

The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 26

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1907

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



PROMINENT AUCKLAND CITIZENS: MR. THOMAS FINLAYSON.

Mr. T. Finlayson is deservedly one of the most popular commercial men in Auckland. For a very great number of years he has devoted himself to the interests of Messrs. Sargood, Sons, and Ewen, and about two years ago his services were fittingly recognised by his being taken into partnership with the famous firm.



MEET OF THE HAWKE'S BAY HUNT CLUB AT MR. KINROSS WHITE'S, OMARANUI, EIGHT MILES FROM NAPIER.



FOLLOWERS AND GUESTS AT MR. KINROSS WHITE'S RESIDENCE.
HUNTING IN THE HAWKE'S BAY DISTRICT.

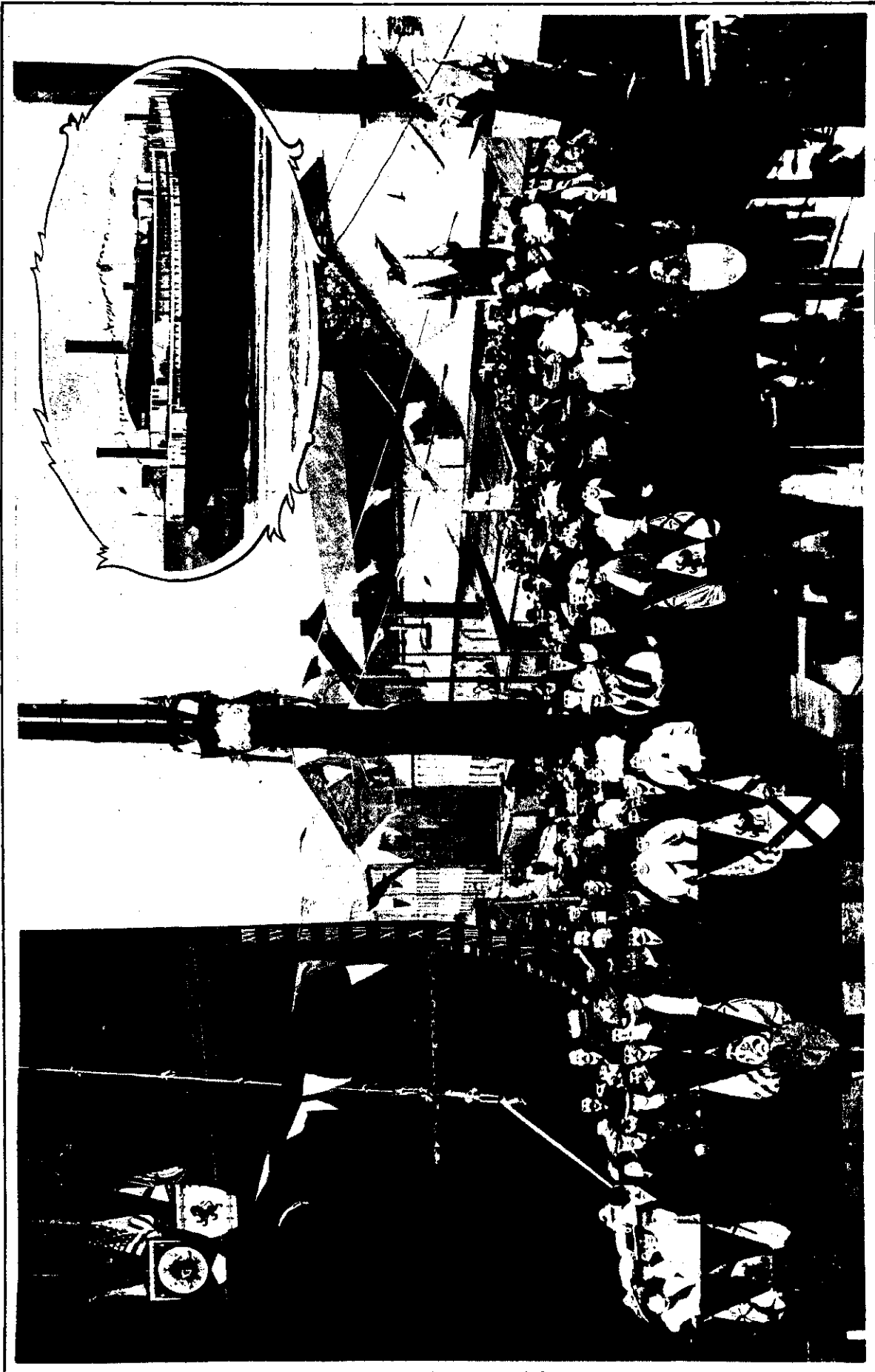
Sorell, photo.



Mair and M. Kuley, photo.

PHOTO, TAKEN IN THE ODDFELLOWS' HALL, WELLINGTON, OF REPRESENTATIVES OF FRIENDLY SOCIETIES FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COLONY

Assembled for the purpose of discussing a number of subjects, which have for some time past been in dispute between the Orders and the Doctors who attend on lodge members, Mr. Leigh Hunt, president of the Conference, in the chair.



See "Our Illustrations."

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE RED FUNNEL FLEET.

LAUNCH OF THE UNION S.S. COMPANY'S TURBINE STEAMER "MAORI" FROM THE YARDS OF MESSRS. DENNY AND BROTHERS, DUNBARTON, SCOTLAND, BY LADY WARD. THIS SPLENDID VESSEL HAS BEEN SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE WELLINGTON-LYTTELTON FERRY SERVICE AND IS SUMPTUOUSLY FITTED THROUGHOUT.



Tourist Department. photo.

LOOKING NORTH-EAST OVER AUCKLAND CITY AND HARBOUR FROM THE TOWER OF ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.

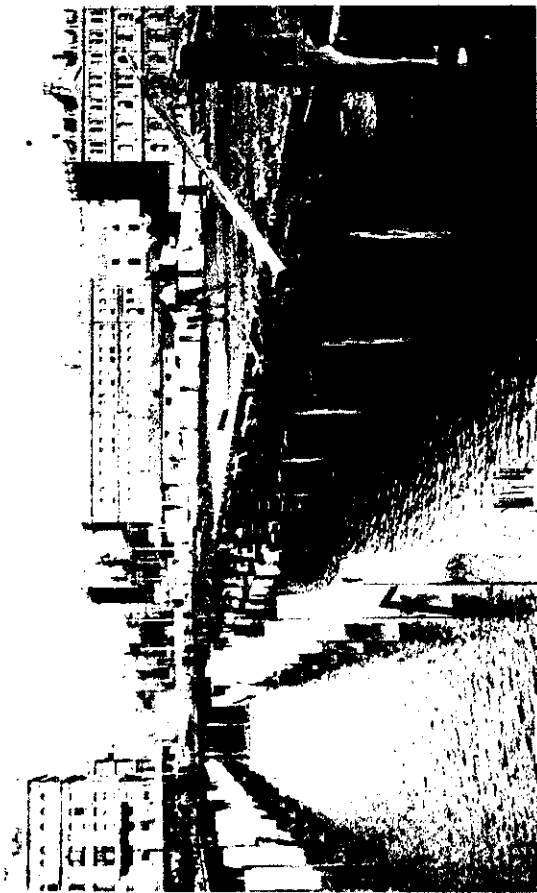


RESERVATION ("LINDEN LYMAN").



EXPECTATION ("AKARANA FLOSSIE").

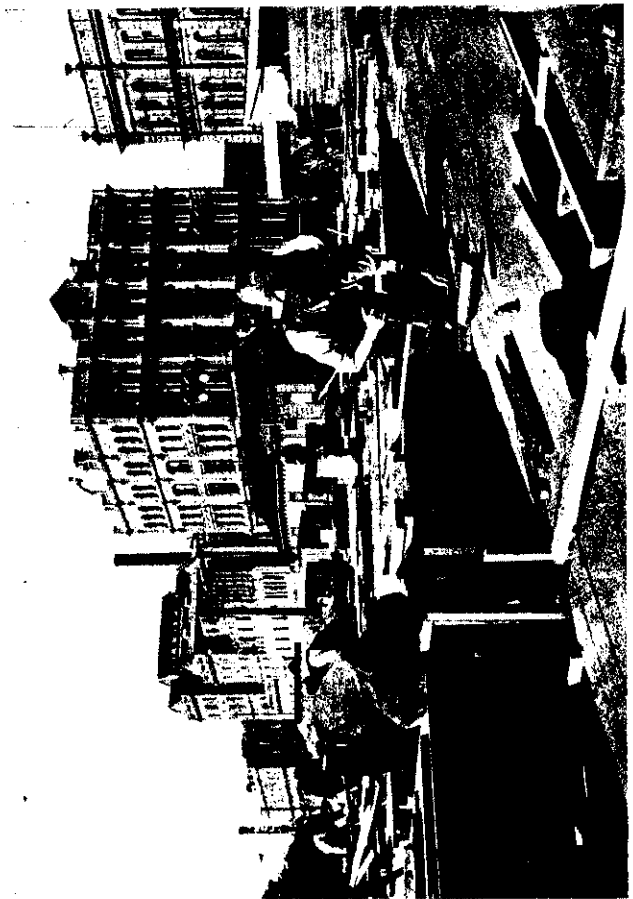
STUDIES OF DOGS FROM NEW ZEALAND KENNELS: MR. J. W. SPENCE'S FOX-TERRIERS, PARNELL, AUCKLAND.



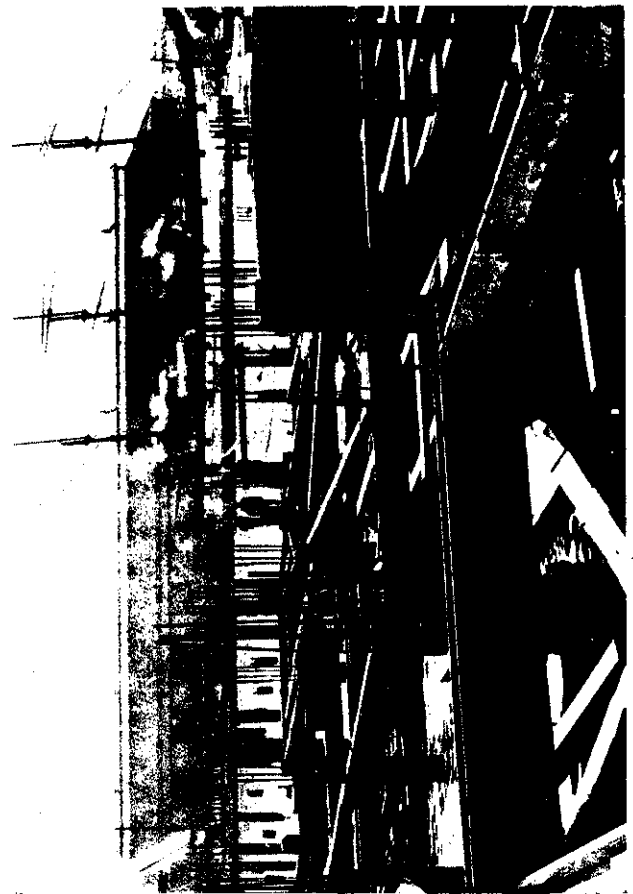
DISMANTLING THE OLD QUEEN STREET WHARF WHICH IN PLACES, WAS JUST ABOUT "ON ITS LAST LEGS."



THE NEW FERRO-CONCRETE PIER FOR THE FERRY BOATS ON THE WEST OF QUEEN STREET WHARF.

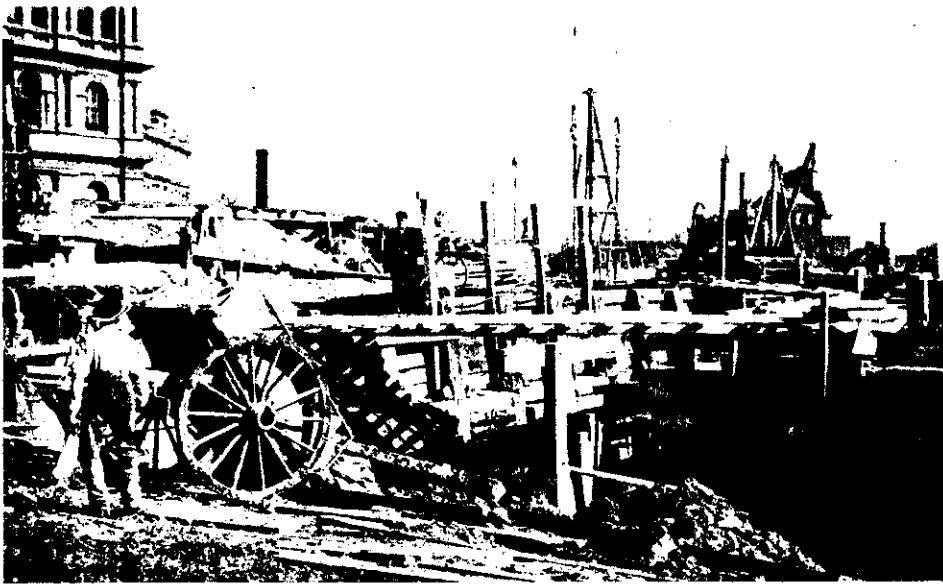


BUILDING THE MOULDS FOR THE FERRY WHARF. THE SLOPE IN THE FOREGROUND LEADS TO THE LOW-LEVEL LANDING.



THIS PICTURE GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE COMPLICATED MOULDING IN TIMBER NECESSARY TO RECEIVE THE REINFORCED CONCRETE.

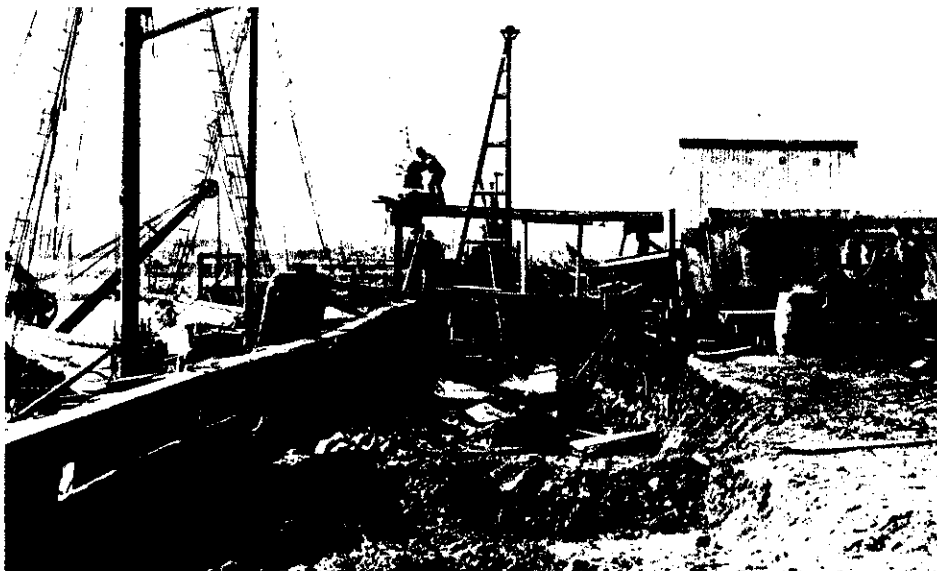
THE IMPROVEMENT OF AUCKLAND'S WATERFRONT.



FILLING IN BETWEEN THE NEW RETAINING WALL AND THE OLD QUAY STREET BREASTWORK.



THE WATER FRONT BETWEEN THE FERRY PIER AND THE GRAVING DOCK.

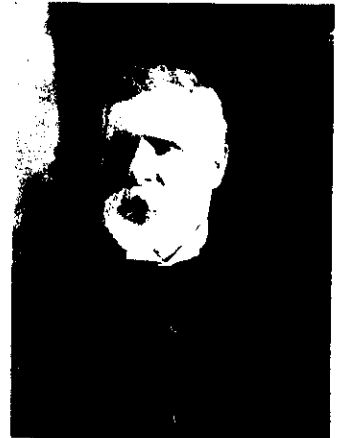


WHERE THE OLD BREASTWORK CAVED IN BY THE HARBOUR BOARD OFFICES, THE IMPROVEMENT OF AUCKLAND'S WATERFRONT.

TWO OF WELLINGTON'S PROMINENT BARRISTERS WHO HAVE BEEN MADE K.C.'S.



Muir and MacKinlay, photo.
MR. MARTIN CHAPMAN.



Muir and MacKinlay, photo.
MR. H. DILLON BELL.

His Ingenious Method.

"Oh, but didn't Oi boy th' divyle's own toime last night!" mourned Finnigan, as he dived into the Franklin stove after a pinker coal for his pipe. "Th' divyle's own toime did Oi boy thryin' t' git wid Maloney, as wint t' town wid me in th' mornin'. Yez see, we got separated, th' two av us, an' git to gibber agin we eulent t' save th' sowls av us. Iverywhere Oi wint an' ust wuz Maloney there. Oi wuz towld he'd jist thot mingit gone. At lasht, wan man towld me he had seen wid 's own eyes Maloney shartin' off home. Wid thot Oi sharted toward home mesilf, thinkin' av the long, forlornsome walk before me, and wishin' for th' company av me frind. At th' first moile Oi met Clarence an' ust 'm had he met Maloney, an' he hadn't. That puzzled me shill more, an' Oi wuz thot confused an' bewildered thot Oi didn't know what t' do.

"At lasht Oi hit on th' inixynus plan. Oi wud run a quarther av a moile t' overtake 'm in case he wuz abid. Thin Oi wud shlop an' rist tin minyits, t' let 'm catch up wid me if he wuz behound. But in spite av all me precautions," sighed Finnigan, as his coal got to going good, "Maloney late me home about a quarther av an hour."

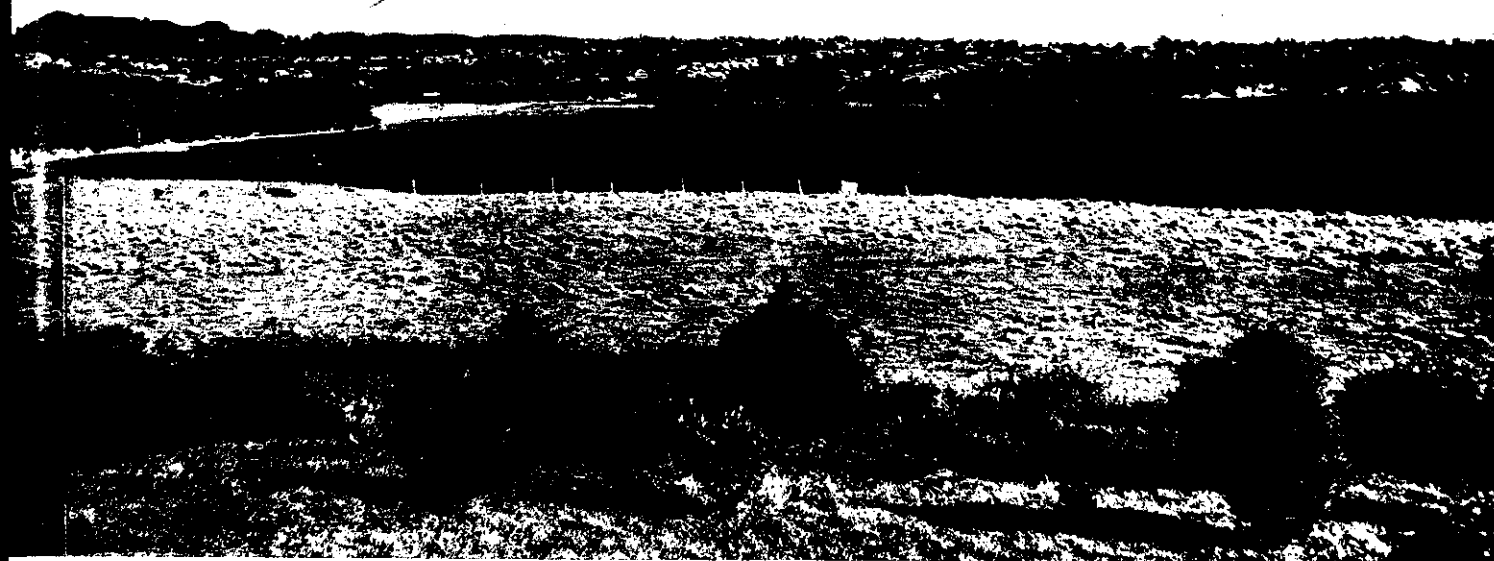


COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF REMUERA AND B...



LOOKING OVER ORAKEI BASIN FROM THE...

New and Beautiful Panoramic Views of Auckland City and Suburbs
 of the New Auckland

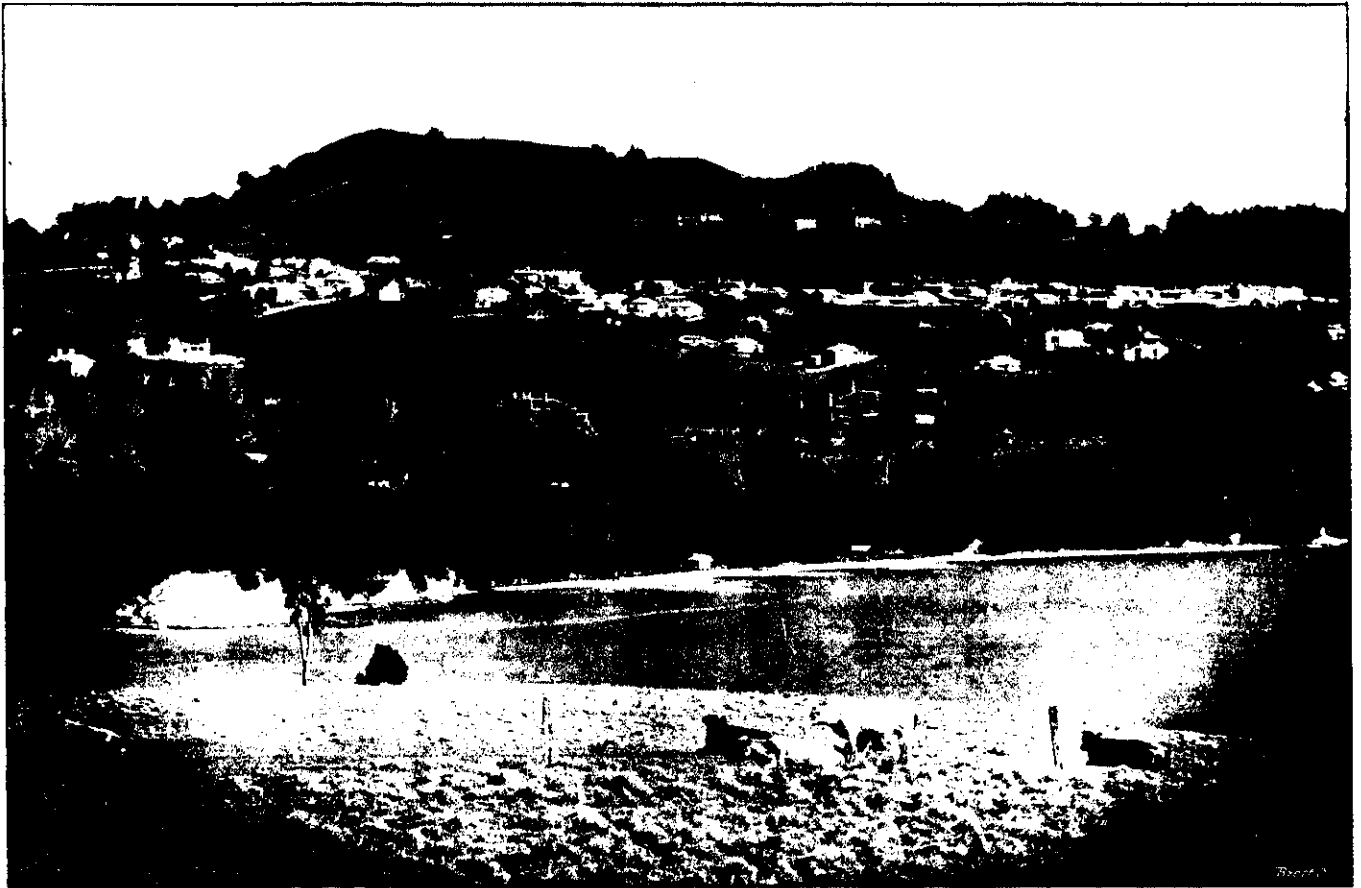


ON'S BAY, WITH AUCKLAND IN THE DISTANCE.



HIGH LAND AT THE BACK OF OKAHU POINT.

...rbs from Orakei, which has come into Prominence as the Outfall
...nd Drainage Scheme



TELEPHOTO VIEW OF MOUNT EDEN FROM MR. COATES' RESIDENCE, ORAKEL.



LOOKING ACROSS HOBSON BAY TO CAMPBELL'S POINT, AUCKLAND, TAKEN FROM MR. COATES' RESIDENCE, ORAKEL.



Kodellif, photo.

MENDING MULLET NETS AT BATLEY, KAIPARA, AUCKLAND PROVINCE.



Wheeler and Sons, photo.

A MINING PROSPECTOR'S LOG HUT, TARARU RANGES, THAMES.

THE VIVID EAST

First Impressions of a Colonial Cleric

By the Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, sometime Congregationalist Minister, Auckland.

HONG-KONG, THE WORLD'S MARINE METROPOLIS.

BRITISH colonists are accustomed to "bigness" in more directions than one, but surely it is a fact worthy of emphasis, that the biggest shipping port in the world is within a little over a fortnight's steaming from Australia. Since 1905 Hong-Kong has risen to the proud distinction of being the world's marine metropolis; there is a larger number of passengers and a greater tonnage of vessels now regularly passing through

credit to any city in the world. There have been no horses or steam-motors to draw these ponderous weights; the very sand with which the mortar was made, has been carried in baskets on the shoulders of coolie women. Up the precipitous sides of the peak the coolies skip with a piano swung on their shoulders, as if it were a mere detail compared with their ordinary work. Even the buildings in the distinctively Chinese quarters are solid brick structures of three and four stories in height. Hovels are fast disappearing under the wise and efficient labours of the city administrators.



QUEEN'S ROAD, CENTRAL HONG-KONG, DURING THE CHINESE NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES.

heard Canadians admit that from the summit of the Peak is obtained the finest view in the world. I have no brief to defend such an assertion or support

day of the Australian Commonwealth, but I have seen nothing to produce the beautiful and yet weird effects of the rows of electric lights trailing around



THE QUEEN'S STATUE, WITH PRINCES' AND QUEEN'S BUILDINGS IN THE REAR.

Hong Kong than in any other port in the world. Swinging out of the Lyce-Moon Pass into Hong-Kong Harbour the visitor is astonished at the magnitude and activity of the scene; 25,000 ton liners lying at their moorings, ships of war of all nations flying their national symbols; wide from all quarters of the globe vessels pass and repass and exchange the watchword of the seas. When there is added to all this shipping of the world the Chinese sampun line in Hong-Kong, the scene simply beggars description. Never again can some of us crow about Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, and Auckland, with their shipping, as we once did. See Hong-Kong shipping and then you will be ready to say: "If the world has anything finer than this to show I don't want to see it, for I could not take it in."

It is seldom that our anticipations correspond with our realisations. For many years Hong-Kong has been to some of us in thought a place of bamboo enclosures, tattered hats, squalid and tortuous lanes, miserable and dirty specimens of humanity by thousands. The reality is a revelation. On the sides of the Peak, which stands as a sentinel over the city of Victoria, are erected buildings before which even the American stands and expresses his surprise and admiration. Who fashioned these stately colonnades; and in what way were these stones which form the massive arches brought into position? The average ordinary contractor would look at the site and plans of many such buildings and despair. By patient toil, by brain, and bone, and human muscle have these buildings been erec'ted, which would do

The illustrations of the Peak Hotel and the tramline to the Peak will show that the Victorian is justified in the question which he loses no time in putting to the visitor: "Have you been up to the Peak?" This is the show place of Hong-Kong; and certainly one of the show places of the world. I have even



CRIMINALS IN THE STOCKS.

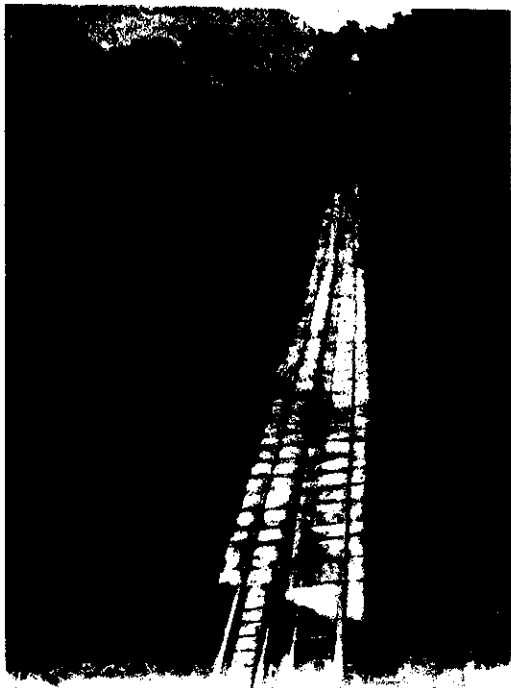
such an admission, suffice that when when once seen it will never be forgotten. But more awe-inspiring certainly to me is the view of the Peak by night, viewed from the harbour. New Zealand and Australian cities had much to show in the way of nocturnal decoration on Mafeking Day, and on the first birth-

the Peak to its summit, on a dark night in Hong-Kong. It is the one spot on earth where the starlit heavens and the handicraft of man seem to meet in illumination.

A lady who has lived a large number of years in Victoria assured me that she never walked their streets without see-



THE CHURCHYARD IN HAPPY VALLEY, HONG-KONG.



THE PEAK TRAMWAY.



VIEW OF THE HARBOUR BETWEEN HONG-KONG AND KOWLOON.

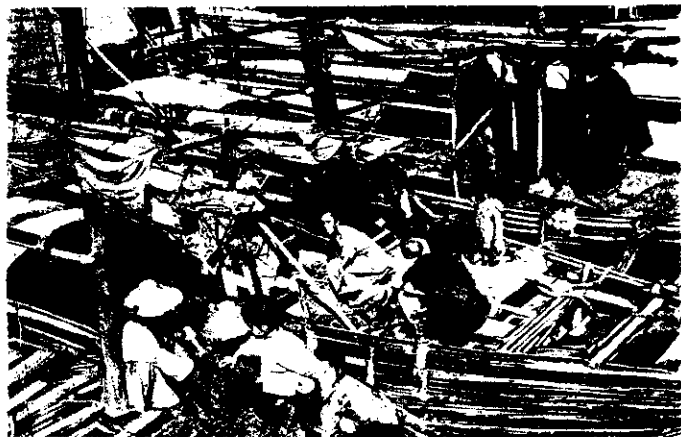
the affable officer in charge of the culprit, I moved on with the reflection that I would sooner have the four months in gaol in the ordinary way, than the four hours in those stocks.

Happy Valley, in Hong Kong is a most beautiful spot; the two items of public interest are the racecourse and the churchyard. These two are closer together in Happy Valley than they are in most places. The one

is derived from our occasional contact with the vegetable man, or the hawker. It does not usually dawn upon us that these Chinese represent about the poorest and roughest type of Chinese life. There is almost no connection between the Chinaman as we know him in Australia and the educated, silk-dressed, alert, pleasant featured men who run the shops and banks in Eastern cities. There are to be found in Hong Kong

ing something interesting and strange. I can quite believe it. Halting on the steps leading up to a Chinese Church one Sunday morning, within the length of a pole of me, I could see three Chinese cooks preparing dinners for all who would buy, and their united odours produced a result not easily forgotten. Six or eight food vendors in the rough all offered their goods for sale with many an unearthly yell; a widow woman with bound feet, sat on a little box repairing old clothes and making new ones, while her children squatted patiently on little mats at her feet; in the same area a man was being treated by the barber; another man mended old shoes; and to complete the circle, and raised above them all, was a mother actively engaged in a hunt upon her boy's head with the aid of a fine tooth comb. As there are no horses or cattle of any kind in the streets they are wonderfully clean and well formed and preserved; rickshaws, chairs, and electric cars, afford the maximum of quick and comfortable travelling at the minimum of cost. In the city of Victoria, the majesty of British law is evidenced in several interesting ways. To start with, there is quite a considerable number of police-stations distributed through the city,

each one being primarily responsible for the maintenance of the law within its radius. It is an interesting sight to see the police mustered prior to their marching out to their respective stations; the uniforms of the Chinese and stalwart Indians are very picturesque, while of course John Bull is in evidence as superior officer. I have seen the police in Sydney streets handle some queer customers who wanted to do what they pleased with other people's goods or money, but it was my good fortune to profit by the misfortune of a Hong Kong criminal to see how H.M. police handle characters of this kind. This particular criminal had stolen some goods from the front of a shop. Speedy detection followed, and his clothing gave evidence that he did not take arrest in the quietest way. But in a few moments the contest was over; with handcuffs adjusted the offender was marched into one of the convenient police stations and dealt with without delay; sentence, four months in gaol and four hours in the stocks. So there he sat, as I saw him, by the side of the street; thousands paused for a moment to read the brief record of his crime and the character of his punishment, and then moved on. After chatting a few moments with



LIFE IN A CHINESE SAMPAN.

is an ideal sports ground, with its level space set in nature's amphitheatre, the other is a spot most conducive to soothing and serious reflections. Happy Valley is conveniently reached by electric car, and daily claims a large number of visitors.

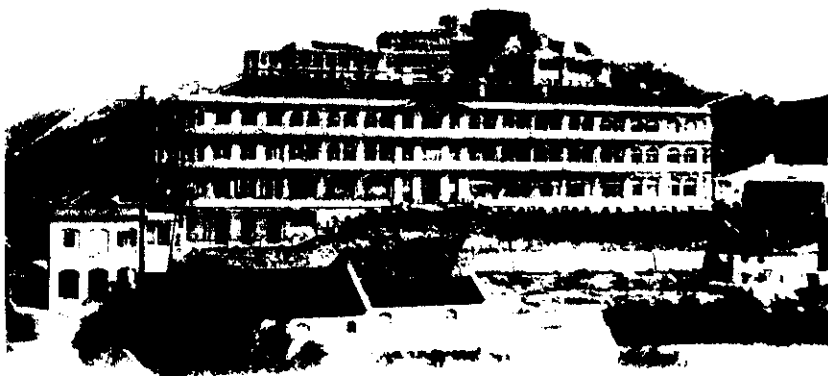
It is not an easy thing for the average Australian or New Zealander to associate beauty, cleanliness, and a large measure of attractiveness with Chinese character our knowledge of the Chinese

thousands of well-educated Chinese young men, hair cut, dressed in European fashion, and their style leaving nothing to be desired; many of them are most courteous and charming in their deportment. Many of these Chinese are immensely rich, and they live in homes that are palatial in appearance and full of comfort. This brings me to the gentler sex in Chinese life in Hong Kong.

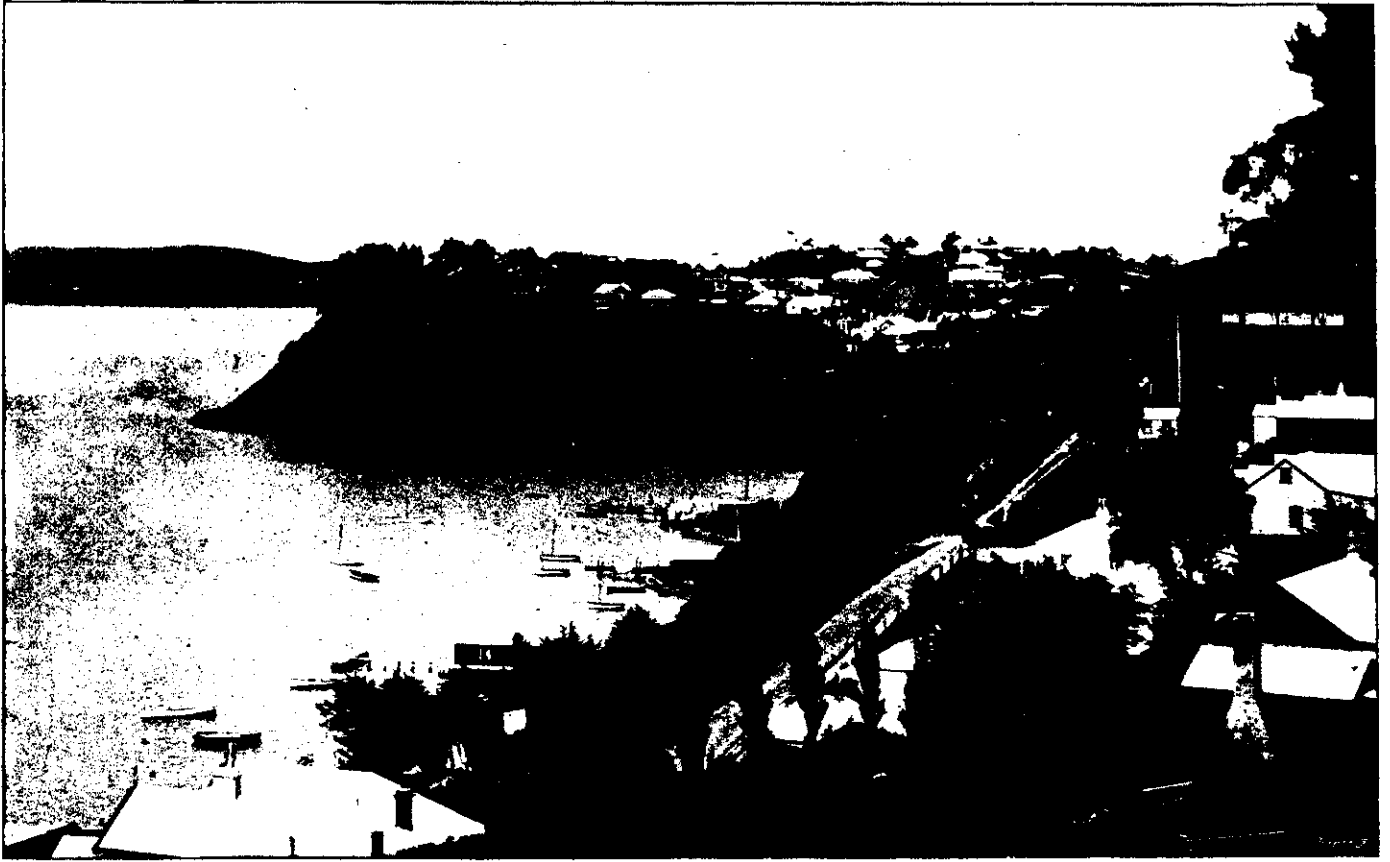
Continued on page 22.



A CHINESE DAMSEL.



PEAK HOTEL AND TRAMWAY STATION, HONG-KONG.



PORT CHALMERS FROM THE HILL.



ANOTHER VIEW OF PORT CHALMERS.

MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S JULIUS KNIGHT COMPANY, NOW
 APPEARING IN AUCKLAND AFTER A TRIUMPHANT
 SOUTHERN SEASON.



MR. KNIGHT IN HIS FAVOURITE AND FAMOUS ROLE OF BEAUCAIRE.



MISS ELBERT ORTORN AS MAID MARIAN IN "ROBIN HOOD."



A SCENE FROM "BRIGADIER GERARD."

TWO GREAT MUSICAL ARTISTS NOW IN THE COLONY.



ANDREW BLACK, THE SUPERB ENGLISH BASSO.



LEOPOLD PREMYSLAV, THE VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.

THE CHASE of the GOLDEN PLATE

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

THE GIRL AND THE PLATE.

I.

LOW-BENT over the steering wheel, the Burglar sent the automobile scuffling breathlessly along the flat road from Seven Oaks. At the first shot he crouched down in the seat, dragging the girl with him; at the second, he winced a little and clenched his teeth tightly. The car's headlights cut a dazzling path-way through the shadows, and trees flitted by as a solid wall. The shouts of pursuers were left behind, and still the Girl clung to his arm.

"Don't do that," he commanded abruptly. "You'll make me smash into something."

"Why, Dick, they shot at us!" she protested indignantly.

The Burglar glanced at her, and, when he turned his eyes to the smooth road again, there was a flicker of a smile about the set lips.

"Yes, I had some such impression," he answered grimly.

"Why, they might have killed us!" the Girl went on.

"It is just barely possible that they had some such absurd idea when they shot," replied the Burglar. "Guess you never got caught in a pickle like this before?"

"I certainly never did!" replied the Girl emphatically.

The whir and grind of their car drowned other sounds—sounds from behind—but from time to time the Burglar looked back, and from time to time he let out a new notch in the speed-regulator. Already the pace was terrific, and the Girl bounced up and down beside him at each trivial irregularity in the road, while she clung frantically to the seat.

"Is it necessary to go so awfully fast?" she gasped at last.

The wind was beating on her face, her mask blew this way and that; the ribboned sombrero clung frantically to a fast-falling strand of ruddy hair. She clutched at the hat and saved it, but her hair tumbled down about her shoulders, a mass of gold, and floated out behind.

"Oh," she chattered, "I can't keep my hat on!"

The Burglar took another quick look behind, then his foot went out against the speed-regulator and the car fairly leapt with suddenly increased impetus. The regulator was in the last notch now, and the car was one that had raced at Omond Beach.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the Girl again. "Can't you go a little slower?"

"Look behind," directed the Burglar tersely.

She glanced back and gave a little cry. Two giant eyes stared at her from a few hundred yards away as another car swooped along in pursuit, and behind this ominously-glittering pair was still another.

"They're chasing us, aren't they?" "They are," replied the Burglar grimly, "but, if these tyres hold, they haven't got a chance. A breakdown would—"

He didn't finish the sentence. There was a sinister note in his voice, but the Girl was still looking back and did not heed it. To her excited imagination, it

seemed that the giant eyes behind were creeping up, and again she clutched the Burglar's arm.

"Don't do that, I say!" he commanded again.

"But, Dick, they musn't catch us—they musn't!"

"They won't."

"But if they should—"

"They won't," he repeated.

"It would be perfectly awful!"

"Worse than that."

For a time the Girl silently watched him bending over the wheel, and a singular feeling of security came to her. Then the car swept around a bend in the road, careening perilously, and the glaring eyes were lost. She breathed more freely.

"I never knew you handled an auto so well," she said admiringly.

"I do lots of things people don't know I do," he replied. "Are those lights still there?"

"No, thank goodness!"

The Burglar touched a lever with his left hand, and the whir of the machine became less pronounced. After a moment it began to slow down. The Girl noticed it, and looked at him with new apprehension.

"Oh, we're stopping!" she exclaimed. "I know it."

They ran on for a few hundred feet; then the Burglar set the brake, and, after a deal of jolting, the car stopped. He leapt out and ran around behind. As the Girl watched him uneasily there came a sudden crash, and the auto trembled a little.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"I smashed that tail lamp," he answered. "They can see it, and it's too easy for them to follow."

He stamped on the shattered fragments in the road, then came around to the side to climb in again, extending his left hand to the Girl.

"Quick, give me your hand," he requested.

She did so wonderingly, and he pulled himself into the seat beside her with a perceptible effort. The car shivered, then started on again, slowly at first, but gathering speed each moment. The Girl was staring at her companion curiously, anxiously.

"Are you hurt?" she asked at last.

He did not answer at the moment, not until the car had regained its former speed and was hurtling headlong through the night.

"My right arm's out of business," he explained briefly—then: "I got that second bullet in the shoulder."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she exclaimed, "and you hadn't said anything about it! You need assistance!"

A sudden rush of sympathy caused her to lay her hands again on his left arm. He shook them off roughly, with something like anger in his manner.

"Don't do that!" he commanded for the third time. "You'll make me smash this car."

Startled by the violence of his tone, she recoiled dumbly, and the car swept on. As before, the Burglar looked back from time to time, but the lights did not reappear. For a long time the Girl was silent, and finally he glanced at her.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "I didn't mean to speak so sharply, but—but it's true."

"It's really of no consequence," she replied coldly. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Thank you," he replied. "Perhaps it might be as well for you to stop the car and let me out," she went on after a moment.

The Burglar either didn't hear or wouldn't heed. The dim lights of a small village rose up before them, then faded away again; a dog barked lonelinessly beside the road. The streaming lights of their car revealed a tangle of cross-roads just ahead, offering a definite method of shaking off pursuit. Their car swerved widely, and the Burglar's attention was centred on the road ahead.

"Does your arm pain you?" asked the Girl at last, timidly.

"No," he replied shortly. "It's a sort of numbness. I'm afraid I'm losing blood, though."

"Hain't we better go back to the village and see a doctor?"

"Not this evening," he responded promptly in a tone which she did not understand. "I'll stop somewhere soon and bind it up."

At last, when the village was well behind, the car came to a dark little road which wandered off aimlessly through a wood, and the Burglar slowed down to turn into it. Once in the shelter of the overhanging branches they proceeded slowly for a hundred yards or more, finally coming to a standstill.

"We must do it here," he declared.

He leapt from the car, stumbled, and fell. In an instant the Girl was beside him. The reflected light from the auto showed her dimly that he was trying to rise, showed her the pallor of his face where the chin below the mask was visible.

"I'm afraid it's pretty bad," he said. Then he fainted.

The Girl, stooping, raised his head to



"It must be several thousands, on dead weight."

her lap and pressed her lips to his feverishly, time after time.
 "Dick, Dick!" she sobbed, and tears fell upon the Burglar's sinister mask.

II.

When the Burglar awoke to consciousness he was as near Heaven as any mere man ever dares expect to be. He was comfortable—quite comfortable—wrapped in a delicious, languorous lassitude which forbade him opening his eyes to realisation. A woman's hand lay on his forehead, caressingly, and dimly he knew that another hand cuddled cozily in one of his own. He lay still, trying to remember, before he opened his eyes. Some one beside him breathed softly, and he listened, as if to music.
 Gradually the need of action—just what action and to what purpose did not

get better. I had no stimulant or anything, and I didn't dare to leave you, so—so I just waited," she ended with a weary little sigh.
 "How long was I knocked out?" he queried.
 "I don't know; half an hour, perhaps."
 "The bag is all right, I suppose?"
 "The bag?"
 "The bag with the stuff—the one I threw in the car when we started?"
 "Oh, yes, I suppose so! Really, I hadn't thought of it."
 "H hadn't thought of it!" repeated the Burglar, and there was a trace of astonishment in his voice. "By George, you're a wonder!" he added.
 He started to get on his feet, then dropped back wearily.
 "Say, girlie," he requested, "see if you can find the bag in the car there, and hand it out. Let's take a look."
 "Where is it?"
 "Somewhere in front. I felt it at my feet when I jumped out."

There was a rustle of skirts in the darkness, and after a moment a faint, muffled clank as of one heavy metal striking dully against another.
 "Goodness!" exclaimed the Girl. "It's heavy enough. What's in it?"
 "What's in it?" echoed the Burglar, and he chuckled. "A fortune, nearly. It's worth being punctured for. Let me see!"

In the darkness he took the bag from her hands and fumbled with it a moment. She heard the metallic sound again, and then several heavy objects were poured out on the ground.

"A good fourteen pounds of pure gold," commented the Burglar. "By George, I have but one match, but we'll see what it's like."

The match was struck, sputtered for a moment, then flamed up, and the Girl, standing, looked down upon the Burglar on his knees beside a heap of gold plate. She stared at the glittering mass as if fascinated, and her eyes opened wide.

"Why, Dick, what is that?" she asked.
 "It's Randolph's plate," responded the Burglar complacently. "I don't know how much it is worth, but it must be several thousands, on dead weight."

"What are you doing with it?"
 "What am I doing with it?" repeated the Burglar. He was about to look up, when the match burned his finger, and he dropped it. "That's a silly question."
 "But how came it in your possession?" the Girl insisted.

"I acquired it by the simple act of—of dropping it into a bag and bringing it along. That and you in the same evening." He stretched out a hand toward her, but she was not there. He chuckled a little as he turned and picked up eleven plates, one by one, and replaced them in the bag.

"Nine—ten—eleven," he counted.

"What luck did you have?"
 "Dick Herbert, explain to me, please, what you are doing with that gold plate?" There was an imperative command in the voice.

The Burglar paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Oh, I'm taking it to have it fixed," he responded lightly.

"Fixed? Taking it this way, at this time of the night?"

"Sure," and he laughed pleasantly.

"You mean you—you—you stole it?" The words came with an effort.

"Well, I'd hardly call it that," remarked the Burglar. "That's a harsh word. Still, it's in my possession; it wasn't given to me, and I didn't buy it. You may draw your own conclusion."

The bag lay beside him, and his left hand crossed it idly, lovingly.

"What luck did you have?" he asked again.

There was accusing indignation in the Girl's voice.

"You—you stole it!"

"Well, if you prefer it that way—yes."

The Burglar was staring steadily into the darkness toward that point whence came the voice, but the night was so dense that not a trace of the Girl was visible.

"It seems to me it was lucky I decided to take it at just this time and in these circumstances," he went on tauntingly—"lucky for you, I mean. If I hadn't been there you would have been caught."

Again came the startled gasp.

"What's the matter?"
 He was still peering unseeingly into the darkness. The bag of gold plate moved slightly under his hand. He opened his fingers to close them more tightly. It was a mistake; his hand grasped—air.

"Stop that game now!" he commanded.

He struggled to his feet. His answer was the crackling of a twig to his right. He started in that direction, and brought up with a bump against the automobile. He turned, still groping blindly, and embraced a tree with undignified fervour. To his left he heard another slight noise, and ran that way. Again he struck an obstacle. Then he began to say things—expressive things. The treasure had gone—disappeared into the shadows. The Girl was gone. He called; there was no answer. He drew his revolver fiercely, as if to fire it; then reconsidered and flung it down.

"And I thought I had nerve!" he declared. It was a compliment.

III.

Extravagantly brilliant the sun popped up out of the east—not an unusual occurrence—and stared unblinkingly down upon a country road. There were the usual twittering birds and dew-spangled trees and nodding wild flowers; also a dust that was shoe top deep. The dawning air stirred lazily, and rustling leaves sent long, sinuous shadows scamp-ering back and forth.

Looking upon it without enthusiasm or poetic exaltation was a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She sat on a stone beside the yellow roadway, a picture of weariness. A rough burlap sack, laden heavily, yet economically as to space, wallowed in the dust beside her. Her hair was tawny gold, and rebellious, vagrant strands drooped listlessly about her face. A beribboned sombrero lay in her lap, supplementing a certain air of dilapidated bravado, due in part to a short skirt, heavy gloves and boots, a belt with a knife and revolver.

A robin, perched impertinently on a stump across the road, examined her at his leisure. She stared back at Signor Redbreast, and for this recognition he warbled a little song.

"I've a good mind to cry!" exclaimed the Girl suddenly.

Shamed and startled, the robin flew away. A mistiness came into the Girl's blue eyes, and lingered there a moment, then her white teeth closed tightly, and the glimmer of outraged emotion passed.
 "Oh," she sighed again, "I'm so tired and hungry, and I just know I'll never get anywhere at all!"

But, despite the expressed conviction, she arose and straightened up, as if to resume her journey, turning to stare down at the bag. It was an unsightly symbol of blasted hopes, man's perfidy, crushed aspirations, and—Heaven only knows what beside.

"I've a good mind to leave you right there," she remarked to the bag spitefully. "Perhaps I might hide it." She considered the question. "No, that wouldn't do. I must take it with me, and—and—oh, Dick! Dick! What in the world was the matter with you, anyway?"

Then she sat down again and wept. The robin crept back to look, and mod-

estly hid behind a leaf. From this coign of vantage he watched her as she again rose and plodded off through the dust with the bag swinging over one shoulder. At last—there in an at last to everything—a small house appeared from behind a clump of trees. The Girl looked with incredulous eyes. It was really a house. Really! A tiny curl of smoke hovered over the chimney.

"Well, thank goodness, I'm somewhere, anyhow," she declared with her first show of enthusiasm. "I can get a cup of coffee or something."

She covered the next fifty yards with a new spring in her leaden heels, and with a new and firmer grip on the precious bag. Then—she stopped.

"Gracious!" and perplexed lines suddenly wrinkled her brow. "If I should go in there with a pistol and knife they'd think I was a brigand—or—or a thief, and I suppose I am," she added as she stopped and rested the bag on the ground. "At least, I have stolen goods in my possession. Now, what shall I say. What am I? They wouldn't believe me if I told them. Short skirt, boots and gloves—I know! I'm a bicyclist. My wheel broke down, and—"

Whereupon she gingerly removed the revolver from her belt and flung it into the underbrush—not at all in the direction she had intended—and the knife followed to keep it company. Having relieved herself of these sinister things, she straightened her hat, pushed back the rebellious hair, yanked at her skirt, and walked bravely up to the little house.

An Angel lived there—an Angel in a dizzily belowered wrapper and a crabbed exterior. She listened to a rapidly constructed and wholly inconsistent story of a bicycle accident, which ended with a plea for a cup of coffee. Silently she proceeded to prepare it. After the pot was bubbling cheerfully and eggs had been put on and biscuits thrust into a stove to be warmed over, the Angel sat down at the table opposite the Girl.

"Book agent?" she asked.
 "Oh, no!" replied the Girl.
 "Sewing machines?"

"No."
 There was a pause as the Angel settled and poured a cup of coffee.

"Make to order, I s'pose?"
 "No," the Girl replied uncertainly.
 "What do you sell?"
 "Nothing, I—I—" She stopped.
 "What you got in the bag?" the Angel persisted.

"Some—some—just some—stuff," stammered the Girl, and her face suddenly flushed crimson.

"What kind of stuff?"

The Girl looked into the frankly inquisitive eyes, and was overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. Tears started, and one pearly drop ran down her perfect nose and splashed into the coffee. That was the last straw. She leaned forward suddenly and wept.

"Please, please don't ask questions!" she pleaded. "I'm a poor, foolish, misguided, disillusioned woman!"

"Yes'm," said the Angel. She took up the eggs, then came over and put a



"There was a suggestion of defiance as well as a determination on her pretty mouth."

occur to him—impressed itself on his mind. He raised one hand to his face, and touched the mask which had been pushed back on his forehead. Then he recalled the ball, the shot, the chase, the hiding in the woods. He opened his eyes with a start. Utter darkness lay about him—for a moment he was not certain whether it was the darkness of blindness or of night.

"Dick, are you awake?" asked the Girl softly.

He knew the voice, and was content. "Yea," he answered languidly.

He closed his eyes again, and some strange, subtle perfume seemed to envelop him. He waited. Warm lips were pressed to his own, thrilling him strangely, and the Girl rested a soft cheek against his.

"We have been very foolish, Dick," she said, sweetly chiding, after a moment. "It was all my fault for letting you expose yourself to danger, but I didn't dream of such a thing as this happening. I shall never forgive myself, because—"

"But —" he began, protestingly.

"Not another word about it now," she hurried on. "We must go very soon. How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, or will be in a minute," he responded, and he made as if to rise.

"Where is the car?"

"Right here. I extinguished the lights and managed to stop the engine for fear those horrid people who were after us might notice."

"Good girl!"

"When you jumped out and fainted I jumped out, too. I'm afraid I was not very clever, but I managed to bind your arm. I took my handkerchief and pressed it against the wound after ripping your coat, then I bound it there. It stopped the flow of blood, but, Dick dear, you must have medical attention just as soon as possible."

The Burglar moved his shoulder a little and winced.

"Just as soon as I did that," the Girl went on, "I made you comfortable here on a cushion from the car."

"Good girl!" he said again.

"Then I sat down to wait until you



"On which appeared the name, 'Mr. Richard Hamilton Herbert.'"

kindly arm about the Girl's shoulders. "There, there!" she said soothingly. "Don't take on like that! Drink some coffee and eat a bite, and you'll feel better."

"I have had no sleep at all and no food since yesterday, and I've walked miles and miles," the Girl rushed on feverishly. "It's all because—because —" She stopped suddenly.

"Eat something," commanded the Angel.

The Girl obeyed. The coffee was weak and muddy and delightful; the biscuits were yellow and lumpy and delicious; the eggs were eggs. The Angel sat opposite and watched the Girl as she ate. "Husband beat you!" she demanded suddenly.

The Girl blushed and nearly choked on a biscuit.

"No," she hastened to say. "I have no husband."

"Well, there ain't no serious trouble in this world till you marry a man that beats you," said the Angel judicially. It was the final word.

The Girl didn't answer, and in view of the fact that she had sufficient data at hand to argue the point, this repression required heroism. Perhaps she will never get credit for it. She finished the breakfast in silence, and leaned back with some measure of returning content in her soul.

"In a hurry?" asked the Angel.

"No. I have no place to go. What is the nearest village or town?"

"Watertown; but you'd better stay and rest a while. You look all tuckered out."

"Oh, thank you so much," said the Girl gratefully. "But it would be so much trouble for —"

The Angel picked up the burlap bag, shook it inquiringly, then started toward the short stairs leading up.

"Please, please!" exclaimed the Girl suddenly. "I—I—let me have that, please!"

The Angel relinquished the bag without a word. The Girl took it tremblingly, then, suddenly dropping it, clasped the Angel in her arms and placed upon her unresponsive lips a kiss for which a mere man would have given worlds. The Angel wiped her mouth with the back of her hand, and went up the stairs, with the Girl following.

For a time the Girl lay, with wet eyes, on a clean little bed, thinking. Humiliation, exhaustion, man's perfidy, disillusionment, and the kindness of an utter stranger all occupied her until she fell asleep. Then she was chased by a policeman with automobile lights for eyes, and there was a parade of hard-boiled eggs and yellow, lumpy biscuits.

When she awoke the room was quite dark. She sat up, a little bewildered at first; then she remembered. After a moment she heard the voice of the Angel below. It rippled on querulously; then she heard the voice of a man:

"Diamond rings!"

The Girl sat up in bed and listened intently. Involuntarily her hands were clasped together. Her rings were still safe. The Angel's voice went on for a moment again.

"Something in a bag?" inquired the man.

Again the Angel spoke.

Terror seized upon the Girl; imagination ran riot, and she rose from the bed, trembling. She groped about the dark room, noiselessly. Every shadow lent her new fears. Then from below came the sound of heavy footsteps. She listened fearfully. They came on, then paused. A match was struck, and the step sounded on the stairs.

After a moment there was a knock at the door, a pause, then another knock. Finally the door was pushed open, and a huge figure—the figure of a man—appeared, sheltering a candle with one hand. He peered about the room.

"Ain't nobody up here," he called gruffly down the stairs.

There was a sound of hurrying footsteps, and the Angel entered, her face distorted by the flickering candlelight.

"For the land's sakes!" she exclaimed.

"Went away without even saying thank you," grumbled the man. He crossed the room and closed a window. "You ain't got no better sense than a chicken," he told the Angel. "Take in anybody that comes."

IV.

If Willie's little brother hadn't had a pain in his tummy this story might have gone by other and devious ways to a different conclusion. But fortunately

he did have, so it happened that at precisely 8.47 o'clock of a warm evening Willie was racing madly along a side street of Watertown, drug-store-bound, when he came face to face with a Girl—a pretty Girl—a very pretty Girl. She was carrying a bag that clanked a little at each step.

"Oh, little boy!" she called.

"Huh?" and Willie stopped so suddenly that he endangered his equilibrium, although that isn't how he would have said it.

"Nice little boy," said the Girl soothingly, and she patted his tousled head while he gnawed a thumb in pained embarrassment. "I'm very tired. I have been walking a great distance. Could you tell me, please, where a lady, unattended, might get a night's lodging somewhere near here?"

"Huh?" gurgled Willie through the thumb.

Wearily the girl repeated it all, and at its end Willie giggled. It was the most exasperating incident of a long series of exasperating incidents, and the Girl's grip on the bag tightened a little. Willie never knew how nearly he came

possession of the Girl and cheered her. When she entered the drug-store she walked with a lighter step, and there was the trace of a smile about her pretty mouth. A clerk, the only attendant, came forward.

"I want a pair o' gorrick," Willie announced.

The Girl smiled, and the clerk, paying no attention to the boy, went toward her.

"Better attend to him first," she suggested. "It seems urgent."

The clerk turned to Willie.

"Paregoric?" he inquired. "How much?"

"About a quart, I reckon," replied the boy. "Is that enough?"

"Quite enough," commented the clerk. He disappeared behind the prescription screen, and returned after a moment with a small phial. The boy took it, handed over a coin, and went out, whistling. The Girl looked after him with a little longing in her eyes.

"Now, madam?" inquired the clerk suavely.

"I only want some information," she



"Silly boy," she said.

to being hammered to death with several pounds of solid gold.

"Well?" inquired the Girl at last.

"Dunno," said Willie. "Jimmy's got the stomach-ache," he added irrelevantly.

"Can't you think of an hotel or boarding-house near by?" the Girl insisted.

"Dunno," replied Willie. "I'm going to the drug-store for a pair o' gorrick."

The Girl bit her lip, and that act probably saved Willie from the dire consequences of his unconscious levity, for after a moment the Girl laughed aloud.

"Where is the drug-store?" she asked.

"Round the corner. I'm going."

"I'll go along, too, if you don't mind," the Girl said, and she turned and walked beside him. Perhaps the drug clerk would be able to illuminate the situation.

"I swallyed a penny onct," Willie confessed suddenly.

"Too bad!" commented the Girl.

"Unh unnh!" Willie denied emphatically. "Cause when I eried, Paw gimme a quarter." He was silent a moment, then, "If I'd swallyed that I reckon I'd a gimme a dollar. Gee!"

This is the optimism that makes the world go round. The philosophy took

replied. "I was out on my bicycle"—she gulped a little—"when it broke down, and I'll have to remain here in town over night, I'm afraid. Can you direct me to a quiet hotel or boarding-house where I might stay?"

"Certainly," replied the clerk briskly. "The Stratford, just a block up this street. Explain the circumstances, and it will be all right, I'm sure."

The Girl smiled at him again, and cheerfully went her way. That small boy had been a heaven to her drooping spirits. She found the Stratford without difficulty, and told the usual bicycle lie, with a natural growth of detail and a burning sense of shame. She registered as Elizabeth Carlton, and was shown to a modest little room.

Her first act was to hide the gold plate in the closet; her second was to take it out and hide it under the bed. Then she sat down on a couch to think. For an hour or more she considered the situation in all its hideous details, planning her desolate future—women like to plan desolate futures—then her eye chanced to fall upon an afternoon paper, which, with glaring headlines, announced the theft of the Randolph gold plate. She read it. It told, with

startling detail, things that had and had not happened in connection therewith.

This comprehended in all its horror, she promptly arose and hid the bag between the mattress and the springs. Soon after she extinguished the light and retired with little shivers running up and down all over her. She snuggled her head down under the cover. She didn't sleep much—she was still thinking—but, when she arose next morning, her mind was made up.

First, she placed the eleven gold plates in a heavy cardboard box, then she bound it securely with brown paper and twine and addressed it: "Stuyvesant Randolph, Seven Oaks, via Merton." She had sent express packages before, and knew how to proceed, therefore, when the necessity of writing a name in the upper left-hand corner appeared—the sender—she wrote in a bold, desperate hand: "John Smith, Watertown."

When this was all done to her satisfaction, she tucked the package under one arm, tried to look as if it weren't heavy, and sauntered downstairs with outward self-possession and inward apprehension. She faced the clerk cordially, with a singularly distracting smile curled her lips.

"My bill, please?" she asked.

"Two dollars, madam," he responded gallantly.

"I don't happen to have any money with me," she explained charmingly. "Of course, I had expected to go back on my wheel, but, since it is broken, perhaps you will be willing to take this until I return to the city and can mail a cheque?"

She drew a diamond ring from an aristocratic finger, and offered it to the clerk. He blushed furiously, and she reproved him for it with a cold stare.

"It's quite irregular," he explained; "but, of course, in the circumstances, it will be all right. It is not necessary for us to keep the ring at all, if you will give us your city address."

"I prefer that you keep it," she insisted firmly. "for, besides, I shall have to ask you to let me have fare back to the city—a couple of dollars? Of course it will be all right?"

It was half an hour before the clerk fully awoke. He had given the Girl two real dollars, and held her ring clasped firmly in one hand. She was gone. She might just as well have taken the hotel along with her so far as any objection from that clerk would have been concerned.

Once out of the hotel the Girl hurried on.

"Thank goodness, that's over," she exclaimed.

For several blocks she walked on. Finally her eye was attracted by a "To Let" sign on a small house—it was No. 410, State-street. She walked in through a gate cut in the solid wall of stone and strolled up to the house. Here she wandered about for a time, incidentally tearing off the "To Let" sign. Then she came down the path toward the street again. Just inside the stone fence she left her express package, after scribbling the name of the street on it with a pencil. A dollar lay on top. She hurried out and along a block or more to a small grocery.

"Will you please 'phone to the express company and have them send a waggon to No. 410, State-street, for a package?" she asked sweetly of a heavy-voiced grocer.

"Certainly, ma'am," he responded with alacrity.

She paused until he had done as she requested, then dropped into a restaurant for a cup of coffee. She lingered there for a long time, and then went out to spend a greater part of the day wandering up and down State-street. At last an express waggon drove up, the driver went in, and returned after a little while with the package.

"And, thank goodness, that's off my hands!" sighed the Girl. "Now I'm going home."

Late that evening, Saturday, Miss Dollie Meredith returned to the home of the Greytons, and was clasped to the motherly bosom of Mrs. Greyton, where she wept unreservedly.

V.

It was late Sunday afternoon. Hutchinson Hatch did not run lightly up the steps of the Greyton home and toss his cigar away as he rang the bell. He did go up the steps, but it was reluctantly, dragging one foot after the other,

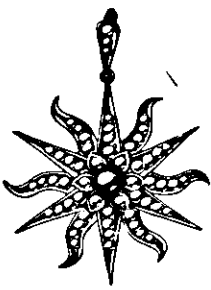
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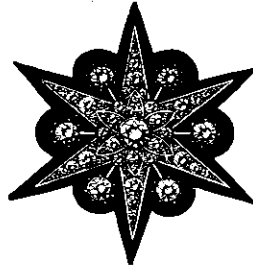
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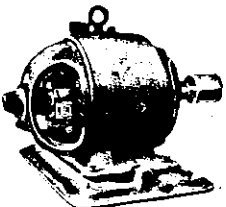


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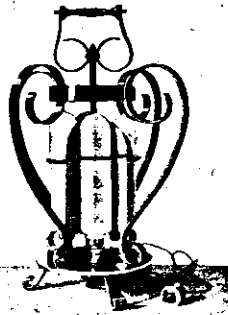
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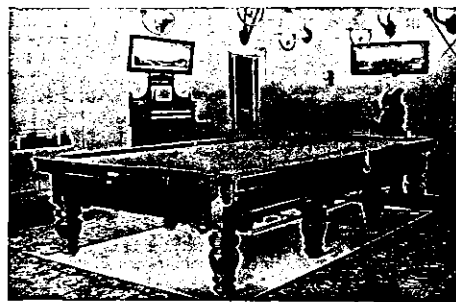
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THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE.

Continued from page 19.

Miss Dollie Meredith sniffed. "I have come to explain," he went on, "why I did not meet you at the Randolph masked ball as we had planned." "Why you did not meet me?" inquired Dollie coldly, with a little surprised movement of her arched brows. "Why you did not meet me?" she repeated. "I shall have to ask you to believe that, in the circumstances, it was absolutely impossible," Dick continued, preferring to notice the singular emphasis of her words. "Something occurred early that evening which— which left me no choice in the matter. I can readily understand your indignation and humiliation at my failure to appear, and I had no way of reaching you that evening or since. News of your return last night only reached me an hour ago. I knew you had disappeared."

Dollie's blue eyes were opened to the widest and her lips parted a little in astonishment. For a moment she sat thus, staring at the young man, then she sank back into her chair with a little gasp.

"May I inquire," she asked, after she recovered her breath, "the cause of this—this levity?"

"Dollie, dear, I am perfectly serious," Dick assured her earnestly. "I am trying to make it plain to you, that's all."

"Why you did not meet me?" Dollie repeated again. "Why you did meet me! And that's—that's what's the matter with everything!"

Whatever surprise or other emotion Dick might have felt was admirably repressed.

"I thought perhaps there was some mistake somewhere," he said at last. "Now, Dollie, listen to me. No, wait a minute, please. I did not go to the Randolph ball. You did. You eloped from that ball as you and I had planned in an automobile, but not with me. You went with some other man—the man who really stole the gold plate."

Dollie opened her mouth to exclaim, then shut it suddenly.

"Now, just a moment, please," pleaded Dick. "You spoke to some other man under the impression that you were speaking to me. For a reason which does not appear now, he fell in with your plans. Therefore, you ran away with him—in the automobile that carried the gold plate. What happened after that I cannot even surmise. I only know that you are the mysterious woman who disappeared with the Burglar."

Dollie gasped and nearly choked with her emotions. A flame of scarlet leaped into her face, and the glare of the blue eyes was pitiless.

"Mr. Herbert," she said deliberately at last, "I don't know whether you think I am a fool or only a child. I know that no rational human being can accept that as true. I know I left Seven Oaks with you in the auto; I know you are the man who stole the gold plate; I know how you received the shot in your right shoulder; I know how you afterwards fainted from loss of blood; I know how I bound up your wound, and—and—I know a lot of things else!"

The sudden rush of words left her breathless for an instant. Dick listened quietly. He started to say something—to expostulate—but she got a fresh start and hurried on:

"I recognised you in that silly disguise by the cleft in your chin. I called you Dick, and you answered me. I asked if you had received the little casket, and you answered yes. I left the ballroom as you directed, and climbed into the automobile. I know that horrid ride we had, and how I took the gold plate in the bag and walked—walked through the night until I was exhausted. I know it all—how I lied and connived, and told silly stories—but I did it all to save you from yourself, and now you dare face me with a denial!"

Dollie suddenly burst into tears. Dick now attempted no further denial. There was no anger in his face—only a deeply-troubled expression. He arose and walked over to the window, where he stood staring out.

"I know it all," Dollie repeated, gurglingly—"all, except what possible ideas you had in stealing the miserable, wretched old plate, anyway!" There was a pause, and Dollie peered through teary fingers. "How—how long," she asked, "have you been—a—a—kleptomaniac?"

Dick shrugged his sturdy shoulders a little impatiently.

"Did your father ever happen to tell you why he objects to my attentions to you?" he asked.

"No, but I know now," said there was a new burst of tears. "It's because—because you are a—a—you take things."

"You will not believe what I tell you?" "How can I when I helped you run away with the horrid stuff?"

"If I pledge you my word of honour that I told you the truth?"

"I can't believe it! I can't!" wailed Dollie desolately. "No one could believe it. I never suspected—never dreamed—of the possibility of such a thing even when you lay wounded out there in the dark woods. If I had, I should certainly have never—have never—kissed you."

Dick wheeled suddenly.

"Kissed me?" he exclaimed. "Yes, you horrid thing!" sobbed Dollie. "If there had previously been the slightest doubt in my mind as to your identity, that would have convinced me that it was you, because—because—just because! And besides, if it wasn't you I kissed, you ought to have told me!"

Dollie leaned forward suddenly on the arm of the chair, with her face hidden in her hands. Dick crossed the room softly toward her and laid a hand caressingly about her shoulders. She shook it off.

"How dare you, sir?" she blazed.

"Dollie, you don't love me?" he pleaded.

"No!" was the prompt reply.

"But you did love me—once?"

"Why—yes, but I—I —"

"And couldn't you ever love me again?"

"I—I don't ever want to again."

"But couldn't you?"

"If you had only told me the truth, instead of making such a silly denial," she blubbered. "I don't know why you took the plate unless—it is because you—you couldn't help it. But you didn't tell me the truth."

Dick stared down at the ruddy head moodily for a moment. Then his manner changed, and he dropped on his knees beside her.

"Suppose," he whispered—"Suppose I should confess that I did take it?"

Dollie looked up suddenly with a new horror in her face.

"Oh, you did do it then?" she demanded. "That was worse than ever!"

"Suppose that I should confess that I did?"

"Oh, Dick!" she sobbed. And her arms went suddenly around his neck. "You are breaking my heart. Why? Why?"

"Would you be satisfied?" he insisted.

"What could have caused you to do such a thing?"

The love-light glimmered again in her blue eyes; the red lips trembled.

"Suppose it had been just a freak of mine, and I had intended to—return the stuff, as has been done?" he went on.

Dollie stared deeply into the eyes up-turned to hers.

"Silly boy," she said. Then she kissed him. "But you must never, never do it again!"

"I never will," he promised solemnly.

Five minutes later Dick was leaving the house, when he met Mr. Meredith.

"I'm going to marry your daughter," he said quite calmly.

Mr. Meredith raved at him as he went down the steps.

VIII.

Alone in her room, with the key turned in the lock, Miss Dollie Meredith had a perfectly delightful time. She wept and laughed and sobbed and shuddered; she was pensive and doubtful and happy and melancholy; she dreamed dreams of the future, past and present; she sang foolish little ecstatic songs, and cried again copiously. Her father had sent to her room with a stern reprimand, and she giggled joyously as she remembered it.

"After all, it wasn't anything," she assured herself. "It was silly for him to—to take the stuff, of course, but it's back now, and he told me the truth, and he intended to return it, anyway." In her present mood she would have justified anything. "And he's not a thief or anything. I don't suppose father will ever give his consent; so, after all, we'll have to elope, and that will be—perfectly delightful. Papa will go on dreadfully, and then he'll be all right."

After a while Dollie snuggled down in the sheets and lay quite still in the dark until sleep overtook her. Silence reigned

in the house. It was about two o'clock in the morning, when she sat up suddenly in bed with startled eyes. She had heard something—or rather in her sleep she had received the impression of hearing something. She listened intently as she peered about.

Finally she did hear something—something tap sharply on the window pane. Then came silence again. A frightened chill ran all the way down to Dollie's curling pink toes. There was a pause, and then again came the sharp click, whereupon Dollie pattered out of bed and ran to the window, which was open a few inches.

With the greatest caution she peered out. Vaguely skulking in the shadows below she made out the figure of a man. As she looked it seemed to draw up into a knot, then straighten out quickly. Involuntarily she dodged. There came another sharp click at the window. The man below was tossing pebbles against the pane with the obvious purpose of attracting her attention.

"Dick, is that you?" she called cautiously.

"Sh-h-h-h!" came the answer. "Here's a note for you. Open the window so I may throw it in."

"Is it really and truly you?" Dollie insisted.

"Yes," came the hurried, whispered answer. "Quick, some one is coming!"

Dollie threw the sash up and stepped back. A whirling white object came through and fell noiselessly on the carpet. Dollie seized upon it eagerly, and ran to the window again. Below she saw the retreating figure of a man. Other footsteps materialised in a bulky policeman, who stroled by, seeking, perhaps, a quiet spot for a nap.

Shivering with excitement, Dollie closed the window and pulled down the shade, after which she lighted the gas. She opened the note eagerly, and sat down upon the floor to read it. Now, a large part of this note was extraneous verbiage of a superlative emotional nature—its vital importance was an outline of a new plan of elopement, to take place on Wednesday in time for them to catch a European-bound steamer at half-past two in the afternoon.

Dollie read and re-read the crumpled sheet many times, and when finally its wording had been indelibly fixed in her mind she wasted an unbelievable number of kisses on it. Of course, this was sheer extravagance.

"He's the dearest thing in the world!" she declared.

She burned the note reluctantly and carefully disposed of the ashes by throwing them out of the window, after which she returned to her bed. On the following morning, Monday, father glared at daughter sternly as she demurely entered the breakfast-room. He was seeking to read that which no man has ever been able to read—a woman's face. Dollie smiled upon him charmingly.

After breakfast father and daughter had a little talk in a sunny corner of the library.

"I have planned for us to return to Baltimore on next Thursday," he informed her.

"Oh, isn't that delightful?" beamed Dollie.

"In view of everything and your broken promises to me—the promise not to see Herbert again—I think it wisest," he continued.

"Perhaps it is," she mused.

"Why did you see him?" he demanded.

"I commented to see him only to bid him good-bye," replied Dollie demurely, "and to make perfectly clear to him my position in this matter."

"Oh, woman! Perfidious, insincere, loyal, charming woman! All the tangled skeins of life are the work of your fingers. All the sins and sorrows are your doing!"

Mr. Meredith rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"You may take it as my wish—my order even," he said, as he cleared his throat—for giving orders to Dollie was a dangerous experiment—"that you must not attempt to communicate in any way with Mr. Herbert again—by letter or otherwise."

"Yes, papa."

Mr. Meredith was somewhat surprised at the ease with which he got away with this. Had he been blessed with a little more wisdom in the ways of women he would have been auspicious.

"You really do not love him, anyway," he ventured at last. "It was only a girlish infatuation."

"I told him yesterday just what I thought of him," she retorted truthfully enough.

And thus the interview ended.

It was about noon that day when Hutchinson Hatch called on Dick Herbert.

"Well, what did you find out?" he inquired.

"Really, old man," said Dick kindly, "I have decided that there is nothing I can say to you about the matter. It's a private affair, after all."

"Yes, I know that, and you know that, but the police don't know it," commented the reporter grimly.

"The police?" Dick smiled.

"Did you see her?" Hatch asked.

"Yes, I saw her—and her father, too."

Hatch saw the one door by which he had hoped to solve the riddle closing on him.

"Was Miss Meredith the girl in the automobile?"

"Really, I won't answer that."

"Are you the man who stole the gold plate?"

"I won't answer that, either," replied Dick smilingly. "Now, look here, Hatch, you're a good fellow. I like you. It is your business to find out things, but in this particular affair, I'm going to make it my business to keep you from finding out things. I'll risk the police end of it."

He went over and shook hands with the reporter cordially. "Believe me, if I told you the absolute truth—all of it—you couldn't print it unless—unless I was arrested, and I don't intend that that shall happen."

Hatch went away.

That night the Randolph gold plate was stolen for the second time. Thirty-six hours later Detective Mallory arrested Richard Herbert with the stolen plate in his possession. Dick burst out laughing when the detective walked in on him.

(To be continued.)

PERFECT FEET

SHOULD BE ENCASED IN PERFECT RUBBERS.

HOOD RUBBERS

ARE PERFECT IN STYLE, FIT & QUALITY.
The Headquarters for Hood and Old Colony
Rubbers for Auckland is

Miller's Boot Palace

VICTORIA STREET.

Ladies' Rubber Overshoes, 2/8, 3/8, 2/11, 3/3, 3/6, and 3/9 pair.
Gent.'s Rubber Overshoes, 3/9, 3/11, 4/6, 4/11, and 5/8 pair.
Ladies' Rubber Knee Boots, 10/8. Gent.'s, 15/6 pair.
Over 10,000 pairs of beautiful warm Winter Slippers for Ladies,
Gentlemen and Children, from 4/6 to 6/11 pair.

MILLER'S BOOT PALACE, 102 & 104 Victoria St.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

MOST of the older men at the club have discussed little else lately than the return of Sir Joseph Ward to the colony. One of our most conservative members has been quite converted to the Government side by Sir Joseph's Imperialistic attitude at the Home conference, and the other night he delivered himself as follows:

"I know you fellows look on me as an old-fashioned sort of fogey, and I must say I have always opposed most of the Government legislation. I don't believe in all this coddling of the working classes. When I came out to the colony I didn't have any eight hours a day; I went on working till I had made a good job of what I was doing, and neither meals nor sleep troubled me much. When I got on a bit, and employed a few hands, they all worked with me for the good of the business. They didn't knock when there was work to be done, just because it was five o'clock. We were all like a family, sharing the smooth with the rough. But I must say that I believe I am becoming a regular Wardite. Our premier seems to have grasped the principles of Empire. He quite sees that England cannot dictate to her colonies, but she must make them partners and give them an interest in the national welfare. He is quick to see that half a loaf is better than no bread, and that if we begin with increased transport facilities we may pave the way for Imperial preference. He has made a wonderful success of our Post Office, and if he can succeed in bringing us within three weeks of London, he will have done a good bit towards drawing the colonies closer to the Mother Land."

"My dear chap," put in the politician, "if Ward has converted you he has indeed earned a title to fame. I fancy the first move on the part of the colonies will be a closer federation amongst themselves. I think Newfoundland will seriously consider her position in regard to Canada, and probably Australia and South Africa will draw closer together on the question of alien immigration. I believe our own Government will shortly announce a scheme of preferential trade between ourselves and the Australian Commonwealth. When the colonies are absolutely united they will be able to deal with many questions with a stronger hand. The great weakness in any such scheme is our Indian Empire. India's interests are not identical with our own. India has very little to gain by Chamberlain's scheme, and besides it is dominated by the Home authorities. The colour question also is complicated by our Asiatic possessions. But we may have another Government at Home, when the next conference meets, and one more in sympathy with Imperial ideas. If so I have no doubt we shall see a great consolidation of the Empire, and all parts of the British race drawn more closely together."

"What we really want," the merchant remarked, "is to have cheaper cables and increased transport facilities. A quick mail is all very well in its way,

but for business people in a large way cheap cabling is of even greater importance. Then, again, the British Government might sell an interest in the Suez Canal to Australia and New Zealand, or it might grant preferential rates to shipping to and from the colonies. It would also be a boon to many people if parcels could be sent by a quicker route than at present. But next to preferential trade, the greatest need of all is for cheap cables between England and her colonies."

"It is curious," interposed a recent arrival, "how unanimous the colonies are in their opposition to the present Government at Home. All our colonies are more or less democratic, and one would naturally suppose more likely to support a Liberal than a Conservative Ministry. Yet we find that the old Tory Ministries in England are more popular with our colonies than any of the Liberal administrations. The Liberals have always been weak in their foreign policy; they have never been really in sympathy with the idea of Empire. Gladstone adopted a policy of shilly shally as regards our interests abroad, and the Conservatives, with all their class prejudices, have at least never failed to maintain England's prestige amongst the nations. The Liberals have one great advantage: they can always make a scapegoat of the House of Lords, and throw the blame of their failures on the hold, bad barons and the wicked bishops. The colonies naturally want preference, but I never could quite see what England herself is to gain by it. The food supplies of her people must necessarily go up in price, and a very small amount makes a serious difference to the working classes at Home. Just consider what sixpence a week would mean to people who only earn eight or nine shillings. Protection in any form materially increases the cost of living, and why should some forty millions of people tax themselves to oblige us? Above all, why should the underpaid workers in London be taxed for the benefit of their more prosperous brethren in the colonies? Of course, we all see things from our own point of view, and I see them, I suppose, from a purely English standpoint. But for the life of me I can't see why you should blame the workers at Home for not welcoming with enthusiasm a proposal to increase the price of their daily bread. Sir Joseph Ward's proposal seems to me more just. Let us all unite to make freight from the colonies cheaper than from foreign countries, and so benefit both ourselves and the British workman."

"I am English," said an old Army man, "and I can speak from an English standpoint. I believe England would gain more than the colonies would from a small duty on grain. In the old days British agriculture was in a most prosperous condition. The farmers made plenty of money, and we had a really flourishing agricultural population. The country people were the backbone of the nation. Under our free trade fetish we have lost hundreds of millions in the value of our land alone, and some millions more in the annual value of our produce. Our lads and lassies no longer remain on the farm. They are absorbed in the vortex of

our large towns. They may get a cheaper loaf, but they have a good deal less money to buy it with. And one way I look at it is this: We won Waterloo by our country-bred lads. We had physique and staying power in our soldiers then. We only beat the Boers by drawing on the agricultural population of our colonies. Our town-bred soldiers were nowhere with the Boer farmers. In spite of all people say about physique being of no account now in the army, because rifle shooting is the only thing that counts, and in shooting the little man has an equal chance with the big man; it is all nonsense to pretend that a boy bred to town and factory life can make as good a soldier as a country lad, used to outdoor life and inured to hard physical toil. Stamina will always count in an army, rifle or no rifle, and anything that helps to restore country life in England will be quite as much benefit to herself as to her colonies."

"As you know," the country member rejoined, "I am a hater of the Government and all its ways. I am an out and out Marseyite. But if anybody could make me change my views it would be our present Premier. I do honestly think that he is superior to his party, and he has upheld the broad Imperial idea of the British Empire right nobly. If only he had never adopted the Land Bill as part of the Government policy! That will be his ruin, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if one of our Auckland members were to lose his seat over the same measure. Land is the last thing in the world that should be taxed, as it is the source of all food supply, and if land is to be properly worked it can only be by holding out every inducement to settlers to acquire the freehold. With proper land laws, we might easily rival Canada as a field for emigrants from the Motherland. All the same, I can't help wishing Sir Joseph good luck, and as times are fairly prosperous, in spite of our wicked legislators, I will order some Pommery, in which we may all suitably drink his health."

"And if you wish your champagne to match your political speeches," suggested the cynic, "you will order it extra dry."

THE VIVID EAST

Continued from page 13.

During a stroll around the city for a couple of hours one Saturday night, I was surprised to notice the absence of women from the streets. During the whole time that I was out I did not see half-a-dozen women. The fact is that whatever may be the character of their inner life, Chinese women are most decorous in their deportment. I have seen some thousands of sampan women by day and by night, and I have never seen one expose her person in any way approaching the immodest. It is true that all the Chinese women wear trousers, but over them they wear a long tunic, and the whole makes as pretty, as modest, and as suitable a dress as one could wish to see. Some of these ladies have charming appearances, good complexion, beautiful eyes, regular features, and most engaging expressions. Many of them look as if they had a regular

scrubbing every hour or two, so spotlessly clean do they appear. A man might stand all day and all night in Queens-road, Victoria, and not be accosted by a woman; it is questionable if this could be said of any large city in Australia. But the absence of women from the streets in Victoria, Hong Kong, is not evidence that a solution has been found for the social evil. The European population of Hong Kong is largely one of soldiers, sailors and bachelors. So what prevails in all large cities throughout the world is not absent from Victoria, but the whole of the abominable traffic is practically confined to the extreme ends of the city. Under the guidance and protection of a strong American diver I made an inspection from the outside of these two ends, East and West. In the West end I found hundreds of shops, each containing from ten women and upwards, while ominous notices in English and Chinese warn the keeper of each house that if his establishment is patronised by Europeans, it will be closed; and many have been closed. In one street in the East end I counted over 100 places run by Chinese, Japanese, French, American and Portuguese. These are the haunts of the Europeans, and thus an effort is made to regulate that which is the despair of the social economist.

THE WOMAN OF FORTY-FIVE.

A Time of Trial and Worry.
Fremantle Woman's Experience.
Completely Broken Down—Nerves
Worn Out.

Dizzy and Faint.

Cured by

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.
The Woman's Friend.

"A few years back I was going through the most trying time of a woman's life. My health broke down completely, and I was a perfect wreck when I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Five boxes of them made another woman of me," said Mrs. Margaret Payne, Frederick-street, North Fremantle. Mrs. Payne is the wife of Mr. Robert Payne, engineer, and is well known and widely respected in Fremantle, where she has lived for 20 years, and reared her large family.

"It was when I was 45, a time that often breaks down a woman's health," added Mrs. Payne, "and I was no exception to the rule. Every day I had some new ailment to contend with. I had always had a very fair appetite, but then it failed me altogether. When I had dished up a meal, my only wish was to get away from the sight and smell of food. Once it was a pleasure for me to bustle round and get the house nice, but now it all seemed too much for me. I couldn't sleep well at night, and all day long I had a weak, weary feeling over me that made me fit for nothing.

"Day after day I had dreadful attacks of giddiness. Without a moment's warning everything started whirling round and round. I had to sit down at once, and hold my head as tightly as I could till the feeling wore off. Indeed, my nerves were all upset me completely. If I hurried at all or walked any distance, my heart would throb and jump. Often I had to stop and gasp for breath.

"For two or three years I had been dragging about like that, and getting weaker and less able to attend to things. I had lost every trace of colour. Then Mrs. McDonagh, who lives at Subiaco, told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had tried them for her daughter, and she was so certain that they would do me good, that I bought some at Parry's, the chemist, in Fremantle. The first box made me feel so much better that I got some more. As I went on with them the difference in me was wonderful. I could relish my food, and sleep soundly at night—two things I hadn't done for years. In the morning I felt bright and fresh, and ready for anything. When I had finished the fifth box I was better than I had been for years. I could get through my housework as well as when I was a girl, and take a pleasure in doing it, too. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did me a world of good, for they set me up just at the very time when I most needed something to strengthen me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. Anæmia and irregularities are both caused by bad blood, and so are indigestion, headache, backache, kidney trouble, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, nervousness, falling powers, general weakness, decline, and the special secret ailments that women-folk know. By striking at the one cause in the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all these. Sold by chemists and storekeepers, or sent direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington. Price 8/ a box, six boxes 36/6, post free. Write for hints as to diet, etc.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

DEBATING SOCIETIES.

NEARLY all our great statesmen have learnt the art of oratory in some town or college debating society. Chamberlain first acquired fame as being the most fluent speaker in a local club long before his eloquence made his name world famous. The great debating societies at Oxford and Cambridge, known as the Unions, have rightly been called the nurseries of British statesmen. The list of officers in these two societies contains more names of men distinguished in church and State than any list of senior wranglers or double firsts. Some of the debates have been productive of much merriment. One was on a proposition that the librarian be instructed to place Macaulay's History of England amongst the other works of fiction. This was strongly opposed by Macaulay himself. He had made a special journey to Cambridge in order to defend his book from this impeachment of its veracity. One of the most memorable debates was when in the inter-University contest Sir Francis Doyle and Gladstone represented Oxford, and Arthur Hallam and Monckton Milnes represented Cambridge. Gladstone's speech, we are told, was the feature of the evening. The debate that attracted the greatest numbers was when it was proposed to depart from the time-honoured custom of giving a "blue" for boating and cricket only, and to give this distinction for Rugby football, as well. Every graduate and undergraduate that could by any possibility attend put in an appearance, and the announcement that the motion had been carried led to such a general scrimmage that the advantage of a practical knowledge of the Rugby game was fully demonstrated. On one occasion, an undergraduate from Japan got up and delivered a speech in his native tongue, and wound up by flinging himself on the floor in front of the speaker's chair. The blue ribbon of oratory at the University is to be chosen as one of the two selected speakers in the annual inter-University debate. It is a trying moment for a youngster, as the galleries are always crowded with a highly critical audience, which generally includes several prominent members of the British Government. You speak almost entirely without notes, and woe betide you if you hesitate or lose your head. There is no doubt that the training gained in these societies is excellent for all who intend to enter any profession where oratory counts. Of all the gifts most likely to advance a man in politics, or in the Church, or at the Bar, the gift of oratory is the greatest. In spite of all people say about talking shops and deeds being greater than words, the fact remains that from the days of Demosthenes and Cicero until now men have always been swayed by the charm of speech. For eloquence is the art of persuading people to do what you wish them to do, and thus it becomes the cause of action. The most difficult form of speech making is the after-dinner speech, where you are called upon to propose a toast or to return thanks for one already proposed. It really seems as if there was nothing new to be said on these occasions. People who are never nervous at any other time often become strangely agitated when called upon to make even the shortest of speeches at a public gathering. All one's

thoughts seem to fly. I remember, however, an occasion when my own path at a big gathering was made delightfully smooth for me. It fell to my lot to have to propose a vote of thanks to the retiring president of a society to which I belonged. He has since attained to a very high post in the diplomatic service, and I am told is likely to rise still higher. He certainly deserves success if he is always as thoughtful and prudent as he was on this occasion. In the afternoon, while I was cudgelling my brain for something to say, he called on me and said he understood I was to propose the vote of thanks in the evening. I said that I had been asked to do so, but I hoped they would find some abler speaker. "Oh," he said, "you'll do all right. But I wanted to tell you what to say. You might lay special stress on so and so, and bring in a reference to the work I have done in another direction." He gave me a list of his many virtues, on which I duly enlarged in my evening oration. When he replied, he said he was much touched and surprised at the kind way in which I had remembered so many small events in connection with his term of office, events which, he thought, had escaped notice. He did not explain that he had done his best to prevent such an unfortunate contingency—which anecdote serves to show that all speeches are the better for careful preparation, and leaving as little as possible to chance.

WHY BILE BEAN CURES Are Permanent Cures:

Bile Beans for Biliousness are the product of modern scientific research, and therefore thoroughly up-to-date. They do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, and leaving the patient weakened like the out-of-date so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago, which contain probably, aloes, mercury, and other harmful drugs. Bile Beans, without the slightest discomfort, prompt the liver and digestive organs to act in Nature's normal way, leaving those organs strengthened and stimulated to continue the performance of their duties without further assistance. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half a hundred pills in a box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. ONE BILE BEAN IS ONE DOSE. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they do not contain any harmful drugs; and they are the safest family medicine. Bile Beans are a safe and speedy cure for Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Piles, Debility, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Bad Breath, Anaemia, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, and they ward off June Chills, Colds, Rheumatism, and Influenza.

There was a nurse in St. Bartholomew's Hospital who, evidently in a fit of absentmindedness, spoke of a patient as suffering from "double ammonia." Which recalls the story of the gouty subject. Her doctor had forbidden her to take any sugar, and recommended saccharine as a substitute. One day a friend called to see her, and asked how she was getting on. "Oh, I'm all right, you know, but I do miss taking sugar!" "Why, aren't you allowed any?" "No, none at all." "Then, what do you do?" "Oh, I have secotine in my tea now!"

The New Turbine.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MAORI.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 17.

The turbine steamer Maori is another example of the enterprise, which the Union Company have always shown in promptly providing vessels of the finest type whenever the conditions of the service admit of their employment. When the turbine principle was first applied to merchant vessels by Messrs. Denny in the King Edward, the trials were carefully observed by the Union Company's representatives, who were quick to note the advantages of the new system of propulsion for certain types of vessels, and they were the first to introduce this system of propulsion to the Southern Hemisphere in their vessel Loongana. The three years' experience of this vessel has amply justified the step then taken, and the Maori, which is an enlarged vessel of the same type as the Loongana, embodies the results of that experience.

The principal dimensions of the vessel are:—Length 350ft., breadth (moulded) 47ft., depth (moulded) 26ft. (Being primarily intended for the night mail service between Wellington and Lyttelton, almost the whole of the vessel is devoted to passenger accommodation. There is a shade deck extending from the stem almost to the stern of the vessel, on which is situated the first-class music-room, a large apartment designed in the "Adams" style, executed in mahogany, finished in white enamel. The furniture of the apartment is in dark mahogany, and includes an artistically designed music cabinet with bevelled glass panels. The swing doors are similarly designed, with the company's crest emblazoned on the glass. There is a Bechstein grand piano, with duct stool. The ceiling is in strap work, finished in pale tints. The lighting is by means of large rectangular windows of Broadfoot's make, and by a well in the centre panelled in the "Adams" style, and surmounted by a leak skylight having stained glass windows. The upholstery is carried out in silk tapestry, with curtains of similar material in pale green and cream shades; the floor is laid with Wilton carpet of a subdued blue tone.

Apart the music room is the principal companion and vestibule, of a free classic design, framed in padouk and panelled in richly figured mahogany. A large oval mirror, with carved spandrels and pediments, forms a feature of the stairway. On either side of the entrance doors spaces are reserved for samples of Maori carving, which will be fitted when the vessel reaches New Zealand.

Amidships, on this deck, is the first-class smoking room, which is in a simple classic design, executed in oak and Hungarian ash. The roof of this apartment is raised in the centre, thus providing room for a deep frieze in root veneer, which material is also used in the dado bands, alternating with panels of figured kauri. The ceiling design is in astrigals radiating from a brass grill in the centre immediately under the ventilating fan, and includes roof lights of stained glass with ventilating spaces between. The upholstery is in uncut moquette of olive green shades, and the windows have spring blinds to match. A number of passengers' cabins are also fitted on this deck.

The midship portion of the vessel is occupied with the first-class staterooms, in the centre being a large vestibule of a similar design to the upper vestibule, but framed in walnut, the upper panels being of satinwood and the lower of figured kauri. Cases for silver plate and highly polished fire appliances are notable features of this apartment. The main deck is fitted up for first-class passengers from the chain locker as far aft as the forward funnel, also along the port side of machinery space; the starboard side being devoted to the culinary department, which is fitted out with all the latest cooking and baking appliances. The engineers are berthed on this deck, alongside of the engine-room, where they have direct access to the machinery space. The space about the turbine hatch is fitted up for second-class passengers. The forward end of the lower deck is devoted to the accommodation for seamen, firemen, greasers, and petty officers; these have large spaces for their accommodation, and in place of being huddled together in one compartment, as is the usual practice, there are not more than eight berths in any one room.

Apart the forward hatch on this deck is the first-class dining saloon, the design

of which is of a free classical type executed in mahogany, finished in enamel white; the panels have arched tops, and are provided with a raised ornament. The furniture having shell recesses at ends filled with handsome vases. The saloon is lighted by large sidelights, and also by a well which is treated similarly to the saloon design, and fitted with a frieze in high relief, above which is the skylight and richly stained glass. The ceiling is in an interlaced design, with narrow panels of anaglypta, finished in pale tints relieved with gold. The upholstery is in uncut moquette, the curtains being of silk tapestry in various shades of pale green, while the floor is covered with Wilton carpet of a rich crimson colour.

Apart the machinery is the second-class dining saloon, which is more highly finished than is customary even in high-class vessels, being framed in mahogany, finished in white enamel, similarly to first-class saloon. The upholstery is in blue and gold carriage cloth; the floor is laid with Brussels carpet runners, and artistic cretonne curtains are fitted to the windows. The after-end of the lower deck is arranged for a temporary second-class extension, which can be fitted up to accommodate 50 additional passengers in the busy season.

As the vessel is intended to run in connection with the railways, and is required, at least, to equal them in punctuality, the appliances for handling the vessel are extremely powerful, and consist of a steam windlass and capstan on the forecastle, and a powerful warping winch at the stern, the latter being arranged to work the derricks which are provided for dealing with the mails and baggage. Large rudders are fitted both at the bow and at the stern, the latter rudder being actuated by Brown's patent steam tiller, controlled by telemotor from the flying bridge, while the forward rudder is worked by Hastie's steam steering gear situated on the rudder head, and controlled by large wheel also on the flying bridge. The vessel has eight large boats carried on a boat deck amidships, and a special steam winch is provided for rapidly hoisting them. All the boats are carried on special dropping blocks, which enables them to get clear in a few seconds in an emergency.

A complete installation of electric light is fitted in the vessel by the builders. Hot and cold baths are provided both for first and second-class passengers, as well as for the officers and crew. The propelling machinery consist of three sets of turbines, on the Parsons' principle, and they, together with the boilers, are being constructed by Messrs. Denny and Co. of Dumbarton.

Mr. Justjoined: "What on earth are you trying to do?"

Mrs. Justjoined: "I was reading about cooking by electricity, so I hung the chops on the electric bell, and I've been pushing the button for half an hour, but it doesn't seem to work."

THE GUINEA POEM!

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/4 has just been sent to the writer of this verse, Mr. J. R. Oxenbald, Marlborough.

Try SAPON, Ma'm! inferior soaps Have driven housewives to distraction— But SAPON has fulfilled their hopes, And given every satisfaction.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best four-SHORE-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. SAPON wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON," Octagon, Washington, P.O. Box 685, Wellington. List of Prize-winners with FULL NAMES may be inspected on application.

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Established 1837. Incorporated 1880.	
PAID-UP CAPITAL	£1,500,000
RESERVE FUNDS of which £250,000 is invested in Consols, £200,000 in Local Loans, (Imperial Government Stock), £150,000 in National War Loan	1,120,000
Together	2,620,000
RESERVE LIABILITY OF PROPRIETORS	3,000,000
	£5,620,000

A Branch of this Bank is now open at Hokianga, in the Auckland Province, under the management of J. B. PERCK, Resident Inspector.

Casual Impressions of Colonial Life ... and Character ...

EMPHATICALLY NO is the answer one proposes to give to the query here set. Why, it may be urged, is the proposition put forward, and who ever said that we were? Well, as to the latter, a good many folk have been doing so lately, and papers in various parts of the colony have bristled with effusions from a certain class of writers, who appear to think we are in a parlous state morally, and who desire to blazon forth the fact to the world as if it were something to be proud of, a not uncommon trait amongst those who, supremely satisfied as to their own salvation, derive a melancholy joy from moaning over and trumpeting forth the delinquencies of their neighbours. We seem, indeed, to be passing under one of those periodic waves of hysterical self-denuciation, which are common enough amongst the English-speaking peoples in all parts of the globe, but to which we in this—to my mind—eminently respectable and well-behaved community seem particularly susceptible. The subject is not altogether a pleasant one to handle (although the conclusions one hopes to deduce are of the pleasantest), for it means a certain amount of plain speech on delicate matters, which, and very properly, are usually alluded to in more guarded terms than will be here possible, if the article hopes to prove its point, which, of course, is the only reason which can justify one speaking at all on things of which, as a rule, "the less said the better."

However, to remove the gloves and begin. The peg on which much of the outcry of colonial immorality is being hung is no doubt the crop of cases of a disagreeable nature at the Supreme Courts, where the delinquents have been of unusual adolescence. It is not proposed to mention these cases individually or collectively, nor to attempt to deny their serious nature, but we do not think they represent any standard of immorality common amongst our youth, or are anything more than rarely recurrent and abnormal instances of depravity, such as are to be found in far worse sort, and more plentiful degree elsewhere. It is just because such cases are abnormal in the colonies, or rather in this colony of New Zealand (for New South Wales has an unenviable record), that they attract the attention they do. Take any of the criminal assizes in England, and you will find that the proportion of such crimes between the sexes are infinitely larger than even the enormous difference in population justifies, and that, taking climatic conditions and the early age of puberty into consideration, New Zealand is singularly free from licentiousness or juvenile viciousness. In a sub-tropical climate, with exceptionally well fed and exceptionally early developed youthful bodies, a certain percentage of regrettable incidents, social and moral are inevitable, but it is foul and unjustifiable slander to attempt to make out—as many seem to wish to do—that our lads are more libertine and our girls more lax than those in the Old Country, or anywhere else, for the matter of that. Nay, one goes further, and a good deal further, for save only the Old Country and America, there is no country in the world where, given similar conditions and similar liberties, the youth of both sexes would be found so free from laxity or licentiousness, as they are here.

The colonial lad is no libertine; he lacks much in the way of manners, consideration, veneration for age, and respect for anything in particular, but he is not given to seduction, and his one respect is probably for the honour of a woman. Nor can one agree that, as many writers have recently urged, our girls need more careful watching

than they get. Strict chaperonage, amounting indeed to an espionage absolutely insulting in character, has been strongly insisted upon in many of the letters appearing during the last few weeks. Surely this would be a vast mistake; the greater the liberty convention allows the better, and the broader and more elastic the conventions the better. It is in countries where the

elder ones? Do we grow worse as we grow older? Except from those who are bent on a pessimistic outlook the answer must again be in the negative. Philandering with other men's wives, and intriguing with other women's husbands is not fashionable in New Zealand. Nor are such "carryings on," as servants would put it, condoned amongst us, and if the plays, novels, and ser-

valent amongst all circles of colonial society, but it is not a circumstance, not an iota to that which prevails all over England, more especially in the large towns. The newsboys, the match-sellers, the wretchedest of humanity will at Home gamble with their last coppers—they will gamble rather than eat, even rather than drink in not a few cases. I have now before me a cash bookmaker's advertisement from an East End paper, which offers to bet from sixpence up, and which announces that "for smaller punters" a pool, or guessing competition on the day's racing is organised! A penny, a guess is the tariff, and the total goes—minus a percentage to the two who guess winners of the most races. It will be admitted that, foolish as we are, we do not yet allow our youngsters to be tempted to bet in this fashion.

Let it not be understood from the foregoing attempt to answer NO to the query, "Are We Immoral?" that the writer believes colonial society perfect, or is disposed to sit down content to worship our own particular virtues and to see nothing that is disagreeable. Altró—as the Italians say—by no manner of means, but it does appear to me that we are assuredly not as black as some of us would like to paint ourselves. And it is, I strenuously maintain, wrong, altogether and entirely, to thrust so false and erroneous an impression upon the world at large.

This New Zealand of ours is not yet the Utopia of old Sir Thomas More, and the millennium has yet to arrive, but it is to my mind, and I have seen many men and not a few countries, a law-abiding, kindly, good natured, good tempered, and well disposed community, certainly not worse in the sins that afflict humanity than other communities, but on the whole more than a trifle better! Therefore why go about to foul our own nest? Let us rather make it better, purer, more beautiful if we can, but, if not, let us leave well alone.

DO YOUTHFUL COLONISTS DRINK TO EXCESS?

The Editor, "New Zealand Graphic":

Sir,—I am directed to forward you the undermentioned copy of resolution unanimously passed at the committee meeting of the Auckland City Prohibition and Temperance League, on the 17th inst., as follows:—

"That we express our surprise and regret that the Editors of the 'Graphic' and 'Star' should state, as was done in the article on 'Casual Impressions of Colonial Life and Character,' that the hotel census taken on Saturday, 10th September, 1904, under the supervision of the League, was, 'not to put too fine a point on it, untrue'; also that 'had the returns been divided by, say, 90 per cent, even then the wretches would have been wrong.' The workers who took part in that census included some of the best-known men in the community, the result of whose tabulation cannot successfully be impeached. The returns made were in every way verified, and cannot truthfully be stated to be 'absurd.' Instead of provoking such unjust criticism nearly three years after the publication of the census, the results should have moved the community to lessen the terrible evils which were so painfully manifest on that occasion, and which certainly have not decreased since. We request the same publicity to be given to this resolution as was given to the article of which we complain."

I have the honour to be,
Yours truly,

W. J. MACDERMOTT,
Secretary.

Are We Immoral?

chaperon is strictest and most in evidence that the crime of seduction is most condoned (for the man). Amongst decent people, and more especially amongst the English-speaking races, it is in the eyes of most men the one unforgivable sin. Make it so absolutely, let nothing and nobody excuse it, and let the social blame and drastic consequences fall equally and more heavily, if possible, on the man (and be as enduring as life itself), and you need not fear the practical abolition of the chaperon. In Spanish South America, where the writer once lived a year or so, the daughter of the house would under no circumstances whatsoever be allowed to receive a visit (even when engaged) from a lover save in the presence of an elder relative, and if the lady mother (let us suppose) was called from the room for five minutes, a paid chaperon or literal duenna would take her place. But to have evaded vigilance, and to have succeeded in what would there have been termed "an affair of gallantry" (significantly detestable phrase), would not have meant social ostracism as it would with us, I trust. Quite otherwise, as long as one had avoided the knives of affronted relatives—an amused and admonitory shake of the forefinger would have been about all the punishment meted out by society at large.

In England, young people take long walks together for miles and miles without chaperons, and in America it is permissible to take a lady unattended to supper after the theatre; yet how often does one hear of any unfortunate consequences? When it is a matter of trust and honour, the safety of a girl's good name may be placed implicitly in our lads' hands, provided the trust is whole-hearted, and is given and received "with both hands," as the French have it.

As regards the general morality (social problem) of the colony, I can say with certainty that it is the most cleanly and innocent place amongst those parts of the world that I have visited. Let a man foss-ick and dig out dirtiness and vice, and no doubt he will find it; but nowhere in New Zealand does it intrude itself upon you, as it does and most emphatically and unmitigably in Britain's own proud metropolis, and that at four or even earlier in the afternoon, in the royal thoroughfare of Regent-street. As one observed in another of these papers, where the matter of colonial sobriety cropped up, it is a peculiarity of our youth that they like to pretend to vices which they happily have not, and the boys and girls have a knack of "putting all their worst and ugliest goods in the windows," as the saying goes. Therefore, they assume the fastness which they don't really possess; but behind all this stupid and unattractive pretence they are exceedingly straight, with a singularly sound idea of the value of virtue and their good name.

So much then, for the years of indiscretion. But how about the morality of

mons of the day are to be believed, colonial society differs wholesomely in this from the smart set at Home. According to Pinero, Sutro, Henry Arthur Jones amongst the playwrights, half a dozen fictionists, and Father Vaughan amongst the more blatant of the clergy, it is rather bourgeois and stupid to prefer one's own wife to someone else's in the social world at "Home," but this taste has not yet reached the colony. Nor is it likely to. We are too busy, our life is too strenuous for us to be wicked or vicious for want of something better to do, as is apparently the case at Home—in one single set of society be it understood.

But what about our Divorce Courts? Will query the pessimist; are they not kept busy? No, not in proportion to the population, and, what is more important, such cases as there are, are those in which the parties, while frail, are yet, if one may term them so "first-class misdoers." There is never the evidence of shockingly casual and indiscriminate misconduct, or of depravity almost past belief, which stain the annals of the Divorce Courts of the Old Country year in and year out. But enough of the unsavoury subject of sex sinning. It has been shown I venture to hope, that we are not worst, but really rather better than the Old Country, Europe, and some of our neighbours in this respect. Therefore, while continuing to try and hold a high altitude in regard to this phase of morality, we are neither wise nor just in allowing casual statements to give a contrary impression outside. Self praise, we all know, is no recommendation, but canting self-depreciation is certainly none either.

Men and women, especially in new communities such as ours, are very like children, and those who remember their childish days clearly will recollect occasions when each of us, with "a fearful joy" and a gloomy relish, endeavoured to make out we were wicked and naughtier than the other, and far more predestinate to that literal burning lake of fire and brimstone, which nurses and even pastors taught us to believe had been prepared for us by a beneficent Creator.

Well it seems to me that some amongst us are going back to this "betese" of our childhood now grown up though we are, only the difference is that we do more mischief nowadays, for, depend upon it, if we insist long enough that we are desperately wicked, we shall wake up disgustfully some day to find someone believing it.

As a fact, there is already an uneasy impression in England that the colony is a bad place to which to send lads from Home because it is a hotbed of gambling! Certainly gambling is one of our most prevalent and besetting sins, and there is little use in trying to disguise the fact, but it is more than foolish and mischievous to grossly exaggerate what is bad enough, but not really as bad as our jerrimiads would have outsiders believe. Betting is unduly pre-

Books and Bookmen

THE REMITTANCE MAN: Ambrose Pratt, (Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited, London.)

The subject of Mr. Pratt's new novel, "The Remittance Man," will have a peculiar interest for Australasian readers, as the "remittance man" has become a recognized factor in colonial society. The term "remittance man" is used with various degrees of contempt, allotted according to the value of remittance received, and the figure the "remittance man" cuts; contempt, expressed sometimes tolerantly, sometimes pitifully, sometimes vindictively (the result of some former experience); but always with an underlying, sneaking respect for the well-born and well-to-do folks at home, who have the wherewithal to pension the black sheep, known in colonial society as the "remittance man." But though tolerated, through the reflected respectability emanating from the home folks, the "remittance man" is not accorded the privileges and respect paid to the less well-known and less wealthy members of colonial society, and while good enough to picnic with, dance with, and receive gifts from, is not to be allowed to wed colonial society's daughters. And the woman who, finding something lovable, and there is nearly always something eminently lovable about these derelicts of fortune, allows her interest to develop into love and marriage is looked upon as having committed social suicide, and is, figuratively speaking, buried without social rites or benefit of clergy. But too often the woman who loves or weds the "remittance man" belongs to a grade of society many degrees morally and socially lower than his, and the pace with which he descends the downward grade justifies (seeming) the social ostracism that has left him sans hope, sans fear, sans everything that makes life worth living for. Of the moral responsibility of the relatives, who have sent these derelicts of fortune overseas to drift, rudderless and anchorless, with just enough to keep body and soul together, without need of the honest toil by which man achieved salvation, society reckons nothing. That the "remittance man" may be a scoundrel, or that motives reflecting the greatest credit upon him are the cause of his banishment, never enters into their calculations. In short, he is only a "remittance man." Mr. Pratt's book not only deals with the "remittance man," but with the much vexed question of capital and labour, and the usual accompaniments of any rupture between the two—strikes and compromise, trades unions. The scene is laid in Australia in the sugar-growing district, and the story opens where "Jan Digby," "remittance man," is, in company with the majority of the townsfolk of Ballina, waiting for the berthing of the steamer Toniki, which has on board Marion Reay, daughter of Major Reay, the wealthiest sugar-grower of the district, who has returned from a visit to England. Jack Reay, Marion's brother, had conceived a liking for Jan Digby, which was reciprocated as far as the difference in their social environment and Jan's pride and reserve would allow. The social cloud under which the remittance man usually lies, had been intensified by the knowledge that Jan had at one sitting squandered the whole of his quarterly allowance of ten pounds by gambling at cards. That Jan was, and had received the education of, a gentleman was patent to the most superficial observer, and it was pardonable in Marion Reay that she should, after all the bustle and excitement of arrival was over, ask the name of the gentleman she had seen assisting her father (who was a martyr to gout) on the landing stage.

"G-g-gentleman," stammered Joyce, laughing like mad. "She m-m-means Jan!" It took Len some seconds to grasp the idea conveyed, but when she did, she also dissolved in mirth.

"Jan Digby!" she cried—then "never," and her laughter rippled seaward in a sudden silver pen.

Marion felt a little irritated. "I should be glad to have amused you," she said, coldly.

Len stopped at once. "Forgive me, dear, it was very rude of me, I know," she said, contritely, "but when you know you will laugh too."

"Indeed," said Marion.

"It's about the—er, the gentleman you saw," explained Len, titling as she spoke. "Was he clean-shaved and rather dark?"

"Yes."

"And were his clothes shabby?"

"I did not examine his clothes," answered Marion.

"It was Jan Digby," said Len. "You confused us by calling him a gentleman. If you had not said that, we'd have known at once whom you meant."

"What, then, is Mr. Jan Digby?"

"A remittance man. He hasn't a penny in the world, beyond a pittance he receives quarterly, through my father's bank from England—about £10, I think. His relatives allow him that to keep him away from home."

"Oh!" said Marion.

"He is a rank loafer," pursued Len. "He keeps body and soul together by fishing, and he lives in that awful little shanty on the beach, that which old mad Karl built out of kerosene tins years ago, you remember it, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember the place; but where does the joke come in, Len?"

"You can't have much of a sense of humour, my dear," replied Len, with a patronising smile. "The joke is that you took him for a gentleman."

"Are you sure that he is not?" asked Marion, quietly.

Len pursed her lips. "Not any of the nice people in Ballina speak to him," she declared, her manner imparting to the words an air of absolute finality.

Joyce, however, protest against the implied decree. "Oh, come, Len," she said, quickly, "you know we saw him walking with Mr. Laing yesterday."

"Birds of a feather," retorted Len.

"I said not any of the nice people, with an accent on the nice."

Joyce turned scarlet, but Marion hastened to avert the storm.

"Is he a drinker?" she inquired.

"No, indeed," cried Joyce, looking defiantly at Len, stung at last into open revolt by the stir Len cast upon her here. "He is nothing of the kind, and I am sure he is a gentleman by birth."

"He looks it," said Marion. "Has he been here long?"

"About two months," replied Joyce. "And as for no one speaking to him," she went on, with increased warmth, "that may be nearly true now, but when he first came all the fellows were glad enough to win his money at cards, and eat his dinners and drink his wine at the hotel. He stayed at the Royal, too," she concluded, breathlessly.

Naturally Marion's interest in Jan is doubled, and, woman like, her sympathies are aroused too. Shortly afterwards Marion makes Jan's acquaintance through her brother Jack, and the three one day set out in Major Reay's fishing boat for a day's fishing. The day proved an ideal one, the fishermen meeting with extraordinary luck, and they were returning home, when suddenly the boat was struck by a squall and nearly capsized. Seeing that worse was in store for them, Jan made for the shelter of a cove, reaching it only by almost superhuman exertions, and at the risk of his own life, Jack and Marion being too frightened and unversed to be of the slightest use. In common gratitude Marion begged her father to give Jan some employment that should give him a chance to live down at least the reproach of being a loafer. But the Major, thoroughly prejudiced by what he had heard of Jan, refused to give him any employment other than as stoker of his steam launch, Jan's spare time, if he accepted the post, to be filled up by menial offices about the house. Jan accepts the Major's offer humbly enough, so humbly indeed as to make the Major suspicious that Jan had something up his sleeve. In order to allay his suspicions, he questioned Jan to such purpose, and so insultingly, that in answer to the Major's request as to what he thought of him, he was provoked into confessing "that a wholesale contempt for the Major's suspicious mind was his leading sentiment," and wishes the Major good morning. Turning the corner of the house, he meets Marion, and just then, to his great mortification, the heel of his boot parts company with the upper. Turning away with all the fight gone out of him, Jan made his way to his friend, and (as it afterwards turns out) his brother-in-law, "Alan Laing," and accepts the help long refused, Laing being a wealthy man. Taking up his residence with Laing, Jan dresses and

lives the life of a man in good society. As in all small communities, it was known that Jan's total income was only £10 a quarter, and that the pittance was not due for two months, and suspicion became rife as to how he had obtained the money to enable him to so alter his mode of life. Just about this time Major Reay's paymaster, "Inskip," disappeared, leaving a deficit of several hundred pounds in his books, and Jan was immediately suspected of sharing the stolen money. But Inskip's body was found in the harbour, and in the pocket of the coat he was wearing was found a letter telling how he had succumbed to temptation, and had stolen the money, for which sin he was paying the forfeit with his life. Major Reay, repenting of his former harsh treatment of Jan, now offers him Inskip's position, which Jan gratefully accepts, and fills with satisfaction to the Major. Meantime the mutual interest between Jan and Marion has ripened into love. But the Major has other views for Marion, she being destined for "Dr. James Cullin, M.H.R., and Minister of Justice, wealthy, middle-aged, utterly unscrupulous where his interests were concerned, and an object of utter aversion to Marion, who had loathed him since quite a child. Meeting him at the Folly, Major Reay's home, Cullin speedily discovers the mutual liking between Jan and Marion, and directs his energy to effecting Jan's downfall. An opportunity soon presented itself. For some time the sugar-workers had been discontented with the rate of wages given by the sugar growers, the employment of non-union men, and the rates paid for overtime. Jan's sympathies were with the workers in regard to the rate of wages workers in regard to the rate of wages paid, knowing the enormous profits of the sugar industry, but against them in the two minor demands. He is brought to book by Cullin, also a sugar grower, and accused of opposing Major Reay's interests while receiving pay to uphold them. Jan, while denying this, confesses that his sympathies are with the men as to the right of obtaining a higher rate of wages, and tenders his resignation, upon which the men offer Jan the position of president. At a conference convened by the employers, Jan modestly and temperately places the workers' demands before the employers, which demands are insultingly refused. A general strike is now agreed upon and carried into effect, to the secret dismay of the growers. Non-union men were sent for, who arrived in such small numbers as to be practically useless. To make matters worse, the whole of the punts used in the conveyance of the manufactured article had been unmoored and sunk in the river. This last straw proved too much for the growers, and the demands of the workers were conceded, including the release of Jan, who had been thrown into prison and kept there by the infamous tactics of the so-called Minister of Justice. During Jan's incarceration in prison a general election had taken place, and Dr. Cullin had lost his seat, which was now filled by "McBean," a labour member, who, on Jan's release, sent in his resignation, nominating Jan as his successor. Jan is returned without opposition, and leaves Ballina for Sydney, whither his reputation had preceded him. Here society's doors were opened wide to him, and fair women vied with one another for his preference, but without avail. During his detention in prison Alan Laing had died, leaving him eight hundred a year and his house, "The Bungalow." People in Sydney wondered why Jan never married, just as people in Ballina wondered why Marion Reay never married. Neither "wore the willow," and each was convinced that each had forgotten the other. Then Jan returned to Ballina, and noticed a difference in the manner of Jack Reay, now grown to manhood, who for some time, though firm enough in his friendship for Jan, still looked upon him as unfit to marry his sister. Then Major Reay died, and one day Jack startled Jan by telling him he had something to tell him.

"It must be something terrible indeed," he observed, with quiet sarcasm. "I remember a few years ago you found no trouble in throwing 'remittance men' in my teeth. Is it worse than that?"

Jack gave a great start and looked up, his eyes glazing with astonishment.

"My God!" he cried, "are you a mind-reader, Jan? That is just it!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Jan, in his turn surprised.

"The remittance business I wanted to speak to you about."

"Well?"

"I owe—I owe you an apology," stammered the boy.

"These explanations."

"When—when I said that to you—I

thought the others said we all thought—except Marion—." He broke down in a pitiful confusion.

"I know," Jan nodded, smiling gravely. "You thought I was someone's rancorous step-daughter, son, a real sort of rascal—sent out here and paid so much a quarter on condition that I never set foot in the country again. Well, Jack, how did you discover your mistake?"

"The dot—write some before his death—to a friend to make inquiries about you," muttered Jack. "The answer came the very day he died."

"Why did he do that?"

"I don't know; Marion does. She had something to do with it."

Jan looked very thoughtful. "What answer did he receive?" he asked presently.

Jack flushed crimson. "I—I you know," he protested.

"I know the truth, Jack, but I'd like to discover if you do also."

"The letter said that that you had been brought up as a Lord—'s son but that when he died you cleared out suddenly, and after afterwards."

"Go on, Jack."

"It came out that—that he had married your mother after you were born."

"Jan was no pale as a sheet." "He told me so on his death-bed," he said to deep, low tones. "Jack, that was a bitter day for me, my God."

Jack kept down a sob, his manly fellow-though he was, and his eyes glancing with tears.

"Oh, the brute I was!" he groaned. "But, Jan, I didn't know, I didn't know!"

"I have I blamed you, Jack?"

"The boy did not seem to hear." "I'd known," he muttered in a rancorous voice, "you might have married Marion, and welcome, for me!"

And so the lovers came into their happiness.

Marion's bridal gift to her husband was surely one of the most curious presents ever made by a woman to a man. It consisted of the heel of a shoe which had apparently departed in the foolishness of time from its natal sole, for one surface was much worn, and the other was prickly with brass nail points, many of which were bent and not seen to hear. A date was inscribed. But its character, despite its setting, was unmistakable. When he received it, Jan uttered a cry that seemed partly of recognition, and if Marion could have seen this, she must have wept in sheer delight to know that so trifling a gift from her dead countenance expressed.

The author's motif is two-fold. First, to remove the obloquy that attaches to the term "remittance man," and to ask for him a "fighting chance." Secondly, the advocacy of the redress of real or fancied abuses of the law of capital and labour being settled by the parties vitally affected—viz., employers and employed. That tends the intervention of a third party tends to equity, "the quality of mercy" is often strained, to employer and employee's detriment. Any decision that brings the relation of employer and employed down to a strict question of pounds, shillings, and pence is wrong, radically wrong, as tending to controvert the highest of all laws—love—out of which spring tolerance, selflessness, mutual interest. It may be urged that the conduct of business cannot be conducted on philanthropic lines. That it is not so conducted is being every day demonstrated. That it could be is also being demonstrated in individual instances only too rare. The millionaire is a product of the abuse of the law of capital and labour, the wrecked lives that go to his making being beyond computation. Singularly enough, it would seem as though the finger of Providence were in it, when the millionaire becomes so pléthoric of riches as to be unable to bear the burden of them any longer with comfort, he endows schools, universities, and libraries, that "those that run may read," and learn the value of labour—individual and collective—in the scheme of economics. That capital has rights as well as labour is true, but there is no law in equity that can justify a profit of two or three hundred per cent, while the labour that has created this enormous percentage of profit receives a pittance on which it can hardly keep soul and body in health, to say nothing of sickness or old age. It is not possible in this review to go into all the points raised in this book. Enough it is to say that its pleas are clearly and temperately put. Taken as a new departure from Mr. Pratt's usual audacious, ingenious, and exciting style, it is wholly meritorious, demonstrating that the writer can do better than romance. It is a book that proves the writer to be a man "who loves his fellow men." Every employer and employee should read it, and learn that the union that is real strength lies in the union of seemingly conflicting interests, the offspring of which is mutual interest. We are indebted to Ward, Lock & Co.—through Wildman & Army—for the copy of this book.

Music and Drama

OPERA HOUSE.

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BLACK - PREMYSLAV CONCERTS.

DATES COUNTRY TOUR.
THAMES - Miner's Union Hall - MON-
DAY, July 8.
WALLI - Academy of Music - TUES-
DAY, July 9.
CAMBRIDGE - Alexandra Hall - WED-
NESDAY, 10th.
HAMILTON - Town Hall - THURSDAY,
11th.

Mr Clarence Brune, the husband of the much-worshipped Miss Tittell Brune, has taken the rebuilt and beautiful Bijou Theatre on behalf of a wealthy American syndicate, remarks the "Critic." Their intentions are big, and their enthusiasm great. The theatre has been leased for a lengthy term, and current American successes will be presented. A very good company will be formed, and will include imported artists and the best local talent. The first production will be "For Her Children's Sake," from the pen of the author of the enormously successful "Fatal Wedding." The stage manager has arrived, and preparations for the opening are advancing rapidly. Mr Brune appeared in Sydney some two years ago, and since then has been in America.

The Adelaide "Critic" says that Mr G. H. Barnes, or "Mr Barnes, of New York," as he is jocularly named by his friends, is about to enter into partnership with Miss Dina Cooper in that lady's new dramatic organisation.

Without exception, the references to Miss Marie Hall's art in the Melbourne Press have been of the most eulogistic nature, and she has definitely added the music-lovers of the city to the list of captives her brilliant playing has all over the world bound to the magic of her Strad. The "Melbourne Argus" in its initial notice, using as its text the prelude to "Lohengrin," which formed the first orchestral number of her opening concert, says: "As the Knight of the Grail gained Elva with a word, so Miss

Marie Hall won the hearts of music-lovers with a note, the purest note of a violin heard here for many a day. She caresses and coaxes it from her instrument, making it sink through the passion of a Max Bruch concerto or the tenderness of a Mendelssohn andante by the compelling power of genius. She makes no mistakes, and triumphs over the difficulties of high harmonies, octaves, mazy sixths, and all the complicated paraphernalia of the violinist with the insouciance of genius. She has the inherent refinement of taste to give to even commonplace music an indefinable charm, while with melody of a nobler mould the result is an exquisite womanly style, the perfection of interpretative art." And the "Melbourne Age" says that Miss Hall played with exquisite finish and charm, while of her rendering of the Paganini concerto it doubts, in so many words, whether the great composer himself could have played it better. No less enthusiastic were the criticisms of the weekly papers, and it may be said without reservation that the brilliant young violinist's recognition struck a note of unanimous enthusiasm. The N.Z. tour commences in Wellington on July 4.

Madame Careno has placed her three daughters at school in Melbourne for three months.

Miss Marie Narelle, owing to indisposition, did not complete her concert tour, and is now resting in Sydney.

According to arrangements, three instrumentalists, will tour Australasia with Madame Clara Butt and her husband. These are Mr. Frank Merrick, a pupil of Leschitzky, who has already made a name for himself as a pianist, Barre Squire, a violinist and brother of the famous cellist and composer, W. H. Squire, and Mr. Arthur Godfrey, who will fill the duties of accompanist, and has earned a good deal of appreciation for his comic opera, "Little Miss Nobody."

In connection with the London College of Music examination to be held at the various centres in 1907-8, one of the examiners will be Mr. Theodore S. Tearne, Mrs. Rae Oxon, who is making a special journey from England for this purpose.

Supposing (and there is no reason to doubt it) that the Julius Knight Company keep up to their opening standard in the matter of public patronage, Mr. Williamson will seldom, if ever, have scored more heavily in Auckland than during the present dramatic season which opened on Monday at His Majesty's Theatre. There was a large and brilliantly dressed gathering in the dress circle and orchestra stalls, including one or two dinner and theatre parties, and packed benches elsewhere, while, moreover, the atmosphere of the house even before the curtain rose was one of welcome to Mr. Knight, as an old favourite, and the new artists associated with him.

Robin Hood, with its fresh breezy romance, its lovely scenery, and its woodland songs and old world ditties, was a sure card for the management to play. It held the audience in thrall from the commencement, and even those disposed to be hypercritical on the "cast" of the play, were disarmed by the frank tone of the production and its wholesomeness, and absence of affectation. To pass an agreeable evening nothing better of its sort could be contrived. The male portion of the cast is not only particularly strong, but is unusually well balanced and the ladies suffer by comparison. They are weak throughout with the notable exception of Miss Wilson as Alison, the miller's wife. Miss Elbert, Orin looks the heroine "Lily" Marian de Vaux to admiration, but makes small

use of the acting possibilities of the part, which deserve better handling. Mr. Knight is excellent, and every single other male part is capably played, Friar Tuck and Little John being particularly deserving of the best that can be said of them. If the romantic drama can be staged as a matinee, every youngster in Auckland of the age of nine and upwards should be taken. It may not teach them accurate history, but it will give them a taste for the traditions of England, which is almost as good and just as important.

In consequence, no doubt, of the added attention which her approaching departure from Australia has attracted to Miss Tittell Brune, several more or less ridiculous rumours have recently been set afloat about her advent, both past and prospective, to Australia. Regarding the former, the story goes that Miss Brune came out on the chance of getting an engagement, saw Mr. Williamson, was engaged by him and — the rest followed. The real circumstances were very different. Mr. Williamson was in search of a "star" actress when he last paid a visit to the United States, and when in New York, Miss Brune was strongly recommended as like to suit Australian taste. He promptly entered into negotiations with her, and she arrived here under formal contract. Another "yarn" equally spurious of the truth is to the effect that Miss Brune will shortly take up work in Australia under another management. Manifestly unfair to her as it is, this requires an emphatic contradiction. Miss Brune is going away in September on a prolonged holiday, the first six months of which she has already mapped out. After that her plans are uncertain, but this much is decided. When she returns to Australia it will be under Mr. J. C. Williamson's management — a contract to that effect having already been entered into between the parties.

In every company a great advantage is gained if the members have worked together before, and in this respect Mr. J. C. Williamson's new Musical Comedy Company is exceptionally fortunate. Four of the principals — Misses Daisy Wallace and Maud Thorne, Messrs. Victor Gorriett and Myles Clifton — have only recently completed a twenty months' tour of South Africa as members of the same London Gaiety Company, in the course of which they played in all the pieces in which they are shortly to appear in Australia. All four of them, moreover, at one time or another, played on the same stage as Mr. Reginald Kenneth and Mr. Harold Parks, the former the baritone and the latter one of the comedians of the company. The balance of the principals — the Misses Murphy, Miss Celia Ghiloni, and Mr. Pat. Bathurst — are all Australians, and as Australians are particularly quick and adaptable, it is patent that the new organisation will be especially strong in co-operation, as they undoubtedly will be in individual work.

Miss Ola Humphrey is working "real hard" during her last weeks in Melbourne, occupying herself not only with her stage work but also with the writing of a novel of 18th century life. The plot is taken from that of an unpublished drama which Miss Humphrey wrote some time ago, and for which she received many flattering opinions from American managers. After being published in book form the novel may, it is allowable to suggest, be "dramatised" anew, and, if so, the manager who secures it and engages Miss Humphrey for the leading role, will have "a sure thing."

Miss Tittell Brune, has always been an idol of "the gods," but the general public do not realise the depth to which their devotion attains. There are in Melbourne, for example, two singers who for the last two seasons of Miss Brune there never missed a single one of the 227 performances, and were always at the stage door with a bouquet for their favourite. Comparable to these were "The Twenty," a band of Melbourne working girls who not only went to the theatre whenever they could, but, having found that Miss Brune attended early service at a Melbourne church, were wont to go there, too, just to be in the same place of worship as she was. These girls clubbed together just

before Miss Brune left Melbourne and presented her, without any fuss or self advertisement, with a prayer book.

The "Evening Herald" (Melbourne), prints the following with respect to the opening concert in the Victoria capital, of Madame Albani's Concert Company, which is to be heard on this side at no distant date. The company, by the way, is the largest, and (according to the statement of the management) the best that has ever been brought from England to the Southern Continent.

"Madame Albani and her company gave their first concert last night in the Melbourne Town Hall. A miscellaneous programme was well received by a large audience, that showed its appreciation of the proceedings by frequent and hearty applause, and had the satisfaction of lengthening the concert by obtaining seven or eight encore numbers. The famous singer was honoured by a great reception from the assemblage. Her first selection, the aria, 'L'Amore,' from Mozart's 'Il re Pastore,' at once gave convincing proof of the high artistic qualities which have secured to Madame Albani a distinguished place among contemporary singers. The voice, especially in its upper register, is still full and sweet, and in the excellent management of the breath, the artist sets a shining example to all aspiring vocalists. The aria, finely rendered in true Mozartean style, and ably supported by the violin obligato of Mr. Haydn Wood, was much appreciated. Madame Albani, who was repeatedly recalled and presented with beautiful flowers, added Braga's 'Serenata,' in which also she was assisted by Mr. Wood's violin. An 'Ave Maria,' from Max Bruch's cantata, 'Das Feuerkrenz' gave Madame Albani the opportunity of displaying her emotional qualities. The dramatic scena, sung with passionate vivacity, was responsible for another encore, which this time took the shape of the popular 'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town,' in a rendering of graceful archness. A very sweet, and sympathetic interpretation of Dwyer's 'Songs my Mother Taught me,' and the brilliant performance of Ardit's waltz, 'Rosebuds,' a bravura piece, bounding in spracetti and arpeggi, scales and shakes, also were received with acclamation, and had to be supplemented by another addition, this time 'House, Sweet Home,' artistically and feelingly sung.

"Two vocalists and three instrumentalists complete Madame Albani's company. Miss Mildred Jones possesses an extensive and flexible contralto voice, and was much applauded and encored for her expressive and tasteful singing of Hatton's 'The Enchantress,' and Banning's 'Where Dewdrops Sleep.' Her added numbers were: Hullah's 'Three Fishers' and 'Shepherd's Cradle Song' by Somerville. Mr. William Green, a tenor robusto of considerable compass and power, has his voice well under control, and skillfully uses his head register. He succeeded in gaining the favour of the audience, and showed himself quite at home in Towis's sentimental 'Mother o' Mine,' in A. Verne's 'My Mother Loves me To-day,' and in Lloyd's 'A Song of the South' given as an encore. He joined Miss Jones in M. V. White's duet, 'It is na Jean, thy Bonnie Face' (Burns), which was delicately rendered by both singers. Miss Myrtle Meggy, a young Australian pianiste, and Mr. Wood opened the concert with a pleasing performance of three movements: (Allegro, moderato and finale) from Schutt's B minor suite. Miss Meggy also contributed Liszt's twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody, an interesting prelude by Rachmaninoff, and Study in G flat by Chopin. The young lady is gifted, especially on the executive side, possessing a flexible wrist and deft fingers. Miss Meggy was well received and heartily applauded. Mr. Wood proved himself a violinist of considerable attainment. In Hubay's 'Pleyna Notz' and in Sarasate's 'Gipsy Dance' he ably mastered the difficulties of the modern virtuoso school, while he showed taste and feeling in his renderings of Chopin's 'Nocturne,' Schumann's 'Träumerei' and Cui's 'Berceuse,' the latter two being encore numbers. Mr. Theodore Flint, who acted as conductor and accompanist, did his work ably and tastefully.

The splendid Black-Premyslav Concert Company will give a short three-night season in the Choral Hall, opening on

plenty for one's money, doesn't she? But there is more to come—

"A bare of golden trumpets — the harmonious of a thousand glad voices! Life, light, warmth, perfume, colour, and then restful, foister, more exquisite in the swiftly lengthening distance there flut back the carols of a band of little children trampling away down the dusty street good and over the hill into the distance. "Marie Hall has played."

One had gathered so much. But what happened to the critic? Marie can obviously take care of herself, but what about the poor young man? One pictures him wandering round the country, and, really, it shouldn't be allowed. He may get mixed up with "a blundering bee," or get damp on a wet, wind swept hill, or fall into a cold filled grave, or turn up home with a soft, nestling, gurgling baby, and no satisfactory explanation other than he had been to a concert. Something ought to be done. Subscriptions may be left at this office.

Seriously, is not such preposterous bald-headedly calculated to injure a player, even of the calibre of Marie Hall? It is surprising that Messrs. Tait Bros. should not have seen the batfoss of it all. At the same time it is fortunate, for the critique can scarcely fail to add to the gaiety of nations.

STAMP COLLECTING

The sixth sale of the Le Roy DEtrole stamps consisted entirely of English colonials, including those of Africa, the West Indies, and Australia. The total amount realised was nearly £4000, making the grand total so far over £23,000. The British Guiana, Trinidad, and Australian stamps fetched especially good prices.

Local collectors may not have noticed the fact that the size of the 6d rose-coloured stamp of this colony has been reduced to 1 1/2 x 2 1/4 mm, also that the watermark N. Z. over star is now upright, instead of sideways. This stamp is printed from a new plate made from a new die reduced in size, the object no doubt being to bring this value into line with the 1d, 1d, and 2d, which are printed in sheets of 240, as it is difficult to get watermarked paper to fit the arrangement of the stamps on the plate.

The following prices were paid for stamps at Messrs. Glendinning's sale in London, Great Britain: Archer roulette, 1d. mint, £8 10/; 1854, 6d, embossed, purple, pair, £13 10/; 1854, 10d brown, 10c. mint, £13 10/6; 1901, 1R, Official, L., green and scarlet, pair, mint, £6; Naples, 1/2, gruss, a very fine used copy, £7 15/; Roumania, 1858, 27 p., black on rose, fine used, £30; Spain, 1854, 1 real, pale blue, fine horizontal pair, £20 5/; Turkey, 1863, 20 par., yellow, signature reversed, £9 10/; Lagoa, 1904, 10, C A single, mint, £6 10/; Sierra Leone, 1883, C A, 4d., blue, mint, £5 15/; and Southern Nigeria, 1902, 21, mint, £4. A collection of New Zealand, modern issues, unused, and mostly in black and pairs, realised £49.

Some of the inscriptions on stamps of British possessions express strongly the Anglo-Saxon love of freedom. For instance, British South Africa has "Justice, Freedom, and Commerce," and Liberia, "The love of Liberty brought us here," which reads something like a reflection on the Motherland. Another African colony has "Light and Liberty," while Central Africa's motto is, "Light in Darkness."

COLLECTOR Disposing of Duplicates will send selections, all countries on receipt of reference or deposit. Prices far below any catalogue. — Collector, "Simla," Devonport.

The "London Philatelist," under the heading, "A Shaky Issue," refers to the Kingston Relief stamp, and points out that the result was to enrich speculators in stamps to a considerable extent while fund only gained £50. The article concludes:—"The whole business in the eyes of Philatelists presents but a sorry aspect, and again emphasises the opinions expressed by the leading stamp journals whenever colonial or other Governments have turned their postal issues to other uses than that for which they were created. The view adopted by nearly all the leading Powers of the world is that a postage stamp is issued wholly and solely for the purposes of supplying the public with a means of prepayment of their letters, and that any deviation from this principle is not to be for an instant tolerated. It is a lesson that has yet to be learnt by some of the lesser Governments, prominent among whom are unfortunately some of our colonial possessions beyond the sea!"

M. Pierre Mahe, whose lifelong devotion to Philately is well recognised, was, at the recently held Congress des Societes Savantes promoted to the distinction of an Officer de l'Instruction Publique.

The issue of Ceylon stamps overprinted "Maldives" has been discontinued, the reason given being, that such stamps appear to be bought up in no time by philatelists, creating thereby a constant demand for more supplies at the Maldives Post Offices.

The safety thread paper used in the Mulready envelopes was patented by John Dickenson, in 1829. The method of manufacture was to place silk threads over grooves in a roller from which they were worked into the paper pulp, until the safety thread paper was the result.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

Mr and Mrs J. C. Wilkin and Misses Alice and Zoe Wilkin, of Christchurch, arrived in London by the P. and O. liner Moldavia last Friday evening, after a very pleasant voyage from Sydney. Mr Wilkin is on a holiday trip to the Old Country, after fifty years' continuous service with the "Lyttelton Times," of which he is now managing director. At present he and his family are making London their headquarters, and are busy seeing all the sights of the metropolis. Later in the summer they propose to tour in the North, and to visit the Continent before leaving for New Zealand in the autumn.

Mrs C. R. Grierson, of Auckland, and her two daughters, Miss Ethel and Miss Betty Grierson, arrived by the Tongararo on the 27th ult., after a thoroughly enjoyable voyage. At present they are visiting relatives, and have made no definite plans in connection with their stay in England.

Mr R. A. Campbell, of Waihi, who arrived by the Tyser steamer Marere, has come home to gain experience in engineering work, and is entering the employment of Richardsaw, Westgarth, and Co., of West Hartlepool. He spent his first week in England with relations in Arundel, and is now staying in London with his uncle, General Sir Edward Stedman. He has visited several of the large electric power stations in the metropolis, Messrs Siemens Bros' works at Woolwich, and the Woolwich Arsenal. After a trip through Scotland he will settle down to work at Hartlepool, and will probably stay in England two or three years.

Mr and Mrs J. Thomas and Miss Thomas, of Auckland, arrived by the Moldavia last Friday, after a very pleasant voyage, and are now sight-seeing in London. They intend to leave Liverpool for New York on June 4th, and tour through United States and

Canada, returning to Great Britain in August. After a month or two in England and Scotland they will visit the Continent, and the date of their return to the colony is at present uncertain.

Mr and Mrs Leo Myers have arrived in London, with the intention of remaining in this country for a few months. They will make London their headquarters, and have taken a flat in De Vere Gardens. Mr Myers will attend the Imperial Education Conference at the end of the month as a delegate from the Auckland Board of Education, and at the close of the Conference will accompany the other delegates on visits to Eton and Cambridge. Mrs Myers proposes to take up literary work during her stay in London.

Mr and Mrs Mervyn Rylance, of Auckland, arrived by the Ionic this week, after a pleasant voyage, and are making London their headquarters. Mrs Rylance has come home to have her voice trained, but has not yet decided upon a teacher. Her husband intends to study here and in America for the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery.

The Rev. W. Gray Dixon, of Auckland, during his stay in London has spoken at the English Synod of the Church of Scotland and at the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England. He was a guest of the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland at dinner, and attended the annual breakfast of the Religious Tract Society, besides taking part in the 80th annual meeting of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. His wife and he have met with much kindness and hospitality in London.

Mr. W. E. Carpenter, of the Thames, Auckland, has just returned to London from the Gold Coast, West Africa, where he went in 1905 as manager of the Bibiani Gold Fields mill and cyanide plant. He intends staying a fortnight here, and will then visit friends in Scotland. Mr. Carpenter expects to sail for Western Australia about the middle of June.

Mr. E. W. Morrison, of Auckland, who arrived by the Runic last week, has come to enlarge his knowledge of motors and engineering generally, and will enter some of the workshops in London and Glasgow or Belfast. He is accompanied by his mother, and is combining pleasure with business.

Regarding the report recently cable to the "Standard" from Christchurch to the effect that Captain Robert Scott is organising another Antarctic Expedition, Lieut. E. H. Shackleton tells me that the "Standard" has made inquiries of Captain Scott and received a negative answer. The only British Antarctic expedition now fitting out of which I have any knowledge is Lieutenant Shackleton's, of which I sent you a detailed account some time ago. The leader is hard at work in London upon the scheme, and preparations are now very well advanced. Later on, when the whole personnel of the expedition is settled, I hope to send a further statement as to the staff and the ship.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office: Dr. R. Walton Baron (Dunedin), Mrs. H. C. Faulke and Miss Faulke, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bridge (Wellington), the Misses Reay (Christchurch), Mrs. S. McGuinness (Taranaki), Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Williams (Wellington), Mrs. P. McGregor and Miss McGregor (Dunedin), Mr. J. McBain, Mr. W. M. Stenhouse (Dunedin), Mr. E. Zolner (Wellington), Mr. C. Griffiths (Blenheim), Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas and Miss Thomas (Auckland), Major Johnston, Mr. Geo. Hodges (P. Chalmers), Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Cameron (Springfield), Miss Daisy C. Hay (Wellington), Mrs. C. Napier Bell (Wellington), Mr. D. E. Giles (Auckland), Mr. H. D. Godden (Auckland), Mr. Wm. Andrews (Wanganui), Dean Fitchett (Dunedin), Mr. and Mrs. Leo Myers (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Smithson (Timaru), Mrs. Cyril Bayley, Miss Ethel. Black

(Christchurch), Miss A. McLean (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gibbs (Christchurch), Professor and Mrs. Cook (Christchurch), Mrs. and Miss Tasker (Wellington), Mr. Mason Chambers (Hawke's Bay), Mr. Chas. Edison (Hawke's Bay), Miss Fisher (Devonport), Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Tolhurst and Miss Tolhurst (Wellington), Mr. E. W. Morrison (Auckland), Mr. Russell Bartley (Auckland), Mr. H. S. Hall (Devonport), Mr. C. T. Newton (Christchurch), Mr. Chas. Wood (Christchurch).

Mr Wm. Belcher, of Dunedin, who represented the New Zealand Seamen's Union on the recent Navigation Conference, is returning to the Antipodes with Sir Joseph Ward in the Mooltan, and leaves London this evening by the overland route to catch that vessel at Port Said. During his brief stay in the Old Country Mr Belcher has paid flying visits to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, and Portsmouth, and has enjoyed his trip very much.



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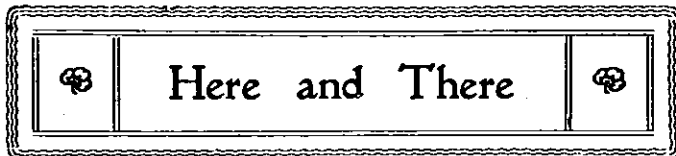
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Society Notes and Correspondence relating to matters of special interest to ladies to be addressed to "The Lady Editor."

The Editor will carefully read all manuscripts submitted to him, and all communications will be regarded as strictly confidential by him.

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Holiday Hustle.

In an entertaining article on "The American and His Holiday" in the "Albany Review," Mrs. John Lane, writing on the energy with which her compatriots "do" Europe says:—

"They shoot through picture galleries, churches, public buildings, and past monuments; in fact, they are not spared a single one of all those free entertainments to which the personally conducted are liable, and until exhausted nature gives up.

"Who has not strayed across worn-out American tourists stranded in hotel parlours, hollow-eyed, sallow, haggard of cheek, straight-fronted though exhausted, shirt-waisted, side-bagged, loathing sights, hating churches, hating pictures?"

"An American was overheard to ask a porter in a Geneva hotel, 'Is there a museum in this town?' No, sir," said the porter, humiliated by this disgraceful confession. "Thank God," the young American cried fervently, and shook the astonished man's hand.

"The American, like his English cousin, is limited in his expressions of rapture. I remember a divine night in Venice. The Grand Canal lay bathed in moonlight, and from a passing gondola, gay with lanterns, a song floated softly upwards. Suddenly through the stillness of this City of Dreams, I heard a compatriot, a wide-awake, red-headed youth from Maine, exclaim with sincere conviction, 'I say, a gondola does beat a buggy all hollow, don't it!'"

Standing Room Only.

Robert Carrick, manager of one of the earliest banks in Glasgow—the Ship, afterwards joined to the Union—was wealthy, miserly and a very sound man of business. A customer waited on him one day in reference to an account. The banker thought long and finally shook his head.

"Oh, Mr. Carrick, you need have no doubts about him, for he keeps a carriage."

"Very likely," answered the banker, "but what's botherin' me is, can he keep his feet?"

East End "Sweating."

In view of the exhaustion throughout the colony of the articles made by English "sweated labour," the following paragraph from a London daily paper is interesting:—

"A terrible story of the conditions in the tailoring trade in the East End was told at the Stupeny Coroner's Court during the inquest on Harold Knight, twelve months old. Mrs. Florence Knight, who seemed very ill and was wretchedly dressed, said that her husband deserted her a year ago, a few days before the birth of the child. She had another child, and she had to go out charring to support herself and the children, leaving the latter in charge of her mother. A few weeks ago the baby had a fall, and noticing a lump behind its ear, she took it to a doctor, who said it had an abscess, and lanced it. It became very ill the next day, and died in the infirmary. Mrs. Eliza Hales, Mrs. Knight's mother, said she made her living by finishing trousers at twopence a pair, out of which she had to find her own needles and thread. 'I have often worked until four o'clock in the morning to get a crust of bread,' she said. She stated that she had to go to her employer's place for her work, and to take it home when finished, and during this time her grandchild was left alone.

"And all this in this beautiful country of ours!" said the foreman of the jury. "Was your employer an alien?"

"No, she was English," said Mrs. Hales.

"A doctor said that the child was very poorly nourished and neglected, and Mrs. Knight was recalled, and said that when she took the child to a doctor she gave him her last sixpence, and went without her tea.

"The coroner suggested that the

mother might have gone to the work-house, but Mrs. Knight replied that if she had done so she would have lost her work, and would have been in a worse position when she came out.

"Where is the man who brought this poor woman to such a condition?" one of the jurors asked. 'I suppose he goes free, while his wife and children starve.'"

A Smuggling Operation.

In the "Correspondent," P. Dillon has an article on The Suppression of Fraud, the fraud alluded to being that practised on the French frontiers to avoid the heavy import duties levied on many articles of merchandise. The persons who practise these frauds, we are told, form a veritable army, all wonderfully organised, and the most ingenious means are resorted to in order to deceive the Customs officials. One of the cleverest was a doctor attached to the Custom House, who, under the pretext of visiting patients, crossed the Belgium frontier daily, and for years brought back in his big bags of coffee and other goods before he was suspected. Even dogs are pressed into the service, and are trained to carry home to their masters articles concealed in belts. In 1904, 1,841 dogs were charged with fraud in the arrondissement of Lille alone. Most of them were killed, while their owners remained unknown. The latest mode is the baby fraud, several pounds of coffee having been found sewn up in the garments of a baby in its mother's arms.

A whole community lives by these frauds, and the easy and illicit gains naturally favour idleness and immorality. Worst of all, the smuggling is carried on for a master smuggler, who gets most of the profits without running any of the risks.

Dickens' Publishers.

In the interesting series of articles by J.P.C. on "The Makers of Books," appearing in the "Pall Mall Magazine," the April instalment tells the story of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers of Dickens and Carlyle and of the "Fortnightly Review." It is said that Dickens still remains the most popular — that is to say, the best-selling author. However that may be, certain it is the fortunes of Messrs. Chapman and Hall have ever been closely identified with the fortunes of the novelist. In 1870 they bought up the copyrights of the only two books by Dickens published by Bradbury and Evans, so that for many years they have been the sole publishers of Dickens' works. It was Frederic Chapman, nephew of Edward Chapman, who secured the copyrights of Carlyle's works, and it was when he was head of the firm that the "Fortnightly Review" was founded in 1865. Among the illustrations of the article may be mentioned a reproduction of a curious portrait of Carlyle in the late forties, in stiff, dandified dress, by Richard Dighton, recently acquired for the Carlyle House at Chelsea. There is also a portrait of Miss Georgina Hogarth, sister-in-law of Dickens, now published for the first time.

From Berlin by Balloon.

Two German aeronauts, Dr. Kurt Wegener, a lieutenant in the German Army, and Heer Adolph Koch, have accomplished the feat of travelling from Berlin to Leicestershire by balloon. They alighted at Enderby, a village six miles from Leicester, having covered the distance of 812 miles from Berlin in just under nineteen hours. The aeronauts ascended from a suburb of Berlin at 8.15 one Wednesday night, their objective being Ireland. The balloon reached the coast at a point near Amsterdam, and the North Sea was crossed at an altitude of about 5,000 feet. Adverse winds drove them in a south-

easterly direction when they reached the English coast, and it was decided to make a descent in Leicestershire. They alighted safely, and having despatched a telegram to the Kaiser, left for London. Dr. Wegener holds the record for the longest aerial voyage without descent, namely, fifty-three hours. This distance, though a very good one, is far behind the world's record of 1,250 miles achieved by Count de la Vaux in 1900, in a journey from Paris to Kiev, in Russia. Lieutenant F. P. Lahm, of the United States Army, won the Gordon Bennett race last year by travelling from Paris to Whitty (402 miles).

Dickens An Enemy of Teachers.

Dickens, with something in his disposition peculiarly sympathetic toward children, was a bitter foe of any one—relative, teacher, or official guardian—who tyrannized over them. A writer in the New York "Evening Post" points out that he seems to take special delight in exposing the misdoings of mercenary and cold-hearted pedagogues.

"When one's notice," says the "Post," "is first directed to the attention the novelist gave to schools and their methods, it is interesting to try to recall the number mentioned. Six come to mind instantly, Copperfield's Hall, Dr. Blimber's, David Copperfield's two schools—Dr. Strong's and Mr. Cradley's—the Gradgrind School, and Bradley Headstone's in 'Our Mutual Friend.' But even the most devoted reader of Dickens is amazed, upon special investigation, to discover the sum total of twenty-eight."

"There is not a phase of education that he does not touch upon, and wrong methods are revealed and commented upon in tones so caustic and with reason so unerring that better conditions were the natural result."

Some Sayings of Prince Bismarck.

Not by speeches and resolutions of majorities are great questions decided, but by iron and blood.

The world cannot be ruled from below.

My ambassadors must wheel around like non-commissioned officers at the word of command, without knowing why.

Anyone who can make promises can get himself elected.

The dread of responsibility is a pall over our times.

You cannot ripen fruit by setting lamps under the trees.

Not the people of the cities, but the people of the country, make a nation.

A majority has no heart.

Let us leave our children a problem or two; they might find the world very fireless if there were nothing left for them to do.

We cannot hasten the course of time by setting our watches forward.

Passions are like the front in my pond: one devours the other until only one fat old trout is left.

Whoever has once looked into the glazed eyes of a dying soldier on the battle field will think twice before beginning a war.

Equality is the daughter of envy and covetousness.

Every great man has some flaw, just as a good apple has its speck.

The life of nations is crowned with success only so far as they have Teuton blood in their veins and so long as they preserve the characteristics of that race.

I deceive all diplomats by telling them the truth.

It is my wife who has made me what I am.

By "the people" every one means that which suits his purpose—usually a haphazard collection of individuals whom he has won over to his own views.

Goodstone played with words so long that after a while words played with him.

We Germans fear God, and we fear nothing else in the whole world.

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Verse Old and New

Stock Exchange Chart.

You buy a hundred shares of stock
Your fortune fine to crown,
And with the most unerring aim

It goes
right
down.

You think to sell a hundred short
And drink of Fortuna's cup,
And with a most unseemly speed

up-
right
walks

You plan to catch it either way,
A very knowing cuss,
And with amazing promptitude

It sees
thus.

No matter what you try to do
You're certain to be caught;
Your margin once so big and fat
Will shrink to 0.

* * *

It's the Scars that Count.

If you're going to fight in this world of
men,

Go forth with a courage and strong;
If you're beaten flat—what matter then!
Line up to the foe with a song.
If you're faint and weak with the bat-
tle's strife,

And succour comes not nigh—
Cheerfully pass up the wine of life
And show men how to die.

God doesn't look for the medals or cross;
He looks for the royal scar,
And He counts up the gain by the bitter
loss,

For these are worthier far.
And He turns deaf ears to the cheers of
men

When the captains storm the goal,
And he crowns the humble soldier, when
He sees the wounds of his soul.

If you fought your fight like the general
brave,

Clean out in the open field,
With your hand on the sword and foot
on the grave

And heart that would not yield,
Ah, you are the victor strong and true—
And the soldiers who pass you by,
Will pay a tribute, friend, to you—
For you showed them how to die!

Jane Carr.

* * *

The Millionaire.

Heave half a brick at the duffer!
Give him a lash with the knout—
Make all his interests suffer;

Rip him up inside and out,
Ruin his good reputation,
Give him a jolt and a scare;
Drag him from off his high station—
He's only a millionaire!

Cover his name with black scandal,
Deep from Beersheba to Dan;
Give him a thorough man-handle;
Smirch him whenever you can.
Trip him in every venture;
Catch him with pitfall and snare;
Drown him with cynical censure—
He's only a millionaire!

Call him a thief and a liar;
Greet him with jibes and with jeers.
Drag down the name of his sire;
Snub his grandmother with sneers;
Whisper vile gossip and rumour—
None of his family spare—
Treat his achievement with "humour"—
He's only a millionaire!

Cater to every excitement
Likely to furnish his name.
Try to secure his indictment,
If he's a fellow of fame.
Fill him a poisonous chalice,
Mixture of wormwood and care.
Up with all envy and malice—
Down with the millionaire!

Blakney Gray.

**The Burbankian Version of Swin-
burn's "A Match."**

The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox;
I make them grow together,
In bright or cloudy weather,
In fields of flowerful closes,
In pot or window-box—
The pink is what the rose is,
The lily like the phlox.

The pear and the tomato,
The pickle and the plum,
Now fraternise as brothers,
And I have planned some others—
I've grown a sweet potato
That gives us chewing gum,
Paired with the pear-tomato,
The pickle and the plum.

With sugar-cane and quinces
And water-melon vine
I'll grow you cans of jelly;
Or strands of vermicelli—
Such the bohemian minces
And calls both fair and fine—
With sugar-cane and quinces
And water-melon vine.

The pumpkin and the apple,
The apricot and peach,
Blend in a hybrid, handy
To boil to luscious candy,
Or can be turned to scrapple,
Commingled each with each—
The pumpkin and the apple,
The apricot and peach.

If burdock leaves were lettuce
If onion tops were rye?
But why be speculating?
Speak up, and don't stand waiting.
Such problems do not fret us—
You need not filly sigh;
"If burdock leaves were lettuce,
And onion tops were rye!"

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in "Harper's
Magazine."

* * *

A Flattering Illusion.

I thank you for the flowers you sent,
she said,
And then she pouted, blushed and droop-
ed her head.
Forgive me for the words I spoke last
night;
The flowers have sweetly proved that you
are right.
Then I forgave her, took her hand in
mine,
Sealed her forgiveness with the old, old
kiss;
And as we wandered through the dim
lit bowers,
I wondered who had really sent the
flowers.

* * *

April and Woman.

April weeps,
April smiles;
Woman threatens,
Then beguiles.

Rain or shine,
Who can find?
Who can tell
A woman's mind?

April's tears
Bring blooms of May;
Woman's weeping
Gets her way.

April's mild and
April's chill;
Warm and cold is
Woman's will.

April's full of
Quick surprise;
No's the light
In woman's eyes.

April's young, so
Fair in truth;
Woman's sweetest
For her youth.

Young men's fancy,
It is said,
Turns to loving
Month and maid.

— Baltimore American.



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Anecdotes and Sketches

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

A junior barrister was hurrying across to the Law Courts when he almost collided with a cab. The driver, who had pulled up with a jerk, pronounced his opinion in plain English about absent-minded people.

"Couldn't you see the bloomin' oss?" he asked with withering sarcasm.
 "See him?" gasped the startled barrister, looking contemptuously at the animal between the shafts. Then he stepped onto the curb. "I didn't see your horse when I stood in front of him," he added, "but I can see something when I look at him sideways!"

MERELY A STOP-OVER.

As an express train was going through a station one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced, and fell out. He, fortunately, landed on a sandheap, so that he did himself no great injury; but, with torn clothes, and not a few bruises, said to a porter, who was standing by:

"What shall I do?"
 "You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to break your journey."

SEASONABLE.

A facetious gentleman, who has suffered, thinks the modern recipe for a party is the following:—

"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get, put them into a room with a small fire, and stew them well; have ready a piano, a gramophone, and a pack of playing cards, and throw them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness and season with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will do as well.

"When all have stewed for an hour, add ice, jellies, cake, lemonade, and wine."

JUDGMENT RESERVED.

A newly-elected Justice of the Peace was much elated by his honors, but was not sure that he could carry them gracefully. So he haunted the court-house for weeks that he might gather up crumbs of wisdom from the judicial table of the higher station. Finally he sat in judgment on his first case, and when the testimony was all in and the argument made, he said: "The Court takes this case under consideration—until next Wednesday morning, when it will render a verdict in favour of the defendant."

"NO TROUBLE WHATSOEVER."

An old railway manager related the following amusing anecdote:—

"Many years ago," he said, "there was employed on a small railway with which I was connected an Irish foreman, who was noted for always doing exactly as he was told.

"His work on the line necessitated the erection of a tool-house or cabin, which he was told to have built half-way between the two-mile posts.

"To get the half-way he stationed one of his men at one mile-post and one at the other, and instructed them to walk towards each other until they met. The point at which they met he took as the half-way point, and erected the shanty.

"Then somebody pointed out that, as one of the men was a tall, brisk fellow, and the other a short man with a shambling gait, the method he had adopted of arriving at the half-way point was not very exact.

"He was annoyed, but did nothing for some months, and then he took an opportunity of consulting the company's engineer, who happened to be in the neighbourhood. The engineer was an obliging fellow, and took measurements which showed that the tool cabin was some 60ft. nearer to one mile-post than to the other.
 "Some time afterwards the engineer happened to meet the Irishman, and asked if his tool-house was now half-way between the mile posts."

"It is, 'sor," was the reply, "exactly half-way."

"You had a good deal of trouble in moving it, I suppose?"

"No trouble whatever, 'sor. I didn't move it at all; I moved the mile-post!"

CURING A CRITIC.

The daughter of a certain statesman has a husband who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. For some time the tendency has been growing on him. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entree his wife had racked her brain to prepare.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly capricious humour. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card, and on that card the information in a big round hand:

"This is soup."

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labelled. The gravy dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice pudding came in a card announcing "This is ice pudding" was with it.

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labelled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the capricious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.

HANDWRITING OF AUTHORS.

Charlotte Bronte's handwriting seemed to have been traced with a needle. Thackeray's writing was marvellously neat and precise. Longfellow wrote a bold, open backhand, which delighted the printers. The handwriting of Captain Marryat was so microscopic that when he rested from his labours he was obliged to mark the place where he left off by sticking a pin in the paper. Napoleon's handwriting was worse than illegible. It is said that his letters from Germany to the Empress Josephine were at first taken for rough snaps of the seat of war. Much of Carlyle's temperament may be read in his handwriting. He wrote a patient, crabbed, oddly emphasized hand. The cigraphy of Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, Moore, and Gray was easy to read, and ran smoothly. It was not expressive of any special individuality, however. The writing of Dickens was minute, and the author's habit of writing with blue ink upon blue paper, with frequent erasures and interlineations, made his copy a burden to his publishers. Byron's writing was a mere scrawl. His additions in his proofs often exceeded in volume the original copy.

The following advertisement from a Japanese newspaper is quoted by the "Feathered World":—

"Chance! Chance!

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To sell now, on our garden, best domestic fowls and tools, if one who wish to have those; Come and apply to the owner of the garden.

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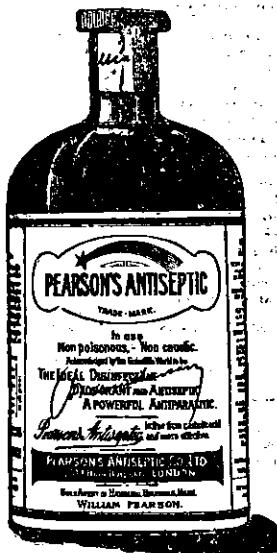
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ALMOST

By LADY FRANCIS CECIL

QUITE contrary to her usual custom Miss Phoebe de Lisle returned to her house in Park-lane exactly at the hour she had said she would do, namely, 4.30 p.m.

Those few of her acquaintance who were not also her friends were wont to say Phoebe's lack of punctuality constituted a grave defect, whilst the rest averred it was the necessary drawback to show she was but human, as otherwise she would have been too perfect to live—but without fully agreeing with either side, I must confess that her precision this June afternoon was rare.

She stepped out of her Landaulette rather hurriedly—but, once in the hall, dawdled about in a somewhat aimless fashion—picked up a letter or two from the slab—fidgetted with some of the cards left during the afternoon, half before a sentence, stopped, met the expectant gaze of the butler respectfully fixed on her and, finally, said very quickly, and in one breath, "If Colonel Everard comes to tea, say I am not at home—" and passed up the staircase.

Now for the last hour—or to be quite accurate, for the last hour and thirty-five minutes, she had been revolving in her mind some form of words which would convey her wish that if Colonel Everard called, other visitors were to be denied, but when it came to the point all courage forsook her—the pre-arranged phrase dropped from her mind, and she blurted out the above infelicitous order, which Simmonds in due course transmitted to the footman, in a slightly accentuated form. "Miss de Lisle is not at home if Colonel Everard comes at tea-time, so don't you forget it, Alfred."

Half an hour later, in sublime ignorance of the juggling of fate downstairs, Phoebe de Lisle stood in her cool, pretty drawing-room taking an anxious look round to see that everything was at its best. The sunlight filtered softly through the window awnings on the rose coloured and sea green, and bellisimo cushions, on the countless silver knick-knacks which glistened on table and overmantel, on great masses of mignonne in shallow bowls, of old Savona pottery, on quaint bits of embroidery, on velvet bound editions de luxe, on rare Bartolozzi prints, on priceless water-colour drawings, on the tea equipage of delicate Salopian china and antique silver, the china teapot ready beside the bubbling kettle, for she invariably made her own tea, and lastly, among many other things on a slender Venetian goblet, in which stood four or five velvety "General Jacqueminot" roses, their stems lightly joined by a knot of ribbon, from which hung a slip of paper, on which was written "from C.E. in remembrance."

Upon all these things, touched by the sunlight, and upon innumerable others, equally beautiful, which lay in the cool shadows, did Phoebe de Lisle look, and behold it was all very good, bespeaking wealth and "cultured ease," and artistic perceptions. "Better if she go abider!" The phrase, as a question, passed through her mind, and she coloured up all over her delicate face, and touched the roses with her finger tips. After a glance at the clock, she walked deliberately up to the only mirror the room possessed, a long narrow strip of looking glass between two of the windows reaching from ceiling to floor, and took a quiet survey of herself. The reflection was that of a tall and gracious woman, and if her cheeks had lost the perfect rosette tint of youth, if the rippling masses of

golden brown hair lacked some of the vigour and sheen of bygone days, yet her steadfast grey eyes shone from beneath their dark straight brows as clearly, and as truthfully as before, her mouth, rather large, with a well-defined Cupid's bow, had kept its own sweet strong curve, and the delicate contour of her oval face was unchanged. A few lines certainly marked her forehead, accentuated the firm set of her lips, but these finger prints of Time showed only the deepening of character, and were but the emphasis of the unavoidable troubles and cares of the passing years. Young? No—she didn't look young. She looked her age, thirty and two years, but she also looked what she was, a true and perfect English gentlewoman.

That would have been Christopher Everard's verdict and yours, and mine, but Phoebe only saw a woman, past her youth, but not past her feelings, a hesitating, almost timid woman, longing for the happiness which appeared to be within her reach, yet fearing to stretch out her hand to grasp it.

She shook her head slowly, then as the little clock on the mantelboard tinkled out five o'clock, in lingering, deliberate chimes, she crossed over to the tea table, and the bright colour dyed her cheeks as almost at the same instant the thrill of the electric bell purred up from the hall. Christopher was not only a soldier, and therefore presumably bound to be punctual, but Christopher was Christopher, and would come at the time he had appointed.

Fifteen years, fifteen solid years since that golden summer-time when he was on six months leave home from India, a lad of three and twenty. They had loved each other then, why was no word spoken? No special reason, just the trend of circumstances. The summer waned and the boy returned to his regiment, and the girl "came out," and life looked different to both from what it did in the green lanes of Gloucestershire, and though they wrote to each other, the letters got fewer and fewer until they ceased altogether, the cares and pleasures of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches intervened. Christopher pursued his stern mistress Duty under the Eastern skies till she changed her name to Fame. Phoebe "smiled and smiled and did not sigh," and rejected suitor after suitor, till now he was a bronzed, grey-haired Colonel, with V.C. and many another initial after his name, and she was the passee wealthy woman, owner of houses and lauds, and chaperoning a pretty young niece this season, who now having met her old lover at a Foreign Office party a week ago, stood waiting for him to come to her. The spray of roses "in remembrance" telling her very well for what. Ah, me, those Jacqueminot roses—how well she recollected the way they wreathed the side door opening on the terrace at Count-thorpe, the place where "good-bye" had been said—and how their musky mellow sun-warmed fragrance had filled the air. Roses and sunshine—could they indeed be for her?

Complete silence followed the purring thrill of the bell, surely her men-servants had never before been so long in ushering up a visitor. Another purr-r-r, actually Christopher had been obliged to ring twice. At last the door opened, and as she turned towards it, half advancing, half hesitatingly shrinking back, she heard, as in a dream, Alfred's voice announcing "Lady Horsham," and

straightway fell into the embrace of a volubrious, voluble, extremely deaf old lady, who forthwith encouraged herself by the table, and poured forth a flood of questions at the top of her voice.

Mechanically Phoebe made and poured out the tea, answering at random whenever she could get in a word—it was, perhaps, fortunate that Lady Horsham was deaf, selfish, and inattentive, keeping her ears strained for the sound of the bell. Presently it thrilled, purr-r-r-r, why was he so late? What would Lady Horsham say? And when would she go? Again Alfred's voice, this time announcing "Mrs and Miss Carmichael." What had happened? It was impossible to ask, all she could do was to greet her unwelcome guests, and resign herself to making the best of matters. No use trying to listen for the electric thrillings now. Mrs Carmichael screaming at Lady Horsham, and Lady Horsham yelling at Mrs Carmichael would have drowned the passing of a fire engine. More friends dropped in. An old uncle, a young cousin, five or six people were in the room, and Phoebe fervently regretted she had arranged for Elsie Dormer to be conveniently absent. By the time the cups had been twice emptied, the scones and iced fruit done ample justice to, the last new play glanced at, the last "on dit" discussed, and Phoebe was alone again, the little clock had chimed half-past six.

How hot the room was, how tired she felt. What had possessed her to give Simmonds that message? Christopher had not come, how humiliated, how humbled to the dust, what, in short, what a fool she felt. It's all very well to shake your head at the gracious reflection of yourself in a mirror, to play with your heart, and to wonder whether you will say "Yes," and to pretend your suitor cannot care for an old maid, but it's quite "une autre paire de bottes" when the said suitor does not keep his tryst, and you find yourself in the memorable predicament of Miss Baxter who "refused a man before he asked her."

Wearily she laid her head against the frame of one of the open windows, little puffs of warm summer air played through her hair, and the cooing of the wood pigeons in the park floated in, in recurrent monotony. A great longing for silence, for coolness and peace, and the deep woods of her beloved Count-thorpe, where "the gardens and the gallant walks stand dressed in living green" came upon her. She would leave London, and love, and Christopher, and go back to her home and learn sense; as for going out to the Speaker's party to-night, such a thing was out of the question, for Christopher would be there. So far had she got in her melancholy reverie when Elsie came quickly into the room—a vision of youth and brilliance and happiness, and gave her a kiss and a loving hug.

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe," she cried, "he will be at the Speaker's to-night—and—and he said he wanted to have a talk with me, on the Terrace, if he might." And Phoebe knew she had to pick up her load again, however much it might hurt her shoulders, and take this radiant young creature to meet the "he" of her heart—Lord Garstang—who was only waiting for the opportunity to propose.

"You look very done, old girl," quoth Elsie when, after twenty minutes' harping on "he," she had a thought to spare for any other subject. "Just you lie back in that chair, and nap till dressing time, whilst I enter the cards—that'll keep me quiet."

She settled Phoebe in a deep chair with a pile of cushions, and proceeded to fetch the cards, which had been left during the afternoon, and to enter them in the calling book, with a running commentary on each in an undertone.

"Marquis and Marchioness of Brown-mountain—with an At Home for Thursday—that's all right. Miss Jocelyn—tabby,—glad we missed you. Um—um—Captain Dunn—let me see. Vicomte de Herst—dear, how tiresome."

Phoebe heard it all, like water tinkling a long way off.

"Mrs. Cockrane—Mrs. Brett—Lord and Lady Savanage. Oh, Captain Cockrane—how stupid of people not to keep their cards together—perhaps it was Simmonds. Sir Arthur and Lady Radcliffe—Colonel Everard—?" Elsie's voice didn't sound far away now, it was more like a trumpet singing in Phoebe's ears.

"Colonel Everard," she exclaimed incredulously, struggling out of the deep chair and feeling abnormally wide awake—"Colonel Everard?"

Elsie held up a card in confirmation, and Phoebe rang the bell with some energy, and demanded of the footman at what time Colonel Everard had called, and why he had not been shown up. Alfred looked respectfully aggrieved.

"Colonel Everard called at five prompt, Miss," he replied, "just before Lady Horsham. Mr. Simmonds, he said I wasn't to forget, if Colonel Everard came to tea, you were not at home, and so I told him."

"That will do—it's all right, thank you, Alfred," said Phoebe in a very subdued voice. "Elsie, dear, do go and get dressed—I'll finish the cards." But her niece once out of the room, Phoebe swept all the cards—except one—into an ignominious heap in a china tray, and stood by the writing table a prey to sundry and diverse thoughts. Gone was the headache, gone the longing for Count-thorpe, gone the "O for the wings of a dove" feeling, for had not Christopher come after all, as he had said he would? Wounded pride, slighted affection, mortified vanity, vanished as a watch in the night. "Bad dreams depart and phantoms fly"—but then—in vulgar

THE BATH FOR TENDER FEET.

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Beware of Imitations. "Condy's Fluid" is sold by all Chemists and Stores. Insist on having "Condy's Fluid." Substitutes are inferior in composition and strength.

parlance, "the boot was on the other leg." It was for Christopher to feel insulted, angry, indignant, and how could she set matters straight without, so to speak, "giving herself away." If she let him know the mistake arose solely from her anxiety to secure a tete-a-tete that would be pre-supposing he also desired it.

"Send him a line at once," urged Common-sense.

"Don't appear to throw yourself at his head," chorused Shyness and Proper Pride, and probably these latter immemorial "spoil sports" would not have won the day had not the Jacqueminot roses been close at hand.

As it was they lost—lost heavily, were ignominiously routed. Her beautiful mouth took a still firmer curve, and she said quite out loud, "I'm not a girl, and I'm not a stuck-up fool, and I'll tell him when I see him to-night," and positively she took a couple of the roses out of their glass, and when she started with Elsie for the Speaker's At Home she tucked them into the folds of cobwebby lace at her breast.

Now, unfortunately, to plan a thing and to execute that same are two very different matters, and when Phoebe, experiencing that peculiar sensation so aptly described by the Palmist as the heart in the midst of her body feeling like melted wax, in due course of time that evening caught sight of Colonel Everard amongst the motley crew in one of the great rooms at the Speaker's, and gave him a bright, encouraging little nod, and expected him to push his way towards her, it was to receive a remarkably polite but intensely cold and unsmiling salutation in return, and to see him move to a far off doorway and enter into conversation with friends there, with his broad shoulders turned on her. The crowd was immense; friends greeted her on every hand; it was impossible to push past them—Christopher vanished through the doorway, Lord Garstang, eager-eyed, begged permission to take Elsie to get a cup of tea on the terrace, and it was nearly an hour before she managed to get away from the crush into one of the bay win-

dows in the library, to try and collect her wits.

These windows, as all the world knows, look out upon the Terrace and mysterious slowly-gliding Thames. To-night there was a clear half moon swimming in a cloudless sky. The first half of the Terrace was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps, and the White Hungarian band was playing amouneful valse—why is all the best dance music pathetic?—near the tables, with plate and wine and fruit, the lower half had lamps lighted only at discreet intervals, and gigantic shadows from the Houses alternated on the flagstones with vivid patches of moonlight, and across these shadows and into these patches strayed sundry human beings—two and two—always two and two. Phoebe felt uncommonly solitary; she had avoided and evaded her kinsfolk and acquaintances. The human tide had begun to flow supperwards and homewards, and she appeared to be left high and dry on the social shore—and it was with a miserable feeling of a coupe manque that she turned back from the window into the room, with some idea of going to find Elsie.

At this moment Christopher Everard came stalking by. He looked tired and worried and miserable; his eyes were fixed on the carpet, and he did not see her. Phoebe sprang forward. "Christopher," she cried. He stopped; up jerked his chin, his back immediately rivalled a poker in stiffness, and a mask of glacial indifference dropped over his honest, handsome face.

"Please take me to get some tea. I am parched—it is so hot. I—" She froze into silence under his polite dumbness and mechanically laid two fingers on a perfectly rigid coat sleeve. Absolutely she was afraid of him—she tried again. "I am so sorry about this afternoon"—still grim silence—"you know—it was—I did say—the butler—a mistake." Her voice trailed away.

Then, suddenly, apparently from nowhere in particular, there swooped down upon them two joyous young creatures.

"Oh, Aunt Phoebe, it's all right," said one. "Miss de Lisle, do congratulate me," said the other, and then both together,

"May we go out on the Terrace again?"

Phoebe nodded. An electric wave of sympathy and comprehension seemed to radiate from the happy handsome couple, and Christopher Everard, looking down at the woman on his arm—the woman whom he had intended to ask to be his wife—the woman who had, so he thought, most cruelly encouraged him, only to humiliate him to the very earth, saw that tears were making her luminous eyes dewy—felt the trembling of her fingers—smelt the musky fragrance of his Jacqueminot roses pinned against her breast, and, heaven be thanked—he understood.

He took the shaking fingers, which were poised on his coat sleeve in his other hand, and drew fingers and hand, and the whole arm, closely and tenderly against his side. "Phoebe," he said, in a low, grave voice, "there is no mistake can part us now. Shall we go on the Terrace also?" And they went.

The Harem and Happiness.

Harem life has always been considered by Western women to be most wretched, a dull, bored enslavement. From this opinion a woman who knows the harem well completely differs. Mrs. Vaka Brown, traveller, student, authoress, and wife of a litterateur, says the happiest women in all the world abide in Turkey—the land of flowers and dreams, where love is all in all; the land where the life of peace, the thought of purity, and the appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature has found, perhaps, its highest development—the land of the "unspeakable Turk."

"I have talked and lived," says Mrs. Brown, "with the wives of Selim Pasha, four in all, and discussed the very problems that arise at once in the Western mind as soon as this question of the Turkish harem is mooted—they have told me their stories, their hopes, their fears—and they are happy, very, very happy. I have lived in other Turkish households, and everywhere I have found that happiness is the rule, not the exception. In

the West I have lived ten years, and I have seen two really happy women. They were happy because their husbands were passionately in love with them. Women's happiness depends on love, you know, and on love alone."

"But, Mrs. Brown," asked a listener, "would you be happy with quarter of a husband?"

"Show me," she replied, "the woman who has the whole of a husband."

"Remember," she added, in warning, "I do not endorse the harem; neither do I condemn it. I do not give an opinion. I simply tell you what I have seen—what I know—that the Turkish women are equally as intelligent as the Western women; indeed, many of them far more so, and that happiness, great happiness, is the invariable rule."

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THE COLONIAL PREMIERS AND THE FLEET.

LONDON, May 10.

The "blue water" school had their innings at the naval review on Friday, when the Colonial Premiers were taken to Portsmouth to gain a glimpse of the inner workings of the naval system whereby Britannia rules the waves. The visitors from overseas were shown the great battleship Dreadnought, the very latest achievement in modern fighting craft, and were able to contrast this mighty engine of destruction with the picturesque old Victory, Nelson's famous flag-ship, lying at anchor in the same harbour. To combine recreation with instruction, as the school books say, the Premiers were then treated to a mimic but very spirited attack upon the Dreadnought by destroyers and submarines. Following this came the review of the Home fleet at anchor off Spithead, and the Premiers and their friends made a complete tour of the fleet, which was moored in five lines, with two intermediate lines of destroyers. Altogether, the lines exceeded five miles in length, and, remembering that their force had been assembled without reducing the Channel and Atlantic Fleets by a single vessel, it was a very impressive display. Unfortunately for the comfort of the guests rain fell steadily, but as a cheerful scribe observes, there are advantages even in seeing the ships through a haze, though the effect of the "ensemble" was rather spoiled by the weather. The review concluded the day's programme, and the guests returned to London in the evening.

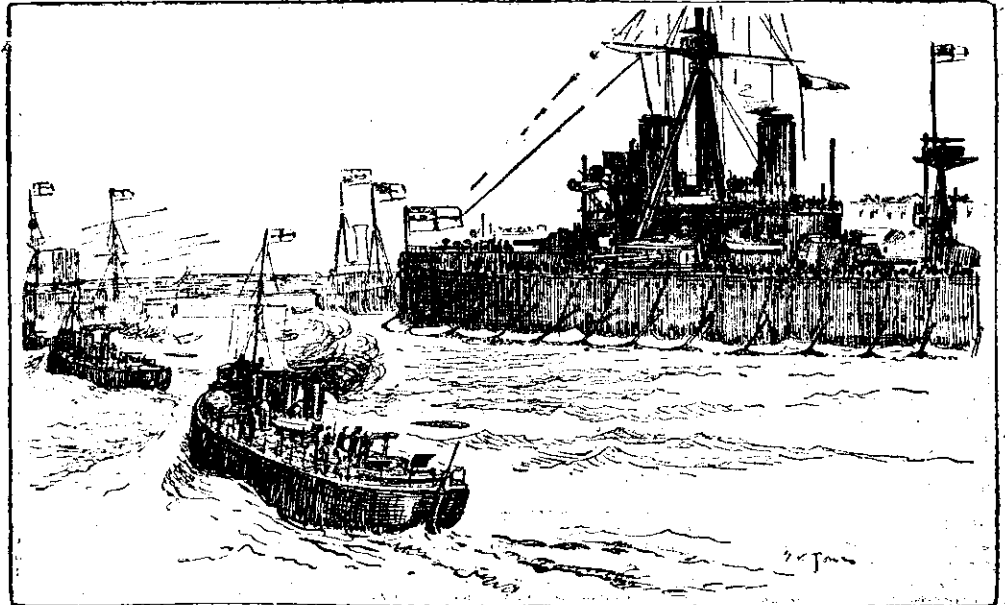
The naval sham fight was witnessed by the Premiers from the decks of the Dreadnought as she lay alongside the jetty at Portsmouth Dock. Twelve destroyers, cleared for action, appeared at the harbour mouth and approached the Dreadnought. When within striking distance they passed by in single file at a speed of 12 or 13 knots, and in succession fired off their torpedoes. The distance was about 100 yards, and the accuracy with which the torpedoes found their mark was excellent. After the destroyers came the submarines—twelve of them, in cruising trim, with the crews clustered in groups on the conning towers. These

passed at a distance of only thirty yards from the flag ship, and the lust of them gave an exhibition of her diving powers, to demonstrate the suitability of such vessels for approaching unobserved to attack in daylight. However, she did not mean business on this occasion, and the guests were able to lunch in peace.

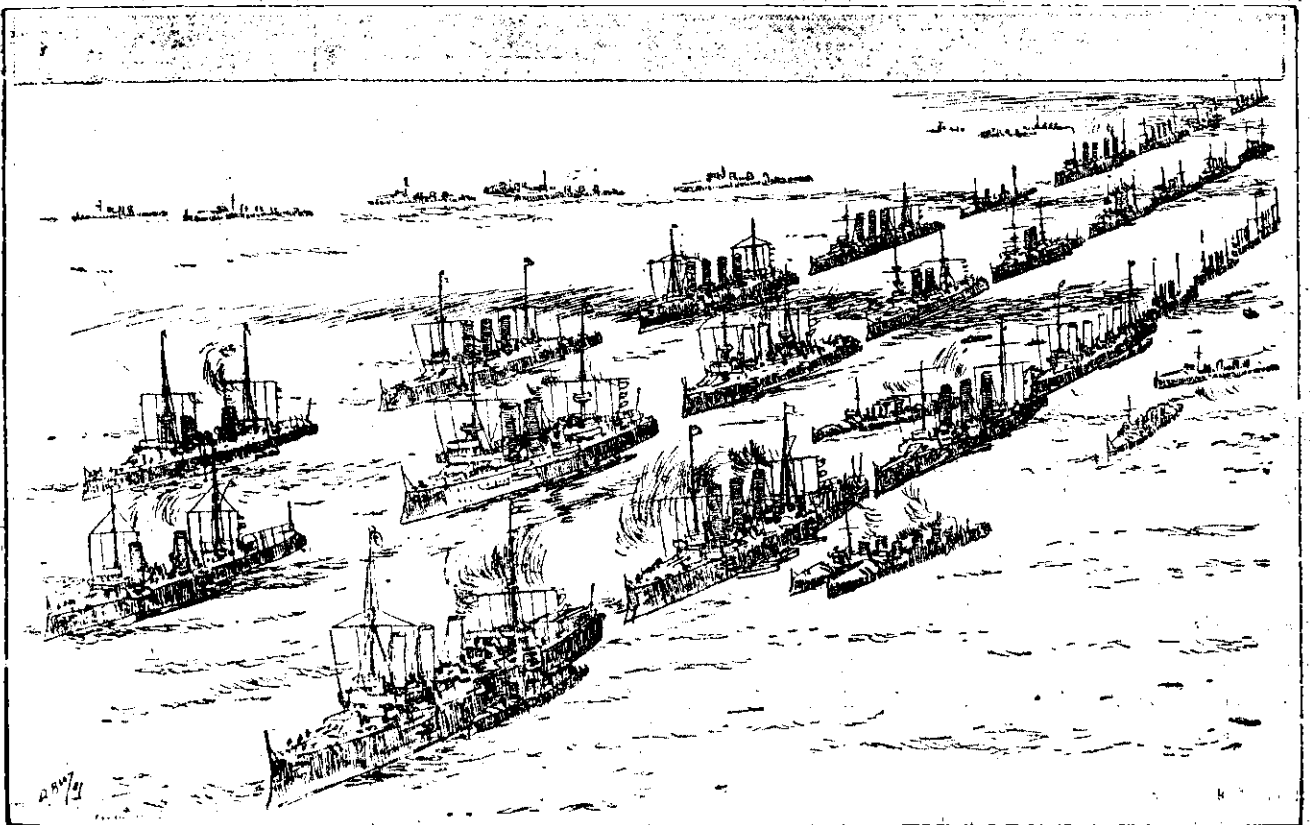
In the afternoon they witnessed, from a stand on shore, a mimic attack on Whale Island. A company of bluejackets represented the garrison, which proceeded to line the trenches at the water's edge as a couple of gunboats were sighted in the offing. Boats were lowered from the gunboats to fish for and pick up the

mines laid down in the Channel by the defenders, while the gunboats themselves began to shell the island, causing many "casualties." A landing party put off from the gunboats, and the defenders retired to higher ground, leaving many dead and wounded at the water's edge. The invaders landed and tried to rush the heights, and a fierce battle ensued. Meanwhile, a second landing party came ashore further to the eastward with a machine gun and some 12-pounders, and enfiladed the garrison from an adjacent slope. The defenders fell back from one line of entrenchments to another, after a fruitless effort to capture the enemy's

guns. Down went officer ~~_____~~ in the face of the withering fire of the ~~_____~~. The rest of the garrison sought shelter in the blockhouse, but the enemy by this time had landed a 4.7in. gun and rushed it up to the top of the hill. Even yet the battle was not won, for an armoured train now moved in, and opened fire on the invaders. Reinforcements detoured and, after a fine piece of hand to hand fighting, they captured the invaders' maxims and turned them on the late owners. Out came the beleaguered garrison, back went the invaders, dragging their 12-pounders down the hill at the risk of life and limb. But there is no



THE TORPEDO FLOTILLA FIRING ON THE DREADNOUGHT.



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE FLEET IN REVIEW FORMATION.

[First line (foreground); Second Cruiser Division. Centre line: Battleship Division. Third line: First Cruiser Division. Destroyer Flotilla in background.]

time to re-embark the 4.7in., so this has to be dismantled and disabled and then abandoned. More hard to hand fighting follows on the beach, and the gunboats re-open fire, until, as the remnant of the landing party push off from the shore, the "cease fire" sounds and the mimic contest is ended. The whole thing was splendidly stage managed, and the officers and men entered into the proceedings with the greatest zest. As sham fights go, it was a huge success.—From our special correspondent.

CHILDREN'S COUGHS and COLDS

Coughs and Colds give the little ones much trouble and discomfort and unless quickly taken in hand there is always the liability of the ailment developing into something more serious.

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SHOES AND SPECTACLES FOR ANIMALS.

In Bohemia when geese are to be driven long distances to market they are shod for the journey. The method of shoeing is as simple as it is effective. The geese are made to walk repeatedly over patches of tar mixed with sand. This forms a hard crust on their feet, which enables them to travel great distances without becoming sore footed.

Even more useful than shoes for geese are the spectacles worn by the cows that feed on the Russian steppes, a region where the snow lies for six months in the year.

These cattle pick up a living from the tufts of grass that crop above the snow. The sun shines so lazily upon the white surface that many of the animals formerly suffered from snow blindness. It occurred to an ingenious and humane individual that this situation might be remedied; so he at once experimented in the manufacture of smoke-coloured spectacles that might be adjusted to cattle. The result was successful, and the animals were saved much suffering.

ILL LUCK OF BIRDS.

Many and varied are the ill luck and death omens connected with birds. In the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania many believe that the settling of a white pigeon on a house bodes death to someone within, while a pillow filled with the feathers of a pigeon prevents an easy death, and some, in order that the suffering patient may have a painless death, remove the pillow, should it be stuffed with feathers. According to Longfellow, in "Evangeline," the appearance of flocks of wild pigeons presaged a pestilence. Gamblers believe that an owl, even a stuffed one, in a room where a game is in progress, brings bad luck.

When a Navajo Indian wishes to bring harm to an enemy, he buries two bunches of owl or raven feathers near the place where the hated one sleeps or lives. A third bunch of feathers is buried near the owner's fireplace in the kitchen to protect him from invasion of enemies.

In the West Indies is found a bird called the sunset bird, because half an hour before sunset and half an hour before sunrise it utters its peculiar cry of "Soleil coucher!" The natives call it a "jumbie bird" (a bird possessed of the devil), and say that to kill it would bring death to its slayer. Another bird found in the same region is the "Soufriere bird," which makes its home near the volcano of Soufriere, and among the natives there is a strong belief that the first individual to see this bird will die, while the most horrible torture by evil spirits awaits the man who kills it.

RAZORS SUPERSEDED.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WITH A BEARD-REMOVING POWDER.

A shaving powder which will do away with the necessity of a razor is to be placed on the market. A series of experiments carried out on a recent Saturday in London proved completely successful. Usually well-groomed city men rapidly entered the Cannon-street Hotel with a two or three days' growth on their faces. They were going to enjoy the luxury of a razorless shave. There when the experiments began, with a few moments' delay, a man who was solemnly worthy of the occasion.

The assistants lathered the upturned faces with the wonderful powder amid a tense silence. Then there was a pause while the paste was making the hairs brittle enough to be scraped off. For the scraping off process each of the operators had a different instrument, one a postcard, another a shoe-horn, a third a matchbox, a fourth a lady's celluloid haircomb, and a fifth a wooden spoon. Quickly the paste was removed, and then a gasp went round the crowded room,

for all the faces were as cleanly shaven as if the sharpest razor had been used.

Finally a gentleman who had had a shave on November 12, 1904, consented to be operated on, and once smothered with lather his beard melted away, but this was not accomplished at once, for the paste had to be allowed to remain on for nearly a quarter of an hour before a bone letter-opener was used to complete the shave.

"I claim," declared Mr. W. H. Witherington, the inventor of the powder, "that now for the first time hair can be removed without irritating or affecting the skin, and that shaving will now be a pleasure instead of a trouble. No stopping of razors is necessary, and cuts on the face will be things of the past. It is healthy and harmless, economical and efficient. Skin specialists who have experimented with the powder during the past few months declare that it is not only harmless to the skin but actually strengthens it."

THE VALUE OF SKINS.

Owing to the pelagic sealing and the depopulation of the great rookeries off the coast of Alaska, the market price of a perfect seal skin, taken from the largest bachelor seal, has risen from five and ten dollars to one hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars within the last twenty-five years. This makes seal hunting something worth while, and reconciles the maritime butchers to the capture of a few dozen pelts in the course of a season. The pelt of a huge grizzly bear when tanned and prepared as a rug, may bring one hundred dollars, if a collector wants it enough to pay the price. The skins of lions and tigers and other tropical animals may be bought by most anybody of moderate means. As sea lions and buffaloes are practically extinct, no market quotations can be given, though a few pelts show up in the fur markets of London every year.

IS INSANITY INCREASING.

The main object of a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society recently by Mr. Noel A. Humphreys, I.S.O., was to point out the fallacy of the assertion that the increase in the numbers of the registered and certificated insane, reported on by the Lunacy Commissioners, affords conclusive proof of the increasing prevalence of insanity as a physical disease. This assertion, said Mr. Humphreys, ignored the fact that there always had been a considerable reserve of mental unsoundness outside the knowledge and control of the Lunacy Commissioners, from which the numbers of the certified insane were constantly being recruited, without affording evidence of any increase of occurring insanity. The census returns in 1871, 1881, and 1891, showed conclusively that this reserve of unregistered insanity had considerably declined during the twenty years 1871-91, partly through greater accuracy of registration, partly through un doubted changes in the standard and degree of insanity for which asylum treatment is held to be necessary or desirable; partly through the increase in popular appreciation of the improved and beneficial treatment of the insane in asylums; and partly through increasing ability or readiness of relatives to resume the personal care of the discharged inmates of asylums on their attainment of an improved and harmless condition. Apart from these considerations the paper called attention to the marked changes in the proportional age distribution of the inmates of asylums, affording the strongest evidence of accumulation due to the constant decline in recent years of the discharge rate, including deaths. A scientific and expert definition of what constituted insanity was a necessary preliminary to any satisfactory and conclusive solution of the question propounded by the paper.

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The Sunday Husbands

By ELEANOR H. ABBOTT

SATURDAY is the beauty-day at our sanatorium, for on Saturday afternoons the husbands come for Sunday.

Every other day in the week goes by like an indolent hygienic dream, but Saturday invariably swoops down upon us like a brass band round the corner. This Saturday effect is instantaneously rejuvenating. From earliest morning till five o'clock train-time the manicurists and shampooers and massage people go rushing frantically up and down the halls in a perfectly hopeless effort to keep up with their engagements, and the whole great building convalesces like a miracle, and sits up with an expectant air of powder on its nose.

Saturday night supper is, of course, the supreme culminating point of all this beauty-day endeavour. You just ought to see our sanatorium dining-room on Saturday nights. I feel quite sure that nothing could be grander. Why, every lady wears her whitest gown and every gentleman wears his blackest suit, and there are roses or carnations on every table, and fresh jokes and new gossip, and tips for the waitresses—oh, everything fine as a fiddle!—with each individual lady smiling and bowing and bidding, as much as to say, "Isn't it too bad that your husband isn't as nice as mine?"

Oh, I simply adore Saturday night supper, and always wear white linen and crimson ribbons for the event, though I myself am only a single woman and wait on one of the tables.

There are three ladies at my table—Mrs. Augustus Groveland, Mrs. Leonard Lane, and Mrs. Dicky Allerton.

Mrs. Groveland is little and old and fat, with gorgeous skin-tight silk dresses and a pompadour that is the righteous envy of every table-girl in the room. She's had inflammatory rheumatism pretty badly, and twists a bit sometimes, but she's by far the jolliest patient we ever entertained. Her husband is a retired banker, or something cashy of that sort, and he never comes for Sunday without a bonnet as big as an umbrella, or a ring or a bracelet or a brooch that makes you feel all gone in the pit of your stomach. They've been married fifty years if a day, but they roll up together exactly like high school sweethearts.

Mrs. Leonard Lane is very young and fair and delicate—not more than twenty, with the shiny, luminous kind of beauty that you seldom see in anyone but consumptives. She's just lost her first child and needs a lot of coaxing and cooing to make her real spunky again. Mr. Lane isn't rich at all. Why, how could he be when he's scarcely more than twen-

ty himself? I guess it's about all he can do to keep his wife at the sanatorium, but I notice that he never seems to wear any price mark of his sacrifice, and he never comes empty-handed on Saturday nights, though his gift is seldom more than a single great rose, or a new magazine, or a pound box of candy. They are certainly the loveliest young people I ever saw—all lingering eyed and tender-handed. Why, he passes even the butter to her as though it were her wedding prayer-book, and I tell you, that baby who died lost an awfully nice daddy!

Goodness! When I first saw Mr. and Mrs. Groveland cavorting like their courtship days I thought there was nothing in the world like old love, but when I watched the Lanes with their shy, new sense of ownership and their tingling sweet impudence over even the sad fact that it was their child that died—why, then I felt perfectly positive that young love was the only thing in life worth living for.

And all of this, you can understand, made it very hard for Mrs. Dicky Allerton, whose husband never came at all.

Of course, if you are widowed or divorced or perfectly unmarried, you can have your supper sent to your room Saturday nights, or get invited out in the village, or even put on a bold front and go down-stairs and watch the other ladies' happiness. But if everybody knows that you've got a thoroughly live and legitimate husband no farther off than New York, you can well imagine that it's pretty awkward to have to keep explaining and explaining his perpetual absence.

Week after week for eleven Saturday nights Mrs. Dicky Allerton came lolling down to that gorgeously dressy, splendidly happy dining-room in her ordinary all-day shirt-waist gown, with a sneer on her lips that would have made even honey feel thoughtful, and her great black eyes quizzing every newcomer with an indolent sort of scorn that was quite unpleasant.

But that wasn't the worst of her indifference. When all the other people were rollicking round in the office over their presents and their gossip and their bridge whist—when the parlour piano was going like a circus, and all the dark corners in the hall were full of married lovers, why, what would Mrs. Dicky Allerton do but go down to the bowling alleys, all stark alone, and bowl like mad till eleven o'clock. I've peeped into the window lots of times on my way to the laundry, and, I tell you, it looked spooky in that great, black, lonesome hall, with the single alley standing out like an illu-

mination, and that scornful woman crouching on her heels hurling rumbly balls into a clattering nuss that sent the alley-boy a dodging for his life. Oh, she was ice and ether and don't-care incarnate, though, to be perfectly honest, she was not a bit cool-coloured, for her hair was like jet and her great, bitter eyes looked for all the world like black cups in white saucers.

Week after week things went on like this—everybody wondering and surmising and criticising—until at last one Saturday there came an exciting rumour that Mr. Dicky Allerton was actually expected. The rumour caused quite a commotion. The telephone girl told the elevator boy, and the elevator boy told the head nurse. It was Mrs. Augustus Groveland who told me.

Poor Mrs. Groveland was cross that day because her new buff-coloured silk didn't fit as spitting tight as Mr. Groveland would like to have it, but she quite forgot her disappointment and mortification when she heard the good news concerning Mr. Allerton.

I was helping Mrs. Groveland that afternoon about her pompadour. Indeed, I've been here so long in the sanatorium that I can tackle almost any job except a major surgical operation. While I was helping, at least nine ladies stopped in at the room to say, "Well, isn't it just about time that Mr. Allerton did come? The brute!" and "He'd get a mighty frigid welcome if it was my husband!" and, "Oh, goodness! Do you suppose—there's someone else he likes better?"

My! but it was a pretty gathering—all silk kimonos and embroidered dressing-sacks and soft Turkish slippers with chrysanthemum toes! Our ladies always wear charming negligees, but Saturday is exceptionally dressy, for husbands have been known to arrive unexpectedly on earlier trains than the five o'clock. Even Mrs. Leonard Lane came in for a moment in a drooping, soft mull tea-gown that made her seem more than ever like a white rose wilting on a boy's heart. "Oh, isn't it beautiful," she said, "that Mr. Dicky Allerton is really coming to-night?" and her sweet eyes filled right up with tears.

II.

You can hardly blame me at five o'clock train-time for inventing an errand in the office and keeping the clerk busy fully ten minutes looking up express rates to Fondalac. It was the farthest off place I could think of.

The hall was full of happy ladies eager to see their own husbands, and very

curious to see Mrs. Allerton's. Mrs. Allerton herself almost took my breath away when she came sweeping down the stairs like a queen in full evening costume, with her hair as black as the blackest night you ever saw, and her gown as pale as the morning after.

With the first sound of hoofs on the driveway there was a laughing rush for the door, and in a second the winter night swept in like a breeze and the hall was full of chatter and kisses and the strong, sweet smell of cold and smoke and overcoats. Then all of a sudden, by one of those curious happenings, everybody seemed to crowd back against the wall, so that Mr. and Mrs. Dicky Allerton were left standing alone in the middle of the room.

And Mr. Dicky Allerton was a hunchback? And so short and twisted that his gray hair, rough and thick and shaggy as it was, reached barely to the top of his wife's splendid shoulders!

For the smallest fraction of a second the two seemed to hesitate where they stood, and then silently, without a word of greeting to anyone, they crossed the hall, signalled an elevator, and were whisked out of sight.

Then some one—I don't know who it was, unless it was everyone—gave a little gasping "Oh h-h!" and the people slipped away to their rooms as solemnly as though it were a church dismissed.

But in half an hour the dining-room was packed with happy guests. You could hear the laughter way out in the kitchen, and smell the flowers as far as the operating-room. Jonquils were just in the market, and a dozen tables flamed with yellow. Mrs. Leonard Lane had the sweetest little bunch of violets at her throat, and Mrs. Groveland was distributing real Jacqueminot roses to the enraptured table-girls.

Oh! it was perfectly lovely, and everything was as gay as possible, until—twenty minutes later—Mrs. Dicky Allerton came walking in—alone! Yes, I said a-l-o-n-e! My, but you could have heard half a pin drop!

Her long train swished on the floor like a hiss, her face was as white as plaster, and she held her head up as though it were dragged by a rope at the back of her neck. (Oh, she was not a pleasant sight at all as she swept into her seat, and a great unconscious murmur of disapproval ran around the room, and all the knives and forks seemed to jingle stridently: "How could she do it! What made her leave him alone like that!")

It was really fearfully awkward for everyone, except for Mrs. Allerton. She didn't seem to care an atom. She

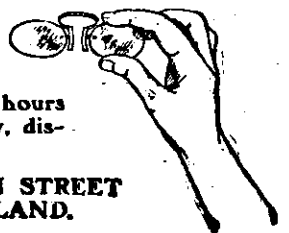
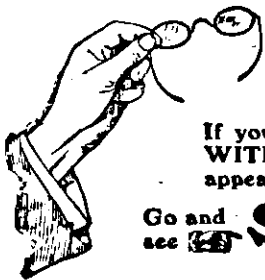
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floundered herself down into her chair with twice her usual contempt, scoffed openly at Mrs Groveland's neworgettes, and rated violets as "silly flowers." Mrs Groveland grew perfectly purple with indignation, and poor Mrs Lane snatched at her posies, and began to kiss them browningly, as though she thought their feelings might be hurt. Then someone stammered, "Isn't your husband coming down?" and Mrs Allerton snapped out, "My husband? No indeed!" and doused away the word with two full glasses of ice-water.

When I handed her the menu she glanced at it with a great air of scornful laziness, and then—all of a sudden—quicker than lightning—she went into the most violent attack of hysterics just because there were no soda biscuits on the bill of fare.

I suppose that seems funny to you? But it doesn't to us. We almost lost a lady in convulsions one day because the ice-cream was flavoured with pineapple instead of chocolate. Ladies with normal nerves, you know, don't need to go to sanatoriums. Why, it took two doctors and a nurse to get Mrs Allerton safely to her room!

There's no particular use in describing the confusion that it made. The ladies of course, were not startled—they are quite used to seeing things happen—but the gentlemen were indescribably shocked and puzzled. The confusion didn't bother me at all, though. In fact, nothing bothered me except Mrs Dicky Allerton herself. It was the first time in all those eleven weeks that I had ever seen her break, and up to that moment of breaking I had always hated her like poison. But now I dropped a pitcher of cream and a whole plate of bread just out of pity and wonder. If lack of soda-biscuits was the last straw, what was the first? And the second? And the twelfth and the hundredth and the thousandth? We can't help wondering about the patients, you know. They're just like damaged books come to be rebound. Sometimes in the rebounding we snatch very tantalizing glimpses of the plot.

I wondered about Mrs Dicky Allerton all through supper-time, and I wondered about her afterward when I was fixing

up the pretty tea-trays for the very sick ladies, who have to hold their brave remonions across broadcated bedsteads and clanking surgical mechanism. And I thought about her so hard when I was going to bed that I was glad, not mad, when the head nurse knocked at the door, and said: "Will you please go and sit with Mrs Allerton a while?"

She didn't need a real trained nurse, you know, but just someone with an oral diploma of common sense.

"But where is Mr Allerton? I asked suddenly, with a clutch at my unfastened collar.

The head nurse looked foolish. "Mr Allerton's gone," she said. "He went while Mrs Allerton was at supper." She's a nice head nurse, but she wouldn't think of gossiping with me when she has her cap on.

III.

I found Mrs Dicky Allerton in the palest kind of a pale pink dressing gown, kneeling on the rug before her cheval-mirror, studying her reflection violently, as though it were a strange, detested lesson. Her face was all crumpled up with her recent crying, but her big eyes were bright and even lively with the excitement of reaction. Hysterics never frightened me, anyway. They seem so reasonable—just a head-on collision between your sorrow and your sense of humour. How could your self-control help exploding, under the circumstances?

Of course, Mrs Allerton was embarrassed to be trapped so at her mirror, but with a little gesture of amusement she pulled me down beside her, snuggled her haggard cheek against mine, and continued to scrutinize the reflection.

Now my hair is yellow and wavy, my eyes are gray, my cheeks are round and pink as a baby's, and my mouth turns up quite perceptibly at the corners. I'm not good-looking at all the way a flower is, but a nervous-prostration patient told me once that I made her think of fresh, crisp lettuce. Anyway, Mrs Dicky Allerton was looking particularly jaded that evening, and she wasn't blind any more than I was.

"Great Heavens!" she cried out. "How old are you?"

"Thirty-four," I answered, quite frankly.

She sank back on her heels with a petulant wail of despair and stared at me.

"Thirty-four!" she exclaimed. "Why, so am I! And look at the difference between us!" She actually groaned, and then broke out again with: "Thirty-four, and fresh as a pink! And you have to earn your own living, too!"

I laughed. "Well, for the matter of that, I said, "as far as I can make out, it's a heap sight easier to have to earn your own living than to have to earn your own loving. Some lucky people seem to inherit fortunes, but most of us have to work pretty hard for whatever we get."

She puckered up her forehead in a puzzled sort of way and sank down into a chair before her mirror, and I went and got her brushes. Her hair was heavy as lead, and black as jet, and long—way down to her knees—and I brushed for half an hour before either of us spoke again. I brushed it coolly back from her worried forehead in great long strokes of regular rhythm and rest, and I stroked it blissfully down behind her ears, and I smoothed it up from the little nerves in the back of the neck where sorrow tugs like a demon, till at last, at the end of that half hour, she looked up at me in the glass and smiled.

"I've been thinking of what you said about 'earning your own loving,'" she murmured. "Have you been here long in the sanatorium? Eleven years? You must know a lot."

"I know a lot about husbands," I acknowledged grimly. "I've worked in just about every department of the sanatorium from the cellar to the roof, and what I know about husbands would fill a pretty good-sized book, though, of course, I'm perfectly willing to acknowledge that what I don't know would make a fairly sizable companion volume."

She laughed; then, "Did you see my husband to-night?" she asked abruptly, and a little whimper of pain went scudding across her face.

"Indeed, I saw him," I said. And,

"What an interesting face he has!"

She shrugged her shoulders wearily, and I went on with my work. It was fully twenty minutes before she spoke again, and my arms began to feel as though they were ripping out, but as long as they hung by a single thread nothing in the world could have made me stop brushing, for I could watch her reflection perfectly over the top of her head, and her face for those dragging twenty minutes was like a white screen for stereopticon thoughts.

"Don't you think," she said at last, "that people who tell their legitimate troubles or write to newspapers for domestic advice are awful fools? I hate and scorn and loathe them—and to-night I'm going to be just that sort of fool. I've kept my own counsel so long that I shall burst if I keep it a second longer. What did people say about me to-night?"

I braided her hair down to a point like the point of a pin, then I unravelled it out and fluffed it like a whisk-broom, then I tied it with a black bow in perfectly huge loops and no ends. Then I pulled the bow to pieces and started in all over again. And then I laughed.

"Why, they said," I acknowledged wryly, "that you were a—beast to come to supper alone!"

"A be-a-st!" Mrs. Allerton jumped to her feet in a fury and faced me like a tiger. That left me free to do what I pleased, and I sank most gratefully into a chair.

IV.

For a second Mrs. Allerton stared at me, then through me, and finally 'way past me.

When she began to talk she began abruptly.

"We were boy and girl," she said, "on neighbouring plantations. At first I was not strong enough to romp with the other children; Richard never was strong enough. After I got my health the other children's games seemed crude and paltry. Richard and I lived in a world of our own. We had all the queer old books in his father's library, we had all the wonderful clothes and heirlooms in my mother's attic.

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"Having used your Bronchitis Cure in my family at different times for years past, I wish to testify to the relief always afforded by it in colds on the chest, or any complaint arising therefrom.—Yours, etc.,
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NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1a does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.

"We lived, as I say, in a world of our own. We dramatised all the romances and tragedies in the world's history. What did we care for such games as tag, or hide-and-go-seek? I learned history, mythology, French, even a little Latin, without realising it. It is strange that I learned love, also, just as helplessly!" Her eyes blazed deeply again, and she turned on me with an almost fierce intensity.

"They call me a beast, do they? Listen to the rest of my story."

"Everything was beautiful with us—just frank, honest, boy-and-girl friendship—until I was twenty and came back from a month's visit to Washington. I suppose I had changed in that month. I suppose I gave Richard his first impression that I was a grown woman. Anyway, he suddenly grew moody, morose, super-sensitive, self-conscious."

"I was broken-hearted. I did not know what to make of it. I pleaded and pleaded for explanations, and got no answer but brutal indirectness. My family were no fools, though. They whisked me off to Europe for three years. They did not crave an attachment between their only daughter and a cripple. That was natural, I suppose. I was beautiful at twenty. I should be beautiful at thirty-four, if I were happy!"

"But what good did three years do? I missed Richard all the time. There were other men in the world, but what of it? No other man understood me as Richard did. No other man cared for just the same things that I did. No other man on earth was Richard's equal to me! I was not a happy traveller those three years. Richard's letters were the bright spots in my life, and Heaven knows his letters were far from satisfactory—but they were his letters, after all."

"Then I grew sick about things. I was so homesick I would have stooped to anything. I said I would like to live in Europe for ever. I said I hated America. I said that a certain Frenchman of our acquaintance was the most fascinating man I had ever met—because he was so handsome and tall and straight. I changed my seat at the table because a crippled child was in my view."

"My family took me home. But I was home two weeks and Richard never came to see me!"

"Then I snatched matters into my own hands. I went to see him! He was in the grove at the edge of the lake. I knew he would be there. My saddle-horse chose the path like a habit even after three years."

"He was sitting under the big trees, reading. I watched him for fully five minutes. His face was perfectly serene—strong, you know, and vital, but serene. I have never seen it serene since."

"My horse whinnied and Richard looked up and gave a glad, wild sort of cry. I was trembling so all over that I laughed. Then I had to say something, so I said:

"You forgot to kiss me good-by when I went to Europe, so I came back to get it."

"If I had struck him he could not have changed quicker. The glad, wild cry all went out of him. He became in an instant covert, critical, taciturn. I sat down beside him on the grass and teased him. I teased him till he was white. I teased him till he was like a fierce animal, driven to bay, and then I laughed at him and said:

"I know what's the matter with you—I believe that you love me!"

"Love? Oh, what a love-story then was poured into my ears! What passion! What pang! What self-abbatement! What torture of a strong nature thwarted by a physical deformity! The world went absolutely pale before me. The sky itself shook over my head."

"If you love me like that, I whisper, why don't you ask me to marry you?"

"Marry me! He swore that nothing in the world would make him marry me. He cursed himself for having confessed his love."

"I told you that I was very beautiful at twenty. I was more beautiful that day than any other day in my life. I want to be; I had planned it. I went down on my knees to him, wooed him with every atom of my being, wooed him with every art and artifice that a loving girl could devise. It was a raging battle between love and pride. Love won! When a will like Richard's will breaks, it breaks hard. It was a fighting victory. But I went home happy!"

"My family were frantic. They

quarrelled with Richard; they quarrelled with me; they drove Richard and me to quarrel with each other. Richard, of course, wanted to release me from my engagement. I would not be released. He threatened to set me free whether I wished it or not. I said, if he did that, it would shame me before the world. I would tell everyone that I had begged him and begged him to marry me, but that he had refused. That particular thought stung him, and he let me have my way. I had no pride in the matter. I knew that I loved him, and I knew positively that he loved me.

"No I defied my people and married him."

"She drew a long breath as of finality, and turned to me expectantly."

"Well," I said, "haven't you been happy?"

"She laughed stridently. "Happy!" she exclaimed. Do I look like a happy woman? I married in defiance of my family's wishes. They said I would never be happy with a cripple. I should have liked to flaunt my happiness before their eyes. I have never had the chance!"

"My husband says I have sacrificed my life for a cripple. It is not so! But if he thinks it is so, why shouldn't he sacrifice his pride in an extra effort for my happiness?"

"My family say I have sacrificed my life for a cripple. It is not so! But how about their being able to add with perfect truth—and for a cripple who neglects her? My marriage bond itself is no mistake, but my married life is one long series of galling disappointments."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"She shrugged her shoulders wearily. "That I went down on my knees and asked my husband to marry me is not a tender memory, and yet that one alone would dismay a loving woman under the tragic circumstances of Richard's life. But I have been down on my knees to my husband all my married life. He is so proud, so sensitive, so self-tortured by his deformity that his nature has absolutely lost its God-given pride of initiative."

"I see other men courting other women. I see other husbands seeking their wives. Never in all my life has Richard courted me or sought me of his own initiative. During the first married year of our life I did not think about it especially. Since then I have thought of little else. Even the mutual initiative has long since vanished. My husband is so afraid that I might yield him 'favour' or 'compassion' that he never even kisses me of his own accord."

"I am done with it. I will not court my husband any longer, though it leaves me on the brink of that particular ruin that threatens all neglected wives. I am a good woman, as the phrase goes, and I love my husband passionately, but I cannot answer much longer for my resistibility to the insidious kindnesses, the precious, wonderful lures of a big world that does seek and find and take what it wants. If I were a man with a wife who didn't love me, I shouldn't worry about her—as long as I loved her—but if I were a man who didn't love his wife—or, worse still, didn't love her enough—I wouldn't trust her out of my sight. The world is a dangerous place for unsatisfied women."

"I have been here eleven weeks. It is quite a long time. The other women do not find it so long; their husbands come to see them every week. There is the stimulant of love always before them. Home news, home gossip, acts like a tonic. There are the little gifts, the little vanities, the coquetries, the gallantries that quicken love to its very foundations. This sanatorium sojourn means the remaking of love to many of these people. Sickness and the fear of loss is a wonderful threat to most of us. The woman in the room next to mine is dying rather slowly. I happen to know who she is; her husband has not even been true to her, but now at the last he would give his life to make amends. So it goes."

"My husband does not come, though he is no farther off than New York. I write and ask him to come. He says, 'no.' There is no reason given, but of course we both understand. I am lonely. I write again and entreat him. He says, 'no.' I write again, and again, and again, but his answer is always the same unless he adds some bitter item about not wishing to 'shame me.'"

"Then I wrote for a few weeks, with the lure of that big world calling me rather insistently. Then, for my own soul's sake, I write and beg him to come."

I beg him as few men have ever begged favours of women, though the eternal reversal of our positions jars me every day with agonizing pain."

"Well—he came. You saw him. I said I would make myself as beautiful as any unhappy woman could. I said I would make myself mean so much to him that he would never leave me again. We went right to our room, as you saw, and we quarrelled as soon as the door was shut. He said: 'If you had not looked so beautiful I could have borne it, but as it is, I will not go down-stairs with you to shame you.'"

"We argued for almost an hour. Do you think I would compromise with him? Do you think that because my husband is a hunchback I would have supper sent to my room as though I were ashamed? I love my husband, but more than that I am proud of my husband. I would rather walk by his side than by the side of any other man God ever made or ever could make till the Judgment Day. I should have gone into that dining-room the proudest, happiest woman that ever walked. I did go into it the most humiliated!"

"I like what you say about 'earning your own loving' being the most strenuous of all the professions. It is too strenuous for me. I have not the heart-health. One of the ready-made fortunes you speak of would tempt me utterly."

"But this is wandering from what happened to-night. I told my husband that I had waited eleven weeks for his coming—an object of wonder, speculation, and criticism."

"If he would not yield his pride to me this time—this one time when I asked it most—I would never go home to him again. Well, as you see, he would not yield."

"This is my story. This is why I am a 'beast.' To-morrow I would give my life not to have told the story—but this minute! Oh, it is the first time I have eased my heart since my marriage!—Good night!"

"She finished as abruptly as she began, and I took my dismissal literally. There was nothing else to do. I went to my room. I went to bed, but it did not seem a sleepy night. I did not mind staying awake, though—there were so many things to think about."

V.

The next day and the next week passed as usual. I went my customary round of dining-room and laundry, of extra assistance in most unexpected quarters. I liked this sanatorium service. It is more interesting than a dozen "higher-toned" positions that have been offered me. A woman can't be happy just working with her head or hands, and so few positions give the heart any chance. But whatever I did that week, I kept away from Mrs. Dickie Allerton. People hate the sight of you so just after they've told you their secrets!

I did do one thing, though, that was very closely connected with Mrs. Allerton. I wrote to a friend of mine in New York—a lady who used to be here—and I asked her casually to tell me what she knew or could find out about Mr. Dickie Allerton. I learned quite a lot about him in this way. I learned that he was pretty rich, that he had a big, queer house all full of tiger skins and moth-balls, and musty old books and funny foreign things; that he was very clever, that men liked him a lot—that there was nothing against him at all, except some people thought he wasn't "very nice" to his wife. I brooded over this information all the week, but I can't say that it did me any good.

I was still brooding over it when Saturday night arrived. The sanatorium was more than usually crowded. A lot of new people came and things were very bright and lively. Mrs. Allerton did not exactly dress up for supper, but she came down that night looking very smart in a green-silk shirt-waist gown that fitted her to perfection. After supper she went as usual to the bowling alley. But she did not go alone. One of the newcomers went with her—an architect who was here in connection with the new building. They were bowling as late as half-past ten when I came home—from the laundry, and Mrs. Allerton's eyes were bright with pleasure, and her voice and laugh rang out as happily as a young girl's. The architect seemed to think she was very interesting.

Sunday was rainy, and the people sat around the parlours and mourned about the weather. Mrs. Dickie Allerton didn't seem to mind it, though. She and

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"The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, when it would be almost unbearable. I would not go through such another ordeal of affliction for thirty-five years for the State of Kansas. W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

The original of the above testimonial is on file in the office of the Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Reference: R. Towse & Co., Merchants, Sydney, N.S.W. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A. Mailed Free. Have no Cash Returns. Admrs. R. Towse & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.

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the architect put on their old clothes and went to work. They were gone all the afternoon and came back drenched and dripping, just as the other ladies in their dainty clothes were gathering round the fireplaces for five o'clock tea. Mrs. Allerton's eyes were by far the brightest in the room, but they were brighter with excitement than with happiness. It's easy telling the difference.

The architect went away on Monday, but the expression in Mrs. Allerton's eyes lingered. She began to dress up a little bit more, and people commenced to comment on her improved health. On Wednesday a gentleman from Baltimore came to see her, and stayed several days. He seemed to be an old friend, and nobody but myself noticed him particularly, though he was extraordinarily attentive. But when he came again the following week and brought his automobile, and stayed over Sunday, and took Mrs. Allerton riding every single day, why, people began to talk a little.

He sat at our table, and I must say that he was an extremely handsome, engaging sort of person, though I didn't like him or believe in him very much. He and Mrs. Allerton began by being very vivacious and funny at the table, but after the first few meals they narrowed their conversation down to soft-spoken personal matters, while poor Mrs. Leonard Lane watched them with a sort of pained surprise, and Mrs. Groveland blinked at me knowingly every time she could catch my eye. Waiting on table was rather interesting just then.

But when the Baltimore gentleman came the next Sunday and the next, my interest changed to concern, and my concern to real alarm. Mrs. Groveland touched me on the very quick of my anxiety when she asked me one day in her room: "Well, what do you think Mrs. Dicky Allerton is up to?"

"I don't know what to think," I stammered awkwardly, and then I asked her right out: "Are you perfectly happy at your marriage, Mrs. Groveland?"

"That's a saucy question," chuckled Mrs. Groveland, "but I certainly am!"

"But were you always perfectly happy?" I insisted. "Everybody here is happy over Sunday, but are they happy all the time? That's what I want to know. Were you always perfectly happy?"

Mrs. Groveland put down her hand-glass and looked at me as though I was crazy.

"Why, of course, I wasn't always perfectly happy," she laughed, "any more than I was always perfectly rich. I've worked pretty hard for some of my married happiness, but I tell you I am an all-round rich woman to-day. It's only loafers who oughtn't to marry. There, put that back comb straighter in my hair—"

I went to Mrs. Allerton's rooms with the word "loafer," burning on my lips.

VI.

Mrs. Allerton was going automobiling in an hour or so with the Baltimore gentleman, and wanted me to help her fix a veil and a hat. She was looking quite handsome and triumphant, but my attention was particularly taken by a very high and mighty photograph of the Baltimore gentleman which stood conspicuously on the side of the bureau. She noticed my interest at once, and asked with a smack of childish bravado.

"What do you think of him?"

"I don't think anything of him," I said. "I don't think anything of him at all! He looks a bit flashy to me. But I tell you what I do think, and that is that you're a loafer!"

"A loafer!" she exclaimed. "Pray, what do you mean by that?"

"Oh, you chose your profession, all right," I said—"a profession that might have brought you a fine love-fortune. But just because the work is hard, you're going to be a 'quitter'."

She laughed at me in the proud, innocent little way that only rich ladies have.

"You ought to be a preacher," she scoffed—"a bishop, for instance—and give spiritual message instead of physical."

Then her manner changed very suddenly, and she took me pleasantly into her confidence again.

"I don't care much what becomes of me," she said, "but my Baltimore friend seems to care a good deal. If I get a divorce, I think—I shall marry him."

"Well, then, why don't you get one?" I asked, impatiently.

"Perhaps I shall," said Mrs. Dicky Allerton. "I'm going to decide this afternoon. We're going to ride to Brookville in the auto, and I shall make up my mind before we get back."

"What's going to decide you?" I quizzed.

Mrs. Allerton's eyes lit up with a flash of mischief. "What's going to decide me? Oh, some toss-up-a-penny thing, like a thunderstorm or a load of hay. Make it a span of white horses. If we meet a span of snow-white horses drawing a single carriage, I'll go back to my husband! The fancy pleases me. I think I must be a bit of a gambler."

Just as I was going to remonstrate with her, there came a gentle knock at the door. It was Mrs. Leonard Lane to say good-bye. Her face was like a holy angel's.

"I'm going home," she cried. "They tell me I'm well enough to go home. And I'm going to surprise my husband! They told me once I wouldn't live a year, but they tell me now I'm going to live for ever." Her face grew wistful. "But even 'forever' isn't half long enough for my happiness!"

I started downstairs with her to carry her coat, and then ran back to Mrs. Allerton's door, and peeped in and whispered:

"Why don't you surprise your husband?"

Mrs. Allerton's face was white and cold as marble.

"I'm going to surprise him," she testified, "but not in the way you suggest."

"I went down-stairs rather sulkily to my work. Life didn't taste very good that day, and the kitchen was crowded and people jostled me. Then, suddenly, in the midst of everything I had an inspiration! Quicker than a flash it all came to me. I rushed to the telephone-booth and called up Brookville, and then switched off to a private line and called up a certain man I know who owns a stable."

"Is that you, Bob?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes," said Bob, "I'm the very one. What can I do for you? Have you anything pleasanter to say to me than you said the last time I saw you?"

"Oh, yes," I hurried. "If you'll drive up the Brookville-road right away with a span of white horses and a single team—I'll go driving with you! And you'll hear something greatly to your advantage." I added, as enticingly as I knew how.

"What will I hear?" said Bob, cautiously.

"Oh, I don't know, yet," I cried, "but something awfully nice!"

Bob laughed a funny, whirring telephone laugh. "All right," he called, "I'll be along after supper with my new bay team."

I was mad! "If you come along after supper with your new bay team you'll take the cook!" I shouted. "I want a pair of snow-white horses at once!"

"What's that?" yelled Bob. "W-h-i-t-e horses—a-t o-n-c-e!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, and rang off.

VII.

I shall never play Providence again. The risks are too great. Bob and the snow-white horses collided with the Baltimore gentleman's automobile nine

miles west of the sanatorium. Both white horses had to be shot, and Mrs. Dicky Allerton broke her collarbone and three ribs. It was a mean accident.

Mrs. Allerton came home in an ambulance, and we telegraphed for Mr. Allerton without delay. He missed his train, and came scoting across all time-tables in a racing auto. I think even Mrs. Allerton would have been impressed with his eagerness. She was out of her head for some time, poor lady, over her shock and her bruises, and I think Mr. Dicky Allerton was frightened almost to death. A scare like that, you know, gives love a tremendous joggle.

She kept raving about bringing a "quitter," and calling out strange things about "Sunday husbands."

"Why, what does she mean?" cried Mr. Allerton in frantic despair.

"Oh, nothing much," I said, "except nonsense. All the ladies' husbands, you know, come every week to make happy Sundays for them."

"Yes, I know," muttered Mr. Allerton, with a flush, "but what does she mean about being a 'quitter'?"

"Oh, that's nothing," I persisted. "She's often loony like that. She imagines she's starving to death working for some man who refuses to pay her a living wage—and that now she's given up the job. Funny idea, isn't it?"

"Very funny!" said Mr. Dicky Allerton, and he swallowed the two words just about as mirthlessly as you would swallow two pins slightly bent at the ends.

Just then Mrs. Allerton opened her eyes and saw her husband, and smiled faintly.

"Why, Richard!" she gasped, "have you come for Sunday?"

"N-o-o-o-o, not exactly," said Mr. Allerton, balkily, "but for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday."

I looked right at Mrs. Allerton, and Mrs. Allerton looked right at me, and then she shut her eyes very tight, but it seemed to me—it really seemed to me—that she shut one eye just a fraction of a second quicker than she shut the other.

You couldn't possibly have called it anything so unrefined as a wink, but in that little gamy flutter of an eyelid I saw the future salvation of Mr and Mrs. Dicky Allerton, for if Mrs. Allerton had reached the point where she could laugh at her husband's balkiness, there wasn't anything left in the world for her to cry about. Now, was there?

Husbands are funny things, anyway. I guess, it isn't so much what they do as how you take what they do that makes your marriage pleasant or horrid. If you're not happy, I suppose it merely shows that your husband is brighter than you are. I'd hate to have that happen! Tenderness at twenty, giggles at thirty, common sense at forty—and a grand combination of all three for the rest of time. It oughtn't to be such a difficult stunt.

Oh, I tell you, I went off to bed that night feeling pretty chirped up and thoughtful. And it wasn't tenderness I dreamed about, nor bustling common sense, but just the little gamy flicker in Mrs. Dicky Allerton's right eye.

Mr. Bob found me most delightfully amiable the next morning, and took me instantly into his chastened confidence. He was in the sun-parlour at the time, nursing his sprained shoulder and think-

ing ruefully of his team of snow-white horses.

"Well, I'd like to know what I got out of this," he complained. "I'd like to know what I get out of this!"

"Nothing at all," I curtisied, "except—me!"

He jumped to his feet, and his eyes blurred suddenly with a joggled mixture of pain and pleasure.

"Oh, of course," I explained. "I couldn't think of leaving the sanatorium, but I'm willing to try the experiment of at least a 'Sunday husband.'"

Down at the parlour-piano an asthmatic Methodist minister began piping out some shrill hymn-words about "Every Day'll be Sunday By and By."

It seemed to me a comic time. But Bob thought it was perfectly elegant!

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Frootoids are only now being placed on the Australian market, consequently you may at present have a difficulty in getting them from your local chemist or storekeeper; but ask for them, and if you cannot get them at once, send stamps or postal note for price, 1/6, to W. G. Hearn, Chemist, Geelong, and a bottle of them will be immediately forwarded to you post free. Chemists, storekeepers, and wholesalers can now obtain wholesale supplies from W. G. Hearn, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

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Ebenezer's Wolf Pack

THE STORY OF A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

By FREEMAN HARDING

ALL day long, treading securely on the outer verge, his mule had been climbing a mountain trail gouged out of the face of the cliff. A thousand feet below, amid a tangle of tropical growth, raved a torrent, tearing itself to pieces on fangs of splintered rocks. The track, sloping steeply upward, seemed to end against the sky.

Ebenezer Craig, his hands resting on the pommel of the saddle, was slowly revolving a chew of tobacco from one cheek to the other, while his restless eyes keenly studied the surroundings.

"Looks like the jumping-off place up there," he said to himself. Meantime the mule, wisely left to his own devices, plodded steadily on until his head struck out over the precipice; then, with a goat-like twist, he worked around the sharp angle of the mountain and followed the now descending track.

Far below, Ebenezer gazed into an oval valley, mountain ringed and sentinelled by peaks. Its level floor was green beyond belief. A snake-like river twisted through it; and astride the stream glittered a white city, its twin halves united by a gray stone bridge with towered gates at either end. An ancient wall shut in the place; and the trail, zigzagging down the mountain flank, became a road which found its way under a bastioned keep and finally reached the plaza. On one side of this open space crouched a cathedral, lifting on high bellfied towers from which rose up to him the broken melody of jangling carillons.

"Mighty purty town, Ceranto," said Ebenezer to himself, as the mule jogged stolidly downward. "Guess that big house, facin' the church, with the flag flyin' over it, must be the president's palace. I can git there before dark if I keep movin'."

The sun spiked itself on a needle peak as his tired mule passed through the entrance arch. The main street leading to the plaza was paved with boulder-like stones over which jarred and bumped clumsy carts. The narrow footways were filled with passersby who eyed curiously the dusty figure clad in garments strange to them; and who (wonder of wonders) had come by the trail over the mountain, which no one had crossed since the earthquake.

Ebenezer reached the plaza unmolested and dismounted before the lofty portal of the palace. He limped stiffly up to the entrance, where he was halted by a barefoot sentry. Whereupon he pulled out of his pocket a formidable-looking envelope bearing in one corner the legend:

Consulado General de Balcavia,
Nueva York.

It was addressed to El Ilustrísimo Señor Ramon Torrero, Presidente de la Republica Balcavia. In execrable Spanish, Ebenezer managed to explain to the courteous officer of the guard the importance of the message reaching the president promptly.

"The Señor Presidente is much gratified by your arrival," said the returning officer. "He will receive you at once." Under his guidance Ebenezer traversed an inner court, in the middle of which, upon a lofty pedestal ramped a big bronze horse bearing upon his back a big bronze man furiously brandishing a sword. As he walked past the statue he puzzled over the inscription which announced that the monument had been erected by the grateful Balcavian nation in honour of "the Saviour of his Country, Ramon Torrero."

"Must be a big man," commented Ebenezer. "I had an idea he was a little feller."

The officer bowed him into a spacious high-ceiled sala. Crystal chandeliers hung from its rafters of Spanish cedar and around the room, in formal array,

stood richly gilded furniture. Seating himself in a golden chair he crossed his legs and awaited the coming of the illustrious Saviour of his Country.

The small, fierce-looking person who entered bore a manikin resemblance to the bronze in the patio. He was encased in a uniform overlaid with gold embroidery and a dangling sword clanked at his heels. Placing the tip of the scabbard on the floor he crossed his hands on the hilt and stood stiffly at attention. The aide accompanying him announced that his Excellency would now receive.

Getting on his feet Ebenezer walked toward the little man, finding time on the way to surreptitiously extract a "cheer" from his mouth, and covertly rest it out of a window. Then, putting his hands in his pockets, he bowed awkwardly to the martial figure before him.

"I jest got here, Señor President," he explained, rendering into broken Spanish his racy "down East" dialect. "I came alone by the trail from Escondido. Couldn't git a guide. They said the track had split off at one place. It had, sure enough, but there was a shelf a foot wide left and I got over; it wasn't easy."

"None but a brave man would have risked his life to reach my side; none but a chivalrous man would have hastened from the Great Republic of the North to put his services at the disposition of a small but valiant nation against the unjust attacks of a powerful enemy. I salute you," said his Excellency, who had emphasized his remarks with many complicated gestures.

"Well," answered Ebenezer, grinning quizzically, "I don't know about the chivalry. I've been huntin' a chance to vick my sea wolves on somethin'. Your money's up in New York, and, if I win out, I make a derned good thing. I suppose the Maritanian fleet is off the coast?"

"Yes, Señor Craig. They began the blockade of Duranda yesterday. Already they have seized my only warship. It is indeed humiliating; but I shall defend my country to the last. Señor!" he supplicated, "you are my hope. I lean upon you. When will you show your skill and prove your valour?"

I kalkilate I kin git down to business in a couple of days. I want my steamer the Cryptic, commissioned as a man-of-war. And you'd better make me an admiral while you're about it, so things'll be regular and shipshape. As soon as you fix up the papers, I'll go back the way I come. Then, Señor President, if, in a day or two, you go down the Duranda trail and watch from the mountain you're likely to see somethin' doin'."

II

As the tropical sun leaped out of the sea, its dazzling rays smote fervently upon a rusty, high-sided steamship which was wallowing through the swell. She had two masts from which wires sloped downward to the chart-house. Nailed to her mast heads were huge Balcavian battleflags. The smoke of her funnel drifted astern in a brown smudge. Sailormen were bustling about the decks, carrying out the strenuous orders of Admiral Ebenezer Craig, while he himself, by taking a hand occasionally, was begriming a gaudy uniform, much too small for him. It was a gift from the president's wardrobe, and had been presented with the admiral's commission.

The deck was cumbered with big, double pointed steel cylinders, terminating at one end in a complex combination of propeller and rudder. Polished fins projected from the smooth body, and a slender mast held aloft one end of a wire while the other disappeared into the belly of the torpedo. From the top of each spar fluttered a Balcavian flag. The

war heads were in place; each one rudely painted in the similitude of the open jaws of a ravening wolf.

Ebenezer, oil-can in hand, kept walking from one to another, pouring oil on the bearings, testing the mechanism, and patting them affectionately.

"My wolves are in fine shape this morning," he said. "They're all ready to bite. Skinner, git on the bridge and let me know if there's anything in sight to the eastward."

The first officer, sweeping the horizon with his glass, made out a fleet of vessels, miles away, lying in a curve of the mountain-walled shore.

"There are two battleships and two cruisers off Duranda and a half-dozen torpedo boats fussing about," he called from the bridge.

"Forty thousand tons at ten dollars a ton for all sunk or captured. Foots up four hundred thousand dollars!" chuckled Craig, rubbing his hands together. "That's money as good as mine."

His eyes glued to the glass, Skinner saw a torpedo boat leave the fleet and steam in their direction.

"They've made us out. There's a torpedo boat coming to look us over," he shouted.

"I shan't sick my wolves on sich small game. Git the three-inch gun ready!" said the admiral.

The grey spot grew swiftly larger, and, when a mile away, the little craft fired a one-pound shot and ran up on her stubby mast a signal to surrender.

"Git busy with that gun," ordered Craig, working his quid over to the other cheek and spitting to leeward, while he stood watching, with his hands in his pockets.

The first shot fell short and splashed into the water; the second passed over her funnels; but the third bored through her upper works, and she drifted helplessly, enveloped in a cloud of steam.

"She won't sink," commented the admiral. "It's time to git the wolves overboard." Under his supervision, one after another, the ten cylinders slid into the sea where they lay bobbing about.

Taking off his gold-laced coat and rolling up his sleeves, Ebenezer climbed up to the chart-room and stood before an apparatus like a giant typewriter, with levers instead of keys. He raised and depressed one and another of the projecting arms; there was a vicious snapping and crackling as the electric current did the will of this lank Jove from Bangor; and under his skilful manipulation his pets came to life. They ranged themselves in front of the old tramp and moved buoyantly on, plunging through the swells like a school of giant porpoises.

"I've got 'em in leash," said Craig, smiling broadly. "They kin do thirty knots for a hundred miles, and every one of 'em has got fifty pounds of glycerin in his head. Now bring on your battleships."

"That busted torpedo boat has been makin' distress signals and a couple of cruisers are comin' our way to find out what's the matter," reported Skinner.

"That suits me," said Ebenezer. "I'll start the pack forward now and I'll set 'em on at seven thousand yards. Them fellers couldn't hit a mountain at that range. Keep your glasses on the flags."

The Cryptic forged slowly ahead, while, side by side, the emulous cruisers bore down upon her. The wind was rising; overhead belling clouds sailed joyously across a sapphire heaven and the long swells were changing to racing waves of indigo tipped with a vivid white.

"I guess I'll put 'em under right away. Look sharp and keep the finders on the flags. It's easy to lose sight of 'em in the bobble; and I can't

afford to aim," said Craig, as he gazed intently through a huge binocular. "I shall take the big cruiser first."

III.

The Maritania warships were lying in the roadstead of Duranda, rolling gently at their anchors, while inquisitive torpedo boats patrolled along the coast. The port consisted of a long iron pier backed by a crescent of white buildings cuddling between the beach and the mountain. On shore there was little sign of life; for most of the inhabitants, fearing a bombardment, had fled by the road which slanted upward until it turned a rocky shoulder of the ridge. At that spot stood an old stone fort. Over it fluttered defiantly the parti-coloured flag of Balcaris, and the glitter of arms indicated the presence of troops.

"Captain," reported the deck officer of the big armoured cruiser Amerion, the pride of Maritania's brand new navy, "there's a steamer in the offing flying flags from both topsails. They look big enough for battle-flags, but she seems to be a merchantman."

The captain levelled his glass at the black blur to the westward.

"Strange!" he said, a perplexed look on his face. "Signal the flagship!" But other eyes had seen the approaching stranger, and a torpedo boat slipped away from the fleet. They watched her until it was hard to make out the low-lying craft. Suddenly the "pom" of a gun came over the water, followed by three louder explosions. The torpedo boat was lost to sight in a cloud of steam.

"They have dared to fire on our torpedoer and have disabled her. That ship must be commanded by an insane man to attack us," cried the captain. "Ah! the flagship is signalling us to capture or sink the insolent fellow. The Oliva, too, is getting under way."

Promptly the cruisers called to quarters, slipped their cables, and, putting on all steam, drove toward the rash enemy. The black hull of the approaching vessel grew more distinct. The captain of the Amerion ordered the twenty centimetre guns to open fire; when, suddenly, dead ahead, he caught sight of a number of slender masts. From their tops blew out Balcarian flags. The spars were cutting swiftly through the water.

"What can those be?" he asked of his executive officer. "Surely Torero hasn't had the enterprise to buy a fleet of submarines. They are all around us. There is one, close aboard. Open on them with—"

A jar, a shock; and a great column of water rose above the ship and fell upon her decks. She shuddered, halted, and began to list heavily.

"My God! We have been torpedoed! Signal the Oliva for help!"

Even as the captain shouted his commands, with an ominous wallow the cruiser slowly turned turtle. She floated for a minute bottom up, showing a big hole blown through her skin. Then there was the muffled roar of exploding boilers, and the fragments sank out of sight, leaving the water covered with a rack of boats, gratings, and furniture; among which struggled hundreds of men. The Oliva, undaunted, instantly changed her course and bore down upon the wreckage, running directly into the pack of sea-wolves. Her captain caught sight of the flagged spars. In a flash he understood.

"Ware torpedoed!" he shouted. Too late! The light guns were turned on the slender masts without effect, and the Oliva, hard hit, began to settle by the stern. The torpedo boats hurried to the rescue of the survivors while the wolves, paying no attention to them, rose to the surface for a moment, were lifted high by the waves and once more plunged under, heading for the battleships, which had slipped their cables and were circling, panic-stricken. The bannered masts came swiftly on, cutting the water like the back fins of great sharks. The secondary batteries of the hunted ships poured at them a hail of projectiles. One fortunate shot cut down a spar and the torpedo, bereft of guidance, rose to the surface and splashed like a wounded duck, in aimless circles.

The others continued to pursue their quarry, until, wildly yawing, one battleship crashed upon a reef while the other, still dogged by her ravaging enemies, fled toward the open sea. She shifted her course this way and that, gradually drew away and disappeared to the eastward.

Then, from the fort far up the mountain, came the boom of old-fashioned

cannon which, with each shot, sent seaward big mushrooms of powder smoke. Shells splashed into the water around the stranded ship. Promptly hauling down her flag, she sent aloft a white sheet.

IV.

The Cryptic lay at anchor in the curve of the shore and, not far away, the wrecked battleship, a-flutter with Balcarian flags, hung upon the reef. At the land end of the pier a shoeless regiment lounged in a shiftless line while a military band played over and over the tumultuous national anthem.

Ebenezer Craig made his way up the slippery steps and along the pier. He wore his admiral's uniform which exposed a length of bony ankle; for the trousers were exceedingly short. Skinner, in an officer's suit of blue, walked by his side. When they reached the spot where, in front of his troops, President Ramon Torero awaited his victorious admiral, there was a renewed clangour of brass and a couple of field-guns boomed an irregular salute.

As Craig, somewhat abashed, halted, the president stepped forward, seized Ebenezer's hands and, rising on his toes, kissed the hero on both leathery cheeks.

"In the presence of my valiant soldiers," cried he, "I confer upon you the highest decoration within my gift," and he threw over his admiral's neck a gold-braid chain from which depended a sunburst as large as a saucer.

"While I, with the deadly fire from the guns of that historic fortification," pointing upward along the reef, "was forcing on shore and capturing the most powerful warship of our enemy, you, Senior Admiral, were attacking two of his cruisers, which now rest at the bottom of the sea." He waved his arms toward the wreck. "Yonder lies the ship that surrendered to our prowess,

Children's Coughs & Colds.



PEPS NEEDED IN EVERY HOME.

PEPS come as a boon and a blessing to children. They are unique, scientific, and pleasant to take; and free from opium and every other narcotic; and they soothe the tissues of the throat and lungs as no swallowed medicine possibly can do. No mother should be without a box of Peps in the house, because so few children escape chill, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis or cold at this time of the year.

Because of their purity, Peps can be taken freely by the youngest child with only the most beneficial results.

Peps allay inflammation about the chest and lungs, and those fits of coughing that so often disturb the sleep of the little sufferer. In addition to the pleasant gargle formed for the throat by the dissolving Peps, the rich pine fumes released from the tablet may be breathed into the system. Thus, out-of-the-way parts of the respiratory apparatus which are left untouched by ordinary medicine, are reached by Peps. On these delicate tissues, a healing and strengthening influence is exerted similar to that which the Swiss shepherd experiences when he breathes in the rich resinous air of the famous pine forests up the Alps. The tissues sore from incessant coughing, wheezing, sneezing, and barking are both soothed and healed by Peps. No scientific remedy is so pleasant or so wonderfully effective for children.

When there is whooping cough in the house, Peps are indispensable. They are of value in alleviating all its distressing symptoms. Children using Peps find them a protection against this complaint, and an excellent lung and throat- tonic in the Autumn and Winter months. Always have a box handy. It amounts to having a rich health-giving, lung-strengthening "Pine Forest in Every Home."



No Opium or Morphia in Peps.

One important distinction about Peps is that they contain no chloral, morphia, or other narcotic.

Cough mixtures and bronchitis "cures" containing opium have often laid the foundation for some deadly drug habit. Impurities such as occur in medicated lozenges, and all irritating substances such as ammonia compounds, tartar emetic, cubebs, present in many tablets, are absent from Peps. The most delicate baby and the youngest child will find nothing in Peps repulsive either to palate or stomach.

As a Family Medicine Peps are of unequalled service, especially for Colds, Coughs, Sore or Relaxed Throat, Tonsillitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Asthma, Influenza, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, that Hacking Cough, Lung-weakness, Children's Colds, Whooping Cough, Croup, Child or Tightness of the Chest, all Bronchial Affections, that old breathing difficulty, as well as for many cases of Headache, Flatulence, and Indigestion. Clergymen, Lawyers, Teachers, Singers, and all Public Speakers find them invaluable for the throat and voice.

Sold at 1/6 per box by all Chemists and Stores, or by the Sole Proprietors, the Peps Pastille Co., 39 Pitt-st., Sydney, N.S.W.

PEPS

FREE.

You may test Peps at our expense by forwarding this Coupon and 1d. stamp (to cover postage) to the Peps Pastille Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

bearing aloft the banners of our loved Balarina."

Craig looked grimly down at the bombastic little man; for he had been able to gather the sense of his grandiloquent oration.

"The damned skunk is goin' to git out of payin' for the battleship," he whispered to Skinner. "And, if we make a fuss, likely as not he'll lock us up and we won't git nothin'." A look of whimsical cunning passed over his face. "I guess I've got a scheme that'll fix 'im. You jest watch!" Then, slouching forward, hands in pockets, Ebenezer responded in his unique brand of Spanish.

"Senior President, you do me proud. I'm goin' to ask just one more thing. I want you to honour my old ship with a visit; so's I kin tell the folks at home that Ramon Torrero has walked her deck."

The president, pulling out his chest, smiled with lofty condescension.

"Gladly I accede to the flattering request of my brave admiral. You may expect me at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Promptly on the hour, the eight-oared barge of the Captain of the Port bore to the Cryptic the president and his staff. As he approached the ship the three-inch gun barked a salute. For the last time Craig had rigged himself out in the bathed uniform. He received at the gangway his distinguished guest, at whom he grinned with sly satisfaction. Sliding a torpedo aboard he put it through many complicated evolutions, during which it waltzed and plunged and dove like a playful fish. The show over, and after receiving the wondering congratulations of the visitors, the admiral invited the president into the stony cabin and offered liquid refreshment.

Once more the Illustrious Personage assumed his oratorical pose, and, with much preliminary clearing of his throat, produced a paper and tendered it to Ebenezer.

"I now present to you a certificate which entitles you to claim from my bankers in New York, out of the fund deposited, one hundred and eighty thousand gold dollars as agreed compensation for sinking two of the enemy's cruisers. I would that you, my beloved admiral, like myself, might have had the good fortune to capture a battleship, which would have entitled you to a still more munificent reward. Yet you now receive from me a great sum."

Craig, accepting the document, which gaudy with ribbons and seals, studied through its stilted verbiage. Then he turned fiercely on the president.

"You'll hev to change this 'ere. I want pay for that battleship over there. I druv her on the reef. You owe me a hundred and twenty thousand more, and I calculate to hev it."

Torrero, turning a fiery red, drew himself up haughtily.

"Do you dare to claim that you captured the great ship of war which the deadly fire of my guns forced on shore, and which surrendered to the valour of my soldiers? No! Senior Admiral, I refuse your demand. I have been more than generous."

"What a dirty little scamp it is!" said Ebenezer disgustfully. "It's a disgrace to wear his uniform." Then, changing to Spanish, he continued: "Senior President, I resign my commission. I don't want to be in your service a minute longer."

"It desolates me to accept, but I cannot refuse. Doubtless you desire to return to your own land."

"You're right. I'm going home to God's country. And I'm goin' to take you along with me. It'll do you good to see it. When we get to New York we'll settle our little differences. I s'pose that while you're away somebody else will make himself president. That's your lookout."

Ramon Torrero, looking into the face of Ebenezer, saw there an unalterable resolve. Conscious of his present helplessness he cast about for some escape. Then he had an idea; and surrendered gracefully.

"Senior Admiral, I can deny nothing to one who has rendered such great services to my country. I go on shore at once to cause to be drawn up a new certificate for the sum you claim. This I shall send to you with thanks and good wishes for a prosperous voyage to your own country."

"You'll hev to stay aboard and send one of them gold-laced fellers. If he gets back by sundown with the right paper I'll put you ashore, but if he

don't," added Ebenezer Craig, fixing a nasty eye on the furious man, whose face was convulsed with rage, "I sail for New York to-night and you go along."

Before the sun had dropped behind the western mountains the "ever victorious" president had tumbled, amid the acclamations of his people; and the Cryptic was hull down on the horizon, steaming northward.

Examiner's "Gag."

Examination for the priesthood of Tibet is a severe ordeal, in which the candidates are liable to be forcibly prevented from speaking by the examiner.

Herr Tafel, the German explorer, who has just returned from Tibet, says he saw one grotesque ceremony in which the Dalai Lama examined three candidates, who lay flat on their faces before him. A large number of priests were present, and they also prostrated themselves on their faces in token of veneration to the Dalai Lama.

Each candidate raised his head and replied when a question was asked, and then buried his face in the mat again. If a lame reply to a question were given, the Dalai Lama stooped, and placed a hand tightly over the candidate's mouth, so that he might not appear ridiculous to his fellow students.

If the answer were specially bad, the Lama described a circle in the air just above the offender's head, as an expression of his contempt for the candidate.

Herr Tafel obtained the audience of the Dalai Lama at the Tibetan monastery of Gumbum, not far from the Chinese frontier. He is said to be the first European who has ever been face to face with the fugitive Lama.

The Dalai Lama fled from Lhasa on the approach of the Younghusband Mission, and at first found a refuge at Urga, in Northern Mongolia. He was reputed to have left that place last September; and in the following month he passed through Lanchau-fu, on his way, it was said, to Kashgar. He was travelling in great state, in a large sedan chair carried on horses, and with an escort of two hundred lamas.

SORES AND WOUNDS.

ZAM BUK BALM SOOTHES INSTANTLY AND HEALS PROMPTLY.

"As a healing and soothing balm Zam-Buk stands unrivalled," says Mrs. L. Anderson, of 16, Princess-street, Christchurch, N.Z. "About two months ago one of my sons received a nasty wound on one of his feet, and contracted a sore on one of his knees. These I tried to cure by the use of different kinds of ointments and salves—all claiming to be reliable remedies for such complaints—but without success. I then decided to give Zam-Buk Balm a trial, having heard it highly spoken of. I procured a large pot from the chemist, and am pleased to be able to inform you that it surpassed my expectations, and effected a speedy cure. Another son of mine, who has for some time past been suffering from sores on his face, hands, and wrists, brought on by cold, and who has used several advertised remedies to no purpose, also applied Zam-Buk Balm, with the very best and most satisfactory results. Judging from what Zam-Buk has done for my sons, I can conscientiously recommend it as a first-class remedy for sores. It heals quickly, soothes pain, and is safe and certain in its effects. I wish Zam-Buk all the success it deserves."

Rubbing Zam-Buk Balm in is the surest way to rub pain out. It is unequalled as an embrocation for Sore Throat and Chest, Stiff Neck, Chill, cold pains in limbs, joints, or back, and cures Chaps, Eczema, Piles, Ulcers, Festering, Chafing, Cuts, Bruises, and all injured, diseased, and disordered conditions of the skin. Price 1/6, or 3/6 special family pot (containing nearly four times 1/6). From all chemists and stores.

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure won't Cure Your broken legs or hearts. Nor will it act, as a matter of fact, As a recipe for tartar: It won't cure neuralgia, temper, squints, For working men or toffs; But Wood's Great Peppermint Cure will cure Your colds and cure your coughs

Cadbury's Milk Chocolate advertisement featuring an illustration of a child on a bicycle and text describing the product as a concentrated sweetmeat-food.

MARVELLOUS WEST END OFFER HAIR NATURAL BEAUTIFUL TRANSFORMATIONS 30/-

Advertisement for hair transformations with various styles and prices, including 'Usual West-End Price, 5 Guineas' and 'FINEST & BEST; WEST-END FINISH'.

Advertisement for BOVRIL, featuring the text 'By appointment to His Majesty the King' and 'is guaranteed the pure product of the finest Ox-beef.'

Advertisement for CEREBOS SALT, featuring the text 'By Appointment to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' and 'THE HOSPITAL, London, October 13th, 1906, says:—'

E. MORRISON AND SONS' RED BLUFF NURSERIES.

WARKWORTH, N.A.

FRUIT TREES A SPECIALTY.



Large Quantities of the Best Commercial varieties in stock. A varied assortment for the amateur and the home orchardist. Also, quick-growing shelter trees of the most approved kinds. Packages despatched promptly to any address.

NOTICE.—All Apple Trees are worked well above ground on blight-proof stocks, and are guaranteed to be free from Woolly Aphis, when despatched from the Nurseries.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FOR 1907 AND 1908, WITH PRICE LIST, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

Free! Free!

To the Sick and Ailing Everywhere

THE CURE FOR YOUR DISEASE
Delivered Free—Free for the Asking—Free to You.

To the sick—the suffering—to every man and



to the woman victim of organic disease—local trouble or broken general health—Dr. Kidd's offer of free treatment is given in the absolute faith and sincere belief that they can and will stop disease, cure it and fill you up again to health and vigor. There is no reason why you should not get well if you will only bring yourself to take the free treatment of these wonderful remedies, no matter what your doubts may be.

I Want the Doubters

I want to give them the proof—the evidence and the glory of new life in their own bodies—and I want to pay the cost of the proof—all of it—the very last cent—myself. I have put my life into this work—I hold the record of thousands of cures—no "some better"—but thousands of desperate sufferers, hery and strong and big and well; and their letters are in my hands to prove every word I say. Rheumatism, kidney troubles, heart disease, partial paralysis, bladder troubles, stomach and bowel troubles, piles, catarrh, bronchitis, weak lungs, asthma, chronic coughs, nervousness, all kinds of troubles, skin diseases, scrofula, impure blood, general debility, organic vital ailments, etc., are cured to remain and continue cured.

No matter how you are, no matter what your disease, I will have the remedies sent to you and given into your own hands free, paid for by me and delivered at my own cost.

These Remedies Will Cure

They have cured thousands of cases—nearly every disease—and they do cure and there is no reason why they should not cure you—make you well—and bring you back to health and the joy of living!

Will you let me do this for you—will you let me prove it—brother and sister sufferers? Are you willing to trust a master physician who not only makes this offer but publishes it and then sends the test and proof of his remedies without a penny of cost to anyone who asks for it?

Send your name, your Post Office address and a description of your condition, and I will do my utmost to satisfy every doubt you have or can have that these remedies will save your life and make it all that nature meant to make it.

Let me make you well. Give me your name and tell me how you feel, and the proof treatment is yours at my cost. No bills of any kind—no papers—nothing but my absolute good-will and good faith.

DR. JAMES W. KIDD,

Box 544, Fort Wayne, Ind.

NOTE.—Dr. Kidd's methods and his offer are exactly as represented in every respect.

It does not take long to clean your teeth thoroughly with

Calvert's
Carbolic Tooth Powder

You must of course brush them all over, from the gums upwards and downwards, but it can be easily and quickly done by using this well-known dentifrice, which makes the tooth brush work so smoothly and pleasantly and also gives an antiseptic cleansing.

Sold by Local Chemists and Stores.
Made by F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.



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 should like to belong to your cousins' page. I have a bob-tail cat. We have a lake on our place with a boat on it. Dolly has a canary. It is a yellow one. I am seven years old. Please I should like a badge. We have a lot of hens. Good-bye.—From GUSSIE.

[Dear Cousin Gussie,—Of course you may be one of my cousins, and I will send you a badge at once. You did not say whether you would like a blue or a red one best, but most little girls prefer blue, so I will send you one of those. I don't think I have ever seen a bob-tailed cat. What is it like? I suppose you often go out on the lake in your boat in the summer. It is rather cold for boating now though, isn't it? Are there any fish in the lake?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Have you had any cold weather lately? It was a frost this morning, and it will be a worse one tomorrow, I think. That writing tablet which you admire so much was given to me by my grandmother. The pictures are rather pretty, and the paper just suits people who don't like writing letters. We have got a dear little kitten. Her mother died a few days ago in a fit, and Dot does not know what to do. She is awfully lonely, and cries when I go to school. The fancy dress ball and masquerade was a great success. Most of the guests wore fancy costumes, and the ladies looked charming. At least, so I was told. We are going to have our holidays next week; I suppose, but I am not going away. I like a holiday in summer better than in winter, don't you? Good-bye, with love to yourself and all the cousins. By the way, you must have an awful lot. I wonder how many there are altogether.—Cousin ROSA.

[Dear Cousin Rosa,—We have had some very cold weather, and to day it is very cold and miserable. My fingers are so cold that I can hardly hold a pencil, so I expect the cousins' letters will be shorter on that account. Certainly there was not very much room for writing on that paper you used when you wrote to me last. I suppose you only use it when you have nothing to write about. I hope you will enjoy your holidays. Yes, I like them better in summer than in winter. I like to be out of doors all the time, and there is not much pleasure to be got out of that at this time of the year, is there?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am so glad that Buster Brown is not going to die just now. I have a new white horse called Jack Frost. He is such a nice fellow. He is much nicer than Spark. I am

coming to town next Friday for a week. Fancy you knowing May and Freda. They are great friends of mine. I am going to see them when I go to town. It is raining up here to-day. I do hope it will be fine when I come to town.—ALAN.

[Dear Cousin Alan.—I am glad, too, Buster Brown is going to live a little longer. I really don't know what we should do without him, do you? Jack Frost is a grand name for a white horse. Did you give it to him yourself? I'm afraid you are not going to have very nice weather for your trip to town. Today is very dull looking and miserably cold, but perhaps it will clear up before the end of the week. I suppose you are going to stay with your grandmother while you are in town, aren't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like to be a "Graphic" cousin if I am not too young. I live in Christchurch, and I am seven years old.—We get the "Graphic" every week, and I always read the letters. I like looking at Buster Brown. I think he is such a funny little boy. Please send me a blue badge. Love.—From Cousin REGIE.

[Dear Cousin Regie.—You are not a bit too young to be one of my "Graphic" cousins, and I shall be very pleased indeed to have you for one. I will post a blue badge to you to-day, and hope it will arrive all right. Do you go to school yet? You write so nicely for a little boy of only seven years old that I think you must. Buster Brown is very amusing to read about, but wouldn't it be dreadful to live in the house with him. You would be frightened to move, and would be expecting something to happen to you every minute. I think I should chain him up to a verandah post if he belonged to me; and then I should know he couldn't get into much mischief.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like to become one of your cousins. I am seven years old, and I live in Africa. Mother used to live in New Zealand, and we get the papers. I have two little sisters and one little brother. I would be very pleased if you would send me a badge.—With love from Cousin KATIE.

[Dear Cousin Katie,—I shall be very glad indeed to have you for a "Graphic" cousin, and shall welcome you all the more heartily because our only South African cousin, Cousin Alison, has decided to give up writing to us, so that, until I received your letter, we had no cousin in Africa at all. You will try and write often, won't you? I wonder which part of New Zealand your mother used to live in, and have you ever been to New Zealand? I will post a badge to you at once, and hope you will get it safely. It has such a long way to travel that I am afraid the pin will be rather bent by the time you get it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written for a long time, but am going to write now. I have been away for a holiday. I enjoyed myself very much. When do you think you are going for

another holiday? Were you always sorry when school started again? Which kind of flowers do you like best? I like the spring flowers best. Have you a garden? Did you have the "Journal" when you went to school? I save up cigarette pictures; I have three hundred and twenty-one.—I remain, yours faithfully, Cousin DOLLY.

[Dear Cousin Dolly.—It is indeed a long time since you wrote to me last, and I hope now that you have begun again you will try and write more regularly, and keep Gussie up to the mark too; she has become a cousin this week, as no doubt you know. I am glad you enjoyed your holiday so much. You didn't tell me where you went, nor how long you were away from home. I am afraid I shall have no more holidays until after Christmas, and that is a long way off yet, isn't it? I'm afraid I wasn't very fond of school, so I was nearly always sorry when the holidays were over. Yes, I have a small garden, but it is very bare just now; flowers are very scarce everywhere. I think I like spring flowers best, too, especially violets and daffodils. What a collection of cigarette pictures you must have. I suppose you have all kinds amongst them.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate, I have been reading the cousins letters in the "Graphic," so I thought I would like to join them. Please will you send me a badge, and I will try and write to you very often. I am in bed with a very bad cold, and I did not go to school. I am reading the Elsie books. Have you ever read any? We get the "Graphic" every week, so we will be able to read the cousins' letters. —I remain, yours truly, Cousin ELSIE.

[Dear Cousin Elsie, I am very glad that you wish to join the cousins' band, and I shall be very pleased to add you to our list. I am sorry to hear that you are not well, but I suppose everyone must expect to have colds in the winter time. We have been having such glorious weather though that it hardly seems like winter. I hope you will soon be all right again. No, I don't think I have ever read any of the Elsie series. Are they good? Next time you write, tell me the names of one or two.—Cousin Kate.]

Twenty-five men have served as President of the United States; twenty-six as Vice-President. As eight of the Vice-Presidents subsequently held the higher office, the total number of men who have been President or Vice-President is forty-three. The forty-three are classified below by the nationality of their forefathers. It is a noteworthy fact that, saving the two New Yorkers of Dutch blood, Roosevelt and Van Buren, every incumbent has been of British race. We have not yet had a German-American chief magistrate, and the day of our first Italian or Slavonic President is probably still far distant.

English	27
Welsh	1
Scottish	5
Scottish-Irish	8
Dutch	2

The Goose Green: A Fable.

Young and so much to learn, ah me!
Obedience, chiefest, you shall see.
A tender gosling, pining vain,
The farmyard gardens did disdain;
For suttors nobler oft she'd sigh
And wait, and wait, with watchful eye;
Thought only of herself adorning
She heeded not her mother's warning.
While Mother, those, oppressed by fear,
Drooped many a bitter, secret tear.

Bright shone the sun o'er land and sea,
The world was fair and full of glee;
So fair—aboard the thought of guile
When every lad and lass doth smile;
While through the livelong, joyous day
The air is filled with scent of may;
When life is sweet to man and beast,
To silly goings-out the least.

Hush, hush! how stealthily apace
Young Reynard comes with pleasant face:

In dignity exceeding geese,
Whose luscious neck doth never cease;
His graceful step; distinguished air;
His lordly haunch, and yet, beware,
O'gilding danger lurks there.

Beside the pond he stops awhile;
"Thou!"—a courtly bow and smile
Gleam fond relations elsewhere stray;
The farmer's boy is far away!—

"Good-morrow," murmurs he discreetly;
And she, "Good-morrow, Sir," as sweetly;
And other pretty things he said
To tempt and turn that silly head.
"How hot the sun! In yonder glade,"
He whispers, "there's delicious shade!"
—He scanned the yard, the way was clear—

"And there, though he it understood,
Not for myself I'm thinking, dear,
I know a goose-green in the wood,
So fresh, so toothsome, fat and good."
Her neck craned fondly in the air,
"Kind Sir, I prithee take me there!"
And off they swept, an off-matched pair.

He knew, and she, poor, foolish maid,
By dancing words was soon betrayed,
Her confidence he inward mocks.

He looked so excellent a—fox,
He leads her gaily to her fate,
And she, she learns too soon, too late,
What happened next? I think you'll
guess:

A murderous grip; screams; silence—yes.

"Mid bracken tall some feathers lay:

Take warning, ye, who disobey.—

Young Reynard's seeking other prey.

—Arthur Bryant.

Not Much of a Talker.

I've got a "talking" dolly, but, oh dear, I
have to own

That at talking she is beaten by a com-
mon gramophone.

One single, solitary word is all she's
heard to say.

And she says it in a squeaky but a fas-
cinating way—

"MA!"

"Who is it that you love the best, be-
cause she's good and sweet?"

I asked my dolly yesterday. Her answer
I'll repeat.

Although it flatters me, perhaps. With-
out the least delay.

She responded in her squeaky but her
fascinating way—

"MA!"

"And who is naughty as can be?" 'Twas
brother Bob I meant.

Whose time in playing horrid tricks is
generally spent.

My dolly seemed to think a while, as
on my lap she lay.

Then she told me in her squeaky but
her fascinating way—

"MA!"

Now, after a mistake like that, my ques-
tions will be few:

I shall simply nurse my dolly as a mo-
ther ought to do.

I'll squeeze her every now and then, my
fondness to display.

And she'll call me in her squeaky but her
fascinating way—

"MA!"

Felix Leigh.

The Plough.

I am a worker.
Sleep on and take your rest
Though my sharp coulter shows white in
the dawn:

Resting through wind and rain,
Furrowing hill and plain,
Till twilight dims the west,
And I stand darkly against the night sky.
I am a worker, I, the plough.

I feed the peoples.
Eagerly wait on me
High-born and low-born, pale children
of want:

Kingdoms may rise and wane,
War claim her title of alain,
Halls are outstretched to me,
Master of men am I, seeming a slave,
I feed the peoples, I, the plough.

I prove God's words true—
Toiling that earth may give
Fruit men shall gather with songs in the
morn.

Where sleeps the hidden grain
Corn-fields shall wave again;
Showing that while men live
Nor seed nor harvest-time ever will
cease.

I prove God's words true, I, the plough.
—V. F. Boyson, in "Everybody's."

Horses of the Wind.

Down the rainy roof-top, up the silver
street.

Horses of the morning wind gallop far
and feet.

Over mist and tree-top, down the break
of day,

Couriers of the cold-breathed wind
swing me on your way.

Light you whinnied at the gabbling, and
afar I'd dreamed your stabling—

Heard you stamping in your stabling
on the heaven's crystal floor.

Dreamed your waiting in the airy days
of ice-locked January.

Through clear nights in February, past
the pole-star lantern's door.

Gallop past the hoary Hynds, and the
snowy clustered Pleads,
Over cummum, over open, over mud-
flung road and plain,
Cloud-winged horses, with your stream-
ing manes and dappled fetlocks
gleaming,
Beautiful beyond my dreaming, down
your yearly course again.

Over highway, over byway, every way
of yours is my way.

Fog-smoked roof, and dripping alley,
and the trail the wild duck cries,

Ragged mist and splashing byway, flash-
ing caves and flooded highway.

Broken shore and full-fleshed valley,
and the hundred huddled skies.

Gallop, gallop swifter to me, thrill the
strength of daybreak through me,

Twelve great winds of open heaven, in
your splendid feet and free,

Winds above all pride and acclaim, all
self-shame and self-adorning.

As the naked stars of morning singing
through the bare-branched tree.

—Edith Wyatt, in "Harper's."

The smallest screws are used in the
manufacture of the miniature watches
which are sometimes fitted in rings,
pins, studs, bracelets, etc. They are the
next thing to being invisible to the
naked eye, looking like minute grains of
sand. With a good glass, however, it
may be plainly seen that each is a per-
fect screw, having a number of threads
equal to 250 to the inch. These tiny
screws are four one-thousandths of an
inch in diameter and seven one-
thousandths of an inch in length.
It is estimated that a lady's
trunk of average size would
hold one hundred thousand of them. No
attempt is ever made to count these
"tiny triumphs of mechanical ingenuity"
other than to get a basis for estimation.
The method usually pursued in deter-
mining their number is to carefully
count one hundred, and then place them
on a delicate balance, the number of a
given amount being determined by the
weight of these.

THE LADIES of AUCKLAND are cordially invited to
inspect the

Magnificent Stock of Up-to-date Fabrics

Just opened in the Dress and Silk Department of
SMITH & CAUGHEY, LTD. NO ONE PRESSED
TO PURCHASE.

48in. COSTUME CLOTHS.—Extra
weight, in all popular shades, for
effective and economical wear.
Well worthy attention. Our price,
1/11 per yard.

CHEFNON FINISH AMAZON
CLOTHS, 46 to 52 inches wide, all
wool, soft and silky. Splendid
range of all shades for present
season. Greens in shades of Myrtle
Grove, Moss, Bronze, Watercress
and Hazel; Burgundy in all tints;
Browns of every shade; Blues of
every hue.

56in. ALL-WOOL BOX CLOTHS
for Tailor-made Costumes. Heavy
and Lustrous—exquisite.

THE POPULAR CLAN TAR-
TANS, 46in. wide. All Wool, 2/6
and 2/11 per yard. Colonial, 4/11
per yard. Representing all the fam-
ous Clans—Black Watch, Suther-
land, Gordon, Campbell, Mackay,
Graham, Forbes, Duchess of Fife,
Fraser, Hunting Fraser, Dress Hunt-
ing and Royal Stuart, Mackenzie,
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COSTUME TWEEDS IN PASTEL
SHADES, 44in., 2/11 per yard.
Exclusive designs. Striking value.

DRESS TWEEDS, 44in.—Greys,
Drabs and Fawn, Stripes and In-
visible Checks, Superior Qualities,
from 2/6 yard.

NOVELTIES IN BLACK AND
WHITE MIXTURES, BROKEN
CHECKS, and PASTEL CLOTHS.

COSTUME AND CHEVIOT
CLOTHS, eminently suited for in-
expensive dresses for Ladies and
Girls, 42in. to 44in. wide, 3/4, 9/4,
1/4d, 1, 0/4d, 1, 6/4d per yard.

FRENCH CASHMERE, SERGES
POPLINS, TAFFETAS, Etc.

FRENCH BLOUSING FLAN-
NELS.—An extensive variety from
which to choose.

EXCLUSIVE ROBES.—New ship-
ment just to hand. We make a
feature of these goods. One length

only of each, ensuring originality of
style, in colours and designs con-
fined to us.

SILKS.—An excellent variety of
the latest productions, including
Moros, Pailettes, Surahs, Poie de
Soie, Brocades, Japanese, Tartans,
etc., for Blouses, Trimmings, etc.

VELVETS AND VELVETEENS
in new effects. The value of our
"Unrivalled" Velveteens, at 1/11,
2/6, and 2/11 per yard, is consistent
with its name.

OUR MOURNING DEPARTMENT
embraces all Materials and Acces-
sories essential for the purpose.

SMITH & CAUGHEY, LTD.

WHOLESALE AND FAMILY DRAPERS.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Major Shepherd went South on Sunday by the West Coast boat.

Mr. A. T. Pittar was a passenger from Sydney by the Waikare on Monday.

Mr. J. McCosh Clark arrived from the South on Sunday by the Patena.

Mr. Robert Black (Gisborne) has gone on a visit to the Fiji Islands.

Miss Metcalf, who has been on a holiday to Gisborne for some weeks, has returned to Auckland.

The Hon. Seymour Thomas George was a passenger south by the Patena on Monday.

Dr. McDowell, of Auckland, has been notified that he has received the M.D. degree of the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. East, of the Great Barrier Island, Auckland, is at present on a visit to Dunedin, his birthplace, and other parts of the South Island.

Mr. Horace Hunt, son of Mr. R. Leslie Hunt, has received intimation that his "Exercise" has been passed by the Home examiner. This completes the course qualifying for the degree of Bachelor of Music.

Mr. Baker, from the Thames branch, will succeed Mr. A. F. Steelman as accountant and assayer at the local branch of the Bank of New Zealand, says our Correspondent.

Mr. E. J. Hallett, manager of the Imperial Paper Company, left with Mrs. Hallett by the Roxiti for the South last week. Mr. Hallett was married on June 18 to Miss Welbe, daughter of Mr. Welbe, of Oak House.

Mr. John Greenbough has returned to Riverhead, after an absence of two years, during which he has been in charge of the paper mills at Mafara. His son, Mr. Edward Greenbough, succeeds him in charge of the Mafara mills.

Mr. W. Taylor, manager for Kempthorne, Prosser, and Co., left by the Mowera on Monday upon a combined business and holiday visit to Australia. Mr. Taylor, who was accompanied by Miss K. Taylor, will be absent from Auckland for about a month.

The death of the late Mr. W. McEneaney, of Papakōwhiri, was feelingly referred to at the meeting of the Auckland A. and P. Association's executive last week, and it was decided that a letter of condolence should be forwarded to Mrs. McLaughlin.

The many friends of Mr. Carl Seegner, Imperial German Consul, will be sorry to learn that a serious accident happened to him a few days ago. On alighting from a car at the top of St. Stephen's avenue, Mr. Seegner lost his footing and fell, injuring one shoulder and arm seriously. He is now suffering from shock. Dr. Marsack is attending him.

Mr. L. Frost, honorary secretary of the Auckland Wednesday Afternoon Trades Football Union, was tendered a farewell smoker at the Foresters' Hall, Newton, last week. Mr. Frost left Auckland on Sunday for Wellington, where he has obtained an appointment with a legal firm.

Mr. H. Poland, M.H.R. for Ohinemuri, was tendered a social by his Te Aroha supporters last week, a large number of voters being present. Mr. Poland's health was enthusiastically touched, and he made a neat speech in reply, thanking his supporters for their efforts on his behalf.

Mr. J. A. J. McLaren, who for the last five years has been manager of the New Zealand Portland Cement Company's works at Limestone Island, Whangarei, was presented last week by the employees with a handsome gold Albert and sovereign purse. A number of residents of Whangarei presented Mr. McLaren with a new watch, suitably inscribed.

On Sunday an old colonist, Mrs. George Bagnall, died, aged eighty-three years. The deceased lady came to Auckland with her husband and family in May, 1864, from Prince Edward Island, Canada. In common with many other settlers who immigrated to New Zealand in the early sixties, Mrs. Bagnall shared with her family the usual vicissitudes of colonial life. At Turua, where she lived for more than a quarter

of a century, with most of her family round her, she did much to promote the best interests of the little community both socially and religiously. Mrs. Bagnall was a descendant of Scottish parents who emigrated from Scotland to Canada early in the last century, from whom she inherited the best traits of Scotch people as well as being trained in those characteristics of piety and deep religious sympathies so often met with in the colonial descendants of the race from which she sprang. She was a humble and consistent follower of the Master, and will be remembered with affection by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Her husband, the late Hon. George Bagnall, predeceased her by sixteen years. She leaves a large family to mourn their loss. Her sons are Mr. L. J. Bagnall, of O'Rourke-street, Messrs. W. H. A. E., and R. W. Bagnall, of Turua, and Mr. H. N. Bagnall, of College road. Her daughters are Mrs. S. T. Whitehouse, of Thames, Mrs. A. Herbert Jones, and Miss Maggie Bagnall, of Shelly Beach-road. Her remains will be deposited beside those of her husband in the Thames Cemetery.

At the Public Works Office on Monday Mr. C. R. Vickerman, who is leaving for Wellington as superintending engineer in the Department there, was presented by the staff of the Auckland district with a gold watch, Albert, and sovereign case, suitably inscribed. Mr. Blow, Under-Secretary for Public Works, presided at the ceremony, the presentation being made by Mr. Ross, who referred to Mr. Vickerman's long and arduous official career of over 30 years, almost all of which had been spent in the Auckland province. Mr. Vickerman was appointed district engineer at Auckland in 1891, in succession to Mr. Hales, who held the position of engineer-in-chief.

Most of our readers know that in the country postmistresses perform many duties outside actual postal work, one of their privileges, the power to attest signatures, shared with J.P.s, was the cause of a very pleasantly planned little ceremony one recent Sunday in Kaero, when Mr. Joseph Hare, on behalf of the Hare and Ratjen Copper Company, Limited, presented Mesdames Taylor and Boardman, postmistresses at Whangarei and Kaero, each with a very handsome set of fish carvers in case, engraved with name and compliments of the company. The two ladies had been invited by Mrs. Hare to dine with her, nothing said about the contemplated presentation, the large party of guests assembled created no surprise for the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hare is noted throughout the district, and when Mr. Hare, at the conclusion of dinner, rose and spoke of the kindness of the postmistresses of Whangarei and Kaero, those two ladies did look surprised, and still more so when Mr. Hare, who is a capital speaker, went on to say he had been asked by the directors of his company to thank the ladies for their assistance in attesting signatures of natives from whom the Copper Company had purchased more land, to enable it to extend operations, and to ask their consent, one of the present selected by him, and read a telegram from the chairman, Mr. Buttle. He said many interesting things about the native race, and those present thought what a good member of the House of Representatives he would make, so fully understanding native affairs. Mr. Taylor returned thanks for his wife and Mrs. Boardman, the party was then divided, half going on the river in Mr. Hare's launch, the other taken for a drive up the Kaero valley, returning in the gloaming to tea and music, all deciding they had spent a very happy day, and that the Hare-Ratjen Copper Company deserved all success. Opportunity was taken by those present to wish goodbye to Mrs. Taylor, as she was leaving for Kirikiriki.

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Mrs. C. Margoliouth, of Napier, is visiting friends in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. Findlay, of Wellington, have been in Napier for a few days.

Mrs. J. B. A'Donne, of Ashot, was in Napier for the Jockey Club meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, of Porangahau, were in Napier for the races.

Miss Speedy, of Herbetville, is on a visit to Napier.

Mrs. Van Dalen is the guest of Mrs. W. Duvivier, Bluff Hill, Napier.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Porangahau, have been staying at the Masonic Hotel, Napier.

Miss Ella Burke has returned to Hawke's Bay, after spending some weeks in Gisborne.

Mrs. Gore and her daughter, Miss Mabel Burke, are spending some days in Hastings.

Miss Williams, who has been spending some weeks in Napier, has returned to Wellington.

Miss Irene Simcox, of Porangahau, is staying with Miss Kathleen Bratawaite, Hastings.

Miss Kitty Wood is paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. Hatfield, Wellington, ton.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Mrs. D. Hutcheon, of New Plymouth, is on a visit to her relatives in Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. Blandell, of Feilding, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Morherd, of New Plymouth.

Mrs. James Paul, who has been away for some months, visiting her relatives in Christchurch, and also her daughter, Mrs. Bennett, of Blenheim, has now returned to her home in New Plymouth.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss P. Keeling (Palmerston) has gone on a visit to Wellington.

Mrs. Leckie (Wellington) is visiting her mother, Mrs. Taphin, Palmerston North. Miss Edith Coleridge is back in Wellington after a visit to Hawke's Bay.

Miss Fell has returned to Wellington after a stay in the Langitikei.

Miss Harding (Wellington) is visiting Miss Fowler (Christchurch).

Miss D. Menzies is back in Wellington again on a short visit to Greatford.

Mrs. and Miss Eller have gone to Sydney for some weeks.

Mrs. Fairclough (Wellington) has gone to the South Island for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield have returned from a trip to the South.

Mr. C. Finch has returned to Nelson after a stay in Wellington.

Mrs. A. Webster (Wellington) spent several days last week with Mrs. A. Guy (Palmerston).

Mr. W. Campbell (Huntersville) was the guest of Mrs. McKnight (Palmerston) during show week.

Miss E. Fookes (New Plymouth) is the guest of Mrs. Fitzherbert (Palmerston North).

Mr. Stansfield Reed (Gisborne) has been spending a holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Reed, Palmerston North.

Mr. Blandell (Whangarei) was a visitor to the Winter Show, Palmerston North.

The Hon. Walter Johnston and Mrs. Johnston are settled in Wellington for the winter months.

Miss Martin, who has been away in Hawke's Bay, has now returned to Wellington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Parayza ("Longwood," Featherston) were in Wellington lately for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Barkin have left Wellington for the winter months, which they mean to spend in Brisbane.

Mrs. St. Paul (Auckland) is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Prouse, "Crickwood," Wellington.

Mrs. and Misses Wiggins are at present visiting Australia, where they will spend some months.

Mr. Abrescombe has returned to Wellington after a visit of some weeks in Australia.

Mrs. O. Gillespie (Feilding) has been staying with her sister at Khandallah near Wellington for a fortnight or so.

Miss Gertrude Reed (Wellington) has been staying with her sister, Mr. W. Strang (Palmerston).

Miss Murrett, F.R.I.S., who was lately in Wellington, has gone to Nelson and other places in the South Island.

The Hon. Dr. Findlay and Mrs. Findlay are back in Wellington after a visit to Napier.

Miss Phyllis Keeling (Palmerston) is the guest of Mrs. Buehly (Wellington) for a week or two.

Miss Buchanan (Christchurch) is staying with Mrs. Arthur, Hobson-street, Wellington.

Miss Margaret Walgrave (Palmerston) is in Wellington at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. Amelius Smith.

Miss Cornwall (Melbourne), who is visiting Wellington, is at present staying with Mrs. Morton, Sālamāna-road.

Miss Nancarrow, who has been visiting friends in Wellington for the past two or three months, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs. and Miss Hunter Brown (Nelson), who have come to Wellington to live, have taken rooms at Mrs. Mang Levy's, in Hobson-street.

Mr. A. Burns, sub-editor of the "Christchurch Press," a well-known journalist, formerly connected with the Press Association, has been appointed sub-editor of the "Wellington News."

Mr. W. Park (Palmerston) has gone on a trip to the South Sea Islands. Previous to his departure, he was presented with a gold sovereign case from several of the leading citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. R. Fisher returned to Wellington last week after a month or so in Sydney. Mr. Fisher was present at some important meetings connected with temperance affairs.

The engagement is announced of Miss Linda McLean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. McLean, Wellington, to Mr. Ernest Blandell, eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Blandell (Wellington).

Mr. Ernest Liddle has returned from his trip to Australia. While in Adelaide he was present at the marriage of his sister, Miss Lucy Liddle, to Mr. F. G. Grave, of Melbourne. Another sister of Mr. Liddle's, Miss Charles Schultze, who has been living in Adelaide for the past few years.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs. Wainrop (Christchurch) is spending the winter at Sumner.

Mrs. C. Gresson (Tauranga) is staying at the Deanery, Christchurch.

Mrs. Murray-Aynsley and Mrs. Gerard (Christchurch) have returned from their visit to Dunedin.

Miss Cowlishaw (Christchurch) is in Dunedin, staying with the Misses Ratray.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Wilder have left Christchurch for the North Island, where they intend to reside.

Miss K. Fitzgerald (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. C. Cooper (Christchurch), St. Albans.

Miss Russell and Miss Anderson (Christchurch) are at Hororata, the guests of Mrs. Bealey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Macdonald (Christchurch) have gone to Dunedin to visit their sister, Mrs. Sander-Thomson.

Mrs. R. Westenz has arrived in Christchurch from the North Island, and is staying with Mr. Ronalds (Montrose-street).

Mr. and Mrs. S. Williamson (Gisborne), who have been staying for some time in Christchurch with Mrs. Elworthy, have left on a visit to South Canterbury.

Luxurious Servants.

A kitchen maid to-day would give notice if she were asked to live and lodge as the great ladies of Anne of Austria's Court, when she was Queen Regent of France, were contented to do, declares "T. P.'s Weekly."

Their sleeping accommodation at the best of times was wretched; while on one occasion there was so little preparation made for them in St. Germain that the price of straw became prohibitive, so much was required for extraordinary beds for the Duchess d'Orleans, Malmouille, and the ladies of the Queen's suite!

Then these ladies had for supper the Queen's leftovers! "They ate what was left of the queen's supper, finished her bread, drank up her wine, and used her serviette."

When children fail to thrive give them Stearns' Wine. It makes weak children strong by giving them better appetite and digestion. They like to take it because its taste is pleasant.



ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Constance Peache to Mr T. Izard, writes our Christchurch correspondent.

The engagement of Miss Cheryl Maitland Gardner to Mr R. Loughnan (Christchurch) is announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rene Bullin, "Kotomah," Merivale, to Mr J. Bain (Christchurch). The wedding will take place in November.

The engagement is announced of Miss Agnes (Bob) Harrop, youngest granddaughter of the late Dr. Wright, of Auckland, to Mr Barry Snow, second son of Mr Ernest Hastings Snow, of Levin.

The engagement is announced of Miss Blanche Garland, daughter of Mr G. J. Garland, of Grey Lynn, Auckland, to Mr H. W. Cook, eldest son of Mr H. R. Cook, Brighton-road, Parnon.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Purcell, of Foxton, to Mr Robert Alfred Coyne, of the Union Bank of Australasia, Palmerston North.

Orange Blossoms.

HAIN-COTTER.

The picturesque church of St. Mark's, Remuera, Auckland, was the scene on Wednesday of an extremely smart wedding, when Miss Mary Ethel Evelyn Cotter, eldest daughter of Mr T. Cotter, barrister and solicitor, was married to Mr Sidney Hain, of Beunah Station, Coomabie, New South Wales. The Rev. W. Beatty, M.A., officiated at the service. The church was filled with a large and fashionable assemblage of invited guests and interested spectators, and long before the time appointed for the ceremony every nook of vantage was taken in order to obtain a glimpse of the bride, the wedding evoking great interest owing to the bride and her parents being so well known. The interior of the church was artistically decorated with narcissi, arum lilies, leucopodium arches of feathery greenery and a lovely wedding veil. On account of the dull afternoon a pretty effect was gained with the lighted gas, which threw a golden glow over the shimmering silk frocks of the bridal party. The service was fully choral, Mr. Rupert Morton presiding at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very dainty and winsome in a lovely ivory Duchesse satin frock, its beauty intensified by the simplicity of its style, and having a Brussels point lace veil outlining a tucked tulle V. A beautiful Brussels lace veil over a spray of orange blossoms and a shower bouquet of choice flowers completed a charming toilette. The bridegroom presented the bride with a handsome diamond and ruby ring. The bridesmaids, who included Miss Milne Cotter, Miss Vera Latimer, Miss Winnie Cotter, and Miss Hain (niece of the bridegroom), made a most artistic group. The two former wore charming Madame Du Barry rose pink chiffon taffeta frocks, made with fichus a la Marie Antoinette, with long sach ends, revealing pretty ivory point d'esprit full blouses, and smart Watteau hats to match. Miss Winnie Cotter and Miss Hain were attired in an exquisite shade of rosy green chiffon taffeta frocks, made in the same design, and with green Watteau hats to match, the two colours of pink and green blending beautifully together. They each carried shower bouquets of pale pink roses and ferns, and streamers to correspond with their costumes. Their souvenirs of the oc-

casions were pretty gold brooches set with gems. Mr Harold Cotter attended the bridegroom as best man, and Mr A. R. Dargaville as groomsmen. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Cotter held a reception at Oaklands, when Mr. and Mrs. Hain received the congratulations of their friends. After which the guests made their way to the bill room, where the wedding gifts were displayed. They included everything the most exacting bride could wish. Mrs. Cotter's present to her daughter was the household linen and an oak canteen filled with silver and all kinds of cutlery, and Mr. Cotter presented the bride with a handsome cheque for £1000. A large marquee was erected on the front lawn, and a delightful wedding tea and champagne were partaken. Here a pleasant time was spent listening to Burke's orchestra, and speeches in compliment to the occasion. Later Mr. and Mrs. Hain left for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a Nattier blue soft silk frock, and accompanying shell-pink ermine hat. Mr. and Mrs. Hain left on Monday for Sydney for their future home in New South Wales.

Mrs. Cotter (mother of bride) looked Mrs. Cotter (mother of the bride) looked handsome in an exquisite French costume of heliotrope chiffon taffeta, with panels and bars of white blonde lace, with violet hat to match, and bouquet of violets and ferns; Mrs. Hain (sister-in-law of the bridegroom) was exceedingly smart looking in a white and navy pin striped silk, with green cointure, and French hat, with green velvet helmet crown, and wreathed with pink berries and autumn leaves; Mrs. Black wore a very stylish white cloth frock, with Venetian lace over a puffed white tulle corsage, and a becoming black Tudor hat; Mrs. S. Hanna wore a rich black brocade, and white crinoline Henri hat, swathed with black tulle; Mrs. T. Hanna was in a pretty grey silk, white and grey ruffle, and black hat; Mrs. J. Hanna was attired in black voile, with white point lace entreeux, and black hat, with large black feather osprey; Mrs. Dawson Crawford wore black voile, handsome black velvet coat, and becoming black and white, crinoline bonnet; Mrs. A. Hanna was in a pretty pastel blue cloth gown, with myrtle green velvet band on hem of skirt, black hat, with long pale blue ostrich feather drooping over side on the hair; Miss Jackson, navy cloth tailor-made costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Arthur Myers wore a quicksilver-grey panne gown, and grey Tudor hat, with long grey Nell Gwynne feather; Mrs. Beatty, dark grey cloth tailor-made, and black hat; Mrs. McCosh Clark, handsome black silk brocade, with Chantilly lace fichu, and black hat, with pink roses; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, black velvet toilette, and large black hat, with gold gallocha band and bow in front; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black cloth tailor-made, black toque, and white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. H. Gorrie, navy cloth tailor-made, and vieux rose hat, with crimson berries and autumn leaves; Mrs. Halecombe (Taranaki), black cloth Eton costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Dargaville, black velvet with lovely cream lace arranged in fish effect on corsage, and black and white toque; Mrs. R. Dargaville, navy cloth tailor-made, and moss green crinoline Henri hat, swathed with green tulle; Miss Gwen Gorrie, very pretty pale blue chiffon taffeta frock and blue felt hat with sable tails; Miss Nora Gorrie, white Marquisee with pink pin spot, mounted over white glace silk, and rose pink felt hat; Mrs. Myers, becoming black and white check silk, with black lace strapped on bolero, and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Gumble, black with white frish lace revers, black bonnet with heliotrope shaded roses; Mrs. Ransom, greeny grey cloth costume, with petal leaves boa, and black and white toque; Miss C. Jackson, pastel pink cloth, with white lace yoke, and black hat; Mrs. L. D. Nathan, black sinon de soie gown, black ostrich feather, tight-fitting coat, and black toque; Mrs. Coleman, black chiffon taffeta and becoming brown drawn silk hat swathed with tulle and wreathed with pink and damask roses; Mrs. Houghton, stylish cameo-pink cloth costume, and black picture hat; Mrs. Brett, black voile mounted on glace, black silk kimono cloak and smart violet straw bonnet with heliotrope flowers and shaded plumes; Mrs. W. Ringer, olive green cloth with white facings overlaid with pink bead passementerie, navy and green crinoline Tudor hat, with long cream feather, and cream ostrich feather boa; Mrs. S. Morris, black cloth tailor-made

costume, and heliotrope hat; Mrs. Bull, black and white check silk inset with bright rose panne, and black coque feather hat; Mrs. Seaville's dainty cream costume was worn with a pale pink hat; Mrs. Gibson Macmillan, pretty heliotrope chiffon taffeta frock and black hat; Miss Stevenson, black coat and skirt, with pale blue cloth facings, and black hat; Mrs. Rose, dainty white and black pin-striped silk, and black hat garnished with pink briar roses and foliage; Mrs. Puritt, navy coat and skirt, and heliotrope hat; Mrs. Devore, rich black peau de soie, with white lace entreeux, and ruby velvet and panne bonnet, with osprey; Mrs. F. Baume, navy cloth tailor-made, black velvet Toreador toque, with long black and white ostrich feathers, and fox furs; Mrs. J. A. Tole, Parma violet silk gown, and violet Henri hat with long shaded heliotrope feather, and seal-skin cape; Misses Burkland wore navy blue tailor-made costumes, and violet and pink hats respectively; Mrs. Payton, black toilette; Mrs. Porter, violet cloth costume, and black Toreador hat; Mrs. J. Donald, smart myrtle green cloth frock, emerald green velvet picture hat, and fox furs; Mrs. Bodle, black cloth tailor-made and black hat; Mrs. Clem Lawford, pretty pearl grey silk, and black picture hat; Mrs. S. Hesketh, black cloth costume, and black hat with scarlet geraniums; Miss Dargaville, pretty rose pink cloth frock, and white felt hat with autumn leaves and tulle; Mrs. Bamford, myrtle green silk, the pinafore corsage showing the rich cream lace blouse, and a black hat; Mrs. Edwin Horton, navy cloth tailor-made, and navy crinoline Henri hat; Misses Cohen (Sydney) wore violet and mulberry-red costumes, with hats en suite respectively; Mrs. Latimer, navy cloth frock, and white felt hat with violets; Mrs. Nolan, reseda green silk, and violet velvet hat with heliotrope chrysanthemums; Miss Ruby Hanna, myrtle green cloth costume, and white felt hat with clusters of violets; Mrs. W. Gorrie, black silk, and very pale blue silk bonnet; Mrs. Richmond, violet chiffon taffeta gown, and hat en suite; Miss Richmond, Bordeaux red costume, with hat to match; Miss Ivy Buddle, smart white and brown large check skirt, with brown cloth cape, small brown mushroom hat; Miss Ware, navy cloth frock, white felt picture hat with shaded violet roses; Miss Eileen Macfarlane, stylish russet brown chiffon mounted over white glace, and brown hat with long ostrich feather drooping over the side; Miss Alice Stevenson, beaver coloured cloth tailor-made, and green hat with brown and green ribbon; Miss Coleman, moss green velvet, the corsage made in pinafore effect, showing white chiffon blouse, and becoming white felt hat; Miss Horton, brown tweed costume, and brown beaver hat with shaded roses; Miss J. Richmond, navy cloth tailor-made costume, hat to match; Miss M. Richmond, russet brown frock with white felt hat; Mrs. T. Finlayson, rich black silk, black hat with helmet crown with white tulle, chon and long paradise feather osprey, and beaver chenille boa; Miss Daisy Stevenson, navy coat and skirt, and violet hat with heliotrope silk; Mrs. R. Burns, graceful pastel green cloth gown, and olive green felt hat with helmet crown and long shaded ostrich feather over the side; Mrs. Harry Clark, smart ruby cloth gown, and ruby hat wreathed with bright pink primulas; Miss Butler, black cloth tailor-made, brown chip mushroom hat, and seal-skin pelterine; Miss Ruddleck, navy cloth costume and white felt hat with chime silk, tulle crown; Mrs. Rhodes, brown voile gown, and toque en suite; Mrs. Oxley, black taffeta silk, black crinoline hat, and sable furs; Mrs. Maink, black toilette; Mrs. Lisen Wilson, cream costume and lovely furs; Mrs. Upton, black brocade gown, and iris coloured velvet bonnet with shaded roses; Mrs. J. Hall, electric blue velvet gown and black hat; Miss Peacock, black cloth with white facings, and white beaver hat with long black feather; Miss Margaret Peacock, cream costume, and white crinoline hat; Miss Lennox, blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Pond, black brocade, and beaver coloured felt hat with pale blue silk and long shaded blue feather; Mrs. Uphill, cream Skilian costume, and smart little hat; Mrs. Jones, black costume with touches of white; Miss Bessie Jones, cream frock and pretty pale blue hat; Miss E. Hanna, cream costume and white felt hat; Mrs. Mackay, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, and olive green hat; Mrs. E. Morton, pale grey costume and white felt hat with crown of violets; Mrs. R.

Nathan, navy cloth tailor-made, and navy hat with wavy feather shading to general green; Mrs. Baume, black cloth costume, and black and white bonnet; Mrs. J. Reid, black taffeta, and black crinoline hat; Miss Jessie Reid, mulberry red cloth costume, and white felt hat.

PARKER-SPRY.

At the Wesleyan Church, Devonport, on June 19th, Miss Ruby Alene Spry, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Spry, was married to Mr. Albert William Parker, youngest son of Mr. Samuel Parker. The bride looked well in white silk, trimmed with tucks and ecru lace. She wore a tulle veil, with the usual wreath. The bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Vera Spry, and Miss Rhoda Parker, sister of the bridegroom, both wearing dainty frocks of pale blue silk, with white sashes, and white hats to match. The church was prettily decorated, and the service was choral, the bride having been a member of the choir. Mr. Alf Bartley presided at the organ. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. T. Webb. Mr. James Parker acted as best man, and Mr. Cyril Johnston as groomsmen.

McKENZIE-MITCHELSON.

On Tuesday, June 18th, at the residence of Mr. R. Mitchelson, Oruariki, Mr. John McKenzie, of Remuera, was married to Miss Clara Mitchelson, of Dargaville, the officiating minister being the Rev. W. Wills. In honour of the occasion bunting was displayed on the vessels in port, and flags were flying from the railway station buildings.

If you want long, thick hair, hair that is really beautiful, you must nourish the source from which it grows. Your scalp must have attention.

BARRY'S TRI-COPH-EROS

feeds the flesh tissues of the scalp with good hair-growing energy. That's its special mission. It makes strong, healthy scalps, and strong, healthy hairs. Be sure you get Barry's.

Reuter's Soap Cures Eczema

Oatine

HAVE YOU TRIED THIS FACE CREAM YET?

Do so now. It will remove all dirt and dust that soap and water cannot reach, from the pores, and keep your skin soft and clear. It is the one thing that will enable you to complexion to withstand the dry heat of the Australian climate.

Whatever the weather, Oatine will not go bad. It contains no animal fat or dangerous mineral salts, being made from pure fresh oats. It does not grow hard. Men use it after shaving.

Get a Jar of Oatine now. It costs 2/-, or a larger size, holding four times the amount, 3/6.

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ACTON—SHAYLE GEORGE.

The marriage of Miss Muriel K. Shayle George, second daughter of the late Chaas Southwell Shayle George, barrister and solicitor, of Auckland, to Mr. Charles Acton, son of the late Edward Acton, of Pleasant Point, Timaru, was celebrated very quietly at All Saints' morning chapel, Ponsonby, on Saturday, June 22, at 10.30 a.m., only the relatives and a few of the oldest friends of the contracting parties being present. The officiating clergyman was the vicar of the parish, the Ven. Archdeacon Calder. The bride, who was given away by Mr. G. Harker, looked very handsome in a smart pearl grey tailor-made costume, with white embroidered silk vest and becoming hat of white panne velvet trimmed with white chiffon and ostrich tips, the required touch of colour being given by a large cerise crush rose. In place of the usual bridal bouquet, Miss George carried a pretty white prayer-book. After the ceremony the wedding party was entertained at a recherche little breakfast at "Shayledene," the residence of the bride's mother. Mrs. George received her guests in a charming toilette of black moire, the bodice finished with a white chiffon vest and black lace, dainty violet and lavender toques with clusters of violets, and white ospreys.

Later on, Mr. and Mrs. Acton (who were the recipients of many handsome presents) left on their wedding tour, the bride wearing a smart grey costume and pretty green hat with white wings.

HALLETT—WEBB.

There is a quaint old-world charm about the little Church of St. Barnabas, Mt. Eden, which is situated under the shadow of the mountain, and it seems to appeal to those who wish to be wedded under romantic surroundings. There were two weddings which took place in that sacred edifice last week. On last Tuesday the marriage of Miss Frances Mary Evelyn Webb, daughter of Mr. T. H. Webb, with Mr. E. J. Hallett was celebrated before a large gathering of friends and spectators. The Rev. J. B. Macfarland performed the ceremony, and Dr. W. E. Thomas presided at the organ, and played the "Wedding March" at the conclusion of the service. The church was beautifully decorated with greenery and white flowers, and a very pretty contrived idea was a lovely white floral bell, from which fell a shower of rose leaves as the bride left the altar. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in her wedding robe of white chiffon taffeta, the skirt being handsomely trimmed with lace and silk tulleis work, and chiffon roses. The corsage had a tucked chiffon yoke and real lace berths, and orange flowers. The embroidered Brussels net veil was worn over a tiara of orange blossoms, and the lovely shower bouquet made very becoming toilette. Miss Edith Webb, Mrs. Bae (sister of the bride), Miss Hallett, Miss Mabel Webb, and little Miss Nancy Webb (niece of the bride) were the bridesmaids. They wore very pretty shell-pink chiffon taffeta frocks, made with crossover bodices, trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace, and white felt picture hats, with tulle crowns and shaded roses, and carried shower bouquets of white and pink roses, carnations, and asparagus fern. Little Miss Nancy Webb was daintily frocked in white silk, and a white silk bonnet, and carried a little basket of flowers. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a lovely opal and diamond ring, and to the first bridesmaid a gold locket with sapphires and pearls, and to each of the other bridesmaids a gold brooch set with rubies. Mr. John W. Walker acted as best man, and Messrs. W. Webb and Noel Robertshaw were groomsmen. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at afternoon tea at "Glenida," Mt. Roskill, the residence of the bride's parents, when congratulations were showered on the happy couple. Later Mr. and Mrs. Hallett left for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a becoming navy tailor-made costume, with white feather boa, and a smart white felt hat. The presents were numerous and handsome. Mrs. Webb (mother of the bride) wore a rich black peau de soie gown, with cream lace vest, and handsomely trimmed with ruchings and lace, black bonnet, with rose velvet and Paradise plume, and a white feather boa; Mrs. W. S. Laurie, handsome black broadened gown, pink net bonnet; Mrs. Hallett, black voile, trimmed with white chiffon and black velvet, black and silver bonnet,

trimmed with pink; Mrs. Reid, grey costume, hat to match; Mrs. McFarland, pretty blue silk coat, hat to match; Mrs. G. Webb, green Etton costume, trimmed with green velvet, green velvet hat, with white ostrich feathers; Miss Hallett, blue Etton costume, white felt hat, with ostrich feathers; Miss Ruth Webb, black Etton costume, with cream cloth collar, white felt hat, trimmed with green tulle; Mrs. Alexander, blue cloth, with velvet trimmings, hat to match; Mrs. G. Hyde, grey costume, trimmed with white, green hat, with dark red roses and violets; Mrs. Nicholls, brown silk; Miss Haelden, black toilette; Miss M. Hallett, grey costume, trimmed with green, green hat; Miss Muriel Hallett, brown costume, hat to match; Miss Gladys Webb, cream serge frock, cream felt hat; Miss Alexander, grey cloth, trimmed with green, white felt hat, with grapes; Miss K. Alexander, white silk blouse, dark skirt, white felt hat; Miss M. Walker, grey Etton costume, white felt hat, trimmed with green flowers and autumn leaves; Miss G. Laurie, pretty wine-coloured velvet dress, hat to match; Mrs. Longlands, grey costume, and hat en suite; Mrs. E. Laurie, wine-coloured costume, trimmed with pink, hat to match; Mrs. S. H. Webb, black satin; Miss Emma Webb, brown costume, white felt hat; Miss W. Rawlinson, pretty cream silk frock, cream hat; Mrs. H. W. Marten, black silk dress, bonnet trimmed with green.

MONCKTON—WOODBINE JOHNSON.

A very pretty wedding took place at Patutahi, Gisborne, recently, when Miss May Woodbine-Johnson, second daughter of the late Mr. James Woodbine-Johnson, was married to Mr. Owen Monckton, of Patutahi. The marriage was solemnised in St. George's Church, which was prettily decorated with white blooms and native foliage. The Rev. F. W. Chatterton conducted the service. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Erv Johnson. She wore a charming dress of rich cream satin, trained, the bodice being beautifully trimmed with Honiton lace and tucked tulle. She wore a beautiful embroidered veil, with the customary orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Henri Johnson (sister of the bride), and Miss D. Monckton (sister of the bridegroom) wore dainty frocks of palest pink crystalline, trimmed with deep veils of ecru lace and insertion and pale pink ribbon. Their hats of black velvet, with black plumes, completed a

charming toilette. Mr K. M. Monckton was best man and Mr T. Sherratt groomsmen. After the ceremony the wedding party and guests drove to "Lavenham," where they were received by Mrs. Johnson, who was wearing a handsome black watered silk gown, and black and white bonnet. Mrs Pomare (the bride's sister) wore a smart navy tailor-made costume, and crushed strawberry hat with shaded velvet and roses; Miss Monckton, a grey cloth costume, with bands of black velvet, hat to match; Mrs. Jex-Blake, navy blue long coat and skirt, white felt hat; Mrs R. Sherratt, brown cloth costume, brown toque; Mrs F. Patullo, tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Willock, smart green and blue check coat and skirt, navy straw hat trimmed with green and blue tulle; Mrs Max-Jackson, tweed costume, black hat with white tips; Mrs Blair, black serge costume with waistcoat of cream cloth, black panne velvet hat with plumes; Mrs W. Tomblson, wine-coloured cloth gown, white furs, hat of wine-coloured straw with roses; Miss C. Reynolds, dark grey coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with black bows; Miss W. Reynolds, navy Norfolk coat and skirt, blue felt hat; Miss H. Sherratt, pale grey costume, with white lace, hat en suite; Miss Burke, deep-red costume, red hat; Miss Nolan, tailor-made coat and skirt, brown fur hat, with wing; Miss E. Nolan, navy serge tailor-made, pink hat with roses; Miss Boylan, tweed Russian costume, cream and red felt hat; Miss Willis, green costume, with hat to match; Miss N. Seymour, grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with crimson velvet and roses; Miss Oberin-Brown (Auckland), pail costume of green and blue, hat en suite; Miss Ruffledge, navy costume, navy and white hat; Miss S. Evans, black costume, black hat; Miss Clark, brown coat and skirt, brown felt hat with tangerine flowers; Miss E. Grey, pale grey cloth costume, white felt hat; Miss M. Agnew-Brown, dark red costume, faced with white, fawn

felt hat with plumes; Miss Williamson, check coat and skirt, wine-coloured velvet hat with roses; Miss M. Williamson, navy tailor-made coat and skirt, hat to match; Miss Giffingham, blue coat and skirt, scarlet hat.

ATKINS—WYATT.

A very pretty wedding was quietly solemnised at St. Alban's Church, Mt. Roskill road, by the Rev. Wingham on Wednesday, June 12th, when Mr Alfred Melvin Atkins, eldest son of Mr James Atkins, of Manakau, Manawatu, and Miss Aida Wyatt, third daughter of Mrs Wyatt, George-street, Mt. Roskill, and the late Mr George Wyatt, of Kauerau, Hokianga, were married. The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a trained gown of cream chiffon taffeta, lavishly trimmed with very beautiful lace and net. She also wore the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids, Miss Phoebe Wyatt and Miss Mabel Clarke, wore pretty dresses of worked muslin, much trimmed with blue lace, and carried very beautiful bouquets. The duties of best man and groomsmen were carried out by Messrs Walters and Melmond. After the ceremony, the guests were entertained to a very sumptuous breakfast by Mrs Wyatt at her residence. The presents were numerous and costly, and showed the esteem in which the bride and bridegroom are held. During the day many congratulatory telegrams and letters were received from distant friends. The happy couple left for their future home, and carried with them the best wishes of their many friends for their welfare and happiness.

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THE DELICATE SKIN

How it may retain its Health, Purity and Freshness through life.



THE skin being such a tender, delicate structure, it is comparatively easy for it to become dry, coarse and unhealthy. The pores which do the work of the skin in throwing off the impurities from the blood are of such a delicate nature, it stands to reason that foreign matter getting into these tiny passages must work irreparable harm to its functions. Thus, for instance, common toilet soaps that never should be used for cleansing the skin, owing to acids, sodas, and injurious fatty matter they contain, that dry up the oil of the skin and stop the passages, thus preventing the impurities from escaping. The purpose is to cleanse the skin, but absolutely no regard is paid as to the danger that may occur to its texture and health by its use; not at the time is this noticed, but in a few short years the skin becomes prematurely coarse, dry and wrinkled. If proper regard is paid to the nature of the soap you use, the skin will be as Nature intended it through life. There is no other article in the shape of soap for the domestic toilet, so pure, so healthful, and so fitted for the most tender, delicate skin as Zam-Buk Medicinal Toilet Soap. The skin regularly cleansed with it will retain its freshness, its glow, its purity, its health and its freedom from skin impurities and diseases for all time.

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SOAP

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2s for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BANKS. - On June 17th, at her residence, Drake-st., the wife of William Banks of a daughter (still-born, premature).
BUSH. - On June 18th, at her residence, Catherine Hill, Ponsbury, wife of M. Bush, of a daughter.
CRIPPER. - On June 10th, 1907, at their residence, Crummuird., Grey Lynn, the wife of F. A. Crupper, of a son.
DEVINE. - On Sunday, 10th June, at their residence, Avon-st., Parnell, to Mr and Mrs J. Devine, a son.
EDMONSON. - On June 15th, at her residence, First-come, Kingsland, the wife of H. Edmonson, of a daughter.
GUBB. - On May 28th, at Taupo, the wife of Thomas Alfred Gubb of a son, being grandson to Mrs Breese, Kaipara Plains.
GUBB. - On June 12th, at Port Albert, the wife of Percy C. Gubb, of a son; great grandson to Mr Joseph Grant.
HEWITT. - On June 13th, at Russell, Bay of Islands, the wife of E. G. Hewitt of a daughter (still-born).
MC CONACHIE. - On June 13th, at Dannevirke, the wife of John McConachie of a daughter. (Late of Auckland.)

MARRIAGES.

BARRITT-SADGROVE. - On April 11th, at Invercort, by the Rev. S. Guthrie, George Barritt to Margaret Sadgrove.
MASON. - BROWN. - On May 28th, 1907, at St. John's Church, Balmain, Sydney, by the Rev. W. J. Cameron, B.A., Marie Louise, daughter of W. H. Mason, Esq., superintendent of N.S.S. Sobran, Sydney, to Alan St. Clair, second son of John Brown, Esq., of Auckland.
NOON O'GARA. - On May 26th, at St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. Father Farlow, Ernest Edward, the second son of W. Noon, to Ivy Eiboward, the youngest daughter of J. O'Gara. Both of Auckland.
OSBORNE - TREVELYAN. - On 12th June, 1907, at St. Stephen's Presbyterian manse by the Rev. J. Macaulay Caldwell, Charles Muirhead Osborne, late of Glasgow, Scotland, to Emily Louise, eldest daughter of Francis John Trevelyan, of Auckland.

SILVER WEDDING.

SMITH-PEARSON. - On June 21st, 1882, at Exhall Parish Church, by the Rev. William Scott, vicar, David, youngest son of Mr John Smith, Longford, to Phoebe, eldest daughter of William Pearson, Ash Green, Exhall, near Coventry, Warwickshire, England. Coventry and Birmingham papers please copy.

DEATHS.

BAGNALL. - On June 23rd, at the residence, 5, St. John's Road, Martha, relict of the late Hon. George Bagnall, of Turua, and formerly of Prince Edward Island, Canada; aged 83 years.
BANKS. - On June 17th, at her late residence, Drake-st., Freeman's Bay, Dora, beloved wife of William Banks; aged 38 years.
BLAKE. - At Auckland Hospital, on June 18, Robert Birrell, youngest and dearly beloved son of the late George Blake, Pukekohe; aged 15 years.
BIRD. - On June 15th, 1907, at his late residence, Hampshire House, Hobson-st., Alfred Horace, the beloved husband of Mary Josephine Bird; aged 57 years.
CAMPBELL. - On June 19th, at his late residence, Great North-road, Duncan Campbell, late of Inverary, Argyshire, Scotland; aged 73 years.
CROCKETT. - On June 17th, at her residence, Mt. Eden-road, Sarah, relict of the late Atkins Crockett, in her 85th year. Deeply regretted. Her end was peaceful.
DAVIS. - On June 21st, 1907, Harry James, the beloved only child of Oswald Ernest and Flora Davis, and grandson of the late John Davie; aged 1 year and 3 months.
DAVIDSON. - On June 22nd, at her late residence, Gl. North-road, Ann Davidson, the beloved wife of James Davidson; aged 74 years.
GODWIN. - On July 23rd, at the residence of her son, Bella, Victoria Park, the wife of Mary Ann, relict of the late Charles Godwin, in her 82th year.
HEATH. - On June 22nd, at her late residence, Upper New-come, Ellen Amelia, the beloved wife of the late Ernest Heath, relict of John and Amelia Fuller, of Whangarei, New Zealand; aged 84.
"Forever with the Lord."
HILL. - On June 16th, at his parents' residence, Willow-st., Freeman's Bay, James Fraser Albert Hill, infant son of Elizabeth and Frederick Hill; aged 1 year and 6 months.
HOSKINS. - On June 22, at Ruth's Lodge, Clarendon-st., Parnell, Martha Hoskins, beloved wife of Arthur Hoskins, of Wai-tara; aged 74 years.

HORSBROFT. - On June 21st, 1907, at his parents' residence, Mangere, Gordon Gregory Fraser, the eldest and youngest dearly beloved son of Charles and Mary Anne Horsbroft, aged 5 years and 3 months.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.
KELLY. - On June 23rd, 1907, at his late residence, Upper Queen-st., after a long illness, born with great fortitude, Thomas Kelly, the beloved husband of Julia Kelly (nee Neugeant, daughter of Andrew Neugeant, late of Grenville Park, County Kilkenny, Ireland, aged 70 years. Home and American papers please copy.
LISTER. - At Onehunga, on June 19, 1907, Allan Luing, the dearly beloved infant son of Hugh and Annie Lister; aged 10 weeks.
MC CONNELL. - On June 17th, 1907, at the Cottage Home, Thomas McConnell; aged 89 years; late 62th Regt.
SPENCE. - On June 14th, 1907, at her residence, Teretonga, Ann, the beloved wife of William John Spence; aged 71 years. Dunedin papers please copy.
WALTON. - On Wednesday, 20th June, at her residence, Charlottest., Eden Terrace, Caroline, relict of the late J. Walton, and beloved mother of G. F. Borgolte, C. F. Borgolte, and C. Borgolte.
WELLS. - On June 16th, at his parents' residence, 11, Russell-st., P.O. 110, Robert Alexander, dearly beloved youngest son of Edw. and Agnes Wells; aged 14 months 3 weeks. Deeply regretted. R.I.P.
Southern papers please copy.

Partingtonisms.

A funny incident occurred at a bridge party the other night. A lady, who was decidedly inclined towards embonpoint, was partner to a particularly insensible old gentleman.
After making several terrific mistakes she finally perpetrated a blunder which absolutely lost them the game, whereupon her partner reproached her with considerable vehemence.
"Oh, but you know, major," she remonstrated, beseechingly, "you're quite a professional player, and I'm only a miniature!"
A good old lady was once visited by a clergyman, who asked her what place of worship she attended.
"Oh," she said, "I mostly goes to Church mornings, to Wesleyan afternoons, and to Congregational evenings."
"But don't you think," suggested the clergyman, "that it would be better to keep to one?"
"No, I don't," was the startling reply, "I don't hold with bigamy at all."
It was some little time before the reverend gentleman realised that "bigamy" was the word she was really thinking of.
It was the same old lady who had been much startled by a tramp loading and lurking near the house.
"Yes, my dear," she remarked to her niece, "his behaviour was so superstitious that I had to send Jane for a policeman."

MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Supernatural occurrences were the subject of conversation, when a business man told this story:—
"The day after our chief went off on his holidays last summer the clock in his private office stopped, and it never started to run again until the day after he returned, three months later."
"How did you account for the phenomenon?"
"Of our office-boy is a member of the Never-do what-you-don't-have-to Lodge of Amalgamated Countinghouse Assistants."

SCIENCE.

"If a man had an arm long enough to touch the sun and burn his fingers," said the professor, "he would not feel the pain for five thousand six hundred and ninety two years."
"And for how many thousand years could he be heard swearing about it, professor?" asked the anxious student in the second row.

ARCTIC ATTRACTIONS.

"I cannot imagine," said the woman with the short sleeves, "why in the world the Esquimaux live in their country after they have learned what it is to be had and seen in civilised places. Just think! They have no theatres, no hotels, no trains, no street cars, no shops, no schools, no churches, no clubs, no yachts, no scandals—they positively have nothing that we have."
"Possibly that is the reason they stay where they are," ventured the man in the dinner jacket.

Society Gossip

HAMILTON.

Dear Bee, June 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Wald entertained a number of friends to a delightful euchre and dance at their new residence on Wednesday evening. Music for dancing was played by Mrs. and Miss Bosworth. The dance, which was for the young people, took place in the large drawing-room upstairs, while the euchre, which was for the married folk, was played downstairs. Supper was laid in the dining-room. The first prizes were won by Miss Searanck and Mr. Shanaghan. Mrs. Brewis and Mrs. Stevens carried off the second prizes. Our hostess looked very graceful in rose-pink satin covered with handsome lace, pretty chiffon scarf; Mrs. Knight wore a very handsome gown of black satin trimmed with red roses and sequins; Mrs. Smith, white satin evening gown; Mrs. Mathew, very effective in red velvet skirt and pretty, cream blouse with strappings of red; Mrs. Sare, black silk; Mrs. Noble, pretty, blue glace silk gown; Mrs. Going, pale green silk; Mrs. Insoll, black; Mrs. Bond, cream evening dress; Mrs. Ward, sear, black silk; Mrs. Humphries, pale blue liberty silk evening gown; Mrs. Brewis, black satin bodice prettily finished with white chiffon; Mrs. Stevens, black silk; Mrs. Hume, pretty white silk gown; Miss Stevens, very pretty, pale pink liberty silk frock; Miss M. Cussen, handsome white satin, with touches of red; Miss Hunter looked pretty in white; Miss V. Hunter, white silk bodice, trimmed with red velvet and passementerie; Miss Bird, white lace gown; Miss C. Wallnut, white muslin trimmed with satin; Miss Chitty, pink brocade evening gown; Miss Holloway, black lace; Miss C. Holloway, pale yellow frock; Miss Knight looked nice in a very pretty, white rich evening frock, handsome theatre cloak; Miss Swarbrick, pale heliotrope silk; Miss O'Neill, white silk; Miss M. O'Neill looked graceful in pale gray silk with touches of pink; Miss McAdham, white evening gown; Miss Searanck, black lace evening frock.

ZILLAH

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, June 21.

What would we do in the winter without golf? and last Saturday was just an ideal day for playing, a dull sunless day, with a fresh breeze blowing, and no rain to speak of. There were a number of players out, and some good scores were handed in. The delicious afternoon tea provided by Miss D. Bright and Miss D. Chrisp, was greatly appreciated.

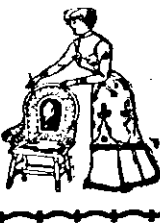
Mrs. R. Sherratt, and Miss Sherratt gave

A MOST DELIGHTFUL DANCE

in the Patutahi Hall, last Tuesday night, and like the rest of country dances, it was largely enjoyed. As usual, the weather did its utmost (but without success) to spoil arrangements, but none of the guests were compelled to stay away. The hall, which holds about 30 couples, was just comfortably filled, and a dainty supper was spread in an adjoining room. Mrs. R. Sherratt wore black crepe-de-chine; Miss Sherratt wore pale blue silk muslin, with Valenciennes lace frills; Miss K. Sherratt, soft white book muslin tucked with a soft fall of lace on bodice; Mrs. F. Pa-

PHYLLIS BROWN.

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lullo, pale pink Louisenne silk, with ceru applique; Mrs. W. Tomblson, black satin, veiled with sequined tulle; Mrs. Max-Jackson, soft white accordion-pleated silk with ceru insertion; Mrs. Pamare (Wellington), soft cream silk, scarlet sash and poppies; Miss C. Foster, pale blue silk; Miss G. Pyke, blue point de soie, with blue embroidered chiffon; Miss Cook (Christchurch), black silk taffetas, touches of cream; Miss D. Rutledge, emerald green crepe-de-chine, corsage arranged with cream lace; Miss Monckton, black crepe-de-chine, relieved with white; Miss D. Monckton, black silk muslin, deep vest of rows of ceru Valenciennes lace; Miss E. Grey, white silk with white silk lace; Miss Gillingham, soft white silk crimson flowers; Miss M. Agnew-Browne, white silk, with frills of lace; Miss Nolan, black Merveilleux silk, white lace berthe; Miss E. Nolan, soft white muslin, berthe threaded with pale blue ribbons; Miss H. Woodbine-Johnson, soft pink silk, pink sash; Miss Ferguson, white crepe de chine; Miss F. Scott, pink satin, with an over skirt of silk lace; Miss E. Clark, black chiffon taffetas, vest and tucker of cream net; Miss C. Boylan, pink silk, touches of black.

Mrs. J. W. Bright gave

A MOST ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY

last Wednesday night. The dancing room was used for euchre, and ten or eleven tables were kept merrily going during the evening. After supper, the rooms were cleared, and dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning. Mrs. J. W. Bright received her guests in a black Merveilleux silk dress; Miss Bright, pale blue satin blouse, black crepe-de-chine skirt; Miss D. Bright, soft white silk, frills edged with cerise ribbon; Miss German (Christchurch), white embroidered muslin; Mrs. A. Hill, cream chine blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. A. Maude, black satin, with berthe of cream lace and violets; Mrs. B. Johnston, cream lace gown, trimmed with sequined lace; Miss B. Murray, white chiffon taffetas, trimmed with white embroidered chiffon; Miss L. Coleman, pale grey crepe-de-chine, with silver passementerie on bodice; Miss E. Wyllie, ball blue silk with cream lace; Miss Pale, pale yellow silk, cream lace sleeves and berthe; Miss Townley, white lace over white silk; Miss Ferguson, white crepe-de-chine; Miss Boylan, pale pink floral muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss Nolan, black silk with white lace; Miss E. Nolan, cream silk ceru insertion; Miss C. Foster, white silk decolletage arranged with crimson velvet ribbon; Miss G. Pyke, pale green crepe-de-chine, with bands of deeper green velvet; Miss E. Crawford, soft pink silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss D. Christ, white crepe-de-chine, berthe of silk Maltese lace; Miss Willis, cau-de-nil silk, cream lace; Miss B. Black, soft white silk, with silk lace; Miss Hesketh, black satin, deep red roses; Miss H. Agnew-Browne, pale blue floral muslin with cream lace.

A VERY SUCCESSFUL CONCERT

was given last night by Mrs. Howie, assisted by the leading local vocalists, and despite the rough night, His Majesty's Theatre was well filled. The club orchestra also helped towards the success of the evening, and the accompaniments were played by Mrs. Hooper and Mr. E. Christ.

EISA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, June 22. The Misses Humphries and their pupils gave a most

ENJOYABLE DANCE

at the Freemasons' Hall last Tuesday evening. On account of scarcity of flowers the supper table was charmingly decorated with ferns and grasses, the credit being due to the Misses Hanna. Excellent music was supplied by Mrs. Arnold George. Miss Humphries wore a black satin evening dress, white chiffon tucker with scarlet roses on corsage; Mrs. H. Humphries, black satin, white lace berthe; Mrs. Wright, black silk with frills of white chiffon on corsage, finished with tucker of same; Miss Capel, black satin relieved with white; Miss B. Capel, white silk trimmed with

lace, relieved with pale pink roses on corsage; Mrs. Penn, white crepe de chine with scarlet Empire belt; Miss Hanna, black silk decolletage prettily trimmed with cream; Miss N. Hanna, pale blue silk, with cream lace trimmings; Miss Brewster, turquoise blue full skirt, bodice relieved with cream, tucker of cream net threaded with pale blue; Miss T. Hoaking, white tuckered muslin, with pale blue folded silk belt; Miss L. Ryan, cream tuckered voile inset with lace; Miss Free, ciel blue satin profusely trimmed with white net; Miss V. Kirkby, white book muslin with yellow satin belt finished with yellow roses in coiffure; Miss Collis, pretty pale blue silk, with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. H. Stocker, white tuckered and inserted silk; Miss M. Webster, pale blue silk, pretty floral silk belt; Miss E. O'Brien, very pretty shell pink silk, daintily trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss G. O'Brien, white muslin with pale blue folded silk belt; Miss Buxton, white silk; Miss N. McConnell, white embroidered muslin, pale green chiffon sash; Miss Maece, rose pink nunsvelling, trimmed with black velvet bows; Miss Evans, white nunsvelling, full skirt, berthe of white lace; Miss Davidson, pale heliotrope silk profusely trimmed with silver sequins, chiffon and ribbon; Mrs. Preston, black skirt, cream satin blouse; Miss Preston, cream; Misses Black (2), white muslin tuckered and inserted; Miss Knott looked well in white silk, prettily trimmed with lace and insertion; Miss G. Colson, white muslin; Miss E. Reunell, handsome black sequined net over glass; Miss Howell, pale blue muslin, red roses on corsage, white chiffon rosettes in hair; Miss Howell, cream, etc.

Last Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Olive Deacon gave a most

DELICIOUS DANCE

at their residence, on the South-road, in honour of their son and daughter, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, and the barometer nearly at freezing point, the dance was thoroughly enjoyed. The verandah canvased in made cosy rendezvous for the dancers, while the supper was served in one of the off-rooms, the table being prettily decorated with roses and camellias. Mrs. Deacon received her guests in a very handsome black brocaded glace with cream silk vest, finished with sequined passementerie; Miss May Deacon, pale oyster grey silk blouse, transparent yoke, black silk skirt, satin empire belt; Mrs. Armitage, black silk relieved with white lace; Miss King, ciel blue muslin, cross-over blouse white lace berthe; Miss D. Gray, eau-de-nil muslin with a deep three-frilled skirt, cream lace yoke, satin folded Empire belt; Miss Bedford, white muslin with vandyked frills on skirt, pale blue silk belt, and ribbon threaded through hair; Miss L. Brown, cream accordion-pleated voile, bodice trimmed with frills of lace; Miss Standish, pale pink and blue floral voile, profusely trimmed with tiny frills silk folded belt, cream net tucker; Miss D. Bedford, cream spotted silk, trimmed with folded silk ribbon, full skirt, finished with tucks; Miss Roy, white muslin with lace yoke, pale blue satin belt and ends; Miss D. Roy, white book muslin, lace berthe full-frilled skirt; Mrs. Brewster, white net, with tiny frills on decolletage, red roses in coiffure; Miss Bayley, white embroidered muslin, full skirt, blue Empire belt, scarf, cream and pale blue floral chiffon; Miss D. Whitcombe, turquoise blue muslin, with cross-over blouse, chemisette or frilled Valenciennes lace; Miss Webster, cream tuckered taffetas, trimmed with frills of lace, spray of pale pink roses on corsage; Miss L. Webster, pale blue silk, with berthe and tucker of white lace; Miss Hoskin, black silk, real lace berthe, finished with sprays of pink roses on corsage; Misses S. and M. Thomson, white muslins, with coloured sashes; Miss A. Cuffield, cream silk, with scarlet sash and ribbons in hair; Miss Myra Kerr, cream silk blouse, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, cream cloth skirt, rose pink ribbon bows in hair; Miss G. Kyngdon, rose pink silk; Miss M. Addenbrooke, white tuckered and inserted muslin, scarlet sash and ribbons in hair; Miss V. Simpson, white book muslin, lace frills and scarlet roses on decolletage; Miss E. Simpson, white muslin; Miss L. Skinner, eau-de-nil muslin with three fold frilled skirt, cream lace yoke, finished with red roses; Miss M. Skinner, white muslin, scarlet roses on corsage; Miss Doris Skinner, white muslin with pale blue silk belt, and bows of ribbon in hair, etc.

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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 washrinkable and inexpensive. The 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 costume and suits for Boating, Biking, Tennis, and other recreations.

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

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At the Omata Hall, last Friday, the Waiheka Hockey Club held a very

DELIGHTFUL DANCE.

many from town sojourning there, to swell the happy throng. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns, flags, and hockey sticks, while in a marquee adjoining, supper was served. Great credit was due to the ladies' committee, headed by Mesdames Clemon and Albert Bayly, for the way in which everything was carried out in such a successful manner. Among those present were:— Mrs. E. Bayly, cream voile, trimmed with frills of lace, folded silk belt; Mrs. H. Stocker, pink silk veiled in net; Miss Hooker, cream silk, prettily trimmed with lace and ribbon; Miss M. Webster, cream tulle-voile, satin Empire belt; Miss Prichard, pink silk, cream lace berthe; Miss Sinclair looked well in black velvet relieved with white lace; Miss Hanna, black silk; Miss N. Hanna, pale blue silk with cream lace trimmings; Miss Doris Skinner, pretty pale green voile with frills of white lace on corsage; Miss R. Crawford, pink silk with scarlet belt and roses on decolletage; Miss Amy Crawford, white frilled silk; Miss Hall, pale blue voile, with white lace trimmings; Mrs. Clemon looked well in black satin with white lace berthe; Miss Pounwarden, cream silk, tucked and inserted with lace; Miss L. Webster, pretty cream voile; Miss V. Simpson, white muslin, with red roses on corsage; Miss S. McAllum, white frilled muslin, pale blue Empire belt; Miss G. Ware, white book muslin, trimmed with satin bebe ribbon; Miss Crawford, pretty pale pink silk, white lace frills, on corsage; Mrs. Honeyfield, Mrs. O'Dowda, pretty black silk with scarlet roses on decolletage; Misses Vickers, white muslins; Misses Tirrell, black silks, relieved with white.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, June 21,

Last Monday, Miss McLean gave

A VERY JOLLY TEA

in honour of Miss Rutledge and the Misses Snodgrass. The invitations were only issued to fair girls, and about twenty blushing maidens assembled in Mrs. McLean's pretty drawing room. A prize was presented to the fairest girl present, which was won by Miss Rutledge. Mrs. J. McLean possesses the charming knack of making all at home, and it was impossible not to enjoy oneself. During the afternoon we had a very interesting book, poems, plays and songs competition, the prizes were won by Misses Todd and Kennedy. Mrs. Levin's pretty voice is always in great request, and Misses McLean and Snodgrass gave several pianoforte solos during the afternoon. Mrs. McLean wore a dainty pale green voile skirt, pretty green silk and lace blouse; Miss McLean wore a smart pale blue tulle blouse, lace yoke, grey skirt; Miss Levin, dary blue Eton costume, white lace blouse, large black picture hat, black feathers; Miss Chapman, very becoming grey costume, touches of French blue, smart small white felt hat, with wings; Miss Jardine, grey striped Eton coat and skirt, touches of white, pretty grey hat, clusters of pink roses, and grey ribbons; Miss Hotley, navy blue tailor-made costume, blue felt

hat with quills; Miss N. Hoadley, smart French grey cloth frock, trimmed with lace, folded belt, blue cloth picture hat with brown drooping feathers; Miss Kennedy, violet cloth frock, bound with velvet, violet hat with wreath of maiden-hair fern; Miss Crosse, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown hat trimmed with pink and red roses; Miss Kettle, blue Eton costume, blue and green picture hat; Miss Rutledge (Australia), dainty pale grey smart coat and skirt, white chiffon picture hat; Miss Thompson (Christchurch), purple tailored coat and skirt, purple hat, grey feathers, white furs; Miss Teed, navy blue costume, cream stoife, becoming cream velvet hat; Miss Todd, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, small dark blue felt hat; Miss Fannin, grey striped long coat and skirt, blue hat; Miss Snodgrass, neat navy blue costume, smart little blue felt hat; Miss Snodgrass also wore navy blue frock and hat; Miss Hinzmarsh, dark green coat and skirt, white velvet blouse, pretty white cloth hat, with quills; Miss T. Margoliouth, dark brown coat and skirt, pretty furs, white picture hat.

THE RACES.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club were not favoured with their usual nice weather this meeting. It rained steadily the first day, and simply poured the second. Consequently, those of the fair sex who ventured out were unable to wear their race frocks, and garbed themselves in coats and short skirts. It is hopeless, and it would be monotonous, to describe the dresses as it would be "long grey coat, motor cap," but amongst those present were:—Lady Russell, the Misses Russell, Mrs. J. Gordon, Mrs. H. Wilson, Mrs. C. Bennett, Mrs. Elkington, Mrs. C. Cato, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Bradley, Miss McLenon, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Speedy, Mrs. Gilbertson, Miss Gilbertson, Miss Kennedy, Miss Burke, Mrs. Gore, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Haggitt, Mrs. Nantes, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Newbigin, Mrs. Lane, Miss Simcox, Miss Braithwaite, Miss Crosse, Mrs. Mackersey, Mrs. Crosse, etc.

MARJORIE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, June 21.

Last Monday Mrs. S. Gordon gave A VERY NOVEL AFTERNOON TEA in honour of Mrs. Lacy Peake, of Cambridge, who is staying in Wanganui. Each guest was given a paper with questions to be answered. These consisted of the names of guests at a dinner party, all being famous authors, and the menu of the dinner. The questions were most original and clever, most of them being so well hidden that it required a great deal of thought to answer them. Miss M. Mating guessed the largest number, and her prize was a pretty Liberty teapot, jug and basin. Mrs. Gordon received her guests in a black silk and brocade gown relieved with cream lace; Miss Gresson wore a pretty cream silk blouse with lace and insertion, black skirt. Amongst the guests were Mesdames Lacy Peake (Cambridge), Dodgshun, Blundell, Stevenson, Christie, Mackay, Gonville Saunders, Wall, Fairburn, Sargeant, Gifford, Marshall, Meldrum, Clay, Greenwood, Hughes John-

ston, Misses Jones (2), Stanford (2), Moore, Mating (Christchurch), Stryker, Nixon, Roberts (Ashburton), Pratt and others.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Dodgshun gave

AN ENJOYABLE BRIDGE PARTY.

in honour of her daughter, Mrs. Lacy Peake. The ladies' prize was won by Miss Jones—a pretty China vase, and the men's, a cut glass and silver match bowl, by Mr. Russell Stevenson. Amongst those present were Mesdames Blundell, P. Lewis, Dodgshun, Wall and L. Peake, Misses Jones, Stanford, Wilford, Allison, Brewer, Bernard Brown, Gresson, Ashcroft, Blundell, Christie, McNeill, Messrs. Anderson, Stevenson, Willis, Silk, Dodgshun, Lacy Peake, and Dodgshun.

GOLF.

Wednesday was a very cold and wintry day, and the attendance at the golf links was poor, owing, no doubt, to the weather. Afternoon tea was provided by Misses Hadfield and Hardcastle. Amongst those on the links were Mesdames Sargeant, Stewart, Misses Cave, Christie, Knapp, Hadfield, Wilford, Polson, Todd (2), Hardcastle, Stanford and others.

ANDREW BLACK

and his talented concert company gave a great musical treat in the Opera House on Tuesday evening. The night was bitterly cold, and consequently most of the audience were wearing coats, but I will describe those I could see. Mrs. James Wall wore a becoming pale pink crepe de chine gown with berthe of deep cream lace, white coat edged with white fur; Mrs. Saunders, black silk gown profusely trimmed with cream lace; she also wore a beautiful black chiffon scarf embroidered with gold sequins and black velvet bows in her coiffure; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, black silk with berthe of cream lace, black silk opera coat with deep revers of cream satin and lace, white ostrich feather stole; Mrs. Empson, black chiffon taffeta gown with deep berthe of real lace, cream opera coat; Miss Aeland (Christchurch), black chiffon taffeta gown with lace on her corsage; Miss Moore, black crepe de chine with transparent lace yoke, cream silk opera coat, the wide collar was covered with cream lace, shoulder scarf of turquoise blue silk; Miss Mating (Christchurch), black silk evening gown with berthe of lace, white opera cloak edged with fur; Miss Fraser, black silk gown relieved with cream lace; Mrs. Polson, black silk with vest and revers of cream lace; Miss Polson, cream silk blouse with lace and insertion; Miss Todd wore a French evening blouse of wide blue floral ribbon, with stripes of insertion and sleeves of lace, black silk skirt; her sister wore a similar blouse in pale pink shaded floral ribbon and lace, black silk skirt, in her coiffure were entwined pale blue ribbons; Mrs. H. Wilson, cream crepe de chine gown with lace on corsage, long cream cloth coat with cape collars banded with wide cream silk fancy braid and edged with pale green shaded embroidery and green velvet ornaments; Mrs. Sanderson, black satin gown, with cream lace on the corsage forming a berthe effect; Mrs. S. Izard, grey shaded silk gown with lace, brown coat with wide collar of shaded brown

fur; Miss Cameron, black silk and velvet costume with collar of real lace; her sister wore a black crepe de chine frock with tucker of cream tulle; Mrs. Nixon, black silk with lace; Miss Roberts (Ashburton), pink satin blouse with cream lace, black skirt. There were also present—Messrs. Wilson, Wray, Peck, G. Saunders, Allan, Anderson, Palmer (2), Neame and Dr. Lyons.

A record house greeted the

JULIUS KNIGHT-WILLIAMSON COMPANY

on Wednesday evening, when "Raffles" was staged at the Opera House, the staging and mounting were excellent, but the play itself was somewhat disappointing. Amongst the very large and fashionable audience I noticed Mrs. Kitchen in a beautiful cream chiffon taffeta gown with cream lace; Miss Willis in a dainty white embroidered muslin gown; her sister wore a white silk with lace and shoulder scarf of painted chiffon; Mrs. Blundell, pale green silk blouse with bands of cream insertion, black silk skirt, white opera cloak edged with white feather trimming; Miss Blundell, pale pink crepe de chine frock, the skirt made with wide French tucks, berthe of frills of narrow Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Pratt, black silk gown, the corsage had a Vandycked collar of fine cream net lace, opera coat of cream embroidered silk; Mrs. Imly Saunders wore a beautiful gown of pale blue chiffon taffeta with ruchings of the silk and lace on her corsage, in her coiffure she wore a gold spray ornament; Mrs. Wall, cream silk evening frock, long pale blue satin opera coat, with high storm collar edged with white fur; Miss Imlay, black chiffon taffeta gown with cream lace yoke and berthe effect; Mrs. Saunders, black silk and lace gown with shoulder scarf of cream silk; Mrs. Gonville Saunders, black evening gown, with berthe of lace, opera coat of silk with wide cream satin collar veiled in lace; Mrs. Dodgshun, black broadened silk muslin gown, with transparent yoke of cream lace and berthe of killed chiffon; Mrs. Lacy Peake, cream silk muslin gown, with yoke of cream lace and fall of the same; Miss Anderson, long crimson cloth opera coat, edged with fur; Mrs. G. Pharaayn (Feilding), beautiful cream silk and lace frock; Mrs. S. Izard, long brown coat with wide shaded brown fur collar; Mrs. James Watt, black chiffon taffetas with berthe of real lace; Mrs. Kuffel, black silk gown with lace, black silk coat with wide cuffs, collar and revers of cream satin; Mrs. F. Moore, black evening gown with lace; Miss Baird, cream silk gown with yoke of lace and cream opera coat; Mrs. Van Asch (Waitotara), black silk with berthe of lace, blue cloth opera coat; Mrs. R. Jackson, black chiffon taffetas gown with cream lace; Mrs. Bayley wore a long, very smart green cloth opera coat, with bands of velvet a deeper shade; Miss Jackson, becoming black silk gown with berthe of cream silk applique and full elbow sleeves; Mrs. H. Wilson, cream crepe de chine gown with lace, cream cloth opera coat with wide bands of silk braid, the collar was edged with green silk embroidery and green velvet buttons; Miss Wilford, cream chiffon taffeta frock with lace on corsage, pastel blue cloth opera coat, with white Fox stole; Mrs. Fairburn, black silk and lace, cream opera cloak edged with fur; Mrs. H. Nixon, black silk evening gown with berthe of

DAINTY EVENING GOODS

At McCULLAGH & GOWER'S for young Ladies' PARTY DRESSES and BLOUSES.

DOUBLE-WIDTH MERCERISED MOUS- SELINE DE SOIE, White, 1 1/2 and 1/4; Pink, Sky, Nil, Lemon, Turquoise, Card, etc., 1/18, very effective.	Hello, Lt. Green, Silver Grey, etc., 5/11; Ivory, Pink, V. Rose, Sky, Nil, etc., 6/11.
NUNS' VEILINGS, good range at 1/34. JAP. SILKS — 20in wide (first choice), Pink, Turquoise, Hilo, Gold, Lt. Green, etc., 10/4; 23in do, similar colours, 1/64.	THE NEW RABBIT, in Ivory, Lt. Green, or Black, 5/11; Single Dress Lengths in Exquisite Painted Chiffon or Bal- dum, Roses, Chrysanthemums, etc., 31/0 to 79/6 each (8 to 12 yards D.W. in piece).
DOUBLE WIDITH "NINON" VOILE, Sky, Hello, Turquoise, Reseda, Navy, Lt. Grey, etc., very graceful, 3/6 yard.	A few Handsome "Short Notice" BOX DRESSES in White Net, 29/11 to 63/6; some with Applique, Ribbon, and Chif- fon Flowers, 79/6 each.
"NINON DE ROIE" — Novelty in Black, 5/11 (double width)	CLOTHS FOR OPERA CLOAKS, etc. — 2/11 to 5/6 yard; Special Pink, Grey, Card, V. Rose, Hello, etc., 3/11 yard; Corduroy and Plain Velveteen in Ivory, Cream, etc., very fine quality, 1/4 to 3/6 yard.
D.W. FANCY WHITE CHIFFON (with leaf design in Black, Green, or Yel- low) — 1/11	
GREAT FAVOURITES — Chiffon Taf- fetas, 2/6 and 2/9 yard; 40-44 inch do.,	

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cream lace; Miss Nixon, pale pink crepe de chine gown with lace; Mrs Polson, black silk with vest and revers of cream lace; Mrs Todd black silk gown with V-shaped vest of cream gauged net and lace; Miss Todd, pale pink floral ribbon blouse with bands of lace and sleeves of the same, black skirt; her sister wore a pale blue floral ribbon blouse made with alternate bands of ribbon and lace, pale blue ribbon in her coiffure, black silk skirt; Miss Polson, cream silk with lace and insertion, blue ribbons threaded in her coiffure; Mrs Clay, white silk evening gown with lace, cream opera cloak; Miss Jones, black chiffon taffetas with silver sequin net on the corsage and pearl berthe effect; her sister wore a pale pink silk frock with folded silk outlining the corsage; Mrs Empson, black silk with lace and cream opera coat; Mrs Hutton, pale pink crepe de chine gown with lace; Miss Empson, cream silk evening gown, cream opera coat; Mrs Currie, Oriental-shaded silk evening blouse with lace, black silk skirt; Miss Maling, black silk gown with berthe of cream lace, cream opera cloak.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, June 21.

The principal event of the week has been

THE WINTER SHOW.

The weather was fine but cold, and the attendance all it should have been. Hunting competitions, football matches, and many other amusements were provided for the entertainment of the public. On the first two days I noticed present Mrs A. Guy wearing a long grey coat and small black velvet hat with black tips; Mrs A. Webster (Wellington), navy blue coat and skirt, green cloth collar and cuffs, black crinoline hat with black feather; Mrs Freeman Jackson, long fawn coat, brown hat with green velvet and green wing; Mrs Bruce Beale, dark brown cloth coat and skirt, stone marten furs and muff, electric blue toque; Mrs Hankins, navy blue costume; navy hat with plaid trimming; Mrs Warburton, black with white stripe coat and skirt, navy hat with green and navy plaid ribbon; Mrs J. Pascal, green tweed coat and skirt, green hat with green wing; Miss Pascal in navy blue, cream hat; Mrs Barnicot, navy blue costume, coat made with basque, white hat with grey wings; Mrs Hewitt, in black, with sealskin coat, violet hat with two shades of violet silk trimming; Mrs Greig, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, white embroidered facings on coat, brown hat with pompadour ribbon and grapes; Mrs Levien, navy blue costume, brown toque; Mrs Watson, long black and white check coat, blue hat with black tip; Miss Watson, navy blue Norfolk coat and skirt, white furs, sailor hat with scarlet band; Mrs A. U. Gibbons, grey coat and skirt, sable cape, black hat; Mrs Loughnan, grey plaid costume peacock blue velvet hat with silk and wings of same shade; Mrs C. F. Waldegrave in black, long embroidered coat, black hat with black tips; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, navy skirt, scarlet coat, sailor hat with scarlet band; Mrs Renell, navy blue sac coat and skirt, green scarf, navy mushroom hat; Miss Bell, long cream and brown check coat, brown scarf, sailor hat with brown band; Miss K. Bell, navy Norfolk coat and skirt, sailor hat with scarlet band; Mrs W. Fitzherbert in navy blue coat made with deep basque, scarlet hat; Mrs F. S. McRae, navy blue costume, stone marten furs, navy mushroom hat with green and navy plaid ribbon; Mrs Beudall in brown coat made with basque, cream hat with shaded cream and brown tip; Miss Keeling in brown, white hat with white wing; Mrs McKnight, cornflower blue coat and skirt, sable furs, pale blue felt hat with blue peacock feathers; Mrs Randolph in black, with black caracal coat, black toque with black tips; Miss Randolph in navy blue made with very snug coat, dark green silk collar, sable furs, navy hat with tip, and green roses; Miss F. Randolph in navy blue, white scarf, navy felt hat with wings; Mrs D. O. Shute in brown, sable coat, brown hat with brown tulle and cerise roses; Mrs W. Keeling in cream, cream caracal coat, violet velvet hat with roses of same shade; Mrs Lang, long green coat, black toque with black tip; Mrs S. Luxford, grey coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs Buick, brown and blue plaid costume, coat made with basque, brown furs, black toque; Miss Buick in navy blue, plaid silk collar and

cuffs, brown toque; Miss Lily Buick, dark red costume, long navy blue coat, navy felt hat with scarlet wings; Miss — Buick, navy blue sac coat and skirt, navy hat with green wing; Mrs S. Hume in blue, long black and white check coat, navy hat with pale blue silk trimming; Miss Knight in brown, brown toque with green wing; Mrs Nielson in black, sealskin coat, black hat with black and violet silk rosettes; Miss Akers, fawn coat and skirt, white cloth collar, fawn hat with fawn quills; Miss — Akers, grey coat and skirt, with cloth collar, grey hat with grey silk ruching.

GOLF.

The ladies bogey competition played on the Hokowhitu links on Tuesday resulted in a tie between Miss Slack and Mrs Munro for first place. Mrs MacPherson won the junior match. Next Tuesday a ladies' foursome match will be played for prizes presented by Mrs Warburton.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, June 21.

A long week of rainy weather has ended and to-day we are having it brilliantly fine, with hard frost at night, and an exhilarating cold nip in the air. Healthy people are enjoying it, but I hear of a good many people temporarily invaded. So far, there has not been very much going on, and the departure of the Knight Company has left theatre-goers bewailing. Music lovers are rejoicing in the near arrival of Marie Hall, and the prospect of delightful concerts.

MRS. PROUSE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

Driving rain, and a bitter wind only made the interior of "Cricklewood," Mrs. Prouse's residence, seem more inviting on Wednesday afternoon, when she gave a tea in honour of her guest, Mrs. Dr. Stopford, of Auckland.

Exquisite white lilies and trails of tinted leaves combined to make a charming table decorations, and bowls of winter hydrangea were placed about the drawing-room. The musical programme was excellent, the only contributors being Mr. Prouse, together with his daughter and sons. A diverting recitation by Mrs. Malcolm Ross, on the "Trials of an Inventor's Wife," was greatly enjoyed. Selections on a giant graphophone were also appreciated by a large audience. Mr. and Mrs. Prouse were indefatigable in looking after their guests, and they were ably assisted by Miss Connie Prouse and her brothers.

The hostess received in a beautiful dress of rich brown poplin, relieved with velvet, and having ruffles and a vest of tinted lace. Mrs. Stopford looked very well in mauve floral taffetas, with vandyked bands of black velvet, and mauve ruchings, yoke of lace with rosettes of black velvet; Miss C. Prouse, reseda crepe-de-chine, with applique cords and tassels of the same material yoke and sleeve ruffles of Alecon lace; Mrs. MacEwan, black dress, seal coat and velvet hat with roses; Miss Barnett, green cloth, with velvet coat of the same shade, hat with tinted dahlias; Mrs. Carminer, pale grey tweed, white felt hat with wings; Mrs. Finch, black tailor-made, smart toque; Miss Finch, navy cloth, and hat with shaded roses; Miss Stafford, black cloth, and hat composed of roses and their leaves.

It is good testimony to the success of

THE CINDERELLA DANCES

at the Hutt, that so many young people go out from Wellington to enjoy them. Last Tuesday was a bitter night, but it only made dancers more keen, and the floor was so good that one fell one could dance for ever. The Hutt Valley is celebrated for flowers, and the decorations at the dance were particularly charming; white and rose-pink carnations with their glossy dark leaves adorned the supper tables, and bowls of white and yellow narcissus made the air deliciously fragrant. Among the guests I noticed: Mrs. Elliott wearing black crepe-de-chine; Miss Elliott, in mauve and white floral silk, and a chine belt; Miss Waldegrave (Palmerston North), white radium silk and lace; Miss Pratt (Nelson), white taffetas, embroidered in gold; Miss D. Webb, white muslin filled with Valenciennes lace, pale blue belt;

Miss Egan, white crepe-de-chine; Miss Haybittle, white taffetas and roses; Mrs. Robinson, Cardinal taffetas and lace bertha; Miss E. Bolkanley, pale blue crepe-de-chine; Miss Buckhurst, white taffetas and roses; Miss Lee, a charming white muslin dress with touches of satin ribbon; Miss M. Lee, white chiffon satin relieved with pale blue; Miss Johnston, maize taffetas with many frills of narrow lace; Miss Jones, white crepe-de-chine; Miss Simpson, white taffetas; Miss Dadmin, white muslin, the flounces hemmed with satin bebe ribbon; Miss Lambert, white book muslin, with effective and uncommon touches of sky blue; Miss Seaton, white taffetas.

THE ANNUAL DANCE GIVEN BY THE COLLEGE OLD BOYS

was a very cheerful function, and went off with great spirit. The decorations were mainly black and yellow, in order to carry out the College colours, and in the supper-room an effective note was struck by masses of crimson holly leaves. All the arrangements were excellent, and the committee is to be warmly congratulated. Mrs. J. P. Firth wore sky blue taffetas with an overdress of lace and a long trail of pink roses; Mrs. Hislop was in black taffetas and sequins; Mrs. Blundell, black brocade and lace; Miss Richardson, sky blue satin and frills of lace; Miss Richardson, lilac taffetas with silver embroideries; Miss Stevenson, black taffetas with trellis work of velvet and appliques of lace; Miss Palmer (Napier), pale blue satin and chiffon; Mrs. Palmer, shrimp pink lace; Miss Hannah, mauve gauze with lace and embroideries; Miss Hannah pastel crepe-de-chine; Miss Lewis, chine silk and lace; Miss Mee, a coraset gown of black silk, with an overdress of sequined net; Miss Buchanan (Christchurch), pink crepe-de-chine and lace; Miss Solomon, a quantity, pretty gown of white muslin, elaborately lounced and worn with a chine sash; Miss Kirkcaldie, an effective dress of deep red ninon-de-soie; Miss Kirkcaldie, pale pink taffetas with narrow frills of lace; Miss R. Jacobson, white satin and embroidered chiffon; Miss Brandon, white taffetas and lace; Miss Ven. Staveren, chiffon taffetas with lace bertha; Miss Smith, pastel crepe-de-chine; Miss Ashbalt, opal taffetas; Miss Shannon, ivory crepe-de-chine and lace frills.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, June 19.

THE MUSICAL UNION

gave its first concert of the season last week in His Majesty's Theatre. In the first part of the programme, "Hine-moa," by Mr. Alfred Hill, was excellently given. The light and florid music suited Mrs. Gower Burns' voice to perfection. The other soloists were: Messrs. Hockley, Hawker and Marsh. The choruses were full of life and vigour, and some of them were loudly encored. The large audience was most enthusiastic and appreciative. In the second part the well-known ballad, "The Revenge," the words by Lord Tennyson, was sung. The society may be congratulated on the success of the opening night of its season, for the concert was an altogether enjoyable one. A few of those present were:—Mrs. Julius, Mrs. and Miss Ellworthy, Mrs. John Deans, Miss Deans, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, Miss Wood, Mrs. Michael Campbell, the Misses Campbell, Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. Arthur Harper, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, Mr. and the Misses Jamieson, Mr. Devenish Meares, the Misses Meares, Mrs. and Miss Reere, Mr. and Mrs. W. Day, Mrs. and Miss Townsend, Mrs. and Miss Bourne, the Misses Burns, Miss Ainger, Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Miss Fox.

GOLFING

proves a particularly fascinating pastime during this cold wintry weather, and the Shirley Links are very gay and lively. The "Yankee Tournament" still occupies attention, but it has almost drawn to a close. On Wednesday the Junior monthly medal match was played, and Miss C. Kettle proved to be the winner. A bogey match was played on Friday for Miss Cowlishaw's prize, a dainty enamel teaspoon, which was won by Miss Rutherford, Miss Harley coming second.

COMING EVENTS.

There was quite a full in society doings last week—no bridge parties, no dances, no afternoon teas, and no dinners to tell you of. Mrs. Croxton's dance takes place to-night, at her residence, Springfield-road, St. Albans. The Canterbury College students will hold their annual dance on diploma day, June 26th. The Canterbury Rowing Club will give a dance on July 9th, in the Art Gallery. Invitations have been sent out by Mrs. M. Methell (Colverden), for a dance to be held next month.

DOLLY VALE.

PHONE 709.

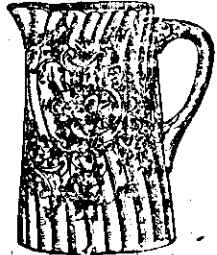
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A Boon to Ladies

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Sold by Chemists everywhere.

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OVER THE TEACUPS BOUDOIR GOSSIP FOR LADY READERS . . .

Politeness in Burglars.

The polite burglar will not necessarily stop at words, says the "Globe." He cannot indeed do so the moment politeness is torn within him. His very soul will cry out against such an outrage. What are words when the plate-basket takes to itself wings? What are words when the smartly descending jenny comes in contact with a householder's cranium? Empty nothings. The polite burglar will not stick at words; he at least will leave on the mantelpiece the burglary insurance policy that with kindly forethought he has taken out in his victim's name a month or two before his visit; he will at least leave on the stricken man's chest a note to the effect that the writer is insured in the Burglars' Assurance Company, and that the other party clause entitles the victim of "force majeure" to a sum of thirty shillings a week for a period of not more than six weeks, and that the first instalment will be paid in seven days time in postal orders of face value or bank notes (counterfeit) at a very profitable discount, at the choice of the recipient.

But enough of the William de Sykes of the future and the Albany, what of the present? What have we to show, beyond the message left in the County Council refreshment room in Dulwich Park, that the burglarious fraternity has slipped on a veneer of good manners with the kid gloves that the practitioner of to-day dons in order to avoid leaving tell-tale thumb impressions. The note that rendered the tenth burglarious entry of the Dulwich Park pleasure remarkable was, after all, more self-commiseratory than apologetic. "Dear Sir,—We are very sorry to have spoilt your place, but more sorry that there were no spiritulicks or tobacco.—Yours, Radles and Co." It is to be feared that the writer's regrets in respect to the damage done were not as sincere as they might have been, for the mischief perpetrated obviously represented the form of revenge that the interlopers had adopted to assuage their feeling of disappointment.

Adopters of this feeling, by the way, the County Council might take a hint from the bonifaces of Edinburgh, who, during an epidemic of burglary a few years ago, adopted the plan of leaving 10s. in their tills when taking up on a Saturday night, an expedient that is believed to have saved a great quantity of liquor being wasted through the taps of beer and whisky barrels being wantonly turned on by bona fide travellers disappointed of their booty.

Why the modern house-breaker should show such a pronounced taste for letters as he has done of late it is difficult to say, even in the present depressed condition of the literary market, but it is one of the characteristics of the polite burglar to take up a pen at the least provocation, and not always with the idea of being polite, as the following extract, found by a North London gentleman on his return from chapel, discloses.—"Sir," wrote the Knight of the Round on this occasion, "Sorry I could not stop, but we may meet on a future occasion. We have both been praying—soon that you might be saved from sin, and me that out of the proceeds of this night's signing I might say something." Richard humourist, how different was your message from that of the gallant gentleman who rided the fat of a Parisian banker a few years ago, and, with new feeling, wrote, apropos of his lifting two silver frames but leaving behind him the photographs they had contained: "It would not be nice of me to deprive you of these photographs, which you must value much more than the mere frames."

Whether the polite burglar has come to stay is a moot point, but there is not

much doubt as to whether it is altogether desirable for a burglar, polite or otherwise, to stay; but of the various classes of house-breaker undoubtedly the most preferable are those whose professional manner is akin to that of the professor who left a packet and note by the bedside of a pretty French lady who was staying with some friends at Zurich early in January, 1904, and who undoubtedly possessed a bedside manner that might provoke the envy of a Harley-street practitioner. When fully awake the hitherto Sleeping Beauty read with astonishment the following lines:—"Last night I paid you a visit, and not having the honour of a personal invitation I entered by the window. You will notice I collected your jewels, which I am ashamed to say I intended to take with me; but when I saw your pretty face, which fascinated me instantly, I sat by the bedside and 'devoured' it for some time in the dim light; and then, ashamed of myself, I quietly left.—Your humble servant." Written in excellent French, the nationality of the writer is not far to seek.

Like Parent, Like Child.

Don't expect good manners in children if they are treated by their elders in an unmannerly manner.

Don't be surprised if children are snappish and quarrelsome if you set them the example by being so to them.

Don't frighten children into being obedient by threats which you have no intention of carrying out. Your future difficulties in managing your children are enormously increased by this unwise but not uncommon practice.

Don't take filivty children with you when you go to pay calls. It is too great a tax on the forbearance of your friends, and it has led to the severing of acquaintance-hips.

Don't—because it is easier to do things yourself than teach the children how to do them—let your boys and girls grow up with slovenly habits.

Don't forget that if you do not make companions of your children in their youth, you can't expect them to be your friends when they grow up.

Wrestling Girl Beats Her Father.

Mr. W. L. James, of Chicago, is regretting that he challenged his daughter long, and nineteen, to wrestle.

The girl was home from college, and had boasted of her physical prowess, which she said was the result of playing basketball for the Rose-lea College team, the champions of Indiana.

In three minutes the father was thrown. The physicians found that one of his legs, the "Mail" says, was broken and his knee-cap split. He is in hospital.

Tax on Bachelors.

Quite a determined agitation is going on in several countries—France, Switzerland, and in some American States—for a tax on all bachelors over twenty-five and under fifty.

There does not seem any particular reason why the man who has not found a mate by the time he is fifty should be exempt from the tax, unless the idea is that his fate is so absolutely forlorn that it carries it own punishment with it! Some bachelors say if they can produce evidence of having been refused by three ladies, they ought to be let off payment of the tax at any age.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

THE SERVANT AND OTHER DOMESTIC PROBLEMS SOLVED.

The house-keeping problem has been solved at last. No, at least, thinks Otto Fick, a clever Dane, who has instituted a system of co-operative living, which, he maintains, will do away with nearly all the worst domestic worries. His scheme has met with high approval, and it has appeared to the Danish Government so reasonable that they have advanced £5,000 to institute an experimental home on Fick's lines in Copenhagen.

The basal notion of the system is that a number of families should live together in one house; but instead of, say, twenty-five separate menages, each with its own separate and distinct forces of Mary Ann and Alphonse, etc., there is to be one great consolidated Mary Ann and one consolidated Alphonse, etc.

In other words, there is a central service which attends to one and every of the domestic wants of the twenty-five, and yet is but one service.

This service does the following things upon the pressure of various buttons by the twenty-five which symbolise their wants:—

It cooks three meals a day. It orders the materials for every meal. It sees the butcher, grocer, baker, milkman, and coal distributor.

It pays one and all. It makes beds, washes dishes, and sweeps the room—by vacuum process. It blacks shoes, presses trousers, and does the family washing.

It reduces the servant problem and other kindred affairs to just one twenty-five.

THE DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Mr. Fick has given this very interesting account and explanation of his system:—

"Briefly, my idea is to establish in every large city a number of flats capable of accommodating twenty-five families. By experiment I have found that that is the number that can be handled best in a community. Each flat is commodious, and consists of a drawing room, a library, a dining-room, two bedrooms, and a bathroom. There is no kitchen, none of those box-like regulation affairs that are the bane of the flat.

"Instead, there is one central general kitchen of such dimensions that all within the house may easily draw their food supply therefrom. In this kitchen there is a main chef and three assistants. They are all men. All cooks were originally men, and men are the best cooks, despite the modern idea to the contrary. This, I know, seems revolutionary, but it is so.

"But all is not cooking. The kitchen is, perforce, the most important feature; but, then, the basis are to be made, the suites to be kept clean, shoes blacked, and all the countless minutiae of house-keeping to be attended to. For the most of these tasks there are women. Five women and four men can easily do the work of twenty-five separate families, taking the place of possibly fifty or a hundred domestics. Their work includes washing, etc. With system, the whole plan works like magic. The details of various times to be spent with each family are easily adjusted.

"In the Copenhagen house there are dozens of electric buttons. Each means that he or she who pushes it desires some especial thing done. Almost as soon as the bell is sounded in the central servant hall, the work is under way.

HOW THE HOUSE IS GOVERNED.

"The house is governed by an administration department. This department is chosen each six months by the members of the community from its own ranks, and upon it devolves the most important

duty of selecting the help, of overseeing the catering—that is, keeping it in good order—and of attending to all matters of a kindred nature. It acts as the general overseer, to whom all complaints are made.

"As for the menu—each night the chef submits a card for the following day to a quorum of the administering body. It affords ample scope for choice, but here I want to announce another dictum.

"It does not, and never shall as long as I have anything to do with the formation of the system, cater to vegetarians, health cranks, or dyspeptics. We do not aim to create either sanatoriums or hospitals. We offer a healthy, sane solution of the domestic problem for healthy, sane people.

"Finally, there is a time limit for the serving of each meal, and all that the housewife has to do is to touch a button during any of these periods, and instantly there is sent to her by dumb waiter from the central kitchen the meal she desires. A given number of rings denotes the number of covers wished."

Hints for Wives.

There are two successful ways of looking at a husband. One is to make up your mind that he has no faults and to consider him a piece of perfection. The other is to recognise his faults and to make up your mind to love him in spite of them.—"Health."

Thralls of Fashion.

There are few more helpless and pitiable creatures than a woman on a wet and windy day, trying to hold up her skirt with one hand, while with the other she grasps her umbrella and the little bag which serves her in lieu of a purse.—"Black and White."



"LINSSEED COMPOUND" The "Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. It's made by a doctor, and it's a good one.

"LINSSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Great medicinal value. It's made by a doctor, and it's a good one.

"LINSSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy for the most distressing cases.

"LINSSEED COMPOUND" for Coughs and Colds. Keeps Asthma and Bronchitis breathing.

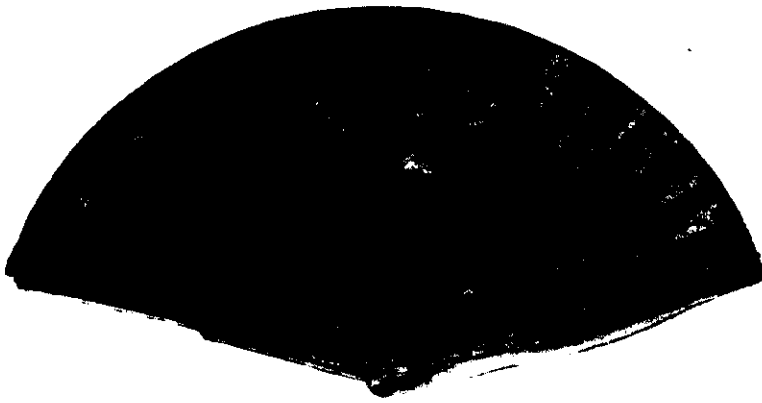
"LINSSEED COMPOUND" of 15 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, and all affections of the Throat.

CONCISELY KNOWN. TENASITINE. Cures for broken and other ailments.

"LION CATARRHIC PILL" of Houston, Tex. An Agreeable Laxative. Worth a trial.

"LINSSEED COMPOUND" Trade Mark of King's Compound Remedy of Linsseed for Coughs and Colds.

COITER.—Ladies, a certain cure for the unsightly trouble, MILD, FEVER, or LONG STANDING cases PERMANENTLY CURED. Treatment pointed to any address upon receipt of 6s. 4d. from Hensley Barrett, Toilet Specialist, Bank N.E.W. Building, Liverpool, Diaga.



(1.) LOUIS XV. VELLUM FAN.

Painted in the style of the Flemish school, stick of mother-of-pearl, carved and pierced, and ornamented with gold.

OLD FANS.

The fan was first used to drive away flies and to protect its owner from the scorching rays of the Eastern sun. In Assyrian and Egyptian paintings, persons of rank are frequently represented as bearing semi-circular fans. The Japanese and Chinese have used fans from the most remote ages, and they carry back its invention to the time of the Emperor Wou-Wang (11th century, B.C.).

In Europe fans came into general use towards the end of the eleventh century. They were then made from the feathers of the ostrich, the raven, and the peacock; and their mounts were enriched with gold, ivory, precious stones and enamels.

The fashion of carrying fans was adopted in Italy, Spain, and Portugal at about the same time as in France, skin and feather screens being used and exported until the Oriental pleated fan was introduced into Europe (from India) about 1590. A curious fan was carried by married Venetian women at this period, it was made of cloth, of gold or silk, and was known as the "flag." The same fan, but of pure white, was used by betrothed girls. A specimen in the collection of Mme. Jubinal is made of parchment, cut into open-work, and trimmed with sixteenth century Venetian lace.

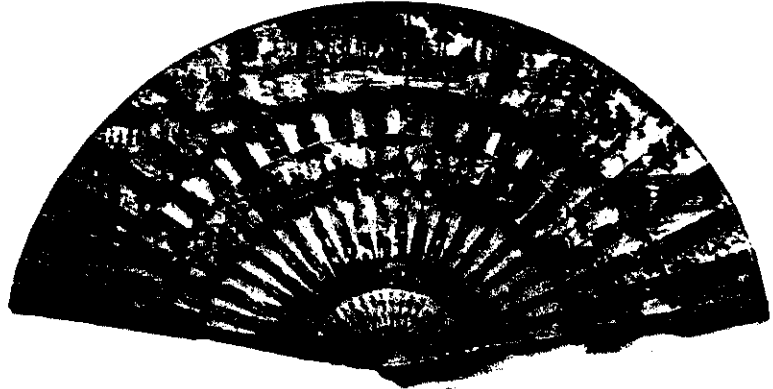
Even in England fans were not exclusively devoted to feminine use: Hall's "Satires" (1598) describes dandies chalking their faces and gazing into mirrors, "fir'd with plin'd ruffs and fans." Shakespeare alludes to this effeminate fashion as "those remnants of fool and feather that they have got from France." Aubrey refers to them in his notes on the modes in the early parts of the seventeenth century: "The gentlemen had prodigious fans, and they had handles at least half a yard long, with these their daughters were oftentimes corrected."

The fans of the seventeenth century are not rare, and good specimens may be obtained without difficulty. The darker side of this age contrasts is

shown in the beautiful dagger fans (Italian) of ebony and engraved ivory. The strong and deeply grooved blade slips back into what are apparently the sticks by means of a hidden spring, and, when the handle has been replaced, the possible instrument of death looks harmless enough.

Many of the Italian fans which date from the seventeenth century are both

but splendour and symmetry were carried to excess. The frames were of ivory, tortoiseshell, or mother-of-pearl, elaborately carved so as to rival the finest lace, and enriched with silver, gold, and enamel, and sometimes even set with precious stones. The fan-mounts were of satin, vellum, or scented leather, ornamented in water-colours. The "Opera Glass" fan of the same period had



(3.) SILK FAN (ENGLISH).

With medallions printed in colours on satin. The stick is of ivory, carved openwork, and spangled. About 1810.

beautiful and artistic. They are usually lunettes on a small scale, the sticks being short, simple, and entirely subordinate to the sweeping leaf, opening to a half-circle, and displaying scenes from mythology or history, painted with a knowledge of drawing and a taste for colour which make them really works of art. The colours are brilliant and harmonious, and the subjects well adapted to the exactions of shape and size — the composition and perspective are alike good.

During the reign of the Grand Monarque fans were very varied in form,

open spaces between the decoration, in which glasses were inset, enabling ladies to see without showing undue curiosity.

Towards the latter part of this period the decoration became pompous and mediocre: mythological and historical subjects still had a certain vogue, but they soon gave way to intricate and crowded historical compositions, which frequently represented the deeds of Alexander, Achilles, or Darius, in compliment to the supposed military talent of the King.

The finest fans in our English collections date from the reign of Louis XV.

The subjects painted on them are very varied — Fetes galantes, scenes from Olympus, the Graces, and Cupid distributing his kisses, Here is the sea-born Venus on her shell of mother-of-pearl; there are the amusing personages of the Italian comedies, in landscapes of an ideal green—Columbine, Spavento, and Leander, in languid poses. Here, again, are Watteauesque country parties, hunting scenes, flights of Amorini on rosy clouds, garlands of flowers which enshrine delicate medallions, and all this in a freshness of colour, and with a fineness of touch which have never since been equalled.

Queer Statistics from a Woman's Diary.

An aged English lady, who recently celebrated her ninety-second birthday, has kept from her early days an interesting diary of her life, from which she compiled on her recent birthday some curious statistics, which she read out to her assembled friends on that occasion. She found, for example, that in all her life she had used but 1000 hairpins and sixteen hairnets, the pride of all English women when it comes to arranging their coiffures. And in that same period she had forty-one dresses, forty-seven petticoats, eighty pairs of shoes, and fifty-three aprons.

As if those facts were not enough to make her hearers realise that econ-

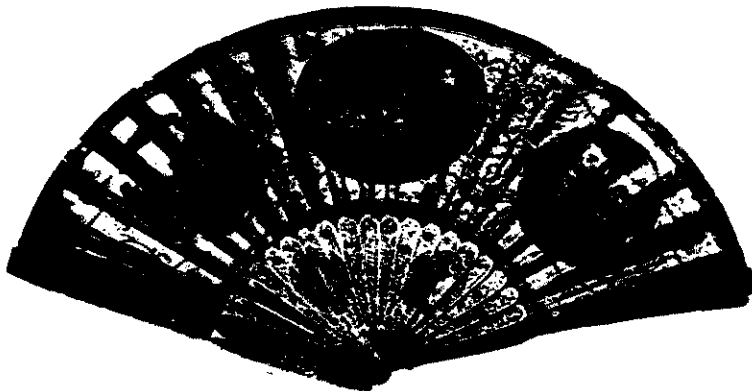
omy may be practised by the fair sex, the widow told them that she had used but 274 pairs of stockings, 107 pairs of garters, 34 shawls and wraps, and 83 corsets. She never was extravagant in the matter of hats and bonnets, for of those she has purchased but 165 of both classes. With the exception of the latter the good lady had made what she wore, utilising her spare moments in the task.

The old woman has it jotted down in black and white that she has spent 67,160 hours in dressing and undressing, and that she has done up and taken down her hair 53,480 times. She has washed her face 67,067 times, and her hands 123,424 times. She also finds that she has slept 302,220 hours of her life, and drawn 33,584 buckets of water from the well in the back yard.

She has lived chiefly on bread, cheese, and milk for the last twenty-five years, but she calculates that during her lifetime she has consumed 4784 fish, 11,960 loaves of bread, 50,730 potatoes, 19,136 cabbages, drunk 134,320 cups of tea, 67,160 glasses of milk, and 35,500 glasses of water.

Bachelors' Conscience Money.

All nice bachelors ought to set aside a part of their income as "conscience money," to buy chocolates for nice and pretty spinsters. Each time the wife of a man friend appears in an expensive new frock, the unmarried man ought to send a handsome present to a "bachelor maid" as a thank-offering for not having to buy bonnets, hats, and chiffons for an extravagant better-half.



(2.) LOUIS XV. PERIOD.

Mount painted with scenes from Paris life. The stick is of ivory and carved and pierced.

Some Notabilities of the English Hunting Field.

Speaking of opening meets reminds me that the time-worn custom of electing a president and lady patroness of the Cheas-hire Hunt at the opening of the season took place while I was in England. writes a colonial correspondent, speaking of the past hunting season in England. Sir Phillip Grey Egerton was elected to the first-mentioned office, and he proposed Lady Cecily Baillie-Hamilton as the patroness. The office is a quaint one, and it is mentioned in the old rules of that select society, the Tarporley Hunt Club, which Egerton Warburton immortalised in his hunting songs. From these rules, which we find drawn up in 1702, and signed by Miss Townsend, the first lady patroness, the "president, as soon as elected, is to nominate the lady patroness for his meeting, she being a spinster," and "should the members of the society in a party attend any of the neighbouring assemblies, the president must ask the lady patroness for the time being, to dance, should she be there." Another peculiar rule in connection with the society was made four years later: "That any member of this Hunt who marries a



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT. Photograph taken at a meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds at Yate.



THE ESSEX UNION FOXHOUSES Meet at Wos-tham Ferris. Moving off after losing the fox on Danbury Common.

second time shall give two pairs of leather breeches to each member of the Hunt. The new patroness is a daughter of the Earl of Haddington, of Arderne Hall Tarporley, and is a keen sports-woman, who in matters appertaining to venery does not forget the motto of her family, "I undertake and persevere."

Stag hunting seems to have been more than ever popular this year, and ladies have formed a good percentage of the large fields. The Devon and Somerset have had some particularly good runs, indeed, the best for years, and it is every-one's regret that this is Mr. R. A. Sanders' last season. The other day, when he was out near the Offers Wood, hounds checked and scent failed some-what, though hounds hit off the line and ran down the water. The master eventually abandoning his horse, and leaving it to be brought to him, worked down the valley on foot. This reminds me of an experience a well-known master-huntsman had. He gave his horse to a lad to hold while he went with hounds through a big covert. Suddenly a fox was found, and went away at a good pace, and the lad, seeing everyone else galloping off, mounted his master's horse and followed, leaving the M.F.H. stand-ing.

Talks to Girls in Their Teens.

"It's no good trying!"
I heard five girls say that last week. Why, they might just as well send out invitations to their own funerals and announce to their astonished friends that they were going to bury themselves alive!

"It's no good trying" is like an epitaph on one's tombstone. When an old person says it there is a little excuse but not much; for while there's life there's hope and plenty of good work to be done.

But a girl who thinks "it's no use" making efforts and doing things, sentences herself to a life-long imprisonment. Have you thought of it that way? When we do not employ our talents and ambitions we imprison them, shut them up and stifle them. We are really dead if our faculties are not used to their utmost.

And the person whose ambitions are dead might just as well be buried and done with, and out of everybody's way once for all.

Away up in the beautiful white mountains in America, at a summer hotel, I once saw a charming, well-educated girl of about sixteen and a half, who acted as waitress at my table. She did her work capitally, but evidently belonged to a different class to the other maids. I soon asked her what misfortune or bad



THE OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN HOUNDS.

Mrs. Beatty. Capt. Beatty. Countess Cowley.

luck had happened to make it necessary for her to earn her living in that way. "It's good luck to be here," she answered, much to my astonishment. And then she told me her aim and object in life.

Her father was a poor village doctor. The girl craved a better education than he could afford, so she started out to fulfil her ambitions. And she was acting as waitress at that summer hotel during the four months' season, so that she might spend the winter at a woman's college.

That girl didn't say, "It's no use trying."

She was coming back to the hotel each summer. Her wages and "tips" would just about cover her university fees and the cost of her board. The small amount her father could allow her provided clothes and spending money.

At the end of three or four years she would take her degree, and begin a career as teacher in a 'varsity or college.

Wasn't she a fine girl?

I met in America a great many other girls who worked in all sorts of ways during the summer months to earn money with which to educate themselves in the winter.

One poor girl, with a really great talent for drawing, told fortunes by palmistry at a seaside hotel in the summer, and so paid for her classes at the best art school in America during the winter.

And she was actually saving—little by little through self denial, and going without pretty things and comforts—with the intention of going to Paris to finish in the art schools there. I heard afterwards that she did this.

And she is now rapidly becoming famous, and richly deserves her success.

I also saw a negro who took a very high degree at Yale University, who started life as a street boy, and paid his first year's fees at the 'varsity by going out morning and evening cleaning boots, knives, and windows.

HE TRIED AND WON.

His food and lodging were of the most homely and simple kind; there was no surplus for luxuries or fun. But he raised himself from the gutter to the rank of an educated gentleman. And he is now a famous preacher.

If he had said "It's no use trying" he would still be selling matches in the streets. He might have become a thief, and drifted to prison or the poorhouse.

He preferred to "try"—and he won, as all people do in the end who believe that things are worth taking trouble over.

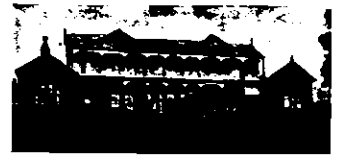
"But I have no special talent, and so I could not be a success however hard I tried," said one of the "it's no use" type of girls to me the other day.

This girl was astonished when I told her that the most gifted persons are not those who get on best in the world. Talented people are often very lazy. Or,

perhaps, they have gifts in many directions, and are "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none."

Have you ever heard the old saying, "It's dogged as does it?" Which means that perseverance wins.

But you never heard, "It's 'no use' as does it," did you? For "no good to try" is the sentence which has driven ninety-nine out of every hundred failures to poverty and life-long wretchedness.



THE LAKE HOUSE, TAKAPUNA, AUCKLAND.

Private Boarding House, newly decorated and refurnished.
Excellent Table. Every Home Comfort.
Good sea bathing.
Terms on application to Managers.



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

At the opening meet of the Quorn Fox-hounds at Kirby Gate.

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CORSETS.

Latest Models.

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FROM ALL
Leading Drapers.

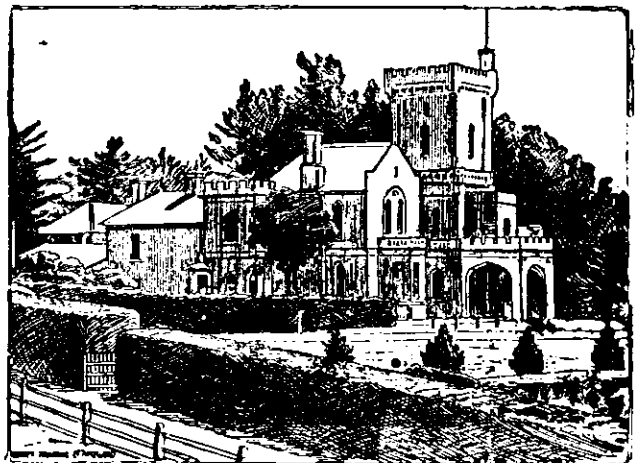


CHILD STUDY, BY ELLERBECK, NEWTON, AUCKLAND.

The Ladies' College, Remuera,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House.
Studies resumed (D.V.) June 5th.



This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles.

Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship.

Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses — English and Foreign.

Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal.
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THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE



ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR AFTER NOON WEAR.



AT THE THEATRE.

Robe of black accordion-pleated mousseline de soie with Vandyck berthe of silver embroidery studded with turquoises.



A NOVEL DESIGN IN PLAID AND PLAIN CLOTH.

Here is a design for a costume of plaid cloth, the bodice being arranged after the style of an American shirt-waist. The example, combines dark green, blue and black, plaid and plain cloth, in either the blue or green, for panels on bodice and skirt, while little lapels, cuffs and buttons of black satin will give a smart finish. The skirt can, of course, be cut to clear the ground all round.

Concerning Shoulder-capes and Pelerines.

One very satisfactory result of the present popularity of the sloping shoulder and the large sleeve has been the revival of the pretty fashion for wearing shoulder-capes and pelerine-fichus, carried out in nine cases out of ten in the same fabrics as those which are employed for the gowns with which they will

be worn. Quite apart from their undoubted utility as wraps which can easily be discarded and replaced, according to the state of the thermometer, between the seasons, these shoulder-capes have other good points worth remembering. By adding considerably to the appearance of width across the shoulders, they inevitably give a slim appearance to the waist, no unimportant consideration just now, when the waist threatens to be once more "worn small."

A. Woollams & Co.

LADIES' TAILORS & HABIT MAKERS

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

AUTUMN MODELS AND MATERIALS NOW READY.

Smart Tailor Gowns from 5 gns.
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Are the **LATEST MODEL** from Weingarten's Factory, and are the only Corset that produces that beautiful tapering effect to the waist, so necessary for the present fashions.

THERE IS A MODEL JUST FOR YOU

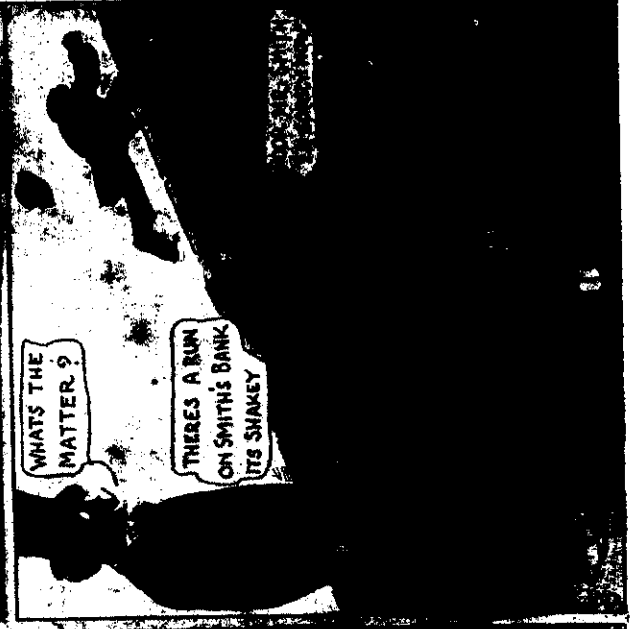
So **INSIST** on **BEING FITTED** with a **WEINGARTEN'S NUFORM, LA VIDA, or W.B. CORSET.**

The new models are specially suitable for the Tighter Fitting Gowns, so fashionable this season, and are immensely popular with all who have tried them.

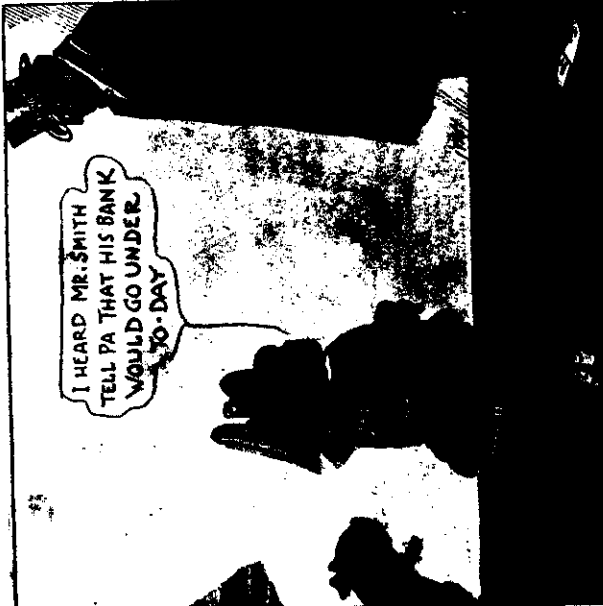
STOCKED BY ALL THE LEADING DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.



MR. SMITH'S BANK
HAS FAILED. PEOPLE
ARE GOING AFTER
THEIR MONEY



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
THERE'S A RUM
ON SMITH'S BANK
IT'S SHAKEY



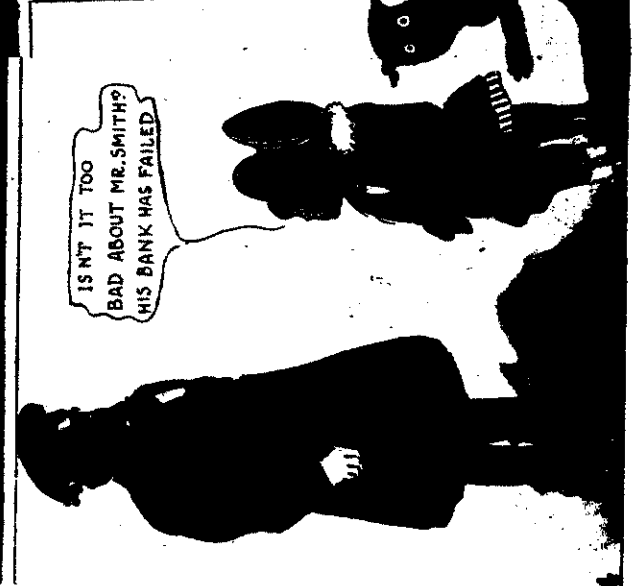
I HEARD MR. SMITH
TELL PA THAT HIS BANK
WOULD GO UNDER
TODAY



HE'S GOING TO
SMITH'S BANK TO GET
HIS MONEY OUT
TODAY



WHAT'S THE
MATTER TIGER?
MR. SMITH
KICKED ME
I'LL FIX
HIM NOW!



IS N'T IT TOO
BAD ABOUT MR. SMITH?
HIS BANK HAS FAILED