

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

## NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XL—NO. 19

MAY 6, 1908

Subscription—25/- per annum, if paid in advance. 20/- Single copy—8½pence.

### The Week in Review

It is a common saying that "electricity is hot in its infancy," and that all the wonders achieved by this potent and mysterious agency are but slight foretastes of the greater wonders that shall be. People had hardly ceased marveling over wireless telegraphy when there came news of an electric gun that would enable London to bombard Paris, and "vice versa" of course, for it's a bad gun that won't shoot both ways! This week we have the astounding news that a Frenchman has discovered electrical means for enabling us to see long distances—New York to Paris being named as within the possibilities; and on top of this comes the announcement that another inventor has demonstrated that pictures can be transmitted over immense distances by wireless telegraphy. These inventions, if they ever come into general use, will give rise to decidedly "uncanny" sensations. It will not be pleasant for people to awake some morning and find the city in which they live being bombarded from a distance of some hundreds of miles, by whom they know not. But, stay! They can soon discover the enemy. They will only have to bring their long-sight electric apparatus into action, survey the face of the globe, and find out whence the deadly balls and shells are coming. Having done so, their next step would naturally be to trot out their electric guns and return the bombardment. The long-sight machine is likely to cause something like a social revolution. Let us suppose a New York merchant resolves to pay a visit to Paris—on business of course. His wife may take a fancy to see how he spends his evenings, and, by turning her electric telescope on to him, may follow him in all his pleasuring in the haunts of "gay Paree." She may even, by pre-arrangement, be able to hire someone in the French capital to send her a "wireless picture," showing "hubby" enjoying a close "tete a tete" with another lady—convincing proof for the Divorce Court in a land where divorce is easy enough already. Whether these inventions will make for peace and morality, or for war and social chaos, is a question that only the future can decide.

"The Country of Common Sense!" This happy definition of our fair Dominion is credited to a recent writer, and it is so much better than "God's Own Country" that it ought to be definitely adopted. A French author a few years ago wrote a book entitled "Socialisme Sans Doctrines," in which he described the various institutions of New Zealand as being practical Socialism, applied without reference to theories, but on a purely experimental and utilitarian basis. That writer, as clearly as the more recent one, perceived that commonsense is the guiding principle in the government of this country, and that whatever of Socialism may here be found is in strict accord with morality and economic justice. It is above all practicable. Mr. Massey is foreshadowing a great crusade against Socialism in connection with the general election in December next. He may as well spare himself the pains. The Socialism that he seeks to combat is the vapouring of a small band of extremists to whom nobody pays the least attention. The supposed leaning of the Government towards these people exists only in Mr. Massey's imagination. The leader of the Opposition is too astute to declare war against the practical Socialism that is embodied in our laws and institutions, because that receives the sanction of practically the whole of the people—it being Common Sense in expression. And

if the electors maintain their sound judgment, they will take good care that the pernicious "three-party system" shall not obtain a foothold in this country. An attempt will, no doubt, be made to dissociate Labour from Liberalism; but it must prove as futile as former efforts to draw away the country party from those who have done so much for land settlement and the prosperity of farmers. Thus the union of the three L's—Liberal, Labour, and Land—will be maintained, and Common Sense will still hold sway. Let the Muse descend and explain some of the reasons why this is the Land of Common Sense:—

The country of Common Sense! What, really?

A land where oysters grow on trees, And rats climb up to open them freely! You can't gull people with "facts" like these!

A country of wooden caterpillars, Where cabbages grow like forests dense; Go tell such tales to the jolly millers! That's Topsy-Turvy, not Common Sense!

Where the South is cold and the North is torrid,

Where people get paid for growing old; Where woman is equal to man (that's horrid!)

And December is hot and June is cold. Where whites are for coloured landlords toiling;

Where ginger-beer, at but small expense Can send the toper home, reeling, smiling—

Is that like a Land of Common Sense?

But wait ere you reach a rash conclusion; 'Tis not the land, but the men and laws,

That show the absence of all confusion And the sweet accord of effect and cause;

For every man here loves his neighbour, And there's fair division of pounds and pence;

There is work for all who wish to labour—

We are the People of Common Sense!

"Equal sacrifice" guides taxation; Millionaires cannot flourish here;

No Socialist theories vex the nation, Yet all are Socialists, sane and clear. Land is reserved for those who use it—

Monopoly here is a rank offence; Liquor is barred when men abuse it;

These are the methods of Common Sense!

Prince, and "new chum," and gay "globetrotter,"

Ye who are yearning for sun and smiles—

All, in short, save the worthless "rotter"—

Come and rest in these Blessed Isles!

Seek no more for a far Utopia,

Search not the earth with zeal intense;

You see it here—if you've not myopia—

This is the Land of Common Sense!

The clamour which continues in the daily Press of Auckland over the utterance of Bishop Nolligen concerning the alleged "paganism" of country settlers and others in the Dominion is making the Northern city somewhat absurd. In an emotional and indeed somewhat hysterical sermon, an extremely earnest but rather excitable Anglican prelate made a remark which was neither very correct nor very wise. Emotional and excitable people are always falling into similar mistakes, and though this is unfortunate,

when they occupy responsible positions, it is rather ridiculous to make quite as much fuss over the matter as is being done in the case under notice. The importation of Sir Robert Stout into the weary controversy is to be deplored, in that he adds something of colonial importance to that which merely concerns those Anglicans who have taken the London utterances of Bishop Nolligen seriously. A fresh body of controversialists is already in the field against Sir Robert, and a subject which should have been allowed to drop seems likely to continue to arouse "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" for an indefinite period.

But why continue to argue? The remark was, as is patent to everybody here, incorrect and sensational. Let it rest at that. What is, however, of importance, and of very grave importance, is this: that the worthy Bishop would appear to be, in slang parlance, "going round with the hat" on behalf of the Home Mission in New Zealand. If this is the case, and there seems to be no doubt on the matter, the action is one which most of us in the Dominion will cordially deplore. We boast our unexampled prosperity, and of that prosperity the Anglican body enjoys its full share. Is it right, is it decent, then, that it should go begging to London, where there are a thousand causes more in need of money than the Anglican mission to the white "heathen" of New Zealand? Would not the Bishop be better employed if he were to exert his emotional eloquence in efforts to open the money-bags of wealthy Aucklanders, and thus procure the necessary funds for the work he has at heart? Alas! he probably knows well that his seed here would fall on stony ground, for the simple reason that his pictures of the pagan back-blocks would be received with incredulity. "Distant fields are green," so are distant people when appeals are made to their benevolent feelings. We have all seen how New Zealanders contribute freely to sufferers by disasters in far countries, and give liberally to missions in China, Persia, or India. The people of London are equally big-hearted, and are ready to assist sufferers from Turkish "atrocities" or the victims of "ghastly" neglect in New Zealand. The good Bishop, therefore, displayed sound worldly wisdom in going far afield with his appeal; but, for the credit of the Dominion, it would have been better had he refrained from statements that cast a slur on the Anglicans of his diocese and of New Zealand generally.

There is a dawning suspicion in some minds that the no-license agitation has a commercial as well as a moral motive, and that one of its chief objects is to divert custom from the brewers and hotelkeepers to the manufacturers and purveyors of "temperance" drinks. An insidious suggestion, tending in the same direction, was made by a correspondent in the columns of a contemporary the other day, to the effect that a law should be passed restricting the strength of ale and stout to 2 per cent. of alcohol. What the effect of this would be may be inferred from the strength of the ginger ale and beer that is retailed in the prohibition districts of this country. Why, the whole position would be reversed; the "temperance" drinks would be the strongest intoxicants procurable, and the breweries and hotels would perforce be patronised by the followers of Taylor, Pitt, Richardson, and Co. The growing consumption of ginger beer is not confined to New Zealand. A few days ago, at Warrnambool, Victoria, a Mrs. Threlfall was proceeded against for unlawful manufacture of beer. It was shown that an officer had purchased ginger beer and herb beer from Mrs. Threlfall. The former was alleged to contain 8½ per cent., and the latter 3 per cent. of proof spirits. It was stated that ordinary beer contained from 10 to 11 per cent. of spirit, and that the gin-

ger beer was nearly as intoxicating as ordinary beer. Mrs. Threlfall was proceeded against in February of last year in consequence of it being reported that children had been seen coming out of her premises "reeling." Small wonder that a "Bulletin" bard should burst forth into song on such an exhilarating subject as an orgy of schoolboys thus:—

Fill a glass with ginger beer,  
Drink it down and fill again;  
You will wear a sleepy leer,  
And you will not feel the cane  
Spend your pennies like a King.  
And, when all the liquid's stowed  
Lift your squeaky voice and sing  
As you're reeling down the road.

Yes, the good old, rare old, fermented ginger beer! It sparkles and it bubbles, and it's not too blomm' dear. Don't waste yer time! You wait yer chance, and get away from here. An' go down and have a pint or two o' ginger!

It may be respectfully suggested to our temperance reformers that they might give a rest to the no-license movement and devote their energies to a crusade against ginger beer, herb beer, and the various other "temperance" drinks that bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

In the Old Country, too, "temperance" is making progress, and it will surprise nobody to learn that the demand for ginger beer, dandelion stout, and other tectotal drinks is going up by leaps and bounds. Of some 4,000 samples of such beverages analysed by Government officials, nearly one-half were found to contain between 2 and 3 per cent. of alcohol, while others were much stronger. A correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" points out that, during the last four years, samples of tectotal beverages were found to contain alcohol in the following proportions:—

1904—Ginger beer, 8.3 per cent.  
1905—Ginger beer, 9.5 per cent.  
1906—Herb beer, 10.5 per cent.  
Dandelion stout, 12.3 per cent.  
1907—Herb beer, 8.5 per cent.

Any of these drinks is therefore more intoxicating than claret or hock, and nearly as "elevating" as champagne. In view of the fact that these beverages are largely consumed by boys and girls, may we not reasonably look to "temperance" drinks as being among the most prolific causes of drunkenness? Many young people undoubtedly acquire their taste for intoxicants by indulgence in those drinks that are supposed to keep them in the path of sobriety; and a crusade for the suppression of ginger beer would be a more rational and truly temperance movement than the outcry for the closing of hotels and public-houses where youths are not allowed to drink.

The cabled statement that there are three millions—some accounts say four millions—of unemployed in the United States, and the further report that a labour dispute in the North of England is throwing idle many thousands of workers, are not pleasant reading for any one, least of all for the advocates of rampant individualism, the unrestrained sway of Capital, and the sacred right of Labour to go "on strike." But these happenings have their special use, at a time when a number of silly people are deriding the Labour laws of our Dominion, and asserting that the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act is a failure. As a matter of hard fact, New Zealand, as compared with other countries, is a land of industrial peace, continuous activity, and abounding prosperity. We make a great fuss over a dispute involving a score or so of workers, but every such case ends in a triumph of good feeling and common sense. We may it be!

# New Zealand in 1827

## GRAPHIC PICTURE OF OLD MAORI LIFE

By AUGUSTUS EARLE

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

[CONTINUED.]

### WANT OF REGULAR GOVERNMENT.

The great and leading defect in this country, and the principal cause of their frequent wars and disturbances, which harass and depopulate the tribes, and puts a stop to all improvement, is the want of some regular system of government. There are only two classes of people—chiefs and slaves; and, as consanguinity constitutes a high claim, the eldest son of a large family, who can bring the greatest number of warriors of his own name into the field, is considered the chief of that district or tribe; and as he, by reason of his followers, can take possession of the greatest number of prisoners or slaves, he becomes the ruling man. Every other man of his tribe considers himself on an equality with him in everything, except that he shows him obedience, and follows him to battle.

Each is independent in his own family, and holds uncontrolled power of life and death over every individual it contains. They seem not to exercise any coercion over the younger branches of a family, who are allowed unbounded liberty till the girls have sweethearts and the boys are strong enough to go to war. They are kind and hospitable to strangers, and are excessively fond of their children. On a journey, it is more usual to see the father carrying his infant than the mother; and all the little offices of a nurse are performed by him with the tenderest care and good humour. In many instances (wherein they differ from most savage tribes) I have seen the wife treated as an equal and companion. In fact, when not engaged in war, the New Zealander is quite a domestic, cheerful, harmless character; but once roused his anger, or turn him into ridicule, and his disposition is instantly changed. A being, whose passions have never been curbed from infancy, and whose only notion of what he conceives to be his right is to retaliate for an offence with blood, must naturally form a cruel and vindictive character. Such these islanders seemed to us on our first visiting them. The sight of beings so extraordinary (for thus we Europeans must have appeared to them) excited in their savage minds the greatest wonder; and they thought we were sent as a scourge and an enemy; and though Cook, one of their earliest visitors, adopted every method his ingenuity could devise to conciliate them, yet, as they never could thoroughly understand his intentions, they were always on the alert to attack him. Hence arose the horror and disgust expressed formerly at the mere mention of the name of "a New Zealander."

### MAORIS AND AUSTRALIAN BLACKS COMPARED.

I have often tried, in vain, to account for there being such a decided dissimilarity between the natives of New Holland and New Zealand. So trifling is the difference in their situation on the globe, and so similar their climates—both having remained so long unknown to the great continents, and so devoid of intercourse with the rest of the world—that one would be led to imagine a great resemblance must be the result. But the natives of the former seem of the lowest grade—the last link in the great chain of existence which unites man with the monkey. Their limbs are long, thin, and flat, with large, bony knees and elbows, a projecting forehead, and pot-belly. The mind, too, seems adapted to this mean configuration; they have neither energy, enterprise, nor industry; and their curiosity can scarcely be excited. A few exceptions may be met with; but these are their general characteristics. While the

natives of the latter island are "cast in beauty's perfect mould;" the children are so fine and powerfully made, that each might serve as a model for a statue of "the Infant Hercules;" nothing can exceed the graceful and athletic forms of the men, or the rounded limbs of their young women. These possess eyes beautiful and eloquent, and a profusion of long, silky, curling hair; while the intellects of both sexes seem of a superior order; all appear eager for improvement, full of energy, and indefatigably industrious, and possessing amongst themselves several arts which are totally unknown to their neighbours.

### DEPARTURE OF THE BRIG.

On April the 14th, our brig being stored with planks, flax, and potatoes, and ready for sea, I went on board of her. We had fine weather till we dropped down to the entrance of the river, where we intended taking in our stock of water for the voyage, when the scene suddenly changed, and a severe gale came on, right out to sea, which we could not avail ourselves of: neither could we get the water off, as our rafts of casks got adrift in the attempt to get them on board. To add to our disasters, one of our cables parted, and we had to ride out the gale (of two days' continuance) with one only, the sea rolling heavily right open before us, and we in momentary expectation of the remaining cable's going: we had not a single day's allowance of water on board, and at one period all hands (except the carpenter and passengers) were out of the brig, on shore, filling the casks. Fortunately for us, the cable proved a tough one; had it parted, we should have been in a most perilous situation.

April 20th.—For the last week we were stationary at the river's mouth, waiting for a fair wind to carry us over the bar; and during that time there was no appearance of any change; we also heard that vessels had been detained here for six weeks before they could accomplish it. We were visited daily by parties of natives, who seemed to rejoice at our being delayed, as it gave them more of our company than they had calculated upon. They were more delighted with our society than we were with theirs; in a small vessel they are a serious nuisance, on account of the swarms of vermin they bring with them, and which they communicate liberally to all. Myself and all the passengers on board had our leisure time fully occupied in dislodging these "little familiars" from their strongholds in different parts of our apparel.

### THE INTRODUCTION OF FIREARMS.

During the time we were lying here, I saw and conversed with several individuals who had attended the "Great Meeting," and their accounts gave rise to various opinions respecting the policy of supplying the natives with firearms. As I had always been an advocate for the measure, I was gratified by hearing that it was thought to be in consequence of each party's being possessed of a nearly equal quantity of muskets, that a general and exterminating war was avoided. Some may suppose that similar tranquility would have been preserved, had they been equally well supplied with their native weapons of war; but that would not have been the case. When they found that each party could furnish forth the same number of European muskets, they paused, well knowing that it was contrary to the wish of all the white settlers that they should proceed to hostilities. Indeed, Europeans intrepidly mingled amongst them, urging them to a reconciliation, and threatening that, if they failed in their endeavours, the supplies of arms and ammunition should be discontinued. This threat had its desired effect on the minds of the natives; no blood was spilt, and each chief returned quietly to his own home.

### A TRIBAL WAR AVERTED.

On the night we heard of the death of George and his wife, "Revenge and war" was the universal cry. His party would not believe that it could be an accident, nor would they hear of any apology being received. At this time they imagined the tribes of Hokianga were possessed of but very few firearms; and, as the skirmish took place in that district, it was determined that an exterminating war should be carried into the heart of it. However, before all the preparations could be made to carry their intentions into effect, they received certain information that the people of Hokianga were even better supplied with muskets than those of the Bay of Islands. This intelligence occa-

sioned an assemblage of the different tribes to be proposed, and when it took place the friends of George saw their opponents so well prepared for the "tug of war" that they deemed it judicious to come forward and to shake hands and to acknowledge that the death of Shulitea proceeded either from accident or mistake. A curious circumstance took place in the midst of their debate. An old chief, who wished for a fight, and did not approve of the introduction of firearms, but was an advocate for the old method of New Zealand warfare, proposed that each party should send away all their muskets and ammunition, and engage manfully, with their own native weapons, and then it could be easily proved which were the "best men;" but this mode of settling the dispute, not being agreeable to the majority, was instantly negatived, and treated with disdain.

### A COLONY OF SCOTCH CARPENTERS.

The colony of Scotch carpenters, who had formed a settlement at the head of the river, and of whom I made "honourable mention" on my first journey, finding themselves so close to what they feared might become the seat of war, and having no means whatever of defending themselves, made an arrangement with Moetara, the chief of Parkungh (which is situated at the entrance of the same river), and placed themselves under his protection. They accordingly moved down here, which gave great satisfaction to that chief. Neither could their former protector, Patuone, feel offended at their removal, from the peculiar nature of the circumstances they were placed in. These hardy, North Britons were delighted to find a reasonable excuse for moving, their former establishment being situated too far from the sea for them to reap any advantage from ships coming into port. Nothing can be more gratifying than to behold the great anxiety of the natives to induce Englishmen to settle amongst them; it ensures their safety; and no one act of treachery is on record of their having practised towards those whom they had invited to reside with them.

Moetara is a man of great property and high rank, and is considered a very proud chief by the natives; yet he is to be seen every day working as hard as any slave in assisting in the erection of houses for the accommodation of his new settlers. He has actually removed from his old village of Parkungh (a strong and beautiful place), and is erecting huts for his tribe near the spot chosen by his new friends; so that, in a very short time, a barren point of land, hitherto without a vestige of a human habitation, will become a thriving and populous village, for it is incredible how quickly the orders of these chiefs are carried into effect. I was frequently a witness to the short space of time they took to erect their houses; and, though small, they are tight, weather-proof, and warm; their storehouses are put together in the most substantial and workmanlike manner.

### RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE MAORIS.

It is very difficult to make the New Zealanders explain the nature of their religious belief. One superstition seems general with all the tribes respecting the formation of the world, or, rather, of their own island, for that is the place of the first importance in their estimation. They say a man, or a god, or some great spirit, was fishing in his war-canoe, and pulled up a large fish, which instantly turned into an island; and a lizard came upon that, and brought up a man out of the water by his long hair; and he was the father of all the New Zealanders. Almost all their grotesque carvings are illustrations of this idea in some way or other. The favourite theme on which (I observed) the missionaries discoursed to them were "the torments of hell." This has become a subject of ridicule to most of the natives; they do not deny that there may be such a place, but they add, it is not for them, for if Atua had intended it so he would have sent them word about it long before he sent the white men into their country; and they conclude by stating that they know perfectly well the situation of the island where they are to go to after this life.

### MASSACRE OF A SCHOONER'S CREW.

While remaining here wind-bound, in imaginary security, and amusing ourselves with noticing the curious customs and peculiarities of these islanders, a dreadful tragedy was taking place only a few miles' distance from us, and to which I be-

fore anchored, when I mentioned crossing the bar on our first arrival from Port Jackson. The *Enterprise* schooner, a very fine vessel, which was built at the settlement on this river, had been sent to Sydney, and while we were lying there we were in hourly expectation of her return. She did return. The unfavourable weather which detained us so long proved fatal to her, and she was wrecked a few miles to the northward of the river's mouth, and every soul on board perished.

The moment this catastrophe was known every European hastened to the spot, and, with feelings of horror, perceived but too plainly, from the appearance of the wreck and the boat, and by finding also the clothes of the crew, that they had reached the shore in safety, and had afterwards all been murdered; but how, or by whom, it was impossible to discover. The most probable conclusion was that the tribes situated around the European dockyard at Hokianga, having meditated for some time past a great warlike expedition, waited the return of this schooner from Sydney to possess themselves of an additional supply of arms and ammunition, which might enable them to take the field with a certainty of conquest. They had regularly purchased the cargo of this vessel by their labour and their merchandise, and the schooner was merely employed to convey it thither from Sydney, for the use of the natives; unhappily for the poor creatures on board, in running for the mouth of the river, she fell to leeward, and got stranded on the beach, in the very territory of that tribe against whom these preparations were made—the tribe intended to be invaded. Though no formal declaration of war had taken place, the tribes well knew the preparations that were making against them, and the nature of the cargo contained in the *Enterprise*; falling into the hands of such fierce and vindictive savages, the fate of the crew may be imagined—all our poor fellows were sacrificed to gratify their feelings of revenge.

Mooetara (the friendly chief of Hokianga) no sooner heard of the fate of the vessel and her crew than he hastened with his party to the spot; it was owing to the investigation which then took place that the conclusion was arrived at that all had been murdered. What remained for Mooetara to do (according to their savage notion of what was right) was to take ample revenge on all the hostile tribes that might fall in his way, whether our poor countrymen met their deaths through accident or treachery. Mooetara instantly commenced the work of destruction; and, having made his vengeance complete, he returned laden with spoil. The promptness with which he acted on this melancholy occasion greatly increased the feelings of security possessed by those Englishmen settled on the banks of the river, as it proved to them that he was both able and willing to protect them, and though the dead could not be restored, yet he had inflicted an awful punishment on their murderers.

#### FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND.

On the 21st a fair wind and smooth sea favoured our departure. Early in the morning the natives who were on board assured us everything would facilitate our passing over the bar with safety, and they prepared to leave the ship. When the moment of separation came, it caused a great deal of emotion on both sides. I must confess I felt much affected when I came to rub noses, shake hands, and say "Farewell" to these kind-hearted people. I saw them go over the ship's side, and reflected that I should never behold them more. There is always something repugnant to our feelings in the idea of separating from any being for ever; and as, in this instance, I felt assured that this was our last time of meeting, it cast a gloom over the pleasure the fair wind and smooth sea would otherwise have afforded me. As we fell down towards the river's mouth, and, indeed, as long as their canoes were to be seen, they kept waving their hands towards us.

Thus terminated my visit to the islands of New Zealand. I had arrived with feelings of fear and disgust, and was merely induced to take up a temporary residence amongst the natives, in hopes of finding something new for my pencil in their peculiar and picturesque style of life. I left them with opinions, in many respects, very favourable towards them. It is true, they are cunning and over-reaching in trade, and filthy in their persons. In regard to the former, we Europeans, I fear, set them a bad example; of the latter, they will gradu-

ally amend. Our short visit to Kororarika greatly improved them in that particular. All took great pains to come as clean as possible when they attended our "evening tea-parties." In my opinion, their sprightliness, free, and independent deportment, together with their kindness and attention to strangers, compensates for many defects.

On looking round upon their country, an Englishman cannot fail to feel gratified when he beholds the good already resulting to these poor savages from their intercourse with his countrymen; and they themselves are fully sensible of, and truly grateful for, every mark of kindness manifested towards them. They have stores full of the finest Indian corn, which they consider a great luxury, a food which requires little trouble in preparing, keeps well, and is very nutritious. It is but a few years since this useful grain was introduced amongst them; and I sincerely hope this introduction may be followed up, not only by our sending out to them seeds of vegetables and fruits, but by our forwarding to them every variety of quadruped which can be used for food. Abundance of the finest water-melons are daily brought alongside vessels entering their ports; these, in point of flavour, are superior to any I ever met with. I have no doubt every variety of European produce essential to the support of life would thrive equally well; and as food became abundant, and luxuries were introduced, their disgusting feasts on human flesh would soon be discontinued altogether.

We were soon at sea, and speedily felt considerable apprehensions as to the safe termination of our voyage. Our vessel (the brig *Governor Macquarie*) we well knew was a leaky one, though her leaks did not distress us on the outward voyage, she being then only in ballast trim; but now that she was loaded to the water's edge, and the winter coming on, we became greatly alarmed for her. Another disagreeable circumstance was having no bread or flour on board. To obviate the first evil, and to save the sailors a great deal of hard labour, our Captain offered to give a passage to Sydney to several natives, who accepted his offer, they being always anxious to see the colony; we likewise had on board the great Chief from the Thames, who had caused us so much trouble at Kororarika. These men, being fine, strong, active young fellows, were indefatigable in their exertions at the pumps; and though we had to contend with much heavy weather, and contrary winds, they kept our vessel pretty dry. The want of bread was not so easily remedied; though our Captain treated it lightly, saying he was sure of getting a supply by making a requisition to the missionaries. He accordingly waited upon them, and acquainted them with our distressed condition; they had plenty (for only a few weeks previously they had received a large supply), and as we knew their agent at Sydney, Mr. Campbell, we had no doubt of procuring a sufficiency from them to carry us home; but in this we were disappointed. Captain Kent did not ask them for a supply as a gift, but solicited merely the loan of a cask or two till we arrived at Sydney, when he guaranteed that the owners of the brig should return the same quantity into the missionary storehouse there. The little monosyllable *No* was again put in requisition, with this qualification—"that they did not like the Botany Bay skippers." Through their "dislike" the passengers and seamen of the brig might have gone unprovided to sea, had not a "worldly-minded" whaler (fortunately for us) at that critical moment come into port, who, the instant he heard of the ill-success of our entreaty, vented his indignation in pretty coarse language, and said, "if it detained his vessel a week, he would supply us;" and he kept his word; he gave us a bountiful supply, which rendered us comfortable during the whole way home.

It was most interesting to observe our savages when we got well out to sea. They soon appeared to become accustomed to their novel situation, and seemed to feel quite at home and at their ease "on board ship." Their exertions at the pumps were indefatigable. I felt convinced they thought that during all voyages the same labour was gone through to keep the vessel afloat; and as it only required strength and exertion, they cheerfully took that department entirely to themselves, especially as they soon perceived how useless they were when they attempted to perform any other duty on board of the brig, as their knowledge of voyaging extended no further than the distance they go

in their own canoes, which, though very beautiful, are sad leaky things at sea; and as, during the time they are out, the greater part of the crew are baling the water out of them, they thought the leaky state of our vessel was no uncommon occurrence. But however cheerfully they worked during the day, nothing could induce them to "turn out" at night; they always stowed themselves away, but in what part of the vessel I never could conjecture. They have a dread of some unknown evil spirit, which they imagine has power over them at night; and this supposition makes them terrible cowards in the dark.

The second day after we were at sea, I saw a group of savages lying round the binnacle, all intently occupied in observing the phenomenon of the magnetic attraction; they seemed at once to comprehend the purpose to which it was applied, and I listened with eager curiosity to their remarks upon it.

"This," said they, "is the white man's God, who directs them safely to different countries, and then can guide them home again." Out of compliment to us, and respect for its wonderful powers, they seemed much inclined to worship this silent little monitor.

During our voyage to Port Jackson we experienced a succession of southerly gales, which Captain Kent informed me were very prevalent at this season of the year. Notwithstanding all our exertions to prevent it, we were carried considerably to leeward of the port. We made Lord Howe's Islands, whose high and bold features rise, as it were, out of the ocean; as we passed close to them, we perceived they were well wooded and watered; and one of the men, who had been on shore there, informed me that there was a tolerably good harbour for small craft. A few miles to the southward of these islands is Ball's Pyramid, a most singular and sublime-looking rock, rising perpendicularly out of the sea to a height of a thousand feet; the base of it is enveloped in perpetual surf, dashing and climbing up its craggy sides. Its appearance, as we saw it, relieved by the setting sun, and the coming on of a stormy night, was awful in the extreme!

Nothing could exceed the delight manifested by our New Zealanders as we sailed up Port Jackson harbour; but, above all, the windmills most astonished them. After dancing and screaming with joy at beholding them, they came running and asking me "if they were not gods." I found they were inclined to attach that sacred appellation to most things they could not understand; they did so when they first became possessed of their muskets, and actually worshipped them, until they discovered how soon they got out of repair, and then, notwithstanding all the prayers they could bestow upon them, they would not mend again of their own accord.

Our Chief from the Thames, who had a great idea of his own dignity, commenced adorning his person, as he felt convinced the Governor would instantly grant him an audience when he came on shore. All our lamps were emptied to add a more beautiful gloss to his hair and complexion; his whole stock of feathers and bones were arranged to the greatest advantage. He at length became quite enraged when he found that he was allowed to sit two days on our deck, amongst all manner of dirty porters and sailors, without either being visited or sent for; and he was loud in his reproaches to us for having deceived him. We certainly were to blame in having induced him to believe we had any influence with the Governor, for however politic we (who had lived in New Zealand) might think it, to pay some attentions to these simple savages, his Excellency, unfortunately, thought otherwise; and though the Chief, attended by his followers, used to sit in the verandah at Government House from morning till night, the Governor never once deigned to speak to them, and they were, in consequence, constantly coming to me with complaints. At length they told me that unless they obtained an audience from our Chief they should consider it so great an insult that they would revenge it upon all the Europeans they could get into their power; and I, well knowing that several families were settled in that part of the country wherein this man was Chief, thought it my duty to let the Governor know; that, however he might dislike their manners and appearance, it might lead to some serious calamity, if he continued to refuse to give them an audience.

I accordingly waited upon the Brigade Major, and explained to him how unwise it was to treat

these men with such undisguised contempt. The result was, the Governor saw the affair in the same point of view as myself, and condescended to meet them and converse with them for about five minutes; and with that they were satisfied. Other heads of departments (civil and military) behaved differently, and evidently felt a pleasure in having them with them. The Commander of the troops suffered them to sit at the same table with himself

and officers, and had the war-dance performed in the mess-room, which I thought would have brought the house down upon our heads. He likewise permitted them to fall into the ranks with the soldiers, which pleased them beyond everything, inasmuch as they considered it a higher honour in being permitted to stand by our warriors on the martial parade than to take food with our Chiefs at their own table!

The Attorney-General of the colony took a particular interest in these savages, and gave a large party, to which they were invited. Several of the visitors on this occasion came out of curiosity to see how these cannibals would conduct themselves, expecting, no doubt, to witness a display of disgusting gluttony; but in that they were disappointed, for never did any set of men behave with greater decorum than they did.

## Musings AND Meditations

By Dog Toby

### GOD'S RIDDLE.

MY horse had knocked up, and, to my intense annoyance, I found myself compelled to spend Sunday in the small hotel of the little township. In the morning I wandered aimlessly round inspecting the scenery. There were one or two pretty fruit farms, but the land seemed of poor quality, and stunted trees and gorse met the eye on every side. In the afternoon I went up to the little building that did duty as a church. It was very plainly furnished, with a platform at one end, on which stood a table and a harmonium. Quite a number of people were present, considering the size of the settlement, and I noticed that the presence of a stranger seemed to occasion considerable interest. The congregation all joined heartily in the service, and at the close one or two came up and spoke to me. One man who had acted as organist asked me where I was staying, and when I explained that I had put up at the hotel for a day or two to give my horse a spell, he very kindly asked me to bring my things and stay at his place. He had a very pretty little farm, and, though he was a bachelor, everything in the house was beautifully neat and tidy. He was evidently very fond of music, and he appeared to have a number of other hobbies besides, as I noticed some water-colour sketches on the wall, and a book of photos, that he had taken himself lay on the table. He talked interestingly on a variety of different topics, and somehow or other the conversation drifted round to the subject of marriage. A look of wistful sadness seemed to come into his face, and I feared I had touched some tender memory. But, after smoking in silence for some little time, he turned to me, and said: "I am only a plain man, mister, brought up to a rough, hard-working country life, and I can't express myself very well, but I would like to talk to you for a bit, if you don't mind, and tell you why I never married. My father bought this place when he came out to the colony. It was quite in the rough, and we had a hard struggle to live while we were getting it in order. My mother died, went out by the isolation and the privations, and the unceasing toil of pioneer life. My father was never the same man afterwards, and he often used bitterly to curse the day when he had brought my mother away from the comforts of English town life to the dreary monotony of the bush. He told me no woman should be called upon to live such a life. He died when I was just twenty-two, and I found myself alone on the place. I could not bring myself to sell it, though I often thought about it, as it held for me many happy associations, and memories as well as the sad ones, and I also felt that it at any rate secured me a home, and a competence which I might find it difficult to obtain elsewhere. But I felt terribly lonely, and I used to spend a good deal of my time visiting the different settlers round. Then the inevitable happened. One family I used to go and see had a very pretty daughter, a girl of about twenty-one, with the fresh beauty and natural grace and kindness of manner of those unspoilt by city life. A lonely lad, my whole heart went out towards her, and I loved her with the love that only comes to a man once in his lifetime. I was by this time fairly well-to-do, my place

had considerably increased in value, and I was making good money as things go in the country. I pictured my future life as one of perfect happiness, in which even the sorrows would be sweetened by mutual trust and love. And then a young fellow from the city came to spend a holiday in the township. He met the girl at a dance given in the schoolroom, and I could see she was taken with his assumption of knowledge and his city manners, so different from those of our country lads. He was a clerk in some office or other, and assumed a patronising manner towards the rest of us. He stayed for some time in the place, and used frequently to come down from Saturday to Monday, and during the various holidays, which city men get so freely given them. And the girl got dissatisfied with the country, she longed to see some of the town life which he used to describe; he was a hero in her eyes, and she gave him of her love, though he was only amusing himself with her. She told me she would never marry if she could not marry him. He came down one Saturday and called at my place. I noticed he looked worried, and he had lost the jaunty air he generally affected. He told me he had been in difficulties, and had stolen money from his employers, hoping to repay it out of the dividend on a horse he had backed, but the horse had lost, and unless the money was repaid on Monday the theft would be discovered and he would be arrested. I fought a hard battle with myself. If I refused to help him I might win the girl. But would she be happy with me? Could I not better prove my love by trying to secure her happiness? I told him I would give him the money on condition he married her. She never knew, nobody ever knew. The young fellow kept his billet and prospered, and they were married at the end of the year. They are now living in Wellington, and I only hope that she is happy. My own life is lonely, and I often think on the past and all life might have been for me had things been different. But I feel I was not worthy of her. I had had no education and no city manners. I am, as you see, just a rough and ready country settler, with none of the pretty ways that please women. But, oh, I did love her, and God forgive me I love her still! I think of her as she was when I first knew her—with her fresh girlish beauty, her ready smile, her free and frank welcome with which she used to greet me. I think of her surrounded by simple, honest, kindly neighbours; I picture her in her country home amid the green fields and the fruit blossoms, so unaffected and yet so gracious, and I can only pray that in finding the social and intellectual life I could never have given her, she has also found a love as great as mine." I did not care to break in upon his thoughts. My eye wandered round the sketches on the wall. I saw they told their own tale. There was the farm, the orchard, the shady creek, and in every picture the same face, a face of rare beauty idealised by the hand of love. When I was in Wellington I got an introduction to the people he had been talking about. I gathered the husband was looked upon as a pushing, ambitious man, but cold, calculating and not over scrupulous, and people thought his wife didn't lead a very happy life.

I found him much as represented. He was a good talker, but too egotistical to be entertaining, and he was always snubbing his wife for her ignorance. He told me he could have done much better for himself if he had married money and got a wife who could have taken a more prominent part in society. She, poor woman, had a look of settled sadness and disappointment. She was listless in every movement, and bore but few traces of her early beauty. She said she was afraid she didn't understand her husband. She tried to help him as much as she could, but she never seemed to do the right thing, and the women she met in society were so different from what she had expected. They always appeared to adopt a patronising, artificial tone towards her, and the really friendly people her husband disapproved of as not being socially eligible. Also, she seemed somehow to have got out of touch with her own relations. They were proud of her having married well, but they appeared out of place and ill at ease when they came to visit her, and her husband who had been glad enough to meet them in the country seemed a little bit ashamed of them when they came to town. I knew and I understood. I thought of my honest, kindly settler friend with his simple, unaffected, self-sacrificing devotion. I saw her life as it might have been, a life of perfect happiness in a peaceful, prosperous home, surrounded by friends tried and true, and ever hallowed by a holy heartfelt love. And there they both were—the one lonely and bereft, the other eating the bitter fruit of disappointed hope and affection unrequited. God knows what is best for His children, but His riddles are often hard to read.

### Stamp Collecting.

An instance of how a stamp appreciates in value is the scarce 2 cent stamp of British Guinea. A pair of these stamps realised the high figure of £1000. The story is an interesting one. A lady in Georgetown discovered a pair of these stamps among some old papers, and she, thinking them to be of some little value, placed them in the offertory at Christ Church, Canon Josa, the incumbent, sold them for £205. That was in 1896, and the price has risen enormously since then. In 1897 another pair changed hands for £650.

Sometimes people have a good thing in hand, and do not realise the fact. For instance, the knowledge of the existence of diamonds in South Africa was first obtained by the fact that some children were seen playing with "a piece of glass," which turned out to be a precious stone, and as a result the diamond industry was developed in South Africa. Just the same people occasionally have valuable stamps without being aware of the fact. For instance, some years ago in London a man took eight unused 5/ English stamps to a post office and tried to sell them, but was told he must take them to Somerset House to get them exchanged for current issue. He, however, sold them to a stamp dealer for face value, and was glad to get it. The dealer was equally glad to get the stamps, which he sold for £70. This is only another instance of the truth of the old copy book heading, "Knowledge is valuable."

The 2/6 stamp of Tonga has appeared in dark blue.

A 10 dollar green and black stamp has been added to the issue of Straits Settlement.

The year 1900 was a very busy one in the surcharging department of Salvador. The remainders of the 1 centavo of 1899 were overprinted "1900," and then all the remainders of various values of both the 1898 and 1899 issues were surcharged "1900" and a new value. Whenever there were small blocks or single specimens they were pasted together with strips of paper so as to reconstruct a sheet, and these reconstructed sheets were run through the press with the complete sheets. This is economy with a vengeance.

"The Right Rev. I. O. Stringer, the Bishop of Selkirk, has charge of a diocese comprising 200,000 square miles—a vast tract of land usually known as the Yukon Territory of North-west America. Mrs. Stringer, who is a true helpmeet to her husband, finds the postal arrangements of Yukon somewhat trying at times. Letters do not reach her remote dwelling more often than twice a year; and if, after waiting patiently six months, the mails fail to arrive, the disappointment is keen indeed. One occasion when this calamity took place is still fresh in Mrs. Stringer's memory. The mails are conveyed on sleighs by Esquimaux dogs, accompanied by two natives; but over the very rough ground, where it is impossible to make progress with the sleighs, the bags have to be carried by the men. In this particular instance the Esquimaux to whom the duty fell found the bags so heavy that he hung the lightest of them in a tree, intending to fetch it when he passed that way again—in six months' time. When the post was delivered at Mrs. Stringer's house, it was found to consist of newspapers and advertisements, and the much-longed for letters from friends at home were still hanging in the branches of the tree, many miles distant. After some delay, they were recovered and forwarded, but their failure to turn up at the proper time was a great disappointment."—*Collectors' Journal*."

The Russian Academy of Science has just dispatched a well-equipped expedition to the valley of Santaurakh, in Northern Siberia, in order to excavate the remains of the mammoth which has been discovered about 200 miles from the village of Kasachia.

The cranium and part of the right forelegs were exposed through the action of water, and hair-covered fish was found adhering to the bones. The Arctic foxes had actually begun to eat it, and water has now been poured over the exposed remains so as to form a protective coating of ice.

The scene of the discovery is so remote that the journey there will occupy two months. The remains will be transported by some 30 sleighs, drawn by reindeer, to the River Lena, and the final stages of the journey, from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg, will be completed by train.

Russian scientists attach the greater value to the discovery, inasmuch as the mammoth now exhibited in the Zoological Museum at St. Petersburg is known not to have reached full development. It is estimated to have attained only 25 years.

These mammoths are believed to have lived about 100,000 years ago. The remains of the first one discovered were in such an excellent state of preservation that some of the remnants of flesh, after being thawed, salted, and cooked, were eaten out of curiosity by some Russian scientists.

### NEATLY PUT.

Mrs. Gaddler (rising to depart)—Well, you must come and call on me some day, it's your turn now.

Mrs. Chiffon-Kearney—Yes, I think I have been my turn for the last five or six times, hasn't it?

# Sayings of the Week

We have authority from Parliament to spend £100,000 upon irrigation work in Central Otago, and we want to commence right away.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

A good many Anglican bishops and clergy want "Church" teaching, not "Bible" teaching.—*Rev. W. Beatty.*

The Government would not be intimidated by threats of disaster and ruin if they laid sacrilegious hands on brewers' interests. Those who threatened miscalculated the potency of the forces behind the Bill.—*Mr. Asquith, the English Premier.*

In these days men had not the joy in their work, nor the inducement to put their individuality into their work as the men of the old time had.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

The American saloon had become a recognised nuisance, a source of demoralisation in politics, and what the Americans call a general all-round abomination, and so the Anti-Saloon League directed their efforts not necessarily towards prohibition, but towards the elimination of the saloon.—*Mr. E. T. Edwards, of the American Board of Missions.*

It would be much better for the worker to get direct compensation than for his widow to be bled by lawyers to the tune of £75 out of £100.—*Hon. J. A. Millar.*

China, with its population of over four hundred millions, when it does wake up, will be a mighty big power to reckon with. We shall do well to bear that in mind.—*Mr. F. H. Wood, of Wellington.*

At Whakatane a cheese factory was established, and thirty-one Maoris were among the suppliers. Between them they had received over £400 a month. It was the most up-to-date factory he had seen.—*Hon. W. Carroll.*

Whether for internal or external defence, he believed the duty of every citizen was to so qualify himself that when the enemy came he would be ready to do his part for his country.—*Col. Robin.*

More sweating went on in the Government railway works than anywhere else in New Zealand.—*Mr. Spratt, of the Auckland Trades and Labour Council.*

It must not be said that I am the enemy of wealth or the enemy of the people. I am the enemy of the plutocracy and of anarchy.—*President Roosevelt.*

It was getting well-nigh impossible to get assistant clergy from England, as the Mother Church needed all the men she could get. The Dominion would have to endeavour in future to meet the demands herself.—*Rev. T. H. Spratt, Anglican minister, Wellington.*

There is one general criticism that appears to the average American, and perhaps to him more than to others, and it is this: the New Zealand laws seem to militate against individual initiative. Everyone appears to depend on the Government. The American idea of Government makes success dependent largely upon the individual, and less upon Government action and interference.—*Mr. E. T. Edwards, of the American Board of Missions.*

He was convinced that the principles of the Licensing Bill were right, true, and just, and that the difficulties with respect to the time limit and clubs were capable of solution.—*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Australia was bound to be one of the great centres of civilisation, and a power in upholding and maintaining British prestige.—*Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.*

Australia should take a large share now in her own defence. Her present immunity could not be counted on as permanent.—*Lord Northcote.*

The record prices for butter had done more harm than good, for they had forced people who were being educated to the taste of colonial butter back to margarine. It was rather a quaint fact that a lot of margarine was now being manufactured in New Zealand, experts having been brought out for the purpose of making "neutralised" tallow, or oleo, which was really margarine.—*Mr. J. R. Scott, Secretary National Dairy Association.*

While condemning the demagogue who preaches a crusade against wealth, I think that his counterpart is the hard, cruel, multi-millionaire, who is the least enviable and least admirable of America's citizens, whose son is a fool and whose daughter is a foreign princess.—*President Roosevelt.*

His opinion was, that the more the practical side of the college was developed the more closely it would keep step with modern requirements.—*Mr. Russell, Chairman of the Canterbury College Board of Governors.*

It seems a pity that the procedure followed at Home by the Bank of England cannot be followed here: that every dirty bank note, after being returned to the bank, is destroyed.—*Dr. Mason, Chief Health Officer.*

We should deem it our first duty to build up the noblest type of manhood the British Empire has ever seen, and in my judgment this cannot be done apart from the Bible and the truths contained therein.—*Mr. A. C. Caughey, President Auckland Y.M.C.A.*

The Maoris were great imitators, and would follow the pakeha in anything, no matter how bad. He was very sorry to see that his native brethren were following the bad example of the pakeha in breaking the Sabbath in playing golf, and he hoped something would soon be done to put a stop to it.—*Rev. W. T. Fraser, Maori minister.*

Comparing the total revenue with that of two years ago, it had risen by £1,471,587. There had been no booming. It was simply that the people of the Dominion were making a steady growth, and expansion in their trades, and there was a spirit of confidence widespread and diffused.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The best way, in his opinion, to relieve the British taxpayer of the burden of the defence of Empire was to have the first line of defence in a Canadian army, enabling the Dominion, if necessary, to send an army to defend the Empire in other parts of the world.—*Sir E. W. Borden, Canadian Minister for Defence.*

It was not possible for the Government to work with the Labour Party. He believed a strong Democratic policy should be formed to control public affairs.—*Mr. Kidston, Queensland Premier.*

I believe in the worker getting his full share of the emoluments to which he is entitled, but I cannot but view with alarm the demands of the socialist party for everything.—*Mr. W. F. Massey.*

When the legislation of last session has come fairly into play, there will be an increasing amount of land available for closer settlement, especially in the North Island, with the opening up of the native land areas.—*Dr. Finlay, Attorney-General.*

It will be found that the renewable lease, either under the 33 years' or the 66 years' system, will be as dead as Caesar before this decade is out. The 99 years' lease has gone, but something worse may come.—*Mr. G. T. Garland, N.Z. Farmers' Union.*

The newspapers had been the chief instruments in bringing the alarming condition of things that prevailed up to last year. The suppression of the publication of betting rates, and of dividends, had checked betting.—*Rev. J. J. North, Wellington.*

It is very much easier to use rhetoric about paganism than to join heartily in united Christian work. Rev. W. Gray Dixon and Bishop Nollan agree in lamenting the religious ignorance of country settlers, and in criticising the Education Act. They were not so cordially united in the matter of ministering to the sailors in our ports or of giving Christian burial to the dead in Purewa cemetery.—*Rev. W. Beatty.*

The dissatisfaction among the teachers throughout the Dominion continued rife, owing to lack of any system of appointment or promotion, and one of the consequences resulting therefrom was the paucity of male teachers in the service and the decreasing number of young men entering the teaching profession.—*Mr. P. M. Mackay, Auckland City Schools Committee.*

Owing to the great prosperity of the agricultural portion of America, I do not think this late crisis either has affected, or is likely to affect, the general prosperity of America much.—*Mr. H. E. Partridge, of Auckland.*

Rotorua ought to be made one of the features in connection with the forthcoming visit of the American fleet to Auckland.—*Hon. Dr. Finlay, Attorney-General.*

Australians felt that in foreign policies the Liberals did less good for the colonies than the Conservatives.—*Mr. T. Price, South Australian Premier.*

Those who, like himself, lived in far-distant lands, absolutely lived on the condition that we had the power of the command of the sea—the very condition of the Empire's existence was the navy.—*Bishop Nollan.*

There is a very reasonable chance, if the House of Lords is abolished, that the House of Commons will act in a manner absolutely uncontrolled, when it only represents the hurried verdict of the country. I am afraid that is only too probable.—*Lord Rosebery.*

The Dominion—Auckland in particular—was one of the pleasantest places on this planet.—*Mr. Frickett, American Consul-General.*

There is no doubt that there is far too much racing.—*Hon. E. Mitchellson.*

Many people would lie sweltering in their beds when others turned out to defend the country. The trouble was that peace had lasted too long, and the day would come when the country would have to be defended, and the question arose: Were they ready? He said, No.—*Lieut.-Col. Goring, of Whangarei.*

By socialistic proposals I mean the nationalisation of the land and the nationalisation of the industries of the Dominion.—*Mr. W. F. Massey.*

It might be thought that the people were concerned with the defence of their own country only, but we should be ready to fight the Empire's battles again if necessary. People were not here as an isolated outpost, but they should be ready to defend the Empire to the last breath.—*Dr. F. Wallace McKenzie, Wellington.*

As to the Bankruptcy Court being improperly used to get rid of liabilities, I think that with very few exceptions no one comes into the Court who is not absolutely justified in doing so. Fraudulent cases are a very small minority indeed.—*Mr. G. L. Greenwood, Official Assignee, Christchurch.*

It is to be regretted that so many parents are careless of their responsibility with regard to the regular attendance of their children, and it should be remembered that the Sunday school is the only place where they can obtain regular religious instruction.—*Rev. W. E. Gillam.*

If the people of Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin had done so much as Auckland, there would have been 30,000 volunteers instead of 6,000.—*Captain McNaught.*

Many of the notes now in circulation were in a disgraceful state, and the attention of the Health Department should be drawn to the matter.—*Mr. N. A. Nathan, Auckland Chamber of Commerce.*

He took it that a man had no right, when his country was invaded, to pray to God to take care of his wife and children, and do nothing himself to guard them.—*Rev. P. S. Smallfield.*

The mothers have been most ready to accept the aid of the society, and, so far, I believe, there have been no hitches. I wish to publicly acknowledge the help we have had from the doctors of Auckland, and I sincerely hope they will gain confidence in the Plunket nurse, and find she obeys their orders and acts loyally by them in every way.—*Lady Plunket, of the Infant Life Protection Society.*

He realised that his attainment to the scholarship carried with it great responsibilities, but he would be always actuated with a desire to do credit to New Zealand, and to Auckland in particular.—*Mr. S. N. Ziman, Rhodes' scholar.*

Under normal conditions, 240,000 people were practically starving in London alone, and practically starving always.—*Mr. Tom Mann.*

Within eleven days' steam of Australia there were 400,000,000 people capable of bearing arms. They were told that this country was on the outskirts of the Empire, but what about its defence when the Chinese awoke?—*Dr. J. Wallace McKenzie, Wellington.*

Insecurity of tenure would always lead men from a country where it existed to one where the tenure was secure, and where they could drive their stakes home.—*Mr. G. T. Garland, N.Z. Farmers' Union.*

## OUR LONDON OFFICES

The London Offices of the  
**"THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC  
 and NEW ZEALAND MAIL,"**  
**"NEW ZEALAND FARMER"**  
 And  
**"AUCKLAND STAR"**  
 are now at 134 FLEET ST. (NEW ZEALAND PRESS AGENCY), over the "Standard" Offices.

Colonial Visitors to Europe and others may consult files of Leading New Zealand Papers at these Offices. Correspondence may also be addressed there (c/o MR. T. B. BRET), to be cited for, or re-addressed according to directions.

## STOP THAT HEADACHE and SAVE YOUR NERVES

Do not try to endure a headache, waiting with what patience you can until you have "worn it out."  
 Why should you? It's a great deal better to save your nerves the wear and tear of torture.  
 One dose of

### Stearns' Headache Cure

—a tiny tasteless wafer—brings you relief in a few minutes—real relief at that—leaves your head feeling clear and natural.  
 When this certain ease from that pain is always at hand (or at the nearest chemist's), there is no reason for suffering from headache.  
 You would not consider it wise to suffer from a cinder in your eye or a thorn in your hand a moment longer than necessary.  
 Think it over—and remember that Stearns' Headache Cure CURE, yet never causes the formation of a drug habit.

# The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

BISHOP NEILGAN," remarked the journalist, "has a happy knack of drawing out that mysterious person who writes letters to the papers. I think the society of journalists should give him a testimonial on his return to our shores. Good correspondence is a most valuable thing to any daily, but it is not very easy to get. Even the most experienced pressman can never tell for certain what will draw. Often subjects we think of great importance fall absolutely flat, while a comparative trifle will produce shoals of good and interesting letters. Look at the gallons of ink that were spilt when Jumbo was sold by the authorities of the London Zoo. Could any man have foreseen that the sorrows and woes of an elephant would have produced eloquent epistles from such men as Ruskin and Matthew Arnold? The people seem to have resented being called pagans; but there was some truth, I suspect, in his lordship's indictment, or it would not have met with so much criticism. If he had said we were all drunkards, and that the results of licensed houses were 'ghastly,' and that Prohibition alone could save the colony, people would have patted him on the back and said 'Good boy,' because, as a matter of fact, we know that most of us lead a sober, if we do not lead a godly and righteous, life."

no great painters. As a consequence we have no great religious feeling, for religion is a reaching-out towards the unseen. The very churches are infected with the 'time-spirit,' and rely more on organisation than spiritual power. Refinement, culture, delicacy, are all being trampled under foot by the Juggernaut of Philistinism."

"We pay for these things," said the doctor, "not merely by the loss of the capacity for enjoyment, but by the loss of health. We no longer indulge in sport, we indulge in the luxury of watching professionals play games for us. We seldom walk or ride; we prefer to be whirled along in motors, or trams. We live our lives in a stuffy office, and have repaired the garden with the asphalted yard. Ledgers dull our brains, electric light vitiates our eyesight, hustle and the dread of delay our nerves, and the surgeon's knife is ever busy cutting out the crochets caused by our artificial modes of living. The phase is not new, and of course it will pass away again as it has done before, but the bell of materialism seems to me much worse than even the material hell of the Middle Ages."

"My dear doctor," remarked the cynic, "you and the dominie are really getting most horribly serious. You will never impress the masses with your views, and that at least ought to cause you joy. There is nothing more distressing than to find one's views meet with universal approval. It is such a humiliating confession of stupidity. Why try and draw the multitude away from the serene contemplation of their hoped-for heaven, which seems to consist of a place where they will eat not fat pork off gold plates in the company of prosperous retired grocers. The great questions of the day are no longer political, literary, or religious. We prefer to discuss such com-mundras as "Whea is a slipper not a slipper?" "What is a slaughterman?" or "To coupon or not to coupon." This last, by the way, seems a delightful problem. We could extend the system so indefinitely. We could put a coupon in the plate at church, we could post bakers' coupons to begging letter writers, we suspected of wasting money in drink, we could civilise the pagans of the back blocks by extending to them the inestimable blessings of the coupon."

"What I like about the present day," suggested the lawyer, "is the practical use to which we put the fine arts. Poetry no longer deals with either love or nature, it finds a higher sphere in singing the merits of Red Arrow ointment or Sapon Soap. To the maker of Limericks is given the seat of honour in the temple of the Muses. Painting and sculpture alike proclaim the merits of soup and pills. "The more practical we make our education the better will the people like it," was the wise statement recently made at a college meeting. We need not give up the classics altogether—we could bring them up-to-date. Our old friend Xerxes could be utilised thus:

"The Grecians would never have conquered Xerxes Had he used so-and-so's Reliable Teas." You could point out that the prophet Elisea would not have been called a 'bold head' if he had used 'Thatchem-quick.' You could explain that Virgil's line "Yet tears to human sufferings are due" was written before we had learnt that backache kidney pills were better than tears. You could still read Shakespeare if you added practical notes. "Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt" might have as a commentary "so it would

have done if he had used anti-fat." We could combine the old and the new to the infinite advantage of an age that has learnt to despise sentiment and value only the practical."

"They complain," said the schoolmaster, "that our children are overworked. We could easily remedy this by introducing the practical education of 'Dothe-boy's Hall'—"W-i-n-d-e-r, winter. Now go and clean them after learning how to spell them! That is my idea of really useful training. Whackford Squares was in advance of his time. He would be hailed as an educational reformer nowadays. I often think the old pagans must smile as they look down from the Elysian fields on our wholly unromantic and therefore joyless age. How insulted they must feel at being compared to us. Socrates preached a gospel of the immortal beauty of the soul, we preach a gospel of stuccoed villas and bile beans for biliousness."

## Our Illustrations.

### MOTOC-CAR GYMKHANA AT NAPIER.

A very successful motor car gymkhana was recently held on the Recreation Ground at Napier. A procession formed of over twenty cars, and headed by the president of the Automobile Club, in his fine car, lined up near the Marine Parade band rotunda, and drove round to the Recreation Ground, where an interesting sports programme was gone through. The principal events resulted as under:—  
 Appearance Parade.—"A" Class; M. Thomas, 1; G. L. Mackersey, 2. "B" Class; D. Bernan, 1; N. Kettle, 2.  
 Bending Race.—F. Wilson, 1; C. Duncan, 2.  
 Tortoise Race.—C. A. Hawkins, 1; J. H. Edmundson, 2; F. V. Kettle, 3.  
 Starting and Stopping.—F. V. Kettle, 1; F. Wilson, 2; N. Mackersey, 3.  
 Turk's Head and Pig Sticking.—F. V. Kettle, 1; A. Joseph, 2.  
 Potato Race.—T. Renata, 1; W. Robin, 2.  
 Tilting at Rings.—W. Robin, 1; J. St. J. Hindmarsh, 2.  
 Glass of Water Race.—G. Duncan, 1; J. E. Skrats, 2.  
 Lady Passenger Race.—W. Robin, 1; F. Wilson, 2.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. G. G. STEAD.

Mr. Geo. G. Stead, a leading citizen of Christchurch, died on April 20th. Mr. Stead sustained a sudden seizure a few days ago, from the effects of which he never recovered. The deceased was born in London in 1841, and came from an old Yorkshire family on his father's side, his grandfather being Mr. Mark Stead, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and from a Scotch family on his mother's side, his grandmother being a Fraser, a direct descendant of the noted Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the last man beheaded in the Tower of London in the year 1747. Mr. Stead, in 1849, accompanied his parents to South Africa, where he completed his education at St. Andrew's College. In 1865 he returned to England, but, on the recommendation of several friends, he decided to settle in New Zealand, where he arrived in 1866. Since that date he has been a prominent figure in commercial and sporting circles. Mr. Stead took a leading part in the raising of a Canterbury contingent during the Boer War, and subscribed £500

towards the fund. In addition to holding the position of Chairman and Honorary Treasurer of the Canterbury Club, Mr. Stead also held the following appointments:—Chairman of Directors of the "Christchurch Press" Company, Chairman of Directors of Manning and Co., Chairman of Directors of the Christchurch Gas Company, Chairman of Directors of Warners, Ltd., Chairman of Directors of the Blackball Coal Company, Deputy Chairman Alliance Assurance Co., Director of Ma-on Struthers, Ltd., Director of the New Zealand Shipping Co. He filled the position of President of the Christchurch Chamber of Commerce in 1880, 1885, 1886. He was one of the Governors of the Canterbury College from 1891 to 1899, when he resigned.

## 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 Mangouai.**  
 CLANSMAN.....Every Monday, at 7 p.m.  
 No Cargo for Russell.  
**For Awanui, Waiharara, Houkora, Whangaroa, and Mangouai.**  
 APANUI.....Every Monday at 2 p.m.  
 No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangouai.  
**For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whananaki.**  
 PAEROA.....Monday, 18th May, 1 p.m.  
**For Great Barrier.**  
 AUTOPIRI.....Every Wednesday, midnight.  
**For Waikake and Coromandel.**  
 LEAVE AUCKLAND.  
 ROTOMAHANA, Tues, 28th April, 11 a.m.  
 ROTOMAHANA,....Fri, 1st May, 2 p.m.  
 LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHEKE.  
 ROTOMAHANA, Wed, 29th April, 6 a.m.  
 ROTOMAHANA, Sat, 2nd May, 7.30 a.m.

## FROM ONEHUNGA.

**For Hokiang.**  
 CLAYMORE.....Every Thursday  
**For Raglan, Kawhia, and Waitara.**  
 WAITANGI.....Every Monday

## WHANGAREI SERVICE.

APRIL.  
 Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—  
 Train Whangarei to Mangapai, Parua Bay, to Wharf.  
 S.S. COROMANDEL  
 Goods Train. Leaves  
 2nd—12 p.m. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.  
 5th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. No str.  
 7th—11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. No str. 2 p.m.  
 9th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.  
 12th—11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m. No str.  
 14th—11.45 a.m. 4.30 p.m. 2 p.m. 5 p.m.  
 16th—12 p.m. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.  
 18th—12 p.m. day 9.30 a.m. No str. 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—12 p.m. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.  
 Steamers outward by steamers leaving on following dates, viz., 2nd, 10th, 18th, and 30th must go from up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

## NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD.

## HUDDART PARKER LINE.

FAVOURITE PASSENGER SERVICE.  
 Circumstances permitting, Steamers will leave as under:—  
 FROM AUCKLAND.  
 FOR SYDNEY.

WIMMERA.....Monday | May 18 | 5.30 p.m.  
 VICTORIA.....Monday | June 1 | 5.30 p.m.  
 FOR GISBORNE, NAPIER, WELLINGTON, LYTTLETON, AND DUNEDIN.  
 WIMMERA.....Tuesday | May 6 | 2 p.m.  
 VICTORIA.....Tuesday | May 19 | 2 p.m.

## FROM WELLINGTON FOR SYDNEY.

ELIMAROA.....Friday | June 5

## FOR MELBOURNE, VIA THE SOUTH AND HOBART.

ELIMAROA.....Thursday | May 14

Cargo must be alongside not less than TWO HOURS before sailing time.  
 All Tickets for Stop-over or Return mutually exchangeable with the Union Company.  
 L. D. NATHAN AND CO., LTD., Agents.

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Passenger Agents for  
 P. and O. Co. Cape Lines  
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 Before Booking your Tickets to London or elsewhere write for "COOK'S SAILING LIST" (posted free), giving FARES by all lines, and Sailings in advance. No Booking Fees. Special Advantages. Apply  
 COOK'S SHIPPING OFFICE, 82 Queen-st.

# The News of the Week

## IN THE DOMINION.

Napier Master Bakers decided not to introduce the coupon system, but to eliminate bad debts as far as possible.

The Hawke's Bay Rifle Association has decided to enter a team for the Empire Cup Competition.

The Maori "prophet," Rua, has abandoned the idea of going to Wellington, and has returned to Urewera.

A sum of over £200,000 has been spent in oil-prospecting in the Gisborne district.

Rabbits are spreading into parts of Poverty Bay district that were formerly free of the pest.

The turnip crops in Southland are this season being destroyed by the diamond black moth.

It is not considered likely in Dunedin that butter, during the winter months, will fall below its present price of 1/3 per lb.

John Barrett, a single man, aged 45, was killed on the railway near Paeroa on April 27th by being run over at a level crossing.

The chess championship of the Dominion has been won by Mr. A. W. O. Davies, a member of the Wellington Working Men's Club.

A contribution of £500 will be made by the Borough Council towards the establishment of a Technical School in Waihi.

Last month the Dominion exported 138,317 ounces of silver of the value of £14,246, as compared with 91,272 ounces, valued at £9317, in April of last year.

The s.s. Tavimi, which went ashore at Westport, has not been floated off. Her damaged cargo is to be sold by auction.

The Government has accepted the offer of the proprietor of the Kauroa Estate, near Oamaru, comprising 19,000 acres, at a price of £7 per acre.

Wellington bakers introduced the cash coupon system on Monday last. Bread is sold at 3d for cash, or twelve coupons are supplied for 3/4.

At the election of school committees for Wellington city and suburbs, the general feeling was against Bible-reading in schools, and a majority of the candidates advocating it were rejected.

Bricklayers at Gisborne have just gone on strike for an advance of wages from 12/- to 13/- per day. Yet there are people who say that labour is plentiful and wages low in New Zealand!

A movement is on foot to form a company in Napier to erect an Opera House. An option over a very desirable property in the centre of the town has been obtained.

The Minister for Railways anticipates that at the present rate of progress an engine will be able to travel over the whole length of the Main Trunk Line three months before the end of the year.

Among the wills lately proved was that of a Dunedin lady, who left personal estate valued at £1,586. The testatrix bequeathed one shilling to her husband, and the residue of her estate to an aunt.

A decision of general importance has been given by Chief Judge Palmer in the Native Land Court. In effect he held that a European child adopted by an aboriginal native cannot participate in any estate left by the native at death.

The Government has accepted a tender for a monument to be erected over the grave of the late Mr. Seddon on Observatory Hill. The work will probably take four months. The amount of the tender is not disclosed.

A brown trout, weighing 17lb, was caught recently at the outlet of the creek running down from the Fairy Spring, Lake Rotomua. The fish was presented to the Tourist Department by its captor (Mr. Campbell).

There is now only a gap of nine miles interfering with the direct railway communication between Auckland and Wellington. This is covered by a coach drive through splendid forest scenery.

The game shooting season opened on May 1st, birds being everywhere plentiful—the result, it is supposed, of the dry summer. Near Huntly there was an

unfortunate mishap—a young man named Charles Conins being accidentally shot by his brother, sustaining serious injury to his shoulder-blade.

Mr. T. E. Donne, general manager of the Tourist Department, states that the tourist season just closed has been a "record" one for the Dominion. The majority of visitors had come from Australia.

The Labour Representative Committee has decided to run four candidates for the City seats at the general election. What action will be taken regarding the suburban constituencies has not yet been decided.

Of 382 immigrants who landed in Wellington last week by the steamers Ionic and Devon, only 12 made application to the Labour Department for assistance, and of that number nine were found suitable positions without the least delay.

About 25 miles of underground cable for the supply of electric light and power to consumers from the corporation electrical department, has been laid in Wellington during the past six months. The work, which is costing £30,000, is nearing completion.

The Government has extended the fishing season at Rotomua to the end of May. An English sportsman (Mr. J. Bushley) has this year had a "record catch" of 2,604lb. of fish, for 72 days, the fish numbering 904, and the best fish scaling 8lb. All were caught with the fly.

The Bank of New Zealand premises in Auckland are to be enlarged by the addition of a five-storey brick building. The additions will cost between £9,000 and £10,000. Messrs. E. Mahoney and Sons are the architects.

The other day a Waikato eel, desirous of making an overland journey, "stowed away" in a case of pictures that were being sent to the Auckland Art Society's exhibition, which opens on the 20th inst. The eel, which was over 2ft. long, arrived in good condition, and has probably ere now made experimental acquaintance with the process of skinning.

This year New Zealand exported 163,379 ounces of gold, valued at £627,828, being an increase of 18,291 ounces, valued at £61,801, compared with the figures for the corresponding period of last year. The export of gold last month was 28,279 ounces, valued at £109,759, as against 25,909 ounces, valued at £102,555 in April, 1907.

Two women were on May 1st convicted of shoplifting from a Wellington business place, and were fined £3 each, in default seven days. Both were wives of respectable, hard-working men. The Chief Detective said that a good deal of shoplifting had been done of late. Goods were not only taken from outside shops, but people went in and stole.

Bro. C. A. C. Hardy, M.P., of Rakaiia, president of the Board of General Purposes of the Grand Masonic Lodge of New Zealand, leaves Christchurch to New Zealand, left, Christchurch last week for Auckland to attend the annual communication of the lodge, which opens on May 6th, and to take part in the installation of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, his Excellency the Governor, M.W. Bro. Lord Plunket.

Tom Burrows favored his own and the championship "record" for club swinging by keeping up a display of that exercise for 62 hours and two minutes at the Theatre Royal, Wellington. At the same time Chas. Parnell "broke the record" by playing the pianoforte for 36 continuous hours. Both champions received presentations from admirers.

Public Service appointments confirmed by the Cabinet include the promotion of Mr. W. S. Fisher (clerk in the Magistrate's Court at Christchurch), who had previously 18 years' experience in an official assignee's office, to the position of Official Assignee in Dunedin; and Mr. J. Evans (clerk in the Official Assignee's Office in Christchurch) to be Official Assignee in that city.

The Wellington Education Board has resolved to inspect and report upon the means provided in the city schools for the escape of children in case of fire.

At a meeting of the Wanganui Harbour Board on Friday last the engineer was instructed to prepare plans for a 500ft. extension to the present wharf accommodation, the work being necessi-

tated by an extensive development of the trade of the port. The Chairman mentioned, during the course of a discussion, that the trade of the port had more than doubled during the last 10 years.

The marble bust of the late Mr. Seddon, executed by Mr. Nelson Illingworth, was placed in the main entrance to the Government Buildings to-day. Its permanent home will be in the Parliamentary library. The bust stands upon a pedestal of polished green granite, upon the front of which the name "Seddon" is inscribed in bronze. The height of the bust with its pedestal is 6ft. 6in.

An epidemic of scarlet fever is causing some concern in Wellington. During the past fortnight eight cases of scarlet fever were reported from Brooklyn and 21 from other parts of the city and suburbs. There have been 21 cases reported from Brooklyn during the month of April. Nothing has been learned which throws any light on the origin of the epidemic. It has not been thought necessary to close the schools, as the epidemic is abating.

An interesting illustration of the unabated power of old-time superstition upon the mind of the present-day Maori is afforded in the death of a young Maori at Whakahi. He was a strapping, staff-work young fellow, on a visit to Gisborne, having just finished a bush-shelling contract. He unwittingly trespassed on a wahi tapu, or sacred ground, which means death to the trespasser. In a fortnight, influenced by his own fatalism, and the unconscious hypnotism of his friends, he sure enough gave up the ghost.

A meeting will be held in Wellington shortly in connection with the control of the national park at Tongariro, the boundaries of which were recently rectified. Instead of containing, as at first thought, 150,000 acres, there are nearly 300,000. Mr. McNab is hopeful that the park will become attractive to tourists, especially in view of the early completion of the trunk railway, which skirts its western borders. A botanical report by Dr. Cockayne will be published in popular form. Parliament is likely to be asked to define the new boundaries of the park, and probably some improved land adjoining the park will have to be taken in accordance with the rectified survey.

A public meeting was held at Drury on Saturday night in the Drury Hall to further consider the Dixon case. Mr. J. Plantagan, who was in the chair, reported that the deputation appointed had not been able to wait upon the Minister of Justice, as was proposed at the last meeting, owing to that gentleman leaving for Wellington before any time had been fixed for receiving them. It was resolved to forward the facts of the case and petition, which has been signed by about one thousand people, to the Minister at Wellington. The following resolution was also carried: "In view of the Magistrate having based his decision on the finding of the Arbitration Court, this meeting considers it futile for the Minister of Justice to contend that Dixon's imprisonment is not the outcome of the Arbitration Court's decision."

At the annual meeting of shareholders in the Taupiri Coal Mines, Ltd., held at Auckland on April 29th, the report showed a net profit for the year of £6,778 13s. 5d. From this, it was resolved to pay a dividend of 9d. per share, which with an interim dividend of the same amount paid in October last, absorbed £6,375. A balance of £3,742 17/2 was carried forward to new account, being about £400 in excess of the balance brought forward from the previous year. The chairman, Mr. E. W. Alison, said that the profits for the year had been considerably curtailed owing to the shortage of trucks and railway power on the State railway. Had railway trucks been available, 20,000 more tons of coal could have been put out last year. Messrs. E. W. Alison and Geo. Winstone, the retiring directors, were re-elected, and Mr. R. E. Isaacs was again appointed auditor.

## New Scenic Wonders.

During the Easter holidays a party of Auckland excursionists proceeded on board Mr. Montgomery's launch, Karoro, to the four Knights' Islands, an isolated and almost inaccessible group situated to the East of the Whangarei Coast. The travellers have, as a result, returned to town enthusiastic with regard to the scenic wonders which have been found in this remote corner of the Dominion's territory. Mr. R. Leckie, clerk to the

Auckland Land Board, was one of the visitors, and gave a "Star" representative some of his impressions of the sights.

The islands form a lighthouse reserve, and permission to land must be obtained from the Marine Department. The land, which is wholly of volcanic nature, is covered with a stunted growth of bush, manuka, and flax, and the islands are the home of numerous birds, including bell birds, tuits, and paroquets, and, as it is stated, of goats and pigs.

On the south-west side of the island the coast was much too rough for landing, and it was in this direction that the party found a magnificent archway opening in the solid wall of rock, and showing a clear passage of 50 yards through, with a depth of water of from 25ft. to 30ft. The sides are perfectly sheer and the whole is said to present a most striking and almost magnificent picture to the observer. "I would say," said Mr. Leckie, "that a big tramp steamer could go right through it, and I really think even a full rigged ship could negotiate it. The sea in the vicinity is very deep, approximately 40 fathoms. We were very surprised and delighted to find the arch, having been previously totally unaware of its existence."

In another direction the party found a small hill, three or four hundred feet high, in the middle of which, low down on the water surface, was found a tunnel, 80 to 100 yards long, with walls falling sheer to the water surface, and with huge battresses. The cavern measuring some 20 feet wide and about 40 feet high. The whole is said to present a most curious appearance, precisely as if human hands had been responsible for its construction. Another cave near by was also visited by the party in a boat, and it was here that one of the finest pieces of Nature's handiwork was revealed. This huge cavern was estimated at 300 feet in width, and about 509 feet deep, while the height, on an average, was not less than 50 feet. From the top, beautiful ferns could be seen clustering and falling in twining masses around the rocky roof. Traces of copper were evident in the rock, and the walls glistened with many shades of green and chrome, adding a glorious touch of colour to the whole. The end of this cave falls in a clear drop in just the same manner as the walls.

Another cave, entered by a very narrow passage of water, boasted a fine dome-shaped roof. This cavern being also lighted from the other side of the island. Yet another was visited, containing a rather shallow depth of water, in which disported a perfect shoal of fish, including snapper, "yellow-tail" rock cod and hapuka.

"All were agreed," said Mr. Leckie, "that the scenic features of the islands were indeed wonderful, and even then we cannot be said to have landed and really explored the group properly. What surprised us greatly was finding from settlers on the mainland near Whangarei that never, by rumor or tradition, had they heard of these caves and archways. Never having heard of them ourselves we were unprepared for such sights, and were truly delighted with our visit."

## The American Fleet.

The secretary of the Wellington branch of the Navy League has been definitely advised that the American fleet will not visit any other port in New Zealand but Auckland.

It is understood that the Australian squadron is coming over to escort the Americans to Australia, and an effort is being made to get it to come by way of Cook Strait and call at Wellington.

The American Government has accepted the invitation issued by the Government of Fiji for the American fleet to visit Suva on its voyage from San Francisco to Auckland via Honolulu.

Sydney Trades Hall Council has resolved, "That the proposed expenditure of £50,000 in entertaining the American fleet is a criminal waste of money, while thousands in our midst are wanting work."

The mover said that the navy was in existence for destructive purposes only, and the crews were constitutional razz-derrers.

A private cable message states that Sydney will be the first port of call of the American fleet in the Commonwealth.

The fleet is expected to reach Auckland on August 15th, and, after remaining about a fortnight in New Zealand waters, proceeds direct to Sydney.

The steamer Otterburn has arrived at Sydney from Magdalena Bay, where she assisted in the coaling of the American fleet.

Her captain states that Admiral Evans, has been ailing ever since the fleet left New York.

He became indisposed at Magdalena, and under medical advice left the fleet with the intention of entering a sanatorium at San Francisco.

The senior officer, Admiral Thomas, assumed command of the fleet and hoisted his flag on the battleship Missouri.

It is understood that Admiral Evans relinquished the command only temporarily, and intends rejoining the fleet as soon as his health is restored.

The crews had received the news of the visit to Australia and New Zealand, and it was received with much enthusiasm.

Initial steps in the direction of providing an attractive football match in honour of the visit of the American fleet to Auckland in August next, were taken at the meeting of the management committee of the Auckland Rugby Union on April 29. The question was briefly referred to by the chairman (Mr. M. J. Sheehan) and others present, the consensus of opinion being that the suitors would probably appreciate a first-class game more than anything else. It was decided to instruct the Auckland delegates to the N.Z.R.U. to wait on the Wellington Rugby Union with a view to having the annual Auckland-Wellington match played at Auckland during the stay of the American fleet at this port. It is possible that the visitors might be induced to give an exhibition of the American game as a curtain raiser, and thereby lend an additional attraction to the gathering.

#### The Chess Championship.

The chess championship was won by A. W. O. Davies, of the Wellington Working Men's Club, the runner-up being A. R. Kelling, of Wellington. Davies lost but one game during the congress. He is considered by competent players to have no equal in the Dominion for an attractive combination of dash and daring. He won the championship at Catania in 1885, and the prize for the most rapid play at the Auckland Congress of 1906. The brilliancy prize has to be adjudicated on later.

The following table shows the positions occupied by the various competitors at the close of the competition—

|                                 | Won. | Lost. |
|---------------------------------|------|-------|
| A. W. O. Davies (Wellington) .. | 75   | 23    |
| F. R. Kelling (Wellington) ..   | 7    | 3     |
| H. L. James (Wellington W.M.)   | 64   | 34    |
| R. Mason (Auckland) ..          | 54   | 44    |
| M. S. Stewart (Canterbury) ..   | 5    | 5     |
| F. Kummer (Auckland W.M.) ..    | 4    | 6     |
| M. Freeman (Auckland W.M.) ..   | 3    | 6     |
| J. A. Connell (Waikato) ..      | 3    | 7     |
| R. J. Barnes (Wellington W.M.)  | 3    | 7     |
| Rutherford (Wanganui) ..        | 3    | 7     |
| Rev. Fox (Timaru) ..            | 1    | 9     |

#### ELEVENTH ROUND.

Davies beat Connell.  
Kelling beat Stewart.  
James beat Mason.  
Kummer beat Freeman.  
Fox beat Barnes.  
Rutherford, a bye.

Of the unfinished games which remained from earlier rounds that of Kummer v. Mason was agreed upon as a draw. Connell fought out his game against Barnes, and won in the 48th move. Connell fired not so well against James. In an effort to force an attack he fell into a trap, losing his queen for a knight, then losing a bishop and resigning.

#### The Blackball Strike.

There were great hopes of a settlement of the Blackball strike on Saturday, when a conference was held between the president and secretary of the union, the Hon. A. R. Guinness, and the mine manager.

It had leaked out that the company were prepared to grant the half-hour crib-time, and from all appearances nothing remained to keep the men out on strike. At the conference the manager stated that he was prepared to grant the miners half an hour crib-time, provided the mine was worked on the same conditions as before the strike.

The union representative agreed to accept the manager's terms as far as the half-hour crib-time was concerned, but refused to allow the truckers to work 10 hours. They were prepared to allow two of the truckers, who had responsible positions, to put in the extra time, but wanted the miners to do the rest of the trucking.

This the manager would not agree to, as it meant reducing the output of the mine, and running a risk of accident owing to the men being allowed to undertake work they were unaccustomed to.

The manager's conditions were put before a meeting of the union, and it was decided, by 64 to 4, not to accept them, and to remain out on strike. The decision was arrived at by open voting.

Since the strike commenced, between 30 and 40 miners have left Blackball for fresh fields, consequently the strike fund is only divided amongst those remaining. It is stated that the sum of £8 10/ finds its way into one home weekly. The father gets £1 10/, mother 10/, four sons (strikers) £1 10/ each, and two children 5/ each. One miner gives it out that he is saving money out of his strike pay.

Summonses having been served on about 120 members of the Blackball Union to appear before the Arbitration Court to show cause why they should not pay their proportion of the fine of £75 and costs inflicted on the union, the union held a meeting on Friday night and drafted the following telegram, which has been sent to Judge Sim, Messrs Brown and McCulloch, of the Arbitration Court, by H. J. Fox, the president of the union:—

"As president of the Blackball Miners' Union, on behalf of myself and other members of the union, we protest and object to an application made by the Inspector of Factories being heard at Auckland on Monday next, outside the Westland industrial district, for an order directing the payment by the individual members of the union of any portion of the fine of £75 levied on the union. My wish is to submit points showing that the Court has no jurisdiction to order individual members to pay any portion of the fine inflicted. The time allowed for appearing is insufficient, and we cannot afford the expense of travelling there."

#### The National Finances.

Sir Joseph Ward, in the course of a speech in Wellington, on April 27th, said the financial position of the Dominion was highly satisfactory.

The revenue of the year ended March 31 showed a record revenue of £9,055,946. Other receipts that could not be called ordinary revenue amounted to £8043, making the total receipts for the year £9,063,989. At the beginning of the year, they had brought forward £717,825.

The expenditure for the year amounted to £8,213,965, leaving an excess of receipts over expenditure of £850,024, thus the Government had a total ways and means for last year amounting to £1,567,849.

They had transferred from the Consolidated Fund to the Public Works Fund £800,000, so that left a balance at the end of the year of £707,849 to commence the new year with.

The revenue for the period just closed exceeded that of the previous year by £956,871. There were increases in all sources of revenue. Customs revenue showed an increase of £162,525, there had been an increase of £185,207 in post and telegraph receipts, and an advance of £90,504 in land tax received.

The effect of the increased taxation on estates of over £40,000 was very much felt in this year's revenue. Income tax showed an increase of £27,038, beer duty had increased £6391, railways £143,899, registration, etc., £9722, marine £1326, cash land sales £7924, and pastoral rents £30,985. Miscellaneous revenue showed a fall of £8543.

Comparing the total revenue with that of two years ago, it had risen by £1,471,587. There had been no booming. It was simply that the people of the Dominion were making a steady growth, and expansion in their trades, and there was a spirit of confidence widespread and diffused.

#### Alleged Scarcity of Male Teachers.

Certain statements which have recently been published in connection with the alleged "paucity of male teachers" in the service of the Education Department, and the decreasing numbers of young men entering the teaching profession, were given a complete denial by the Chairman of the Auckland Education Board (Mr. L. J. Bagnall) at the latest meeting of that body.

"So far as Auckland is concerned," said Mr. Bagnall, "this statement is not borne out by the statistical facts in possession of the Board. In the year 1892 there were 682 teachers (exclusive of sewing teachers), and the number of males (272) was 39.8 per cent of the whole number. Since that time the pro-

portion of males has steadily increased, as shown by the following figures:—1902—total number 815, males (353) 43.3 per cent; 1903—total 813, males (356) 43.8 per cent; 1904—total 834, males (368) 44.1 per cent; 1905—total 872, males (380) 43.6 per cent; 1906—total 912, males (400) 43.9 per cent; 1907—total 947, males (429) 45.3 per cent. This increase has taken place notwithstanding the fact that (1) at the adoption of the colonial scale in January, 1902, the salaries of female teachers were made equal to those of males; (2) that in the Auckland district the number of lucrative positions in the service is disproportionate to the number of schools (nearly 500) which have to be maintained."

Continuing, Mr. Bagnall said that he did not consider that the payment of female teachers on the same basis as the males had had any tendency to increase the number of the latter, and he was of the opinion that it was yet a question whether such was a wise course to pursue.

#### Election Incident.

There was an immense crowd at the declaration of the result of the Mayoral election at Palmerston North on Wednesday evening last. There must have been fully 4000 people in attendance.

Both candidates addressed the crowd. Mr. Essex (former Mayor), who was unsuccessful, making a very bitter speech. Mrs. Essex also addressed the throng, her address being in marked contrast to her husband's. There was much inter-jection and laughter during the Mayor's speech, hisses and cheers intermingling.

There were loud calls for a speech from the editor of the "Manawatu Times" (Mr. E. D. Hoben), which paper had taken a decided stand in favour of Mr. Nash, and against which Mr. Essex a short time ago issued a writ for alleged libel.

Mr. Hoben was repeatedly cheered as well as hissed, and on going down into the crowd he was attacked by one man, while another seized him around the ankles, and pulled him to the ground, in response to someone's call to get him down. Mr. Hoben, however, collared the man, who pulled him down, and, hauling him to the pavement, gave him in charge of the police, a number of gentlemen in the crowd preventing interference.

At the Police Court on Thursday a man named John Flowers was charged with assaulting Mr. Hoben and was fined 20/.

#### Bank-Notes and Disease.

Complaint has not infrequently been made by the Wellington Chamber of Commerce as to the dirty condition of many bank notes in circulation in New Zealand. In a letter to the Chamber of Commerce on the subject, Dr. Mason, chief health officer, says that it seems a pity that the procedure followed at Home by the Bank of England cannot be followed here, that is that every dirty bank note, after being returned to the bank, is destroyed. He intimates his intention of drawing the attention of the bankers to the complaint, but he thinks much good would come from the Chamber of Commerce approaching the various banks direct. Dr. Mason points out that the Public Health Act has many drastic clauses, and the officers appointed under the Act have many powers, but the destruction of bank notes is not one of them.

#### Sunday School Attendance.

"Why boys do not go to Sunday School" seems likely to be added to the list of church problems of the day. Speaking at the annual meeting of the parishioners of All Saints', Ponsonby, the Sunday School superintendent, Mr Taylor, referred at some length to the subject. There had been, he said, a very considerable falling-off in the attendance of boys at the school, and the year's figures showed a decrease of 50. Parents had been interviewed by teachers, and had in almost every case expressed a wish that their boys should attend Sunday school. One of the most frequent answers given was "There is nothing I should like better than to see my son attending Sunday school, but I don't like to force him." Parents would further state that they were "afraid," but exactly what they were afraid of he could never find out. It seemed to him that the boys preferred yachting and other diversions, while he had also found that Sunday tram riding appealed more to the boys than the girls.

#### Public Works Authorized.

The following votes have been authorized by Cabinet.—Kawakawa (Grahamtown railway, £2000; Gisborne-Rotorua railway, £1768; North Island railway, £20,300; Auckland defence works, £1000; technical school, Whangarei, £296; Waikato-Tairāngia railway, £500; Helena-ville-northwards railway, £4650.

It was decided to invite tenders for the erection of a courthouse at Whangarei, and for Agricultural Department offices at Auckland.

It has also been decided to establish telephone communication between Auckland and Morrinsville and Auckland and Kawakawa.

#### Restriction of Credit.

It is stated that the "coupon" system, brought into operation by the master bakers of Palmerston North a few weeks ago, has not been nearly so satisfactory as the initiators of the scheme had hoped for. Some members of the association have already found that "coupons" do not make for the general advancement of trade, and they now announce a reduction in the price of the 2lb. loaf from 4d to 3d for cash. In some cases the bread is being delivered for 3d. There seems to be an inclination on the part of some of the bakers to abandon the "coupon system" entirely in favour of "cash on the nail," because housewives display a decided disinclination to purchase the little tickets, or, as they say, "pay for their goods in advance." Their argument is that their husbands are not paid in advance. In Gisborne the bakers find a combination of the coupon and cash systems to work satisfactorily, and the butchers of that district have also introduced a system of short credit.

#### Minerals from Antarctica.

A day or two ago the Museum authorities in Wellington received two interesting specimens of rock from the Antarctic. Although it is not so stated it is surmised that they were sent by Professor David, of Sydney University, who is a member of the Shackleton expedition. One rock is a jet black chrysothalline lava from Mount Erebus, there being also a specimen of whitish granite broken from a large erratic block. A full description of the rocks is forwarded, from which it appears that the lava is principally composed of silicium oxide, alum, calcium oxide, oxide of iron, oxide of soda, oxide of potassium, and titanium oxide (a very rare element). The sample of granite is somewhat similar in appearance to Aberdeen granite. Though the exact localities of the finds are not stated, a small sketch map which accompanies the specimens shows several outcrops of granite in various places. The samples will be handed over to the Mines Department after being exhibited for a time in the Museum, that department now having control of the geological specimens.

#### MAYORAL ELECTIONS.

##### WELLINGTON.

Not for many years has the contest for the Mayorality of Wellington caused so much interest and excitement as that which was decided on Wednesday last. The sitting Mayor, Hon. T. W. Hislop, and an ex-Mayor, Mr. J. G. W. Aitken, M.P. for Wellington East, and conducted a vigorous campaign for five weeks. The total shows that 14,812 votes were cast, as compared with 8600 last year.

|              |      |
|--------------|------|
| Hislop ..... | 9192 |
| Aitken ..... | 5549 |

Majority for Hislop.... 3643

Mr. Hislop addressed some thousands of electors from the "Times" balcony, and then went to the Town Hall to address a large crowd awaiting him there.

##### MIRAMAR.

The contest for the Miramar Mayorality resulted as follows:—C. J. Crawford (retiring Mayor), 426 votes; F. Townsend, 303.

##### DUNEDIN AND SUBURBS.

The Mayoral election for the City resulted in the return of Councillor McDonald by a majority of 1,186 votes, the voting being:—Councillor McDonald, 3,544 votes; Councillor Walker, 2,378.



At North-East Valley, Green (retiring Mayor) was elected by a majority of 208 votes.

At Mornington, Le Cren (retiring Mayor) was returned by a majority of 158.

Brown, the retiring Mayor of Maori Hill, defeated Butterfield by 147 votes.

The St. Kilda contest resulted in the election of McFarlane by a majority of 160 votes.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

The Mayoral election resulted as follows.—Allison, 1,389 votes; Geo. Payling (present Mayor), 1,248.

**WAIHI.**

The Mayoral election resulted in John Newth (838) being returned, defeating the sitting Mayor (Thos. Gilmour) by 100 votes.

**WHANGAREI.**

Mr. Thomas McClintock was returned as Mayor of Whangarei by a majority of 65 over Mr. Donald W. Jack, the respective votes polled being 347 and 282.

**HAMILTON.**

Bond, 376 votes; Barton 267.

**TAURANGA.**

There were two candidates, the Rev. C. Jordan (the retiring Mayor), and Mr. J. Bull. The latter was returned by a majority of 42.

**GISBORNE.**

W. D. Lysnar, 1,136 votes; Dr. Williams, 808.

**NELSON.**

J. Piper (retiring Mayor), 1,024 votes; W. S. Hampson, 597. For a vacancy in the City Council W. K. Turner was elected, defeating G. Stewart.

**WESTPORT.**

J. H. Greenwood, 894 votes; A. C. Hansen, 564.

**MASTERTON.**

P. Hollings, 717 votes; J. M. Coradine (present Mayor), 706. (A by-election to fill a vacancy in the Council resulted in J. Hunter, 933 votes, being returned; E. E. McEwan, 471.)

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Tisch, 709 votes; F. Bellinger, 533; W. A. Collis, 141.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

Nash, 1,518 votes; Essex 1,232; Haydon, 102.

**TIMARU.**

Craigie (present Mayor), 715 votes; Hawkey, 285. A record poll.

**INVERCARGILL.**

Scandrett polled 1,049 votes; Macfarlane, 857.

**HAWERA.**

H. W. Sutton, 329 votes; J. Foy, 146.

**EKETAHUNA.**

Herbert (former Mayor), 141 votes; Haswell, 133 votes.

**STRATFORD.**

George Sangster, 381 votes; W. P. Kirkwood, 352.

**KUMARA.**

J. A. Murdoch, 174 votes; R. Rouse, 103.

**ROSS.**

T. W. Bruce, 134 votes; J. Gummond, 80.

**EASTBROOK.**

John Jones (the present Mayor), 281 votes; Robert Neilson, 195.

**HASTINGS.**

J. Thompson (retiring Mayor), 503 votes; L. W. Fowler, 302; A. A. George, 154; W. Lane, 91.

**BLenheim.**

A. McCallum (re-elected), 500 votes; E. H. Penny, 336.

**GREYTOWN.**

D. P. Loashy, 223 votes; J. D. Hegarty, 122.

**GORE.**

A. A. MacGibbon, 306 votes; James Epeden, 335.

**MATAURA.**

J. Galt, 205 votes; Thos. McGibbon, 107.

**ELTHAM.**

The mayoral election resulted in the defeat of Mr. Taylor, who had been mayor since the borough was formed six and a-half years ago. The figures were: L. C. Stanners, 306; G. W. Taylor, 211.

**MOTUEKA.**

Mr. F. W. Thorpe was re-elected, defeating Mr. L. D. Easton by 170 to 154.

**Personal Items.**

His Excellency the Governor went to Lake Rangiriri for the opening of the shooting season on May 1st.

Sir Joseph Ward has been slightly indisposed for several days, but has now recovered.

Hon. J. McGowan, Minister for Mines and Justice, is visiting Auckland, Mercury Bay, Tairua and various places on the Coromandel Peninsula.

Mr. J. T. G. Cox, head teacher of Taupiri School, has been chosen, out of forty applicants, for the position of inspector by the Auckland Board of Education.

A movement is on foot in the lower end of the Wakatipu electorate in favour of Mr. Thos. Mackenzie contesting the seat in the Labour interest.

Mr. G. M. Thomson, formerly science master in the High School, now consulting analytical chemist, contests Dunedin North seat in the Opposition interest.

Mr. Cyril Ward, son of the Prime Minister, who was for some time at Home in the service of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, has been appointed New Zealand representative of that company.

Mr. Jas. Sim Evans, solicitor, Invercargill, has been raised to the magistracy bench, and at to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Bush, late S.M. at Thames.

A special meeting of St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, was held on Tuesday afternoon, at which the Rev. Mr. Heron, of the Hutt, Wellington, was appointed curate for St. Andrew's parish.

It is authoritatively announced that Mr. J. Bennet, M.P., will not contest the Tuapeka seat at next election, his state of health making his participation in active politics again extremely improbable.

Mr. Ropata te Ao, a leading Maori, is dead, and a great "tangi" over his body took place last week at Otaki, when about a thousand natives from all parts of the country assembled to join in the obsequies.

Mr. W. F. Massey, Leader of the Opposition, and Mr. W. H. Herries, a prominent member of the party, are now on a visit to Gisborne, where they purpose giving political addresses.

According to the "Otago Daily Times," Mr. R. M. Houston, who has represented the Bay of Islands in several successive Parliaments, has definitely broken from the Government, as the result of last year's land legislation, and will not be a candidate at the forthcoming election.

The death is announced of Mr Robert Fowlds, an elder brother of the Hon. George Fowlds, Minister for Education and Public Health. The deceased was a farmer at Minnesota, United States, where he took a prominent part in public movements.

John Rainsley Jones, vergor in St. Mary's Church, for many years, and captain of the Timaru Fire Brigade for some years, died suddenly on April 30. He was engaged in his duties in the church when attacked by a fit. He rallied, but died while walking home.

Mr. Jas. Mackenzie, who has occupied the position of Commissioner of Crown Lands in Auckland for the past four years, has left to take up his new duties in a similar capacity at Wellington.

Information has reached the Mines Department that Captain Richards, assistant inspector of mines, who is well-known in Auckland mining circles, is lying seriously ill at Kumara suffering from congestion of the lungs. His condition is giving rise to great anxiety on the part of his friends.

Mr. John Hansson, a Swedish writer, who is visiting New Zealand and Australia with the object of studying social and economic questions for the information of the Gottenburg University, is at present in Auckland.

Mr. C. W. Earle, editor of the "Dominion," is suing the "New Zealand Times" Company for £501 damages for alleged libel. Mr. E. D. Hoben, editor of the "Manawatu Times," is being similarly sued by a resident of Palmerston North. In both cases the trouble arose over hotly-contested Mayoral elections.

Mr. J. M. Johnston, of Pahuraton N., whose health was recently unsatisfactory, was sent to represent the Manawatu Agricultural and Pastoral Society

at Sydney. As the result of a spontaneous movement, the sum of £450 was raised in a few days, chiefly in the Manawatu, Rangitikei, and Parakaretu districts, and presented to Mr. Johnston in recognition of his valued services as treasurer of the society.

Mr. Ivor Evans, general manager in the North Island for Messrs. Briscoe and Co., Ltd., has been appointed managing director of the company, and leaves Auckland on the 11th inst. for Melbourne. Regret at his departure was expressed yesterday by the members of the Chamber of Commerce, of which body Mr. Evans has been a prominent member.

Mr. Thomas Taylor Masfield, a well-known citizen of Auckland, died on May 1st, at his residence, Ponsonby. He had been suffering for some time past, but declined to entirely lay up, and was, even as late as last Saturday, down at business. Mr. Masfield was born at Ellerton Hall, Newport, Shropshire, in 1842, and served an apprenticeship with Messrs. E. T. Wright and Son, as an engineer at the Gascoyne Ironworks, near Walsall, in Staffordshire. In 1862 he came to New Zealand in the ship "Avalanche," and landed at Auckland. He has ever since been prominently identified with the growth of the City, and has taken a very active part in public affairs.

The Hon. W. Hall-Jones, Minister for Public Works, arrived in Rotorua by the express on Saturday evening. He left Wellington on Thursday, and made an inspection of the North Island Main Trunk line. The object of the inspection is that he may be able to make a personal report to Parliament. The Minister left again by the express on Tuesday, en route for Wellington.

Mr. W. H. Hamer, Auckland Harbour Board Engineer, left on April 28th, on a visit to Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. Whilst in the British Isles, Mr. Hamer will purchase on behalf of the Auckland Harbour Board machinery and appliances necessary for the continuation of the scheme for harbour improvements.

The death occurred on April 28th, at the Wellington Hospital, of Mr. Orlando Wells, a well-known resident of Auckland. Mr. Wells, who was in the employ of Messrs. McLean Bros., went to Wellington three months ago to supervise certain works there. He suffered from an attack of influenza, followed by typhoid fever, and took a turn for the worse on Sunday morning. Mr. Wells was a well-known athlete, and represented Auckland in the football field in 1886, and between 1888-90, being also a member of the team which played against Great Britain in 1888.

An esteemed resident of Raglan, Mr. W. Baker, died on Friday morning last. Mr. Baker came to the district to take over the Harbour View Hotel, which he held for some time, retiring to enter into business as a general provider, which business he was connected with up to the time of his death. He also had the Te Aka Ferry Service for some time, and carried on a launch service with different parts of the harbour. He was also some years back proprietor of the Waile Hotel.

After a recital of sacred music given in Christ Church, Ellerslie, the Rev. F. W. Walker, on behalf of the choir and congregation, presented the organist and choir-master, Mr. Bruce Lewis, with a handsome travelling rug, carriage clock, and chased silver fountain pen. Mr. Lewis expressed his great regret at having to sever his connection with the Church, and suitably thanked the choir and congregation for their gifts. Mr. Lewis has left for New Plymouth.

Prior to leaving Wellington for Auckland, Mr. J. Strachan, Commissioner of Crown Lands, was presented with a valuable tea and coffee service by the officers of the Land Office. Mr. Llewellyn Smith, chief draughtsman, made the presentation. Mr. Strachan was also presented with another token of esteem on behalf of the members. Mr. Reese, as senior member, presented the departing Commissioner with a travelling bag.

A pioneer settler of South Canterbury died recently in Cumberland, England, in the person of Mr. Wm. Postlethwaite. He came to New Zealand in 1847, purchased an estate at Geraldine, and took an active part with the late Mr. John Grigg and Mr. Thos. Brydone in establishing the frozen meat trade, and sent one of the first consignments of mutton from South Canterbury. He was one of the original directors of the Canterbury Frozen Meat Company, and a promoter and director of the Canterbury Farmers' Co-operative Association at Timara, and of the Geraldine dairy factory. The deceased left New Zealand in 1891, and soon after purchased the old family seat in Cumberland, where he died.

Mr. J. Bennet, M.P. for Tuapeka, died on Sunday last, aged 78. Deceased, who was a native of Forfarshire, Scotland, emigrated to Victoria in 1854, and nine years later came to New Zealand and took up a farm in Otago, which he has held ever since. He was prominent in public affairs, having been a member of the Tuapeka County Council since its inception in the seventies. He first entered the House in 1899, when he defeated Messrs. Rawlings and Fraser. In 1902 he defeated Mr. R. Gilkison by 81 votes, and was successful again over the same opponent at last election by close on 100 votes. His demise will necessitate a by-election for Tuapeka.

Mr. G. L. Greenwood, official assignee in bankruptcy at Christchurch, who has just retired on superannuation, is a very old colonist, having arrived at Nelson in 1842. He was for several years in the service of the Nelson Provincial Government. Afterwards he was appointed assistant clerk of the Magistrate's Court at Oamaru, and later on he became clerk of the Court at Gisborne, and thence was transferred to the District Court. His appointment to the offices of sheriff and registrar of the Supreme Court followed, together with others of a minor character. He remained in Gisborne for 16 years, and in September, 1891, he was transferred to Christchurch, where he has since resided.

Colonel John M. Denny, of the well-known Dunbarren shipbuilding firm, is now on a visit to New Zealand. He was entertained at Wellington on Thursday last by the local branch of the Australasian Institute of Marine Engineers, and was presented with a gold badge of honorary membership. Among the speakers on the occasion were the Hon. J. A. Millar, Minister of Marine and Labour, Mr. Geo. Fowlds, Minister of Education, and Mr. W. F. Massey, Leader of the Opposition. On Friday morning Colonel Denny and Miss Denny left Wellington, accompanied by Mr. W. Kennedy, on a fortnight's tour of the North Island, as the guests of the Union Steamship Company. Colonel Denny will probably return to Wellington and leave for the Old Country via Vancouver.

There was a very large attendance at the Auckland Municipal Chambers on May 1, when an official farewell was given to Mr. S. Ziman, the young Auckland student who was successful in carrying off the Rhodes scholarship, and leaves shortly for England. The Mayor, Mr. A. M. Myers, presided, and there were also present members of the professional staff, and a large number of students from the University and Grammar School. The Mayor commenced by saying that the status of Auckland certainly seemed to be in the ascendant just now. He had lately been taken to task for saying that we had won all the championship shields that have been offered for competition throughout New Zealand, as it appeared that there was one that we somehow missed. Among these successes the winning of this year's Rhodes Scholarship by an Auckland student was in some respects peculiarly gratifying. After describing the life and aim of the Rhodes Scholarships, congratulated Mr. Ziman on his distinction he had won. If his past achievements be any criterion, they might anticipate with confidence that New Zealand would have reason to be proud of her representative; and he was sure all would join heartily with him in wishing Mr. Ziman a useful, honourable and successful career. Mr. Ziman, who was received with the warmest applause, said he keenly appreciated the honour which was being done. He realised that his attainment to the scholarship carried with it great responsibilities, but he would be always actuated with a desire to do credit to New Zealand, and to Auckland in particular. (Applause.)

**Accidents, Suicides, etc.**

A Sava exchange reports that the chief steward of Messrs. Lever Bros.' steamer Eupho, Mr. Hugh Hill, committed suicide by hanging while the ship was in port there on Easter Sunday.

A child two years of age, named Dorothy Jackson, fell into a waterhole near her parents' residence at Maunaru and was drowned.

A shocking accident occurred at the Waingano railway on Thursday evening, April 30th, as the nine o'clock train was drawing into the railway station. A man named Albert Benefield, aged 30 years, and married, who owns a fruiterer's shop in the Avenue, fell between two carriages. His left arm was cut off above the elbow and his left leg was mangled below the knee. The unfortunate man was dragged about 17 yards and his limbs were horribly mutilated. His head was also injured, and he died shortly after midnight.

Martin Andrew Bergmann, while working on the ss. *Imie* at Lyttelton on Saturday last, fell down one of the holds and was killed.

Rasmussen Simonsen, an old resident of Hawke's Bay, Marlborough, was killed on Saturday last by being run over by a timber wagon with which a trap he was driving came in collision.

A male patient at the Porirua Mental Hospital named Jeremiah Houchen, aged 46, died on Saturday morning through drinking a tobacco solution kept for treating plants. Another patient also drank some of the insecticide, but the medical staff saved his life.

**COMMONWEALTH.**

Mr. H. A. Lenihan, Government Astronomer of New South Wales, died on May 2nd, aged 66 years.

During the past four months 899 assisted immigrants have arrived in New South Wales.

The Government sustained three reverses on April 29th over the Senate tariff recommendations.

The Labour Congress at Sydney decided that it is desirable that the Federal Government should control all industrial legislation.

On Wednesday last a lifeboat was picked up off Port Stephens belonging to the barque *Criffle*, which sailed on Monday for South America ports.

Melbourne has subscribed £334 12/6 to the Noble Testimonial Fund. This added to the Sydney amount makes a total of £1999 17/3.

Messrs. Howard, Smith and Co.'s new steamer *Burwan*, for the Sydney Rockhampton trade, has been launched at Sunderland.

The Premier's Conference decided to ask the Federal Government to cooperate with the States in promoting immigration by advertising Australia.

An attempt to wreck a train near Port Augusta resulted in the engine being displaced by a heavy wooden obstruction placed on the line. No damage was occasioned.

A tender of £430,000 for the first section of the North Coast railway from West Maitland to Grafton has been accepted. The estimated cost of the whole line is three millions.

The cargo steamer *Age*, from Port Pirie to Sydney, lost her propeller while 130 miles from Sydney, and covered 90 miles under sail when picked up by the steamer *Arwatta* and towed to Sydney.

Advisers from Namsa state that the Norwegian barque *Bjarne* has been wrecked on Surprise Island, near New Caledonia, and that the crew of 13 are being brought to Namsa.

The Premier's Conference resolved to favour the abolition of stamp duties on all Colonial Government securities, and that joint action was desirable to regulate the Australian Stock Exchange dealing with Government securities.

Sir Horace Tozer (Agent-General for Queensland) is inviting tenders by July 15 for a combined passenger and cargo service to Brisbane, calling at Timor Island, Townsville, and Rockhampton, via Torres Straits.

A box containing thirty plugs of dynamite, and a partially burned fuse attached, was found under the log gun fort, on Thursday Island on April 29th. It is believed that an attempt was made to blow up the fort, where a large number of live shells were stored.

The hospital collections in Sydney on Saturday last beat the record. The street collections aggregated £5,864, exceeding those of the previous year by £630. The indoor collections brought the total to £6,380.

British residents in the New Hebrides still complain of the apathy of the Imperial authorities. It is stated that all the preliminary official appointments in connection with the new Governmental scheme have been given to French officials.

The Federal House of Representatives adopted, against the Government, the Senate's request for a reduction in the duties on certain mining machinery. Sir Wm. Lyne admitted that this was one of the most important votes taken on the tariff, and the most disastrous to protection. He denounced some of the members as turncoats.

Wm. Hux has been acquitted on the charge of murdering Mrs. Graboue at charge of murdering Mrs. Grahame at Ballarat on December 30th. Mrs. Grahame was killed by being thrown down a disused shaft at Ballarat, and Hux was identified as having been seen with her in the vicinity on the day of the tragedy.

In 1906 the Commonwealth Government passed an Act abolishing the rate of a half-penny per word previously paid to the Eastern Extension Company on messages transmitted over the Tasmanian cables, leaving the company only the minimum sum guaranteed. The company is issuing a writ against the Government claiming damages equal to the difference between the guarantee and the receipts if the half penny had been continued.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company the net profits were disclosed at £134,779, and a dividend of 10 per cent was recommended, leaving £35,624 to carry forward. The report stated that the farmers of Australia and New Zealand were beginning to realise the value of molasses for feeding stock, and the company had gone to a good deal of expense to meet the demands in this direction.

**A Fatal Error.**

An acquaintance gave a man named William Hussie a liniment for the cure of rheumatism.

Not understanding its use, Hussie drank a portion of the contents and gave some to a friend named Twopenny.

Hussie is dead, and Twopenny is now in a critical condition.

**Destructive Fire.**

A fire at Sheep Hills, a town with a population of between one and two thousand, 200 miles north-west of Melbourne, practically destroyed one side of the main street.

Birkley's three shops, Cahir's wine shop, Glover's store, the Commercial Bank and two vacant shops were completely burned, while the Mechanics' Hall was damaged.

The origin of the outbreak is a mystery.

**Pearling Disaster.**

Advisers from Broome state that a storm scattered the pearling fleet at Le Grande Bay. Several luggers sank, others were driven ashore, and others are missing. Three coloured fishers are drowned, and it is feared that others have perished.

The storm, which was very severe, came up so suddenly that there was no time to take precautions for the safety of the fleet.

The full extent of the disaster is not yet known, but the latest news is to the effect that two schooners and fifteen luggers were either smashed up or sunk, while many, which are still missing, may be sheltering along the coast.

Two white skippers, McLacalan and Gaskin, and about fifty coloured divers, have been drowned, and the damage is estimated at £10,000.

Altogether two hundred boats, with crews aggregating 2000, are affected.

The storm also did considerable damage ashore.

Latest reports make the number of pearling vessels wrecked thirty, but the number may be returned.

Several have returned to port in a crippled condition, and others may be sheltering.

Wreckage has been met 100 miles from the scene of the disaster by the search vessels now out.

Some members of the crews drifted out to sea on wreckage, and many narrow escapes are reported.

The estimated loss to the Broome fleet alone is £15,020.

A wire from Condon reports the wreck of the lugger *Cleopatra*, three being drowned.

Gaskin, one of the whites drowned, was a New Zealander.

About one hundred and fifty pearling vessels have returned to Broome in a more or less damaged condition.

Many bodies of the drowned were eaten by sharks.

Later estimates of the victims of the pearling disaster range from 70 up to 250, including four to six whites.

The total damage to the fleet is £20,000.

**Empire Commerce Congress.**

It has been decided that the Congress of representatives of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire shall meet in Sydney either on September 14 or 21, 1909.

Twelve days will be spent in New South Wales, including the time occupied by the Congress, six days each in Queensland, Victoria, South Australia, and West Australia, and five days in Tasmania.

Between 100 and 200 commercial men of Britain will participate, besides many from Canada, South Africa, and elsewhere.

It is also announced that the invitation to visit New Zealand will most likely be accepted.

**The Recent Railway Disaster.**

In the presence of the coroner and a number of expert tests were made of the brakes of the Bendigo train which collided with the Ballarat train at Braybrook Junction.

The tests were made on the train under conditions similar to those existing at the time of the accident.

The second engine in use at the time of the collision was employed and the carriages were loaded with sandbags to the approximate weight of the passengers.

All the suspended engine-men, excepting Millburn, the driver of the first engine, were aboard.

The trials proved that the brakes were efficient in stopping the train.

Claims for injuries have been increased to 378.

Cabinet has decided to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the accident, with Mr. Justice Cussen as president.

Osger, Skogland, who was injured in the Braybrook accident, has succumbed.

It transpires that though the test of the brakes on the Bendigo train proved the Westinghouse brake to be effective in stopping the train, it failed to act in the case of one or two carriages.

Driver Maclean contended that if it failed on individual vehicles the occasion might arise when it would fail altogether.

The Crown's expert, who made an examination of the brakes of the Bendigo train, found that the second engine's brake was defective, and failed to grip, while the brakes on the mail van and one carriage were utterly useless.

The first engine's brake was effective, but an obstruction was found in the hose connection between it and the tender. The expert remarks that as an express train it was a disgrace to the road.

It has been demonstrated that the failure of the brakes to apply on the second engine was due to leakage in the package of the cylinder gland.

Though this would affect the engine itself it would not prevent application to the rest of the train, provided the individual gear of the vehicles was in good condition.

**Federal Finance.**

Mr. Deakin and Sir Wm. Lyne attended the Premier's Conference on 1st May. Mr. Deakin outlined the Government proposals on financial questions. Referring to "Braddon blot," he declared that financial federation was intended to be read.

Although temporarily postponed, perhaps by the operation of the Braddon clause the federation of their finances should be carried soon, and so far as possible. This did not mean fusion; on the contrary, it had been recognised for some time that it was a very desirable thing that within certain limits there should be, as far as possible, complete separation of the States and Commonwealth finance.

He urged that the continuation of separate State debts and the creation of further State debts, would prove expensive, and suggested that one Australian stock should be substituted for all existing stocks and floated at a fixed rate of interest. He anticipated that the price of that stock would be reduced to a minimum.

The scheme would be found to contain complete proposals as to present indebtedness and future borrowing.

Amongst other things it would relieve the three States paying old age pensions. The full scheme would be available next Tuesday, when it would be submitted to the Federal Parliament.

It is unofficially stated that the scheme proposes the transfer of the whole of the State debts, the States to retain the railway and other public works free of debt, and future State borrowing to be made through a special commission, and so as to interfere as little as possible with State initiative the States to find interest on all new loans.

The Premiers are disappointed with the scheme.

**THE OLD COUNTRY.**

The engineers and shipyard employees' strike has already cost the men half a million sterling.

The Admiralty is inquiring for samples of timmed rabbits for supply to the navy.

Cardinal Logue, Roman Catholic Primate of All Ireland, and nearly all the Catholic Bishops urge the Nationalists to actively support the Licensing Bill.

Besides important realty, Mr. Stewart Clark, director of J. and P. Coates, Ltd., and Clark and Co., Ltd., who died a few weeks ago, left £2,000,000 personally.

It is announced that Sir Antony MacPatrick Macdonnell, Under Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is retiring with a peerage.

The by-election at Kincardineshire following the death of Mr. J. W. Crombie, the sitting member, resulted.—Captain Murray (Liberal), 3060; S. J. Gammell (Unionist), 1963.

The remains of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman were buried at Meigle, Perthshire. Five hundred wreaths were laid on the grave. Enormous crowds attended the last ceremonies.

The annual report of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, Ltd., shows a profit on last year's business of £22,792. A dividend of 5 per cent has been declared, and the sum of £3235 carried forward.

At the annual assembly of the Baptist Union Dr. Clifford, President of the Baptist World Alliance, carried a resolution approving the Minister for Education convening a representative conference for the purpose of conciliation on the Education Bill.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., addressing the Austral Club regarding Australia's influence in the development of the Empire, argued that Australia was bound to be one of the great centres of civilisation, and a power in upholding and maintaining British prestige.

Steady streams of stringently selected agriculturalists are availing themselves of the assisted passages offered by the Australian Governments to suitable emigrants, and last year's monthly average is being exceeded.

The Waincott Copper Company, which has failed, has filed statements showing that the liabilities total £462,643, of which but £79,971 is expected to rank for dividends. The assets are valued at £18,843.

The engagement is announced of the Hon. John Ward, a brother of the Earl of Dudley (who is to succeed Lord Northcote as Governor-General of Australia), to Miss Jean Reid, a daughter of Mr. Whitlaw Reid (the United States Ambassador).

Mr. Harold Cox, Liberal M.P. for Preston, has emphasised the fact that the Civil Service and Revenue Departments have cost five millions sterling more per annum under the present administration than under the Balfour Government.

Replying to the congratulations of the High Commissioner for New Zealand and the Agents-General for the Australian States on his appointment, the new Secretary of State for the Colonies (the Earl of Crewe) promised to do his utmost to promote the interest of the colonies.

**Ship Builders' Look-Out.**

The lock-out in the shipbuilding yards of the north-east and west coast is to be enforced from Saturday last. The negotiations for settlement failed.

Six thousand employees in the shipbuilding trades on the Clyde have been locked out.

It is intimated that the consequent stoppages of other trades has thrown 80,000 men out of work.

**Pan-Anglican Congress.**

A thousand overseas delegates, representing 200 dioceses, are to attend the Pan-Anglican Congress. All the colonies, India, and the United States, will be represented, and discussions will embrace all religious, political, and economic problems.

**Franco-British Exhibition.**

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess, will open the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush on May 11. President Fallieres will open the fine art section on 26th, and it is probable that King Edward will accompany him. Ten thousand workmen are employed getting the Franco-British Exhibition ready for the opening ceremony on May 11th.

**Jewel Robbery.**

Jewels to the value of £1000 were stolen yesterday from the dressing-table of the Hon. Mabel Vereker, daughter of Viscount Gost. It is believed that the burglar concealed himself in the Viscount's residence during the evening, and committed the theft after the family had retired for the night.

**The Page Millions.**

In the claim for the Page millions the claimant, Page, sought an injunction to restrain the defendant, Walker, from interfering with his possession of a farm in the parish of Kingsbury. Mr. Justice Eve, in dismissing the case with costs, declared that the action was based on shadowy evidence and reckless statements. He wished that he had power to stop the proceedings.

**Fatal Tramway Accident.**

An electric tramcar got beyond control at Bournemouth, and running down a hill at terrific speed was precipitated over a cliff into the gardens of Fairlight Glen, 20 feet below. Seven of the passengers were killed and nine seriously injured.

**Liberals and the Tariff Question.**

Sir John Brunner, presiding over an enthusiastic meeting of the Liberal party, advised the Government to abandon the Manchester policy of laissez faire, since the Tory party had absolutely convinced the mercantile community that they meant to make a big effort for the benefit of trade when they regained power. Sir John went on to urge the Government to adopt a Liberal, sane, wholesome, and sound trade policy, because when had times came the mercantile community would accept an offer from the other side if the Liberals made none. Resolutions were passed deploring Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's loss, and warmly welcoming Mr. Asquith.

**Floods in England.**

Floods in the Thames Valley have almost isolated Maidenhead, Eton, and other places along the banks of the river. A heat wave has succeeded the recent wintry weather, and the rapid thaw has resulted in the flooding of streams in various parts of the country.

**Liverpool Docks.**

Liverpool, where the docks are all municipal property, is shortly commencing the construction of the new Gladstone Docks, northward of the Hornby Dock. The cost of the new work is estimated at three millions sterling.

**Heavy Claim for Damages.**

Mr. Nicholas Luxemburg, a naturalised British subject and a boat manufacturers' agent, of London, who was arrested as a political suspect at Odessa and detained for a fortnight in a filthy prison, has claimed £10,000 for wrongful imprisonment. He was released on appeal to the British Consul, but one third of his money was retained.

**Imperial Cable Rates.**

Mr. Heaniker Henton, the postal reformer, in the "Financial Review of Reviews," advocates a charge of a penny a word for telegrams throughout the Empire and eventually throughout the world. He urges the Home and Colonial Governments to acquire all land lines and enter Imperial cables at a fair valuation, and work them for the benefit of the whole people.

**Preachers Wanted.**

Dr. Lowther Clarke, Archbishop of Melbourne, delivered at Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, a stirring appeal to undergraduates. He emphasised the Church's need of men both at home and in Australia, and also the helpfulness and power of her work in those distant new communities of the English-speaking people.

**A New Zealand Musician.**

Francis Hutchins, a young New Zealand pianist, has been awarded the Thelberg scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, London. Francis Hutchins, a lad of about fifteen years of age, was born at Hawera, where he received his early musical training from his father. Prior to his departure for London he showed exceptional promise and ability, and being very enthusiastic and earnest in his musical studies, a bright future is anticipated for him.

**Mr. Asquith's "Critical Time."**

Addressing a meeting of the Liberal party at the Reform Club, the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) expressed warm gratitude at the confidence that had been reposed in him. Mr. Asquith said he attached little importance to the Liberal reverses at the by-elections. He admitted that this was a critical time in Parliamentary affairs. It was still necessary to defend free trade, and he hoped that an education concordat was possible, but the Liberals were unable to abandon either their principles or their friends. Though the Licensing Bill had met with an unprecedented storm of misrepresentation and vituperation, nothing the Liberals had done for years had given them more real foothold among intelligent people. The Government was determined rather to sink in attempting to solve this problem than not to attempt to solve it.

**Mr. Winston Churchill.**

Mr. Winston Churchill has accepted the invitation from the Liberals of Dundee to contest that constituency, and Mr. J. W. Phillips, Liberal member for Pembroke-shire, who offered to retire in his favour, will retain his seat. The United Irish League of Great Britain has advised the electors of Dundee to support Mr. Churchill, whose declarations in regard to Home Rule are entirely satisfactory, and pronounced by Mr. Asquith to be the Government's policy. Mr. Churchill's address to the electors of Dundee urges support for great causes before local needs, thus helping to keep the levers of social progression in the grasp of the Liberal party. Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., referring to the bye-election at Dundee, declared that with Stuart (Labourite) as a candidate the electors were unlikely to welcome the slippery young gentleman with a fatal facility for making promises whom Manchester had turned adrift after a fair trial.

**Dundee Election.**

Sir Geo. Washington Baxter, a Liberal Unionist and tariff reformer and a popular manufacturer, will oppose Mr. Winston Churchill for the Dundee seat at the bye-election necessitated by the elevation of Mr. Edmund Robertson to the peerage. Mr. Stuart, a Labour candidate, will also stand.

**Naval Disasters.**

Disasters to vessels of the British Navy have been alarmingly frequent of late, and the *Quid* within a fortnight occurred on April 27th. The scout *Attentive*, a vessel of 2040 tons and developing a speed of 25 knots, commanded by Captain Lewis Bayly,

Commander in Home Fleet in charge of torpedo boat destroyers, was leading eight manoeuvres, accompanied by a fleet of fifteen destroyers, off the Knock sandbank, on the Kentish coast, when she rammed the destroyer *Gala*, a little craft of 500 tons with a speed of 23 knots. The *Gala*, which was struck abaft the engine-room, was cut clean in halves. The afterpart sank, but the closing of the watertight compartments kept the forepart afloat, and the crew being all on this portion, it was towed into shallow water, one of the destroyers going in and rescuing the crew.

During the collision Lieutenant Fletcher was killed in his berth. The scout *Adventure* also came into collision with the destroyer *Riddle*, but the damage was not extensive, and the destroyer was able to return to Sheerness. The *Gala* and fifteen other destroyers attacked the *Attentive* and *Adventure*, manoeuvring with masked lights in a very rough sea, at a speed of 12 knots. The *Attentive*, seeing that a collision with the *Gala* was inevitable, turned on her searchlight.

The *Attentive* struck the *Gala* on the port side, cutting her completely in two. The forepart sank, but the stern part floated away, and subsequently sank. All the crew were rescued except Lieutenant Fletcher, who is supposed to have been killed while asleep in his cabin. The *Attentive*, after getting clear of the *Gala*, struck the *Ripple*, knocking a large hole in her side, and flooding two of the compartments.

At the inquest on the bodies of those who lost their lives by the sinking of the British cruiser *Gladiator*, the coroner directed the jury that no criminal responsibility had been disclosed, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. On the battleship *Britannia*, voyaging from Queensferry to Portsmouth, a boiler tube burst, seriously injuring five of the crew below. A third stoker has died as the result of injuries received when a water tube burst on board the battleship *Britannia*.

**EUROPE.**

Strawberries grown by means of electricity are the latest dainty in Paris. The fruit is forced by electric currents. The berries thus grown are excellent in flavour and of large size. The total membership of the German Navy League is now upwards of a million. Its official organ has now a circulation of 375,000 copies. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, in continuation of their tour, have left Stockholm for Christiania. Owing to severe depression of trade in Germany, unemployment is general in almost all industries. Mount Etna is again in active eruption, the spectacle being a magnificent one. Signor Pellegrini, Secretary to Signor Zanardelli during the latter's Premiership in Italy, from 1901 to 1903, has published a statement that Zanardelli secured the sanction of Britain, France, Germany, and Austria to the ultimate establishment of a protectorate over Tripoli. A series of extensive forgeries of French rent coupons (interest warrants on National stock) was recently discovered, and following up the slight clues available detectives have arrested a man named Hill, a counterfeiter and distributing agent in London, and Miller, his agent for Germany, at Weisbaden.

**New Electrical Wonders.**

M. Arnegand, president of the French Society of Aerial Navigation, has invented an apparatus for supplementing the power of vision by artificial devices, based on the employment of electricity, making it possible to see immense distances, possibly from Paris to New York. The announcement has created remarkable interest. A Danish inventor, named Knudsen, has demonstrated at the Hotel Cecil the powers of a machine for transmitting pictures by any wireless system.

**Great Floods in Moscow.**

One fifth of the city of Moscow has been inundated by the overflowing of the River Moskwa. The floods continued for several days, and fifty thousand residents of the lower lying portion of the town suffered, being rendered homeless and having their ef-

fects destroyed to a greater or less extent. The damage occasioned is estimated at three millions sterling.

**ASIA.**

China has protested against the Japanese administration of Korea, including that of the Chient's territory between Korea and China. Serious native riots have occurred in Annam, the disturbances being originated by anti-French representatives of the educated class. Britain is negotiating with Siam in addition to the acquisition of Kolantari and Tringano, for the cession of Kedah and portions of Rahman and Patani, in Malacca. Kedah contains a strip of valuable tin country.

A bomb was thrown at a carriage in Muzallapure, near Patna, Bengal, killing one of the occupants, Miss Kennedy, and the coachman, and so seriously injuring Mrs. Kennedy that little hope of her recovery is entertained.

**Faids and Massacres.**

News has reached Teheran that the Kurds have again commenced their raids on Persian territory, in the north-west of the Empire. A body of raiders three thousand strong pillaged the villages of Urmiah, Khui, and Sabnas, between Kurdistan and the Caspian Sea. They looted everything of value from these villages and massacred two thousand men women and children, who were unable to escape. The Persian Government is hurriedly collecting a force of 10,000 troops to proceed against the Kurds, who have captured and horribly maltreated 2000 women and children.

**Disaster to a Japanese Cruiser.**

As the result of an explosion, the training cruiser *Matsushima* sank off the Pescadore, in Formosa Channel. It is feared that 200 have perished. The *Matsushima* was anchored at Meking when the magazine exploded, tearing a huge rent in the vessel's hull. She foundered almost immediately, and only the bridge remains visible above the surface of the water. Two cruisers who were anchored near her immediately despatched their boats and rescued 141 of the crew, including some of the officers. The total complement of the vessel was 300, and the missing thus total one hundred and fifty. The majority of the officers, including the captain, perished. There were fifty-eight cadets aboard the vessel, and many of these were drowned, including it is feared, the sons of the Marquis Oyama, ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Manchurian Army.

**AMERICA.**

A gang of masked robbers held up an express train near Pittsburg and stole a sum of £16,000, which was being conveyed from the sub-Treasury at New York to the St. Louis banks. Mr. W. S. Fielding, Minister for Finance, has announced that he will introduce a bill to restrict the manufacture and sale of cigarettes in Canada. A railway collision occurred on April 26 at Gargantua, Central Mexico, which resulted in twenty-eight pilgrims returning from the Guadalupe shrine being killed. The Senate has again, by fifty votes to twenty-three, defeated the Naval Appropriation Bill, after it had been amended by President Roosevelt's message, which urged the provision of four more battleships. Charles Coster, a wealthy New York stockbroker, committed suicide after having two hundred thousand sterling of his firm's money in desperate efforts to retrieve losses made during the October panic.

**Unemployed in the United States.**

The London "Daily Telegraph's" New York correspondent says that a moderate estimate of the unemployed in the United States is three millions, while the Socialist leaders give the total at four millions. This huge total exists despite the fact that 600,000 people have left the United States since October last.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM LONDON.

SHARE LIST.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 27.

Mr. J. C. Gleeson, son of Mr. Gleeson, of Napier, and financial manager of the recent New Zealand football combination which toured England, has been approached by several leading members of the Irish party to stand for a seat in the House of Commons at the next election, or earlier if circumstances allow. Mr. Gleeson was one of the speakers at a great St. Patrick's Night demonstration in Glasgow, when some 3000 people were present. Mr. Gleeson returns to New Zealand in about two months' time, but will probably revisit England early in 1909.

Mr. Gilbert Anderson has been asked by the New Zealand Government to represent the Dominion at the International Congress of the Refrigerating Industries, to be held in Paris. The congress was to have been held next month, but has now been postponed till September. Mr. Anderson has been connected with the frozen meat industry from its inception in New Zealand, and he holds strong views on meat inspection, and the possibilities of extension of trade.

Mrs. Atkinson, wife of Mr. Hugh Caledon Atkinson, Royal Marines, formerly of New Zealand, died on March 12, at "Hex", Alverstoke, Hants, aged twenty-two.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the death of Mr. John Furness, aged 65 years, at the Highlands, Bexhill, on March 25.

Colin Gilray, the New Zealand Rhodes scholar, found a place in the Scottish Rugby team which defeated England by 16 points to 10 at Inverleith last Saturday. He played, of course, as a three-quarter, and though he failed to score himself, and did not exhibit the grand form he showed in the Oxford v. London Scottish match the week previous, Gilray proved a most useful man, both in attack and defence. His passing at times was far from perfect, and twice he and his fellow collegian, H. Martin, mulled matters between them when tries seemed certain. Still on the whole the New Zealander played a really good game, and gave the Scottish selection committee no reason to repent of having given him his International cap.

Playing for Newport against Blackheath, last Saturday, J. P. Jones, of the latter team, who was one of the three-quarters selected to go with Mr. Harnell's team to New Zealand, had the misfortune to break his collar-bone. It was a singularly inopportune accident, and may cause "Yuan" to be "dropped." P. F. McEvedly and L. B. Stringer played for Blackheath, but though the former played a really brilliant game, and Stringer gave a dashing display, their efforts to score went unrewarded, and their side retired defeated by 21 points to nil.

Having thrown up the case of Dinizulu in Natal, Mr. E. G. Jellicoe, the erstwhile New Zealander, has now plunged into the Druce case. He appeared at Bow-street Police Court this week in defence of Mrs Hamilton, one of Mr. G. H. Druce's witnesses, who is standing her trial on a charge of perjury. His cross-examination of Mr. Herbert Druce on the subject of T. C. Druce's marriage relations, aroused the ire of Sir Charles Mathews, Counsel for the Treasurer. At length Sir Charles rose excitedly, and in a passionate voice addressed the magistrate, Sir Albert de Rutzen, exclaiming, "You really ought to appreciate, Sir Albert, what is going on on the part of a barrister who is representing the defence. I hope, Sir, you will take notice of what is proceeding."

Mr. Jellicoe—I am asking the witness whether he can give me any information of his mother's maiden name, and whether he can assist us to ascertain his mother's actual name. I do not understand my learned friend's excitement.

Sir Charles Mathews (wrathfully)—I will make it clear in a moment if you force me to.

Mr. Jellicoe—My learned friend must not get so cross. We have always been very good friends.

Sir Charles Mathews—Not after this. Not after this.

| COMPANY.   | Capital Paid-up. | Reserves & Undivided Profits. | Paid-up per Share. | Liability per Share. | Sellers. | Buyers. | Last Sale. |
|--|------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|----------|---------|------------|
| <b>BANKS—</b>  |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 1 New Zealand {Guaranteed Stock ..                   | £ 1,000,000      | £ ..                          | £ s. d.            | £ s. d.              | s. d.    | s. d.   | s. d.      |
| 2 National {Government Pref. Stock ..                | 500,000          | 281,675                       | 3 8                | 3 8                  | 107 6    | 106 0   | ..         |
| 3 New South Wales ..                                 | 375,000          | 335,318                       | 2 10 0             | 5 0 0                | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 4 Union of Australia ..                              | 2,500,000        | 1,561,645                     | 20 0 0             | Double               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 5 New Zealand ..                                     | 1,500,000        | 1,204,000                     | 25 0 0             | 60 0 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| <b>INSURANCE—</b>                                    |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 6 New Zealand, Limited ..                            | 300,000          | 395,674                       | 2 0 0              | 8 0 0                | 76 0     | 75 6    | 76 8       |
| 7 National ..  | 100,000          | 239,339                       | 0 10 0             | Unlimited            | ..       | ..      | 27 6       |
| 8 South British ..                                   | 100,000          | 474,912                       | 0 10 0             | 4 10 0               | 59 6     | 57 0    | 59 8       |
| 9 Standard ..  | 75,000           | 87,985                        | 0 15 0             | Unlimited            | 25 6     | ..      | 22 0       |
| <b>FINANCE—</b>                                      |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 10 Dalgity and Co. ..                                | 1,000,000        | 239,123                       | 5 0 0              | 15 0 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 11 New Zealand Loan and Mercantile ..                | 135,222          | 137,000                       | 0 10 0             | 8 10 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 12 National Mortgage ..                              | 200,000          | 112,529                       | 0 10 0             | 8 0 0                | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 13 New Zealand and River Plate ..                    | 500,000          | 256,269                       | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 33 6     | 33 0    | ..         |
| <b>GAS—</b>  |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 14 Auckland I. ..                                    | 180,370          | 85,462                        | 5 0 0              | ..                   | 325 0    | 302 6   | ..         |
| 15 Thames ..   | 18,965           | 2,400                         | 1 18 0             | 0 12 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 16 Gisborne ..                                       | 17,100           | 10,554                        | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 52 0     | ..      | ..         |
| 17 Napier ..   | 49,957           | 23,183                        | 10 0 0             | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 18 Wellington ..                                     | 124,570          | 71,793                        | 5 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 19 Christchurch ..                                   | 160,000          | 65,917                        | 2 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 20 Ohinemuri L. and P. ..                            | 7,000            | 913                           | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 21 Palmerston ..                                     | 27,000           | 11,992                        | 4 10 0             | 0 10 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 22 New Plymouth ..                                   | 18,000           | 3,159                         | 6 0 0              | ..                   | 170 0    | ..      | ..         |
| 23 Haulton ..  | 7,014            | 1,312                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 24 Whangarei ..                                      | 6,284            | 230/1/9                       | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 25 Pahiatua ..                                       | 7,000            | 58/19/4                       | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 26 Birkenhead ..                                     | 8,321            | 161                           | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 25 6     | ..      | ..         |
| <b>SHIPPING—</b>                                     |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 27 Devonport Ferry ..                                | 35,167           | 7,647                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | 31 6    | ..         |
| 28 New Zealand Shipping ..                           | 475,049          | 113,105                       | 8 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 29 Northern Steamship ..                             | 124,016          | 26,146                        | 0 14 6             | ..                   | 18 0     | ..      | ..         |
| 30 Union Steamship .. Contributing                   | 800,000          | 391,916                       | 0 7 0              | 0 7 6                | 36 0     | 35 0    | 35 6       |
| <b>COAL—</b>   |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 31 Hikurangi ..                                      | 11,250           | 6,772                         | 0 7 6              | 0 2 6                | 9 3      | 9 0     | 8 9        |
| 32 Taupiri Mines ..                                  | 8,812            | 6,812                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 20 0     | 19 3    | 19 6       |
| 33 Westport ..                                       | 230,000          | 127,431                       | 3 10 0             | 1 10 0               | 142 6    | 141 0   | 142 0      |
| 34 Westport-Stockton ..                              | 80,000           | ..                            | 0 5 0              | 0 4 0                | 10 6     | ..      | ..         |
| 35 Northern Coal Co., Ltd. ..                        | 29,500           | 2,852                         | 0 10 0             | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 36 Drury Coal Co., Limited ..                        | 17,500           | ..                            | 0 7 6              | ..                   | 16 6     | 15 0    | 15 6       |
| <b>TIMBER—</b>                                       |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 37 Kauri Timber .. Paid                              | 595,000          | 73,243                        | 1 13 0             | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 38 Lyelland-O'Brien Timber Co. .. Contributing       | 35,000           | 37,781                        | 0 15 0             | 0 18 0               | 11 9     | ..      | 11 6       |
| 39 Mitchellian Timber Co. ..                         | 75,000           | 6,150                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 94 6     | ..      | ..         |
| 40 Mountain Run Timber Co., Limited ..               | 15,500           | 1,237                         | 0 18 0             | 0 2 0                | 24 0     | ..      | ..         |
| 41 New Plymouth Sash & Door Co., Paid                | 20,000           | 5,750                         | 5 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 42 Parker-Lamb .. Contrib.                           | 8,000            | 8,620                         | 2 0 0              | 3 0 0                | ..       | ..      | 26 6       |
| <b>WOOLLEN—</b>                                      |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 43 Wallington ..                                     | 80,000           | 24,369                        | 4 0 0              | 1 0 0                | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 44 Kaiapoi ..  | 100,000          | 32,854                        | 5 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | 60 0    | ..         |
| 45 Mosgiel ..  | 83,457           | 17,162                        | 3 10 0             | 1 10 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| <b>MISCELLANEOUS—</b>                                |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 46 Auckland Electric Tramways Co., Limited. Prof. B. | 50,000           | ..                            | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 24 6     | ..      | ..         |
| Do. do. Ordinary.                                    | 300,000          | 10,550/7/4                    | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 21 6     | ..      | 24 0       |
| Do. do. Debentures.                                  | 285,100          | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 47 New Zealand Drug ..                               | 165,650          | 29,825                        | 2 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 48 Sharland & Co., Limited Ordinary                  | 48,675           | 9,361/0/6                     | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 49 Northern Boot .. Preference                       | 10,093           | 1,896                         | 0 16 0             | 0 4 0                | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 50 Union Oil ..                                      | 25,220           | 3,000                         | 0 14 0             | 0 6 0                | ..       | 21 6    | ..         |
| 51 Colonial Sugar ..                                 | 1,198,490        | 423,415                       | 20 0 0             | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 52 Tinson Garlic ..                                  | 37,353           | 2,377                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 19 6     | 19 0    | ..         |
| 53 D.S.C. ..   | 48,900           | 11,539                        | 0 8 0              | 0 2 0                | 6 0      | 5 8     | 5 10       |
| 54 New Zealand Paper Mills ..                        | 94,775           | 1,377                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 23 6     | 23 6    | 23 3       |
| 55 Mine & Choyes, Limited Ordinary                   | 20,000           | 318/12/8                      | 1 0 0              | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 56 H. M. Arcade & Theatre Co., Limited Prof. B.      | 35,000           | ..                            | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 20 3     | 19 9    | ..         |
| 57 Wiseman & Sons, Limited Ordinary                  | 26,767           | 1,672                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 19 6     | 12 7    | ..         |
| 58 A. J. Enticam & Co., Limited 7% Prof.             | 35,000           | ..                            | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 20 0     | 18 0    | ..         |
| 59 N.Z. Portland Cement Co., Ltd. Ord.               | 40,000           | 2,241                         | 1 0 0              | 0 10 0               | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 60 Wilson's Portland Cement Co., Ltd. Ord.           | 65,776           | 2,139                         | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 31 6     | 30 0    | 30 0       |
| 61 Grey & Menzies .. Prof.                           | 13,112/10/0      | ..                            | 1 0 0              | ..                   | 48 0     | 48 0    | 49 0       |
| 62 Hill & Plummer, Ltd. Prof. C.                     | 25,186           | 2,009                         | 0 10 0             | ..                   | 11 0     | ..      | 11 9       |
| <b>DEBENTURES—</b>                                   |                  |                               |                    |                      |          |         |            |
| 63 New Zealand Government, 4% 1915                   | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 64 City of Auckland, 4% ..                           | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 65 Parnell Borough, 6% ..                            | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 66 Devonport Waterworks, 5% ..                       | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 67 Auckland Harbour Board, 4% ..                     | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 68 Auckland Harbour Board, 4% ..                     | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |
| 69 Auckland Gas, 5% 250 Debentures                   | ..               | ..                            | ..                 | ..                   | ..       | ..      | ..         |

† Ex Dividend. ‡ Including Bonus.

MINING.

| COMPANY.                            | SHARES.                      | SELLERS.         | BUYERS. | LAST SALE.   |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------|---------|--------------|
| Blackwater Mines ..                 | 250,000, £1                  | 20 6             | 25 0    | ..           |
| Consolidated Goldfields ..          | 250,000, £1                  | 20 9             | 20 8    | 20 9         |
| New Zealand Crown ..                | 200,000, £1                  | 7 1              | 7 0     | 7 1          |
| Konata Ross ..                      | 800,000, 5s.                 | 1 4              | 1 3     | 1 3          |
| Kururangi Caledonian ..             | 800,000, 2s.                 | 0 11 1/2         | 0 9 1/2 | ..           |
| Progress Mines ..                   | 275,000, £1                  | ..               | ..      | ..           |
| Ross Goldfields ..                  | 80,000, £1; 70,000, issued   | ..               | ..      | ..           |
| Talismans Consolidated (ex div.) .. | 300,000, £1                  | 50 0             | 49 6    | 49 6         |
| Waiti Grand Junction ..             | 300,000, £1; 281,500 issued  | 85 9             | 35 6    | 35 6         |
| Waiti ..                            | 500,000, £1; 495,907 issued  | 193 6            | 192 6   | 192 6        |
| Champion ..                         | 55,000, pd. 3s; 95,000 cont. | 5s. 2d.; 4s. 0d. | 3/11    | 5s.; 4s. 4d. |

# OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

## FOOTBALL.

It is stated that a Maori football team will shortly make a professional tour of Australia, and that the agreement with the team will be signed on behalf of the promoters by Victor Trumper.

Mr. G. H. Harnett, the manager of the British team which the Rugby Union is sending to tour in New Zealand, Australia, and Canada, in addressing the London referees recently, pointed out the immense difficulties that had been surmounted in getting together the party. It was a side of great possibilities, and he felt sure that it would be found capable of fairly upholding the good name of English "Rugger." The Rugby Football Union, as the pioneers of the game, was only meeting its responsibilities in sending out this side. The situation of amateurism in New Zealand and Australia made it imperative that a team should go to support the New Zealand authorities; and if the tour was something of a failure in point of victories, the blame would not be on the shoulders of the English Rugby Union. Mr. Harnett paid a tribute to the patriotism of Wales in giving the Rugby Union its support. It was a sporting mission in the great fight for the preservation of amateur Rugby in the Colonies.

The "Athletic News" is very crushing in its comments on the Anglo-Welsh team selected to tour New Zealand and Australia, as thus:—

"Our opinions regarding the side essential to tackle New Zealand in the Dominion with any prospect of making a decent fight have often been declared, and it is thus hardly necessary to state at length the extreme disappointment we feel regarding the constitution of the party. It is not our wish to give offence in this matter. The task of Mr. Harnett has not been easy. Applications to join the party were invited, and plenty of players announced their willingness to make the journey. The best of these have been chosen, but candidly, with few exceptions, the standard is far from high. Not one of the men would be chosen for a representative British team of to-day; some of the players could not find places in the second team of a first-class Welsh club; so how can the pick of the men be expected to fight successfully against New Zealand when performing in Maoriland?"

"Mr. Harnett is reported to have said that folk never can tell how a team may fare. There may be doubt in some cases; but it is evident ere they set sail what will be the fate of the Anglo-Welsh party of 1908. That fate will be unhappy. A curious situation has arisen in connection with the tour of the joint England and Wales team to New Zealand and Australia. Mr. George Harnett, who is in charge of the side, has been notified by Wilson, the Cumberland and Carlisle forward, who had been picked as one of the party, that he (Wilson) had been suspended by the Scotch Rugby Union. It is, of course, common knowledge that the Scotch and Irish Unions declined to join hands with Wales and England over the tour, the view being taken that such trifles were calculated to promote professionalism. The Scotch Union refused to give permission to any of their players to undertake the trip. It is quite a nice point whether Wilson is under the jurisdiction of the Scotch Union. Business has taken him to Scotland, and he has been playing for Clydesdale, but it is understood that he resigned his membership of that club some weeks ago, when the Scotch Union asked him to sign a form, pledging him not to go to New Zealand with the British team if selected. Wilson refused to sign, and since then he has been playing for Cumberland.

No grounds are given for the suspension, but presumably the reason is that Wilson has consented to go on a tour which is not approved of by the Scotch executive. Hitherto suspension by one union has been endorsed by the other unions, but the English Rugby Union are not at all disposed to endorse the suspension of Wilson unless a good reason for the Scotch Union's action is forthcoming. The position, as the "Daily Telegraph" justly remarks, is an intolerable one. It is sheer nonsense to

endeavour to ostracise a man who wishes to go on a sporting trip as an amateur, simply because one governing body has thrown cold water on the affair. It is imperative that the English and Welsh Unions should ask Scotland to disclose their reasons for Wilson's suspension. Wilson is one of the best forwards in the team, and his exclusion would be a distinct loss to the side.

The committee of the Scottish Rugby Union have even issued to their clubs copies of the correspondence with Thomas Wilson, the Glasgow and Carlisle player, who was included in the list of players for the New Zealand tour, and was suspended. The Scottish Union, who had forbidden Scotch players to undertake the trip, claim that Wilson is under their jurisdiction, and the final letter to Wilson states that the suspension has been confirmed by the full committee.

The captain of the last British Rugby team that toured New Zealand, D. R. Bedell-Sivright, is not likely to be seen again in international football. He hurt the muscles of his leg last Saturday when playing for Edinburgh "Varsity" against the "Academicals," and had to leave the field. The old Cantab has had his day; he has been playing international football since 1900—and in view of his accident, and his general falling-off in form, it is unlikely that he will be seen in the Scottish fifteen in the match against England this month.

Colin Gilray, the New Zealand Rhodes scholar, played an important part recently in the final match of the Oxford University Rugby team's fixtures list, which resulted in the London Scottish team being brilliantly vanquished by 29 points to 9. Gilray played a very fine game at inside left three-quarters, scoring a couple of tries (one of which was converted), and being mainly instrumental in putting in Milton and Steinthal with tries for "Varsity." The New Zealander is certainly a better man than Tarr, who has usually filled the position assigned to Gilray, and on Saturday he played his game of the season, his pace and strategy both being splendid. All going well with him in the interval, Gilray is certain to be one of the first choices when the Oxford team comes to be made up next season.

It is, by the way, rather curious that Gilray should come right out of his shell on an occasion that Oxford particularly desired her representatives to give of their very best, and against the actual team that gave the New Zealander countenance when the "Varsity" had no use for him. Gilray has played a good deal for the London Scottish this season, and was, if memory is not playing tricks, in the ranks of the "Cockney Kitties" when the Scots defeated the Oxonians by 25 points at the opening of the "Varsity" season. Now he has materially assisted in the ample revenge taken by the Dark Blues for that thrashing.

The New Zealand three-quarter back, G. W. Smith, made his appearance at Oldham last month in his new capacity as a member of the Oldham Northern Union professional team. Smith was in the three-quarter line, and played a very sound game. On one occasion he secured the ball in his own quarter, and evading a host of opponents, gave his winger a clear run in. The referee ruled the New Zealander's pass to be forward, but another break-away on the part of the Oldham backs ended in Smith scoring a try. Leeds, the opposing team, were beaten by 24 points to 5. L. B. Todd, the other New Zealander, who has joined the Northern Union, also took the field last month and helped Wigan to defeat Bradford.

The receipts at the recent Ireland v. Scotland match at Dublin just fell short of four figures. The previous record for a Rugby match in Ireland was £967.

The announcement of the death of Mr. O. Wells, which occurred in the Wellington Hospital last week, will be received with the deepest regret by all athletes, but more so by footballers, especially those of the older brigade. Orlando, as he was familiarly called, was a conspicuous figure in the football arena away back in the eighties, and first gained his spurs in 1886, while he also secured honours in 1888, 1889, and 1890. The burly figure of Orlando will well be remembered when playing for

the old Grafton Club before the district scheme came into force, and the contests between the maroons and the Ponsibly Club used to be of the keenest description, and there was no stronger partisan than the deceased. By a strange irony of fate, when the district scheme came into force, Orlando was then residing in the Ponsibly district, and was called upon to don the blue and black. The colours of his former antagonists. A little item like this, however, did not damp his ardour, and he took just as keen an interest in the game as formerly, and worked just as hard to defeat his former companions (though unsuccessfully) as he did to assist them to victory. In 1888 Orlando was found as one of the forwards chosen to play against Stoddart's English team, and at that time his weight was 14st., his companions in the pack being Messrs O'Connor, Twinnam, McKenzie, Marshall, Hobson, Kewfe, and Lecky, and what a great pack it was. Few who saw the game on May 21st, 1888, will forget the intense excitement that prevailed when the Auckland forwards headed by Wells, O'Connor, and Hobson, broke away from a line out near the English 25, and, with only Paul, the English full back, to pass, a try seemed certain, when Hobson, picking up, stood still (for what seemed an indefinite time, but which was really only a second), and coolly potted a goal. Auckland also scored a try, eventually winning by 4 points to nil. In connection with the putting of the goal, an incident worth repeating, and often told by the deceased, was that, going out in the break to the match, Hobson jocularly remarked, "I feel as if I could pot a goal to-day if I got the chance," and when the chance came, Orlando, remembering his words, shouted out "pot," which he did successfully. On the field there was no more unselfish player, and it was a great boast of his that he had never scored a try, but had assisted in the getting of hundreds. He was always impressing on young players to play for their side, and not for themselves. In addition to representing Auckland on the field, he was for some time a member of the Management Committee of the Auckland Rugby Union, acting as chairman. Outside of football he was also an ardent rowing enthusiast, and rowed in numbers of races locally. The deceased leaves a widow and family, to whom I am sure all athletes and footballers generally will join with me in extending a heartfelt sympathy.

### Pro-Blacks Defeated in Sydney.

Glorious weather prevailed for the match on Saturday last between the professional team of New Zealand footballers and New South Wales under the Northern Union rules. The game took place on the agricultural ground, and there were about 15,000 present. The teams were as follows:—

New Zealand.—Buck, Turfill; three-quarters, Y'ne, Rowe, Kelly, Wrigley; forwards, Barber, J. Wynyard; forwards, Mackrell, Lile, Johnson, Pearce, Cross, Wright.

New South Wales.—Buck, Hedley; three-quarters, Stantz, Messenger, Duvieux, Cheadle; halves, Rosenfield, Butler; forwards, Graves, Hennessey, Lutz, Roswell, O'Malley, Davis, Moir and Holloway.

During the first spell the New South Welshmen played the better game, there being more dash and fire in their work. The score at half-time was: New South Wales, 14 points; New Zealand, 7.

In the second half the New Zealanders played against the breeze, but did not show any form. The Blues were down on the Blacks continually, running all over them. The New Zealanders were slow in handling the ball. The whistle sounded with the final scores at: New South Wales, 18 points; New Zealand, 10 points.

### Forward Play.

By V. H. CAIRNFRIGHT,

(Captain of England XV.).

In writing an article on forward play one has to remember that each of the four countries has a distinct type of its own. For instance, in Wales, the forwards are looked on more as a machine, the sole object of which is to supply the backs with the ball on as many occasions as possible, than as an attacking force in themselves, and so they may be termed as of the "stand and heel" order. (Still I have seen Welsh forwards execute rushes that would have brought credit to

any Scotch or Irish pack).

I do not mean to say that a Welsh forward does not know how to dribble, one has only to watch that great player, A. F. Harding, to know how utterly false such a statement would be, but it is only during the last few seasons that the Welshmen have turned their attention to that phase of forward play, and as a general rule the object of Welsh forwards when they go on the field is to let their backs handle the ball as much as possible, for Wales looks to win her matches by the cleverness of her backs. And so it is in this point that a Welsh team differs so greatly from an Irish or Scotch team.

### IRISH AND SCOTCH METHODS.

In Ireland the forwards are regarded as the main-stay of the side, and, perhaps wrongly, Irish outsiders are not considered by their opponents as a powerful factor towards winning the game. Certain it is that in a typical Irish side practically all the attacking is done by the wild rushes of the forwards, which are indeed very terrifying things to backs that are not over fond of going down to the mill. It is not that their foot-work is so marvellous, in fact their dribbling is nothing like so scientific as that of Scotch forwards, but what they lack in science they make up for in the "devil" and pace with which they follow the ball. Time and again I have seen Irish forwards score after an irresistible rush the whole length of the field. And from my own experience I can say that it is a rare case to find a pack of forwards against a Welsh or Scotch eight than against an Irish eight, as you never know what they do. They are away from the scrum, and among your backs before you know where you are, and just when you think they are firing and that you are getting the upper hand, you find your own forwards swept aside and the Irishmen away in a wild rush down the field. Result, probably a try! Quite rightly, in my opinion, the New Zealanders considered Irish forward play the best they had ever seen.

Now the chief characteristics of Scotch forwards is their concerted foot-work; in this they have no equals, and were before any opponent who drops on the ball in front of them, and foolishly holds on to it longer than is necessary, or longer than the referee should allow! My advice to anyone going down to the ball in front of Scotch forwards is "get off it as soon as you can," for by doing this you will save yourself many hard knocks, and the referee the trouble of giving a free kick against you. What Scotch forwards do not know about foot-work is not worth knowing, for, as Mr. Talloch, the President of the Scotch Union, said to the South African captain after the match at the Crystal Palace, "In Scotland footwork is at its height, and we have taught our opponents to get off the ball at once!" As long as forward play is being taught at the Scotch schools as it is now, we shall always find Scotland renowned for its forwards.

Rugby football is better without such a forward. But there are times when a little extra vigour in forward play does good and saves trouble without doing any harm to anyone. My first experience against Scotch forwards was my first term up at Oxford. We were playing the Edinburgh Academicals, and Strand-Jones, the well-known Welsh full-back, was in great form, and only one did the Scotch forwards get anywhere near him. However, at the dinner after the match the general cry from the Scotch forwards was "All right, Strand-Jones, wait till Scotland meets Wales!" and sure enough Strand-Jones came back to Oxford after the match with very evident marks of the encounter on him.

Still in Rugby football one must expect hard knocks, and as long as they are given and taken in good spirit, as they nearly always are, no one is the worse for them.

And now, what shall I say of English forward play? Here, again, in treating this part of the subject, one has to bear in mind the various styles of forward play which are in existence in the different parts of England. For instance, in the north you have the robust style, which is more akin to Scotch forward play than any other style we have in England. Then again, down in the west you have another distinct style, and a style which on its day is very hard to beat. I have seen a Devonshire pack of forwards play as fine a game as I ever wish to see; for down there forwards are taught not only to use their feet in the loose work but also their hands; and when a side has eight forwards that

can handle the ball as cleverly as backs it generally comes out somewhere near the top.

COMBINATION.

But of all styles of English forward play, give me that of a good 'Varsity pack. Perhaps I am naturally a bit prejudiced, but in my opinion if England had looked more to her Varsityes for her players during the past few seasons, she would not be in her present lowly position; and I can safely say that the two best forward sides I have ever played with were the Oxford ones of 1901-02 and 1903-04, and after all, is it not only natural that you should get the best players at the 'Varsities? for the fellows are young and in splendid condition, and the football played is of the highest order. But putting aside all questions of variety of styles, if one was to pick the best available English pack, there would be no special feature that one can single out as one can in the case of Irish and Scotch forwards.

The forwards themselves would not have the 'devil' of the Irishmen, nor again would we see the wonderful foot-work of the Scotch forwards, and yet it would be a pack of forwards that both Scotland and Ireland would find hard to beat, simply on account of the tenacity of purpose, and the 'slogging' go ahead methods that are perhaps the most characteristic features of English forward play.

And now a few words about the captaincy of forwards. If a side has a good leader of forwards the game is half won, but it is not every forward, however brilliant a player he may be, that has the knack of keeping his men together, and imparting to them some of his own brilliance. To be a good captain you must get to know the men you have to lead, and the men should know and have every confidence in you as their leader.

This should be easy in the case of every club, as the captain has numerous opportunities of getting together his men for practice; but it is in a country or international side that the real worth of a good captain is found out; for there the captain has to go out to the field and lead men he may never have seen before, and about whose play he probably knows nothing, and so naturally his task is a hard one. Again it is by no means certain that because a man is a splendid leader of his own club forwards, he will turn out at all a capable man when he is selected to lead a pack he has never seen before.

AN IDEAL SKIPPER

I have met very few men who have the knack of getting their men together at once; in fact, during the whole of my football career, I have only met one man who had that knack; and that was J. Daniell, the old English skipper. As a forward who played under him on several occasions, I can only say it was a real pleasure to feel that you were playing under such a man, as he at once inspired you with confidence, and you felt that you had only to follow his lead and things would be all right. Of course, if you made a mistake, you heard of it, and in no measured terms either, but at the same time you always felt that you would get the same degree of praise for anything that deserved it. He was without exception the greatest captain I have ever come across; he had a harder task, as every English captain must have, than that which falls to the lot of a Scotch, Irish, or Welsh captain, and yet England was only beaten once under his captaincy, and that was in his last match at Inverleith in 1904, when he was injured in the first half of the game, and was practically unfit for the remainder. And so my advice to anyone who aspires to be a good leader of forwards is, "Learn what you can about the Prophet, and try and follow in his footsteps."

HARD KNOCKS.

Who has not heard of the story of the 'Vates' schoolboy, who, when the Scotch 'International XV' were practising at Fettes, was cautioned by the referee for kicking an opponent, and whose reply was, "Why, sir, I only kicked him on the back and not on the head!" Oh, that at our public schools they did not teach us to play such a lilylike game as they do. Mind, in saying this I do not for one moment uphold the forward who, whenever he gets a chance, has a wild kick at an opponent, and does not mind where he kicks him.

BOXING.

Already a hitch has occurred in the negotiations for a match between the Australasian champion, Charlie Griffin, and the ex-bantam champion, Joe Bowker. "Carlton," Griffin's backer, challenged all England at 9st. 4lb. to 9st. 6lb., and Bowker immediately offered to take the New Zealander on for twenty rounds at the former poundage for £100 a side, and such purse as the National Sporting Club might be disposed to offer. The next move was with "Carlton," and he indulged in a somewhat peculiar one. He admitted that he named 9st. 4lb. or 9st. 4½lb. as the weights at which he would back Griffin against any lad in England, but he would not, he intimated, make a match with Bowker under 9st. 6lb. Seeing that Griffin was under 9st. when he fought Driscoll, and that Bowker can be at his best at a few pounds below that weight, "Carlton's" stipulation for 9st. 6lb. suggests that he is not over anxious to pit Griffin against the Englishman, who can hardly be expected to make the concession in weight required by Griffin's backer. Failing Bowker, it is quite possible that Griffin may find a customer in Seaman Hayes, of Hoxton, a game, strong, resolute two-handed fighter not far removed from the top of our 9st. 4lb. division. Hayes, however, cannot at present talk in hundreds, but if "Carlton" cares to put Griffin into the ring for a £25 or £50 a side match the Seaman can, I understand, find friends to "stand him for anything up to fifty."

Another boxing match has been arranged between Tommy Burns, champion of the world, and Bill Squires, the Australian. The contest is to take place in the open air at Stamford Bridge, an English village in Yorkshire. The date fixed is Saturday, May 11th.

In connection with the defeat of the New Zealander Griffin in England by Jim Driscoll, an English writer says:—"I notice that Mr. Carlton, in a letter to the 'Sportsman' and 'Sporting Life,' endeavours to excuse Griffin. He mentions that when the colonial left Australia the temperature was 100deg. in the sun, and that the little fellow suffered from colic and boils while training, and was therefore not properly fit because of the after effects of his illness. But in his next paragraph he rather spoils that argument by asserting that Griffin "was positively the stronger of the two in the fifteenth round." That does not look as if either the fall in the temperature, the colic, or the boils had much effect on Griffin, does it?"

The Success of Tommy Burns.

A HIGH-PRICED PUNCH.

LONDON, March 20.

Tommy Burns must be accounted a lucky man. Less than five months have elapsed since he landed in England, and in that period he has won three fights, and has increased his bank balance by several thousands of pounds, without having been called upon to take more than a dozen really punishing blows. These he received in his fight with Gunner Moir, which lasted into the tenth round, and left the American £2400 richer in pocket, and little the worse physically. His next victim, Jack Palmer, of Newcastle, went "out" in the fourth round, after a disgraceful exhibition of funk and incapacity, and Burns left the ring without having even had his hair disturbed, richer by, it is said, over £1500. Then came the much-hyped match with the Irishman, Jim Roche, which took place last Tuesday (St. Patrick's Day) evening at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, before 3000 spectators. The articles of agreement called for a twenty-round contest, three minutes each round, at catch weights, with 4oz. gloves, under the Queensbury rules, for £500 a-side, and a purse of £1500. Of this sum the winner received 80 per cent., and the loser 20 per cent. Burns won in 88 seconds, without receiving a hit worth the name, and collected £1700, plus a very substantial amount in bets—something like £2000, it is said. Thus, in less than half a year Tommy Burns has "earned" over £4000 by spending, all told, less than an hour in the ring. Altogether, since the day in 1900 when he fought and beat Fred Thornton at Detroit, for 5/-, Burns has won about £17,500. He has certainly been a busy pugilist, having taken part in 48 fights in the space of seven years. Of these he has won 37, lost three, and drawn eight.

On the last victory of Tommy Burns naturally little can be written. The champion's money was down and he went into the ring with the expressed intention of picking it up again as quickly as possible. One of his golden rules is never to "play about" with any man who faces him in the ring, for, as he says, something may happen whilst you are giving the crowd and the cinematograph man a show, and disaster overtake you. Burns stuck rigidly to his rule on Tuesday night. After sparring for an opening, he led at the head, but Roche ducked out of danger, and tripped round the ring. Burns pursued him steadily, and in the course of a few exchanges Roche managed to land a couple of light blows on Burns' ribs. The champion drew away, and, as Roche made to follow, returned to the attack, fainted, saw an opening, and, quick as lightning, planted a blow on the Irishman's jaw. It did not appear to be a very hard hit, but it took Roche fairly on the point, and brought him down on the instant full length, with his face to the floor. It was just such a blow as settled the pretensions of Bill Squires. Roche lay for eight seconds as one dead, and then made a desperate effort to rise with the aid of the ropes. He managed somehow to get to his feet, but the fatal 10 seconds had passed, and the "great fight" was over, almost before the spectators were aware it had commenced.

When he had recovered himself a little the loser went over to Burns' corner and expressed a wish to resume the contest. The American smilingly indicated his willingness to give Roche another chance there and then, but the powers that were would not hear of such a thing.

SQUIRES WANTS A MATCH.

Among the spectators at this colossal fiasco was Bill Squires, the Australian pugilist, who, prior to the fight, was introduced to the house, and issued a challenge to the winner. Interviewed after the fight by a "Sporting Life" representative, Squires said he was still wanting a match.

"But," said the pressman, "if Burns beat you in one round, do you think that he will again listen to your challenge?" "Why not?" replied Squires. "The very fact that Burns beat me in one round is my answer. I was unlucky in that contest, and you know that luck does enter into boxing contests. I contend that one round did not do me justice. I can assure you that Burns will find a different proposition now from what he did last July."

"Have you any other prospects in the event of Roche or Burns having engagements preventing the match?"

"No; but I should certainly not like to leave England without a match. I shall take on Gunner Moir."

A member of the syndicate who gave the purse for the Burns-Roche match has already intimated that he is prepared to give a substantial purse for the match if ratified between Squires and the winner, provided the contest could be arranged to take place in Dublin on April 28. So, if Squires can find backing for any reasonable sum, there is a prospect of the Australian being given another opportunity of retrieving his laurels. Providing the money is there, Burns will certainly not require much coaxing into the ring with the Australian.

JOTTINGS.

Writing from Philadelphia under date February 28th, a correspondent of the London "Sportsman" reports a curious incident in connection with the defeat of the Australian, George Gunther, by the negro welter-weight, Jack Blackburn, at the Broadway Athletic Club on the previous evening. The nigger won after six rounds of fast fighting. According to the "Sportsman" gossip, Blackburn's seconds discovered before the bell rang for the first round that Gunther had a strange hard substance in one of his gloves. They insisted upon its removal, and Gunther refused to lose it in the ring. He finally went back to his dressing-room and came back without the lump on his glove, saying it was simply rubber tape.

Tim Healey, the Australian boxer who came home some time ago in search of fame and here, appears to find a difficulty in finding either. The other night at King's Theatre, Gloucester, he was put up against a pugilist figuring the bills as "Jim Jakes of New Cross," and put paid to his opponent's bill in the third of a six round contest. This victory will not materially appreciate the value of

the Australian's boxing stock, for Jakes is quite unknown to fame here.

Mr. "Carlton," the backer of Charlie Griffin against Jim Driscoll, has come out this week with a challenge on the New Zealander's behalf to "any first-class lad in England" for a 20 round contest at 9st 4lb or 9st 1lb for from £25 to £100 a side and the best purse offered. There are plenty of good men at the weights indicated to be found in the Old Country, and as "Carlton's" idea of stake money are modest Griffin should not be long in finding an opponent. Griffin weighed only 8st 12½lb when he met Driscoll, so it would appear that the colonial has discovered that he cannot be at his best at such a light weight. He seemed, however, very strong at that poundage on the night of his defeat by the 'Welshman, and it seems strange to find his backer asking for a match at seven or eight pounds above the weight at which Griffin took the ring for the most important event of his pugilistic career.

As I surmised, Griffin's challenge has not remained long unanswered. To-day Joe Bowker intimates his willingness to tackle the New Zealander at 9st 4lb for £100 a side and the best purse the National Sporting Club cares to put up. Bowker's motto is "business only meant," and he points out that any deposit Griffin's backers care to lodge will be immediately covered. Bowker can easily scale inside 9st, though he has filled out a good deal during the past two years, and can find backing against any lad at or about that weight, including Jim Driscoll. The latter has a victory over Bowker to his credit, but if the pair were matched again at 9st there would be quite as much money for Joe as for Jim. Certainly, if Bowker and Griffin meet, the Londoner will be a good favourite, but it is a very moot point whether, if Bowker sticks out for the National Sporting Club as the place of meeting, the pair will come together. Griffin does not appear to be in any great demand among the patrons of the Covent Garden club since his appearance in the ring with Driscoll, and I hardly think a purse of any weight will be forthcoming from that quarter for a match between Bowker and Griffin.

ROWING.

Of all outdoor sports, perhaps, none have made such rapid strides during the past year as rowing, and this is to a large extent due to the success of the brilliant young Wanganui sculler, William Webb, in gaining world's championship honours. The rowing season in Auckland has now concluded, but it has been an auspicious one from many points of view. Firstly, the membership of some of the clubs has almost doubled; secondly, a record number of regattas (seven) has been held in the province; and thirdly, and most important of all, an Auckland crew (Waitemata) came nearer to winning the New Zealand Champion fours than has been the case for many years past, rowing second to the Blenheim crew.

Another matter of more than Auckland interest is the purchase of an eight-oared boat by the Auckland Rowing Club. For this, the club are principally indebted to their energetic commodore (Dr. Stuart B. Reid). For years past Dr. Reid has been hammering away to induce the club to go in for this kind of boat, and at last his efforts have been crowned with success. The club's many supporters came to the rescue most liberally, and the necessary funds were soon collected. There was a prevailing impression at the time the subject was mooted that the Auckland Harbour would be too rough for such a lengthy boat; but practical proof has not borne out this idea—indeed, the "eight" rides the rough water better than a "four." I am convinced that other clubs will soon follow the excellent example of the Auckland Club, and that eight-oared races will soon be included in all our local regatta programmes.

"I have come to the conclusion," says G. H. R. Dabbs, M.D., in "Fry's Magazine," "that if a man yawns, and you don't want to yawn too, the only way to prevent it is to blow your nose! A man of my acquaintance boasts that he can set a whole railway carriage full of people yawning by merely taking time over it himself. And I believe he can." The doctor admits that he has tried it himself with success. Which is only another way of saying that with practice one becomes a "Dubb" hand.



(BY WHALEBONE.)

RACING FIXTURES.

April 20 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 6 and 7 - Manabourne R.C. Autumn
May 12 and 14 - Ashburton County R.C. Autumn
May 23 and 25 - North Otago J.C. Winter
May 29, 30 - Takapuna J.C. Winter
May 30 June 3, 5 - A.R.C. Winter

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Argument. - We are unable to publish the figures on each horse but Haldane was favourite, with Miss Wynn's next in demand.

TURF NOTES.

Uranium still in winning form.
The hunting season in Auckland opens on Saturday next, May 9th.
The W.B.C. Thompson Handicap run today.

The jumping mare Cinque is now under the charge of W. G. Irwin at Ellerslie.

The gelding Freemont changed hands recently, and is now in charge of F. Struiling.

G. Irwin has had Ubbando and a colt by St. Hilda - Complete, placed in his charge to prepare for future engagements.

H. Gray is appealing to the N.Z. Racing Conference against the disqualification recently inflicted upon him.

There are some funny tales in circulation in connection with one of the races on the opening day of the Avondale Jockey Club's meeting.

The ex-New Zealander Maratu started a strong second favourite for the A.J.C. Danziger Handicap. Bright Steed, which was favourite, was one of the last to finish.

The yearling filly by Eton - Kiltren, purchased at the late Cambria Park sale by the Hon. J. Carroll, has been handed over to D. Moranuan to receive her early education.

Reports from Australia state that the New Zealand-bred horse Dan Patch had something in reserve when he put up the new Australian record of 2.10 for the mile.

French owners intend to make a big bid for the English Ascot Gold Cup this year. Mordant, Querida (a Chester Cup winner), and Sans Souci are to undergo special preparations for the race.

The New Zealand-bred Nightfall is engaged in the Chester Cup, which is to be run on the 13th prox. Her weight is 7.11, with Bridge of Coony, 9.10, at the top of the list.

The amount of Mr. Draffin's tender for the refreshment booth at the Huntly Racing Club's meeting was £10, not £7 10/6 as previously stated.

The Hotchkiss horse Advocate was running very forward in the early stages of the Avondale Handicap on Wednesday, but failed to go on with it, and could get no nearer than fourth at the finish.

At the Goulburn (Vic.) meet recently the Jockey A. Hood was fined 10/ for not wearing a cap. Hood would not wear a particular cap because the last boy who used it was killed, and no other cap was available.

Mr. F. Macanemanu, who acted as honorary starter for the Otahuhu Trotting Club at their recent Summer Meeting, is to be presented by the club with a handsome clock as a slight recognition of his efforts.

The Jew, a gelding by the ex-New Zealander Pymnallon (which it will be remembered started a very warm favourite in the Caulfield Cup run by Congrevel), won two hurdle races at the recent Broken Hill Meeting.

Although the Auckland-owned horses 'Te Aroha and Longway were withdrawn from all engagements at the Wellington meeting on the 23rd inst., the fact was not telegraphed through by the Press Association agent.

A Southern writer credits Mr. T. H. Lowry with the ownership of Clochette. As is well known, the Southern sportsman disposed of the Saiton Delaval mare during the progress of the last A.R.C. Summer Meeting.

J. McHugh is handling the first colt sired by Waikiki, from the Saiton Delaval mare Leo Delaval. The youngster is almost an exact counterpart of his sire, and if he turns out as good, Mr. Bradley, his owner, will be a proud man.

The Maiden Plate at Avondale brought out a decidedly useful sort of mare in Tauriki, which was returned as being by St. Celsin from a Freedom mare. Tauriki comes from the Bay of Plenty district, and it is stated that her connections were fully prepared for her victory.

If the nominations for the Auckland R.C. Hurdles and Strephechase are poor, those received by the Wanganui Club are doubly so, and the list is probably the weakest yet received by the Southern body. Lady Hine is the only Auckland horse nominated.

According to the "Dominion," Mr. G. W. McDougal, owner of Acolus, has written to the committee of the Wellington Racing Club asking for an explanation as to the manner in which his horse has been handicapped in the First Hurdles.

Steve Howie, who is well-known in Auckland, had the mount on Tarpon, which won the Great Eastern Steeplechase at the recent Otago meeting. There is every probability of Howie paying a visit to New Zealand shortly.

F. Hill made a visit to Te Aroha during the week, for the purpose of bringing down the four-year-old sister to Carl Rosa, which was recently purchased from Mrs. Leonard by the well-known punter Mr. A. E. Hopewell. The filly is to remain in F. Hill's charge.

Southern sportsmen who were present at the recent C.J.C. Easter Meeting, say that Lupulle must be easily the best beginner from the barrier in New Zealand, but numbers will be found contending that Southline would head him over two furlongs.

A handicapper's life is anything but a bed of roses. At the recent Wairarapa meeting a number of owners entered a written protest to the club against the handicapper appointed to frame the weights for the second day, but the stewards rightly refused to entertain it. The response to the handicaps framed by the gentleman protested against, fully vindicated his reputation.

According to the Taranaki correspondent of the "New Times," the withdrawal of Paritutu from his engagements at the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting was owing to the state of the going. This may be true of the concluding day, but on the opening day a track on which a three-year-old could carry 9.0, and a mile in 1.40, could not have much the matter with it. I am afraid some other cause but the track must be assigned for his non-appearance at the gathering.

The Hotchkiss gelding Haldane seems to be striking form again, and has apparently thrown off the soreness that affected him earlier in the season. Haldane was made a warm favourite for the half-way Handicap at Avondale on Wednesday, but the accident to his rider affected his chance, and though he was finishing very fast, he could not quite get up, eventually finishing fourth.

In conversation with an Auckland visitor who was present at the Autumn Meeting of the Australian Jockey Club he informed me that the hostile demonstration at the Poseidon when he returned to scull after winning the Cumberland Stakes on the third day of the gathering was beyond description. The demonstrations that have taken place at Glenvale from time to time were he says, simply child's play to that witnessed at Randwick.

"It's the cursed gambler by juveniles on 'orse-race" that's the ruin of young boys nowadays," cried an indignant Shewby, returning from Hunt Park. "Look at my son 'Chevibus' - the indomitable lad in London. Between his Monday morning's Thursday night, he'd run three cigarette coupons into a pile of field glasses on a weekly outing, and I'd afternoon and he does the whole blamed lot on what thing of 'Arty 'Emanuel's - Ballywill'!"

Occasionally more than usually astute owners make a good thing out of the suspicious minds of the public, says an English writer on the subject of betting, "but they would believe there," once said Mr. Fred Swindells when someone asked him what he should do about a horse whose merits he did not want to be known.

Ted Sloan threatens to put racing for ever on the "chick" as he phrases it, by telling of the evil and demoralising examples which young persons who wander to the tracks are afforded. Knowing something in a general way of Ted's race-track history, we would suggest that he could still profitably mix with a fully disreputable set to the enterprise of racing by writing his autobiography. He was perhaps by far the worst example the younger jockeys had.

Mr. A. E. Hopewell, who has re-landed in Auckland from time past, leaves for a business visit to England on Monday next. Mr. Hopewell, who expects to be away about six months, informs me that it is his intention to try to pick up a distinguished station in the Old Country that will mate with St. Simon mares. Mr. Hopewell recognises the fact that only a high-class horse would be patronised, and he intends to spare no effort to get the very best.

Although Argentine breeders have paid big prices in England and France for stallions, they have paid very little attention to mares. However, there may be an alteration in this state of affairs, as Mr. Allison, the London Sportsman, who was recently in South America, has been informed that if he personally selects up to 50 mares, and sends them out in batches from July to November, there will be ready buyers for them. A proviso is that all the mares must be English-bred, for they are animals, and must be landed in local sale condition.

For the first time since the early 'nineties, Jacob Pincus, one of the most famous trainers of the old school, and the man who prepared Froppis, the only American horse who ever won the English Derby, for his victory at Epsom, has applied for a trainer's license in America. He has not needed the money (says the "New York Telegraph") and he is not hard up now. But he simply cannot find any money. He feels that he must have some incentive to get up early mornings, and occupation to keep him out of mischief in the middle of the day. Mr. Pincus will get his license of course.

Charles Grainger and Matt Wynn, who, with W. E. Appleton, owned the two race-tracks at Louisville (Kentucky), have completed arrangements for a system of pari-mutuel and auction pool betting in Kentucky next season. They went to New York, and saw the way to go, if they could not get the machines and tables used by local tracks when that system of betting was in vogue there. They found that the old machines were too rusty to be used, and that it would be necessary to have new ones made. This will be done, and fifteen machines are to be put in service at Churchhill Downs and Douglass Park in the spring.

Interest in King Edward VII.'s colt Perrier for the English Derby has increased since the late March meeting. Some weeks back, when he saw the horse at work, in the opinion of good judges, Perrier will not be really at his best until the autumn. He has started his Derby preparation last March (his trainer) is not likely to hurry him if he thinks it will have an injurious effect upon the colt. Perrier is a big horse, and will require a vast amount of work to get him fit. If the above is correct, Perrier must be something but an ordinary, as the cable informs us that he has already won the Biennial Stakes.

Mr. W. Lyons is having real bad luck with Walpurga, which ran second in the City Handicap on the third day of the A.J.C. meeting, and again second in the Peace Handicap on the second day. The efforts of the son of Saint in these events have completely exposed his form, and Mr. Lyons will probably have to wait some time before he gets another opportunity. Walpurga was well supported by his connections in both his races, and his defeat will be pretty costly. According to a private telegram received by Mr. D. Twofold, Walpurga got away very badly, and was only defeated by a neck at the finish, so with ordinary luck he would have won. Walpurga is engaged at City Tattersall's meeting next Saturday.

At the annual meeting of the Pakaranga Hunt Club, held last Friday, the Master, Mr. H. G. Gorrin, struck a winning note in reference to the annual donation made to the club by the Auckland Racing Club. It could hardly be expected, said Mr. Gorrin, that the A.R.C. would continue the donation unless the members of the club nominated more freely for the hunting events. In this connection, the master has struck the nail on the head, and it seems strange that, with a club boasting in all 100 members, that there should only be three starters in each event on the day. Mr. Gorrin was sincerely hoped that the members will take the warning.

J. H. Prosser, the Porirua trainer, in a chat with a Wellington writer after his return from Auckland, said that when La Auckland had the meeting he was approached by an old sportsman who asked him what chance Marguerite had in the Autumn Handicap. Mr. Prosser, adopting the correct method, parried the question by asking, "What did you think of having a chance?" to which the old man retorted, "No, don't trouble about a horse that has had a fall in a flat race, they're never any good afterwards." This set the genial Porirua trainer thinking, and he at once advised a number of horses that were being trained after the shock of a fall on the flat, and among them he mentioned Cleonchish, Master Delaval, and Achilles. The last named, although only flat in the Great Eastern at Riccarton, never had much heart for racing.

When experts differ who is to decide? Is an old saying. A writer in the "Wellington Post" recently got a few opinions as to the best horse to back in the Autumn Handicap in New Zealand at present. Young, the rider of Gold Crest in the Easter Handicap, gave the palm to Southern, F. D. Jones, first horseman to the Hon. J. P. O'Rourke, goes for Layoult, G. Byles favors Gold Thread, while the writer himself puts Mahana in the pride of position, and classes Aborigine as the smartest of the two-year-olds. Not having seen Naimi, Gold Thread or Layoult, I cannot express an opinion, but I would certainly agree with him over Aborigine without going through the list. I would pick Armit to give him a fall start over two or three furlongs.

Thus a correspondent in the "Australasian" on the suppression of betting laws, and the prohibition of the sale of liquor, says that such an iniquitous provision was ever introduced, and it only needs a little spittle on the part of the sportsman of Australia to have all such despot measures erased from the statute. The sportsman of Australia place their names upon the electoral rolls of the States, and keep them there, and when Parliamentary elections take place let them do their duty as members of the body politic at the first ballot. He will soon be in a position to throw off the yoke imposed upon them by those who wear tonstone faces and billy-goat beards.

An example of the disadvantage of having a case before a magistrate without any expert knowledge of the circumstances was seen at Bombay recently (says the "Asian"), when Mr. Ben Smith, a book-maker, presented (Hornbill) Ruston for attempting to cheat. According to the complainant's evidence, the accused backed a horse, who won, for ten rapses at 3 to 1, but when the ticket was presented for payment the figures had been altered from Rs. 30 to 10 to Rs. 300 to 100. In giving judgment the magistrate expressed his surprise that the Parsi Presidency magistrate, observed that the court had only Mr. Smith's statement that the original figure was 30 to 10 and not 300 to 100. On the other hand, the accused said that the ticket was for 100 to 10. This was one man's word against that of another, and as both were interested parties to the transaction, the Court, before considering the accused of a serious offence, made quite strong consideration of the complainant's story. The magistrate then went on to say he could not help remarking that these so-called Parsi magistrates, who are generally not regarded as other respectable and honest tradesmen or business people, and did not appear to be supported by the police. It would have been therefore much better if the magistrate officers of the police had been refused to take cognizance of the case, and referred the complainant to the Turf Club for whatever redress he might obtain from its members. All of which, we must say, is a very sensible business if they were not hindered in their dealings with their clients.

A writer in the "Standard Times" pens a long article on the breeding of horses, in the course of which he says, "While we are on this let me make it as plain as I can. There are some horses a plenty - far too many of them. But it takes a man who has been finding trouble in his life, who has to tell you that such horses get out on to the track from the paddock when a horse has been lipped or not. At that, I wouldn't trust my judgment in such a matter so absolutely that I'd be willing to go into a court of law and testify either way."

As a rule, the horses that get the hop just before going to the post are naturally sluggish animals that won't extend themselves in races unless they are strikingly well bred up to. Such horses may have the brooding, the brawn, the conformation, the stamina to do any old thing in the way of racing, but they'reuffers, shirkers, and their inherent disposition is to soldier on the job. Why do you think that the greatest horse of our modern racing time, no less a lay than Kene's unbeaten Colla, is a born loser? That's what he is, a lazy, loushy, lummocky bender of the worst description. He hasn't been extended yet, although he won his thirteen straight races this year from the best horses of his age in training. The answer is that Colla is so enormously superior to anything else of his age, that he can afford to be a bit of a loaf, and still win a breeze. Probably Colla always will be a loafer, but, of course,

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he'll never be stiffened up with any hop, because the juice will never be necessary in his case, and because, of course, for the most important reason, Keene's trainer would just about as lief chop off one of his hands as to buy any kind of horse.

"But sluggish, sultry horses of the middling good or even the overnight handi-cap kind, get the pick-me-up stuff simply because they won't do anything without it. They're like fellows that refuse to tackle the worst job pointed out to them before they get something to eat by way of a haudout or a sit-down. A trainer who is not particularly conscientious gets to looking at some lazy old slug in his barn. The trainer knows that the horse has the goods along with him if he can only be made to chuck up."

"It's the dauged pity," says the trainer to himself, "that I can't get that old son of a gun to fetch something home for me. He's as fine as a fiddle, right up to concert pitch, can pick up a package, can stay, can sprint at the finish, can do any old thing. And yet he's a dud. He's eating his blossoming head off and not handing me a thing. I think it'll be that one for a pill the next time I ask anything of him." So a new hop horse is added to the list."

Continued on page 57.

**AUCKLAND RACING CLUB.**  
**GREAT NORTHERN STEEPLECHASE MEETING.**

**FIRST DAY.**  
**SATURDAY, MAY 30th, 1908.**  
 First Race to Start at 12 Noon.  
**MAIDEN STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 150sovs;** about two miles and a-half.  
**JERVOIS HANDICAP of 100sovs;** five furlongs.  
**MAIDEN HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 110sovs;** one mile and three-quarters.  
**GREAT NORTHERN HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 650sovs;** distance, two miles and a-half.  
**CORNWALL HANDICAP of 325sovs;** one mile and a-quarter.  
**LADIES' BRACELET of 100sovs;** one mile and a-half.  
**MEMBERS' HANDICAP of 150sovs;** five furlongs.

**SECOND DAY.**  
**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1908.**  
 (Prince of Wales Birthday.)  
 First Race to Start at 12 Noon.  
**ORAKEI HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 110 sovs.;** one mile and three-quarters.  
**RANFURLY WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs.;** one mile.  
**GREAT NORTHERN STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 850sovs;** distance about three miles and a-half.  
**REMUDA HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 200sovs;** two miles.  
**PRINCE OF WALES' HANDICAP of 325 sovs.;** seven furlongs.  
**TALLY-HO STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 150sovs;** about three miles.  
**THE JUMPERS' FLAT RACE HANDICAP of 150sovs;** one mile and a-half.

**THIRD DAY.**  
**SATURDAY, JUNE 6th, 1908.**  
 First Race to Start at 12 Noon.  
**LADIES' BRACELET of 500sovs;** one mile.  
**TAMAKI STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 110sovs;** about two miles and a-half.  
**YORK WELTER HANDICAP of 325sovs;** one mile.  
**WINTER STEEPLECHASE (Handicap) of 300sovs;** distance about three miles.  
**CAMPBELL HURDLE RACE (Handicap) of 200sovs;** two miles.  
**FITZROY WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs.;** six furlongs.  
**FAREWELL HANDICAP of 150sovs;** five furlongs.

**DATES OF NOMINATIONS, ACCEPTANCES, etc.**  
 (With amounts to be transmitted to Secretary, A.R.C.)

**FRIDAY, MAY 8th, GENERAL ENTRY,** by 9 p.m.  
**ACCEPTANCES.** — Great Northern Hurdle Handicap 3sovs, Great Northern Steeplechase Handicap 3sovs.

**NOMINATIONS.** — Maiden Steeplechase Handicap 1sovs, Jervois Handicap 4sovs, Maiden Hurdle Handicap 2sovs, Cornwall Handicap 1sovs, Ladies' Bracelet (First Day) 2sovs, Members' Handicap 1sovs, Orakei Hurdle Handicap 1sovs, Ranfurlly Welter Handicap 1sovs, Remuda Hurdle Handicap 1sovs, Prince of Wales Handicap 1sovs, Tally-ho Steeplechase Handicap 1sovs, The Jumpers' Flat Race Handicap 1sovs, Ladies' Bracelet (Third Day) 1sovs, Tamaki Steeplechase Handicap 1sovs, York Welter Handicap 1sovs, Campbell Hurdle Handicap 1sovs, Fitzroy Welter Handicap 1sovs, Farewell Handicap 1sovs.

J. F. HARTLAND, Secretary.

**Music and Drama**

"The Prisoner of Zenda," by far the best thing Mr Knight does, always saving and excepting "Beaucaire," drew phenomenal audiences in Auckland, but was withdrawn on Saturday to make room for "Claudian," which was somewhat of a pity, for the latter play cannot hold a candle in point of interest or smartness to the dramatisation of Anthony Hope's splendid novel. A description of some of the dresses worn in "Zenda" appears in our Auckland letter, and should be studied by lady readers.

so far influenced by superstition as to refuse his pay on a Friday.

Talking of superstition—Bland Holt objects to an open umbrella on the stage, and in one play of his, in which there was a scene with the rain falling in torrents, two of the principals walked the stage with closed "gamps" under their arms!

Percy Dix who, in conjunction with Baker, provides the people of the coal town of Newcastle with permanent variety entertainment, has at present artists appearing most of whom are known to patrons of vaudeville on this side—Victor the Great, Ward Lear, "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest," moving picture, the Levartos, Maggie Frazer, Lucy Lavinia, Olive Carr, Maxwell and Roberts, Amy Blackie, Dawson and Rhodesbury, Chas. Pope, and Geo. Fogden.

Roy Redgrave, who appeared here with Tittell Brune's Co., is now leading man in the production of "Robbery Under Arms" at the Pavilion Theatre, London.

Dolly Castles is a member of one of the George Edwardes' touring companies at present producing "The Girls of Gotenberg."

Fred. Graham and his wife (Nellie Dent), at present with Fuller's company, will shortly leave on a trip to England and America.

How great was the fall thereof! The Queen's Theatre, down in Kensington, which for some years has catered for the intellectual interest more than any other London theatre, mainly with Bernard Shaw plays, has descended to a Courtneidge revival of "The Dairymaids." Carrie Moore, who was a bright particular star in the original production, would not be in the cast, having sailed for Australia to play the chief part in the Williamson production of "The Merry Widow." But even Carrie Moore would not be so much missed in view of the fact that Phyllis Dare was to play the heroine.

Mr. William Hawtrey, with his own company, is fulfilling engagements in far-off California, being at the Orpheum, in Oakland, not a great distance from San Francisco.

Miss Catharine Aulsebrook, the Auckland contralto who left New Zealand to study under Madame Blanche Marchesi, appears to be doing well. That experienced teacher has obtained for her several good engagements, notably at Lady Brassey's, at Park Lane, and a festival in Somerset. Speaking of a concert at Brighton, the local "Herald" says:—"The concert served to introduce to Brighton a contralto of high accomplishment in Miss Catharine Aulsebrook. Her wide-compassed voice has peculiarly satisfying qualities of openness and fulness, strong and decided in attack, firm and even, and yet not without warmth and sympathy. She sang with quiet, unforced dignity in Liddle's 'Abide With Me,' and was heard to even greater advantage in Handel's stately, sonorous 'Largo,' here given its more correct but less popular title, 'Ombra mai fu.'"

Enrico Caruso, who was so highly satisfied with the four years' contract that he made with Henrich Conried, of the New York Metropolitan Opera House, is now trying to dodge his obligations. Under his contract with Conried, which has three years more to run, Caruso gets £300 this year for each appearance, £400 next year and £500 the following year. He is assured of eighty appearances every season. Lately he has had to refuse an offer of £700 each for ten concerts in the States because of the contract.

May Moore Duprez, of the accent and the clogs, is back again at the London halls after an extended holiday in Monte Carlo and Paris.

The "Peter Pan" production at the Melbourne Princess, according to the critics, has proved a great success. Miss Tittell Brune, it would appear, admirably sustains the title role in Barrie's fanciful romance, and receives adequate support from the company.

The Royal Artillery Band of Newcastle left England on April 9th to make a tour of Australasia. The band's reputation extends to almost every corner of Great Britain.

Meynell and Gunn's first musical comedy production commenced its career at the Melbourne Royal a fortnight back. The piece was "Miss Hook of Holland," from the London Prince of Wales. In the English production G. P. Huntley is the Mr. Hook, and it is said that the Australian importation, Mr. Edwin Brett, is strongly reminiscent of the English comedian's very distinctive style. I notice that Huntley has been out of the London cast owing to ill-health, and that that excellent comedian of pleasant memory, George Giddens, has been filling his shoes.

Andrew Black is in Westralia. He gave a recital at the Queen's Hall, Perth, on Good Friday night.

The Kios Sisters, who are in the Rickards' touring variety show, are said to draw £100 a week. Speaking of Rickards and drawing salaries, the "Referee," after detailing some of the superstitions of that lucky manager, including a disinclination to sign contracts on Friday, expresses an opinion that no actor would allow himself to be

plays, but they are rarely performed nowadays. I would gladly pay this if I could; and I promise you that whenever I am in work I will pay whatever I can."

Mr R. G. Knowles has included Australia and New Zealand in his itinerary for a second tour of the world.


In England the number of actors and actresses playing upon the variety stage is steadily upon the increase. Among the latest names mentioned of those who are about to try their fortunes in the halls are those of Ellen Terry, Laurence Irving, Fanny Brough, and Seymour Hicks.

Regimental horses in Germany have been the subjects of musical tests, and nearly all enjoyed the experience, only a very small percentage of the animals remaining indifferent to sweet harmonies, while equally few showed active dislike. The great majority were soothed, in-spirited, or excited by music.

Most of the horses, like the war chargers one may suppose them to be, enjoyed the bugle above any other instrument, and neighed gallantly when it was sounded, but thoroughbreds and colts generally were found to prefer the shrill treble of the fife, which roused them to great, and sometimes unmanageable, enthusiasm. This was the more significant because the fife was an unfamiliar instrument to them, not being generally used as is the bugle in the French army.

Finally, all the musical horses particularly appreciated sweet sounds after a meal of oats, and before breakfast they showed restiveness when played to.

The boy stood on the school house step  
 When the master opened the door.  
 "Hello!" said the master. "You're first at last!"  
 "You were always behind before!"  
 "I'm early because," replied the lad,  
 "I've taken the health renewer  
 To cure the cough that was so bad—  
 It's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

  
**Spencer Pianos**  
 HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO THE FOLLOWING  
**MEN-OF-WAR.**

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| H.M.S. "Albatross" | H.M.S. "Hindostan" |
| "Albion"           | "Indefatigable"    |
| "Andromeda" (3)    | "Irresistible"     |
| "Argonaut"         | "Jupiter"          |
| "Aurora"           | "Keel" (3)         |
| "Barham"           | "King Alfred"      |
| "Berwick"          | "Majestic"         |
| "Canopus"          | "Pembroke"         |
| "Centurion"        | "Pegasus"          |
| "Commodore"        | "Pioneer"          |
| "Cressy"           | "Powerful"         |
| "Diadem"           | "Prince of Wales"  |
| "Drake"            | "Prince George"    |
| "Dread" (3)        | "Rapid"            |
| "Exmouth" (3)      | "Russell"          |
| "Gladstone"        | "Spartiate"        |
| "Glorious"         | "Superb"           |
| "Good Hope"        | "Sultan"           |
| "Goliath"          | "Terrible"         |
| "Griffin"          | "Thesus"           |
| "Hood"             | "Venerable"        |
| "Hermes"           | "Vindictive"       |

Also H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT."

**SOLE AGENTS FOR THESE PIANOS:**  
**LONDON AND BERLIN PIANO COY.**  
 215-217 QUEEN STREET.

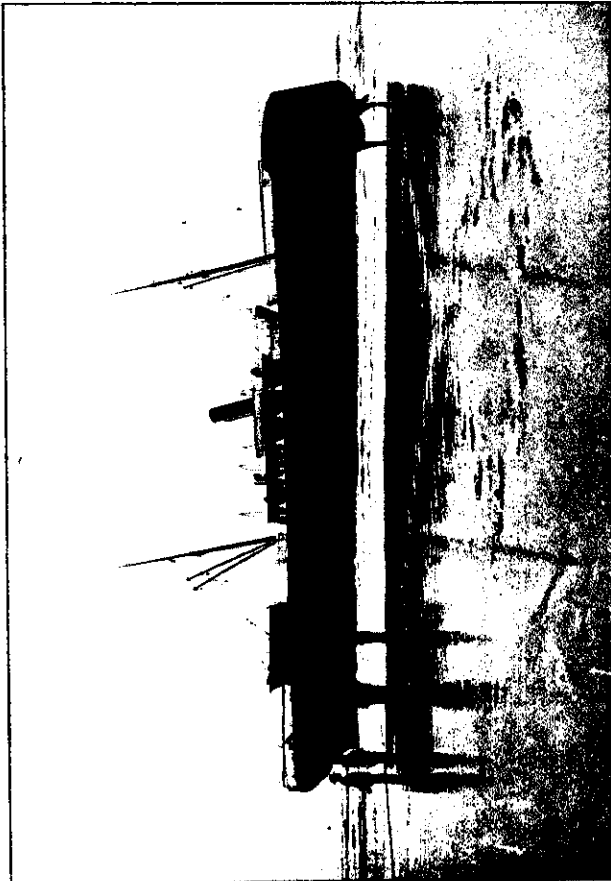




SIR JOSEPH WARD ADDRESSING MEMBERS AND GUESTS.



THE OPENING DRIVE.



THE UNION S.S. COMPANY'S TAVUNI ASHORE AT WESTPORT.

Photo kindly supplied by Mr. Mounant, Bank of S.S.W., Westport.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LINKS.

Scharf, photo.

OPENING THE GOLF LINKS, AT TRENTHAM, WELLINGTON.

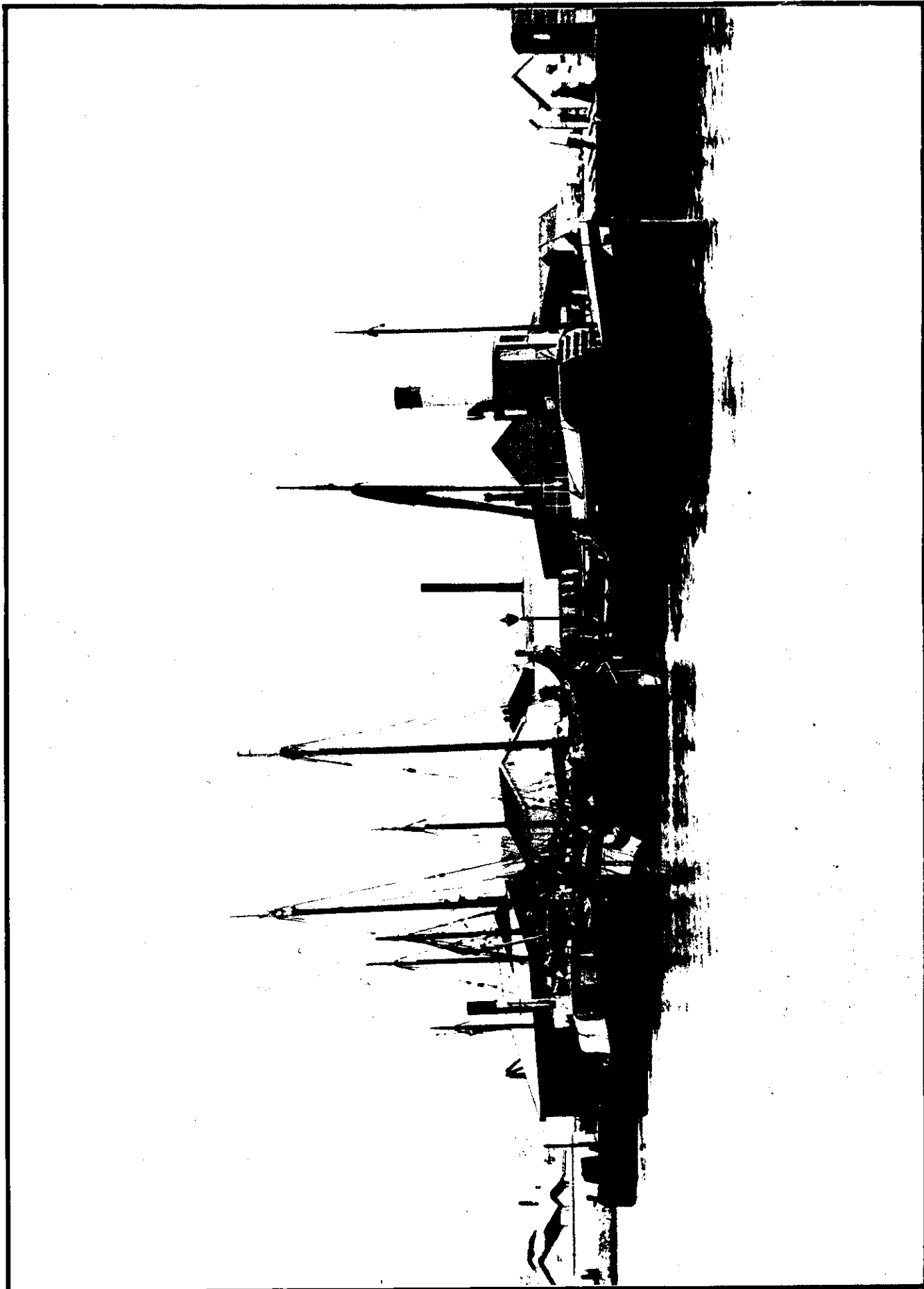


HARBOUR BOARD OFFICES, PORT AHURIRI.



UNLOADING CARGO FROM THE OCEAN LINER, WHAKAMA BY LIGHTER AT PORT AHURIRI, NAPIER.

NAPIER, ONE OF THE FOREMOST PORTS OF THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.



**NAPIER. ONE OF THE FOREMOST PORTS OF THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND.**

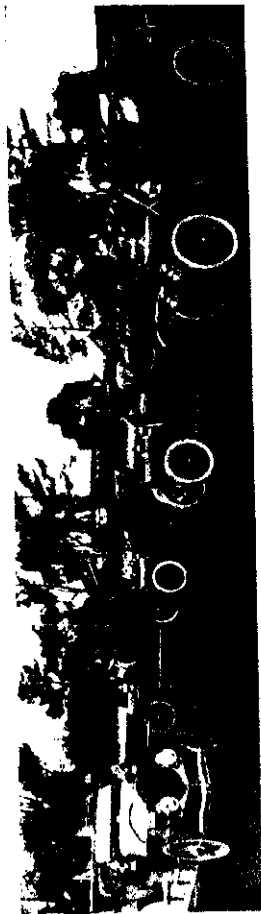
TRAWLERS. PORT AUCKLAND. The trawling industry has assumed large proportions in Hawke's Bay. The true sole, as captured from the Napier trawler, is as different and superior to flounder as cream to skim milk, and the demand for this delicious fish is even now far exceeded by the supply.



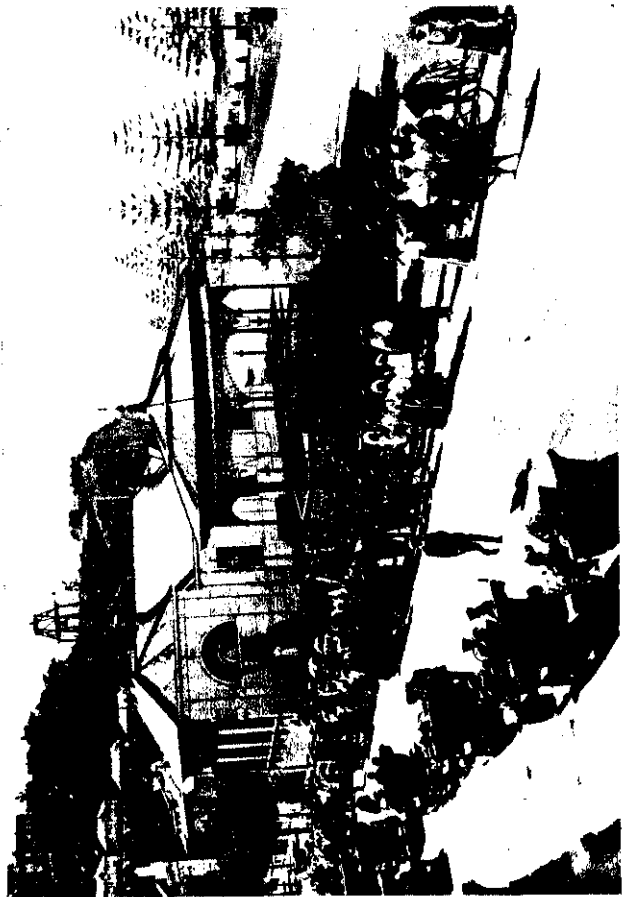
Schaeff, photo. HEAD OF A GREAT SHIPBUILDING FIRM. Gathering of representative citizens at Wellington to welcome Colonel Donny, of the famous shipbuilding firm of Dunbarton, Scotland, who is on a visit to New Zealand; Col. Donny is sitting at the table in front of the fireplace, between Mr. Massey and the Hon. J. A. Millar.



LEAVING THE MASONIC HOTEL. See 'Our Illustrations.'



IN THE RECREATION GROUNDS.



THE PROCESSION LINED UP ON THE MARINE PARADE.

O. R. Bostock, photo.

MOTOR-CAR GYMKHANA AT NAPIER.



The oysters are picked off the rocks singly or in small clusters, by means of a small double-headed pick—in the use of which the men get wonderfully expert. Each man carries round a kerosene tin which when full is emptied into the sacks.



FILLING THE SACKS, WHICH ARE NUMBERED AND BRANDED WITH THE BROAD ARROW.

Each man is limited to picking three sacks, for which he receives 6 0/6 each.



TAKING THE OYSTERS OFF TO THE RECEIVING CUTTER.



MR. BENNETT EXPLAINING OPERATIONS TO THE CHIEF INSPECTOR.



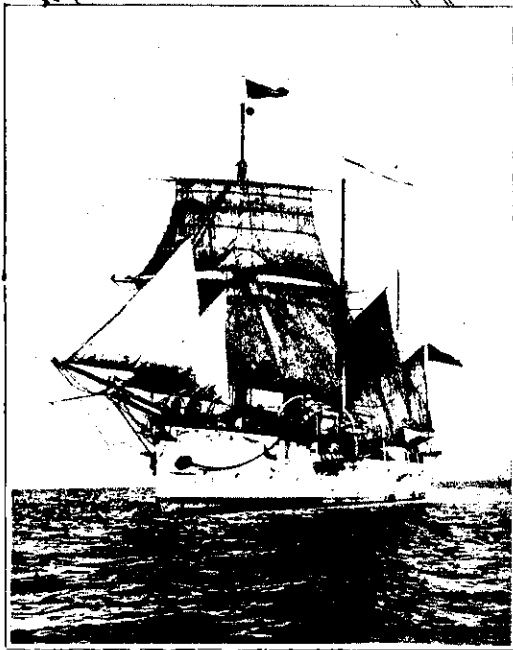
MR. AYSON INSPECTING THE PICKING.

Mr. L. E. Ayson, Chief Inspector of Fisheries, came up specially from Wellington to get everything in order for this new departure, and was down at Putiki Bay, Waikato, on the opening day.

**FIRST OYSTERS OF THE SEASON—PICKING UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL.**

The advent of the season of that popular delicacy, the oyster, has never previously attracted so much attention as it has this year, the reason being that this is the first occasion on which the picking has been done under the supervision of the Government. Last year the price of the succulent bivalve went as high as 25/- per sack, and there was much dissatisfaction among the public. In addition, the indiscriminate picking nearly ruined the beds, as the pickers naturally made as much money as they could without too much consideration for the young oysters. Mr. Bennett, the local inspector, supervised the picking at Waikato, and Mr. Stephenson was in charge of the Bay of Islands. Twenty-nine pickers who were all specially chosen, gathered 82 sacks, and Russell sent down 11 sacks on the opening day. The oysters are received at the Government depot, Auckland, and sold to anyone who likes to apply at 12 0/6 per sack.

# TRAINING YOUNG NEW ZEALAND FOR THE SEA: SNAPSHOTS ON THE AMOKURA.



Amokura has been in commission is ample proof of their intelligence.

The lads do everything about the ship except stoking, which would be too severe on growing youths, and would, as the chief remarked, "turn out weeds by the

cutter, and whaler with uncommon skill in rough as well as fine weather. The work calls for considerable nerve, and, in spite of the youth of the boys, it is carried out with coolness and skill that would do credit to hardened sailors. The colonial youth is proverbially quick at learning, and the Amokura lads pick up the instruction in a remarkably short space of time. They seem to have a natural liking for a life on the ocean wave, and when one questions them he can see that they have not merely learned their lessons by rote, but can explain their work and duties with an intelligence that augurs well for their future success in a career which is destined to play a prominent part in our island history.

Owing to her geographical position, New Zealand will always have a large percentage of sailors among her people, and as the importance of the Dominion increases with the coming years, the importance of this interesting class of her population will be more fully recognised. Life on board the training-ship is modelled on naval lines, or, to quote the regulations, "The King's Regulations and Admiralty's Instructions" may be taken as a guide and as forming a part of these regulations in so far as the maintenance of discipline on the training ship

SIXTY boys, each rigged out as a miniature man-o'-war'sman, sling their hammocks aboard the Amokura, the New Zealand naval training ship, which, for the past three months has been cruising in Northern waters, and is now on her way to headquarters at Wellington. It is an experiment of the Government in a systematic training of young New Zealand for the sea, and it promises to be not the least successful of the schemes for which that far-seeing statesman, the late Mr. Seddon, was responsible. When the gunboat Sparrow, which cost something like £30,000 when launched, was purchased by the Government for a paltry £800 (thanks to the generosity of the Admiralty), there were many people only too ready to popooh the idea, and spoke sarcastically about New Zealand's one-ship navy. If some of those good people could now see these sixty lads

at work on the tidy little Amokura, they would admit that once again the remarkable accuracy of Mr. Seddon's judgment has been proved; that the scheme has now passed beyond the experimental stage, and that Young New Zealand is a true descendant of a people whose love of the sea is second only to their love of their native land—those



"TOGETHER, NOW!"

The boys handle the boats splendidly in fine weather or rough, and take naturally to this part of their work, which appears to specially appeal to them.

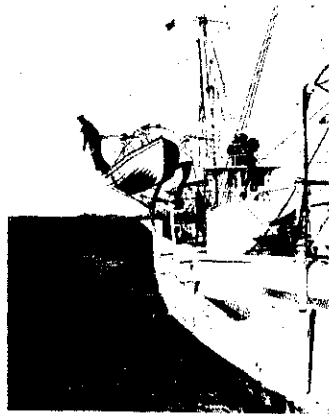
dozen." There are, however, several boys on duty in the engine-room to enter in a book every order received from the bridge, to watch the gauge on the water tank, and so on, whenever the ship is under way. Boat pulling and sailing is particularly popular, and the different crews handle the ship's lifeboats, heavy

is concerned." Judging from the class of boys on the ship, and from their remarks when questioned on the subject, it does not seem likely that the recruiting officers of the Royal Navy will pass many Amokura lads through their

Continued on page 23.



TO THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



HEAVING THE LEAD.

people for whom Newhall's stirring lines were written:

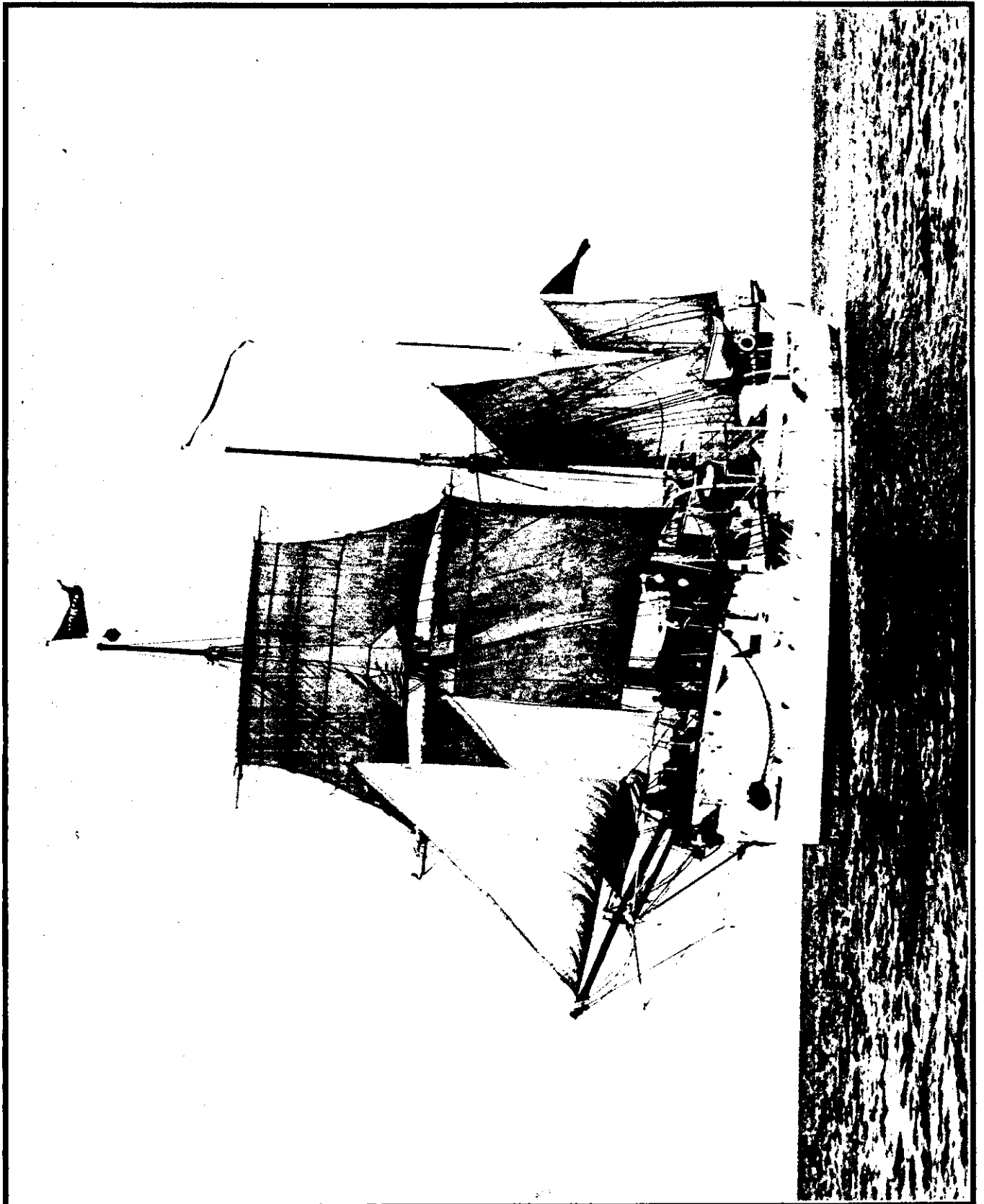
"Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still),  
Admirals all, they went their way  
To the haven under the hill,  
But they left us a kingdom none can take —  
The realm of the circling sea —  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
And the Rodneys yet to be."

In selecting sixty boys out of some thing like ten times that number of applications, one would expect a promising lot, and a week's knowledge of the crew leaves one with a frank admiration for the grit and capabilities of the rising generation of the Dominion. They are a fine, willing lot, and the progress they have made in the short time the

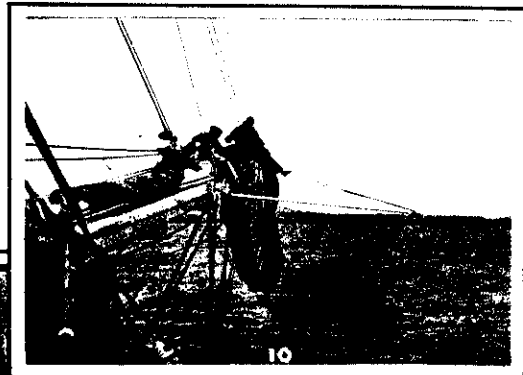
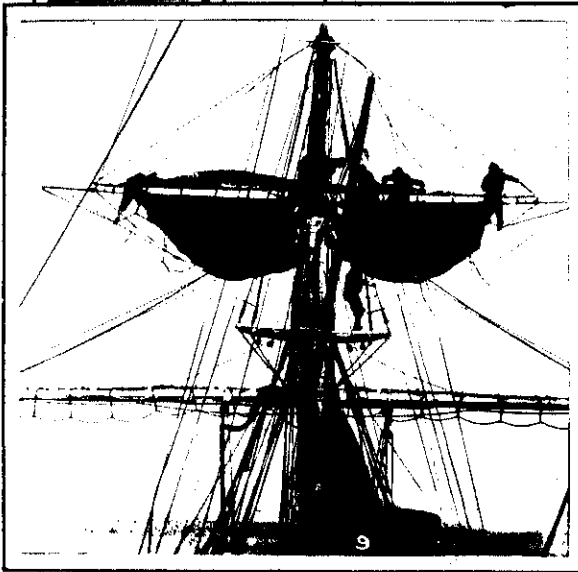
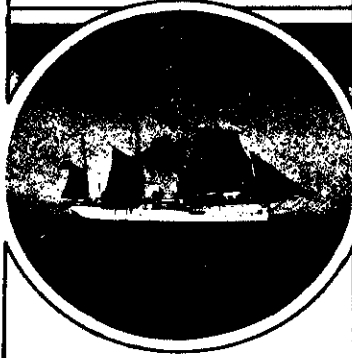
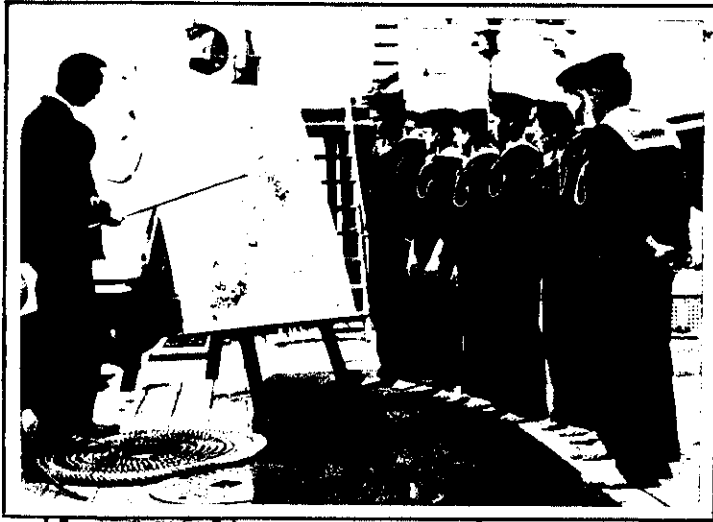


THE NEW BOY.

Commander Hooper receiving the latest recruit, who has just come over the side with his bundle. Alongside him is one of the smart lads turned out on the ship, who is smiling to himself as he thinks of the day when he was in the other boy's shoes and didn't know a clew-earring from the rudder post.



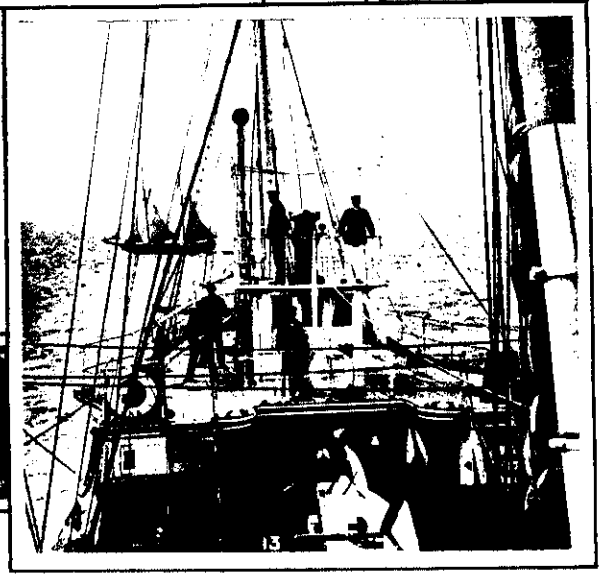
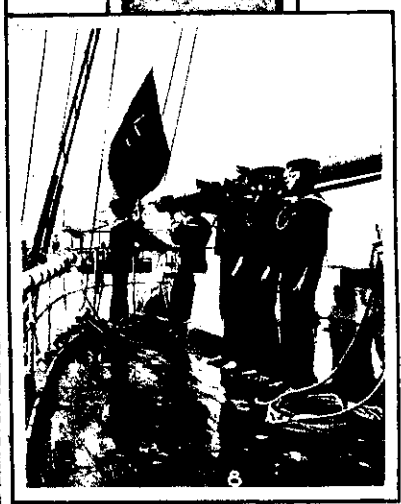
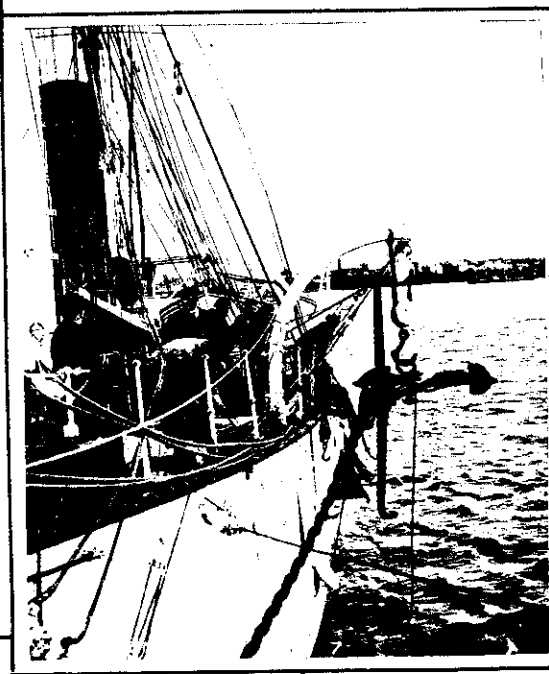
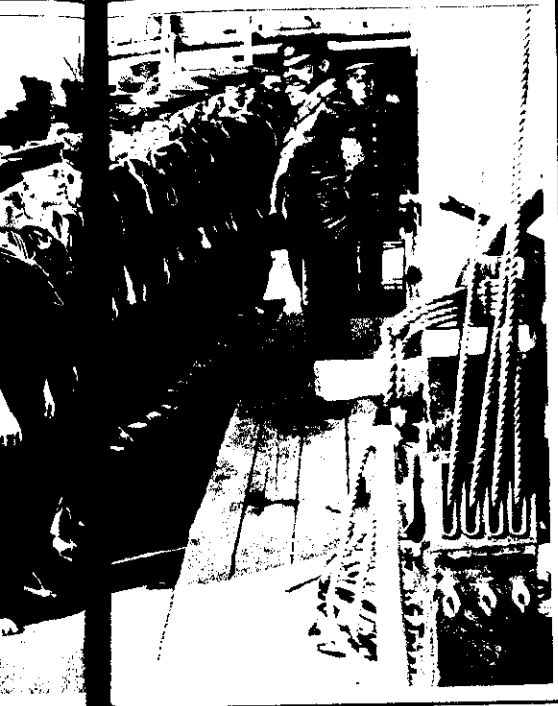
THE NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TRAINING SHIP AMOKURA UNDER SAIL IN THE FRITH OF THAMES.



# THE BOYS OF THE SEA

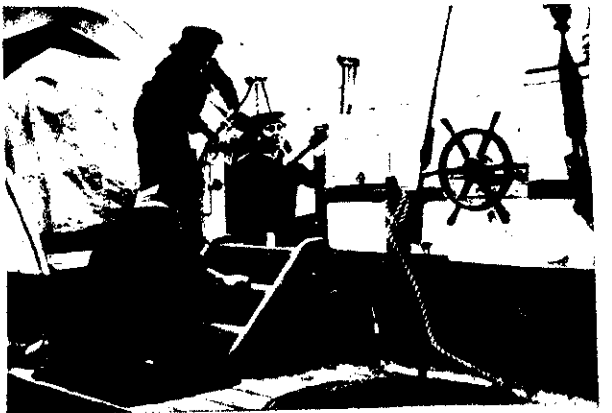
1. The Commander takes a class on the position of New Zealand's coastal lights. 2. Learning splicing under Instructor Morris. 3. Instructor Davis and inspected by the Commander or the chief officer. 7. Mr. Wilcox supervising the cutting of the anchor. 8. Hauling down the ensign at sunset.





# THE AMOKURA AT WORK.

Director Powell showing the boys how to make knots. 4. Cleaning arms. 5. "Down jib!" 6. Divisions—Every morning the whole ship's company is lined up on the quarter-deck looking in the topsail. 10. Stowing the jib. 11. The Chief Engineer off for the day. 12. Contemplation. 13. Looking aft from the main rigging.



### THE DAILY ROUND ON THE AMOKURA.

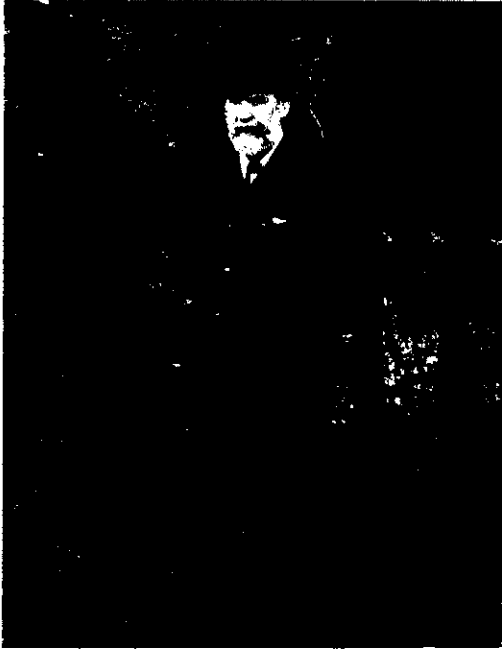
1. Morning ablutions. 2. Washing down decks. 3. Malt day. 4. Gundryll at the three-pound quickflor under Instructor Power. 5. Cooks' boys. 6. The chief steward makes a little melody. 7. Checking the weight of the meat as it comes on board. 8. Polishing up.

**Sir Robert Hart and His Decorations.**

**A REMARKABLE LIST.**

Since his last birthday he has received three additional orders of chivalry—to wit, "First Class, Order of the Rising Sun," sent to him by the Emperor of Japan, and the "Grand Cross of the Or-

der of the Dragon of Annam," conferred upon him by the President of the French Republic, whilst the King of Italy has decorated him with the "Grand Cordon, Order of the Crown of Italy." This is the second time Sir Robert has received the Order of the Crown of Italy, the late King Humbert having created him a grand officer of the same in 1884. This distinguished Order was founded in 1868, and consists of five classes. The first class is limited to 60 members, the second to



SIR ROBERT HART.

Probably the most decorated man in the British Empire.



See Obituary.

THE LATE G. G. STEAD, OF CHRISTCHURCH.

150, the third to 500, the fourth to 2,000, and as for simple chevaliers, who form the fifth class, their number is unlimited. Insignia, a white enamelled cross, the four arms of which are connected by lines of gold; the centre of the cross is adorned with the iron crown. Ribbon, crimson-watered silk with a large white stripe.

Sir Robert Hart is one of the few British subjects possessing the coveted and illustrious Order of Christ of Portugal, King Dom Luis, the grandfather of the present youthful Monarch, having made him a Knight Grand Cross of the Order in

1888 in recognition of his services in connection with the Sino-Portuguese Convention at Macao, the Portuguese possession near Canton. Sir Robert conducted the Macao negotiations on behalf of China, while Portugal was represented by the brilliant Senhor H. de Barros Gomez, who held the portfolio for Foreign Affairs in Senhor Lucian de Castro's Administration. The Order of Christ of Portugal is one of the oldest decorations in Europe, having been founded in 1319, exactly thirty years before the English

Continued on page 33.



F. Dickson, photo.

BAPTISING MORMON CONVERTS AT KAIKOHE, BAY OF ISLANDS.

The Mormon cross seems to have an attraction for the native race in the North, and converts are fairly numerous. Polygamy, however, is not one of the tenets of the sect.



MEMBERS OF THE PARNELL TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB, TAKEN ON SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1908.



BAPTIST JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS AT AUCKLAND.

GROUP TAKEN AT THE "CITIZENS' DINNER" IN THE TABERNACLE SCHOOLROOM LAST WEEK.

The luncheon, which was a great success and very largely attended, was presided over by the Rev. R. H. Knowles-Kempston. Mr. A. C. Canahley, President of the local Y.M.C.A., made an eloquent speech in support of Sunday Schools, to promote the work of which was the object of the luncheon. Donations of £10 from Mr. Justice Cooper and £50 from Dr. Knight were announced, and many smaller sums were subscribed in the hall.



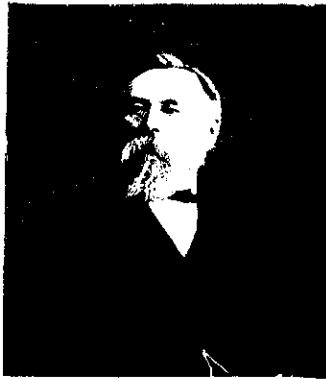
MR. T. J. THOMPSON,  
Again re-elected Mayor of Hastings.



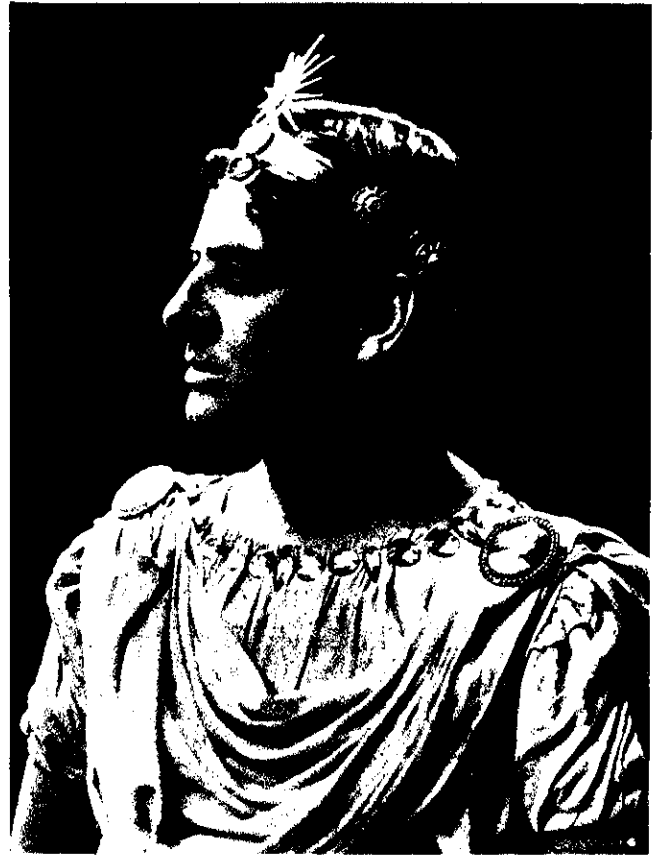
THE LATE MR. T. T. MASEFIELD,  
of Auckland.  
Mr. Masefield had taken a prominent part  
in civic life of Auckland, and was im-  
mensely popular.



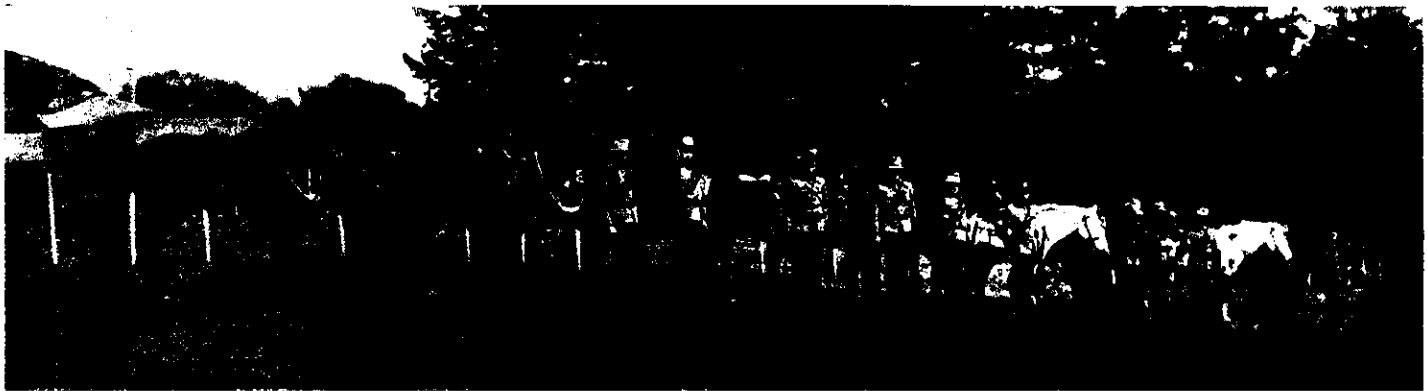
MR. VIGOR BROWN,  
the popular re-elected Mayor of Napier.



MR. CHAS. ALLISON,  
elected Mayor of Christchurch, after a  
close contest.



MR. JULIUS KNIGHT IN "CLAUDIAN."



A GROUP OF COMPETITORS AT THE STARTING POINT.

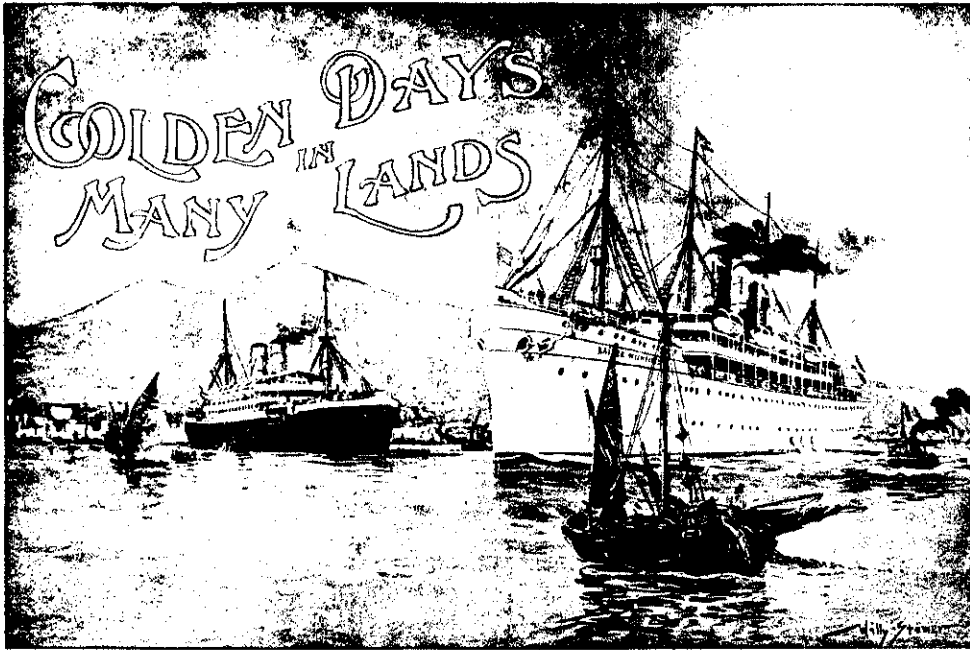


C. Bell, photo. AT THE FIRST FIRING POINT.



UMPIRING OFFICERS COMPARING NOTES.  
From left to right: Capt. Chas. J. Smith, R. Wynan, and Lieut. H. Nathan,  
donor of the cup and medals.

LIEUT. H. NATHAN'S SCOUTING COMPETITION FOR THE PUKEKOHE MOUNTED RIFLES.



## BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

### AMERICA'S TWO GREATEST CANYONS.

#### II. GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

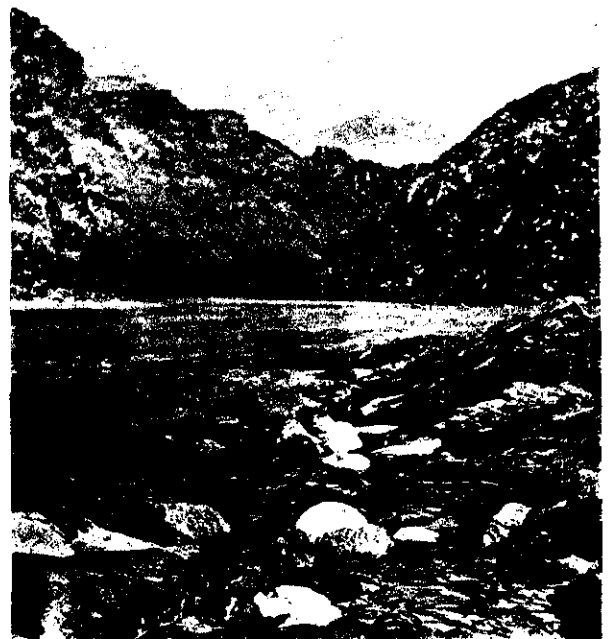
THE trail of the great steam monster across the desert of Arizona, across the red sandy plains where no grass is visible and only a tufty sage plant, a diminutive yucca, and a cactus manage to live, is forlorn and depressing. At the queerest mining hamlet of Williams, that deserted village whose every second building is a beer-shop and whose only claim for distinction lies in the unique sign board that swings over one such den and which proclaims to the world at large that it is a "Life saving station and

Thirst Parlour," we left the main line and branched toward the Canyon. For eleven months there had been no rain in Arizona, and then there came so much rain that the railway lines were washed away, causing much trouble and expense, and often delaying a train for several days. We could only creep along the Canyon line, which had suffered severely, but we had more luck than the passengers of a train two days previously, when the carriages were upset and the unfortunate occupants hauled out through the windows.

The hotel clock was pointing to a quarter to eight when we reached our



LOOKING DOWN THE CANYON FROM BRIGHT ANGEL.



COLORADO RIVER AT THE FOOT OF THE GRAND CANYON.

destination, all covered with snow and just four hours after our expected time of arrival.

El Tovar is quaint to be sure! Following the old log cabin idea, the inside of the great hall and also of the dining-room are lined with huge tree stumps partially stained. Down the centre of the entrance hall are great tree trunks reaching from floor to ceiling and acting as supports for the roof. Round the walls hang Indian paintings; over the entrance door and at the far end of the hall are huge elk and bison heads; on

the floors are brilliantly coloured Indian blankets, and even the electric lights are fastened to swinging logs of wood.

When I awakened next morning I hopped out of bed and opened the shutters of my window, gazing out on a scene such as I had never before beheld. The Grand Canyon with its huge red precipices was not visible though only a few yards away, but every tree was white with snow, and huge icicles a foot long hung from the edge of the verandah. As I leant out of the window the snowflakes fell on my head and shoulders, and the ground was thick and white with it. It took me ages to dress that morning, as I was continually returning to the window to look at the wonderful snow-scene.

After breakfast, as the snow had ceased falling somewhat, we walked outside. The Grand Canyon, shrouded in mist a few yards away, interested me not a whit. I wanted to walk in the snow and shake the trees until great masses of snow fell from their overburdened limbs. There wasn't a tiny scrap of earth to be seen, and not a leaf on the big trees but was thickly coated white; nothing could have been more beautiful. The snow on the ground in the pine forest of Yosemite had enchanted me, but here the trees with their drooping snow-laden branches made the scene a thousand times more wonderful, a thousand times more beautiful to my unaccustomed eyes.

Walking to the Canyon's edge, we found the mist too great for us to see far into its mighty depths, so we spent most of the day in the Indian House,

where the Hopi Indians are employed weaving blankets and making pottery and baskets, all of Indian design, and made by the primitive Indian methods. The snow continuing all day, we saw nothing of the Canyon, but the next day dawned clear and sunny and the snow fast melted away.

We breakfasted early, and the ladies rigged in a similar divided skirt to that I had worn up at Yosemite, we were soon on our mules descending the Canyon trail.

Since that memorable day I have

groped among the writings of those who have felt the influence of the Canyon, but none, no not one, seems capable of putting into words an impression of what the Canyon really looks like.

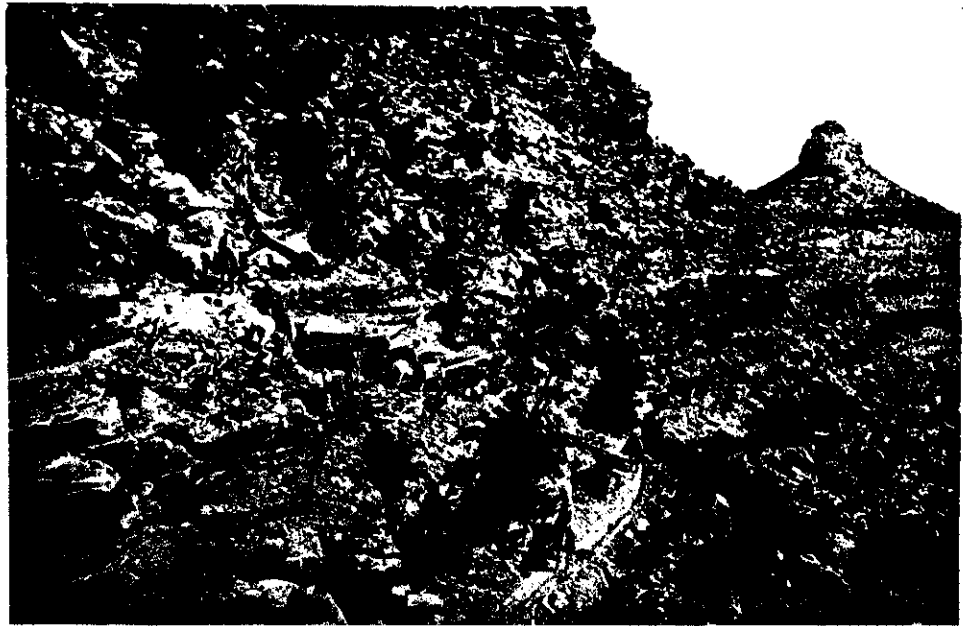
Nothing one has ever heard, or seen, or thought of, affords a basis of comparison. It is the queerest, hugest, most awe-inspiring work of nature imaginable, and even while one is there standing on its brink or winding down the trail to the rushing Colorado River, its meaning and the wherefore of it remains shrouded in a mystery impenetrable by human minds.

In the centre of that great Arizona desert suddenly the earth is rent by an awful, enormous crack. Not a simple widening of the earth, but a gap which measures thirteen miles from brim to brim, and between those almost razor edges the earth is, for 217 miles, broken into all manner of queer shaped mountains; ranges and ranges of the most uncanny hills the eye ever rested upon. Deep, deep down, 6,000 feet below, through the heart of this terrible Canyon rushes the mighty, muddy Colorado River.

In and out the trail wound, at one time bringing us above a great precipice, then slowly but surely our mules followed its winding course down, down, down until we were looking up the face of the same rock on the summit of which we had been standing some short time before. We were below this one 'tis true, but only on a level with another rocky cliff or range of similar cliffs extending for miles—before, to left, and to right of us. Our goal was the Colorado River, so for four hours our splendid sturdy mules carried us down, down, and ever down.

From the brim of the Canyon one obtains the best bird's eye view of the ranges of coloured hills, but only by descending the trail does a realisation of the stupendous depth creep in on one, and then the mind is assailed by a very real and human fear of the stupendous power that must have been at work when the placid face of the desert was torn and rent and cast about in this awful manner.

While its hugeness and queerness is impressive the deep colours of the rocks add much to the peculiar effect. For the first few hundred feet below the brim the rocks are yellow, next comes a strata



THE ZIGZAGS, BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL, GRAND CANYON.



A SNOW-STORM ON THE EDGE OF THE CANYON.



BRIGHT ANGEL CANYON, FROM O'NEIL'S POINT.

of crimson rock and then the black granite, so when the sun shines into the Canyon a startlingly brilliant picture is formed.

We lunched beside the swirling Colorado River, into the muddy waters of which all the Americans of the party dipped their hands for luck; and then began our five hours' ascent of the trail. Each time we paused to rest our mules fresh exclamations of wonder were heard from all lips. I think most of us agreed with the man who, at one of the pauses, turned to me saying: "Each time we stop I reckon this is the best view, yet when we get on to the next stop it looks grander than before."

"You see we are only beginning to grasp it," some one answered.

"I guess you're right, only we'll never grasp it," he replied.

And he was right. We didn't grasp all nor anything like all the wonder of it.

But there was a strange weird stillness about it all, a lack of all animal or vegetable life, that was almost terrifying, and there came over me more than once a powerful foreboding of danger, such as animals are said to feel before an earthquake; making me desire to hasten away out of the uncanny place. So though the Grand Canyon is larger and a thousand times grander, I felt in my heart I liked the Yosemite Valley, with its winding Merced River, its delightful waterfalls and high protecting walls, best.

**Next Week—**

THREE GREAT AMERICAN CITIES.  
1.—Chicago.

In an obscure country chapel a young minister had, as he thought, preached with considerable emotion. He had used in his sermon, for an illustration of storm and peace, the storm on the Lake of Galilee. That storm was depicted as one of lightning and thunder, and rain and wind. As he came out of the chapel one of the members tackled him in the midst of the people. He began by saying:

"That was a wonderful description of thine of the storm; the only thing about it was, it wasn't true. Who told thee it thundered and lightened and rained?" "Why," said the preacher, "those are the natural accompaniments of a storm." "Ah," said he, "but if thee had read thy Bible thee would have seen that it was a storm of wind, just like thine."



INFANT LIFE PROTECTION,  
NURSE CHAPPELL,

who was last week inaugurated in her position as nurse for the Auckland branch of the Society for the Protection of Infant Life, and who was presented with Lady Plunket's badge as a memento of the occasion. The ceremony took place at Government House. Nurse Chappell's services will be at the disposal of all mothers who care to ask her advice. She will be in attendance at the Health Department offices, Chancery lane, from 2.30 to 4 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays. Letters from those requesting Nurse Chappell's help or ad-

vice should be addressed to Miss Colman's Institute for Trained Nurses, Liverpool Street.



LADY PLUNKET'S BADGE, PRESENTED TO NURSE CHAPPELL.

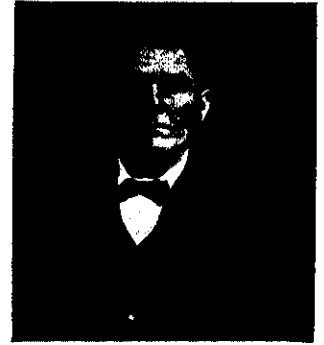


THE LATE CAPT. GASKIN.

Capt. Gaskin was a nephew of Mr. J. W. Taylor, of the Health Department, Auckland.

Captain Gaskin, who was reported as lost in the pearling disaster at Le Grande Bay, W.A., was a native of New Zealand, being a son of the late Rev. R. H. Gaskin, formerly of Collingwood. Deceased is only 33 years of age, and his mother is still alive, having lost both her husband and son by drowning. Captain Gaskin was first educated at the Bishops' School, Nelson, from where he went into the firm of Nancarrow and Co., Greymouth. Subsequently, he decided to study for the law, and was in the office of Messrs. Guinness and Kitchingham. However, the sea always had a fascination for him, and about 14 years ago he went to Western Australia, where he has been pearling for some time past. First he was clerk to Cap-

tain Biddell, and finally joined that gentleman's son in the pearling business.



Foy, photo.

MR. J. NEWTH,

the newly-elected Mayor of Waihi. Mr. Newth was president of the Miners' Union of Waihi for five years, and the workers showed their esteem for him by placing him in the highest position the borough offers.



Schmidt, Hemes Studios, photo.

MASTER WILLIAM R. FRIAR,

the Onehunga School Cadet who has left for England to compete for Lord Roberts' Prize for Rifle Shooting.



Bunting, photo.

MR. JAMES ALFRED NASH,

who won the Mayoral election at Palmerston North, after a fierce and close contest with Mr. Essex.



Schaefer, photo.

SNAPSHOTS OF WELL-KNOWN HORSES AND PEOPLE AT THE AUTUMN MEETING, WELLINGTON.



**Sir Robert Hart and His Decorations.**

Continued from page 27.

Order of the Garter. It consists of three classes, limited to six members of the first and 450 of the second; the number of the members of the third class is unlimited. Insignia, a red enamelled cross, with golden rims, in the centre of which is inserted a narrow white enamelled cross; the whole is surmounted for the members of the two first classes with an octagonal star of gold and white enamel, in the centre of which is represented in red enamel the holy heart of Christ, encircled with a wreath of green enamelled leaves. Ribbon, crimson-watered silk. The State robes consist of a white mantle, fastened by means of a long siffen cord tied in the shape of a rosette. The star of the Order is embroidered on the left side of the mantle. A red cap, sword, Morocco boots, and golden spurs complete the costume, in which members of the Order are generally buried.

King Leopold of Belgium has bestowed the Order of Leopold three times upon Sir Robert Hart, having made him a Commander of the Order in 1869, a Grand Officer in 1893, and having given him the Grand Cordon in 1906. This Order was founded in 1832, and consists of five classes—first, grand-cordons; second, grand-officers; third, commanders; fourth, officers; fifth, chevaliers. Insignia, a white enamelled cross, with a wreath of laurel and oak leaf between each of the four branches; one side of it bears in the centre a black enamelled scutcheon, surrounded with a red circle between two small golden circles; on that scutcheon is inscribed the King's monogram in gold, and composed of two L.L. and two R.R. intertwined, and on the other side, on a black enamelled scutcheon, the Belgian line in gold; round the scutcheon is a red enamelled rim, on which is inscribed in gold letters the motto of the kingdom, "L'union fait la force." The cross is surmounted by the Royal Crown. The jewel is on silver for chevaliers, and for all other classes it is on gold. The Star of the Order is worn by grand-cordons and grand-officers only. Ribbon, crimson watered silk. This Order is the same for civilians as for the military, with the exception that for the latter two crossed swords are added as supporters under the crown.

The Emperor of Austria has twice honoured Sir Robert with the Order of Francis Joseph of Austria—in 1870, when his Majesty made him a Knight Commander of it, and in 1873 he was created a Knight Grand Cross. The Order of Francis Joseph was founded by the present Monarch in 1849, just a year after he ascended the throne. It consists of three classes, number unlimited. Insignia, a red enamelled cross of gold, the angles of the branches of which are curved; the cross is convex; between its four arms is perceived the two-headed crowned eagle in gold, partly enamelled with black, and holding in his two beaks a golden chain, in the lower links of which is inserted the motto, "Viribus unitis"—strength by unity. Ribbon, deep red.

From France Sir Robert has on two occasions received the well-known Legion of Honour. Marshall MacMahon created him a Commander of the Order in 1879, and in 1885 President Grevy made him a "Grand Officer" of the same because of his services in bringing the Franco-Chinese war of 1884-5 to a close. The Legion of Honour was founded in 1802, and consists of five classes—fifth, chevaliers, whose number is unlimited; 4th, officers, limited to 4,000; third, commanders, limited to 1,000; second, grand-officers, limited to 200; first, grand-croix, limited to 80. This Order was founded as a reward for civil merit or military valour. Insignia, a star with five double-pointed branches, surmounted by a wreath of oak and laurel leaves; round the centre of the star are entwined branches of oak and laurel; the obverse side of the star bears in its centre the effigy of the Republic; in a small ring round this centre, and encircled between two smaller golden rims, is the following inscription:—"Republique Francaise (1870)." the reverse side represents two tricolour flags, with the motto of the Order, "Honneur et patrie"—honour and country. This star is of silver for chevaliers, and of gold for all

other ranks. This Order is frequently conferred upon foreigners, but foreign members have not their names inscribed upon the official rolls, nor do they receive letters patent, but simply letters of advice. Ribbon, crimson-watered silk.

Sir Robert also possesses the Order of Orange Nassau, Holland, the Queen-mother of the Netherlands having made him a Knight Grand Cross of this Order in 1897, and the late King Oscar II. of Norway and Sweden sent him two decorations. First, His Majesty made him a Chevalier of the Order of Vasa in 1870. This Order was founded in 1776, and consists of four classes, number unlimited. Insignia, an oval gold escutcheon, in the white enamelled centre of which is displayed the crest of Vasa in gold; this centre is encircled with a red enamel ring bearing the following inscription:—"Gustaf den Tredie instiktare MDCCXXII." (Gustav III., instituted 1772). Ribbon, green watered silk. On State occasions the Order is worn with a gold chain, the links of which represent alternately gold sheaves and shields, with the Swedish arms surrounded by the attributes of commerce, the arts and agriculture, and the arms of Holstein in enamel and gold. The State robes are the national costume, in green velvet and white satin breeches, with green velvet mantle lined with white satin. Secondly, His Majesty in 1894 created Sir Robert a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Polar Star of Norway. The foundation of this Order is uncertain, but it was revised exactly 160 years ago. It consists of four classes, number unlimited, and is destined to reward civil merit. Insignia, an octagonal gold white enamelled cross, with gold crowns in four angles; the cross is surmounted by a Royal golden crown; the blue enamelled centre of the cross represents a golden star—the Polar Star—round which is inscribed the motto of the order, "Nescit occasum" (it never sets). Ribbon, black. The State robes are of crimson velvet and the breeches of white satin. The collar is composed of a double chain of gold, between which are alternately fixed a gold and white enamel star and a double F of blue enamel, and surmounted by the Royal crown in gold.

In the year 1900, shortly after the siege of the Peking Legation by the Boxers, the German Emperor bestowed the Order of the Crown, First Class, Prussia, upon Sir Robert.

Sir Robert Hart is also, his Protestantism notwithstanding, by direct gift of the late Pope Leo XIII., a Commander of the Papal Order of Pius IX., which honour he received in 1885. This rare Order was founded in 1847, the year after Pius IX. was elected Pope. It consists of two classes, and its members are limited in number. Insignia, an hexagonal blue enamelled star, the obverse white enamelled centre of which is inscribed with the words "Pius IX." in gold; in the gold ring round it is displayed the motto, "Virtuti et merito" (for virtue and merit). The reverse white enamelled centre, equally encircled with gold, contains the following inscription:—"Anno MDCCCXLVII." Ribbon, dark blue, with two crimson stripes on each side. This and the Order of Saint Sylvester, which was formerly known under the name of "Order of the Golden Spur," are the only two Papal Orders for which special costumes exist.

In addition to creating Sir Robert Hart a baronet, her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, conferred the three classes of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George upon him—the C.M.G. in 1879, the K.C.M.G. in 1882, and the G.C.M.G. in 1889. This Order was founded in 1818, and its motto is "Auspiciis melioris aevi" (a pledge of better times). Ribbon, Saxon blue with a scarlet stripe.

And America has presented him with several medals of Republican appreciation.

Of all the ally proverbs one Whose vogue should be diminished, Is: "Woman's work is never done!" It should be: "Never finished!" She's always working, understand. To keep the home together, And has Wood's Peppermint Cure on hand For colds in watery weather.

The itinerant Irishman's grace after meat goes one better than the English farmer's "There," with an accompanying slip of the waistcoat. The Irish wanderer, having enjoyed a rare square meal, ejaculated with the fervour of his race, "Thank the Lord for the next; I am sure of this."

**Training Young New Zealand for the Sea.**

Continued from page 22.

hands. A career in the Navy would be the natural corollary of the training the lads receive, but, at the same time, it would serve them just as well in the mercantile marine, and here there is an increasing demand for sailors. The manager of the Union Company has said that he will take as many boys as the ship can turn out. In fact, the demand for men in the mercantile marine is unlimited.

As mentioned previously, all the duties are carried out by the boys with the exception of feeding the furnaces. They set and furl sails, work the anchor, steer the ship (two boys being at the wheel at once), keep regular watches, and, in addition to genuine sailoring they take it in turns to help in the cook and steward's departments. Nothing comes amiss to them. Our photographs explain pretty fully the duties carried out by the boys, and it speaks well for the training they have received when they can work a ship the size of the Amokura in the manner they do.

Life on board is strongly tinged by the naval element, and it is amusing to notice how rapidly our small sailors have acquired the shibboleth. Every day conversation smacks of "Tom Cringle's Log," or one of Murryatt's yarns, till one would imagine everybody had been fed on sea air and tarry ropes all his life.

A naval aphorism which is very popular just now is "If you don't do no dooty you don't get no stoo!" And "old Peter's" is so good that it would be a pity to miss it. It is probable that the picturesque-ness of the language has more to do with the popularity of the saying than the sentiment. There is, however, undoubtedly sound logic in this pithy sea reference to duty and stew—it is the whole of Emerson's essay on "Compensation" boiled down and expressed in the vernacular of the region of Bow Bells. With three or four phrases of this nature, the Dan Len of the ship can keep a boat's crew amused for an hour at a time, and the aptness with which the youngsters apply them is really very amusing. The Amokura youth has a strong sense of humour.

Another great saying in the navy is "Carry on."

"What are you doing, Transom?" "Stowing tubs on the boat booms, sir." "Right you are, carry on, then."

This sounds illogical to the land-man, who wonders why young Transom should "carry on" but the deep sea significance of the term is "Right you are, go ahead." "Carry on" is a standing dish on board, and you will hear it on an average about twice every five minutes.

The steward is endeavouring to initiate his lads into the mysteries of the art of waiting at table, and you hear something like this—

"Don't pass across the gentleman's bows, there," as a khaki-clad arm shoots in front of you for the butter, and when your cup of tea is put down on the wrong side the little steward, pro tem. is reminded "Now then, drink on the starboard hand."

Steward also attends to the sick, or, rather, the so-called sick. After divisions the port and starboard watches are dismissed, and the order given "sick, fall out!" In response about a score of abnormally healthy-looking little sailormen tumble down the companion way, and "the doctor's" room was soon in a stage of siege. It seems that he had a particularly palatable brand of cough mixture on tap, and everybody developed a cold. There was enough coughing in all the main trywalk. "Cold, sir; bad cold," was the invariable reply to the enquiry, "Well, what's wrong with you?" And the brown liquid began to fall like a thermometer before frost. No. 49 had taken his half-tumblerful with evident relish, and had just reached the foot of the companion-way when the medicine suddenly remembered something. "Here 49, wasn't you on mother's milk yesterday?" "Don't think so, sir."

"Yes you was. Come back here and take it!" No. 49 came back reluctantly and had to swallow half a glass of the white stuff, and he "didn't make a face neither," as one of the boys remarked. "Mother's milk" is a sea euphemism for a mixture in which a prominent part

is played by a very homely remedy, a saline substance which comes from a place called Epsom. No. 49 didn't seem to know what complaint he had when he emerged from the dispensary the second time.

As so much interest is taken in the boys, a few particulars about their entry, pay, etc., will be appreciated. Application for admission must be made to the Minister of Marine, whose Department controls the ship. The minimum age at entry is thirteen and a-half years and the maximum fourteen and a-half, and the period of service is eighteen months or two years, at the discretion of the Minister of Marine. Each boy receives pay at the rate of one penny per day, which is increased to twopenny at the end of six months, if the lad is ranked "first class." On receipt of a good conduct stripe another penny is added, and on being promoted to the rank of petty officer a boy receives four pence per diem. While the ship was in Northern waters eleven boys had good conduct stripes awarded them—this being the first batch to be so rewarded. Thirty-five days' leave twenty-one at mid-summer, and fourteen in mid-winter—are granted in the year, and each boy has a holiday allowance ranging from 5/- after six months' service to 15/- after eighteen months. Three half-holidays are allowed each week. It is compulsory for the boys to wear uniform whether on duty or on leave. The instruction embraces seamanship, gunnery, squad drill, rifle exercises, and bugle calls, company formation and marching, exercises, rudiments of navigation and engine-room duties.

The experiment is an undoubted success, and must of necessity go further. The Amokura has proved the possibilities of doing the work, but she is too small, and if the Dominion carries the scheme in its logical conclusion the Home system of one big training ship at fixed headquarters, with a smaller sailing tender in which the boys can make sea cruises, is the system that will have to be adopted. The Amokura has served her purpose, and considering the paltry sum for which she was obtained the experiment is anything but costly. In the year 1906-7, the ship cost £2736, in which sum there were such items as purchase money £800, ropes, flags, etc., £426, overhauling and re-fitting £544. Salaries of officers came to £618. When cruising, the staff consists of the commander, first and second officers, first and second engineers, engine-room hand, four stokers, four instructors, two stewards, and cook.

Commander Hooper, who was formerly in the Government steamer Hinemoa, and belongs to the Royal Naval Reserve, is in command, and has with him the following officers:—First, Mr. W. Wilcox; second, Mr. Millman; chief engineer, Mr. J. McPherson; second, Mr. H. Scott. The instructors from the Royal Navy are Messrs. Penman, Power, Morris, and Upton, and Mr. W. Trimblett is ship's steward.

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# Master Artists of the Piano

By JAMES HUNEKER

ARTISTIC pianoforte playing is no longer rare. The once jealously-guarded secrets of the masters have become the property of conservatories. Self-playing instruments perform technical miracles, and are valuable inasmuch as they interest a number of persons who would otherwise avoid music as an ineluctable mystery. Furthermore, the warring ease with which these machines despatch the most appalling difficulties has turned the current toward what is significant in a musical performance: touch, phrasing, interpretation. While a child's hand may set spinning the Don Juan Fantasia of Liszt, no mechanical appliance yet the Schumann Concerto as they should be played.

We mention purposely these cunning inventions because we do not think that they have harmed the public interest in pianoforte recitals; rather have they stimulated it. Never before has the standard of execution and interpretation been so high. The giant wave of virtuosity that broke over Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century has not yet receded. A new artist on the keyboard is eagerly heard, and discussed. If he be a Paderewski or a Joseffy, he is a centre of a huge admiration. The days of Liszt were renewed when Paderewski made his tours in America. Therefore, it is not an exaggeration to say that not until now has good playing been so little of a rarity.

But a hundred years ago matters were different. It was in 1839 that Franz Liszt gave the first genuine pianoforte recital, and possessing a striking profile, he boldly presented it to his audiences; before that pianists either faced or sat with their back to the public. Without any intention of making an historic record, it is nevertheless impossible to speak of modern pianoforte playing without mentioning Liszt, who, born in 1811, dying in 1886, years hence may still be an authority, so profound, so far-reaching were his innovations and discoveries. No matter what avenue of music the

genius, taking away all they needed, others glad to catch the very crumbs that fell. Liszt was a prodigious genius. His whole life was an outpouring. He was one of the most charitable men that ever lived. A hero of many cultures, he was not only the greatest pianist that has thus far appeared, but he invented the Symphonic Poem, a vital modification of the old symphony form, and left behind him a remarkable school of pianists who have, each in his own individual fashion, continued or expanded the Liszt's traditions.

Liszt was a pupil of Karl Czerny, whose finger exercise, still resounding in various homes and halls of learning. Czerny taught him finger mechanism. Muzio Clementi, who has been called "the father of pianoforte-playing," bequeathed a set of studies that showed Liszt the way; studies, the technical figures of which were appreciated by Beethoven to such an extent that when you have mastered Clementi, you can at least finger any sonata of Beethoven. Liszt has also studied to advantage the school of his predecessor at Weimar, J. N. Hummel, whose style was an amplification of Mozart's. Then he met Chopin, and that path-breaker in figuration, digitation, style, and interpretation, exerted, after Paganini, the most enduring influence on Liszt's future. Paganini's fantastic and extraordinary violin performances had fired musical and unmusical Europe; Liszt did not escape the general conflagration. A kindred temperament to Paganini's, on certain sides, he sought for the secret of the Italian's diabolic play. He discovered it, as by reason of his almost universal sympathies he discovered the secrets of other virtuosi and composers.

Liszt's very power, muscular, compelling, set pianoforte manufacturers to experimenting. A new instrument was literally made for him, an instrument that could thunder like an orchestra, sing like a voice, or whisper like a harp. Liszt could proudly boast, "le piano—c'est moi!" With it he needed no orchestra, no singers, no scenery. It was his stage, and upon its wires he told the stories of the operas, sang the beautiful, and then novel, *Lieder* of Schubert and Schumann, revealed the mastery of Beethoven, the poetry of Chopin, and Bach's magical mathematics. He, too, set Europe ablaze; even Paganini was forgotten, and the gentlemanly Thalberg with his gentlemanly playing suddenly became insidiously true music-lovers. Liszt was called a charlatan, and doubtless partially deserved the appellation in the sense that he very often played for effect's sake, for the sake of dazzling the groundlings. His tone was massive, his touch colored by a thousand shades of feeling, his technique impeccable, his fire and fury bewildering; add to this a musicianship superior to any composer of the century, except Mendelssohn—Beethoven is, naturally, not included—and a gift of divination that was without parallel.

And if Liszt affected his contemporaries, he also trained his successors, Tausig, von Bulow, and Rubinstein—the latter was never an actual pupil, though he profited by Liszt's advice and regarded him as a model. Karl Tausig, the greatest virtuoso after Liszt and his equal at many points, died prematurely. Never had the world heard such controlled plastic, and objective interpretations. His iron will had drilled his Slavie temperament so that his playing was, as Joseffy says, "a series of perfectly painted pictures." His technique, according to those who heard him, was perfection. He was the one pianist sans peur et sans reproche. All schools were at his call. Chopin was revived when he played; and he was the first to hail the rising star of Brahms, not critically as did Schumann, but practically by putting his name on his recital programs. Mr. Albert Ross Parsons, the well-known New York pianist, critic, and pedagogue, once told the present writer that Tausig's playing evoked the image of some magnificent mountain. "And Joseffy?" was asked

—for Joseffy was Tausig's favourite pupil. "The lovely mist that enveloped the mountain at dusk," was Mr. Parsons' very happy answer. Since then Joseffy has condensed this mist into something more solid, though remaining quite as beautiful.

Rubinstein I heard play his series of historical recitals, seven in all; better still, I heard him perform the feat twice. I regret that it was not thrice. If ever there was a heaven-storming genius, it was Anton Rubinstein. Nicolas Rubinstein was a capital artist; but the fire that flickered and leaped in the playing of Anton was not in evidence in the work of his brother. You felt in listening to Anton that the piece he happened to be playing was heard by you for the first time—the creative element in his nature was so strong. It seemed no longer reproductive art. The same thing has been said of Liszt. Often arbitrary in his very subjective readings, Rubinstein never failed to interest. He had an overpowering sort of magnetism that crossed the stage and enveloped his audience with a gripping power. His touch, to quote again Joseffy, was like that of a French horn. It sang with a mellow thunder. An impressionist is the best sense of that misunderstood expression; he was the reverse of his rival and colleague, Hans von Bulow.

The brother-in-law, a la main gauche, of that brother of dragons, Richard Wagner, von Bulow was hardly appreciated during his first visit to America in 1876-77. Rubinstein had preceded him by three seasons, and we were loath to believe that the rather dry, angular touch and clear-cut phrasing of the little, irritable Hans were revelations from on high. Nevertheless, von Bulow, the mighty scholar, opened new views for us by his Beethoven and Bach playing. The analyst in him ruled. Not a colorist, but a master of black and white, he exposed the minutest meanings of the composer that he presented. He was first to introduce Tchaikovsky's brilliant and clangorous B-flat minor Concerto. Of his Chopin performances, I retain only the memory of the D-flat Nocturne. That was exquisite, and all the more surprising coming from a man of von Bulow's pedantic nature. His second visit to this country, some 15 years ago, was better appreciated, but I found his playing almost insupportable. He had withered in tone and style, a mummy of his former alert self.

The latter-day generation of virtuosi owe as much to Liszt as did the famous trinity, Tausig, Rubinstein, von Bulow. Many of them studied with the old wizard at Rome, Budapest, and Weimar; some with his pupils; all have absorbed his traditions. It would be as impossible to keep Liszt out of your playing—out of your fingers, forearms,iceps, and triiceps—as it would be to return to the naive manner of an Emmanuel Bach or a Scarlatti. Modern pianoforte-playing spells Liszt.

After von Bulow a much more naturally gifted pianist visited the United States, Rafael Joseffy. It was in 1879 that old Chickering Hall witnessed his triumph, a triumph many times repeated later in Steinway Hall, Carnegie Hall, the Metropolitan Opera House, and throughout America. At first Joseffy was called the "Patti of the Pianoforte," one of those facile, alliterative, meaningless titles he never merited. He had the coloratura, if you will, of a Patti, but he had something besides—brains and a poetic temperament. "Poetic" is a vague term that usually covers a weakness in technique. There are different sorts of poetry. There is the rich poetry of Paderewski, the antique grace and delicious poetry of de Pachman. The Joscelian poetry is something else. Its quality is more subtle, more recumbent than the poetry of the Polish or the Russian pianist. Such miraculous finish, such crystalline tone had never before been heard until Joseffy appeared. At first his playing was the purest pantheism—a transfigured materialism, tone, and technique raised to heights undreamed of. Years later a new Joseffy was born. Stern self-discipline, as was the case with Tausig, had won a victory over his temperament as well as his fingers. More restrained, less lush, his play is now ruled by the keenest of intellects, while the old silvery and sensuous charm has not vanished. Some refused to accept the change. They did not realize that for an artist to remain stationary is decadence. They longed for graceful trilling, for rose-coloured patterns, for swallow-

like flights across the keyboard, by a pair of the most beautiful piano hands since Tausig's. In a word, these people did not care for Brahms, and they did care very much for the Chopin Valse in double notes. But the automatic piano has outpointed every virtuoso except Rosenthal in the matter of mere technique. So we enjoy our Brahms from Joseffy, and when he plays Liszt or Chopin, which he does in an ideal style, far removed from the tumultuous thumpings of the average virtuoso, we turn out in numbers to enjoy and applaud him. His music has that indefinable quality



VLADIMIR DE PACHMAN.

which vibrates from a Stradivarius violin. His touch is like no other in the world, and his readings of the classics are marked by reverence and authority. In certain Chopin numbers, such as the Berceuse, the F minor Ballade, the Barcarolle, and the E minor Concerto, he has no peer. Equally lucid and lovely are his performances of the B-flat major Brahms Concerto and the A major Concerto of Liszt. Joseffy is unique.

There was an interregnum in the pianoforte arena for a few years. Joseffy was reported as having been discovered in the wilds above Tarrytown playing two-voiced inventions of Bach, and writing a new piano school. Arthur Friedheim appeared and dazzled us with the B minor Sonata of Liszt. It was a wonder-breeding, thrilling performance. Alfred Grunfeld, of Vienna, caracolled across the keys in an amiably dashing style. Rummel played earnestly. Ansgore also played earnestly. Edmund Neupert delivered Grieg's Concerto as no one before or since has done. Pugno came from Paris, Rosenthal thundered; Sauer, Stavenhagen, Sloti, Sliwinski, Mark Hamblong, Burmeister, Hylstedt, Eadlen Sherwood, Godowsky, Gabelowitsch, Vogrich, Sternberg, Jarvis, Milo, Richard Hoffmann, Bosevitz—to go back some years; Alexander Lambert, August Spanuth, Klahre Lamund, Dohanyi, Busoni, Baermann, Satul, Saens, Stojowski, Lhevime, Rudolph Gauz, MacDowell, Otto Hegner, Josef Hofmann, Reisenauer none of these artists ever aroused such excitement as Paderewski, though a more captivating and brilliant Liszt player than Alfred Reisenauer has been seldom seen and heard.

It was about 1891 that I attended a rehearsal at Carnegie Hall in which participated Ignace Jan Paderewski, the C minor Concerto of Saint-Saens, an effective though musically empty work, was played. There is nothing in the composition that will test a good pianist; yet Paderewski made much of the music. His tone was noble, his technique adequate, his single-finger touch singing. Above all, there was a romantic temperament exposed; not morbid but robust. His strange appearance, the golden aureoled head, the shy attitude, were rather puzzling to public and critic at his debut. Not too much enthusiasm was exhibited during the concert or next morning in the newspapers. But the second performance settled the question. A great artist was revealed. His diffidence melted in the heat of frantic applause. He played the Schumann Concerto, the F minor Concerto of Chopin, many other concertos, all of Chopin's music, much of Schumann, Beethoven, and Liszt. His recitals, first given in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden, so expanded in



FRANZ LISZT.

student travels, he will be sure to encounter the figure of Liszt. Yet neither Liszt nor Chopin was without artistic ancestors. That they stemmed from the great central tree of European music; that they at first were swept down the main current, later controlled it, are facts that to-day are the commonplaces of the schools; though a few decades ago those who could see no salvation outside of German music-making, he it never so conventional, failed to recognize the real significance of either Liszt or Chopin. Both men gave Europe new forms, a new harmonic system, and in Liszt's case his originality was so marked that from Wagner to Tchaikowsky and the Russians, from Cornelius to Richard Strauss and the still newer men, all helped themselves at his royal banquet; some like Wagner, a great

attendance that he moved to Carnegie Hall. There, with only his piano, Paderewski repeated the Liszt miracle. And year after year. And this year, perhaps next. Never in America has a public proved so insatiable in its desire to hear a virtuoso. It is the same from New Orleans to Seattle. Everywhere crowded halls, immense enthusiasms. Now to set all this down to an exotic personality, to occult magnetism, to sensationalism, would be unfair to Paderewski and to the critical discrimination of his audiences. Many have gone to gaze upon him, but they remained to listen. His solid attainments as a musician, his clear, elevated style, his voluptuous, caressing touch, his sometimes exaggerated sentiment, his brilliancy, endurance, and dreamy poetry—these qualities are real, not imaginary.

No more luscious touch has been heard since Rubinstein's. Paderewski often lets his singing fingers linger on a phrase; but as few pianists alive, he can spin his tone, and so his yielding to the temptation is a natural one. He is intellectual and his readings of the classics are sober and sane. Of a poetic temperament, he is at his best in Chopin, not Beethoven. Eclectic is the best word to apply to his interpretations. He plays programmes from Bach to Liszt with commendable fidelity and versatility. He has the power of rousing his audience from a state of calm indifference to wildest frenzy. How does he accomplish this? He has not the technique of Rosenthal, nor that pianist's brilliancy and power; he is not as subtle as Joseffy, nor yet so plastic in his play; the morbid witchery of de Pachmann is not his; yet no one since Rubinstein in America at least—can create such climaxes of enthusiasm. Deny this or that quality to Paderewski; go and with your own ears and eyes hear and witness what we have all heard and witnessed.

I once wrote a story in which a pianist figured as a mesmerizer. He sat at his instrument in a crowded, silent hall and worked his magic upon the multitude. The scene modulates into madness. People are transported. And in all the rancour and storm, the master sits at the keyboard, but does not play. I assure you I have been at

Paderewski recitals where my judgments were in abeyance, where my individuality was merged in that of the mob, where I sat and wondered if I really heard; or was Paderewski only going through the motions and not actually touching the keys? His is a static as well as a dramatic art. The tone wells up from the instrument, is not struck. It floats languorously in the air, it seems to pause, transfixed in the air. The Sarbanian melancholy of Paderewski, his deep sensibility, are translated into the music. Then with a smashing chord he sets us, the prisoners of his tonal circle, free. Is this the art of a hypnotizer? No one has so mastered the trick, if trick it be.



IGNACE PADEREWSKI.

But he is not all moonshine. Of late years he has taken up a method of piano attack that is positively murderous to the ears. The truth is Paderewski has a tone not so large, as mellow. His fortissimo chorals have hitherto lacked the foundation power and splendour of d'Albort's, Busoni's, and Rosenthal's. His transition from piano to forte is his best range, not the extremes at either end of

the ryanamic scale. A healthy, sunny tone it is at its best, very warm in colour. In certain things of Chopin he is unapproachable. He plays the F minor Concerto and the E-flat minor Scherzo—from the second Sonata—beautifully, and so if he is not so convincing in the Beethoven sonatas, his interpretation of the E-flat Emperor Concerto is surprisingly free from morbidezza; it is direct, manly, and musical. His technique has gained since his advent in New York. This he proved by the way he juggled with the Brahms—Paganini variations; though they are still the exclusive property of Moritz Rosenthal. To sum up—the Paderewski case is a puzzle for musical psychologists. He is not the greatest pianist who ever visited America, he is not the greatest living pianist. A half-dozen others excel him in specialties. But he is more interesting; he has more personal charm; there is the feeling when you hear him that he is a complete man, a harmonious artist, and this feeling is very compelling. Paderewski is a "phenomenon"—using the word in its popular acceptance.

The tricky elf that rocked the cradle of Vladimir de Pachmann—a Russian virtuoso, born in Olessa (1848), of a Jewish father and a Turkish mother (he said to me once, "My father is a Cantor, my mother a Turkey")—must have enjoyed—not without a certain malicious peep at the future—the idea of how much worryment and sorrow it would cause the plump little black-haired baby when he grew up and played the pianoforte like the imp of genius he is. It is nearly seventeen years since he paid his first visit to us. His success, as in London, was achieved after one recital. Such an exquisite touch, subtlety of phrasing, and a technique that failed only in broad, dynamic effects, had never before been noted. Yet de Pachmann is in reality the product of an old-fashioned school. He belongs to the Hummel-Cramer group, which developed a pure finger technique and a charming euphony, but neglected the dramatic side of delivery. Tone for tone's sake; absolute finesse in every figure; scales that are as hot pearls on velvet; a perfect trill; a cantilena like the voice; these, and repose of style, are the shibboleth of

a tradition that was best embodied in Thalberg—plus more tonal power in Thalberg's case. Subjectivity enters largely in this combination, for de Pachmann is "modern," neurotic. His presentation of some Chopin is positively morbid. He is, despite his marked restrictions of physique and mentality, a Chopin player par excellence. His fingers strike the keys like tiny sweet mallets. His scale passages are liquid, his octave playing marvellous, but en miniature—like everything he attempts. To hear him in a Chopin Polonaise is to realise his limitations. But in the Larghetto of the F minor Concerto, in the Nocturnes and Preludes—not of course the big one in D minor—Etudes, Valses, ah! there is then but one de Pachmann. He can be poetic and capricious and elish in the Mazurkas; indeed, it has been conceded that he is the master-interpreter of these dances. The volume of the tone that he draws from his instrument is not large, but it is of a distinguished quality and very musical. He has paws of velvet, and no matter what the difficulty, he overcomes it without an effort. He has been called "the pianissimo" because of his special gift for filing tones to a whisper. His pianissimo begins where other pianists end theirs. Enchanting is the effect when he murmurs in such studies as the F minor of Chopin and the Concert Study of Liszt of the same tonality; or in mounting unisons as he breathlessly weaves the wind through the last movement of Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata. Less edifying are de Pachmann's mannerisms. They are only tolerated because of his exotic, disquieting, and lovely music.

Of a different and gigantic mold is the playing of Moritz Rosenthal. He is a native of Lemberg, in Galician Poland, a city that has given us, among other artists, Marcella Sembrich and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler—herself a cousin of Rosenthal. When a mere child, twelve years or so, Moritz walked from Lemberg to Vienna to study with Joseffy. Even at that age he had the iron will of a great man. He played for Joseffy the E minor Concerto of Chopin, the same work which the youthful Joseffy years before had won the heart of Tausig. Setting


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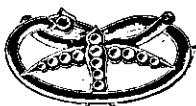
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aside Tausig—and this is only by hearsay — the world of "pianism" has never matched Rosenthal for speed, power, endurance; nor is this all. He is both musical and intellectual. He is a doctor of philosophy, a bachelor of arts. He has read everything, is a linguist, has travelled the globe over, and in conversation his unerring memory and brilliant wit set him as a man apart. To top all these gifts, he plays his instrument magnificently, overwhelmingly. He is the Napoleon, the conqueror among virtuosi. His tone is very sonorous, his touch singing; commands the entire range of nuance

does not "drive the horses of Rubinstein," as Oscar Reizenstein once wrote, he is a virtuoso of high rank. The Reizenstein phrase could be better applied to Mark Hambourg, who sometimes is like a full-blooded runaway horse with the bit between its teeth. Hambourg has Slavic blood in his veins and it courses hotly. He is an attractive player, a younger Tausig, before Tausig taught himself the value of repose and restraint. Recklessly Hambourg attacks the instrument in a sort of Rubinsteinian fury. Of late he has, it is said, learned the lesson of self-control. His polyphony is clearer, his tone, always big, is more sonorous and individual. It was the veteran Dr William Mason who predicted Hambourg's great future. Exuberance and excess of power may be diverted into musical channels—and these Mark Hambourg has. It is not so easy to reverse the process and build up a temperament where little naturally exists.

Josef Hofmann, from a wonder child who influenced two continents, has developed into an artist who has attained perfection—a somewhat chilly perfection, it must be admitted. But what a well-balanced touch, what a broad, euphonious tone, what care in building climaxes or shading his tone to mellifluous whisper! Musically, he is impregnable. His readings are free from extravagances, his bearing dignified, and if we miss the dramatic element in his play we are consoled by the easy sweep, the intellectual grasp, and the positively pleasure-giving quality of his touch. Eclectic in style, Hofmann is the "young-old" master of the pianoforte.

Harold Bauer is a great favourite in America as well as in Paris. He has a quiet magnetism, a mastery of technical resources backed by sound musicianship. He was a violinist before he became a pianist; this fact may account for his rich tone-quality—Bauer could even make an old-fashioned "square" pianoforte discourse eloquently. He, too, is an eclectic; all schools appeal to him and his range is from Bach to Caesar Franck, both of whom he interprets with reverence and authority. Bauer played Liszt's "Dance of Death" in this country, creating thereby a reputation for brilliant "pianism." The new men, Lhevinne, Ganz, Scriabine, Stojowski, are forging ahead, especially the first two, who are virtuoso artists; the last two are primarily composer-pianists. Joseph Lhevinne is one of the most brilliant men who has played here for years. His ease in performing prodigious technical feats recalls that of Siliti; but he has more personality than Siliti, also more fire. Lhevinne is young, gifted, ambitious—the gods have been to him, his future is bright. The young Swiss, Ganz, is a very attractive artist, apart from his technical attainments. He is musical, and that is two-thirds of the battle. Two men who once resided in America, Ferruccio Busoni and Leopold Godowsky, went abroad and conquered Europe. Busoni is called the master-interpreter of Bach and Liszt; the master-minutaurist is the title bestowed upon the miracle-working Godowsky, whose velvety touch and sensitive style have been better appreciated in Germany than America.

The fair unfair sex has not lacked in representative piano artists. Apart from the million girls busily engaged in manipulating pedals, skying music, and sleep at one fell moment, there is a band of keyboard devotees that has earned fame and fortune, or, at least, an honourable place in the Walhalla of pianoforte-playing. The modern female pianist does not greatly vary from her male rival except in muscular power, and even in that Sophie Menter and Teresa Carreno have vied with their ruder brethren. Pianists in petticoats go back as far as Nanette Streicher and come down to Paula Szalit, a girl who, it is said, improvises fugues. Marie Pleyel, Madame de Szymanowska —Goethe's friend at Marienbad, in 1822 — Clara Schumann, Arabella Goddard, Sophie Menter, Annette Essipoff—once Paderewski's adviser, and a former wife of Leschetitzky; Marie Krebs, Ingeborg Brounsart, Aline Humdt, Fannie Davies, Madeline Schiller, Julia Rive-King, Helen Hopkeik, Nathalie Janotha, Adele Margulies, the Douste Sisters, Amy Fay, Dory Petersen, Cecilia Gaul, Madame Paur, Madame Lhevinne, Antoinette Szumowska, Adele Aus der Ohe, Cecile Chambrade, Madame Montigny-Remauray, Mme. Roger-Mielos, Marie Torhilon-Buell, Augusta Cottlow, Mrs. Arthur Friedheim, Laura Danzinger-Rosenthal, Olga Samaroff, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeiser—these are



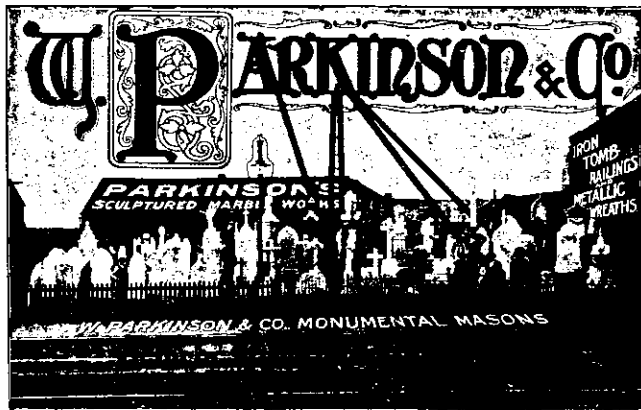
RAFAEL JOSEFFY.

from the rippling fioritura of the Chopin Barcarolle to the cannon-like thundereings of the A-flat Polonaise. His octaves and chords baffle all critical experience and appraisement. As others play presto in single notes, so he dashes off double notes, thirds, sixths, and octaves. His Don Juan Fantaisie, part Liszt, part Mozart, is entirely Rosenthanian in performance. He has composed at his polyphonic forge a Hamuroeske. Its inter-weaving of voices, their independence, the caprice and audacity of it all are astounding. Tausig had such a technique; yet surely Tausig had not the brazen, thunderous climaxes of this broad-shouldered, small sized young man! He is the epitome of the orchestra and in a tonal duel with the orchestra he has never been worsted. His interpretations of the classics of the romantics are of a superior order. He plays the last sonatas of Beethoven or the Schumann Carneval with equal discrimination. His touch is crystalline in its clearness, therefore his tone lacks the sensuousness of Paderewski and do Paghmann. But it is a mistake to set him down as a mere unemotional mechanician. He is in reality the Superman among pianists.

Liszt called Eugen d'Albert, of whom he was very fond, the "second Tausig." The Weimar master declared that the little Eugen looked like played like, his former favourite, Karl Tausig. In his youth d'Albert was as impetuous as a thunderbolt; now he is more reflective than fiery, and he is often careless in his technical work. Another pianist who has followed the lure of composition; but a great virtuoso, a great interpreter of the classics. His music suggests a close study of Brahms, and in his piano concertos he is both Brahmsian and Lisztian.

The first time I heard Saint-Saens was in Paris, the year 1878. He played at the Trocadero palace—it was the Exposition year—his clever variations on a Beethoven theme for two pianos, Madame Montigny-Remauray being his colleague. In 1890 I attended the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance. The affair took place at a piano hall in Paris. And last year I heard the veteran, full of years and honours, in New York. He had changed but little. The same supple style, rather siccant touch, and technical mastery were present. Not so polished as Plante, so fiery—or so noisy—as Pugno, Saint-Saens is a greater musician than either at the keyboard. His playing is Gallic—which means that it is never sultry—emotional, and seldom poetic. The French pianists make for clearness, delicacy, symmetry; France never produced a Rubinstein, nor does it admire cordially such volcanic artists.

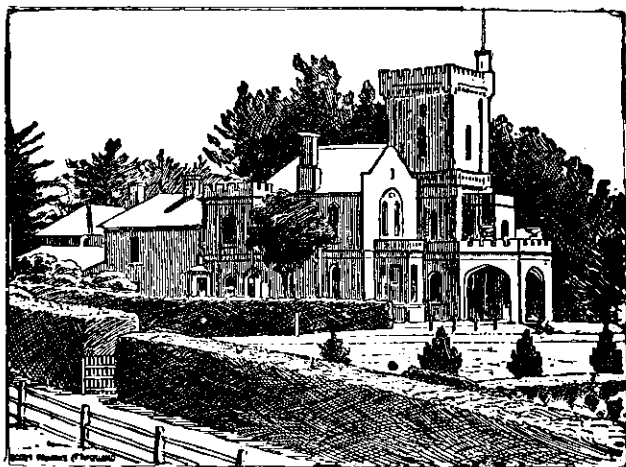
Ossip Gabrilowitch has been for me always a sympathetic pianist. He has improved measurably since his previous visit here. The poet and the student still preponderate in his work; he is more reflective than dramatic, though the fiery Slav in him often peeps out, and if he



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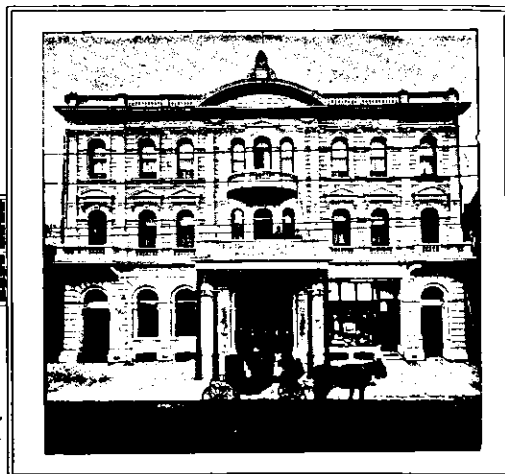
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a few well-known names before the public during the past and in the present.

It may be assumed that the sex which can boast among its members such names as Jane Austen, George Eliot, George Sand, novelists; Vierge, Lebrun, Mary Cassatt, and Berthe Morisot, painters; Sofia Kovalevsky, mathematician; Madame Curie, science; Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti, poetry, would not fail in the reproductive art of pianoforte playing. Clara Schumann was an unexcelled interpreter of her husband's music; Sophie Menter the most masculine of Liszt's feminine choir; Essipoff unparalleled as a Chopin player; Carreno has a man's head, man's fingers, and woman's heart; Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler is an artist of singular intensity and personality—these women have admirably contributed to the



MORITZ ROSENTHAL.

history of their art and need not fear comparisons on the score of sex.

How far will the pursuit of technique go, and what will be the effect upon the mechanical future of the instrument? It is both a thankless and a dangerous task to prophesy; but it seems that techniqua qua technique has ventured as far as it dare. Witness the astounding arrangements made by the ingenious Godowsky, the grafting of two Chopin studies, both hands autonomous, racing at full speed! The thing is monstrous—yet effective. But that way musical madness lies. The Janko keyboard, a sort of ivory toboggan-slide, permitted the performance of incredible difficulties; glissandos in chromatic tenths! But who, in the name of Apollo, cares to hear chromatic tenths sliding pell-mell downhill! Music is music, and a man or woman must make it, not an instrument alone. The tendency now is toward the fabrication of a more sensitive, vibrating sounding-board. Quality, not brutal quantity, is the desideratum. This, with the more responsive and elastic keyboard action of the day, which permits all manner of finger nuance, will tell upon the future of the pianoforte. Machine music has usurped our virtuosity. But it can never reign in the stead of the human artist. And therefore we now demand more of the spiritual and less of the technical from our pianists. Music is the gainer thereby, and the old-time cacophonous concerto for pianoforte and orchestra will, we hope, be relegated to the limbo of things inutile. The pianoforte was originally an intimate instrument, and it will surely go back, though glorified by experience, to its first, dignified estate.

I have written more fully of the pianists that I have had the good fortune to hear with my own ears. This is what is called impressionistic criticism. Academic criticism may be loosely defined as the expression of another's opinion. It has decided historic interest. In a word, the former tells how much you enjoyed a work of art, whether creative or interpretive; the latter what some other fellow liked. So, accept these sketches as a mingling of the two methods, with perhaps a disproportionate stress laid upon the personal element—the most important factor, after all, in criticism.

"What's your verdict?" in a fury  
 Asked the customer of the fur;  
 Though 'twas somewhat premature he  
 Could no more endure;  
 "What's our verdict?" said the foreman,  
 "We've all colds through that door, man!  
 Give us what we asked before, man,  
 Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

A Lady in Hysterics.

CANADIAN VIEW OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

PICTURED BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 13.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling begins in the "Morning Post" to-day a series of "Letters to the Family," dealing with the present Imperial situation, with special reference to Canada. The first article is prefaced with some rather laboured verses on the march of modern civilisation, concluding with the following stanzas:—

Nay! Though Time, with petty Fate,  
 Prison us and Emperors,  
 By our Arts do we create  
 That which 'Tis himself devalues—  
 Such machines as well may run  
 'Gainst the horses of the Sun.

When we would a new abode,  
 Space, our tyrant King no more,  
 Lays the long line of the road  
 At our feet and flers before,  
 Breathless, ere we overwhelm,  
 To submit a further realm!

After describing the "canker and blight," which he professes to have found settling on England during the Liberal Government's two years of administration, Mr. Kipling goes on to illustrate Canadian opinion as he found it in the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner:—

"The passengers were nearly all unmix'd Canadian, mostly born in the Maritime Provinces, where their fathers speak of 'Canada' as Sussex speaks of 'England,' but scattered about their businesses throughout the wide Dominion. They were at ease, too, among themselves, with that pleasant intimacy that stamps every branch of our Family and every boat that it uses on its homeward way. A Cape liner is all the Sub-Continent from the equator to Simon's Town; an Orient boat is Australasian throughout, and a C.P.R. steamer cannot be confused with anything except Canada. It is a pity one may not be born in four places at once, and then one could understand the half-tones, the asides, and the allusions of all our Family life without waste of precious time. These big men, smoking in the drizzle, had hope in their eyes, belief in their tongues, and strength in their hearts. I used to think miserably of other boats at the South end of this same ocean—a quarter full of people deprived of these things. A young man kindly explain to me how Canada had suffered through what he called 'the Imperial connection'; how she had been diversely bedevilled by English statesmen for political reasons. He did not know his luck, nor would he believe me when I tried to point it out; but a nice man in a plaid (who knew South Africa) lurched round the corner and fell on him with facts and imagery which astonished the patriotic young mind. The plaid finished his outburst with the uncontradicted statement that the English were mad. All our talks ended on that note.

"It was an experience to move in the midst of a new contempt. One understands and accepts the bitter scorn of the Dutch; the hopeless anger of one's own race in South Africa is also part of the burden; but the Canadian's profound, sometimes humorous, often bewildered, always polite, contempt of the England of to-day cuts a little. You see, that late unfashionable war was very real to Canada. She sent several men to do it, and a thinly populated country is apt to miss her dead more than a crowded one. When, from her point of view, they have died for no conceivable advantage, moral or material, her business instincts, or it may be mere animal love of her children, cause her to remember and resent quite a long time after the thing should be decently forgotten. I was shocked at the vehemence with which some men (and women) spoke of the affair. Some of them went so far as to discuss—on the ships and elsewhere—whether England would stay in the Family, or whether, as some eminent statesman was said to have asserted in private talk, she would cut the painter to save expense. One man argued, without any heat, that she would not so

much break out of the Empire in one flurry, as politically vend her children one by one to the nearest Power that threatened her comfort; the sale in each case to be preceded by a steady blast of abuse of the chosen victim. He quoted—really these people have viciously long memories!—that five-year campaign of abuse against South Africa as a precedent and a warning.

"Our Tobacco Parliament next set itself to consider by what means, if this happened, Canada could keep her identity unsmothered; and that led to one of the most curious talks I have ever heard. It seemed to be decided that she might just might pull through by the skin of her teeth as a nation—if (but this was doubtful) England did not help others to hummer her. Now, twenty years ago one would not have heard any of this sort of thing. If it sounds a little mad, remember that the Mother Country was, throughout, considered as a lady in violent hysterics."

Story of a Taniwha.

(By F. B.)

"That is a Taniwha," remarked a Maori chief, pointing to a block of stone standing upright in a paddock on the road from Whakatane to Kuaotaki. "One fine day any Maori touching that would have died, but now its mana is dying out as your God grows stronger than ours," and the Pakeha standing by said—"Tell me the story."

"Well," said the chief, "about eight generations ago there lived at Whakatane a Tohunga called Te Tahi. He was a powerful Tohunga, but, being a-kuta, his people got tired of the evil he did. Still, they were afraid to lay hands on him, so they decided that they would take him to White Island and leave him there.

"They set out for the island with four war canoes and got their Tohunga to go with them. After they had landed, Te Tahi asked where he could get a drink. That was just what the Maoris had hoped, and they told a boy to show the Tohunga where there was some fresh water, and also said—"As soon as Te Tahi bends down to get a drink, you run back to the canoe as quickly as you can." The boy, although considerably frightened at having to do this to a Tohunga, obeyed instructions, and when he got away as fast as they could, leaving Te Tahi alone on the island. Now when Te Tahi found that his people had deserted him, and left him to die alone on White Island, he cried bitterly for a while, and was in great distress of mind. By and by, however, the Tohunga spirit

arose in Te Tahi, and he called upon his Taniwha to come to his assistance. You know there were all kinds of Taniwhas in those days, but Te Tahi's was a big sea monster, so when it appeared he got on its back and said he wanted to get back to Whakatane as quickly as possible. Te Tahi also told the Taniwha how his people had deserted him. The Taniwha at once set off for Whakatane, and landed the Tohunga on a rock that you can see there now near the entrance. Then the Taniwha asked Te Tahi—"Shall I now destroy all the people in the canoes who left you to die?" Now, although he was so much disliked for being makuta, still, Te Tahi must have had some good in his composition, for he said to his Taniwha—"No; there are my relatives in those canoes, and some of my own grand-children, so I do not want them killed," and his Taniwha at once returned to the depths from whence he had come at the Tohunga's call.

"Te Tahi was still sitting on the rock where he had landed, when the canoes came in sight, and the man in the first canoe said—"That looks very like our old Tohunga on the rock." At this they all burst out laughing, and one of the men asked—"How can it be he, when we left the Tohunga behind us on White Island?"

"When the canoes came a little nearer the man said—"That must be Te Tahi," and then he shouted out, "Te Tahi! Te Tahi!" and to their horror and astonishment, the Tohunga raised his arm and waved his hand to them. There was great silence in those canoes as the people came ashore and found the Tohunga there waiting for them. They feared him far greater than ever, after such a display of his powers. After they had all landed and made fast the canoes, Te Tahi pulled some green flax from the bank, and wrapped it around him as a girdle. He then signalled to the people to follow him, which they did in fear and trembling, for they thought that he was about to take utu for what they had attempted upon him. Te Tahi led the people about two miles along the road from Whakatane to Kuaotaki, and then he stopped as if waiting for something, and all the people stood in fear of what he would do next. Then came the further manifestation of his power, for his Atua, threw down into the level ground in front of where they were all standing, a large pillar of stone. Te Tahi marched up to this, and, taking the flax from his girdle, planted it in top of that stone, and lo! it grew right away."

"There is the stone," remarked the chief; "you see the flax is dying now. That is because the Pakehas' Atua is so strong and grows stronger each year, and ours become weaker as yours increase in strength.

I could touch the stone now, but one time I should certainly have died had I done so."

Strange to say, an examination for the top of that stone showed that a root of flax was there in a dying condition, an evidence, so the chief said, of the truth of the story.

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# LIFE IN THE GARDEN

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR AMATEURS

## Next Week's Work

By VERONICA.

### SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

#### FLOWER.

Broad Beans.  
Carrot, Earliest Forcing Horn.  
Cabbage.  
Cauliflower.  
Lettuce (Cabbage).  
Onions, Brown Spanish.  
Radish.  
Turnips, Early Sorts.

#### VEGETABLE.

Dianthus.  
Gailardia Perennial.  
Lupinus, Arboreus, Snow Queen.  
Mignonette.  
Pyrethrum.  
Sweet Peas.

### BULBOUS ROOTS FOR PLANTING THIS MONTH.

|             |                      |                |
|-------------|----------------------|----------------|
| Anemones.   | Narcissus.           | Potato Onions. |
| Hyacinthus. | Ranunculus.          | Shallots.      |
| Iris.       | Sparaxis.            | Garlic.        |
| Ixias.      | Gladiolus, The Bride |                |

### GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

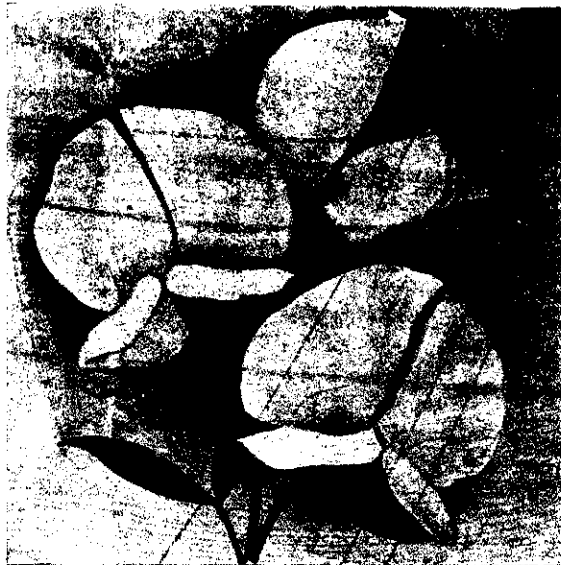
This is a very busy month in the garden. Every vacant piece of land not already dug or trenched should be turned up roughly at once.

Some people eager to get an early dish of green peas sow this month, and it is worth trying. We advise sowing the earliest kind, and one which does not grow tall. They should be sown on a dry and sheltered spot. Cabbage, broccoli, savoy, and other crops will require hoeing. Attend to thinning carrots, beet, and turnips, and keep free from weeds. Kumaras should be dug this month, and stored in a dry, cool cellar. Asparagus beds should be dressed with stable manure to the depth of three or four inches—a top dressing of Kaimit will be of benefit. Salt is generally recommended, but we prefer the Kaimit, as it contains generally about 20 per cent. of potash, and the cost when labour is considered is not very much greater than the ordinary agricultural salt. Those who grow sea-kale should fork over beds and give

a manure dressing. Rhubarb roots should be lifted. We have found that lifting and turning them crowns down and leaving them for six weeks does no harm but rather improves them. They a manure dressing. Rhubarb roots then have a thoroughly good rest.

Late crops of bulbs should be planted this month, where frosts are not general, or where time can be given to protect them from frosts. Cinerarias should be planted out. These plants are most effective for bedding, and where conditions are favourable they should be largely planted. Herbaceous Hardy perennials can be divided and replanted.

Dig over land intended for planting fruit trees, roses, ornamental trees and hedging plants. Fruit trees and orchards generally will be greatly benefited by a dressing of basic slag. This fertilizer gives the best results when put on at this season. Five cwt. to the acre is a fair dressing. Some orchardists prefer mixing the slag with Kaimit—3 cwt. slag and 2 cwt. Kaimit.



Queen of Spain.

upright standard and red tendrils. This variety has been much admired wherever exhibited. It was sent out last season by Mr. Eckford, and did very well in the Dominion.

**Salmon and Orange.**—Henry Eckford, rich orange salmon, burns badly in sun; one of the finest grown; cut flowers in bud, and flower in cool house. George Herbert, orange carmine, very large waved flowers; superb.

**Cerise.**—Cocinea, two flowers only on a stem, but most distinct in colour.

**Dark Rose.**—John Ingman, one of the best; rich rose, waved.

**Chocolate.**—Black Knight, erect standard; one of the best. Othello, similar

in colour to Black Knight, but flowers are hooded.

**Bicolours.**—Jeannie Gordon, carmine red, creamy buff wings. Little Dorritt, pink standard, bluish white wings.

**Striped.**—America, scarlet flake or stripe on white. Princess of Wales, bluish stripe on dull white. Florence Molyneux, a lovely flower, strong grower.

**Pinkies Edged.**—Dainty, white with pink edge, a charming variety. Maid of Honour, bluish white, flushed lavender, very showy.

**Marbled.**—Helen Pierce, a very beautiful and quite distinct variety, bright blue, flushed or marbled silvery white; produces a striking effect.

### COMING SHOWS.

Notices of Forthcoming Shows will be inserted free.

## Sweet Peas.

(Concluded from last week.)

### CLASSIFICATION OF SWEET PEAS IN COLOUR.

We have very carefully revised the list of really good and distinct standard varieties of sweet peas. There are any number of kinds offering, many of which are almost identical. We have compiled our list from actual experience gained by growing almost all the sorts in commerce and those desirous of obtaining a collection of really good sorts might do worse than adopt the one we give. The classification of sweet peas is a very difficult task indeed, there being so many shades, there are scarcely any two growers agree.

**Crimson.**—King Edward VII, a magnificent flower of great size. Queen Alexandra, the finest crimson scarlet sweet pea, does not burn, hold erect standard, remarkably good.

**White.**—Nora Unwin, considered to be the finest and largest pure white; erect standard. Shasta, one of the most beautiful pure whites, strong grower. Dorothy Eckford, hooded pure white, flowers most profusely.

**Lavender.**—Frank Dolly, an exquis-

ite shade of lavender, waved erect standard. Lady Grisel Hamilton, hooded standard, one of the best, has a small spotty seed. Miss Phillbrick, very pale lavender, a most beautiful flower, quite distinct.

**Magenta and Purple.**—Duke of Westminster, strong grower, large bold flowers. George Gordon, reddish crimson, standard, rosy purple wings, fine large flower.

**Blue.**—Lord Nelson, deep violet, blue, a great improvement on navy blue. Burpee's brilliant blue is identical. David R. Williamson, a grand dark blue, very fine vigorous grower. Horace Wright, quite distinct, deep blue, very fine.

**Blush.**—Duchess of Sutherland; standard slightly hooded. Blush Queen, a pale blush form of Gladys Unwin.

**Buff.**—Agnes Johnson, buff wings, large flowers, charming variety. Duchess of Westminster, delicate buff, small flowers.

**Yellow.**—Mrs. Collier; a fine flower, superior to Mrs. Kenyon, being deeper in colour. Hon. Mrs. E. Kenyon, deep primrose, a fine flower. Golden Rose, fine yellow, tinged with rose.

**Pink.**—Gladys Unwin, sprot from Countess Spencer, very fine. Janet Scott, very chaste, hooded pink. Paradise, a very fine bright pink large flowers. Countess Spencer, shell pink, sports considerably. Queen of Spain, a beautiful shell pink with most distinct foliage.



Mrs Collier.



Hon. Mrs. E. Kenyon.

**RAISING NEW VARIETIES.**

There are two methods of obtaining new varieties: (1) Raising from cross-fertilised seed; (2) selecting and fixing variations. The first process is carried on as follows: Select a young bud of the variety which is to form the seed-bearing parent; carefully open it by pulling the keel gently downwards while holding the bud firmly with the left hand. The keel will spring back again, but this can be prevented by a slight alteration of the position of the finger and thumb of the left hand. With a pair of tweezers, remove the ten stamens if none of the anthers have burst. If even one of the anthers has burst and the pollen liberated, the flower is of no use for cross-fertilisation. A good lens should always be handy, as only by means of it can one be certain that no pollen has got on to the stigma. Pollen should then be conveyed from the variety which is forming the male parent and placed on the stigma of the bud which has been prepared to receive it. The fertilised bud must be marked, numbered, and protected by a paper bag, and the resultant pod carefully treasured for sowing the following spring. The first year's produce from cross-fertilised seed will resemble the female parent. Seed from it must again be carefully saved, and the following year a number of breaks will appear, and efforts must be made to fix any of them which are worthy.

Variations appearing among named varieties which are considered valuable should be carefully drawn to one side of the row and fixed by means of raffia to a separate stick. The seed should be saved and sown the following season. It is possible that only one or two plants may

be equal to the parent. All others should be discarded, and the true form again saved. This process may have to be carried on for some years until the variety is fixed. Novices should make certain that a supposed variation is not merely a "rogue" that is the produce of a stray seed of another variety.

**HOW TO EXTEND THE MEMBERSHIP AND USEFULNESS OF LOCAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.**

(By H. Coleby.)

Local horticultural societies are of two classes, and each has its own particular sphere of usefulness, and a paper of this kind must include a consideration of both.

First, there are those ordinarily known as "— Town Horticultural Society," or "— Cottage Garden Society," and which chiefly aim at fostering the cultivation of flowers, fruit, and vegetables in the best manner by cottagers, allotment holders, and amateurs generally. Prizes are offered by the committee, and, as a rule, the competitions are entered into very keenly, and a healthy rivalry is secured. In order that everyone connected with the town, parish, or village may feel interested in the success of the scheme, sections for handicraft, needlework, knitting, honey, bread and cake making, butter-making, cooking of potatoes, etc., should be included. The children, too, are often considered, for besides needlework and knitting, in which the girls can compete, and fretwork, etc., for the boys and lads, wild

flower competitions often bring very tastefully arranged bunches and vases. A class or two specially for head gardeners should find a place in the schedule, and non-competitive exhibits ought to be solicited and welcomed. Hat trimming, boot blacking, towel washing, and several other minor attractions have been introduced of late years, and provide novel forms of amusement.

**THE ANNUAL SHOW.**

The annual show is, of course, the goal to which all exertions are directed, and there are several requirements which must not be overlooked to make the venture a success. They are: (1) A clearly arranged schedule and good prizes, mostly, if not all, in money. As a rule, those for whom these shows are arranged do not care for "cups" and such like articles.

ply of refreshments, another for toys, etc., for the children, and if swings and roundabouts can be obtained, so much the better.

(7) A good band must certainly be provided, for it enlivens the proceedings and acts as a great draw.

(8) Seats should not be forgotten, for people do not want to be moving about all the time.

If the above requirements are attended to, and the show is favoured with a fine day, the year's exertions and anxieties ought to terminate with a most successful show.

**MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.**

The second kind of society is that which encourages mutual intercourse among their members, apart from the exhibition of the produce of gardens and



Henry Eckford.

(2) A representative committee of gardeners and others, not forgetting ladies, interested in horticulture, and in the welfare of the people of the parish, etc.

(3) A good central place should be chosen for the show.

(4) The tents should be arranged as conveniently as possible, and not be overcrowded with exhibits.

(5) The needlework, handicraft, and such like exhibits ought to be kept separate from the horticultural products.

(6) There should be tents for the sup

plant-houses. These are generally known as "Mutual Improvement Societies," and during the past twenty years have done a great deal of good among gardeners, both professional and amateur.

We have heard of late that many of these useful societies have collapsed. What is the reason? Several causes are assigned. First, want of interest in the society, not only by its members, but by the general public and employers, who benefit by the gardener's art to a large extent.

**PULLING TOGETHER.**

Secondly, the committee do not all pull together for the society's good; and, thirdly, the secretary is not a good organiser, and lacks those qualities which are so necessary in keeping the society alive. There may be other reasons, each applicable to its own society, but these above mentioned are likely to be met with in all societies in a more or less marked degree; and, having briefly referred to the negative side of the question, a consideration of the positive side will be more cheerful.

It must be taken for granted that there must be no lack of interest, the committee must all work together, and the secretary must be a good organiser. Perhaps more depends on the secretary than on any other officer. He must be the right man in the right place, and if he can get the committee to work with him in the interests of the society, that society will assuredly not suffer. Membership is bound to fluctuate, owing to the movements of the younger men especially, who ought to be continually trying to better themselves. I am not an advocate of a young fellow stagnating in one place; to get as complete a training as possible in his profession he must see and practise different methods. And as soon as a new man takes up his abode his "head," or some other member, should have a talk with him and try to induce him to become a member of the mutual improvement association. Head gardeners may be potent factors in obtaining



Garden Front in the Cloister of St. Paul's Church, Rome.

new members if they would only take the trouble to have a few minutes' chat with their subordinates. Now, supposing the society has a good number of members, what steps should be taken to keep their interest from flagging? It goes without saying that every new-comer should be warmly welcomed by the committee. In reality the very existence of the society and its usefulness ought to be sufficient reasons, but in this age of "inducements" in the form of prizes for this, that, and the other, something more tangible is required in mutual improvement associations. In the first place—

(1) Every horticultural society ought to become affiliated with the R.H.S. The subscription is as low as one guinea, and the benefits to be obtained are great—of many times the value of the subscription. The greatest benefit, to my mind, is the copy of the "Journal," a periodical at once instructive, scientific, practical, and very useful, not only to the profes-

exist for the benefit of its members. Some of these books might be obtained as gifts from ladies and gentlemen interested in the society, others purchased by the committee. There are so many good works now in existence that it would be difficult to make a selection for this paper, nor perhaps would it be wise to do so. The "Gardener's Chronicle" publishes a catalogue which would form a guide to anyone wishing to make a selection.

(5) A good microscope and accessories, again, often prove very useful in determining fungus pests, the structure of plant forms, etc., and if one or more of the members are adepts at staining, mounting, and preparing objects, so much the better.

(6) A magic lantern, too, fitted with a good generator for acetylene gas, is of great service, and can be the means of illustrating many a lecture, for so numerous are the slides in almost every

difficult to get members together for an indoor meeting.

(10) Another, but certainly not the least, of these suggestions—a flower show might and can be arranged, where facilities exist, for the non-competitive exhibition of flowers, fruit, vegetables, etc.

**FLAVOUR IN POTATOES.**

After the subsidence of the great boom in potatoes, cultivators of various classes have now settled down to test the quality and general value of the varieties in cultivation. The Monmouthshire Education Committee have been making several trials with potatoes for the purpose of ascertaining the most useful varieties in general cultivation. A report of one of the trials held at the White House Farm, Llanvair, Abergavenny, shows that these trials have been extensive. The cultivating and manuring of the ground was such as would be given to a potato crop on any well-managed farm. At the annual gathering of the Agricultural Education Department of the County the varieties under trial to the number of forty-two baskets were exhibited, together with cooked samples of the best exhibits.

It is interesting to note that two of the leading early varieties are described as being very close in texture after the cooking trial. Sir John Llewelyn had very little flavour, but Duke of York, in spite of its close character, was of fairly good flavour. A large number of the varieties tested were described as floury, and amongst these Russet Queen and Peace-maker are classed as very floury. Mayfield Blossom is described as of excellent flavour and easily cooked; others are described as of very good flavour, and this includes Sutton's Abundance, The Factor, and Discovery. Southern Queen is said to be very good indeed in the matter of flavour, and is easily cooked. Others described as of good flavour are Radium, The Cottar, Table Talk, and Royal Kidney. Slightly less decided in this respect are those described as of fairly good flavour, and under that heading may be placed Webber's Early, Selected Northern Star, Up-to-Date, Duke of York, Premier, and Warrior.

It is also of importance to note the cropping qualities of the various varieties under trial, or at least those that were heaviest. Eighteen sets of each variety were planted, and the resulting tubers were classed under ware, seed, chits, and diseased. The lightest weight of ware or good, useful tubers was 4lb., and both of these were early varieties. By contrast with these we may say that the heaviest weight was produced by Mayfield Blossom, namely 57lbs.; Selected Northern Star came next with 52 lbs.; The Factor, 49lbs.; Royal Kidney, 43lbs.; The Cottar, 39lbs.; Table Talk, 37lbs.; The Laird, 34lbs.; Sutton's Abundance, 32lbs.; Up-to-Date, 26lbs.; Tync Kidney, 25lbs.; Warrior, 24lbs.; and The Moat, 24lbs.

**KITCHENER AS GARDENER.**

Lord Kitchener has, it appears, a sentimental side to his character. The grim "K," as he is called in India, is an enthusiastic gardener, and his principal delight is in growing flowers, and in this pursuit he excels.



Some Fine Blooms.

Six Cactus Dahlias, in bunches, of three distinct varieties. Exhibited by Messrs. D. Hay and Son, at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Show, and awarded first prize.

sional gardener, but also to the amateur. I need not enumerate the other advantages to be obtained from affiliation, but any society wishing to unite with the R.H.S. for the good of horticulture generally should apply to the secretary of the society at Vincent Square for particulars.

(2) A gardeners' mutual improvement society by its very title suggests lectures, debates, essays, and chats, which necessarily would be on some subject connected with horticulture. As many of these papers as possible should be given by members of the society, although occasionally some outsider might be asked to give a lecture to infuse a little more life into the meetings of the association.

(3) Members should be encouraged to ask questions on matters relating to their profession and work. There could be a certain time allowed for them on the agenda at each meeting, in addition to the discussion on the lecture, and they could be asked verbally, or be written on a slip of paper and handed to the secretary, or placed in a "question box." Any member who might feel qualified to deal with the subject should then give his opinion or practical experience.

(4) A good library of useful works on the theoretical, practical, and scientific aspects of horticulture ought to

branch of science that winter meetings can be made very instructive as well as entertaining. Many gardeners now are good photographers, and take pictures of pretty scenes and flowers in their own or, in other people's gardens. These can often form the subject for an evening's chat if made up as lantern slides.

(7) Exhibits of flowers, fruit, or vegetables should be encouraged at the meetings, for they not only give the members something to look at, but often form the subject for conversation as to culture, training, etc. Some societies give points for these exhibits, and on them depend prizes at the end of the session. There is much to commend this, but at the same time it is not fair to the under-gardeners, who have no means of bringing produce for this purpose. Certificates are sometimes awarded for well-cultivated specimens, or for new and good seedlings.

(8) Essays, again, form another attraction for which prizes can be offered, but unless a man has had a certain amount of practice with his pen, and can express his ideas clearly, he fights shy of the undertaking.

(9) Visits to famous gardens, to each other's gardens, or, again, to the nurseries and seed trial grounds of noted seedsmen, often provide instruction and enjoyment in the summer, when it is

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# THE "GRAPHIC" READERS' OWN PAGE

## COMPETITIONS FOR OUR READERS.

### 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 rags 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 stewed 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 hullhouse 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.

### COMPETITION NO. 10—ACROSTIC.

For an **ACROSTIC** of Thirteen Lines of Verse, each line in succession, commencing with the initial letters of the words, "Weekly Graphic," the following Prizes are offered:—

**FIRST—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.**  
**SECOND—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.**

The subject should be an enumeration of the features of the "Weekly Graphic" and "N.Z. Mail," and the Competitors who do this most ingeniously and completely will win the Prizes. Entries must reach the office not later than **FRIDAY, JUNE 5th**, and should be addressed "Competition No. 10, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland." No Coupon is required. Results will be announced in the issue of June 11th.

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.

### The Three Best Plays.

#### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 5.

As was to be expected, great diversity of taste has been displayed by our readers in replying to the question: "What are the three best plays by British authors? The number of voting papers sent in was not so great as we had anticipated; but the result of the voting has been reached by such substantial majorities that in all probability a larger vote would not have yielded a different verdict. The decision arrived at is somewhat of a surprise to us, for we anticipated that at least one of the modern dramas, of the "smart," sensational, or spectacular schools, would have found favour. Our readers have, however, stood firmly by the old favourites, with the result that the three best British plays are pronounced to be—

- HAMLET (Shakespeare)
- SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (Sheridan)
- SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER (Goldsmith)

The two first-named plays received identical support, equal to 60 per cent. of the total number of voting papers, while "She Stoops to Conquer" came close up with support from 45 per cent. of the Voters. The other plays that stood high in favour were "Othello" and "As You Like It." As a curiosity in the matter of popular taste, it may be noted that "East Lynne" received as many votes as "Romeo and Juliet" or "Macbeth," and double the number recorded for "The Merchant of Venice" and "King Lear."

The successful plays were named by two competitors, and we have resolved to award two prizes of equal value to

- MISS G. STEVENS,  
Hamilton East, Waikato.
- and  
C. M. BUCKLAND,  
Akaroa, Canterbury.

Roughly, one-third of the unsuccessful competitors named two one of the three plays chosen by the majority; one-third named one out of the three; and the remaining third did not include one in their lists.

One voting paper had to be disqualified through not being written on the coupon form.

### Humorous Paragraphs.

#### AN ABORIGINAL ARGUMENT.

It was in the summer of 1879, or thereabouts, during the stirring times of the Grey-Sheehan Ministry, that a young and budding lawyer was deputed by a certain "limb of the law" to serve a "blue paper" upon a certain defendant in a coming civil action.

The writ having been duly served, the law clerk started on his return home, and in order to save money for his own pocket, decided to return by way of second class, and did so accordingly. At one of the stations en route a big burly native entered the carriage, the writer and he being the only occupants, and the train proceeded on its way. The said native turned out to be a bit "boony," but a strong (Greyite). Sitting opposite to the legal emissary, he made a voracious grin, and said, "Kapai Sir George Grey."

"Ah, no," said the pakeha. "Kakino—no good the Grey."

The said "nigger" put his brawny paw underneath the seat, and took thereout a carpet bag containing a greenstone "mere" of large dimensions, and, glaring at the writer, seized him by the "fur-lock," and cried, "Once! twice!" and paused a minute; so the said law clerk, thinking discretion the better part of valour, cried out, "Oh yes! Kapai Sir Geo. Grey!" at which the wily Maori laughed, released the hair of my head, and sat down, and silence reigned again. However, at the next station the writer gladly paid the difference in fare, and speedily changed carriages, counting himself lucky to have escaped with a sound cranium.

The above is an original story, and the events happened to the writer many years ago.

[This paragraph reached us too late to be adjudicated upon in the competition.]

#### DRESSING THE JOINT.

A lady had issued invitations for a dinner party, and a few days before the event was to take place she and her general servant had a difference of opinion, with the result that the general left in a huff.

After some trouble, a raw country girl, who had some knowledge of cooking, was engaged, and very minute instructions were given her as to her duties. The lady was somewhat fearful as to what sort of a dinner would be served, but the soup and fish were so excellent that all her fears vanished.

The fish was cleared away, and the joint should then have come in. Some minutes elapsed, but still no joint, so the hostess rang the bell. Another interval of several minutes, and then the maid appeared in tears, bearing a dish, the chief features of which were the youngest son's new suit of clothes.

"Why, Mary, what have you got there?" said the hostess.

"It's the joint, ma'am. You told me to dress it well, and as I couldn't find the proper clothes I put Master Tommy's new suit on it. I'm afraid it don't look very well, ma'am."

The guests went off into roars of laughter, and the dinner proceeded minus a joint.

#### AND HOME MIKE WENT.

The old soldier was in a talkative mood. "Did I ever see Wellington? Why, of course I did. I was lying on the ground, when I 'eard the sound o' 'osses' 'ooofs, and soon a voice called out: 'Is that you, Mike?'"

"I knowed the voice in a hinstant; it was the Dook of Wellington."

"Yes, sir," sez I, most respectful.

"Come 'ere," sez the Dook.

"I riz reluctant from the ground, for I was tired out. He sez to me when I came near him:

"Mike, I want you to go back 'ome."

"Why?" sez I.

"'Cause you're killing too many people," sez the Dook.

"And 'ome I went."

Our thanks are tendered to all who entered for this interesting competition. Further selections from the humorous paragraphs sent in will be published in future issues of the "Graphic."

## Bits from the "Bulletin."

One of the many sudden Australian claimants to the "Page Millions" is already on the back track, a disappointed man. And others are expected to commence streaming for home and mother very shortly.

An enterprising Northern Territory man lately claimed the Australian bounty for turtle exported as preserved fish. But the Customs has decided that the thing which De Rougemont used as a horse is really a reptile, and the Government is not paying bounties on exported reptiles.

Women runners are now in strong demand on the Victorian tracks, and it is reckoned that when the public gets used to them they will be a great draw. A well-known chorus girl is said to be able to knock two seconds off the fastest 100 yards yet done by an Australian she-ped. She ceases padding the calf to pad the hoof.

Died at Mount Gambier (S.A.), to-day, aged 85, Matthew Wilson, clerk of the local Council for 35 years. Mount Gambier has another citizen who can beat even this record for billet-sticking. Rev. R. A. Caldwell, who shepherds the local Scotchbyterians, has carried the pastoral crook on the same premises for over 44 years.

### THE POINT OF VIEW.

Sweet and Twenty: "But, daddy, money isn't everything."  
Sour and Sixty: "No; but it's the price of everything that's worth anything."

Wellington (M.L.) proposes to hold a concert to raise funds wherewith to buy a lioness for its zoo, because the lion there looks lonely and disgusted, and is perpetually lashing of his caudal appendage. Now, couldn't the Government buy a lioness out of the loan money? Almost everything else has been bought out of the loan money in Maoriland, and this animal would sort of round things off.

Have been in a good many back-block towns, but beg to enter Colliery-dabri (N.S.W.) for the "wayback" stakes. It is the only town I have ever struck where they still rely on the old and original water-cask, mounted on the fork of a tree for a sledge, for the town water-supply. What they would do in case of a fire I don't know—unless they poured beer on it.

From "Melbourne Herald."—"Sir Tatton Sykes, the famous sporting baronet of Yorkshire, and Lady Sykes were among the audience at the inquest to-day at Ballarat on the body of Mary Graham, the victim of the Vale Park murder." Blood tells. It matters not how difficult the path, your true-blue Britisher will see sport wherever it is in progress.

### A MATTER OF DISPOSITION.

Mrs. Dipso: "Wretch, you think to excuse yourself with base insinuations against your wife! You know I only take a little when I feel indisposed."  
Mr. Dipso: "That's ri, m' dear; and I only take a little when I feel disposed."

Concerning kissing: Sydney women who are like to die in symphonic pain when they hear the violin played by a master will be pleased to learn that Kulielik's wife will have no objection to their kissing her husband. She has told manager Buckingham so, adding, "It is not my husband they embrace—it is his M.S.U." For the rest, the Countess chooses her husband's clothes.

Near Bundamba (Queensland) the other day, flames were seen rising out of the ground to a height of 15ft. or so. They came from a disused coal mine where a fire has been burning for nearly two years. The workings go right under the trunk railway line, and a badly abandoned Railway Department has called upon the mine-owners to protect the railway property from damage, so that the express train won't fall right through into the furnace of the late Nebuchadnezzar.

"Ned the Snag" has been the main attraction at the recent Pleasant Sunday Afternoons of the Methodist Mission, Collingwood (Vic.). Edward is well known in Methodist circles. He claims to be "one-time champion pugilist of Westralia." It is his invariable wont, between hymns, to tell the gasping congregation of his "conversion" in Boulder City, where, one evening, when "the eyes in the toes of his boots" were leading him to a pub bar, he heard a woman's voice in a mission hall, etc.

### WHERE THE SHOE PINCHED.

Grocer: "Well, if your husband's got work you oughter let me have something off your account."

Mrs. Bliggs: "Oh, 'e's workin' all right, but I don't get no money from 'im. Y'see, 'e's doin' six months' hard."

The sickening railway accident at Braybrook (Vic.), where two express trains collided, and horribly stewed between 40 and 50 people, and mangled many more to the accompaniment of blazing carriages and a fearsome odour of burnt flesh, was the typical American horror. They do their railway smashes in a large way in America, and the story usually includes the burning carriages and the dreadful smell of fried passenger. In this connection it is significant to note that Victoria has a Canadian at the head of its railway affairs.

Probably no one but the cocky's labourer has the same experience of unpaid overtime as the clerk; and as the cocky's labourer doesn't work by gaslight, even he doesn't know the overtime that some clerks work. (He certainly starts work earlier, but that, as a benevolent cocky remarked when he roused Bill at 3 a.m., "gives an appetite for breakfast.") The Clerks' Union has information about one clerk who, after toiling back for a week till 11 o'clock, distressed his senior officer by wanting to catch the 10.30 train one night. The senior told him that he seemed to have no interest in his work.

The swiftness of the Yankee is beyond all question. The other day a young Victorian returned from the U.S. as a full-blown doctor; he had acquired in one year in Yankeeland a medical degree which couldn't have been secured in Australia except by seven years' hard study. And even then that young Victorian didn't know his way around, for there are Private Enterprise colleges in the U.S. which will give a high-class medical degree to a plumber inside ten minutes if the plumber pays for it. And the absurd Victorian law, which recognises U.S. medical degrees instead of putting them at the back of the fire, compelled the Board to register this person as a duly qualified medical practitioner.

N.S.W.'s mouldy old Parliament House is to be renovated some more. It is probably the most patched and repaired building of any importance in the Commonwealth, and every successive Government ties a new rag on the old garment. The verandah is to be abolished and an expensive facade put in its place; a flight of steps is to extend along the whole length; the railings that the Fretrade unemployed used to paint at Christmas are to be removed; and a new Legislative Council hall is to be built. And by the time this last job is completed N.S.W. will have just about decided to do without a Legislative Council, and will be starting afresh on sensible principles.

The passing of the wind-jammer has had the effect of contracting the recruiting ground for deep-sea officers, and of late the difficulty of officering their expanding fleets has loomed up increasingly before the inter-State companies. It grows more and more difficult to find Australian-trained officers in any quantity, and the Australian shipping co. are partially dependent on the Britisher. But the latter is a fish out of these waters. He has to learn the local conditions before he is of any use. The Union Co. of Maoriland has decided on a heroic measure. It has purchased the Dartford, a big tramp sailer, and is running the vessel in the coal trade from

Newcastle to Maoriland ports as a sort of cadet ship for the training of future officers. The experiment is being closely watched, and, if successful, will probably be copied by Australiant companies.

In a small, grimy, unpretentious office hid away high above the busy street, I do my daily toil. It is a most unprosperous-looking office. Unfortunately its looks do not belie it. Yet it seems to have a fatal attraction for all the hawkers, canvassers, louts, pedlars, kerb-stone merchants, wandering inventors, and all the other strays in Melbourne. All day long they besiege me assiduously. I fear I must look easy. It is marvellous the variety of investments I am offered—from shares in a syndicate for re-forming sawdust into building timber to bullet-proof pyjamas for co-respondents. But perhaps the hardest person to deal with is the battered ex-clerk, who forces tracts on me, and inquires anxiously as to my spiritual welfare, and who finally comes into the open and weepfully demands beer-money.

### THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

The British Minister at Peking is going to Canton to interview, on behalf of Japan, the Viceroy, regarding the boycott of Japanese goods.—*News item.*

He's going up to Canton with his gilded sword and hat,  
To ring the bell, and show his card, and wait upon the mat.  
He's rushing up to Canton, in that great and gifted man,  
A sort of borrowed bagman for the Monkey of Japan.

Take up the White Man's Burthen—Oh, yes! lift it by the tail!  
And trudge along the nation's road, and see the nations pale.  
It is a grimy burthen, and it hath of sin its full,  
But you've got it on your shoulder—so Lord help you, Brother Bull!

A veteran contractor handed over his job at Penguin (Tas.) recently, aged 75. T. W. Hungerford came to Victoria from Ireland in the early 60's, and later on crossed over to Maoriland, where, among other sizable doings, he built the Brunner railway and the Grey-mouth harbour works. He came to N.S.W. in the 80's; constructed the Cape Hawke breakwater, drained the big swamp at Cooperbrook, and built the Queenbeyan bridge. Then he added a few trifles to the top of Tasmania, the Ulverstone harbour works being among the trifles. When Mr. Hungerford wasn't busy building something, his usual address was at the "Sign of the Oss," and he bred and raced some speedy steeds in N.S.W. and Maoriland. A few of them were British Lion (which won the M.L. Cup in '91), Whakawatea, Heather Bell, and Wyvern. R. C. Hungerford, Secretary of N.S.W. Trotting Club, is a son of the veteran.

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# TOPICS OF THE DAY.

## WHY A STATUE FOR SHAKESPEARE?

The unimaginative people who want a national statue of Shakespeare erected in Portland Place are meeting with a good deal of healthy opposition in the literary and artistic worlds. The suggestion of Portland Place is really too dismal altogether. It is utterly out of keeping with the spirit of Shakespeare as a site well could be. It is as formal, stiff and prosaic in character as a German drill-ground. Nobody ever goes there. Its highly respectable and sombre mansions look out upon a silent street which the traffic of the great city never profanes. An occasional motor-car or electric brougham, a footman waiting at a carriage door, a stray pedestrian or two, are the only signs of life about this majestically dull thoroughfare. A statue of Shakespeare in Portland Place would be utterly cut off from the teeming life of the metropolis; and, furthermore, it would be as effectually removed from the old London that Shakespeare knew so well. It is utterly unconnected with any memory of the poet's London life.

Besides, why a statue at all? It is not needed, and it would be unbeautiful. We have a statue of Shakespeare already in the gardens in Leicester-square, where the effigy of the poet looks gloomily across at the revels of extremely gay young women and "bloodes," who take no more notice of him than do the London sparrows perched disrespectfully on the top of his head! Besides, what British sculptor can do justice to the national poet in marble or in stone? London has far too many statues already, and nearly all of them are unlovely. Appalling effigies of statesmen in stove-pipe trousers and ungainly frock-coats, sometimes with allegorical females crouching in humility at their lordly feet, mar the prospect of many a London square and street. They all look horribly dejected, and soot and fog soon play havoc with their colours, reducing them to black monstrosities. It is terrible to think of the result if the Shakespeare statue hot-heads are allowed to have their way. The only consolation would be that in Portland Place the statue would be decently hidden from the public gaze.

But a statue to the memory of Shakespeare is superfluous. The query in Milton's splendid lines has never been answered—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones?"

Mr. Andrew Lang, who says he declines to have anything to do with any memorial to anybody, points out with gentle sarcasm that the memory of Shakespeare can never die so long as schoolboys are compelled to "do" him for examination purposes, and "swot up" the notes to the plays in the "Clarendon Press" editions. As the schoolboy well said: "We have to read the notes; we don't have to read the plays." And while Shakespeare figures in examination papers, succeeding generations will never forget him; they won't be allowed to. Compulsory Shakespeare, as Mr. Lang says, is an institution. And so millions of people, who never look at a Shakespeare play after leaving school, will continue for the rest of their lives to offer lip-homage to the national poet. So why a statue?

If Shakespeare must have a memorial of "piled stones," a well-endowed National Theatre would be far more in keeping with his supremacy in English drama. A National Theatre we must have, and the sooner the better; and it would be a fitting and a worthy tribute to the master dramatist to erect it in his memory.

## THE ART OF LIVING

A record of the experience of experts in the art of living was begun in the last number of the "Review of Reviews." Mr. Blead has succeeded in obtaining the

views of more distinguished men on the important subject of what to eat, drink, and avoid, which he publishes in the number just issued.

General Booth's personal rules, which he does not insist upon as applicable to others, may be summarised thus:—

I have taken neither fish, flesh nor fowl for some years gone by, my diet consisting of bread, butter, gram, cheese, vegetables, with occasionally a little fruit.

I take tea in combination with hot milk, and when thirsty a little plain aerated water. I take no intoxicants or fancy drinks.

I neither smoke, take tobacco, nor any other opiate or pick-me-up in any form. I find my comfort and stimulation in the conscious flavour of God and the joy of doing good.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, who is now in his 68th year, gives the following rules of health:—

Food: Not to take much animal food.

Drink: To take very little alcohol.

Smoking: To abstain altogether.

Dr. Grace, the cricketer of the last half-century, who is now 60 years of age, says:—

Food: Eat in moderation.

Drink: Ditto.

Smoking: Ditto. I do not smoke, so cannot give my own experience on that.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the philosopher and writer on economics:—

Food: I have found well-cooked lean meat the most easily digested food, and that on which it has been possible to do continuously the best intellectual work. I cannot do good work on much starchy food. Very spare eating it, in my case, essential to the clear working of the mind.

Drink: I rarely take alcohol. I cannot do good work after it. It is not the immediate effects, but the after results which seem to depress the brain power.

Smoking: I rarely smoke.

Sir Oliver Lodge's plan is:—

Food: No time to think about it. I eat whatever comes—too much probably.

Drink: Next to nothing now, except on occasions of hospitality; then whatever is good.

Smoking: Did not smoke at all till forty, and very little since.

The anti-smoking brigade is still very strongly represented. Among those who have never smoked, or who advise total abstinence from tobacco, are General Booth, Thomas Hardy, Lord Rinyeigh, Dr. W. G. Grace, Professor Sayce, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir William Ramsay, Mr. Beerbehm Tree, Sir H. H. Johnston, Mr. P. Benson, and Mr. Walter Crane. Sir Ray Lankester thinks smoking "perhaps better avoided," but finds "six small Turkish cigarettes in the day and one good cigar after dinner not obviously harmful, and very agreeable."

Chief among the smokers is George R. Sims, who begins to smoke directly he gets up, and goes on smoking until he goes to bed at night. He says: "I have tried to smoke less, but up to the present I have found it very difficult to do anything without a pipe or a cigar. I never smoke cigarettes." Mr. Edmund Gosse has no hesitation in saying that he has found tobacco of immense service to his general health and comfort. He never smokes at work. Mr. Silas K. Hocking never smokes until after lunch, never smokes while at work, and his daily quantum is half a dozen cigarettes. Mr. Walter Crane says that he has not smoked for over thirty years, but it is an undertaking to explain to one's friends that one does not smoke, and he adds that if one has any bad habits it is best to break them occasionally.

## THE CHILDREN'S CHAMPION.

The death of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh removes the noble founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a man who did more for the cause of ill-treated children than perhaps any other individual of his time. It was Mr. Waugh who awakened the national conscience in regard to the cruelty inflicted upon children by brutal and vicious parents. He had found that the failure of children to attend school, and their miserable state when they did come, were commonly due to the neglect, or worse, to which they were

subjected at home; and what chiefly aroused his indignation was the difficulty, as the law then stood, of bringing home to parents their responsibility. It is hard to realise now that in the seven ties it was the accepted idea, not only among the general public, but among judges and magistrates, that, as an Englishman's house was his castle, the parents could practically do as they liked with their children, as with their inanimate goods and chattels. The stupid and paralysing old gag "the liberty of the subject" was thrown in the teeth of any reformer who suggested that the interests of the community were of more importance than the parent's freedom to ill-treat his children. Mr. Waugh set himself to wear down public opinion, and he succeeded.

His first and greatest difficulty was to convince the country that cruelty to children actually existed. His appeal was nearly always met by the answer, "There is no cruelty in this town." By his persistence, eloquence, and charm of character, Mr. Waugh gradually succeeded in changing public opinion. He spent five years travelling in Great Britain, collecting facts on which a Statute could be founded. Many of his disclosures were incredibly terrible. There seemed to be absolutely no limit to the variety of ill-treatment to which children were subjected. Referring to this labour he said:—"We find that there is more cruelty in the country than in towns. In the towns there is more brutality; in the country more wilful starvation, and starvation is worse than brutality. A child is strangled to death in six seconds; it takes six weeks of agony to starve it gradually to death." He told of an unmarried mother deliberately killing her child by thirst, and of a farmer devising the death of his son by patent medicine, in order to get the insurance money. Realists like these, verified, alas! by prosecutions, convinced Parliament of the necessity of special legislation, and in 1885 the Criminal Law Amendment Act was passed. Mr. Waugh also secured a law by which offences beside Poor Law guardians might prosecute in cases of starvation. In 1889 his legislative achievements culminated in the passing of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to and the better Protection of Children.

Under this "Children's Charter," supplemented in 1895 by a charter of incorporation conferred on the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the society has done a work of incalculable beneficence. It has dealt with over 300,000 cases of ill-treatment, and, but for it, in the vast majority of these cases the helpless little victims would have had to go on suffering. It encountered much opposition at first, even in police and coroners' courts, but it triumphed in the end. Happily it has of late become less and less necessary to prosecute, but the need of keen and persistent vigilance is still there. Every year the society deals with about 40,000 cases. Think of it—in a Christian country! The very fact of such a society being necessary is a disgrace to civilisation, but how necessary it is its record has shown only too clearly. And the chief credit for the whole work which it has done belongs to its founder, Mr. Benjamin Waugh, "the Champion of the Child."

## "AN EXCISEMAN, ONE ROBERT BURNS," ON WHISKY.

Royal Commissions are usually sadly dull affairs, but the Public Analyst of the City of London, Dr. Todd, succeeded in livening up the Royal Commission on Whisky very effectively this week, in his capacity as an expert witness. He summoned no less an authority than Scotland's national poet, "Robbie" Burns, in corroboration of his views on the vexed question "What is Whisky?" He was acquainted, he said, with a poem written by "an exciseman, one Robert Burns," on Scotch drink. The following colloquy ensued:—

Dr. Brown: Do you think that has a bearing on our inquiry? Yes, I do. You wish to get the quotations I see in your "proof" on the notes of evidence?—Yes.

Then perhaps you will recite them or read them?—I am not quite sure about the pronunciation, not being a Scotsman. (Laughter.)

"Is there a Scotsman present?" asked the witness. There was no response, though one in the affirmative might have been expected where whisky was being discussed. As a matter of fact there

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were several Scots present, but none offered his services.

Witness, still expressing his doubts as to his ability to read Burns with proper effect, said the poem referred to "barley," "malt," "stills," and "whisky."

The Chairman: Is it relevant to what we are discussing?

Dr. Teed: I think so, my lord.

The Chairman: Then please read them. Never mind the pronunciation.

Dr. Teed then read the extracts as follows:

I sing the Juice Scots bear can ma- us  
In glass or jug.

"By bear," said witness, "I am informed barley is meant."

O thou my Muse, guid auld Scotch drink  
Whether thro' wimpling worms thou link,  
Or richly brown, ream o'er the brink  
In glorious faim.

"Wimpling worms" evidently refers to the condensing worms used in distilleries.

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,  
An' ails set up their awnle horn,  
An' prase and beans at e'en or morn  
Perfume the plow.  
Lesez me on thee, John Barleycorn,  
Thou king of grain.

This emphasises the employment of barley.

Out owre a glass o' whisky punch,  
Wi' honest men.

Then again:

O Whisky! gaul of plays and pranks!

In the 20th verse the poet refers to

These curst house-keepers o' the Excise,  
'Wha mak' the wiskey stoll' their prize!

Then he says:

Fortune! if thou'll but gie me still  
Hie breeks, a scone, an' wiskey gill.

The whole of these quotations taken together show that Scotch drink was distilled from barley, and was known as "whisky"! The stills must have been pot-stills, as no others were known at that day.

That the barley was malted before

use, added Dr. Teed, is brought out in the ballad of "John Barleycorn," by the same author. In this ballad the life history of barley is given, and harvesting, threshing, malting, and also grinding of malt is described. In a subsequent verse it is indicated that the foregoing processes were for the purpose of producing intoxicating drink.

There was no evidence that he had come across, said witness, to show how or when, if ever, the term "whisky" was permitted to be applied to patent still products. Why it was applied was only too obvious—it was on account of its cheaper price. Many of the witnesses before the Select Committee took the view that whisky must be a pot-still product. He had never been able to detect any whisky flavour in patent-still spirit, whether made in Scotland or Ireland. It was impossible to obtain from a patent-still a spirit having either the chemical composition or the qualities of an Irish or Scotch whisky.

Dr. Teed then produced various samples of spirits, including Scotch and Irish malt whiskies and plain patent spirit. These were arrayed in front of the chairman until his table resembled a sample counter in a spirit store

A waiter brought a tray full of wine glasses, and the chairman, with the assistance of the other commissioners, proceeded to pour out samples of Scotch and Irish whisky and patent spirit. These were suitably diluted with water, and were smelt and tasted by the chairman and his fellow commissioners. After the chairman had critically examined the patent spirit, he passed the glass to Dr. Teed, and asked:

Would that be recognised as whisky at all, by anybody?

Dr. Teed: I should not like to recognise it as whisky myself.

At the end of the sampling the witness asked: "Shall I leave the samples with the commissioners in case they might like to investigate them further?"

The Chairman: Certainly not. (Laughter.)

Apparently the chairman feared that his fellow-commissioners would not be so particular as the analyst about the quality of the whisky.

**GOLD FOR THE GAY SUFFRAGETTES.**

Now in a cell  
She sits and pines,  
And of this silly  
Dully dines;  
But still repeats  
As if by rote,  
'I want — I want —  
'I want a vote!

This little verse, I need hardly explain, is the song of a suffragette, and it will serve to show that the energetic young women who are striking fear into the hearts of Cabinet Ministers and filling policemen and gaolers with dismay, are not without a sense of humour in the midst of their strenuous campaign for the franchise. Indeed, they show a good deal more humour than their opponents, and they combine it with a sincerity and directness of purpose which would have succeeded in achieving their object long ago if England were not one of the most conservative countries in the world.

The last of the forty suffragettes who were arrested for attempting to reach the Houses of Parliament by means of a furniture van were released this week, and were joyfully welcomed back to freedom by their adherents. One lively young woman, Miss Vera Wentworth, was kept in gaol a day longer than her companions for cutting "Votes For Women" on the wall of her cell. "The inscription was well worth the extra day," she said to a reporter. "They will never get it out. The governors of the prison lectured me, and said it was no use writing our war cry on a prison wall; it would influence no one. I did not agree with him, and I told him that in years to come when Holloway was in disuse, and was one of the sights of London, visitors would be shown the inscription, and women—then with the glory of a vote—would shudder, and thank Providence they did not live in these days. I believe that inscription will stand as a lasting memorial of our work to-day.

"I do not know," Miss Wentworth added, "how I should have stood Holloway, had I not been blessed with a sense of humour. I used to make the whole ward laugh by playing 'Votes for Women' tunes on my comb. One day we organised a great lark. But putting our


ears to the walls, we could hear the prisoner in the next cell, and so we all agreed to roar like hungry animals all dinner-time. We made a fearful noise, but the wardress could do nothing, because there were so many of us. Another good joke was a verse, which Miss Brackebury made up. We used to sing this with great gusto—

Sing a song of Christaben—  
And her little plin;  
Four-and-twenty Suffragettes  
Packed in a van.  
When the van was opened,  
Out the ladies jumped,  
Was not that a nasty dish,  
Sir Campbell-Bannerman?

"By the way, it was funny how the responses to the Litany varied in chapel. When the chaplain prayed for magistrates the response was very poor. When he prayed for all prisoners and captives there was a perfect roar!"


On the evening of their release Mrs. Pankhurst and her companions attended the mass meeting of women in the Albert Hall, where fourteen thousand women assembled—the largest women's suffrage meeting ever held in the history of the movement. Mrs. Pankhurst had a magnificent ovation when she appeared on the platform. The great audience leaped to its feet. Handkerchiefs waved from every box, from every tier, and the cheers were deafening. The welcome was almost unnerving in its abounding enthusiasm, and Mrs. Pankhurst, with smiling eyes and quivering lips, waited until comparative quietude came. But again and again throughout her speech the gathering of women broke forth into applause that could not be restrained.

Magnificent also was the response to the appeal for funds to carry on the movement. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence announced that the self-denial week had resulted in the collection of £2582, and then she called upon those present to add to this sum. A contribution of £1000 a year from a lady who desired to remain anonymous was the first sensational announcement from the hall. "My husband and I will add another £1000 to that," promptly announced Mrs. Lawrence amid loud applause. Cheques, bank notes, and promises for £100 came in quick succession. Both Dr. Garrett Anderson and her daughter were among those who contributed £100.



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Major-General Sir Alfred Turner was another member of the audience who contributed: "I will give £100," called out a lady in evening dress. By leaps and bounds the figures on the scoring-board went up, until the magnificent total of nearly £7000 was reached. "Hard cash makes more difference to the Government than all the eloquence of which we are capable," was Miss Christabel Parkhurst's comment on the result.

That vast audience meant business. A meeting of women who will subscribe £5000 in a night is a force to be reckoned with. Only political blindness and pig-headed obstinacy can believe henceforth that women do not want the vote.

**Australia's Heathen.**

**A SETTLER'S "SUNDAY AT HOME."**

Essays on "A Day at Home," by miners, hawkers, "cockies," teamsters, fishermen, country schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, bush-whackers in all the Australian States and the Dominion, surveyors, postmistresses, threshers, nurses, country doctors, grape-pickers, musters, harvesters, rabbit poisoners, station-overseers, cattle-truckers, etc., reached the "Bulletin" recently in competition for a two-guinea prize. An analysis of the essays (says the editor) shows that Australia of the backblocks is, on the whole, optimistic. These dwellers in the unknown face life with a kind of desperate cheerfulness. Yet they suffer from three great wants. They cry out for less monotony, more mails, and more sleep. "Nine o'clock Thank God! One day gone," writes "Dumble." "That's my day—unfortunately it takes 360 of them to make a year."

And the women who stay at home hope against the loneliness. "Didn't have any visitors to-day, after all. Perhaps I will to-morrow." And mail-day is, barring Sunday, the red-letter day of the week. It is curious to find, too, how many of the writers chose Sunday for their day at home; for, for many of the men, Sunday is the only day that they have at home. As J. Hope remarks: "My day at home is Sunday; other days are unimportant, as I have to graft."

But the greatest want is the lack of sleep. Most of the accounts begin before 4 a.m., and nearly all begin with the equivalent of damn, and the stubborn refusal to wake up. The one clamant woe of Wake back is early rising; and one necessary Act of Parliament is a Bill for the Beauty Sleep of the Bush-girl and the Bush-boy. In the interests of the cocky's family, it should be made penal for anybody to rise before 7 a.m., and it should be an indictable offence not to have your breakfast in bed. But there are no dams in the essays that tell of Sunday, for Sunday is the Day of Sleep.

The following essay, by Edward Jay, may be taken as a fair sample of how Sunday is spent by scores of lonely settlers, bushmen, and rabbiters:—

Six a.m.—Just awake, and remember it is Sunday; rolled over and tried to sleep again, but the sandflies and mosquitoes soon put an end to that, so I turned out of bunk at 6.30 a.m. Had a look outside the tent, decided to get through cooking and washing as soon as possible on account of the appearance of the sky.

Saw a gohanna making up a hollow sapling at my "galley," cut his narrative off with an axe; the front end of "go." continued up the hollow, and I threw the back end to my pup; and he has been killing that and time all the morning.

Made a fire; put Billy on, and made some tea, and had breakfast—salt beef, damper, topped off with a bit of "brownie," and the "well acquainted," alias "bullocky's joy," known to storekeepers as "golden syrup." After breakfast, washed clothes, had a shave, and promised myself a safety razor (some day); got "Bulletin" (27/2/08), read it through from cover to cover, and read "C.A.J." on "Dalgety" and "Canberra" twice over, and came to the conclusion that "Wade wants his head read." At 11.30 a.m. put Billy to the fire again, made some more tea, ate some more beef, damper, and "brownie," then packed on wood to get a supply of ashes for baking, stretched myself on bunk in meantime with "Bulletin" again, and re-read all the advts., and tried to decide which would be the better game to tackle—catching bunny at Canberra or fencing up here in N. Queensland. Have decided on the first.

1.15 p.m.—Knocked up a damper, just put in oven, the rain come, so I had to keep putting on ashes about every five minutes to keep the heat in. Expected a "sod," but 'twas a "bonsor." Took it off, and then thought of my clothes drying; snatched them (dungaree pants and flannel) off saplings and hung them in the tent. Rain kept on lightly, so decided to have a sleep. Woke at 3.39 p.m., to find the pup having a scrap with the head part of the "go," which had come out of the hollow, and got finished off in great style. Had afternoon tea (cold, and no visitors) and brownie; then went through my library to find something to read (library consists of "Thelemas"—read twice—five old "Bulletins," and four "N. Q. Registers"), but had to content myself with looking over the sketches again, and no "kid," I must have laughed for half an hour at "George's" show. Then I fell into a reverie, I think it is called, and the thought of "What might have been," etc., etc., gave me the "pip," so I got out and put Billy to the test again, made some more tea, ate some more beef and damper, and for a change, topped off with some stewed apples from Hohart, and still it is raining. 5 p.m. a thunder storm came on; so I tied the tent firmly and made snug for the night, and at 6 p.m.—I've seen rain, but this beats all, it fell in sheets—so I decided to turn in, did so, started to think, just struck me you wanted a "Day at Home," got out of bunk, lit my lamp, and this is the result. Raining still, 8 p.m. Good night.

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

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# News, Views and Opinions.

In dismissing a charge of drunkenness against a Frenchman brought before him recently, Mr. Plowden, a London magistrate, delivered some instructive observations, relative to the French and English temperaments. A sober Frenchman, he said, full of the national vivacity, equals an intoxicated Englishman in liveliness; an Englishman, he added, does not approach a Frenchman in vivacity unless under the influence of drink. The comparison, though doubtless intended as complimentary, to the gay dispositions of our French friends, is not very happy. Vivacious is not precisely the term one would apply to an Englishman under the influence of drink. In that condition he is usually very quick to take offence, and one would advise a Frenchman approached by such a person in the street to hail a cab and take the vivacity as read. Taking, again, the case in which an intoxicated Englishman is not hunting for insults, but is what Mr. Plowden would doubtless call "vivacious," it must be pointed out that his manners when in this state in no way approximate to those of the normal sober Frenchman. Sometimes he throws his hat into the air; sometimes he affectionately embraces a policeman. This kind of thing is very rarely done by the respectable and sober Frenchman. The fact is that those who have never travelled on the Continent have an entirely erroneous idea of French spirits. They seem to imagine that the streets of Paris have the appearance of a musical comedy stage during the execution of a song and dance with full chorus; they seem to believe that the normal gait of the French business man is a series of agile skips, with his hat in one hand and the tri-colour on the end of a stick in the other. It is not the case.

Biarritz, from which the King has just returned, and where he spends a few weeks nearly every spring, was virtually discovered by Napoleon III. and his Empress, Eugenie, and it has been fostered by one or two Englishmen of eminence in the city because they have property there. It is a gay, windy, exhilarating town. For the English there, golf is almost as important as at St. Andrews. There used to be a cabbage garden right up against the course, and the old woman who owned it derived a fine income by charging half a franc for the recovery of every ball hit into it. The Casino is small, but none the worse for that. There used to be a withered Spanish lady, of magnificent pedigree, and almost mummified appearance, who annually drove to church to pray in a conspicuous position, and then went to the tables, where she lost with consistency and sang loud.

Cremation among English people does not make very rapid progress. Whereas the number of cremations carried out in Great Britain in 1906 was 732, being an increase of 138 as compared with the previous year, in 1907 the number, as shown by figures supplied to the "British Medical Journal" by Mr. Herbert T. Herring, Medical Referee of the Cremation Society of England, was 706. The number of crematories at work is still 13, of which six—at Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Sheffield, Bradford, and Ilford—are municipal. Cremation is almost wholly confined to persons of some intellectual distinction. The average citizen is still held in the fetters of custom, in which sentiment has taken root so deeply as to make it hard to eradicate. Many persons live in fear of being buried alive, and make provision in their wills that a doctor shall "mak' sikkat" by dividing a main artery or thrusting a knife through the heart.

How did she do it? Many ladies will envy the coolness and resource of Mrs. E. Dyer, of Lucknow, in the circumstances narrated below. On Thursday evening in Race Week, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer were giving a dinner and small dance. The verandah had been thatched in to serve as a dining-room, and the guests arriving to dine saw it in flames; the strong east wind made the fire especially dangerous, as there were sever-

al large tents pitched near by. Everyone worked to save the house, and extinguish the fire, which was got under promptly, but not before the dinner table and all its appointments were destroyed, the silver melted, and much valuable property burned, which had been put into an adjoining verandah when the rooms were cleared for the dance. Mrs. Dyer's dressing-room was also attacked, and most of her dresses destroyed. The damage is estimated at Rs.10,000. The fire was not allowed to interfere with the dance and dinner. While the men were fighting the flames, Mrs. Dyer effected a domestic reorganization which enabled her to carry out the festivities with brilliant success.

Anniversary celebrations have surely reached their culminating point in a jubilee that has lately been held in Boston. A woman in that city has been celebrating her "golden anniversary" as a cook. During forty years out of fifty she has been employed at one restaurant, for which she has baked no less than 394,000 pies. A local statistician has estimated that these pies, if laid out in a row, would cover seventy miles. If the New England pie is not belied by its common repute, a cook, who has imperilled so many digestions, might well deserve a place in one of Mr. Roosevelt's lists of public enemies. Any plea for mercy that might be offered by her friends would obviously be difficult to sustain, in view of the fact that she confesses, also, to the manufacture of 788,000 puddings and 2,000,000 doughnuts.

The Russian scientists who have been making a meal of a portion of a 100,000-year-old mammoth have, no doubt, established a record in ancient fare. Compared with it, indeed, the menu of that remarkable dinner given by a Brussels antiquary named Goebel was a thing of yesterday. "At that dinner," said one of the guests, "I ate apples that ripened more than 1800 years ago; bread made from wheat before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England; and I washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa." The apples which formed part of the dessert were grown before Pompeii was overwhelmed; in fact, they were rescued from its ruins. The wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth; and the wheat was found in a chamber in one of the Pyramids. It is interesting to know that this antiquarian fare was all excellent, the fruit particularly being described as of as fine flavour as if it had just been taken from the trees.

Lord Salvesen, in delivering judgment in a case in the Court of Session the other day, called attention to the remarkable case of a bricklayer, whose income amounted to 27/ a week. On that income he brought up six children, three of his sons qualifying for the learned professions. Notwithstanding the expense of bringing up his family, he had accumulated, a few years before his death, nearly £400 of movable estate, besides owning the cottage in which he lived. The life of this man, said the judge, presented a picture of untiring thrift and remarkable industry, because the evidence disclosed that he had no income beyond his weekly wage. His active life extended until he was over eighty years of age.

It may seem paradoxical to say so, but, according to Dr. Craven Moore, a Manchester expert, food is only sound when it is rotten. At least that is one interpretation of the evidence he gave in a pouting case at Liverpool Assizes. There are two races of bacteria, it appears—one that acts up putrefaction and one that does not. The non-putrefactive tribe are the fellows who make food poisonous, and they have not any odour to speak of. All that the other sort can do is to make you feel unwell for a while, but there is no permanently poisonous effect if you swallow a million of them.

Eating putrified food is only a matter of usage, says Dr. Moore, and he instances the case of people who eat game when it is "high," and the Chinese, who only regard eggs as a delicacy when they have attained to a ripe old age. When the world gets a firm grip on these valuable scientific truths it will be quite a common thing, no doubt to read such advertisements as these in the windows of the food purveyors—"Finest eggs; twenty years old. Guaranteed absolutely rotten." "Try our beef; the rankest on the market"; or "Our rich, old, musty bacon stands alone. Nothing can approach it."

Another convict has "escaped" from the prison of Thorberg, in the canton of Berne, Switzerland, bringing up the total to ten during as many months. The convict, named Fluckiger, aged thirty years, was undergoing a long sentence for forgery when he left. None of the ten convicts has been recaptured, but one who was unable to find employment returned to prison recently of his own accord. At a recent inquiry into the methods employed in the Thorberg prison "to reclaim the prisoners" a Gilbertian state of affairs was discovered to exist. The warders, it was found, often took the convicts for a walk to the village of Wasen, near by, where all entered the cafes, played bowls and cards, and each man ordered his drinks, the prisoners often "treating" their warders. In this penal paradise the well-behaved prisoners were permitted now and then to visit Wasen alone in the afternoon and return to prison at night. The Thorberg prison has become the laughing-stock of the country.

The story of a man's recognising his long-lost wife in a cinematograph view, and rushing upon the stage to pluck her from the screen, may be true—but it is American. Something of the sort did happen at an exhibition of animated pictures in England. During the transit of one view there came a piercing shriek from the audience, and a woman had to be carried out fainting. The scene had brought to her the re-enactment of a tragedy. The portrait on the scene was the portrait of her child, who some time before had been ruthlessly snatched from her by death. The picture had been taken while the child was yet in health. It was one of a number of portraits which the proprietor of the exhibition had bought of various photographers. Here, far from the town in which it was acquired, it was for the first time displayed, and in the audience was a woman to whom it seemed an apparition of her loved one from beyond the grave.

Interesting correspondence respecting the opium question in China was published as a White Paper recently. It deals with the proposals that have been put forward with the object of restricting the trade in opium since the issue of the Chinese Imperial decree commanding the complete eradication in ten years of the evils arising from native and foreign opium. As regards Indian opium, on January 27th Sir J. Jordan telegraphed to Sir Edward Grey reporting that the Chinese Government had accepted the reduction of the total export of opium from India by 5110 chests yearly, beginning with 1908. Writing on February 12th in reference to this telegram, Sir Arthur Godley, Under Secretary of State for India, states that the Indian Government will be duly informed that the quantity of opium exported beyond seas must be limited this year to 61,900 chests; next year to 56,800 chests; and in 1910 to 51,700. The Government of India, adds Sir Arthur, will be immediately instructed to enforce the restrictive measures, without insisting on the prior fulfillment of the condition that similar restrictions would be simultaneously enforced in respect of non-Indian opium.

We gather from the fashion papers that there is a tendency to revive the fashion of the night-cap for evening wear. The news is, perhaps, less interesting in itself than startling in its possible implications. Our forefathers wore night-caps for the same reason for which the miller in the 'riddle' wore a white hat. Carrying wigs upon their shaven heads during the day, they were obliged to take this precaution against catching cold at night. The shaven head, in short, is the diurnal

corollary and complement of the night-cap; and if the new fashion prevails there should be a boom in the business of the barbers. At a time of slackening trade that is an advantage not to be despised; and the innovation may also produce the incidental benefit of bringing the bishops into line with the Canon Law, which, as was pointed out at the time of the deceased wife's sister controversy, not only orders them to wear night-caps, but also tells them exactly what sort of night-caps they must wear. They have not of late years, it is rumoured, been very diligent in their compliance with this particular ecclesiastical ordinance; but it is not to be doubted that they will once more obey it punctiliously now that the voice of fashion echoes the prescriptions of the Fathers of the Church.

## HEALTH FOR GROWING GIRLS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help them when they need help.

Wanganui Girl weak and bloodless, drifting into a decline; Fainted right off; cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is mostly young girls between fourteen and twenty who drift into a decline. Between these ages their health is undergoing a complete change. They need care and attention to help them develop into strong, healthy women. They need an abundant supply of red blood, but at this time seldom have it. There's security, health, and happiness for growing girls in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People—they make blood. In this simple way they banish the tiredness and weariness, the headaches and backaches, the heart palpitation and nervousness, the cold hands and feet, the discomfort after eating and the depressed spirits; that don't care feeling; the heavy dull eyes, the thin sunken cheeks and pale tired faces. They did all this for Miss Rosetta Boaz, 51, Liverpool-st., Wanganui, which is just one case out of the many that have been cured by building up the blood.

"For nearly four years I suffered with Anaemia," said Miss Boaz. "I had not a scrap of colour in my face and I was always tired. I was growing so weak that I could hardly walk at all. Do you know, I could not walk up to the 'Avenue' without getting an awful pain in my chest. It was something cruel, and as if a knife were going through me. I had it from the time I went out until I got home. As a rule, I am not afraid of work, but I was getting so ill that I did not care if I did my work or not. I suffered awfully with headaches. No one knows what I went through off and on. To make matters worse I could not sleep at all well. I tossed about, and even when I dozed off I usually woke with my heart palpitating like mad and the terrible feeling that something was going to happen. I did not eat much, and what little I did manage to force down I did not enjoy—for it laid on my chest in a hard lump for hours after. My hands and feet were always puffed and swollen and cold. My blood was so poor that it could not circulate properly. When my head ached the pain came on at the back and sometimes right on the top. It was terrible agony. I felt myself getting weaker every day, and less able to walk or work. I went to the doctor but his medicine did not do me the least bit of good. Then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, though I did not think they would do me much good when the doctor's treatment failed. But I got a box and do you know that before I had finished it I felt a lot better. After that every dose put new life into me, and five boxes put me into the very best of health. Now I am as strong as ever I was."

If you are in doubt about your own case, write for hints as to diet, etc., to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Australasia, Ltd., Wellington. From that address you can also order by mail the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/ a box, 10/6 a box.

## ON PURPOSE.

"Why do you set your alarm clock? You never get up when it rings?" "No. But I have the satisfaction of knowing I am sleeping late of my own free will, and not by accident."

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# LADY WREXHAM'S NIECE

By MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.

(Author of "The Recovery of Jane Vercoe," etc.).

Of the tragedy which suddenly terminated my happy married life, and left me to face the future broken-hearted and alone, I need tell but little here. It is sufficient to say I found myself not only alone, but faced by the problem how to support myself and my little child, and I pondered and pondered for long, without finding any scheme suitable, until one day a letter reached me from Lady Wrexham, an old school-friend of mine.

Lady Wrexham was a born traveller. She literally could not rest in one place for more than a few months at a time, and we, her friends, had ceased to expect her to. Her letter came now from Greece, and I will quote some of it.

"Dearest Helen," she wrote, "I feel mean for running off without saying 'good-bye,' but I rushed away panic-stricken by what has befallen me! You know that my brother Eustace Carlton died in Africa, but you do not know that he has left me his daughter Sybil, as a legacy! What am I to do with her! She is about seventeen, pretty I believe, but untrained. You see the poor old boy could not live where she could have had masters, and lessons, and she refused to leave him. She has to now, poor girl. She was to come to me at once, and I fled at the thought of it. I should only make her as wretched as she would make me. What can I do? Do help me!"

I need quote no more. Suddenly I saw a way out of my difficulties, and I sat down and wrote to Lucy at once.

By return of post I heard from her. "You are a perfect angel. No other plan could be so desirable. Spare no expense in getting good masters for her. I want her to be accomplished, but of course much depends on her tastes and style. She has nearly two thousand a year of her own, so can afford what she likes, and her lawyer will pay all bills and fees. Will five hundred a year pay you for giving her and a maid a home, looking after them both, and teaching Sybil all those innumerable, indefinable things, no masters or mistresses can teach?"

A little later came another letter from Lady Wrexham. "I hope you will not find Sybil too great a handful, but after the letter she has written to me I can expect anything of her. She evidently thinks her father lived and died a poor man, and imagines all the expense of her is to fall on me, so she bluntly declines to be under any deeper obligation than she can possibly help, and declares her intention of looking out for work of some sort. I have written and explained her position, but, as the letter could not reach her before she leaves, I send it to you to give to her when she comes."

"I asked her to send me a photograph of herself," went on Lucy, "that we might have some idea of what she is like, but she has not done so."

I could read, I thought, between the lines, and I saw the girl's loneliness and fear of being a burthen.

A little later when I met her on her arrival in England; and I saw for my self what she was like, I must admit I felt a sense of disappointment. I had, of course, drawn a mental picture of Sybil Carlton, a picture of a fair girl, graceful and refined, with a delicate, good, if not strictly beautiful face. The girl beside me was tall and large, with dark hair, and features which, at a distance, looked strikingly handsome, but near, were coarse and unrefined, and it was this want of refinement, this vague indefinable something in voice, manner, everything in fact, that disappointed me.

I roused myself to talk, and asked her about Africa, and her life there, but she

was uncommunicative, and, or so it seemed, resented my curiosity. She showed more interest when I began to talk of Lady Wrexham, and asked me questions innumerable. What was she like? Was she rich? Would she, Sybil, have to live with her later on? I was surprised at the ignorance she showed of her own aunt. Presently, when speaking of her tastes, and what studies she would like to pursue, she said, with a sigh of regret, as though suddenly recollecting herself, "I am not going in for anything that costs much, I—I must not impose on her kindness," and she spoke as though she were repeating a lesson, and with none of the spirit which would naturally accompany such a determination.

"Nonsense," I said, emphatically. "I—I wouldn't have come," she went on, "but that it was father's wish."

"Sybil, dear," I said, touched by the halting voice, there is a letter awaiting you that will explain things. Lady Wrexham thought you knew—"

"Knew—what?"  
"About your means."  
"Means! Have I any?" and again her manner jarred on me.

When I handed her the letter, she looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, fingered it hesitatingly, then, as though by a sudden impulse, tore it open and read it; and as she read her face grew first red, then white, lighted up with excitement; but she said nothing, and turned away without once glancing at me. All the rest of the day she seemed lost in thought, indifferent to everything about her, and I was quite troubled at the effect the news seemed to have on her.

The night, though, seemed to bring her calmness and decision. She came down to breakfast in a high state of spirits and energy. "I have made up my mind," she said, "to go in for everything. I shall learn all I can, it is bound to come in useful later on."

Whereupon we fell to discussing plans for what promised to be a perfectly delightful life for Sybil. But all the time I was troubled by certain vulgarities and commonnesses of mind, and speech, and resent which she displayed, and which not only astonished but quite alarmed me when I realised that I had to correct them; a feeling which did not decrease as time went on, for Miss Carlton was not easy to correct. She was so entirely self-satisfied, so sure of herself, so absolutely unlike what I had expected in Eustace Carlton's daughter, and Lady Wrexham's niece.

From the moment she realised that she was rich, she seemed to change. She became restless, and excited; and I earned my money hardly during the month that followed, for not only was Sybil inclined to be very extravagant, but she kept me ever on the alert with her foolishness and wild vagaries, and I was always haunted by a sense of distrust of her. I never felt at ease with her.

It was a great disappointment to me, when, some months later, Lucy wrote postponing her return. I thought Sybil would have been disappointed, too, perhaps hurt, but to my surprise she seemed quite pleased.

"Aren't you longing to see your aunt?" I asked reproachfully.

She coloured a little. "Oh—yes, of course," she stammered, "but I—well naturally I am glad she's having a long tour, knowing how much she loves it." Then, seeing, I suppose, that she had failed to convince me, she added pathetically, "I will confess I do rather dread meeting her, it—it will bring back everything so."

But neither reason seemed to me to

ring true, for I had often been astonished by the want of feeling she showed for her dead father, and once I had said to her, when she wished to go to a comic opera, "Have you the heart to go, Sybil, so soon? Do you never feel that it jars, that it is almost like disrespect to your father's memory?" And she had turned on me in one of her bursts of anger.

"Can't you see that I want to forget?" she cried. "To drown thought—"

"No," I answered coldly, "I cannot. Why should you wish to forget him—as though it were wrong to remember!"

It was about this time that a new cause of trouble had arisen. I had introduced Sybil to many nice girls of about her own age, with whom I thought she might have formed friendships. But none of them pleased her, and I must admit that they in their turn showed no liking for her. There was always something about Sybil which jarred on a refined woman.

On the other hand, Sybil herself showed no discrimination where men were concerned, no instinct seemed to warn her which were desirable or undesirable. In fact, it was only too apparent to most of us that the more undesirable the man, the greater the charm he seemed to hold for her, and I often had to exert my authority, which Sybil resented, and not only resented, but openly rebelled, and defied me.

There was one man in particular who caused me much anxiety—this was Raymond Drew, a son of Sir John Drew, a handsome fellow, and as little and extravagant as he was handsome. From the first time of meeting him, I saw that Sybil was completely fascinated; the next time they met, I felt sure that he had learned that she was an heiress, and was determined to make himself, if possible, master of her wealth.

More than one told me how unworthy he was, advising me not to allow him to come to the house; which advice I followed, but I soon found that Sybil was meeting him surreptitiously elsewhere.

I took her to France, but within a few days Raymond Drew appeared in the same place, I hastened on to Italy, seeking out the most secluded villages and travelling by complicated routes, and Sybil, with a mocking smile upon her lips, went everywhere quite cheerfully, for all the time, in spite of my orders, she was communicating with him constantly. I talked to her gravely. I told her plainly all the world knew he was seeking her only for her money.

"I know the world says so," she answered flippantly, "and for once it may be speaking the truth, but I care for him more than anyone else in the world, and—"

"I am sorry to hear it, dear," I answered sadly, "for you have before you a lifetime of misery. Once he has your money in his possession he will care no more for you or your feelings."

"Ah, but I shall always hold the purse, I have made up my mind to that. That is how I shall keep him."

"But suppose you lose your riches?"

To my surprise, her face grew white, her eyes wide and frightened. "How should I—why should I? Besides, he loves me for myself, he says so—and I am going to marry him. I don't care what anyone says."

After that, I returned to England. I felt it was useless to stay away any longer. It was spring when we returned, a glorious spring, and Sybil was out all day long. She would have spent the whole of her life out of doors if she could, and my difficulties were consequently increased. I could not be always at her side. I had many calls on my

time, and she evaded and escaped me in every conceivable manner. Oh, how I longed for Lady Wrexham's return that I might hand her charge over to her.

At last, to my intense relief, the longed-for letter came. "I shall be with you now within a week, dear. Give Sybil my love, and tell her I shall expect to see a very well-dressed and accomplished young person in return for all the money she has been spending so lavishly."

"I am so glad she is coming at last," I said, unable to suppress my pleasure.

"Yes," said Sybil, slowly, "you must be."

"Aren't you?" I asked, rather nettled by her indifference.

"Oh, well, you see, she is practically a stranger to me, and—and she may not approve of me."

## ECZEMA DROVE HIM TO DESPAIR

Hand Became Swollen and Very Red and Painful—Arm Gradually Affected Up to Elbow—Impossible to Give Idea of Agony Undergone for Three Years—Doctor and Very Many Remedies Fail.

### CURED BY TWO SETS OF CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My trouble started with swelling in my right hand, which became red and very painful and irritating. This swelling spread gradually up the arm until it reached the elbow. It is impossible for me to give any idea of the agony I went through during the three years that this eczema continued. I tried first one remedy and then another, only too glad to test anything that my friends suggested. Nothing seemed to be of the least good. I went to a doctor for four weeks in the provinces, where I was living at the time, and the treatment he put me under was as ineffectual as the rest. I was almost in despair. One day I happened to catch sight of an advertisement of Cuticura Remedies, and there I read of a case of eczema having been cured by the use of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills. The case was so similar to my own that I thought I would at least make one more try to get my arm right. I bought the whole treatment of the chemist, and I persevered with it for a week. By that time the improvement was apparent to any one, and the relief I felt myself was great. I should not have believed it possible for any remedy to afford such comfort in so short a time. My experience with the other remedies for eczema—and I should think I tried them all—enable me to appreciate Cuticura to the full. By the doctor's orders I was keeping my arm in a sling for many months, but the sling was soon dispensed with when I started with Cuticura. I persevered with Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills for about a couple of months, using the complete treatment, and I can tell you candidly and heartily that I was cured. I have occasion to have great faith in Cuticura in skin ailments, not only because of the great good it has done me, but because of the benefit I know has accrued from its use in other cases. Mr. T. S. Gillard, 3, Helyar Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, Nov. 19, '06."

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Agents: L. S. & C. 27, Charlotte Street, R. T. Taylor & Co., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, P. O. Box 100, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Price per Set, 2/6. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

"That rests with yourself," I answered gravely.

"Then I am sure she will not," Sybil retorted in her flippant way. "I think I will go and lie down, my head aches," and she left the room.

An hour or two later, when I went to see how she was, I found the room was empty. But at lunch-time Sybil appeared as though she had but just risen. "Where have you been, dear?" I asked quietly. She gave me one keen glance, and then resumed her old nonchalant manner.

"Out," she answered, "to see if it would do my head any good."

The next day passed quietly enough, then came Thursday, the day of Lucy Wrexham's return. I rose for the first time for many a day with a light heart. But my cheerful mood found no echo in Sybil. She sat through breakfast, eating scarcely anything, and rarely speaking. After breakfast she strolled about the garden, while I gathered flowers for Lady Wrexham's room. She did not speak much, and the little she did say was disconnected and dull. She spoke as one trying to make conversation, while her mind was pre-occupied.

"You will change your gown before Lady Wrexham comes, won't you, dear? Put on something light and pretty; I want you to look your best when you meet her first. Sybil was then dressed in an unusually sombre fashion, and I had wondered at it.

"Yes," she agreed, "but I think I— I would like a walk first."

I was troubled that the thought of meeting her aunt should so upset her; at the same time her quietness was an improvement on her usually boisterous, self-assured manner.

"Yes, do, dear," I said, "but you will be back in good time, won't you? I expect Lady Wrexham to lunch."

"Very well," she answered gravely, and went upstairs for her hat and gloves.

A few moments later there was a ring at the bell, and just as the maid crossed the hall to open the door, Sybil was coming down the stairs slowly, buttoning her gloves as she came. At the sound of the opening door she paused and looked up, and as she looked I saw her expression turn to one of perfect terror, then with a swift rush she ran down,

crept round the end of the bannisters, — was so miserable, Aunt Lucy. I and, darting past me, disappeared out wanted to do as father wished—but of the kitchen entrance. She did not when I came to face it, I—I realised speak, nor did I, but her face I saw as how unfit I was. I knew I was only she passed me was ashy white, and as half educated, that your ways, and she ran she gave little frightened gasp—everything were strange to me, and I ing moans.

The next moment the maid was stand- ing before me. "Miss Carlton, ma'am, trembling a little, "to leave the place and she wishes to see you at once," where father was buried, to go so far "Miss!" I began, but seeing the from—" "We would have tried to make you myself together as best I could, and has- Eustace was very dear to me, and you tended to the morning-room." I drew up at the house, and the door bell again pealed loudly. I do not re- member. But the moment I heard it I knew that Lucy Wrexham had come, and that I had to break to her what had been broken to me.

I think my face must have prepared her for something, for as she caught sight of it she stopped abruptly in her first greetings, "What has happened, Helen? Something is wrong, I know. Is it about—Sybil?" she demanded.

"Yes," I gasped incoherently. "Oh, Lucy, everything is wrong. She is not your niece at all; she has been tricking us all this time. The real Sybil has now come—she is in my room. Oh, Lucy, what will you say to me—but how could I help it?"

Lucy Wrexham threw her arms round me affectionately. "Try to be calm," she urged; "tell me, who was the other girl? How could she—"

"Sybil shall explain, I can't." Sybil, the real Sybil, was sitting look- ing the picture of trouble and shame when we entered.

"I have brought Lady Wrexham," I said. At the sound of my voice she lifted her white face eagerly, then dropped her eyes again.

"I am ashamed to meet you," she said as she rose. "Aunt Lucy, I don't know how to tell you how grieved and ashamed I am for all that has happened, I had no idea Enid Lewis would really do what I had talked of in fun—"

"It would be more satisfactory to me," said Lady Wrexham coldly, "if I might hear the story from the beginning."

Sybil looked at her aunt with fright- ened eyes. "Where shall I begin?" she asked, turning nervously to me. "I—

have looked more dismayed. "Oh!" she cried despairingly, "is there no end to my perplexities! Sybil," she went on, half- laughing, half serious, "I do think you might have spared me this! But," more gravely, "of course I must know more about it. You are too young to take a step so serious, without advice. In fact, you may not, without your guardian's consent."

"But—I have promised," stammered Sybil. "I—"

"But, child, how could you be so—but there, tell me all about it, I will promise not to be severe—only trust me."

Sybil blushed shyly, but she told her story frankly. "He often came to our house, and father liked him very much, he was always kind to me, too, and—and I was sorry for him."

"Sorry! Why?" asked Lucy. "He is lame, and he suffers a good deal at times."

"Yet he asked you to marry him?" cried Lucy indignantly.

"Yes, but not until I had gone into the situation I had got. He was vexed with me for not coming to you, but when I insisted on going away and getting work to do, he made me promise that I would always let him know where I was. So I sent him my address, and soon a letter came from him. He said he was as lonely and unhappy as I was, he missed father and—and me terribly, and asked me to marry him that he might make a home for us both. He said that he would not have dared to ask me, but that I was alone in the world."

"And you?"

"I told him I would."

"But did you care for him?"

"Lare!"

There was no need to probe deeper, the tone in which that one word was spoken was sufficient. I saw Lucy's face grow more grave.

"But you have broken the engagement now, as you have come away?"

"Sybil looked up with eyes wide with amazement. "Oh, no," she cried. "But he said it was my duty to come."

There was a moment's silence. "You have not told us his name, or what, or who he is," said Lucy meekly.

"He is a gentleman, Aunt Lucy," poor Sybil answered her eagerly, "and he has

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some means. His name is Drew, Lionel Drew."

"Drew!" cried Lucy and I in one breath. "Lionel Drew, Sir John Drew's eldest son, of course, I know he was lame," Lucy explained eagerly. "Well, I know he is a good fellow, the great drawback, of course, is his lameness—"

"It is very sad," said Sybil gravely, "but no drawback, Aunt Lucy. I am so looking forward to the time when I can take care of him. You will give your consent, won't you, darling?"

I knew that Lucy would succumb, and succumb she did—in part.

"Well," she said, "I will write to Mr. Drew before I say anything, but—"

But before she could finish her sentence, the door was abruptly flung open, and Sybil, the false Sybil, walked in, followed by Raymond Drew. They stopped when they saw my visitors. I

stepped forward, and tried to say something, but my mind and tongue seemed paralysed. At last Lucy found speech, "Is this—this—" she stammered.

"This is—Miss Enid Lewis," I stammered, and could find nothing more to say.

Raymond Drew stared in utter bewilderment. Sybil—the false Sybil, stood with head erect, a defiant look on her handsome face, triumph in her eyes. But all the triumph died out of them as Raymond Drew spoke. He, in his rage and dismay, did not hesitate to break the silence.

"You—you're not!" he stammered hoarsely. "Who are you? Speak," and he caught her hand roughly.

"I am the woman you swore you loved," she said, her eyes seeking his almost piteously. The change in her was pathetic. "And—your wife."

"And you are not—?" he had decency enough to hesitate over the sordid question.

But she took him up sharply. "No, I am not rich," she cried bitterly, "but—but you know," piteously, "how I love you."

"I know more than I want to know," he said cruelly, and, turning away, he was about to leave the house when I interposed:—

"You do not go without your wife," I said sternly. "You did not rest until you had won her heart. You married her an hour ago for better or worse, if the worse has come quickly you must face it. Better may follow, but there is your duty, and there is your wife, be a man and stick to them."

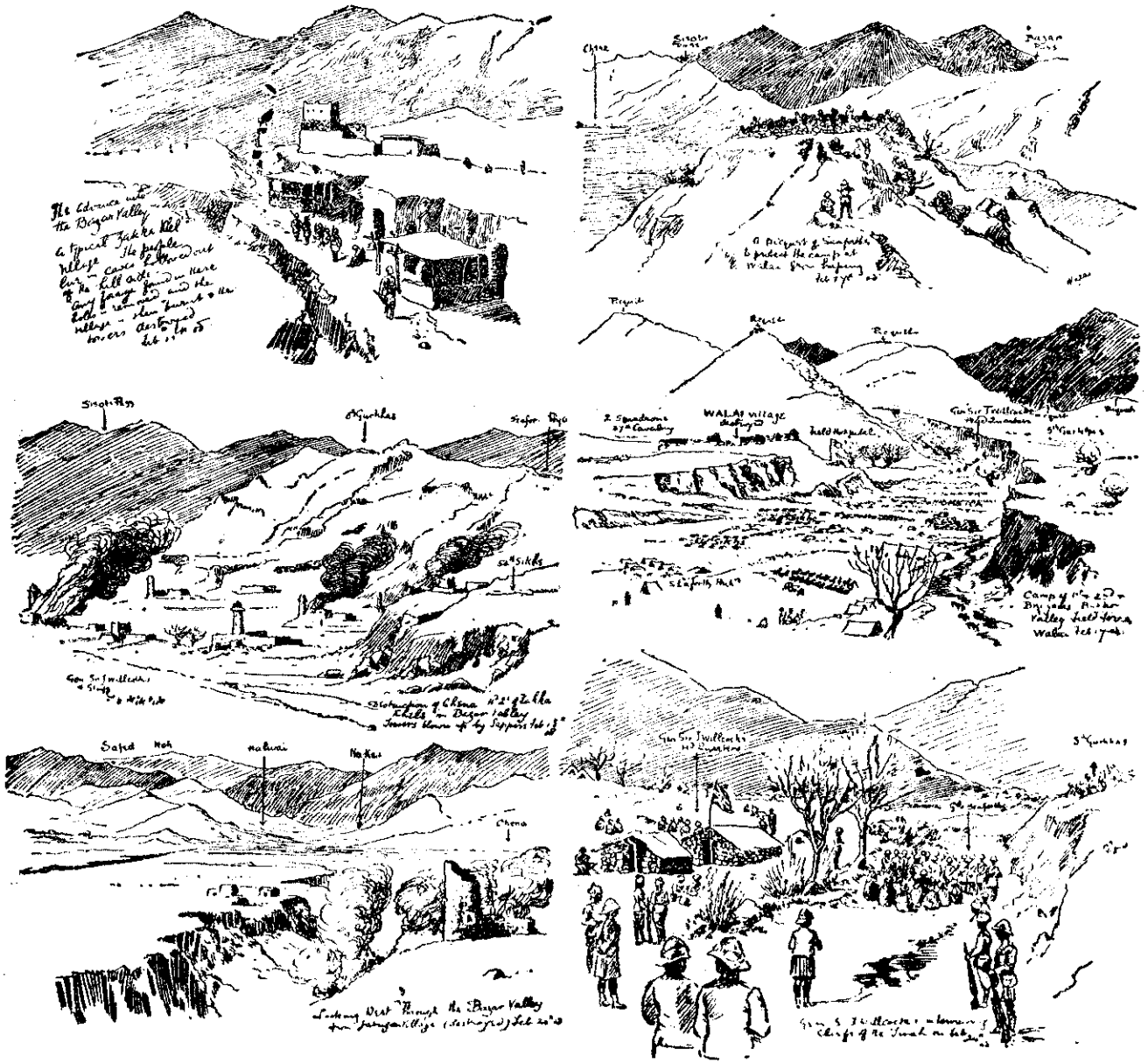
He glanced at me furiously for a moment, then turned to her.

"You got me by fraud," he said sulkily, "but come along," and they left the house together.

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## FIGHTING ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.



Our little war on the Indian frontier in February ended in a triumphant demonstration of the efficiency of Lord Kitchener's reorganisation scheme. The rapidity of the advance of General Willcocks' force into the Bazar Valley quite upset the Afridis' calculations, and a little more than a fortnight after the operations opened the Zalka Khel, who lost heavily during the fighting, came to terms. At the close of the campaign the King sent the following telegram to Gen-

eral Willcocks: "I congratulate you on the success of the expedition, which has been conducted with so much skill, and on the bravery and good conduct of the troops, which I consider has been beyond all praise." Very few British soldiers lost their lives during the campaign. But, although the Zalka Khels had received their lesson, the Mohmands, who had gathered from the North to their assistance, were evidently disappointed at not having had the opportunity which in-

flamed by religious fanaticism, they were eager for, of fighting the hated white man. The rapidity of movement which disconcerted the Zalka Khels seems to have as quickly reduced the fervour of these wild men from the borders of Afghanistan, and it would appear that they will quietly slip back to their hill homes. The sketches above from the pen of an officer are chiefly interesting as showing something of the broken hilly country in which these Indian frontier wars

are carried on. The tribesmen, used to the fatigue of hill travel from birth, have hitherto shown a mobility that has proved a serious handicap to British troops. As snipers they have a reputation that is unequalled, but this danger has been partly overcome by employing hill men in the British Army, who, as outposts, are familiar with and able to counteract to a certain extent a method of warfare with which they were familiar.

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# Here and There

### Boots of Many Colours.

To be assured that one's hat and dress match harmoniously is not so important this year as to be certain that boots, gloves, and waist belt are in the same tone of colour.

"The latest fashion in boots is to have the uppers made in coloured suede to match the gloves and waist belt," says a West End bootmaker.

"This little fad of fashion will usher in a widely required reform, for all ladies who desire to follow this mode must have their boots made for them.

"Ladies now bring me their belts and gloves to copy when they order their spring boots. The effect is very smart. For instance; black patent leather boots would be fitted with grey suede uppers, and worn with a tailor-made grey tweed frock with grey gloves and belt, and a deep red hat. Brown boots are fitted with brown or cream suede uppers.

"One of our customers recently ordered a most original outfit. She will wear a white serge dress with belt to match, and two scarlet quills in her white hat.

"We are making her a pair of white boots with red suede uppers to match this toilet.

"This design, however, is in, too startling a colour to be very widely followed, but the more sedate shades of dark green, brown, grey, black and prune suede will be largely in evidence."

### "As He Is Spoko"

How English sounds to French Ears.  
O(r)l lehen(t)je!

The above is not the phonetic expression of an influenza sneeze—nor is it a joke in Esperanto, nor is it the beginning of a message from President Roosevelt in the new spelling.

It merely represents a valiant attempt on the part of the "Entente Cordiate Review," the recognised organ of the movement to teach the Frenchman in London that familiar cry of the railway porter "All change!"

But there are many other gems of "The English as he is spoke" in the pages of the current number. Here are some of them:—

**AT THE RAILWAY STATION.**

I will leave my luggage at the cloak room. At onit live mal long gubije at the room.

**AT THE HOTEL.**

I want a double-bedded room. At onunt e deub-bedded roomin

**IN TOWN.**

I want change for one hundred francs. At onunt lehen-deud frannks.

**AT THE RESTAURANT.**

Fried potatoes, green peas, french beans, cauliflower, cheese. Fralde pote-tose greun, peas, french beans, cauliflower, binuse, cole-faou cheese, (teur), toba.

Several other gems of English as heard by French ears are given for the guidance of the Frenchman in London.

### New Rules of War.

Mr. Swift MacNeill's dignified protest against the fairness of sending 6,000 troops to fight 4,000 Zakkas Khols caused "Books of To-day" to issue "officially" some new rules of war. Here are some of them:—

On sighting an enemy a soldier must cry "Fore!" preparatory to shooting.

If attacked by a Pathan with a sword a soldier must wire home, describing the exact position of affairs and explaining precisely how forcigious his antagonist is. If the War Office considers that the case justifies his acting in self-defence, permission will be accorded. Till then he must take no steps.

Should a soldier about to fire at an enemy, see that the enemy intends to fire at him, he must smile politely, lower his gun, and say: "After you, my dear Alphonse!" or the Zakka Khol equivalent.

The whims of the enemy must be considered. If the enemy mutilate our wounded they probably do it because they enjoy doing it. Their simple pleasures must not be interfered with.

Where possible, generals, on finding that they outnumber the enemy, must suggest to the foe the advisability of settling the affair by means of a test match of eleven a side.

An enemy who is touching wood, or who has his fingers crossed, shall be considered for the time being a non-combatant. He may, of course, start fighting again directly he sees fit.

Before delivering a night attack generals must give at least three days' notice to the enemy.

### What Next?

Scented hairpins are the latest novelties exhibited in West End hairdressers' windows.

The knob at the top of the hairpin is fitted with a spring, which at the slightest touch releases a miniature spray of perfume.

"The idea is always to ensure absolutely fresh perfume," the hairdresser explained to an "Express" representative.

"We have found that however fine a scent may be it is apt to become stale after being exposed to the air for a couple of hours.

"Even scented sachets fail in this respect; and nothing is more aggressive than the odour of stale perfume.

"It is quite easy for a woman to pat her hair, or replace a hairpin; and this is all that is necessary to release the perfume.

"Hairpins are made in gold for blondes, tortoiseshell for brown hair, dark amber for auburn-haired women, and silver for grey locks."

### Railway Tragedy Recalled.

The Tay Bridge disaster of December 28, 1879, is recalled by the retirement, after 50 years' service, of Mr James Roberts, locomotive superintendent of the Caledonian Railway Company at Polmadie, Glasgow.

Born in Sutherland, he joined the service of the North British Railway Company, and was soon promoted to the post of locomotive foreman.

Mr Roberts was on duty in that capacity at Dundee on the Sunday evening when the Tay Bridge was blown down. When the alarm was raised by the signalman at the non-appearance of the ill-fated train, Mr Roberts courageously crawled along the bridge on his hands and knees at the peril of his life, until he came to the gap which told of the terrible disaster that had taken place.

In the same manner he had to crawl back to the station, and he was the first to send the news to Edinburgh and Glasgow. It was an experience he is never likely to forget.

### Costumes Worth Fortunes.

Dresses may cost anything one likes to spend, but there are in existence certain garments which are easily the "record" in point of price.

The Queen of Siam owns what is perhaps the most costly dress in the world. It is a silken robe of state, the fabric being completely concealed by an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. Its worth is estimated at £1,000,000.

Another valuable dress is the property of the Grand Duchess Xania; the Czar's sister. Her Highness owns a Russian national costume, which from cap to slippers is encrusted with precious stones. The weight of the complete outfit is so heavy that it is almost unwearable.

Another Russian princess has a wrap made of silver-fox fur. The collar alone is worth thousands of pounds; with the whole garment's worth must be estimated at its own weight in gold.

### Eight Ladies Live in a Church.

There is only one place in England, according to the "Sunday Strand," where women actually live in the very church itself with which they are connected.

This is at St. Mary's Hospital, Chichester, where the ancient abbey or monastery was long ago partitioned out as a dwelling-place for eight old women, who thus receive free residences and pensions, and reside in the very church itself! The "Sunday Strand" gives a picture which shows how their "houses" are relegated to the sides of what was formerly one central part of the church, whilst to-day this same space serves for a promenade and gossiping spot for the old ladies in their leisure hours, and is much frequented by them.

So far back as 1880 there were eight fireplaces built from the middle part of the church, and eight rooms, each 18ft. by 10ft., were constructed for the accommodation of the intended inmates. Since that date it may be taken that people have always resided in the church itself, and have there passed the evening of their days, though, of course many changes have been made during the long intervening period.

About 1846 the inmates numbered five only as a regular thing, but then Rev. Mr. Baker left £1000 to accommodate and provide for three other old ladies. By 1892 these founderesses received 12 weekly, with the apartments, firing, and attendance free.

There is a small chapel attached that the old people use, also connected with the ancient abbey and hospital.

### Clever Dog.

There is at least one dog-owner in Paris who can boast that the tricks he has taught his dog are useful ones, and he is the keeper of a wine and tobacco shop in the Rue Galilee. His dog Dick, a kind of fox-terrier, has been taught to carry wine and messages and to distribute newspapers to customers. According to his owner, the dog displays marvellous intelligence and love of work. Early every morning Dick goes up to the fifth floor to wake the servants, then he waits to have a bundle of newspapers strapped to his back, which he carries to each subscriber, and during the day he delivers wine, which is also strapped to his back in bottles, to any customer with whose name and address he has before been made acquainted. He thus goes as far as a quarter of a mile on various errands, and after punctually carrying them out returns to his master, delighted to get a cake or a piece of sugar as his reward.

### Girl Cigarette Fiend.

In a case at a Birmingham police-court in which a young woman was charged with attempting to commit suicide, it was stated that she was an inveterate cigarette smoker. Her father said she smoked as many as four packets of cigarettes each day, and could not be induced to give it up, and had left home in consequence. She promised the magistrate, however, that she would leave off the habit, and she was liberated.

## Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

### Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria.

**CRESOLENE IS A BOON TO ASTHMATICS.**

Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?


It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Sold by Chemists.

Send post card for booklet.

Trade supplied by All the Leading Wholesale and Retail Vapo-Cresolene Dealers, New York, U.S.A.



Verse Old and New

To the Influenza Germ.

By the shivering fits which chill us,  
By the feverish heats which grill us,  
By the pains acute which fill us,  
By the aches which maul and mill us,  
By the quacks who draught and kill us,  
By the hydropaths who swill us,  
By the allopaths who bill us,  
By the nervous fears which kill us,  
Tell us, tell us, wee Bacillus,  
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?  
Have you uses economic?  
Are you truly miasmatic?  
Are you solid or lymphatic?  
Frankly, is your case zymotic?  
Are you native or exotic?  
When your business is transacted  
Is your stay to be protracted?  
And do you intend, Bacillus,  
To return again and kill us?  
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,  
What's your source and what's your  
history;

Clear the clouds of obfuscation  
That surround your incubation!  
Furnish, without more obstruction,  
Your belated introduction!  
Let us know your why and wherefore,  
What it is you're in the air for.  
And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus,  
Since with morbid dread you fill us,  
Prithree, take your leave at once!  
—London World.

The Upstairs Girl.

'Tis useless trying to express in words her  
varied charms  
En evidence from smuggest cap to  
trimmest of trim shoes;  
The ruddiness of cheeks and lips,  
the plumpness of her arms  
Are 'way beyond a pen unskilled in  
writing social news.  
I cannot say I like her eyes, they are  
so steely grey,  
I question the construction of a certain  
sloe-like curl,  
But she's, there's no denying, altogether  
distingue,  
The quite immaculate, well-starched,  
well-ironed, upstairs girl.

I fare not badly with the cook, and nurse  
can always find  
A minute to help with my coat or  
straighten my cravat;  
The coachman is respectful and the gar-  
dener is kind —  
If there's but one camelia out I'm al-  
ways sure of that!  
To mix a midnight punch for me the but-  
ler stays awake,  
And he, as all the household knows, is  
very much a churl,  
But though I do my level best, I swear  
I cannot make  
The ghost of an impression on the  
haughty upstairs girl.

She's chilly as her mistress, which is say-  
ing a good deal;  
Douceurs fall short of melting her and  
compliments displease.  
To say she comes from Boston would ex-  
plain it, but I feel  
There's little doubt, if any, that she  
hails from overseas.  
Taxed with a lack of knowledge of do-  
mestic matters I'm  
Assured, though she ignores me, she is  
none the less a pearl;  
But this fact still remains, that day and  
night and all the time  
The lane of my existence is the scorn-  
ful upstairs girl.

—Edward W. Barnard.

The Only Way.

He "lipped in numbers"; lucky hard!  
He sought a rhyme for "month."  
And since, he lipped it wasn't hard,  
He thought of it at "oneth."

When the Wind Has Lost His Way.

I lie awake on a winter's night  
An' wish, an' wish for day,  
When the snow is fallin' ghostly-white  
An' the wind has lost his way;  
When he shakes the shutter, an' secums  
to say:  
"I've lost my way,  
I've lost my way!"

That's why he's sighin' an' cryin so  
As he wanders all about;  
How can he find the way to go  
When the stars are all blown out!  
He hain't a place in the world to stay—  
He's lost his way,  
He's lost his way!

But, then, when the beautiful mornin'  
breaks  
I see him here, at play,  
A sip of dew from the rose he takes—  
Oh, then he has found his way!  
Oh, then it is, in the light I say:  
"He's found his way,  
He's found his way!"

—"Atlanta Constitution."

What Fishes Learn.

The things they learn in schools of fish  
are taught without a fee;  
The little fish learn first to swim the  
unknown A B C,  
And then they take up cooking next,  
and even smallest fry,  
Can put up jelly-fish preserves or make  
crustaceous pie.

Now all the fish both great and small  
do practice well their scales;  
A fiddler-crab gives lessons to all sizes  
up to whales.  
The sword-fish learns to fence, but per-  
manship sou'e wish for more,  
And so they learn it from a mighty per-  
gain on the shore.

The globe-fish takes geography, the star-  
fish learns astronomy;  
A large torpedo class is taught political  
economy;  
The class in botany collects rare sea-  
anemones.  
And gardeners root out seaweeds and  
trim the coral trees.

Electricity is taught by one old, wise  
electric eel,  
Who has a class in tides and all the cur-  
rents fish can feel.  
In geometry, the corollaries every polyp  
knows;  
The fish can bisect angle-worms while  
stupid people doze.

And saw-fish teaches carpentry and  
builds without a fuss,  
A simple barnacle or grander chambered  
nautilus.  
These things they learn in schools of  
fish; but wonderful to me  
Is how they teach so very much with  
never any fee.

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade.

The Face and the Figure.

"Your bathing-suit!" her husband cried,  
"I really cannot bear it."  
I do not see at all how you  
Can have the face to wear it!"  
She tossed her head and then indulged  
in something like a snigger,  
"I may not have the face," she said,  
"But, oh, I've got the figger!"

Too Much of Him.

"My dear," the tall, fat wooer cried,  
"I am a timid elf;  
I lack the words to tell my love,  
I can't express myself!"  
She eyed his corpulence awhile;  
Then, in a tone sedate,  
"Of course you can't express yourself,"  
she said; "You're overweight."

CANADIAN-AUSTRALIAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG,  
Via FIJI, HONOLULU, and VICTORIA (B.C.) to VANCOUVER,  
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE  
CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

CHEAPEST AND MOST INTERESTING ROUTE  
GRANDEST SCENERY IN THE WORLD.  
ROCKY MOUNTAINS, GREAT LAKES, NIAGARA FALLS,  
ST. LAWRENCE and HUDSON RIVERS, &c.  
MINING—BRITISH COLUMBIA, YUKON, CALI-  
FORNIA, &c.  
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MANITOBA, MINNESOTA, &c.  
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Toronto, Chicago, New York, &c.  
TO CANADA, UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.  
Via SUEZ, SOUTH AFRICA, CHINA, JAPAN, &c.  
Passengers from New Zealand may  
Join Mail Steamers at Sydney or at Suva,  
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For Maps, Guide Books and all information,  
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NATURAL  
**ENO'S**  
HEALTH-GIVING  
**FRUIT**  
REFRESHING  
**SALT**  
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CHRISTCHURCH,  
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The following HIGH-CLASS MILLED, DEBICATED and  
DELICATELY PERFUMED,

LONDON MADE  
TOILET SOAPS

Were Exhibited by the Manufacturers:

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. LTD.,

(LONDON & LIVERPOOL)

"REGINA,"

"REGINA CREAM," "REGINA VIOLET,"  
"COURT," "BUTTERMILK,"  
"PALMITINE BATH," "GLYCERIN CREAM."

These Soaps may be obtained through any CHEMIST or  
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AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN, INVERCARGILL, &c.  
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The Company also Showed Specimens of their Leading  
Brands of:

CANDLES, NIGHT LIGHTS, GLYCERIN,

And of their Celebrated:

"GAS ENGINE OILS,"  
MOTOR OILS AND LUBRICANTS.

OF HONOURS AND AWARDS.

## Scientific and Useful

### CARBON PRINTING.

It may not perhaps be known to many of the amateur workers in carbon that a certain amount of personal control can be exercised on the wet print while still in the hot water for the heavier portions, and again when in the cold water for the lighter parts. Carbon tissue is extremely tender, and great care must be exercised in trying alteration. A very soft sable brush will be necessary, and the manipulation is best done just under the surface of the water. If, owing to the water being much stained by the wash-out of the print, this be difficult, the print should be very rapidly transferred to a dish of clean water of the same temperature and the work done there. Much lifting in and out will result in reticulation. When the print is ready for the cold water it should be immersed till the tissue is quite cool, and then delicate work, such as indications of breaks in the sky and strengthening of lights in water, etc., may be undertaken. Extreme caution will have to be used all through these operations, or disaster is certain.

\* \* \*

### FEEDING HORSES BY CLOCKWORK.

A provision merchant in Oldham (England) has invented an ingenious contrivance by which, it is stated, he is able to feed his horse without personal attendance, through the medium of a 4/6 American alarm clock!

In a small office adjoining the stable the clock is placed on a shelf. Attached to the winding-up key is a piece of copper wire, and this is fastened to a small brass roller that runs over a wooden rod. At the end of the rod is a heavy weight. When the clock "goes off" the wheel is drawn over the rod and releases the weight, which falls to the floor.

The corn box is filled overnight, and immediately the weight is released a small door at the bottom of the box dies open and the corn falls into the manger. The horses never fail to rise at the sound of the alarm, knowing what is to follow, and when the drivers turn up, say, at 7 or 8 o'clock, the animals are ready for the shafts. Another advantage to be gained by the method is that the horses need never be placed in the shafts before the breakfast has had time to digest.

\* \* \*

### DRYING NEGATIVES.

The rapid drying of negatives is a problem always with the amateur; indeed, haste in all departments of work is a feature of these strenuous days. A bath of alcohol is often recommended for removing a large proportion of that water which saturates the gelatine film, but not a few have experienced that the cult of haste by the use of alcohol too often leads to delay and occasionally to spoiled negatives, a fatal cloudiness of the film arising in many cases. True it is that this cloudiness may often be removed by soaking the negative in water for some hours, and then allowing the plate to dry quite slowly or in the ordinary way; but sometimes the negative never recovers its original clearness, and so is inevitably spoiled. The cloudiness does not appear to depend so much on the use of impure or pure alcohol, provided that extremely strong alcohol is avoided, the sudden removal of the water from the outer surface of the film by strong alcohol appearing to leave the film in a spongy state so that the light passing through is broken or diffused; but if the alcohol is diluted with from half its volume to its own volume of water, this spongy condition does not arise. Methylated spirit, or, at any rate, that form of methylated spirit which is easily obtainable, becomes slightly milky when diluted with water, but ordinarily no mischief follows. Curiously enough, and contrary to what might be expected, the weakened spirit removes water almost as rapidly as a stronger spirit, doubtless from the fact that the

surface of the film does not become hard or horny. On removal from the alcohol bath the plate or print must be thoroughly blotted off with blotting paper or a soft cloth, and if the plate is now held before a fire at just such a distance as to avoid softening, and fanned all the time with a piece of mill-board, the drying may usually be completed in six or seven minutes. Thus we have, say, eight minutes in the alcohol bath, and six minutes before the fire, or fourteen minutes in all, allowing nothing for the few seconds involved in blotting off. In drying before the fire rapidly depends wholly on gradually increasing the warmth as the plate becomes dryer, or in so adjusting the heat that the gelatine just does not melt. One who carefully practises with waste negatives will soon realise that peculiar shiny appearance of the film which is just on the point of melting. When, however, the photographer has acquired the art of delicately adjusting the heat to the state of the film, he may save time by carrying out the whole operation in front of the fire;

\* \* \*

### LIGHTNING CRACKS PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES.

Lecturing before the Royal Photographic Society, London, Mr. K. J. Tarrant, F.R.A.S., said one of the most curious things about the photography of lightning flashes or other electrical discharges was the frequency with which the photographic plate would fly into many pieces of most fantastic shapes on exposure. The effect, he stated, was doubtless due to intense strain on the glass.

\* \* \*

### PHOTOGRAPHING CLOUDS.

Many cautions are needed when clouds are to be our subject. They must be selected from a portion of the sky which will be likely to suit landscape subjects—it would be manifestly unsuitable to print clouds taken well above our heads into an ordinary landscape.

Then they must have definite form and arrangement; it is useless to take simple masses of cloud which can in no way help the composition of the picture. The clouds require, from the point of view of picture-making, quite as much attention as the landscape, and they can often redeem a subject which, without them, would have to be given up as hopeless. The direction in which the landscape is lighted has to be kept in mind, and the clouds taken that are in a similar position as regards the sun, so that the lighting scheme may hang together and be homogeneous. Various writers favour different methods of exposing for skies, some stooping down to F.64 and giving a very rapid time exposure, and others favouring an extremely rapid exposure with the open lens. But whichever method be employed, the subsequent negative must be kept quite thin.

### THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE FOR £1 1/- has been sent to the writer of this verse—Miss E. C., No. 18, Adelaide Street, Petone.

*SAPON is a thing that cleans,  
And makes your clothes look new.  
So you just try as I have done  
And see what it will do.*

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" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 835, Wellington.

If your grocer does not stock Sapon, please send his name and address.

# FROOTOIDS

## CURE

## HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS.

The immense number of orders for FROOTOIDS sent by post direct to the Proprietor is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power. They cure quickly, are elegant in appearance, and pleasant to take.

"I am writing to you to express my thanks for the Frootoids which I received from you some time ago. My mother, who was a great sufferer from Headache and Bilious Attacks for many years, has been taking them, and has found complete relief from them."

L. PATCH, Pelican Creek, Coraki, N.S.W.

"Kindly send by return post two separate bottles of Frootoids for indigestion, &c. I got a bottle from you before, and am pleased to say they have done me good."

E. PIKE, "Myrtle Cottage," Manildra, N.S.W.

"Your 'Frootoids' is the only medicine I have ever found to do me any good for Biliousness and indigestion. One does gives relief."

J. H. SLEEP, Lochiel, S.A.

"Enclosed please find 3/- for two bottles of Frootoids for Indigestion. I got some from you two months ago, and found them very good."

HENRY MASLIN, Childers, Isis, Queensland.

"Will you please forward another bottle of Frootoids? They have relieved me of my Headaches. You can use my name at any time as a testimonial for the benefit of others."

F. J. CHUBB, Moe, Gippsland, Victoria.

"Please forward me another bottle of Frootoids. The other bottle I got gave great satisfaction, as my husband had been suffering from Constipation for a long time, and nothing did him any good until he took your Frootoids. He says he now feels that he is quite a different man."

J. LONERGAN, Yielma, Victoria.

"For about three years I have been a great sufferer from Nervous Depression caused by a constipated state of the Bowels. I sent to you for a bottle of Frootoids, which I duly received, and am pleased to say that they have worked a wonderful change in me—in fact, I feel as if I am getting a new lease of life, and will be glad to recommend them to any of my friends."

T. CRESSEY, Ahaura, West Coast, N.Z.

"Please send me three bottles of Frootoids. I took two doses from the last bottle, and gave the balance away to some friends, and they are of the same opinion that I am—that 'Frootoids' are a very good medicine."

A. B. PEDEN, Glenmaggie, Victoria.

"Many thanks for forwarding the Frootoids. I took a dose of them at night, and by the morning they had removed all trace of headache. It was quite a relief to get rid of it so speedily. I am feeling splendid now."

M. M'CALLUM, 65 Cunningham Road, TOORAK.

For sale by leading Chemists and Storekeepers. Retail price, 1/6. 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.

N.Z. BRANCH OFFICE, 11, FIRST FLOOR, HUME'S BUILDINGS, WELLINGTON.

NOTICE.—The materials in FROOTOIDS are of the VERY BEST QUALITY and consist, amongst other ingredients, of the active principle of each of FIVE different MEDICAL FRUITS and ROOTS, so combined and proportioned in a particular way that a far BETTER result is obtained than from an ordinary aperient.

Anecdotes and Sketches

HE SCORED.

A writer tells this story of his college days:—It relates to a negro gardener, a jolly fellow, with whom the boys used to have considerable sport. Sometimes, however, he would prove too much for them with his repartee.

One day in spring, Sambo had been burning the college green, in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A young fellow came along, and thinking to have some fun, shouted—

"Say, there, Sambo, you ought not to burn that stuff."

"Why?" inquired Sambo.

"Because," replied the other, "it'll make that grass as black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sambo, "dat's all right—yes, dat's all right. Never you fear, dat 'ere grass'll come up again and be as green as you are!"

\*\*\*

WHAT HE WISHED TO KNOW.

A wealthy American gentleman, who had leased a Scottish mansion for a few months, was visited the other day by the local shoemaker in connection with a business transaction. The latter, observing a set of golf sticks reposing in a brand new bag, remarked—

"I see you play gowf, sir?"

"Oh, I have played the game for years. Do you play?"

"No, sir. I never even saw a game played."

"Well, I'm just going down to the links, if you care, you can walk round the course with me."

The shoemaker readily agreed, and when they reached the links the Yankee made a nice reetee upon which to set his ball. Then, taking a mighty swing, he missed.

"Grand game, gowf, sir," commented the shoemaker.

Another swing, and miss.

"Capital! Splendid!" from the cobbler.

Yet another swing, and another miss.

"Man, it's simply magnificent!" explained the man of leather. "But what's that wee ba' for?"

\*\*\*

DROWNING IN STATE.

Graf Finkenstein, who was very proud of his lineage, fell from the Hamburg-American liner into the sea.

"Man overboard!" shouted a sailor who had seen him disappear. The passengers rushed to the taffrail.

But when the German rose above the surface he shook his fist.

"What do you mean with your 'Man overboard!'" he yelled. "Graf Hermann von Finkenstein, Duke of Suabia, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, is overboard!"

Then, having demonstrated that pride of great birth cannot be quenched, he murmured "Hoeh!" three times, and sank.

\*\*\*

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

"Heinz! Heinz!" whispered Mrs Wiernerschnitzel. "Wake up! There's a burglar downstairs! I hear him!"

Heinz was out of bed in an instant.

"Heiz!" said Heinz.

Quietly he slipped on his shoes and trousers and stole softly from the room. The minutes flowed away. The wife, listening intently, heard nothing. At last anxiety overcame fear. She crept to the stairway, leaned over the balustrade, and called:

"Heinz!"

"Well, what is it?" replied her husband's voice. It came not from below, but from above.

"What on earth," said Mrs Wiernerschnitzel, "are you doing up in the attic!"

"Why," whispered Heinz, "didn't you say the burglar was downstairs?"

STRICT OBEDIENCE.

Mrs. Flint always demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up and she sent her son John to close the trapdoor leading to the roof.

"But, Mother—" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trapdoor."

"Yes, but Mother—"

"John, shut that trapdoor."

"All right, Mother, if you say so, but—"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs, and shut the trapdoor. The storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea. When the meal was half over Aunt Mary had not appeared, and Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one.

"Please, Mother, she is up on the roof."

\*\*\*

A NASTY ONE.

An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated that he had only come a-courting.

"Come a what?" said the irate gentleman.

"A-courting, sir. I've courting Mary."

"The idea! What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir?" was the yokel's reply; "I didn't think yer 'ad, judging by the missis."

\*\*\*

PAINFUL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Self-consciously the sitter sat upon his seat.

"Just a little bit more this way," said the photographer coaxingly. "So!"—and gave the unlucky sitter a nasty jab on the cheek with his elbow.

"Ah!" he cried, as the sitter presumed to blink in an unguarded moment. "Now you've lost the pose. Throw back your head slightly—so! That's better! If you could manage to look a trifle more agreeable—think your young lady's present. Ha, ha! So! That's it! Beautiful—beautiful!"

"Well, have I now got the pleasant expression you desire?" murmured the sitter, careful not to relax a muscle.

"Thank you!" said the artist-photographer. "That will do nicely!"

"Then hurry up!" growled the sitter. "It hurts my face!"

\*\*\*

SAME; BUT MORE OF IT.

Sitting in a restaurant the other evening were two young women who had not met for four years. One of them had grown stout and the other had admitted that she wouldn't have recognised her old friend under ordinary circumstances. They sat silently looking at each other for a moment, when the heavy-weight inquired:

"What are you thinking about?"

"I was just trying to see whether your expression is just the same as it used to be," said her friend.

"Just the same," the girl with the avoidpous declared. "Only more of it."

\*\*\*

WELL AGAIN.

A Scottish tradesman stepped into a barber's shop the other day, and, whilst he was being shaved the barber was wondering if this was a new customer.

"Have you ever been in here for a shave before?" asked the barber.

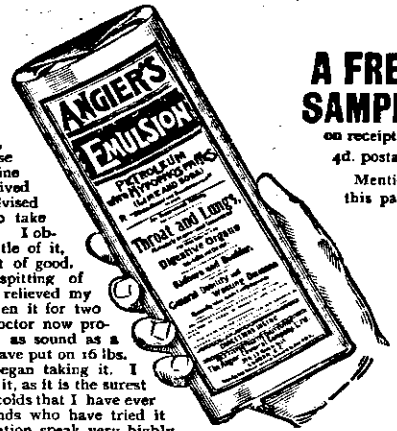
"Yes, once," was the reply.

"But I do not remember your face, sir."

"Wee, I dare say ye don't," said the customer, "ye see, it's a' heaked up noo."

Lung Trouble.

"I have put on 16 lbs. in weight."



A FREE SAMPLE on receipt of 4d. postage. Mention this paper

"Dear Sirs,—I have been suffering from catarrh on the left lung for some time, and after a course of other medicine from which I derived no benefit, I was advised by my doctor to take Angier's Emulsion. I obtained a small bottle of it, and it did me a lot of good. It stopped the spitting of blood, and greatly relieved my chest. I have taken it for two months, and my doctor now pronounces me to be as sound as a bell. Moreover, I have put on 16 lbs. in weight since I began taking it. I shall continue with it, as it is the surest preventive against colds that I have ever used. All my friends who have tried it on my recommendation speak very highly of its effects." (Name and address furnished privately.)

THE MOST PALATABLE OF ALL EMULSIONS, AND A GREAT AID TO DIGESTION.

Angier's Emulsion is positively the best remedy for coughs, bronchitis and all catarrhal affections of the throat and lungs. No other remedy has such a soothing, healing effect upon the inflamed mucous membrane, and no other remedy will so invariably promote appetite, aid digestion and build up health and strength. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

ZEISS

FIELD-GLASSES

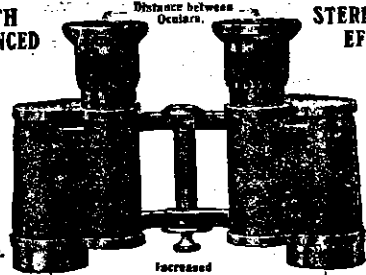
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# A Counterweight to Justice

By EDWARD and GUSTAVE A. PEPLE.

**H**ALF the town was laughing at the sheriff, and the other half—well, the other half was laughing at him, too. It pleased him vastly. In the Weekly Clarion, beneath a highly unflattering wood-cut, had appeared a brief notice, as follows:

The existence for seventeen years of a Moonshiners' Trust, known as Pine Top Still, has ceased to be a novelty, and casts a reflection upon the character of our impotent and law-abiding community. It, therefore, the gentleman whose excellent portrait we present above expects another term of office, it behooveth him to play tag in the mountains, and make somebody "it."

This article was not in itself calculated to arouse the town to merriment, but a flaunting advertisement in the same issue of the Clarion proved more fruitful:

Drink Pine Top Rye  
SHERIFF BRAND  
Best and Cheapest

Best because it is the best. Cheapest because we pay no revenue.

The editor of the Clarion was a new editor, and received the advertisement for two reasons: first, because some unknown person had paid good money for its insertion; second, because he knew neither the history of the illicit still nor the sensitive disposition of the sheriff. When informed by a friend, however, that said sheriff was coming over to explain both, the editor made a hasty visit to relatives in the north, and stayed there—which was wise.

The sheriff, disappointed at the absence of his prey, unbuckled his six-shooters and sat moodily on his own front porch. He was a tall gaunt man of forty-five years, all muscle and seriousness; a hard grey eye and an aggressive little tuft of wiry whiskers on the point of his chin emphasized each the other's ferocity. Twice in his life he had been known to laugh, but both eruptions were caused by precocious remarks of his own infants—which is no proof of humour in any man.

For twenty years he had served his township faithfully. He had a clean record, and sears to prove it, with the one exception of his failure to locate and land in jail the proprietor of Pine Top Still. Many revenue officers had also tried their hands; but, in spite of a standing reward of five thousand dollars, Pine Top illicit rye continued to trickle through the veins of North Carolina.

The sheriff, too, spent most of his spare time in the mountains; but, to employ his own inelegant phraseology, he "raked them hills with a fine tooth-comb an' never found a nit." He was thinking of all these things, as he now sat idly on his front porch, when a stranger came up and accosted him:

"Mornin', sheriff! Collins is my name—Sam Collins. I'm 'oman up to the Pine Top Still. Now—wait a minute—stack yer gun. I'm talkin' business."

It was a little scrap of a man with shifty little rat-eyes and the general make-up of a crafty, conscienceless little sneak. The sheriff eyed him suspiciously, and slid his weapon into its holster.

"What's your game?" he asked.

"Why, simply this," said the stranger, taking a seat on the porch step and fanning himself with his hat; "the gang has all gone over to the Country Fair fer to see the races, an' of you want to jump in the still, to-night's a mighty healthy time to do it. I'm probably the only man what can show you the way, but the question is: What's it wuth to me?"

"How much d'ye want?" asked the sheriff cautiously.

"Oh, not much," said Collins, selecting a juicy grass blade and nibbling on it. "I wants the right of State's evidence, of co'se, an' fer the res', I'll take in that five thousand reward."

"Half," said the sheriff, with a snap of his iron jaw.

The stranger arose, replaced his hat, smiled an adieu and crossed the dusty road; then he sat down under a tree and began to read the last issue of the Weekly Clarion, with evident enjoyment. The sheriff cursed softly and went over to him.

"Look a-her," he began, "what's yer object in turnin' traitor?"

"That there's my business," cooed the informant. "Ef you wants to break up the still, that's your business. You got my offer. Take it or leave it. The revenue fellers'll have the same privilege."

Whereupon Collins seemed to forget the presence of an officer of the law, for he tilted his head on one side and regarded the woodcut in the Clarion critically.

"Drop it!" commanded the sheriff. "I've got my limits. Now, you talk!"

The stranger pocketed his newspaper, selected another grass blade and opened negotiations.

"You see, it's this 'a-way. There won't be nobody up to the still to-night; 'cept a ol' darky an' the boss. You can take yer posse with you, break up the outfit an' ketch the res' of the gang when they comes back from the fair to-morrow. It's easier 'a lyin', an' I'll show you where to trap 'em."

The sheriff looked from Collins to the blue line of mountain tops twenty miles distant.

"It sounds all right," he agreed; "but how'm I to know that you ain't steerin' me into a hornets' nest?"

"Well," returned Collins, with a careless shrug of his little flat shoulders, "you'll have me as gilt-edge collateral. I'll go with you—totin' no weepins—an' ef you ain't satisfied, you can blow a hole in me. A man don't flirt with them blue babies o' your'n jes' fer the fun of it. Well, what you say?"

For five long minutes the sheriff gazed thoughtfully toward the distant mountain range which for seventeen years had hidden the Pine Top Still, then he stretched out his hard, lean hand. That night at one o'clock, accompanied by twelve sworn deputies, he picked up the informant at the cross-roads and rode toward the foot-hills. For ten miles the going was easy, then they struck the steeper ascents, and the horses were tethered in a grove while the posse went forward on foot. After several miles of stiff climbing, a halt was called; not only for a hasty breakfast, but to wait for the light, since the trail had now become too dangerous to follow in the darkness.

"Look a-her," snapped the sheriff, turning to Collins suddenly. "D'ye mean to tell me that you haul yer moonshine whisky down a hell-t-unt goat-path like this here?"

"Naw," returned Collins carelessly, as he swallowed half a biscuit and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "The juice gets to the valley by a pipe line, an' we dump the grain down a chute 'cross the saddle of the mountain."

"You goller prove that later," growled the sheriff. "or somethin' else hevdins grain'll get dumped down that there saddle-back. Come 'long, boys, it's git-tin' light."

And now the real labour of the undertaking began. The posse and their guide clambered over boulders, dipped into tangled ravines, and worked upward again by the aid of projecting roots and stunted pines. Sometimes the trail led directly along the face of the cliff, where the men were forced to cling like flies, with scarce a foothold between them and the mist-wreathed chasms far below; and thus they scrambled on, slowly, laboriously, till the sun began to peep across the mountain range.

They struck a tumbling creek which bore a telltale taint of rye-mash, and following it for half a mile, came upon a wide and beautiful waterfall. Without warning, Collins dived through it and disappeared. The sheriff loosened one blue baby and dived after him, and in a way, was disappointed to find him waiting complacently on the farther side. Here the rest of the posse joined them immediately; wet, suspicious, and profanely critical; and the journey was taken up again, leading through the mouth of a narrow cave, where the men were forced to stoop, and ice-cold water ran ankle-deep.

"Sherf," said Collins, his voice sounding strangely hollow and sepulchral in the gloomy cavern, "this here's a mighty good place fer to ketch the gang when they come 'long home from the fair."

"Bully," agreed the sheriff grimly; "an' a mighty durn good place fer the gang to ketch we all—now!"

He laid the muzzle of one of the previously mentioned blue infants in the hollow of Mr. Collins' neck, and proceeded cautiously. Soon light was seen ahead, and the posse emerged into a wide valley with rocky, precipitous sides. This, the guide informed them, was the last stage of the journey; then he led them into a bisecting cleft which seemed to run toward the very heart of the mountains. The path lay along a dried-up watercourse, so narrow at its bottom that the men were forced to walk single file, but widening as the rocky walls sheared away above their heads. For thirty paces they traversed this cleft, silent, alert; then, rounding a boulder, came into full view of the moonshiners' snug retreat.

A broad, fertile valley it was, set in a pocket among the towering peaks—as safe a nest as though it lay hidden in the bowels of the earth. In the centre of cultivated fields, surrounded by a grove of pines, sat half a dozen rough log cabins, all seemingly unoccupied save the largest of the lot, from the chimney of which blue smoke was curling.

The sheriff whispered to his men, ordered a wide detour, and approached this cabin stealthily, in the hope of taking its occupants unawares. All went well until they came within twenty feet of their destination, then some born fool sneezed. Around the edge of the cabin doorway appeared the frightened face of

an aged negro. It vanished instantly, and in its place slid the muzzle of a rusty musket.

There was a roar, a curse, the whine of a huge bullet frolicking away among the rocks—and the sheriff sat up, babbling foolishly. In a moment he caught his grip again, brushed the blood from a little furrow in his scalp, and charged into the cabin, bent on professional trouble. Inside the door he came upon his would-be murderer, nursing a bruised shoulder and muttering half-chanted prayers, but beyond, in the dining-room, he got the surprise of his life.

Seated at a table, calmly engaged in buttering butter-cakes, was the largest lady in the United States outside of a circus side-show. Had she consented to the test, she would have tipped the scales at over four hundred; as the sheriff afterward described her, under oath:

"She was jes' whoppin', all over. She had four chins, the lady had, an' a beam that put me in min' of the blank end of a barn." This description, though a trifle unpolished, was spread upon the court records, attested by twelve eyewitnesses.

"Lady," said the sheriff, entering the dining-room suddenly, and waving a pair of buns, in the manner of a prizefighter sparring for an opening; "wher's the boss?"

"I'm her," replied the lady, in question, smiling affably. "Set down an' hev some breakfus."

"You!" gasped the sheriff, his mouth going open slowly, till his chin concealed the absence of a necktie. "You!"

"Sure," nodded the lady, watching the leisurely flow of syrup on her batter-cakes. "I've run this still ever sence my husban' was took off, seven years ago, with yaller jandies. Set down an' hev some cakes while they's hot, won't you? Mrs. Gooney's my name—Maria Gooney—an' from the way you come prancin' in jes' now I suspicion that you're the sheriff."

"Yes'm," said that officer meekly, when the widow paused for breath. She caught it immediately, and resumed:

"I've ben expectin' of you for quite a spell. Right smart of a climb up here ain't it? You know—have a seat, sheriff, do—I haven't left this place sence I firs' come to it, seventeen years ago, when Gooney an' me got married. I want nothin' but jes' a slip of a girl then. Ninety-four poun's I weighed—in my nightgown. You wouldn't hardly believe that, now, would you?"

The sheriff looked his doubts, to the point of impoliteness. "You've growed some," he murmured, non-committally, and lapsed into sheepish silence.

Mrs. Gooney continued eating batter-cakes. Presently she looked up, with a pathetic little smile which completely hid her eyes in two deep creases.

"Yes," she sighed. "I've look on right smart flesh. Why, not one of the boys can hop me across a ditch, though

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none of em' ain't so powerful built as you." Receiving no answer, she ate more batter-cakes, and tried again. "I reckon you'll come up for to bust my whisky still all to flinders. It'll cost me a heap to buy another one as good as that. You couldn't manage jes' to batter it up a little an' leave it, could you?"

The sheriff blushed, and muttered an inarticulate something about painful official duty. This recalled the object of his visit, while an audible snicker revealed the fact that twelve sworn deputies, from various points of vantage, were watching the proceedings from various points of humorous delight; so he cursed them earnestly and got down to business.

Taking the aged negro as guide, they started off in search of the distillery; but they had scarcely left the cabin when the ear of the sheriff detected a swish of skirts. Running to the back door, he was surprised to note the widow Gooney indulging in a waddling though astonishingly speedy dash toward the cliffs. The posse, to a man, gave chase; but the sheriff, whose legs were longest, was the first to capture the fair one, rather ungallantly, by the slack of her fluttering skirt.

"Tryin' to warn yer gang, air you?" growled that officer, his diffidence now gone, and in its place the grimness of the law.

"Yes, I am," said the widow, crying softly; "an' ef I can help it you'll never ketch 'em, neither!"

She meant it, too; so the sheriff resorted to drastic measures. Leading his prisoner back into the cabin, he bound her securely to a bench, and tied her plump and dimpled hands behind her back; then, leaving young Charley Steffins on guard duty, he went in search of the still.

This establishment was not difficult to locate, for it sat in full view of the cabin, not more than a hundred rods distant, on the bend of the little mountain stream. In a roomy shed was found a perfect set of apparatus for the distillation of liquor—boilers, retorts, copper pans and the glistening copper worm, all scrupulously neat and in working order. They demolished it with axes then turned their attention to the storage vats, staving them in and allowing their precious contents to inebriate the mountain stream. They also discovered the pipe line leading into the valley below, and the grain-chute running from the mountain's saddle-back; these they destroyed as far as possible, to the honour and satisfaction of the law.

Returning to the cabin and glancing casually through the window thereof, the sheriff was vastly astonished to find young Charley Steffins seated on the bench beside the buxom widow, kissing her shamelessly, to the evident enjoyment of the parties of the first and second parts, respectively, to wit.

In his official discharge of duty, the sheriff kicked Charley repeatedly and hard, whereat the sympathetic lady criticised his actions as brutality in the first degree.

"I think you're real ungentlemanly," she pouted, tossing her dumpling head. "Besides, 'twan't my fault, nohow 'cause my hands is tied. Didn't you hear me hollerin'?"

"No," snapped the sheriff, "I didn't! Now, you keep still!"

Mrs. Gooney giggled; then looked up coyly.

"You ain't jealous, air you, Mr. Sheriff?"

"No, I ain't!" stated that officer, with discourteous positiveness; but the lady, unabashed, went on:

"Well, I'm powerful glad of it, 'cause jealousy is a ornery trait of character, anyhow! That's what made Sam Collins tell you about my still—the nasty little sawed-off shote?" The sheriff made no answer, and Mrs. Gooney resumed:

"Oh, I see him, all right, though he did try to cover up his rat-face with his handkercher. I thought wunst of marryin' that poor little miserful runt, but I'm glad now I didn't. You see, I kind of favoured Jimmy Hockley, an' Sam got mad. Men's funny things, come to think of it. Air you a married man, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Six children," said that officer evasively. "Why?"

"Oh, nothin'," sighed the widow; "jes' thinkin'."

The sheriff left her thinking, set a guard at the mouth of the cave, which was the only outlet to the valley, and began to wait patiently for the return of the Pipe Top still gang from the fair.

The sheriff was troubled. He dare not leave Mrs. Gooney alone, for fear she would, in some sly way, warn her returning employees. After his experience with Charley Steffins, he did not care to leave her in charge of one of his deputies, all of whom were young and flighty; for the widow, in spite of her weight and roly-polyness, was extremely pretty. On the other hand, the sheriff had a wife at home, who flatly refused to comprehend his association with other females, even in business or in the sacred name of the law. Nevertheless, the sheriff set his iron jaw, and placed himself on guard. He untied her fair hands and ate dinner with her; then he tied her up again, and watched her through the long hot afternoon. She talked to him till his mind grew wavy, and streams of weary perspiration trickled from every pore; but his record was clean at last; and so he bore his troubles, after the manner of the Roman sentinel roasted at Pompeii.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the widow, after an unusual pause; "my nose is itchin' mighty bad—lef' side. Would you mind obligin' me by scratchin' of it?"

The sheriff sighed, glanced out of the window to see that he was unobserved, and did his duty according to his lights.

"Thank you," said the widow; "you're real gentle, for a man. Now, for a little pinch under my right shoulder-blade."

She looked up at him coyly, inviting further gentle ministrations; but after the pinching the sheriff returned to his post, and sat gazing out into the sunlit world. Most of his men were guarding the entrance to the valley, while several others, in charge of the widow's negro servant, were gathered about the demolished still; and so the long day wore away at last; twilight came creeping slowly down the hills, and the weary sheriff nodded at his post. Suddenly, out of the tail of her eye, the widow spied a deputy running up the valley, but she gave no sign.

"Mr. Sheriff," she said, with a mighty yawn; "it's powerful nigh to supper time. Jes' call my nigger, will you—and we'll have a snack?"

Eph was too far away to call, and the sheriff hesitated.

"All right," Mrs. Gooney pouted. "I see you don't trust me, none, at all. But you needn't leave me. Jes' pull that bell-cord over by the window, an' Eph'll come toreckly."

The sheriff, too, had begun to feel more than a trifle hungry; so he rose to do her bidding, with the eagerness of a healthy man. If, however, he expected to hear a cheerful tinkle, he was very much mistaken; for the cabin trembled, then rocked to the crash of a heavy charge of dynamite exploded among the cliffs. Too late, he saw his deputy come running up the valley; too late, he saw the crafty Mrs. Gooney laughing till the cabin trembled again with her mirth.

"Thank you, Mr. Sheriff," she said between her paroxysms; "you've warned the boys, an' I'm mighty much obliged to you."

"———" observed the sheriff soulfully, and had the widow's dimpled hands had not been tied, she would have placed them on her ears.

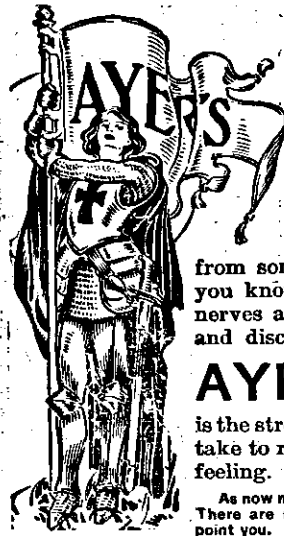
Nothing now was left but to wait for morning and return to town, minus the moonshiner gang of malefactors, with the exception of one as big and round as the very moon itself; so they locked the boss in her cabin, mounted guard at doors and windows and, waited patiently. In the morning a start was made, but trouble confronted them at the very outset. The widow refused to go.

"All right," growled the sheriff roughly; "then we'll ca—"

He paused, eyeing Mrs. Gooney's proportions doubtfully. To carry this baby elephant down a hell-t-split goat-path" was not an undertaking to be lightly considered, so the sheriff worked his inventive genius, and hit upon a plan. In the grain-bin he caught a mouse, tied a string to its tail, and held it toward the widow meaningly. She walked.

This was the most discourteous thing the officer had yet done, and the lady said so, shrilly and without equivocation; but the sheriff only grinned. He could turn her to right or left by a corresponding movement of the wriggling mouse; and the triumph of the novelty was so pleasing to his vanity that, for the third time in his life, he laughed.

The party reached the cliff at the valley's mouth, and encountered the second obstacle. By no possibility could the prisoner get through this narrow pass, unless she went in sections. Once more the sheriff spoke in blunt verge and worked his inventive genius. The posse was set to cutting pine boughs, which



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they threw into the cleft, raising its bottom to a sufficient height to admit of the huffy Mrs. Gooney's passage between its shearing walls. This work consumed several hours, during which the mouse was lost; but the willing gentlemen pulled her in front and boosted her from behind, until the fair one mounted the wobbly and uncertain path.

At the farther end, the sheriff slipped. He was leading Mrs. Gooney, who, naturally, slipped also, and fortunately—from her point of view—employed the officer of the law as an unsympathetic buffer when she landed on terra firma.

"Dammer!" roared the sheriff, whose head alone protruded from beneath the ample person of Mrs. Gooney; "she done it a-purpose! Puller off!"

Now, somehow, this seemed to amuse the widow vastly, for she laughed till the rocky hills resounded with her merriment. This was bad. When the widow laughed, she shook; when she shook, she settled; and when she settled, it added to the sheriff's happiness. It added also to his peaceful frame of mind; and when finally rescued, he offered to make bloody the nose of any qualified descendant of brute creation who considered smiling a healthy pastime. Therefore, the posse marched solemnly to the mouth of the cave through which they must pass to reach the town, and encountered the third obstacle.

The cave, at a casual glance, was far too tight a fit to accommodate the lady's net dimensions, for even at its widest point she nestled like a cartridge in a gun. One idiot suggested that they try her sideways.

"She ain't got none," observed a local wit; whereupon, because of the ancientness of the jest, another deputy smote him with a pistol butt, quite deservedly. The posse looked at one another in silent consternation. The sheriff expressed himself as one who talks aloud in a beautiful, vivid dream.

"My!" said Mrs. Gooney, clapping her hands upon her ears; "this ain't no fitten company for any lady, an' I'm goin' home."

"Hi yi!" exclaimed Eph, in characteristic negro humour, and retreated

out of range of the sheriff's hard brown fist.

Suddenly it dawned upon the sheriff why the widow Gooney had, of her own volition, remained for seventeen years in the valley. It dawned upon him, also, that there she would remain till death; unless, indeed, she bant frightfully or left in some specially built balloon.

Before leaving, however, he did two things—unofficially. He gallantly helped the widow Gooney back over the path of pine boughs through the cleft; then he thrashed Sam Collins soundly, on general principles, and felt better therefor, both in body and in mind.

"Good-by!" called the ponderous Mrs. Gooney, from beyond the cleft. "When you all come up again, I hope you'll do it sociable. An' I'm much obliged for breakin' up that still. We was goin' out of business, anyhow."

On the following day the township foregathered to hear the evidence, while the sheriff showed cause before the learned court why his office should still be his. At the mention of the widow Gooney's personal charms, the sheriff's wife rose up and challenged the sworn testimony of thirteen eye-witnesses. The learned court suppressed her, and a foolish revenue officer presumed to laugh; whereat the virtuous sheriff waited upon him after court adjourned and thrashed him, unofficially.

Two days later, there journeyed to the mountains a second party, composed of several town officials, the sheriff, five agents for Uncle Sam, and two civil engineers—these latter gentlemen being employed to compute the cost of blasting away sufficient slices of the mountain to allow one Missus Gooney to be haled justice.

They weighed that lady by the process of mental arithmetic, figured her displacement as compared to the estimated cost of uprooting four miles of rock, and presented figures which made the committee curse.

"Now, look a-here," suggested the venerable justice of the peace, "s'posin' we demand a good hot dinner in the form of bail, an' bid Sis' Gooney over fer to keep the peace. She kin swear on oath

to stay where she's at right now, till subpennered by the cote."

"All right," agreed the corpulent widow cheerfully. "Ef you'll wait half a hour, I'll cook you a dinner what'll make you set up as' forgit yo' mothers. An' say, ef any of you gent'men wants to wet yo' whistles some, I reckon you won't be forced to drink spring water, neither."

Three minutes later the earnest committee foregathered about the cabin door in spiritual convocation.

"Here's lookin' at yer!" cackled the venerable justice of the peace solemnly, and Uncle Sam's five agents responded sheepishly.

"Here's to Missus Gooney!" toasted a lumber-conscience officer of the sacred law; then he wiped his eyes, for the juice of the rye was green.

(End.)

## THE WORKERS' FRIEND.

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## A Good Neck.

This is what many girls and women desire, though nature is often somewhat niggardly in this respect. In former days when this happened one had to make the best of it; but now art has something to say in the matter, and much may be done to improve nature in this respect. And the first thing to do it to give up too high and too tight collars and neck bands. Compression is fatal to the line of beauty in any part, and the neck is no exception, while nightly application of a good cold cream, well massaged in, will help to nurture as well as whiten the skin. But suitable exercises are the main thing to develop and beautify the throat, and neck. The hollows in a thin neck may be filled up first by breathing exercises. Inhale deeply through the nose, and force the breath against the throat. Hold it for ten to twenty seconds, and then exhale through the mouth. While inhaling, rise on your toes, and while exhaling drop on your heels. Another exercise is to stretch your arms out straight from the shoulder, and raise them slowly above your head, inhaling and rising on your toes as you do this. Hold them at the greatest height, and then, without letting your breath go, sniff through your nose deeply three times; exhale and brings your arms sharply down, and drop on your heels. Then turn your head to one side, nod it as deep and raise it as high as possible. Do this on both sides, and if you stand before a mirror you will see how this effects the neck muscles. All exercises should be done in the morning and at night, when your clothes do not compress you in any way.

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 keeps the hands white and  
 imparts a constant bloom  
 of freshness to the skin.  
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 longest it is the cheapest.



TURF NOTES.

Continued from page 16.

The late James Goster used to tell a most amusing incident that occurred to him on the first occasion of his wearing Lord Portsmouth's colours (writes "Thornaby"). Very many years ago, at Oxford races, Lord Portsmouth's trainer went to Goster and asked him if he was engaged for the next race, as, if not, he would like him to ride one of his lordship's. Jem, who had not a mount, gladly accepted the offer, weighed out, and ultimately won, after a grand display of jockeyship on his part. Some little time afterwards, whilst Goster was talking to a friend, Lord Portsmouth came up to him and said: "Goster, you rode an excellent race, and I am much pleased."

Jem, who did not know his lordship by sight, considering it a great impertinence, most stably dressed man (it was one of Lord P.'s peculiarities to wear odd and worn-out clothes) to interrupt him, curtly replied, "Oh, yes, glad you think so," and he rode away. The next day, however, at the request of his friend, who, knowing Lord Portsmouth, was simply dumfounded, and frankly endeavoured by facial signs to make Goster attend to him, which Jem did not understand. "I must make you a present, Goster, for winning." Jem, scarcely turning towards him, answered, "Never mind, old chap; glad you won a bit on my lord's lordship." "You are being a bit thick," said Goster, and he quite grasped the situation, walked away, exploding with laughter, whereupon Goster's friend immediately exclaimed, "You fool! That's Lord Portsmouth himself. Why didn't you say he was?" "I could not see his face," said Goster, "I didn't want a Turkish bath to make me sweat then."

Recently in England the stewards of the Jockey Club had a case before them regarding starting price betting, and in this connection an English writer says: "As showing the difficulties that sometimes arise, a well known starting price bettor has stated a case on which he asks for a decision. A cumulative bet, taking in three races, was booked. The theory of the thing is that the money won on the first race shall be put on the second, and if that comes of the whole lot is to go on the third. The first event came off all right, and the second race also was in favour of the bookmaker before the third event, supposing that the winner of the second race was objected to, and the objection was not decided until some time afterwards. What, therefore, would be the position of the bookmaker in connection with the third event, supposing that, in the long run, the objection to the winner of the second race was overruled, and the third horse won? In this case the trouble event was brought off by the bookmaker, and the money which he would be entitled to his money. This, however, would be a wrong decision, and at that point we have no doubt whatever. As a matter of fact, there was no money to go on the third race until the objection to the winner of the second race was determined. The objection not being disposed of in time, nothing could be done on the third event. We will suppose that the backer himself put out his own money, intending to place on the winnings on the three. He won the first, but he could not be said to have won the second until the objection was overruled in his favour. Until that was done he was not a winner of the race, and consequently would not be in a position to put the winnings over the two races on the third. With the objection decided in his favour, the bookmaker would be liable over the two races, and would have to pay over those two. The third event would, under the circumstances, not become a matter of consideration at all, and even if the horse mentioned as the final in the treble bet, would not be paid for either way or the other. The backer would be entitled to receive over the first and second only. The fact of the objection not being decided until after the third race was run, would reduce the amount to the same amount as to a "double," the third event altogether disappearing from the contract.

Mr Tattersall, in a letter to "Horses and Hounds," has many interesting reminiscences of Persimmon. He says:—"In making a horse race before the meeting, I went to the Wolferton Sale, I alluded to the success of horses and stock bred by His Majesty at many shows, and ventured to suggest that from what I had seen at the Southdowns Show, it would be very possible that the Royal colours might shortly be carried to victory in the Derby. I frequently saw Persimmon all through his career as a trainer, and afterwards at the stud, and I look on him as one of the best sires of the best horses and fustiest which I have seen win the Derby."

I consider the loss of Persimmon, the grand-looking stallion in England, with the highest ranking of horses which even sportsman sympathies heartily regret, His Majesty, as the greatest possible calamity to the Turf in these days, when so few owners are patriotic enough—even if rich enough—to keep their best horses in England.

and Marsh had brought the horse to the post at Ascot, taking absolutely no notice after a most searching preparation. This, followed by his race for the Cup, which he won in such splendid style, and his work before the Eclipse Stakes, in which he ran so fast, and in spite of being so fat, was quite settled the question whether he could run again; so there was no chance of a match with Galtee More.

In 1888, as Persimmon went to the stud the Duke sent Grammont to him, and on April 8, 1888, Sceptre was foaled. She and all the other Enton yearlings would undoubtedly have gone to Kilmalcolm in due course had the Duke lived, and on his discovering that he had a last but not a first-class filly, it is probable that he would have sold her? Two days before Sceptre was foaled I received a letter from the Duke in answer to a suggestion which I made that the two best sons of St. Simon (Persimmon) and S. Prinquart seemed to me far better suited to his Bend Or mares, than Orme, and that Martagon seemed to me more likely than the Empire. He said, "I think I concur with you, but it is difficult to leave one's own stallions for others' further afield."

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Tuesday. A large number of the Riccarton-trained horses that took part at the C.J.C. Easter Hunt Cup being booked for the color, in view of the Christchurch R.C. (Persimmon) and Ashburton R.C. meetings, all of which take place in the course of the next few weeks. Splendid support has been received from the Otago and Ashburton fixtures, and as the quality of entrants is of a high order that usually forthcoming for such gatherings their success seems assured.

The acceptances received for the first day of the Wellington meeting hardly come up to expectations. The only Riccarton-trained rep. likely to take part in the Thompson Handicap are Cross Battery and Stratagem, while Sea King will probably contest the Hakeke road race in the Yaldhurst Welter on the second day of the C.J.C. meeting. And if she could only be induced to do her best in Wellington she would make the best of them gallop in any event in which she is started. The other horses which are booked in the St. Leger Stakes and North Island Challenge Stakes are lamentably weak, both in size and quality.

Contender, which was purchased by Mr. H. Taylor for £1,000 at the meeting, is now under the charge of Bridges.

Amboise, which changed hands recently, has joined W. McDonald's team. Another of the most recent additions to the Hakeke string are the three rising two-year-olds that have just been broken in by Thomson. They are a brother to Fleetfoot, which shows much promise, a brother to Discipline, and a half-brother to Goldbeater.

Mr. G. McKennie, owner of Sen Sim, is lying seriously ill in Greytown Hospital, and his horses will not take his engagements at the Wellington meeting.

Some really fine sport was witnessed on the concluding day of the N.Z. Metropolitan meeting, but the track, after the rough start, was very dry, and the horses, which earlier in the week, was hardly at its best. Though there was a shrinkage of £3890 in "total" receipts for the meeting, no less than £724 was collected in bookmakers' fees, so that the club was come out of its liabilities with a good profit.

Seaweed, a greatly improved son of General Lincoln, put down two better favourites in Exchequer and Imperial Girl in the Halsewell Handicap, while Lady Chire in the Maitland Handicap, and Lord Bland in the public selections. Later in the afternoon Al Franz showed that he is by far the best two-year-old seen this year, by compassing a mile in 2:26. This was accomplished by the club for a horse of his age, but by the club for any two-year-old breaking 2:32 to the mile.

The best field of the meeting, from a quality point of view, contested the Champion Handicap, a steeple open only to horses capable of doing 4:38 or better. Advance and Florin, two favourites, ran disappointingly, for the former was evidently not in racing humour, and Florin tired badly after going a mile and the quarter in half-way time, and the latter was completely exhausted and from this out had matters all his own way, winning comfortably in 4:46. It was an excellent performance on the part of the trainer, who had Lord Bland, the only one of the others to do himself justice.

Too Soon, an Otago-owned mare, by Gossoon, which had performed wretchedly on the second day, when made a staunch favourite, went in much more attractive style in the high-class Handicap, which she won easily from Prince Albert and King Cole. The latter are a pair of really good three-year-olds, but so far both have been unlucky in their essays.

Redhead effected a surprise by putting down two favourites in the Handicap, in the Wilkin Handicap and by hitting to the end of two miles in 4:45 on a steeple race, he greatly improved on any of his former showings.

One of the most popular victories of the season was that of the crack gelding, the well Handicap, showing a tremendous turn of speed over the first half mile the Australian-bred colt soon had the competition in difficulties trying to overtake him. Vanish ran up another fine year in getting second over the mile and half mile race, and these two points at a start may have troubled the winner.

Another little-fancied candidate in Rosebush, prevailed in the Trotter Handicap, but it was only after a most interesting contest with Woodland Whispser and Miss Vellian that she straggled home.

Concluding race of the meeting felt to Robert Emu, who was on his feet all the way, and let nothing else get near him. His is owned by the popular apptomian, Miss J. Britton, who is a keen racing enthusiast, and at one time used to drive her own horses in his race, Sea King, The Heir, and The Needle felt, and though neither horse was any worse for the whip, K. Smith who had the mount on the latter, injured his shoulder and broke his wrist.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. Cattle Chiel, which won the C.J.C. Midsummer Handicap and other important events in Mr. G. H. Johnston's stable, has been engaged in some of the minor events at the North Otago meeting. It was thought that the veteran son of Clarendon, which is now in his eighth year, had bidden adieu to the race, but it proved otherwise.

The connections of Sea King were confident of that colt's ability to account for the Thompson Handicap, and backed him to win a big stake. He was also supported with the success of his own stable, but in the end a lot of money being poured about the double of the C.J.C. Easter meeting, Sea King registered a great mile gallop, but failed to reproduce anything like his first trial to hold a lead against his own stable.

Stratagem ran a very fair race in the Thompson Handicap, and turned the tables on both Zimmermann and Signor, which she did in front of her in the Great Autumn and Midsummer.

Petrona is rising ten years old, and, considering that she has been raced every season since she was three years of age, the daughter of Stejnalk retained her soundness and pace remarkably well during the past winter. It is understood she could have been purchased at £250, and would have proved a very valuable figure.

Amongst the two-year-olds occupying boxes at Yaldhurst yet to make their racing debuts are Coriniform (by Multiform—Stress), Fancit (Conaby (Royal Artillery—Stress)), Champagne (by Gilt—Stress), and (by Gilt—Stress), Nohel (by Saxon Delavay—Prinlem), So Franco (by Menschukoff—Cissy), and (by Multiform—Bolton).

The death of Mr. G. Stead will be a severe blow to racing throughout the Dominion, and he will be sorely missed. He has been quite as popular as some who have had a run of the racing public, there is no getting away from the immense benefit his enterprise has conferred on sport. So well known was his name throughout the country of the Canterbury Jockey Club, having taken an active interest in racing in the province for four years previously. Very soon after joining the C.J.C. he became highly respected a position which he continuously until he relinquished the office on his departure for England last year. He was also chairman of the club for several years, and he will be sorely missed in the policy of providing a suitable and permanent of weight for race, and good accommodation for the public, all with proper regard for the security of the club's financial position.

Mr. Stead was one of the very best supporters of the Totalisator in New Zealand. He foresaw the advantage to be derived from this form of betting, and he was instrumental in getting the machine in operation in New Zealand, and in this system of betting was tried in New Zealand. Mr. Stead was a great advocate of weight-for-age racing, and he also imported a large number of stallions and mares that have

helped materially to raise the standard of the Dominion-bred stock. It was in 1887 that Mr. R. J. Mason became associated with Mr. Stead as trainer, and since that most of the chief races decided in New Zealand, as well as many in Australia, have been won by his representatives. Mr. Mason is at present on a holiday visit to England. The deceased sportsman's funeral, which took place to-day, was one of the largest and most thoroughly representative ever seen in Christchurch.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Pakuranga Hunt Club was held at Messrs. A. Buckland and Sons' offices on Friday last. Mr. H. T. Gorrie presided, but there was only a small attendance of members. The report stated that the hunting season was particularly bad one, the houndsman reporting that he had only secured 140,000 sheep since he hunted the bounds (some 14 weeks), both for scent and weather. There were 19 days' hunting in the Auckland district, while the bounds went to Pukekohe 6 times and to Huntly 4 times. There were at present 143 couple of hounds, in the kennels, 32 couple more than contract number.

The thanks of the members were due to the factors who have so freely and willingly allowed their country to be hunted during the season. The thanks of the club are also due to Mr. H. T. Hayer (a life member), who carried out, without any charge whatever, the annual sports meeting. The chairman made brief mention of the loss sustained by the club in the death of Mr. W. McLoughlin. The election of officers resulted: Master, Mr. H. T. Hayer; deputy master, the master of appointing a deputy-master from time to time was left in the hands of the master; auditor, Mr. R. E. Isaacs; treasurer, Mr. J. H. Dalton; secretary, Mr. E. P. Kinloch; committee, Mr. R. E. Isaacs, Mr. H. T. Hayer, H. O. Nolan, W. Bloombfield, and Dalton.

The opening meeting was fixed for Saturday, the 9th May, at the Mt. Roskill School. The balance-sheet showed the receipts for the year to be £407 19/6, and the expenditure £314 0/8, leaving a credit balance of £83 18/8. The assets, including cash in the bank, £292 8/6, and £50 7/6, and the liabilities £269 7/1, leaving a surplus of £527 19/2.

AVONDALE JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

The concluding day's racing in connection with the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting took place at Avondale on Saturday last. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance, who were rewarded with some interesting racing as a result of Mr. Wynyard's arrangements. Mr. C. O'Connor was again successful with his despatches, while the general conduct of the meeting by the various officials under the guidance of the secretary (Mr. H. T. Hayer) left absolutely nothing to be desired.

THE TOTALISATORS.

Speculation throughout the afternoon was decidedly brisk, the machines, under the management of Mr. J. E. Cooke, handling the sum of £2828 10/, which is an increase of £404 10/ on the corresponding day last year, but only £200 more than they handled on the opening day. Gives a total of £14,206 10/ for the gathering, a decrease from last year of £2627 10/. Against the decrease, however, has to be added the fees received by the totalisator, £560 10/, and licences on the opening day, and 16 on the concluding day, a sum of £388 10/, so that the financial result is highly satisfactory. The stewards commenced inquiries into two complaints as to alleged irregularities, and the other for breach of contract, both of which were adjourned till a future date.

MAIDEN HANDICAP (HURDLES, of 70sovs; distance, 14 mile.

- Mr. C. Hendry's b g Landlock, aged, by Milnthick—Dremulad, 10.2 (Auckland) 1
Mr. J. Denton's b g Mountg, 6 yrs, 10.3 (Auckland) 2
Mr. J. Hammon's ch m Miss Crispin, 5 yrs 0.6 (Wilson) 3

Also started: Te Rahui 9.6, Gipsy Queen 9.2, Philosopher 9.0, Crispian 9.0, and Pukekohe 9.0.

Landlock was quickest to the first jump, followed by Te Rahui, Pukekohe, and Crispian, in that order. The latter three got out in the opening, with Te Rahui as his nearest attendant; and when they passed the stand the pair were in close company, fully 20 lengths in front of Montigo, which was at the head of the other three. The latter soon fell foul of the post Landlock and Te Rahui jumped together, but the latter soon died away, and Montigo ran into second position, and at the turn for home was within a couple of lengths of the pair. Te Rahui and Montigo were well in front, however, as the latter soon died away again in the run for the post. Landlock finishing up a winner by two lengths. Miss Crispin was 20 lengths behind. Third, Te Rahui, 24 lengths. Fourth, Montigo, 38 lengths. Time, 3:38 1/4. Montigo was favourite.

FLYING HANDICAP of 80sovs. Four furlongs.

- W. C. Ring's b s Mighty Atom, 5 yrs, 7.12 (Whitaker) 1
J. Parr's b s Hyglia, 3 yrs, 6.12 (Greenwood) 2
T. Haller's br f Kisley, 3 yrs, 7.0 (Horeau) 3

Also started: Black and Gold, 8.0; Hindane, 8.2; Lucio, 8.0; Noicolari, 7.12; Lady

8:10; Phil, 7.10; Flint Island, 6.10; Walwhol, 6.10.

Mighty Atom was quickest on his feet followed by Lady French, Stylisk and Kirsty. Mighty Atom showed the way across the top stretch, where Lucio improved himself and at the turn for home he was flying fourth. In the run to the post Stylisk and Kirsty both put in their claim, but although they passed Lady French, they could not reach Mighty Atom, which was only by two lengths from Stylisk, which was out in front of Kirsty. Lady French was fourth. Lucio was favourite. Time, 50.2.5.

SECOND POXY HANDICAP, of 50sovs.

Five furlongs. S. Williams' ch m Imprius, 9.5, 4yrs (E. Brown) ..... 1 J. Murphy's ch m Detour, 9.6 (Honey) 2 W. C. Ring's b g Nakapa, 7.4 (Whitaker) 3

Also started: Hughtle, 9.6; Hopsecht, 8.3; Fraithe, 7.9; and Paul Beaver, 6.12. Paul Beaver was first to commence, and joined by Nakapa, the pair under the running to the home turn, where Detour ran to the front, and Imprius also made a move forward. At the distance Detour was still in charge, but a little further on Imprius put in her claim, and quickly settling the leader, drew out in the concluding furlongs, finishing up a winner by two lengths from which beat Nakapa by a length, for second honours. Paul Beaver was fourth, and Hopsecht last. Time, 1.4.1. Imprius was favourite.

ACTUM HANDICAP of 130sovs; 1 mile.

L. Coleman's ch g Leontor, 8.5 (Whitaker) ..... 1 E. Harrison's ch m Miss Winnie, 7.12 (Brady) ..... 2 W. C. Ring's b m Certainty, 7.6 (Killick) ..... 3

Scratched: Lochbuie and Foremost. Won easily. Time, 1.43.

Also started: Te Aroha 8.1, Delagate 7.12, Tui Akohou 7.10, Certity 7.6, Lady Robin 7.3. Tui Akohou and Miss Winnie gave a bit of trouble in the post, but eventually the tapes flew up to the usual start. Miss Winnie was first to break the line, and when the field settled down, was showing the way to Certity, Lady Robin, and Tui Akohou, who were in the middle of the pack. Miss Winnie kept the lead along the back and across the top stretch, and was first to turn for home, where Leontor had advanced into second position, and Certity into third. Miss Winnie's position at the distance Miss Winnie was still in charge but at the backmarkers' stand Leontor dashed up on the outside, and drawing out to the last hundred yards won by two lengths. Miss Winnie finished Certity by a length, for second honours. Tui Akohou, Delagate, and Certity were close up, the last in finish being Te Aroha. Time, 1.43. Leontor was favourite.

NURSERY HANDICAP, of 60sovs, six furlongs.

D. McKinnon's b g Rimbeck, 6.10 (Webster) ..... 1 E. W. Arnold's b g Rarata, 8.7 (Ryan) ..... 2 C. Dawson's ch c Osgodby, 7.10 (Whitaker) ..... 3

Also started: Wainmana 7.2, Aimwell 6.7. Rarata was early in the lead, followed by Aimwell and Rimbeck, with Osgodby and Wainmana last. Rarata made the running to the turn, where the field were all close together, but Rarata, while carrying out easily and in a quiet manner, got in front at the distance, and finishing up his task in good style, won by two lengths from Rarata, which was a length in front of Osgodby. Time, 1.17.5. Rarata was favourite.

HANDICAP STEEPCHASE of 70sovs, six furlongs.

P. Tarabull's b g Kapakapa, 9.7 (Phillips) ..... 1 J. Tweed's b g Pierre, 9.8 (Hebble) ..... 2 E. Duragan's b g Tui, 9.9 (Wilson) ..... 3

Also started: Silba 10.12, Bullwhor 10.0, Cinque 9.9, Matakokiri 9.7, and Good Faith 9.7.

When they settled to their work, Matakokiri was in charge, followed by Cinque, Bullwhor, Pierre, Duragan, Phil, and Tui, with Silba last. At the fence at the bottom the straight Matakokiri ran off, leaving Cinque in charge, and she jumped the double just clear of Kapakapa, and they came Good Faith, Tui, Pierre, and Silba, with Bullwhor already taking off. Kapakapa ran into the lead as they went along the back, where Cinque, Good Faith, Pierre, and Tui were all close handy, and there was no other competition, as when they jumped the double the last time, Kapakapa increased his advantage as they raced along the far side the last time, and turned for home three lengths in front of Tui, which had to be followed by Pierre. Kapakapa easily held his own in the run to the post, winning by a couple of lengths from Pierre, which was 3 lengths in front of Tui. Time came. Cinque, and Good Faith. Time, 6.39.2.5. Tui was in front, followed by Pierre, the rider of Matakokiri, but his leg badly bruised through his horse colliding with the post when he ran off.

MOUNT ROSSKILL HANDICAP of 60 sovs, six furlongs.

Cook Bros' ch m Azak, 7.11 (Brady) ..... 1 E. W. Arnold's b g Stylisk, 8.7 (Honey) ..... 2 W. C. Morrison's ch c Watohu, 8.3 (Ryan) ..... 3

Also started: Esomullo, 7.2; Memo, 7.3; Sir Rupert, 7.2; Cerenia, 7.2; Koffi, 7.6. Azak was first to commence, before they had gone far, Stylisk was in front, followed by Memo, and Azak, the favourite being slow to move. Stylisk acted as pilot until well inside the distance, where Azak challenged her, and an interesting race home resulted, Azak being the winner, and finishing by half a length. Watohu was four

lengths away, third. Then came Esomullo, with Koffi last. Time, 1.16.3.5. Stylisk was favourite.

WAITAKEREI HANDICAP of 100sovs, six furlongs.

Messrs. Connolly and Winder's br h. Foremost, 7.3 (Whitaker) ..... 1 W. G. Quinn's br g Lochbuie, 7.12 (Buchanan) ..... 2 J. Grant's ch m Tauriki, 7.5 (Roos) ..... 3

Also started: Uranium, 9.8, Golden Eagle 8.2, Huihuie 7.13, Noterial 7.12, Auldcaru 7.12, Hogger Bank 7.9, Southwind 7.4, Wabuka 7.3.

Uranium, Auldcaru, Lochbuie comprised the leading division until the straight was reached, where Foremost headed up. At the distance Uranium and Lochbuie were fighting on the flush, but at the low rate Foremost, on the outside, joined issue, and an exciting finish resulted in the last-named securing the victory by half a length from Lochbuie, which was the best in front of Tauriki, which finished last. Uranium was fourth, and Wabuka next. Time, 1m. 16.1.5. Uranium was favourite.

WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

DEAD HEAT IN THOMPSON HANDICAP.

WELLINGTON, Wednesday.

The autumn meeting of the Wellington Racing Club was opened today, when the weather was dull and threatening, with a cold southerly wind. The attendance was about 3500, which is not up to previous years, owing to the interesting, but double, nature of the Thompson Handicap, in which Sunbonnet and Sea King fought out a desperate finish. The sum of £11,460 was passed through the totalisator, as against £12,840 which included double machine last year. Thirteen book-makers were licensed to bet inside at £20 10/ (including clerks' fees) and 21 outside at £10 (including clerks' fees). The results of the later events are as follows:—

Thompson Handicap of 680sovs, one mile. W. Copers' h m Sunbonnet, 8yrs, 7.2 (E. Lowe), \*; H. E. Nicholls' b Speg King, 6.11 (A. Chapman), \*; W. A. Donald's bk s Abernethy, 6.7 (C. Carroll), 3. Also started: Zimuratu, 9.7 (W. M. Dunne), 8.0 (backed); Gold Crest, 9.3 (Margarite), 9.0 (Tangimoua), 8.4; Sun Julie, 7.7; Signor, 7.3; Strategem, 7.3; Moriarty, 7.2; White Lie, 6.10. The Hon. J. D. Ormond's pair were favourites, when the barrier was lifted, while White Lie was the last to leave the mark. After traversing a furlong Sea King rushed up to the leader, and soon supplanted him, started on the running, while Sunbonnet, Gold Crest, Strategem, and Dava headed the next division. At the half-mile post Sea King was still in the van, while Sunbonnet was closing up, and Gold Crest began to fall away. Sea King showed the way into the straight, and in the distance had about half a length's lead of Sunbonnet, while Aboriginal put in a great run from the centre of the next division and Strategem improved his position. A hundred yards from the home Sea King and Sunbonnet were abreast on terms, and in the concluding furlongs they swept past the post, the judge being unable to separate them, while Aboriginal was only a length and a half away. Strategem was fourth, a g Dawia fifth, the two last to finish being Moriarty and Zimuratu. Time, 1.43.4.5.

North Island Challenge Stakes of 400sovs, seven furlongs. J. Monk's bk c Diablo, 2yrs, 6.13 (H. Hinch), 1; Sir George Clifford's b c Glendoch, 6.9 (G. G. G. G.), 2; G. E. Moore's Christina, 9.1 (H. Cameron), 3. Also started: Husbundum, 7.4; Formative, 7.1. After a couple of furlongs were covered Glendoch took charge, and came round the turn in the lead with only a length's lead. Here Diablo, who had been running fourth, came with a wet sail on the outside and won very easily by four lengths, a length separating the second and third horses. Time, 1.32.2.

Phuket Nursery Handicap of 120sovs, five furlongs. Sir George Clifford's ch f Ellitaway, 2.2 (F. E. Jones), 1; J. S. Thune's h f Artillerie, 8.10 (W. Ryan), 2; A. Jack's ch f Rosevear, 7.9, 3. These were the only starters. Ellitaway shot out at the start and led all the way, winning very easily. Artillerie, on preference, getting within half a length of the filly at the post. Rosevear was a poor third. Time, 1.4.3.5. Ellitaway's leading of 200sovs, six furlongs. Sir George Clifford's ch f Ellitaway, 2.2 (F. E. Jones), 1; J. S. Thune's h f Artillerie, 8.10 (W. Ryan), 2; A. Jack's ch f Rosevear, 7.9, 3. These were the only starters. Ellitaway shot out at the start and led all the way, winning very easily. Artillerie, on preference, getting within half a length of the filly at the post. Rosevear was a poor third. Time, 1.4.3.5.

Thimkori Hack Handicap of 100sovs, six furlongs. W. Moore's b c Sir Frisco, 3yrs, 8.11 (C. Carroll), 1; A. H. Burch's b c Aunty, 8.11 (C. Carroll), 2; W. Davies' b m W. S. 7.11 (G. Price), 3. Also started: Mum and, 8.0; Bluebell, 7.11; Blue Ribbon, 7.0. Mum and shot away from the barrier and led for a while, but did not nothing before the other two horses caught her. Sir Frisco, in the centre of the course, cut down all opposition and won easily. Time, 1.18.2.5.

SECOND DAY.

WELLINGTON, Sunday.

There was splendid weather for the concluding day of the autumn meeting yesterday, and the attendance was between 4000

and 5000. The flags on the stand were flying high—most out of respect to the late Mr G. E. Stead, and many of the jockeys wore crepe on the arm. Speculation was fairly brisk, though the good value of the money being offered £27.12, for the meeting, about £30,704 last year. Twelve bookmakers were licensed inside and 19 outside.

Autumn Handicap of 400sovs, one mile and a quarter.—Mr D. Buick's b m Tangimoua, 8yrs, by Sun Fran, 8yrs, 8.11 (C. Carroll), 1; M. J. Woodson's b m White Lie, 5yrs, 6.7, curbed 7.2 (Ayres), 2; Mr J. H. Prosser's b m Marguerite, 5yrs, 8.11 (H. Hinch), 3. Also started: Motech 7.11, Gazeley 7.4, Strategem 7.3, Sun Julie 7.1, Curlew 10. The field were quickly despatched on even terms; Marguerite and Carlissima being quickest on their feet, with Motech last. Marguerite and Carlissima led along the back stretch, with Strategem third, and Tangimoua fourth. Motech being last. Carlissima swept round the home turn with a slight advantage of Marguerite, but Tangimoua came with a fast run, and having all the best of the run home, won by a length and a half, with only a neck of Marguerite and Carlissima in the straight. A length and a half separated the second and third horses; then came Carlissima, Strategem, and Gazeley, with Motech last. Time, 1.10.1.5.

New Zealand St. Leger of 400sovs, second horse to receive 50sovs and third horse 25sovs from the stake, one mile and three-quarters.—Mr G. J. Moore's b c Signor, by Hon. J. D. Ormond, 8yrs, 8.10 (H. Cameron), 1; Mr J. Buckley's b Red, by Stepiak, 8.0 (R. Hatton), 2; Sir G. Clifford's b c Glendoch, by Coronado—Madown, 8.10 (F. E. Jones), 3. Also started: The Libby, by Hon. J. D. Ormond, 8.7. The Libby led past the stand, just clear of All Red, the favourite (Gold Crest), under a strong pull, lying last. At the back of the course The Libby gave way to Signor, who was clear of All Red, and Gold Crest was steadily improving. All Red, as the field neared the top turn Glendoch ran up into second place behind Signor, but was soon supplanted by G. J. Moore's Signor, who held a good position alongside Glendoch's Signor. Gold Crest made a straight fall of running, while Gold Crest began to fall away. All the way home Signor improved his advantage, and won comfortably by three lengths, Glendoch being fourth and All Red, Gold Crest finished fourth and The Libby last. Time, 3.3.

Pacific Handicap of 150sovs, second horse to receive 25sovs and third horse 10sovs from the stake, for two and three-year-olds, five furlongs.—Mr A. H. Burch's Belle, 2yrs, by Stepiak—Belle Clair, 7.7 (R. Hatton), 1; Mr R. W. Patterson's bk f Mon Ami, 3yrs, 8.8 (A. Oliver), 2; Mr E. J. Watt's b c Myriam, 3yrs, 8.13 (H. Price), 3. These were the only starters. Belle jumped away with the lead, and never gave the other pair a chance, winning very easily by three lengths. Time, 1.3.2.5.

Suburban Handicap of 50sovs, six furlongs.—Mr A. H. Burch's b c Aboriginal, 5yrs, by Merrivue—Polly, 7.8 (A. Oliver), 1; Mr S. Messena's b c Moton, 9.0, 2; Mr Ross Allen's bk m Ballarat, 8.8, 3. Also started: Sunbonnet, 8.4; Kitchinmaid, 7.3; All Stars, 7.3. Aboriginal stepped from the barrier with a slight advantage, followed by All Stars and Sunbonnet. Rounding the top turn Aboriginal had a lead of a couple of lengths from All Stars, and Ballarat, who had a lead, soon came in, in the run up fourth. Moton made his effort in the straight, but Aboriginal easily stalled off the challenge, and won by a length, a similar distance between the second and third horses. Sunbonnet finished fourth. Time, 1.16.7.

Bethont Hack Handicap of 100sovs, six furlongs.—Mr A. Burch's b c Peaters, 3yrs, by Ruemil—Husveff, 9.0 (F. F. F. F.), 1; Mr W. Moore's b c Sir Frisco, 8yrs, 7.9, 2; Mr H. B. B. B., 7.9, 3. Also started: Bluebell, 7.4; Blue Ribbon, 8.7. Peaters and Bluebell were first away, but Yosani was first into the straight. Here, however, Peaters came again, and won comfortably by a length. Time, 1.17.1.5.

WINNING OWNERS.

The following are the principal winners at the meeting:—Mr J. D. Ormond, £405; Mr G. E. Moore, £350; Mr D. Buick, £235; Sir Geo. Clifford, £247; Mr J. E. Nicholls, £247 10/; Mr W. Cooper, £233 10/; Mr S. Messena, £180; Mr J. Reid, £175; Mr H. Hinch, £140; Mr D. Buick, £135; Mr J. D. Ormond, £144; Mr O. Edwards, £110; Mrs W. Moore, £90; Mr A. Barclay, £90; Mr J. Woodson, £90; Mr J. Buckley, £90; Mr E. J. Watt, £90; Mr Melrose, £90; Mr W. Davies, £90; Messrs DeLancy and C. Hall, £25; Mr C. Hammond, £25; J. H. Prosser, £25; Mr R. W. Patterson, £25; Mr J. S. Thune, £20; Mr A. L. D. Fraser, £20; The Hon. J. Carroll, £15; Mr J. R. McDonald, £15; The Hon. J. D. Ormond, £10; A. J. Jones, £10; Mr A. Liskirk, £10. Total, £3380.

METROPOLITAN TROTTING MEETING.

(By Telegraph.—Press Association.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

The New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club's Easter meeting was concluded today in splendid weather. The track was in fair order, and the attendance large. As Friday lowered the time of 2m 22s for two-year-olds for a mile, doing the distance in 2m 26s for a course of 50sovs. The later results are as follows:—

General Handicap of 100sovs, two miles.—Seaweed, 18s; 1; Lady Clare, 18s; 2; Al Prince, 12s; 3. Also started: Manbrino Gey, Royal Ribbon, Exchange, Cheopati, Casey, Underwood, Nellie H., Previous, Imperial Hill, Glendhuin. Won by a length. Time, 5.5.2.

Ladies' Bracelet of 50sovs, one mile and a half.—Decoraton, 10s; 1; Black Douglis, 11s; 2; Rubicon, 12s; 3. Also started: Special Boy, Lady Irvington, Cleve-

wood, G.M.S., Monkwood, Jolly Tom, Childwood, Harry G., Flukenwood, Lord Victoria, The Lincoln, Majestic, Gey Nell, Dictation, Wild Tree, Myal Child, Ross Irvington, Special Lad, Amy C., Alice H., Golden Eagle, and Hung D. Won by a length and a half. Time, 5.5.2.5.

Champions' Handicap of 250sovs, two miles.—Verax, 4s; 1; Lord Elmo, 2s; 2; Master Poole, 6s; 3. Also started: Advance, Albertorou, Sir Hector, Elector, Marlin, Florio, and Cocoonat. Won by four lengths. Time, 4.40.

High-class Handicap of 150sovs, one mile and a half.—Tou Sun, 5s; 1; Prince Albert, 6s; 2; King Cole, 3s; 3. Also started: Ratwood, Murrageon, Prince Randle, Jay Beldin, The Medusa, and Lord Alford. Boss of the Barn, Runny Lad. Won by five lengths. Time, 3.37.3.

Wilkin Handicap of 120sovs, two miles.—Redmill, 13s; 1; Lodi, 12s; 2; Lopp, 2s; 3. Also started: The Medusa, Miss Florrie C. Aberfeldy, Elwood, Sunbrico, Viewmont, Landvalley, Belroy, Te Whit, and Miss Banks. Won by four lengths. Time, 4.54.1.5.

Speedway Handicap of 150sovs, one mile.—O.Y.M., 10s; 1; Vanda, 2s; 2; The Heir, 2s; 3. Also started: Specialist, Discovert, Hamlin, Derrington, Factory Boy, Lady Lillian, Dick Fly, Wild Arab, Gey Echo. Won by four lengths. Time, 2.20.

Trotter's Handicap of 100sovs, two miles.—Rosecath, 17s; 1; Woodland Whispere, 15s; 2; Miss Vivian, 15s; 3. Also started: Fusce, Laudavey, Impatient, Torpedo Bill, Kentucky Yet, Haycock, Steewee, Mynd, and Seneca. Won by a length and a half. Time, 5.2.5.5.

Forewell Handicap of 100sovs, one mile.—Robert Emmet, 4s; 1; St. Simon, 2s; 2; Bessie B., 4s; 3. Also started: Miss Burrough, Specialist, Woodthorp Maid, Lopp, The Needle, The Heir, Hamlin, and Miss Florrie C. Won by a length. Time, 2.20.3.5.

CHRISTCHURCH RACING CLUB'S MEETING.

(By Telegraph.—Press Association.)

CHRISTCHURCH, Sunday.

The autumn meeting of the Christchurch Racing Club was held yesterday in perfect weather. The attendance was fair, and the track in good order, though on the hard side. The sum of £4350 was passed through the machines, as against £3840 10/ last year. The shortage was more than made up by the fees received from bookmakers.

High-weight Handicap.—Devonia, 9.11; Beckwell, 9.5; 2; Cavatina, 9.3; 3. All started. Won by a length. Time, 1.46.3.5.

Trial Handicap.—Ella-hill, 8.8; 1; Kelp, 8.2; Highland Reel, 9.0; 3. All started. Won easily. Time, 1.36.3.5.

Christchurch Autumn Handicap of 150sovs, one mile and a furlong.—G. Dalgety's Prim 7.3; 1; Medalist, 8.0; 2; Thunders, 8.0; 3. Time, 1.56.4.5.

Recreation Handicap of 50sovs, two miles.—M. P. McGrath's Praxill Lincoln, 30s; 1; Implore, 16s; 2; Dazzl, 26s; 3. Time, 5.36.3.5.

Flying Handicap of 55sovs, five furlongs.—C. C. H. S. Yeloch, 7.10; 1; Silkwave, 7.0; 2; Trent, 7.12; 3. Time, 1.31.

Quack Handicap of 30sovs, six furlongs.—E. P. Jermou's Mythical, 1; Silkwave, 8.3; 2; Sarangan, 7.3; 3. Time, 1.17.4.5.

Welter Handicap of 60sovs, six furlongs.—O. Bradley's Kelp, 8.0; 1; Hillary, 8.19; 2; Nancy Star, 8.12; 3. Time, 1.17.

Spreydon Handicap (hot harness) of 50 sovs, one mile. Friedlander's Wood-symph, 7yrs, 10s; 1; Bazzl, 10s; 2. Time, 2.29.3.5.

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

(By Cable.—Press Association.—Copyright.)

SYDNEY, April 27.

The Australian Jockey Club brought their Autumn Meeting to a conclusion today at Randwick. The weather was fine, and there was a large attendance. The following are the details of the racing:—

The Rous Handicap of 30sovs, for three-year-olds, one mile and three-quarters.—Tangaroo, 8.11; 1; Gliddon, 7.7; 2; Mallure, 8.10; 3. Seven horses started. Won easily by four lengths. Time, 2.24.

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.

CARTER.—On April 25, at Clondyke, Mt. Roskill, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carter; a daughter.

CAPP.—On April 29th, Easter Monday gift, at St. Helena House, the wife of J. A. Cato, a son. Both doing well.

COPELAND.—On April 28, at their residence, Greenwood-st., Glenmore, Auckland, to Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Copeland, a daughter.

HEATH.—On April 28th, 1908, at Wellington, New Zealand, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Heath, a son.

HIGGINS.—On April 21, at the Homestead, Ramarama, the wife of J. Higgins, of a son.

JOHNSON.—On May 1, at "Lamington Heights," Katongiro, Western Australia, to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, a son.

KENNEDY.—On April 20 at their residence, "Carrick," Dominion-st., Mt. Roskill, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Kennedy (builder), a daughter.

KINGSFORD.—On April 29, at their residence, Trinity-st., Ponsonby, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kingsford, a son.

LOW.—On April 20, at "Fallsbrook" nursing home, Devonport, the wife of Capt. A. C. Low, a son.

MALAM.—On 24th April, at St. Helena, the wife of John Malam of a daughter.

MARSHALL.—On April 29th, at their residence, Victoria-road, Devonport, Mrs. Marshall of a son (still born).

SEAGER.—On April 27, at her residence, Devonport, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Seager, a son, still-born.

MARRIAGES.

BAKEWELL—WATTS.—On the 3rd March, 1908, at Holy Trinity Church, Devonport, by the Rev. Trevor Evershed, William Levenant Chadwick, youngest son of R. H. Bakewell, M.D., to Ellen Anna, only daughter of the late Charles Watts.

BUCKLY—COPELL.—On February 3rd, 1908, at the residence of the bride's parents, MacKeville-street, Grey Lynn, Richard William, eldest son of R. W. Buckly, Nairn, Brisbane, to Violet, youngest daughter of William Coppell, Auckland.

DE MOLE—PRICE.—On April 16, at St. Barnabas Church, Mt. Eden, Auckland, by the Rev. E. J. McFarland, B.A., John Damber, fifth son of the late H. W. De Mole, Methuene, to Mabel Madeline, second daughter of H. Price, Dunedin. Immediate and New Plymouth papers please copy.

GERLACH—WATTS.—On April 8, at the residence of the bride's mother, Brentwood-avenue, Mt. Eden, by the Rev. J. R. Sneyd, Albert, third son of Frederick Gerlach, to Edith, youngest daughter of Mrs. Watts.

GLADDING—DANIEL.—On April 2, at the Congregational Church, Devonport, by the Rev. H. Daniel (brother of the bride), Frederick, second son of H. E. Gladding, of Auckland, only daughter of the late Thomas Daniel, of Devonport.

GRIFFITH—PARKER.—On February 4th, 1908, at St. Matthew's Church, Auckland, by the Rev. W. B. Gilchrist, Edmund Harold, second son of the late Aaron Griffith, of the Thames, to Olive Mary, youngest daughter of the late William George Parker, cab proprietor, Auckland.

LITTLEPROUD—RAINGER.—On March 12th, 1908, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Parramatta, by the Rev. Canon MacMurray, Frank, fourth son of Henry Littleproud, Ponsonby, to Amy, fourth daughter of Joseph Rainger, Brighton, Parramatta.

PARKES—RYAN.—On March 28, 1908, at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. Father Buckley, Joseph, youngest son of J. Parkes, of Epsom, to Julie, second eldest daughter of J. Ryan of Grey Lynn.

SINCLAIR—CHILCOTT.—On April 29, 1908, at St. Barnabas Church, Mount Eden, by the Rev. E. J. McFarland, Eileen Sinclair to Violet Ada Maud Chilcott, second daughter of Charles Chilcott, Belle Vue-st., Mount Eden.

WILLIAMSON—CHILCOTT.—On April 29, 1908, at St. Barnabas Church, Mount Eden, by the Rev. E. J. McFarland, Frederick John Williamson, to Lydia Sarah Elizabeth Chilcott, eldest daughter of Charles Chilcott, Belle Vue-st., Mount Eden.

DEATHS.

PELL.—On May 2nd, at the District Hospital, after a long and painful illness, Steven Pell, aged 10 years and 9 months. "For ever with the Lord."

BRAITHWAITE.—On April 29, at her residence, Grange-rd., the wife of G. B. Braithwaite, and daughter of D. B. Hindle.

BREEN.—On May 1st, at the residence of his daughter, No. 7, East-st., of Col-st., Michael Breen, relict of the late Mary Breen, aged 74 years.

BYRNE.—On April 23rd, at Heleusville, John Edward, the dearly beloved and only son of John and the late Margaret Byrne; also brother of Mrs. J. Thomas, of Arco Hill; aged 19 years and 4 months. At rest. Dargaville papers please copy.

CARR.—At Papakura, on May 1st, Annie, relict of the late Richard Carr; aged 63 years. At rest.

COOPER.—On May 1st, at Paparoa, Charles, beloved husband of Mary Jane Cooper; aged 87 years.

DUNNISON.—On April 25th (suddenly), at his late residence, "Malvern" Cottage, Otahuhu, John, second son of the late John Dunison, of Newmarket, and beloved husband of Car line Dunison; aged 73 years.

EDMONDS.—On April 26th, 1908, at Auckland Hospital, after a long and painful illness, August, beloved wife of Herbert Edmonds, of New Lynn; aged 42 years.

FERGUSON.—On April 24th, 1908, accidentally killed at Manamara Mine, Herbert William, the dearly beloved fifth son of Ellen Ferguson, Kaitiara, Whangarei, aged 22 years. Deeply regretted.

JENKINS.—On April 28th, at her late residence, Otahuhu, Alice Jane, dearly beloved wife of Sidney Jenkins, Jun.; aged 22 years.

LANGLEY.—On April 27th, 1908, at his late residence, Hobson-street, Edward, the dearly beloved husband of Harriett Langley, aged 50 years.

MASEFIELD.—On May 1st, 1908, at his late residence, "Ellerton," Sarsfield-st., Thomas Taylor Masefield, dearly beloved husband of Jane Masefield, and third son of the late Robert Masefield, of Ellerton Hall, Shropshire; aged 69 years.

McKAY.—On April 20th, 1908, at his late residence, Mangere, William, the dearly beloved husband of Helen McKay, in his 70th year.

MEEHAN.—On April 27th, at Summer-st., Mt. Eden, London, the beloved daughter of T. M. and Frances Meehan; aged three weeks. Private interment. R.I.P.

RICH.—On April 26th, at her late residence, St. Stephen's-avenue, "Thornhill," Eliza Laura, wife of the late Edwin Francis Rich, and daughter of the late Sir John Richardson.

ROBINSON.—On April 28, 1908, at her parents' residence, Three Kings, Mt. Roskill, Doris Muriel, the only and dearly beloved infant daughter of William and Adelaide Robinson; aged 1 year 6 months. Thy will be done. Southern papers please copy.

WORRALL.—On April 26, 1908, Kate, the dearly beloved wife of Henry Worrall, in her 62nd year. R.I.P.

WELLS.—On 28th April, 1908, at Wellington Hospital, Orlando, dearly beloved husband of Kate Wells; aged 52 years.

WHITEN.—On April 30th, at his late residence, Lower Nelson-st., Henry, the beloved husband of Annie Whiten, after a long and painful illness.

WRIGHT.—On May 2, Mary Louise, the beloved wife of Edward Wright, of Mason's-avenue, and daughter of L. H. Holloway, "Te Kopua," Home Bay.

Orange Blossoms.

O'CONNOR—McGUIRE.

A very pretty wedding was quietly celebrated at St. Benedict's Church, Auckland, on April 28th, when Miss Nellie McGuire, sixth daughter of Mrs. P. M. McGuire, of Auckland, was married to Mr. Maurice O'Connor, third son of Mr. Maurice O'Connor, of Wellington. The Rev. Fr. Edge officiated at the wedding, and also celebrated the nuptial mass. The bride, who was given away by her mother, looked charming in a pretty cream frock relieved with silver trimmings, and a large white felt hat with ostrich plumes. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet, and wore a handsome gold necklace and pendant set in pearls and tourmalines, the gift of the bridegroom. Misses O'Connor and McGuire attended as bridesmaids. Miss O'Connor wore a dainty cream costume relieved with pale blue, and a pale blue hat. Miss McGuire wore a smart cream and grey striped costume, with a white and green hat. The bridesmaids carried beautiful shower bouquets, gifts of the bridegroom, who also presented the first bridesmaid with a diamond and ruby brooch, and the second with a cable bangle. Mr. Jack O'Connor acted as best man. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was subsequently served at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor proceeded to Rotorua for their honeymoon, before returning to their future home at Palmerston North. The bride wore a smart green cloth travelling costume, and maybe hat relieved with green.

PARKER—MARTIN.

A wedding of local interest took place on Wednesday, 26th April, at St. Mary's Church, Gisborne, when Mr. David Parker, seventh son of Mr. C. J. Parker, was married to Miss Nellie Martin, of Mangatu, third daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Martin. The Revs. Father Lane and Dignan officiated. The bride was given away by her brother (Mr. W. Martin). She wore a becoming gown of ivory soft silk, trimmed with Spanish lace. The bridesmaids—Miss Hunt (Waikato) and Miss Parker (sister of the bridegroom)—wore dresses of pale blue chiffon tulle with a profusion of lace trimmings, hats en suite, and carrying dainty shower bouquets, the gifts of the bridegroom. Mrs. Martin (the bride's mother) was attired in black silk and here; Mrs. Parker (mother of the bridegroom) wore a black silk gown. After the ceremony a large number of guests were entertained at Mrs. Martin's residence in Stout-street. The happy couple left by the Mokia for the South, the bride's going-away dress being navy blue coat and skirt with hat to match.

Chimneys that Smoke.

There is no greater nuisance in a house than smoky chimneys, and yet, notwithstanding the advances that household science has made in these days, there are many even of the new houses that possess chimneys of this unpleasant order. And they are so difficult to cure. Go into a road where for some reason or other the chimneys smoke, and see what a variety of chimney-pots and cowls are there. You have there an object-lesson, and also, I take it, a warning to keep from dwellings in that same road. Do these cowls cure the nuisance? Not always, and by no means necessarily. They may ameliorate the trouble, but in some winds there will be smoke and all its attendant troubles. A gas fire is a complete cure, but I for one much prefer the coal fire, that purifies the air of a room, to the gas fire which dries and vitiates it. Be careful, therefore, when taking a house look well for all signs of smoke—under the mantelpiece and over it—and make good inquiry about the habit of the chimneys. The following plan of coating up a fire may help a little: Before you put on the coals, put all the fire to the front of the grate, and fill up the cavity at the back with cinders or ashes that will be found under the grate. Then put on the coal. The gas evolved in the "crowning" of the coal will be absorbed by the cinders, and will render them combustible in an increased degree. The smoke will thus be burnt, and you will have a hot and comparatively smokeless fire.

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 Ada Hoadley, daughter of Mr. C. B. Hoadley, of Napier, to Mr. Jackman, of Poverty Bay.

The engagement is announced of Miss R. Triggs, only daughter of Mr. J. R. Triggs, of Papanui, to Mr. Kenneth Shoubridge, of Tasmania.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rebie Shand, daughter of Mr. T. Shand, of Avon Lodge, Riccarton, to Mr. C. N. Foster, son of Mr. Rognah Foster, of Papanui.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kate McCabe, eldest daughter of Mr. John McCabe, Ramarama, Drury, to Mr. Leslie Wells Gardner, Ranfurly-road, Epsom.

J. D. WEBSTER

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# Society Gossip.

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, May 2.

Now that the Easter holidays are over Fate (ever contrary) has decreed that No doubt the enthusiastic sportsmen, who No doubt the enthusiastic sportsmen, who are going in for wholesale slaughter amongst pheasants, ducks, etc., are reveling in it. I hear that game is rather unusually plentiful this year. His Excellency Lord Plunket left by the express last Thursday morning, en route for Lake Rangiriri, to take part in the opening of the shooting season last Friday.

### THE AMATEUR THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

held at Government House last Tuesday and Wednesday, the object of which was to raise funds for the Society for the Promotion of the Health of Women and Children, was an unusually clever amateur performance, and certainly deserved, apart from its laudable motive, a far larger audience. We went on Tuesday night, and, although there were a fair number in the reserved seats, the unreserved were most depressingly empty. Of course you have already read the criticisms of the performance in the daily papers, so I will only tell you who was there. The Government House party consisted of his Excellency the Governor, Lady Plunket, Miss Cresswell, and Captain Boscaven. Lady Plunket was effectively gowned in a pearl grey crepe de chine Josephine toilette, the décolletage outlined with lace; Miss Cresswell wore a pretty white gown; Mrs. Arthur Myers, becoming pale blue nixon and white lace, pale blue theatre wrap; Mrs. Louis Myers wore black with a real lace berthe; Mrs. Seymour Thorne George was gowned in black and white; Mrs. G. Thorne George, ivory toilette, with pale blue opera coat; Mrs. Nelson, black satin and lace; Miss Nelson was wearing shrimp pink silk; Mrs. Alfred Nathan's gown was a pretty Pompadour silk, the V-shaped décolletage softened with lace; Mrs. Jack Bloomfield, black jetted net gown, with lovely black and silver scarf; Mrs. Lloyd, ivory brocade; Miss Lloyd, black gown, brightened with touches of gold; Miss Satchell (England), cream lace over white taffeta, pale blue ceinture and bretelles; Mrs. Rathbone, black chiffon taffeta toned with cream lace; Mrs. T. C. Williams, black silk, with lovely ostrich feather boa; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, black satin, with rose point lace berthe; Mrs. Burns, black silk. Others present were Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, Mrs. and the Misses Moss Davis, Miss Gwen Nathan, Mrs. Waller, the Misses Greig, Miss Roie Nathan, Miss Mills (Wellington), Mrs. R. Burns, Mrs. Bagmill, Miss Corrie, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. George Blomfield, Mrs. Upton, Miss Davy, Miss Cotter, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, etc.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Aubin gave a thoroughly enjoyable

### AFTERNOON TEA

at her pretty old-fashioned home in Maunakau-road. A band was stationed on the verandah, and a most delicious afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, where the tables were effectively decorated with high vases of chrysanthemums. Mrs. Aubin was charmingly gowned in a ciel blue and mauve striped silk with deep cream lace vest; Lady Lockhart wore a pretty striped marquise gown toned with lace and black velvet, smart ficelle hat with drooping self-coloured ostrich feathers; Mrs. Sweet, very pretty pale grey nixon over lace, white and blue hat; Mrs. Gore-Gillan, becoming violet ciel Eton costume with white vest, hat of same shade; Miss Doris Gillon, grey Eton coat and skirt, black hat with black and white tulle rosettes; Mrs. Gordon wore an attractive black coat and skirt with touches of white, becoming hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Grant wore a smart petunia chiffon taffeta

with cream lace yoke, hat to match; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson, pretty pale periwinkle blue taffeta gown toned with lace, picture hat; Mrs. Beale, grey tweed costume braided with black, small black and white hat; Mrs. Rheimers, smart brown cloth Eton costume with very pretty hat to match trimmed with shaded brown roses; Mrs. Lyons wore a lovely gown of mole coloured chiffon velours finished with blue and silver embroidered applique, hat of same shade with natural coloured ostrich feathers and touches of blue; Mrs. Pollen, crushed raspberry nixon with cream lace vest and black bands, black plumed hat; Mrs. Leatham wore a striking costume of biscuit brown nixon with brown taffeta bands, brown hat crowned with brown coque feathers; Mrs. Guinness, green heather mixture tailor-made costume with green hat; Mrs. Pabst, navy blue chiffon taffeta with cream lace vest, pretty pale blue shaded hat; Mrs. Herbert Kissing, black crepe de chine with cream V-shaped vest, plumed hat with touches of gold; Mrs. Harry Gillfillan, black chiffon taffeta with black lace, black and white hat; Miss Dagmar Gillfillan, pretty cream cloth Eton coat and skirt, most becoming violet hat; Mrs. Jack Spicer, dainty elephant grey face cloth with cream net guimpe, very pretty natter blue hat; Mrs. Marsack, pale grey colienne and black plumed hat; Mrs. George Morris, black and cream costume and smart raspberry velvet hat; Mrs. J. P. Stevenson, very pale blue taffeta over pink, pale pink plumed hat; Mrs. Stevenson (Wellington), black chiffon taffeta with black lace, black hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Jack Reed, pale grey colienne and black hat; Mrs. Thomas, wine-coloured velvet gown with silk facings of same shade, small fur toque; Mrs. McGregor wore a beautiful cream colienne embroidered with cream and gold thread, small black toque. Others present were:—Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Fraser, Miss White, Mrs. and Miss Spicer, Miss Devere, Miss Frater, Mrs. George Kent, Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Neill, Mrs. Colgrove, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. and Miss Souter, Mrs. Harry Marsack, Mrs. Charlie Brown, Miss Moss, Mrs. Horrocks, etc.

The talk of the social world last week, was

### MRS. R. ANTONY CARR'S BALL,

given in honour of her daughter, Miss Airini Carr, who made her debut last Thursday. The ball was given at Mrs. Carr's residence, Ranfurly-road, Epsom, which is admirably adapted for all social functions, and both house and grounds were made the most of on this occasion. The gardens were prettily decorated with strings of gay-coloured Japanese lanterns, and so that there should be plenty of "sitting-out" rooms, a large marquee was erected on the lawn for a supper room. The small supper tables, arranged for four and six, looked charming with their pretty decorations of pink and white roses. Quantities of roses were used in the decorating of the other rooms. Burke's band supplied the music, the floor was in excellent condition, and partners were plentiful, so there was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the guests, who all agreed that Mrs. Carr's dance was a most thoroughly successful and enjoyable affair. The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Carr and Miss Airini Carr. Mrs. Carr was handsomely gowned in a beautiful shade of sea green chiffon taffeta, softened with lovely lace. She wore a white oprey in her hair, and carried a lovely pink bouquet. Miss Carr's charming debutante frock of white silk had a narrow stripe on it, and was finished with encrustations of silver, cluster of lilies of the valley on corsage and wreath of same flowers in her hair. The Hon. Miss Plunket was effectively gowned in ivory crepe de chine, with venture of gold tissue; Mrs. Cresswell, very pretty toilette of black chiffon toned with white and finished with bands of black velvet; Mrs. Arthur Myers, lovely white chiffon gown embellished with lace and gold lovers' knots; Mrs. Leo Myers, gown of white Liberty satin with touches of pink and clusters of pink roses. Mrs. Coleman wore black chiffon taffeta brightened with jewelled lace; Mrs. J. R. Reed was gowned in a most uncommon

shade of blue chiffon belours with silk bands; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield, ivory point d'esprit elaborately embroidered with pink roses and trails of green leaves; Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield was charmingly gowned in buttercup brocade, with lovely lace panels; Mrs. Colbeck, cream lace, daintily finished with heliotrope, heliotrope ceinture; Miss Rooke, very pretty frock of Wedgwood, blue taffeta toned with white lace; Mrs. George Bloomfield wore a graceful blue and white chine silk toilette; Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, dainty white crepe de chine embroidered with pretty shaded tissue roses; Mrs. H. B. Morton, dull green chiffon taffeta with cream lace on bodice; Mrs. Edward Morton, black taffeta with lovely real lace and touches of heliotrope velvet; Mrs. Alec Ferguson, violet Pompadour silk softened with lace; Mrs. Burns was picturesque gowned in blue and pink floral chiffon, effectively finished with black; Mrs. Macfarlane, becoming green chiffon taffetas softened with lace; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, lovely black and white gown, finished with smoky blue belours and silver tissue; Miss Nathan looked charming in white embroidered chiffon with touches of silver tissue in her hair; Miss Miles (Wellington) looked pretty in white taffeta veiled in lace, pink chine ribbon ceinture, and pink in her hair; Miss Browning, white taffeta; Miss Lulu Browning, pale pink crepe de chine blended with taffeta of same shade; Mrs. Raymond Biss, black satin and cream lace, brightened with wreath of scarlet berries; Miss Biss, black frilled chiffon with real lace berthe; Miss Dot Biss (debutante) looked pretty in a white taffeta picture frock finished with lace; Miss R. Corrie wore her pretty debutante frock of ivory taffeta with silver tissue guimpe and ceinture; Miss Kirker, dainty ciel blue, ring spotted chiffon; Miss Upton, eau de nil chiffon taffeta with lace berthe; Miss Northcroft, soft white crepe de chine with encrustations of cream lace; Mrs. Richmond, handsome black silk real lace; Miss Richmond, black chiffon; Mrs. MacCormick was gowned in white taffeta; Mrs. Savage looked sweet in a black crepe de chine Empire frock with black velvet; Miss Cooper wore white chiffon taffeta with overdress of lace, roses on corsage and in her hair; Mrs. Edward Russell, pretty violet and white floral silk with real lace berthe; Mrs. Archie Clark, black taffeta, softened with lace; Miss Isabel Clarke, cameo pink crepe de chine with touches of silver tissue; Mrs. Foster, dainty sea blue taffeta; Mrs. Bodie, black taffeta and cream lace; Miss Nesta Thomas was dainty in white taffeta with clusters of lilies of the valley; Miss Towle looked charming in white taffeta and lace; Miss M. Towle, heliotrope taffeta semi-Empire gown with lace berthe, caught with heliotrope chrysanthemums; Miss F. Walker, very pretty ciel blue taffeta with lace and silver tissue; Mrs. Greig was gowned in black taffeta and cream lace; Miss Sybil Greig's gown was of primrose taffeta with gold tissue ceinture; Miss Pearl Corrie, white chiffon taffeta; Miss Douglas wore her pretty dainty debutante gown of white taffeta; Miss Mills looked very pretty in white spotted silk mousseline with touches of silver tissue and black velvet, silver in her hair. There were also present Mrs. Rose, Miss Daisy Benjamin, Miss Paton, Miss Buddle, Mrs. Louquet, Miss Aicken, Miss Olive Lusk, Miss White, Miss Cochrane, Miss Bouillon, Miss Devereux, Miss Clark, Misses Thompson, Miss Stevenson, Miss Dulcie Bourne, Miss Brown, Miss Beazard Brown, Miss Buller, etc.

### PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE.

Mrs. Charlie Brown, St. Stephen's Avenue, gave a most successful progressive Bridge Party last Friday evening. There were about eight tables of bridge, but there were quite a number of old-fashioned folk who preferred looking on to playing. The prize-winners were Miss K. White, who was presented with a dainty picture in a beaten copper frame; for second prize Mrs. Arnold received a lovely silver-mounted smelling salts bottle; and Mrs. Bloomfield won the booby prize, a silver sugar sifter. Afterwards we were regaled with a most delicious supper, and the tables looked so pretty with their decorations of crimson dahlias and zinnias. Mrs. Brown was wearing a becoming black taffeta gown with berthe of lovely Irish lace; her little daughter (Miss Aileen) was dainty in white embroidered muslin with pale blue ribbons; Miss Wrigley, black silk with cream lace vest and touches of chine rib-

bon; Miss Wilson (Thames), dainty black gown with black lace veiling the bodice; Mrs. Bloomfield, black satin and lace; Mrs. Jack Bloomfield was prettily gowned in white silk, softened with chiffon; Mrs. Watt (Wanganui), handsome pale grey brocaded silk with chiffon fichu; Mrs. Marsack; becoming vieux rose taffeta, toned with velvet and Indian embroidery; Mrs. George, very pretty white taffeta, veiled in black chiffon and lace, brightened with touches of gold; Mrs. Rathbone, eau de Nil chiffon taffeta with cream lace on bodice; Mrs. Ferguson, charming white crepe de chine with white lace guimpe; Mrs. Holmes, black chiffon taffeta with velvet and black lace; Mrs. Thomas, wine-coloured velvet with white Valenciennes lace guimpe; Mrs. Uplift, pretty pink mousseline de soie with cream net and lace yoke; Mrs. Smith wore white silk and lace; Mrs. Charlie McCormick, pale blue chiffon taffeta with lace berthe. Others present were Mrs. Coetz, Mrs. Leatham, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Colegrove, Mrs. Bruce, Miss Bagnall, Miss Walker, Misses Lusk, Mrs. Pollen, Misses White, Misses Devere, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Greig, Mrs. Stephenson (Wellington), Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Stubbs, etc.

### GORGEOUS STAGE DRESSES AT "PRISONER OF ZENDA."

The Julius Knight Company continues to draw absolutely packed houses, and much regret is being expressed that

### "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

is going to have such a short run. Personally, I think it immeasurably better than "The Scarlet Pimpernel," but that may be because I am a woman, and just love pretty clothes; and I must say that I broke the tenth commandment more than once when I had the pleasure of a private view of several of the gowns, or, rather, creations, worn in the "Prisoner of

AFTER WASHING  
use a little

## SYDAL

WILTON'S HAND EMOLLIENT.



It soothes and heals the hands as soon as put on, the effect being instantaneous. Awarded Gold Medal at the New Zealand Exhibition. Beware of imitations. SYDAL is the registered name adopted to protect buyers of Wilton's Hand Emollient. 1/6 all chemists.

## Fishing Rods.

### Fly Rods.



Two-piece Greenheart.....10/6  
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., 12ft., 15ft., 20ft., 25ft., 30ft., 35ft., 40ft., 45ft., 50ft., 55ft., 60ft., 65ft., 70ft., 75ft., 80ft., 85ft., 90ft., 95ft., 100ft., 105ft., 110ft., 115ft., 120ft., 125ft., 130ft., 135ft., 140ft., 145ft., 150ft., 155ft., 160ft., 165ft., 170ft., 175ft., 180ft., 185ft., 190ft., 195ft., 200ft.

**HENRY WHITTY,**  
Fishing Tackle Manufactory,  
15 BASNETT ST., LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

Zenda," which, of course, look twenty per cent. better "on" than "off," with all the accessories of tulle veils and ostrich feather head gear, held in place with jewelled combs, etc., dainty silken hose, with shoes to match, lace underskirts of same shade or some shade that formed a charming contrast, and gloves and bouquets that fill one with envy. The costumes worn by Miss Ola Humphreys in this piece have previously been described in these pages, so I will not tire you with repetitions, but I can assure you you would never tire of looking at them. Miss Wilson, as Antoinette de Mauban, was exquisitely gowned all through, and, in fact, all the toilettes obviously emanated from the brains and fingers of artists, the blending of colours in the gowns worn in the Coronation scene being absolutely perfect. Having raised your curiosity sufficiently, I will try and describe some that particularly caught my fancy, though really they beggar description; but first I must tell you that they are all made in the very latest fashion. Miss Wilson's first gown was a perfectly-fitting black and white striped material, made with a semi-Empire skirt, the short waist outlined with a narrow black velvet band, the bodice had a V-shaped vest of lovely ivory lace overlapping a tiny guimpe of tucked black net; the required note of colour was given by a touch of dull terra-cotta finishing the vest both back and front; with this was worn a most becoming hat, crowned with black and white plumes. Her second toilette was a very simple evening gown of pearl grey chiffon with tucked skirt and square-cut corsage, and she wore a perfectly ravishing opera coat of persimmon chiffon velours with long kimono sleeves finished with fringed tassels. Later she appeared in a chestnut brown cloth Josephine gown, exquisitely blended with a leaf green silk, charming hat in same shades. Miss Jean Martin, as Frau Teppich, wore a very handsome black jetted net robe over black lace, brightened with touches of silver; the long Court train (14 feet in length) was of black satin, embroidered with silver butterflies. Princess Flavia's two maids of honour wore charming white crepe de chine gowns a la Grec, with gold tissue ceintures and touches of gold on the Greek sleeves and hems of the skirts; their trains were of rich ivory satin, lined with pale blue. In the Coronation scene one very handsome dress was of pale apple green satin with narrow perpendicular bands of heliotrope and silver, green satin train, lined with heliotrope. Another very effective one was an old rose chiffon with appliqued pink roses and cream lace. A black point d'esprit, mounted on apricot silk, was worn with a very handsome brocaded silk train, lined with a deeper shade of apricot; and another, of cream lace, had a narrow band of dark violet satin, headed with cream applique, the whole mounted on primrose satin; the Court train was of a much deeper shade, almost tangerine, and large crush roses of primrose shaded to tangerine finished the toilette. I could enumerate several more, but lack of space and time will not permit of it. I can only add that the dresses alone are well worth seeing, so let nothing prevent you from seeing what one of the Sydney papers call "a dress and millinery show."

and white summer suiting coat and skirt, black picture hat; Miss Cotter, smart brown tailor-made, with pretty hat en suite; Mrs Walker, violet cloth costume, and violet hat to match; Mrs Barter, dainty blue grey costume, hat wreathed with red roses; Mrs Harry Whitson, green cloth costume, and black hat; Mrs R. B. Lusk, dark green tailor-made, with white felt hat trimmed with green velvet and wings; Miss Jean Lusk (Dunedin), green costume, and becoming green hat; Mrs Martelli, brown cloth Elton costume, pretty fur toque; Mrs Haake was effectively frocked in brown, brown and pink hat. Others present were: Mrs Hamley, Mrs Cox, Miss Raphael, Mrs Kronfeld, Mrs McCallum, Mrs Gaudin, etc.

**THE AVONDALE RACE MEETINGS**

are becoming quite a fashionable suburban meeting, and on Saturday there were quite a number of people there one knew. Doubtless the lovely day and the picnic idea tempted them. Avondale always seems a much more informal sort of a meeting than either Ellerslie or Takapuna, and on Saturday most people took lunch baskets, and some even took spirit lamps and "boiled the billy" for their own tea. The racing was interesting, and one or two of the dividends more than interesting if one had been lucky enough to strike them. The steeplechase was a very pretty race, only marred by the fall of Burns, the rider of Matako-kiri, which, from an ordinary outsiders point of view, might have been avoided. The jump at which the accident occurred seems to have been placed in the worst possible position, and if it is not altered I should think there will be plenty more accidents, and probably more serious ones. Amongst the visitors I noticed: Mrs Fred Waller, wearing a pale grey striped coat and skirt, with blue and white spotted silk facings; shot silk hat crowned with white wings; Miss Auckland, navy blue cloth, and blue hat; Miss Nora Gorrie, smart grey tailor-made, small green toque wreathed with shaded roses; Miss Gwen Gorrie, striped black

match with the local team. Cambridge won on the aggregate by 20, the totals being: Hamilton 58, Cambridge 78.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

The friends of Mr. Emil Vincent, who was out in New Zealand a couple of years ago, will be interested to know that he has started business in Ghent, his firm dealing in electrical machinery. Some time ago the colonial papers published an account of the trial at Nancy, France, of a student with the same name as Mr. Vincent, for attempting to defraud an uncle, and from letters sent to Belgium it would appear that some people connected the two names, and thought the owners were identical. Such an idea could only be entertained by those who only knew Mr. Vincent by name, and the mistake caused much amusement among Mr. Vincent's friends. Mrs. Worsp and Mrs. Thornton, Auckland, are the guests of Mrs. Hughlings Jackson, Christchurch. The many friends of Miss Blanche Worsp will be sorry to hear she is very ill in a private nursing home in Christchurch. She has been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Jackson, of Papanui Road, Christchurch, for some months past.

**PHYLLIS BROWN.**

**CAMBRIDGE.**

Dear Bee, May 2.  
On Wednesday afternoon the CAMBRIDGE GOLF CLUB

had a most successful opening day. There was a large and representative gathering. The new entrance to the links was used, and was much appreciated. The club house has been moved and added to since last season. The ladies' committee, Messames Edmunds, Bunyard, and Miss Wells, had made excellent arrangements for the tea, which was provided by the lady members of the club. The floral decorations on the tea table were arranged by Miss Wells. Mr. A. H. Nicoll, the hon. sec., was very energetic in seeing that everyone anxious to play had a game. The president (Mr. J. Anderson), in his speech, wished the club a successful season, and declared the links open. He then drove off the first ball in the mixed foursomes, his partner being Miss Kathleen Willis. Their opponents were Mrs. A. J. Edmunds and Mr. R. J. Roberts, and the match resulted in a tie. Amongst the visitors playing were: Miss Muriel Hesketh (Auckland), Dr. Henderson (of Aberdeen), and Mr. H. B. Lusk (of Christchurch), all of whom spoke in high terms of the links. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. A. J. Edmunds, Mrs. Bunyard, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Richardson, Mrs. A. H. Nicoll, Mrs. A. Souter, Mrs. W. Coates, Mrs. R. J. Roberts, Miss Gwen Roberts, Miss Gow, Miss Gwynneth, Mrs. E. J. Wilkinson, Mrs. Priestley, Miss Wells, Miss M. Hesketh (Auckland), Miss Gavey, Miss Keating, Miss Willis, Miss Kathleen Willis, Miss Brooks, Miss Cameron, Miss E. Hill, Miss Hally, Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Priestley, Miss Edminston, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. C. Peake, Miss P. Ferguson, Miss Cox, Miss Chitty.

On Wednesday afternoon the DAWN TENNIS CLUB

held their closing day, but as it was the opening of the Golf Club's season, the attendance was not so large, as it would otherwise have been. A very pleasant afternoon was spent. Tea was provided by the ladies of the club. The president (Mr. Inherwood) presented the trophies won during the season. After the presentation of the prizes, a progressive tournament was held, the winners being Miss Cox and Mr. J. Cox. Three teams of Hamilton bowlers came over on Wednesday and played a return

match with the local team. Cambridge won on the aggregate by 20, the totals being: Hamilton 58, Cambridge 78.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. C. Walker returned to Cambridge from Wanganui on Saturday. Mr. Nelson Banks, of Matamata, son of Mrs. Banks, of Gwynmelands, Cambridge, was married on Wednesday, the 20th April, to Miss Hilda Payze, eldest daughter of Mrs. Payze, of Matamata. Mrs. Sutherland, wife of the High Commissioner of Fiji, is at present staying with Mrs. Chitty, of Cambridge. Mrs. W. F. Buckland has returned to Cambridge after visiting friends in Auckland for two or three weeks. Mrs. A. H. Nicoll has returned to Cambridge from Auckland, where she has been staying.

**HAMILTON.**

Dear Bee, May 2.  
A VERY JOLLY LITTLE DANCE was got up as a surprise to Messrs St. Hill and Thompson on Wednesday night. The large room was cleared for dancing, and the floor was in perfect order. Splendid dance music was played by Mrs. Burd, Mrs. Gillespie, and Mr. Warren. Several vocal items were also given during the evening by Mr. Noble and Mr. Warren. Mrs. Noble wore a very handsome black silk with lace berthe; Mrs. Burd, pretty pale green silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs. English, pale green; Mrs. Hay, white net over silk; Miss Nelson (Auckland), pale grey lace silk, pretty lace berthe; Miss C. Wallcutt, white net over satin; Miss Laura Cussen, buttermilk silk; Miss Gillespie, rose-pink silk, prettily trimmed with lace; Miss Hunter, floral muslin; Miss C. Holloway, pale yellow silk evening frock; Miss P. Lambert, white silk evening gown; Misses McCallum, white and green respectively; Miss Ranstead, white silk frock; Miss Burd, pretty white dress; Miss Dorothy Burd, white. Amongst the gentlemen were Messrs St. Hill, Thompson, Coote, Noble, English, Warren, Green, Arbor, Peerless, Stewart, Tyreman, etc.

**NEW PLYMOUTH.**

Dear Bee, May 2.  
The first of a series of CINDERELLA DANCES,

arranged by Miss Bedford, took place last Friday evening in the Freemason's Hall, and as dancing is fresh again after the long summer interval, everybody thoroughly enjoyed it. The evening was perfect. The supper table was prettily decorated with white chrysanthemums and scarlet cactus dahlias. Amongst those present were: Miss Bedford, in cream brocaded silk veiled in champagne coloured point d'esprit, full skirt banded with maize-coloured silk, belt and decolletage finished with same; Miss D. Bedford, cream coloured net over white silk, bodice and skirt prettily finished with bands of rich cream lace, large scarlet rose in coiffure; Mrs. Hanna, black merveilleux, decolletage finished with chiffon; Miss Hanna, blue embroidered voile, with shoulder straps of beaded passementerie; Miss N. Hanna, rose pink muslin with silk Empire sash; Miss V. Brett, civil blue muslin finished with white Valenciennes lace; Miss Baxton, white muslin, over a maize coloured foundation, yellow silk sash; Miss Kemp, black silk, white point d'esprit sleeves and real lace berthe; Miss McAllum, pale blue muslin, with silk band on hem of skirt and kimono shoulder straps, white lace chemisette; Miss E. McAllum, black silk, white net tucker; Miss Richardson, white muslin with rose pink ribboned silk sash; Miss Brewster, pale green silk, white lace berthe, dark green rose in hair; Miss Bayley, white lace frock, over glace; Mrs. Oswin, green floral muslin, decolletage finished with narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss O. Mackay, very pretty pale pink floral silk muslin, over glace, tiny frills on skirt edged with Valenciennes lace, bodice prettily finished with same; Miss Hoby, deep ruby red silk, with black Empire

belt, narrow tucker of white net, rose pink roses in coiffure; Miss Crawford, white mousseline de soie, berthe of white lace, pale blue silk folded belt; Miss A. Crawford, white tucked silk; Miss Kelly, white muslin, with lace shoulder straps, rose pink ribbon chem in front of corsage; Miss O. Kelly, pretty pale blue mousseline de soie with white silk shoulder straps and band on skirt, white net chemisette; Miss Hoskin, pale blue silk veiled in white point d'esprit; Miss Ryan, rose pink silk; Miss Sinclair, pale blue muslin, berthe of white lace; Miss Simpson, white crepe de chine, white lace berthe; Miss Kirkby, cream chanelled net over glace, pale blue floral ribboned sash; Miss Standish, blue and pink floral muslin prettily trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace; Miss Kirton, white lace frock, pale blue silk sash, blue flowers in coiffure; Miss S. Kirton, white tucked and inserted silk; Mrs. Malcolmson, black silk, rich lace berthe; Mrs. Griffiths (Auckland), black merveilleux, tucker of white ruffled chiffon; Miss Webster, white tucked muslin, cream lace berthe; Miss L. Webster, pale blue silk inset with white lace; Miss Bradbury, white tucked and inserted silk; Miss Dempsey, white frilled silk, berthe of lace, scarlet roses in coiffure; Miss Jones (Wanganui), yellow silk tullefas, Empire frock, trimmed with rich cream lace and narrow black velvet, yellow rose in coiffure; Miss Capel, pretty white silk with square cut decolletage outlined with lace insertion; Miss N. Capel, dainty pale blue silk tullefas, folded bodice, with cream point d'esprit chemisette and undersleeves; Miss V. Kirkby, cream tucked silk, pale pink folded silk belt and pink rose in coiffure; Miss Kirk, white muslin, black Empire silk sash; Mrs. G. Keblell, pale blue voile with silk blouse, deep band of silk on skirt; Miss Turner, cream muslin, red roses in coiffure; Miss G. Fookes, black silk chemisette of white lace; Miss Albeck, white tucked lustre, pink roses on corsage, and in coiffure; Miss Beryl Nolan (Hawera), pretty white silk tullefas, with berthe of white lace, relieved with scarlet roses; Miss Gunson, pale pink silk, berthe of white lace.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

Mrs. Paul, New Plymouth, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Bennett, Blenheim. Mrs. and Miss Devenish, who have been on to Rotorua and Auckland, have returned to their home in New Plymouth. Mr. Tuff, of Christchurch, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Birding, Waitara. Misses Evans (3), who have been visiting their relatives in Cambridge and Auckland, have returned home to New Plymouth. Misses Maud and K. Humphries, New Plymouth, have returned after their very pleasant trip to Rotorua and Auckland. Mr. Stranahan, formerly Commissioner of Crown Lands of Wellington, and now of Auckland, passed through New Plymouth last week, on his way to his future home. He was accompanied by Mrs. Stranahan and family. Miss Beryl Nolan, who has been on a visit to Auckland, passed through New Plymouth last week, on her way home to Hawera.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Meek, the former of the Government Audit Department, passed through New Plymouth on their way to Nelson, their future home for the next eight months.

NANCY LEE.

**GISBORNE.**

Dear Bee, April 30.  
Last Saturday was a day of closing and opening ceremonies.

**AT THE WHATAUPOKO TENNIS COURTS**

advantage was taken by the President (Mr. Walter Barker) to distribute the different trophies won during the season, which he did in a neat speech. There was quite a large gathering on the lawns. The tables were most artistically decorated with dark crimson and bronze chrysanthemums, Mrs. W. Barker, Mrs. Key-mour, and the Misses Barker having charge of the tea for the afternoon.

**THE GOLF SEASON**

opened last Saturday with a Mixed Foursome, but owing to the closing gathering

at the Tennis Courts and the Hunt Club's run at Pahowhai there were not so many as usual playing. Mrs. King and several assistants presided at the ladies' tea-room.

Invitations are issued for a large "At Home" at Mrs. Walter Barker's on the 15th, also for a Juvenile Fancy Dress Dance on the 16th, to be given by Mrs. Walter Barker for her little daughters.

**PERSONAL MATTERS.**

Mrs. J. Burke (Gisborne) returned last week from Wellington, where she went to meet her niece, Miss Butler (England).

Miss Nolan, who has spent a long holiday in Christchurch, returned with her younger sister to Gisborne last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, of Gisborne, returned from a holiday in the South last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmet (Gisborne) returned from their South last week.

Mrs. Kennedy returned to Gisborne from Wellington on Wednesday last.

Miss Bouffois (Christchurch) is at present the guest of Mrs. G. Seymour (Gisborne).

Miss Meta Bourke (Hawke's Bay) is paying an extended visit to Mrs. J. Bidder (Gisborne).

Mrs. Hawley (Gisborne) left for the South last Wednesday.

ELSA.

**NAPIER.**

Dear Bee, May 1.

There was quite a happy little meeting on the Bluff Hill Croquet Club on Saturday last to bid farewell to Mrs. Bull, who, together with Mr. Bull, is leaving shortly for England, where they intend spending the next two years. Before the close of the afternoon Mrs. Stedman, the president, made a presentation to Mrs. Bull on behalf of the members of a handsome leather bag, and took the opportunity of wishing her a very pleasant trip to the Old Country.

On the same afternoon Mr. Bull was presented with a gold pendant, suitably inscribed by the members of the Bluff Hill Bowling Club.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

Mr. and Miss Humphries have left Napier for Auckland, where they intend catching the Vancouver steamer en route for England. They return to the colony in December.

Mr. Humphries, of Wellington, is on a brief holiday visit to Hawke's Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Nelson, of Hastings, have returned to their home after spending some weeks in Wellington.

Mrs. Fred Prier, of Takapau, is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Wilson, Napier.

Miss Morton, of Auckland, is visiting friends in Napier.

Miss Kennedy has returned to Napier after spending some weeks in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hughes, of Hastings, have left on a short visit to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilford, of Napier, have also left for England.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lowry, of Hawke's Bay, have been absent in Christchurch for the last few weeks.

Mrs. Perry has returned to Napier after being in Christchurch on a short holiday.

Miss Dawson, of Wellington, has been visiting Mrs. Wood, Napier.

MARJORIE.

**PALMERSTON NORTH.**

Dear Bee, May 1.

Mrs. Barnicot, of the Union Bank, gave a small

**EVENING PARTY**

on Wednesday night in honour of her sister, Miss Isa Smallbone, of Wellington, who has been staying with her for the last fortnight. Mrs. Barnicot wore a becoming black silk taffeta frock, made with a full skirt. Those present were Mrs. Woodward (Foxton), Miss Alison Barnicot, Miss Smith, Miss P. Waldegrave, Miss P. Randolph, Messrs. Barnicot (2), Murray, Chesney, and a few others.

We are enjoying some glorious autumn weather, and I have noticed a few pretty toilettes.

**IN THE STREET.**

Mrs. Jack Waldegrave is wearing a most becoming cream cloth Eton costume, scarlet hat with black coque feathers; Miss Pascal, a navy blue Norfolk coat and skirt, with pale blue cloth collar and cuffs, white hat with silk bows; Mrs. Bagnall, brown tweed skirt, sable coat, brown hat with brown quill; Mrs. Munro, navy blue coat and skirt, collar of pale shade of blue, pale blue hat with black-coque feathers; Miss Reed, cream serge costume, white furs and muff, wine-coloured hat; Mrs. J. P. Innes, dark green costume, with long coat, black hat with long black feather; Mrs. Wilson (Wellington), navy blue, made with very short coat, white hat with white bird; Mrs. Preece, dark grey coat and skirt, black silk collar, black hat with black feathers and mauve roses; Mrs. H. R. Waldegrave, black cloth coat and skirt with pale blue cloth collar and cuffs braided in black, black hat with black and white wings; Mrs. Porritt, pale blue costume, coat made with deep basque, sable furs, brown hat with brown quills; Mrs. McKnight, blue skirt, sea-ette coat, blue hat with blue and white feathers; Mrs. Aicken, navy Eton coat and skirt, the coat strapped with black silk, navy hat with clusters of scarlet berries.

On Thursday night Mrs. Levin, Albert-street, gave

**A SMALL RUCHIE PARTY**

as a farewell for Mrs. Russell, who is leaving Palmerston for Napier. Miss Wylds was the winner of the ladies' prize, a large box of chocolates; Mr. Russell won the men's prize, a pretty inkpot. After supper dancing was enjoyed until quite late, or, I should say, quite early. Those playing euchre were Mr. and Mrs. Renell, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Baker, Miss Wylds, the Misses Levin, the Misses Bell, and Miss Winnie Watson, Messrs. Levin (2), Guthrie (2), Stephens, Bachelor, Russell, Bruce, and a few others.

The golf season opens to-morrow. A mixed foursome is to be played, the entries being very large.

**PERSONAL NOTES.**

Miss Kieckly, who has been the guest of Mrs. Pickett for several weeks, has returned to her home in New Plymouth. Miss H. Bell, Palmerston, has gone to Feilding to stay with her sister, Mrs. E. W. Hiebhings.

Mrs. Woodward, Foxton, was the guest of Mrs. Barnicot, Union Bank, during the week.

Mrs. LeCren, Ashburton, stayed a week in Palmerston on her return journey from Auckland.

Miss Newton, Wanganui, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Harden, Palmerston. Miss Mitchell, who has been staying with Mrs. Elliot for a few weeks, returned to Auckland to-day.

Miss M. Wylds has returned from her visit to Napier.

Mrs. Barton, Gisborne, has been staying with her mother, Mrs. Sigs, Palmerston. To day she leaves for Feilding on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Lawson.

VIOLET.

**WANGANUI.**

Dear Bee, May 1st.

On Friday evening Mrs. H. Sarjeant gave an enjoyable little

**BRIDGE PARTY.**

The prizes were won by Mrs. John Stevenson and Mr. Izard. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Mr. and Mrs. Fairburn, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), Mrs. Dodgshun, Mrs. Grey (Gisborne).

Saturday was the closing day of the

**CROQUET SEASON**

and there was a large attendance. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. H. Harper, Mrs. McBeth and Miss Taylor. Amongst those present were Mrs. Moore, in green linen costume with cream vest ornamented with French knots, brown marabout stole, fawn and brown hat with grasses; Mrs. Lomas, black silk frock, becoming black silk hat with black rose composed of silk and feathers; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson), green cloth costume with shoulder

straps edged with velvet, and cuffs of the same, straw hat with shaded ribbons; Miss Blundell (Nelson), pretty pale blue floral voile frock with vest of lace and kimono sleeves and straps edged with pale blue silk with a band of the same at the foot of the skirt, cream crinoline straw hat with wide cream glaze silk bows and large ornamental pins in it; Mrs. Stevenson, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, becoming blue hat with shot ribbons and waving green aigrette and plumes; Miss Pratt (Feilding), brown tailor-made coat and skirt, cream vest, brown silk hat with pale blue coque feathers; Miss Stevenson wore a Saxe blue cloth coat and skirt with cream silk military braid and embroidered cream collar and cuffs, cream feather stole; very pretty pale blue hat with coque feathers the same shade; Mrs. Fairburn, navy blue Melton skirt, Saxe blue-check silk blouse, shot blue straw hat with ribbons and quills in it; Mrs. Gordon, black silk, pale blue and green floral blouse, green straw hat with coque feathers; Miss Gresson, black serge skirt, white blouse, black and white hat with feathers; Mrs. Vennell (Dunedin), pale green voile gown, feather stole, black crinoline straw hat with ostrich tips; Mrs. Cooper (Scotland), black cashmere gown with bands of silk and vest of lace, black silk hat with black coque feathers; Mrs. P. Lewis, brown tweed tailor-made, cream silk blouse, becoming cream straw hat with chiffon and floral ribbons.

On Monday evening Mrs. Fairburn gave

**BRIDGE PARTY**

in honour of Mrs and Miss Blundell, of Nelson, who are staying with her. There were eleven tables. The prizes were won by Miss Imley and Mrs. Montgomerie. Mrs. Fairburn wore a black brocaded gown with berthe and tucker of Brussels lace, black velvet sleeves, with killing of brocade, and wide band of velvet at the foot; Mrs. Blundell (Nelson) black chiffon taffetas, with wide cream insertion on the corsage, which was edged with black velvet, elbow sleeves with applique; Miss Blundell (Nelson) wore a very becoming frock of pale pink chiffon taffetas, vest of narrow Valenciennes lace, and tucked net sleeves to the elbow, the front of the corsage ornamented with pale green French knots with sash of the same; Mrs. Izard wore cream satin, with berthe of real lace, and chiffon shoulder scarf; Mrs. Barnicot, pale pink and brown floral silk Empire gown with lace; Mrs. Phillips (Canterbury), black chiffon taffetas, with jet ornaments and tucker of chiffon; Mrs. Good, pastel blue chiffon taffetas, with corsage having wide Brussels lace on it; Mrs. Gordon wore a smart silk frock, with lace on her corsage; Mrs. Meldrum, white chiffon taffetas, with the material folded on the corsage, and silk ornaments with lace; Mrs. Wall, white silk and lace, pale blue belt, and the same shaded ribbons in her coiffure; Mrs. Gifford Marshall, pale blue silk with shoulder straps, and short puf-

**C.B. TAILOR-MADE CORSETS. C.B.**

C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets are rapidly causing ordinary types to become things of the past.

**In 50 different styles.**

Any and every figure can be made straight-fronted by C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets.

C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets are the elixir of elegance, smartness, refined distinction and comfort.

Light as air, yet guaranteed to outlast two ordinary corsets.

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All C.B. Corsets have rust-proof supports. From 8/11 to 4 Guineas per pair.

A single test has convinced thousands of women that here is a type as far ahead of all other straight-fronted corsets as latter are in advance of the old woven corsets.

OBTAINABLE IN ALL STYLES FROM ALL PROGRESSIVE STORES.

If any difficulty in procuring the correct style, write for book of types to:

**J. E. NEWPORT, SONS & CO.,** Fлиндers Lane, MELBOURNE.  
**A. E. WITTEY,** 91a, York Street, SYDNEY.  
**J. BUNTING,** Central House, Hobson St., AUCKLAND, N.Z.

Yes, dear, but you should have asked for the—

**L.O.U.I.S Velveteen**

**THE CHIFFON VEL-DUVET**

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.

**LOUIS** IS STAMPED ON EVERY YARD.




**A Life-time Necessity**

It is not simply now and then, but always and every day that Horlick's Malted Milk proves its value and its goodness. A reliable food for the baby, a source of strength to the growing boy, a stimulant for athletes, a valuable tonic for blood-making food for anemic girls, a valuable tonic for shaken nerves, and a digestible and enjoyable food for old age - all these things you find in Horlick's Malted Milk. Made in a moment - only water needed.

Sold by all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores, &c.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**



Sample: 62 Pitt Street, Sydney, N. S. Wales. Horlick's Food Co. Blough, Bucks, England.

fed sleeves banded with black velvet; Mrs. Izett, black silk frock, with chiffon and lace on her corsage; Mrs. Paterson, pastel blue silk, with transparent lace yoke and bands of velvet, pale pink sweet peas in her corsage; Mrs. O. Lewis, becoming cream chiffon taffetas gown, the corsage had folded net forming a V-shaped yoke in the front; Mrs. H. Sargeant, old rose chiffon tuffetas, with velvet of darker shade and yoke of deep cream lace, with spray of pale pink roses and foliage; Mrs. James Watt wore a becoming pale blue silk frock, fine cream lace forming kimono sleeves banded with the blue silk; Miss C. Anderson, sage green Shantung silk gown, and cream chiffon shoulder scarf; Mrs. Inley Saunders, very pale green chiffon tuffetas, the corsage was made with tiny tucks and edging of lace; Mrs. McNaughton, black silk gown, with berthe of cream lace; Miss Mason, pale pink silk muslin frock, with tucker and frills of lace; Miss Stanford wore an Empire frock of prune-shaded velvet, with bolero of lace and tassel; Miss Wilford, pale blue crepe de chine gown, with the material folded on the corsage and gauged skirt.

**SMALL BRIDGE PARTIES**

have also been given by Mrs. Gordon (the prizes being won by Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Blundell) and Mrs. Griffiths, where the fortunate winners were Mrs. Newcombe and Miss Burgess.

**PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS**

Mrs. Hughes Johnston, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.  
Miss Fraser, of the Girls' College, Wanganui, has gone to Rotorua for the holidays.  
Mr. J. C. Greenwood, of Wanganui, has gone to Auckland via the Main Trunk line. She intends spending some weeks with friends and relations.  
Mrs. Miles, of Wellington, is the guest of Mrs. Foreman, in Wanganui.  
Mr. Mannersey, of Wellington, has been staying in Wanganui recently.  
Mrs. White, of India, is the guest of Mrs. McNaughton Christie, in Wanganui.  
Mrs. Phillips, of the Point, Canterbury, who has been staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. Barnicoat, has returned to her home.  
Mrs. Grey, of Gisborne, has been the guest of Mrs. Dodgshun, in Wanganui.  
Miss Wells, of Cambridge, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Ewan (Ampthill).  
Miss O'Brien, of Wanganui, has returned from her holiday in the South.  
Dr. and Mrs. Wall, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Foxton.  
Mrs. H. F. Christie, of Wanganui, is staying in Palmerston North with her daughter, Mrs. L. Steedman.  
Miss Barnicoat, of Wanganui, is the guest of Mrs. D. Ridgford, in Rangitikei.

**HUIA.**

**WELLINGTON.**

Dear Bee,  
May 1.  
We have had rather a gay week, and I have quite a lot to tell you about. Everybody seems back from the country or seaside, which were favourite places to spend Easter. Wellington is beginning to look more like itself again.  
The two special events, the races and the formal opening of the new golf links, attracted numbers of visitors to Wellington.

There were some smart gowns worn at Trentham on the

**OPENING RACE DAY.**

but tailor-made were in the majority. Mrs. Joseph wore drak green cloth, with vest of Oriental embroidery; Miss Joseph, wine-coloured cloth, handsomely braided, hat with shaded roses; Mrs. David Nathan, blue tailor-made hydrangea toque, white fox furs; Mrs. C. Johnston, pearl grey taffetas, black hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs. A. Duncan, grey tweed, mauve hat, with green bows; Mrs. Goring Johnston, black cloth, seal-skin coat, large black hat, with ostrich feathers; Mrs. E. Blundell, dahlia red gown skirt, green place hat, with cock's feathers; Mrs. E. Blundell, dahlia red gown, with touches of green, black hat, with tips; Mrs. Algar Williams, cream serge, wine-coloured hat; Miss Duncan, brown tweed, seal-skin coat, brown hat, with blue and brown osprey; Mrs. Watta

(Blenheim), green coat and skirt, green hat, with clusters of lilac; Miss Kember, pink cloth, with brown strappings, pink glaze hat, with shaded roses; Mrs. Webster, blue Eton coat and skirt, blue and brown hat; Mrs. Chapman, mauve cloth strapped with velvet, hat to match; Mrs. Wilford, navy blue tailor-made, toque with scarlet osprey; Miss Levin, green cloth, much braided green hat, with tips; Mrs. Groth (Sydney), pale green chenille, hat of green taffetas, with shaded plumes; Mrs. Gillruth, navy blue, hat to match, ermine furs.

**THE GOLF LINKS**

at Trentham on Saturday, and those who made the long train journey there were more than repaid when they saw the lovely views spread out before them. The Club House is both ornamental and comfortable, with a fine smoking-room downstairs, where is also the luncheon rooms. Upstairs there are ladies rooms, the whole being most artistically decorated, and, with the prettiest and most cosy of lounges and armchairs to rest the weary ones, after the exertions of the day. The broad verandah and balcony were much in request, especially during the many competitions. Afternoon tea was supplied by the ladies of the club, and, it is needless to say, was of the very best, and included some delicious cakes and sweets. At the end of the day the prizes were presented by Lady Ward, among the winners being Mesdames Turnbull and C. Pearce, Misses Medley, and Simpson. Lady Ward's gown was powder blue face cloth, with this she wore a seal-skin coat, and large black hat; Miss Ward, grey tweed, brown hat; Miss Rubi Seddon, black and white striped tweed, black hat with roses; Mrs. McEwan, green tailor-made; Mrs. K. Duncan, blue striped gown, purple hat with roses; Mrs. F. Fisher, navy coat and skirt, blue hat; Mrs. Algar Williams, grey-stour coat and skirt, hat to match; Mrs. H. Rose, green tailor-made, white fox furs, blue hat; Mrs. Firth, navy blue gown, cream hat, with plumes; Mrs. T. Young, dahlia red cloth, hat to match; Mrs. Abbott, cream cloth gown, green hat, with tips; Mrs. C. Pearce, green tailor-made; Mrs. Gillruth, cream serge with touches of brown velvet, brown hat with autumn tinted-leaves; Miss Duncan, mushroom tinted cloth, black hat, with roses; Miss Contes, blue coat and skirt, blue hat, wreathed with cornflowers; Miss Menteth, tabac brown frock, brown hat, with tips; Miss Tolhurst, blue coat and skirt; Mrs. Fitzgerald, grey striped tweed, large black hat; Miss O'Connor, pale grey cloth, grey hat; Miss Simpson, purple coat and skirt, white silk vest, purple hat; Mrs. Fulton, brown cloth gown, brown and cream hat; Miss Izard, grey tailor-made, black hat; Mrs. C. Izard, blue coat and skirt; Miss Levin, green coat and skirt, green hat with ostrich feathers; Miss Wheeler, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, blue hat, with roses; Miss Miles, brown cloth tailor-made, black hat, with tips; Miss Stafford, green and brown tweed, green hat; Miss Brandon, checked black and white gown, finished off with braidings of black; Mrs. Joseph, smart brown tweed, green hat, black fox furs; Miss Joseph, brown cloth, hat with large roses; Miss Doris Johnston, rough tweed, hat with roses; Miss Medley, grey tweed, with revers of pale blue; Mrs. Purdy, grey gown, black hat; Mrs. H. Johnston, brown tailor-made, dull pink hat; Miss Fitzgerald, blue coat and skirt, green hat.

and white chiffon, large black hat; Miss Levin, a pretty frock of champagne-tinted cloth, hat trimmed with roses and loops of velvet; Mrs. Brandon, grey ninon with touches of black velvet and cream lace; Mrs. Menzies, black brocade, bonnet of black lace and violets; Mrs. H. Crawford, an effective gown of black and white striped satin; Mrs. Pearce, cream cloth, hat with mauve orchids; Mrs. Dynock, green tuffetas, black hat with violets; Miss Fitzgerald, brown coat and skirt with green revers, hat with autumn berries and leaves; Miss Tolhurst, rose-coloured cloth, hat to match; Miss Miles, cream cloth Eton coat and skirt, green hat with roses; Miss Higginson, pale pink voile, ruffles and vest of cream lace; Mrs. Houston, black and white striped cloth, vest of fine lace, large black hat; Miss O'Connor, grey tailor-made, grey and pink hat; Mrs. Barron, black brocade, finished off with white lace, black toque; Miss Brandon, fine black and white checked tweed with strappings of velvet; Miss Richmond, grey silk eolienne, black hat; Miss B. Miles, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with plumes. Others present were Mesdames Cooper, Fitzgerald, Fell, Moorhouse, Denniston, Williams, Turnbull, Rhodes, Misses Blackett, Fell, Joseph, Nathan, Bell, and Izard.

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**A LARGE GARDEN PARTY**

on Tuesday, when a number of people went out to say good-bye. The afternoon was fine, and the pretty garden and grounds looked their best, gay with cosmoses and some fine chrysanthemums. Mrs. Johnston wore a lovely gown of pale grey ninon over taffetas, the skirt inset with lace medallions; with this she wore a beautiful lace fichu and black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Arthur Duncan and Miss Doris Johnston wore pretty frocks of cream silk eolienne; Mrs. Levin, a handsome gown of black

and white chiffon, large black hat; Miss Levin, a pretty frock of champagne-tinted cloth, hat trimmed with roses and loops of velvet; Mrs. Brandon, grey ninon with touches of black velvet and cream lace; Mrs. Menzies, black brocade, bonnet of black lace and violets; Mrs. H. Crawford, an effective gown of black and white striped satin; Mrs. Pearce, cream cloth, hat with mauve orchids; Mrs. Dynock, green tuffetas, black hat with violets; Miss Fitzgerald, brown coat and skirt with green revers, hat with autumn berries and leaves; Miss Tolhurst, rose-coloured cloth, hat to match; Miss Miles, cream cloth Eton coat and skirt, green hat with roses; Miss Higginson, pale pink voile, ruffles and vest of cream lace; Mrs. Houston, black and white striped cloth, vest of fine lace, large black hat; Miss O'Connor, grey tailor-made, grey and pink hat; Mrs. Barron, black brocade, finished off with white lace, black toque; Miss Brandon, fine black and white checked tweed with strappings of velvet; Miss Richmond, grey silk eolienne, black hat; Miss B. Miles, brown coat and skirt, brown hat with plumes. Others present were Mesdames Cooper, Fitzgerald, Fell, Moorhouse, Denniston, Williams, Turnbull, Rhodes, Misses Blackett, Fell, Joseph, Nathan, Bell, and Izard.

**A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE TEA**

for Mrs. W. Turnbull, who is leaving for a trip to the Old Country. Among those present were Mesdames Baldwin, Newman, Duncan, C. Pearce, A. Crawford, Tweed, O'Connor, Misses Brandon, Izard, Duncan, Johnston, and Cooper.

**The first of the CINDERELLA DANCES**

took place at the Drill Hall, Lower Hutt, on Tuesday. The stage, which had been prettily decorated with cosmos and trails of lycopolium, and furnished with comfortable chairs and lounges, made a delightful sitting-out place, both for chaperones and dancers. Misses Allport, Foster, Johnston, Matthews and Lee were hostesses for the evening. A number of girls went out from town, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Miss Lee wore white silk and chiffon; Miss Holman, pale pink; Miss Matthews, heliotrope, silk and white lace; Miss Hayward (debutante), Empire gown of white satin and chiffon; the sleeves of Irish lace; Miss Johnston, pink mousseline de soie with pretty touches of pale green; Miss Treatwell, pink accordion-pleated silk; Miss Elliott, floral mousseline de soie; Miss Rose, pink tuffetas; Miss Eileen Lingard, white silk with heliotrope sash; Miss Morris, soft grey chiffon; Miss Foster, blue glaze; Miss Greenfield, pink chiffon. Others present were Mesdames Elliot, Seaton, Kingston, Treatwell, Jones and Hayward, Messrs. Prouse, Ulrich, Calderon, Miriams, Lane, Chapman, Nancarrow, Stevenson, and Bridge.

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

Lieut.-Col. Gorton (President of the Manuwatu Golf Club) was in Wellington lately for the opening of the new golf links at Trentham, to whom the Wellington Club has lately moved.  
Mrs. W. H. Levin and Miss Levin are on their way back to England. They have been out here since Christmas, staying with relations and friends, and they hope to return to New Zealand in another year or two.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Fitzherbert have come from Feilding for the races.  
Mrs. and the Misses Bamister have gone to Sydney for a few weeks.  
Miss Inlay and Mrs. Inlay Saunders are in Wellington for the races. They return to Wanganui at the end of the week.  
Miss Elder has returned to Waikamau after a stay in Wellington with Miss Fulton.  
Mr. and Mrs. Carr (Feilding) were here for a few days last week.  
Miss Marshall and Miss Dalrymple (Rangitikei) have arrived home after a very jolly six months' trip to Burma and Further India. They visited Australia and Singapore on route.  
Captain and Mrs. England were here for a few days on their way to the Old Country. They are passengers by the Ayrshire by way of South America.  
Mr. and Mrs. R. Levin (Palmerston) were here for the races.  
Mr. and Mrs. A. Crawford are back in Wellington again.

**The Bissell Sweeper**  
The Handy, useful, every day, labor-saving convenience of the home.  
It is not enough to take up carpets once a year, or to clean them with compressed air-process, for after the carpet has been necessarily for a good carpet sweeper. Dust accumulates fast, and unless you have a good carpet sweeper always at your command, your house is bound to get very dirty.  
The corn broom simply scatters the lint and dust, whereas the Bissell sweeper gathers it completely, depositing it in the pan receptacles.  
Then consider how it lessens the labor of sweeping 95 per cent, raises no dust, making sweeping a positive pleasure instead of a drudgery.  
It's a great economy, too, as a Bissell will last longer than fifty corn brooms.  
For sale by all the best trade.  
Price 10/- to 15/-.  
Buy now, send us the purchase slip, and receive a neat, useful present free.  
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., New York City, U.S.A.  
22 Warren St., London, W.1.

**LETTERS TO LADIES.**

**A BEAUTY CHAT**  
—BY—  
MILIE HELENA RUBINSTEIN.

How many women are there who find their New Year resolutions still unperformed?  
How many whose desire to be beautiful has not been carried into effect?  
I offer them Valaze. Isay (and I tell the absolute truth) that Valaze, if used regularly, will make their complexions as pure as a rose petal, soft and youthful.  
I don't exaggerate the value of Valaze. After searching through all the great Beauty Centres of Europe I know of no skin food that is so wonderful and lasting in its beauty result as Valaze.  
I know that the woman who once tries it will find a marked improvement even with the best jar, and if continued, the use of Valaze will make her very beautiful.  
Her complexion will be soft and clear, wrinkles and crow's feet, and every trace of freckles and sallowness will disappear.  
This is happening every day. Valaze is altering the whole face of Australia and of New Zealand. Women in every corner of the continent write to me for supplies—they say Valaze is the greatest gift that money can purchase.  
Where you live near Wellington I'd like you to come and have a chat. I'll show you hundreds of letters from users of Valaze.  
But in any case write to me for at my Institute there are all sorts of Beauty Appliances. It is equipped on the lines of the very latest Beauty Parlours in Europe.  
Valaze is sold at 4s. and 6s. a jar. The larger size contains triple quantity.  
Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Cure, marvellous in its results, is sold at the Valaze Herbal Soap, invaluable in the complexion, is sold at the Valaze Face Powder, is sold at the Valaze Hair Kutter, a favourite specific for superfluous hairs, 5s. Creme Promenade, a delightful cream, 2s. and 3s. 6d.  
Valaze preparations are obtainable, post free, from MILIE RUBINSTEIN, Valaze Massage Institute, Brandon Street, Wellington. They are also stocked by leading druggists. Write for the "Guide to Beauty," 3d., or free with all orders.

Auckland Branch Representative—  
THE VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE,  
Mrs. Collins, City Chambers, Queen-street.

**DR. SHELDON'S NEW DISCOVERY**  
FOR COUGHS, OLD AND CONSUMPTION

Mrs. H. Stuart (Feilding) is at present the guest of Mrs. Cleghorn.

Lady Hector is back at the Lower Hutt after a flying trip to Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham (Dunedin) were here for a few days before leaving for England by the *Ayrshire*.

Mrs. Oliver White, who recently arrived from India to stay with her mother (Mrs. Cleghorn), has gone to Wangarei for a short visit.

Professor and Mrs. Bunkine Brown are in lodgings for a time, as their own house is let to Mr. and Mrs. Algar Williams for a term. Mrs. Brown has lately been to Rotorua.

Miss Greenfield (Queensland) is at the Hutt, staying with Mrs. J. Rose.

Miss Chaytor (Picton) is making a stay here.

Mr. Justice Haselden and Mrs. Haselden, who have just been to Picton, are back in Wellington again.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Beck are back from their trip to America and elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross (Hawke's Bay) are off to England soon for a holiday trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen are leaving for the Old Country next month. They go for an indefinite period, and may remain in England altogether.

Mrs. Turlon (Dunedin) is here for a week or two.

Mrs. Bidwill (Wairarapa) came to Wellington for the races.

Miss Holmes (Dunedin) is visiting Dr. Matthew Holmes at Kellburne.

Mrs. Ernest Hadfield has gone to Canterbury for a holiday trip.

Mrs. Triugham has returned from a stay of some weeks in Oamaru.

Miss Marison (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs. C. Richardson.

Mrs. J. Grey, who has been away in Auckland, is back in Wellington again.

Colonel Denny and Miss Denny (Scotland) were here for a few days before going on to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mrs. Widdop is back after a stay in the Wairarapa.

Miss R. Collins (Clyde) has come to Wellington for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wall (Wairarapa) are off to England for a trip. They will probably be back by next Christmas.

#### OPHELIA.

#### CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee,

May 4

#### A DANCE

was given by the students in the Canterbury College Hall on Monday evening, April 27, to welcome back the athletic team from Dunedin. The chaperones were: Mrs. Chilton, who wore black satin and lace; Mrs. Page, black, relieved with white lace; Mrs. Coleridge Farr, white brocade and lace, with red geraniums; Mrs. Hunt, black voile; Mrs. Salmon, pale blue crepe de chine. Amongst the guests were: Miss R. Prins, wearing cream lace over pale pink silk; Miss I. Prins, white crepe de chine and lace; Miss Croxton, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss E. Croxton, blue silk, with cream lace; Mrs. Macdonald, black chiffon taffeta dress, berthe of white point lace; Miss Hunt, white muslin, with kimono straps of white lace and pale blue velvet; Miss Grace, red silk; Miss Guthrie, cream lace over cream silk, pink sash and flowers; Miss Ferguson, pale blue chiffon taffeta and white lace; Miss Parson, mauve crepe de chine, with velvet of a deeper shade; Miss Nelson, white silk; Miss Smith (Melbourne), green floral muslin; Miss Wallace, white muslin, with black sash; Miss Thornton, white muslin; Miss Turnbull, green floral muslin, with band of green silk at the hem, and green belt to match; Miss Hawkins, pale blue silk, and white lace; Miss Spoozer, black voile, with cream lace; Miss Williamson, white silk, and pale blue belt; Miss Allison, white silk; Miss Mayne, white muslin; Miss M. Bain, pink floral muslin; Professor Hunt, Dr. Coleridge Farr, Messrs. Page, Collins, Moore, Reece, Parkinson, Guthrie, Aitkin, Cunningham, Wigley, Parson, and Donaldson.

#### A BRIDGE PARTY.

was given by Mrs. Wigram at Park Terrace on Wednesday evening; the players were: Messrs. Clifford, Miss Dennis, Mrs. Randall, Miss Reeves, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Beawick, Mrs. J. Grigg, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. Pyne, and Mrs. J. C. Palmer.

#### A MUSICAL PARTY

was given by Mrs. George Harper, "Riccarton," in honour of her daughter, Mrs. J. Loughnan (Timaru). The guests included Lady Clifford, Miss Dennis, Mrs. H. A. Joseph, Mrs. and Miss Wilding, Mrs. and Miss Williams, Mrs. Hugh Reeves, Miss Reeves, Mrs. J. C. Palmer, Miss Inman, Mrs. George Harris, Mrs. P. Acton-Adams, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Fish (Timaru), the Misses Maling, Hill, Wood, Nedwill, Campbell, and Mrs. J. D. Hall.

#### A DANCE

was given by the Misses Merton at Park Terrace. Mrs. Merton wore a pretty gown of black sequined net over black satin; Miss Merton, mauve silk and white lace; Miss G. Merton, white spotted net, with bands of rose pink silk, over white silk; Miss Humphreys, a pretty frock of white striped chiffon; Miss Kettle, cream net over silk; Miss C. Kettle, cream crepe de chine, with gold embroideries; Miss Macdonald, pale pink satin; Miss Thompson, white net over satin; Miss Synes, pale pink floral net, over silk; Mrs. Thomas, black satin; the Misses Burns, pink silk and lace; Miss Moore, white tulle; Miss D. Moore, pale pink silk; Miss Mathias, pink satin and chiffon; Miss Banks, white satin and lace; Miss B. Russell, pink and white taffeta; Miss Anderson, blue satin and white lace; Miss Kibson, white satin; Miss Wilding, white silk; Miss Wood, white silk and lace; Miss B. Wood, pale blue and white silk.

#### A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Saturday evening by Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, the players being: Messdames Wardrop, Wigram, Beswick, Reid, Palmer, and the Misses Reeves, Murray Aynsley (2), Symes, Wigram, Denniston, and Cowlishaw.

#### A FAREWELL BRIDGE PARTY

to Mrs. Randall, who is leaving shortly for England, was given by Mrs. Kettle, Armagh-street, on Monday evening. Those present were: Mrs. Randall, Mrs. J. D. Hall, Mrs. Wardrop, Mrs. C. Reid, the Misses Humphreys (2), Cowlishaw, Anderson, and Synes.

On Tuesday evening Mrs. Wardrop gave

#### A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY.

The players were Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. J. D. Hall, Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Beswick, Mrs. Reid, and the Misses Cowlishaw, Reeves, Murray-Aynsley (2), Denniston, Symes, and Nedwill.

#### A WEDDING RECEPTION

was held by Mrs. Anson at her residence, Luttrell, Derby-street, St. Alban's, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage to Mr. Philip Shand, which took place on Monday, at St. Mary's, Merivale. The bride wore a travelling dress of dark blue cloth, white silk hat, and an old lace scarf. The bridesmaids, Miss Rebie Shand, and Miss Jessie Josephs, wore cream cloth costumes, wine-coloured silk hats, with shaded roses, and carried shower bouquets of chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. Amongst the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Shand, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Shand, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, the Rev. C. H. and Mrs. Gossett, Dr. and Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. Aitkin, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. G. P. Williams, Mrs. Josephs, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. Francis, and the Misses Anson, Hoskins, Cuthbert, Brett, Josephs, Williams, and Mathias.

#### PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mrs. Randall and Miss Cowlishaw left Christchurch yesterday for a trip to England via Canada. Others leaving for England are Captain and Mrs. England, Mr. Guise Brittan, Miss Brittan, and Mr. and Mrs. Leatham.

Miss Paterson (Dunedin) is the guest of Mrs. W. Wood, at Springfield-road, Christchurch.

Miss Barker (Geraldine) has been staying with Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, at Merivale.

Mrs. and the Misses Wells have returned to Amberley, after spending some weeks in Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cottorill and family (Christchurch) have gone to Sumner for a visit.

The Bishop and Mrs. Julia left Christchurch for Sydney last week to meet their daughters, who are returning from England.

DOLLY VALE

## IMPORTANT CABLE.

TEIGMULDE.—(John Court, Ltd.)

SINKM SINLT.—(All round drop in prices of 10 to 15%)

# JOHN COURT, LTD.

*Have decided to give their customers the benefit of this decline at once on a very large proportion of their heavy stocks of*

*Drapery and Clothing.*

**NEW PRICES.**

**NEW PRICES.**

**NEW PRICES.**

**IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.**

**JOHN COURT, LTD.,**  
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

## Preliminary Announcement



### MESSENGER COY.

beg to announce to the ladies of Auckland that they have made arrangements with a Specialist to attend to customers for their famous Corsets.

NOTICE ADDRESS:

Head Office:

189a Manchester Street,  
Christchurch.

MRS. CASSIDY,

G.P.O.,

NORTHCOTE.

**G. BRANDAUER & Co's, Ltd.**  
**Circular Pointed**  
**Pens.**

Seven  
Price Models.



These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Works: Birmingham, England.

Ask your Storekeeper for an assorted Sample Box.



# STRENGTH OF THE FLEET

## BATTLESHIPS AND ARMOURD CRUISERS.

(By Our Naval Correspondent.)

This year the British Fleet is at its maximum strength. We are reaping the advantage of the active constructive policy of the Boards of Admiralty presided over by Lord Selborne and Lord Cawdor, and of the large sums which the House of Commons provided year after year with hardly a murmur of disapproval, either within St. Stephen's or from the public. Indeed, Lord Selborne was frequently reproached for not spending more money on the Fleet, but he refused to go beyond the demands of the experts. Lord Cawdor was similarly attacked for the moderation of his shipbuilding programmes in face of foreign shipbuilding; but he, again, would not be driven from the proposals deliberately adopted on the advice of the Sea Lords after full consideration of the future requirements of the Fleet. It is now evident that the official view was sound; we always followed, and never led, in the rivalry of armaments, and we obtained better-gunned and swifter ships than rivals.

The Navy was particularly weak in large armoured ships when Lord Selborne went to the Admiralty, because we had built a number with unarmoured ends. This design had been shown to be faulty, and consequently for some years past attention has been devoted to the construction of battleships and very powerful armoured cruisers. It has been said that this year the British Fleet is at its maximum strength. This is directly due to the Dreadnought. When she appeared on the stocks, nearly three years ago, the building of armoured ships abroad ceased for a whole year, while we continued busily at work. Foreign construction received a set-back; we pursued our course, while rivals remained idle, planning ships on the new all-big-gun principle. The outcome of this is that in modern battleships and in armoured cruisers we have a lead at this moment, and are well up in the two-power standard, as this graphic diagram shows:—

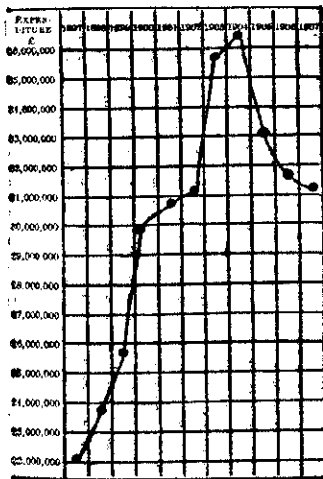
twelve annually—the British Admiralty cannot hold its hand.

At the same time, the improvements in the social conditions of the men of the Fleet, and higher pay, and the necessary augmentation in the number of the most skilled ratings, must lead to an increase in the naval votes, other than those concerned with material. An upward tendency in naval expenditure once more is unavoidable. The taxpayer, in anticipating the future, has reason for gratification in the fact that for years past the line of expenditure has been downward, as indicated below:—

The thick line indicates, approximately, the total tonnage of the battleships (less than twenty years old) in the several fleets, and the thin line the aggregate tonnage of the modern armoured cruisers. The complete figures of the navies on January 1 last, showing ships completed and at sea, of less age than twenty years, are as follows:—

|                         | Battle-ships. |         | Armoured Cruisers. |         |
|-------------------------|---------------|---------|--------------------|---------|
|                         | No.           | Tons.   | No.                | Tons.   |
| England . . . . .       | 52            | 772,200 | 23                 | 385,000 |
| United States . . . . . | 25            | 358,200 | 11                 | 131,700 |
| Germany . . . . .       | 22            | 261,600 | 8                  | 80,000  |
| France . . . . .        | 21            | 233,200 | 19                 | 167,000 |
| Japan . . . . .         | 13            | 184,100 | 11                 | 111,000 |
| Russia . . . . .        | 9             | 107,700 | 4                  | 50,500  |
| Italy . . . . .         | 7             | 79,000  | 5                  | 40,000  |

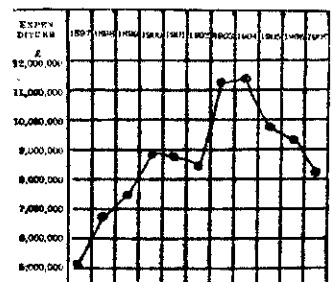
Now, however, rival Powers have recovered from the disorganisation which was caused by the appearance in 1905 of the Dreadnought and the three Dreadnought cruisers. For a year past they have been hard at work. France has four large battleships under construction, and two more on order; the United States has four building; Germany has five in hand; and Italy, Austria, and Japan are busy with new ships, or projects for new ships. Italy alone proposing to commence at an early date no fewer than four Dreadnoughts. Consequently the British authorities cannot remain inactive, and they have all the more claim to confidence, because they gave the taxpayer full value for the success of the Dreadnought in economies on shipbuilding in the immediate past, as may be seen from the following chart:—



In this period of eleven years the expenditure on new construction has been as follows:—

|                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| 1897 . . . . . | £5,051,000 |
| 1898 . . . . . | 6,733,000  |
| 1899 . . . . . | 7,518,000  |
| 1900 . . . . . | 8,957,000  |
| 1901 . . . . . | 8,865,000  |
| 1902 . . . . . | 8,535,000  |
| 1903 . . . . . | 11,116,000 |
| 1904 . . . . . | 11,263,000 |
| 1905 . . . . . | 9,688,000  |
| 1906 . . . . . | 8,300,000  |
| 1907 . . . . . | 58,112,000 |

The line of expenditure must now inevitably trend upwards. The struggle in the race of Dreadnoughts is becoming severe, and we need more cruisers and torpedo craft. In the past four years we have built no protected cruisers for scouting work with the Fleet, and since torpedo craft are being built in such large numbers—Germany is laying down



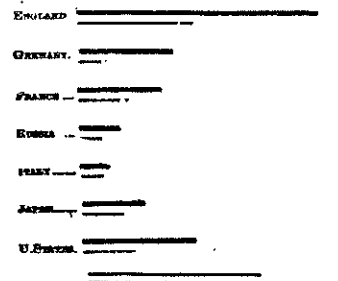
The above chart indicates the variation in the aggregate expenditure on the Fleet, including the maintenance of the squadrons at sea, new ships, stores, etc., in the past eleven years, the figures being as under:

|                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| 1897 . . . . . | £2,170,000 |
| 1898 . . . . . | 23,811,000 |
| 1899 . . . . . | 25,741,000 |
| 1900 . . . . . | 29,999,000 |
| 1901 . . . . . | 30,981,000 |
| 1902 . . . . . | 31,004,000 |
| 1903 . . . . . | 35,709,000 |
| 1904 . . . . . | 36,869,000 |
| 1905 . . . . . | 33,152,000 |
| 1906 . . . . . | 31,869,000 |
| 1907 . . . . . | 21,419,000 |

It should be explained that down to last year the Navy Estimates did not include the outlay on naval works—dockyard extensions, etc. Consequently, to arrive at a correct view of the real fall in expenditure, the sums laid out in these permanent undertakings, and paid for out of loans, should be taken into account. In the eleven years we spent approximately £27,000,000 for these pur-

poses, or an average of about two millions annually. Last year the Government decided to raise no more loans. Thus, while the previous expenditure provided for in the successive Estimates down to 1907 was about £2,000,000 less each year than was actually expended, last year the sum provided by vote, apart from a small loan balance, was every penny which was available for all the various channels of naval activity, including pensions, which do not appear in the German appropriations, and the Royal Marines, which in the case of the French Navy are provided for out of the Army Votes.

We have now reached the end of the years of falling expenditure. Whatever opinions may be held by those who object to the size of our armaments, the country has no alternative. Our standard of naval power is virtually regulated by our rivals, because we have a two-power standard. This automatically fixes our Estimates from year to year; we are the financial victims of the ambitions of neighbours who may become enemies, and if we cease to play the role we have adopted for years past we may be their victims in a far more serious sense; the Empire may be riven asunder, these islands overrun by foreign troops, our food snatched from our mouths. The sums we spend on the navy are the premiums we pay by way of insurance against the perils which would threaten us immediately we lost command of the sea. Peace at a cost of even forty millions a year—less than £1 per head of the population—is cheaper than war and an eventual victory. A Two-Power Standard ensures peace, and anything less may tempt some rivalry to try conclusions, with the result that we should probably win—but at a cost.



### Coroner's Advice to a Husband.

TELLS HIM TO THRASH HIS WIFE.

Mr. S. Brighthouse, the coroner for South-West Lancashire, gave some extraordinary advice to the husband of a woman who, it was stated, had neglected her children.

The enquiry related to the death of the six-weeks-old child of Arthur and Mary Glover, of 3, Backley-street, Warrington, and had been adjourned in order that a post mortem examination might be held.

Dr. Smith now stated that the child weighed six pounds, that it was in a well-nourished condition, and the organs of the body were in a healthy state, except the brain and the lungs, which were slightly congested, a condition which was present after convulsions. In his opinion the child died from natural causes.

In returning a verdict of "Natural causes," the jury requested the Coroner to censure the mother who had been warned and sent to prison for neglecting her children.

The Coroner advised the husband that, unless his wife improved, the best course for him would be to apply to the magistrate for a separation on the grounds of her being a habitual drunkard and the magistrates then had power to order her removal to an inebriates' home.

To the mother, Mr. Brighthouse said: This is your last chance. My advice to you is to give up drink. I know what I should do if I were your husband. I would deal with you in a different way than he does. I would cure you before this week was out. (To the husband) You give her a good hammering. Never mind the magistrates convicting you of assault.

The Husband: She will give me one. The Coroner: If you cannot do it, send for me. I will straighten her up. Kind words are absolutely wasted on her.

The Pure Article in its most digestible form.

# Van Houten's Cocoa

"A Perfect Beverage, capable of ready assimilation and digestion" — Medical Annual

A Cocoa you can enjoy.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S BUTTER-SCOTCH (The Celebrated Sweet for Children) Really wholesome Confectionery

A Favourite with Children and Adults.

ENGLAND'S LEADING SWEET Sold by all Confectioners, etc.

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

# THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

## Fashion in the Ballroom.

It is the short-waisted corsage that is the salient feature of every new gown, but not at the back is this trying curtailment permitted, unless the fan-shaped pleats that fall from beneath the shoulders are understood to come within the category. A very broad box-pleat is suggested as the heading of the train in some cases, especially when the motif of the gown is the fourreau or clinging sheath.

Singularly averse from the utilisation of flounces are the modistes of the moment. Their favourite trimmings are embroideries wrought on fragile tulle, and also silver and gold lace encrusted with ornaments or left plain, which they arrange upon decolletage and skirt in



A NEW AND SMART STYLE FOR A CLOTH GOWN.

Purple cloth would look charming if made up in the style suggested by the accompanying sketch, the skirt quite untripped, and hanging in soft rather full folds, just touching the ground all round, as this will have the effect of increasing the height. The draped bodice, will be very becoming to the figure, and this should have soft revers of satin, caught in by little tabs and amethyst buttons, while big amethyst buttons rimmed round with silver will look charming on the Parma mauve waistcoat. The chemisette introduces the soft touch of filmy lace which is a becoming feature of practically every gown nowadays, and also just a touch of lace—in the form of a little inner cuff, or ruffle—to relieve the short puffed sleeves. This should be a very serviceable, as well as a smart gown,



A LOVELY RECEPTION FROCK IN PALE GREY SILK AND FLEET LACE.



A DAINY TEA GOWN OF LACE AND MOUSSELINE DE SOIE.

perfectly flat bands. Wonderful sleeves are seen, wonderful by reason of their scantiness combined with a smartness and novelty that commands instant attention and admiration. Could any pattern be more simple than the little chemise sleeve made of net, with a bordering of gold laurel leaf embroidery? Yet how distinguished its refinement is when compared with the fussy efforts in elaboration of puff and slashing that once passed for modishness.

Not all gowns are so intricate as one of cherry-coloured crepe cut en princesse, with the regulation suppleness and embryo draperies upon the waist-line and hips, and a classically folded corsage caught upon the shoulders beneath cameo ornaments. Straight down the front of the gown, where the cherry crepe is cut away, a broad plastron of gold net darned with gold is posed, and there are little drooping flots of sleeves also made of gold net darned with filo floss.

### ARTISTIC SLEEVES.

Where tailor-mades are concerned, the sleeves are looked upon as the "crux" of the costume, and no small amount of thought and care are expended upon their form and trimming. Worth, of Paris, has introduced a charming sleeve for a tailor costume, which is long and exceedingly plain, being studded with buttons from the wrist to the elbow, the buttonhole edge being long enough to stand out a little way all the length of the forearm with capital effect. An echo of the "ruffle" or three of four years ago is seen in the little gaufered edging of fine white lawn which defines the border all round, and gives a very charming relief to the dark simplicity of the gown.

### THE LATEST FROM PARIS.

Every woman in Paris who aspires to be well dressed is having a little coat made of coloured satin or velvet to accompany a skirt of an entirely different shade. These coats the latest cry in that city of freaks and fancies, and the imagination of the up-to-date couturiere has literally run riot in the matter of their destruction.

Cotele velvet, with a cloth skirt, provides one of the most popular materials called into requisition, bright colours being by no means discarded.

A complete revolution has been effected in the shape of the sleeping gown, which is no longer in any degree like its high-necked predecessor, which has long sleeves and was trimmed at the throat and upon the turned-back sailor collar with lace edged and inset frills, and was furthermore ruffled down the fronts and at the wrists. There is even something newer than the Empire gown, with its threading of ribbon through a lace heading passed beneath the arms. Newer, too, than the robe that is belted at the waist in the same manner by means of a broader ribbon threaded through a lace or needlework heading.

The fresh pattern is a vestment planned upon surplus lines as like as can be to a very ancient gown called the Dalmatic that still figures in the outfits of kings at their coronation. The lingerie makers call it the chemise robe.

Slipped round the neck sufficiently to enable it to be passed over the head, there are no fastenings required, and it has elbow sleeves that are broad and square, with encrustations to match those upon the yoke. A special stitch called encrustation is being employed to attach the fabric and the lace together, and it is always seen in a scalloped or

Wandyked fashion, instead of in the hard line that would not be picturesque.

Success has alighted upon the introduction of the dual garment that is petticoat and knickerbockers in one, and another accepted design is of the divided skirt type, though by no means to be associated in its beauty of lace and lawn with the dresses worn at one time by would-be revolutionists of feminine attire.

The camisole that is most highly approved is truly conservative in shape with its neat little basque and its rather closely fitting proportions. The semi-high pattern is well liked now, but there is a diversity of opinion as to whether the little garment should be sleeveless or not. For evening wear, of course, any semblance of sleeve is not to be tolerated, and the camisole is supported over the shoulders by straps of ribbon.



A GRACEFUL DESIGN IN CREPE DE CHINE AND LACE.

This crepe de chine frock is of a lovely shade of old rose. The novel and pretty pinafore bodice is outlined with rouleaux of satin in a rather deeper tone, while the old ivory lace of the under bodice should be made up over pale pink chiffon which comes into outward view, on the sleeves. One of the fashionable scarves of pink chiffon will be a graceful addition to this gown and I think you will be pleased with the whole design inasmuch as it manages to combine the picturesque simplicity with a quite up-to-date smartness.



AN EMPIRE TEA GOWN.

Made of soft silk or crepe, with long ribbon sash, ends depending from the band which defines the high waist.



AN EFFECTIVE USE FOR IRISH LACE.

The pictured suggestion for an evening gown is destined to display to the best advantage a piece of Irish lace on whose possession one is to be much congratulated, for this particular lace is as durable as it is decorative, and can be used in many different forms before its useful career is ended. Their white spot net will gain in effect and softness if the silk lining is first veiled with chiffon, while, then, at the waist, have a folded belt of green silk, the little bows, which adorn the lace on corsage and sleeves being, of course, in the same colour and shade. The tucker at the square décolleté and the frill finishing the elbow sleeves should be in Valenciennes as this always goes well with Irish crochet.

Weingarten's  
American

a Beautiful Figure  
Acquire it by Wearing  
W.B. CORSETS

NUFORM.  
AND  
EUCFORM

W.B. CORSETS



## Children's Page

### COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges, are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be one of your cousins? My aunt gave me a little camera, and I took some photos; they turned out very well; one was a very funny one, where daddy's boots come out bigger than himself because they were nearer the camera. We have two white cats, they are named Ede and Fritzing. We have a dear little calf, her name is Polly; she lets us stroke her out in the field. We went such a nice trip down the river a little while ago; all the people that have launches got up a big picnic together and invited their friends; it was quite a big picnic and we enjoyed ourselves very much. Nice looking Cousin Jim does with seven dogs, two cows, a cat, and a parrot. Does he want all the seven dogs to bring the two cows in? We only have one dog to bring our two cows home. We had such a lovely slide down the hill, but the last slide we had we put the sleigh right at the top of the hill and it struck a grass lump and we rolled down in front of the sleigh. I have had enough sliding for some time. From Cousin ROSAMUND.

[Dear Cousin Rosamund,—I shall be very pleased indeed to have you for a cousin, and I hope you will write to me very often, and tell me all the news. Do you think Fritz will be able to write soon? What a lucky little girl you are to have a camera of your own. I have wanted one for a long time, but have never been able to save up enough pennies in my money box to buy one yet. That must have been a very funny picture of your father; next time you get a funny one like that will you send me one? I expect you often go for picnics on the river, don't you? You ask Daddy if he remembers taking Cousin Kate across the river one very rough day; we all got so wet. Cousin Jim's farming does sound rather funny, doesn't it? But I expect they keep the dogs to go out after the sheep, don't you? Did you hurt yourself much when the sleigh chased you down the hill? It is great fun, isn't it? I mean when you stay on the sleigh? The grass will be too wet to make a good slide now, and by next year you will have quite forgotten your bumps, and be quite ready to try it again I expect.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I did not write before because I was waiting so long to see my last letter in print. I thought it had gone astray; however, it was all right. I can't answer any of the questions you asked me, because I don't know where the "Graphic" is. I will be fourteen on the 25th of next month. Please, Cousin Kate, excuse my writing, as all the children are pulling and pinching me. They are a nuisance when you are writing, are they not? There was a dance here on Easter Monday. It was raining very hard about eleven o'clock, and the ladies could not get home. They

had a piano and an accordion to provide the music. Mr. Reid was just yamping. Can you play the piano, Cousin Kate? I only wish I could. We have a girl friend staying with us for the Easter holidays. I wish you and all the cousins a happy Easter. I must wind up now as it is nearly a full page. I remain, your true "Graphic" Cousin TAI.

[Dear Cousin Tai,—You are not limited to one page you know, so next time if you want to write more you may. I think that was just an excuse, because you had nothing more to write about, now wasn't it? Yes, certainly it is very hard to write when there are children playing round one, and I must confess that they are often rather a nuisance. I can play the piano a little, but not really as well as I should like to. When I was small I hated practising, and always got out of it if I could, and of course now I am sorry. There is no reason why you should not learn to play the piano if you really want; but of course you must make up your mind to practise faithfully.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to receive my badge. I wrote and thanked you before, but my letter must have gone astray. We were going for a ride this afternoon. I went to see dad dipping this morning, and took my pet lamb to be dipped. Mr. Saxby and I mustered some sheep for dad. Yesterday afternoon we went for a little walk. I am not able to write a long letter this time, but will next time. George's dog drank some sheep dip and he was very sick after it, but is all right now. I must stop now. Love to all the cousins and yourself.—Cousin BERYL.

P.S.—I am sending you the peacock's feather this mail.

[Dear Cousin Beryl,—I am glad you liked your badge, it is not nearly so pretty as my peacock's feather, which I received quite safely this morning; thank you very much for it, dear. People say that peacock's feathers bring bad luck to the people who keep them; I hope mine won't bring me bad luck, don't you? I expect your pet lamb did not like being dipped at all; of course, it makes them feel much nicer after, but it must be rather horrid to be pushed in whether you want to go or not, mustn't it? I don't wonder George's dog was ill after drinking some; it is a most horrible looking mixture, and has such a nasty smell.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for your nice letter; my last one was very short, wasn't it? I will try and write a longer one this time. Mother and I are staying up at Taupo for a holiday; we are staying at the Terraces Hotel, and it is so nice. We have not seen any of the sights yet, but I think we are going to see the Wairakei nights tomorrow. One day we were going to Tokaanu, across the lake, but the boat went at half-past eight instead of ten o'clock, so we could not go. On a very clear day you can see Ruapehu, Ngaruhoe, and Tongariro from the balcony. Have you ever been up here, Cousin Kate? I have never been before, but I like it very much. The drive up was very nice, but I was very glad when

we got here, because two days' coaching is very trying I think, don't you? There are such lovely hot baths up here. Are you going to see "The Scarlet Pimpernel," if we are home in time I think we are. Do you like playing cards, Cousin Kate? We all play euchre every night, and I do love it. I am not in any hurry to get home again, because I want to miss the exams. I do hate them, didn't you use to? We walked to the town of Taupo the other day, and when we got there we had to look out very hard for the shops because there are only about two. We are having lovely weather up here; what kind are you having in Auckland? Did you see that picture of the Ocean Wave in the "Graphic"? I went on it such a lot while I was in Napier; I was so sorry when it went away. What a lot of "Graphic" cousins you have got, haven't you? more and more seem to join every week. I have just read a book called Beau Brocade, and I think it is lovely; have you read it? Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must stop, with lots and lots of love for all the cousins and yourself from MARJORIE.

[Dear Cousin Marjorie,—I quite envy you your holiday at Taupo, though I think I should prefer it in the summer time; isn't it rather cold there now? I have never been there yet, but am looking forward to a trip all round that district next year if I can manage it. Coaching is very tiring I think; I always want to get out and walk every few hours, one gets so cramped and stiff sitting still so long. I have often seen Tongariro, Ruapehu, and Ngaruhoe; are they not lovely, especially when they have their winter caps on? I went to see "The Scarlet Pimpernel" twice and enjoyed it immensely; it is a wee bit disappointing, I think, when one has read the book. I am sorry to say we are not having particularly good weather just now, the last few days have been very dull and showery. Didn't going on the "Ocean Wave" make you feel seasick; just watching it makes me feel ill, and I wouldn't go on it for worlds. I haven't read Beau Brocade; I must try and get it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be a cousin and have a blue badge? On Easter Monday we were all going for a lovely picnic up in the hills amongst the bush, but there was no train, so we had to go to a muddy place by the sea instead. We have a cat who, when she wants to drink the milk out of a jug, dips her paw in and then licks it. Good-bye.—COUSIN MARGARET.

[Dear Cousin Margaret,—I shall be very pleased indeed to have you for a cousin, and I hope you will write to me often, and tell me heaps of news. Wasn't it a pity there was no train for you on Easter Monday, but perhaps it was just as well, because it came on to rain in the afternoon, and the bush would have been very wet for you to play in. Were you going out to Watukeriri? Your cat is clever, isn't she? She knows her head might get stuck in the jug if she put it in, so she is very wise just to put her paw. I think I hope you liked your badge.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I received my badge. I like the red badge better than the blue. On Saturday Cousin Mary, Cousin Lorelei, Cousin Myrtle, Cousin Ivy, and I were going for a picnic, only it rained mostly all day, so we did not go. On Easter Monday Cousin Lorelei went to Peilding races, and on Tuesday I went and enjoyed myself very much. My bantams and dog are quite well. Love to you and all your cousins.—From COUSIN ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—You and I agree about the red badges. I like them best, too; the blue ones are rather too pale, I think, don't you? I am sorry you were unable to have your picnic, but it wouldn't have been very nice to go out and get wet, would it? Didn't you have rather dreary days for Easter Monday, and Tuesday? Up here they were very dull and showery. I suppose you had a week's holiday at Easter. How did you manage to amuse yourself? I always think it would be much nicer to save up the holidays and have them all at once in the summer time, when one can be sure of better weather.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become a cousin and have a blue badge? We have a lovely garden at our place. There are lovely trees there, and one tree is covered with purple flowers in the spring, and after the flowers are over brown nuts come. We have an old loft which used to be full of old hay, but my sister and I swept the hay to the back and covered it with old carpet, and put up old curtains, and the other half we made into a drawing-room, with a kitchen in one corner. We dance and play games there. On Saturday nights we have a sort of club with our friends, who live near, and play games and dance. My cousin Margaret is sending a letter, too. Good-bye, with love, from COUSIN SELWYN.

[Dear Cousin Selwyn,—I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and I hope you will like the badge which I have already posted to you. Isn't it nice to have a big garden with lots of trees to play in and under? Ours is like that, and all my little nieces and nephews have grand times climbing the trees and swinging on the branches, and there are such lovely hiding places, too. I wish we had a loft, too. You must have very nice times there. Don't you think you might ask me out some Saturday night?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for a long time. I have now come back to my home in Auckland. I wrote a fairy tale, and I gave it to the editor of the "Graphic" this morning. I will be going to school as soon as the Easter holidays are over. Do you like that game called Diabolo? I think it is so nice when you can catch the cone. When the American fleet comes to Auckland we will have a lovely view, because our verandah looks over the harbour. I must say good-bye, Cousin Kate.—COUSIN CADIA.

[Dear Cousin Cadia,—I am so very glad to hear from you again. It is like old times to have a letter from you once a fortnight or so. I expect you are thinking that I am never going to answer your letter, but the Easter holidays have kept us all so busy that I have never had a minute before. The Editor sent me in your little fairy story. It is very good indeed, but it needs a few corrections before it can be inserted in the paper, so it will be some little time yet before you see it in print, as I will not have time for a week or two to go over it again. I am not very clever at games, and Diabolo seems to need such a tremendous amount of practice before one gets expert at it. It must be a most interesting game for those who can play it really well, I think. We have a very good view of the harbour from our place, too, and we are eagerly looking forward to the American fleet's arrival. It will be a grand sight, I expect.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I would very much like to join the Cousins' Band, and would very much like to have a badge. I am so anxious to see it. I see you have a great number of cousins. You must find your time fully occupied in writing to them all. I must close now, with fond love to you all. Hoping you

will send me a blue badge.—COUSIN MINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Minnie.—Of course you may become a cousin, and I have already sent you a badge, so long before you see this answer to your letter you will have the badge, that is, if it does not go astray. Yes, I have a great number of cousins, but some of them are very irregular correspondents, so that it does not take quite all my time to answer them. Good-bye for the present, dear Minnie. Write again soon, won't you?—Cousin Kate.]

**Margery Redford's Portrait.**

By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann.

"Is it foggy?" asked Major Grey, as he welcomed his fiancée Margery and his niece Noreen. They had come in from the next door, and as he kissed both girls—the one by right of relationship actual, and the other by right of relationship to be—he thought he had never seen two prettier or daintier or more charming young women; for they were dressed to be taken to the pantomime, and they were there to dine with him first.

"It's lifted, Edward," replied Margery, blushing a little under his admiring glance.

"Isn't she like her portrait, Uncle?" asked Noreen, surveying Margery with satisfaction. "She's dressed like it tonight."

"I think she looks nicer than her portrait," replied the Major, walking towards a chair on which stood, the top of its frame leaning against the wall, a large picture covered with a cloth. He removed the covering carefully—"The varnish isn't quite dry yet," he explained, "and we must keep the dust from it"—and he gazed at it a moment. Then he turned towards Margery. "Perfect as the likeness is," he added, "it no more does justice to you, Margery, than the paint and canvas it's made of can compare with your beautiful heart and your clever mind."

"Oh, thank you, Major," replied Margery, laughing a confused and grateful little laugh. "But what an undeserved testimonial to try to live up to."

"Undeserved? Not a bit!"

The portrait was a beautiful one, a superb work of art, painted by the greatest portraitist working in England, Mr. Fleming, R.A., and was Sir John Redford's wedding gift to his son-in-law soon to be, Major Grey. It showed the young girl, in a white silk dress, standing against a background of magnolia bloom, which formed a lovely foil to the delicate face with its sweet but thoughtful and rather shy expression, framed with her wavy dark hair through which a pink ribbon peeped here and there. Even the artist himself, just for once, was satisfied with his work.

"Where are you going to hang it?" asked Noreen.

"It's not going to be hung. As we are to be married directly, and a month to-morrow we are off to India, it is to go to Heatherfields for safe keeping and to console Sir John just a little bit for his daughter's absence till our return. It won't be for long. And I shall have the original. It's a fair exchange. And now let's have dinner."

By the time the meal was over the fog had cleared and off they went, but it fell thicker than ever half-an-hour later; and it was not without difficulty that they found their way back to supper, which it had been arranged they should take together before the Major delivered the girls safely home.

"Good Fairy Noreen sits on my right," said the Major, for they were full of the pantomime, "and Fairy Princess Margery opposite me, where I can see her, and where she can see, if she chooses to look this way, the Wicked Uncle."

"I think she's more like her portrait than ever," said Noreen, as the little meal was done. "The pink ribbon is even better arranged."

"Let's compare it," said the Major, glad of an excuse to have a peep at the picture again.

Noreen got up, drew aside the curtain and uttered a little cry.

No picture was there!

"Have you had it taken away, Uncle?" asked Noreen.

The Major had pushed back his chair and was staring at the empty frame.

"What the—?" was all he said.

Margery rose, looking from the frame to the Major in dismay.

The first thing the Major did was to ring the bell for the servants.

"Has anybody been in this room while we were away at the theatre?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the parlour-maid as spokeswoman for the rest; only me, sir—to clear away and lay the supper. There's been no one else in here, sir, only me."

The Major trusted his parlour-maid, and as he looked her straight in the eyes he saw that she was honest, and that he could take her word. The servants were accordingly dismissed.

"Little ladies," he said quietly, after a painful pause, "I have my night's work cut out for me. I must take you two back at once. The picture must have been stolen. I'm off to Scotland Yard."

"How about the fog?" asked Noreen.

"That's what I've got to clear up," replied the Major. "And Margery, dear, use your lively little brains to help, and have a hint to offer to-morrow I shall be glad."

He took them next door, much depressed, followed by Elizabeth, who had been in attendance with their wraps, and then started off to have detectives put on the track. His dreadful loss quite staggered him.

"Anything but that," he muttered, "they might have taken—anything but that."

So the detectives questioned the servants and examined the premises, and followed up so-called clues. But Margery's portrait was gone. And it was soon known that one of the finest portraits ever painted in modern England had clean disappeared, as if it had netted away like the fog itself.

(The wedding was at hand; and the Major had, besides, to busy himself with his affairs, for promotion was nearly due, together with an opportunity to distinguish himself in India. His bride was to accompany him, and with her was to go Elizabeth—the "Liz" of the old days when, as still a child, she entered little Margery's service. She was engaged to be married to Dick Wells, the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Wells, who still kept their little village shop at Heatherfields.

"He can very well wait for me till we come back, miss," said Elizabeth. "And he says that now he is clerk at the bank at Mr. Montagu Redford's he'll have a home ready for me when we're back from India. He said so only the other evening before he returned to Heatherfields."

"He has his room over his grandfather's, hasn't he?"

"Yes, miss, and returns there every evening."

"When was it you saw him last?"

"Last Wednesday, miss—the night you went to the pantomime. I ought to own, miss, that he stayed till ten o'clock; it's later than he should, but it shan't occur again. You see, miss, we'd a deal to talk over, and we couldn't finish what we had to say when he called at Heatherfields that evening you went down."

"Not Mr. Rupert's birthday evening?" asked Margery.

"Yes, miss, at nine o'clock."

"Oh, but I heard him playing the concertina at the Wells's when I walked over there after dinner."

"No, miss, I do assure you. He was at the Manor House that evening, at nine o'clock."

Margery made no reply. The next day she returned to Heatherfields, taking Elizabeth with her, for her visit to town was over, and she had much to see to; and there was what she thought to be the mystery of Dick's visit to clear up, too—at least, she wanted to make sure, quite privately, about the coincidence of the two events, the visit and the disappearance of the picture. So she lost no time in paying Mrs. Wells a visit.

"Thank ye, miss; very well, for an old woman. Trade's good; and I'm not a bit dull—can't be dull with good music every night, can I?"

"Good music?"

"Why, Miss Redford, you see, our Dick lives here since he's been clerk, and he always plays the concertina in his room upstairs—leastways when he's in; and that keeps you lively, don't it, Miss? He's promised us to play to-night."

"I've heard him play already," replied Margery, simply; "he plays very nicely."

"That he do, miss," replied his grandmother, highly complimented at appreciation by "the grandy."

That evening, as Margery was starting for another stroll towards the village, she stopped suddenly in the garden. She heard a voice, and Elizabeth's

voice, close by the servants' hall, and she was sure that the voice was Dick's. She quickened her pace, and soon stood before the Wells's shop, and, to her astonishment, she heard the sounds of a concertina issuing from the window of the lighted room above. She listened to the end, when Dick's voice, speaking to himself, said aloud:

"How's that for music? Not bad for me, I think."

"Vanity!" thought Margery. "That's what he said once before when he finished."

And then, greatly mystified, she retraced her steps homewards.

She gained her room and rang the bell.

"Elizabeth," she asked, "was that Dick Wells's voice I heard downstairs half-an-hour ago?"

"Yes, miss; he only dropped in for a moment to see if he could do anything for me in town to-morrow."

"It's curious I didn't pass him on the way back."

"It is strange, miss," replied the girl frankly; "pi'aps he went across by the short cut."

"No doubt," assented Margery, adding mentally, "but I went to the village by the short cut, too; and there he was playing."

A letter from the Major next day brought Margery up to town. The detectives had found nothing, and could assert nothing; but they had obtained the addresses of four picture dealers in a small way of business in the Soho district to whom, they had ascertained, frameless pictures had been delivered on the morning following the pantomime visit. More they could not say, for more they did not know. But it was something. So, as soon as she arrived, she and the Major started off for the shops, and casually entered the first one on the list, dodging past a couple of men, who were carrying in a large framed canvas, and then deposited it, back outwards, against the wall.

"I'm looking for a good picture or two," said the Major, as the shopman blinked at him out of his small, shrewd eyes, "that will look nice on my new walls. Got anything?—pleasing landscape or pretty figure?"

"What do you think of that picture?" said Margery, pointing to one.

"Daub," replied the Major.

"Well-painted pond," said the man.

"No gold-fish," commented Margery, smiling to the Major.

They looked round, but there was clearly nothing there, and, as they prepared to leave, Margery looked with curiosity towards the picture they had just seen brought in.

"May I see that?" she asked.

"It's not mine, miss," said the man. "I've been asked by a friend to take charge of it for him till it goes to the North to find a customer."

"What's the good," said the Major, "if you find a customer for it here?"

"Well, if you like," assented the dealer, somewhat unwillingly, "but I shall want—well, I shall want three £100 notes for it."

"Fifteen pounds for that!" exclaimed the Major, as his eyes lighted on the crude and vulgar portrait of a fat, red-faced, goggle-eyed admiral pointing fiercely with a telescope, in a trumphy frame, with a sheet of bad glass over it.

"Buy it," whispered Margery.

"Fifteen pounds for that thing!" asked the Major.

"Three fives," replied the man.

"No wonder you want to send it North. You'll find no one to care for it here in London."

"Except me," interrupted Margery. "I like it. Please—please buy it for me, Edward."

"That young lady's got taste," said the man, with approval. "It's my belief it's genuine Reynolds—but I can't give a warranty with it, because it's not mine. I'm only agent. For a friend. Three fives and it's yours—it's my belief I'm asking too little."

The Major looked at Margery doubtfully. Margery looked at him pleadingly.

"There's the money," said the Major, "and have a cab called."

In ten minutes they were home—ten minutes of silent wondering on the part of the Major; ten minutes of embarrassment on Margery's part. She knew he didn't like it.

It was set up on the chair in the hall by the cabman, who stared at it in contempt.

"What price goggle?" said the driver.

"Three fives," replied the Major.

"Now, Margery," he said, when they

were alone, "pray explain your preference for the Navy over the Army."

"Edward, dear," she cried, bursting out laughing and throwing herself into his arms—"it's—it's my portrait!"

"What?" shouted the Major, starting back. For a moment he thought she had lost her reason. Then he added, quietly, "It's not a bit like you. That joke's cost fifteen pounds—three fives—which would have bought you another tin frock for India."

"I prefer this. Thank you, Edward, for it. It's very kind of you."

"Trust!" said the Major, presenting his cheek; "paid for!" he added on the receipt of the exacted salutation in full payment. But he was sadly disillusioned at Margery's taste.

(To be concluded next week.)

**The Sunbeam and the Crocuses.**

One cold and dreary winter's day  
A sunbeam sped around,  
And woke to life the little bulbs,  
Asleep beneath the ground.

And soon they stirred and softly rose  
And stretched their petals up,  
Till each unfolded to the skies  
A dainty coloured cup!

How pretty then the grass appeared,  
And what a pleasing sight  
To see the colours 'mid the green,  
All purple, gold, and white.

And when it saw the crocuses,  
The sunbeam danced above;  
Then stooped to kiss them, ev'ry one,  
And beamed with joy and love!  
Constance M. Lowe.

"I found a fly in the soup, just now, waiter; that was a mistake I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir; it should have been in the current cake, sir!"

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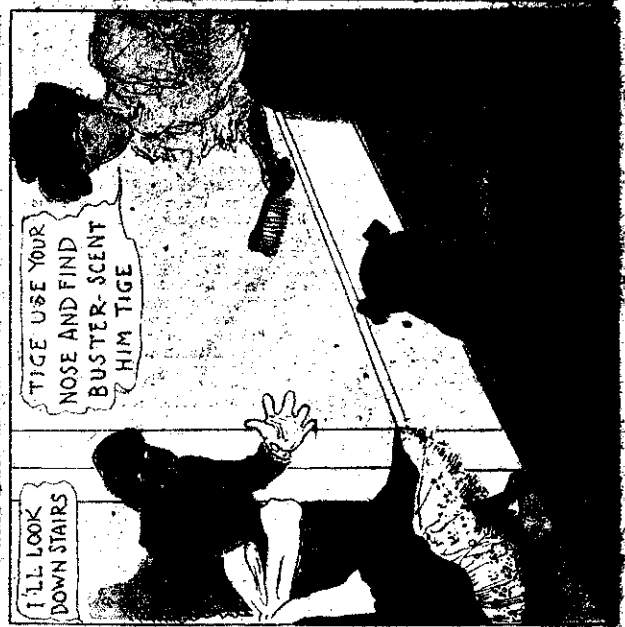
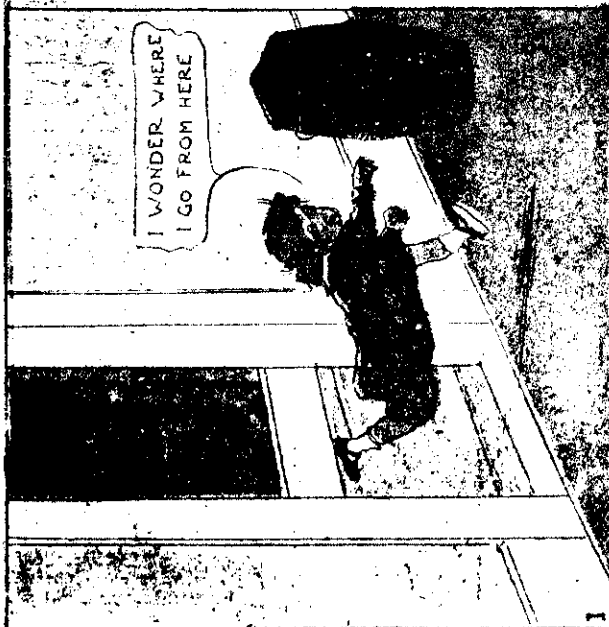


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9



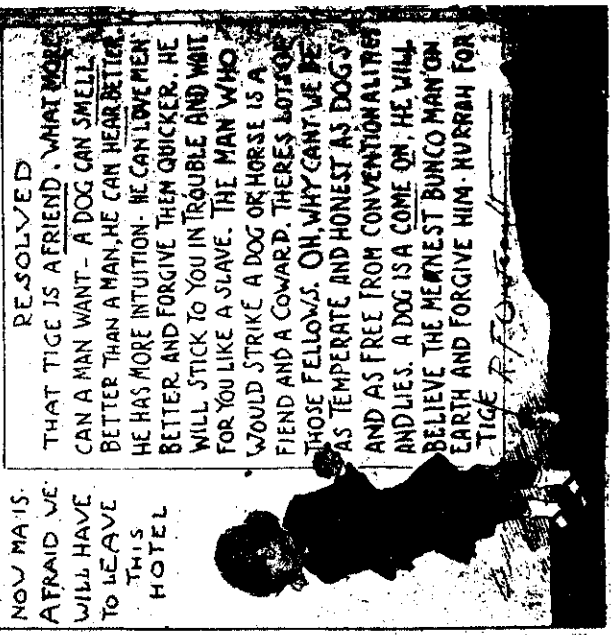
QUICK, QUICK,  
HE MAY HAVE FALLEN

8



HE'S GONE  
DOWN THE  
FIRE ESCAPE

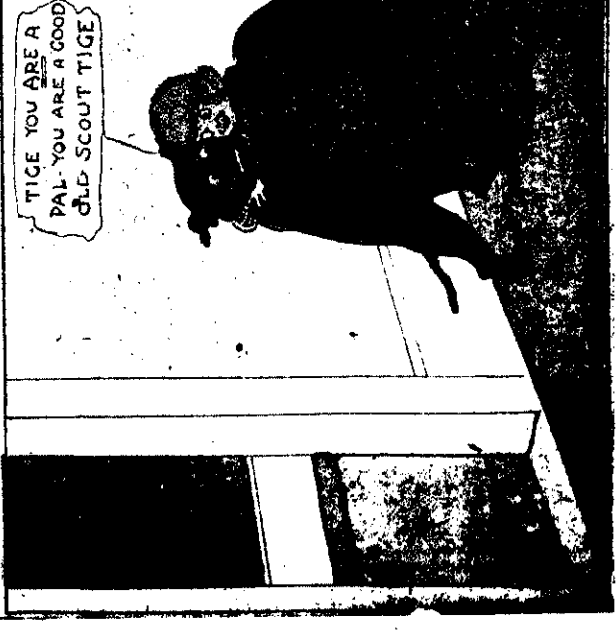
FIRE  
ESCAPE



NOW MA'IS,  
AFRAID WE  
WILL HAVE  
TO LEAVE  
THIS  
HOTEL



COME BACK  
BUSTER I'LL FORGIVE  
YOU



TIGE YOU ARE A  
PAL - YOU ARE A GOOD  
OLD SCOUT TIGE

RESOLVED  
THAT TIGE IS A FRIEND, WHAT MAN  
CAN A MAN WANT - A DOG CAN SMELL  
BETTER THAN A MAN, HE CAN HEAR BETTER,  
HE HAS MORE INTUITION - HE CAN LOVE MEN,  
BETTER, AND FORGIVE THEM QUICKER, HE  
WILL STICK TO YOU IN TROUBLE AND WAIT  
FOR YOU LIKE A SLAVE. THE MAN WHO  
WOULD STRIKE A DOG OR HORSE IS A  
FIEND AND A COWARD. THERE'S LOTS OF  
THOSE FELLOWS. OH, WHY CAN'T WE BE  
AS TEMPERATE AND HONEST AS DOGS,  
AND AS FREE FROM CONVENTIONALITIES  
AND LIES. A DOG IS A COME ON, HE WILL  
BELIEVE THE MEANEST BUNCO MAN ON  
EARTH AND FORGIVE HIM - HURRAH FOR  
TIGE



IMPRESSIONISTIC.

He: "You admire the view? Then marry me and it is yours."  
 She: "Thank! I prefer my landscape without figures."



A TRUE LEADER.

Teacher: "Don't get excited, girls, but protect yourselves!"



A FATAL INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Gilbrune (at the club): Say, boys, here's a corker that I heard to-day. And it's a story you can—  
 —tell to your wife, too. Gee wha, what's the matter with 'em?

