.
 "It's the rain, I suppose," said the Artist.
 "It swells the wood, you know," said the Model.
 Mr Eudicott looked from one to the other.
 "Why, of course," he said, simply; "surprising I was so stupid as to have to ask."

Fiction Stranger than Truth.

A magazine editor was talking about W. W. Jacobs, the famous humourist.
 "I went abroad this summer," he said, "to try and get Mr Jacobs to write for me; but I found that he had all he could do for six or seven years to come.
 "He is a quiet, modest chap. When I praised his wonderful skill in the writing of short stories, he said that it was only their surprises that made his stories take.
 "Then, to illustrate what he meant, he told me a story wherein the surprises came fast and furious.
 "He said that a lawyer, defending a man accused of housebreaking, spoke like this:
 "Your Honor, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlour window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed by only one of his limbs."
 "That argument," said the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."
 "The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out."—Detroit Free Press.



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Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Its effect on Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS.
Hearne's Bronchitis Cure the Most Effective Remedy.
 Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I have used a number of bottles of your medicine for bronchitis, which was a chronic complaint of mine, and I must say that of all the medicines I have taken (including those from doctors), none have proved so effective as your Bronchitis Cure. I have recommended it to many others.
 Yours faithfully,
 THOMAS OLIVER,
 Proprietor of "The Lilydale Express,"
 Lilydale, Victoria.
BRONCHITIS.
A Camberwell Resident Expresses Gratitude.
 Mr. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Your Bronchitis Cure has relieved my wife of a cough

which followed on an attack of influenza. While I acknowledge that all good comes from only one source, ordinary gratitude bids me to offer my earnest thanks to you, through whom this particular blessing has come.—I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,
 GEO. S. CALDWELL,
 Camberwell, Victoria.
SEVERE COUGH.
Completely Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure after other treatments had failed.
 Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Having used your Bronchitis Cure with very speedy and good results for severe cough, an cold on the chest, I am sending you this testimonial to make any use of it you wish. I have used many cough medicines, and can unhesitatingly say that yours gave me the quickest relief, and I have not been troubled with the cough since. I have also given it to my little boy, aged two years, with equally good results, and now fo-

comment it to my friends. Wishing you every success.—I am, yours truly,
 J. ERSKINE,
 Kilmuirie, New Zealand.
A Seven Years' Case.
Expectorating Blood and Matter.
Completely Cured.
 Mr. W. G. Hearne.
 Dear Sir,—Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I had suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from coughs, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that for nights in succession I had to sit up. I write to you this acknowledgment from a sense of duty, as in my case every other treatment had failed. For a year previous I had been getting very much worse, and at the time I obtained your medicine I was confined to bed, suffering from a most violent cough, expectorating blood and matter, and apparently beyond hope of re-

covery. The first dose of the medicine gave me welcome relief, and I steadily improved as I continued the treatment, until I became as I am now, quite well.—Yours sincerely,
 H. WALKER, Balmuir, Sydney.
BRONCHITIS.
A Very Obstinate Case.
Cured through persevering in the treatment by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.
 Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Having been a sufferer from Bronchitis for a number of years, and not being able to get relief from doctors, I started taking your Bronchitis Cure about two years ago, and have been taking it on and off ever since. I am happy to tell you that I now feel thoroughly cured, and I can bear testimony to its worth.—I am, yours truly,
 W. J. CLARKE,
 Redbank, via Avoca, Victoria.

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THE SURPRISE PARTY

By Philip Verrill Mighels

A N air of mystery pervaded Tid Flack's dingy little cobbler shop on the night of the final conspiracy, for Tid, Jimmie Sutt, Malin Crowe, and Henry Dole, the inmates, were not only particularly silent when Thomas King made bold to enter at the door, but their shadows were cast upon the walls in prodigious size by the sickly little lamp beside the cobbler's knee, and their looks suggested guilt.

King came in there impatiently. His mood was one of scorn for all the gathered company and their plans, yet beneath it lay curiosity of exceptional significance. He looked the assemblage over with a certain air of superiority, and studied Tid Flack's countenance with scant respect.

"Well," he said, after a moment of impressive silence, "I just dropped in as I was passin' by, fer I didn't reckon to attend no regular meeting. I only thought I'd see if you old ninnyes were still foolin' round to git up a jack-legged soiree up to Mrs. Hanks'."

The rawboned lumbermen stirred on their seats uneasily. All looked to Cobbler Flack for defence of their present position. Tid coughed behind his hand.

"No, King, we ain't contemplatin' anything gaudy or Shakesperious," he replied with gravity. "We're preparin' a home-made surprize party—just a reg'lar old-fashioned surprize party—for little Dunny Weaver, and we thought, as you was sort of sweet on his sister, why—"

"Turn that off, Flack, turn it off!" interrupted King vehemently. "Shut down your head-gate right where you are. I ain't been around there no more than any of these other galoots—and none of us ain't done very fancy, anyhow. What's more, you don't know a surprize party when you see it. Surprize party? Rats! You've been talkin' about the racket for the last three days, and everybody into camp knows the thing is comin'."

"Tid ain't told nobody but little Dunny," said Malin Crowe; "and, besides, there'll be a surprize party, don't you worry."

"You always have to tell the surprize-ee," added Flack sagely. "Women hate to be really surprised. They don't git time to crimp their hair, or wash the back of their neck. And one usurpered woman kin sour the whole shebang."

"And if you don't tel the surprizers, then how kin they bring refreshments?" inquired Jimmie Sutt. "And how kin you have a party without nuthin' to eat?"

"That's why we're goin' to have the candy-pull to-night," added Henry Dole. "Refreshments don't grow on every tree in camp."

"Candy-pull?" echoed Thomas King. "Where? Who's goin' to make the candy?"

"The whole crowd, over to Jimmie's," answered Crowe. "He's got a fire goin' now. And the pop-corn's right here in this bag." He indicated a barley-sack with more than a bushel of corn in it.

King stared at it hungrily. Then he looked at each of the men in turn; he was itching to be one of the party.

"Well, I suppose if you gentlemen know how to run a candy-pull," he said, "why, you might not need me along. But in case you want any pointers, why—"

He waited without concluding his sentence.

"Sure shot you ought to help!" said Jimmie Sutt. "We can't have too much savvy when it comes to makin' candy. I don't claim to know it all myself."

"Neither do I," confessed Henry Dole. "I only know you've got to butter your paws when you pull it."

"We expected you to come, King, to sort of diagnose the candy," added Flack. "If she ain't diagnosed she may not be done, and when she ain't done she ain't candy—she's gravy."

"Well, of course, I know two or three ways of tellin' when it's done," said King, "and I don't mind steerin' you straight."

"Then we'll go right now," decided the cobbler, promptly blowing out the lamp.

"Don't forget this here pop-corn," admonished Malin Crowe. "Here, Dole, you take it. I've got to go up to my shack for about fifteen minutes, and then I'll join you all at Jimmie's."

But instead of going up the slope to his own dark cabin, Mr. Crowe slipped quietly down to the house where Mistress Julia Fothergill was reading, alone, in her kitchen.

He paused outside the window, and, studying the figure of the buxom young woman within, decided she was not so very homely after all. She was a vast improvement on no girl, and something had told him it was vain to aspire to the hand of Dunny Weaver's sister, at the Hanks'.

His knock on the door startled Miss Julia prodigiously. He entered the room to find her standing by the table and staring toward him in extreme agitation.

"Why, Malin Crowe, is it only you?" she stammered in confusion. "I thought—I was just a-reading how the villain, Lord Gnashleigh, come sneakin' in on

the unsuspectin' Dora, which was really Lady Dovecote, and my heart near jumped out on the table—and it's only you after all, and what d'you want, anyhow, I'd like to know?"

Malin Crowe had snatched off his hat. His face was very red, his smile sickly.

"Huh! I ain't no villain, Julia, you bet your boots," he said reassuringly. "I'm the other feller in the story. I—I come down to say—to ask—to— Say, Julia, let's you and me git married. If you'll be my wife, I'll be your husband." Julia pulled a hairpin from her dark tresses and shut her book upon it to keep her place. Then she turned to look at Malin calmly, her two big hands on her hips.

"Well, if I ever!" she said. "I didn't think you'd be like the others, Malin Crowe, but I might have known you'd git sick of snoopin' around that Miss Weaver pretty soon, for you didn't have no more business there than a frog has got in the soup. And after you've all got white around the gills, you and Jimmie Sutt and Hen Dole and bald-headed Tom King, think it's time to come and pop to Julia, hey? Well, I scorn your advancin' Mr. Crowe. I don't hanker after Crowe. And if Tid ain't so pretty nor so terrible big, and if I did tell him I'd have to think it over, why, anyways, he didn't wait for no Miss Weaver to look right past him before he thought of me. And you kin git, Malin Crowe, for I'm right in the middle of the most excitin' part, and the real prince is the one which nobody suspicions, all the time."

Crowe looked at the girl in utter bewilderment. "Do you mean you won't do it?" he asked incredulously. "You won't be my darlin' little wife?"

"Well, I should say I won't!" answered Julia, with emphasis. "Don't you understand no English conversation?"

"But it would be such a bully surprize to all the boys," pleaded Crowe. "There won't be no surprize if you don't."

"Well, it'll surprize me terrible if I do," replied Miss Fothergill. "And I don't desire to hear no further prolongation of the painful scene. I am aware of the honour you're doin' me, sir, but blandishments and arguments is vain. Farewell! That's all; don't stand there no more. And shut the door without slammin', 'cause a glass is loose in the window. So, good-night, Malin, and pleasant dreams to you."

Malin was stunned, but he went, and all the way to the candy-pull he was pondering Julia's revelations. The state of her mind was beyond him. When he came to Jimmie Sutt's, however, the rich aroma of boiling molasses and half-dome

candy burning in drops on the top of the stove stole soothingly upon his senses, and renewed his faith in the sweetness of life."

"Here he is now," said Henry Dole, as Malin entered the cabin. "Say, Crowe, didn't you say we'd ought to stir in some bakin' powder when she's done, to make her nice and white, and to poke the cloves into her white she was bein' pulled?"

"Yep, that's the way we always done it to home," answered Crowe. "Who says any different?"

"Well, I didn't dispute your receipt," replied Thomas King; "but I said I'd et molasses candy which didn't have no foreign substances into it."

"And the rest of us agrees it wouldn't be no good without cloves and cinnamon and nutmeg and just a little touch of whisky, for we ain't got no vaniller," added Jimmie Sutt. "We don't want her to taste like Sunday School chewin' gum. We want the real article."

Tid Flack was standing by the red-hot stove, diligently stirring the boiling mess which the boys had created. The fumes and the heat were slowly overwhelming his brain. Crowe took a look at the viscid mixture and drew in a mighty, noseful of its fragrance.

"Smells like the kitchen part of heaven," he said. "What's in her besides molasses?"

"A spoonful of Worcestershire and half a cup of ketchup and some pickle juice—'cause we didn't have no vinegar—five cups of sugar and half a cup of condensed milk," answered Jimmie Sutt proudly. "We wanted her rich—and durn the expense."

"No eggs?" inquired Crowe; "not a single egg?"

The men looked from one to another like guilty children.

"We never thought of eggs," confessed Henry Dole. "Jimmie, have you got any eggs?"

"No," said Jimmie, "nary an egg in the shack."

"Well," said Thomas King. "I've seen molasses candy before that was made without eggs. It ain't so smooth, but it goes pretty good. Let's see if she's done."

He took the spoon from the cobbler's hand, dipped out a generous dose of the boiling candy, and dropped it into a dipper of water. It sank to the bottom and hardened to the consistency of foin. All the cooks gathered about King while he loosened the black mass from the bottom of the dipper. Meanwhile the mess on the stove was burning industriously.

"She's just about ready," announced

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the diagnostician, lifting the dripping nodule of stuff from the water. "Grease your pan—grease your pan! She'll be done in just two minutes!"

The receptacle they smeared with bacon-fat was a gold-pan which had once done service in washing gravel in a mining camp. It was large, strong, and three inches deep, with a widely flaring rim. Into its hold the seething, volcanic confection was poured, and Cobbler Tid Flack sat down to watch it cool for pulling, while the others made clumsy preparations to pop their bushel of corn.

They were a long time making ready, and the candy was stubbornly retentive of its heat. Above it Tid Flack held his head upon his hand, while the warmth increased his drowsiness and the rich, heavy fragrance clouded his sense. He nodded, pulled himself up with a jerk, then nodded again above the pool of stuff. He did his very utmost to force his senses wide open, yet the voices of the others served rather to soothe than excite him, and peace engulfed his being—a peace deliciously scented by the candy.

Meantime, his comrades had burned a whole popperful of corn. While they wrangled and exchanged information concerning the art of popping the kernels, Tid Flack had utterly succumbed to the goddess of sleep. Down, down sank his chin upon his breast; then down, down sank his body, till at last his head, with its tangle of thick, wiry hair, was pillowed in the great pool of candy, into the warm, yielding substance of which it sank to a depth of at least two inches.

Comforted, almost narcotized, by the delights of his rest, Tid at length began to snore. One of the boys engrossed with the corn suddenly recalled the fact that candy must be pulled before it hardens.

"Hey! Tid," he called, "how's she coolin'?"

Then he cast a glance in Tid's direction, and was all but petrified with horror.

"Boys!" he yelled at the top of his voice; "boys, look at Tid in the candy!"

The boys looked; then chaos reigned. All bawled in fury or astonishment, three ran to part the pan and Tid, and the corn on the stove was left to fill the house with its reek.

At the first savage pounce upon the pan and his neck, Tid Flack was rudely awakened.

"Git out of that! Git out! Git out!" cried King, who was proud of the candy.

He had snatched the pan, even as Sutt had gripped the cobbler, and both were instantly tugging with lusty might and main.

Tid yelled. His head was thoroughly cemented in the pan, the candy having hardened till a cold chisel only could have cut it. To save his precious scalp, if not indeed his entire superstructure, Flack laid frantic hold upon the pan and wrestled against the candy's parents wildly.

"Leave go! Leave go!" he shrieked in his anguish. "I'm stuck! You're pullin' off my neck!"

King and Sutt beheld that this was so. Excited as they were, they realised Tid and the candy had amalgamated into one compact mass that utterly defied the rescue of either one, even by violent measures.

"Well, what in hell was you doin'?" demanded King. "Look at you! Look at the candy! What we goin' to do?"

"Do! Why, it's plumb pizened!" declared one of the men.

"I didn't mean to—I must have fell asleep," answered Tid, still fervently clutching the rim of the pan with both his hands, as if it had been a metal hat. "I'm stuck, and it's gittin' harder all the time."

"Yes, and what's the use of tryin' to save the candy now?" demanded Henry Dole. "It's spoiled and ruined for ever!"

"I don't see why," said Jimmie Sutt. "We ought to be able to git it off of Tid all right, and a little bit of hair-oil ain't so bad. We'd have to grease our hands to pull it, anyhow."

"Don't you pull it again! Don't you touch it!" cried Tid, retreating backward from the savagely disappointed group. "You'll have to take it off easy."

"We've got to git it off the best way we kin. You ain't a goin' to hog it all," said Malin Crowe. "It's too darn good to be wasted, and I ain't had a smell. And we needn't tell nobody nuthin' about Tid's hair."

"It's all the molasses I had," said Jimmie Sutt. "Of all the rotten shames I ever seen, this is the worst."

"I'll tell you," said King; "we can't lift it off the way it is, but a little bit

of water would loosen her up and never hurt the candy to speak of. It's awful hard to spoil good molasses candy. No, Tid, you set down, and we'll throw a little water up around your hair and wash her loose."

"That's it. I knowed we could think up a way to git it off all right," said Dole, more hopefully. "Where's the dipper?"

Not without misgivings, Tid sat down, still holding to the pan with steadfast purpose, and King fetched the dipper, filled with water. He placed it on the table and looked up under the rim of the pan, the better to direct his liberating efforts.

"Stuck all round, hard as rushes in the ice," he announced; "but I guess this'll fetch her."

Taking the dipper in his hand, he dashed the water upward, under the pan, just as Tid sprang to his feet. Gasping and frantic, Tid yelled:

"Help! Help! Oh, Lord! Oh, where's a towel?"

"Set down!" commanded Thomas King. "You ain't in swimmin'. Let us see if the candy's got softer."

Tid was plumped down in his chair, and the boys tried to urge his hair and the candy to part. But, except for the shallowest film of softened stuff on its surface, the confection was quite as adamant as before. Tid yelled and fought as they tried to take it off, and finally escaped to the end of the room, holding to the pan upon his head.

"I've got some rights!" he shouted; "I've got some rights, and it won't come off without my head."

"We've got to wet her again," declared Jimmie Sutt. "Maybe two or three times will do the biz."

"I ain't goin' to let you douse me again for all the candy in the world," said Tid. "Some kinds of candy ain't worth it, and any way I don't believe this is extra good. I can taste it runnin' down my face."

"You're tastin' more face than anything else, and, of course, that's pretty fermented," answered Henry Dole. "You bet that candy's worth savin'!"

Tid was therefore persuaded to undergo one more attempt at the water cure, which shocked him even more than the first. Drenched, dripping with sticky ooze that trickled from the candy down across his countenance like muddy tears, the little cobbler was a saddening spectacle on whom his companions gazed with mingled indignation and despair, since the candy still adhered to its own.

"We can't do it that way," agreed Thomas King, when Tid had shrieked out a wild refusal to submit to one more trial of the bath; "but we might be able to chip it out with a hatchet and save the pieces."

"No you don't!" said Tid. "You'll want to put in some giant powder next. You fellers think I'm just a plaything; that's what's the matter."

"Huh!" said Malin Crowe, whose mind was working peculiarly. "By gum!"

"I don't see why we need no candy for the party now," said Dole, becoming discouraged anew. "Can't we git along without it, and let Tid take it home?"

"Oh, hang the surprise party to a sour apple tree!" answered Thomas King. "I was goin' to work up a genuine surprise, but Julia Fothergill is gittin' so stuck on snipe, tin-horn heroes in ten-cent novels, that she don't know a good thing when it bumps her house."

"You bet she don't!" agreed Jimmie Sutt. "I know all about that myself." And he winked with profound significance.

"Yep, I got a dose to-night myself," admitted Malin Crowe. "She ain't got no use for any of the gang, unless it's—Sisy, King, come over here a minute. I want to speak to you."

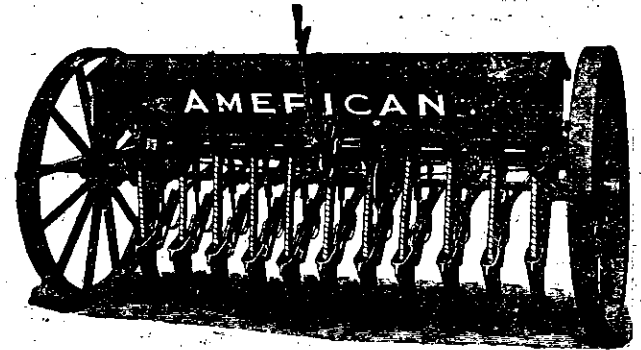
The two retired to a corner. Meantime, Tid was holdin' to the rim of his pan in fear his companions might wrest the candy from him still by some violent manoeuvre. Sutt and Dole were utterly despondent. After a moment of consultation, Crowe and King summoned all but Tid to their corner.

"Say, boys," said Crowe, sotto voce, "it seems like we all got left on Julia Fothergill, and I got it bad, and she gave herself plumb away to-night and said old Tid had him and asked her first of all to be his blashin' bride. And she made a crack about him bein' a prince or dook in disguise. So me and King is goin' right down to fetch her up here to the shack and let her see the dook in all his glory. And if that don't cook somebody's goose and give 'em a bang-up surprise party, why, I'll cut your hat

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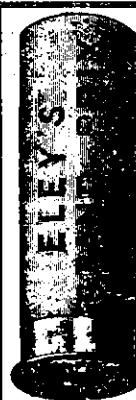
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raw, without no gravy nor salt. So keep him here gweenin', and we'll be back in less than half a shake."

Tid became suspicious without delay. He still believed the boys attached much value to the candy. King and Crowe departed forthwith, and Sutt and Dole declared they had gone on a scheme to save the confection by a perfectly painless process. Tid, however, would have fled to his cabin, candy, pan, and all, had his friends not prevented the move.

The fire in the stove subsided, then went out altogether. Tid was waxing wroth and worried, and the whole affair was assuming an aspect of gloom and alarm, when presently the door was opened, and in came Julia Fothergill, with King and Crowe and three other men of the camp, who had followed to behold the cobbler's dilemma and the scorn of the woman who would find him so utterly absurd.

For a moment there was silence in the cabin. Then came the surprise. Julia had no sense of humour. The rescue of Tid from cruelty, oppression, and wrong appealed to her womanly nature. His candy-streaked countenance depicted woe unutterable. Julia nearly cried. Then, wildly indignant at those she conceived to be his persecutors, and filled with romantic tenderness and yearning over the wholly wretched little cobbler, she turned upon the others with a burst of scorn that fairly made them wince when they stood. In her novel she had read, three times over, a truly pyrotechnic explosion of wrath from the lips of a heroine, majestic at the end of most exasperating iniquities, and this, and much more, she vehemently discharged, till the candy-makers crystallised with dread.

"Toads ye are, and unclean monsters!" she concluded superbly. "The low hyenas of the jungle, ashamed of nuthin' mean or cowardly, and fillin' their carcasses with awful which the king of beasts has left, would creep from your society with loathin' and disgust. Ye have done your worst, ye have grovelled in the mire and slime of your own base manufacture, and now ye are nipped in the bud. Outcasts of decency, ye can wriggle underneath my contempt! I leave ye to your hellish joys and devices. And don't ye come down to my house no more, for coyotes would be better company, and ye make me sick way down to my feet!"

Then, sweeping the cowl and smileless group with one blasting glance, she placed her big red arm about the cobbler's waist and, with Tid holding fast to the pan of candy on his head, strode proudly with him from the place.

And, strangely enough, when she had placed the pan upon her table, with Tid patiently crooked over above it, and then with warm water soaked him away from the mess, as a stamp is soaked from paper, the man became even more precious in her sight than before, while the rich confection was haughtily thrown outside upon the unclean earth.

And it came to pass that on the evening previously scheduled for the surprise party, two gay persons only marched upon the home of the Hanks with festive intentions. One was the radiant Miss Julia Fothergill, bearing a large frosted cake in her two red hands; the other was Tid, the cobbler, bearing a slightly perceptible fragrance of candy in his hair.



The remainder of stamps of Luxemburg from 1877 onwards, including official issues, have, it is reported, been sold to dealers.

A 10 paras yellow and green stamp has been issued for use in Cyprus. It bears the portrait of King Edward in an octagonal frame.

What a pity there is not an Institute of Destruction to destroy all remainders of old issues in other countries; so as to save stamp collectors from being exploited.

The stamps of Switzerland are now appearing on a new paper, which is water marked large cross without oval. Already the 2, 12, 20, 25, 30, and 50 c, as well as the 1 franc, have appeared on the new paper.

The charity stamp business reached Holland last December. From the 20th of that month until the third of January, three charity stamps were on sale, which were available for postal purposes until the end of last month. The postal value of the stamps were one, two, and three cents. They were, however, sold at double that price, the surplus being devoted to charity.

The Colonial Office at Copenhagen has set an example that it would be a great blessing if it were copied by other countries. Towards the end of 1906 the whole stock existing of Danish West Indian adhesives—stamps, envelopes, post cards, and Unpaid Letter stamps, with value in cents and 5 bits, were destroyed in the presence of a number of officials from the Board of Finance and General Post Office, at the Royal Institute of Destruction, at Frederiksberg, near Copenhagen.

According to 'L'Echo de la Timbologie,' the 750,000 stamps composing the remainders have a face value of 370,000 francs (about £14,800), whilst their catalogue value exceeds 2,000,000 francs (£80,000). A Mr. Engels heard that the stamps were going to be burnt and went to the G.P.O. and offered 100,000 francs for them. Surprised at this unexpected offer, the authorities thought they would make a few enquiries before proceeding further, with the result that Mr. Engels increased his offer to 125,000 francs. He was, however, overbid by Mr. Faber, who offered 150,000 francs, and he in turn had to give way to Mr. Heims, to whom the stamps were adjudged for 155,000 francs.

A slight alteration has been made to the French stamp of the Sower type. The last retouches consist in the insertion of fine white lines, outlining the bag of corn at the side next the body of the figure, the under part of the right arm, and the back part of the drapery from the waist down to the flowing fold of the skirt. Whether this alteration will be the last attempt made to make this much abused stamp satisfactory to the artistic taste of some collectors, is very doubtful.

Some of the new Panama stamps are of varied colours. For instance, the 1 cent is described as carmine, green, blue, and orange. One would imagine that for such a low-priced stamp there are too many printings required. Each of the stamps of the new issue is of a separate design, and the lowest values are the most complicated in design. In the 1 c before referred to, the centre contains a carmine and blue flag, with a green wreath tied to the flag-staff. The 2 c black and red has the portrait of Fernandez du Cordoba. The 3 c stamp is all in one colour and bears the arms. The other values have portraits of various celebrities.

It is not always safe to judge by appearance when dealing with stamps. Not long ago a foreigner called upon an Auckland stamp-collector and intimated his desire to purchase some stamps. The collector, considering from the visitor's appearance that he had not much money to invest, only showed a small number of his treasures. When, however, the visitor promptly bought several pounds' worth, and expressed regret that there were not more stamps to choose from, the collector made a second appointment, and the result was the sale of about £50 worth of stamps, to a gentleman who, it turned out, had actually brought three hundred sovereigns with him with which to do business.

Mr. Dooley on Japanese Friendship for America.

Mr. Dooley's latest essay discusses the Japanese question under the title, "A Broken Friendship." It is in the philosopher's richest vein of wit and humour, as the following extracts prove:—

"We're sure to have war with th' Japs inside iv two years," said Mr. Dooley. "Hogan says we've got to fight fr th' supremacy iv th' Passyfic. Much fightin' I'd do fr an ocean, but havin' taken th' Philippiens, which ar-re a blamed nuisance, an' th' Sandwich Islands, that're about as vallyble as a toy balloon to a horsehoier, we've got to grab a lot iv th' surroundin' dampness to protect thim. That's wan reason why we're sure to have war. Another reason is that th' Japs want to find their little forty-five-year-old childlier to be iddyicated in th' San Francisco public schools."

"Wud ye iver have thought 'twas possible that any wan in this country cud

even talk iv war with thim delightful, cunning little Orientals? Why, 'tis less thim two years since we hollered with joy whin a Rooshyan admiral put his foot through th' bottom iv a man-iv-war an' sunk it. An' how we checked in th' theater to see th' cute little sojers iv th' Mickydoos mowin' down th' brutal Rooshyan moojiks with mastheen guns. An' fin'ly whin th' Japs had gone a thousand miles into Rooshyan territory an' wud about busted an' aether had to stop fightin' or not have ear fare home, our worthy Prisdint jumped to th' front an' cried, 'Boys, stop it. It's gone far enough to satisfy th' both iv ye.'

"Day after thar day th' papers come out an' declare th' th' defeat iv Rooshya was a judgment iv th' Lord on th' czar. Hogan talked about nawthin' else. They were a wonderfule little people. They cud shoot straighter an' oftener thim anny other nation. A Jap cud march three hundred miles a day fr eight days with nawthin' to eat but a gumdrop. They were highly civvyalized. It was an old civvyalization but not tainted by age."

"Their treatment iv women put thim on a higher plane thim ours. Cinchrios ago, before th' higher iddyication iv women was dreamed iv in this country, th' poorest man in Japan cud send his daughter to a tea house, which is th' same as our female seminaries, where she remained till she gradyated as th' wife iv some proud noble iv the old Summi push. An' even in th' wan branch iv art that westhren civvyalization is supposed to excel in they had us beat miles. They were th' greatest liars in th' world an' formerly friends iv th' Prisdint."

"That was the beginnin' iv th' end iv th' frinship between th' two great nations. A well-known financier who thravelled to Tokeoo with a letter iv introduction to th' Mickydoos fr th' Prisdint beginnin'. 'Dear Mick,' got a brick put through his hat.' A little later a number iv Americans in private life wud invent over to rayceive in person th' thanks iv th' imprer fr what they'd done, were forced by th' waruth iv their rayception to take refuge in th' house iv th' Rooshyan counsel."

"Last month th' Japanese government wrote to th' Prisdint: 'Most gracious an' bewilderin' Majesty, Imprer iv th' Sun, anstere an' patient Father iv th' Stars, we adore ye. Had ye not butted in with yer biveny binivolence we wud've shoe'd Rooshya down fr much iv her 'affec's! Now we must prove our affectic's with acts. It is our intintion to send a fleet to visit yer shores, particly San Francisco, where we understand th' school system is well worth studyin'."

"An there ye ar-re, Himmissy. Th' frinship ceinated two years ago with blood an' beers is busted. I don't know whether annything will happen. Hogan thinks so, but I ain't sure. Th' Prisdint has announced that rat'er thim see wan octoginarian Jap prevented fr'm bratin' his a-be-ahs he will divastate San Francisco with fire, flood, and dinnymite, an' personalities. But San Francisco has had a pretty good bump lately an' wud hardly tur-n over in its sleep fr an invasion, and if th' Prisdint wants thim to enter th' schools he'll have to lead thim in a cannon an' shoot thim in."

"Wudn't it be th' grand thing though if they licked us an' we handed thim th' Philippiens!"



"Birdcatcher" Brand SALTINE.

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

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

Unequaled for Table and Kitchen.

THE MOONLIT ROAD

By Ambrose Bierue

I.—STATEMENT OF JOHN HETMAN, JR.

I AM the most unfortunate of men. Rich, respected, fairly well educated, and of sound health—with many of the advantages usually valued by those having them and coveted by those who have them not—I sometimes think that I should be less unhappy if they had been denied me, for then the contrast between my outer and my inner life would not be continually claiming a painful attention. In the stress of privation and the need of effort I might sometimes forget the sombre secret ever baffling the conjecture that it compels.

I am the only child of my parents, John and Julia Hetman. The one was a well-to-do country gentleman, the other a beautiful and accomplished woman to whom he was passionately attached with what I now know to have been a jealous and exacting devotion. The family home was a few miles outside Nashville, Tennessee, a large, irregularly built dwelling of no particular order of architecture, a little way off the road, in a park of trees and shrubbery. At the time of which I write I was nineteen years old, a student at Yale.

One day I received a telegram from my father of such urgency that in compliance with its unexplained demand I left at once for home. At the railway station in Nashville a distant relative awaited me to apprise me of the reason for my recall; my mother had been barbarously murdered—why and by whom none could conjecture. My father had gone to Nashville, intending to return the next afternoon. Something prevented him accomplishing the business in hand, so he returned on the same night, arriving just before the dawn.

In his testimony before the coroner he explained that, having no latchkey and not caring to disturb the sleeping servants, he had, with no clearly defined intention, gone round to the rear of the house. As he turned an angle of the building, he heard a sound as of a door gently closed, and saw in the darkness indistinctly the figure of a man, which instantly disappeared among the trees of the lawn. A hasty pursuit and brief search of the grounds, in the belief that the trespasser was someone secretly visiting a servant, proving fruitless, he entered at the unlocked door and mounted the stairs to my mother's chamber. Its door was open, and he, stepping into black darkness, fell headlong over some heavy object on the floor. I may spare myself the details; it was my poor mother, dead of strangulation by human hands!

Nothing had been taken from the house, the servants had heard no sound, and excepting those terrible finger-marks upon the dead woman's throat—dear God! that I might forget them!—no trace of the assassin was ever found.

I gave up my studies and remained with my father, who, naturally, was greatly changed. Always of a silent, saturnine disposition, he now fell into so deep a dejection that nothing could hold his attention, yet anything—a football, the sudden closing of a door—aroused in him a fitful interest—one might have called it an apprehension. At any small surprise of the senses he would start visibly and sometimes turn pale, then relapse into a melancholy unpathy deeper than before. I suppose he was what is called a "nervous wreck." As for me, I was younger then than now—there is much in that. Youth is Gilead, in which is balm for every wound. Ah, that I might again dwell in that enchanted land! Unacquainted with grief, I knew not how to appraise my bereavement; I could not rightly

estimate the strength and terror of the stroke.

One night, a few months after the dreadful event, my father and I walked home from the city. The full moon was only about three hours above the horizon, but the entire countryside had the solemn stillness of a summer midnight; our footfalls and the ceaseless song of the katydids were the only sounds afoot. Black shadows of bordering trees lay athwart the road, which, in the short reaches between, gleamed a ghostly white. As we approached the gate to our dwelling, whose front was in shadow, and in which no light shone, my father suddenly stopped and clutched my arm, saying, hardly above his breath:

"God! God! what is that?"
"I hear nothing," I replied.
"But see—see!" he said, pointing along the road, directly ahead.

I said: "Nothing is there. Come, father, let us go in—you are ill."

He had released my arm, and was standing rigid and motionless in the centre of the illuminated roadway, staring like one bereft of sense. His face in the moonlight showed a pallor and fixity inexpressibly distressing. I pulled gently at his sleeve, but he had forgot, ten my existence. Presently he began to retire backward, step by step, never for an instant removing his eyes from what he saw, or thought he saw. I turned half round to follow, but stood irresolute. I do not recall any feeling of fear, unless a sudden chill was its physical manifestation. It seemed as if an icy wind had touched my face and enfolded my body from head to foot; I could feel the stir of it in my hair.

At that moment my attention was drawn to a light that suddenly streamed from an upper window of the house; one of the servants, awakened by what mysterious premonition of evil who can say, and in obedience to an impulse that she was never able to name, had lit a lamp. When I turned to look for my father he was gone, and in all the years that have passed no whisper of his fate has come across the borderland of conjecture from the realm of the unknown.

II.—STATEMENT OF CASPAR GRATTAN.

To-day I am said to live; to-morrow, here in this room, will lie a senseless shape of clay that all too long was I. And if anyone lift the cloth from the face of that unpleasant thing, it will be in gratification of a mere morbid curiosity. Some, doubtless, will go farther and inquire, "Who was he?" In this writing I supply the only answer that I am able to make—Casper Grattan. Surely, that should be enough; it has served my small need for more than twenty years of a life of unknown length. True, I gave it to myself, but lacking another I had the right. In this world one must have a name; it prevents confusion, even when it does not establish identity. Some, though, are known by numbers, which also seem inadequate distinctions.

One day I was passing along a street of a city, far from here, when I met two men similarly clad, one of whom, half pausing and looking curiously into my face, said to his companion, "That chap looks like 707." Something in the number seemed familiar and horrible. Moved by an uncontrollable impulse, I sprang into a side street and ran until I fell exhausted in a country lane.

I have never forgotten that number, and always it comes to memory attended by gibbering obscenity, peals of joyless laughter, the clang of iron doors. So I say a name, even if self-bestowed, is better than a number. In the register of the potter's field I shall soon have both. What wealth!

Of him who shall find this paper I must beg a little consideration. It is not the history of my life; the knowledge to write that is denied me. This is only a record of broken and apparently unrelated memories, some of them distinct and sequent, like brilliant beads upon a thread, others remote and strange, having the character of crimson dreams with interspaces blank and black—witch-fires glowing still and red in a great desolation.

Standing upon the shore of eternity, I turn for a last look landward over the course by which I came. There are twenty years of footprints fairly distinct, the impressions of bleeding feet. They lead through poverty and pain, devious and unsure, as of one staggering beneath a burden—

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

Ah, the poet's prophecy of Me—how admirable, how dreadfully admirable!

Backward beyond the beginning of this *via dolorosa*—this epic of suffering with episodes of sin—I see nothing clearly; it comes out of a cloud. I know that it spans only twenty years, yet I am an old man.

One does not remember one's birth—one has to be told. But with me it was different; life came to me full-handed and dowered me with all my faculties and powers. Of a previous existence I know no more than others, for all have staggering intimations that may be memories and may be dreams. I know only that my first consciousness was of maturity in body and mind—a consciousness accepted without surprise or conjecture. I merely found myself walking in a forest, half-clad, footsore, unutterably weary and hungry. Seeing a farmhouse, I approached and asked for food, which was given me by one who inquired my name. I did not know, yet knew that all had names. Greatly embarrassed, I retired and, night coming on, lay down in the forest and slept.

The next day I entered a large town which I shall not name. Nor shall I recount further incidents of the life that is now to end—a life of wandering, always and everywhere haunted by an overmastering sense of crime in punishment of wrong, and a terror in punishment of crime. Let me see if I can reduce it to narrative.

I seem once to have lived near a great city, a prosperous planter, married to a woman whom I loved and suspected. We had, it sometimes seems, one child, a youth of brilliant parts and promise. He is at all times a vague figure, never clearly drawn, frequently altogether out of the picture.

One luckless day it occurred to me to test my wife's fidelity in a vulgar, commonplace way familiar to everyone who has acquaintance with the literature of fact and fiction. I went to the city, telling my wife that I should be absent until the following afternoon. But I returned before daybreak and went to the rear of the house, purposing to enter by a door with which I had secretly so tampered that it would seem to lock, yet not actually fasten. As I approached it, I heard it gently open and close, and saw a man steal away into the darkness. With murder in my heart, I sprang after him, but he had vanished without even the bad luck of identification.

Crazed with jealousy and rage, blind and bestial with all the elemental passions of insulted manhood, I entered the house and sprang up the stairs to the door of my wife's chamber. It was closed, but having tampered with its lock also, I easily entered, and despite the black darkness soon stood by the side of her bed. My groping hands told

me that, although disarranged, it was unoccupied.

"She is below," I thought, "and terrified by my entrance has evaded me in the hall."

With the purpose of seeking her, I turned to leave the room, but took a wrong direction—the right one. My foot struck her, cowering in a corner of the room. Instantly my hands were at her throat stifling a shriek, my knees were upon her struggling body, and there in the darkness, without a word of accusation or reproach, I strangled her till she died!

There ends the dream. I have related it in the past tense, but the present would be the fitter form, for again and again the sombre tragedy reenacts itself in my consciousness—over and over I lay the plan, I suffer the confirmation, I redress the wrong. Then all is blank, and afterward the rains beat against the grimy window-panes, or the snows fall upon my scant attire, the wheels rattle in the squalid streets where my life lies in poverty and mean employment. If there is ever sunshine, I do not recall it; if there are birds, they do not sing.

There is another dream, another vision of the night. I stand among the shadows in a moonlit road. I am conscious of another presence, but whose I cannot rightly determine. In the shadow of a great dwelling I catch the gleam of white garments; then the figure of a woman confronts me in the road—my murdered wife! There is death in the face; there are marks upon the throat. The eyes are fixed on mine with an infinite gravity which is not reproach, nor hate, nor menace, nor anything less terrible than recognition. Before this awful apparition I retire in terror—a terror that is upon me as I write. I can no longer rightly shape the words. See? they—

Now I am calm but truly there was no more to tell; the incident ends where it began—in darkness and in doubt.

Yes I am again in control of myself, "the captain of my soul." But that is not respite; it is another stage and phase of expiation. My penance, constant in degree, is mutable in kind; one of its variants is tranquility. After all, it is only a life-sentence. "To hell for life"—that is a fool penalty; the culprit chooses the duration of his punishment. To-day my term expires.

To each and all, the peace that was not mine.

III.—STATEMENT OF THE LATE JULIA HETMAN THROUGH THE MEDIUM BAYROLLES.

I had retired early and fallen asleep immediately into a dreamless sleep, from which I woke with that vague, undefinable sense of peril which is, I think, a common experience in that other, earlier life. Of its unmeaning character, too, I was entirely persuaded, yet that did not banish it. My husband was away from home; the servants slept in another part of the house. But these were familiar conditions; they had never before distressed me. Nevertheless, the strange terror grew so insupportable that, conquering my reluctance to move, I sat up and lit the lamp at my bedside. Contrary to my expectation, this gave me no relief; the light seemed rather an added danger, for I reflected that it would shine out under the door, disclosing my presence to whatever evil thing might lurk outside. You that are still in the flesh, subject to horrors of the imagination, think what a monstrous fear that must be which seeks in darkness security from malevolent existences of the night. That is to spring to close quarters with an unseen enemy—the strategy of despair!

Extinguishing the lamp, I pulled the bedclothing about my head and lay trembling and silent, unable to shriek, forgetful to pray. In this pitiable state I must have lain for what you call hours—with us there are no hours, there is no time.

At last it came—a soft, irregular sound of footfalls on the stairs! They were slow, hesitant, uncertain, as of something that did not see its way; to my disordered reason all the more terrifying for that, as the approach of some blind and mindless malevolence to which is no appeal. I even thought that I must have left the hall lamp burning and the groping of this creature proved it a monster of the night. This was foolish and inconsistent with my previous dread of the light, but what would you have? Fear has no brains; it is an idiot. The dismal witness that it bears and the coward counsel that it whispers are unrelated. We know this well, we who have passed into the Realm of Terror, who skulk in eternal dusk among the scenes of our former lives, invisible even to ourselves and one another, yet hiding forlorn in lonely places; yearning for speech with our loved ones, yet dumb, and as fearful of them as they of us. Sometimes the disability is removed, the law suspended; by the deathless power of love or hate we break the spell—we are seen by those whom we would warn, console, or punish. What form we seem to them to bear we know not; we know only that we terrify even those whom we most wish to comfort and from whom we most crave tenderness and sympathy.

Forgive, I pray you, this inconsequent digression by what was once a woman. You who consult us in this imperfect way—you do not understand. You ask foolish questions about things unknown and things forbidden. Much that we know and could impart in our speech is meaningless in yours. We must communicate with you through a stammering intelligence in that small fraction of our language that you yourself can speak. You think that we are of another world. No, we have knowledge of no world but yours, though for us it holds no sunlight, no warmth, no music, no laughter, no song of birds, nor any companionship. O God! what a thing it is to be a ghost, cowering and shivering in an altered world, a prey to apprehension and despair!

No, I did not die of fright: the Thing turned and went away. I heard it go down the stairs, hurriedly, I thought, as if itself in sudden fear. Then I rose to call for help. Hardly had my shaking hand found the door-knob when—merciful heaven!—I heard it returning. Its footfalls as it remounted the stairs were rapid, heavy, and loud; they shook the house. I fled to an angle of the wall and crouched upon the floor. I tried to pray. I tried to call the name of my dear husband. Then I heard the door thrown open. There was an interval of unconsciousness, and when I revived I felt a strangling clutch upon my throat—felt my arms feebly beating against something that bore me backward—felt my tongue thrusting itself from between my teeth! And then I passed into this life.

No, I have no knowledge of what it was. The sum of what we knew at death is the measure of what we know afterward of all that went before. Of this existence we know many things, but no new light falls upon any page of that; in memory is written all of it that we can read. Here are no heights of truth overlooking the confused landscape of that dubitable domain. We still dwell in the Valley of the Shadow, lurk in its desolate places, peering from brambles and thickets at its mad, malign inhabitants. How should we have new knowledge of that fading past?

What I am about to relate happened on a night. We know when it is night, for then you retire to your houses and we can venture from our places of concealment to move unafraid about our old homes, to look in at the windows, even to enter and gaze upon your faces as you sleep. For weeks I had lingered near the dwelling where I had been so cruelly changed to what I am, as we do while any that we love or hate remain. Vainly I had sought some method of manifestation, some way to make my continued existence and my great love and poignant pity understood by my husband and son. Always if they slept they would wake, or if in my desperation I dared approach them when they were awake, would turn toward me the terrible eyes of the living, frightening me by the glances that I sought from the purpose that I held.

On this night I had searched for them without success, and fearing to find them; they were nowhere in the house, nor about the moonlit lawn. For, although the sun is lost to us forever, the moon, full-orbed or slender, remains to us. Sometimes it shines by night, sometimes by day, but always it rises and sets, as in that other life. I left the lawn and moved in the white light and silence along the road, aimless and sorrowing. Suddenly I heard the voice of my poor husband in exclamations of astonishment, with that of my son in reassurance and dissuasion; and there in the shadow of a group of trees they stood—near, so near! Their faces were toward me, the eyes of the elder man fixed upon mine. He saw me—at last, at last, he saw me! In the consciousness of that, my terror fled as a cruel dream. The death-spell was broken: Love had conquered Law. Mad with exultation I shouted—I must have shouted, "He sees, he sees: he will understand!" Then, controlling myself, I moved forward, smiling and consciously beautiful, to offer myself to his arms, to comfort him with endearments, and, with my son's hand in mine, to speak words that should restore the broken bonds between the living and the dead. Alas! alas! his face went white with

fear, his eyes were as those of a hunted animal. He backed away from me, as I advanced, and at last turned and fled into the wood—whither, it is not given to me to know. To my poor boy, left doubly desolate, I have never been able to impart a sense of my presence. Soon he, too, must pass to the invisible and be lost to me forever.

Nursery Hints for Young Mothers.

When dressing baby do not draw the clothes on over the little one's head. Run your hand through the garment, catch the little one by the feet, slightly elevate the body, and slip the clothing on up from the feet.

A good, refreshing sleep cannot be obtained unless the child is so placed that it can get quiet, comfortable repose, the body being in a proper attitude for sleep. When a child is fatigued it will sleep in almost any position, but to be really benefited by its sleep a child should be laid in its own bed and covered over.

A child's hair should be washed thoroughly once a month. Too frequent washing makes the hair dry and harsh. To keep it clean, brush it twice a day, for five minutes, separating the strands where the hair is thick and long so that the brush can reach the scalp. Keep the brushes clean by rubbing them with a cloth after use.

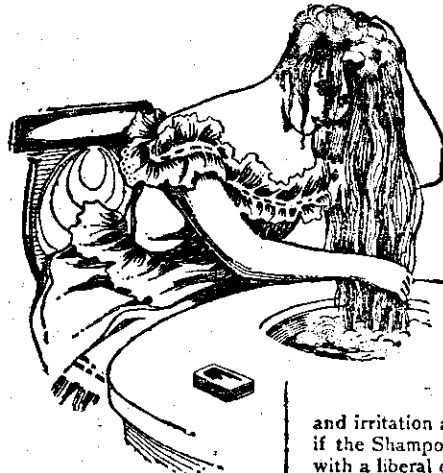
In infancy and childhood milk should form the greater part of the dietary. Far too much meat is given to children, and their digestive organs during the first few years of life are often ruined or considerably weakened by the practice. Should the milk have a tendency to curdle in the stomach, the addition of lime-water or soda-water will often counteract it.

Always clean a young child's teeth both night and morning. A toothbrush need not be used, as the little gums are so very tender. All that is necessary is to have a piece of soft linen dipped into warm water. If the first teeth are taken care of and not allowed to decay, the second set will, as a rule, be good.

The manager: "Have you any objections to appearing in tights?"
The applicant (blushing): "Yes, two."

Zam-Buk Shampoos.

A Luxury for the Masses.



There is nothing more delightful and more curative, and no cheaper luxury than Shampoos with ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP.

These Shampoos have a double benefit. In the first place, they are wonderfully refreshing and invigorating; they impart glossy brilliance to the hair and make the scalp wholesome and sweet.

Then through the agency of the pure healing essences that are released in the rich creamy lather of Zam-Buk Soap a still greater boon is conferred on those who suffer from any unpleasant scalp trouble.

Dandruff and any form of ulceration, swelling and irritation are quickly arrested, and can be permanently cured if the Shampoos are frequent and supplemented now and again with a liberal dressing with the famous Zam-Buk Balm itself.

In fact, these Zam-Buk Shampoos may be recommended as a sure and pleasant remedy for any class of scalp troubles.

Three a week for male adults, or one a week for female adults, is about the right frequency for Zam-Buk Shampoos, but in summer, when the perspiration is great, Shampoos may be indulged in daily with great benefit.

In the treatment of scalp-disease, the Soap Shampoos and Zam-Buk dressings must be as frequent as the circumstances demand.

For infants and growing children these Zam-Buk Shampoos are most healthful. The bane of the mother's life, ringworm in the scalp, is most effectually treated in this way.

The success of Zam-Buk for children's scalp troubles has been phenomenal. The addition of Zam-Buk Soap, which contains similar medicinal essences which have already made the original balm famous the wide world over, will greatly assist and hasten a cure.

Ladies will find in Zam-Buk Soap an ideal preventive and remedy for scurf in the hair.

By regular Zam-Buk Shampoos the scalp is sweetened and the hair made glossy like silk.

This simple treatment is to be preferred on sanitary and scientific grounds to the "washes" commonly employed, because these washes will do no more good than pure spirit and water, and even that is often useless.

The Secret of Beauty.

Zam-Buk Soap is incomparable for its power to rid the skin of the evil consequences of the indiscreet use of cosmetics. To the skin that is "caked," hard, and prone to crack as the result of ordinary toilet soaps, there is soon imparted a softness and flexibility that is the sign of new life and vitality having been put into the tissue. That is just what Zam-Buk Soap does. It revives, refreshes, and re-invigorates the functions of the skin.

Ordinary medicinal soaps only benefit so long as the lather is on the skin. Zam-Buk Soap is continuous in effect, and combats disease at every turn.

In Zam-Buk Soap lies not only the secret of healthy skin, but the secret of beauty itself.

To the busy housewife, with her hands disfigured by the weekly washing, or with the plying of needle and cotton, to the daughter jealous for the rosebuds of health on her cheeks, and to the baby whose tender skin so often gets raw, chafed, and inflamed, Zam-Buk Soap comes as a boon and a blessing.

A tablet should be on every washstand.

For Eczema, pimples, black-heads, chaps, chitblains, itch, ulcers, bad legs, piles, prickly heat, rashes, ringworms, scap diseases, sweaty feet, milk crust, scald head, childish ailments, sunburn, freckles, stings from insects, Zam-Buk Soap can be employed with admirable results. Being non-poisonous, it may be recommended by doctors and nurses to second their treatment of obstinate skin disease.

Zam-Buk Soap can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia by the single Tablet, or a dainty box containing three Tablets.

We will send a FREE SAMPLE TEST TABLET of ZAM-BUK SOAP. Cut out this Coupon and post, together with 1d. stamp (for return postage) to the Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., 58 Pitt St., Sydney, with your name and address written plainly, and a dainty Sample Tablet will be sent by return mail.

"N.Z. Graphic," March 2, 1907.



The Will to Be Well

THE medical world has for some years past been paying special attention to what is known as psycho-therapeutics, or the treatment of disorders of health by means of mental impressions suggested to the patient (hypnotism, faith-healing, Christian science, &c.) or voluntarily induced by the patient (auto-suggestion).

This latter portion of the subject has recently obtained considerable popularity among the lay public, as evidenced by magazine and newspaper articles, and even by the publication of a novel which is said to have aroused great interest in our highest circles of society. In the "Contemporary Review" for January 1906, an excellent paper by M. Jean Finot, entitled "The Will as a Means of Prolonging Life," draws fresh attention to one branch of the subject.

It is of the greatest importance that this power of the will, or voluntary auto-suggestion, to subdue diseased sensations and conditions should be advocated by our medical men, and should be practised by us all. The object of this brief paper is not to find any fault with the popular interest and discussion of the subject; on the contrary, it aims at encouraging such interest. However, it has been asserted or implied that this power of the will is of recent recognition, or at least of recent employment; and my more immediate purpose is to show that this is far from being the case.

It has often been remarked that discoveries which have proved of considerable importance at some period of history have been mysteriously neglected and forgotten; until, in course of time, they have been again announced, advertised, and cackled over as something new and strange. Many of our most valuable mechanical and physical devices were apparently known to and used by races of mankind thousands of years ago; their use has been neglected and forgotten by intervening dark ages, and when some comparatively modern investigator reannounces the discovery we become enthusiastic. With regard to many of nature's laws we confer on them patriotically the name of some countryman of our own, and contest hotly the claim of some foreigner; ignorant that the infant whose birth we have announced, and about whose paternity we are quarrelling, is of hoary antiquity; and that the name of this human father is lost in the mists of time. This reflection, so well recognised in the physical world, applies equally to the domain of psychology. Views, doctrines, and theories have their day and are forgotten; but when they again come into vogue, as they will if there be any truth in them, there is some slight literary interest to be obtained by looking up their previous history as recorded in the literature of the time.

Upon noticing the present interest in the employment of the will or of voluntary conduct, to materially influence the life and health of each individual, and so to induce happiness and good health in those exercising it, where otherwise misery and disease would be present, I was forcibly reminded of a pamphlet I read over thirty years ago when a student at the University of Bonn. This essay made a strong impression on me at the time, and I endeavoured to make practical use thereof during the years when I was in medical practice, having found its suggestion of value in the conduct of my own life.

A few extracts from the pamphlet may show how parallel are the views there published with those expressed to-day; while the very titles and applications are identical with those of modern essays on the subject.

The pamphlet is entitled, "I. Kant on the Power of the Mind by Simple Determination to Conquer Diseased Sensations"; and on the cover is printed a testimonial from a Prussian Minister of State, stating that but for Kant's essay

he would have died long ago. Inside the cover of this pamphlet is the advertisement of a book by a Dr. Hartmann, formerly Professor of Medicine at the University of Vienna, entitled, "The Art of Enjoying Life, and thereby Securing and Retaining Health, Beauty, and Strength of Body and Mind." The pamphlet is in the form of a letter to the celebrated medical editor Hufeland, and was due to Kant's study of a book by Hufeland, the title of which closely resembles that of M. Finot's recent essay in the "Contemporary Review," being "The Art of Prolonging Human Life. Hufeland writes an introduction and numerous notes to the essay, so that it may be almost considered the joint production of Kant and Hufeland. In the introduction Hufeland mentions that the essay was the last production of the philosopher's pen, and was written in 1797, when he was seventy-three years of age. Hufeland then adds:

"The life of the body must be subordinate to and governed by each of us if we would lead a true existence; the mental condition must not be subject to the humours, whims, and suggestions of the body. How often are the most obstinate diseases cured by nothing else than joy, enthusiasm, or mental excitement! I do not assert too much when I declare that the great majority of our chronic nervous diseases and so-called spasmodic affections are due to an indolent and passive condition of the mind, the result of a degenerate surrender to bodily sensations and influences.

"Every one knows the power of imagination. No one doubts that there are imaginary diseases, and that multitudes of beings have no other disease than that they imagine themselves diseased. Is it not, then, as possible, and ever so much better, to imagine oneself healthy? And may we not in this way increase and preserve health, just as by the contrary plan we can increase or produce disease?"

Most people may have noticed that paying attention to sensations and impressions increases the effect these have on the body; witness the coughing in church at a pause in the sermon. The morbid effects of colds and other agents upon the system are certainly less when the corresponding sensations are not excited or not attended to. It undoubtedly requires a firm and reasonable man—when plagued with sensations for which no cause can be found, or where, if a cause be present, nothing can be gained by thinking about it—to voluntarily banish it from his mind and proceed about his duties unembarrassed thereby, although this is the best way to cure, or render as harmless as possible, the trouble he has or imagines. Kant mentions that he himself almost got to desire death in the condition to which he was brought by thinking about his narrow and flat chest which scarcely allowed room for the functions of his heart and lungs; but, on considering that this feeling of oppression in the chest was only mechanical and could not be altered, he soon got to disregard it; and, while there might be palpitation and panting in the chest, all was calm and cheerful in the head; and this philosopher lived to a ripe old age. Kant writes: "Even in real disease we must separate the disease from the feeling of sickness. The latter generally much exceeds the former; indeed one would not notice the disease itself, which often consists of a locally deranged function of an unimportant region, were it not for the general unpleasant sensations and pains rendering us miserable." These sensations, however—this action of the disease on the system—are often for the most part under our control. A weak, enervated spirit, with its increased sensitiveness, becomes completely prostrated; a stronger, more resolute one, resists and subdues these sensations.

Every one allows that it is possible to entirely forget one's bodily troubles when anything occurs of a startling or

pleasant nature, anything which conducts the mind from itself. Why, then, cannot one's own mental power bring the same result about by its own determined effort? Kant mentions cases in which he and others have done so, to which Hufeland adds: "It is incredible what a man can effect by the power of a determined will, even in his physical conditions, and similarly by hard necessity, which is often the cause of the exercise of this determined will. Most striking is the power of the mind over infections and epidemic diseases. It is a well-established experience that those are the least liable to be infected who have good humour and do not fear or grieve over the disorder. But I am myself an example that an infection which has actually taken effect may be removed by cheerful mental excitement." And so on.

I quote these extracts merely as samples; the whole essay is well worth study. No doubt the views preached and practised by our authors have groped up in literature at various times since history began; the Stoics taught and practised similar precepts, and Asiatic races for ages have done the same. The recognition of the power of the will and of imagination over definite physical and physiological conditions in the animal body is as old as religion, as old as quackery.

The power of the will in influencing bodily conditions depends on the determined direction of the attention to or from the sensations or ideas presented to the mind; and, as Dr. Carpenter says, this capacity "depends, first, upon our conviction that we really have such a determining power; and, secondly upon our habitual use of it." It has been proved that this attention, however induced, changes the local action of the part; so that, if habitually or repeatedly exercised, it may produce important modifications in its nutrition, probably through the so-called trophic nerves and through the vaso-motor system of nerves which control the capillary circulation of the region concerned. In this way it often happens that a real malady supervenes upon the fancied ailments of those in whom the mind dwells upon its own sensations; while, on the other hand, the strong expectation of benefit will often cure diseases that involve serious organic change. Doubtless, most of us remember where our reading or hearing of some case of illness has caused us to recognise symptoms of severe diseases in ourselves, and where disregard to these sensations, either voluntarily or as result of a medical verdict, has removed all evidences of disorder.

Among the bodily changes more obviously directly resulting from mental influence, especially sudden emotions, may be mentioned fainting, vomiting, change of the colour of the hair, and of the nutrition of other parts. St. Vitus's dance, indigestion, important changes in the secretions and excretions, brain disease, and death itself. On two occasions the writer has seen well-marked jaundice follow in two or three days after the individuals had been plucked at examinations, no other cause than the dependency produced being evident.

Undoubtedly many of the good effects attributed to magnetism, belts, pads, and the nostrums of the day are due to their mental influence; and much of the doctor's cures are due to the same "expectation" of benefit from the drugs and rules of diet and conduct he recommends, the physician's personality and individual fact, the "bedside manner" which has been ridiculed, is often of more importance to the patient than all the drugs in his pharmacopoeia. The marvellous therapeutic effect of many a placebo astonishes the physician and should cause him thought. One of the worst signs in many diseases is dependency or fear or the lack of a desire to recover; while we are often surprised at the tenacity of life evidenced by the hopeful and by those who have determined not to die. The desirable mental state may be induced or aided by the physician and by others about the patient, and is largely under the patient's own voluntary control.

There may be danger of exaggerating the capacities of this voluntary direction of the will towards the benefit of the economy, and such exaggeration can only cause disappointment. The power differs greatly in different people, and develops marvellously by practice. It is not sufficient to cry "peace, peace, when

there is no peace"; and Shakespeare tells us

There never was yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently;

but in the large class of functional disorders of the nervous system, including the fashionable nervous breakdown and neurasthenia, the first thing is to remove the causes where possible, and improve the habits where necessary, and the next thing is to strengthen the determination to be well. Sleep is largely under the control of the will, and so is pain, as are the various sensations known as symptoms. One method by which the will can act is by switching the attention off from such symptoms by interesting studies or light literature, by music, theatres, cheer, fun company, and travel, and especially by congenial employment, physical and mental. Ennui, worry, lack of interest and employment are more common causes of nervous breakdown than the unjustly maligned overwork. How rapidly the man ages, and how easily he dies, who has retired from business and not secured employment!

To imitate the child and play at "let's pretend" is an excellent game. Smile and you will soon feel cheerful, frown and you soon will fret; say and think, "I am well and happy," say it firmly and often, and you will excel Mark Tapley as an optimist. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Let us recognise the undoubted benefits derived from the mental influence of relics, shrines, faith-healing, Christian science, quacks, and nostrums, and similar stimuli in all ages, and let us determine to have a "bit on our own." Recognising the power of voluntary conduct to materially influence happiness and good health, let us determine to be happy and well.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill;
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor.

—From "Chambers' Journal."



Losing your hair? Do you bring out a combful each morning? Has it lost its natural brightness? Is it beginning to look faded and dead? Do you like this condition of things? Certainly not. Then stop this falling of the hair at once. Stop it before your hair is thin, short, and lifeless. Buy a bottle of

Ayer's Hair Vigor

and make your hair beautiful, glossy, silky, abundant.

If your hair is gray, and you don't care to look at thirty as if you were sixty, then you should use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It always restores color to gray hair, all the deep, rich, beautiful color it had when you were young.

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.

Clean White Teeth

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

CALVERT'S Carbolic Tooth Powder.

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

Sold by local Chemists and Storekeepers.

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

When buying
Lime Juice
Buy the Best.

The best Lime Juice Cordial is
Montserrat

made from cultivated limes.
"MONTSEERRAT" is always
fresh and pleasant to the
taste, and mixed with water,
soda water, or other aerated
waters, it makes a cooling, re-
freshing, and healthful drink.
"MONTSEERRAT" is sold by all Stores, etc.



Children's Page

**"Troubled for 8 years
Now entirely cured."**

THOS. ROSKILLEY, Avon St.,
Oamaru, New Zealand, writes:—

I have been troubled with Itching Piles for about eight years; they have troubled me during the day, but mostly at night. The irritation at night is particularly bad, and disturbs my rest. I have tried ointments of different kinds during the past eight years, but until securing **Peters' Pile Cure**, nothing gave me permanent relief. From the first application of your Remedy I felt much better, as the itching entirely stopped, and after a few applications felt that I was entirely free from my old enemy. **Peters' Pile Cure** is a valuable Remedy, and I can faithfully recommend it to all sufferers.

It cannot become too generally known that
PETERS' Pile Cure.

(EASY TO APPLY)
Quickly and Permanently Cures
**BLIND, ITCHING, BLEEDING
OR PROTRUDING PILES,**
and is obtainable from
ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS.
PRICE, 1/6.

Large Box (Five times the quantity) 5/-
or will be sent Post Free on receipt of price by
F. A. PETERS, Sole Proprietor,
19 LORNE ST., AUCKLAND.
Write for Booklet, FREE.
The Name **PETERS**, Don't Forget it.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS

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

In precisely the same way
**DR. SHELDON'S
DIGESTIVE TABLETS**

revive the weak stomach by sup-
plying those natural digestive
elements which every weak stom-
ach lacks. They will positively
cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia and
all stomach troubles.

Price, 2/6. Guaranteed.

**DAWSON'S Perfection
SCOTCH WHISKY**

SOLE AGENTS:
HIPKINS & COUTTS, AUCKLAND

COUSINS' BADGES.

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

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I thank you very much for the nice badge you sent me; I liked it very much. We went to the circus last Saturday afternoon, and it was very nice. Do you collect post-cards?—I do, and I have got 225. My mother is spending a short holiday in Taupo, and she likes it very much. She sent me some very pretty post-cards, they were views of Taupo. I have a very pretty pussy cat; his name is Winkie. I have a little garden. I enjoyed my holiday up at Pohui very much, and I hope you enjoyed your holiday. It is raining very hard just now. I have a nice little library of 32 books, and I like reading very much; do you? The lady in next door has a dear little baby boy. Well, there is no more news, so I must say good-bye. From **MARJORIE.**

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—I am very pleased to hear that you liked your badge so much, and it was good of you to write so soon to thank me for it. No, I don't collect postcards for myself, but I have several little nieces who have very good collections, so I keep all mine for them. How long did you stay at Pohui? I only enjoyed my holidays fairly well, because we had such bad weather most of the time, but still it was nice to be away from dust, hot Auckland for a little while. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We have just come back from Christchurch, but I shall not give you my account of the Exhibition, as the Christchurch cousins are sending such interesting ones of it. I did not enjoy myself very much. I was not very well all the time we were away; I was horribly sick on both trips, and I hated Christchurch. It is so flat and dusty and hot, and one cannot get up anywhere, except on a church tower or something like that. I enjoyed seeing the Exhibition, and especially the gallery. Mary liked Wonderland very much, but I do not like chutes and things of that sort, and I would not ride on a camel for anything. I am sorry Alison has decided to leave off writing. She was one of the most interesting writers to the page, but I think Cousin Winnie is a little rash in declaring a favourite for "the majority of the cousins." I expect we all have different favourites, and I expect Cousin Winnie herself would have some of the votes. I always look most eagerly for Cousin Hero's letters; she is my favourite, a long way. I wonder what has become of Cousin Essie. It is a long time since she wrote, isn't it? I hope she has not grown up too, like Cousin Alison. Isn't it a nuisance having to grow up! At any rate, Cousin Hero will not be growing up for a good while yet, as she has just turned

fifteen. So I am still in hopes of my Scottish lake letter and others as well. I got "Phroso" and "Irish Idylls" and enjoyed them very much, though the Idylls are very miserable, and yet funny too. I laughed and cried over them. I lately read an American story by George Madden Martin—the story of "Emmy Lou," such a delightful little girl. Did you have a good holiday? Yours sincerely, Cousin **CONSTANCE.**

[Dear Cousin Constance,—I am so very sorry you did not enjoy your visit to Christchurch. I thought you were going to have a perfectly lovely time and enjoy every minute of it; in fact, I was inclined to be a wee bit envious of your holiday trip. Of course one cannot really enjoy anything if one is feeling seedy all the time. I expect being so sea-sick made you feel miserable, didn't it? I can sympathise with you, for it is weeks before I really feel myself again after a sea-trip. What a queer child you are not to like chutes and things. Old as I am, I thoroughly enjoy them, and I'm looking forward to shooting the chute, riding the camel, etc., when "Wonderland" opens here, as it is going to do shortly. I certainly hope Hero won't grow up too soon, for I want to hear ever so much more from her about her travellings to and fro, and perhaps we shall be able to persuade her to write to us even after she is grown up if we ask her very nicely, and if she has not forgotten us in the meantime.—Cousin **KATE.]**

Dear Cousin Kate,—
My name is Cousin Cousin Kate. And these few lines must meet their fate. Sent by the mail to your address. Remaining for you to burn or bless.

I wish I could your cousin be, Cousin Kate, and cousin me Cousin Cousin, I should say. It's confusing in a way.

Letters coming in in dozens, All from Cousin Cousin's cousins! How glad dear Cousin Kate must be To get them all so constantly!

Well, I think poor Cousin Kate Better send this to its fate; Better burn this wee refrain Lest it settles on her brain.

Your affectionate **WILLIE COUSIN.**

Dear Cousin Cousin.—I can assure you that I, in conjunction with all the other "dozens of cousins," will gladly welcome you as a member of our band, and we shall all hope to hear from you as often as you can find time to write, though I am afraid, if your letters are all in the style of your first effusion, we shall get slightly confused, and you, I fear, will find it a severe tax upon your mental powers. You must please excuse the brevity of my answer to writing to do than I can find time for. I will endeavour to write more next time.—Cousin **KATE.**

Small Bobby was taking dinner at the home of a neighbour.
"Well, Bobby," said the hostess, as the little fellow laid down his knife and fork, "have you had all you want?"
"I've had all I can eat," answered Bobby.

Oddities of Genius.

Eccentricity seems always attendant upon genius. Racine, the French writer, composed his work while walking rapidly about, shouting out the lines in a loud voice. One day while he was thus composing part of his play of "Mithridates" in the Tuileries gardens in Paris, he was surrounded by a group of workmen, who took him to be a maniac. On his return home from these walks he would write down scene after scene in prose, and, when they were finished he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the transposition of the lines into verse only a trivial thing.

Magliabechi, on the contrary, rarely left his room. He lived amid an array of books, and wrote his works at a table upon which were littered great piles of papers and long-forgotten volumes, which he took a special pride in collecting.

Luther would take his seat at his desk and write for days without leaving his chair. On these occasions he had his food brought to him, but often forgot to eat it. When his brain became fatigued, he would take up his guitar, and the soft chords of the music acted as a never failing refreshment. He was passionately fond of music, and did not hesitate to say that after the cloggy music was the first of arts.

Calvin, like Mark Twain, did a great part of his studying and writing in bed. Every morning at five o'clock sharp he had his servant bring his work for the day, which was always carefully mapped out to him, and then for hours he would toil steadily. If he was obliged to go out upon some errand, he would come back, and, undressing again, take to his bed before continuing his labours.

Byron did his best work in the dead of night, as did Poe. Rousseau wrote early in the morning, and Le Sage at mid-day. Villehardouin rose before daybreak and wrote till late at night, and Demosthenes passed three months in a lonely cavern by the sea, studying and trying to overcome the defects in his voice.

The favourite writing place of La Fontaine was under the shade of a tree. Amid such pastoral surroundings he composed most of his fables. The idea of universal freedom of person and trade was first evolved by De Quincy in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour, and Pope could never compose well without first declaiming at the top of his voice to rouse his nervous system to the proper pitch.

HOW TO WASH SILK BLOUSES.

Make a strong lather of **SAPON** and warm water; put the article through, giving a good pressing with the hands, but avoid rubbing unless very marked; wring out and put through another lather in the same way; and, lastly, through clean, warm water, to which a tablespoonful of paraffin oil has been added; fold in clean towels, and pass through wringer; let lie one to two hours, and wash with wet, keeping plenty of hot iron, so that no water is needed.
For particulars of Sapon Weekly Glycerine Competition see elsewhere. If your grocer does not stock SAPON, send us his name and address. **RABON, Limited, P.O. Box 635, Wellington.**

YOUNG NICKER.

A STORYETTE.

By MOLLIE KENNEDY.

The earth was rejoicing in that curious half-light that precedes the dawn, and the long, white road went straggling up like a ribbon towards the hills. The birds began their faint twitterings, and the scent of the may trees was wafted up to me as I leant from my bedroom window.

Sleep refused to come, and I waited for the dawn to break from behind the bank of dull grey clouds that lined the horizon, when suddenly I heard footsteps on the gravel below.

"Burglars!" I said to myself, forgetting that such gentlemen do not, as a rule, pursue their nefarious calling just at daybreak. At any rate, the steps were not those of Robert, the village policeman. They were too light.

But I could see nothing, although I leant out so far as to endanger my balance, and after waiting well nigh five minutes, seeing and hearing nothing, I decided I had been mistaken.

I had scarcely told myself this when I distinctly heard the noise once more. This time I was not mistaken. They were footsteps, and I again peered out.

It was lighter now; so light that I could distinctly see each flower and bush in the garden below, and so amazed was I that I could scarcely repress a scream.

For there, amongst my rows of sweet-peas, a little figure was industriously digging. It was a child.

Hastily donning a dressing-gown and some felt slippers, I hurried downstairs, and as silently as I could alighted the bolt of the hall door and went into the garden.

I was just in time. Complacently regarding her handiwork, a very small, very dirty, very sharp-faced child stood between the rows of peasticks, a garden spade in her hand.

She started as a twig cracked, and I stood beside her.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" I asked, severely.

She looked up, unabashed. "I haven't nicked nothing, I haven't," she said. "Strike me dead if I have!"

"What are you doing here?" I repeated. "Who are you, and where do you come from?"

She rubbed her shoes uneasily against the spade, and I saw her little brown feet were peeping through the leather. That decided me. Besides, too, though early summer, the morning was chilly and her face was pinched and forlorn looking.

"Come indoors with me," I said. And with one swift, upward glance she followed as I led the way to the kitchen. Here, after a brief survey of the larder shelves, I produced the remains of a pasty and a glass of milk.

"Here," I said, "you look as if you are hungry."

She nodded. "Ain't had nothink to eat since he were took," she remarked vaguely, taking a huge bite for the pasty, and, smacking her lips as she proceeded. "That's good!" she said, with innocent emphasis, as the last crumb disappeared. "Beats old Mother Pike's porks pies into a cocked hat, that does!"

I did not stay to seek the connection between a pasty and a hat rakishly placed, nor did I inquire who Mother Pike was, but, looking in the child's face, I asked:

"What's your name?"

"Young Nicker," she returned, in matter-of-fact tones.

"Is that your real name?" I demanded.

"Dunno," she answered. "They all calls me that. Bill Butt, him as ha' jest got six months, he allus says 'Young Nicker' he do!"

"Where is your father?" was my next question.

"Doin' time," was the laconic response. Then, after a quick glance round, the child continued: "Ere, missus, hadn't I best be goin'? If your old man comes knocking round things'll be lively fur me, I reckon."

I bridled.

"There is no old man," I said, in as haughty a manner as I could assume. A flannel dressing-gown and hair en deshabille does not add to one's sense of dignity.

This was evident, even to Young Nicker.

"You looks like African-Bodie afore her dresses up," she announced, calmly, "only her 'air ain't as yaller as yours."

"Look here," I said, sternly. "If you don't tell me what you were doing in my garden just now I shall call a policeman and hand you to him."

She grinned. "He've gorn to bed," she affirmed. "I seed him go an hour ago."

Probably she was right. Our village Robert is no fond of too many peregrinations.

"Nevertheless," I said, "if you don't tell me, I shall find a way to punish you."

"Sure you won't tell then?" she asked, quickly.

And I agreed not to reveal the secret whatever it might be.

"I was buryin' the swag," she declared, simply.

"The what?" I asked, scarcely believing my ears.

Young Nicker looked sharply at me. "The swag," she repeated. "I allus has to hide it fur 'em, an' I've bin a-watchin' this 'ere place fur ever so long. Think I, when the job do come off, that'll be a fine place between them there flowers. Nobody 'd ever think to look fur it there."

"I sincerely hope not," I affirmed, grimly. "What ever should I do if stolen property was found in my garden?"

She grinned from ear to ear. "Blessed if you ain't green!" she ejaculated. "Well, I'll be blowed! What d'ye take me fur?"

I apologised mentally and stared at the quaint little figure before me. What did she mean?

"I 'pects I'll ha' to show you," she said, slowly, after a minute or two's pause. "Only you'll ha' to giv' your solemn promise you won't tell."

"Very well," I returned.

And we again entered the garden. A pert blackbird, delving for worms stared

at us in astonishment, and Young Nicker picked up a stone.

"See me hit that there bird!" she said. But I raised her arm.

"How dare you, you wicked girl!" I cried. "That would be murder."

She stared up at me curiously. "Laws, missus," she cried, "you be a funny 'un!"

We had reached the sweet-peas now, and her face grew very earnest.

"I has to be a bit careful," she said. "If I didn't the others 'ud collar it."

Little by little she raked away the loose earth until a small wooden box stood revealed.

"There 'tis," she said, briefly. And visions crossed my mind of silver spoons, even jewels. Then she opened the lid.

"What did I see?"

There was only a dirty clay pipe, a humble briar, and a half-finished packet of tobacco, unmistakably labelled "Shag."

"That's farver's," said Young Nicker, touching it lovingly. "He'll be awful glad of it when he comes out!"

(The End.)

After the great fire in San Francisco, hundreds of tons of lead and zinc and other metals were found fused into a solid mass, four or five feet thick, covering the entire foundation of the ruins of an old shot-tower. This represents a large money-value; but owing to its enormous size and weight it is quite impossible to make use of the metal by any ordinary means. It has been decided, therefore, to cut the metal up into blocks weighing about one ton each, and this work is now being accomplished by means of an electric arc. All the men who are engaged in cutting or melting the channels through the mass of metal have their faces covered with canvas to protect them from the blinding glare of light. It is believed that the work will occupy the whole of the winter, for it is estimated that over two hundred tons of lead, zinc, and tin still remain to be recovered.

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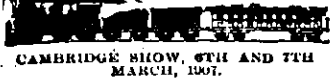
Great Summer Clearance

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NOW PROCEEDING.

Every Article Reduced to
Bona Fide Clearing Prices.

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CAMBRIDGE SHOW, 6TH AND 7TH MARCH, 1907.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from any station to Cambridge on 6th, 6th, and 7th March, available for return on **THURSDAY, 14th March, 1907.**

THURSDAY, 7TH MARCH, 1907.
A special train will leave Auckland at 6.45 a.m., Newmarket 6.56, arriving Cambridge 12.25 p.m., returning leaving Cambridge for Te Kuiti at 4.40 p.m., arriving Auckland 10.10 p.m.

A train will leave Te Kuiti at 6.30 a.m., Te Awamutu 8.30 a.m., arriving Cambridge 11 a.m., returning leaving Cambridge for Te Kuiti at 8.20 p.m.

The 12.10 p.m. train Cambridge to Hunua will not run.

A special train will leave Putaruru at 8.45 a.m., Cambridge arrive 12.25, and Frankton 12.32 p.m.

Return special will leave Cambridge at 4.40 p.m., arriving Putaruru 8.30 p.m.

A special train will leave Thames at 6.55 a.m., Teora 8.15, Te Aroha 9.05, arriving Cambridge 12.25 p.m. The train leaving Waikato for Paeroa at 7 a.m. will connect with this train.

A special train will leave Cambridge for Thames and Waikato at 5.5 p.m.

The usual 2.30 p.m. train Frankton to Te Awamutu, and the usual afternoon goods trains between Frankton and Paeroa will not run.

For further particulars see posters.
BY ORDER.



NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.
SUPPLY AND DELIVERY OF SLEEPERS

Railway Department, Head Office, Wellington, 14th Feb., 1907.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received up to Noon of **MONDAY, 25th March, 1907**, for the Supply and Delivery of Sleepers, in lots of 50 or more, at any station or siding on the Auckland and Kahu Sections, in accordance with notices posted up at Railway Stations.

Offers to be addressed to the Railway Storekeeper, Newmarket, Auckland, and to be marked outside "Offer for Sleepers."

By order,
T. RONAYNE,
General Manager.



District Lands Office,
Auckland, 21st February, 1907.

IT is hereby notified that Sections 54, 79, 80, and 81, Parish Wainangama, Waikato County, will be auctioned for sale by Public Auction at this Office on **FRIDAY, 15th March, 1907, at 11 a.m.** The lands are situated about 7 miles from Waikato Railway Station, by good metalled road. Full particulars on poster and at all Post Offices, and copies obtainable on application to this Office.

JAMES MACKENZIE,
Commissioner Crown Lands.

GOITRE — Positive Cure, G/O. **SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**, Permanent Remedy. Preferred to **ELECTROLYSIS**, 4/6 forwarded to any address. — **MRS. HEMSLEY BURNETT**, Hair Specialist, Rank N.S.W. Buildings, INVERCARGILL.

The blood of prince and peasant, so it is said, mingles every hundred years. A striking instance is the case of young Queen Victoria of Spain.

She is the first cousin to the Emperor of Russia, to the German Emperor and to the heir to the throne of Great Britain. But she is also as nearly related to a far humbler circle. Toward the beginning of the last century a Polish Hebrew, Hauke by name, entered the service of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and occupied a very subordinate position at the little court. His daughter, Julia Theresa, born in 1825, was, at the age of twenty-six, married morganatically to Prince Alexander of Hesse, two years her junior.

Renouncing the faith of her fathers, she was baptised into the Protestant Church, and by the reigning Grand Duke was accorded the title first of Countess of Battenberg and subsequently of Princess. Prince Henry, the third child of this union, became the husband of Princess Beatrice, and, of course, father of Queen Victoria of Spain. So little was he considered as belonging to the inner circle of European royalty that when Queen Victoria of England conferred upon him the rank of royal highness protests arose on all sides.

Formal notifications were made by the courts of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg to the effect that Queen Victoria's son-in-law, issue of a morganatic union, could not be recognised as royal highness elsewhere than in British territory. Twenty years later the daughter of the man on whom this affront was put became Queen of Spain, and is now treated on a footing of perfect equality with all the reigning monarchs of Europe.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mrs. and Miss Townley, of Gisborne, have left for a visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. Blair and Miss Evans (Gisborne) are on a trip to Rotorua.

Miss L. Monckton (Gisborne) has returned from her trip to the Sounds.

Mrs. C. H. Payitt, of Gisborne, is visiting her daughter in Christchurch.

Mrs. Wilcock (Gisborne) has gone for a trip to Wellington.

Mrs. F. Parker, of Gisborne, is on a visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. Hine (Gisborne) is at present visiting Hawke's Bay.

Mrs. B. Barton, of Gisborne, is visiting Palmerston North for a few weeks.

Miss Williamson (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Cyril White, Gisborne.

Captain Blair was a passenger from the South by the Rotoiti last week.

Dr. and Mrs. J. R. McGill were passengers from the South by the Karawa last week.

Mrs. Phelan, accompanied by her daughter, left Cheltenham last week for Rotorua, on a lengthy holiday visit.

Miss Reynolds and Miss R. Reynolds, who have been for a trip to the Cold Lakes, have returned to Gisborne.

Miss Rutledge and Mrs. Max Jackson (Gisborne) are on a short holiday visit to Auckland.

Miss A. De Latour, who has been staying for some time with her sister in Wellington, is back in Gisborne.

Miss Amy Holland, of City Road, Auckland, left on Monday to join the Gothic at Wellington for England.

The Misses Buller, of Epsom, Auckland, returned from the south by the Rotoiti last week.

The Misses Bleazard returned to Auckland by the Rotoiti last week from the south.

Mrs. and Miss Carriek, of Ponsouby, Auckland, leave this week by the Kumara for England.

Mr. Claude H. Moses has returned from his visit to Christchurch, where he attended the Dental Conference.

Count Rantzon arrived in Auckland by the Victoria on Sunday from Sydney. He is staying at the Star Hotel.

Mr. G. Lawrence Taylor returned from the South by the Rotoiti on Sunday, after attending the Dental Conference at Christchurch.

Constable Arthur Skinner, of Auckland, has been transferred to the Inspector's Office at Wellington.

Mr. H. Barker and Mr. P. Barker (Gisborne) have left for a trip to the South Island.

Mr. Charles Bell Biddle was, on the application of Mr. C. F. Biddle, admitted as a solicitor by Mr. Justice Denniston at Auckland last week.

Miss Strachan, who has been staying for some time with Mrs. Strachan (Waimata, Gisborne), has left for her home in England.

Rev. John Stoops, B.A., minister of the Onelunga Congregational Church, returned from the South by the Karawa last week.

Mr. T. J. Farquhar, of Thursday Island, son of Capt. W. Farquhar, of the Northern S.S. Co., arrived from Sydney by the Victoria on Sunday on a visit to his old home.

Mr. R. Cavill, who has been fulfilling a three months' engagement in the Wonderland at the New Zealand Exhibition, returned to Auckland by the s.s. Rotoiti on Sunday.

Messrs. Haddon and Sale, the Auckland representatives in the New Zealand cricket team to play the Englishmen, left for the South by Monday's West Coast steamer.

Mr. Matthew Clark and family, of Remuera, Auckland, are passengers to London by the steamship Kumara, which leaves this week. Mr. and Mrs. T. Baxter are also passengers by the same steamer.

Guests staying at Waiwera Hot Springs during the past week were:—Mr. W. Martin, Mr. Campbell, Dr. Barter, Mr.

Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. David Teed, jun., children, and nurse, Misses Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Mathey and children, Mr. Scruby, Mr. Bureh, Mr. W. E. Johns, Mr. W. R. Mowbray, Mr. Mrs., and Master Sully, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family, Miss Stevenson.

The following visitors to Auckland are staying at the Star Hotel: Messrs. H. T. Gillies (Hamilton), E. S. Merrick (Toronto), Mrs. G. Bakeman (Sydney), Messrs. C. L. Oyson (Wellington), N. H. Besnard (Yos, N.S.W.), W. O. Cosbolt (Christchurch), H. A. Bruce, Mrs. E. Bruce, Mrs. C. Bean, Mrs. Martin Bruce, Mr. F. G. Skepton.

Miss Edith Webb (daughter of Mr. Thos. H. Webb, of Oak House, and of "Glenisla," Valley-road, Mount Roskill), who passed the final examination for the Bachelor of Music degree last year, has been notified that her original composition has met with the approval of the London examiners, and that she is now entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Music. Miss Webb is a student of the Auckland University College.

The following guests are staying at the Grand Hotel:—Archdeacon Abbott (Tamworth, N.S.W.), Mr. Mrs. and Miss Clutterbuck, Miss Henzenroelle, Messrs. Jones (2) (Adelaide), Messrs. E. L. Robinson (Liverpool), W. Whitehead (Bradford), L. J. Cowing (Darnet), H. Hyde (Pulborough), P. T. Henway (Gisborne), G. C. Vermeulen (Paris), Capt. A. McMorland (Sydney), Mr. Ambrose and Miss Lettie Gaffney (Melbourne), Mr. and Mrs. L. Greaves (Bradford).

Recent visitors at the Central Hotel are Messrs. J. H. Martin and family (Gisborne), E. B. Keane (Sydney), Miss Phillips (Melbourne), Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Burgess, Mrs. J. Blair and Miss Evans (Gisborne), Mr. R. Black (Brisbane), Messrs. H. Kennedy (Gisborne), P. O. Reynolds (Hongkong), Major E. H. M. Elliott (Scotland), E. B. Leaf (Philadelphia), Mr. and Miss Brown (Sydney), Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mr. F. M. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Max Jackson, Miss Rutledge (Sydney), Messrs. Thos. Macallan (Dannevirke), H. J. Wynne (Wellington), A. Coope (Hawthorn), Colbeck (Yorkshire), Rev. Bradbury (New Plymouth).

The following visitors are staying at the Royal Hotel:—Messrs. W. P. Salwan (Wellington), T. P. Halpin (Napier), H. Aulridge (Gisborne), J. F. Liggins (Sydney), H. A. Smith (Sydney), G. F. L. Sugden (Narandera, N.S.W.), Alex. Jones, E. D. Cachewalle (Wellington), W. K. Alsan (Wanganatta), G. H. Neale, Dr. Betts (Dunedin), F. B. King (Echuca, Vic.), Mr. and Mrs. Atterton (Adelaide), Messrs. A. Ripper (Echuca, Vic.), H. P. Nolan (Melbourne), J. E. O. Hawke, Miss Hawke (Adelaide), Mr. J. Christolin, Miss McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Mahony (Melbourne), Messrs. W. Y. Andrew (N.S.W.), F. R. Cooper, W. Finn (Wellington).

Through the generosity of the officials and members of St. David's Pres-

byterian Church, Khyber Pass, the Rev. W. Gray Dixon, the popular pastor, and Mrs. Dixon, are to be treated to a visit Home. Last week a farewell meeting was held in that church, over which the Rev. Alexander Millar, M.A., minister of Edendale Presbyterian Church, presided. In felicitous terms the chairman spoke of the excellent work of the pastor and his wife during their seven years residence in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, he said, would not only carry with them the good wishes and prayers of their congregation, but of the Church and entire Christian community of that city. Revs. G. B. Monro (Moderator of the Auckland Presbytery), John Wilkins, J. B. Russell, and Mr. Macpherson (city missionary) having spoken in eulogistic terms of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. S. Ure Macaulay, on behalf of the congregation, handed over to Mr. Dixon a purse of sovereigns. Mr. Dixon, who suitably responded, said that when he went to the church seven years ago the communicants numbered 272, including Edendale, while now the communion was 380 at St. David's alone. The church had done well in clearing off £1850 in six years. He thanked the officials and members for their great generosity and loyalty towards him, and hoped that Mr. Wedderspoon, who was to supply until his return, would receive the same support as had always been given to him. He then handed a cheque to Mr. Henry Prime, the organist, for his good work in connection with the choir, while, on behalf of the choir, Mr. William Steele presented Mr. Prime with a silver-mounted baton. During the evening songs were rendered by Miss MacNab, Miss Lambourne, Miss Nelson, Mrs. Bethune, Messrs William Steele, and W. Rutledge.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss Morrison (Auckland) is staying with Mrs. H. Weston, New Plymouth.

Mr. R. Davis (Auckland) is spending a few weeks in New Plymouth.

Mrs. Blundell has returned to Wanganui after spending two weeks in New Plymouth.

Mr. Harry Nixon, who has been in England and Europe for a year, came back to New Plymouth this week.

Miss Elverson-Smith, of Melbourne, is at present staying with Mrs. Fraser, New Plymouth.

Mrs. Dockrill, the Mayoress, has gone to Wellington to meet her son, who has been studying for his medical degree at Dublin University, but has been ordered home on account of his health.

Dr. Leatham returned this week from his year's trip in England, where he took his daughters to be educated; Mrs. Leatham will remain in England for some time.

Mrs. and Miss Cummings (Auckland) have been in New Plymouth a week. They are on their way to Wellington, where they are living for two years.

HUTCHISON'S INVENTIONS FOR THE DEAF.
THE MASSACON AND THE ACOUSTICON
Which obtained the only Gold Medal awarded by the International Jury at the World Fair, St. Louis U.S.A. to any deaf aid.
FOR THE ALLEVIATION OF DEAFNESS
and for which the Inventor has received a singular medal from Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Alexandra (a photograph of which may be seen at the under-mentioned addresses).
MAY BE INSPECTED FREE OF CHARGE, AT THE OFFICES OF THE "ACOUSTIC PATENTS, LTD.," EQUITABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.
Catalogue, containing all particulars, will be forwarded free by post on application.

WINCHESTER
MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER
Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifles

The Winchester Model 1906 is a compact, light weight, take-down rifle handling the .22 Short Rim Fire cartridges only. It is attractive in appearance and outline, and in accuracy, reliability of operation and finish it is fully up to the established Winchester standard. It will suit you in every way including the price which is low.
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Mrs. Wallace, Hawera, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Renell, Palmerston North.

Mrs. Grace is back in Wellington after a short stay in Christchurch.

Mrs. S. Fitzherbert (Feilding) is in Wellington visiting Mrs. Amelius Smith.

Mrs. Prouse (Wellington) is away for a week or two in Christchurch.

Captain and Mrs. Elliott (Wairarapa) have gone to Sydney.

Miss V. Fulton (Wellington) is paying visits about Palmerston and Otaki.

Miss F. Park, Palmerston, has returned from the Christchurch Exhibition.

Mr. Norman Dalton (Wellington) has taken a house in Hill-street for a period.

Miss Burton, of Australia, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Babbage, in Wanganui.

Miss Haecon (Wellington) is making a stay in Sydney.

Mrs. Gill-Carey, of Hawera, is staying in Wanganui with her mother, Mrs. Earle.

Mrs. Sheriff, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. Fullerton Smith in Marton.

Miss Evans (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Renell, Palmerston.

Miss Dennistoun (Christchurch) is staying with her sister, Mrs. H. Abraham, Palmerston North.

Mrs. A. Grey and family and Mrs. H. Wyld and family, Palmerston, have returned from a month at Pihlmerston.

Miss Munro (Sydney) is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. D. Thompson, Palmerston.

Mrs. Barton (Gisborne) is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sigs, Palmerston.

The Rev. W. Bond and Mrs. Bond, of Greytown, are at present the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stewart in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Greenwood, of Wanganui, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Fawcett in Christchurch.

Mrs. Hawken and Miss Hawken, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to relations in Christchurch.

Miss Waldgrave (Palmerston) is the guest of Mrs. Fulton (Wellington) for a few weeks.

Mrs. and Miss Dalrymple (Rangitikei) are away on a visit to Christchurch, in order to see the Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoghen (Wellington) have gone away on a round-the-world trip, lasting about nine months.

Mrs. Boden (Wellington) has been away in the South Island visiting Christchurch and the Cold Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Moore, of Wanganui, have gone to the Wairarapa to be present at the Masterton Show.

Miss Haremont has returned to Wellington, after a week or two in Christchurch.

Mrs. David Nathan, who has been spending the last two months in Christchurch, is back in Wellington again.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle (Wanganui) were in Wellington for a day or two before leaving for England by the Gothic.

Mrs. W. E. A. Slack and R. P. Abraham, Palmerston, have booked passages to England in the Gothic, leaving Wellington this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Barnicourt, Palmerston, accompanied their son, Mr. Humphrey Barnicourt, to Wellington to see him off to England.

Mrs. J. P. Innes and children and Mrs. Milton have returned to Palmerston North after spending some weeks at Pihlmerston.

Colonel and Mrs. Gorton (Rangitikei) are making a short stay in Wellington.

Mrs. Finch (Wellington) is visiting Nelson for a week or two.

Mr. J. Milton (Christchurch) stayed in Palmerston North with his brother, Mr. R. Milton, on his return journey from Rotorua.

Mrs. West and the Misses West (Wellington) are passengers by the Gothic to England where they intend to spend a year or two.

Mrs. Montgomery (Wanganui), left for England by the Gothic. Miss Anderson (Wanganui) is travelling with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are back in Wellington, after their trip to the South Island, which included a visit to Christchurch, and a stay at Mount Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecelia Birch (Hawkes Bay) are shortly going to England for a trip. They leave from Wellington in a few days' time.

Mr. P. C. Freeth, until recently editor of the Palmerston morning paper, leaves on a business trip immediately. His travels include visits to Canada, the United States, the British Isles, Russia, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Egypt, India, China, and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Russell, who have been away from New Zealand for two years or so, are back again; bringing with them their daughter, who has been continuing her education in England. Before going on to their home in Palmerston, they are making a brief stay in Wellington with Mrs. Russell's mother, Mrs. T. C. Williams.

Commander Sinclair, R.N., and Mrs. Sinclair have arrived from England. They have been for many years in India, where Commander Sinclair has been engaged in survey work. His appointment with the New Zealand Government is to continue the survey of the New Zealand coast, part of which was done two or three years ago by Captain Dawson with H.M.S. Penguin.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mr. and Mrs. Wardrop have returned to Christchurch from a trip to Hawke's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Harper and Miss Orbell (Timaru) are in Christchurch, staying at the Deanery.

Mrs. Arthur Harper (Greymouth) is the guest of Mrs. M. Campbell at Avon-side, Christchurch.

Mrs. A. Maendrew (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. J. C. Wilkin, at Merivale, Christchurch.

Mrs. Malcolm Macpherson (Wellington) is staying with Miss Helmore, "Millbank," Christchurch.

Mrs. and the Misses Kettle (Christchurch) are spending a few days at Lake Wanaka, the guests of Mrs. Turnbull.

Miss McPhillamy (Bathurst), who has been staying at "Strowan," the guest of Mrs. G. Stead, has left Christchurch for Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Brown have left Christchurch for Sydney on their return trip to Fiji. They will be greatly missed, as they were very popular, and made numberless friends during their visit, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

A Kid's Composition.

FATHERS.

Fathers is most always pretty good fellows except when they is licking you when they hadent ought to and they aint any sense in it which happens most of the time.

A fellers own father is always the best wheteh. enny other fellers father is beter or not, it dont make enny difference how much a fellers father slams him round or dont give him enny think the feller will stand up for his father every time.

most fellers fathers was tuf when they was fellers and that is the reason why they know when a feller is lying and when he braks winders and gets into scrapes. i shoold think that wood be the reason why a fellers father shoold be kind of easy on a feller because they know jost how a feller feels and how tuf it is on a feller when he has to be good all the time but perhaps they fathers wasent easy on them when they insed time.

i like to have a feller stand up for their fathers but it makes me sick to hear them talk as if their fathers was better than enny body elces father. i never brag about my father. i dont have to for every boy knows he is the smartest man in this town, when he was a boy he was the best fter in town and could lick Bill Tartnet easy, and Benny thinks his father can lick enny body because he is a poleman and Pewt thinks his father can lick every body because he can up on the townhall caperle and painted it white. i guess i know whose father could lick if they shoold fte only they dont fte. i wonder why men dont fte more. i am glad they dont because i dont like to see men

fte. i like to see dogs fte and roosters; and fellers and hens and he pigons and cuts but not fellers fathers.

father always says it is rong to fte and he will lick me if i get fting but when i do he asks all about it and if i get licked whitch sumtimes happens to the best fters, a feller cant lick all the time, father asks me why i didnt give him one in the eye with my left and in the ribs we call them slats with my rite. he says that is the way he used to do.

step fathers is men whitch marry a fellers mother after he is ded the fellers father i mean. step fathers is pretty hard to get along with so i hear. i have not got one and i am glad of it. a step father makes a feller split kindlins and run errands and build fires and milk the cow and drive her to pasture and stay in the yard and wirk while the other fellers is playing 2 old eat in the school yard and they lick you for nothing and they is terrible. i always pity a feller whitch hasent enny father but has to put up with a step father. i gnaw a feller onct whitch got so mad with his step father that he put pison in his py, and the fellers step father didnt eat enny py that nite and they had company to super and had blueberrys insted and after super the feller got scart and wached his chance and threw the py into the swil barril and 4 pigs diele the next day. it was tuf on the pigs, so the feller he ran away to sea and never come back enny more.

granfathers is most as good as fathers. they give us more chink and tells us more stories and is the ones that fellers goes to when they want to get out of scrapes. they is kinder like his aunts. they dont never believe ennything that enny body says agest them. Now fathers most always believes it because they has done the ame thing when they was boys. i suppos grandfathers did the same things too but it was so long ago they has forgotten all about it, and so they dont believe ennything they hear, about fellers. aunts is jst like them too. mothers is smthing like them but not as much as aunts because fathers has probly told their wife wat they used to do when they was boys and so they know more about fellers rasing cane than aunts.

fathers sumtimes when they is feeling pretty good take fellers to niger minstrel shows or to washburns grand sensation or to th cattle show and then they has grate fun. i have went to lots of shows with my father an we have played base balls at niggers heads sticking out of a hole and rode on fying horses and fired clubs at old womens heads whitch were made of wood and clay pipes out of their mouth and when we wood hit one we wood get a segar whitch made father spit it out after he had lited it and a cane with a ribbon on it. if fellers fathers wood trust them a little more we woodnt lie half as often not one quarter as bad. i always feel wise when i lie to father and foul him than i do when he finds me out and licks me after it aint sore or smarty enny more.

if a feller knows his father wont lick him if he tells the truth he is going to tell it every time, but if he knows his father is going to lick him for what he has done and dont know what he has done then what is a feller going to do? it is pretty tuf for a feller stand up before his father and think if i tell the truth i shall be smached baldheaded and stay in the yard a week and the Unifairl picknick comes tomorrow, and if i lie i can go out and play prisoners bass with Pewt and Benny and not get enny licking. whitch would you do?

The picturesque ceremony of the baptism of six Welsh Baptist converts was publicly performed in the swollen river Ceirrog recently at Pontfalg, three miles from Chirk. The first lady convert, clad in white, was assisted into the icy waters, which registered two degrees above freezing point. Shivering perceptibly, she was led to the centre of the Ceirrog and the pastor swiftly plunged her below the water's surface. Breathless and gasping, she regained the river bank. With remarkable fervour other maidens underwent the same severe physical ordeal with equal fortitude, but one lady caused a somewhat unexpected incident. Of sturdy proportions, she was plunged below, but the rev. gentleman experienced great difficulty in restoring her above the surface. Her cold douche undoubtedly disconcerted her, and in a state of collapse she was, with the other converts, hurried to the chapel to change their dripping garments.

NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.

THIS WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

FIREWORKS AND FIRE BRIGADE COMPETITIONS.

(Special Service.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Sunday.

The attendance at the Exhibition was again a big one on Saturday. There was a large audience at the organ recital given by Mr. W. H. Monk, the Sydney organist. Mr. Monk was assisted by his brother, a member of the Exhibition orchestra; who played several violin solos. In the evening a vocal and instrumental concert was given, at which Mrs. Arthur Mead acquitted herself well as a vocalist. The arrival of 122 Hawke's Bay Maoris had added to the population of the pa. They will give performances of poi, haka, and war dances daily during their stay.

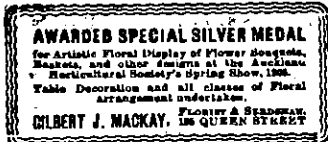
The Amateur Athletic Association's championship meeting was concluded on the sports ground on Saturday, in the presence of about 1000 spectators. The second season of the Besses o' th' Barn Band will commence on Thursday next, and performances will be given every afternoon and evening in the sports ground during their fortnight's visit.

Extensive preparations are being made for the display of daylight fireworks, which is to take place next Saturday. These fireworks, which are an entire novelty to New Zealand, are a Japanese invention. Shells will be thrown into the air, where they will burst, emitting fighting cocks, horses and riders, birds and fish, swarms of butterflies, and many other curious contents. Special arrangements are being made to enable the school children to witness this exhibition, and a record attendance of young people is expected. Arrangements are now almost complete for a motor-car gymkana, to be held by the Canterbury Automobile Association on the Exhibition sports ground on March 9. A large number of cars will take part in a procession through the city to the Exhibition, and the programme of competitions will include some highly novel events. The Besses o' th' Barn Band will play on the rotunda as an additional attraction.

Entries for the pet show, to be held in Wonderland on Friday, March 8, close on March 4. Already a large variety of pets have been entered. Shilling tickets for the pet show will admit to Wonderland and the Exhibition.

A week of five brigades' competitions, which will take place on the sports ground, commencing March 19, should be one of the most important the exhibition has yet seen. Teams from 80 brigades will take part in the contests. One hundred brigades altogether will be represented, and over 800 firemen will be engaged in the competitions. On the evening of Tuesday, March 19, a water display will be given on Victoria Lake on highly novel lines. The lake will be surrounded by fire brigade steamers, and 12 or 14 branches of hose will be led to the centre of the lake, whence they will throw up powerful jets of water to a height of 150ft., making the lake resemble one gigantic fountain, whose columns will be lighted from beneath by changing coloured pieces, Roman candles, and other pyrotechnic devices. On the following evening 100 boats containing firemen discharging fireworks will form a procession on the river, led by two motor launches carrying the teams' bands. On Thursday evening an elaborate water display will be given with the entire Christchurch plant, and on Friday night, when the prizes will be presented by judges, 1000 firemen and guests will dine together publicly in the main corridor. In the course of the water display it is intended to send up 2500 gallons a minute, and another novel feature will be a test of all the chemical engines in the Exhibition. Buildings will be erected of different sizes on the sports ground, which will be set fire to, and flames extinguished by different engines in the presence of competent judges, who will time the respective performances and decide which chemicals are most efficient for their work.

"What made your husband's hair turn so gray? He's still a young man. Was it the result of some terrible fright?"
"No. He once tried to have a house built."



ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Matthias and Mr. J. Vernon, both of Christchurch.

The engagement is announced of Miss Grace Morrah, daughter of Mrs. W. Morrah, Wellington, to Mr. Haig (London).

Among Easter weddings will be those of Captain Johnston and Miss Morna Fell (Wellington); Mr. Duvcan Menzies and Miss Dorothy Willis (Rangitikei); Mr. Knox Gilmer and Miss May Seddon (Wellington).

Orange Blossoms.

BOWEN—ROLLESTON.

The marriage of Mr. Lambert Bowen, third son of the Hon. C. C. Bowen, of Middleton, and Miss Margaret Rolleston, third daughter of the late Hon. William Rolleston and Mrs. Rolleston, of Kapunatiki (Temuka), took place at St. Peter's Church, Riccarton, on February 12th. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Christchurch, assisted by the vicar of the parish. The church was decorated with scarlet and white flowers, palms, and other greenery. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Teschemaker, Riccarton. The bride wore a dress of chiffon, over white silk. The bridesmaids were six in number. Miss Helen Rolleston and Miss L. Bowen were gowned in pale green crepe de chine, green hats, wreathed with autumn leaves. The four tiny maids wore white muslin frocks, with green shoes. Mrs. Rolleston had a gown of rich black peau de soie, relieved with white, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Bowen, black taffetas, with touches of white chiffon, and white lace scarf, black and white bonnet, relieved with pink flowers; Mrs. Teschemaker, pink floral muslin, straw hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Crossdale Bowen, black silk with white lace; black and white bonnet; the Misses Bowen wore pale blue muslin, with chiffon fichus, and chiffon hat. The guests included: Mrs. Julius, who wore black lace over white silk, black and white bonnet; Miss Julius, white silk dress, and white hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Grace (Wellington), black and white toilette; Mrs. Arthur Harper (Greymouth), pale grey costume, black hat; Mrs. E. C. J. Stevens, black silk brocade, pale heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. Boyle, dove-coloured silk dress, white hat with ostrich plumes and large pink roses; Miss Boyle, pink floral muslin, white chiffon hat, with roses; Mrs. Wigram, pink mousseline de soie, pink and heliotrope hat; Mrs. Ian Duncan (Wellington), green floral muslin, and green hat; Mrs. Maurice Harper (Timaru), white coat and skirt, pale pink hat; Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay), soft grey crepe de chine, with frilled fichu, and grey hat; Mrs. Roberts (Westfield), gown of blue and white check silk, large blue hat; Mrs. C. C. Cook, pale heliotrope silk, with hat to match; Mrs. Elworthy, black silk, and chiffon, black and white bonnet; the Bishop of Christchurch, Professor and Mrs. Sale (Dunedin), Miss Harcourt (Wellington), Dean Harper, Mrs. Hugh Reeve, Mrs. George Julius (Adelaide), Mrs. Audrey Julius, Mrs. G. Denniston, Mrs. and Miss Hawden (Peel Forest), Miss Acland, Mr. and Miss Brittain, Mrs. Lynght, Misses Cook, Tripp, Wilson, Campbell, Maling, and Banks.

FERGUSON—CRAIG-BAIRD.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, on February 12th inst., when Miss A. Craig-Baird, youngest daughter of Mr.

D. Baird, "Craig Hall," Brighton, Melbourne, was married to Dr. W. Drummond Ferguson, second son of Mr. F. Drummond Ferguson, Victoria. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. E. Gillam. Miss Craig-Baird, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Dr. D. Walshe best man.

GORTON—EDWIN.

A wedding which attracted much interest was that of Miss Millie (Lily) Edwin, second daughter of Captain Edwin, R.N., to Mr. Leslie St. George Gorton, second son of Lieut.-Col. Gorton (Rangitikei).

The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Pro Cathedral, the Vicar, the Rev. T. H. Spratt, being the officiating clergyman. The bride wore a lovely Empire dress of white satin duchesse, embroidered with trails of water lilies in white chiffon, with silver calyx, the leaves veined in silver. The bodice had a transparent yoke of white and silver applique. The court air, which fell from the shoulders, was lined with ruffled and gathered chiffon, and a cascade of handsome Limerick lace (the gift of Sir Arthur and Lady Douglas) was draped at one side, finishing off in a true lover's knot of gathered chiffon. An Empire wreath of lilies of the valley was worn under the bridal veil, and spray of myrtle in the bodice. Her only ornament was a pearl star, the gift of her father. She carried a sheaf of white lilies, the gift of the bridegroom.

The two bridesmaids, Misses Avis Edwin and Olga Lovett, wore pretty frocks of white crystalline over glaze, the skirts hemmed with chine silk in tones of mauve and pink, the bodices made with vests of Valenciennes lace, bretelles of the same lace and chine. Their hats were white heaver, swathed in white tulle, finished off with white tips and blue and white hyacinths. Their bouquets were of pink lilies, tied with pink and mauve ribbons, and they wore Empire brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The two little train leavers, Masters Bob and Jack Harding, cousins of the bride, looked sweet in white man-of-war suits; her presents to them were small gold tie pins.

Mr. R. Wilson (Rangitikei) was Best man.

Mrs. Edwin wore black crepe de chine, vest and ruffles of Paris lace, applique of chiffon; leaves veined in pale blue, finished off with rouleaux of blue velvet, bonnet of black tulle and ermine, with bandeau and loops of blue chiffon; she carried a bouquet of blue and white hydrangeas tied with blue streamers; Mrs. Gorton, a smart gown of royal blue louisine relieved with ceru lace, toque of blue tulle with shaded feathers; Mrs. Lovett (Rangitikei), cream linen with touches of black velvet on the bodice, pink straw hat with pink tulle and black velvet bows; Mrs. Norman (Gorton (Feilding), corn-flower blue silk muslin over white glaze, shaded blue toque; Miss Edwin, pale pink voile hemmed with glaze, cross-over bodice with lace vest, pink chiffon hat with lace motifs and sprays of pink and white lilac; Mrs. C. Johnston, black and white striped mousseline de soie over white taffetas, smart black and gold toque; Mrs. W. Johnston, cream cloth with lace insertions, pink tulle hat; Mrs. Coleridge, pale blue glaze; Mrs. Grace, black chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs. Tanner, mauve floral muslin, black hat; Mrs. W. Moorhouse, rosea cloth with touches of cream lace, hat with lilac; Mrs. Barron, black brocade, cream lace scarf; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black crepe de chine, black hat with large crimson rose; Miss Coates, black voile with white spots, finished off with lace; Mrs. Ruck (Auckland), handsome black and white brocade; Mrs. Harding, black brocade, Empire coat, bonnet with mauve flowers; Miss Harding, white muslin over pale pink, pretty green hat; Miss D. Harding, pale blue Eton costume; Miss Johnston, blue and white checked taffetas; Mrs. Brandon, black taffetas, ceru lace; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, heliotrope cloth, with touches of pale green; Mrs. Menzies (Southland), navy blue crepe de chine with cream lace yoke, blue net with cherries. Others present were Misses McKellar, G. Harcourt, Otteyson, Greenwood, Sir Kenneth Douglas, Mr. L. Bulter, Dr. Harding and Mr. Coleridge.

The bride went away in a smart frock of cream serge, braided in white silk braid, becoming hat of brown satin straw, with large roses.

The honeymoon is being spent in Christchurch.

The presents were numerous and valuable.

PITTS—BROWN.

At the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Christchurch, on February 14, Dr. Pitts (England) and Dr. Edith Brown, daughter of Mr. Thomas Cochrane Brown, of Christchurch, were married by the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Canon Averil. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and azaleas. After the ceremony a reception was held at Strathmore, by Mr. Cochrane Brown. Mrs. M'Own acted as hostess, and received the guests in the large marquee which was erected on the lawn. The bride wore a lovely robe of ivory satin Duchesse with court train. The transparent yoke and sleeves were of Honiton lace. The three bridesmaids, Misses Cochrane, Townend, and Ensor wore frocks of white Brussels lace with belts and long rashes of white satin ribbon; Mrs. M'Own wore grey crepe de chine; black hat; Mrs. Ensor, black silk brocade relieved with white, black and white toque; Mrs. Humphries, pale grey taffetas and mauve hat; Mrs. Walter Stringer, a lovely gown of cream lace over

taffetas, cream toque with roses; Mrs. Walter Ensor, a gown of painted chiffon with bands, of pink velvet; Mrs. Crooks, pale blue voile, hat to match; Mrs. R. Anderson, black voile with yoke of cream lace, cream and black hat; Mrs. Finch, gown of green voile over cream taffetas, black hat; Mrs. J. Stevenson, champagne coloured voile with hat to match; Mrs. W. P. Townend, handsome gown of dark blue voile, toque to match. Other guests were Dr. and Miss Redwill, Mrs. and the Misses De Renzi, Misses Wilding, Townend, Joseph, Doctors Manning, Stevenson and R. Anderson, and many others. In the evening there was a very pleasant dance in the marquee.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy," exclaimed a woman—"the burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear, my husband's legs; He had heard the noise, too."

A PROPOSAL

TO EVERY LADY TO MAKE DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITH BIRD'S GUSTARD POWDER A DAILY LUXURY!

BIRD'S Custard Powder makes a perfect High-Class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplomas of the South Kensington School of Cookery, London. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, ready as for which accompany every packet.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Storekeepers can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

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Holiday Trips in the Far North.

THE S.S. CLANSMAN leaves Auckland every Monday evening, calling at Bay of Islands, Whangaroa and Mangonui, and arriving back on Friday morning.

The fare is moderate and the accommodation and attendance the very best.

CHARLES RANSON, MANAGER.

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Hunyadi János

FOR LIVER COMPLAINTS, OBESITY, &c.

THE "VIENNA MEDICAL PRESS" SAYS:—
"Hunyadi János may be regarded as a specific for obesity."

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

CAUTION.—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDRÁS BAKLÉNBERG, and the Medallion, on the Red Gown Part of the Label.

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.

BRASNEY.—On February 24th, at her residence, Northcote, the wife of W. A. Brasney, a son; both well.

COLE.—On February 24th, at her grandmother's residence, Hobson-st., the wife of A. Cole, a daughter.

DALTON.—On 16th February, at her residence, Crummuir-rd., the wife of A. Dalton of a daughter.

ELLIOTT.—On February 10, 1907, at Nurse Mills' Home, Cross-st., the wife of Thomas Elliott, of a daughter, Napier and Wellington papers please copy.

HOLLIS.—On February 17th, at Edendale-rd., Mr. Roskill, the wife of Andrew Hollis, a daughter.

HYLAND.—On February 16th, at Lincoln-st., the wife of J. Hyland, a daughter.

KAYES.—On 9th February, at Nurse Gibby's, the wife of Horace L. Kayes of a daughter.

EAINSHERRY.—On February 25th, at her residence, Canuta-st., Mt. Eden, the wife of A. G. Eainsherry of a daughter.

SHAW.—On February 19th, 1907, to Mr and Mrs A. Shaw, New Lynn, a daughter; both well.

WARNER.—On February 12, 1907, at their residence, Alexandra-st., the wife of J. Warner, of a son; both doing well.

WILSON.—At 10man-st., Ponsonby, on February 19, to Mr and Mrs G. Wilson, a son.

WOODHEAD.—On February 25, at Valley-rd., Mr Edson, wife of C. H. Woodhead, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GREEN-GILES.—On October 17th, 1906, at St. John's Church, by the Rev. G. Bond, John, third son of the late Joseph Green, Esq., Dunedin, to Helen (Nellie), youngest daughter of Mr J. Giles, Auckland.

KENNEDY-ODWYER.—On January 1st, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Holbrook, Edward Joseph, oldest son of the late John Kennedy, of Dublin, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late James Odwyer, of Co. Kerry, Ireland.

MAIER-DUNSTAN.—On January 2nd, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Father Broadie, John Maher, of Tammarui, to Avis Evelyn Dunstan, of Waihi.

FOYSTER-LANGLEY.—On February 6th at St. Peter's Church, Onehunga, by Canon Hissiden, Harry Upton, eldest son of H. W. Foyster, of Waipa, to Mary, second daughter of J. B. Langley, of One Tree Hill, Auckland.

ROBB-WEBLEY.—On February 5th, 1907, at the Baptist Tabernacle, Auckland, by the Rev. W. R. Woolley, James King Robb, fifth son of the late John Robb, Timber Merchant, Paeroia, Glasgow, Scotland, to Mary Elizabeth (Lily), fifth daughter of John Webley, of this city, late of Bristol, England.

SILVER WEDDING.

CHRISTOPHER-GORDON.—On February 10th, 1882, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Walker (McDonnell), Henry, the second son of the late Hans Christopher, to Maria, second daughter of the late Dominica Gordon, of County Roscommon, Ireland.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

FOLLAS-SHINE.—On February 17th, 1857, at Otahuhu, by the Rev. Father Flacey, James Follas, youngest son of Mr James Follas, Otahuhu, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr F. Shine, of Otahuhu.

DEATHS.

BERGIN.—Accidentally shot at volunteer military camp on February 24th, 1907, John Bergin, of Stanbury-st., Arch Hill; aged 38 years.

BLENCOWE.—On January 23rd, 1907, suddenly, at Epsom, Elizabeth, relict of the late William Blencowe, in her 82nd year.

BOWEN.—On February 18th, at Richmond-st., Bayfield, John, the dearly beloved husband of Henrietta Booth, late of Oldham, Lancashire, England; aged 35 years.

CRUICK.—On February 19th, at Pongauy-rd., Wilfred Archibald Cruick, beloved son of John and Annie Cruick; aged 25 years. Private interment.

JOHNSTON.—On February 20th, at Tuckau, after a painful illness, Abraham, the dearly beloved husband of Ruth Dorritt; aged 58 years.

GARRICK.—On February 23rd, 1907, at the Royal Hotel, Victoria-street (suddenly), Joseph Hector Garrick, Barrister-at-Law, F.H.J.; aged 69 years.

HARE.—Entered into rest, Sunday, February 24, 1907, Harriet Rowright, relict of the late Walter Maldon Hare, in her 75th year.

LEVY.—On February 19, 1907, at Otahuhu, Anne Mary, dearly beloved wife of Ralph Levy, aged 36 years.

ROBERTSON.—On February 19th, at the residence of her nephew, Theo. Fordyce, Epsom-rd., Johanna Catherine Robertson, daughter of the late R. and W. Robertson, Old Hill, Epsom, in her 63rd year.

ROWE.—On February 24th, 1907, at his parents' residence, 25, Napier-st., Cyril Kebley, the dearly beloved and only child of William and Isabel Rowe, and grandson of Richard and Esther Poulgrain, Pratt-st.; aged 34 months.

SMITH.—On February 20th, 1907, at her sister's residence (Mrs C. Lewis), Matangi, Waikato, Margaret, the dearly beloved wife of Robert Arthur Smith, "The Drive," Epsom, aged 29 years.

SMITH.—At her sister's residence, Matangi, February 20, the beloved wife of R. A. Smith, "The Drive," Epsom.

TREVITHICK.—On February 19, at Hawera, Richard Garland, infant son of Geoffrey and Winifred Trevithick.

WOODS.—On February 16th, Alfred John Samuel, beloved eldest son of Marjory M. and the late John Woods, surgeon, late of E. I. C. Service. Requiescat in pace.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome, whose new play, "Tommy," was successfully produced recently, is a humorist with a serious side to his character. It is probable that had he not been forced to continue a mirth-maker by the public and the critics, he would have developed into a philosophical writer, or perhaps even into a sober-minded statesman. For Mr. Jerome has more than a passing fancy for politics, and has addressed various meetings in the Radical cause. The son of a clergyman, Mr. Jerome was born in the coal district of Walsall, and at an early age was consumed with a burning desire to go upon the stage. Some of his juvenile experiences are imitatively told in his first book, "On the Stage, and Off." From the theatre Mr. Jerome drifted into journalism, and from time to time he has filled the various roles of clerk, shorthand writer, schoolmaster, and law student. In appearance Mr. Jerome is somewhat slim, and suggests the actor or the horsey man. He is fair-haired and clean shaven, and the only things about him which suggest the humorist are his kindly eyes—that is to say, until he opens his mouth to speak.

The author of "Three Men in a Boat" has an ideal home at Wallingford, where he is often visited by the leading literary lights of the day. Mrs. Jerome was a daughter of Lieutenant Nesza, of the Spanish army, and it is significant that her husband's real success dates from the time of their marriage. Gould's Grove, Mr. Jerome's house, is situated on a hill from which a fine view of the surrounding country can be obtained. It is in this quiet spot that most of "J. K. J.'s" inspirations are born, and it is a curious fact that, although he has written so much, his daily output is by no means large. Mr. Jerome is a man of moods, and only works when the fancy takes him. It is said that he has a strange habit of standing in front of a clock when seeking a new idea, as though the rhythmic ticking were a source of inspiration.

Mr. Jerome tells a story of a young dramatist friend of his who wrote a play under a non de theatre and then went with two men acquaintances to see it without telling them he was the author. After the first act one of the playwright's companions suggested that they should "chuck this rot," while the other yawned wearily and voted for an adjournment to the nearest music hall. Mr. Jerome, indeed, has many good stories about his friends, but when you endeavour to draw him out about himself, he

at once assumes an air of reticence which augurs ill for the interviewer. A now well-known writer once told Mr. Jerome that on one occasion he had returned to him in his own envelope a story which was not his own, but which had been written by a man who was doing well in the literary arena, and with it was the usual slip with the "editor's regrets," etc. Evidently some error had been made, for Mr. Jerome's friend's story was published by mistake, and attracted so much notice that it was the thin end of the wedge to an exceedingly successful career.

CHRONIC INDIGESTION.

A Busy Housewife's Suffering Ended by Bile Beans.

Indigestion is one of the most frequent as well as one of the most painful and disease-producing complaints which afflict mankind to-day. It consists of an inability of the stomach to digest the food given to it. The symptoms are very numerous, the most noticeable being a feeling of heaviness in the chest, a disagreeable taste in the mouth, a dull pain in the head, loss of appetite, and a pale and sallow complexion. Bile Beans cure all forms of Indigestion. They aid the stomach to properly digest the food which has been taken, and expel all waste matter from the system.

Mrs. F. Gough, of 23 Argyle-street, Mornington, Dunedin, says:—"For a number of years I have suffered from Indigestion and Heartburn. I am afraid I have become a chronic subject. I tried numerous so-called remedies, and consulted medical men, but I remained uncured. A little while ago a neighbour strongly recommended me to try Bile Beans, as she had derived benefit from them. I acted on her advice, and purchased a box of the Beans, and I have and still am obtaining great relief from their use. My case being of so long duration, it has become chronic, and I cannot expect Bile Beans to remedy the mischief in a day, but they are giving me more relief than anything I have tried. I intend to undergo a course in the hope of a thorough cure. It is very satisfactory to me to know that my sufferings can be relieved by Bile Beans, which are easy and pleasant to take, and of which I always keep a supply in the house." Bile Beans will regulate your stomach and liver in a purely natural manner and ensure good sound health. As a Summer medicine Bile Beans are unequalled. They promptly dispel Summer Erag, Fatigue, Loss of Appetite, Debility, and that lazy "out-of-sorts" feeling so prevalent during Summer. Of all Stores and Medicine Vendors at 1/1½ or 2/9 large box (containing three times 1/1½).

The very latest bridge story is of a certain young gentleman who parts both his hair and his surname in the middle, and who was pressed into making up a table, despite his protests that he played but a ducedly indifferent game. Hearts were made trumps, and the king was led. With a bright gleam of intelligence—like Truth re-entering a dark world—he banged down the king of clubs and cried: "Er—snop!" Then, indeed they mopped the floor with him.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 25.

In a quiet way we have been quite gay, and festive this week, for nearly every day there has been something going on, and that is rather unusual for Auckland, especially during the hot weather. Last Monday night Williamson's Dramatic Company opened here in

"THE SQUAW MAN."

and has been greeted here with bumper houses each night. The dress worn by Miss Ola Humphries in the first act was really a triumph of the dressmaking art, but it needs to be seen to be appreciated. Amongst the audience I noticed: Mrs. Seymour Thorne George, who was wearing a becoming black silk toilette, with Irish lace yoke; Miss Zoe George looked charming in a blue frilled silk, softened with lace; Mrs. G. Thorne George, dainty cream crepe de chine, and lace toilette; Mrs. F. Ballin, pretty blue and pink floral chiffon; Mrs. J. E. Bloomfield, black jettid net robe over glace; Miss Georgie Denniston, black silk, with cream lace tucker, threaded with black; Miss Marion Frater was daintily gowned in white and pink; Miss Winne Lewis, becoming black gown; Mrs. Fraser, black toilette; Miss Ireland, pretty pale blue mouseline de soie, with cream lace transparent yoke; Miss Jennie Ireland wore a dainty cream muslin, trimmed with lace; Miss Minnie Frater looked pretty in pale blue silk, with lace berthe; Mrs. Savage was effectively gowned in black.


On Wednesday night, at the Choral Hall,

MADAME ARRAL

gave her fourth concert in Auckland, and was accorded an even more enthusiastic reception, if possible, than she had at her former appearances. The hall was packed, so that I cannot attempt to describe any of the gowns worn, but before telling you who was there, I must just "state my complaint," as they say at Christie Minstrel entertainments. Of course, it is dreadfully hot anywhere just now, but on Wednesday I failed to see why we should have been made to suffer the additional heat of the innumerable gaslights and the glare as well. I am quite sure we should all have preferred the dim religious light for every reason.

Amongst the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Miss Ruby Coleman, Mrs. Louis Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Leo. Myers, Mrs.

A COMPLETE FOOD FOR GENERAL USE.



This DIET is recommended in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc. Whilst acceptable to all as a light nourishment it is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics and Invalids. The "Allenburys' DIET is readily digested by those who are unable to take cow's milk and is particularly serviceable in convalescence and as a light supper diet for the aged. The "Allenburys' DIET is made in a minute by simply adding boiling water.

The "Allenburys' DIET is for ADULTS and is quite distinct from the "Allenburys' Foods for Infants. FULL PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION TO **ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Bridge & Loftus Streets, SYDNEY.**

Reymour George, Miss George, Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Nathan, Mrs. Sharman, Mr. and Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Briffault, Miss Brown, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Lusk and the Misses Lusk, Misses Cooke, Mr. and Mrs. George Bloomfield, Miss Dary, Mrs. Langguth, Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Geddis, and many others.

Last Wednesday afternoon the members of the Auckland Croquet Club gave a delightful

AT HOME

on their pretty lawns. The weather did not look too promising early in the day, but towards noon cleared up beautifully, and in consequence everything went off most successfully. We had an absolutely delicious afternoon tea, and the tables were beautifully decorated with flowers to match the club colours, pale blue and pale pink; the main feature of the decorations was a trio of mallets tied with the colours, and dainty sprays of pink tiger lilies and delphinium, suspended over the table. The prizes, which were unusually handsome, were won by Mrs. Kidd (Mt. Eden) and Mrs. Frater (Remuera), who were presented with beautiful cut glass and silver vases. The prizes for the runners-up in both first and second classes were silver and cut glass hair pin boxes, and these were won by Mrs. C. E. Brown (Parnell) and Mrs. Foster (Remuera). Amongst many effective toilettes I noticed: Mrs. Sydney Nathan, wearing a dainty gown of white embroidered linen, black picture hat; Mrs. Alexander, smart grey costume, with touches of black, small black toque; Mrs. Foster, handsome black silk gown, with beautiful black Maltese lace scarf and cream vest; black toque, with cluster of crimson roses at one side; Mrs. Lewis, black toilette, relieved with white, black and violet bonnet; Mrs. Carminer (Wellington) was beautifully gowned in a very fine check blue glace, white plumed hat; Mrs. Herz, becoming pink floral muslin, softened with lace, pink hat awathed with pink chiffon; Mrs. Black wore a beautifully fitting navy blue glace, with white lace vest, embroidered with pale blue, navy hat wreathed with scarlet berries; Mrs. Hill, dainty white muslin, white hat with pink roses under the brim; Mrs. Goodhue, black and white figured voile, black hat with cluster of shaded roses at one side; Mrs. Keesing, becoming pink cambric gown, and Tuscan hat; Miss Moir, cream skirt, very pretty white inserted muslin blouse, Tuscan hat, garlanded with roses; Miss Lavers, white muslin and lace, white hat; Miss Hoaking; Mrs. Kingswell, black and white toilette, with hat en suite; Mrs. Clifton wore black and white, white and black hat; Miss Binney, grey and black striped skirt and white blouse, hat trimmed with black and white ribbon; Mrs. Charlie Owen was effectively gowned in biscuit-coloured voile, finished with handsome embroidered border, dainty green toque, with crown of shaded sweet peas; Miss Janet Wyde-Browne wore a pretty fresh white inserted muslin, with chine ribbon sash, white hat, with touches of pink; Mrs. Benjamin, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, with revers of blue and white spotted silk, cream net vest, and small black and white toque; Miss Benjamin looked daintily in a charming pink mousseline gown, finished with lace, white hat with white osprey; Mrs. N. Alfred Nathan wore a beautifully fitting royal navy enlienne, with white vest, smart blue plaid straw toque; Mrs. Edmiston wore a tussore silk costume, with encrustations of lace, corn-coloured straw hat, trimmed with green ribbon; Mrs. Colegrove, black voile, with cream yoke and cream Victorian scarf, white and

green hat; Mrs. Louisson; Miss Oliphant, pretty pin gown, white and pink hat; Miss Caro, pretty white silk blouse and cream skirt, cream hat; Mrs. Coleman, navy blue linen, with white vest, hat trimmed with lace and shaded roses; Mrs. Grant looked charming in a becoming navy glace, pale blue hat; Mrs. Sharman, blue costume, and becoming Tuscan hat, trimmed with pale blue ribbon and pink roses; Mrs. Caro, grey and white striped costume, and black plumed hat; Mrs. Barry Keesing wore a tweed skirt and pretty white blouse, Tuscan hat; Mrs. Tom Keesing, cream cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat; Mrs. Davis looked exceedingly well in a dark blue figured silk gown, with cream lace yoke, dark prune hat, wreathed with pink roses and chine ribbon; Mrs. Rathbone, navy blue glace, with Maltese lace yoke, Tuscan and black hat. Amongst the players were: Mesdames Mogenie, Kidd, Watkins, Foster, Frater, Colbeck, Smith, Brown, Dawson, Caldwell, Whitney, Beale, Clerk, Kiels, Steele, Palaret, Adams, Paton, Marquand, Sowerby, Nicol, Hudson, and Misses Thompson, Blaney, De Camp.

Amongst other entertainers during the week were Mrs. Louis Myers, who gave a delightful

AFTERNOON TEA

last Tuesday at her charming residence, "The Mount," Symonds-street, at which Madame Arral was the guest of honour. Among the guests were: Mrs. Alfred Nathan, Mrs. Langguth, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Benjamin, Mrs. Raynor, Mrs. Sharman, Mrs. Carminer (Wellington), Mrs. Edmiston, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Leo Myers, Lady Lockhart, Mrs. L. D. Nathan, Mrs. Savage, and others.

Mrs. Sholto Douglas, Epsom, gave a **CHARMING AFTERNOON**

later on in the week for Mrs. Leo Myers, who is leaving shortly on a two years' trip to England and the Continent.

The Parnell lawns, both public and private, looked very bright and pretty last Thursday, when the

TOURNAMENT MATCHES

were continued. There were quite a number of people on the Parnell lawns, where a delicious afternoon tea was to be procured, and Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield's, Mrs. Rathbone's, Mrs. Seagar's, and Miss Horton's lawns were all in use also. This week there are to be two sets of matches played off on Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, Feb. 23.
The New Plymouth Horticultural Society held their

ANNUAL AUTUMN SHOW

on Thursday. There was a wonderful collection of fruit and vegetables from the Momoianaki experimental farm, and some beautiful cactus dahlias; but there were very few floral decorations. The day was fine, and there were a good many present. Among them I noticed Mrs. Alexander, in white embroidered muslin, hat with roses; Mrs. Morrison, white blouse, dark skirt, and brown hat; Mrs. Paton, white voile, flowered with pink roses; Mrs. Devenish; Miss Devenish; Mrs. Bewley, pale grey coat and skirt, grey feather bon, small black hat; Miss Hamerton, white linen; Mrs. Standish; Miss Dorothy Govett, pale pink linen; Miss M. Govett, green; Mrs.

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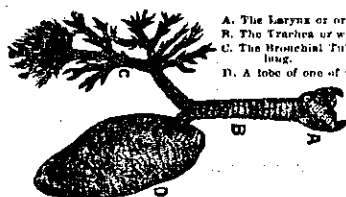
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HUDSON'S EUMENTHOL JUJUBES
THE GREAT ANTI-SEPTIC REMEDY.

FOR THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds,
Bronchitis,
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- A. The Larynx or organ of voice.
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Suitable for old and young. In sick rooms and in health. The "Lancet" says: "Proved to be an effective bactericidal daily as a tonic."

Hudson's "Eumenthol Jujubes," the great Antiseptic and Prophylactic.
SOLD BY CHEMISTS IN TINS, 1s. 6d.

Miss KELLERMANN
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CADBURY'S
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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."

Matthews, white silk blouse, pale grey skirt; Miss Matthews was wearing heliotrope linen and a white hat; Mrs. Monroe; Miss Monroe; Miss Fraser, pale grey voile, with white lace and a green hat, with pink roses; Miss Alcorn-Smith (McLourne) looked smart in coral cloth costume and white furs; Mrs. Roy, grey cloth and a black hat; Mrs. Cr Weston looked charming in white embroidery, with a hat of wistaria; Mrs. Skinner pink linen, pink and red hat; Miss I. Skinner; Miss Grant; Miss Fookes, dark grey Eton costume, hat with red roses and feathers; Miss E. Fookes, tucked pink dress, hat with a wreath of pink roses; Mrs. H. Weston, lovely black dress, shaded petunia hat; Miss Morrison (Auckland), pale grey, black hat; Miss Postar; Miss Gray, green linen, pretty hat, with shaded green and pink and heliotrope ribbons; Miss J. Gray, white muslin, pale blue hat; Miss R. Smith; Miss Curtis; Mrs. Bridge, black silk muslin over white, black hat; Miss E. Baily wore a pretty white muslin, with a pale blue belt and hat; Mrs. Blundell, pale green cheek silk and a green hat; Mrs. Blundell (Wanganui), sage green taffeta, with cream lace; Miss M. Capel, navy blue Eton costume and hat; Mrs. Stocker, white muslin; Miss L. Brown, white; green hat; Mrs. MacKellar; Miss J. MacKellar, white linen; Mrs. Winfield, cream striped coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Nicholson, white, black and white mushroom hat; Mrs. Oliver (Mimi), green voile.

NANCY LEE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,
We have had a great treat in the SOCIAL EVENING GIVEN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE POVERTY BAY CLUB

Last Saturday night, and although the night was miserably wet, still a great number of guests were present, and the time passed only too quickly. The pretty club rooms looked most inviting, with their easy chairs and lounges, and one could not help thinking that the men certainly know how to make their club delightfully comfortable. During the evening a billiard tournament was arranged, and after many interesting games Miss Myra Agnew-Brown won the trophy, a pair of cut glass scent bottles. For the bridge tournament Mr. Fraser and Miss Bradley were successful. In the music room upstairs the Italian string band were playing; Mrs. Ruckeridge, Mrs. Stephenson, Miss Bright and Miss Gray sang; Miss Boylan gave a whistling solo, and Mr. A. F. Kennedy recited. A delicious supper was served in the dining room; all the delicacies of the season were temptingly arranged on the table.

THE DRESSES.

Mrs. Charles Grey wore a handsome black satin frock; Mrs. A. F. Kennedy, a charming frock of pink chiffon taffetas, the skirt being a full gathered one, and the bodice trimmed with silk lace; Mrs. Cyril White, mauve taffetas dress, trimmed with white lace; Mrs. F. Barker, pale blue crepe de chine with dark green chenille embroidery; Mrs. J. Murphy, lovely white lace frock; Mrs. H. M. Porter, black satin and crimson; Mrs. G. Elliott wore a handsome black chiffon taffetas with cross-over bodice and cream lace, gold thread being worked into the lace, the skirt trimmed with three rows of black velvet; Mrs. J. Williams, cream braided satin, with flounces of eon lace, pink roses; Miss Stephenson, pretty emerald green satin with overskirt of black lace; Mrs. Syme, black velvet and point lace; Mrs. A. Maude, heliotrope silk dress, encrustations of cream lace and medallions; Mrs. Wachsman, black satin; Mrs. Stocker, cream satin and chiffon; Mrs. F. Parker, black velvet and lace; Mrs. Ruckeridge, cream satin, trimmed with pearl passementerie and lace; Mrs. W. Grey, black silk, eon insertion; Mrs. Agnew-Brown, soft cream silk voile over yellow, with touches of heliotrope, gold belt; Mrs. W. Barker, pale heliotrope embroidered chiffon dress, white roses;

Mrs. Williamson, black sate; Mrs. Reynolds, black velvet; Mrs. H. De Latour, cream satin, with cream lace and touches of black velvet; Mrs. Bradley-Smith, pink glaze silk, cream lace; Mrs. Bright, black merveilleux silk gown; Mrs. Carmichael, black satin, with chiffon flounces; Mrs. Willock, purple velvet gown, relieved with heliotrope and violets; Mrs. Maun, black satin and chiffon; Mrs. J. Barton, black crepe de chine dress; Mrs. F. T. Morgan, black sequin net over satin; Mrs. Tomblinson, crimson satin, trimmed with cream lace; Mrs. W. D. Lysnar, white satin dress; Miss Aylmer, black net dress; Miss Grey, white satin, prettily trimmed with black insertion; Miss Stewart, cream corded silk dress, cream silk lace; Miss Reid, soft white silk, silk Maltese lace berthe; Miss C. Reynolds, white silk, black saah; Miss W. Reynolds, white tulle frock; Miss E. Clark, cream lace frock, crimson rose; Miss Bradley, black satin, relieved with crimson; Miss E. Bradley, pretty shell pink crepe de chine dress, berthe of cream lace, and narrow pink velvet ribbon; Mrs. D. Bennett, cream merveilleux dress, pink roses; Miss Foster, black silk dress, pale blue belt; Miss C. Carter, white silk and chiffon; Miss E. Carter, white net frock, touches of black velvet; Mrs. Bright, white satin, trimmed with pale blue embroidery and tulle; Miss D. Bright, soft white silk; Miss G. Pyke, white satin; Miss F. Davies, pale green mousseline de soie, trimmed with dark green velvet and lace; Miss N. Davies, soft white silk and lace; Miss M. Reeves, white surah silk dress, dark red rose; Miss Agnew-Brown, white crepe de chine, white lace fichu; Miss M. Agnew-Brown, white satin; Miss E. Williamson, black ribboned net over satin; Miss M. Williamson, pale blue crepe de chine, pink roses and white lace; Miss Williamson (Auckland), rose pink silk, trimmed with lace and chiffon; Mrs. Pyke, black satin; Mrs. De C. uner-Fraser, black velvet and roses; Miss C. Boylan, white voile frock, with pink roses, white Valenciennes lace; Miss W. Wachsman, pale blue silk; Miss M. Wachsman, white silk and chiffon; Miss Willis, black net frock; Miss Marjory Campbell-Thompson, pale blue silk and lace.

ELSA.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,
February 22.
Last week afternoon tea was provided at the Campbell-street tennis courts by Misses F. Liffiton and G. Allison. The attendance was poor, owing, no doubt, to the intense heat. This season very few members have been enthusiastic, although now the tournaments have started players ought to take a keener interest in the game.
Last week Mrs. James Watt gave a farewell croquet party, in honour of Miss Krull, who leaves next week in the Gothic for England. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. James Watt, Dr. and Mrs. Christie, Miss Krull, Miss Christie, Mr. Harold, Dr. Wilson and others.

WELCOMING THE BAND.

Last Tuesday evening a very large and enthusiastic crowd assembled at the railway station to welcome our victorious band back from Christchurch, where they won such honours. Speeches were made by the Mayor, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Hogan, M.H.R., Mr. Crighton replying on behalf of the band.

Amongst the

DAINTY FROCKS

worn recently, I noticed Mrs. Inlay Saunders in a becoming golden-shaded brown muslin gown, the skirt was made with numerous tiny frills of the same material edged with narrow cream Valenciennes lace, the same on the bodice and sleeves, cream hat with ruche edged into Valenciennes lace and bandeau of deep cream roses and foliage; Mrs. Hogg, dainty pale pink linen frock, the skirt was made short with bolero of linen and vest of white, cream hat with chiffon and pink flowers with green foliage; Mrs. Allison, white embroidered linen gown with heliotrope-shaded silk tie, and cream straw hat with green tulle swathed on it; Mrs. Mason, pale grey tailor-made tweed coat and skirt, pale heliotrope silk vest; burnt straw sailor-shaped hat with two bands of black velvet ribbon and quill at the side.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,
Feb. 22.
We are still rather gay, as during the last week we have had a wedding, a garden party and several fairs.
The wedding—that of Miss Lily Edwin and Mr. Leslie Gorton—was particularly interesting on account of the very old friendship between the two families, and quite a number of people came down from the Rangitikei for the occasion. Out of compliment to the bride's name, lilies were the flowers used for the bouquets and the decorations. Great interest was of course, taken in the weather, which after a stormy wet night turned into a delightful day.

MRS. COLLINS'S GARDEN PARTY ON WEDNESDAY

was a very pleasant affair in every way. There had been just enough rain after the long drought to freshen up everything, and the garden beds were gay with flowers. A string band played cheerful music in one corner of the grounds and elsewhere there was a plentiful supply of ices and other good things. Many of the guests came on late, after the wedding.

Mrs. Collins wore a lovely gown of lilac chiffon, the bodice having a graceful fichu bordered with Mechlin lace. Her little daughter, who was helping with the tea, had a dainty frock of muslin and lace, and a picturesquely simple hat wreathed with flowers. Miss Scherrf (who has been staying with Mrs Collins) wore grey crystalline with many frills of lace. Mrs. Studholme (Canterbury) deep blue crepe de chine relieved with Broderie Anglaise; Mrs. A. Pearce, pale grey taffetas with many frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. D. Nathan, white lace gown over taffetas, and smart white hat; Mrs. Wallis, dark green voile with lace yoke and ruffles; Mrs. Johnston, white and black silk muslin and hat with roses; Mrs. Abbott, white chiffon with design of pink roses; Mrs. Moorhouse, grey green eolienne with appliques of velvet in the same shade, toque with flowers; Mrs. Waterfield, pink and white flowered silk hat with roses; Mrs. Harding, black crepe de chine with scarf of Spanish lace; Miss Harding, pink and white voile, and pretty hat of pale green wreathed with roses; Mrs. Fitzgerald, grey taffetas with bolero of Irish lace hemmed with chine ribbon; Miss Johnston, navy and white taffetas and dark blue hat; Miss McKenzie, white and pink flowered glaze, black hat with shaded feathers; Miss Tole (Auckland) white muslin, faintly spotted with black, hat with flowers; Mrs. Duncan, Tussore silk, hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Brandon, black glaze with lace yoke; Miss Brandon, white cloth Eton costume, white and black hat; Miss Harcourt, pink and white chine voile, hat with roses; Miss Otterson, white cloth dress and pale green hat; Mrs. Menzies, black crepe de chine; Miss Watson, white embroidered muslin and pink hat; Mrs. Hogg, pale blue voile with touches of black velvet; Mrs. E. Fitzherbert (Feilding), pale blue voile, and dark blue hat with roses; Miss Simpson, grey green eolienne and pale blue hat; Mrs. Hislop, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Crawford, grey taffetas; Mrs. Duncan, grey voile and smart hat.

Mrs. Edwin gave

AN AT HOME

on Monday as a farewell to her daughter, Miss Lily Edwin. The rooms were prettily decorated with flowers, and the guests were allowed to see the beautiful wedding-gown which had just arrived from England. Mrs. Edwin wore black taffetas with yoke and revers of lace; Miss Lily Edwin, white embroidered muslin over glaze; her sisters were also in white. Among the guests were Lady Stout, wearing grey chiffon glaze with yoke of ivory guipure; Mrs. Tweed, grey silk with chine design of roses; Mrs. Laing Meason, black silk voile with lace motifs; Miss Laing Meason, pale brown taffetas relieved with velvet of a darker shade; Mrs. Wallis, black silk muslin over white glaze; Mrs. Reid, sky-blue crystalline with deep belt and revers of chine silk, pretty hat wreathed with roses and grapes; Mrs. Crawford, white and black striped taffetas and hat with deep red roses; Mrs. Leckie, black crepe de chine and bonnet of old rose velvet; Mrs. F. Leckie, white alpaca and toque with roses; Mrs. Wiske, white cloth and floral hat; Miss Harding white and pink

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containing all the necessary elements for renewing muscle, brain and nerves.

voile and black hat; Miss E. Harding, white cloth-Mon dress and mauve hat with daisies; Mrs. Pearce, white embroidered muslin and black hat; Mrs. Fulton, black crepe de chine with pale blue vest; Miss Waldgrave (Palmerston), white muslin and hat with roses; Miss Quick, ivory voile and pink chine belt; Mrs. Findlay, blue voile with lace yoke; Mrs. Watson, black and white check voile and black toque; Miss Henry, white alpaca and pale pink hat; Mrs. Stott, pale blue Sicilienne, and hat with flowers; Mrs. Ewen, dull green alpaca with chine vest; Miss Ewen, pink linen, and pink and white hat; Mrs. Mitford, pale blue silk-muslin and lace.

OPHELIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, February 22.
We have had a very wet week, tropical showers every day.

TENNIS AND CROQUET.

have come to a standstill, the lawns being too wet for use. Last Saturday a team of six ladies and six men came over from Pahianga to play a match with the Palmerston Tennis Club. They arrived at about mid-day, and after being entertained at luncheon, proceeded to the club lawns, and commenced play. When eight or nine matches had been played the high wind dropped, and down came the rain in sheets, continuing for the remainder of the day. Mrs. G. Bagnall and Mrs. Gibbons were the hostesses at afternoon tea.

Mrs. R. M. McKnight, Queen-st., entertained a few friends.

AT-AFTERNOON TEA

on Friday. Mrs. McKnight was wearing a pretty pale blue silk blouse, with V-shaped vest of cream lace, black canvas voile skirt, with black lace insertion; Mrs. Elliot, black and white spotted muslin frock, pale blue straw hat, with black velvet ribbon and black tip; Mrs. Gould, green and heliotrope floral muslin, wide heliotrope silk belt, black chiffon hat, with black tip; Mrs. Newell (Melbourne), black silk, V-shaped vest of Paris lace, black and white bonnet, wreath of pink roses and white ospreys; Mrs. Fuller, navy blue Eton costume, white facings, blue American sailor, with navy and red shot silk bows; Mrs. Adams, becoming cream canvas voile, crossover effect of narrow cream Valenciennes lace, pink hat with pink tulle and green velvet ribbon; Mrs. Renell, white embroidered muslin, navy blue mushroom hat, with navy glaze bows; Mrs. Wallace (Hawera), very pretty peri-winkle blue voile, with vest of cream lace, white crinoline hat, with white tulle; Miss Evans (Auckland), white embroidered linen, burnt straw hat, with cream and pale blue floral ribbon; Mrs. D. Reed, French grey costume, made with long coat, hat of same shade, with tips; Miss Armstrong, white muslin and lace, cream hat, with lilac and pink flowers, and lilac, pink, and green ribbon on bandeau; Miss McCready (Gisborne), pale blue muslin, with white lace insertion, black chiffon hat, with black tips; Mrs. Aloken, pale grey coat and skirt, cream lace vest, cream Leghorn hat, with cream and black tulle, and black tips; Mrs. Nannestad, grey and white check Eton coat and skirt, cream cloth embroidered collar and cuffs, brown toque, with white wing; Miss Moeller, grey Eton costume, cream hat, with cream tips.

Last night Mrs. Renell, Linton-st., gave a

PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY.

The drawing-room, effectively decorated with many coloured asters, was used as the card room. All the guests were keen players, and the time passed only too quickly. Miss McCready, (of Gisborne) was the winner of the ladies' prize, a silver-backed prayer book. Mr. H. Gibbons was the lucky man, and was presented with a silk handkerchief. Of the boobies, Mrs. Reed was the most unsuccessful lady, and received a bottle of perfume as consolation. Mr. Smith received a most grotesque figure of a doll. After the presentation of the prizes, a tempting supper was served in the dining-room; yellow floral decorations making a pretty effect. Later songs were contributed by the Misses McCready, Doris Robinson and Nannestad and Mr. Hockley. Two

duets, sung by Mrs. Russell and her sister (Mrs. Wallace, of Hawera), were especially enjoyed. Mrs. Donald, was wearing a becoming cream Roman satin toilette, the bodice much trimmed with cream lace; Mrs. Wallace (Hawera), cream silk, the skirt made with many little frills, and the bodice having berthe, and frills on sleeves of cream accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Evans (Auckland), cream silk and lace; Mrs. D. Reed, black satin, corsage embroidered with green and gold sequins, spray of pink roses; Miss Bell, cream crepe de chine and lace, pale blue silk sash, pale blue velvet band in hair; Miss Armstrong, black satin, silver sequin embroidery and frills of black accordion-pleated chiffon on corsage, cluster of deep crimson roses; Miss McCready (Gisborne), cream silk and lace, pale blue silk rosette in hair; Miss Randolph, blue crepe de chine, cream lace insertion and frills of blue accordion-pleated chiffon on bodice, cluster of pale pink roses; Miss Frances Robinson, white embroidered muslin, cream and pink silk floral sash; Miss Doris Robinson, white embroidered muslin, turquoise blue silk sash; Miss Nannestad, cream silk and lace, pale blue silk belt. The men present included: Messrs. Renell, Reed, Osleston, Hockley, Gibbons, Smith, Spencer, Swainson, Bell, and Dr. Pope.

COMING EVENTS.

Mrs. E. J. Armstrong, Broad-st., has issued invitations for a large euchre party on Wednesday next.

The annual sports in connection with Craven College (the girls' college) take place on Thursday.

VIOLET.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, February 20.

A BRIDGE PARTY

was given by Mrs Wardrop at the Union Bank on Saturday evening. The players were Mrs Alex. Roberts (West-ersfield), the Misses Russell (Hawke's Bay), Mrs Kettle, Miss Humphreys, Mrs Wigram, Miss Denniston, Mrs Beswick, Miss Symes, Mrs and Miss Lee, Mrs and Miss Boyle, Mrs F. Cowlishaw and Miss Cowlishaw. Several capital games were played, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA

given by Miss Dorothy Moore at St. Alban's a large number of guests were present, amongst the number being Miss E. Harper (Fairlie), Mrs Maurice Denniston (Wellington), in a pretty pink mousseline de soie and pink hat to match; the Misses Abraham (Palmerston North) wore white muslin frocks and white hats; Miss H-Jop (Wellington), pretty blue muslin with blue and white hat; Miss Loughran (Wellington), white muslin dress, pretty pink hat with roses; Miss Denniston, pink floral muslin, pink and white hat; Miss Humphreys, black and white muslin frock and white hat; Miss Nannestad, mauve and white voile; Miss Kettle, a rose-coloured silk, green hat with pink rosebuds; Miss Merton, brown voile with hat to match; Miss Symes, white dress and white hat; Miss Burns, pale blue net and a pink hat wreathed with roses; Miss N. Burns, white muslin frock, pink hat; the Misses Gosset wore white costumes; Miss Macdonald, green cloth costume, green hat with flowers; Miss Dorothy Moore was in a mauve muslin with lace insertions. Others present were the Misses Lee, Wilson, and Wilding.

Yesterday the committee of the Domestic School gave an

AT HOME

in their new building. The guests were received by Mrs C. C. Bowen and members of committee. Some of the pupils gave demonstrations of cookery, dress-cutting, and laundry work, which were most interesting. A delicious afternoon tea, with cakes, sweets, and ices, all prepared at the school, was much appreciated by the guests, amongst whom were Mrs and Miss Julius, Mrs and Miss Reese, Dr. and Mrs Talbot, Mr and Mrs O'Brian Hoare, Mrs and Miss Meredith Kaye, Mrs Hurst Seager, Dr. and Mrs Chilton, Mrs Arnold Wall, the Misses Guthrie, Mrs B. D. and Miss Thomas, Mrs and Miss Merton, Mrs Palmer, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs W. Wood.

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OVER THE TEACUPS

BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR
LADY READERS . . .

Don't Waste Your Time, Girls!

KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN, AND DON'T STOP GROWING, OR IT WON'T BE EASY TO BEGIN AGAIN.

Are you really living, or are you letting the precious days slip by with nothing in them of interest?

Remember that life is not long, and that this beautiful old world is full of wonderful things for those who take the trouble to look for them. Not a day passes but what we have a chance to learn something if we keep our eyes open.

The dreamers must wake up, for, while they are building their aircastles, life is hurrying by.

Youth is the time to learn—the mind is eager and plastic.

Keep your eyes and ears open. When you are traveling in the train don't go off into a day-dream over the new hat you are going to buy; watch the people—they are far more interesting than the grandest clothes that parade Regent-street.

Whatever you do, don't stagnate. Try and learn something from everyone you know.

You may work all day and be dead tired by nightfall, but try and do a little reading every day, even though you may only have ten minutes to devote to it.

Read the newspapers, and such magazines you can get hold of. But especially read books that are worth reading. Once you cultivate a fondness for good reading, the most delightful world will open to you. If you watch the papers you will see many good free lectures advertised where men and women of the greatest culture are to be found.

Cultivate a fad of some sort that at least will keep you wide awake and interested.

The more you know, the more interesting you will be to others. It is only necessary to be intelligent.

Any intelligent face is better than one which has only prettiness to distinguish it.

Men are fond of declaring that girls can talk of nothing but admirers and clothes. That is not so, of course, and it is every girl's duty to be a living contradiction to that theory.

Show your men friends that you can listen and talk intelligently on the principal topics of the day.

It is not enough that you are young and pretty, you must be interesting as well.

Make up your mind to add to your store of knowledge every day. Remember that you can't call back one of these precious flying minutes, and don't waste one.

As it is, we spend more than a quarter of our lifetime in sleep, so you see we must spend the waking moments so as to get the greatest good out of them.

A Travelled Princess.

The Duke of Connaught is taking his wife and daughter on an extensive tour next month.

Princess Victoria Patricia is becoming a very much-travelled princess. Last winter she went to South Africa; now India and Canada will be added, and she is already fairly intimate with the more civilised European resorts.

A faint rumour has been heard of the Duke's intention to visit Anguica, and an enterprising American who heard of it suggested, in all good faith, in my hearing, says the "Lady of Fashion," that T.H.H. might do worse than marry his daughter to the President's eldest son. "I dare say we could stretch a point and allow her to freeze on to her till, seeing she's a nice little thing," he added magnanimously.

Duke's Simple Life.

The great Duke of Wellington seems to have been the oldest exponent of the simple life. His own room was plainness and simplicity itself.

He always slept on a small camp-bed, and Lord Ellesmere, in his reminiscences, tells us that he was temperate and careless in his diet, stating that he believed his good health was due to the three years he spent under canvas in India, when he ate little but rice, and drank scarcely any wine.

He continued to eat rice to the day of his death. He ate it with meat and almost everything, and his intimate friends took care always to place a dish of rice on the table when he dined with them.

He was the first inventor of the mixture of ale and soda-water, but was quite innocent of any gastronomic fancies, scarcely knew one wine from another, and could not discern bad butter from good. His indifference in the matter of food was proverbial, a contrast, says Lady Violet Greville in the "Graphic," to the present day, when diet forms one of the principle subjects of conversation.

Shop Girl's Costly Piano.

At a meeting of women workers which took place recently, one speaker told of a firm that bought a piano thirty years ago, and have charged their assistants so much a month for it ever since.

At a place with which I am acquainted—says a writer in the "Free Lance"—they mulct their assistants in the sum of sixpence a month for the use of an aged piano which has done duty for at least twenty years, and was second-hand when bought.

It must have been little short of a gold mine to its owners, for there are 350 employees, and these pay sixpence a month each at whatever stage of musical inefficiency they happen to be. During twenty years this mascot of an instrument has realised no less a sum than £2100.

£1,000,000 a-Year by Gambling.

WOMEN LOSE THOUSANDS A NIGHT AND JEWELS.

Sensational revelations have been made concerning the operations of the great Gambling Club Trust, the forty-two members of which (including their chief, M. Marquet) have just been expelled from this country.

The trust ran a number of gambling houses under the guise of clubs, and its profits from each house amounted to £144,000 per annum. It is estimated that during the past year its net gains have considerably exceeded £1,000,000.

News of the great extension of gambling which has recently taken place reached the Home Office from the dress-making establishments, where numbers of bills remained unpaid by well known society women and actresses owing to their heavy losses at the trust clubs.

LARGE SUMS GAMBLLED AWAY.

It came to the knowledge of the authorities that many women had been in the habit of attending these gaming houses, where some of them had lost £3000 to £4000 at a sitting. A celebrated actress lost £3200 in one evening.

Some of the women, after losing all their money, were seen to take off all their jewellery and dispose of it at absurd prices to shady brokers who haunt-

ed the places for the purpose of picking up such bargains. With the proceeds the unhappy women would try their luck once more—in the great majority of cases only to lose all.

These revelations caused the Government to make inquiries, and it was discovered that M. Marquet's great extension of gaming houses had by a curious circumstance been rendered possible by the Associations Law of 1901, which was passed to put an end to the religious associations.

Under this measure he found that he could open so-called clubs without having to get police permission. All he had to do was to make a declaration of an association, give it a high-sounding title, take a house, and start gambling.

One of his clubs, called the Club de France, in the Avenue MacMahon, had an immense membership of men and women, the subscription being quite a nominal amount, and it was here that most of the heavy losses by women occurred.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER.

M. Marquet, who runs gambling rooms in Ostend, Namur, Dinan, Spa, and Corfu, has had an extraordinary career. He was a waiter in an Ostend cafe, and in 1899 he married the owner's widow. With her money he started roulette at Ostend and Spa, and by suppressing the zero for a few hours each day he made his tables so popular that in a very short time he made an immense fortune.

He organised his men in a wonderfully clever way, teaching them in a school for croupiers which he ran, and paying them so highly that they were all devoted to him.

In his Paris houses he introduced a new form of Baccarat, which proved exceedingly popular, but very costly to his clients.

He recently offered a prize of £8000 for the owner of the first aeroplane which should fly from Paris to Ostend.

Surprise Gifts.

Some people do not like surprise gifts, but they are the exception that proves the rule. A surprise gift to be a right surprise must be one that gives a keen pleasure both to the giver and the receiver. It is pleasant for us to know that some one has thought enough of us to watch carefully for any stray words that will give an inkling of our particular longing for some particular thing. And in giving such a thoughtful gift it is equally pleasant to think that we have had the intuition to strike on the one thing needful or desirable. Many women—and a few men—have this genius of gift-giving, and such never buy in a hurry. Therein lies their secret. They are content to wait and watch till circumstances and observations tell them what would best be appreciated. Then and not till then do they consider it best to act and buy.

To Let.

To let, a little lonely heart,
In good position,
To search the chambers through and
Through,
And see if they are good and true,
You have permission.

Though small, its capabilities
Are very good;
The sunny and 'tis very warm,
And wholly yours through sun and storm
And changing mood.

To let, a little lonely heart,
Take it, dear,
And rent this little heart of mine,
All that you find therein is thine,
Each smile, each tear.

—Dorothy M. Mollatt.

Hotel for Telephone Girls.

An extremely comfortable and moderately-priced hotel for the use of telephone girls was recently opened in Paris.

It is a fine building, six storeys high, and situated on the Rue de Lille.

This new hotel for working girls is not a commercial venture, but has been built by a body of philanthropists, which includes some of the best-known names in France.

There are one hundred and twenty pretty bedrooms in the building, all well lighted and ventilated, and they are let at moderate rentals varying from eighteen to thirty francs a month.

The hotel contains spacious dining saloons, reading-rooms and halls, all lighted by electricity and heated by steam.

The large bright restaurant is most inviting and comfortable, and a really good meal can be obtained for less than a franc.

Needless to say, the whole of the hundred and twenty bedrooms found occupants immediately the hotel was declared open.

Tealess Village.

Pott Shvigley, the little village on the fringe of the Cheshire highlands, where was the setate of the late Mrs Lowther, is known among country tramps—says the "Manchester Guardian"—as the "tealess village."

It was one of the few places in the country round Manchester where it was impossible for the hungry and thirsty pedestrian to get tea. The late owner of the estate—one was always told—forbade her tenants to "give tea."

She had, it was presumed, a strong prejudice against the tripper, including in that general designation both the cyclist and the tramp, and so the Manchester tripper regarded Pott Shvigley from afar as a place to be avoided.

It was asserted the other day by a literary man that all clever women—at least, women who had distinguished themselves above the common herd of their sisters—were plain-featured, unattractive, if not positively ugly. 'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that almost all the great women of letters—Mme. de Staël, Mme. Sand, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning and Miss Austen—were plain women. The question then arises: Is this the fault of nature whose niggard hand will not deal out simultaneously beauty of feature and power of brain, or is it the fault of women who are content to accept the appendage of beauty as a kingdom and a power in itself and seek no more so long as there are slaves ready and willing to be attached to their car? Or is it that the plain woman handicapped in the race of life with her beautiful sisters, has carved out a new career and a new triumph for herself? The new woman might refute the assertion triumphantly by growing beautiful as well as clever.

Dr. SHELDON'S
Digestive Tablets.
"DIGEST WHAT YOU EAT."

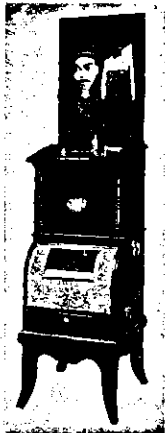
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Pneumatic Puncher.



Illustrated Songs.



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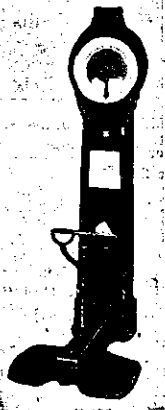


Do you know about the fortunes that have been and are now being made with these machines and others which we manufacture? Wouldn't you like to establish a business of your own that would yield big profits right from the start?

We have started over 10,000 people in business in the United States of America and every one of them is now independently wealthy.

This is one of Our Plans. Start an Arcade.

To do this, rent a shop in the busiest part of your city with a front on the most prominent thoroughfare? Then purchase a number of different kinds of our automatic amusement machines, place them in this shop, and start one of the musical machines playing at the entrance with the sidewalk. They will then see the lines of strange and beautiful machines inside, and come in to examine them. When they find that a small coin placed in any one of these machines will give them a delightful entertainment, they will drop in a coin, enjoy the particular attraction presented, and pass on enthusiastically to another machine. It is astonishing how rapidly your Arcade becomes popular throughout the city and how the habit grows with the populace of frequenting your place and securing the new features, which you can constantly change at almost no expense. The number of coins each machine absorbs in the course of a day, and the consequent profit to you, is really remarkable. Everyone who has adopted this plan has made a lot of money. Write us for full details and figures of profits.



Lifting Machine.

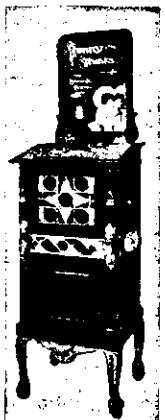


Palmist.

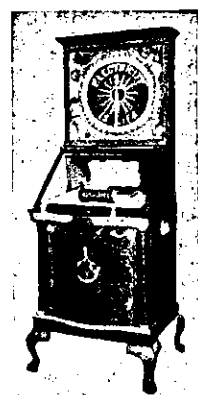
Other Plans.

We have a variety of plans, some of which will exactly suit you, no matter how slender may be your present means, and by which you can make money fast with our coin operated machines. We make 250 different varieties to suit coins of any country. The following are some of our exclusive productions:—

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How the Future King of England is Trained.

OUR SAILOR PRINCES.

Prince Edward and Prince Albert are to go to the Royal Naval College, Osborne, as naval cadets at Easter. This

decision of the King and the Prince of Wales, now definitely announced, shows the value which both His Majesty and His Royal Highness set on the value of the training afforded by the sea-service. "There is no better place in the world," said William IV., the Sailor King, "than the quarter-deck of a Brit-

ish man-o'-war for turning a boy into an English gentleman." King Edward and the Prince of Wales have often quoted, and heartily endorsed, this dictum. They know its truth by experience, and now they mean to put it to further proof in the case of the promising little fellow who will one day rule as King Edward the Eighth. Prince Edward will ultimately enter the Army, and the Osborne training will therefore be rather more important for Prince Albert, who is expected to adopt the Navy as a profession in the same whole-hearted manner as the Prince of Wales.

Prince Edward's first ambition was to become a doctor, but lately he has developed an intense concern in affairs of the sea, as becomes the destined monarch of a maritime country. The Russo-Japanese War was cleverly utilised by his parents and tutors to awaken his interest in ships and sailors. They provided him with a splendid fleet of model battleships, guns, forts, maps, and charts. The Prince promptly became enamoured of these beautiful things, and consigned all his other toys to the lumber-room. His hereditary sailor instincts at once became apparent, and he took up a regular course of naval studies under the expert guidance of his father.

During the war, nearly every hour of Prince Edward's playtime was occupied in fighting mimic battles with his model vessels, in scanning maps and charts, and thereby accumulating valuable knowledge concerning the technical details of various kinds of war craft. The Prince at this time took a keen delight in instructing his sons in sailor-like accomplishments, such as trimming sails and making knots and hitches, and in explaining the mysteries of marine engineering. Besides the naval toys, he presented them with a perfect flotilla of model boats, with which they played at the seaside or sailed upon the ornamental waters in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Then came King Edward's splendid gift of the large model brig on Virginia Water. This completed Prince Edward's joy, and gave the finishing touch to his enthusiasm for the sea.

At Osborne the young princes will work in the engineering shops and learn the rudiments of a naval officer's duties both above and below deck. They will be taught to use their hands in the roughest work, such as sail drill, knotting, and splicing. When they have arrived at their teens they will receive

a thorough elementary training in physics, marine engineering, etc., including the use of tools and machines. When they leave Osborne they will go to sea, and will there be instructed in practical seamanship, navigation, pilotage, gunnery, mechanics, and engineering. Such is the course mapped out for our sailor princes.



"CHUNK," THE STURDY SON OF MR. S. S. BASTARD, PONSONBY, AUCKLAND.

At 8 months' old "Chunk" weighed 2 stone 1lb.



MISS MAUD ODELL.

Renowned for her beautiful figure, considered to be the finest in Great Britain.

A STRIKING PROOF of the advance in reasonableness of our modern civilisation is afforded by the fact that all culture now bases its first elements upon a sound and substantial attention to the physical health of the young. The new training is, in a word, founded upon the maxim, "A healthy mind in a healthy body." Twenty-five or thirty years ago, the actual physical development in childhood occupied a great deal less attention than it does now. That the case was so is universally admitted. In particular, the very grave importance attaching to the health of the mouth and teeth in childhood was scarcely understood at all; and innumerable individuals have in later life paid severe penalties, in the shape of dental troubles, and still graver complications resulting from them, in consequence of



the fatal neglect of their teeth in early years. Happily all this is now altered. Proper care of the teeth in childhood has become an integral part of the attention everywhere paid to the health of the young. An official dental surgeon is indispensably attached to every properly conducted school; and the number of people who wisely regard a constant attention to their children's teeth as a part of their duty increases daily. The benefits which all these will find to accrue from a regular use of Odol cannot be exaggerated.

To accustom children from their earliest years to a regular use of Odol is one of the soundest hygienic rules that can be formulated and one of the greatest benefits that can be bestowed on them.

The Ladies' College, Remuera,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House Studios resumed (D.V. June 5th.



This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles.
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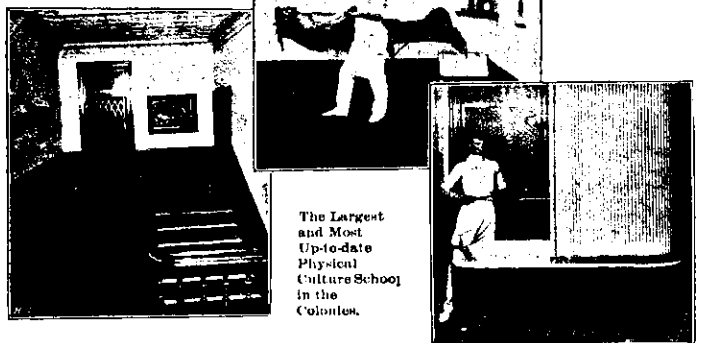
Works: Birmingham, England.

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-Bloeting Series.

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• THE WORLD OF FASHION •

BY MARGUERITE



TWO CHARMING COSTUMES.



A FROCK WORN AT THE FETE AT THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY of peach-coloured muslin inset with old Flemish lace.



AN IDEAL SEASIDE ATTIRE.

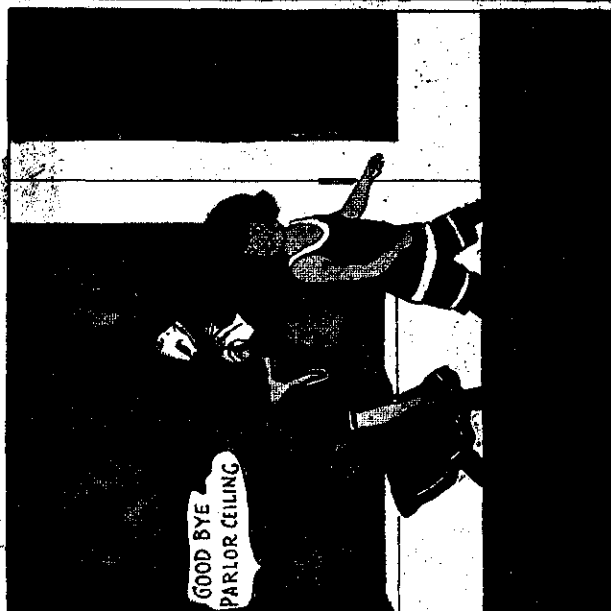
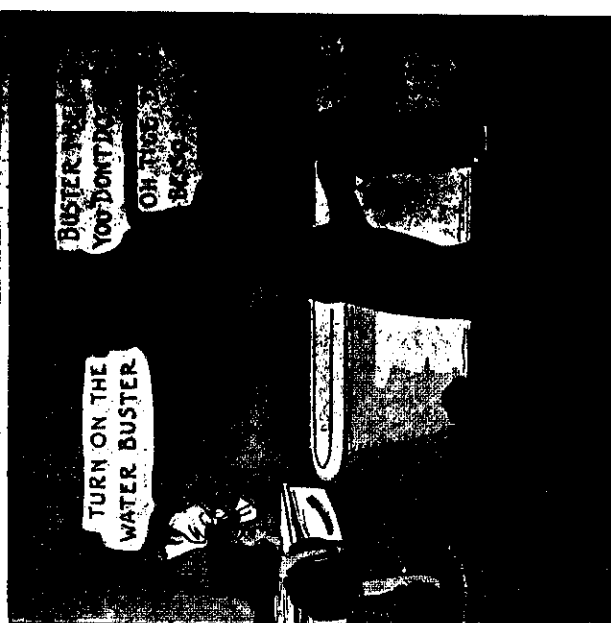


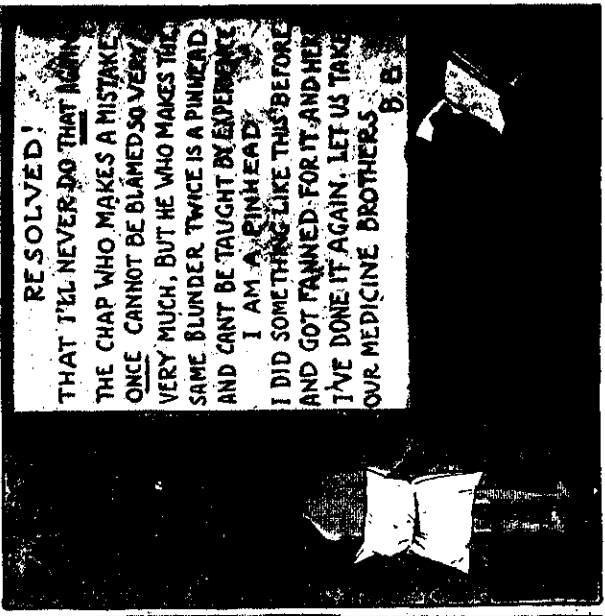
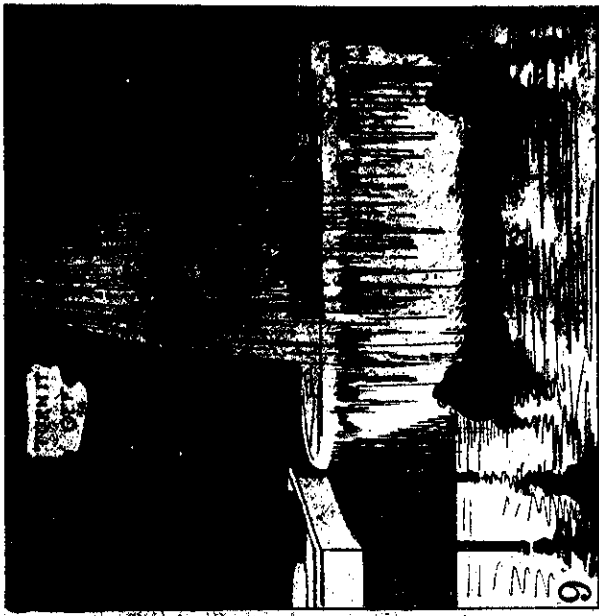
A PRETTY BLOUSE

of heavy guipure and tucked muslin, of white and red spotted silk, with yoke

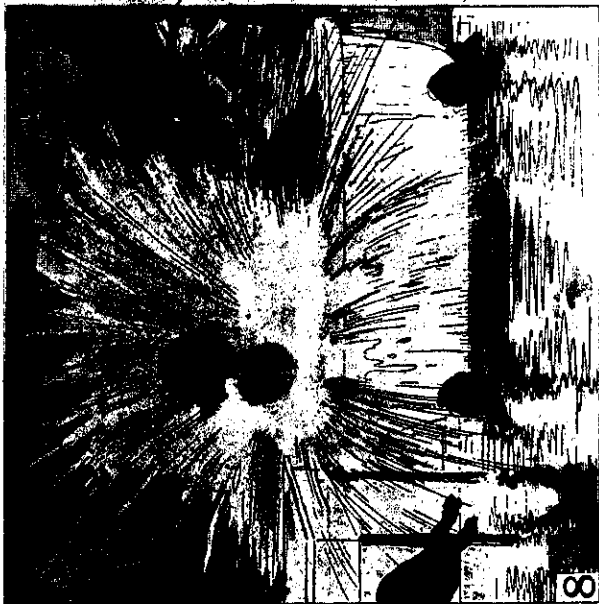


In this figure we have a kind of silky voile, or it might more properly be described as a figure gauze, in the new apricot shade, inserted with lace, embroidered with shot taffetas roses. A collar of finely-pleated muslin, with roses embroidered thereon, forms a sort of fichu on the folded bodice, which is finished with the softest, opalescent satin wash. Many beautiful specimens of headgear will be seen with the real lace veil thrown back. The hat worn with the gown I have just described is in a dainty Tuscan chip, trimmed with a shaded pink rose and a lace veil.

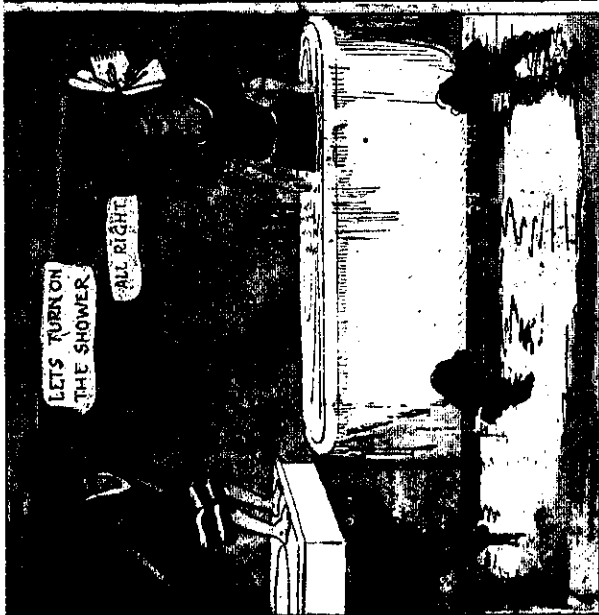




RESOLVED!
 THAT I'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN
 THE CHAP WHO MAKES A MISTAKE
 ONCE CANNOT BE BLAMED SO VERY
 VERY MUCH, BUT HE WHO MAKES THE
 SAME BLUNDER TWICE IS A PINHEAD
 AND CANT BE TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE
 I AM A PINHEAD
 I DID SOMETHING LIKE THIS BEFORE
 AND GOT FANNED FOR IT AND NOW
 I'VE DONE IT AGAIN. LET US TAKE
 OUR MEDICINE BROTHERS



MA HAVE MERCY
 ON A LITTLE CHILD



LET'S TURN ON
 THE SHOWER
 ALL RIGHT



MA HAVE MERCY
 ON A LITTLE CHILD



**Our
Funny
Page**

LOVE'S ANSWER.

"Can you cook, darling?" asked her fiance eagerly, for he was no Croesus.
"Can I cook!" she sneered. "Do you suppose I'd be silly enough to marry a poor clerk if I could make forty dollars a month and my board?"

AS A KNOCK-OUT AGENT.

Mrs. Hogan (with paper): "Glory be! Highway robbers are now usin' autty-mobiles!"
Hogan: "No wonder! Shure, th' most casual reader must acknowledge their superiority over sandbags!"

WASN'T THERE.

Lawyer: "Well, what was done in th' interim?"
Witness: "I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the interim. I staid in the anteroom."

END OF THE HONEYMOON.

"Finished your honeymoon yet?"
"I don't know. I have never been able to determine the exact meaning of the word honeymoon."
"Well, then, has your wife commenced to do the cooking yet?"

COULDN'T BE CORRECT.

Mrs. Whyte: "Did you enjoy seeing Bernhardt?"
Mrs. Wylkyns: "Oh, yes. But one thing seemed queer. Are you sure she is a real Frenchwoman? Her pronunciation isn't a bit like Mary's."

PROFOUND OBSERVATION OF A TRAVELLER.

If a man had to wait half as long for his dinner at home as he does at the swell city cafe he would do things that would give the neighbours something to talk about for weeks.

HE THOUGHT SHE OUGHT TO KNOW IT.

"No, I haven't anything for you today. You are the man I gave some pie to a fortnight ago?"
"Yes, lidy, thank you; I come back because I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."



WILLING TO TAKE THE BLAME.

Young Husband: "Fifty dollars for a hat? It's outrageous! It's a sin!"
Wife: "No matter; the sin will be on my own head."



SEEMINGLY SO.

(Census Enumerator (absently): Any children?
Casey: Well, an' phat do yez think Oi am—th' nurse gurl!

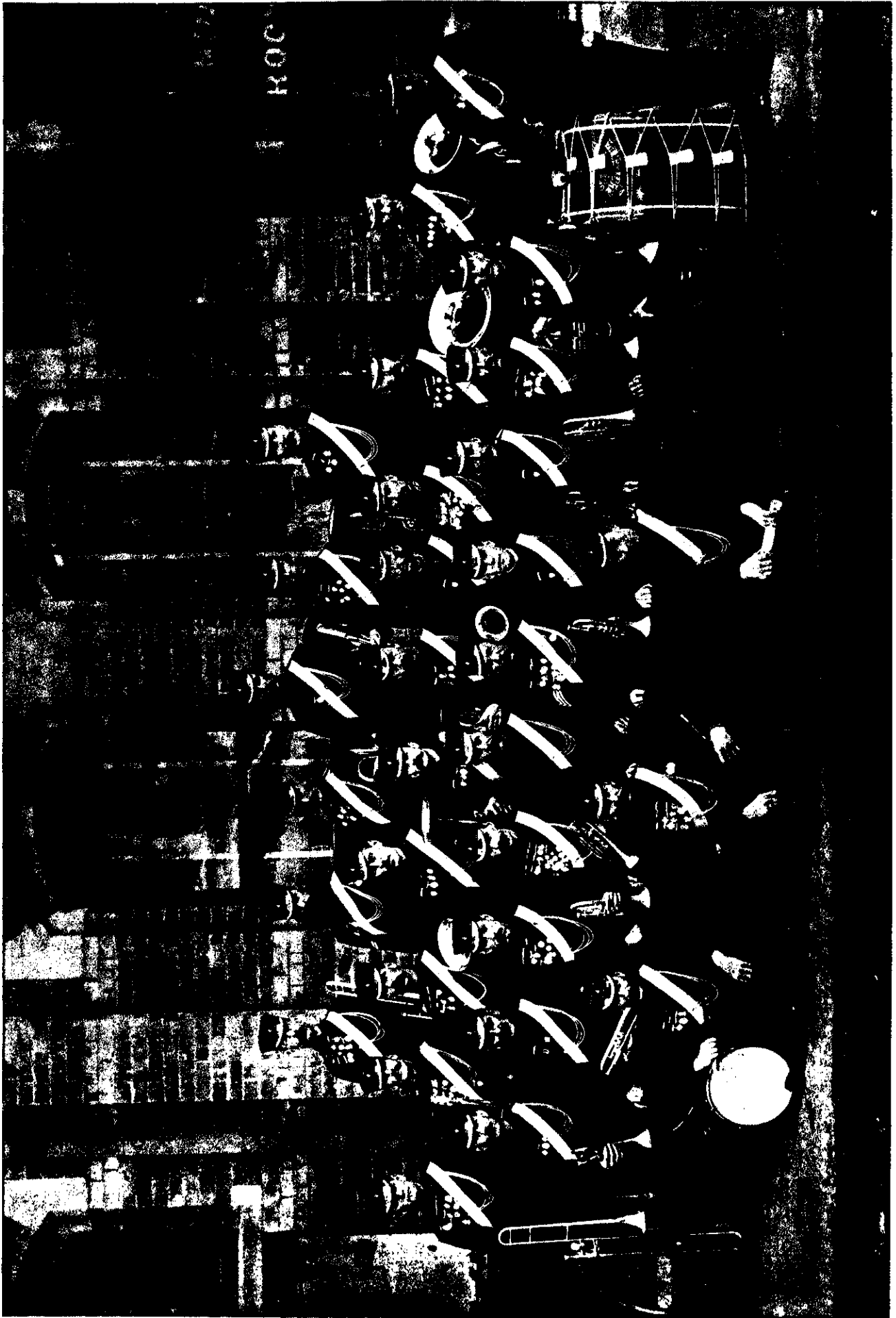


Before Marriage.



"KEEPING COMPANY."

After marriage.



WANGANUI GARRISON, THE CHAMPION BAND OF THE COLONY.

AT THE CHRISTCHURCH EXHIBITION CONTEST THIS SPLENDID BAND WAS AWARDED FIRST HONOURS IN BOTH THE GRAND SELECTION AND THE QUICKSTEP, AND INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS CARRIED OFF TROPHIES IN EIGHT OTHER EVENTS.

Webb and Dunn. Photo.



Richard, Szony Studio, photo.

MONSTER BABY SHOW AT THE N.Z. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CHRISTCHURCH.

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN BABIES WERE SHOWN, AND IT IS CLAIMED THIS ESTABLISHES A RECORD FOR THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE. AN AMUSING ACCOUNT OF THE SHOW APPEARS ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE.

EXHIBITION BABY SHOW

THE CARNIVAL OF KING BABY.

AN AMUSING ACCOUNT.

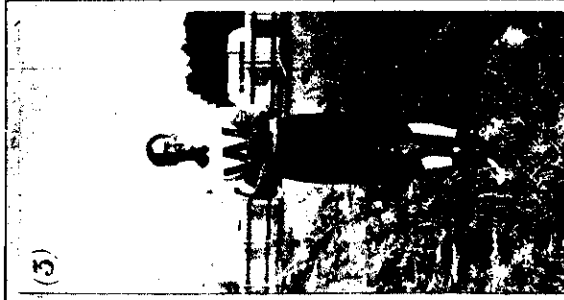
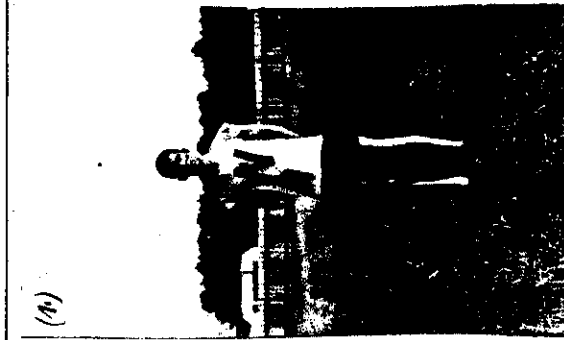
If the saying, "Happy is the man who has his quiver full," be true, the people of New Zealand, as represented by the parents of the enormous number of children exhibited at the Exhibition Baby Show must indeed be entitled to call their land "The Fortunate Isles." The lengthy main corridor overflowed with babes, says the "Christchurch Press," in a most capital descriptive article, and perambulators, and only a poultry show in full swing could compare in point of diversity of noise as the intense heat began to tell on the tempers of the children. Placed in the most unsuitable way as regarded inspection by the public, the waiting infants were fenced in by a dense crowd of interested onlookers making the heat even more trying than under ordinary circumstances.

The Christian martyrs of the old times hardly underwent a more severe ordeal than the self-sacrificing mothers who sat, hour by hour, patiently nursing their offspring, waiting expectantly for the verdict of the judges. The lady visitors, of course, mustered in crowds, and criticised the various babies with knowledge. Sometimes their remarks were "painful and free," and the giant of battle lighted in the eyes of the devoted mothers as they heard their darlings calmly criticised by other mothers or spinsters.

The mere man furtively skirted the crowd of womanhood, dodging the various perambulators which were urged remorselessly onward. They were wise in their generation — though they might think much, they spake not a word. Had they done so, their lives would not have been worth much. One man was noticeable, seated amongst the long line of mothers, and was regarded by the crowd with mingled admiration and enquiry. Why he was there was explained by the placard near where he sat. This bore the legend "Twins!" No wonder that there was a proud yet somewhat apprehensive look on his face. Smiling at the serried ranks of ladies who gathered in a compact mass to look at the proud father and mother, and the twins, he sat deftly nursing one of the babies, the other reposing in the arms of the equally proud mother. It was amusing to watch the way in which skirmishing parties of ladies brought up their friends to look at the interesting sight, and gazed intently on the group.

As to the babies themselves, all sorts and conditions were there. There were a couple of fat, sleepy-looking Maori children, the bronze of whose skin stood out with a distinctive note of colour. Some were busily crying; others were gazing wide-eyed at the unusual scene; and there was a section who slept peacefully and like Abner Green of Angell's, who raised the point of order, "the subsequent proceedings interested them no more." Perhaps it was because it was thought that they would be least susceptible to the feminine wiles of the eagerly curious ladies who essayed to force the barriers behind which the competing babies were entrenched, the entrances were guarded by parties of School Cadets. But who shall guard the guards!—as the well-known Latin motto has it—particularly when pretty girls essay to tempt. So it came to pass that here and there adventurous parties of pushing girls forced a passage and ecstasied over the plump and pleasing babies.

With a view, no doubt, to future business, an enterprising firm in the Exhibition presented each mother with the means of temporary refreshment in the shape of a stick of chocolate and a tin of milk food. In the Commissioners' Room — the temperature of which exceeded even the Hades of the Turkish Bath—sat the Radamanthine trio, the two lady judges and the General Manager. Streams of babies, borne by anxious-eyed mothers, poured incessantly in-



AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, CHRISTCHURCH.

1. T. Rutledge, winner Handicap, 75 yards; 2. H. S. Burk, winner One Mile Flat Championship; 3. H. Cook, winner of two heats, 120 Yards Hurdles; 4. H. Henderson, winner 100 Yards Championship; 5. L. B. Webster, winner 440 Yards Flat Championship; 6. 440 Yards Hurdles Handicap; 7. Finish of the Final, 100 Yards Hurdles Handicap; 8. 120 Yards Hurdles Handicap.



FINISH FOR THE 75 YARDS HANDICAP.



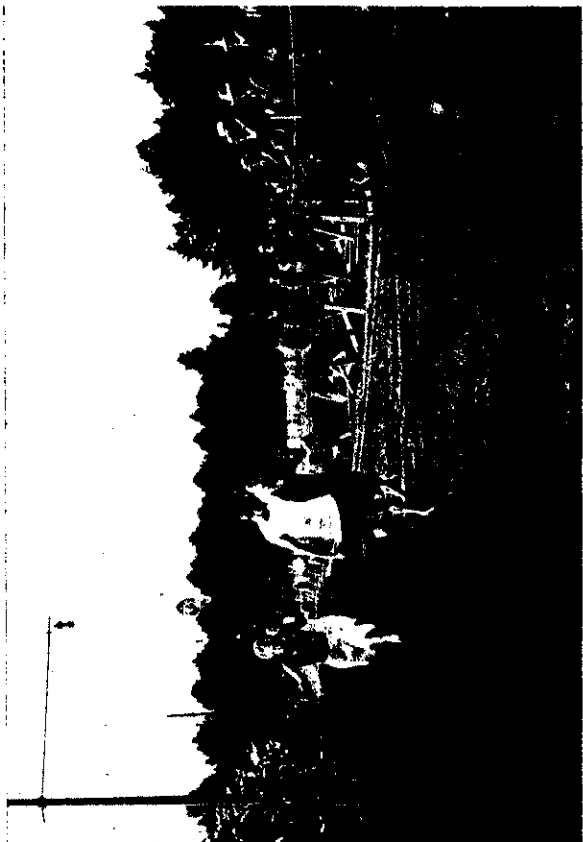
START FOR THE ONE MILE FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.



COMPETITORS IN THE ONE MILE FLAT CHAMPIONSHIP.



THOMASSEN, WINNER OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP, PUTTING THE WEIGHT.



FINISH OF THE 220 YARDS HANDICAP.

AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING, CHRISTCHURCH.