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The Week in Review

Municipal evolution is in the air, and at the forthcoming Conference it may be expected that important changes will be advocated. One of these has reference to the institution of an order of aldermen, a proposal to that effect emanating from Auckland City Council. It is in accord with the spirit of national development that titles and dignities should increase. New Zealand, from being a colony, has become a Dominion; the title of M.H.R. has given place to M.P.; the legal profession has now its K.C.'s; why should not the more important municipalities have their Aldermen? Whether this dignity should be confined to ex-Mayors, or whether there should not also be Aldermen in each City Council, chosen for their fitness or their long service, are questions of detail; but there will be little difference of opinion as to the advisableness of creating the new dignity in our four chief cities. Another proposal, which the retiring Mayor of Dunedin has ventilated, aims at altering the system under which the whole of the Councillors retire simultaneously. To secure "continuity of office," and prevent dislocation of business, it is certainly desirable that only a proportion should retire at one time. Municipal accountancy is also advanced by the ex-Mayor of Dunedin as a matter requiring attention, in view of the pronounced growth of municipal trading concerns in this country. These three subjects should receive the serious consideration of the Municipal Conference and of Parliament this year.

The burglar scare, while not by any means confined to Auckland, though "the craft" seem to be rather busy there just now, is attracting the attention of the police, and likewise certain nervous "old women," male and female. As a matter of fact, there is little cause for alarm. If a gentleman publicly crowds his pockets with coin of the realm, and then, on arrival home, proceeds to dispose of the same "portable property" with blinds drawn up and no curtains drawn (as was done in Auckland last week), he is surely "begging" someone to play a game of Tom Tiddler's ground with him, and human nature being fickle and always thirsty, who can wonder he got what he had been "looking for," as modern slang has it. This burglar, by the way, carried, if one remembers rightly, a dark lantern, an instrument one had imagined had ceased to exist, since modern burglars, or the cleverest of them at all events, usually conduct their deprecations in broad daylight or gaslight. Yet what man can read of that dark lantern and not remember childhood's days, when, in "playing burglars"—most fascinating of amusements—the evil smelling, obfusely working dark lantern was, with all its potentialities for burning fingers, and its unmitigated stink, the fiercely desired trophy of all players. It brings youth back even to think of such things.

But there is a more serious side. In "playing burglars" the writer has time and again demonstrated that, if "thieves wish to break in and steal," the uttermost precautions will hardly keep them out. Your clever auditor will be powerless to absolutely eliminate the dishonest clerk. The hermetic closing of doors and windows is powerless to protect householders from skilled, or even moderately skilled, burglars; but the natural consequences of making a vault of one's house are likely to be far more dangerous than the chances of the hardest working burglar. Besides, the colony must be a poor hunting ground after all. The number of idiots—ones can call them little else—who store large sums of money in their houses, when there are banks and saving

institutions open at the most convenient hours, is still large, but one can spare little pity for them, for it is cupidity and the disinclination to pay charges that lays them open to Burglar Bill. Gone, too, are the days of solid silver. Arizona plate, and the like, serve our householders equally well, and we slumber in peace. As for diamonds, really one pities the poor burglar! The imitations are so undetectable from the real that an expert education is required, and so often, too, the husband, or the wife, if the latter play bridge, has forestalled the burglar and left nothing but a string of shining paste. On the whole, one is not scared of the burglar. Even in those legendary days when he hid underneath the bed (a most tantalising and stuffy position one would think) he was a less fearful person than imagination painted him. Nowadays, with a modicum of common sense, his visits can be written off the list of probabilities. It only, moreover, needs a decently trained watchdog, and a determination to avoid outward show and ostentation in the matter of personal valuables to make that hard-working and usually ill-paid profession as extinct as the Dodo.

Jeremiads have of late been very frequent on the subject of the scarcity of clergymen, and it would seem that the dearth is felt more especially in the Anglican communion. It is a portent of the times that men of ability show an increasing disinclination to engage in the work of the Christian Ministry. What is the cause? Is it the material one of insufficient monetary inducement being held out? Or is it the spiritual one of lack of fervour in the work? Both causes may be at work; but the clergy themselves think that the former is the chief operating deterrent. There is certainly ground for this belief, so far as New Zealand is concerned. Many clergymen of the Anglican Church in this country, and some of other denominations, are paid starvation salaries, and it must require great zeal in soul-saving to reconcile men to the miserable existence to which the majority of them are condemned. The remedy proposed by the Bishop of Dunedin is for church members to contribute more liberally towards the support of their spiritual pastors and masters. The Hon. George Fowlds has pronounced against free sittings in the Congregational Church, because he fears that the result would be a sadly diminished revenue. All this points to a growing indifference to religious teaching on the part of the people. If the men and women of the Dominion really wished to have able ministers, they would support them liberally. As they do not provide the means to secure such men, the conclusion is irresistible that they are content to let things drift. And, as regards candidates for the ministry, they stand confessed as being more influenced by sordid motives than by love of the work.

It is, of course, right that "they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel," though St. Paul's noble example of earning an independent living is on record to shame the worldly-minded men of to-day. As few clergymen are prepared to follow in his footsteps, the downward tendency must go on. Preaching has become a money-making pursuit, and it has fallen so low that fortune-tellers, music-hall artists, and barrel-organ men can earn a better living than the preachers of glad tidings. This may or may not show a deplorable degradation of the public taste, but the facts are undoubted. The principle of voluntarism in the support of church ordinances has had a fair trial. If it

fails, as it is likely to do, it will be because priest and people have got out of touch with each other. Both are to blame—the priest for his love of pelf and ease, the people for their devotion to strange gods, chiefly the god of Pleasure. The gulf between them will probably go on widening, unless the churches experience a great awakening and once more place themselves in the forefront of popular movements, instead of, as they too often do, allying themselves with the forces of superstition, conservatism and reaction. It is to-day possible for them to regain their lost influence; it may be impossible to-morrow. "Wanted, men!"

In his latest utterance at Reefton on Saturday last, Sir Joseph Ward emphasised various points in the Government policy, such as the promise of continued support to the farming industry and the provision of a superannuation scheme for all workers. The latter project would seem to be a sort of supplement to old age pensions, based on a system of universal contributions from workers. His most interesting statement was the definite announcement that during the coming session of Parliament the Government would introduce a Bill to do away with the minority vote. Whether the measure would propose to control voting by means of an absolute majority or by a second ballot he could not say at present; presumably the exact form to be taken by the proposed legislation has not yet been resolved upon by the Cabinet. The Hon. Mr. McNab is a strenuous advocate of an absolute majority scheme, based upon preferential voting, and this really seems to be the best method of ascertaining the wishes of the majority of electors. As an illustration of the ineffectiveness of the existing system, it may be pointed out that Mr. Winston Churchill has secured the Dundee seat as a minority representative—more votes having been cast against him than for him. Had there been preferential voting, it is possible that the Unionist candidate would have been returned by a preponderance of second, third, and fourth preference votes. It will be another "feather in the cap" of New Zealand if the Dominion should lead the Empire in the introduction of a rational system of preferential voting, under which we should have a more scientific means of securing majority representation.

An anonymous correspondent has thought fit to send to this journal a copy of a certain yellow-orange-coloured journal called the "Winning Post," published in London, with the request that special attention be paid to page 2, which contains a lengthy and decidedly scurrilous attack on the future Governor-General of the Commonwealth (Lord Dudley). The effusion takes the "open letter" form, which is the last resort of disreputable journalism, and is evidently written by a person actuated by feelings of no little spleen towards a nobleman who, if he has not extraordinarily distinguished himself, has at least kept a great name and reputation "unspotted by the world," and whose mother has done, perhaps, as much really hard work of solid value as any woman in the Empire. To attempt, as is attempted here, to blacken the fame and prejudice the reception of a Governor-General is both a cowardly and an unworthy act. Some idea of the style of the composition may be gained from a brief extract: "It has struck us that you must fondle a very optimistic view of the reception likely to be accorded you when you reach your destination in the nether world. In spite of this, it might be diplomatic to pause and take a retrospective survey. Is the colonial experience you collected likely to stand you in good stead? It is not for us to reply to this question; it is one solely for your own considera-

tion. You must not imagine that the Australian forgets his lord; on the contrary, peers are scarce in the land down under. You will find opposition, whether it be in a majority or minority, and the first time you made your bow before the public, and the curtain was rung up on what we will style a farce, will be remembered."

This spiteful attack would not have been noticed or quoted from, but for the fact that no pains are being spared to make all the damaging articles as public as possible. It is to caution those who may read it that the comment indulged in is not only unfair, but grossly so, and is a bitter and prejudiced view of a good fellow that these few lines have been penned.

Even the lot of a competition editor is not without its compensations! This reflection is suggested by the very liberal response made by readers in sending in verses for the "Bouts Rimes" Competition, of which the result is announced in the present issue of the "Graphic." More gratifying than the mere number of the competitors was the evidence afforded of the versifying powers of the people of this country. Among the contestants were numbers of ladies, as well as boys and girls in their teens, and in the great majority of cases the ability shown was most commendable. But perhaps the most satisfying thing to the editorial soul was the number of competitors who wove into their verses laudatory references to this journal. The rhymes supplied for the verses appear to have suggested to most contributors a reference to the No-License agitation, and quite a host of Prohibitionists entered the lists; but hardly one of their compositions showed literary ability. A curious feature was that many ladies and juveniles displayed anti-prohibition proclivities. Out of a dozen of papers sent in by boys and girls of from 12 to 15 years of age, only three preached No-License. One young lady closes her poem by declaring:

"There will be no more sorrow,
No need to shed a tear,
And we will join to-morrow
In a glass of sparkling beer."

Another, a Miss Morrow, weaves her rhymes around the subject of the "Bouts Rimes" Competition thus:

"When the Judge gives his (o)pinion
On May the 16th day,
And announces to the whole Dominion
The name that holds the sway
There will be no cause for sorrow,
Though I may shed a tear;
But, if he gives first prize to Morrow,
I shall certainly shout him a beer."

Despite the ingenuity displayed, and the seductive bribe held out in the closing line, the adjudicator found it impossible to award the prize to this composition, its fatal defect being the use of "opinion" instead of "pinion," a mistake made by about 60 per cent. of the competitors. About a score of other competitors contrived to associate the "Graphic" and "beer" in various combinations. Nearly all agreed that the "Graphic" is "the paper of the day." One young lady declared that

"It brings us a brighter to-morrow
And cheers us like good lager beer."

Another fair competitor gushingly asserted:

"If I meet the editor to-morrow
I'll shout him a glass of beer!"

Yet another young lady—a Prohibitionist this time—after eulogising the "Graphic," closed with the good advice:

"I think it is published to-morrow,
So buy one and give up the beer."

A mere man says: "We live in hope to-morrow of our 'Graphic' and our beer."

He is greedy of good things. Others of his sex express the opinion: "We'd rather have our 'Graphic' than our beer." While one states his conviction that the paper "will be as strong to-day as to-morrow to wrap round bottles of beer," Bishop Nelson and his "pagans" form the subject of one set of verses, of very faulty metre, closing thus:

"We're led to contemplate his next with sorrow,
And almost drop the anticipatory tear;
For he may say we worship images to-morrow,
Or gaudied before the goal of Beer!"

A competitor, alarmed at the prospect of Socialism holding sway in the Dominion, declares that the Socialists:

"Will find out, to their sorrow,
Occasionally to cause a tear
That their long-looked-for to-morrow
Brings no bread, no beef, no beer!"

A political contributor asserts that:

"Massey knows, to his sorrow,
Ward would not shed a tear
If he was drowned to-morrow
In a barrel full of beer!"

The juvenile devotion to our national game is exemplified by a boy's meritorious effusion dealing with the "All Black" football team. He says:—

"If defeated, it will cause us pain and sorrow,
And some perhaps to shed a tear;
But they will fight again like Britons to-morrow
For Rugby, Whiskey, Rum, and Beer!"

It is time to cry—"Hold, Enough!" There are limits even to the editorial capacity in the way of compliments and beer, so it is well to pass to other topics.

From day to day newspaper readers are presented with contradictory and bewildering accounts of operations on the Indo-African frontier, in which Mohmands, Afridis, Zakka, Khels, and Afghans mingle in confused conflict or perplexing alternations of hostility, friendship, and neutrality. Why these sudden and seemingly inexplicable changes of front? To find the answer it is necessary to remember that Oriental and other races classed as "uncivilized" have methods of sending and receiving information that are superior to our electric telegraphy. During Britain's native wars in South Africa, generals have been repeatedly baffled by the fact of the native "intelligence department" being far in advance of their own. Probably some of the "traps" into which the British fell during the Boer War were successful because of secret information obtained from natives and transmitted by that rapid agency unknown to European science. It is in India, however, that occult telegraphy has reached its highest development. In the frontier war of 1895, the news of a British victory over the natives, which could not be telegraphed owing to foggy weather, was communicated by natives to the officer at the British base, 125 miles from the scene of battle, within an hour or so after the engagement. Another notable instance was the transmission of the news of the assassination of Lord Mayo on the Andaman Islands. It was next day before a telegram regarding the occurrence was received in India; yet within two hours after the murder a native at Simla told his officer that the Viceroy was dead.

How is it done? There are three explanations known to students of occultism: (1) telepathy, (2) clairvoyance, (3) astral travelling. Telepathy and clairvoyance are pretty well understood among European people to-day, but they have long been common experiences among the Hindus. By either of these means it is easy to send and receive tidings over considerable distances. Astral travelling is not so often resorted to, and is besides a much rarer accomplishment. Yet it is stated that at least one Hindoo hawker in New Zealand saves railway fares by journeying in this way. In the language of Spiritualists, he simply dematerialises himself, say, at Auckland, wills that he should materialise again in Wellington, and hey, presto! he is there almost before one could say "knife." To wage war against a race who can perform feats of this kind must be a very baffling pursuit, and there

is little cause to wonder at the rapid transformations daily reported from the Afghan frontier. What can General Wilcox do against an army that may suddenly "dematerialise" at Landi Khotal, and as suddenly reappear in material form on the outskirts of Peshawar? Nothing, except wire to the War Office for orders. Truly, all our modern discoveries are impotent against the occult powers possessed by the people of India.

Tariff reformers, here and at Home, must be mightily encouraged by the results of recent by-elections for the House of Commons. This year there have been fourteen such elections, and in every case there has been an enormous increase in the Unionist vote, while for nine out of the fourteen seats Unionist candidates have been returned. In the majority of instances the tariff question has been the main issue, though it cannot be denied that hostility to the Licensing Bill has in some cases been a determining factor, while in others the Irish vote has decided the issue. Judging from all the signs, the Liberal party will prove unable to retain the reins of government much longer. They will, of course, strain every nerve to secure the support of the workers by their old age pension scheme, and to enlist moral reformers on their side by means of their licensing proposals, while, in the event of a conflict with the Peers over the liquor question, they will have the solita vote of the Radicals for reform of the House of Lords. But, when the issues are finally adjusted for a general election, it will be found that the Unionists are prepared to give old age pensions, along with a modified scheme for the reform of the Upper Chamber. The elections will therefore be fought chiefly over the Licensing Bill and Tariff Reform, with the education question as a secondary issue. The Conservative, liquor, and Church of England elements will all be on the side of the tariff reformers, while the Nonconformists, teetotalers and Liberals generally will support the present Government. The Irish, Labour, and Socialist parties will, as usual, distribute their allegiance between the Government and the Opposition, in electorates where they have no candidate of their own. The tariff question will secure to the Unionists a large number of Liberal and Labour votes; it will consolidate the Opposition party, and will probably secure it the victory. Should this forecast prove correct, there will be great jubilation among overseas Britons, who are Imperialists and Protectionists first and advocates of social reform second. Australia and New Zealand in particular have done much to educate the British people on these subjects, and the masses at Home know that the Conservatives have given them more in the way of advanced labour and social legislation than has been conceded by the Liberals. The close sympathy between Colonial Radicals and English Conservatives may seem to be unnatural; in the nature of things it must prove transitory; but it will endure until Imperialism, with territorial defence and protection against foreign commerce and alien labour, is established on a permanent basis. What may happen after that is in the lap of the Gods. One step is enough at a time. It is quite certain, meantime, that the colonies will never take a backward step, but will continue on the side of progressive and Liberal social reform.

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CRETIVE FOR IT I. has been sent to the writer of this verse - Mr H.S.C. Hopesville, Auckland:-

We need not all be poets
A guinea prize to seek;
But let us all use SAPON,
And we'll have a prize each week.

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best original four-stroke line advt. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address, "SAPON," Oatmeal Washing Powder, P.O. Box 625, Wellington.

If your grocer does not stock Sapon, please send his name and address.

CATTY.

"Yes," said Miss Jiltham, "he was an old flame of mine. And when you told him I was to be married next week, did he seem sorry?" "Yes," he admitted that he felt very sorry," replied Miss Galbie. "Did he, really?" "Yes, although he said he didn't know your fiance personally."

Musings AND Meditations

By DOG TOBY

A PUPIL OF THE STATE.

TO the New Zealander the State school is the great goddess Diana and the image which fell down from Jupiter, and we have all lately with one voice, for about the space of two hours, cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." For one Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that they be no gods, which are made with hands. It has been basely suggested that our public school system is making us pagans, and as no one knows exactly what the word pagan means, we are not unnaturally much annoyed.

For those of us who really know the State schools and their system of education, realise that the system is the grandest and most unique yet invented by the wit of man. The amazing amount of knowledge possessed by pupils in even the lower standards is apt to stagger anyone used to old-fashioned methods.

I can well remember the feeling of awe with which I watched a pupil analyse the sentence, "He was ostracised by the citizens." Innumerable lines were drawn across and up and down the paper, making to the untrained eye a bewildering series of small compartments. Each compartment was duly labelled, and then with unerring accuracy each word was placed in its proper pigeon hole. He knew a lot about the word "ostracised"; he knew it was a notional verb, and he had fully grasped the subtle shade of difference between notional and principal.

He could tell the state of health of a verb, whether it was strong or weak or median. (He called this last a "strong-weak" verb, whatever that might be.) He explained that all verbs whose past had ended in d.t. were weak, and verbs only became strong by changing their insides. In the face of so much knowledge it was only with the greatest diffidence that I brought myself to ask him whether he knew the meaning of the word ostracise. He didn't know, and he didn't care, the meaning of the word didn't make any difference to either the parsing or the analysis, and, therefore, was by no means essential to a correct knowledge of our mother tongue.

And being an old-fashioned person with wholly antiquated ideas on the subject of education, I felt rebuked and ashamed at having displayed such ignorance of modern methods. For to this day, I regret to say, I have never mastered the internal anatomy of that verb, I don't know whether it is strong or weak, or just convalescent "strong-weak," to be correct—and I don't know if it ever had the "d.t.s." or whether it has changed its inside. But I do know the meaning of the word, and I know how it got that meaning, and I remember the story of Aristides, who was ostracised because men were tired of hearing him called "The Just." And all this knowledge seems so useless and non-essential when set over against the ability to parse the word and diagnose its state of health, and pigeon-hole it in a mysterious tabular form of analysis for future reference.

An engineer who can drive any form of engine—stationary, traction, or marine and who possesses the wholly useless ability to make his engine work, has just been telling me how ignorant he had been made to feel by mere girl who had been taught mechanical drawing and cast iron and steel being picked out in pictures of pumps and engines and wheels. The diagrams were highly coloured, brass being painted a vivid yellow, and cast iron and steel being picked out in different shades of black and grey.

One day she consulted the engineer as to what colour a particular part should be done in. He examined her drawings, and pointed out that her pump would not pump, her engine wouldn't work, and her wheels wouldn't go round. In his ignorance he showed her the mechanical

defects of her designs, but she explained with scarce concealed contempt that such trifles didn't make any real difference to the drawing, as long as the colouring was correct.

We of an older generation have much to learn from the modern child as to the things that really matter. Ruskin's definition of a lady as one who is tender, delicate, pure, and wholly gentle and gracious in all ways, seems hopelessly out of date when contrasted with the following:—A girl whose mother condescended for a consideration to rub holes in my shirt's by means of a washing board, told me that she had got a horse, and added the information "And mother's going to buy me a riding habit, so then I shall be a real lady."

A few old-fashioned and probably half-imbecile people still believe that it is just as important that children should be taught that God is love, as that they should be taught the startling information that the hen has a pen and the fat pig sits on the log. They think that the translators of the authorised version write better English than the writers of some of our modern school books, which opinion is, of course, a palpable absurdity. For what passage in Isaiah can compare for purity of diction and majesty of style with the following excerpt from a model essay on coal?—"What," says the writer in an impassioned outburst, "should we do without these price less black diamonds that cause our hearths to gleam with cosy comfort?"

It is far more important for us, both as individuals and as a nation, that we should be able to calculate accurately how long our bath will take to fill if we turn on both taps and leave the plug out, than that we should have any knowledge of Christianity. And the beauty of our national system of education is that it teaches us what is really essential. Analysis, correct colouring, ribbing habits, these things make respectively the English scholar, the draughtsman, and the lady. And those who put in a plea for religion can only be classed with those imbecile doddlers who like to know the meaning as well as the parsing of words, and who like to draw pumps that will pump and engines that will work.

Princess of Wales at Scotland Yard.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by a lady-in-waiting, recently paid a surprise visit to Scotland Yard.

This is the first time on record when a member of the Royal Family has visited Scotland Yard.

She was received by the Commissioner, and, in response to her request, was shown over the Finger-Print Department, which is of comparatively recent origin.

The finger-prints of criminals of all sorts and conditions, which now number more than 120,000, were exhibited, and the Princess showed the keenest interest in the elaborate system of indexing and docketing which obtains in this department.

The clasp which is used in securing the hands of the criminal whose identification is desired was shown. The method by which height, weight, age, peculiarities, and portraits are exhibited on a small tablet was fully explained, and it was pointed out to the Princess that three points of resemblance make identification certain.

Sayings of the Week

He had heard someone say recently that the Government was going on in a spirit of compromise. Well, he believed that compromise, if properly engineered and well carried out, was one of the finest things that they could do in many walks of life.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The back-block settler has a great deal to contend with. There are difficulties in his path that do not enter into other people's lives. He is often burdened with much anxiety, owing to bush fires, drought, or floods, and he is often at his wit's end to know how to make both ends meet. In view of all these circumstances, he needs all the encouragement that it is possible for the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

There is a large field in New Zealand for deep alluvial gold mining, if only the best modern machinery now available and up-to-date methods of working are used.—*Mr. H. Montague Smyth, of the Ross Goldfields Co.*

There was not a member of Parliament who knew 5 per cent. of the roads he was voting expenditure for, and the present system was bad in the extreme, opening the way as it did to wire-pulling of the worst sort.—*Mr. W. P. Massey, M.P.*

The country required development and assistance, and he believed that it could carry on its public works on the same basis as last year with perfect safety.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

He had been brought up in a school in the Old Country where the Bible was taught, and the emitties which were then created existed at the present day. If ever he returned to his own land he knew these school emitties would be recommended upon his reappearance.—*Mr. W. C. Nott, Chairman Mt. Cook School Committee.*

Our present scheme can hardly be called immigration; it might rather be called a scheme for enabling residents of the Dominion to bring out their friends from home at a little cheaper rate than that which would otherwise have to be paid. These new arrivals are adding to the capital of the country, and the amounts which some of them bring with them are very considerable.—*Hon. J. Hutton.*

Wages are raised 39 per cent., and now the control of the hours that the apprentice is to give his employer in return for his wages is to be taken from the employer. Only one thing remains to the employer as a hopeful solution of the difficulties, and that is to give up the business, if he wishes to die peacefully.—*Mr. G. Fraser, of George Fraser & Sons.*

If merchants go into the position, they must recognise the advantages and benefits that the port of Bristol offer, and a trial shipment will turn out so satisfactory that trade by this service will enormously increase in a very short time.—*Mr. W. J. Kent, N.Z. Representative of the Port of Bristol.*

The total post and telegraph receipts for 1907-8 were £831,654, which provided justification for the statement he made some time ago, that it would not be long before the revenue from the Post and Telegraph Department reached a million sterling. That was a wonderful record, considering the concessions that had been made.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

There was no industry and no calling in New Zealand at present where young unmarried men were in such an affluent condition as the agricultural and pastoral industries. Men could go into the back country and, as the result of six months' good, sound, healthy work, need not do a hand's turn for the rest of the year.—*Mr. H. D. Acland, at Christchurch.*

By the way, travel teaches you one thing—that Scotland has given the world three good things. You find them everywhere—porridge, whisky, and "Auld Lang Syne."—*Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.*

They should consider the country wants equally with city requirements, and the interchange of teachers between town and country should be of benefit not only to the residents in the country districts and in the towns, but also to the teachers who took part in that work.—*Mr. T. Mackenzie, M.P., Chairman Otago Education Board.*

What with tramway accidents and motor cars, an ambulance waggon is becoming more and more a necessity.—*Mr. J. J. Holland, of Auckland.*

We must foster the strongest feelings of a mutual confidence and respect, and preserve for future generations, by methods of education and unity of action, everything leading towards the greatest ideals of civilisation in a noble heritage, founded on the highest patriotism and sympathy.—*The Prince of Wales.*

It was to be regretted that some special provision was not made for those who, having occupied the Mayooral chair, were desirous of keeping up their interest in the municipality.—*Mr. J. H. Upton.*

The temperance party in my country, which is half a million strong, very much objects to the present system of municipal control.—*Mr. Johan Hansson, of Gothenburg.*

The present was a very dangerous time in New Zealand to attempt to increase the wages of farm labourers or to regulate the industry. They were in a crisis at present—a very dangerous period in their financial position. They had been subjected to a large drop in wool, and apparently there was a drop in meat and stock of all descriptions.—*Mr. H. D. Acland, of the Farm Labourers' dispute.*

Last year the total amount that the Government borrowed in New Zealand was £340,000, and of that amount they spent £310,000 in the purchase of estates.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The coming session would be held at Government House, and as members would have to sit on cane-bottomed chairs and do without desks and other customary comforts and conveniences, they would not feel inclined for either all-night sittings or long sittings of any kind.—*Mr. W. P. Massey, M.P.*

With the assistance of the equable climate of Auckland, some of the poorest land up here could be made equal to some of the best land in the South. Some of the Auckland people, as well as many of those from the South, were finding that out every day.—*Mr. J. Mackenzie, Commissioner of Crown Lands.*

It took years of labour to stock Lake Wakatipu with trout, and it was taken to death in a very short time. Netting is, in my opinion, entirely opposed to the best interests of angling.—*Mr. T. E. Donne, of the Tourist Department.*

A man once went bankrupt and paid 19/6 in the £, which was satisfactory. He went on again for three years, went bankrupt again, and paid 6d. in the £, and then said, "That makes 20/7, which wasn't either obvious or satisfactory."—*Mr. James Ashcroft, Official Assignee.*

In reviewing the progress of the New Zealand constitution during the past year, we have indeed cause for satisfaction and pride. Our members have increased by some 1,200, and eight new lodges have been opened.—*Lord Plunket, Grand Master N.Z. Freemasons.*

Many of the poorer classes refused to go to the ordinary churches, but they could be induced to enter the Mission Hall. There was much need for such work in Wellington. Right in the heart of the city there were slums—he knew, for he had seen them—and in these quarters immorality and vice were predominant. They were not doing their duty as Christians if they left these black spots unpenetrated.—*Mr. W. H. Walter, of St. Peter's Mission, Wellington.*

He never heard of anything so likely to raise Cain in a family as money, nor anything that would so smooth over trouble as love.—*Colonel Denny.*

The public of this country are imperialists to a man, and New Zealand is not likely to have any interests really apart from those of the Empire as a whole.—*Mr. W. P. Massey, M.P.*

The train will be running between Wellington and Auckland before 31st December, 1908.—*Hon. W. Hall-Jones.*

Weak brethren, careless ones, and even bad, there must be in every community, but if the majority of a lodge are determined to encourage and honour those who set a high example—even though that majority fear they cannot attain to it themselves—the weak will be strengthened, the careless interested, and the bad improved.—*Lord Plunket, Grand Master, N.Z. Freemasons.*

The public rightly looked for a highly-educated clergy, but they would not pay for its education nor support it properly. People preferred a clergyman to be married, and they could starve him out if they did not like him. His income was stationary when perhaps the cost of living had increased.—*Rev. C. W. Carrington, Christ's College, Christchurch.*

The German colonies in the South Seas imported German goods to the value of £150,000, and the prosperity of the islands would increase within the next decade, when the copra trade was fully developed.—*Her Denberg, Colonial Director, Germany.*

I consider prison camps the best and most humane method of dealing with men who have any desire to reform. Many of the prisoners who have been sent to the four camps have reformed, and since completing their sentences have taken contracts as free men for carrying out similar work.—*Hon. J. McGowan.*

I hope to see the money spent here in anticipation of the arrival of the American fleet spent as far as possible in the permanent beautification of the city.—*Mr. Hughes, Lord Mayor of Sydney.*

It is of no use converting Great Britain into a very Garden of Eden if your fence lets in the wolves that will ravage it.—*Lord Rosebery.*

The origin of the term bankruptcy is peculiar. The old Italian money-lenders of the fourteenth or fifteenth century used to have benches (banca) in the market place, and when one defaulted his bench was broken up (ruptus); so banca ruptus simply means a broken bench.—*Mr. James Ashcroft, Official Assignee.*

In licensing netting the acclimatisation societies are selling their bright for a mess of pottage.—*Mr. T. E. Donac.*

With the progress of the Union fleet was shown the progress of this Dominion. It was one of the finest coastal fleets in the world.—*Hon. J. A. Millar.*

While Glasgow, with its million inhabitants, was unable to maintain a small fleet of penny steamers, New Zealand had the business end of several great lines trading with the Old Country, and had a great company of its own, with several subsidiary lines.—*Colonel Denny.*

I wish you newspaper people, instead of praising up the splendid climate and excellent soil, which no doubt we have in New Zealand, would stick long pins into the fruit-growers and stir them up.—*Mr. W. Jaques, Government Canning Expert.*

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For Awani, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
APANEL, Every Monday at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.

For Whangaroa, Helena Bay, Tutakaka, and Whanauaki.
PAEROA, Monday, 18th May, 1 p.m.

For Great Barrier.
AUPOURI, Every Wednesday, midnight.

For Waieke and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROTOMAHANA, Tues., 19th May, 1 p.m.
ROTOMAHANA, Fri., 22nd May, 1 p.m.

Leave Coromandel, via WAHAEKE.
ROTOMAHANA, Wed., 20th May, 8 a.m.
ROTOMAHANA, Sat., 23rd May, 10.30 a.m.

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For Okeanga.
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8th 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. 7 p.m.
16th 9 p.m. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
19th 9 p.m. day 4.30 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.
21st 9.15 a.m. 11.30 a.m. 9 a.m. 11 a.m.
23rd 9.15 a.m. 11.30 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
26th 11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m. No str.
28th 11.45 a.m. 2.45 p.m. 2 p.m. 1 p.m.
30th 9 p.m. day 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.

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The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

THE sapient Keir-Hardie," commented the politician, "declares that the Colonies are not loyal. He says we will never sacrifice anything for the cause of England or the Empire, and that we want to take everything and give nothing. He has, of course, been so long in the colonies and seen so much of our people that he feels fully competent to give an authoritative opinion, and he is, if we may judge by his Indian utterances, so intensely loyal himself that he naturally resents our disloyalty. He probably judged the whole colony by the Labour agitators he met. These men, in all probability, do not take a keen interest in the Empire; they take far more interest in preventing anyone from being loyal even to his employer. But to say that the people as a whole are disloyal is to talk utter nonsense. We proved that in South Africa."

"All the same," put in a visitor from the other side, "I do think there is something in what he says about the cry being 'New Zealand for the New Zealanders,' and 'Australia for the Australians.'" The "Bulletin" seems to deprecate the fact that the head of the Victorian railway department is a Canadian. I am told that your people look somewhat askance at the Australian working man. There seems to be room for the appeal of the Prince of Wales that we should learn to think imperially. England, he reminded us, now means England spread over the whole surface of the world. We too often forget this. I know that one or two Australians who have come over here to look for work have told me they have been practically ostracised in many cases by their fellow-workers as outsiders and interlopers. The whole idea of Imperialism is not comprised in the sending of a few contingents to fight the Boers. We want more real union between the different parts of the Empire, and closer and stronger links between the colonies themselves."

"The question is," answered the lawyer, "whether we are not really becoming separate nations. There is already a marked difference between the Australian and the New Zealander; there is a much greater difference between the Australian and the Canadian. What the South African will become, now that we have the fusion of races proceeding so rapidly, I hesitate to think. I really do believe that some of our working classes resent the intrusion of a man from the other side more than they would that of an Italian or a Frenchman. They look on the latter as a foreigner, and a fool; they look on the Australian as a foreigner and a dangerous rival. I am told that things in South Africa are looking bad just at present. I doubt if the policy of giving the Boers equal rights with our own people will prove to be a permanent success. My own opinion is that the two races will never really mingle, and that we shall have to fight the war all over again."

"The problems of Empire," said the professor, "are many and intricate. We have manifold dangers threatening us. The continued trouble in India is omni-

ous, and far more serious than many imagine. The Afghan revolt also shows a disturbed state of things in the East, and the question of how far alien restriction laws are to affect our Indian fellow-subjects will have to be faced. Many Empires have arisen in the world's history, and gone as giant forms on their way to ruin. Witness the Babylonian, the Macedonian, and the Roman. A vast extent of territory may be a cause of weakness, as well as a cause of strength."

"It seems to me," suggested the doctor, "that the colonies pursue their cheerful way without much thought as to how far their legislation may lead to international complications. Take our anti-Chinese legislation. That we should put a heavy poll-tax on Chinamen is, perhaps, necessary, that we should follow this up by an educational test savours of harshness, notwithstanding the Celestial's traditional love of examinations. To prevent John playing fan-tan and other games of chance, while we have our racecourses and our bridge and our stock exchange, partakes of the absurd. And, mind you, the almond-eyed heathen Chinese is beginning to kick, and if he kicks hard we may get hurt. Restrictions he can understand, but petty persecutions he resents. Canada is trying to embroil us with the Japanese, and Newfoundland is trying to make trouble with the United States and with France. And if our ill-considered legislation leads to trouble with other Powers we expect Great Britain to pull us out. I fancy that in politics we do want to think more of Imperial interests, and not always think only of our own little corner of the world."

"There are many signs at Home," remarked the dominie, "that the current of public opinion is setting against the present Liberal Government. The bye-elections have all pointed in this direction, and I believe this is largely due to the belief that the present administration has neglected the interests of the Empire for social reforms at Home. The feeling in favour of tariff reform in the direction of some form of colonial preference is growing. That Manchester should be coming round to this view means that the stronghold of free trade is already captured. Then many prominent business men are openly declaring that the Liberals have done nothing to foster trade, and that they have persistently ignored colonial interests. Of course, many other questions are involved, such as education, Irish affairs, and licensed houses, but I firmly believe that the people are beginning to see the importance of colonial preference, and that this question, above all others, is the one on which the next general election at Home will be fought."

"The line of cleavage," replied the journalist, "between the two parties in Great Britain is very clearly defined. The Conservatives go in for a strong foreign policy, the Liberals go in for a strong Home policy. England has a double relation to consider—her relation to other nations and her relation to her own people. The present Government

has done much in the way of social reform, and many abuses have either been remedied or swept away. But the nation is beginning to fear that increased expenditure on internal affairs may lead to unwise economies in the vote for the Army and the Navy. Money must be either raised by further taxation or saved by reduced expenditure, and many of the extreme Radicals are calling out for a curtailing of armaments. The weighty words of Lord Rosebery have gone home. He asks, what use it will be to us if we make England a perfect garden of Eden as regards social conditions, and at the same time neglect the fences necessary to keep the wolves from our garden. For the East is awakening, Germany never sleeps, other nations are casting longing eyes on our Naboth's vineyard, and, instead of fighting about Socialism and Prohibition and education, we may soon be called upon to fight for our homes and our children and our very existence as a nation."

An Election Victory.

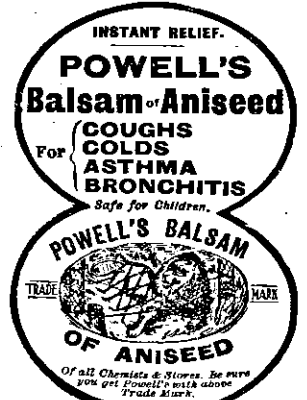
"BEER, GLORIOUS BEER."

The election campaign at Peckham in March was perhaps the most exciting of recent years in England, and its result is a heavy blow for the Liberal Government. Two years ago the Liberal majority was 2300; this week the Unionist candidate was returned by a majority of 2494—a tremendous reversal. It is to be feared that the successful candidate owed his victory largely to beer. The working men were told that under the new Licensing Bill their beer would cost them more. They were told that the Government were going to ruin the brewers and throw all manner of people out of employment. Shouts of "Confiscation" and "Robbery" were raised because the Government proposes to resume, at the end of 14 years, the monopoly value of drink licenses, and thus recover the right to close up unsatisfactory or superfluous hotels without compensation. Property in a drink license was never recognised by law in England until Mr. Balfour brought in his bill in 1904, and Mr. Balfour expressly admitted the right of any future Parliament to repudiate the right he had established. The present Government now proposes that the property in drink licenses which was created by Mr. Balfour shall cease to be a property after 14 years' notice. This is "confiscation" and "plunder," Peckham says so.

It is said that "The Trade" spent at least £8000 in support of the Tory candidate, and this sum was used in the distribution of leaflets, in placards, and on hired speakers. This reduces the legal limit on the candidate's expenditure to an absurdity. No wonder he returned a cheque for £70 sent him by a well-known firm of brewers. There were other ways of helping the Tory candidate: Nearly 300 motor-cars were placed at his disposal on election day. The suffragettes joined in the attack on the Liberal candidate, not because they wanted particularly to side with the brewers, but because the Liberal Government has refused them the franchise. It cannot be denied that the Suffragettes helped to influence the election. But the overwhelming influence was beer. Crowds of wise and thoughtful Peckhamites sang that elevating ditty, "Beer, Glorious Beer" on the slightest provocation. Beer filled their wise and thoughtful heads, and a good deal of it found its way down their throats. They do not shut the public-houses in this country on election days. Peckham on the night of the election was a sight for gods and men. Nearly a million people thronged the streets—and the public-houses. Such

a crowd is unparalleled in any election in the history of the country. When the victory of the Tory candidate was announced the scene was simply indescribable. To quote the "Daily Mail": "Nobody who was present will ever forget the cheering. It rolled from street to street like mighty breakers upon a rock-bound shore. Minute after minute went on, until the crowd literally wore itself out with enthusiasm. It was a scene of chaos. The multitude literally went mad with joy. Men shook each other frantically by the hand. Tears stood in the eyes of many. But they went on cheering and cheering until their throats ached. Never was there such a happy crowd—never such spontaneous, irrepressible enthusiasm!"

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The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Blackball miners still continue idle, a conference held at Christchurch having failed to adjust the matters in dispute.

An information has been laid against Max D. King, late secretary to the Waikato Hospital Trustees, charging him with misappropriating £20.

The self-denial fund of the Salvation Army in Australasia shows that last year £30,981 was raised in this way, £10,435 coming from New Zealand.

The Wellington City Council has decided to extend the closing hour of billiard saloons from 10 p.m. until 10.30 p.m.

Among articles recently picked up by conductors in the Auckland trams were a rooster in a crate, 3lbs. of butter, and a purse containing a diamond ring and money.

At Oamaru, the North school has had to be closed owing to an epidemic of measles. On assembling after the Easter holidays 142 out of 367 children were absent through this disease.

The Health Department is engaged in collecting and analysing a large number of foodstuffs, including pickles, sauces, and cordials, in connection with the new Pure Food and Drugs Act.

A. C. Elliott, a bankrupt who absconded from Wellington some two weeks ago, returned from Australia on Sunday last, and surrendered himself to the Auckland police.

The Christchurch municipal tepid baths have just been completed in Manchester-street, and will be formally opened by the Mayor on May 14th with an evening's programme of swimming events.

The Tyneside coal mine, Greymouth, has been flooded, owing to an influx of surface water. It is feared that the mine will have to be permanently abandoned. In the meantime 150 men are thrown out of work.

The brewery business of Strachan and Co., Dunedin, one of the oldest in the colony, has been purchased by prominent shareholders in the business of Speight and Co. It is understood that the price paid was something over £10,000.

A Hastings settler, starting with very small capital 11 years ago, cultivated 8 acres of land, and is now in an independent position. He attributes his success mainly to the profit from one acre of rhubarb which he has grown annually.

The little strike of bricklayers at Gisborne lasted only a couple of days. The men resumed work on an amicable agreement, under which competent men are to be paid 13/ a day, and the others on a sliding scale.

The sum of £2500 has been voted by Cabinet for the Burnham Industrial School to enable the department to be established for incorrigibles, and for a receiving place where classification can be undertaken.

The New Zealand Employers' Federation has decided to urge the Minister for Labour to proceed against any unions which had aided and abetted the Blackball strikers, so that the position may be made perfectly clear.

The Wellington branch of the Navy League has sent to the Japanese Consul in Wellington a letter of sympathy in connection with the recent explosion on the Japanese cruiser Matsushima, which resulted in the loss of 206 lives.

At the Tavuni inquiry the Court found Captain Brophy guilty of negligence, and suspended his certificate for three months, ordering him to pay the costs, £35 11/. No blame was attached to the other officers.

It is stated that the Government intends to institute a system of money-boxes, to be worked in conjunction with the Post Office Savings Bank, and in this way to meet the alleged want of a savings bank in the home.

Workers at the Burnside Freezing Works, Dunedin, have been granted an increase of wages. The men here have not been working under any award of the Arbitration Act, but the company, on ascertaining that higher rates were paid elsewhere, agreed to the men's demand.

At Christchurch the other day, Mr. Ronayne, General Manager of New Zealand

Railways, stated that he was confident the Hon. W. Hall-Jones' statements would be verified, and that the North Island Main Trunk line would be opened as promised, by December 31.

It was suggested at Auckland City Council meeting on May 9 that ex-Mayors of the City should be appointed as aldermen, or receive some other designation, and thus enable them to take part in the deliberations of a greater Auckland Council.

Mr. Dinnie, Commissioner of Police, who has just returned from a tour of inspection in the North, stated that his visit had convinced him of the necessity of affording more police protection in Auckland city and suburbs. That course would be followed out during the present year.

Webb, the champion sculler, who is in Wanganui, has received a communication from the backer of Welch, asking him, in view of Arnst's challenge for the championship being declared off, would Webb meet him. Webb has replied, advising Welch to lodge his deposit, and the challenge can follow should Arnst withdraw.

The s.s. Morayshire, which arrived at Auckland from West Coast of United Kingdom ports on May 6, brought 70 immigrants for the Dominion, the bookings being as follows: Auckland 24, Wellington 23, Lyttelton 18, Port Chalmers 10. The day before the vessel reached Capetown, Mrs. Burness, who, with her husband, was proceeding out to Canterbury, died from natural causes.

During its existence of twenty-one years, the profits of the Dunedin United Friendly Society's dispensary total £10,687, or over £500 a year. There are 20 societies in it, representing 5091 members; over 535,000 prescriptions have been dispensed, and cash sales total £27,993. The annual levy per member for medicine has been reduced from 7/ to 4/.

The particulars of the New Zealand Research Scholarship of £100 per annum, instituted by the Government, are advertised. The scholarship has been created for the encouragement of investigation more on industrial than scientific lines, and this year is awarded to Auckland University College. Applications for nomination have to be lodged by May 28.

In reply to a question put by the "Auckland Star" representative this morning, Mr. Hall-Jones said that as the outcome of his recent visit he was satisfied that cars would be running over the Main Trunk line in November. This is an advance in the previous statements on the subject by the Minister, who also states that provided nothing unforeseen occurs, the line will be available for next Christmas and New Year holiday traffic.

The Wellington City Council has received a report from Mr. Hugo, superintendent of fire brigades, suggesting the substitution of motors all-round for horses. He furnished figures showing that a motor service would cost the city £350 less per annum than one in which horses were partially used. In addition greater expedition could be attained in getting to fires. He advised the purchase of three new motors and proper facilities for fire prevention in the suburbs.

The Ashburton Boring Rights Syndicate, which has secured boring concessions over 125,000 acres in the county (100,000 of them east of the railway) between the Rakaiia and the Rangitata, proposes to form a company with a nominal capital of £25,000, of which £15,000 is to be subscribed, to put down bore wells to test the country for petroleum. The subscribed capital will, it is estimated, enable three or four wells to be sunk to a depth of about 2500 feet.

The contractors for the construction of the Wanganui electric tramways are pushing on with the erection of the carshed and power house, and other preliminary work. The Mayor states that he expects the trams to be running by Christmas.

A public meeting of residents of Aramohe, held on Wednesday night, resolved to take steps to form that suburb into a borough, and appointed a committee to give effect to the resolution. This will make three boroughs within Wanganui's area, in addition to the town district of Gouville. The population of the new borough will be about 1200.

Mr. J. C. Dromgool, B.Sc., master of the secondary department of the Tauranga District High School, has patented an invention for an improved method of filtering the cyanide solution from the slimes in the metallurgy of gold by the cyanide process. The improvement consists mainly in the application of the centrifugal principle in the process of filtering. Mr. Dromgool has carried out extensive experiments in the laboratory to prove the efficacy of his patent, and is at present in treaty with Messrs. Thos. Broadbent and Co., of Huddersfield, England, with a view to putting his invention to a practical test.

The manner in which professing Christians spend their Sundays was made the subject of cutting comment by the Rev. Dr. Waddell, of St. Andrew's Church, Dunedin, on Sunday night. "It is," he said, "a day on which they may sleep more, and smoke more, and eat more, and lounge more. It is clean-shirt day, loll about day, visiting day, gossiping day, generally vacant and self-indulgent day. And if these men and women go to church," he added, "they go to see or to be seen, to hear the music and criticise, to look bored at sermon time, and yawn and consult their watches, and leave a sigh of relief when the whole thing is over."

Petition of Chinese Residents.

The Chinese residents of New Zealand, through the envoy of the Chinese Empire, who recently visited Auckland, are forwarding a numerously signed petition to the authorities in Peking, pointing out what is described as "the present painful position of Chinese in the Dominion."

The main object of the petition is to induce the Chinese Government to "exercise its powerful influence with the Government of Great Britain in order to relieve the Chinese in New Zealand from an embarrassing position." The petitioners state that their grievance has been brought about by the enactment by the New Zealand Government of the Chinese Immigrants Amendment Act, 1907, which prescribes an educational test in the English language for all Chinese landing in New Zealand.

After quoting the provisions of the Act the petitioners go on to say that whilst they have no objection to the original Act passed in 1881, the provisions of that of last year "are directed solely against Chinese, and are of such a character as to constitute a most painful position for us." No provision has been made for exemption from last year's Act of Chinese who have already resided in New Zealand, and who have left it temporarily, after paying poll tax amounting to £10 or £100, according to the legislation in force at the time of their original arrival.

The petition further makes reference to the bill brought forward last session for the purpose of regulating the hours of labour of Chinese, and enacting that no further factory licenses be granted in respect to Chinese premises. A protest against this measure had been addressed to the Governor, asking him to refuse to give his assent to the bill, the result being that it was withdrawn. The various times at which the stringency of the law relating to the entry of Chinese has been increased are referred to, and it is also pointed out that the number of Chinese in the Dominion has steadily decreased from 5004 in 1881 to 2570 in 1906.

It is suggested that the present is an opportune time for the appointment of a Chinese Consul in New Zealand as a protection against the strong anti-Chinese feeling which has lately made itself evident throughout the Dominion.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

The New Zealand Grand Lodge of Freemasons met in Auckland last week for the annual communication, when there was a large attendance of Masons from all parts of the Dominion. The Lodge sat from 2 to 5 p.m. on May 6 dispatching the business, the M.W. Grand Master, Bro. Lord Plunket, presiding.

V. W. Brother A. C. Harly proposed the re-election of the M.W. Grand Master, Lord Plunket, for a third term of office, and in doing so said that Lord Plunket was a worthy representative of their Sovereign, and one who had shown great interest in the craft.

Bro. Lord Plunket was re-elected unanimously.

The only brother nominated for the office of Pro Grand Master was R.V. Brother Oliver Nicholson, who has filled the office of Grand Superintendent of the

Auckland district with great ability for four years. He was also re-elected unanimously.

V.W. Bro. Hardy next proposed the election of the following Grand Lodge officers, and the following list was adopted:—

Auckland District—Grand Chapter, W. Bro. Rev. E. J. McFarlane; Grand Treasurer W. Bro. E. V. Johnson; Grand Registrar, W. Bro. E. G. B. Moss; President of Board of Gen. Purposes, R.W. Bro. G. H. Fowler; President of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. Dr. G. T. Gilder; Grand Director of Ceremonies, W. Bro. C. M. Page; Grand Sword Bearer, W. Bro. W. Reid; Grand Stewards, W. Bro. Huns Host; Grand Warden, W. Bro. D. J. Wallace; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. Arch. Burns; W. Bro. W. C. Rolfe; W. Bro. C. H. Minto; W. Bro. Hugh G. McCrea; W. Bro. R. W. Gallagher; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. J. A. Nisbet; V. W. Bro. J. H. Hensch; W. Bro. H. S. Hill; W. Bro. J. R. Hetherington; W. Bro. T. E. N. McKenzie.

Canterbury—Senior Grand Deacon, W. Bro. G. E. Collins; Grand Bible Reader, W. Bro. A. Budd; Grand Pursuivant, W. Bro. S. J. Cook; Grand Stewards, W. Bro. G. T. C. Smithson; W. Bro. F. C. H. Bishop; Members of Board of Gen. Purposes, V. W. Bro. F. W. Hobbs; W. Bro. E. W. Walker; Members of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. W. A. Telle; W. Bro. W. Thomas.

Wellington—Senior Grand Deacon, W. Bro. G. Newell; Grand Director of Ceremonies, W. Bro. J. A. Nisbet; Grand Standard Bearer, W. Bro. A. D. Clement; Grand Stewards, W. Bro. W. J. Phillips; W. Bro. J. Hicks; Members of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. P. Weston; W. Bro. J. C. Richardson; Members of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. Richard Jenkins, W. Bro. Geo. Hyde.

Otago—Junior Grand Deacon, W. Bro. James Quill; Grand Standard Bearer, W. Bro. H. E. Muller; Grand Organist, W. Bro. Robert John Melrose; Grand Steward, W. Bro. A. W. Field; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. James Ritchie; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. C. L. W. Tischer.

Southland—Junior Grand Deacon, W. Bro. James Walker; Grand Pursuivant, W. Bro. A. A. McGibbon; Grand Steward, W. Bro. F. A. A. Wilson; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. G. R. George; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. Rev. W. C. Wood.

Hawke's Bay and Gisborne—Grand Superintendent of Works, W. Bro. J. S. Allan; Grand Steward, W. Bro. W. A. Carter; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. Wm. Haines; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. P. W. Macdonald.

Nelson and Marlborough—Grand Bible Bearer, W. Bro. Rev. O. R. Hewitt; Grand Steward, W. Bro. W. P. Stummons; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. G. J. Allen; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. R. Buttle.

West Coast—Grand Superintendent of Works, W. Bro. C. M. Johnston; Grand Steward, W. Bro. T. Eddy; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. A. A. Wilson; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. John Teasdale.

Taranaki—Grand Chaplain, V. W. Bro. Rev. F. G. Egan; Grand Sword Bearer, W. Bro. T. O. Foster; Grand Steward, W. Bro. James Kenny; Member of Board of Gen. Purposes, W. Bro. R. W. Sargent; Member of Board of Benevolence, W. Bro. John Evelyn.

After the imposing installation ceremonies, Bro. Lord Plunket delivered an interesting address.

On the motion of R. W. Bro. Corkill, seconded by R. W. Bro. McDougall, it was resolved that the next communication be held at New Plymouth.

The members of the Grand Lodge of New Zealand Freemasons were the guests of the M.W. Grand Master Lord Plunket, at a garden party at Government House on May 8th.

The Otira Tunnel.

The opening ceremony of the Otira tunnel took place on May 5th, in wet and unpropitious weather. The Railway Department had made elaborate arrangements for carrying 3000 people, and only about 300 braved the elements, including Lady Ward and several other ladies. The Otira River was running bank high, and the walk of two miles to the tunnel site was anything but agreeable.

On arrival at the scene of operations, Mr. Bruce, county chairman of Westland, expressed the pleasure all felt at the commencement of a work that was of national importance.

Sir J. G. Ward stated that the work that they were commemorating was one of historical importance. The Government had experienced a good deal of opposition in sanctioning the undertaking, but he was confident that they were only studying the welfare of the community in letting the contract. He traced the great progress the West Coast had made during the last five years, not only in population, but in industry. The timber industry had made rapid strides, and the export had reached 51 million feet annually. The resources of the West Coast were enormous, and the opening of the railway to connect Christchurch would be the means of developing the coast. Sir Joseph then touched the electric trolley, and the first shot of the Otira tunnel was fired, amidst cheering.

Mrs. McLean presented Sir J. G. Ward with a handsome silver casket, suitably inscribed, as a memento of the occasion, and an adjournment was made to the banquet hall, where a pleasant hour was spent, speeches in commemoration of the occasion being made.

Charge of Manslaughter.

The adjourned inquest on the body of the boy Alexander Edgar McPhee, who was drowned as a result of the collision in Otago Harbour on April 18, was concluded on May 6.

The verdict was as follows:—"That deceased met his death by drowning in Otago Harbour on April 18 through being thrown out of the oil launch Matakana, which came into collision with the steamship Lady Roberts, such collision being caused by the careless handling of the launch by her owner, Joseph Coddol, particularly so by his shifting the tiller at a critical moment, thus taking his boat across the bow of the Lady Roberts, and we really think him guilty of manslaughter."

Joseph Coddol was arrested the same day on charge of manslaughter, brought before the Court, and remanded for a week, bail being allowed accused in a recognisance of £100, and two sureties of £50 each.

Visit of the American Fleet.

Private information comes from Australia, telegraphs a Wellington correspondent, that it is not improbable that four or five foreign warships will be in Auckland at the time of the American fleet's visit.

On May 6 the Mayor of Auckland received from Sir Joseph Ward, who was then at Greytown, the following telegram:—"For your information I am advised that the American fleet will arrive in Auckland on August 9, and remain until August 15."

The Mayor's reply was as follows:—"Many thanks for information re American fleet. Should be glad if you would kindly furnish me with particulars of Government's intended action as soon as possible, so that Citizens' Committee can make arrangements accordingly."

So far the American Consul-General (Mr. W. A. Prickett) has not received any intimation of the date of the fleet's arrival or the length of its stay. He will probably not be advised until the arrival of the mail.

The secretary of the Wellington branch of the Navy League is organising a deputation to wait on the Premier to urge that the fleet should extend its visit to Wellington. The chairman of the branch (Mr. T. W. Hislop, Mayor of Wellington) will be the chief oratorical persuader. The Chamber of Commerce is to co-operate with the Navy League enthusiasts. The argument Wellington puts forward is that the ships could end at 1/4 a ton less in Wellington than in Auckland. There is no jealousy, Mr. Palmer states, but the idea is that after the squadron has been feted at Auckland a detachment of, say, half-a-dozen vessels might be sent to Wellington to coal there. This, it is believed, would be economical for the reason stated.

The United States fleet, making a round-the-world cruise under the command of Rear-Admiral Evans, arrived at San Francisco on May 7th, and was welcomed by upwards of 1,000,000 persons, the enthusiasm being intense.

Mr H. V. Metcalf, Secretary of the United States Navy, has reviewed the fleet at San Francisco. Rear-Admiral Evans's command ended on May 8th, when he was so ill that he was unable to proceed aboard the flagship to participate in the review, as intended.

At a citizens' meeting in Sydney, N.S.W., the Lord Mayor presiding, it was decided to co-operate with the Commonwealth and State Governments in arranging a fitting welcome to the American fleet.

Fire and Insurance.

In his annual report, Superintendent Hugo, of the Wellington Fire Brigade, who will shortly take up the important position of Inspector of New Zealand Fire Brigades, draws attention to the large number of fires that have occurred in Wellington during the past and previous years—a number out of all proportion, he says, to the size of the city when compared with other places; indeed, this disparity applies to the Dominion generally. As an illustration, the list of fires pub-

lished last month in the "Banking and Insurance Record" for Australia, shows that in the States of West and South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland collectively, the number of fires recorded in February was 131, and in New Zealand 127. "I do not say," continues Captain Hugo, "that this is an average record, but the number of fires in New Zealand is far in excess of what it should be. Though no large percentage of the fires recorded may be actually due to direct incendiarism, having its starting point in over insurance on property, yet this over-insurance certainly induces great carelessness, which is undoubtedly the cause of a large number of fires."

Chinese "Christians."

Gratitude is not one of the most pronounced features of Chinese character. Indeed, some authorities say it is wholly lacking in all Orientals. The Wellington Chinese have, however, manifested its possession in a somewhat striking manner in connection with the death of Mr. Wong, the Chinese Anglican missionary. They subscribed nearly £100 towards Mr. Wong's medical expenses, they guaranteed his funeral expenses when he died, they have not forgotten his widow in her affliction, and they have undertaken to keep his grave green and well tended. And yet but very few of them were straight-out Christians. They closed up their places of amusement when he died, and they attended his funeral 200 strong. Now they need a little help from outside in connection with the mission. The spiritual side of the work is kept going by Mr. Dai Chum, and Mrs. Wong is still devoting all her time to visiting the sick and needy, and assisting at the evening classes; but a successor to Mr. Wong is needed to carry on the burden.

New Zealand Flax.

The Government has resolved to make efforts for the scientific improvement of the wild phormium tenax, from which New Zealand hemp is derived. Dr. W. Cockayne, F.L.S., will in a few weeks' time visit the Government experimental stations in the Auckland province, in connection with a series of experiments, whose object is the production of forms of flax of higher economic value than any now existing. At the present time, Dr. Cockayne states, nothing is accurately known about the varieties of phormium; in fact, the extremely important point as to whether the well-marked varieties come true from seed is quite unsettled. Dr. Cockayne hopes to publish in the spring an up-to-date account of phormium tenax, dealing with its wild and cultivated varieties, and its variations under natural conditions.

As showing the value of this product to New Zealand, it may be mentioned that the export of phormium fibre during 1906 was valued at £776,106, as against £195,728 for 1901 and £2,985 for 1906.

Bench and Bar.

At the Grand Hotel, Wellington, last week, the legal practitioners of the capital entertained the judges of the Supreme Court at a dinner. Mr. H. D. Bell, K.C., president of the New Zealand Law Society, occupied the chair. The chairman, in proposing the health of the judges, referred to the fact that Mr. Justice Williams had attained a record for New Zealand as regards duration of office, having been 33 years on the Bench. Mr. Justice Williams, in replying, said it was true that he had achieved a record, but he thought that the fact of his sitting for 33 years was creditable not so much to himself as to the vitality of his constitution. He had always done his best to be on good terms with the profession, and to assist the younger members of the Bar. The Bench and the Bar had noble traditions, and they should do their best to act up to them.

To Help the Farmers.

In the Government "Gazette" the offer is made of a bonus for the discovery and working within the Dominion of a deposit or deposits of marketable mineral phosphate. Viz.—£500 if on land on which the Crown is entitled to such deposits, and £250 if on other land. The raw material must be reasonably accessible and workable at profit, and a committee appointed by the Minister of Agriculture must be satisfied that there is sufficient to meet all ordinary demands of the

Dominion for five years. There are certain terms attaching to the payment of the bonus. Applications addressed to "The Minister for Agriculture, Wellington," will be received up to and including December 31, 1908.

Poultry for Profit.

Mr. Lowrie, principal of the Lincoln Agricultural College, reporting on the New Zealand Utility Poultry Club's third competition, states that the birds cost 5/10d each for food, grit, etc., and returned per head for eggs, sold at 1/1 1/2 per dozen, delivered at Lincoln, the sum of 13/3d, leaving a balance, exclusive of labour, rent, depreciation and interest, of 7/5 per bird. For the ten months of the competition the food for 48 pens of six birds, with 48 extra pullets, cost £94, and the labour £37.

A poultry breeder in a Wellington suburb sold 11 young golden Wyandotte cockerels the other day, the average live weight being 6lb. He received 8d. a lb. live weight, so that his cheque amounted to £2 2/4, a return of 3/10 1/2 a bird. One seven-months-old cockerel weighed 8 1/2 lb, and so made 5/8.

South Island Band Contest.

A meeting of the Band Contest Committee was held on May 7th. A cable message was received from Mr. W. Short, L.R.A.M., stating his willingness to adjudicate in the South Island contest. It was decided to hold the contest about the second week in December, and that two test selections be obtained for each grade, and the test march for both grades. The prizes suggested are as follows: A grade: First, £150; second, £75; third, £50. B grade: First, £75; second, £30; third, £15. Marching competition: First, £30; second, £10; third, £5.

Tragedy in Fiji.

An Indian coolie ran amok at Navua, and shot and killed his overseer, Mr. Fender, and a coolie, and wounded Mrs. Swann and Messrs. Crabbe and Taif. An armed party shot the murderer.

Industrial Development.

For some months past the representative of a leading English foot manufacturing firm has been prosecuting inquiries in the Dominion with a view of ascertaining what the prospects were likely to be in the event of his principals deciding to establish a branch of their business in this part of the world. Nothing has yet leaked out as to the outcome of his mission, but it is believed that his report will be in the direction of recommending the setting up of a large manufacturing establishment either in Wellington or Auckland. The proposal would probably entail an expenditure in plant and buildings of £200,000, and if given effect to, would mean constant employment for upwards of 250 hands. It is further stated that a couple of London cloth manufacturers in a very big way of business contemplate extending their sphere of operations to Australia and New Zealand.

Accidents, Suicides, Etc.

A man named O'Meara, employed by the Stock Department, attempted suicide at Temuka on May 6th. While passing a butcher's shop he grabbed a knife, walked on a yard or two, and then gashed his throat in two or three places. Bystanders threw him down, took the knife from him, and rendered first aid. He was taken to a private hospital. The injuries, though serious, are not expected to be fatal.

Antonio, an Italian fisherman, was drowned at Terahiti on May 5th. He was assisting to lift nets into a boat, when the latter struck a rock, and Antonio was thrown into the water and drowned. A companion swam ashore.

The body of an elderly man named Edward Langton was found in Manukau Harbour on May 8th. His coat and hat were found on the Onelunga wharf.

A man named Turley died in Christchurch hospital on Sunday last as a result of injuries received through falling out of a trap the previous morning.

James McKeaney, a miner, aged 37, residing at Lawrence, fell from the platform of a moving train near Dunedin railway station on Saturday last. He sustained a fractured skull, and his condition is critical.

A man named Ernest John Burke, aged about 35, formerly at Reefton, was found in a dying condition in a stable-yard at Westport, and died shortly after. His face was badly cut about, and one eye was destroyed. Later information suggests that some serious charges may arise over the affair. Three men are at present in custody, and the police are making inquiries as to their whereabouts on the night of Burke's death.

Mr. Michael Kirby, of Hastings, a married man, aged 38, died in the hospital while under chloroform. In falling over a doorstep on Saturday, he fractured both bones of his left leg, and was brought into Napier for treatment. Dr. W. W. Moore and Dr. Brett administered chloroform, and while Kirby was under the influence of the anaesthetic, he collapsed, and despite the efforts of the doctors he failed to rally.

COMMONWEALTH.

The death is announced of Mr C. C. Kingston, ex-Federal Minister of Customs.

An old pioneer colonist named Costello died at Goulburn on May 8 at the age of 117 years.

The death is announced of Mr. J. H. Young, a former Minister of the Crown and late Speaker.

The Board of Enquiry into the Murrumbidgee accident has found that two of the officials were guilty of gross negligence.

The death is announced of Mr. C. B. Fisher, aged 90, the father of the Australian turf.

A member of the Clerks' Union states that 90 per cent of the warehouses in Sydney sweat their clerks and evade the early closing law.

A coal train ran into a coach at Belambi. The coach was smashed to atoms, and the driver, Bennett, was killed, while two passengers were seriously injured and eleven slightly.

A fire gutted Campbell and Co.'s furniture warehouse, running from Clarence to Kent streets, Sydney, on May 4th. The stock destroyed is valued at £20,000, covered by insurance.

The fall of a crane caused the collapse of the roof of a building being erected at Ultimo, N.S.W., and a dozen men were buried in the ruins. Six were injured, and taken to the hospital, but none seriously.

The Premiers' Conference resolved that the providing of more lighthouses on the Australian and Tasmanian coasts was a matter of urgent pressing necessity, and the Federal Government was asked to take definite action in the matter.

The Underwriters' Association has been advised that the four-masted barque Italia, 3109 tons, bound from Newcastle (March 17) to Liqueur, with a cargo of coal, has been wrecked near Valpariso.

The Rev. Macaulay Waverley was elected Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly. In an address he stated that he had realised that Socialism was a movement that had come to stay, and that it was a cause to be reckoned with. The duty of the Church was not to stand aloof, but rather to try to influence this movement and shape its destinies.

Earthquake in Tasmania.

A severe earthquake has been felt at Zeehan, Gormanston, and Queenstown.

At the latter place the shock was most severe. Crockery was shaken from the shelves, and people fled from their houses in terror.

The Pearlberg Disaster.

It is estimated that the number of drowned in the pearling disaster was six whites and one hundred coloured divers.

Forty luggers and three schooners were lost, and the damage is estimated at £40,000.

One Japanese was rescued alive after being in the water for five days, and a Malay was picked up after three days' clinging to a deck-house.

It was at Geoffrey Bay, where most of the luggers were sheltering, when the hurricane burst upon them with terrific fury.

Anchor chains were snapped and the luggers crushed into one another, causing a scene of fearful confusion.

Many of the crews were crushed by the grinding together of the boats, and the screams and cries of the men are described by those on the spot as awful.

A Doctor's Stirring Career.

Dr. Home, of Traralgon, has succumbed to injuries received in a motor accident. He had no eventful career. He enlisted in the Cameron Scouts during the Boer War and was shot through the lungs, making a remarkable recovery. Subsequently he went to China, where he was attacked by bandits and severely wounded in the conflict, the Chinese Government paying £1000 compensation.

Scottish Fishermen for New South Wales.

The representatives of 5000 Scottish fishermen are inspecting the New South Wales fisheries. One of the delegates expressed the opinion that he has seen sufficient to convince him that there was an unlimited supply of fish on the coast, and millions of tons of fish could be converted into fertilisers, giving employment to 1500 men. A big canning export trade could also be established. It was expected that a large emigration of Scottish fishermen will follow the report of the delegates.

The Braybrook Disaster.

Professor Kernol's report on the brakes of the Bendigo train states that they were feeble and most unsatisfactory. Driver Milburn's report, now published, states that he applied the brakes but they failed. He then reversed the engine, but the train rushed past the home signal and crashed into the Ballarat train.

Socialists and Religion.

A delegate who visited Broken Hill gave the Presbyterian Assembly a lurid picture of the irreligious condition of Broken Hill. There the forces, he says, are organised against Christianity as in no other city in the Commonwealth. They had an aggressive and almost triumphant Socialism, that made a scorn of sacred things. Children were gathered into schools on Monday and taught to beware of church and ministers, while meetings of the Labour Unions were held on Sundays. The statement is indignantly refuted by heads of the Anglican, Catholic, and Methodist churches.

The Standard Oil Company at Work.

A stormy scene took place in the Federal House of Representatives during a discussion on the ferrous duties. Sir William Lyne interjected: I am told there is no use in going on because the Standard Oil Company have members in their bag. Mr. Reid (Leader of the Opposition), rising to a point of order, characterised this as a slanderous statement. It was a scandalous thing to say. It was giving currency to the infamous slander uttered outside the House that a member could be bought in connection with the tariff. It was most abominable that the greatest slander ever cast on members should come from a Minister of the Crown. Sir Wm. Lyne interjected: I say deliberately that the message has been brought to me. Amidst a storm of dissent Sir William added that the company had been to every member, and had tried to get a promise. The company had got a list of members who had promised their support. "So much has been said about this outside," he went on, "that I turned a representative of the company out of my office. It is a scandal that men should be sent from America to force the matter through. I cast no imputation on members, but we have had quite enough of this from America."

Asked how members were influenced, Sir Wm. Lyne said "by persuasion." He did not know that a member was bribed. The noisy scene continued for a considerable time, members hotly attacking Sir Wm. Lyne and denying being approached by the Standard Oil Company. Eventually Sir Wm. Lyne withdrew the charge unreservedly. Pressed to give the name of his informant he stated that the information came from one of his colleagues.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

Mr James Alexander Campbell, P.C., a brother of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has died, aged 83 years. Owing to dullness of business two hundred brokers have retired from the London Stock Exchange.

In the House of Commons Mr. Lloyd George's Port of London Bill was read a second time without division.

There is a recrudescence of cattle-driving and agrarian lawlessness in Ireland.

British imports during April decreased by £9,682,732, and exports decreased £2,711,528; re-exports decreased £2,895,070 as compared with the previous April.

The Earl of Dudley (who is to succeed Lord Northcote as Governor-General of Australia) has accepted the vice-presidency of the Navy League.

Birmingham gunmakers assert that Australia is being made a dumping-ground for cheap Belgian and American guns.

Mr. Bertram MacKenna received one thousand guineas for his "Diana" and a similar price was paid for Mr. Parker's "Ariadne," both of which were purchased by the Chantry bequest.

The late Mr. Henry L. Bischoffheim, a well-known London financier and philanthropist, besides much settled property, left a net personal estate of £1,573,000.

Sir John Brunner, M.P., speaking to his constituents at Norwich, advocated nationalisation of railways, canals, and mineral resources, and a liberal borrowing for the purpose of carrying out national works.

Mr. A. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has informed Mr. John Brownlee Lonsdale, M.P., Hon. Sec. of the Irish Unionist party, that Sir J. B. Dougherty succeeds Sir Anthony Patrick MacDonnell as Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

The London County Council and the majority of the educational authorities have agreed to carry into effect the proposal of the Imperial Education Conference, held in London in May and June of last year, concerning the interchange of teachers between the Motherland and the colonies.

The British Broken Hill Company shows a profit for the year of £46,701. The directors' recommendation that no dividend be declared, as it is essential that the company's financial strength be maintained to meet the requirements of new plant, and the expenses of maintenance, and development and contributions to the water supply scheme.

Tennis in England.

A. W. Gore beat A. Wilding, the New Zealander, in the covered court singles championship 4-6, 8-6, 6-0, 8-6. Wilding and Miss Smith beat Ritchie and Miss Green in the combined doubles championship 6-1, 1-6, 6-3.

The Licensing Bill.

The House of Commons rejected the Opposition's amendment, moved by Mr. G. Cave (Conservative member for the Kingston Division of Surrey), urging the House not to proceed with the measure, which was not promoted in the interests of temperance and violated the principles of equity, by a majority of 250 votes.

The bill was then read a second time by 394 votes to 198, and referred to "Committee of the Whole."

The Government's majority in favour of the Licensing Bill was composed of 333 Liberals, 31 Labour members, three Nationalists, and seven Unionists.

Many Liberals who voted for the second reading openly declare that they hope the Lords will reject the measure, unless drastic amendments are made in committee.

The Budget and Old Age Pensions.

Mr. H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister, introduced the Budget, which he had prepared as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on May 7th.

The estimated expenditure is £152,880,000 and revenue £157,770,000.

Mr. Asquith appropriates the realised surplus of receipts over expenditure last year of £4,770,000 chiefly for old age pensions.

The payments begin when the recipient has reached the age of 70 years, at

£20 per annum, the combined pension for married couples being £30.

In the new tables the duty on sugar is reduced one-half.

In delivering his Budget, Mr. Asquith said that the Treasury, and not the local authorities must pay the cost of old age pensions. Some discrimination was essential. It was proposed to exempt aliens and lunatics.

Those of 70 years of age and upwards, not actually in receipt of poor law relief, and undisqualified by recent conviction for serious crime or by possession of an income of £26 per annum or upwards, or, in the case of married couples, of £30, should be entitled next January to 5/- a week, except married couples living together, where both would be entitled to a pension. In that case, a joint pension of 7/6 would be given.

It was assumed that the pensioners would not exceed half a million, and the maximum cost £6,000,000.

The cost of the pensions from January to March would be £1,200,000.

The revenue for the past year had been £156,538,000, of which the income tax had yielded £1,180,000 above the estimate.

The national debt had been reduced by £18,050,000, and by the end of 1908 it would be reduced to £696,000,000, the same figure as in 1888. Under his predecessor, the reduction had been at the rate of £9,000,000 a year, and under the present Government £15,500,000. The reduction in the interest on the debt amounted to nearly 1 1/2 million a year, all done out of taxation. The time was now approaching to slacken the reduction and relieve the tax-payer.

It was proposed to reduce the duty on sugar by one-half, which would cost the revenue £3,400,000 a year.

No new taxation proposals were introduced.

The usual resolutions were agreed to except the income tax resolution, which will be discussed later.

Imperial Journalism.

The "Standard" announces the issue of a weekly supplement entitled "The Standard of the Empire," to be distributed gratis in Thursday's issues of the "Standard," containing cable and other news of all sorts from the colonies, supplied by the Agents-General and special writers.

It is not officially stated, but is believed to be correct, that the "Standard" receives a heavy subvention from Canada and a smaller subvention from the Commonwealth for this service.

This is considered to be a most unusual circumstance in English journalism.

Dundee Election.

The Dundee election, which was necessitated by the elevation of Mr. Edmund Robertson to the peerage, and which took place on May 9th, resulted in a victory for Mr. Winston Churchill (President of the Board of Trade) by a majority of 270.

The voting was as follows:--

Mr Churchill (L.)	7079
Sir G. W. Baxter (U.)	4370
Mr Sturt (Lab.)	4104
Mr Scrymgeour (Prohib.)	655

The voting at the last general election was as follows:—Mr Robertson (Liberal), 9276; Mr Wilkie (Labour), 6833; M. H. Robson (Liberal), 6122; Mr Shackleton (Unionist), 3865; Mr A. D. Smith (Unionist), 3183.

Wolverhampton Election.

The by-election for the Wolverhampton East seat, rendered vacant by Sir Henry Fowler's acceptance of a peerage, took place today, the polling resulting as follows:—

Mr. G. Thorne (L.)	4514
Mr. L. S. Amery (U.)	4596

Majority for Thorne 8

At the last general election the voting was: Sir Henry Fowler (L.), 5610; Mr. L. S. Amery (U.), 2745.

Pacific Cable Losses.

Lieutenant-Colonel Seely, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, replying to Mr. C. W. Rollins, M.P. for King's Lynn, stated that the estimated loss on the Pacific cable for the current year was £69,000.

The Imperial Government, he added, did not propose re-laying the line in order to touch at Honolulu unless the colonial parties in the scheme suggest it.

The loss on the Pacific cable is being reduced at a satisfactory rate. At present the route is from Banfield, near Vancouver, direct to Fanning Island, Honolulu being cut out in order to make the line "all red."

The New Hebrides.

In the House of Commons, Lieutenant-Colonel Seely (the new Under-Secretary for the Colonies) stated, in reply to a question, that owing to the exceptional nature of the qualification desirable, there was some difficulty in finding a suitable candidate for the post of British member of the Joint Court for the New Hebrides, but he hoped that someone would be selected early.

The Under-Secretary added that the Court could not commence its functions until the buildings were completed, and that would not be till autumn.

A Secularist Peer.

In taking his seat in the House of Lords, Viscount Morley, instead of taking the usual oath of allegiance, made an affirmation.

Although a not uncommon proceeding in the representative chamber this was the first time an affirmation was made in the House of Lords.

The affirmation was read somewhat inaudibly, and, it was supposed, from the galleries, that Lord Morley had taken the usual oath.

Serious Charge Against T. C. Kerry

Mr. Meakin, solicitor, is suing Mr. T. Caradoc Kerry for £10,000 for alleged false representations respecting certain guano islands in the South Atlantic, to acquire Mr. Kerry's interests in which a company with a capital of £100,000 was recently formed.

Mr. Meakin states that he gave Kerry £6000 in cash, and alleges that he expended £5000 in promoting the company on Kerry's representation that the guano deposits were valuable, whereas they were afterwards shown to be so valueless that the subscriptions were returned to shareholders.

Action Against "The Times."

The action John Murray, publisher, versus "The Times," has begun before the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice for alleged libel contained in letters signed "Artifex," first of which appeared on 19th October, dealing with the cost of producing the letters of Queen Victoria.

Mr. Murray, in his evidence, gave details of the enormous cost of producing the book, and stated that on the first edition of 10,000 copies his profit was 2/3d per copy.

The "Times" defence in the Murray libel case is that the comment was fair, with no malice against Mr. Murray.

Plaintiff was awarded £7500 damages. Stay of execution was granted on the ground that the damages were excessive.

EUROPE.

The Sultan of Turkey has purchased the famous Blue Hope Diamond in Paris for £80,000.

The Kaiser has ordered the prosecution of a German officer suspected of complicity in the theft of the marriage lines of the Emperor of China.

Miss E. Girardin, niece of Vera Gould, the Monaco murderess, has died in the hospital at Monaco as the result of a decline caused by her grief at the terrible crime of her relatives.

At the Antwerp sales 3228 bales of La Plata wool were offered and 948 were sold. The market was inanimate, moreover, as compared with March, showing a fall of 15 to 20 per cent. fine cross-breds 15 per cent, and coarse up to 25 per cent.

King Alfonso, on the first anniversary of the birth of the heir to the throne, pardoned three prisoners, Nakera, Barra, and Mula, under going imprisonment for attempting to assassinate himself and the Queen when they were returning to the Palace on their wedding day, in May, 1900.

Russian Ferry Disaster.

A ferry boat, containing one hundred and fifty Russian peasants, who were returning from church, capsized in the River Dnieper, near Kioff.

Only thirty of the passengers reached the banks of the river, one hundred and twenty being drowned.

Socialism in France.

Collectivist and Socialist candidates for re-election to the French municipal councils experienced numerous defeats.

Though the Socialists were re-elected in Paris their former majorities were diminished.

Etna in Eruption.

A series of earthquake shocks caused a panic among the residents of the villages in the vicinity of the active volcano Etna.

Several houses in the village of Santa Verona were damaged, but no very serious losses were occasioned.

A Prince's Amusement.

The "Vossische Zeitung" states that the Crown Prince of Serbia was amusing himself by shooting the ash of a lighted cigarette held in a soldier's mouth when he missed his aim and shot the smoker through the head, killing him instantly.

With brutal callousness the body was placed in a coffin and, without a word of remark or explanation, was sent to the residence of the dead soldier's parents.

The father, on opening the coffin, was horrified to find therein the body of his son, this being the first intimation he received of the tragedy.

Fires in Berlin.

Two hundred incendiary fires have occurred in Berlin since February last, and the number is still being added to.

The police have tried by every means to discover the criminals, but have failed at each attempt, and are now at their wits' end.

They are watching some 7000 houses.

German Enterprise.

The Reichstag has read a third time the Bill providing for the expenditure of £7,500,000 in the construction of 900 miles of additional railways in Germany's African colonies.

The Bill authorising the payment of a grant of £11,500 to the North-German Lloyd's for the steamship line from Australia to Japan, via island ports, has also been read a third time.

The steamer Boverie, bound from Astoria to Sydney, struck an unknown object, and has had to put into San Francisco. The steamer will have to discharge her cargo and go into dock for repairs.

Austrian Emperor's Diamond Jubilee.

The Kaiser, the Kings of Saxony and Wurttemberg, and many German princes journeyed to Vienna and congratulated the Emperor Francis Josef of Austria-Hungary upon the celebration of his diamond jubilee. The event was marked by popular rejoicing, choral and other festivities, King Victor Emanuel of Italy and other sovereigns and heads of States sent special messages to the Emperor.

ASIA.

General Willecocks allowed the Mohmand tribes until Sunday to consider the terms of surrender offered by the British. As these have not been accepted, the campaign will be renewed.

Unrest in Persia.

The Persian Cabinet, owing to its inability to pay officials and soldiers the arrears of wages owing to them, has resigned.

The Province of Azerbaijan has declared itself an autonomous State.

An Afghan War.

"The Times" says that an unofficial war with Afghanistan has been practically proceeding since the first attack upon Landi Kotal, the northern end of

the Khyber Pass, which commenced on Friday last.

The enemy in the field in this division is composed of Afghan militia levies, these being the first reserves of the regular army.

The prompt occupation of the Khyber Pass will probably lead to the retirement of the Afghans, but there is no guarantee that their tactics will not be repeated.

Reuter's Simla correspondent reports that on Sunday week an Afghan body, numbering from 13,000 to 20,000, crossed the border, and on Friday night divided, the larger and better-armed portion going to Landi Kotal, and the other, under Sufio Sukik, going to the Upper Bazar Valley.

The enemy on Saturday night made determined efforts to capture the Michni Bandach blockhouse, and heavy firing took place till morning, a detachment of the Khaibar Rifles eventually repelling them, after inflicting some loss.

The Afghans withdrew south, via Landi Khana road.

The Zakka Khel elders came to Landi Kotal, and offered their services to Colonel Roos Keppel.

Major-General Willecocks is now at Landi Kotal, with Colonel Ramsay's brigade from Jaurrod, besides eight guns and a squadron of cavalry.

The forces that have been operating against the Mohmands and Pathans have been withdrawn from the Molmand country, and deflected to meet emergencies in the Khyber Pass.

Major-General Willecocks has now 25,000 British and native troops under his control on the Afghan frontier.

During the fighting in the neighbourhood of Landi Kotal, Khyber Pass, on Monday the Fortieth Pathans, with a great dash, carried the strongly held high crest of a hill commanding the British blockhouse, forcing back the enemy by an impetuous and determined charge.

Having occupied this position the Pathans, in conjunction with the Royal Munster Fusiliers, captured a series of ridges leading to Kargala village, where the severest fighting took place.

During the fight the tribesmen lost 300 killed and as many wounded between Shahkadar and Landi Kotal.

The result of Monday's fight has discredited Sufi Sahib in his efforts to rouse the Afridis. He and his followers have returned to Afghanistan.

The fight showed that the Afghans were quite unable to face the artillery, and their final retreat was precipitate.

A shell killed three Mullahs hiding in a ravine.

The troops mobilised on the north-west frontier of India comprise 31 battalions of infantry and 15 squadrons of cavalry, with 64 guns.

The battery of artillery is returning to Peshawar.

It is understood at Simla that the British are evacuating Khyber Pass under orders from England. The decision is much discussed in Simla.

It transpires that early in March the Afghan authorities on the frontier informed the Amer that they had inadequate forces.

Afghans are joining the Mohmands, 500 out of 1500 militia deserting with arms and ammunition.

Some of the Afghan contingents who attacked Khyber Pass came from Tezin, 35 miles from Kabul.

Major-General Willecocks returns to Peshawar to-day. The forces are retiring on Abinsejid and Peshawar.

Two mountain guns are to remain at Landi Kotal.

Seditious Plot in India.

In connection with the Muzaffarpur outrage, cartloads of bombs, electrical appliances, and anarchist literature have been seized in Calcutta.

The prisoners include a chemist, recently sent to Paris to study the latest methods of terrorism.

The worst class of the vernacular Press and the speeches of extremist leaders are responsible for the anarchist tendencies of a section of the populace.

A widespread organisation, well supplied with funds, has been discovered.

The police declare that bombs are being manufactured in several centres in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the "Daily Express" states that an unconfirmed report is circulated to the effect that the documents seized in the raid on the bomb factory in Calcutta on Saturday reveal a plot to kill Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, and other high officials.

Of thirty natives arrested in Calcutta

several have confessed to participation in the attempt to wreck the train conveying Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, on December 7, and in the bomb outrages at Chandernagore.

They have also admitted that attempts were to be made on the lives of the Viceroy (Earl Minto), Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, while assassination of other firm and energetic officials was also under consideration.

In connection with the bomb outrage, the 30 natives arrested in Calcutta have been committed for trial, not being allowed bail.

Ulash Dutt, son of a professor of the Engineering College at Sibpur, has confessed that he and a chemist named Kem made the bombs.

The prisoners include Arabindo Ghose, a native editor, previously charged with sedition.

One of the prisoners admitted that but for the police raid the series of outrages planned against the Government would have been executed.

The "Daily Mail" reports that the conspiracy to murder Lord Minto (the Viceroy) and Lord Kitchener (Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India), and raise a rebellion, has as its instigators the Maharatta Brahmins, whose headquarters at Poona have been found, the Bengalis supplying weapons.

The "Daily Telegraph's" Allahabad correspondent states that the police have discovered a quantity of literature showing that the scheme was thoroughly organised. The headquarters are described as a college, with divisions mapped throughout India. It was intended that each of the divisions should send to this college two men to be instructed in the manufacture of bombs, and in general revolutionary measures.

AFRICA.**Outrage in the Soudan.**

A fanatic, claiming to be Sayyidna Isa, and 150 Dervishes, murdered Mr. Scott Moncrieff and the Egyptian police commandant, who was with him.

Major E. A. Dickinson, Governor of the Blue Nile Province, on receipt of the news, immediately started for the scene. Part of his force was attacked, but the Dervishes were repulsed, 35 of them being slain.

Two native officers were killed in the encounter, and Major Logan and a native officer severely wounded. Major Dickinson was slightly wounded.

The Natal Defence Committee recommends the compulsory service of white men in the militia between the ages of 19 and 21, thus providing a trained force of 6000 men.

Raiders shot and killed Major Henry George-Smith, officer in command of one of the Egyptian camel corps, while he was searching for strayed camels in the vicinity of Abinsejid, Upper Egypt.

Aliens in Natal.

Bills have been introduced into the Natal Assembly to provide that no indentured Indians will be permitted to land after June, 1911.

No new trading licenses will be issued to Indians after this year, and no license to trade may be held by an Indian after 1918.

AMERICA.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has introduced into the Canadian Parliament a bill subsidising the construction of the railway from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay.

The Senate of the United States has ratified the treaty providing for a joint commission to examine the recent surveys and fix the frontier line between Canada and the United States.

The Peter Rickmers, a large sailing vessel, has been wrecked at Long Island, has been wrecked at Long Island. The crew of one hundred were rescued by means of a land line, after a time of imminent peril.

A fire which broke out in Atlanta, Georgia, on Saturday destroyed six blocks of buildings in the business quarter of the city, including two large hotels.

Before the conflagration was extinguished damage to the extent of a quarter of a million sterling was suffered.

Canada and the United States.

Governor Johnson, Governor of the State of Minnesota, and one of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, declares that Americans must obliterate the imaginary line between the United States and the Canadian States.

This spreadeagleism meets with small response, except in Minnesota, Michigan, and Dakota, three of the States bordering Canada.

Matrimony and Murder.

After a fire on a farm at Laporte, Indiana, four bodies, at first believed to be those of the occupier, Mrs. Belle Guinness, and her children, were discovered incinerated.

Suspicion resting on a farm hand named Lamphere, he was arrested and charged with murdering the family.

Since his arrest, however, nine additional bodies have been found roughly buried near the house, all apparently having been murdered.

The police now believe that Mrs. Guinness escaped to Chicago after killing a strange woman and her children and burning their bodies. The body of the woman was decapitated, evidently to prevent identification.

The other corpses are believed to include those of applicants lured to the house in response to Mrs. Guinness' matrimonial agency advertisements.

Having gone to the house, the applicants were, it is believed, robbed and murdered and the insurance money collected.

Mrs. Guinness' first husband is believed to have been poisoned, and there are indications that her second was murdered with a butcher's cleaver.

Mrs. Belle Guinness, on whose farm at Laporte, Indiana, a number of decapitated bodies were found, after the house had been destroyed by fire, and who fled to Chicago, is a handsome woman, forty-eight years of age, and is possessed of extraordinary strength.

Thirteen bodies have already been exhumed on her farm, buried with chloride of lime, and it is expected that more will be found.

The police suspect that Mrs. Guinness is a master "fence," or receiver of the bodies of victims assassinated by a Chicago murder gang.

The bodies were all dismembered, apparently by an expert.

Bessie Wallace, a pretty girl of 28, has been arrested on suspicion of being the decoy in connection with Mrs. Guinness' seductive matrimonial advertisements.

The police believe that they are on the track of one of the greatest murder syndicates of the age.

Five big trunks were recently delivered on the farm from Chicago, and placed in a secret room in the basement which was only opened by Mrs. Guinness.

American and Japan.

The United States and Japan have signed an arbitration treaty similar to those accepted with other countries.

The newspapers in New York and Tokio interpret this to mean that all differences between the two countries have now been settled.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr S. Carnell, a former representative of Hawke's Bay, will be a candidate for Napier at the general election.

Mrs E. A. Reynolds, Wanganni-avenue, Ponsonby, has returned from a three-months' trip to Australia.

Lord and Lady Plunket and staff left on Saturday for Kawau, where they will spend a week.

Major Head, the newly-appointed Director of Artillery for New Zealand, is to arrive in Wellington by the Athenion on May 15.

Mr. F. J. Burgess, the new Stipendiary Magistrate for Hauraki district, was publicly welcomed by the bar on taking his seat for the first time at Waiti last week.

Dr. Chapple, of Wellington, and Mr. A. Fraser, of Lawrence, are announced as candidates for the Teapeka seat. The latter contested the seat in 1890.

Mr. J. Vigor Brown, Mayor of Napier, has consented to contest the borough seat at the general election, in the Government interest.

Out of 60 applicants, Mr. Wm. Barber McEwan, of Westland, has been appointed librarian of the Carnegie Library, at Dunedin.

Lord Ranfurly has been chosen to represent the Dominion of New Zealand at the Canadian Tercentenary celebrations in June next.

Mr. Geo. Gray, of the Christchurch Post Office Savings Bank staff, has resigned his position with the intention of taking up land in the Auckland district.

Mrs. Salmon, of Capetown, who is revisiting New Zealand, has returned to Auckland from Dunedin, where she had been staying for a month.

It is understood that Mr. H. D. Bedford, who contested the Dunedin North seat at the last election, will be a candidate for Taieri in the Government interest at the general election.

On the occasion of his retirement from the Mayoralty of Gisborne, after 18 years of continuous public service, Mr. John Townley is to receive a presentation from friends and admirers.

Dr. Chapple, of Wellington, and Mr. A. Fraser, of Lawrence, are definitely announced as candidates for the Tuapeka seat. The latter contested the seat in 1899.

Sir Wm. J. Steward, M.P. for Waitaki, has been a member for 52 years, during which he has attended 37 sessions, and has not been absent from his seat for more than 24 hours at a time.

A Press Association telegram reports the death at Waipukurau of an old Hawke's Bay resident, Mr. John Merryless, who saw active service in connection with the pursuit of Te Kooti.

Mr. J. Strauchon, late Commissioner of Crown Lands at Wellington, who has been transferred to a similar position in this city, has arrived in Auckland, and taken up his new duties.

Mr. Richardson, for many years chief clerk of the Prisons Department, who will sever his connection with the Civil Service at the end of next month, has left Wellington for Rotorua to undergo a course of treatment for rheumatism.

Mr. J. Campbell, landing waiter of the Customs Department, Auckland, has been transferred to Wellington on promotion. After spending a short holiday at Rotorua, Mr. Campbell leaves for the Empire City to take up his new duties.

The Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) opened a new post office at Greymouth on May 6th, and was presented with a gold key as a memento of the occasion. Sir Joseph and Lady Ward afterwards left for Kumara to attend a social.

At Whangarei, on May 8th, Mr. Malcolm McInnis died, at the ripe age of 81 years. Deceased was well-known as one of the earliest pioneers of the district, and was universally respected as a man of sterling quality and great integrity.

The Hon. G. Fowlds (Minister for Education) arrived at Hastings on May 8th, and opened the new High School. He inspected the Te Aute Native College, and gave a political address at night. Mr. Fowlds was at Napier from Saturday till Tuesday last.

Mr. J. J. Cotter, who has long been connected with the Citizens' Life Assurance Company, has been transferred to Auckland district to fill a position with the new amalgamated company, the Citizens' Life, and Mutual Life, of Australasia.

Mr. E. Noel Barraud, managing director to the firm of Barraud and Abraham, Palmerston North, has resigned that position in order to pursue his studies as an artist. He leaves for Europe shortly on a visit of some years' duration.

The Maoris at Kaikohe, through Mr. Hone Heke, M.P., have presented Sir Robert Stout, chairman of the Native Lands Commission, with a walking stick that was presented by King William IV, in the early thirties, to a Maori chief who was in England. Sir Robert states that he will ultimately hand it over to some public museum.

On May 5th William Shaw, aged 40, a gun digger of Takapuna, was proceeding up Queen-street, Auckland, and when near Messrs Henderson and Barclay's chemist shop, he suddenly fell down. Passers-by carried him into the shop, and Dr Hooper, who was present, attended to him. The unfortunate man was, however, already in a dying condition, and expired a few minutes later.

Mr. Ivor Evans, who for some time has been Auckland manager of the firm of Brisbane and Co., Ltd., is to be transferred to Melbourne, where he will act as managing director. On May 8th he was entertained at a smoke social by the employees of the Auckland branch,

when Mr. W. Markman presented Mr. Evans with a handsome photographic shield.

At the offices of the Citizens' Life Assurance Company on May 6th, Mr. W. Simpson, late superintendent at Auckland, was presented by the staff with a handsome traveling bag and a set of pipes. Mr. F. Coater, on behalf of the staff, made the presentation, and spoke feelingly of the regard in which Mr. Simpson had always been held by the men under his charge. Mr. Simpson leaves immediately on a three months' holiday visit to Whangarei.

Captain Worsp, who formerly was intimately connected with New Zealand maritime circles, died on May 8th at Devonport, after a short illness, at the age of 70 years. Captain Worsp was in the service of the Union Steamship Company, and also with Messrs. Henderson and Macfarlane. When he retired some years ago, he took up land in the Taupiri and Glen Murray districts. He leaves a family of five daughters and two sons.

Mr. H. F. Gibbons, in retiring from the position of Inspector in the head office of the Bank of New Zealand, was the recipient of a presentation from the senior officers of the bank. Mr. Gibbons is joining the firm of Barraud and Abraham, Palmerston North, as managing director. His place on the Bank staff will probably be filled by Mr. G. A. U. Tapper, of the Dunedin office, who has been acting in the position for some months.

Mr. Peter McNab, a son of the late Mr. Peter McNab, of the firm of Messrs. McNab and Mason, was one of the Auckland students who gained a prominent position in the class merits list of the winter sessions, 1907-8, of the Edinburgh University Medical School. Mr. McNab gained a medal and first-class honours in junior practical anatomy, first-class honours in junior physiology, medal and first-class honours in experimental physiology, and second-class honours in practical chemical physiology.

Colonel R. H. Davies, C.M.G., Inspector-General of the New Zealand military forces, has returned to Wellington, after visiting several of the Easter camps of training in New South Wales. During a fortnight's stay in the Commonwealth, Colonel Davies accompanied Major-General Hord on a tour which included inspections of troops in camp near Adelaide (S.A.), at Langwarrin, Queensland, and Ballarat (in Victoria), at Liverpool, Sydney Heads, and the submarine mining depot in New South Wales.

An old veteran has just passed away in the person of Mr. Cahres Butterworth, who was many years a resident of the Thames. He was a corporal in the 68th Durham Light Infantry, and saw a good deal of active service through the Indian Mutiny and serving in the New Zealand War. At one time Mr. Butterworth was the proprietor of the Warwick Arms Hotel. Some time back he was attacked with a serious malady, and he died in the Thames hospital.

This is the way the New York "Sunday Times" sums up our late Governor:—"The Earl of Ranfurly, a descendant of William Penn, who goes to Canada on a visit, has been spoken of as 'one of those men who can plough a field one day and act as Lord-in-waiting on his sovereign the next. He has had a wide experience in colonial life, and was formerly Governor of New Zealand. While he was out there he made himself so popular that his term of office was prolonged by the unanimous wish of the people; and he behaved so kindly to the Maoris that their chiefs elected him to be one of themselves."

The death is announced of Mr. Joseph Petrie, Mayor of Greymouth, who met with a tram accident in Wellington some weeks ago. Deceased was a member of the Greymouth Borough Council continuously since 1875, and was twice Mayor, being re-elected in April unopposed. In 1887 he represented Greymouth district in Parliament. He was an enthusiastic volunteer, and held the post of Captain for many years, being also captain of the fire brigade. Mr. Petrie was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and was born in 1849, arriving on the West Coast in 1865, and for the last 30 years he had been editor and part proprietor of the "Evening Star."

Mr. S. Ziman, of Auckland, the Dominion Rhodes scholar for 1908, was entertained by his coreligionists in Wellington. The Rev. Van Stavoren (Rabbi), and Messrs. M. Myers, F. E. Baume, M.P., and Hislop, Mayor of Wellington, were among those who congratulated Mr. Ziman, Mr. Baume stating that the selec-

tion of a Jew was a source of gratification. No distinction of religion was made by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, but from one portion of the Empire to the other search was made for good men, whether Jew, Protestant, or Catholic. Mr. Ziman, replying, said he hoped he would not disappoint the expectation which had been formed of his career.

A well-known resident of Auckland, Mr. James Michael French, died suddenly on May 4. Mr. French was travelling down Wellesley-street in a tram car when he fainted. He was taken into Mr. Parkes (chemist) and Dr. Gore Gilson was sent for. Though fatal results had not been expected, Mr. French expired before the arrival of the doctor. Deceased was a son of Mr. James French, who was a grocer in Auckland in the early days of the city. Deceased was 55 years of age. He took an active interest in Temperance and Band of Hope work in his earlier years, and was a preacher in some churches. For the last 25 years or so he had been secretary of the Newton School Committee.

The local representative of the Associated Board of R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, (Mr. H. J. Edmondson, Auckland) has just received information from the head office in Wellington that, as the result of the 1907 practical examinations, Mr. Henry W. Norris, violin student of Invercragill, has been awarded one of the exhibitions offered annually to candidates at the Board's examinations in the Dominion. Mr. Norris will receive two years' free course of tuition at the Royal Academy of Music, London. By the same mail information arrived to the effect that the practical examinations for 1908 will be conducted by Thomas F. Dunhill, who is already favourably known throughout New Zealand, having conducted the Board's examinations in 1905-6.

The death occurred at her late residence, Wynyard-street, Auckland, on Sunday last, of Mrs. Martha Fenton, widow of the late Chief Judge Fenton, of the Native Land Court. Mrs. Fenton was born in 1839, and arrived with her parents in New Zealand from Ireland in the following year. After a short residence in Wellington, her father, Mr. W. Connell, entered the Colonial Secretary's office in Auckland, and afterwards was a member of the first provincial council. The deceased married in 1860, the late Judge Fenton, and is survived by four daughters—Mrs. T. Hope Lewis, Mrs. Egerton, Mrs. G. C. Wilkie, and Miss Edith Fenton, together with two sons, Messrs. R. E. and C. H. Fenton, both of the Kaipara. Mrs. Fenton used to relate many interesting reminiscences of the early days of Auckland, and could remember seeing Maori canoes drawn up on the beach where now stands the Bank of New Zealand. The deceased was one of the first members of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, and also one of the original members of the Choral Society.

Mr. J. B. Reid, of the Elderslie Estate, near Oamaru, has been appointed a director of the Bank of New Zealand, vice Mr. F. de C. Malet (resigned).

Sir Joseph Ward visited Reefton on Saturday last, and opened a five-mile and a-half section of the Reefton-Westport railway to Cranston. Speeches were made by the Prime Minister, the Hon. A. R. Guinness, and Messrs. J. Colvin and R. McKenzie, M.P.s. In the evening Sir Joseph delivered a speech at Reefton. Sir Joseph and Lady Ward afterwards went to Westport by motor-car.

The Hon. Jas. McGowan (Minister for Justice and Mines) arrived in Auckland from Rotorua on Saturday, and on Monday opened the new Working Men's Club in Coburg-street, proceeding to Wellington on Tuesday.

LONDON, April 3.

Mrs. Ballance, widow of the late Hon. John Ballance, was a passenger for England from the Kaikoura. She is staying in London for the present, and will spend the summer in this country.

This morning's "Daily Graphic" publishes a photograph of Mr. H. E. Partridge, of Auckland, who is associated with Mr. P. A. Vaile in the endeavour to make the War Office and the English public take up the sub-target rifle machine as an important factor in teaching the young idea how to shoot.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the death, at Shirley, Southampton, on March 27, of Mrs. Martha Ball, aged 70, widow of the late William Alexander Ball, of Woking.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office:—Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Lee (Oamaru), Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Coup (Kaik-

apoi), Mrs. Alex. Fraser (Petone), Miss Vera Jacobson (Ponsonby), Mr. C. J. A. Griffin, M.A. B.Sc. (Auckland).

Mrs. and Miss McAnulty, of Auckland, arrived by the White Star liner Medic on March 18, on a pleasure trip to the Old Country. After a week in London they left for a two months' visit to relatives in Killarney, at the end of which they purpose crossing the Atlantic to visit more relations in Boston and New York. They return to London about September and then leave for New Zealand.

Mr. C. J. A. Griffin, M.A., of Auckland, who arrived in London in September of last year, is taking the London M.B., B.S. course at the University College, Gower-street.

The Shaw-Savill steamer Athenic left London to-day for Wellington, via Plymouth, Capetown and Hobart. She takes the following saloon passengers:—Miss M. Charteris (Lyttelton), Mrs. Chase-Morris, Miss Chase-Morris, Miss G. Chase-Morris, Miss C. Chase-Morris (Wellington), Major H. F. Head, Mrs. Head, Miss L. M. Head, Mr. P. C. Head, Master J. A. Head (Wellington), Mr. S. Thorpe-Lewis (Auckland), Mr. J. Alexander (Wellington), Mr. W. Aspy, junr. (Auckland), Miss A. Atkins, Miss E. Atkins (Lyttelton), Mrs. A. Barbit, Miss L. Barbit (Wellington), Mr. H. Barnicoat (Wellington), Mrs. E. A. Beggs (Wellington), Miss E. Bickford (Wellington), Mr. F. R. Black (Auckland), Mrs. M. Bowman (P. Chalmers), Miss M. Boyes (Wellington), Mr. P. L. Burnand (Wellington), Mr. F. C. Collier, Miss A. D. Collier (Auckland), Mr. and Mrs. I. Dalmer, Master N. Dalmer (Lyttelton), Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Godden (Wellington), Mr. H. Graham (P. Chalmers), Mr. W. Huey (Auckland), Mr. J. Johnston (Oamaru), Mr. N. Kellaway (Auckland), Mr. A. R. Lucas (Wellington), Mr. K. G. McNab-Barran (Gisborne), Miss G. Morrish (Lyttelton), Mr. A. Parsons (Lyttelton), Mr. L. N. Pemberton, Mr. H. L. Pemberton (Auckland), Miss A. Ralph (Wellington), Mrs. A. Redmayne, Mr. N. Redmayne (Lyttelton), Mrs. L. Revere (Wellington), Mr. E. J. Slater (Auckland), Mr. J. R. Spicer (Auckland), Miss A. G. Stewart (Wanganui), Miss M. T. Taylor (New Plymouth), Mr. E. S. Teone (Auckland), Miss M. A. Ward, Mr. J. Ward, Miss J. A. Ward (Wellington), Mr. C. Wilson (Auckland), Mrs. M. E. Willshire (Auckland), Mr. G. Windgram (Lyttelton), Miss J. Young (Wellington), Mr. J. Hall (Lyttelton), Miss G. Harrison (Lyttelton), the English Rugby football team, and 300 third-class passengers.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society has completed the list of the Society's awards for 1906 by designating Lieutenant G. F. A. Mulock, R.N., as the recipient of the Balfour Grant. The distinction is awarded in recognition of the admirable survey and cartographical work performed by Lieutenant Mulock in connection with the National Antarctic Expedition on board the Discovery. One of the Officers lent by the Admiralty for service on the relief ship Morning on her first voyage in 1902-3, he was transferred to the Discovery in her winter quarters in McMurdo Sound, to take the place of Mr. E. H. Shackleton when the latter was invalided home. Having had special training as a surveyor on board His Majesty's ship Triton, he was able to render to use Captain Scott's own words: "invaluable services to the expedition, none of the original staff being expert survey officers. Both in charting the data collected during the first year of the expedition's explorations and in securing observations during the year which he himself passed in the Antarctic, Lieutenant Mulock proved an indefatigable worker, and it was he who constructed the maps published with Captain Scott's monumental account of the expedition."

Miss Jessie Ackermann, who recently visited New Zealand in her capacity as organising president of the Girls' Guild of Service, has just returned to London. To an interviewer she confided these enthusiastic impressions of New Zealand:—"In New Zealand I found the people very progressive also. There they think they have solved many problems, and the changes I find after fifteen years are simply tremendous. But it is impossible to pronounce judgment, for everything is still at a very experimental stage. But I say this, that, if I wanted a permanent home to live and die in outside America, my native country, I should go to New Zealand, because there is so much less apparent poverty. The people are much better fed, clad, and housed than the masses of any other country in the world, and it seems less a crime to be comfortable in New Zealand than where you are in the midst of appalling poverty."

T. C. Kerry's Guano Project

LONDON, April 3.

A few weeks ago I sent you details of the company formed to acquire from T. C. Kerry, the erstwhile Auckland, of "Ariadne" and "Pandora" fame, the rights obtained by him from the Colonial Office to take away the guano deposits on three small islands near Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean. The prospectus stated that the guano deposits were "almost inexhaustible and very valuable." It was mentioned that a whaler had sold for £40,000 a quantity of seals taken on these islands "averaging about £5 per skin." It was estimated that the company would make a net profit of £300,000 per annum out of guano alone.

The weekly paper, "John Bull," promptly challenged the bona fides of these statements. "The guano deposits," it said, "are commercially worthless." The Cape Colony Government had samples brought over and analysed, but they showed no value. A Capetown merchant went over the islands last year, hoping to be able to do something with the deposits so as to help the Tristan da Cunha islanders. He came away satisfied that the deposits have no commercial value. Messrs. Bensusan and Co. shipped a cargo from Gough (one of the three islands referred to.) Ask them what came of it. As stated in our issue of April 20th last, a Liverpool firm offered Mr. Kerry £38,000 for his license if their expert confirmed his statements as to the quality of the guano—they paying all expenses. Mr. Kerry declined. As to the seals, it is untrue that Mr. Kerry's license allows him to kill them. That license gives him rights over the guano and nothing else. If he begins killing the seals he will have to reckon with a gun-boat. Instructions have been issued that the seals are to be strictly preserved. Those who drew up this prospectus must have been misled as to the value of the license, for which the company is to pay £75,000. Those of our readers who applied for shares upon the strength of the prospectus statements should cancel their application.

Since the publication of this paragraph it has been announced by "John Bull" that the directors have decided to return the money subscribed by the public. They have not abandoned the hope of working the guano deposits in the islands named, but before they go further, and ask the public for fresh support, they propose to send out a commission to ascertain the facts as to the guano deposits and the seal fishing. They will make arrangements for bringing home samples of the guano taken, not merely from a cave or two, but from the open, and until they are satisfied that the guano represented by these samples is commercially valuable, they will mark time.

In this connection "John Bull" has received a letter from Captain Augustus Kent, who was in command of the Pandora when she went to Inaccessible with the object of getting samples for the purpose of analysis. Captain Kent tells us that the schooner only touched at one island, namely, Inaccessible, "of this," he writes, "I am in my mind certain that the guano without being made," by which we presume he means doctored, "is no use." Moreover, he says that "the islands are covered with tussock grass, so that any deposits would be difficult to collect." And as to the difficulties of loading, he writes: "Landing and loading are almost impossible."

The cables have since informed us that Mr. Kerry is being sued in connection with the flotation.

With American beef, pork, and mutton barred from her markets, Germany is becoming a rival of France in the consumption of horse flesh as food. Most German cities, especially the large manufacturing towns, now possess markets for the sale of horse meat, and dog meat is not unknown. Indeed, advertisements for dogs to be slaughtered are frequently published in the newspapers. Government statistics show that in 1906 upward of 182,000 horses and about 7,000 dogs were killed in Germany for food. The rapid increase in the number of horses consumed is accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the consumption of beef and mutton, and is attributed to the higher cost of the latter foods.

SHARE LIST.

COMPANY.	Capital Paid up.	Reserves & Undivided Profits.	Paid up per Share.	Liability per Share.	Sellers.	Buyers.	Last Sale.
BANKS -							
1 New Zealand (Guaranteed Stock)	1,000,000	190 0	..	188 0
2 National (Government Pref. Stock)	500,000	281,675	3 5 8	3 5 8	106 5	105 6	..
3 New South Wales	375,000	335,318	2 10 0	6 0 0
4 Union of Australia	2,500,000	1,561,645	23 0 0	Double
	1,500,000	1,201,030	25 0 0	50 0 0
INSURANCE -							
5 New Zealand Limited	300,000	395,674	2 0 0	8 0 0	76 0	75 6	75 0
6 National	103,000	243,539	0 10 0	Unlimited	..	27 6	..
7 South British	100,000	474,912	0 10 0	440 0	59 0
8 Standard	70,033	87,353	0 15 0	Unlimited	23 6	22 3	..
FINANCE -							
9 Dakoty and Co.	1,000,000	293,123	5 0 0	15 0 0
10 New Zealand Loan and Mercantile	135,222	157,000	0 10 0	8 10 0
11 National Mortgage	200,000	112,521	0 10 0
12 New Zealand and River Plate	300,000	255,239	1 0 0	..	33 6	31 6	..
GAS -							
14 Auckland I.	180,370	83,462	5 0 0	Nil	305 0	302 6	..
15 Thames	18,265	2,400	1 18 0	0 12 0
16 Gisborne	17,100	10,551	1 0 0	Nil	52 0
17 Napier	49,957	23,183	10 0 0	Nil
18 Wellington	124,570	71,793	5 0 0	5 0 0
19 Christchurch	160,000	63,917	6 0 0	Nil
20 Otago	7,000	413	1 0 0	Nil
21 Palmerston	27,000	11,032	4 10 0	0 10 0
22 New Plymouth	18,000	3,159	5 0 0	Nil	170 0
23 Hamilton	7,014	1,312	1 0 0	Nil
24 Whangarei	6,286	230,119	1 0 0	Nil
25 Pahiatua	7,000	88,194	1 0 0	Nil
26 Hironhead	8,321	161	1 0 0	Nil	26 6	25 6	..
SHIPPING -							
27 Devonport Ferry	35,167	7,647	1 0 0	Nil	32 0	31 0	31 6
28 New Zealand Shipping	124,016	35,140	0 14 6	Nil	18 0
29 Northern Steamship	Contributing	..	0 7 0	0 7 6	..	8 3	..
30 Union Steamship	800,000	331,916	1 0 0	Nil	35 6	..	34 0
COAL -							
31 Hikurangi	11,250	6,772	0 7 6	0 2 6	..	9 0	8 6
32 Taupiri Mines	85,000	6,812	1 0 0	Nil	20 0	..	19 6
33 Westport	200,000	127,431	3 10 0	1 10 0	142 6	139 6	141 0
34 Westport Stockton	80,000	..	0 5 0	0 4 0	10 6
35 Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	28,500	2,852	0 10 0	Nil
36 Drury Coal Co., Limited	17,500	..	0 10 0	Nil	16 2	15 9	15 6
	Ord. D. Pref.	..	1 0 0	Nil	4 6
	1 0 0	Nil	21 0
TIMBER -							
37 Kauri Timber	535,000	73,243	1 13 0	Nil
38 Loyland-O'Brien Timber Co.	35,000	37,751	0 15 0	0 19 0	11 9	..	11 6
39 Matahara Timber Co., Ltd.	75,000	6,192	1 0 0	Nil	44 6
40 Matahara Timber Co., Limited	15,000	1,237	0 13 0	0 0 0	24 0
41 New Plymouth Sash & Door Co., Paid Contrib.	22,000	6,750	5 0 0	Nil
42 Parker-Lamb	8,000	8,620	2 0 0	3 0 0	170 0
	1 0 0	Nil	26 6
WOOLLEN -							
43 Wellington	80,000	24,353	4 0 0	1 0 0
44 Kaiaapoi	100,000	33,854	5 0 0	Nil	..	60 0	..
45 Mosgiel	83,357	17,152	3 10 0	1 10 0
MISCELLANEOUS -							
45 Auckland Electric Tramways Co., Limited.	50,000	..	1 0 0	Nil	24 6	..	24 0
Do. do. Ordinary.	300,000	10,550/74	1 0 0	Nil	21 9	24 0	24 0
Do. do. Debentures.	285,100
47 New Zealand Drug	155,630	20,825	2 0 0	Nil
49 Starland & Co., Limited	46,676	9,351/0/6	1 0 0	Nil
43 Northern Boot	10,000	1,595	0 16 0	0 4 0
50 Union Oil	25,285	3,010	0 18 0	0 5 0	..	21 6	..
51 Colonial Sugar	1,133,500	423,415	20 0 0	Nil
52 Tossan Garbick	37,933	2,377	1 0 0	Nil	19 6	19 0	..
53 F.S.C.	45,000	11,534	0 8 0	0 2 0	5 8	5 3	..
51 New Zealand Paper Mills	20,000	1,117	1 0 0	Nil	23 6	23 0	23 3
54 Milne & Coyle, Limited	20,000	318/12/3	1 0 0	Nil	..	22 0	23 6
56 H. M. Arcade & Theatre Co., Limited	35,000	..	1 0 0	Nil	20 6	19 6	..
Ord. Pref.	13 0	12 7	..
57 Wiseman & Sons, Limited	25,767	1,572	1 0 0	Nil	12 11	12 7	..
Ord. Pref.	20 0	18 0	..
53 A. J. E. African & Co., Limited	35,000	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
Ord. Pref. B
59 N.Z. Portland Cement Co., Ltd.	40,000	2,211	1 0 0	Nil	23 0	..	27 6
60 Wilson's Portland Cement Co., Ltd.	55,776	2,139	1 0 0	Nil	48 6	47 6	47 9
Ord. Pref.	99 6	48 0	49 0
61 Grey & Mezzies	13,112/0/0	..	0 10 0	Nil	9 0
Ord. Pref. C	11 0	..	11 0
62 Hill & Plummer, Ltd.	23,185	2,000	1 0 0	Nil	21 0
DEBENTURES -							
65 New Zealand Government, 4% 1915
64 City of Auckland, 4%
65 Parrish Borough, 5%
66 Devonport Waterworks, 5%
67 Auckland Harbour Board, 4%
68 Auckland Harbour Board, 4%
69 Auckland Gas, 5% 450 Debentures

Ex Dividend. Including Bonus.

MINING.

COMPANY.	SHARES.	SELLERS.	BUYERS.	LAST SALES.
Blackwater Mines	250,000, £1	24 0	23 0	21 8
Consolidated Goldfields	250,000, £1	10 6	18 0	10 6
New Zealand Crown	200,000, £1	6 10	6 0	6 0
Komata Reef	800,000, 5s	1 4	1 2	1 3
Kanmuri Colcolonian	300,000, 2s	0 11 0	0 8 0	..
Progress Mines	275,000, £1	15 0	13 9	14 0
Ross Goldfields	80,000, £1; 70,000 issued
Talisman Consolidated	300,000, £1	50 9	50 3	50 9
Waikoi Grand Junction	200,000, £1; 251,500 issued	38 0	33 0	35 3
Waikoi	600,000, £1; 485,007 issued	193 0	192 0	192 0
Champion	65,000, pd. 3s; 65,000 cont.	5s. 2d. 4s. 1d	4 6	4 6

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

Two New Zealanders helped London Hospital in their match with Guy's in the Hospital Cup final, which London won by 11 points to 3, after an exciting game. One of them, A. C. Palmer, was the most showy of the London three-quarters, but he owed a lot to his centre, T. P. Lloyd, the straightest and strongest runner and the finest opportunist on the field. Macpherson, the other New Zealand three-quarter, who rumour has it, only arrived in this country just in time to play in the final, had few opportunities of showing his paces, but he did the little he had to do in workmanlike fashion. There was the usual enthusiastic crowd of hospital students, some with rattles, some with trumpets, some with shawms and cymbals, and nearly all wearing their colours—blue and yellow for Guy's, blue and white for London. There was very little horseplay, however, the only roughness indulged in being the smashing of hats when the rival functions happened to disagree about the merits of any particular player. One gentleman with a megaphone kept continually informing the Guy's team that he was watching them, and that they had better win the game or there would be trouble. Towards the end his lamentations became loud and long, and after the match he was seen sitting on a milk-can at the railway station shouting defiance through his megaphone to a cynical group of London men, and offering to wager huge sums on Guy's winning the cup next year. I might add that the Guy's team also included two New Zealanders—L. B. Stringer (three-quarter) and H. Hoby (forward). The latter scored Guy's only try.

N.Z. Football Association.

The New Zealand Football Association at its annual meeting on May 3, decided to transform the New Zealand Rugby Union that the Association was willing to remove the disqualification on the Green Island Association team provided that the offenders apologized to the Otago Association. It was decided to affiliate with the New Zealand Sports Federation. Messrs. S. W. Thornton and P. L. Davies were appointed delegates. The secretary was instructed to open negotiations for a visit of a New South Wales team in 1909. It was also decided to again affiliate with the Football Association (London), and to appoint Mr. A. E. Gibbs as the New Zealand representative at home.

Pro-Blacks Defeated in Sydney.

The New Zealand professional footballers played their second match against New South Wales on May 8th, and again suffered defeat, this time by three points. The weather was fine, the attendance large and the play fast and interesting.

The teams were as follows:—
New Zealand.—Back, Turtill; three-quarters, W. Wynyard, Barber, Rowe; five-eighths, Tyler, R. Wynyard; half, Kelly; forwards, Gilchrist, Pearce, Trevarthen, Mackrell, Byrne, and Wright.

New South Wales.—Back, Whitehead; three-quarters, Stuntz, Messenger, Devereux, Cheadle; halves, Dean, Holloway; forwards, Graves, Jones, McCabe, Pearce, Davis, Mable.

The New Zealanders won the toss, and playing with a stiff breeze in their favour, opened cleverly; but their opponents by superior play had the best of the first spell, which closed with the score New South Wales, 8 points; New Zealand, 5.

The second half opened quietly, but gradually warmed up, New Zealand attacking strongly. The play was now more even; but the New Zealanders were unable to retrieve their position and the game ended—New South Wales, 13; New Zealand, 10.

VICTORY OVER AUSTRALIA.

The Pro-Blacks on May 9th redeemed their double defeat by New South Wales, by scoring a victory over Australia by 11 points to 10. The weather was fine, and there was an attendance of 20,000. The teams were:—

New Zealand: Fullback, Turtill; three-quarters, Baskerville, Wrigley, and Kelly; five-eighths, Tyler, and Barber; half, R. Wynyard; forwards, Mackrell,

Pearce, Trevarthen, Cross, Johnston, and Byrne.

Australia: Fullback, Headley; three-quarters, McLean (Queensland), Messenger, Devereux, and Cheadles; halves, Rosenfield and Dore (Queensland); forwards, Graves, Hennessy, Rosewell, McCabe, Hudge, and Tubmann (Queensland).

Turtill captained the New Zealanders, and Hennessy the Australians.

At an early stage the game was stopped for a time owing to Hennessy being struck in the face by one of the New Zealand forwards, and as an outcome the New Zealander was ordered off the field.

On resuming, Wrigley had a shot at goal, but failed. New Zealand continued to keep their opponents on the defensive. McCabe here retired. Shortly afterwards Wynyard got away, and scored, but the try was not converted. Scores: New Zealand 3, Australia nil.

After a few lively exchanges, Baskerville picked up the oval in open territory, and, beating Headley and Cheadles, scored in a good position. Wrigley converted. Scores: New Zealand, 8; Australia nil. A piece of good play resulted in the Blacks again scoring, while the Australians scored twice. At half-time, the scores stood: New Zealand 11, Australia, 10.

Upon resuming, Australia were soon in trouble, but Hedley relieved, and a series of scrums followed. The Australians were now showing better form, and twice the visitors were forced, once as a result of a drop-kick by Messenger, which went wide. Shortly afterwards, Messenger had another shot, but he again missed the posts. A little later the ball rebounded across the line, and Rosenfield swept in and scored. Messenger converted. Scores: New Zealand, 11; Australia, 10.

In the few minutes remaining, the Australians made strenuous attempts to win, Messenger twice again essaying goals, but the visitors' fine defence prevented their opponents from increasing their score.

Exciting Finishes to Big Games

(By J. C. Parke, Dublin University and Ireland.)

It is a peculiar coincidence that the three matches, of which I wish to write, were fought out on the same ground—Balmoral, Belfast. It was opened as recently as 1898, yet already it is becoming historic for the number of exciting finishes of which it has been the scene.

The first of these encounters took place in 1904, when Ireland, after suffering severe reverses at the hands of both England and Scotland, defeated Wales by the small margin of two points, and thus narrowly escaped the unenviable position of holders of the "Wooden Spoon." Let me describe briefly the run of the play leading up to the dramatic climax.

Ireland starts slowly, and the Welsh backs as usual, ready to seize their opportunity, have scored an unconverted try before anyone has fully realised that the game is commenced. The Irish forwards then waken up, and in a series of fierce rushes, work the ball to the Welsh line, and, keeping up a strong pressure, score twice.

At half-time we lead by two tries to one. Ireland again starts badly, and the Welsh backs, playing magnificently, pile up three more unconverted tries. To add to our misfortunes, our left wing three-quarter is carried off the field with a broken leg, and that versatile player, Joseph Wallace, has to be taken out of the pack to fill the vacancy. All hopes of an Irish victory are dead, and our efforts are directed to keeping down the score if possible. There are only ten minutes to go, and Wales still leads by twelve points to six.

A LONG THREE MINUTES.

Suddenly an extraordinary change comes over the game. The Irish pack, reduced to seven, are seen sweeping down the field in one of their characteristic rushes. They are checked for a

moment, and then away again! Nothing can stop them, until a green jersey steadies the ball across the line amidst loud cheers from the spectators. The kick is again unsuccessful, but everyone realises there is still a hope for Ireland. "Can we keep Wales from scoring, and can we score again?" are the questions which players and onlookers alike are asking. One of the questions is soon answered. Ireland is playing with a renewed hope, and keeps Wales penned in their own half. Then comes the first combined movement amongst the Irish backs, and the ball travels out to Wallace like a flash. He is clear away with only the full-back to face. The excitement is intense.

He is running strongly, but the speedy Welsh backs are closing up with him, and our hope of the equalising score is suddenly vanishing.

Suddenly, Wallace is seen to steady himself, and, with a beautiful left foot cross kick, he drops the ball between the posts. Tedford, the ever-ready, coming along at top speed, takes it on the bounce, and bursting over puts the finishing touch to us fine a piece of head-work combined with cleverness of execution as has ever been seen on a Rugby football field.

The enthusiasm is extraordinary. The spectators are standing on their seats waving anything they can get hold of, with very little discrimination between "meum" and "tuum." Hats and caps fly up into the air like magic. From the field of play it was a wonderful and at the same time an amusing sight—one which I, at least, shall never forget. Now the ball is being carried out for the place kick, and the cheering dies down as suddenly as it arose, until not a sound is to be heard—the tense silence of a waiting throng.

Will it be a goal and a win for Ireland, or a failure and only a draw?

Hurrah! It's a goal, and again the roar breaks out with almost as much enthusiasm as greeted the try itself. Three minutes still to go—and I can say from bitter experience that three minutes can seem a very long time against Welsh backs who are handling the ball accurately.

Wales is by no means defeated yet, and kicks off, determined to score again. Ireland is equally determined to prevent them, if possible. The strain of those last few minutes is terrific, and every player is doing his best. The Irish pack obtains possession in the first two scrums, and wheels the ball splendidly to the touch-line. Then at the third attempt the Welsh forwards are seen to have it. It is out and away to the wing like lightning. Are all our efforts to be in vain, and are we to be robbed of our hard-earned victory? The full-back is still before him, so to make doubly certain he passes in to his centre, who races across the line, but the whistle has gone for a forward pass, and the supporters of the Shamrock begin to breathe again. Another scrum is formed close to our line, but once more the Irish pack carries the ball with it to touch.

The whistle puts an end to the most eventful match I have ever played in, and Wallace is carried shoulder high off the field by a cheering crowd.

Ireland won, but all the luck favoured them, and I am convinced that Wales had the better team. In my opinion they made a mistake in playing entirely to their wings, even though the wings were such sprinters and swimmers as Morgan and Llewellyn, and if the centres had displayed a little more originality, I believe Wales would have won easily.

MY SECOND MATCH

is also against Wales, but in the year 1906. It will be remembered that they were the only team able to lower the colours of the famous "All Blacks." They had also defeated England and Scotland, so only needed a victory over Ireland to establish the record of winning four internationals in one season, a record since obtained by Scotland.

Wales had also won the "Triple Crown" the previous year, and was hoping to establish another record by winning it twice in succession, so their team had been selected with the greatest possible care. Ireland had started her internationals well by defeating England severely at Limerick in a mud-fight, in which the chief difficulty was to recognise your friends from your opponents, but we had gone down before Scotland on our own ground in Dublin, and they in turn had been beaten by Wales by a considerable margin, so on paper Ireland's chances of victory looked extremely remote.

Ireland goes off at a terrific pace, and

score seems probable at any minute. Then the Welsh backs look like breaking away, but there is a sharp unexpected tackle, and the ball goes loose, for that determined runner, Triffit, to pick up at full speed. Dodging the full-back successfully, he scores between the posts, and Ireland is five points up.

Very few people fully understand the true value of the first score in a big match. It is at least twice as valuable as the number of points would mean, owing to its moral effect on both sides. Wales then scores an unconverted try, and just before half-time Ireland follows suit, and in doing so one of our internationals wrenches his knee severely, and has to be removed to hospital. Still a lead of five points at the interval looks encouraging for the Shamrock.

Our seven forwards pack more tightly, and are still rather more than a match for the opposing eight. First Wales scores, then Ireland—both tries unconverted. We are now eleven points to six, and both teams are putting every ounce into their play. There are still fifteen minutes to go, when another disaster befalls Ireland. Our other small, but very steady, half-back, Caddell, breaks his ankle, and has also to be carried off. The supporters of the Shamrock begin to feel very blue—only a lead of five points with thirteen men against the Welsh fifteen, and with two forwards playing as half-backs. But our six forwards, playing as they probably never played before, have got the measure of the opposing eight, and soon relieve our most serious fears. There were no especially exciting incidents in that last quarter of an hour. Wales never became very dangerous, but five points feels a very small lead against Welsh backs, no matter what part of the field they are in. The relief of the final whistle was tremendous.

The enthusiasm of the onlookers grew in proportion as the end drew near, until at the whistle they burst over the field in a yelling mass, and very few of us were allowed to reach the pavilion in the ordinary way.

The Welsh players were the first to congratulate us, saying we thoroughly deserved our win. One of my most pleasant memories of the match is that when we were driving back we passed a brake full of Welsh supporters, from Newport, I think, and every man of them cheered our "thirteen" lustily.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

The third match is between Ireland and the South Africans in November, 1906. It was a beautiful day, with the ground in fine playing order, and the Springboks declared themselves quite satisfied with the conditions, particularly after their scramble in the mud against Scotland the previous Saturday. The South Africans are early in the attack, and open their account with a neat penalty goal. The Irish fifteen seem to waken up after this reverse, and rush the ball to the opposite end. Several times we only just fail to score, but at last our efforts are rewarded by an unconverted try.

Then an unaccountable slackness comes over the Irish team, and a regular "debacle" follows, the Springboks piling up three tries in rapid succession. All the kicks are failures, although I believe one of them touched the cross-bar. Half-time finds Ireland in the minority of three points to twelve, a deficit which appears to be almost impossible to wipe off against a team as well trained as our visitors. Sometimes it is the impossible which happens with an Irish team.

Our forwards, who had been packing poorly in the first half, get much better together, and begin to give the opposing backs a sample of their clever footwork, but they are met by men who are not afraid to go down on the ball and stay there. The excitement commences when a penalty goal is landed from almost half-way, and we are now only six points behind. Both sides play better after this, and there is some very vigorous, if scrambling, work at the Irish twenty-five. Then out of the scramble the mighty Marler emerges with the ball tucked tightly under his left arm. The crowd roars with delight as he brushes aside the opposite wing three-quarter, and yells encouragement to him as he is seen to shove off three successive attempts of the full-back to tackle him. It is a marvellous run of three quarters the length of the field, and he thoroughly deserves the ovation he receives when he scores at the corner.

The kick fails by inches, and full time is drawing near, but Ireland is playing up with great determination, and when Marler is again seen in possession of the

ball, as the result of a nice combined movement, the excitement is intense. This time numbers prove too much for him, and he is bundled into touch in the corner with three men on top of him. However, the score is only delayed by an instant, as our half-back cleverly throws the ball to an unmarked forward, who dives over for the equalising score, and a mighty roar goes up as the green jerseys are seen walking back, while the South Africans take up their stand behind their own line. It is a long kick, and everyone waits breathlessly for the result. A quick cheer goes up as the ball is seen flying in the direction of the posts, but unfortunately for Ireland it misses the upright again by a fraction, and we are level with about six minutes to go.

The play becomes faster than ever, swinging rapidly from one twenty-five to the other and back again. The excitement increases each moment. Every man is doing his utmost, but the superior training of the South Africans begins to tell. They gradually press us back within our quarter. Then the ball goes to one of their centres. He runs across the field to the right, dodges back and finally crosses kicks to his forwards.

It falls between three of them, and they have it in their hands at once. The referee refuses all appeals for off-side. The ball reaches the left wing three-quarter, who crosses the Irish line at the corner and grounds it behind. The corner flag is knocked down, and I myself see the touch judge's flag go up for an instant, and think we are saved, but it goes down again immediately. The referee allows a try, and the match is over. Ireland has to retire beaten after a splendid fight.

It was an unsatisfactory finish to a glorious match, and I believe many of the South Africans themselves would have been content that it should have ended a draw.

No blame is attached to the referee. He decided to the best of his judgment, and the only pity is that the necessity for the decision came at such a critical moment and made such an immense difference.

We were beaten, but by no means disgraced, and my best wishes to other footballers is that they may some time have the pleasure of playing in three such glorious matches as these.

British Rugby Team.

The British amateur Rugby football team left for New Zealand to-day by the Shaw-Savill steamer Athenic. A farewell breakfast took place in the morning at the Howard Hotel, Norfolk-street, at which Mr. Rowland Hill presided. Mr. Hill was supported by Mr. A. F. Harding (captain) and Mr. George Harnett (manager), and amongst those present were the High Commissioner for New Zealand and Mr. C. Wray Palliser, the London representative of the New Zealand Rugby Union. In proposing the health of the team, Mr. Hill said the English Rugby Union had done everything in their power to induce all the unions to join in sending out a great national team, and the English and Welsh Unions were greatly disappointed when Scotland and Ireland could not see their way to lending their co-operation. Notwithstanding, the English and Welsh Unions determined to send a team. They felt that this was a time when they should give their assistance to the amateur bodies in the colonies in their fight against professionalism. This team would have a powerful effect, not only in New Zealand, but throughout the colonies that remained faithful to amateur football. The team had a great responsibility on their shoulders, and their tour would be watched with keen interest. Their tour must be not merely a pleasure trip, but a vindication of the grand old game. (Applause.) Whether they met with success or not, he should look forward to hearing that they had left behind them, wherever they went, the reputation of being a body of real British sportsmen. (Applause.)

Mr. W. P. Reeves, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, said that if his countrymen thought they were going to have "a soft thing" in meeting this team, they would wake up to discover they had made a big mistake. The team would be welcomed in New Zealand with that entire hospitality and friendliness which they deserved. Colonials had their faults, no doubt, like everyone else, but lack of hospitality had not been con-

sidered one of them. (Applause.) He not only hoped they would have a good time—he knew they would. Everyone in the country, from the Rugby Union and the Tourist Department to the newspapers, would treat them pleasantly and in the most friendly spirit. He thanked the English Rugby Union for the sportsman-like spirit in which they had taken the lead in getting together this team. He thanked them, not only as a New Zealander, but as an old Rugby player. This tour was an effort to uphold amateur football, to assert the amateur spirit, and stamp out the professional spirit. It was a great mistake to suppose that the New Zealand public had taken a turn towards professionalism. Their idea was still sport for sport's sake, and the visit of this team would do not a little to back up the union there. On behalf of his Government and fellow-countrymen, he wished the team every possible fortune and success. (Applause.)

Mr. George Harnett, Mr. Harding, and Mr. Palliser also spoke. The last-named said he thought the English and Welsh Unions had got together a splendid team, and he did not think it would be one whit the weaker for the defection of the Scotch and Irish Unions. He had seen all the men play, and he thought they would make the New Zealanders "sit up."

After breakfast, the team drove to Fenchurch-street station, whence they proceeded by train to Tilbury and embarked on the Athenic.

The complete list of the English Rugby football team is as follows: H. Archer, F. E. Clapman, W. J. Davey, R. Dibble, P. J. Down, C. Dyke, R. A. Gibbs, R. A. Green, R. B. Griffiths, A. F. Harding (captain), G. H. Harnett (manager), G. R. Hind, R. J. Jackett, F. Jackson, J. P. Jones ("Ponty"), J. P. Jones ("Tuan"), G. V. Kyrke, H. Laxton, P. F. McEvedy (vice-captain), W. L. Morgan, E. Morgan, W. J. Oldham, J. A. S. Ritson, T. W. Smith, L. S. Thomas, H. H. Vassall, G. L. Williams, J. F. Williams, and J. L. Williams.

The Scottish Union are not likely to make any friends for themselves by their action towards the New Zealand trip organised by the Rugby Union, says the "Evening Standard." Apart from the Wilson case, which showed the Scottish Union had legitimate cause for acting as they did, their attitude has been narrow and parochial in the extreme. The Scottish Union are the Little Englanders of Rugby football; they would apparently confine the game to these isles alone. There is no doubt that the New Zealanders and South Africans stimulated and vivified the sport in England. They gave the touch of variety which is charming; they showed us new methods, and exposed old fallacies. The Scottish attitude towards the colonists over here was highly diverting, and possibly they have never forgiven themselves for it. The Irish Union blindly accepted the lead of the Scottish, but already there are signs of their relenting. The English and Welsh Unions have looked at this trip from an Imperial aspect, which has much to commend it.

BOWLING.

Mr. Waddell, president of the Dominion team, and who represented New Zealand at the recent bowling conference in Sydney, expresses the opinion that much good should result from this bowling parliament. The two prime matters in dispute were the vexed questions of green length and delivery from the mat, and both have been amicably settled, Victoria being the only dissentient spirit to a general arrangement. Representatives from every Australian State and New Zealand were present, and the voice of all except one was raised in favour of a green for future Inter-State and Inter-colonial matches measuring not greater than 120ft. in length. In Victoria many of the greens are as long as 160ft., and this length places visiting teams from other States at a considerable disadvantage, wherefore the shorter and uniform length was decided upon. It is contended—and reasonably so—that finer play is induced by the shorter length, as it tends to develop wrist instead of elbow play. In New Zealand very few of the greens exceed 130ft., while a great number of them are no more than 110ft. in length. The Victorian delegates were instructed not to agree to anything less than 130ft., and therefore refused to consent to the shorter length decided upon. But as persistence on Victoria's part will only result in the exclusion of Victoria from Inter-State arrangements, she will, as

Mr. Waddell opined, probably see fit to fall into line.

The moot question, which has been the chief bone of contention between Australian and New Zealand bowlers heretofore, has also been satisfactorily settled, and in a way that must appeal to all fair-minded enthusiasts of the "wood" as being equitable. The New Zealand method of requiring only one foot to be on the mat is open to serious objections when a team is met that rigidly respects the bowling line that the mat, and the mat only, is the place from which the bowl should be delivered. And in recognition of this, New Zealand conceded to Australia the future obligation of both feet on the mat. The mat has been increased in length for Inter-State and Inter-colonial matches to a minimum of three feet in length by twenty-two and a half inches wide, the maximum being four feet six inches long by twenty two and a-half inches wide.

Mr. Waddell, when he returns, will recommend to the New Zealand Council the adoption of these regulations.

Dominion Team in Auckland.

The six-rink match between the Dominion team of bowlers and representatives of the Auckland clubs at Devonport on May 4th, resulted in the downfall of the local men by 144 points to 109, the tourists winning substantially on four of the six rinks, the Auckland quartet, skipped by Wright, being the only Northern team to settle their opponents. The closest contest of the afternoon took place between the teams skipped by Waddell and Wakerley, the scores at the 21st head being 17 all. At the finish of the match the Dominionites gave their war cry in rousing style, and made flattering references to the evenness of the Devonport Green, which was generally spoken of as being the pick upon which they had played. The individual scores were as follows:—

	D.	A.
Dominion Team—Stubberfield, Gibson, Findlay, Waddell (skip), v. Auckland—"Reps."—Mennie, Watkins, Burns, Wakerley (skip) ..	17	—
Dominion—MacGibbon, Snythe, Johnston, Bishop (skip), v. Auckland—Presley, V. Casey, Brown, Wright (skip) ..	15	—
Dominion—Maynard, Gee, Cottman, Goldstone (skip), v. Auckland—McLudoe, Parsons, Ashton Brookes (skip) ..	33	—
Dominion—Neave, Galbraith, Bastings, Hain (skip), v. Auckland—Gib, G. V. Court, Ellisdon Kilgour (skip) ..	28	—
Dominion—"Chagwin", Broad, Thompson, Bentley (skip), v. Auckland—Wrayte, Short, Hemus, Harvey (skip) ..	26	—
Dominion—Bunting, Martin, Manning, A. P. Smith (skip), v. Auckland—M. Casey, Miller, Veale, Wilson (skip) ..	25	—
Totals ..	144	109
Majority for the Dominion team, 35.		

On May 5 the Dominion bowlers played a match against the Auckland "All White" touring team that visited Australia earlier in the season. The scores were as follows:—

DOMINION V. AUCKLAND TOURING TEAM.

A WIN FOR AUCKLAND.

At 10 o'clock sharp last Tuesday morning the members of the Dominion and Auckland touring teams foregathered on the Auckland green to try conclusions, the visitors being briefly welcomed by Mr. J. Carlaw on behalf of the Aucklanders. Mr. Waddell replying for the Southerners.

The scores were as follow:—

	D.	A.
Dominion Team—Bunting, Martin, Manning, Noy (skip) ..	17	—
Auckland—Touring Team—Arey, Cullitt, G. Court, McIntosh (skip) ..	—	21
Dominion—Stubberfield, Gibson, Johnston, Waddell (skip), v. Auckland—Miller, Murray, Wooler, Rankin (skip) ..	8	—
Dominion—Neave, Galbraith, Bastings, Hain (skip), v. Auckland—McCallum, Mewburn, Young, Eves (skip) ..	—	34
Dominion—Menzard, Snythe, Cottman, Goldstone (skip), v. Auckland—Bryden, Michaels, Laurie, Hutson (skip) ..	—	11
Dominion—"Chagwin", Broad, Thompson, Bentley (skip), v. Auckland—Shadrack, Robertson, Condie, Harrison (skip) ..	13	—
Dominion—McGibbon, Gee, Findlay, Bishop (skip), v. Auckland—Schlager, Sumner, Carlaw, Hamcock (skip) ..	—	27
Totals ..	112	130
Majority for the Auckland Touring Team, 18.		

At the conclusion of play the two touring teams lined out on the green and gave each their war cry, following which the Mayor (Mr. A. M. Myers), as president of the Auckland Association, and as mayor of the city, expressed the pleasure it had given the bowlers and citizens of the northern town to welcome the Dominion team. Each team had won a match, and although it mattered little which side won so that the game was a good and keen one in friendly rivalry, it was pleasant to know that honours were somewhat even, and next year perhaps an invasion would be made from the North into Southern bowling territory. After congratulating the visitors upon their successful tour, he expressed the hope that they would return with pleasant memories of their short sojourn in Auckland, and next time he hoped it would be longer. Cheers were then heartily exchanged, and the bowlers adjourned to the pavilion, where the Auckland Touring Team entertained them at luncheon. The ladies of the visiting team were taken in hand by the wife of the Auckland Club's president, Mrs. Mennie, and the other ladies of the local bowlers, while the arrangements generally were of the most satisfactory nature.

The Dominion bowlers arrived at Napier by the Wimmera on May 8th, and during the morning played a five-rink game with local players, suffering defeat by 22, the scores being:—Napier 108 Dominion Bowlers 86.

The Dominion team of bowlers arrived by the Wimmera at Gisborne on May 8. They were met and welcomed by the Mayor and Presidents of the local bowling clubs. In the afternoon a match was played with the local bowlers, and resulted in a win for the Dominion team by 113 games to 92.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season in Auckland was opened on Saturday last, when the grounds at Remuera presented a charming spectacle. The weather kept fine till late in the afternoon, and there was a good turn-out of spectators, in addition to over 200 players, all wearing their club's colours. In the course of the day, afternoon tea was served. The play included senior and junior tournaments, ladies' tournament, and a number of races and other sports. The finals in two events had to be postponed till next Saturday. The whole day's proceedings were most enjoyable, and the enthusiasm displayed is a good augury of a successful season.

Hockey is exceeding flourishing in Wellington, the last annual report discloses the fact that the number of teams competing last season was twenty-four—five senior, ten junior, and nine third class—the contest for senior honours being unusually keen and close. The Ferry Company is making two new grounds at Day's Bay, and the committee has been able to secure a ground for the season at the Athletic Park, owing to the Rugby Union going to Miramar for its games. This is held to be a memorable event, at it presents the first opportunity afforded of playing regularly in the city, and will have a good effect upon the game, which cannot easily be over-estimated. The financial position has improved somewhat since the last annual meeting. The bank overdraft has been reduced from £25 6/- to £12/9/9, and it is hoped that this deficit may be wiped out by the end of the season. The expenditure totalled £119 8/9, of which £50 was for rents of grounds and £47 5/0 for upkeep.

As against the contention that prohibition of the liquor traffic has resulted in the rates at Ashburton being reduced by 3d. in the £1, it is asserted that the real reason for reduction of rates in that borough is the increased rental from the reserves belonging to the borough which were recently held by Messrs. Campbell and Co. along with the Okeakea Estates, which has just been acquired by the Government. These reserves have just been let at a very much increased rental, and if no license had not been carried the reduction in rates would have been still greater.



(BY WHALEBONE.)

RACING FIXTURES.

May 13 and 14 - Ashburton County E.C. Autumn
 May 23 and 25 - North Ottago J.C. Winter
 May 23, 24 - Takapuna J.C. Winter
 May 30 June 3, 5 - A.E.C. Winter

TURF NOTES.

Te Rahui has been scratched for the Great Northern Hurdles.

The Hotchkiss gelding Ottomara is now an inmate of A. Morrow's stable.

The Avondale Jockey Club will come out with a good profit over their recent Autumn Meeting.

According to the "Dominion," efforts are being made to form a trotting club in Wanganui.

The Gisborne-owned horses Anticard, Stylsh, and Lady Robina were taken back home again by the Waimera.

The most noteworthy defections from the Great Northern Hurdles are Pawa, Kaka, and Shrapnel.

Foul riding is said to have been very prevalent at the recent meeting of the Australian Jockey Club.

The gelding Lord Crispin is now a regu attendant at Ellerslie under the membership of the veteran trainer, R. Thorpe.

Le Beau has been schooled over the big fences in the centre of the course at Ellerslie, jumping satisfactorily.

W. Powell, the well-known trainer, who was located in Auckland for some time, is at present lying seriously ill in the Wanganui Hospital.

The Cullasser gelding Tai Cukoban still continues to run disappointingly, and it is understood that he is to be tried at the illegitimate game.

Sir Howard Vincent has given notice to present a bill to regulate the exportation of horses from England, and to prevent cruelty in connection therewith.

The pony Mighty Atom still keeps up his reputation for brilliancy over short courses, and he won the Flying Handicap at Avondale on the concluding day very easily.

The Eton gelding Notecorral was schooled over hurdles at Ellerslie on Thursday morning last, and shaped in a satisfactory manner.

The Strouan gelding Montigo has gone into D. Moraghu's charge at Ellerslie. Montigo is very sound and would probably be benefited by a spell.

Two of our local horsemen, M. Ryan and A. Julian, left for Haveria on Tuesday, to saddle riding engagements at the Egmont Racing Club's Winter Meeting.

The racecourse staff, under the caretaker, Mr. C. Hill, are now busy in removing the small hill just past the sod wall past the double. The work was wanted, doing for some time.

The Cullasser mare Lady Hune, with Mawhiti as a schoolmaster, was schooled over the big fences at Ellerslie yesterday morning, but did not shape in a too promising manner.

The latest applicant for jumping honours is Philist Island, and the son of St. Paul's display over the small hurdles was sufficiently good to encourage his owner to keep him at it.

For a trotting produce stakes at Chicago no fewer than 600 subscribers have been obtained—each of whom will on an average name five. This will mean four and five thousand horses in one race. Once more the old world has to take a back seat.

The weights for the opening day's racing of the Takapuna Jockey Club's Winter Meeting, and the Mitepecchase, which is to be run on the second day, are due on Friday next, the 8th inst., at 4 p.m.

Notwithstanding the recent disqualifications meted out by the authorities, several riders are still found taking war risks, and one or two executed at Avondale were pretty strong. When will these boys get sense?

At the recent Avondale meeting, Soult and Leolantia claimed three winners each; Flooding Apollo and Flitlock were responsible for two each, and Freedom, Menachikoff, St. Crispin, Castor, Hotchkiss, and Saracen one each.

The Gisborne-bred horse Marangai, which was passed in at 100gs when submitted to auction last week, has since changed hands, being purchased by a local owner, and has gone into G. Irwin's charge.

While contesting the Maiden Hurdle Race on the concluding day of the Avondale Jockey Club's Autumn Meeting, the gelding Te Rahui hurt one of his tendons, and will have to be given a lengthy spell.

Malt Queen, who won the Sires' Produce Stakes and Champagne Stakes at Handwick, has now won six races without being beaten. As she only cost 15s guineas as a yearling, she must be regarded as one of the greatest bargains of recent years.

The victory of Leonator in the Autumn Handicap at Avondale is the first recorded since he won the Glasgow Handicap at the A.I.C. Summer Meeting of 1906-7. A win for Mr L. Coleman was therefore long overdue.

A coincidence in connection with the victory of Landlock in the Maiden Hurdle Race on the concluding day of the Avondale meeting is that the Flitlock gelding won the event last year with 11.6 in the saddle, and has not succeeded in catching the judge's eyes since.

The most successful rider at the recent Avondale meeting was A. Whittaker, with four winning rides; C. Brown and P. Brady had two, and Hickton, R. E. Brown, I. Webster, W. Phillips, G. Johnston, A. Julian, A. McMillan, and Griffin one each.

The New Zealand horseman S. Reid had the mount on Mr W. F. Crick's colt Borodino in the A.J.C. Champagne Stakes. Borodino was lately placed in the early stages, but got on with the leaders half-a-mile from home, and after a great dash, was only beaten a neck. Reid gives the opinion that Borodino will turn out a great three-year-old.

"A 'National' winner must possess at least three notable qualifications: a good turn of speed, fine jumping ability, and staying power. He cannot afford nowadays to lay off and wait; he must go with the others. When I won on Hest I was never out of the first three."—Arthur Nightingall, in "Fry's Magazine."

The well known English 'chaser' Denmark was once between the shafts of a Letcher's cart. Kealey, who won at Letcher the other day, used to draw a cart. E. Woodland was actually the fare, when he took a fancy to the horse, and gave the owner £30 for him. No wonder the pedigree of Kealey is unknown.

An English follower of turf matters opines: Not for years have horses been trained for their spring engagements with the thoroughness which has been imported into the preparation of heavier lot this year, and the Australian stable owners are one of the best to follow until more dilatory and less courageous trainers have their horses ready.

Commenting upon the peculiarities of turf nomenclature, the London "Sport" supplement says: All Guling Out is a peculiar name for a racehorse, and almost as absurd as such old-time ones as Tommy up a Pear-tree, etc. We might suggest "And Nothing Comes In" as an addition to the name of the Leicester winner. It would then be complete.

At a point-to-point meeting in Kent (England) recently, a countryman went up to a bookmaker and asked, "How much are your tickets?"

"Two shillings each" replied the bookie, quickly discerning he had a green job on.

"I'll take five," said the yokel, handing over ten shillings.

After the race he returned to the bookmaker and asked, "Did I win anything?"

"No!" said the bookie sadly. "No luck this time."

It is a remarkable fact, says the "Sporting Times," that the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap has never won the City and Suburban, notwithstanding that the distance in each race is nearly the same, one being a mile and the other a mile and a quarter. On the other hand, horses that have been beaten at Lincoln have several times won at Epsom.

A sensation has been created in sporting circles in New York by the announcement that a writ for libel had been issued against the millionaire banker and sportsman, Mr August Belmont, by a recently disqualified stable boy named Fred. Fred, who claims 100,000,000, damages, stated

that in consequence of a notice published by Mr Belmont, advising owners of horses not to employ him, he has not been able to find employment.

A peculiar feature in connection with the recent Avondale meeting is that no trainer turned out more than one winner, so that no less than sixteen got their names on the winning list, as follows:—K. Henton, W. C. Brown, E. Hodge, C. Coleman, F. Macmummin, F. Tarabull, Cook, Winder, Grant, J. George, J. Chaufe, Jr., D. Moraghu, E. Jansson, N. Cunningham, E. Hill, and Woods.

It came as a bit of a surprise to most people to find Tai installed favourite for the steppechase on the concluding day of the Avondale meeting, in preference to Sillou. The latter was sent out in hand-gages, and did not look as bright as at Ellerslie. From the start Sillou was in the rear, and although his bandages came undone and were trailing behind, his rider, Julian, kept him going, but he was never able to get near the leaders.

I have received a communication from Mr J. D. Murray, of Grey Lynn, in which he complains of being refused a ticket on the machine in the Nursery Handicap run on the concluding day of the Avondale J.C. Autumn Meeting. Mr Hays, secretary of the Club, when seen about the matter, stated that if Mr Murray makes application to the club he will be given an opportunity to place his case before them.

Re-jockey Tod Sloan has now blossomed out as an author in an evening newspaper in New York. Under the heading of "Secrets of the Turf," he is dealing with English racing, and has already (in what an American writer terms a "delightful tone of indignation") written of several cases of crooked running which passed unnoticed in England.

The well-known Australian veterinary surgeon, Mr Arnold Ferry, states that he has discovered a means of destroying any tumour, instantaneously and painlessly by subcutaneous injection. Mr Ferry operated on a horse, and before the needle had been released the animal was dead. Such a simple and quick way of dealing with injured horses should be given the greatest advantage on the racecourse and in city streets.

Mr. Bass (one of the biggest patrons of the turf in the Old Country) has had the misfortune to lose his well-known horse Sancy, who broke his neck recently at Manly. Sancy won over £10,000 in stakes last season but he did not quite realize expectations for Dillon's vigorous handling of the colt. The English writer of several brought about the unexpected downfall of Mr. Bass' crack Sancy, however, later won the Jockey Club Stakes, which was worth over £2000 to the owner. Sancy was by Diamond Jubilee—Damo Agesta, and he held several valuable engagements during the coming season. He was also a valuable horse for the stud, and his early death is a big piece of misfortune for Mr. Bass.

At Annet Presbytery Church, recently, the Rev. J. J. Spalding preached from Isaiah L.XIII. 1: "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?" The preacher made several references to "dyed" horses, and fair mention of the congregation who met later in the evening agreed to accept the text as a tip for the Sydney Cup. They telegraphed to Sydney on the Monday morning, backing dyed garments, and were correct in the afternoon at the receipt of a telegram that the horse had won.

King Edward VII's second Derby winner, Diamond Jubilee, who is now in the Argentine, has developed into a magnificent tempered horse. This is a remarkable change compared with the temper he possessed when in training. Neither the late J. Watts nor M. Cannon could do anything with him, and the only jockey who could manage the colt was Herbert Jones. The latter is even now sometimes called "Diamond Jubilee Jones."

When Webb won the sculling championship of the world, he was given a great reception on his return to Wanganui, and to such an extent did the Southern town-ship let itself go, that it was suggested that the name should be changed to "Webb-land." This, however, was not acted upon, but the name has now been claimed for the colt by Captain Webb—Lady Isabel, so that, after all, there is a chance of its being handed down to posterity.

This story comes from Australia:—Every now and then there are raggole people, rumors are spread concerning "jockeys' ring," which determines before each race which horse is to be first, and which is to go at an obligingly slow pace towards the finish. The last story of the subject did not say explicitly that the ring existed, but it suggested this by implication. There is a racehorse owner, not very old in the sport, who saw one of his horses executing several of these in a public way; until at last he was so disgusted with the ruse that he decided to let him go forth unbarbed. Now, he was a decent, well-to-do man, and always rode his boys well, and apparently they thought that so good-natured a boss ought not to be left

in the cold altogether. What consultation and debate took place among the jockeys will never be known; but it is related that, before the race started, a small, low-legged man came to the jockey's aid, saying the saddling paddock, and whispered low: "Say! You'd better give a bit on your horse to-day, Mister. 'E's gonn' to win!"

One of the most striking victors to be credited in connection with the Avondale meeting is that of Klunok, which won by six in the colours of Mr D. McKinnon. Although he has not latterly raced so much as in years gone by, Mr McKinnon has not been very fortunate, and it is likely, if my memory serves me right, that his colours have not been seen in the van since Stronness won the Maiden Plate at the Te Aroha Meeting of 1906. The popular little Scotman had to undergo a lot of hounding after Klunok's victory.

The committee of the Avondale Jockey Club met on Tuesday evening, when the charge or alleged foul-riding preferred against the jockey C. Brown, by M. Ryan in connection with the Flying Handicap, run on the opening day of the club's recent Autumn gathering, was considered. After hearing the statements of those interested, a severe censure was administered to Brown. This decision again opens up the much vexed question of foul-riding. Hitherto it has been very hard for the stewards of the various clubs to get riders to lodge complaints against one another, and they have been powerless to deal with cases. In this case, however, a rider lodged a complaint, but the offender is only cautioned. If he was guilty it is only "chasing a pig" to administer a caution, which is like waiting on a duck's back, and if he was not guilty, where was the need for a caution? The Avondale Club, as a rule, deal severely with cases of malpractice which come before them, so witness their disqualification of R. Macnamara for twelve months for the same offence.

With the near approach of the winter meetings, schooling work at Ellerslie is getting of an interesting character, and on Saturday a lot of jumping was witnessed. (Omitting instances of a bad style over a round of the schooling hurdles, a fine jump being apportioned Chachura, Chirigoo, and Sol. The two fencing proficients, Notecorral, Pearl Nocket, and Revolver were associated in a gallop over the small fences, the two former jumping four fences, the latter one, though on for the round. The three dwelt a bit at the obstacles. Lady Regal and Roboil covered one round, the latter getting the best of the round. A good display, easily beating Vinder over a round of the schooling hurdles, a similar journey being covered by Carlyle and English. Lady Hune, Le Beau, and Cinque jumped the big fences in the centre of the course a couple of times. Le Beau jumped the latter course. Lady Hune dwelt at her fences, while Cinque slipped at the second fence of the double. The second time round, afterwards getting over safely, Walbeck (alone) made no mistakes in jumping the sod wall, double and stone wall, Cressot and Bulworth using the same task, both fencing in good style. Cressot looks very well. Matakoki cleared these hurdles, and then the big fences in the centre, falling over the sod wall, but was reinstated and jumped well over the others.

Writing of "Grand National Reminiscences," Mr Robert Shriver, the one-time owner of the great English racer, Scythia, says: No race has given me more of an interesting discussion than the "Steepchase Derby," and there are a few veterans living who could tell the history of the race for more than half a century. It is only a year or two since that a lady called Mrs Joseph Osborne ("Robson"), a writer on turf matters, who was the Grand National as far back as 1850 with Abdel Kader, and resided in the neighbourhood of the same horse in the following year. Still living, and hale and hearty, we are happy to add, is Mr George Hodgman, whose recollections date back more than sixty years, and who, we believe, has not missed the Grand National since he won it with England in 1820. Lord Coventry, too, is happily with us, and must also have pleasant reminiscences of this event, for he won it in 1862 and 1863 with the colts, Emblem and Emblematic respectively. They were both chestnuts, by the Derby winner, Taddington, out of Miss Batty, and Emblem, six months after her success, was freely backed by her noble owner to win the "Cashewitch," for which she started at 10 to 1. This was very different to winning the "Liverpool," but as she carried 7st and finished sixth her performance was respectable, in striking contrast to that of a later champion. National winner, Old Joe, who attempted a similar task, but was fated off, winning for the late Mr Charles Greenwood ("Hopson") the bet of 100 to 1, the last time that the horse had not reached the finish when the winner had passed the post.

Fred Archer carried "wasting" to a point where it became fatal (writes "Thormanby" in his interesting series of articles in the London "Sportman"). In his last Cambridgeshire he tried to get himself down to 8st to ride Sir John. After he had won the Criterion Stakes on Celler Herria by a masterpiece of jockeyship, he went straight home, had a dose of his "wasting" mixture, got into his vapour bath, where he was completely exhausted, and then went to bed in order that he

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S CHERRY BRANDY WITH SODA.
 SWIFT & COMPANY, 82 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

Music and Drama

The new organ established in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Auckland, is one of the finest in the colony. The great organ has 58 notes and seven stops, the swell organ 9 stops and 58 notes, the choir organ 5 stops and 58 notes, and the pedal 3 stops and 30 notes. A very competent organist considers the organ as equal to anything purchasable in the Old Country at 25 per cent. higher price. It is, at all events, a very beautiful and effective instrument.

Mr. F. Frankfort Moore writes to the "Express": In your notice of my latest novel, "An Amateur Adventuress," you say respecting the heroine, "Her story is curiously like that of 'Diana of Dobson's.'" I should rather think it is. Would it be considering this matter "too curiously," however, were I to point out that my novel appeared as a serial in a magazine more than a year ago, so that it would be more correct to say that the plot of "Diana of Dobson's" is like that of "An Amateur Adventuress"? Some years ago it was thoughtfully suggested that the publication of my "Nell Gwyn, Comedian," showed a commendable desire on my part to make the most of the Nell Gwyn boom then raging. The point of the compliment was, however, somewhat blunted by the knowledge of the fact that my "Nell Gwyn" had appeared in "Pearson's Magazine" the year before the boom.

"A Millionaire's Revenge," a play founded on the Thaw tragedy, was recently produced at Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A., and at the close of the first performance the police arrested the manager of the theatre and several members of the company. Two of the characters were named Harry Daw and Stanford Black. The offenders were charged before a local magistrate with producing a play which endangered the morals of the community, and were placed under bonds. The magistrate pronounced the play "unfit to be put on the stage in any part of the civilised world."

Opera goers and music lovers generally will be interested in the announcement, says "Musical Opinion," that the copyright of "Tristan and Isolde" has just run out, which makes the fourth of Wagner's operas to pass into the stage of cheap editions. It is interesting to note that an old world village—Chapelizod, near Dublin; the chapel of Izod or Isolde—was the residence of the passionate and auburn haired Irish princess, daughter of King Aengus, immortalised in Malory's romance and in Wagner's opera. William the Third spent some time there after the battle of the Boyne. And the mansion that he occupied was used as the country residence of the viceroys before the erection of the present viceregal lodge in the Phoenix Park. Chapelizod's most notable residence in recent years is that of Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P.

Mr. Gordon Craig, Ellen Terry's talented son, has been trying experiments with the theatre for several years, and has only now hit upon the right idea. It is a theatre of silence that Mr. Craig suggests, and according to a correspondent of the "New York Sun," he has made a successful venture in this direction in Florence. Mr. Craig's idea is to abolish the playwright and the actor, and to present instead scenery and puppets. As every one knows, the two most disturbing elements in the enjoyment of an evening at the theatre are the play and the players. Now if we can get a theatre in which neither of these factors appears, we are sure of an evening of unalloyed delight, for there will be no stupid lines and no bad acting. Mr. Craig does not appeal to the eye with overwrought scenery. His scenes are simple. As for his puppets, they are dressed—dressed at all—by Mr. Craig, or by his sister, Miss Ailsa Craig. But the beauty of it all is that no words are

spoken. Our ears are not offended by twang, by tortured r's or any spoken unpleasantness. What a great idea for England, too; the Censor could not interfere! There are no spoken lines, and puppets have no morals! wherein they do not differ from the plays some of their unfortunate fellowcraftsmen among the mortals are obliged to interpret.

J. M. Barrie's delicious phantasy, "Peter Pan," at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, is abundantly proving that its claim is universal, for it already holds in thrall Australian in common with British and American audiences. The theatregoers who hang nightly upon the freaks of "dear, darling, invincible Peter Pan" find, with W. T. Stead, that they are renewing their youth in the exploits of the fascinating hero amid the Redskins, the pirates, and all the wonderful happenings that beset him and his band in the Never, Never, Never Land, and though perhaps there is a pang or two felt in the looking backward across the years to the long gone days of childhood, Miss Tittell's joyous interpretation of the part does not permit of more than a passing sadness. Her boy who wanted always to be little and have fun is such a gay and spritely elf, skimming lightly the depths of emotion, never sorry for more than a minute, never cast down, but always ready to find the fun his heart craved for, that tears, when they do come (and Miss Brune is too true an artist not to evoke them sometimes), are quickly lost in laughter. Another who has admirably caught the light touch with which Barrie has invested his play is Mr. Loring Fernie, whose bold, bad pirate is a really fine performance, worthy to rank among the best burlesque efforts we have had here for many a day. Then there is Mr. Chas. Weston as the cleverest of dogs, Nans, Mr. Fred Cambourne as Smeed, the pirate bontawain, little Toots Pounds as Liza, Miss Florrie Kelly as a sweet and natural Wendy, Curtis and little Rosie Fitzgerald as the Darling boys, and Miss Valentine Sidney as Mrs. Darling, standing out from a cast of all-round excellence.

That fine piece of dramatic work, "John Gayde's Honour," in which Mr. Alfred Sutro is seen at his best, was received for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, and received by a crowded audience in a fashion which showed how deeply its strength, both in construction and in literary merit, had stirred the feelings. Full of intense situations and powerful passages as it is, the piece held them from first to last, and to this result the cast contributed in no little measure. Mr. Thomas Kingston was really splendid in his study of John Gayde—one more proof of the versatility of that sterling actor—and Mrs. Robert Brough's interpretation of Muriel Gayde lacked nothing to make it one of the best in her long list of emotional roles. Miss Emma Temple, Miss Nellie Ferguson, Miss Lily Titheradge, Messrs. Grogan McMahon, Cyril Mackay, J. B. Atholwood, indeed, all the company were extremely well placed.

The Brisbane visit of the J. C. Williamson Musical Comedy Company has been received with every mark of appreciation by playgoers in that city, who have revelled in the series of bright pieces in that organisation's repertoire.

Both Her Majesty's and the Theatre Royal, Sydney, are at present playing to packed houses nightly. "Humpty Dumpty" at the former, and "The Lady Dandies" at the latter, being responsible for this very satisfactory state of affairs. The pantomime has most decidedly captured the public taste in the most emphatic fashion, and nightly the enthusiasm for all its manifold good points is expressed in the most lavish applause. Nothing misses an excellent reception, and the whole production "goes with a bang" from start to finish. "The Lady

Dandies," though more familiar to playgoers by this time than "Humpty Dumpty," has evidently lost none of its attractiveness, for audiences exhibit just as keen an appreciation in its delightful music, droll situations, and elaborate mounting as ever. It is now in the sixth week of its run, and there can be little doubt that it will stay on the boards for the rest of the Royal Comic Opera Company's visit there.

Miss Tittell Brune's popularity remains at the same level as it attained before she left Australia last year, as anybody can see for themselves if they are outside the stage door of the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, after any performance of "Peter Pan." A great crowd always waits for her there, and the other day they experienced an unexpected pleasure. The coachman drove away suddenly without Miss Brune, who was left on the pavement, to be immediately "mobb'd" by a hundred or so of eager admirers, who were glad to get so near to their favourite. Miss Brune had to be rescued from their importunities by a couple of constables.

Its English birthday (it has already had half-a-dozen Continental ones) of "The Merry Widow" takes place shortly at Daly's Theatre, London, and Franz Lehár goes over to conduct for the occasion. Every capital city in Europe has seen him in the chair under similar conditions during the past two years, for the twelve months' run of his famous opera had been easily achieved in each big city from Vienna to London. There is a romance about Franz Lehár's life, as there is about that of most musicians. The son of a military bandmaster, he began his musical career at the mature age of four, and at twelve was a student at the Prague Conservatorium. His early years were full of trials, for his parents were poor, and life was hard for the young artist. But he was always being stimulated to further efforts by such encumbrances as those of Anton Dvorak, who, when asked for his opinion on two sonatas by the youthful composer, advised him to give up fiddling for a living and take to composing. It was impossible to do that, both because money had to be earned and because his father wanted him to be a violinist. At last Lehár revolted, and turned his attention to writing music instead of making it. At first the way was hard, for he applied his genius to grand opera—and grand opera was apparently not wanted. "At last I grew sick and tired of it," he says, "and took to writing light operas, with which I had more luck," a faint way of expressing the tremendous sensation his work has made in Europe and America.

The new piece for the J. C. Williamson Musical Comedy Company, "The Prince of Pilsen," has evidently as much vitality and vigour in it as "The Belle of New York." It has been played for six years in America—four distinct productions of it being given in New York alone—and it is still a strong attraction there, while in London it made a big hit, and in Berlin and Paris it has made good in German and French translations.

The Bland Holt tour, booked three years ago, opens in Auckland in September. The repertoire will include "The Great Millionaire," "Flood Tide," "The Bondsman," "The Great Rescue," "Breaking of the Drought," "The Prodigal Son," and "The Lights of London."

New Zealand is included in the itinerary of Jan Kubelik, the great violinist, and the tour commences in Auckland on Monday, 22nd June.

Frank Thornton's New Zealand tour, under the direction of Mr. Edwin Geach, commences at Invercargill on June 22nd, "When Knights were Bold," "Charley's Aunt," "Private Secretary," and other pieces will be produced. The first-named play has been running at Terry's Theatre, London, for 550 successive performances.

"Call Boy," of the "Evening Star," Dunedin, ascertained while on a recent visit to Melbourne, that the Williamson management proposes to send the following attractions to New Zealand before

the close of the year: "Humpty Dumpty," Pantomime (Auckland, July 27), "Peter Pan," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Margaret Anglin in "The Thief" (Dunedin Christmas), the Musical Comedy Company with "The Prince of Pilsen," Royal Comics with "The Merry Widow" (Auckland, Boxing Night), and Miss Ada Crossley's Concert Company.

Miss Jeannie Pollock, who joined Mr. Holt when he was last in Auckland, and who has made great strides in the profession, is now taking leading roles with the re-organised Bland Holt Company.

Mr. Edward Branscombe is again in Australia, this time not with the Westminster Glee Singers, but with "The Scarlet Troubadours." They undertake an entertainment which is a compromise between light opera, concert work, and vaudeville—in other words, an amalgamation of singing, dancing, and comedy, which should provide enjoyment for all classes of amusement-seekers.

"The Southern Cross," Mr. Edmund Duggan's Eureka Stockade melodrama, was produced in Melbourne on Saturday night by Mr. William Anderson. The part of the heroine was played by Miss Frances Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Bland Holt were enthusiastically received at the Adelaide Theatre Royal recently, when they returned to the stage after their absence of six months. Nearly fourteen years had gone by since they were previously in Adelaide, so that their reception was all the greater on that account. Flowers were handed over the footlights in great profusion to Mrs. Holt, whom everybody was glad to see looking well and happy again after her recent serious illness. The play was "The White Heather," Mrs. Holt appearing as Lady Janet M'Lintock, and Mr. Holt as Edgar Trefusis. The cast also included:—Marion Hume, Miss Harrie Ireland; Lady Hermoine, Miss Jennie Pollock; Lady Molly, Miss Muriel Dale; Lord Angus Cameron, Mr. Styan; Captain Alexander M'Lintock, Mr. Max Maxwell; James Hume, Mr. Charles Brown; Dick Beach, Mr. Leslie Woods.

The Misses Aileen and Doris Woods, known as the New Zealand Twins, who recently made a big hit in pantomime, were the vocalists at a concert at the Gaiety on Sunday evening, when their duets were enthusiastically received, says a London paper.

Mr. George Musgrove, who recently arrived in London, is busy making plans and engaging artists for a comic opera company, with which he will return to Australia in about three months' time.

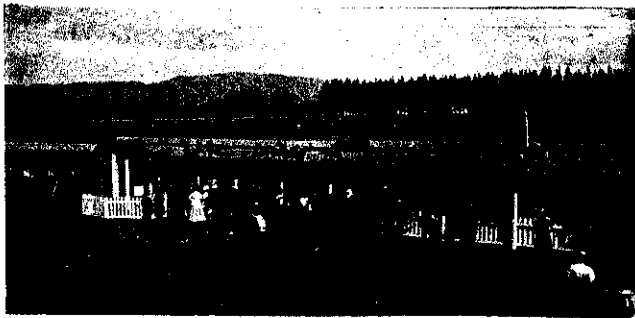
Rose Musgrove is studying singing with Madame Minna Fischer in London, prior to appearing in musical comedy.

It is stated that in the new production of "A Beggar on Horseback," at the Sydney Criterion, Mr. Harcourt Beatty has an ideal part, and the same may be said of Miss Midge McIntosh, as Lady Mary Dudley.

The Fitzmaurice Gill Company was to have done an Easter season in Hobart, but (reports the "Tasmanian Mail"), owing to some change in their arrangements, the agent had to cancel the dates, and that, too, after the company had been well advertised throughout the city.

Walter Rivers, who spent many months in Auckland with Dix's years back, is at Pastor's, New York, appearing with Nina Rochester under the style of "The Australian Singing Duo."

When the late Sir Henry Irving was playing his famous impersonation of Mathias in "The Bells" in Scotland, a humorous, if provoking, incident occurred. It was during the big scene when the murderer hears those tinkling phantom bells, and his guilty conscience is rendering him in two, so great is his fear. Everything was quiet and the audience spell-bound when a voice from the gallery said, as the bells were still going ting-ting, "Eh, but it's natural, just like the tramway carri!"



Serrell, photo.

THE HAWKE'S BAY RACING CLUB'S AUTUMN MEETING.

No. 1 arriving on the course; No. 2, Mr. Harry Piper, the starter, is asked for his opinion; No. 3, well-known faces; No. 4, Sir William Russell presenting the Cup won by Mr. G. P. Donnelly; No. 5, finish of the Nursery Handicap, Gold Lace: 1, Chanteuse; 2, The Cockatoo; 3; No. 6, Mr. G. P. Donnelly's Uenuku winning the H.B. Cup.

BETWEEN THE RAIL HEADS: BUILDING THE MAIN TRUNK LINE.

THE COACH JOURNEY THROUGH THE BUSH.

Like two enormous centipedes, the north and south ends of the Main Trunk line are creeping across the land; over hill and dale, over chasm and roaring river, through swamp and bush—creeping slowly but resistlessly to the meeting spot, the yawning gorge of the Makatote. Mother Earth grumbles at the long, narrow, naked scar her children are making along her green sides. She meets them with rocky barriers, where the daily progress is only measured in inches; with mile-long swamps that swallow up stuff by the train-load; with gaping canyons across which men look mere pigmies; with swift rivers whose waters light every inch with the giant-footed piers in the boulder-strewn bed. Also, the Opposition will tell you she is aided and abetted by that power in the land of yates, the "co-op.", who, some say was born under the truest sign of the Zodiac. But vain is the resistance! Striding over the level plain, climbing laboriously up the hills, and sliding down the other side, clinging to the sides of the precipices, fending the streams, leaping the canyons, and boring through the mountain sides, go the line builders, and behind them trails the space-annihilating parallel of steel.

weatherboards and paint. Tracks become roads, roads become streets, and the straggling houses begin to shuffle round and line up like a file of recruits when they hear, "Dress by the right!"

Right out there in the contest with Nature you get your bearings more easily and with more certainty than you do in the city. It is life reduced almost to its primitive conditions and

robbed of those thousand and one hypocrisies and dis-embellishments which can only live in crowded streets. The folks are rough but genuine, and a week among them is a fine tonic for the city dweller.

In spite of the remarks about the co-op's, leisurely habit of life the stretch of country where the lines are not in place, sleeping quietly on their well-ballasted bed, and waiting for the Wellington-Auckland express, is very short. Two months ago there was a gap between the rail heads of twenty-two miles from Waimarino on the plains of that name to Ohakune, to be covered in the coach; last month it was reduced to fourteen miles; and now the hiatus is narrowed down to some ten miles—



WAIMARINO STATION, LOOKING ACROSS THE PLAINS

from Makatote to Ohakune, so that the opportunity of seeing this work with one's own eyes is rapidly slipping away.

Railway red tape runs as far as Tamarunui, where the line crosses the Wanganui River, 175 miles south of Auckland. Here it is chopped off short and the traveller under its care. You get your ticket in the train from a good-natured guard, who does not seem to worry much about schedule time, who has silver braid on his cap—and who carries a bag just like a tram conductor. He hands out a block of paper tickets like a lottery book, and there is much writing with a stubby pencil and manipulation of small change. You have time to get tolerably well acquainted with him, and the contrast between this section, and the rush and bustle of the line where the Railway Department tries to keep up a time-table is sufficiently marked to give one a sort of personal interest in the matter which is quite refreshing in anything where Government officials are concerned—they have such an awsome haughty



COACHES LEAVING WAIMARINO STATION TO CONNECT WITH SOUTH RAIL HEAD AT OHAKUNE.

To appreciate the romance of it you want to see the thing in the making. Occasional reports from the Vigilance Committee of the Railway League, complaints from the "co-op." if his cheque is five minutes late, a police raid on the sly gang fraternity, or an account of the progress of some wandering M.P. who comes through to get the full value of his talismanic little gold pass, don't give you an inspiring idea of the linking up of the Capital City and her Northern sister. The poetry of it appeals to you when you get right up there on the roof of the island among the snowy mountains, the treeless plains of tussock, and the silent forests, and watch that strange little mortal man clasping a circle of steel round the unwilling brows of Mother Earth! It is good to see a great work when done, but better to see it in the making. For miles the Main Trunk line runs through virgin country, which Nature still haunts, and it is good to see her before man drives her away with his seeping sawmills, his scarring fires, and, lastly, his unlovely houses. You can trace the evolution of a town. First go the surveyors, whose arduous work is never properly appreciated, because it is unseen. Then comes the bushman with his axe and his tent. The navy follows and hews out first the service road, and next the line. Geographical position, fertility of the soil, or the exigencies of the work are responsible for a cluster of tents at some particular point. The tent gets a wooden floor, by-and-by a sheet or two of corrugated iron and a few more boards give added permanence, till at last it sloughs its patched skin and appears in all the splendour of



CUTTING AT MAKATOTE.

On the right is Anderson's Works, where the iron work was made, all the machinery being driven by electricity. The viaduct, now in course of construction, is just the other side of the bank in the background. It will be the highest in New Zealand when finished—260 feet from the bed of the river to the rails.

manner towards their employees, the meek public. The train and engine is a footling little affair, and you jog along with a "let 'em all come" feeling that is most soothing. The names of the stations have yet to be embalmed in the official time-table, and so have a refreshing newness about them. Here

and there you run out of the bush into try. Our little bit of an engine pulled round corners and through the two tunnels with the utmost complacence—so beautiful is the grading. At Waimarino, which was reached somewhere about 11 o'clock (but nobody takes much stock in time in these quiet parts) we came bang

rough ride he must have had. Luggage was piled up on top, and the coaches bulged with it till we looked like a travelling tinkers' caravan. We rolled across the end of the plain in style, and were soon in the shade of the glorious forest which clothes the range separating us from the snowy mountains towering above the sombre green of the ranges. Makatote was reached soon after one o'clock, and here we had lunch in a very swagger bush cook-house. This is the site of the longest and highest viaduct of the route—860 feet long and 260 feet from the creek to the rail level.

Imagine the lizzy height! Almost twice as high as the lofty tower of St. Matthew's Church in Auckland! Messrs. Anderson, of Christchurch, have the contract, the price being £53,369, and the material (all British made) was manufactured on the spot in a huge workshop fitted up with all the necessary appliances driven by electrical power. Mild steel, which is used throughout the job, rusts so rapidly that it has to be painted right away to protect it from the elements. It stands a much heavier strain than other steel, but is somewhat disconcerting, as has been remarked, to think there is only a coat of paint between you and destruction.

This viaduct is the key to the situation, and on its completion depends the linking up of the line by the end of the year. Workmen swarm all over the girders and piers with the utmost unconcern, and as we passed, a party of riveters could be seen perched up on a slim scaffolding right at the top of the main pier calmly eating their dinner with their legs dangling over the side. Most of the men on the work are sailors, and well they may be! Some distance further on is the Taomui viaduct, which has a great sweeping curve in it, and the tourists get out and walk over this while the coach winds down the gully and crawls up the other side to the top. For miles you drive through magnificent forests of giant trees, principally rimu and totara, and this sight alone is worth the journey.

All along the route you come across camps of workers, who live in all sorts of queer tents, huts and whares. A touch of luxury is lent here and there by a well-stocked vegetable garden attached to the domicile of some epicurean pioneer. You get wonderful vistas of country as the coach swings along, and you begin to realize the potentialities of this wonderful North Island, waiting for the millions of population it will one day carry. The road is a monument to the Public Works Department, but the dust! Part of the road runs through punicee land, punicee as fine as flour. In winter it consolidates into a magnificent highway, like the Waikato roads, but in summer! Before the coach has gone many miles everything, from the leaders

to the boot, and particularly the boot, is covered with a thick layer of whitey-brown dust. You smile at the appearance of your vis-a-vis, who would, as he sits, make a capital snowball minstrel, or a dusty miller. Everybody laughs at everybody else, and all but the grumpy ones make jokes on the subject, and give up the idea of being dignified. There is nothing like a good coating of Main Trunk dust to take the starch out of the monocled tourist.

(Continued on page 33.)

THE EVOLUTION OF A TOWNSHIP.



We start with this in the heart of the bush—



And in the next stage we find this sort of thing—



Which evolves into a place like Ohakune boasting something in the nature of thoroughfares—



And this in turn grows into a settled township like Taumarunui—



With buildings of this stamp, where a few years ago there was nothing but bush and scrub.



Hawkins, photo. THE COACH ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST.

a township still half canvas, half timber; the only really finished buildings being those connected with the railway. At Raurimu you crane your neck out of the window to see the train running after its own tail round the famous spiral, an ingenious device to get over a sudden and very steep rise in the coun-

out of the forest on to the edge of the tussock plains where the giant trees come to an abrupt end, with a line as well defined as that of any shrubbery in a well kept park.

There were four coaches, four-in-hand, and every seat was taken, in fact, one man had to perch upon the roof, and a



WAITING FOR THE SOUTHERN TRAIN AT OHAKUNE STATION, THE PRESENT RAIL HEAD ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF MAKATOTE.

The station is the palatial building on the left. The train steams through magnificent lofty rimu and totara, growing right up to the platform which is made of huge logs, and the incongruity of the thing strikes one very forcibly.

Popular Legal Delusions.

Considering the innumerable times the question has been answered in print, it is quite astonishing the number of times the question arises as to the legality of the marriage of second cousins. "I know first cousins can marry," runs one letter, "but I am told that second cousins can't." It is difficult to explain the origin of this delusion, because there is nothing in the term "second cousin" to suggest a nearer relationship than first cousin.

Landlords who have weekly tenants are much in the habit of persuading them to pay their rent fortnightly or monthly, in order to be in a position to bluff them into believing that if they wish to leave they must give a fortnight's or a month's notice, which is not the case.

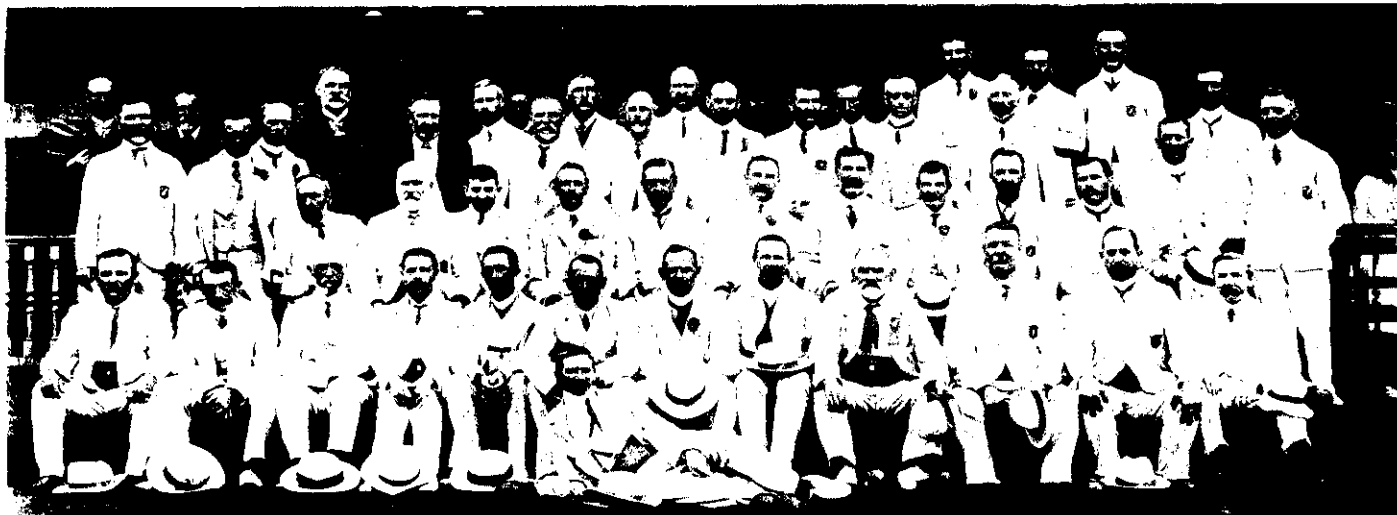
In connection with money in Chancery there are many delusions, the principal of which is that estates that once get into Chancery never get out again. Persons who are remotely connected with somebody who 50 years ago was believed to have become entitled to some money which he never got, seek advice as to the best way to go about getting the money. Perhaps it is too much to expect the general public to understand the procedure by means of which claims under wills of intestacies can generally be effectually dealt with within a reasonable period. It is true, of course, that there are very large dormant funds in Chancery, but it is equally true that they are there, for the most part, because there really is no living person entitled to them.



Zak. photo

WHARF DAMAGED AT WELLINGTON

The thirty foot hole in the Queen's Wharf at Wellington, made by the Union Company's Maori while berthing during a blow.



ON THE AUCKLAND GREEN. THE SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF THE VISITORS BY THE AUCKLAND TOURING TEAM, BY 117 POINTS TO 102.



THE GATHERING AT DEVONPORT GREEN, WHERE THE "ALL WHITES," AS THE TRAVELLERS WERE CALLED, DEFEATED THE AUCKLAND MEN BY 144 POINTS TO 100.

RETURN OF THE DOMINION BOWLERS FROM THEIR AUSTRALIAN TRIP.

THE BOWLERS WHO HAVE BEEN ON A VISIT TO THE COMMONWEALTH CAME BACK LAST WEEK, AND WHEN IN AUCKLAND MET SOME OF THE LOCAL BOWLERS BEFORE GOING ON SOUTH IN THE STEAMER.

Vallie. photo.

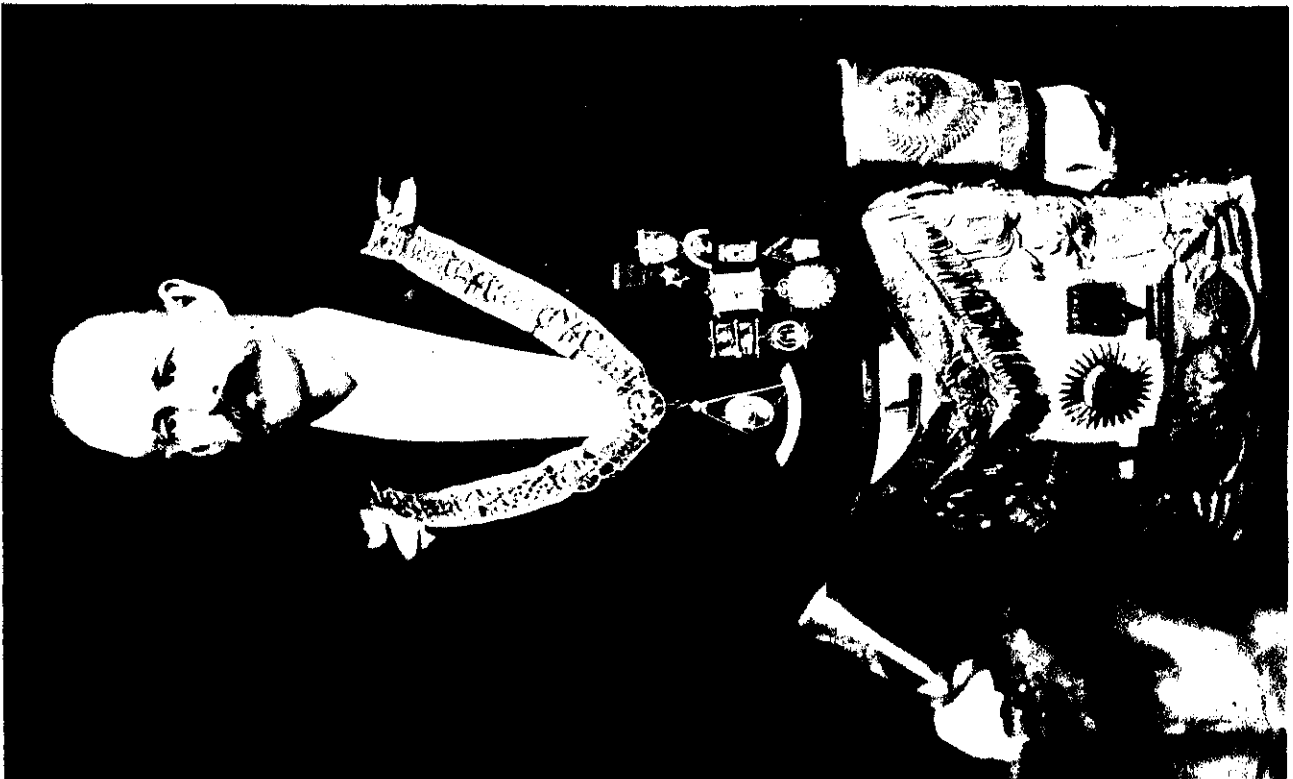


W. H. Bartlett, photo.
A GROUP OF NEWLY APPOINTED GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONSTITUTION OF FREEMASONS.



THE PRO GRAND MASTER AND PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND CONSTITUTION OF FREEMASONS.

Standing (left to right): R.W. Bro., J. W. McInerney, Bro., G.M. Hawke's Bay and Gisborne; R.W. Bro., F. H. Corbett, Bro., G.M. Taranaki; R.W. Bro., Robert Johnston, Bro., G.M. Nelson; Bro., J. W. McInerney, Bro., G.M. Canterbury; Bro., G.M. Otago; M.W. Bro., Oliver Nicholson, Bro., G.M. Auckland; R.W. Bro., F. H. Bingham, Bro., G.M. Canterbury.

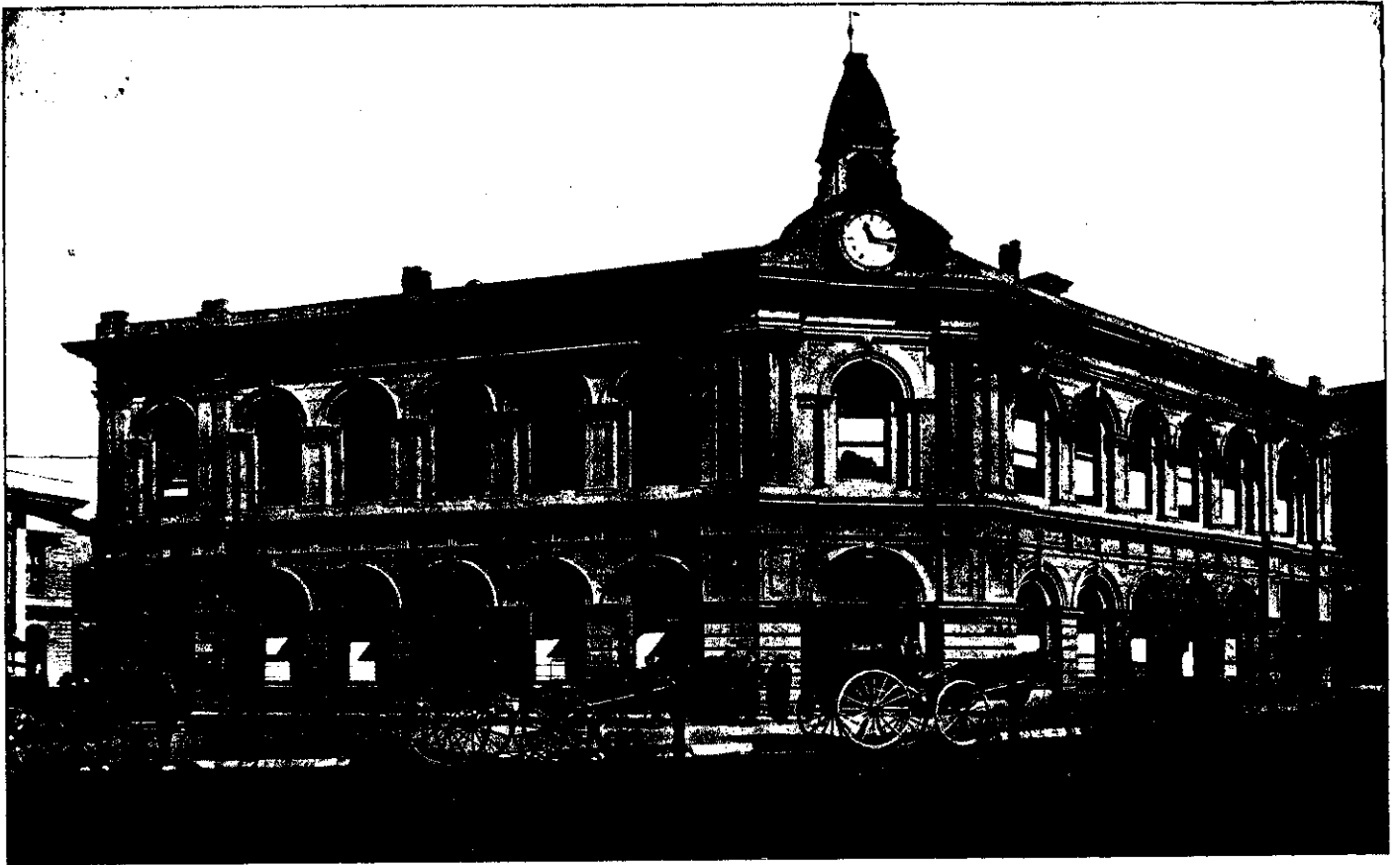


W. H. Bartlett, photo.
M.W. Bro. OLIVER NICHOLSON, PRO GRAND MASTER NEW ZEALAND CONSTITUTION OF FREEMASONS.



Photo study by W. Reid, Edinburgh.

FIRM FRIENDS—DEERHOUND AND TERRIER.



THE POST OFFICE, NAPIER.



NAPIER CLUB, HERSCHEL STREET.



Wrigglesworth and Bluns, photo.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR, LORD PLUNKET.

IN HIS REGALIA AS GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF NEW ZEALAND, TO WHICH HIGH OFFICE HE WAS INSTALLED FOR THE THIRD TERM AT AUCKLAND LAST WEEK, IN THE PRESENCE OF A LARGE GATHERING OF MASONS FROM ALL OVER THE DOMINION.



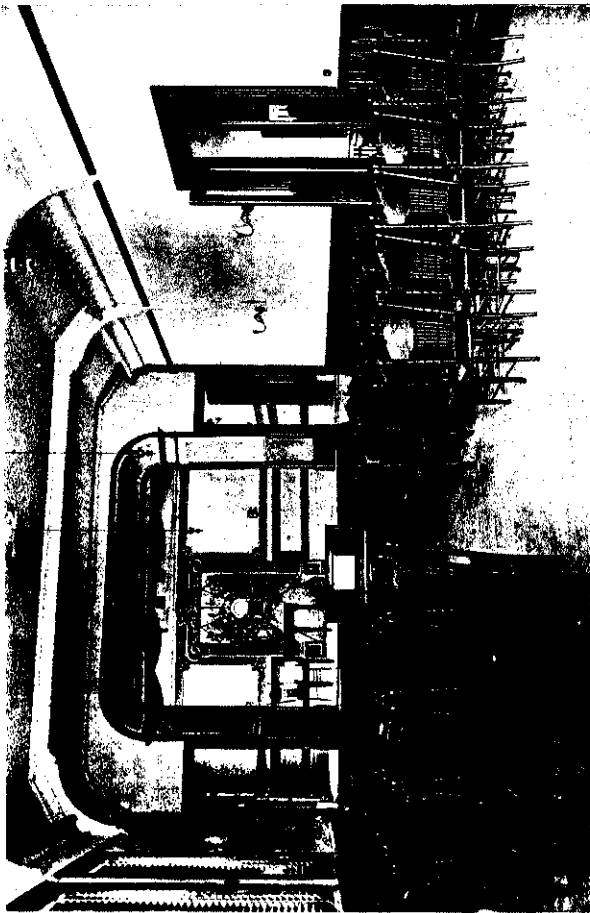
Mr W. D. LYSNAR,
Who was recently elected Mayor of Gisborne.



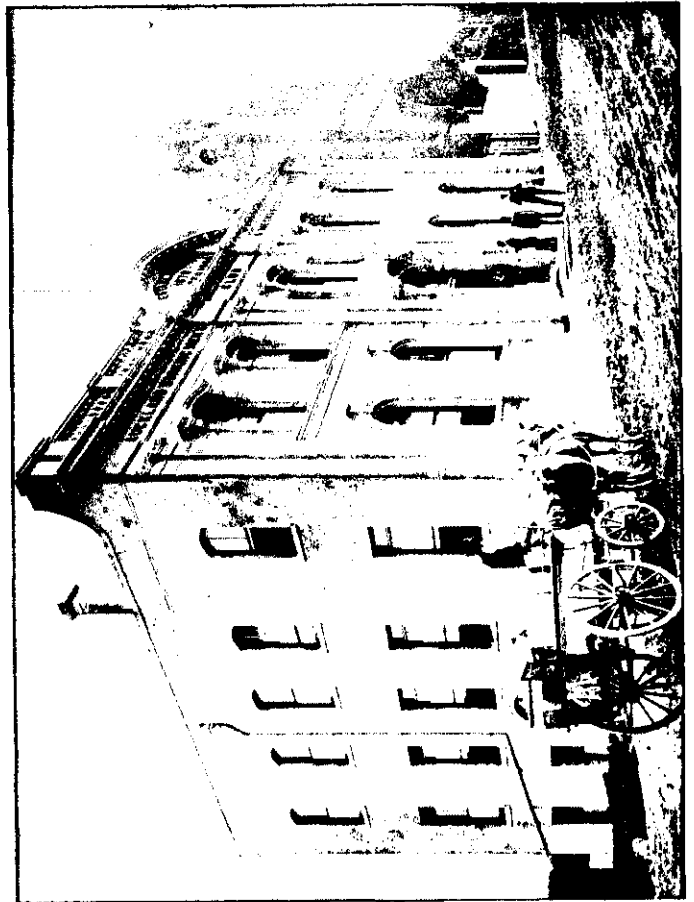
Seated are Mr. Slorp, organist, and the Rev. A. A. Murray, of St. Andrew's, and Mr. George Croft, builder of the new organ, is standing.



NEW ORGAN AT ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, AUCKLAND.
This splendid instrument which was built by Mr. George Croft, of Auckland, cost about £300, towards which some Mr. Carnegie, the millionaire, gave £500. It is pronounced one of the finest in the Dominion, and is another testimony to the uncommon skill of the builder.
See "Music and Drama."



THE SOCIAL HALL OF THE AUCKLAND WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.
Messrs E. Mahoney and Sons were the architects for the Club House, and Mr. J. J. Holland was the contractor, the total cost being over £4000.



THIS SUBSTANTIAL BUILDING HAS JUST BEEN ERECTED IN CUB STREET, AUCKLAND, FOR THE WORKINGMEN'S CLUB AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, AND WAS OPENED ON MONDAY EVENING BY THE HON. JAMES MCGOWAN.

THE SUB-RIFLE MACHINE.

This invention practically eliminates the range difficulty. By means of it a man or boy may in a short time be made a good shot in a room, and without firing a ball cartridge.

The position at present is that Mr. Haldane thinks his territorial army scheme the best thing possible for the nation. He has said that the Sub-

THE TARGET, SHOWING RESULTS OF FAULTY SHOOTING.



1. Unsteady Hold.—Diagram showing course of needle over sub-target. 2. Good Hold, Good Aim.—Bad result due to bad trigger-pull. 3. Bad Aim.—Accidental bull as the result of bad trigger-pull.

Target, a machine of national importance, and in the absence of sufficient ranges is absolutely the only means whereby men or boys may perfect themselves in shooting.

There are over 400 of them in use in the British Army. These have all been purchased privately, or out of regimental funds, by officers who recognise its great value.

The awakening of England and the overseas Dominions will come when each and every man is made to feel that he is a factor in the life of his nation, and

that he ought to do something for it, and that his function in the life of the community does not end at the ballot-box.

Moreover, there is a mighty power that can be used for the benefit of political life in England that is now running absolutely to waste—the Englishman's innate love of sport, a passion that in too many cases he has but a poor opportunity of gratifying.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MACHINE.

A strong upright pillar supports the Head, which may be adjusted to the standing, kneeling, or prone position. The Head consists of a cast-iron barrel about four inches in diameter, to which is attached the mechanism.

On the forward part of the Head is a Target-holder containing a Small Target the size of a visiting card.

The mechanism is counterbalanced so that the firer has the exact weight of

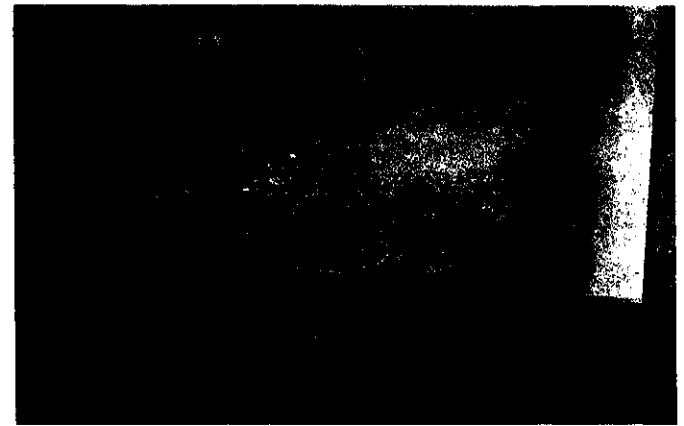


A BRADFIELD COLLEGE BOY ASSISTING SERGEANT-MAJOR SCUDAMORE IN TEACHING BOYS TO SHOOT WITH THE SERVICE RIFLE BY AID OF THE SUB-TARGET RIFLE MACHINE.

the rifle, which he can move freely in any direction.

Pointing to the Card Target is a 10-inch Pointer which greatly magnifies every movement of the rifle, thus showing clearly any error in trigger pull, etc.

The firer aims at the large target 20 yards away, which is ringed to proper dimensions to appear the size of a standard target at any desired distance, say, 200, 300, or 500 yards. The Instructor watches the pointer, which wanders over



A CIVILIAN LEARNING TO SHOOT WITH A SERVICE RIFLE BY AID OF THE SUB-TARGET RIFLE MACHINE.

the face of the Card Target, in the same manner as the rifle sights wander over the face of the large target. The trigger being pressed, the target-holder darts forward on to the needle at the end of

Instructor every fault of the firer, and leaves nothing to guess-work. Aiming, holding, pressing the trigger, wind allowance, snap and rapid firing, can all be taught on this Machine.

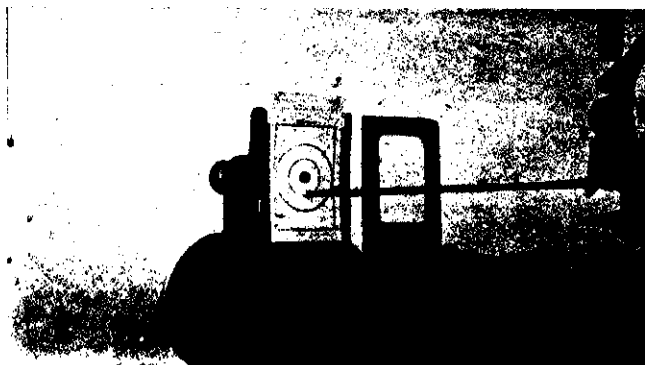
Fight for the Holy Carpet.

Bedouins attacked the Egyptian holy carpet near Medina, on its recent journey, and ten soldiers were killed and one gun was captured. The caravan was compelled to return to Medina. The holy carpet is a gorgeous piece of red velvet embroidered with gold. It takes a year to make the carpet, and the Sultan of Turkey then entrusts it to the Egyptian pilgrims to place on the tomb of the Prophet at Mecca. At the end of that time it is replaced by another carpet, and is returned to Cairo with great ceremony.

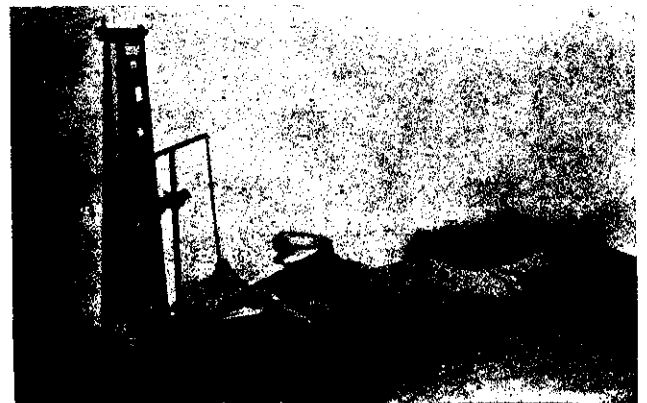
Arabs, Turks, Persians, Syrians, Circassians, Nubians, negroes and British Indians join in the pilgrimage. The fierce guardians of the caravan are the Bushi Bazouks, mounted and armed to the teeth.

On the safe return to Egypt, the caravan halts a few miles to the north-east of Cairo, and the pilgrims pitch their tents not far from the barracks of Abassieh, facing the tombs of the Khalifs. A magnificent coloured tent, occupying the centre of the camp, contains the carpet, which is cut into small pieces and distributed among the faithful.

The right to carry the carpet has been handed down from camel to camel in the male line for hundreds of years.

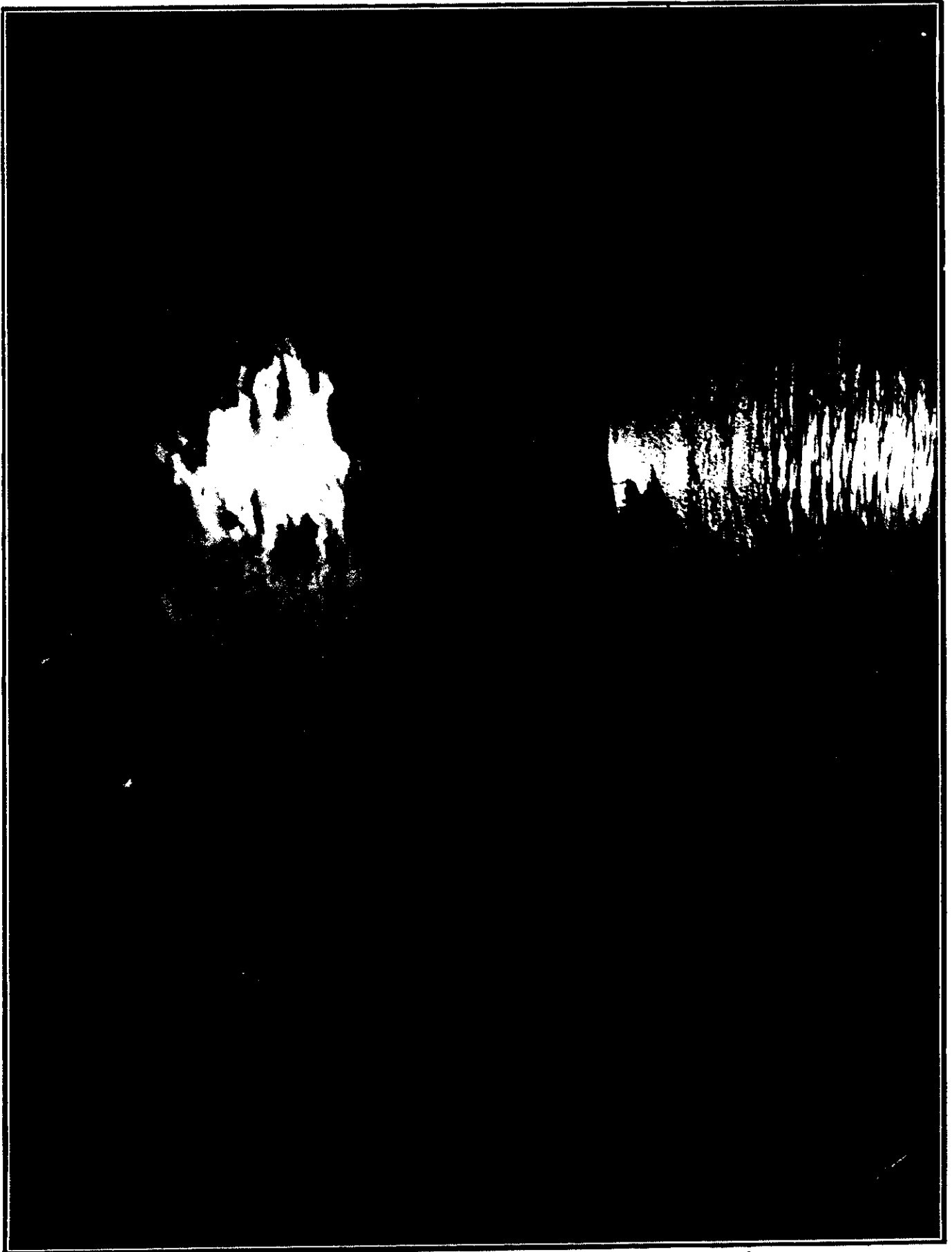


The Instructor watches the pointer wander over the face of the sub-target in the same manner as the rifle sights wander over the face of the distant target. When the firer presses the trigger the sub-target jumps forward and receives a puncture at the exact spot where a bullet would have struck the distant target if ball cartridge had been used.



A FAMOUS SHOT USING THE MACHINE.

Lance-Corporal A. G. Fulton was a member of the British rifle team that visited Canada and Australia in 1907. Lance-Corporal Fulton is a member of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers and forced one of that Company's team when it competed at New York for the Vincent Challenge Shield. He made the highest aggregate score for the English team, and was only beaten by one point for the highest aggregate score of the match by Sergeant Short of the opposing team (the 7th National Guard), who is an experienced shot. Corporal Fulton is barely 21 years of age and should have a brilliant career as a rifle shot before him.



MOONLIGHT ON AUCKLAND HARBOUR.

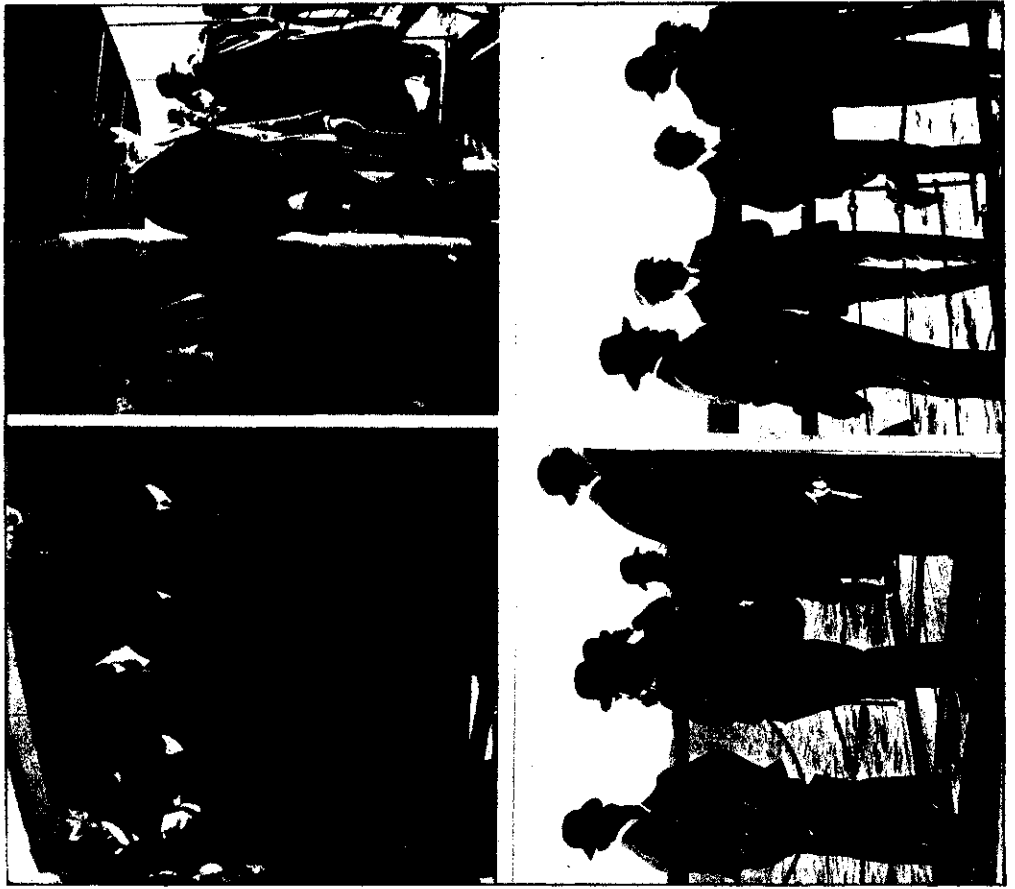
T. Emerton, photo.

FREEMASONS' CEREMONIALS AND FESTIVITIES IN AUCKLAND.

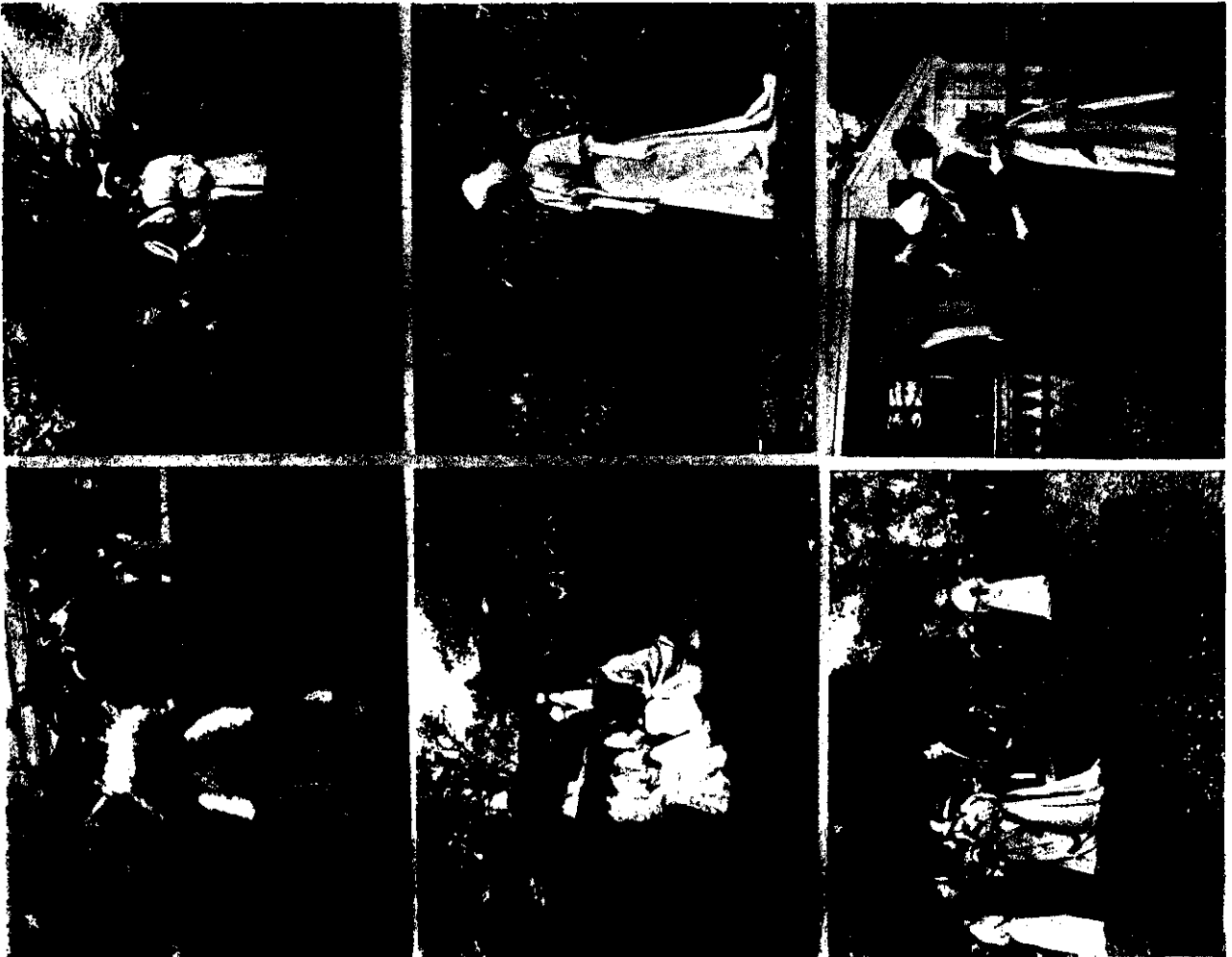
SOUTHERN VISITORS DELIGHTED.

His Excellency the Governor, the Grand Master Oliver Nicholson, and the large local committee of hardworking Freemasons, must feel highly proud of the unqualified success which has attended the important Masonic functions, and attendant recreations and entertainments which occupied almost the whole

of last week in Auckland. Everything, from the important and impressive installation ceremonies, passed off without a hitch, the result of minute care and forethought exercised by all in authority, and the cordial cooperation of suburban workers. The golden party, the dance and conversations, are described at some length in our Ladies' Letter. On Saturday there was a Harbour Board excursion, favoured by excellent weather. The Kestrel was chartered for the occasion, and the course was first shaped for Home Bay, Motutapu. The visitors did not land, but returned via Takarua and Cheltenham, thus getting a good idea



WATER EXCURSION GIVEN IN HONOUR OF THE VISITING MASONS FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

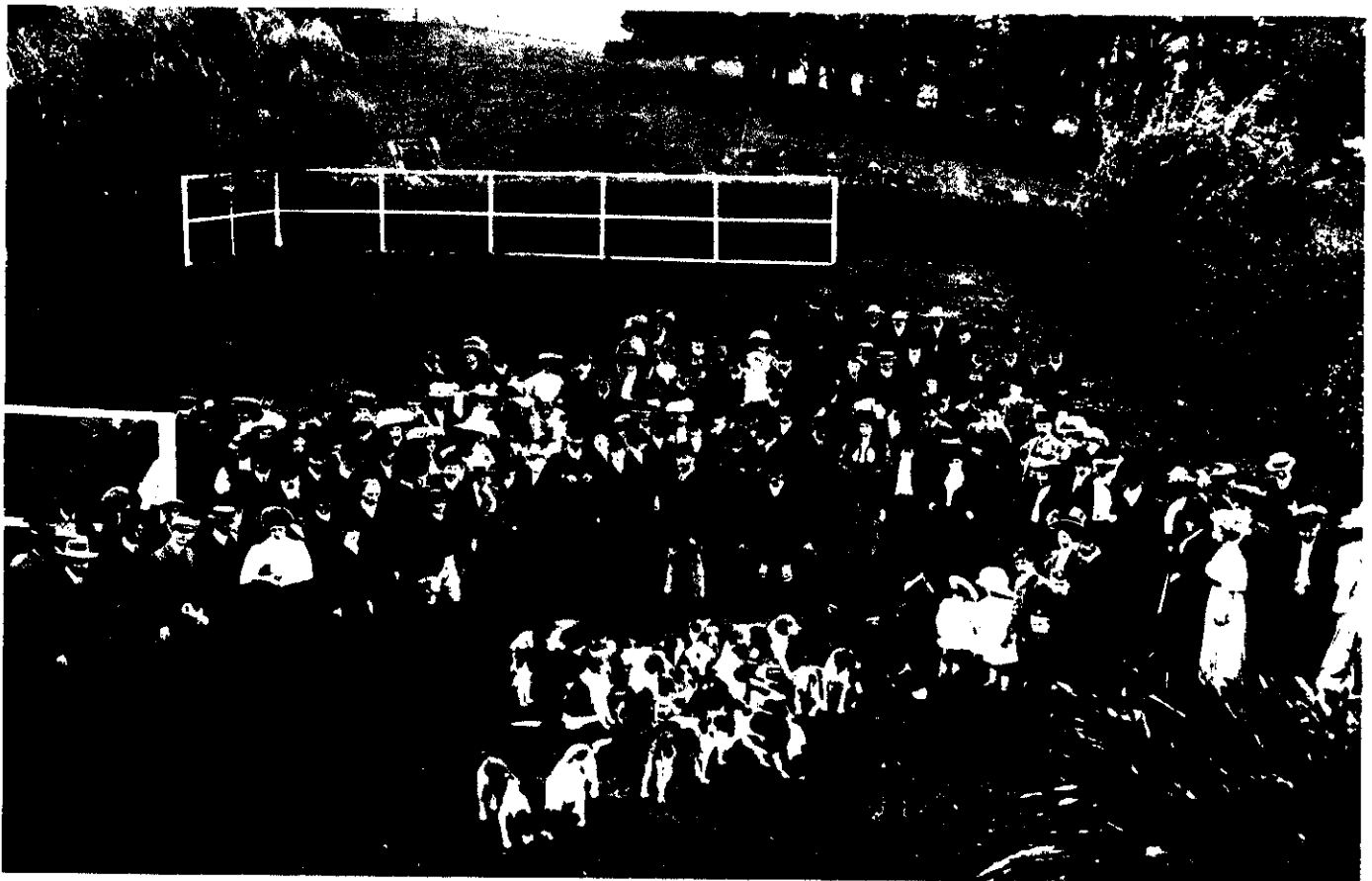


GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, who was installed last week for the third term as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Ma sons, and Lady Plunket gave a large garden party at Government House, Auckland, to the Masons and their wives and daughters.



MEET OF THE PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB AT MOUNT ROSKILL.



RECEPTION AT "DUNKERRON," THREE KINGS, GIVEN BY THE MASTER AND MRS. H. T. GORRIE.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON AT AUCKLAND.



NEW YORK HARBOUR.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

THREE GREAT CITIES OF AMERICA.

I.—CHICAGO.

TWO days out from the Grand Canyon of Arizona, with a mind still groping in wonderment and full of involuntary reverence, the traveller descends into that unwholesome city, Chicago.

The usual question arises: "What is there to see?" Parks, galleries, buildings? "Oh, yes," says the man of Chicago, "we have all of these, but, above all, you ought to visit one of the great meat-packing houses"—in other words, the greatest slaughter houses of the world.

Surely some queer germ of callousness impregnates the air of the great pork-packing city and enters into the traveller, driving out, for the time being, all his usual sensitiveness and finer feeling, else how is it we find him, having left his women folk captives to the seductive "ereations" of Marshall Field's, and having obtained for himself the necessary ticket of admission to Swift's or Armour's, or some other great meat-packing establishment, speeding away to the outskirts of the city prey to an abnormal curiosity.

Arriving at the slaughter yards, this traveller, who, if you had yesterday asked him to kill a fowl or drown that stray cat that keeps you awake at night, would have looked at you in annoyance, to-day follows with no small degree of excitement the ceaseless career of some

poor calf or bullock from its quivering death, along that ever-moving chain, from hand to hand; watches the expert slashing and scraping of innumerable knives; forgets to feel sick as the blood runs red

Elsewhere he would turn with aversion from the very thought of such things, but here the air is saturated with coarseness. But, while we comment on the man, what have we to say of the woman



NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS.

View taken from top of Eastern tower of Brooklyn Bridge.

at his very feet, and inquires into the minutest details of the disgusting business.

who indulges morbid curiosity in such a fashion, and who, not satisfied with soiling her own eyes and mind, will drag

modern cities, lacking as they do all tradition and history. All American cities are big and noisy, and all boast of skyscrapers to a greater or less degree, so that when we at last come to the greatest of them and find ourselves on our journey from Brooklyn, viewing the renowned skyscrapers of New York's waterfront, it is only natural that much of the expected impressiveness should be absent.

There they rise, as did the Sequoia Gigantea in the forests of California, out-rivalling all similar species the world wide; but, even as with the great trees, these giant buildings lose some of their impressiveness and appear to dwindle in size once we are among them, until in a surprisingly short time the mind, accustomed to their dimensions, loses all wonder of them.

But one among these marvellous productions stands out unique, never losing that peculiar charm and influence which it exerts on all that see it—the Fuller, or Flat-iron building. Wedged in at the corner where Broadway intersects Fifth Avenue, this strange building towers up some twenty stories. Its height, however, is not its most impressive feature, but, viewing it as we must needs do when coming up Fifth Avenue, there appears to emanate from it a strong sense of life and vigour, and I was invariably overcome by a feeling that at any moment this great grey iron-clad might come steaming along the Avenue. Undoubtedly New York is a splendid city, well planned and well built, but it would be a pleasanter one if its overhead trol-



A CONGESTED CITY THOROUGHFARE—MULBERRY BEND, NEW YORK.

behind her or carry in her arms some frightened child? The visitors' books of these slaughter houses, I am assured, for such sights did not appeal to me, prove that many such exist.

The traveller, having marvelled at the expeditious methods employed, and at the immensity of the business, wanders back to his hotel and dinner.

At dinner, as his meat is set before him, suddenly the horror of what he has seen comes down like a black cloud over his mind. He turns sick with loathing of it all, and, going to his room, packs hastily and catches the first train for Niagara, where, in the cold driving spray of Nature's wonderful pureness, he endeavours to wash away a blood-red picture, which, in spite of all his efforts to forget, will for ever gleam up in all its vivid horror at the name of Chicago.

II.—NEW YORK.

Journeying across the great continent three things in particular become impressed upon our minds—the immense area of the country, the stirring life and continuous growth of the cities, and the proportionate brag of the people.

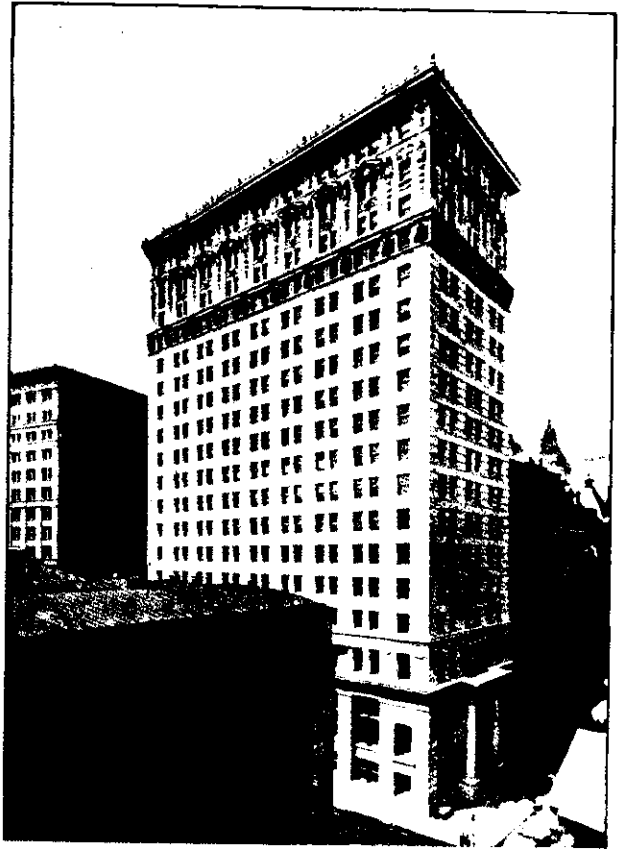
Perhaps we are coming from the Far East, where nothing hurries, or may be from the European world, where the tendency still remains to cling to the old and known in preference to a trial of the new, then this energetic go-ahead world creates a slight bewilderment in the mind and oft a sighing for a quieter if less progressive land. During those weeks occupied in side-tracking across the country, America's claim to progression, like the accent of her people, is apt to pall from very repetition.

There is so little variety in these great



A CENTRE OF HIGH PRESSURE.

Within this area, some of the fiercest financial battles have been fought. It includes the offices of J. P. Morgan and Co. (beneath the cupola in front), H. B. Hollins and Co., the sub-Treasury, the Hanover National, the Bank of Commerce, and the Equitable Building (in which Mr. Harriman has his office).



A TYPICAL SKYSCRAPER.



HOW NEW YORKERS LIVE.

* The Ansonia,* where many hundreds of well-off New Yorkers live in "Flats," or, as they term them, apartments.



IN THE OFFICE-BUILDING DISTRICT, NEW YORK.

In irregular lines the high buildings rise like fortresses.

ley cars were done away with, for the propped up lines on either side of many of the streets are unsightly, and the noise of the rushing cars is horrible. No doubt the underground electric, which is brought to such perfection in New York, with express cars that stop only at important stations, will soon have superseded this wretched overhead-car system.

In the usual go-ahead American way, tourists are everywhere well provided for. Huge public motor-cars, on the plan of the char-a-banc, that go a tour of the principal streets, are to be found in every American city. This is quite a step ahead of the method of "seeing" a city by means of train-car or bus rides, for these sight-seeing motor-cars go snorting along many streets where the electric-car or bus is forbidden.

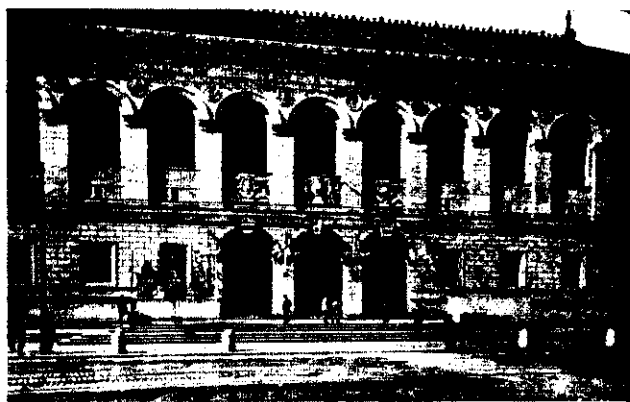
However, it is no use to crawl on beside the chauffeur and fancy that the folks on the side walks will mistake you for the owner of this enormous motor giving your friends a treat, for each car is glaringly labelled "Up Town Tour" or "Down Town Tour," as the case may be. Besides, there is no escape from the man with the megaphone. Across the street, up the street, down the street, resounds the voice of this fund of information accompanying each car, as he belabors forth items of interest about the various places that we pass. Once we ascend the ladder we are all "trippers" alike, and had best knuckle down to the fact and enjoy the "insides" of the man with the megaphone which, at times, are by no means devoid of wit.

In New York, the "Up Town" trip takes us along Fifth Avenue and River-side Drive, where we are thus permitted to

traordinarily well carried out—the scenic railway, the underground Venice, the fire-brigade displays, and the many, many other shows — that the enjoyment of them is by no means reserved to children. At night the whole place is so blazingly illuminated and so crowded with people, and every face so merry with laughter, that I defy the most sombre individual to keep his gravity at Coney Island.

There is another island in the Bay, but the coarse jests that are bandied there have little in them of the merriment of Coney Island. One morning we read in our newspapers that several thousand foreigners landed at Ellis Island. The figures sounded incredible, so we set off to the island to prove the fact with our own eyes and ears. There the daily influx of foreigners is supervised and regulated, and what a modern Tower of Babel the place is!

These sturdy foreigners, crowded out of their native lands, panting for room and fresh air, pass through the great metropolis, making westward, westward further even than Chicago. In the cities they are apt to be clammy, and herd together in distinct quarters. But beyond the boundaries of cities they spread themselves over that vast country, being assimilated to its ways and thoughts; a most extraordinary stream of life, ceaselessly pouring into that growing nation and being calmly digested by it—German, Russian, Irishman, Englishman, Scot, Italian and Jew, all alike contributing to the strength and greatness of the most virile nationality of today—the most powerful and uncertain factor in forecasting the destinies of the nations in the far-off future.



THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The first conspicuously successful work of the firm of McKim, Mead, and White.

Boston, and whose throbbing heart is the famous Harvard University, our rising spirit of enthusiasm receives another chill.

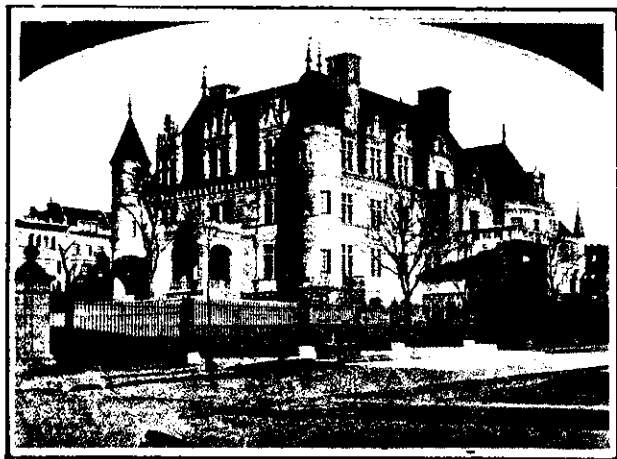
Think of Oxford, of the Cambridge of England, of Heidelberg, of Stuttgart, and of the claim which those university towns exert; that air of old-worldism, of learning of fellowship, of one knows not what, which makes them charming to those who visit them for the first time, and dear to those who have known them for long; and, so thinking, your heart cries out that in these unlovely red-brick buildings, scattered promiscuously about, surrounded by no sloping lawns and ivy-clad walls, there is no charm at all.

Learning repels us as hard and unsympathetic—a dreary text-book, bound in rough, unlovely cloth, and we long to see

it again encased in the stained and time-worn yet beautiful leather binding. True it is, of those old world centres of learning, that their offerings are not all promises to the young. The savant who has gone from them an ambitious youth may, aye, and does, come wandering back certain of a peace and stimulus to the meditation of maturer knowledge. But here, if there is a quietude, it is not the peace one dreams of finding in the realms of knowledge, but rather a lull at noon-tide in the heat of a strenuous business-world life.

Next Week.

A Voyage from Glasgow to Inverness, via the Caledonian Canal.



A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME—THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHAS. M. SCHWAB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.

breathe the air of millionarism all morning, while the "Down Town" trip whisks us in and out among the sky-scrapers of the business section, where the great financiers pile up their wealth. One little peep into secret affairs is permitted us from the interior gallery of the Stock Exchange, and a most noisy and animated scene it is, to be sure.

When we are weary of being "trippers" we go and drive in the beautiful Central Park, passing to and fro beside many a pair of valuable horses behind which sit the most fashionable and many of the most beautiful ladies of America. The feature about these ladies that surprised me most was that so many of them possessed magnificent heads of copper coloured hair. Whether this abundance of so unusual a colour was a freak of nature or merely an outcome of a dictate of fashion, I cannot possibly say.

There is a fairyland some eighteen miles down the Bay, known as Coney Island, where a great many more staid and proper folk than would ever confess to it have spent merry hours giggling at their own mis-shapen reflections in distortion mirrors, sliding down lumpy boards, or clutching a friend round the neck in breathless nervousness as the boat bounds down the water-chute. These side shows of Disneyland and Luna Park are most irresistible. And they are so ex-

III.—BOSTON.

If we desire to call down upon our heads the censure of all right-minded Americans, we have but to mention that we were disappointed in Boston. At once we will be overwhelmed by a babel of fervid talk outrivalling even the clamour of Ellis Island. And yet this city of refinement, this city of culture, the home of Hawthorn, of Emerson, of Longfellow, of Holmes, of Channing, of Henry James, indeed, of so many of the great ones of literature, must often appear but a tangled maze of streets, narrow and wide, running here, running there, running everywhere, following no plan or scheme, and thus rendering many fine buildings unnoticeable.

It is only fair, however, to add that the newer portions of the city are well enough built, and that Americans of wealth and refinement have wandered here from all corners of the States, and built for themselves most delightful homes along Commonwealth avenue, and Beacon-street. And, perhaps, more refreshing even than these, are the ivy-clad churches dotted here and there in this queer conglomerate city, picturing to English eyes some of the spirit of the mother country.

But, again, when we cross the River Charles to the little town of Cambridge, so close us to be practically a suburb of



AT CONEY ISLAND, THE PLAYGROUND OF NEW YORKERS.

Between the Rail Heads.

Continued from page 19.

People will ask you, "Isn't it a horribly uncomfortable journey?" In the days of your youth you have probably been to the circus, and have probably sat in the shilling seats — unyielding, unplanned board. You wouldn't recommend them for comfort, but you will admit you got a tremendous lot of fun out of the show. So it is with the Main Trunk trip. They don't supply you with air cushions, and irascible old ladies of both sexes say nasty things about the too familiar dust. But it does not prevent you from seeing the wonderful scenery and the great works, and like the circus you get a tremendous lot of fun out of it. The novelty of the trip compensates for everything. You are right in the front row with the performers in the fascinating drama of pioneering, and you have witnessed the birth of a huge undertaking. One old lady thought "it was 'orrid," and went into hysterics because there were no table napkins—"servyittes" she called them—at the bush shanty where we had the midday meal with the horny-handed.

Ohakune— with its funny little slab lean-to for a station, and its aristocratic stationmaster, who, judging from his accent and manner, was about a week and a-half out from the Old Country— situated right in the heart of the forest primeval, was reached about three in the afternoon, and the people bound further south transferred to another queer little Public Works' train, which came puffing out of a glorious avenue of rimu and totara monsters that you could almost touch from the carriage windows, and so reached Taihape, where they stopped for the night before catching the train for Wellington, respectability, and the hum-drum conventionalities of everyday toil-Taihape, which in the unregenerate days was a sort of "Roaring Camp," where on pay-day the brawny navy spent his hard-earned coin in beer, then more beer, and fought Homeric battles with his pals in the mud outside the hotel, this being the boundary of license and prohibition.

Misery Likes Company.

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse, and listened to his heart. "Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale. "Why, no, doc-



WASHINGTON ELM AND MEMORIAL STONE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The suburbs of Boston are remarkably beautiful. To drive through them almost anywhere within twenty miles of the city is like riding through a park adorned with villas and rural palaces. One of the suburbs, Cambridge, is attractive from his shaded streets and elegant residences. Almost within a stone's throw of the Harvard University (which is situated here), in the centre of a broad, old-fashioned street, is an aged tree, before which stands a granite tablet. On this in gilded letters is an inscription telling us that beneath this tree Washington took command of the American Army on July 3, 1775. See article on previous pages.

tor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true—"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham; but—"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the telephone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think—"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your—"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard. "No, I don't," he replied. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a bitter cold morning like this."



STOPPING FOR DINNER AT MAKATOTE.

Makatote township, which sprang up round the works erected for the building of the great viaduct which is situated about a hundred yards further back from where the coach is drawn up, is a typical bush settlement. Nobody knows exactly yet where the big places will be, so everyone is ready to move on without sacrificing much in the way of building material.



FORDING SULPHUR CREEK.

This stream, which is to the south of Makatote, has a rough and tumble bed of boulders, and is fairly deep at times, so passengers generally get out and cross by the little suspension bridge seen on the left. The country just about here is very broken, and there are several steel viaducts which, if it were not for the vicinity of the great Makatote, would excite much wonder. Two of them are curved. They have a decided cant inward, and the heavy sleepers—all Australian hardwood—are placed so close together, to take the enormous strain, that they almost touch on the inside curve. These are the biggest curved viaducts in the Dominion, and it is said they are also the first.

Wet Feet !!

THE WORST THING IN WINTER IS WET FEET.

WET FEET and the consequences arising therefrom are most disastrous, and carry off more people annually than war and old age combined.

WARM DRY FEET are necessary to insure good health and avoid doctor's bills.

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

Ladies' Rubber Overshoes, 2/8, 2/11, and 3/6 pair. Ladies' Rubber Foot boots, 2/6 and 2/11 pair. Ladies' Rubber Knee Boots, 0/6 pair. Girls' Rubber Overshoes, 1/11 pair. Gents' Rubber Overshoes, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11 and 5/11 pair. Gents' Footholds, 2/11 and 3/3 pair. Gents' Best Quality Rubber Knee Boots, 15/6 pair. Cork Sox, 1d., 2d., and 3d. pair.

Ladies' Beautiful Warm Felt Slippers, for Winter wear, 0d., 1/-, 1/8, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/8 and 3/11 pair.

At Miller's Boot Palace,

102 and 104 Victoria Street, Auckland.

PLYMOUTH CHINA.

BY PHILIP WHITEWAY.

The true china clay or kaolin was first discovered and identified in England by William Cookworthy, about the year 1755. Hard paste-porcelain was made, in exceptional instances only, at several English factories, but none produced it as a regular manufacture except the works at Plymouth, Bristol and Lowestoft. The discoverer of the method of making hard paste-porcelain was William Cookworthy, Quaker, scientist, and expert chemist. He was probably the first person in Europe to attack practically, and finally to conquer, the problem of making a true porcelain exactly on the lines of the Chinese. The two necessary ingredients, Petuntse and kaolin—the former a fusible, and the latter a non-fusible substance—were found by him at St. Stephen's between St. Austell and Truro, in the centre of what is now the great china-clay district of Cornwall.

After many years spent in experimenting with the new materials Cookworthy, in conjunction with Thomas Pitt, of Boveconock (afterwards—1784—created Lord Camelford), on whose property the china-clay was found, succeeded in making true china. He therefore took out a patent, which is dated March 17th, 1768, and started a factory at Cossida, Plymouth, which does not

opening of the Plymouth factory, Cookworthy secured the services of a Sevres artist—Soqui or Sequoi or Le Qui, for the correct spelling of his name is not known—whose paintings on the articles produced were very beautiful.

The wares were mostly blue-and-white, imitating the Chinese. Many elegant salt-cellars, in the form of open couch shells resting on a bed of coral, shells,

ways found on the uncoloured Plymouth statuettes. All the above-mentioned examples are in the South Kensington Museum.

In the China Room at the British Museum are a number of fine specimens of Cookworthy's porcelain. On the lowest shelf are a shell-shaped dessert tray, and a figure of a goat in white, but disfigured by smoke staining—a defect that

the difficulties with which Cookworthy had to contend. On the same shelf are a coffee pot and bowl, carefully enamelled with Chinese figure subjects, and a mug with exotic birds, etc., in bright colours after the Chelsea style.

From 1768 to 1770, a distinguished enameller—Bone (afterwards an R.A.)—was employed, and introduced the brilliant "exotic birds," as they are called,



EXAMPLES OF PLYMOUTH CHINA.

etc., all beautifully modelled in hard white porcelain were made here, and were very popular at the period when they were made. Sauce boats, too, of elegant design, resting on a stem or foot, formed of groups of shells, are often met with. The relief-work in shells, flowers, and embossed work was employed for vases as well as on services. Sweetmeat dishes occur on rock-work or coral bases; a good example of this type of Plymouth ware is a shell dish, supported on three feet of coral and mussel shells, painted

Cookworthy found great difficulty in avoiding. With these is a mustard pot painted in bright enamel colours, a much more finished, if not a more pleasing, object. With reference to the smoke-staining—a characteristic feature of this ware—to which we have just alluded, Cookworthy speaks in one of extant MSS. of the vapours tingeing the surface of the ware, and of the grey colours—another characteristic feature—which the glazing material exhibited when insufficiently fired.

which were favourites at Sevres and Worcester. Bone served his apprenticeship with Cookworthy, and no doubt painted many of the finer specimens of the ware. This consisted chiefly of tea and dinner services, painted some in blue and white, after the Oriental manner, which latter had a great sale, as well as groups of figures and animals, mostly in white. The usual decoration of this ware, at least of the more ornate examples, consist of flowers, birds, monsters, and butterflies, in rich colours, and sometimes much gilding. Many of the white figures are coarsely modelled, and



EXAMPLES OF PLYMOUTH CHINA.

seem to have been carried on for more than three years, since we find that "Messrs. Cookworthy & Co." had a china factory at Bristol from 1771 to 1773 on premises now known as Castle Green (number 15). In the autumn of the last named year, Richard Champion, who had been experimenting for some time, bought Cookworthy's patent and other rights, the legal transfer being completed in the spring of 1774, and the Plymouth works ceased. It is recorded that Cookworthy lost no less than £3,000—a large sum in those days—over his uncommensurate experiment. It is possible that the works were transferred to Bristol in 1770, which would only give them a lease of life of two years in Plymouth; for in the "Worcester Journal" of March 22nd, 1770, there was inserted an advertisement for "a number of artists capable of painting in enamel or blue," required by the "Plymouth New Invented Porcelain Manufactory." It seems incredible that the works were then at Plymouth, for if so, why should applicants be invited to communicate with T. Frank, of Castle Street, Bristol? But if the works were just then being moved to Bristol, such a direction would be quite natural. Shortly after the

with lake and blue flowers and green leaves.

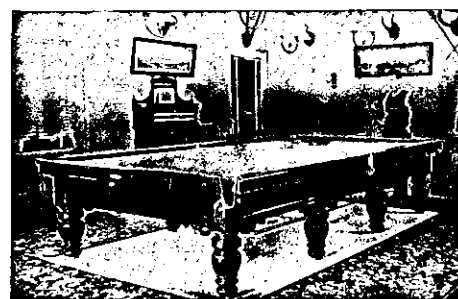
Many statuettes and busts were produced, and were usually the reproductions of the work of other factories. Those most frequently met with are: Woodward the actor, Kitty Clive the actress, and large busts of George II. (he died in 1760, eight years before the establishment of the Plymouth manufactory). All these are very similar to pieces which are well known to have been produced at Bow, ten or twelve years before. This great similarity may perhaps be accounted for by the possible organising of Cookworthy's factory by workmen from the Canton Works at Bow.

Amongst undoubted early pieces we would name a mug with gilt chevron border and painted with coloured flowers (it bears the Plymouth mark in brown); a tea-cup, painted with conventional foliage in blackish blue and marked under the glaze with the same colour (a plate painted in dull blue under the glaze and also marked); and an unmarked tea-cup enamelled with flowers in red, yellow and green, over the glaze. All these pieces are glazed with dull-lined thick glaze similar to that al-

On shelf 2 (British Museum China Room) is a mug, with an Oriental landscape painted in blue under the glaze, in which the ware is specked, the glaze too thick in parts, while the colour has run and the design become hazy; it is evidently an early piece, and illustrates

show the crack in the glaze by which the Plymouth porcelain is generally identified. Some of the vases are oviform, these are painted with birds and insects in the Chinese style. Many cups are white and decorated with blue Oriental figures.

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 A 166.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 3 Emeralds, £8/10/-, With larger Stones, £10/10/- up to £42.	 A 37.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £5/10/-, With larger Stones, £8/10/-, £8/10/-, £10/10/-.	 A 120.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, or 2 Diamonds and 1 Sapphire, £9/10/-.	 A 48.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £12/10/-, With larger Stones, £14/10/- up to £42.	 A 167.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds & 3 Emeralds, £7/10/-.
 A 26.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds and 3 Rubies, or 3 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires, £5.	 A 11.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, or 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £2/10/-.	 A 156.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 18 Diamonds and 6 Rubies, or 18 Diamonds and 5 Sapphires, £16/10/-.	 A 15.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, or 1 Diamond and 2 Sapphires, £5/5/-.	 A 19.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 7 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, or 7 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £4/4/-.

FOR LOVERS OF THE PICTURESQUE.

Our readers will find on this page two photographs of that ancient British pile, Bolton Abbey, which can best be reached by the Midland Railway, and which will much delight Dominion visitors to the "Old Country." The ruins of this beautiful Augustinian priory are charmingly situated on the banks of the Wharfe. The stately buildings that existed until the Dissolution in 1540 have (with exception of the nave which is still being utilised as the Parish Church) fallen into a state of picturesque decay. They have inspired poets and painters with their beauty, and still attract their thousands of appreciative pilgrims. Perhaps the most interesting architectural details are the remains of the Early English and Decorated work, the magnificent west front, and a fine perpendicular window. Bolton Abbey is a favourite seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Abbey churchyard contains a memorial Iona cross, and the park a handsome fountain commemorating the late lamented Lord Frederick Cavendish.

The surrounding countryside be it park, woodland, lawn, or river, is indissolubly

offers considerable attractions. It is mentioned as one of the ten strongholds of the "fighting Brigantes," and it held a very strong position in the North country many years before the Christian Era. Roman foundations are still traceable.

worth will find a special interest in the district from its associations with his poems, "The White Doe of Rylstone," and the gaunt old Norton Tower, round which part of the story centres. The track of the wandering doe, as it made

Places of interest which may be visited from Rylstone are Norton Tower, Flasby Fell, Craeoe, Elbolton Cave, Thorpe, Malham, Malham Cove, Goredale Sear, the Water Sinks, and Janet's Cave.

Long before the time of the Romans, Grassington was a British city of considerable importance, and at the Norman Conquest it would appear to have had a large population, as it is rated at high value in the Domesday record.



BOLTON ABBEY—INTERIOR.



THE STRID.

lovely, and within easy reach are the Stepping Stones, the Fairy Glen, the Strid, Barden, and Barden Tower. Amongst fine view points may be mentioned Pembroke Seat and the Hawkstone on the west side of the river, while from the opposite bank, Harrison's Seat, Clifford's Seat, and Lord Morpeth's Seat afford delightful prospects.

Ben Rhydding is prettily situated on the Southern side of Wharfedale, near Rombald's Moor. The beautiful valley of the Wharfe, as seen from Ben Rhydding, presents to the eye a lovely landscape, varied with trees, fields, villages, and mansions. A peculiar feature is given to the scenery about Ben Rhydding by the remarkably shaped impending rocks called "The Cow and Calf," so disposed on the hill as if they would at any moment topple over into the valley beneath. The "Cow" forms the summit of the hill, being 800 feet above sea-level, to ascend which before breakfast is a healthy morning exercise. Another interesting walk is to "Arthur's Seat," from which a beautiful and extensive view is obtained, whilst on Rombald's Moor the pedestrian may roam undisturbed for miles among the heather, inhaling the invigorating breezes. Other agreeable rambles and excursions in the neighbourhood may be made to Burley, Otley, Ilkley, Harrogate, and Fountains Abbey.

To the antiquary and historian, Ilkley

Rylstone, a beautiful and sequestered little place, has been made easy of access to lovers of the romantic and picturesque by the Midland Company's recent extension to Grassington. Admirers of Words-

its weekly pilgrimage to the grave of the Nortons at Bolton Priory, is still pointed out in the depression below the old stone cross on Rylstone Fell and the Lower Norton Tower.

Stair Carpets.

If there is much traffic up and down stairs, this soon, all too soon, affects their covering, whether it be of linoleum or of carpet, the latter of course by preference, as the other makes so much noise when walked on. The only way to increase the life of a stair carpet is to have each step well padded to make the tread soft. Felt pads can be bought, or you can make them for yourself out of any bit of felting you have finished with, if it still have wear in it. Softer, and therefore more useful, pads may be made out of sheets of wadding, cut to size, and then lightly quilted between coarse serge, cloth, or flannel. With this underneath the place where the foot comes, and of course well over the front of each step, the life of the carpet will have years added to it. Another help is to buy at first a yard more stair carpet than you need. This will enable you to pull the carpet a little higher or a little lower whenever you have your carpet up, and so change the place of tread and greatest wear. A good priced carpet, though it costs much at first, is, as all housekeepers know, the cheapest in the end, and is worth two sets of poorer make.



BOLTON ABBEY—EXTERIOR.

O, Lucky Chance!

WHEN ACCIDENTS HAVE FOUND FORTUNES.

In 1903 the town of Cobalt consisted of four rough little huts, inhabited by lumbermen. To-day there are six thousand people, fine shops, hotels, and the place will, in a few years, probably rank as the most important mining centre in British North America.

Cobalt—"Silvertown" as some call it—is one more page in the wonderful and never-dying romance of the mine. The marvellous mineral riches of the neighbourhood were disclosed purely by chance.

Two navvies at work on an extension of the Northern Ontario Railway had words. One lost his temper, and hurled an axe at the other. The latter sprang aside just in time, and the missile hit and split a boulder lying just behind him. Others interfered, and while the quarrel was being patched up, a bystander noticed a brilliant shining streak in the centre of the broken boulder. It was pure silver!

Now there are a dozen paying silver mines around Cobalt, one of which has already returned £300,000. Nickel also has been discovered; and what is perhaps more valuable than all a wonderful deposit of that very valuable mineral, cobalt.

Cobalt's chance-found treasures bring to mind the way in which the Haemskirk, the great tin lode of Tasmania, was struck. A man named William Mayne farmed in a small way near Haemskirk, and his good wife assisted by managing the dairy. One morning an obstinate cow refused to return to its pasture, and insisted in wandering into an orchard where it had no business. Mrs. Mayne tried "shooing" it away, but as the creature would not budge, she at last picked up a stone to throw at it. The stone was not very large, but its weight was so extraordinary that Mrs. Mayne was amazed, and carried it into the house. Analysis proved it to be practically pure oxide

of tin. The lode was sought and found, and from its face were taken samples, which yielded seventy-four per cent pure tin.

It is a very curious coincidence that the goldmine at Mokihjuni Creek, in New Zealand, was also discovered by an arrested stone throw. A ship's fireman named Albert Winter left his ship to work in the mines at Grannity Creek, New Zealand. One day, when out for a walk, he picked up a stone to throw at a woodpigeon. The stone was not only heavy, but had shining specks in it. Winter at once pegged out a claim, which he subsequently sold for the pleasant little sum of £75,000.

The greatest discovery of borax ever made was the result of the purest chance. Some twenty years ago a man named Aaron Winters was prospecting for gold or other precious metals in that American inferno known as Death Valley. He had his wife with him, and they two worked together until their provisions were at an end. Then, bitterly disappointed at their ill-success, they started back towards civilisation. The first night they camped in Ash Valley. Here they lit a fire and prepared to cook their supper. Mrs. Winters called her husband's attention to the peculiar green tinge of the flames.

He did not speak, but with shaking hands scratched away the earth, and suddenly shouted, "We're rich, Rose, we're rich! It's borax!" He was right. They subsequently sold their claim for a very large sum.

This is not the only occasion upon which fire has proved a good friend to the prospector in search of minerals. About eighteen months ago two women—Mrs. Wilson and Miss Spencer—were looking for gold in Southern California. They camped one night on the bank of a creek close to the edge of the Mojave desert. When they had lit their fire, columns of thick, suffocating black smoke after a time began to rise, and Miss Wilson exclaimed, in alarm, "The ground's all afire!" They had, in fact, camped on top of a rich deposit of asphalt, hidden by a thin layer of sand. The lucky ladies have made a large fortune from their find.

Disappearance of the American.

The genuine American of Anglo-Saxon blood is rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth, and will eventually be as extinct as the Huron or Iroquois, declares Viscount d'Avenel. The descendants of other nations are supplanting the Anglo-Saxon in the United States, we are told, and "George Washington, if he should rise from his grave, would find himself much more at home in London than in New York." In a somewhat exhaustive article in the leading literary organ in Paris, the Revue des Deux Mondes, translated for the "Literary Digest," he sets out to prove by a long array of statistics his assertion that the Americans of the present day are British and Anglo-Saxon merely in their language. The population of the large towns is made up mostly of various European continental elements. Out of the two million inhabitants of Chicago, for instance, only 375,000 are Americans. There has been a gradual change in the nationality of the European immigrants who have sought this shore. From 1840 to 1860 it was reckoned that 43 per cent. of the newcomers were Irish and 35 per cent. Germans. Compare this with the state of things from 1901 to 1906. The Irish and Germans each make up 5 per cent. of the immigrants. The remaining 90 per cent. consists of a heterogeneous crowd, 28 per cent. being Italians, 27 per cent. Austrians and Hungarians, 20 per cent. Russians or Poles. All these immigrants are prolific and multiply quickly, while American families have few children or none at all. Viscount d'Avenel thus summarises his views:

"The descendants of the 10,000,000 Anglo-Saxons by whom the United States was populated in 1830 form no more than an insignificant minority in the bosom of the present gigantic Republic. They will end by occupying no more permanent a place than the aborigines whom they so obstinately repressed, and who are now dying off on their western reserves. While these latter are perishing in misery, their conquerors are threatened with extinction through their very prosperity.

He thus dwells upon what our President has styled "race suicide," as a con-

tributing cause to the decay of the American race:

"I do not pretend to hold up my own country as a pattern, for it is the least prolific of nations. But it is scarcely fair to make a comparison between France and the United States on this point. If the States were as well furnished with men as France is there would be 700,000,000 inhabitants in the Republic. Even if America were as densely populated as Massachusetts it would contain 1,200,000,000 people, and if it were populated as thickly as Belgium it would count more inhabitants than the whole of the present human race."

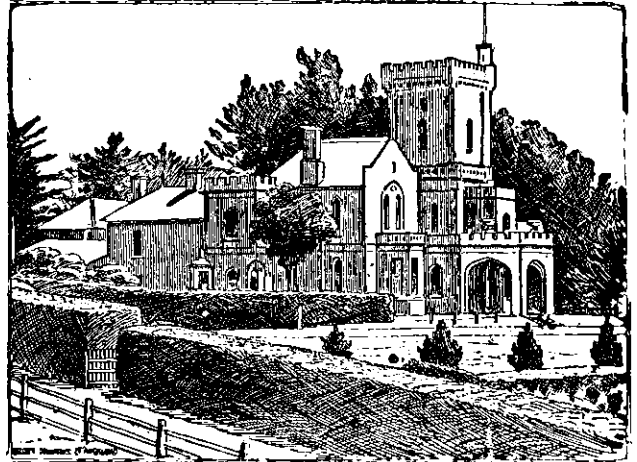
"The sterility of the genuine Americans is something appalling," he writes. Yet the American "speaks in terms of eulogy of large families, just as an infidel might speak sympathetically of religion." But there is no excuse, he says, for "race suicide" in the United States, or, at least, much less than there is in France:

"The better class American, descendant of the strong race of original colonists, openly despises the wonderfully rapid multiplication of the foreign immigrant family. He pities the parents and thinks that reckless improvidence and poverty is concerned in it. An inferior

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race,' he scornfully declares, 'is always prolific.' Yet it should be noticed that the material conditions under which the struggle for life is carried on are much more favorable in America than in France. Everything seems formed to promote the development of the population, the fields of activity are boundless, the territory is vast and land cheap, while an energetic man in our country is bounded by conditions from which it is hard for him to free himself."

Eggs Were Once Circulated as Money.

In its simplest form, money is any commodity esteemed by all persons, such as articles of food and clothing.

In the very earliest stage of man's history, when primeval man ranged his forests in search of game, the products of the chase would naturally become the recognised exchangeable valuables. While the carcases only retain their value for a limited period, the skins could be preserved as coverings for the body. Thus, hides would probably be the first form of money. Nor is there anything very incongruous about leather money. It is said that as late as the time of Peter the Great leather money was in circulation in Russia.

As civilisation advanced, and man reached a higher stage—pastoral—the domestic animals formed the most valuable kind of property. Frequent mention is made in the Homeric poems of cattle being the commodity in terms of which all other articles were valued. It is a curious fact that the very name of this cattle-money has been retained in our language. It is generally allowed that pecunia, the Latin for money, is

from pecus, cattle, and of course our own word, "pecuniary," is from the same root.

The ancient Egyptians had a curious kind of ring-money, which was worn upon the fingers, and slipped off as required.


As might have been expected, the Chinese were among the first to coin money. Their first coins were made of porcelain, and were coined by the priests in the temples. It is a curious fact that even at this early date the counterfeiting of coins had commenced, as we find that all the early coins had contemporary counterfeiters. Not only had the ancient Chinese real coins, but they had also in circulation pasteboard bank notes as early as 140 B.C.

At the present time many curious objects are used by uncivilised races as money. The East Indians use the small cowrie-shell for money, and, although its value varies, it, as a rule, ranges at 5000 to the rupee. Among some of the South Sea Islanders, greenstone—jade—red ochre, and feathers form the currency. The natives of Fiji, up till a short time since, used whales' teeth as money.

Vegetable products have at one time or another been used as money. Corn and wheat have always been favourite mediums of exchange, and even at the present time corn is circulated and stored in banks as money in Norway. In the early days of the American settlements, plugs of tobacco passed as currency; and in 1732 we find the legislature of Maryland making tobacco and Indian corn legal tender.

At the beginning of the 18th century eggs were circulated in Switzerland, while at a comparatively recent date dried cod-fish formed the currency of Newfoundland. Pieces of salt rock are freely circulated in Abyssinia at the present day, while the favourite tender of the native Mexican is cubes of soap.

We have it on the authority of Adam Smith that, in some of the country districts of Scotland, hand-made nails were used as small change up to the middle of the 18th century.



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

Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

NEXT WEEK'S WORK.

By VERONICA.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flower—Dianthus, Gaillardia (Perennial), Lupinus Arboreus (Snow Peas), Mignonette, Pyrethrum, Sweet Peas.

Vegetable — Broad Beans, Carrot (Earliest Forcing Horn), Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce (Cabbage), Onions (Brown Spanish), Radish, Turnips (early sorts).

Bulbous Roots — Anemones, Hyacinths, Iris, Ixias, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Sparaxis, Gladiolus (The Bride), Potato Onions, Shallots, Garlic.

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 Kainit will be of benefit. Salt is generally recommended, but we prefer the Kainit, 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 Kainit—3 cwt. slag and 2 cwt. Kainit.

PLAN OF A ROSE GARDEN ON AN AREA SIXTEEN YARDS SQUARE.

The sketch will suggest one method of carrying out the work. In the centre of the design (1) may be planted climbing varieties, and these can be trained to form an arbour, or their growths may be suspended to a central pillar or stake. (2) These four circular beds should be planted with dwarf Polyantha Roses, using varieties of one colour only to each bed. Between these are beds (3) that can be planted with Tea or Hybrid-Tea varieties of distinct colours. The corner beds (4) should be planted with Hybrid perpetual varieties in clumps of three plants of one variety, and interspersed with strong growing plants. Seats in the

ROCKWORK.

Of all the numerous works to embellish a garden, there is none that has so much effect as rockwork. The aspect for a rockery, if convenient, should be facing North, because most Alpines are hardy, therefore they are at home when exposed to wild weather and when covered with snow during the winter; thus our artificial rockery should have as little sun as possible. Rock constructing is most effective when it is not constructed on the level ground, as greater contrasts in formation are possible where the lie of the ground is uneven than where all inequalities have to be artificially made; and, where a steep spot could be obtained for a rock garden, it would answer much better than a dead-level position, because it would naturally give different levels, thus making the design much easier to plan, and also cause less labour in making mounds. But, on the other side, a rock garden may be placed in such a position as it

so below the surface, and can be easily laid when filling in the material.

HOW TO BUILD ROCKWORK.

Of course, there are many methods of building rock gardens, although not all successful methods, and very often a rockery has to come down after being built because the errors are seen during the first year's trial; this may be traced by having shallow pockets, or the stones too closely built, thus robbing root room. To construct a rockery properly, one must use all his judgment, and it is no easy task, as you must be prepared to face labour and undertake the work thoroughly from the commencement. Another important factor to study before commencing is—it may seem a trifle, but it is of great importance—that we give each subject due consideration before building takes place. We are all aware that the Alpine family is a large one, and many of these elegant plants require full sunshine to grow them successfully; but the majority of the Alpine tribe require to be shaded from the sun, or have as little as possible during the cold months, therefore each subject must be considered before hand. It is not a difficult matter to provide shading for such plants by inserting perpendicular rocks in such a position as to guard off the sun. Commence by placing all the large rocks in position before adding the soil, and as the work proceeds introduce the smaller stones, but these should be as rustic as possible. Of course, rustic stones are very scarce, but avoid the use of round stones.

The soil must be deep, so as to admit of the roots descending or running back between the interstices of the stones and reaching a depth where the earth remains moist. If the soil is shallow, it soon becomes parched in hot weather, and all but the most vigorous subjects will not thrive. The chief cultural requirements for the Alpines are full exposure and a moist root-run.

ROCKWORK IN FRONT OF HERBACEOUS BORDER.

This substantial idea in front of flower borders play its part with charming effect. After having made the same this season, it is my object to give an account of the work, which might induce the reader to practise the idea.

Obviously it is not too late to commence, for the best time to plant Alpines is in the spring; in fact, there is little labour attached to it, especially when you consider the charming effect obtained after the work is properly constructed. Of course, this does away with the common Boxwood a little, although it is our well-known edging material, and certainly I admit it is of valuable service to gardens in keeping the edging "tip-top"; but there is room for a piece of rockwork which will enhance the scene with more effect than straight lines of Boxwood would do. It is my desire to see the whole gar-

GARDENING IN SOUTH RUSSIA.

We have reproduced a photograph by Professor T. Treuberg, showing a parterre in his garden, situated near Khar-koo in South Russia. It will be seen that



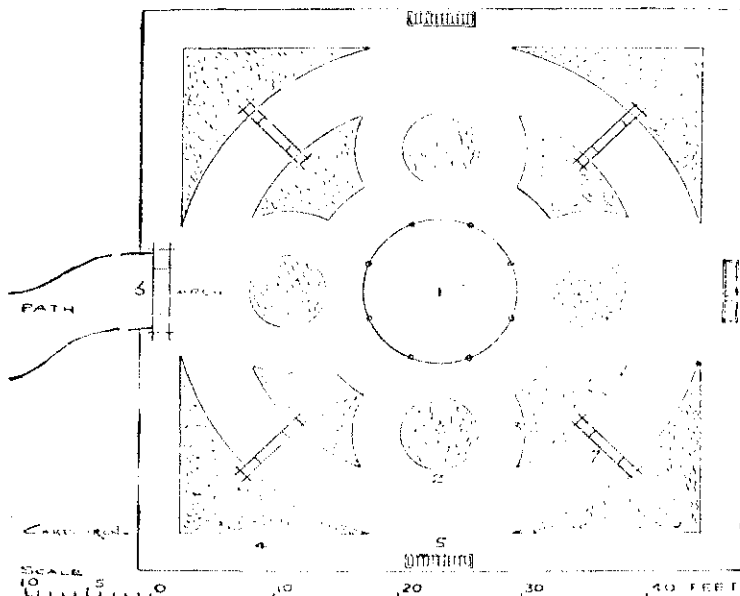
Parterre in a South Russia Garden.

the style is what we should describe in England as formal. The circular bed is raised into a great cone-shaped pile, and its smooth banks are planted with dwarf habited species to represent carpet bedding, sufficient to indicate the interesting character of this Russian garden.—"Gardener's Chronicle."

COLONIAL-GROWN TOBACCO.

There is a movement on foot to grow tobacco in British colonies, and at the International Tobacco Exhibition, to be held in March next at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, there will be made a representative display of colonial tobacco leaf sent by the tobacco growers of Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Natal, Australia, Canada, Jamaica, Bermuda, Ceylon, North Borneo, and other colonies.

may be viewed from a high elevation, and perhaps this idea would feast the eye more than the first-mentioned position. Of course, it is just a matter of taste in choosing the situation for a rock garden. Where the situation is fixed, much judgment and taste are required in the arrangement; but first of all it is necessary to see that the ground is properly drained, as stagnant water is harmful to many of our beautiful Alpines. Ensure a free run at the foundation, so as to get safety. After the ground has been measured off in which the rockery is supposed to be situated, the beds should be excavated to the depth of 18 inches at least, then it should be filled up with stones, the rougher the material the better, such as broken bricks, clinker, broken crockery, etc. Side drains would do their duty if used, and these I highly recommend for a heavy soil, by placing them 6 inches or



Plan of a Rose Garden.

den edged with rockwork, and it is my object to induce the gardener to introduce a piece just for a simple trial, and he will not regret the labour spent.

The systematic procedure is to mark off at points 2½ to 3 feet trenches in front of the border, and trench the marked-off ground two spits deep; this when done should remain for a week or two before doing anything more, except getting a suitable soil ready. This soil is to raise a mound at an elevation of about 1½ feet, taken from the surface of the walk. After the soil has been placed and well firmed to the above elevation, the stones can now be got ready. No time need be lost, for planting can be commenced; in fact, I approve of the method of planting before the stones are arranged, but it must not be forgotten to place a small stake at the back of each plant after it reaches its new home, especially to plants that are entirely covered with soil, such as roots without foliage, or otherwise they would be smothered with the stones that followed: by planting before arranging

is not yet utilised for the production of bananas. Last year the company purchased about half the bananas it shipped. Many growers own their own farms. During 1906 no less than 8,500,000 bunches were shipped from Port Limon, of which 5,000,000 went to the United States. About 100 ships or, on an average, more than one ship per day, loaded with bananas left Port Limon last year. This year it is confidently believed 10,000,000 bunches will be exported. A ship of 3,000 tons sometimes takes from 40,000 to 50,000 bunches; 32,000 bunches or over 4,600,000 bananas are about an average load. When it is stated that the United Fruit Co. has 102 ships occupied in carrying fruit to the United States and Europe, some idea may be gained of the tremendous growth of the business. Many of the ships ply between Cuba, Jamaica, and other fruit-producing countries, and the ports of the United States, as well as of England. Although Jamaica bananas are considered by epicures of better quality, the Costa Rica or Limon fruits sell better in the market, owing to their superior appearance.



Messrs. Sutton and Sons' Cineraria Stellata.

the stones the individual has a better chance of planting, and the stones are very easily arranged round the plants. It is important that the outline next to the path or walk should be irregular, and the stones should be judiciously and tastefully mixed.

J. W. FORSYTH,
In "Scottish Gardener."

THE CULTIVATION OF BANANAS IN COSTA RICA.

Some idea of the nature and extent of the Banana production in Costa Rica may be gathered from a recent report on the subject, from which we take the following notes. The plants grow all the year round, the shoots begin to produce at the age of nine months, and are cut down every season. The banana bunches are measured by hands, each perfect hand containing 22 bananas. The average number of hands on a bunch ranges from 7 to 22, and the average number of bananas on a bunch is 144, though a few bunches have been found bearing more than 500. The land along the coast is peculiarly adapted to banana cultivation. While the banana plants thrive for awhile in other countries of Central America, no soil seemed rich enough to find the continuous cultivation of the fruit save Co-ta Rica and Upper Panama. Fifteen bunches of fruit is the estimate yield per acre each month, and, taking the average of 144 bananas to the bunch, it will be seen that each acre will produce 15,920 bananas. The United Fruit Co. owns 150,000 acres of land suitable for banana culture, the greater portion of which is remote from the railway, and

THE NEW POTATO DISEASE.

A DANGER TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

Professor E. S. Salmon delivered an address before members of the Market Gardeners, Nurserymen, and Farmers' Association in London on "black scab," or "wart disease" of potatoes, which he described as a serious menace. It was most important that they should awaken the Board of Agriculture to the necessity of dealing with the disease under the Destructive Insects and Pests Act. If allowed to spread through the whole of the country and to reach Ireland it would cause losses amounting to hundreds of thousands of pounds, and unless dealt with promptly it would attain a magnitude that it would be impossible to check. The Board of Agriculture should make it a notifiable disease.

THE NEW GAVIOTA PLUM.

Mr. Luther Burbank gives a brief description and a figure of this new plum, raised by himself, in "The Rural Californian." It is a cross between Americana and Japan, with probably half-a-dozen other varieties combined in it. The fruit is recommended as one of the best shipping varieties, and the tree is stated to be very resistant to disease of all kinds. The habit is less rampant but more productive than Formosa. Its season at Sebastopol (one of Burbank's nurseries) is from July 15 to August 5. The fruit is deep reddish-purple, and the flesh is firm, pale yellow, fragrant, and sweet.

PLANT THIEVES.

Parliament will shortly deal with a Bill which provides that any person stealing, destroying, or damaging with intent to steal any plant, root, fruit, flower, or vegetable product having a market value and growing in any cultivated or enclosed land, or in the hedge or bank bounding any such land, shall be guilty of larceny. Hitherto only gardens and such places have been protected from the plant stealer. A clause is included in the Bill to protect persons from prosecution for plucking wild flowers and fruits growing by the wayside.

THE SNOWDROP.

The Snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce
For its beleaguered brethren—suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and,
having won,
A smile of promise from its pitying face,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

WESTWOOD.

THE HORTICULTURAL OUTLOOK.

In the course of his inaugural address before the Scottish Horticultural Association, Mr. James Whytock, the president, made some interesting remarks on "The Horticultural Outlook." He was of opinion that during the sixties and seventies proprietors spent more on horticulture than they had ever done before or since. The various fashions in gardening that had obtained through the period indicated were dealt with in turn. These included the ribbon border, carpet bedding, subtropical bedding, and modifications of the mixed system of bedding, which is still the fashion. After visiting the parks and public gardens of Paris, both in spring and summer, Mr Whytock is emphatically of opinion that the public parks and gardens of Britain can more than hold their own with those of the French capital, and he believes that the public parks of Glasgow can hold their own against the world. What is wanted for cities and large towns, in addition to the present gardens, Mr Whytock thinks, is large areas acquired and maintained by the State, easy of access, and where the citizens could roam amid sylvan beauty and rest under the cool shade of trees. Regret was expressed that, in an "east-windy" city like Edinburgh, there was not in the centre of the city a commodious winter garden. Speaking of gardeners, past and present, it was affirmed that the true gardener was a gentleman in manners and courtesy. The president believes that, owing to the advance of science, the gardener of the future will be able to raise more produce, at less cost, from a given area than has been done in the past.

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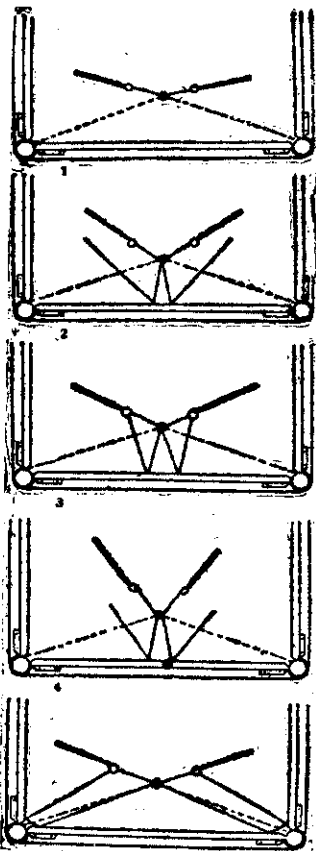
BY AN EXPERT

REVIVAL OF THE SPOT-STROKE.

After a lapse of many years the spot-stroke, that most potent scoring force of the "seventies" and "eighties," was granted a fleeting revival recently in London when Messrs. Burroughes and Watts brought the veteran W. J. Peall into the billiard picture again. He has the distinction of holding the all-in record in a great break of 3,304, almost entirely built up by spot-stroke. To add to the interest taken in this match there was the fact of the opposition being provided by Dawson, who had figured in the same role eighteen years ago, when Peall accomplished the above-mentioned record. There were crowded houses at the Soho-square establishment to watch the spot-stroke novelty—for the oldest things in billiards are the

newest, as the cycle of events dictates. The persistent holing of the red ball from its allotted stand-point—the billiard spot—is a clever performance, and one best appreciated by a further and personal acquaintance. It is the manoeuvring of the cue-ball into a favourable position commanding the red ball which presents the chief difficulties, uncertain as the hazards may be. But there are some little points about the procedure which only the old hand recognises and allows for. A virgin cloth is not too well suited to spot-stroke play. This Peall evidenced by his faulty hazard striking in the first half of the 4,000 "up," he contested with Dawson, who was heavily handicapped with having to play all-round or spot-barred, as against the all-in or spot-stroke allowed methods. But with the cloth set out by oblique chalk lines on either side of the spot, acting as splendid guides to the angle of the strokes and the run of the red ball limned automatically across the nap—"tramway lined," as the old school of players used to observe—spot-stroke practice is shorn of its ordinary terrors.

Personally, I am glad to note this fresh exploitation of the stroke which first gave world-wide notoriety to English billiards. It remains what it ever was—the pivot around which the scoring and break-making revolve. Wherever the red ball goes there is the hub of the play. And none who have not the outlines of spot-stroke play at their fingers ends can hope for the smallest measure of success at the modern top-of-the-table game, which is merely an up-to-date adaptation of the spot-stroke and an ingenious evasion of the rule governing its employment. Therefore, no aspiring billiardist can afford to neglect the sequence of strokes called for in the insertion of the red ball in the top pockets. There is quite a considerable latitude for error permitted to the cue-ball. The varying angles induce different contacts from the dead full ball, played with a screw-back effect—the spot-stroke player's ideal—to the thinnest of thin cuts, which sends the cue-ball around the table in an attempt to bring it back into position—"Mitchell's stroke." Every class of stroke, the slow "drag," the heavy "stun," the follow through direct or off the corner angles, "side," and "screw," enters into the spot-stroke repertory. Only a master of the cue can play the recurring strokes at all well. For a combination of accurate hazard-striking, touch-developing, and general control of the cue-ball at close range there is nothing to equal the spot-stroke. An unwise legislation killed it, and so put it completely out of fashion with the amateur, who has since, by lack of good example, failed to discern its merits. This timely resurrection of the spot-stroke should work for good; and Messrs. Burroughes and Watts deserve the thanks of the entire billiard community for the splendid object-lesson they encouraged, and which

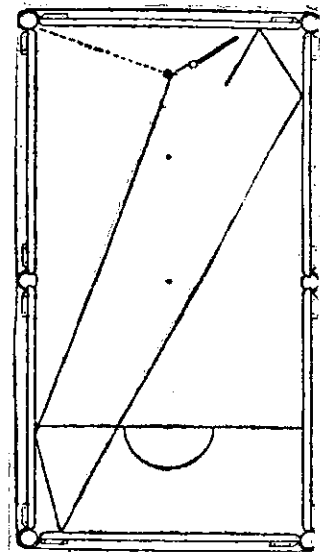


was given lately by the old-time expert and master-hand in this particular branch of billiards, W. J. Peall.

A reference to the diagrams will possibly reveal the spot-stroke movements to those who have not seen them in full working order upon the table. Fig. 1 shows an optional slow run through or "stun" speedy drive, the cue-ball crossing over in either instance to the other side of the billiard spot to that which it was fixed from awaiting the re-setting up of the red. Fig. 2 illustrates the shot played gently with running "side" steering the cue-ball on to the top cushion to take up another point of attack from the opposite side of the spot. Fig. 3 depicts the "stun" stroke, or hybrid "screw"—the most difficult of all the spot strokes as regards command over the cue-ball. A heavy-handed grasping of the cue and a forcible stroke slightly below the cue-ball's horizontal centre and a thick three-quarter ball contact (approximate) on the red are the chief requirements. The cue-ball goes to the top cushion through the object ball sluggishly, and is sent off sufficiently far to put it in position for the next spot hazard, while the red ball makes a swift descent into the depths of the pocket netting. Fig. 4 differs from the three foregoing by reason of the cue-ball being retained on the same side of the table as that which it was played from, a proceeding only repeated in one other class of

stroke, "side," which cause the player's ball to cross the table and come out into the zone of spot-stroke practice from the corner angles. These shots are used when the white ball is not quite dead in line behind the red and the pocket to permit of the "screw-back" retention of position. No. 6 is the pinnacle point to which the spot-stroke manipulator can attain. This is a shot popularised by William Mitchell, another famous hazard striker. It is the one last ray of hope left to the player when his ball has come to a point slightly below the accepted spot-stroke confines. Cutting the red ball thinly in, the white ball is sent through bank before it returns to the vicinity of the red to effect a brilliant redemption of position.

American and Continental professors of the cue pay occasional visits to London, each and all being distinguished by a secrecy that is curiously unbusiness-like. With one or two exceptions, their displays have proved arant failures. History repeated itself again recently when Luis Vasquez, the champion of Spain, appeared in our midst quite unheralded (says a London writer). His really marvellous demonstrations were witnessed by a bare handful of people. But for the friendly intervention of that well-known player-tutor, J. P. Mannoek, Vasquez would assuredly have displayed his talents to empty benches. Mannoek, however, placed his well appointed rooms at the City of New York Hotel, Handcourt, Holburn, at the disposal of the Spaniard. The bewildering masses, the wealth of close follow-throughs and recoils, all quite impossible on an English table, that he showed were almost beyond belief. It is to be hoped that Vasquez and his playing partner, Johnson, who has claims to specialise in the three-cushion cannon form of American billiards, will not be allowed to leave England without giving a course of entertainments at one of our leading billiard halls.



6. The spot stroke positional highest flight. Cutting the red thinly in and steering the cue ball around the table to recover position behind the coloured ball.

stroke—the direct "screwback," or recoil. We have now a half-ball shot, which has to be played at very nice "strength," no more and no less than is sufficient to drop the red ball into its objective, as the player's chief care must be to keep the run of the cue-ball down to the lowest dimensions compatible with holing the red. Fig. 5 is the prettiest among all the spot stroke combinations. It gives an idea of the run through shots with lead-

HAVE YOU A LIVER ?

It is a lucky individual who cannot answer with certainty on this point. Those who know they have a liver are everlastingly bemoaning the fact. The healthy liver never makes its presence known, but performs its functions in a most unostentatious manner. If you know you have a liver and suffer from the many ailments arising out of its defective action you cannot do better than take a course of the great liver medicine, Bile Beans. The special purpose of Bile Beans is to act directly on the liver. They put this organ in thorough working order, when the many minor organs dependent upon it will receive the necessary assistance in performing their respective functions, and Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Debility, and the multitude of ailments a disordered liver sets up, will be promptly and permanently cured. Local treatments only relieve while being applied. The root of the trouble, defective liver action, must be reached and rectified.

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Humourous Paragraphs

Contributed by "Graphic" Readers.

OLD NICK WENT DRY.

A well-meaning prohibitionist was passing the Waitemata one day, when he saw a burly navvy about to enter the hotel. The gentleman stopped him, saying, in a tone of kindly remonstrance: "The devil himself, my man, is beside you, and will enter with you."
"Faith, he needn't," was the ready reply. "I've only the price of one whisky."

LIKELY TO SUIT.

A settler from the neglected North came to the city for the Easter races. Before leaving home he promised to bring his daughter a present, so he went into a Queen-street jewellers' shop and said to the assistant:
"I want a pair of hearings, cheap, but purty. They's fur a present."
"Something a trifle loud, I suppose?" asked the jeweller.
"Well, I wouldn't mind if one of 'em was a bit loud, mister," replied hayseed, "my daughter is deaf in one ear."

A TALL STORY.

A cabin boy on board one of our coasting cutters was put in an empty water-barrel for disobeying orders. He had only the bunhole to breathe through. On the following night the vessel was wrecked on Rangitoto Reef. All hands were drowned except himself. The cask floated when the vessel struck, fortunately "bung up"; and after drifting up and down the harbour for some time was eventually stranded in Hobson's Bay. The boy made desperate efforts to free himself. At last, being quite worn out, he lay down to die. Some cows wandering along the beach were attracted to

the barrel, and on switching their tails about one dropped in the bunhole. This the boy grasped, and held on with all his strength. The cow objected to this treatment, and started for home, kicking all the way. The tail held on; so did the boy. On reaching the stock-yard the cask struck against a gate-post, and was smashed to pieces, the boy jumping out like a "Jack in the box," to the astonishment of a number of cowboys.

ROUGH ON DAD.

Dear Miss,—Our Johnny won't be at school to-day, as he's gone wiv his farver to act as timekeeper. They started at three o'clock this morning, an' Dad said he'd finish the some in one day if he could, though it would be very hard goin'. Dear Miss, it ain't fair to give a lad a some like this:—"If the avenue is 1½ miles long, how long will it take a man to walk that distance 25½ times, his average rate of progress being 34 miles an hour?" Johnny ain't a man yet, an' as Dad's the only man in this house, he had to go. Dear Miss, next time you want any information, please make it "woman," so's I can find out for you, an' Dad can go to his work.—Yours truly, Jenima Jones.

WHAT HE LEARNED.

Auntie (to little Tommy, who has returned from his first day at school): "What did you learn?"
Tommy: "Didn't learn anything."
Auntie: "What did you do?"
Tommy: "Didn't do anything. There was a woman there who wanted to know how to spell 'eat,' and I told her."

QUITE APPLICABLE.

A story is told of a gentleman who is an unusually large man, very tall and stout. Finding himself stranded in a little town about 75 miles from Birmingham one night, with no train going to that place, and being very anxious to reach there by eleven o'clock, he wired to an express train down the line to stop for him.

"We stop for officials only," came the answer.

Quick as a flash went the second telegram: "Will you stop for a large party?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the long express slowed up and stopped when it reached the little town, and the gentleman complacently stepped aboard.

"Where is the large party?" inquired the guard, with wide-open, astonished eyes, as he gazed about the empty station.

"Don't you think I'm large enough?" chuckled the delighted new passenger.

The guard glared, then burst into a hearty laugh, as the fitness of the application burst upon him.

THE HIGHLANDER'S HORSE.

A Highlander was once obliged to go to Glasgow upon business, and, among other wonderful things which he saw, there was an earthen jar in a shop window. He inquired what this unknown article might be, and was told that it was a mare's egg, which, if placed beside the fire during the winter, would certainly produce a foal the ensuing spring. The price was moderate, and the Highlander purchased it, setting out home on his way rejoicing. Being tired, he sat down on a heathery bank, placing the mare's egg beside him; but, alas! it rolled down the bank, and, striking a rock, was shattered to atoms. A hare crouching alongside, started up and sprang off at full speed. The Highlander, gazing in agony at his lost treasure, exclaimed with a groan: "What a horse he would have been! Hooch; it he was but two year auld, Sawton himself could not catch him!"

HOW HE LIVED.

A magistrate, who had been inquiring of a man as to his way of earning a living, turned to another and said, "How do YOU do?"

"Very well, thank you, and I hope your Worship is well."

"No levity," said the magistrate, "but attend to what I am saying." I wish to know how you get your bread?"

"Generally from the baker's cart, but sometimes I go to the shop for it."

"Not! Not! my man; you quite misunderstand me. Now, take the trouble to listen to this simple question: 'How—do—you—live?'"

"Pretty comfortably, your Worships; generally a joint and a pudding for dinner."

THE PORTER'S ANSWER.

A fidgety old gentleman at a railway station was terribly afraid that he would lose the run of his trunk, and constantly worried the busy porter about it as follows:—

"Porter, be sure that my trunk is safe."

A moment later: "Porter, don't forget my trunk."

Shortly after: "Porter, now are you quite sure that my trunk is safe?"

The porter answers: "Arrah, and he jabbers it's a pity you wasn't an elephant instead of an ass, and then you would always have your trunk under your nose."

A PREHISTORIC FISHING YARN.

"This is hard luck," said Ham, ruefully, as he leaned over the side of the ark.

"What's wrong now?" asked Shem.

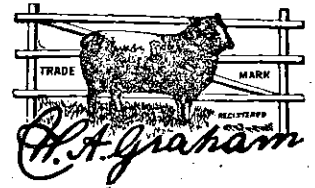
"Why, all this water to fish in, and only two fishing worms on board."

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



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THE "GRAPHIC" READERS' OWN PAGE

COMPETITIONS FOR OUR READERS.

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 bullhouse 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.

COMPETITION NO. 11—NEW ZEALAND HISTORY.

Prizes are offered for the Best Prose Version of a **STIRRING or IMPORTANT EVENT IN NEW ZEALAND HISTORY**, told in a Paragraph of not over 200 words.

First—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
Second—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

No Coupon is required. Competitive Papers, addressed "Competition No. 11, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland," must reach this office not later than **JUNE 13th**. Results will be announced in the "Graphic" of June 18th.

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.

"BOUTS RIMES."

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 6.

Nearly 200 entries for this competition! Who would have suspected that there were so many versifiers in this little Dominion? The huge pile of letters opened up for the adjudicator a vista beset with many difficulties. A preliminary examination of the various papers, however, helped to remove this apprehension. More than half of them

were found to be disqualified by a simple error, showing either lack of attention or imperfect acquaintance with the English language on the part of competitors. Over a hundred competitors had either misread the word "pinion" as "opinion," or had formed the idea that by writing "o-pinion" they were complying with the terms of the competition. One competitor used "pinion" in the sense of "penon." Setting these papers aside, there still remained 110, in which the correct word was used. These, again, had to be sifted, and when all showing faulty metre or commonplace treatment were

eliminated, there remained twenty of outstanding merit. Here the real difficulty of adjudication began. After mature deliberation, the first prize has been awarded to a very masterly weaving of the rhymes into a welcome to the American fleet, sent by

MR. W. H. MORRIS,
Telegraph Office, Auckland.

For second place there was a keen struggle between three exceedingly ingenious sets of verses—one referring to the arrest of a "drunk," one dealing with restrictions on liberty in the Dominion, and the third delivering a pertinent homily on man's cruelty to animals. Applying the higher canons of criticism, the second prize has been awarded to

Mrs. MACTIER,
Takapuna, Auckland.

for the verses last mentioned. We append the prize compositions:—

THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN FLEET. (FIRST PRIZE.)

All hail! brave Columbia, whose peace-shielding pinion,
In majesty sweeps o'er our waters this day,
Whose bolt emblem favours Zealandia's dominion,
Whose standards salute Britain's southernmost away.
Thy welcome shall know not repentance or sorrow,
Thy star-fluttering crest compel not a tear.
Now proud thee to honour—should war loom to-morrow,
We joy in thy glory, we weep by thy tier.
—W. H. MORRIS.

MAN'S INHUMANITY. (SECOND PRIZE.)

Said the gull to his mate, as on wide-spreading pinion,
They soared in the ether at breaking of day,
"Now, why should it be that, where man holds dominion,
There trouble and sorrow for ever have sway?
"Thy Tyranny, mate, that brings trouble and sorrow,
And selfishness causes full many a tear;
If men loved each other, as we do, to-morrow
Would Peace and Contentment bear Tyranny's bier."
—S. MACTIER.

We publish some samples of the unsuccessful verses, which show considerable ingenuity in choice and treatment of subject:—

ANOMALIES.

The watch with a faulty pinion,
That in vain you adjust each day;
The man who aspires to dominion,
But the will of his wife can't sway;
The life with a nameless sorrow,
That mars every joy with its tear;
The plan for your outing to-morrow,
When "no means" has cut off the beer.
—W. H. MORRIS.

THE GREEDY FOWL.

I caught the fowl by his pinion,
He had roamed in my garden all day;
And he thought it was his dominion,
And that over the fruit he held sway.
He had eaten it all, to our sorrow,
The children shed many a tear;
But we'll eat the o's bird to-morrow,
And tap our new barrel of beer.
—C. BUCKLAND.

A GREY DAY.

Grey is the glint of the sea-bird's pinion;
Grey clouds are veiling the orb of day;
In earth, in ocean, in air's dominion,
Dull, drab colours hold potent sway.
My heart is bowed beneath a load of sorrow;
Sad is my eye, though it holds no tear;
Forward I look to a dark to-morrow,
Where grief droops over a silent bier.
—C.T.R.

A SAD MESSAGE.

O'er land and o'er sea, with his wearying pinion,
The pigeon goes forward all through the day,
Conveying to one in this lovely Dominion,
A message important, his future to sway;
For it tells that instead of his joy there is sorrow,
Glad laughter replaced by the sigh and the tear,
For the wife of to-day is the corpse of to-morrow,
The bed of the bride has given place to the bier.
—H. N. BAGNALL.

A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

If I had swift Mercury's pinion,
I would start with the dawning of day,
And fly with the "Graphic" o'er all the Dominion,
Where civilization holds sway,
It would lighten the darkness of sorrow,
Bring laughter in place of a tear
To the rich; while the poor man to-morrow
Would sooner have it than his beer.
—M. MURDOCH.

THE ARBITRATION ACT.

Swiftly, with death-dealing pinion,
The motion of Hickey, to-day,
Has rid this island Dominion,
Of an Act which for years has held sway.
This Act caused employers much sorrow,
But Labour? Why, never a tear;
And the miter who's working to-morrow
Will be found weeping over his bier.
—P. R. PARKER.

LONGINGS FOR BEER.

I scored an amiable pinion,
Which I regret to-day,
To this proscribed Dominion,
Which will surely cease to sway.
Although I'm full of sorrow,
I will not shed a tear,
I'll be out of it to-morrow,
Where I will get my beer.
—WM. BRISTON.

A REMOTE HOPE.

New Zealand! trim thy best-behaviour pinion,
To fly aloft in aeronautic day,
And under thy new "non de guerre,"
Dominion,
Prepare to still extend thy world-wide sway,
When evolution puts an end to sorrow,
And wipes away from every eye the tear,
Thy denizens, on some remote to-morrow,
No more will be devoted to the bier!
—POLITIC-CUSS.

AN ANTI-SOCIALIST'S REVERIE.

I feel admonished by thought's sleek pinion—
That we're swiftly bearing an evil day;
As the trend of things in this fair Dominion
(Where doctrines Socialistic hold the sway),
Will steep our future in bitter sorrow;
And cause Philanthropy to shed a tear,
O'er the blighted prospects of a sad to-morrow.
When Freedom lies expiring on her bier!
—NEVILLE J. BROWN.

A DEAD BIRD.

There's a bird that with dark, baleful pinion,
Would shut out the brightness of day,
What is it? Well, o'er the Dominion
It seeks to establish its sway
Prohibition, disaster and sorrow!
I guess we should never shed a tear,
Though that bird were still, alone dead to-morrow,
And we all were, like it, "on the beer" bier!
—J.S.K.

COMPARISONS.

Like a bird without a pinion,
Or a night without a day,
Or a king without dominion,
Or a penman without sway,
Or good news that makes one sorrow,
Or glad eye dimmed with a tear,
Or the good deeds done to-morrow,
Is a man without his beer!
—ARNOLD HARE.

CAMPBELL BANNERMAN.

(Written on the day after his death.)
At half past six is flown the pinion (Spencer)
Of each loyal one to-day,
For throughout the new Dominion
Death's dark shadow holds its sway,
With the news there came much sorrow
As called forth from each a tear,
And the best and truest to-morrow
Will be paid him on his bier.
—ETHEL M. CLARK.

"EAGLES HAVE WINGS."

Polished in the sky on a powerful pinion,
Behold the bold eagle enjoying his day,
The realm of the air his acknowledged
Dominion,
For none are so brave as to question his
sway,
The scales on dollars, I know to my sorrow,
Are pitiless and unmoved by a tear,
Though with me to-day, will have flown
by to-morrow;
I'll never be glad again, save on my
bier.
—WAINGAO.

News, Notes and Notions.

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
Vapo-Cresolene Company,
New York, U.S.A.



Now is the day of the luscious banana and the juicy orange; and while "Colonials" or "Dominionites" are reveling in these luxuries, it is well that they should be reminded of the dangers attendant upon the careless disposal of the peel of these fruits. In the cities and larger towns where paved side-walks are the rule, the indiscriminate throwing down of orange and banana skins is an act little short of criminal. Serious accidents frequently occur through pedestrians treading on these slippery substances; and by-laws seem as powerless to prevent the practice as is the thoughtful municipal provision of receptacles for refuse. Nothing, it would seem, will avail save an appeal to the good sense and good feeling of fruit-eaters. Such an appeal was to be seen the other day in the form of a cardboard hung out on a telegraph pole in front of a boarding-house in Shortland-street, Auckland, bearing an inscription which read as follows:—"Boarders are requested not to throw orange and banana peel on the pavement." This respectful request might well be copied by the municipal authorities, with the alteration of the first word, and displayed in the principal city streets, and more especially at those corners most haunted by the frugivorous crowd. We New Zealanders are in the main a Socialistic people, and earnestly desirous of carrying out altruistic principles. But—
"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart";
and it is necessary that thoughtless people should be reminded that their pleasure, in the shape of open-air fruit-eating, may mean a broken leg or sprained ankle to some unsuspecting pedestrian. Let everyone eating fruit in the streets be careful to place the dangerous peel where it can do no harm, and one of the terrors of city life will be removed.

A Continental bagman and an American sportsman differed as to the length of time a human being could remain in a railway train. The bagman for a stake of £1,200 undertook to do so for a year, and he spent 1907 in travelling from Vienna to Linz, Salzburg and Innsbruck, going and returning. He won the bet in spite of an attack of influenza, and it is now recorded that his health, "with the exception of a slight nervous shock, is good." Our experience of Continental trains compels us to acknowledge that the victor must be as hard as nails and more patient and long-suffering than Job. But that is the only praise we can bestow, for we do not particularly admire anyone who is content to waste a year of life to win a bet. The individual who walks round the world with a wheelbarrow or who starts in a suit of paper and begs himself over the same route has at least the advantage of seeing many lands; but the train huffer might have spent the time as profitably in the dark burrow of a mole.

The United States possesses no fewer than 25,000 miles of rivers actually navigated, 25,000 miles of other rivers which are or might be made navigable, 2500 miles of navigable canals, and 2500 miles of sounds, bays and bayous that might be connected by canal. In extent, distribution, navigability and ease of use, says Mr. Roosevelt, the river systems of America stand first, yet "the rivers of no other civilized country are so poorly developed." The commission, whose report Mr. Roosevelt has been commending to Congress, was appointed as a result of the inability of the railways to handle the traffic of the country in the autumn of 1906. The recent commercial depression has temporarily removed this difficulty, but on a return of prosperity the congestion of the ordinary means of "transportation" may be expected to recur, in which case the President's exhortations will be seen to be abundantly justified.

The proposed closing of the Dutoitspan diamond mine in a few weeks' time recalls one of the most romantic stories of the South African diamond fields.

Less than 40 years ago a man called De Beers was farming a few hundred barren acres of veldt near Dutoitspan, and leading a sordid life with his family in a miserable one-storey house, which was more fit for cattle than for human beings. One day in 1871 one of his children, while playing, saw a flash of light from the mud-covered wall of the house, and, on examination, found that it came from a small, glass-like pebble, embedded in the wall. He dug out the pebble with his penknife, and took it proudly to his father. The pebble proved to be a valuable diamond, the first fruits of the rich store of gems which lay hidden under the farmer's barren acres. Mr. De Beers sold his farm for £6000; the Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Kimberley mines revealed their treasures of gem; and within a few years £30,000,000 would not have bought the farm, which, before that lucky discovery, De Beers would gladly have sold for a few shillings an acre.—"Westminster Gazette."

It is suggested that a law should be passed forbidding profanity on the New York stage. An American journalist asserts that there is scarcely a musical show, a vaudeville entertainment, or a legitimate comedy that does not yield at one moment or another, to those who have set the seal of approval upon "cuss words." No matter how refined the subject or how polite the topic, it is safe to say that the introduction of these polluted colloquialisms will "get a laugh." Every playwright knows this. He may pretend that he doesn't, but he does. He not only knows it, but he avails himself of the knowledge. Every sketch writer knows it. You cannot escape the results of this knowledge. Profanity has come to be part and parcel of New York's daily vocabulary. Whenever men or women congregate it is inevitably heard. And the stage, that pictures daily life—or at least its objectionable side—does not forget this. The stage, never leading, but always following, gives New York what New York seems to fancy most—unabridged and unexpurgated profanity.

It is idle to pretend that woman is without influence in the world when we read that the Norwegian railways are now offering to sell tickets at a reduced rate to married men travelling with their wives. A mere man, we may be sure, though clever enough to be a chairman of a Board of Directors, would never have thought out that scheme all by himself. It is evidently the outcome of the combined intelligence of spinsters desirous of putting a premium on matrimony, and of matrons who cannot trust their husbands out of their sight. By what means a clerk at a booking-office is expected to be able to distinguish a traveller's wife from his grandmother or his seaside cousin is not explained in the summary of the regulations which we have seen. It would be a good deal to require him to draw his inferences from the general demeanour of the couple; and the door would not necessarily be slammed in the face of fraud if the ticket inspector were empowered to inspect marriage lines as well as tickets; for even in Norway it cannot be a criminal offence for travellers to leave their marriage lines at home. Probably the directors, inspired by their women-folk, are placing their trust in the primitive honesty of an unsophisticated people; and only experience can show whether that confidence is well founded.

The removal, after a violent debate, of Zola's honoured dust to the Pantheon will add another stormy chapter to the stormy history of that French national Valhalla. It is sad that such controversies should rage over the honour to be done to the dead; but the fact remains that no great man can be sure of finding an abiding city in this place of burial for the illustrious. The body of Rousseau was conveyed there in triumph in the days of the Revolution; but his tomb was presently pillaged, as was also the tomb of Voltaire. The remains of Mirabeau were laid there in great pomp—but not to rest. The public changed their minds about him, and flung his body

out to make room for that of Marat. Then, a little later, people changed their minds about Marat, and his dust, in turn, was thrown into a sewer. "Between Temple of All the Immortals and Cloaca of the World," writes Carlyle, "how are poor human creatures whirled!" One fondly hopes that the precedent has no bearing on the ceremony now announced; but the announcement inevitably recalls these memories of the fickleness of popular favour.

There is at least one Christian for whom the Moors should entertain a profound respect. This is Lord Mountmorres. For that nobleman has effectually paid the believers back in the current coin of absolute unscrupulousness. Having gone to Cape July in his yacht to arrange for the ransom of the captive French fishermen, Lord Mountmorres invited the two headmen of the tribe who had captured them to come on board and discuss terms of ransom. The tribesmen (possibly remembering the leading case of Raisuli and Sir Harry Maclean) complied with the request, doubtless expecting that a British subject would be

FROOTIDS

For Headache, Indigestion,
Constipation, and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints. They are elegant in appearance, pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief.

Frootids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that "antibilious pills" make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by "antibilious pills" who could have been cured at once by Frootids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

The ordinary adult dose of Frootids, of which there are 72 in a bottle, is 2 to 4—more or less as required—taken, preferably at bedtime, when constipated, or at the commencement of any other disease requiring an aperient, as an auxiliary with the special medicine necessary for the case. A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootids, instead of an ordinary aperient; making the interval between the taking of each dose longer and the dose smaller. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

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NOTICE.—The materials in FROOTIDS 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.


You cannot beat
the best and the
best of all cocoas
is

**Van Houten's
Cocoa**

The best
because its
delicious natural
flavour and great digestibility
are unequalled by any other
cocoa.

"A perfect beverage,
capable of ready assimila-
tion and digestion."
Medical Annual

Best & goes
farthest.



no less punctilious than the British Government. But Lord Mountmorres was equal to the occasion. Having got his men safely on board, he informed them that there they would stay until the captives were released. The Moors murmured, "It was written," and, like good fatalists, accepted the inevitable, and gave orders for the release of the prisoners. But the name and fame of the Lord Mountmorres must stand high in their favour. He is the sort of Nazarene to deal effectually with the Moslem as the Moslem is in Morocco.

♦ ♦ ♦

Appropos of President Roosevelt's impending retirement from public life, Mr Dooley has been discussing the place which an ex-President ought to take in society. "No sir," he says, "th' question iv wh'y we'll do with our ex-Prisidents is on'y important to th' ex-Prisidents them selves. We'll say to thim:— 'Ye've often told us we were th' most enlightened, th' freest, th' kindest, an' best people in th' wurld. Well, we're goin' to do something fine f' ye. We're goin' to make ye wa iv us. Last week ye were out servant. Ye said so, though ye often come out an' batted us over th' head with a potato masher. Ye were our servant, but we're goin' to promote ye. We're goin' to make ye an equal. We're goin' to take ye out iv th' kitchen. There's a new cook in there now. I can hear him throwin' ye'er soup stock out iv th' window an' sayin' that ye've injured th' stove beyond repair. Take that big aisy chair near th' fire, fall to wife knife an' fork, an' thank th' Lord ye don't have to ate ye'er own cookin'.' An' the ex-Prisident squares away an' puts in th' rest iv his life criticizin' th' manners iv th' famly an' mutterin' between his teeth. 'What a cook.' 'What wud ye do if ye were an ex-Prisident?' asked Mr Hennessy. 'Well,' said Mr Dooley, 'if I wanted something rale hard to do, something that wud keep me busy an' take up all me time to th' end iv me days, I'd try to be Prisident again.'

♦ ♦ ♦

There is nothing in the eternal fitness of things proclaiming the male as the necessary superior of the female throughout nature, writes Sir Ray Lankester. The fact is that the question of equality and of general superiority and inferiority has no place in regard to male and female from a naturalist's point of view. "It is true that women are so very much less-endowed with muscular strength than men that practically every woman is inferior to every man in this respect. It is also true that woman's brain is smaller than man's, and that, apart from mere size, the intellectual activity and capacity of women, by whatever test you examine it, is less than that of man. When exceptional cases on both sides are excluded, the definite intellectual inferiority of the average woman, as compared with the average man, is established as a fact. But women, on the other hand, fill a place in human life as mothers, and administrators of detail, and as companions, in which man, by nature of things, cannot compete with them at all. At the house of the late Sir James Knowles, some 25 years ago, when discussing the relative value of the physical and intellectual capacities of the men as compared with the women of the English working class, Mr. Gladstone said, 'I am of opinion that the relative value of a man and a woman is in all classes of society about the same as it was in my grandfather's time in Jamaica, when they purchased slaves. They gave £120 for a man and £80 for a woman, and that is a fair measure of their relative value all the world over.' Mr. Gladstone was not estimating the ultimate value of women in human life when he said this. He would, I think, have considered, as I do, that it is absurd to attempt to estimate that or to raise a discussion as to general superiority and inferiority in reference to the male and the female of the human species. They are creatures as necessary one as the other, differing from one another profoundly, and excelling one another in diverse qualities and capacities. What Mr. Gladstone es-

timated as being less by one-third in women than in men is power—work value—whether physical or intellectual. I think Mr. Gladstone's estimate must be admitted as true."

Memories of Napoleon.

HIS LAST DAYS ON ST. HELENA.

(By an Auckland.)

An old lady named Mrs. Emily Owen, residing in Beckenham, a suburb of London, has recently celebrated her 97th birthday. She was born and lived for many years on the lonely Island of St. Helena. Mrs. Owen and her brother, Mr. Claude Bennett, of Capetown, are the only two people now living who were present at the funeral of the great Napoleon Buonaparte, which occurred just eighty-seven years ago.

I had the good fortune to meet this interesting old lady, and hear from her own lips many little-known details of Napoleon's life in exile. It appears that when the Bellerophon arrived at St. Helena, the residence intended for the Emperor was out of repair, and he took up his temporary abode at Jamestown, next to the house where Mrs. Owen lived. St. Helena has the reputation of being a barren rock with little or no foliage; indeed, Bertrand is said to have described it as "that black wart rising out of the mist," as the Bellerophon, with the Royal exile and his little party, approached the Island. The party disembarked at Jamestown, and were all agreeably surprised to find that the "rock" had at least one pretty spot.

As soon as the house at Longwood was put in order by the ship's carpenters, Napoleon, in company with Las Cases, Bertrand, and Noverraz (the Emperor's Swiss valet), walked over the hills to inspect the improvements. Captain Bennett—Mrs Owen's father—was in charge of the party. As they neared the pretty little valley, Napoleon stopped suddenly and gazed at the scene as if it were familiar to him. None of the party spoke, till the faithful valet Noverraz, mistaking his master's emotion for sickness, was at his side in an instant. "Sire, you are ill," he said.

Captain Bennett frowned at this recognition of the Imperial title.

For answer, Napoleon simply pointed to the hill, and then to the valley, with the little old cottage in the trees.

Noverraz took in the situation at a glance.

"Sire, the field of Austerlitz," he said.

The Emperor nodded and the party moved on.

When they arrived at Longwood, Napoleon was shown over his new suite of rooms, which included a library containing many English works. At these he shrugged his shoulders, as at that time he could scarcely speak a word of English.

A week or two after he was settled at Longwood, Mrs. Owen, who was then but a child of ten years, was sent to him with a copy of "Voltaire." She spoke French fluently, and having handed the book to Napoleon, she began, child-like, to ask him numerous questions, principally as to whether or no "he was a horrid cruel man." The little democrat was in no way intimidated by the stern glance that followed, and was quite indignant because she was not answered. This was something new for Napoleon; open defiance from a child of ten years old was refreshing. Taking her by the ear he suggested that she should read his favourite poet aloud to him. "But, Sire," said the little one, "you always go to sleep if anyone reads to you, because Madame Montholon told me so."

Napoleon smiled, and on his promising to keep awake this time, the child began to struggle through the difficult lines of the opening passages of "Voltaire." It was not long before her listener forgot his promise, and was soon fast asleep. The brave little heart that defied the great man's frown was softened at his now peaceful smile, and, closing the book, she stole softly from the room, and left the great active brain to its quietude.

Napoleon was always accompanied by a British officer in his walks over the island. This annoyed him very much, as did also the order from the Governor that he was to be addressed as "General Buonaparte."

The reported plots for his escape have been mentioned in the various biographies of Napoleon, but one incident not usually known may be of interest. He was always very fond of telling stories about battles, illustrating them by placing his listeners in different positions in a field, and then closing in on a certain point. On one occasion he was showing some friends how a small troop of infantry, formed into single file on the slope of a hill, might, by the rear man firing over his neighbour's shoulder, keep up a terrible fusillade against approaching artillery, and offer the smallest possible target for the guns. The children of the party were enjoying the situation when Captain Bennett, the officer in charge, saw the signal run up on the Governor's residence to say that a vessel was in sight. This always meant that more stringent measures were to be taken in guarding the exile. Accordingly Captain Bennett ordered the little "army" to be dismissed, and without much ceremony Napoleon was escorted back to Longwood between two soldiers.

"He never forgave my father for that," said Mrs. Owen; "I remember it perfectly—Napoleon's look of injured pride was terrible. It was not the actual dis-

cipline that stung him, but the humiliating manner in which—in this instance—it was carried out. You see, my father had half-suspected that the forming into line was a ruse to overpower the two soldiers and himself."

Later on when Napoleon's cancer was too bad to permit of his taking any outdoor exercise, he used to beguile the time by playing cards and billiards. Sometimes he would have a game with his little chum, and on these occasions he would use his finger to play with instead of the cue.

Gradually the inevitable end drew near, and only a chosen few were allowed into his bedroom on the morning of May 5th, when it was announced that he would not live through the day.

In the afternoon he became delirious, and was heard to say, "France, the army, the leader of the army," then he was quiet for an hour or two.

Towards sundown he became very weak and breathed with much difficulty, and it was evident that the end was near.

Noverraz buried his face in his hands and dared not look at his master. Presently the sufferer rallied a little, and though still unconscious he tried to sit up in bed. Bertrand's stalwart form bent over him, and then Napoleon called out wildly, "Steignel, Messina, press the charge and we have them!"

A momentary pause, and with a scarcely audible "Ah, Bertrand," the great man lay back upon his pillow, and went to his rest.

THE FINAL TOUCH OF PERFECTION.

Cerebos Salt

Agents—
L. D. NATHAN & CO., LTD.
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"Having held a position as field umpire to the South Australian Football Association, and having to go under



rather severe training, my constitution had a very severe strain. The tonics I took did not benefit me. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and can faithfully say that it did me a wonderful amount of good. In fact, it built my system up so that I could go through my training without an effort.

PHIL A. BLACKMAN,
Now of Penola, S. A."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

imparts force and vigor, and builds up the whole system to withstand the severe trials and tests which sooner or later come to all of us.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. Be sure you get the old reliable Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not some other kind that will only disappoint you.

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

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It is unequalled for the Prevention of Sickness, particularly contagious diseases, such as arise from damp or ill ventilated apartments, odorous sinks, drains, stables cess-pools, cellars, closets, etc.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY

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Books and Bookmen

The Attainment of Health and the Treatment of Different Diseases by Means of Diet: Phillip G. Muskett. (William Brooks and Co., Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.)

An exceedingly valuable book of reference, chock full of sound information as to the place a right diet plays in the health of nations. In the introduction, into which is compressed the syllabus of this necessarily bulky volume, man is defined "as an organism surrounding a digestive tube." To those suffering from even temporary indigestion, or the melancholy inseparable from acute dyspepsia this saying will be pronounced a profound altruism. The enormous amount of meat consumed per head (2 cwt.) in Australia is unadverted upon, and the evil of a too purely flesh diet is shown as acting prejudicially upon the Australian race as a whole. Quoting Sir William Roberts, the great English authority on all that pertains to diet, the author says "that one generation of dietetics would produce an influence upon humanity second only to a new creation of the race." And not only is the correct dietary pointed out, but the proper preparation of the food that comprises that dietary is sternly insisted upon, the author emphatically declaring that proper education in this direction would lead to domestic happiness, an improvement in the general health, physique, and stamina of the whole population, and a decrease in drunkenness. The opinion of Mr. Leonard Merriek, the eminent novelist, is shown by the following:—"Cookery is not only an art; it occupies a unique position among the arts; it is the solitary art for which the demand is greater than the supply." And that this should be in a country where everything conducive to the fostering and perfecting of the art of cooking is favourable, is surely an error of the highest magnitude, and which, now that the error so clearly and forcibly pointed out by Dr. Muskett has been made apparent, that it should result in the amendment of Australasia at large. For to the most superficial observer is demonstrated daily, and hourly, the spectacle of sufferers from overfeeding and from malnutrition, caused by food being so vividly prepared that it not only loses its digestive principles, but its nutritive qualities, and, moreover, is an offence to the eye and palate. Also, it is high time that cookery should be taught as being absolutely necessary to the girl who, in the natural course of events, will one day preside over the destinies not only of the man she marries, but those of their progeny. For, as according to Christian tradition, the fall came about through the agency of woman, so must the redemption of the race be won by her, and the art of housewifery is of infinitely more importance than the three R's or the acquisition of so-called accomplishments, which, in nine cases out of ten, owing to infirmity through heredity or environment, or both, or lack of the talent to acquire more than the little knowledge that is so dangerous, and, we might say, so distracting, a thing to the heavy spectator, or recipient of the fruits of mal-accomplishment. Dr. Muskett, in expounding his views, has arranged them in the form of ten propositions, of these propositions, the first deals with the climate of Australia. The second says that "a better knowledge, on the part of every person, of the different classes of food and of their action on the system, is eminently desirable. The third declares "that the food habits of Australians are characterised chiefly by the eating of an injurious quantity of meat and the drinking of an excessive amount of tea. The fourth, that all the world over, except in Australia, the food of different nations is suited to their climatic conditions. The 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th deal with the products of the soil and sea.

Of the sea the author says that far too narrow a view is taken of the value of its products, and the important part that toilers of the sea have ever taken

in the acquisition and defence of British territory. In relation to the defence, and in view of the vital importance of the "National Defence Movement that is being pushed forward for the safety of Australasia generally, we think that no review of this book would be complete without the re-assertion of the warning uttered by Dr. Muskett in the introduction to this book." Our maritime defence is one of the most pressing problems of Australia. There has been no hostile descent so far on these shores. Nevertheless, let the words in "Hamlet" be well remembered: "Yet it will come; the readiness is all." The tenth and last proposition deals with the alcoholic question as being not only of vital interest to the individual, but of supreme importance to the State. Though the use and value of fruit and vegetables are strongly advocated in the daily dietary, and the wrong use of alcohol strongly deprecated, the author is particularly anxious that he shall not be mistaken either for a vegetarian or a teetotaler. What he advocates is, in short, something like this: "It has been pointed out to you (the reader) that the climate you live in will not permit you to go on much longer without losing both your moral and physical stamina as a race, if you continue to head the world as the largest consumer of flesh. History has taught you that a nation that becomes over-indulgent in its eating and drinking becomes an easy prey to invaders. By following a proper dietary, suitable to your climate, you are within easy distance of discovering the philosopher's stone and becoming rejuvenated both in mind and body. I have given you the proper dietary for the cure of the various ills that have come to you as a result of an improper dietary. And I have gone further, and showed you how to prepare the food that comprises the dietary that suits your particular complaint. And I can back my assertions by referring you to the expressed convictions of the world's greatest authorities on matters dietetic. And the reward of following my dietary will be that as an individual, or a community, you will be the survival of the fittest." The value of the hot water cure is pointed out, and also the Salisbury, and Weir-Mitchell cures, examples being given of these. As a book of reference, it should be invaluable to the physician, as it in no way encroaches upon his domain. A correct diagnosis of any particular complaint must have been reached ere the author of this book can be consulted by the sufferer. Curiously, and yet naturally enough, prompted by that great healer, Nature, when one of her children falls sick, they immediately begin to wonder what improper food they have eaten, and they invariably ask the physician they have called in what to eat and what to avoid. And with all due deference to a much, and often undeservedly abused profession, nine times out of ten the physician has overlooked the question of diet, and wonders why the patient does not respond more quickly to the treatment prescribed. Nor is the book the dry-as-dust compilation that the ordinary volume, "How to become your own Physician," is, nor, we might add, the dangerous weapon that the ordinary medical work is apt to be in the hands of the ignorant layman. The adoption of any particular form of diet, being purely the prerogative of the individual, except in certain cases, great care has been taken to make each dietary as attractive and as varied as possible, in order to encourage its adoption. And the best thanks of the community are due to Dr. Muskett, who has so lucidly and concisely, considering the importance and magnitude of his subject, set before his readers in such an interesting and inexpensive form "the attainment of health and the treatment of the different diseases by means of diet." The book is attractively bound in red cloth, is suitably illustrated, and printed on exceedingly good paper in beautifully clear type. Its classification too is altogether admirable, the reader seeing, at a glance through the index, the contents of the book. It is sure to meet with a ready sale.

Sir Hilton's Sin: G. Manville Fenn. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

This is a sporting novel of the highly-melodramatic type, and it is sure to have a great vogue, not only amongst the sporting fraternity, but amongst those who, for reasons both "Hiltonian" and otherwise, are debarred from taking a personal active interest in a sport that has from time immemorial had the keenest fascination for all ranks of society, from Royalty downwards. The plot is neither complex nor uncommon, but has the merit of being developed on the simple unaffected lines that are so dear to the fraternity whose highest ambition is to pull off a big race, and to whom the cults, issues, and subtleties of life are an unwished for or an unknown quantity. "Sir Hilton Lisle, after having run through his patrimony, by his failure on the turf, and in the hunting field, had tried to redeem his fallen fortunes by marrying a rich, but plebeian, wife, who, after her marriage, had sternly insisted on Sir Hilton's withdrawal both from the turf and the hunting field, holding the trading middle class view that the pursuit of either was wicked, common, and ungentle. A vacancy occurring in the parliamentary representation of the borough in which Sir Hilton's estate lay, Lady Lisle is fired with the notion that Sir Hilton has only to get into Parliament, backed by her enormous wealth, to become a great Parliamentary leader. To this end she had placed to Sir Hilton's credit at the County Bank the sum of £4000 to provide for the necessary outlay contingent upon a contested election. How Sir Hilton was tempted, in spite of his promise to Lady Lisle, who, though middle-class, was at heart good, that he would never again have anything to do with racing or gambling, to risk this money on the mare La Sylphide (once owned by him), and how, in order to save his old friend, the sporting Lady Tiborough, from ruin, he steers La Sylphide to victory, must be learned by the readers if this brief outline has interested them sufficiently to buy the book that contains this truly exciting narrative. A further interest is added to the story by the game of cross purposes played by its principal characters, in which the secret marriage of "Sydney Smithers (Lady Lisle's precocious, but not altogether unworthy nephew) and "Mary Ann Simpkins," the Orphan dancer, and daughter of "Sam Simpkins," raceless trainer, bookman, and the villain of this story, and the unfounded jealousy of Lady Lisle, who imagines that Sir Hilton has been indulging in illicit love with Mary Ann Simpkins, plays a prominent part. Though this book cannot be cited as belonging to the higher class of sporting novels, it is sufficiently arresting to while away pleasantly that duller of hours which even the most ardent sportsman finds unbearably heavy at times. We are indebted to Messrs. Wildman and Arvey for our copy of this book.

Sheaves: E. F. Benson. (London: William Heinemann and Co.)

Though it is increasingly difficult to agree with Mr. Benson's views and opinions on matters of belief or surmise, it is always with distinct pleasure that the majority of readers take up any book of his, because, however much they may dissent from him on the subject-matter, he has under demonstration, it is impossible not to admire the broad spirit of charity, sympathy, and culture that is evident in every page he writes. But in order that a writer shall convince his readers, it is imperative that he himself should stand convinced that the proposition he has presented to his readers shall have at least the saving merit of consistency. And it is not consistent with the ruling of Nature that masculine youth shall mate with feminine early middle-age. "Edith Allbutt" (a beautiful widow), who during the whole of her unhappy married life—twelve years—had suffered martyrdom at the hands of her husband. After his death she had lived in seclusion, re-perpetrating both the graces of mind and body, which had lain fallow during the worse than wasted years of her widowhood. At the age of forty-two she had returned to the world more than ever a desirable possession in men's eyes. At "Lady Rye's (Edith Allbutt's sister) she meets "Hugh Grainger," aged twenty-four, who is of the type of whom it is always averred that they will remain boyish until they die, and the twin fall in love, and marry; but not without some serious qualms by Edith as to the wisdom of the step. Then a year of undiluted happiness for Hugh

Grainger, and a happiness so intense as to be almost pain for Edith, to whom the habit of self-analysis had become a fetish. Then came motherhood, the joy of which is discounted by the perception that the young husband cannot realise the crowning joy and responsibility of fatherhood. Then a period of bodily weakness, aggravated by the morbid spirit of self-analysis that had become second nature to her, and which told her that, not only was her vitality inferior to his, but that she could not always adjust her mental attitude to his. And then one day watching Hugh "playing Indians with Lady Rye's children, the conviction was forced upon her that they, looked upon their relations as abnormal, though the thought was too vague to be put into words. Then the visit (unknown to Hugh) to the eminent specialist, who discovers that she is in the first stage of consumption, and who insists upon the immediate migration to Davos as being her sole chance of recovery. But the youthful husband had planned a week at Munich, where he is to sing the part of Tristan, and the one hope of recovery is sacrificed to give him that week of pure undiluted happiness he has set his heart upon, for to do Hugh Grainger credit, his marriage to Edith, so far, had brought him nothing but pure, unalloyed happiness. More morbid self-analysis, and then, last scene of all, where Hugh, summoned from England, where Edith had banished him for a while, fearing to lose his love by the continuous spectacle of her bodily weakness, and fearing also the danger he ran of infection, sees her die. The moral of the story is more obvious than the reason for its existence. If Mr. Benson, at the outset of his story, set out with the idea of showing that May and September can mate successfully, he has failed most woefully in his assumption. The depiction of the morbid analysis of the heart and the mind of a twice disillusioned woman of forty-two is not pleasant in the contemplation, even though the woman be as pure and as unselfish a sthis creation of his. The fanciful sentiment of an hour's bliss being worth an eternity of woe has given place to a more reasonable adjustment. Any sacrifice to be acceptable to the powers that be must have the merit of being a true one. For any breach of her laws, Nature exacts full toll. Edith Grainger paid hers, and it remains to be seen whether the spectacle of the penalty paid by her will influence Hugh Grainger's future life. And it is not unreasonable to hope that at some future time Mr. Benson will continue his delineation of Hugh Grainger's fortunes, and so justify the present harrowing of his sympathetic readers' feelings. For the delightful pictures of leisured cultured life at home, and abroad, the clever dialogue, and the frequent epigram, the reader will have nothing but gratitude. But, as is usual with Mr. Benson, he is more entrancing than convincing.

The Top Weight: Nat Gould. (London: John Long and Co.)

Lovers of a good racing novel will be more than satisfied with this latest emanation from Nat Gould's facile pen. In any depiction of racing men and their entourage, it is commonly considered indispensable that any account of racing shall be characterised by vulgarity of idiom and floridity of racing demenor and procedure. But what Whyte Melville did for the sporting novel of bygone days, Nat Gould has done for the modern sporting novel, and this, too, in an age when exaggeration and realism is rampant. In "The Top Weight," Nat Gould has given his readers a thoroughly comprehensive idea of the turf and turf men in a depiction that the most fastidious could not take exception to. The restraint shown in the vivid descriptions of the various racing events which "Spanker" (the outsider) brings off successfully, are all the more admirable, as it is easy to see that the subject is one with which the author is very much in love and at home in. There is the usual love story, without which even a racing novel would be incomplete. No more natural or lovable heroine ever graced the pages of a sporting novel than Vida Ormiston (the heroine of this unusual love story). The interest is well sustained throughout the whole book, which, beginning with the discovery of "Spanker," ends with his winning the stakes of the Grand National, though he carried "the top weight." Our copy of this exceedingly naturally written book has been received through the publishers.

Dumping Undesirables.

CANADA AND THE NEEDY IMMIGRANT.

Canada is beginning to realise at last that the New Zealand policy of selecting the assisted immigrants instead of allowing a motley horde of undesirables to pour in, is the best after all. Mr. Rudyard Kipling showed his ignorance of social problems when he told the Canadians recently to "pump in the immigrants from the Old Country." The problem is not quite so easy as all that. Mr. Bruce Walker, late Canadian Emigration Agent in London, points out in a recent report that the emigrants sent to Canada by the Salvation Army and other charitable societies in London are for the most part "morally and physically quite unsuited" for colonial requirements. England for some years past has been dumping into Canada her social refuse—thousands of poor wretches who have been squeezed into poverty and destitution in the horrible struggle for existence in the Old Country. Canada has at last had enough of this process. She says that henceforth she can afford to pick and choose. She does not want England's failures, the weak, the inefficient and the wastrels. Physically they are too weak to stand the hard work of developing new territory; their mental and moral fibre is equally deficient. It is cruel to dump them down in a new country where they are no use either to themselves or to the country. If the dumping process were continued long enough, Canada would presently have on her hands a mass of poverty and degradation, reproducing all the worst features of the Old Country. Already there is congestion in Canadian cities, due to reckless and ill-advised emigration from the Motherland. Now the Canadian Government has stepped in, and from April 15 no emigrant can be shipped to Canada by the aid of charitable or public funds without the consent of the Superintendent of Immigration for Canada in London.

As in the case of New Zealand, the Canadian Government want to encourage the immigration of agricultural labourers, real navvies, and domestic servants. But the men and women that Canada is willing to receive are just those whom England can ill spare. It is a bad look-out for the Old Country if the colonies are to drain it of the best elements in its working classes, leaving behind all the idlers and inefficient to fester and breed in city slums. On the other hand it is absurd to expect any of the colonies to open their arms to receive the refuse of the Mother Country. The only logical way out of the impasse—the only humane and commonsense way—is for England to grapple with this question of poverty with courage and determination—qualities which have so far been painfully lacking in the treatment of the greatest of social problems. The colonies will be ready enough to receive Englishmen who are physically and mentally "fit." England's task is to level up her lower classes. But this she will never do until she develops a social conscience, and offers to her millions of poor not charity, but justice.

Strike of Journalists.

TRIUMPH FOR GERMAN PRESSMEN.

An interesting little strike of Parliamentary Pressmen has just been successfully negotiated in Berlin, thanks to the solidarity with which the editors of all the papers supported their representatives in the Press Gallery. It appears that during the debate on the Colonial Estimates in the Reichstag, the other day, the Centre Deputy, Herr Erzberger, in the course of a speech, observed that "the negro was a human being with an immortal soul." This statement was received with laughter and derisive exclamations in various parts of the House, including one or other of the galleries. A prominent member of the Centre party—Herr Grober—vented his indignation at the treatment meted out to Herr Erzberger by exclaiming, "Those pigs of fellows (Saubengels) up there (indicating the galleries) are at it again." The President, Count Stolberg, thereupon warned the occupants of the galleries that he would order the galleries to be cleared if these demonstrations were repeated. The representatives of the German Press in the gallery felt aggrieved by Herr Grober's language, which was plainly directed against them, and they resolved

to suspend work until adequate reparation had been made. The Press gallery, next day, was unoccupied, except by the representatives of the semi-official telegraph agency, who, however, expressed their solidarity with the strikers. Journalists of all shades declared themselves in sympathy with the movement, and agreed not to publish any reports of the proceedings in the Reichstag until their representatives felt free to resume work. In the meantime the occupants of the Press gallery held indignation meetings, and addressed a petition to the President who promised to use his best offices with the Centre party in order to arrive at a settlement.

At first Herr Grober refused to apologise unless the Pressmen first expressed regret for the interruption that had taken place in the gallery. This the Pressmen refused to do, and so the deadlock continued. For two days the debates in the Reichstag were unreported, and were singularly lifeless in consequence. A consciousness of the futility of the proceedings seemed to weigh on those taking part in them, and it really seemed as though the orators had reserved their best points for a more auspicious occasion. Many members of the Reichstag took their names off the list of speakers, reserving their remarks until the ban should have been removed by the Pressmen. Even the Chancellor's annual speech on Germany's foreign relations, a very important pronouncement, was un-

reported in the German papers. The strikers meanwhile received messages of sympathy and encouragement from all parts of Europe, and Austria, French and Italian newspapers undertook to publish no reports of the Reichstag's proceedings until the Press Gallery had received satisfaction.

The Pressmen won. Like all politicians, the members of the Reichstag quickly found that without publicity they were helpless. To end an intolerable situation strong pressure was brought to bear on Herr Grober, and on the third day the offending deputy offered in the Reichstag a full apology for the unpardonable expression which he had been provoked into using. Thereupon a meeting of the Press Gallery reporters of the Reichstag passed the following resolution:—"The reporters of the Reichstag Press Gallery take cognisance of the apology of Deputy Grober, made under pressure from the fractions of the Reichstag. They acknowledge that the House has thereby endeavoured to atone for the offence of one of its members against journalists. In the interests of the country and Parliament we resume work from Thursday." As a fitting conclusion to this little episode, the journalists then passed the following resolution:—"The Reichstag reporters express their thanks to the German Press for its unanimous and dignified support in their struggle, and cease the boycott of Reichstag proceedings."

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CARR'S BISCUITS

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

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Mr. Wm. Carter, Mataura, writes—
"I am pleased to bear testimony to your excellent cough mixture. For a number of years I have been completely cured of a bad cough and cold about the fall of the year. Your Irish Moss has proved in our house a valuable friend. I have much pleasure in recommending it to all who may be suffering from bad colds or influenza."

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Tell your Kettner that you want **BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS**—no other!

BEST IN 1867. BEST NOW.
KEARSELY'S 100 YEARS REPUTATION.
WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS.
A special certificate of Merit, as leading remedy for all female complaints. The official is wrapped in waxed paper, and bears the name of "Kearsely"; no others are genuine. Sold in bottles by all Chemists.
Be sure you get "Kearsely's."

Renewal of a Notable Offer.

Further free week's test of "Hair Drill."

There can be no doubt that all Colonial residents greatly appreciated the recent opportunity provided them for a week's free "Hair Drill" for a most significant reference was made to the very frank offer lately made in the columns of their paper.

This was only to be expected, for it is indeed a deplorable fact that residence in foreign climes has a very detrimental effect upon the beauty, health, and conditions of the hair.

Men and women alike who dwell in the Colonies and Dependencies have long grieved over the fact that the climate and circumstances act very adversely upon the hair, and that, as a consequence, many scalp and hair defects become quickly apparent and very pronounced. Unfortunately the use of most of the prevalent cosmetics is entirely without benefit, for they are based generally upon vague knowledge of hair requirements and are generally compounded of ingredients lacking in nutrition and cultural value.

These, whether taken internally or applied externally, have always proved disappointing, and at times injurious both to the head, face, and health. Still there is one undoubted application of approved merit and reason, and it cannot be gainsaid that "Edwards' Hair Dressing" is a real hair restorer, a real hair corrector, a real stimulant, tonic, and preserver for the hair, whether it be affected with dandruff, baldness, scurfiness, or greasiness; whether it shows signs of decay or evidences of lack of lustre, colour, or healthy and beautiful appearance, or whether its degeneration is marked by greyness, patchiness, vacuum, or baldness. For many years Mr. Edwards' "Hair Dressing" held an envied and unrivalled reputation as a true specific for all outward conditions of the hair, and the volume of praise accorded to this notable preparation contain very striking testimony from the highest quarter.

Royalties, dignities of the State, social leaders, ladies and gentlemen occupying high positions, as well as the great general public, have used it, and always with the most gratifying results, for the use of "Hair Dressing" overcomes any tendency or condition of hair weakness and disease.

It actually drills and disciplines the hair into healthy condition, and the faith of the proprietors in their preparation is abundantly shown by the very open offer they recently made and which, now, by popular request, they are repeating.

They are perfectly willing to send any applicant a very generous supply of "Hair Dressing" sufficient for one week's thorough use and trial. The supply is perfectly free and is accompanied by an interesting booklet dealing with hair difficulties, and also full instructions for the use of "Hair Dressing." It is only necessary to enclose three penny stamps for cover of postage to Edwards' "Hair Dressing" Co., 95 and 96 High Holborn, London, mentioning this paper.

Edwards' "Hair Dressing" is of course obtainable of chemists the wide world over.

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Scientific and Useful

SUGAR A POWERFUL FOOD.

The "London Lancet" says: "It seems inconceivable that the bountifulness with which the world is supplied with sugar should mean anything else than that it is designed for human food. Sugar is one of the most powerful foods which we possess, as it is the cheapest, or at any rate one of the cheapest. In muscular labour no food appears to be able to give the same powers of endurance as sugar; and comparative practical experiments have shown without the least doubt that the hard physical worker, the athlete or the soldier on the march is much more equal to the physical strain placed upon him when he has had included in his diet a liberal allowance of sugar than when sugar is denied to him. Trophies, prizes, and cups have undoubtedly been won on a diet in which sugar was intentionally a notable constituent. It has even been said that sugar may decide a battle, and that jam, after all, is something more than a mere sweet-meat to the soldier.

"The fact that sugar is a powerful 'muscle food' accounts probably for the disavour into which it falls, for a comparatively small quantity amounts to an excess, and excess is always inimical to the easy working of the digestive processes. A strong solution of sugar is irritating to the tissues, will set up superficial inflammation, and may produce a form of eczema. It is well known that an excessive diet of sugar irritates the mucous membrane of the stomach, and encourages the production of mucus and of a highly acid gastric juice.

"The ingestion of much sugar spoils the appetite. Children who have been tempted to overindulge in 'lollipops' between regular eating times do not want

their ordinary meal. The schoolboy spoils his dinner by eating too many sweet things before that meal. An over-indulgence in sweet liquors, in sweet ices and in 'crystallised' fruits after dinner retards the digestion of the meal.

"Sugar satiates; it is a concentrated food. Where sugar does harm, therefore, it is invariably due to excess. Taken in small quantities and distributed over the daily food intakes, sugar contributes most usefully in health to the supply of energy required by the body. In certain diseases, of course, the presence of sugar in the diet is plainly undesirable. Generally speaking, however, there is a prejudice against sugar which is not justified by physiological reasoning—at all events, when it is eaten in moderation; and it is a curious fact that the man who practically abstains from sugar, or reduces his diet to one almost free from carbohydrates in favour of protein foods such as meat, often shows feeble muscular energy and an indifferent capacity for physical endurance."

TELEGRAPHING TO A STAR.

If a row of telegraph posts 25,000 miles long were erected round the earth at the equator, and a wire were stretched upon these post for this circuit of 25,000 miles, and then the wire were wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe, we should then find that an electric signal, sent into the wire at one end, would accomplish the seven circuits in one second of time. To telegraph, however, to the nearest star it would take four years before the electricity would reach its destination.—Sir Robert Ball, in the "Home Messenger."

REFRIGERATION v. LIME PRESERVATION OF EGGS.

Some interesting experiments have been carried out by a French scientist to determine the comparative effects of eggs preserved by freezing and lime respectively, the results of which have been communicated to one of the learned societies. He states that the former is much superior to the ordinary lime-system from the hygienic point of view, since under the influence of low temperature, even when maintained for several months, no perceptible change of appearance or taste of the egg results, and the article is suitable for any culinary purpose. One great advantage of cold storage preservation is that the yolk of the egg retains its position in the white envelope and does not gravitate to the lower end, as in lime preservation. Nor does it spread out when the shell is broken. The albumen, however, becomes a little more watery, but there is no perceptible change in colour. It is essential that the temperature should be maintained at a constant point, and as near minus one degree centigrade, with a hygrometric degree as near seventy-eight as practicable. In the United States refrigeration is the most generally practised form of preserving eggs, a practice that is, however, gradually becoming popular in Europe.

A NEW FREEZING-APPARATUS.

There was recently on view at an exhibition in Germany a new type of refrigerator, the feature of which is its simplicity and inexpensiveness, a sovereign or so completely covering the whole outfit. The appliance comprises a double-walled tin vessel with an annular space all round, about an inch wide, and completely surrounding the inner chamber. Carbonic acid gas is slowly admitted into this annular space at the bottom, and this, filling the whole of the space, finally issues into the chamber itself through a cross-arm tube placed at the top, quickly and completely freezing any article stored within. In fact, so efficient is the apparatus

that water is frozen in less than a minute. The refrigerative effect is produced by the rapid expansion of the carbonic acid gas. The apparatus is stated to be highly suited to the requirements of the household, and is very inexpensive to work, the carbonic acid gas being stored in the ordinary type of reservoir used for that purpose.

TRACING THE LOST UMBRELLA.

Probably there is no more elusive article than the umbrella, the loss of which at some time or another every reader has no doubt experienced. The most common form of loss is inadvertently to leave it in a vehicle, a shop, and so forth; and it is estimated that some three hundred thousand umbrellas are lost annually in the United Kingdom. An ingenious and useful invention, however, has recently been devised, which will practically render much displacement an absolute impossibility; while at the same time, when it is found, no confusion or difficulty on the part of the owner in identifying his property will arise. The device consists of a small and neat tablet let into the handle of the article, bearing the owner's name and address, and hidden from view by a slide. The boon will be especially appreciated by the clerks in the lost luggage departments of our railways and the officials of the police departments, since upon an umbrella being found it will be possible for the owner to be communicated with at once. While, of course, the contrivance will not be proof against dishonest practices, it should serve to diminish the heavy loss which in the aggregate must represent hundreds of pounds every year, arising from forgotten or misplaced umbrellas.

He tried Port Hacking after fish,
But only caught a cold.
He said, "Alcohol! By jove, I wish
I'd done as I was told.
This is indeed a Hacking cough,
Good name it's got, I'm sure!"
But next day he was right enough
Through Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

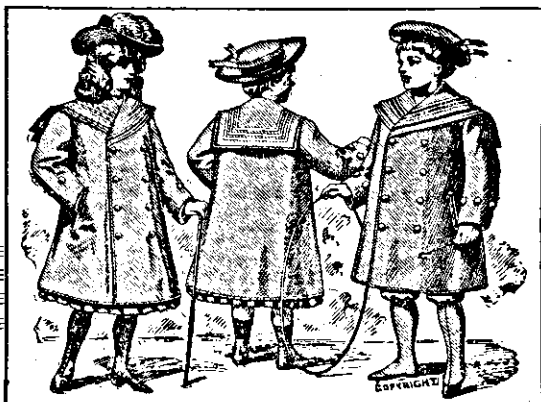
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Anecdotes and Sketches

BROTHERLY LOVE.

To-morrow would be baby's birthday, and Tommy had decided that he would buy him a nice present.

"What would you like to get him, Tommy?" asked his mother.

"I think," suggested Tommy—"I think that I should like to buy him one of those nice guns."

"But," objected mother, "baby will not understand a toy like that. Besides, he might hurt himself with it."

"No, he won't, mamma!" pleaded Tommy. "Indeed—indeed, he won't! I sha'n't let him even touch it!"

VERY CATTISH.

"What's up?" asked a friend of the man with the tired look.

"Whats up?" murmured the haggard one. "Here's what. Last night I didn't get a wink of sleep! Hinkin's cat howled outside for three hours steadily. Then I got up and heaved a brick at it."

"Did you hit it?"

"No, but I hit Hinkin, who had just come down to let it into the house."

"Well, surely that was satisfactory?"

"For a minute it was. Then Hinkin returned the brick smash through our drawingroom window. But that wasn't all he did."

"Well?"

"He went in and left the cat howling outside!"

DOUBLE WEIGHT.

Patrick Flannigan and Murphy Hannigan were in a dilemma—in fact, they were in a regular Irish stew.

"Shure," exclaimed Pat, in the approved Hibernian brogue, "these scales is no good at all, at all! They only weigh up to two hundred pounds, and Oim near to two hundred and fifty!"

"They laid their heads together and cogitated."

"Av course," reflected Murphy, "we might cut some av the superfluous off ye, till ye balanced."

But Pat objected.

Then Murphy, struck by a sudden inspiration, took the bull by the horns.

"Shure, Pat," he exclaimed, "phwat's to prevent ye gettin' on twice?"

A WARM RECEPTION.

A gentleman meeting a boy who had run away from home, advised him to return, telling him that his father would, no doubt, like the father of the prodigal son, receive him with open arms, and perhaps kill the fatted calf. So the boy, taking the gentleman's advice, went home.

The man, meeting him some time afterwards, asked him how his father received him. He said:—

"Did your father receive you with open arms?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"And did he kill the fatted calf?"

"No," the boy answered. "But he nearly killed the prodigal!"

THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Never be led," said the blue Pencil.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Always keep ffool," said the Ice.

"Do business on tick," said the Clock.

"Do a driving business," said the humor.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.

"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing, and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the Lathe.

"Make the most of your good points," said the Compass.

"Never take sides, but be round when you're wanted," said the Ball.

G. B. WAS ASTONISHED.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose plays an opera. He is a keen wit, and does lar, is a great lover of music. Indeed, one of his plays is about to reappear as an opera. He is a keen critic, and does not hesitate to voice his real opinions.

He was once invited by a friend to go and hear an Italian quartette of instrumentalists. He went, and sat through-out the performance with a stony countenance.

His friend, thinking to draw a little praise from him, remarked:

"You know, Mr. Shaw, these men have been playing together for twelve years."

"G. B." looked at him incredulously for a moment before he replied:

"Twelve years? Surely we have been here longer than that!"

WHIST!

The adult members of a curate's family often spent the longest of the winter evenings helped by "the cards." On the occasion of a visit to the abode of his colleague, the vicar sought to amuse his three-year-old daughter of the house by exhibiting to her a medallion bearing on its sides the images of a king and a bishop. Little Mary, to the consternation of her parents, after correctly identifying the king, soon came to grief, for, when pointing to the figure of my lord the bishop, she exclaimed:

"Is that the jack?"

The vicar, smothering his laughter, speedily smoothed matters over by saying:

"Oh, no, my child, that's the knave!"

READY TO RISK IT.

Dinner was a little late, so a guest asked the hostess to play something. Seating herself at the piano, the lady executed a very classical composition with precision. She finished, and there was still an interval of waiting to be bridged.

In the silence she turned to an old gentleman, who was sitting near the piano, and said, "Would you like a sonata before dinner?"

He gave a start of surprise and pleasure.

"Why, yes, thanks," he said, "I had a couple on my way here, but I think I could take another."

A MIND READER.

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had visions of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him at once to the hospital. After the house surgeon had examined him carefully, he said to the nurse:

"As subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically:

"What do you think, Pat?"

"Sure, sir," said Pat, "you're a wonderful thought-reader, doctor. You took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was going to say!"—*Current Literature.*

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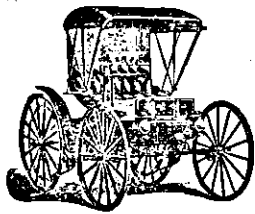
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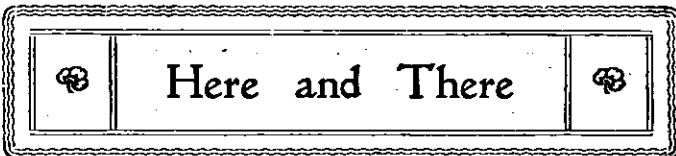
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Here and There

Science and War.

(Christian Science, according to report, is rapidly gaining ground among English army officers.)

The scout into headquarters rushed
As pale as well could be.
"Our vanguard from the hills is brushed
Like twigs before the sea;
The enemy is breaking through
To cut us off behind!"
The General said briefly, "Pooh!
An error of the mind!"

An aide, dust-covered, staggered in,
"Hark, hark—their cannonade!
The bravest of our ranks begin
To totter back afraid."
"More Matter," said the Chief, "cannot
Disturb high Minds that dwell
Above imaginary shot
And non-existent shell."

The Surgeon spoke, his aspect grave,
"So thick the fallen lie
We'll need an extra force to save
The wounded ere they die."
The Leader stroked his whiskers trim
In raptorial slight—
"Oh, give 'em absent treatment, Jim,
And that will be all right."

All day the birds of war fed fat
While earth with cannon shook,
All day the peerless Leader sat
And read the Eddybook;
But when, defeated fore and aft,
He saw his last resort,
The calm Commander telegraphed
To Concord for support.

But suddenly a cannon ball
Across the hillsides tore
And blotted out the General
With one terrific roar.
The agent of this deed of hell
I hesitate to name—
Some claim it was a lyddite shell,
Some claim it was a "claim."

—Wallace Irwin.

To a Heroine.

Come out into the snowstorm, Maud,
And do our little stunt;
We linger gladly to applaud:
"Turned from me father's dwelling—
Gawd!"
(Business with child L. Front.)

The calcium moon is ghastly blue,
The founts are far from gay,
The leader's tremulous too,
(I've noticed that in scenes with you
He's generally that way.)

And yet cheer up! The villain's mean,
But then he's paid to be;
And think of that fine foiling scene—
(Of course you know the one I mean—
The Mill by Night—ACT Three.)

Cheer up! Though painted storm clouds
Heap,
And wind (R.) fills the air,
No matter what your dire mishap
That most ubiquitous young chap—
The Hero, will be there!

He will! He will! You bet he will!
He'll grab the helpless child
And band five knuckles to the Vill,
And swing you from the Burning Mill
(While we upstairs go wild.)

So Maud, come out into the snow,
Which just at present falls;
And we will clap until you show
Yourself, the Child, and him in no
Less than ten curtain calls.

HORATIO WINKLOW.

To Cynthia.

Now winter holds the world in thrall
And planets gleam from frosty skies,
But not a star among them all
Is half so bright as Cynthia's eyes.

Yet, though were I celestial Jove,
This earth to her I'd sacrifice,
Not all the ardour of my love
Availe to melt her heart of ice.

The Peaceable Race.

"Who says that the Irish are fighters by birth?"

Says little Dan Crone.
"Faix, there's not a more peaceable race
on th' earth.
If ye lave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now,
There is a lad
That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity
bad,
But he's jist th' exception that's provin'
the rule;

An' what else could ye ask from a lad
like O'Toole?
Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle
and bone,
Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen
stone.

That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould
buck
To be wishful to hand him a couple for
luck.

An' to prove that there's others as clever
as him.
Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was husky
as Tim,

Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should
take a delight
In defendin' yer title an' testin' yer
might?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah; now it is jokin' ye
are.
But I bid ye be careful, and not go too
far.

Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the
height o' yer waist,
But there's many a bigger has sampled
a taste

O' the knuckles that's bunched in this
little ould fist.
Where's the dog wouldna' fight whin his
tail gets a twist?
Do I hunt for the trouble? Mayhap,
now, it's true

Upon certain occasions that's jist what
I do,
Shure, how else would they know—I'm
that stunted an' small—
Fd the heart of a man in me body at
all?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little
it's worth."
Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, we're jist the most peaceable race
on the earth,
If ye lave us alone."

A Day of March.

My soul went singing, for I knew
That spring was close at hand,
Although a sounding tempest blew
Across the wintry land,
And rarely broke the sunshine through
The great clouds overspanned.

The keen wind swept the clouds along
In swift, stupendous march,
And angered past the oak tree strong,
Or whistled through the larch;
Great Nature's organ to her song
In her infinite church.

About the northern slopes and dells
The sheeted snow still lay,
For proof that winter yet had spells
To grudge that joyous day
When prisoned leaves should burst their
shells
And flame to green from gray.

Then, in a sheltered copse, I heard
Some first sweet notes essayed
By an undaunted prophet-bird,
So blithe and undismayed,
That to loud song my being stirred,
And this the verse I made:

"Wild wind! beat with thy phantom
wings
Against the doors of spring,
Thou shalt not dull the joy she brings
Nor cease long tarrying.
Listen! 'tis that this brave bird sings.
Harkent! Thou envious thing."

UNFIT FOR BUSINESS.

**A VICTORIAN WOMAN'S ACUTE
SUFFERINGS FROM INDIGES-
TION AND BILIOUSNESS.**

**HER SPEEDY CURE BY MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP.**

Loss of health is always accompanied by other losses. If wealthy, the enjoyment which wealth should confer is made impossible; if a worker, then the sufferer is prevented from following his life's occupation.

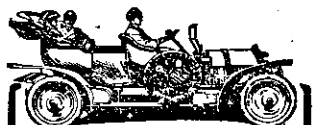
The experience of Mrs. H. Stuchbery, of 27, Elizabeth Street, Richmond, Victoria, as stated by her in a letter dated August 26th, 1905, strikingly proves the great value of Mother Seigel's Syrup as a cure for indigestion and biliousness, the two common and dangerous complaints, which so frequently lead to other troubles.

"Fifteen months ago," says Mrs. Stuchbery, "I was very ill. My appetite declined, I was sleepless, and rarely without headache. I lost weight, and became so feeble that the least exertion was painful. The cause of my trouble was indigestion and biliousness. For six months I suffered, trying all sorts of so-called remedies; but the only one that relieved me was Mother Seigel's Syrup. By the time I had taken one bottle of the Syrup, the end of my sufferings was in sight. So wonderfully beneficial was Mother Seigel's Syrup that three bottles were sufficient for my complete cure. I am now free from headache, can eat and enjoy my food, have no pain, and sleep soundly. Again, I am able to attend to my business without undue fatigue. For all this benefit, I have to thank Mother Seigel's Syrup, and nothing else."

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THE WHOOPERS

By OLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

(Author of "The Chicamon Stone," etc.)

YOU don't seem to have much confidence in your province," said Lloyd Maurice, lighting another cigarette. "Why shouldn't I try my luck at gold mining?"

"On the contrary, I believe very much in the province."

"But not in me?"

"As a gold miner? No."

"But, man! I am not going to plunge."

If this Rufus Slim can show such a ledge as he describes, I may put in a few hundred pounds. What is that, after all? You fellows count by the thousand, and get frightened.

It was all very well for Maurice to talk in that strain. His income was 50,000 a year, in good English pounds.

"I cannot see why you want to go mining. You came out to hunt; why not keep to that?"

"I mean to. Rufus Slim says that the Omeneea is the best game country he ever put eyes on."

I sniffed my contempt. "Have you ever been through the Omeneea, Wentworth? Be honest."

"No, I haven't. I never thought it worth my while."

I fancy that Lloyd Maurice smiled, and that irritated me. I was supposed to know the game districts of B.C. better than most people.

"Oh, well, go if you must; but don't blame me if you come to grief. If I were in your place, with your money—"

"You would sit on it, I suppose."

"No, but I should stick to things that I understood, and hire a strong man with big boots to kick anyone who dared to say 'Biz' in my presence."

Maurice laughed good naturedly. "Don't be a bear, old chap. Come with us and keep me out of scrapes, and complete your knowledge of B.C."

"Under Mr Slim? No, thank you. I don't know Omeneea, and I don't know Slim, and unless I'm very wide of the mark, don't want to."

"Right oh! You know your own business best. What about bed?"

And we went. The next morning I was walking down Government-street with Maurice, buying the odds and ends which he thought necessary for his trip.

The Seattle boat had just come in, and the streets showed for a moment a tinge of foreign colour; women in motorcar caps or bicycling bloomers, or any other Seattle abomination, and men who chewed and hung round the corners with the women, wondering what the deuce to do with their hands. Passing through this human spate, we almost ran into a lean, red-haired man wearing the city clothes of a prospector, which contrasted oddly with his cadaverous face.

The man nodded to Maurice, and seemed half inclined to stop, and then, seeing me, changed his mind and passed on.

I turned to Maurice.

"Yes, that is my man; that is Rufus Slim."

It was on my lips to correct him, but I controlled myself, and held my peace. It might be better to think this matter out before I committed myself to any definite course of action.

"A curious looking devil, isn't he?" persisted Maurice. "Do you remember the old Norse story of Glam, the fiend who used to ride the roof-trees at night, and had a horrible staring in his eye-balls?"

"I remember. Even Gretir could only kill him when the moonlight was dimmed, and a cloud hid the eyes of him, Great Scott! how they haunt me," and I shook myself, for though it was broad daylight, those glaring light blue eyes would not be forgotten.

They meant more to me than they did to Maurice.

When I had first seen them they looked out of the head of a man who called himself Rube Sehl.

That man I prosecuted for breaking open a safe, the property of our company, and though he was acquitted, against the weight of evidence as I thought at that time, he had found that most men took my view of the case, and he had left the camp.

He had taken with him a weak fool, who was cook for our boys, and a good cook, too, but no man to go prospecting with Rube in No-Man's-land, when the snows were beginning to crawl down to the foot hills.

Before leaving us, this man had drawn a very considerable sum of money, due for wages; and that was the last I saw of him or of Rube Sehl.

I went out before the ice closed the river, but I heard that Rube re-appeared, and spent the winter at the card tables in Wrangel, where he "blew in" quite a lot of gold dust.

The cook did not come out. Rube said that he had been drowned in trying to cross one of the northern rivers. Feeling lonesome without a comrade, Rube had given up the prospecting trip, and come out.

I had my opinion about all these matters, but it is no good to look for a drowned man in the wild north, and who was to say whether the dust which Rube lost at the tables belonged to him or to the cook.

It might even have come from that safe, which the court held had not been broken into by Rube Sehl.

Thus you see that there was no definite charge to be preferred against the man with Glam's eyes, and yet you will understand that I hardly fancied him, and a Stick Indian to be hired by him, as sole companions for a man with fifty thousand a year in a country in which the law of the strongest is the only one that prevails.

"Maurice," I said, when we sat at lunch, "I've changed my mind. I am going with you after all, if you will have me."

"Have you, old fellow. Why, it's the very best news I've had since I left the old country. We'll beat old man Rose, and bring back a bigger head than that," and he pointed to a 26-inch mouse head, which was the glory of our club, and the envy of every man who carried a rifle.

I shook my head doubtfully. I did not expect to find mouse such as some men kill in Cook's Inlet, amongst the black pines of the Omeneea district, but—well, I was rather fond of Maurice, and I didn't like Glam's eyes.

I do not intend to dwell upon the initial stages of that journey. It did not start well, and it did not end cheerfully.

Slim at first threw obstacles in my way, and did his best quietly to get rid of me; but eventually, finding that I had entirely forgotten him (an impression that I did my best to cultivate), he pocketed my dollars for a share in his Omeneea claim, and we made a start.

Slim was a humorous dog, and I dare say would have made a sufficiently amusing comrade if neither he nor I had been acting a part. As it was, whenever we were not talking, I had an uncomfortable sensation that Glam's eyes were watching me.

I hated to see the man with an axe in his hand, or a rifle, and from the first was on the look out for an "accident."

Our rifles were of course perfectly superfluous impediments. There might be gold in the country, there certainly was not any game.

The road we took was in part that which some of the Klondikers travelled by, and all along the line of it we found

saddles and rifles, the bones of horses, and articles of camp outfit from Silvers, eloquent of the place from which the travellers had started, and the luck they had met with on their way.

But for two days we saw none of these things, nor any blaze upon the black pines which crowded each other so closely that they would have shut out the sunlight had there been any.

As it was a fine snow mist drifted through them incessantly, the chill of which was harder to endure than the dry cold of Manitoba, when the thermometer registers "20 below."

But neither the cold nor the gloom were the worst of it. For days we had not seen the sun, or any horizon to look forward to; there was as far as I could see no sign of a trail, and in spite of Slim's confidence, I knew that he had lost his way.

It had been one of those days when you realise the possibility of the extinction of life, and Maurice had been discussing a magazine article which he had read, about growing spots on the sun, with all the hideous possibilities of that time when the life-giving orb shall hang cold and cheerless in its place.

Between us and the Canadian Pacific Railway were several hundred miles of snow spattered wilderness; before us hundreds of miles, each of which took us farther from man, and nearer to the Barren Grounds, and the Everlasting Ice.

We were like ants creeping through a wheat field in the dark, and we felt that the earth was dead already at its extremities and that its awful paralysis was creeping further and further into the body of it, and into our own hearts.

In sullen silence we made a camp, and sat round the spluttering logs watching the kettle boil, without a word.

Have you ever sat up at night, long after everyone else has gone to bed until all the fires have gone out, and the chairs begin to stretch themselves and creak; until, because of the want of anything to distract your attention, your mind has become abnormally alert, and from feeling lonely you gradually begin to wish that you were really alone.

This is about as far as you can go in civilised places, but in Omeneea at night, you can go a good deal further than that.

The spell of that black silence was upon us, and even the Indians felt it. Of course Indians seldom talk, but they move round the camp fire doing things, or sit smoking, with their beady eyes keenly alive to everything within its range of their vision.

But on this night, our Indian sat huddled up near the camp fire, his blanket drawn over his head, rigid and silent, and yet, as I felt, listening and waiting for something.

What was it he expected and dared not see?

Only our guide seemed awake, and the restlessness of his glaring eyeballs, and the nervous twitchings of those long lean hands, which kept clapping and unclapping themselves, stealing towards his rifle

and then creeping away from it, only added to the horror of the night.

At the risk of precipitating a crisis, I had almost made up my mind to get up and put Slim's rifle out of his reach, when suddenly from the deep gloom at the back of us came a "halloo" clear and distinct.

At the sound of it every man round that camp fire sprang to his feet, except the Indian, who only shuddered and drew his blanket closer round his head.

"What was that, Rufus?" asked Maurice of our guide, who stood with hands clenched and haggard face, staring with wolf's eyes across the firelight into the gloom beyond.

"An owl may be," but as he spoke, and before he could shape his drawn lips into the semblance of a laugh, it came again—

"Hulloa, Hulloa!" the cry of a lost man seeking guidance.

"Shout back to him, Wentworth. It is some poor devil who has lost his way."

But none of us shouted. We were old frontiersmen, and knew the cry, and shared, in spite of reason, in that superstition which asserts that those who seek or follow "the whoopers" will not live the year out.

"Why don't you answer, Wentworth? What is it?"

But I could not explain. I cannot explain now. Like most men who have lived much on the frontier, I have heard that cry often, and the hollow axe strokes in the woods, and I have known men who have gone; to seek the axe men, but I have never known one who followed them and lived the year out.

"What is it? The cry of an owl?"

No, I know the owl's cry, and the cries of all the birds of our northern woods, neither are the axe strokes made by the beak of the great woodpecker. He sleeps of nights; besides, as far as we had been, there were neither birds nor beasts in those desolate forests of black pine.

The frontiersmen say that the spirits of men lost beyond the border of the known, but what good is it to repeat their foolish legends? There are still many things men do not understand, and cannot account for, and those strangely human cries in the woods at night are amongst them. We shuddered and sat still waiting, whilst the whooper seemed to circle about our fire, now coming near, now lost further in those sepulchral shades.

After a time the cries died farther and farther away, and seeing that Slim had left his rifle by the fireside, I picked it up, and putting it alongside my own, rolled my blanket round me, and, I suppose, slept. The last I saw of Slim he was standing on the edge of the firelit circle, peering into the gloom whence the sounds came.

Suddenly I was on my feet again, wide awake, with my ears ringing, and my heart beating furiously.

A crash of sound had broken the stillness of the night, and the echoes of a rifle shot were still ringing hideously in the woods.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

We recommend all who suffer from the heat to add a few drops of **Condyl's Fluid** to the Daily Bath or Foot Bath. A **Condyl's Fluid** Bath imparts a Lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It invigorates the body and braces the nerves. Beware of dangerous substitutes. **Permanganate of Potash Crystals** are Poisonous, as Coroners' Inquests have proved.

"Condyl's Fluid" contains NO Permanganate of Potash and is non-poisonous. See that "Condyl's Fluid" is on the label. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. **Condyl's, Goswell Rd., London, England.**

That the "accident" had happened at last was my first thought, and as my hand reached for Slim's rifle and missed it from the place in which I had laid it, my fear became a certainty.

But, no, there was Maurice, with white face listening like myself, and the shrouded figure of the Indian was still crouching over the fire.

"What the devil can he be shooting at, at this time of night?" asked Maurice, but he got no reply, and we waited long and vainly for an explanation.

When the dawn broke, we cooked our breakfast, and as the guide was still missing piled up a big fire, that the column of its smoke might show where the camp lay, and shouted for him till we were hungry, although the sound of our own "hulloos" brought back too vividly the horrors of the past night. But we received no answer, neither did the cracking of the brush herald the return of Slim.

Then we made up our minds to follow him, a sufficiently easy matter as the snow showed his tracks clearly. For the first time for a week, there was no snow mist drifting through the trees, no sullen murkiness in the sky. Instead the sun had hung every twig with diamonds, the brush crackled merrily under foot, and the snow was dry and powdery.

Nor were the icicles the only things upon which the sun glistened. Before we had gone a hundred yards, a great dazzle of light upon the hole of one of the pines arrested our attention. Upon closer in-

spection we found that this was caused by an ordinary tin plate, such as miners use in camp.

This had been spiked to a tree, and when one of us had dusted the snow off it, we found something scratched upon it.

My first impression was that Slim had left us a message, but that could not be, for the plate had obviously been spiked in its place for many months, if not for years.

Probably in the dark Slim had gone past the plate without seeing it. And yet the message, if not from him, concerned him.

"Rube Schl," it began, and for all it helped me, it might have ended there for the only other word was illegible. It was scrawled as if the hand that wrote it had lost its power. But it was strange that it should deal with Rube Schl, when Rufus Slim had passed it not five hours before.

However, I made light of the matter to my companion. He did not know that Rufus Slim had ever called himself Rube Schl, and he was content with my surmise that some poor devil lost in the woods had left this message for the world he never expected to see again.

What Maurice thought I do not know. Probably he connected the message with those cries we had heard in the night, but as we pushed on I was settling myself problems that I could not solve.

Last men did not begin their messages with their own names. That was how they ended them. If the writer was not

Rube Schl, what was it that he was anxious to tell the world about our guide—so anxious that he had to write it with the last effort of his waning strength, I could no find an answer for myself, but for all that the answer came almost immediately.

"Wentworth, look! My God! What is that?"

Of course Maurice knew. The question only represented man's desire under certain circumstances to disbelieve his own eyes.

No one wants to believe in death, but there it was in its most hideous aspect.

Proned in the snow which was flecked and spattered with scarlet stains lay Rufus Slim, motionless and unchanging, though Maurice started at him with eyes strained with a great horror, and the Indian looked as one may look at a great terror he had expected to face.

There was no surprise in his face, only a great fear.

When we went up to the body, we found no life in it. The fingers were already stiffened by the frost, and the clothes frozen hard. Slim had been dead for hours; he had died when the rifle shot woke us, and the discharged rifle on which he lay, made the manner of his death plain to us.

He had tripped and fallen whilst carrying his rifle at full cock, and the bullet of the Winchester had torn off the top of his head.

But when we turned him over, and moved him for burial, we found, or some of us thought that we found, more than

this simple explanation of this man's death.

What looked at first like the bleached root of a pine tree, had projected from the ground, and, catching in Slim's moccasins, had thrown him.

Those of you who have travelled in the woods know how a comparatively small twig will sometimes catch in the point of your skin shoes, and, rising as your foot presses forward, throw you in spite of every effort on your part to save yourself.

It is an exasperatingly slow fall, but inevitable. I have wondered since how much a man might know and think, whilst such a twig threw him. Not much I hope, for Slim's sake, for when I looked against the bleached thing which clung to his moccasins, by own blood nearly, froze in my veins. The white claw was not a bleached pine root, but the bones of a man's hand, and when we removed it we found the bones of the forearm still attached to it, and not far below the snow the rest of a human skeleton.

A man, it seemed, had at some time died here, and laid where he fell, until the beasts and the elements had had their will of him, and then the pine needles and wind-broken boughs and the winter snows had covered him, all except that grasping hand, which "a strange coincidence" had set in the way of Rube Schl's feet.

As far as I could see, the skeleton was perfect but for two things. There was a gaping crack in the skull, and two toes of the right foot were missing. It was

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

BRONCHITIS and PNEUMONIA

Cured by
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

After other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir,—From a strict sense of duty I feel that I should publish the following statement, so that all who know that a life is in danger of being lost.—In September, 1908, my little girl, aged at that time 3 years, contracted Measles, and in the following October was attacked by Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Congestion of the Lungs. She was attended by a legally qualified doctor of high standing, but his treatment was not successful in arresting the progress of the illness. On Saturday, the 21st October, 1908, he said that her life was in danger—that there was very little hope for her. For eight days and nights she had been prostrated by Cough, Pain and Fever, and was lying like a statue, unconscious. At this stage I was persuaded by a friend to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, with its auxiliary medicine for the Fever and Congestion of the Lungs, as directed in the Catalogue of Medicines which accompany each bottle of the Bronchitis Cure. I gave the medicine as directed, and there was an improvement from the first dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. The improvement continued after each dose of the medicine. In a week she was perfectly free from the Pneumonia, Congestion, Cough, Pain and Fever, and was well, except that she was still weak. In a fortnight she was quite recovered, and is now in splendid health and stronger than ever. Any person asking for information about this grand medicine can be supplied by me, or by any of my neighbours who have witnessed its wonderful effects. It absolutely snatched my child from an early grave.—Yours gratefully,
D. GARDINER,
Folkestone Station, Geelong East, Feb. 5, 1908.

BRONCHITIS.

A Sufferer 73 Years of Age.

Thoroughly Cured by Two Bottles of
Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

Immediate Relief Effect Wonderful.

Mr. Hearne, Sir,—I was very ill with Influenza and Bronchitis. A friend of mine persuaded me to try your Bronchitis Cure. The first dose gave me immediate relief, and after taking the second bottle I am thoroughly cured. Its effect on me has been most wonderful. I am 73 years of age. I trust you will make use of this statement by publishing it for the benefit of humanity generally. Yours most respectfully,
THOMAS R. TREZISE,
Reedy Creek, Victoria.

PNEUMONIA and PLEURISY

Cured by
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

After other Treatment had Failed.

I. Prudence M'Kee, of Carr-street, South Geelong, in view of the importance of a person making it quite clear what treatment was successful in a serious and complicated case when the medicine, directions and treatment of a legally qualified doctor had failed, states as follows:—

My son, Henry M'Kee, then aged 8 years, had been attended by a legally qualified doctor, who pronounced him to be suffering from Pneumonia, Pleurisy and a stoppage of the passing of Urine. Under the doctor's treatment the child gradually got worse, and the doctor pronounced the case hopeless. He told me that the child could not live. At this stage I obtained from Mr. W. G. Hearne, Chemist, of Geelong, a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and gave it to the child, according to the directions which accompany each bottle of it. The child improved after the second dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. He continued to improve each day from each dose of Hearne's Medicine alone, and within three days he was free from the Cough, Pneumonia and the Pleurisy, and the Urine was passing satisfactorily. He was out of bed at the end of a week, completely recovered, and he is now in perfect health.
PRUDENCE M'KEE,
Carr-street, South Geelong, Feb. 6, 1908.

CONSUMPTION.

Too Ill to Leave His Bed.

A Complete Cure.

Mr. W. G. Hearne,

Dear Sir,—I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure your medicine has effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became very weak and troubled with night sweats, pain in my chest, and great quantities of phlegm. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor who pronounced my case to be consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I obtained your Bronchitis Cure, and sent it to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived, I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two bottles of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks.—Yours gratefully,
J. BLAIR,
Westminster Bridge-road, S.E., London.

BRONCHITIS and PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of
Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

After other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.

Dear Sir,—Some months ago, in Sydney, I suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures from what the doctor told me was pleurisy and bronchitis. The pain from the former in my chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland), where I resided, told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that, after the second bottle, my cough had ceased, but what is most astonishing, the pains from pleurisy entirely left me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it. Yours faithfully,
J. BRAHAM,
Melbourne "Punch" Office, Melbourne.

ASTHMA—A 17 YEARS CASE.

Previous Treatment Failed.

Cured by Three Bottles.

Mr. Alex. J. Anderson, of Oak Park, Charleville, Queensland, wrote:—"After suffering from asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's Medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was the beginning of 1893—fifteen years ago—I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me, and I have much pleasure in recommending it."
Speaking in February, 1908, he states:—"I am keeping very well. Never have the slightest return of the asthma."

Hearne's Medicine cured me of Asthma, from which I had been suffering for twenty-five years, during which time I had used almost every patent medicine on the market—including asthma inhalations—without getting a cure. It was 8 years ago that the cure was effected by Hearne's Medicine, and I now feel stronger than I have left for years—in fact, I feel splendid.
C. WISEMAN,
Merredith, Victoria.

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the unsuspecting, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S, and see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any Morphine or any Opium whatever. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.

as if a voice spake in my ear, "The cook who went prospecting with Rube Sehl had lost two goes from frost bite."

Three hours after we had buried these two by the whooper's camp, we stumbled upon a blazed trail, and following it, came towards sundown to a bare patch where stood an old brush house, and round it signs of a prolonged occupation by white men, but though the situation was convenient, and the hour late, Maurice would not stay there.

I had no doubt then, and have none still, but a careful search would have been rewarded by the discovery of Slim's claim somewhere near the brush shelter, but instead of looking for it, we followed another blazed trail, blazed one way only, which led us from the shelter to the main Klondike trail.

No doubt this was the way by which Slim intended us to come in. He had lost his way, and been led other ways.

For us, once we were on the Klondike trail, I think we had no other desire than to strike the C.P. Railway, and man's land again as soon as possible.

Opera Bouffe Republic.

HOW HIPPOLYTE BECAME THE PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

(By a War Correspondent.)

Hayti is a land of logwood, negroes, atrociously bad French, and cigarette-smoking field marshals trailing immense cavalry swords behind them. It is a country of burlesque and tragedy. Its negro inhabitants live between the extremes of savagery and civilisation, and there is little of the medium. In the interior, where the negroes have lived unchecked in licentious savagery for the past hundred years since the French gave up the island, there is the most terrible degeneracy, with the practice of what is called Voodooism—a pagan orgy of bloodshed and sacrifice, in which children are frequently offered on the altar. Cannibalism, too, is not unknown in this island, which is endowed by Nature with all the proverbial riches of Golconda.

My first and only experience of Hayti might be taken from the second act of a comic opera. It is now twenty years ago. General Hippolyte—they are all generals after they have ceased to be privates—found it was his turn to organise a revolution, and, in order to prevent him from obtaining outside aid, President Legitime blockaded all his ports. Outside help meant gun-running from New York, where for many years successful revolutionary agents have done a flourishing trade in the purchase of the cast-off rifles of other armies.

HAYTI'S SEA POWER.

In blockading his own ports Legitime took it on himself to lay violent hands on an American fruit steamer, the "Haytian Republic." The American Government, after ineffectual demands for the steamer's release, sent a fleet of war vessels to take the ship by force, and as the American Navy Department declined to give me permission to sail with the fleet, as a special correspondent, I took the only other course, and stowed away in the flagship. When I was discovered the Admiral, making the most of a bad job, took me under his protecting wing, and gave me a room in his quarters. On our arrival at Port-au-Prince we found a French and an English man-of-war off harbour. Also we saw ill-fated "Haytian Republic" surrounded by the entire

Haytian navy, the latter composed of three vessels which could not possibly have stood half an hour's broadside from the recently discarded penny steamers on the Thames. The Haytian navy, under the command of at least eight black admirals, was composed of the "Toussaint l'Ouverture," the "Desssalines," and the "Fourteenth of May," and they were armed with harmless but vicious looking swivel guns, which would not have made much impression on a brick wall.

The American admiral's aide was sent ashore to make a formal demand for the surrender, and I went with him. We were met at the quay by at least twenty field-m Marshals, in the most magnificent but somewhat shop-worn uniforms, and a tatterdemalion crowd of blacks, men, women, and children. This motley array followed us up the hill to the "palace," where we found President Legitime trying the flute to himself. He was a tall, grizzled negro. He had been educated in Paris, and had the manners of a Chesterfield. It was a liberal education to see him mix a cocktail for the representatives of his country's enemies who had come to threaten him with instant bombardment unless he gave up the ship—which he did.

REVIEWED.

The fruit steamer was released, and the Admiral and his party were invited to a review of the army, which we attended on the balcony of the palace. The army was composed of some thousands of negroes, who were attired in rags made of coffee sacks. They were barefooted, and in most instances bareheaded, and they were the most dismal looking army that has perhaps ever been brought together under one flag. The review lasted half an hour, and the evolutions were heart-rending in their comic turns.

The next day Hippolyte and his dreaded army of revolutionists attacked the town, and we went out to see it. The attack lasted some hours, and Legitime's army was completely routed, so much so that Legitime himself, knowing that all was lost save honour, quickly scraped together all the money in the public treasury and took refuge on board the French man-of-war. I believe he is still alive in Paris.

The attack on the hill commanding the town, on which were posted Legitime's guns, and from which we viewed the operations, was a fine spectacle. Hippolyte's regiments, bunched together like bananas on a stem, rucked up the hill yelling like demons, and rolling their eyes as if they had ball-bearings under them. So formidable and so violent was the assault, that Legitime's army wavered and broke; and we had much difficulty, with the aid of heavy sticks, in driving the President's gunners back to work their weapons. But it was of no avail. We were hopelessly defeated, and the President's army streamed back towards the town, followed by their coffee-sack victors. We held our ground at headquarters and saw the last of the rout. Indeed, I believe I was the first to congratulate Hippolyte, who came along mounted on a mule.

THE VICTOR.

Hippolyte, who was a great, hulking, heavy-jowled man as black as night—it will be remembered that he was assassinated a few years ago—was very much incensed when he heard that the "Haytian Republic" had been released. He wanted to begin his term of office—for he elected himself—with a generous act of restoration. But he did the next best thing, which was to give us a gorgeous dinner at the palace, and then he inflicted on us another review—this time of the victorious army—and they were even in a worse plight than their opponents had been. Nevertheless, they made good use of their opportunities by "looting" the town, and, here, too, the sacking was more of a comic opera procedure than anything else. Ordinarily one associates loot with fire, bloodshed, murder, and all the terrible outrages attendant on war, but the only looting Hippolyte's victorious soldiers resorted to was that of hen roosts and larders.

It was a common thing on the evening after the battle to see dozens of soldiers at the street corners regaling themselves with roast chicken and fresh bread, to which they had been strangers for many months. A black man in his native state would sooner rob a henroost than rob a bank, for a live chicken represents to his imaginative soul everything that is delightful on earth.

—R. D. M.

International Exhibition, CHRISTCHURCH, 1906-1907.

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

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- Two-piece Cane.....10/6
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HENRY WHITTY,

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THE SEVERED HEAD

AN INVOLUNTARY CRIME.

I was born in Constantinople. My father was dragoman of the port, and carried on a profitable business in silks and perfumes. He gave me a good education, and as I showed ability I was sent to Paris to study medicine, where I remained three years and learned all that a good physician must know. I made few friends, and was finally overpowered by homesickness. As I heard nothing from my father, I seized an opportunity to return as surgeon in the train of a French embassy.

I found my father dead, and the priest said: "Your father died a holy man, for he bequeathed us his money for alms." This was incomprehensible, yet what could I do? I had no witness against him, and must be glad he did not look upon the house and my father's merchandise as legacies also. I gained no reputation as a physician, because I was ashamed to make a mountebank of myself. I sorely missed my father, who would have led me among the rich and great, who had no thought for the poor Zalenkos. My father's goods found no sale either, for his patronage had departed elsewhere after his death, and new trade comes slowly. Discouraged, I was once meditating over my situation, when it occurred to me that I had seen my countrymen travelling in France with goods which sold at a great profit because they were foreign. So I sold my family mansion, left half the proceeds in charge of a faithful friend, and with the remainder bought things which are rare in France, such as shawls, silks, salves, and oils. I then embarked again for France.

My luck changed at once. The voyage was quick and prosperous. I travelled through the large and small French cities and found ready customers for my wares. My friend sent me a fresh stock of goods, and I made money. My success encouraged me to go to Italy. My medical knowledge aided me greatly. On reaching a town I would announce the arrival of a Greek doctor who had cured many people, and my balsams and medicines brought money. So I came at last to Florence. I decided to remain there a long time, partly because I liked the city, and partly to recover from the fatigue of travel. I hired a shop in the St. Croce quarter and two rooms opening on a balcony in a hotel near by. I then distributed circulars advertising myself as physician and merchant, and had scarcely opened my shop before it was thronged.

I had been in Florence four days, when one night, after closing my shop and waiting only to take my usual account of stock, I found in a little box a note which I did not remember leaving put there. I opened it and found an invitation to be on the bridge called Ponte Vecchio that night punctually at 12. I resolved to go, and as a precaution to take my sabre.

When it was nearly midnight I started, and soon reached the Ponte Vecchio. I looked down on the shimmering waves of the Arno. The church-bells rang 12. I looked around, and before me stood a large man wholly enveloped in a red cloak, a corner of which he held before his face. At first I was startled at his sudden appearance behind me, but I collected myself and said:

"If you called me here, state what you desire."

The red cloak turned, and exclaimed in a low voice: "Follow!" Unwary at going alone with the unknown, I stood still, and said: "Not so,

dear sir, until you first tell me whither. Can you not show me your face?"

But the red cloak replied with coldness: "If you will not go, Zalenkos, stay here," and turned to depart.

This angered me. "Do you think," I cried, "a man like me allows himself to be humbugged by any fool, and do you think I have waited this cold night for nothing?"

In three bounds I had reached him. I grasped my cloak and laid my other hand on my sabre; but the cloak remained in my hand and the unknown had vanished round the next corner. My rage gradually cooled. I still had the cloak, and it should give me the clue to this astonishing venture. I put it on and went home. When I was scarcely a hundred yards distant from my house someone brushed against me and whispered in French: "Be careful, count, there can be nothing done to-night." Before I could look round the person was already gone, and I saw only a shadow shifting along the houses. I examined the cloak more closely. It was of heavy Genoese silk, purplish red, bordered with astrachan, and richly embroidered with gold. Its magnificent appearance gave me an idea which I resolved to carry out. I took it to my shop and exposed it for sale, but set so high a price upon it that I was sure to find no purchaser. My design was to scrutinize sharply every one who asked its price, for the distinct, though fleeting glimpse I had had of the stranger's figure after he had lost the cloak would enable me to recognise him among a thousand.

It remained in my window all day, admired by all. At last, towards evening, a young man came in who had often been there before, and who had that day talked much about the cloak. He threw a purse of zechins on the counter, and cried:

"By heavens! Zalenkos, I must have your cloak if it beggars me!"

He began at once counting out his gold pieces. I was greatly embarrassed, I had exhibited the cloak merely to catch the eye of the unknown, and here came a young fool to pay the exorbitant price. What could I do? I yielded, for, at all events, I was glad to get such payment for my night's adventure.

The young man put on the cloak and departed; but, on the threshold, he turned, while he loosened a paper fastened to the cloak and threw it to me, saying:

"Here, Zalenkos, hangs something which does not belong to the cloak."

I languidly picked it up, but, behold there was written:

"Bring the cloak to-night, at the same hour, to the Ponte Vecchio. Four hundred zechins await you."

I was thunderstruck. But I did not reflect long. I gathered up the two hundred zechins and ran after the young man.

"Take your money again, good friend," I said, "and return me the cloak. I can not possibly let it go."

At first he thought it was a joke; but when he saw I was serious, he flew into a passion, and called me a fool. We came to blows, and I tore the cloak away and would have run off with it, but he called the police, and we were taken to court. The judge was astonished at the complaint, and adjudged the cloak to my foe.

I offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, yes, a hundred zechins above his two hundred, if he would let me have the garment. What my prayers would not accomplish my gold worked. He took my money, and I triumphantly carried away the cloak. I waited impatiently for midnight. At the same hour as on the previous night I carried the cloak under my arm to the Ponte Vecchio. At the last stroke of twelve a form emerged from the darkness, unmistakably the man of yesterday.

"Have you the cloak?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "but it cost me a hundred zechins, cash."

"I know it," he answered. "See, here are four hundred."

He stepped with me to the broad railing of the bridge, and counted down the gold pieces. There were four hundred. They shone splendidly in the moonlight, and their glitter rejoiced my heart. I pocketed my money, and tried to look more closely at the unknown, but he wore a mask, from which dark eyes darted sinister glances.

"I thank you, sir, for your goodness," I said. "What do you want now of me? But, as I told you before, it must be nothing wrong."

"Your fears are groundless," he answered, while he threw the cloak round his shoulders. "I require your help as a physician, yet not for the living, but for the dead."

"How can that be," I cried, in amazement.

"I came with my sister from a distant land," he said, "beckoning for me

to follow him. "We resided here with a friend of our family. My sister died suddenly yesterday, of an illness, and the relatives want to bury her to-morrow. It is a rule with our family that all shall repose in the ancestral vault. I shall let my relatives retain her body, but I must carry my father his daughter's head, that he may once more see her."

The idea of decapitating a woman was terrible to me, but I dared not object from fear of offending the unknown. So I told him that I was familiar with the process of embalming, and begged him to lead the way. Still, I could not help asking why this must all be done so secretly and at night.

He said his purpose was abhorrent to the relatives, who, if it were done by day would prevent it. But only once have the head removed, and they could say no more. He would have brought the head to me, but a brother's scruples restrained him from severing it.

At last we reached a splendid mansion, which my companion pointed out as our destination. We passed the main entrance, entered a small door, which the unknown carefully closed behind him, and in darkness, climbed a narrow stairway leading to a dimly lighted hall. Passing through this, we arrived at a room lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. In this room stood a bed, on which lay the corpse. The unknown averted his face to conceal his emotion. He pointed to the bed and, telling me to do my business well and quickly, left the room.

I drew out the knife, which, as surgeon, I always carried with me, and approached the bed. Only the head of the corpse was visible, but this was so beautiful that the deepest compassion seized me. The dark hair hung down in long ed. I first made no

braids, the face was pale, the eyes closed. I first made an incision in the skin, just after the manner of surgeons when they amputate a limb. Then I took my sharp knife, and with one blow cut the throat.

But, to my horror, the woman opened her eyes, immediately closed them again, and, in one deep groan, breathed her last. At the same instant a torrent of hot blood shot toward me from the wound.

"I had killed the poor creature! I stood some minutes in frightful anxiety. Then, overpowered with terror, I rushed shuddering from the room. But the hall was dark, the light was extinguished,

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

The Allenburys' Foods.

The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are the nearest approach to maternal milk that science has yet achieved. They provide, when used as directed, a complete diet for infants; promote vigorous health and growth; make firm flesh and strong bones; and are so graduated as to give the maximum quantity of nourishment the child is capable of digesting, according to age. Diarrhoea, digestive and stomach troubles are avoided when these foods are given, as by the method of manufacture, they are absolutely devoid of noxious germs, and therefore safer than, and superior to, cow's milk, especially in hot weather.

The Milk Foods are made instantly by the simple addition of hot water only, and are alike suitable for the delicate infant and the child in robust health.

PAMPHLET ON INFANT FEEDING SENT FREE.

ALLEN & HANBURY Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

no trace of my companion was discovered, and I groped haphazard along the wall to find the stairs. I reached them at last, and descended, half falling, half sliding. There was no one below. I found the door only latched, and I at once gained the street. Spurred by fear, I ran to my home and buried myself in bed to forget my horrible deed. But sleep was out of the question, and soon morning warned me to deliberate on my situation. It seemed likely that the man who had persuaded me into committing what now appeared a madman's deed would not accuse me. I resolved to open my shop, and, as far as possible, appear unconcerned.

But, alas! a new circumstance increased the hedge of difficulties. My cap and my belt, as also my knife, were missing, and I was uncertain whether I had left them in the chamber of the dead or lost them in my flight.

I opened my shop at the usual time. A neighbour, passing by, exclaimed: "Oh! what do you think of the terrible murder that occurred last night?"

I feigned ignorance. "What? Don't you know that the flower of Florence, Bianca, the governor's daughter, was assassinated last night? I saw her only yesterday, going gaily through the streets with her betrothed, for to-day was to have been her wedding-day."

Each word was a stab. All my acquaintances in town came and told me the same story, each version more dreadful than the last, but none so awful as what I had seen. About noon an officer came and took me aside.

"Signor Zelenkos," he said, drawing forth the articles I had missed, "do these belong to you?"

I considered whether I should deny it, but as I saw through the half-open door my landlord and other acquaintances who could testify against me, I decided not to make matters worse by a lie, and therefore acknowledged the ownership. The officer took me to prison. Two hours after my arrest I was led from my cell, down many stairs to a great hall. Twelve old men sat around a long table draped in black. Seats around three sides of the hall were filled with the most distinguished people of Florence. The upper galleries were crowded with spectators. When I approached the table, a man with a grave, sad demeanour arose; it was the governor. He spoke to the assemblage, saying that he, as father of the murdered girl, could not act as judge on this occasion, and would therefore yield his position to the oldest of the senators. This was a man of at least ninety years, but his eyes were fiery, and his voice was strong. He began by asking me if I committed the murder. I begged for a hearing, and related boldly and distinctly what I had done, and what I knew. During my story the governor grew alternately pale and red, and, as I concluded, started up in a frenzy:

"Monster!" he cried; "so you would lay a crime that you committed from avarice upon some one else?"

The senator rebuked him for interposing, since he had voluntarily resigned his rights. It was not shown that I acted from covetousness, for by his own statement nothing had been stolen from the dead. He went further, and declared that the governor must give an account of his daughter's early life, for only thus could it be decided whether I had told the truth or not. He adjourned court to examine the murdered girl's letters, delivered to him by her father. I was led back to prison, where I passed a sad day, only hoping that some connection might be discovered between the dead woman and the man of the red cloak.

Next day I hopefully entered the courtroom. Many letters lay on the table. The old senator asked me whether they were in my hand writing. I looked at them; found they were written by the same hand who wrote me the two notes. I told the senator this, but they did not heed, and said I must have written them, as the signature was "Z," the initial letter of my name. But the letters contained threats against the life of the dead girl, and warnings against her approaching wedding.

The governor seemed to have some mysterious information concerning me. They dealt with me suspiciously and rigorously. To vindicate myself I called for my papers, which must be in my room but was told they had sought there and found nothing. So all hope vanished.

The third day I was convicted of premeditated murder, and the death sentence was read. I had come to this forsaken, far from home, to die in my prime by the axe.

The evening of the dreadful day that decided my fate I sat in my solitary cell, thinking of my coming death, when the door opened and a man entered who contemplated me in silence for some time.

"Is it in this plight I find you again, Zelenkos?"

I had not recognised him by the dim light, but the sound of his voice revived old memories. It was Valetty, one of the few friends I knew during my student life in Paris. He said he happened to come to Florence, where his father resided, who was a man of great respectability. He had heard my story, and came to see me once more, and learn from me how I could have committed so awful a deed.

I told him all about it. He was amazed, and adjured me to tell him, my sole friend, everything, and not pass away with falsehood on my lips. I swore to him by the holiest oaths that I spoke the truth, that my only error was in being so blinded by the glint of gold that I had not seen the improbability of the unknown's story.

"So you never knew Bianca?" he asked. I assured him I had never seen her. Valetty now told me that a deep mystery shrouded the affair. The governor had hastened my trial, and there was a rumour that I had long known Bianca, and had murdered her from revenge for her marrying another. I told him this all fitted the red cloak, but I could not prove his share in the deed. Greatly moved, Valetty embraced me, and promised to do everything to save my life.

I had little hope, but I knew Valetty was wise, and understood law, and would do all he could to rescue me. I was in suspense two long days. At last Valetty appeared.

"I bring encouragement, yet of a painful sort. You will live and be set at liberty, but with the loss of one hand."

Overcome with emotion, I thanked my friend for having saved my life. He said the governor had been inexorable and would not allow another trial; but finally, not to appear unjust, he had agreed that if a similar case could be found among the Florentine archives, my punishment would be the same which had then been inflicted. Valetty and his father had been reading the old records day and night, and at last had found a precisely similar case, where the sentence ran:

"His left hand must be cut off, his property confiscated, and he himself forever banished."

So ran my sentence now, and I was to prepare immediately for the fearful ordeal which awaited me. I will not describe the horror of the scene when I stood in the open market place and laid my hand on the block, where the life-blood leaped from me in torrents.

Valetty took me to his house until I recovered, and then generously provided me with money for travelling expenses, since all my property had been seized by law.

I went to Sicily and took the first ship for Constantinople. My hope now lay in the sum I had given my friend. I begged him to let me reside with him, but he astonished me by asking why I did not go to my own house. He said a strange man had bought in my name a house in the Greek quarter, and told the neighbours I was coming. I went immediately with my friend and was welcomed by old acquaintances. One of the merchants gave me a letter, which the man who bought the house had left for me. I read:

"Zelenkos.—Two hands are ready to work without ceasing that you may not feel the loss of one. The house and all in it are yours, and each year you will receive enough to place you among the richest of your people. Forgive one who is more unfortunate than you."

I could not imagine who had written it. The merchant answered my question with: "He appeared to be a Frenchman; he wore a red cloak."

I knew enough to understand that the unknown was not quite lost to all honourable feeling. I found everything in my new home arranged in the best manner, and a shop stocked with goods finer than I ever had.

Ten years have passed, and, more from habit than necessity, I go on my journeys with my wares; but I have never again seen the hand of my great misfortunes. Each year I receive a thousand gold pieces. But the burden on my soul cannot be lifted. The terrible picture of the murdered Bianca is forever in my mind.

San Francisco Mail.

PACIFIC COMPANY'S FLEET.

By WILL LAWSON.

When, in 1873, the Californian line of paddle steamers ceased running in the 'Frisco mail service, a temporary service was maintained by the A.S.N. Co., of Australia, which ran the vessels MacTregor, Mongol, and Tartar, of 2000 tons burden, and having a speed of ten knots an hour. The main routes were from Sydney to Fiji, and from Dunedin to Fiji, where transhipment was made into a steamer running to San Francisco. The steamer which came to New Zealand called at Auckland, Napier, Wellington, and Lyttelton, en route to Port Chalmers. The first sailings under this arrangement were from Sydney on 20th December, 1873, and from Dunedin on 16th of the same month. The port of transhipment at Fiji was Kandavau. In 1874, the Tartar and Mongol were replaced by the Cytherea and the Mikado; and the City of Melbourne also engaged in the service. In this year the North German Lloyd offered to run a line of 2500 ton steamers between Sydney and 'Frisco, but this offer was not accepted. It was not until the year 1875 that an agreement was made with the American Pacific Mail Company, a most powerful Pacific concern, owning a large fleet on the China and Honolulu runs, whereby a monthly service between Sydney and San Francisco was arranged. Writing to the Secretary of the London Post Office, Sir Julius Vogel, then Premier of New Zealand, stated—

"When we made this contract with the A.P.M. Co., we remembered and recognised the fact that the American people have a large interest in the success of the line, and we believed that, in making this contract, with a powerful American company, we should interest them still more in the enterprise and eventually secure a more speedy transfer of mails across the continent."

The mails left London on Thursdays, 'Frisco on Wednesdays, arriving at Auckland, Port Chalmers, and Sydney on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays respectively. The homeward mails left Sydney on Fridays, Port Chalmers on Wednesdays, and Auckland on Mondays, arriving at San Francisco and at London on Thursdays, a fortnight elapsing between the two dates. The route fol-

lowed was from 'Frisco to Fiji and Auckland. At Auckland alternate boats forked for Port Chalmers and Sydney, and branch steamers plied on the route which for the time was not followed by the main line steamer. On 12th September, 1875, the Pacific Company wrote that the following ships would sail in the order given below:—

- Vasco de Gama, sailed from Sydney, 19th November, 1875.
- Colima, sailed from 'Frisco, 10th Nov., 1875.
- City of San Francisco, sailed from 'Frisco, 8th Dec., 1875.
- City of New York, sailed from 'Frisco, 5th Jan., 1876.
- City of Sydney, sailed from 'Frisco, 2nd Feb., 1876.
- Zealandia, sailed from London, 15th Dec., 1875.
- Australia, sailed from London, 15th Jan., 1876.

Excepting the first two, these steamers were of 3000 tons register, and were specially fitted for the service. Of the two former, which were only employed pending the arrival of better boats, the Colima appears to have been an unfortunate ship. She broke a crank shaft at 'Frisco, and was delayed, thus forfeiting her subsidy for the trip. Again in April, 1876, she broke down off Bank's Peninsula. The s.s. Maui came to her assistance, and took off the pilot, Mr D. S. Rich, who proceeded to Lyttelton to arrange for towage. The cause of the breakdown was attributed to overloading on the trip over from Sydney, the ship having made a tedious passage to the distress of herself and her passengers, who, when the ship arrived at Kandavau, arose en masse and hooted the old steamer. She was shortly afterwards withdrawn and repaired by the Taranaki. At Kandavau, three mail steamers met, two transhipping into the 'Frisco boat, on the northward voyage, and vice versa. Here is an extract from the report of the Mikado's mail agent concerning some friction with the company's agent at Kandavau. The Mikado arrived there with measles aboard.

"Ten hours after arrival at Kandavau, Mr Woods (company's agent) hailed us from a boat and informed Captain Moore that he would have to discharge mails into the Colima at a port 30 miles away, but Captain Moore refused to comply as it would delay the mails, and unless he transhipped at Kandavau, he would proceed on to New Zealand. I also told Mr Woods that I was the New Zealand mail agent, and requested that he would be good enough to tranship me at once, but he took no notice of me whatever." Eventually, Mr Woods, in taking the

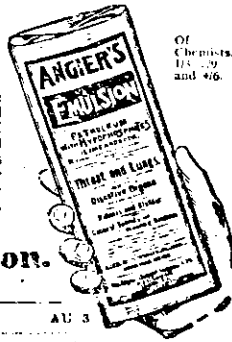
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(Signed) H. KELLY.

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Round the World Paragraphs.

What Children Like to Read.

Two years have wrought a great change in the literary tastes of children educated at the elementary schools of London.

The change is indicated in a report of the Education Committee of the London County Council, published last month, which gives a list of the seventeen most popular prizes in 1905, and the seventeen books which were chosen most often last year.

The comparison is interesting. Dickens, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs Craik, and Charles Lamb have taken the place of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Wetherell, and other authors who used to be sought after.

The following is the list of the seventeen favourites for 1907, with the number of children who chose each book:—

"Anderson's Fairy Tales"	5,877
"Grimm's Stories"	4,227
"Robinson Crusoe"	2,403
"Tom Brown's School Days"	2,349
"Little Women"	2,151
"Tanglewood Tales"	2,077
"Water Babies"	1,804
"Alice in Wonderland"	1,634
"Old Curiosity Shop"	1,515
"Heroes" (Kingsley)	1,484
"John Halifax, Gentleman"	1,481
"David Copperfield"	1,441
"Tales from Shakespeare"	1,423
(Lamb)	1,409
"Coral Island"	1,409
"Westward Ho!"	1,340
"Ivanhoe"	1,266
"Pilgrim's Progress"	1,244

The books marked with an asterisk have taken the places of the following books in the 1905 list, which have been withdrawn by the committee:—

- *"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
- *"Swiss Family Robinson."
- *"Wide, Wide World."
- *"The Lamplighter."
- *"The Land and the Book."

Some of the books have varied much in the measure of their popularity. Hans Andersen comes from fourth place in 1905 to the head of the list last year. "Robinson Crusoe" holds his own. "Tom Brown" has advanced, while "Alice in Wonderland" has receded. "Little Women" has gained three places, while "Westward Ho!" has lost six, and "Pilgrim's Progress" has dropped from fourteenth to the bottom of the list.

"The Robber's Cave" and "The Story of a Needle," which were thirteenth and sixteenth in popularity in 1905, were unable to reach the favourite seventeen in 1907, but they have not been withdrawn from the list.

Realistic Fire.

Ye Olde Red Lion, at Hampton-on-Thames—which is doomed to make way for a modern building, in spite of a history which goes back to Cardinal Wolsey, and a guest-list which included Pope, Dryden, Swift, Colley, Gibber, Bolingbroke, Peg Woffington, and Kitty Clive—was the scene of a realistic, but not destructive, fire one day recently.

Its internal fittings had been removed, and to Captain Graham, the captain of the local fire brigade, came the idea of making the shell serve a useful purpose—to give good practice to his men and to help the orphan fund of the National Fire Brigade Union, by affording to cinematographers and photographers the opportunity of taking realistic pictures and contributing to the fund from their profits.

The window frames, accordingly, were wreathed with cotton wool soaked in paraffin, and oil and inflammable materials were scattered about the interior.

When the cinematograph was in position, the fire broke out in the lower part of the house and spread rapidly.

The alarm was given, and the Hampton Fire Brigade and the brigade of the Metropolitan Water Board from the neighbouring reservoirs rushed to the inn with three steamers and several fire escapes. They found the place enveloped in flames, and floods of water were soon playing upon it.

A number of people were able to make their escape from the top-room by the front entrance, but presently several persons, including two women whose escape appeared to be cut off, were seen

at the upper windows calling for help. They were brought safely through the flames and smoke to the ground by means of the escape. A man seen crawling along the roof, and another man at an upper window, were also rescued in the same way, and the last to leave the burning building was a man who managed to escape by jumping from the top of the porch over the main entrance. Two horses were also rescued from the stable.

Buccaneers' Hoard Unearthed.

Treasure trove secreted by Portuguese buccaneers in hygone days has been revealed near the seaside village of Paradelha in a remarkable manner.

The village is being slowly washed away by the action of the sea and buildings have been undermined from time to time.

A storm of more than usual severity swept the coast not long ago, and a portion of the foreshore at Paradelha was washed away.

According to the "Secolo," treasure of various kinds was thus exposed to the astonished fishermen, who first believed that it had been sent to them miraculously.

There were many ancient gold and silver doubloons, jewelled crosses, finger rings of quaint antique pattern, earrings, gold and silver medallions, portions of silver censers, and other fragments of Church plate.

All the people in the region hurried to the spot, armed with picks and spades, and have since been digging feverishly for treasure. Some of them have been rewarded with further discoveries. One man secured gold coins valued at £180.

The Portuguese buccaneers who harried the Spanish Main were in the habit of burying their booty along the coast, and the treasures unearthed at Paradelha undoubtedly form a portion of one of their hoards.

Was the Duke Jilted.

The three most feverishly debated questions since the mystery of the lady or the tiger, concern the Duke of the Abruzzi, says a New York despatch.

Has Miss Katherine Elkins jilted the Duke, and is he hiding a broken heart under an alias?

Or has the Duke sailed for Europe in order to gain the consent of his cousin, the King of Italy, to his marriage with Miss Elkins?

Or is the Duke merely rejoicing his ship, the Regina Elena, because his leave expires in a few days; and is the story of his love affair merely a myth?

The newspapers and the leaders of New York society are anxiously discussing these questions. Society inclines to the first theory. The delicious novelty of an American girl jilting a royal duke is fully appreciated. Society is willing to believe that the Duke of the Abruzzi, despite his experience as an Arctic explorer, has been frozen out.

Two facts are absolutely indisputable: First, that the Duke of the Abruzzi has left America; and, secondly, that neither Miss Katherine Elkins nor her father, who is a typical mining millionaire, will ever consent to amorganatic marriage.

On such slender foundations the newspapers are hopefully building many impossible marriages.

Losing sight of the fact that Miss Elkins could never become a royal princess, even if the King of Italy ennobled her, some of the journals even refer to her as a possible future Queen of Italy.

There is no doubt whatever that the Duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Elkins are great friends, and that the former has been the guest of the Elkins family during his stay in the United States both on this and former occasions.

A meeting is said to have taken place at the Italian Embassy at Washington between the Duke, Senator Elkins, and the Italian Ambassador, where the possibility of a marriage was discussed.

Senator Elkins is said to have stated emphatically that he would never consent to his daughter marrying the Duke, unless she would receive full official re-

cognition at the Italian Court as the Duchess of the Abruzzi, not as amorganatic wife.

All the members of the Elkins family, as well as friends of Miss Elkins, refuse either to confirm or deny the reports regarding the Duke's departure, and the failure or success of his wooing.

No one imputes mercenary motives to his Royal Highness, for he is wealthy in his own right. There is undoubtedly a pretty love story behind the affair, and had the Duke been an ordinary nobleman an engagement would probably have been announced by this time.

The fact that he is a cousin of a King, and a member of the House of Savoy, is responsible for the present difficulty.

The newspaper statements vary from the announcement that the marriage will take place at Easter, to the bald declaration that the Duke has been refused by Miss Elkins.

Who's Who On the Stage.

"The Green Room Book," the 1908 volume of which is just published, is the Burke of the dramatic profession.

It is as full of the information which the actor loves as an egg is full of meat, and it is not without a zest for those who only know the stage from the front of the house.

A fascinating section of the book is the "Footlight Families," a history in brief of heredity on the stage.

One learns from it that there has been a Kemble on the stage from the days of Roger, the founder of the family, who began his acting when the Young Pretender had his eyes on the throne, until the present day. The male line died out in Mr. Henry Kemble last November, but in the female line the daughters of Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper still carry on the family traditions.

Mrs. Kendal traces her dramatic pedigree back to the early eighteenth century, and she has sons and daughters tramping the boards to-day.

One of the most curious of the genealogical tables is the one which shows the connection of the Bland family, which sprang from an Irish judge, with the Duke of Fife, and so in a two-fold way, with the Royal Family—through the Princess Royal of to-day, and through the Dorothy Bland whom everyone

knows better as Mrs. Jordan of the days of the Sailor King.

But acting is not always hereditary. Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander come of the business stock. Mr. Waller's father was an engineer, Sir Charles Wyndham's a physician, while Army officers are responsible for both Mr. Bouchier and Mr. Seymour Hicks, and an architect for Mr. Arthur Collins. It is noteworthy that neither of the first four mentioned bears the name his father was known by.

Many of the most famous figures on the American stage have come of British stock. The Booths all spring from a London attorney of Jewish origin. Thomas Frederick Lane, an English actor, and John Drew, an Irish one, were the progenitors of the intermingled families of the Drews and Barrymore. Joseph Jefferson was descended from Thomas of that name, who was born in England in 1728, and the Wallacks go back to William Wallack, who made his first appearance on the stage of life in England in 1760.

Strange Chinese "Loot."

The recovery in Germany of the Emperor of China's marriage contract, which was stolen from the Imperial Palace at Peking during the occupation by the allied troops in 1900, is the culmination of an eight years' search by Chinese diplomats in every part of the world.

Some weeks ago the Chinese Minister in Berlin received a letter from a village in South Germany saying that the writer was in possession of a large piece of yellow silk covered with Chinese characters.

The writer stated that he had the inscriptions deciphered and that they proved to be the marriage contract of the Emperor Kwangshun. As proof he enclosed a photograph.

The Chinese Diplomatic Corps recognized the truth of this statement and handed the letter to the German Foreign Office. Negotiations have been conducted for a considerable time between the Foreign Office in Berlin and Peking and the possessor of the document, who claims that its acquisition cost him great pains and money.

He declines to confess whence he obtained the document, but it is assumed that it was stolen from the private apartments of the Empress after the occupation of the Chinese capital by the allied troops.

The contract bears the date of the Emperor's wedding day, February 23, 1889.

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BANKS-PAYZE.

At the residence of the bride's mother, "Wairere," Mata Mata, Miss Hilda Payze, eldest daughter of the late Mr Raymond Guy Payze, was recently married to Mr Nelson Buckland Banks, fourth son of Mrs. Banks, "Gwynelands," Cambridge. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wm. Edgele. The bride, who was given away by her brother, was gowned in white organdie muslin and Valenciennes lace, over glace silk. She wore a beautifully embroidered tulle veil, and sprays of orange blossom, and carried a most artistic shower bouquet of white chrysanthemums and maiden hair. The bride was attended by her sister Dorothy, prettily attired in white embroidered muslin. The bridegroom was supported by his brother, Mr Sefton Banks. At the conclusion of the ceremony, afternoon tea was served in a marquee adjoining the house. The bride and bridegroom were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents. In the evening an enjoyable small dance was given by the bride's mother. Mrs. Payze wore black silk French gauze over pale heliotrope silk; Mrs Banks, black tulle silk and pretty black bonnet; Mrs McLaughlin, green tulle silk, white tulle hat, trimmed with a wreath of mignonette; Miss Banks, pretty cream costume and brown hat; Mrs Norman Banks, green tweed skirt, white silk blouse, with green velvet revers, small hat to correspond; Mrs McCaw navy blue coat and skirt and blue hat; Mrs Ring, brown cologne silk; Miss Ring, green check tweed; Miss H. Ring, blue linen; Mrs Brown, tweed costume; Miss Brown, pretty pale blue silk and lace, white hat; Miss E. Brown, white muslin; Mrs. Mardon, black silk and voile, pretty hand-painted chiffon scarf, small black hat; Miss Clark, white Japanese silk; Miss Hewitt, Wedgwood blue crepe de chine over glace.

SCHOFIELD-BRONBERGER.

A very pretty choral wedding took place at the Epiphany Church, Auckland, recently, when Miss Florence A. Bronberger, daughter of Mr. Otto K. Bronberger, was married to Mr. Harry Hungerford Schofield, son of the late Mr. David Schofield. The church looked very bright with its exceptionally pretty decorations of white chrysanthemums and lily-of-the-valley. The Rev. E. W. Lush officiated, and Mr. Chas. Kingsford presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in white chiffon tulle, with point-lace yoke, the trained skirt finished off with French knots. She wore a daintily embroidered veil over a coronet of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white cactus, dahlias, with trailers of maidenhair and asparagus. The bridesmaids were: Miss Annie Bronberger (sister of bride), Miss A. V. Roche (cousin of bridegroom), and Miss I. Kenny. They wore simple white muslin frocks, with kimonos and skirt panels of embroidery, and white glace silk belts, and white felt hats with soft white plumes and glace silk ribbon. Their shower bouquets were pale pink cactus dahlias, streamers, maidenhair and asparagus and pale pink ribbon. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold strap bracelet, and to the bridesmaids chase gold band bracelets. Mr. Hector Morpeth acted as best man, and Mr. Arthur Hunter and Mr. Isaac were groomsmen.

A small "At Home" was held at the residence of the bride's parents after the ceremony, those present being relatives of the bride and bridegroom and a few girl friends. Mr. and Mrs. Schofield are spending their honeymoon in the South. On their return they will reside at "Stonehurst" Symonds-street, for two or three months. The bride's travelling dress was a navy serge tailor-made, with pale blue cloth facings, and a brown clip-staw hat with wings and silk trimmings. Mrs. Bronberger (mother of the bride) wore a black figured silk voile, trimmed with handsome black lace, cream silk straw bonnet, relieved with pink, and she carried a pink shower bouquet. Mrs. Schofield (mother of the bridegroom), wore a handsome black broadened satin, and dainty cream bonnet. Among other presents were: Mrs. and Miss Warren Roche; Mr. and Mrs. Henley, Mrs. and

Miss Parker; Mrs. Martin Lush, the Misses Lewis (2), Willoughby, Beale, Walsh, D. Grainger, Ellingham; Messrs. Hungerford Roche, Littler, Henley, and the Rev. W. E. Lush. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

CHITTY-BELL.

St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, on May 6th, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Mr. G. de Vere Chitty, second son of Mr. Walter Chitty, "Brooklyn," Hamilton, was married to Miss Eveline Alma, only daughter of Mr. T. C. Bell, of Kawau, and late of Thames. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Darby in the presence of a large assemblage of guests and friends. The bride looked very pretty in a dress of ivory chiffon tulle beautifully trimmed with Irish lace, and transparent yoke of net. She wore a handsome ruby and pearl pendant, the gift of the bridegroom. Her veil, of beautiful old Limerick lace, was lent by the bridegroom's mother, in whose family it has been worn by respective brides for many generations. She wore the customary wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by three bridesmaids, Misses Katie Chitty (maid of honour), Muriel Chitty, and Eileen Cussen (cousin of the bridegroom). The first named was daintily attired in white mousseline de soie relieved with touches of pale blue velvet, with picture hat with white ostrich plumes. She carried a handsome bouquet of old gold roses, autumn leaves and maidenhair, tied with old gold streamers. The other bridesmaids wore pretty frocks of pale blue mousseline de soie, transparent yokes of tulle net, and finished with Valenciennes lace. They wore white hats and carried baskets of brown chrysanthemums and autumn leaves. The bridegroom presented a pretty pearl brooch to each of the bridesmaids. The best man was Mr. Carrol Cussen, while Messrs. Aubrey and Jack Chitty fulfilled the role of groomsmen. The church was prettily decorated by the friends of the young couple, and Miss McGarrigle played the Wedding March. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Brooklyn," the residence of the bridegroom's parents. The happy couple left amid showers of rice and good wishes for Rotorua, where the honeymoon is being spent. The bride's travelling dress was a tailor-made costume of sage green cloth with white facing, and vest of tulle net. Her hat was of dark green straw trimmed with silk and chrysanthemums. Mrs. Chitty received the guests in a stylish dark green bengaline, tucked vest of white net, and finished with Oriental trimmings and dark green velvet. Her toque was trimmed with dark red roses, floral ribbon and autumn leaves. Mrs. Bell (sister-in-law of bride), blue and white voile, the bodice being made in the kimono style and finished with a pretty insertion, her hat was of dark green with white ostrich plumes; Mrs. Cussen (Gisborne), handsome black silk relieved with cream; Mrs. T. de Vere Hunt (Matiere), navy blue Amazon cloth faced with Copenhagen blue velvet, and hat to match; Mrs. H. de Vere Hunt wore a pretty black bengaline with yoke of tulle net, black picture hat with back ostrich plumes; Mrs. (Dr.) Douglas, navy tailor-made, white silk blouse with lovely silk lace scarf, navy hat; Miss Rothwell, pretty dark green tweed, dark green hat to match; Miss Todd looked pretty in a brown Amazon cloth, tucked vest with old gold braidings, her hat of brown and white had a wreath of brown roses and shaded leaves; Miss Helen Chitty wore a pretty navy serge dress, white felt mushroom hat; Miss Holloway, smart green costume, cream hat trimmed with rosettes of cream and green; Miss Flossie Cussen, pretty blue voile dress with strappings of silk, brown straw hat with a wreath of brown roses; Miss I. Holloway, dark green costume, white felt hat with plumes and silk; Miss Estelle Cussen, pale blue bengaline with cream insertion yoke, finished with velvet, brown hat with wing and blue silk; Miss Wallnutt, stylish Copenhagen blue Amazon cloth costume, pretty white felt toque; Miss Geraldine Cussen, cream serge frock, with pale blue facing and cream mushroom hat.

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 1d for every additional 7 words.]

BIRTHS.

BOWDEN.—On May 5th, at Clarence-street, Ponsonby, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Bowden, a son.

FLEXMAN.—On May 4th, at Wintlersmead, Waikato, to Mr and Mrs P. V. Flexman, a daughter.

HOMER.—On April 30th, at her residence, Shelly Beach-rd., the wife of Arthur E. Homer, of a daughter.

HEERDEGEN.—On April 25th, at their residence, to Mr and Mrs H. Heerdegen, a daughter.

MUNNS.—On April 29th, at their residence, Glenide, Albert-rd., Devonport, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Munns; a son.

NAPIER.—On Monday, April 27th, at Devonport, the wife of W. J. Napier, of a son.

RYAN.—On May 4th, at Brentwood-avenue, Rocky Nook, the wife of J. W. Ryan, a son.

TOWNSEND.—On May 4th, at Leamington-road, the wife of H. S. Townsend of a daughter. Both well.

SCOTT.—On April 30th, at Napier-st., Auckland, to Mr and Mrs T. Scott, a son. WOODWARD.—On May 4, 1908, at Royal Hotel, Auckland, wife of W. Woodward, of a daughter.—Ela Ora.

MARRIAGES.

AMOURE-STEMBRIDGE.—On May 6th, 1908, at the Presbyterian Church, Humea, by the Rev. J. B. Smellie, B.A., Bessie, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stenbridge, of Humea, to J. W. Amoure, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Amoure, of Tiraou.

CLEARY-TORRANCE.—On April 22, at St. Andrew's, Epsom, by the Rev. W. Edward Lush, M.A., vicar of Epiphany, Auckland, the Rev. P. Cleary, of Pokeno, Waikato, to J. H. Torrance (Milly) daughter of the late James H. Torrance, M.D., and Mrs Torrance, Gidzow, Epsom.

COAD-WOOLFORD.—On April 22nd, by Rev. J. B. Sneyd, at Mt. Eden Baptist Church, Samuel James, youngest son of Ambrose Coad, Mt. Eden, Auckland, to Amy Rebecca (Reby), eldest daughter of Walter Charles Woolford, Mt. Roskill.

FULLER-MAYERS.—On December 18, 1907, at Auckland, by the Rev. W. Walker, Alfred Alexander, eldest son of the late James Fuller, British Guiana, to Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of the late Ralph Mayers, London.

MACALLAN JOHNSTON.—On May 4th, 1908, by the Rev. Walker, Andrew, third son of John MacAllan, Esq., Dunedin, to Pearl, youngest daughter of Christopher Johnston, Esq., Christchurch.

QUINSON-HOSKIN.—On April 22nd, at St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, by the Rev. F. G. Evans, George Wilson, eldest son of Mr. William Quinson, Ponsonby, Auckland, to Beatrice Mary, youngest daughter of Mr Josias Hoskin, New Plymouth.

JUDD-ROBINSON.—On March 25th, at the Baptist Church, Ponsonby, by the Rev. A. North, William Charles, second son of the late William Judd, Gisborne, to Mary Caroline, second daughter of J. C. Robinson, Posonby, Auckland. (Youngest daughter of Mr Josias Hoskin, New Plymouth please copy.)

SCHOFIELD-BRONBERGER.—On April 28th, at Epiphany Church, Auckland, by the Rev. W. E. Lush, M.A., Harry Hungerford, elder son of Louisa and the late David Schofield, Thamee, to Florence Emma Annah, eldest daughter of Otto Bronberger, Auckland.

DEATHS.

APPLEBY.—At Drury, James Appleby; aged 80 years.

BARR.—At the Auckland Hospital, Alice Lilian Florence, the only daughter of Elizabeth and the late Thomas Barr; in her 15th year.—Deeply regretted.

BARNETT.—At the District Hospital, Walter Henry Barnett; aged 63.

BIRKE.—On May 4, at the residence of her daughter (Mrs Brinsford), Eglis-street, Grey Lynn, Mary, the relict of the late Daniel George Birke.

COLEMAN.—On May 8, at Devonport, James Stephen, the dearly beloved eldest son of J. K. and M. A. Coleman; in his 20th year.—R.I.P.—No mourning.

CONWAY.—On May 7th, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, James Francis, dearly beloved son of the late Thomas Conway and Mrs Julia Ann King, aged 21 years. R.I.P.

CRAFTS.—On May 8th, at her late residence, Elizabeth (Mrs) Lynn (deceased), Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Crafts, in her 80th year.

FENTON.—On May 3, at her residence, Wynyard-st., Martha, widow of the late F. D. Fenton, Chief Justice Native Land Court; aged 68 years.

Wedding Rings

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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 Ima Lee, second daughter of Mr. Robert Lee (Lower Hut), to Mr. E. Rees, of Johannesburg.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Lingard, eldest daughter of Mr. W. Langard (Wellington), to the Rev. W. Fancourt (Island Bay), son of the Venerable Archdeacon Fancourt.

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E. CHAMPION, Proprietress.

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Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, May 11.

With one thing and another, there is a good deal of social news to chronicle this week. First of all in importance were, I suppose, the

FESTIVITIES AND ENTERTAINMENTS TENDERED TO VISITING FREEMASONS.

Hundreds of Masons, from all over the Dominion, attended to witness the installation of His Excellency the Governor, Bro. Lord Plunket, as Worshipful Master of the Grand Lodge of New Zealand. The Royal Albert Hall was used for the ceremony, and the decorations, while on an extensive scale, were carried out so as not to interfere with the voices of the speakers. The ceremonial is, I am told, most impressive, and was carried out with much pomp and circumstance, the scene, when some twelve hundred Masons were gathered in full regalia, being really magnificent. Of course, no one of our sex was present, Freemasonry being forbidden to women, but I hear from all sides that the sight was worth coming a long way to see, and from the speeches reported in the paper it is evident that our men folk who are Masons do more than meet for social enjoyment, which I am bound to confess seems to be the prevailing belief of their sisters and wives and cousins and aunts. However, if they do enjoy themselves, besides going through mysterious rites and ceremonies, we had this week a chance of participating in their festivities.

THE CONVERSAZIONE AND DANCE

took place on Thursday evening, and was very largely attended — so largely, in fact, that it was impossible to see who was who, a task I speedily gave up in pure despair, the number of strangers being also, of course, very great. The Albert Hall was again used, and the installation decorations being very extensively added to, were elaborate in the extreme, nikau being, as usual, extensively used, the colour scheme, carried out in looped streamers, being of blue and gold. It was all exceedingly well done, and the general effect rich, yet tasteful, reflecting the utmost credit on those who did the work, which must have been arduous indeed. When we were all assembled M.W. Bro. O. Nicholson, Pro-Grand Master (I've taken care to get the titles right), entered escorting Lady Plunket, who wore a lovely dress of pale pink satin; then Grand Secretary Bro. Malcolm Niccol, with Miss Cresswell (who is staying at Government House), wearing a very becoming gown of black lace over white glace silk. Then came a huge procession of high dignitaries, with Lord Plunket at the head, and for once in a way our dresses were completely outshone by the splendour of the men, who were blazing in gold and silver over blue, red, and green collars, cuffs, and "pinnies" (aprons is, I believe, the correct term). Many of them, too, wore quite a collection of gold, enamelled and jewelled decorations, something like medals of different shapes, and they all, I can assure you, seemed vastly proud of themselves, as, indeed, they had every right to be. The whole of one or two men's coats were covered with these "jewels," as they are called, and the weight must have been, I should think, considerable. However, it was a cool night, so it did not matter much. The presentation of the guests to their Excellencies was a very lengthy business, and must have tired them considerably. Then came the concert, for which a good programme was arranged, and finally the dance, which seemed to be much enjoyed, the floor being good, and the music excellent. Supper was served in the large room downstairs, and the arrangements were perfectly adequate even to meet so large an attendance. Cabs, of course, were at a premium, but an after midnight tram service, thoughtfully arranged for, saved many a walk home. It would be hopeless, as well as invidious, to attempt a list of dresses. I have already told you of Lady Plunket's, and must add that Mrs. Oliver Nicholson, whose husband is Pro-Grand Master, and

now ranks next to His Excellency in Masonry, was tastefully attired in blue nixon, trimmed with rich lace.

THE GARDEN PARTY AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Though perilously late in the season to venture on a function of this sort, true "Queen's weather," as we used once to call it, graced this kindly hospitality of the Governor and Lady Plunket. It had simply poured the whole of the previous night, and, despite a fine morning, things looked ominously dampish and threatening at two o'clock. However, by three, the official time of invitation, King Sol shone out in truly autumnal glory, and the really beautiful grounds of Government House, with their oaks just beginning to change colour, looked at their best. The contemplation of pretty gardens had, however, less charms for the majority of guests than warm feet (for the lawn was dampish) and the minute examination of the interior of Government House. This last was, so I thought, done somewhat over-enthusiastically by a proportion of the guests, the handling of personal and gift photographs, etc., being—well, shall we say in doubtful taste? Still, I've seen worse manners with less excuse on ball nights. Tea and coffee were served in the ballroom, where the crush was heaviest. After their Excellencies had received their guests on the drive, Lady Plunket moved about the various groups and knots of guests gathered here and there, making each and all feel the true kindness of His Majesty. This, being very quietly and unostentatiously done, struck exactly the required chord, and it is certain many a visitor from country lodges will remember the gentle courtesy of Lady Plunket, daughter of that most polished of gentlemen and most admirable of diplomatists, the late Earl of Dufferin. There was a band, and the usual attentiveness of such functions, and the A.D.C.'s and Mr. Waterfield ably seconded the Vice-Royal efforts to make their guests enjoy the afternoon. With regard to the dresses, one was in a similar quandary (only worse) to the aforementioned dance. The majority of guests were chilly, and crowded pell-mell into the ballroom, where it was almost impossible to move, and utterly impracticable to see a soul, and as to describing dresses—to attempt it would have been absurd. Many, again, were visiting Masons, whom I did not know, so I can again only tell you of Lady Plunket and the wives or relatives of one or two dignitaries, who braved chances of influenza and stood about the lawn.

Lady Plunket was smartly gowned in a pastel blue face cloth Eton coat and skirt, with a dainty white vest, becoming toque of black crinoline straw, with long blue ostrich feather; Mrs. Waterfield, charming gown of white embroidered cloth, the Josephine skirt, outlined with old rose chiffon velours, picture hat of same material, finished with bows of pink chine ribbon, lovely white ostrich feather bon; Miss Cresswell was effectively gowned in white inserted nunon over glace, and wore a very pretty pale blue hat, crowned with eolie feathers; Mrs. Oliver Nicholson, beautifully fitting bronze green tailor-made costume, with white vest, dainty heliotope hat, with white wings; Mrs. Malcolm Niccol (Wellington) modish periwinkle blue cloth coat and skirt, and hat to match of periwinkle blue toned with touches of brown.

THE PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB

opened their season last Saturday, and after a short but smart run, adjourned to "Dunkerron," the residence of the genial Master of Hounds, Mr. H. T. Gorrie, where Mr. and Mrs. Gorrie entertained the members of the Hunt and their friends at afternoon tea. Quite a number of people one knew were there, either riding or driving. Amongst them were the Misses Nora, and Rachel Gorrie, Messrs. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. O'Rourke, Miss Kelly, Miss Lloyd, Mrs. O'Connell, Sir Robt. Lockhart, Miss Buckland, Miss West, Mr. and Mrs. Southey Baker, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Hellaby, Mr. and Mrs. F. Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott, Misses Rudlock, Miss Sta-

venson, Misses Martin, Angus Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Muir Douglas, Mr. black costume and black bonnet; Mrs. W. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Frith. At the tea after the hunt, Mrs. H. T. Gorrie was charmingly gowned in a black merveilleux silk toilette, with velvet hands, and velvet bolero worn over a pretty floral chiffon blouse, becoming black and white hat; Miss Gwen Gorrie, grey tweed skirt, and dainty white inserted muslin blouse; Mrs. Buckland, black costume and black bonnet; Mrs. W. Gorrie was gowned in black and wore a black and white bonnet; Mrs. Bagnall, dark blue costume; Mrs. Morrow wore a dark blue cloth coat and skirt, hat en suite; Miss Morrow, navy tailor-made pink roses at one side; Mrs. Browning, smart grey and black striped tweed costume, becoming raspberry hat; Mrs. Carrick, bronze green coat and skirt, with hat en suite; Mrs. George Bloomfield, violet cloth coat and skirt, pretty white hat wreathed with pansies; Lady Lockhart, grey and black shepherd's plaid costume, and smart little toque brightened with touches of cerise; Mrs. Jack Grey, dark grey tweed costume, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Smiles, black silk, and black and white toque; Miss Sumles, navy costume and white felt hat wreathed with shaded roses; Miss Cotter, chestnut brown costume, dainty white-coloured hat; Miss Dot Biss, blue cloth Eton coat and skirt, blue and white hat; Miss M. Douglas, navy cloth Eton coat and skirt, and brown hat; Mrs. Tonks, dark blue costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Richmond, black relieved with touches of white, black and white hat; Miss Richmond, beaver coloured cloth gown with facings of velvet of same shade, hat to match; Miss Jean Richmond, navy costume with long coat, small blue hat; Miss Towle looked pretty in a blue Eton coat and skirt, with a white blouse and green motor cap; Mrs. Markham, fawn costume.

THE BALL GIVEN BY THE GIRLS OF AUCKLAND

Last Tuesday in St. Andrew's Hall, went with a swing from start to finish, and was a great success, and certainly they are to be congratulated on the result of their efforts. By the way, don't you think the girls ought to have called themselves

THE SPINSTERS,

to distinguish them from

THE MATRONS,

who are giving a dance next Tuesday in the Royal Albert Hall as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Clark, who, with Miss Isabel Clark, are leaving Auckland on Wednesday on a year's visit to the Old Country? To return to our spinster's dance. The floor was very good, as it always is at St. Andrew's Hall, and Burke's band was, as usual, par excellence. The supper was very good indeed, and the tables were really beautifully decorated with crimson dahlias, zinnias, and autumn leaves. The two secretaries, Miss Benjamin and Miss Kate Nelson, were indefatigable in looking after the guests, and a great part of the success of the evening was due to them. Amongst the toilettes I particularly noticed were: Mrs. Nelson was handsomely gowned in black silk, with Maltese lace scarf; Mrs. Davore, black silk and lace, black and gold spangled chiffon rosettes in confure; Mrs. Douglas, black chiffon taffeta toned with cream lace; Mrs. Benjamin, black taffeta, with cream lace V-shaped vest and touches of pastel blue velvet on bodice; Mrs. Keesing, black silk, with cream lace encrustations, black jewelled ornament in confure; Mrs. Mackay, black satin gown, with white chiffon tucker and handsome lace berthe; Mrs. Longuet was charmingly gowned in ivory Duchesse satin, with lace prettily draped on bodice; Mrs. Leslie Murray looked pretty in a ciel blue tulle gown, with white lace berthe; Mrs. Thomas was gowned in white chiffon taffeta, trimmed with lovely lace, gold tulle, and tassels in her hair; Mrs. Herz was daintily frocked in a white and heliotope chine silk, with a satin sloop; the bodice was softened with lace, and she wore a cluster of white ostrys in her hair; Mrs. Goetz wore a mod becoming toilette of pearl grey Duchesse satin, finished with lace, hair adornment of white ostrys; Mrs. Sharpe, shrimp pink radium silk, with lace and pearl passementerie on bodice; Mrs. Hughes was daintily frocked in ivory Liberty satin, with Maltese lace berthe, pale blue costume, and pale blue ribbon in her hair; Miss Benjamin was gowned

WOODENOUGH.—On May 7, at the Mental Hospital, James, dearly-beloved father of A. E. F. Goodenough; aged 63 years.
GOLDSWORTHY.—On May 8th, at Patungahoe, Vera, Doris, the youngest child of James B. and Emily Jane Goldsworthy; aged 3 years. (Suddenly, of spasmodic croup.)
 "Asleep in Jesus."
JONES.—On the 9th May, at her parents' residence, Oshourneal, Newmarket, Annie, Wren, the dearly-beloved infant daughter of Albert and Lizzie Jones; aged 7 months.
JONES.—On May 2nd, at his parents' residence, Beresford-st., William Samuel, the dearly-beloved and only son of W. H. and E. Jones, and only grandson of William Jones, Mt. Albert.
 Aged, 1 year.
MCFEOD.—On May 3rd, at the District Hospital, Alexander Oslan, the dearly-beloved son of John Alexander and Fanny McLeod; aged 3 years and 5 months.
FATHERSON.—On May 7th, at her late residence, Woodside, Manurewa, Mabel Eadie, the dearly-beloved wife of Alex. Fatherson, and second eldest daughter of Alfred Adamson, Dunedin, in her 21st year. Deeply regretted.
PEARCE.—At Onehunga, on May 8th, 1908, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Pearce, in her 72nd year. Loved by all.
PINSON.—On May 6th, at her late residence, Moleworth-st., New Plymouth, Ada, beloved wife of Frank Pinson.
PINK.—On May 3rd, at Auckland Hospital, Thomas Pink; aged 48 years.
ROSE.—On May 7th, at No. 10, King-street, Ponsonby, Emma Rosa (Nurse), relict of the late William Rose, Thames, N.Z.; aged 79 years.
SHANLEY.—On May 3rd, 1908, at the Auckland Hospital, from injuries received at the Union Collieries mine, Mercer, Harry, second son of John William and Bridget Shanley; aged 20 years. R.I.P.
WISE.—On May 3, at the Auckland Hospital, Miss Charlotte, wife of the late Charles William Wise, and eldest daughter of the late I. M. Franklin, Lorne-st.
WELSH.—On May 8th, at his residence, Mokai House, Grey-st., Thomas Wren; age 68.

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In a very pretty heliotrope chiffon taffeta, with a V-shaped chemisette of gathered Valenciennes lace outlined with narrow velvet bands; Miss Nelson wore black, brightened with touches of scarlet; Miss K. Nelson, white silk and lace, with touches of scarlet on bodice; Miss Pearl Gorrie, dainty white chiffon taffeta; Miss Brigham, white silk, with satin bands, the bodice finished with lace and pearl trimming; Miss Devore wore a picturesque gown of green and white striped silk, with pipings of velvet a shade darker, and white lace vest; Miss K. Devore, pretty white silk and lace, with pastel blue velvet ribbons on bodice and in her hair; Miss Hudson looked pretty in a pale blue semi-Empire chiffon taffeta toned with lace; Miss Sylvia Hudson, very effective pink nimon de soie over taffeta, rouleau of pink chiffon, and a pink spray in her hair; Miss Sharland wore a picturesque gown of daffodil silk, with lace guimpe; Miss Florence Walker, pretty pale pink chiffon taffeta, with lace encrustations; Miss Nesta Thomas was daintily gowned in white chiffon taffeta, with silver tissue and tassels threaded through her hair; Miss Lusk, white chiffon taffeta, with net tucker, and sleeves brightened with silver; Miss Jean Lusk (Dunedin) was gowned in a pretty old rose taffeta, toned with cream lace; Miss Kirker, very pretty white silk, with large crimson crush rose on corsage; Miss Upton, very pale can de nil taffeta, with white lace berthe; Miss Wingfield was strikingly gowned in black nimon de soie, with touches of gold; Miss Moir, pretty cream point d'esprit, mounted on pink taffeta; Miss Keesing, dainty toilette of cream lace over glaze, touches of scarlet on bodice and in her hair; Miss Caro (debutante) looked very pretty in white chiffon taffeta, the corsage draped with lace caught with silver, and silver lovers' knots on hem of skirt; Miss Kitty Clark, black taffeta and red roses; Miss Daisy Wallace (debutante) was charming in white silk, with very pretty lace on bodice; Miss Roie Nathan, pretty shade of pastel blue taffeta, with a tiny spot on it, silver belt, and silver in her hair; Miss Miles (Wellington) looked pretty in cream lace, with wash of pink chine ribbon bordered with black, pink ribbon in her hair; Miss Bell looked sweet in pale heliotrope silk, toned with velvet a shade darker; Miss Young, pretty pale blue taffeta, finished with white lace; Miss Alison wore a lovely gown of peach pink Liberty satin, with lovely lace; Miss Butler wore white silk, prettily trimmed with lace and touches of pale blue, wreath of pale blue in her hair; Miss Metcalfe was dainty in old rose taffeta, with white lace, and band of velvet at foot of skirt; Miss Dolly Metcalfe wore an effective toilette of ebony-late taffeta, trimmed with lace and touches of pink velvet, pink crush roses on corsage; Miss Buller, dainty white tucked Oriental satin; Miss Dyer, primrose silk and lace; Miss Carrie Dyer, white silk, with red roses; Miss May Hesketh, white taffetas; Miss Ruddock, was green taffeta, daintily finished with lace; and her sister wore heliotrope; Miss Myra Reed, pretty pale green silk, with lace berthe; Miss Walker, very pale heliotrope silk, toned with velvet of a darker shade; Miss Prue Walker, dainty can de nil silk, with dark green velvet; Miss Henriette (Melbourne), white chiffon taffeta, with lovely lace berthe, white spray in coiffure; Miss Cotter wore a becoming pink radium silk gown, with lace and pink roses on corsage; Miss Gwen Hill, ivory Oriental satin, with cluster of red roses on corsage; Miss Foote, very pretty chine silk with design of pink roses; Miss Culpnan looked pretty in white silk, with lace and silver tissue bretelles; Miss Douglas was charmingly gowned in ivory chiffon taffeta; Miss Ziman was gowned in an azure blue taffeta toned with lace; Miss Toke looked pretty in a white taffetas picture frock, with large crimson crush rose in front of corsage; Miss Toke also wore a pretty white silk toned with lace; Miss Nybil Paton was wearing a blue nimon gown with white lace berthe; Miss Olyphant, very pretty pale blue taffetas,

AT HOME.

Mrs. Ewen Alison, junior, gave a delightful at home on Thursday afternoon at her pretty residence, "Rosedrover," Lake Takapuna. During the afternoon two competitions took place, the first being a girls' name competition. For instance, "How does an army cross a river? They bridged (Bridget). Another question was "What kind of white material represents a girl's name (Jeane) jeans,

etc. The first prize was won by Mrs. Williamson. The other competition was a "Mimery Tray." The tray was laden with a large number of articles of a varied character that it proved no easy task after a two minutes' peep to remember, and subsequently note them on a card. A pretty prize, crowning one's efforts, was won by Mrs. Willie Wilson. Miss Ivy Alison sang very sweetly, and gave a recitation, and Miss Minnie Mactier contributed a pianoforte solo with much expression. Later a delicious tea was enjoyed.

Y.W.C.A. SALE OF WORK.

The late autumn in New Zealand is not usually a favourable time for holding a garden party, but Mrs. J. L. Wilson, of "Roselle," Remuera, President of the Y.W.C.A., was favoured with fairly good weather on Saturday last, when a Sale of Work in aid of the Society was held in the extensive grounds of her residence. The stalls, which were prettily decorated with arches of lycopodium, were arranged round the drive in front of the house, and were laden with beautiful fancy work of all kinds, and most of the goods were sold before the rain set in. There was a good attendance of ladies, who enjoyed music provided by the band, the fresh air, and beautiful prospect of land and sea obtainable from various points of outlook in the garden. Mrs. Wilson had provided conveyances to meet the tram-cars for the guests, and every arrangement had been thoroughly made for the enjoyment of those present. Delicious tea was served in the spacious morning room. Mrs. Wilson was ably assisted by her daughter (Mrs. Witney) and Mesdames J. L. Roy, Liston Wilson, Williams, Hume, Prosser, C. Tilly, and Misses Hume and Tilly. Among those present were: Mrs. Thorne George, Mrs. Main, Mrs. Kingswell, Mrs. and Miss Mactier, Mrs. S. Morrin, Mrs. Caughey, Mrs. and Miss K. Nelson, Mrs. I. Buttie, Mrs. Dargaville, Mrs. and Miss Thorpe, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. S. Gilbert, Mrs. and Miss Abbott, Mrs. D. Clerk, Mrs. J. J. Craig, Mrs. Brabant, Mrs. F. B. Winstone, Mrs. R. Frater, Mrs. and Miss Hellaby, Mrs. Wignmore, Mrs. Mueller, Misses Yrrie, Mrs. C. Owen, Miss Ruttray, Mrs. and Miss Moore-Jones, Mrs. Culpnan, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs.

AUCKLAND Y.M.C.A. PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

One of the most important social events in connection with the Auckland Young Men's Christian Association is the annual reception tendered to members and friends by the President. This very pleasant function took place in the Y.M.C.A. Building last Wednesday evening, 6th inst., when, notwithstanding several other important functions being held elsewhere, and also the unpropitious weather conditions, a large number of members and lady friends availed themselves of the invitation sent them. Numerous apologies for absence were received, among them being those from the Hon. G. Fowlds and Mr. R. B. Shalders (the founder of the local Y.M.C.A.). The President (Mr. A. C. Caughey) and Mrs. Caughey were both present, and cordially received the guests as they entered the hall. At the subsequent meeting Mr. Caughey, in some well-chosen remarks, touched upon the work of the Y.M.C.A. He spoke of the great need for such an institution among our young men, and in introducing the Rev. R. H. Catherwood (recently appointed General secretary) said that the Association had been very fortunate in securing his services at this time. Mr. Catherwood, in response, said he hoped to gain the confidence of the young men, and that he would do all that lay in his power to help the Association along. Mr. J. W. Stewart (Secretary of the Building Committee), in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the President for the splendid reception he had given all that evening, said that when Mr. Caughey was asked, several months ago, to accept the Presidency, it was at the unanimous request of the Board of Directors, and since he had accepted the position the Association was receiving his very earnest interest and support. The Rev. W. A. Gillan (a Vice-President) seconded the proposal, which was carried by hearty acclamation. The Hon. Geo. Fowlds having given a cup (for running) to the Association, to be competed for annually, and to be known as the Y.M.C.A. Inter-College Challenge Cup, and the President's cup (for running), also given this year, for annual competition by members of the Auckland Y.M.C.A., these were presented to the winners, the former go-

ing to King's College, the latter (with a gold medal) to Mr. W. H. Colbeck. During the evening an excellent musical and elocutionary programme was rendered by the Y.M.C.A. Orchestra (Mr. W. J. England conductor), Messrs. W. Aspinall, H. Blakeley, A. McElwain, J. W. Ryan, Miss E. Moon, and Dr. Keith. The Y.M.C.A. Camera Club exhibited a splendid collection of work done by its members (all amateurs). Some microscopic instruments and slides shown by Mr. A. Waterworth, and an electric battery, in charge of Mr. Richardson, also came in for a fair share of attention. A display was given by members in the gymnasium. The building was very tastefully decorated throughout, and a plentiful supply of refreshments was provided. Altogether the evening proved in every way successful, and was enjoyed by all present.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Kirk, who has been on a three months' visit to Auckland, left for Napier on Monday. Miss Bagnall, of Shelly Beach-road, Ponsonby, Auckland, leaves for a two years' visit to Canada and the United Kingdom. Mr. Roy Binney is leaving Auckland on Saturday next, by the Waikare, en route for England, where he intends studying for the profession of architecture. Mrs. G. W. Binney and Miss Binney, who accompany him, will remain in the Old Country for a year or two. Mr. Binney will be away for several years.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, May 9. On Friday evening the Tennis Club held

A DANCE

in aid of three new courts, which are to be made in connection with their club. The president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Isherwood, very kindly gave the use of their large room at "Waterside," and Mrs. Isherwood was good enough to play all the evening, except a few extras, which were played by some of the visitors. The evening was cold and very enjoyable for the dancers, who seemed to have a good time. A very dainty supper was provided by the lady members of the club. The ladies of the committee were: Mrs. W. Coates, Miss Cox, and Miss Clark. Amongst those present were Mrs. W. Coates, in a black Louisine silk evening dress; Miss Cox, white silk; Miss Clark, white silk; Miss Wells, black chiffon taffeta, with vest back and front of white lace, and bretelles of lace; Miss M. Hesketh (Auckland), a very dainty frock of white chiffon taffeta, the berthe on the bodice trimmed with fine lace insertion; Miss E. Hay (Hamilton), black velvet with berthe of white lace; Mrs. W. Firth, black silk evening frock; Mrs. Isherwood, black net evening dress; Miss E. Hill, white silk, with crimson rose on corsage; Miss Gavey, black evening dress; Miss Brigham, white silk; Miss Bates, white silk; Miss Richardson, very pretty white silk muslin over glaze; Miss M. Pitcher, white silk; Miss Saunders, blue muslin; Miss Saunders, blue muslin; Miss Hally, white muslin trimmed with lace; Miss B. Jenkins, white muslin; Mrs. A. Gane, white silk, with floral wash; Miss D. Payze, white silk; Miss McNeish, cream voile; Miss Fisher, cream voile; Miss M. Fisher, pale blue.

On Thursday evening A SOCIAL was held in St. Andrew's schoolroom as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Selby and family, who are leaving the district. They have resided here for thirty years, and, having sold their farm, they are moving to Auckland, where they have bought a house. Mrs. G. McCullagh and Miss Ewen were the promoters of the gathering, which went off most successfully. The room was made bright with flowers and a good fire, and notwithstanding the bad night, there were fully a hundred present to show respect to the family, and take the opportunity of saying good-bye. During the evening Archdeacon Willis made a presentation to Mrs. Selby on behalf of numerous Cambridge friends, consisting of an enlarged photo of St. Andrew's Church, an oak tray with an inscription on it, and a silver and glass jam dish. The Archdeacon wished them every happiness in their new home. In the absence of Mr. Selby,

senr., Mr. B. Selby replied on behalf of his mother, thanking the donors for the handsome presents and their kind wishes. A musical programme was gone through, items being given by Mrs. Isherwood, Miss Bell, Mr. H. B. Lusk, and others. Refreshments were handed round, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. G. A. Clarke, of Auckland, is at present staying with her daughter, Mrs. J. R. S. Richardson, of Cambridge. Mrs. Wells, of "Oakleigh," Cambridge, is at present staying at Te Aroha.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, May 7. I have very little of interest in the way of gossip to tell you this week. The cricket season finished off last Saturday,

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also the tennis, when Mr. Barrow and Miss Sherratt won the combines in the open tournament, started during the Easter holidays; Mr. Margolouth and Mr. Hawley being victorious in the men's doubles.

A visit and address from the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Massey, warns us that in a few months the excitement of the General Election will be with us. Mr. Massey and Mr. Herries spent a very busy time whilst in Gisborne, motoring out each day, and seeing as much as possible of the country. The extreme richness of the land inland from Gisborne seemed to have impressed deeply Mr. Massey, who in his address on Tuesday last, to a very large and sympathetic audience, very strongly advocated the conclusion of the railway connecting Gisborne with Auckland.

Mr. Massey and Mr. Herries went North by yesterday's boat.

Mr. H. E. Dodds, who recently resigned the accountancy of the Bank of New South Wales at Napier, returned to Gisborne last Wednesday, entering into business here as a general accountant. Prior to his departure from the Napier Bank, he was presented by the staff with a silver flask as a token of esteem.

A large and representative gathering of business men (His Worship the Mayor in the chair), took place on Tuesday afternoon to bid farewell to Mr. Hawley, Collector of Customs, who has been promoted to Timaru. After a very laudatory speech from the Mayor, Mr. Hawley was presented with a handsome case of brushes, also a sum of money for Mrs. Hawley to purchase, as she wished, a memento of Gisborne. Several toasts were proposed and responded to, the proceedings closing with a toast to the chairman, Mr. Hawley left on Thursday for Timaru, his successor, Mr. Howie, arriving on Wednesday last.

News was received on Thursday last of the death of the Hon. Mr. S. Leger, who was on his way to England to visit the different members of his family. His death is keenly regretted by a large circle of friends made during his residence in Gisborne.

Miss Rees (Gisborne) is at present visiting Mrs. Ludbrook (East Coast).

Mr. and Mrs. Tiffin returned to Gisborne from Napier on Saturday.

Mr. Maclean, who has been visiting Wellington, returned with his daughter who is on her school vacation visit, on Saturday.

Mr. Kingrome, who has recently resigned from the Banking Service in India, is staying with Mr. Max Jackson (Gisborne).

Mrs. Stevenson (Auckland), having returned from a visit to Christchurch, is at present staying with her daughter, Mrs. F. Parker (Gisborne).

Mrs. Lippett (America), is at present on a visit to Gisborne, and staying with her aunt, Mrs. Field, of Ormond (Gisborne).

ELSA.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, May 9.

Mrs. Blundell and Mrs. Addenbrooke's DANCE

took place last Thursday evening, and was specially given in honour of their daughters (Miss Muriel Blundell and Miss Muriel Addenbrooke), who both made their debut. The dance was given in the Freemasons' Hall, Brougham-street, which was the best floor in town for dancing. The table decorations were white cosmos and chrysanthemums. Mrs. W. Wood's orchestra supplied spirited music, and with plenty of partners, we all agreed it was a most successful and thoroughly enjoyable affair to open the dancing season with. The guests were received by Mr and Mrs Blundell, and Mr and Mrs Addenbrooke. Mrs Blundell was wearing a pretty black net, with sequined bodice, decolletage relieved with pale blue; Mrs. Addenbrooke, dainty black net, with full tucked skirt, over lace, lovely real lace berthe; Miss M. Blundell (debutante), a very pretty white silk chiffon taffetas, full tucked skirt, decolletage finished with berthe of silk lace, and she carried a dainty shower bouquet; Miss M. Addenbrooke (debutante), a charming frock of white muslin over a lace foundation, full tucked skirt, with folded belt and Rhapsody sash, berthe of white silk lace, and she

carried an exquisite shower bouquet: Miss Hoskin, pretty pale pink silk, tucked, with folded bodice, finished with Valenciennes lace, rosettes of pink ribbon in coiffure; Miss Leatham, pretty pale blue crepe de chine over glace, decolletage trimmed with white silk lace, finished with scarf of pink floral chiffon, embroidered with silver sequins; Miss M. Kerr looked well in white crepe de chine corsage relieved with pale pink roses; Miss Colson, turquoise blue silk, trimmed with white lace; Miss Brett, white muslin, green silk Empire belt; Miss Standish, white book muslin, trimmed with bands of satin ribbon; Mrs. Kyngdon, rich black lace, with sequined bodice, relieved with scarlet roses; Miss Messenger, pretty pale blue crepe de chine, with satin shoulder straps, and band on skirt, frilled vest of white Valenciennes lace; Miss Saxton, puce-coloured muslin, profusely shirred over a rose-pink foundation, and relieved with frills of cream lace on decolletage; Miss King, cream chiffon taffetas, with scarlet roses on corsage; Miss Skinner, rose pink silk, with chemisette of frilled Valenciennes lace; Miss D. Skinner, white tucked silk; Miss N. Dempsey, white point d'esprit, profusely tucked and trimmed with satin bebe ribbon; Miss Fookes, soft, pale pink muslin over a darker shade, finished with Valenciennes lace; Miss Hanna, pretty cream satin striped organdie, with shoulder straps ornamented with bretelles of crimson roses, appliqued on, also running down front panel, and round hem of skirt, pink agrette in coiffure; Miss Webster, black tucked net, real lace berthe, relieved with green silk roses; Miss L. Webster, a dainty pale blue chiffon taffetas kimono bodice over blouse of white point d'esprit; Miss G. Shaw, pink silk veiled in pale pink net, with deep band of satin on hem of skirt; Miss Bedford, ecru coloured point d'esprit, over silk, black and yellow bird in coiffure; Miss D. Bedford, white silk veiled in net with folded silk belt, scarlet roses in coiffure; Miss G. Kyngdon (debutante) was much admired in white point d'esprit, with tucked decolletage, finished with tiny bows of satin ribbon, and she carried a very pretty shower bouquet; Miss Kemp, black lace over white silk, with kimono bodice; Miss Brewster, white silk, with deep band of pale pink silk on hem of skirt, tucked bodice, finished with Valenciennes lace and bands of pale pink and black floral lace insertion; Miss Jameson, pale pink silk, with cardinal velvet shoulder straps and belt finished with narrow berthe of sequined net; Miss Rule, pretty silver sequined net bolero outlined with silk tasselled fringe; Miss R. Baker, white book muslin, moss green silk folded belt; Miss Bradbury, white silk; Miss G. Fookes, pale blue chiffon taffetas; Misses Roy (2), pale blue frilled muslin, with white lace berthe; Miss Holly, pale pink silk, with shoulder straps and band on skirt of moss green velvet; Mrs. Le Cren, black silk, with berthe of real lace relieved with scarlet roses; Miss Wade, cream lace frock over glace, with folded bodice strapped with black silk; Miss Tidy, black net, cream lace berthe finished with shaded chrysanthemum; Miss E. Bayley, lovely frock of apple green Oriental satin, with berthe of rich cream lace ruffled with apple green chiffon; Mrs. Butler, black net, with sequined bodice, sequined agrette in coiffure; Miss Quilliam, pale heliotrope silk, berthe of silk lace finished with a bunch of violets; Miss Fitzherbert, very pretty pale blue chiffon taffetas, with V-shaped decolletage and sleeves of white point d'esprit; Miss S. Thomson, cream satin; Miss Penn, turquoise blue silk, with shoulder straps of cream lace; Miss V. Kirkby, pretty shell pink silk over glace, folded bodice finished with cream lace; Miss Deacon, black silk, cream lace berthe relieved with scarlet roses.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr Bert Remell, New Plymouth, is on a visit to the Waikare district.

Misses Woodsworth (2), Auckland, are the guests of Mrs Standish, New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs R. Ellis, of New Plymouth, have returned after their pleasant trip down South.

Rev. Mr and Mrs F. Evans, New Plymouth, who have been on a short visit to Cambridge and Auckland, have now returned.

Mrs and Miss Kerr, who have been the guests of Mrs Donald Wilson, Nelson, have returned to their home in New Plymouth.

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who has been very ill for some months, will be pleased to learn that he is making rapid recovery.

Mr W. A. D. Banks, clerk of the Court, has been transferred to Christchurch, and before leaving was presented with a case of dessert knives and forks, Mr T. S. Weston making the presentation. Mr J. Terry, of the S.M. Court, Blenheim, has been appointed to succeed Mr Banks in New Plymouth.

Miss Rennell, who has been on a short visit to Wanganui, has returned to New Plymouth.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, May 7.

At M.L. Desert last Saturday, the final for the men's singles for the croquet tournament was played between Mr Richie and Mr Gordon, and the former, being the winner, was presented by Miss Inlay with a beautiful embossed silver cigarette case. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Campbell, Mr and Mrs Gordon, Miss Gresson (Christchurch), Mr and Mrs and Miss Stevenson, Mrs Good, Mr and Mrs Sarjeant, Mrs H. Bayley, Mrs and Miss Blundell (Nelson), Mrs Dodgshun, Miss Wells (Cambridge), Mr and Mrs Izard, Mrs Montgomerie, Mr and Mrs Gouldwin, Mr Dalgety, Mrs and Miss Stanford, Mrs Fairburn, Mrs Lomax, Mrs Pharyzyn, and others.

Last Friday Mrs Hughes Johnston GAVE A BRIDGE PARTY.

There were five tables. The prizes were won by Miss Gresson (Christchurch), Mr Towsey, Mrs Griffiths, and Mr R. Stevenson. Amongst those present were Mrs and Miss Blundell, Mr and Mrs Newcombe, Mr and Mrs Brookfield, Mr and Mrs Greenwood, Miss Gough (Dunedin), Mrs Reaney, Mrs Griffiths, Miss Huxtable, Miss Pratt, Mrs Lomax, Mrs and Miss Anderson.

Last week Mrs Gordon gave

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY.

Miss Stanford won the first prize, a cut-glass silver-mounted trinket box, and Mr Hatherly a matchbox. Those playing were Misses Gresson (Christchurch), Brettagh, Anderson, Pratt, Stanford, Mrs and Miss Blundell (Nelson), Mrs Griffiths, Messrs Silk, Chamberlain, Anderson, Stevenson, Hatherly.

A SURPRISE PARTY

took place at Mrs Allison's last Friday evening, when all kinds of games and dancing were indulged in. Amongst those present were Mrs and the Misses Barton (2), Mrs Baddeley, Miss Thomas (Greymouth), Miss Gower, Messrs Gibbons, Anderson, Dodgshun, and others.

On Wednesday evening Mrs John Anderson gave

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY.

Mrs Blundell won the first prize, a Liberty jug, Mr G. Dodgshun won a pack of cards, and the booby prizes fell to Miss Wells (Cambridge) and Mr R. Stevenson. Amongst those present were Mr and Miss Beabant (Napier), Mrs and Miss Blundell (Nelson), Miss Wells (Cambridge), Miss Gresson (Christchurch), Miss Gough (Dunedin), Miss Reichart, Messrs Silk, Saywell, Stevenson, Anderson, and Dodgshun.

Last Tuesday evening Mrs Dodgshun gave

A VERY ENJOYABLE BRIDGE PARTY

in honour of Miss Wells, of Cambridge, and Miss Blundell, of Nelson. The ladies' prize, a beautiful silver hatpin, was won by Miss Blundell, and the men's by Mr Anderson—a silver album. The booby prizes fell to Miss Brettagh and Mr R. Stevenson. Mrs Dodgshun wore a handsome black and white evening gown, with berthe of lace and pale pink Oriental embroidery; Miss Wells (Cambridge), black chiffon taffetas, tucked white net sleeves, and shoulder straps of the silk with insertion, scarf of cream crepe de chine; Miss Barnicoat, becoming black chiffon taffetas gown, belt of Saxe blue silk and white net threaded with blue ribbons; Miss Blundell (Nelson), pretty pale pink crepe de chine, with vest of lacket net on her corsage, and shoulder straps embroidered with pale green, wide

belt and sash of the same shaded ribbon, pale pink ribbons in her coiffure; Miss O. Stanford, cream voile frock, with berthe of lace and cream tuck threaded with blue ribbons; Miss Brettagh, white muslin gown with lace and insertion, pale blue ribbons threaded through her coiffure; Miss McBeth (Christchurch), very pretty embroidered muslin frock, the corsage was made with shoulder straps; Miss W. Anderson, pale pink silk frock, with real lace on corsage; Miss Ashcroft, pale heliotrope silk gown, with silver sequins on the corsage; Miss Gresson, white silk, with frills on the skirt, and bolero and berthe effects of Valenciennes lace.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr and Mrs Empson, of Wanganui, are at present in Canterbury.

Miss Maling, of Wanganui, is spending her holidays with relatives in Christchurch.

Miss Gresson, of Christchurch, is staying in Wanganui.

Miss Alexander, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Rotorua and Auckland.

Mrs and Miss Stevenson, of Wanganui, are staying at Moawhanga.

Miss Price, of Rangitikei, has been staying in Wanganui for a short visit.

Mrs Reaney, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Auckland.

Mr and Miss Brabant, of Napier, are staying in Wanganui with Mrs Brookfield.

Mrs Greenwood, of Wanganui, left this week for Auckland, via the Main Trunk line.

HUTA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, May 8.

THE GOLF CLUB

formally opened their season on Saturday last, when a Mixed Foursome was played, resulting in a win for Col. Gordon and Miss J. Slack. A. Stewart and Miss Warburton came second, and A. Barraud and Miss M. Abraham third. Other entrants were: E. D. Hoban and Mrs. Porritt, W. Strang and Miss Fanning, H. G. Moore and Miss Barraud, R. S. Abraham and Mrs. Warburton, G. W. Harden and Mrs. J. A. Abraham, H. R. Smith and Miss Monro, A. Stodman and Miss O'Brien, A. Seifert and Mrs. J. P. Jones, P. McHardie and Miss S. Abraham, Dr. Stowe and Miss McLennan, L. A. Abraham and Mrs. J. Strang, W. L. Fitzherbert and Mrs. A. E. Russell, C. J. Monro and Mrs. Wilson, L. Seifert and Miss E. McLennan, F. H. Cooke and Mrs. Sim, B. Harman and Miss Slack, W. Strang and Mrs. Monro, F. Loughnan and Mrs. Louissin, R. P. Abraham and Mrs. H. Abraham.

The Misses Robinson, Amcsbury-street, gave

A SMALL DANCE

last Wednesday night. The guests were mostly young people in their early teens. Miss Robinson wore a pale green crepe de chine frock, a darker shade of green velvet trimming the bodice, wide green velvet belt; Miss Belle Robinson, white silk with wide pink silk band at foot of skirt, lace trimming corsage; Miss Warburton, pale blue crepe de chine, the skirt trimmed with bands of pale blue silk; Miss Frances Waldegrave, white muslin, the skirt made with many little frills, edged with lace, the bodice also frilled; Miss Madge Pascal, a pretty pink silk frock, the bodice effectively trimmed with chiffon; Miss Hadfield (Wanganui), white silk and lace; Miss Smith, white silk, the bodice trimmed with accordion-pleated chiffon; Miss Armstrong, white silk and lace; the younger girls included Alison Barnicoat, Lassic Lyons, Kathleen Bell, Dorothy Tripe, Winnie Watson, Gladys Smith, Trixie Waldegrave, Miss Clark.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. Pollen (Wellington) is staying with Mrs. Smith, Bank of New Zealand, Palmerston.

Miss I. Smallbone, who has been staying with her sister (Mrs. Barnicoat, Union Bank, Palmerston) for a fortnight, returned to her home in Wellington last week.

Miss Noeline Keeling (Palmerston) has gone to visit her aunt (Mrs. C. Cox, Masterton).

Miss H. Bell has returned from visit-

ing her sister (Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, Feilding).

Miss Nina Hadfield (Wanganui) has been visiting her cousins (the Misses Robinson, Palmerston).

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, May 8. Saturday was another lovely day FOR THE RACES.

but it seems quite a long time ago to be telling you about it. There were not nearly so many pretty dresses there—most of the women wearing smart tailor-mades. These, together with the leather strap and glasses, gave them a most business-like appearance. Everything went off very well, and the surroundings of native bush, snowy mountains and autumn-tinted trees were exquisite—when one had time to notice them!

Mrs. Anderson wore blue cloth, braided, and a dull purple hat with shaded roses; Mrs. A. Duncan, striped tweed coat and skirt, and brown hat with flowers; Mrs. Nathan, navy cloth, braided and worn with a big hat trimmed with a fantasia; Mrs. Crawford, dark tweed and long coat of dull petunia frieze faced with brown; Mrs. Williams, blue grey tailor-made with revers of silk, small hat with flowers; Miss Stafford, blue cloth, and black hat with feathers; Mrs. Chapman, smart black and white frock, black hat; Mrs. Webster, tweed tailor-made and brown hat; Mrs. Johnston, black cloth Eton costume, braided, smart black hat; Mrs. H. Johnston, blue souple cloth, white moire revers, and embroidered vest; blue hat with fantasia; Mrs. Joseph, black and white taffeta, and black hat with pale blue tips.

It is interesting to note how entertaining at hotels and restaurants is growing in favour at Wellington. Last week there was a good deal of it done, perhaps because there were so many race people here.

AT ONE LUNCHEON PARTY,

Mr. Cummins, of the Iontc, was the host, and the guest of honour was Mr. Luttrell—a nephew of His Excellency the Governor—who has just come out from Home.

It was a very cheery gathering—almost all young people—and the newcomers made many pleasant acquaintances.

MRS. AND MISS LEVIN

were guests of honour at several dinner parties—one given at the Royal Oak by the Hon. R. and Mrs. Loughnan, while other entertainers have been the Hon. C. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

A DINNER PARTY

at the Grand Hotel on Thursday night was given by Mr. P. and Mr. C. Nathan in honour of the engagement of their brother Fred to Miss Elsie Joseph. The guests were all young people—chaperoned by Mrs. David Nathan—and the dinner-party went off with great success. Special pains had been taken with the floral decorations, in which the vivid hues of dahlias and virginia creeper were artistically mingled. Miss Elsie Joseph wore an exquisite gown of silvery gauze, delicately embroidered in moonlight tints; Mrs. Nathan was in ivory satin hemmed with silver and draped with lace; Miss R. Joseph, ivory ninnon de soie, with a pompadour design in delicate colours, and berthe of beautiful lace. The guests included Miss L. Brandon, in ivory satin; Mrs. Reid, vivid green chiffon over silver tissue, with Empire belt of silver; Miss Tullhurst, ivory chiffon glaze and lace; Miss Nathan, ivory ninnon de soie; Miss Z. Nathan, quietest crepe de chine; Miss Skerrett, black taffetas with an overdress of black sequinned net; Miss Duncan, Mulmason ninnon de soie, with draperies of lace; Miss Seddon, ivory chiffon taffetas and lace; Miss Miles, ivory taffetas with an overdress of lace and net; Miss Simpson, ivory crystalline, with lace berthe; Miss Ward, amande chiffon taffetas draped with lace.

Last week I had no space to tell you of

THE DELIGHTFUL DANCE

given at the Hutt by Mrs. Treadwell, to celebrate the coming-out of her daughter Lilian. The Hutt people are lucky in having a big hall with a splendid floor;

and on Thursday night it looked so bright and gay with white and red hangings and quantities of red dahlias and crimson-tinted autumn foliage. The pretty debutante looked charming in her silver and white attire, the becoming chiffon taffetas frock being hemmed with silver, which also composed the high Empire belt, and sparkled in the form of bewitching little tassels. Mrs. Treadwell had a handsome dress of rose du Harri peau de soie, the colour being accentuated by velvet of a deeper shade, while the corsage was draped with lovely lace.

Among the many guests were: Mrs. Stawley Wheeler, wearing her pretty wedding dress of ivory chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs. Von Zedlitz, in white glaze, scintillating with sequins; Mrs. Rosa, a lovely pale blue glaze, flowered with roses; Mrs. Blundell, brown taffetas with effective draperies of ochre-

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tinted lace; Mrs. Brodrick, lilac chiffon taffetas with bands of darker velvet and dainty touches of silver; Mrs. Wilford, mirage blue chiffon taffetas with lace epaulettes; Mrs. Allport, azarande crepe de chine; Miss Greenfield, ivory glaze, veiled in dull brown chiffon; Miss Dean, semi-Empire gown of amber taffetas with lace berthe; Miss Foster, petal pink nixon de soie and lace; Miss Lukin, pale azure chiffon taffetas with lace sleeves; Miss Wheeler, pale pink crystalline with ecru lace; Miss Bodmin, primrose taffetas; Miss V. Johnston, rose pink nixon de soie; Miss Leda Lee, pale turquoise crystalline; Miss Nathan, white chiffon taffetas with lace bretelles.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Miss Chaytor, who came to Wellington to see her people off on the voyage to England, has gone back to Blenheim.

Miss Jean Holderness is spending the holidays in Christchurch.

The Misses Mylne (Queensland), who have spent a month or two in travelling about New Zealand, returned to Sydney by the last steamer from Wellington.

Miss Shand has gone to Dunedin to spend two or three weeks with her people there.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts, who were in Wellington lately, have gone back to Blenheim.

Mrs. H. Hall is away in Nelson for two or three weeks.

Visitors to Wellington at present include Mr. and Mrs. Wilson (Adelaide), who intend to spend some weeks in New Zealand.

Mrs. Shand, who has been away in Christchurch for a month or two, staying with Mrs. Cooper, is home again.

Mr. Scales and Miss Flora Scales (Lower Hutt) are on their way to England. Miss Scales has decided artistic talent, animal 'studies' being her speciality, and she intends to study in England and abroad. She will probably be away a couple of years, but Mr. Scales expects to return by Christmas.

Miss Baber is away from home for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bidwill, who were here lately for some days, have gone back to the Wairarapa again.

Mrs. Seddon has gone to the South Island for the opening of the Otira tunnel. After a round of visits of the West Coast she will return by way of Christchurch, spending a week or two there with her married daughter (Mrs. Bean).

Miss F. Stafford is away in Blenheim, where she went for the races and other festivities.

Miss Marchant (Dunedin) is spending the holidays here.

Mrs. Tabart and the Misses Tabart, who are leaving for England by the Tongariro, are staying here for two or three days before departing.

Miss Hunter (New Plymouth) is here for a stay.

Mrs. W. A. Logan and her children have gone to live in Western Australia, where they have many relations. Mrs. Logan made warm friends while she lived in Wellington, but the death of her clever young husband has decided her to return to her old home near Perth.

Mrs. Pike is just back from Dunedin, where she went to fetch her little daughter, who was left in care of relations during the absence in England of Mr. and Mrs. Pike.

Mrs. Palmer has gone to the Old Country for a holiday trip. Miss Tuesley, who was one of the matrons at the hospital here, is accompanying her.

Mrs. Findlay is away in Dunedin, visiting relations there. Her mother (Mrs. Arkle), who was seriously ill when she went down, has just died, and much sympathy is felt for Mrs. Findlay and her sisters. The Hon. Dr. Findlay, M.L.C., is also down South.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen are off to England by the Janic.

Lady Clifford is here for a few days with her sister, who is returning to England.

Miss Butts is visiting friends in Wanganui.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Sir,
 May 8.
 THE HAGLEY PARK GOLF CLUB
 held their formal opening on Monday, May 4th, and the attendance of members and their friends was very large. The United Tennis Club kindly lent their

pavilion for the afternoon tea, and the weather being perfect, a delightful afternoon was spent. The catering was in the hands of Miss Woodward and Miss Middleton (who have recently opened in this business in Christchurch) and was a marked success. Amongst the many present were Mrs. George Harris (captain), Meslames Wigram, Vernon, Robinson, W. Harman, Bloxam, Wall, Stewart, Merton, Meares, Wanklyn, Anderson, Denniston, Miss Orbell (secretary), the Misses Mathias, Murray-Aynsley (2), Secrtan (2), Mathias, Robinson, Campbell, Cracroft-Wilson, Kettle, Molineaux, Martin, Bloxham (2), and Harris.

THE CHRISTCHURCH LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

played their monthly medal match on Wednesday. Mrs. Michael Campbell won the first grade, and Miss Wood and Miss Fisher tied for the second grade.

A SMALL BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Saturday night by Miss Nodwill, Oxford-terrace. The players were Dr. and Mrs. Westera, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Miss Symes and Mr. Parkinson.

A GIRLS' MUSICAL CLUB

has been organised by the Misses Burns. The first meeting was held at Mrs. Gower Burns' house, Chester-street, and are to be held once a fortnight during the winter months. A very enjoyable musical programme was given during the afternoon by the Misses Burns (2), Humphries (2), Wood (2), Prins, Jessie Wilkin and Miss Fox. At the conclusion a delicious tea was served in the hall. The next meeting will take place at Miss Humphrey's home in Fendalton.

Mr. Ernest Empson gave

A MOST SUCCESSFUL CONCERT

in the Choral Hall. This clever pianist was assisted by Mrs. Gower Burns, Mr. Gladstone, Bell, and Miss Katie Young, all of whom are great favourites among Christchurch music-lovers. Among the audience were Mrs. H. Meares, Mr. and the Misses Devenish-Meares, Mrs. George Harper, Dr. and Mrs. Crooke, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wood, the Misses Wood, the Misses Burns, Dr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. H. H. Loughnan, Mrs. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilding, Mrs. W. Mills, Mrs. and the Misses Moore.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW

was opened on Wednesday afternoon at the Colosseum. The number of entries was unusually large, and the display is, on the whole, considered the best we have had. Several of the blooms are magnificent. Mr. Heaton Rhodes won the Rlyth Memorial Cup, Mr. Cant coming next. Mr. Arthur Rhodes has sent in a wonderful collection of chrysanthemums of the latest English varieties, all of which are grown in pots; these were for exhibition only, and were immensely admired by the public. The show was kept open for two days, and a musical programme was given each evening. The attendance was excellent.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McRae Peacock left Christchurch last week for a visit to Sydney.

Mrs. John Williams (Rolleston-avenue) and Miss Williams have gone to spend the winter months at Geraldine.

Mr. Arthur Harper and family have arrived in Christchurch from the West Coast, and are the guests of Mrs. Michael Campbell, at Avonside.

Mr. and Miss Moreland, Dr. Alice Moorhouse, and Miss Pugh have returned to Christchurch from a trip to Mount Cook.

Miss Acland and Miss R. Acland, have been paying visits in Christchurch; they returned to Mt. Peel on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairhurst (Christchurch) have gone to Sydney for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Empson (Wanganui) are in Christchurch.

Miss Campbell (Avonside, Christchurch) is visiting friends in Napier.

Miss A. Cox (Christchurch) left for the North Island on Saturday.

Miss N. Cotton has left for Napier.


Mr. and Mrs. Westera have moved into their new house in Oxford-terrace.

Mr. Justice Denniston and Mrs. Denniston have returned to their house in Armagh-street, which has just been vacated by Dr. and Mrs. Westera.

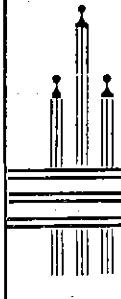
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PILLS & OINTMENT

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

How to Make a Winter Dressing Gown.

At this season of the year, the girl who can make her own things finds, on inspecting her wardrobe, many serious deficiencies which must be remedied before the winter sets in. First and foremost in this list of deficiencies, a presentable dressing gown is very often to be found, the little cotton crepe kimono which has done duty since the spring being condemned as unsuitable. Choice

then has to be made between a befrilled garment carried out in cotton material and lace, in the hope that the weather may be propitious, and a more generally useful garment designed in flannel or cashmere on kimono lines. The latter material makes an ideal dressing-gown, but unless white is chosen, it cannot be entrusted to the laundress, and coloured cashmeres spoil and stain with water splashes.

Six yards of shrunk flannel, bordered with a four-inch band of Japanese washing silk in the same shade, or some contrasting colour, make a comfortable little dressing-gown that can be sent to the wash when soiled.

The modified kimono made with gored side-seams is much more suitable to tall English figures than the strictly square garment, which gathers round the feet when folded across in true Japanese style. The material should be cut into five pieces of equal length, one of which is laid aside for the sleeves, while two of the four remaining pieces are joined together for the back, the two front pieces being pinned together temporarily. The two large squares thus made are laid one on the top of the other, and the sides sloped off from top to bottom, until the top part is about half the width of the bottom. The arm-holes, which are very wide, start six inches from the waist-line. The side seams can next be run up, when the shoulders should be sloped off from the arm-holes to six inches from the centre join, and may be gathered up to the requisite width, or flat pleats may be made and stretched down for eight or nine inches back and front. The neck is rounded and sloped off to allow of its being folded across in front without any angle, and at this stage the garment should be put on to see whether the side-seams make points at the bottom and how much requires to be cut off.

The silk band to edge the neck, fronts, sleeves, and hem should have a lining of batiste to stiffen it, and the piece bordering the neck should be cut out as if it were a collar, and carefully fitted, so that no darts have to be made to spoil the roll round the neck and the sloped-off fronts.

The band reserved for the sleeves is cut in half, each half being folded over slightly on the cross, and the triangular pieces at the wider ends cut off. These form the bottom of the sleeves, and are bordered with the silk. The narrower ends are rounded and sewn into the arm-holes, no gathering probably being necessary.

All seams should be run up on the wrong side, and, if a machine is used, should be simply turned over and stitched down again, the raw edge being cut off close. A very neat finish, however, can be effected by sewing a piece of saracenet ribbon or binding along the seam, turning that over the raw edge and stitching it down.

In applying the silk border, tack the edge of the flannel back on the right side all round and machine the two edges together, the silk being already tacked over its lining of batiste. A cord waist-band with tassels is the correct finish to such a dressing-gown, and little slots should be sewed on the side seams through which it may be passed.



▲ THEATRE FROCK.



CLOTH CAPS WITH MILITARY BRAID.

They are descendants of the Russian peasant and military caps that have been so very fashionable in Paris lately—as a rule made of skunk. One of the type will be seen sketched on this page; part of a costume carried out in ruby cloth, the softest and most beautiful of colours, very handsomely braided with black soutache, outlined with gold thread and interspersed with black satin in the narrowest folds held down by gold thread.

Observe with the elaborately braided coat the studiously simple skirt fastened down the centre seams with black satin-covered buttons, trimmed with bullion—a contrast at present one of fashion's freaks. This is a toilette that would look very smart in myrtle green cloth and black braid, worn with a skunk stole and muff or all black for mourning wear.



THIN WOOLLEN MATERIAL FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

For the nightdress the accompanying design combines protection and prettiness in a very satisfactory fashion, and the lace at the yoke can be used in applique instead of insertion form, to ensure extra warmth. The smart little morning shirt shows a new arrangement of pleats which is very becoming to the figure—(by the way, the narrow pleatings should be continued at the back)—and you can introduce variety by means of the tussard belts.



A CHARMING MATINEE IN FRENCH FLANNEL.

French flannel is quite a perfect material for anything in the way of dressing gowns or matinees, as it is so soft and warm and absolutely refuses to shrink when washed! It is obtainable in a variety of pretty patterns and colourings. As to the design for a little dressing and breakfast jacket, our artist has arranged something quite novel and very becoming, and it only remains to choose your flannel and some soft washing silk in the colour of the spots, to be used as a border and a waistbelt. The same design could, of course, be utilised for a long gown, the silk border being carried right down the front.



A STYLISH WRAP.



A NOVEL DESIGN IN FACED CLOTH AND SILK BRAID.

This gown is made in Princess form of dark green, the slightly draped folds of the corsage being apparently held in place at either side by a series of cloth-covered buttons, while there is a chemisette and little under-sleeves of lace. Also introduce as a bordering to the cloth a touch of the silky braid of slightly darker green, which appears on the skirt hem. This braid figures again on the coat, and is finished off with hanging ornaments of silken cord. The hat is green felt, either trimmed with ostrich feathers or with a cluster of coque feathers curving from a rosette of velvet in front, and drooping right over the crown on to the hair at the back.

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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges, are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Can I be one of your cousins, and get a red badge? I have two pets—a kitten and a hen. I am nine years old, and I am in the first standard.—I remain, yours truly,—HELEN.

[Dear Cousin Helen.—Certainly, you may become one of my little cousins, and I will send you a red badge very soon. A hen is a very useful kind of pet to have, I think, because if she is good, she will lay you a nice fresh egg for your breakfast every day. Our hens are very lazy just now, and we have not had any eggs for several days. Perhaps they are getting their winter clothes made and are too busy to lay; what do you think?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—It is such a very long time now since I wrote to you last that I am afraid you have taken me off the roll by this time. I was in Lyell when I last wrote to you, and I am now by the sea-side. I came here on account of my health, and am taking doctor's medicine. Are the morning's cold in Auckland yet? The weather here is very wet now; there is no snowing when it will be wet or fine. The people with whom I am staying do not get the "Graphic," but my mother will send it to me when my letter is in it. I must try and write to you more often, or else I will be put off the roll, and not have my letters answered. It is my birthday to-day week, on the 5th of May, and I will be fourteen years of age. I must close now with lots of love to yourself and all the other cousins. I remain, you loving Cousin ANNIE.

[Dear Cousin Annie.—I was so glad to hear from you again; it is simply ages since you wrote last. I hadn't taken your name off the roll, but I was beginning to think it was time I did. I am so sorry to hear that you are not well; I know how horrid medicine is, so I can sympathize with you; but still if it does one good it is better to take it, isn't it, no matter how horrid it is? Do you like living at the sea-side? I expect you miss your own people sometimes and get home-sick, like I do when I am away from home. Many happy returns of your birthday, Annie, and when your next birthday comes I hope you will be feeling quite strong and well again.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Kindly let me know if you will allow me to join the "Graphic" cousins. If so, will you forward me a badge to enclosed address.—Cousin WALTER.

N.B.—My age is fourteen—will soon be fifteen.—Cousin W.

[Dear Cousin Walter.—Yours is certainly a very short letter this week, and I hope that as soon as you are formally adopted as a "Graphic" cousin that you will manage to write longer ones. I will post a badge to you one day this week; let me know whether it arrives safely, will you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I join the "New Zealand Graphic" cousins? Please send me a blue badge. I am six years old. We go to school now. I have no more to say now.—From Cousin MINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Minnie.—I shall be delighted to have you for a cousin, and I would send you a badge at once if I only knew where to send it to. Next time you write will you enclose an envelope with your full name and address on it, and then I will send you a badge by return mail. Do you like going to school? I think you must, because you seem to be getting on so well; you write such a very nice letter for a little girl of only six years of age.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I sent you a letter two weeks ago, and I have been looking for it, and cannot see it. The name has faded right off of my badge, please could I have another if I enclose a stamped envelope? I have just finished reading a book called "Elsie and her Loved Ones," one of the Elsie books. I think I told you there was a Wonderland in Wellington. Auntie took me out one day before I left for Auckland, but it was raining when we got out there, and so we came home again. My brother Fred told me he would like to join the band. I must say good-bye, Cousin Kate, now, from Cousin CADIA.

[Dear Cousin Cadia.—I think your last letter was held over because there was not room for the cousins' letters that week; but you have seen the answer to it now, haven't you? Certainly you may have another badge; I will post one to you this week if I have time. I don't think I have read any of the "Elsie Series." Are they nice? Next time you write, tell me the names of some more of the same series, will you? No, you didn't tell me that you had been out to Wonderland. What a pity it rained. I suppose you did not see any of the sights when it was so wet. You will see that Fred has joined our band, and I am so pleased to have him.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I become one of your cousins, and if I do, will you send me a badge? Have you got any cousins in Sydney? The "Graphic" comes to our house every week. I have a little sister named Jean; she is a year younger than me. I am eight. We get a lot of fun when we read about the doings of Buster Brown. For a long time we thought Buster lived in New Zealand. We often wonder how it is that he does not seem to grow older. We have a little fox terrier, and we call it Patch. I think he will be a splendid rat-catcher, as he is very good at killing mice. Have you seen our harbour? I think it is very pretty. When we go across to the city in the ferry,

steamer we see many boats of all kinds, small and large, up to one as big as King Edward's warship The Powerful. I hope some day to get a trip across the ocean to your country, where I have some relations. On Easter Monday we all went to the Zoo. There was a crowd watching the lions being fed. They looked very savage, and I was glad they were in a cage. The monkeys were the most amusing among them all. There is a lot more I could tell you about the other animals, but I will leave it for another time. Good-bye, from DOROTHY.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy.—I haven't any cousins now in Sydney. I used to have several, but they have left off writing lately, so I shall be more than pleased to have you for a cousin. You must write often, because there must be always something happening in such a big place as Sydney that would interest all the cousins to hear about. I'm very glad Buster Brown does not live in New Zealand. I might happen to come across him, and I think he would be much nearer at a distance or in a cage like the lions you went to see at the Zoo, don't you? I am sure he is very nearly as mischievous as a monkey, and though they are very amusing to watch, they are a great nuisance, too, I think. I hope you will come to New Zealand some time, but you must come in the early summer, because Auckland is at its prettiest then. We are having such cold, rainy days just now. I am sure you would not like it at all. Do your relations live in Auckland? I have sent you a badge and hope it will arrive safely.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I should like to become a cousin. My name is Fred; I am 13 years old. My sister Cadia belongs to the cousins' league. Will you send me a red badge in the envelope I enclosed? I used to have a lovely dog named Prince, but I lost him when I went away for my Christmas holidays. I was so disappointed to find him gone when I returned, but I am going to get another one soon. I have not much more to tell you.—I remain, yours sincerely, FRED.

[Dear Cousin Fred.—Of course you may become a cousin. I hope you liked the badge I sent you. You know I want some more boys to join the cousins' league, so just tell any of your special chums that I shall be very glad for them to join too. I wonder what became of poor Prince. I can quite understand that you were very disappointed not to find him there to welcome you when you got home. I do hope he has got a kind master, don't you? I expect he has, or he would have come home directly he got loose. What sort of a dog are you going to have next time?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am very sorry I did not write before. Our new school is a very nice one, with nice big rooms. My Auntie Annie has come to stay with us, and we are going for a drive to-morrow from half-past one until half-past four. We have a lovely cat called Tim. He is not quite eight months old, but he is very big. I have been reading such a lot of books lately. I don't

think I have anything more to say, so good-bye, with much love for yourself and cousins, RINI.

[Dear Cousin Rini.—It is indeed a long time since you wrote to me last; I had nearly forgotten I had a Cousin Rini. I hope you had a lovely day for your drive; it is not very nice to drive in the rain, is it? Besides, everything looks so much prettier in the bright sunshine, and I expect you wanted your auntie to see Napier looking its best. Have you ever tried to teach Tim any tricks? A friend of our has a cat that has been taught to go to a tin, open it, and take out a biscuit for himself, don't you think that

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sorry I did not send you my full name before. I would like a blue badge. I went over the hills to gather mushrooms, and I got two great baskets full. My grandma has a lovely garden, it is one of the best in Nelson. My mother has a very nice garden, too, but it is not quite so nice as grandma's. We all went for a picnic down to the beach on Easter Monday, and there was a big crowd of children down there. I have eight cousins, one sister, and no brothers. The Stoke schoolboys go into town once a week to learn carpentering, and I like it very much. I have no more news to tell you, Cousin Kate, with love to all the cousins, from Cousin JIM.

[Dear Cousin Jim.—Thank you very much for sending me your address, and I am sorry I could not send you your badge before, I hope it will arrive safely at its destination now, though, and that you will like it. I am going to send both yours and Mabel's in one envelope. I wish I lived close to you, I am so fond of mushrooms, and I like to gather them for myself; there does not seem to be any within walking distance of Auckland this year; in fact, I have seen very few, even in the shops. What are you learning to make at your carpentering lessons? It is a good thing for boys to have some idea of it, and I often think it is a pity girls don't learn to hammer nails in straight, too.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you think I have forgotten you because I have not written for such a long time. Do you know how Curran-street has been dug up, well, St. Mary's-road is just the same. When it rains the mud is something dreadful, but is getting better now. I had a brother in the hospital with the fever, but he is better now, hasn't there been a lot about? Some time ago I was put into Std. III, and I am only nine. We have not much of a garden now, flowers in our garden have been a real failure this year. Have you heard of Professor Potter's gymnasium? Well it has just commenced, and I am going. I am trying to write a nice long letter to pay for all these I have not written. For my birthday father gave me such a big doll, and I call it Theima. Just before I stop I am going to ask you a riddle—Why does a little boy make his coat last? With love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself, ADVE.

[Dear Cousin Olive.—I have not been to Ponsonby for quite a long time, so I have not seen St. Mary's-road or Curran-street since they were dug up, but I can quite imagine what they are like. They are laying new gas pipes in several of the streets close to us, and we have all had to walk in the middle of the road because the side paths are just mud and clay heaps. I wish they would do all the road mending, etc., in the summer time, don't you? There has been a great deal of fever about this year; I am glad to hear that your brother is better; is he home yet? Flowers are very scarce just now, we have such a few in our garden, only a few roses and one or two chrysanthemums, and the rain has made them all look rather draggled. Yes, I have heard a great deal about Professor Potter's gymnasium classes, and have seen his pupils perform in public several times; he is a most successful master, I think. I am afraid I cannot guess the answer to your riddle, for one thing, I don't believe little boy's coats ever do last.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic." I would like a red badge, please. Jim did not fall off Bobs; it was a pony which had been turned out for a long time, and was lent to us to ride at the show. The other day I found a little kitten, it is jet black, and will you give me a name for it please? I have two girl friends; they have got a little black pony called Dot. I often ride to the post office with them; their names are Elsa and Gladys. Dad has got a new horse, which has just been broken in, but it belongs to my grandpa. He owns a lot of horses.—I remain, your loving Cousin MABEL.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—I am enclosing your badge with Jim's, and I hope you will like it. I am glad it was not Bobs that threw Jim and generally misbehaved himself so badly. You ought to be an exceedingly lucky little girl this year; you know it is supposed to be very lucky indeed to find a black kitten. Do you think Sambo would be a nice name for him? I know lots of people who have called their black cats Smut or Satan, but I don't think those are very nice names, do you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I thought it was time to write to you. Since school commenced I have been very busy doing my home work. I never think of writing in the afternoon, I always play. Cousin Myrtle reminded me about writing to you; she said she was going to write to-night, so I thought it was up to me to write to you. We have a little pup now; it is a very tiny thing, but if it sees another dog or cat it runs up to it and tries to bite its legs. One night it saw its own shadow, and it was frightened. We have a little black and white kitten; when we got it it was so very thin you could feel its bones. It would not play very much, but it did after a day or two when he got used to his new home. I went to Wanganui in Walter's motor car; I had a good time. I have been in a motor car five times now, but the longest drive I have been in is Wanganui. I had a ride in a motor car to-day, but we did not go very far. I would rather go in a motor car than in a steamer or a train, or anything else, because it goes much faster than any other thing that we travel in. I do not know whether you heard about Mr. McKelvie and his motor car. I will tell you about it now. He was trying to get home in ten minutes; there was a horse in a paddock, and when it saw the motor car, the horse ran along in the paddock as far as it could go, then it had either to jump the fence of go into a swamp, so it jumped the fence. Mr. McKelvie's motor is a very large one, and there were seven men in it, and every one of them got hurt. They never thought the horse would jump the fence, or they would have gone slower. Two of them were sent to the hospital, but the others were not hurt so much so they did not have to go to the hospital. The motor car was smashed to pieces. I have only seen Mr. McKelvie once since he was hurt; he was not in the motor car this time; he was in a lovely little rubber-tyred trap. I go to Mrs. Wilson's classes every month, and we have to go next Thursday. I saw my letter in the "Graphic," but I forgot to cut it out, and I don't know where I put it, so if you asked me any questions I will not be able to answer them.—Cousin MARY.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I am glad you do not make a duty of your letters to me; I only want you all to write as a pleasure, and I am sure it would not be that if you had to give up some of your play time for it. Cousin Myrtle must have been too busy to write after all, because I have had no letter from her yet, but one may come this afternoon. I expect your kitten had not been properly fed, and that was why it was so thin, and of course it would not feel much like playing when it was hungry. I am like you, and love travelling in motor cars, partly because they go so fast, and partly because I always feel snugly in trains and steamers. I don't quite see how the accident happened after all, did the horse jump in front of the car, or what? What kind of classes does Miss Wilson have? once a month is not very often to have them, but perhaps she comes down from Wanganui to teach you.—Cousin Kate.]

OLDER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Since I last wrote I have been on a holiday tour for three weeks, and as I cannot get a full account of my travels in one letter, I thought of writing a series of them. I left Auckland for New Plymouth on the afternoon of April 7th. It was fine and fairly calm when the Rarua left Onuhanga, but when the vessel reached the bar several of the passengers quietly left the deck for their cabins. As I have always been a good sailor, however, I felt no anxiety, and stayed up on deck to watch the waves. It was a splendid sight to see the mountainous, angry-looking, snow-crested waves come rolling towards us, and when one expected them to overwhelm the boat she rose triumphantly upon the crests, and then went down, down, down, into a deep green valley of water, the other side. Another time the vessel would plough steadily through a wave, and then the seething, foaming water would rush by on each side, sending up a delicate shower of filmy spray. The decks were soon awash, and I and my companion had to seek dry places from time to time. The sunset was lovely that evening. The sun sank in a clear sky of pale blue, colouring the horizon with a delicate creamy, smoky tint. A few stray, fleecy little clouds caught the same colour, and the effect of this beautiful sky above the green, turbulent sea was glorious. About six o'clock it became too dark to stay up on deck any longer, and it was with much reluctance that I left it to go downstairs. When I reached my cabin (which, fortunately, I had to myself) I began to feel the motion of the boat, and imagine my surprise and dismay, Cousin Kate, when I fell a victim to mal de mer, for the first time in my life, mind you. However, it was so slight that as soon as I lay in my bunk I felt quite all right, so I stayed there until we reached the Breakwater at New Plymouth at five o'clock next morning. On stepping from the steamer to the train a magnificent sight met the eyes of the passengers. Standing out clearly in the silver-grey dawn was Mt. Egmont, its beautiful snow-capped cone reaching far heavenwards in stately magnificence. It looked so ethereal, so spirituelle, that it seemed as if one was looking down a kaleidoscope. But when the sun rose, and the snow on the top and sides of the mountain caught the exquisite pink glow of the sunrise, one could only gaze in silent admiration, marvelling at the glorious work of the Creator. The train whirled us away all too soon from this beautiful sight, and after a journey of 10 minutes, travelling along almost at the water's edge all the way, we reached New Plymouth. It was a perfect morning, and I saw the town at its best. The streets look very clean, and the roads all about are splendid for cycling. There are a large number of handsome residences, painted white, with red roofs, and they stand out picturesquely from their beautiful grounds of graceful punga and green, velvety lawns. These pungas grow most abundantly in New Plymouth, and everyone has them in the gardens. The town is situated right on the coast, and has no harbour, consequently a magnificent view of the open ocean can be obtained. There are very fine swimming baths erected on the shore, a little distance from the station, and they are greatly patronised by both sexes. I made it my first business to see the famous Recreation Grounds, or Pukekura Park, as it is now called. Everyone in New Plymouth speaks of it as the "Rec." When people first asked me if I had seen the "Rec." I thought they meant a shipwreck, until my friends explained the abbreviation. Well, these beautiful grounds more than meet with one's expectation. On entering by the main gate, the sports ground comes into view. Here Nature has bestowed a natural amphitheatre, in the form of hills rising up on three sides, and these have simply been terraced out, and seats placed along the terraces, tier above tier, from whence everyone gets an uninterrupted view of the field below. Beyond the sports ground are the lakes, spanned here and there by pretty white bridges. Punga ferns, flax, toi toi and other native foliage fringe the borders of these lakes, and are clearly reflected in the placid waters beneath. A hand rotunda and a couple of quaint-looking tea-houses are built on the shores of the larger lake. The banks that rise up from the lagoons are of a considerable height, and are luxuriantly covered with the inevitable punga and other native trees, shady, well kept footpaths wind

in and out everywhere, and steps lead from them in various places to the water's edge. If anyone stands on the steps the swans, who, perhaps, have been gliding about aimlessly on the lake, will immediately swim up, bending their graceful necks in expectation of something to eat. One can also get enchanting glimpses of Mt. Egmont from this domain.

A very high tribute was once paid to the Recreation Grounds, by three much travelled men, of different nations, who happened to meet in Cairo, Egypt. They were discussing the beautiful sights they had seen, and one said that the prettiest and most beautiful domain he had ever seen was in a little town called New Plymouth, in New Zealand, and the other two men who had also seen it quite agreed with him.

There is also a private recreation ground called "Aotea," and one afternoon I cycled out with two friends to see it. It is really a beautiful valley, covered with ferns and bush, with well-kept paths winding in and out. A big stream runs brawling through, giving that finishing touch that water always gives to a pretty scene. It is gratifying to see that, as in the case of the recreation grounds, very little is done to interfere with Nature. I saw some splendid specimens of *Todeas Superbus* growing at "Aotea." They are as rare as they are lovely. Right in the heart of this domain is a levelled piece of ground, where the band sometimes plays, and at one end is a dear little Maori whare, from whence afternoon tea is dispensed.

I only stayed five days in New Plymouth, but I was taken about and entertained so much that it seemed twice as long. I have most delightful friends there, and they gave me a royal time. Everybody in New Plymouth is as charming as the town itself.

We met several nice people at the hotel we stayed at, intellectual, travelled, and musical. I think I omitted to mention that my father was my companion throughout the whole tour, hence the use of the pronoun "we." I met a young Englishman, who was a pupil of the great Lemare at home, and he played for me the whole of one evening some of Beethoven's Sonatas and the works of other great composers. As I am a little musical myself, you can guess how I enjoyed this treat.

Well, dear Cousin Kate, I must bring to a close the first of my series. My next letter will continue on from this. Before concluding, however, I must mention having seen Cousins Hilda's and Diana's interesting letters, and wish to thank the former for the nice things she said about my letters. Her own letters are always delightful. Cousin Diana's description of Switzerland was very interesting, and makes one long to see it. I can quite understand her loving London best of all, simply because I have always heard that Londoners think there is no place like London, just as we Colonials think that there is no place like New Zealand.—With much love, from Cousin VIOLET.

[Dear Cousin Violet.—I am eagerly looking forward to the next letter of your series. This one is such a decided success. I have several times had the pleasure of travelling from Auckland to New Plymouth, and I quite agree with you that New Plymouth and its people are equally charming. As to the view at sunrise from the Breakwater, I must sadly confess that I have never been in a fit state to admire its beauties. I am a terribly bad sailor, and for several days after even such a short trip as that am quite prostrate.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hasten to acknowledge your introduction, and also pay my debts to Cousin Diana, and hope to further improve her acquaintance through the medium of our "Older Cousins' page." I have never been in Switzerland, but Cousin Diana's vivid description of that country, and its climate, brought back to my memory some exceedingly pleasant hours spent in the old schoolroom of a house I stayed in when at home. My friend's governess, Mademoiselle D., was a native of Geneva, and came of a family that for generations had filled tutorial or secretarial positions. One of her brothers had been secretary to a Russian Grand Duke, and this brother was an absolute genius in the art of photography. After his death (the result of a shooting accident while in the Grand Duke's service) the Grand Duke had written a letter of appreciation

and sympathy to Mademoiselle, and had forwarded, together with his personal effects and papers, a tremendous packet of photographs that had been taken by this brother, and also one of the most beautiful malachite ornaments I have ever seen. Being a favourite with Mademoiselle, I was privileged to see these photographs, read various letters, and gaze upon various orders and decorations that had been bestowed upon this brother by the various great personages his position had brought him into contact with. But what delighted me most were the photographs of Switzerland. There were pictures of the Grand Duke and his family, pictures of the Czar and his family, pictures of them in public and in private, engaged in every conceivable occupation, in short, in situations only obtainable by anyone living in the confidence and the intimacy of the Grand Duke's family life. These pictures were, of course most interesting, the more especially as Mademoiselle was a born raconteur, and a little history attached to nearly all of them. But the Swiss pictures were the ones I liked best, because ever since I read the account of the rise of the Swiss Republic, I have had a great admiration for Switzerland, and its sturdy folk. The pictures themselves were exquisite. By their aid I saw, almost as clearly as though I had viewed them with my material instead of my mind's eye, the beauties of Lake Geneva, and its pleasure boats with their curious scissor-shaped sails, peculiar only to the boats that ply on the Geneva lake, the Castle of Chillon, and Lake Lemano. I saw it peaceful as a millpond, or lashed into the vindictive fury it can assume in time of storm, pictures of the Alps in every mood of nature; peaceful villages, where the watch, cuckoo-clock, and toy industries hold full sway—saw smiling valleys with kine coming home to be milked, and, in imagination heard the tinkle of the cow bells. And last, but not least, pictures of the Hospice of St. Bernard, its monks, and the noble breed of hounds that take their name from the Hospice. I have a small photograph somewhere among my souvenirs of the Hospice, which Mademoiselle gave me.

If, as one guesses by Cousin Diana's letter, she has only lately become a resident of New Zealand, she may be excused for envying it its climate. But I think it is generally conceded that climates have been topsy turvey the world over. Perhaps climates are being affected, as people nowadays are, with socialistic tendencies. I quite agree with what Cousin Diana says about London. I am a great believer in, and very sensitive to atmosphere. London is the only place I have ever really lived in. If I were as rich as Croesus, I would choose London to live in, eight months out of the twelve. Paris has no charm for me. I never think of it without conjuring up the hundred days and the barricades, and the Place de la Revolution. The Paris of Dickens' " Tale of Two Cities " is too deeply engraved upon my imagination for me to ever forget the shame and the underlying tragedy, that lies beneath its present mask of prosperity and gaiety, a gaiety and a prosperity that has been purchased by the loss of its soul. And I would just as lief visit the Morgue as the Petit Trianon, so decayed and so peopled with ghosts is it for me. Apropos of the French Revolution, reminds me to tell you that after all I tend to see "The Scarlet Pimpernel." I went to see a play of which the largest element is tragedy. I found a farce. I'll never go again to see a play of which I have read the book from which the play has been adapted. "The Sign of the Cross" is the only play I know of that is commensurate with the value of the book. And if I remember rightly, the play of "The Sign of the Cross" was first written by Wilson Barrett, and the book afterwards. Talking of books, I have just finished reading "The Mother," by Eden Phillpotts. It is not an easy book to criticise. But if there is, in the *feels*, and it is safe to assume there is, a pulsing with vitality in she, a living prototype of Avisia Pomeroy, she is to be honoured second only to the mother of Jesus, for in her is invested and crystallised every ideal of the perfect mother since the creation. And in the contemplation of this perfect ideal, I am filled anew with astonishment that woman should conceive herself as playing a lesser part in the scheme of things than man. Hearing a great noise downstairs while writing this, I go to the head of the stairs, and discover that Cousin Lyn has unexpectedly returned from Rotorua and Huntly, where he had

hoped to indulge in a little duck shooting and go down into a coal mine. The trip to Rotorua has been an amazing success, and he is going to write you an account of it. But the sportsmen were so numerous on and after the first that the ducks had been frightened away for the time being, and the weather breaking, his holiday has been curtailed by several days, and I may add, our chance of eating duck that would appear to have been the victim of an anarchist explosion. Hoping and believing that the shoals of letters you prophesy will soon fill the space allotted to the older cousins, and with love to yourself and all the cousins, old and young, I remain, your loving cousin, HILDA. N.B.—Isn't it time we had a letter from Cousin Alison?

[Dear Cousin Hilda,—I scarcely think there has been time for Cousin Alison to learn that there really is an "Older Cousins' Page." You know her mother and sister are visiting New Zealand, and I have not heard where Cousin Alison is staying during their absence. Probably with her sister, who lives inland, and very likely "Graphics" are not to be had there. However, I am sure we shall hear from her shortly. We have been very lucky this season, and had a regular bag of game sent us early in the week, and are expecting more next week. I am sorry that Lyn's holiday had to be curtailed. You will keep him up to the mark re his Rotorua trip, won't you? "Anarchist duck" should be a rare luxury, there would be so little of it left.—Cousin Kate.]

Margery Redford's Portrait.

By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann.

(Concluded from last week.)

Sir John and the family dined with the Major the next evening, and after the meal the admiral was uncovered.

"Bless my soul!" said Sir John, with a little groan, when he looked at it.

"My eyes!" exclaimed Rupert.

Lady Redford gave a little start, and said nothing.

"Isn't he a dear?" asked Margery.

Nobody answered.

"She says it's a portrait of her," explained the Major. "If it was, I'd prefer to marry a dragon."

"Now you've all shown your approval of my choice," said Margery gaily. "I'll tell you that I have taken upon myself to ask Mr. Horley, the famous picture-cleaner, of Ellis-street, to come here at nine o'clock, and you shall hear what he says. He's due now."

In a few minutes the bell rang. The picture doctor had arrived, carrying a little bag. He was shown the picture.

"Manley's work," said he, at a glance, taking off the glass and touching the paint with his finger-nail. "Done about yesterday, apparently. You've never got into that fellow's hands, sir?" he asked, turning to Sir John.

"It's mine, Mr. Horley," interposed Margery. "You've heard of my portrait by Mr. Fleming, R.A., being stolen? Well, I believe my portrait's underneath—I'm sure it is. Would you mind cleaning the admiral off?"

"You really do mean your portrait, Margery?" asked the Major, beginning to see what she meant.

"There evidently is another picture underneath," said Mr. Horley, getting his bottles of spirits of wine and turpentine, and his bits of rag and cotton-wool out of his bag.

And he sat down to work.

"It must be a very weak solution," he explained, "for the picture underneath is rather new, too; and we don't want to take all of it off."

He proceeded to rub slowly at a corner, and to the surprise of them all, of Margery most of all, as the bright blue sky behind the officer disappeared, a green patch of a tree branch came into view. Margery stared. She looked blank, as the new development proceeded; and when a large landscape was disclosed, she had to meet the laughing, chaffing look of the Major, who gazed from her to the landscape and back again from the landscape to her.

"Not a bit like you," he said.

"Also Manley's work," pronounced Mr.

Horley. "That fellow forges Constable pretty well—imitates" he usually say. And he's varnished it, too; very artful. That's to allow him to take the paint off, as I've done, without hurting the picture underneath. It wasn't much to cover up either," he went on, packing up his bag again, and wiping his sticky fingers on one of his rags; "but there's always a sale for Constable, especially when it's supposed to be a newly discovered picture. He had that idea in his head you may be sure. Good-evening. I'm always at your service if you want me again."

"I think I may," replied Margery, adding wistfully, "but—but isn't there another picture under the landscape, don't you think?"

"No," replied Mr. Horley, after a careful scrutiny; "no, there's nothing under the paint but the canvas. Good evening."

"Good evening," returned Margery. She was trying to put a good face on the matter; but she was evidently greatly puzzled as she examined closely her new acquisition.

Returning to Heatherfields with her parents and the Major the following day, taking the picture with them—as she said she wanted to think it over—she determined to get at the bottom of the mystery of Dick and his concertina. So she visited the Wells's and asked if Dick was in.

"I'll fetch him down, miss, if he's there," said old Mrs. Wells, "for I'm not sure."

"No, no; don't, please, with your rheumatism. You never go upstairs—I'll just run up and give my message." And without waiting for the half-hearted protest of the old lady, who was certainly rather stiff in the back, she ran lightly from the room and up the stairs. She knocked. There was no answer, so she opened the door and peeped in. There was nobody there; so after a moment she tripped downstairs again.

"I'll send on word," she said; "he's not in."

And as she wished Mrs. Wells good evening and started on her way home, a heightened colour illumined her pretty features. She quickened her pace, and as soon as she got home, wrote to Dick requesting him to call on the following evening.

"Father will be home at that time," she said to herself.

The next day Dick came, and was much surprised on being told that it was Miss Redford and not Elizabeth whom he was to see. So he entered the room and confronted Sir John and his daughter. As Margery glanced at him she felt ashamed of her suspicion, especially when she saw his eyes wander to the picture on the chair and show not the slightest concern.

"Dick," she said, "I want to ask you a question or two. It may help us—about my stolen picture, you know?"

Dick looked sympathetic at the mention of the loss. "Anything I can do to help, I'm sure I should be very glad, Miss Redford. I was very distressed to hear of the loss—very distressed."

"You play the concertina very well, Dick," she said.

"Glad you think so, miss," replied Dick, evidently gratified; "it's what you might call an expressive instrument. That is to say, if you've got the hands, and got the soul."

"Yes. But how do you manage to play it at the village," she went on, slowly, "when—when you are here, at the Manor?"

"I—I don't understand what you mean, Miss Redford. And he turned a startled look from her to Sir John. Instantly, she felt herself on firm ground. Sir John looked at his daughter and slowly nodded his head.

"Yes, you do, Dick. Who is playing your concertina in your room when you are out?"

The white face of the young man brought no pity into Margery's, which for once was played.

"No one's ever played it unless I'm in. Grandmother says that's how she always knows if I'm there."

"So if the sound of your concertina is heard there, it is always you who plays it?"

"Always, Miss Redford."

"Is that your best word?"

Dick waited a second or two, and then replied jerkily, "Of course."

"Then I must tell you, that it's not only you, but your big phonograph as well, that gives out your concertina music and your own voice, too. You have even been to the house here while your phonograph was playing in your room; and deceiving your grandmother

into thinking you were at home for reasons best known to yourself. I've proved it, Dick, more than once; and last evening I went into your room, and with my own eyes I saw your phonograph and got a few notes out of it."

Dick turned whiter than before, if that were possible. "What of it?" he said.

"This of it!" replied Margery. "It was you, Dick, who called in at Major Grey's to see Elizabeth, who was waiting there for me the foggy night we went to the pantomime. Dick, it was the night the picture was stolen. Shall I say more?"

She said that at a venture, for in truth she had nothing more to say—at least, nothing that could connect him with the theft. But she had not miscalculated. Her shaft hit the bull's-eye in the centre. Dick opened his mouth to reply, but he seemed unable to speak. At that moment the Major entered, and looked with astonishment at the group. Before he had time to utter a word, Margery turned to him and said:—

"Edward, will you please take that little pair of pincers from the table? I intended to ask Dick, but he doesn't seem sufficiently himself."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to bring the picture here. And now with the pincers please take out all those tacks that nail it to the stretcher."

"What do you want to take poor old Constable off his stretcher for?"

"It's very serious, Edward. Please do as I ask."

"Very well; here goes."

He went at it, first along the top, and then down the right side. Dick, relieved somewhat at the turn of events, watched him with unfeigned interest. As the Major took hold of the freed corner and pulled it back, he exclaimed:

"Why, there's another picture underneath!—Margery, Margery, it's your portrait!"

Sir John started up, and Dick staggered back, as Margery said quietly:

"Of course, Edward, dear, what else did you expect?"

Then she turned to Dick, whose wretchedness betrayed his guilt.

"Shall I tell you what you did—as you won't tell me? You decided to steal the picture—I'm not sure why, unless it was to get some money to begin your house-keeping on. That's why you called at Major Grey's, and you took it away under cover of the fog. Isn't it true?"

Dick, looking shamefacedly from one to the other, and then dropping his eyes, hesitated a moment, and then nodded, and said:

"You're right, Miss Redford; if it hadn't been foggy I mightn't have taken it. But I was told Liz was waiting there, so I went in, and after our chat I said that I'd see myself out, and so I had the field clear, and knowing it was foggy, and that I shouldn't be seen, decided me."

"And the phonograph was all part of your plan—intending that you could show you were in and could prove an alibi, when you had planned stealing the picture not in London but from Heatherfields."

"That's right again, Miss Redford," said Dick, in a low voice, after a long pause. "Being in London, I thought it would save me the trouble of getting it to London. But the idea wasn't mine, Sir John. I was put up to it by a friend, who offered me £20 towards my getting married—and then he never paid me anything. He told me that a portrait by Mr. Fleming could be sold for a big sum, and that as Miss Redford's picture hadn't been exhibited in public yet, it wouldn't be identified if it was sold as a fancy picture up North, through a friend, who would be on the look-out for it."

"That man in Soho, with the screwed-up eyes?" asked the Major.

"No, sir. A man in Clerkenwell. Oh, what a fool I've been—what a fool I've been!"

"Go out into the garden, and wait till I call you," said Sir John; and Dick did as he was told.

Then they arranged that Dick should be dismissed from the bank, and packed off to Australia to enable him to win back his good name, so that his grandparents should never know of his disgrace, and that Margery's wedding should not be under the cloud of sorrow and punishment. It was his first offence, and in the future he might prove himself an honest man once more; and after all, said Sir John, he'd done it out of love for Elizabeth, who might, perhaps in time find it possible to forgive him; and his grandfather was an old and valued retainer.

"But what beats me," said the Major, "is how you found out it was your portrait, Margery. When did you first know positively it was the picture?"

"From the beginning—from the time the men were carrying it into the shop."

"Oh, come now. But how?"

"Why, you dear old silly; you don't think I could sit six weeks for my portrait without noticing the lack of the canvas that was turned towards me all that time, with all its peculiar little markings?"

"But if you were so sure, why did you examine it so persistently so closely?"

"Only to confirm my belief. I could then see that the canvas on the front wasn't of the same texture or material as the canvas on the back. So that proved that the landscape wasn't painted over my portrait, but was another picture nailed over. That's why I had the pincers ready, Edward."

"Then, why the dickens didn't you say so at once?"

"Because there was the mystery of the concertina to clear up. But, I forgot, you don't know about that."


"Go, both of you, into the garden and she'll tell you there," advised Sir John; and sent Dick to me. I'm so happy about Margery's portrait. I don't feel I can be very hard on him. Not so hard as he deserves."

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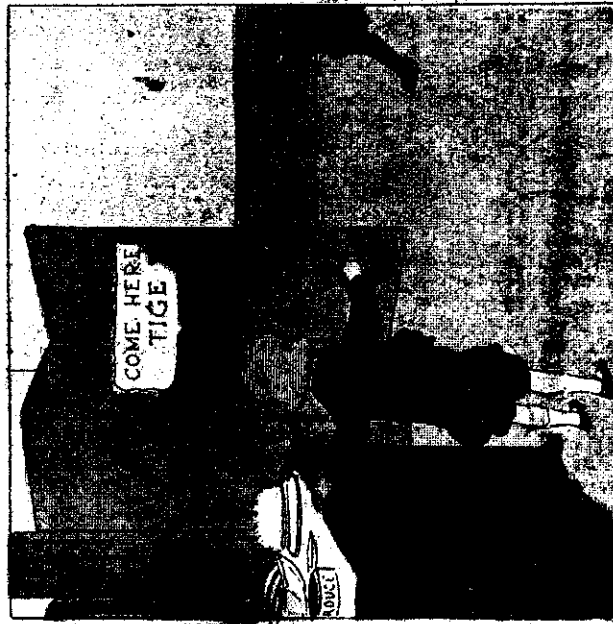
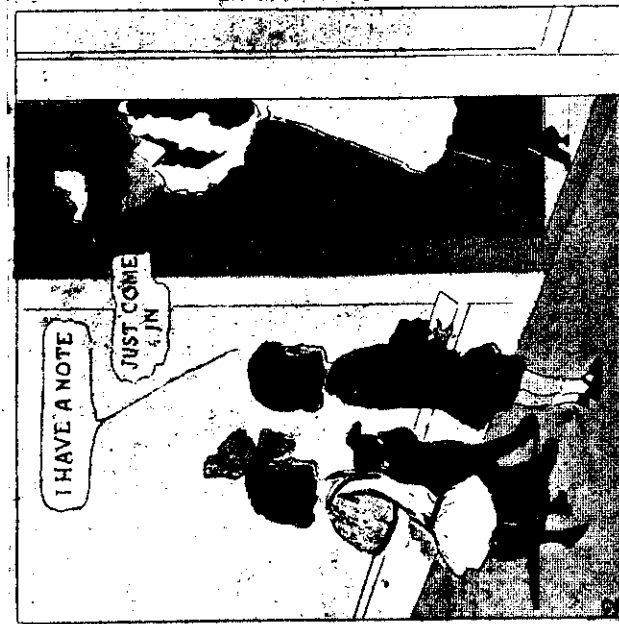
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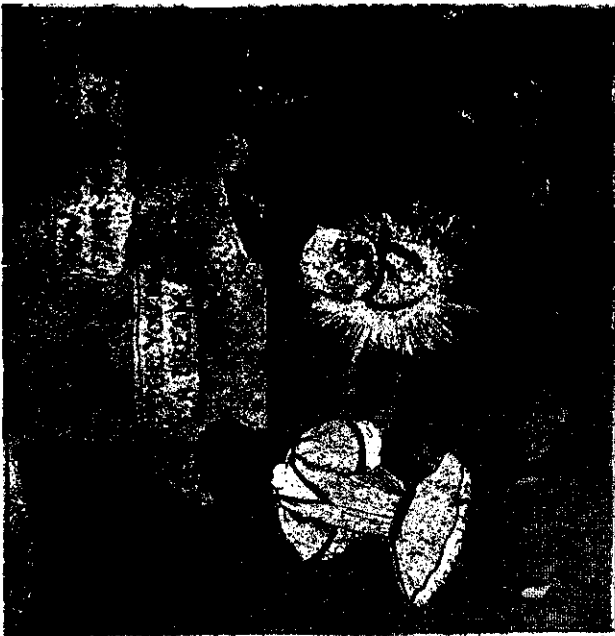
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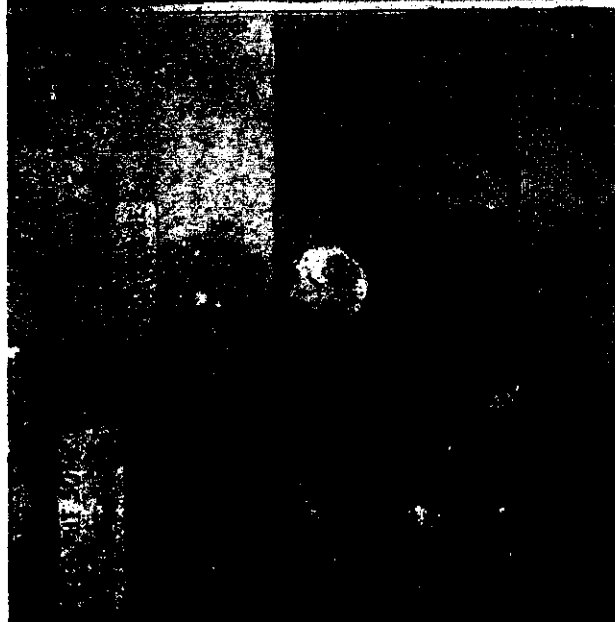
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SOME PEOPLE SAY THEY ONLY BELIEVE HALF THEY HEAR BUT IT IS USUALLY THE HALF THAT IS TRUE

RESOLVED THAT THE EFFECT OF POWDER PAINT IS MARVELLOUS - SHE DOES EVEN KNOW TIGER WAS A DOG - FOLKS SAY THEY ONLY BELIEVE WHAT THEY SEE, BUT THEY DON'T BELIEVE A HUNDRED PART OF WHAT THEY SEE WITH THEIR EYES BECAUSE IT IS THE MIND THAT SEES - SHAVING EYES YE SEE NOT IS TRUE OF MOST OF US. THE GREATEST FORCES IN THE UNIVERSE ARE INVISIBLE TO OUR EYES. LIKE THE LAW OF GRAVITATION - FAITH CAN SEE MORE AND WORK MORE WONDERS THAN ANY OTHER FORCE AND YET IT IS INVISIBLE. ACCEPT THESE RESULTS



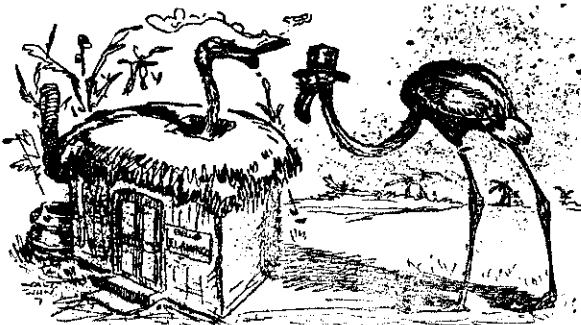


LOGICAL ENGLISH.

I paused to talk to a fishmonger. "Fishmonger," said I, pleasantly, "why do you fishmong?" He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fishmong before me." "And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further. "Yes," was the reply. "I have fishmong for seven years come Michaelmas." "You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I'm sure you always mong the best of fish."



Cupid: I guess I'll get out. I don't think it would be wise to carry this any further at present.—Harper's Weekly.



ONE WAY OUT OF IT.

"Whatever made you cut that hole in your roof?"
 "Had to. My wife objects to my smoking in the house."



BOTH GUILTY.

Doris: Mamma, why is your hair turning gray?
 Mamma: Because you are such a bad girl sometimes.
 Doris: What a bad child you must have been, mamma! Grandma's hair is almost white."



FRIENDLY.

Sue Per: "Is there a refrain to that song you are humming?"
 Sue Brette: "Yes, indeed."
 Sue Per: "I should like to hear you refrain."



GOING SOME.

The squirrel: And yet some people say that hops are not good for the health!