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The Week in Review

Hooray! Auckland is safe from invasion! She has repelled an attack by her own citizen army, and can now defy any force that may come against her, be it Russian, German, Chinese or Japanese! There is no fear of even D. M. Luckovich's cruiser, the Kaskowski, causing a "scare" by suddenly appearing in the harbour. The National Defence Convention very properly declined to discuss the alleged unprotected state of Auckland after the convincing demonstration, afforded by the Easter manoeuvres, of the capacity of her sons to defend the Queen of the North against all comers. The swoop of one section of the invading force was described as "a magnificent piece of work"; but the only result achieved was a drawn battle at one point. At every other, the rude invaders were repulsed by the brave defenders. What though some of the harbour defences have been condemned as useless! The people can point with pride to their citizen soldiers and say: "These are the walls of Auckland—every man a brick!" It is different in other parts of the Dominion. The sham fight at Wellington resulted in the city being captured by the invading force, and this despite the fact that 2,340 volunteers took part in the operations, as against only 898 at Auckland. It is some consolation to be assured that the legislative capital could be effectually defended if more men were available. Auckland may be able to spare a few when the hour of danger arrives.

At Dunedin, too, the city fell to the attacking force, chiefly owing to the defective tactics off the defenders. According to a competent authority, if the attacking force had known of the state of affairs in the defenders' camp, "they could have marched over them. Even a girls' school could have done it, and a trained enemy would have brushed the defenders away like flies." The intelligence and commissariat departments at Dunedin were both badly managed. Now, armies are controlled by trains, and they "march on their bellies," and if men are neither led nor fed, what can be expected but defeat? Of the terrific combat engaged in by the 153 volunteers who took part in the Christchurch manoeuvres, nothing has been published. It may be assumed that the Cathedral City has escaped capture and looting by the barbarous foe. In all, 6,000 men took part in the Easter manoeuvres in different parts of the Dominion, and their behaviour during the cold and wet weather that prevailed, is deserving of all praise. The firing of the big guns broke a few windows, and shattered the nerves of some timorous ladies; but we may all be thankful for a taste of sham warfare, if only for its reminder that worse evils than broken glass and tempers would befall us if we did not look to our defences, and encourage the volunteer movement by every reasonable means. As regards Wellington and Dunedin, there is a deeper lesson for them. They must see that they take such steps as will prevent their sham defeat being converted into a real one.

Mr. Thomas Ling, the Chinese Mandarin who recently paid a visit to New Zealand as Commissioner for Emigrants to the Government of the Flowery Land, is a very astute gentleman. Several newspaper reporters embarked on a "fishing excursion," and tried to draw expressions of opinion from him on various questions, but the Ling did not "hook on." They tried him with white bait, yellow bait, and brown bait, but failed to get a "bite," though they got

something resembling a "nibble" with each—that is, Mr. Ling was persuaded to say something touching on Europeans, Chinese and Japanese. How 'cute and cautious this fish proved may be gathered from the following account of his Auckland interview:—

"Yes; several Chinese, now and then, do migrate to the Flowery Land." To grow the cabbage? "No, they seek for gold, but sometimes they get sand!"

New Zealand poll-tax? "Yes, I've heard of that before. Let's see—hum—haw—My views on it are very clear; They are, in short—The law's the law!"

The Chinese army, railways, trade? "Yes, there's a little progress shown; But, bless you, we are peaceful folks—We'll only fight to hold our own!"

The boycott by the Japanese? "Well, I have heard of such a thing; But, really, war's not yet declared. And mum's the word," said Mr. Ling.

Mr Tom Mann, whom one remembers personally, in lessening degrees of importance ever since his one memorable chance in the great London dock strike, when he was associated with such men as Burns and Tillet, has been vapouring his own particular brand of vague socialism, in the colony of late. He will, however, be hard put to it to explain the attitude of the enormous working man's electorate of N.W. Manchester in the support accorded the Socialist Labour candidate, Mr Irving. No, amount, of excuse, no amount of vindictive slanging of all and sundry—the weapon usually resorted to under such circumstances—will account for such a complete fiasco as this—276 votes out of a total of 10,681. The fact that 89 per cent. of the 11,914 on the roll voted, in an electorate where the working man (the man who works, not talks), predominates enormously, shows one thing clearly, that the working man of Manchester has no use and no time for the modern self-styled socialist. As a form of mild amusement, and, as provocation to genial discussion, over well-earned and wholesome British beer, (which Mr Mann may recollect ought never to be watered) the real hard-working Britisher, who is a level-headed and thoroughly good fellow, does not object to the fiery outbursts of the Tom Manns and Irvings, and others of their kidney, in Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, or other public gathering places. But, and it is a big but, he refuses very absolutely to entrust his interests to him in any way whatsoever.

One has indeed only to mix with the crowd on occasions when these gentlemen are denouncing everyone else, and exalting themselves, to derive a highly-illuminative illustration of the real views of the listeners. That they take them no more seriously than they do the utterances of the stage hero in melodrama on a Saturday evening at the Adelphi or Britannia is at once obvious. They applaud, in exactly the same sort of way they do the stage puppets, and they regard them simply as purveyors of amusement for the nonce. Mr Mann and his colleagues have by the Manchester showing made poor progress for "the cause" amongst the working men of the old country. We do not doubt a similar fate for the insignificant coterie styling themselves Socialists here. But it is objectionable all the same, that signal failures in the lead of Socialism at home should come to a well-governed, well-contented democratic country such as ours, for no other purpose than to endea-

your to stir up class feeling. A photo of delegates attending the Socialists' early meeting in Wellington appears on page 23. Whether such men are of the stamp to lead public opinion in New Zealand we leave physiognomists to judge.

What is a "pagan"? In an age of cheap dictionaries, one would think it was unnecessary to ask such a simple question as this; but the fact remains that columns of the daily Press have, during the week, been filled with letters from correspondents, more or less erudite, hotly debating this subject. The original question raised by Bishop Neillan's statements in London was: "Are our country settlers lapsing into paganism?" By a large majority the "noes" had it, and the controversy might have been expected to end there. But the dogs of theological controversy, once let loose, are not so easily recalled to their kennels; and so, to the great scandal and alarm of the lambs of the flock, these dogs have been biting and barking away, while the worldly Philistines (who dearly love a dog-fight of any description, and more especially one over religious "dog" mas), have hugely enjoyed the "show." So far as the discussion has gone, the conclusion seems to be that a decent pagan is a great deal better than a demoralised Christian. This reminds one of the assertion of the late Henry Ward Beecher, that he believed there would be horses in heaven—"at any rate, a good horse had a better chance of going there than a bad man!" If horses, why not pagans? This brings the quest back to the point so keenly debated in the grand-motherly Press. The discussion may be summarised thus:—

What is a pagan? The Bishop replies: "A settler in this fair Dominion who drifts from the Church, seeks a path to the skies By his own foolish heathen opinion, And knows not the Creed Athanasian taught: That man is a pagan, in deed, word and thought!"

"If such is a pagan," friend Beatty reports, "Then who has of wrath filled his dish up? Why, the clergy, who leave him to gambling and sports; And most guilty of all is the Bishop! And I'd rather have pagans, good, honest, sincere, Than Christians who quarrel and wrangle and sneer!"

"A pagan! A pagan! One must be about," Cries the Church's stout champion, Gilliam; Isn't that man a pagan who'll rave and who'll shout, And let egotist fancies fill him? Isn't that man a pagan who's false to his Church, And will even the name of his Bishop besmirch?"

What is a pagan? The whole pagan crew Exclaim—"Who can solve the enigma? For Solon, Lycurgus and Socrates too Were pagans; and where is the stigma? Confucius, and Plato, and more, you'll agree, Were great and good men in the ages B.C!"

And meanwhile our "pagans" of back-block and bush Lead pure hero-lives, all unheeding; And our rude city "heathen" of "gang" and of "push" Down the path of destruction are speeding; And the Churches compound for the sins at their doors By sending out missions to far heathen shores!

Patriotic Aucklanders may well indulge in a little "blow" over the display of championship shields and banners that

has been made in Queen-street during the past week. These trophies of victories in the athletic field include shields for Rugby football, for cricket, for association football, for bowling, and for hockey. In addition, there is the Besson shield won by the Auckland First Battalion Band, and the silver challenge cup for rifle shooting by public school cadets. It is also noteworthy that the Auckland representative swimmer, who bears the appropriate name of Champion, has won every New Zealand championship swimming match for which he entered. Why, it may be asked, this supremacy of the Northern Capital in the arena of outdoor sports? The climate of Auckland has the reputation of being the most relaxing in the Dominion, and one would naturally expect that the athletes of the North would be easily beaten by those trained in the more bracing parts of the country. Some part of the credit for Auckland's unique distinction may be due to the excellent organisation and methods followed by her athletic clubs; more, perhaps, to the enthusiasm with which sport is pursued; but, most of all, to the splendid facilities enjoyed in the way of recreation grounds. In this connection, the policy of the City Council is most commendable, and that policy will, it is to be hoped, continue to be followed. The Finance Committee, it is pleasing to note, has recommended the Corporation to promote a Bill to close the Symonds-street Cemetery to burials, and vest the land in the City Council, and to provide for a section at the corner of Karangahape-road being utilised for the purpose of public baths. If this plan is carried into effect, the city will have a new and attractive public reserve added to its already extensive areas, and central baths will be provided for the use of a large population. In the meantime, the Auckland athletes must not relax their training, for no doubt determined efforts will be made by their Southern rivals to wrest from them the coveted laurels they now wear so proudly.

The white population of New Zealand, and more particularly the members of a former Government, ought to be furiously blushing at present over the revelation of their crooked dealings with the guileless brown brother, as disclosed by the Native Land Commission, in connection with the acquisition of the site of the Government township of Rotorua. Enticed by the prospect of great advantage from the presence of a considerable European population, the native landowners were persuaded to sell some 3000 acres of their lands on which to found the town of Rotorua. At the time of the sale these lands were drawing rents at the rate of £2,700 a year; but the Government of the day only offered for the freehold the miserably small sum of £7500, and this price the Maoris were persuaded to accept. The natives, since then have made some progress in the study of land values; but at the time, they say, "not being versed in the mysteries of arithmetic, we could not allege, as against our benevolent agent, that it had taken advantage of our ignorance and confidence." The Commission (which is, by the way, presided over by the Chief Justice of the Dominion) has some strong things to say about this transaction. "If it be a fact," states the report, "that while acting as trustees for the native owners, the Crown, having prohibited the natives from selling their lands, bought them at an inadequate price, the action of the Crown cannot be defended. A transaction of that character would, if it took place between an ordinary trustee and a beneficiary, be set aside by any court of justice before whom it came for decision." It is surely the imperative duty of the present Government to make a searching inquiry into the facts, and if it finds them to be as stated, everything possible should be done to repay the injustice.

New Zealand in 1827

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF OLD MAORI LIFE

By AUGUSTUS EARLE

Draughtsman to His Majesty's Surveying Ship
"The Beagle."

[CONTINUED.]

EUROPEAN PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

Our march along the banks of the river was through a most beautiful country; but all the inhabitants had fled; their plantations were in a most luxuriant state; fields which I had left bare and uncultivated were now covered with Indian corn standing higher than my head, the ripe ears hanging fantastically in all directions, and none to gather in the harvest; the crops of kumara and potatoes were equally abundant. I could not help thinking that, if they expected an invasion of their enemies, they had left an ample supply of forage for their use. In the evening I arrived at Horeke, or Deptford Dock-yard (of which I made mention in my first journey). I here found my countrymen in a state of considerable embarrassment. The various chiefs of that district had encamped all round them; so near to them had they taken up their position, that, whatever might be the result of their battles, the European settlement would be in danger. The settlers had fortified their place of refuge in the best manner they could; and all were determined to defend themselves and property to the last. They had four nine-pounders mounted on a hill, and a tolerable battery made of three-inch pine stuff.

Before the English erected their fortifications, there was a great difference of opinion amongst them as to the propriety and utility of adopting so strong a measure, and the affair was finally put to the vote, when the majority proved to be in favour of a strong resistance. I opposed the measure all I could, for I felt convinced that in the event of our allies being worsted we all should be involved in one common massacre; whereas, if no resistance was made, plunder alone would have been the extent of the injury we should suffer; and even of that taking place I had strong doubts. However, as my opinion was overruled, I had to submit, which I did unhesitatingly; and, like a good soldier, I held myself in readiness in case of an attack.

The proprietor and manager of the Dock-yard possessed certainly a "satisfying reason" for striving to defend himself at all hazards. The vessel I had left here, on my former visit, in frame, was now nearly completed, and a most beautiful one she was. He told me he would much rather part with life than see her destroyed; and I confess I could fully enter into his feelings on the subject; but as I had no such object at stake, and was not quite enthusiastic enough to fight for a vessel I had no share in, I felt very much inclined to let the natives war among themselves without interference; but as we Europeans had agreed to assist each other, I would not be behind-hand.

I discharged Rivers' two slaves, and rewarded them liberally for conducting me with safety through such a wild and perilous country; they departed (after expressing the heartiest wishes for my reaching my own home in safety, and thanks for my generosity) to join their master at the great meeting of the chiefs in the interior. These men, while assisting me, were performing a great service to their master, by acting as spies. When we started from the Kirikiri each was armed with a musket; but when we had accomplished about half the journey, they concealed these in a hollow tree, under pretence of extreme fatigue. I felt convinced at the time that was not their real reason for so doing; and afterwards I learned the true motive. Had they been found armed when returning to

their master (who was hostile to those assembled round the Dock-yard), they would have been detained; but, by their coming unarmed amongst us, they were suffered to depart; and I have no doubt the information they carried back to Rivers was very important. I did not mention to anyone the hiding of those muskets in the woods, though, according to "The Articles of War," I ought to have done so, as getting possession of them would have added two more to our strength, and lessened that of our enemy; my silence arose from a repugnance I felt to betray these poor creatures, who had behaved so well to me.

Although prepared for war, we were very well pleased to find no attack was made upon us. Indeed, from the first, it had been my decided opinion, that unless we interfered, and made ourselves by that means obnoxious, they had too much respect for us, and were too anxious to retain our kindly feelings towards them, to molest us; at the same time, I felt that it might be a very politic measure to show them what powerful resistance we could make, if driven to extremities.

DECISION FOR PEACE.

After passing a week of the greatest anxiety, on account of our expected invasion, it afforded us the utmost satisfaction to receive a visit from Mr. Hobbs, the Wesleyan missionary, one of the persons who had visited the war-camp of the assembled chiefs, who were convened, on the death of our lamented friend George, to debate and decide upon the momentous question of peace or war.

The subject (our informant stated) had been gone into at great length, and stormy and fierce had been the discussion. Finally, the good sense of the elder and more experienced chiefs prevailed over the fiercer passions of the younger, and peace was decided upon. This event forms a new era in "The Political History of the New Zealanders," it being the first time so great an assemblage had met to discuss openly a national question, or in which they had allowed cool reasoning and good sense to prevail over their habitual ferocity. As may naturally be supposed, where such various interests were at stake, this pacific measure was not effected without considerable opposition from the young and furious chiefs. The provocations given by them to the elders, whose voices were for peace, were considerable. They did not confine themselves to abuse, but fired several muskets during debate, in hopes that one shot out of the many might prove fatal; which, if it had, and any distinguished chief had been killed, or even wounded, it would have immediately thrown all into confusion. Even when pacific measures were decided upon by a very large majority, and the chiefs were about to separate, a bullet was fired from the pa, which had evidently been aimed at a chief, a well-known ally of the late Shulitea, as it fell at his feet, and the earth it threw up fell upon him. For a few seconds surprise kept all silent; but, as the angry chief rose up, and was about to address the crowd, his friends eagerly surrounded him, and hurried him away.

This was the first instance on record, in which these people had laid a statement of their private wrongs before a public assembly consisting of deputies from every part of the island, and abided by the decision of the majority; and it was the only instance of a chief being killed in battle, and his decease not having been followed up by the plundering and destruction of his whole family or tribe.

This had been a question of peculiar interest to us Europeans, as several of their great men had fallen in a skirmish (whether an accidental one or a decided combat made not the slightest difference). We knew their barbarous custom; and, consequently, we were preparing for scenes of deadly revenge and insatiable fury to be acted by both parties, and which must have involved all settled here in destruction. Our feelings may therefore be imagined; when we were informed that a parliament had been convened, and all the parties interested were present by invitation, and took part in the debate. A central spot was fixed on to accommodate the various chieftains. The causes of the accident were then explained; they wept and lamented the fallen chiefs, and finally retired satisfied to their several homes. Surely everyone who is interested in tracing our own form of government, from the present time up to its first rude outline, will perceive the similarity of causes and events, and will anticipate the glorious

prospect of beholding a clever, brave, and, I may add, noble race of men, like the New Zealanders, rescued from barbarism. This pacific and rational discussion among the chiefs seems, in reality, to give promise of the germ of a regular reform. Should a few more such meetings take place, and terminate in the same amicable manner (and I think it very probable), some clever individual may rise up amongst them, take the reins in his own hands, and establish something like a regular form of government.

PREVALENCE OF CONSUMPTION.

Feeling that I was not likely now to be called upon to act offensively, I considered myself at liberty to make numerous excursions round our fortress, not only to admire this fertile and beautiful country, but to visit some of my old friends. I was very much astonished and shocked at seeing several very beautiful young women, whom I left only a few months back in perfect health and strength, now reduced to mere "living skeletons," and also to hear of the death of others by consumption. This disease seems to be the scourge of the young; and when they are once seized with its symptoms, they are very speedily brought to the grave. The natives say, "It is Atua, the Great Spirit, coming into them, and eating up their inside; for the patient can feel those parts gradually go away, and then they become weaker and weaker till no more is left; after which the Spirit sends them to the happy island." They never attempt any means of curing or of alleviating the pains caused by this cruel complaint; and all those under its influence are tabooed. I procured from the brig all my remaining stores of tapioca, sago, arrowroot, and sugar, and distributed them in the best way I could amongst my sick friends. They were anxious for wine; but that portion of my sea-stock, as well as spirits, had been long since expended.

It seems unaccountable that the natives of an atmosphere so dry as this is—a country in which there are no marshy bogs, and where, though there is an abundance of water, it is generally seen in clear and sparkling rills rushing down from the mountains into the rivers—should be subject to so fatal a disease as galloping consumption. The only cause to which I can attribute such an affliction is, their indifference to lying out all night exposed to every change of weather—to cold and rain—which, in young and tender constitutions, must produce the most pernicious consequences. If some few are rendered hardy and robust by this process, many, no doubt, are killed by it. I endeavoured to impress on the minds of all my female friends the great danger of thus exposing themselves to cold; but they only laughed at my precautions, and said, "If Atua wished it, so it must be; they could not strive with the Great Spirit."

COHABITATION WITH MAORI WOMEN.

I have heard so much said about the great impropiety of the white settlers admitting the native females into their society, so much of the scandalous conduct of captains of ships suffering their men to have sweethearts during their stay in port, and so much urged in justification of the indignation shown by the missionaries when this subject is touched on by them, that I feel it necessary to state one decided benefit which has resulted from that intercourse, and which, in my opinion, far more than counterbalances the evil against which there has been raised so loud an outcry.

Before our intercourse took place with the New Zealanders, a universal and unnatural custom existed amongst them, which was that of destroying most of their female children in infancy, their excuse being that they were quite as much trouble to rear, and consumed just as much food, as a male child; and yet, when grown up, they were not fit to go to war as their boys were. The strength and pride of a chief then consisted in the number of his sons; while the few females who had been suffered to live were invariably looked down upon by all with the utmost contempt. They led a life of misery and degradation. The difference now is most remarkable. The natives, seeing with what admiration strangers beheld their fine young women, and what handsome presents were made to them, by which their families were benefited, feeling also that their influence was so powerful over the white men, have been latterly as anxious to cherish and protect their infant girls as they were formerly cruelly bent on destroying them. There-

Yore, if one sin has been, to a certain degree, encouraged, a much greater one has been annihilated. Infanticide, the former curse of this country, and the cause of its scanty population, a crime every way calculated to make men bloody-minded and ferocious, and to stifle every benevolent and tender feeling, has totally disappeared wherever an intercourse has taken place between the natives and the crews of European vessels.

The New Zealand method of "courtship and matrimony" is a most extraordinary one; so much so, that an observer could never imagine any affection existed between the parties. A man sees a woman whom he fancies he should like for a wife; he asks the consent of her father, or, if an orphan, of her nearest relation, which, if he obtains, he carries his "intended" off by force, she resisting with all her strength; and, as the New Zealand girls are generally pretty robust, sometimes a dreadful struggle takes place; both are soon stripped to the skin, and it is sometimes the work of hours to remove the fair prize a hundred yards. If she breaks away, she instantly flies from her antagonist, and he has his labour to commence again. We may suppose that if the lady feels any wish to be united to her would-be spouse, she will not make too violent an opposition; but it sometimes happens that she secures her retreat into her father's house, and the lover loses all chance of ever obtaining her; whereas, if he can manage to carry her in triumph into his own, she immediately becomes his wife. The women have a decided aversion to marriage, which can scarcely be wondered at, when we consider how they are circumstanced. While they remain single, they enjoy all the privileges of the other sex; they may rove where they please, and bestow their favours on whom they choose, and are entirely beyond control or restraint; but when married their freedom is at an end; they become mere slaves, and sink gradually into domestic drudges to those who have the power of life and death over them; and whether their conduct be criminal or exemplary, they are equally likely to receive a blow, in a moment of passion, of sufficient force to end life and slavery together! There are many exceptions to this frightful picture; and I saw several old couples, who had been united in youth, who had always lived in happiness together, and whose kind and friendly manner towards each other set an example well worthy of imitation in many English families.

A MAORI TANGI.

April 2nd.—This day, perceiving that an unusual number of canoes were passing up the river, all proceeding towards the village of Par-Pinneigh, we hailed one; and, upon its coming alongside, we inquired what had occurred, for every appearance of bustle or commotion amongst this restless and warlike people is truly alarming. They informed us that the great chief A-Rowa, who died four months since, and the ceremony of whose "lying in state" I had been permitted by his eldest son to be a witness of, was this day to be exposed to the view of his friends; was to be cried over; and was finally to be deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. As this was one of their imposing spectacles which I had never yet seen, I was anxious to witness it. We soon got a boat ready, and a party of us joined the throng, and proceeded with them to the village. Upon our arrival thither, we found an immense concourse of people assembled; for here, as in most uncivilised or early states of society, the disposition and good qualities of the deceased are made known by the number of friends and followers who meet at his funeral. As these New Zealanders were all fully equipped in arms, they had more the appearance of a hostile meeting in an enemy's camp, than of a group of mourners about to be occupied in the melancholy duty of depositing out of sight for ever the last remains of a beloved chief.

Mooctara, the son and successor of the deceased, came to meet us on the beach, and seemed much gratified by our attention, our appearance on this solemn occasion giving him importance in the eyes of all the natives then assembled. He gave orders for our being conducted with much ceremony to the place of mourning, where, amidst a number of uncouth pieces of carving (which, we were informed were all tombs reared in honour of the memory of several former chiefs, and all tabooed), was erected a small hut, covered in at the top with thatch, but open at the sides. In the centre of this hut the bones of the deceased chief were exposed to

view. After having undergone the process of decomposition during four months' exposure to heat, wind, and rain, they had been collected, cleaned, and decorated with a quantity of fresh white feathers, which rendered the appearance of the skull still more frightful.

The women here invariably perform the parts of chief mourners; a group of them, with the widow of the deceased at their head, kept up a most mournful cadence, and at every pause in their dismal song slashed their skins with a piece of shell, till their faces, necks, and arms were literally streaming down with blood. This mourning and cutting is completely a matter of business, and is sometimes carried on without their feeling any real sorrow or sympathy. Parties kept arriving, and when there was not room for them to thrust themselves round the hut, they sat down in groups, perfectly unconcerned, employing themselves in cleaning their firelocks, or playing off upon each other some practical joke; but the moment a vacant space was presented near the hut, they deliberately stripped themselves, put on a most sorrowful countenance, and, seating themselves as near to the ornamented bones as possible, they immediately began their howling and slashing; no one seemed to like the idea of being outdone by his neighbour; but when the time allotted to this ceremony had expired, all instantly jumped up, wiped themselves, put on their mats, and joined the busy throng. There was, indeed, one real mourner, who never moved from the bones, nor once lifted up her eyes from them; she neither howled nor cut herself, and yet she inspired me with pity and commiseration for her forlorn state. This woman had been the only wife of the late chief; and I was informed they had lived many years together, and had a large family; she looked as if she herself was on the very brink of the grave. The contemplation of the mouldering remains of her partner through life must have been, even to her savage mind, most lacerating.

After witnessing several parties perform their funeral ceremonies, and imbibing, in some degree, the melancholy tone of mind such a sight must necessarily create, we arose and joined Mooctara. Here I witnessed a scene that reminded me of an English country fair. An immense number of temporary huts had been erected for the accommodation of the chiefs and their families, where they might repose after their exertions, while their slaves cooked their provisions, of which an abundant quantity had been provided, consisting of piles of kumara and Indian corn, with heaps of fish, which were served out, to all who came for them, with a most liberal hand, and which, of course, added not a little to the pleasure of the day. After all had satisfied their hunger (and even the lowest slaves were permitted, on this occasion, to have as much as they wished for) they jumped up, flew to their muskets, and commenced their war dance with great noise and vigour. The violence of their exertions caused their recent wounds to bleed afresh, and added much to the horror of their hideous grimaces. They then divided into two parties, and had a sham battle. I must here do justice to the temperate habits of my savage friends. During my residence in New Zealand, I have known but very few who were addicted to drinking, and I scarcely ever saw one of them in a state of intoxication; and, on this occasion, where a profusion of what they esteem delicacies was provided gratuitously, they partook so moderately of the tempting fare as not to be prevented using the most violent exertions immediately after their meal. The entertainment being now over, the different parties gathered up what remained of the portions of food distributed to them, and without taking any leave of their entertainer, or returning any thanks for his bountiful providing, they all entered their canoes and paddled away.

CHARACTER OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

An unfortunate prejudice has gone forth into the world against the natives of New Zealand, which I have always endeavoured to counteract from a sense of justice, and, from a careful review of those circumstances which have fallen immediately under my own observation; this prejudice has long retarded our knowledge of their true character, but error must gradually give way to truth; and as the circumstances which first brought the stigma upon their name come to light, and are investigated and properly explained, I feel confident the conduct of these islanders will be found

superior to that of any other nation in the South Seas. If we take the whole catalogue of dreadful massacres they have been charged with, and (setting aside partiality for our own countrymen) allow them to be carefully examined, it will be found that we have invariably been the aggressors; and when we have given serious cause of offence, can we be so irrational as to express astonishment that a savage should seek revenge? The last massacre was that of "The Boyd's" crew; every impartial person who reads the account of that melancholy transaction must acknowledge the unfortunate captain was most to blame. But that event took place nineteen years back; since which time they know us better, and respect us more; in proof of which, four years since, "The Mercury" brig was taken possession of by a crowd of natives, after they had endured a series of offences and every kind of ill-treatment; but the difference in their fate, compared with that of "The Boyd's" ship's company, was remarkable, and proved that the savage temper of the natives was much softened down and humanised, as they merely plundered the vessel, but made no attempt to murder or molest any of the crew, who, if they had possessed sufficient courage, would not have sacrificed their vessel; but, being terrified, they abandoned her, and she was finally wrecked. During my residence, I never heard of one of the men having been murdered; and I feel fully convinced no massacres will ever again be committed in any of the ports in New Zealand where European vessels have been accustomed to anchor.

I once saw, with indignation, a chief absolutely knocked overboard from a whaler's deck by the mate. Twenty years ago so gross an insult would have cost the lives of every individual on board the vessel, but, at the time this occurred, it was only made the subject of complaint, and finally became a cause of just remonstrance with the commander of the whaler. The natives themselves (and I have heard the opinions of various tribes) have invariably told me that these things occurred from our want of knowledge of their laws and customs, which compelled them to seek revenge. "It was," they said, "no act of treachery on our part; we did not invite you to our shores for the purpose of plunder and murder; but you came, and ill-used us; you broke into our tabooed grounds, and did not Atua give those bad white men into the hands of our fathers?"

I am confident that a body of Europeans may now reside in perfect security in any part of these islands. The late plundering of the missionaries at Whangaroa was a peculiar circumstance, which might have happened even in civilised Europe, had the seat of war approached so near their place of residence. If their houses and chapel had been on the plains of Waterloo during the June of 1815 they would not have experienced a better fate.

THE CUSTOM OF PLUNDERING ABANDONED.

This recent tumult has brought a circumstance into notice highly interesting to all who may hereafter wish to settle here. It has hitherto been their custom, when an accident occurs, such as the sudden death of a chief, to make a general plunder of everything belonging to the family of the deceased, and all under their protection. A knowledge of this horrible custom has deterred many from settling in New Zealand; and even those who have resolved to run so great a risk have lived in a continued state of alarm, lest the death of their protecting chief should leave them at the mercy of a savage enemy.

The deaths of Hongi and Shulitea placed the missionaries and all the settlers on Kororarika Beach in considerable jeopardy; but it appeared as if reason had begun to dawn on the minds of these benighted savages, for this unjust and cruel custom was now for the first time discontinued. I was on the beach at the time when an immense party, well armed, came for the express purpose of satiating their revengeful feelings. I had taken the precaution of removing what I possessed on board a whaler then lying in the harbour. The chiefs first sat down to discuss the matter over amongst themselves, and their deliberations ended in their being satisfied with destroying the village of Matoua, the one adjoining ours, and which had been the residence of Pomare's son, whose death was the cause of all the late turbulent events.

(To be Continued.)

Sayings of the Week

In the matter of labour legislation it was no good going miles ahead of what was required to-day. The case was just one of "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."—*Hon. J. A. Miller.*

If, after ten years, the wife for any cause cannot get on with the husband, or the husband with the wife, they should part, the father taking the older children, the mother the younger.—*Mr. George Meredith.*

Ideal democracy is only possible where people recognise that civilisation is based upon individual sacrifice and that the common people have no right to be constantly in the peril of the poverty which stunts the divine nature in mankind.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor.*

The results of small private irrigation schemes have shown that splendid crops can be grown on what otherwise would be barren land.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

When a man has not been in an engagement before he is not sure of himself nor of the others.—*Neville Major David Dunlop, of the Veterans' Home.*

A national settlement of Irish difficulties was indispensable to any harmonious conception of Liberalism.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

In these times of keen commercial and industrial competition the nation that had its people best equipped in the arts and manufacturing processes would be the most successful.—*Hon. G. Foxdles.*

If the Blues had been aware of the miserable state of affairs in the Reds' camp they would have marched over them. Even a girls' school could have done it, and a trained enemy would have brushed the Reds away like flies.—*Colonel Smyth, on the Auckland manoeuvres.*

The Dutch people are in the ascendant all over South Africa, and their arrogant rule cannot be checked save by another war.—*Mr. W. Black, of the Capetown City Council.*

The value of opinions expressed at the conference of the Trades Councils is questioned, as being only the opinions of city unionists, who have no knowledge of the wants or opinions of the country unions, which are now a factor in unionism, and the members of which live a totally different life to the city unionist.—*Mr. R. Manning, Secretary Waikato Miners' Union.*

The prospects in the fish-canning industry are distinctly better this year in the far north.—*Mr. Jacques, Government Canning Expert.*

The teachers are doing marvels, but they can't work miracles. The teacher with forty children must have assistance, and the great unwieldy classes must be reduced.—*Hon. G. Foxdles.*

A scrutiny of the value of the estates of deceased persons during the past year in New Zealand will show several approaching a value of half a million sterling. This wealth was not created by individual, but by collective effort. It has no right to go into individual possession.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor.*

If the present Ministry ever goes back on the labour cause, or ever refuses to advance that cause, then I, for one, will cease to be a member of it.—*Hon. J. A. Miller.*

Austria, which has a birth-rate of 35 to 38 per 1,000 of population, shows an infantile mortality of 224 per 1,000 births; while New Zealand, with a birth-rate of 27 per 1,000 of population, loses only 79 infants per 1,000 births. From a statistical point of view it would appear that far better conditions obtain here than elsewhere.—*Mr. E. J. Von Dahlen, Registrar-General.*

Whatever a law really provided for an automatic system for regulating pry, the

hours, and conditions of work, the very fact of it being of an automatic character not infrequently brought about what proved in time to be a hardship, if not an injustice, to the individual.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

It must be remembered that in isolated districts it was important that there should be proper provision for relieving the sick and healing the injured.—*Hon. J. McGowan.*

It is a little interesting to see what a teacher's salary means estimated by the time test. A salary of £100 a year for forty-three school weeks represents a payment of 1/104 an hour; £150 a year, 2/93 an hour; £200 a year, 3/84 an hour; £300 a year, 5/7 an hour; £400 a year, 7/54 an hour.—*Hon. G. Foxdles.*

While under the automatic scheme of the conciliation and arbitration law good was done, generally speaking, the experience of the working of the Act required to be reviewed, as there were admittedly changed conditions, and therefore requirements that had to be met.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

It appears to me that the manoeuvres have demonstrated that an energetic commander could make a successful raid on our forts from the rear.—*Colonel Wolfe, on the Auckland manoeuvres.*

He hoped the workers would be too thoroughly organised for the Millars and the other caterpillars.—*Mr. R. Hogg, Socialist Orator.*

The children must have the best education and the widest opportunities we can give them, and the expenditure upon the schools will prove a sound national investment.—*Hon. G. Foxdles.*

The steady growth of Socialistic sentiment as a factor in the world's politics is an evidence that the people are slowly coming into a knowledge of the royal powers vested in them.—*Mr. T. E. Taylor.*

The Government were anxious to help teachers, but had to keep before them troubles which the sectional system created. So far as superannuation was concerned, next session an attempt would be made to improve the position of the teachers.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The Irish members remained a party of independent Oppositionists and allied themselves to no one unless on the basis of the acceptance of full Home Rule. On their merits the Irish members ought to oppose most of the Government's chief Bills, especially relating to education and licensing.—*Mr. J. P. Redmond, Leader of Irish Nationalists.*

The children in the "back-blocks" must be looked after, because their parents are the very backbone of progressive settlement, and because the children themselves will one day play a very important part in shaping the destinies of the country.—*Hon. G. Foxdles.*

It seemed evident now that if the Government could find the necessary money—and there was little doubt of that—the prophecy of Sir George Grey would be borne out, and the Pinks would be covered with smiling homesteads and happy families.—*Hon. J. McGowan.*

R. J. Campbell had given up entirely the "jiggery-pokery" of the old theology, and told his congregation so. Campbell was one plumb, and there was a lot of duff there.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

There was not an intelligent man to be found now who cared two straws for what was said in the pulpit.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

He was informed by a large woollen manufacturer in Montreal that they could buy all the wool for their requirements locally, as the annual production of wool in Canada and the United States amounted to 300,000,000 lbs.—*Mr. J. Roberts, of Murray, Roberts and Co.*

The chrysanthemum was a deservedly popular flower, and a particular favourite, because it came at a time when other flowers were scarce.—*Lord Plunket.*

I take it no Government can hope to be permanently successful in any country unless it is generally supported by public opinion.—*Lord Dudley.*

Free trade was the Alpha, not the Omega, of the Liberal policy which would be built thereon, and they must be careful not to remove the foundation.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

I never saw before such a large percentage of well-grown young Maori men and fine strapping lasses as those in the kaingas of the North.—*Hon. J. Curroll.*

He would suggest, with the deference of one who was only offering an opinion, that the Referees' Association should endeavour to make the game of Rugby football of greater spectacular interest.—*Mr. M. J. Sheehan, Chairman Management Committee Auckland Rugby Union.*

Crops are not only up to the average as far as yield is concerned, but their condition is found on all sides to be better than for many years, in addition to which the prices of cereals are ruling high.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The colonial cricket outlook in bowling is not bright, but the batting is likely to be particularly strong for many years to come. It was the batting, not bowling, that won the rubber for Australia.—*Mr. A. O. Jones, Captain English Cricket Team.*

The United States Government was spending in preparation for possible war more than any other nation in the world.—*Mr. James A. Swaney, Chairman U.S. Naval Committee.*

In future, without injury to credit or adding to taxation, it would be possible to obtain 10 or 12 millions a year for useful purposes of social reform.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

I believe thoroughly and honestly in the qualities of the Irish race. I believe them to be brave, to be quick-witted, and at heart a loyal people. I believe that the expressions of disloyalty which we, unfortunately, read of from time to time are, as a rule, manufactured articles, and I believe that real disloyalty only exists to a very small extent.—*Lord Dudley.*

I attribute a considerable amount of my happiness in life, and my success both in athletics and in my profession, to the splendid drilling which we boys had in the drill shed in Wellesley-street when I belonged to the Grammar School, and I am absolutely sure that drill and discipline are beneficial to boys.—*Mr. N. A. Webb, LL.B.*

The Takapuna Hall was capable of seating 360 persons, but he believed that within a few years, judging from the rapid progress being made in Takapuna, it would be found that these dimensions were inadequate to accommodate all those who would assemble for entertainment, concerts, and public meetings.—*Mr. E. W. Atson, M.P.*

He could remember the time when at inquests at hotels the Coroner "shouted" for the jury and the jury "shouted" for the Coroner. That was some compensation to the publican. In these days of prohibition, however, he understood that Coroner and jury came out of the hotels dry.—*Mr. R. Farrell, of the Auckland City Council.*

It adds 20 per cent. to one's enjoyment of life to come to New Zealand and see the children here after witnessing the conditions under which they live at Home.—*Mr. H. A. Mines, B.A., Principal of the Training College.*

I am sorry to say that from a financial point of view a family of boys is a bigger asset to a farmer than a family of girls. We lend on live stock and produce, but we do not schedule his family.—*Mr. E. G. Staveley, Manager N.Z. Loan and Mercantile.*

When he wrote to his friends in England and Ireland, and told them of the kind of flowers we were able to produce here on St. George's Day, which was early spring at Home, they would probably put it down as another tale of the Antipodes.—*Lord Plunket.*

My hope of the complete unity of the Unionists is based upon the growing conviction that they will all ultimately see the fiscal system broken down at every standpoint, including Peel's and Gladstone's.—*Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour.*

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a great public figure and the most lovable and bravest politician I ever met. Ireland has lost her truest friend, and every section of the Empire is similarly bereaved.—*Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

Parliaments, even in Australia, were class and capitalistic institutions.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

In canning fruit, Whangarei had shown considerable advance. It now boasted of three canneries in a small way, and the demand for their outputs was far in excess of their supply. Again, in Warkworth, considerable quantities of fruit were being packed.—*Mr. W. Jacques, Government Canning Expert.*

When a passenger bought a ticket and had to stand on the carriage platform, he could, no doubt, console himself with the reflection that the Government had given great railway concessions to the people.—*Mr. Lang, M.P.*

The churches always, and in all countries, had supported the material interests of the dominant class.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

When one article is down, another is up, so the farmer has very little time for the pessimists who are preaching "blue funk and ruin."—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

If a people were wealthy and brought up their children to do nothing they died off.—*Sir Robert Stout.*

On 31st March 435 men, mostly labourers, were on my books as unemployed and eligible for work.—*Mr. Scheey, Director of Labour, New South Wales.*

With a bullock team he personally carted the material for the erection of the first church in Otago, outside Dunedin.—*Rev. W. Gillies, Presbyterian minister at Tauranga.*

We do not need to be alarmed at the exclusion of religious teaching from the schools if we can be assured of the supremacy of conscience and the fixity of the moral law.—*Mr. E. J. Godwin, of the New York Education Department.*

In the struggle at Blackball the socialists had won, because the mining company had decided to take back their comrades into its employ.—*Mr. Robert Hogg, a Wellington Socialist.*

Womanly Strength and Beauty

The woman who is really beautiful is the woman who is well. The languid, nervous style of beauty once so popular with fiction writers is no longer in favour, either in books or in daily life. The beauty of to-day eats heartily and sleeps well, and trusts to nature to paint its roses in her cheeks.

No medicine is better adapted to women's needs than

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

It appeals at once to the palate and the eye, pleasing them by its taste and its tempting appearance. Its action is very simple and natural, since it builds up the bodily health by stimulating the appetite and digestion and renews and enriches the blood by introducing more iron. It can always be depended upon, for besides being the best of tonics, it speedily breaks up hacking coughs and other bronchial troubles. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil at your chemist's, and be sure you get the genuine, STEARNS'.

Musings AND Meditations

By Dog Toby

A BUSH EDUCATION.

THE boat was slowly steaming away from the wharf, and the passengers were gradually settling down in their deck chairs prepared to enjoy the last look at the magnificent harbour lit up with the golden light of the setting sun. My neighbour had taken a book out of his pocket, but after slowly turning over a few pages he put it down and gazed into the blue haze of the fast receding hills. He looked like the typical cultured travelled Englishman, and I wondered how he thought New Zealand compared with other countries. By way of introducing myself, I offered him a copy of the paper, but he politely declined it saying he had already seen it. "I cannot understand," he remarked, "why it is that you people are so fond of running down your own country. To read the correspondence in the papers, and still more the various resolutions passed by different bodies, religious and otherwise; a stranger might well imagine that the colony was wholly given up to drinking, gambling, and heathenism. You have been having a vigorous controversy as to whether you are all pagans, and a pleasing interchange of compliments has taken place between some of your clergy in reference to this matter. Then you have your no-licence fanatics denouncing your women as drunkards and your young men as bar loafers, while the different religious organisations are perpetually deploring what they call the wide-spread prevalence of gambling, immorality, and religious indifference. I have travelled much, and perhaps have seen more of the world than many of these pessimists, and I know of no country where the inhabitants possess so much real moral worth as they do in this colony. Talk of us converting your country settlers, we want a few of your country settlers to convert us." He proceeded to talk of the wonderful beauty of our coast, and dwelt on the way in which their love for the Aegean Sea had influenced the Greek poets, and contrasted their appreciation of nature with the comparative indifference of the Latin writers. "You will wonder, perhaps," he went on, "what I know about the country people in New Zealand, and you think I am like Alexander Pope, who used to describe a landscape with his back to the window. But I can assure you that I inwardly smiled when I read the diatribes of your city folk on the paganism of the bush, because I felt none of them really knew anything about the subject. I was brought up in the usual English style and learnt all about the kings of Israel and Judah, and could read the New Testament in Greek, and was slightly high church in my tendencies, as befitted a member of an old Tory family. I took a brilliant degree at Cambridge, and was elected a Fellow of my College. I did not take up any tutorial work, but devoted myself to travel, and a life of leisured culture. In due time I came out here, and wandered aimlessly round seeing the show places. Just when I was thinking of returning I met an old college chum who had settled out here, and he asked me to ride out to his place in the country and pay him a visit. I could not start just then, so I said I would go up later, and he left me explicit directions how to get there, and said I couldn't possibly miss the way. But I contrived to miss it somehow, and I found myself at night, full wandering disconsolately about a desolate region, and wondering where I was."

I learnt to know what your people really are. The family consisted of the father and mother and three sons and three daughters, and they looked after me, thought I was a complete stranger in the true spirit of the good Samaritan. But what struck me most was the eagerness the children showed to improve themselves in every way. They had had next to no advantages, and yet they had read more standard books than many a University man has read, and it was wonderful to me how shrewd many of their simple remarks on well-known works were. They seemed to live in an atmosphere of what Patmore calls duties beautifully done, and if their views on the dogmas of religion were very imperfect, they nevertheless possessed that trusting childlike faith in a heavenly Father that formed the very inmost heart of the gospel, as preached by the shores of Gennesareth. And now I know you will smile at what I am going to tell you. I had written a small volume of essays, of which I was very proud, but which the best critics had stated to be brilliant and clever, but lacking in real knowledge of life. I had a copy with me and I lent it to the eldest girl to read. When she returned it she said she had liked it very much, but she was afraid she had not been able to understand a good deal of it. She said she did so wish she could write. I told her to try, and I would give her advice on what she wrote. Very shyly she brought me a few days later a little story she had written and asked me not to be too hard on it. I took it expecting to find some amusement, the grammar and spelling were far from perfect, and the style was very unformed. But underneath these things I saw something I had never seen before. I saw the pathos and the heroism of everyday life. I saw the courage that could bravely perform commonplace duties because they were duties, and the wistful longings for something higher and freer that were nevertheless put on one side as impossible of attainment, except at the cost of suffering to others. I saw it all, and with it came a deeper and truer knowledge of human goodness. My critics have never complained since that my work has shown an ignorance of life."

He rose from his chair and apologised for leaving me, saying he felt a little chilly, and thought he would go below. As he turned to go he dropped an envelope from the book he had been reading. I stooped to pick it up to return it to him, and as I did so my eye caught the name of one of the greatest of our living writers.

Do you get the protection offered by

Calvert's

20% Carbolic Soap.

Useful to prevent the attacks of mosquitoes and other insects, or to antiseptically cleanse their bites.

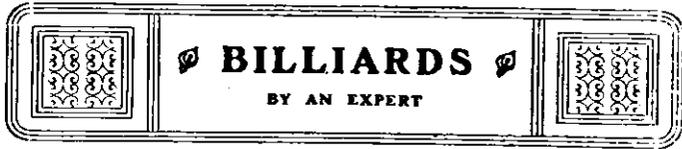
Popular as a safeguard against contagious diseases, and so thoroughly purifying for the bath.

At Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.

Makers: F. O. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.

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.

I was not a very good horseman, and I suppose I was riding with too loose a rein, for the horse suddenly stumbled and fell and I was thrown heavily to the ground. I was in great pain, and scarcely able to move, and I don't know what I should have done if a trap had not happened to pass by just then, in which I was driven to a neighbouring cottage. I had to stay there several days, as I had injured my arm rather badly, and it was during that visit that



LANDMARKS OF THE GAME.

Like the old county families, the game of billiards has its traditions fairly strongly marked. It quickly struck a sympathetic chord in the breasts of sporting aristocrats when first introduced into this country some time during the eighteenth century from France. The new game became most popular, and, as had been found necessary in the reign of James I. with regard to bowls, an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting any journeyman, labourer, apprentice, or servants from playing under certain prescribed penalties. As a result, a comparative few, composed of the "bloods" about town and their entourage, monopolised billiards. The gaming clubs and the best hotels and inns only could boast of a table. In those gambling days billiards came under the general ban, and not without reason. Pure enough in itself, it suffered by contamination; by being made the medium of the sharper and trickster; these associations clung more closely to the game than ivy to a tree. There was no shaking them off. Thus it came about that the mere mention of the word "billiards" caused the piously-minded and those professing so to be to lift their hands in lamentation at the sins and wickednesses of this world. For a game to have outlived such detraction influences and deeply-grounded prejudices must bespeak of its innate merits. There is none better nor more scientific. It provides a beautiful study, a mental recreation, and it may be set to serve a grand lesson in self-control. Yet only in the last few years have billiards and billiard-playing taken their proper place in the forefront of our sports and pastimes.

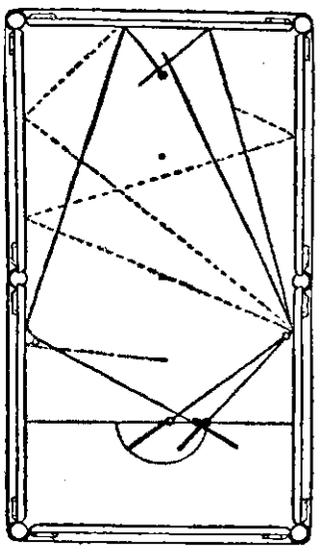
To go back into the mists of a century or so ago is to find London the hub of the game here in England. It had then had something like a fifty years career. Billiard tables of the pocketed pattern had found their way to America before the War of Independence. High officials had transported them there; probably taken them from their town houses. The game was fairly well established in the fashionable circle. It is curious to reflect upon the difficulties of the wooden beds and list cushions, the square-headed mace which did duty to push the player's ball up and down the table. They are reflected in the condensed character of the games played, varying from 7 points to 21 points up. The high-banked cushions were a source of certain failure

when the cue-ball rested against them. In despite of all the drawbacks there was, even under these conditions, a certain magnetism about the play. It became the cult of the sporting fraternity. In due course there came the leather tips and the accompanying chalk, known as "twisting-chalk," which do duty today. These improvements advanced the cause of billiards in a remarkable degree. They led to a much higher standard of play, and the school of players, amateur and professional, upon whose teachings the base of the present-day game, in all its ramifications, is set.

Piccadilly and the Haymarket, those lively haunts of the old days, first welcomed the billiard-table to London. There were big matches for big money stakes quite 100 years ago, when jewelled ladies and their gallants wagered their guineas by the thousands. The Americans vied with us at the pocket game, and more than one expert player made the perilous Atlantic passage to try conclusions with our best. By gradual degrees the provinces became imbued with a fondness for the board of green cloth. In this wise Brighton and Manchester, towns which figure largely in billiard history, managed in due course to supplant London for a time as the headquarters of the game. When Brighton was at the height of its popularity, Jonathan Kentfield, the father of billiards, and the first recognised champion, made his claim good to be considered the first exponent in the land. He has left behind a work that tells how intimately he knew his art. Billiards owes much to him, as he invented the slate bed and rubbered cushions, improvements which were taken up and manufactured by Messrs. Thurston and Co., now some seventy years ago. After a twenty odd years' hold on the championship, Kentfield resigned the title to John Roberts, a player of remarkable native ability, who gave the Lancashire city a connection with first-class billiards which had since been kept in line by successive generations of players.

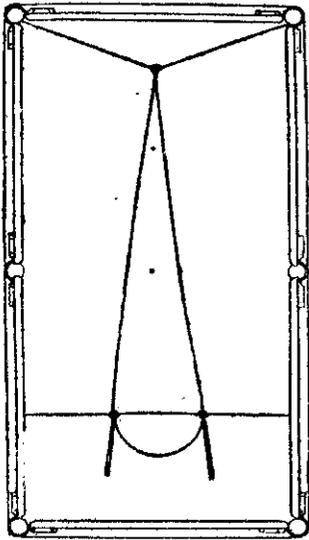
In the course of a few years billiards reverted to London as its chief centre, and it has remained there ever since, notwithstanding many high provincial inducements. It was in Saville House, Leicester-square, on the site now occupied by the Empire Theatre, that John Roberts, sen., displayed his talents, and where his son, John Roberts, jun., later destined to be the leading figure in all practical billiards, learned to play his inimitable game. The father was all brilliancy and dash, with a curious partiality for knocking the balls off the table, a performance he could accomplish at will. His play was redolent of double strength forcing strokes, made in the most nonchalant and suspiciously accurate fashion. In his earlier years John Roberts, jun., betrayed the same characteristics. He had all the freedom and power of cue possessed by his father. They had probably come to him by the force of good example. But the younger John had to temper his stroke-power and revise his methods before he became an outstandingly great player. His eyes must have been widely opened at the delicacy of touch, the screw effects gained by those nifty little strokes so artistically rendered by William Cook, the young man who succeeded in beating old John Roberts for the championship in a famous match in the year 1870. This was played at the St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, which for several subsequent seasons was the selected battle-ground for all the leading matches.

The Guildhall Tavern, in the City, Gatti's Restaurant, in Villiers-street, Strand, and the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, became, in their turn, the resort of the great players. Matches and tournaments, pool and pyramids (the great round games of those days), were contested by the chief professionals. There is a fund of anecdote connected with many of the contests. The evolution of many set strokes, which now figure in the midst of break arrangements, and are passed over as ranking in the commonplace, can be traced to the seventies and early eighties, when a match of 1000 up once a month in the season was



The old and the newer way of playing from the D when your opponent safely misses under the side cushion and the red ball is on the spot. The continuous lines show the movements of the cue-balls, and the intersected lines the run of the played object-balls.

as much as a professional could expect. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the nicely-regulated laws of supply and demand compelled him, in those times, to look to pool and pyramid as a source of income? But the professional of that era and the up-to-date professor of the gentle art of billiards are very distinct personalities. As befits their exceptional abilities, the leading players to-day can command engagements, all of which extend over a week or two weeks, for seven months out of the twelve. There are the recognised halls for exhibition and very sternly-contested match play. To John Roberts must be accorded the credit of raising billiards to its present high place in the public eye as a form of refined entertainment. His tenancy of the old Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where his most notable triumphs were achieved, did a world of good for the game. It served us object lesson in what might be done. Messrs Thurston and Co. were the first to realise the possibilities of this, and they erected the splendidly-appointed Grand Hall in Leicester Square. Messrs Burroughes and Watts followed this example by converting part of their old-established premises at Soho-square into a Grand Salon, where the splendidly fought-out tournament games are conducted. Then Messrs Cox and Yeman, of 184, Brompton-road, fell into line, and



Screwing in off the billiard spot—at one time most popular.

built the comfortable saloon annexed to their premises. London leads the world in the way of its billiard halls.

A reminiscent mood has led me into putting forward a couple of diagrams of shots that were once in favour, but which the experience of long familiarity has expunged from the list of those known as sound, and therefore profitable undertakings. There is the one-time sparklingly attractive, but uncertain, screw losing hazard from the red ball when it lies on the billiard spot, and the cue ball is in hand. This was all the rage, the despairing hope of the many and the weakness of most. No self-respecting billiardist now attempts this strong screw stroke; yet an occasional reminder by some desperate player that it is still a factor to be reckoned with revives old memories. The methods of opening the game, and particularly as concerns those more or less trappy little misses under the side cushions, also command themselves. The run-through shot with strong "side," once the most common stroke in this connection, is now banned, as, apart from its scoring defects, it inevitably leaves the opponents ball down by the red, providing too nice a leave to permit of its being regularly persevered in. The better stroke is the thin cannon, taking the object white thinly (as on the left side of the exemplary diagram) on its left side. This has become the recognised means of dealing with the position, both as an aggressive and defensive shot.

A little man stopped in the shop. And said: "Now, you be sure To give me what I ask for pop. That's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. It's no use to try and force On me some other class. For though I am a little hoarse I'm not a little ass."

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

THE railway disaster in Victoria," said the journalist, "reminds us very forcibly of the awful risks traffic at holiday time. Nearly all we run through the congestion of the big accidents on land and at sea have taken place either at Easter or Christmas, when trains and boats and trams are overcrowded, and the officials and employees are overworked and liable to blunder through excessive stress and strain. If it had not been for the disorganisation of the time-table the Ballarat train would not have been delayed as it was for three-quarters of an hour, and the accident at Braybrook would not have happened. If it is absolutely necessary that we should cling to our present senseless fashion of everyone taking a holiday on the same day, then it seems to me that the working staff of our railways should be considerably augmented, and all overcrowding and unpunctuality should be rigidly prohibited. At the same time, in spite of a few big disasters, railway travelling is proved by statistics to be quite one of the safest means of travelling. It is wonderful, considering the long hours that railway men work, and the excessive nervous strain to which they are subject, that accidents are not of more frequent occurrence."

"I suppose," remarked the lawyer, "that the most absolutely safe place in the world is on board a Cunard liner. It is the boast of the directors of this great line that they have never lost a life. Indeed, their constant insistence on this fact is apt to become wearisome, and one sometimes almost wishes that their record in this respect could be broken. If you complain of the food, or the service, or the state of your cabin, or the extortionate charges, you are always invited to remember that these things are trifles compared with the fact that the company has never lost a life. An accident, in which a large number of people lose their lives or are wounded is apt to strike the imagination far more forcibly than a series of accidents to individuals; but I believe I am right in saying that more people are either killed or maimed through accidents with horses or horse-drawn vehicles than through accidents arising from all the other forms of locomotion put together. In the colonies we have been singularly free from big railway smashes; we are more liable to disasters at sea; but I have often been struck with the large number of individuals cases reported of accidental deaths. Coach accidents, buggies upset, riders being thrown, are of almost daily occurrence, and seem to bear out my contention about horses."

"It is a marvel to me how some fellows escape," put in a volunteer officer. "At our recent manoeuvres one or two of our fellows had some nasty spills, but they managed somehow to escape being seriously hurt. One place we had to ride down in the dark was nearly as steep as the side of a house, with a swamp at the bottom, and an equally steep climb up again on the other side. Three of our chaps got thrown, and lost of his rifle in the swamp. These Easter camps are grand things, as they accustom the men to roughing it, and show what they are good for. And we had to rough it more than we bargained for, as a great part of our meat was condemned, and we were left on half rations. It is a splendid holiday for some of the fellows who come in from the country districts, and they are like schoolboys in the tricks they play on each other. One day some wag altered all the stirrup leathers, and it was really rather funny to see men with one leg up in the air and the other vainly trying to reach down to the stir-

rup. One of the most amusing incidents that I can remember having seen at a camp happened a few years back. A certain gallant warrior had a deep-rooted aversion to sleeping in a tent, so he had a kind of glorified dog kennel on wheels constructed for his special benefit, and he fitted it up most luxuriously inside. This was altogether too much for the more mischievous spirits in the camp, so one night, when the gallant man was snugly and safely asleep inside, some of the boys up-ended the whole affair, with the door underneath and the warrior a prisoner in his own dwelling. We heard all his furniture rattling down on top of him, and sundry voluble expletions came in muffled tones from the interior. There was a bit of a row over it, but the whole camp expressed such innocent surprise when questioned about it that nothing was done to punish the culprits."

"I remember that time," said the major, "and I shrewdly suspect that you played a more active part yourself in the affair than that of a mere passive spectator. They say that some foreign joker has invented a new gun that is not only smokeless, but also noiseless. If so, it will revolutionise warfare. I can conceive nothing more demoralising than to find yourself being shot at without the slightest indication as to where the shots are coming from. At present we depend on the firing for much of our information as to the strength and whereabouts of the enemy. You would be surprised how difficult it is to spot men in khaki moving through scrub. It has become necessary to use powerful binoculars to spot them at comparatively close quarters."

"Talking of binoculars," interposed another officer, "I wish someone would advise me as to the best sort for general use. I bought a pair of prism glasses, paid ten guineas for them, too, and tried them at the rifle range. In a good light they seemed to do all right, but in dull light or mirage they did not seem nearly so good as a pair I have that did not cost a quarter of the money. They are frightfully trying to the eyes, too, and I found that after using them I could not shoot worth a cent. They seem rather complicated sort of things, and perhaps I don't quite understand how to work them. Anyway, they were recommended to me as being the best and latest thing procurable in glasses, so I suppose the fault is in myself. But all the same, I have heard lots of chaps say that the prism glasses doesn't suit them. Our worthy professor here probably knows all about the inner working of these things, and the laws of light and optics, and all that sort of racket, so perhaps he will enlighten us."

"The prism binoculars," replied the professor, "is constructed optically on the system invented by Porro in the early part of last century. Two totally reflecting rectangular prisms are—"

"My dear chap," interposed the major, "you aren't giving a lecture in class. We don't want to know all about rectangular prisms and Mr. Porridge, or whatever his name is. We want to know the best glass to use in all weathers."

"I beg your pardon," resumed the professor, "I forgot the extremely practical nature of the modern mind. A prism glass or any very high-power glass can only be used in a clear atmosphere, be-

cause of the large amount of light that is lost. Except in a very good light, the pupil of the eye is not completely filled with the rays passing through the optical system, and the brightness of the image formed is less than the brightness of the object observed. The object glasses of prism glasses are small, and the magnification employed is frequently too high for general use, considering the size of the object glass. For use in all weathers and under all atmospheric conditions you can't beat the old style of field glass known as the Galilean type. It doesn't strain the eye, and it can be used when other glasses would be useless. Nearly everybody makes the mistake, in regard to all optical instruments, of thinking that high magnification means greater efficiency and usefulness, whereas it is a rule amongst scientists to never use a high-power if a low-power can be employed instead. I should say that for military operations what is known as the 'service outfit' would be the most useful equipment. You get a good binocular of over four magnifications, and a telescope with a power of 18 diameters, and the whole thing goes into a very small case which can be fixed to the belt. The total cost is only half that of prism glasses. The following rule is practical, and I hope not too technical for you. If you want a telescope to perform well in all weathers, and to pass a hundred per cent of light, that is, to show the object as bright as it really is, you must not have a higher magnification than ten for each inch of aperture. Thus a telescope with a two-inch object glass should magnify, twenty times, a three-inch thirty times, and so on. In all optical instruments one that passes plenty of light should be chosen in preference to one of higher power and less light, as in this country, our atmospheric conditions are not favourable for excessive magnifications. All the same, the prism glasses can't be beaten in fine weather and on a clear day."

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The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION,

A profit of £894 was obtained during the last financial year from the Lyttelton municipal gasworks.

The takings of the Wellington tramways on Easter Monday amounted to £612.

Eight Maoris are reported to have died as the result of an epidemic of typhoid in the Wanganui River settlements.

Road Board Elections take place throughout the Dominion during the next few days, commencing on May 2nd.

Wellington Mayoralty is being bitterly contested. The electors on the roll number nearly 29,000.

Echo of the late dry season! At Hawera, lately, two mares in foal were sold for 2/6 and 1/, respectively.

The legislative Council elections in Fiji resulted:—L. K. Brown 159, A. Witherow 155, A. Coubrough 152, J. Turner 143, J. McConnell 60.

Auckland City Council has resolved to appoint a landscape gardener in connection with a scheme for planting trees in seventeen streets at a cost of £4,375.

A revolver bullet crashed through the window at the Grand Hotel, Palmerston North, on April 23rd, narrowly missing three ladies who were at sea.

A youth was fined at Invercargill the other day for flying a kite in the streets. It would be well if financial "kite-flying" could be similarly dealt with.

Cabinet is meeting at Wellington this week to consider the amendment of the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act and other legislation for the approaching session of Parliament.

Beautiful caves, with a waterfall and grottoes, have been discovered at Te Ahuroa, four miles from Te Kuiti, in the King Country.

Grey mouth merchants say they will lose heavily by the stranding of the Taviuni at Westport, as over 400 tons of general cargo was aboard for that port, and is uninsured.

According to the Minister for Education, the question of teachers' salaries will be considered by Parliament next session.

The demand for rock oysters during the coming season, which opens on May 1st, is estimated by the Marine Department at about 20,000 sacks.

The annual conference of the Federated Catholic Clubs of New Zealand, which opened in Auckland on Saturday, April 18th has been concluded. The next conference will be held at Blenheim.

The sports meeting in connection with the inter-university tournament at Dunedin resulted in Victoria College winning the championship shield.

The annual conference of the New Zealand Women's Presbyterian Bible Class Union was held during the Easter holidays at Auckland. After the business was over a picnic was held at Takapuna.

The Native Land Commission strongly urges that all timber on native land in the Rotorua district should be conserved. The land as a whole is not very good, and the timber is its best crop.

The Ross Goldfields, Limited, has purchased a plant worth £25,000, for the purpose of working the alluvial claim at Ross, with the help of a Government subsidy of £15,000.

The ratemakers of the Borough of Feilding declared in favour of loans of £15,000 for surface drainage, £2,000 for footpath formation, £1,750 for a new ferro-concrete bridge in Manchester-street, and £2,000 for swimming baths.

At Christchurch, a Chinese market gardener was fined 10/-, and two Chinese employees were fined 5/- each, for carrying on their work at Marshlands on a Sunday within view from a public street.

The decree issued by the Pope in regard to the marriages of Roman Catholics came into force last Sunday, and no marriages will be recognised by the Church unless they conform with the provisions of the decree.

A cablegram received in Wellington states that Vincent Ward, son of the Prime Minister, was offered a commission in the King's Colonials, but declined. He offered to join as a trooper and was accepted. Mr. Ward afterwards lunched with the Minister for War.

The further legislation to facilitate the work of the Native Lands Commission, to be introduced by the Government next session, will, it is understood, be in the direction of providing for the work of the Commission being carried on by Maori Land Boards.

Branch libraries are advocated for the outlying parts of the City of Auckland. It has been resolved to establish one at Newton, when a site is available, and a proposal is made to secure a site in Khyber Pass for a library and gymnasium.

For the year ended 31st March last, New Zealand collected £13,700 poll-tax from 137 Chinese immigrants. For the preceding year the amount collected was £9,100, from 91 Chinese. There seems to be some reason behind the demand that the tax should be increased.

The Prisoners' Aid Society is proposing to establish a refuge at Wellington, where discharged prisoners shall be employed at remunerative works, and paid the wages which they would receive elsewhere, less cost of their keep.

The report of the Native Land Commission on the Rotorua County states that of 629,760 acres 358,512 have been acquired by the Crown and by Europeans—chiefly by the Crown. The latter has purchased all blocks containing springs, except at Tikitere.

The Ngatipikalo tribe have made up their minds to adopt incorporation, and the Native Land Commission recommends that their own committees should be given powers to deal with their lands in the manner prescribed by the Act of last session for lands within the Thermal Springs Act.

Wellington Harbour Board has deferred consideration of a motion "That steps be taken to insure the buildings of the Board against damage by earthquake, and fire resulting from earthquake, such insurance to be effected locally, if at satisfactory rates, and if not, then in London, at Lloyd's."

The New Zealand section of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners proposes to establish branches in various parts of the Dominion at which the organisation has not hitherto been officially represented. There are already 20 branches in New Zealand. The membership in the Dominion is about 2000—350 being in Wellington. Last year £92,000 was paid out by the society for benefits in various parts of the Empire.

Cabinet has resolved to erect on Somes' Island, in Wellington harbour, a hospital for the isolation of actual patients when vessels are quarantined on account of disease. The present hospital quarters form part of the ordinary quarantine buildings, and passengers who, when landed, are not affected by the disease for which a ship is quarantined are in danger of catching it from the actual sufferers.

Holiday traffic in Auckland during the Easter holidays showed a large increase over last year. The outward railway tickets issued from Thursday to Monday numbered 4,300, being more than 1,000 increase over the same period of 1907. The passengers carried on the city tramways on Saturday and Easter Monday numbered 173,611, an increase of 4,162 as compared with these two days in 1907.

The first meeting of the United Orange Grand Lodge of New Zealand was opened at Wellington on April 20th. The following officers were elected and installed:—R.W. Grand Master, Bro. J. Middleton; Deputy G.M., Bro. J. Aston; Foreman of Committee, Bro. R. Meredith; Grand Chaplain, Bro. Major Cunningham (Salvation Army); Grand Secretary, Bro. E. N. Budden; Grand Deacons, Bro. J. Barlow and Caygill; Inner Guard, Bro. Martine; Tyler, Bro. King.

For falsely describing himself as a doctor of medicine and obtaining money from a patient, John Williams (with several aliases) was fined £50, on default three months. For obtaining meals

by false pretences the same man was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and on a charge of forgery he was remanded for sentence. Accused had been fined at Dunedin for falsely describing himself as a doctor, and for other offences, and had served terms in New Zealand, New South Wales, and Victoria.

The Government has decided to erect a temporary covered footbridge across Sydney-street to connect Government House, in which Parliament next meets, with the Parliamentary library, which was not consumed in the recent fire, for the convenience of members of Parliament and others during the forthcoming session. The City Council has given its consent to the proposed work on condition that the passage is not to be a permanent structure.

The annual inter-collegiate debate took place at Dunedin on April 20th, the subject being the question of "The Decline of the British Empire unless a System of Compulsory Military Service be adopted." In the first debate Auckland (Moore and Hampton) took the affirmative, and Canterbury (Ames and Currie) the negative, and in the second Otago (Lomas and Haslett) took the affirmative, and Victoria College (Mason and Evans) the negative. The debate resulted in a win for Victoria College.

A. C. Elliott, of the firm of ECott and Duncan, land and estate agents, of Grey-street, Wellington, has been adjudged bankrupt on his own petition to-day. It is understood that debtor's affairs have been investigated at the instance of his creditors by an accountant, who drew up a balance-sheet on the particulars available, with the following results:—Gross liabilities (37 unsecured creditors). £12,096 17/4; balance of assets after secured creditors have been paid, £1961 4/11; net deficiency, £10,135 12/5. The number of secured creditors is 12, to whom a total of £8150 15/1 is due. Their securities are estimated to produce £9825.

Mr. Fitzgerald, organiser of the Socialist party addressed a meeting at Dunedin on April 20th, when a resolution calling on the Government to resume possession of the lands and minerals held by the Blackball Company was carried, also the following:—"That this meeting views with alarm and disapproval the action of the Hon. J. A. Millar in denying Blackball miners employment on the Government railways, and we consider such an introduction of the boycott by the Government is tyrannical in the extreme, and a violation of the liberty of the taxpayer to obtain equal opportunities of employment." There were about 150 people present.

It will, perhaps, be very reassuring to the great bulk of the public service just entering upon a general superannuation scheme of its own (says a Wellington correspondent) to note the remarkable accumulation of the funds which have been in existence a few years. The railway superannuation fund, after nine years' working, has £127,000 to its credit, and the teachers' superannuation fund balance (which was £34,733 at the end of the 1907 financial year) has jumped in a twelve month to over £12,090. The teachers' fund is at present in the excellent position of having nearly half its membership composed of individuals not more than thirty years of age. Those who are leaving the service are generally the older contributors, while the new members of the fund are young people. Of 219 new contributors for the year 1907 no fewer than 142 were on the five per cent. basis, their ages being under thirty years.

Statistics compiled by the Registrar-General show that New Zealand has a lower infant mortality than any other country. In the year 1906, to every 1,000 births there were no fewer than 132 deaths of infants under one year in England and Wales, 116 in Scotland, 93 in Ireland and Victoria, 75 in New South Wales and Queensland, but only 62 in New Zealand.

Comparing next with sundry different countries, and using an average of 10 years' results, further testimony is afforded of the better position of this Dominion. Figures for 31 countries and colonies are given, the calculations being those made by the Registrar-General of England. According to this list Austria, which has a birth-rate of 35 to 38 per 1,000 of population, shows an infantile mortality of 224 per 1,000 births; while New Zealand, with a birth-rate of 27 per 1,000 of population, loses only 79 infants per 1,000 births.

Mayoral Elections.

The Mayoral elections throughout the Dominion are in progress. In a number of cases there has been no contest, and the sitting Mayor as sole nominee has been re-elected. This is especially noticeable in Auckland district, where the Mayors of the City and all suburban boroughs have been re-elected without opposition. Both in Auckland City and in the borough of Thames the sitting Mayors have taken office for a fourth term. Appended is a list of the Mayors who have been elected:—

Auckland.—Mr. Arthur M. Myera. Parnell.—Mr. G. W. Basley. Newmarket.—Mr. F. Bennett. Onehunga.—Mr. J. Rowe. Birkenhead.—Mr. A. Keyes. Devonport.—Mr. W. Handley. Mount Eden.—Mr. O. Nicholson. Grey Lynn.—Mr. G. Sayers. Thames.—Mr. Arch. Burns. Cambridge.—Mr. W. F. Buckland. Inglewood.—Mr. H. B. Curtis. Wanganui.—Mr. C. E. Mackay. Feilding.—Mr. W. J. B. Trowin. Napier.—Mr. J. Vigor Brown. Petone.—Mr. J. McEwen. Lower Hutt.—Mr. T. A. Peterkin. Eastbourne.—Mr. H. B. Bolton. Ouslow.—Mr. J. G. Harkness. Kuroi.—Mr. C. J. Dasset. Richmond.—Mr. Skentes. Hokitika.—Mr. H. L. Michel. Rangiora.—Councillor Bell. Kaiapoi.—Mr. J. H. Blackwell. Woolston.—Mr. John Richardson. Oamaru.—Mr. R. Milligan. Hampden.—Mr. Nicholson.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

Whangarei.—Mr. W. D. Jack and Mr. T. McClintock. Waikato.—Mr. T. Gilmore, sitting Mayor, and Mr. John Newth. Hamilton.—Mr. C. J. S. Bond, sitting Mayor, and Mr. C. W. Barton. Eltham.—Mr. T. S. S. Taylor, sitting Mayor, and Mr. G. W. Taylor. New Plymouth.—Mr. W. A. Collis, Mr. G. Fisch, and Mr. F. Bellinger. Wanganui East.—Mr. J. Jones, sitting Mayor, and Mr. R. Nelson. Hastings.—Mr. T. J. Thompson, sitting Mayor, Mr. L. W. Fowler, Mr. Wm. Lane and Mr. A. George. Gisborne.—Mr. W. D. Lyman and Dr. Williams. Palmerston North.—Mr. Richard Essex, sitting Mayor, Mr. Henry Haydon and Mr. J. A. Nash. Wellington.—Hon. T. W. Hislop, sitting Mayor, and Mr. J. G. W. Aitken. Miramar.—Mr. C. J. Crawford, sitting Mayor, and Mr. F. Townsend. Blenheim.—Mr. A. McCallum, sitting Mayor, and Mr. E. H. Penny. Christchurch.—Mr. George Payling, sitting Mayor, and Mr. Charles Allison. Lyttelton.—Mr. S. R. Webb, sitting Mayor, and Mr. Colin Cook. Timaru.—Mr. J. Craigie, sitting Mayor, and Mr. T. Hawkey. Dunedin.—Councillor McDonald and Councillor Walker. Invercargill.—Mr. W. R. Scandrett, sitting Mayor, and Mr. Duncan McFarlane.

A London Worker's Sad Story.

Some light was thrown on the reason for desertions of seamen and firemen from vessels in Dominion ports, by the statement of a fireman named Wm. Garrett, who was charged at the Auckland Police Court with deserting from the steamer Wakamā. Garrett stated in reply to the charge:—"It was like this, sir, I have a wife and children at home, where I lost my position through the introduction of mechanical stokers, and I tried very hard to get work. Night and day for five months I trod the streets and docks of London trying to get a job, until at last I was told that we would have to go to the union workhouse. That meant, sir, that me and my wife and the children would be separated, to say nothing of the disgrace of it. Then I heard of the prospects of work in New Zealand, so I left the wife and children at home and worked my way out, and deserted when I got here. I don't drink, nor interfere with anyone, but I have a good wife, and I want to get her out here to live with me in this land of plenty. I have a job to go to in Auckland, and that was further temptation to desert." The magistrate, unmoved by this pathetic appeal, resolved to have Garrett sent back to his ship, which probably means back to London, poverty, and the workhouse.

The Nimrod and Her Officers.

Somewhat sensational statements have been made as to the rupture said to have taken place between Captain England and Lieut. Shackleton on the Antarctic exploring vessel Nimrod. On Thursday last the Christchurch papers published the message sent to English newspapers by Reuter's Agency alleging that Captain England and Lieutenant Shackleton came to blows over the command of the Nimrod in McMurdo Sound. Captain England, in conversation with a reporter, emphatically denied that a fight took place between Lieutenant Shackleton and himself. He states that there was no altercation between them that could possibly be construed into a quarrel. Voices were never raised in anger between them.

Captain England has asked the press to express his great regret that such malicious and false reports should have been circulated, and he says that the officers of the Nimrod will endorse his statement. He has despatched a cable message to London denying Reuter's report, and making the same statements as are given above.

Empire Rifle Competition.

The British National Rifle Association has accepted a one hundred guinea challenge trophy from Colonel Schumper of the Witwatersrand Rifles, to be competed for annually on Empire Day by teams of forty men, picked from any regiment, cavalry battalion, infantry brigade, artillery, or regular volunteer and auxiliary force throughout the Empire, and also by British war-ships. Saturday, 23rd May, has been fixed as the date of the competition, and the New Zealand Defence Department is circulating Officers Commanding Districts, asking them to make arrangements for firing on local ranges. The names, teams, and date are to be notified to the promoters by cable a week beforehand, and scores will also be sent by cable.

Arrival of Immigrants.

A small number of immigrants arrived at Wellington on April 21st by the steamer Devon, from Liverpool. The vessel had on board for the Dominion six nominated, 32 assisted, and 67 passengers who paid their own fares. At Auckland 38 will disembark. The same number were booked to Wellington, while 14 are for Lyttelton, nine for Port Chalmers, two for Timaru, one for Napier, one for New Plymouth, and two for Westport. The assisted passengers are said to have between them over £1000. The Wellington contingent was met on arrival by Mr. J. E. March and an officer from the Labour Department.

The Ionic, which arrived from London on the same date, brought 325 immigrants, 76 nominated, 9 assisted, and 158 who paid their own fares. The assisted passengers have a combined capital of £2587. Of the total 77 are for Auckland, 84 for Wellington, 34 for Lyttelton, 21 for Port Chalmers, 21 for Bluff, and 18 for Napier.

Vital Statistics for March.

The total births registered in the four chief centres during March amounted to 573, as against 608 in February, a decrease of 35. The deaths in March were 240, an increase of 29 on the number in February. There were 59 deaths of persons of 65 years and upwards. In Auckland there were 17 births and 44 deaths, Auckland and suburbs (population, 71,916), 189 births, 62 deaths; proportion of deaths per 1000 population, 0.86. Wellington and suburbs (population, 70,947), 149 births, 78 deaths, proportion 1.10. Christchurch and suburbs (population, 59,291), 117 births, 47 deaths, proportion 0.79. Dunedin and suburbs (population, 59,495), 118 births, 63 deaths, proportion 0.89.

The Blackball Strike.

Although rumours continue to be current of a settlement of the coalminers' dispute at Blackball being imminent, no real progress towards agreement seems to have been made. The president of the Miners' Union, Mr. Fox, resigned on Friday last—it is said because he felt slighted at not being chosen to represent the union in a conference to be held with the directors of the Blackball Company. His resignation was not accepted. Proceedings were taken against the

Miners' Union to recover the damages in which it was cast by the Arbitration Court for breach of the law. The service of a warrant of distress on the officials of the union resulted in the warrant being returned "nulla bona" by the bailiff, the union having been found to have no funds to satisfy the distress. The next step will be an application to the Arbitration Court, or the president thereof, for an order directed against the members of the union to pay the fine, the liability of each member being limited to £10. Notices, in terms of law, have been served on the members of the union, and the application is expected to be heard by Mr. Justice Sim in Auckland this week. Should he make an order it will then be filed in the Magistrate's Court at Greymouth, and will have the effect of a judgment of that Court.

Postal and Savings Bank Statistics.

The postal revenue of the Dominion during the March quarter of this year was £112,034, as against £109,846 for the corresponding period of last year.

The telegraph revenue was £71,581, as compared with £67,050.

During the first quarter of this year the total amount deposited in the Post Office Savings Banks of the Dominion was £2,542,188, as compared with £2,325,099, for the first three months of 1907.

Withdrawals during the same period totalled £2,382,935 for 1908, and £2,000,251 for 1907, the excess of deposits over withdrawals being £159,253 for this year, and £324,849 last year.

Socialist Resolutions.

A Socialist conference held at Wellington during Easter decided not to take any political action at present.

The conference passed resolutions: (1) Affirming that the compulsory arbitration law in New Zealand had not proved advantageous to workers, and had weakened trades unionism, and warning workers of other countries against accepting such a system; (2) that steps be taken to establish classes for the purpose of educating the youth of New Zealand in Socialistic principles; (3) affirming the principle of universal peace; (4) affirming the referendum.

The party has a membership of about 3,000. It is intended to hold an annual conference, and a commodious hall has been secured.

Dominion News for England and America.

With the object of keeping New Zealand and its resources prominently before the notice of newspaper readers in the United Kingdom, the Government is making an important and interesting experiment. An arrangement has been effected with Reuter's Telegraph Company to despatch three times per week, from New Zealand to England, a message of 100 words, containing items of general news which will be of interest to newspaper readers at home. The selection of the news is left entirely to Reuter's Agency, it being understood that the items are to be free from bias. Matters which no doubt will receive attention will be any important statements by the head of the Government, crop prospects, mining returns, the wheat yield, and matters affecting the extension of trade between New Zealand and the United Kingdom, Canada and America. It is proposed to allow the newspapers of Canada and the United States to take the message upon payment of their share of the distributing cost. The Pacific cable will be used, and the message would be intercepted en route for the United Kingdom.

Accidents, Suicides, Etc.

Henry Kruse, a middle-aged man, was killed at Ashhurst on Monday by a fall of earth in a metal pit.

A child named Theyers was found drowned in the borough water-race at Alexandra on April 23rd.

A five-year-old girl, Lucilla Rose Hutchinson, was killed on Saturday last, in Franklin-road, Auckland, by being run over by a heavy dray.

Mr. Thomas Langdon Joll, a dairy factory proprietor, residing at Okaiawa, Taranaki, met with a serious accident in Lambton Quay, Wellington, on April 20th. In getting off a tramcar before it stopped, he slipped and fell, his head coming into violent contact with

the road. Dr. Henry found the base of Mr. Joll's skull to be fractured. He is now in the hospital in a critical condition. Mr. Joll, who is about 60 years of age, is a well-known resident of Taranaki.

At Masterton, Abel Kerr, driver of the Homeswood coach, sustained severe injuries through the coach horses bolting on Saturday, and died on Monday. Besides a broken leg and a fractured skull, deceased had received internal injuries.

Al doubt as to the fate of the three fishermen—Brown, Saunders and Jones—whose boat capsized at Riverton on Good Friday, has been set at rest by their bodies being washed up on the beach.

Fifteen days after the Ionic left London a Mrs. Gilmour committed suicide by squeezing herself through a porthole into the sea. Shortly before the deceased and her husband left the Old Country a daughter was taken ill and had to be left behind, and this appears to have preyed on Mrs. Gilmour's mind, as she was very depressed.

At Masterton on the evening of April 20th, Edward T. Meredith, 19 years of age, son of the late Richard Meredith, spent the evening at the residence of Mrs. Edwin Meredith, Upper Plain, with Dr. and Mrs. Dawson and Miss Meredith. He was apparently in perfect health and high spirits. After supper he proposed to have a bath, and went into the bathroom, from which, shortly after, the sound of a firearm was heard. Dr. Dawson rushed in and found the youth dead. No cause is assigned for the act.

An accident happened at Te Pua-road, Helensville, on Saturday night. Jonas Matthew White, aged 18, his brother, Mr. P. White, of Helensville Post Office, and Mr. N. Kay, of Mount Roskill, were entering on horseback, when a trap occupied by Messrs. McAdam and Hart came in the opposite direction. The shaft of the vehicle penetrated the side of the lad, and he was so badly injured that he died two days later.

The Union Collieries mine at Maramua was the scene of a serious accident on Friday afternoon, as a result of which a miner named Ferguson was killed and two others, Edward Quigg and Henry Shanby, received injuries which necessitated their removal to Auckland hospital. Quigg's injuries were limited to a sprained ankle, and contusions and bruises over his head, face and body.

Quigg's injuries were limited to a sprained ankle, and contusions and bruises over his head, face and body. Shanby, however, is still in a most critical condition, both his legs being paralysed, and his head and back badly hurt.

Personal Items.

Mr. J. A. Bartrum has been appointed Government Geologist.

Mr. G. G. Stead, of Christchurch, well-known in commercial and racing circles, is seriously ill.

The death is announced of the Hon. William Slaney Kenyon-Slaney, P.C., M.P., at the age of 61.

Mr. Andrew Morgan, a farmer at New Lynn, Auckland, died suddenly of heart disease on April 23rd.

Mr. George Lauri, the well-known comedian, who is going home on account of ill-health, has been the recipient of a farewell benefit in Sydney.

On Friday evening, at a large complimentary social, Mr. T. Y. Seddon, M.P., was entertained by the residents of Kokiri, Westland.

A cable has been received from the Rev. J. K. Archer, of Grimsby, England, accepting the call to the Napier Baptist Church.

Dr. Constance Frost has been appointed bacteriologist to the Auckland City Council, and is to report monthly on the condition of the water supply.

Mr. Donald Reid, M.P. for Tairā, who is at present on a visit to Auckland, intends going South by the North Island Main Trunk Railway route.

The Hon. J. W. McGowan (Minister of Mines and Justice) had to leave Auckland last week in order to attend a Cabinet meeting in Wellington, but he will shortly return to the North.

Mrs. Remington, wife of Mr. A. E. Remington, M.P. for Rangitikei, died suddenly on Friday last at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. A. Lewin, Masterton.

Mr. Jas. Coakley, a very old resident of Greymouth, died there on Friday, aged 75 years. He deceased was a prominent figure in the gold rushes of the early days on the Coast.

A Press Association telegram reports the death in Dunedin of Mr. W. Edmondson, manager since 1900 of the Oamaru branch of the Union Bank. Deceased's condition had been precarious for some time past.

Dr. J. G. Gowland, who was for some time one of the medical officers of the Auckland Friendly Societies' dispensary, died in London recently. In his earlier days he was a noted lightweight boxer in Sydney.

The Wellington City Council on April 23 accepted the resignation of Mr. Hugo, superintendent of the fire brigade, who has been appointed by the Government Inspector of Fire Boards for the Dominion. Mr. Hugo was granted three months' leave on full pay. He will take up his new duties on June 15.

The death is announced in London of Mr. Rous Marten, a New Zealand journalist, who has been resident in London for some years. Mr. Marten was a well-known journalist in the South, having been on the staff of the "Otago Daily Times," and a member of the Press gallery staff. His death was due to heart failure.

"Bad for the Coo," and also for the railway train—a collision that took place on Saturday last on the railway between Otira and Greymouth. Shortly after leaving Otira the train ran into a cow, which threw the engine and the first carriage off the rails. The engine pulled up the rails and sleepers for some distance, then toppled over. Fortunately the passengers escaped injury, although they received a shaking.

The chief engineer of the Victoria, Mr. A. H. Hastelow, died suddenly on April 21st, three hours after his admission to the Auckland Hospital. It appears that Mr. Hastelow, in company with the chief steward of the vessel, visited Ellerslie racecourse on Easter Monday, returning in apparent good health to the ship. During the night he was taken seriously ill, and the services of Dr. King were requisitioned. The doctor spent a considerable time with Mr. Hastelow, and finally superintended his removal to the Hospital. The unfortunate gentleman died at about four o'clock in the afternoon, without having regained consciousness.

Ex-Judge Monro of the Native Lands Court, died on Saturday last at Auckland, aged 84 years. Some weeks ago he was waiting at Newmarket for a tramcar, when a cyclist ran into him and threw him violently on to the road. The ex-judge was very severely bruised and shaken, and his consequent confinement to bed brought on a trouble which necessitated a surgical operation. This was performed on Saturday morning and was thoroughly successful; but about six o'clock in the evening Mr. Monro went off in a faint, and expired almost immediately, without regaining consciousness. The cause of death was heart failure. Ex-Judge Monro was descended from a younger branch of a very old Highland family, known as Clan Monro of Foulis.

Mr. Thomas Mandeno Jackson, the well-known auctioneer, died at Kamo on April 21st. Mr. Jackson had been ailing for some time past, and it was suggested that the Kamo waters might be beneficial, and accordingly Mr. Jackson had decided to spend Easter at Kamo Hotel. After arrival there, he had an apoplectic seizure just after dinner on the 20th, and died early on the following morning. The deceased was unmarried, and was a son of Mr. Samuel Jackson, of Messrs. Jackson and Russell, solicitors, Auckland. He was most popular with all who knew him. Possessed of a tenor voice of excellent quality and good range, Mr. Jackson was for a long time a favourite vocalist with Auckland audiences at the better class concerts. As a member of the Auckland Amateur Operatic Society, Mr. Jackson took the leading part successfully in several of its productions. Finally he went home with the Belle Cole Company, and remained in the Old Country for about 10 years, during which time he did a lot of public singing. Some years ago Mr. Jackson returned to Auckland and started as an auctioneer, proving most successful at that business, as he had a pleasant style, coupled with a ready tongue, which made him popular as a salesman. In a short time Mr. Jackson built up a large auctioneering business. He was only about 46 years of age.

COMMONWEALTH.

The House of Representatives agreed to the Senate's recommendation in respect of a duty of 1/2 per cent on chaff and hay.

The recruiting schooner Fawn has been wrecked at New Hebrides. The crew were all saved.

Queensland won the inter-State cricket match against New South Wales by 170 runs. New South Wales' second innings totalled 234, the chief scorers being Waddy (86) and Bardsley (30).

As an effect of the Chinese boycott of Japan the Japanese mail steamer Yawata Maru left Sydney for the East on April 23 without a single package of Chinese merchandise or a Chinese passenger.

The Trades Union Congress at Sydney after a lengthy debate, negatived the Labour Council's direction to unions to ignore the Industrial Disputes Bill, and rely on strikes.

A sensation occurred at a buckjumper's show at Sydney on April 20th, when a staging carrying several hundred people collapsed. Eleven persons were injured, but none seriously.

The Danish steamer Cambodia, coal laden, from Newcastle to the East, put into Townsville with her bunkers on fire. She was beached and her bunkers were then flooded, the fire being thus extinguished.

The annual conference of the United Commercial Travellers' Association of Australasia was held at Brisbane during the Easter holidays. Messrs. McPherson and Owen represented New Zealand.

Several railway officials have been suspended in connection with the collision at Murrundi, New South Wales. Robbers were busy after the accident, and numbers of passengers lost valuables and personal effects.

A fight occurred on board the steamer Ocean Monarch in Sydney Harbour between a member of the crew named Eaphrithis and another named Stender. While the fight was proceeding the former drew a revolver and shot Stender dead.

Mrs. Eislely, her daughter, and a girl named Carlstone, who was living with them in a lonely house at Mount Compass, South Australia, have been burned to death. It is supposed when the building took fire they were suffocated by the smoke while asleep.

A dreadful tragedy occurred at Murrumbidgee, Victoria. Captain W. H. See, who until lately was a patrol officer in the Papua police, fatally shot his wife in the street. He then turned the weapon on himself and blew out his brains. Captain See had been recently invaded from Papua to Victoria, owing to ill-health, and at the time of the tragedy was suffering from the effects of fever and from depression due to want of employment.

Adelaide Express in Collision.

The Adelaide express was being divided at Murray Bridge, Victoria, on Tuesday night when the two portions came into collision.

Two persons were slightly injured and several carriages were thrown off the rails.

Pursued by New Guinea Cannibals.

Two venturesome settlers of Papua, Messrs. Buchanan and Carpenter, had a thrilling escape from cannibals recently. They had penetrated into a fertile valley which was little known except that it was peopled by savages.

The men received a hostile reception and fled down the river in their launch. They were pursued by a horde of frenzied Papuans and, to their dismay, found six war canoes coming up stream. These, however, turned out to be friendly natives, attracted by the war cries of the wild tribe, and they rescued the fugitives.

Railway Disaster in Victoria.

The most appalling disaster in the history of the Victorian railways occurred late on Easter Monday night at Braybrook Junction, a few miles out of Melbourne, when a heavily-laden passenger train from Bendigo crashed with terrific force into a train that had just arrived from Ballarat. Forty-four persons were killed outright, and over 100 injured, some so seriously that they are likely to succumb. The Ballarat train was running a little

late, and was just going out of the station when the Bendigo train, which was drawn by two powerful engines, crashed into the rear of the moving Ballarat train, which was going so slowly that the force of the impact was not lessened to any considerable extent.

The guards' van of the Ballarat train was splintered to pieces, the next car, a second-class, was also smashed to atoms, and the next, which was a first-class, was telescoped. The three cars, which were crowded with passengers—some people having to stand, the compartments being so full—took fire, and a horrible scene was witnessed. The dead and dying were imprisoned within the burning debris, and the dying were practically roasted to death before they could be extricated.

In the third of the shattered carriages was a party of nine. When the crash came the carriage shot on top of one car, with another car piled up on top of it. The top and bottom cars caught fire, and the party in the third had a thrilling experience. Flames were licking through the floor of their prison, when, with Herculean efforts, four of the occupants managed to burst the door of the compartment and escaped. What became of the remaining five is unknown.

The fire brigade of the Sunshine Harvester Works at Braybrook turned out promptly and extinguished the flames. The work of rescuing the injured passengers at once proceeded, and a relief train with medical men and appliances arrived shortly after midnight. Most of the killed and injured were frightfully mutilated—heads and limbs being torn off, while other bodies were disembowelled.

A passenger states that a battlefield scene could not have been worse than the frightful scene of carnage in the big room of the Sunshine Harvester Works (opposite the Braybrook Junction station, which, large as it is, would not hold all those who urgently needed attention. "I saw," he says, "a very large of people horribly mutilated. Indeed, it was the exception to come across anyone who had not been injured in some form.

The names of those killed and identified are as follows:—Alfred Illingson, Amy Laffin, Elizabeth Williams, George McCall, John Blight, J. Hawkins, F. Sawyer, F. Williamson, Mrs. J. Thomas, A. Clarke, R. Gates, Victor Pascoe, J. Brown, Mrs. Hughes, Agnes Wright, Maria Dannoth, Alice Laffin, H. Peale (commercial traveller), D. Doran, Mrs. L. F. McKean, May Rushbrook, J. Darnock, Rose Acreman, Wm. H. Dent, S. Bunyard, W. Thomas, May Clarke, William Nankervis, Ernest Dernier, Mrs. Tucker, Dolly Green, Francis Dalling, Alex. McKay, Fred O'Connor, Thomas Huntingdon, Miss Jones, Jos. Davies, C. Williams, Thomas Atkinson, Rupert Watson, Leonard Gates, G. Hughes, Annie Tucker, Millie Giles.

These seriously injured are:—Jessie Williams, Annie Laffin, F. Oxlade, Percy Yalsh, Wilfrid Reynolds, Alexander Oliver, Harold Peters, George Needham, W. Young, J. Varty. There are about 130 others less seriously injured.

Six officials have been relieved from duty pending the inquiry.

It is now officially stated that no one of the name of C. S. Williams was killed, as previously reported. This reduces the death toll to 43.

Milburn, the driver of the Bendigo train, had been on duty eleven hours and 35 minutes, while the driver and fireman of the second engine commenced work at 4.45 in the morning, and were on duty 18 hours later.

A sensational statement is made that the brake was cut out on one of the carriages of the Bendigo train while the brake on another car showed slow instead of quick action.

Latest.

The names of 317 persons are now recorded as having suffered injury in the accident at Braybrook.

Driver Milburn's condition causes anxiety, and, owing to his absence, the coroner postponed certain brake tests to be made at Braybrook.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Mr. Jas. Fitzalan Hope has been elected unopposed for the Central Sheffield seat.

Of the 400 persons who participated in the cattle drive at Kiltoghert, County Leitrim, 32 are to be prosecuted.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is making steady progress, and now takes long walks.

Leech, Harrison, and Forwood, a big firm of Liverpool shipowners, have assigned their estate.

Mass meetings of the North-Eastern railwaymen rejected the conciliation proposal and decided to tender their notices.

Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra have gone on a fortnight's visit to Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania.

The Social Democrat Conference, which is sitting at Manchester, decisively rejected a proposal to affiliate with the Labour party.

The Supreme Court Sitting in Admiralty has ordered the steamer Maori King to be forfeited to the King for false registration and flying the British flag.

The White Star Line has ordered at Belfast two steamers, with a speed of 21 knots. They will be the biggest in the world, 40 feet longer than the giant Cunard liner Lusitania.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in a letter to a correspondent in regard to tariff reform, says: "I trust it will not be long before I am able to do something, which will be indeed gratifying to me, when there is so much to be taken in hand."

As a result of jealousy, William Bucholtz, a lace merchant, and a churchwarden at St. Paul's, committed suicide, after murdering a married woman named Power, who cohabited with a man named Staines.

The Independent Labour party's conference at Huddersfield, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald presiding, agreed to the offer of Mr. Victor Grayson (Socialist member for the Colne Valley Division of Yorkshire) to join the party without signing the constitution.

London's petition to the House of Commons against the Licensing Bill introduced during the last administration by the present Premier, Mr. H. H. Asquith, is six and a half miles long. It weighs six hundred weight, and contains 517,000 signatures.

A correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" asserts that owing to the preference of five per cent given by Australia to Britain as compared with foreign manufactures, the Electric Fittings Company of Hammersmith has engaged eight hundred additional hands.

At the instance of Mr. T. A. Coghlan (Agent-General for New South Wales) the executive of the Congress on Refrigerating, to be held in Paris, intend to propose a resolution for the modification or abolition of the Continental regulations hampering the introduction and sale of frozen and chilled produce.

The Labour Conference has denounced the Government for entering into an agreement with Russia, thereby sanctioning the infamous tyranny of the Russian Government. The conference, standing, enthusiastically cheered the Russian Socialists. A resolution was carried declaring that the methods of Viscount Morley, Secretary of State for India, were as bad as those of the Russian bureaucrats.

British Elections.

The election for Dewsbury, rendered necessary by the elevation of Mr. Walter Runciman (the new President of the Board of Education) to Cabinet rank, took place on April 24th, Mr. Runciman being re-elected.

The polling was:—
Mr. Runciman (Liberal) 5591
Mr. W. B. Boyd-Carpenter (C.) ... 4078
Mr. Ben Turner (Labour) 2246

The Liberal majority was much greater at the general election when the same candidates standing, the voting was:—
Mr. Runciman, 6764; Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, 2954; Mr. Turner, 2029.

The North-west Manchester bye-election, rendered necessary by the promotion of Mr. Winston Churchill to Cabinet rank as President of the Board of Trade, created intense excitement on April 25th. Mr. Churchill was defeated by a substantial majority.

The election resulted in the return of Mr. Jounson Hicks (Conservative), the voting being as follows:—
Hicks (Conservative) 5417
Churchill (Liberal) 4988
Irving (Labour Socialist) 276

Majority for Hicks 429

There were 11,914 electors on the roll, including 503 new electors.

The figures show that 89 per cent. of the electorate voted. This is a record. The Liberals of Dundee have invited Mr. Churchill to stand for that seat.

A Fatal Mistake.

Moonlighters attacked the house of a farmer named Rountree at Kingscourt, County Cavan, on Sunday night.

During the raid Rountree's wife ran out to try and identify the assailants.

The husband, not aware that his wife had left the house, saw the moving figure, and thinking that it was one of the raiders, fired through a window, instantly killing her.

Decline of Wesleyanism.

The decrease in the number of Wesleyan Methodists for the past year was the largest for half a century, the decline being: Full members, 4392; trial members, 1179; and junior 2435.

The official returns showed that in 1906 there were 2445 Wesleyan Methodist ministers in Great Britain, 539,140 church members (full and junior), and 1,163,927 Sunday-school teachers and scholars. These figures showed a slight increase over the preceding year.

Heavy Snowfall.

A heavy snowstorm has fallen throughout the United Kingdom.

The fall in Scotland averaged three feet, while some inches fell in London.

Work has been stopped in the Northern shipyards, and trains have been much delayed.

A great snow-storm swept England on April 25 and 26, several inches of snow falling all over the Kingdom.

In the Southern counties great damage was done to fruit trees, and the crop will be a poor one.

All over England communication has been stopped, and the telegraph service has been dislocated.

Association Football.

The final cup tie of the English Football Association was played on April 24 between the Wolverhampton Wanderers and Newcastle United, last year's champions.

The match resulted in a win for the Wanderers by three goals to one. There were 70,000 spectators.

Lock-out of Shipyard Workers.

The shipyard employees have balloted on the question of a reduction of 1/8 a week in wages, or submission of the matter to arbitration and the establishment of Conciliation Boards, to which the federated employers still objected.

The ballot, by two to one, was in favour of the second alternative.

The employers have decided to adhere to their ultimatum, insisting that the shipwrights on strike should accept the rate paid on the Clyde, and they have decided to serve notices of dismissal on the men.

The lock-out will affect 80,000 shipwrights, joiners, drillers, woodcutting machinists, and others in the shipbuilding yards on the north-east and west coasts.

Collision in the English Channel.

During the height of the blizzard which has raged over England and in the channel since Friday last, a collision occurred in the Solent, off Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, between the American liner St. Paul and the British cruiser Gladator.

The St. Paul had just left Southampton on her trip to America, and was steaming round the Solent in a heavy gale, accompanied by driving sleet and snow, when suddenly a vessel, which proved to be the British second-class cruiser Gladator (Captain Walker Lumsden) loomed up out of the darkness.

The vessels were then so close that a collision was inevitable, and the cruiser

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received a crushing blow on her most vital spot, nearly amidships, and on the port side.

The force of the impact was sufficient to heel the cruiser over, and when she righted it was seen that she was badly injured, and was making water very rapidly.

She was headed at full speed direct for the beach, but so great was the influx of water that before she could be run ashore, she turned turtle, within twenty minutes, of the collision, but by this time she had reached shallow water, and when she settled her keel was some feet above the surface.

Death of Campbell-Bannerman.

The late Prime Minister of England (Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) died on April 22nd, in his seventy-third year. His illness caused widespread regret, and messages of sympathy were received from all parts of the United Kingdom.

The deceased statesman was a son of Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, and assumed the additional name of Bannerman in terms of the will of a relative of that name, who, in 1872, left him a fortune of about a million sterling. He also inherited a large sum on the death of his father, the head of the Glasgow warehousing firm of J. and W. Campbell. Sir Henry first entered Parliament in 1868 as a member for the Stirling Burghs, and in 1871 he received the appointment of Financial Secretary to the War Office. Afterwards he held, amongst other offices, the posts of Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary for War. In 1899, on the retirement of Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt from the leadership of the Liberal party, Sir Henry was chosen as his successor, and on the party coming into power, became Prime Minister. His wife, a daughter of General Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.B., died last year.

Evading the Tariff.

The German cargo steamer Hagen, bound to Fremantle and other Australian ports, while lying off the Goodwin Sands, shipped a cargo of explosives from a German lug, presumably with the object of securing the admission of the cargo to Australia under the five per cent lesser duty allowed under the Australian Preferential Trade Act.

The action is exciting much comment in England.

EUROPE.

His Holiness the Pope on April 22 received the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunedin (Dr. Michael Verdon).

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild's estate yielded the Austrian Exchequer a sum of £335,000 in death duties.

Two millions of the guaranteed 22 per cents will be issued to the National Debt Commission in connection with the Irish Land Act.

The police have discovered a plot to murder Manuel II., King of Portugal, at the opening of the Cortes. The republican Press advise King Manuel to remember the fate of his father and brother.

The death is announced of General Enevitch, who, at the time of the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, was commander of the Russian troops in the Far East, but who was subsequently superseded by General Kuropatkin.

At the instance of the Imperial Government the Senate of Hamburg is organising an institution to train colonial officials and settlers.

While work was proceeding on a new wing of the co-operative stores at Milan the building suddenly collapsed. Forty masons were at work at the time, and of those fifteen were buried under the ruins and were killed outright. The remaining twenty five escaped with their lives, though many of them were injured.

The St. Petersburg police discovered an extensive plot to blow up the whole Imperial family at Court during the marriage ceremony of the Grand Duchess Pavlovna to the second son of the King of Sweden.

German Mail Subsidy.

A bill has been submitted to the Federal Council of the German Empire, authorising a subsidy to the Norddeutscher Lloyd Company of 700,000 marks a year (about £25,000), in

consideration of a resumption of its service between Australia and the Far East.

The company intends replacing its service from Sydney to New Guinea and Singapore, which was discontinued some time ago, by a monthly service between Sydney and Japan, calling at New Guinea, Hong Kong, and Yap, one of the principal islands of the Carolines.

AFRICA.

Reuter's Tangier correspondent reports that Sir Edward Grey (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) has informed Britishers at Mogano that the British Government will henceforth be unable to relieve them of the dangers incidental to residence in Morocco.

Sir Geo. Farrar, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, and Mr. Quinn have resigned their seats in the Intercolonial Council owing to the High Commissioner for South Africa, Lord Selbourne, issuing instructions to the Council's Railway Committee to immediately enforce the report of Mr. Conacher, the English traffic expert, who strongly advocated the unification of the railways, and, if possible, the harbours of South Africa.

The Star of Japan.

The Tyser steamer Star of Japan, which ran on a reef near the Verde Islands last week, is lying steady on a rocky ledge with a jagged rock through her bottom plates.

An investigation has shown that a large proportion of the cargo will be saved; all that stowed in the tween and shelter decks is dry and uninjured, being thus salvable in good condition.

Already some four hundred tons of valuable cargo have been got out by the salvage party which hurriedly proceeded to the scene of the wreck from Gibraltar, and have been sent to Las Palmas.

The salvaging of the remaining cargo is being promptly proceeded with, in view of a preliminary endeavour to refloat the vessel.

Germans in Abyssinia.

The "Standard's" Berlin correspondent reports that Herr Soltz, the representative of a number of German banks, announces that he has received from the Emperor Menelik the sole right to run motor cars throughout Abyssinia and also the right to establish trading stations along the routes over which the motor services will run.

Further, the monopoly of the carriage of mails and the construction of ethnographic stations has been granted to the same syndicate.

Future of the Congo.

Britain and the United States have jointly resolved to enforce their treaty rights in the Congo State, whoever the ruler may be.

They have asked Belgium to explain how, in the event of annexation, it is proposed to apply the provisions of the Berlin Treaty regarding international rights, independence, humane treatment of the natives, and freedom of trade, especially the last, which materially affects the right of the natives to trade with countries and concerns other than Belgium.

ASIA.

In accordance with a decision of the Shanghai ratifiers 559 opium houses, selected by lot, will be closed on July 1.

The Indian telegraph strike is now ended, and the men are all resuming work, the Government having appointed a committee to inquire into their grievances.

Sir Robert Hart, after 45 years' control of the Chinese Customs, has started for England on a years leave of absence. He is not expected to return, and on his departure was given a tremendous send off at Peking.

Another Little War.

The Moosmands, a Pathan tribe inhabiting the border between Peshawar and Kohat, have recently been very restless.

They have organised a series of robber raids, and have kept up a continual sniping of the peaceful inhabitants of the vicinity.

An expedition of 1200 troops is therefore to be despatched from Peshawar to operate against the tribe, and to put an end to their incursions.

A strong force of Mohmands has advanced to within twenty miles of Peshawar.

The telegraph wires between Peshawar and Charsadda on the Afghan road, have been cut.

Major-General Willcocks, with 3200 men and 18 guns, holds a front of sixteen miles along the border from Michni to Abazi, with a strong central position at Shabkadar.

The Mohmands cling to the hills, and maintain a constant sniping.

A Holy War is preached over the whole area between Kuram and Panjkorak Rivers as far northwards as Jandol and including Chitral, Kafiristan and Dardistan.

Shells dispersed a large body advancing upon Gazhisadar within the frontier.

Hufi, a Mullah, with 3000 tribesmen, has reached Gundabmulla.

The British repulsed an attack on the Adizir Bridge.

The Mohmands, while looting a village within the Itish border, lost eleven of their number.

More bodies of so-called Afghans, numbering several thousands, belonging to the Ningrahari and Shinwari tribes, have crossed the Kabul River and joined the Mohmands.

The Ameer's authority, which is shadowy in relation to them, is not asserted, and the Mullah's influence is growing rapidly.

The mobilisation of troops has been ordered.

Reuter's Simla correspondent wires that the enemy threatening to cut the lines of communication, General Willcocks attacked their position in the hills with two columns.

The attack was pressed home with vigour, and the native sangars (roughly constructed forts) were captured.

During the fighting many of the enemy were killed, while the losses on the British side were sixty.

During the attack by General Willcocks' forces on the stronghold of the Mohmands on Friday the Thirty-seventh Native Infantry (Dogras), charging with great vigour and dash, captured the main sangar of the enemy at the point of the bayonet.

A detachment of the First Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment (the sixth foot), who were drawn from Quetta to assist in the suppression of the rebellion, were sent to the rear of the enemy's stronghold, and, catching them escaping through a narrow gorge, inflicted on them a loss of four hundred.

The losses on the British side were greatly over-estimated in the previous message, Friday's casualties to General Willcocks' force totalling two of the Northumberland Fusiliers killed, four British officers and 17 men wounded, and five natives killed and 30 wounded.

It is stated at Peshawar that arms and ammunition manufactured in Afghanistan have been openly sold. Jellalabad tribesmen bought large quantities and joined the Mohmands.

The enemy's supply of food comes largely from Afghan territory.

The object of Major-General Willcocks is to drive the enemy to the higher hills. Major Anderson's brigade met the enemy near Shabkaden in a big engagement, and sustained severe losses.

AMERICA.

The American Senate has ratified the general arbitration treaties with Britain and Spain.

In the last seven months 39,000 American farmers, each possessed of capital varying from £300 to £1000, have migrated to Canada.

It is reported in Ottawa that the Dominion Government intend to build a railway to Hudson's Bay, opening up that route to Europe.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, has introduced a bill with the object of appropriating a

million sterling to provide residences for the American Ambassadors in Paris and elsewhere.

Mr. Elihu Root (United States Secretary of State) and Baron Rosen (Russian Ambassador at Washington) have adjusted the Harbin difficulty favourable to America's contention.

The House of Representatives at Washington has repealed the law of 1906 regulating shipping with the Philippine Islands. The repeal allows foreign vessels to trade between the Philippines and the United States.

The Canadian mail liner Mount Temple, which was wrecked in December last, has been re-floated and taken into port. The underwriters insuring the vessel thus unexpectedly recover £100,000.

Senator S. H. Cullom, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Foreign Relations, has drafted a resolution empowering President Roosevelt to adopt stringent action in dealing with Venezuela in the event of the latter's rejection of the further final proposal in the Bermudez Asphalt Company case.

Labour conferences at Chicago and elsewhere have adopted resolutions containing veiled threats of political retaliation against all candidates for the executive, legislative, judiciary, and other offices who are indifferent or hostile to the claims of Labour as voiced by the conferences.

Disastrous Storms.

A series of disastrous tornadoes of terrific violence has swept the central portion of the United States, from Dakota, the northernmost central State, right through to the Gulf of Mexico.

The violence of the storms has been so great that houses were blown down, trees uprooted, and plantations levelled.

The collapse of buildings, uprooting of trees, and similar occurrences have resulted in no less than five hundred persons being killed and a thousand injured.

Most of these were negroes resident in the Southern States.

The principal damage was done in Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama.

Over large areas railroad tracks have been destroyed and telegraph and telephone wires levelled to the ground.

Alleged "Grafters" Acquitted.

The Grand Jury has acquitted Ryan, Dolan, W. L. Elkins, H. Whitney and P. Widney, promoters, and Moore and H. Schley, brokers, in connection with the New York Street Railway exposures. The testimony of one of the "syndicate" Anthony Brady, was to the effect that the politicians sold worthless franchises, which existed only on paper, for the building of street railways and ferries, and the present charges arose out of the selling of the "Fulton and Wall street Ferries and Railway" to the International and Metropolitan Company for £200,000, a sum which was subsequently divided among the promoters. Several lines in which they were concerned passed into the hands of official receivers, and records were discovered of payments for political services.

Plague in Venezuela.

The Washington correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" reports that unofficial advices from Lagunaira, Venezuela, state that the town is stricken with plague.

The hospitals are filled, and scores are dying everywhere in the town.

Whether the plague is bubonic is not known, owing to the strictness of the censorship.

The Boston Fire.

So far fourteen bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the fire which destroyed Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, on 13th inst., while 80 persons are missing, and are believed to have been burned.

The underwriters assert that they possess proof that the fire, which started in a ragpicker's shop, was the result of incendiarism.



EDISON PHONOGRAPHS

Gramophone Co.'s New Disc Machines, Records and all Accessories. "THERE'S MONEY IN THIS LINE."

Dealers wanted. Liberal Trade Discounts. Catalogues and particulars post free.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS:

"THE TALKERIES," Auckland and Wellington.

Auckland Chrysanthemum and Dahlia Show.

Favoured with Queen's weather, and honoured with the presence (and speech) of His Excellency the Governor, who was accompanied by Lady Plunket, there was a large and fashionable attendance at the opening ceremony, presided over by His Worship the Mayor. The exhibit of chrysanthemums were on the whole good, but evidently the show was a week too late for seeing some of the flowers at their best. Notwithstanding, the blooms were large, and showed evidence of having been carefully grown, and they were well staged. We begin to wonder if the fashion of growing chrysanthemums to such a large size is not being somewhat overdone. We are inclined to the opinion that such enormous flowers are rather too much in the "cabbage head" style; and too stiff, and we consider well-grown smaller flowers much better, and certainly more useful. The camelia, which years ago was popular for evening wear, and other purposes, has now practically no place owing to its being so stiff, and the chrysanthemum, which supplanted the camelia, may, by fashion's decree, share a similar fate a few years hence. Be that as it may, some years ago no one dreamed that the cactus dahlia would be developed, in fact, recreated as we now have it. At the Auckland exhibition this now popular over was very fine indeed. The extremely light and dainty blooms, the rich and varied colours, combined with the curiously-formed and twisted petals, enhance the beauty and charm of the cactus dahlia. It is noteworthy, and we would remind our readers of the fact, that cactus dahlias are very easily raised from seed, and flower the first season, and we see no reason why new forms of this flower should not be developed in the Dominion quite as excellent, if not better, than can be grown in Britain. We were pleased to note several very good seedlings raised by local men; indeed, one of the very best was raised by Messrs. D. Hay and Son, Parnell, and is named Marjorie Hay. Messrs Bennett and Green also had some good seedlings. One labelled number two we suggested should be named Mayor of Newmarket, in honour of Mr Bennett's unopposed return as Mayor for the fifth term. Some of the very best blooms were to be found in the stands of Mrs Ball and Mrs Douglas, the judges awarding the championship to the variety named Lucy Godwin, shown by Mrs Douglas. It is often misleading to amateurs giving names of varieties, especially chrysanthemums, for these blooms are grown entirely for exhibition, and to see them grown in the natural way often causes disappointment, and the nurseryman is often blamed for sending out the wrong variety. However, we note a few of the outstanding blooms worthy of mention. The champion bloom was found in W. C. Abraham's stand, an incurved variety named Major Bonaffon, a bright golden yellow of perfect form; this award carries also the National Chrysanthemum Society's certificate. In the amateur class the championship went to E. J. Harvey's Silver Queen. There were several fine blooms of Lord Hopetoun shown. Other blooms of good quality were Madame C. Nagelmackers, Mr. J. Cactus, Robert Laird, and Lady Talbot. Cactus dahlias were the feature of this exhibition. Messrs. Bennett and Green secured 1st prize for 36 varieties; amongst them were splendid specimens of Mrs. E. Mawley, Crimson Beauty, Rev. D. R. Williamson, H. Shoemith, Nelson, Mrs. S. Fraser, Daisy, Zealandia, and Manifesto. Mrs. W. B. Ball was placed second for a really fine lot, embracing varieties we have not seen before, notably Luard Ball, W. T. Bull, Godwin's Red, and Lucy Godwin. This variety was awarded the championship; it is a most beautiful bloom, silvery white tinted rose. Messrs. D. Hay and Son, Parnell, were third; there were some very fine blooms also in this stand. We noted Anemone, Marjorie Hay, Beauty, Zoe, Cockatoo, T. Parkin, and Manifesto. Mrs. M. Douglas secured 1st place in the amateur section for six varieties, in bunches of three. These were a fine lot. In the amateur class for 12 varieties Mrs. W. B. Ball was first with a splendid stand, including Lucy Godwin, C. N. Richardson, Mrs. McMillan, Mona Blanc, and Beauty. Mrs. Douglas was a very good second, showing very fine blooms of Marjorie Hay, Premier, Daisy, C. N. Richardson, etc. For 24 varieties cut flowers, excluding chrysanthemums and dahlias, Messrs. D. Hay and Son were

first with a magnificent display, embracing some new kinds, notably, *Domya Natalensis*, *Salvia Bonfire*, *Banksia Ericafolia*, a very slow-growing shrub, hardy, and a native of Australia. The same firm also secured first place for a group of pot-plants, which were well arranged, and included well-coloured coleus, pandanus, begonia, etc. Mr. Andrew Nicoll, Remuera, staged some grand specimens of *Adiantums*, and amongst them were *Williamsii*, *Peruvia*, *Plumosa*, and *Pendulum*. The table decorations were not up to the usual standard usually seen at this show. Messrs. C. S. Macdonald and Son staged cactus dahlias for exhibition only, Messrs. Hay and Son tuberous-rooted begonia flowers, which were much admired. Mr. Lippitt, of Otahuhu, showed some very good rose blooms, considering the lateness of the season. Some bunches of seedling grapes raised by this exhibitor were shown, and are, we believe, the largest berries yet raised. The bunches, however, are not large, averaging about 1lb. weight. It is larger than Gros Coleman, late in ripening, and only suitable, we should think, for indoor work. Mr. Lippitt is to be congratulated on his production. There were only a few vegetables shown, which were only fair quality.

VERONICA.

OBITUARY.

JUDGE MONRO.

Henry Alfred Horne Monro, ex-Judge of the Native Land Court, died at a private hospital on Saturday evening. Born at Hobart in 1824, and therefore 84 years of age, deceased was, despite his age, exceptionally energetic. He had a fine constitution, and great vitality. But a few weeks ago he was knocked down by a cyclist at Newmarket, the immediate result being that he was bruised and severely shaken. Subsequently trouble developed which necessitated a surgical operation. This was performed on Saturday morning, and the deceased appeared to have come through it most satisfactorily. About six o'clock in the evening he went into a faint, and quickly expired without regaining consciousness. Heart failure was the cause of death. The deceased was a son of Mr. Peter Monro, and a descendant of a younger branch of a very old Highland family known as Clan Monro, of Foulis. Mr. Peter Monro took up residence in Tasmania in 1810. Mr. Peter Monro bought land in Hobart, and later was appointed commandant of a Government station on the Derwent. In 1835 deceased's father came to New Zealand, and with his family settled at Hokianga, where they lived till the outbreak of the Hone Heke war of 1845. They then moved to Auckland, where Mr. Peter Monro went into business as a general merchant. Deceased was a clerk in the office. In 1848 deceased married Miss Conroy. In the same year he took up land at Tamaki, remaining there till 1857. In 1857 he was appointed clerk and interpreter in the Native Office, positions which he held until the removal of the seat of Government from Auckland to Wellington. He was granted a transfer to the Native Land Office. It was in 1863 that he received the appointment of judge of the Native Lands Court. He was afterwards judge of the Compensation Court, which adjudicated on confiscated lands. He retained these positions until his retirement in 1880, since when he has resided in St. George's Bay-road, Parnell.

MR. T. MANDENO JACKSON.

The sudden death of Mr Mandeno Jackson, of Auckland, came with a sharp personal shock to all who knew him, or had indeed the merest nodding acquaintance with him. His bluff, and, in earlier years, rather rough manner, endeared him to the vast number of "everyday folk" amongst whom he had to, and did, make up his business. Underlying this "hail fellow, well met" and "go to the deuce if you don't like me or my methods" type of manner, which Mr Jackson assumed with such unqualified success in the outer world of business, was a tender and thoughtful heart, manifested more especially towards his aged parents, and—as in always the case when the heart rings true—to little children, to whom he was always devoted, and who too, a boy and a girl, returned that affection. His acquaintance with

the writer dates back some twenty odd years, years when all did not go smooth at times, but when, after all, and in all there is nothing left but to regret and that deeply a promising and prosperous career cut off in its prime. The funeral was attended by a very large gathering of business men besides personal and family friends. Wreaths were sent by the following:—

Stamp Collecting.

It is stated that one of the most desirable Australian stamps to own is the British New Guinea 2/6, although comparatively of recent issue. The first 2/6 stamp was issued on 18th January, 1905, the total number printed being 15,600, of which the number issued "unsurcharged" was 2,250. The remaining 13,350 were all surcharged "Papua," about January, 1907. As the whole British New Guinea issue was suddenly surcharged, it is probable that not more than about 100 copies of the 2/6 exist in "mint" condition.

It will be a great relief to stamp collectors when the Commonwealth of Australia issues one universal stamp, and thus put an end to the many minor varieties now being created through the separate States using one another's paper for printing stamps upon. The 4d. from New South Wales has appeared on Melbourne paper, also the 8d lake and 2/6 green. In this connection it may be stated that the stamp output of each State is as follows:—New South Wales, 125,000,000 per annum; Victoria, 102,000,000; Queensland, 42,000,000; South Australia, 28,000,000; West Australia, 23,000,000; and Tasmania, 14,000,000.

The "Colonial Office Journal" has the following:—"24d stamps printed in two colours are being supplied to the Transvaal for the last time. In future they will be printed in all blue."

The London District Post was in existence long before the days of Rowland Hill, in fact, Dockwra's Penny Post of 1680 was of very much the same nature as that of M. de Villayer, in Paris, and may, indeed, have been copied from it; Dockwra did not adopt so advanced a means of indicating prepayment, but the post that he founded may be said to have continued in existence until it was finally amalgamated with the General Post Office Department in 1854-5.

A good many years ago New Zealand sold the right to print advertisements on the back of postage stamps, but the practice was soon abolished. The Postal Department of the Philippine Islands has gone one better, having used a curious obliterating mark bearing the words, "Philippines Carnival, Manila, Feb. 3-8, 1908." Covering this, Stanley Gibbons' "Monthly Journal" has the following satirical comment: "This seems a good idea; properly worked, there should be money in it. An impatient Government anxious to provide old-age pensions for worn-out philatelists (and other deserving persons—if any—might raise millions by letting out the post-marks to the manufacturers of soap and divers extracts of beef. We must suggest it to the Postmaster-General when we meet him at the Exhibition next month; such a suggestion should be worth at least a "C.B." with the present Prime Minister at the head of affairs."

TAUPIRI COAL MINES, LIMITED.

NOTICE.

A Dividend, the 18th, of 6d per share, has been declared by the Directors, and will be payable at the Company's Office, Palmerston Buildings, Queen-st., Auckland, on and after THURSDAY, the 30th day of April, 1908.

By order.

FRANZ SCHERFF,

Secretary.

Auckland, 27th April, 1908.

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

Weather and other circumstances permitting, the Company's steamers will leave as under:—

For Russell.
CLANSMAN.....Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
For Russell, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
CLANSMAN.....Every Monday, at 7 p.m. No Cargo for Russell.
For Awanui, Waikarara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
APANUI.....Every Monday at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.
For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whangauki.
PAEROA.....Monday, 15th May, 1 p.m.
For Great Barrier.
AIDOORI.....Every Wednesday, midnight.
For Waikae and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROTOMAHANA, Tues, 28th April, 11 a.m.
ROTOMAHANA, Fri, 1st May, 2 p.m.
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAHAEKE.
ROTOMAHANA, Wed, 20th April, 8 a.m.
ROTOMAHANA, Sat, 2nd May, 7.30 a.m.

FROM ONEHUNGA.
For Hokianga.
CLAYMORE.....Every Thursday
For Raglan, Kawhia, and Waitara.
WAITANGI.....Every Monday

WHANGAREE SERVICE.

APRIL.
Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—
Train Whangarei.....Mangapai, Parua to Wharf.
S.S. COROMANDEL
Goods Train.
2nd *Prev. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
5th-9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 10 a.m. No str.
7th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. Noon 2 p.m.
9th-9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
11th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m. No str.
11th-11.45 a.m. 4.30 p.m. 2 p.m. 5 p.m.
16th *Prev. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
19th-9.15 a.m. 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.
21st-9.15 a.m. 11.30 a.m. 9 a.m. 11 a.m.
23rd-9.15 a.m. 11.30 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
26th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m. No str.
28th-11.45 a.m. 3.45 p.m. 2 p.m. 4 p.m.
30th-9.15 a.m. 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.

*Steamers outward by steamer leaving or following dates, viz. 2nd, 10th, 18th, and 30th must go from in-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD.

Agents.

HUDDART PARKER LINE.

FAVOURITE PASSENGER SERVICE.
Circumstances permitting, Steamers will sail as under:—

FROM AUCKLAND.
FOR SYDNEY.
FOR GISBORNE, NAHUP, WELINGTON, TON, LYTTELTON, AND DUNEDIN.
FROM WELLINGTON.
FOR SYDNEY.
FOR MELBOURNE.
VIA SOUTH AND HOBART.
Cargo must be alongside not less than TWO HOURS before sailing time.
All Tickets for Stop-over or Return mutually exchangeable with the Lulu Company.
J. D. NATHAN AND CO., LTD.
Agents.

THOS. COOK & SON.

Passenger Agents for

P. and O. Co. Cape Lines
Orient Co. Mess. Maritimes
North German Can. Australn
N.Z. Shipping Co. White Star
Etc., Etc., Etc.
Before booking your Tickets to London or elsewhere write for "COOK'S SAILING LIST" (posted free), giving FARES by all lines, and Sailings in reply. No Booking Fee. Special Advantages. Apply to THOS. COOK'S SHIPPING OFFICE, 62 Queen-st.



Department of Lands, Wellington, March 31, 1908.

HOKIANGI PLAINS (PIAKO) DRAINAGE

TENDERS FOR PUNTS FOR PRIESTMAN DREDGES.

Tenders addressed to the Hon. Minister of Lands will be received at his Office until the 30th of April, for the construction of Two Punt in Harbor, to carry dredges for above works, and to be delivered at the Thames. Plans, specifications, and conditions of contract may be seen at the Lands Office, Auckland, and at the Chief Post Office, Thames. Tenders to be enclosed in sealed envelopes, and endorsed "Tender for Punts for Priestman Dredges."

WILLIAM C. KENNINGTON,
Under Secretary for Lands.

Things look rather run down around here," remarked the man who had returned after many years to his native village. "Run down? I should say so," replied the friend of his youth. "There's an automobile comes through here about every three minutes."

THE "GRAPHIC" READERS' OWN PAGE

COMPETITIONS FOR OUR READERS.

COMPETITION NO. 6—BOUITS RIMES.

Prizes are offered for the best filling in of **EIGHT LINES OF VERSE**, to the rhymes supplied hereunder. Competitors are free to choose their own subject, and the treatment may be serious or humorous. The lines may be of any length, but the rhymes must be used in the order given.

1st Prize—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
2nd Prize—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.
BOUITS RIMES.

.....	pinion.
.....	day.
.....	dominion.
.....	sway.
.....	sorrow.
.....	fear.
.....	to-morrow.
.....	bier (or beer!)

No Coupon is required. Competition Verses, addressed "Competition No. 6, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland," must reach us not later than **FRIDAY, MAY 8th**. Results will be announced in "Graphic" of May 13th.

COMPETITION NO. 7—NEW ZEALAND AUTHORS.

Readers are requested to name the **THREE BEST NEW ZEALAND PROSE WRITERS**. For the purposes of this Competition, the phrase "Prose Writers" means the authors of novels, short stories, narratives of adventure and life in New Zealand, philosophical, religious, scientific, or other works published in book or pamphlet form (journalistic and poetical work being excluded). The phrase "New Zealand Writers" is meant to include not only natives of this country, but also all authors of whatever nationality who have been permanent residents of New Zealand and written works here. The Competitor who names the three chosen by the majority (or, failing that, two out of the three), will receive as a Prize

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," VALUE £1.

COUPON.

In my opinion, the **THREE BEST NEW ZEALAND PROSE WRITERS**, as defined above, are:—

(1) Name

Principal Work

(2) Name

Principal Work

(3) Name

Principal Work

Name of Competitor

Address

Cut out above Coupon, fill in, and address "Competition No. 7, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland." All Coupons must be received not later than **FRIDAY, MAY 15th**. Results of this competition will be announced in the "Graphic" of May 20th.

COMPETITION NO. 8—SPOONERISMS.

Prizes are offered for the **BEST ORIGINAL SPOONERISM**. What is a Spoonerism? It is not exactly a "derangement of epitaphs," though it very nearly comes within that definition. It takes its name from a supposititious Archdeacon Spooner, whose tongue has a habit of getting twisted, with results that can best be described by illustrative examples. Thus, the good man told a lady on one occasion that he had been travelling "with two rugs and a bug," when he meant to say "two bags and a rug." Again, when addressing his congregation, he reminded them that "St. Stephen was stowed to death by the unbelieving Jones." An example appeared in the "Graphic" of April 15th, wherein an orator was reported as saying that "the schoolwork is the bullshark of civilisation." Our ingenious readers should be able to evolve some original Spoonerisms of an amusing kind, and we hope to receive a large assortment.

1st Prize—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
2nd Prize—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

No Coupon is required. Write your "Spoonerism," affix your name and address, and send to "Competition No. 8, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland," to reach us not later than **FRIDAY, May 22nd**. Results will be announced in "Graphic" of May 27th.

COMPETITION NO. 9—NEW ZEALAND ARTISTS.

Readers are invited to name the **SIX BEST NEW ZEALAND ARTISTS**, living or dead, including not only those who are natives of the country, but also those of any nationality who have resided in the Dominion and produced New Zealand pictures in Oil or Water Colours. To the Competitor who names the Six, or, failing that, the greatest number, of those chosen by the majority, there is offered as

Prize—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.

COUPON.

In my opinion, the **SIX BEST NEW ZEALAND ARTISTS** are—

Name of Competitor

Address of Competitor

Cut out the above Coupon, fill in, and send addressed "Competition No. 9, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland," so as to reach the office not later than **MAY 29th**. The result will be announced in the issue of June 3rd.

It is stipulated as a condition of all Competitions that the decision of the Editor of the "Graphic" shall be final, and that no correspondence on the subject of the Competitions shall be allowed.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

COMPETITION NO. 4.

In this competition prizes were offered for Humorous Paragraphs, original, selected, or adapted, of not more than 200 words in length. There has been a generous response on the part of competitors, and the editor's table groans beneath a collection of "smile-raisers." As a rule, excellent judgment has been shown, and the humour of the great majority of the paragraphs is undoubted. The most disappointing feature is the comparative paucity of original paragraphs, and most of those sent in suffer for the want of a good style in writing them. Two competitors spoiled their chances by failing to comply with the condition limiting the length of the composition. After the most careful consideration, we have decided to award the First Prize to

MR. GEOFFREY ROBINSON,
21, Albany-road, Ponsonby,

who contributes the following cute yarn, which, though evidently of the "adapted" class, is very good:—

BORN FOR BUSINESS.

Upon a recent visit of a circus and menagerie to Auckland, one of the proprietors saw a small, half-starved looking boy crawling under the tent, evidently bent upon seeing the show without paying. Seizing the urchin and trying to look fierce, the proprietor said:

"Do you know what I do with little boys I catch sneaking in like this?"

"No, sir," was the reply.
"I feed the lions with 'em!" roared the proprietor. "Here, Zaga, chuck him into Nero's cage!"

As Zaga, the lion-tamer approached, the boy looked comparatively unconcerned, and remarked to the proprietor:

"I say, guv'nor, I'd do the thing well while I was about it, if I was you. Now, just look at me! D'ye think there's enough on me to make a fair feed for a 'ungry lion? I reckon there ain't, an' I tell you what I'll do! Let me see the show for nuthin' an' in less than an hour arter I goes out I'll have all the fattest kids in Freeman's Bay a-crawlin' under that 'ere tent!"

He saw the show.
An original New Zealand story, which we also print, takes second place; and the prize is won by

MISS BERTHA BEHERANT,
Taihape.

Her contribution is as follows:—

THE WAGGONER AND THE SCONES.

My brother, who was anrvoying in Central Otago during the early seventies, told me the following story:—

Riding to the town of Clyde during a cold winter's day, he found that his horse was too tired to proceed any further, and he had to spend the night at a

wayside shanty. He found but another traveller there, a waggoner.

The host, who was cook, stableman, and bar-tender, made them comfortable around a roaring stove fire. Remarking that the bread was run out, he said: "I must bake some scones," which he proceeded to do. Some of them he placed on top of the stove, and some on the ledge before the door.

When finished, he sat down in front of the stove in his stocking feet to toast his toes alongside the scones. Suddenly he got up, remarking that he had forgotten something; and, no sooner had he left the room than the waggoner quickly pinched all the baking scones on the front of the stove.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the surveyor.

"So that we shall know which not to eat at breakfast," was the reply.

An original funny paragraph, sent by Ernest B. Bambury, was marked for 2nd place, but on counting the words it was found to have a good few in excess of the 200 stipulated, so it had to be disqualified. We print Mr. Bambury's paragraph:—

MODERN ADVERTISING.

Once, in the far and distant past, I used, when opening a magazine—no, I don't mean a powder magazine; but, to return to my point, I used always to shake out the advertisement slips, and slip the other "ads." Now I collect the slips and read all the "ads." Take, for brief example, the outside cover of the "Graphic" of April 15th. An insurance company informs us, "All profits retained." I thought that quite usual till then. A tea merchant gravely informs you that "You cannot buy better than Nelson." I should say not. Then a noted photographer has a space 6in. by 4, and uses it for only 13 words and a number, and 6 of the 13 are in miniature.

Yet another advertiser says, without even a smile, "Your infant will thrive." No need for a doctor; the front page of the "Graphic" says, "Your infant will thrive." A Scotch firm announces, "Perfection," which till now I had always deemed impossible. But I must miss a lot of these bright specimens, and call your attention to the number of firms selling at or below cost, or, as one puts it, "extremely low." These people are benefactors; they have the worry of a business and sell at cost. How angelic!

But my space is almost gone. Just two more. One man asks, like a census-taker, "What age are you?" but forgets an envelope and seal for the answer, and asserts, "Few people can do." We all know that. But the gem of the collection is—"Argument is unnecessary." What profundity of wisdom. After these flights of fancy, it is quite an enjoyment to recognise our old friend Rockitts at the end of the page, and also something to drink!



(BY WHALEBONE.)

RACING FIXTURES.

April 18, 20, 22, and 25 — Australian Jockey Club Autumn
 April 28 and May 2 — Wellington R.C. Autumn
 April 29, May 2 — Avondale J.C. Autumn
 May 6 and 7 — Hawke's Bay J.C. Autumn
 May 8 and 7 — Marlborough R.C. Autumn
 May 13 and 14 — Ashburton County R.C. Autumn
 May 23 and 25 — North Otago J.C. Winter
 May 28, 29 — Takapuna J.C. Winter
 May 30 June 3, 5 — A.R.C. Winter

TURF NOTES.

The Castor gelding Partitura, although at Ellerslie, was not started in any of his engagements at the A.R.C. autumn meeting.

The winner of the Doncaster Handicap, Togo, is by the Auckland-bred Antares, Castor — Ilfida.

The winner of the Easter Handicap, Gold Crest, has won over £2,000 in stakes this season.

Mr. W. Davies has decided not to send any of his team to compete at the Wellington meeting.

The only double winner at the recent Auckland meeting was Maheno, which accounted for the Eden Handicap and Great Northern Oaks.

Licenses to bet at the Avondale Jockey Club's autumn meeting have been issued to 18 bookmakers, while three others have been held in abeyance.

The Takapuna Jockey Club have received splendid nominations for their winter meeting. In one race, the Maiden Hurdles, there are no less than 32 nominations.

The Scout gelding Manapouri was badly kicked when at the post for the Eden Handicap last Saturday, and will probably have to be given a spell.

F. Burns, who steered Irish into second place in the Autumn Steeplechase on Monday last, won the event on Igarangi just seventeen years ago.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond's team, Diamond Star, North Head, Woodby, and Dawn, were shipped back to Napier by the Victoria last Tuesday week, in charge of B. Gray.

F. Davis returned home last week by the Victoria, with Mr. T. H. Lowry's pair Chantouse and Finery, both of which competed unsuccessfully at the A.R.C. autumn meeting.

The New Zealand-bred Windy, by Guntton and Brown Spec, half-starter to Balarin, was a recent winner in India.

The Workman gelding Engaver was bleeding badly from the nose after he pulled up after competing in the Tourist Handicap at Ellerslie on the concluding day of the A.R.C. Meeting. Engaver flushed a long way last.

While contesting the Tradesmen's Handicap on the opening day of the A.R.C. autumn meeting, Starina broke down badly, and it is hardly probable that he will be seen out again this season.

The southern horseman B. Oliver, who had his license cancelled for his handling of the horse Sherlock Holmes at the Wairarapa R.C.'s January Meeting, has had his license restored.

The Senton Delaval horse Gladstone, when offered for sale last Wednesday, was passed in at 300g, which price, it was understood, was offered on behalf of a Sydney buyer.

The Doystar horse Starina has been banded over to F. Hill to put up so that he can take up stud duties. Starina's trouble was the suspensory ligament, and it is hardly probable that he will race again.

The gelding Souffline was taken back to the Thames after the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting. The young son of Soult is not to fulfil his engagement in the W.R.C. Thompson Handicap, in which he was nicely placed with 7-4.

Outside the stake, the victory of Uranium in the Weyer Handicap on the concluding day of the A.R.C. meeting did not benefit her connections. The price paid by the daughter of Leontias was a very false one.

The recent victories of Gold Crest have earned him a lot of penalties for the Hawke's Bay Stakes, and should the son of Gold Reef start in that event next month he will be required to carry the steador of 10st, 11b.

The Auckland Racing Club Committee have wisely decided to hold over the publication of the weights for the Great Northern Hurdles and Steeplechase until after the conclusion of the Avondale and Wellington meetings.

One of the most consistent performers seen out in Auckland this season is Lochbuhle. The little son of Cyrenian is always handy in anything he starts for, and has proved a good stake-earner for the owner, Mr. W. G. Irwin.

Aborigine's victory in Northern Champagne Stakes credits the Napier sportsman, Mr. E. J. Watt, with his second win in the event, the previous one being scored by King Billy (a full brother to Aborigine) in 1905.

T. Quillivan returned South last week by the Rarawa, with King Billy, Aborigine, and Arc Light. J. H. Prosser was also a passenger by the same boat, taking with him Gold Crest, Diabolo, Gipsy Belle, Taloko, and Marguerite.

The three leading jockeys in England last year won no less a sum in stakes for their employments than £155,326. Their scores were:—W. Higgs, £53,719; E. Maher, £52,015; and W. Halsey, £49,632.

The report going about to the effect that Mr. W. P. Crick has purchased 1500 acres of land near Guadagal (N.S.W.), with the object of starting a stud farm, is denied. Mr. Crick states that it is absolutely untrue.

A little dispute between the Wolverhampton (England) officials and the Race-course Bookmakers' Association has been amicably settled. In future there will be no charge to bookmakers for pitches at meetings held at Dunstable Park.

It is rumored that the Duke of Devonshire will retire from racing on account of his indifferent health. The best horse the Duke ever bred was Morion, and he was, unfortunately, not nominated for any of the classic races of his year.

The Melbourne "Herald" says:—It is not often that the touts at Flemington are privileged to see a lady schooling horses over fences, but those about the tracks the other afternoon witnessed a capital bit of jumping on the part of a couple of amateur riders by a lady who is a well-known follower of the hounds.

Owing to the Huntly course not being forward enough to race on, the club have decided to hold the meeting on the Newmarket course on May 16th. Nominations for all events close with the secretary (Mr. J. Mcintosh) to-day.

Two lightweights, in Greenwood and Webster, scored their first winning rides at the recent A.R.C. meeting, the former steering Epsom Lass to victory in the Nelson Handicap, and the latter riding Maheno when she won the Eden Handicap.

The Waikanae Cup winner, Uhlado, was badly kicked after competing in the Easter Handicap, and was not seen out again at the meeting. The mishap was bad luck for the owner, as he fully expected the son of Ullian to run prominently in some of the longer events at the gathering.

The list of winning riders at the recent A.R.C. meeting is headed by M. Ryan, who scored three winners; I. Wilson, J. Brady, and A. Julian rode the best, and A. Kewell, H. Price, Young, Webster, Hatch, Greenwood, McMillan, W. Wilson, T. Jones, Pell, Davey, R. E. Brown, Porter, and Jones one each.

Two well-known Sydney trainers, in writing to friends in Auckland, state that Elevation was easily the best horse yet sent to Australia from New Zealand, and both were confident that if ever they met he would down Mountain King.

It seems almost a pity that the stewards of the A.R.C. did not deem it advisable to inquire into the improved form of one horse at their gathering. The horse's owners may have easily been able to satisfy the stewards, but it is a pity they were not given the opportunity to do so.

Complaints are being made that certain layers of the cold are falling to meet their fabled fate. In this connection it should be the duty of all racing clubs, when any complaint is made, to refuse a license to the offender to bet. This is only fair to the public, as well as to those peculiar who meet their obligation.

A number of friends of the well known cross-country horseman, McGregor, who was badly injured when riding at the Eiding Spring Meeting, intend to make application on his behalf to the New Zealand Racing Conference for a grant of £400 from the Distressed Jockeys' Fund. McGregor is said to be totally disabled.

Amongst the 16 stallions included in the Kibber thoroughbred stud in Hungary, and the fees they are announced to stand at, are:—Admiral Brown (£28), Moonvish (£48), Danure (£20), Kiltcock (£24), Rocketeer (£12), Royal Lancer (£20), Shive Gallion (£28), and William Rufus (£24). There are no better bred stallions in the world. How would Australian breeders like the services of such at the prices mentioned?

As for four furlong scrambles, in conjunction with the starting gate (says a contemporary in the Old Country), they are sheer anarchy to the public. Hundreds refuse to bet on them, and when they do see an opportunity of wagering they cease visiting. This, of course, is nothing to the unlabile theorists. They neither own horses nor run race meetings, and their irresponsibility is their only claim for their ill-advised agitation.

Honours among winning sires at the recent A.R.C. meeting were pretty evenly divided. Soult heads the list with three winners, Leontias, Menschikoff, and Birchwood, two each, and Phoebus Apollo, The Australian, Mervin, King of the Steppes, Hotchkiss, St. Leger, Senton Delaval, St. Clements, Flintlock, Tasman, Mahaki, Ben Godfrey, Cyrenian, and San Remo one each.

F. Macmanamin was the most successful trainer at the recent A.R.C. meeting, turning out four winners; R. Hannon was responsible for three; J. H. Prosser, S. Widdell, and S. G. Lindsay had two each, and E. Marshall, J. Quinlan, J. Lord, Stenning, Stewart, Rhodes, Moroughan, J. Chafee, Jr., W. G. Irwin, and Mr. Nasmiter one each.

The Cambria Park gelding Simplex, by Eton — Tolly, which is now four years old, won a double at the recent Wairarapa meeting. On the first day Simplex carried 67 and won the Wardell Handicap of six furlongs in a canter, by two lengths, in the good time of 1:16, and on the second day, with 73, he won the Rototawa Handicap just as easily. Simplex, which has done very little racing, is evidently a decent sort of a gelding.

When he was led into the sale ring on Wednesday last, very few would have recognized the old time racecourse idol St. Paul. The old crack showed a little of his old age in the way he danced around the ring, but he did not lose his class. He had been cast in pleasant places of late, and notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Nolan to get a decent bid for him, only one of 60g was forthcoming, at which price he was knocked down to Mr. P. Chafee.

The most consistent performer at the recent Auckland meeting was undoubtedly Auldcruc. The son of San Remo was saddled on three occasions, being beaten by half-a-head in the first race, by Epsom Lass, and by the same distance in the Mungere Handicap by Dogger Bank, while he won the Tourist Handicap by a neck. Auldcruc is a genuine customer that should do well over short courses, if he does not stay.

Before the start of the A.R.C. autumn meeting it was confidently expected that the visiting horses would take away the bulk of the prize money. It was accounted for three of the biggest stakes at the gathering, the Northern Champagne Stakes, Easter Handicap, and Autumn Handicap, besides five other races, they only accounted for 2920 of the 2370 distributed, the local division (which includes surrounding districts) securing 2340.

We have lost our love of wagering, and perhaps this is not a matter for general regret (remarks a London writer). Yet it should be noted that there was one drawback to our inactivity in the readiness with which men of all classes staked sums, according to the means at their disposal, to show that they had at any rate the courage of their opinions. In these strenuous times few have the opinions, and fewer still the money with which to back them.

The American horse Prophet III, recently created a record at Hurst Park (London). He is ten years old, and he had never before won a race. He was in the Grand National with 10st, which is rather curious, as horses which have never run are usually placed on top in handicaps. The handicappers do not appear to have made any mistake with regard to the merits of Prophet III, as, although a beautiful jumper, he possesses very little pace.

The Waiwaka Turf Club is going in for an all-round increase in prize-money at its big meeting, which takes place at the end of the year. The Trials, the Metropolitan, and the King's Plate have been made worth 10,000 to the winner, 5000 to the second, and 1500 to the third, while the Waiwaka has been increased to 10,000 to the winner, 5000 to the

second, and 1500 to the third. Furthermore, a race at the Waiwaka First and Second meetings will be worth less than 100 to the winner.

The professional tipster is not much in evidence in Sydney, but in Melbourne he flourishes exceedingly. According to report, a visitor to the Ellerslie meeting after 10 per cent of his windings to one of these tipsters, who was to supply him with information through the day. The tipster's horses, strange to say, nearly all won, but when he went for a bonus the banker said he had not followed the tips to any extent; consequently he had won very little. Whereupon he handed the tipster a dyer, and told him to go about his business. The tipster said little, but he and some confederates readied a supposed "good thing" for that pointer, and caused him to lose several hundred pounds later on. Moral: Always keep faith—even with a rascalous "shark."

Before the Easter Handicap it was common talk, while a statement also appeared in print to the effect that the Thames' representative Souffline had recorded a marvellous gallop over a mile. In conversation with Jim Twinnell, the trainer, after the race, he informed me that the gelding had never been tried over a mile, and that his effort in the Easter Handicap was the first he had ever made over eight furlongs. It is wonderful how such canards gain circulation.

One rule strictly enforced by the stewards of the Auckland Racing Club is that every competitor in a race shall weigh in over the scales. This is perfectly right, but when there is a field of 17 or 18 runners, the weighing-in takes some considerable time, and gives the boys who are engaged in the next race very little time to get ready, and often nearer to the line I have no wish to see the rule departed from, but would suggest that an assistant clerk of the scales be provided, who would have separate scales, and who could weigh in any outside the placed horses.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather on the last two days the Autumn Meeting of the Auckland Racing Club must take rank as one of the most successful gatherings yet held in the city. The racing throughout was interesting, more so than usual, on account of the record number of outside competitors. From a financial point of view the gathering was easily a record, for although the total receipts were 10,000, showed a falling off of 1933 10/ from last year this is easily counterbalanced by the bookmakers' fees received, which totalled the good sum of £1245 0/, which roughly represents a sum of £12,000 going through the machine.

A Belgian veterinary surgeon reports that he has cured confirmed glanders by giving at first five and then three granules of the sulphate of arsenic, in stye-cream every two hours for ten days, the dose then being reduced to two granules. A solution of sulphate of zinc was injected into the nostrils, and the furry bulls sterilized. There had been no return of the disease for a year at the time the report was made. It is thought that glanders, however, seem to think the disease liable to reappear at any time, and that the only safe course is to kill an animal known to be affected with this mischief. It is to be hoped, however, that experiments with the treatment of the Belgian will be continued until the truth is demonstrated beyond a doubt. If the results are satisfactory, the life of many a valuable horse may be saved.

Common, the English Derby and St. Leger winner, who started his stud career at a fee of 2000g, has failed so signally to leave his mark on the turf as to be advertised at £10. After his loss at St. Leger and so gained the Triple Crown, the late Sir John Blundell Maple gave Lord Alington and Sir Frederick Johnston £15,000 for him. The following day Sir Blundell was offered a substantial price for his bargain by a foreign Government, but he sent the grandiloquently-worded reply: "England requires Common's services," and unfortunately for breeders (says a writer) there they were commended at a top figure for some seasons. Seeing that Common was got by Ionomy, who is popularly regarded as one of the stoutest-hearted horses that ever graced the turf, his failure is all the more inexplicable.

When Gold Crest won the Easter Handicap numbers of people were found loudly voicing the opinion that it was the best performance recorded by a three-year-old in the event. From the point of view this is certainly correct, but numbers will be found contending that both the performance of Nonette in 1902, when he won with 8st 11lb in the saddle, and that of Altonage, who he was beaten at a top figure (st 4lb), were both better. Personally I am in favour of the latter view, especially in the case of Nonette, for it will be remembered that the son of Antares had a very bad race, in the first and three furlongs from home he nearly stood on his head, but notwithstanding this, and the fact that he was giving a good horse like the champion a long time in the first few furlongs, and a lot of weight, he gradually wore him down, and won by a head. Ad valorem was also a great performance, for he won easily, and further proved his class on another day, when he won the Autumn Handicap with 10st 5lb in the saddle.

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Also started: Khatere 13.3, Inuakillen 10.12, Pierre 9.13, Kapakapa 9.9, Good Faith 9.7. Time 8.19. Kintere was favourite.

MANGERE HANDICAP of 100sovs, six furlongs. Mr T. Wylie's b g Dogger Bank, 4 yrs, 8.2 (Ryan) 1

AUCKLAND WELTER HANDICAP of 200 sovs. One mile. Mr N. Banks' ch m Uranium, aged, 9.6 (Brady) 1

THE WINNING PAYMENTS.

Table listing winning payments for various races, including names like Mr J. R. McDonald, Mr H. McMaury, and amounts in pounds and shillings.

THIRD DAY.

The stewards met on one occasion during the afternoon, when the trainer (W. G. Irwin) who it was alleged took part in the demonstration against North Head the previous evening, was asked to explain his conduct.

THE RACING.

MAIDEN HURDLE RACE of 100sovs. One mile and three-quarters. Mr S. Daragh's b g Tul, aged, 9.10, (Wislow) 1

CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB AUTUMN MEETING.

"Though the weather was cold and windy for the opening day of the Canterbury Jockey Club's autumn meeting, the attendance was satisfactory, but there was a notable absence of Northern sportsmen."

GOE-BROWNE HANDICAP of 100sovs. Distance, six furlongs. Mr S. G. Lindsay's br c Royal Suit, 3yrs, 8.4 (Jones) 1

ON SLOW STAKES. Five furlongs. Mr John Lynch's Comandant, 7.0 (Pell) 1

AUTUMN HANDICAP of 850sovs. One mile and a half. Mr H. McMaury's blk h Mahuta, 4yrs, 7.9 (Davey) 1

ST. HELIER'S HURDLE RACE, two miles. Mr C. Weal's b g Swagsman, aged, 10.6 (Julian) 1

BUCKLAND HANDICAP, seven furlongs. Mr W. Davies' br f Maheno, 3yrs, 7.8 (Buchanan) 1

TOURIST HANDICAP of 100sovs, five furlongs. Mr C. G. Nasmith's b g Auldrenn, 4yrs, 8.12 (Porter) 1

of regret that he was not engaged in the Easter Handicap. The day's proceedings came to a conclusion with the Stockburn Handicap, which fell to the favorite in the race.

Just after Golden Slipper had won the Champagne Stakes at the C.J.'s meeting today, her owner, Mr. G. G. Stead, was taken ill, and had to be conveyed home in his motor-car.

The totalisator investments amounted to £16,626, as against £19,985 last year. Twenty-eight bookmakers were licensed, the fees amounting to £340. The results are as follows:

Great Easter Handicap of 1000sovs, seven furlongs. Mr J. E. Buchanan's grey gelding, 8.10 (H. J. Str. Geo. Clifford) 1

Epsom Welter Handicap of 300sovs, one mile and a quarter. Mr R. McKay's Lupulus, 10.8 (O'Connell) 1

St. Helier's Hurdle Race of 100sovs, five furlongs. Mr E. Neelan's Tessa, 10.1 (O'Connell) 1

As was only to be expected, the "ole" returns suffered severely, the day's turnover only amounting to £12,552, leaving a deficiency of £2843 on the meeting.

The shorter distance of the Peerswick Hurdle Race suited the prospects of Eurus, and he was evidently benefited by the first day's gallop.

The withdrawal of Gleneloch, which was reputed to carry Sir Geo. Clifford's colors in the Champagne Stakes, was a disappointment, which pulled up lame after winning the Easter Handicap.

with Signor that he landed the stake by a bare head. The win was well received, especially as it was the only one secured by the Hon. J. B. O'Rourke's string at the meeting.

Millonair had little difficulty in accounting for the blue duster that opposed him in the Addington Plate, and on being submitted to auction, he fell to the bid of Mr. J. C. N. Green at 205gs.

Only All Red and Gleneloch went out to oppose Golden Slipper in the Challenge Stakes, but neither succeeded in retaining the flying daughter of Multiflorum at any part of the race.

Details are appended: Great Autumn Handicap of 1000sovs; one mile and a half. Hon. J. O'Rourke's b h Zlamerman, 4yrs, by Highland - Sallstire, 9.3 (F. D. Jones) 1

Sixteenth Challenge Stakes of 650sovs; weight for age, with penalties and allowances. Mr G. G. Stead's b h Multiflorum, 9.3 (F. D. Jones) 1

Templeton Handicap of 300sovs; six furlongs. Mr J. Joffe's ch m Petrova, aged, 10.1 (F. D. Jones) 1

CARR'S BISCUITS. Advertisement for Carr's Biscuits, featuring a logo and text: 'CARR'S BISCUITS. Afternoon Tea Finger Creams. Made in Carlisle-England.'

THE OXFORD LEVER, 21/-. Advertisement for The Oxford Lever, 21/-, featuring a logo and text: 'THE OXFORD LEVER, 21/-. THE LARGEST WATER WASHING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.'

QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL MELBOURNE. Advertisement for Queen's Arms Hotel, Melbourne, featuring a logo and text: 'QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL MELBOURNE. THE MOST CENTRALLY SITUATED HOTEL IN MELBOURNE.'

by Stepanik-Irene, 8.13 (V. Cotton), 1; Mr. J. McLaughlin's bit & Colender, 8yrs, 10.5 (L. G. King), 2; Mr. McKee's ch g Lupulite, 8yrs, 10.0 (L. G. King), 3. Also started: Full Gate, 9.2; Stronghold, 8.10; Sea King, 8.0; Ingineyk, 7.9; Kairoma, 7.9; Sister Anne, 7.8; White Cockade, 8.13; Prima, 8.8. Time, 1.16 1/2.

Final Handicap of 150sovs: one mile.—Mr. C. MacNeill's ch c All Guns, 8yrs, by Stella—Greek Maid, 7.10 (J. McCloskey), 1; Messrs. Piper and Gorton's b g Highland Race, 8yrs, 7.0 (Chapman), 2; Mr. J. Hall's s m lady Diddin, 8yrs, 8.11 (G. J. Phipps), 3. Also started: Armamento, 8.13; Thunderer, 8.9; Clanchattan, 8.6; Medallist, 8.4; North Pole, 7.9; Sumaroff, 7.7; Mercy, 7.3; Jacket, 7.6. Time, 1.43 3/5.

FELDING JOCKEY CLUB.

FELDING, Monday. The weather prevailed with a very large attendance, for the first day of the Feldding Easter meeting. The course was heavy from recent rain. The following were the bookmakers on the lawn and five outside. Results were as follows:—

Trial Plate Handicap.—San Jose 1, Separador 2, Nightmare 3. Scratched: Masturee, Newland. Won by a neck. Time, 1.33. Mangonui Stakes.—Gold Thread 1, Dusky Mori 2, Kitchennald 3. Scratched: Meteor, Maid of Astolat, Little Merry, Daisy Paul. Won by a length. Time, 1.15 2/5. Mangonui Handicap.—Aorangi 1, Gold Dust 2, Prospector 3. Scratched: Puhful, Taouui. Won by a clear length. Time, 1.59 2/5. Hack Hurdles Handicap.—Commander 1, Defeat 2, Reservoir 3. Scratched: Mount Cook, The Leader. Won by half a length. Time, 1.39 2/5. Feldding Cup.—Bourrasque 1, The Lark 2, Tangimona 3. Scratched: Waitapu. Won by a length, a similar handicap for third, Tangimona was drawn away. Somal led into the straight, with Belario and placed horses close up, and won. Time, 2.39 3/5. One-mile Hack Welter Handicap.—Won by 1, Seery 2, Winc 3. Also started: Reservoir, a clear length. Time, 1.50 1/2. Halcombe Welter Handicap.—Probability 1, King Post 2, Little Mary 3. Scratched: Irish Hicc, Miss Vera, Hatley, Ongu. Won by a length. Time, 1.39 3/5. Hack Race.—Mab 1, Vasa 2, Miss Advance 3. Scratched: Ikon, Fairwind, Astraea. Won by a length and a half. Time, 1.9 2/5.

FELDDING, Tuesday.

The weather prevails, and there is a large crowd for the second day of the Feldding races. The following are the results:—

Deubh Stakes.—Dusky Mori 1, Gold Thread 2, Daisy Paul 3. All started. Won by half a length. Time, 1.17.

Another Hack Welter.—Fingot 1, Maidie 2, Seery 3. Won by a length. Time, 32 1/2.

Kimbolton Hurdles.—Gold Dust 1, Immolator 2, Prospector 3. Scratched: Clarence. Won by half a length. Time, 3.24 1/5.

Oroua Hack Handicap.—The Leader 1, Compass 2, The Leader 3. Scratched: Reservoir. Won by nearly two lengths. Time, 2.37 3/5.

Easter Handicap.—Tangimona 1, The Lark 2, Belario 3. Also started: A good race. Won by half a length. Time, 2.45.

Rewa Hack Handicap.—Nicotine 1, Chase Mab 2, San Jose 3. All started. Won by a length. Time, 1.17 1/5.

Malden Scurry.—Whitumarama 1, Astrea 2, Vingo 3. Won easily. Scratched: San Jose, Moose. Time, 1.11 1/5.

Makinu Welter.—Climax 1, Silver Lead 2, Gem 3. Won by a length. Scratched: Immolator. Time, 1.48 4/5.

The totalisator receipts for the two days was £31,533, being £97 more than the total for last year. There were no accidents throughout the meeting.

WELLINGTON TRACK NOTES.

WELLINGTON, this day. Recent rains freshened the course up, and the lawns and enclosures are in beautiful trim. A large number of visiting horses have yet to arrive, and training work will be heavier on Monday next. This morning a heavy frost hit the course, making it impossible to time the early birds. Zimernann, looking big and well after his Great Autumn victory, did a good gallop over a couple of circuits, and could have easily improved the previous day, which may be the stable elect in the Thompson Handicap, did once round, similar tracks falling to Mantryrion, North Pole, and Kaituma. Jackson sent Signor twice round the inner grass, with a strong wind, which was a circuit. The Wairarapa trainer, White Lie, looking fresh, trotted and cantered. Low sent Blue Bell and Wharekura for half mile dash, which was rolled off in 51s. Six in the front (Soul-Tauee) clipping a half second of that time. Arilliere did a round in even time. Higgit allotted Waitete, Moata, Liberator, and St. Flora useful work, whilst Friam and Tupuna dashed over five furlongs in fair time. Acotia (H. C. Ross), looking at the time better for his racing, did a round on the grass. King Post and Rosevelt ran five furlongs in 54s. Akraive, a 2-year-old, did a mile to Murett, and Alliced, supported nicely over four furlongs in 52s. The morning's work was completed by Kossini and Ballarat, separately, sprinting five furlongs in even time. Six stables of horses, consisting of Cloudbull, Clanchattan, Phipps, Straggon, and Goldbeater, arrive to-day. Phipps' team did not work before breakfast, but will gallop later in the day. The Phipps team consists of Gold Crest, Marguerite, Diddin, Olive Belle, and Clanchattan (Ch. R.), Tinko, AH Red, Kuku, Playmate, and Kurawaka. It is not unlikely Gold Crest will be started in the Challenge Stakes in preference to the Thompson Handicap.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB.

DYED GARMENTS WINS THE CUP.

SYDNEY, April 20. The Australian Jockey Club continued their autumn meeting to-day at Randwick. The weather was beautifully fine, and there was a record attendance. The going was somewhat heavy as a result of recent rain. Details of the racing are:—

The Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds. Special weights, with penalties. Six furlongs.—Mr. H. Brown's Mait Queen, 1; Mr. W. P. Crick's Bordino, 2; Messrs. W. and F. A. Mosca's Emitta 3. Ten horses started. Matchmaker was first away, leading Lady Maister and Emitta by half a length. Mait Queen led at the three furlongs, with Mait Queen her nearest attendant. Emitta was first into the straight from Lady Maister, and Matchmaker. Mait Queen came away at the distance, and fighting out a great finish won by half a length. Matchmaker finished fourth. Time, 1.17 1/2.

THE SYDNEY CUP, a handicap sweepstakes of 250sovs each, with 200sovs added; the owner of the second horse to receive 300sovs and the owner of the third 150 sovs from the prize. Two miles.

Mr. P. A. Connolly's br g Dyed Garments, 6yrs, by Malvoite—Boxra, 7.4 (Ross), 1; Mr. J. J. Macdonald's br f Tartan, aged, by Lochiel—Colors, 9.9 (J. Barden), 2; Mr. J. Chambers' ch g Absentee, 6yrs, by Clan Stuart—Asleep, 7.2 (Cooper) 3.

Also started: Peru, True Light, Gaby, Bright Steel, Jack Smith, Maltine, Togo, Lady Diffidence, Electron, Duke of Clarence, Maranul, Lancasterite, Rouvray, King's Cross.

From a good start Peru and Gaby were first to show out. At the half-mile post Electron was leading from Duke of Clarence, Maltine, and Bright Steel. Passing the stand the order was Tartan, Maltine, Maranul, Duke of Clarence, Electron, Gaby, Smith, Togo, Maltine, with Dyed Garments last. Lady Diffidence continued in front pushing Oxenham's, and along the far side, where Jack Smith ran into second place, led by Maranul, Duke of Clarence, Electron, Togo, with Bright Steel bringing up the rear. Excepting that Duke of Clarence had displaced Jack Smith in second place, the order was still the same at six furlongs, where Dyed Garments began to improve his position. Lady Diffidence still had charge at the half-mile post from Maranul, Absentee, Electron, Gaby, Maltine, Duke of Clarence. Maranul was first into the straight, but he faded away. Dyed Garments took charge at the distance, and going on, he won by six lengths, two lengths separating the second and third horses; then followed Maranul, Gaby, True Light, Lady Diffidence, King's Cross, Rouvray, Togo, with Bright Steel last. Time, 3.34.

The First Steeplechase, about two miles and a-half.—Mr. R. Morton's Kuala Lumpur, 11.8 1; Mr. W. Anderson's Clair, 11.8, 2; Mr. F. J. Corey's Boomerang, 11.8, 3. Ponde, the only other starter, fell. Kuala Lumpur won by three lengths. Time, 5.49.

The First Nursery Handicap, one mile.—Mr. T. Parten's Black Range, 7.7 1; Mr. J. C. Williamson's Maltier, 7.0, 2; Mr. W. R. Hall's Contango, 6.10, 3. Twelve horses started. Black Range won by a length and a-half. Time, 1.44.

RANDWICK AUTUMN MEETING.

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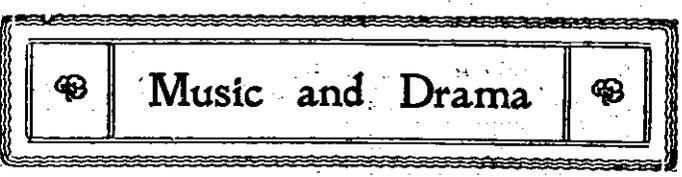
SYDNEY, April 22. The Australian Jockey Club continued the autumn meeting at Randwick to-day. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance.

Mountain King scored an easy victory in the All-aged Stakes, and later on in the afternoon was saddled up to contest the Cumberland Stakes. As matters turned out it would have been as well had the severe test not been applied, as the colt was badly defeated.

The easy victory of Poseidon in the Cumberland Stakes gave rise to a house division. The son of Postiano ran unplaced in the Autumn Stakes on the opening day. During the running of the Hurdle Race the Tomcorner gelding Rotorua fell and broke his neck.

The All-aged Stakes, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 100sovs added, one mile.—Mr. J. McDonald's ch c Mountain King, 8yrs, by Wallace—Bonnie Rosette, 8.8, 1; Mr. H. R. Denison's b h Poseidon, 8yrs, by Postiano—Jacinth, 6.0, 2; Mr. J. Macdonald's b h Tartan, 8.4, 3; Hon. A. Wynne's Peru, 8yrs, by Gaby, 7.0, 4. Also started: Mr. H. Boulton's Matchmaker, 8.12, 5. Also started: North Head, Bewbee. Matchmaker was first away, and led Tangara and Mountain King to the half-mile post, where Mountain King gradually went ahead, and led into the straight. Tangara went in pursuit at the distance, but failed to overhaul the son of Wallace, who won easily by two lengths. Time, 1.41 1/2.

The Cumberland Stakes, a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 100sovs added, for three-year-olds and upwards, two miles.—Mr. H. R. Denison's b h Poseidon, 8yrs, by Postiano—Jacinth, 6.0, 1; Mr. J. Macdonald's b h Tartan, 8.4, 2; Hon. A. Wynne's Peru, 8yrs, by Gaby, 7.0, 3. Also started: Mountain King went to the front, followed by Poseidon. The two got together at the half-mile post, cleft of Gaby, with Mountain King best. Poseidon ran in pursuit at the distance, but failed to overhaul the son of Wallace, who won easily by two lengths. Time, 3.34.



George Dean has been re-engaged for forty-two weeks by Harry Rickards. Mr. Dean will come to New Zealand in June as stage manager for the Rickards' touring company that visits the Dominion.

Mr. Andrew Black and Mr. Walter Whyte took the bass and tenor solos in "Judas Maccabaeus" with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society.

It is said that Mr. William Anderson contemplates bringing out Miss Ada Reeve for an Australian tour.

Kubelik, in his colonial tour, will be assisted by Miss Erwa Mueller (a Bendigo singer, who has won success in London) and Heir Ludwig Schaub (accompanist).

Bland Holt opened in Adelaide last Saturday after an absence of 14 years. After going out West, a New Zealand tour commences later in the year.

Mr. Albert Goldie, who for some time past has held the position of Press representative in Sydney of the firm of J. C. Williamson, has accepted the management of the company now being organised by Mr. Hugh Ward in London. This organisation, which will include Miss Grace Palotta and some prominent London artists, will tour the East, subsequently visiting Australia and New Zealand.

Ed. Lauri and May Beatty are booked till the end of 1910 with the playlet "In Her Boudoir," and the lady has been engaged to play principal boy in the Birmingham Theatre Royal's pantomime next year. Lauri has just finished an opera, to which he has given the title of "The Lady Bandits."

The Royal Comic Opera Company is at present undergoing something of a transformation. "The Merry Widow," which has kept Vienna (where it was first produced), Berlin, and London laughing for the greater part of two years, is in rehearsal, commencing in Melbourne on May 16. The company will tour "The Merry Widow" throughout Australasia, and will probably play nothing else for over a twelve month. Carrie Moore, who was engaged in London for the principal part of Sonia, is en route, as is Albert Higginson (a comedian with a fine baritone voice. Slapofski is to take over the organisation of the orchestra for the Melbourne premier. The Royal Comies are at present concluding a Sydney season with "The Lady Dandies"—an adaptation of the successful French "Les Merveilleuses."

Geo. Lauri has not properly regained his health. With his wife (Marietta Nash) he left Sydney for England this week on a lengthy holiday. Since his first appearance in Australia in "The Merry Monarch," in 1891, Mr. Geo. Lauri has won a place in the regards of playgoers that few artists have been able to achieve. Seventeen years before the public is indeed a record for this country—seventeen years spent in making people laugh. Mr. Lauri has figured in no less than fifty-two pieces during that period, in thirty-two of which he created the principal comedian's part. The comedian was tendered a benefit by the combined Williamson Companies at

present in Sydney, prior to his departure.

The Butt-Rumford's gave 71 concerts in Australasia, though the original contract was for 25. Their first engagement in England is at the Royal Albert Hall on June 27. There is every probability that we will hear the contralto and her husband out here again in three years' time.

It is close on nine years since H. R. Roberts, who arrives from America next month to play "The Prince Chap," was in the colonies. The company will be partly American, including Frank Lamb as Runion—a great character part. Maggie Moore, Roberts' wife, will accompany him.

Olive Lenton is appearing at the Folies Bergere, Paris. From there the clever vaudeville artist is to go to Sweden, thence back to England for another "Bells of New York" tour, and afterwards visits St. Petersburg and Moscow.

There is money in the music hall business in England. The London Empire made a profit of £93,000 last year, which works out to an average of £400 a performance.

Mr. Piddock and his company, which includes Miss May Garstang and Mr. C. McNaughton, all well known here, are doing the English halls with a musical fantasy entitled "The Capture of Venus," which is described by the critics as "exceptionally clever."

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lessee, Mr. C. R. Bailey. Direction of MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON.

EMPHATIC SUCCESS OF THE JULIUS KNIGHT SEASON. MR. JULIUS KNIGHT, MISS OLA HUMPHREY, and MR. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29th, and Following Evenings. Fantasy Hope's Powerful Story, THE PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. MR JULIUS KNIGHT as RUDDOLF, MISS OLA HUMPHREY as FLAVIA.

MONDAY, 4th MAY. The Famous Spectacular Drama, CLAUDIAN. THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, MAY 7th and 8th. A ROYAL DIVORCE.

OUR LONDON OFFICES

The London Offices of the

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SHEEP SHEARING IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

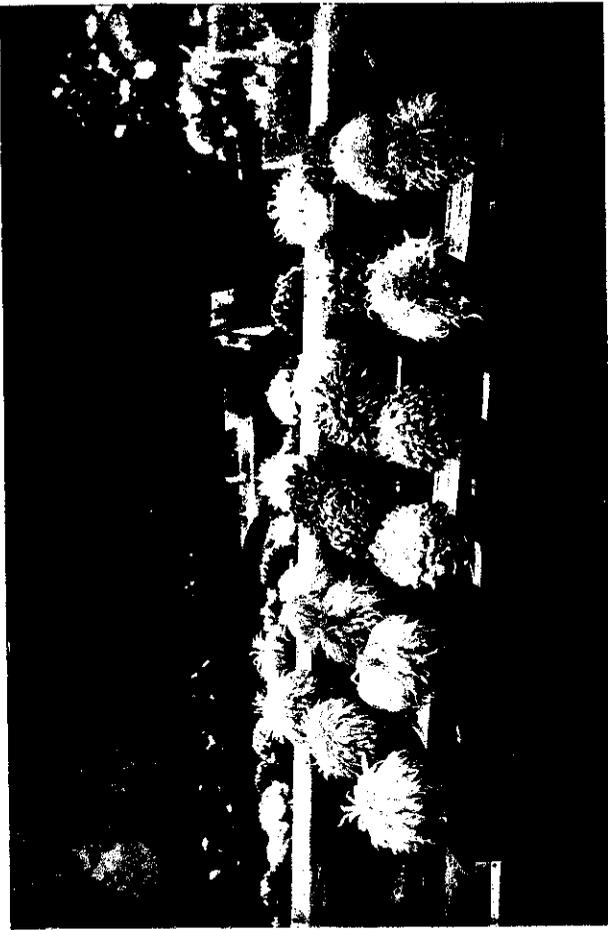
W. Reel, photo, Edinburgh.



AUCKLAND CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.



1. W. F. Buckland's exhibit, not for competition. 2. W. F. Buckland's "Richard Seddon," National Chrysanthemum Society's Certificate; orange. 3. E. J. Harvey's champion bloom in amateur class, "Silver Queen"; pale pink. 4. Incurved one variety, Miss V. Plummer, first prize; yellow. 5. W. F. Buckland's champion bloom in open class, "Major Bonafon"; yellow. 6. Mrs. Leedham's exhibit, first prize for twelve varieties.



THREE FIRST PRIZE EXHIBITS.

From left to right: Mrs. W. Abraham's six Japanese White, one or more varieties, open class; Mr. E. J. Harvey's six Japanese, distinct varieties, amateur class; Mr. W. C. Abraham's six Japanese, distinct varieties, open class.

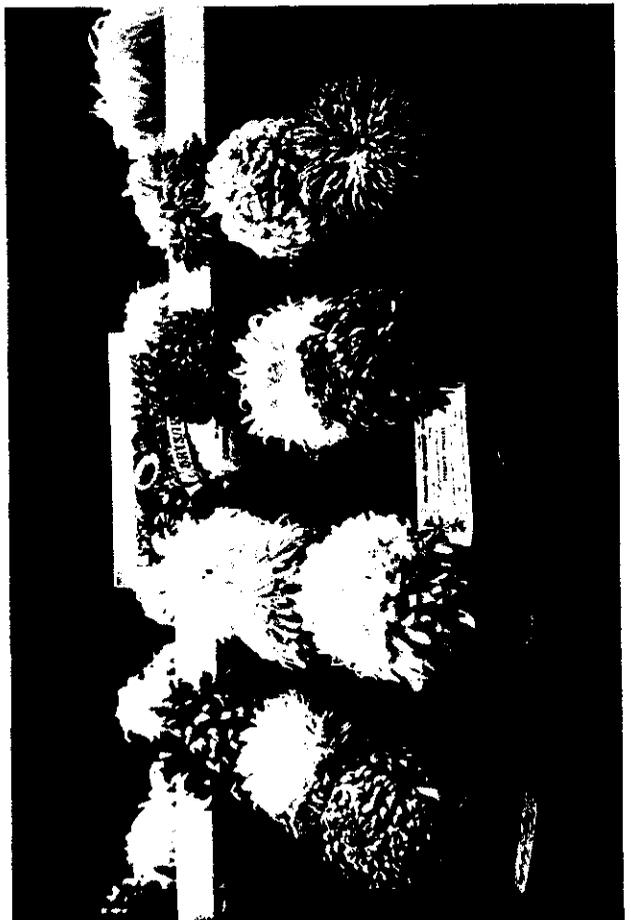


FIRST PRIZE FLORAL DISPLAY. CHRYSANTHEMUMS, EXHIBITED BY MRS. W. ABRAHAM.

PRIZE BLOOMS AT THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.



MR. E. J. HARVEY'S FIRST PRIZE EXHIBIT OF TWELVE JAPANESE VARIETIES, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY'S CERTIFICATE.



MR. W. C. ABRAHAM'S FIRST PRIZE TWELVE JAPANESE, DISTINCT VARIETIES, N.C.S. CERTIFICATE.



A BIG KAURI LOG.

Many thousands of feet of kauri timber have been felled on the West Coast, and huge logs, which have broken adrift, are frequently to be met with along the beach.



THE BLOWHOLE, PIHA.

There are several of these remarkable vents, through which it is so fascinating to see the water surge, especially after a gale of wind.



A GRIM REMINDER.

In earlier times the West Coast was thickly populated with Maoris, a fact of which the holiday maker is reminded when he comes across such a sight as this—a Maori burial ground left exposed by the waves.



A DAY'S PIGHUNTING.

A large extent of the bush-clad Waitakerei Ranges has been proclaimed a reserve with a prohibition on all shooting, but the sportsman will still find plenty of wild pigs on the rough country near Manukau Heads.

ON AUCKLAND'S WILD WEST COAST.

The attractions of the rugged coast line which extends from the mouth of the Waitakerei River to Manukau Heads are each year becoming better known, and this summer the number of camping parties has been unusually large

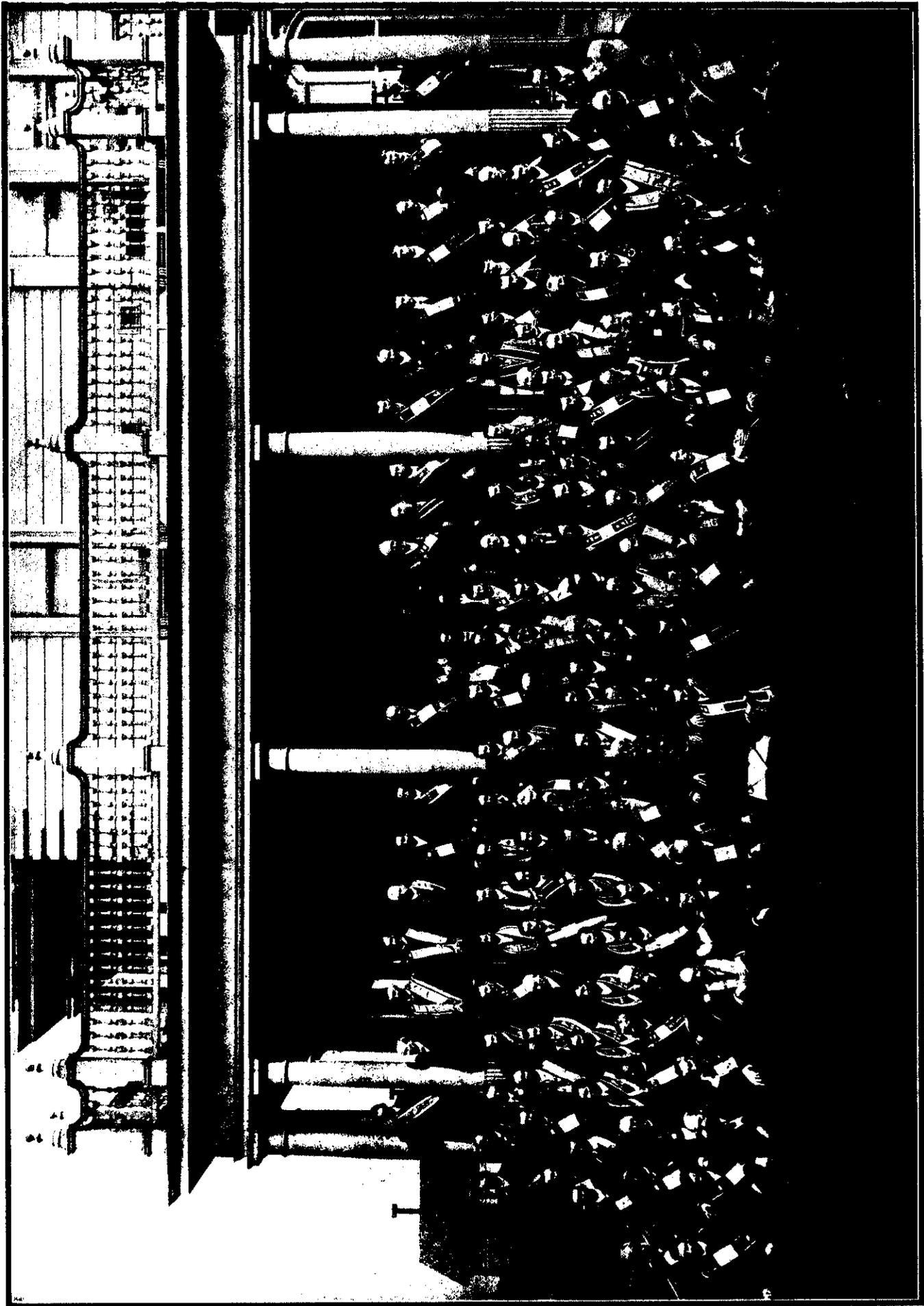


THE PRIVATE LAGOON ADJOINING THE PALMERSTON NORTH VICEREGAL RESIDENCE.

This lagoon is private property, and in the season affords good wild duck shooting.

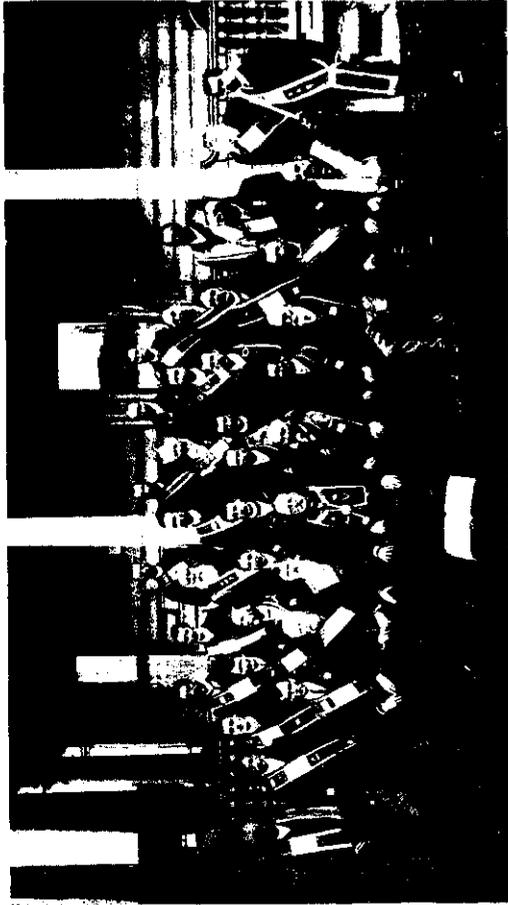


THE NEW VICEREGAL RESIDENCE FOR THE USE OF HIS EXCELLENCY AND LADY PLUNKET DURING THE SESSION.

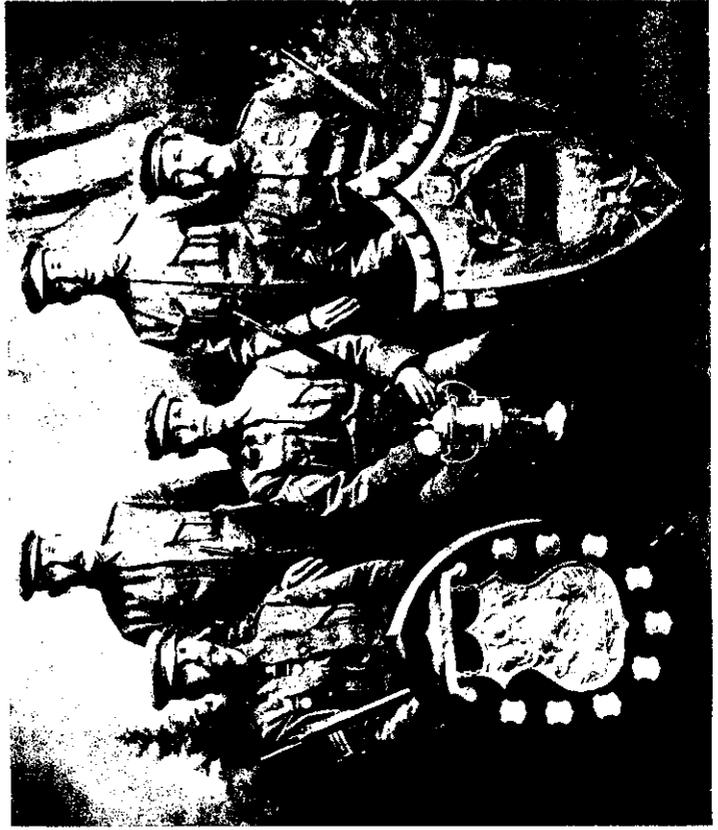


VISITING DELEGATES FROM THE NORTH AND SOUTH ISLAND AT THE ORANGE LODGE MEETING, WELLINGTON.

S. Baeck, Sarony Studio, photo.



GROUP OF OFFICERS AT THE ORANGE LODGE MEETING, WELLINGTON.

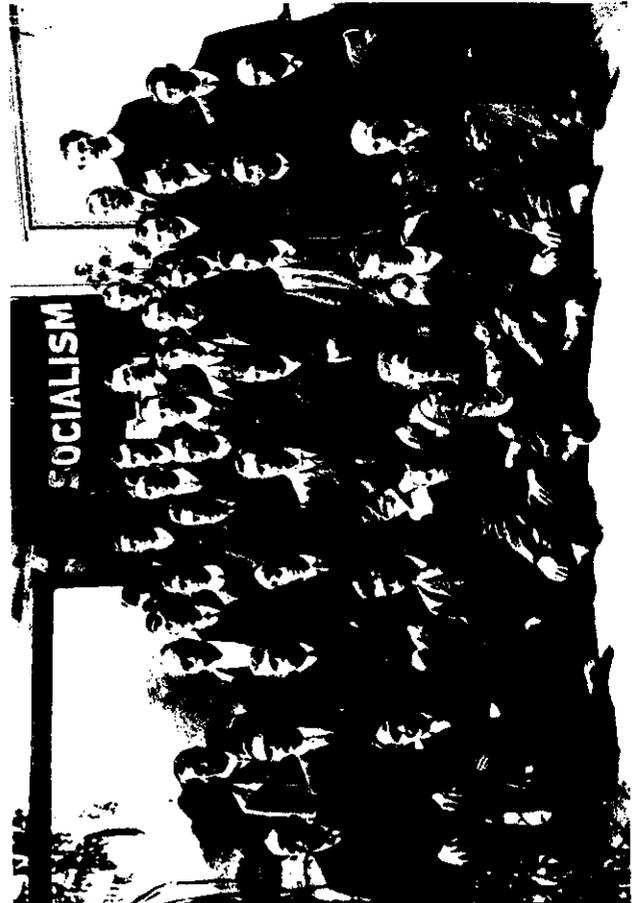


FIVE SMART RIFLE SHOTS FROM HAWKES BAY.

Members of the Hawke's Bay Mounted Rifles who won the South Island Shield, and the New Zealand Championship Shield. Standing—Private McMurray, Private Wellbourn, Sergeant Humphreys, Sergeant Major Hyde, Sergeant B. C. McCormick.



Muir and McKinlay, photo.
 NEW ZEALAND CHESS CONGRESS, OPENED IN WELLINGTON ON 20th APRIL BY THE MAYOR.
 STANDING (left to right):—Gyles, Sharp (Hon. Sec. N.Z.C.A.), Woodford (Chibstruborch), Littlejohn, Miles, J. Chrichton (President), Working Men's Club Chess Club, Hon. T. W. Hildrop (Mayor), Mrs. Hildrop (Mayoress), Freeman (umpire), G. Burton (Hon. Sec. Wellington Chess Club). SITTING in front of Mrs. Hildrop, Mr. J. Tulloh, the only survivor in N.Z. who took part in the Chess Congress, 1893. ATTENDERS (left to right): Barnes (Wellington), Davies (Wellington), Mason (Auckland), Kitcherford (Auckland), James (Wellington), Connell (Auckland), Kelling (Wellington), v. Stewart (Wellington).



Muir and McKinlay, photo.
 GROUP TAKEN OF THE FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND SOCIALIST PARTY, WELLINGTON.
 33 delegates, representing 3,000 socialists throughout the Dominion. Tom Mann seated in centre.



OPENING THE CHANNEL.



THE WATER STARTING TO RUSH THROUGH.



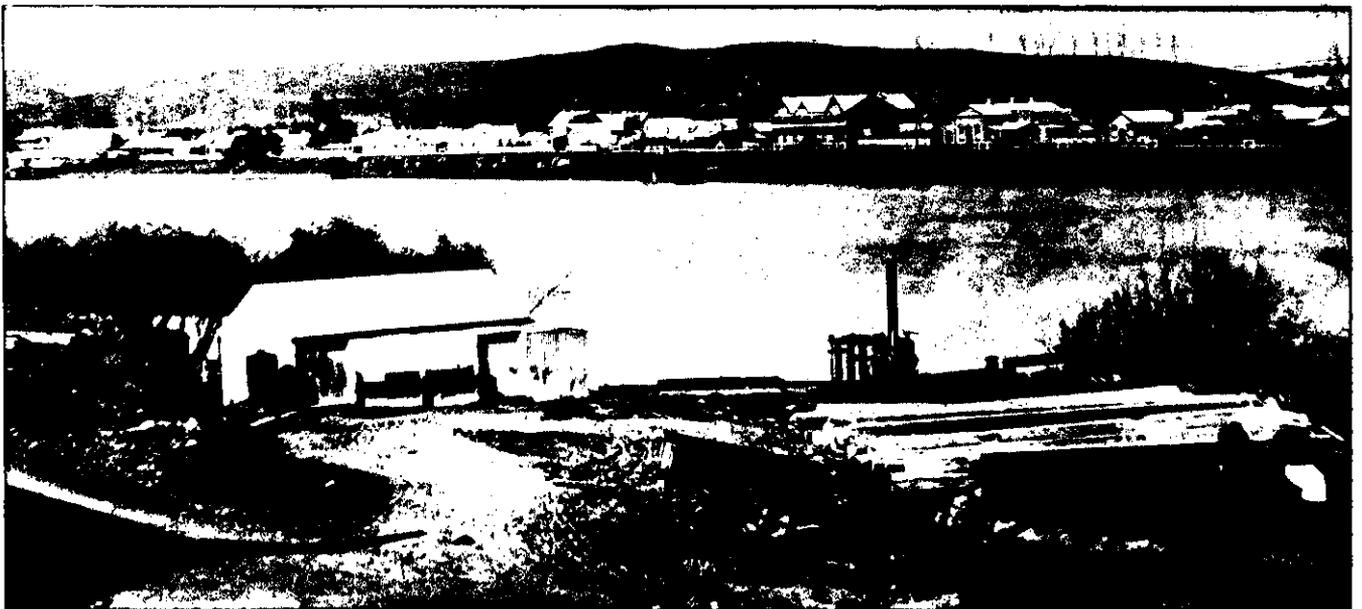
IN FULL FLOW.



WAIROA BAR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER OPENING—S.S. TANGAROA LEAVING FOR NAPIER.



WAIROA TOWNSHIP.



ANOTHER VIEW OF WAIROA FROM THE RIVER.

C. Burdige, photo.

Wairoa, or Clyde, as it is sometimes called on the Wairoa River, is the outlet for a very rich part of the Hawke's Bay province, and must, from its geographical position, grow in importance every day. Its present population is over 2100; there are

three good hotels, heavy and light stables, excellent shops, three churches, and it has a tri-weekly newspaper. Wairoa is the nearest point to the beautiful lake, Waikaremoana, famous for its trout, and the Morere hot springs are within easy reach. There is some magnificent country round Wairoa, and when the district gets improved roads,

it will advance even more rapidly than it is now doing. Communication with Napier, 40 miles away, is by steamer and coach. Like so many of the New Zealand rivers, the Wairoa has a bar at the entrance, and the channel sometimes changes owing to floods. For several weeks the river was quite blocked up by the moving shingle, and our

photographs show how it was cleared. Crowds of workers trench through the shingle, and as soon as the pent-up waters find an outlet they soon scour out a channel for themselves, and so once more establish a connection between the sea and the river, large enough to be navigable by such craft as the steamer Tangaroa.



A FASHIONABLE MIXED BATHING MEET AT THE BEACH, NAPIER.



Surrell, photo.

THE ANTE-BREAKFAST GATHERING OF "MERE MAN" ON A FINE SUNDAY MORNING, LUXURIATING IN THE SUNSHINE AFTER THE FIRST DIP.

SURF BATHING—A FAVOURITE PASTIME AT NAPIER, HAWKE'S BAY.

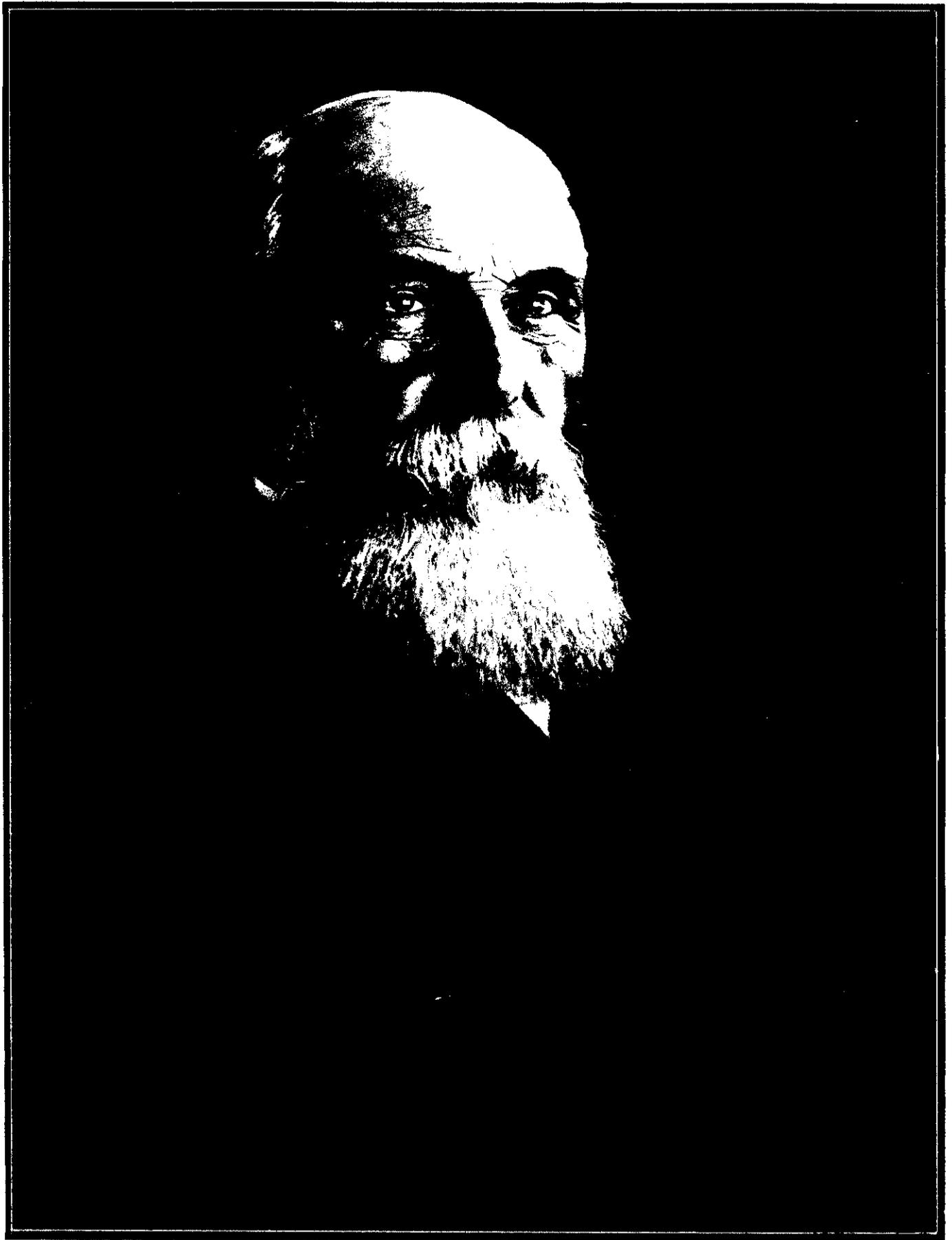


Photo Study by G. E. Jones.

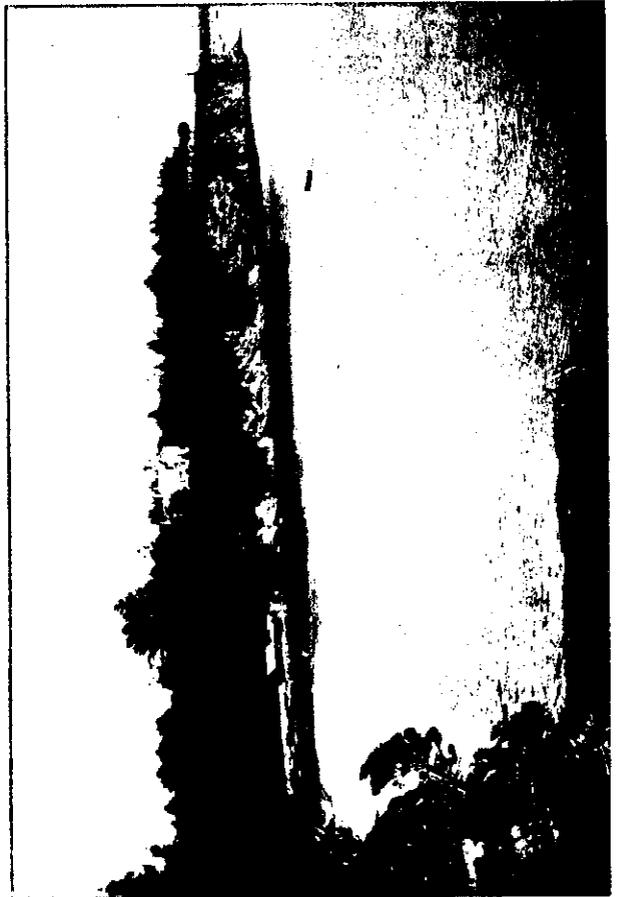
SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G., CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW ZEALAND.



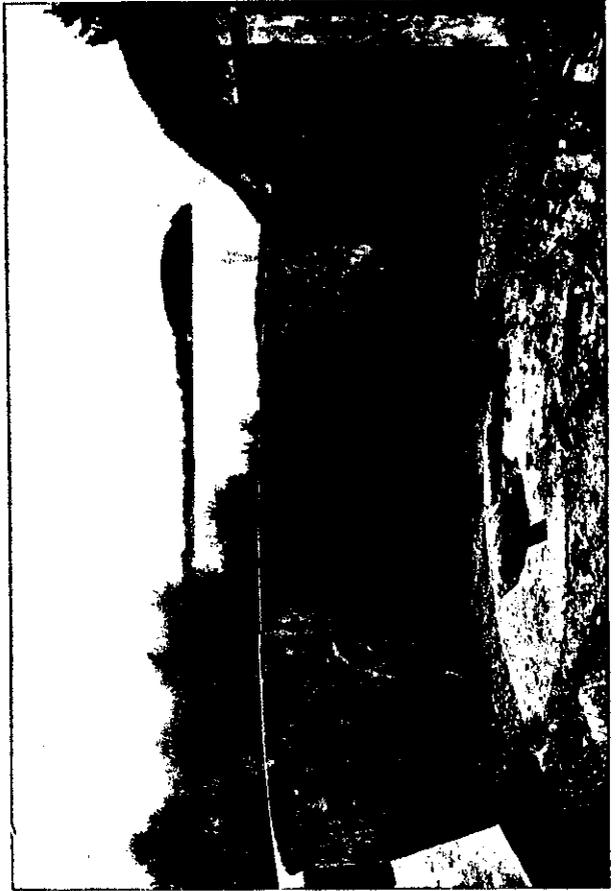
POINT RESOLUTION: THE NEW PUBLIC DOMAIN AND SITE OF THE DISMANTLED FORT.



INSIDE THE RESERVE.

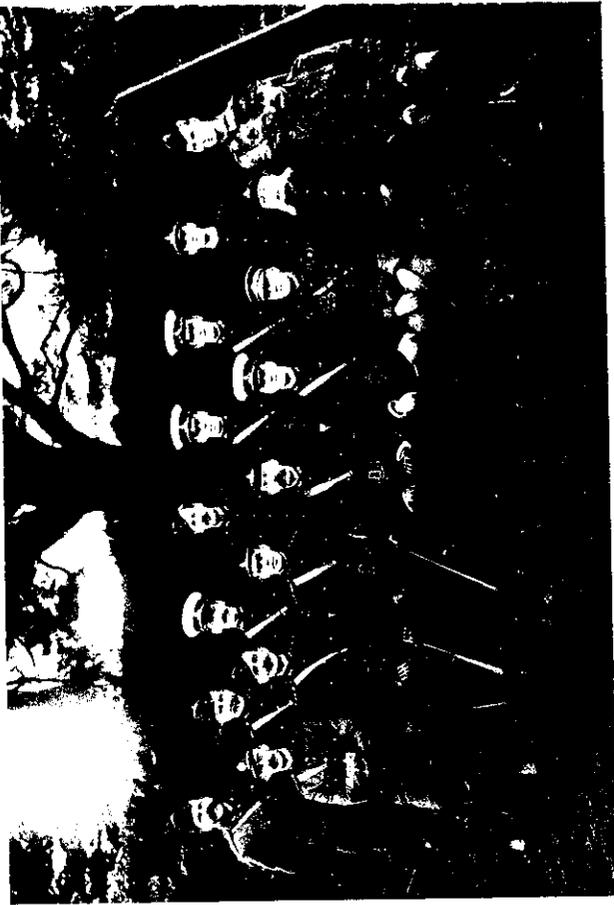


SIR JOHN CAMPBELLS HOUSE AND CAMPBELLS POINT ANOTHER RESERVE FROM POINT RESOLUTION.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE OLD FORT.

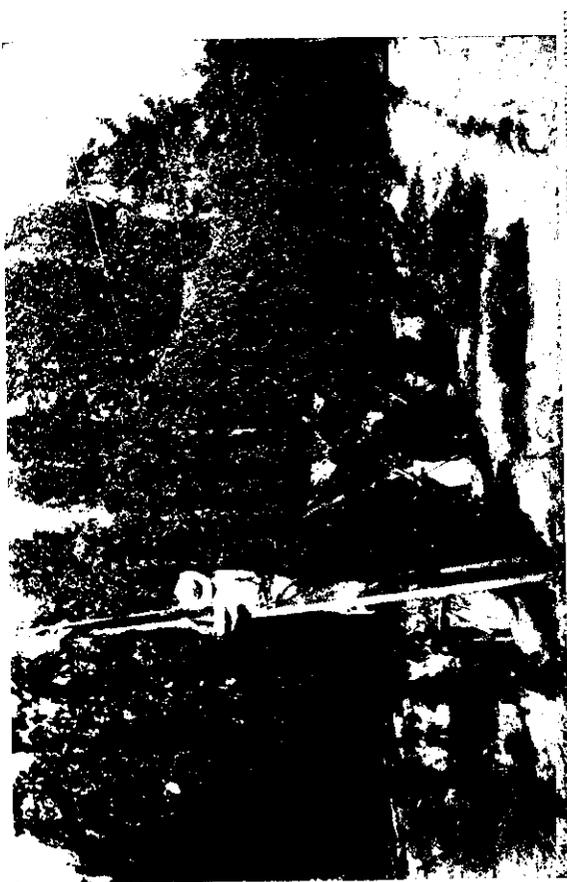
FORT RESOLUTION, THE NEW RESERVE AND RECREATION GROUND HANDED OVER TO THE PEOPLE OF PARNELL, AUCKLAND, BY THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT.



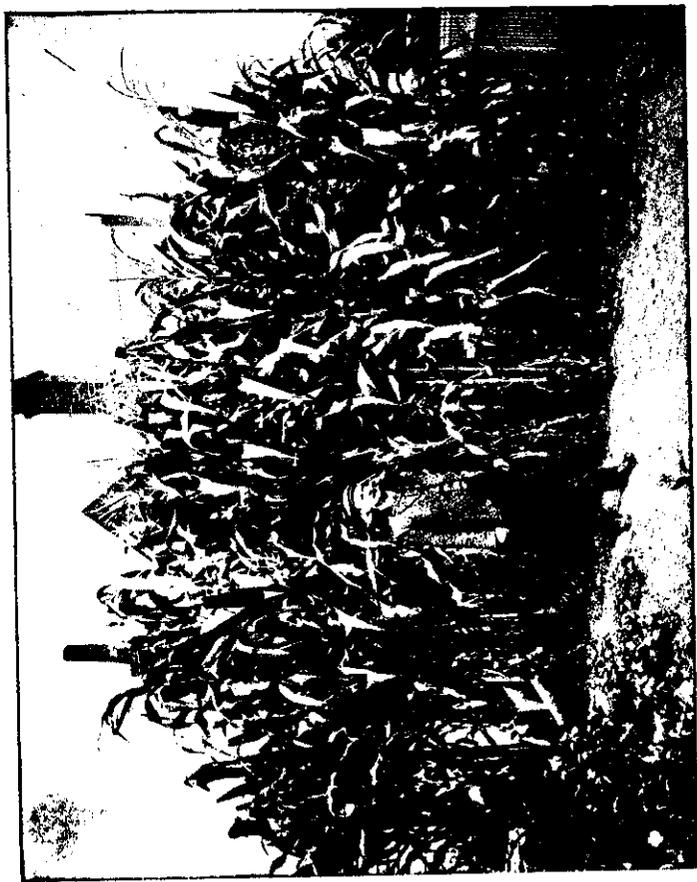
THE OFFICERS OF THE DIVISION.



S. Vaille, photo.
 CHURCH PARADE OF THE GARRISON ARTILLERY DIVISION AT FORT CAUTLEY.
 EASTER MANOEUVRES AT AUCKLAND.



FERTILE NELSON: GATHERING HOPS IN MR. EDWIN ARNOLD'S HOP GARDEN, SPRING GROVE, NELSON.



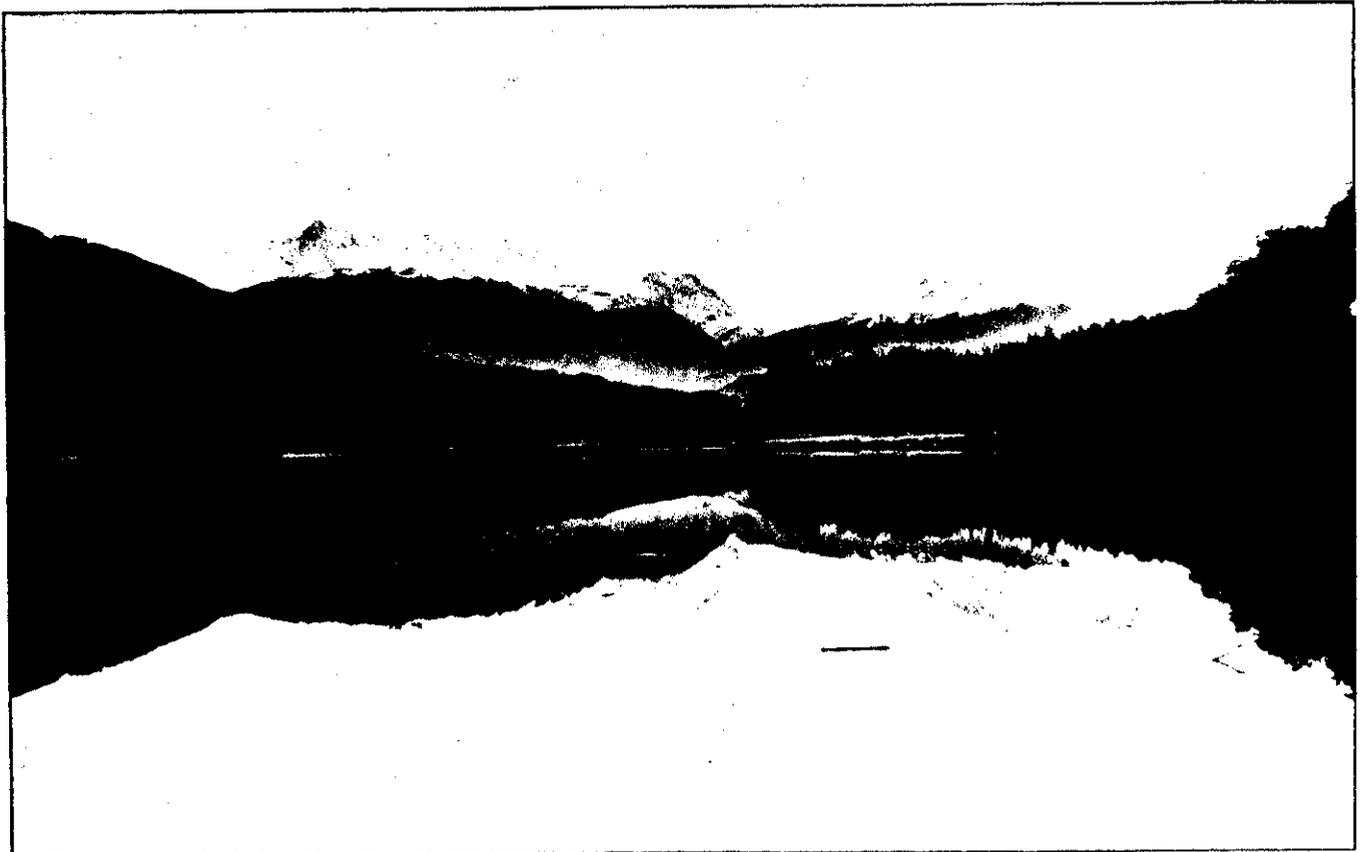
F. N. Jones, Jun., photo.
 PHENOMENAL GROWTH MAIZE 15 FEET HIGH, GROWN BY SERGEANT DOUGAN, ST. JOHN'S STREET, NELSON.



DR. WALKER, DR. FERGUSON, AND DR. GIRDLER, OF THE MEDICAL STAFF, GARRISON ARTILLERY, AUCKLAND.



THE LATE MR. T. MANDENO JACKSON OF AUCKLAND, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT KAMO LAST WEEK.



Tourist Department, photo.

AUTUMN MORNING, DART VALLEY, LAKE WAKATIPU.



MISS OLA HUMPHREYS, AS "ALMIDA" IN "CLAUDIAN," MR. JCLAUS KNIGHT'S NEXT PLAY AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, AUCKLAND.



THE LATE EX-JUDGE MUNRO, AUCKLAND.



MR. EDEN PHILPOTTS,

Author of the enormously successful novel, "The Mother," probably the most widely-read and most discussed book in the Colony at present.



A VENERABLE COUPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Bartley, of Devonport, celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of their wedding day on April 24, 1908.



OFFICERS AND DEPUTIES ATTENDING THE BIENNIAL MOVABLE COMMITTEE OF THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS, MANCHESTER UNITY, HELD AT NEW PLYMOUTH.

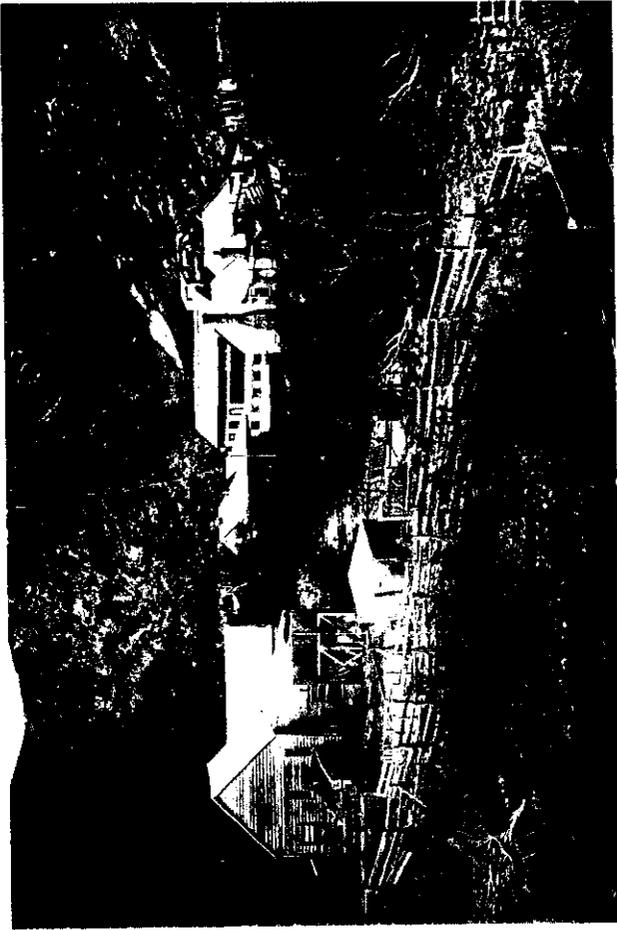
J. R. Hanna, photo.

FRONT ROW (from left to right): Messrs. John Smith, D. P. Leasby, J. McLeod, G. E. Godber, J. Marshall, A. N. Batchelor, J. Kershaw, J. B. Fielder, J. Clark, W. Gulse, W. Brander.
MIDDLE ROW: L. F. Webster, C. J. Jennings, I. Salek, H. Tait, S. H. Matthews, F. Shaw, W. Thomas, C. G. Robertson, T. Williams, A. Whetton, A. E. Jull, C. E. Hodges.
BACK ROW: Messrs. C. H. Ambidge, C. Westphal, D. McIntyre, C. D. Sole, W. A. Ketcher, G. W. Sellers, J. A. Day, J. Corder, W. H. Maldeley, S. J. Watson, F. Amour, Pfeiffer.



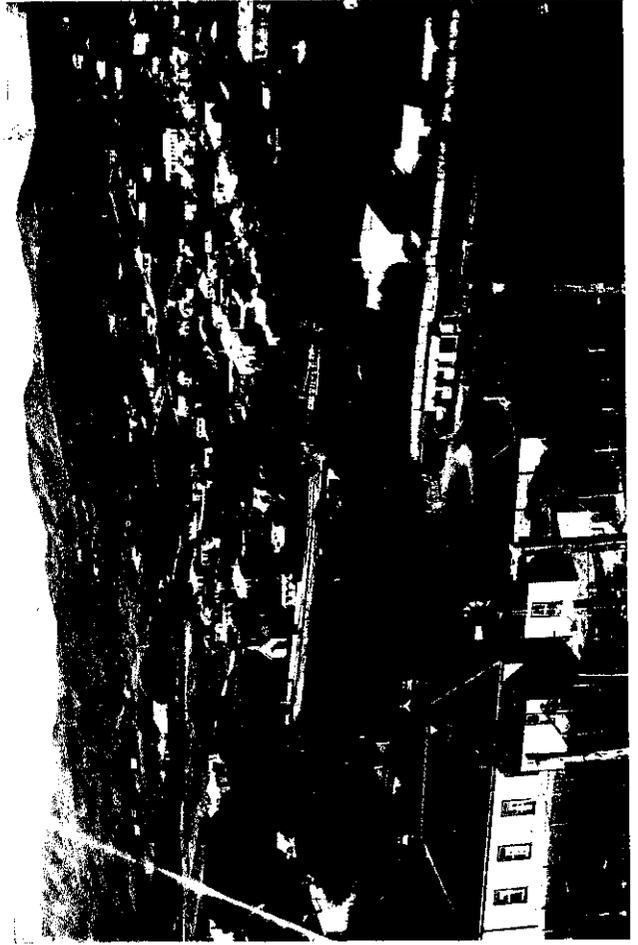
DELEGATES OF NEW ZEALAND REFEREES' ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE HELD AT AUCKLAND.

Alfred Jones, photo.



GLENCRAIGIE NGAHARANGA GORGE, NEAR WELLINGTON.

Bought at a cost of some £3,000 for a municipal abattoir. The buildings were held as a fort by the invading volunteers who "captured Wellington."



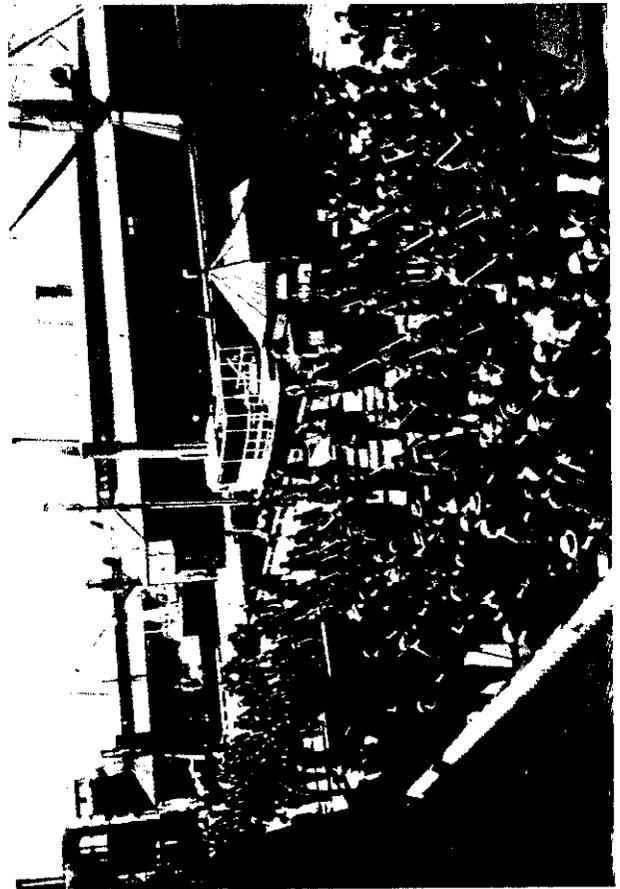
GENERAL VIEW OF THE RISING TOWNSHIP OF JOHNSONVILLE, NEAR WELLINGTON.



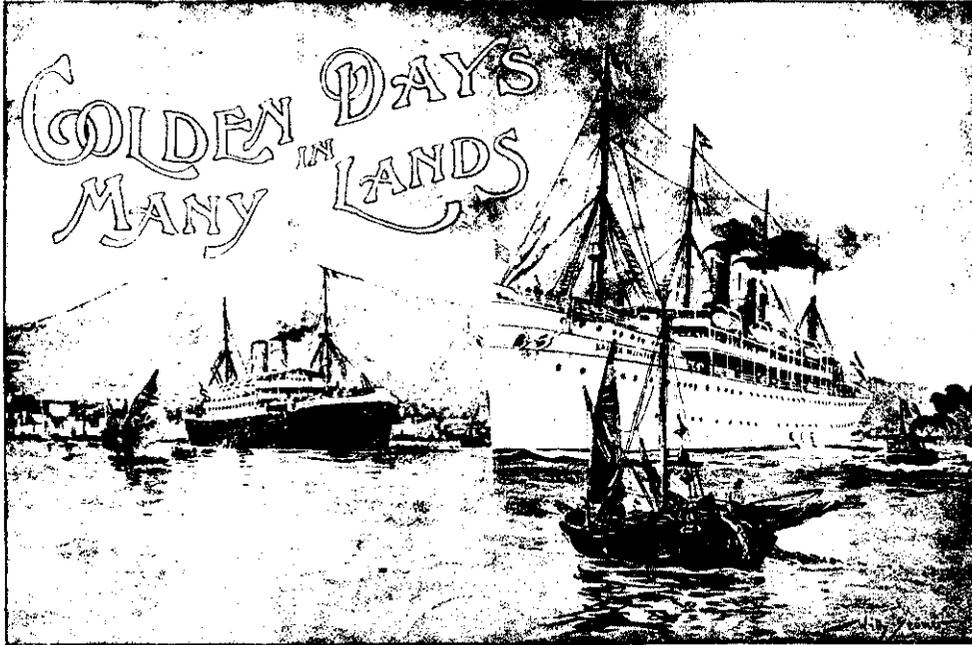
Muir and Mackenzie, photo.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF N.Z. FIRST CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES HELD IN WELLINGTON.

Back Row: Capt. Balthrop, F. G. Kinsey, Capt. McNaught, H. C. Robinson, H. H. Boddington, J. H. Bennett, H. P. Stinson, Front Row: J. Woodier, Lieut.-Colonel Goring, Dr. Monistone, Dr. J. J. Bishop, J. P. Piria, R. B. Tuckwell, C. P. Munro, A. Hosking, Serjeant Booth.



THE "BLUE" CONTINGENT OF WELLINGTON VOLUNTEERS (WHO CAPTURED THE CITY) ON THE WHARF.



BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

AMERICA'S TWO GREATEST CANYONS.

I.—THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

WE were somewhat an overdose of women that Thursday afternoon when we set off from San Francisco en route to the great Yosemite Valley, nevertheless, in spite of the four ladies to two gentlemen we made a very merry party.

The first night we spent on the train, our journey really commencing with the dawn of the following morning when we mounted the coaches at Raymond and drove away through a very Australian type of scenery. Early in the afternoon we entered a magnificent pine forest, through which our way continued until we halted for the night at the delightful little village of Wovona.

Between that pine forest, with its complete lack of undergrowth and the dense tangled forest of our own land, no greater contrast could be imagined. Lilac and manzanita and a few small shrubs appeared here and there, but on the whole the great trees rose up from the pine-needle-strewn earth tall and bare in many cases to a height of 150 feet and even higher. As we ascended we entered the snow line, and every now and then our eyes were refreshed by patches of white snow gleaming on the brown earth. The slowness of the ascent became most monotonous and we were glad to stretch our legs at intervals by a short walk up the hills, where the gathering of little yellow violets (the first of the sort I had ever seen) afforded an object for our walk. At rare intervals, a scarlet or rather blood-red snow-plant thrust itself through the brown earth. No blazing production of a tropical sun could be more glorious than this. Imagine a blood-red artichoke, out of the centre of which rises a thick pink stem about three inches long; all round this stem are arranged blood-red bells, and at the foot of each bell a blood-red leaf, the whole plant standing 6 inches or 9 inches high. Could anything be more brilliant? It is scarcely necessary to say that the snow plants are very rare, and it was only after climbing down into a valley, to where the snow was fairly deep, that we procured one for examination.

That night was spent at Wovona, and by 6.30 a.m. next day we were once more on board the coach. A heavy

mist had hung in the valley of Wovona, but this was soon left behind and the freshness and brightness and surprising warmth of the air left nothing to be desired. All the morning we ascended through the pine forest, where the snow lay in great patches on the ground.

When the season is in full swing the whole coach journey from Raymond to Yosemite occupies but twelve hours, but in those days of early May the roads were in a most horrible condition; the horses, too, were very soft, and would not be hurried, so the journey from Wovona to Yosemite seemed the longest 27 miles I have ever driven.

In starting from Wovona our party got split and two of us found ourselves on a coach with half a dozen Americans of the very noisiest type, but of such undoubted good nature that one could not help being attracted by them. During those weary hours these happy folks chaffed each other and the driver of the coach quite unmercifully, and the newness and quaintness, to our English ears, of the expressions they used made them doubly entertaining. Four were women and two men, husbands of two of the women. The single ladies made many amusing and, to an English woman, astounding allusions to their efforts to capture a husband, talking of hours so spent as "working overtime," and threatening that if this trip failed as a means of securing husbands, they would most assuredly annex the husbands of the married women who accompanied them. Such remarks, coming from English lips, would repel one at once, but there was so much beaming good nature and such lack of malice in the voices of these American women that one felt more admiration than disgust of them.

But even these abundant spirits wore out a little as the prospect of luncheon grew more and more remote. From 5.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. is a fair while to fast on a very cold day, so when we were eventually deposited at the Sentinel Hotel, it was in a very weary and fatigued condition.

From the moment we got in sight of the valley, stretching away eight miles between the huge granite precipices, which rose sheer from the floor of the valley to the height of 3,000 and 4,000 feet, I felt we were to be rewarded for all the weariness we had suffered during our coach journeys. Imagine to yourself a flat, grassy valley through which

a quiet river is winding, bordered from end to end by these granite precipices, down which dash four of the hugest waterfalls—the Bridal Veil, 940 feet; the Yosemite, 2,634 feet; the Vernal, 350 feet; and the Nevada, 700 feet in height. Often when visiting a new place one is reminded very much of some other spot with which one is familiar, but the Yosemite Valley is quite a revelation. As I stood that day looking up at the great bare rocks or at one of the splendid waterfalls I felt absolutely dizzy, almost frightened.

One day our reunited party was up early, and, dressed in the queerest divided skirts you ever saw, and mounted

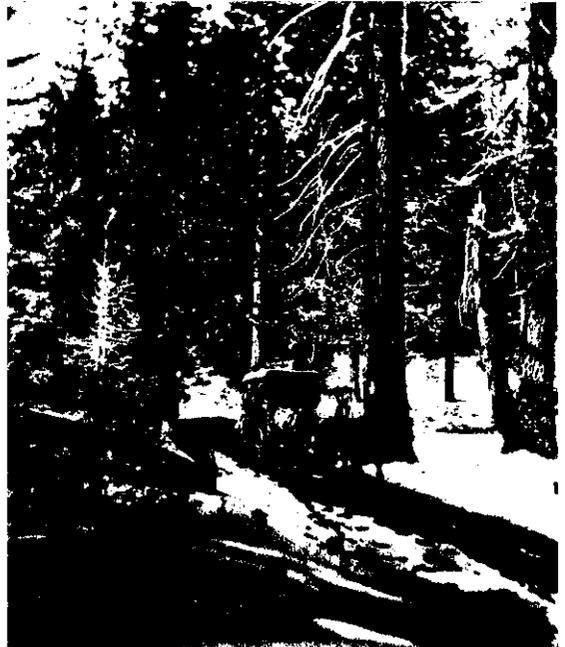
on mules, was soon wending its way up a steep rocky trail to Glacier Point, a huge overhanging rock, 3,250ft above the valley. Indeed it was a most exciting trip.

The long steep mule trail, over which the sure-footed mules plodded with great care and precision, the tall pines rising to nearly 200ft in height, the views we got of the valley far, far below, and by and by the deep banks of snow, through which we rode, all filled me with a feeling of wild exhilaration. Oh, the snow! We live in a corner of the world where snow is never seen, and although I had often gazed on the gleaming white tops of mountains, I had never been close enough to stand in a snowfield or to press the soft white substance in my hands. Can't you imagine how my heart beat as we rode deeper and deeper into the snow country? How, when the trail grew narrower, my feet grazed against the banks of snow, rising eight and nine feet on either side of me, I leaned from my mule and grabbed great handfuls and pelted those in front of me? I longed to get down and fill my arms with snow, to roll in it, to make it into balls and cover the others with it; and when at last we reached the summit my desire was gratified, and I ran about on the snow, sinking over my ankles in it, wetting my feet and hands, and laughing until I was tired out, as the others pelted me with great snow-balls. When, almost exhausted, we sat on the rocks and gazed far down 3,400ft into the valley, it seemed to me that before us was one of the grandest and largest sights nature has provided for her sons and daughters.

Opposite us were the Nevada, the Vernal, and the Yosemite Falls, and behind them the huge snow-capped domes.

Projecting out some eight feet into the air is a huge piece of rock, on which many folks stand, but to me it seemed pure bravado to risk a clear fall of 3,250 feet when nothing whatever was to be gained by so doing—in other words I was afraid, so I contented myself with photographing one of the party as he stood there. This rock, Glacier Point, is world famous, and magazines delight in reproducing photos in which people are performing all manner of startling acrobatic feats on its narrow and dangerous projection; so no doubt many of you know it well by sight.

The descent of the trail was somewhat exciting, but I soon learned that the mule knew his way much better than ever I could guide him; and, indeed, the only time he showed any signs of hesitating was when I instinctively pulled the reins at the corners. Then he simply refused to budge, looking round at me with a positively contemptuous air, as much as to say, "Do you think I've travelled this track daily for years, and don't know every stone and hole on it?"



ON THE ROAD TO YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Just you leave me alone." So I reated the reins on the saddle, and gave him his own free way, and, apart from a most disconcerting habit he had of going to the edge and looking over into the valley, and a desire to eat the leaves of the chinquapin tree whenever it grew close enough to the trail, "Hoddy" was most trustworthy.

My opinion of mules has risen most considerably. They hardly need a rest—our mules only stopped once on the ascent of 3400ft—they never slip; one may snowball them to one's heart's content, and they take not the slightest notice; besides these admirable qualities, our guide told me they are most faithful. What more could man ask from a beast?

seen; but on the afternoon of the same day, when we were returning to Wounded, we again passed through the spray of the Bridal Veil, and all my old allegiance returned with almost doubled vigour. The Fall is wide at the top, and a splendid column of water falls over; but after the water has dropped a couple of hundred feet, it seems to spread out and fall with great gentleness into the huge rocky pool below. Yet, though one may have favourites, any one of the four waterfalls was finer than anything of the kind I had ever seen before.

We took many walks; the freshness of the air enabling one to walk quite long distances without tiring; so we learned to know the names of the various bluffs



ENTRANCE TO YOSEMITE VALLEY.

When we got off our mules, I think we all felt as stiff as it was possible to feel; so after lunch we walked five miles to get a closer view of the Vernal Falls. Of the four falls in the valley the Bridal Veil is the universal favourite, because of its extreme softness of appearance; but the Yosemite Fall, which is really divided into three falls—upper 1600ft, middle 534ft, and lower 500ft—is a serious rival. One morning I awoke early, and pulling up the blind, lay in bed watching the Upper Yosemite Fall, and began to feel that, after all, perhaps, this was the finest waterfall I'd ever

and to connect with each the old romantic Indian legends in which the Yosemite Valley is truly rich. We gazed at our own reflections in Mirror Lake—the lake which Tis-sa-ack in her enormous thirst drank dry. Tis-sa-ack and her husband had travelled many a weary mile ere they came to Mirror Lake, and, poor souls, were very thirsty. Tis-sa-ack was some distance in front of her husband, and, when she saw the clear, fresh water, stooped down to drink. So very thirsty was she that by the time her equally thirsty husband had arrived on the scene, he found she had drunk the



CATHEDRAL SPIRES AS VIEWED FROM GLACIER POINT.

lake completely dry. This made him so angry, indeed, that he began to beat her sorely, and Tis-sa-ack, also becoming angry, spoke roughly to him, and, raising the basket she was carrying, flung it at him.

Now, the customs of the Indians forbid a man to beat his wife, but even more severely do they forbid a woman to retaliate on her husband, so the Gods, looking down at this quarrelling pair, turned them into stone as they stood, the stones we see to-day, the North Dome the man, the Half Dome the woman, and the little dome the basket, which, in her anger, Tis-sa-ack threw at her husband.

A more amusing legend is attached to the enormous bluff, El Capitan, or, as the Indians call it, To-tau-kon-nu-la. Many years ago El Capitan was but a large boulder on the river bank, and on it one day two little boys lay down to sleep, from which sleep they never woke until many days and months had passed. During this long sleep, the boulder had been growing and growing until the little boys were completely out of sight; in fact, 'tis rumoured they scraped their faces against the moon, yet they slept on. In desperation all the animals assembled to devise a plan, by means of which the little boys might be rescued; the mouse came, and the rat, the grizzly bear and the lion, and each in turn jumped up at the rock, but none succeeded in getting very far. Unnoticed and despised, a poor wriggly little worm had joined the council, and, seeing the fruitless efforts of the great wild beasts,

began himself to slowly and painfully wriggle his way up the rock's surface. Many months he took, aye many, many months, but at last his climb was ended, and he took the children and brought them safely down to their friends. So the rock, whose height is 3300ft. above the valley, and whose front face, destitute of any foliage whatever, covers a space of 160 acres, is named by the Indians To-tau-kon-nu-la on account of the little worm.

The valley is not without its love story—one of the most pathetic ever chronicled.

A little to the East of the Yosemite Falls rises a spire of rock known as the Lost Arrow, and named so in memory of Kos-su-kah and Tee-hee-nay, an Indian man and maid, whose tragic story the Indians love to recount around the log-fires at night. On the eve of the wedding day, Kos-su-kah set forth to the mountains with his followers to procure game for the wedding feast, and ere he went he arranged with Tee-hee-nay that at sunset he would come to the rock above the Yosemite Falls and shoot an arrow into the valley, and on the arrow feathers would be attached corresponding in number to the animals slain.

Towards sunset Tee-hee-nay came to the foot of the Falls, and, though she waited all through the long night, no arrow did she find. By morning her fears for Kos-su-kah's safety had become intense, so she painfully climbed up the Canyon until at length she stood on Yosemite Point. There she



YOSEMITE FALL, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

Wet Feet!!

THE WORST THING IN WINTER IS WET FEET.

WET FEET and the consequences arising therefrom are most disastrous, and carry off more people annually than war and old age combined. WARM DRY FEET are necessary to insure good health and avoid doctor's bills.

We have just opened 40 cases of HOOD AMERICAN RUBBERS, BEST IN THE WORLD. Stylish and Durable.

Ladies' Rubber Overshoes, 2/6, 2/11, and 3/6 pair. Ladies' Rubber Foot-holds, 2/6 and 2/11 pair. Ladies' Rubber Knee Boots, 0/8 pair. Girls' Rubber Overshoes, 1/11 pair. Gents' Rubber Overshoes, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11 and 5/11 pair. Gents' Foot-holds, 2/11 and 3/3 pair. Gents' Best Quality Rubber Knee Boots, 15/6 pair. Cork Sox, 1s., 2s., and 3s. pair. Ladies' Beautiful Warm Felt Slippers, for Winter wear, 9d., 1s., 1/8, 1/6, 1/11, 2/8, 2/11, 3/6 and 3/11 pair.

At Miller's Boot Palace,

102 and 104 Victoria Street, Auckland.

found footmarks leading towards the precipice, which she followed, and, seeing the edge of the precipice broken away, she stooped down and peered over. Far below on a ledge of rock lay

insisted on being lowered over the precipice. Her strength and presence of mind lasted her until, holding tightly to the body of her lover, she was drawn up to the rock summit; then her great

These Sequoia are claimed as the greatest wooden giants of the world; plentiful, too, in this district, for the Upper Mariposa Grove alone contains 160 trees, all of colossal dimensions and fabulous value, a single tree being estimated as worth £6,000.

This and the other groves that exist in America are Government reserves, hence great care is taken that no bold adventurer should slaughter the giants. Almost every tree is badly burned by fire, owing, no doubt, to the bush fires which, in days gone by, have swept away the surrounding forests, yet not a single tree is dead, a fact which seems to endorse the statement that the big trees are imperishable. The largest kauri tree ever found in New Zealand would be small compared with these forest giants. One gained no real conception of their size by just glancing at them, but when we got down from the coach and found that three of us could, standing abreast, run along the length of one of the fallen trees, then indeed did their immensity appeal to one.

sun-rays, besides which the hills were literally white with wild lilac. We plucked branches of mistletoe, and chased each other for the usual penalty. I fear we were sadly frivolous, but the flower-strewn ground and sunny sky was exhilarating, and, after all, one is not always young, nor always in a field of wild flowers on a bright spring day.

Next Week.

AMERICA'S TWO GREATEST CANYONS.—(Continued.)

II.—The Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Religious Atrocities in India.

Number one of the Indian Humanitarian series of leaflets, issued by the Reform Press (No. 1 Took's Court, London), deals with "Religious Atrocities in India." The



GLACIER POINT, YOSEMITE VALLEY.



GIANT TREES, MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

the lifeless body of Kos-su-kah. Poor Tee-hee-may at once built a signal fire, which soon brought help from the valley, and, a rope being made, Tee-hee-may

grief welled up, and she flung herself, sobbing wildly, on poor Kos-su-kah's breast. There they left her for a while until her grief had worn her out, and when some of her tribe gently raised the body, they found that she was dead. Thus were the lovers re-united. Many a search has been made for the arrow, but it was never found, and the Indians believe that it was carried away by the spirits of Kos-su-kah and Tee-hee-may.

After leaving Wowona on our return journey, we drove through the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Great monsters they are, of the Sequoia Gigantea species, some measuring 150ft. in circumference and 375ft. in height. Through two of these giants a road is cut, and we had the novel experience of driving, coach, four horses and all, through the very heart of a tree.

The three sunny days that had passed since we had come along the road from Raymond had opened up hundreds and thousands of wild flowers, so that on all sides the eye was gratified by banks of blue lupin, scarlet India-paint-brush and golden violets, intermingled with another yellow flower the Indians call golden

author is Mr Howard Williams, M.A., and he paints a gruesome picture of the revolting barbarities perpetrated in the name of religious rites by the natives. In support of his argument he makes use of an article in the "Nineteenth Century" of October, 1906, by the Right Rev. Henry Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Madras, quoting the following illustration of the need for British interference:

"There is a cruel custom prevailing in many parts of the Telugu country in connection with the worship of the village deities, which, in the interests of humanity, might well be suppressed by Government without risk of a rebellion. At the end of the sacrifice a small cart is brought to the jungle with four, five, or nine pointed stakes standing upright at the corners and sides. Pigs, lambs, and fowls are then

IMPALED ALIVE UPON THE STAKES, and the car is dragged in procession to the boundary of the village. The unhappy victims die in agonies on the way, and are taken off the stakes when the cart reaches its destination. In the town of Ellore the impalement of animals was forbidden some forty years ago, and the people are quite content to tie the victims to the stakes without impaling them. The prohibition might safely be extended to the villages as well.

"In some villages the pariah pujari (priest), after the head of the victim has been cut off, sucks the blood from the neck of the carcass, and during the night of the sacrifice will suck the blood of as many as a hundred sheep. The sucking of the blood is

A HORRID BUSINESS.

but not so horrid as an annual ceremony which takes place every February or March at Trichinopoly, one of the great centres of trade and education, in the Tamil country. . . . A very fat pujari of the Tamil caste, who holds this office by hereditary right, is lifted above the vast crowd on the arms of two men, and some 2000 kids are then sacrificed, one after the other. The blood of the first eight or ten is collected in a large silver vessel, holding about a quart, and handed up to the pujari, who drinks it all. . . . A similar idea (that the spirit of the particular deity consumes the blood) is probably expressed by a particularly

REVOLTING METHOD OF KILLING SHEEP.

ing these festivals. One of the pujaris, who sometimes is permitted to represent a leopard, flies at the sheep like a wild beast, which is common in the Tamil villages and seizes it by the throat with his teeth, and kills it by biting through the jugular vein." from the brown-snake or the death adder.

If you are thirsty try a glass of "Montserrat" LIME JUICE.

"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.



ASCENDING THE MULE TRAIL TO GLACIER POINT.

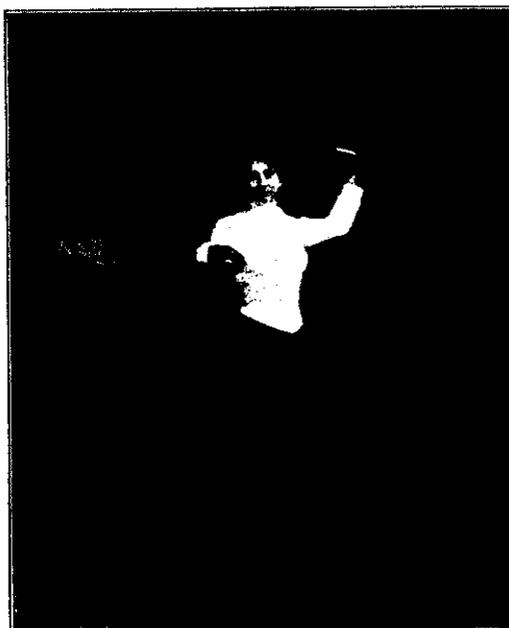


MISS HADDAN
(Parry).

bring the arms smartly to the front, with the back of the wrists together (fingers pointing downward) on a line with the shoulders; then throw out both arms, the right direct to the front, palm upmost, as high as the eyes, the left hand pointing, palm uppermost, direct to the rear, about as high as the middle of the chest; then, keeping the arms thus extended, straighten the advanced right leg, and bend the knee of the leg in rear, transferring the weight of the body (by

itself form one continuous straight line from the elbow to the tip of the foil—which should be about the height of the chin from the ground. This is the general position of the guard, and cannot be too correctly acquired.

Starting from this last position, in order to attack and hit an adversary, the lunge must now be practised. The position of the body has already been described in the third position, except that the left hand is now lowered be-



MISS HADDAN AND MR. PONSON.
(Ready.)

FENCING FOR WOMEN

BY MARY CLIFTON-HADDAN.

THE art of fencing of late years has made extraordinary progress, not only amongst the "lords of creation," but amongst our own sex, who can boast of their own Ladies' London Fencing Club, the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, and other centres of meeting in the provinces.

So much has this been the case that at Hurlingham, the aristocratic centre of sport, nearly every year during the season, a display of fencing by ladies is arranged for, and this year all will be eclipsed by the Championship meeting arranged by the doyen of fencers, Captain Hutton, for a prize consisting of a hat-pin, modelled exactly from an old rapier in his collection of ancient arms, for which prize, in addition to the honour of the Championship, 37 ladies have been accepted as aspirants.

Royal patronage is not wanting, for Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein have each included fencing amongst the attractions of the bazaars and fetes at which they are presiding.

The object of this article, which, owing to considerations of space, must necessarily be limited in extent, is to say a few words on this now popular pastime for the benefit of such readers as may contemplate giving a trial to what is not only a particularly healthful recreation, but one tending largely to beautify the form and give an elegant carriage and deportment, and, if taken in moderation, to aid even those of weakly constitution; whilst for such as lead sedentary lives it affords valuable results. It has, moreover, the advantage of not requiring any companion in its study, as all the preliminary practices and positions can be acquired alone, and possibly, by giving attention to the details that follow, my readers may dispense with professional assistance for some months until such progress has been made that the later stages of fencing are reached, when such assistance will become necessary.

Now it goes without saying that as one must walk before one can run, so it is necessary first of all to thoroughly acquire the preliminary positions and

movements, and the better this is done, in the first instance, the more perfect and easier of attainment will be the performance later on, when actual foil practice is reached. There is no short cut to perfection, which can only be attained by diligent study and practice, and when it is mentioned that to correctly master the "lunge" (to be described later) six months may have to be devoted, this might at first sight tend to deter aspirants from learning to fence; but in reality it is not so, because the time devoted to correct style and position plays such an important part in the subsequent stages that the time so given is profitably spent, and returns a four-fold interest to the conscientious student.

With these few preliminary remarks we will now proceed to enumerate the positions to be learnt.

1st Position.—The heels to be closed together, toes turned out an angle of 90 degrees, body turned half left from the true front, with the chest advanced, head erect looking to the true front, and the arms folded behind the back.

2nd Position.—Bend both knees until they are just over the toes advancing the right foot 14 to 16 inches, the weight of the body, which is to be kept erect, being borne by both legs, arms remaining folded behind the back. This is practically the "Guard" position. It is most essential that the right foot be advanced in a direct straight line to the proper front, and that the left foot remain planted firmly and flat on the ground, pointing directly to the left, and therefore at right angles to the advanced foot.

3rd Position.—Advance the right foot yet another 14 or 16 inches, and at the same time straighten the left leg—this is the position of the "lunge" without foil, already referred to. Now "recover" to the second position, then to the first, and practise this movement of advancing and retiring the right foot until the same moves always in a direct line straight to the front, for which purpose a line may be chalked on the floor.

Extension Movements.—At the same time that the right foot is advanced for the second time in the lunge referred to,

drawing it back) to the rear leg—the trunk being still kept erect.

When the above have been fairly mastered, the foil may be taken in hand, and the learner takes up the position of "guard," the position of the body being as in the second position, except that the left arm is now raised about the height of the top of the head, the whole arm and extended fingers being in a continuous curved line for gracefulness. The right arm is extended in front, the elbow being about 8 inches away from the right side, whilst the forearm and the foil

hind, fingers pointing downwards, whilst the right arm is advanced to its full extent, with the hand on a level with the eyes, the foil being pointed perfectly horizontally on the same level.

The "recover" consists in throwing up the left arm to the position of guard, withdrawing simultaneously the right foot sharply 14 or 16 inches, at the same time lowering the right arm until the foil and elbow revert to the guard position described.

Before leaving the subject of the attack it may be mentioned that in deliver-



MISS HADDAN.
(The lunge.)

ing the lunge it is not only necessary to advance the right foot and foil, as your opponent would only have to step back "out of range" to escape a hit, but it is necessary to follow up an adversary so retreating, and this is done by rapidly advancing the right foot in short steps, following immediately with corresponding short advance with the left foot, the body otherwise remaining exactly in the same lunge position.

Similarly if you are vigorously attack-

It may be interesting to give a couple of illustrations of the correct position of two of these parries, showing how the body is thoroughly protected in the first place, and then by a slight movement of the wrist your foil deflects the point of the attacking blade, saving yourself from a hit, and leaving the opponent's body open to an instantaneous "return attack" by yourself.

The wrist plays an important part in fencing, as once the foil has been pro-

able to realise the beauty of the true positions and movements of the art of fencing, after which the friendly opponents proceed to a trial of skill between themselves in "loose play."

In concluding this article, it may not be out of place to say a few words on the antecedent weapons in use before the rapier or small sword arrived at its present state of perfection, the foil being merely a means of practice for the rapier, which in play would be a dangerous weapon to handle, notwithstanding the protection of the mask for the face, the gauntlet for the wrist, and the padded jacket for the body, which with a pair of foils forms the requisite outfit for all fencers.

When armour went out of fashion, the sword and buckler came into vogue, and continued in use in England until good Queen Bess was fairly seated on the throne, at which period an enterprising Englishman returning from his travels abroad, introduced an Italian or Spanish duelling sword which gradually became the rapier. The Court gallants

took to the novelty in such guise that special officials had to be placed at the City gates to break off the tip of the rapiers when they exceeded the length of a yard. In fact, in those days the mark of the exquisite was the length of his rapier, and the depth of his ruff; but the former was handed in deadly earnest, and duels were of daily occurrence on the slightest pretext. Now nous avons change tous cela, and the practice with the rapier only survives in the friendly encounter with the foil in modern fencing.



MISS HADDAN.
(Conclusion of bout.)

ed, and you desire to withdraw out of range, you "retreat" (this is not a thing English ladies like to imagine, but it must be practised) by rapidly drawing back the left foot a short pace, following this up instantly by a corresponding short step backwards with the right foot. The combatants, therefore, in actual foil practice, are constantly shifting their places backwards and forwards, though the positions of the lunge or guard are always respectively maintained.

For all "attacks" there are, of course, corresponding "defences" called "parries" but as this necessarily implies having an adversary to attack you, it will be better to leave the practice of defence to the actual instruction of the professional teacher.

perly grasped, the fingers never change their position under any circumstances, every change of position of the foil being carried out by the supple wrist. The eye is, of course, always kept fixed on the eye of the opponent.

When all the movements and positions with and without the foil have been mastered with the right hand, the same should be practised with the left.

All fencing displays are preceded by what is known as the "Grand Salute," which is simply an exhibition of all the positions and movements of attack and defence respectively by the opponents, but with the foil point reversed and directed towards one's self, this being an act of courtesy towards the adversary and showing that no "evil intent" is meant. The spectators are, therefore,

"We'll cut the Panama Canal!"
Said Uncle Sam. "You'll see we shall!
We shall; no sham;
As sure's I am
The boss tobacco-chewer,
But during winter time, I guess,
For coughs and colds we can't do less
Than ease the workman's wheeziness
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

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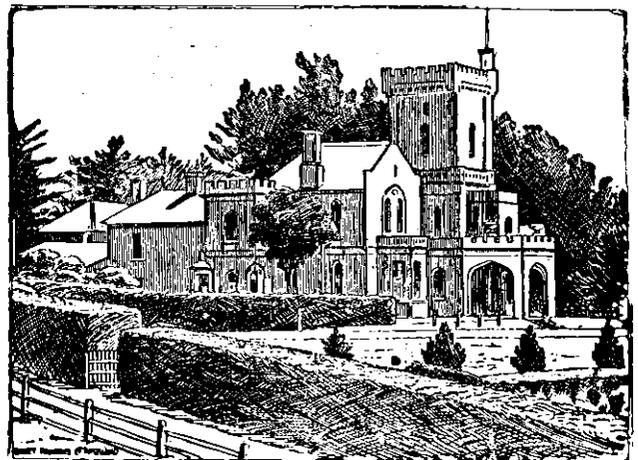
THIS HOTEL HAS BEEN ENTIRELY RENOVATED THROUGHOUT, and is the PREMIER HOTEL in the CITY OF WELLINGTON. Visitors to the Dominion will find their comforts thoroughly catered for. COOK'S TOURIST COUPONS ACCEPTED.

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

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FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES.

The beautiful and extensive property known as Cleveland House. Studies resumed (D.V.) June 5th.)



This first-class Private School provides modern High-class Education and moral training on Christian but unsectarian principles. Home-life is combined with the culture and disciplinary influences of School under maternal supervision and with selected companionship. Full Staff of Resident and Visiting Professors and Governesses—English and Foreign. Prospectus on application of Messrs. Upton and Co., or Principal. MRS. S. A. MOORE-JONES, M.R.C.P., M.M., C.M.I., S.R.

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CORSETS.

Latest Models.

FROM ALL

Leading Drapers.

Two Were Enough.

Mr. R. A. Roberts's lecture on "Twenty Years' Hard" to the O.P. Club with Mr. Carl Hentschel in the chair, was a perfect mine of anecdote. He told a very amusing story of his connection with a stock company at a Liverpool theatre in the old days. "A well-known Irish comedian," he said, "was the star; his name was C. P. Cooke, a rough actor, accustomed to work in the smalls of Ireland, and a very close-fisted man. Cooke

walked on to the middle of the stage, and, addressing the manager, said, "Good morning, Mr. Wood. It's a mighty fine play I have brought you this week; be-dad, it will tear them to pieces in Scotland-road. Now, in the third act, when I throw the villain from the top of the rocks, at the back of the stage I want a mob of real 'howlers'; on the left of the stage I want an army—a real army; and on the right of the stage a posse of police. How many supers have you got?" Mr. Wood replied, "The terms of your contract, Mr. Cooke, are:—We provide the theatre, lighting, bill-posting and

window bills, an efficient company of actors and actresses, scenery, and the band. You, on your side, provide yourself, the play, pictorials, and all supers over two." Mr. Cooke said: "I beg your pardon. Do you mean to say if I have more than

two supers I have got to pay for them, and a howling mob, an army, and a posse of police?" Mr. Wood answered, "Quite right, sir, you pay for them." "Oh, well," said Mr. Cooke, "I'll make the two do."



THE WOMEN'S AGRICULTURAL CLUB AT BREDON'S NORTON.

Bredon's Norton (near Tewkesbury) is a village lying in the Vale of Evesham, where a Women's International Agricultural Club has been established. Our illustration shows a lesson being given on peach growing.



THE EARL OF BECTIVE,

Eldest son of the Marquis of Headfort. The mother of the little Earl was formerly Miss Boote, a beautiful actress. The good looks of the children prove that there is something in heredity.



THE HON. GEORGE BENNET.
Son of the Countess of Tankerville.



LORD WILLIAM DESMOND TYLOUR,
Youngest son of the Marquis of Headfort.

THREE JUVENILE ARISTOCRATS.

LIFE IN THE GARDEN

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR AMATEURS

Next Week's Work

By VERONICA.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

FLOWER.

Aureone St. Bridgid
Calceolaria
Dianthus
Hollyhock, Double
Sweet Peas
Nemesia Stramonium Suttonii
Ranunculus Asiaticus
Campanula

VEGETABLE.

Beet, Early Turnip-rooted
Carrot, Early Horn
Spinach, Prickly
Turnip, White Stone, Munch
Salsings
Cabbage
Cauliflower
Onions

BULBOUS ROOTS FOR PLANTING THIS MONTH.

Alliums	Freesias	Ranunculus
Aucubias	Hyacinths	Scillas
Chionodoxa	Iris	Snowdrops
Crocus	Ixias	Sparaxals
Cyclamen	Narcissus	Tulips

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

Carnations which were layered should now be sufficiently rooted for removal to the bed or border where they are intended to flower. When lifting these layers care should be taken not to injure the young roots. Penstemons, pansies, etc., can be planted out in the border. Attend to chrysanthemums and dahlias. They will require tying up. Thin out buds where they are too numerous, and give liquid manure. In the vegetable garden continue to plant cabbage, cauliflower, and savoy. A fresh sowing of cabbage and cauliflower should be made. Tie up celery. Liquid manure will greatly benefit this crop. Pumpkins, melons, and squashes should be lifted when quite ripe and stored in an open shed, taking care not to injure the bark by rough dumping. The land which was occupied by these and similar crops should be dug, and if not wanted for cropping until spring, sow some oats or white mustard, which will keep the ground clean for the next crop. The oats or mustard can be dug in, and will make excellent green manure. If

mustard is used (and where sorrel is rampant we have found mustard the very best plant to choke it) dig in when the plant is in flower. A small quantity of superphosphate should be sown with the seed, which will then make a vigorous and rapid growth.

In the orchard now is the time to put in drains where required, and where new orchards are intended to be planted the land must be thoroughly drained. The drains, 2½ inch to 3-inch bore, are generally sufficient, and where enough fall can be got 3 to 3½ feet is a good depth to sink them. The land should, if possible, be trenched, or, if that cannot be done, dig as deeply as possible. The present month is an opportune time for sowing grass seeds on newly-made lawns, and resowing all bare spots on old lawns. The greatest care should be given to securing thoroughly clean grass seeds. Never sow weedy or light grass seeds. Lawns will be benefited by a light dressing of artificial manure. A mixture of bonedust and superphosphate is suitable.

COMING SHOWS.

Notices of Forthcoming Shows will be inserted free.

Sweet Peas.

The past season has been, in some respects, not altogether satisfactory for a fine display of this flower. Those who sowed their seeds in the autumn certainly had the best stand of blooms. The early spring sown also did very well, but those who sowed the seed during October were disappointed, owing to the long continued dry weather we experienced, the plants did very little good. We advocate making several sowings. The month of April is about the best month to sow outside, but they can be sown in frames, or boxes, or pots during May and June, and if well grown and carefully transplanted, these will bloom about the same time as those sown outside during April, which will be according to weather during November and December. Sweet peas transplant readily, and we have always found inside growing less trouble, and obtained quite as good, and often better results, than by sowing out of doors. For spring sowing, August and September are the most suitable. One point amateurs very often neglect when growing sweet peas is giving sufficient room to the plants. A packet of seed is often purchased from the seedsman, which may contain anything from ten to fifty seeds, according to variety, and the whole packet is sown in a space 12

or 18 inches square with a blessing (?) on the seedsman for being so "mazy" with his seeds. This clump or square is never thinned, as the amateur gardener is afraid of disturbing the roots, and the result is, his peas run up long lanky shoots, with flowers, certainly, but so small and so few on a stem! Sweet peas must have room—8 or 9 inches between each pea is not too much, and this distance can be given when transplanting; but if the seed is sown it is advisable to plant the seeds two inches apart, and thin out to the required distance when the plants are well up.

Sweet peas as a rule do well in most gardens, but in order to obtain the best results the soil should be trenched, and by the term "trenching" we do not mean to bury the top soil, which must be kept on top. A good plan in preparing the soil is to carefully remove the first two feet or so to the depth of 9 inches. This should be wheeled to the spot where your trenching is to finish. The next "spit" should be wheeled to some convenient place; then with a fork break up the subsoil. Place on it a layer of six inches of cow manure, fresh loam and neat mould well mixed. Give a sprinkling of bone-dust and soot. Tramp this in firmly, and then proceed with the next two feet of soil, placing it on top of manure. Never bring the subsoil on top but break it up well with a digging fork; this prevents stagnant water and assists



Sir George Cooper, Bart.
President of the National Sweet Pea Society, 1907.

the plant in many ways. A sprinkling of kainit or potash should be lightly forked in, two months after the peas are sown. The only after care is to keep the plants free from weeds. Keep a watchful eye on slugs, and sparrows, and supply supports for the vines when required. Before sowing in the open ground we strongly advise moistening the seed in water, and dusting a little dry red lead over it. The lead adheres to the seed, and mice or birds will not touch it.

The popularity of the sweet pea is still increasing, and notwithstanding the

very bad harvest weather experienced in England, the list of novelties is the largest on record, no less than 80 to 100 new varieties being placed on the market. The advent of Countess Spencer, or so-called orchid-flowered type has almost entirely revolutionised the former ideas about sweet peas. The variety to which we have alluded was quite unfixed in character and it is simply marvellous what has been accomplished through this one variety. Many of the sports have been fixed and are now well on the way for becoming standard sorts. Besides, by crossing the Spencer with other sorts, new colours have been evolved, and the Spencer type can now be had in nearly all the colours, the pink shades predominating. There can be no doubt but that with further trial, many of these so-called novelties will be found synonymous, and we venture to prophecy 75 per cent will disappear within the next couple of years.

Eckford and Burpee used to be the two names prominent for new kinds, but we now have in addition a host of others. Holton, Bradmore, Unwin, Dubbie have all made a name for themselves with meritorious introductions, and this year we have a lady who has entered the lists, and bids fair to make the men folks look well to their laurels. Miss Hemus is the lady's name. She is a member of the Royal Horticultural Society of England, and the raiser of Paradise, a lovely carmine Spencer sent out last year. She has also raised Paradise Ivory, Paradise white, Paradise regained. Grand names sure enough; but we, unfortunately, cannot procure seeds of these this year, as the lady advertises she has sold out all the crop.

The National Sweet Pea Society of England is doing good work in experi-



Princess Victoria.

menting and classifying sweet peas. The Society conducts extensive trials yearly at Reading, and all new varieties are tested there alongside already established sorts. This is the only way of finding out the merits or demerits of any

commerce by Messrs. Dobbie and Co., Rothsay. It was named after Princess Victoria. There is an old variety of that name with carmine standards, but the new comer is one of the Spencer type, with waved standard and

them there is a white ground colour. This would also apply to older varieties in different shades, either of rose or pink. The blossoms measured 2 in. across the standard and are more or less waved. The wings are also waved to some extent and widely expanded.

Lord Nelson.—Lord Nelson is simply a brilliant and brighter form of Navy Blue, and if it keeps its character, the well-known variety of that name is bound to disappear in the course of a few years when this has had time to get scattered about over the land as the result of plenty of seed being available.

White and Primrose Spencers.—Two Spencer varieties that we find in most lists are Burpee's White Spencer and Burpee's Primrose Spencer. They come with a great flourish of trumpets, but must be taken somewhat on trust. They are supposed to be almost identical with Ella Dyke and Clara Curtis, and if such is the case in another year they must appear under these names. Both are strong growers, the standards and wings being decidedly waved, and are well worth growing.

The Marquis.—A fascinating flower of an entirely new shade of colour in sweet peas, difficult to describe. The whole tone of the flower is rosy heliotrope, the standard showing more rose than the wings. Of best Spencer type, large flowers, usually four on a stem when well grown. Award of merit National Sweet Pea Society, 1906, and confirmed 1907. This variety has been raised by Messrs. Dobbie and Co.

Prince Olaf.—A striped variety with upright standard, ground colour of standard, and wings being white marbled with clear blue. The habit of the plant is good and the flower stem usually carries four well-placed blooms. Award of merit by National Sweet Pea Society, Reading trials.

This article will be concluded next week.

GARDENING FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

There has recently been inaugurated near High Wycombe a scheme for the open-air employment of consumptive convalescents. Earl Carrington, President of the Board of Agriculture, has placed at the disposal of a newly formed association a site of twenty-eight acres to be held at a rental of £28 a year. The ground is already ploughed, so that growing vegetables and a scheme of market gardening can be begun at once. The capital will be £500, in £1 shares, bearing no interest; nearly all the shares are taken up.

STRAWBERRIES A GUINEA A POUND.

The first strawberries of the season, recently sent to market from the Middlesex forcing houses, secured as much as a guinea a pound first hand. It took only twelve berries to weigh one pound.

AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL AUTUMN SHOW.

"Veronica's" Special Report appears on another page of this issue.

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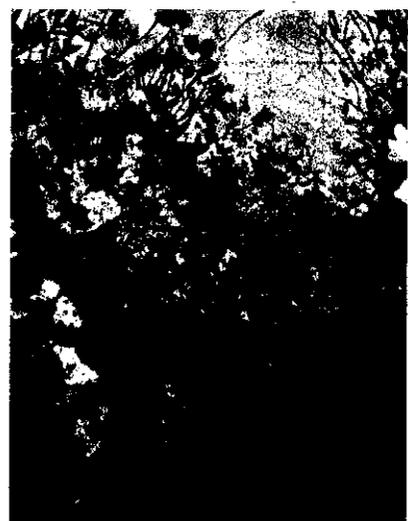
kind placed on the market. The annual exhibition held in London is only one of the occasions on which the blooms are shown side by side. The influence of this society is spreading, and sweet pea associations are springing up in some of the larger provinces in the Old Country, and also in America and Canada. We in the Dominion are only beginning to take an interest in such matters, and there is no flower which will so well repay the little cultivation requisite. It is a flower everyone may grow, and it is not a costly fancy. We very heartily commend to all the cultivation of sweet peas.

wings. The flowers are of a uniform soft pink, except the base of the standard, which is white. Both standard and wings are somewhat variable in the amount of their waviness, but they are quite sufficient to show that the variety belongs to the Spencer type, while it is not so much crimped as to be reduced in size like some of those we have seen.

Sutton's Queen.—One of the most distinct novelties that will be put into commerce this year is named Sutton's Queen. The primary and chief distinction is that the beautiful pink shading overlies a creamy ground. In most other pink varieties coming under our notice, the shading or colour, whatever it is, overlies a white ground. For instance, we have a large number of varieties of different shades of pink coming under the Spencer type, but in most of

NOTES ON A FEW NOVELTIES.

Princess Victoria.—This is a new variety now being put into



Princess Victoria.

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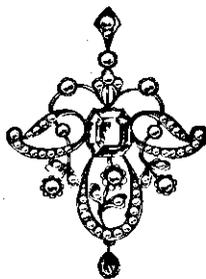
G 2591.—9 ct. Gold and Pearl Pendant, 17/6



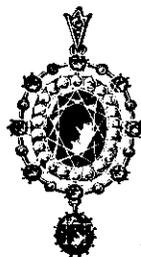
H 6377.—9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Pendant, with Brooch attachment in Morocco case, £4.



H 3472.—Greenstone Tiki, with 9 ct. Gold Shackle for attaching to chain, 15/6. Other sizes at 9/6, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6, 16/6, 18/6, 21/-.



H 7076.—15 ct. Gold Pearl Peridot and Tourmaline Set Pendant, with Brooch Attachment, in Morocco Case, £7/15/-.



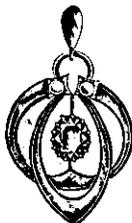
G 8876.—15 ct. Gold Amethyst and Pearl Pendant, in Morocco case, £5/5/-.



C 1416. 9 ct. Gold Mounted Greenstone Heart, 15/6. Other Sizes and Designs at 14/6, 15/6, 21/-, 25/-, 27/6 upwards.



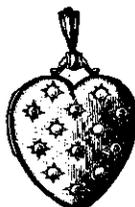
H 3067. 9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Pendant, Amethyst centre, 18/6.



H 3068. 9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Pendant, Amethyst Centre, 15/6



G 7397.—Cross Set with Pearls, 9 ct. Gold, 22/6.



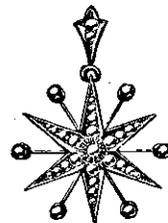
G 4793. Pendant Locket, Turquoise and Pearl Set, 9 ct. Gold, 25/-.



G 4784. Pendant Locket, 9 ct. Gold, 22/6. 9 ct. Gold, Plain, 18/6.



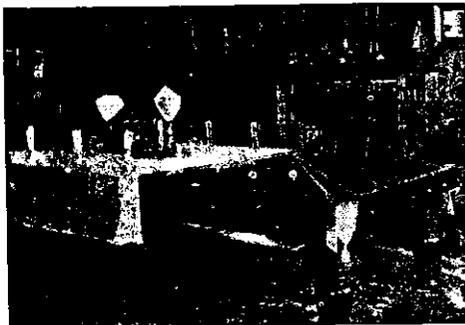
H 240.—Cross in 9 ct. Gold, 20/-, Same, Plain, 18/6.



H 1773. 9 ct. Gold and Pearl Set Pendant, £27/-.

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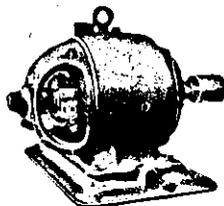
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The Suez Canal.

(By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.)

Port Said, basking in the sun; a sandy, sizzling, raucous place, compact of all the tribes and redolent of all the evil smells of earth. Alongside the coal-barges, great and dirty—a thousand of the maniacs of four brown nations shrieking and dancing over the coal; on the other side a massed flotilla of petty pirates; in an ill-conditioned boat, charging the pirates, a squad of the red-fezed and white-jacketed policemen of his debilitate Majesty, the Khedive of Egypt; clouds of coal-dust to offend the eye, and a Babylonian horror of gabbling tongues to stun the senses and weary the soul. And above all this seething tumult and mad revel of confusion stands forth the serene image of order, system, of cold, calculating, relentless method, the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

So you go from the West into the East; out of the European world into the Asiatic; and that statue, imperturbable before the gateway, marks the dividing line. On this side you are in your own country; on the other the thin silver cord of the great canal stretches out over the yellow desert to alien things and peoples. You look up at the statue, as below on the steamer you slide by at quarter speed, and in some occult way the calm, masterful face, the long, strong jaw, the pose of command and authority, touch the easy springs of racial pride. Below are the scuffling hordes of Asia; above the reserve and strength of the Caucasian; and the essence of the contrast is good to taste. Here is the race that does things, your race and mine; here is efficiency against inefficiency; power and concentration against ineptitude; and that, you tell yourself, is the story of the Suez Canal.

From the clouds of dust, and the shrieking bedlam, you, making terms with a petty pirate, flee to the shore to wander the sandy streets, and watch the human kaleidoscope turning and turning beneath your eye. Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Italians, Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, English, are in that mass, with anthropological odds and ends unidentified. The street signs are a study in polyglot; men lie and steal and gamble in all the tongues from Babel; and the variety of costume makes you think of something stagey and theatrical until you hit upon the exact word your mind has been groping for to describe all this—vaudeville. Port Said is a kind of vaudeville; it is the show-place of nations. The Arab sheiks, white-turbaned, tall, austere of countenance, lithe of step, seem placed on show for your delectation; the gaudily-attired water-peter seems a fantastic impostor; the Parsee money-changer appeals to you as a piece of stage setting, and the red fezzes seem donned for the occasion. But two things are genuine enough to any apprehension—the hot dry wind of the desert that strikes with a material impact on your face, and the incessant bawling of the men that swarm about you offering to be guides. And these you drive in the end to a cafe on the shore where you can sit, and from a safe distance watch the maniacs and the eddying life of the water-front.

The sun slants westerly, and the maniacs break into a chant, the whole mad gang singing together as they pass up the coal in baskets hidden in a choking miasma of coal-dust. It is one of the primitive tunes of Asia. I have heard the same thing in the streets of Canton. There are four notes in it—maybe five—and the maniacs sing it hours together while they pass up the coal. As for the words, heaven knows what they are, for the four nations speak four different tongues and each maniac screams in his own vernacular, but all to the same tune—more or less. And all the while the foremen or drivers or bosses or whatever they may be, with blows and oaths incessantly drive the workers onward. Broad-nosed negroes, Arabs, Egyptians, and Syrians are in that gang. You remember, doubtless, the pictures from the old Egyptian temple walls, the slender, bare men with a strap about the loins and a strange, cylindrical headdress that made their heads seem projected far backward, their strange lips, and strange eyes! There they are, shovelling coal on that barge, the same loin-cloth, the same strange cylindrical head-dress, the same thin, naked bodies. Thirty centuries have passed over earth sooner than the habits of one race. These are the men that built the pyramids; with such drivers and such blows and such misery of

hopeless toil. And now they coal the R.M.S. Moldavia at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

Down at the other end of your panorama, away from Europe, down toward the desert and the silver canal line, is the great, glorious office-building of the Canal Company, white stone, glittering in the sun, very imposing, a proper antithesis of the howling wretches on the barges, a proper complement to the beautiful statue. Between lies Port Said. When the canal days dawned, the company built it to house the vast army of workmen while alive and to serve as a convenient pit to throw them into when dead. It has thriven mightily since, for to all the vast trade of the boundless East it holds the door, and takes tribute. It began as a charnel-house; it will end as one of the great cities of earth; and if the sands whereon it was built could speak, they might tell awful tales.

But now in the manner of our kind we think of no such thing. All night the steamer lies at Port Said, while the cafe orchestras blare and the roulette wheels turn; and in the morning, with the clear dry air sweeping in from the desert, the sky full of the bewildering wealth of far Mediterranean colour, you are carried past the struggling town, past the company's beautiful white office into the very canal itself; for so far you have been in but the artificial harbour at its mouth. This ditch, 137 feet wide, 31 feet deep, cut straight for league upon league through level desert or banked across shallow lagoons—how simple it seems when you think of Culebra Cut and the manifold terrors of Panama! You can stand on the fore-castle head and the banks meet in front of you and again far behind, so straight it is. But for the passing-station every five miles, with its little house and cluster of palms and telegraph signal, and maybe a waiting steamer, there is no change in the drear uniformity.

Anything that has steam must be passed at a passing-station; there is no room in the canal. But the native boats, the Arab dhows, lateen-rigged, manned by naked brown and black men, you may pass anywhere, provided you stop your engines long enough to let them go by. Your steamer may move six miles an hour through the canal, but at no faster rate. The dhows pitch mightily in your swell, threatened with disaster against the near-by banks; but the brown, naked men care naught, only sit in the sun and stare.

Lo, where the sand insatiate drinks The steady splendour of the air— you say; for all about is flat desert. And leaning over the rail, staring at the flat, yellow glaring expanse, you are aware that the lady next to you is talking.

"Henry dear," she says (not to you; to her husband), "just see how fresh and cool those trees look out in that sand!"

You look, too, and the trees certainly do seem wonderfully fresh and sweet, and you wonder at them in such a place. Before them is an expanse of water, and that looks fresh and sweet also; but strange in a way you cannot define. And presently, as you gaze, trees and water vanish, and where they were is only the sand insatiate and the steady splendour of the air. It was naught but mirage; reappearing and vanishing wherever you look, until you are not sure whether even the sand itself, the stretches of smooth, oily lagoons, or the very camel trains be real.

But to the camel trains indeed, you may swear with full assurance, for by the might of these, and the bawling boys that drive them, and the brown labourers, and the great black reptiles of dredges here and there, you use the canal or have a canal to use. The great insistent problem of Suez is the sand and the wind that forever blows and blows it into the canal. But for endless toil and sleepless vigilance the ditch would fill up. Such was the fate that overtook its predecessors. For this is no nineteenth century nor European project, as a matter of fact, but a thing two thousand years old, or more.

Then from the time of the Moors, in the ninth century, down to fifty years ago, there was no canal, and all the huge traffic to the Orient came and went by the Cape of Good Hope. Some time when we are celebrating the surpassing wisdom of the Caucasian mind, let us put this in: The ancients cut the isthmus; we went around the Cape, taking six months to get to India. I read the other day that somewhere in England there is a monument in memory of Lieut. Waghorn of the British army. One monument!—to the man that first drove into

the British intelligence the fact that, canal or no canal, the Cape of Good Hope route was not necessary. His idea was to steam to Alexandria, carry the passengers, mails, and freight overland to Suez, and re-embark them on the Red Sea. It was so simple and obvious that any child with a map could have hit upon it; but Waghorn hammered for years at the British Government before he could get anybody to listen to him. At last, he was graciously allowed to see what he could do, and in 1846 he got letters from London to Bombay in thirty days. When that fact had sufficiently permeated safety, sanity and conservatism, the Waghorn route was adopted—for the mails. So moves the world. The demonstration that the thirty-day plan was feasible gradually centred attention upon a certain mad Frenchman, ceaselessly shouting about his canal project; the great Indian revolution of 1857 showed the British public that quick transit was more desirable than conservatism, and so at last De Lesseps raised his money and began to dig sand and kill fellows. The dredges scoop from the bottom of the canal the blown-in sand, and dump it along the shore; the camel trains bring up rocks and supplies for the army of workmen that must toil always to keep this highway clear. Egyptians and Arabs are the workmen, Scotchmen the engineers, naked savage boys the camel drivers, clinging with one hand to the first camel's tail and with the other beating the beast ceaselessly. One boy manages eight or ten camels, tethered in a string—their loads on their backs. When the steamer comes, invariably he drops the tail to which he has been holding and races along the shore screaming for bakshish, and revealing to the interested passengers the amazing extent of his professional skill in picturesque profanity.

That other and narrower stream to starboard there is the fresh-water canal built to supply Port Said and the labourers while the Suez was being built. It reaches up towards the Nile somewhere. Close beyond it is the embankment of the railroad from Port Said, along which American-built locomotives slip the swift express trains past the slowly moving steamers. And still farther are the endless lagoons and dreary sands. That is the scenery. More monotonous country is not known to man, but from every steamer the passengers study the prospect with unflagging interest. The hot sands stretch far away, unvaried, unrelieved, the air radiates visibly from their blistering surface, the sun burns madly in a sky of perfect violet, the whole thing is tiresome, but you watch every mile of the way and think it too short. Because here is the work of man's hands that has done most to further trade and bind together peoples and to contract the round earth to the hollow of your hand.

In the mid-afternoon you pass the place where the great caravan track to Cairo crosses, and maybe if you are lucky, there is a caravan, trains of camels heavily laden, black negroes, and the Arab on his horse—not very different from his pictures; dirty, maybe, but always a respectable-looking figure.

No towns, no villages, and, except for the passing-stations, no human habitations; unless by some assault upon speech you can call those things human habitations wherein, back of the station-houses the brown men live, where the savage women are always cooking before a fire, and the savage children are always swarming about. At the first turn, at Lake Tensah, in the late afternoon, there is a glimpse of the town of Ismailia far away, but the steamer no more than slackens her speed to change pilots, with the pilot boat steaming alongside, and plunges between the sandy walls again.

Sunset is the supernal glory of the Suez day—a Mediterranean sunset intensified; redder reds, more vivid saffrons, a more gorgeous and intoxicating riot of colours, against which the palms of a passing-station are painted with a sudden stroke likely to take away your breath. And when, in the excellent phrase of the old Roman, Night rushes in from the ocean, and the great search-light on the bow turns its flood up the canal, there are other surprises. Then the palms and the passing-stations are all done in silver and the shores seem strangely unreal; and all the ship's company gathers on the fore-castle or on the forward promenades to watch this memorable pageant.

You do the ninety-nine miles of the canal in about seventeen hours if you are not held up anywhere at a passing station. Part of the distance is traversed through the Bitter Lakes, where there is ample room and good water, and the chief

below hooks up the engines to full speed; but all the canal proper is traversed at quarter speed or less to save the banks from being washed clean away.

Soon the picturesque passing-stations will be of time gone by and will no more delay steamers; for the company has undertaken to widen the entire canal until two vessels can anywhere pass in it. Then the speed limit may possibly be raised and the time of passage be shortened. Even now the work of widening is well in hand. Easily enough the company can afford the great though expensive improvement, for the profits are goodly. In 1904 the receipts were £4,632,739—that is all. For a passage through the canal the charges are 7 francs 25 centimes (1.45 dol.) a ton for vessels and 2 francs 25 centimes (45dol.) for each passenger. The profits are such that they pay seven per cent to the stockholders after numerous charges have been met. Among the odd items of the charges are a payment to the employees of two per cent of the net earnings and another of ten per cent to the board of managing directors, of who there are fifteen, six being French and six British, and an intellectual feast.

By the crowning triumph of the wily Disraeli's career, the Government of Great Britain in 1877 became the principal owner of the canal. Quietly and without asking the permission of Parliament, Disraeli bought for £4,000,000 the entire holdings of the Khedive of Egypt. At once arose a mighty howl of protest by indignant Britons, for England had always looked askance upon the canal. But Disraeli bought the stock, and the British Government ever since raked off the goodly profits and held its ownership as a secret menace against the world's commerce. All the nations of Europe have solemnly agreed that the canal is to be open to all ships at all times, and all the nations know that the British Government might seize the whole thing if it chose.

We are about to go heavily into the canal business as builders and operators. The task we have undertaken is the most colossal (of its kind) in history. Compared with the difficulties at Panama the difficulties at Suez seem trifling. Instead of the dead level and easy sand of Suez, Panama presents terrific rock cuttings and puzzling problems in engineering; instead of a fairly healthful climate, Panama has malarial and deadly pestilences. Here, then, is something for us in the records and results of Suez, the next greatest canal in the world, in what it cost in money and human lives and human suffering, and what it has meant for the world; for these things indicate what may be ahead of us.

First, about the results to the world: here is an outline of the business that the Suez Canal has done:—

Year.	No. Ships	Tonn	Tons
1869	10	6,576	
1870	486	436,600	
1886	3100	8,180,000	£2,260,000
1891	4207	12,200,000	3,540,000
1897	2986	11,120,000	2,844,000
1904	4237	18,661,092	4,632,000

TONNAGE		
	1886	1890
British	6,260,000	8,060,000
German	320,000	1,120,000
French	700,000	820,000
Italian	190,000	590,000
Dutch	310,000	520,000
Various	400,000	950,000

In 1904, 210,849 persons were passengers through the canal. This is an analysis of the tonnage that year:—

Country	Vessels	Gross Tonnage
Great Britain	2679	12,164,501
Germany	542	2,736,067
France	262	1,167,105
Holland	223	814,204
Austria	135	632,323
Italy	94	306,395
Russia	82	249,801
Norway	72	104,278
Spain	29	125,116
Denmark	21	77,204
Turkey	43	65,679
United States	17	30,220
Greece	17	32,305
Japan	6	32,813
Egypt	7	7,866
Belgium	2	6,060
Sweden	2	3,812
Portugal	3	4,408
Chile	1	1,545
Total	4237	18,661,092

But you could pick up the figures without end and give no idea of the real value of the thing. No one in this generation glimpsed what it meant until the agent

of the Chatham. It takes an object lesson like that to drive into these heads of ours almost any simple fact. The Chatham was a common English tramp, one of those dirty, slovenly tubs that go limping around the world, and she managed to sink herself in the canal about twenty miles from Port Said. To have a steamer sunk in a 137-foot channel is bad; but this was worse, for the inconsiderate Chatham had on board 600 tons of dynamite. No contractor would essay the task of raising her; no diver would go down into the hold. So while the engineers deliberated traffic stopped, for no steamer could pass the obstruction. For eleven days the embargo lasted, and the ships accumulated at each end of the canal, until shipping stuck out from the Port Said breakwater into the Mediterranean and from Suez down the Red Sea. Bitter cries went up from all the commercial world because of shipments delayed and dealings paralysed. In a moment it was revealed that the Suez Canal was the main artery of the huge Oriental commerce, vital to the interests of millions upon millions of men. At last the engineers were forced to act. So they tenderly sent down batteries and more dynamite into the sunken Chatham and touched the whole thing off.

The roar of the terrific explosion was heard in Port Said and beyond. And the Chatham—where was she? Splinters of her covered the area of a county. And about half-a-mile of the canal bank she took with her. But the canal was cleared, the ships resumed their several ways, and the commercial world rejoiced. It had learned what the canal really means to mankind.

It ought to mean much, for it cost enough. To say that every spadeful dug from it was soaked with human blood were hardly an exaggeration. In that region of earth human blood has always been cheaper than water. More monuments than that to Ferdinand de Lesseps symbolize this great work and the others are not less significant because they are unseen. One of them is to the huge unprofit and huge cruelty of cheap labour. Many another such monument has been built on this same spot in the same fashion. The history of all these canals has probably been written in blood, and though all the letters are now effaced, the message is the clear intimation of Herodotus, who describes the first of these enterprises, and it must have been so when Darius completed the work, when the Romans repaired it, when the galley of Cleopatra sailed through it, when the Moore of the ninth century, to whom we owe the foundations of our science, maintained here a canal eighty miles long and by it passed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. In the intervals between successive waves of civilisation the desert winds invariably filled all these works with sand. When Napoleon visited Egypt his discerning mind saw at a glance the immense importance of such a canal, and he ordered it to be dug; but having many people to kill, went off about that more important matter and forgot the other. Then came 1854 and De Lesseps, who chiefly revived the plans of the ancients.

Most of the wise modern world, and chiefly England, thought De Lesseps insane, and declared the scheme to be utterly impossible. One of the many curiosities of their contention was their child-like faith in the doctrine that the level of the Red Sea was 30 feet higher than the level of the Mediterranean. No man may say now where this fantastic notion was bred, but somebody asserted it and everybody believed it, and used it to howl over De Lesseps. So the French had to go ahead and build the canal themselves with the assistance of Mohammed Said, Viceroy of Egypt, who was a clever ruler.

The Viceroy undertook to furnish the labour, or most of it, and that was where the evil came in. De Lesseps is dead; let us charitably suppose that he was never aware of all the horrors that followed. The Viceroy's method of obtaining labour was to send to an Egyptian village, seize all the fellahs, or serfs, to their hands, put ropes about their necks, and march them off to the canal, into which they were driven by armed guards, and where they laboured under the lash until they dropped dead.

Of how many were slain, there is no record. We have tacitly agreed in modern government to the suppressing of disagreeable details. How many persons perish of famine in misruled and plundered India? How many natives are slain at Kimberley? What are our death-lists at Panama? But search among the dusty and neglected Suez reports shows this, at least, that the mor-

ality was frightful. The digging of the canal began April 25, 1859. By 1863 the complaints about the slaughter of the serfs had made such an impression that observant and kind-hearted men began to protest. The British Government, which at first had insisted that only slaves should be employed on the work, now demanded an investigation. The Sultan went in person. He found the men dying like flies. Not only were they killed in the ditch (under the lash) but the Mosca pilgrims had kindly introduced cholera in the camps and the victims died faster than they could be buried. The Sultan was not noted for humane or generous feelings, but the horror of the situation made an impression upon even his obtuse mind. He instantly ordered the whole labour system abolished, broke up the camps, and sent the labourers home.

Now, invention and progress are the products of high-paid labour. So far the canal had been dug by hand, the earth being brought up in rude baskets. But when slave labour was abolished the contractors were obliged to supply steam machinery. In ten months 18,000 cheap labourers had removed only 4,000,000 cubic metres of material. The steam machinery and the paid labour did more than that in one month. Some Europeans came, and, earning by piece-work 4/ to 4/3 a day, pushed the canal toward completion. Yet to the end the state of the native labourer continued to be deplorable. For the slave-driver was substituted the contractor's boss; for forced labour a small wage. But the deaths were many and the bones accumulated in the sand-pits.

In 1867 the thing was done. In money it had cost for construction, close to £20,000,000. The first estimate, made by a solemn conclave of expert engineers, was £8,000,000. The time consumed was about twice as long as was estimated. And the canal was dug with far more slaughter than ten ordinary battles cause.

Yes, the colossal statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps symbolises the Caucasian order, method and success; also other things. European self-sufficiency, for instance, that we praise ourselves for doing what the half-savage peoples did many ages ago. Also our exceeding great complacency, that it took us so long to begin to do what was not only obvious but merely imitative. And, above all, our humanity and intelligence that we should celebrate with joy a work done so badly and bloodily, so clumsily and stupidly. It is a great statue; it fills us all with pride and happiness; but with all its beauties it seems to lack something. Perhaps the deficiency would be supplied if we were to erect by the side of it another statue of the same size representing a scrawny and naked fellah digging under the lash. For, after all, that seems to tell more truly than the other the story of the Suez Canal.

[END.]

British Seamen for British Ships.

Lord Brassey, who presided at a conference of representatives of county councils, the Navy League, and other bodies at the Westminster Palace Hotel, at which the practicability of establishing groups of counties which would agree to give nautical scholarships tenable at training homes was discussed, pointed to the example set by the Surrey County Council in the matter, and expressed the opinion that some of the money held by the county councils for technical training might well be devoted to the training of seamen.

"Sir, John Gray Hill pointed out that while the country provided ships to train boys who had some taint of criminality about them, there was no provision for the poor but honest boy.

"There are 40,000 aliens in the British mercantile marine," he continued, "and I claim that there are plenty of poor boys in England who could fill these positions."

The following resolution, moved by the chairman, was carried unanimously: "That this conference of representatives of county councils and others is of opinion that full assistance from education funds should be devoted to the education of seamen in accordance with the recommendation of all the departmental committees which have from time to time been appointed to report on the training of seamen."

News, Views and Opinions.

When Dinizulu was allowed to return to his home on the Black Umvolosi River he built himself a house and a lean-to building, the latter for the accommodation of any passing white men, and got a trader, who was going on a trip to the old country, to find out what was most up-to-date in the way of furnishings, etc., and on his return ordered these goods to be sent up to the Umvolosi. According to a writer in "Ice and Cold Storage," among the articles sent up was a large ice chest. Dinizulu enquired the use of many of the goods which were supplied him, and the chest, or rather its use, coming in for question, he received the explanation in good part; as long as white people found use for the different articles, many of which he had never seen before, that was sufficient. The ice chest was never placed to its proper use, but the chief used it as a receptacle for the flasks of gin which he constantly receives as presents from traders and others who wish to stand on good terms with him. It has been stated that Dinizulu is fond of gin. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion a gin famine occurred, and as all the rivers were "up" at the time, no immediate supply was obtainable. In order to prevent such a contretemps happening again, the chief got a large supply of bottles of his nectar and poured the contents into the ice chest. Then he made it secure and placed his seal on it. The chest was still securely fastened and the seal was still intact up to a few months ago, for there has not yet been any necessity to fall back on it, but should this necessity arise, and the ordinary supply fall short, Dinizulu will be able to make an inroad on his store.

Mr. Dash was a grocer with lofty social aspirations, and he decided it would be beneficial to his status to join the local golf club. In due course he presented himself on the links, faultlessly dressed, and secured the services of a hardened caddie. The youth appeared dubious from the outset, but when at the first vigorous onslaught a peppering of Mother Earth was sent into his eyes and gaping mouth, he became positively disgusted. "You're makin' a mistake, mister," he said pointedly. "It's not usual to put the tee in the caddy at golf."

On one of the Southern lines there is a station building that is uncommonly small. It is of this station that the story is told that an old farmer was expecting a hen-house to arrive there, and he sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it. Arriving there, the man saw the house, loaded it on his wagon, and started for home. On the way he was overtaken by a man in uniform, with the word "Stationmaster" on his cap. "Say, hold on. What have you got on that wagon?" he asked. "A hen-house, of course," was the reply. "Hen-house, be jiggered!" exploded the official. "That's the station!"

The earliest legislative movement against juvenile smoking was made in France in 1880, when a law was pronounced prohibiting the sale of tobacco to children under 16. The measure did not become law, and in practice the way was led by the New World. In the public schools of Canada boy smokers are suspended from attendance and tobaccoists are fined for selling to children. In Australia the penalty rises as high as £100 for such sales. A similar law exists in three-fourths of the States of the American Union, and Norwegian tobaccoists are also prohibited from selling to any child under 16 without a signed order from an adult relative or employer.

A Californian judge has decided that a foot passenger is not legally required to get out of the way of a motor-car. It is nice to know this; but it isn't much use, after all. If you happen to be in the middle of the roadway when one of these auto-know-better juggernauts come tearing along straight at you on his top gear it would be pedantic to insist too much on your rights. Much better it would be to move swiftly to the safety of the sidewalk, or to leap high into the air postponing your descent until the "pouf-pouf" has passed

beneath you. No matter what all the judges who ever shed the light of their legal learning on the murky ignorance of the common herd may say to the contrary, there is only one rule of the road where the motorist is concerned. That rule is "Skedaddle!"

The famous ball, costing £20,000, given in honour of the debut of Miss Paul, on December 27, has been eclipsed by the one which took place at Philadelphia in celebration of the entry into society of Miss Dorothy Randolph, daughter of the owner of most of the Narragansett Pier and Lakewood. At the Paul functions thousands of butterflies flew about the rooms, but at the more recent one, which cost £30,000, the hall was transformed into a woodland scene, with rustic bridges over real pools of water, in which gold fish swam. Some imitation pools were made by the aid of mirrors, which were surrounded by flowering plants. Several fountains were in full play, and hundreds of canaries and other song birds were flying at will amongst the foliage. The guests numbered 1200, and included the Goulds, the Drexels, the Dahlgrens, and other leaders of American society. The guests diverted themselves by catching the birds and hooking the fish. The former were carefully handled, and all the fish caught were thrown into the water again.

"Italy's devotion to the Queen Consort is extraordinary," says a writer in "The Penny Magazine"; "it is the same devotion as that of the British people to Queen Alexandra. Queen Helena is of a nervous disposition, but possesses a heart of gold. Here is a story of her kindness to her poorer subjects. Quite recently she noticed in a suburb of Rome a peasant girl knitting, and the Queen asked her if she could knit stockings, and received an answer in the affirmative. 'Do you know who I am?' asked the Queen. 'Yes, signora; you are the Queen.' 'Well, then, make a pair of stockings and send them to the palace.' Some time after this the stockings duly arrived, and in return the Queen sent a rose-coloured pair, one of which was filled with sweets and the other with money. This was not to be the end of the matter, however. Within a week the Queen received the following epistle: 'Signora, your gift has caused me many tears. My father stole the money, my elder brother took the sweets, and as for the stockings, my mother put them on herself!'

Chung Ling Soo, a Chinese entertainer, well-known in England, since his last London visit, has had an exciting adventure, and he is really "thanks his lucky stars" that he is alive to tell the tale. It is well-known that he was a favourite of the terrible Dowager Empress of China, who made him a one-button mandarin, but Chung Ling Soo was only allowed out of China to amuse foreigners on the condition that he should report himself at Court at Peking every year. In accordance with this edict, some five months ago, Chung Ling Soo journeyed to Peking. It so happened on his arrival that the Dowager Empress was indisposed, and gave orders that she would see Chung in a few days. To pass the time Chung went on a visit to some old friends who lived a few miles north of the city. On the second day, while rambling in the fields, he came upon a horrible sight. Five robbers, who had been caught red-handed, were buried up to their necks in the sandy soil, while millions of ants swarmed over their heads, on which some rancid fat had been rubbed. In a very little time these unfortunate men would have had the flesh eaten off their heads and died in agony. This was too much for the enlightened Chung Ling Soo. Obtaining assistance, he dug the robbers out and rendered every aid. The Dowager Empress was informed. At once she sent an escort to arrest Chung. Knowing his head was in jeopardy, Chung made a hasty flight, and by adopting various disguises he reached Tientsin, and travelling by night, he arrived at Taku. From Taku he made for Shanghai, and crossing to San Francisco he once more landed in England via America. He cannot now return to China. They are a pleasing people, these Chinese.

Books and Bookmen

Dad in Politics, and For Life:
Steele Rudd. (Sydney: New South Wales Bookstall Co.)

These two books contain a number of vigorously and humorously written short stories, illustrative of the political and social back-block life of North-West Australia. "Dad in Politics" will be keenly relished by those interested in the land question, and the part that the Government should play in it. An assumptive Government bill, brought before the House of Assembly, in Brisbane, is an amazing example of the legislature sought to be foisted on a credulous people by a presumably paternal Government. This measure, facetiously called "A Land Betterment Bill," specially framed to deal with improved values, is brought before the House in confident expectation of being supported by Dad (who has been unwittingly bribed by gift of a place for his son-in-law), who has proved a formidable member of the Opposition.

The Treasurer, a sturdy, pompous, Cromwellian sort of politician with a Scotch accent, rose and began his second reading speech on "A Land Betterment Bill," he explained all the beauties and perfections of that bill; said he had a lot of faith in it; that it was to be the salvation of the country, and was confident that members would find the principle embodied in it simple and easily understood. "Whoso maketh a thing," he said, "whoso createth a value, to him that thing or value belongs." (Loud cheers from the Government benches.) "Let me illustrate my meaning," he went on. "Suppose John Smith buys 100 acres of land at £1 per acre; and suppose further that he improves and clears that land, or spends money or labour on it equal to £4 per acre, then everyone must recognise that John Smith has a property right in that land to the extent of £500." Everyone did; they got up and cheered the prophet. "But," he continued confidently, "further suppose that a railway is built into the district where that land is, and the value of John Smith's holding is increased thereby in value from £5 to £8 per acre, then it must be clear to everyone that if John Smith has a property right in the £5 per acre which he created, the community which added another £3 per acre to the value of the land has a property right in that increased value—"

"That's a LIE; 'twould be a robbery!" Dad shouted.

"Dissect."

"Order!" the Speaker cried. "The honourable member must not impute—"

The rest of the rebuke was lost in a loud "hear, hear!" that came from the Government.

"So long as John Smith can fairly claim," the Treasurer went on, "that his land is only worth £500, then this bill does not propose to ask one penny from him, but when John Smith himself admits that the community has added a value to his land, then this bill will ask half of that value from John Smith."

"My God!" Dad exclaimed, throwing his head back and opening wide his mouth. (Loud, decisive laughter from the Government, and "Order!" from the Speaker.)

"I submit that the equity and moderation of such a proposal," the Minister resumed, fanning the air with pages of his written speech, "cannot be disputed" (hear, hear), "and, as Mill pointed out, the claims of the community—"

"Who th' devil is Mill?" Dad shouted, leaning forward in his seat.

It will be patent to the reader that Dad had yet to make acquaintance with Stuart Mill on "Political Economy," and on Dad inquiring in unparliamentary language who Mill was, a scene occurred. Order having been restored,

Once more the Treasurer got under way, and explained the meaning of "unimproved value" and "betterment." "No person," he said, "is to be charged for betterment until that person admits the betterment. The owner's valuation will be taken, and the Treasurer cannot alter that valuation, and there will be no litigation about it. But" here Dad shifted in his seat and leaned forward to catch all he said: "the Treasurer may advise the Crown to resume the land at the owner's valuation, with 10 per cent added for compensation—"

"Aha!" Dad snorted, "Aha!" (Laughter from Government supporters, and "Order!" from Mr. Speaker.)

Then the Treasurer quoted Mill again, and read chunks of wisdom from "Principles of Political Economy," and concluded by saying that he himself was fully persuaded that, if the bill became law, it would be "a great guide—"

—it would be an unmix'd blade in the leader's joy in the nation of 't country." (Loud and enthusiastic cheers from the Government.)

The Leader of the Opposition and the member for Targo rose in turn and pelleted the bill; then Dad caught the Speaker's eye.

For Dad's reply the reader must be referred to the book, both in fairness to the author and for lack of space.

Socialism being the leading topic of "the man in the street," it will be interesting as well as edifying to read Dad's opinion on Socialism, which is at the same time reasonably trenchant and sound.

"Sandy's Loss" will be found reminiscent of old penal settlement days. The author's account of how he wrote "On Our Selection" will be read with mingled optimism and pessimism by those who are desirous of entering the literary arena.

Regarding the establishing of a purely Australian school of literature, the following advice of the author is commendable for its sound common sense:—

Does literature pay? Not so well as wool, or beer, or town properties, or old clothes, perhaps. Still it "pays." And to prospective Australian authors I say: Let your first book be equal to "Robbery Under Arms," or "While the Billy Boils," or "The Man from Snowy River"; your second not worse, and your third a lot better; use your brains on the publishers, and I see no reason why your incomes should not average £800 per annum. Should England "call," by all means pack up and clear; but, until she "does," play in your own back-yard—write "in Australia," "on" Australia, "for" Australia.

"A Bush Tragedy" is a story of the penalty of infidelity in the bush.

"For Life" is the primary story of Steele Rudd's second book, and tells how the author, when a journalist, accompanied a body of police who were trying to sheep home to a notorious criminal a series of particularly brutal murders, by forcing him to go back on his tracks for the time that had supervened since the murders had been committed, and so establish an alibi.

"On the Condamine," "Charley's Yarn," "Dinny Delancy's Industry," and "Out Driving," are typical Australian stories, and are eminently readable. The books are suitably illustrated, and should secure a host of readers, as they are both crisp and humorous in style. The most serious blemish of the book lies in the senseless repetition of the phrase, "twenty-five years ago," which is to be found in the story entitled "The Selection Where I was Reared." Very few writers can afford to indulge in repetition, and in this case it is an absolute disfiguration of style. But, in spite of this, these little books are highly commendable, not only for their own sake, but as opening up a wide field of possibilities for the coming school of Australasian literature.

A Sheaf of Corn: Mary E. Mann. (London: Methuen's Colonial Library, 36, Essex-street.)

I went a pilgrim through the universe,
And communed oft with strangers as I strayed,
In every corner some advantage found,
And from each sheaf of corn I drew a blade.

From the lines that head this review, Mrs. Mann has found inspiration to depict nineteen short stories, or, figuratively speaking, blades. And, luckily for readers at large, few out of the innumerable harvests that are garnered bring forth such unwholesome grain as that contained in the blades of this book. The stories are well and realistically written, but are depressing to the last degree.

In "The Women of Dulditch" we are treated to the spectacle of busom immorality triumphing over unattractive virtue.

"Clouayne's Clerk" is a story of a consumptive youth whose zeal and fidelity to his employer's interests is rewarded by increased demands upon his time without a corresponding increase in his salary, and to whom tardy recognition is offered too late to save his life.

"In a Teashop" is demonstrated by the old adage, "If you want anything badly, go straight for it and grab it."

"A Chalk Mark on a Gate" will remind the reader of the lines, "It shall suspect where is no cause of fear." And, in short, the writer of these really well-written, if pessimistic, stories has run through the whole gamut of human frailty, both moral and physical, to find material to depress an already sufficiently depressed world of readers. In these days of "the threatened degradation of the modern novel," writers of the

calibre of Mrs. Mann (who wields an uncommonly arresting, if too realistic, pen) cannot be too strongly urged to relegate the depiction of the shady side of Nature to the obscurity to which it so deservedly belongs, and depict life as it might be, and as it is to the humblest

seeker after the ideal. Ideals, not realism, is the ultimate goal of every writer who is in the running for immortality. We are indebted to Messrs. Withman and Arty for our copy of this book.

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(Signed) (Mrs.) M. LEWIS, Wordsly House, Stonnall, near Walsall.

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Here and There

The Gipsy Poet.

Permit me to have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. E. V. Barclay—pen-name, "Colin Clout"—the truest Bohemian writer now in London, perhaps the most successful writer of verse now in England, certainly the only living author who tours the country in a caravan, selling directly to his public the books that he himself has written, says a writer in the "Express."

It is possible that you may never have heard before of my friend Barclay, but equally possible that you may have seen him pottering along beside his yellow van in some verdant by-lane, or at night, at some pleasure-fair, standing at the top of his caravan's steps, forcing a sale of his books by sheer power of oratory. Whether you have heard of him or not, it is the plain truth that he is known throughout England.

His little paper-backed books, priced at one penny each, all printed privately at his own expense, and published by the sweat of his own brow, have permeated through the working classes, have passed from hand to hand, from place to place, and into countless thousands of cottage homes. He writes about the people, for the people; and I do not believe that there is another writer who is more deeply in sympathy with the people, whose appeal is more sure of response.

In the past year and five months his old horse, Caravan Josh, has drawn his humble yellow van almost completely round England. In this time he has sold no fewer than 75,000 copies of his books; and he has sold just as much verse as prose. On a Saturday night, in a busy market-place, the gipsy-author will sell as many as 1000 copies of his works. But if he sells 1000 copies a week, that contents him; it keeps the caravan going.

It has been left for "Colin Clout" to discover that a love of simple, tuncful verse is still a characteristic of the English people. One of his history-books in verse, "The Strange Tale of a Tramp," has found its way into the hands of 8000 members of the poorest classes; and it is appreciated even by the very tramps among whom its lot is often cast.

His library now numbers ten penny books—books of fun, of wit, of love, and of adventure. Some describe his own experiences in all parts of the world—for, though a young man, he has been three times round the world, and he went through the Boer war with Kitchener's Horse. Others tell of his adventures as a gipsy on the English roads, while there are several merry little comedies of simple rural life.

Sir John Tenniel's 88th Birthday.

Ever since he retired from "Punch" in 1901, Sir John Tenniel has been living in his house at Portdown-road, W., surrounded by his favourite pictures, and enjoying the evening of his life in well-earned rest.

He celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on March 2, quietly with a "birthday" dinner, to which some of his oldest and closest personal friends were invited.

Sir John has always avoided publicity of any kind. He blushed like a school-boy and made a deprecating gesture when a Press representative called on him.

"I have been having birthdays every year," he said with a smile. "Surely nobody is interested in me?"

He sees nothing extraordinary in reaching the age of eighty-eight, and, as he never tried to do it, he can give no recipe for attaining old age. "Just go on living," sums up his view on the subject.

Sir John has altered his facial appearance. The moustaches are the same, but Sir John has now grown a beard; it is snow-white and neatly cropped, and has transformed him from a colonel to a country squire.

"No, I have not given up drawing," he said, answering a question. "Drawing has given me up. You see, I am nearly blind."

With the exception of his sight, Sir John is as hale and hearty as when he retired from the "Punch" table.

Some Meredithisms.

Gossip must often have been likened to the winged insect bearing pollen to the flowers; it fertilises many a vacuous reverie.

What a woman thinks of women is a test of her nature.

Convictions are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices.

If you meddle with politics, you must submit to be held upon the prongs of a fork, my boy, soaped by your backers and shaved by the foe.

The future not being born, my friend, we will abstain from baptising it.

Intellectual differences do not cause wounds, except when very unintellectual sentiments are behind them.

You may start a sermon from stones to hit the stars.

Faithfulness works out its own cure more surely than frenzy.

It has been established that we do not wax diviner by dragging down the gods to our level.

Women don't care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

After forty men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions is a modern discovery.

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life.

There is little the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.

All life is a lesson that we live to enjoy but in the spirit.

The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown.

No man and no woman should be inexorably tied together for more than a ten years' trial. I fix ten years as a fair period of probation; a shorter period would be insufficient, longer would be too much. In ten years they will find each other out. Under the most favourable circumstances there will be some bickerings and disagreements. There will be surprises and disappointments. The man will find out that the girl is not quite the angel he thought, and the girl will find out that the man is not the god that she believed. But these surprises and disappointments will not justify separation; the couple have to pass through their period of disillusionment. The dreams of courtship have to be dispelled. The couple have to be hardened to the married life.

He was a man of great aptitudes, that was Mr. Gladstone.

How to Use the Doctor.

MEDICAL ADVICE AS LIFE INSURANCE.

The vital importance of apparently healthy people consulting their physician regularly is emphasised by Dr. Luther M. Gulick in an article in the "World's Work" on "How to Use the Doctor."

The man who boasts that he never requires the services of a physician may someday repent when it is too late. Dr. Gulick says of such people:—

"The man who goes on for twenty years without expert supervision over his physical machine may do very well for twenty years, but it would have been better to consult a physician every month for twenty years, and in the twenty-first be saved from 'going to pieces' than it would be to go without his advice till the twenty-first.

"To consult a physician regularly is life insurance of a far more vital type than the financial kind."

As Dr. Gulick points out, the physician and surgeon are of far more use when they succeed in preventing illness than when they cure it. The chief service of the physician is to the man who is well; and it consists in keeping him well.

For this reason Dr. Gulick emphasises

the need for a new type of sanatorium for the "reconstruction" of people.

Dr. Gulick would establish a thoroughly equipped, modern home, hospital and sanatorium combined, within an hour of the centre of London where each patient would receive health education according to his temperament and needs.

Grasp Your Task.

Tasks are often allowed to hang over us for days at a time which might be accomplished in a few minutes if we would only take the preliminary steps and get at them, for we should find that after we once got at it the task was smaller than we thought. A man will have something which he intends to do, but which is not immediately necessary,—a letter to write which first requires certain information to be looked up; an investigation to make of certain conditions about the office, store, or factory; a bit of reorganisation of some part of the work—and that task will "hang fire" perhaps for several days. He allows himself to think that it will take more time than he can give it now, or that he doesn't know just where to begin on it, and wants to think it over. But after a while the time grows short, the work must be done, and then he takes hold of it, and the thing is done before he realises it. It was largely a question of getting at it. He began by doing the little things about it, and the big ones took care of themselves. It would have been just as easy to do it several days before, and would have taken no more time than now.

The man is fortunate who avoids the habit of letting such tasks hang over him, and who takes delight in keeping them cleared up, so that he can turn his mind freely to new work.

Berlin as a Port.

The ship canal from Berlin to Stettin, which will transform the capital into a seaport accessible to vessels of moderate size, will, according to present expectations, be completed in 1912.

The width of the canal will enable two ships of the maximum size to pass one another at any point. The canal will be navigable for ships the dimensions of which do not exceed the following measurements:—

Length, 220 feet; width, 28 feet; draught, 5 feet 6 inches.

The total cost of the canal will be approximately £2,250,000. The canal runs through Valentinwerder, Eberswalde, and Saatwinkel, and joins the Oder before reaching Stettin.

The Editor of "Punch."

Mr. Owen Seaman has been editor of "Punch" nearly two years, and everyone agrees that he has done admirably. As a Cambridge undergraduate, he bore off laurels both in the schools and on the river, but he had a dull dog for a tutor, who did not appreciate him. The story goes that this wretch wrote him the following absurd testimonial: "Mr. Seaman has been a member of Clare College for three years. During that period, so far as I am aware, he has been guilty of no serious moral delinquency!"

Except, perhaps, Mr. Anstey, Mr. Seaman is our greatest living parody-maker. This is a good specimen of the way he could hit off the Oriental gorgeousness of Sir Edwin Arnold:

Ya, ya, best-beloved! I look to thy dimples and drink.
Tiddlihi! to thy cheek-pits and chin-pit,
my tulip, my pink!

As an example of his wit, what could be better than this, addressed "To the Lord of Potsdam," at the time of the famous telegram to Mr. Kruger:

"Nor were you meant to solve the nation's knots,
Or be the earth's protector, willy-nilly,
You only make yourself and Potsdam silly."

Mr. Seaman is the devoted son of a most charming old mother, with whom he lives at Putney. Like his brother Punchman, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, he loves children, and he has a special affection for a certain little niece named Christina.

Anecdotes and Sketches

CONSISTENTLY UNRELIABLE.

One of the most celebrated almanac makers of former days was one Partridge, and of him a rather good story used to be told.

He was travelling into the country, and stopped at an inn for dinner. He prepared to resume his journey, when the ostler advised him to stay where he was, as it would certainly rain.

"Nonsense!" said Partridge, and proceeded on his way.

He had not gone far, however, when, sure enough, a heavy shower of rain fell. Struck by the man's prediction, he rode back, and offered the ostler half-a-crown if he would tell how he knew.

"Well, replied the man with a grin, after getting the money, 'the truth is we have an almanac of Partridge's here; and he is such a confounded liar that, whenever he promises a fine day we always know it will be the opposite.

"Now, to-day, your honor, is set down as a fine day in the almanac."

* * *

VERY MUCH SO.

An acquaintance called on some ladies who had at the time been much wearied by an apparently endless succession of callers. The door was opened by the old butler. "Are the ladies in?" asked the caller. "No, ma'am, they're all out." "I am so sorry that I missed them," continued the visitor, handing him her card. "I particularly wished to see Mrs. Jones." "Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am," replied Augustus. "They're all out, ma'am, and Mrs. Jones is particularly out, ma'am."

HORRIBLE EXAMPLES.

An amusing incident in connection with early rising was once told by an American lawyer.

The famous John Quincy Adams and Josiah Quincy, who were much addicted to intemperate early rising, were one day invited to hear Judge Story lecture to his law class.

The judge, who held that it was best to take one's allowance of sleep in bed and be wide awake when out of it, heartily welcomed the two visitors, and placed them in the seat of honour on the dais by his side, fronting the class.

He then proceeded with his lecture, but it was not long before, glancing to see how his guests were receiving his doctrine, he saw they were both of them sound asleep. The class noticed it, too; so the judge, pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, pointed to the two sleeping figures and warningly said: "Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effect of early rising!"

The shout of laughter from the class effectually aroused the sleepers, and the judge continued his lecture.

* * *

QUITE LIKELY.

Dr. Story, the late principal of Glasgow University, taking a holiday in the country once, was met by the minister of the district, who remarked: "Hullo, principal! You here! Why, you must come down and relieve me for a day." The principal replied: "I don't promise to relieve you, but I might relieve your congregation."

CONFUSING.

John Lawrence Toole, the most popular low comedian of his day, once gave a supper to eighty of his friends, and wrote a note to each of them privately beforehand, asking him whether he would be so good as to say grace, as no clergyman would be present. It is said that the faces of those eighty men as they rose in a body when Toole tapped on the table, as a signal for grace, was a sight which will never be forgotten.

* * *

MORE TO THE POINT.

Andrew Carnegie is fond of quoting the witty remarks made by an old friend of his in Pittsburg, who for some time held the record for fast horses, but was one day beaten in a brush by a young man. The old gentleman disappeared for some time. He had gone to Kentucky to get a horse that would re-establish his supremacy. He was being shown over a stud, and had already gone past a long string of horses with their records on the stall and victories they had won. Then he was taken through a long line of young horses with their pedigrees, from which the dealer was proving what they were going to do when they got on the track. The old gentleman wiping his forehead—for it was a hot day—suddenly turned to the dealer, and said: "Look here, stranger—you've shown me 'have-beens,' and you've let me see your 'going-to-be's,' but what I am here for is an 'iser.'"

* * *

LOGICAL, BUT INCORRECT.

An uncouth granger, who, however, had a perfect mania for using words which he did not understand, was arraigned in court by a neighbour on a charge of assault.

"Well, Jim," said the judge, "do you acknowledge or deny the allegation?"

"I deny the allegation, Judge," said Jim, "and I am ready to lick the alligator."

HOW HE FOUND THE KEY.

Miss Dresswell had just returned after spending a week with a country friend. Imagine her consternation when she discovered her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty.

"Gracious, George," she said to her brother, "where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that great black patch on the lawn?"

The face of George exhibited all the well-known signs of conscious righteousness, and he met her gaze unflinchingly. "Maria," he replied consolingly, "you wrote to me that if I wanted the key of the billiard-room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero."

"Yes, yes!" "Well, I don't know a bolero from a fichu or a box-plait, so I took all the things to the lawn and burned them. Then I recovered the key from the ashes."

* * *

HE GOT A LIFT.

"Hello, Turnips!" said an arrogant young man to a farmer driving along a country road. "Give a fellow a lift to Newton?" Without waiting for a reply he jumped into the cart: "I might as well ride with you as walk."

After two or three miles had been covered, the young man paused for a moment in his chatter, and remarked:

"It's more of a distance to Newton than I supposed."

"It's a good distance," answered the farmer.

Another twenty minutes passed, and then the young man inquired:

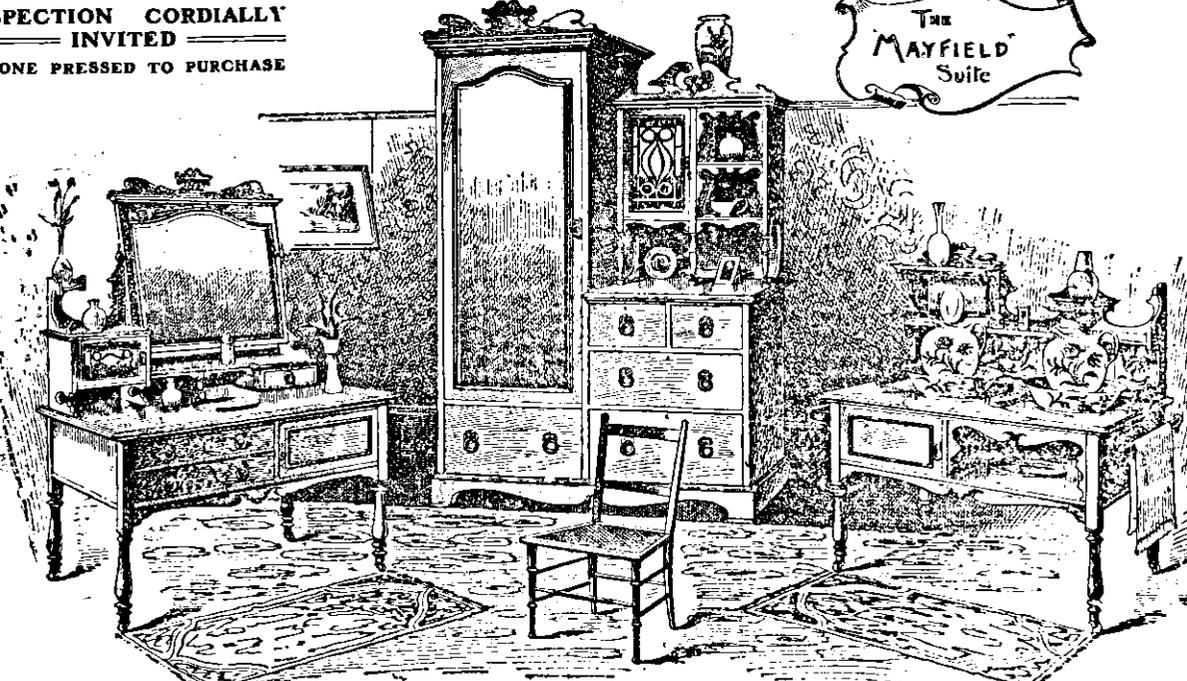
"About how far is it to Newton?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "keepin' straight on the way we're going now I sh'd say 't would be a matter o' twenty-five thousand miles or so; but if you was favourable t' gettin' out o' my cart and walkin' it back, it isn't very much above eight miles."

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Verse Old and New

Ballade Triumphant.

The papers speak of awful things
They do in Russia far away,
Of massacres and murderings,
And " pogroms " almost every day;
It makes me sad to think that they
Should thus abuse the Hebrew meek—
I'd weep were I not far too gay;
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

Cruel Fortune holds a thousand songs
Which she is prompt to sing us pay,
No line she draws 'twixt boors and
kings,
In fact, prefers the boors, they say;
To Orkus each his debt must pay;
The Stygian realms must trembling
seek—
I'd weep were I not far too gay;
We've got a cook who's stayed a week!

One parting song the robin sings,
The min-trel gives his final lay,
And love itself at last his wings
Doth spread and leave our heaven grey;
The bravest ship that sails the bay
Holds somewhere, sure, a hidden leak—
I'd weep were I not far too gay;
We've got a cook who stayed a week!

L'ENVOI.

I cannot dwell on sorrow, nay!
Nor let a tear defile my cheek—
At present I am far too gay;
We've got a cook who stayed a
week!
William Wallace Whitelock.

Ballad of Slush.

The "pomes" of passion, love-sick verse,
The silly sonnet, maudlin lay,
The Swinburne rhyme I used to nurse
In quiet on a summer's day;
The word of fire, pronounced "flah,"
(Elizabethan scansion's way),
The hot old stuff of my "desi-ah"—
Where is the slush of yesterday?

"The lilies and the languors," oh!
"The hot wan wine of love," per se,
Charles Algernon, I want to know
"The hot, sweet throats" of that old
day.
Faustine, Dolores, and Felise,
Hermaphroditus, o'er the way—
What tunderloin did he police?—
Where is the slush of yesterday?

Byronic verse I used to write,
(Don Juan my model every way),
The school boy efforts, my delight,
(Amacron I copied, aye);
The Ella Wheeler Wilcox song
I studied in the twilight gray.
To what dim past do all belong?
Where is the slush of yesterday?

L'ENVOI.

Erotic poets, ye are not
The kind to live for aye and aye,
Ephemeral your dreary rot—
Where is the slush of yesterday?
Walter Beverley Blane.

Four Perversions.

The motor flew, the dust did, too,
The tyre followed free!
'Twas not the first that ever burst,
Nor was it silently!
(Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner.")

Motors, when they hoot and hum,
Vibrate in the cerebrum!
Colours (unlike violets) thicken
In the dusty air, and sicken!
(Shelley's "Music when soft voices die.")

Come and play "bridge," Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may,
I, with three more to help me,
Will hold emul at bay!
(Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome.")

The clo's had been wash'd, just wash'd
In an hour,
By pert Mary Ann, a new maid,
Regardless in wringing, and boasting her
power,
The collars and cuffs were all fray'd!
(Cowper's "The Rose had been wash'd.")
—L. W. Stone.

Why Not?

The verse you write
You say is written;
All rules despise,
But not despitin'.
The gas you light
Is never litten'.
The things you drank
Were doubtless drunk;
The boy you spunk
Is never spunk.
A friend you thank
But never thank.
Suppose you speak,
Then you have spoken;
But if you sneak
You have not spoken.
The shoes that squeak
Have never squoken.
A dog will bite,
Likewise has bitten,
With all his might,
But not his mitten.
You fly your kite,
But not your kitten.

Once in a Lifetime.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim,
I waited for the railway train;
The light was low and dim.
It came at last, and from the car
There stepped a dainty dame,
And, looking up and down the place,
She straight unto me came.
"Oh, Jack," she cried, "oh, dear old
Jack!"
And kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and frightened, cried,
"Oh, what a bad mistake!"
"I said, 'Forgive me, maiden fair,
For I am not your Jack';
And as regards the kiss you gave,
'E'll straightway give it back."
And since that night I've often stood
Upon that platform dim,
But only once in a man's whole life
Does such things come to him.
"The Traveller."

The Garret.

Our skyscrapers shoulder
The clouds in the dawn
And yet from our buildings
The garret is gone.
Gone leisurely graces
It held in its hoard;
What sentiments happy,
What treasures it stored!
Old love-letters yellowed
And faded broadsides
Were mingled with slippers
And old rusty blades.
The rain-drops made music,
Not tears and a sigh—
Jow that is my notion
Of mansions on high.

A Maid.

God keep thee as thou art,
So pure, so sweet, so fair,—
A fount of waters in thy heart
To nurture gladness there;
Thy soul irradiant in thy face,
Thy hand as gracious as its deeds of
grace.
God keep thee as thou art,
That doubtful eyes may see
How good and pure in every part
A mortal maid may be;
Thy peace and love prevailing still,
Thy word and deed as stainless as thy
will.
—Arthur L. Salmon.

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Scientific and Useful

THE SNAGS OF LIFE.

The question, "What is life?" has been asked many times, but it has seldom been answered in the manner chosen by a Parisian medical man in the French "Journal of Health."

He has defined life in terms of disease, and his analysis proceeds thus:—

First year: Infantile complaints and vaccination.

Second year: Teething, croup, infantile cholera, and convulsions.

Third year: Diphtheria, whooping cough, and bronchitis.

Fourth year: Scarlatina and meningitis.

Fifth year: Measles.

By now, he says half the children are dead. The others live on as follows:—

Seventh year: Mumps.

Tenth year: Typhoid.

Sixteenth year: Chlorosis and spinal irritation.

Eighteenth year: Neurasthenia.

Twentieth year: Cephalgia, alcoholism, and vertigo.

Twenty-fifth year: Marriage (included among the diseases).

Twenty-sixth year: Insomnia (probably the first baby).

Thirtieth year: Dyspepsia and nervous asthenia.

Thirty-fifth year: Pneumonia.

Forty-fifth year: Lumbago and failing sight.

Fifty-fifth year: Rheumatism and baldness.

Sixtieth year: Amnesia, loss of teeth, hardening of arteries.

Sixty-fifth year: Apoplexy.

Seventieth year: Amblyopia, deafness, general debility, loss of tone in the digestive organs, gouty rheumatism.

Seventy-fifth year: Death.

PTOMAINE POISONING.

"When people speak of ptomaine poisoning they are commonly making use of an expression which conceals an ignorance, by no means confined to unscientific circles, of the chemical reaction which has, in fact, taken place," says the "Morning Post." "A paper recently read by Dr. William F. Boos, summarises rather effectively some of the known facts concerning the actual poisons which can be distinguished when so-called ptomaine takes place. Of these the most important, and, in fact, the only one which has been isolated in the pure state, is 'sepsin,' and twenty milligrammes of this would probably poison anyone. The symptoms and effects of it are very similar to those of arsenic poisoning. By heating to about 60 deg. Centigrade for an hour 'sepsin' is changed to 'cadaverine,' and rendered innocuous, from which one might jump to the conclusion that, since the poisoning from bad meat is due to the presence of 'sepsin,' cooked meat ought never to be poisonous. That is not quite the case, because in ordinary cooking processes the interior portions of the meat or fish may not reach a temperature sufficiently high to destroy the poison if present. Besides the poisoning by ptomaines, the question of bacterial poisoning has also to be considered, though there is no essential difference in the poisonous effect.

"Cold storage is sometimes blamed, and not altogether without reason, for effects of poisoning. Low temperatures will not destroy all bacteria, and will not even prevent their multiplication while the material in which they live is liquid.

SPIDERS' WEBS VARY.

"As fine as a spider's web" has long been a standard of comparison, but it makes a difference as to what sort of spider's web is meant.

All spiders' webs are not alike; nor are all the threads of which they are made. These may be dry or sticky, fine

and regular, or coarse and rough, according to the will of the spider, and the use he wishes to make of it.

One kind of web is that seen on the grass on dewy mornings. This is merely a level floor on which the spider runs and catches his prey. The thread is not sticky, and the web may last, if undisturbed, a whole season. Attached to it is a tube of web, in which the spider hides.

Another web is in large meshes, but of indefinite shape. Insects get entangled in the mesh, but are not held by any glutinous nature in the thread.

Then there are dome webs, in which the spider runs about to catch the insects which get entangled. In addition, there is the familiar geometrical pattern. In making these, the insect first places the radiating lines in position. On these are woven the circles of sticky thread, which, however, never reach right to the centre. These are the webs which catch insects by their stickiness.

There are, in addition, many varieties of spiders which build no web at all, but catch their prey by running after it.

PLANTS HAVE EYES.

Potatoes have "eyes," as most people know, but how many are aware that certain common garden and wild flowers are similarly equipped.

The nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood-sorrel, and bluebell, among others, have eyes placed on their leaves. They are tiny protuberances, filled with a transparent, gummy mixture, which focuses the rays of light upon a sensitive patch of tissue behind them.

A nasturtium plant has thousands of such "eyes" on its leaves, but it is not yet known if the plant can actually see. Are the sense impressions telegraphed to some central nerve corresponding with the brain of the animal kingdom?

In addition to this visual organ, many plants show a touch of sensitiveness that points to further resemblance to animals; while certain seaweeds and mosses in an early stage of their existence are able to actually swim through the water.

WITHOUT A BRAIN.

The medical evidence given at an inquest at Southampton on the body of an infant which died soon after birth showed that the child had no brain at all. The coroner remarked that in his lengthy experience he had never before heard of a child being born without a brain.

THE TELEPHONES OF THE WORLD.

An estimate made on January 1, 1907, showed the telephones in the world to number 7,398,800, distributed thus:—United States, 5,008,800, or 68.5 per cent; Canada, 130,000, or 1.7 per cent; Europe, 2,000,000, or 27.1 per cent; other parts of the world, 200,000, or 2.7 per cent. These totals are of necessity approximate, for it is very difficult to get figures from different parts of the world. In countries also where the telephone service is under government management the returns are apt to be particularly delayed in the giving out. In Europe the number of telephone subscribers doubles once in every six or seven years, a considerably slower rate than that in the United States. However, it shows that the telephone is increasing in popularity on the Continent with reasonable rapidity. Germany, at the commencement of the present year, had 678,855 telephones in use, Great Britain 481,018. All told, however, there were in use in Europe, with a population of nearly 425,000,000, but 40 per cent as many telephones as in the United States, with a population in the neighbourhood of 85,000,000.—"Scientific American."

Arthur Nathan's

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OF HONOURS AND AWARDS.

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THE LUCKY RING

By MRS. L. T. MEADE.

HERE was a great deal of fuss at the Hall, for Susie, the only daughter of the house, was to be married on the following day.

Four hundred guests were invited to be present at the ceremony. They were to see the bride and bridegroom made one by the words of the Church service, and were afterwards to enjoy Squire Field's hospitality in the old Hall.

Susie had two or three brothers, but no sisters. She was the youngest of the family, not more than nineteen years of age. From her earliest days, she had been much petted and fussed over, and with reason, for she was sweet in nature and beautiful in face. More than one man had wanted to make her his wife, but Susie's love had been given for over a year to Edward Armitage, the eldest son of a neighbouring squire, and in every way a suitable match for her.

The time of year was July, and the weather was perfect. Susie was standing on the lawn, idly watching the preparations for the erection of a huge marquee, where the many guests were to partake of light refreshments on the morrow. She heard steps coming up behind her, and turned to meet the grave gaze of her cousin, whom she had not seen for over a year.

His name was Philip Kingdon. He was a young barrister, who was rising rapidly in his profession. He and Susie had been always fond of each other. She was accustomed to his visits at Christmas and Midsummer, and now she gave a little cry of rejoicing, and held out both her hands to him.

"O, Philip, this is good!" she said. "What train did you come by? I didn't expect you until this evening."

"I managed to catch the twelve o'clock train from St. Pancras," was the answer; "and here I am."

Philip held the girl's small hands perhaps one moment longer than was necessary, and perhaps for one brief moment, too, he looked into her eyes with an expression she did not half understand, but which gave her a sensation both of pain and regret. But whatever his emotions, Philip Kingdon quickly recovered himself.

"Tell me all about yourself, Susie. Remember, I have not seen you for quite a year. I know Armitage by repute, but have never met him."

"You will see him at dinner to-night," said Susie.

"And so," continued Philip, beginning to walk slowly by the girl's side, "by this time to-morrow you and Edward Armitage will be husband and wife. How do you like the idea?"

"How do I like it?" she answered, raising her sweet flower-like face to his; "why, of course, Philip, I can scarcely realise my own happiness. There never was anybody like Ted. Phil, I love him with all my heart and soul."

"Then that is as it should be, dear little girl," said her cousin.

He was silent after this speech for a couple of minutes. Then he put his hand into his pocket.

"I have brought you," he said, "a wedding present, and I want to give it to you my own self. Here."

He touched a spring in a little case. The lid flew open and revealed a ring with a dull stone in the middle, and with some curious writing engraved all round it.

"How queer!" said Susie.

She looked at the writing in astonishment, but without admiration.

"May I put it on your finger myself?"

"Yes, if you like; but will it fit me?"

"It is very small; it is meant for your little finger. I bought it a long time ago—over a year ago." Philip suppressed a sigh. "I was travelling at the time, and was just leaving Damascus—"

"Damascus!" interrupted Susie. "Did that ring come from there?"

"It came from a place even farther off. It came from Mecca. It is supposed to be a peculiarly blessed ring. I got it from an Arab, who told me that the wearer of the ring could always, by its magic, ensure the undying love of the one she most cared for. I knew you must have all sorts of wedding gifts, but this ring is different from the others. I am not superstitious, but I should rather like to see it on your finger."

"You regard it as a sort of mascot," said the girl. "How queer!"

"You will wear it, Susie, won't you?" said the young man.

"Oh, yes!" she replied; and she held out her small finger for Philip to place the ring on it.

Neither Philip nor Susan knew that at that moment they were observed—that a tall, fair, clean-shaven man, very well set up and with an eager face, was watching them from a little copse of trees close by.

This man was no less a person than Edward Armitage. What he felt, what his conjectures were, was best known to himself. Instead of coming on to the house to spend a happy hour with Susie, he turned on his heel, muttered an angry curse under his breath and, getting into his motor car which was waiting for him at gate, went back to his father's house, Armitage Manor, three miles away.

At dinner, that evening, a large party were assembled, amongst whom were present the bridegroom and his father and mother. Susie, in the greatest possible delight at having not only Ted—present at her dinner party, but also her favourite cousin, Philip, was in the highest spirits. Everyone noticed the expression of bliss on her face. But Edward Armitage, consumed by jealousy, read it wrong.

"Never had she been in such spirits before in my company," he said to himself. "Nothing will induce me to marry a girl who cares for another man better than for me. I will have it out with her after dinner. I don't mind if it is the eve of our wedding. It is far better that I should know what I am nearly certain of now than that I should wait until afterwards."

Outwardly, Armitage was in good spirits, and Philip, who was most anxious to study Susan's future husband, looked at him with approval.

"He will make her quite a good husband," he said to himself. "It would be more than I could stand if he were not worthy of her. But I believe he is. Only, what is the matter with him? Why does he frown so when he looks at me?"

When the men came along into the drawing-room after dinner, Susie ran up to her lover.

"Please come out with me, Ted," she said. "I want to show you something."

He gave her a peculiar look.

"Can she be so blind as not to know that that other fellow worships her?" was his thought. "Can she be so blind? But no; like all women, she is hypocritical. Philip Kingdon is the man she loves. I happen to be better off, therefore she has chosen me; but she will soon discover that I am not one to be trifled with."

Poor Susie, little guessing her lover's real thoughts, walked with him into the very copse of young trees

where he had witnessed Philip Kingdon's actions on the afternoons of that day.

"Oh, I am so happy!" said Susie. "Six weeks ago, I thought the day would never come. Now it is close—it is so close that my very happiness almost frightens me."

"You looked happy to-night," said Armitage. "You are pleased at the arrival of your cousin, Kingdon."

"Of course I am. Dear old Phil! I have known him nearly all my life; and he—O Ted!—he has given me such a funny present. Look—you must look." She held up her finger on which the queer looking ring was placed. "This is a lucky ring—a sort of talisman; and he bought it in Damascus for me."

"I have no doubt he did—confound him!"

"Ted!"

"Take that ring off, Susan."

"Ted," said the girl, startled at his tone and all her high spirit asserting itself, "you have no right to speak to me like that. Why should I take Philip's ring from my finger?"

"Well," said Armitage, his eyes blazing; "you can choose between him and me. It isn't too late. I brook no man's interference. You shall wear no ring that I have not given you. Take the ring off, if you wish the ceremony to be gone through."

"Edward," said the girl in amazement, "what—what are you thinking of?"

"I know myself what I am thinking of," said the angry man. "I came here this afternoon, hoping to have a quiet hour with you, and I saw you, from this very spot, hob-nobbing with that fellow, your hand in his, while he slipped the ring on your finger. Do you suppose I am likely to brook that sort of thing?"

"I don't understand. I think you are very queer," said Susan.

"It is you who are queer. How dare you accept a ring from another man on the very eve of your marriage with me?"

"Ted, I don't understand you," said the poor girl. "Philip is such an old friend, and—he bought this ring for me a long time ago."

"I daresay," said Armitage. "I have no doubt he did, and he meant to give you another as well, only that I—as he supposed—forestalled him. But I won't forestall him. I won't be second with any other man in my wife's affections."

"Ted," said Susie, "do you really mean what you are saying—do you really, really mistrust me?"

"I cannot mistrust my own eyesight, Susan."

"O Ted!" said the poor girl, bursting into tears. "Then I am indeed most miserable."

"It is better to be miserable now than afterwards," was Armitage's retort. "You cannot say to my face that you don't care for that fellow. I won't be second; and I won't allow anybody else to give you a ring. Here; take that off your finger if you still care for me."

But Susan Field was proud. She was not the daughter of a distinguished line of ancestors for nothing. Her soft brown eyes blazed with sudden anger.

"You are unreasonable," she said. "If you refuse to part with Philip's ring, if you want me, you must take me and the ring too. It is a lucky ring, and the dear old fellow gave it to me in all sincerity, and with the kindest and best thoughts for me and my father. You don't know Philip; but I do. He is the best of men."

"Then you can keep your best of men," said the angry lover; "but understand clearly, Susan, there will be no wedding to-morrow unless you resign the ring."

"Then there needn't be," she answered. She was white as a sheet with passion

and distress. Armitage gave her a quick look, then turned abruptly on his heel and left her. Half an hour later, a pale and terrified girl entered the house by a side door. She went straight up to her own room. When she found herself inside the room, she locked the door. Then she drew a sigh of relief. Something very awful had happened. She felt incapable of realising it, and yet it pursued her, setting its cruel claws into her heart, and causing her head to feel weak and dizzy.

Armitage was angry. He had shown the most unreasonable jealousy. No; she would certainly not give up Philip's ring—Philip, who had been her friend always, who had helped her with her lessons long ago, who had taught her to ride, who had taken her and her brother for long expeditions all over the country. He was her friend when they went to London, preparing some special pleasure for them day after day. He had come to be present at her wedding, and he had given her a little innocent ring—a ring with a charm attached. Certainly she would not part with it. If Ted understood her so little as really to wish her to give Philip back his ring, then she was better without him—oh, of course she was better without him. They had quarrelled. Their engagement was at an end. How strange to have an engagement broken off on the night before the wedding. What would the guests say? What would her father and mother say? What would Philip Kingdon say?

Susie passed her hand wearily before her eyes. There came a tap at the door, and her mother's voice was heard.

INDIGESTION KILLS

Indigestion kills more victims than war itself. It is foolish in the extreme to neglect the early symptoms. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup. Take it now, and avoid risks. It is the supreme cure for indigestion because it tones and strengthens your stomach and liver, and enables them to do their natural work.

HEALTH

"I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and was in constant misery from severe pains in my stomach. I tried many remedies, but only Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me."—From Mr. W. BYRON, 75, Raglan Street, Sydney, N.S.W., 26-10-07.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

IS THE SURE CURE.

A FEW DOSES WILL CONVINCING YOU.

"My darling, let me in; I have a lot to talk over with you."
 "Not to-night, dearest mummie," said Susie. "I am very tired, and have a bit of a headache. I am going to bed. I hope you don't mind, darling," called out Susie from the other side of the locked door; "but I just can't see anyone."

"Poor little dear," said Mrs. Field. "I wonder if she feels nervous after all. Ted never came in to say good-night to us. I hope he will be a good husband to my child. But oh—of course he will; he is a first-rate fellow in every respect."

Mrs. Field went softly away, and no one else disturbed the little bride that night. She sat quite still for several hours. She had no intention of going to bed; she was thinking over her plans. The blow had fallen so suddenly that for a time she was, as it were, stunned. But then the troubled feeling passed away, and she began to rouse herself for action.

Her mother must be written to. As to Susie herself, there was one relation who could not be present at the wedding. This was poor Aunt Prudence, a sadly crippled lady, who lived in Torrington Square. Aunt Prudence's house was gloomy, but not more gloomy than her mind. She never approved of any weddings; she thought women were best single. She thanked the Lord that no man had ever persuaded her to change her name.

Susie remembered Aunt Prudence now.

She would go to her. She would take the next train to London, and arrive there early on the following day. She would tell Aunt Prudence that she agreed with her, and that men were not worth quarrelling about. Aunt Prudence would keep her for a little time, until the storm had blown over. Yes; that was the only thing to do.

Poor Susie felt a faint degree of comfort as the idea of visiting Aunt Prudence came to her. She then sat down and wrote a letter to her mother.

"Darling Mummie,—I can't explain anything, perhaps Ted will. Ted is angry with me, mummie, although I have really done nothing—nothing at all to merit his anger. But we have decided not to have our wedding. Father will manage—won't he—to say something to the guests, and you will forgive your Susie. I am going to Aunt Prudence for a little while, but I will come back as soon as I can. Please don't be angry with Ted. I am sure he could not help himself; only—I found I could not do just what he required."

"Your own daughter,
 "SUSIE."

When this letter was finished, Susie enclosed it in an envelope, and put it in such a position on her dressing-table that it would be quickly found when her maid entered her room in the morning. She had not the slightest idea how the wed-

ding and the four hundred guests could be postponed. But she was quite certain of one thing, that neither the bride nor bridegroom would be present. She then looked in her little purse, discovered that she had plenty of money, and put on a thin dark blue serge which she had often worn when in the country.

A train left Dowsbury, the nearest railway station, at six in the morning. By this train, Susie could get to London a little before ten o'clock. She would be safe with Aunt Prudence—Aunt Prudence who disliked all weddings—long before the hour when she was expected to appear in church as the bride of Ted Armitage.

When she had made her small preparations, she could not help owing to a great sense of fatigue and a queer, very queer sinking at her heart. All of a sudden, a great storm of anguish overpowered her.

"Ted!" she moaned. "O, Ted—how little, how little you guess the depth of my love for you. O Ted, darling, I don't think I'd be jealous if another girl gave you a lucky ring."

She mopped away her tears. What was the use of fretting. Philip, in her opinion, must not be slighted. The ring could not be restored to him. The marriage must be broken off.

A pale wraith of a girl crept down through the silent house about five o'clock on that summer's morning. She

had a long way to walk to the railway station, and she did not want to hurry. She took no luggage with her, but just a little bag containing a few sovereigns and a very small book of poems which had been Armitage's last present to her. She could not help weeping very sadly as she kissed the book and put it into the bag.

Now, at last, she was on her way. If Susie had spent a restless night, there were two men who shared the same fate. One of them was Armitage, who, mad with despair and jealousy, paced the moors outside his father's house until the break of day. For one minute, he struggled fiercely with his inclination to rush back to Susie, to implore her forgiveness, to tell her that, as far as he was concerned, she might wear 50 rings given to her by 50 other men provided she became his darling, his precious little wife. But the mad demon of jealousy prevented his yielding to this healthy impulse; and Susie, supposing that all was over, started on her flight to London. What would have happened, what the wedding guests would have said, what the excitement of the whole county would have been must be left to the imagination; for another man, who was equally sleepless—a man of deeper character and far nobler impulses than those which ever could possess Ted Armitage—was up and about. Susan did not suppose it possible that anyone

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

BRONCHITIS and PNEUMONIA Cured by HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

After other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—From a strict sense of duty I feel that I should publish the following statement, so that others may know what to do when the awful fact is evident that a life is in danger of being lost.—In September, 1906, my little girl, aged at that time 3 years, contracted Measles, and in the following October was attacked by Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Congestion of the Lungs. She was attended by a legally qualified doctor of high standing, but his treatment was not successful in arresting the progress of the illness. On Saturday, the 21st October, 1906, he said that her life was in danger—that there was very little hope for her. For eight days and nights she had been prostrated by Cough, Pain and Fever, and was lying like a statue, unconscious. At this stage I was persuaded by a friend to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, with its auxiliary medicine for the Fever and Congestion of the Lungs, as directed in the Catalogue of Medicines which accompanies each bottle of the Bronchitis Cure. I gave the medicine as directed, and there was an improvement from the first dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. The improvement continued after each dose of the medicine. In a week she was perfectly free from the Pneumonia, Congestion, Cough, Pain and Fever, and was well, except that she was still weak. In a fortnight she was quite recovered, and is now in splendid health, and stronger than ever. After inquiring for information about this grand medicine, care should be supplied by me, or by any of my neighbours who have witnessed its wonderful effects. It absolutely snatched my child from an early grave.—Yours gratefully,
 F. D. GARDNER,
 Folke Station, Geelong East, Feb. 5, 1908.

BRONCHITIS.

A Sufferer 73 Years of Age.

Thoroughly Cured by Two Bottles of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Immediate Relief—Effect Wonderful.

Mr. Hearne, Sir,—I was very ill with Influenza and Bronchitis. A friend of mine persuaded me to try your Bronchitis Cure. The first dose gave me immediate relief, and after taking the second bottle I am thoroughly cured. Its effect on me has been most wonderful. I am 73 years of age. I trust you will make use of this statement by publishing it for the benefit of humanity generally. Yours most respectfully,
 THOMAS R. TREZISE,
 Reedy Creek, Victoria.

PNEUMONIA and PLEURISY Cured by HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

After other Treatment had Failed.

I, Prudence M'Kee, of Carr-street, South Geelong, in view of the importance of a person making it quite clear what treatment was successful in curing a serious and complicated case when the medicine, directions and treatment of a legally qualified doctor had failed, state as follows:—
 My son, Henry M'Kee, then aged 8 years, had been attended by a legally qualified doctor, who pronounced him to be suffering from Pneumonia, Pleurisy and a stoppage of the passing of Urine. Under the doctor's treatment the child gradually got worse, and the doctor pronounced the case hopeless. He told me that the child could not live. At this stage I obtained from Mr. W. G. Hearne, Chemist, of Geelong, a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and gave it to the child, according to the directions which accompany each bottle of it. The child improved after the second dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. He continued to improve each day from each dose of Hearne's Medicine alone, and within three days he was free from the Cough, Pneumonia and the Pleurisy, and the Urine was passing satisfactorily. He was out of bed at the end of a week, completely recovered, and he is now in perfect health.
 PRUDENCE M'KEE,
 Carr-street, South Geelong, Feb. 6, 1908.

CONSUMPTION.

Too Ill to Leave His Bed.

A Complete Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor who pronounced my case to be consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived, I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks.—Yours gratefully,
 J. BLAIR,
 Westminster Bridge-road, S.E., London.

BRONCHITIS and PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After Other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.
 Dear Sir,—Some months ago, in Sydney, I suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures from what the doctor told me was pleurisy and bronchitis. The pain from the former in my chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland), where I resided, told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that, after the second bottle, my cough had ceased; but what is more astonishing, the pains from pleurisy entirely left me, and in about a week I was able to attend to my duties as usual.—Yours faithfully,
 J. CRAHAM,
 Melbourne "Punch" Office, Melbourne.

ASTHMA—A 17 YEARS CASE.

Previous Treatment Failed.

Cured by Three Bottles.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charleville, Queensland, writes:—After suffering from asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's Medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was the beginning of 1904—thirteen years ago—I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it.
 Speaking in February, 1908, he states:—"I am feeling very well. Never have the slightest return of the asthma."

Hearne's Medicine cured me of Asthma, from which I had been suffering for twenty-five years, during which time I had used almost every patent medicine on the market—including asthma inhalations—without getting a cure. It was 8 years ago that the cure was effected by Hearne's Medicine, and I now feel stronger than I have felt for years—in fact, I feel splendid!
 C. WISEMAN,
 Meredith, Victoria.

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the unsuspecting, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure 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 see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any Morphia or any Opium whatever. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.

could see her at this very early hour as she walked swiftly to the railway station. But her cousin, Philip Kingdon, did notice the slight figure, the despondent droop of the head, and the strange fact that the bride of to-day was out all alone at this unreasonable hour.

"With a quick bound, he crashed through some heather, and reached her side.

"Why—my dear Susie," he said, "what are you doing?"

Susie looked up into his kind face.

"O Philip! They will all know presently. Please don't keep me now. I am going to London—I am going to stay with Aunt Prudence. She will be quite glad, she never did approve—never, of—of weddings. Dear Philip; I am not going to be married at all. Ted and I broke it off last night. Don't keep me—don't!"

"But I must—and will," said Kingdon in a firm voice. "This must be explained, Susie. Who broke off this engagement? Did you?"

"No, no—not exactly—but at the same time, perhaps I did."

"You must be explicit. Come—I will know the truth."

He took her hand and looked into her eyes. His own were shining. "Come, Susie—the very truth," he said; "all the truth, and nothing less."

"How—how can I tell you? I don't suppose it was anybody's fault."

"My dear child; don't talk nonsense. You were engaged to Armitage yesterday, and this is your wedding day. Have you lost your senses, my dear?"

"No—not," she said; and she stifled back a choking sob. "No, Philip, no—it is the ring—your ring—he saw you put it on, and he—he didn't like it; and he wanted me to give it back to you. He said no other man should put a ring on my finger. He was—very angry. But I—I would not give it back—not your present, dear Philip. I kept it, and—we are not going to be married at all now."

Philip Kingdon, who had taken Susie's two hands in his, dropped them as she finished her story. He stood very still, looking at her; for at that moment the fiercest, the strongest, the most intense temptation of his whole life came over him.

He loved Susie. He had loved her for years. When he brought that ring he had loved her, and hoped to give it to the girl who might be his wife. He heard of her engagement, and stifled his feelings, and came to her wedding, intending to give her good cheer. Now, on account of this very ring, the engagement between her and Armitage was broken off. He might—oh, in a very little time—step into the shoes of Armitage and win the girl he had always loved. He might; he would; he could. Why should he hesitate? He felt deep down in his heart that he could make Susie Field a more tender, a more sympathetic, a more interesting husband than Ted Armitage could ever make her. Why should he hesitate? It was but to let her go to London. It was but to hold his peace, and, in a short time, he might try to win her heart.

But as the swift overpowering thought came to him, he looked down into Susie's sad, brown eyes. She raised those same eyes, brim full of tears, to his face.

"Tell me for God's sake! tell me the truth," he said. "How much do you love him? how much do you love him?"

Susie opened her eyes very wide.

"Oh," she said, "with all—my heart; better—better than life; better than anything on earth!"

"Then, Susie," he answered, immediately recovering his manhood, and pushing back that black temptation as though it had never existed; "you must take my advice. You must go straight back to the house, dear straight back to your room. Have you written a letter to your mother?"

"Yes—oh, yes. I have told her that it is at an end."

"But your engagement is not at an end, dear Susie. This is a matter in which I must interfere. Burn the letter. Stay quietly in your room. Wait until you hear from me—and, dear Susie—give back the ring."

"Give you back—the ring?" said Susie, looking at him in amazement.

"Yes—yes; and be quick, dear. You must live—live. I am a very old friend, and a very true friend. You will never regret that you have trusted me."

She took the ring from her little finger, and put it into his hand.

"Now, keep up your courage," he said "I have an explanation to offer which

will, I believe, set things right. Go back to your room—and—and—wait."

When Susie, impelled by Philip Kingdon's words, returned to her room at the Hall, he himself went quickly in the direction of Armitage Manor. If he had any further struggle with himself he did not show it, either in the calm of his face or the firm purposeful expression of his mouth.

He arrived at the house soon after six o'clock and rang the bell. The servants were up, for this was an exciting day, and people must bestir themselves. The heir to Armitage Manor was to be married to-day. Everyone was in a state of delight.

An elderly white-haired butler opened the door in answer to Kingdon's summons.

"Can I see Mr. Armitage—Mr. Edward Armitage—without a moment's delay?" said Kingdon.

"I don't know, sir; I will inquire. I don't think Mr. Armitage is up."

"I will wait here; no—I won't go into the house. Say I have something important to communicate to him."

The man went away. He returned in a few minutes to say that young Mr. Armitage was not in his room, and that he supposed he was out.

"He often walks on the moor at the back of the house," said the servant. "Perhaps you will find him there, sir. Good-day, sir."

Kingdon immediately turned in the direction which the butler pointed out. Armitage Manor was an ancient pile which had been added to from time to time by its successive owners. It was long and rambling, but was, nevertheless, a beautiful old house. At the back it was sheltered by high hills, and on the top of these hills were wide, open plains.

"Oh, I must find that fellow, come what may!" thought Philip to himself. He began to climb the hill, and at last found himself on the plain. Here a strong wind was blowing. Kingdon drew a deep breath and looked around. A man was coming to meet him. He recognised him at once. The man was Edward Armitage. Just for one minute, there rushed through his heart a feeling of deadly, of ungovernable hatred. That this man should not only win Susie, take her from another man who had loved her so faithfully and so long, but should treat her with intolerable suspicion and uncalled for jealousy caused a fierce battle for a minute in his breast.

But, after all, it was Susie's happiness Philip Kingdon had to consider, and she—he remembered her words—she loved this man—oh!—as she expressed it—better than life.

"Bless her!" thought Kingdon. "She shall be happy in her own way. Who am I to interfere?"

Then he strode up to Armitage.

"Here," he said, taking the ring from his pocket, "you made a fool of yourself last night. You imagined that I cared for Susie—that I cared for her more than I ought when I gave her this ring. She gave me the ring back this morning, and I bring it to you. Don't speak for a minute; you must hear me out. This is my hour, and I claim it. Little Susie was breaking her heart for you. She was going to London by the early train. I was up, and out; and I met her. She told me what had occurred. She told me something else also—that she loves you—you, who have distrusted her, and hurt her) better than life. Now, hear my side of the question. I have for years loved Susie Field. But I could never hurt her as you have done. Do your duty by her; make her a good husband; treasure the splendid love of her pure heart, and if you do not wish her to wear this ring, put it on your watch chain as a memento of to-day. It is supposed to bring luck; but that does not matter, for you have already the best luck of all—the love of the dearest little girl in the wide world."

At the wedding, which took place without let or hindrance at the appointed hour, there was one guest missing. That guest was Philip Kingdon. He had gone up to town by an early train, having first sent a note to his cousin Susie.

After the wedding, Armitage took the hand of his little wife, and slipped the lucky ring on her small finger.

"You must always wear it," he said, "for the sake of the best fellow on earth."

While Women Do the Work the Men Sit Around All Day.

It is hard to go to any part of the world these days without finding women employed in many lines of work. Even in civilised lands their occupations include cleaning streets and working in mines.

Unwomany as these tasks are, it is nothing to what women endure among uncivilised people. Here they are held as property, forced to do all the work while their husbands and masters devote themselves to making elaborate toilets and passing much of the time in pleasant idleness.

CATTLE WORTH MORE THAN WIVES

The Hottentots think themselves exceedingly clever. They put their women to work, and they take life easy. The favourite way of punishing wives is to add to their labours. If a white complains of this the men say: "When we give our women plenty of work we are sure to keep them out of mischief."

Most of the lower African tribes believe women are good drudges and nothing more. The Kafirs consider their cattle better property than their wives. They watch the kraal, where the cattle are kept, and their women work in the fields, draw the water, and carry the heavy loads. When they go to market the women carry the produce on their heads. Their lords walk behind with a stick, ready to use it on the slightest provocation.

It is not unusual to hear these men say: "My wives are my oxen. I buy them, therefore they must labour."

The women practice the strictest economy so their husbands can buy second wives.

In Tibeste the women are cast aside if they do not work hard enough to please their husbands. The men go off on raids and hunts which last for months. The women take care of the cabins, children, chamois, and goats. They buy and sell and go into the interior. To chew tobacco is their chief recreation.

DO THE FIGHTING IN SENEGAL.

Among the Bobo, in the north-east of Senegal, besides working in the fields and caring for the children, the women make the implements of war. It is common for husbands to send them to do the fighting.

The Monbutti men, in the Ubangi, hold it a disgrace to do any of the work. Every bit of the agricultural work is done by the women. When they migrate, their wives become beasts of burden.

In travelling, the Alipones of Brazil load their women down with everything that is heavy. Among some of the tribes, where it is necessary to fell the trees, this enjoyment is given to women.

In Java the women alone attend the markets, and conduct all the business of buying and selling.

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THE VOICE IN THE DARK

By KIT DEALTLEY

A tale of a mysterious castaway who walked through the shadows into light

CHAPTER V.

THE SUMMONS.

NORA continued to watch the newspapers, and always with unmistakable fear. And Mrs. Sanderson continued to watch Nora.

One morning she saw the girl give a violent start as something in the paper caught her attention.

For several minutes Nora stared at that something blankly. Then she looked up. The paper fluttered to the floor. "Mrs. Sanderson," she said, rising, "I wonder if—you could spare me this morning?"

"Anything particular you want to do?" "Yes. I want to go over to the city." Her face grew crimson as she spoke, and it was with evident difficulty that she met the elder woman's glance.

"I am going over myself," at length said Mrs. Sanderson. "We can go together."

"I shall have to leave you when we get across," said Nora hurriedly. "That is, for an hour or so. Would you mind, very much?"

"Not if you promise you will come back."

"Yes, yes. I promise that."

"I can trust you, Nora?"

"I give you my word I will come back."

Mrs. Sanderson was satisfied. She knew the inherent loyalty of her protegee's nature, and she was convinced that nothing would make Nora break her word.

"Very well," she said. "I will let you go."

At the Subway, at South Ferry, the two women parted. Nora fitted away to the Elevated Railway, and for a minute Mrs. Sanderson stood by the Subway entrance looking after the slim figure in its simple black gown until it disappeared.

"Where can she be going?" she wondered.

Full of curiosity she purchased a second copy of the paper and read it carefully as she journeyed in the express to the Grand Central Station, on her way to an up-town store.

"An idea flashed across her."

She turned to the personal column and ran her eyes down it. Then her heart gave a bound, for here undoubtedly was the summons which had taken Nora away so abruptly.

"Nora May Heller!—If this should meet the eye of Nora May Heller, R. H. is anxious to see her at once, and will wait at the corner of 42d St. and Sixth Ave. at noon every day—for her."

"Nora May Heller! So this was her full name. And who was 'R. H.'?"

"H. stood for Heller. Was 'R. H.' her brother, father—or lover? Or might it be a woman?"

Mrs. Sanderson literally ached with the desire to know.

"Shall I go to Forty-Second Street and see for myself?" she asked mentally.

Would she be doing anything ignoble in following Nora? Had she not as much right as any other pedestrian to witness this meeting?

Her thoughts flew to the dark room and the owner of the voice, and the answer came quickly.

Yes, she had the right—the right to watch over Nora, if only to see that she came to no harm. Nora's safety meant so much to the home over in Staten Island—too much to risk losing her.

Her mind worked swiftly. Nora had gone by the "L." Mrs. Sanderson, however, would reach Forty-Second-street as soon, if not sooner, by the Subway express.

Alighting at the Grand Central, she hurried into a hansom and drove to Forty-Second-street and Sixth Avenue, telling the driver to pull up a few paces beyond the entrance to the "L."

She sat back, hiding herself guiltily. The part of detective was not a sympathetic one, but there was solace in the reflection that it had not been undertaken with any mean motive.

She believed Nora to be the victim of circumstances and of troubles not of her own making. She was fond of the girl, and she meant to stand by her to the end.

As she had surmised, she arrived before Nora.

It was five minutes before she caught sight of the slender black-clad figure emerge from the station. Then she crouched back in the cab and watched, her heart beating fast with expectation and suspense.

Nora was deathly pale. She cast about her the frightened look of a lost child seeking some one.

Suddenly a light sprang into her eyes, and she walked rapidly forward to meet—a man.

Mrs. Sanderson leaned a little to the front of the cab, shading her face with her muff.

The two stood for a minute, clasping hands and looking deeply into each other's eyes.

Mrs. Sanderson studied the man intently.

He was a tall, thin man, with gray hair, a moustache, and sharply cut features. He looked ill. His eyes were lustreless, and there were deep hollows beneath them. His age might have been anything between forty and fifty. His clothes were of the provincial tailor class.

Relief shot through the watching woman. This was no lover, but more likely a relative—perhaps Nora's father.

They were talking in low, earnest tones. The man seemed to be pleading, arguing. The girl shook her head repeatedly, as though denying him what he asked.

Presently they turned and walked down Sixth Avenue, and Mrs. Sanderson ordered the driver to follow at a safe distance.

When, however, the two disappeared into a restaurant she felt she had learned all she could for the time being, and proceeded with her shopping mission.

Nora had promised to return with her by the half-past two o'clock ferry if she possibly could.

It was with the utmost impatience, therefore, that she awaited that hour.

To her surprise and relief, Nora was there awaiting her.

She scanned the girl's face searchingly, and noted traces of tears on it. There was also a hopeless, forlorn look in her eyes that aroused every pulse of pity within her.

She waited for Nora's confidence in vain. Not a word of that meeting in Forty-second-street came from the girl. Never had she been more reticent. Never

had Mrs. Sanderson felt more inquisitive.

One thing only did Nora say. It was that if Mrs. Sanderson could spare her she would like to go across again on the following day.

"You may trust me," she said. "I will come back—just as I have to-day."

Mrs. Sanderson had no choice but to assent. She had no right to imprison the girl, but, all the same, she dreaded letting her out of her sight.

That night Nora went into the dark room to fulfil her duties at the piano with a shrinking heart. The events of the day had not tended to inspire her. She felt far more like weeping than singing.

And though she strove valiantly, her mood was only too apparent in playing and singing alike.

"You are unhappy to-night," said the voice.

"How can you tell?" asked Nora.

"I can always tell how you feel," replied the voice. "I know you so well now, Nora—far, far better than I could ever know you if I had seen you."

"Oh, no—you are wrong. You do not know me!" cried the girl.

She spoke as she played, and the music, her own creation, seemed to catch the hopeless inflexion of her voice.

"Yes, I do know you. I understand you," said the voice. "To-night your heart is aching. Isn't that true?"

A stifled sob was her only answer.

"You don't speak," went on the voice. "That is, not with your lips. But your music speaks. And it tells me—everything."

"Not everything," said the girl.

"Thank God, not everything!"

"Nora, who was that man you went to meet to-day?" asked the voice after a while.

"A cold thrill swept through her, but she tried to go on playing and to answer naturally.

"Are you sure that it was a man I went to meet?"

"Quite sure."

"You seem to know a great deal about me."

"I do."

Nora plunged into the "Moonlight Sonata."

"Won't you tell me, Nora?"

"Tell you what?"

"Who the man was."

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I do."

"That's no answer. At least, no very important reason."

"The most important of all," argued the voice. "I want to know."

"I can't tell you; that is, not to-night."

"When will you tell me?"

"I cannot say. Perhaps to-morrow," said Nora.

A pause. Then:

"Are you going to see him again to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered Nora.

Another pause. The glorious melody wailed through the darkness. It was sorrow incarnate, tears embedded in music, expression of pathos such as Beethoven alone knew how to achieve.

When it died away Nora heard the voice again.

"You will come back?" it said.

"Yes, I will come back," she answered.

Nora fled from the room as soon as she could. The quiet friendship in the voice was exquisite pain to her. She felt that if she were to remain and listen to it longer she must scream out.

She locked herself in her room and paced the floor quickly.

"What shall I do!" she cried in anguish. "What shall I do! This can't go on. If I stay here I must speak, and then—"

But the consequences of confession were not such as she dared contemplate.

Her thoughts this night were of the kind that sends people out. She could not close her eyes in sleep. Once she rose from her bed to pull back the curtains and stare wildly out at the sea.

A bright moon was shining. Ships coming into the harbour glided along like spectres in the silvery light.

But to her distorted gaze there was nothing silvery or white. Everything was red—with the red of human blood.

She turned into the room and let the curtains fall. Then she fell face downward on the bed.

"Oh, God!" she cried out. "If only the sea could give back its dead!"

On the morrow she went, heavy-eyed and pale-faced, to the trust again, and Mrs. Sanderson waited at home anxiously for her return.

She was faithful to her promise, and for a few days talked no more of going across to Manhattan.

Nevertheless, she appeared to be awaiting a summons, and this time, not through the newspapers, but by mail, for she would watch for the mail-carrier from hour to hour.

The compact of silence was broken at last by Mrs. Sanderson.

"Nora," she said one day, "you have been with me now over three months, and I have tried to win your confidence by a complete trust on my part. I believe I have given you every proof of affection. Surely you ought to feel by this time that I am really your friend?"

"You are the only friend I have in the world," said Nora.

"No; for you have another. But we will not speak of him. What I want is that you should tell me your trouble and let me help you."

The old shamed look leaped into the girl's eyes.

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"I can't," she said. "God knows I would if I could!"

For a minute Mrs. Sanderson almost lost patience. It was by sheer effort that she stayed the irritable words that rose to her lips.

"Shall I never get any nearer to her?" she wondered despairingly.

That day Mrs. Sanderson crossed to the city in order to obtain new domestic help for her household. Her parlour-maid was leaving to be married, and it was necessary to replace her.

Nora remained at home, engaged in some needlework for her friend.

Two hours later, when Mrs. Sanderson returned, Nora was nowhere to be found in the house.

She searched every room for her, throbbing with anxiety; then hastening out, sought her in the garden.

As she neared the foot of the grounds, which sloped seaward, she heard voices. Someone was talking in the little arbor, a fact in itself noteworthy, since the arbor was rarely used except in summer. A clump of evergreen bushes hid the speakers from her view. She paused and listened, struck by the knowledge that one of the voices was Nora's.

For the first time in her life, Mrs. Sanderson stooped to play the eaves-dropper.

She strained her ears for every word. It was Nora's voice she heard first.

"You must go away," the girl was saying. "You mustn't be seen here. Oh, it was madness to come!"

A man answered. "Perhaps it was. But sometimes I think I am mad, Nora, and this separation from you is a proposition I can't face."

"But you must—you must!" said the girl.

"Why must I?"

"Because—oh, you know I could never bear to go back. I would rather die!"

A little silence followed, and Mrs. Sanderson waited with every nerve tense. Who was this man who could not face life without Nora? What was he that she should choose death rather than return to him?

The man broke the silence. "Nora," he said, "suppose I gave it all up. Would that make any difference?"

Nora answered swiftly. "What do you mean?"

"Could you put the past from you—forget it absolutely—and come away with me to some other country?"

"Would you give it up?" Nora asked.

"I think I would—if it would give you back to me, Nora."

"Father!"

Mrs. Sanderson started as the cry reached her. So the man was Nora's father. Surprise, then relief, shot through her.

"Thank Heaven, he isn't her lover!" she thought. Then she listened again. "Life hasn't been worth living to me since you left me," the man continued. "You've been my all since your mother died, and without you what have I got to live for? Nothing! Nothing!"

"And for me you'd give up all—that?"

"Yes, I'd even play the traitor to get you back."

"What would it mean? That we should leave the country and go to some place where they could never find you?"

"Yes, I would discover some safe place."

"And the money—"

"You know I have all the money we should need for the rest of our days."

"But I would never consent to use that money," said Nora quickly. "I would only come on condition that we started afresh. You're not too old to work, father—"

"We needn't discuss that now," interrupted the man. "Tell me you'll come away with me as soon as I can arrange it. The rest can be talked over later."

"Yes, I'll come," said Nora. "I'll come when you are ready for me."

Mrs. Sanderson's face paled. The temptation to dash through the bushes and implore Nora to retract her words was overwhelming. To escape it, she walked rapidly back to the house.

She was shaking from head to foot. Her eyes dilated with the fears that filled her.

Desmond—what would Desmond do? She asked herself the question again and again, her hands clasped together convulsively, as she walked up and down the room.

It was not long ere Nora herself returned to the house.

She tried to evade Mrs. Sanderson's eyes and gain the shelter of her bed-

room. But the elder woman stayed her. Placing a hand on her arm, she drew her out into the hall.

"Nora," she said, in husky emotional tones, "I have something to say to you."

Nora's tear-stained face crimsoned, then grew pale. Mrs. Sanderson went on.

"I have a confession to make," she said. "When I came home, a little time ago, I could not find you. I looked for you in the garden, and I heard you speaking to someone in the arbor. Well, I listened."

A look of terror gleamed in Nora's eyes.

"You listened!" she gasped.

"Yes. It wasn't a very nice thing to do, I admit. But it was not all curiosity on my part, Nora—believe me."

The girl, however, seemed paralysed with fear.

"How much did you hear?" she asked in the same dry voice.

"Only that your father wished you to go away with him and that you promised to do so," Mrs. Sanderson replied. The colour stole back to Nora's cheeks.

A penetrating look at Mrs. Sanderson had convinced her that her secret was still safe.

"Thank God you heard no more," she said beneath her breath.

"I wish I had," candidly declared the elder woman. "I might be able, then, to prove what a true friend I am to you, Nora. As it is—well, what is the use of talking? And now, after all I've said and all you've promised, you are going away."

"It is my duty," said Nora, her eyes swimming in tears.

"And what do you think your going will mean to my son?"

"Your son!" Nora looked at her quickly.

"Yes—my boy, whose life you have cheered by your music these past three months," said Mrs. Sanderson. "Did you never guess that he was my son?"

"I have thought it possible," admitted the girl.

"He is all I have in the world," said Mrs. Sanderson passionately. "Do you remember me speaking of him once?"

"Yes—I remember."

"You asked me a curious question that day," continued the woman. "Do you remember that, too?"

Nora bent her head.

At that moment the door opened and a man entered. Both looked round at him.

"Oh—Bashi," said Mrs. Sanderson, "I'll come to you presently."

He bowed, smiled, and backed out, closing the door. Mrs. Sanderson turned again to Nora, but the question she was about to repeat died on her lips.

The girl was staring wildly at her. She was ghastly pale, and was trembling like one with ague.

"Who was that?" she asked. The words literally shot from her.

Mrs. Sanderson answered slowly, regarding the girl with a perplexed frown.

"It was Bashi, the Jap I brought back from town," she said. "At the last moment I decided to engage a Japanese servant to take Mary's place."

There was a pause. Then Nora laughed hysterically, and it seemed to Mrs. Sanderson, wholly irrelevantly.

"Oh—I see!" the girl stammered.

Mrs. Sanderson felt chilled to the bone.

The look in Nora's eyes made her afraid.

Why should the sight of Bashi have produced such emotion in the girl? What was there in the simple Japanese boy that could produce in her this exaggerated alarm?

"I ought never to have brought her here," she reflected uselessly. "God alone knows what she is! And as for her father, he may be one of the biggest criminals existing!"

Then came other thoughts.

Perhaps, after all, it might be best that Nora should go.

"Anyway, I shall take no further steps to prevent it," she decided finally.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARNING.

Mrs. Sanderson made the decision on the spur of the moment. Nora might stay or she might go. She would offer no argument one way or the other.

As a matter of fact, she had awakened to the conclusion that Nora's secret constituted her a source of danger to the house. The girl alone was one

thing; her mysterious father prowling around the grounds was another.

She was still fond of the girl, but she had grown tired of Nora's reticence, which she felt to be entirely unjustifiable under the circumstances.

Bashi, the new servant, appeared to be a continual terror to Nora. To his mistress he seemed all that was desirable as a domestic help, but to the girl he was something very different.

She shrank perceptibly every time he entered the room. If she could avoid it she would take nothing from his hands.

If Bashi noticed her aversion for him he did not allow it to affect him. He was always smiling, obedient, respectful.

Two days went by.

Mrs. Sanderson's intercourse with the girl she had so loyally befriended had lost the spontaneity which it had possessed in the beginning. Conversation had grown stilted, and Nora knew that the old state of affairs was ended.

She was very miserable. She had learned to care deeply for Mrs. Sanderson, and the realisation of her own apparent ingratitude was pain unspoken. She was miserable, too, because she was soon to leave the house which had sheltered her so generously, and the dark room which had come to be part of her being.

Her music spoke for her. She would commence desperately with some well-known lighter tune, only to drift involuntarily into the improvisations which came from her overburdened soul. Then she would pull herself up

The voice sighed.

sharply and force her fingers back to the ear-catching tunes.

"Why did you do that?" once asked the voice of her.

"I thought you might prefer it," she replied.

"I don't," said the voice. "I like you to play your own music—always."

"Why?" she asked, returning to her improvising.

"Because it is the only real speech I have from you," was the answer. "You never speak to me of yourself. If I were to ask you anything you would temporise. But your music cannot be false. It is you—you yourself."

Nora's heart beat fast as she went on playing.

"Why are you never happy?" questioned the voice. "You are young and beautiful. Will you never again know what the joys of youth and beauty are?"

"I believe I never shall," she said, with a catch in her throat.

"What have they done to you?" it asked sadly. "Who is it that has taken your rightful gifts from you?"

Nora did not answer.

"Yet, if I could change places with you," continued the voice, "I would gladly do it."

"Oh, no, no, you wouldn't!" cried the girl, shuddering.

"Yes, I would. For, whatever clout there is on your life, you are not doomed to be without God's sunshine, as I am!" said the voice bitterly. "Nora, it's so dark in here—always so dark!"

"Not so dark as the darkness in my heart," said Nora.

"You don't know what it is to be denied the light of day," argued the voice. "It's the next thing to death."

"If I weren't afraid to die," returned Nora, "I'd choose death rather than live as things are."

"You talk like one who has guilt on her soul," said the voice. "But I can't believe that you have ever sinned, Nora."

"Why can't you? You and your mother have every reason to believe the worst of me."

"Still, I can't think that you could do wrong. Tell me you haven't, Nora."

"I have and I haven't," she replied vaguely. "There are times when I believe that I have sinned terribly. At others, I feel I am innocent. Oh, I don't know what I am! Would to God I did!"

"Go on playing," said the voice abruptly.

She recommenced, and for a time there was no sound in the room but the beautiful harmonies that echoed the thoughts in her brain.

"Nora," presently said the voice.

She started—for she had lost herself in her music.

"Yes," she replied.

"Don't you feel curious about me?"

"I can't deny that I do," she said.

"Have you ever imagined anything? I mean have you formed any theories about this room?" asked the voice.

"Yes," she admitted. "I have."

"What are they?"

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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 dose thus gradually becomes independent in completely curing the complaints named.

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.

"Of course, I know who you are now," she said. "I found that out two days ago. You are Mrs. Sanderson's son."

"Well? Why am I imprisoned here in the dark?"

"I suppose it is because of some physical condition—" began the girl. Then she stopped confusedly.

"Go on," demanded the voice. "I want to know what you think."

"I have thought that there might be something the matter with your eyes," she said in a low tone.

"You were not far wrong," said the voice. "What else have you guessed?"

"Nothing else."

"Would you like to hear my story?"

"It wouldn't be fair that I should know your story when you can't know mine."

"There seems to be a reason why I should not know yours. There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't know mine. I'm going to tell it to you, so that you shall understand exactly what your playing has been to me. Go on playing now, little friend."

Nora's fingers trembled as they glided softly over the keys, and she listened for every syllable that fell from the man's lips.

"Nora," he voice proceeded, "I am blind."

"Blind!" The word repeated itself on her lips with unutterable pity.

"Yes. I haven't known what it is to see daylight for a whole year. Yet 12 months ago I was at college, a careless-hearted boy, finishing my schooling without a shadow on my life."

"If only I could tell you how sorry I am!" said Nora weakly. Then she added in haste: "But you will recover your sight?"

"I don't know. Many doctors say I cannot," answered the voice; "but one—a famous oculist from Germany who saw me six months ago—says there is a hope."

"Oh, there must be!" cried Nora. "It would be too terrible if you could never see again!"

"I am always hoping," said the voice. "Before you came, though, it was not so easy to hope. When it first happened, I did not care whether I lived or died. I

suffered so greatly. For I lost, not only my sight, but my best friend."

"Your best friend?"

"Yes. He and I quarrelled over a mere trifle one day when we were in the laboratory doing some experiments. He had a violent temper, and it got beyond his control, and in his rage he took up a bottle of acid we were using and threw it in my face. It broke across my forehead, and the acid rolled down into my eyes."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Nora, shutting her own eyes to the picture he had conjured forth.

"I fell instantly—the pain was like nothing I could ever describe. When I came to my senses I was in a bed, but I could see nothing. A woman spoke to me. She told me I was in a hospital, and that she was my nurse. I asked her why it was all dark. She did not tell me the truth, but drew my hand to my face, so that I might feel the bandage across my eyes."

"How long was it before you knew that—that you were blind?" asked the girl.

"Some weeks. My mother was beside me as often as the rules of the hospital permitted, and when I was well enough she took me away."

"And the man who had done this awful thing to you—what became of him?"

"He had to leave college. He came to bid me good-bye and to beg my forgiveness. He went to Europe. He has ruined his own life, poor fellow, for he will never forget! I think of him often, Nora. I pity him with all my heart!"

"If I had done a thing like that," said Nora, "I believe I would have killed myself!"

"That would have done no good to anyone," said the voice.

"Did you come straight here when you left the hospital?" she asked.

"Yes. My mother gave up her house in New York City and bought this place so that I might live in retirement. My friend and I have a great many acquaintances in common, and I did not want them to know what had happened. It would have made things harder for him, poor fellow, and it couldn't do me any good to have people talking about

it. So I gave out that I had gone away, and no one guessed the truth. You see, Nora, this makes it possible for him to come back some day, and that's what I want."

"How you must love that man!" said Nora. "There are not many who would act as you did."

"Then, you must remember, I believed I was hopelessly blind," continued the voice. "It was not for some weeks that I was given hope. A great German doctor came to New York a month after we moved in here, and my mother brought him to see me, and it was he who promised that I might recover my sight if I carried out his directions faithfully."

"And that is what you have been doing."

"Yes. I resigned myself to live in absolute darkness until he should come again to New York to perform an operation on my eyes. That is why I am in these rooms, Nora. I sleep in the inner one, and when I am in here my bedroom is left open to light and air. But no light is allowed to come near me. One ray permitted to flash across my eyes and I should never see again. That is what the doctor told me."

"When is the doctor coming again?"

"At the beginning of next year—in about six weeks, I think."

"Oh, how you must be longing for his coming!"

"Yes," said the voice earnestly, "indeed I am! And I have hopes—great, great hopes!"

Nora's eyes filled with tears.

"I understand everything now," she said.

"I have to thank you for so much," resumed the voice.

"It is your playing that has helped me to bear everything with a patient spirit. I was always fond of music, and when, in the beginning, I was banished into this darkness my dear mother engaged one after another to play to me. But each one only irritated me. Nobody seemed to be able to play in the dark."

"The slightest fault is magnified in darkness, and my ears were sensitive. At length I begged my mother to try no more. The true musician was not to be

found who would live at Staten House to play at a blind man's will.

"I used to play myself, but my own playing was inadequate, and failed to give me the oblivion I sought. When I grew better in health I induced my mother to go away on a sea trip for her health, which had broken down through the strain of nursing me."

"She went to San Francisco to relatives, and on the return voyage she met you and heard you play. It was the kind of playing that I had been looking for—that I had given up seeking. You seemed like an answer to her prayer. You were friendless. You wanted a home—some interest in life. She asked you to come, and—you came."

"Why did she not tell me about you?" asked Nora.

"At first because she feared you might be self-conscious and nervous," answered the voice. "Her one idea was to bring you into an apparently empty dark room to play. She wanted you to play as you played that night on the boat. That was everything to me."

"Well, after I had heard your music I dreaded losing it, and I dared not utter a word, lest you might be frightened and go away."

"When I first sang to you my mother suggested telling you everything. But I would not let her. The novelty of the situation entertained me. It gave me food for thought."

"I found diversion in talking to you, knowing how ignorant you were about me. When you were not in here I used to get my mother to speak of you. I knew all you did, how you looked, where you went."

"When my mother told me you had decided to leave us, that time, I realised exactly what you and your playing meant to me. Nora, little friend, if you had gone you would have taken the only light I had in my life, apart from my dear mother's love. And so you can understand how grateful I was and am that you stayed."

Something like a sob came from the direction of the piano.

"Nora," said the voice, "are you crying?"

PEARS

SOAPMAKERS

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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.

"No," was the muffled answer, which should have been "yes."

"But you are," said the voice. "And why?"

Silence.

Nora was at a loss for a reply. It was clear that Mrs. Sanderson had not told her son of the projected departure—possibly had meant to spare him till the last moment.

A sense of helplessness came over the girl. The pitiful story she had just heard had ignited every spark of sympathy in her. It had put before her so humanly this poor man's need for what she had given and could still give him.

She knew well enough how difficult it would be for Mrs. Sanderson to replace her in that dark room—indeed, how impossible, now that he had grown accustomed to her particular playing.

A great pain filled her heart.

How could she fulfil her duty to her father without forsaking—the voice?

"Nora, why don't you say something?" it asked.

"I was thinking."

"Of what?"

"Nothing in particular—everything."

The voice laughed softly.

"Nothing—everything!" it repeated.

"Then, I come into it, anyway, for I am embodied in everything. Are you sorry for me?"

"Yes—oh, yes!"

"And you are glad you didn't go?"

"I—oh—please don't ask me."

Nora sought refuge in the piano, and what she played was as wild as an Hungarian dance. Her nerves were going beyond her control. She wondered how much longer it would be ere the sign for dismissal would come.

The strain in the dark room was almost unendurable that day, and when at last she was free to leave the piano she fled like a hunted hare, leaving Mrs. Sanderson with her son.

The necessity for air drew her into the garden. She walked down the drive breathing heavily.

For a few minutes she stood at the gates, looking out, her eyes dwelling on the sea blankly.

It was very cold. Snow had fallen in the night, and it had frozen on the ground. The sky was blue now, however, and the sun was shining. It was a day typical of a New York winter—bright, brisk, dry.

Nora looked up from sea to sun and thought of the man in the dark room.

"He is right!" she thought. "To be denied the sun must be death in life. To be blind—and so young—"

She started, and stared down the road suddenly at the rapidly approaching figure of a man.

Taking a swift step toward him, she said hoarsely:

"Why have you come?"

"To warn you," the man replied, without greeting.

"To warn me!"

Nora's gaze travelled over his pallid face and gleaming eyes.

"Father," she whispered, "something has happened. What is it?"

The man looked about him before answering.

"Their suspicions were aroused by my coming to New York," he said, "and they have had me watched."

"Watched!"

"Yes. I found it out last night. I was followed everywhere I went."

"Then you have been followed here," said the girl, looking fearfully past him along the road.

"No. I think I gave them the slip. I didn't see any one on the boat."

"There's no one in sight," said the girl. "Well, go on."

"We shall have to be careful," continued the man. "I needn't tell you that they stop at nothing. If they become convinced that I mean to leave them they will probably take my life."

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Nora, in anguish.

"They would do it to seal my lips," said the other. "But that's not why I came over. It's on your account. You are no safer than I. In fact, you are less safe, and I came to beg you to be cautious—to take no risks."

Nora shuddered.

"I'll be careful," she said.

"You must not go out alone, day or night, for the present. And Nora—where do you sleep?"

She pointed up at the house.

"On the second floor."

"Well, keep your window locked, anyway," said the man.

"There's a Jap in the house now," said Nora, with another shiver.

"A Jap! When did he come?"

"Two days ago. Mrs. Sanderson brought him over from town to help."

The man's brows met in a frown.

"I suppose he's all right," he said reflectively. "Still, watch him. One can never tell."

She clasped her hands together agitatedly.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "What a hideous position to be in! To be afraid of one's very life—to go on from hour to hour wondering what awful thing is going to happen next!"

"My poor girl!" said the man huskily. "And I have brought all this on you! But it's too late to talk now. It's all done, and nothing can undo it."

"That's the most terrible part of it," said the girl, her eyes turning once more to the sea. "Nothing can give those poor men back their lives, and they're all on our souls—all of them!"

"Not on yours, Nora. No. There is no one in the world who can blame you."

"I blame myself. I—I ought to have spoken when I found out—the truth."

"You think that? You believe you ought to have given me up to justice?"

The man's voice was quiet and sad. Nora moved from him with a sob.

"That was why I kept silent," she said brokenly.

The sound of an opening window made her pull herself together.

"I must go back," she whispered.

"And you'll be careful?"

"Yes, yes, I will."

She began to walk quickly away, but before she had gone half a dozen steps she looked back.

"Father," she said, "you will let me know when—when I am to come to you?"

He nodded without speaking. In another minute he was standing in the road alone.

He watched her till she vanished from view. There was an unutterable sadness on his face.

"She was glad to get away," he told himself bitterly. "She's happy and cared for up there. And she dreads coming back to me. Well, I've nothing and nobody but myself to blame. Curse me! Curse me!"

He set his teeth as he turned and retraced his way to St. George.

At the ferry depot he bought an evening paper.

The front page was heavily outlined in four sensational headings—

WAR-SHIP CATASTROPHE.

Total Loss of the U.S. Cruiser Hildegarde.

ALL HANDS DROWNED.

Bodies Washed Ashore on San Diego Coast.

Nora's father nodded once or twice as he read.

"So they're at it still!" he muttered. "But they don't know how to keep their dead at the bottom of the ocean, and, by God! I'll never tell them."

And, like Nora, he turned cold as he looked at the sea.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAND IN THE DARK.

Mrs. Sanderson threw a suspicious glance at Nora as she entered the house. It cut right through the girl.

"My father came over to bring me a message," she stammered from pure necessity.

The elder woman's mouth hardened.

"It seems a pity that your father cannot come up to the door like any other person," she coldly remarked.

Nora looked down, flushing conscientiously.

"Why can't he?" asked Mrs. Sanderson. "I do not recollect having denied you the right of visitors."

"You've never denied me anything," replied the girl.

Mrs. Sanderson turned from her impatiently.

"If's no use," she said. "Nothing that I can say or do will make you candid with me."

And with this she went off abruptly, leaving Nora alone.

"Oh, how hateful I must seem to her!" cried the girl. "And how hateful I am to myself!"

Life was becoming less endurable every hour. Her father's warning hung over her like the sword of Damocles. She knew that the words had not been merely the outcome of a guilty conscience. She knew, moreover, that her enemies were of the calibre that stooped

at nothing to fulfil an end, however vile.

Throughout that day she was in a constant state of nervousness.

Every little sound made her start fearfully. Each time Bashi came into the room she turned white. Her hand shook as she ate her meals.

Mrs. Sanderson watched her narrowly.

She drew attention to the latest news—the loss of the cruiser Hildegarde—and noted the widening horror in Nora's eyes as she read it to her.

From this and recent events of a similar kind Mrs. Sanderson drew certain deductions.

Although she could not fathom why or how, she was convinced that these repeated naval catastrophes were affecting Nora personally, and in no minor degree. But no suspicion of the truth struck her—a fact which did not surprise her when, not many hours later, it was laid bare!

After dinner Mrs. Sanderson went to her son, and Nora remained alone in the library.

Taking out a book, she began to read it, in the hope that it might, even for a few minutes, distract her from the thoughts and fears that oppressed her.

The words, however, danced before her eyes, and soon she replaced the novel in its case.

The loneliness of the room began to work on her nerves. She wondered when Mrs. Sanderson would return to her, and whether she would be required to play in the dark room that night.

Not half an hour had gone since her benefactress had joined her son, yet to Nora it seemed hours.

She walked up and down restlessly.

Once the door was pushed open, and the head of Bashi appeared round the corner. The movement was quiet, and to Nora, stealthy.

Her dry lips opened.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Mis' San'son," replied the Jap, with his usual broad, good-natured smile. "She not here, eh?"

"No, she's up stairs. Shall I call her?"

"No matter, mis'. I wait. I come back."

Smiling and bowing, he disappeared, and the door was noiselessly closed after him.

Nora breathed fast as she resumed her march.

Presently he reappeared.

"Mis' San'son—she not here yet, eh?" he inquired.

"No; you'd better tell me what you want." Nora exerted herself to say.

"Mrs. Sanderson may be gone some time."

"Alla light, mis'. I wait," repeated Bashi, and once more vanished.

Irritation mingled with Nora's nervousness.

What did Bashi want? Why would he not tell her?

There was nothing really mysterious in the Jap's conduct, yet to Nora it was full of meaning. Imagination conjured up one horrible thing after another in her distorted brain.

Her fears increased as the half-hour lengthened into an hour.

How much longer would Mrs. Sanderson remain up-stairs?

She stood in the centre of the room, listening for the sound of her footsteps, but they were not to be heard. The house was silent. It was a still and frosty night, and everything within and without the house seemed more than usually quiet.

But as she stood there a noise—at first faint, then more distinct—defined itself.

She trembled violently, and turned icy cold. It seemed to her that something—someone—was outside the window.

At any other time she would not have heeded the noise. To-night, within a few hours of her father's warning, it held for her possibilities of a sinister kind.

She listened, standing like a marble image—and as white.

It came again—a sound as of a hand fumbling on the window-panes.

Suddenly Nora rushed across the room and sent the blind up with a jerk.

Just then the library door opened, and she turned to meet Bashi's smile.

"Mis', you call Mis' San'son?" he questioned amiably.

An answer gurgled in Nora's throat. "No!"

"You call, mis'" again said Bashi, this time as a request.

"Why, what do you want?"

"I tell her something. The dining-room window—it open," he replied.

"The dining-room window open," said Nora. "Well, what of that, Bashi?"

"I don't know," said the boy. "I go in the room jus' now. I put the silver in the drawer. I feel cold. I pull the blind, and see window open. I no open it. You come see, mis'."

He led the way, and Nora followed.

In the dining-room, Bashi pursued the point.

"See, mis'? You tell Mis' San'son not Bashi's fault, eh?"

Mrs. Sanderson's voice was now heard calling.

Nora hurried out to find her at the foot of the stairs.

"Will you go up to Desmond?" said the woman.

Nora nodded and passed on her way. Mrs. Sanderson went into the library.

Bashi was left staring perplexedly at the open window, which seemed to prey on his mind.

He was just about to close it, when He was just about to close it, when a figure emerged from behind the curtains of the adjoining window. Bashi turned. A cry rose to his lips, which was instantly checked at an imperative sign from the intruder—a short, evil-looking Japanese.

A few sentences in their own tongue passed rapidly between the two men. Then, with a stealthy movement, as of a cat stalking its prey, the newcomer glided out of the room and up the stairs.

At the door of the room from which the music was issuing the figure paused, then slipped behind the heavy curtain which was hung outside.

For a few seconds he tarried, searching for the handle. Finding it, he silently pushed the door a few inches ajar and peered into the darkness, to assure himself that the player was alone.

In another moment he was between the door and the inner curtain, and the door was closed behind him.

Nora had gone gladly into the darkness. It had seemed to her like going out of a storm into a summer calm. The very darkness soothed her racked nerves.

Wild, desolate melodies, that were the expression of a breaking heart—chords harmonically incorrect, yet poignant with suffering—Nora played on, forgetting fear, remembering nothing but sorrow.

And while she was playing a picture rose before her.

She saw into the future—herself, forlorn and hopeless, a creature shadowed by the cloud of a great crime, shut out from the light of life almost as completely as the man in this dark room.

She saw her father drifting slowly toward the grave—a sinner whose past would be ever present, whose sins could never be wiped out on this earth. She thought of her dead mother, and a cry of anguish broke from her.

The very sound, involuntary as it had been, brought her abruptly to her senses, and she went on playing, desperately trying to banish her unhappy thoughts.

Slowly, gradually, other feelings and impressions began to assert themselves. All the warmth in her body seemed to be leaving it. Her hands grew icy cold as they struggled over the keys.

Something she knew not what had suddenly thrilled her with dread. The voice, to-night, was silent, yet never had she longed so much to hear it. She wanted to cry out and beseech it to speak, but the words froze on her tongue.

She went on playing, but now as a mere automaton. The intensity of the darkness was no longer soothing; it had become fearful. She wondered how long she could sit there and bear it.

A movement near her brought a cry through her dry lips. She reached out both arms quickly.

The next instant two long, horrible, bony hands met like a vice around her throat.

"Desmond! Des—!"

Choking, cackling, the name fell on the blind man's ears.

He awoke as from a dream.

"What is it? What is it?" he said, starting to his feet.

Nothing but that awful ominous cackling answered him.

He stumbled over the room, groping about him. He reached the piano and put out his hands. Then he knew that there was some one with Nora, and that they were struggling.

Staggering over to the door with but one thought, he pulled back the curtains.

Everything was forgotten but the knowledge that the girl he loved was in peril.

"Help! Help!" he called out hoarsely.

The light in the passage streamed in upon him. It danced before his eyes. "My God! I can see! I can see!" he gasped.

He turned and looked wildly over the room. The picture defined itself with sufficient clearness to show him what was taking place.

He saw Nora grappling for her life with a man—a Japanese.

In an instant he was upon the man and Nora felt the murderous fingers on her throat suddenly relax.

For a second she knew nothing. Then a memory shot into her numbed brain.

"One ray of light. I see no more on earth."

Mrs. Sanderson heard the cries and came hurrying up.

One glance showed her Nora lying senseless across the doorway.

She looked beyond into the room. "The light!" she gasped. "My God! The room is light!"

She stepped over the girl's body and rushed into the room.

By the piano two men were engaged in a desperate struggle—her son and a Jap whom she had never seen before.

She clutched at the bell and rang it furiously.

As she did so she heard Desmond give a short cry, and the Jap fell, with a stifled curse, face downward.

The woman took a rapid step to her son. He was kneeling, staring before him. His face was gray, like the face of the dead.

She grasped his arm. "Desmond," she said hoarsely, "can you see?"

He shook his head slowly. "No," he answered. "I see nothing now—nothing."

Her presence of mind returned to her. She took a handkerchief from her pocket and bandaged his eyes feverishly, oblivious to everything but the danger to his sight.

"Oh, my son, my son!" she said. "God grant that no harm has been done to your poor eyes!"

He stumbled to his feet. A question came from him as he pointed downward. "Is he—dead?"

Mrs. Sanderson threw a glance at the Jap and shuddered.

"I don't know," she said. "He isn't moving."

"He tried to kill Nora," he said between his teeth.

"To kill Nora!" echoed the woman, looking from the inanimate Jap to the figure that was stretched across the door.

Way. "Yes. Where is she? Is she safe?"

Mrs. Sanderson took his arm, and felt him trembling.

"I'll see to her," she answered. "But you must sit down. You must think of yourself, Desmond—of yourself."

"Nora—Nora, where are you?" he called out as he suffered himself to be led to the couch.

Mrs. Sanderson threw another glance at the Jap, assured herself that he was still unconscious, then moved across to the girl and bent over her.

Desmond's old nurse came running along toward her. She looked up. "Send for the police," she called to them. "Get help—quickly! quickly!"

The nurse turned and ran swiftly.

Mrs. Sanderson unloosed Nora's dress, her thoughts working rapidly.

She remembered Nora's fear of the Japanese servant, and knew now that the girl must have been in daily fear of what had come to pass. It was the aftermath of Nora's past—and what had that past been?

She heard her son calling piteously. "Nora—Nora!"

"Oh, God!" she thought, as she strove to bring animation back to the unconscious girl, "how is all this going to end? Why did I ever bring this girl into his life?"

For in that hour she learned that Nora and her music had grown to be her blind son's very world—Nora May Heller, who had come from out of the sea.

And who and what was Nora May Heller?

Would this night tell?

Mrs. Sanderson prayed that it might.

Nora opened her eyes.

She was lying in her own bed. The gas was burning low. Mrs. Sanderson was bending over her.

"What has happened?" asked the girl faintly. Then, as memory slowly returned, a gleam of fear shot into her eyes. "Where is—that man?" she added.

"In the hands of the police," Mrs. Sanderson replied.

"Gone?" "Yes. They have taken him away." Nora gave a sigh of relief. "Thank Heaven!" she said. "How are you feeling now?" questioned Mrs. Sanderson.

The girl's hands went to her throat, on which was a dark-blue mark like a bruise.

"He nearly choked me," she said. "My son saved you," said the elder woman. "He has risked losing his sight forever by what he did to-night."

Nora looked at her dumbly. "One ray of light—one ray of light." The words haunted her, lashed her.

"But I don't mean to reproach you," continued the mother, reading the look. "I know you did not willingly place him or yourself in such a terrible position. Well, this must be the end of it. I just hate to say it, but—you cannot stay here any longer."

"I know! I know!" came from the girl in a sob.

"As soon as you are well enough, you must go."

"Let me go to-night—now!" Mrs. Sanderson shook her head.

"It's too late," she replied. "It is past twelve o'clock. But in the morning we will arrange something. Do not worry, Nora," she added in a kinder voice. "You shall not go unprovided for. You will find me still your friend, in spite of all."

Nora tried to speak, but failed. She was mute with misery. The events of the evening had taken all the vitality out of her.

In the early hours of the morning she arose, feeling weak and ill, but determined to leave Staten House that day.

She drew up her blind and looked out on the snow-clad scene.

She tried to recall everything that had taken place the night before.

Suddenly a black object lying against the snowy ground, about half-way down the garden, caught her eye. She looked at it intently, and became aware that the object was a man.

Something familiar in the grey head struck her. She dressed quickly and ran downstairs.

No one was about. It was too early for the domestics. Nora unlocked the garden door and sped out, every pulse in her body throbbing with anxiety.

The truth was quickly forced on her. It was the figure of her father, and he lay dead, with a horrible gash in his throat.

She sank down beside him, crying out: "Father—oh, father!"

CHAPTER VIII. THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BATTLE-SHIPS.

Twenty-four hours later a large crowd assembled for the inquest on the body of the man who had been found murdered in Mrs. Sanderson's grounds.

All Staten Island seemed to have turned out this day, for sensational events of the kind were, happily, rare in the usually peaceful borough of Richmond.

Exactly how sensational this particular case was no one dreamed until the inquest began.

There were four witnesses present. Mrs. Sanderson, Nora, Bashi, and the Jap who had been captured in Staten House.

The evidence of Desmond Sanderson had been taken in an affidavit, two eminent New York physicians having certified

that an exposure to daylight, even with bandaged eyes, would militate against the cure he was taking.

The coroner opened the proceedings by reading the affidavit, which was a detailed statement of the attempt on Nora's life, a circumstance deemed to have an important bearing on the case now before the jury.

As he read, all eyes were fixed upon the Jap, a repulsive-looking object standing between two officers. He was handcuffed, and his parched face was green rather than yellow.

Bashi was the first witness called. He came up with his never-ceasing smile.

He told the jury that his name was Leki Bashi, and that he had come to New York some years before to earn money as a servant; that Mrs. Sanderson had engaged him through an employment agency, and that he was now in her service at a wage of seven dollars a week.

He told how he had discovered the open window in the dining-room at Staten House, but stoutly denied that he had seen or heard anyone prowling about either before or after his discovery.

He answered every question easily. There was nothing suspicious in either look or word, and presently he was dismissed.

Mrs. Sanderson was next called. In trembling tones she told the story of her romantic meeting with Nora Heller, and of subsequent events connected with the girl's sojourn in her house.

Her evidence was listened to with breathless interest. It was like a chapter from one of the evening paper serials—only more absorbing, since the heroine was before them in flesh and blood.

And when at length Nora herself stepped forth in answer to her call a thrill ran through the crowd.

Every neck was craned to obtain a view of her. Artists began to sketch and journalists to describe her.

She was dressed in deep mourning, and a more forlorn and pathetic creature had not been seen in public for many a day. Yet it was easy to see behind the haggard lines something of her beauty, and the gold of her hair shone out against the sombre black of her hat.

As she stood up her eyes fell upon Mrs. Sanderson with a piteful, imploring look, as though invoking her sympathy.

The elder woman's heart melted. Her lips, which had not softened for days, now smiled, and as Nora saw the smile a wave of colour swept over her wan features.

It seemed to give her the courage she so sorely needed.

She drew herself up and faced the coroner unflinchingly.

Mrs. Sanderson leaned forward. A red spot glowed on either cheek. The knowledge that this cross-examination must reveal Nora's secret, at last, filled her with intense excitement.

The coroner began his questioning. "What is your name?"

"Nora May Heller."

"Are you the daughter of the deceased man?"

"I am," answered Nora faintly.

"Speak up," said the coroner. "Was this man your father?"

"Yes," said Nora, more loudly.

"I understand that you were the first to discover the body in the garden of Staten House. Is this so?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"How did you come to find it?"

"I saw it from my bedroom window at six o'clock in the morning. I thought it was my father, and I went out to make certain."

"Describe what you saw."

Nora did so, every word cutting her like a blunt knife.

"What did you do then?" asked the coroner.

"I went back to the house and told Mrs. Sanderson, and she sent for the police."

"When did you see your father alive last?"

"The day before," answered Nora. "He came over from New York to warn me that I was in danger."

"In danger of what?"

"Of my life."

"Did he mention any one in particular?"

"No," she faltered.

"Answer me carefully," said the coroner. "When your father gave you that warning did you not understand whom he meant?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"Who was it?"

"I cannot tell you the exact person," said Nora. "I knew simply that I was in danger from the Japanese."

"And did your father include himself in the same danger?"

"Yes."

"Do you know why?"

"Yes," said Nora.

"Then tell us," demanded the coroner. Nora glanced around her blindly. The handcuffed Jap looked over at her with the eyes of a lynx. She turned from them shuddering.

"Why did you and your father fear the Japanese?" repeated the coroner. "Come, we are waiting."

"My father had been working with a Japanese company," Nora stammered out. "And he had left them against their wishes."

"What kind of company?"

Nora gazed at the coroner helplessly. "What company was it?" he asked her.

"Something to do with ships," desperately replied Nora.

"Where were their offices?"

"In Lower California."

"In what capacity was your father?"

"He was—I don't quite know," she faltered.

"You are hiding something from us," declared the coroner sternly. "But you must understand it won't do. We must get at the truth, and it is your duty to aid us as far as possible."

"That's better," said the coroner, more the girl in a low tone. "On the contrary, I have come here to tell—the truth."

"That's better," said the coroner, more amiably. "Now we can get ahead. Suppose, Miss Heller, you tell us the truth in your own way first."

She drew herself up suddenly.

"Yes," she agreed. Her face hardened with determination. "I will—I must! For it means not only avenging my father's death. There are lives to be saved," she went on dramatically, "and it is for that I must speak."

She swept her eyes over the jury. "Gentlemen," she said, "my father was murdered because he refused to go on helping to destroy American battle-ships because at the eleventh hour he repented of his sins."

She paused to control herself. There was not a sound from the crowd. Every eye was riveted on the slender girl. Every ear was strained for the next word.

In low, clear tones, Nora told the story of her father's life.

Five years before, John Heller had been a well-to-do builder and contractor in San Francisco. From his boyhood,

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however, his main thoughts and ambitions had been centred on a submarine which he had invented.

Having at last perfected it, he spent his entire savings and mortgaged his business to build his model, and then offered it triumphantly to the United States Government, in the certainty that it would be hailed as a valuable addition to the navy.

The government, however, refused to recognise anything extraordinary in the submarine, and Heller was left stranded—a bankrupt.

His wife died in want, and his young daughter, then a girl of fourteen, was growing thin and pale from the lack of proper nourishment.

Torn with grief and self-reproach for having staked so much on his invention, and enraged at his country's blindness and want of enterprise, he turned his back on America and went to Japan, leaving the girl with a friend.

The Japanese government were quick to see the good points in the submarine. Heller soon came to an arrangement with them whereby his future was assured.

He returned to San Francisco and took up life once more with his child, whom he loved devotedly. Money was no longer scarce, and four years he and the girl lived in the lap of luxury.

No one knew, not even his daughter, what he had done, nor why he paid periodical visits to Japan, to return even wealthier than before.

At the end of the four years Heller announced to Nora that they were leaving San Francisco. He told her that he had purchased a mine on the coast of Lower California, and that he was going down to direct its development.

They left San Francisco in a small steamer which Heller had bought, and they took with them sufficient stores to last some months.

Nora had longed to travel, and the circumstances seemed to her full of excitement and adventure. Her feelings received a considerable check, however, when she landed, for the place was desolate enough to strike terror into any one, let alone a delicately nurtured girl.

In a small landlocked harbour, which was hidden from the open sea, two or three small sailing-ships and a tug were anchored. Heller explained that he had chartered them for the purpose of keeping the camp supplied with fresh water, which had to be fetched from a port several miles down the coast.

Nora had no suspicions, even though she and her father were the only white people in the camp. The remainder were all Japanese. She knew nothing of mining, and believed implicitly every thing John Heller told her.

She noticed, however, that her father spent most of his time with his submarine, and that the supposed miners seemed more occupied with their ships and the submarine than with the land.

Heller was out in the submarine for long spells. The girl grew lonely. She yearned for the companionship of a white woman, and soon tired of the merry little Jap girls who looked after the domestic arrangements of the camp.

She begged Heller to let her go with him on his trip.

A voyage in the submarine was something for which she longer night and day. Her heart leaped at the thought of darting under the seas, and Heller's submarine was capable of remaining beneath the surface for as long as he might choose.

She begged continuously to be allowed to accompany him, if only once, to be met with refusal always.

One day as she stood on the shore regarding the submarine with longing eyes an idea came to her.

She went on board, examined the interior carefully, and noted that there were one or two places in which a person might be safely concealed.

She knew that her father intended going out that day, and her desire to taste the excitement of a submarine trip became too great to quell.

Why should she not hide herself until the boat was out to sea? The worst that could happen to her would be a severe scolding from her father, and she did not doubt that she could soon earn his forgiveness for her prank.

And while she was hesitating she heard him and his men approaching, and realised that if she wished to carry out her plan she would have to act instantly.

Quickly she slipped into a small dark closet wherein Heller kept his clothes. It adjoined the little saloon.

Very soon afterward the submarine

was put to sea, and Nora tingled with expectation as she heard the swish of the water above.

She waited half an hour. Then a feeling of stiffness made her decide to show herself and brave her father's wrath.

She was about to open the closet-door, when she heard voices in the saloon. At the same moment the submarine, which had been travelling at a terrific speed, came to a stop.

John Heller was debating with the Japanese sailors, and every word fell distinctly on Nora's horrified ears.

It was then that she learned her father's secret.

The Japanese government had purchased Heller's invention. They had also purchased the inventor. And John Heller was giving himself and his submarine to a terrible scheme against his own country.

Japan was on the eve of declaring war with the United States, and in order to weaken America's position and thereby strengthen their own, they had conceived the idea of destroying as many as possible of the United States battleships on the Pacific coast.

Heller's submarine had come to them as an inspiration, and in his bitterness against his own country, he had been easy to win over. And it was with his invention and under his personal guidance that one after another of the warships had been sunk and their crews destroyed.

Nora was stupefied with horror, and long after the voices ceased she remained in the closet trembling and wondering what she ought to do.

Her father found her. Instead of anger, she met with abject terror on his part, and swiftly she learned that her presence in the submarine was fraught with the direst peril to herself. For the fact that she had learned the secret was sufficient to make the Japanese regard her as an object to be got rid of without any delay.

Heller marshalled his faculties together rapidly. He had but one thought—to save his child.

That night, aware that one of the coasting steamers was due to pass that way, he contrived, unnoticed, to put Nora off the submarine in a canvas boat. There was a short hurried farewell between them. Nora entreated her father to abandon his fearful work. His only answer was an injunction to keep watch for a steamer, which was her one and only chance of life—for on the submarine she was as good as dead.

The instant the boat was afloat Heller sent his submarine flying through the water, and Nora was adrift on the high seas—alone.

The night was warm and beautiful, but to the unhappy girl it was the most terrible that she had ever spent or dreamed of!

Her rescue by the City of Tokyo followed a few hours later.

For her father's sake, she kept the secret, but she determined never to go back or to have any communication with him.

Mrs. Sanderson's offer of a home solved the problem of her immediate needs, and she started on the new life, endeavouring to forget the past. Every fresh war-ship disaster, however, increased her belief that she was doing wrong in concealing what she knew, and at length she decided to give the facts to the public at any cost.

No sooner was her decision made than a message from her father reached her through the medium of the newspapers. She went to meet him, to learn that he had cut his ties with the Japanese for the sake of reunion with his child.

GRAPHIC—VOICE IN THE DARK—33 They arranged to leave America within a few days and then publish the truth about the missing battleships.

The Japs, however, suspecting Heller of treachery, followed him to New York, ascertained where the missing Nora was, and sentenced them both to death.

Her story came to an end, and half fainting, she sank down on the chair which was pushed toward her.

Not a word could be drawn from the captured Jap, but it was not difficult to surmise the rest.

John Heller had presumably paid another visit to Staten House in a last endeavour to save his daughter, was followed, and was killed in the grounds that night.

His murderer had then broken the dining-room window and entered the house, in order to find Nora.

Her singing in the dark room had led the Jap to believe that she was alone, and he had found his way to her, confident of being able to carry out his design unhindered.

A verdict of wilful murder was rendered, and the Jap was led away to await his trial.

Nora's evidence produced the utmost sensation throughout the States.

Needless to say, however, no Japanese or other kind of camp was discovered on the Lower Californian coast—though the obvious remains of one in a lonely and desolate spot testified to the truth of Nora's statements.

The subject of the missing battleships, and of the prevention of further disasters in the future, is one which is being closely attended to by the American Government.

Meantime, Mrs. Sanderson is watching—and not altogether regretfully—the rapidly developing love-affair of Nora Heller and her son.

The great German doctor has again visited Staten House.

"I think," he said after his last examination of Desmond's eyes—"I really think, in spite of all, I can promise you the use of your eyes in a few weeks. The treatment has been most successful."

"Then," said Desmond, "I shall be able to see Nora."

And this, after all, was the one ambition of his life—to see Nora's face, as he asked her to be his wife.

(THE END.)

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FINCH—HODGSON.

A pretty choral wedding was celebrated at the Trinity Methodist Church, Kingsland, Auckland, on Thursday, 22nd April, when Miss Isabel E. Hodgson, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hodgson, was married to Mr. Thomas A. Finch. The Rev. J. A. Luxford performed the ceremony, and Mr. R. Walton presided at the organ. The church, which was crowded, was artistically decorated. The rostrum had a bower of greenery and flowers, from which was suspended a wedding bell. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in an embroidered white silk robe and Court train, with veil and orange blossoms, and she carried a lovely shower bouquet of white bowvaria, cosmos, and maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids were Miss Clara Finch, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Willis, of Napier, and two little girls, Miss Isabel L. Wakerley, cousin of the bride, and Miss Isabel Elsie Hodgson, niece of the bride. The two elder maids wore heliotrope silk muslin frocks, with bands of glass silk and cream lace sleeves, with long streamers of insertion; they wore heliotrope bows on the hair, and carried lovely shower bouquets of heliotrope and cream flowers, with maidenhair fern. The two little girls were dressed in pink silk muslins, trimmed with white lace in the Empire style, with pink sashes, and they carried crooks decorated with pink and white flowers. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a pearl and amethyst pendant, and to the first bridesmaid a pearl and gold dagger brooch, to Miss Willis gold and amethyst pendant, and to the little girls gold bangles. Mr. T. Harold Hodgson acted as best man, and Mr. Ernest Garrett as groomsman. After the ceremony the large number of guests were entertained at afternoon tea at "Darlington Villa," Rocky Nook, the residence of the bride's parents. In the evening a party was given for the young people.

The bride's travelling dress was navy blue earling costume with cream lace trimmings, and hat to match. The presents, which numbered over 100, included some from England and Canada. The choir, of which the bride had been a member for many years, presented her with a beautiful clock at a social given in her honour. Mrs. Hodgson wore black merveilleux silk, with cream front and sleeves, and black velvet hat with black and white feathers; Mrs. Walkerley (grandmother of the bride), broadcated silk with black and white trimmings, bonnet to match. Among the guests were: Rev. and Mrs. Luxford, Mr. Finch (father of the bridegroom), the Misses L. E. and V. Finch, Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Clark (Ngairi), Mr. and Mrs. L. Willis (Napier), Mr. and Mrs. Lodge (Pukekohe), Mr. and Mrs. Caghey, Mr. and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Walkerley, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. Heindorf, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kayes, Mr. and Mrs. R. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. Hirst, Mr. and Mrs. Donpsey, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. F. Stone, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Pilcher, Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Hulse, Mr. and Mrs. Mansell, Messrs. R. Conn, McElwain, Eady, Butcher, Ninnis, L. Garrett, Wright, Thoraites, Cranknell, Starkey, Misses Kayes, Starkey, Francis, Heindorf, Garrett, Lee, Cox, Bouskill, Jones, Purdy, Tutu.

MURRAY—MCCREADIE.

Holy Trinity Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding last Wednesday, the 22nd of April, when Mr Douglas Russell Murray, of the firm of Murray, Roberts & Co., Hastings, was married to Miss Flora Agnes, youngest daughter of Major McCreddie, of Gisborne. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dawson Thomas, in the presence of a large assemblage of guests and friends. As the bride entered the church with her father, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden" was sung by the choir. She wore a handsome gown of rich duchesse satin draped with silk lace, and transparent yoke of chiffon with silver bouillon cord and tassels. Her veil, the gift of the bridegroom's mother, was of silk

tulle, richly embroidered, and was worn over a small wreath of orange blossoms. She carried a handsome shower bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was attended by three bridesmaids, her sister, and two little girls, Miss Leila Hawley and Miss Alison Anderson.

Miss McCreddie was gowned in soft lavender silk, trimmings of cream lace, pearl tassels, and silk cones. She wore a violet velvet picture hat crowned with lavender glaze silk folds, tulle rosettes, and lavender plumes, carrying a shower bouquet, the gift of the bridegroom. The little girls' frocks consisted of soft eau de nil trimmed with lace and insertion; they wore eau de nil and cream silk rosettes in the hair, and carried baskets of flowers, also the gifts of the bridegroom. The mother of the bride wore black broadcated silk, kimono bodice, trimmed with cream silk guipure lace and violet velvet bows, a violet toque with ospreys completed the costume. Mrs. F. G. King, sister of the bride, was gowned in navy blue embroidered voile trimmed with bretelles of lace, piped with green velvet, white hat, green velvet and plumes trimming it.

The bridegroom was supported by Mr. L. Sheriff, the Wedding March being played by Mr. E. N. Sidesbottom. A reception was held at "Fernside," the residence of the bride's father. The happy couple left by the s.s. Victoria for Hastings, Hawke's Bay, the bride's travelling dress being a brown cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, cream cloth vest, and olive-green hat trimmed with crushed roses and tulle. The happy couple were the recipients of a shower of congratulatory messages and many pretty presents.

BEDDIE—MCCBETH.

A wedding of considerable interest was celebrated at St. Saviour's, Kimbolton, on April 15, when Dr. Beddie, of that town, was married to Miss Doris McBeth, daughter of Robert McBeth, one of the earliest settlers in the district. The bride's dress was white satin trimmed with handsome Honiton lace and silver tassels. The bridesmaids were Misses Vera and Flossie McBeth, and Ella and Dora Smith. Mr. W. J. Shannon was best man, and Mr. Banks groomsman. The bride's going-away dress was navy cloth and heliotrope hat and grey furs. The presents were numerous and costly.

GULLIVER—WOODS.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at All Saints' Church, Palmerston, on Easter Monday morning, when Miss Clara Ellen Wood, second daughter of Mr. W. T. Wood, M.P., was married to Mr. Harry Soumers Gulliver, assistant town clerk at Auckland. The Rev. C. C. Harper was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a becoming cream cloth costume, and cream corded silk hat trimmed with gold, and two large cream feathers. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet and a white Morocco Bible, which had been presented to her on her way to the church. The bride's two little sisters, Riki and Lone, attended her as bridesmaids, and wore pretty white silk frocks and pale blue Dolly Varden hats. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. William Wood, the bride's brother, as best man, Mrs. Wood (the bride's mother) wore a purple and green cloth costume trimmed with silk braid, black plumed hat, and carried a bouquet of purple cosmoses. The bride's sister, Mrs. Sydney Ashton, wore a dark green tailor-made costume, with cream cloth and silver braid trimming, black hat with black and white feathers, and carried a bouquet of cream and brown chrysanthemums.

CLEARY—TORRANCE.

St. Andrew's, Epsom, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding on Wednesday, April 22nd, when Miss Milly Torrance, daughter of the late Dr. Torrance and Mrs. Torrance, "Cadzow," Pah-road, Epsom, was married to the Rev. Patrick Cleary, vicar of Pukenucum-Bombay, Waikato. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion

with white flowers, grasses, etc., and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Lush. The bride, who was given away by her mother, was charmingly gowned in a beautiful ivory brocade trimmed with very old Brussels lace, and her veil, which was gracefully arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms and real white heather, was also old Brussels lace. An exquisite shower bouquet of white roses, gardenias, and bouvardias, intermingled with sprays of maidenhair fern, completed a most effective toilette. Miss P. Wingate and Miss Towle were bridesmaids, wearing very pretty pale pink chiffon taffeta gowns, finished with filet net and velvet, and becoming pink taffeta hats trimmed with shaded pink and brown roses and tulle. Their bouquets were of pink roses and autumn leaves, and they wore souvenirs from the bridegroom of gold Iona crosses. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome crocodile skin dressing case. Mr. Litterer acted as best man, and Mr. I. Wynyard was groomsman. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Cadzow," the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Torrance receiving her guests wearing a rich black silk gown, handsomely trimmed with old Honiton lace, and a black velvet and mauve toque, and she carried a lovely bouquet of violets and maidenhair fern. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Cleary left on their wedding trip, the bride wearing a pretty dark blue taffeta gown and a brown picture hat with ostrich plumes and shaded roses.

WADDY—BROAD.

Much interest was taken in Wellington in the marriage of Mr. George Owen Waddy (manager of the Union Bank, Blenheim) to Miss Zita Broad, daughter of the late Judge Broad. The Basilica, Hill-street, was the scene of the ceremony, which took place on Monday, April 20th, the Rev. Father Hickson officiating. The bride wore an Empire dress of rich ivory silk, lavishly draped with old Limerick lace, which also composed the Court train. Her tulle veil was lightly embroidered, and she carried a bouquet of white lilies and cosmoses. Miss Dorothy Waddy was chief bridesmaid, wearing white mousseline de soie with an Empire sash of floral ribbon, and a pretty hat of pale blue taffetas. The three little girls (Misses Bunny (2) and Cooper) wore white frocks of embroidered muslin and frilly hats, and carried posies of flowers tied with pink and blue streamers. Mr. A. MacShane was best man. Mrs. Broad (the mother of the bride) wore black chiffon taffetas with a vest of cream filet lace, and black and white toque; Mrs. Waddy (the bridegroom's mother), black chiffon lace, relieved with handsome lace, black hat with tips, bouquet of chrysanthemums; Mrs. E. Bunny, grey striped taffetas with lace vest, black and white hat; Mrs. G. Bunny, ivory silk voile and picture hat; Mrs. E. Broad (Palmerston), pink cologne with touches of brown, brown and pink picture hat; Miss Baber, black chiffon taffetas with frills of lace, black hat with flowers.

MACDIARMID—GRAHAM.

St. Peter's Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, 21st April, was the occasion of an interesting marriage between Miss Olive V. Hamilton Graham, sixth daughter of W. A. Graham, Esq., "The Lodge," Hamilton, Auckland, and Mr. C. L. MacDiarmid, eldest son of N. K. MacDiarmid, Esq., manager of the Bank of New South Wales, New Plymouth. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. N. C. W. Radcliffe. The service was full choral, and the Wedding March was played by Mrs. Bosworth. The church was prettily decorated by the girl friends of the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked winsome in a lovely gown of ivory chiffon taffeta, the bodice handsomely trimmed with embroidered chiffon, and she wore a wreath of real orange blossoms, over which fell the veil. She carried a lovely bouquet of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and maiden hair fern, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by her sister, Ruby, as bridesmaid, wearing an effective gown of soft Burgundy silk, with pretty bouquet of shaded autumn tints. Mr. A. C. MacDiarmid attended his brother as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a lovely muff chain and pendant, and to the bridesmaid a jewelled dagger. After the ceremony the guests were

entertained at a sumptuous breakfast by the parents of the bride, where the usual toasts were given. Shortly after the happy couple left on their wedding tour, amidst showers of confetti, for Auckland and Wairakei, the bride wearing a navy blue coat and skirt and hat to match. The mother of the bride wore a handsome gown of black brocade, bonnet to match; Mrs. MacDiarmid (mother of the bridegroom), brown chiffon taffeta with cream trimmings; Mrs. Pond (aunt of the bride), rich black brocade finished with pale blue, hat to correspond; Mrs. Nolan (Auckland), lovely frock of black glaze finished with real lace; Mrs. J. H. Hume, pretty rose-coloured silk voile, floral hat; Miss MacDiarmid, white voile frock, with black velvet facings; her sister Meta wore pale pink; Mrs. W. H. Hume, rich brown silk relieved with cream and gold; Miss Graham, pretty green and white striped frock, with velvet finishings, and green hat; Mrs. Whewell, brown cloth costume; Miss Tylden (Remuera), navy blue costume, cream Leghorn hat with ostrich plumes; Mrs. Bodle (Auckland), black silk relieved with white; Mrs. W. Hunter, black embroidered chiffon over white glaze; Miss V. Hunter, French grey frock, with pretty white felt hat; Mrs. Radcliffe, champagne coloured voile, hat to match; Mrs. (Dr.) Douglas, grey coat and skirt; Mrs. Edgecumbe, black silk; Miss Mabel Edgecumbe, green frock, facings of a deeper shade; Miss Whewell, grey costume; Miss Bessie Graham (Devonport) navy blue Etou coat and skirt, rose-coloured hat; Miss Katie Graham, green Tussore, and smart hat of same shade; Miss Ewen, cream serge, finished with blue; Miss Sande, brown cloth costume; Miss Holloway, dark green costume; Miss Burd, white muslin; Miss Barton, grey tweed costume; Miss Jolly, black relieved with cream; Miss C. Jolly, reseda green costume; Miss Hay, cream serge Etou costume, smart hat; Mrs. Lovel, black silk; Mrs. Shanaghan, black silk costume; Miss E. Willis (Papakura), white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Swarbrick, black and white checked silk; Miss Swarbrick, brown tweed; Miss Kirk, stylish green costume, hat to match; Miss Lovel, champagne voile, with Oriental trimmings; Miss Maunier, green cloth costume, with green hat; Miss Preece, pale blue costume, blue hat to match; Miss Crawford, pretty cream frock; Miss Newell, navy blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Barugh, black; Miss Cussen, green voile; Miss Flossie Cussen, pretty pale blue muslin frock; Miss Stevens, white muslin; Miss Coates, navy blue silk, trimmed with real lace; Miss Reid, soft green silk.

NICOLSON—KIDD.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Andrew's Church, Epsom, on Tuesday, April 21st, when Miss Flossie Kidd, eldest daughter of Mrs. Kidd, "Airedale," Pencarrow Avenue, Epsom, was married to Mr. W. J. Nicolson, son of Mrs. Percy Dufaur, Brighton-road, Parnell. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. F. Walker, of Ellerslie, and Mrs. McKinstrey presided at the organ. The pretty old world church was effectively decorated for the occasion with white flowers and dainty foliage, and a very pretty wedding bell was a noticeable feature of the decorations. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. Norman Kidd), looked very sweet in a white Chiffon cloth semi-Empire gown, made with a small square yoke, outlined with bands of embroidered cloth. A beautiful embroidered tulle veil falling over a wreath of orange blossoms, and an exquisite shower bouquet, completed a charming and uncommon toilette. She also wore the bridegroom's gift, a turquoise necklace. The maid of honour was the bride's sister (Miss Eva Kidd), who was daintily gowned in ivory cologne, prettily finished with touches of natterly blue, and wore a picture hat in effectively blended shades of blue and brown; the required note of colour was given by the beautiful pale pink bouquet she carried. Miss Kidd was also attended by two tiny bridesmaids, Miss Edie Dufaur and a small sister of the bride, who were prettily frocked in white book muslin, inserted with lace and threaded with pale blue ribbons; they wore dainty muslin filled hats, and carried baskets of pale pink flowers. Mr. Clarence Beale performed the duties of best man. After the ceremony a small afternoon tea was given by Mrs. Kidd at her residence, after which Mr. and Mrs. Nicolson left on their wedding trip to Botoluna, the bride wearing a

smart navy serge tailor-made gown and a most becoming bronze green hat. Mrs. Kidd (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black taffeta gown with cream tucked net gaiter and sleeves, black hat, swathed with black and white tulle and ostrich feathers, beautiful bouquet of saffron roses; Mrs. Perry Dufaur, chestnut brown colienne with pretty cream lace vest, smart natter blue and brown hat and sable furs; Mrs. Shirley Hill was charmingly gowned in black chiffon taffeta with black lace brochettes outlining cream lace vest, pretty cream velvet bunnet toned with touches of black and brightened with pale pink roses; Mrs. Swanston, handsome black silk toilette and black and pink bunnet, lovely shower bouquet of delphiniums, etc.; Mrs. Hadwick was strikingly gowned in a blue and heliotrope check silk colienne with a very pretty hat to match; Miss Hill, dainty pale grey Eton coat and skirt with white cloth facings and white vest, blue hat finished with shaded rosettes; Mrs. Pollen, crushed raspberry nines, toned with cream lace and black satin bands, black plumed hat; Miss Milne, very pretty semi-Empire frock of rosada green striped marquisette, smart hat to match; Miss Lusk, cream Eton coat and skirt, black picture hat; Miss O. Lusk wore cream serge and a dainty natter blue hat; Miss Jean Lusk (Dunedin), bronze green tailor-made costume, green hat to match; Miss Udy, pretty heliotrope toilette; her sister was gowned in white.

in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. C. R. Skeet, second son of Mr. W. O. Skeet. The Rev. L. Dawson Thomas officiated. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. D. Murray, looked very pretty in a gown of ivory crepe-de-soie, exquisitely trimmed with silk embroidered net. She was attended by a quartette of bridesmaids, viz., Miss Florrie Murray, sister of the bride; Miss Eva Skeet, sister of the bridegroom, and little Misses Avis Skeet and Aileen Ormond. The former two wore gowns of champagne crystalline silk, trimmed with brown velvet, and brown silk hats to match, each carrying bouquets presented by Mr. Darton, and wearing gold dagger brooches, the gift of the bridegroom. The little ones were daintily dressed in soft white silk, and carried crooks. Mrs. Murray, the bride's mother, wore a dress of brown crystalline, trimmed with brown velvet, with hat to match; Mrs. Skeet, mother of the bridegroom, was attired in black mauve with hat to match. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. H. Puffet as best man, and Mr. Ralph Skeet as groomsman. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where afternoon tea was dispensed in a large marquee erected for the purpose. The happy couple were the recipients of numerous and costly presents.

CHRISTOPHERS—BRENNER

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Tuesday, April 21st, between Mr. Julian Anthony Christophers and Miss Earle Featherston Brenner, second daughter of Mrs. D. J. Brenner, Tinakori-road, Wellington. The bride wore a very pretty dress of lace over ivory chiffon glace, the corsage being prettily draped and caught up with chiffon rosettes. She wore a tulle veil and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her two sisters (Misses Violet and Yso Brenner) acted as bridesmaids, wearing pretty dresses of white muslin and broderie Anglaise, softly frilled with lace. Their picturesque hats were garlanded with lilac. They carried bouquets of violets and casmea, tied with lilac ribbons. Mr. D. Cuthbertson was best man, and Mr. Fitzgerald groomsman. Mrs. Brenner (mother of the bride) wore black colienne, hemmed with taffetas, and having an ecrú lace vest, black and white toque and white ostrich boa; Mrs. Menzies, black crepe de chine, black bonnet with violets; Mrs. C. J. Johnston, pale grey chiffon taffetas with bands of velvet, hat with roses; Miss D. Johnston, pastel silk voile with lace vest having touches of gold, mauve and green hat; Mrs. Fitzgerald, black taffetas; Miss Fitzgerald, white embroidered muslin and pale blue hat; Mrs. D. Menzies, pale blue voile with lace yoke, white picture hat; Miss Viner (Invercargill), navy tailor-made and blue hat. Mrs. Julian Christophers' going-away dress was a dark green striped tailor-made, white furs, and dark purple hat.

"Tis the ploughman who follows the plough,
While the dairymaid is milking the cough!
And the dear little lambs,
Who ran after their daubs,
While the little pigs follow the sough!
And the farmers all follow each other, I'm sure,
In getting for winter Woods' Peppermint Cure!"

The advertisement lately appearing in this paper, calling for returns under "The Land and Income Assessment Act, 1900," refers to returns of land and mortgages only. Returns of income will be called for later.

HEADACHE AND MIGRIM. Two curses of modern civilised life, are in sinister blue cases out of a hundred closely connected with functional disturbance of the bowels. The simplest and best of all remedies for the latter trouble is a wholigical of "HUNYADI JANSOS" natural aperient water taken before breakfast every second or third morning.

ENGAGEMENTS.

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.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Frances Fauvel, only daughter of Mr. F. Fauvel, of Wellington, to Mr. Frederick Charles Norton, of the staff of the Bank of New South Wales, Hawera.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Foster, eldest daughter of Mr. F. M. Foster, Starboro', Awatere, and Mr. H. H. Sharp, engineer-in-charge at Seddon of the Picton-Waipara Railway.

AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL

for Artistic Floral Display of Flower Bouquets, Baskets, and other designs at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, 1906. Table Decoration and all classes of Floral Arrangement undertaken. FLORIST & SPRAYMAN. GILBERT J. MACKAY, 105 QUEEN STREET

Wedding Rings

Be as particular in choosing your Ring as choosing a wife. —It's a matter of quality.

Only 18 carat stocked by G. MCGREGOR Watchmaker and Jeweller 144 Karangahape Road

It's easy to buy at McGregor's.

J. D. WEBSTER

FLORIST 37 Queen Street Opp. Railway Station and Yates' Buildings, Queen Street. Flowers to suit all occasions at the shortest notice. PHONES 314 and 181

A Promise of Reform.

In a village not far from Newcastle there dwells a kindly old gentleman who has a grocer's shop with a beer-off license. He is assisted in the management by his only daughter Bella, between whom and himself there exists a strong mutual attachment. The old gentleman occasionally gets on the spree, and Bella, who is full of merriment, sometimes locks her father up in the cellar for a short while, telling him that she is determined to punish him for his behaviour. She did this the other day, when her father cried vehemently for his release, shouting: "If ye'll only let's ont, Bella, hinny, a'll tryk six seats at the Wesleyan chapel!"

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/ has been sent to the writer of this verse, Mrs. C.S., Kaimanua North, Auckland.

It is perfectly true—
Though it sounds rather funny;
If you always use SAPON
You'll be saving your money!

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best original four-SHORT-line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON" (Outlines Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington. If your grocer does not stock Sapon, please send his name and address.

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for infants, invalids, convalescents, and the aged. Easily digested, strengthening and soothing.

The food that never fails or disagrees. Prepared from healthy cow's milk, malted barley and wheat.

Sold by all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores, &c., &c.

Sample: 82 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. Wales. Horlick's Food Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

Sample: 82 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. Wales. Horlick's Food Co., Slough, Bucks, England.

INSTANT RELIEF.

POWELL'S Balsam of Aniseed

FOR COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS Safe for Children.

POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED

OF ALL CHEMISTS & STORES. Be sure you get Powell's with above Trade Mark.

Fishing Rods.

Fly Rods.

Two-piece Cane.....10/9
Two-piece Greenheart, 24", 30", and extra top piece.
Three-piece Greenheart—21", 25", 30", and extra top piece.
Split Cane Rods, guaranteed best quality, 10ft., 45"; 11ft., 50"; 12ft., 65"; 13ft., 80".
Cane Spring Rod, with porcelain rings, 30/-

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HAIRS ON THE FACE—Ladies! My New Hair Remover is absolutely the latest scientific discovery for the Cure of this annoying blemish. Sent post free, in sealed wrapper, 4/6.—MRS HEMBLEY BURNET, Skin and Hair Specialist, 40, George Street, Dunedin.

"Hygeno" is an Exceptionally INEXPENSIVE AND ECONOMICAL PRODUCT, when properly prepared for Disinfecting Purposes, one Part of "HYGENO" to 100 parts of water, making a very strong Disinfectant for general use.

For Particulars apply,
THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, 3 Hunter St., WELLINGTON.

Births, Deaths and Marriages.

[The charge for inserting announcements of births, marriages, or deaths in the "Graphic" is 2/6 for the first 14 words, and 6d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

ANDREWS.—On April 22nd, at Oaehunga, the wife of J. Andrews, jun., of a daughter.

CASH.—On April 19th, 1908, at their residence, Crumner-st., to Mr and Mrs G. Cash, a son. Both doing well.

FOUNTAIN.—On April 24th, at their residence, Sherwood-st., Mt. Roskill; to Mr and Mrs H. Gibson Fountain, a son.

MARTIN.—On 22nd April, at Summer-st., Mt. Eden, the wife of Wesley Martin; of a daughter (premature).

MEARS.—On April 21, at Burnley-terrace, Kingsland, the wife of C. Mears, of a daughter; both doing well.

MOSHHEIM.—On April 2nd, at Nurse Hartshorn's Nursing Home, Kingsland, to Mr and Mrs Ernest Mosheim (Ted) a son.

WATKIN.—On April 17, at "Erlinholme" (Nurse Thomson's), Brentwood avenue, to Mr and Mrs Sydney Watkin, Graunge-road, Mount Roskill, a son.

MARRIAGES.

BOOKER-SINCLAIR.—On April 2nd, 1908, at the residence of the bride's parents, Arnold-street, Rocky Nook, by the Rev. W. Gray, Cyril Stanley, second son of I. S. Booker, to Maude Emily, eldest daughter of T. J. Sinclair.

DOUGLAS-KELLY.—On February 20th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Lake Takapuna, by the Rev. Father Ferguson, Andrew, youngest son of Andrew Douglas, Karangahake, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late Richard Kelly.

EARLE-GITTO.—On March 18, 1908, at St. Stephen's Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. A. Macaulay Caldwell, assisted by the Rev. W. Gilroy, uncle of the bride, Edward Percy, eldest son of Augustus George Earle, of Wendon, Southland, to Auriol Eliza, daughter of John Gittos, of Ponsonby, Auckland.

LIGHTBAND-ELLIS.—On April 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents, Hepburn-st., by the Rev. James Wilson, Norman Wales, seventh son of G. W. Wales Lightband, Nelson, to Mabel Baylis, second daughter of Walter Ellis, Ponsonby.

RUSSELL-BALLIN.—On March 24th, at Auckland, James Wilson, second son of J. W. Russell, of this city, to Gussie, third daughter of Mrs L. Ballin, Palefax-road, Epsom.

TUCKEY-CAMPBELL.—On March 25th, at the Epiphany Church, Newton, by the Rev. W. E. Lush, John William, only son of the late John Tuckey, to Ellen (Nellie), third eldest daughter of the late James Campbell, both of this city.

SILVER WEDDING.

SAUNDERS-HEAD.—On April the 25th, 1908, at Venetia-street, Ponsonby, by the Rev. T. Spurgeon, George, Foster, eldest son of the late Foster Saunders, Auckland, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late William Head, Auckland.

DIAMOND WEDDING.

BARTLEY KERRY.—On April 24th, 1848, by the Rev. Thomas Orange, in the Parish Church of Saint Laurence, Island of Jersey, Robert Bartley to Esther Kerry; both of Jersey.

DEATHS.

ARMITAGE.—On April 24th, 1908, at his residence, Union-st., William Stanley, the beloved husband of Mary C. Armitage, eldest son of William and Mary Ann Armitage, and son-in-law of Matthew and Clara Martin; aged 38 years.

ATKINSON.—On Tuesday, April 20, at her parents' residence, Naugby, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Val. Atkinson; aged eight days.

BUTLER.—On April 19th, at his residence, Pah-road, Epsom, Charles Henry Butler, the beloved husband of Mary Butler, age 52.

DOWLING.—At the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Lonergan, Holborn Park rd., Farnell, Veranda Irene, youngest and dearly beloved daughter of Harry and the late Julia Dowling; aged 7 months.—R.I.P.

FLETCHER.—On April 23rd, 1908, at the District Hospital, Maggie, beloved youngest daughter of Hugh and Anna Fletcher; aged 18 years.

GOERTZ.—On Thursday, April 23rd, at Auckland Hospital, Alice, the dearly beloved daughter of Mr and Mrs H. Goertz, aged 4 years and 4 months. Deeply regretted.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus."

HAMILTON.—On April 22, 1908, at the Castley Home, Epsom, Robert John Hamilton; aged 47 years.

HASTLOW.—On April 23, at the district hospital, A. H. Hastlow, chief engineer of s.s. Victoria; aged 32 years.—Deeply regretted.

HUTCHINSON.—On 25th April, 1908, accidentally killed, Lucilla Rose, dearly beloved only daughter of W. G. and Emma J. W. Hutchinson; aged 4 years and 11 months.

JACKSON.—At Kaiti (suddenly), Thomas Maudsley, third son of Samuel and Sarah Jackson, Orakei-rd., Remuera; aged 45 years.

KING.—On April 19, 1908, Florence Katharine, the dearly beloved eldest daughter of Thomas and Sarah King (late of Oaehunga); aged 23 years.

"Rest, sweet rest, at last."

LIBURNE.—On April 11th, at his residence, 89, Canongate-street, Dunedin, David Liburne, the beloved husband of Anna Louisa Liburne; in his 71st year.

LYON.—On April 19th, 1908, at his parents' residence, Lower Heppburn-st., Alfred Charles, dearly beloved infant son of John and Florence Lyon; aged 7 1/2 months.

MARTIN.—On 23rd April, at her parents' residence, Summer-st., Alice, Mariel Spooner, dearly beloved daughter of W. and E. J. Martin; aged 1 day.

"Thy will be done."

McCREA.—On 19th April, at Cambridge, Jane, dearly beloved wife of Hugh Gaule McCrea, aged 72.

NICHOLSON.—On 24th April, at the Auckland Hospital, Mariu, widow of the late H. R. Nicholson.

PORTER.—On April 18th, at the District Hospital, Frederick James, the dearly beloved husband of Mary Porter and second son of William and Annie Porter, of Franklin-road, aged 22 years. Deeply regretted.

PRICE.—On April 19, 1908, at Auckland Hospital, through a sad accident, James, beloved husband of Sarah Price; aged 64 years.

RILEY.—On April 23rd, at the District Hospital, George Edward (Mick), the dearly beloved husband of Elizabeth Riley, and the fourth son of Charlotte and the late James Riley, of Wallace-st., Ponsonby, aged 40 years.

TYER.—On April 21, Louisa Catherine, the dearly beloved wife of Arthur Tyer.

"A great sufferer. Rest at last."

WATT.—On Thursday, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs G. Moody, Arthur-st., Oaehunga, Lydia, relict of the late Robert Watt, in her 78th year.

WAKELIN.—On Thursday, April 23rd, at Haвера Hospital, Henry Everard, the beloved eldest son of Herbert and Agnes Wakelin, aged 14 years.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, April 27.

I have quite a budget of news for you this week; dull old Auckland seems to have wakened up, and at last I have something to write about.

First of all I must tell you there has been a regular

EPIDEMIC OF WEDDINGS.

On Tuesday Mr. J. Nicholson was married to Miss Flossie Kidd at St. Andrew's Church, Epsom, and the same church was the scene of Miss Torrance's wedding to the Rev. Patrick Cleary on Wednesday. On Thursday Mr. Harry Worsp and Miss Daphne Baker were married at St. Sepulchre's Church in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Aitken and Miss Bee Heather were married at St. Barnabas, Mt. Eden. I believe there were several more, but I did not hear any particulars about them; the others you will see full particulars of under the Orange Blossom heading.

THE LAST TWO DAYS' RACING.

The Racing Club had simply wretched weather for the last two days of their Autumn Meeting, and coats and skirts were the order of the day. Here are some I particularly noticed on Monday, which is far the most important day:—

Lady Plunket was charmingly gowned in a heliotrope cloth tailor-made gown worn over a pretty lace blouse, small black erinoline straw hat with long shaded line ostrich feather; Miss Kathleen Plunket wore an effective old rose cloth Eton costume, black hat crowned with shaded pink roses and leaves; Mrs. Waterfield was wearing a white cloth semi-Empire gown with white fox furs, and picturesque pink hat finished with eline ribbon bows and strings. Mrs. Alfred Nathan, smart grey tailor-made costume finished with grey military braid, becoming little black and Paisley green chasour hat; Miss Roie Nathan was prettily frocked in ivory cloth with touches of gold embroidery, white hat with natter blue ostrich feathers and velvet; Miss Miles (Wellington) wore a ruseda green check Eton costume with green facings, Tuscan hat with shaded blue and green wings; Mrs. Foster, violet cloth costume and a very pretty violet velvet and fur toque; Miss Isabel Clark, dark invisible plaid tailor-made, dark green hat brightened with violet pansies; Lady Lockhart, black chiffon taffeta with cream V-shaped vest brightened with touches of pale blue and gold, small hat en suite; Mrs. Gore Gillon was becomingly gowned in black velvet, with a dainty cream lace vest, smart brown hat toned with plaid ribbon; Mrs. Charles Nathan wore a pale grey tweed tailor-made gown, green and black hat; Miss Gwen Nathan, white cloth, and very pretty navy hat garlanded with red roses; Miss Cohen (Sydney), grey coat, skirt worn with a pale blue hat; Miss Doris Gillon, pale grey Eton coat and skirt, black and cream hat; Mrs. Walker, violet cloth coat and skirt, and dainty violet and heliotrope shaded hat; Mrs. Barter, pale grey invisible check costume, small hat crowned with roses; Miss Dunnett, beautifully-fitting dark grey tailor-made costume, small black hat brightened with cluster of shaded roses; Mrs. Roberts, black and white invisible striped cloth gown, black hat and dark sable fur cape; Miss Walker, effective heliotrope cloth gown, picture hat of same shade, toned with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a smart violet cloth costume with a white hat crowned with violet shaded roses; Mrs. Henry Nolan, dark violet leather mixture tweed coat and skirt, with black and white striped silk facings, shaded heliotrope hat; Mrs. Frost, white gown with hat to match; Mrs.

Harold Thompson (Eltham) was gowned

in a dark heather mixture tweed tailor-made with a cream vest and a pretty floral trimmed hat; Mrs. Robert Dargaville, dark striped tweed coat and skirt, and a small black hat; Miss Blanche Pearce, brown striped tweed costume and brown felt hat trimmed with shaded roses; Mrs. Herz wore an effective black and white shepherd's plaid gown, dainty white felt hat with black wings; Mrs. Alison was strikingly gowned in a large grey and black check plaid skirt, worn with a smart black silk coat, blue and green plaid straw hat; Miss Ivy Alison, pretty violet cloth costume and violet hat to match; Mrs. Moss-Davis was charmingly gowned in black with a black and white toque and black and white ostrich feather stole; Miss Moss-Davis, effective check tweed semi Empire coat and skirt, becoming brown silk hat crowned with brown roses and foliage; Miss M. Moss-Davis, pretty brown and blue leather mixture coat and skirt, dainty blue hat to match; Mrs. Savage looked very pretty in white cloth, white and gold hat with touches of black; Miss Cooper, pale grey check costume, Tuscan and white hat; Mrs. Lawson was gowned in a white cloth coat and skirt, white motor hat, Mrs. Ranson, black and white striped Eton costume with black facings, very pretty rose pink hat; Mrs. Devore, black silk toilette touched with lace and net, white and black bonnet brightened with pink roses; Miss Devore, cream Eton costume and white hat; Miss K. Devore, pretty pale blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Mark Davis, pretty costume of cigar brown velvet, picture hat to match; Miss Leys was effectively gowned in a dark prune colored face cloth costume, hat to match crowned with shaded roses; Miss Jean Martin wore a beautifully fitting leather mixture tailor-made dress, biscuit hat crowned with self-coloured eque feathers; Miss Jean Lusk (Dunedin), was wearing a smart bronze and green striped coat and skirt with chic hat of same shade; Mrs. Hamley, tabac brown cloth tailor-made dress, hat to match.

At Tuesday's races there were very few people there one knew, and most of them had been present on either one or the other previous days. Lady Plunket wore a dainty white toilette with a long corollae blue coat, black plumed hat. The Hon. Kathleen Plunket was gowned in a ruseda green Empire costume, modish green hat with black feathers; Mrs. Waterfield, cream cloth Eton costume, pretty biscuit hat lined with pink and crowned with shaded self-coloured ostrich feathers.

On Thursday His Excellency Lord Plunket opened the

AUTUMN SHOW OF THE AUCKLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

and in his opening speech made very complimentary reference to the show of chrysanthemums, dahlias, and roses. As a matter of fact, the show, though fairly good, is not up to the standard of former years, the recent rains having worked havoc amongst the chrysanthemums. Lady Plunket was also present, wearing a most becoming Eton toilette of Wedgwood blue cloth with a dainty net and lace vest, and pretty small black hat with long blue shaded ostrich feather crossing the front and falling on to the hair at the back.

There was quite an unusually large attendance at the show, and amongst others present I saw Mrs. Lindsay, dainty grey and black striped taffeta gown with cream V-shaped vest, pretty hat en suite. Miss Shepherd, black silk toilette with black lace gimpie and sleeves, black and white toque; Mrs. Hervey, grey striped Eton costume, black and white hat; Mrs. Rutray, navy and black toilette, small black toque; Mrs. Major wore white embroidered linen, Tuscan hat sandalised with green tulle and clusters of shaded roses; Mrs. Ashton, white inserted muslin with touches of blue, blue and white hat; Lady Campbell wore black silk with cream and black and cream bonnet, with clusters of pinroses; Mrs. Nelson, black and white costume, black hat sandalised with black and white tulle; Mrs. S. Thorne George, black muslin over glass, with V-shaped net vest, white and black toque; Mrs. F. Waller, grey striped coat and skirt with Wedgwood blue and white

spotted facings, green shot silk hat with white wings; Mrs. Gibson, Wedgwood blue embroidered linen, Tuscan hat swathed with blue and white ribbons; Mrs. Lyons, bottle-green cloth coat, and skirt, black hat swathed with black and white tulle; Mrs. Sweet, pearl grey eolune and black and white hat; Mrs. Guinness, pretty green heather mixture coat and skirt, smart green hat; Mrs. Buddie was daintily frocked in heliotrope nixon and silk, black plumed hat; Mrs. Louis Myers, grey and black striped taffeta, white bonnet with touches of black; Mrs. Thornton (Cambridge), deep ecarlet-coloured cloth gown, hat to match. Mrs. H. Wilson, brown green Sicilienne, brown and green hat; Miss Oxley, grey flecked tweed costume, grey hat brightened with touches of ecarlet colour; Miss Winnie Leys, pretty grey and rose pink striped toilette, with braided rose pink facings, hat to match. Amongst others present were: Mrs. and the Misses Kemphorne, Miss Cameron, Mrs. Theo. Kissling, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Huxtable, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Raynor, Miss Binney, Mrs. Kingswell, Miss Oliphant, Mrs. Horspoot, Mrs. H. Fenton, Mrs. Martelli, Mrs. Nicoll, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Bob Lusk, Miss Haguo-Smith (Paeroa), Miss Mitchell, Mrs. and Miss Worsp, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Minnitt, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Keesing, Mrs. Brown Clayton, Miss Hill, Mrs. Bertie Burns, Miss Browning, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Helgate.

On Tuesday evening we all went to see

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

again. I liked it better on the second occasion, partly, I think, because I had time to notice the finer shades of acting displayed by Mr. Knight and Miss Ota Humphreys. His Majesty's was simply packed, and his Excellency and Lady Plunket, accompanied by quite a large party, were present. I much regret to chronicle that the Auckland people present on this occasion showed shockingly ill-manners. Perhaps it would be kinder to call it ignorance, though it does not seem possible that so many people should be ignorant of the fact, that it is usual to treat Vice-royalty with a certain amount of deference. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the Vice-regal party, when on Thursday night, at the conclusion of the performance, the whole audience, with scarcely an exception, pushed pell mell to the doors, not even waiting for the concluding bars of "God Save the King"; and it never even appeared to enter their heads that his Excellency the Governor and party were not accustomed to have to push their way through a crowd to get to their carriage. I much prefer to be thought a knave than a fool, don't you? and I hate to think that the few who really did know better on Thursday night should be lumped in with the rest as ill-mannered ignoramuses.

A SURPRISE KITCHEN TEA

was given by the Arakina Goose Club on Thursday last, on the occasion of the approaching marriage of Miss Flossie Kidd and Mr. W. Nicholson. Great fun was over the guessing of the parcels, the ladies' prize being won by Miss Kidd, and the gentlemen's prize by Mr. Dawson. Progressive euche and music was indulged in for the remainder of the evening, the euche prizes being won by Miss Kidd and Mr. Barnard. Mrs. Kidd wore a black frock; Mrs. Udy, black gown; Mrs. Barnard, black skirt, pretty green silk blouse; Mrs. Green, shaded brown silk; Mrs. James Stewart, black chiffon taffeta skirt, pretty pale salmon silk blouse; Miss Kidd, white floral silk; Miss Eva Kidd, white muslin; Miss Crowther, pink silk muslin; Miss D. Udy, black skirt, white silk blouse; Miss Nina Crowther, white and blue sprigged silk muslin; Miss Ethel Udy, Udy, green gown; Miss Una Gower (Wanganui), heliotrope silk muslin; Miss Bertha Oxley, eau de nil green gown; Mrs. Henderson (Wellington), black chiffon taffeta, white silk blouse; Miss May Dawson, white silk; Miss Nina Trevi-thick, pretty red silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Milne, white gown; Miss Manie Wilson, white muslin frock. Among the gentlemen were Messrs. Garrett, Kidd, Nicholson, Choyce, Stewart, Reid, Oxley, Culpson, Barnard, Browning, Conolly, Milne, Crowther and Brown.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The dramatic entertainment being held at Government House on Tuesday, and

Wednesday of this week will, one hopes, have crowded audiences. The Society for the Promotion of the Health of Women and Children is as yet in its infancy, and is sadly in need of funds, and the entertainment has practically been organised by Lady Plunket, who takes a keen interest in the Society, to augment the funds. Two one-act plays are to be presented, "In Honour Bound" and "Old Gooseberry." The cast is as follows:—Sir George Carlyon, Mr. A. M. Ferguson; Lady Carlyon, Mrs. Kaber Harrison; Phillip Graham, Mr. F. N. Bamford; Rose Dalrymple, Miss Phyllis Boulf. "Old Gooseberry," the second piece, will be played by Mr. H. C. Waterfield (Mr. Fitzington Corker—a retired wine merchant), Captain E. L. Lyon (Simon Snapshot, a "Sportsman" from town), Captain the Hon. W. Gathorne-Hardy (a gamekeeper), Mrs. Waterfield (Corker's daughter), and the Hon. Kathleen Plunket (Matty, a discontented housemaid).

THE PONSONBY SHAKESPEARE AND RHETORIC CLUB,

taking advantage of the fact that April 23rd was the birthday of the world's great poet and dramatist, issued a large number of invitations for the initial reading, and made a most auspicious opening of the 1908 season by an excellent presentation of Shakespeare's popular comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew."

The club was particularly fortunate in the selection of readers of the principal roles. Miss Wingfield made an excellent Katharina. Her enunciation was clear and well modulated, and her interpretation of the text showed an admirable appreciation of the dramatist's portraiture of this old-time scold.

Mr Maxwell Walker as Petruchio had the chief burden of the evening's work, the play essentially relying for its success upon the two leading characters. His rendering of the part was forceful and discriminating, and repeatedly elicited spontaneous bursts of applause from the audience, which filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The rest of the cast was taken by Miss Eileen London, Miss Plummer, Messrs. A. Coultis, H. Hemus, Sinton, E. T. Hart, O. Sinclair, E. Aldridge, H. Hemus, G. H. Plummer, and T. U. Wells.

There was a large audience, who evinced their appreciation of the excellence of the reading by frequent and hearty applause. The club is assured of a successful winter season.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

The following guests have been staying at Okoroire Thermal Springs Hotel:—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Bews, maid and child, Miss Bews, Miss L. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. D. MacCormick, Mrs. Richmond, Miss Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson, Mrs. Proude, Mr. P. Hanna, Mr. S. Hanna, Master Proude, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Jackson and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, maid and family, Miss E. Martin, Miss Buckland, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark, maid and family, Miss White, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lawrence, Miss Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. W. Heather, Mr. Bailey, Mr. R. A. Carr, Master Carr, Mr. G. Gilmore, Mr. J. B. Macfarlane, Master Macfarlane, Miss Buddie, Mr. E. Dargaville, Mrs. Nordstrum, Mr. Bullock Webster, Dr. and Mrs. Raynor, Dr. Bamford, Mr. Upton, Mr. Duncan, Mr. C. Mahony, Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins, Miss Hipkins, Mr. J. Menzies, Master J. Menzies, Auckland; Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Miss Boyd, Mrs. Townsend, Glasgow; Mr. W. McNeillie, Dunfries; Mrs. V. Sprout, Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyslop, Toronto; Mr. C. Todd, Mr. J. Rutherford, Rotorua; Mr. C. Bond, Mr. Tyerman, Hamilton; Mr. Conitts, Mr. L. Holden, Mr. T. McIndoe, Mr. Meikle, Te Aroha; Mr. Dawson, Te Awamutu; Mr. Adams, Waipukurau; Mr. T. Parker, Cambridge; Mr. W. H. Herries, M.P., Shaftsbury; Mr. Mitchell, Richmond Downs; Mr. Irwin, Wellington; Mr. C. Walton, Thames; Mr. J. Bucklin, Mr. C. Ludwig, Taunanga.

Mrs. Cater, of Remuera, Auckland, and her sister, Mrs. Black, left last week by the Wimmera for Sydney, on a visit to Mrs. Sydney Hain.

Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch McLean and Miss Stella McLean arrived in Auckland last week after a sojourn in the United Kingdom and the Continent.

The Misses Frater, of City-road, are spending a holiday in Australia.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, April 25.

Easter passed over very quietly here; the weather was not all that could have been desired, but on Easter Monday the day was fine, rain not setting in until about 8 p.m. Several members of the Golf Club put in a day on the links, taking their lunch and made a picnic of it. The contractors are pushing on with the alterations to the club house. They have already moved it to its new position and hope to have it completed for the opening day on the 23rd April. The new site chosen for the golf house is meeting with general approval.

On Good Friday a team of Auckland cricketers from the various clubs visited Cambridge, and tried conclusions with the local men. The visitors proved victorious, winning by 113 runs.

On Easter Monday

THE MAUNGATAUTARI RACING CLUB

held their fifth annual meeting on Mr. W. Vosper's farm at "Dingley Dell," Pukekura, and it passed off most successfully, about 500 people being present.

On Easter Monday night, Mrs. J. Taylor, of Bardowie, gave

A SMALL BUT MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE

for her daughter Molly, who has just returned from a six months' visit to Melbourne and Sydney. The large dining-room was used for dancing, and a most delicious supper was served in the nursery. The music was excellent and was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Booth, of Hamilton. Mrs. Taylor received her guests in a black satin and lace gown; Miss Taylor was wearing yellow silk trimmed with cream lace; Miss M. Taylor, white muslin with pink roses; Miss B. Taylor, pink silk; Mrs. A. Gibbons, eau de nil silk trimmed with white lace; Miss Haily, white muslin trimmed with quantities of French Valenciennes lace; Miss Mitchell (Auckland) cream voile; Miss E. Hay (Hamilton), white silk with Oriental trimming; Miss Pickering, white silk; Miss N. Pickering, white silk; Miss Ransau, blue silk; Miss Howell, white silk; Miss B. Buckland, white silk; Misses M. and D. Pilcher, white muslins; Miss Kissing (Auckland), black chiffon taffeta; Miss Clitty, white silk; Miss E. Hill, pink silk; Miss E. Brown, pink silk.

THE CAMBRIDGE CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY

opened its 17th annual show yesterday, the president (Mr. T. Wells) opened the show at 3 p.m. with an appropriate speech. The show is very much smaller this year on account of the long drought we had in the summer, in fact a meeting was held a short time ago to see whether it should be abandoned this year, but it was decided to go on with it, with the result that although it is small it is one of the prettiest shows ever held here. It was also decided to dispense with the afternoon tea, which always entails so much work on the ladies who take charge of it. The table decorations, as usual, attracted a great deal of attention; they were all exceedingly pretty, and must have given the judges a lot of thought as to how to award the prizes, but, I think their judgment met with general approval. In the adult class Mrs. H. Nixon gained first prize, her table was arranged with tripods, a large one in the centre and smaller ones at the corners, and trails of greenery were suspended from the centre to the corner ones, the flowers were creams, yellows and shades of mauve; the whole giving a very dainty effect. Miss Richardson came second with a table done with yellow chrysanthemums and quantities of maidenhair, fern and nandina arranged in white Coalportware vases, raised on rustic white stands. Miss C. Willis gained third prize, her table being shades of pink cosmos and cactus dahlias arranged in crystal vases.

In the young girls' class Miss Ida London gained first prize and Miss Erica Dickenson second. These two tables were exceedingly pretty, and showed great taste in the arrangement of them. Mr. T. Wells and Mr. Simpson had a lovely show of cactus dahlias. Mr. U. F. Buck-

land had some magnificent chrysanthemums on exhibition only. I think they were the largest I have ever seen. His stand of flowering begonias was superb, and was much admired; he showed both cut blooms and others grown in pots.

DRSSSES AT THE SHOW.

Amongst those present I noticed Mrs. Wells wearing a black Louise silk with vest of black lace over white silk, and pale blue and green tulle with Oriental trimming and shaded green plumes; Miss Wells, cream frock with yoke and sleeves of net, bodice trimmed with French knots, feather boa, cream lace hat trimmed with black velvet and large pink rose; Miss M. Hesketh (Auckland), bright navy blue frock trimmed with white passementerie and yoke and sleeves of white silk, green hat; Mrs. Richardson, blue tailor-made coat and skirt, Tuscan straw hat with large black bows; Miss Richardson, tailor-made tweed coat and skirt, Tuscan straw hat trimmed with black silk, long black ostrich feather and dark crimson rose; Mrs. Willis, black canvas voile, and green and pink bonnet; Mrs. J. B. Lusk (Auckland), navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, blue velvet hat with white ostrich feather; Miss C. Willis, cream voile trimmed with black velvet, navy blue felt hat with coque feathers; Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, white embroidered muslin, smart Tuscan straw hat trimmed with brown silk and wings and Oriental buckle; Miss Gwymeth, grey Eton coat and skirt and fur boa, black hat with coque feathers; Mrs. London, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, and small green hat; Mrs. Cameron, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, and blue tulle to match;



A WORD TO WOMEN

EVERY woman may not be handsome, but every woman should keep with care the good points Nature has endowed her with. . . . Sallow skin, dull eyes, a blotchy complexion—these no woman need have who pays proper attention to her health. Where constipation, liver derangement, blood impurities and other irregularities exist, good complexion, bright eyes and sprightly movements cannot exist. Internal derangements reveal themselves sooner or later on the surface. Headache, dark rings around the eyes, sallow skin, labored heavy movements, a constant tired feeling—all these mean that the liver and digestive organs are needing help and correction. **Bile Beans** give this necessary help. They are purely vegetable, and they work in Nature's own way. They do not merely flush the bowels and clear out the liver cells. They tone up the liver and stomach to fulfil their proper functions. Not only so, but while more effective than the medicines hitherto obtainable, they are, at the same time, more mild in their operation, and are suitable for the most delicate constitution.

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Mrs. Hammond, grey costume and black picture hat; Mrs. Martyn, navy blue silk blouse, blue cloth skirt and blue hat; Mrs. Young, black costume and black bonnet; Mrs. Wilkinson, fawn costume, navy blue dust coat, and brown hat trimmed with brown and pale blue; Mrs. H. Nixon, white muslin blouse, black skirt and black hat; Mrs. Isherwood, brown costume, white dust coat and Tuscan straw hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Diskenson, black costume, brown fur boa, and black hat; Miss Dickenson, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt and white hat; Mrs. C. Hunter, long tweed coat and skirt, white felt hat trimmed with white, silk rosette and coquo feathers; Mrs. McCullagh, black cloth coat and skirt, white embroidered vest and black hat trimmed with black silk.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. Stewart, of Auckland, with her baby, is at present staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hally, of Valmai, Cambridge.

Miss C. Willis, of Auckland, is at present visiting her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Willis, of Cambridge.

Mrs. A. H. Nicoll, of Cambridge, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Herold, of Remuera.

Miss M. Hesketh, of Auckland, is staying with Miss Wells, of Oakleigh, Cambridge.

Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Cambridge, are at present on a visit to Rotorua.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, April 23.
I seem to have quite a variety of items to chronicle this week. In the first place

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

between Gisborne and Dannevirke, which took place last Saturday, resulting in a win for Gisborne of sixty-eight points. Time would not permit of all the events to be played, but had the extra games been played it could not have made any difference to the result of the Tournament. In spite of the absence of a great number of people from town owing to the holidays there was a big number of spectators, and very keen interest was taken in the play.

In the evening
A DANCE WAS GIVEN FOR THE VISITORS

who seemed at the end of the evening to be very appreciative of the attention shown them by the members of the Gisborne Tennis Club. The dance was held in Whimray's Hall, the supper, a very dainty one, provided by the ladies, whilst the music was in the efficient hands of Miss Moore. Amongst those present were Mrs. Symes, in pink taffetas silk; Mrs. Stephenson (chaperon), green satin, lace over dress; Miss Agnew Brown, dainty pale pink muslin banded with dark green; Miss Crawford, a pretty gown of soft pink satin trimmed with cream silk Maltese lace; Miss Murray, pale green mousseline de soie over green satin, lace trimmings; Miss D. Bright, blue silk muslin over satin, chiffon touches; Mrs. Johnson, pretty gown of pink silk flowered voile over glace, distinguishing note of black; Miss Parker, sky blue satin with pink roses; Miss Parker, pale blue silk and lace; Miss Coleman, cream silk trimmed with Tuscan lace; Miss L. Coleman, pretty gown of pink glace, trimmed with lace; Miss Johnson (Auckland), soft white muslin and lace; Miss Irvine (Dannevirke), soft pink silk pompadour with lace, and long ash ends; Miss Small (Dannevirke), white taffetas silk, silk lace bolero; Miss Ryan (Dannevirke), pale blue merveilleux satin, with chiffon; Miss Ryan (Dannevirke), pale blue glace with pink roses; Miss McCready, blue silk dress, bolero and trimmings of coffee-coloured lace.

On Thursday last
ST. GEORGE'S DAY,

some of the finals in the Open Tournament, commenced at Easter time, were finished, Mr. Margoliuth and Mr. Barton winning both the championship doubles and handicap doubles, in each case playing against Mr. Burke and Mr. Barrow. Both the championship and the

handicap doubles were well fought, the latter especially being a most exciting game, the victors having only a margin of two points. Afternoon tea was kindly provided by Miss de Latour. In the handicap singles (ladies) Miss Sherratt was victorious.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Gore, Txd,n,b asgreenosopen Dr. Hyde (Central Otago) is at present in Pyvety Bay visiting his sons.

Dr. Bell (Wellington) left Gisborne for the Thames last Thursday.

Archdeacon Williams left for Auckland on Thursday last.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, April 24.
On Tuesday evening last, Mrs. Dr. Bernau gave a most delightful and jolly

LITTLE DANCE

at her lovely residence on Barrack Hill as a farewell to her sister Miss Rutledge, who has since left for her home in Australia. Mrs. Bernau wore a lovely black taffeta chiffon dress, daintily trimmed with white point lace; Miss Rutledge, a dainty pale blue soft satin, bodice prettily trimmed with lace; Miss L. Hoadley, handsome pale lavender satin, with velvet and lace on bodice; Miss N. Hoadley, pretty pale blue dress, trimmed with net and lace; Miss Hindmarsh, dainty pale pink chiffon and lace frock; Miss B. Hindmarsh, pretty rose pink satin dress; Miss Kettle, dainty pale green soft taffeta dress, lace vest and lace and chiffon sleeves; Miss Duff, white glace silk trimmed daintily with lace; Mrs. Levin, handsome black silk taffeta dress, bodice trimmed with lovely lace; Miss Todd, dainty white taffeta, profusely trimmed with Maltese lace; Miss Bendall, dainty white glace silk, with pale blue belt and streamers; Miss L. Snodgrass, dainty white muslin and lace frock; Miss Mary McLean, pretty black glace dress, daintily trimmed with lace; Miss Kitty Wood, dainty rose pink silk and lace dress. Amongst the gentlemen present were: Messrs. Cotterill, Johnson, Kettle, Troutbeck, Hoadley, Williams, Logan, Zeile, Douglas, Sunderland, Brabant, and Rogers.

Mrs. Coleman also gave

A LARGE AFTERNOON TEA

at her residence, "Waititirau," in honour of Miss Rutledge. Mrs. Coleman wore a gown of black glace silk covered with lace; Mrs. Lowry, pale grey and white striped taffeta frock, streamers of black velvet, large picture hat trimmed with pink roses; Miss Rutledge, pretty navy blue taffeta frock, with pink floral picture hat; Mrs. Bernau, long grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with autumn shades; Mrs. Dixon, pale grey silk floral muslin and lace frock, black and white floral toque; Miss Morton, handsome black taffeta dress with plumed hat; Miss Russell, pretty pale green voile dress, large black hat with feathers; Miss Denton, dainty cream silk muslin dress, large picture hat; Miss Hindmarsh, neat long green tailor-made costume with blue hat; Mrs. Lowry North, Goblin blue costume, with picture hat and plumes; Mrs. Levin, blue and brown coat and skirt, hat to match with long plumes; Mrs. Henley, cream Etou cloth coat and skirt, large black picture hat; Miss Fitzroy, pretty cream frock with floral lace Miss Handyside, pretty brown costume, large brown hat with feathers; Miss Todd, neat grey coat and skirt, pretty pale blue hat to match; Miss Mary McLean, green Etou coat and skirt, pretty brown hat with flowers; Mrs. C. Cornford, dainty white muslin; Miss Kettle, grey coat and skirt, pretty brown and green hat.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. F. Perry, of Hawke's Bay, is on a visit to Christchurch.
Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Crosse and family, of Hastings, have booked passages by a steamer leaving for England at the end of the present month.

Miss Duff, of Keruru, is staying with Mrs. Wood, Bluff Hill.

Miss Hamlin has returned to Napier from an extended visit to the Wairarapa.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, April 25.

THE EASTER GOLF TOURNAMENT

started last Saturday, rain falling continually; but on Monday, although a dull grey sky, it was ideal golfing weather. On Tuesday morning, which broke fine and cool, there was a large gathering of friends and players to follow the final for the Taranaki championship between R. C. Scott and W. B. Colbeck (Auckland), which ended in the former beating the latter by 2 up and 1, after a close and interesting game. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Brewster, dark navy tailor-made coat and skirt, cream silk vest, black and white toque; Miss Brewster, moss green cloth costume, with deep folded tucks on bodice, pale blue hat, finished with large bows; Miss Bedford, cream cloth costume, full tucked skirt, large black and white hat finished with feathers; Miss D. Bedford, pale biscuit coloured flecked tweed, with cream lace vest, outlined with emerald green velvet, skirt piped with same, brown velvet hat with two large fluffy wings; Mrs. Leatham, navy tailor-made costume, pretty hat to correspond; Miss Leatham, navy costume, with three-quarter coat, cream lace vest, pretty purple velvet feathered hat; Miss Stanford, peacock green costume, cream silk blouse, black feathered hat; Mrs. Addenbrooke, navy costume, braided with black, cream silk vest, black feathered hat; Miss Tidy, green tweed costume, with brown leather facings, brown hat en suite; Mrs. H. Gillilan (Auckland), navy coat and skirt, cream silk and lace blouse, hat finished with shaded yellow roses; Miss Gillilan, cream silk blouse, navy skirt, brown velvet motor cap with long chiffon veil; Mrs. Morshead, grey tweed costume, black hat with violets on bandeau; Mrs. W. Newman, plum-coloured silk, with three quarter black coat, black feathered hat; Mrs. Alexander, long grey coat, with navy motor cap; Mrs. Southall, navy coat and skirt, burnt straw hat trimmed with green ribbon and pale pink roses; Mrs. N. King, navy coat and skirt, black hat; Miss King, dark navy tailor-made costume, cream blouse, scarlet hat and tie; Miss E. Baird (Hastings), cream blouse, dark navy skirt, pretty hat en suite; Mrs. R. Bayley, moss green coat and skirt, burnt straw hat, trimmed with bows of black ribbon; Miss Bayley, cream cloth costume, long biscuit coloured tailor-made coat, cream hat to correspond; Misses Fraser, Deacon, A. Hoskin, Mrs. Paton, Mrs. C. Weston; Mrs. Glasgow, navy blue costume, faced with white, cream silk blouse, hat en suite; Mrs. Bewley, light grey costume, relieved with cream lace on bodice, black feathered hat; Miss Skinner, navy costume, green hat with shaded ribboned rosettes; Miss Jones (Wanganui), long moss green coat, hat to correspond; Miss Affet, navy costume, cream silk vest, pretty moss green hat trimmed with rosettes of ribbon; Mrs. W. Bayley, navy costume, pretty moss green hat with floral ribboned bows and shaded roses; etc.

On Monday evening a

DANCE

was held in the Freemasons' Hall, and although the weather was rainy and the air very close, a number of enthusiastic dancers attended. The supper table was tastefully arranged with two different shades of cosmos. Amongst those present were:—Miss A. Brewster, slimy pink muslin, profusely tucked and trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace, red roses in coiffure; Mrs. Southall, a very pretty pale blue floral chiffon over glace, with folded bodice and chemisette of Valenciennes lace; Miss Gross, turquoise blue muslin, gold belt; Miss — Gross, white muslin, full tucked and inserted skirt, yellow empire silk sash; Miss Fookes, pale heliotrope mousseline de soie, with tiny V. vest of Valenciennes lace, heliotrope ribboned rosettes in coiffure; Miss G. Fookes, pale blue silk taffetas, with white lace berthe; Miss Jones (Wanganui) was much admired in emerald coloured silk taffetas, rich cream lace bolero embroidered with black bobé silk ribbon, deep band of cream lace on skirt, yellow roses in coiffure; Miss Clarke, yellow frilled

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silk; Miss B. Clarke, rose pink muslin; Miss Colson, cream voile, with yellow silk folded empire belt; Miss Bedford, white frilled muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, black bow in hair; Miss D. Bedford, white embroidered muslin, scarlet roses on décolletage; Miss Buxton, shell pink silk trimmed with bands of moss green velvet; Miss Bayley, black silk, with tucker of black lace, lovely real lace berthe; Miss Penn, white tucked and inserted muslin, pink roses in coiffure; Mrs. G. Kebbell, cream silk, lace yolk, pale blue silk sash; Miss Ryan, rose pink silk, with deep coral belt; Miss King, cream silk; Miss Saxton, white muslin, moss green silk belt; Miss Kemp, white muslin, tucked and inserted with lace; Mrs. Callaghan (Hawera), cream silk, deep lace berthe; Miss N. Couttes, cream silk, full skirt, inset with Paris tinted lace, pale pink floral chiffon shoulder straps and belt; Miss Roy, white muslin, pink floral ribboned sash; Miss Hanna, turquoise blue voile, cream lace tucker and shoulder straps; Miss N. Hanna, rose pink figured muslin, cream net tucker, silk empire sash; Miss Skinner, pink floral muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss D. Skinner, soft grey silk, with berthe of cream lace; Miss E. Baird (Hastings) was much admired in cream satin, lovely lace berthe; Miss V. Brett, white tucked muslin; Miss Standish, white book muslin finished with satin shoulder straps and bands on skirt.

An ORGAN RECITAL

was given in St. Mary's Church last Wednesday evening by Mr. A. Millar Potts, assisted by the choir. The organist's well-known and excellent playing attracted a large attendance, his pieces being a "Prelude and Fugue" in D Minor (Mendelssohn), "Sunset Melody" (Vincent), "Suite," (a) Prelude, (b) Minuet, (c) Priere, (d) Toccata, by Bachmann, and two characteristic pieces by Wolsterholme (a) Question, (b) Answer. Miss Winifred Baker gave an impressive rendering of the aria "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," from the Messiah (Handel). A collection was taken on behalf of the organ fund.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Colonel Gordon, of Rangitikei, has been on a short visit to New Plymouth, but has now returned.

Mrs. W. Luxford and Master Jack Luxford, who have been motoring through from Auckland to Wellington, passed through New Plymouth last week, on their way home to Hamilton.

Miss B. Baker, on leaving the employ of Messrs. E. Griffiths and Co., was presented with a gold watch by her employers and staff.

Mr. G. D. Waddy, late of the New Plymouth office of the Union Bank, now of Blenheim, was married in Wellington last week to Miss Zeta Broad.

NANCY LEE.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, April 24.

The Feilding races on Easter Monday and Tuesday attracted a record attendance, a very large contingent going from Palmerston. The excursion trains were crowded, and many motored or drove the twelve miles. Mr. and Mrs. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pusey, Mr. L. Pusey, Miss E. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Abraham, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooper, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hankins, Mrs. H. S. Hankins, Mr. and Mrs. Moefer, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. J. Straug, Mr. and Mrs. Lousson, Mrs. J. P. Jones, the Misses Preece, Miss Fenton, Mrs. and Miss Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Keeling, Mrs. Bendall, Miss F. Handolph, Mrs. and the Misses Bell, Mrs. Tripp, Mr. A. Bell were a few of the visitors from here.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

The Wellington Amateurs staged "Dr. Bill" at the Open House on Easter Monday night, a crowded house greeting their performance. The principal parts were taken by Miss L. Lenoxy, Miss E. Curney, Miss Scott, Miss I. Thompson, Miss M. Philp, Miss V. Underwood and Mr. N. Aitken, Mr. K. Aitken, Mr. T. Hollis, Mr. E. Perry, Mr. J. Howard, and Mr. H. F. Wood. The audience included Mrs. W. Wood, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs.

Bunting, Dr. and Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. and the Misses Park, Mrs. and Miss F. Randolph, Mrs. Bendall.

The golf season opening takes place on next Saturday at Hokowhitu. Several enthusiasts are practising on the links now. Mrs. Warburton has been elected captain for the forthcoming season.

VIOLET.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, April 24.

The weather was beautiful for Easter Monday, when the

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL SPORTS

were held. There was a very large attendance of parents and old boys from all parts of the Colony. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Empson. Amongst such a number it was difficult to see everybody. Amongst those I noticed were:—Mrs. Empson in a beautiful mauve Shantung silk frock with kimono sleeves and shoulder straps, vest of fine cream lace, fancy straw hat with cream lace on it, and mauve shaded flowers; Miss Empson wore a white tucked muslin frock with lace and insertion yoke of net and lace, becoming white hat with ostrich feathers in it; Mrs. Gordon, black and white figured silk with vest of lace, black and white hat, Mrs. O'Rourke (Auckland), smart cream serge skirt and coat with cream silk blouse banded with insertion, brown felt hat with pheasant's wings and pale blue velvet; Mrs. J. Hewitt (Pahiatua), cream voile gown with yoke of lace and revers of mauve silk and small mauve silk buttons ornamenting the bodice, black crinoline straw hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. J. Nairn (Hawke's Bay), blue and white figured voile, gown with vest and sleeves of lace, large white hat with silk and long white ostrich feathers; Mrs. Hartgill (Dannevirke), golden brown voile costume with lace and velvet, green hat with shot ribbons and quills; Mrs. Williams (Hawke's Bay), pale blue Shantung silk frock with vest and sleeves of fine cream lace, cream hat with blue ostrich feathers; Mrs. Knight (Dannevirke) wore a beautiful brown crepe de chine with kimono sleeves and shoulder straps over a vest of fine lace, brown hat with paste buckle in the front and feathers; Mrs. H. Cowper (Dannevirke), dark red cloth coat and skirt with collar and cuffs of velvet, cream vest, smart shot brown hat with upturned brim in the front and wings; Mrs. Holmes (Palmerston North), black cloth Eton coat, cream vest, stylish black hat with tiny ostrich feathers waving from an ornament in the front; Mrs. Barthorpe (Silverhope) wore a navy blue costume with vest embroidered in pink silk flowers, gold thread, very becoming heavy blue hat with Endred blue silk and wings; Miss Ward (Silverhope), black and white check costume with kimono sleeves and shoulder straps edged with wide bands of black silk, white vest, pretty straw hat with shaded wings; Mrs. Bundell (Nelson), golden brown crepe de chine gown with vest of cream, lace and shoulder straps with kimono sleeves of true brown crepe de chine, becoming brown hat with large green rose in the front and natural shaded ostrich feathers; Mrs. Dodgshun, black silk muslin gown with yoke of lace over white chiffon, black and white hat with crown of roses and white osprey; Mrs. Christie, cream voile over pale green profusely trimmed with silk lace, cream straw hat with blue roses and foliage and green grasses; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, navy blue tailor-made coat and skirt, white silk vest, becoming hat with heliotrope flowers; Mrs. Fairburn, long green striped tweed coat and skirt, dark green cloth collar and cuffs, vest of hemstitched muslin frill, black hat with ostrich tips; Mrs. O. Lewis (Fordell) wore a stylish navy blue striped tweed coat and skirt, frill of lace, becoming silk hat with black silk, forming roses and coque feathers; Mrs. Sargeant, green and white shaded check tweed costume with band of wine cloth at the foot of the skirt and the same on the Eton coat, pretty pasted green straw hat with ruchoe of the same; shaded silk; Mrs. A. Izard, green tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, becoming large green hat with ruchoe of ribbons and pale blue coque feathers, shoulder scarf of pale blue crepe de chine; Miss Mason (Hawke's Bay), navy blue cloth coat and skirt, white silk

vest, blue felt hat with blue coque feathers; Mrs. Montgomery, long black silk coat with lace, black silk gown, black and white bonnet; Mrs. H. Montgomery, black silk gown with yoke of fine cream lace, white feather boa, white picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Mason, navy blue striped lustre Eton coat and skirt with white cloth collar banded with braid, white chip hat with black velvet and pink roses under the brim; Miss Lambert (England), pale green cloth costume with lace and bands of silk the same shade, large straw hat with high bows of rose pink ribbons; Miss Mason, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, brown hat with coque feathers; Miss J. Mason, navy blue and white striped flannel coat and skirt, pretty blue silk hat with wide blue bows and brown roses and foliage in the front; Miss Stevenson wore a dainty frock of pale blue silk with yoke of lace and the same on the sleeves, white feather boa, large hat with pale band of straw and shaded feathers; Miss Blundell (Nelson), cream serge costume, pastel blue felt hat with coque feathers; Mrs. W. Anderson, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, cream straw hat with floral ribbons and flowers; Miss C. Anderson, bright navy blue striped serge Eton coat and skirt, cream silk vest, golden brown straw hat with green and brown shot ribbons and brown coque wings; Mrs. Earle, black cloth coat and skirt, mauve silk hat with band of velvet and shaded mauve wings; Mrs. Morrison (Wellington), brown voile costume with shoulder straps and brown velvet vest of cream lace, brown hat with chiffon and wings; Mrs. Hole, smart blue and green striped tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, green hat with blue and green roses composed of silk; Mrs. Hawke, black and white tweed coat and skirt, black hat with large white coque feathers at the side.

PRIZE PRESENTATION.

On Monday evening the sports prizes were presented at the Collegiate School, there were a large number present. Mrs. Empson wore a black silk gown with berthe of lace; Mrs. H. F. Christie, cream voile over silk with bands of lace and insertion; Mrs. Godwin, black brocaded silk with lace collar; Miss Ashcroft, white silk with lace on the bodice; Miss K. Jones, black silk gown with lace; Miss Brettargh, white muslin with frills on the skirt and lace, white silk sash and berthe of lace; Mrs. Barnicoat, black silk gown with lace on her corsage; Mrs. J. Nairn (Hawke's Bay), white silk frock with chiffon and lace on her corsage.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Dodgshun gave a bridge party for Mrs. Blundell. The first prize was won by Mrs. Sargeant and the booby by Mrs. Blundell. Amongst those present were Mesdames Anderson, Greenwood, Griffiths, Godwin, Sargeant, Fairburn, Gordon, Dodgshun and Miss Reichart.

Miss Brettargh gave

A BRIDGE PARTY

for Miss Cowper (Dannevirke) and Miss Blundell (Nelson). The prizes were won by Miss Ashcroft and Mr. K. Chamberlain, Miss Blundell and Mr. E. Jones. Amongst those present were Misses Stanford (2), Gusson, Blundell, Cowper, Brewer, Ashcroft, Brettargh (2), Messrs. Jones, Willis, Chamberlain (2), Stevenson, Palmer (2).

On Wednesday night Mrs. Gibbons gave a euchre party and dance at her residence in Plymouth-street. Amongst those present were Mrs. and Miss Giltson, Miss Darley, Miss Anderson, Miss Nixon, Misses Barton (2), Miss Craig, Messrs. G. Dodgshun, Anderson, Jaywell, Silk, Enderby, Craig (3), Gibbons (3).

On Monday evening the Old Boys of the Collegiate School gave

A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE

in the Fire Brigade Hall. The supper table was artistically decorated with white cosmos, yellow and bronze chrysanthemums with long trails of smylax grasses; Mrs. Empson wore a handsome black silk gown with berthe of lace; Mrs. Godwin, black silk costume with real lace on the bodice; Mrs. Barnicoat, black chiffon tuffetas gown with berthe of cream lace; Mrs. Pastel, blue and black striped radium frock with berthe of lace; Mrs. McNaughton Christie, black silk gown with berthe of lace; Mrs. Williams (Hawke's Bay), white chiffon tuffetas with applique and chiffon on the corsage; Mrs. J. Nairn (Hawke's Bay), white satin frock with berthe of lace; Mrs. H. Cowper (Dannevirke), cream

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French physicians, particularly those making a specialty of the treatment of skin diseases, have for many years regarded Cuticura as a specific and have prescribed it freely. It enjoys the rare distinction of being prescribed in the Hospital Saint Louis, Paris, one of the largest and most famous hospitals in the world devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the skin.

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"I have been suffering from irritation of the skin for about five years. I was two years under medical treatment, during which time I was treated by several doctors but derived no benefit whatever from their skill. The first relief I got was from Cuticura and now thank God and the Cuticura Remedies, I am, I think, perfectly cured. I used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills since last October, and I can recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any person suffering from the same malady. Edward Manning, 34, Claremont St., Dublin, May 12, 1906."

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3rd Then wash again

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chiffon taffetas frock with folded chiffon on the corsage and lace; Mrs. J. Hewett (Pahiataua), pale pink chiffon with under skirt of pink silk, the skirt was frilled with bands of silk bebe ribbons and the same in the corsage; Miss Blundell (Nelson), pretty pale pink chiffon taffetas with yoked hem on the skirt, corsage with gage of fine cream lace and shoulder straps ornamented with pale blue and green French knots; with figured net sleeves; Miss Moore, cream glaze gown with berthe of lace; Miss C. Anderson, white silk with overskirt of figured net, and berthe composed of tiny frills of valenciennes lace, pale blue rose in the front, and wide belt to match; Miss B. Cutfield, beautiful cream lace gown over heliotrope silk; Miss Cowper (Dannevirke), pale green crepe de chene with berthe of lace banded with narrow green ribbons; Miss Brettargh, white muslin frock with frills on the skirt edged with lace, the same on the bodice; Miss Elder (Wellington), pretty white chiffon taffetas, short puffed sleeves, lace daintily arranged on the bodice; Miss Mason (Hawke's Bay) wore a pale blue chiffon taffetas gown with insertion and bands of velvet edging the corsage; her sister wore pale green frock; Miss Hilda McNeill, dainty white muslin frock with the skirt made with three flounces and berthe of muslin and valenciennes lace, pastel blue silk belt; Miss G. Mason, white muslin gown with lace on her corsage and touches of pale blue; Miss Helen Anderson black chiffon taffetas with berthe of lace; Miss Simpson, white silk gown with chiffon and lace on the bodice; Miss Aeland (Christchurch), black silk with berthe of real lace.

HUIA.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, April 24.
Easter being over, of course there was AN EPIDEMIC OF WEDDINGS

to follow, accounts of which you will find elsewhere. Miss Zita Broad chose Easter Monday for her wedding day, and the beautiful Limerick lace which adorned her gown (a family heirloom, by-the-by) was very much admired. She was one of the most popular teachers at Miss Baber's, and there were many pupils among the guests. Miss Stanley Hooth, whose marriage took place at Carterton, is well known in Wellington, and many people went from town to be present. Easter Tuesday was the day of Miss Earle Brenner's wedding, and she abandoned the usual carriage and pair for a smart electric brougham, which conveyed her to the church.

FAREWELLING MRS. LEVIN.

Quite a number of farewell festivities are being given for Mrs. Levin, who, with her pretty daughter, is going back to England immediately. Miss Mona Levin was the guest of honour at the little dance given on Wednesday by Miss Duncan. It was a perfect night for dancing, and the guests—all young people—thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Duncan wore black chiffon taffetas embroidered with jet, and finished with handsome lace; Miss Duncan, coral pink crepe de soie, lightly embroidered with silver; Mrs. Levin, white Louise veiled in black jetted and embroidered net; Miss Mona Levin, palest pink ninnon de soie, with silver tassels. The guests also included Mrs. Kenneth Duncan. In white taffetas veiled in net and silver sequins; Mrs. Arthur Duncan, Pompadour silk with lace frills and knots of velvet; Mrs. Hector Rolleston, white figured taffetas and berthe of lace; Mrs. Harold Johnston, rose-pink chiffon taffetas, with frills of lace; Mrs. C. Pearce, amande radium silk, with lace bertha and sleeves; Mrs. Dymock, ivory chiffon taffetas, with sequettes of lace, belt and rosettes of gold tissue; Miss Doris Johnston, ivory mousseline re soie hemmed with taffetas and frilled with lace; Miss Enid Bell, aloe green ninnon de soie, with lace bertha, and belt of taffetas; Miss Lucy Brandon, sky-blue glaze, with an over-dress of silver sequined net; Miss Erica Fell, white radium silk, hemmed with silver and having a silver belt and tassels; Miss Katherine Fitzgerald, white chiffon taffetas, with Empire belt and epaulettes of lace; Miss Fell, black satin, bertha of Houlton lace; Miss Tweed, white chiffon taffetas, with draperies of lace; Miss Somerville, black

chiffon glaze, with bertha of handsome lace.

PHILANTHROPIC BRIDGE.

St. Mary's Home for Girls is to benefit by funds raised by a bridge tournament, which is being organised by Mesdames Duncan, Miles, Newman, Stafford, Abbot, and Bias. Play will begin towards the end of May, and will continue for some time, as there are many entries.

MRS STOTT'S TEA

was a farewell to Mrs. Dean, who came out from Home some months ago to stay with her daughter, Mrs. Stanton Harcourt, and is now on her way back again. The pretty and artistic house looked charming with its interior decorations of flowers and autumn leaves. Mrs. Stott wore a beautiful dress of palest pink chine faintly patterned with roses; the skirt had a wide entre-deux of coral lace strapped with chine, and the bretelles were fashioned in like manner, while the yoke and puff sleeves were of flet lace and net; Mrs. Dean wore palest fawn colienne, the vest being bordered with handsome embroidery, and connected with tiny tassels; Lady Ward, navy striped tweed, white furs, and a becoming hat with roses; Mrs. Joseph, black and white striped ninnon de soie, with smart coat of black taffetas, black and white toque with pale blue tips; Mrs. Stanton Harcourt, dull violet cloth, with striped revers and effective touches of gold; Mrs. Barron, black tailor-made, lace vest, and black toque with tips; Mrs. Prendergast Knight, black Eton coat and skirt, pale blue hat with feather fantasia; Mrs. Ward, black taffetas, with vest of ivory lace and net, black toque with feathers; Miss Butts, smart costume of myrtle green velvet striped with black, the coat being braided with black, with a soupcon of gold, green picture hat with plumes; Miss Harding, wine-coloured cloth, with revers and buttons of velvet of the same shade.

There was a big gathering at the Town Hall on Saturday, which was

THE OPENING OF THE DOMINION BAZAAR.

Lady Ward, who was on the platform, wore a smart striped tweed tailor-made, white furs, and a picture hat with roses; Miss Eileen Ward was in black with a pretty lace blouse, and a big hat with bows of ribbon and roses. Other visitors have been: Mrs. Grace, wearing a black tailor-made, and black and white toque; Mrs. Harold Johnston, blue Eton coat and skirt, and blue hat with feathers; Mrs. Duncan, black cloth tailor-made, and black picture hat; Mrs. Loughnan, black taffetas, lace blouse, and hat with roses; Mrs. O'Connor, black coat and skirt with white revers; Miss O'Connor, grey Eton costume, grey hat with wings and roses.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Humphries is back after a stay in Nelson with Mrs. Hunter-Brown. Mrs. and Miss Dean, who are out here visiting Mrs. Stanton Harcourt, are shortly returning to England. Miss Dean is already in Sydney, visiting relations there, and next week she will be joined by Mrs. Dean. Mrs. Harcourt accompanies her mother as far as Sydney, and will spend a week or two there before coming back to Wellington. Mr. M. Dean (South America), who has been travelling about a good deal since he came to New Zealand, is an enthusiastic fisherman. He returns to England with Mrs. and Miss Dean. Mrs. and Miss Kember have returned after a trip to several country places for the races. Mrs. Alec Crawford has been spending Easter with friends near Bulls, Rangitikei. Mrs. Et Broad has gone back to Palmerston after a few days here for Miss Z. Broad's wedding. Mrs. Robert Pharazyn has returned to Wanganui after a week or two in Wellington. She was accompanied by Mrs. Louisa. Mr. and Mrs. J. Joseph have returned to town after a stay at their country house in Upper Hutt Valley. Miss Wheeler has returned after a trip up North. Mrs. Cecil Jones and Miss Jones are off to Australia next week for a holiday trip. Mr. and Mrs. Lachuan have gone to Sydney for two or three weeks. Sir Robert Stout's house on Wellington Terrace has been let to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wilson. Lady Stout will accompany Sir Robert on his journey about

New Zealand for the next few months. After that they go to England for a holiday trip, and in order to see their sons, four of whom are now in the Old Country.

Mrs. Adams (Patea) is at present the guest of her sister, Miss Turner, Kellburne.

Mrs. Derry (Auckland) is re-visiting Wellington, where she is staying with relations.

Mrs. and Miss Levin are staying with the Hon. C. J. and Mrs. Johnston, at Karori, before returning to the Old Country. They leave for Australia, en route to England, on May 1st.

OPHELIA.

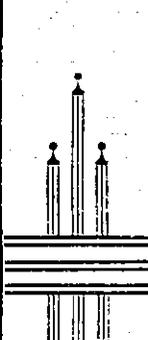
CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, April 24.
"THE EASTER MEETING AT RICCAR-
TON"

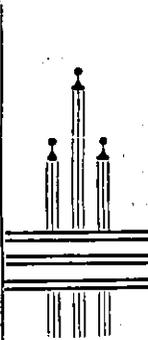
on Monday and Tuesday attracted a large number of people, and was favoured with fine weather. The only thing which marred the first day's enjoyment was the sudden illness of Mr. G. G. Stead. Very general regret was expressed, and sympathy felt for Mr. Stead and his family. Amongst the many charming toilettes I noticed Lady Clifford in a pale grey tweed coat and skirt, with long fur coat, black toque with ostrich feathers; Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, gown of pale biscuit coloured cloth, belt of gold, fawn and pink cord,

facings of rose pink velvet, hat to match, with pink flowers, sable furs; Mrs. Hector Rhodes, a lovely gown of violet velvet, black toque with ostrich feather, sable furs; Mrs. A. Elworthy (Pareora), skirt of fawn cloth, coat of velvet to match, sable furs; Tuscan straw hat with daisies and wall-flowers; Mrs. Bond, pale grey crepe gown, long brown coat, brown fox furs and Tuscan hat trimmed with foliage and pink chrysanthemums; Mrs. Pyne, coat and skirt of striped tweed, brown Marabout stole, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. R. M. Macdonald, dark red cloth coat and skirt, hat of velvet to match, with pink roses and foliage, sable furs; Miss Macdonald, coat and skirt of green striped tweed, pale blue velvet hat with green and blue tulle and wings; Miss Sinclair Thompson (Dunedin), navy blue serge costume, cream straw hat with black velvet and white ostrich feathers; Mrs. G. Holmore, costume of dark grey striped tweed braided in black, black velvet hat, with white wings and shot green silk, black fox furs; Miss Turnbull, navy blue cloth costume, electric blue hat; Mrs. Geo. Rhodes (Meadowbank), coat and skirt of navy blue serge, toque of blue velvet with crown of pale blue silk and shaded ostrich feather, white fox furs; Mrs. Buchanan (Little River), black cloth gown, black bonnet, sable furs; Mrs. W. J. Moore, fawn coat and skirt, brown hat; Miss Moore, navy blue serge costume, blue hat; Miss D. Moore, bright blue cloth coat and skirt, heliotrope silk hat; Mrs. Herbert Elworthy (Timaru), costume of dark grey, heliotrope and green tweed, hat of violet velvet with shaded mauve wings and flowers, fox

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Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.

furs; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, heliotrope cloth costume, straw hat to match with shot ribbon and purple grapes; Miss Cowlishaw, green striped tweed coat and skirt, electric blue hat with shaded blue feathers; Mrs. Kettle, pale grey costume, petunia silk hat with shaded plumes to match; Miss Kettle, navy blue serge coat and skirt, emerald green silk hat; Mrs. Jim Williams, pale blue Eton costume, cream hat with white ostrich feather; Miss C. Kettle, brown tweed costume, brown hat and squirrel furs; Mrs. L. Rutherford (North Canterbury), dark red and black check coat and skirt braided in black, velvet hat to match with roses and foliage, stone marten furs; Mrs. Nancarrow, dark navy blue cloth costume, black velvet hat with white and grey wings; Miss Nancarrow, costume of navy blue serge, violet velvet hat and white furs; Mrs. Lowry (Hawke's Bay), gown of violet chiffon velvet, large grey hat with violet velvet and shaded ostrich feather; Mrs. J. D. Hall, cream serge costume, violet velvet hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. W. Wood, gown of petunia cloth with velvet to match, black hat with pink and red roses, stone marten furs; Miss Wood, costume of dark petunia tweed, hat to match; Miss B. Wood, cream cloth coat and skirt, cream hat with touches of blue; Mrs. Symes, navy blue costume, electric blue plumed hat; Miss Symes, coat and skirt of navy blue serge, electric blue hat with wings, grey squirrel furs; Miss Barker (Geraldine), navy blue costume, navy blue straw hat with green feathers; Miss R. Wilson, cream cloth coat and skirt, Tuscan hat with white ostrich feather, white fox furs; Mrs. Thompson, dark grey tweed coat and skirt, black toque with ostrich feather; Miss Westera, navy blue costume, brown hat with brown and blue shot ribbon; Miss L. Westera, green tweed costume and green hat; Mrs. Burns, coat and skirt of brown check tweed, black hat, sable furs; the Misses Burns, navy blue serge, long blue coats with possum collars and muffs, blue toques with green feathers; Mrs. Duncan Cameron (Melburn), gown of electric blue cloth, toque to match, white fox stole and muff; Mrs. Wardrop, costume of dark wine coloured cloth, hat to match with pink silk and roses; Mrs. J. Wilson, dark grey striped tweed coat and skirt, grey fur toque with touches of violet, fox furs; Mrs. Randall, dark green and blue tartan cloth gown with black braid, black hat with ostrich feathers, black fox furs; Miss O'Brian (Timaru), navy blue serge coat and skirt, electric blue hat; Miss Murray-Aynsley, dark wine coloured costume, hat to match; Mrs. L. Rutherford (Hawarden), pale grey tweed coat and skirt, green hat with pale grey ostrich feather; grey fox furs; Miss M. Allan, green cloth costume braided with black, large silk hat with green and brown berries and soft ribbon; Miss N. Allan, grey striped tweed costume, large bright blue hat; Mrs. Goulburn Gibson, costume of slate grey cloth, with touches of pale blue velvet, grey silk hat with grey and blue shaded wings, fox furs; Miss E. Gibson, green tweed costume, and hat to match; Mrs. Bewick, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, pale pink hat, with white tulle and ostrich feathers; Mrs. E. V. Palmer (Hawke's Bay), striped green tweed coat and skirt brown hat with green plumes, fox furs; Mrs. Cook, black Eton costume, black and white hat; Mrs. C. Farr, brown cloth costume, faced with brown velvet, toque of ghebe and trimmed with berries and autumn leaves; Miss H. Denniston, reseda green cloth coat and skirt, braided with black, brown straw hat, with gold braid and brown tulle; Mrs. Rutherford, dark green tweed costume and hat to match, sable furs; Miss Rutherford, cream serge coat and skirt, violet velvet hat, white fox furs; Mrs. G. Merton, gown of petunia pink cloth, seal-skin coat, pink hat with flowers and ostrich feather; Miss Merton, navy blue serge costume, electric blue hat, with feather to match and brown rosette; Miss G. Merton, navy blue serge coat and skirt, wine-coloured velvet hat; Miss B. Russell, costume of dark green tweed, electric blue hat with blue and brown shot ribbon; Mrs. C. Dalgely, dark green tweed coat and skirt, green hat to match, sable furs; Mrs. Clifford, grey tweed gown, scarlet cloth coat, black hat with ostrich feather; Mrs. E. Grigg (Windsor), grey tweed costume, green hat, white fox furs; Miss Humphreys, pretty gown of blue cloth, with velvet bands to match, hat of the same shade, black fox furs; Miss A. Humphreys, navy blue serge coat and skirt, hat of electric blue felt; Mrs. J. Wilkin,

periwinkle blue cloth gown, black toque; Miss Wilkin, Empire gown, russet green cloth, brown velvet facings, brown and green toque; Mrs. Beals, navy blue serge costume, electric blue velvet toque, stone marten furs; Miss Wells (Amberley), grey tweed coat and skirt, electric blue hat with shaded feather to match, brown scarf; Mrs. Wells (Amberley), crushed strawberry cloth gown, hat with pink flowers to match; Mrs. C. Louison, Empire gown of velvet cloth, silk hat to match, with cluster of pink flowers; Miss Louison, crushed strawberry tweed coat and skirt, braided with black, white silk hat with touches of green, and grey and white feathers; Mrs. Quane, coat and skirt of green striped tweed, green velvet toque, with pink sweet peas, sable furs; Mrs. Chrisp (Ashburton), grey tweed costume, long green coat, and green hat; Mrs. M. Campbell, black cloth coat and skirt, black and white hat, white furs; Miss Campbell, costume of green tweed, hat of electric blue shades; Miss N. Campbell, dark reddish-brown cloth coat and skirt, brown hat with green feathers; Miss Cholmondeley, brown velvet gown, brown hat, with autumn leaves; Miss Sealey (Timaru), costume of navy blue serge, navy blue straw hat, with feathers to match; Miss Nedwell, navy blue serge coat and skirt, brown silk hat with brown roses and foliage; Mrs. Graves, grey tweed costume, Tuscan hat with brown and pale blue tulle, white furs; Mrs. Bickerton Fisher, black cloth coat and skirt, hat of electric blue; the Misses Fisher, cream cloth costumes, electric blue hats, grey fox furs; Mrs. R. Anderson, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. Wilson, green tweed costume, blue velvet hat; Miss Guthrie, navy blue costume, Tuscan hat, with pink roses white feather boa; Miss E. Secretan, navy blue serge costume, hat of paler blue; Mrs. R. Harman, dark grey tweed coat and skirt, black toque; Mrs. Loughnan (Timaru), violet cloth costume, hat to match, white fox furs; Mrs. H. L. Loughnan, brown tweed coat and skirt, pink and brown hat; Mrs. W. H. E. Wanklyn, navy blue serge costume, hat with green and blue shot silk; Mrs. P. Selig, grey striped tweed costume, mauve hat with long shaded ostrich feather; Mrs. Hayman, navy blue, with electric blue silk facings, hat to match. Amongst others present were Mrs. Tonka, Mrs. Hawkes, Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Norton, the Misses Harris (2), Marks, Nelson, Berkeley (2), Martin, William (2), Smith, Thompson, Mrs. A. Oliver, Miss Todhunter, Miss E. Wilson.

A DANCE AT "HAMBLEDEN"
 was given by Mrs. R. M. Macdonald, about 90 guests being present. A large marquee was erected on to the verandah, and tastefully decorated with flags and greenery, the whole being very pretty and effective. Mrs. Macdonald wore a beautiful gown of vieux rose chiffon over silk, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade and cream lace; Miss Macdonald, pale blue chiffon Empire frock, prettily trimmed with gold embroidery; Mrs. Sinclair Thompson (Dunedin), handsome black lace gown over white; Miss Sinclair Thompson, white taffetas and lace; Mrs. Bowden, black satin; Mrs. A. Rhodes, beautiful robe of white chiffon, heavily embroidered with gold sequins; Mrs. Cameron, pale blue satin brocade and lace; Mrs. Pyne, pale mauve silk corselet robe, with fichu of lace; Mrs. J. D. Hall, white spangled chiffon, with touches of black; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, pale blue taffetas; Mrs. Randall, black and white sequined robe, with touches of turquoise blue velvet; Mrs. A. Elworthy, pale pink crepe de chine and pink roses; Mrs. D. Bond, deep cream net, with insertions of lace and tangerine rosettes; Mrs. B. Elworthy, yellow brocade, with touches of black; Mrs. Wells, purple velvet, relieved with cream lace; Miss Wells, cream lace robe over blue; Miss — Wells, white taffetas; Miss Roberts (Dunedin), black and white lace dress, and red velvet trimmings; Miss B. Wood (debutante), white chiffon over silk; Miss D. Banks (debutante), white satin and lace; Miss Barker, pale blue silk and white lace; Miss Denniston, white satin; Miss Burns, white net over green silk; Miss Symes, black crepe de chine; Miss Nancarrow, white taffetas, with hertha of lace; Miss Cracroft Wilson, emerald green crepe de chine, with fichu of net and lace; Miss Russell, white chiffon, and silver passementerie; Miss Kettle, black sequin gown; Miss Wilding, pale blue satin and black velvet; Miss Humphreys, white chiffon, with blue and silver trimmings; Miss A. Humphreys, white satin Empire frock; Miss

Campbell, pink silk and lace; Miss Prins, white satin; Miss Anderson, floral silk, with chiffon; Miss Hill, pale blue taffetas; Miss Moore, sky blue silk and lace; Miss Laman, pale pink muslin; Miss Merton, blue spotted muslin; Miss Wilkin, pale green chiffon over silk.

Mrs. M. Denniston (of Wellington) gave a small afternoon to her girl friends last Saturday at Opawa. Present were Misses Humphreys (2), Merton (2), Burns, Symes, Wilding, and Murray.

DOLLY VALL

What is her - Age - ?

WHY is a woman's age judged by her appearance? Why is the face the index? Bad complexion—crowsfeet—wrinkles—angles—double chin! But with **Valaze**—the famous Russian Skin-food—she can with confidence defy the march of time.

Valaze will keep her skin clear and fresh, smooth out the wrinkles, round out the hollows, take away the double chin, and restore youth and beauty till none can tell her age by her looks.

The applying of **Valaze** should be accompanied by **Massage**. By following this simple treatment in your own home, the face, neck and shoulders will retain their beauty of contour and a fresh appearance even in advanced years. Lines that have already appeared may be massaged out, and sallow skins made white and beautiful.

If in or near Wellington, call at the **Valaze Massage Institute**, Brandon Street, and have a chat with Mademoiselle Rubinstein, free.

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VALAZE at 4/- and 6/6 per jar.
VALAZE HERBAL SOAP, at 2/3 per cake.
VALAZE FACE POWDER, an exquisite preparation, 3/6.
CREME PROMENADE, the ideal face balm, 2/- and 3/6.
VALAZE BLACKHEAD & OPEN PORE CURE.
 A soothing specific which never fails to cure. Splendid for "greasy skin," "2/6."
ROSEO HAIR KILLER, for removing superfluous hairs, 2/6.
VALAZE MASSAGE ROLLERS. Single, 9/- Large set of two, 18/6.
 Complete set of three in case, 25/-.

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Yes, dear, but you should have asked for the—

L.O.U.I.S Velveteen

THE CHIFFON VEL-DUVEY

make is just lovely. I never saw anything like it for pile and lustre and brilliancy. And—well, you should just see how beautifully it drapes, and it doesn't even crush. It's that soft and rich and silky I wouldn't have any other.

DON'T FORGET To be obtained from Drapers and Silk Mercers throughout the Colonies.

L.O.U.I.S IS STAMPED ON EVERY YARD.

BOVRIL

Should be in every home as well as in every hospital.

When you are worried and cannot eat well nor sleep well, you will find a great help in BOVRIL.

BEWARE OF CHEAP IMITATIONS.

By Royal Warrant to The Majesty the King.

OVER THE TEACUPS

Savoir Gossip for Lady Readers

A Health Matter.

FOODS AND THEIR VALUE.

There is no subject which bears a closer or more intimate relationship to health and to the maintenance of our physical vigour and powers than that which deals with the question of the value of the different foods we consume (writes an English medical authority). I use the word value in a double sense, for we have first to consider the cost of foods we consume (writes an English medical authority). I use the word value in a double sense, for we have first to consider the cost of the foods in current coin of the realm, whilst second, the consideration of the exact amount of physical good and power any food conveys to us must represent the other side of this diet question.

The broad rule which regulates all our food consumption is that we must find first of all in our diet the substances of which the body itself is built up. The first use of food, in fact, is when applied to the human engine to supply it with the living matter which constitutes its most important part, and furthermore to ensure that due repair of our tissues is effected, this repair counteracting the loss we sustain through the ordinary work and actions of life. Regarding our body as an engine we therefore see that the first great function of food is to afford material for the building and reconstruction of the engine, and for keeping all its parts in due repair against the constant loss to which it is subjected.

FOOD AS FUEL.

Continuing our comparison of the body with the engine, we see that it is not sufficient merely to construct our engine; we have to supply it with the material out of which it can develop its energy or the power of doing its work. In plainer language, the engine requires to be furnished with stuff or material to make it go. Our body thus regarded requires to draw upon food in this second aspect of affairs.

The material which composes the engine, let us suppose iron, is very different from the material we place in the furnace, namely coal, and through the consumption of which we raise the temperature of the water to steam point, and thus obtain the energy or power which makes the engine capable of performing its work. So is it also with the body.

The foods which build the body are of an essentially different order from those from which the body derives its energy, and although there are certain features in which under the varying circumstances of life, one class of foods may to a certain extent replace the other, yet the distinction for all practical purposes must ever be kept clearly in mind, namely, that the foods which are given to build up our frames are different in nature from those which are supplied us for working power.

THE TWO CLASSES.

The body building foods are termed by scientific men nitrogenous articles of diet for the plain reason that they contain an element called nitrogen. This element is common enough in the world around us, and forms by weight about two-thirds of the air we breathe. The presence or absence of nitrogen in a food makes all the difference in the world in respect of the function it discharges in our bodies. Every food of this description may on occasion develop energy or working power, but its true function is to build up the living tissues of the bodies.

Nitrogenous foods are represented by such substances as the white of egg and the juice of meat, these being otherwise called egg albumen and meat albumen; by the gluten of flour by casein or the curd of milk, and by the legumin or nitrogenous part of peas, beans, and lentils. It may be added that the presence of the legumin in these vegetables constitutes them the very nourishing food in contrast to green vegetables, we know them to be.

The second class of foods or those which go to supply the body with energy

or the power of doing work, are called non-nitrogenous, because in them nitrogen is absent. They are represented by fats and oils, and by starches and sugars, foods which, despite their apparent unlikeliness, are chemically very nearly related one to another. It is out of these latter foods that we develop the energy which enables us to discharge our muscular and other work. They therefore represent in the human engine what the coal or other fuel represents in the machinery which man employs.

FOOD ECONOMY.

Once accepting the principles laid down regarding the uses of the two classes of foods, we should keep in mind that food economy must be based on the idea that we demand every day much less of the first class of foods than we do of the second, on the principle that an engine does not require anything like the amount of repair of its parts as compared with the amount of coal it consumes in its furnace.

Experience has taught us that about one-part of the first class of foods to four parts of the other class represents the fair proportion required for the sustenance of a human body doing a moderate amount of work. The foods which we therefore must have in greatest amount, and which, as a matter of fact, we do partake of most largely, are the fatty foods, and also the starches and sugars. Bread itself as the staff of life is half starch by weight, whilst we also obtain a large amount of starch daily from potatoes, rice, tapioca, and like foods.

Our fats are supplied to us not merely in butter, bacon, and the fat of meat, but also in milk and cream. The true economy of food is therefore seen to be the adjustment of the one class of foods in the matter of amount to the other. If the advice be added that recent experiments seem to show that we can do with even less of body-building foods (chiefly taken in the shape of meat) than is generally supposed, a certain saving of money with no diminution of our power or energy may thus be effected.

Women Make Best Managers.

WHY DO GIRLS DISLIKE THEM?

By ROSELLE M. DEAN.

There seems to be a prevailing belief by girl stenographers, bookkeepers, and other office workers that employment under a woman is distasteful. Girls are frequently overheard to say: "Deliver me from working for a woman."

The antipathy of a woman's supervision is an injustice in view of the many clever, whole hearted women who act as managers. Many if not most of them began at the foot of the ladder and through zeal and ambition climbed step by step into prominence.

LIKES TO BE ESTEEMED.

A woman having passed through the hard first years of commercial life is not likely to become cruel because of such promotion, but the attainment of her ambitions will tend to bring out the best there is in her, and she will conscientiously and impartially conduct the department committed to her charge.

Unlike the man manager, the woman manager desires to be considered gracious and pretty at all times and is not prone to become ferocious when things do not flow along as smoothly as they should. Nor is she inclined to indulge in an occasional "grouch," preferring to be favourably regarded as well as obeyed by her subordinates. The firmness of the woman manager is certainly not because she wishes to be "bossy."

Girls who have adopted office work will find when trouble of any kind overtakes them that their sorrows, at which the man manager would be annoyed, can be consoled without restraint to the average woman manager. They will receive cheering words of sympathy and comfort and leave their desks with hearts less heavy.

In many of the large business offices of Chicago, such as the International Harvester Company, Swift & Co., Armour & Co., Chicago Telephone Company and the Department Stores, young women have charge of various departments and scarcely ever are their services dispensed with because of unpopularity among the girls over whom they are authorised to reign.

It is the natural heritage of every good woman to get near the heart of her less fortunate sister. The woman department manager is just as feminine and sweet as if she were a vocal teacher or an artist. She harbors an innate desire to be loved rather than despised.

In the routine of business, life many unpleasant obstacles present themselves, and when discord arises the woman manager is ready to meet the occasion with fortitude, and the employee guilty of impertinence or mistake can win forgiveness by an apology couched in a few words of regret and loveliness, and the incident will be forgotten.

MAN IS MORE UNFORGIVING.

Not so with the man manager, for while he may demand the apology he is most likely to accept it with reservation when offered and file the infringement away in his memory, to be resurrected at some future date.

There are no doubt many broad-minded, generous-hearted men in charge of departments in which women are employed, but such men do not seem to be the type sought after by business houses for positions of this nature.

Since the tigerish type of men is selected for managing departments of girls by large houses, as a rule, and only the sweetest and most amiable of women accepted for the same line of work, girls seeking a livelihood by means of a commercial position should court rather than evade the department guided by woman.

Flirts and Flirting.

"The woman who flirts ought to be liable to the same penalties as the woman who thieves, and the man who flirts ought to receive the same punishment as the forger, for they are both thieves and forgers of the most dangerous kind." So said a man the other day in expressing his views upon this subject. Anyone who will take the trouble to think a little will find that the views of this gentleman are not so absurd nor so exaggerated as they may appear at first sight to be.

It is a most common thing to hear people ask what harm is there in a little "innocent" flirtation, just the same as they will excuse a grave and serious offence by calling it a little indiscretion. If the flirtation was "innocent" perhaps there would not be very much harm in it, but is there such a thing as "innocent" flirtation? To be innocent it must do no harm. If it is to do no harm both parties must clearly understand from its inception that it is nothing more than a flirtation. How many flirts go up to their victim and say, "Come on and let us have an innocent flirtation together?" Something of this nature must be said if no misunderstanding is to arise. But such a thing is not likely to be said, and as a result very, very often one party believes the other is in earnest, is sincere in his or her gallantries and attentions, and the seeds of cruel disappointment and bitter sorrow are thus sown deep down in the heart. And that is what is called "innocent" flirtation, a thing in which some people can see no harm!

There is another kind of flirtation which does not receive the palliating adjective. It certainly is entitled to an adjective, but not a complimentary one. There are women, and men, too, who, in order to feed their own insatiable and despicable vanity, deliberately use every power, grace, and talent that nature has endowed them with, backing these qualities with every extraneous aid that artifice can suggest, in order first to take and then to break the hearts of members of the opposite sex. These callous, heartless wretches cause more nameless grief, sorrow, and misery than anyone ever dreams of.

There is perhaps nothing in this world which causes more acute pain, which causes keener or deeper agony of body and mind, than a disappointment in love. Even when the infatuation has all along been a hopeless one, when no encouragement has been given to it by the object of its inspiration, and the unfortunate lover at last realises this, to him, disas-

trous fact, language fails to adequately describe the anguish of his soul. What then must be his feelings if he has been given every encouragement, if he has been given every reason to suppose that his affection is most warmly reciprocated, when he suddenly discovers that all those words of fond endearment were false, all those strong protestations of undying attachment were the deceitful professions of a lying hypocrite? Bad as it is for a woman to act in this heartless fashion, it is infinitely worse to do, as we do, a man, or rather an individual who has the exterior appearance of a man, for he certainly has not the smallest grain of manliness in him, following the same contemptible course.

When we look at the matter in this light it is not hard to understand that one of the commonest headlines in our newspapers is "Love Tragedy," and that the cause of these tragedies is nothing more nor less than hypocrisy, and hypocrisy of the vilest kind, for it tramples with ruthless cruelty upon the most tender, the most confiding and the most generous emotions of the human heart. Those who are inclined to flirt might do worse things than weigh well and ponder deeply upon these disagreeable but unquestionable facts.

* * *

Origin of the Waltz.

Of all the millions who waltz, who can tell how this famous dance originated? The story is a curious one. It is wrongly supposed that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century. The waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time it is first mentioned under this name, it was displayed on the village greens. The waltz was first danced in the church, and serves to trace the union between ancient civilisation and that of the Middle Ages.

The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain extent in Christian rites. It is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isadore, Archbishop of Seville, born about A.D. 580, was entrusted with the council of Toledo with the revision of the liturgy as it was then practised in the Roman Church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isatorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time.

This rite, celebrated before the eighth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and it was after that time called the Moorish rite. This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isadore "moite de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which in the ancient sacred dances accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries before Christ. As the religious dances of the Middle Ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving in its present form. In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of "carole," a word derived from the Latin "carole."

* * *

Don't be Frumpish.

To be frumpish in dress is self-numbered as far as appearance goes.

It is not necessary to spend a fortune or have a great quantity of garments, or have nothing that does not suit you, or that fails to show off your best points; make a study of yourself.

Be certain of your opinions as to yourself, and keep to them.

If you have not money to squander, follow Fashion at a distance; never be out of fashion nor wear what is diametrically opposed to her current whim, but never fall into the latest of her follies, for when she has changed her mind you will be out of it.

Dress is the framework of the goddess of personal good looks.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE



SUGGESTIONS FOR TROUSSEAU LINGERIE.

Those Princess petticoats are perfect for wearing under thin gowns, and I would suggest at least half-a-dozen in a trousseau outfit, the design which our artist has made being one which one can follow in its general outlines for all six, though, of course, a little variety of detail in the way of different laces and variously coloured ribbons can be introduced. The other illustrations will also, I think, be helpful to you, and, by the way, you will find cambric frillings and washing ribbons wonderfully convenient for the trimming of the various garments.



DAINTY DESIGNS FOR TROUSSEAU LINGERIE.

This Princess under-robe—which combines petticoat and corset bodice—is specially useful, and a bride will want some made in linen lawn, cambric, and China silk, for wearing under unlined blouses and thin skirts. It is, of course, simply perfect for this purpose, and will also improve the fit of Princess gowns. We have also managed to give a design for an Empire chemise.



DRESS AT THE PLAY.

One of Miss Alexandra Carlisle's gowns in "The Earl of Pawtucket," in London.



A PRETTY MATINEE IN "VIVELLA."

The charming shades of pale blue and pink is what I would advise for carrying out the accompanying design, with Torenson or Cluny lace for trimming. A wrapper in this style will be admirable for wear on board ship, and is quite pretty enough for use afterwards as a breakfast gown.



A PRETTY FASHION FOR SWEET SEVENTEEN.

"Sweet seventeen" can take the keenest personal interest in this dress which shows a variation of the popular style of the moment, such a dress being equally suitable and smart for bridesmaid's wear, or for a home dinner or concert party. Soft satin mousseline is, of course, the ideal fabric for its making, the pinafore straps of the bodice being edged with a little kilted frill and being crossed over a softness of lace and net, pale rose pink



A PARISIAN EVENING GOWN.

Here is a design, by means of which one can follow a new fashion from Paris, and utilise a coat of Irish crochet lace. Those full skirt flounces, with trebly tucked edges are in chiffon, which can be in white, or in shaded pink, the deepest tone coming in the bottom flounce, and each one growing paler, till, in the soft draperies of the bodice, you may have a blush rose shade, which is almost white. Fasten a couple of long-stalked pink roses and fresh green leaves in the corsage, and then with the very important addition to those circlets of black velvet ribbon as trimming, make a delightful and distinctive dress.



A SMART AUTUMN COSTUME.

or turquoise blue making very effective contrast with ivory lace, though, of course, an all white gown is always charming for a girl. In any case the chosen colour should be repeated in the band and bow of satin, finishing off the elbow sleeves, while a ribbon to match can be twisted in the hair or tied in a big bow at the back.



A PRETTY MATINEE IN NAINSOOK.

"Morning Glory"—Nainsook will be an ideal material for making matinees, as it is both durable and dainty. The accompanying sketch will give an idea of the becoming arrangement of the lace trimming, and you can introduce a touch of colour by means of those pretty ribbon bows in front. You will see that the artist has "given a waist."

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CORSETS

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On Sale Everywhere



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.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I should like very much to join your little band of cousins. I go to the same school, and am in the same standard as Cousin Bobs. If you will allow me to become a cousin I hope you will send me a badge. I do not know much about your cousins' band, so I wish you would tell me what you expect from me. I remain, yours truly, ATHOLE.

[Dear Cousin Athole,—I shall be delighted to have you join our band, and will post a badge to you immediately. I don't expect a great deal from my cousins; I only wish them to write once a fortnight or so, and tell me of all the things that interest them. I like them to be fairly regular correspondents, because if not I am apt to lose touch with them. You are having holidays this week, aren't you? I am afraid you are not going to have very nice weather for them; but small boys can enjoy themselves in any weather, can't they? You and Bobs are such near neighbours that I expect to hear of you getting into heaps of mischief together.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would like to become a "Graphic" cousin. Will you kindly send me a badge in the addressed envelope which I enclose? I will be nine next month. I have one brother; his name is Donnie. My little sister is four; her name is Adria; she is such a darling. Donnie and I go to Miss Kenny's school, and like it very much. I have got a big doll, quite as big as a baby; it is all jointed, and goes to sleep. I have had it five years, and it is as good as when I got it. I have a doll-house, with four rooms in it. Always when I go to Auckland I buy something for it, and there is scarcely room for anything else. Some day I am going to have two more rooms added to it. I am afraid my letter is not very interesting. I am, your loving cousin, MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—Of course you may become a cousin. I am getting quite rich now, and have two cousins called Marjorie. I hope I shall not get you mixed up. You write a very nice letter for a little girl of nine years old! Have you been going to school long? I wish I could see your doll and doll-house. You must be a wonderfully good little house-keeper to have had them so long, and never to have injured them at all. I saw some lovely little chairs for a doll's house the other day, painted white and gold. Have you any of those? Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you excuse me for not keeping my promise, as I said I would write every two weeks, and I will try and write as often as I can!

We have started our Easter holidays. We are all well, and hope you are the same. I am glad the school is closed for a few days. We are having awful weather here. We always have cold weather here. The new telegraph line from Taupo to Tokaanu is nearly done. There is not much to say, so I must conclude, with mountains of love to you, not forgetting our other cousins. Cousin JANE.

[Dear Cousin Jane,—I thought you were making rather rash promises when you said you would write once every fortnight, and I will forgive you this time, on condition that you keep your later promise of writing as often as you can. The weather was not particularly nice for the first few days of your Easter holidays, and I expect you could not go out of doors for your amusements; but I think you will be able to make up for lost time, for to day is perfect, and it really looks as if we were going to have a few really fine days. Will the new telegraph line from Tokaanu to Taupo make much difference to you? I must stop now. I have such a number of letters to write this morning. Give my love to Ellen and Tai, and tell them I hope to hear from them shortly. Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sorry I did not write before, but we have been up to Silverhope to see our cousins. I like Cousin Myrtle's letters to the "Graphic" very much. I think I like them best of all. I lost my badge the other day; please could I have another one? If so, may I have a blue one? Punch got second prize at the show. We have moved to another place now, and we have such fun helping mother plant plants in the garden. When we were getting ready to come here, Norkie, my hen, was so hard to catch. We have all got such bad colds. Winifred's pony is sick, and so she is riding a bigger pony. I have not got a cat yet, but I hope to get one soon.—I remain, your loving cousin, BARRARA.

[Dear Cousin Barbara,—I have been wondering when I was going to hear from you again, and was beginning to think you had forgotten Cousin Kate. I will send you a new badge next week. I haven't any pins for them just now, so must wait until I get some. I wonder if they will arrive safely, because, you see, I only have your old address; perhaps I had better not send them until you write and give me your present address. I expect you have great fun helping your mother with the new garden, and finding new places for all your pets. Do you think you will like your new home as well as the old? Write again soon, and I hope your colds will be quite gone by this time.—Cousin Kate.]

My dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry I did not write before, but we have been staying at Silverhope, and we have been moving house, so have not been able to write. How many cousins have you got now? I like Cousin Myrtle's letters very much. Victor is quite well now. I have got such a big cat; his name is Prince. He is such a darling. He likes to sleep on the end of my bed at night, or else inside it with me, but mother will not let him. Jean has got a cat called Beauty. He is not very old.

He is a very dark Tabby. Prince is a tiger colour. Dolly is not very well, so I am riding a big brown pony whose name is Laddie. He is so gentle. Prince will jump about three feet high if you hold a piece of meat on a fork up in the air. He does not take it in his mouth, but gets it in his paws. Bobbie, my duck, is so fat she won't let me catch her now. Darling, my chicken, is so pretty, and such a dear. She is Frennie's daughter. Frennie is a French hen with her feathers turned the wrong way. I must stop now, with lots of love.—From Cousin WINIFRED.

[Dear Cousin Winifred,—I was so glad to get letters from you all this morning, and I hope, now that you are settled in your new home, that you will write often. Did you have a nice holiday while you were at Silverhope? I am afraid I am not very sure where that is. Perhaps you will remember to tell me next time you write. Prince seems to be a most accomplished cat, and I think he is very wise to want to sleep on your bed. I am glad your mother won't allow him to, though, because I don't think it is healthy for little girls to have cats sleeping in their rooms. I am sorry Dolly is sick, and hope she will be well again soon. Do you like riding Laddie as well? Write again soon to Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry I did not write to you before, only we have been staying away up at Silverhope, and I have not had time to write. I lost my badge on the way home; would you send me another one, if I am allowed to have two? Would you please send me a red one. I think red is such a pretty colour, do not you? In your letter to Cousin Myrtle you said you had a very bad-tempered cockatoo. Polly is very fresh at present, because she has been turned out for three months, as she got lame. She jumped a wire fence the other day. I have four little cousins. They are so sweet, and are always laughing. My uncle is staying with us just now. I have a cat. His name is Beauty, and we have taught him many tricks. He is such a big pussy, and one of the tricks we taught him is to beg for his food. We have got such a lot of pets. If I wrote all their names down it would make it too long a letter. We live about five and a-half miles from any town. I think Cousin Myrtle's letter is very interesting, do not you? It is getting very late, and I am afraid I must stop now. Tell me in your letter if you do not know my address. I must go and help mother now. With much love, I remain, your loving cousin JEAN.

[Dear Cousin Jean,—You have written me such a nice long letter this week that I must forgive you for not having written for such a very long time. Of course you may have another badge, but, as I told Barbara, I have not got any pins for them just yet, but I will send you one as soon as I get some. I want one of you to send me your new address, though, first, so that they will not go astray. Yes, I think I like the red one best, the blue is rather a pale shade, isn't it? You will have to go out for long rides on Polly to take some of the freshness out of her, won't you? It would never do for her to be pumping wire fences. She might get tangled up in

one some time. I saw a horse the other day that had got his legs entangled in some barb wire, and they were so dreadfully badly cut. I should like to see Beauty going through his tricks. Was it hard to teach him—Cousin Kate.]

OLDER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Isn't it in "Alice in Wonderland" that one reads of the "Topsy-turvy Country"? Well, all this month I have been living in topsy-turvy land, and as a natural consequence find it difficult to discover whether I am on my head or my heels. Things were exceedingly lively, I do assure you, our way on the first day of the month. Just before seven, a cousin, who shall be nameless, walked into my room with a newspaper, and invited me to read the account of the burning to the ground of a house of a friend of ours. Two columns, I was assured, was devoted to the narrow escapes of our friends and the firemen, etc. And there was I trying, half awake, to find the account, and in vain, until a loud guffaw, which burst from the cousin aforementioned, reminded me that it was the feast of All-Fools. Breakfast over, I went to the door to look for the postman, and my attention was drawn to an exceedingly up-to-date bicycle, in splendid condition, that was resting against the verandah post of the house next door. To this bicycle was affixed a large placard with the following inscription: "For sale; price, 2/8; deposit 2/-, balance on easy terms." On enquiry I found the bicycle belonged to a well-known land agent, who was engaged in a business transaction in the house aforementioned. While strongly deprecating (from bitter experience) practical jokes, it was not in human nature to resist the temptation to see other people (to use a colonial expression) fall in. First of all a man came along, pinched the tyres, turned the wheels round, examined the gear, then straightening himself he closed one eye, and followed the very inelegant example of the priest of the Ingoldby Legends, "who put his thumb up to his nose, and spread his fingers out," to the great indignation of your defaulting cousin, and several of his familiars. Next came a girl, who was heard to audibly remark "that it was a pity it wasn't a lady's." Then came an elderly man, who said that the joker who had fixed that placard would have to get up very early in the morning to make a fool of him. And last of all a small boy, after making enquiries as to the whereabouts of the vendor, and being directed to the house in which its owner was, asked if they would keep it for him while he went home and fetched the money. Going round to the back of the house the servant next door was heard in violent altercation with a vendor of clothes-props, who had been informed by the person who had affixed the placard that "the missus next door wanted a clothes-prop." Quite a little crowd had collected to hear the result of the venture, which attention so incensed the poor old fellow that he threw down his props and offered to fight them all round, which dire contingency was averted by drawing the old man's attention to the fact that his clothes-props were being abstracted. It may satisfy your sense of the fitting, dear Cousin Kate, when I tell you that I got even with the principal offender before the day was out. But the retaliation was of too private a nature to be set down in this chronicle. Yes! it does seem a little too bad that only one of the older cousins have responded to the editor's generous offer. But I do not in the least despair, and intend to contribute any epistle until you tire of it. Though I have known Cousin Violet quite two years, it is only lately that I discovered that she was an old Graphic cousin. Writing to me from the County Hotel, Stratford, Cousin Violet, who is away on a three weeks' holiday says: "Although I have not seen the 'Graphic' this week, I have been told the contents of your letter to the Cousins' Page by some friends here who take the 'Graphic' and look forward to your letters, and when I come back I mean to write a series to the page about the places I have visited and the experiences of my three weeks' tour; which will be delightful, will it not? as Cousin Violet writes as well and as easily as she talks, which is saying a great deal. I had half a dozen beautiful pictorial post cards from Cousin Alison last week. They depict the Victoria Falls, and the Zambesi Bridge,

which spans these wonderful falls. And talking of post cards, my collection has been wonderfully augmented this week, by the gift of a few hundreds by some relatives who are just out from Home, and who, travelling leisurely, have visited places that I have not. Have you seen "The Scarlet Pimpernel?" We were going on Monday night, but we always like to sit in the circle, thinking the orchestra stalls a little too near the stage. But we do not care very much for the theatre during holiday times, and though we should very much have liked to have seen Julius Knight as Sir Percy Blakeney, we think we shall wait for the "Prisoner of Zenda." And talking of the "Prisoner of Zenda" reminds me of a really charming book that I have just finished reading, which is entitled "Yayenne." Its author, Percy Brebner, bids fair to out rival Anthony Hope in the style and subject that has hitherto been so peculiarly the creation of Anthony Hope's brain, and which, though it has not lacked imitators, has never before been approached in like excellence. I should have loved to have entered for some of the "Graphic" competitions, but have not had leisure. To-morrow I want to get to the Chrysanthemum Show. I love flowers, and I'm sure you do. With love to yourself and all the cousins, I remain, your loving Cousin Hilda.

[Dear Cousin Hilda.—You will, I am sure, be as delighted as I am to see that the Elder Cousins' Page is at last an established fact, and this week I have much pleasure in introducing you to Cousin Diana, the latest contributor to our page. Like yourself, Cousin Diana seems to have travelled much, and as I propose to ask the cousins to answer one another, I have no doubt that you will be able to exchange experiences which will interest the younger as well as the "Elder Cousins." Certainly, my late Cousin Lyn seems to have been particularly busy on All-Foods' Day, and as he appears to be a decidedly wide awake young man, I must congratulate you on being able eventually to make the game "a draw." Our household was unusually quiet this year, each one was so busy keeping a very wary eye on his neighbour, that it ended in no one being made a fool of at all. Yes, I have seen "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and must confess to being slightly disappointed; the play is very far below the standard of the book, and the principal characters, as represented by Julius Knight and Ola Humphreys, did not appeal to me at all. I fancy I would have enjoyed it much more had I seen the play first and read the book after.—Cousin Kate.]

* * *

Dear Cousin Kate.—At home in England and out here one hears so much of the beautiful climate of N.Z. If in strange, because to me it is not anything approaching an ideal climate.

I wonder if any of the people who sing its praises have ever had a year, or even a few months, in Switzerland; there truly one has a glorious climate. In July and August it is a little too hot in the plains, but there are always the mountains to go to, or, if that be too expensive, little excursions by steamer on the lovely blue lakes, with the snow-capped mountains on either side, or, mountains one side, and tiny villages the other; and at times as at Montreaux, where is the Chateauda Chillon, in which Bonnavard was imprisoned, the lovely snow-capped Dent du Midi comes down almost sheer into the Lac Lemane. In winter one gets, on the whole, glorious frosty weather, with the sky a lovely blue, with seldom or never a cloud, and the air is so crisp and fresh that, despite the frost, one can safely and comfortably go out without a coat, if walking. Certainly they get rain sometimes, and occasionally you will need your furs, but, generally speaking, it is a glorious climate.

That doctors should send their consumptives to Switzerland I can quite understand, but why, when La Belle Luixse is nearer England, and so much more exhilarating, they should send them to N.Z. is beyond my ken.

To be up at 6 a.m. in summer and open your window and see from Geneva the Juras, or snow-clad Mt. Blanc, or, if not that, some other high peak just touched by the morning sun, is an uplifting and gailying sight, and to breathe in the glorious air is to get a draught of God's elixir of life.

The Mt. Blanc is not always visible from Geneva; I remember when we first went there how glad we were when we were able to see the lovely snow-covered dome, which, from a certain hill, is said

to resemble sleeping Napoleon I. I have seen it from there, and I must own it requires a little stretch of imagination to see the head of the sleeping emperor. Well, after we had been in Geneva a few months we were not nearly so glad to be able to see the Mt. Blanc so plainly for the simple reason, that when it was distinctly visible it so often meant rain.

Were I rich, and health or anything forbade me to live in London—dear, dirty grimy old London—Switzerland should be my home.

I do not dislike N.Z., and, from photos, I am sure mountains, etc., down south must be lovely; and there are many beauties here I hope one day to see; nevertheless, the glories of its climate do not exist for me.

Better than England? Yes; but England has a notoriously capricious climate; still, could I choose, London should be my home, though I would travel to many lands. What is there money will not buy in London? Surely nearly, if not all, things that are made and grown in any lands can be bought there. The best of art and literature find a home there, the greatest actors, singers, musicians, all eventually migrate from lands afar to London; but if one would truly enjoy it at its full, it is necessary to be rich.

N.Z. has one happy thing for those who are not rich, namely, that one does not feel poverty here as they would at home; and there is not so much temptation to spend.

Of Berlin I know so much that I feel I have been there, and am sure I should never wish it to be my permanent home.

Norway, for a holiday, is grand, with a sombre grandeur; but too "triste" to live in. I am sure I should become a sort of melancholy wanderer if I lived there. Paris, well, had I been born a Parisian, that love of glitter, that *joie de vivre*, that almost at times feverish love of pleasure and show, would, I suppose, have been my heritage, and Paris the city of my heart.—For the present I bid you good-bye, COUSIN DIANA.

[Dear Cousin Diana.—It is exceedingly good of you to wish to give our "Elder Cousins Page" a helping hand, and I trust that many will follow your good example. I am afraid that time and also lack of space will not permit of my answering the Elder Cousins' letters at any great length, and my idea is that it would greatly add to the interest of the page should they (the Elder Cousins) answer one another, using "Cousin Kate" as a medium of course. I doubt if there is an ideal climate for everyone in the world, you know "one man's meat" etc., and after all, there are ideal days in almost every country, and with many people life would be extremely flat if there was nothing whatever to grumble at, don't you think? I really must stop now, hoping next week to see a regular sheaf of answers to your interesting and discursive letter.—Cousin Kate.]

"Yah!" said the Mouse.

Tom the cat sat before the fire and blinked. If you had seen him you would have said that he was feeling perfectly happy and contented. He had his saucer of milk and his pennyworth of lights regularly every day. He had a comfortable hearth where he could bask, and a lined box in the pantry where he slept at night when he had no important engagement to keep on the tiles. Yes, he looked the picture of contentment, and yet he was not happy.

The trouble was this. Somewhere in the wainscot there lived a mouse, and this mouse was a regular terror. There was no catching it, for it was up to all sorts of trick and dodges. Many an hour had Tom the cat spent sitting by the hole which formed the front door that led to the mouse's apartments. The last time he did so he had sat so long that he thought, "Now the mouse must come out, and then— Just as he thought this thought he heard a squeak, "Yah!" He turned his head, and there was the mouse peeping at him out of a second hole or back door that it had gnawed in the wainscot. "Yah!" squeaked the mouse and put its forepaw to its nose.

Quick as lightning Tom bounded forward to avenge the insult, but his

stretched-out paw only clawed the air—the mouse had vanished with a shriek of laughter. This it was that made the cat thoughtful as he sat and blinker at the fire.

"What is to be done?" he said to himself. "I've waited about until I felt quite cramped in my limbs, and ready to drop with fatigue, all on account of that wretched nibbler. My people have set patent traps baited with lovely cheese. I heard the cook say, 'if the mouse only touches it with his nose it will go off 'bang!' and the mouse will be caught for certain.' But all the ingenuity of the two-legged creatures is absolutely thrown away, and the time that I have spent has been wasted. I and my people are simply treated with contempt by this miserable gnawer of wainscots. But I'll be even with it yet! Let me see. Let me see."

By and by Tom winked his left eye and chuckled to himself. "The plan is at least worth trying," he said. Then he took a short nap.

About a week later the mouse had a chat with Chirps the cricket. "What a fine voice you have!" said the mouse. "I do love to hear you sing, it is such a treat. I don't know anyone who can reach so easily the high C as you. I would give anything to possess such a magnificent voice."

"Ah," observed the cricket, who liked flattery as well as most folk. "Singing runs in our family; I come of a race of artists."

Presently the mouse said, "What is the matter with our dear friend Thomas?"

"How should I know?" answered Chirps.

"Well, you see, you allow him to share the hearth with you, so I thought that you would be the most likely person to know."

"Then I'll tell you what I have observed and what I suspect. He's got the toothache. Quite off his feed, you know—look there!"

So saying Chirps the cricket pointed a feeler towards a distant corner. The mouse looked and saw a saucer half full of milk and a portion of lights on a skewer. "Dear, dear! that is very sad!" he exclaimed, although secretly he was filled with joy.

"Yes," continued Chirps, "and he crawls about on three legs with a paw pressed to his face, and groans 'mi-aou, mi-aou,' as if he were very bad."

In consequence of this chat with Chirps the cricket, the mouse determined to watch. Oh! what a high old time it would have if the cat were unable to work.

An evening or two later the mouse, peeping out of the front door, saw Tom the cat come into the kitchen, not with his usual jaunty air, but painfully dragging one leg after the other. He held a forepaw to his jaw, which was apparently frightfully swollen, and every now and then he uttered a plaintive 'mi-aou, mi-aou,' just as Chirps the cricket had reported. Finally the cat managed to reach the hearth, where he sank down exhausted and lay quite still.

"I wonder if our dear friend is dead?" murmured the mouse. The cat lay so still that the mouse came boldly into the room and nibbled the lights. Then it looked curiously at the cat, waited a few minutes, and approached him on tip-toe. Tom did not stir; no, there was no sign of life. The mouse said aloud, "Poor fellow! I think he's dead; but I've read that when an animal is really dead it lifts up one of its hind legs and says 'Wa-hoo.'"

"Well, if poor old Thomas is really and truly dead," said the mouse, "he'll be cold. I wonder if he is?" The mouse came closer and closer and put out a paw; in the paw was a straw with which it deftly tickled the cat's nose. The cat, thinking the mouse was feeling him with its paw to see if he were cold, pounced on the straw, crying, "Ah! so I've caught you at last!"

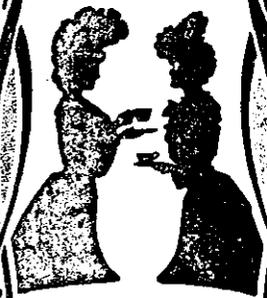
Then he knew that he had been taken in, and looking in the direction of a distant squeak, saw the mouse with its paw on its nose vanish through its front door. "Sold again!" said the cat ruefully, whilst Chirps the cricket sang, "No, no, Thomas, not this trip; there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

A Riddle.

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.
Answer—A Needle and thread.

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AW STOP IT

LET EM GO



AW DONT SPOIL A GOOD FIGHT

IT CURLY

LOOK AT

SHAKE IT ON THEIR NOSES



I'M GOING TO GET THE PEPPER

GET THE PEPPER

THAT KIND AND THAT KIND OF MEN
THERE WAS A MAN WHO WAS A
KIND OF IGNORANT MEN WHO
SAY I'M SURE THEY ARE THERE
ARE MEN WHO ARE MEN WHO
ANIMAL WOULD NOT DO MEN WILL
LIE, CHEAT, GAMBLE, DRINK AND HATE
WHOM DO THEY HATE THEMSELVES
THAT'S ALL WHAT YOU SAY YOU
REAR YOU CANT BEAT THEM SOME
NOR FOOL YOUR CREATOR WHEN SHAM'S
CONSCIENCE IS GONE HIS SPIRIT IS DEAD
HE NEED N'T WORRY ABOUT ETERNITY
HE HAS NO HEREAFTER.



GET BUT I AM AWAY

AH CHOO

AH CHOO

AH CHOO

AH CHOO



AH CHOO

AH CHOO



The Rooster: I know, my dear, that comparisons are odious, but I simply wanted you to see what other folks are doing.



IT IS TO LAUGH.

Miss Kurvlessa: "What awful hats they wore in old times."
Miss Spike: "Yes, didn't they! They looked like perfect frights."



"The stork brought us a baby brother. Would you like to see it?"
"No; but I'd like to see the stork."



AN OVERSIGHT.

"I thought you said you said you could lick Dinny with one hand in your pocket!"
"Oh, but I forgot to put my hand in my pocket."



SOCIETY'S FAVOURITE.

Mr. Hiram: I've read in the papers time an' agin that all ministers condemn it, but I never knowed before how real dangerous a game it was.
Mrs. Hiram: What? What's a dangerous game?
Mr. Hiram: Playin' bridge, uv course!