

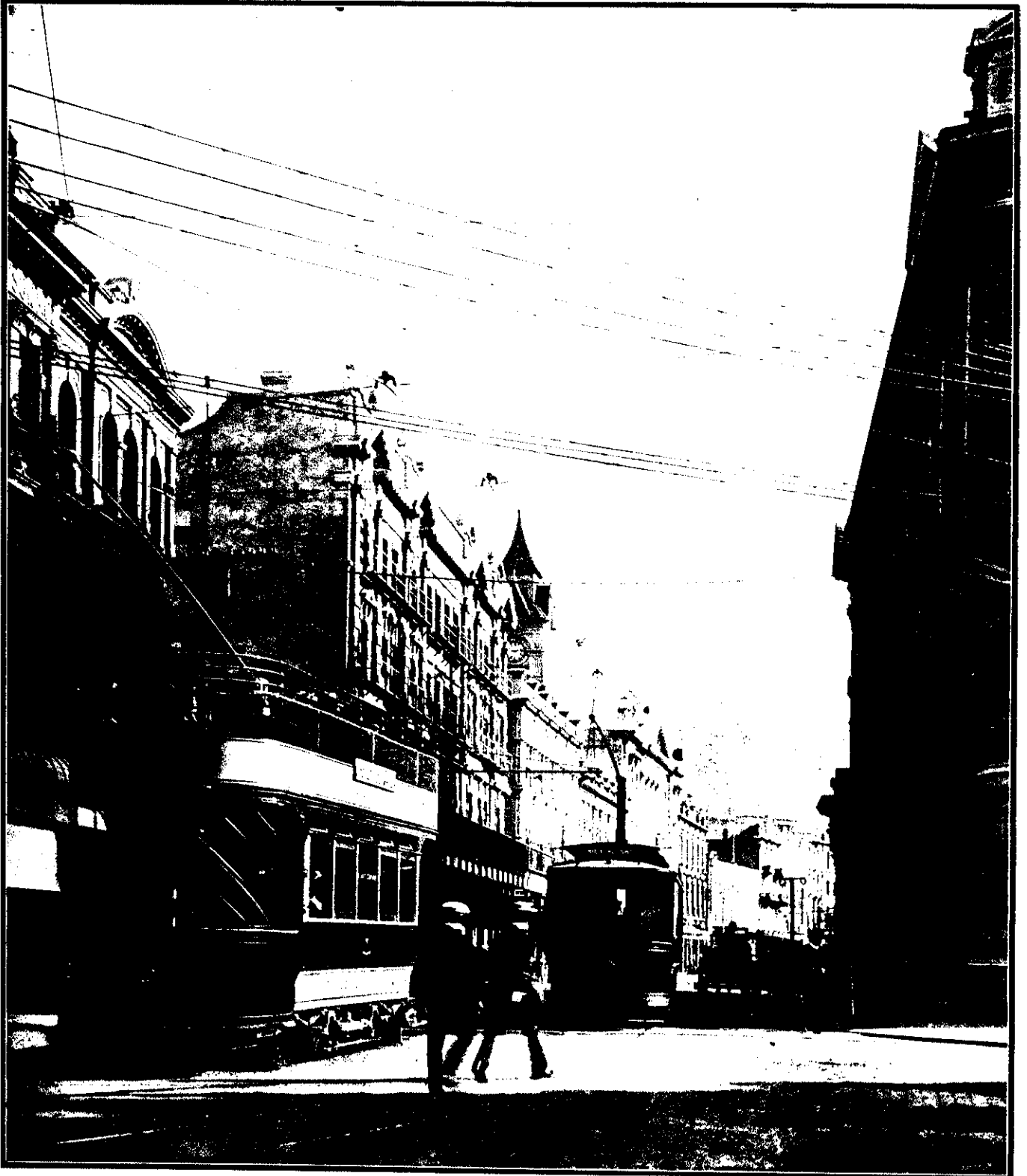
The New Zealand Graphic

AND LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XL.—NO. 6

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908

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



Muir and Moodie, photo.

A BUSY CORNER OF THE NEW ZEALAND CAPITAL: LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.



MR. McCLEAN'S SIDEROSTAT.

This instrument, which is valued at £200, and was set up on a concrete bed specially laid for the occasion, is, in popular language, a mirror. By its means the image of the eclipse was reflected into all six cameras which, instead of being pointed direct at the sun, were set up horizontally—a much surer and more convenient method.



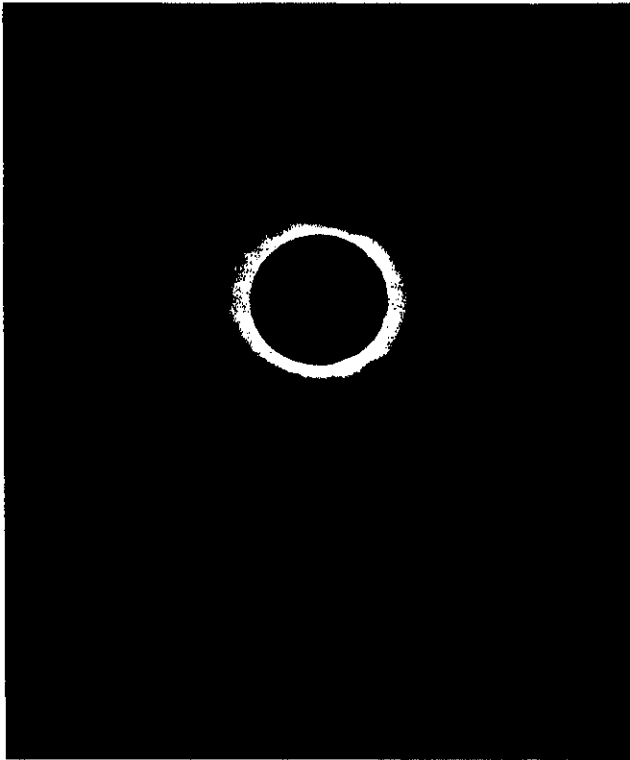
Winkelmann, photo.

FOR THE BRITISH CONSUL.

Building a house for the British Consul of Tahiti, who, accompanied by his wife, went up to Flint Island in the American warship *Annapolis* from Papeete to witness the eclipse.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT FLINT ISLAND.

Owing to the disinclination of the Society to incur the expense and possible failure of an expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun by the moon which occurred on January 3rd, an enthusiastic amateur, Mr. F. K. McClean, F.R.A.S., of Tunbridge Wells, England, chartered the Union Company's steamer *Taximani* and took a party of scientists down to Flint Island, a lonely spot about a day's steam from Tahiti, the most favourable point from which to witness the phenomenon.



WHAT THE SCIENTISTS WENT TO OBSERVE.

The eclipse of the sun by the moon taken at totality, which lasted for about four minutes.



THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION.

Mr. McClean at work on board the Union s.s. Tavuni, with his telephoto camera.



H. Whikelumun, photo.

MR. McCLEAN'S QUARTERS.

A view of the McClean camp among the palms. In the foreground the natives are plaiting palm leaf mats, used in constructing the huts in which some of the party lived during their stay.



MR. McCLEAN'S PARTY ON BOARD THE TAVUNI.

BACK ROW (left to right): Mr. Joseph Brook, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Rev. F. W. Walker, Mr. Henry Winkolunui, Mr. C. J. Moberg, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Dr. W. Mc. W. E. Raymond, F.R.A.S., Mr. F. K. McClean, F.R.A.S., Mr. J. W. Short.



H. Winkelman, photo.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT FLINT ISLAND: PROFESSOR CAMPBELL'S CAMP.

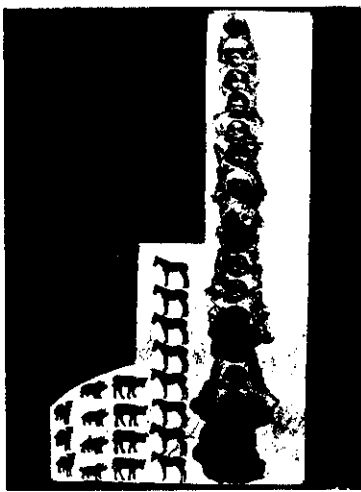
The American party, under Professor Campbell, director of the famous Lick Observatory, California, U.S.A., numbered twelve scientists, and was camped quite close to where Mr. McClean had pitched his tents. The largest camera used was a giant (which may be seen in the background), with a forty foot focus, giving an image of about four and a half inches on the photographic plate. All the Campbell party's cameras were pointed direct at the sun, and in this lay the difference between the English and American methods.



H. Winkemann. Photo.

MR. McCLEAN'S PARTY TAKING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT FLINT ISLAND.

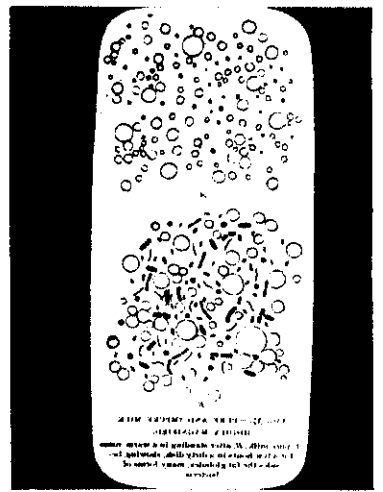
There were six cameras used by the expedition, the largest being Mr. McClean's own instrument, which had a focus of about one inch. As explained under the picture of the sidrostat, all the cameras were set up horizontally for convenience, the image of the eclipse being reflected into them by a specially constructed mirror.



A comparative picture showing the frightful mortality amongst our children compared with that of animals.



The proper stamp of feeding bottle and how to use it.



Pure milk and impure. The section above shows pure milk through the microscope. That below illustrates the change in a few hours when milk is kept in unhealthy surroundings.



Weighing a humanised milk fed baby in the Dunedin Home. Weighing babies frequently is desirable.



Trained nurse with baby. The value of picking up and handling babies from time to time is not always properly understood.



A baby fed on improper food — biscuit and water.



Dr. Truby King's "Home," Dunedin.



A baby 10 days after arrival at the Dunedin Home—weight 5 1/2 pounds.



Babies after being in Dr. Truby King's Home, Dunedin for 4 to 5 months.



Same baby weighing 11 pounds, having doubled its weight in less than 5 months.

See "Special Article."

TO SAVE THE BABIES—LADY PLUNKET'S SCHEME.

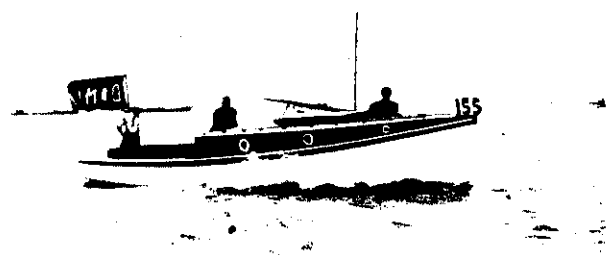
STRIKING PICTURES FROM DR. TRUBY KING'S COLLECTION OF LANTERN SLIDES SHOWING THE NECESSITY AND VALUE OF THE WORK.



THE LATE MR. JAMES BURT. The city and province ever since, and Mr. Burt was born in England, eighty-nine years ago, and after being in Chili and Tahiti, he came on to New Zealand in about the year 1849. He has been prominently connected with the city and province ever since, and has held offices on many public bodies and societies. The deceased is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Mills, wife of the Collector of Customs at Auckland, and a son, Mr. Frank Burt, of Remuera.

MISS ROBINSON,
The New Zealand witness in the recent Druce case, now on trial for perjury.

THE LATE MR. JAMES BURT,
who died on January 30th, at Remuera, Auckland.



THE MOTOR LAUNCH, H. C. DOMAN,
Which won the £50 prize at the Auckland Regatta. Owners, Messrs. Collins and Martin.



CAZEMA ECC.



NOTROSSOU INSWAMPUM
DAMCOLDUM

THE GAZEKA



BOOZYORUM LIKEHELLUM
SEESNAKEUM

THE GAZEKA



THE GAZEKA
AS HE MIGHT APPEAR
AT THE CARRUM SWAMP



THE GAZEKA

See "Our Illustrations."

WHAT IS A "GAZEKA?"
VARIOUS IDEAS OF A STRANGE LITTLE ANIMAL REFERRED TO "IN THE LITTLE MICHUS."



A SIGHT FOR AN ALDERMAN.

Flint Island abounded in turtles, and the members of the two expeditions were not backward in taking toll of this highly-prized luxury, and turtle soup and turtle steaks figured frequently on the bill of fare. Holding the pole on the left is Professor Campbell, and on the right is Mr. McClean.



RISKY WORK.

H. Winkelmann, photo.

Flint Island, from its exposed situation, does not offer easy landing except in the calmest weather, and the members of the expedition, with their valuable and delicate instruments, had an anxious time in the surf.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN AT FLINT ISLAND.



Muir & Mackinlay, photo.

GROUP OF RACING CLUB SECRETARIES ATTENDING THE RECENT CONFERENCE IN WELLINGTON.



Tourist Department, photo.

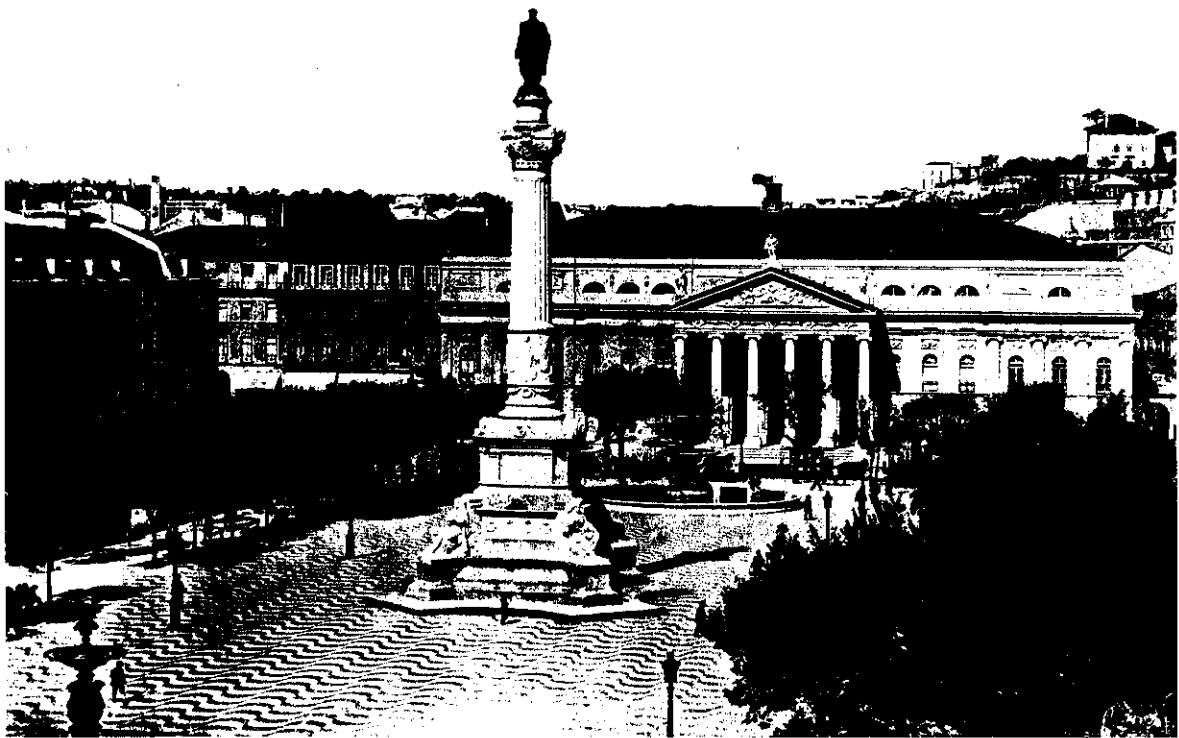
PERHAPS THE FINEST FISHING LOCALITY IN THE DOMINION: MOUTH OF THE WAHHI STREAM, LAKE TAupo.



THE LATE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.



DOM PEDRO IV. PLACE, LISBON.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

THE CAUSES WHICH LED UP TO THE MURDER.

The following illuminative article, which appeared in the "Star" gives a very clear idea of the causes which led up to the murder, and is of great interest at the present juncture:

The satisfactory outcome of King Edward's Continental tour and the general knowledge that Portugal and its King are numbered among the warmest friends of England, have perhaps tended to obscure the momentous nature of the desperate struggle that has for some time past been progressing between Dom Car-

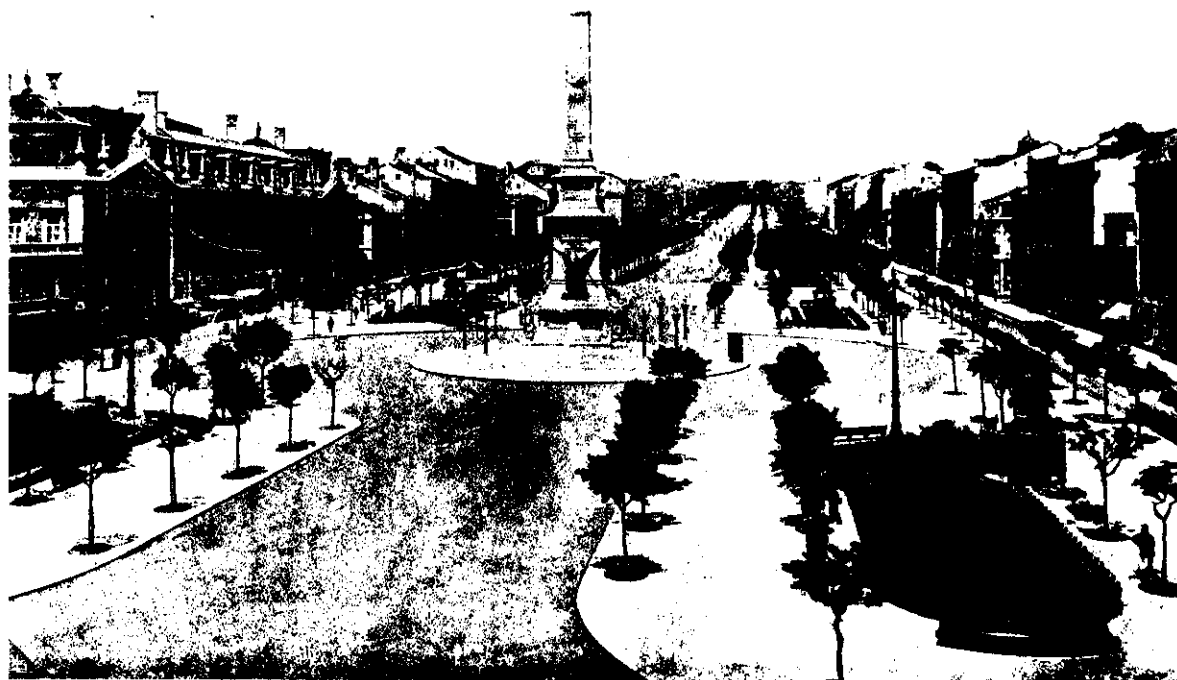
los and his subjects. The King of Portugal is in many ways an enlightened and liberal-minded ruler. An artist, a sculptor, a poet, and a scientist, in all his varied pursuits. Dom Carlos has shown far more than the moderate degree of ability frequently enlogised in Royal amateurs. Queen Amalia, a remarkably well-educated woman, and the only doctor of medicine among the Royalties of Europe, has certainly encouraged her husband's natural tendencies toward progressive principles of thought and methods of government. But Dom Carlos is at heart a true child of the old autocratic regime which still maintains

itself in Europe; and he is convinced that in the last resort the Royal will must prevail over the will of the people. It is through the King's determination to override the wishes and the convictions of his subjects that, in spite of his earnest labours for their welfare, he has stirred up against the Throne a furious opposition, which has already threatened at more than one critical juncture to cost him his crown and his life.

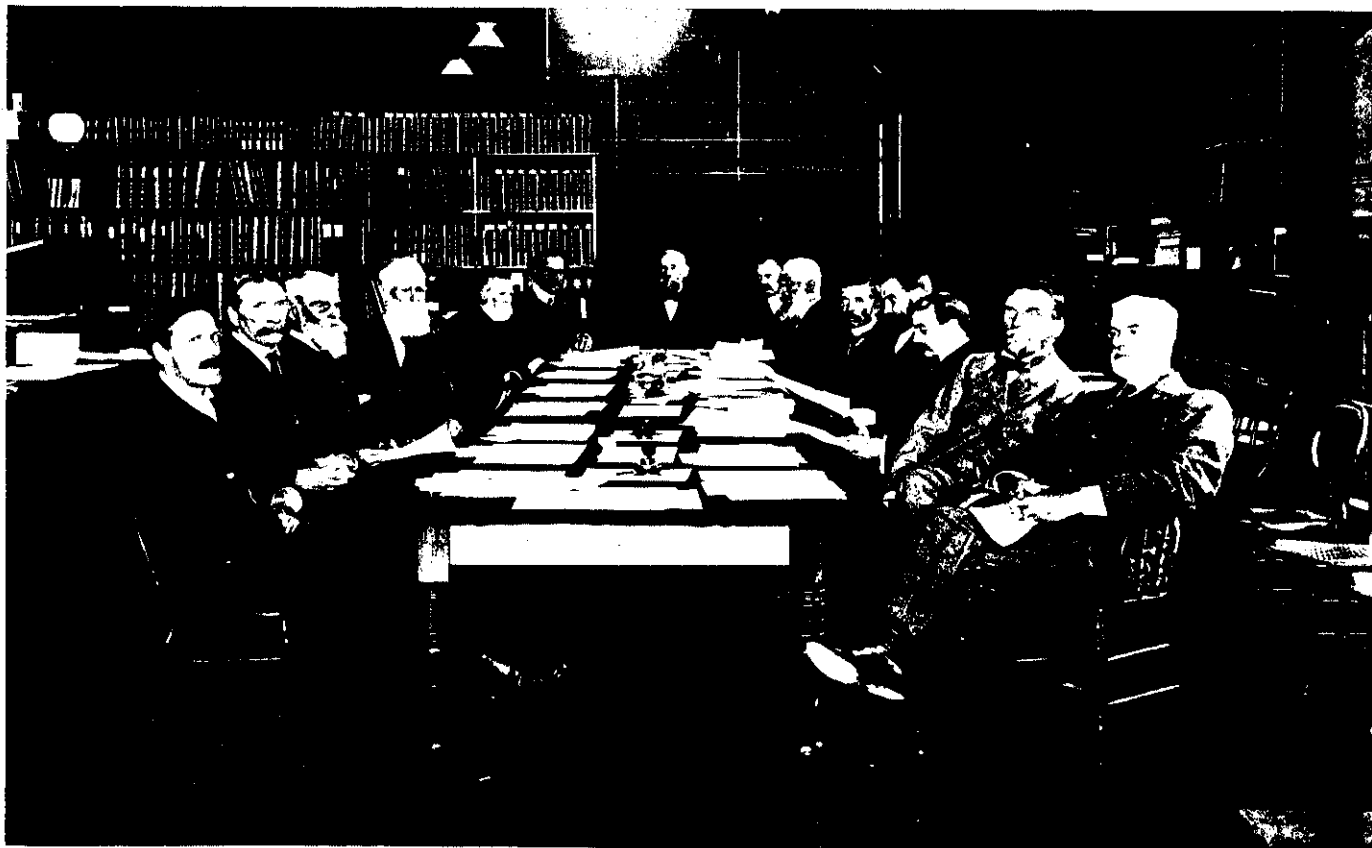
THEORETICALLY PORTUGAL IS A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY, and it has long enjoyed the question-

able blessings of party government. The "Regenerators," or Conservatives hold by the traditions that before the French Revolution formed the common faith of the titled and privileged classes throughout the world. The "Progressists" are nominally Liberals, but their views of popular rights would hardly suit colonial democrats. In the actual work of government there does not seem to have been much difference between the two parties, and the administration of both was marked by extravagance, incompetence, and corruption. After trying several

Continued on page 25.

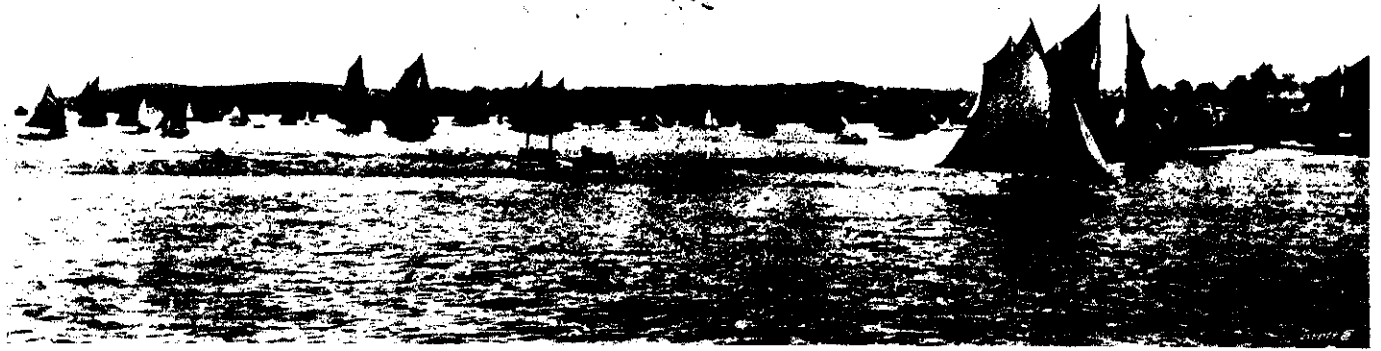


THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.
"THE AVENUE OF LIBERTY," LISBON.

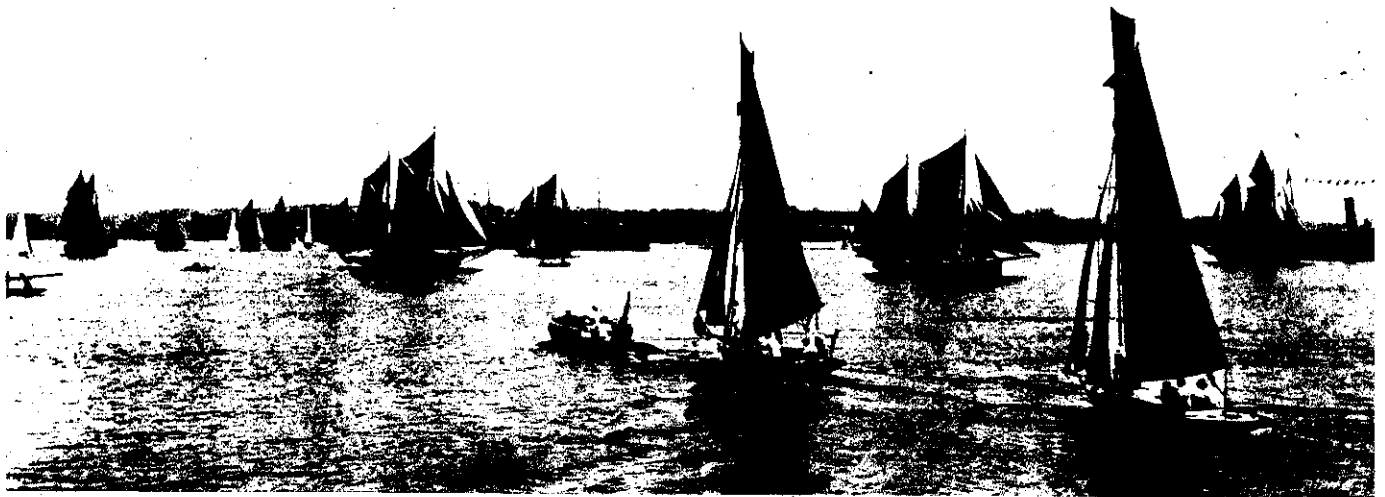


THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GOVERNORS OF THE NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE, HELD IN THE LIBRARY OF THE DOMINION MUSEUM.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Prof. Easterfield (Wellington), Mr E. Tregear, Mr K. Wilson, Mr J. Stewart, Mr Martin Chapman, K.C. (Wellington), Mr A. Hamilton, Mr G. M. Thompson, F.L.S., F.C.S. (Otago), Mr T. H. Gill, M.A., LL.B. (Westland), Mr J. Young, DE. FAIR (Canterbury), DE. Chilton (Canterbury), Prof. Denton (Otago), Mr H. H. Hill, B.A. (Taranaki), Mr D. Petrie, M.A., F.L.S. (Auckland).



YACHT AND OTHER SAILING CRAFT ENDEAVOURING TO CONGREGATE FOR THEIR VARIOUS STARTS IN A FLAT CALM.



MOTOR BOATS TO THE RESCUE. TOWING BECALMED YACHTS UP TO THE STARTING POINT. THE YACHTS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE 'THE NGATIRA AND THE KOTIRI.'

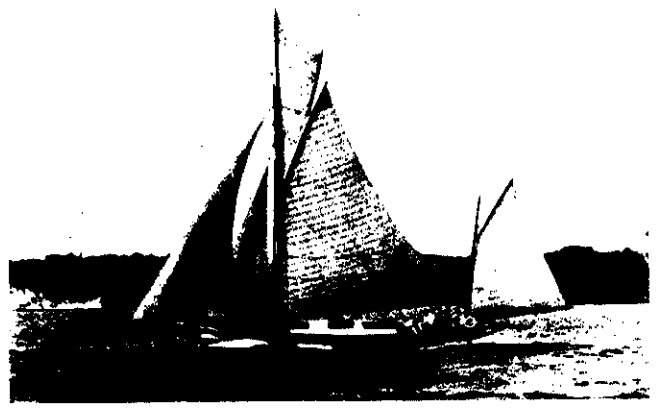


SCOWS EDITH, PUKAPUKA, AND EDNA WAITING TO BE TOWED UP TO THE STARTING LINE.

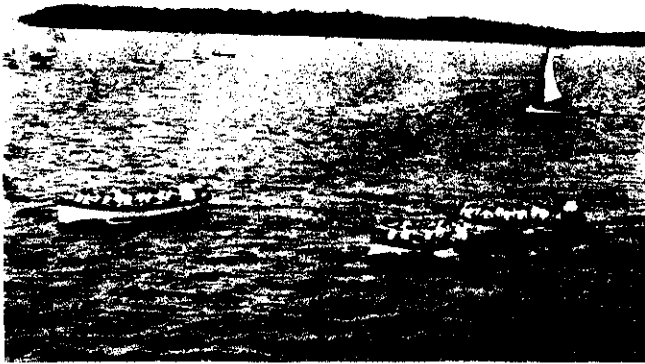
AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY REGATTA. JANUARY 29, 1908.



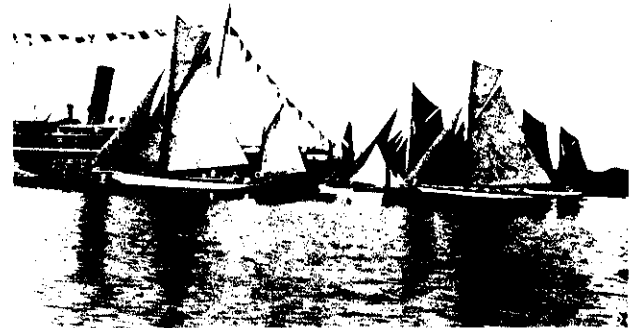
MR. J. C. MACKY'S CUTTER RAINBOW, SAILED BY MR. ARCHIE BUCHANAN, WINNER OF THE FIRST-CLASS YACHT HANDICAP.



CAPTAIN STANHOPE'S YAWL ILEX, IN THE BIG YACHT RACE, SAILED BY MR. ARCHIE LOGAN.



RACE FOR CUTTERS FROM THE CABLE STEAMER IRIS.



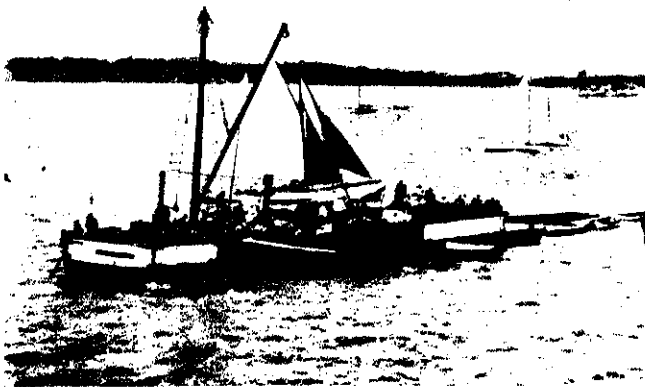
ALMOST A FLAT CALM: ILEX AND ARIKI IN THE BIG YACHT RACE, PASSING THE IRIS.



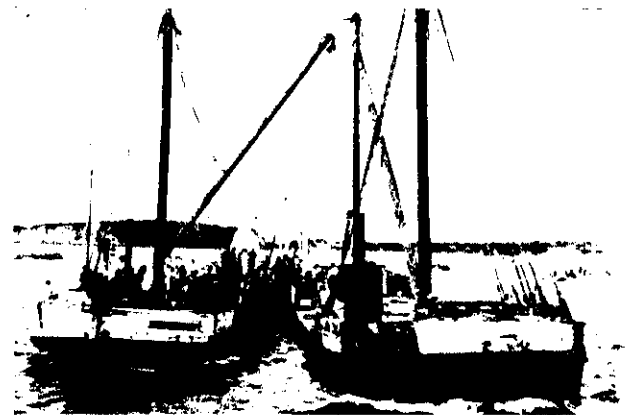
THE FLAGSHIP, THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING CO.'S FINE STEAMER WAIMATE.



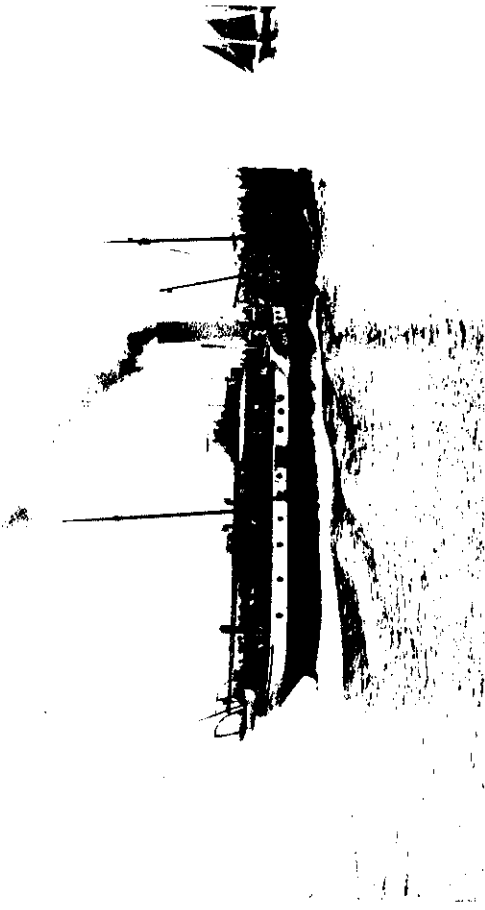
MR. A. R. BRETT'S LAUNCH ALLEYNE, WINNER OF THE OPEN HANDICAP OVER SEVEN AND UNDER TEN KNOTS.



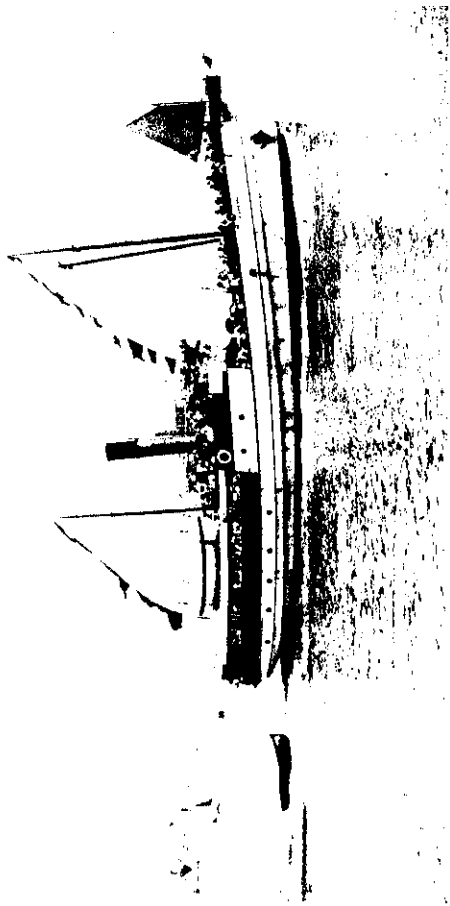
THE GREASY BOOM.



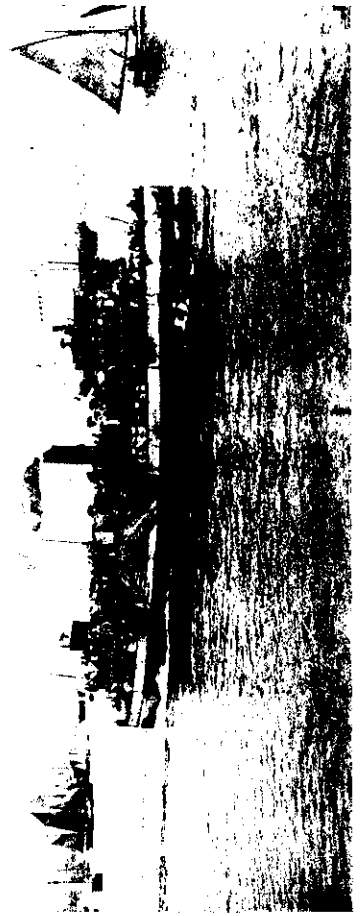
THE LANDING STAGE PUNT COLLIDES WITH THE SIDE-SHOW SCOW.



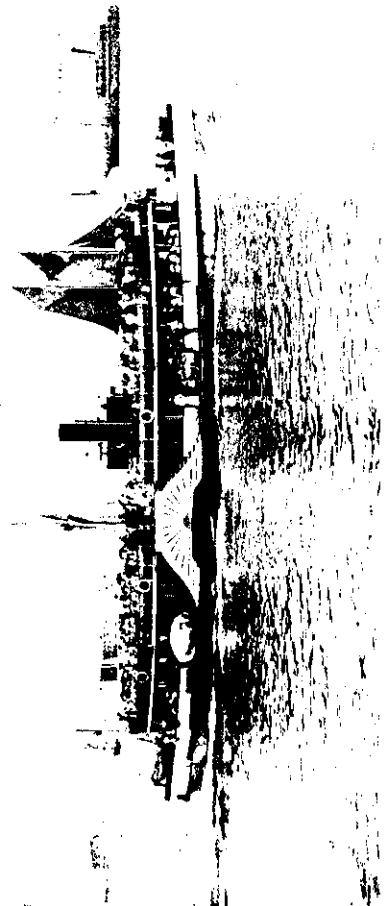
S.S. WAKATERE, EN ROUTE FOR COWES, WAHANE.



S.S. KAPANUI OFF FOR ST. HELENS.



THE EAGLE LEAVING FOR LAKE TAKAPUNA.



THE OSPREY WITH THE SPORTING SET FOR TAKAPUNA RACES.

PLEASURE SEEKERS ON EXCURSION STEAMERS AT AUCKLAND ON ANNIVERSARY DAY, 1908.



MEMBERS OF THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW ZEALAND NOW BEING HELD AT WELLINGTON.

BACK ROW: J. W. Joynt, M.A. (Registrar), Rev. W. A. Evans (Wellington), Professor J. R. Brown, M.A. (Wellington), J. Hay, M.A., LL.B. (Timaru), Hon. Dr. Collins, M.D., M.L.C. (Wellington), F. Fischer, M.A., LL.D. (Wellington), F. E. Bunn, K.C., LL.B., M.P. (Auckland), H. F. von Haast, M.A., LL.D. (Wellington), Rev. A. Cameron, B.A. (Dunedin), W. C. W. McEldowney, M.D., B.A. (Auckland). FRONT ROW: J. H. Scott, M.D., F.R.S.E. (Dunedin), H. A. Gordon, M.L.C.E., F.G.S. (Auckland), Prof. J. Shaud, M.A., LL.D. (Dunedin), Hon. C. C. Bowen, M.L.C., Vice-Chancellor (Christchurch), Hon. Sir B. Stout, K.C.M.G., Chancellor (Wellington), Prof. G. S. Sale, M.A. (Dunedin), Prof. J. M. Brown, M.A. (Christchurch), Hon. J. A. Toie, K.C., B.A., LL.B. (Auckland), G. Hingston, M.A. (Wellington). ABSENT: Prof. F. D. Grown, M.A. (Auckland), L. Cohen, M.A. (Wanganui), Prof. C. H. Cook, M.A. (Christchurch), Hon. Sir G. M. O'Rourke, Kt., M.A., LL.D. (Auckland), Prof. W. Salmon, M.A., D.D. (Dunedin), Prof. R. J. Scott, M.L.C.E. (Christchurch), B. Hector (Assistant Registrar).



COMPETITORS AND VISITORS.

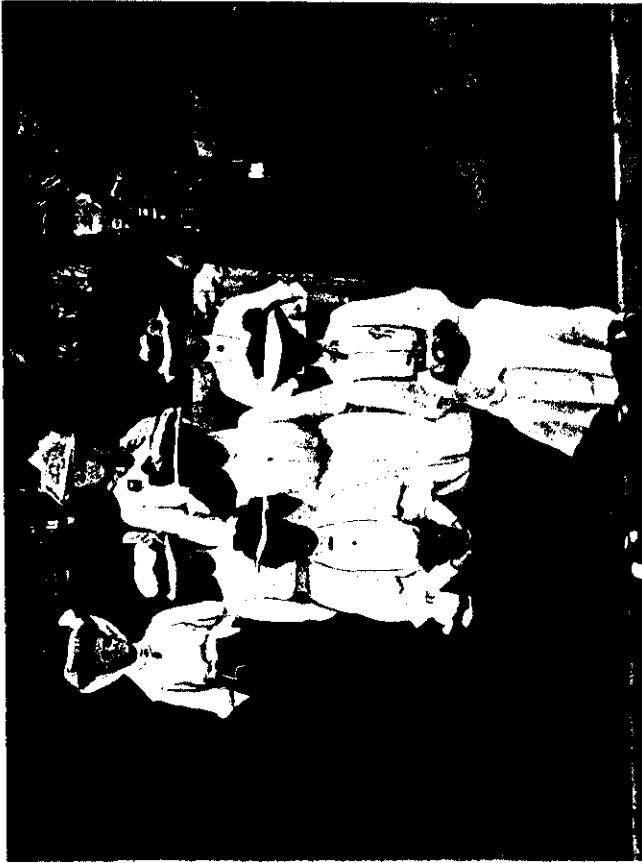


See "Cambridge Letter."

THE GREEN AT THE PRETTY CAMBRIDGE DOMAIN DURING THE TOURNAMENT.

Islerwood, photo.

THE SOUTH AUCKLAND BOWLING TOURNAMENT HELD LAST WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE.



THE PATEA TEAM.

LADIES WHO TAKE A HAND IN NEW ZEALAND BOWLING CONTESTS.

Ladies Bowling Clubs have not up to date achieved any very great popularity in New Zealand, but there are exceptions, and our photo-engravings represent two of the most notable of these. In Melbourne bowling amongst ladies is, we understand, an exceedingly smart and fashionable recreation, the ladies having their own clubs and greens.



THE KELBURN TEAM.

E. Wills, photo.



A BUSHMAN'S CAMP IN THE WAIKATO.

N. C. Mansfield, photo.



A CORNER OF THE MASON COLONY, WAIKATO CONSUMPTION SANATORIUM.

HER MASTERPIECE

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

CHAPTER III.

I WILL drop you out at the Boulevard St. Germain and then take the ladies home," said Mr. Hammersmith. He turned to Mrs. Jerome, who was in the tonneau with Forest and the Mayor. "I do not like to go through Lucian's street; my mud-guards are apt to break the windows on both sides."

"Drop us out here by the Cluny," said Forest, "and we will catch a taximeter. I could not walk across the street in this goat-coat."

"Very well." Hammersmith stopped. "Remember that you are to meet Chew and me at Maxim's to-night at half after eleven. I've engaged a table. It's Reveillon, you know."

Bidding the others good-bye, the two men got down. Forest motioned to a passing cab.

"Did you enjoy Fontainebleau?" asked the artist, as they drove along.

"Very much; I had no idea that there were any real woods in France, especially so near Paris. But it does detract from the romance to be riding after a stag and have the pack turn into a long, straight macadamised road."

"And then have somebody turn the stag by hitting an auto-orn!"

"Yes, or waving a parasol. It makes killing the poor beast unpleasant. But it was a beautiful spectacle. What a very attractive man the count is. I'm glad to meet such a Frenchman; I did not believe that there were any."

"There are a great many. Americans are too apt to judge the French by the boulevard types. And Helene?" He glanced quickly at his friend, then out of the window.

The mayor hesitated. "She is charming; you were right in pronouncing her a typical American girl. She is, in everything but her education. Did you—," he hesitated, colouring a trifle, then glanced quickly at Forest, who was still looking at the shop windows—"have the opportunity of saying anything to her parents?"

"No," Forest turned slowly and looked at his friend in the eyes. "Are you disappointed?"

"No—no!" said the mayor. His face was turned to the window. "Not at all; there is really no desperate hurry, and it is just as well to approach so serious a matter with deliberation. What a beautiful girl she is, Luce, and how she can ride!"

"You were the most envied man in the field," said Forest.

"I deserved to be. Poor Hammersmith's horse went lame in the first three miles and he had to haul out. I wanted to offer him mine when I saw his face."

"He would not have taken it, and I doubt if Helene would have been pleased. Really, old chap"—again Forest glanced keenly at the mayor—"you have made an impression."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Yes, but you have. She keeps looking at you, which is the first symptom. All that you have to do is to go ahead; you are the first man I have seen whom she appears to thoroughly enjoy being with. Hammersmith is a good chap, and she is very fond of him, but there are a good many angles passing overhead when they are together. So you really had a good time with no drawbacks! I'm so glad."

"Thanks, Luce. Yes." The mayor's voice was flat as corked champagne. "I really had a thoroughly good time."

He hesitated. "There—there was just one thing—" He paused.

"Yes?"

"Just one thing to—to—"

"What was that?"

"Well, of course, it didn't really mar it—but it kept cropping up in my mind just when things were at their gayest." The mayor stopped abruptly and looked out of the window.

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But there is something. Did you get thinking that you had to go back to work in about a month?"

"No, no! Not for a minute! It hasn't got to that degree of slavery; but when things were brightest and everybody was having the most fun—" The mayor looked straight at Forest.

"Don't think that I'm a sentimental chump, Luce, but, somehow, my mind would turn to that artist girl—Carroll Winn."

"The curse of a too kind heart."

"No, it wasn't that! It wasn't pity. The contrast struck me; I thought of her; hang it, I more than thought of her! I saw her just as plainly as if her face had been looking at me from between my horse's ears. Yet I wasn't sorry for her a bit. I knew that she was happy; probably happier than any of those idle people in that hunting-field."

"Nevertheless, you were sorry for her!"

"No." A tinge of excitement crept into the mayor's voice. "She had proved to me that she was beyond pity. I was not a bit sorry for her, but I wished that she were there, seeing the thing, enjoying it; don't you see? I had the feeling that she would have got so much more out of it than those others, even Helene; she would have seen more, felt more; a lot of it seemed to be going to waste without her. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"Did you ever have that feeling about a person?"

"No, not yet; but I hope to"—Forest's head was turned away and he was staring out of the window—"some day."

"What—what? What did you say, Luce?"

"Oh, nothing. What you tell me is very interesting. Then that was the only way in which you thought of her?"

"No!" The mayor's voice lowered a trifle. "And that is the funny part of it." He fell silent.

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, it's foolish. Confound it, I must be in a bad shape. Liver or gray-matter jaded—or something." He gave a short laugh.

"Why? What happened?"

"Well—don't josh me, Luce—but do you remember a little incident when Helene asked you if you were ever going to finish that dry-point portrait of herself?"

"Perfectly. I said that I could not work by artificial light, and that the last few days had been too dark."

"That's it." The tinge of excitement in the mayor's voice intensified. "I suppose that it was the thought-association conveyed by your words, the thought of a dark studio, you see; at any rate, whatever the cause, I had all at once a weird feeling of familiarity with those very words, of exactly the same thing asked and answered. 'It's not finished; has been too dark.' And at the same moment I saw that girl's face."

"Carroll Winn?"

"Yes, and it was so terribly tragic!"

The mayor's breath came quickly. "And something seemed to tell me that she was in trouble of some sort." He grew silent.

"So that," said Forest slowly, "was what made you so distraught after the chase?"

"Perhaps. I hope"—the mayor's voice was troubled—"that nobody noticed it!"

"They did; but they put it down to another cause."

"What?"

"Oh, I don't know. They might have thought that you were in love."

"In love! How ridiculous!"

"Not altogether. It would not be so hard to fall in love with Helene after being two days in her company; and you had been reasonably attentive."

"Naturally, since I want to marry her. Besides, I like her."

"Nobody thought," observed Forest dryly, "that it was because you disliked her."

"And do you really mean to say that they put my distraction down to—having fallen in love?" exclaimed the mayor.

"The birth of the tender passion has been known to produce similar effects."

"But how ridiculous!"

"It can do no harm for them to think so; especially as you intend to push your suit vigorously." Forest glanced at his friend.

"Oh—eh—of course, of course. Better have 'em think that than that I was bored."

"Infinitely!"

"Yet it seems so absurd to think of a man of my age and experience getting in love in that silly way, head first, like a pup falling into a fountain."

"Stranger things have happened. But tell me more of your vision. Did your little artist give any other evidences?"

"Don't call her my little artist!" said the mayor. "She isn't mine, and she is almost as tall as I am, and her name is Miss Winn. She would look big enough to you, and individual enough if you could only see her work."

"No doubt. I beg her pardon, and yours. I shall be much interested to see if there will be any reason for your psychical impressions. Myself, I am a believer in such things. The spiritual communication between two natures in accord—"

"Oh, fudge!"

"I am, though. I have seen some very wonderful things in that line right here in the quartier."

"Where?"

"In the Ecole de Psychologie, Rue St. Andre des Arts. Moreover, I made the acquaintance of a man during the cours who used himself to do some extraordinary things."

"Such as?"

"One day when we were all in my studio I mentioned that I needed a certain model whom I had not seen for a long time. I was asking if anybody knew where to find her when this chap, who is a Polish doctor, said that perhaps he could bring her there."

"When?"

"Now," said he. "Concentrate your mind upon her. I did so. And about twenty minutes later she came into the studio and asked if I had any need of her."

"Oh, rot!" said the mayor. "Coincidence!"

"Very possibly," admitted the artist.

"They happen."

"But that sort of thing," said the

mayor, "is quite different from what I have been telling you about. I had no fool trance nor hallucination nor anything like that. I only saw her face as you might see anything that your mind is dwelling on."

"Oh, of course," said Forest, smiling. "But you know"—he turned to the mayor, still smiling—"this is the Reveillon—Christmas Eve; the night of all the year when spiritual forces are most potent. If ever a message could be sent upon the wireless systems of our organisations, it would be to-day."

"Shucks!" said the mayor, "I haven't any wireless. I am ultra-material, and your French cooking has put some of my liver cells to sleep. The stag-hunt has jolted them to life again; fancies—morbid ones. There is nothing to lay ghosts like cross-country riding or calomel. Voila!"

"You brute!" said the artist laughing. "You red-corpused, boned, and muscled insensate American savage! Nothing like calomel to lay a ghost! Ye gods! If Ibsen had known that we might have been spared a few surplus creeps. Well; here we are."

The cab stopped and the two stepped out. As they entered, the surly concierge was standing by the door of his den, and seeing them, draw back a trifle. They were at the foot of the stairs when there reached their ears from above the sound of many voices chattering together.

"What is going on up there?" asked Forest of the concierge.

The man thrust out his jaw. "It is a sale, monsieur, of the effects of a tenant who has been evicted for being unable to pay the rent."

"Truly? Who is it?"

"Mademoiselle Winn," growled the man.

"Eh, what! What!" The mayor thrust himself forward, his straight brows knitting over his clear, grey eyes. "What is this about Mademoiselle Winn?"

The concierge regarded him maliciously. "She has paid no rent for months, monsieur, and as I am acting for Monsieur Cadoret, the locataire, I have had an attachment of her effects by the huissier."

"Since when?" asked the mayor, in a voice which suggested the click of machinery.

"For the past six weeks, monsieur. If Monsieur Cadoret were not a fool he would have sold her but long ago! Of what value are her tattered gowns and a few worthless daubs?"

"Has the sale begun?" asked the mayor, in a low voice. The concierge drew back.

"No, monsieur; the sale is set for one o'clock. It lacks but ten minutes."

"Then," said the mayor, "I will pay the arrears of rent myself and you may send these people away."

A gleam of triumph appeared upon the man's bloated face.

"It is now too late, monsieur. The sale has been announced and must proceed."

The mayor turned to Forest.

"Do you know the address of this artist from whom Miss Winn sub-lets?" he asked. "Is he in town?"

"I think very likely. He told me that he was coming up from Rome for the holidays. His people live in the Faubourg St. Germain."

"Will you go around and see if you can get hold of him and arrange things. Luce? Tell him that a friend of Miss Winn will pay the arrears and the advance; then drop in on your landlord, and tell him that I will pay for the repair of the elevator on one condition—that the

concierge is fired out of here before six! If necessary offer a premium. Then come right back. I am going up to attend the sale."

Forest laughed nervously. "All right, Tom," said he.

"Go right off, please." The mayor turned to the concierge. "This will cost you your place, bonhomme," said he, and walked to the stairs.

Carroll's studio was filled with a shabby crowd composed of the small local art-dealers of the quarter who had dropped in hoping to pick up something for six sous which they might sell for a franc or two. The moment that the mayor entered he was conscious of an atmosphere of intense but subdued excitement. Carroll's studies were ranged along the wall; her portrait stood upon the easel exposed to a good light from the long window, and as the mayor glanced at it he caught his breath at the beauty of the thing. Ignorant as he was of the technical virtues of a work of art, no one could have failed to be impressed with the wonder of the life contained in the picture. For Ogilvie there was the added marvel of the likeness. Real, warm, breathing, the face seemed to lean from the canvas as if wondering at its fate, questioning, eager, intense, it waited only the answering word to speak itself.

Two Frenchmen were standing before the easel discussing the portrait; as the mayor watched them one caught his eye, muttered something to the other, and both moved away. Politician that he was, Ogilvie was trained in reading human emotion. His suspicions were aroused.

In a few minutes the sale began. First on the list was the portrait, and after a few words of mechanical praise by the salesman, a dealer across the room bid five francs.

"One hundred francs," snapped Ogilvie. A rustle went about the room; no one bid again until the astonished salesman had all but accepted the offer; then from the corner a voice piped:

"One hundred and five." The mayor glanced in that direction and saw that the bidder was one of the men whom he had observed studying the picture when he entered. His suspicion deepened.

"Two hundred," he bid curtly. There was another long pause; then the thin voice piped:

"Two hundred and five." "Five hundred," said the mayor. The room hummed like a beehive. Five hundred francs for a painting by a woman artist who had been evicted for being unable to pay a quarter's rent! Yet as the people present glanced from Ogilvie to the portrait their faces grew thoughtful.

"Five hundred and five," croaked the Frenchman.

"If that portrait is worth a hundred dollars to a Hebrew art-dealer in the centre of the artistic quarter of Paris," thought the mayor, "there is no longer any question of its genius." A warm wave of exultation swept through him. The girl was right! He was right! Lucian, the skeptic, would be convinced. But above all his heart sang within him at the thought of Carroll's happiness when she should know.

"Seven hundred," he bid. "Seven hundred and five," came the voice from the corner.

"Eight hundred," said the mayor, a gleam in his grey eyes. For the first time in his life he enjoyed being bid against at a sale.

"Eight hundred and fifty." The murmur grew louder, and the salesman began to grow excited.

"Nine hundred," said the mayor, with feigned reluctance.

A silence followed, and the mayor thought that the limit had been reached. Then a new voice from another part of the room bid softly:

"Nine hundred and fifty." There was a craning of necks in that direction. A small, fat man with a very pale, red beard and red rims around his eyes was elbowing his way across the room toward the easel. In front of it he turned to the salesman.

"Would monsieur delay an instant to give me an opportunity to examine the painting?" he asked.

The salesman glanced at the mayor. "If you wish," said the mayor indifferently. "Anybody can see at a glance that it is worth many thousand francs!" All eyes looked at him suspiciously, then returned to the portrait. In an intense silence the dealer closely examined the painting.

"Merci, monsieur," he said, with a bow. "I bid one thousand francs."

"Two hundred dollars!" muttered the mayor, then to the salesman: "Eleven hundred."

No answering bid was made, and the mayor stepped up and paid for his purchase. The hussier, remarking that the one picture had realised the amount of indebtedness of the sous-locataire, announced that the sale was over.

Charging the man with his responsibility for the remaining studies and then mollifying his offended dignity with a ten-franc piece, the mayor took the portrait from the easel and ascended the stairs to Forest's studio. There, he calmly dispossessed a painting of his friend, and placing the portrait on the easel, seated himself upon the divan and gazed upon it long and earnestly. The wonderful face looked questioningly back at him from the canvas.

The mayor was neither romantic nor sentimental. Like most Anglo-Saxons of stern and vigorous fibre he had trained himself from boyhood to crowd back within him any demonstration of emotion, even when alone. Therefore, it was strange that as he studied feature by feature the wonderful face before him, he gradually discovered himself to be in the grip of some very potent and powerful influence, which, if not emotion, presented at least all of its empiric signs. His heart-action quickened involuntarily, and strangely enough, as he stared into the vivid, breathing face, his eyes dimmed and his swallowing became awkward and inconvenient. At the same time there began to steal over his entire consciousness such a hunger, a longing, a deep, overpowering desire, that his face grew suddenly pale, and his limbs weak.

Then, in a great wave of understanding his vision cleared; the mists were whipped away in the blaze of a strong, clear light; and the mayor sprang to his feet and stared at the portrait which looked back at him with its sweetly questioning gaze—and as he looked the full consciousness of his infirmity swept upon him in a deluge.

He took a step toward the easel, his eyes bright, his fists clenched.

"So help me God!" he cried, half-aloud, in a hurt, wondering voice. "I love her! I love her!" His eyes widened. "Why, Heaven help me, I've loved her all the time! From the very first! And to think that I never should have guessed it! I love her!"

His teeth came together with a click. "I love her, I love her, I love her! I love the very ground she walks on, the very air she breathes—God bless her, the darling! I love the very walls around her; and I have let her be driven out into the cold!"

A sudden uncontrollable rush of that emotion of which he had always held himself to be master surged up within him, broke its bounds, seized him in its ruthless grip, and whirled him along giddy, breathless, crazed. A sob strangled in his throat; the tears gushed into his eyes. He turned toward the portrait and flung out both arms, his face tortured, his soul on fire. It seemed as if the very strength of his desire must draw the living reality from the painted image into which had gone so much of the soul of the creator.

"Carroll, Carroll, Carroll!" he cried, in a low, strained voice. The sound of it weakened his instinctive contempt of blind emotion, but passions long stifled had snapped their leash. With a savage oath at his weakness he tore himself from before the portrait and flung toward the window, threw it wide, and gripping the iron rail in both hands, leaned far out.

Beneath him the city was shrouded in the first grey darkness which comes before Paris, who never sleeps, defies the night with her myriad lamps. Ogilvie looked down upon the sea of roofs; the sighing of the city arose to his ears. Far across the housetops Notre Dame reared her twin towers against a sombre, darkening sky. Faint, multi-coloured lights began to spark and flash and twinkle against the swimming greyness which marked the Seine. From far away the tolling of chimers reached his ears faintly. Other bells took up the chorus, which swelled, then died away again.

"Reveillon! Christmas Eve!" he cried in a muffled voice. "And she is out there—down below in that seething pit! She, all alone, penniless, friendless, with none to turn to—Oh, my God!"

He turned and began to pace the room furiously, his eyes half-blind, his teeth set, the breath hissing between them. His brain was a turmoil; his years of trained self-control were pow-

erless to haul it back to the present with sage counsels. His normal condition of clear, cool reasoning had for the moment abandoned him. Dimly, he realised that nothing could be done until the return of Forest.

He was still pacing the floor, fighting for the mastery of his emotions when the artist entered. At the sight of his friend's face he stepped back, startled.

"Tom!" he cried. "Tom! For Heaven's sake, what is it? What have you learned?"

Ogilvie's battle had passed its crisis. The trained veterans of his self-control were getting the lawless mob of emotions in hand again, and at the words of the artist they rallied and swept the field. The American pride which might lose its grip before itself, squared its shoulders in the presence of a witness, friend though he might be. The mayor stared at Forest, his face pale, quivering, and as he stared the colour slowly returned, and the strong, trained features assumed a hard smile.

"Yes, Luce, I have learned something that has jolted me a bit, I confess."

"What, Tom, what?" "I love her," said the mayor, a catch in his breath. "I love her, Luce; and like the fool that I am I have only just found it out!"

"Tom! You mean that you love—Miss Winn?"

"Love her!" The mayor's terrific control slipped a trifle under the strain. "Love her! I am mad about her! She is my whole life, Luce, my body—soul—all there is to me!" The incoherent words came tumbling out pell-mell. "I love the very thought of her! Think of it, Luce! I love her so that I am nearly crazy; and loved her all of the time and never knew it! I'd have given body and soul and my hope of heaven to have saved her from this; and all of the time I was gaping around like a brainless fool and never knew it."

He pulled himself up abruptly and laughed.

"Look, Luce!" He pointed to the easel at which the artist had not yet glanced. "There she is. Do you wonder? Look at her! That is herself, in image and execution. The soul of genius in the body of a—a woman. Did you ever see the like?"

Forest stared fixedly at the picture. He did not answer, and the mayor, watching the fine, sensitive features of his friend, saw a quiver pass over them. Forest studied the portrait in utter silence, his head slightly tipped to the side, his eyes narrowed. Soon he took two steps nearer the canvas, leaning forward slowly.

Suddenly he gave a long expiration and turned to his friend, his face quite pale, and the mayor realised that he had been holding his own breath during the inspection. Both breathed deeply again.

"You were right, Tom," said Forest quietly. "She is a genius." He looked back at the lovely head, for lovelier it became the longer that one looked at it. "No wonder she didn't mind the dark and cold and the lack of a meal now and then. I think—he looked again at the portrait and a wistfulness crept into his voice and eyes—"that I would be willing to live in a cell and eat crusts and sleep in raw wool for the rest of my life—to have reached such heights!"

"Yes, Luce, so would I; so would anybody! Look at that face! Was there ever one like it? Can't you see her? Her very soul! And to think, Luce, to think!"—his voice struggled up—"that she is out there!"

He seized the artist by the shoulder, and drawing him to the window, flung it open. The icy air cut in upon them, laden with the damp chill of coming snow. Underneath, Paris sparkled frostily, new lights pricking out here and there as the darkness deepened.

"Look, Luce! Look down there! Listen! Listen to it growl! Think of her, all alone in that cesspool, that seething maelstrom! A young girl—alone—penniless! Maybe she is walking the streets, hungry. Perhaps she is cold and tired and hungry, with wet feet and no place to go." A note of frenzy strangled the mayor's voice. "Why, Luce they even had her poor little gowns to sell! And think how it must have hurt her, the plucky darling, to have that"—he pointed to the portrait—"snatched away from her and offered for sale! Her very soul and body!"

He stared at the picture with eyes which saw nothing through their swim-

ming mist, then flung his powerful frame toward the window again.

"Think of her being down there!" He threw his arm toward the Seine. "Perhaps some brute is annoying her! Perhaps—his voice choked—"perhaps she is standing on one of those bridges, staring down into the river, thinking that she has failed and wondering—"

"Tom! Tom! Stop it! We will find her."

"Yes." The mayor turned swiftly. "We will find her! We must find her! And we must find her to-night!" His voice grew steady and the frenzy left his face. He picked up his hat and coat.

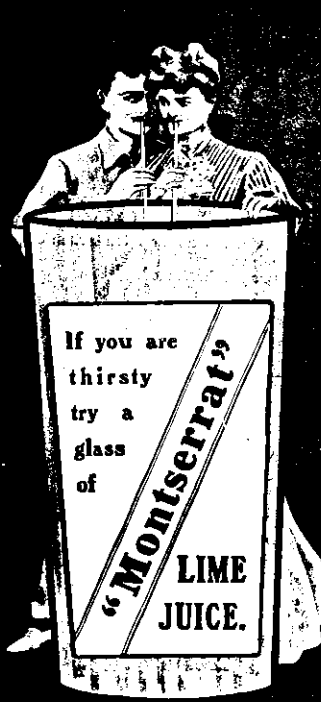
"Come on, Luce." Ten o'clock found them still in the motor-cab, slowly patrolling the streets. They had returned at seven to the studio, but the concierge was gone and there was no one in his lodge. Then they had slipped into evening clothes and taken up the search again.

The police had given them scant encouragement so far as finding the girl at once was concerned. It was Reveillon; many people were abroad; they could not say how she was dressed—

voilà! "They had tasted no food since morning, but neither had thought of eating. The strain, the excitement, and the fasting told visibly on the artist, but loyal as he was, no hint of this escaped his lips. The mayor was in a state of controlled frenzy. All of the evening he had sat in the cab, leaning rigidly forward, his eyes searching the hurrying crowd.

"Isn't it maddening, Luce?" he growled. "Isn't it infuriating? To think that we may have been within ten paces of her a dozen times! Why haven't we some sense—some instinct? What a helpless, groping animal a man is! Less than an animal! Her dog could have found her, if she'd had one. And I, who love her more than my own life, can't!"

"You will find her yet," answered Forest quietly. "Did she not send you her message when she was in trouble?"



If you are thirsty try a glass of

"Montserrat" LIME JUICE.

is made from cultivated limes, and is always fresh and pleasant to the taste. Mixed with plain or aerated water, it makes a cooling, refreshing healthful drink.

MADE IN TWO KINDS -
Unsweetened, i.e., Plain Lime Juice.
Sweetened—i.e., Lime Juice Cordial.

You saw her face, but you wouldn't believe."

"You are right! I'll never scoff again, Luce"—his voice altered its tone—"I have been thinking of that, and of what you told me about that friend of yours, that doctor, and the model. Do—do you think that we could find him?"

"I don't know. I have been thinking of him, too. At least we can try. I know where he lives."

He gave an address to the chauffeur, who nodded and turned down a side street to emerge presently upon the Seine, which he crossed by the Pont Royale, holding straight across the Rue de Bac and turning up the Boulevard St. Germain. Opposite the Ecole de Medicine he dived into a narrow, squallid side street, threading a labyrinthine maze to draw up finally before an arched gateway which led into a dark courtyard. Through the gateway they saw a dim lamp burning in front of a low, ivy-covered door.

"Here we are," said Forest.

"Do you know the way?" asked the mayor.

"Yes. Come on. There's a light in his apartment." Forest pointed to a dull glow which came from the window overlooking the court.

They crossed the court and started up the dark, deeply worn stairs. On the landing Forest paused.

"Let me warn you, Tom," he said, "this fellow is a Pole, a Doctor Zabriski, and he is the worst kind of a as a doubt of his powers or anything at which he could take offence, such as a doubt of his powers of anything like that. If you do he will not only refuse to help us but insult us into the bargain."

"Very well," said the mayor, grimly. "I'll be careful."

In front of a door around the edges of which there came a glimmer of light the two paused and Forest rapped.

"Who is that?" came a deep voice, in French.

"Monsieur Forest and a friend."

There was a muttering within, a chair grated on the parquet, then felt-shod feet glided across the room, the bolt slid, and the door was thrown open. Framed against the softly lighted interior stood a tall, bulky man, a part of whose pale face gleamed from the middle of an enormous beard.

"How do you do, Mr. Forest?" he said, in perfect English. "Come in if you please."

Forest, followed by the mayor, entered.

"Doctor Zabriski," said the artist, "permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Ogilvie."

The Pole offered a large, sinewy hand. The mayor murmured something perfunctory and then glanced about the room.

It was large and luxuriously furnished, giving the impression of richness and taste combined with a certain cold asceticism of detail; one felt at once that it was the abode of a servant. The rugs were fine, the tapestries good, the colours in accord, as far as could be seen in the light of the dim reading-lamp. But the walls were lined with books, and a microscope stood where one would expect to find a margarine, and then, as the mayor's eyes swept the place, he received a shock.

On a low divan, in a shrouded corner of the room, lay a sleeping woman. One arm, bare to the elbow, fell within the zone of softened light, which shone on the pink finger-nails and the small half-closed palm. Even as the mayor discovered her presence the Polish doctor said quietly:

"Do not mind her. We will not disturb her. She is not due to awaken until midnight."

"Delphine?" asked Forest.

"Yes. The girl whom I brought to your studio, if you remember. I have used her to conduct some experiments." He glanced at Ogilvie. "Are you interested in psychology, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"I do not know anything about it," answered the mayor. "But I am in need of its aid, as you must have guessed."

His voice was curt, the atmosphere of the place repelled him. It produced a bristling along his spine which caused the counsel of Forest to go unheeded.

"We have come for your advice, doctor," said Forest. In a few nervous sentences he outlined what had occurred. When he had finished there was a scowl

upon the bearded face of the Pole.

"Have you told me everything?" he asked harshly.

"No," interrupted the mayor. "He's left out a lot, through consideration for me, I suppose."

"In that case," said the Pole coldly, "I very much regret that I will be unable to offer any advice."

"All right. Sorry to have bothered you." The mayor was on his feet, his clean-cut features hard as though carved in stone. "Please accept our apologies, Doctor Zabriski. Come on, Forest."

The Pole glanced at him quickly.

"One moment, Mr. Ogilvie; don't you see why I cannot help you?"

"Of course. You want the whole story. Well, then, it is all summed up in three words. I love her."

"Sit down, Mr. Ogilvie," said Zabriski. "Now I can be of aid to you."

The mayor reseated himself. For a moment the Pole regarded him curiously. Forest had sunk down into his chair, pale and silent.

"Do you believe that I can help you, Mr. Ogilvie?" asked the Pole.

"I am prepared to."

"Good; that is all that one can ask." He looked searchingly at the mayor, who returned the look unmoved. "You are a materialist, Mr. Ogilvie," said the doctor. "Anything which logic cannot explain is repugnant to you. Also, you have no fear to try conclusions, as you think of it, with the will-power of any living man. In three-hundred and sixty-four days and twenty-three hours of the whole year you would be quite un hypnotisable; but the Christian year has yet an hour to run; and in that hour, due to your great love, which is a new-born emotion, Mr. Ogilvie, you have become the best and most susceptible of subjects."

"Good!" growled the mayor.

"So much so, Mr. Ogilvie, that I doubt if there is any necessity for hypnotising you at all." The Pole regarded him closely, and the mayor met the large, brilliant eyes steadfastly. Suddenly the Pole sprang to his feet.

"You are clairvoyant, my friend—just at this moment. There is no need of a trance. Shut your eyes!"

The mayor did so.

"Do you see anything? Have you any impression?"

"No."

"Bon! Come with me."

The doctor sprang to his feet. Without a glance at Forest, who had fallen back in his chair pale and faint, Ogilvie followed.

At the foot of the couch upon which lay the sleeping woman the doctor drew back some portieres, disclosing a dark interior.

"Enter, if you please," he said. The mayor did so.

"Before we proceed," said the doctor, "I wish to ask you if you have any revulsion at the thought of temporarily losing entire personal control of your faculties?"

"No!" snarled the mayor savagely.

"Hypnotize me. Lead out my mind and put it through its tricks, if you like. Do what you please—I don't give a damn—if you can find her for me!"

"Bon! We will find her; never fear," said the doctor softly.

He let the portieres fall, then struck a match and held it to a tiny lamp, hidden in a niche. The little flame flared up; the doctor reached for some dark object, drew it aside, and instantly the room was flooded in a soft, yet brilliant light, all of which was centred in one shimmering, scintillating object.

"Have you ever looked into the crystal globe, Mr. Ogilvie?" asked the Pole.

"No."

"Good. Then you will surely see that which will help you. Sit on that stool in front of you, Mr. Ogilvie, and so—now rest your elbows upon the table. Relax, my friend, relax. There, that is good, that is admirable. Are you quite at your ease?"

"Quite."

"Good. Now, Mr. Ogilvie, look intently into the very centre, the core of the globe. You will not have to look long."

His low, modulated voice deepened.

"Relax, Mr. Ogilvie, relax. Think of anything that you like, your thoughts will come back to the main issue. Look steadily, that is all, look steadily." The soft voice ceased.

"It is getting cloudy," muttered the mayor presently.

"That is right. Look, keep on looking."

"Now—it—is—" The mayor pitched

forward. He gripped the table with both hands. His eyes protruded. His voice burst out harshly.

"Carroll! There she is. There! Sitting at a table—with—with—his voice grew shrill—"with that man, that—the Marquis de Montbrison." He aroused himself.

"Sit still!" said the Pole sharply.

"Eh—what—with that rouser—what—"

The mayor's voice rose fiercely; his knees stiffened.

"Don't rise! Keep on looking. Look! Look!"

"Look!" The mayor sprang to his feet. "What's the use of looking at things like that?" He flung back the portieres and strode out into the other room.

"Come on, Luce," he said. "Let's go."

The Pole was at his heels. Forest, very white, looked up at the two as they entered. The mayor's face was white also, but his eyes were like two shimmering jewels.

"You did not follow my instructions!" snapped the doctor. "You got up! You did not do as I ordered you!"

"Why should I?" said the mayor contemptuously. "Do you know what I saw?"

"What did you see, Tom?" asked Forest feebly.

"Oh, nothing of any value." The mayor's voice clicked. "I saw Miss Winn, of course, but as soon as I got the whole picture I understood. At first it gave me a jolt, naturally, but the whole thing is made out of the same stuff as dreams; where you dream some horrible repugnant thing that your waking mind would never permit for a second—a sort of passive perversity."

"Well, but what?"

"Oh, what's the use of discussing it! If you must know, I saw Carroll Winn, dressed in a gorgeous sort of gown, sitting at a table in a cafe, a glass of champagne in front of her, and that—the Marquis de Montbrison opposite. It was just a fool dream."

"Indeed?" said the Pole. "Then you mean to insinuate that my revelation, or your own revelation under my suggestion, was nothing more than fantasy?"

"Well, what else could it be?" The mayor turned to the man in rising anger.

"I come to you looking for a poorly clad, homeless, friendless girl, wandering about the streets of Paris, and you show me the very woman, only tricked out in lace and satin, sitting at a table in what appears to be a stylish cafe opposite a man in evening dress who is known to be the most dissolute man in Paris!"

The Pole's eyes flashed. His moustache was drawn up, baring his white teeth. His pallid face was the incarnation of ungovernable fury.

"You fool!" he snarled, thrusting his bearded chin toward the mayor. "You fool from out of the West! When you have become a little more civilized you will learn something!"

The mayor's head dropped a trifle between his broad shoulders. His eyes narrowed, and he looked at the angry man before him. The Pole topped him by half a head, but in his rage he had stopped and thrust out his chin, so that the point of his beard was almost in the mayor's face.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Ogilvie, his voice carrying a soft songlike lilt. "What

is that you say, doctor?"

"I say that when you know Paris a little better, and woman a great deal better, Mr. Ogilvie," sneered the doctor, "you will learn that it is no such great distance for a woman to travel from rags to satin! Nor is it far from Montmartre to Maxim's; and"—his sneer grew malicious—"from Maxim's to—the morgue!"

The mayor leaned forward, his eyes mere alits. A straggling noise gurgled in his throat.

"You liar!" he snarled. His arm shot out from his shoulder; there was a solid impact, a crash, and the spiritualist was down, senseless, across his rich, Turkish rug.

The mayor leaned over him, his eyes blazing, his fists still clenched.

"Hope to God I've killed the swine!" he snarled. "But I haven't. He's hypnotized now, damn him!"

"Tom! Tom!"

"Oh, come on, Luce. Your friend's a huubug! He's worse; he's a liar! Come on!"

He seized the artist by the shoulder, and they stumbled gropingly down the stairs and across the silent court. Outside the gate the motor-car was waiting. The mayor wrenched open the door and plunged in, then sank back upon the seat, knowing his nails.

"From Montmartre to Maxim's; from Maxim's to—the morgue!" he muttered.

"Where now, Tom!" asked Forest faintly.

The mayor was still muttering. "From Montmartre to Maxim's—eh—what?" he laughed, then thrust his head through the window.

"To Maxim's," he ordered. "After that—the morgue!"

CHAPTER IV.

The mayor did not speak again as the motor-car picked its way swiftly through the narrow, dim-lit streets, and Forest, shocked to the core of his sensitive nature by the savage outbursts of his friend, was also silent. Neither had spoken up to the time that they reached the Place de la Concorde and headed across the blazing square for the point where the Rue Royale debouched into it.

The night had grown very cold with the raw, searching humidity peculiar to winter Paris, and a few snowflakes were swirling through the air. As they drew up in front of the famous cafe the mayor spoke for the first time since giving the address to the driver.

"It was here that we were to meet Chew and Hammersmith, wasn't it, Luce?"

Forest roused himself. "Yes, Tom; that's so. I had forgotten all about it."

"Funny how the threads of fate interweave," observed the mayor.

"There really is no sense in looking here for Carroll." He used the girl's Christian name unconsciously. "But we ought to stop and tell them that we can't stay. Besides, a bite to eat will do us no harm. Forgive me, old chap; I'd forgotten that we had fasted so long. Why didn't you speak of it?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Tom. I hadn't thought of it myself."

New Spring and Summer Styles
IN LADIES' BOOTS and SHOES.

Latest Patterns, Exclusive Designs
in Tan, Champagne and Glace Kid.

NOW Marked at our Famous
Bed-rock Prices.

- LADIES' TAN SHOES, 5/11, 8/11, 10/11, 11/6, and 12/11 pair.
- LADIES' TENNIS SHOES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/11, 3/6 and 4/6 pair.
- LADIES' SAND SHOES, 2/6 and 2/11 pair.
- GENTS' TENNIS and BOWLING SHOES, 2/11, 3/11, 7/6 and 7/11 pair.
- GENTS' TENNIS BOOTS, 4/11 and 5/11 pair

Over £10,000 worth of Boots and Shoes
to select from at

Miller's Boot Palace,
102 and 104 Victoria Street, Auckland.

The cab stopped and a porter flung open the door.

"There is no place, gentlemen, unless you are to join friends who have a table," he began. The mayor, followed by Forest, strode on unheeding, and pushed through the revolving doors.

"Mr Hammersmith," said Forest to the head waiter, almost shouting to make his voice heard above the din, for the gaiety was at its height.

Even as he spoke he caught sight of Hammersmith beckoning from the extreme end of the room.

"There they are, Tom," he said.

"Go ahead; I'll join you." The mayor turned to a waiter. "Do you know Monsieur De Montbrison?" he asked.

"Oui, M'sieur. M'sieur le Marquis was here this evening, but as there was no place he went away."

"Was he alone?"

"I could not say. Merci, m'sieur."

The mayor turned and followed Forest, who was waiting for some people to move their chairs before he could pass, so closely was the room packed. The fun had grown to an uproar; the atmosphere of the place was stifling. Scent, tobacco smoke, the fumes of champagne, and the reek of steaming plates mingled to the point of suffocation. Everybody was laughing and shouting; the waiters had just distributed the favours, and wonderful coiffures were capped with little hoods, while the men wore ridiculous papier-mache imitations of battered hats. Beautifully-gowned women, with the flushed faces of ucechantes, were holding shrieking conversations with their escorts, while the waiters, bearing wines and dishes, slipped like ferrets through the crowd.

As the mayor stood by the door, his hat still on his head, and his eyes staring curiously about, a cry went up from a table near by.

"Chapeau! Chapeau! Chapeau!" bawled a man. Others, laughing, took up the shout. "Chapeau! Chapeau! Chapeau-a-u-ai!"

"They don't like your hat, Tom," said Forest, smiling.

The mayor raised his hand to remove it but as he did so a papier-mache rabbit came flying from somewhere, struck the hat squarely, and sent it spinning across a table, where it capsize a glass of champagne into the lap of a young man.

Ogilvie looked startled; the young man laughed and handed him his hat. The mayor glanced about, colouring. Everybody was laughing, and from a few there came an ironic: "Merci, m'sieur!"

Ogilvie laughed and followed Forest, who was warning his way between the stacks of chairs in an effort to reach Hammersmith's table.

"You chaps are late," grumbled the host. "You've missed a rattling good supper."

"I am very sorry," said the mayor. "We have had a busy evening."

He seated himself, and, leaning across the table, said to Chew and Hammersmith:

"You remember the lady who was in the elevator with me the day of my arrival? Well, on getting back to the studio to-day we discovered that her rent had been in arrears for some weeks and that the concierge had seized her studies and sold her out."

"The swine!" cried Chew indignantly. "What did you do to him this time, Ogilvie?" asked Hammersmith.

"Got him first but that isn't the point. The girl has been driven out of her apartment into the streets." The mayor's face hardened. "And Forest and I have been looking for her all of the evening."

"Good for you!" said Hammersmith. "We will all look for her."

"Do you mean to say," cried Chew, "that the poor girl is out in the streets of Paris, now, with no money and no place to go?" His round, genial face wore a look of horror.

"That's what we fear," said the mayor.

"In that case," said Hammersmith, quietly, "this party may be considered officially over. Let's each take a separate auto-cab and rake the whole town. The chances of finding her are small, but—"

"Oh, I don't know," said Chew. "Paris, after all, is not so big. You never can do anything here without running into somebody."

"That you don't want to see," said Hammersmith, laughing.

"No, exactly. That you don't want to have see you."

All four laughed. The mayor looked from one to the other of the two with kindling eyes. The ready willingness to sacrifice their evening in the faint hope of relieving the distress of their fellow countrywoman surprised and touched him. He wondered, and felt

ashamed at having received the impression of their being lacking in staunch Americanism.

As he started to speak his voice was drowned in a wild burst of applause from directly behind him. A table had been removed, and a dancer had stepped out into the vacant space and commenced a pas seul. The banqueters crowded in upon all sides, jamming the whole space, so that it was impossible to move, scarcely possible to breathe. Hammersmith arose to his feet to look, and Chew, who was a short man, climbed upon his chair.

"Stand up on your chair, Ogilvie," said he. "It's not half bad. She's pretty."

"Don't you know her?" asked Hammersmith, in surprise. "It's 'La Deliria.' Get on your chair, Ogilvie; she's worth seeing."

The mayor smiled and obeyed. But, once up, instead of looking at the famous dancer, some influence appeared to draw his eyes to the other end of the room. Over the bobbing heads of the crowd, over the low-hung haze of tobacco smoke, he looked toward a table placed beside the door. A woman was sitting there alone, facing him, but for a moment he was unable to see her face, as it was bent over the menu which was lying on the table.

Ogilvie noticed that she was richly gowned; in fact, the gown itself, either in its shade or style, seemed oddly familiar. He wondered where it was that he had seen the pliant figure, that gown, and as he was watching in a strange state of excitement for the woman to raise her face, a tall, handsome man, who had been talking to the head waiter, walked to the table, spoke to the woman, then turned toward the crowd that was watching the dancer.

At the same moment the woman looked up, as though startled, and the next instant the mayor was looking into the questioning face of Carroll Winn.

The mayor lurched backward, nearly capsizing a chair. Chew, who was beside him, threw out a rescuing arm.

"Look out, old chap," he said, laughing. "Don't fall into the said."

The mayor stepped unsteadily to the floor. Chew glanced at him and laughed. "Step on the edge of your chair," he asked; then, noting the pallor of Ogilvie's face, his own sobered. "Feel banay? Here, sit down."

"No, no." The mayor was breathing hard. "She's over there!" he muttered.

"She! Who?" asked Forest quickly.

"Carroll Winn—wait here!" The mayor pushed into the crowd; then, as he elbowed and shoved against the close-packed mob of laughing people, it occurred to him that the girl had appeared to be richly dressed, and that she wore a hat with a trailing plume.

"It's that trickster, with his devilish suggestions!" he muttered savagely to himself. "I don't believe that I saw her at all. It's a trick of my brain, damn him!" he told himself, but nevertheless he struggled on.

The man was dense, and the people, many of whom were women, crowding in to watch the dancer, would not give way. Ogilvie's curt requests for a passage to the door were drowned in the snouts of laughter and clamorous bravas which greeted each fantastic step.

Before he had gained ten feet the mayor found himself wedged fast, unable to move in any direction without the use of violence. He could not see above the heads of the crowd; he could see nothing, in fact, but the flushed, laughing faces about him and the ceiling over his head, and there he was forced to stop, fuming and frenzied, until the dance had finished and the cheering spectators began to scatter back to their tables.

Several minutes had elapsed when he reached the other end of the room. The table at which he had seen the girl was vacant, and as he stood staring about blankly, a familiar voice raised in excited interrogation reached his ear. He looked behind him and discovered the Marquis De Montbrison talking to the door-man.

"But you tell me that madame went out while I was watching the dancer?" cried De Montbrison excitedly.

"Oui, monsieur. Madame went out when the dance was but half-over."

"But it is incredible!" snarled the marquis. "Why then should she go out? Did she appear to be ill?"

"Madame was very white," replied the man. "Perhaps she may have been overcome by the smoke and the closeness of the air."

"But you are quite sure that it was madame?"

The mayor waited no longer. Pushing through the door, he went into the street, restless and hatless as he was. A knot

of cab-drivers and chauffeurs were standing on the sidewalk.

"Here is a louis," said Ogilvie sharply. "Did any of you see a lady come out a minute or two ago?"

"Yes, sir," said an alert voice in English. A chauffeur stepped forward. "There was a lady as came out two minutes ago, sir."

"Where did she go?"

The chauffeur pointed toward the Place de la Concorde. "That wy, sir."

"Walking?"

"Yes, sir; she was walkin' a bit rapid, sir."

"All right; here you are." The mayor handed the man the coin and hurried to the corner.

The snow was whirling thickly and the air was intensely cold and raw. Ogilvie's eyes swept the Place; the snow blew into his face and the chill dampness gripped him like a knife, overhauled as he was from the steaming cafe. Across the street an agent looked curiously at the coatless, hatless figure in evening clothes, but the mayor did not see the man, who was in the shadow of the wall. On the Place the lights were twinkling, blurred through the mist of eddying flakes. It had grown so cold that, despite the dampness, a fine, white veil was spreading over the surface of the square. Dim figures were flitting this way and that.

"Which way?" he muttered. For a



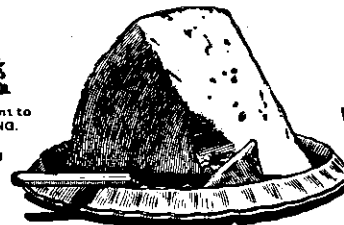
ROAST MUTTON, ROAST BEEF,
and all other joints (hot or cold)
are rendered enjoyable and appetising
by the addition of

LEA & PERRINS'
SAUCE

CHEESE has an exquisite delicacy imparted
to it if a little of this Sauce be used.

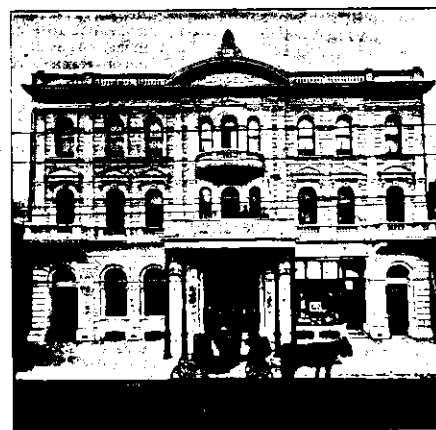


By Royal Warrant to
H.M. THE KING.



The original
and genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE

EMPIRE HOTEL,
WELLINGTON.



Cable,
"Empire"
Wellington.

Box
G.P.O.
Wellington,
385.

THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT, and is the
PREMIER HOTEL in the CITY OF WELLINGTON. Visitors to the Dominion will find
their comforts thoroughly catered for. COOK'S TOURIST COUPONS ACCEPTED.

E. W. SOFIELD, Manager.
(Late of Coker's Hotel, Christchurch).

second he hesitated, and as he did so the words of the Pole recurred to his mind: "From Montmartre to Maxim's—from Maxim's to the morgue. He had been to Montmartre; he had just left Maxim's; was it now to be—the morgue? A chill struck through him; then, without knowing or thinking why, he hurried across the Place, heading toward the Pont de la Concorde. Almost across he saw, far ahead, the figure of a woman which passed beneath an arc-light and turned toward the bridge.

In front of him swirled the Seine, black, cold, sinister. The mayor broke into a run; as he reached the bridge the woman was half-way across, and he saw her white face flash as she turned in his direction. He was running lightly like the athlete that he was, for something seemed to tell him that the woman was Carroll.

"Paris can't get her from me now!" he muttered, as the distance lessened; and even with the thought the woman turned sharply toward the parapet of the bridge, leaned over it, and looked down into the black, swirling water.

Ogilvie knew that it was she. The long, gliding step, the swing of the lithe figure told him that it could be none other than Carroll Winn.

Close behind her he stopped; then, as he stepped to her side, breathing rapidly from his run, her low, gurgling laugh reached him. She did not move, but stood still, looking down into the stream, with the fine snow powdering her drooping shoulders.

Ogilvie stepped to her side. His breath still came gaspingly.

"What made you run away?" he asked gently. "I have been looking for you all the evening."

"Why did you do that, Mr. Ogilvie?" answered Carroll, staring into the stream.

"You might have waited, Miss Winn."

"For what, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"For my return from Fontainebleau. You know that I would never have permitted such a thing. At least, you might have left some message telling me that you were not in actual distress—and immediate want."

"Oh, but I was," answered the girl in her low, rich voice. "I left the studio with nothing but what I have on. They could not seize the clothes I wore, so I naturally saved the very best." She laughed. "I had not a franc—not a sou."

"Then, don't you think," said the mayor slowly, "that my offer to help you deserved a little better treatment?"

Carroll did not answer. The mayor leaned across the parapet beside her, and together they stared down into the black, seething water. To Ogilvie there was no sense of strangeness in the situation. That he was leaning across the parapet of a bridge staring down into the Seine at midnight of Christmas Eve, hatless, coatless, and with the snow sifting into his shirt-bosom while he talked to a girl whom he had seen for the first time less than a week before—it was all most natural. Even a rapidly growing sense of physical ill, of ebbing strength, as the icy wind cut through his light evening clothes, failed to rouse him to any personal realisation of his condition.

"You should have waited until after the sale," he said. "It would have saved a great deal of—of unhappiness."

"That was what I tried to save myself, Mr. Ogilvie." Carroll laughed. "You see, there was not much else that I could save. But I don't think that I could have endured seeing the things that I had so worked for—her voice faltered—"sold off to those jackals for so many sou's."

"What had become of your faith in yourself? In your genius?"

"It was—all—gone."

"Then, would you have come to me if I had been there?"

Carroll's voice was almost inaudible.

"Yes."

"Of course you would; and you would have done so in any case."

The mayor straightened up and tried to speak briskly, but even as he began a flaw of the wind cut him to the bone and carried with it so severe a stab of pain that it stifled his breath. For an instant the river seemed to boil up into his face; his head reeled, then the faintness passed, but he had lost the thread of his thought.

"I meant to go back after the sale," said Carroll, "but while I was wandering about I met De Montbrion. He is the artist for whom I posed as Tiphaine."

"And then you went to Maxim's? Why

Maxim's?" There was no hint of sharpness in the mayor's voice; the gentleness of tone was, if anything, increased.

"I did not know that he was taking me there; in fact, I did not know that it was Maxim's until I saw the name upon the menu. All of the restaurants are gay Reveillon night. Of course, I should not have gone with him at all, knowing the sort of a man that he is, but—"

Carroll's voice faded away. The mayor waited, his arms folded tightly across his chest, protecting it instinctively against the icy blast and the crushing pain which seemed to come from without.

"Yes," said Carroll, "it was wrong of me, of course. But, you see, Mr. Ogilvie, I was—"

"What?" asked the mayor gently.

"I was—hungry!" The low voice faltered.

"Hungry!" The mayor started upright, and as he did so the icy chill gripped him, while with it came so fierce a stab of pain that he caught his breath with a gasp. "You were hungry?"

"Yes, Mr. Ogilvie; and he knew that I would not have gone there if I had known. Still, I think that if I had told him why I went with him at all he would not have taken me there; but, you see, we found me in an evening gown, and alone, and Frenchmen don't look at these things as we do, so that the mere fact of my consenting to go with him at all—"

Carroll fell silent again.

"Then what made you run away?" asked the mayor softly, and fighting for his breath.

"Because you discovered where you were?"

Carroll appeared to find it hard to answer.

"Why?" the mayor repeated. "Then, if you must know, it was—pride, I suppose. I looked up and—saw you, and I couldn't bear the thought of having you see me there and not understanding!"

"I could not understand."

"But what did you think?"

"I don't think that I thought much about that part of it," answered the mayor slowly. "I was too anxious to tell you that things were not as bad as you thought, and that you had not failed, and that your work had been appreciated by the most merciless of all critics, the dealers, and that your portrait was safe, as I had bought it myself."

"What? What is all that? What are you talking about, Mr. Ogilvie?" Carroll laid both hands upon the rim of the parapet and thrust herself upright, and then for the first time during their talk she looked at the mayor and saw that he was standing beside her coatless and hatless and utterly unprotected against the frozen breath of the river.

"Mr. Ogilvie!" she cried, and there was a note of distress in her deep voice which thrilled the mayor, despite his rapidly increasing malaise. "How can you do such a thing! It is mad—wicked of you! And you have been standing here all of this time, so! And coming from that steaming oven!" She leaned toward the mayor, her great eyes glowing into his and her odd, leopardess' face drawn with anger—or some emotion. "Are you quite mad, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"I—oh, it's nothing. I forgot," mumbled the mayor in an odd voice of boyish shamefacedness. He tried to treat the matter as a joke. "The air is a bit fresh after Maxim's," he began in a jocular tone which died upon his lips, for Carroll was not listening. She was swaying to this side and that, searching the white, spectral light-dimmed darkness.

"Here comes a cab," she said. "Come! You are wickedly imprudent or don't know the Paris climate. You are taking your life in your hands."

"But I want to tell you about your—"

"Hush, please. Cocher! Ici! Ici! Cocher la!"

A solitary cab came wandering out of the swimming mist and headed for the bridge. The mayor watched it with a dull gaze.

"Get in, Mr. Ogilvie!" It was Carroll who threw open the door. The mayor stared, then roused himself.

"That's so," he said. "We might as well go home."

Carroll shrank back.

"Home, Mr. Ogilvie?"

"Yes. Your place has not been touched; your things were never put up for sale. Get in, please, and I'll tell you as we drive along."

He gave the driver the address and followed Carroll into the cab. Again the pain seized him and for a moment

he could not speak. The chills were sharper and of longer duration now, and during the paroxysms he fought for his breath. Afterwards, the crushing pain made him feel faint, but oddly the moment it had passed his mind ignored it.

Carroll's eyes were on him searchingly. They missed nothing even in the dark.

"Oh, but you are chilled," she cried, and slipped out of her cloak. "You must let me wrap this about you."

"Senseless; put that on again."

"You shall do as I tell you! Put down your hands—there—sit still, Mr. Ogilvie."

"But—but—" The mayor's teeth clenched and the words failed him. Each instant the deadly congestion was tightening its hold. The long fast, the nervous strain, the hot cafe, his over-heated condition, and then the icy draft from the Seine had broken down the weakened defences of his rugged strength.

"But let me tell you about your picture," he began lifelessly, and without even wondering at the sudden weakness of will which permitted of his sitting passively while the girl wrapped her cloak about his neck and shoulders. "I bought it myself, you know."

"Oh, that was good of you; but never mind the portrait, Mr. Ogilvie, never mind anything; don't talk; it hurts you to. I can tell by the sound of your voice." She dropped the window and thrust out her head. "Driver, hurry, hurry, and you will be paid double." Then she slammed the window shut again.

"But I want to tell you," muttered the mayor. "And, anyway, I feel rather badly, somehow, as if I were going to faint or do something equally foolish, and I want to be sure that you are going to be all right. I seem to have caught a chill—and it's taken the strength out of me. Now, will you please not argue"—the mayor was breathing in gasps—"and do as I say!"

"Oh, yes, yes—but please don't try to talk."

"But I must tell you." The mayor spoke through his clenched teeth. "You think that you have failed, but—it is not so. A Jew picture-dealer bid a thousand francs—the words came with difficulty—for your portrait, just as it stood, and I bid—eleven hundred—and—got it." He tugged out his pocket-book. "The huissier has the money, of course—but you are to take what you need from me, and then you can pay me back after you have seen him. Understand?"

Carroll took the pocketbook from his hand.

"Yes, yes, I will," she said soothingly. "I will do anything that you say if only you will rest and not try to talk."

A faintness seized the mayor; the power to fight it seemed utterly lacking, and he leaned back, resting his head against the shabby upholstery of the cab. Carroll drew the cloak more tightly about his throat and closer to him, her great eyes fastened on his face.

Presently the cab came to a stop. The girl slipped out and paid the driver, taking the money from the mayor's wallet.

"Come, Mr. Ogilvie," she said.

The mayor lurched out and followed her blindly up the four flights of stairs, unlocked the studio door, and entered. Forest's servant had left a fire of briquettes on the hearth, but they had smouldered low and the place was cold.

"You—will find everything as you— as you left it, Miss Winn," gasped the mayor. "Thank you so much—good night."

He stumbled gropingly toward the divan.

"Have you a match?" asked Carroll.

"There's electricity," he muttered, "over by the door." He handed her his silver match-case, then lurched across to the divan and flung himself upon it, muttering some protest. Carroll struck a match, then switched on the electric light, for the building was a modern one.

The mayor lay upon the divan, motionless. Carroll covered him with a heavy steamer-rug, then entered one of the bedrooms, tore the blankets and coverlet from the bed, and spread them over him. She was building up the dying fire when Ogilvie, rousing from his faintness, turned and looked at her.

"Really, Miss Winn," he said, in a gasping voice, "I can't have you doing this. I'm horribly ashamed of myself; nothing of this sort ever happened to me before—and it's awfully good of you—but you really shouldn't stay here, you know—it isn't right. It isn't—"

Carroll, with her long, sliding step,

reached his side and pushed him gently back upon the pillows. There was a light in her amber-coloured eyes which weakened as he was, quite overawed the mayor.

"Lie down, Mr. Ogilvie," she said, in her purring voice. "Lie down and do not speak. You are very ill, and I am going to get you warm and dry and something hot to drink; and after that we will think about the rest of it." She laid her hand on his wrist, thrust her arm back under the pile of wraps which he had partly flung aside, and pressed him down among the pillows. "Lie good, please, and do as I say. Please, Mr. Ogilvie."

Forest, returning later, worn and haggard and anxious, found a very sick man lying on the divan and a woman sitting at his head, and there was a look in her great, amber-coloured eyes such as the artist had dreamed of but never seen on the face of any woman.

"Miss Winn!" he cried. "What is it? What has happened?"

The girl laid her finger to her lips, but the caution was unnecessary. Stilled in the grip of the enemy, the mayor lay gasping with quick, shallow breaths and a face upon which the deadly pallor had given way to the flush of a mounting fever.

"I do not know, Mr. Forest," she whispered, rising. "He overtook me on the bridge and stood there in the wind talking, and I was looking into the river, and it was a long time before I noticed that he was in thin evening clothes with no hat or coat. Then, on the way home, he was seized with a chill. Can pneumonia come so quickly, Mr. Forest?"

"I don't know. He was not well last night, nor this morning, and he has had a hard day. No doubt this has precipitated things. At any rate we must have a doctor at once."

He walked to the mayor and stood for a moment contemplating the fine, flushed features of the unconscious man.

Then he turned and looked steadily at the girl.

Carroll was standing by the hearth, leaning toward him with her wide, questioning gaze, dark lashes far apart, chin thrust forward, mouth open, and both rows of white teeth half-visible behind the red lips. Forest looked at her with a quick rush of pity, then glanced from her face to that of the portrait which was on the easel under the soft glow of a shaded light. Artist that he was, even the crisis would not cloud his wonder at the likeness of the two, for at that moment the warm, live, questioning expression was identical upon the pictured face and the living one.

And then at once the thought rushed upon him that there was a difference, a marvellous difference, so great a difference that the two were suddenly unlike—and looking closer Forest found it in the eyes.

In the same instant he understood the cause, and Carroll, her questioning face still turned to his, read the newfound knowledge on the sensitive features, and a wave of colour turned her pale face rosy to the ears. Forest smiled.

"You love him, don't you?" he said.

With her swift, gliding step Carroll reached the divan, flung her arms across it, buried her face in the rugs which covered the motionless body of the mayor. Her voice, low, thrilling, muffled, reached the ears of the artist like the cry of some wild creature.

"I adore him!" she answered.

Forest drew a chaise longue to the fire and motioned to Carroll to take it. Three days of nursing and the ensuing fatigue had established a mutual understanding.

"It is very good of you to let me be nurse," said the girl, her eyes heavy with weariness.

"You have the right," answered the artist.

"Because I love him!" The dark lashes lifted.

"That is one reason."

"And the other?"

"The artist did not reply.

"Because he was so kind to me?" This deep voice held a tremor, and Forest, listening, wondered what had made him think that she was felicitous, ratlike, reticent. Then he looked at her face and wondered even more. There was no trace of the flat, blinking stare with which he had associated it. The deep amber eyes glowed moist and humid and fearfully questioning.

"That is another good reason," he said.

Continued on page 33.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR AMATEURS

Next Week's Work

By VERONICA.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

Celery should be earthed up as it advances in growth, taking care that the earth does not get into the hearts of the plants. Celery collars made of stiff brown paper are sometimes used while this work is in progress; they are easily removed when the work is finished. It is very little use planting Broccoli until we have a heavy rain; seize the first op-

portunity for planting when the ground is sufficiently moist. Make another sowing of French and Runners Beans, also a few peas. Sow radish and other saladings. Lift and store shallots, potato and tree onions when they ripen. Potatoes should be lifted when ripe, as when rain falls second growth will be sure to commence.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

VEGETABLE.

Kidney Beans
Runner Beans
Early Peas
Cress
Mustard
Radish
Turnip
Potatoes

FLOWER.

Aquilegia
Canterbury Bells
Cinerarias
Delphiniums
Dianthus
Hollyhocks
Pansies
Stocks, Brompton, East Lothian

COMING SHOWS.

Wanganui Horticultural and General Produce Society - Autumn Show, March 4-5, 1908 D. Roy Walker, hon. sec.

North Otago Horticultural Society - Autumn Show, March 5th, 1908.-A. W. Milne, Hon. Sec., P.O. Box 10, Oamaru.

Woodville Horticultural Society Autumn Show March 4th, 1908.-A. Stevenson, hon. sec.

Timaru Floral and Horticultural Society - First week in March, 1908.-J. K. Macdonald, hon. sec.

THE NATIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY.

At the great autumn competition and fête of the National Chrysanthemum Society at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham Hill (says a Home gardening paper), the principal features were the classes for the Holmes Memorial Challenge Cups, for 12 vases of specimen blooms of Japanese chrysanthemums, the class for the president's prizes for 24 Japanese blooms, and the floral decoration of chrysanthemums for a dinner table, there being 18 entries for this latter competition. The best chrysanthemum groups were those staged not for competition, because larger and more novel in their construction was introduced.

The Holmes Memorial Challenge Cups, as usual, brought out some grand exhibits. The cup for 36 incurved blooms was secured by Mr. W. Higgs, who had grand blooms of Mrs. G. Denyer, G. F. Evans, Buttercup, H. Ilearn, Godfrey's Eclipse, Daisy Southam, Embleme, Poitevine, Pantia Halli, Mrs. F. Judson, Lady Isabel, Triomphe de Montbrun, W. J. Higgs, Mme. Furlat, Frank Hammond, and others. Mr. G. J. Hunt took the second prize with somewhat smaller blooms in fresh condition. Mr. W. Mease was a good third, Mrs. F. Denyer and Buttercup being grand bloomers.

The Holmes Memorial Cup for 48 Japanese blooms, distinct, was secured by Mr. A. Jefferies, gardener to Mr. John Balfour, who had splendid blooms of F. S. Vallis, President Loubet, J. H. Silsbury, Chrysanthemiste Montigny, Algeron Davis, Dorothy Oliver, Mme. L. Rousseau, Mue. G. Rivol, Magnificent, Mary Inglis, Mrs. G. Mileham, Marquise Venosta, Lady Henderson, Duchess of Sutherland, Reginald Vallis, Bessie God-

frey, Mrs. W. Knox, Mons. Paul Watine, Mrs. A. H. Lee, Lady Mary Conyers, Mme. M. de Mons, Mrs. A. T. Miller, and Mrs. Barkley. The second award was taken by Mr. G. Hall, who had many very fine blooms indeed. Mr. T. Stevenson, gardener to Mr. E. G. Mocatta, Woburn Place, Addlestone, Surrey, took the third place with a grand exhibit, amongst which was an enormous bloom of Lady Talbot, the largest bloom in the show.

Single chrysanthemum classes and floral decorations brought numerous exhibits. For 12 vases of single chrysanthemums the lead was taken by Mr. C. Brown, gardener to Mr. R. D. Cleasby, Langley House, Abbots Langley. His prettiest varieties were Mrs. E. Roberts, Edith Pagram, B. E. Pagram, and F. W. Smith, Mr. W. C. Pagram, gardener to Mr. J. Courtenay, The Whim, Weybridge, was second, showing such beautiful sorts as Mary Anderson, Annie Holden, Duchess of York, Mrs. Watford, Beauty of Weybridge, and Edith Pagram.

The prizes for a vase of single chrysanthemums, with any foliage for decorative effect, brought a large number of competitors. The first prize was taken by Mr. T. Stevenson, who had sprays of Mary Anderson and Annie Holden set up with autumn-tinted sprays of Spiraea prunifolia and bracken. Mr. W. C. Pagram took the second place with large flowering singles with a great variety of foliage and fruits of the Chinese Lantern.

THE HOGG MEMORIAL MEDAL.

The Duke of Rutland won the Hogg Memorial Medal at the R.H.S. show on November 26th for an exhibit of 100 dishes of apples and pears of the finest quality, some of the pears weighing a pound each.

THE LOGAN BERRY.

There can be no doubt this is an exceedingly fine fruit—a hybrid between the blackberry and a raspberry. The berries are the size of the largest of the American Blackberries, which they resemble in form and structure, but are deep reddish maroon in colour. The flavour is rich and sprightly, a mingling of the raspberry and blackberry flavours, melting, and without core. The berries are firm like blackberries, and keep a long time on the bush, or after being gathered. One of the characteristics of this fruit is its earliness—it is ready four or five weeks before other fruits of a similar character. It enjoys perfect freedom from disease. The plants are without the thorns of the blackberry, but are covered with numerous red spines. The canes, which are exceedingly prolific,

LONDON'S PRIVATE GARDENS.

The London correspondent of an American paper has a great deal to say about the gardens attached to the houses in the older suburbs of the metropolis. It is no uncommon thing, he declares, to get a £50 house on the south side of the river (say in the neighbourhood of Dulwich or Denmark Hill) with a vast garden. London working-men take great pride in their gardens, spending the summer evenings and the Sundays there. Unfortunately, he adds, the builders who are now making London spread in all directions, are departing from the good old fashion of giving each house a goodly garden, and in some suburbs little or no ground is given with the "hideous semi-detached."



The Logan Berry.

are of strong, vigorous growth, semi-trailing in habit, and clothed with dark, green, large, leathery leaves. For jam and jelly-making the fruit is exceedingly useful, in great demand, not only for gardens, but for planting for market. Jam made from the fruit is delicious and unsurpassed for richness by any other preserve. We have been very sceptical about this plant in case it should—like so many other American berries—sucker from the roots. Having watched some plants for several seasons, we have not found any danger in that direction. The runners, however, should not be allowed to run on the soil else they will root.

FRAU KARL DRUSCHKI.

This beautiful white rose, which has in several contests been adjudged the champion rose in its class, was raised by M. Peter Lambert, of Treves, and was shown by him unnamed at Stuttgart. A schoolmaster, who saw it, then said it was a marvel, and should be named Snow Queen. It was agreed that the name was good and suitable; so the rose was thus spoken of at the time. In 1899—a year later—it was again shown without a name. In 1900 it was staged in competition for a prize of 1,000 marks offered on condition that the successful rose should be named Otto Von Bismarck. It did not gain the prize, because the absence of colour was not approved. When the judging was over, and the jury saw the plant flowering in the nursery, they regretted their vote, but it was then too late. M. Lambert felt annoyed, and asked permission of M. Druschki, the president of the society, to name the rose after his wife. Permission was readily given, and the rose was named Frau Karl Druschki, by which it is now so universally known. It is the best white Hybrid perpetual in cultivation, and some enthusiasts say the best rose grown.

THE FISHING PLANT.

No doubt many people have heard that the common utricularia or bladder-wort has been accused of trapping and devouring or destroying the ova of fishes, but "La Tribune Horticole" says that they serve to catch young fishes. Not long ago it was observed in an aquarium, where there was an utricularia and different species of very young fishes, that a dozen of the latter were captured by the plant in less than six hours. Most of the fishes had been taken by the head, but others were seized by the tail. A more curious thing was where one fish was seized both by the tail and the head by two neighbouring bladders. Investigation shows that the bladders have an opening with some prolongations inside, so that when a fish inserts its head these projections prevent it from withdrawing its head. The fish soon dies and decays. The writer says that the fishes do not constitute nourishment for the plant, and wonders what use the utricularia can have for the captured innocent fishes. The opening of these bladders bears a close resemblance to a mouse-trap, and once a fish gets in its head the more it struggles the more firmly it is held by the spine-like projections in the trap. "La Tribune" also vouches for the fact that these bladders or vegetable traps catch fishes seventeen or eighteen times as large as themselves.

CARNATIONS.

Orders booked now; most up-to-date Collection in the District. Priced Catalogues on application.

E. WHITE,
Carnation Specialist, Second-avenue,
Kingsland.

JUDGING BY POINTS.

The necessity for some uniformity and system or standard in judging at horticultural shows becomes more apparent every year. Every judge has his own ideals, and if he be a man of strong individuality, will not be slow to state his opinions, and make his awards accordingly; but other men are not built that way, and fear to offend what is known as the popular feeling. For instance, in judging cabbage, one judge may be all for size and shape, when he knows quality is absent; whilst another may be all for quality, regardless of size and shape. Now, in judging this vegetable, we think there should be so many points given for size, so many for quality, for shape and for condition, and the exhibit gaining the highest points declared the winner. Then again, in judging roses, the condition of a bloom at its prime should be determined, the relative value of rosebuds whether large or small, must be considered, and it should also be considered whether a rose past its best should count over one not quite developed.

In judging fruit, it should be decreed that judges can and should sample the exhibits, and award points for flavour, for condition, for bloom, for uniformity, etc. We do not consider ourselves competent to lay down any hard and fast rules, but merely mention the subject in the hope that some of our energetic societies will take the matter up, and if practical, call a meeting of experts in both North and South Islands to draw up a code of rules and regulations for the future guidance of judges. If this cannot be done, then we think the next best course to adopt would be for our societies in the Province of Auckland to call a meeting to discuss the subject. We shall welcome any suggestions.

VERONICA.

ACCIDENT FROM SPRAYING FRUIT.

The spraying of fruit trees with poisonous insecticides is carried on very extensively in many parts of America, Canada, and Australia. Notwithstanding the fact that apples so treated, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of barrels, have been distributed over the world, we hear little of any harm accruing from this practice. There is one case, however, where report says that a man eating apples that had not been washed lost his life as the result of spraying. This account comes from California.

BULBS FOR THE LONDON PARKS.

Active preparations are now being made in the London parks for the planting of the spring flowering bulbs, and we are informed that the London County Council has ordered, through Messrs. Wm. Cutbush and Son, of Highgate Nurseries, London, N., a supply of hundreds of thousands of hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, crocus, and the many other varieties of bulbs required for the various floral displays afforded by the twenty-eight parks and other open spaces throughout the metropolis, for which the Council is responsible to the citizens of London. For furnishing the London Royal Parks, Messrs. James Carter and Co., High Holborn, have been commanded by His Majesty's First Commissioner of Works to supply the enormous number of 60,000 hyacinths, 150,000 tulips, 133,000 narcissus and daffodils, 118,000 crocus, and 194,000 lilliums, snowdrops, etc.

CACTUS DAHLIA, C. H. CURTIS.

The florets of this variety are much incurved, whorled sideways, and of a brilliant crimson, shaded with yellow towards the base of the older florets. Award of merit by the R.H.S. on October 1, when shown by Mr. H. Shoosmith, Westfield, Woking.

The Kei Apple.—The above name is given to *abeira caffra*, a member of the order hixineae and a native of South Africa. Two large plants of it have just been presented to the Royal Botanic Society by Lady Dorothy Nevill.

SUNFLOWER AS FOOD AND MEDICINE.

A Russian physician, who has been experimenting with the sunflower, says he has found that alcoholic extracts of the leaves and flowers cure fever as speedily as quinine.

Says the Hon. Maurice Baring, writing in the "Morning Post":—"Sunflowers are grown in great quantities in Russia, not for ornamental or decorative purposes, but as food. You pick the head of the sunflower and eat the seeds. You bite the seed, spit out the husk, and eat the kernel, which is white and tastes of sunflower. Considerable skill is needed when cracking the husk and spitting it out to leave the kernel intact. This habit is universal among the lower classes in Russia. It occupies a human being like smoking, and is a pleasant adjunct to contemplation." "That may be," comments another contemporary, "but we cannot imagine philosophers and other thinkers ever being popular socially."

AMPHICOME EMODI.

This Bignonaceous plant grows at high elevations in India. It was introduced to British gardens in 1852, and in the most sheltered positions in favoured localities it will succeed out-of-doors. Generally, however, the species is treated as a greenhouse plant, and it is very ornamental when cultivated in pots. The



Amphicome Emodi.

plants grow about 1½ feet high, the flowering stems producing rose-coloured flowers with a slight suffusion of orange. When the species was exhibited by Messrs. Jas. Veitch and Sons before the Focal Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society it was granted an Award of Merit. The specimen shown in the illustration is 18 months old from the seed.

IVY KILLED BY A POPLAR.

The ivy is so well known on account of its destructive effects upon the trees infested by it that an example in which the tables were completely turned is of some interest. A writer in "Le Bambou" describes a Canadian Poplar which was infested by a very large Ivy, the stem of which had grown across a deep furrow near the base of the supporting tree. The edges of the furrow slowly grew towards each other, and in this way the climber was finally enclosed and strangled. After its death and ultimate removal, the signs of the damage caused to the tree, of course, disappeared.

POTATO PENCILS.

Owing to the gradual disappearance of Cedar wood, German lead-pencil makers are using instead a composition chiefly made of potatoes.

GARDEN RUBBISH.

During the summer months there is generally an accumulation of refuse from the garden, such as hedge clippings, weeds, roots, etc. Sometimes this material is laid in a heap to ferment, and in a year or two it comes in handy as compost for potting. Where land is free from weeds, and vegetables free from disease, this is all right; but what garden soil is free from weeds? or where are the vegetables which have no disease or blight—potato stalks, for instance? We advocate drying all such refuse, and burning before adding to compost heap. Should the smoke be a nuisance to your neighbours, have it done very early in the morning or late at night. Where it is not possible to burn, the next best thing to do is to bury it, giving a good dusting of lime, and cover over with 12 to 18 inches of soil.

NEW CACTUS DAHLIA.

The blooms of Saturn are of a soft, silver-pink, striped, lined and mottled with crimson. It is, therefore, a fancy Cactus dahlia. The florets of Clara are long, incurved, and the central ones form a cone of soft pink across the top and are creamy at the tips. The blooms of Helium are bronzy above, with a yellow centre, with long, incurved florets. Etruria also has large blooms, with long, incurved florets of a soft, salmon-red, with pale yellow tips. The blooms of Harold Peerman are wholly of a bright yellow, and handsome. The award of merit of the R.H.S. and the first-class certificate of the National Dahlia Society were accorded to each of the above at the Horticultural Hall on October 1. Only the first-class certificate of the N.D.S. was accorded the variety Dorothy, which has long, incurved florets of a soft, silver-pink. The exhibitors were Messrs. James Stredwick and Son, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

MAMMILARIA RHODANTHA VAR.

The mammillarias have either simple, branched or caespitose stems clothed with spine-bearing tubercles, and their flowers are produced in a whorl near the top of the stem. *M. rhodantha* has a sub-cylindric stem from 6 inches to 1 foot high, and it is sometimes forked. The variety here figured is an exceptionally fine example of a cristate or proliferous deviation from the type. It is difficult to account for the occurrence of these crested varieties of cacti. They are known in most of the genera, from the big *cereus giganteus* to the smallest, and they appear to be permanent. The best known of them is *cereus peruvianus monstrosus*, of which there is a large example in the Kew collection. Such monstrosities occur among cacti in a wild state, so that they cannot be set down to cultural influences. Nor are they likely to be the result of injury to the central growth bud, for the whole plant is affected, and cuttings, when rooted, never lose the peculiar habit of growth. A collection of such freaks as this mammillaria would be interesting, but they would not flower; at any rate we do not remember to have seen flowers on any of these proliferous cacti.

VITIS LEOIDES.

The leaves of this vine consist of three leaflets, the terminal one being oblong, the lateral ones ovate, shining above and tinted with violet-purple beneath. It adds one more to the list of decorative vine introduced by Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, Chelsea, who received an award of merit for it from the R.H.S.

The True Shamrock.—A writer in the "Standard," referring to the statement which recently appeared that the true Shamrock had been found in England, near Cheddle, says there is no clover growing in Ireland which is not far more frequent in England. The plant usually identified as the true Shamrock—viz., *Trifolium minus*—is about as common in England as the daisy, and can be found in any gravelly fields or roadsides.

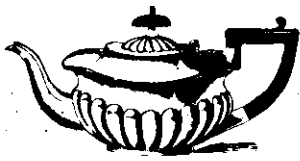
EXHIBITING CARNATIONS.

At the late Shrewsbury Show everyone was, I am sure, glad to note (with the exception of one solitary exhibit) the absence of the "paper collar," and to see these popular and lovely flowers shown, as they should always be shown, with long stems, accompanied by their own buds and foliage (to my mind even *Gypsophila* is out of place). Some blooms had their stems wired, which should not be allowed; and many had their calyces tied with raffia. But how different these flowers were to the so-called dressed blooms, which one sees at so many shows. Who with any taste could look at a board of blooms, mutilated and shown, or rather, with the exception of the petals, hidden behind a lot of circular white cards, after seeing the beautifully arranged groups at Shrewsbury? When shall we see the last of these abominations? It is impossible for anyone to form an idea what sort of plant a dressed bloom came off, but if a good length of stem is shown the calyx can be seen, and there is some chance of judging of the habit of the plant. I wonder how many gardeners have got into trouble for failing to keep alive in the border, carnations which pass as "border" carnations, but which have, as a matter of fact, been grown entirely in pots and flowered under glass. These weak-constituted plants, with their limp stems and bursting calyces, are shown on paper collars; visitors to the show are taken by their bright colouring, and are told they are "border" carnations. They order plants, and their gardeners (they have my sympathy) have to struggle with them. Some may live in a favourable soil and situation, but few will give a flower that is worth looking at. When I commenced to grow border carnations I tried many of them, of course, in the border. They have gone. Those which did exist for a season or two refused to give me even a passable bloom. Only let carnations be shown with a stem at least a foot in length, and let there be a rule that in all classes for border carnations the plants must have been grown in the open ground, then we may have some guarantee that the plants from which the blooms have been cut are in the true sense of the word "Border Carnations." The Shropshire Horticultural Society does encourage the type of flower that we want for our gardens, and I hope other societies will follow their lead. If raisers of border varieties would strive more to obtain a class of flower of good constitution, with firm, strong stems, and non-bursting calyx, and not devote all their attention to colour and form of petals, we might soon hope to see the last of paper collars, wire, rings, and tweezers, which are only used to hide defects.—From an English Exchange.

A correspondent of the "Daily News" observes that "vast quantities of apples are imported from Canada, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and arrive in good condition. Contrast these with the ordinary English-grown apples—mixed sizes, and tumbled about like pebbles—and then the complaint is, they don't sell at a profitable price. Yet the best samples of good English apples, properly stored, keep sound and good till April, May, or June of the next year after gathering, and sell at profitable prices."

CACTUS DAHLIAS, JAPANESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS, Etc. IN GREAT VARIETY, REMINDING PLANTS BY THE MILLION Kumara, Tomato, and Cape Gooseberry Plants, Hardy and Well-grown, SPRAY PUMPS, SPRINGERS, AND INSECTICIDES, Flower Seeds, Vegetable Seeds, Farm Seeds Manures. **GILBERT J. MACRAE** Seedsman and Florist, 186, Queen-st.

WANTED, 5000 GARDENERS to send Post Card for Patterns and easy self-measurement Form of the best working Trouser ever sold. Famed "Glenaker" (reg.) Tweeds, price 7/6 per pair. Hip pocket. Strong made and perfect fitting. Over 1000 of the leading Gardeners have sent us unsolicited Testimonials in praise of them. Patterns and our easy self-measurement Form sent free.—**BILL W. AND MONTGOMERY** (Penman), The Scotch Tailors, Dept. D., 628 and 682, Argyle-st. Glasgow W.

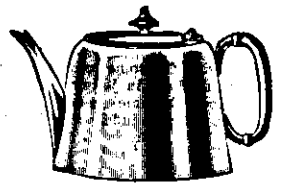


Stewart Dawson & Co.

JEWELLERS

QUEEN STREET,
AUCKLAND.

If in need of one of these kindly inspect our stock; we are sure to have just what you want, as our selection is unequalled, and our prices the lowest.



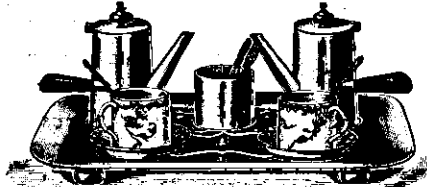
G4451 - R Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, £8/12/6



G5003 - Finest Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Tray, 30 inches long, 9 inches wide, £22/10/-



G5119 - Plain Design Best Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, £28/12/6



F2884 - Coffee Set, 2 Royal Worcester Cups and Saucers, Best Silver-plated Nickel Silver Sugar Basin, 3 Coffee Pots, Sugar Tong, 2 Tea Spoons and Tray, Size, 12 inches x 9 inches. Price complete, £4/17/6



G1809 - Solid Silver Afternoon Teapot, Sugar, Cream and Tonges; 4 pieces, in Silk-lined Case, £12/12/-



G8925 - "King James" Design Afternoon Tea Service on Tray, Silver-plated on Nickel Silver, Price complete, £4.



G4946 - Finest Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set, comprising Teapot, Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, £28/19/6



G8116 - Best Silver-plated Nickel Silver Coffee Set and Tray, 14 pieces in 10 1/2" x 4" pieces, £5/5/-



G5101 - Silver-plated Afternoon Tea Set 8 pieces, £21/17/6

Show Rooms: 422, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Telephone 1295.

WE MAKE ALL SIZED TABLES.

Price List on application.

BARTON, MCGILL & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
BILLIARD TABLES AND
BILLIARD DINING TABLES



Makers of the renowned
Champion Low Cushions.
Our Champion or Atmos-
pheric Low Cushions Fit-
ted to any Table.

FULL-SIZED TABLES
all prices.

Hotels, Clubs, Private
Gentlemen, before pur-
chasing elsewhere will
find it to their advantage
by giving us a call.

All Billiard Requisites
kept in Stock.

A Specialty for Private
Houses

PARLOUR BILLIARD TABLES

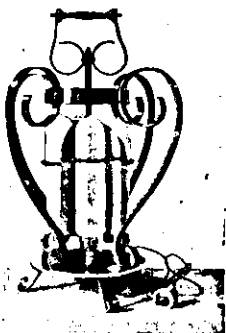
Slate Bed and Fast Low
Cushions from £10. Can
be placed behind the
door when not in use.
Sole manufacturers of the
most perfect elevating
Billiard, Pining Table in
the world.

L. C. KNIGHT, Christchurch.

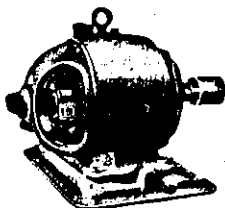
H. A. SMITH, Wellington

L. C. KNIGHT & CO.,

Electrical Engineers,



183 and 185
Manchester St.,
CHRISTCHURCH,
and
30 Cuba St.,
WELLINGTON.



Every Description of Electrical Work
Promptly Executed. Estimates
Given.

BRETT PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY.

HALF-TONE & LINE-
PROCESS ENGRAVERS

**ELECTROTYPERS
STEREOTYPERS**

Illustrations for
Catalogues, Books
and every description of
PRINTING
AT SHORT NOTICE

**SHORTLAND ST
AUCKLAND**

ENGRAVERS

ENGRAVERS

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING AND CROWN PRINCE OF PORTUGAL.

Continued from page 10.

changes of Ministry, Dom Carlos ultimately decided that to reform the abuses from which the country was suffering it was necessary to take more decisive steps. He

CALLED TO HIS AID SENHOR JOAO FRANCO.

A young politician who had already made his mark as a resolute party leader and a brilliant orator. Senhor Franco was originally a Conservative, but he formed a small party on what might be termed National Liberal lines, and promptly set about his task of reorganising the finances and purifying the administration of the country.

But both of the older political parties were violently opposed to the new policy. The unscrupulous "professional" politicians who had preyed upon the country resented the loss of their booty. The nobles and the churchmen objected to Senhor Franco as a "new man" who was striving to curry favour with the King by limiting their privileges. To secure the ends that they had in view Dom Carlos and his minister were therefore compelled to govern without the help and support of Parliament, and the Premier was then formally appointed Dictator of the country. It must be understood that this "dictatorship," odious as the term sounds in democratic ears, is a recognised feature of the Portuguese constitution. Nearly all governments that have held power at Lisbon during the last century have employed this expedient temporarily and as a last resort in case of a constitutional deadlock. Dom Carlos was quite justified in having recourse to it. But the natural effect of this step was to array against the Government not only the Regenerators and the Progressists, but the mass of the people who, though politically unimportant, are already imbued with democratic principles and who have been roused by anarchists, socialists, and republicans to demand the abolition of all autocratic methods of government.

So far as the

PRACTICAL RESULTS OF SENHOR FRANCO'S WORK

are concerned, it seems that he has been eminently successful. Even his enemies admit that he has restored order, improved the state of the public finances, and punished dishonesty and misuse of the public funds with impartial severity. But he has been governing without Parliamentary support, and therefore with the full consent and approval of the King, he has been practically driven to employ repressive and coercive measures to enforce his will. A rigid censorship of the press has been established, the universities, which, on the Continent, are the natural homes of Liberalism, have been closed, and prominent leaders of the Opposition and advocates of republican and socialist views have been arrested or deported at night without any legal formality. When the Representative Chamber protested to the Premier and the King against the unconstitutional methods that Senhor Franco has employed, it was simply dissolved; and the Premier went on without a Parliament. As an inevitable consequence, popular discontent, being denied its natural and legitimate remedy, has taken a more violent form; and the climax of the movement was reached in a plot to assassinate the King, and to destroy the autocracy or to place a more liberal monarch on the throne.

THE QUESTIONS AT ISSUE BETWEEN DOM CARLOS AND HIS PEOPLE

are to some extent complicated by the fact that there is another claimant to the throne of Portugal. Dom Miguel de Braganza, a son of the ex-King Miguel, who was forced to abdicate over seventy years ago, is now resident in Austria. He is a colonel in the Austrian army, and is chiefly known as an enthusiastic golfer and an entertainer of nobility and royalty at his splendid family seat. Even the Legitimists admit the weakness of his claim to the throne. But to the Opposition he is a most useful tool; and the enemies of Senhor Franco have not hesitated to lend Dom Miguel their support in the hope of compelling Dom

Carlos to dismiss the obnoxious Premier. As to the assassination plot which, of course, impelled Dom Carlos and his Dictator to adopt an even more rigorously repressive policy than before, it was the work of a small extreme section of anarchists and republicans. But it served to aggravate the bitter feeling that now separates the King from his people; while the bloodshed occasioned by the recent riots and the coercive measures that followed, have made reconciliation difficult, if not impossible. It can hardly be denied that, however good Senhor Franco's intentions may be—and even his enemies do not seem to question the honesty of his motives—his measures have been entirely inconsistent with the British conception of constitutional government; and it is likely that in any case Dom Carlos will be forced to dispense with his services. But it is a more serious question whether the breach between the King and his people can ever be bridged again, or whether Dom Carlos is not destined to prove, like so many other autocrats of his race, that the throne is helpless against a unanimous popular demand for Liberty.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

WELL-MEANING KING.

BESET BY DIFFICULT PROBLEMS.

Dom Luis I., the late King of Portugal, had just breathed his last, when his Queen, Maria Pia, took her eldest son to the bedside and said, "I desire that you shall be a King like your father, just and loyal, and I give you my blessing." That eldest son is now Dom Carlos I., against whom the machinations reported in our telegrams have been directed. His mother, a remarkable woman, daughter of the late King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, still lives, the popular Queen-Dowager of Portugal.

The King Carlos I. was born on Sept. 28, 1863, so that he was nearing the completion of his forty-fourth year. By a rare coincidence his Queen, Amelia, was born at Twickenham on the same day two years later; and alone, we believe, among the occupants of European thrones, they bid each other "Many happy returns" on the same day. The King was educated at Oporto by Portuguese professors, and after his education was ended he made a tour of Europe. He possessed what is rather the happy forte of Kings—a remarkable knowledge of languages. He spoke seven, and five of them fluently. With English he was quite at home. Like his father he was a Shakespearean scholar. Dom Luis translated "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "Hamlet," into Portuguese; and in this reproduction, it is said, the present Sovereign took part. He was then Duke of Braganza, and was known throughout the kingdom as a keen sportsman and the finest shot in the country. Even in later years, when his Majesty had grown very stout, it is said there was scarce a marksman in Lusitania who would back himself against King Carlos. He rode hard, and could drive a pair of horses through the steep and narrow streets of Lisbon with the skill of a perfect whip. These were his delights in those free and careless days before he ascended the throne. Besides these qualities, his Majesty was a fair tennis player, a clever sculptor and artist in water-colours, and an accomplished musician.

A THRILLING BULL-FIGHT.

One other qualification must not be omitted. Before he became King the Duke of Braganza was well known for his patronage of the bull-ring. Now in Portugal bull-fights are divested of much of the cruelty which disgraces the Spanish fights. In Portugal neither bulls nor horses are killed, and to prevent the possibility of a bull goring the horse the horns are covered with padded guards. A Court beauty once rallied the Heir to the Throne on this practice, and hinted that the bull-fighters would not dare to face the bull in the open. The Prince, now King Carlos, took up the implied challenge, and the story runs that at the next fight orders were given that the animal was to be admitted to the arena untrammelled.

Dom Carlos took his stand before the swinging doors, and waited, with the frilled darts ready in his hand, for the bull to charge. There was a bellow and a scurry, and then a tornado of quiver-

for the place where the present King of Portugal was standing. But a bull rarely charges home at the first attempt, and this one did as others do. It stopped, snorted angrily, and threw up the sand with its front hoofs. The King waved his arms, made a feint to lure it on, and then, as it charged again, sprang to one side to avoid it, but in the very act of his spring, slipped on a wet place left by the watering hose—and fell! The whole audience rose with a simultaneous cry of horror for though Dom Carlos, of course, fought incognito, everyone knew who the too bold banderillero was. Another fighter waved his red cape in the bull's face; the animal's attention was diverted for a second, and the Prince rose. The bull saw the movement, and, taking no further notice of the enticingly-waved cape, made one more for his first adversary. It was run Prince, run bull, to the barriers; and, fortunately for his country, the Prince won—by inches. As his Majesty's heels cleared the timbers of the barricade, the bull's horns knocked splinters out of the woodwork a few inches below.

"Yes," said Dom Carlos with a smile, "I fancy I did those twenty-five yards or so in very good time." And then with a downward glance of self-criticism, he added: "I don't think I should stand much of a chance if I had to do the same thing now."

KING CARLOS MARRIES.

It was on May 22, 1886, that King Carlos married Princesse Marie Amelie, daughter of Philippe Duke of Orleans, Comte de Paris—one of the most beautiful and gifted of Europe's queens. That marriage, otherwise a happy one, was saddened at the commencement by the fact that the French Republican Government, alarmed at the manifestations of monarchical loyalty which the union called forth in France and in Portugal passed an Expulsion Bill that made the Comte and Comtesse de Paris and their children exiles from France. The marriage took place at Lisbon amid great rejoicings. A story is told of the engagement with the Orleanist Princess which deserves to be true, and probably is. It is said that the Prince had declared nothing should ever induce him to marry any but a fairy-like Princess—one that was pretty, rich and good. None of the ladies of reigning families within his acquaintance seemed to fulfil the conditions. One day the Comtesse de la Ferronaye an astute Frenchwoman, obtained a large photograph of Princess Amelie d'Orleans, and placed it in her drawing-room. There the young duke saw, and at once the die was cast. A flying visit to Paris followed, and the Franco-Portuguese marriage was the result. Princess Amelie's reception in Lisbon recalled the ancient glories of Portugal. Magnificent processions and gorgeous pageants filled the streets, and of their Queen the Portuguese have reason to be proud.

Only three years after his marriage, in October, 1889, Dom Carlos was called to the throne, having already, owing to his father's illness, been called upon to act as Regent. The early years of his reign were troubled with an unfortunate dispute with England, which the King happily tidied over. He is reported to have said:

FRIENDSHIP FOR ENGLAND.

The English are the best friends of Portugal, and therefore of Portugal's King, but, unhappily, while I recognise that fact, my subjects cannot. They are fine fellows, these subjects of mine; but they are excitable, and their sturdy patriotism makes them perhaps a little bit too sensitive, and too ready to fancy themselves injured, and the national honour insulted by the little rubs which are inseparable from international diplomacy. A great and masterful country like your England must unavoidably tread on the toes of its weaker neighbours now and then. You do not mean to be rude perhaps; but our coras are tender, and John Bull's foot is heavy. It is a pity, because we remember the little slights, and forget the greater benefits.

Portugal suffers from two chronic troubles—the finances and Republicanism. To remedy the first evil the King did his best, submitting magnanimously to large reductions of the Royal revenue. But the Republican and anti-dynastic politicians were more difficult to deal with in the southern monarchies of Europe than even an empty eschequer. King brown limbs and glancing horns made

REVOLUTIONARY TROUBLES.

For nearly three years, since October, 1904, Portugal has been passing through a succession of constitutional crises. They began with the question of the tobacco monopoly, which caused the downfall of the Ribeiro Ministry. To them succeeded the De Castro, or "Progressista," Government; a couple of dissolutions followed, but all in vain. The Cortes had become an utterly unruly, unmanageable body. To the Progressistas followed another of the "Regeneradores," under Senhor Hintz Ribeiro, who disposed of the tobacco question, but still there was no peace. Finally, each of the political leaders in turn asked the King to dissolve the Cortes and invest him with dictatorial power. His Majesty, while admitting that Parliamentary rule had become an impossibility, decided that this result was in a great measure the fault of the two political factions, who had been in power, and setting the Premiers, their representatives on one side; he called to his assistance Senhor Joao Franco, a young and able politician and former Minister of the Interior. Him he invested with arbitrary power, the Cortes being for the nonce adjourned sine die. The opposition groups, of course, declared that Senhor Franco had perpetrated a coup d'etat, which is more or less true, and that he was a dictator, which under the circumstances must be the case. There were Republican and Socialist and anti-dynastic riots; lives were lost; many arrests took place; political clubs were dissolved; newspapers fined and suspended; and their editors imprisoned; telegrams to and from the outer world severely censored or stopped—with all the usual elements of arbitrary rule, when a Parliament has been set aside.

King Carlos necessarily shared in the unpopularity of these proceedings, and to this must be ascribed the reported plot. But there are two things to be said. First dictatorships are commonplace in Portuguese government, and, secondly, the present "dictatorship" appears to have aimed honestly to introduce real reforms in the administration.

The King of Portugal meant well (as a recent writer well acquainted with actual conditions in Portugal). It is difficult to see what other measures were open to him. He wished to reign constitutionally. It has been his misfortune, not his fault, if arbitrary rule has been made a necessity.

THE SURVIVING QUEEN.

Queen Amelia will rank among the most gifted women of her age. Queen Victoria recognised her talent and took deep interest in her marriage. She was for awhile best known in the land of her adoption as a great sportswoman. She is a powerful swimmer, and was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving two children from drowning in the Tagus. But the Queen possesses distinguished intellectual gifts. She studied medicine, passed her examination, and obtained a degree, and is thus the only Queen M.D. extant. Her Majesty has made a specialty of nursing, much to the advantage of her subjects. At her own expense she maintains a dispensary and hospital for the sick children of the poorer classes; and all over the country she is known for her interest in the work, as is shown by her visits to hospitals and sisterhoods in various parts of the realm. Among the reforms which she preaches to her own sex is the discontinuance of tight-lacing. It is said that her Majesty was delighted when the Röntgen rays were discovered. She photographed by the aid of the rays a tight-laced lady, and thereby was able to prove how pernicious the habit is, and to show the deformity caused by undue pressure on the internal organs. It has been said that the Queen's precept and example have diminished tight-lacing in Portugal! Her Majesty's sister, Princess Helena d'Orleans, married the Duke of Aosta, cousin of the reigning King of Italy. Their Portuguese Majesties have two sons, Prince Luis, who is twenty years of age, and Prince Manuel, eighteen.

Such is the pair that has ruled Portugal through many troublous years. Over them seemed to hang the fatality that has pursued the house for the last two generations. Queen Stephanie's death in 1900, three months after her marriage, was supposed to have been due to foul play. Dom Joao died by poison, as did Prince Ferdinand. Dom Augustus and King Luis were also poisoned, but escaped death, although the latter never recovered from its effects, and remained an invalid to the day of his death.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

"It is quite a mistake," said the doctor, "to suppose that mothers understand by instinct the art of properly caring for and rearing children. The more civilised we get the less do we seem to be able to properly train and bring up our young. A cat is a far more perfect mother than most women. The kittens are taught in their play all the things most needed to equip them for the battle of life. Nature is, of course, always the best guide provided she is left alone. But we try to improve on nature with only too often the most disastrous results. Many women refuse to rear their offspring by the means provided by nature, and have recourse to all manner of artificial foods. I believe that these patent concoctions, soothing syrups, and impure milk supplies are responsible for half the mortality we find amongst infants. Nor is this state of things confined to the poor. The working woman is often unable to spare the time to attend to her child properly; she is partly the bread winner of the family, and there is, consequently, some excuse for her. But the society woman has no such excuse, her time is her own, yet she neglects her children because they hinder her social pleasures and engagements. There is far less infant mortality amongst uncivilized races, and less in the country than in the towns. The most highly civilized people bid fair to be swamped by the coloured races from the sheer inability to keep up their numbers. The first step towards a white New Zealand is to improve the numbers and the physique of our native population."

"We can never," replied the parson, "go against the laws of nature and prosper. The engineer, the electrician, the mechanic can only succeed by finding out natural laws and obeying them. I believe we check children too much in their play, and from the start accustom them to an artificial life. The complaint is as old as the time of Socrates that men devote far more attention to racing horses and cattle than to bringing up their own children. You will remember that in his defence before his judges the Greek philosopher contrasts the care that most men bestow on colts and breeding stock with the utter indifference with which they regard their own sons and daughters. The best possible trainer, he says, must be found for a promising colt regardless of expense while the cheapest and most incompetent tutor is thought good enough for a promising boy. But a good many mothers fail, I believe, from sheer ignorance. You would be surprised at the appalling lack of even the most elementary knowledge betrayed by some people. I have known women with a deep rooted conviction that an infant should always have a little of whatever its mother has and I have actually heard of parents giving what they call just a taste of bottled stout and onions to their offspring. With all our multiplication of subjects of study, the study of infant life preservation has been sadly neglected."

tion," commented the cynic, "is to teach us the things of the least possible use to us. We learn how to write, but we never learn what to write, and in a similar way we learn how to read, but we are never taught that is best for us to read. The youngest child in our schools knows by wearisome reiteration that 'The fat pig is up,' and that Tom has a bat, but it never learns that 'God is love.' It is not to be expected that our future mothers should be taught anything about the care of infants, they are far too busily occupied in learning that Acheen Head is the most northerly point in Sumatra, and that Stewart Island is famous for tin and oysters. I am glad that Lady Plunket has undertaken a crusade against our lamentable ignorance in things essential."

"I see," remarked the lawyer "that our University Senate is proposing a good many attractions in our examinations. Perhaps they will include a paper on the proper management of feeding bottles amongst the subjects for matriculation. I feel awfully sorry that the people at Home refused to recognise our new degrees. Fancy how delightful it would be to go forth to the world as a Bachelor of Pedagogy or a Bachelor of Commerce. If our stipendiary magistrates are to be called upon to pronounce judgment on the propriety or otherwise of pictures in our magazines, the senate, since it refuses to recognise theology amongst its many subjects, might still use the old D.D. degree and make a doctorate of decency. Sergeant Hendry and Mr. Anthony Comstock, of the United States, might be appointed joint examiners. The questions and answers could be issued as a supplement to the Australasian edition of 'Punch.'"

"We are all getting so beastly well educated," chipped in a prominent local manufacturer, "that soon we shall have no working classes at all. I could find room for fifty more girls in my business, but I can't get them for love or money. An advertisement for twenty girls brought me only one solitary applicant, a good lady who gave the gaoi as her last place of residence. All our young women nowadays want to take to office work. They learn book-keeping, typewriting and shorthand, and consider all factory work as beneath them. They could earn twice as much in a good factory as they ever can do in an office, and yet an advertisement for any kind of clerical post will bring you shoals of answers, while no amount of wages will get you a good factory hand. The scarcity of labour is going to be one of the most critical problems of the future. The price of raw material is going up in nearly all manufacturing concerns, and if the cost of labour increases in proportion we shall have to raise the price of our products all round. Many of us have forward contracts, and we stand to lose considerable sums. Apart from this, we are unable to extend and develop our business. As you know, the profits in any manufacturing concern are dependent on your volume of trade. What I mean is that the profit on selling a thousand articles is

much more than double that on selling five hundred. It is only after we have built up a fair trade that we begin to derive any return for our own labour and our capital invested, and it is very hard that when we have pushed our business forward to a paying point, we should be hampered only by lack of hands. I see that the 'Times' correspondent says that the whole of the Pacific coast of America is being kept back for want of men to work it. Fruitgrowers are actually cutting down their trees because they find it impossible to get men to pick and pack the fruit. In 'Frisco hotel cooks are getting £30 a month, and domestic servants get £12 to £15. The domestic bids fair to be the millionaire of the future."

WOMEN BEWARE OF INSIDIOUS ANAEMIA.

Bloodlessness Breaks Down Woman's Health.

Christchurch woman Pale, Weak and Languid; Frightful Headaches and Terrible Nervousness—Robust Health Through DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Insidious anaemia—or a state of bloodlessness—causes the health of more N. Zealand women to break down than most other complaints put together. Dr. Thomas Anderson, of London, says:—"It makes its approach in so slow a manner that the patient can hardly fix a date to the earliest feeling of languor which is shortly to become so extreme. The countenance gets pale, the whites of the eyes become pearly, the frame flabby. There is an increasing indisposition to exertion, with an uncomfortable feeling of faintness or breathlessness in attempting it. The heart palpitates, the whole surface of the body presents a blanched, smooth and waxy appearance. The lips, gums, and tongue seem bloodless, the flabbiness increases, the appetite fails, extreme languor and faintness follow, breathlessness and palpitation are produced by the most trifling exertion or emotion and some slight swelling is probably perceived about the ankles. The debility becomes extreme."

The remedy for bloodlessness is more blood. The greatest blood-forming medicine in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they will do as much for any N. Zealand woman as they did for a Christchurch woman.

"Two years ago I was in a bad state of health through my blood getting out of order," said Mrs. Elsie K. Mather, Hawdon-street, Sydenham, Christchurch. "I was terribly pale and lost all my energy. I did not feel like doing any work, or anything else. My head used to ache that bad that I did not know what to do with myself. I was terribly nervous—the least little thing put me into quite a fright. I got real weak and could hardly get about. Walking knocked me up very easily—I got all out of breath and my heart palpitated and fluttered horribly. After sitting for two years like this, I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got some to see if they would do me the same good as other people. Well, in two or three weeks' time I was much better. Three boxes completely cured me. Now I have really splendid health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of blood diseases like anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, backache, kidney disorders, liver complaint, headaches, and the special secret suffering of growing girls and women when the regularity of their blood is deranged. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—price 3/ a box, six boxes, 16/8, from all chemists and storekeepers, or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

ANNIVERSARY REGATTA.

PROTRACTED SAILING RACES.

The Auckland Anniversary Regatta of 1908, which was held on January 9, was marred somewhat because the weather was too fine. In the morning the competitors in the sailing races were almost becalmed, and by twelve o'clock none of them had reached the heads. Shortly after that hour a southerly breeze sprang up which lasted well on towards night-fall, enabling the whole of the yachting races to be finished shortly after six o'clock. The trading vessels were less fortunate, for they still had a considerable portion of the course to cover when the wind fell away with the going down of the sun. The result was that they were becalmed all night, and were not able to come up to the finishing line until next morning. Apart from the sailing races the regatta was a splendid success, the rowing, motor launch races, and side shows providing excellent sport. Appended are the results:—

YACHTS.

First-class Yachts.—Rainbow, 1; Thelma, 2; Ariki, 3. Moana and Ilex retired on the first round. The finishing times were: Rainbow, 6h. 21m. 2s.; Thelma, 6h. 24m. 9s.; Ariki, 6h. 30m. 30s.

Cruising Yachts.—Waioni, 1; Wairere, 2; Kotiri, 3. The finishing times were: Waioni, 5h. 31m. 2s.; Kotiri, 5h. 44m. 35s.; Wairere, 5h. 45m. 38s.; Ngatira, 5h. 51m. 22s.; Thistle, 6h. 6m. 18s.

25ft. Centre-board Yachts.—Emerald, 1; Lina, 2; Maru, 3. The finishing times were: Emerald, 5h. 27m. 14s.; Maru, 5h. 47m. 49s.; Lina, 5h. 49m. 19s.; Hilda, 5h. 51m. 27s.; Tiro, 6h. 2m. 20s.; Olympia, 6h. 24m. 1s.

Yachts not exceeding 25ft. l.w.l.—Queenie, 1; Wairiki, 2. These were the only boats to finish out of six starters. Their finishing times were: Queenie, 5h. 53m. 57s.; Wairiki, 6h. 19m. 28s.

28 feet Yachts (keel).—Bona, 1; Mayo, 2; Wanderer, 3. The finishing times were: Bona, 5h. 1m. 16s.; Wanderer, 5h. 12m. 35s.; Mayo, 5h. 17m. 8s.; Fairy Bell, 5h. 50m. 18s.; Takari, 6h. 31m. 13s.

Decked or Half-decked Yachts above 20ft. and not exceeding 25ft.—Mowai, 1; Heltty, 2; Hilda, 3. The finishing times were: Mowai, 4h. 34m. 22s.; Heltty, 4h. 40m. 28s.; Hilda, 5h. 5m. 4s.; Princess, 5h. 20m. 58s. These were the only boats to finish.

Decked or Half-Decked Yachts, 20ft and under.—Eileen, 1; Rawhiti, 2; Nyanza, 3. The finishing times were: Eileen, 5h. 14m. 19s.; Rawhiti, 5h. 21m. 27s.; Nyanza, 5h. 23m. 64s.; Roma, 5h. 26m. 31s.; Merlin, 5h. 29m. 8s.; Seahorse, 5h. 50m. 5s.; Ventura, 6h. 4m. 27s.

Open Boats.—Bronzewing, 1; Mapu, 2; Lola, 3. The finishing times were: Bronzewing, 4h. 9m. 47s.; Lola, 4h. 14m. 27s.; Fiona, 4h. 17m. 27s.; Sylvia, 4h. 20m. 19s.; Mapu, 4h. 20m. 50s.; Estrella, 4h. 30m. 53s.; Romeo, 4h. 33m. 47s.; Rarerer, 4h. 44m. 10s.

Pontiacs.—Colleen, 1; Waterwitch, 2; Eona, 3. The finishing times were: Colleen, 3h. 42m. 25s.; Doreen, 3h. 54m. 52s.; Waterwitch, 3h. 55m. 50s.; Roma, 4h. 0m. 8s.; Eona, 4h. 0m. 56s.; Bell Bird, 4h. 4m. 20s.

PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY

OOPENHAAGEN.

The Favourite Liqueur.

BRANDY

SWIFT & COMPANY, 22 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

TRADING VESSELS.

First Class Traders.—Vesper 1, Albattross 2, Endeavour 3.
The following were the finishing times:—Vesper, 4h; Albattross, 4h 15m; Endeavour, 5h 0m 30s; Vixen, 5h 1m 38s.
Cutters.—Mary Ellen, 1; Tay, 2; Lee, 3.
The finishing times were as follows:—Mauna, 6h 31m, 42s; Kiwi, 6h 33m 30s; Lee, 6h 36m 36s; Janet, 6h 37m 34s; Tay, 6h 47m 5s; Mary Ellen, 6h 52m 55s.

THE MOTOR BOATS.

Motor Launch Handicap, for boats under seven knots. First prize, £5; second prize, £3; third prize, trophy valued at £2. Ten knots. The race was started at 1.30 p.m., and the handicaps and finishing times of the boats which completed the race were as follows:—Tempest, G. Sanford, scratch; 3h 33m; Huia, G. McKenzie, scratch; 3h 33m 59s; Daphne, A. J. Parker, 6m, 3h 27m; Cintra, W. Harper, 7m, 3h 27m 54s; Hinetai, J. E. Owen, 7m, 3h 27m 20s; Edna, W. A. Reid, 11m, 3h 29m 5s; Ella, Howie and Co., 11m, 3h 27m 25s; Dolphin, B. J. Walker, 15m, 3h 24m 5s; Berta, P. A. Smith, 24m, 3h 52m 10s; Ingrid, 11m, W. J. Hicks; Iris, 11m, Burgess; Circe, 11m, Collings and Martin; Clifton, 24m, L. J. Cohan; did not finish. The race was a good one. Dolphin winning by a fairly substantial margin, while Daphne and Hinetai secured second and third honours respectively.

Motor Launch Race. Open to all comers. Over seven knots. First prize, £50; second prize, £10; third prize, clock; fourth prize, trophy. Seventeen knots. Flora and De Dion were scratched for this race, and the handicaps and finishing times of the competing boats were as follows:—Shadow, D. Reid, 37m, 5h 51m 56s; Alleyne, A. R. Brett, 5m, 5h 55m 40s; Te Kapa, W. R. Tait, 50m, 5h 56m 4s; Waimumu, Mr. Colwell, 54m, 5h 53m 35s; Petrel, W. C. Leys, 54m, 6h 0m; H. C. Doman, Collings and Martin, 54m, 5h 47m 47s; Maroro, A. Matheson, 50m, 5h 67m 8s; Beldame, J. Parkins, 60m, 6h 0m 51s; Gloria, D. Teed, 64m, 6h 3m 8s; Winsome, F. Cooper, 68m, 5h 50m 17s. Thorneycroft, scratch, Whiteman and Spinks; Regal II, 22m, T. Hunter; Laurel, 68m, C. Bailey, also started, but did not complete the course. Doman went to the front when about half the distance was covered, and won by about four minutes from Shadow, which secured second honours, with Waimumu third. Alleyne and Te Kapa made a great race for fourth place, the former securing the verdict by a margin of 24 seconds.

For launches, seven knots and under 10. Handicap. First prize £8, second £4, third trophy. Course, ten knots.—Togo (R. Cadman), ser.; Te Kapa (W. R. Tait), 8m; Alleyne (A. R. Brett), 8m; Zealandia (J. Gillett), 9m; H. C. Doman (Collings and Martin), 10m; Waimumu (Mr. Colwell), 10m; Maroro (A. Matheson), 11m; Ngaru (G. Robertson), 11m; Beldame (J. Parkins), 13m; Floral (Bailey and Lowe), 15m; Marere (H. Cadness), 15m; Gloria (T. Teed), 16m; Regal (T. Hunter), 17m; Winsome (F. Cooper), 18m; Standard (J. J. Craig), 18m; Laurel (Chas. Bailey, jun.), 18m; De Dion (J. Chambers and Son), 18m. Passing Stanley Bay on the run down on the first round Regal held the lead, followed by Winsome, Floral, Ngaru, Marere, Laurel, Beldame, Waimumu, Maroro, Alleyne, Te Kapa, Zealandia, Doman, with the De Dion and Togo a long way in the rear. On the next round Alleyne and Waimumu gradually assumed the lead, and a fine finish resulted in the former crossing the line first, with 17s lead. Following were the finishing times: Alleyne 1h 22m 50s, Waimumu 1h 23m 7s, Regal 1h 23m 14s, Ngaru 1h 23m 21s, Maroro 1h 23m 27s, Doman 1h 24m 23s, Beldame 1h 24m 28s, Zealandia 1h 25m 48s, Marere 1h 25m 54s, Te Kapa 1h 26m 20s, Standard 1h 28m 5s, Togo 1h 28m 13s.

ROWING.

The rowing events created a great deal of interest and some fine finishes were witnessed. The oarsmen were certainly more than favoured by the elements. In the morning there was not a ripple on the water, and though there was a good breeze in the afternoon the water was never choppy. For many years past Anniversary Day has been disastrous for rowing events, but this year proved the exception. Seldom have such excellent starts been obtained, and the starter, Mr. Clark, is deserving of every credit. The following are the results:—

Junior Fours (open weights), 1½ mile.—West End (O. Carter, J. Kelly, T. Bloomfield, A. Carlaw), 1; Ngaruwhia (A. Lockie, E. Fuller, W. Stubbings, A. Kay), 2; Auckland, 3. North Shore (two crews) and Waitemata also started. From a beautiful start the placed crews were the first to show out. At half the distance the Waikato oarsmen were easily in the lead and looked all over winners, but West End coming along in grand style wore them down and secured a win by two lengths.

Senior Fours (open weights).—St. George's (C. E. Stone, W. Smith, H. B. Harper and J. Timms), 1; West End (O. Carlaw, G. Mitchell, J. Bigelow, W. Wright), 2. Waitemata also started, but swamped off St. Mary's Point. North Shore joined in the race and were easily first past the judge, but as they had not been started they were, of course, disqualified.

Sculling Outrigger, 1½ mile.—H. B. Harper, 1; C. E. Stone, 2. These were the only starters. Both men are members of St. George's Club. The race was keenly contested, and only after a severe struggle did Harper secure his victory, less than a length separating the two boats.

Maiden Fours (open weights), 1½ mile. North Shore (N. Smith, B. Yeoland, H. Bayley, Buchanan), 1; Auckland (H. Grierson, E. J. Hayward, W. A. Cathro, E. Lambert), 2; West End, 3. Six crews started. This was a punishing race all the way. From the word "go" Auckland and Shore No. 1 were most prominent, Auckland, if anything, having a slight advantage with the rest of the crews about a length further back. Off the old mill Shore No. 2 crew dropped back beaten, and a desperate spurt home resulted in a win for Shore No. 1 by a length from Auckland, with West End third, a couple of lengths away. St. George's was fifth, and Waitemata last. The best crew undoubtedly won, the winners showing excellent combination right up to the finish, while the Auckland crew showed signs of distress, accompanied by ragged work in the last dozen strokes.

Senior Fours, two miles.—North Shore (R. W. Warren, E. Buchanan, F. Goldie, E. Bailey), 1; St. George's (C. E. Stone, W. South, H. B. Harper, J. Liams), 2; West End, 3. Also started Waitemata and Auckland. For the first half-mile the race was keenly contested. When off the Watchman, Auckland swamped and Waitemata dropped out. The remainder of the race was a procession, Shore winning with ridiculous ease by half-a-dozen lengths. A similar distance separated second and third.

Junior Fours (10 stone and under).—West End (Carter, J. Kelly, T. Bloomfield, A. Carlaw), 1; North Shore, 2; Waitemata, 3. These were the only starters. The pace throughout was slow. Waitemata were several minutes late at the start, and having to race down were at a disadvantage in the race proper and were never dangerous. West End and Shore kept together for the greater part of the journey, and at the finish West End won easily by two lengths. It was merely an exercise paddle for the winners, who so far hold an unbeaten record.

THE SIDE SHOWS.

Yachts' Dingies.—Bell, 1; Weston, 2; Baker, 3.
Greasy Boom.—McLeod, 1; Nugent, 2.
Cable Cutter Race.—Three crews from H.M.S. Iris competed, two 10-oared cutters and a 4-oar cutter. On time allowance the race was won by the latter.
Model Yachts.—Lottie, 1; Resolution, 2.

WHAT IS A "GAZEKA"?

During the Melbourne season of "The Little Michus," now running in Auckland, an intensely amusing competition was introduced by Mr. J. C. Williamson, as to what form a "Gazeka" should take, and it resulted in some hundreds of illustrations being sent in. The competitors were supplied with the following information, which is in the dialogue of the opera, "The Little Michus":—

"The 'Duc des Ha' says: 'For Goodness' sake, Bagnelot, don't breathe on my fur. This is expensive fur—this is good fur—that cannot withstand the scorching blast. Now, come here Bagnelot. I'll tell you the history of this fur. This is fur—this is real fur. It is given us by only one little animal in the wide universe, called Gazeka, feminine, Gazette, the younger generation, Gazee. It resides far away in the swamps and morasses of Tibbet, and is only ap-

proached on stilts, and then only by old men who are tired of life. They tie their beards in knots for luck. It is rather handicapped in its youth. While maturing, the slugs attack its ankles. It falls on its little face in the mud, and is done for. But he is a very cunning little animal, and he thinks that by living in the swampy parts he is practically inaccessible, and he winks his eye at his own little cunning. In fact, so often and so frequently does he wink, that to save time and trouble he keeps one eye closed altogether. He has a lovely creamy skin, and when the moon's rays shine on it the other animals mistake him for a turnip, and nibble him. He just grows a patch of this gossamer fur on his little chest, and the rest of his anatomy is so absolutely bald that the natives strike matches on him. But he knows the demand there is in fashionable circles for this fur, and so anxious is he that we receive it in absolutely unruined condition, so self-sacrificing is he, that he sleeps on his little back, and he retires to a hole in the winter and makes a noise like a walnut."

A few samples of the best pictures are here given.

THE LATE MR. JAMES BURTT.

Mr James Burtt, a well-known and very much respected resident of Auckland, died on January 30, aged 80 years. The deceased had been an invalid for some time past, the cause of death being heart failure. All his faculties were perfect up to the last, and he could read even the smallest print without artificial aid.

Mr. Burtt was born in England in 1820, and although he originally intended to study for the medical profession, gave up that idea and joined a mercantile house. In 1846 he left England for Chili, and while there became intimately acquainted with Mr. McLaughlin (father of the late Mr. Wm. McLaughlin, of Papatooete). Mr. Burtt went to Tahiti in 1848, and a little later came on to Auckland. In 1850 he became a partner in the mercantile firm of Bain and Burtt, the first-named partner being the father of Mr. W. A. M. Bain, of Whangarei. In 1855 he retired from the firm and bought a farm known as Paerata, five miles beyond Drury, two of his employees being shot there during the Maori war.

After the war Mr. Burtt came to live at Remuera, and resided there for some years, and later in Auckland.

The deceased is survived by a daughter (Mrs. John Mills), wife of Mr. Mills (collector of Customs), and his son, Mr. F. Burtt, of Remuera.

Mr. Burtt took great interest in all local affairs, and was a member of a considerable number of public bodies. He was one of the trustees of St. Matthew's Stone Church Fund; a vice-president of the Acclimatization Society; a member of the Society for the Conservation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children.

THE ENTERPRISE OF MESSRS. COLLINS BROS. & CO., LTD.

In reference to the inset in this week's issue of the "Graphic," illustrating the handsome warehouse and factory in course of erection in Wyndham-street for Messrs. Collins Bros. and Company Ltd., wholesale manufacturing stationers, it will not be out of place to refer to the wonderful growth and enterprise of this firm's business in New Zealand and Australia. For the last twenty years the factory and warehouse have been located in Commerce-street, where over a hundred employees are engaged in manufacturing and dealing with a large and varied assortment of stationery requisites, from the well-known Graphic series of school and commercial commodities to Collins' clear type publications. Every year, in order to meet with the growing demand of their trade, the latest machinery has had to be introduced, whilst large and important branches have been established in Wellington and Christchurch, where stocks of the firm's specialties are kept. The growth of the firm locally covers the later commercial development of New Zealand, and with this expansion was borne the urgent necessity of obtaining premises in order to cope with this development. The Commerce-street warehouse, with only four stories, furnished inadequate space to conduct this expand-

ing trade, and for the last year or two these limitations have been acutely felt by the management in their anxiety to meet their customers' requirements, and at the same time to conduct business upon modern lines. Messrs. Collins Bros. and Company do nothing by halves, and hence the situation will be efficiently met, not only by the commodious building, which constitutes Auckland's first skyscraper, but also by the introduction of still more modern plant and heavier and more varied stocks, such as will satisfy the ever-growing public taste. Messrs. Collins Bros. recognize that in order to meet foreign and English competition, and at the same time pay the infinitely higher wages ruling in the Dominion, they must establish their factory and premises in accordance with the inventions and business ingenuity of the age; and with the provisions they are making, world-wide local competition will be faced by them with equanimity in the future.

The history of Collins' dates back to just after "Waterloo." They were among the first to publish the Bible after the disappearance of private monopoly privileges, and right through the Victorian era to the present day they have been popularly known for the many editions of the Bible, dictionaries, atlases, and other high-class educational works that have poured from their publishing departments. From a small back street concern, with a single hand cart, the firm of Collins in Glasgow now employs 3000 hands—a number equal to the population of many of New Zealand's smaller towns, and their factories and printing houses cover acres of ground in the heart of the city of Glasgow. The next important step was the manufacture of stationery in all its branches; and then came the establishment of business relations with the Dominion, Australia, and other parts of the Empire; and to-day the name of Collins is known throughout the world for the quality and variety of their publications and manufactures.

A feature of the management of Collins is the fact of not being content to open up trade, but where the conditions warranted such enterprise, of creating an industry and establishing independent factories and warehouses, as they have done in Australia and New Zealand during the last 20 years. It is, therefore, indication of the prosperity of Auckland and New Zealand, and of extreme confidence in the future of the country, that the firm should be sufficiently enterprising to erect the first eight-storey building in Auckland, in order to meet the exigencies of trade. The following detailed description of the future factory for the famous Graphic stationery will no doubt be read with interest:—

The building will be the tallest in Auckland. The materials to be used in its construction are as follows:—Walls of brick; the facade of Wyndham-street being of Australian red pressed and moulded brick tuckpointed with cement dressings. The plinth will be of Coromandel granite, rock faced and moulded. The front will have piers running up to the top floor and terminate in semi-circular arches above the main cornice, which will be a bold feature in the design. The height to top of pediment will be over 100 feet. Frontage 75ft., and depth, 80ft. The flooring will be of jarrah, while the joists are to be Oregon pine. The whole of the stanchions, girders, etc., will be of steel, supplied from Dorman, Long and Co., Melbourne. Owing to the heavy nature of machinery used in manufacturing stationery, and the weight of bulk paper, it is of interest to know that the floor load is calculated to carry 4cwt. per square foot. This is quite exceptional, and will make the building one of the most substantial in Auckland. Up-to-date lifts will be fixed in convenient positions, and in addition to the main stairway, iron steps with proper landings, etc., for a fire escape, have been arranged at the rear. This will be outside the main wall, but enclosed, affording not only ready egress in case of fire, but an easy stairway for general use. There will be a cardlock at east end, facing Wyndham-street, and the main entrance at the opposite end, while a side entrance is arranged in Federal-street. When complete, this building should present an imposing appearance, and the site, being an elevated one, should lend height and dignity to the structure. The plans, specifications, etc., have been prepared by Mr. A. Wiseman, one of the leading architects of the city, who will also supervise the work.

The building is being erected by Mr. J. D. Jones, who has already got the foundations well in hand.

MUSINGS and MEDITATIONS

By Dog Toby

CHILDREN OF THE BUSH.

IT was a lonely place, far away from all trace of civilisation, nothing but scrub and fi-tree and desolate barren hills as far as the eye could reach. A rude, square wooden house, with a lean-to at the back, seemed to have been dumped down in the midst of the small clearing. The front door, which was never used, opened on to a tiny patch of ground called by courtesy the flower garden. A few stunted chrysanthemums tied to sticks eked out a miserable existence therein. Fowls poked about the empty tins that lay littered round the back door. Two grimy ragged children were playing in the dirt outside, and from within there came every now and then the shrill voice of a woman telling them to hold their noise. The children stared when they saw me coming, and called out to their mother, and a thin, worn, hard-featured woman, with a sugar-bag tied round her to serve as an apron, came and looked out to see who it was. She had been scrubbing—that eternal toil of the wife in the back blocks. A bucket of dirty water stood in the middle of the room, and a scrubbing brush lay in the midst of a small puddle of brown soapuds. She wiped her hands on the sugar-bag, and asked me in. She brought forward the only chair that wasn't broken, and apologised for going on with her work, saying that she wouldn't be long. The two youngsters stood at the door and gaped till they were hunted outside again. Now and then a fowl would come in only to be chased away with a well-directed blow from the scrubbing brush. When she had finished, and re-arranged the scanty furniture, she took down two cups from the dresser, emptied the teapot into a kerosene tin outside the back door, and proceeded to make tea. She had a tired hopeless look—a look such as one sees only too often in the bush, and she kept putting her hand to her side, as if in pain. She explained that she sometimes suffered from spasms. The husband and the boys came in later from their work. They had a wash in a tin basin that stood on an empty candle box near the tank, and sat down to their tea without further ceremony. After tea came the washing-up of innumerable dirty dishes. The woman never seemed to have finished her work. The children had been put to bed, and the boys had ridden off for their nightly diversion of gossiping at the village store. The tired mother was trying to put a crying baby to sleep in another room, and the husband and I were left alone. For some time we smoked in silence, then he said, "I suppose this strikes you as a bit rough, mister; not much used to these outlandish places, I daresay." I mumbled some polite disclaimer, but hazarded the opinion that he must find it dull at times. "No," he replied, "I can't say I find it dull. You see we have our work, and then there are a good few neighbours about, and now and then they get up a dance for the young people. But I sometimes think it is a bit hard on the women. You chaps from the city don't understand us country folk." Feeling sure he had a story to tell, I passed him my tobacco pouch, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and asked him if he cared for a drop of whiskey out of my flask. Having duly mixed his grog and filled his pipe, he told me the following story of his early life: "My people kept a sort of mixed country store, with a butcher's shop and bakery attached. We were comfortably off, and had good prospects. I

worked on the place mostly, but now and then I would take a job bush-felling or harvesting for a bit of a change. Tessa (that's my missus) and I had grown up together as children. We had gone to the same little country school, and were playfellows long before we were in our teens. Her people were well-to-do settlers, and kept open house to all the countryside. As she grew up she came to be known as the reigning beauty of the place, and I suddenly realised that my childhood's playmate was a child no longer. She had thick dark hair and dark lustrous eyes, with a fair, delicate skin and the fresh colour of perfect health. I began to feel a little shy and awkward in her presence, but her manner towards me was still that of the comrade of old days. But it slowly seemed to dawn on her that our boy and girl friendship was developing into something more, at any rate on my side, and she would always take her brother or sister with her if I proposed a ride together. You may think it a bit strange, seeing us as we are now, but I often think of her as she was then, so daintily fresh in her print or muslin, with her slim girlish figure and smiling roguish face. I remember the day when I made up my mind to ask her to be my wife. We had gone out with her two brothers to see some kauri logs that were being split in the bush for fencing posts. She knew, I fancy, what was in my mind, but, womanlike, she seemed to put off giving me an opportunity of speaking. At last I had my chance, while her brothers had gone off to look at another tree they were to cut down on the morrow, and there, sitting by a huge log, with the chips and sawdust of the splitters' camp all around us, I gained her shy consent. Poor little woman, we have had our ups and downs since then. I lost heavily on some contracts I took a few years after our marriage, and I practically had to start life again. We have had a struggle, but she bore up bravely through it all, and has been a true wife and a true mother. You city chaps don't know what a woman's love is, or how our country-bred lasses will brave all for the sake of their husbands and little ones. Yes, the life does come hard on the womenfolk. In the morning we were up early, the work on the place commenced as soon as it was light. The woman looked tired, as usual, but as I gazed on that poor lined face, the thin toll-worn hands, the dragged dress, I seemed to see behind it the dainty maid of other days. Her husband said good-bye to her with an unaccustomed tenderness; he, too, was, perhaps, thinking of his childhood's playmate and that fateful hour by the kauri logs. "Ah, little woman," he said, "you little thought we should ever be living like this. I wonder if you had known all whether you would still have said 'Yes?'" A new light seemed to come into her eyes, as she answered, almost shyly, with her head on his shoulder: "You silly boy; of course, I would."

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ has been sent to the writer of this verse, Miss A.E., Vincent-st., Remuera, Auckland.
I used to fear white linings to wear,
Before great SAPON'S reign;
If now I will them, 'tis no toil
To wash them out again.
WIN A GUINEA! Prize Form published every Saturday. Best original four SHORT-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Ostmen) Washing Powder, P.O. Box 685, Wellington.
If your Grocer does not stock Sapon, please send his name and address.

PROTECTION OF INFANT LIFE.

MEETING AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

ATTENDED BY THE PREMIER.

SOME STRONG SPEECHES.

A meeting was held at Government House on Saturday last to form a branch of the Infant Life Protection Society in Auckland. The meeting was convened by her Excellency Lady Plunket, and was largely attended. The main object of the society is to provide specially-trained nurses, to give demonstrations in the proper feeding and treatment of infants, and to visit mothers when asked to do so.

His Excellency the Governor presided. On the dais at the end of the great hall, in which the meeting was held, sat their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Plunket, the Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, Mrs. Bedford, Marsack, Robertson and Purdy, and Nurse Beswick. There was a very large attendance of representatives of the medical profession, clerics, leading citizens, mothers, nurses, and others.

His Excellency, in opening the meeting, said he had no doubt that those present understood the question from what they had seen in the Press better than he could explain it. Miss Beswick had come from Dunedin to specially explain the objects of the Society for the Protection of Infant Life. His Excellency also read a telegram from the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, and a letter from Bishop Lenihan, expressing their interest and appreciation of the movement.

"IN THE CRADLE LIES THE FUTURE."

His Excellency read a letter received from the Mayor, in which Mr. Myers, after apologising for his absence on account of his recent accident, said: "In the cradle lies the future, and there can be no doubt of the immense public importance of the objects the society has in view. The question of a milk supply is one to which I have devoted a good deal of attention, and it is at present being considered by the City Council. By licensing vendors of milk we have already been able to effect considerable improvements, and I hope we shall be able to accomplish something more later on. In any case, there is room for private and public action in this matter, and I shall be only too glad to do anything in my power to help any such society as that which you have been good enough to inaugurate here. I enclose cheque for £5 5s as a small contribution from the Mayor and Mrs. Arthur Myers towards the funds."

THE SOCIETY'S OBJECTS.

Her Excellency Lady Plunket then described the objects of the society as follows:—

To encourage the bringing up of children by nature's methods; to disseminate accurate information on matters affecting the health of women and children by means of letters and pamphlets; to provide for the issue of humanised milk to the public; to provide and employ nurses, ready at any time to give advice and instruction to mothers in the home or elsewhere; to promote legislative reform in matters affecting the health of women and children; to co-operate with other organisations working for the same end. The society hoped to engage a trained nurse, said her Excellency, and to send her to Dunedin to Dr. Truby King's home for infants, where she would augment her knowledge of infant feeding by the various excellent means there provided, and would be thoroughly trained in the treating of cow's milk to resemble as closely as possible infant's natural food. On the nurse's return to Auckland she would give lectures and give demonstrations on health and babies; she would visit any mother who invited her to do so; and would continue to give her advice and help as often as the case required. The humanised milk which was so strongly advocated by Dr. Truby King and others for infants would be carefully prepared, and the right quantity for each meal (for the 24 hours) would be correctly measured in separate bottles and sent out to the mothers. All the latter would then have to do would be to warm up the bottles before giving it to the baby. Messrs. Ambury and English were ready to send out this humanised milk. They had trained a nurse in Dunedin to prepare it and had said they would pay her wages entirely. The milk prepared and delivered would cost 4d. a pint, or if fetched

3d. The Committee hoped by means of tickets to enable those mothers who could not afford to pay so much to get the milk at a reduced price. Humanised milk could, of course, be prepared by private individuals in their homes, and the nurse would give demonstrations on its preparation so that those who were unable to get it from the dairy could make it themselves. These demonstrations were not only for those who had children under their care. Much useful work could be done by individuals who would learn and spread the knowledge, teaching others in those districts where there were no opportunities of learning.

Her Excellency then remarked that two objections to the scheme had been urged upon her. The first was that a mother's instinct ought to tell her how to feed her baby, and that, therefore, it would be only in exceptional cases that the society's nurse would be required. A mother's instinct would go a long way if she brought up her baby by the laws of nature, but comparatively few were ready to do this, and it was absurd to say that a mother's instinct would be sufficient concerning artificial feeding, which was not a natural process. Common-sense might help her, but she needed a certain amount of knowledge as well, and besides this the society hoped to help many who had very little common-sense. The other objection which was put forward was that mothers were "touchy" of being offered advice. With this she quite agreed. "We are 'touchy,' rightly or wrongly," said her Excellency. "But I wish to make it perfectly clear that this society does not interfere with mothers or force advice upon them. The nurse visits only where she is welcomed. It is clear from our experience in Dunedin and Christchurch that mothers eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity offered them, and I think we may be perfectly confident that Auckland mothers will be equally ready to ask for the nurse's advice." Lady Plunket, continuing, said that half an hour after Miss Beswick's arrival in Auckland she received a telephone message from a mother at Otahuhu, asking her to visit her baby and show her how to prepare humanised milk. (Applause.) Miss Beswick had most kindly come all the way from Dunedin—taking the time out of her hard-earned holiday—to help to give this branch a good start. She was prepared to give public demonstrations in different parts of the city, and would also be ready to visit any mother in her own home who might ask her to. Letters addressed to her at Government House would find her for the next week.

Her Excellency, in conclusion, said that whilst she had spoken of starting with one nurse, she was confident there was immediate work for two at least. And if the Auckland public gave as generous support to this society as they had done to so many other worthy objects, the committee would gladly begin their crusade for the little ones by sending down two nurses to receive the necessary training. She would be most grateful to any who would become members by subscribing 5s. a year, and who would use their influence to get others to follow their excellent example. (Applause.)

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

The following donations and subscriptions were received:—Donations, their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Plunket, £20; Mr. A. M. Myers, £5 5s.; Mr. H. M. Clark, £5 5s.; Dr. R. Stopford, £2 2s.; Mrs. E. Pierce, £1 1s.; Mrs. J. Trevelthick, 10s. 6d.; Anonymous donors, £8 12s.—£42 15s. 6d. Members' subscriptions: Mrs. W. Coleman, £2 2s.; Dr. A. C. Purchas, £1 1s.; Dr. N. McK. Grant, £1 1s.; Mrs. S. Robertson, £1; Mrs. C. Colman, 10s.; Mrs. J. Clark, 10s.; Mrs. H. Butler, 10s. Subscribers of 5s.: Mrs. R. Guene, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. R. H. Hunt, Miss A. Chappell, Mrs. E. Fitch, Canon MacMurray, Mrs. R. H. McDonald, Mrs. H. W. Wilson, Nurse L. Pownall, Mrs. E. A. Cain, Mrs. M. J. Sheppard, Miss M. Margettas, Mrs. M. C. Cook, Mrs. J. A. Runciman, Miss J. Bouillon, Miss D. Peiper—£10 14s. Grand total, £53 9s. 6d.

A NATION'S STRENGTH.

Dr. Bedford said he was quite satisfied that it was full time that some such work as that proposed should be undertaken. However carefully, and however skilfully, infants' food might be prepared, it could not possibly have the same good effect on the health of the child as the food intended by nature. It might be that by means of artificial feeding there would be something achieved in the

matter of weight, but there would nevertheless be something that would always be lacking. It was not by weight that the Japanese defeated the Russians. Was it not possible that the heathens they feared could teach them much in this matter of building up the strength of a nation? To preserve the strength of the white race was a problem of immense importance, and the root of it was to be found in the humane and natural treatment of their children.

THE PREMIER'S SPEECH.

Sir Joseph Ward said that he had been much struck by the proposals outlined by her Excellency in the objects of the society. She struck the humane and practical side of the question, and the fact that the proposal had the imprimatur of her Excellency upon it would tend to create a large amount of public sympathy. He knew of no more important subject than the preservation of infant life. Taking it from its financial or pecuniary point of view, they would realise its importance as a national question when he told them that every life was valued by the State at £250. He paid a tribute to the great work Dr. Truby King was doing in this direction, and the assistance Nurse Deswick was lending him. Referring to the humanising of milk, the Premier said the question was one which had been before him on many occasions. Many developments were likely to arise, unless milk was treated in a thoroughly scientific way, and the whole problem was a very serious one. In Auckland the movement should receive the support it deserved. The Government had agreed to give contributions to all cities taking up this great work. Dunedin and Christchurch both received Government aid. He believed the movement was one demanding the assistance of the Government. "In conclusion," added Sir Joseph, "I wish to say that anything I can do to co-operate with the movement in Auckland will be done most readily and cheerfully." (Applause.)

THE BABY WHICH ISN'T WANTED.

Dr. Robertson said he had been struck by the extremely large scope of Lady Plunket's proposals. During the past 20 years he had had a full opportunity for studying the subject, and he was satisfied that there was a very urgent need for work of the kind in Auckland. He had seen many attempts by private individuals to cope with the problem of preserving infant life, but very little success had attended their efforts, and it had devolved in the long run on the Government to do what was necessary. In Auckland, he said, we have reached a stage where the Public Health Department does much to see that the food supplied to the people is pure and good. To Dr. Truby King was due the thanks of citizens that this movement had received an impetus. It was not due to the impurity of the milk that children suffered from digestive complaints, but to the fact that the milk was not given in a proper form. Humanised milk was easily digested when approximated to mother's milk, and by placing such milk at the disposal of infants much would be achieved. There were other important issues involved in the question of the protection of infant life. Medical men were all acquainted with the struggles in many a home, more particularly in the homes of the poor. The arrival of the first baby was welcomed joyfully, but when there was a second, a third, and a fourth, the difficulties increased, and the mother's life became a constant drag. It was becoming increasingly difficult for mothers to obtain help in times of necessity. (Applause.) The lot of many mothers was such that the baby did not have a fair show. He knew of cases where children were sacrificed because of the fact that no help was available. Perhaps it would be possible to overcome this difficulty in the future by bringing it within the scope of the Society for the Protection of Infant Life. The doctor said he wished mothers often received less advice—of a kind. It often happened that the young wife received the advice of mothers, aunts, and neighbours until she became bewildered, and when the doctor came along he would find her acting on the advice of some neighbour, with natural food substituted by artificial food. Again, many of the children which arrived were labelled "not wanted." Such cases were not rare. Children were brought into the hospitals, and received attention, only to return again, showing signs of lack of care. He had seen sufficient to cause him to think

it would be advisable to relieve some parents of responsibility for the sake of the child. The appointment of special nurses, Dr. Robertson concluded, would obviate the necessity for much of the infant work at present brought into the hospitals.

THE PLEASURE-SEEKING WOMAN.

Dr. Marsack, in commencing his remarks, said that because New Zealand was a young country, and because her centres were not overcrowded, the infant mortality was comparatively low, but increased mortality throughout the civilised world was to a great extent due to the fact that modern woman was so largely a slave to pleasure-seeking and society attractions that she considered it almost a crime to let her functions of bearing children and rearing them naturally have full sway. All honour, he said, was due to the women—the old-fashioned women—who still had sense enough to comprehend that their highest functions consist in maternity, and their greatest pleasures in nursing their babies, and rearing them as God intended. Instincts are hereditary, and the one or two artificially brought up children of the modern woman, who has no time for her offspring, if they escape being puny specimens of humanity both physically and mentally, are almost certain to be imbued with the selfishness of their mothers, and if they be girls, act as their mothers acted before them. The civilised world must soon wake up to this fact, said the doctor, or God help the nations which compose it.

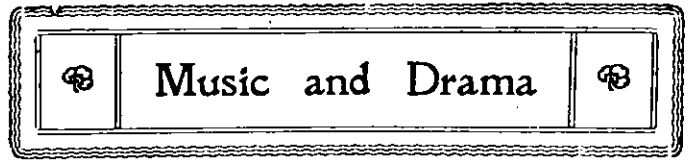
Thousands of children, Dr. Marsack continued, die annually from starvation, not because they do not get enough to eat, but because they get improper food, which they are unable to digest. The chances of life of the artificially reared infant are very low, as compared with those of the naturally reared infant. Any woman, he said, who can nurse her child, but will not, takes the risk of being morally guilty of homicide by omission. It is consequently the duty of any mother who from force of circumstances is unable to suckle her offspring to make sure of the safest and best methods of bringing it up artificially. The object of this is that mothers should be properly instructed. He ventured to prophecy the ultimate outcome of the meeting would be to considerably reduce the infant mortality of Auckland. He asked them to study the subject as if their very lives depended upon it. Further he would suggest that lectures and demonstrations be arranged as a practical way of imparting the requisite knowledge, and propagating it efficiently. The splendid work of the Health Department, he said, meant far more than most people realised. It did its duty fearlessly and courteously, and besides being more often hampered in its work than otherwise, received more kicks than ha'pence. (Applause.)

ACUTE INDIGESTION.

BRISBANE WOMAN'S TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS ENDED BY BILE BEANS.

"I suffered from indigestion in an acute form," writes Mrs. E. McCabe, of Montague Street, Stone's Corner, Brisbane. "I think it was brought on in the first place by my eating too soon after heavy work. The symptoms, which were most distressing, were terrible gripping pains in my stomach and chest, sleeplessness, and no relief for food, resulting in my health being so much upset that I became unable to perform my duties, having to leave it to my daughter. I became aged and careworn with the agony the indigestion caused, especially after I had eaten. I tried several remedies, but found none so beneficial as Bile Beans, which, after but one dose, brought me relief, and the reaction towards improved health was so great that I thought I should never be ill again. Now, at the slightest indication of a return of the indigestion, I at once take a dose of Bile Beans, with always the same result—immediate relief."

Bile Beans are a certain cure for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, debility, loss of appetite, summer lag, sleeplessness, bad breath, anæmia, liver troubles, and all digestive disorders. Obtainable from all chemists and stores at 1/4 and 2/9 per box. The 2/9, containing three times 1/4, is recommended for family use.



HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Leases, Mr C. R. Bailey.
 Direction of MR J. C. WILLIAMSON.
 CONTINUED CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS
 OF
 MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
 NEW MUSICAL COMEDY CO.
 in
**THE LITTLE MICHUS
 THE LITTLE MICHUS**
 NEXT PRODUCTION.
 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8
 FOUR NIGHTS ONLY.
 The Celebrated Musical Comedy,
**THE GIRL FROM KAY'S
 THE GIRL FROM KAY'S**
 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13.
 THREE FAREWELL PERFORMANCES,
 The Intensely Amusing Play,
**THREE LITTLE MAIDS
 THREE LITTLE MAIDS**
 The Plans for the season are open at
 Wildman and Arey's.

The programme for the last nights of the Auckland season of musical comedy, now being played at His Majesty's by Mr J. C. Williamson's company is announced. The present production "The Little Michus," has caught on, but will be withdrawn after Friday evening. On Saturday a new musical comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," by arrangement with Mr Geo. Edwards, of the Society Theatre, London, will be produced. Judging from preliminary reports, the "Girl from Kay's" should be most acceptable theatrical fare. The last three nights of the season will be devoted to the "Three Little Maids," an original comedy in three acts, written by Paul A. Rubens. The company have made both these productions popular throughout Australia, and a successful termination of the present season seems assured.

"I suggest that smoking should be allowed at matinees as a cure for the matinee habit," says a correspondent of the "Mirror." "When a man gets a towering erection of feathers in front of him he will then be able to retaliate by enveloping the wearer in clouds of tobacco smoke. How sweet this tardy revenge will be those who have so long suffered from the colossal hat!"

Harry Lauder, the famous English music hall artist, who was paid £500 a week in America, is back in London, full of enthusiasm over the way in which he was received and treated. He has been offered £1000 a week to return to the States, and will very likely do so.

Commenting on American characteristics, Lauder said the people differed from the usual English audience. "They always give you a welcome when you go on, and then they quietly, but keenly, watch and observe everything you do; and at the end they explode—and then there's a noise! I do not like the Sunday performances, but I had to do it, and I sang "Stop Yer Ticklin'" and "Tabernory" just the same as on any other day in the theatres. There is a different sort of audience on Sundays, quite a select church audience, but I am glad there is a movement to stop the Sunday performances, if only for the sake of the artists and the stage hands, who are at work day after day without any rest at all."

Daniel Frawley, who was out here with "Secret Service," "Arizona," and other pieces, is staging a sketch called "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the Wigwam Theatre, San Francisco.

The newest turn in America is that of "Resisto, the man who cannot be electrocuted." He gives demonstrations in high tension electricity, and allows 300,000 volts of the deadly current to pass through his body. While this is going on he performs many remarkable feats. He lights a cigarette, su oil lamp, and an incandescent lamp from his finger tips.

His most sensational demonstration is when the fierce blue flames shoot over and about his body. That man ought to be pretty safe when live wires are about.

Roxy Barton, W. T. Lovell, and Frank Denton are in the cast of Weedon Grossmith's great money-maker, "The Night of the Party," which had reached its 2071st performance when the mail left London.

Twenty thousand pounds for 100 performances is the figure at which Bernhardt is said to have been engaged by J. C. Williamson for the Australian season next year. The great tragedienne was born in Paris in 1844, and is, therefore, 64 years old. She was married to M. Dalmata in 1882.

The most remarkable production now will be produced in Melbourne towards the middle of this year. It is now in its fourth year in London, and is just as popular as ever.

J. C. Williamson has engaged the complete American company appearing in London to produce "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" in Australia. This piece is an enormous success in London, and has been running for a long time. It has captured the English public. The company is entirely American. The play, indeed, could not be properly interpreted by actors of another nationality, for the simple reason that it is so racy of the soil that much of its effect would be lost in the hands of "Aliens." Mrs. Madge Carr Cook has made a triumphant success in the title role, and others who share the honours with her are Louise Closser as Miss Hazy, Fred. Burton as Mr. Stubbins, Grace Griswold as Mrs. Eichorn, Lottie Alter as Lovely Mary.

Harry Rickards told me the other day that the best engagements—from the point of view of drawing power—he ever made were Cinquevalli, Little Tich, Ugo Biondi, Sandow, Ada Reeve, Peggy Pryde. Of the latest lot he considered the Kloss sisters would be the biggest draw.

Cinquevalli arrives at the end of the year, and will make a starring tour of Australia under Harry Rickards' management, commencing at Perth. Tasmania and New Zealand will also be visited. The tour will last for 36 weeks, and on its completion, the great juggler will retire from stage life.

"We English people have such a peculiar way of doing things," writes the Paris correspondent of the "Express." "When an English manager is going to produce a play, he first of all gets the book and the music. They do these things so differently in France. They call the chorus, the dancers, the accompanist, the limelight man, the principals, the authors, and a few friends of the management together, and talks things over for several weeks. Mr. Wright and Miss Lessing had been—I suppose we must call it rehearsing—for the French version of "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Paris Olympia some hours one afternoon, but the only progress made was to inquire what they would like to do. You must not think that authors and management do not know their business, though things are done differently in France. At the Olympia there is chaos with meaning. Several of the American ladies in the chorus can now say "Oul," "Coehong," and "Ailly dang," and all the French officials when excited, which is their normal condition, burst into gaily and spasmodic English. Mr. Wright is my informant. He knows, he says, that it is English, because the musical director told him so, and he declares that he can often understand it. But, then, Mr. Wright is something of a French scholar."

Round - the - World Paragaphs

Beauty and the Behest

YOUNG DUKE BROUGHT TO THE PARENTAL HEEL.

All aristocratic France is deeply interested in the attempts which are being made to prove the nullity of the marriage of the young Duke de la Salle Rochemaur with a beautiful Greek girl named Mlle. Carouzo.

The Duke, says the Paris correspondent of the "Chronicle," who tells the story, belongs to one of the oldest and most influential families in France, and his father's mansion in the Boulevard St. Germain quarter is the rendezvous of all the young "bloods" of the Royalist party.

Young Marc de la Salle Rochemaur had barely come of age when, two years ago, his father packed him off on a Continental tour in charge of a tutor.

They visited Greece, among other places, and one day, while they were walking on the beach at Phaleron, they encountered a wonderfully handsome Greek girl. The young man fell desperately in love with her, and shortly afterwards they were married according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Churches.

For a few months the Duke and Duchess led an idyllic life in a Roman villa, until one day there arrived an ultimatum from the young man's father, who had done all he could to stop the marriage, announcing that unless he came back at once his allowance would be stopped.

The Duke refused to accept his father's hard conditions, and for several months he braved his anger. During this interval the pair were often absolutely without resources.

WHY NOT SMOKE IN CHURCH?

"Bring your pipes," is the invitation of a Coventry vicar to his Sunday afternoon meetings of men. There is something rather Dutch in the idea. One suggests Dutch, from an impression that some Dutch congregations smoke in church. That impression may be wrong, but the experience of one visit goes to support it. The famous New Church at Delft was reached too late from Rotterdam for the Sunday service, but there was a decidedly "smoking concert" atmosphere in the empty church into which the verger led his visitors. He himself contributed to it. He was puffing his pipe, nineteen to the dozen, and removed it from his mouth only to use it as a wand with which to point out the tombs of William the Silent and of Grothius and Leeuwenhoek. They do believe in comfort in a Dutch church. Here were little wooden box-stools, fashioned hollow to receive a brazier of burning charcoal—a convenient and accessible method of keeping alight a good Dutch pipe.

SCENES IN PARIS THEATRES.

Two scenes not included in the programmes enticed recent performances at two theatres in Paris. A middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance in evening dress, sitting in the balcony stalls at the Comedie Francaise, gave vent to great enthusiasm during the play. He at last became so exuberant that his applause drowned the actors' voices. His neighbours begged him to restrain his feelings. Thereupon he started up, and in a voice of thunder, pronounced a curse upon home and stage alike. The police removed him, and his pockets were searched, as he refused to give any information about himself. All that was found on him was the manuscript of a five-act drama in verse. Writing it seems to have sent him off his head. He is now in the police infirmary. At another theatre, a little playhouse on the Boulevards, Dount Mathieu de Noailles, whose wife is the authoress of "Le Visage Emerveille," and other passionate poems, secured put out after witnessing a few scenes

of "revue" called the "Cry of Paris," by "Rip," which cries down several well-known Parisians. The Count strode up and down the passages apparently looking for someone. He came upon a man who was evidently the one he wanted, stopped, stared at him, and said, "Do you sign Rip?" "I do," said the man, and waited for a compliment. "Then I slap your face," and the Count did. Policemen appeared, and gave the right touch of humour to the scene by instantly running in the unfortunate Rip, in spite of all remonstrances.

EXTRAVAGANT PERSONAGES IN ENGLAND.

Sir Lewis Dibdin, Dean of Arches, has been speaking very plainly on the subject of extravagant personages. He says his experience shows that it is sought every day to build clerical residences on a scale which is in excess of requirements, and to enlarge existing houses in an equally unnecessary fashion. "It is laudably desired," he remarked, "so to augment livings that none shall be of less value than £300 a year. But can a man with that income afford to live in a parsonage which has four sitting-rooms, eight bed-rooms, and offices to match?" Sir Lewis Dibdin suggests that there are various means of relieving the clergy. For instance, the fees levied when they are admitted to livings are grossly excessive. A living wage could, in any case, be obtained partly by voluntary contributions, and partly by the businesslike administration of Church funds.

CAMBRIDGE DOCTOR RAGGED.

An extraordinary scene was recently witnessed at Cambridge. The Junior Proctor appears to have given umbrage to the gowmsmen by the manner in which he discharged his duties in regard to the wearing of academic dress on Sunday afternoons, and in various other ways. One Sunday he was escorted to the University sermon by a considerable number of gowmsmen walking in procession, but silent. On the Saturday it appears a notice was circulated in the college to the effect that the Junior Proctor would receive another ovation on the Sunday, and requesting gentlemen wishing to take part to meet outside Emmanuel College at a given time. The result was that a gathering of about a thousand gowmsmen assembled in St. Andrew's street shortly before two o'clock. When the Junior Proctor appeared with his "bulldogs," bugles, whistles, and mouth-organs began to play; and as the crowd passed down the street the gowmsmen shouted, "left; left; left," like a drill sergeant keeping his men in step. Another crowd joined on Market-hill, and when the Proctor entered Great St. Mary's Church there was a tremendous howl.

DOG BRINGS ABOUT WEDDING.

The other day a pretty little Spaniel belonging to a tradesman in the Rue de Grammont, Paris, was stolen. About three weeks ago, says the "Mail," the tradesman's eldest son, a man of twenty-four, was walking down the Rue d'Amsterliam, when the dog suddenly ran up to him and greeted him joyfully. The spaniel's new owner was a young and pretty widow, from whom the tradesman claimed the dog. The lady was so becoming in her distress that the tradesman's son lost his heart to her, and the question of the ownership of the dog will shortly be settled by their marriage.

Purses and Stockings

CURIOUS LEGAL DECISION.

The Iowa Supreme Court decided recently that a woman's stocking is not a proper place in which to carry her money, and if, as in the case of Mrs Sarah McNaughton, she falls down the stairs of a railway station premises while hurriedly endeavouring to get her purse, she is not entitled to recover damages for injuries from the railway company. Thus ends a famous lawsuit, which has awakened infinitely more human interest throughout America than the trial of Mrs Bradley, now proceeding, for the murder of United States Senator Brown.

Mrs McNaughton, according to the evidence, had a stocking-purse, such as have been sold here in recent years, and have once been described in the lady's page of the "Daily Telegraph." She was walking quickly in the Des Moines Station of the Illinois Central Railway, and at the same time bending down to reach her money. In her haste she opened the wrong door, and this entailed the accident. The Illinois Central submitted that stockings are not proper places for purses, that stocking-purses are an abomination, and that if Mrs McNaughton had kept her money like most reasonable beings, the accident would never have happened. On behalf of the lady it was urged that the practice of keeping purses in stockings, more especially in visiting stores for shopping, was, if not universal, at least very common, and in the alternative that a lady can keep her money just where she likes.

It was admittedly a test case which Mrs McNaughton fought, and in her case public opinion seems to endorse the verdict of the sedate judges of Iowa Supreme Court. The idea, however, that any Court should lay down the law as regards purses to lady shoppers has excited much discussion. To-day I have interviewed the managers of three of the leading stores in the American Metropolis, and they admit that something like twenty per cent of their lady customers carry their purses in their stockings, but "stocking-purses" are no longer sold. "There is a great deal to be said also for the ladies, because their gowns seldom have pockets, and thieves frequently descend upon their hand-bags. All the big stores here are furnished with reading and rest rooms reserved exclusively for ladies, and, said my managerial friends, "many on entering the stores proceed direct to those apartments, not with the idea of reading or resting, but simply to remove their purses preliminarily to buying."

Mrs McNaughton intends to make another appeal, but it is thought she has no prospect of success.

LIFE IN PARIS HOSPITALS.

DIRECTOR'S STRATAGEM FOR FINDING OUT THE TRUTH.

A French writer brings some grave charges against Parisian hospitals. He asks why, "instead of watching the idylls which go on between house surgeons and nurses from benches in the gardens" at one hospital, the officials spend their time in rummaging cupboards in search of dainties which have been hidden there in contravention of the regulation.

And, in conclusion, says the "Telegraph's" correspondent, after grim allusion to what he styles the "omnibus thermometer," which is used to take the temperature of patients suffering from different maladies, he tells a story of the director of a hospital, who, on his return from a holiday, ascertained by personal experiment the truth of the com-

plaints made against the nurse in charge of one of the wards.

The worthy man, having donned night attire, including the old-fashioned cap, slipped unperceived into an empty bed, and "was able to convince himself much better than by hearsay of the conduct of his subordinate."

HOUSE WRECKED WHILE THEY SLEPT.

Lightning struck a farm near Largentiere, with extraordinary results. The roof of the house—in which the farmer, his wife, and two children were sleeping—was torn off and thrown into a field fifty yards away. The balcony of the house was smashed to pieces, as were the cooking range, table, and cupboards in the kitchen. Neither the farmer nor any of his family was awakened by the lightning, and when, in the morning, they found their house wrecked, they could not, for a time, make out what had happened.



SALE OF TIMBER BY PUBLIC TENDER.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Written Tenders are invited, and will be received, at the District Lands Office, Auckland, up to 12 o'clock Noon, on WEDNESDAY, 4th March, 1908, for the purchase of the Kauri and other Milling Timber standing on the undermentioned Lot:

- HOKIANGA COUNTY.**
 LOT 1.—Crown Land, Part Block XV, Pungakere S.D.
 LOT 2.—Section 3, Block XI, Pungakere S.D.
 LOT 3.—Section 3, Block XIV, Pungakere S.D. (Education Reserve).
WHANGAREI COUNTY.
 LOT 4.—Te Toiroa Nos. 1C and 3A Blocks, Parts Block XIII, Opunahanga, and Block III, Whangarei S.D.
 LOT 5.—(Sub-lot 1) Section "A" State Forest Reserve, Part Block XI, Whangarei S.D.
 LOT 5.—(Sub-lot 2) Section "B" State Forest Reserve, Part Block XI, Whangarei S.D.
HOBSON COUNTY.
 LOT 6.—Sections 143 and N.E. 144, Parish of G'aku (Education Reserve).

- COROMANDEL COUNTY.**
 LOT 7.—Pastoral Run, Part Block VIII, Harataunga S.D.
 LOT 8.—Crown Land, Part Block VIII, Harataunga S.D.

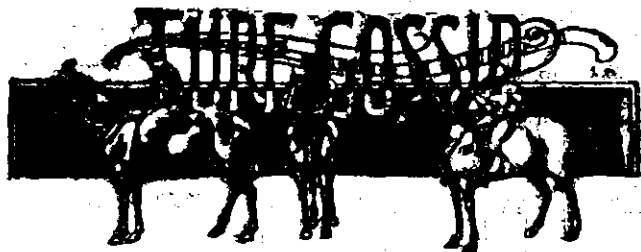
Poster Plans, giving full particulars of sale, may be seen at the principal Post Offices throughout the Auckland District, or copies will be forwarded, together with forms of tender, on application to the above Office.

JAMES MACKENZIE,
 Commissioner Crown Lands.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

HAMILTON REGATTA.
 SATURDAY, 15th FEBRUARY, 1908.

Holiday Excursion Tickets, plus 1/ on each ticket, for Admission to Regatta, will be issued to Hamilton from Thames, Waikato, Cambridge, Auckland, Onehunga, Te Kuiti, and intermediate stations on SATURDAY, 15th February, available for return till MONDAY, 17th February.
 NOTE.—These tickets will not be available by the 7.50 a.m. or 10 a.m. express trains from Auckland.
 A special train will leave Auckland for Hamilton at 6.50 a.m., Newmarket 7.1, arriving Hamilton at 11.1 a.m. Return Special will leave Hamilton at 6.30 p.m., reaching Auckland at 10.10 p.m.
 These trains will stop at Newmarket, Remuera, Ellerslie, Penrose, Otahuhu, Papakura, Drury, Pukekohe, Takanua, Pokeno, Mercer, Huntly, Taupiri, Ngaruawahia, and Franston Stations only.
 BY ORDER,



RACING FIXTURES.

Jan. 18, 22, and 25—Wellington R.C. Summer
Jan. 22 and 23—Foxton R.C. Annual
Jan. 23, 29, and Feb. 1—Takapuna J.C. Summer

TURF NOTES.

The ex-New Zealand Volvra has already raced several times unsuccessfully in India.

The ex-New Zealand pony Rustamita won a race for 143 ponies at Victoria Park, Sydney, recently.

The N.Z. Cup winner Star Rose figures amongst the nominations for the hack horse events at the Wanganui Summer Meeting.

Mr Bidwell has advised "Advance," of the "New Zealand Times," that Elevation will not make the trip to Australia.

The Serton Delava mare Sonoma has been granted a 14-3 certificate by the official measurers of the Otahuhu Trotting Club.

The pony Fashionable was badly galloped on during the running of the Takapuna Cup, and was not seen out again at the gathering.

One of the licensed pencilers at the recent Pahiatua meeting failed to pay out on Splendid Idea when she won her second race.

The name of Blystan has been claimed for the South - Dreamland colt purchased by Mrs. A. M. Croomie at the recent yearling sales.

Mr. R. Cleland has purchased the house and stables recently occupied by J. Chaeffe, jun., and F. Hill takes possession at an early date.

The nominations for the minor events at the Dunedin Cup Meeting are the best for years. The hurdle events are particularly well patronised.

Word from Sydney states that the well-known New Zealand Mr. D. O'Brien, has taken over the Victoria Cafe in that town.

The gelding Engraver broke a blood vessel during the running of the Zealandia Handicap at Takapuna, and finished a long way last.

As a result of the passing of the Street Betting Bill in England, there has been a marked increase in the attendance at many race meetings.

The veteran Sydney trainer James Monaghan was recently seized with a stroke of paralysis, and is now confined to his room in a rather serious condition.

Another pony and galloway course is to be opened in Sydney. It is known as Victoria Park, and is said to be the most up-to-date track outside Randwick.

Although the St. Leger gelding Scotty has started no less than 20 times under Mr. Morse's handicapping, his win in the Takapuna Cup is the first he has recorded.

The Sont sily Mabeuo was badly galloped on during the running of the Stewards' Handicap on the opening day of the Takapuna meeting, and was unable to start again at the meeting.

A good sort of a gelding seen out at Takapuna was Rosavere, a son of Brookby, dam unknown. Rosavere has plenty of size, and with a fair dash of pace, should make a jumper.

It has been decided to keep the Serton Delava mare Clouche going, with a view to her engagement in the Great Northern Oaks, and she has been placed under H. French's charge at Papakura.

A total of £38,802 10/ was invested in the Auckland Trotting Cup meeting. This amount is over £2000 less than the figures for the corresponding meeting in 1906.

The adjoined inquiry by the stewards of the Auckland Trotting Club into the running of certain ponies at their recent meeting takes place on Friday next, at 2.30 p.m.

The Auckland horses Cachuca, Lady Home, La Bean, Curamula, First Gun, and Pohutu figure amongst the nominations for the Wanganui Jockey Club's Summer Meeting.

Mark Time, which won his first race, the Malden Plate, on the opening day of the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting, is a full brother to that good performer Cachuca.

Miss Comessa, the owner of Walcola, which competed at the recent Wellington Meeting, is probably the youngest horse-owner in the Dominion. She is reported to be only four years old.

His victories in all the two-year-old races so far decided at the Takapuna meeting, stamp Master Soul as a useful youngster, and one that is likely to see a much better day.

A. Julian, who has had a long run of oats, has, at last, broken the ill-luck which has persistently stuck to him, by steering Necktie to victory in the Pony Handicap at Takapuna.

The stewards of the Wellington Racing Club have donated 25gs. towards a fund which is being raised on behalf of the veteran handicapper, Mr. J. O. Evelt, who is at present in bad health.

In the January Steeplechase at Flemington, on New Year's Day, the whole of the competitors either bailed or stumbled at one or other of the fences, and only one horse completed the journey.

The St. Leger gelding Putty went amiss whilst racing at Flemington. The trouble is not considered serious, and there is every probability that he will be able to fulfil his engagements in the autumn.

Auckland visitors who were present at the Wellington Racing Club's Summer Meeting have a good word to say for Diamond, by Stepniak-Tortula, which is spoken of as likely to see a much better day.

The starting at the recent Wellington meeting is said to have been very bad, and in this connection a local paper says: Piper's standing as a starter will suffer considerably with a few repetitions of Saturday's experience.

The Kitcheran colt knocked down to Mr. H. H. Hayr at the sale of the Waikanae yearlings was purchased on behalf of Mr. W. Ryan. The youngster was brought from the South by the Victoria on Sunday last, and has gone into C. Weat's charge.

The date fixed for the second day of the South Auckland meeting, February 20th, clashes with that allotted to the Papakura Hunt Club, and one of the two will be quite inalterable. The matter will have to be settled by the Metropolitan committee.

A Southern writer says that one of the most promising young horses in the Dominion is Signor, who won the Foxton Cup. Signor is a beautifully bred horse, being by the default Pilgrim's Progress from the Treason mare Ma Mie Rosette.

The defeat of Santa Rosa in the Hobson Handicap, on the second day of the Takapuna Meeting, was very costly to his connections. The little son of Soul got a very bad run, and plainly showed the marks of contact with the rails when he returned to the paddock.

Mr W. Lyons' horses, Waipuna and Lady Crossy, were shipped to Sydney by the Manuka on Monday. Mr. D. O'Brien's horse Miltus was also taken across by the same boat, and the trio go in charge of J. Williamson.

The Explosion colt Pohutu ran very disappointingly in the Takapuna Cup. After the field had gone about three furlongs, Pohutu was badly interfered with, and dropped right back last, and never seemed to be able to pace it with the field afterwards, eventually finishing some distance in the rear.

B. Deesley, the local lightweight rider, performed the last trick on Saturday last, winning on Celebrity, a particularly adrift in succession. Deesley, who is riding in good form at present, is within one of the head of the list of winning jockeys in New Zealand up to the present season.

The Malden Hurdles on the second day of the Takapuna Meeting looked an absolute moral for Pukeko as they came to the last fence, but, unfortunately for his backers, he toppled over. Pukeko, who is by Ben Godfrey, has particularly good of the most promising hurdle horses seen out for some time, and may prove useful.

Sportswomen as a rule are generally noted for their generosity when any need arises, and the latest proof of this occurred after the recent meeting, particulars of which are forwarded by E. Pope, who was injured while riding Lady Lanta in the Hurdle Race, and who is now an inmate of the Wanganui Hospital. The event in

which Pope was injured was won by Catchem, owned by Mr. Leicester, and that gentleman, on learning of the jockey's mishap, asked the secretary of the club to hand him £5 on his behalf. Pope is deeply grateful to Mr. Leicester for his generosity, and wishes to acknowledge the same through these columns.

After his victory in the Takapuna Cup, the St. Leger gelding Scotty was sent out a very heavy favourite for the Takapuna Jockey Club Handicap, on the second day of the gathering, but although he was in the lead three furlongs from home, he quickly faded out of it when real business was commenced, and eventually finished out of a place.

The Papakura Racing Club advertise the programme for their annual meeting, which is fixed for the 29th inst. In all £140 is to be given away in stake-money. The principal events being the Takapuna Cup of 40 sovs. and the Railway Handicap of 25sovs. Nominations for all events close with the secretary, Mr. F. D. Youge, on Friday the 14th inst., at 9 p.m.

The Cyrenian filly Lira opened her winning account on Wednesday last, when she accounted for the Monna Handicap, of seven furlongs, winning from end to end. Lira's performance was a big improvement on that of the opening day, when she was unplaced in the Kerry Handicap of five and a-half furlongs, lying out of it after being with the leaders for about three furlongs.

The conference of secretaries held at Wellington last week is stated to have been a bit of a disappointment, as far as getting anything definitely passed was concerned. Several of the propositions on the order paper were quite out of place, and had they been decided before several of those invited had left for Wellington, a number would have been present.

The horses for courses theory was further advanced on Saturday last by the performance of Scotty in the Takapuna Cup. The St. Leger gelding won the Takapuna Cup last year with 8st. 11lb. in the saddle, but since then has been able to get up the post at very poor rate. Mr. Morse took a decided liberty in dropping Scotty to 7st., and the old veteran fairly enjoyed such a light impost, and was kindly throughout, winning comfortably at the finish.

The value of the skull cap for jockeys was fully evidenced on Wednesday last, when Caromania fell while contesting the Pony Handicap. When the filly came down, her skirt, which was thrown heavily on his head, but fortunately for him he was wearing one of the caps, and beyond a slight jar, he suffered no ill effects. Had he not had the cap on, the probabilities are that he would have suffered serious injury.

The latest development in connection with the bookmaker question occurred at the recent Kawakawa meeting, and probably the stand taken by the club is unique in the history of racing in the Dominion. The committee asked the pencilers £30 for the privilege, but this was not agreed to, the layers of adds offering £3 3/ each. This the club would not accept, so a license to buy was issued to the secretary, and as a result the Club is reported to have made about £40 running the book.

Some doubt has been expressed about there being sufficient accommodation at Cambridge for horses taken up to compete at the Hokitika J.C. Meeting, which is to be held there on the 22nd inst., but Sir Norman Banks assures us that there are any quantity of loose boxes available in the town, and owners need have no fear on that point. Nothing is being made to make the gathering a success, and a special train, with excursion fares, has been arranged for, particulars of which will be advertised shortly.

The Rangitoto Steeplechase at the Takapuna meeting was one of the poorest contests ever seen over country on the suburban course. Only a quartet went to the post, and Capitol was very strongly supported, but his opponent, very sore, and was never promising any stage of the race. Inskillful's display was also a poor one, as was that of Tanglefoot, so that, taking everything into consideration, the only thing about the performance of the winner, Kapakapa, that would rouse any enthusiasm.

For some time past the veteran handicapper, Mr. J. O. Evelt has been in a very bad way, and his friends have decided to endeavor to raise a sum by subscription, to enable him to tide over his difficulties. A really response has been made to the appeal in the South, and it is confidently expected that there will be no difficulty in raising the amount required. Messrs H. H. Hilyer and H. W. Wyayard, the joint secretaries, and any donations towards the fund will be thankfully received by them.

Talk about dockers being obsolete; this is not it with lightweight jockeys. "I can't do the event, sir," pleaded one of them to his owner. "I've got off all I can, and now I'm a bit over." "Got your lightest jacket out?" "Yes, sir." "Washed with that pound saddle?" "Yes, sir." "Been eatin' anything?" "Ain't had a bite since yesterday breakfast. Here, go and have a shove, and get yer finger-nails trimmed!" "And even that didn't do it."

The South Auckland Racing Club announce the programme for their annual meeting, which this year, for the first time, is to extend over two days. The good programme has been drawn up, and in

all, the good sum of £225 will be distributed in prize money, the principal event being the South Auckland Cup of 80sovs, and the Waikato Handicap of 60sovs, while a steeplechase and a trotting race appear amongst the programmes on each day of the meeting. Nominations for all events close with the secretary, Mr. W. J. Conrad, Hamilton, or with Mr. H. B. Massey, Auckland, on Wednesday, February 12th, at 10 p.m.

According to recent reports from England, the water is responsible for a big proportion of the accidents which happen in Great Britain in hurdle races and steeplechases. Many of the horses do not appear to understand the water jump.

H. W. Holmes, one of the oldest and leading cross-country riders in South Australia, recently remarked that most of the jockeys viewed with alarm the intended padding of steeplechase fences. Holmes considers that unless serious accidents will happen under the new conditions, it is better to have a fence always made a horse—especially a young one—more careful at the following obstacles, and, on the other hand, a horse always took undue liberties with obstacles when it discovered that there was any give in them. According to Holmes, the padding of the fences will mean a great saving to the legs of the horses, but this end will be gained at the expense of greater risks to the jockeys.

The Northern Waiata Hating Club's Summer Meeting resulted in a loss to the club of £91 4/8. A meeting of members was held at Ingarville on Monday last, when the position was fully discussed, and various ways and means were devised to keep the club going. A spontaneous offer was made by Mr. Montgomery, who won £50 in stakes at the recent gathering, and who offered to allow the amount to stand over until they were in a better position. It was finally it was decided to hold a March meeting, and debentures were issued, the opinion being that there would be no difficulty in raising the amount required to keep it going, and it was felt that there were that the club is now on a better footing than ever.

Although nothing definite has yet been decided upon, it is hardly likely that Master Delava will be taken to Melbourne for the Australian Cup, in which he has been weighted at 8.11. At first blush this seems a rather harsh impost, but when it is taken into account that the top-weights, Apollonia and Tartan, have the better weight of 9.11, the Aucklanders may not be badly treated through their blowover by the time that Master Delava reached Flemington, the meeting would be rather close, and the probabilities are that the son of Serton Delava will have a run at Wanganui, and then taken across for the A.J.C. Autumn Meeting.

In connection with the licensing of bookmakers at the recent Wellington Meeting, a writer in the Dominion says: On the first day the totalisator appeared to be doing no more than holding its own against the competition of the bookmakers, but, as several stories of unsatisfactory dealings with the bookmakers began to leak out, the totalisator increased its own margin, and several cases of disputed dividends were reported by innocent investors who accepted tickets with any sort of a blue pencil scrawl on them, which frequently proved valueless on presentation. Stories of favoritism being secured also gained ground, and so the totalisator came into public favor again. It is to be hoped that before this time they will have adopted some system of classifying bookmakers as to their position and responsibility, and a present system of allowing all and sundry to take out licenses, simply because it means more money to the club, is scarcely a means of giving the sport a cleaner name.

TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

The second day's racing in connection with the Takapuna Jockey Club's Summer Meeting took place on Wednesday. Weather was fine, and there was a record attendance, who, although the fields were small, were rewarded with some interesting racing. Mr. W. J. Rippl officiated as judge, Mr. W. Kohu as timekeeper, and Mr. C. O'Connor as starter. The latter was being in his best form. The general arrangements for the gathering, in the capable hands of the secretary, Mr. R. Wynyard, left absolutely nothing to be desired.

THE MACHINES. During the afternoon the sum of £2007 10/ was handled at the machines by the staff of Messrs. W. Blomfield and Co., which is a decrease of £2046 on last year's amount, which, however, is easily made up by the bookmakers' fees.

THE STEWARDS. Before racing commenced the stewards met to consider a complaint lodged against several of the riders in the Stewards' Handicap, the last race on the opening day of the gathering. After hearing the statements, written those concerned, but although they were to be given the benefit of the doubt in this instance, any repetition would be dealt with by disqualification. After the decision of the Stewards' Handicap the stewards asked Drury, the rider of Inskillful, to explain the running off of his mount on the top of the hill. After hearing Drury's statement, which was to the effect that the horse whipped off of his own accord, and he was unable to prevent him, the stewards accepted the explanation as satisfactory.

THE RACING. Racing commenced with the Monna Handicap, for which Mark Time and Rosavere were well supported, but a mile

Her Masterpiece.

Continued from page 21.

"There is still more!"
 "Yes; a lot more."
 "What, then?" There was the wide, questioning look of the portrait, but now the cheeks were pale and the eyes almost frightened.
 "Don't you really know?"
 Carroll turned away her face.
 "You mean, of course, that he took an interest in me, that he tried to save me, that—that his big, manly, generous American heart could not endure the thought of my being out there alone in those awful streets. That is what you mean, Mr. Forest, is it not?"
 "That is part of it. All of that is true, also."
 Forest stared into the fire.
 "Well, then, Mr. Forest?"
 "Eh?"
 "Then you mean that there is more? You don't look cruel, Mr. Forest?"
 "Yes. There is more; and I'm not cruel; but I don't know that I have the right to—"
 "To what, Mr. Forest?"
 "To tell you the rest."
 Carroll's face grew a shade paler.
 "Oh, but I can guess it, Mr. Forest. He believes that I am a genius because I told him so." She almost laughed. "And he thinks that geniuses should be protected, and in this particular case, in my case, you see, he has assumed that his role is that of protector. That is it, Mr. Forest, is it not?"
 "You are getting warm."
 "What, Mr. Forest?"
 "Did you never play 'find the handkerchief?' You are betting closer and closer."
 "To what?"
 "The whole truth."
 Carroll turned paler and her eyes grew larger; and Forest, looking at her, felt poignant qualms. He lowered his voice.
 "Tell me," he said, "do you love him very much?"
 Carroll caught her breath, and the dark lashes fluttered down.
 "If I did not, Mr. Forest, do you think that I would be so free in telling of it in this shameless way and without any"

—her voice dropped—"hope of his returning it?"
 "Love, worthy of the name," said Forest, turning away to hide a smile, "asks no return."
 "Of course not, Mr. Forest, but it doesn't have to acknowledge itself, either."
 Forest looked at her and nodded.
 "The doctor says," he observed presently, "that pneumonia is what is called a 'crisis disease,' and that the crisis is passed. He says that he is out of danger, and that his temperature has dropped; but don't you think it about time that he—eh—began to notice things a bit?"
 "He will as soon as he wakes, Mr. Forest. You see, he's been semi-delirious; but now he is sleeping."
 She leaned back in her chair and stared into the fire with humid, yellow eyes. Her cheeks were flushed and her breath was coming quickly. Forest watched her closely.
 "Then you're no longer anxious?" he asked.
 "Of course I am anxious, Mr. Forest." Carroll turned and looked at him. "But I am no longer alarmed."
 "Not a bit?"
 "No. He will get well now."
 "How do you know?"
 "How? That would be hard to tell." Carroll looked at him with the questioning look which he had learned to wait for. "In the same way that I knew that it was he that night at Maxin's, even before I looked up and saw his face over the heads of the crowd. Once before while sitting there with De Montbrison, earlier in the evening, I had the same feeling that he was looking at me; and even after I had looked around I felt sure that he was there. Now, I know that he will get well, because, well!" — a puzzled look crossed her beautiful face, for beautiful it had become even to the critical eyes of the artist—"because, if he were not going to get well I would know that! Don't you understand, Mr. Forest?"
 "No," said Forest, slowly. "I could hardly be expected to, could I? But I see what you mean."
 Carroll stared into the fire without answering. Presently she began to make a soft, warm little noise in her throat, hardly a hum, more of a purr, in fact.

She stretched towards the blaze, and, half-twisting her little body in her chair, turned her shoulders and rested her cheek on her hand. Her dark lashes swept down. There had been no sleep for either of them the night before.
 Forest watched her through lowered lids.
 "Cats," he said softly to himself, "never do weep and shed tears when they are hurt; neither do they dance and sing when their hearts are gay. But I do not think that she is a cat, for all of her wide forehead and white teeth and yellow, blinky eyes. No, she is not a cat—but, just the same, after they are married, I do not envy the woman whose eyes linger too long on the mayor. Most of her is woman, but there is some cat, too, I guess."
 His eyes clung to her and noted the lithe twist of her body and the small, strong hand hooked pawlike over the arm of the chair.
 "I think so," he muttered, closing his tired eyes.
 "Carroll," said a weak voice from the adjoining room.
 Forest awakened with a start. Beside him, Carroll was on her feet, her eyes flaming tears flashing on her cheeks. Her red lips were parted and her breath came quickly.
 "Carroll!" the weak voice repeated.
 "Carroll!"
 There must have been some cat in her to have reached the bed so quickly and noiselessly and without any impression of haste. As Forest, not meaning to spy, looked over his shoulder and through the open door, Carroll was on her knees beside the bed, and her arms had gathered the mayor to her young bosom and his hands were clasped about her pliant shoulders, drawing her tear-stained face to his.
 Then Forest, his soul exalted and his heart ached, got up and walked slowly into the other room.
 "Genius," he observed, softly to himself, "is not incompatible with love. When both are shed upon the one person, he has tasted of the fulness of life, nor does anything else much matter—but it is a bit rough on South Fork!"
 And he tried to shut his ears to the sounds which came from the sick room.

Are you easily tired?
 Is your work a burden? Do you often feel weak and faint? Is your appetite poor? Are you easily discouraged? If so, your nervous system is weakened, your blood is impure, and serious illness is not far away.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

was made for just such cases. When the blood is impure the whole nervous system becomes poisoned. It is impossible to throw off that terrible feeling of depression, and there is no ambition to work. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify, vitalize, and enrich your blood, and life will again be worth living.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol.

There are many imitation Sarsaparillas.

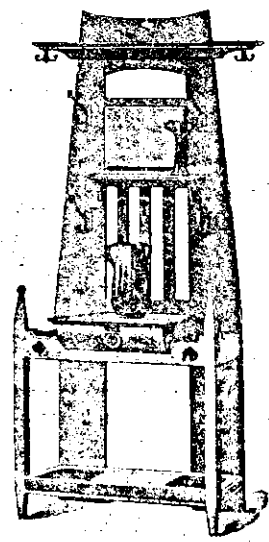
Be sure you get "Ayer's."

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

Mrs. Brown: "It is very kind of you, doctor, comin' so far to see my husband."

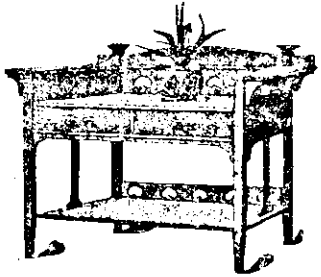
Doctor: "Not at all. I have a patient on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone."

Art in the Home.



A RT in the Home can only be obtained by the most careful consideration of the relation which each article bears to the other. Consequently, those who contemplate house furnishing will be well advised to place the entire matter in the hands of an experienced firm.

Such a course not only ensures an artistic homogeneity throughout the Home, but saves time, trouble, and the chance of including what is inappropriate. We shall be pleased to demonstrate to you how you can, with a given expenditure, obtain the best results. New illustrated Furniture Sheets free on application.



SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.

Cabinetmakers, Upholsterers,
 Complete House Furnishers, and Removal Contractors, AUCKLAND.

The New Zealand Graphic...

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

TERMS:
 Per Annum - - - £1 5s.
 (In advance, £1.)
 Single Copy - - Sixpence

By sending direct to "The Graphic" Office Twenty Shillings sterling, which you may pay by Post Office Order, Postal Note, One Pound Note, or New Zealand Stamp, you can have "The Graphic" posted regularly to you every week for a year.

All unsuitable MSS., Sketches or Pictures will be returned to the sender, provided they are accompanied by the sender's address and the requisite postage stamps, but contributors must understand that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the preservation of the articles sent us.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications to be addressed to the Manager.

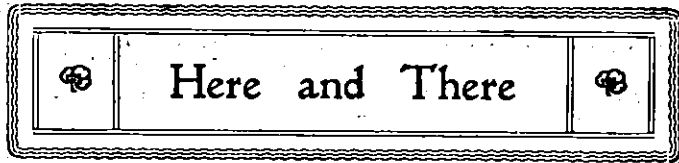
Literary Communications, Photographs, and Black and White Work to be addressed to the Editor.

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.

OFFICE:

SHORTLAND STREET, AUCKLAND.



Here and There

The King Found a Club.

The keen interest which the King manifests in his workpeople is demonstrated by the fact that his Majesty has had the Bull Inn at Shernbourne, which stands on the Sandringham estate, converted into a club for the labouring men of the parish.

The house has been considerably altered, and the old drinking bars have been replaced by commodious game and reading rooms.

This is the second club the King has provided for his employees on the Sandringham estate, the other being the admirably equipped building known as the West Newton Club, which stands not far from Sandringham House.

Vogue of the Peridot.

The new floral jewellery, which is one of the novelties of this winter, has brought into favour a gem which has hitherto been little known, remarks the London "Express."

It is called the peridot, and is a transparent variety of the olivine.

"The name of the peridot has given rise to much speculation," a representative of Messrs. Benson's, the well-known jewellers, said. "Some people attribute it to Greek origin and some to Arabic."

"The gem is found deposited in olivine rock, and, curiously enough, it has sometimes been discovered in fragments of meteoric matter which has fallen to the earth from space."

The peridot is a delicate pale green in colour, and is generally set with pearls. It has been made up in the form of missetoe, daisies, or lilies-of-the-valley in the shape of pendants, rings, brooches, and bracelets.

Their Name Legion.

Statistics published by the Paris "Temps" concerning the number of citizens who are decorated with the Legion of Honour show that one person in about every 882 in France has this decoration. On June 1 last the roll of the order was 45,185.

New Cavalry Sword.

The new pattern cavalry sword is being tried experimentally in the 1st Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. Major-General H. J. Scobell, now Instructor of Cavalry, recommended that a sword for pointing instead of cutting should be adopted, and a new pattern was devised suitable for point work in pursuit and thrusting in shock tactics. The blade is slightly longer than the old one, but is much lighter, and is made of the very best steel. The blade is straight, and without an edge to it, although stability is obtained by a thickened back. A few inches at the point only are sharpened at the edges for thrusting. The hilt is made so as to protect the hand, and, being splendidly balanced, the "play" of the sword is swift and effective.

In the Early Seventies.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, in continuing in the "Century Magazine," the "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," draws some vivid pictures contrasting fashionable life in London in the early seventies and to-day.

A lady never travelled in those days in a railway carriage without her maid, to ride in a hansom alone "was thought very fast," and walking "was permitted only in quiet squares or streets."

"Life, however, seemed as full then as it is now, although people did not try to press into one day the duties and pleasures of a week, finishing none and enjoying none."

"The strict observance of Sunday filled one with awe and amazement," says Mrs. Cornwallis-West. "There was no Queen's Hall concert, the fashion of week-ends in the country was unknown, and very few people had their carriages out,

"Thirty years ago none of the restaurants now crowded with well-dressed people existed. Sometimes Randolph and I would be passing through London in August, and as our house was closed we were sorely put to it to know where to dine."

"Even in such restaurants as were open, smoking was never allowed, and people of opposite sex dining together were looked at very much askance."

Mrs. Cornwallis-West gives an amusing "honeymoon" incident.

"In the old days," she says, "it was supposed to be quite extraordinary, if not actually improper and embarrassing, to mix with your fellow creatures for at least a month after one's wedding."

"Shortly after my marriage I was presented to Czar Alexander II. at a ball given in his honour at Stafford House."

"On being told that I had been married only a few weeks, he exclaimed, with a look of censure, 'And you here already!'"

A story of Lord Charles Beresford is characteristic. He had accepted the wagers of some friends that—despite regulations to the contrary—he would drive up Rotten Row without police interference.

"He succeeded—by driving a water-cart, which careered up and down, splashing everybody."

The Kaiser's Yacht.

As royal yachts go, the Kaiser's yacht, the Hohenzollern, is by no means specially gorgeous. Plenty of show and glitter would somehow be expected. Instead, severe simplicity is the keynote.

The Kaiser's own apartments are especially simple. A brass bedstead, a single wardrobe, a dressing-table with a very large triple mirror, and a barber's chair with a headrest, are all the furniture. The walls are nearly bare, almost the only thing hanging on them being a faded New Year's card, in a little black frame. The card is inscribed, "To Dear-est Willy, with all best New Year wishes, from Mama." Photographs of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin practically complete the wall furniture.

Elsewhere all over the yacht the walls are absolutely covered with pictures. Little sketches by Martino, larger pictures by Willy Stower, some choice old engravings frequently of incidents in British naval history, some modern proof engravings, photographs of nearly all the ships in the German navy, special photographs of incidents in the Kaiser's various cruises, are cheek by jowl with other examples of the catholicity of the Kaiser's taste.

Among these are also to be noted two of the four-page supplements of the British Fleet, issued by the "Graphic," and an ordinary coloured Christmas number plate from the "Sporting and Dramatic"—"Nelson's Last Hours in Portmouth." One or two German chromo-lithographs are also to be found beside most valuable old engravings or artistic masterpieces.

There is, however, one strange picture still. It hangs just outside the Kaiser's cabin "on the line." It is a rather large photograph of an Orange demonstration at Belfast, entitled "We will not have Home Rule!"

Honouring a Spanish Actor.

The official Madrid "Gazette" announces that it has conferred His Majesty, King Alfonso, to confer upon Fernando Mendoza, Spain's foremost actor, the title of Count Valazote and Marquis of Fontanar. This is the first time in the history of the Peninsula that a member of the Spanish stage has been raised to the rank of a Spanish grandee, and it is a significant sign of the times that the announcement of the distinction conferred for artistic merit alone has evoked no protest, and even caused no great astonishment among the proud Spanish aristocracy. Spanish grandees have seats in the House of Peers and are addressed as "your excellency." His excellency the new count and marquis does not intend, it appears, to say farewell to his profession.

Hand Life-belts.

A Norwegian inventor has patented a suit of clothes which will protect its wearer against drowning. The clothes are lined with a non-absorbent material made of specially prepared vegetable fibre which without being too heavy will effectively hold up the weight of a man in the water. Twelve ounces of the new material will, it is claimed, save a person from sinking. The invention has been tested with favourable results at Christiania. Successful trials were also made with rugs made of the same material, capable of supporting two persons in the water.

The Jap's Thirst for Knowledge.

The Japanese student of to-day strips off his simple uniform or kimono, dons the dungaree garments of John Chinaman, strolls out to the furthest corner of the Celestial Empire, notebook in sleeve and eyes open for anything useful to his country, in appearance a Chinese, in fact, the Japanese "investigator" of to-morrow. It was from the Japanese college of Tun-wen, founded near Shanghai after the China-Japanese war, that Japanese spies, who did such great work for their country during the recent war, were drawn. It is from this college that the Japanese Government recruits its intelligence department in its campaign of political and commercial conquest of the Chinese Empire. Indistinguishable from any Chinaman, equipped with every necessity and unhampered by any superfluity, the ex-student of Tun-Wen penetrates yamen (official residence) and hong (merchant's office) on his tour of investigation. Rice and water is his only commissariat, the clothes of day are his bed at night.

Marvellous Memories.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, England, is one of the most remarkable of chess players. During a visit to India he made long journeys with an official who was superintending the laying of a new railway, and the two men were constantly playing chess without a board or pieces. They made the moves verbally and held the game so well in their minds that they never forgot a move or a point.

Smart Business Woman.

Miss Mary E. Orr, assistant treasurer and director of the Remington Typewriter Company, is the first woman ever to enter the directorate of a great American corporation. Beginning with a salary of six dollars a week, with no influence, no "pull," no relatives to advance her, she has placed herself with the few remarkable business women of the world.

Generous by Proxy.

Many men who are not close-fisted in most directions are systematically mean with their employees.

The skipper of a steamship, on arriving in port, got the ship's boy to carry a box of oranges, weighing nearly half a hundredweight, from the vessel to his house.

Afterwards the lad came up to draw his wages for the voyage, which amounted to £2 10/3d. The skipper handed him £2 10/4, and asked him for the half-penny change. The lad said he hadn't one.

"Oh, well," answered the skipper, with a sigh, "you can keep it, young man, for taking those oranges to my house."

Another instance. A carter was loading his dray outside his employer's shop, when one of the horse's cloths blew off. A man passing by ran after it, picked it up, and very considerably spread it over the animal's back again. The shopkeeper, noticing this, gave the man threepence, but at the end of the week stopped it out of the carter's wages.

The toiler in the city had been given an advance in salary. "Now," he said, jubilantly, "I can begin saving to buy a farm." Out in Washington the agriculturist looked at the check received for his season's wicant. "Another such crop or two and I can move into the city," he mused.—"Philadelphia Ledger."

ENGLAND'S LEADING SWEET

CALLARD & BOWERS'S

BUTTER-SCOTCH
 (The Celebrated Sweet for Children)
Really Wholesome Confectionery

Wholesome, delicious,
 and absolutely pure.

Sold by all Confectioners,
 Grocers, and Stores.

May be obtained of Messrs. A. J. Entrican and Co., Auckland.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OSERINE** Steroids. It has cured permanently the worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. English Price 4/8 and 12/-.

Wholesale Agents:
SHARLAND & Coy., Ltd., AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Prepared by J. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist
 25, High Street, Belfast, Ireland.

Everybody

knows how liable the skin is to suffer from disgusting blotches and eruptions; and how liable it is, also, to get cut and hurt in all conditions of life—at home, at work and at play. There isn't a woman in the home, or a man in the street, but

Needs

ZAM-BUK BALM today or to-morrow. It may be to check a sudden outbreak of skin disease, heralded by an itching rash or inflamed swelling; perhaps to soothe and heal a nasty cut or burn, to remove an unsightly pimple or sore, to strengthen a sprained joint, or to "rub out" a pain. For all these things there's nothing like

Zam-Buk
 "RUB IT IN"

Verse Old and New

Beyond.

The wind of the evening that seems
To blow from the westering sun
Brings unto me challenging dreams
Of worlds that await me unwon—
Worlds of crystal and pearl,
Worlds of singing and light,
That sweep in a starry swirl
Through infinite deeps of night.

And I, who thought I had come
To the end of things, and had seen
The whole of life, and the sum
Of all that is and has been,
Through the gates of the west,
Youth once more in my soul,
Set out on the starry quest
Of life that knows no goal.

Of life that surges and sweeps
On winds that riot and race
Through limitless, deathless deeps—
Of kindling and quickening space—
Life that is one vast breath
Of universal morn,
Where mortal night and death
Are day and life reborn.



The Bachelor's Ideal.

[The excuse that they have never met
the right woman seems still to be popular
among bachelors.]

Call him not selfish that he does not wed,
Compelling one that worships him to
share
An ever-growing load of sordid care,
The ceaseless struggle for his daily bread.

He sits alone before his dying fire
Envyng others their domestic joys,
The love and laughter of their girls
and boys.

This exile from the land of his desire.

Despite what truly selfish lovers say,
Enough for one is not enough for two,
Or else were all arithmetic untrue
Whose laws mankind with one consent
obey.

It is not that he dreads the simpler life,
Shorn of the things that minister to
ease;
He feels the loss of comforts such as
these
Would be distinctly hard upon his wife.

Only in dreams he sometimes sees his
fate,
Divinely fair and sweetly womanly,
The perfect, the incomparable she
Whose love might draw him from his lone
estate.

She makes the way to matrimony clear,
Obedient and patient, slow to vex,
Endowed with all the virtues of her
sex,
And something like ten thousand pounds
a year.

—Touchstone, in the "Daily Mail."



If and Perhaps.

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And every one were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fair
To love and help his neighbour—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you, and me—for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted—
Perhaps in some ear by-and-by
That good time might get started.
Then what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

EMMA C. DOWD.

An Antediluvian Ambition.

A labyrinthodon once paced the prehis-
toric strand,
And gazed upon the Saurian tribe—that
charming, cheerful band;
But his heart was very heavy, and a tear
was in his eye;
And as he sadly gazed around, he mur-
mured with a sigh:

"I'm a most unhappy creature, and it is
a burning shame
That I can't do something clever which
would win me deathless fame.
There's my friend the ichthyosaurus—he
can dive and he can swim!
I am quite consumed with envy that I
can't compete with him.

"The graceful pterosaur in the air can
boldly soar;
The dimorphodon is flying, too, while I
must tramp the shore.
The powerful telesaurus to imperial
heights has risen,
For he bosses land and ocean while he
takes what isn't his'n!

"When the mighty megalosaurus from
the small fry cannot steal;
When no more the ceteosaurus takes his
vegetarian meal;
When my bones lie deeply buried in the
prehistoric slime,
Let, oh, let me leave behind me footprints
on the sands of time!"

Tis of years some twenty million since
he offered up his prayer;
Go to-day to the museum—you may see
his footprints there!

W. J. TOWNSEND COLLINS.



In Bonds.

Love, since this feud has grown 'twixt
you and me,
How if I set you free;
And loose the clinging hands you coldly
press,
Mute with a fierce distress
That will not suffer pity to be kind,
Or break the bonds we once rejoiced to
bind?

For, verily, an end must come to all;
And, ev'n as blossoms fall
From withered stems, when rain and
storm are rife,
Glory doth fade from life!
Yea, love itself, its brief hour being done,
Must perish at the setting of the sun.

And yet . . . and yet . . . though
hearts so sorely ache,
What anguish could unmake
The joy we fashioned of our smiles and
tears

Through unforgotten years,
Wherein, for good or ill, our spirits
wrought
To compass fairer heights of deed and
thought?

Ah, idle is our talk of "setting free"
What love inviolably
Hath joined—which bond the end shall
ratify,

Though all enchantments die;
For grief that wounds hath made her
secret plain—
The imperishable is purified through
pain.

Then let us humbly put all wrath away,
That had no power to slay!
While autumn tints the woodlands, till
their leaves

Glow—as my heart conceives—
Not with the fiery presages of death,
But with the beauty that is life and
breath.

A first-grade boy brought perfect spell-
ing papers home for several weeks, and
then suddenly began to miss five and six
out of ten.

"How's this, son?" asked the father.
"Teacher's fault," replied the boy.
"How is it the teacher's fault?"
"She moved the little boy that sat next
to me."

**International Exhibition,
CHRISTCHURCH,
1906-1907.**

*The following HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DESICCATED and
DELICATELY PERFUMED.*

**LONDON MADE
TOILET SOAPS**

Were Exhibited by the Manufacturers:

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. LTD.,

(LONDON & LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA,"

"REGINA CREAM," "REGINA VIOLET,"

"COURT," "BUTTERMILK,"

"PALMITINE BATH," "GLYCERIN CREAM."

*These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or
STOREKEEPER. Wholesale in*

AUCKLAND,
CHRISTCHURCH,
DUNEDIN,
INVERCARGILL,
&c.

NAPIER,
NELSON,
NEW PLYMOUTH,
WELLINGTON,
&c.

The Company also Showed Specimens of their Leading
Brands of:

CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, GLYCERIN,

And of their Celebrated:

"GAS ENGINE OILS,"

MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS.

HONOURS AND AWARDS.

"Zealandia" Underclothing
DAINTY AND DURABLE.

"Zealandia" Blouses
SMART AND ATTRACTIVE.

Ask for them all

"Zealandia" Dressing Gowns
STYLISH AND COMFORTABLE.

"Zealandia" Dust Cloaks
IN THE LATEST STYLES AND MOST
FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.

"Zealandia" Pinafores
FOR PRETTY CHILDREN.

All "Zealandia" Garments
ARE CUT TO FIT AND
MADE TO WEAR.

**ARCHIBALD CLARK & SONS
LIMITED.**

(COPYRIGHT STORY.)

AUNT JENNIFER

BY JOSEPH HOCKING

Author of "The Man who Rose Again," "The Woman of Babylon," Etc.

I WANTED to refuse Aunt Jennifer's invitation to Trewithen Grange for the Christmas holiday very badly; but try as I might, I could not make up my mind to do so. For one thing I loved the old lady very dearly, and for another I owed everything to her. My parents died when I was a child, and it was Aunt Jennifer who took me under her care, and who made it possible for me to go to a public school and the University, as well as to qualify for the bar. But for her, I, Gilbert Dacre, would possibly have been a hard working clerk instead of a fairly prosperous young barrister, with "Parliamentary possibilities." Therefore I could not say no when she asked me to spend Christmas with her, even although I had to refuse an invitation to a country house party, where Kitty Goldly, only daughter of old Judge Goldly, and whom I had admired from afar, was to shed her radiance.

I do not think I should have wanted to refuse her request so much, if I hadn't had an idea that she wanted to make a match between me and a Miss Molly Tresize, who had been described to me as a "lean, lank, blue stocking," and who I feared she would also invite.

However, I could not refuse her, and sincerely hoping that she had given up all thoughts of my falling in love with such a creature as Molly Tresize, I accepted her invitation. Remembering what a lonely place Trewithen Grange was, however, I looked forward to a dreary time. Still I determined to make the best of it, and tried to comfort myself with the thought that the Lanarth golf links were the best in the west of England.

On the morning of Christmas Eve I made ready for my departure. A thick, black fog hung over London, and the air was very keen and cold. The sight of the fog depressed me. What if the weather were bad in Cornwall! Still I reflected that there would be no fogs there, while the coast, near which my aunt's house was situated, was among the finest in Europe.

It was late in the afternoon when the train crossed Saltash Bridge; but in spite of myself I began to feel exhilarated. There was not a suggestion of a fog in Cornwall, the moon had risen in a cloudless sky, and the ice crystals hung on the trees.

"It will be a cold drive from Porthfullon to Trewithen Grange," I reflected, but as I heard the porters chaffing one another in the dear old Cornish dialect, I rather enjoyed the thought of it. It was not for a healthy young fellow of twenty-eight to fear a drive on a clear cold frosty night. There was no wind, I remember, but the ground was frozen as hard as a bone, and although there was no snow, the weather was just what one desires at Christmas time.

"Mester Gilbert, sir," said a man to me, as the train stopped at Porthfullon station.

"Ah, John Beel, is that you?"

"Glad to see 'er, sur. Is this oal yer luggage, sur?"

Yes, I was glad I had come. There were but a few passengers alighting at Porthfullon, and the station master came up to me with a word of welcome. Viva Cornwall! Viva the old-fashioned Christmas! I should at least be able to rest and be quiet. I had had a busy time, and the quiet would do me good.

"Ten days with Aunt Jennifer," I thought. "Never mind, I'll make the

old lady happy."

Yes. Trewithen Grange looked very picturesque on that moonlit night. A low ceiled, rambling building; a stone built, lichen covered, mullion windowed old country house. The place suggested comfort. Every shrub, and every tree seemed to bid me welcome. I had known them as a boy, and they seemed like old friends.

"Gilbert, I am glad to see you. It makes my old bones young again to kiss you again. It is good of you to come. You are sure you'll not be lonely, alone with an old woman?"

"Not a bit, Aunt Jennifer. Ah, there's a fire for you!"

Yes, the Yule log was burning merrily in the great fireplace in the hall. It was a sight to warm any man's heart.

My aunt conducted me to my bedroom herself. She seemed to be jealous even of the servants. Not that there was any need of a guide. I knew the bedroom well enough, nevertheless I could not help seeing that the old lady had bestowed much thought upon it to make me comfortable. Here was warmth and light! A bright fire glowed in the grate, while at least a dozen candles burnt.

"Dinner in half an hour, Gilbert. You'll not mind dining alone with your old aunt?"

"Mind! It will be a joy!"

I kissed her again and again, and although she had nursed me as a baby she blushed like a girl.

"Bless her old heart," I thought. "I am glad I came after all."

"Because," said Aunt Jennifer, lingering in the doorway, "the truth is, Gilbert, I have been very lonely this winter, and I have had to engage a companion."

"A very sensible thing to do, Aunt," I replied. "I hope she's bright and cheerful."

"She's rather a quiet girl," she answered, "and I am afraid she has not much to make her happy. You see our life is very uneventful here. I was wondering"—she went on after a second's hesitation—"whether you would mind her dining with us? She is quite a lady, of course, and I thought your company might bring the poor girl a little brightness."

"Do you really wish it, Aunt?"

"Oh, of course, I don't mind," she answered hastily.

"Then let us dine alone," I replied.

I felt sorry the moment I had spoken. I had no reason for wishing to be alone, and it was only a sudden impulse which led me to speak as I did.

"Of course," I went on hurriedly, "if you wish this Miss—Miss—did you tell me her name or have I forgotten it?"

"Her name is Mariette, Mademoiselle Mariette Delincourt."

"Oh, a French girl."

"Of French extraction. But although she has spent so much of her time in France, I always think of her as an English girl."

"Delincourt is a good name," I said.

"Yes, in the old days it was De Lincourt, and she belongs to a good old family. Of course our name is French, too. D'Arcy, it used to be, but the names have got Anglicised."

I wished I had not asked Aunt Jennifer to dine with me alone. I don't know how it was, but I had associated my aunt's companion with Molly Tresize, the "lean, lank blue stocking," who had been so great at Mathematics in the Cambridge University.

"Let her dine with us, Aunt Jennifer," I said. "I darsay she's all right, but I thought it would be nicer for us to

be alone. And—and—"

"What, Gilbert?"

"Well, I was afraid this companion of yours might be of the Miss Molly Tresize order."

"Well, supposing she had been."

"Oh, you know I don't like girls of that sort."

"But you've never seen her."

"No, but I have heard enough about her. Prim, puritanical, gaunt and gawky."

My Aunt laughed merrily.

"I'll tell Mademoiselle Mariette that we'll dine alone to-night," she said.

"Don't do that, Aunt. It is only my whim, and—and—"

"Yes, I quite understand."

She left the room then, and I was not sure whether Mademoiselle Mariette was to dine with us or not. On the whole I rather hoped she would. There was something attractive in the thought of a French girl bearing the distinguished name of De Lincourt.

We dined alone, however. Evidently my Aunt did not think it best to ask her companion to join us, and if the truth must be told I was disappointed. But I did not show it. I told the old lady, all the gossip I could think of, I related to her the history of my cases, and quoted with much pride what certain judges had said about me.

She seemed mightily pleased at this, and in her simplicity, doubtless thought I was one of the leading men at the bar.

We sat long into the night, and as I saw the pleasure my Aunt had in my company, I could not help being glad that I had come.

After all the party she had arranged for the next evening promised some pleasure, and in all probability, I should be invited to take part in the festivities of the families my Aunt had invited.

Presently my Aunt gave a start. "Twelve o'clock," she cried. "It is time to go to bed. A happy blessed Christmas to you, my dear. And thank you for coming to see me."

I led her into the hall.

"A happy Christmas to you, Aunt. There, the bells are ringing Christmas in, and—and I say, Aunt, you have some mistletoe here."

I drew the old lady under a large bunch that hung from the ceiling, and kissed her.

"Shame on you, Gilbert," she laughed as she smoothed her white hair; "but, my dear boy, when are you going to kiss someone else under the mistletoe?"

"Probably before the season is over," I laughed. "One has special privileges at Christmas time, you know."

"Yes, but when—when—you know—when am I to welcome your wife?"

"Don't know, Aunt."

"You've not settled on anyone?"

"No, I am fancy free," I made a certain mental reservation in saying this, although I spoke the truth, for I was not really in love with Kitty Goldly.

"It's time you got married, Gilbert—and—and—"

"And what?"

"Molly Tresize is such a nice girl."

"Don't, Aunt—to be perfectly frank, I am not fond of hearing about Molly Tresize. I couldn't stand a lean, gaunt blue stocking."

"How do you know—she's what you say?"

"Oh, I've heard about her. Let's say no more about it, Aunt."

The old lady sighed, and went to bed, while John Beel came to bolt the hall door.

"Don't, John, I'm going for a stroll around the grounds before I turn in."

I put on my overcoat, and went out into the night. How quiet it was! The sky was cloudless, and the wind barely stirred. The place was a dream of beauty. Every plant and tree was hung with a riny frost which gleamed in the moonlight; the ripple of the sea was drowned by the clash of the bells which rang from the village church. The inwardness of the thought of Christmas possessed me, and I thought of the song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem. Presently when the bells stopped, I fancied that I too could hear that song, the song of Divine Love, of human brotherhood.

As I walked back to the house, I saw a light in one of the windows. It did not come from my Aunt's room. As I looked I saw a face, which was plainly visible in the light of the room. My feet crunched the loose gravel of the drive, and the face was withdrawn.

"Mademoiselle Mariette," I reflected. "I hope she's a pleasant companion for my Aunt." And then I went to bed.

The Christmas bells were the last sound I heard before I fell asleep, they were the first I heard in the morning. Yes, it was a joyful Christmas morning. The air was keen and sharp. On the windows was much beautiful tracery which Jack Frost had put there during the night. I got up, and looked out of the window.

"A happy Christmas to everybody!" I cried, quoting Scrooge, and then I hastily dressed.

The breakfast gong was resounding through the house as I went downstairs, for my aunt persisted in the old-fashioned idea that breakfast should be as formal a meal as dinner.

"No coffee and rolls in the bedroom for me," she always said. "Come down and make a good meal, and then you are fit for whatever may happen through the day."

She was seated at the head of the table as I entered the breakfast room, and by her side I saw someone dressed, as it seemed to me, in a Quakerish kind of garb.

"Mademoiselle Mariette Delincourt," she said, "but you must forgive me if I call her Mariette. I am an old woman, and I can't be always pronouncing such a long name."

I was much interested in my aunt's companion, and I mentally congratulated her upon securing such a companion. As far as I could judge she was about twenty-three years of age, and there could be no doubt that she was a lady. Her dress, Quakerish as it was, seemed to me to add to her charm, and it certainly set off a finely-moulded form. But what struck me most about her, was the wondrousness of her eyes. They were large, and lustrous, and of the most glorious gray I had ever seen.

"There is a great deal behind those eyes," I reflected. "She has more than ordinary intelligence, and she is capable of anything fine and noble."

This may seem extravagant on my part, but I would defy anyone who saw her as I did without being led to that conclusion.

I entered into conversation with her during breakfast, and I was surprised at her knowledge, not only of our own literature, but the writings of French, and German, and Italian authors. Not that she paraded her knowledge; it dropped out, as it were, inadvertently. Her French accent too was perfect, and al-

though she was reared in England, she had that perfect mastery of the letter "R," which we English people so rarely master.

Before the day was over I was deeply interested in my aunt's companion, and I almost wished that the party she had arranged for was not going to take place. I was perfectly content to talk with Mariette. I did not think, however, that she favoured my society. She took good care never to be alone with me, and when once or twice we happened to be in a room together, she quickly found an excuse for leaving me.

The party was a great success. The dinner was arranged for at a very early hour, so that we might have a long evening, and the Bassetts, and the Bolithos came in all their finery, but truth to tell I took but little notice of them. My eyes were constantly turned towards Mariette. It is true her attire, though a little less severe than in the morning, was perfectly plain as compared with that of the Misses Bassett, and yet the Misses Bassett looked positively dowdy beside her. This in spite of the fact that the Misses Bassett were regarded as among the beauties of the county, a county noted for beautiful women.

We played old-fashioned Christmas games, and although Mariette always kept in the background, she was the person most in demand. It was she who guessed all the riddles, it was she who found out the proverbs and who solved the mysteries of "subject and object."

During the evening, I saw George Trewithen talking with her. I saw the admiration in her eyes, I saw how eager he was to be near her.

"The young cub," I said, "as though such a girl as she would think twice about such a country bumpkin."

It will be easily seen from this which way my thoughts were turning, and if the truth must be told I made up my mind to have a chat with her after the guests had departed. But in this I was disappointed. While I was saying good-night to them, she had gone to her room, and I was left feeling disconsolate.

Thus ended Christmas Day. Nothing had happened, and yet it seemed to me

that a great deal had happened. There was no thought of loneliness in my heart, when the house became quiet. Indeed I began to plan how I could extend the ten days for which I had promised to come into a fortnight or three weeks.

The next day an invitation came from the Bolithos to a dance that same evening.

"Are you going, Aunt Jennifer?" I said.

"I've given up dancing," was her reply.

"Then is Mar—that is, Mademoiselle Delincourt going?"

"Gilbert, you ought to know that the Bolithos would not be likely to ask my companion to such a function," she replied.

"Then I'm not going," I said.

"But, Gilbert—"

"The Bolithos are nothing to me," I urged, "and I'd a great deal rather stay at home with you. We can play three handed whist."

"I must not offend the Bolithos," replied my Aunt Jennifer. "I believe they arranged this impromptu dance on your account. Did you not notice how Miss Matilda Bolitho admired you?"

I made some remarks about Miss Matilda Bolitho which were more expressive than polite; but my Aunt talked me over. She even insisted on going herself so that I might accept the invitation.

I had to yield, of course; but it was with no good grace, and as I stood in the hall that night, and waited for my Aunt Jennifer to come down, I was not in the best of humours. To my surprise and joy, however, I saw not only my Aunt but Mariette, and I saw too that she was to accompany us.

"I have arranged with the Bolithos," she whispered to me. "Of course, Mariette is quite equal to the Bolithos in every respect, and so—"

"That's all right," I said gaily. The explanation was nothing to me, Mariette was going, and that was enough.

"I'll have at least three dances with her," I resolved, "perhaps more." Moreover, I asked her to promise me some on

our way to the Bolithos' house; but she replied that she did not expect to dance at all.

"Oh, you must," I urged. "I shall look you up as soon as the programmes are given to us."

Some fool of a fellow, however, kept me a long time in the dressing-room, and by an ugly set of coincidences I had to ask Miss Matilda Bolitho for a first dance. Directly it was over, I hastened to Mariette's side. "Now," I said, "how many are you going to give me?"

"I am afraid I can't manage any," she said, passing me her programme. Then I saw that every one was engaged. Well, I had to make the best of it, although I wished I had never come to the place, especially when I noticed that George Trewithen was constantly at her side.

"The fellow is in love with her, and I verily believe she is fond of him," I reflected, my heart beating as heavy as lead.

During our drive home that night, I believe I sulked. I know I was very quiet; and in the main spoke in monosyllables.

A week passed quietly away. I never went once to Lanarth golf links. My Aunt insisted on my going to other festivities, and so I perforce went, but Mariette did not accompany us, at least she did not go to the Bassetts, nor the Trewithens, nor the Tre-lawneys; but she did go to the Trewithens, and it was this affair that really opened my eyes. Not only was Mariette invited to the Trewithens' house, but young George Trewithen was dancing attendance on her during the whole evening. Indeed, I once saw them in the conservatory together, where he was talking very earnestly to her.

"If ever a man means business, that man is George Trewithen," I said, and then I knew that Kitty Gollyly was nothing to me, nay, more, I knew that Mariette was everything, and that if I did not win her as my wife life would be a great blank.

"I am afraid I am going to lose Mariette," said my Aunt Jennifer to me

after we had reached home that night. "Indeed," I said, and my heart became cold.

"Yes, you saw—"

"You mean George Trewithen? Well, has she accepted him?"

My Aunt looked at me steadily. "I only know that he has asked her," she said. "Perhaps it is not right for me to have told you so much. Mariette is a very attractive girl, and—and it will be a terrible pain for me to part with her."

"Is she gone to bed?" I said presently.

"I don't know," said my Aunt Jennifer, looking at me strangely.

"I am going back to London to-morrow," I burst out after a few minutes' silence.

"No, stay as long as you can, Gilbert. I shall be a lonely old woman without you. Your visit has made me feel ten years younger."

She was standing at the foot of the hall stairs as she spoke, and I felt my heart thumping at the resolution which had come into my head.

"Would you mind asking Mademoiselle Delincourt if she could spare me five minutes," I said. "I shall be waiting here in the hall."

Aunt Jennifer gave me another searching glance, and then went slowly upstairs.

How long I waited I don't know. I went to the fire, and stirred it, until it burst into flame. Then I noticed that the Christmas decorations were not yet taken down.

"It was a mad request," I reflected. "Of course she will not come down."

The thought had scarcely passed through my mind when I heard a rustling noise, and looking I saw Mariette coming downstairs.

She still wore the half-Quakerish costume which she had worn at the Trewithens, and never as I thought had I seen her look so lovely. The perfect oval of her features, the red parted lips, and the great gray eyes were a revelation to me. Here was the one woman in all the world for me. What if she had already

"Mademoiselle," I said going towards

PEARS

SOAPMAKERS

BY ROYAL WARRANTS



to

Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED
FOR TOILET SOAP—
IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

her, "will you forgive me for asking you to come down?"

"Your Aunt wished it," she said, "that was why I came."

"I urged her to ask you," I cried. "I did so because I can't pass the night in suspense. I want to know if I must go back to London to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" she asked with wide-open eyes.

"I mean that I love you, and I want you to be my wife," I said. "If you say no, I must go back to London to-morrow."

She looked very serious, and yet I thought I saw a roguish smile wrathe her lips.

"Say you will give me some hope," I went on. "Don't urge that I have only known you a week. I seem to have known you all my life. I love you, love you. Give me a word of hope. It is to get that word that I begged Aunt Jennifer to ask you to come down."

"I am your Aunt's companion, and of course I had to do as she told me," she said demurely.

"That's all nonsense," I said. "My Aunt treats you as if you were her own child, and thinks of you as such. But give me some hope, won't you?"

She shook her head solemnly, and yet I am sure I saw laughter in her great gray eyes. "What you ask is impossible," she said.

"Why?" I asked, and my heart became cold.

"If you knew who I was, you would not ask," she said.

"You are you, that is all I care about," I cried. "You are all the world to me."

"You are mistaken," she said solemnly.

"If you knew who I was, you would—well, you'd catch the first train to London to-morrow morning. If I—, that is if I said Yes to your request—you—you would find some excuse to get out of—our engagement," and she cast her eyes on the floor.

"Who are you?" I gasped.

"I am Molly Tresize," she said.

"Molly Tresize!"

"Yes, Molly Tresize, prim, puritanical, gaunt, lean, and gawky. Those are your own words."

I caught the humour of the situation, although I did not altogether understand it.

"Then," I said, "Molly Tresize, prim, puritanical, and all the rest of it, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She looked up into my eyes, and I think she must have seen the love that was burning in them, for I saw her lips tremble.

"If—if you think you could be happy with such a creature," she said.

I caught her in my arms and kissed her, and as I did so I saw my aunt coming downstairs.

"I asked you when you were going to kiss someone else under the mistletoe on Christmas Eve, Gilbert," she said, "but I did not think that it would be as soon as this."

Before I went to bed that night I knew everything. It was all owing to Aunt Jennifer, bless her heart. She had determined to bring Molly Tresize and me together, so she asked her to come and spend Christmas, suggesting at the same time that she, Molly, should pose as Mariette Delincourt, which was her mother's name. As she was utterly unknown in the district, she caught the humour of the situation and consented. Of course I had not been there more than a day or so, before my aunt saw how matters stood, and then she told Mariette of my aversion to the name of Molly Tresize.

Years have passed away since then; but Molly and I always spend Christmas at Trewithon Grange. Last year we took the bonniest baby in the world with us. We call the baby Mariette Delincourt.

Our Lack of Enthusiasm.

Sundry charges have been brought against us—some true, some half-true, some patently ridiculous. The truest, I think, is that we are deficient in enthusiasm. Is it because, as De Musset says, "enthusiasm is the brother of suffering," and, nationally speaking, we have not suffered enough? I cannot say, but I am convinced of the truth of the criticism—that we really do accept the evil and welcome the glorious with more placidity and indifference than is elsewhere the case. Possibly in Auckland at least—as with Ceylon, according to that colonel in "The Gingalee"—"it's the climate." It is a fault, but I have confidence enough in my readers to believe that they can welcome blame as well as praise. The ass that can only see good things about him should be kicked for the sake of his country, not fed with the newspaper sugar-plums that are usually his reward.

Of course one doesn't want the enthusiasm of a Latin race—that would be against the genius of our people. Neither does one want a land of cranks who develop some craze to "obtain a night's lodging in the memory." One realises the danger, the absurdity, the uselessness of misdirected enthusiasm—but yet, but yet—! Well, it is a glorious thing, is it not, to see eyes that flash and cheeks that burn with real and spontaneous fire?—to welcome a hero (rather than a football hero) not with "cheers" but with a roar like the roar of loud thunder?—to curse cruelty from the very depths of our soul?—to fashion a great future with beating heart and a brain drunk with its own imaginings? All this is not Business—it does not bring a farthing to any ferrety business man alive, but how grand and how sublime and inspiring it can be—and what a great blank dreary space it is apt to leave when it is lacking.

"Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm," said Emerson, not adding the equal truth that the enthusiasm is also the child of the moment. Perhaps that is our trouble. Perhaps we need some great danger to our country, some glaring social injustice, some vast triumph of intellect or courage to fire us with one fire—that we may know a hundred. For that is the way with enthusiasm. The French Revolution quickened the pulse of the whole world not only in politics, but in literature, in science, in art. It was a new era, an era of intoxicating possibilities. Perhaps again New Zealand reflects a growing calm—if indifference only had the sea's calm without that of a duckpond!—throughout the world. The years bring many changes, and I cannot say. Perhaps England and Germany and France have also lost this well-named "genius of sincerity" with the growth of commercialism and selfishness, and mean contrivance. But that should be no comfort and little excuse. We want to aim at ideals, not to emulate others.

The other day a man in conversation with me attacked what he called "dreaming." To my mind, a man who never dreams throws back to the "aboriginal ancestor." I don't care whether he can balance bank books or drive a hard bargain; he had just as well be cracking nuts in a prehistoric forest. He may not be a bad fellow, but to all intents and purposes he is not a fellow at all, but a cypher. The friend who told me this, I may say, was capable of dreaming dreams himself; it was only his mood that led him to re-echo the current cant of the day. It is the tragic irony of our civilisation that men can to-day live their lives with less poetry, less inspiration, ay, and less real and innate intelligence than the remotest of their savage ancestors. Never, I firmly believe, have there been quite such possibilities of mean, selfish and petty lives as in the present glorious century. And enthusiasm is the only remedy—a common spirit, a common ideal, a common fire.

Whatever Mr Seddon may have been politically, his grand medium of success lay in his irrepressible enthusiasm. If every measure he ever introduced had not to be repealed, I hold that he still did a great work by firing the passive to action—even if the action was sometimes wrong. He inspired a whole country to realise it had a destiny; he even dared

to do the work of a true enthusiast by experimenting! Was the word coined in this connection to suit Seddon? I don't care whether "experimenting" is politically wise or unwise; but I do know that an enthusiast does and must experiment for the very fire that is in him. If the Opposition like to say vauntingly that a calm has come after the storm, I shall venture to rejoice that with all its danger I liked the storm better—that indeed we are very badly in need of a storm to arouse us from inertia just now. The Opposition, fortunately for the politics of my paper, seem to be just as dull and business-like as their opponents.

Why is there no man to "experiment" outside of politics? I know of no non-political institution that is peculiar to New Zealand. We are young, and there are a thousand directions in which we can set examples instead of following them. There are an infinite number of things to be done for the moral and intellectual and artistic good of the people. Where are the movements? Do they ever get beyond a suggestion, an appeal, and a few dull letters in the paper? They will never get further without enthusiasm. Who cares for the future? Only the enthusiast, and he is dying out. When Seddon once spoke of the unborn millions he was laughed at—to the shame of the cacklers. It was not good as an insalubrious joke, and the laughter showed a pitiable failure to take in an idea that even thirty years ago would have been a commonplace consideration of the statesman. It is very doubtful if people two generations hence will have a street wide enough to walk in, because it would be an absurdity to construct them for the requirements of fifty years hence!

Yes, the old days of caring for the future, for the distant, for the difficult, are gone like enthusiasm, which insisted on their importance. The dapper little gods now sit at the receipt of custom, and the enthusiast is a nuisance, an excrescence, an interloper, who puts them out in their counting or their neat little schemes of plunder. And then the idea strikes them that he may have enthusiasm! No! An enthusiast has his uses even now.

(By "Pierrot" in Auckland Star.)

A Beauty Rebuked.

In the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" the following is told of an incident which happened during her stay in Rome in the latter years of the eighteenth century:—Mr. Wilbraham Bootle, a young Englishman, handsome, clever, of high social position, and immensely rich, fell in love with a Miss Taylor, who could bring her husband nothing but her pretty face. Mr. Wilbraham Bootle, however, aspired to obtain her hand, and easily obtained her consent. The marriage day had been fixed. At a great dinner at Lord Camelford's the conversation turned upon an ascent that had been made in the morning to the cross upon the dome of St. Peter's. To reach the cross it was necessary to pass outside the ball. Mr. Wilbraham Bootle said that he did not possess a steady hand, would never be able to reach the cross, and that nothing in the world would induce him to try. "Nothing in the world?" said Miss Taylor. "Nothing, I assure you." "What, not even if I were to ask you?" "You would not ask me to do a thing for which I frankly admit my dislike." "Excuse me, I do ask you, I beg of you, and, if necessary, I insist." Mr. Wilbraham Bootle attempted to laugh the matter off, but Miss Taylor insisted, notwithstanding the interference of Lord Camelford. The whole company met two days following at St. Peter's to watch the performance of the task imposed upon the young man. He performed his trial with great coolness, and when he came down the triumphant beauty came toward him with outstretched hand; he took her hand, and kissed it, and said: "Miss Taylor, I have obeyed the whim of a charming girl. I permit me now in return to give you a piece of advice; if you wish to keep your power, never misuse it. I wish you all prosperity, and now good-by."

Fritz: "Taps, do buy me a trumpet."
Father: "A trumpet? Not I. A nice noise we should have at home."

Fritz: "Oh, pa, do. I'll only blow it when you are asleep."

Housekeeping Troubles are smoothed away



by using

BIRD'S
Home Specialities.
BIRD'S
Custard Powder,
BIRD'S
Jelly Crystals,
DISSOLVE INSTANTLY.
UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCY & DELICATE FLAVOR.
BIRD'S
Concentrated Egg Powder,
BIRD'S
Pudding Powder.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they again ordering through Home Houses only, from
ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.

Robust Health! Good Digestion!

There is no reason why you should endure ill health caused by stomach and liver trouble

BONNINGTON'S PILLS

"THE PILL OF THE PERIOD,"

will quickly put you right.

Bonnington's Pills gently correct and assist the stomach, liver, and internal organs.

1/- a box at all chemists and grocers, or post free from G. Bonnington, Chemist, Christchurch.

FREE SAMPLE.—If your retailer does not stock them, send us his name and we will send you a sample box free of charge. 6

Mrs. Elizabeth Peterson, 49 Butamen Street, Geelong, says she suffered from Bleeding of the Lungs for 18 months. One bottle of Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption entirely cured her.

Do you Want

a Soap that is pure? It is an important matter when you consider how often in the day Soap is used, and how sensitive your skin is. Purity has always been a distinguishing feature of

Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap

which is also delicately perfumed, emollient, and antiseptic.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

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

Photography and Science.

FLOWER PHOTOGRAPHY.

Lecturing to the South Suburban Photographic Society upon flower photography, Mr. E. Seymour said that he worked in a corner of an old coachhouse, about three feet from a window which was covered with cheap art muslin to soften the light.

Till quite recently he had used only a commonplace field camera with a cheap French lens. His bench was an old packing case, covered with a piece of brown paper that once served as wrapping for a parcel.

Sometimes the form of the spray suited the composition as it grew; but generally he had to snip pieces off, and to build up the arrangement with pins of various sizes, tin tacks, florists' wire, and secotite, so as to get precisely what he wanted.

For big subjects which were likely to cast heavy shadows he used a dark background; where the shadow cast was light he used a lighter background. He did not employ an orthochromatic screen, though he used Barnet ortho plates. But then he seldom photographed anything blue. As far as possible he stuck to the yellows, and avoided mixing his colours. He thus avoided excessive contrasts.

He always over-exposed, and developed with a pyro-soda developer, strong in pyro. But he never developed fully, never developed for pluck. He took his plate out of the developer as soon as the highest light showed detail, and before it clogged up. Some people would call his negatives mere ghosts when they came out of the hypo. As a rule he intensified them with mercuric iodide, and thus got the pluck which others got by development—only he kept the detail in his high lights.

With shallow flowers he always used side lighting, but when they were of the deeper sort, such as lilies, he turned them three-quarter face to the window. His greatest trouble was movement. During the long exposures he had to give the flowers sometimes curled and contracted so as to spoil the negative. Strange to say, the freshest flowers were not always (if ever) the best for his purpose. Some of his finest effects were obtained from withered specimens. Fresh or withered, however, he always "varnished" his leaves before he exposed on them. The varnish was cold water laid on lightly with a sponge.

ORIGIN OF PRECIOUS ORES.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners; but according to an eminent geologist there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust.

Such deposits, according to this authority, are made by underground waters, and, owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths, the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below three thousand feet. Nine miners in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first thousand, and poorer yet in the third thousand than in the second.

MANUFACTURE OF GUT STRINGS.

Catgut strings, it is well known, are made of the intestines of sheep. The intestines of the full-grown animal are from forty to fifty feet long.

The raw material from the stockyards is first thoroughly cleansed of fat and fleshy fibre by dull knives arranged on a drum turned by a crank. The white tough membrane that is left is then handed over to the splitter, who dexterously splits the material into even strands by bringing it against the blade of a safety razor set upright in the tub-

le before him. The strands are then spun together and placed on the drying frames.

An American E violin string requires six strands; the European, four. The strands, at one end fastened to an upright post, are twisted together, while still damp and pliable, by means of a spinning wheel. Taken from the drying frames, the strings are cut in lengths, coiled, and boxed in oiled paper for shipment. To polish the strings, very fine emery paper, laid on a grooved aluminium block, is used. While the strings are still on the drying frame, the covered block is passed over the strings, polishing as many at one time as there are grooves in the block. It can be seen that from the manner in which the strands are twisted the effect of polishing is to weaken the string.

In the essential features, the process of making the fine gut strings for surgical uses, or the heavy strings three-eighths of an inch thick sometimes employed for machinery belting, does not differ from the method employed in the case of the musical strings, except that the latter are handled with more care.

THE ULTRA MICROSCOPE.

The ultra microscope is a recent device of science. By its aid it is expected that many micro-organisms which have hitherto defied observation will be detected. As the classification of microbes has advanced, biologists have inclined to the conclusion that many must still remain unknown, too small to be perceived with any instrument hitherto in use.

The new apparatus is the invention of two Frenchmen, Cotton and Montou. It involves no change in the existing arrangement of lenses. It is the system of lighting that is revolutionised. The ray is used at right angles to the axis of the instrument, instead of coinciding with it. Thus the light sweeps across the objective parallel with its plane.

By this means it is said that many particles so small that they have defied detection under the most powerful glasses become visible as brilliant points. It is a new world, enthusiastic microscopists say, that is opened to scientific study.

SHAWL MAKING IN INDIA.

The manufacture of Kashmir shawls, which fifty years ago afforded occupation for whole villages and thousands of families in the province of Kashmir, is an almost extinct industry. Formerly the possession of a pair of the genuine Kashmir shawls was the hall mark of nobility, or at least of high social status, among Indian families.

To-day, we are told, the cheap imitations manufactured in the Punjab, and the machine made article from Europe dyed with aniline in striking hues and patterns, are supplanting the hand made shawl of native workmanship. An occasional order for a couple of shawls at a moderate price, to satisfy the passing whim of a potentate, or the fact that the Maharaja of Kashmir has a few shawl tents which require repair and renewal, does not suffice to keep alive the workman of the industry.

The manufacture of the real Kashmir shawl is almost wholly a manual process. The material is the soft wool of the Tibetan goat. Hand spindles are used in the preliminary operation of converting the wool into yarn; the weaving of the yarn into a texture of inevitable fineness is done entirely by hand looms manipulated with the utmost dexterity; and the coloured woollen border is then interwoven. The dyes are natural and indelible. It is believed that the water of certain lakes and streams, in which the shawls are dipped, has virtue to make the colours permanent.

It's a corking good thing to bottle up your wrath.

If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.

It's all right to let inmates of the lunatic-asylum make crazy quilts.

He: "How can Mrs Snythe afford to keep three servants?" She: My dear, she plays bridge with them every Monday, and they owe her money."

FROOTOIDS

CURE

HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS.

The immense number of orders for FROOTOIDS sent by post direct to the Proprietor is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power. They cure quickly, are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take.

"I am writing to you to express my thanks for the Frootoids which I received from you some time ago. My mother, who was a great sufferer from Headache and Bilious Attacks for many years, has been taking them, and has found complete relief from them."

L. PATCH, Pelican Creek, Coraki, N.S.W.

"Kindly send by return post two separate bottles of Frootoids for indigestion, &c. I got a bottle from you before, and am pleased to say they have done me good."

E. PIKE, "Myrtle Cottage," Manildra, N.S.W.

"Your 'Frootoids' is the only medicine I have ever found to do me any good for Biliousness and indigestion. One dose gives relief."

J. H. SLEEP, Lochiel, S.A.

"Enclosed please find 3/- for two bottles of Frootoids for indigestion. I got some from you two months ago, and found them very good."

HENRY MASLIN, Childers, Isis, Queensland.

"Will you please forward another bottle of Frootoids? They have relieved me of my Headaches. You can use my name at any time as a testimonial for the benefit of others."

F. J. CHUBB, Moe, Gippsland, Victoria.

"Please forward me another bottle of Frootoids. The other bottle I got gave great satisfaction, as my husband had been suffering from Constipation for a long time, and nothing did him any good until he took your Frootoids. He says he now feels that he is quite a different man."

J. LONERGAN, Yielma, Victoria.

"For about three years I have been a great sufferer from Nervous Depression caused by a constipated state of the Bowels. I sent you for a bottle of Frootoids, which I duly received, and am pleased to say that they have worked a wonderful change in me—in fact, I feel as if I am getting a new lease of life, and will be glad to recommend them to any of my friends."

T. CRESSEY, Ahaura, West Coast, N.Z.

"Please send me three bottles of Frootoids. I took two doses from the last bottle, and gave the balance away to some friends, and they are of the same opinion that I am—that 'Frootoids' are a very good medicine."

A. B. PEDEN, Glenmaggie, Victoria.

"Many thanks for forwarding the Frootoids. I took a dose of them at night, and by the morning they had removed all trace of headache. It was quite a relief to get rid of it so speedily. I am feeling splendid now."

M. M'CALLUM, 65 Cunningham Road, TOORAK.

For sale by leading Chemists and Storekeepers. Retail price, 1/8. If your Chemist or Storekeeper has not got them, ask him to get them for you. If not obtainable locally, send direct to the Proprietor, W. G. Hearn, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

N.Z. BRANCH OFFICE, 11, FIRST FLOOR, HUME'S BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

NOTICE.—The materials in FROOTOIDS are of the VERY BEST QUALITY and consist amongst other ingredients, of the active principle of each of FIVE different MEDICAL FRUITS and ROOTS, so combined and proportioned in a particular way that a far BETTER result is obtained than from an ordinary aperient.

PATSY MORAN & THE WARNINGS.

By ARTHUR SULLIVAN HOFFMAN, in "McClures."

ONE of the first warm days of an early spring had tempted Patsy and Tim out into the sunshine ven so far as across the Island to the North River, where they sat on an empty barge, their feet dangling over the waters of the Hudson.

"I think I will become a Turk," Patsy announced, after a silence to which even he had been a party.

"Phwat's thim?" grunted his companion.

"They is people what believe in fatality an' wears red pajamies," Moran explained, "an' other colors. Not that I'm caring annything about the pajamies, but there ain't nothin' on earth as sure as fatality. It's much the same as believin' in signs."

In the absence of any response, Patsy continued:

"Me an' Lucy had a fine lay worked up in the Fifties near the Avenue, whin she wint an' got sick. She waz all for us waitin' till she waz well, but with me man's sinse I put a stop to that notion."

"Says I, 'The doctor has been tellin' ye to stay in the house till Tuesday. Winsday they'll be after fixin' up the place for the family to come home to. Now think of this—Tuesday is the thirteenth. We'll take no fool's chance on such date as that. Do ye stay here where ye should, an' I'll do the job on Monday night. I won't be needin' ye, anyway,' I says."

"Oh," she says. "Well," says she, "it's an easy lift, an' I suppose ye can't go wrong," she feelin' disagreeable be reason of bein' sick. "Thin she begun tellin' me of what I waz to do all over agin, an' I wint on home."

"The next day I had me first warnin'. Whin I waz drissin' meself, me mind waz so full of the driss-suit I waz to be after rintin', it bein' a issential part of me plans, that I wint an' laced up me left shoe before ever I put on the right wan. 'Faith,' says I, 'if I waz believin' in thim signs at all, this would be turnin' me back, for it's the worst of the whole lot.' So I took off me shoe agin, praise the saints for that much grace, an' begun over, hopin' the evil would fall on the driss-suit an' nothin' ilse beside."

"Well, it fell on the driss-suit, anyway. Whin Isaac Linsky begun puttin' thim clothes on me me troubles come in a bunch. Sure, Tim, thim driss-suits is queer things. I wonder how folks iver waz so bad, the devil waz allowed to invent thim at all. Ye notice he goes naked himself. An' tight, is it? The vests of thim is intinded to fit ye under the skin instid of outside your shirt. Says I, 'How do ye eat without undressin'?' 'Ye don't eat,' says Linsky. 'They have dinner-roads for that.' Whin I saw meself in the glass, it waz like lookin' at a big, black doughnut with legs to it an' a white hole in the middle. But I rinted the driss-suit an' wint home to practise livin' in it."

"Monday night about eight o'clock I begun gettin' in it, an' at eleven-thirty, after a nip of the old stuff at O'Brien's place, I walked in the front door of the Eldene as big as life. Owin' to me driss-suit, they asked me no questions, an' at the fifth floor I left the elevator. Yowd the hall I wint to No. 509 an' wandered round thim empty rooms, till the lights I waz watchin' all wint out, an' I made ready to slip down on the roof of the row of houses nixt the Eldene."

"As I waz hangin' from the windy an' feelin' for the roof with me feet, some spalpeen of a devil made me screw me head to see how the clouds waz obscure in what moon there waz. They wazn't obscure in it, an' it waz brand new, an' I waz lookin' at it over me left shoulder. Ye may laugh at signs be daytime, but whin the night is around ye— But I

held me nerve an' wint on, walkin' the little wall at the idge for fear of cracklin' on the tin, an' wishin' I'd screwed me head the other way, me driss-suit makin' me feel like I waz canned.

"'Five houses out,' I says to meself. 'Now does that mean count five an' take the nixt wan, or count five an' don't take the nixt wan? I'll be takin' number five, and trust the saints,' says I, an' just as I turned on me walls a great big scut of a black cat skinner rappy-hell across the roof afore me eyes. 'Faith, the nixt house it is!' I says, after nearly fallin' off the wall. 'Twaz me good angel sint that cat to warn me right!'"

"Whin I had worked me way, cautious, across the nixt roof, I come to a mon sittin' flat on it, leamin' agin a chimney, with his legs stretched out as far as his toes, an' be all that waz amazin', he waz in one of thim driss-suits like me own! I spoke out afore I knew it, him havin' done no more than turn his head whin I come."

"'The saints preserve us,' I says, tryin' to straighten me coat, 'what do ye think ye are doin' here?'"

"'I'm not thinkin',' says he, merely lookin' up at me, calm-like, 'I'm writin' a poem.' An' I seen he waz drunk."

"'Holy Mother!' says I, 'on a tin roof? I thought—'"

"'On me lady's lashes,' said he, 'an' me cuff.'"

"'It will be after spoilin' the whole shirt,' says I, reconstratin' with him. 'These attached cuffs is hell on the laundry bills.' An' I begun pushin' me own agin each other to git thim up me sleeves."

"'It's only goin' to be a quatrain,' says he."

"'Goin' to what?' I says. 'Rain?' says I. 'Rain? It's a clear sky, man! There ain't enough water in thim clouds to make a highball for a man that takes it straight.'"

"'O lady fair,' says he, with his pencil dug into his cheek, 'O heart of mine, O soul of all the world—'"

"'How did ye git here?' I inquires of him."

"'I met a friend of mine who isn't a poet, an' we had dinner,' he says, 'an' wine. A loaf of whee, a jug of bread, an' thou beloved beside me singin' up in Paradise ob Paradise waz wilderness in now.'"

"'Niver mind,' says I, soothin', 'niver mind. What I waz meanin' waz, do ye live here?'"

"'Oh, no,' he says, 'I only come here to write po'try. I live somewheres in this block. I knew where it waz before dinner, an' whin I come out of it, but not now,' says he. 'Not now,' he says agin, pathetic, 'not now.'"

"'Didn't ye leave the trap-door open?' says I, keen like."

"'Yis,' says he, 'but whin I wint back to all of thim, they waz shut,' says he, 'an' locked.' An' thim agin, 'An' locked.'"

"'Here,' says I 'stand up!' An' I took him be the shoulder. 'Stand up. It will be makin' ye feel better.'"

"'He come to his feet, mostly be himself. 'Oh, I'm all right,' he says, 'I'm all right. I waz just feelin' sad-like.' Thim he says, leavin' over to whisper it. 'Poets is queer,' says he, mysterious."

"'They sure is,' says I."

"'Oh, I'm all right,' says he. 'I waz just a bit droway.'"

"'An' faith, my makin' him stand up semed to give him a new grip, for he sort of shook himself an' straightened out. Thim he begun walkin' slow but stidly, me with him, an' him cracklin' terrible as he wint."

"'I begun debatin' with meself. 'The thing to do,' thinks I, 'is to put him up agin his chimney agin, on the far side,

an' let him go to sleep, whin I open the trap-door an' pull off me job. He won't raimber me from the chimney be mornin'.' An' I waz just after doin' it, whin the howl of a dog rose up from some of thim back yards an' sint the cold chills down me! 'Be the powers, it's death or the black luck to somewan iw I do what I'm plannin'!' But he paid no heed to it, seemin' to be thinkin' up more po'try. 'Maybe it's nayther of us at all, thinks I, an' looked away just in time to see that big gomerel of a cat prowlin' square atween us an' the place I had intinded takin' him to! I waz not the fool to throw away its warnin'.' 'The man's poor, anyway,' thinks I, 'an' if he don't relapse, he can be helpin' me inside.' Whin wancet me mind is made up, it's no time is lost."

"'Ye say ye are poor,' says I. 'Do ye need money?'"

"'Money, is it? Look at me hair,' he says. 'Close cropped. Ye can tell how poor a poet is be how short his hair is. Some of thim is bald headed,' says he, 'bald-headed.'"

"'I thought they all wore it long,' says I."

"'Not thim,' he says. 'Whin they git real poor, they have to wear it short so people will give thim a job makin' a livin' be workin'. It's only whin they git rich enough to starve as a poet that they can afford to let it grow long. An' such of thim as sells enough po'try to the magazines to live on it ivery other week or so, keeps it long to prove they're poets in spite of the evidence agin thim, he says."

"'Ye're Irish,' says I."

"'I'm drunk,' says he. 'I always talk bist whin I'm drunk, an' thim I can't raimber it whin I'm sover.' An' he begun makin' tearful sounds agin."

"'Are ye still drinkin'?' says I, loosenin' at me collar."

"'Hill yourself,' says he, polite, passin' me a bottle from his back pocket. 'Ye're a humorist,' says he."

"'Me?' says I. 'Air why do ye call me that?'"

"'They're the only wans poor enough to borrow of a poet,' he says."

"'I looked at him a minute, severe, an' feelin' a bit hurt."

"'Oh, ye're welcome,' says he, laughin' some more — it waz either laughin' or weepin' he waz most of the time — 'I'm not wantin' to get drunk, anyway,' he says."

"'Faith, the spirit of hum! I put it to him all to wancet:'"

"'I'm a burglar,' I says, 'an' I'm goin' to clean out this house. If ye help me, there's a share comin' in for the trouble. Do ye want the money?'"

"'Oh,' says he, 'a burglar,' puttin' the ind of his pencil in his mouth an' lookin' at me thoughtful. 'Oh,' he says, 'In thim clothes? Do ye always wear thim?' he says."

"'Whin I'm with gentlemen,' says I, 'flatterin' him—that bein' good for thim as is drunker than yourself— an' feelin' proud I waz disressed with the best of thim. 'Will ye go with me?'"

"'I would go anywhere so it's the other side of wan of thim trap-doors,'"

says he. Thim he cominced to laugh. 'Surely,' says he, 'an' thim he wint on laughin'. 'But ain't nu wan to home?' he says, in the middle of it."

"'The family's out of town,' I says, not seein' the joke."

"'In we go, thim,' says he, sittin' down agin the chimney wancet more."

"'Do ye understand,' says I, irritated, 'do ye understand that I'm not needin' ye at all for this, an' 'tis only through charity that ye come along?'"

"'Niver mention the word atween gentlemen,' says he. 'Your tie is up in the back.'"

"'Oh, it is?' says I, still irritated, but reachin' for it. An' thim I opened me grip an' wint at the trap-door. Ye may know it took but a minute, for all that me clothes waz cuttin' me into sandwiches. It semed to please him to see it come off, an' he come over an' took a look at the hole."

"'You first,' says I, polite, bein' too old a hand to take anny chances of him shuttin' the door on me an' goin' to sleep."

"'Oh,' says he, as I come to me feet without bustin' me waistband, 'whin ye fixed your tie in the back, ye twisted it to wan side in front. To the right,' says he, 'to the right.'"

"'Oh,' says he agin, 'ye shouldn't have put your fingers on it after handlin' the roof. Ye've soiled it now—all soiled. Permit me,' he says, an' begun fusin' with it dainty, me feelin' foolish. 'There,' says he, pattin' it with his hand, an' standin' back to look at me. 'There,' says he, proud an' smilin'. 'Except the spots,' he says, 'except the spots—the spots.'"

"'He waz losin' interest agin, an' begun lookin' at the chimney, but I pointed to the hole. 'Git in,' says I."

"'Of course,' says he, as if it had slipped his mind, an' he laughed some more."

"'I've been thinkin',' he says, as he put wan leg down the hole to the ladder an' begun workin' the other like a pump-handle, 'I've been thinkin' it over,' says he, 'an' if ye are to get on keepin' the bottle an' I—'"

"'Go wan down!' says I. 'This is no time for thinkin'. Ye might as well be writin' po'try. 'Tind to your duty,' I says, 'an' don't talk so much.'"

"'That is a beautiful thing,' says he, an' he stopped pumpin' with his leg an' looked up at me like a dyin' calf; I could not love the deer so much loved I not duty—honour—duty—'"

"'But I put me foot agin his fingers, an' he wint down sayin' it waz a beautiful thing. Whin I reached the bottom of the ladder, he waz sittin' on the floor an' still sayin' it."

"'Well, for a house wid the owners of it away, the haul waz a fine wan, they seemin' to have gone in a hurry, leavin' much behind thim. Wan of the things they lift waz different kinds of liquor, enough to make sensible people of all the fools, to say nothin' of makin' what sensible people they is foolish. I tried some of those that waz new to me, holdin' 'em back from havin' too much. Thim we filled me grip an' wan we found for him an' all our pockets, widout bulgin' thim too much, an' thim I says to him, kind-like:"

"'I think we will be goin' home now,' says I, buttonin' up me vest an' makin' tidy to pass the Eldene people like gentlemen. We waz in the library-room, an' him sittin' on the floor with the grip atween his legs an' croonin' to himself."

"'Home?' says he. 'Me?' he says, an' begun bein' sad. 'Home,' says he pathetic, wavin' a soup-ladle in front of him. 'Home?' Thim he looked me in the eye: 'Home they brought her warrior dead, Sheonar weptner uttercy—'"

"'For God's sake, talk sinse,' says I, 'an' come with me where ye can sleep it off!' I says, takin' him be the shoulder agin. He come up all right—he niver had no trouble walkin' wancet he waz started—an' we made for the door."

"'I give a last look around, an' the first thing that come to me eyes waz

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

We recommend all who suffer from the heat to add a few drops of Condy's Fluid to the Daily Bath or Foot Bath. A Condy's Fluid Bath imparts a Lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It invigorates the body and braces the nerves. Beware of dangerous substitutes. Permanganate of Potash Crystals are poisonous as Coroner's Inquests have proved. Condy's Fluid contains NO Permanganate of Potash and is non-poisonous. See that "Condy's Fluid" is on the label. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Condy's, Goswell Rd., London, England.

the new moon through the windy! It was over me right shoulder this time, praise be, but I'd seen it through glass!

"'Tis not the time for leavin' now, aathore!' thinks I quick. 'Twas a warnin' to me!

"An' just thin be sat down agin. 'That's another sign,' thinks I, but he didn't recite nothin'. 'Instid of that he looked up at me, smilin' that little girl smile, an' he says:

"'I will just be settin' here,' says he, peaceful, 'till I git wan more drink,' he says. 'Just wan, on me word as a gentlemen. Be yonder moon I swear—'

"That waz enough. I niver heard what come after him sayin' 'moon'!

"When I handed him a bottle, me frind got up without anny hip, but they was no pleasure showing in his face.

"'There,' he says, solemn, 'there lies the whole hist'ry of the human race, past, present, future, an' what comes after that. There is more unhappiness in thin bottles than there is outside of thin. In this small glass,' says he, 'I hold the curse of Cain, an' Adam, an' Eve, an' Joshwah, an' Job, an' Joseph, an' all the rist of thin down to Noah, an' up to us. Yis, he says, sighin', 'it's up to us. Here's lookin' at ye.'

"He waz so sad be this time it made me own liquor taste bad, like they waz tears in it. 'I'll be watchin' him close,' thinks I to meself. 'Be the time that wan drink works in to where his thoughts waz intended to come from, he's like to die of grief. The poor young fool, he ought niver to be after touchin' it at all.'

"But he didn't git no worse to speak of, an' pretty soon I begun gittin' interested in his po'try meself, an' it wazn't many drinks after that afore I waz recitin' him some things I knew whin I waz a lad.

"After while he begun cryin' an' laid his head down sideways on the shiny table, holdin' his hands together behind his back an' twistin' his fingers. I sat there contemplatin' him, an' he wint right on sobbin', just turnin' his head over on the other side. 'Ivery time he sobbed, his head worked back an' forth

on the table, his ear stickin' where it waz.

"At last he unbooked his hands an' begun gropin' out over his head amongst the bottles, me pickin' thin up after him, till he found wan that waz a comfortable size an' begun pourin' it on the table, daintly. I took it from him, but he wint right on pourin' without it, still sobbin'.

"To him,' says he from the table, chokeful. 'To him,' he says. 'Yisterday he waz with me. To-day he is no more. To-morrow,' he says, 'to-morrow he ain't either. He ain't either,' he says, 'he ain't either.'

"'No,' says I, 'he ain't, me poor frind. Who waz he?'

"'His hair waz white,' says he, 'an' curly,' says he. 'An' curly. With little bunches at the knee. Four of them,' he says, 'at the knee.'

"'Four?' says I. 'Four what?'

"'Bunches,' says he, melancholy.

"'Waz they two on each knee?' says I.

"'Oh, no, no, no!' he says, cryin' bitter. 'They waz four knees,' says he, 'only the wans on his legs wazn't knees, an' the other wans waz elbows. Oh, no, no! They wazn't two bunches on anny of thin. Just wan,' he says, 'just wan.'

"'Thin they waz four knees on him,' says I, irritated. 'That's what you said. With wan bunch on each of thin, makin' four bunches altogether.'

"'Yis,' says he, 'an' wan on his tail,' he says. 'Tail.'

"'Holy saints,' says I, seein' through it at wanet, 'thin he waz a dog, him an' his bunches! Preserve us! An' you weepin' round here for a blamed dog that's dead an' buried, an' him a poodle at that!'

"'He ain't buried!' says he, fierce, an' raisin' up his head off the table.

"'He ain't!' says I.

"'No,' says he, sad agin. 'How could they bury him? He waz only in wan of me poems,' he says. 'In wan of—'

"'Served him right,' I says, havin' lost me temper.

"'Brute!' says he.

"'Not him,' says I. 'He waz just a

peodle, an' they wazn't anny of him annyways, him with his knees that waz elbows.'

"'Do you like ridin' in a hansom?' says he. 'I do.'

"'Whio!' says I.

"'On a wintry even,' he says, smilin' through his tears an' stretchin' out his arm, 'with the snow sittin' down an' layin' quiet while they walk on it, all thin people on the Avenue, with the lights shinin' on thin as they pass. An' all the other hansom. Me mother don't care for it in summer, but I like it in the spring. A carriage won't do,' says he, 'a carriage won't do. Won't do.'

"'Now ain't that like you rich folk,' says I, me dander up, 'not carin' for carriages in the spring, an' we poor wans trampin' our way in the dirty snow! What did ye want to put a poem in the poor dog for? I niver did the like of that be anny dumb beast, the faithful frinds they are,' says I, thinkin' mournful-like of all the men an' women what had been cruel to me. 'Why, 'twas only Windyad a week gone I come on Flaherty's little Mike throwin' boards at wan of thin little black dogs with three legs, an' I—'

"'Just thin a man stood up in the door in front of me! A little man with a black beard, wearin' a high hat, an' a overcoat, an' pointin' a gu straight into me eyes!

"'It's bad enough,' says the little man, 'to come home an' find a pair of the eyes with all me valuables, but to have thin make a night of it with me choicest wines—turnin' over to the police is too good for ye.'

"'Me driss-suit begun fittin' me tighter than what it had, which waz tighter than annything else in the world up to thin. I commenced debatin' with meself, but just thin the poet started to laughin' at God knows what, he bein' drunk, an' begun tryin' to stand up.'

"'While the two of ye are listenin',' says he, pleasant, 'I will be gittin' a book down from the shelves an' readin' some po'try to ye—from the shelves.' An' he all that's holy, he begun walkin', him

that couldn't set up in his chair a bit gone! For wan that's drunk, he waz most unreliable. But the man in the door niver took his eyes from me, knowin' me for the thinkin' an' dangerous wan of the two an' havin' no regard for the way me clothes felt on me.

"'Now,' he says to me, 'I will keep this gun on ye till ye collect all your plunder in wan place. After that I will attend to ye both!'

"'I waz turnin' me wits inside out be this time, but for the want there waz nothin' in thin, an' me driss-suit bosom waz pushin' me under the chin most distractin'. Excip for the poet rummagin' around just beyant the corner of me eye where I couldn't see him, they waz nothin' but silence in that room, the man in the door furnishin' most of it. We waz nayther of us givin' anny heed to the poet chap, whin he commenced laughin' to himself tremendous an' mauderin' some more po'try. It's funny how thin words stuck in me raimembrance whin I wazn't listenin' to thin:

"'An' no wan shall work for money, an' no wan shall work for fame, but each,' says he, 'each—an' no wan shall work for money—' an' he began draggin' a chair over the floor an' thin another wan, '— work for money—said it waz a nice thing to come home to an' called me a pair of thieves—' me! Oh, all of thin work for money—' he begun agin, jiggin' it out like he waz dancin' to it, only I knew he couldn't, 'an' none of thin waz for fame, an' each-of-thin—each-of-thin—each-of-thin—' now I'm ready,' says he, sudden an' contented. 'Now I'm goin' to shoot the new gentl'min!'

"For the risk of the life of me I couldn't help rollin' me eyes round to him an' turnin' me head, an' so help me God, he waz settin' comfortable in a chair, holdin' another wan in front of him with his feet, an' restin' a gun on the back of it! Both hands waz wrapped round the handle of it, an' all the fingers of thin waz squirmin' over the trigger most alarmin'.

"'I niver hit annything I shont at whin I'm sober,' says the poet, 'but I'm

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,
 Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

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

QUEENSLAND TESTIMONY.
 From Brisbane Wholesale Chemists

We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us today that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured in three doses.—We are, faithfully yours,
 THOMASON, CHATER, and Co.,
 89 Queen-street, Brisbane.

BRONCHITIS.
 A Sydney gentleman is so satisfied with Hearn's Bronchitis Cure that he sends a supply to London.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favours of the 27th inst., in which you acknowledge my order for Bronchitis Cure to be sent to my parents in London from your Liverpool Depot. I am sure their Annual Bronchial attacks will be greatly relieved, if not cured or pre-

vented, by your valuable preparation. My own experience, and that in connection with my two-year-old son, has been pre-eminently satisfactory, and I shall continue to highly recommend it for both old and young, and I offer you the use of this letter should you deem it worth the using.—Yours truly,
 HERBERT E. WHITE,
 "Holmesdale," Bowral-street,
 Kensington, Sydney, N.S.W.

ASTHMA.
 Two Obstinate Cases Cured by Hearn's Bronchitis and Asthma Cure.

After other treatment had failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—It is with much thankfulness I write to let you know that I have taken three bottles of your Bronchitis and Asthma Cure. I had previously suffered terribly from asthma for about three years, and had tried everything, and had advice, but without avail. I had

been for a fortnight at a time without moving day or night out of my chair. If I went to bed I was not able to lie down. We came to New Zealand about three years ago from Tasmania. One of my uncles there suffered with asthma for a number of years till he took your cure about five years ago, and has never had the asthma since. I knew this, but it had passed out of my mind until reading your advertisement in some Tasmanian papers brought it to my memory. I told my husband, and he got your cure for me, which I have taken with completely satisfactory result.—Yours respectively,
 W. McCOMBE,
 Mosgiel, New Zealand.

A Child Seven Months Old—A Sufferer from Birth.
 Cured by a Bottle of Hearn's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Brou-

chitis Cure as soon as possible, as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort.—I remain, yours truly,
 MISS H. RAMAGE,
 Violet Town, Victoria.

ACUTE BRONCHITIS.
 Life Saved by Hearn's Bronchitis Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in stating that I have derived great benefit from taking Hearn's Bronchitis Cure. Can confidently say it has saved my life. I was a martyr to Acute Bronchitis before taking it. I trust this letter will induce others to try it.—Yours truly,
 E. F. BROTHERTON,
 223 Chapel-street, Prahran, Victoria.

Beware of Imitational! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS OURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS OURE has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S and to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS OURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/8. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearn'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.

not sober. Not me,' he says, 'not me. An' whin I begin shootin', I'm goin' to keep right on till I hit you. I have another gun in me lap,' he says, 'an' I'm awful drunk,' says he, 'awful drunk, awful drunk. Oh, each-of-thim-each-of-thim-each-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny!'

"Did ye ever hear such nonsense even from a sober man! But the other waz hidd his gun on me an' kept the two of us in his eye, while he talked to the poet.

"Lay it down!" says he, fierce-like. 'Lay it down, or I'll blow the head off your frind, ye drunken fool!'

"Oh," says the poet, gentle, 'blow ahead. I niver laid eyes on him till this evenin'. Blow,' says he, 'blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art a nut—an' ye can't hit me because of me swimmin' about so,' he says, 'with both of these guns. Both-of-thim-both-of-thim-both-of-thim, an' a hay nunny, nunny! Shall I begin doin' of it?' says he.

"For want me wits wint back on me, an' I begun wishin' me collar would finish chokin' me to death an' ind it all, for with the little wan aimin' at me, an' that drunken fool of a poet tryin' not to, me chances waz black as the devil's soul at eliction time. Thin out of the million things I waz seein', the man's face come workin' out prominent, an' twaz plain he waz thinkin' hard himself. Be the same token he waz lookin' worried. I waz thirty-two whin the poet quit talkin', an' whin I waz about forty-six, the man says to me all of a sudden, so quick it made me jump:—

"Moran!" says he, me hair standin' up on tiptoes at him, knowin' me name, 'Moran, the frind that saved me from thim ruffians down on the Bowery last summer! I niver knew ye. Ye have no need to rob my house!' he says. 'If ye wanted money, why didn't ye come to me? Ye will stay here the night, an' in the mornin' I will give ye a blank cheque with me name on it for what ye please. Tell your frind it's all right, an' we'll drink to another happy meetin',' he says. 'Are ye still livin' up over Noonan's bake-shop?'

"If I had been starin' at him before, it waz fair out of me head me eyes wint now, an' me brains tied thimself in a hard knot. 'Twas plain he knew me, but I couldn't raymimber iver havin' laid eyes on the face of him—an' I begun wonderin', waz I drunk meself. What he said didn't seem to mean annything, though he waz puttin' his gun away an' comin' toward me peaceable. 'Thin,' says I, for I may as well confes me wits waz not quick on their feet for the want, 'thin,' says I, 'I'll be loosenin' this collar from inside me neck. Me teeth is catchin' on it.' Which I done, dreamy-like, whilst he come to the table, bringin' a chair with him.

"Thin I raymimbered the poet an' lost no time lookin' to see how he waz takin' it all. There he sat with a gun in each hand, pointin' thim together an' rubbin' the muzzles round and round against each other, peaceful and content, an' still callin', 'Hay!' to thim nuns, like they waz rabbits. An' all this time the other man waz implorin' of me to sit down an' drink with him. So I done it, for a drink's a drink at anny time, an' he wint right on askin' me questions about meself.

"But me wits waz workin' agin be this time, an' better than iver. Says I to meself, 'He's either crazy or drunk, or like he ain't. If he's crazy, shoot him. If he's drunk, shoot him. An' if he ain't, shoot him. Or, anyways, git the drop on him. There's but two things for me to do—wan of thim is to git out of here, an' the other wan is to git out of here quick! The poet is drunk enough to prove an alibi, an' anyways he couldn't git out of the house if you waz to start him on a toboggan slide. I will be takin' just wan more drink with this amazin lunytic, frindly-like, an' thin —' But as I waz reachin' for a green bottle bulgin' in at the middle, me arm knocked over a glass, an' the red wine in the bottom of it wint out on the table!

"A warnin'! A warnin'!" says I, chokin' to meself, though I niver opened me mouth. 'Wirra, wirra, can't I as much as draw me breath this evenin', without wan of thim signs raisin' its head? But the saints forgive me for what might have come to me but for thim warnin's. I will stay here an' be a whole rigiment of valiant preservers, bad cask to thim, an' I thank ye for the hint,' I says to meself.

"So I begun doin' of it an' asked him if he raymimbered how one of thim ruffians waz just ready to do for him whin I rushed in promiscuous an' begun savin' his life. He said he did, an' we took another drink, an' thin I began to raymimber it meself. But niver a moment

that I didn't have me eyes an' ears open for more of thim guidin' signs. The poet, he wouldn't join us, sittin' over in his chair croonin' to himself an' playin' with thim guns. He said he didn't-care for drink.

"Well, after we had opened a bottle containin' yellow liquor that wazn't hot, but seemed to be still boilin', me grateful frind said he would still be gatherin' the silver an' puttin' it in the little alcove openin' off the library-room for the night. I wint right on drinkin' that yellow liquor with pins in it, an' pretty soon he wint into the alcove, an' I heard him pin' the silver away on the shelf. Whilst I waz waitin' for him an' ruminatin' at the poet, wonderin' which of thim guns would go off first, there waz a rustlin' behind me, an' I screwed round in me chair to listen to it. Be all the saints, there waz two women standin' there, an old wan an' a young wan, with their hats on, an' each of thim lookin' more surprised an' sorrowful than the other! It waz the poet they waz lookin' at mostly, an' I raymimber feelin' kindly to thim for it. Thin both of thim women blowed up to want, abusin' the poet an' weepin' over him stupendous. I couldn't make nothin' out of it except they waz glad the auto had broke down near enough a trolley-line for thim to git home afore mornin', an' they waz sorry to git there. The poet, he waz smilin' up at thim, pleasant, layin' down his guns, an' pretty soon he says to thim like they had just come in:—

"Well, Mother,' says he cheerful, 'did you an' Sis have a jolly ride?' he says, 'a jolly ride!'

"Mother!' gasps me brains to me. It's his own house he's been robbin', that scut of a poet! 'Thin,' says me brains agin, keen as a steel-trap, 'thin the other wan—thin—who—thin—who—thin—who—thin—who—' an' I stood up where I waz, an' begun speakin' out loud. Me collar waz still on in the back, an' the inds of it stuck up in front of me eyes with the tie hangin' from thim most confusin'. 'Thin,' says I, 'thin —'

"An' who is this disreputable character!' the old lady says, meanin' me, most impolite.

"Oh —' says the poet, easy-like, an' I forgive him thin, and there—'Oh,' says he, 'that's me old frind, Moran, what saved me life want from some ruffians.

"I bowed graceful an' encouragin'. "Umph!" says the old lady, like she had bit into something bad.

"I had dinner with him," says the poet, 'at his club this evenin' an' brung him home. An' brung him home,' he says, 'an' brung him home.'

"An' what a room!" says she, payin' no heed to him. 'What a room!'

"While she waz noticin' of it, I wint for the alcove, lookin' for me grateful frind an' the silver. So hip me, the shelves waz empty, an' the door to the next room stood open! Stickin' to it be the means of a fork waz a scrap of paper with writin' on it. I leaned against the wall, an' primsly I read it, the handwritin' bein' bad. It says:—

"Wine in, wit out. Thanks for collectin' the silver."

"Think of the conceit of the impidint seum, an' him niver suspectin' that but for the warnin' sint me be means of the spilled wine, I'd 'a' had a hole in him ye could 'a' stuck a bottle into!

"I put the insultin' thing in me pocket, an' they waz little trouble in makin' me excuse to the rist of thim, they havin' gone back to bulleraggin' the poet, an' him bein' asleep. The old lady herself let me out the front door, lockin' it after me.

"Just as I waz walkin' down the steps, close to the railin', an' carryin' me high hat in me hands, I heard a big clock strikin' the hour. I counted up to three, an' thin all to want it come over me—the secret of the whole thing—an' I blissed the saints an' angels I waz out of that house alive an' not arristed or in the hospital or me waitin' grave. It waz late in the early mornin' of Tuesday, an' Tuesday waz the thirteenth!

"An' that's why," said Moran, settlin' back against his post once more, 'that's why I believe in all the signs they is an' am be way of becomin' a fatalist. If it hadn't been for thim signs, like as not I'd not be here this minute watchin' of the loats an' the glue factory, an' swingin' in me feet comfortable."

"Do yez listen," said Tim, in his thunderous monotone, 'ye and yer fool's signat! Ivery time ye changed yer plans for wan av thim warnin's, ye made a bigger fool av yerself than ye waz born. Widout thim signs ye might 'a' got what ye wint for, drunk as ye waz."

Moran put down his unweighted pipe, scorn and dignity in his every move.

"The bist answer to such a argyment as that wan —"

"There ain't no argyment at all," growled Tim. "It waz Lucy took the swag!"

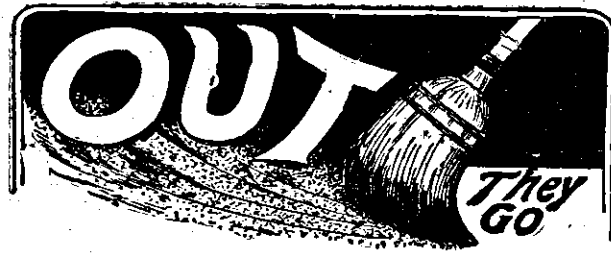
"Holy Mother!" said Moran, and his jaw dropped open. Then he recovered himself manfully:

"With a beard!" he said. "Ye're a lunytic! An' wouldn't I be knowin' her voice annywheres?"

"Thin things is easy fixed," Tim answered in disgust, "an' ye so drunk ye couldn't tell a tug whistle from a trolley-car. An' anyways, it waz."

"Well," replied Moran, "it just shows what fool plans a woman makes whis there's no man to keep her saneable. I might 'a' shot the lunytic."

"Umph!" said Tim.



PRICES AT

McCullagh & Gower's

CLEAN SWEEP SALE

Now On.

Bargains in all Departments.

A Life-time Necessity

It is not simply now and then, but always and every day that Horlick's Malted Milk proves its value and its handiness. A reliable food for the baby, a source of strength to the growing boy, a stomachic giver for athletes, a stimulating blood-making food for anemic girls, a valuable tonic for shaken nerves, and a digestible and enjoyable food for old age—all of these things you find in Horlick's Malted Milk. Made in a moment—only water needed.

Sold by all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores, &c.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Sample: 82 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. Wales. Horlick's Food Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

By Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

BOVRIL

is an excellent tonic, bracing the system when everything else fails.

SYDNEY JONES,

146, KARANGAHAPE ROAD,
AUCKLAND, N.Z.



The largest watch sale firm in New Zealand. Send for hand some catalogue, showing hundreds of designs in Watches, Jewellery, and Greenstone Goods. Post free to any address.

THE OXFORD LEVER, 21/-

Specification—Plate Keyless or Keywind first grade patent lever movement, extra jewelled, dust proof nickel cases. Three years guaranteed sent with every watch.

BEST IN 1787. BEST NOW.

KEARSLY'S FEMALE PILLS

Wanted Certificate of Merit as leading remedy for all female complaints. The original is wrapped in waxed paper, and bears the name of "Kearslay". No others are genuine. Sent in bottles by "Kearslay's". Be sure you get "Kearslay's".

FROOTOIDS

For Headache, Indigestion,
Constipation, and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints. They are elegant in appearance, pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief.

Frootoids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that "antibilious pills" make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by "antibilious pills" who could have been cured at once by Frootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

The ordinary adult dose of Frootoids, of which there are 72 in a bottle, is 2 to 4—more or less as required—taken, preferably at bedtime, when constipated, or at the commencement of any other disease requiring an aperient, as an auxiliary with the special medicine necessary for the case. A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will, on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; making the interval between the taking of each dose longer and the dose smaller. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

For sale by leading Chemists and Storekeepers. Retail price, 1/6. If your Chemist or Storekeeper has not got them, ask him to get them for you. If not obtainable locally, send direct to the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

NOTICE—The materials in FROOTOIDS are of the VERY BEST QUALITY and consist, amongst other ingredients, of the active principle of each of FIVE different MEDICAL FRUITS and ROOTS, so combined and proportioned in a particular way that a far BETTER result is obtained than from an ordinary aperient.

SHANGHAIED.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

By De La Robert Kiff.

HE can't get 'em." The speaker was a little dried-up man in shiny frock coat, the worse for wear.

"Why, what's the reason we can't? We've got to get 'em," and Jonas Morley, owner of half a dozen tramp sailing ships, leaned back in his chair and viewed the speaker with distinct disfavour.

Jonas Morley's office was on Front-street, San Francisco, and his line of coast ships was known and shunned by all good seamen. Not alone because Jonas Morley, the meanest man on the Pacific Coast, owned them, but because his officers and mates were known as hard men to work for, and because also of the fact that his galleys were noted for their lack of good food; in fact, it was hinted on the water front that Morley would not provision his ships with any food fit to eat, and as a consequence men would not stay with his ships. His captains he treated with little better favour than the men, and the better wages and promises of raises never came. They were for the most part men who had lost good positions through one fault or another and had been forced to take the command of one of Morley's ships by circumstances.

The first speaker shifted uneasily on his chair and glanced at Morley through his shifty eyes. He ran an employment agency on the water front and his rusty sign:

HINCH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,
Sailors Wanted at Good Wages, had hung for years.

Men he hired for all parts of the world, good men, some of them, for the most part the jetsam and flotsam of the water front, sailors in name only.

It was the spring of 1889, and that spring, as everyone on the coast knows, was the season when men were scarce. Ugly rumours there were along the front that Ezekial Hinch, manager of the employment bureau, got men, some by hiring, some by promises and many by "shanghaiing." It was hard to prove that they were shanghaiing, and so far Hinch had escaped the meshes of the law.

That he had escaped, no one knew better than himself, and none knew better than he that many were laying for a chance to get even. Several times he had collided with the law, but a shanghaiing sailor has not much show after all for justice. Drunk along the water front in the afternoon and evening, in company with strangers, he remembers nothing until suddenly awakened by the roll of the ship and splashing of waves, and finds he has signed articles on some tramp sailing ship for a trip half way round the world and back.

He may kick, but it does no good, for the captain or master of a sailing vessel is a absolutely king on his vessel, and as many a good sailor has found to his sorrow, it does no good to go to him with his troubles.

"Well, Hinch," the little man jumped as Morley spoke, "what you going to do about it?"

"I, I don't know, Mr. Morley; if they won't take on, they won't, and you can't make 'em. I've tried to sign at least twenty men this afternoon; they all want work, but—"

"Well, but what, speak up, man?" Morley spoke sharply.

"Well, sir, they don't want to take on for any of your ships. They say 'em'."

"The little man stopped."

"Well, what do they say?"

"Well, they say as how you don't give 'em anything but 'deep sea alum' and dog biscuits on your ships, and then expect 'em to work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, and don't pay 'em anything when they quita."

"Well, what of it! What do they expect? Want palace accommodations, do they? Well, they won't get 'em, not on any of Morley's ships, but that's neither here nor there. What I want is men, and I want 'em quick. Why, damn it, man, the Marshland's been lying to for ten days now, waiting for men, and she's costing me fifty dollars a day cold cash every day she lies here; you know that and yet you, with your employment bureau, tell me you can't get men. How do you expect I'm going to run any ships without help. The Marshland sails to-night at flood tide for San Pedro with that load of lime, if she don't have a man on her but the captain. Tell with your stories about 'em not wanting to work on my ships; they're as good as other ships. Get men; get 'em, I tell you, and get 'em quick. I'll give you a hundred dollars bonus for every man you sign between now and ten o'clock to-night," and Jonas Morley, having delivered himself thus, leaned back heavily in his chair and fairly glared at Hinch, who shifted around uneasily in his seat.

"I'll try, any way," replied Hinch.

"Well, get 'em; shanghai 'em, rope 'em in, hit 'em on the head, but get me enough things that look like men to warp that ship out, and you get your hundred per," and Morley snapped his jaws shut, and, picking up his hat, walked out.

After Morley's departure from the employment office, Hinch sat for some time staring out of the window, then, hastily picking up his hat, he slipped out at the back door, leaving the employment bureau to take care of itself, and hastened to "Dutch Jake's" place on Folsom-street.

He walked straight through the saloon and into the back room of Dutch Jake, and, sitting down, pressed a button. A waiter in soiled white apron entered the room.

Hinch glanced up. "Tell Jake I want to see him."

The waiter departed, and Hinch cast his eyes around the room, taking in all the details.

Soon steps were heard approaching, and, in response to a knock, Hinch called, "Come in, you Jake."

"Hod do, Meester Hinch; vas you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, I do, Jake; set down and ring for two beers. I want to talk with you."

"All right, I vas your kuckleberry, hein? Vat iss it on your mind, mein frend; peensness, eh, vell, vell."

The waiter came in, and, setting down the two mugs, departed.

"Now, see here, Jake, I want you to help me out," and Hinch's voice sank as he hitched his chair up closer.

"I want men for the Marshland to-night, and I want 'em bad. I've got to get any way five men, and they won't hire."

"Vell, I can't say as I blame zem nooch. Morley iss a hardt man to work for, hein. He will not feed his sailors."

"I want five men by ten o'clock to-night. I don't care who they are or what colour. All I want's the men, and I've got to have 'em. You've got me men before, and you can do it again. I'll give you twenty-five dollars apiece for five men. Get your son Hiney and Bill Martin together, and tell 'em to land me five men aboard the Marshland to-night drunk or sober, drunk preferred, if you can't get 'em any other way, and you get your hundred and twenty-five dollars easy money," he added.

"Vell, I don't know," Jake eyed his man speculatively; "it is pad piness, shanghaiing iss. Vait till I see mein son Hiney," and Jake got up and lumbered toward the door.

Soon he came back and whispered; "All right, Meester Henech; ve vill see vat can be done mit it."

Hinch picked up his hat, and started up town, catching a Mission-street car. To him the incident was closed, all excepting the payment of the money. Five men would be put on board the Marshland that night; they might not be sailors, in fact, the chances were against it, but they would be men, and he, Hinch, would clear up three hundred and seventy-five dollars on the night's work; pretty good for one night, he thought.

Meantime Morley had gone up town to his rooms in the Winchester Hotel, secure in the belief that the Marshland would sail, and that he would have men enough. His captain he had not seen, having hired him that afternoon through his shipping manager. After dinner, Morley sat down and read a while, then, picking up his hat, he walked out, and catching a Folsom-street car, started for the docks. Just what end he had in view it would be hard to say. His main idea was to go down and take a look at the Marshland and see if she was getting ready to weigh anchor.

Alighting from the car at the corner of Folsom and Front streets, he walked over towards the Morley pier.

It was quite dark, and as he walked across the street two men came out of him, and he felt his hands drawn behind him, both evidently going in the same direction he was.

As he walked along he was thinking to himself: "They're as good ships as any; maybe I don't give 'em fancy dinners and easy berths, but I pay 'em what I agree to, if they stay with the ship until she makes the round trip." Ah! that was the rub, most men preferred to desert the first port they touched at rather than stay, and the salaries that had not been paid on that account had amounted to quite a bit, quite a bit," he concluded. "Well, it was their own fault."

He stepped over several old piles of rope on the wharf as he walked along. Down at the far end of the wharf he could see the light from the Marshland, and he noted with satisfaction that she was preparing to clear.

"Guess Hinch got 'em all right," he mentally concluded, as he walked along. Suddenly, so quick that he could not cry out, a coat was thrown over his head, and he felt himself pinioned in the arms of one man, two men, or half a dozen, he could not tell. He was an active man, not yet forty years old, but years of inactivity had left their mark, and although the struggle while it lasted was fierce, in less than two minutes he felt his hands drawn behind him and he was thrown violently to the planking of the wharf.

"Well, that was easy, Bill," he heard one man say.

"Just like finding money," the other responded. Then he was picked up bodily and carried along. He tried to cry out, but the gag effectually stopped any noise he could make. He struggled, but it was no use. Then he was lowered into a boat. He could feel the motion of the waves as it tossed up and down, and heard the swish of the oars as they cut through the water. After a short pull he felt the small boat grate against the side of something, a vessel of some kind, he had no doubt.

He was picked up again bodily and a rope slung around him, and he felt himself being hauled noiselessly over the side. Then he was carried along the deck a short distance and lowered down, it seemed to Morley to the bottom of the bay. He struck the bottom finally, to find that it was ballast of some kind, what it was he was unable to find out.

How long he lay there he could not imagine. The ropes cut into his hands cruelly, and the gag hurt. That he was shanghaiing he knew, but upon what

ship or where he was bound for, he had not the remotest idea. The same dirty practices that he had used for years to get men had been used on him, and it made him writhe.

The ship was rolling quite a good deal, and he could hear the waves running along her keel, but no sound of engines, so he made up his mind that it was a sailing ship being towed to sea by a tug. After a time the swells seemed to get higher and the vessel pitched more and more. He knew instinctively that these long swells were only met outside the Golden Gate, and that the vessel he was now on was clear of the harbour entrance, heading out in the ocean.

As the ship rolled on a long swell, he slipped from the ballast as he was lying on and fell, landing in about six inches of water. Luckily, he fell with his head against the side of the vessel, but the water was cold.

Hot, blinding rage seized him, and he struggled savagely with his bonds. He felt the ropes give a little, and after a few minutes managed to free one hand. It was the work of only a few seconds then to get the other one loose and take off the gag. He scrambled up on the ballast that he had been lying on and sat down.

He shouted, but no one came. It was very dark and cold in the hold of the vessel. Then he remembered that he carried matches in his pockets and determined to see where he was, but the men who had shanghaied him had taken everything from his pockets in the brief struggle on the wharf, and he had neither matches, watch nor money left.

He judged he must have been in there ten or twelve hours, when the hatch was raised, and a man with a candle came down the ladder.

"Hi! there you, let me get out of here," he shouted, and started for the light. The man who held the candle promptly started up the ladder, and he heard the hatch slammed shut. He was so mad he could have cried.

In a few minutes the hatch was again raised and a man stuck his head down and yelled: "Here, you stowaway, come out of there, and be quick." Morley quickly scrambled over the ballast and started up the rope ladder. On reaching the deck, he was confronted by a heavy set, square-jawed seaman in dirty white cap and blue jeans.

"What do you mean by stowing away on this vessel, hey?" the square jaw demanded.

"I didn't stow away on your blamed old vessel," Morley replied hotly; "I was shanghaied."

"You was wot?" demanded he of the square jaw.

"Shanghaied last night."
"Why, you poor little idiot! Shanghaied! Well, say, that's the best I ever heard. Why, you blamed little runt, you stowed away down in the hold there, and thought you'd beat this vessel out, and save paying your fare. Well, let me tell you one thing, my man, you'll earn your passage on this ship by hard work. Hard work, and lots of it, d'ye hear?"

"Do you know whose ship this is?"
"No, I don't, and what's more, I don't care," Morley replied.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the square jaw, as he landed on Morley's ear with a hand gnarled and hard from handling salt ropes. "This is Morley's ship, the Marshland, and she don't carry passengers, so you'll keep a civil tongue in your head and get to work. Come forward and get busy. Reef that there mainsail with the rest of them fellows, and be quick."

"I guess not," replied Morley; "not just yet, and first, my man, I'll ask you what's your name and what you are on this ship?"

"W-w-what you'll ask me what? Well, what do you think of that? Well, I'll tell you, you blamed little shrimp, who I am. I'm first mate on this ship, and if you don't git fur'd blamed pronto, I'll knock your head off with a belaying pin. Quick now, no more yap from you. I've talked with you too blamed long now for good discipline."

"Where's the captain?" demanded Morley.

"None o' yer blamed business. You get fur'd," and the square-jawed sailor picked up a convenient belaying pin and made for Morley, who dodged and started forward.

As Morley reached the upper deck, he promptly butted into a heavy-set man coming down.

"Hi, you low-headed land lubber, who are you rammin' with that there bullet-head o' yours?" this individual de-

manded briskly. "Fer two cents I'd break your neck."

"Who are you?" demanded Morley.
"Me; I'm it, if it's any of your business. I'm the cap'n of this bally old tub; Cap'n Jones. Who are you? How'd you get aboard this ship, hey?"

"He's a stowaway, sir," responded the first mate. "Found him down in the after-hold. Must of got in last night."

"I'm no stowaway," Morley rejoined.
"My name's Morley, and I happen to be the owner of this ship, and give you fellows notice that you are both discharged. I'll run this ship from now on. You're both under arrest."

"We're what?" howled the captain.

"Under arrest. You're the owner, hey? Well, I'll be blowed. Keel haul my job if that don't make me think I'm drunk. Why, you blamed little handily-legged longshoreman, d' you know what you are? You're th' limit, you are. So you're th' owner of this boat, are you? Sure you ain't th' President of the United States in disguise. Here, mate, take this little runt for'd and put him on that mainsail; I'm going to the wheel-house and if th' lubber gives you any more guff, you poke his face," and the captain ambled forward to the wheel.

Morley stood dumfounded. He, the owner of the ship, mistaken for a stowaway, and ordered around on his own ship. He choked; was he really going crazy, or what?

A vicious cuff on his ear that sent him sprawling to the deck quickly brought him to a realisation that crazy or not the best thing to do was to obey, and he started forward with alacrity, making up his mind that at the first opportunity he would leave the captain and mate apprehended and put under arrest for—then he paused—for what, shanghaing? Then like a flash it came over him that if he did that it would be exposing his own methods of getting men, and Morley gritted his teeth.

On reaching the main mast he was put with half a dozen foreign sailors, and ordered on the yards to reef the sail. The Marshland was rolling and pitching in a choppy cross sea, and Morley, who never had been noted for sailing qualities, was rapidly becoming seaskick.

After a fashion, more by following the other sailors, he managed to get in a reef and clambered down to the deck, only to be sent half way across the deck by coming in violent contact with the mate's hard fist, and hearing that worthy yell: "Coil then lines up there, you, d' you hear?" Dazed, Morley tried to coil them as he remembered they used to look when he was around the ships on the wharves.

After finishing coiling the ropes, he was again startled so that he jumped on hearing the mate's harsh voice at his elbow ordering him to the galley to get something to eat.

Reaching the galley, he found the Portuguese sailors were sitting around the galley table eating. Morley was hungry; he had not realised how hungry he was before. Each man was helping himself out of a dish with his fingers. Old potatoes—he remembered with a pang now that he had bought a lot of old potatoes at a bargain. The salt beef was old and smelled badly. Morley sat down wearily at the table and tried to eat, but the food turned his stomach and he could not. Things were coming home to him with a vengeance. For years his ships had been noted as being the worst manned, worst victualled, worst handled, and worst in every

respect, and now he, Morley, was getting the worst of it with a vengeance.

He mentally made up his mind that when once he reached land again things would be different. He would at least furnish palatable victuals.

The coffee was rank. He tasted it and tried a ship biscuit, but the biscuits were mouldy. He remembered now that they had been on hand for a number of years, and that several of his captains had kicked about them.

After a vain effort to eat, Morley left the galley and went on deck, only to be ordered forward by the mate to pile freight. Morley had done no hard work for years, and the boxes were heavy, there was no doubt about it. Also he had had no sleep during the night.

By frequent cursings from the first mate, Morley and the rest of the sailors finally finished stowing the freight away, and then finally, thoroughly tired out, he was driven forward, and told to get some sleep.

Morley was so tired that sleep was out of the question. His body ached all over. It galled him to think that he, sole owner of the vessel he was on, was forced to work like a common sailor.

Neither the captain nor mate had ever seen the owner of the Marshland, both being new men, and although he had been shanghaied by men paid to do it to others by himself, it was plain that he would meet with no mercy from either of them, and he knew that the bluff about his being a stowaway was an old dodge to keep sailors from getting their pay. Also it was equally plain to him that neither believed for a moment that he was Morley, the owner, but both believed that he was putting up a monumental bluff.

After a time he dropped into a fitful sleep, only to be aroused by a hand, none too gentle as it jerked him out of his hammock, and to hear again the first mate's voice asking, "What the blankety blank he meant by sleeping all day when he knew there was work to do?"

He stumbled aft to find that it was afternoon, and that the wind was rising rapidly and the Marshland rolling considerably as she plunged onward under close-reefed mainsail. The wind was increasing rapidly, and spray was being blown back across her decks slantwise as she plunged along.

He had no oilskins, and the spray soon wet him to the skin. Also he remembered now that he had never provided any. If his men wanted slickers and oilskins they had to buy them, he never had. He wished fervently now that he had as the cold water chilled him to the bone.

The rolling of the vessel had shifted the freight some, giving a list to the Marshland, and Morley, in company with the rest of the sailors, was again obliged to handle a lot of boxes he had formerly piled. The rolling of the vessel made this undertaking difficult, and several times Morley had a narrow escape from being caught by shifting boxes.

After repiling the freight, Morley's vision of rest was rudely scattered by the voice of the first mate in his ear, accompanied with a vicious cuff, and a harsh: "Get over to that there pump and pump a while; she's leakin'."

Wearily he walked over to the pump, remembering with a pang of regret that he had turned down a chance the month before to install boilers and steam pumps for just such emergencies.

"Money saved is money earned." That had been Morley's cry for years. The Marshland's hull was old, and the storm had started a bad leak.

The waves were running high, and pumping was difficult. Also the Marshland when loaded lay low in the water and the cross seas would break over her—and Morley was seaskick.

Even as he clutched the handles of the pump, he looked across to starboard and saw an immense wave coming. He tried to yell a warning to the rest of the men, but could not raise his voice. He dimly saw the wave strike the doomed vessel and felt himself picked up bodily by the force and thrown clear over the railing and—then he knew he was going down, down, down; he seemed to be fathoms under water when he felt something strike him, and instinctively he grasped blindly for it—and awoke.

Morley was lying in the centre of his room in the hotel, and the clothes from the bed had been dragged off as he fell, and he realized that it was a dream. But such a dream.

Then he staggered to his feet, perspiring freely, a knock sounded at the door, and the bell boy handed him a note from Hinch, saying that he had hired men at the last minute, and that the Marshland had just cleared for sea.

He looked at his watch, and it was still fifteen minutes to midnight.

BEWARE OF Constipation

It is a common source of disease and very dangerous, because it fills your blood with impurities and poisons every organ of your body. Its effects are seen and felt in dull eyes, offensive breath, skin rashes, headache. Mother Seigel's Syrup tones and regulates the bowels, and cures and prevents the constipation

WHICH POISONS YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM.

"For years I suffered acutely from indigestion which weakened my whole system, and caused me endless torment. I was seldom without a headache, my bowels were very irregular, and I had terrible pains after every morsel I ate. But at last I got Mother Seigel's Syrup, and it was surprising how I improved. Soon I was completely cured."—From Mr. ARTHUR ROWAN, 47, Ashmore Street, Erskineville, N.S.W.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP THE SURE CURE

Regulates the bowels and ensures perfect digestion.

A Good Start in Life.

Mothers should early realize how essential good health is for the success of their child in after life. A badly nourished baby generally means an undersized child, wanting in stamina and vigour. If unable to nurse your baby, you must give the substitute that most closely resembles human milk. No farinaceous or starchy food or unmodified cow's milk is permissible to a child under 6 or 7 months of age. The "Allenburys' Milk Foods are so prepared as to remove the difference between cow's milk and human milk, and they are as easy of digestion as the natural food of the child.

The "Allenburys' Foods are alike suitable for the delicate and robust, and when used as directed, form the best means of rearing a child by hand. The No. 1 Milk Food may be given alternately with the mother's milk without fear of upsetting the child or causing digestive disturbance. The dreaded process of weaning is thus made easy and comfortable both to the mother and child.

The Allenburys' Foods.

MILK FOOD No. 1.
From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.
From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.
From 6 months and upwards.

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

Mineral Wealth of New Zealand.

Paper by Dr. Bell.

A valuable paper was recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, on "The Mineral Wealth of New Zealand," by Dr. James Mackintosh Bell, M.A., Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand, who was visiting the Old Country on holiday leave. The Right Hon. the Earl of Ranfurly, ex-Governor of New Zealand, presided. Dr. Bell read his paper as follows:—

The three principal islands of the Dominion of New Zealand, known respectively as the North, South, and Stewart Islands, are situated in the South Pacific Ocean, between latitudes 34 deg. and 48 deg. Considering their relatively small area, they present an unusual variety of geological phenomena. In the North Island is a district exhibiting over a large area thermal springs, geysers, fumaroles, solfataras, and other evidences of expiring vulcanism. In the South Island is the snow-clad chain of the Southern Alps, containing extensive snowfields, from which flow glaciers in many cases rivaling and even surpassing in size those of the better-known glacial centres of the Swiss Alps and the Caucasus. In addition to these, and many other features of chiefly scientific interest, the Colony contains mineral wealth widely distributed and of varied mineralogical character. It is the purpose of this paper to give a brief summary of the mineral deposits, their distribution and the broader features of their occurrence, without attempting to consider the details of their geological occurrence.

As no doubt most of you know, the North Island is divided into the provincial districts of Auckland, Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Wellington, and the South Island into the provincial districts of Nelson, Marlborough, Canterbury, Westland, Otago, and Southland.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHIEF PHYSIOGRAPHIC FEATURES OF NEW ZEALAND.

Much of the North Island is of a broken and rugged description. It is traversed from north-east to south-west by several parallel ranges of mountains of inconsiderable altitude. There are, however, several areas of flat land, the most extensive being the coastal plain east and south of the splendid volcanic cone of Mount Egmont, near the west coast. At the north-eastern edge of this plain are the lofty volcanic cones of Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngaurunoho, the latter still active. North of these peaks is the broad volcanic zone of Taupo, exhibiting the varied thermal phenomena already mentioned. At the northern part of the North Island are two peninsulas of broken country—the western and much the more prominent being the North Auckland Peninsula, and the eastern being the Hauraki Peninsula.

By far the greater part of the South Island is mountainous. The central axis is composed of the Southern Alps, with their continuation, the Spencer and St. Arnaud Mountains. From this principal axis radiate subsidiary ranges. In addition, there are several high parallel ranges. The Canterbury Plains, which border the coast on the east, form by far the greatest extension of flat land in the South Island, but there are minor stretches of level country at low altitudes in the west, in the north, and in the extreme south of the island.

Stewart Island, much smaller than either the North or South Island, exhibits an area of broken, rugged hills, which are in general densely wooded.

RESUME OF NEW ZEALAND STRATIGRAPHY.

The oldest rocks in the North Island are stratified Palaeozoic or very early Mesozoic sediments, which compose the main mass of the mountain chains. Overlying these in various localities are late Mesozoic and Tertiary sediments. Much of the northern and central part of the island is composed of volcanic rocks—both tufa and lava of Tertiary and Pleistocene age. Apparently, the oldest of these volcanics are intermediate in basicity, while the next in age are decidedly acid, and the most recent, basic.

The south Island shows a more complete geological section than the North Island, and a wider petrographical range of igneous rocks. The heart of the Southern Alps, as well as that of some of the parallel ranges, shows in places, ancient crystalline schists flanked with Palaeozoic and Mesozoic strata belonging to various periods. Much of the rock underlying the Canterbury Plains and the flat land on the west coast of the island, known as the Westland coastal plain, is composed of Tertiary strata, which is also prominent in the southern part of the island and in the north. A considerable portion of the lower country in the South Island is covered by comparatively recent gravels of varied origin—fluvial, marine, and glacial. Relatively only a small part of the South Island is composed of igneous rocks, though they present a marvellous variety of petrographical forms. Bank's Peninsula consists entirely of rocks of this origin, and they are also prominent near the city of Dunedin, in the granite buttress of the south-western corner of the island, and in the ridges of the same rocks stretching northward from this buttress parallel with the coast. The so-called mineral belt of the districts of Nelson and Westland is composed in the main of a series of parallel and disjointed sheets of dunite and other magnesian rocks, which have a very small lateral extension, though in longitudinal direction they appear at intervals for nearly 200 miles.

Stewart Island is composed almost entirely of granites and allied plutonics.

SALIENT FEATURES OF THE ECONOMIC GEOLOGY.

COAL.

Distribution of Coal. Perhaps in no country of the world is coal more generally distributed than it is in New Zealand, as it occurs in almost every part of the Dominion—a fact which makes up for the narrowness of the coal seams and the inextension of the basins in which they lie, as compared with coal deposits in other countries. The coal varies considerably in quality, both in regard to the amount of ash and the state of carbonation. Unlike the European coal and most of that of the United States and Canada, the New Zealand coal is not of carboniferous age, but of much lesser antiquity.

The coals of Kaitangata, Shag Point, and Nightcaps, which form fairly wide seams in Tertiary rocks in the south-eastern part of the South Island, are lignites of good quality. The seams which are so widely distributed in the hilly country west of the Canterbury Plains are all lignites, but not generally so highly carbonised as are the southern coals. The coals of Greymouth and Brunerton, in the Westland district, and of Westport and Puponga, in the Nelson district, are bituminous coals of varying degrees of purity. The coals of the North Island, which are chiefly in the northern part, near Auckland and Whangarei, are in general intermediate in state of carbonation between the bituminous coals and the lignites. No extensive seams of true anthracite have as yet been found in New Zealand, though there is a very small deposit in early Tertiary sediments at Cabbage Bay, in the Hauraki Peninsula, which owes its high percentage of fixed carbon to the metamorphism produced by the extrusion of flows of andesite. Some of the lignite seams of Canterbury also are said to be in part altered to anthracite, as a product of contact metamorphism.

PETROLEUM.

In many parts of the Dominion there is abundant evidence of petroleum, though in no locality can it be said to have been proven to exist in great quantity. It has been found and exploited to some slight degree at Kotuku, near Greymouth, in Westland, near Gisborne, in the Auckland District, and at New Plymouth in Taranaki, not far from the base of the lofty cone of Mount Egmont. In the last-mentioned locality,

the oil seeps out of the surface along the sea-shore, and at a few places in the interior, and gas issues at many points along natural crevices. Boring operations have been conducted in this locality for a number of years, and very recently have apparently met with success. An oil-bearing stratum has been struck at a depth of 2,400 feet, which at present is said by the proprietors to give a steady flow under high pressure. The oil-bearing stratum consists of a loosely consolidated marine sand underlying hard argillaceous sandstone, above which marine sands and clays, more or less hardened, extend to the surface. As far as is known all the beds are disposed in almost horizontal attitude, the lowest being probably of Miocene age, the upper apparently Pliocene.

In the Gisborne district apparently the petroleum is even more widespread, and the prospects equally bright for the discovery of large wells. However, comparatively little exploration has been done within recent years in this locality.

IRON ORE.

There are in New Zealand two very interesting deposits of iron ore. The most important of these appears at Parapara, in the rugged Cape Farewell Peninsula lying west of Golden Bay, in the South Island, while the other lies on the shores of the Tasman Sea, near New Plymouth.

Geological Character.—The rocks in which the Parapara ore occurs are metamorphic, and consist of much corrugated hornblende and micaceous schists, sideritic limestones, and cherty quartzites. These have been tentatively classified as Silurian by Professor Herbert Cox, formerly a geologist on the staff of the New Zealand Geological Survey. Unconformably above this series of Palaeozoic rocks lies a considerable thickness of coal-bearing, early-Tertiary strata, which consists of limestones, sandstones, grits, and coal seams. Forming a mantle over much of the district are deposits of fluvial and marine gravels. These usually contain more or less gold, and have afforded some rich bonanzas in the past.

Structurally the iron ore appears to occur on the eroded crest of an anticline, composed of sideritic crystalline limestone, which is often rusty, due to the oxidation of iron carbonate contained. The width of the actual ore mass visible on the surface varies greatly, but is in places quite 800 feet. Broken by several gullies the ore body outcrops in a north-westerly and south-westerly direction at intervals for over six miles. Mr. George J. Binns, formerly Inspector of Mines for the New Zealand Government, estimates that in the large ore body, near Parapara Inlet, there are not less than 51,835,600 long tons of iron ore in actual outcrop, which could be removed in an open quarry.

The ore is in general a high-grade hydrous haematite botryoidal mammillary, and often porous in character. Apparently manganese is a constant constituent. Phosphorus, sulphur, and titanium are in general low, though there are small quantities of other impurities, principally alumina and silica. In places the ore contains rounded quartz pebbles, often in sufficient abundance to constitute a highly ferruginous quartz conglomerate. This conglomerate is apparently the result of fluvial action, and occurs only where streams now or formerly existed. It represents soft ore, which has been broken up by the streams and mixed with quartz pebbles derived from the overlying Tertiary strata to be subsequently reconstituted into the conglomerate now observable in the outcrops. The conglomeratic portion of the ore is auriferous, the gold apparently being derived from the same source as that in the quartz pebbles.

Origin.—The origin of this extensive deposit of iron ore is of considerable interest. Briefly stated, the ore has resulted from the concentration of iron oxide by meteoric waters. The waters had their burden of iron derived either directly or indirectly from the oxidation, partly of iron carbonate in the crystalline limestone, but more especially of the sulphides—pyrite and marcasite—present in both the quartz conglomerate of the overlying Tertiary strata and in the quartzites and mica schists associated with the crystalline limestone.

New Plymouth deposits.—The deposits of iron ore occurring near New Plymouth in the North Island, are of a very different character. They consist of magnetic iron sands, all more or less titaniferous, which owe their concentration in thick beds along the sea-shore and

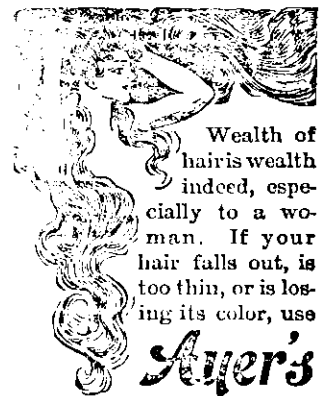
inland for a mile or more to the action of the waves or wind. Beds of pure black sand of very fine grain are interstratified with beds of felspathic quartz sand, containing considerable titaniferous magnetite, and with others practically free from iron. Sometimes the demarcation between the various beds is very abrupt and decided, again much more gradual. Considered longitudinally the beds of pure black sand become lenticular, and are replaced by others in which the iron constituent is lacking or unimportant, the latter beds being in their turn replaced by pure black sand. The black sand is supposed to consist of an intimate mixture of magnetic and ilmenite. It occurs very widely distributed, and there can be no doubt, in very large quantities. It appears at very frequent intervals along the coast on either side of New Plymouth, from the mouth of the Waitara River as far south as the mouth of the Paten.

The black sand has apparently been derived in part from the disintegration of hornblende andesites and more basic volcanics—all rich in titaniferous magnetite, and in part from tufa, representing the comminuted equivalent of these volcanics. Volcanics and tufas carrying titaniferous magnetite have a wide distribution near New Plymouth, around the volcanic cone of Egmont.

COPPER.

Ores of copper are found in New Zealand at many localities, both in the North and South Islands. There has recently been discovered a mineralised horizon of sulphides near the Whangaroa Harbour, in the North Auckland peninsula. The country is but little explored, and the exact nature of the deposits has not yet been investigated, but apparently the ore consists mainly of sulphide, with which is associated native copper and other oxidation products.

One of the best-known deposits of ores of copper occurs in a heavily mineralised zone stretching from D'Urville Island southward to the Aniseed River, in the neighbourhood of the town of Nelson in the South Island. The ore bodies lie in small, disconnected, and generally parallel lenses, disposed along the planes of stratification of the enclosing argillites, and occur close to the contact between the argillites and extensive sills or bosses of dunite. The most common ore is a cupriferrous pyrite, in which the copper content is generally low. On the surface the oxidation products malaichite, azurite, chrysocolla, cuprite, and native copper are occasionally encountered, and in one case (the Champion Mine) are important, giving very rich, though small, bodies above the water-level. Enriched sulphides are to be seen in some of the lower work-



Wealth of hair's wealth indeed, especially to a woman. If your hair falls out, is too thin, or is losing its color, use Ayer's Hair Vigor

It will remove all dandruff, and will give you thick, long, glossy, and beautiful hair.

Accept no substitute. Be sure you get Ayer's Hair Vigor, and preserve the richness and luxuriance of your hair to an advanced period of life.

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

ings of the United Mine above the water-level, though the ore is more or less oxidised on the surface.

The Mount Radiant copper field has been recently discovered, and promises to be the most important, though as yet it has not been developed. The field lies close to the mouth of the Little Wanganui River, which enters Karamea Bay on the north-western side of the North Island. The veins occur in granite, and bear in many ways a striking resemblance to those of Butte, Montana. The gangue material consists chiefly of quartz, but there is always more or less feldspar present, and it becomes the predominating mineral in places. The principal copper-bearing mineral is chalcocite, with which are associated iron pyrites, molybdenite, and a little arsenopyrite and hornite. Molybdenite is in some of the veins as common as chalcocite, and it may be mentioned that where this is the case, a great increase in feldspar is to be noticed. Some of the veins carry fair values in silver. The veins are in places definite and persistent, and in other instances they are uncertain and variable both in length and breadth.

The Maharahara copper deposit is situated in Paleozoic strata, argillites and grauwackes, near the town of Woodville in the centre of the North Island. The vein shows some rich ore—mainly chalcocite—but as far as at present known it does not occur in great quantity.

GOLD.

In the past most of the gold of New Zealand was derived from placer deposits in various parts of the South Island, but more especially in the districts of Westland and Otago. The bonanzas in general occurred where moranic gravels had been reassorted by fluvial or marine action. The amount of gold derived from this source is now much reduced, and the supply of the precious metal in New Zealand is to a greater extent obtained from quartz reefs. All through the ancient crystalline schists and Paleozoic argillites and grauwackes, which form such an important part of the strata of the South Island, quartz veins are common. Generally these are disposed parallel to the stratification, but are sometimes in fissures transverse to the bedding planes. Although quartz veins of this class are almost innumerable, many of them contain gold only in traces, and comparatively few yield it in payable quantities. The veins are in rocks, which exhibit physiographically nature and sub-mature forms, and in consequence are in general merely the remnant of former veins; the upper, and probably richer, part having been removed in the extensive and varied denudation—sub-aerial and glacial—which the country has undergone.

At present much the most important centre of quartz mining in the South Island is at Reefton, where a number of mines are now working—the Globe, the Progress, the Wealth of Nations, the Keep-it-Dark, etc. The ore filling the veins consists chiefly of quartz. This contains a great deal of pyrites, rarely chalcocite, and arsenopyrite, and often stibnite. In all of the mines the values are very irregularly distributed in the quartz gangue, even near the surface, where the yield is usually higher than from the lower levels. Often not only may the ore shoots terminate within the quartz mass in the direction both of the strike and dip of the vein, but the quartz gangue itself frequently disappears and is replaced by comminuted gouge, to reappear either barren or with shoots of rich ore in the continuation of the line of reef. This occurrence of the quartz in patches is one of the most characteristic features of the veins at Reefton. The highest values are almost always along slaty selvages, which are frequently rusty, and where the quartz is of the character known as "maggie stone" by the miners. "Maggie stone" is simply quartz enclosing numerous small angular fragments of argillite or grauwacke, which are the prevailing country rocks of the district.

There is a small reefing area near the head of the Wilberforce and Arakura rivers, known as the Westland Reef district, in which a number of promising auriferous quartz veins have recently been discovered, but which has been as yet very little prospected. Quartz mining is carried on at Teitapu, in the Cape Farewell Peninsula, in reefs very much like those at Reefton. Quartz veins are also being worked at Skipper, Arrowtown, Barewood, and various other places

in Central Otago, though none is of important proportions.

The occurrence of the mineral scheelite in many of the quartz veins in Otago is interesting. The quartz with which it is associated is nearly always somewhat auriferous, and in places payable so. The scheelite sometimes appears in a decided band running through the quartz, or again intimately intermixed, with the appearance of a pegmatite. At Barewood, Glenorchy, and Maerua's, near Palmerston South, the mineral is found in sufficient quantity to pay for working.

Much more prominent than any of the centres of quartz mining in the South Island, and of widely different character, are the goldfields of the Hauraki Peninsula of the North Island, which contain the mining centres of Coromandel, Thames, Karangahake, and Waihi, in addition to many less prominent mining localities. The output of gold from Coromandel is now comparatively small. At Thames the Waiotahi Mine is at present yielding bullion to the value of £18,000 to £20,000 per month, but there is no other mine of importance. The site of the Waihi Mine, one of the greatest gold mines of the world, is a centre of immense economic importance, as well as of scientific interest. At Karangahake is situated the Talisman Mine, which is now the third gold producer in the Dominion.

The oldest rocks of the Hauraki goldfield apparently consist of unfossiliferous argillites and grauwackes, which are probably very late Paleozoic or early Mesozoic. Unconformably above these are late Cretaceous rocks, containing unimportant coal seams, which occur as widely separated, isolated remnants in the northern part of the Hauraki Peninsula. On the denuded surface of these sedimentaries have been disposed thick and widely distributed volcanic deposits, flows, breccias and tufts of andesitic character, above which are others of rhyolitic character. By far the most important veins of the Hauraki Peninsula are in the andesitic flows or in the fine-grained andesitic tufts. Veins occurring in the coarse andesitic agglomerates and tufts rarely carry much gold, while those appearing in the rhyolites are decidedly unimportant as compared with those in the andesites. A few relatively unimportant veins are found in the older sedimentary rocks. The andesites are often tremendously altered, especially near the veins. In fact, the rock in places has been changed to a mass of chlorite, epidote, sericite, calcite, quartz and pyrite, giving the so-called propylite. There were evidently at least two periods of vein disposition, much the more important apparently being the result of the andesite extrusion, while the second period of vein formation succeeded the outpouring of the rhyolites. Sinter deposits widely distributed throughout the Hauraki Peninsula testify to the enormous extent of hydrothermal activity in the past, and a few scattered hot springs show that it has not yet ceased. The veins are apparently mainly deposits by hot siliceous solutions, carrying a great deal of hydrogen sulphide in pre-existing fissures, greatly enlarged by replacement of the wall rock.

Of the payable veins of the Hauraki goldfields there are two more or less distinct types—those which occur in decided and definite veins in which the payable ore is contained chiefly in a well-demarcated ore shoot with considerable horizontal continuation and with longitudinal extension from level to level, and those in which not only is the quartz of very irregular width, but the values are almost entirely in small disjointed patches, often of the enormous richness of "jewellery shop" ore. Of the former class much the most conspicuous example is given by the more or less connected reefs worked in the Waihi Mine at Waihi, though the Union, Amaranth and Silverton veins, at the same place, and the Talisman vein at Karangahake are of the same class. Of the "jewellery shop" class of veins, the reef systems of the Hauraki, Kapanga, Royal Oak and Tokatea mines at Coromandel, and the reef systems of the Kurumu, Caledonian, Moanatairi and Waiotahi mines at Thames are good examples. Of these the only one now giving heavy returns is the Waiotahi. A bonanza of great richness was discovered recently in connection with this mine, which has in consequence given a heavy output for the past year. The bonanzas of fine gold in the veins of the Waiotahi type are apparently always at points where the vein is heavily

mineralised with pyrite, with which is sometimes associated sphalerite, stibnite and chalcocite, and occasionally native arsenic. The bonanzas frequently have an intimate connection with the faulting of the vein. The faults, formed subsequent to the original period of vein deposition, may have determined the position of the bonanzas formed during a period of secondary enrichment of the vein, either by acting as barriers to migrating auriferous solutions, or by forming channels along which solutions came, reacting with those in the original vein channel.

The great Waihi Mine, which is now working on the complex system of branching reefs—the Martha, Welcome, Empire, Royal and several smaller veins—had an output during the year ended December 31, 1905, of £712,000 sterling. This year its output will be even greater. The four weeks ending June 16, 1906, gave the record return of £62,470 sterling. Those reefs of the Waihi Mine system which approach the surface show an oxidised capping of moderate though not of bonanza richness, which gradually is replaced in depth by sulphide ore. The gold is very rarely visible to the unaided eye, though a considerable portion exists as free gold. One of the most characteristic features of the reefs of the Waihi Mine system is the continuity of the "pay ore," both in horizontal and vertical extension. If there was any enrichment of these veins subsequent to the original deposition of the quartz, which seems very likely, it was probably by secondary solutions ascending along the reef channels, excepting near the surface, where descending solutions gave a limited concentration. Some of the veins of the Waihi reef system are of immense size—the Martha reaches a width of sixty feet on the surface, and at the levels at present being opened at about 800ft. beneath the surface, it is, where widest, over twice that width. It is interesting to note that in general veins of the Hauraki Peninsula show a diminution in the amount of gold in the electron in passing from the northern to the southern portion of the field.

Very interesting evidence on the origin of gold and silver in quartz veins is given by certain hot springs in the centre of existing hydrothermal activity in New Zealand—the Taupo volcanic zone. Sinter taken by the writer from the rim of a very ebullient spring at the Maori settlement of Whakarewarewa was found to contain on analysis, silver to the amount of 4oz. 18gr. per ton, and gold to the amount of 1dwt. 4grs. per ton. The sinter analysed was stained with sulphur, but showed no visible evidence of any sulphides. Analysis made from the sinter deposited in a wooden trough, used to conduct water from the same spring at Whakarewarewa, gave the following result in the precious metals:—Gold, 12grs. per ton; silver, 15dwt. 3grs. per ton.

The great geyser of Waimangu, which broke into action some years after the terrible Tarawera eruption of 1886, and remained active until November, 1904, deposited a blackish material, consisting chiefly of sulphides, but containing neither gold nor silver. Some mud obtained by Dr. Wohlmann, the Government bacteriologist, from a hot spring in the sanatorium grounds at Rotorua, gave the following somewhat remarkable analysis:—

Silica	49.30
Alumina	4.52
Iron Oxides	2.60
Titanium Oxide	0.58
Lime	1.00
Magnesia	0.10
Soda and Potash	1.30
Sulphur combined	1.40
Sulphur free	6.09
Organic matter	10.01
Water	3.70
	100.00

Microscopic examinations of the deposit showed that it consisted mainly of quartz and amorphous silica with a little feldspar. The mud also contained 5 grains of gold and 0 dwt. 1 gr. of silver per ton. It is evidently not a deposit from the spring, but is merely a siliceous tufa impregnated by the thermal solutions.

PLATINUM.

Platinum has been found at many points in the South Island in the alluvial drifts, but never in sufficient quantities to be of any economic value, excepting where found with gold. Platinum has

been reported from the Queen of Beauty quartz reef at Thames, and also from an occurrence of massive pyrites at Coromandel. During the past season a number of platinumiferous quartz veins were discovered by the writer near the Teremakau River, in the district of Westland, in the South Island, in close proximity to sheets of altered magnesian eruptives—apparently originally dunite and situated parallel to the stratification of the enclosing phyllites. The quartz is somewhat vitreous, and in general very "hungry" in appearance. Iron pyrite is fairly common, and iron oxides derived from its alteration. In three analyses made of the platinumiferous quartz, the platinum was found to occur associated with silver, and always in the approximate ratio of seven parts of silver to one of platinum. The following is a characteristic result, showing the amount of platinum and silver:—

Platinum	3cwt. 8 grs. per ton.
Silver	1oz. 43wt. 9grs. per ton.

It seems possible that the platinum and silver may exist in some mineralogical combination, though no data were obtained to substantiate this hypothesis.

An interesting product of metamorphism of the magnesian eruptives, near which the platinum veins just described occur, is the mineral nephrite—the much-valued Pounamu of the Maoria and the precious "greenstone" of commerce. This mineral, which is apparently a massive actinolite or allied amphibole, occurs as segregations from a few inches to several feet in width in a talcose matrix, also a product of alteration of the magnesian eruptives. Many analyses made of the magnesian eruptives failed to show any platinum actually existing in them.

TIN.

Cassiterite has been found in the form of "stream tin" in some of the streams amid the rugged hills of Stewart Island, and has been reported to occur actually, "in situ" in granite.

Ores of antimony, lead, zinc, mercury, and several other metals have been discovered in New Zealand, but scarcely in sufficient quantity to deserve special mention in this paper.

Much of the wild, mountainous country of the South Island and of the thickly wooded central and northern parts of the North Island are still unexplored, and vast mineral wealth may yet be discovered in these areas of terra incognita.

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.

PURIFY THE SCALP.

Neglect of frequent and thorough cleansing of scalp scale and impurities that lodge in the scalp is the cause of painful sores, inflammation and ringworm.

Zam-Buk Soap

removes all impurities, destroys the germs of disease. It is a soothing and beneficial tonic for the heavy, itching brain.



From Chemists, Stores and The Zam-Buk Co., Sydney.

Zam-Buk SOAP
Medicinal and Toilet.



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

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

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you please let me be a cousin? I would like a blue badge. What did you get for Christmas? I got a silver bangle, a postcard album, and a violin. I will be eight in March. I am going to get a big rag doll. Please give my love to all the cousins.—Cousin VERA.

[Dear Cousin Vera,—Of course you may be a cousin, and I hope you and Airini will write often and tell me all the Napier news. I will enclose a badge for you in Airini's envelope. I got a lot of lovely presents at Christmas time, but that seems such a long time ago that I am beginning to look forward to next Christmas, and am thinking now what I would like for my birthday presents. Are you going to learn to play the violin; it is a very difficult instrument to play really well, I think. You must remind me of your birthday when it is nearly time for it, so that I can send you my good wishes. Good-bye until you write to me again.—Cousin KATE.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We are having such a jolly time down here. We go up into the bush, and often go round to Cowes for the mail. I go out to meet the steamer, and often go out fishing. To-day we went for a picnic to Man-o'-War Bay. We went out fishing and got some for dinner. As soon as the tide went out, we had such fun. There is a great big pool there, and while we were paddling we felt the flat fish against our feet, but we didn't get any. Gwen and I went up to the titree and saw a lot of birds' nests, but they were all empty. We saw some honeycomb right out on a stick of a tree; it looked so funny. Here is a riddle: A man rode up a hill and yet he walked. Here is another: What monkeya make the best wine? It is bed-time now, so I must stop. Good-night, from Cousin GUY.

Dear Cousin Guy,—I was so surprised to find from your letter that you were still at Waiheke. I did not know you were going back after your aunt's wedding. You must be having a glorious time down there, and I expect you will be very sorry to come back and commence school again. You only have a fortnight's more holiday, don't you? I have not been to Waiheke for years, but I remember I thought it a lovely place for a holiday. Of course, it must be much nicer now. For one thing, the steamers are much better, and a great many more people go there. We used to have great fishing days down there, and one day I was lucky enough to catch a gurnet; they are beautiful fish to look at because their colouring is so gorgeous; they are not very nice to eat, though. Have you ever seen one? I am afraid I have forgotten a lot about Waiheke, because I used to know nearly all the bays. Man-o'-War Bay is on this side of the island, isn't it, facing

the mainland? I am not a bit of good at guessing riddle, Guy, so you will just have to tell me the answers next time you write, and just remind Gwen, will you, that it is quite a long time since I had the pleasure of reading a letter of hers?—Cousin KATE.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like a badge very much. I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." I passed my examination. I am in the third class now. Mother says that if I have to send a stamp for my envelope, Uncle Tom will have to send you one, as he lives in Auckland, and our Tasmanian stamp would be of no use to you. We are having very hot weather just now, and bush fires keep starting up everywhere.—With love, I am your little cousin ALENE.

[Dear Cousin Alene,—You did not say which coloured badge you preferred, so I am sending you a blue one, as most of my small girl cousins seem to like that colour the best. I am glad you liked seeing your letter in print, and now that you have once started, I hope it will be a pleasure you will often have. You are getting on at school, aren't you? You will soon be at the top of the school. I will post you a badge, and we won't bother Uncle Tom for a stamp this time. We have had a great many rather destructive fires in New Zealand too, but it is raining very heavily to-day, so I hope and expect that it will end them. Write again soon, will you, to Cousin KATE.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Please may I be a cousin? I am ten years old, and am in the fourth standard. We get the "Graphic" every week. I always read the letters, and I think Buster Brown is very funny. I got a very nice silver bracelet for a Christmas present from England. May I have a blue badge, please? When we go back to school we go to a new one in Thompson-road. I did not go away in these holidays, but I have been on the beach a lot. I must say good-bye now. With love to yourself and cousins.—Cousin AIRINI.

[Dear Cousin Airini,—I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and I will post a blue badge to you as soon as I can. You must have got on very well at school to be in the fourth standard at your age; if you go on as well you will have passed the sixth when you are twelve years old, and then I suppose you will go to college. Should you like that? A silver bracelet was certainly a very nice Christmas present to have, especially if it was an unexpected one, and I suppose you got plenty of other presents besides, didn't you?—Cousin KATE.]

The Drum in War.

The war between Japan and Russia is regarded by some authorities as having sealed the fate of the drum. The victorious Japanese armies moved from first to last silently, save for the occasional sound of a bugle. The drum was absolutely absent. Already it had been abol-

ished from some European armies; but no great war had before been fought without it.

Military men have been as a rule great partisans of the "spirit stirring drum." Marshall Saxe, one of the greatest generals of the eighteenth century, the conqueror of Fontenoy, declared that the measured sound made by the drum and fife was indispensable to make men march well. As an illustration of the effect of music in sustained physical movements, he said: "Almost everyone has seen people dance all night, leaping and swinging continually. But let anyone try to dance for two hours without music, and see how miserably he will fall. It is thus with marching. It makes no difference what air is played, provided it is in double or treble time, so that the drums and fifes can take it well. But some such air is necessary." Another great general, Wellington, contended that without the strains of music it was impossible for troops to make successful charges. Wanting music, the men would come up ragged and open against the enemy.

Napoleon was an ardent defender of the drum. As long ago as his time it was urged by some military men that it was a barbaric instrument, which dulled the most sensitive ear by its monotonous sounds, and that it had not proper place in modern warfare. "The drum," answered the Corsican, "imitates the cannon. It is the best musical instrument in the world; for it never gets out of tune."

It is a mistake to assume, we read in an American paper, that the drum is unmusical. All musical authorities have agreed that when used in the proper way it is thoroughly musical. The common snare or side drum is freely used in musical composition. A large number of drummers performing simultaneously out of doors produce good music. Berlioz, the composer, said that a sound which was insignificant when heard singly, such as the clink of one or two muskets at shoulder arms, or the thud as the butt end came to the ground at ground arms, became brilliant and attractive if performed by a thousand men simultaneously.

Father was a sportsman true,
Trophies o' the hunt he'd treasure,
Knewed which way the wild duck flew
Used ter spend 'most all his leisure
Fishin'.

Oh, the stories he would spin—
Father, see, knowed all erbout it;
Natur' put the instinct in,
And he couldn't do without it—
Fishin'.

An' the things he'd tell erbout,
How the fishes ducked and datted,
Of the double-headed trout
That he catched when fust he started
Fishin'.

Told erbout a pond he knew
That he allus used ter race fer,
Fishes swarmin' through an' through,
Jest the wonderfulest place fer
Fishin'.

Told us how he loved ter sit
All the blessed day an' haul the
Line, an' hook the bait on it—
Never mentioned leavin' all the
Fish in.

"A Perfect Beverage,
combining Strength, Purity
and Solubility."—
Medical Annual.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA



Universally appreciated
for its
High Quality
and
Delicious Flavour.
BEST & GOES
FARTHEST.

Good for the Children.

Good for older people too. Nothing
cures coughs and colds so quickly,
efficiently, and pleasantly as does

BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS

Often imitated but never equalled.
Insist on getting BONNINGTON'S
IRISH MOSS

LAWN TENNIS NOTES

(By the Man at the Net.)

A great deal the most interesting topic of conversation in tennis circles here this week is the selection of the team to represent the district in the annual match against Taranaki. The "butter province" has won this match two years in succession—in fact ever since it was established—and to have any chance of doing much good against them we ought to have the very best players available in our team. The general opinion is that the members of the selection committee have not made the best of their opportunities, and on this point I can hardly do better than quote from a letter dealing with the whole question, that appeared last Saturday in the "Star's" athletic columns. The team chosen, I should explain, are Upton, Grossmann, Dr. Keith, Billing, W. A. Brown, and Turner, Miss A. Gray, Miss D. Udy, Mrs. Cooper and Miss Harvey.

The writer begins by stating that the only serious objection he has to the personnel of the team is that A. S. Brown is not included. "Why," he adds, "is this thus? Can it be possible that the members of the selection committee have never seen A. S. Brown play this season? They must be aware that Keith and he have won the doubles two years in succession, and that Brown in all the championship matches has played a very strong and effective game. I don't mind venturing the opinion that A. S. Brown is a far better doubles player this year than he has ever been before. Not only has his smashing improved, but he is more active about the court; shows better judgment, and drives very accurately on both sides. In fact, if there is a more dangerous doubles player than A. S. Brown in Auckland at the present time, I have not seen him—and yet Brown is not in the team."

"Now, consider," the letter goes on, "the men put in before him. W. A. Brown and possibly Billing and Turner might beat him single; but I regard them as distinctly inferior to him in the double game, with the possible exception of Turner. Yet, to include all of them, not only is he left out of the team, but the strongest pair we have is broken up. No one can doubt that Dr. Keith and A. S. Brown are our best double team, and that they represent the best chance we can find of making a decent fight against Dickie and Wallace. Yet, because there is some doubt as to whether Brown is equal to the other three men in a single, while he is certainly better than they at the other game, they are preferred to him. This seems to me very short-sighted and mistaken policy. And, consider what this leads to when we come to arrange the pairs for the doubles. Keith has played so much with A. S. Brown that there is naturally a difficulty in finding him another suitable partner. But I don't think that anybody would have guessed beforehand that the Committee would put Keith and Upton together. Everybody who has played much here knows that Keith plays at the back of the court in a double, and that Upton is not a net player. He can smash lobbs, but as a rule he prefers to keep back and play off the ground. The only possible partners for Upton and for

Keith are men who play at the net, or volley systematically; and yet the Committee don't seem to have thought of this. I think this is truly astonishing. If A. S. Brown was to be left out it was possible to arrange the pairs in all sorts of ways—Keith and Grossmann, Keith and W. Brown, Keith and Billing, Upton and Grossmann, Upton and W. Brown, Upton and Billing—and yet have the necessary combination of a volleyer with a back-line player. All these pairs could play a possibly effective double game. It seems to me that the one truly impossible team is the combination the Committee has chosen. Whatever else is arranged, Keith and Upton should not play together because the modern double game requires that at least one player in each pair shall volley near the net. I don't think that it ought to be necessary to point this out to any selection committee—and here the writer goes on to remark that it is unfortunate the members of the Committee have not been in the way of getting practical experience with the best players here so as to be able to appreciate their form. I sympathise with the difficulties of the Committee, and I don't want to say anything unkind. But so far as the main purpose of this letter is concerned, I thoroughly agree with the writer, first that A. S. Brown should have been chosen, second that Keith and A. S. Brown should have played first pair, third that the combination of Upton and Keith is far and away the worst arrangement of our forces that could have been made.

As to the rest of the team, the "Star" goes on: "I don't know that much can be said about the selection of the ladies. Most people will agree that Miss Gray, Miss Udy, and Mrs. Cooper were certainties. The only doubt is about Miss Harvey. This lady is certainly not so good in a single as several who could be named here, but she has played so constantly and so well with Mrs. Cooper that it would need a good argument to make me leave her out. In a combined also she is distinctly good, and on the whole I think that the selectors have done the right thing. But as to the men, I hope that if nothing can be done to alter the selection, the committee will at least consider the necessity for arranging the pairs differently. So long as Upton, Keith and Turner are distributed between the volleying players, it doesn't matter so much. As to the singles, I think Upton has earned the right to play as first man. But if form shown in the late tournament is to be taken as a guide, I venture to say that Keith should come before Grossmann in order of play. I also think that W. A. Brown should come before Billing in the singles, as being more brilliant and much more likely to disappoint an opponent unused to his little wags.

To all this I would like to add that it may be argued whether Mrs. Cooper and Miss Harvey, having won our Ladies' Doubles Championship for two years in succession, are not entitled to play as first pair. Personally, I am inclined to think that Miss Gray is a stronger player than Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Udy hits much harder than Miss Harvey, the committee has acted wisely. But no one who saw Saturday's match, Devonport v. Eden and Epsom Ladies' A, would be likely to undervalue Miss Harvey's splendid work at the back of the court, and it is quite possible that if it came to a match, the Devonport pair would win.

As to the combined A team, I don't see why W. A. Brown, having won our Combined Championship with Miss Udy, is not only separated from her, but is put down to play in the fourth pair. My own conviction is that W. A. Brown and Miss Udy should form our first pair, and I say this with all respect for Billing's experience, and his past successes in partnership with Miss Udy. It seems to me that a selection Committee should require a very strong excuse for breaking up champion partnerships, and I don't see that they have it in this case.

I have no space left for remarks about the inter-club premiership contest and I must for the time be content to say that West End won by the narrow margin of two points. When the inter-club contests started on Saturday, it was known that if Devonport Ladies' A beat Eden and Epsom, the banner would go to West End, and a great deal of interest was taken in the result. It was a fine match, and the Devonport pair thoroughly deserved their win and I offer my hearty congratulations to West End in securing the banner against defeat, after struggling gallantly for so many seasons past.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[The charge for inserting announcements of birth, marriage, or death in the "Graphic" is 2/8 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

- ANDERSON.—January 30, at Chestnut-st., Parnell, to Captain and Mrs. Charles Anderson, a daughter; both doing well.
- DIXON.—On Jan. 28th, at her residence, "Hiwema," Drury, the wife of J. T. Dixon, of a son. Both doing well. 62
- KIRKUP.—On January 29th, at their residence, "Jesmondale," Great North-rd., to Mr and Mrs Thomas Kirkup, a son.
- OTTO.—On 28th January, at her residence, Lawrence-st., Ponsonby, the wife of A. O. Otto of a daughter; both doing well. 87
- PARDINGTON.—On January 30th, at her residence, Summer-street, Stanley Bay, the wife of Giles Pardington of a son still born.
- ROPER.—On January 28th, 1908, at her residence, Farnor-street, Ponsonby, the wife of P. Roper of a son; both doing well.
- RUSSELL.—On January 29th, at "River-ton," Leighton-st., Grey Lynn, to Mr and Mrs G. Russell, a daughter.
- STEWART.—At 2, Lower Symonds-st., Auckland, on the morning of 29th January, to Dr. and Mrs Stewart, a daughter.
- WHYTE.—On January 28th, at their residence, Garthoven, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Whyte; a son. Both doing well.
- WHITEHEAD.—On January 25th, at her residence, Lee-street, Parnell, the wife of Mr A. H. Whitehead of a son; both doing well.

MARRIAGES.

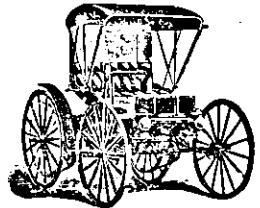
- HUNGERFORD—MALCOLM.—On January 3rd, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by the Rev. Herbert Reeve John, son of the late Emanuel Hungerford, Esq., to Mary Augusta Violet, eighth and youngest daughter of the late Neil Malcolm, barrister-at-law, late of Waiwera.
- MONTGOMERY—CARPENTER.—On 31st December, 1907, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by the Rev. Herbert Reeve, Theodore Arthur, youngest son of the late Wm. Bartley Montgomery, to Beatrice, youngest daughter of Robert Carpenter.
- PORTER—VASTA.—On January 16th, 1908, at Congregational Church, Beresford-st., by the Rev. John Wilkins, William Arthur, second son of F. J. Porter, Epsom, to Lillian May, third daughter of C. Vasta, Auckland.

DEATHS.

- AITON.—On January 30th, at Kidehoum Private Hospital, Sarah, beloved wife of Thomas Aiton, in her 67th year; by request, no mourning.
- BRATTLE.—On January 29th, at his late residence, Ewington-avenue, Mt. Roskill, the Rev. A. M. Brattle, in his 73rd year. Southern papers please copy.
- BLACK.—On February 2nd, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, four injuries received by Mrs. Eliza, the beloved wife of John Black, and daughter of John and Jane Loney, of Short-st., Auckland; aged 33 years.
- BLOXHAM.—On January 25th, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, Caroline, the beloved wife of Henry John Bloxham; aged 24 years.
- BOLTON.—On January 31st, 1908, at the residence of her son-in-law (Mr. Geo. Biske), Mountain-road, Mt. Eden, Ellen Bolton; aged 68 years. Relict of the late Lancelotti Bolton.
- BOLLAND.—On February 2, 1908, at his son's residence, Northcote, Francis, dearly beloved husband of the late Catherine Bolland; aged 73 years.
- BURTT.—On 30th January, at Wharepap, Remuera, James Burtt, in his 88th year.
- CHRISTMAS.—At Auckland, on February 3, 1908, Samuel Frederick Christmas, son, builder, formerly of Brighton, England, and Capetown, S.A.; in his 81st year.
- COLE.—On January 31, 1908, at 18, Karaka-street, Hillside, Victoria, May, dearly beloved only child of Albert and Emma Cole; aged 1 1/2 months.
- CRAMWELL.—On January 25th, at the residence of her son, G. A. Holst, Wood-bill, Marie Cramwell, aged 87 years.

- DOWNEY.—On January 30th, at the residence of her daughter (Miss P. Moryan), Teauyau-st., Grey Lynn, Catherine, relict of the late James Downey, late of Albany Pass. R.I.P.
- DUGGAN.—On February 1st, at his late residence, Brighton-road, Remuera, Hubert, dearly beloved husband of Mary Duggan, late chief engineer on Mission steamer Southern Cross.—R.I.P.
- EDWARDS.—On February 1st, at his parents' residence, Freeman R. T., the dearly beloved son of James and Louisa Edwards. Age, 7 months.
- HENNING.—On January 29th, at Macrae-avenue, Mount Eden, Henry Vincent, youngest son of the late George Henry Henning, of Birmingham, Eng.; aged 28.
- HOOKER.—On January 30th, at her residence, Havel-st., Eden Terrace, the wife of the late Beaumont Hooker of a son.
- LIDDLE.—On January 28th, at his late residence, Aratapu, Richard Liddle. Interred at Aratapu on Thursday, January 30th.
- LONERGAN.—Ruby Veronice, second daughter of the late J. P. and Rachel Lonergan; aged 23 years.
- McCAFFERTY.—On February 1st, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, Thomas McCafferty; aged 71 years.—R.I.P.
- NEARING.—At his residence, Cheltenham Beach, John, the beloved husband of Ellen Nearing, in his 75th year.
- NEWMAN.—On February 3rd, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, William Edward, the beloved husband of Esther Newman. Belief papers please copy.
- ORMISTON.—On Feb. 3rd, at Ellerslie, suddenly of peritonitis, Clement (Flax), St. Clair Ormiston, the beloved wife of Edward N. Ormiston, aged 30. Private Interment.
- PELLOW.—On 29th January, at Pukekohe, William Traae Pellow; aged 70 years.
- REEVES.—On January 30th, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, Gertrude Mary, the dearly beloved eldest child of Thomas and Helen Reeves, aged 5 years and 10 months.
- SAUNDERS.—On January 27th, at her late residence, "Lockergate," Maukara-rd., Parnell, Georgina E. K. Saunders; aged 55 years.
- SNELLER.—On Jan. 27th, 1908, at his parents' residence, Rose-rd., Grey Lynn, George Henry, the dearly beloved infant son of William and Mary Sneller; aged 12 months.
- SPOONER.—On Feb. 2nd, at Mrs. Stevens' residence, Coddington-street, Mrs. Hill, William Joseph, the dearly beloved infant son of William and Nelly Spooner, aged 7 months. Deeply regretted. "Another little lamb has gone." Folding papers please copy.
- SWANSON.—On January 20th, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, George John, the dearly beloved third eldest son of Eliza and the late Charles Swanson, aged 15 years and 8 months.
- WISEMAN.—On January 29th, at Nga Ora, Gilles-avenue, Epsom, Hilda May, dearly beloved youngest daughter of Mrs. Jas. Wiseman, aged 24. Interred at Parnell, 30th January, 1908.

THE HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE COY.



HAVE YOU EVER WISHED FOR AN AUTOMOBILE

What is built high enough to travel country roads like a cart. Will climb any ordinary hill travelled. Has no divider over axle. Has no differential gear. Has no friction clutch. Has no foot lever to bother. Is air cooled and will not freeze. Has solid rubber tyres. Is built like a carriage. Looks like a carriage. Rides like a carriage.

THE HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE.

Full particulars on application to—
W. J. COLES & CO., 153 Market St.
CHRISTCHURCH.
Sole Agents for N.Z.

E. CHAMPION'S QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL (WHAREPAI.)

Corner SWANSTON STREET and LITTLE FLINDERS STREET MELBOURNE. The most centrally situated Hotel in Melbourne. Close proximity to the Railway Station. Trains to every suburb pass the door. Hot and Cold Water. Two Lifts. Letters and Telegrams receive prompt attention. Terms on application to the Manager, E. M. CHAMPION. E. CHAMPION, Proprietress. HAERAMAI HAERAMAI

TO BUYERS AND SELLERS.

HOUSES & LAND.

CALL AND INTERVIEW

LOUIS LEWIS, AUCTIONEER AND LAND AGENT

VICTORIA & LORNE STREETS.
H. B. COLES, Mer. Land Department.

OUR LONDON OFFICES

The London Offices of the

"NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC"

"NEW ZEALAND FARMER"

And

"AUCKLAND STAR"

are now at 134 FLEET ST. (NEW ZEALAND PRESS AGENCY), over the "Standard" Offices.

Colonial Visitors to Europe and others may consult files of Leading New Zealand Papers at these Offices. Correspondence may also be addressed there (c/o MR. H. B. BRET), to be called for or re-addressed according to directions.

Personal Paragraphs

AUCKLAND PROVINCE.

Mrs. Mann and Miss Williamson have returned to Gisborne from Invercargill. Miss Bradley (Gisborne), has returned from Auckland. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Scott (Gisborne) have returned from Australia. Mrs. W. B. A. Morrison, Epsom, left Auckland this week on a visit South. Mrs. A. Gibbons, of Cambridge, is at present staying at Lake Takapuna. Miss Clark, of Dunedin, is staying with her aunt, Mrs. G. E. Clark, of Cambridge, for a few weeks. Mrs and Miss Hosking, of Mt. Eden are at present staying with Mrs. Wells, of Oakleigh, Cambridge. Miss Hill, of Cambridge, has returned to Cambridge after visiting friends in Auckland. Mr. and Miss Kissing, of Auckland, are the guests of Mrs. Taylor, of "Bar-dowie," Cambridge. Miss Carey, of Sydney, who is on a visit to Auckland, is staying with Mrs. Dargaville, Remuera. Mrs. S. A. Hain, of New South Wales, arrived in Auckland on Sunday on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cotter. Miss Sievwright (England), is paying a short visit to her father, Mr. W. Sievwright, (Gisborne), before her marriage which takes place in England on her return. Mrs. T. Cotter and Miss Winnie Cotter, of Remuera, Auckland, who are on a visit to the South Island, are in Dunedin, where they join Mr. and Mrs. Towle, of Epsom, and then go on to the Cold Lakes. The following is a list of visitors for the past week at the Esplanade Hotel, Devonport:—Mr. and Master Bennett (Hamilton), Mr and Mrs John Bennett (Wanganui), Mr and Mrs W. C. Ring (Himera), Mr and Mrs A. and Miss Heather (Auckland), Mr J. M.

Sharp (Devonport), Mr R. Walker (Devonport), Miss Connor (Lyttelton), Mr and Mrs Lufford and family (Hamilton), Mr and Mrs Norman Banks (Waikato), Mr T. Henderson (Devonport), Mr R. L. Friend (Auckland), Mr R. Han-non (Waikato), Mr S. Darragh (Tau-ranga), Mr D. Davis (Waikato), Mr W. R. Mowbray (Parnell), Mr Ferguson (Thames), Mrs Reece (Hamilton), Mr. Mrs and Miss Ledingham (Auckland), Mrs McLaughlin (Papatoetoe), Mr and Mrs Hadley (Auckland), Mrs and Mrs J. Currie, Jr., (Stanley Point), Mrs and Misses J. W. Nicholl (Auckland), Mr A. E. Potts (Stanley Point), Mr Davis (Stanley Point), Captain H. H. Browne (Auckland), Captain, Mrs and Miss Worap (Auckland), Mr C. J. Saunders (Waikato), Mr and Mrs Chas. Buddle (Auckland), Mr A. Aitken (Mata Mata), Miss Hewin, Mrs Devine, Mr Lysnar, Miss Boone, Mrs Wright, Mr Bailey.

Visitors during the past week at Okoroire Hot Springs Hotel were:—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chambers, Masters Chambers (2), Miss Chambers, Mrs. Chambers senr., Miss Nairn, Mrs. Julian, Mr. A. W. Read, Mr. H. McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs Bruce (H.M.S. Iris), Mr. Cyril Mahony Mr. R. W. de Montalk, Mr. and Mrs Thornton Jackson, Mr. Brodie, Mr. Culpan, Mr. Lane, Mr. Harding, Miss E. Thomson, Mr. Duncan, Mrs. C. A. Whitney, Masters Whitney (2), Miss Whitney, Mr. F. Cooper, Masters Pittar (2), Miss E. Pittar, Miss Gleeson, Mr. J. Williamson, Mr. W. Boak (Auckland), Mr and Mrs E. C. Drury, Mr. and Mrs Noble, Mr. G. W. Sare, Mr. Heywood (Hamilton); Mr. R. Alexander (Cambridge); Mr. McDonald (Masterton); Mr. Geo. Crosbie, Master Crosbie (Paeroa); Dr. Endletsberger (Mata-mata); Miss J. M. Chrystal (Gisborne); Mr. E. Clifton, Mr. Kirkcaldie (Wellington); Mrs. Keep, Miss Keep, Mr. A. D. Campbell (England); Mr. and Mrs. White, Miss White, Mrs. Vohr, Miss Vohr, Mr. T. C. Cushton (Melbourne); Mr. W. Georgetti (Wanganui); Mr. W. Hunter Smith (Sheffield, England); Mr. T. Parker (Cambridge).

HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE.

Miss Dean has been on a holiday visit to Dunedin. Miss Reynolds, of Gisborne, is on a visit to Hawke's Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Moeller have returned to Napier from a visit to Wellington. Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, of Hastings, has left to reside in Auckland. Miss Ellison, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Hawera. Miss Fletcher, of Napier, is on a visit to the South Island. Miss S. Dinwiddie has returned to Napier from a visit to Dunedin. Miss Dobson, of Christchurch, is spending some weeks in Napier. Miss McVay has returned to Napier from a visit to the country. Miss Webb, of London, is on a visit to Napier. Miss Rudman, of Napier, has returned from a visit to Wellington. Mrs. Williams, of Wellington, is in Napier for some weeks. Mrs. Williamson, of Wellington, is in Napier for a few days.

Miss Burnett, of Woodville, has been in Napier for a fortnight. Mrs. H. Smith has returned to Napier, after spending some weeks in the South. Dr. and Mrs. Ronald, of Napier, are spending a fortnight in Taupo. Mrs. Bethune, of Hastings, has been in Napier for a week. Mrs. Morgan, of Napier, is in the country for some weeks. Miss McDonald, of Napier, is on a visit to Gisborne. Mrs. Campbell, of Auckland, is visiting friends in Napier. Mrs. Innes has returned to Napier from a visit to Wellington. Mrs. Bowen, Napier, has been spending several weeks in Wellington. Mrs. H. Cato has returned to Napier after spending some weeks in the country.

TARANAKI PROVINCE.

Miss Ruth Marchant (Timaru) is visiting her relations in New Plymouth. Mrs. David Syme has returned to Eltham after spending a few weeks with Mrs. William Bayly, of New Plymouth. Mrs. Carte, of Wellington, is now on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Davey, of New Plymouth. Miss Travers, who has been the guest of Mrs. Penn, New Plymouth, has returned to Wellington. Mrs. Duncan, of Wellington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Kingdon, of New Plymouth. Mrs. Fitzherbert has returned to her home in Levin after paying a visit to Mrs. Chaney, of New Plymouth. Miss Ada Cunningham has left New Plymouth for a trip to Dunedin, Christchurch and Wellington. Mrs. Quilliam, of New Plymouth, is the guest of Mrs. Brownlow Horrocks, Auckland. Mrs. Thomas King, who has been visiting Stratford, has returned to New Plymouth. Mrs. Christie, of Wanganui, is staying with her mother, Mrs. Reginald Bayley, of New Plymouth.

WELLINGTON PROVINCE.

Miss Moore, of Wanganui, is staying in Wellington for a visit. Mrs. Cowper, "Kukuta," Wanganui is visiting relations in Dannevirke. Mr. R. Stevenson, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in Nelson. Miss M. Chatfield, Wellington, left for England by the Athenic. The Misses Chaytor, Spring Creek, are paying a short visit to Wellington. Mrs. Stott is back in Wellington after several weeks at Rotorua. Mrs. F. Fisher is back in Wellington after a short visit to Masterton. Miss Shand has returned to Dunedin after a stay in Wellington with her sister, Mrs. Monro, at Hataitai. Mr. and Mrs. Bidwill have returned to the Wairarapa, after a stay in Wellington. Miss Hooper has returned to Sydney after a stay in Wellington with Dr. Agnes Bennett.

Dr. and Mrs. Acland, of Christchurch, were in Wellington for a few days before leaving for the Old Country. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod are back in Wellington after a holiday trip spent in Australia. Miss Una Williams is in Wellington again after some weeks spent in Auckland. Mrs. and the Misses Harding, Wellington, have taken a country residence at Otaki for some time. Miss Grace Harcourt is back in Wellington after a stay of some weeks in Christchurch. Mr. and Mrs. Cotterill, of Westport, who have been staying in Wanganui with Mrs. John Anderson, have returned home. Miss D. Christie, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Rangitikei and the Wairarapa. Mrs. Fletcher Harrison, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to friends in Feilding.

Mrs. Peel, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Dannevirke, where she was present for Miss Knight's wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Young and Miss Simpson are back in Wellington after a trip to Masterton for the tennis tournament. Mr. and Mrs. W. Levin, Greatford, Rangitikei, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Levin, Palmerston, were in Wellington lately for a week or so. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Lane are leaving Kelburne, Wellington, for Western Australia, where they intend to reside in Perth. Mr. David Hutton, of Wanganui, left Wellington by the Marama to join the Oratava at Sydney, on a trip to the Continent. Miss Coates is back in Wellington after a round-the-world trip, which included a lengthy stay in Japan, where her nephew, Mr. Noel Nelson, is now living.

SOUTH ISLAND.

Mrs. Duncan Cameron has arrived in Christchurch from England. Miss Size (Dunedin) is staying with friends in Christchurch. Mrs. Cobham (Christchurch) has gone for a trip to Melbourne. Dr. and Mrs. Westera, who have been camping at the "Selwyn River," have returned to Christchurch. Mrs. Mrs., and Miss Dawes (London), who are in Christchurch, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Stead, "Strowan." Mrs. and the Misses Sanders (Christchurch) have returned from their trip to Auckland. Mr. and Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Rhodes at Otahuna, Canterbury. Mrs. and the Misses Kettle have returned to Christchurch from Dunedin where they were the guests of Sir James and Lady Mills.

The foundation of lifelong ill-health may be laid for young girls by failure to keep their strength and health up to normal. Stearns' Wine is best for them because it is a true tonic.

The Collage, which is built in the highest part of Remuera, is an ideal spot for a Boarding School. The grounds are ten acres in extent, and laid out in playing fields, lawns and shrubberies. Boarders have the use of a good school library, gymnasium, dark room for photography, carpenter's shop. Their comfort and well-being is made the first consideration in the house.

TELEPHONE 808.

KING'S COLLEGE AUCKLAND BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

VISITOR: Rev. Wm. Beatty, M.A. (Vicar of St. Mark's, Remuera)

HEADMASTER: C. T. Major, M.A., B.Sc. With First-Class Honours in Mathematics and Math. Physics. Bachelors Degree Mathematical Scholar U.C. of N.Z.

ASSISTANT MASTERS: A. PLUGG, B.Sc. (Victoria Col., Eng.) F. STUCKEY, M.A. (Univ. Honours, N.Z.) R. L. BUNCLAIR, B.A. (Trin. Col. Dublin) R. H. BAYLY (Univ. of N.Z.) J. E. FAGAN, B.A. (Trinity Col., Dublin) W. F. BALHAM (Univ. of N.Z.)

No. of Boarders limited to 60, Day Boys to 120. Prospective on application to Messrs. Upton & Co., or per Principal.

NEXT TERM BEGINS MONDAY, 10th FEBRUARY, 1908.

The Curriculum includes all these subjects required for the University and Civil Service Examinations. There is, in connection with the College, a well-equipped Science Laboratory.

All boys, unless specially exempted, are required to play Cricket and Football, and to enter for gymnastics and school sports.

The Religious instruction is under the direction of the Visitor.



No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be Inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

ENGAGEMENTS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lyon, of Geraldine, to Mr. H. Orbell, of Timaru, South Canterbury.

The engagement is announced of Miss D. I. Ewen, youngest daughter of Mr. L. B. Ewen, of Matangi, to Mr. S. Ferguson, accountant to the Farmers' Auctioneering Co., Hamilton.

The engagement is announced of Miss Musgrave Angus, of Sentinel-road, Ponmugrove Angus, of Sentinel-road, Ponsonby, to Mr. Arthur G. Stokes, youngest son of Mr. F. F. Stokes, Sarsfield-street, Ponsonby.

Orange Blossoms.

FARRELLY—O'CONNOR.

A brilliant wedding came off in Hastings last week, when Mr. J. H. Farrelly, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Farrelly, of Heretaunga-street, joined hands in marriage with Miss Nora O'Connor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Connor, of County Tipperary, Ireland. Although the wedding was celebrated as early as 8.30 a.m. the church was filled with friends of both parties, as well as the general public. The Very Rev. Dean Smyth celebrated nuptial mass, during which the young couple were united in matrimony. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph McGlone, looked exceedingly pretty in crystalline over white satin, trimmed with Maltese lace and wearing the usual wreath and orange blossoms. She also carried a white flower shower bouquet. She was attended by Miss Lena Aldridge, niece of the bride (chief) and Miss A. Farrelly (sister of the bridegroom), both dressed in white embroidered muslin, with hats en suite and carrying shower bouquets of clematis and maiden-hair brooches set in rubies and pearls, gifts fern, and both young ladies wore gold from the groom. The mothers of the bride and bridegroom were also present at the ceremony, dressed in black silk with lace trimmings. The duties of best men were carried out by Mr. Willie Farrelly (brother of the bridegroom). At the conclusion of the service the wedding party were entertained with true Irish hospitality at the residence of the bride's parents, a marquee having to be erected to accommodate the guests. The health of the bride was proposed by Mr. Farrelly, senr. Subsequently the happy couple left by motor car en route for Auckland and Rotorua. The presents were most valuable and numerous, including many cheques.

ROLLS—MOGRIDGE.

A very pretty wedding which excited a good deal of interest took place at St. Augustine's Church, Napier, the contracting parties being Miss Florrie Mogridge, second daughter of the late Mr. W. Mogridge, and Mr. H. Rolls, third son of Mr. Mark Rolls, both of Port Ahuriri. The Ven. Archdeacon Ruddock was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Mogridge, looked charming in a navy blue tailor-made costume and white hat with ostrich plumes. The bridesmaids were Miss A. Mogridge, sister of the bride, and Miss Emma (Topsy) Rolls, sister of the bridegroom, who were prettily attired in cream silk muslin dresses, with pale blue

hats. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. B. Spiller as best man. After the ceremony, the happy couple left by the express en route for Wellington, where the honeymoon will be spent. They were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents.

RYBURN—WALLACE.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gavin Wallace, Te Puke, when Mr. Martyn H. Ryburn, fifth son of Mr. R. N. Ryburn, of Remuera, Auckland, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Wilson Wallace, second daughter of Mr. Gavin Wallace, of Te Puke, the marriage ceremony being performed by the Rev. W. Gillies, of Tauranga. Miss Christina Wallace attended her sister as bridesmaid, whilst the duties of best man were carried out by Mr. Allan Ryburn. After the conclusion of the ceremony the guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding breakfast, when the customary toasts were proposed and duly honoured. At 1.30 p.m. the happy couple left by coach for Tauranga, where they joined the s.s. Ngatiawa for Auckland, en route to Wanganui, where the honeymoon will be spent. The newly wedded couple carry with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends in the Tauranga and Te Puke districts for a happy, long and prosperous married life. Mr. and Mrs. Ryburn will take up their future residence in Te Puke.

UPTON—PIERCE.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre last week, when Miss Florence Pierce, daughter of the late G. P. Pierce, was married to Mr. Percy H. Upton, son of Mr. J. H. Upton, of Auckland. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Calder, assisted by the Rev. Herbert Reeve. Mr. Rice, organist of St Sepulchre's, presided at the organ. The Chancel was tastefully decorated for the occasion with white flowers and greenery. The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a lovely gown of soft white nixon over glace profusely trimmed with ruchings of fine Valenciennes lace, the belt, embroidered in silver, was finished with streamers of pin-tucked nixon, edged with lace terminating in silver tassels, tulle veil, and an exquisite shower bouquet of white asters and sweet suitans completed her toilette. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethna Pierce and Miss Nellie Upton who wore dainty frocks of white muslin inserted with Swiss embroidery and Valenciennes lace, white ribbon cinatures finished at the back with buckles embroidered in silver, becoming hats of fine white straw wreathed with masses of hydrangeas, shaded from deep blue to the palest pink, and they carried perfect shower bouquets of deep blue hydrangea and delphiniums. Mr. Upton was attended by Mr. Parker Upton as best man, and Mr. V. Masenfield acted as groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a diamond and sapphire pendant, and the bridesmaids' souvenirs were necklets of turquoise matrix joined by fine gold chain. After the ceremony a reception was held at Beckleigh, Khyber Pass, Mrs. Pierce receiving her guests in a handsome black silk toilette with V-shaped vest of white satin and lace. Mr. and Mrs. Upton subsequently left to spend a few days at the Lake prior to leaving by the Manuka for Sydney on Monday, Mrs. Upton wearing a dainty gown of pale blue nixon with square vest of tuck net, effectively outlined with cream insertion, edged with blue velvet, and a smart Tuscan straw hat trimmed with large rosettes of blue and black lace.

HARDEY—ALLEN.

A pretty wedding took place at the historical chapel of St. John's College, Tamaki, Auckland, on January 14, when Miss Allen, of Onehunga, was married to Mr. George Harold Hardey, of Parnell. The bride, who was given away by Mr. Shaw, of Ponsonby, was attired in dainty white silk, and was attended by her sister and niece as bridesmaids. Mr. H. Dawson officiated as best man. The Rev. Mark Sutton performed the ceremony. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in the Waikato. They were the recipients of many handsome presents, as well as cheques from their numerous friends.

ATKINSON—YOUNG.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Peter's Church, Wellington, on the 21st January, when Miss Ruby Young, youngest daughter of Mrs Andrey Young, was married to Mr Robt. W. Atkinson, of the Agricultural Department. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. J. H. Young (Sydney), wore a dainty gown of soft white silk, transparent yoke, and sleeves trimmed with mechin lace, tulle veil, and wreath of lilies of the valley, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bridesmaids, Miss Freda Goodman (niece of the bride) and Miss Annie Atkinson (sister of the bridegroom), wore white mousseline dresses, trimmed with lace and insertion, and large white crinoline hats, and carried shower bouquets of palest pink sweet peas and red roses; also gold bangles. Mr. W. Atkinson acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson left for the North. The bride's travelling dress was of blue-faced cloth, large black crin hat lined with pale blue, and trimmed with black plumes.

TOMLINSON—SQUIRE.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Michael's Church, Waimea West, Nelson, on January 14, when Mr. William Arthur Tomlinson, third son of Mr. Frederick Tomlinson, engineer, of Waimea West, was married to Miss Lavinia May (Vinnie) Squire, youngest daughter of Mr. John S. Squire, of "Tukurna," Collingwood. The bride, who was given away by her father, was daintily attired in a dress of cream silk crepe de chine, and wore the usual veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. Miss Mabel Bell, the only bridesmaid, wore a dress of cream silk lustre, with hat to match. Mr. Arthur Squire, brother of the bride, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. S. Lucas. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mrs. A. W. Peters, sister of the bride, after which the bride and bridegroom left for their future home in Nelson. The presents were numerous and valuable.

SHAW—SHEA.

At St. Joseph's, Wakefield, Nelson, on January 22, Mr. James Shaw, of Blenheim, was married to Miss Kate Shea, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shea, of Wakefield, Rev. Father Clancy officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, was very becomingly dressed in cream voile, trimmed with chiffon and silk. She wore the orthodox wreath and veil, and carried a pretty bouquet of white flowers. The bridesmaids were the Misses Bertha, Eileen and Dorris Shea (sisters of the bride), and her niece, Miss Irene Atkinson. They wore exceedingly pretty muslin dresses and white hats. Mr. Lester, of Blenheim, and Mr. F. Shea were best man and groomsmen. The guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Shea at afternoon tea in the very pretty bush near the house, where a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. The numerous and valuable presents bore ample testimony to the popularity of the happy couple and their parents.

MARSHALL—ALEXANDER.

A pretty wedding was celebrated in St. Paul's Church, Kawakawa, on the 22nd inst., the contracting parties being Mr B. Marshall and Miss Amelia R. Alexander. The Rev. R. Boler officiated, and Miss Stephenson played the Wedding March. The bride, who looked charming in a cream silk dress trimmed with deep silk chiffon lace with lace insertion and the customary veil and orange blossoms, was given away by her brother, and was supported by Miss B. Marshall and Miss M. Wallace as bridesmaids, dressed in white muslin and wearing pretty blue hats and carrying handsome bouquets. Mr. J. Georgeon as best man, was in attendance on the bridegroom. The church was filled with local residents and friends of the parties from Russell. After the ceremony was concluded, the happy pair left in an open carriage drawn by four cream-coloured ponies (driven by Mr. F. Marshall), amidst showers of rice and accompanied by the good wishes of all their friends.

CLIFTON—NETTLINGHAM.

A pretty wedding was celebrated last week in the Anglican Church, Hastings, by the Rev. Mr Hobbs. The contracting parties were Miss Emily Nettlingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Nettlingham, and Mr. Richard Clifton, of Havelock North. The bride, who was attired in a neat tailor-made travelling dress of bottle green, was attended by her sister, Miss Ellen Nettlingham, dressed in white muslin, with hat to match. Mr. B. C. McCormick discharged the duties of best man, and, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the newly-wedded couple drove to the railway station and left for Wanganui to spend their honeymoon on the river, amidst the congratulations and good wishes of their large circle of friends.

NATHAN—COHEN.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Cohen daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Neville D. Cohen, of "Liverynug," Elizabeth Bay, and Mr. Charles Nathan, son of Mr. Arthur Nathan, of Auckland, N.Z., took place at the Great Synagogue, Sydney, on January 22. The ceremony was performed by the Rabbi, the Rev. Francis L. Cohen, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wolinski. The bride was given away by her father and wore a beautiful dress. Mr. David Cohen, cousin of the bride, acted as best man, the bridesmaids being the bride's sister, Miss Edna Cohen, the bridegroom's sisters, Miss Gwen and Miss Stella Nathan, Miss Jules Cohen, Miss Nina Cohen, and Miss Gwen Marks, cousins of the bride, and Miss Molly and Miss Betty Levy. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Cohen afterwards held a reception at "Liverynug," where they entertained about 200 of their friends. The guests were received in the drawing-room, breakfast being served in a large marquee erected in the garden. A feature of the decorations was the numerous little silver shoes filled with orange blossoms. The presents were very numerous, and included a case of silver and cutlery from the firm of A. Nathan and Co., of Auckland. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. I. W. Levy, Mrs. A. Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. George Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs Orwell Phillips, Mr. Barret Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. R. Teece, and Miss Teece, Mr. and Mrs. Orwell Phillips, Mr. Barret Cohen, Mrs. L. Moss, Mrs. Frances L. Cohen, Mr. Norman Cohen, Miss May Benjamin, Mrs and Miss Baxter Bruce, Mrs and Miss Asher, Mr. and Miss Currie Elles, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Davis, Mrs. Read, Mrs. Baar, Mrs. and Miss Whiting, Miss Tully, Miss B. Marks, Mrs. S. and Miss Marks, Mrs and Miss Whiting, Mr. Albert Phillips, Mr. Tallerman, Mrs. Davis and Mr. L. Philip.

HUGHES—MCDOWELL.

At Riversdale an interesting wedding took place on January 17th, says the Gore "Standard," when Miss Fanny Rachel McDowell, second daughter of Mr. R. McDowell, of Riversdale, was married to Mr. William Henry Hughes. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Mr. MacInnes. The bride was given away by Mr. C. E. Clutterbuck (her uncle). She was attired in a dress of cream embroidered voile trimmed with cream figured guipure braid and silk lace. She wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and also carried a lovely shower bouquet. The bride was attended by two bridesmaids—Miss Rose McDowell and Miss Eva Marshall (cousins of the bride)—who were dressed in cream figured delicate dresses trimmed with lace and ribbons, and carried pretty bouquets. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. J. Stewart as best man, and Mr. T. Carter as groomsmen. The bride's going-away costume was of navy blue face cloth trimmed with cream lace cloth and cream figured braid, and a cream chip straw hat trimmed with cream silk ribbon and pale blue ostrich tips. The happy couple left by the afternoon express, amidst showers of rice, confetti, and good wishes, en route for Queenstown, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The presents were both useful and valuable.

DOUBLE WEDDING AT RUANUI.

A very interesting ceremony took place yesterday at Ruanui (says the "Taiahapū Times" of January 27th) when the first double wedding in the district was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Bremner, Miss Margaret Jane Bremner being married to Mr. E. C. G. Beard, of Greytown, and Miss Ruth Evelyn Gowdy, of Ruanui, being married to Mr. J. E. Hitchcock, of Wellington. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Percy Wise Clarkson, vicar of the parish.

The brides, who looked very charming in white silk and lace, were attended by Miss Julia Bremner and Miss Minnie Gowdy, while the bridegrooms were supported by Mr. N. Bremner and Mr. Julius Jackson. The large dining-room was crowded to excess during the tying of the nuptial knot, with well-wishers from all parts of the district. The reception, which was held in a marquee, was attended by about sixty people. The Vicar proposed the health of the respective brides and bridegrooms. The toast in honour of the parents was proposed most appropriately by Mr. J. F. Studholme, of Ruanui, who spoke of the sterling worth of both Mr. Bremner and Mr. Gowdy as settlers, who had done valuable service in that part of the country for nearly twenty years. The occasion was a most convivial one, and the happy couples left amid many good wishes and much mirth for their honeymoons. If all the good wishes are but half fulfilled their futures should be a succession of sunshine. A dance was held in the evening, which was heartily enjoyed by a large company.

FOSTER—TAPLIN.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on January 15th, at the residence of Mr. John Hayes, Dixon-street, Masterton, when Mr. David Foster, son of the late Mr. Joseph Foster, of Tinaru, was married to Miss Alice Taplin, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Taplin, of Tauern. The bride, who was given away by her cousin, Mr. Arthur Taplin, was attired in a pale cream silk dress with the orthodox veil and wreath. She carried a showy bouquet of maiden hair ferns and cream roses. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Amy Taplin as bridesmaid, attired in a cream voile dress with hat to match. Mr. George Wishart acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. N. Buttle. The presents received were numerous and costly.

SUMPNER—BENNETT.

The wedding of Miss E. L. Bennett to Mr. B. Sumpner at St. Luke's on January 22, was a ceremony that created a good deal of interest, and popularity of the contracting parties was apparent in the number who attended (writes the Oamaru "Mail"). The service, which was conducted by the Ven. Archdeacon Gould, was full choral, Mr. J. G. Finch acting in the capacity of organist. The bride, who looked particularly pretty in a gown of white chiffon, was given away by Mr. J. Patterson, the bridesmaids being Miss W. Sumpner and Miss Bennett, who wore pretty frocks of floral muslin. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. Davies.

GILL—PRICE.

At St. Peter's Church, Wellington, on January 28, Miss Mabel Price, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Price, of Upper Willis-street, was married to Mr. Frederick G. B. Gill, youngest son of Mr. W. Gill, manager of the Wellington branch of the Alliance Assurance Company. The bridesmaids were Miss E. Price, sister of the bride, and Miss E. Gill, sister of the bridegroom. Mr. C. Oswin acted as best man, and Mr. S. J. W. Gill as groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. McLaverty. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents in Upper Willis-street.

Unlike other headache medicines (Cearns' Headache Cure does not cause that stupid druggy feeling. It always cures headaches and is as refreshing as a night's good sleep.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

ANTIDRIPSO will destroy all desire for whisky, beer or liquor. It is a tasteless, odorless powder and can be given in food or drink without the patient's knowledge. Write for further particulars, sent post free in plain package.

J. W. COPITHORNE,

Department J., Ingestre Street, Wellington.

The Graphic Free Stereoscopes

Stereoscopes for use with the pictures sent out weekly with the Graphic are supplied GRATIS

To Annual Subscribers

and should be applied for on Subscribing or Renewing Subscriptions. Application should be forwarded to the Manager.

Society Gossip

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, February 4.

I promised you quite a lengthy epistle this week. I am glad to say that I shall not have to disappoint you. The

GARDEN PARTY GIVEN BY HIS EXCELLENCY AND LADY PLUNKET

last Tuesday was an altogether delightful affair. The weather was perfect, a wee bit warm perhaps, but one could always find a shady place under the trees on the lawn, and there were most delicious ice creams to assist in the cooling process. We were received by their Excellencies at the edge of the lawn, and afterwards we wandered about the grounds at our own sweet will, tea was served in the ball-room, a splendid idea, was it not? as it prevented all crowding. Of course, there were heaps of people one knew there, but I missed many familiar faces whose owners no doubt are still away holiday-making. Now, for a few of the pretty gowns worn: Lady Plunket was charmingly gowned in a white lawn gown profusely inserted with Broderie Anglaise hat with drooping shaded blue oglaie, pale blue waistband, and a beautiful plume; Hon. Miss Plunket was attired in a pretty black and grey striped marquisette, with lace vest, black hat, wreathed with shaded roses; Miss Williams wore a lovely semi-Empire gown of ficelle cloth, with net and lace vest and sleeves, and a folded cincture of gold tissue, large picture hat of Copenhagen blue straw, with a long blue ostrich feather; Mrs. Bamford was gowned in a pretty toilette of myrtle green chiffon taffeta, relieved with cream lace and touches of velvet, small black toque; Mrs. Bedford, lovely black chiffon taffeta, brightened with touches of salmon pink, black plumed hat; Mrs. Benjamin, dainty grey and black striped gown, relieved with pale blue, black hat; Mrs. Arthur Baker wore an effective toilette of stone grey silk, with white vest, black hat, with Bird of Paradise plumes; Mrs. Hughes, white inserted lawn, worn with a black hat; Miss Ella Brigham, pretty white muslin, white Leghorn hat, with a large white ribbon bow; Mrs. Abbott was effectively gowned in white, with hat en suite; Mrs. Pritt, handsome black silk toilette, and black plumed hat; Miss Brodie, dainty sea blue muslin; Mrs. F. E. Baime, charming gown of black and white striped marquisette, relieved with touches of pale blue, black hat; Mrs. Beale, white embroidered lawn, worn with a black hat; Miss Beale, white, with a floral chiffon shoulder scarf, hat draped with a flowing black and white veil; Madame Boeufve wore a dainty toilette of pale grey striped ninon, smart hat to correspond; Dr. Eleanor Baker, pretty floral muslin inserted with lace, black hat; Mrs. Ball, black chiffon taffeta, with white vest and revers, black hat; Madame Burchard was gowned in a mouse grey toilette, and wore a small white rose wreathed hat; Lady Campbell, effective gown of black and white ninon, cream

bonnet toned with black velvet and finished with clusters of buttercups; Mrs. Cheeseman, black chiffon taffeta, with white guimpe, black plumed hat; Miss Isabel Clark, very pretty black and white pink striped silk, with velvet cincture, white and black picture with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Corbett, black and white toilette, and black toque; Mrs. Colgrove, dainty striped toilette, with white straw hat; Mrs. Cutler (Dunedin) was strikingly gowned in a sapphire blue and white striped silk, black picture hat; Mrs. Dargaville, very handsome black embroidered Louisiana silk mounted on white glaze; black toque; Miss Muriel Dargaville, very pretty chime silk frock, toned with pale pink, hat to match wreathed with roses; Mrs. Devore, handsome toilette of grey and black silk, cream and black bonnet, brightened with shaded roses; Mrs. Collins, dainty floral ninon, with finishings of smoke-blue velvet, black hat; Mrs. Douglas, black taffeta, relieved with white, black hat; Miss Douglas, pretty mousseline gown and Leghorn hat wreathed with roses; Miss Dunnet wore a striking heliotrope and white toilette, with hat to match; Mrs. Dyer, black and white costume, relieved with touches of pale blue, black hat; Miss Dyer, heliotrope and white floral muslin, with heliotrope silk cincture, Tuscan hat; Miss Fenton was wearing a floral ninon gown, with a black hat; Mrs. Savage, very pretty mignonette green chiffon over taffeta, plumed hat of same shade; Miss Ferguson, brown floral muslin, inset with cream lace, hat en suite; Miss — Ferguson was wearing a pretty glass lawn gown, and a brown hat; Mrs. S. Thorne George was charmingly gowned in black chiffon taffeta, with cream lace vest, outlined with touches of pale blue, white and black toque; Mrs. Gorrie, handsome black silk gown, softened with lace, black bonnet; Miss Pearl Gorrie, dainty white inserted muslin, rose-wreathed Leghorn hat; Mrs. Glenny wore black, with a black and violet hat; Mrs. Angus Gordon, black and white striped Marquisette, small black plumed hat; Miss Geddes was in a pretty white frock and a Leghorn hat; Mrs. Guinness was effectively gowned in pearl-grey, and wore with it a becoming white hat; Mrs. Heather wore black; Miss Heather was strikingly gowned in deep rose pink; Mrs. Hazard, white gown and a small floral hat; Miss Isaacs was prettily frocked in a heliotrope and white striped silk, and wore a black picture hat; Mrs. Keesing, a very pretty grey check silk toilette, with a smart hat en suite; Miss Keesing was dainty in a pink floral muslin, finished with chime ribbon bands, white and pink hat; Miss Gill, pale grey gown and a black plumed hat; Mrs. Keesing, grey and black check silk gown, with a small green hat; Mrs. Lence, very handsome black silk toilette and a black and white bonnet; Mrs. Leckie wore white tucked silk, with ivory insertion, black picture hat; Mrs. Seeger wore a Nattier blue silk toilette, encrusted with ecrú lace, hat en suite; Mrs. Suggate, ivory silk gown, inserted with lace, small green hat; Mrs. J. P. Stevenson, striking pink embroidered frock, with hat to correspond; Mrs. Steels, black chiffon taffeta, toned with white, hat to match; Miss Steele, white, white hat with large white bow; Miss Lusk, cream cloth skirt, with a guipure lace blouse, black straw hat; Mrs. Lyons, black chiffon taffeta, toned with white, black picture hat; Mrs. Harry Marsack, pretty cream costume, with white and floral trimmed hat; Mrs. Arthur Marsack, black chiffon taffeta and black hat; Mrs. Louis Myers, handsome toilette of black and white silk, bonnet to match; Mrs. Arthur Myers wore a beautiful crepe de chine gown, over shell-pink glaze, pink hat with drooping ostrich feathers; Mrs. Mills, charming grey silk toilette, with a white vest, black hat; Miss Mills, effective pink striped caubric gown, black hat with large white crush rose; Miss W. Menzies, pretty white tucked silk, green straw hat; Mrs. MacCormick, white embroidered lawn gown and black hat; Miss Marjorie McCormick, pretty white muslin; Miss Roie Nathan, very pretty embroidered Swiss muslin gown and white Cloche hat; Mrs. Pollea, crushed raspberry Marquisette, with cream yoke, outlined with black, black plumed hat; Mrs. Payton; Miss Payton, dainty white muslin and a white hat; Mrs. Prickett, black open-work canvas gown, mounted on green glaze, black bonnet; Miss Prickett, pale green; Mrs. Pritt, black silk and black plumed hat; Mrs. Rathbone, black solienne, with cream lace yoke and chiffon taffeta and black plumed hat; Mrs. Rayner, beautiful gown of embroidered

WANTED, a domestic, essay duties, 2 in family. Apply Mrs. Bargeyne Owen, St. Mark's-rd., Remuera.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the eleventh day of December, 1907, in an action of Rey and others on behalf of themselves and all other Members of the Chartrouan Order and others, against Lecouturier, George Idle Chapman and Company, Limited, W. H. Garrett and La Compagnie Freres de la Grande Chartreuse, the Court of Appeal directed that the Plaintiffs were entitled to an injunction to restrain the Defendants, their Servants and Agents, from using the word "Chartreuse," in connection with the sale of Liqueurs other than those manufactured by the Plaintiffs as the name of or as descriptive of the liqueur or without clearly distinguishing the liqueurs so sold from the liqueurs manufactured by the Plaintiffs, and an injunction to restrain the Defendants, their servants and agents from selling or offering for sale in this country any liqueur or other liquors not so manufactured in such a manner as to represent or lead to the belief that the liqueur or other liquors manufactured or imported or sold by the Defendants are the manufacture of the Plaintiffs.

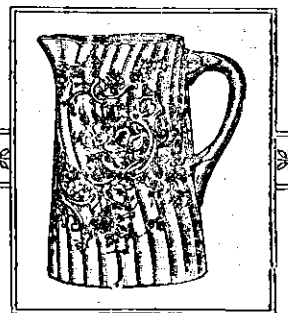
AND NOTICE is further given that if any one shall sell or offer for sale as "Chartreuse" any liqueur other than that manufactured by the Peres Chartreux immediate proceedings will be taken against them.

Dated this 12th day of December, 1907.

HOLLAMS, SONS, COWARD & HAWKESLEY,

Solicitors for the above-named Plaintiffs.

The Shop FOR Presents!



Our ALTERATIONS are now COMPLETED and we have fully stocked our shop full of Novelties to suit everyone for the XMAS SEASON.

WE CLAIM to have the best assortment in Auckland of Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, Trinket Sets, Epernes, Full Sets, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Table Silver, with Ornaments and Figures galore.

Call upon us at our Showrooms

MAXWELL & MONTAGUE
280 QUEEN ST.
(Right of Smith & Carter.)

GILBERTSON'S DAIMLER MOTOR CAR

Visitors to Rotoman should enquire for Mr. Gilbertson's 400 cc. hp. Daimler Car. All Rights of District visited.
This is by far the best and quickest way of travelling and the cost is avoided.
Don't forget to travel by Gilbertson's Daimler Car when visiting Rotoman.

HAIRS ON THE FACE — Ladies! My New Hair Remover is absolutely the latest scientific discovery for the cure of this disgusting blemish. Sent post free in sealed wrapper, 4/6. — MISS HEMSLER BURNETT, Skin and Hair Specialist, 48, George-street, Dunedin.

silk grass lawn, with Oriental design, hat tin; Miss Stubbs wore white, with a white to match; Mrs. Spicer, pretty white muslin; Miss Ida Thompson, very pretty Ciel blue mousseline, with pale blue hat to match; Miss Towle wore a pink and white striped silk, with hat en suite; Mrs. Upton, rich black silk toilette, and black hat; Miss Nellie Upton, white inserted muslin, white hat trimmed with hydrangea blue; Miss Alice Walker was strikingly gowned in grey silk, and wore a black picture hat.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

HELENSVILLE.

Dear Bee, Jan. 31.
Glorious sunshine, a large attendance, and record entries were the main factors in making the Helensville Show of 1908 a record one in every respect. Every train from town was packed with visitors, and in the afternoon there must have been nearly 3,000 persons present at the show grounds. One of the chief features of the show was the exhibition of home industries and garden produce, noticeable chiefly for the large quantities of flowers, fruits, preserves and cakes shown, to say nothing of the art and fancy work, which was of a very high order of merit indeed. During the day the many competitions in the ring were watched with great interest, not the least interesting being the ladies' riding, jumping and driving events. I am sorry to have to relate that some young ladies from town quite put their country cousins in the shade with their splendid horsemanship. Highland dancing attracted many people, and the skirl of the pipes and the picturesque costumes of the "kilties" lent a touch of colour to the scene.

In the evening the annual show dance—quite the social event of the year—was held in the Foresters' Hall. About three hundred people were present, and notwithstanding the warmth of the evening all seemed to fully enjoy themselves. The floor was all that could be desired. Amongst those present I noticed:—Miss Smith wearing cameo pink crepe de chine; Miss J. Smith wore pale blue silk; Mrs. Mansfield, cream cologne silk; Miss B. Stanaway, shell pink crepe; Miss E. Stanaway, white surah silk with Empire sash; Miss Cowden, pale blue delaine; Miss Winnie McLeod looked very pretty in ciel blue silk with cream silk berthe; Miss Donovan, flame coloured voile; Mrs. Kelly wore black voile relieved with cream Torehon lace; Miss J. Bradley, cream silk crepon with scarlet centre; Miss Hafford, looking very dainty in daffodil tinted satin, relieved with old lace, with a pretty spray of souvenir roses en coiffure; Miss O'Hara (Auckland), pretty cream ninon, elaborately trimmed with bebe ribbon; Miss Glover, white kimono bodice, white linen skirt; Miss Hardy, soft white soie de chine; Miss Killop (Auckland) cameo pink taffetas; Miss Newman, electric blue crepe de chine with chiffu lace insertion; Mrs. Morris, white Japanese silk; Miss R. White, pretty soft muslin over pink silk; Miss Curtis, turquoise blue silk prettily frilled; Miss Sherriff, white Duchesse satin with spray of Marshall Ney roses on corsage; Mrs. Finch, shell pink figured delaine, black silk skirt; Mrs. A. Z. Lambert, Venetian green Indian muslin relieved with Honiton lace; Miss Campbell, pink silkette, kimono blouse; Miss Morgau, canary poplin with motifs of Irish lace and chiffon; Mrs. Cash, eau de Nil coraline daintily shired; Miss Hazel Rousell was charmingly attired in abeintbe muslin over silk of same hue; Miss Beeroff, white silk, kimono blouse with spotted chiffon sleeves; Miss Foster, lace gown, blouse daintily ruched with Valenciennes lace; her younger sister was in vieux rose silk with bretelles of Maltese lace; Miss McNaughton (Auckland), dress of cream silk with embroidery yoke and sleeves; Mrs. Walker (Auckland), black and white figured delaine; Mrs. Evans, cherry coloured voile.

Among the gentlemen were Messrs Dye, Hand (2), Newman, Stewart, Naughton, Jones, Walker, de Ronzy, White (2), O'Keefe, Bradley, Foster, Kelly and Bell. Messrs John Hand and Jas. Newman officiated as M.C.'s, and Meredith's Orchestra supplied the music. An excellent supper was provided by the ladies.

MAUREEN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, February 1.

The Domain presented a gay scene on Anniversary Day, when the

SOUTH AUCKLAND BOWLING ASSOCIATION

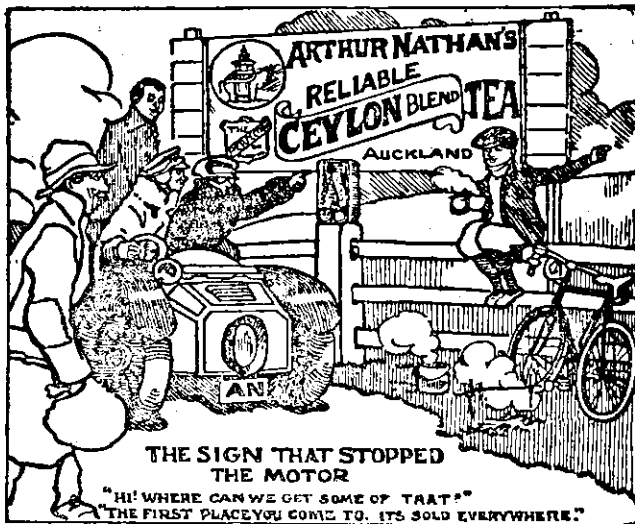
held their fourth annual tournament. Seven clubs were represented—Cambridge, Hamilton, Paeroa, Karangahake, Rotorua, Waihi, and Te Aroha. Everything had been done by the local bowlers to make the meeting a success, and the green was in splendid condition. Shortly after 9 a.m. on Wednesday morning the visiting bowlers were welcomed by the President, Mr. T. Wells. The weather was glorious, and in the afternoon there must have been between 200 and 300 people present. A committee of ladies worked very hard during the three days of the tournament, providing morning and afternoon tea to the bowlers, which was much appreciated. Two marquees had been erected for the occasion. On Friday evening the Paeroa team won the pennant, and four gold medals. The runners-up were the Karangahake team. The President, in presenting the trophies, made an appropriate speech, and said it was decided that next year the runners-up should also receive medals. The meeting next year will be held at Paeroa. Amongst those ladies present on Wednesday I noticed Mrs. Hammond in a tabac brown silk voile gown with cream vest and under-sleeves with touches of pale blue velvet and hat to match; Mrs. Taylor, heliotrope and white, cheek voile, and black toque with black plumes; Miss Taylor, cream voile with transparent yoke of creme lace, old rose-coloured straw hat trimmed with black tulle and grasses; Mrs. Kissing (Auckland), black costume, black hat; Miss Kissing (Auckland), creme frock, pale blue dust coat, creme hat; Mrs. James Hally, white embroidered linen, chiffon scarf, and black crinoline hat trimmed with plumes; Miss Hally, white linen frock, floral sash, cream straw trimmed with roses and foliage; Mrs. Buckland, black chiffon taffeta with creme vest and undersleeves, bodice trimmed with black and white silk applique, moss green and pink toque; Miss Brigham, white linen Eton coat and skirt trimmed with pale blue strappings, white Lughorn hat with painted chiffon scarf; Mrs. Roberts, white Teneriffe worked gown, white crepe de chine scarf, and white and black chiffon toque with black and white feathers; Mrs. R. J. Roberts, grey muslin trimmed with white lace, white painted chiffon scarf and black hat; Mrs. A. H. Nicoll, white muslin gown and black picture hat with black and white plumes; Mrs. Edmunds, blue and white striped linen, and white linen hat; Mrs. C. Hunter, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, and white linen hat; Mrs. Cameron, white muslin gown and Tuscan straw hat with black plumes; Miss Wells, white embroidered linen frock and creme net hat with large pink rose and black velvet ribbon; Mrs. A. Hosking (Auckland), black costume, black bonnet trimmed with cream; Miss Hosking (Auckland), white muslin, green straw hat trimmed with white and green; Mrs. Edmunds, white muslin and black picture hat; Mrs. A. Souter, creme costume and hat to match; Mrs. Brooks, black and white costume, grey dust coat and black bonnet; Miss Brooks, white muslin and blue hat; Miss Jessie Brooks, creme striped lustre with creme hat trimmed with floral ribbon and grasses; Mrs. R. Fisher, bronze brown silk with toque to match; Miss Gwynneth, grey Eton coat and skirt, white silk vest and grey hat with bows of striped ribbon, the Misses Bond (Te Awamutu), white linens and white hats; Miss McGovern, mauve print and white hat; Miss Storey, pale blue print, white hat; Miss Mandeno, pale green print and white hat; Miss Nixon, green and white print and white hat; Miss Clark, pale blue print and white hat; Miss Jeffries, grey gingham and gem hat; Miss E. Hill, white muslin and white hat with roses.

On Thursday evening Mrs. James Hally, of Valmal, gave

A SMALL MUSICAL EVENING, which was most enjoyable. The drawing-room looked gay with lovely flowers arranged everywhere. Last Wednesday

A LAWN TENNIS MATCH was played between the Te Awamutu

PIP! PIP!! PIP!!!



THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

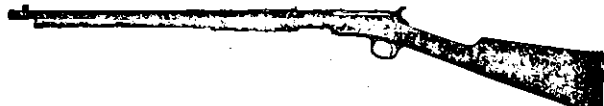
HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—
CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS, nearly - - - - - £4,850,000

ANNUAL INCOME, nearly - - - - - £900,000

Rates Low. MONEY TO LEND ON FREEHOLD PROPERTY. AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COLONY.
SEND FOR PROSPECTUS. Bonuses Large.

J. KEW HARTY, DISTRICT MANAGER, QUREN STREET, AUCKLAND.
ORTON STEVENS, Manager for New Zealand



WINCHESTER

MODEL 1906 .22 CALIBER
Extra Light Weight Repeating Rifle

The biggest value in a .22 caliber repeater ever offered. It's made well, shoots well and will stand good hard use like all Winchester rifles. It's cheap in price but not in quality.

ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU ONE.

Jub and the Cambridge Club. It was a very close match. The local team won eight matches, and scored 89 games, and the visitors won 7 matches and scored 87 points. **ELSIE.**

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, January 30.
In spite of the extreme heat, tennis players, also croquet players, are most energetic here at the present time. Saturday week has been fixed for the match between Kaiti and Whataupoko.
Gisborne is socially very quiet just now, such a number being away, probably to escape the heat.
Mrs. Symes (Gisborne) gave

AN AFTERNOON TEA

for her sister (Mrs. O'Bryen Hoare, Christchurch) on Friday last. Tea was served in the dining-room, the table looking very dainty decorated with white flowers, and large green linen leaves being used instead of a table centre. The guests were entertained in the drawing-room and on the verandahs. During the afternoon songs were rendered by Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Stephenson, Mrs. Lusk, and Mrs. Symes, and on the verandah a very good graphophone helped considerably to the entertainment and enjoyment of the guests. Mrs. Symes made a charming hostess, and wore a blue check silk, trimmed with real lace and velvet; Mrs. Stephenson, blue and red check silk trimmed with silk Spanish point; Mrs. O'Bryen Hoare (Christchurch), white broche blouse, white cloth skirt; Mrs. Kennedy, most becoming costume of black flowered voile over black glaze, large black picture hat trimmed with pink roses, and long ostrich feathers; Mrs. Stock, black glaze, cream hat with crown of roses; Mrs. Lusk (Napier), very smart gown of black and white muslin, trimmed with bands of black glaze silk, black lace and pale blue satin. Leghorn hat covered with sweet-peas; Mrs. Kels, cream voile costume trimmed with lace, flowered hat; Mrs. Gray, cream voile trimmed with brown and pink, stylish cream and brown hat; Mrs. Lysaar, grey blue glaze, flower and net hat; Mrs. Pyke, lawn and brown costume hat to match; Mrs. De Latour, handsome gown of black silk, hat with feathers; Mrs. Hughes, pale grey voile, cream and black hat; Mrs. Morgan, heliotrope and white muslin trimmed with bands of heliotrope velvet, white and lilac hat; Mrs. Gould, pale blue linen, cream hat; Mrs. Sainsbury, very smart black and white costume trimmed with narrow black velvet, black hat; Mrs. Burke, grey silk, hat trimmed with shaded roses; Mrs. Sherratt, green mousseline de soie, net underyoke and sleeves, hat trimmed green and cream tulle; Mrs. Arthur Rees, brown check silk costume, hat to match; Mrs. Parker looked very stylish in brown and cream striped muslin over silk, cream and brown hat; Miss Schumacher, pale blue check silk, trimmed with velvet, large straw hat trimmed with owers and feathers; Miss Seal (Napier), very charming dress of pale pink mousseline de soie, pink hat trimmed with floral ribbon and flowers; Mrs. Blair, dainty white muslin trimmed with embroidery, white hat with flowers; Mrs. W. Barker, embroidered apple green silk, green hat trimmed with pink flowers; Mrs. Waehmann, pale grey and white muslin, hat to match; Mrs. Broderick, white linen, black and white hat; Mrs. Porter, white linen coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Willis, white embroidered linen, green hat swathed with green tulle; Mrs. Black, black flowered delaine, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Morrison, pale blue muslin trimmed with white embroidery, pale blue and white hat; Mrs. Pitt (Auckland), cream striped chiffon over silk, large white hat with feathers; Mrs. Bennett, cornflower blue voile, trimmed with black, black hat.
A great number of people from Gisborne visited Wairoa for the

WAIROA CARNIVAL

Amongst the number being Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lysaar, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Lysaar, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas, Mr. F. Seymour, Miss Seymour, Messrs. A. F. Kennedy, J. M. Gouldsmith, W. L. Clayton, N. Blair, and Carmichael. **ELSIE.**

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, February 1.
A crowded house, their being only a standing room, greeted the appearance of J. C. Williamson's **BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.**

A few of those I noticed among the audience were. Mrs. Cole, in black silk and white lace; Misses Cole (2), white silk, pale pink sashes; Miss Hamilton, black silk, cream scarf; Mrs. Fookes, black mervueilleux, white lace scarf; Mrs. Home, black chiffon taffeta, white lace berthe; Miss Wade, navy blue muslin, cream lace insertion; Mrs. Fookes, black mervueilleux, beautiful white point lace berthe; Mrs. Kerr, black chiffon taffeta, sequin trimmings; Miss M. Kerr looked handsome in white crepe de chine, yoke of tiny frills of Valenciennes lace; Mrs. Les Nolan, black chiffon taffeta, most effective kimono shoulder straps of white satin, with black French knots; Mrs. Avery, black silk and white lace; Miss A. Avery, pink silk, kimono shoulder straps of green velvet; Miss Renell, dainty white chiffon taffeta blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Quilliam, pale blue blouse, black skirt; Miss Quilliam, cream chiffon taffeta, cream lace berthe, pale blue belt; Mrs. W. Bayly, black eolienne; Miss Bayly, black chiffon taffeta, cream lace scarf; Miss C. Bayly was much admired in white chiffon taffeta, pale pink opera coat; Mrs. Bewley, black silk trimmed with cream guipure lace; Miss Bewley, white muslin; Mrs. Penn, black net; Miss Travers (Wellington), black net, pale blue silk scarf; Miss E. Penn, pale pink muslin; Mrs. Paul, handsome black lace frock over glaze; Miss Brown, black silk, white lace; Mrs. Rollo, pale pink silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Bradbury, white silk; Mrs. Alec Hill, pink and blue flowered silk; Miss Mackay, cream embroidered muslin; Miss Olive Mackay, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs. Oswin, cream silk blouse, cream skirt; Mrs. Kirkby, white silk blouse, black skirt; Miss E. Davies, cream silk; Miss Cornwall, white embroidered silk blouse, black voile skirt; Miss V. Kirkby, cream silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Hanna; red muslin trimmed with bands of black glaze; Miss N. Hanna, pale pink muslin, cream lace yoke; Miss E. Rennell; Mrs. Harry Goldwater, white silk blouse, trimmed with cream lace, threaded green bebe ribbon, black skirt; Miss Stouidard, pale pink blouse trimmed with guipure lace, black skirt; Miss O. Kelly, white embroidered muslin; Miss V. Simpson; Miss E. Simpson, pale pink silk; Miss B. Webster, flowered voile; Miss J. Webster, white muslin; Mrs. Arnold Jones, white silk blouse trimmed with cream insertion, black skirt; Miss A. Brewster, white muslin.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, January 31.
Last week Mrs. Griffiths gave **A FAREWELL TEA**

in honour of her sister, Mrs. John Ballance, who has been spending some months with relations in New Zealand, and is now returning to England. Delicious afternoon tea was served on the lawn, and during the afternoon several games of croquet were played. Amongst those present were: Meadames Griffiths, Ballance (England), F. Hatherly, Gordon, Stevenson, Peake, Christie, Barnicoat, Foreman, Millward, Broad, B. Taylor, Stewart, Spenser, Misses Pratt, Taylor, Stanford, Owen, Reichart, and Richmond.

One of the largest audiences ever seen in the Opera House assembled on Thursday, January 30, to witness J. C. Williamson's new comedy company in

"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS."

Amongst those present were: Mrs. Saunders, in a becoming pale cream chiffon taffeta gown, with lace; Mrs. Abbot (England), smart black silk frock, with sleeves and vest of chiffon and lace; Miss Inlay wore a black silk gown, with wide berthe effect of cream lace; Mrs.

Lomas, white glaze frock, with overskirt of black net, and lace tucker of tulle and transparent lace sleeves; Mrs. Inlay Saunders, palest blue green chiffon taffeta, with sequin net on her corsage, and short puffed sleeves; Mrs. Atkinson, black silk gown, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. A. Sheriff wore a becoming white glaze gown, with overskirt of gauged net, and fichu of cream silk lace on her shoulders; Mrs. Poison, black silk gown, with cream lace; Mrs. Mackay, cream satin frock, with lace on her corsage; Mrs. J. Foster, black silk, with bands of jet trimmings, and straps of old gold satin; Mrs. Pattle Izett, black silk and net gown, with white feather boa; Miss McNeill, pale maize satin frock, with berthe of lace, and spray of shaded roses on her corsage; Miss Stanford, pale pink silk frock, with berthe of cream lace; Miss O. Stanford, black silk gown, with net on her corsage, and wreath of pink shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. F. Harrison, black silk gown, with wide berthe of cream lace; Mrs. H. Nixon, cream satin frock, with bolero of coarse cream lace, and short puffed sleeves; Miss Nixon, pale pink silk, with overskirt composed of tiny frills of Valenciennes lace and insertion; Mrs. Hope Gibbons, black silk, with cream lace; Miss Gibbons, white silk frock, with pale blue ribbons; Mrs. Barnicoat, brown and pink floral silk gown, with white chiffon on her corsage, and under sleeves of the same; Mrs. F. Hatherly, cream silk frock, with lace; Mrs. Dr. Anderson, black chiffon taffetas gown, with jet on her corsage; Mrs. Todd, black chiffon and bordering of jet; Miss Todd, pale pink silk gown, with lace and chiffon; her sister wore a pale blue chiffon taffetas frock; Mrs. John Stevenson, beautiful cream chiffon frock over silk, with crimson and hand-painted flowers and foliage, the kimono sleeves and straps edged with crimson velvet; Miss Stevenson, white silk frock, with lace; Miss Gresson, pale blue silk, with fichu effect of tiny Valenciennes lace; Mrs. A. E. Kitchen, white satin gown, with lace, spray of crimson flowers in her coiffure; Miss Willis, black chiffon taffetas, with wide cream lace berthe, and old rose flowers in her hair; her sister wore a white silk frock, with frills of the same material; Mrs. Hughes Johnston, pale grey silk gown; Mrs. Greenwood, white silk blouse, with lace, black skirt; Mrs. Patterson, turquoise blue silk blouse, with bands of black velvet, black silk skirt; Mrs. Hole, white silk frock; Mrs. A. Izard, white embroidered net gown, with vandykes of black velvet ribbons; Mrs. H. Lethbridge (Wanganui), black silk gown, with fichu of lace; Mrs. R. Lethbridge (Taranaki), black silk, with yoke and sleeves of black transparent lace; Miss Ross, white silk gown, with lace; Mrs. Peel, black and white evening gown; Miss Cowper, white muslin frock, with straps of shaded blue floral ribbon; Miss Oliver, pale blue floral muslin gown, with lace and insertion; Miss D. Christie, white silk gown with lace and insertion; Mrs. J. Taylor wore a black silk gown, with tucker of folded white chiffon; Miss W. Anderson, white silk gown; Mrs. Baddeley, black silk costume, with lace and chiffon. **HUIA.**

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, January 31.
Gaiety is still the order of the day but at last there are signs of a calm. **SATURDAY'S RACES**

were attended by a great many people, but the dresses worn by the ladies were not so elaborate as on the two previous days. However, I noticed some pretty frocks, among the wearers being: Mrs. S. Harcourt, in lilac crystalline, with lace, yoke, white and mauve hat; Mrs. Maccartney, mauve tulle, with chemisette of ecru lace and net; Mrs. K. Duncan, embroidered linen, hat crowned with roses; Mrs. Herbert, ivory crepe de chine, with kimono bands of satin, hat with feathers; Mrs. Tringham, pale blue chiffon voile, with a Pompadour design, white hat wreathed with cornflowers; Miss Laing-Meason, mauve linea, green hat with roses; Miss Harcourt, white crystalline, and white hat with feathers; Miss Stuart, pale blue taffeta and hat wreathed with roses; Miss D. Johnston, rose du Harri eolienne, cloche hat of the same shade, wreathed with roses; Miss Stafford, pale grey-blue Eton costume, hat with pink and mauve flowers.

SKIN AND SCALP DISORDERS CURED

Man Was Rapidly Losing Hair—Another Member of Family Suffered with Eczema of the Hands for Ten Years—Both Happy to

TESTIFY TO EFFICACY OF CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I have great pleasure in giving particulars of two complete cures derived from the use of the Cuticura Remedies.
"In my own case, for more than six months I was suffering from disorder of my scalp and in consequence was fast losing my hair. I was advised to give Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment a trial, which I luckily did. I adopted the treatment prescribed and at the end of one month was completely cured. It was at the beginning of 1908. Since that time my hair has been restored to its normal state, and no further outbreak has occurred, and whenever I have had the opportunity I always recommend the Cuticura Remedies.
"A member of our family periodically suffered for nearly ten years from dry eczema on the hands. The fingers and palms split and cracked everywhere at the slightest movement. At such periods they were most painful as well as quite useless, and gloves were always obliged to be worn. Every possible remedy was tried, besides medical advice, blood mixtures, ointments, soaps, etc., some of which gave slight relief for a time, but never permanently. Finally, she was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, which we are thankful to say effected a complete cure, as she has had no recurrence of the trouble for the last three years. We are most happy to testify to the efficacy of the Cuticura Remedies in similar cases. Edward Allen, 65, Denmark Road, South New-wood, S. E., March 26, 1906."

A SINGLE SET Of Cuticura Remedies

Consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to heal the skin, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, to cool and cleanse the blood is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Deposits: London, 27, Chancery Lane; S. Africa, Durban, 10, Victoria (Lid.); Cape Town, Natal, etc.; B. K. Paul, Cuticura, Fort-de-France, Martinique.

Free-Trade, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

TESTIMONIAL
Dear Sirs,
I enclose 1/6 for a jar which please send to above address.
Yours faithfully,
Klondyke
August 7, 07
Messrs Geo W. Wilton & Co. Ltd.
"Sydal"
is the registered name of
WILTON'S HAND EMOLLIENT
Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per Jar.

"THE LODGE,"

HEREFORD-ST., CHRISTCHURCH
ONE OF THE MOST UP-TO-DATE AND COMFORTABLE PRIVATE HOSTELRIES IN NEW ZEALAND.
SPECIAL RATES FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS AND BOWLSERS.
Proprietress: MISS B. NAIK.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Coming at an unusual time for

A DANCE,

that given by Mrs. W. H. Levin (a well-known hostess of former days) was particularly enjoyable. The Sydney-street Hall was effectively decorated, the music was excellent, and there was a most tempting supper. Among the guests were many naval officers. Mrs. Levin wore black sequined lace over white satin; Miss Levin, pretty frock of shell-pink chiffon; Miss R. Levin, pale blue chiffon taffetas, with frills of fine lace; Mrs. W. Levin, white satin, trimmed with pink, overdress of white and silver sequined net, with touches of pink on the bodice; Mrs. A. Duncan, white brocade; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black lace, over white glaze; Mrs. C. Crawford, handsome gown of pink faille, with raised embroideries, in faint colours; Miss Harcourt, floral chiffon; Miss G. Harcourt, blue chiffon taffetas; Mrs. H. Johnston, maize chiffon taffetas, bretelles and sash ends of black velvet; Miss Cooper, pale green silk; Mrs. Houston, white silk and lace; Miss Brandon, white glaze; pink roses; Miss M. Brandon, white silk eolienne; Mrs. Pearce, black brocade, white lace berthe; Miss M. Pearce, founcoed chiffon; Miss Duncan, pale green crepe de chine; Miss Izard, white satin and lace; Miss Rubi Seddon, white chiffon taffetas, with touches of pale blue velvet; Miss Fitzgerald, pink satin; Mrs. Duncan, black embroidered chiffon; Mrs. Cooper, black brocade and Honiton lace; Mrs. Larnach, opal-tinted brocade; Miss Higginson, pale pink silk; Miss G. Reid, emerald green silk eolienne, hemmed with velvet.

Lady Ward, president of the Ladies' Branch of the

VICTORIA LEAGUE,

kindly placed the grounds of Awarua House at the disposal of the League when the members decided to give a garden party in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford. In spite of the drought, the garden was bright with flowers, and the scene on the lawn was charming, the big trees making a delightful background to the many pretty dresses. Music was supplied by a string band. Lady Ward was in white chiffon, with a hand-painted design of pink and pastel blue, the colours being repeated in her hat; Mrs. Kennerley Rumford wore a picturesque dress of vieux-rose crepe-line, with a long trained skirt, the bodice having a vest and revers of handsome Irish guipure, hat of vieux-rose taffetas, with a sweeping ostrich feather of the same shade; Mrs. Grace, black chiffon taffetas, with ruffles of ivory lace, black and white toque; Mrs. Larnach, sage-green voile, with vest of lace; hat with shaded flowers; Mrs. Luke, grey glaze with touches of black velvet, black and white toque; Mrs. Corrigan, grey taffetas with lace vest and sleeves; Mrs. Grady, black taffetas and black and white toque; Mrs. Hislop, black taffetas, black and mauve hat; Mrs. Harris, pompadour chiffon, with pale green bretelles, hat with black tips; Lady Stout, black and white striped silk, with bretelles, and a vest of Irish guipure, black and mauve hat; Mrs. O'Connor, black chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Fulton, dull green silk, and black toque; Mrs. Fitchett, black and white striped radium silk, hat with roses; Mrs. Laing-Meason, black chiffon taffetas, with revers of handsome embroidery, black toque; Miss Laing-Meason, white broderie Anglaise, hat with roses; Mrs. Harcourt, mauve crystalline, and hat with tips; Miss Harcourt, white crystalline, black and white hat; Mrs. Prouse, brown poplin and shaded brown hat; Mrs. Fisher, vieux-rose eolienne, hat wreathed with roses; Miss Scully, black and white striped muslin, black hat; Mrs. Gilmer, black lace over ivory glaze; Mrs. Herbert, cream eolienne and green hat; Mrs. McEwan, chine silk, with pale green revers, picture hat; Mrs. Stafford, black and white lace dress; Mrs. Ewen, grey and white crystalline and black toque; Mrs. Seaton, blue chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Ward, dull purple taffetas, and black hat; Mrs. Watson, olive-green voile, with a satin stripe, green hat; Mrs. Tole (Auckland), black chiffon glaze; Miss Joseph, tussock-coloured Marquiette, with horizontal bands of Oriental embroidery, with touches of gold, brown hat with roses; Mrs. Burnett, olive-green eolienne, with ecru lace yoke, black toque; Mrs. Izard, grey checked tweed and rose-trimmed hat; Miss Prouse, brown taffetas changeant, white hat with shaded feathers; Miss R. Seddon, white embroidered muslin and lilac hat.

OPHELIA.

Dear Bee, January 31.

A SMALL TENNIS PARTY

was given on Tuesday by Mrs. J. C. Palmer, of Gloucester-street. The players were Mrs. Beale, Miss Symes, the Misses Moore (2), Mrs. Palmer, Miss Deane, Miss Harley, Miss Merton, and Miss Janet Ogle.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA

given last Friday by Mrs. F. Waymouth, Fendalton, amongst others present were Mrs. J. J. Kinsey, Mrs. de Vries, Mrs. Appleby, Mrs. Coleridge Farr, the Misses Wilson, Miss Berkeley, Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Price, and Mrs. Harvey. Afternoon tea was served on the verandah, and a very pleasant time was spent, without having to rack one's brain with puzzles or competitions of any sort—quite a novel experience now-a-days.

A DANCE

was given on the same evening by Mrs. G. G. Holmes, "Knocklynn," Halwell. The Christchurch guests, who were driven out in drags and motors, included: Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Dr. Cook, the Misses Cook (2), Misses Mather (2), Miss Duncan, Miss Jameson, the Misses Loughrey (2), the Misses Ferguson (2), Miss D. Holmes (Rakaia), the Misses Latter (2), Misses Wilson (2), Miss Murray, Messrs. Williams (2), Murray, Holmes (Rakaia), Guthrie, Jameson, Bloxam and Down, Mrs. Holmes was handsomely gowned in black crepe de chine, relieved with lace. Dancing took place in a large marquee, which was gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, and the floor was an excellent one for dancing.

Mrs. H. H. Loughnan

HAD A CHARMING TENNIS PARTY

at Avonside last Saturday, when some excellent sets were played. The guests were: Mrs. Michael Campbell, the Misses Campbell (2), Miss Symes, Miss Cracroft Wilson, Miss Poulton, Miss Butterworth, Miss Cuthbert, Miss Thomas, and Miss Cook, Messrs. Thomas, Day, Brittain, Lawrence, Cook, Nancarrow, Murray and Trolove.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

in honour of Mrs. D. E. O'Rourke was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Wardrop, Hereford-street. Some of those present were: Mesdames Rhodes, Kettle, Denniston, Abraham, Wigram, and Gould.

MADAME ALIDA LOMAN

gave her final concert on Friday evening at the Choral Hall, when there was a very large attendance, a few of those present being: Mesdames Pyne, Harper, Loughnan, Harley, Nancarrow, Beale, Cooper, Stringer, Clark, Bealey, Fox, Rose, H. Reeves, Cox, Deans, Rhodes, Stead, Kettle, Symes, Wilson and Denniston.

MADAME CLARA BUTT'S FIRST CONCERT,

which took place in His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday evening was a brilliant success. The theatre was filled to excess and several people were even seated on the stage. Amongst the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Mr. and Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, Mrs. Moorhouse, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, the Bishop and Mrs. Julius, Judge and Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Abraham, Mrs. John Deane, Miss Deane, Miss Somerville, Mrs. Symes, Mr. Beauchamp Lane, Mr. Buckley, Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. and Miss Greenstreet, Mr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Loughnan, Mrs. Randal, Mrs. Malet, Mrs. and Miss Wilding, Mrs. J. B. Way, the Misses Way, Miss Cook, Dr. and Mrs. Crooke, Mrs. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

AT MRS. WILSON'S "AT HOME,"

given this week at Bealey Avenue, as a farewell to Miss B. Wilson, who is leaving Christchurch for a trip to England by the "Athletic" to-day, amongst the guests were: Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Carey-Hill, Mrs. Waymouth, Mrs. Quane, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Miss Jameson, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. and Miss Reece.

DOLLY VALE.

C-B. TAILOR-MADE C-B. CORSETS.

Are the most successful corset design ever created.

C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets enhance the beauty of a perfect figure, while they improve ordinary figures out of all recognition.

C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets are the elixir of elegance, smartness, refined distinction and comfort.

Light as air, yet guaranteed to outlast two ordinary corsets.

In 50 different styles.

A single test has convinced thousands of women that here is a type immeasurably superior to all other straight-fr. net corsets.

OBTAINABLE IN ALL STYLES FROM ALL PROGRESSIVE STORES.

If any difficulty in procuring the correct style, write for book of types to:

J. E. NEWPORT, BONS & Co.,
Finders Lane, MELBOURNE.

A. E. WITTEY,
75, York Street, SYDNEY.

J. BUNTING,
Central House, Hobson St., AUCKLAND, N.Z.



COMPLEXION TREATMENT

AT THE VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE.

All the benefits of modern Face Massage may be obtained here under the direction of Mademoiselle HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the Russian Skin and Complexion Specialist. The Valaze Institute is fitted with every latest appliance for the permanent removal of Moles, Growths, Double Chins, Superfluous Hairs and other facial blemishes.

But it is not only for the treatment of such serious disfigurements as these that the Valaze Massage Institute exists. Face Massage, as practiced here, will be found exquisitely soothing and refreshing. In the round of social pleasures that crowd upon women who live in the City, an occasional visit to the Institute will work wonders in one's skin, and in strengthening tired nerves and muscles. While in the case of ladies who live in the Country, results which are just remarkable in their improving effect can be secured by a course of treatment indulged in when a visit is being paid to Town. Nor need there afterwards be any recess, for invaluable instruction in the home preservation and cultivation of a fine complexion and a beautiful face is always most carefully imparted.

Valaze will make you as Nature intended you should be—Beautiful!

An almost perfect complexion is within the reach of every woman, in spite of the ravages that worry, occupation, or the approach of age have wrought upon her. For Valaze is a Skin Food—actually a food—not merely covering up blemishes for the moment, but nourishing those delicate tissues that lie beneath the skin, so that permanent beauty of complexion is ensured. Valaze will soothe the most sensitive skin, and will both preserve present beauty, and restore it when lost. The coarsest skin must yield to its gentle influence. Valaze is positively guaranteed to remove Freckles, Wrinkles, Sunburns, Eczema, Saltness, and Itchings. Price, 4/- and 8/- a jar. Post free.

The Valaze Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists, or direct from
Mlle. Rubinstein
THE VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE, Brandon St., Wellington.

THE VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE,
Auckland Branch; Representative—Mrs Col Bus, City Chambers, Queen-st.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.

Circular Pointed Pens.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Seven Prize Medals.

Works: Birmingham, England.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.



THE FINAL TOUCH OF PERFECTION,

CEREBOS SALT

Agents—L. D. Nathan and Co., Ltd., Auckland.

Books and Bookmen

"THE ELIXIR OF LIFE," William Satchell. London: Chapman and Hall, Limited.

The declining birth-rate, together with the recognition of the heroic efforts that scientists are making to stamp out hitherto incurable diseases, would seem to have furnished the subject for this remarkable book, which readers will find difficult to take seriously, though it is sufficiently evident that the author intends the book to be taken seriously. From time immemorial the inventor or propagandist of a new thing, idea or scheme, has been deemed by his fellows as more or less mad, yet has lived to find that judgment revoked. And he would, indeed, be a foolish man that would declare positively that it is outside the realms of possibility that an antidote should be discovered that should not only wipe out hitherto incurable diseases, but should render man hereafter immune from that and lesser diseases. But an elixir that shall give immortality to man is beyond man's skill to discover. And in this assumption madness lies. Immortality belongs to the gods, and is in no wise a human aspiration, and especially a sexless immortality on earth. The scenes are laid partly on the high seas, on which the *a. a.* Waima was ploughing her way from England to New Zealand, via Teneriffe, the Cape and Tasmania (having on board a full complement of passengers, chief amongst whom were the characters of this story), and partly on a fictitious island somewhere between the Cape and Tasmania. The voyage had been an eventful one, what with the death of a consumptive saloon passenger, the suicide of his brother—who had also inherited the fell disease, and had deemed it less cowardly to die by his own hand than to live a burden and a menace to the living, though his death left his only sister and relative alone and comfortless—and a case of insanity in the steerage. After leaving the Cape the Waima had met with bad weather, the violence of which had caused the destruction of her propeller. After drifting for some weeks, during which some very pretty comedies had been taking place on board, the Waima goes ashore on the island before mentioned, and during the enforced stay on this island the climax of the story is reached. The ship's doctor, Alan Vincent, had long been conducting a series of experiments on bacteriology with a view to the perfecting of a serum which he claimed would render humans immune from disease. While on the island several of the passengers had trapped some little animals which Vincent recognised as being marsupials. Singularly enough the animals proved to be neuters, and though a great many others were found, not one of them proved to be perfect male or female. Vincent then proceeded to experiment on them, and finding them immune from disease, though he injected the most deadly diseases into their bodies, came to the conclusion that as death and disease came in with sex, so will disease cease to be when humans become sexless. And in the declining birth-rate he assumes that nature is preparing the way for a sexless population who, through immunity from disease, shall become immortal.

"Just now," he said, apparently going off at a tangent, "you spoke of the serum as a universal germicide, but it is only incidentally a germicide; that is, perhaps, after all, one of the least of its functions. You know that in the old days of chivalry it was the practice of knights to champion certain persons, even occasionally ideas; you remember the case of the champion of the crown, who throws out his challenge at the coronation. Well, that is the idea I derive from the vital principle in this serum—a champion of life; something that is not merely capable of annihilating the creatures who make for death, but is itself beneficent, even life-giving. We know that there are many forms of bacteria which are innocuous to the human body, and that there are some, perhaps many, whose action is wholly beneficent. It is only a few steps forward to the conception of an organism immunitarily destructive of disorder, found to order as the planets are found to their spheres. There is nothing outrageous in the theory; nothing even improbable. How does the embryo in-

ally the same for several thousands of years, then, unless there was a time when these animals displayed to one another a ferocity they do not now possess, how rare must have been the happening of an accident sufficient to cause death. For, Philip, these creatures are not easily destroyed; their flesh heals with marvellous rapidity, and even the injection of poisons has no effect on them. However, that is the case as it stands for the indestructible virtue of the champion of life—at all events in their bodies. There remains the question of disease, if there be really such, which are not due to the presence of bacterial organisms from outside, but either to a sort of rebellion or incoherence of the natural cells; and here all we have to get upon is that significant little variation between your temperature and the normal. There may have been a rise of my own temperature, but, if so, it was of short duration and unnoticeable; the effect, therefore, is not a general one. Something must cause a variation in your case; something must be going on in your body, quietly and unobtrusively, yet persistently. What is it? Is it not possible that long dormant cells have been re-awakened with that spirit of order which they have inherited; that they are building up starved nerves, toning and tuning the whole body into the major key of life? Philip, do not build too strongly on the word of one who has ventured to dream beyond the limits of his reason, yet I will tell you now what I believe to be in store for you; weeks, probably months, perhaps even years, during which your temperature will remain as it is now; then, a gradual subsidence to the normal. But when that time is reached, there will not be a cell in your body that does not work in complete subservience to the well-being of the whole, and you will enjoy perfect health."

"Well, there is the theory; time only can prove it; but in the meanwhile we are not without evidence that is, at least, significant. In the first place, there is the complete, almost instantaneous, sterilisation of all disease cultures I have been able to experiment with; in the second, there is the rapid subjugation and ultimate annihilation of disease germs strongly established in a human body; in the third, there is the immunity, I might say, conferred by one injection of the serum."

Westland arrested him with a motion of his hand.

"What evidence is there of that?" he asked.

"Let me ask you a question in turn—Whence do you suppose I derived the serum injected into your veins a week ago?"

"From the little marsupials, certainly."

"You are wrong; it was prepared from my own blood. I took you I and experimented with disease cultures, previously inoculated with the serum. I told you that disease had failed to appear, but I did not add that the vital principle of the elixir had come into my body. I repeat that omission now. I say that one inoculation gives immunity, because it was the impossibility of getting a reaction in my own person that drove me to experiment with another; life-long because unless the organisms are capable of losing their vitality, they receive no power able to eliminate them from my body or yours."

"That is the most astonishing thing yet," Westland remarked.

"But now is the organism capable of losing its vitality because, if it is not, there must follow a consequence beside which the elimination of the disease—itsself a tremendous issue—falls into insignificance. The only answer we can get to this question is derived from an examination of the little marsupials; a consideration of the one singularity which distinguishes them from all other animals. We have found no perfect females. We have found no males. Why? Because in all probability there are none. Even if there be not absolutely the truth to-day, it will be so eventually, because Nature, lavish as she so often appears, is at heart a niggard. She never yet gave anything for nothing, and the moment the imperative need for any faculty or functional organ ceases, that moment does she begin to remove it. Consider the case of the banana: for unnumbered ages man has propagated the plant solely by seeds, and nature has repaid by removing the seed, but for the determination of man she would also have removed the fruit. Nature may be dull of sight for things near at hand; she looks only sidles towards a far horizon; but she is infinitely wise, and in the end nothing escapes her. These animals have not escaped her. What, then, is the interpretation of their physical peculiarity, their, probably universal, incapability of bearing offspring? The answer lies in one word—they are immortal."

Westland gave an exclamation of incredulity.

"Immortal, of course, in the restricted sense that they can only be destroyed by physical violence or starvation, itself a kind of violence," Vincent continued, calmly. "If there be on this island a curious, almost animal capable of catching and devouring them, we might have found the asexual union in exact proportion to the cunning of their enemy; but they have probably never known enemies, and for the work of nature may therefore have been comparatively rapid, and, as I say, it is in all probability completed. But if it be so, if there be no longer a creature amongst them capable of reproducing its kind, then we are up against a question, how long has it been so? Is it a matter of years or of centuries? Go back in your mind to that period in their history when nature's work, consequent on the development of the marvellous organisms in their blood, was only but completed; as many perfect animals were born as there were centers. The rest is a simple matter of the calculation of the chances. If all alike were only to be destroyed by violence, what kind of a period of time would have elapsed before every one of those perfect creatures had ceased to exist? Are we not forced to the conclusion that the age of every one of these animals now alive on the island must be reckoned, not in centuries but in thousands of years?"

"It would seem so," Westland admitted. "If the premises are correct, they may perish in the winter from the severity of the weather, but if that were so one would hardly expect to find them in such numbers as they actually are. No; unless for some reason the perfect animals were destroyed by the neuters, your conclusion seems inevitable; and in any event, whatever may be the age of the youngest, there must be some who were born in the beginning."

"Exactly; and if we suppose—which is not an unreasonable supposition—that the conditions of this island have been prac-

tically the same for several thousands of years, then, unless there was a time when these animals displayed to one another a ferocity they do not now possess, how rare must have been the happening of an accident sufficient to cause death. For, Philip, these creatures are not easily destroyed; their flesh heals with marvellous rapidity, and even the injection of poisons has no effect on them. However, that is the case as it stands for the indestructible virtue of the champion of life—at all events in their bodies. There remains the question of disease, if there be really such, which are not due to the presence of bacterial organisms from outside, but either to a sort of rebellion or incoherence of the natural cells; and here all we have to get upon is that significant little variation between your temperature and the normal. There may have been a rise of my own temperature, but, if so, it was of short duration and unnoticeable; the effect, therefore, is not a general one. Something must cause a variation in your case; something must be going on in your body, quietly and unobtrusively, yet persistently. What is it? Is it not possible that long dormant cells have been re-awakened with that spirit of order which they have inherited; that they are building up starved nerves, toning and tuning the whole body into the major key of life? Philip, do not build too strongly on the word of one who has ventured to dream beyond the limits of his reason, yet I will tell you now what I believe to be in store for you; weeks, probably months, perhaps even years, during which your temperature will remain as it is now; then, a gradual subsidence to the normal. But when that time is reached, there will not be a cell in your body that does not work in complete subservience to the well-being of the whole, and you will enjoy perfect health."

So ingenious are Mr. Satchell's theories that the reader (Agrippa-like) will be "almost persuaded" to believe. But man, in the aggregate, lives in the present, and a sexless world bereft of sweet chubby faces and the pattering of tiny feet, will have no charm for him, however the biped of the future may view sexlessness. The story closes with the safe arrival in port of the Waima and her passengers, half a dozen of whom, being inoculated with the perfected serum, or "elixir of life," are doomed to immortality, on this planet we presume, since Mr. Satchell does not promise them deportation. Of the principal male character, Vincent, the less said the better, except that he is patently an immortal as evinced by his absolute lack of morals. "Westland," who allowed himself to be experimented upon at the risk of his life, in order to benefit suffering humanity, is worthy enough, though decidedly eccentric in other matters, as is also "Street," the steerage passenger, who proved himself to be "the man of the hour" after the accident to the Waima. The rules framed by Street for the government of the settlement on the island are admirably conceived and as admirably carried out. In Street, Mr. Satchell has created a type which true Socialists are trying to discover. It is not possible to withhold a strong need of admiration for the ingenious arguments Mr. Satchell has adduced in favour of his theories. Nor has he neglected to point out the power for evil the possessor of an "elixir of life" would have if he were inclined to evil. In no case is the suggestion to be commended that life, even though burdened by disease, may be brought to an end untimely. Of the desire for premature death, Sir Edwin Arnold has said:

"Lest one long over-much to die,
And so lose purpose of earth."

Nor is the idea to be tolerated for a moment that because a man or woman has mated unwisely, that it gives him or her any right to break down the laws of God and the laws framed by man for the protection of society by the taking of another mate while the first is still alive, even though the consent of the first has been obtained, and to justify such second union in the name of love is to add insult to injury. Such specious argument as the following carries its own condemnation on the face of it: "To deceive the world where the deception involves no injury is the prerogative of the individual." Mr. Satchell will doubtless have read, "Our acts our witnesses are." If the principal female characters of this book are the type Nature is going to choose as the pioneers of the new immortality, well they deserve it! It is greatly to be regretted that a writer of Mr. Satchell's talent should not employ that talent to more useful purpose than the arrogating of the divine power to man, indicative though it may be of the trend of the thought of the age we live in. We are indebted to Messrs. Wildman and Argy for our copy of this extraordinarily interesting though untenable book.

DELTA.

"THE COMPANY'S SERVANT," B. M. Croker. London: George Bell and Sons.

Mrs. Croker has given us nothing better than this book, the plot of which, while not new, is admirably and naturally developed. The principal scenes are laid in Tanu-Kul and Ootacamund, Southern India, whither the hero, John Vernon, had drifted, hopelessly enough, after being banished from England, home and fortune with a charge of theft hanging over his head.

At the time the story opens, Vernon had been stationed for some years at Tanu-Kul, first as porter, but latterly as head guard on the Government Railway, and had earned the respect both of his superiors and his subordinates by the conscientious performance of his duties. He had at first hoped against hope that his cousin Lucilla, who was the real culprit, would clear his name and give him that chance he so longed for of entering the army. But Lucilla had made no sign, and Vernon had, as was usual with him, thrown all his heart into his work, displaying the same esprit de corps that had characterised his demeanour at Charterhouse and later at Sandhurst.

How Vernon narrowly escapes an unfortunate entanglement with a Eurasian, and how he makes the acquaintance of Beatrice Arminger—whom he eventually marries—is brightly and succinctly told by Mrs. Croker, from the beginning of the book to the end, where Vernon returns home, completely exonerated, and as the prospective heir of Lord Rotherham, his uncle.

Beatrice Arminger is an exceedingly pleasing creation, whether as the willful runaway from her frivolous stepmother, or as the defender of Vernon's honour. How far a man is justified in taking another's sins on his shoulders is worked out in this story, which must be read to be fully appreciated. Mrs. Croker is never more felicitous than in the depiction of Anglo-Indian life, and in "The Company's Servant" her readers will be more than satisfied that her pen has not outstripped their interest. Our copy is from Messrs. Wildman and Argy.

DELTA.

Open sesame.—Hunyadi Janos Water is the "open sesame" of the human organism. Speedy, sure, and gentle, it fulfils every indication in health and disease. It is a therapeutical arsenal in itself. Indispensable to millions of human beings all over the world.



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 your 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 hair. 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.

To be obtained at all chemists, stores, etc., throughout Australia.

The two sons of Mr. Chas. A. Finch, Ph. O. M.P.S., "Kuranda," Boyce St., Glebe Point, Sydney, N.S.W., were both cured of a very severe cough and cold with one bottle of Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery.

DELTA.

Health for the Home.

A WORD ABOUT THE EARS.

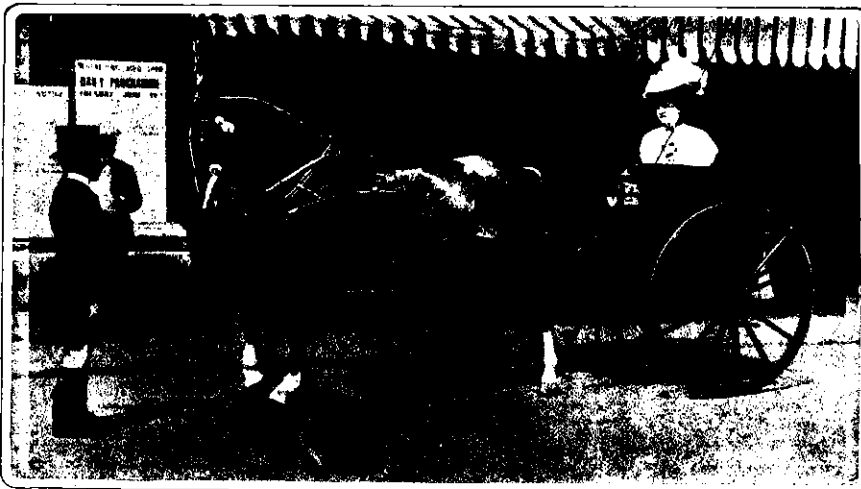
Of late days I have been struck with the large number of inquiries which reach "Lloyd's Newspaper" having for their object a request for information concerning common ear-troubles. In order, therefore, to reply to many readers I purpose to devote this article to the consideration of such ailments, hoping thereby to save some at least from suffering needlessly, and to warn others of the danger they incur in failing to obtain proper treatment at the hands of ear-specialists. The eye and the ear are organs which will not bear trifling with, and it is an act of supreme folly on the part of those who are afflicted with affections of either organ of sense, to delay in obtaining trustworthy medical opinions regarding their cases. The great pity of it all is that I read of cases which, allowed to drift on under home treatment, that is rarely of any service and often does harm, end in the loss of sight or in the destruction of the hearing powers.

By far the most common ailment of the ears for which advice is sought is the affection known as "running ears." There is little need to describe the symptoms of this trouble, for it is all too frequently represented in all grades of society. The main feature is that a discharge, usually of a very offensive na-



RIDING ASTRIDE.

The ungraceful but safe custom of ladies riding astride is gaining ground in England, in spite of precedent and convention. The two young ladies in the photograph are Miss Norah Wilmot and Miss Kathleen Wilmot, daughters of Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, of Bracknell, Berks, a very old family.



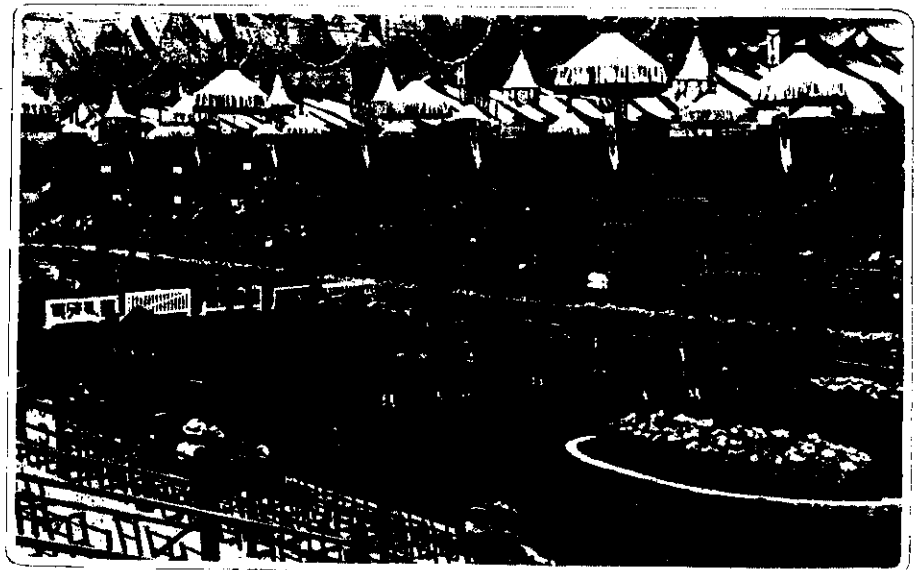
MRS. POTTER DRIVING MR. WALTER WINAN'S FIRST PRIZE PONY AMORELLE.

ture, occurs from one or both ears, a state of things which, if allowed to proceed unchecked, must result in the destruction of the ear-drum, and entail loss of the hearing-power, to say nothing of certain other results to which reference will presently be made. Ear-discharges may arise from various causes, the most common being earache or ordinary ear-inflammation, and the special troubles set up in the ear after or during the course of scarlet fever or measles. What happens in the latter case is that infection by the germs of the fever or by other germs associated with them, takes place from the mouth. Let us remember, first of all, that the ear passage is like a street without an opening at the foot of it. It is a blind alley, or cul-de-sac, for it is blocked, so to speak, by the "drum" of the ear. This is the delicate membrane which receives the waves of sound and transmits them to the inner ear, where they become modified, so that when sent on to the brain we can translate them into the sounds we appreciate and know. Clearly, if anything happens to prevent the ear-drum from vibrating, or if it is in any way injured or destroyed, the sense of hearing will be seriously affected or may be lost altogether.

From the other and inner side of the ear-drum a tube passes, to open on each side at the back part of the mouth. This tube is called the "Eustachian tube," after the anatomist who first described it. Its use is to equalise the pressure of the air on each side of the ear-drum, and thus to maintain it in a state suitable for discharging its duties. Now, when the throat infection occurs in scar-

let fever and measles, the germs gain access to this tube; they pass upwards to the inner ear, and there set up inflammation. As a consequence, "matter" or "pus" is formed, and this matter in time breaks through the ear-drum and comes to be discharged from the ear-passage. This is the ordinary history of a case of "running ears." We can readily see what this process of discharge will mean to the drum. The longer the discharge continues, the less likelihood will there be of the drum healing up, and destruction of the drum will occur if the "running" be not checked, with inevitable loss of hearing. This is not the only danger. A "running ear" is apt to affect the brain, and if any "matter" be carried to the brain fatal inflammation may be set up, abscesses being formed in the brain, which necessitate a serious operation if life is to be saved at all.

The ordinary treatment of ear-discharges is utterly wrong. In the first place, if cotton-wool is worn in the ear it will simply keep the discharge pent up in the ear and make matters ten times worse, increasing, also, the risk of affecting the brain. Again, all kinds of applications, such as lotions, drops, and the like, can do no good, for the plain reason that they do not reach the actual seat of the disease. The "matter" con-



THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

SPORT IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

tinues to be formed and discharged because ordinary treatment leaves the source of the trouble untouched. And so a case goes from bad to worse, until the ear-drum is completely destroyed and the ear rendered useless as an organ of sense. The first and, indeed, the only piece of advice worth giving here, is that on the first appearance of any ear-discharge the patient should be taken to an ear-surgeon. He alone can get at the seat of the trouble, and by his own mode of treatment clear out the "matter," and otherwise put things in trim for satisfactory healing. Early treatment will save an ear from becoming useless, although artificial ear-drums can be fitted by an ear-surgeon so as to restore in part at least, the hearing power. . . . repeat it is nothing short of criminal folly for mothers to neglect the "running ears" of their children, because they are only risking the destruction of their hearing powers, and miserable is the life of anyone handicapped by deafness, a result to be easily prevented, as I have shown.

"Noises in the ears" is another common complaint. Very often these symptoms are due to the presence of wax in the ear-passage. The ears should be syringed in the morning with tepid water, after a little almond oil has been dropped in at night to soften the wax. When ear-noises are not due to wax, a dose of ten grains of bromide of potash taken in water twice a day between meals may relieve simple cases. For the rest, if the noises are persistent a physician's opinion should be obtained.



THE KING AND PRINCE OF WALES AT ASCOT ON CUP DAY.



WELL-KNOWN RACEGOERS.

Left to right:—The Countess of Essex, Lord Stanley, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lord Lonsdale.

Little Essays for Mothers.

THE BOY'S MOTHER AS HIS COMPANION.

(By Louise D. Mitchell.)

There comes a time in the life of a woman when she confronts what to her and her children is an actual crisis in her motherhood, and upon its outcome depends the happiness of herself and her associations with her children thereafter. It is that period in which she faces the first compelling instance of the maturity of her child, which has expressed itself in the clashing of their wills in some matter of authority heretofore unquestioned.

It has reached the point at last where she is shocked into a realization that it is now a question of mother and son, no longer that of mother and child. It is one of the most pathetically difficult problems of motherhood, and every woman who faces it unexpectedly—as most of them do—deserves the sympathy of all those who can comprehend what it must mean to her. It is literally abdication. She steps down from the position of ruler into that of a familiar mingling with those whom she has ruled—yet it is, or at least should be, surrender with honour.

The girl is always more of a woman

than a boy is a man. In fact, with rare exceptions, the boy retains his boyishness throughout his life, deep hidden beneath a thousand cares and absorbing interests, yet forever cropping up to make him dependent upon a woman's help. It is part of the tragedy of womanhood that from her childhood, when she devotes her loving little heart to the care of her doll, the shadow of her motherhood, with its attendant sacrifices, should follow her throughout her life.

Far beyond into his gray haired maturity the boy in the man will feel the necessity for "mother" in his hours of deep anxiety, when the disinterested sympathy of a woman is the only thing that will soothe and understand his need; and when, alas, the wife he has chosen falls short of this call of the heart, the "mother" he instinctively craves may be mother herself, but if not it will be sister, or some other woman, since it cannot be wife. If girls were taught their responsibilities toward their brothers or other young men, and were broad enough to see what it might do for themselves and them, there would be fewer men—and brothers—go wrong through their influence or lack of it.

It is the instinct of a boy to protect his mother from physical danger or mental anxieties and the wise woman will foster this.

Courtesy begets courtesy, and as you "sow" this rare seed in the life of your children "so shall you reap" a rich harvest of delight. Upon the day of your



SOME ASCOT TOILETTES.

"abdication" you have no longer the power to say "do this or that" with the imperiousness that most mothers address their children. You are then face to face with men or women who have the right to demand of you the same considerate politeness you would show the young people of your friends.

The earliest born moral sense that we have is that of justice, and it is the one most trampled on by friends and foes alike. If you would stop and question whether you would like such and such a thing done or said to you I think that fewer children would go about with lacerated feelings and burning resentment where they should have known nothing but the delightful harmony of a mother who was their sympathetic companion, sharer of their secrets, of their

hopes and fears, and "the best fellow of the bunch."

I'd like to write a familiar quotation thus, if Ella Wheeler Wilcox will forgive me:—

Laugh, and your boy laughs with you;
Scold, and he'll leave you alone.

A SURE REMEDY.

Young Wife: "Oh, mother, do send our doctor to see Charles; he looks so pale and ill this morning."

Mother: "H'm, I think if I sent you our cook for a few days, it would be more useful."



VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH AND HER BLOODHOUND, LADY BOUNTIFUL.



THE TASHI LAMI OF TIBET.

The cables announced last week that the last instalment of the Thibet indemnity had been paid to Great Britain. It will be remembered that Colonel Younghusband's Mission in 1904, which was despatched to ensure to Europeans unrestricted traffic over existing trade routes, exacted an indemnity of £500,000, which was subsequently reduced to £166,687.



Edison Phonograph

A MERRY XMAS

WITH THE

It will amuse and entertain the whole family from BABY —to GRANDMOTHER—

EDISON XMAS RECORDS

(Special list Post Free).

DISC MACHINES & DISC RECORDS in large variety.

"FLORAL HORN" PHONOGRAPHS at 17/6 and 30/-.

IDEAL XMAS PRESENTS.

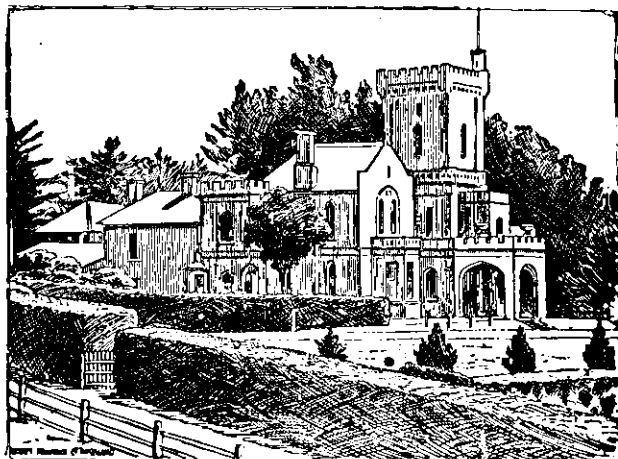
Catalogues, Etc., Free on request (Liberal trade discounts)

"The Talkeries" 37 Albert St., AUCKLAND and 41 WELLINGTON.

The Ladies' College, Remuera,

FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House, Studles resumed (D.V.) June 5th.)



This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles.

Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship.

Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign.

Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal.

MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., B.K.

THE NEW

P.D.

CORSETS.

Latest Models.

FROM ALL

Leading Drapers.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

By MARGUERITE



SOME LOVELY TROUSSEAU FROCKS.



THE NEW WAY OF WEARING HATS:
THE BACKWARD TILT.

Hat of cream straw, lined with pleated lace, and the crown covered with loose sprays of roses and irises.



A BRIDESMAID'S FROCK.



COIFFURE DE SOIREE.

The hair raised at the back and curled over a bandeau of silver roses.

A. Woollams & Co.

LADIES' TAILORS
& HABIT MAKERS

UNDER DISTINGUISHED
PATRONAGE.

AUTUMN MODELS
AND MATERIALS
NOW READY.

Smart Tailor Gowns from 5 gns.

Riding Habits from 6 gns.

WALKING SKIRTS
Smartly cut and stitched.
from 2 gns.

ASTRIDE SKIRTS
from 3 gns. Finest
habit cloths only used.

PRICES MOST MODERATE.
Patterns and Sketches on application.
Inspection invited.

A. WOOLLAMS & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS

183 QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND.



Weingarten's
American
NUFORM. AND Eux Form
W.B. W.B.
CORSETS

All Prices
5/11
up

On Sale
Everywhere

BUSTLE BROWN

WHAT WOULD THIS WORLD DO WITHOUT US?

SHE SAUNTERED GAYLY DOWN THE STREET, SO NEAT, SO FAIR, SO SWEET. SHE STOOD, SHE LIFTED, SHE GAZED, SHE SCREAMED AND THE SATCHEL — IT DROPPED AT HER FEET.

IN A LITTLE TRAP TWO LITTLE MICE, IN A LITTLE SATCHEL WE PLACED THEM SO NICE. A LADY, CURIOUS AS ALL LADIES ARE, OPENED THE SATCHEL, AND RAN HOME TO HER MA.

WE'VE BEEN GOING TO PUT THESE LITTLE MICE IN THIS BAG, AND GO DOWN TO THE VILLAGE.

WELL, LET THAT BAG STAY RIGHT WHERE SOMEBODY WOULD PICK IT UP.

I HOPE I'LL HAVE SOME MORE LADY DOGS AT BUSTLE.

HELLO, TIBBY! TAGGETY TAGGETY!

SEE OUR OLD FRIEND CHOW CHOW! IN THE DOOR!

THE CHINK AND I DON'T SPEAK, NOTICE IT!

GOING TO TAKE THEM FOR A WALK, ER.

THE BRICKS OF THE WALLS OF BUSTLE ARE SOME VERY GOOD.



A QUICK DIAGNOSIS.

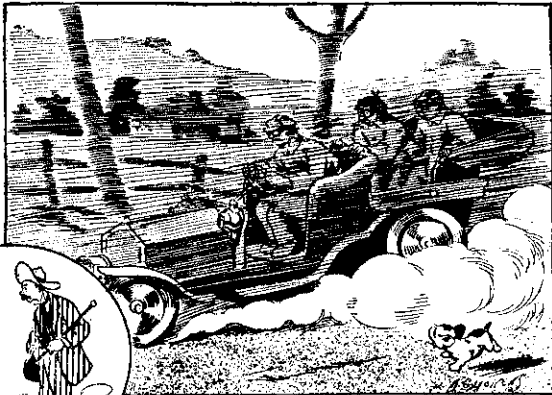
Maid: "Doctor, will you please give me something for my eyes? They are so inflamed."

Doctor: "Put cold compresses on them, and leave off peeping through keyholes; there's nothing that strains the eyes so much."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FATHER.

The old man had finally succeeded in marrying off two of his seven daughters. "Your girls have been blessings," said the officiating clergyman after the double ceremony.

"Yes," the old man huskily asserted, "they are the sort of blessings that brighten as they take their flight."



TOO BUSY.

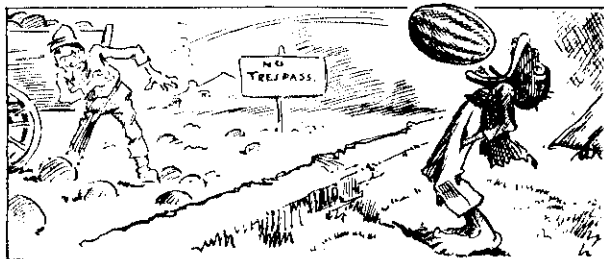
Piker: "I hear you've been touring in the South. Some great scenery there, ain't there?"

Old Skidder: "So I've heard, but we didn't see any of it. Went through in an automobile, you know."

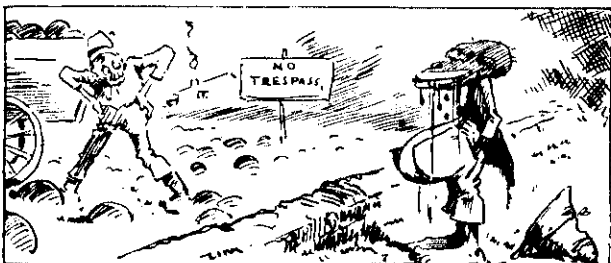
A GOOD CATCH.



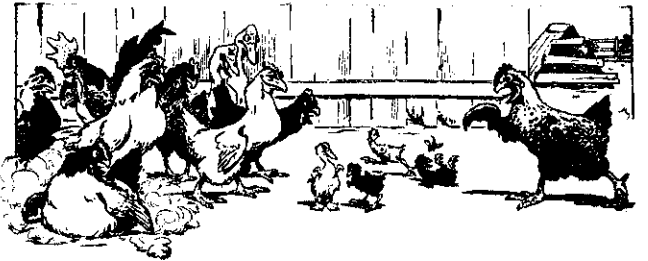
Tired Rufus: "Say, mistah, kain't ye' gib a po'r stahved cullud niggah one ob dem melons?"



Generous farmer: "Sure! can! Catch!"



Tired Rufus: "Yum! Dat melon sartainly an luscious!"

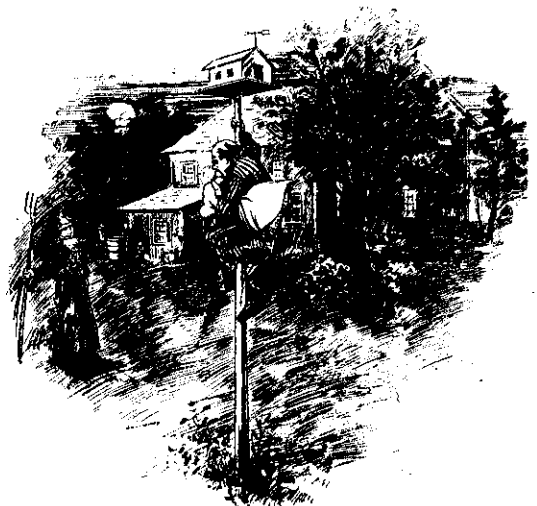


"OH, GIRLS! COME ON AND SEE THE BISHOP LAY A CORNER-STONE!"



THEY LOOK THE PART.

Little Marie (as the motor cyclists chug by): "Why are there two, auntie? Is the second one the first one's keeper?"



LARGER AND AIRIER.

Farmer Summerbord: "Hi, thar! What yer shinnin' up that pole fur?"
Desperate Guest: "Thought maybe I could get a bigger room than the one you gave me."



AUCKLAND'S FIRST SKY-SCRAPER.

THE EIGHT-STORY WAREHOUSE AND FACTORY, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION IN WYNDHAM STREET, FOR MESSRS. COLLINS BROS. & CO., LTD., WHOLESALE MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

J. D. JONES, Contractor.

ALEX. WISEMAN, Architect.