

A Press Association telegram reports the death, at Wellington, of Dr. W. B. Tripo, aged 80. About five months ago deceased met with an accident, and had three ribs broken, but the immediate cause of death was influenza.

Mrs. Logan, who has been away in England for the past year or more, has returned to Wellington again. Much sympathy is felt for her in her bereavement, as Dr. Logan was taken seriously ill in England, and died quite suddenly.

Mr. J. F. Mills and Dr. Elizabeth Platts-Mills are back in Wellington after a round-the-world trip lasting just a year. From New Zealand they went to Australia en route to the East, where they made a long stay in Japan. Canada was next visited, and from there they went on to England, travelling a good deal in that country and Scotland before going abroad. Some weeks were spent on the Continent, then they joined the steamer for Australia, coming on to New Zealand by the Marara. They have now settled down again at their own house in Karori.

### SOUTH ISLAND.

Miss de Latour (Dunedin) is staying with Miss Deans at Riccarton.

Mrs Maurice Denniston (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs Denniston at Opawa.

Mrs and the Misses Bettington (Sydney) have left Christchurch for the Southern Lakes.

Miss E. Colgan (Hawke's Bay), who has been the guest of Mrs Vickerman at Lyttelton, returned home last week.

Mr and Mrs Alister Clarke (Melbourne) are staying with Mrs Wardrop, Hereford-street, Christchurch.

Mrs Harold Johnstone (Wellington) is the host of Mrs G. G. Stend, at "Strowan."

Lady Clifford (Stoneyhurst) is spending a few weeks at her residence, Fendalton, Christchurch.

Miss Bell (Wellington) and Miss Dennistoun (Peel Forest) are the guests of Mrs P. Campbell, at Park-terrace (Christchurch).

The "Dunedin Star" reports that Mr J. Henderson, of Dunsandel, has definitely decided to contest the Selwyn seat in the Liberal interest at the General Election.

The departures from Christchurch this week include: Mr and Mrs Inwood, Miss Laiter, Mrs R. D. Thomas, and Miss G. Thomas for England; Mrs Henry Acland and Miss Watson for Sydney; and Miss Size, who has returned to Dunedin.

The Rev. C. H. Laws, B.A., pastor of Trinity Methodist Church, Dunedin, is paying a visit to Auckland to attend the sittings of the annual conference. On the rising of the conference, Mr. Laws departs for Sydney, thence going to the Holy Land, the Continent and England, returning to Dunedin about the middle of next January.

How much do you care for your head? If it is worth much to you don't let it ache. Stearns' Headache Cure relieves all kinds of headaches quickly and without bad effect.

Advice was received to-day of the death of an old Coromandel resident, and who has been intimately associated with mining for many years, namely, Mr. William Henry Kitchbone. Deceased was the eldest of four brothers, all of whom predeceased him. He arrived in Auckland over 40 years ago, and for many years has resided at Coromandel. His wife died some time ago, but deceased leaves seven adult children and a number of grandchildren. The interment took place on 17th inst.

Mr. W. C. Dawes, chairman of directors of the New Zealand Shipping Company and of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Co., arrived from the South by the Mokoia on 16th inst. Mr. Dawes is visiting the Dominion on a combined business and pleasure trip, and since his arrival in the South Island, a month ago, has visited nearly all the places of interest on the way up to Auckland. He intends to proceed to Rotorua shortly, and will afterwards visit several other tourist resorts in the island.

## PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 10.

The New Zealand Association tried the experiment of giving a dance on the evening of January 6th, and met with a very gratifying success. The dance was held at the Holborn Restaurant, in Oxford-street. Between forty and fifty couples took the floor, and danced from 7.15 till shortly after midnight; with an interval for supper, which was served in one of the restaurant halls on the ground floor. The function was voted one of the pleasantest and most successful that the Association has yet held. Mrs Pember Reeves, wife of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, acted as hostess for the occasion, and Mr Reeves was also present, with his two daughters. Amongst others at the dance were Dr. T. W. Parkinson, Mr Angus McNab, Mr and Mrs Carruthers, Mr and Mrs C. Wray Palliser and the Misses Palliser, Miss Kennaway, Mr and Mrs E. M. Kennaway, Mr F. Hyams, Mr and Mrs M. G. Heeles, Mrs Hale, Mr C. Hale, Mr F. H. Nuding, Mr J. Sutherland Ross, Mr A. S. Cook, Mr and Mrs H. H. Bridge, Mr F. W. London, Mrs and Miss Witt, Mr B. Spiller, Mr J. A. Mason. The arrangements were carried out by Mr C. W. Palliser, who also treasurer of the Association, who has acted as M.C.

Last evening, at the Hotel Ritz, the Austral Club gave a farewell dinner to Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Poore, who is about to leave England in order to succeed Vice-Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes as commander of the Australian Squadron, and Lady Poore. The Earl of Jersey took the chair at the beginning of the dinner, but had to leave owing to a sudden attack of faintness, and his place was taken by Sir T. Fowell Buxton, erstwhile Governor of South Australia, to whom of course fell the task of proposing the health of the guests of the evening. The chairman said if Admiral and Lady Poore had before them the prospect of some years' residence in Australia, they had a happy prospect. They had a great work before them. The Admiral would be in Australia to carry out in some respects the foreign policy of the Empire; but they would not be altogether free from the difficulty of having to serve two masters. We wished to remain on good terms with the Japanese, Chinese, and others, but there was in Australia a policy less courteous than we maintained at Home. It was held by some that that less courteous policy was somewhat encouraged by the relief that, whatever happened, the British Navy and British force would see them through. That might be one of the difficulties which our Australian fleet would have to face, but he had no doubt the Admiral would be able to see his way through these complications. (Hear, hear.) All present wished the Admiral and Lady Poore every success and happiness. (Cheers.)

Sir Richard Poore, in responding, said he and his wife highly appreciated the honour of this entertainment. Their reception had taken away from him the feeling of going to a strange country. Although he had never yet been on the Southern Seas, but as one who believed in conservative Imperial unity he was glad to have the opportunity of seeing for himself the difficulties, aspirations, and the work of the great young Commonwealth in the Southern Seas and in the Dominion of New Zealand. That was an experience that was worth a great deal. (Cheers.) Perhaps the phrase he had used sailed too close to politics, which a good sailor should avoid, or, at least, should not allude to. (Laughter.) The creed of the Navy was expressed in the words, "For the good of the Service." If the motto, "For the good of the Empire," were generally adopted, the Empire would grow almost without effort. (Cheers.) It was the duty of one and all of them to direct their training and thoughts into the channel of their duty towards the Empire.

For some reason or other invitations to be present at this Anglo-Colonial gathering were not extended to the representatives in London of the leading Australasian newspapers.

Apropos of Miss Robinson, the New Zealand witness in the Druce case, an "Evening Standard" writer professes to have read her famous diary, which van-

ished so mysteriously before the trial. "If," he says, "the Robinson diary, of which we have heard so much, was stolen from its owner, it is surprising that the thief has not been tempted to sell it. The present writer has had the privilege of reading a copy of the document. It is certainly one of the most amazing compositions ever penned. Without pausing for an instant to consider as to whether it is genuine or not, it is impossible not to be startled by the intimate description which its writer gives of people with remarkable names with whom she says she stayed in remote spots in England where few people lived, and where 'my cavalier' as she called the Duke, is represented in the diary as having visited her. If all that is said be true, it is not impossible that there are people at work in this case who have no official connection with either side, but have an eye to the acquisition of documents of first importance to the case, for the recovery of which the parties affected would gladly pay ransom. One indirectly interested party, the writer hears from that party's own lips, has recently had his watch-dog poisoned and his rooms thrice burglariously entered within a fortnight. Papers were stolen, but none of any value."

The R.M.S. Arawa, of the Shaw Savill line, left London to-day for New Zealand, via Cape Town and Hobart, taking the following passengers for New Zealand Ports:—Mr W. W. Battishill (Wellington), Mr. Mrs and Miss Brown (Port Chalmers), Mrs P. Cresswell (Gisborne), Mr E. de Guerrier (Auckland), Mr J. Kowin (New Plymouth), Mrs Kowin (New Plymouth), Mr W. B. Brittenden (Port Chalmers), Mr J. H. Clayton (Lyttelton), Sister M. Colman (Lyttelton), Mr P. H. Dale (Lyttelton), Mr and Mrs J. Dawson, Mr D. Dawson, Miss Dawson (Port Chalmers), Rev. Mother Felix (Lyttelton), Miss H. Franklin (Wellington), Mr and Mrs A. Fraser, Miss M. Fraser, Miss C. Fraser (Port Chalmers), Mr W. H. Gibb (Auckland), Rev. B. H. and Mrs Ginger, Miss G. Ginger, Master H. Ginger (Wellington), Mr and Mrs J. Henderson (Port Chalmers), Miss L. S. Pronger (Wellington), Mr and Mrs E. Silk (Wellington), Mr P. N. Stewart (Wellington), Dr. S. Warneford and Mrs Warneford (Auckland), Mrs R. Willans, Miss L. Willans, Miss D. Willans (Wellington), and 200 third-class passengers.

Another of the Maori War veterans has just passed away. Lieutenant-General George Hyde Page, Colonel of the Lincolnshire Regiment, whose death took place on January 8, at Hove, was born in 1823, and joined the Army as an ensign in 1841. Early in his career he saw service in New Zealand with the 58th Regiment. He was present at the storming of Kawiti's Pa, took part in the night attack on the River Hutt, the skirmish at Taitai, and the action at Wanganui. He also served in the Crimea with the 41st Regiment, but reached the theatre of operations after the fall of Sevastopol. He was promoted major-general in 1882, and retired with the honorary rank of lieutenant-general in 1885. In 1903 he was appointed to the colonelcy of the Lincolnshire Regiment, having been selected for a reward for distinguished and meritorious service in 1882.

Miss Anna Laura Abraham, youngest daughter of the late Augustus B. Abraham, barrister-at-law, formerly of Auckland, New Zealand, was married on January 8 to Mr. Walter Hutt Warden, late of Tynemouth, Northumberland. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Stratham Hill, London, the vicar of Woodside, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, officiating.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office: Mr. G. Asch (Summer), Mr. and Mrs. T. Baimard Brown and Miss Baimard Brown (Wanganui), Mrs. R. H. Kenrick (Oxford), Mr. A. B. Pearson (Oxford), Mr. R. Newton Vane (Dunedin), Mr. Guy H. Thomas (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. S. Haurt Sargent (Christchurch), Mr. S. E. Cooper (Wanganui), Mr. Fred Cluteam (Dunedin).

## Choosing Wife from Heroines of Fiction.

(By Andrew Laing.)

If I were compelled to choose a wife from among the heroines of fiction, my heroine, if I am to be monogamous, is certainly Sophia in "Tom Jones," that peerless lady who was Fielding's wife, Happy Harry Fielding! though perhaps it needed all Sophia's humour, good humour, and sense, to be equally blessed in her lord. Every man who has had the liberal education of knowing Sophia has wanted to marry her, and if to want to marry a woman makes her your favourite heroine, then Sophia would assuredly be elected by a vast majority of votes. But in real life, any man who knew both Sophia and Beatrix Esmond would have been captured by Beatrix. The thing could not occur; the most fascinating girl in fiction (not counting Shakespeare's women) was the elderly baroness de Berstein, when Sophia was in her bloom, in 1743. She captured the hearts of men even as elderly women with alluring attainments attract to-day. Bewitching madcaps of fiction entertain unlearned youth, but men of mark spend time only with those heroines who perform worthy feats. They like in their reading the same qualities they demand in life.

Still, masculine nature is so made that if Sophia and Beatrix had bloomed together the exquisite and excellent Sophia would have been eclipsed by the most splendid of coquettes, whose history, by the way, is quite correctly narrated. She could not have been with the king in Paris and betrayed him to my Lord Stair, because Paris was about the last place in the world where the king could seek shelter. Diana Vernon was Beatrix's coeval, and had a better chance than Sophia of being her successful rival.

If Thackeray's King James, a character at the opposite pole from the real chevalier de St. George, had met both Beatrix and Diana his heart would have been in a condition with which Robert Burns, like many less celebrated men, was too familiar. Nobody in his sense could want to marry Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, but that heroine is as taking, in one way, as the Consuelo of George Sand is in another. Consuelo is, I think, what George Eliot would have liked Romola to be more or less. To marry Romola was indeed "to domesticate the Recording Angel," a quotation which reminds one that Mr. Stevenson's Barbara Grant was indeed a fascinating heroine, and knew it, and frankly confessed her knowledge. She was her author's own favourite, not Castriona or another. In the novels of to-day I remember no peers to any of these women, but perhaps the young men are capable of remembering them a month after reading about them. One could say to any of these new sirens, if one had for a moment vowed fidelity,

It was last night I swore to thee  
That fond impossibility.

But "youth will be served," and may be served, in the way of a satisfactory heroine by Lady Rose's Daughter, or Tea of the d'Urbervilles, or any of Mr. Anthony Hope's young women, for example, Peggy, who was bewitching, or some creations of Mr. Hall Caine. But it is astonishing how "the senile heart" remains true to early impressions, and how modern heroines need to have their names written down in an innocent kind of Leperello's catalogue if one is to remember them at all. The fault is not in the women nor the authors, likely, but in the "memorial tablets" of the brain.

Moreover, most modern heroines are married women, whereas the nice ones in Shakespeare and in novels before 1890 were almost always unwedded maids. You like Beatrix, and Portia, and above all things, Rosalind. You do not lose heart to Lady Macbeth, though a fine figure of a woman, and you do not desire to compete with Othello in the affections of Desdemona. This may be a too nice morality, but, to Victorian tastes, even widows, in novels at least, come under the ban of the elder Mr. Weller. Nobody, but Col. Esmond ever cared for Lady Castlewood, and Dobbin is alone in his passion for Amelia.

# Oatine

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