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The Week in Review

Mrs. Annie Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society, who is on a visit to New Zealand, is perhaps the most notable woman now alive. The thousands who have listened to her wise and inspiring words will agree that, as an orator, she has few rivals, even among public speakers of the "superior" male sex. Her mental powers are of the masculine order, and her lectures are consequently models of convincing logic, rather than of emotional appeal. The clearness of her intellect and her readiness of speech were even better shown in her "public conversations" than in her lectures. At the "conversation" in Auckland, Mrs. Besant replied to a score or more of puzzling questions put by students of Theosophy, or by opponents, and in every case her explanations were lucid, masterly and satisfactory. Attempts were made to elicit from her expressions of opinion favourable to Socialism and to Prohibition; but the lady of the logical mind could not commend either of these political movements. Instead, she utterly condemned them—declaring most emphatically that no coercive measures could work out temperance reform, and that no compulsion of law would solve the social problems of the day. For the drunkard, reason, persuasion, help and sympathy; for the down-trodden "the Socialism of Love," not that of confiscation and spoliation. The prohibitionist questioner struggled hard, by putting the matter in different ways, to extort from Mrs. Besant a word or two in approval of the no-license movement, but failed. The drunkard, like other people, must "work out his own salvation." In the Aetral world, he would be tormented with a craving for liquor, with no means of gratifying it, and when "born again," would enter this world with an instinctive dislike of intoxicants, as the result of his sufferings. People, in short, must go on drinking to excess until they learn the folly of it. Although Mrs. Besant did not state the point, it seems evident that prohibition orders, rigidly enforced, would have beneficial results in the way of reform—would be analogous to the purgatorial sufferings of the after life. Individual prohibition is, therefore, a good and desirable thing, but not national, or even local prohibition.

On the subject of slavery and serfdom Mrs. Besant holds views which, at first sight, appear rather startling. Asked at Auckland whether she approved of the abolition of slavery in America, she replied that she did not. Her reason was, that the negroes were enfranchised before they were fitted for liberty, and in consequence had suffered, and would suffer, much more than if they had been left as they were. The torturings, "lynchings," and slaughters that the American negroes have undergone since their liberation have exceeded the atrocities of the slave trade. At the time Mrs. Besant spoke, the news had not arrived of the cruelties practised under the convict leasing system in the Southern States of America; but these revelations amply confirm her judgment. It is the old lesson that Lord Byron impressed on the modern Greeks:—

"Hereditary bondage! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must
strike the blow!"

Freedom is a matter of growth and evolution, and Nature objects to any "forcing" methods. Mrs. Besant instanced the Russian peasantry as further examples of the evil consequences of premature enfranchisement. Certainly, it seems true that these people were better under despotic control than they have been since the abolition of serfdom. Of course, despots are not always so benevolent as they should be, and fear-

ful wrongs are suffered under them; but Mrs. Besant's contention is that only by suffering can progress of any kind be attained, and the normal process is for the slaves or serfs to endure until they have the spark of freedom and mankind aroused within them, when they will strike off their fetters and visit retribution on the wrong-doers. It is the same with the "wage-slaves" of more advanced communities. They cannot hope by legislative enactment or any other mechanical or material means to improve their conditions. They must improve themselves. There is no royal road to equality, any more than there is to learning. Mrs. Besant has been a true friend of the workers in all countries, and that is practically her advice to the workers of New Zealand, who are now seeking by Socialistic agitation an alleviation of their alleged "wrong."

With the opening of the magnificent new bath house in the Sanatorium Grounds at Rotorua next week, the ceremony being performed by Sir Joseph Ward, in honour of our American visitors, a very spirited discussion will probably spring into existence. Have the Government done wisely in spending so great a sum of money on one building, and, if this is granted, have they got money's worth for the £40,000, more or less, mentioned as the price of splendour. That Rotorua can now boast one of the handsomest and most picturesque architectural creations in the Dominion, is beyond argument, and standing as it does in the midst of exquisitely kept gardens and grounds, with a background of lake and distant hills, it is strongly reminiscent of some palatial Old World country seat. It will, indeed, be generally admitted that it is an imposing and impressive advertisement of the prosperity and progressiveness of the Dominion, and a standing monument to the enterprise and courage of those directing its spas, and "booming" its tourist attractions. And it is just at this point that, aided by a pungent whiff of sulphur from the boiling shores of the lake, we find ourselves wondering, "Is it a permanent monument?" Will it stand forever, or for even such a reasonable length of time as to justify its erection?

To the lay mind, on walking over and around the lake shores immediately behind the towering and apparently massive building, nervous speculations, not to say doubts, will probably occur. For here be furiously boiling pools, geyserettes, cauldrons of bubbling mud of various colours and consistencies and everywhere in the uncleared tree-mysterious puffs of cloudy evil-smelling steam arise in a manner suggestive of the close proximity of the nether regions. To the smells of Rotorua, and the surrounding Wonderland, one speedily gets accustomed, and even attached, but to its ever-changing uncanniness one is seldom wholly reconciled. The architects are, however, positive. They laugh to scorn suggestions of subsidence and collapse, and point out that the building is about one-eighth as heavy as ordinary, being built of pumice concrete, and on piles, which have struck solid foundations right through the crust. One believes this, because it is told one, and because there is the building, but if it disappeared with the suddenness of an Aladdin's palace, you would not be able to resist murmuring, "I told you so." Inside the building, nerves take unto themselves wings, and one at once ad-

mits that granting the foundations are for all time, the money has been well spent and full value obtained.

There can be few more elaborately fitted, more luxurious and more scientifically fitted bath houses in the world. Human ingenuity seems to have excelled itself in devising strange, and in many cases, attractive-looking "treatments" for ailments which are exceedingly modern, or which, at all events, now wear new names. For example, how like you the "Imitation Sunlight Bath"? It stands in one of the electrical rooms in the gorgeously proportioned gallery, which gallery is itself a complete and satisfying "sight," with vaulted roof and huge mullioned windows looking on to the brilliant grounds. The bath is a large cabinet of Mihner's safe appearance, and a ponderously shut door admits the single bather. Inside it is fitted with scores upon scores of incandescent electric lamps, and two or four arc lights of considerable power. Into this you are shut, and to all intents and purposes hermetically sealed also, only your head projecting through a collar which fits with skin-like closeness and comfort, and which is also charged with electric light. The electric current is turned on, and the patient is bathed in warmth and an exact reproduction of sunlight. The precise illa for which this is a specific were not mentioned, but it seems worth while cultivating one to fit. The electric appliances are of prodigious and bewildering variety, and must have cost a small fortune; but they will doubtless yield a good dividend in fees for treatment, since they can apparently alleviate all bodily pains, from indigestion to stiff neck, not to mention nervous diseases, in which they are especially valuable.

In the private baths you may have any of the famous Rotorua waters, and at the high natural temperature of the spring, or cooled to your liking with cold water (from the same spring, but specially refrigerated). You can have a bath let into the ground, most luxurious affairs, or the usual glazed terra-cotta baths. If you require attendance, you press a button, and a disc flies out opposite your door, while a bell rings till the attendant comes to see if you have parboiled yourself. "The Aix massage and douche treatment" is exceedingly elaborate, and there is a perfect maze of pipes, besides vapour rooms and hot-air rooms and what not.

The question which naturally presents itself as one views all this costly equipment, is, "Who is going to pay?" The wealthy tourist and over-seas sufferers, no doubt, have been accustomed to, and will pay the considerable but not excessive fees charged in similar Continental establishments. But how about the native-born New Zealander? If Continental charges are made, can he afford to pay them, and will he? The humble shilling for the pleasure of a swim in the Duchess is not excessive, but one has heard it carp at. It is to be trusted that the pockets of our own people may be considered when the tariff is arranged. We already send our choicest mutton, beef, and lamb to our good friends beyond the sea. We want them to enjoy, and to pay for, our baths when they visit us, and to pay for our prohibitive rates will not prevent our sampling the delights and healing virtues of the new bath-houses at Rotorua, even if there is at first a deficit to be made up at the yearly balances.

"Fleet Week" is at hand, as the competition editor is painfully aware from his drawerful of odes and other "poetical" effusions conveying a welcome to our American cousins. A preliminary sifting

of these competitive verses is apt to give rise to some queer reflections upon the standard of poetical taste in our community. There are many genuine poets in the Dominion, and it is most gratifying to know that a large number of them have, in response to our invitation, sent in poems of a high order of merit, quite worthy of the great occasion that has evoked them. The final adjudication on these will be no easy matter. It is, however, quite different with a score or more of effusions by writers who can succeed in doing no more than make

"Staggering prose to stand
And limp on stilts of rhyme around the
land."

Why, O, why, will these rhymesters persist in imagining that they can write poetry? Their standard of taste must be low indeed, if they think that their efforts require any more than a glance to condemn them utterly. Some of these competitors cannot even rhyme decently. For example, one opens his "Welcome" thus:

Out from the Golden Gate it comes,
A mighty, proud Armada,
Bound for another strand,
'Tis Auckland's lovely harbour.

Another—a young lady this time—begins:

The American fleet will think it a treat
To visit New Zealand if only for one
week;
They arrive in the harbour of Auckland
on Sunday,
So no reception takes place till the following
Monday.

And she goes on, in the course of an enumeration of the projected festivities, to remark:

A garden party is to be held at "Citra"—
They are nice during summer, but not
in the winter;
For at 4 p.m. it begins to freeze.
So during next day they'll do nothing
but sneeze!

Now, that may be very sound common-sense, but it is not poetry. A competitor, who from his handwriting is a juvenile, is commendably brief. Here is his welcome in full:—

The fleet is sweet
For New Zealand to meet
Out on the ocean deep,
And when they arrive hundreds will meet
At the end of Queen-street
To see the grand fleet.
Under the arch
Bluejackets will march
'To see some fine tarts.

If one had set out to write a burlesque poem, he could not have made a bigger success of it than is achieved by that serious effort. Another youthful aspirant sends 15 verses, of which the following is a fair sample:—

So we'll all sing "Yankee Doodle,"
Long live your President;
And we'll help you spend the boodle,
If it's down to our last cent.

A lady competitor's idea of a welcome is something humorous. We are to "give about kiwis and kakas," and tell our American cousins that, "but for the lack of a tanner, how gladly for them we would shout." Also—

We'll show them our brave standing
army,
Our piece-men, our prisoners and goats.
We'll show them the latest in trams,
Which generally run on the rails,
But sometimes stand in idleness
When arbitration fails.

A male contributor, who is by turns humorous and satirical, but never poetical, hits off various aspects of the coming welcome, including the following on behalf of our brown brother:—

Says the Maori man, "Tonakoe!"
"Kia-ora" says their small boy,
"Kapai Ta Yankee-Doodle-Doodle-Dee!"
We will give our dance of joy,
And the girls their graceful "poi."
So to Akarana we all welcome you.

There is a dubious compliment in the declaration of one aspirant in the following verse:—

"We think President Roosevelt
is a man without fear,
To send such a monster fleet
Into this far Southern Hemisphere!"

These specimens are by no means the worst of the stuff that is fondly deemed to be poetry by its writers. There are long effusions, devoid of metre, of most ungrammatical structure, and sometimes absolutely incoherent. But one satisfying feature runs through them all, which is perhaps better than elegant diction and fluent metre, and that is a sentiment of hearty hospitality and friendship towards the American people. This sentiment is well voiced by one competitor, thus:—

"Oh, list! ye American seamen,
To our joyful acclamations,
As we look upon this splendid thing,
The joining of our two nations.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Yankee fleet;
Hurrah! for the men so merry!
Hurrah! for the country that sent them
here!
Hurrah! for Admiral Sperry!"

And "Hurrah!" we all shout—even the Competition Editor, who bears no malice, but cordially thanks all the contributors who have helped to make evident the hearty nature of New Zealand's welcome to the fleet. The prize poems it is hardly necessary to repeat, will be published in the Special Fleet Number of the "Graphic" next week.

The labour agitator in this country deserves all the hard things said about his being a curse to the community. He does not always state his opinions so nakedly as was done the other day by Mr. Hickey (who took a prominent part in the recent strike of Blackball miners) in the course of an address to the unemployed at Wellington. "I've never looked for work," said the valiant Hickey, "I'm looking for the means to live. . . I don't suppose you're particularly fond of work. You'd be foolish if you were!" This is honest, if nothing else. It was not always the wont of the chronic unemployed to be so outspoken; it was left for the satirists and critics to declare that doles, and not work, was the aim of these people. During the rotten famine of last century, crowds of English operatives used to march through the streets of the Old Country towns singing some doggerel, of which the refrain was:—

"We're all the way from Manchester,
And we've got no work to do."

A sentiment which the satirist parodied to run: "We want no work to do." Now days Labour (with a capital L) has made such progress that it has thrown off all disguise, and it openly confesses that what it demands is not work, but the right to live without working. Well might Mrs. Besant, in the course of a lecture at Auckland, deplore the decadent tendencies of the day, and ask: "What has become of the pride of the workman in his work?" It has gone with the snows of yester-year. The workman's chief concern of to-day is how to get the maximum of pay for the minimum of work. This much was candidly stated by the Hon. John Rigg, a Labour member of the Legislative Council, a few years ago, and the bad leaven has been working until it seems likely to leaven the whole lump. The "ca'anny" policy, slumped work, filling the trade-union principle of equal pay for unequal work—all these are now among the accepted ethics of the mis-named labouring classes.

Some of the workers must be exempted from this general condemnation—there is a remnant that is eager to work and unwilling to accept doles. At Christchurch last week, after a mass meeting of unemployed had been harangued by agitators, a resolution was passed to canvass the city for food supplies, but only about half-a-dozen had the courage to travel around and accept a donation of meat from a benevolent butcher. Later, when the Salvation Army opened a soup kitchen to relieve cases of genuine distress, only one applicant turned up to take advantage of the well-meant charity. The men are not nearly so bad as their self-constituted leaders; and it would be a good thing if means were found of suppressing vicious agitators of the Hickey stamp, whose example and precept are calculated to corrupt and degrade the community. Perhaps a new definition of

high treason should be devised, making it a heinous offence to propound doctrines hurtful to the State. It is to be hoped that such an extreme step will not be necessary; but the only way to avert it is for the real workers to assert themselves, emphatically repudiate the professional agitator, and assist in placing him in his proper place. Certain it is we shall go rapidly down the incline of national decadence if we accept the view that labour is a curse, and imagine that there is any other path to happiness and independence than that of honest and strenuous endeavour. When the unemployed of ancient Rome began to clamour for "bread and circuses" rather than for manly toil, the fall of the Empire was near at hand. So, too, will our civilisation end in ruin and chaos if the Gospel of Idleness is preached and practised. Those who wish to live without working should be assisted to migrate to some Pacific island, where they may vegetate on bread-fruit and bananas, "wed some dusky woman" and "mate with narrow foreheads." All civilisation is the result of resolute and sustained effort. As the wheat, without cultivation, would soon revert to a wild grass, so will culture degenerate into savagery if the impulse to exertion is withdrawn. It is well for the New Zealand workers to know that this is the inevitable ultimate result of Hickeyism.

At Christchurch the other day Mr. G. T. Booth, a well-known manufacturer, argued very cogently that legislation against strikes would be of no avail so long as workers were able to pursue the "go slowly" policy. He quoted a concrete example of the effects of that policy in one particular trade, proving that between 1901 and 1905 the product per man employed had decreased by 12 per cent, so that for an increased capital expenditure of £208,000 the employers only received a return of £440. The result of this decline in the efficiency of the workers was seen in the fact that while the New Zealand product had increased by £15,310, the value of the imported goods of the same class had increased by £234,194. This means, of course, that the local industry is being crushed out of existence, while the work is performed by cheaper or more efficient foreign labour. Thus the vicious circle of cause and effect is completed—inefficient work, unemployment, agitation for relief, or for further "protection," and higher prices to the consumers of the goods. These processes are not peculiar to New Zealand. The "New York Independent" has recently pointed out that the Americans are also on this down-grade. "We have," it declared, "educated a ruling class, but we have educated our common people away from the land and from that sort of knowledge which enables them to honour work and achievement. Industrial education alone can save our working classes, from degeneracy." And, it may be added, something more than manual proficiency is required, viz., moral stamina and a recognition of the principles of equity, along with a revival of that pride of the craftsman which has been crushed out by the sordid conditions of modern industrialism. "Conscience in work has quite gone out of date," wrote a poet a good few years ago. The only things that can restore it are (1) co-operative industry, (2) profit-sharing, or (3) the "exertion wage" proposed in our own Legislature.

Dr. A. K. Newman, of Wellington, in a letter to the "Dominion," states that ethnologists have traced the widespread, roving Maoris from New Zealand to Easter Island, Hawaii, Samoa, Tonga, Motu, in New Guinea, and Timor Island. There are Maoris living still in Pulo Nias, Muntawai and other islands west of Sumatra. The more highly aryansed Nugas of Assam are Maoris, and there are Maoris in India. Further afield, the Hovas of Madagascar are an allied race; they are cousins of Maoris. Lying West of Madagascar are some small islands, Comoro (Komoro), between it and the coast of Africa. Mr. S. Percy Smith discovered that these people of Komoro Islands call themselves Mahori or Maori. "New Zealand libraries are small," Dr. Newman adds, "and we know nothing more about the Mahori of the Comoro Islands; if they are pure Maoris, that is the nearest the race is to Africa."

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

Musings AND Meditations

By Dog Toby

SCHOOL COMMITTEES

IT is customary for dwellers in our towns, and others who know but little of the conditions prevailing in our country districts to sneer at the school committees in isolated out-back places, and to laugh at the members composing such committees as being ignorant jackanapes puffed up with brief authority. Such an attitude towards these bodies is wholly uncalled for. I have met many members of the local school boards in the country, who were the equal in both education and brains of many who have gained seats on boards of education. They have been shrewd, practical men, fully alive to the duties and responsibilities of their position, and taking a keen interest in the affairs of the school and the district.

In New Zealand especially you can never judge of a man's education by his surroundings. I knew a Presbyterian minister, new to his work, who hastily assumed that all our country settlers were ignorant rustics. He called at a place where the man was working in his vegetable garden, attired in the regulation bluchers and dungarees. He was asked into the kitchen, and reproached the settler with the pagan heathenism in which he and his neighbours were sunk. The man listened and smoked in silence for some time. He then asked his visitor if he would like to come into the other room. The minister was astonished to find the walls lined with books in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and French, as well as standard editions of English classics. He discovered to his dismay that his host had taken a brilliant degree at Cambridge, had won two prizes for Greek Testament, and knew a great deal more about the Bible than he did himself. I can recollect a man applying to me for work. He spoke with the unmistakable accent of culture, and took Cornish's edition of Horace from the shelf with the remark that he always felt that Virgil had found the Latin tongue inadequate, while Horace had found it exactly suited to his neatly-turned, but wholly unimpassioned odes. He was an old Etonian, and had taken a first in Mods.

I do not say that these things are the rule, rather are they the exception. But one more often finds such men in the country school committee than in the town. It is not, however, men like this that I have chiefly in mind. The average member of the country committee is the ordinary settler, who has taken up a piece of ground in the rough, and spent most of his time in the open air, working on his place. He is no faddist, wanting ten minutes' instruction a week to be given to the children in a hundred different subjects; he knows theoretically very little about educational methods. But he is a shrewd judge of the progress the children are making; he knows whether his boys are being trained to be practical, manly, and self-reliant; he knows whether his girls are being trained to be helpful, prudent, and considerate.

The complaint is made that these people annoy and harass the school teacher who resents their interference, and it is urged that all the work they do could be done far more efficiently by the Board of Education. Both these statements I very much doubt. In some cases, perhaps, committees take a wrong view of their duties, and allow small local jealousies and prejudices to influence them in their attitude towards the teacher. On the other hand, I know numberless instances where the committee has been the teacher's best friend. The members have always helped in every way possible, and done their best to make the teacher's lot less lonely and more enjoyable. They support him in any action calculated to advance the best interests of the school.

But the great reason for the existence of these bodies is that they are on the spot, and know the requirements of the district as no one else does. They attend to the surroundings of the school, keep the playground dry and well drained, plant trees to make the spot less barren, and often give of their time and labour to supplement the scanty improvements sanctioned by the Board. They not only do this, but they get up entertainments for the children, and promote concerts and social gatherings to provide funds for school libraries and games.

For some years I was a member of such a committee. I was much struck with the interest the members took, one and all, in the school. We had the municipal allowance of £9 a year from the Board, and but for local effort the children would have lacked for many things essential to their health and comfort. We were not, perhaps, highly educated in the sense that members of Boards of Education and Ministers for Education are highly educated; perhaps our accent and grammar were not altogether Presbyterian, but we knew where New York was—a feat on which an educational authority so lately plumed himself—and we could read and write, some of us in two or three languages. And I was fully impressed with this fact, that, ignorant as we were and country bumpkins as we were, we knew a great deal more about the requirements of our district and the wants of our children than the Board did. If it were not for the local committee, many a small school would be far worse off than it is to-day.



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Sayings of the Week

After all, it was the strong right arm of the British army and navy that New Zealand must depend upon.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

It is all very well saying that we have a free education system, but nobody has to pay more for it than the man who can least afford it.—*Mr. Poland, M.P.*

The history of the Gas Company has been one of continuous expansion, and so long as Auckland continues to expand, so must the Gas Company expand with it.—*Mr. J. H. Upton, Chairman Auckland Gas Company.*

I am delighted to see the marvellous progress that the Auckland province is making. From one end of the district to the other, you have made marvellous progress in recent years, and I want to see that progress not only maintained, but extended.—*Hon. W. Hall-Jones.*

The Dutchman in Africa was in all respects a superior person to the imported Britisher, who had nothing about him to warrant his employment, save an immense conceit, and, maybe, an ancient name.—*Mr. F. J. Sanders.*

It is about time we had a censorship of public entertainments. There is a great deal done on the stage nowadays that is unwholesome. The stage should be a refining and educative influence for the people—an influence it does not invariably attain, I am afraid.—*Mr. O. O. Kettle, S.M.*

Britain has always striven, and would always strive, to benefit the progress of Egypt.—*Sir Edward Grey.*

The sale of gas for the 10-year period ended 1876 was 107 millions c.f.; do., 1885 was 517 millions c.f.; do., 1895 was 1,125 millions c.f.; do., 1905 was 2,561 millions c.f. And the rate of increase is growing.—*Mr. J. H. Upton, Chairman Auckland Gas Company.*

Taxation and the cost of living had so increased that it would soon become impossible for farmers to compete in the world's market with their produce. They produced 80 to 90 per cent. of the wealth of the Dominion, and they had not a friend to look to but themselves.—*Capt. Colbeck.*

When he first went to New Zealand he voted against No-License in his neighbourhood, because it seemed to him to be an interference with the liberty of the subject, but when he found the working men were anxious for it, and that only the rich were in favour of the continuance of the drink-shops, he altered his mind, and so it is with every Englishman who went out.—*Rev. H. Anson.*

The trend of public opinion is against the extension of the totalisator. In fact, when they have carried prohibition, the next thing will be the total abolition of the totalisator.—*Mr. Colvin, M.P.*

The Dominion had been credited with much daring and advanced legislation, but one of the great reasons for the happier state of the working-classes was to be found in the sparse population.—*Rev. J. L. Dove, Anglican Minister.*

One of the greatest wonders of the British Empire was how the different national characteristics, traits, and idiosyncrasies were welded together in the sentiment of a real and earnest and devoted loyalty to the person and throne of our Sovereign.—*Bishop Nelson.*

Many girls were arriving in our city needing a welcome, warm friendships, and a temporary home, and the committee regretted it could not yet throw the doors wider open for these. During the past year 386 had passed through the boarding establishment, while as many as 200 had been present on one occasion at the daily luncheon for young women employed in the city.—*Mrs. Palmer, General Secretary Auckland Y.W.C.A.*

Professionalism will kill any sport in which it makes its appearance, and the reason why such fine sports as cycling and sculling have gone to the wall is because money has come into them.—*Mr. G. Hornett, Manager British Football Team.*

In this city of yours, nature has given you beauty, but you are defacing many of the gifts which nature gave. As I drove through your streets I saw shops, but they were ugly, and I saw streets, but they were not objects of beauty. This is not educative to the people who live in them, or training the tastes of the people as they go to and fro.—*Mrs. Besant on Auckland.*

There is an island in the Melanesian group containing a race of human giants over seven feet in height.—*Mr. R. G. Coates, of Giaborne.*

The first millionaire to die in New Zealand will not be a land-owner. He will be a merchant, a trader—commonly called a distributor, or a manufacturer.—*Mr. O. A. C. Hardy, M.P.*

It is simply degrading that members should be compelled to beg, bow and scrape for votes for public works, as they now have to. Even then it frequently happens that members fail to get what they ask.—*Mr. Mander, M.P.*

Treat the Government well and they will treat you well. I have absolutely nothing to complain of, and my hope is, "Long live the Government!"—*Mr. McLaughlan, M.P.*

The trouble was that the wrong men were being sent here. He recently engaged a ploughman at £75 a year, and when the man arrived he confessed he was not a farm-hand, but a railway porter from Glasgow, who had never yoked up two horses in his life.—*Mr. G. W. Leadley, Farmers' Union.*

In the old days the artisan was an artist, a craftsman. In the cathedrals I could take you from corner to corner, in out-of-the-way places, where the workmen of times gone by have carved in their own time exquisite copies of branches, leaves, and fruit. How many of your trades unionists would do that now? What has become of the pride of the workman in his work?—*Mrs. Besant.*

My heart is full with joy to such an extent that I hardly know how to speak.—*Mr. Arnold, M.P.*

We want you to grasp the fact that, from now on, the Maoris are going to work out their salvation, not by their own efforts alone, but by the aid of you white people in this Dominion.—*Mr. A. T. Ngata, M.P.*

Our land defences should be improved. He had been informed that there were only 30,000 rifles in the Dominion. He hoped that such was not the case, and he would like to see 100,000 rifles in the country.—*Mr. Rutherford, M.P.*

We're not looking for work—I've never looked for work—I'm looking for the means to live, and I suppose that the same thing applies to you. I don't suppose you're particularly fond of work, you'd be foolish if you were.—*Mr. Hickey, addressing the unemployed.*

The Ministry was a weak-kneed, lump-backed Ministry. They were like the man with the donkey, trying to please everybody and pleasing nobody. He made an exception of Mr. Millar, the Minister of Labour, who was one of the finest representatives of Labour they had ever had in the country.—*Mr. O. A. C. Hardy, M.P.*

One must not eat the karaka berry and tutu berry too hastily, or one might be poisoned.—*Kewera, Urewera Chief.*

Owing to the stringency of the money market, it's impossible to sell land and get the money for it.—*Mr. Rutherford, M.P.*

You must take the Maori out of the museum and regard him as a living man right among you. I want you to regard him, not as a curiosity, not from the tourist's standpoint. We have advanced a stage beyond that, and we resent it.—*Mr. A. T. Ngata, M.P.*

Theosophists believe that the results of a man's actions can never be done away with. He makes himself what he is entirely, and, therefore, it behoves him to extend and beautify his life as much as possible.—*Mrs. Besant.*

I think there is no better reason for dismissing a man than to tell him that he is not suitable. Men may become unsuitable for many reasons—carelessness and inefficiency principally. The same applies to any business or trade—bricklayers, motormen, stationers, or anybody else, but especially to manufacturing industries, where efficiency is everything.—*Mr. J. H. Upton.*

It is becoming painfully evident that the Government through their lack of backbone, now that the late Prime Minister has gone to his rest, and their desire to retain their place and power are prepared to sacrifice the best interests of the country to the professional agitator, and to those who by their superior numerical voting power can, if not checked by the combination above suggested, renew their lease of life for another term.—*Mr. D. Goldie.*

In the hotels at Hamilton young children were taken at quarter rates, and this contrasted very favourably with the policy of those hotels who demanded full rates for children, not, he believed, with the object of making money, so much as of avoiding the necessity for taking them in.—*Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P.*

I should like to say a few words about wool—the only subject I really know anything about. If you have surplus cash to invest, put it in sheep. They will never turn dog. Sheep are the most reliable investment you can put your money in—I have tried it.—*Mr. Rutherford, M.P.*

If the time ever came for the battle of supremacy with the Eastern races, these races would find that they would have to fight the united fleets of the civilised world.—*Mr. W. Fraser, M.P.*

He accused the Opposition of simply acting a part. It was their duty to hoist the danger signal when no danger really existed, to indicate bad weather when the barometer was rising.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

High qualifications and long training were essential in the legal profession in order to rightly interpret the laws of the country. If the standard of qualification were lowered the public would suffer more than the profession. No profession required the safeguard of a high sense of honour more than the legal profession.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

The net profit for the year on the working of the State coal mine was £8,440, which, on the capital invested, was equivalent to a profit of 8.44 per cent.—*Hon. Jas. McGowan.*

Government had tried to do their best in the interests of the workers, who should be careful that they did not kill the goose that laid the golden egg.—*Mr. J. Stevens, M.P.*

The agitator does not care much whether he ruins an industry or his fellows.—*Mr. Dovey, M.P.*

If once the Maoris were convinced that the collection of folk-lore was not carried on with the object of making money for the pakeha, they might be more ready to impart information.—*Mr. Elsdon Best.*

We have not solved the unemployed difficulty in this country. If we had not borrowed money to spend on public works we might be face to face with an unemployed difficulty at any moment.—*Mr. T. K. Sides, M.P.*

Religion was the mother and the nurse of great ideals, and they could not teach great ideals unless the people were moved by religion. Without ideals life became small, vulgar, common and unfit for human beings.—*Mrs. Besant.*

They had altered the old aphorism from "all things come to those who wait" into "all things come to those who agitate and make the most noise."—*Mr. Rutherford, M.P.*

£1,000,000 a year would not be too much to spend upon public works. Arterial roads should be made before men were asked to go into the bush like wild cattle. This, if anything, would result in the promotion of settlement.—*Mr. A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

The country was not so dependent on wool now as it was years ago. Dairy produce had increased in export, and one of its advantages over wool was that it was never subject to such fluctuations on the London market as wool.—*Mr. T. K. Sides, M.P.*

The time has arrived when the Minister of Lands should come down with a proposal that in future land for settlement schemes when land is purchased for close settlement the areas should be made smaller and thus give the small man a chance to go on the land.—*Mr. Dovey, M.P.*

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE for £1 1/4 has been sent to the writer of this verse, S.S. Queen-st., Ouehanga.

If cleanliness to goodness
Ranks for a second place,
Fill SAPON bin, and have a try,
To wash my way to Grace!

WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best original four SHORTEST-line advt. verse about "SAPON" was each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address: "SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 635, Wellington. If your grocer does not stock "SAPON" please send his name and address.

OUR LONDON OFFICES

The London Offices of the

"THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC
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are now at 154 FLEET ST. (NEW ENGLAND PRESS AGENCY), over the "Standard" Office.

Colonial Visitors to Europe and others may consult files of leading New Zealand papers at these Offices. Correspondence may also be addressed there (c/o Mr. R. H. BRITTON), to be called for or re-addressed according to directions.

The Housewife's Health is Precious

The happiness of the whole family depends greatly on the health and strength of the housewife. If she is weak and worn out, fretful and nervous, she cannot be the wise and patient adviser of her children, the congenial companion of her husband, the calm mistress of her many trying household duties that she was when in perfect health.

For such women nothing equals

Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

the peerless tonic and appetizer which is so pleasant to the taste that it agrees with the most delicate stomach, yet is certain in its strength-renewing and body-building effects. It has not even the faintest taste of cod liver oil, and millions of people in all parts of the world unite in praising its value as a restorer of health and vigour. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

THE cynic had a slow, sad smile as he read a document he had taken from his pocket-book. Turning towards the lawyer, he said: "I have here a most interesting letter. It came into my hands quite accidentally, and presents a very nice legal and social problem. It is touching in its simplicity, and its obvious sincerity. I don't know the name of the writer, and I can only hazard a very rough guess as to the person for whom it was intended. But I had better tell you first how I got it in case you might think I had been guilty of petty larceny or the greater crime of robbing His Majesty's mails."

Most of us scented something interesting, and we urged him to tell us all about it, while the lawyer promised to duly deliver a legal opinion on the contents.

"If," said the man of law, "it is merely another application from your tailor for a settlement of his little account, my advice is to pay it if you are poor, and to contest it if you are rich. Only very wealthy people can afford the luxury of resisting demands for payment, as with persons so inclined I always collect my own fee in advance. They can then conscientiously plead inability to meet any further claims on their purse."

"The other day," resumed the first speaker, ignoring the interruption, "I went into the public library with the somewhat unusual intention of reading a book. At the same table as myself there sat a rather seedy-looking individual, who was evidently deep in the throes of composition. From time to time he consulted a small and somewhat grimy dictionary, which he had evidently brought with him, as, unlike the books in our public library, it showed signs of frequent usage. From his generally unkempt appearance and his somewhat wild and rolling eye, I concluded that he must be a poet, and I hazarded the conjecture that he was writing an ode on the visit of the American fleet. I left my place for a few minutes to consult a book in another part of the library, and when I came back my friend had gone, but he had been absent-minded enough to leave his composition behind, and I took possession of it, meaning to forward it to him if I found any clue to his identity. In this, however, I was disappointed. It was a letter addressed to some person unknown. Perhaps if I read it to you some of you chaps can give me a hint as to its intended destination. It is hardly a private matter; it seems to be addressed to the public at large."

At this stage the cynic leisurely took a sip from the glass at his elbow, and carefully smoothed out a crumpled and rather dirty letter. "This," he said, "is what I found, and I think you will agree with me that the writer's sad case deserves public commiseration." "Dear Sir,—I take up my pen to write to you, hoping it will find you as well as it leaves me at present. Sir, I have been the victim of cruel injustice, and I know how your noble heart bleeds for all victims of social tyranny. I have been dismissed from my employment by a hard-hearted, unjust, suspicious employer. I want you to make him re-instate me. I know you can easily make him do this if you like. For some months I was employed as sole assistant at a shop in the city. When my employer was out I was always left in charge, and no one could ever breathe a

word against my unsullied integrity. Sir, I never robbed him of a single penny, and yet he discharged me for dishonesty."

"Perhaps," interrupted the reader, "my friend's woes fail to touch you, and his plaintive epistle finds no response in your stony hearts. If so I will read no more, as it is rather long, and might only bore you."

"Not at all," we all exclaimed. "We are getting interested," and the padre aptly quoted:—
"Tears of compassion stand upon our eyelids,

Ready to fall as soon as you have told your pitiful story."

"I think," resumed the cynic, thus encouraged, "that the most affecting part of this letter has yet to come. It continues thus: My employer never marked his goods in plain figures, he used a cypher known only to us two. When I was left alone to serve in the shop, if I saw an article was marked to be sold at 3/6, I used to charge 5/-, if 10/- I charged 12/-, and so on. I most faithfully put the smaller sum in the till, the balance I put in my own pocket as the reward of my enterprise. Sir, there was no dishonesty in this. My employer never lost a single penny of his just due. One day the boss was serving, whilst I was at lunch, and a customer came in to change an article he had bought. He said he had paid 5/- for it. The boss said it ought to have been 3/6. The customer said he had bought two of them and paid 10/- for the two, and so he ought to know. He got quite angry about it. I was just returning, and heard the row going on. I did not want to be drawn into any fuss, so I went for a walk up the street and came back later. Now, sir, if the boss had tackled me like a man about it I should have had a chance to deny it and prove my innocence. But he didn't say anything. Instead, he spied upon me through a hole in a ground-glass window in a door. Nobly have you protested against this system of espionage so revolting to all honest men. He taxed me with dishonesty and dismissed me. He had no valid reason, I was no thief, I never stole a penny in my life. I want you to take up my case and demand instant restitution."

"I cannot," remarked the cynic, "hazard even the remotest guess as to whom he is addressing. The concluding words of his letter only deepen the mystery—'you have nobly espoused the cause of the toiler from motives of the purest benevolence,' he continues, 'and I do not like to even hint at money payment. But a lot of us would like to form a union, and if you would be secretary we would each give you a shilling a week, and if you get a hundred to join that would be some sort of small honorarium for your trouble, though I know you never look at things in a money light.' Here the letter abruptly ends. There is no signature and no address. It is evidently only a rough copy in pencil meant to be copied out fair afterwards. It seems a hard case. I should say that in law the employer had no valid reason to justify him in his action. The man had clearly committed no theft."

"You wish for a legal opinion," remarked the lawyer as he absent-mindedly held out his hand for six and eight-pence, but recollecting himself, pretended he was reaching for the matches. "I recall two somewhat similar cases: Box

v. Robinson, and Cummings v. Jones. In the first case a man was employed to keep people from crawling underneath a tent to see a circus instead of paying at the door. His employer charged him with theft because he took sixpence each from two boys to allow them to crawl under. It was held no theft had been committed. The shilling had never belonged to the employer, nor had the employee dishonestly sold goods and pocketed the money. I should say that this was a similar case. The reason given for discharge was not valid, and the man should clearly be re-instated. A reason valid only to the employer is clearly no just cause for dismissal."

"It is sad," said the journalist, "to think that our worthy friend should have lost the fruit of so much literary toil, and also the benefit of your eminently legal decision. Let us hope that he will try again, and that his noble and disinterested patron will duly interest himself in this sad and distressing case of capitalistic tyranny. When will injustice to the workers cease?"

Hon. John Burns and the "Suffragettes."

Mr. John Burns, the President of the Local Government Board, completely lost his temper when he addressed a packed meeting of his supporters at Battersea Town Hall.

The cause of his very genuine outburst was, to use his own expression, the "vulgar, unwomanly, and disgraceful conduct" of a number of suffragettes who interrupted the flow of rhetoric in support of the Licensing Bill.

A crowd of several thousands outside the building cheered each suffragist as she was ejected, and in several cases gave the women a hearing.

The proceedings may be thus summarized:—

8.20 p.m.—Suffragist No. 1 arises, makes incoherent squeal. (Ejected. Cheers.)

Mr. Burns: "Leave them to the stewards. We've got 'em on the list, and they never will be missed." (Loud laughter.)

8.25.—Suffragist No. 2: "Why should women—?" (Ejected. Cheers.)

Mr. Burns: "We will not allow the right of public meeting to be broken by any man or woman." (Loud cheers.)

8.35.—Man Heckler: "Confiscation," (Ejected amid uproar.)

Mr. Burns (to stewards): "Put him out!" (Sterely to audience): "Look this way."

8.40.—Suffragist No. 4: "Votes for women!" (Ejected. Loud cheers.)

Mr. Burns: "It is not my fault that the mild should be mixed with the bitter." (Loud laughter.)

8.45.—Man Heckler: "What about your £5000 a year?" (Ejected. Wild cheers.)

Mr. Burns: "The potman has gone to join the barmaid." (Shrieks of laughter.)

8.50.—Suffragist No. 6: "We insist on the vote this session—." (Feeble effort. Allowed to remain.)

9.0.—Suffragist No. 7: "The men make the laws and—." (Ejected after tussle. Loud "hoos.")

Mr. Burns: "There's no moaning at the bar when she puts out to sea."

9.5.—Suffragist No. 9 gives faint scream. (Ejected. Mild uproar.)

9.10.—Suffragist No. 10: "Give the women the vote." (Carried out struggling.)

Mr. Burns (passionately to women in the audience): "Now, ladies, if you've come here for a laughing competition you can go out. We are not going to allow a number of frivolous and vulgar strangers to interrupt this meeting. It makes me almost ashamed that I am a supporter of woman's suffrage. This disgraceful conduct has put back the clock of woman's suffrage. The ingratitude of these women is disgusting."

Boiling eggs without the use of water is the latest novelty exploited at one of London's leading hotels, and as the feat is accomplished directly before the customer the new way of cooking generally attracts attention and comment. The waiter places a box-like apparatus on the table and turns on a little electricity, and places the desired number of eggs in the heater. In about a minute and a half, or half the time consumed by the hot water process, the eggs are cooked to a turn.

YOUNG WOMAN CURED OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Their great value as a nerve tonic proved—One of the worst nervous cases on record—Helpless as a baby—Had to be held during attacks—Seven years a sufferer, and practically bedridden for all that time — In good health to-day.

St. Vitus' Dance is one of the most nervous disorders. It often follows a shock or run-down condition of the nerves, and can only be cured by "toughing" the nerves. That's what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They are both a blood builder and a nerve tonic, and their value in nervous complaints is shown by the marvelous cure of a Sydney young woman, who was violently attacked.

"For seven years I suffered from St. Vitus' Dance," said Mrs. Thomas Edmunds, 38, Bullanaming-st., Redfern, Sydney. "I had the best advice, but I got no lasting benefit. I had twitches all over my body. In my hands, feet, arms, mouth and eyes. It was pitiable to see me. I couldn't do the smallest thing for myself. I was fed with a spoon, for I couldn't handle a thing. If I tried to dress myself I'd tear my clothes to rags. I was twisting and turning all the time. In my sleep I'd be restless all the night. There was hardly any hair on my head, I'd tear it out in handfuls. I got so bad that I dare not be taken out, my legs would twitch and down I'd fall. My mouth would twitch violently, and I'd make the most awful grimaces. I could only speak in stammers and mumbles. I was painfully thin and seemed to have no blood in my body. I hadn't a scrap of colour in my face or hands. It was pitiable to see me. I couldn't sit still, my shoulders would shiver and my body shake. I was in bed pretty well all the years I was ill. I was just taken out on the verandah on fine days for an airing. Some days I'd have to be strapped down. No one could have suffered worse. I was despairing. Mother spent large sums on doctors and medicines, but I got no better until she tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for me. The twitches were less with the second box, and after that improvement continued steadily. My hands got stiffer, and before I was on the fifth box I began to feed myself and dress myself. By the time I started the eighth box I was able to get about the house without fear of falling. Soon after I could go out for a short walk. I began to eat heartily and fill out. My blood got richer and the colour came back to my face. By the time I had finished the ninth box I was a changed girl. Everyone was amazed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills worked a miracle in my case."

If you are in doubt about your own case, write for hints as to diet, etc., to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Wellington. Prove that address you can also order by mail the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—3/ a box, six boxes 16/4, post free.

The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Two young Maori women have just received nurses' certificates.

Gold to the value of £40,000 was shipped by the s.s. Matahina from Auckland to London last week.

The export of kauri gum has reached the value of fourteen millions, providing employment to 3000 men.

The Premier has given an emphatic denial to a rumour that he intended to take the High Commissionerhip.

Imports for the June quarter of this year were valued at £3,447,663, compared with £3,922,169 for the corresponding period of 1907.

A return presented to Parliament shows that 7,982,327 acres of land have been acquired from the natives in the North Island.

The gross value of all minerals produced in New Zealand during 1907 was £3,775,835, a decrease of £96,156 over the 1906 total.

In 1906 the population of Rotorua was returned at 1927, but it is stated that the population has now increased to between 2500 and 3000.

The Kaitiaki Tram company has successfully floated locally 12,000 five per cent debentures in redemption of a previous issue bearing 6 per cent.

"Spoiling the Maoris!" According to a Parliamentary return, 7,982,327 acres of land have been acquired from the natives in the North Island.

Mr. Thos. Kempton, of Greytown, has offered, through the Borough Council, fifty acres of land to the Government as a site for Parliament House.

For the six months ended June 30th last 8,556,887 lb. of beef were exported from Waitara, which is the largest beef-exporting port in the Dominion.

At a meeting of representative business men it was unanimously decided to re-constitute the Gisborne Chamber of Commerce, which became defunct a few years back.

The Customs duties collected in the Dominion during the quarter ended June 30 last totalled £817,321, as compared with £717,875 for the corresponding quarter of 1907.

As the steamer Victoria was leaving the Auckland wharf, one of the British footballers fell overboard and immediately two members of the New Zealand team went to the rescue. All were picked up safely.

The Manawatu Employers' Association adopted resolutions submitted by the Otago federation recommending the fusion of the Opposition with non-socialistic Liberals, with a view of combating extreme socialistic tendencies.

A return presented to Parliament shows that 7981 persons paid income tax on incomes between £300 and £1000; 997 on incomes between £1000 and £2000; 534 on incomes between £2000 and £5000; and 101 on incomes over £50,000.

It is notified by the Wellington Hospital authorities that, owing to the increasing necessity for more accommodation, the trustees have decided that it is advisable to increase by sections the size of the hospital, which will eventually be double its present size, and on which the estimated expenditure will be £230,000.

The proposal of the Auckland City Council to raise loans amounting to £1,120,000 for various public works, received the sanction of the ratepayers on July 29. The voting was very quiet, and little interest was displayed, only 1375 votes out of a roll number of 8500 being recorded. As expected, the proposal to borrow £30,000 towards the extension and completion of the Town Hall, resulted in a close contest, 767 votes being cast in its favour and 668 against. All the other proposals were carried by substantial majorities.

A man who has for some days been working on the river banks as one of the Christchurch "unemployed" called on the city surveyor on July 27 and informed him that he had relinquished the pick and shovel, as he had just received news from England that a lease of £2000 had been left to him. He thanked the Council for finding him work.

The total business row in force in the Government Life Insurance Department is 40,505 policies, assuring £10,855,163 (and £1,184,970 bonuses) at death and maturity, together with 380 immediate

and deferred annuities for £59,817 per annum, the total business bearing an annual premium income of £331,430. The total income last year was £526,713.

The Devonport Tramway Company has acquired from Mr. E. E. Russell his option to construct tramways in the Borough of Devonport. The Company was registered last week, with a capital of £150,000, £70,000 of this amount being practically assured to the Company. The provisional directors of the Company are Messrs. Russell, McDonald (Auckland), Black and Livesey (Wellington).

During last month the estates of 153 deceased persons in New Zealand were certified for stamp duty. The largest were those of John H. Vautier, Napier, £87,480; Hugh Craig, Otago, £18,441; Kenneth McKenzie, £17,091; Caroline Seymour, Gisborne, £16,186; Thos. Pascoe Bryant, Wellington, £25,335; James Osborn, Canterbury, £13,959; William Costello, Canterbury, £13,959; Joseph Parkinson, Canterbury, £9791; John Nearing, Auckland, £9374.

The "Southland Times" describes an invention, reported to have been made by two young New Zealanders resident at Fortrose, devised to indicate to train passengers the name of the station which they are approaching. The indicator is automatic. At certain points a "trip" is set. When the train passes over the trip a lever moves the mechanism and also exposes the name of the next station, and also rings a bell. The invention is said to be likely to solve a problem of long standing.

According to a return published in the "Gazette," Wellington is the only centre that makes any appreciable use of trade discount stamps. During the quarter ended June 30, £722 5/ worth of these stamps were sold in this city, and £845 18/ worth were redeemed. During the same period Auckland only purchased £8 5/ worth and redeemed £8 4/, which is dangerously near to a perfect balance, but none at all were purchased in Christchurch or Dunedin, though a solitary shilling's worth was redeemed in the first-named city.

A man named McLean alighted from the express at Taumarunui on Thursday evening with a quantity of liquor, concerning which Constable Maher, as he was leaving the station, elected to prefer some questions. McLean's reply was to tell the officer to the ground with a rail, following up the onslaught with his foot. McLean made off when some bystanders came up, but was arrested in a swamp later in the evening by Constable Murphy. Maher was so badly knocked about as to necessitate confinement to his bed for a day or two. McLean appeared before the Court on Friday, a remand being granted.

Maori versus Pakeha Oratory.

Pakehas say that Maoris love nothing better than the sound of their own voices, and the Maori gives the retort courteous. "Only one regret I have," said the Rev. R. Kohere recently, referring to the results of the Maori congress, "and that is at the swamping of the sessions of the congress by pakeha speakers. Their speeches were long, often wearying, and monotonously irrelevant, and most of these discourses were meant rather for the public ear than for the ears of those who were present." One pakeha spoke drearily for over half an hour about Switzerland, at a meeting at which the Maori hoped to hear something about openings in local industry. They asked instruction in ways and means of winning bread, and the British orator threw Swiss clocks at them.

The Precious Metals.

The Mines report was presented on July 29. The total value of gold and silver minerals produced in the Dominion now exceeds one hundred million sterling, while the population only reaches one million. The gross value of the year's output amounted to three and three-quarter millions, being £90,000 less than the value of production in the previous year. The number of persons employed totalled 15,081.

Auckland exported 298,101 ozs during the year through the Customs.

The prosperity of quartz mining companies is demonstrated by the fact that dividends paid by them amounted to

£528,508, equivalent to 46.7 per cent in value of the bullion won by them.

The Waikoi Company paid during the year £396,728 in dividends, having treated £54,974 tons of ore for returns of £282,618. The total dividends paid by the Company amount to £2,603,274.

The Waikoi Grand Junction yield for the year was £71,722 from 40,875 tons of ore.

The Tailman Consolidated obtained £184,446 from 40,925 tons treated, equal to £4 per ton.

The Unemployed.

Salvation Army officers say that in the course of a visitation of Christchurch and suburbs they do not find more than the usual amount of distress, certainly not anything like what has been reported. If such exists, they are prepared to relieve it, and will open a soup kitchen at the barracks on Thursday, when they will supply soup and bread to all applicants, but these, as proof of bona fides, must leave their names and addresses.

As dry weather has enabled ground to be worked, a good deal of rough gardening work is offering, and the pressure of the unemployed has been greatly relieved thereby.

A meeting of Wellington unemployed was held at the Queen's Statue on July 28th, when speeches denouncing the Government were made. A number of people afterwards marched to Parliament House, and interviewed the Prime Minister at great length.

The Prime Minister, replying to the unemployed deputation, quoted figures to show that employment had been offered by the Government in various districts, but that very few of the men had accepted the work, because it was outside the towns. He emphatically denied that the Government was to blame for so many men being out of work, and he defended the system of assisted immigration, pointing out that a large proportion of people who were coming out under the scheme were of a very desirable class, and that many of them brought considerable capital.

The Premier informed the deputation that there was plenty of co-operative work for those who wanted it on the Gisborne-Napier railway.

The Salvation Army's soup kitchen at Christchurch was opened on the 28th of July. A strong force of Army officers and members were ready to serve out food at 11 o'clock. At half-past 11 no applicants had appeared, but at that time a boy came with a message and his mother had five young children, and his father had been out of work for nine weeks, and had 10/ a week rent to pay. They would be glad of soup and bread to save the children from hunger. The husband had got work now from the City Council, and the relief asked for would be only temporary. The boy was supplied with bread and soup, and an order on a butcher for meat. At 12, there being no further callers, the kitchen was closed.

The Brigadier says that there is not anything like the distress the agitators make out; still, there are deserving cases, and these the Army will relieve.

The Menace of Socialism.

At a meeting of the Canterbury Employers' Association, which was very largely attended, a vigorous discussion took place on the necessity for combating Socialism, and the following motions were carried unanimously:—

"That in the opinion of this meeting of the Canterbury Employers' Association, political Socialism is rapidly becoming a menace to the welfare of the community. The continuance of the relations between the dominant political party and the socialistic section of the Labour party would be detrimental to the individual enterprise on which the progress of the country mainly depends, and it is therefore necessary that the Liberal party should be rendered independent of the support of the political Socialists; that, as there is no longer any essential difference in principle between the non-socialistic Liberals and the Opposition, the interests of the Dominion, as distinguished from the interests of the two opposing parties demand that the fusion should take place; that the attention of the leaders of the two parties be directed to these facts, and that they be informed that this organisation will at the general election subordinate all party considerations to the advancement of the objects herein outlined."

Dispute in the Coal Trade.

A conference between the employees and the officials of the Bruce Coal Mining Company was held at Milson. The principal question in dispute is the rates of pay. While the employees ask for an increase of 3d on the present rate (2/8), the owners demand a decrease of 3d. Neither side would give way, and it was decided to leave the claims relating to piece rates, weighing, and trucking in abeyance. A number of other points relating to conditions of labour were agreed to.

As the result of a two days' conference (which opened stormily and ended amiably) the trouble at the Bruce Coal Company's mine has been settled without the intervention of the Arbitration Court. Agreement was arrived at except in connection with truckers' wages and weighing, and on these two points both parties agreed to accept the Court's decision as given in other cases.

Training of Naval Cadets.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Wellington Navy League, Sir Joseph Ward said there was no man in Parliament who did not support the proposal to increase the New Zealand subsidy to the navy. Recently a request had been made to the Home authorities for a training ship capable of accommodating 1000 young men. So far, however, it had not been possible to comply with the request, but all the same, the Amokura had been found to be too small, and if the Government could not get the required vessel in one direction, it would get it somewhere else for the purpose of giving that training which was so essential.

Teaching the Maoris to Farm.

A number of resolutions passed by the recent Maori Congress that met at Wellington were communicated to the Hon. R. McNab, Minister for Agriculture, today by a deputation of natives, introduced by Mr A. T. Ngata, M.L.C. The resolutions referred to the tendering of assistance to the Maoris in the direction of agricultural education.

The Minister received the deputation very favourably, and promised that he would cause to be prepared circulars in Maori setting forth the objects of the Agricultural Department, its functions, and mode of assistance towards the farmer. He said he would from time to time direct that the Department's bulletins, or such of them as might be of special interest to the Maori farmers should be translated and issued in Maori. He hoped presently to have authority to erect a building to accommodate cadets at Ruakura experimental farm, near Hamilton, and he promised to reserve room for at least two Maori cadets on this State farm. As this branch of agriculture developed, he hoped to provide for the training of Maori cadets.

The most important proposal brought under the notice of the Minister was in the direction of the establishment of communal farms under the management of State instructors and experts. The Hon. Mr McNab said he had received telegrams from Maoris in the direction mentioned, and offering land for the purpose. He said it was a very hopeful sign generally. He was impressed with the feeling that was actuating the Maori of to-day.

A deputation of the Urewera natives also waited upon the Hon. Jas. Carroll,

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Direction of MR I. C. WILLIAMSON.
Every Evening at 7.45 sharp.
NOW AT ITS zenith of POPULARITY.
J. C. WILLIAMSON'S SPECTACULAR PANTOMIME EXTRAVAGANZA.
HUMPTY-DUMPTY,
HUMPTY-DUMPTY,
Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.
GRAND FLEET WEEK ATTRACTION.
Commencing
MONDAY, AUGUST 10th.
Special revival of the
MERRY MUSICAL PANTOMIME,
"MOTHER GOOSE."
"MOTHER GOOSE."
"MOTHER GOOSE."
By J. HICKORY WOOD.
Special Matinee for Fleet Week:
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY,
and SATURDAY.
Box Plans at Wildman and Arty's.
PRICES — 5/., 3/., and 1/.
Early Door, Gallery, 1/; side door stalls,
6d extra.

Minister for Native Affairs. Among other things mentioned was gold prospecting in the Urewera Country. Some delay has taken place in the issue of regulations under the Mining Act to apply to the Urewera district. This is owing to the fact that the ordinary provisions of the Mining Act were made to apply to the district. The arrangement arrived at with the Urewera chiefs by the Government in 1896 would be set aside. The law, the Minister explained, would require amending, and this was now receiving attention.

Objections were also raised to the Urewera District Act, for instance, to the provision of the 21 years' renewable lease, and a request was made that the ordinary limit of 50 years should be provided for. The natives also asked that the general committee contemplated by the Act of 1896 should be gazetted forthwith, in order that the committee might deal with the alienation of some of the lands, particularly with the timber areas.

The deputation submitted to the Minister a list of 18 blocks, comprising 8000 acres, which they offered to the Crown, to be disposed of by lease to the public. The deputation also asked that the main arterial roads from Waimona to Mangapohatu and from Rustoki to Ruatuhuna should be maintained by the State, the cost of construction to be eventually made a charge against the land to be served by these roads.

Maori Improvidence.

"I have grave distrust of allowing Maoris to invest money for themselves," said his Honor the Native Land Commissioner (Sir Robert Stout) at the sitting of the Native Land Commission at Masterton. His Honor instanced a case which occurred up North, where some Maoris had reduced the large sum of £6000 to £2000 in an incredibly short time through wanton thriftlessness. In another case a Maori had, at the beginning of a year, received £800 purchase money for his lands. He gave £100 away as a present. He spent £550 on a motor car and other luxuries, and by the end of the year the remaining £250 had been spent. His Honor said the example set by the white race of knocking down hard-earned cheques was, no doubt, responsible in a great measure for the Maoris' want of thrift.

New Leprosy Cure.

Dr. Mason, Chief Health Officer, arrived at Christchurch on July 27, and spent most of the day at Quail Island. He states that both leper patients are comfortable, and as contented as the distressing nature of their circumstances will permit.

A few months ago Dr. Mason noticed that the discovery of a new remedy for leprosy had been made by Professor Deycke Pasha, and immediately cabled home for a supply. The remedy, known as mastin band, is being injected under the supervision of Dr. Upham. Since its use has been commenced, Dr. Mason says a great improvement in the condition of both patients is noticeable. The Maori youth, particularly, has made splendid progress towards recovery.

Accidents, Suicides, etc.

A settler of about 50 years of age, named William Buckthorp, residing near Henderson, committed suicide some time during the night of July 28th, by hanging himself.

John Chalmers, a single man, 50 years of age, a well-known resident of Lawrence, committed suicide by hanging at an early hour on July 28th in a shed at the rear of a dwelling. It was a very determined case. Deceased had suffered from an internal complaint, but had shown no sign of mental depression.

At an inquest held on July 29 on the body of Mary A. Hollis, aged 73 years, who was found dead in her house on Saturday, the medical evidence was to the effect that death was due to cold and starvation, and a verdict was returned accordingly. One witness stated that deceased had been ailing, but refused to see a doctor.

A man named Jas. Hancock, who was in the habit of sleeping alone in a tent at Kapaku, where he worked, having an interest in a flaxmill, was found dead in his bung on July 29. The top of his head was blown off, and a double-barrelled gun, with both barrels discharged, and a string tied to the triggers, lay beside him. The man had suffered from hip disease, and it is understood that he had recently had a depressing report from the doctor.

THE AMERICAN FLEET

The vote of £10,000 for the entertainment of the American fleet has passed both Houses of the N.S.W. Legislature.

It is the intention of the Executive to give Uncle Sam's Jack Tars a right royal time at the race meeting on August 12th. 2,000 American and 500 British Jack Tars are being invited as guests of the Reception Committee. They are to be provided with free transit to and from the races and with luncheon and afternoon tea on the course.

The present expectation of attendance of volunteers during Fleet Week is: Country M.R. (about) 640, Seddon Horse and Auckland M.R. 80, say, 720 mounted all told; Country Infantry 214; Local Infantry, 300; Garrison Artillery, 200; Field Artillery, 60; Engineers, 30; Defence Cadets, 400 (a goodly body); and School Cadets, 1400. This gives a total of about 2350, including odd numbers, of whom the adults will provide about a thousand.

Commemorative Trees.

After the civic reception on the Monday, the official party will proceed to Albert Park, where 16 oak trees will be planted by His Excellency the Governor, the Admirals of both fleets, and commanders of the visiting squadron, each tree being named after one of the battleships. They will probably be planted on one of the plots overlooking the city, and a suitable tablet will be affixed to each fence protection, to be placed on the tree at a later date.

The Aquatic Programme.

The following aquatic programme has been arranged for the Friday of fleet week:

1. Best and best cutter race, ship v. ship.
2. Cutter race for starboard watches.
3. Cutter race for port watches.
4. Cutter race for winning port watch and winning starboard watch.
5. Sailing race, ship v. ship, officers at the tillers.

These events will be raced for trophies, to be divided amongst the crews of the winning cutters.

Rotorna Arrangements.

A special meeting of the Rotorna Chamber of Commerce resolve to close the shops on the Thursday of the visit of the officers of the American fleet between 10 o'clock in the morning and 2 in the afternoon. A committee of the Chamber was appointed to act in conjunction with the Tourist Department Committee in decorating the streets.

The Australian Flagship.

H.M.S. Powerful, the flagship of the Australasian Squadron, with Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Poore on board, arrived in Auckland from Suva yesterday evening. The Encounter is expected to arrive here on Monday next, and the Pioneer shortly after. These three vessels will represent the squadron here, the remaining warships, Challenger, Pyramus and Pegasus waiting at Sydney for the celebrations there. The Powerful, which is commanded by Captain Prowse, carries 800 men.

Mayoral Passes.

In reply to a question by Mr. Field in the House of Representatives, the Hon. W. Hall-Jones, Minister for Railways, stated that the Government could not accede to the suggestion to grant free passes on the railways to the Mayors of the boroughs and their wives who had been invited to be present at Auckland for fleet week, on the ground that such preferential treatment would be contrary to the regulations.

COMMONWEALTH.

An important discovery of anthracite coal has been made at Mirboco. The outcrop reveals a seam 2½ ft thick. Sir T. Gibson-Carmichael, Victoria's new Governor, who arrived on July 27th, was enthusiastically welcomed to Melbourne.

Mr McGowen's censure motion on the Government was negatived by 48 to 30, and the Address-in-Reply was carried in the New South Wales Assembly.

Rose's Reordering Target Company, with a capital of £25,000, has been registered to acquire the rights of his invention from Sydney Rose, of Melbourne. The two railway officials committed

for trial on charges of negligence in connection with the Murrumbidgee railway smash on Good Friday have been acquitted.

The railway and tramway revenue of New South Wales for the year ended June 30 was £5,950,000, showing a surplus of £648,356 over working expenses and interest.

The minister at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Coleraine (Victoria), states that he is pained to hear that a number of Church identities have taken to golf practice on Sundays.

Speaking at the New South Wales Exhibition, Commissioners dinner, Sir Hector Carruthers (ex-Premier of New South Wales) stated that the Franco-British Exhibition was the finest advertisement Australia ever received.

A speaker at the Farmers' Conference in Sydney said that the large financial institutions could well afford to pension for life the members of Parliament who passed the Western Land Bill. He had heard that £60,000 sterling was paid to secure its passage.

The Federal Government has received intimation that legislation has been adopted in the United States permitting foreign vessels to engage in trade between America and the Philippines, and that a similar bill relating to Hawaii is being dealt with.

Owing to refusal to provide proper accommodation the Parliamentary reporting staff at Perth, Western Australia, struck, and informed the Speaker that Parliament would not be reported till better provision had been made. In the absence of the reporters members showed a marked disinclination to speak.

Wrecks on the Coast.

The steamer Marea, bound from Brisbane to Newcastle and Sydney, with a large general cargo, went ashore in thick weather and heavy sea on Stockton Beach. There are hopes of refloating the vessel. The crew are safe.

The Marea arrived off Newcastle on July 30, but, owing to heavy weather, the captain decided to stand by until daylight.

The steamer grounded at four o'clock in the morning, in dark, dirty weather. She lies broadside on, well up on a shelving sandy beach.

The crew had little difficulty in landing.

Signals of distress were unobserved, and the second officer and cook landed, and made their way inland to secure assistance.

The crew reached Newcastle on July 31, several being in a state of collapse through their trying experience. They were unable to get anything to eat all day. All the boats on the port side were smashed, but the crew managed to launch the starboard lifeboat. Several men got away with it, but it capsized in the surf. They reached the shore safely, and a life-line was then got ashore, and the crew landed. The captain remained aboard till the life-saving brigade arrived in the afternoon. The cargo is a valuable one, including a thousand tons of raw sugar.

The scow Hilda, at one time engaged in the New Zealand trade, timber laden, is ashore, and will possibly be a total wreck. The crew are safe.

"Marry in Haste," Etc.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislative Council with the object of amending the Marriage Act in the direction of compelling three days' notice to be given before marriages may be celebrated.

The bill is aimed at clandestine and hasty marriages at matrimonial agencies.

Sydney Tramway Strike.

The tram strike ended in the greatest fiasco imaginable.

Although a mass meeting declared that they would continue the battle, after the executive had declared the strike off, and the men left the building singing "Rule, Britannia," they became individualists when they reached the open air, and besieged the tram depot to sign on.

Members of the tramway executive tried to get away from the Trades' Hall quietly, but they were observed, and a crowd of 1500 gave a roar of indignation, and called upon Lawton to stop.

He and his companions broke into a run, the crowd pursuing, crying, "Lawton, the traitor; he's the man who sold us."

The four members of the executive ran

like hares, and the road metal thrown by the unionists flew like hail.

The human scouring match ended by the men taking shelter in a hotel alley, where one of the executive turned in the doorway, presented a revolver, and threatened to shoot the first man who crossed the threshold.

Police reinforcements arrived, and policed the mob, which contented itself with hooting the Parliamentary Labour members, and cheering the Trades' and Labour Council.

The Chief Commissioner of Tramways has refused to sanction the re-employment of the Tramway Union's Executive and 25 men who were prominent in leading the strike.

Volunteers for India.

The Sixth Australian Regiment has volunteered for service in Bombay if the unrest continues.

Sir Geo. Sydneyham Clarke, late Governor of Victoria, and now Governor of Bombay, is honorary colonel of the regiment, hence the reason the regiment is offering its services.

Hurricane in the Tasman Sea.

The steamer Inga, which arrived at Newcastle from Hokianga, experienced a violent hurricane after clearing the New Zealand coast. Her rigging was damaged through the deck cargo getting adrift. A small part of this cargo was washed overboard.

The s.s. Emeraldale, which arrived on July 30 from Kaipara encountered terrific weather. The deck-house on the bridge deck was carried away by heavy seas. One of the crew was knocked down and sustained a broken leg during the gale.

A Tasmanian Tragedy.

As the result of a quarrel a young man named Hudson, aged 22, shot a girl named Bradley in the back.

He clubbed her brother-in-law with the gun, fracturing his jaw and skull. Bradley has since died from the wound.

Hudson has been arrested.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

After an all-night sitting, the Moderates carried a resolution abolishing the Works Department of the London County Council.

Mr. Wm. Weddells, of the well-known meat and produce agency, has been appointed a member of the committee appointed to inquire into the existence of a foreign "ring" controlling meat supplies and prices in Great Britain.

The Workmen's Unemployed Act was renewed until the Poor Law Commission issues its report, after Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board had threatened that the £200,000 a year for the unemployed would lapse if the Act were allowed to expire.

Old Age Pension Bill Passed.

In the House of Commons, after the speaker had admitted that it was a breach of privilege, the amendment moved in the House of Lords by Lord Cromer, limiting the duration of old age pensions to six years, was deleted. Lord Killanin's amendment to the Irish Universities Bill was also deleted.

The House of Lords acquiesced in the amendments made in the Commons, and passed both bills, but in the case of the Pensions Bill, by 37 votes to 23, adopted a resolution by Lord Lansdowne, declaring that while not insisting on the amendments previously made, the Lords did not accept the reasons offered by the House of Commons, nor consent to their being hereafter drawn into a precedent.

The bill, it was contended, was not one granting aids or supplies, and involved a question of policy, affecting the treatment of necessitous persons wherein both Houses were concerned.

Another Tariffite Win.

The by-election for the Haggerston division of Shoreditch, rendered vacant by the death of Sir Wm. R. Cremer, resulted in the return of the Hon. Rupert C. E. Guinness, Conservative, who polled 2867 votes. J. Warren, Radical, polled 1724 votes, and Burrows, the Socialist candidate, 987.

The elected candidate is a convinced tariff reformer.

A body of two thousand Social Democrats assisted Burrows in his canvassing.

Defence Expenditure.

A non-political Parliamentary Committee is being formed to support the maintenance of a strong navy.

On the other hand, Mr. Asquith has received an appeal signed by 144 of his supporters for the reduction of armaments.

The appeal emphasised the need for a survey of the situation, and figures in the Budget statement for 1908-7. Sir J. Brunner, Liberal member for Cheshire, Mr. J. A. MacDonald, Liberal member for Falkirk Burghs, were authors of the appeal.

A Labour Protest.

Mr. Will Crooks (Labour member for Woolwich) has given notice of motion that, having voted £50,000 to Lord Cromer, in recognition of his services in Egypt, the House is of opinion that he does not need a Government pension of £900, and expresses the opinion that it should cease in 1915.

The motion was received with Labour cheers.

"Right to Disobey."

In the House of Commons Mr. Reginald McKenna (First Lord of the Admiralty) criticised the Admiralty for performing a certain evolution during the North Sea manoeuvres would not have involved danger to the vessels, but that Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who was informed Viscount Castlereagh that the Admiralty were satisfied that Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's signal to the in charge of the Good Hope, was justified in turning his ship the other way, believing that the order involved risk.

Mr. McKenna stated that Admiral Beresford had so informed Rear-Admiral Scott at the time.

The statement was received with cheers.

Asiatics in the Colonies.

In the House of Commons, Colonel Seely (Under-Secretary for the Colonies), on a motion for adjournment to October 12, admitted that the question of Asiatics in the colonies was overwhelmingly important.

The whole future of the Empire, he said, depended on present steps, and a false move might shatter it. Britain ought not to adopt a superior tone towards the colonies, with whom the question was more acute than here.

"We are bound to admit that the self-governing colonies can exclude whom they will," he went on, "and we could not interfere. But certain principles might be laid down. If immigrants are admitted they must sooner or later, be given civil rights. They must be admitted free or not at all."

If the self-governing colonies sought to exclude British subjects, owing to economic reasons, to prevent wages from being cut down, or because of climatic conditions or social antipathy, causing riots, they ought at any rate to treat with the utmost generosity coloured immigrants already there. The Imperial Government asked that for them, and the request had been met by Canada in the friendliest spirit. He was confident that the Governments of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa would show the same spirit, realising the necessity for mutual forbearance.

Colonel Seely said he agreed that an Imperial Secretariate should take the matter up. He believed it was necessary to make the Secretariate real, namely, a clearing-house of the Empire, where all the different laws might be examined and reported on, enabling every part of the Empire to know what was being done in other parts.

Sir Gilbert Parker (Conservative member for Gravesend) said it was essential that the structure of the national life should be built from the beginning by whites, as otherwise it would be rotten. Colonel Seely's words would be re-echoed in every corner of the Empire. He commended the Government for taking the right view in appealing to the colonies and conferring with them.

Britain and Germany.

Replying to criticism, Sir Edward Grey (Foreign Secretary) was cheered emphatically in the House of Commons on July 27, on declaring that it was very undesirable that any section of opinion in

Great Britain should represent British policy as aiming at the isolation of Germany.

"It is no part of our policy to isolate any Power," he remarked, adding, however, that watchfulness regarding the Congo and Persia was a national duty.

Addressing a meeting in Queen's Hall in connection with the Universal Peace Conference, Mr. Lloyd-George (Chancellor of the Exchequer) deprecated the mutual distrust of Britain and Germany.

Mr. Lloyd-George said: "The only real thing is the naval expenditure. We started it. We had an overwhelming preponderance at sea, yet we were not satisfied. We said, 'Let there be Dreadnoughts.' What for? We did not require them. Nobody else was building them."

"Moreover, we always claim the need of a two-Power standard for defence. Germany, whose army is her sole defence against invasion, has no two-Power standard."

"It is deplorable that two great progressive nations like Britain and Germany should be unable to establish a good understanding. We have done this with France, Russia, and America. Why should we not rope Germany in? (Cheers.)"

"The money spent on armaments might then be spent on fighting intemperance, ignorance, crime, and disease, which are worse enemies than Germany."

The Labour party's executive has invited German workmen to co-operate in defeating war propaganda and the spreading of unfriendly suspicions. They are urged to assist to secure permanent good relations between the two nations.

In the House of Commons Mr. R. McKenna (First Lord of the Admiralty), replying to questions, agreed with Mr. J. C. Watson (Liberal member for Orkney and Shetland, and formerly a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives), in deprecating invidious comparisons between British and German navies.

The Blackmail Charge.

The trial of Robert Sutton Sievier on a charge of blackmailing J. B. Joel, the South African magnate, has concluded. Lord Chief Justice Alverstone commented upon the conflicting nature of the evidence, and left the jury to decide whether Sievier attempted to extort money within the meaning of the Act. If Joel were seeking to obtain through Mills a promise from Sievier to abstain from publishing libels, said His Lordship, that was not extorting.

The jury acquitted Sievier. A great demonstration in favour of Sievier in the Court and the surrounding streets followed the announcement of the verdict.

Plan for Imperial Federation.

The Hon. Wm. Kidston, Premier of Queensland, was the guest of the corporation of Glasgow at a luncheon.

He appealed for emigrants of the old stock, self-reliant men who would be able to hold a new country as their forefathers had defended the Old Land. He was pleased that the Motherland was looking to her children for help. She did not want Australia to go for engines or machinery to Germany, but where did the Motherland get her butter? They talked about an Imperial Parliament, but there was no Imperial Parliament. How could a great Empire be placed on a healthy permanent footing with a local Parliament at Westminster not representing those portions outside Britain?

He trusted that British statesmen and people would take the first great step in the direction of giving a Federal Constitution to the Empire.

Labour and the Franchise.

The National Labour Conference, convened by the Social Democratic party, is being held in London, 150 delegates attending under the presidency of Mr. Will Thorne, Labour member for Woolwich.

The Conference resolved that no democratic electoral reform bill would be satisfactory unless it extended the franchise to every adult man and woman.

"Sweated" Labour.

The report of the Committee of the House of Commons set up to take evidence and report on the condition of workers who were employed on piece work in their own homes, has been published.

The Committee recommends legislation in regard to registration of home-workers and a definite enactment concerning the

wages of some of the workers engaged in the tailoring, shirting, underclothing, and several other trades.

It also recommends the establishment of Wage Boards, on lines similar to those in existence in Victoria, to fix minimum wages.

EUROPE.

The Czar and President Fallieres met at Reval, and reaffirmed the allies' firm desire to maintain and strengthen peace.

Much satisfaction is shown in Germany over the semi-official announcement that King Edward, while journeying to Marthenbad, will visit the Kaiser at Friedrichshof on August 11.

Responding to the wish of the immense crowds which gathered in front of Yildiz Palace, the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, appeared at an open window and addressed his subjects.

It is semi-officially announced that the meeting between the Czar and French President, at Reval, has revealed a complete harmony of views between France and Russia on all international topics.

Constitutional Reform in Turkey.

The public are awakening to the fact that the Constitution is seriously meant, and realising that its establishment has saved the Empire from disruption, the people flocked to Yildiz Kiosk and cheered the Sultan.

One procession numbered ten thousand. Every section of the population participated in the rejoicings.

The Sultan's rescript declares that the wrong condition of things previously prevailing was the result of the Constitution not being enforced, but the Sultan rejoices that he is now able to apply it, and hopes that the people will co-operate with Parliament in assisting the Government and Sovereign.

There has been a remarkable outburst of pro-British feeling in Stamboul, the populace attributing the granting of the Constitution to Britain's policy.

Officers belonging to the Young Turkey party had formed a plot to shoot the Sultan at the ceremony of Selamluk, and proclaim his brother Reshad.

News of the plot was conveyed to the Sultan by his secret service agents, and he forestalled the conspirators by granting the Constitution.

The first meeting of the new Parliament will be held on November 1.

The Sultan promised that he would ever work for the happiness and security of his people.

He proclaimed a general amnesty, which will have the effect of liberating seventy thousand political prisoners.

Cure of Cancer.

Dr. E. Doyen, of Paris, who last year claimed to have discovered the cancer microbe, now claims to have discovered the action of the germ.

Strike Riots in France.

Owing to allegations that the authorities had treated strikers in the sandpits at at Draveil and Vigneaux harshly, the workmen in the building and allied trades in Paris struck for a day, and organised a monster demonstration, proceeding to Vigneaux.

The chief organiser, named Grefuette, a leading official of the General Confederation of Labour, had issued a manifesto frankly describing the demonstration as a preparatory skirmish in the coming war between the worker and the "parasite," meaning the capitalist.

Anticipating an anarchist outbreak, two cavalry divisions were sent to assist the gendarmes in the Vigneaux district. Four thousand Parisian strikers tramped thither, and, after speeches, a large group, preceded by men waving red flags, started towards Melun, and came, in contact with detachments of cavalry, greeting them with cries of "Down with the army!" Stones were thrown and sticks brandished to frighten the horses.

After a fruitless parley, and following some pistol shots from the rioters, the soldiers charged them and struck them with the flat of their sabres, speedily dispersing the procession.

Simultaneously with the cavalry charge, another body was prevented from using a barricade. Bodies of dragoons and cuirassiers pursued them and, dismounting, fought their way up a railway embankment, and a hand-to-hand en-

counter took place over an improvised barricade of trucks.

The most serious conflict occurred later in the main street. A barricade consisting of timber and chains was put across the street, and shots were fired from the barricades and also from windows and roofs of houses, besides showers of stones and bottles.

The Prefect of the Department telegraphed for reinforcements, declaring that the strikers were masters of the situation.

After vain appeals to the rioters, and firing four times into the air, the troops fired a volley and wounded several and killed two outright, three of the wounded succumbing shortly afterwards.

About twenty were injured in sabre charges. A bullet grazed a general on the foot, another hit a colonel on the shoulder. Twenty of the soldiers were wounded.

ASIA.

"The Times" Simla correspondent emphasises that the continued smuggling of breach-loaders into Afghanistan will mean a formidable increase of the Afghans' offensive strength, and an encouragement to tribal insurrection.

Typhoon at Hong Kong.

A typhoon, lasting for two hours, was experienced in Hongkong on July 27.

Much damage was done to shipping by the typhoon, especially to the frail wooden craft of the Chinese, many of which were smashed to atoms.

The British torpedo boat destroyer Whiting parted from her moorings and drifted ashore.

The passenger steamer Yin-King met the full force of the storm and foundered. Twelve are known to have been drowned, while three hundred, mostly Chinese, are missing, and it is feared that all have lost their lives.

Advices received from Hongkong state that during Wednesday's typhoon thousands of Chinese were drowned.

The damage to native craft was very great, and, in addition to a great number of small boats, a hundred fairly large vessels were wrecked.

Suppressing Sedition in India.

The Sessions Judge at Aligarh, North-west Province, sentenced Hoti Warma to seven years' transportation for sending a seditious telegram to the native newspaper "Hande Mataram."

Accused has travelled widely in Europe and the Far East, and had in his possession a complete manuscript of lectures and a preparation for filling highly explosive bombs.

Affairs in Bombay are now quiet. The majority of the mills are working, and the markets and shops have been reopened.

Seven of the rioters were convicted on charges of stone-throwing, and have been sentenced to twelve months' rigorous imprisonment.

AFRICA.

Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, in command of a squadron of first-class armoured cruisers, consisting of the Good Hope (14,100 tons), and the Antrim, Carnarvon, and Devonshire (each 10,850 tons), will visit South Africa during the Federation Convention.

Reuter's Cairo Agency reports that a party of brigands, presumably Bedouins, derailed a train on the Fayoum railway. They robbed the passengers and wounded the guard.

The Natal Troubles.

A Blue Book just published reveals a sharp conflict between the Earl of Crewe (Secretary of State for the Colonies) and Mr. F. R. Moor (Premier of Natal), regarding the possible effect upon the natives of the payment of Dinizulu's salary out of the Imperial Treasury.

Mr. Moor strongly protested, and declared that there was evidence that the prevailing unrest was the outcome of the Home Government's interference, and its attempts to belittle the Natal Ministry's authority.

In the Natal Parliament, Mr. Hulett, in moving his amendment "That the Imperial Government's decision to pay Dinizulu's salary is fraught with serious danger to Natal and South Africa, and will tend to defeat the ends of justice,"

PERSONAL NOTES.

through the natives drawing the inference that Britain is backing Dinizulu against Natal, declared that serious results would ensue if an autonomous colony were to be placed at the mercy and caprice of irresponsible outsiders. The rankiest treason was now being preached at large assemblies of natives. Ultimately, Mr. Moor, the Premier, stated that he was re-opening negotiations regarding the payment of Dinizulu's salary in order to re-establish friendly relations with the Imperial Government. He moved that the House proceed to the next business, which was carried unanimously. Dinizulu protests that the prosecution is poisoning the public mind against him, and has selected criminals and his personal enemies to testify untruths against him. It would have been easy, he says, to establish his innocence if his lawyers had been permitted to enter Zululand. Dinizulu has been committed for trial. The Natal Parliament has decided upon re-opening negotiations with the Imperial Government on the question of the payment of Dinizulu's salary.

Rand Goldstealers.

The Pietermaritzburg correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" cables that 16 detectives are tracking a conspiracy to rob the Rand confederate mines. The gang, which has been operating for some time, after stealing the gold, handed it to women who carried it to the coast for shipment abroad. The thieves have been operating in Durban and Capetown. A sum of £20,000 was stolen during 1907.

AMERICA.

Abe Ruef, who is to undergo trial in connection with the "graft" charges, has been liberated on bail totalling \$300,000. The programme of the Government of Argentina includes the expenditure of \$10,000,000 on the construction of two Dreadnoughts and the renewal of field artillery.

A Brutal Convict System.

The Legislative Investigation Committee, sitting in Alabama, elicited remarkable evidence respecting the State convict leasing systems practised by the Southern States. It was shown that on one State prison farm the convicts were lined up and sold like mules to the highest bidder. One convict was loaned out in exchange for seven negroes because he possessed clerical ability. A white boy who was leased was whipped to death for spilling coffee on a hog.

Railway Companies on Strike.

The Canadian Pacific, Great Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, the Oregon short line, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroads, have notified shippers that they will abandon the export trade to China, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia, from November 1, and practically abandon the import trade. This is in reply to the Inter-State Commerce Commissioner's rule requiring railroads to publish the inland proportions of their import and export rates. It is predicted that the steamship line involved will be sold.

Japan in the Pacific Trade.

The Chicago Chamber of Commerce declares that the Japanese will soon completely absorb the Trans-Pacific carrying trade unless American railways are allowed to grant a rebate on commerce destined for the Orient. The Canadian Pacific, Great Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, the Oregon short line, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroads, notified shippers that they would abandon the export trade to China, Japan, New Zealand, and Australia, from November 1, and practically abandon the import trade. This was in reply to the Inter-State Commerce Commissioner's rule requiring railroads to publish the inland proportions of their import and export rates. It was predicted that the steamship line involved will be sold.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra have arrived at Cowes. Sven Hedin, the explorer, for whose safety fears were entertained, is alive and well. It is officially announced that Sir Rennell Rodd, British Minister to Sweden, succeeds Sir H. Egerton as Minister to Italy in December. Winthrop Sands, step-son of W. K. Vanderbilt, was killed, being practically burned to death, in a motor accident at Poissy, near Paris. Mrs. G. E. Tollhurst, wife of Mr. G. E. Tollhurst, inspector for New Zealand of the Union Bank of Australasia, has died at her residence in Wellington. A very old Masterton settler, Mr. Jas. Russell, who was for many years a Borough Councillor, died on August 1st, at the age of 83 years. He had resided in Masterton for over 40 years. Mr. J. E. March, who has been connected with the Immigration and Land Settlement Departments for over 45 years, finally retired from the Civil Service on Friday, on superannuation. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has returned to London from the health resorts of the Continent looking much better, but has still difficulty in walking, having to be assisted into his carriage. Mr. George Hector Rolleston, one of the retrenched Transvaal magistrates, has been appointed Board of Trade Commissioner for New Zealand. His office will be in Wellington. Mr. John Milward, chief electrician of the Pacific Cable Board, has been appointed the Board's general manager in succession to Mr. C. H. Reynolds, who died in Lisbon recently. The new manager's headquarters will be Sydney, instead of in London, where the headquarters were formerly situated. Mr. Alex. Ramsay, Inspector of Machinery, who died at his residence, Dunedin, last week, joined the service of the Union Company in 1897 as third engineer of the Wairarapa, and subsequently served on the Penguin, Waihora, Tarawera, Tekapo, Tekapo and Taupo, finally leaving the Company in January, 1894. Mr. A. M. Finlayson, a well-known student of the Otago University, and an unsuccessful candidate for the Rhodes scholarship this year, left for London by the Ruapehu last week. Mr. Finlayson, who is the holder of Otago University, 1851, science scholarship of £150 a year, is going to study in the Royal School of Mines in London. The following changes in the Bank of New Zealand service are announced: Mr. T. E. Corkill (accountant at the head office) and Mr. A. C. Matheson (manager at Feilding) have been promoted to the inspecting staff. The former's work will be principally in the North Island and the latter's in the South Island. Mr. F. D. Clayton, from the head office, will become manager at Feilding. Mr. F. A. Macbean, accountant at the Christchurch branch, will succeed Mr. Corkill in Wellington, and Mr. F. A. Macbean will fill the Christchurch vacancy.

Shackleton's party and sent back by the Nimrod, which left before the land had been reached, the "London Philatelist" has the following: "The credit (?) of this absurd travesty remains with the New Zealand authorities, and forms another chapter in the remarkable postal history of that colony."

The new issues of stamps in 1907, which totalled 899, only 269 emanate from the British Empire.

A 2d green stamp armistype and 1d rose have been ordered for Bermuda, and the next 2d will be entirely in blue in accordance with Postal Union arrangements.

The face value of the new set of stamps for Zanzibar is £30. There are four designs, and the highest value is £13 10/. Probably the higher values may turn out to be only fiscals.

The 1 mark pale mauve stamp of Bavaria 1876-9, unused, sold for £5 15/ in London at auction.

"Judged by outward indications of the last two years, philately and its literature are booming to an extent scarcely thought of even at the end of last century, when stamp collecting had been increasing by leaps and bounds from the period of the jubilee celebration of the first uniform postal rate in the United Kingdom. The permanency of this collecting hobby is scarcely doubtful now, though many reforms are still wanting in methods adopted by those who collect, and in the procedure of many of those who supply the articles offered, which some of us have warned others of for many years past. The trials of single and doubly fugitive inks, surfaced and ordinary papers with the multiple watermarks, etc., have caused much speculative buying; while others, impressed by the treasures publicly exhibited two years ago, have been going so heavily for all the old issues, that many dealers' stocks have been denuded of their best specimens, and their scarcity is causing a decreased demand until stocks can be replenished."

A set of 16 stamps was issued by the Spanish settlement Rio de Oro on the West Coast of Africa in 1905, the values ranging from 1 centesimo up to 10 pesetas. Two years later another set was issued, and later on some Provisionals. The real philatelic value of these stamps may be gathered from the following extract from an article that appeared in the "Deutsche Briefmarken Zeitung," headed "Can continuously perpetrated bold swindles be suppressed?" "The Spanish Gold Coast (that is Rio de Oro) harbours only 30 whites, of which possibly only five to ten can write, viz: two officers, two commercial gentlemen, one priest, and probably five out of the 25 Spanish soldiers stationed there. The Spanish military administration of the sandy West Coast of Africa is very likely established merely for the protection of fishermen coming as far as there from the Canary Islands. Moreover, the military station is the only existing settlement. Close to the station is a native village, the inhabitants of which standing socially very low. Dried fishes, also some shells and mussels are the sole export articles from Rio de Oro, and the only steamship communication is with Las Palmas twice monthly. It is certain no stamps of Rio de Oro have up to 17th October, 1906, been used at the station, and even on December 18, 1906, ordinary Spanish stamps have still been used officially, though it was then made known that Rio de Oro stamps were to be issued on the 1st January, 1907. If they really were issued on New Year's Day, 1907, we could not ascertain."

Stamp Collecting.

Four new stamps are reported as completing the new set: 3d, light pink; 3/ deep violet; 10/ bluish green; and £2, red brown.

For the use of the French post office in Morocco the new 1, 2, 3, 4 c. stamps have inscribed "Maroc" instead of "Pests."

A ten-dollar stamp has been issued in Jahore for postage and revenue purposes. It is doubtful if this will be much used for franking letters.

A new issue of stamps is reported from Persia. The design is like the former one, but the centre is occupied by the portrait of the new Shah. The values are 2 kran, dark green; 3, blue; 4, yellow; 5, dark brown; 10, rose; 20, black; and 30, violet. Previously the 1 kran, 6, 9, 10, 13 and 26 ch. were issued of this set.

Refer again to the King Edward VII. Land stamps taken by Lieutenant

Islands, that in this quarter of the globe neither "military men," nor those who desire to be taken civil, "sit down on their knees and worship" their kings. All those violent professions of independence, on the part of people who seem to be afraid to be courteous for fear of being thought servile, have really nothing to do with the case. The question is what is the most appropriate emblem to be placed upon the stamps of a very important part of the British Empire.

The following extract is from the Toronto "Mail and Empire" of April 2: "Postage stamps valued at upwards of \$100,000, forming a consignment in process of shipment from New York to Newfoundland, have been washed ashore at the Island of Cattlehead from the wreck of the steamer Silvia. The stamps are of the current Newfoundland issue, and were being shipped by the American Bank Note Co., of New York, to the Newfoundland Government. They came ashore several days ago in a single box, which was cast aside by the male wreckers, but was quickly seized by the women. Many sheets of the stamps have been given away, and some are said to have been sold. They are in two and five-cent denominations. One woman is said to have possession of all the five-cent stamps, valued at \$30,000. The stamps are not listed, on the ship's manifest, the insurance adjusters here state, but were shipped as cash in charge of the purser of the steamer."

SHARE LIST.

Table with columns: Paid-up, Liability per Share, Company, Last Quotation. Includes sections for BANKS, INSURANCE, FINANCIAL, COAL, GAS, SHIPPING, WOOLLEN, and MISCELLANEOUS.

In and Out of Parliament.

Notes on Public Men and Affairs.

Mr. F. F. Hockley has consented to contest the Rangitikei seat in the Opposition interest.

Mr. John Driver, who has been selected as Opposition candidate for the Hawera seat, has retired from the contest.

"I object to having cold water shovelled down my throat when I want something warmer."—Mr. Rutherford on the liquor question.

The Prime Minister thinks it may be necessary to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the question of timber duties.

Mr. Laurenson's Bill, seeking to have the Local Option polls determined by a bare majority, was thrown out on the second reading by 54 votes to 8.

"I am opposed to the bare majority proposal, as the greatest tactical mistake by the No-License party."—Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, M.P.

Mr. John Macfarlane (mayor of Tapanui) will probably be a candidate for Clutha in the Government interest at the general election.

Mr. David Buick, a well-known farmer and racehorse owner and breeder, is mentioned as a probable candidate for the Palmerston seat in the Opposition interest.

In reply to Mr. Poland, the Minister for Public Works says that instructions have been issued to the mining inspectors to report on coal seams throughout the Dominion, with a view to their utilisation for State coal mining purposes.

"It is amusing to note what Mr. Harnett, manager of the English football team, said to an interviewer in regard to liquor in Invercargill, in view of the fact that three of his own men fell overboard when leaving Auckland," said Mr. Fisher.

As Mr. Thomas Mackenzie has definitely decided to contest the Taieri seat, Mr. M. Stevenson (Chairman of the Charitable Aid Board), previously spoken of as a candidate for this seat, will stand for Bruce in the Government interest.

"You always find testimonials from clergymen tacked on to these quack advertisements," said Mr. Hornsby to-night, when discussing his Quackery Prevention Bill. "Yes, clergymen and members of Parliament," interjected a member, amidst considerable laughter.

"A citizen army was indispensable and quick mobilisation an absolute necessity. At present there were many volunteer corps in out-of-the-way places drawing capitulation which would be useless in time of war. These should be converted into rifle corps."—Mr. T. M. Wilford, M.P.

Referring to the Government's immigration policy, the Premier said he was not in favour of any kind that would be likely to disorganise the labour market. If the new arrivals were not being legitimately absorbed, the Government would take steps to stop the immigration as far as possible.

Mr. Frank Shaw, a candidate for the Wairau seat, addressed a meeting on July 29, and declared on the side of the Liberal, labour and temperance interests. He strongly supported the Hon. R. McNab's land policy, and advocated the scheme of labour legislation recently outlined by Dr. Findlay.

"I know a man resident in New Zealand representing a Sheffield cutlery firm who gets a thousand pounds per year and travelling expenses. Yet here we have members of the House objecting to New Zealand's Trade Commissioner being paid a paltry £450 per year. I say you cannot get a first-class man for any sum so ridiculous."—Mr. Laurenson.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The Society of Accountants Bill was put through its final stages in the Legislative Council this afternoon. The Coroners Act Amendment Bill was also read a first time. The Council then adjourned until the first Wednesday after next week.

STATE FLOUR MILLS.

Mr. Hogan (Wanganui) on July 30th gave notice to move: "That the State should take over the flourmilling industry, and conduct it in the interests of the people by fostering grain-growing and cheapening the cost of food to the masses of this Dominion. The member for Wanganui was greeted with a storm of "Noes" and cries of "Impossible."

PROTECTING STOCKOWNERS.

W. Maddison, of Gisborne, is making application that the Government should investigate and bring into use for the benefit of stockowners in the Dominion an improved system of earmarking live stock, of which he is in possession. The system in question, it is asserted, has been favourably recommended by the Gisborne branch of the Farmers' Union.

CONSOLIDATED STATUTES.

The Consolidated Statutes Enactment Bill was put through all its stages in the House of Representatives, and passed. The Prime Minister stated that the consolidation of the Statutes, which had been the work of 12 years, comprised five volumes, and could be purchased for 12 guineas a set.

PROHIBITION THREATS.

"I object to the circularising of members of this House," declared Mr. Hornsby. "We have had a threat held out of what will happen to any member who votes against the bare majority proposal. To anything of this kind I object. I am no prophet," added the member for Wairarapa, "but I say that in 20 years we will have national prohibition in New Zealand. Only bad generalship will prevent it, and such a bill as that before this House to-night is likely to retard the progress of the No-License movement rather than forward it."

COST OF LIVING.

The Hon. Mr. Barr moved in the Legislative Council that the Government take into immediate consideration the devising of some further practical measures whereby the heavy cost of living at present borne by married workers, as compared with the unmarried, may be lessened, and parenthood thereby encouraged. In speaking to his motion, Mr. Barr said that as a country became educated the birthrate decreased. The only way to assist a natural birthrate was for the Government to devise some scheme of assistance for the married. Consideration of the motion was deferred.

THE TOURIST DEPARTMENT.

The House sat till after 2 o'clock a.m. on August 1. Exception was taken to the amount on the Estimates for the conduct of the Tourist Department. The Premier, in reply, said last year's figures proved how well the expense was warranted. The direct earnings last year were £20,467, as compared to a total expenditure of £49,802.

Mr. Herrier: "That leaves an actual loss of £29,000."

The Premier: "No it does not; it is estimated at a low computation that not less than £430,000 was expended by tourists visiting the Dominion. An attempt is made every year to decri the services of the Tourist Department, but there is no doubt of the value of the work done."

LUNATICS OR SCOTCHMEN.

"The sale of nostrums and the quackery practised is going to be the damnation of this country," asserted Mr. Hornsby in the House of Representatives on July 30 amidst cries of "Oh!" and "Strong language!" from members. The member for Wairarapa went on to tell a story of what had actually happened in New Zealand, and the incident, he said, demonstrated the gullibility of the people. A man stood on the street corner of one of the cities of the Dominion, selling a concoction which he claimed to be a cure for almost every human ill. Subsequent investigation proved that the preparation was nothing but a mixture of earth and water, being retailed at a shilling per bottle. When holed off to a lunatic asylum the man's pockets were found to be full of shillings. A member suggested that he must have been a Scotchman. Mr. Hornsby replied: "He was a lunatic; but the incident serves to demonstrate how gullible the public are."

LESS RACING WANTED.

In assuring the anti-gambling deputation of the improbability of any gaming legislation being brought up this session, the Prime Minister said that he recognised that the Racing Conference supported the Council of Churches in their desire to abolish the bookmakers from the racecourse, but he was quite sure that without a clause giving the bookmakers some legal status the bill would not have passed at all. The Ministry was not interested in the bookmakers or the tote, and wished to do the best thing possible for the country generally. There were people, however, who felt that the bookmakers should not be suppressed entirely while a monopoly was given to another form of gambling. He certainly agreed that the number of racing days should be limited. That had been the intention of the Legislature, and he felt that it was in the general interests that the intention should be made effective.

"QUACK" AND OTHER DOCTORS.

Mr. T. Wilford kept the House in a continual ripple of merriment on July 30 during his discussion of the Quackery Bill. He ran off a long list of what he alleged to be deadly poisons used as standard remedies by the medical profession, and said he would like to know if any medical men using those remedies would allow themselves to be held personally responsible for the lives of their patients.

A member: "Dead men tell no tales." The House went into uproar over another rally by the member for Hutt. "Whenever a doctor makes a great success," he said, "the world rings with the news of it; but if he fails—well, the earth covers the failure up. That is a gross injustice."

"The member for Hutt is not serious," interjected Mr. Hornsby. "I am as serious as the member for Wairarapa," replied Mr. Wilford, amidst an outburst of laughter.

DISRESPECTFUL CHILDREN.

"What steps do the Government intend taking to counteract such a tendency of things as was described by Judge Kettle in Auckland recently?" asked Mr. Aitken, on July 20, in connection with the strictures passed by Mr. Kettle on the deplorable disrespect of children for their elders and lack of reverence for things holy. "It appears to me," said the Hon. Mr. McGowan, in reply, "that the statements made in the paragraph referred to are somewhat overdrawn, and that in any case the question is one that should be dealt with by the Churches, religious associations and educational bodies, who possess all the necessary machinery for exercising a beneficial influence in the desired direction rather than by the General Government, which has no special means at its command to deal with the evils complained of."

AWAY WITH POMP.

Parliament has many forms and ceremonies. When the House assembles each afternoon members rise from their seats when the Sergeant-at-Arms marches into the Chamber with the mace upon his shoulder, and announces, "Mr. Speaker." It is only in turbulent times that the officer in question is called upon to do anything of a strenuous nature, and this afternoon Mr. Gray raised the question, "Has the desirability of doing away with the Sergeant-at-Arms been considered?" The member for Christchurch went on to say that he looked upon the position as unnecessary. "There are a lot of things about this House that should be abolished," he said, "and the hauble lying on the table there (indicating the mace) is a survival of old times."

The Prime Minister: "Very well; give notice to change the Constitution." Mr. Gray: "I should certainly vote for the abolition of this position. I don't know what the officer does for his money. He carries the mace in on his shoulder, shouts 'Mr. Speaker,' and then sits still and does nothing for the rest of the day. For seven months of the year he does nothing."

The Prime Minister remarked that it was a mistake to consider the Sergeant-at-Arms an ornamental office. He did a lot of work during the session, and might be required at any time to remove an offending member.

SWEATING THE FARMER.

Some rather sensational remarks were made in the House on July 20 by Mr. Hogg, member for Masterton, during his speech in favour of the abolition of the duty on flour. The people would, he said, if they were wise, get their butter in when it was cheap and store it. There was no scarcity of butter at present; it was being exported from the Dominion in shiploads, and sold at 1/ per pound. Those who exported it said there was a famine, and quoted the price in New Zealand at 1/0. "I call it sweating," said the member for Masterton; "and there is no sweating half so bad. I do not call those who handle it merchants. The farmer does not get the return of these high prices. He toils late and early, and should be the man to receive any fair profit. Neither does the storekeeper gain the benefit. Those who reap the advantage are privileged brigands and freebooters, trading under the name of merchants and exporters, and these men go to church! Talk about Socialism! Men like the Leader of the Opposition sit and tremble in their shoes, yet it is these freebooters who are making men Socialists, and causing them to band together for their rights. The industrial life of the country is being made unendurable. These men would levy blackmail on the air if they could."

DOMINION DEFENCES.

In the course of a debate raised on the subject of defence, Sir Joseph Ward said that it was the opinion of Home authorities that the best way to start about the defence of New Zealand was to introduce a flotilla of submarines. The time was not ripe just yet, however, for such a system of defence, and he was satisfied that the interests of this portion of the British Empire were not being forgotten in entering into such a spirit of entente cordiale as now existed between Britain and France.

The time was not opportune, continued Sir Joseph Ward, for any such suggestion of defence as was being considered in Australia. After all, it was the strong right arm of the British army and navy that New Zealand most depend upon. In regard to volunteering, they should remember that there had not been the activity in the ranks of volunteers which was to be desired. To establish a system of private or compulsory soldiery would, he was convinced, throw the whole growth of military feeling back. To attempt to force or drive the men of this Dominion into a system of conscription would throw the whole movement into chaos. He believed that there should be an interchange of officers, and was likewise desirous of introducing a system whereby there might be an interchange of younger men.

FACTS, FANCIES, QUIPS & COMMENTS

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

Said the Rev. Howell Price recently, regarding drinking habits in New South Wales:—"Young women in their teens take intoxicants without shame—strong wines, drink whisky, quench their thirst again and again with the best champagne—do it until their cheeks grow red and the eyes grow bright, and, perchance, before the evening is spent the feet grow unsteady. Not only do our young women do that, but our middle-aged women do the same thing."

Kingston never wasted words. When he drafted bills for the first Commonwealth Government, people who were used to old, diffuse draughtsmanship, gaped at his brief, conclusive snap—"Penalty, £10." But he was the same 27 years ago, when he made his will. This was the whole document:—"I, Charles Cameron Kingston, of Adelaide, solicitor, by this my last will, give all my estate, real and personal, to my wife, Lucy May Kingston, whom I appoint sole executrix hereof. C. C. Kingston." And the man knew his own mind so well that it stood at that to the end.

In a story in the "Boys' Own Paper," Dr. Gordon Stables, a popular English writer for boys, lands his hero in Queensland, and makes him witness a snake-banquet, as follows:—"The reptile was over 20ft. in length, and had been cooked whole. Dragged out of the cooking-stove, it was turned around till its head touched its tail, thus forming a circle. Grace having been offered up, in the shape of the strongest clubbing the weakest to make room for them, the natives sat down to lunch, side by side, all around the snake, each being allowed about a foot of snake."

The other day the keeper of a swell restaurant in Melbourne was asked to explain how certain milk, that his employee had sold to a customer, managed to be 59 per cent. water. The customer—an inspector, it happened—asked for "a glass of milk." He was thirsty, so he ordered four glasses. Then he put portions of the four samples into bottles, and had the stuff analysed. He had paid 3d per glass, equal to 1/4 a quart; and as the Victorian Dairy Farmers' Association's present price is 1/4 a gallon, the restaurant-keeper stood to make 300 per cent. profit, even if he supplied absolutely pure milk. But, apparently, a mere 300 per cent. wasn't any use to him. At court he admitted having put four quarts of water into a 50-gallon can of milk, "to make it more palatable to the customers."

"Reasons of State" will prevent the British China squadron coming to Australia to participate in the welcome to the American fleet. Probably the chief reason of State is a desire to avoid an exposure of Britain's naval nakedness in these waters. Britain has the greatest fleet on the sea, but by reason of the free trade which makes the country dependent on foreign food supplies, and the decay of the military forces under the voluntary system, it has to gather its ships round its own coasts and stand on the defensive. If every British warship between Suez and Valparaiso was mustered, the whole fleet couldn't fight the best Jap or U.S. battleship. It is better for Britain to stand on its dignity, and say it isn't taking any, than to gather the pathetic scraps together in the presence of the Uncle Sam armada and say, "This is the whole blessed lot."

Up North they are telling weird and disquieting tales of how Japanese survey boats are making charts of the Barrier Reef. Of course, it is not being done openly, and the boats engaged on the work are ostensibly becho-de-mer fishers. One Queensland sea-slug hunter relates how he surprised a boat taking soundings, while an officer on deck

was engaged in doing something with a large sheet of paper fastened to a drawing-board. Immediately the Queensland boat hove alongside the sounding was suspended, and the drawing-board carefully covered up, while the Japs, suave as ever, gave the Queensland the water he was short of. This boat was working South. A couple of days later he fell in with another boat of the same sort, working north, from which he concluded that the Japanese Admiralty's survey of the Barrier Reef is just about complete.

The Sydney bottle-oh and rabbit merchant is up against trouble. Not long ago the Second Hand Dealers' Act was passed, and this makes him take out a license, and puts him to no end of trouble. Now, the Local Government Act is in force, and under this glorious statute, councils are empowered to levy license fees on all street purveyors of merchandise. Sydney contains about 40 such councils, and each one is reaching out for license fees. So the bottle-oh, who can't always tell when he reaches the end of one pocket-handkerchief borough, and is into the next, is expecting more trouble and more expense. Apparently he will require 41 licenses—a general one and 40 municipal ones. If the State devoted as much attention to the big land monopolists as it does to the empty bottle merchants, it would be much better for the State.

A MAORI'S FENCING CONTRACT.

"Lo!" writes from Dargaville to the "Bulletin":—"During a five years' sojourn in this much-boasted country, I have often heard it claimed for the Maori that he possesses massive intellect, excels in business, is a great toiler, and is generally the boss coloured man of the globe, and better than most whites—outside the land of the Prohibition craze.

"I have long suspected the solidity of the argument, and have just had the suspicion duly sealed, signed and delivered.

"On tenders being called by Brass and Co. for falling and burning off ti-trees on certain land and the fencing thereof, my mate and I decided to take a hand. We calculated carefully, didn't spring too high, and felt pretty confident.

"But we struck a cow's nest in one Hone Tangiporangi—(as near as I can get)—who, roused by the present record stump in kauri gum and the attendant dearth of beer, brought the alleged massive intellect to bear, tendered about 7 1/2 furlongs below us, and got the job.

"Ignoring several good camping places on the outskirts, Hone elected to roost on a partially-cleared spot near the centre of the job, and, with the help of his browner half and numerous progeny, he built the whare. Then he drowsed and smoked for two days, and after that, backed by his spouse and braised by the leaps and yells of his dirty small fry, he solemnly started—to build the fence.

"Hone didn't make the pace a very fast gallop, but in due time the five-wired obstruction became an accomplished fact. Thereupon Brass was gently tapped for enough money to pay for five days' drunk.

"On being granted pratique by the local publican, Hone and Co. again waded in with the small fry yelling very faintly now. He waded at such reduced speed that the major portion of the ti-trees was in fair burning order by the time chopping was finished. Then Hone fired up and let her rip. She proved a pretty good ripper, with a taste for fences.

"Moohing round this afternoon on the off-chance of flooring a stray pheasant for the camp pot, I saw the scene of 'one coloured brudder's' undoing. Of the once boisterous fence only an occasional post remained. The stringers had vanished, except some stunted bits suspended by the top wire. Glancing across the stream towards the whare, I made out a queer wreck, bearing much indication of having fought a game but losing battle in a public house with a six-engine Bendigo special. It was Hone, and he had beer-leaves in his hair."

The Penrose range is closed to all volunteers during fleet week to allow the visitors to practise.

Captain Kuyvert has agreed to give a lecture to the N.C.O. Club on August 7th, on "Outposts and Patrols." Captain Richardson (chief artillery instructor) was to have lectured on this date, but cannot do so till the end of the month.

Many replies are coming to hand regarding the team to be selected to fire against the fleet representatives. It is expected to place a first-class team against them. Some £20 is to be given in prize-money for top scores on the American side. If possible arrangements will be made to finish the match before 1 p.m., and entertain the team to dinner on the range after the match.

Apocryph of the difficulty experienced in getting even the Domain for the Fleet Review—was a question which tied his good story is told of a certain gallant Battery commander. He had to fire a birthday salute, and the fact was duly chronicled in the paper. On the day he and his cavalry rumbled up to the Domain gates and found them locked. The captain—a choleric man of war—sent an emissary to the park-keeper with a demand for the instant production of the keys. Down came the guardian of the park to where the battery horses were stamping impatiently, and the battery commander was fuming furiously. "Got no orders to let you in," said he of the keys. "What? Won't you open? Here, unlimber that gun—two of you take the wheels—two steady the trail. Now run that gun up to the gate—trail first, you idiots—hit the lock." Here the park man broke in: "Stop, please, captain, I shall be meekly. 'I've got the keys.'" "Very well," said the choleric skipper, "open the gate—limber up!" And by the time they had limbered up the park gates were being opened by the trembling keeper, and the battery proudly rumbled and clattered on to do its duty. They had omitted to get the formal consent of the Council, hence the bother. But a private letter from the Col. Colledge has been appointed secretary of the No. 3 A.G.A.

The resignation of Lieut. J. P. White from the Franklin M.R. is gazetted.

The Whangarei Rifles have elected Mr. A. Devlin as lieutenant of the company.

The headquarters of the 2nd Regt. A.M.R. have been transferred from Cambridge to Hamilton.

Col. Wolfe, O.C.D., has granted the use of Penrose rifle range to the American admiral for the practice of his men during fleet week.

The fleet review will probably cost the Government about £200. The pay will amount to about £500 ordinary, not Easter camp rate. Transit will cost about £175.

The First Battalion Band has entered for the contest which is to be held in Hamilton early in October. The band intend giving a musical programme in the Albert Park on Sunday afternoon next, when a collection will be taken in aid of the funds of the band.

The Whangarei Rifles are running a novel sort of miniature rifle tournament. The conditions of it are as follows: The contest of five men from any trade, profession, or business establishment; entrance fee to be 5/- per team; 50 per cent of the entrance fee to be used to provide prizes.

Capt. Forbes, of the No. 2 A.G.A., intends to resign his position as "kipper" of the company as soon as he can get the balance-sheet prepared, which will probably be few weeks hence, or as soon before as possible. The company will then proceed to elect a successor of the candidates who are said to be offering for the position.

The No. 1 A.G.A.'s cup of joy is full to the brim! They have been graded as A, with 1st class in shooting, they are over a hundred strong, and the last lot of the blue uniforms has arrived. The badges which each man in the company gets for the first achievement also have arrived, and are to be distributed this week, as also the uniforms.

The officers of the 1st Regt. A.M.R. met recently, and decided that as no suitable ground was available just now, and for various other reasons, the proposed Regimental Mounted Scouts' competition must be put off till a later and more convenient time. It is to be hoped the proposal will not be allowed to drop.

The members of the Opaki Rifle Club's team, which put up the highest score in New Zealand for the "Daily Mail" Overseas Cup, will each receive a medal, as the highest scorers in New Zealand. It was originally intended to award silver spoons to the teams scoring highest in each centre of the Empire, but evidently the regulation has been revised and medals substituted.

The Penrose ranges time-table and officers for duty during August are:—1st August, 200 and 500 yards, Capt. Coultis; 8th, 200 and 500 yards, Capt. Plunge; 15th, 200 and 500 yards, Capt. Sherson; 22nd, 200 and 500 yards, Capt. Dawson; 29th, 200 and 500 yards, Lieut. Pullen, Capt. Dormer (secretary)

states that during fleet week sufficient targets will be reserved to enable the American team to practise. Targets not required by them will be available for local use.

A new corps, to be called the South African Scouts is being formed in Wellington. The "Post" says that in addition to applications for enrolment received from New Zealanders and Australians, Captain Gardner has received applications from ex-members of the Inniskillen Dragoons, Shropshire Regiment, Natal Mounted Rifles, and Brabant's Horse, and it is expected that the new corps will be strengthened by the addition of some of our own officers during the recent war who are now resident in Wellington.

Col. Wolfe, O.C.D., has arranged that if the contingent men wish, and are able to do it, they may form a squadron and march with the mounted brigade. If not, they may participate in the review. The former is a privilege which I hope will be taken advantage of. It would be a fine addition to the interest of the review. The trouble is that the contingent men are not so numerous as to be able to do so, unless somebody makes it his business to see everybody there will be no parade worth speaking of.

I am glad to hear that Major Gardner is not to be allowed to pass out of the Garrison Artillery Division without a souvenir of his association with it. An album of photographs of the three regiments and officers is being prepared, and will be presented to the Major at an early date. The No. 3 Co. are also preparing a shield of photographs for presentation to the ex-captain of the corps, Acting Major Hazard, who has succeeded Major Gardner in the command of the Division. This will be presented as soon as it is ready—possibly on the same occasion as the former presentation, of which more anon.

A boxing tournament is to be held under the auspices of the Reception Committee and the Division of the Northern Boxing Association during fleet week, and I am glad to say that volunteer items will be included. There will be three events for volunteers only—light, middle, and heavy weights—and entries for these may be forwarded to Captain Kuyvert, who is an official of the Association. The prizes are good—£10 first and £5 second in each match. The sub-committee representing the Reception Committee is composed of Major Pitterson, Capt. Kuyvert, Plunge, Dawson, and (Surgeon) Neil, and Messrs. J. O'Brien and Willing. The arrangements are for a two-night tournament, which will be held after the N.C.O. Club dinner. This latter lasts from 6.30 to 8 p.m., and the tournament will conclude about 9.30. Supper and a musical programme will follow. This will provide two full evenings of amusement for the fleet men.

"Supplementary Expenses."

Many stories have been told illustrating the will and determination of "Kitchen of Kharitoun." The following, however, may not be generally known. On one occasion a difference of opinion had arisen as to the amount of money he might expend on the conveyance of stores to the front. He wanted a couple of thousand pounds for the purpose, but a niggardly pay department at Home protested that the estimate was much too high. "Can't do it for less," was the laconic response telegraphed to Fall Ma. This, however, only evoked a reply that he would not be allowed more than a quarter of the sum asked for. To everybody's intense surprise "K." wired back "All right" and proceeded to carry out the work he was engaged on. When the expedition was over, the Treasury officials were electrified to receive from its organiser a bill reading as follows: "(1) To conveyance of military stores, as per estimate, £500. (2) To supplementary expenses, £1500."

Elephants Stamped.

An explosion which occurred at one of the storage tanks of the Standard Oil Co., near Riversdale, California, stamped a herd of elephants attached to a travelling circus, which was about to begin a performance.

The largest elephant ran a mile, and then entered the court of Glenwood Hotel, where it knocked down and trampled to death Miss Ella Gibbs, a deaconess of the Congregational Church engaged in missionary work among the Chinese and Japanese population.

It gored and tossed three men, all of whom were seriously injured before it was secured.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

Auckland v. South Canterbury.

The Auckland representatives scored an easy win over South Canterbury on Saturday last, scoring 27 points to their opponents' nil. The attendance was moderate, less than 4,000 people being present.

Speaking at the dinner given to the teams after the match, Mr. C. Hassall, manager of the visiting team, said South Canterbury had not come after the Ranfurly Shield, but simply to learn something from our footballers. The line play and passing of the Auckland forwards came as a revelation to the visitors, who would, no doubt, profit by the exhibition. The teams were the guests of the A.R.U. at an excursion to Lake Takapuna on Sunday, and an enjoyable day was spent. The teams crossed the harbour by the Devonport ferry, and were driven from North Shore to the Lake in brakes. The South Canterbury team left for the South on Monday. Their next match will be played at New Plymouth on Thursday next, when they meet the chosen of Canterbury. Matches will also be played at Wanganni, Wellington, and Ashburton before the team arrives back in Timaru. The following are the particulars of the game:—

FIRST SPELL.

South Canterbury won the toss and played from the western end with a strong sun and a slight breeze in their favour, Francis, set the ball rolling at 2.55 p.m., and Fraser found the line a little outside his 25. For some irregularity in the first scrum Auckland were penalised, and S. Canterbury found relief and kicked to centre. A mark by Morse sent play back to the 25 line. Morse set the local backs in motion, but no ground was gained owing to the deadly tackling of the visitors. A free kick gave the green and blacks temporary relief, Auckland invading their 25 again within the space of a few minutes. The visitors were kept on the defensive. A likely rush started by Seeling was frustrated by Horgan, who marked a pass. Roddick found the line close to half-way, and after a little loose play, the visitors were awarded a free kick, and Roddick found the line at the Auckland 25. Auckland had the best of the line-out and loose work. A forward rush was stopped by Horgan marking near his 25. The exchange of kicks left play in neutral territory. A rush, headed by Roddick and W. Scott, took play into Auckland's 25, and what appeared to be a dangerous situation was averted by Murray kicking smartly into touch. A penalty gave Roddick a chance at goal, but his kick went wide of the mark, and Johnston saved, kicking out at centre. Gillett turned a free kick given to the visitors to his own advantage by returning close to their 25. Auckland were giving numerous penalties, and were here again called up for an infringement, Roddick finding the line at centre. Seeling and Francis headed a rush to the opposing 25, but Fraser intercepted, and kicked well down the line. The visitors were once again put on the defensive, and a passing run started by Morse threatened their line, but Bater went too far before passing, and a chance to score was lost. Immediately afterwards, from loose play in front of the goal, Bater kicked across, and the visitors forced in the nick of time. Play hung on Auckland's side of the half for a little while, and then relief came in a free kick, the first given to Auckland. Seeling opened up an attacking movement, but Nicholson hung too long to the ball, and it went out at the 25. The visiting forwards showed to advantage, and in subsequent open play took the play down to Magee, who saved with a serviceable line kick. Budd led an attack well into Auckland's 25, where Bater saved, and forced his way through the ruck, but was stopped before he could get rid of the ball. A scramble ensued, in which Auckland got the best of it, play going to mid-field.

Wilson, following up his kick, reached Scott before he could get the ball to toe. Some exciting loose play occurred in Canterbury's 25, but nothing came of it. The visitors' pack kept Auckland well in check, but nevertheless the locals

were all the time asserting themselves. Magee had a shot at goal from a mark, but the ball went wide, and Canterbury forced. The visitors gained by exchanges, and play settled at centre. Both Bater and Renwick attempted to stop a rush, but were collared before they could kick. Wilson ran across and saved by running round smartly, finding the line at half-way. The visitors returned to the attack; Auckland were in a tight corner near their line, when Renwick gathered in and took the ball a few yards down the line. The visitors still pressed, and Magee, stopping a rush, was forced to kick back towards his own line, the ball going out near the corner. The Auckland forwards living up, took play to centre. Here Herring made a nice opening and took the ball to the 25, where he passed to Seeling. The latter sent to Francis, who passed to Morse who ran along the touch line and scored after badly beating a couple of opponents. Magee converted:

Auckland	5
S. Canterbury	nil

From the kick out the visitors rushed play to the other end of the field, and taking a free kick Gillett kicked across to Seeling, and the ruse might have worked very successfully had the latter player been better supported. Budd saved with a speculator. The Auckland forwards, headed by Herring, rushed down to the visitors' line, where Scott saved with a clever kick. Johnston got across at the end of a nice passing run by the Auckland backs, but was called back for a throw forward. Shortly afterwards the visitors forced, and Magee had a penalty shot at goal, the ball going a little wide of the point, Canterbury forcing as the bell sounded for half-time.

SECOND SPELL.

For a while after the commencement, play was uninteresting. Auckland held the visitors near their 25 until Smith took play down to Murray, who missed an easy ball. Johns on came to his assistance, and kicked well up the field. Gillett relieved the monotony of the game by opening it up with well-judged kicking, and from a fast rush S. Canterbury forced down. A rush headed by Nicholson was interrupted by Scott, who got in a quick kick, but the direction was faulty and the ball went out near the corner flag. A passing run Morse to Magee to Wilson to Bater, saw the last-named thrown out on the corner flag. The Auckland backs followed this up with another passing bout, but the taking of Murray was faulty, and although Auckland rushed the ball across, the visitors succeeded in forcing down. S. Canterbury rallied from the kick out, and, headed by O'Brien, took play close to Auckland's 25, where Morse saved well with a line kick. Seeling, Francis and Nicholson were prominent in a forward rush to the opposing 25, where, from loose play Morse whipped out to Magee to Bater to Murray to Wilson, whose pace enabled him to get across. Gillett's kick went wide.

Auckland	8
S. Canterbury	nil

Seeling returned the kick out with a long punt, Canterbury forcing. Murray returned to inside the 25. A rush along the touch line, headed by Francis, was stopped by Bradley kicking out at the corner. Seeling secured from the throw-in, and dropped over the line and scored, what looked like one of the easiest of tries. Magee converted from a rather difficult angle.

Auckland	13
S. Canterbury	nil

The Auckland forwards started a loose rush in mid-field, and kicked hard for Wilson to follow, but the ball went out near the corner before he could reach it. The ball was thrown in to Seeling, who again got over the line, but was called back for an infringement. A speculative cross-kick by Morse was well taken by Fraser, and immediately afterwards the Auckland backs set up an attack which ended in Wilson being thrown out near the 25 flag. Morse secured and sent on to Bater to Murray, who cut in and passed to Johnston, who scored near the corner. Francis failed to convert:

Auckland	16
S. Canterbury	nil

Auckland were now running over the visitors, and it was not long till another try was down to their credit. Gillett secured from the line-out, and passed to Nicholson, who sent on to Francis, and the latter ran well up to the line before passing to Seeling, who bullocked across and scored his second try. Magee's kick failed.

Auckland	19
S. Canterbury	nil

Neutral play followed, but the ball eventually settled in the visitors' quarters. Morse retired at this stage. From the line-out Gillett sent out to Bater to Murray to Johnston, who jumped and took the ball above his head, and run-

ning on towards the line, passed in to his forwards, Seeling scoring his third try. Johnston converted.

Auckland	24
S. Canterbury	nil

For a good while play was uninteresting, and then from a forward rush J. McGuire (Grafton) scored, Renwick failing with the kick.

Auckland	27
S. Canterbury	nil

The visitors were attacking at Auckland's 25, when the bell rang, with the score:—

Auckland	27
S. Canterbury	nil

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Wellington v. Auckland.

The following players have been selected to represent Wellington in their Northern tour:—Backs: J. Ryan, M. Ryan, Magee, A. Mitchinson, Erverson, Roberts, McLeod and Green.
Forwards: Reedy, Hamilton, A. Wilson, A. G. Wilson, Dewar, Alexander, O'Brien, McKellar, Hardham and Rush.

The British Team in Sydney.

The Rugby Union welcomed the English team, which arrived in Sydney July 31.

Mr. Harding, in an interview, said the team had been royally treated throughout New Zealand, and had been given a really good time, but they had been dogged by bad luck. He attributed the loss of several of the matches to ill-luck. Then, too, the men had sustained a remarkable number of injuries, limiting the selection, particularly as regards the test matches. In the first and third tests England had been badly beaten, having been undoubtedly outplayed and outgeneralled. The New Zealanders were magnificent footballers, and he would like to dispel any impression that the Englishmen's casualties were due to roughness.

"The New Zealanders play a very willing game," he concluded, "but they are not rough. The idea that their roughness was responsible for the Britishers' injuries is certainly a wrong one."

AUSTRALIAN GAME.

AUSTRALIAN GAME JUBILEE.
A team of New Zealand footballers playing the Australian game left Auckland by the steamer *Moana* on Monday August 3rd to take part in the jubilee celebration which the Council of the Australasian Game of Football are holding in Melbourne next month to commemorate the inauguration of the game fifty years ago. The game, which might be described as a cross between Rugby and Association, is tolerably well known in New Zealand, where it has been played successfully for the past five years. At the close of the celebrations in Melbourne the team will play matches in the principal States of the Commonwealth, arrangements having been made for a seven weeks' tour, which will entail an expenditure of about £1000. The team consists of twenty-four players, and Mr D. Callinan, of Auckland, has been appointed manager.

The programme of matches is as follows:—

- August 19 to 29: Carnival matches, at Melbourne.
 - September 1: South Australia, at Adelaide.
 - September 3: Northham, at Northham.
 - September 5: Ballarat, at Ballarat.
 - September 9: Seymour, at Seymour.
 - September 10: Bendigo, at Bendigo.
 - September 12: N.S.W., at Sydney.
- Other matches are being arranged at Albany and Wagga Wagga, N.S.W.

A Football Riot.

ton and Port Melbourne teams culminated in a riot.
During the disturbance the referee was violently assaulted by enraged partisans, and was knocked down, receiving slight concussion of the brain.

CRICKET.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRICKETERS.

SPLENDID SERIES OF ARTICLES.

So popular was the series of articles recently published on cricketing topics, that we have arranged for a new series. On this occasion the world's greatest cricketers will be dealt with, Sir Home Gordon, the writer of these brief biographies, is the author of "Crocketform at a glance," and of various articles in the *Badminton Library*. The articles contain the best and most up-to-date information on the subject. They are the work from personal knowledge, of a practical cricketer moving in the best sporting circles, and are written in interesting and entertaining fashion. It is proposed during the series to afford intimate glimpses of the following great exponents of the game:—

- HON. F. S. JACKSON,
- C. B. FRY,
- PRINCE RANJITSINHJI,
- G. L. JESSOP,
- B. J. T. BOSANQUET,
- J. T. TYLDESLEY,
- R. E. FOSTER,
- JOHN GUNN,
- S. HAIGH,
- W. W. ARMSTRONG,
- D. SCHEWARTZ.

- J. DARLINGTON,
- W. G. GRACE,
- LORD HAWKE,
- A. C. MACLAREN,
- G. HIRST,
- A. A. LILLEY,
- A. O. JONES,
- T. HAYWARD,
- V. TRUMPER,
- S. M. J. WOODS,
- W. RHODES,
- LORD DALMENY,
- R. A. DUFF.

Middlesex beat Gloucester in the county championships by two runs.
F. A. Tarrant took 12 wickets for 149 runs.

In the match Middlesex v. Gloucester, F. A. Tarrant, the ex-Victorian, scored 162.

In a match between Sussex and Natal, the Jam of Nawanagar (Prince Ranjitsinhji) scored 200 runs.

The Victorian Cricket Association made a profit of £1080 out of the M.C.C. tour of Australia last year.

Cricket Sidights.

By P. F. WARNER

(Author of "Cricket in Many Climes," etc.)

BRILLIANT BATTING FEATS.

Batting on a hard, true wicket, and on a sticky, difficult wicket, are two entirely different things, and one often sees a man who is a fair player on a fast wicket absolutely at sea when rain has ruined the pitch. A left-handed bowler, like Rhodes or Blythe, is then in his element, for he pitches the ball a good length on the leg stump; it comes across quickly to the off, and you stand a very good chance of being either bowled or caught at the wicket, or snapped up by an eager short slip. As a rule, the hitting or "long handle game," as it has been called, pays best under these circumstances, but some men who are really strong in their back and on side play can play their ordinary game. A strong defensive back player can often persuade a good length ball which breaks away on the on side for two or three runs, while a good puller has a great advantage.

The men who does not watch the ball, and watch it well, will have little or no chance on a sticky wicket. At one time there were very few men who could play at all successfully on a really difficult wicket, but of late years, what with the general improvement in back play—due chiefly to K. S. Ranjitsinhji's influence on the game—the number was increased. Hon. F. S. Jackson, C. B. Fry, A. C. MacLaren, Ranjitsinhji, Tyldesley, and Hirst are the best batsmen we have under conditions favourable to the bowler, and I shall never forget an extraordinary innings Ranjitsinhji played at Brighton in July, 1906, for Sussex v. Middlesex. J. T. Hearne and Albert Trott, of Middlesex, are extremely difficult bowlers on this kind of wicket, for they make the ball turn a good deal at a quick pace off the ground. When stumps were drawn, on the second evening of the match, Ranjitsinhji was 37 not out, the game up to that time having been played on a perfect wicket.

SCORING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Rain, however, fell heavily in the night, and with the sun coming out next morning, the wicket was a regular "glue pot." Vime made 17, but no one else on the side got more than 5, excepting Ranjitsinhji, who was last man out lbw to Trott for 202. He gave one chance in the long field when he had made about 160 runs, but, apart from this, his batting was absolutely without a flaw. Most of his runs came from hard drives, chiefly to the on, and strokes on the leg side. It was an astonishing innings, and its full significance was possibly not appreciated until Tate, on an exactly similar wicket, dismissed a powerful Middlesex eleven for just over 100 runs.

The name of Tyldesley recalls many great innings, and one of the best this "classic" batsman ever played was at Sydney in December, 1903, in the first test match between M.C.C. and Australia. The Australian first innings had been finished off for 285, and M.C.C. had three-quarters of an hour's batting before lunch; and as heavy rain in the night had been followed by a hot sun, no one would have been surprised had we lost four wickets before lunch. In fact Noble told me afterwards that he fully expected Saunders would have got four of us

out before the interval. The first wicket fell before a run had been scored, and then Tyldesley came in. The end to which Saunders was bowling was made for a left hander, but Tyldesley took him by the scruff of the neck and hit him to all corners of the field; and in fifty-six minutes hit up fifty-three out of seventy-three, without a chance or mistake of any kind.

In the second test match that season the pitch at Melbourne was very bad indeed in the second innings of M.C.C., and in a total of 103—eight of which were extras—Tyldesley scored 62; and a better innings has surely never been played on a difficult wicket. He hit Trumble for a five—a hit over the ring in Australia counting five—and roused the spectators to enthusiasm by smiting three successive balls of Saunders' for four, four, and five, the last being a grand hit right into the ladies' reserve, the ball landing over the screen placed across the path leading from the gate to the pavilion railing.

FINE CRICKET.

Trumper's great innings of 185 not out for Australia v. England represented Trumper at his best; greater praise is scarcely possible. Every stroke was in evidence, the cut, the drive, the leg glance; and that special one of Trumper's when he goes right back almost on to his wickets and forces a ball just short of a good length away past until on or between the off side fielders. In that game Foster played his immortal innings of 287 for England. His first 73 were made in three hours. During that time he was scarcely at his best, and there was one chance, and a faulty hit or two, but it must be remembered that the ball always required careful watching; for the pitch was not quite perfect, and the Australian bowling was of a high quality. 73 not out was Foster's score at the drawing of stumps on the second day. On the third day he added another 218 runs in four and a quarter hours. His batting then was, I think, the best I have ever seen on a hard, true wicket; his off driving and cutting have never been equalled—while his driving was tremendous in its power. He was exceptionally quick on his feet, frequently moving a yard out of his ground to play the ball. In the last hour he scored 80 runs—a feat Jessop, Lyons, or Bonnor have not often surpassed. Foster has beaten other records in *Gentlemen v. Players*, and *Oxford v. Cambridge*, and if he played at all regularly he would be one of the first choices for England in every test match.

Turning to the test matches at home one naturally finds the name of F. S. Jackson figuring over a hundred for England v. Australia, and the best, and the highest of these was, I fancy, his 144 not out, out of a total of 301 at Leeds, in 1905. Going in with the score at 57 for three wickets, he withstood the bowling for four hours and twenty minutes. He was batting an hour and a half for his first fifty runs, and completed his hundred in three hours and a half. The wicket was on the slow side, but his cutting was beautifully timed, and some of his drives were very hard indeed. He hit eighteen fours, and from the first ball played with that determination and concentration which have helped so much to make him the greatest batsman in the world on a big occasion. Jackson is neither so brilliant nor so attractive to look at as some other great batsmen, but he is soundness itself, and never takes a liberty. He goes in with the fixed idea of playing himself in thoroughly before taking the smallest risk, and never makes the mistake of under-rating his opponent's bowling.

SOME COMPARISONS.

The Australians will tell you that A. C. MacLaren is the greatest batsman we have ever sent them. Indeed they almost rave about him, and I have met men in the pavilion at Sydney who are ready to lay even money that MacLaren will make a hundred every time he goes in to bat on a true wicket; and certainly MacLaren's performances in Australia are as good as Jackson's in England. Until the last visit of the Australians MacLaren had never made a hundred for England v. Australia in England, but his 88 not out at Lords in 1898 was as remarkable an innings as his 140 at Nottingham. For one thing the Australian bowling in 1899 with Jones, Howell, Noble, Trumble, and Laver was far stronger than in 1906, and England was engaged in a desperate up-hill fight. Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Townsend, and Jackson were out for less than a hundred runs, and England was over 200 runs be-

hind. Then MacLaren and Hayward made a stand. As long as there was a chance for gaining the game, MacLaren was steadiness itself, but after Hayward, Tyldesley, and Jessop had been dismissed in rapid succession, and England was still behind hand, he hit out brilliantly, and the recollection of two or three drives to the pavilion rails, which he made off Jones' exceptionally fast bowling, will linger long in my memory. MacLaren in form is one of the most interesting of batsmen. He has a great variety of strokes, tremendous power, and beautiful style. Every stroke he makes is good to watch; and one wonders why he does not make more runs for Lancashire. When he is playing a great innings, one wonders why he ever gets out.

From Lords to Cape Town. Different climate, different light, and very different wicket. Here I saw an innings by J. H. Sinclair which is not unworthy to be counted among the best in the history of the game; for against Trott, Haigh, and Cuttall, at that time, 1899—in their prime, Sinclair scored 106 out of a total of 171 from the bat—the last 47 out of 61. His hitting was wonderful. Six feet four inches in height with a fine breadth of shoulder and chest and very long arms, the bat looked like a "w" ; attack in his hands.

THE KENT STAR.

The first time I saw K. L. Hutchings play was at Tunbridge Wells in July, 1902, and I thought then that given the opportunity he was bound to make his mark. He was, at the age of nineteen, as good a batsman as R. H. Spooner was in his last year at Marlborough. But other things besides cricket claimed his attention during the seasons 1903, 1904, 1905, and it was not until 1906 that he was able to take a regular part in County cricket. How splendidly he batted is a matter of history. Four times he scored over a hundred, and in twenty-five innings he made 1,358 runs with an average of 64.60; and it is safe to say that he is the batsman of the future. Very strongly built, his driving on both sides of the wicket is tremendous, and it is no fun fielding mid-off or mid-on to him. Even George Hirst is not ashamed to go back two or three yards. Against Middlesex at Tonbridge last June, Hutchings played two remarkable innings of 125 and 87 not out. Kent was set 292 to win and four wickets down for 113 runs. Two more batsmen were quickly dismissed, consequently Hutchings had to try to save the game. In this he succeeded, but it was a desperately near thing, there being still ten minutes to go when Huish—who was almost a cripple from lumbago—the last man, came in. At the finish Kent wanted 39 runs. Hutchings is not at present a particularly good batsman on a sticky wicket, but with his splendid hitting powers and strong back play, he no doubt only requires sufficient experience to be as reliable under conditions favourable to the bowler—as he is on a dry true wicket.

Next week: "An Appreciation of Lord Hawke" (by Sir Gordon Home, Bart.).

HOCKEY.

At a meeting of the council of the New Zealand Hockey Association on July 29, a letter was received from the secretary of the Dewsey and Savill Hockey Club, England, suggesting that an English amateur team should tour New Zealand next season, and play 85 matches, including three tests. The cost would be from £250 to £300. The matter was referred to a sub-committee to report.

Manawatu v. Auckland.

The interprovincial hockey match Manawatu v. Auckland, played at the Polo Ground, Remuera, on Saturday, attracted a great deal of attention. It has long been known that this would prove the hardest game of the season, and an exciting contest was anticipated. Spectators were not disappointed, and a really strenuous struggle was witnessed. Favoured with glorious sunshine, and ground in first-class condition, it is difficult to conceive of any other conditions for this growingly popular game. The playing space was roped off, which obviated any crowding on to the ground. No less than 2000 spectators were present, and the greatest interest in the game was manifested. Play throughout was characterised by very hard hitting. The visitors were considerably less in avoidance than the home team, but they showed some excellent form, hitting with great judgment and strong will. The home backs, Wright and Shirriffs, and the goalkeeper, Howell, were mainly responsible for the visitors not scoring more goals. Mr. B. Madden refereed the game in his usual efficient manner. Before the afternoon the ladies' committee provided all players and visitors with afternoon tea, doing yeoman service in tending to the comfort of all. The following are the teams:—

SCULLING.

Manawatu team (colours, green and white).—G. G. Howell, R. Forsyth, H. Walker, Pretty Kerslake; half-backs, H. Sorenson, H. McGregor, D. Stimmonds; forwards, Stevenson, W. Crump, H. Fraser (captain), E. Waldegrave, A. Webb.

Auckland team (colours, blue and white).—C. C. Howell, full-backs, F. E. Shirriff (captain), H. D. Speight; half-backs, J. C. Badham, D. K. Porter, V. C. Kavanagh; forwards, N. B. Jacobson, R. S. Young, P. R. Mason, R. W. Barry, W. B. Brooke-Smith.

From the bully-off the visitors secured the ball, and rushed in to the house, where from a scramble Fraser nearly succeeded in finding the net, but Speight interposed and sent out. From the throw in, Auckland carried the ball well down the field, and a desperate rush resulted in Brooke-Smith finding the net:

Auckland	1
Manawatu	0

The visitors returned to the attack hotly, but Shirriff, coping well, sent the ball to half-way. Resuming the attack, McGregor, Tait, and Waldegrave, in a passing run, made the pace very lively; but Badham ran to the rescue, and sent to midfield. Another rush saw the ball over the line near Auckland's goal, a corner resulting. Shirriff made a fine effort, which was nullified by off-side play, and the ball shortly after again hung round the visitors' goal. Fraser, Waldegrave, and Webb carried the ball to the enemy's territory, where Shirriff proved a stumbling block, and, after a lot of give and take play in midfield, the visitors pressed hard, and Webb found the net, thus equalising:

Auckland	1
Manawatu	1

A fine drive by Shirriff took play to the visitors' 25, where a good deal of congested play took place. Kerslake stemmed an Auckland onslaught. Brooke-Smith and Mason bombarded the goal, but Forsyth stopped well, and a fine bit resulted. Free attack play by Kavanagh brought play to the circle. Waldegrave spoilt Shirriff's return, and play hung in Auckland's half. A big hit by Fraser sent the ball out in Auckland's circle. Stephenson stopped an Auckland onslaught, driving out close to Auckland's line. A free hit relieved Auckland from a dangerous position. Kerslake stopped a rush by Auckland, Walker returning the attack. Mason, Young, and Jacobson carried play to the visitors' 25, Stephenson saving well. Some fine passing by Waldegrave, Fraser, and Webb nearly resulted in a score, but Kavanagh saved, sending well to midfield. A fine pass by Barry gave a fine opportunity, but Kerslake, who was not to be hit. Webb and Waldegrave took play right to Auckland's goal, where a fine hit by Webb was well stopped by Howell. Passing between Waldegrave and McGregor put the ball on the end on the level, the latter making a hot shot with a line hit. Auckland then stormed the enemy's citadel, Kavanagh and Walker exchanging. A fine piece of work by Porter compelled Manawatu to take a corner. Shirriff made Manawatu a free hit, but they gained little advantage. Hodham and Porter returning to the visitors' 25. Young crossed Mason in a hot attack, and spoilt a fine chance. Mason drilled into the bully at 25, and scored Auckland's second goal:

Auckland	2
Manawatu	1

A few minutes after the whistle blew, leaving the scores:—

Auckland	2
Manawatu	1

In the second spell, Manawatu were first away from the bully. Mason and Porter took the ball into the visitors' circle, Manawatu saving by hitting across the line. A free hit for "sticks" relieved Manawatu at a crucial moment. Crump broke away, and Speight intervened in the nick of time, sending the ball to midfield, where a lot of open play followed. Stimmonds carried the ball to midfield, and reinforced by Sorenson and McGregor, a remarkably fast rush was nullified by Auckland's goalkeeper (Howell), who removed the danger, passing to Speight to Kavanagh to Kerslake, who cleared with a line hit. From a bully near Auckland's circle, Howell was again called upon to defend the net, which he did in fine style, sending the ball out at half-way. From the throw in, the visitors advanced card, and the ball well down the field, and a score seemed imminent, when Kerslake interposed smartly, a corner resulting. Brooke-Smith broke away and carried the ball three parts of the field, leaving one man after another. Walker came at a great pace and spoilt the chance. The ball travelled rapidly up the field, and the goalkeeper, apparently thinking it would go past the post, let it go. Barry rushed in, saved, and centred, and Young scored:

Auckland	3
Manawatu	1

The Manawatu vanguard broke away, Howell speculated and missed. Speight rushed in and saved by inches. Hodham, playing a brilliant game, repeatedly saved the situation. Young made a fine spurt and passed to Mason, who kicked over the bar. From a scramble in Auckland's 25, Fraser scored Manawatu's second goal with a fine hit:

Auckland	3
Manawatu	2

Auckland then put all their energies into the work. The ball travelled rapidly up the field, and from a good centre by Jacobson, Barry found the net:

Auckland	4
Manawatu	2

Mason relieved a congested attack with a magnificent hit, sending the ball the full length of the field. Manawatu returned hotly to the attack, and a determined rush resulted in Fraser again hitting through:

Auckland	4
Manawatu	3

The United Kingdom won all four events at the Olympia regatta, Henley, the Leander Club beating Belgium in the final for the eight-oared race.

SWIMMING.

F. E. Beaurepaire, the Victorian champion, won the 220 yards Amateur Swimming Association Championship at Nottingham in 2 min. 37 secs. Radmilovic was second and de Halmy third.

C. M. Daniels, the American, and H. Taylor, the English champion, did not compete.

Harold Smyrk, the Sydney swimmer, who represented Australia in the diving competitions at the Olympic games, won the fancy diving championship of England at the Amateur Swimming Association's meeting.

H. Taylor, the English champion, won the 500 yards swimming championship of England at Manchester in 6 min. 14 secs., beating Battersby by 8 yards. The latter beat F. E. Beaurepaire, the Victorian, by a touch.

A message from Hamburg states that F. W. Springfield, of Queensland, who is to compete in the Olympic games next month, won three races there on Sunday. He won the 100 metres (109.3 yards) in 1 min. 10 1/2 secs., 200 metres (217.6 yards) in 2 min. 45 3/4 secs., and the 600 metres (655.8 yards), in 8 min. 20 sec. When in 1906 Cecil Healy, the Australian champion, visited Hamburg, he won the 100 metres race in 1 min. 8 sec., but was defeated in the other events. In Germany the swimmers do not start in the same method as other countries. Instead of diving the men line up in the water against a rope, and at the word commence the race. This method, of course, has the effect of causing the men to occupy longer times over the journey. F. Unwin, the Sheffielder, carried all before him in the back stroke race at the Stadium last month. He won easily, and put up much better time than the winner of the second race. For Unwin the watch showed 1 min. 28 2/5 secs., and for Willis, of Manchester Mayfield, 1 min. 28 3/5 secs., the latter's time being beaten by several men in the first heat. Another Yorkshire success followed, for Blatherwick, of Sheffield, won the 400 metres, in which, of course, some of the best men were not competing. He won by fully 40 yards, in 6 min. 12 3/4 secs., but would have improved upon that had the Scottish champion Haynes been in better form.—(English Exchange.)

BOWLING.

The International Board of the English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Bowling Associations has received the names of the following for inclusion in the projected team to tour the rinks beneath the Southern Cross:—Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching (who would be accompanied by Lady Brooke-Hitching), Mr. E. Pickard, ex-president of the English B.A., and president of the Midland Counties B.A.; Mr. H. Southall, Brownwood R.C., London; Messrs. J. P. Smith, Lind-

say, Mattheson, and T. Eplin, of the Scottish B.A.; and Mr. Hartley Smith, of the Irish B.A.

Mr. R. R. Ross, president of the Mount Eden Bowling Club, entertained the members and friends from most of the sister clubs to a social evening on Tuesday last—on the occasion of the annual presentation of prizes. The pavilion had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The following toasts were honoured:—"The King," "The Auckland Bowling Association," coupled with the name of A. Bryden, hon. sec., "The Visitors" and "Our Host." Mr. Lanigan presided at the piano, and musical items were given by Messrs. A. Myers, E. Walton, Whist-ance, White, Ingram, Rossegger, Bryden, and R. Walton. During the evening the president presented trophies to the following winners:—Club championship, J. G. Miller; handicap singles and second prize in championship, E. B. Simpson; club fours, Messrs. Woolley, H. Jones, Esam, and Rankin; club pairs, Messrs. Traves and Mercer, second prize, Messrs. W. P. Baker and C. C. Baker; first year players' competition, E. Walton.

Our Illustrations.

GORE DOMINION FAIR.

(By Telegraph.—Own Correspondent.)

GORE, August 1.

The Dominion Fair, opened by the Mayor, Mr. A. A. McGibbon, and promoted by the parishioners of the Holy Trinity Church in aid of the vicarage fund, was a great success. The Farmers' Co-operative Association's spacious new building, which was placed at the disposal of the promoters, had its holding capacity severely taxed during the four evenings the fair was held. The artistic scenic decorations by Mr. F. Dickson blended harmoniously with the gaily decorated stalls, which were laden with plain and fancy needle work and other allurements. There was an endless variety of sideshows. A special feature of the fair was the excellent dancing of the adults and children, under Mr. Lowe, of Invercargill. The All Nations march, headed by Miss Lovell and P. Mills (in Maori costume), was excellently executed. Other attractive items were an Irish jig, the children cake walkers, and a graceful minuet. Miss Ivy Lovell executed a dainty skirt dance. The competitions resulted as follows: Attendance 2714, winning guess 2700, by G. Wilkins, who won the gig presented by Messrs. O'Neill, Crown carriage works. Weight-guessing, pony presented by Thomas Green, 535lb, Vickery (actual weight). Sheep, 171 1/2 lb, J. Shanks (actual weight). The vicarage fund benefited to the extent of over £300. Mr. E. D. Buet thanked the public for the liberal patronage, and expressed the com-

mittee's gratitude for the free use of the building, and to all those who ably assisted towards the success of the fair. The Rev. Wingfield is in charge of Gore parish.

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----- THE -----

Great Anglo-French Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, London

SOME INTERESTING ASPECTS.

What Fortunate Visitors from the Dominion are Seeing in London this Year.

The aim of this article explains the writer has been to reflect in some small measure the general situation of which this international celebration is a symbol. There will be found, therefore, in these pages no detailed description of this building or that, for we hope that our beautiful illustrations are sufficient in themselves. In the following columns we hope merely to point out certain features which may otherwise escape the general reader.

One fact of this kind which does not seem to be widely known is that the Exhibition is in no sense intended to be a profit-making concern. Its organisers will be quite content if expenses are paid. But if their rosier estimates are realised, and there remains a surplus at the end, they are pledged to devote this sum to some permanent public charity, or institution, destined to promote goodwill or to strengthen commercial relations between England and France.

CERTAIN UNIQUE FEATURES.

Speaking generally, one may call attention to the fact that in the erection of over twenty palaces, seven of which are 100ft. wide by 400ft. long, all the records of such buildings in this country have been broken. The Machinery Hall alone covers eight acres of floor space. There are great buildings devoted to education, the fine arts, decorative arts, applied arts, music, women's work, social economy and hygiene, apart from those containing the manufacturers' exhibits of which exhibitions are usually made. In this point also it is unique, as there has never been such a display of a public spirited character from which no possible benefit can accrue to the exhibitors. Another prominent feature is to be noted in the Colonial exhibits of these two greatest of the colonising nations. It is safe to say that no such exhibition in this country has ever had so comprehensive a display of fine arts generally. Nor need it be supposed that French artists will outshine our own, although, as a rule, we willingly concede the palm to them, but both here, and in the Palace of Decorative Arts, we shall hold our own with pictures by great British masters, and in a series of rooms fitted with interior decorations, in vogue in the various periods, extending from Queen Anne, Charles II., George III., the brothers Adam, Chippendale, and so on to the present day. In the Palace of Women's Work there will be a display particularly interesting to feminine visitors, but at this day and date the woman worker has so generally extended her sphere that the segregation of her efforts is almost impossible. In the great Palace of Music there will be, throughout the duration of the Exhibition, an unending series of fine concerts. Perhaps its most splendid feature, however, is the great Stadium, where not only an International Congress of Sports will be held, extending over four months, but where, during two weeks in July, the quadrennial Olympic games, instituted in 1896, will attract the general attention of the world of athletics and sport.

THE ARCHITECTURAL DISPLAY.

The public has come to expect that exhibitions will develop a style of architecture peculiar to themselves, will show buildings quite impossible in any other surroundings. This is true of the display at Shepherd's Bush, in fact if possible all the unique efforts of previous exhibition builders have been surpassed in the way of originality and surprising effects. If one might be permitted to make a slight criticism of the general result, it might be to express the wish that classical design had been followed in more instances, as it is peculiarly effective in the white composite material of which these buildings are made. Great columns of the Grecian schools are never

so effective as when seen in white marble or something like it. In most cases in which recognised architectural features appear they are overlaid with extraneous ornamentation to such a degree as to be almost lost.

The one example of pure style is perhaps to be found in The Court of Honour, if Indian architecture can be called pure. Here we have a glimpse of the real India

same time been able to harmonise the whole. The front represents the facade off the Hotel de Ville, and the two sides are reproductions of the famous Hotel Carnavalet and of the Arc de Nazareth. Another small building of interest is a complete Tudor House, moved bodily from Ipswich, and furnished in the style of its period. There are many who will prefer this beautiful little dwelling to

ployed, the reinforcement being indented bars a third of an inch square, spaced some 12in. apart. The roof is of corrugated sheeting, carried by trusses with a span of 81ft. 6in., with an overhang of 17ft. 10in.

BUILDING RECORDS.

Naturally, in the erection of forty acres of buildings, more or less against time, it is not surprising to hear that some interesting records have been achieved. So far as that goes, the whole of the Exhibition may be regarded as one great record-building feat. But here and there single edifices were put up by the various contractors at an almost unprecedented pace. The Administrative building, for instance, which is entirely a brick structure, was built in five weeks and three days. This is an achievement of which its builders, Messrs Staines and Sons, may well be proud. It is no mean structure, having a length of 125ft. and a width of 111ft. Its walls are 14in. thick, and 270,000 bricks were used in its construction. It was late on a Saturday afternoon when the builders approached the site. They had first some 18in. of mud to clear away, quite some difficulty was experienced in getting the foundation on account of the enormous amount of ballast which had been thrown upon the site. One side of the edifice goes down to a depth of over 5ft. For a whole day operations had to be suspended through the incessant rain. As soon as the walls rose to a sufficient height the concrete floors were put in and an army of carpenters erected the 600 yards of frieze partitions. Then came the plastering, this item alone running to £400. It is also interesting to note that no overtime for work on this edifice was paid with the exception of that entailed in erecting the scaffolding.

Another interesting building feat was the erection of the Indian edifice in the Colonial Avenue by Messrs. Humphreys. In this instance, however, it is a steel structure, filled in with concrete and then covered with plaster. It is 140ft. long and 99ft. wide. It has fourteen graceful domes and is of Indian architecture. From the moment work was commenced on the foundations until the last ladder was taken away only six weeks elapsed. Mention should also be made of the pretty French African bungalow built by M. Gillet. It stands behind the Tunis building, and is nothing less than a comfortable five-roomed, one-storey house, with a broad verandah running round it, built entirely of wood in just under three days. The floor of the dwelling stands on wooden trestles some 4ft. above the ground. It has no foundations, and has been erected by M. Gillet to show how a traveller in Africa may erect a cosy dwelling on any piece of waste land in quick time, and one which would be undisturbed by a flood, and is also dust and mosquito proof.

WHAT THE EXHIBITION HAS COST.

Various estimates have been put forward as to what the Exhibition has cost. So far as the Exhibition authorities are concerned, they have spent just over £1,000,000 on the main buildings, in laying out the grounds, erecting the lighting installation, in building roads, making paths, lawns, and flower-beds. This figure does not include the cost of the great Stadium, which was originally marked down at £50,000. As a matter of fact, it cost £85,000. To this £1,085,000 we have to add the amount spent on the Colonial buildings, which are given by the authorities as follows:—

New Zealand	£20,000
Crown Colonies	20,000
India	25,000
French Colonies	50,000
Canada	100,000
Australia	110,000
Total	£325,000

There are few of us in this Dominion, one presumes, whose business and affairs keep them tied to their desks and homes, who do not perpetually envy those more fortunate individuals, endowed with leisure and means, enabling them to pay periodical visits to the Old World. It is probable that we have never signed over our disability to travel, and see the "wonders of the world," with greater reason than in this year of grace, 1908, when the great Franco-British Fair, the result and outward manifestation of the entente cordiale, is attracting hundreds of thousands of visitors to Shepherd's Bush. Certain it is that no exhibition held in England since 1851 has approached it in importance, magnitude, or magnificence, and in point of real interest and value, it assuredly rivals anything attempted either at Paris, Chicago, or St. Louis, though these may have been of vaster proportions. And, since we cannot see for ourselves, the best next thing is to read a picturesque description from the pen of a really able writer. "The World's Work" for June devotes no less than 112 pages to the Exhibition, and from these are extracted the following descriptive study, together with a few of the beautiful pictures, with which the magazine is profusely illustrated.—Editor, "Graphic."

in everything except, alas! the clear blue sky necessary to bring out its greatest beauty. There is not merely a general copying of effect, but the smallest detail has been carried out; not only do we have the pierced balustrades, but even the close lattices, which denote the windows of the Harem in all Mohammedan countries, are found here. One might feel, particularly on a moonlight night that one had crept into an inner court of some Maharajah's palace and found the jewelled setting provided for the beauties of his retinue. The effect is greatly heightened by the sheet of glistening water which fills the central lake, and is kept in constant motion by the cascade at one end. Even the illuminations are not so foreign to the scene as one might imagine. For in these Oriental countries unacquainted with electricity, it is the custom on festival occasions thus to outline walls and buildings with thousands of fairy lamps.

As to the rest of the Exhibition the result does wear a fantastic air of frivolity quite in keeping perhaps with the butterfly existence for which it is designed. There are, it is true, some quite plain buildings, but these have very little effect upon the bright and gay appearance of the whole. Some of this character, or want of character, is due to the French element, which has, if one may say so, "let itself go" in the buildings for which it is responsible. Certainly London has never seen anything like the variety and profusion of the display. Monsieur Guirard de Montarnal is the architect-in-chief of the French section, and has among his colleagues Monsieur Roger Bauvard, who has designed among other things the Pavilion of the Paris Municipality; Monsieur Patouillard, who is responsible for the main entrance in the Uxbridge Road; Monsieur Toudoire, architect of the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railway, who built the great Gare de Lyon on the Quai D'Orsay in Paris; and Monsieur Le Fevre, who is in charge of the French Colonial buildings. Of the English architects perhaps Mr Imre Kiralfy and his sons have been responsible for more of the work than any recognised architect. But Mr. John Bolcher, A.R.A., has rendered valuable assistance and advice.

There are several small buildings which are perhaps more attractive to the student of architecture than the larger palaces. One of these is the Pavilion of the Paris Municipality, which is not large, but which its architect, Monsieur Bouvard, has managed to make very distinctive. He has utilised three sides of it to reproduce some famous pieces of Parisian architecture, and has at the

the curious and fantastic buildings surrounding it, some of them indeed more curious than beautiful.

MONSTER BUILDINGS.

In any consideration of the size of the structures, the Machinery Hall is easily the largest building of the kind ever erected in this country. With its annexes it covers an area of nearly eight acres. The main buildings are 661ft. long by 131ft. wide, and the connecting hall is 302ft. long by 310ft. wide. The two main halls have been built in three bays, with central spans of 50ft. and side spans 40ft. The outer columns are 28ft. high, and the inner columns 37ft. high from floor to eaves, and the columns are spaced longitudinally about 13ft. 6in. from centre to centre. The inner columns are spaced at a distance of about 26ft. 8in., the intermediate roof trusses being carried on a longitudinal girder attached to the inner column. Messrs. Alexander Findlay and Co. have manufactured the constructional work to the design of Mr. John J. Webster. The building contains a giant travelling crane, working on a central track, with the aid of which exhibits have been placed in position. Transfer facilities have been obtained by tracks and turn-tables from the West London Extension Railway, which runs directly through the connecting hall.

The Stadium is perhaps next in importance as to its size and construction. In general effect it is perhaps the greatest triumph of all the Exhibition buildings. It is oval in shape, with straight sides, the central arena being turfed, with a water-basin down one side for aquatic sports. Next to the turf, all around, is a broad cinder-track for foot-races, and outside that again a bordered track with banked ends for cycle races. The seats for spectators rise in tiers around the arena with every part visible from every seat. On two sides of the Stadium there are covered sections, open to the sky at both ends. The proportions are taken from the great Roman arena, the Circus Maximus. The running-track is one-third of a mile in length, the water-basin is over 100 yards long, while the arena inside the tracks is 235 yards long. There are seats for over 70,000 spectators, and there is said to be standing room for fully 60,000 more. The tiers of seats and standing-places are carried on steel joists 15in. deep, with 20ft. spacing, support being given by braced columns, built up of two channel bars 5in. by 2in., the columns being bolted securely to concrete foundations, and braced both longitudinally and transversely. For the platforms reinforced concrete, 2in. in thickness has been em-

To this amount must be added the still longer list of buildings erected by private individuals, of which the following are the most important:—

Glass Works	£2,000
Mineral Water Factory ..	3,000
Cinematograph Hall .. .	5,000
Old London	5,000
Bakery	10,000
Senegal Village	10,000
Scenic Railway	20,000
Newspapers	20,000
Flip-Flap	50,000
Irish Village	35,000
Locomotion	25,000
Railways	55,000
Fifty smaller shows .. .	75,000
Indian and Ceylon Villages	75,000
Restaurants	100,000

Total £490,000

This gives us a total of £1,900,000, but as several edifices, such as the Machinery Hall, had to be enlarged twice and thereby exceeded their original cost, it may be taken that the Exhibition has cost about £2,000,000. It should be explained, perhaps, that the item locomotion included in above list is for the privilege of operating the boats on the lakes and a Remard road train in the grounds. The amounts may be taken, too, to include also the cost of renting space, which has been as high as £10,000 in some cases, cost of bringing over the natives for the villages, etc.

How is this sum to be met? In part by the payment for the above concessions; in part by the payment for spaces in the buildings; in part by the percentages which the Exhibition, as a whole, will draw on all receipts for articles sold, food and drink consumed, and gate-money for side-shows. To these sources of revenue must be added the money taken at the gates and the season-ticket money. The authorities anticipate recouping no less than £1,500,000 from the sale of shilling tickets alone, as they reckon upon thirty millions of people visiting the Exhibition, apart from season-ticket holders. To this, of course, has to be added revenue from the items already mentioned. We have also to remember that at the back of the whole concern there is a very influential committee consisting of the most prominent people of the country who have put their money into the venture and are not looking for any immediate return. The immense acreage of Shepherd's Bush has been obtained for a long lease, and in a few years hence the land will be very valuable. A large portion of it could easily be disposed of five years hence at a good figure, leaving then a sufficient space for exhibition purposes.

The electrical power installation at Shepherd's Bush is without question the most complex and the most powerful ever erected in this country. There are two distinct supplies of alternating current at high pressures, 5,000 and 2,000 volts respectively. These are transformed at the various stations to a current with the safe working pressure of 220 volts. About 120 miles of lead-covered cables and earthenware ducts have been laid in the grounds and places. In addition to this there are some fifty to sixty miles of smaller cables. The grounds, pleasure gardens, and palaces are lighted by over 2,000 arc lamps of from 1,000 to 2,000 candle-power each. There are 250 arc lamps and thirteen miles of wire in the Machinery Hall alone. Then there is the special plant which was laid down for supplying power for the use of exhibitors. The generating plant in this case is capable of 3,500 kilowatts, which means sufficient power to light, approximately, 175,000 five-candle-power electric lamps. This is, of course, exclusive of illumination plant, which supplies the necessary current to the 100,000 lamps that outline the Exhibition buildings, the 200 lamps in the Central Gardens, and the 6,000 lamps that light up the waterways. Every building in the grounds has its shape outlined with electric lamps, some of them having from 7,000 to 10,000 lamps each. The lamps for the bandstands and kiosks are let into plaster moulds of lilies and roses. The Central Gardens are illuminated with lamps of soft new shades—a departure from the usual scheme of reds, whites, and greens. Twelve powerful arc lamps light up the main entrance at Uxbridge Road, while no less than 200 of these lamps illuminate the half-mile of covered halls that lead from here to Wood Lane. The Stadium has 800 arc lamps of 2,500 candle-power each. In addition, it is also illuminated by powerful search-lights. The finest illumination effect is that obtained at the cascade at the base

of the Congress Hall facing the Court of Honour. This waterfall, which is 30ft. high, fan-like in shape, with a bottom width of 200ft., and built up in the form of steps, is ingeniously lit up with various concealed coloured lights, the whole producing a charming rainbow effect. The lights, of course, are hid behind the tumbling waters, and one detects water of one colour flowing over water of another colour, and all intermingling in a kaleidoscope of beauty. It is undoubtedly a very costly cascade to operate.

THE COLONIAL PALACES.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of all, to those to whom the significance of the Exhibition appeals, is to be found in the buildings erected by the various Colonies, French and English. It is well, perhaps, to enumerate them here to show how comprehensive the display is. There are many buildings of various sizes erected by Canada, Australia, India, Tunis, Algeria, and French East Africa, New Zealand, Indo-China, the British Crown Colonies, a general French Colonial Palace, with a French-Colonial annexe, a Cingalese village, a Ceylon village, an Indian village, an Indian tea-house, a Ceylon tea-house, a French Colonial buffet, a French Colonial Bureau, and a French war pavilion.

The Canadian Hall is very large and handsome, for the erection of which and for the arrangement of the display, the Canadian Government has appropriated £100,000. Australia also occupies a large space with a very fine hall, which has probably cost even a larger sum. The buildings of Ceylon, India, and Tunis are of quite distinctive Mahomedan architecture. The English buildings are arranged on one side of a great crescent,

Continued on page 24.

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11th—*Prev. day.	9 a.m.	8 a.m. No str.
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Music and Drama

"Mother Goose" will replace "Humpty Dumpty" at His Majesty's, Auckland, during next week. Though perhaps not equal to the present year's production in spectacular splendour, it must be conceded that "Mother Goose" is a far more generally amusing entertainment. The incidental songs are more catching, and everyone will look forward to re-welcoming Miss Irene Dillon, who made such an immense and well-deserved hit as Gretchen. This little lady did much to make "Mother Goose" the favourite it proved, and her reappearance in the role she so capably executed cannot but add to the eclat of the first night of the pantomime.

After a run, at popular prices, which has not been very long, but which must be described as wonderfully successful, the Lyceum revival of "Romeo and Juliet," with Matheson Lang and Nora Kerin in the title roles, has just concluded. It has drawn enormous audiences, and on certain evenings the queue waiting for the pit doors to open was quite one of the sights of the theatrical world of London.

Kubelik is back in Australia, giving return concerts in Melbourne and Sydney. In the Sydney concerts, on August 3 and 4, the great violinist will be assisted by Signor de Beanpauis, who has not played in public for some years.

Miss Myrtle Meggy, the talented young pianist, who has recently returned to England from a nine months' tour with Madame Albin in Australia, New Zealand, and India, gave her only recital this season on May 29. Miss Meggy (says an English paper) is one of the many talented artists that Australia has sent us, and it is interesting to note that she received her first lessons from her father, who is a journalist, and is now on the staff of a paper at Hobart.

"The Merry Widow," after a run of about three months in Melbourne, moves on in a few days to Adelaide, where commences a lengthy Australasian tour. "Peter Pan" is to be given a further trial in Melbourne, and will follow "The Widow" at Her Majesty's.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch concludes a remarkably successful run in Melbourne on August 7. A comprehensive Australasian tour follows.

Mr. Robert Courtneige celebrated the 1,250th performance of "The Dairymaids" at the Queen's Theatre in June. The piece has been a remarkable success in London. It was in this piece that Miss Carrie Moore had a part much more suited to her than that of Leihar's Merry Widow.

"Peter Pan" was produced in English at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, in June, by a company taken from London by Mr. Charles Frohman. The French were charmed with the domesticity of the nursery scene. Nans, the dog, leaped at once into favour, but they were somewhat puzzled by the subtleties of Peter Pan's shadow. A French critic also affirms that some of the audience imagined that "Tinker Bell," the fairy, was an allusion to the German Emperor.

Two full-fledged comic-opera companies in Melbourne at the same time is enough to give rise to whole hosts of scandals, but although we have lattered on the verge of dozens none has fully ripened yet. There has been a lot of internal trouble in one company, writes "Cléo" in Melbourne's "Punch." Two ladies, each of them a star in her own right, have come into collision. They did not tear each other's hair or scratch each other's faces, they attacked each

other's characters, and those who listened heard more in five minutes than they had presumed to guess in five years. Eventually one lady declared that she would not play again with the other. A mediator had to be brought post haste from another State to heal the breach which threatened to disrupt the show. He smoothed things over by cajoles and promises, but for a few nights the stage manager had an anxious time.

Miss Mabelle Morgan, principal boy in "Humpty Dumpty" is now making what will probably be her last Australasian tour for many years. She is going to try her fortune in London, where managers of pantomime find great difficulty in getting the girl with the necessary attributes of figure and voice for the heroic role. It is a notable fact that both the principal boy in pantomime and the ragged urchin in melodrama is always a girl, and that the quality of legs is a leading factor in both cases. Those of the principal boy must be faultless in line, while those for the street arab must have a decided tendency to knock at the knees.

In one of New York's leading vaudeville theatres, Wednesday evening of each week is given up to amateur performances. All people, male or female, old or young, ugly or pretty, are at liberty to proffer their services, and do a turn. If the turn goes well with the audience it usually means an engagement for the performer at one of New York's minor halls. If, however, the performer fails to win the approval of the crowd, his (or her) career is quickly cut short. As a man the gallery rises and cries—"Git the look! Git the look!" Immediately an enormous hook on a 10ft. pole emerges from the wings, and hauls the unfortunate performer ignominiously by arm, leg, or neck, into oblivion.

Miss Olga Nethersole has obtained a verdict for 2,500 dol. in her action for libel against the Cleveland (Ohio) "Leader." In a dramatic criticism published over a year ago it was asserted that Miss Nethersole had been made hysterical by a "booming" from a London audience. This assertion was proved to be untrue, and the judge instructed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff if they considered that she had been injured by the false statement. Latitude in criticism has its limits even in the States evidently, but why it should be drawn at this particular line is difficult to understand.

Among the Moldavia's passengers when she left Sydney the other day were Mr and Mrs Alfred Artois and two of the Kios Sisters. Mr Jack Artois and his wife (Miss Alma Grey), who stayed on here a week so as to visit the hot lakes, were to take the Ortona a week later, and cross from Marseilles to London.

Bland Holt is paying his first professional visit to Westralia, where he has been doing great business with the Drury Lane autumn drama success of '97, "The White Heather."

Fanny Montague Milo was (says the "Bulletin" last month touring Ireland, and the truthful Cruickshank announced "she has covered herself with fresh glory." There are people who consider there is room for covering of some description.

The Meynell and Gunn Melodrama Co. which opens in Christchurch on the 9th inst., and returns there for Oup week, contemplates the production of "The Little Bread Winner," "The Stepmother," "Old Folks at Home," and brief revivals of the "Fatal Wedding." The first three plays

are new to New Zealand. The company includes old favourites here in G. F. Caray, C. R. Stamford, Ernest Leicester, E. G. Coughlin, H. S. Lewis, F. Coope, and Misses Beatrice Holloway, Ida Graham and Mabel Russell, etc.

It has been decided that Miss Margaret Anglin's tour shall include the Dominion. Mr. Chas. Herbert, late of Auckland, has obtained an engagement with his company, and starts in a small part at once.

Rose Stahl, who has just finished something over a thousand nights in some musical comedy success in the States, and after a holiday contemplates its further perpetration, believes that if Shakespeare were living to-day when giving "Hamlet" he would not introduce strolling players, but would have a moving picture machine and show the murderer of his father in most approved twentieth century fashion. And she fully expects to see some daring actor try the innovation.

Florence Baines, the buxom proprietress of "Miss Lancashire Limited," has resolved to make Australia her home and abiding place, and has possessed herself of 15,000 Westralian acres, with the intention of becoming a squatteress. This lump of land and the cattle and sheep on its surface represent only portion of the Australian profits of "Miss Lancashire," so there is evidently money in running a cheap sort of play with a class of humour that is aggressively obtrusive.

A few weeks ago an American artist who was appearing at the London Oxford made known to the world the thrilling fact that her theatrical wardrobe was sufficiently capacious to enable her to discard every one of her dresses after it had once been worn. Now it is stated that Miss Margaret Cooper is to be numbered amongst those performers who believe in a nightly change of costume, even when fulfilling an engagement for a lengthy period as at the London Palace. The pair should be asked to give their opinions on the perennial "silly season" topic, "How to dress well on £12 a year."

An interviewer, having obtained access to the presence of a famous actor, asked the great man if he would be kind enough to describe some of his early failures. "Sir," snapped the tragedian, "I never had any! James—the door!"

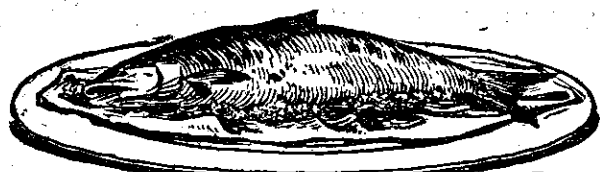
"David Copperfield" is to be produced as a French play by M. Astons at the Park Odéon. The piece is divided into ten tableaux. M. Max Murey, the actor-manager of the Grand Guignol, being the adaptor.

Miss Connie Ediss, the former London Gaiety actress, who is now in America, intends to become an American citizen, and has taken out her first naturalisation papers. Miss Ediss recently purchased a residence in the Berkshire Hills, Massachusetts, for £7800. Gaiety actresses in some instances at least must be more careful of their money than the opposite sex. You don't hear of a Gaiety actor buying a place for thousands to settle down in.

The "Manawatu Standard" saw reason to complain of the final performance of the Beatty-Melrose Company at Palmerston North, when "A Beggar on Horseback" was staged. The staging of the play was particularly fine, but the acting was very indifferent, says the paper, some of the members of the company, including one principal, indulging in merriment in parts where the play required sober treatment. The audience were by no means pleased with their conduct, and for their own sake the management should see that it is not repeated.

Since "Charley's Aunt," with its 1,466 performances at the old Globe Theatre, "Sweet Lavender," with 870 at Terry's, and "The Chinese Honeymoon," with over 1,000 at the old Strand, the West End of London has had no success equal to that of "When Knights Were Bold." The success is all the more interesting from the fact that the author of the piece is a lady, Miss Harriet Jay, a sister-in-law of the late Robert Buchanan. No other woman playwright has approached a run of 500 nights in London, Miss Jay's achievement being all the more remarkable because of the real farcical strength of "When Knights Were Bold." Women may fairly point to Wyndham's as a proof of the possibilities of their sex. Frank Thornton, who presents this latest success to New Zealand audiences, is also remembered for his excellent performance in two of the other plays mentioned.

Pollard's Juveniles are playing in Queensland; at latest it was Brisbane, with "Bluebell in Fairyland."



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THE GORE GRAND DOMINION FAIR.

A most successful fair was recently held at Gore, Southland, in aid of the vicarage building fund. The bazaar lasted for three evenings, and resulted in a profit of over £300. The dances by the adults, and children were highly entertaining, and reflected great credit upon the instructor, Mr. Lowy, of Invercargill. Our photographs of some of the dancers are by Miss studio and Mr. Peter A. Eadie. Particulars of the fair will be found under "Our Illustrations."



SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

VENICE: THE DREAM CITY.

VENEZIA, Venice, Venedig, Venice! In every tongue and every land she has called to the romantic during long centuries, and all have heard; and on those who come to-day to view her departing glories, the people of poor decaying Venice live.

Every artist wants to tread her streets and watch her golden sailed barches come up from the lagoons, and her dark gondolas dart here and there; every poet longs to peer into her mysterious canals and crumbling palaces, and read the romance of her bygone days; every historian desires to stand in her Grand Piazza, for here, indeed, has a nation risen and sunk to nothingness; and every tourist goes because Venice is the most touristic city in all Europe. All come, some once, some twice, some many times. The first time I saw Venice was years ago; I have been again, and some day I hope to go once more, for she holds a great fascination—a fascination of the life of to-day so strangely blended with the memory of bygone splendour.

Before my second visit to Venice some friend presented me with a copy of the "Stones of Venice," by Ruskin, for which I was most grateful, feeling that, as I was to have the privilege of a second visit, I ought to enter more seriously into the chief beauties and interests of the famous city. I struggled manfully with this wonderful work, but I may as well confess that my effort to see Venice through another's eyes was a complete failure. I was so bewildered by the minuteness of the detailed descriptions, by the artistic and architectural knowledge Ruskin displays, and so disgusted with my own ignorance, that I well nigh became estranged from the old city. Ruskin's eyes were very different to those of the dear old English artist who, on my first visit, had taught me to love the churches and pictures of Venice. There is no doubt I was growing bewildered by beauties I could not appreciate and losing sight of those I understood. After spending half one morning in St. Mark's, where the radiant walls of fresco and

mosaic are much too absorbing in their entirety to be taken in detail, I read Ruskin's chapters about that gorgeous old church, and then I understood that these printed stones were beyond me; so I shut the book, and with all my ignorance, I went out to tread the stones themselves, and see through my own eyes her beauties, and feel the influence and charm in such things as appealed to me most.

How much romantic writing has been

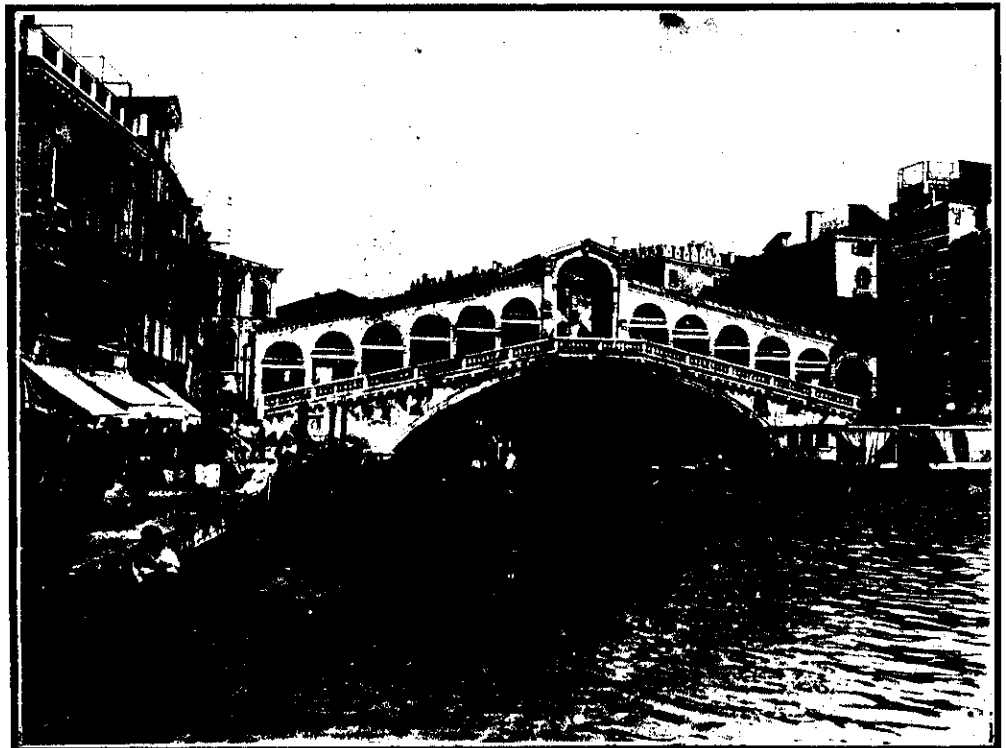
expended on the wealth and attendant extravagance of the days of the Doges; but honestly it is very hard, at first, amid that sadness of decay that casts a shadow over Venice, to picture a time when the mad joy of the carnival lasted six months of the year. Venice is not a laughing, merry city. Rather is she a sad one—affecting in much the same way as a song of the days that are no more.

Our eyes grow wide with a contemplative wonder as we lie back in a gon-

dola, and go swinging round the corners of narrow and darkened canals, past closed and decaying palaces, each stately even now in the memory of one time greatness, or stroll along those tortuous lanes and across a busy campo, where the old men and women sell great pieces of hot pumpkin and roasted chestnuts, where fishermen skin and scale and cry their wares, while pedlars sell cards of tape and buttons and reels, etc., where fresh vegetables from the mainland and the gardens of the Lido are displayed for sale on raised stalls, and where, in the centre of all this, is the public well to which many come for water.

During the summer months Venice is rather stifling, while in the winter cold damp winds make one shiver; but when come the delightfully warm and sunny days of spring or autumn a few weeks spent in the old dream city will give you memories as full of sweetness as the memory of a dream. The long days are spent in the churches, in the Academy of Fine Arts, in the streets, out by the Lido, watching the great billows break on the shore of the Adriatic, or perhaps on a trip to Chioggia, to see the fishing boats, with their gorgeous sails. Similar things might occupy our days in other Italian cities, but Venice has, owing to her great water-barrier, remained untouched by the habit of any other city, and so offers sights and sounds as unique as if her clustered islands were a thousand miles from anywhere.

I do not think that it is quite reasonable to expect a visitor from this corner of the world, who has never seen a single example of the works of the old masters, to feel at first anything but bewilderment at the miles of European galleries. Unless he be an artist, these things have not entered into his thoughts to an extent that would give him a knowledge of the periods at which the pictures were painted, or enable him at a glance to follow the steady forward march of art century by century. The thought of endeavouring to classify the various artists, and even dimly understand their diverse methods seems too great a task to one who will only be with them for a few months. But I have often wondered if anyone could spend even a few weeks in Italy, the real home of art, without absorbing some of the artistic spirit that pervades her cities. I really believe that the dullest of us would do it unwittingly—because we must. We cannot help it in Italy, for the love and the thought of art is in the very air we breathe; the poorest Italian artisan is as familiar with the names of the great artists that have dwelt in this city, as with the names

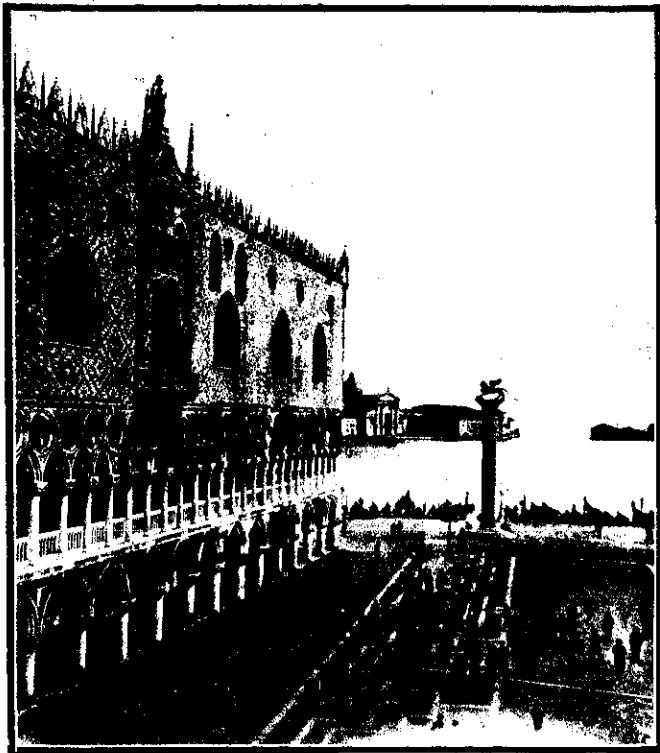


THE PONTE DI RIALTO, ACROSS THE GRAND CANAL.

of the streets and campos near his home. To the stranger this is not so simple, for the traditions of his childhood have no root here, and so to love the masters' works he must understand them.

Now, I was extremely fortunate in my introduction to Italian art some eight years ago. And for this I have to thank an old English artist, of considerable eminence as a portrait painter, who happened to be sitting at our table in the dining-room of the Hotel Britannia. On learning that it was our first visit to Venice, he most generously gave up his time, during our stay in the city, to showing us the pictures in the Accademia delle belle Arti, and in the many churches. For the trouble he took and the patience he displayed, my gratitude is unbounded. Without his aid I would have felt the power of such a masterpiece as Tintoretto's "Marriage in Cana," that covers the wall in the sacristy of Maria Della Salute small wonder when it was one of the three pictures with which Tintoretto was wholly

surrounded by some of the finest works in the collection. Tintoretto's "Death of Abel" is near at hand, also his miracle of St. Mark, which depicts the patron saint of Venice as descending from Heaven to stay the hands of the Turks, who are endeavouring to torture and kill a Venetian prisoner, captured in the Holy Wars. There is also a Veronese, "Supper in the Pharisee's House," which opened my eyes to the strong noble figures and deep rich colouring of this master. We had visited several fine galleries before this, and many an hour have I spent, during the last few years, in galleries much richer than the Accademia delle belle Arti, but I like to dwell on the days when I learnt the A B C of art in the churches and gallery of the fascinating city of canals, under the guidance of that kindly old man, who has lately passed away, leaving as his masterpiece a noble representation of our gracious Queen, when Princess of Wales, which is still her Majesty's favourite portrait.



THE PLAZZETTA AND DOGES' PALACE.

satisfied, and on which he placed his name—but when I think of the hopeless confusion of mind with which I stood before Titian's picture of St. Mark with four Saints, in the same church, or Tintoretto's "Crucifixion" in the Scuola di St. Rocco, I know how much I owe to the kindly explanations that went so far in placing me on the right road. While he traced the long lines of light and shade, and the blending of the colours, by which means the artist had drawn our eyes to the most important figure in even the most crowded canvas, a new vista of thought was opened before me. As the days passed and I began unaided to recognise the deep colouring and "winningly noble arrangement" in the pictures of Veronese, the beautiful moulding and exquisite flesh tints of a Titian figure, or the sweet, soft contours of the Madonnas of Bellini, the whole world of galleries took on a fresh aspect. Perhaps it is because the memory of those first days in Venice is so dear that, in my dream-city, the Accademia delle belle Arti, will always have a prominent place, and Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" be the lodestar that drew my thoughts into the realm of art. The lovely Virgin, standing on a cloud upheld by a score of beautiful cherubs, with her pleading eyes raised to the Father in Heaven, and the apostles at her feet, gazing with adoration and with outstretched hands towards her, was painted by Titian for the high altar of the Frari. Now the picture hangs in the Accademia,

and yes, it is most pleasing to find the lovely altar pieces in their true homes, in the countless churches of Venice—the homes for which the artists painted them. There the Madonnas look down upon us with a gentle naturalness that is stripped from them as they enter the doors of the galleries; there the biblical pictures are in harmony with their surroundings and not rubbing shoulders with some story of pagan revelry. The churches are magnificent, fabulous in their wealth of painting and the beauty of their mosaic and frescoes. Every visitor to Venice must come, to a greater or less degree, under the influence of her churches. It is true that palaces, built by the great ones of bygone times are dotted all over Venice, but now the palaces are decaying and deserted, and the gloom and dust of the far away past is thick inside and out. Strangely enough, the hand of destruction that has crept so disastrously in through the palace windows stopped at the doors of the churches and within time has given to their beauty a mellowness that far from detracts.

In most cases all magnificence has left the crumbling old palaces—they are empty, pitifully cold, and depressing—but we found the spirit of ancient Venice still alive in the high mosaiced domes, the genius of Titian, of Tintoretto, of Veronese, of Bellini, of Vecelio, still speaking from behind the high altars and in the secluded chapels; the very bones of Titian, and of many a Doge, and of Veronese lying under their massive monuments in

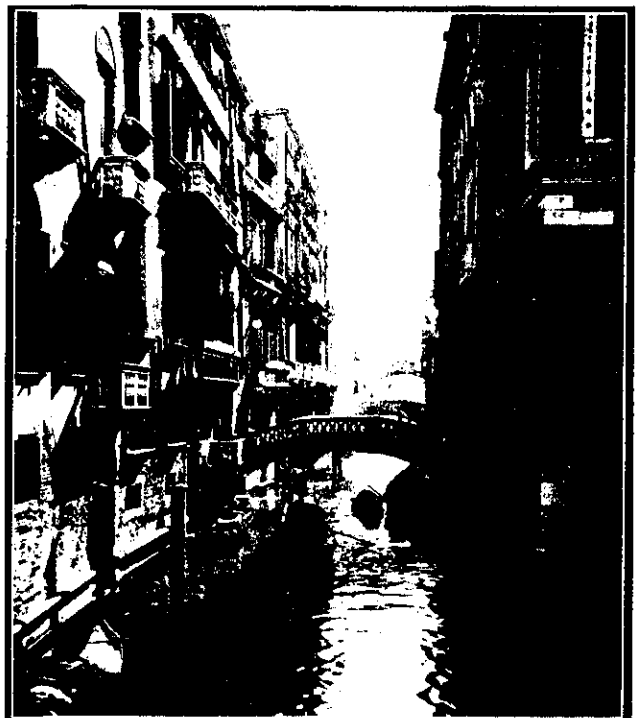


IN THE RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS.

the Frari, San Giovanni e Paolo, and in San Sebastiano.

Some folks prefer to spend their days wholly on the streets and canals of Venice. Undoubtedly, they may there learn every detail of her twentieth century life; but, as simply as they ignore the churches of Venice, they will go away never having known the glamour of her great and powerful days. Though few of us are versed in architecture or in art itself, so as to understand the various details and beauties of those great monuments, none can look up, through the softest of golden lights, into the mosaiced dome, or at the precious stones and brilliant colouring of the walls of St. Mark's without feeling the old Venetian love of beauty and magnificence; nor can we for-

get the Venetian reverence for her great dead as we stand in San Giovanni e Paolo beside the tombs of the Doges of past glory; a reverence more fully appreciated when we rest our hand on the monument to Titian in the Frari, and listen to the story of how the Venetians, even amidst the panic of the plague-stricken city, took the panic of this man, who had himself died of plague, and brought and lovingly buried it here; or when we find the tomb of Paolo Veronese so appropriately placed under the shadow of his own beautiful works in San Sebastiano. Thus as we wander from church to church, in which hang many of the works of the greatest of great artists, we become possessed of an intense wonder at the high culture and knowledge and spirit of reverence



LOOKING UP THE RIO PALAZZO TO THE BRIDGE OF SIGNS.

that must have consumed the Venetians of the 14th and 15th centuries.

No Ruskinian mind is needed to understand that it is easier, within the precincts of the old churches, to bridge that gulf of centuries which lies between the Venetians we see and the 14th century Venetians who built Doge Morosini's tomb. It is well nigh impossible to do it anywhere else. There is variety, too, in the pleasure given by the artistic excellence of many of the Venetian churches. Howells, in his "Venetian Life," says of the church of the Jesuits: "It has no richness of effect, but a poverty, a boldness, a harshness, indescribably 'tablecloth,' yet I met a cultured man travelling in Palestine who had visited Venice some months previously, and who was

by this method of receiving household goods.

To the wells in the campos I often saw women, with just a cup in hand, come to get a drink, and I gathered that in very few instances is water laid on in the houses. At first it puzzled me: much water the water in the wells came from. Was it from the springs or from the canals? The well seemed too plentiful for each one to be over a spring, and if the water came from the canals surely the health of the people must suffer. I found, however, that "it is derived from the rain that falls on the shelving surface of the campos, and soaks through a bed of sea-sand around the cisterns, into the cool depths below."

Much of the Venetian's life is spent out



A QUIET SIDE CANAL.

of doors, either on the balconies of their houses or in the streets. In the campos, in the streets, however narrow, on the miniature bridges, the Venetian women, none too tidy and none too clean, sit and sew and gossip, while near by the men sprawl on their backs in idle slumber. The Venetian is most often very poor, for he is notoriously idle. At their doors we saw women, cushion on knees and hobbits flying in formation of a complicated lace design, but the lace industry is best appreciated by a visit to one of the factories in the city or on the Island of Murano, where are to be seen delicate and filmy things that would make any woman's nerves thrill with the desire for possession.

One morning we made friends with little Aldo, a dark eyed Venetian baby boy, who was trundling along a canal pathway in the very queerest of cages that ran on wheels and enabled Aldo to use his fat little legs with no danger of a snap shot, and we focussed up upon him in pure delight. But from a doorway near by his mother pounced on him and carried him off, protesting we knew not what. In a few minutes, however, Aldo reappeared, resplendent in his best dress and bonnet, his mother bubbling with pleasure at our admiration of her baby.

Continued on page 41.

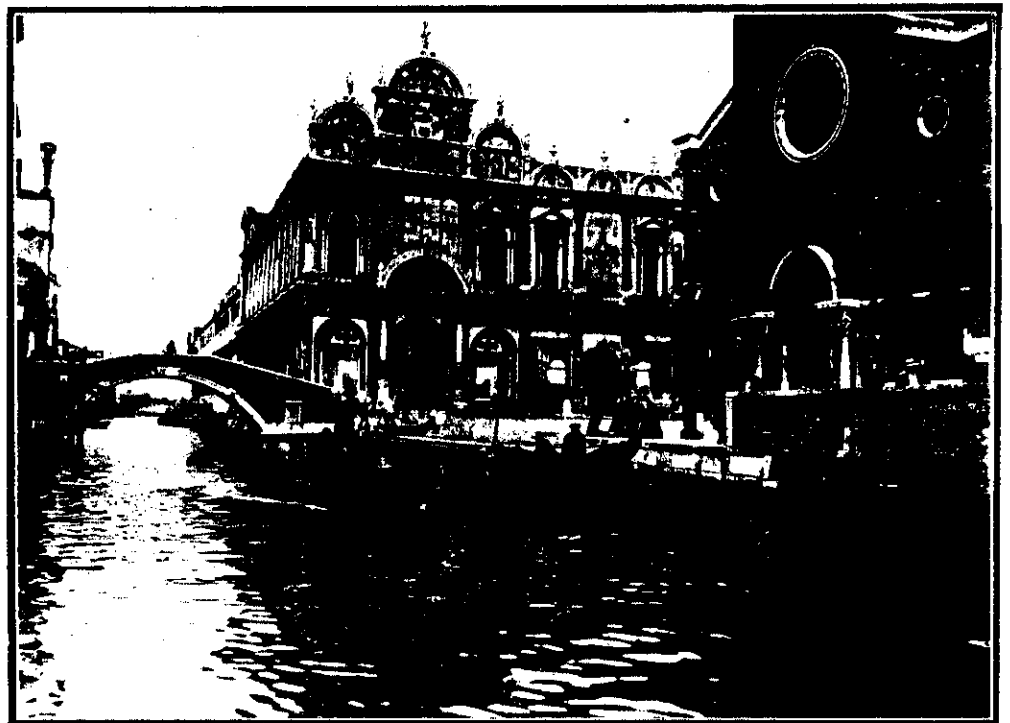


A BUSY STREET SCENE.

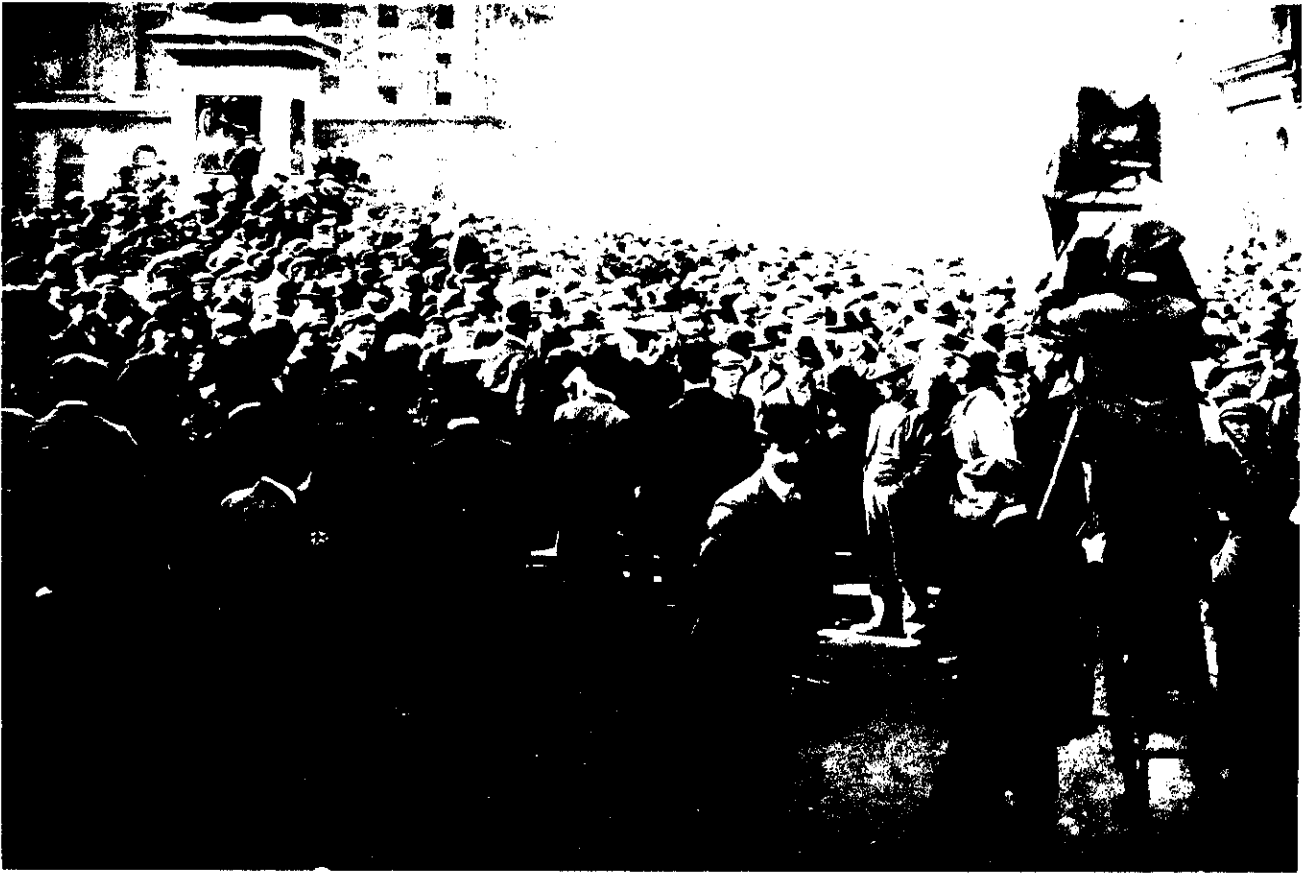
intending to rest there a day on his way to England merely to see again the golden glory of St. Mark's, and the heavy curtains of stone so amazingly realistic in their green and white stone-mosaic, that hang in this same church of the Jesuits. So, whatever may be one's habits in other cities, it is a grievous pity to pass by the doors of the churches of Venice.

Ideal as is the motion of a gondola, I found a greater amount of interest and pleasure to be gained from the queer little streets and busy squares (or campos). The mind becomes quite excited from the necessity to dodge round a corner every few yards and cross a canal bridge almost as often. In these dark little alleys you play a game of hide and seek - what you seek is always round the next corner, and you never know what it will be. Most of the streets are alarmingly narrow - though I know of at least one wide, tree-planted street in Venice - but they are surprisingly clean, for no beast of burden save man enters here - no horses, no bullocks, no donkeys, the gondolas and barett doing all the cartage for the city. Children swarm at every corner, and there is no dearth of grown-up beggars, whose cry of "soldi, soldi, Signore," echoed very often in my wake; but the cry is not so persistent as in other Italian cities, and the plump, dirty, dark-eyed children would take our refusal with a good-natured laugh and go scampering on their way.

Not infrequently, while on our walks, something suddenly bumped one of us on the head, and on looking up we encountered the laughing eyes of a Venetian girl, who from a second or third story window, was lowering, by a string, a basket into which the tradesman puts his wares. Think how many tramps up and down the stairways must be avoided



SOME FINE BUILDINGS OF ANCIENT VENICE.



E. Denton photo. MASS MEETING OF WELLINGTON "UNEMPLOYED" AND OTHERS WHO ALLEGE THEY CANNOT GET WORK.

Meeting being addressed by Mr. J. Dowell, of the Waterside Workers' Union. The crowd, under his guidance and that of Mr. H. A. Campbell, Organiser of the Political Labour League, marched to Parliament, and deputationised Sir Joseph Ward, who promised work on the railways and roads of the Dominion. The demand for employment in these undertakings does not appear to be very popular.



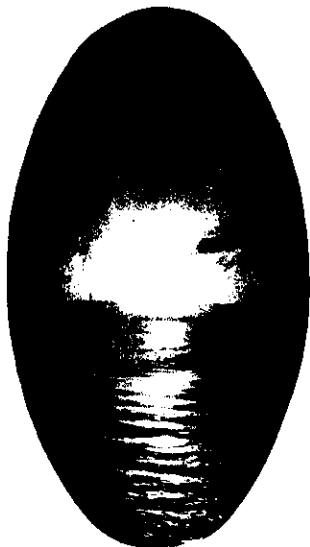
Schnef, photo. SEVENTH COLONIAL CONFERENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND FARMERS' UNION, HELD IN WELLINGTON LAST WEEK.

A GROUP OF DELEGATES.



THE YOUNGEST KING IN THE WORLD.

Manuel II, of Portugal, who was called on to assume the responsibilities of his destiny so unexpectedly at a tender age owing to the cowardly assassination of his father and brother.



AT SET OF SUN.

Looking over the Auckland Harbour towards Birkenhead.



MR. J. A. GILRUTH.

Chief Veterinarian and Government Bacteriologist, who is leaving the Dominion to take up a position as Director of the National Veterinary College and Research Institute, to be established by the Victorian Government. His salary will be £1000 a year, said to be the highest paid to any veterinarian in the world. Mr. Gilruth is one of the most popular and capable men in the service of the New Zealand Government, and his loss to the Dominion will be almost irreparable.



A FEARSOME WARRIOR.

Mr. Sheffield, who carried off the prize for the most original costume at a recent Fancy Dress Ball at Kohukohu, Hokianga.



FOR A LONG-DISTANCE POWER BOAT RACE.

The handsome "Rudder Cup" presented to the R. N. Z. Yacht Squadron by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, of New York, to be competed for by power launches over a distance of not less than one hundred miles. The race will be open to all launches in the Dominion, belonging to a recognised yacht club. Intending competitors can obtain all particulars from Mr. J. C. Hewson, secretary of the Squadron.

*A chield's among you, taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it.*

SALE OF A BURNS MANUSCRIPT.

A number of autograph manuscripts of the poet Burns were put up for sale recently at Sotheby's, London, and if one can judge from the competition for them, interest in the idol of the Scots is not so keen as it was. The collection included a few short poems, and a letter sent by Burns to a friend and patron. The most interesting manuscript was the original of the well-known poem which contains the lines:

*"A chield's among you taking notes
And faith he'll prent it."*

It will be observed that in the manuscript the poet spelled the second word "chield," which in all the printed editions of his works it is spelled without the "d." These well-worn lines, it will be remarked, are frequently misquoted, "you" being changed into "ye" and "taking" into "takin'."



THE PROPOSED MANUKAU CANAL.

Looking towards the Tamaki River over the route of the canal, from Brady's Point, Otahuhu.

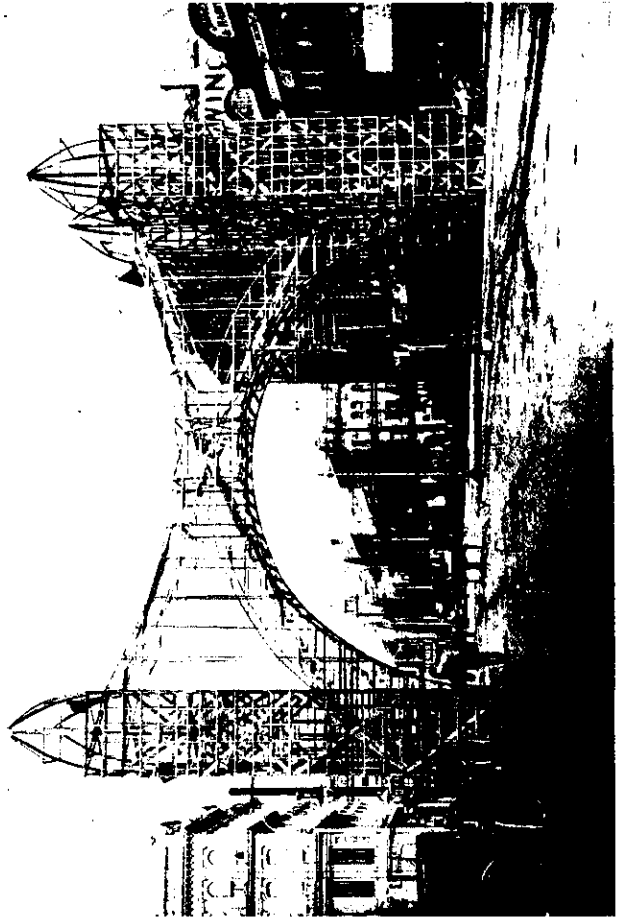
At the point on the far side of the river in the middle of the photograph there is thirty feet of water at low tide, and this estuary runs up to within under a mile of the Manukau, which it is proposed to connect.

Negative No. C6250.



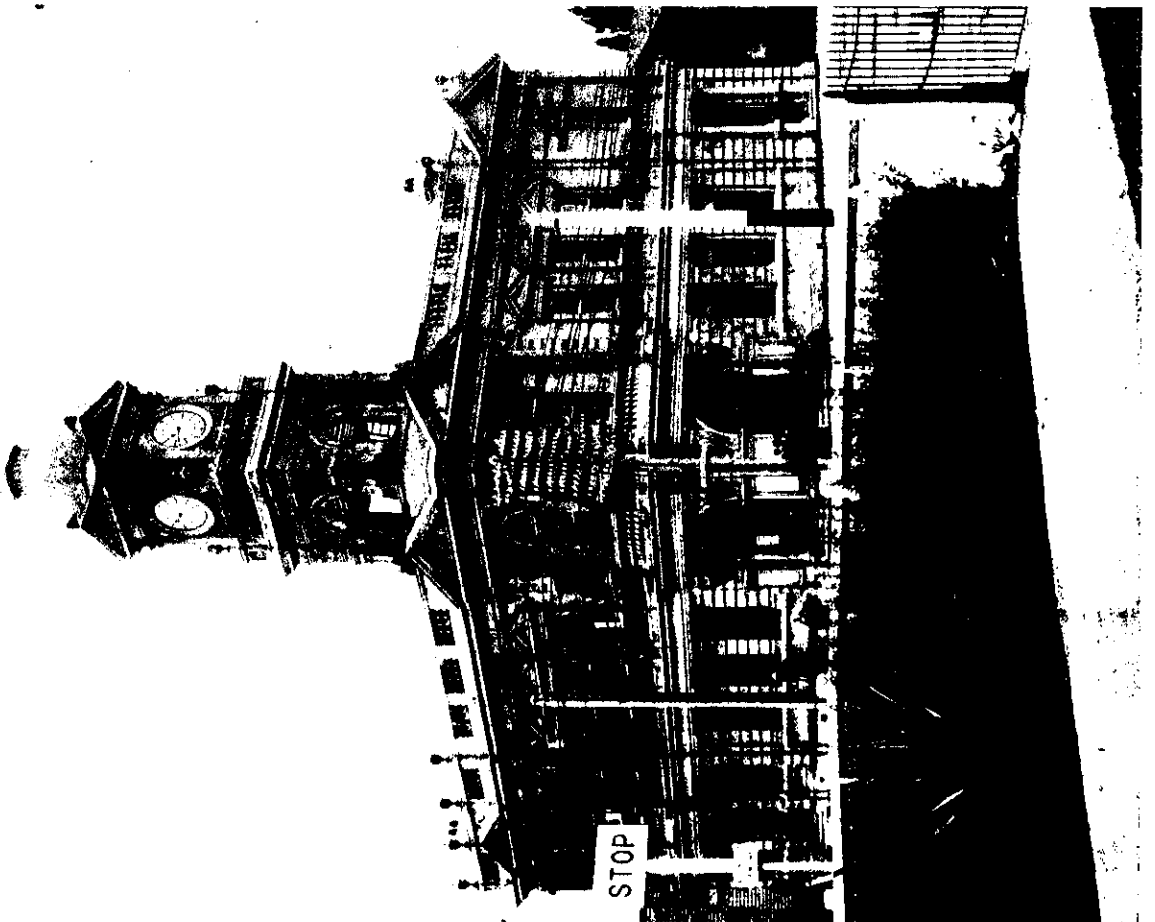
THE RUSSELL GOLDFIELD.

Opinions differ as to the existence of the precious metal at the Bay of Islands, but some of the residents are absolutely certain on the matter, and have been trying to form a company to work the spot where indications of gold were reported close to the top of the hill in the middle distance.



TO WELCOME THE FLEET.

Good progress is being made with the Auckland City Council's arch at the foot of Queen-street, and it promises to be a fitting evidence of the City's desire to make the visitors feel that they are honoured guests.



PALMERSTON NORTH'S FINE POST OFFICE.

F. Duncan, photo.

Continued from page 14.

outlined by the Colonial Avenue, to the right as the visitor approaches from the entrance, and faced opposite to the left by the buildings of the French Colonies.

BANKS IN THE GROUNDS.

For the benefit of the numerous exhibitors, firms, and visitors, there are three banks on the Exhibition site, namely, William Dawson's Bank, the official bankers of the Exhibition company, at the entrance to the Court of Honour, the London and South Western Bank, near the Stadium, and the French bank, the Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris, facing the Machinery Court. In addition to undertaking ordinary banking



MR IMRE KIRALFY.

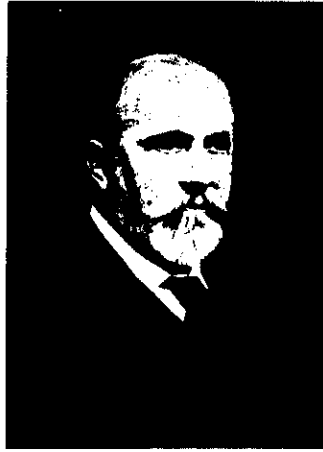
Commissioner General. The greatest organiser of "Fairs" of our generation.

business the two English firms issue and collect foreign drafts. The French bank is naturally very popular among the French population at Shepherd's Bush. In addition to exchanging French money into English, cashing English and foreign cheques and drafts, it has also a general information bureau for the benefit of French visitors. The obliging clerk will tell you the whereabouts of any building you may be looking for, and if you desire it send along a messenger to put you on the right track. All the three banks are open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and again from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m., every week-day. This is the first time in the history of British banking that institutions of this description have opened their doors to the public so late at night. The experiment will, undoubtedly, be watched with much interest. When the Night and Day Bank opened in New York, more than one prominent financier on this side of the Atlantic declared that such an institution would be welcomed here. Naturally the banks at



M. EMILE DUPONT.

(President of the French Committee of Foreign Exhibitions and of the Franco-British Executive Commission.)

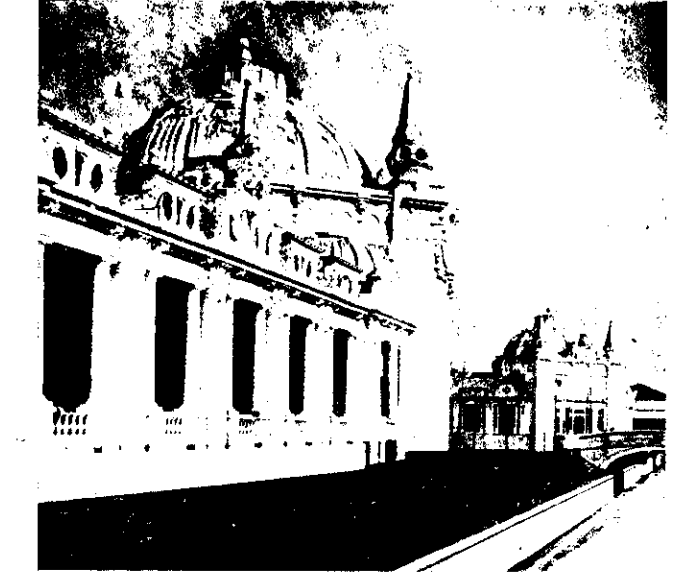


THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.,
(President of the Exhibition.)

Shepherd's Bush have had to adopt special precautions to guard four billion at night. It is placed in safes that represent the last word in safe construction, and in addition is guarded by two armed patrols.

THE SOCIAL SIDE AND CLUBS.

Two features which do much to make the fair a success socially are the In-



THE TWO WINGS OF THE FINE ARTS PALACE.

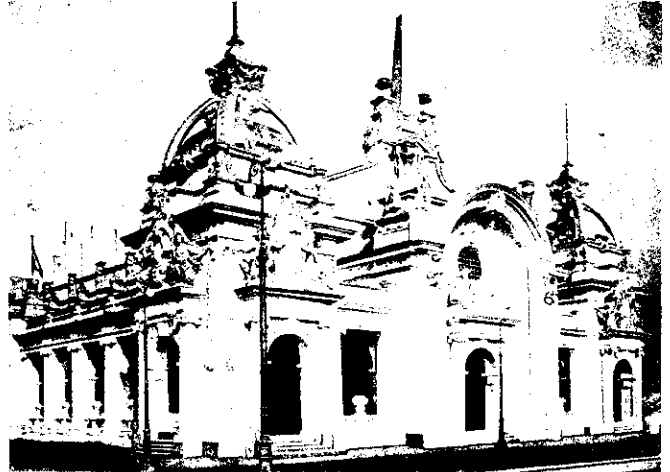
perial Sports Club and the Garden Club. The first named is connected with the Stadium, and its members have a private entrance into this great athletic arena where a block of seats, under cover, has been reserved for them, adjoining those which have been set apart for the use of

competitors. Lord Desborough is President of this Club, which is a pretty white edifice of the Renaissance period, 200ft. in length, and surrounded by a sheltered terrace or loggia, in which meals are served. When the idea of forming this Club was first mooted it was proposed to



M. GUSTAV SANDOZ,

(Founder and Hon. President of the French Committee of Foreign Exhibitions.)

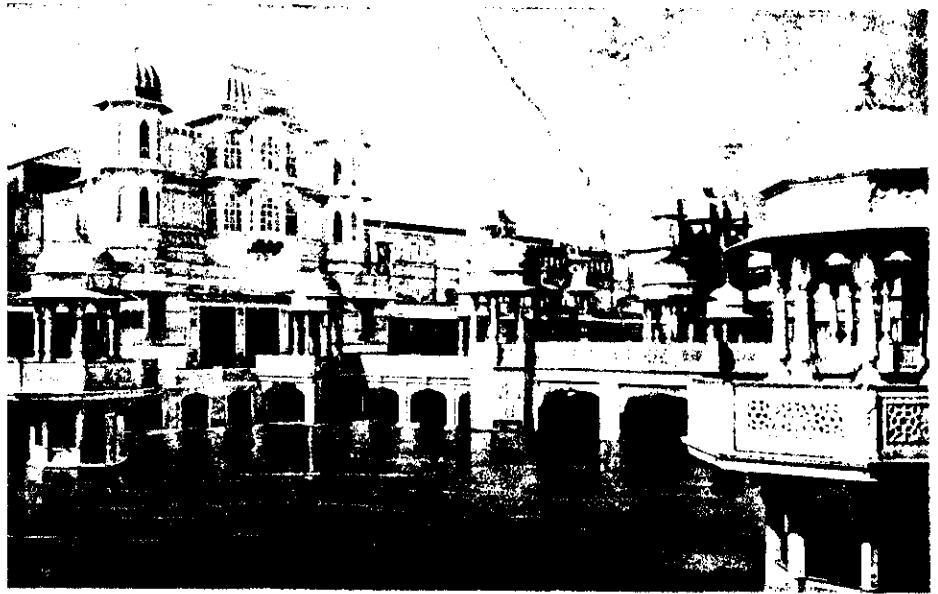


THE PALACE OF BRITISH APPLIED ARTS, VIEW FROM THE REAR.



THE PALACE OF FRENCH APPLIED ARTS.

restrict the membership to eighteen hundred, but before the Exhibition opened its doors over nineteen hundred persons had been elected. It has two large dining-rooms, 114ft. by 29ft. and 85ft. by 29ft., a circular hall 44ft. in diameter, with drawing-room, smoking-room, and waiting-rooms attached. There is also a ladies' boudoir and cloak-room, and members are allowed to bring lady friends. They have also a special entrance into the clubhouse from Wood Lane, and need not pass through the ordinary turnstiles. Then there is the Garden Club, which is open to both ladies and gentlemen. It is situated in the Central Gardens, and during the summer is likely to become the acknowledged rendezvous for society. This club has a frontage of 300ft. and a depth of 130ft. It is so commodious that it can easily accommodate 4,000 members and their friends at one time. Over 1,200 persons can dine together in the great banquet-hall, which is almost wholly built of glazed panels. On the verandah, which adjoins the lawn, 200 persons can easily find seating accommodation and another 1,500 on the spacious lawn. In addition to cosy drawing-rooms, smoking-rooms, etc., on the ground floor, there are on the first floor a number of private dining-rooms, some nineteen in all, which members can engage and where they can entertain their friends. These rooms open on to a balcony from which a fine view of the Exhibition buildings may be had. Like the Imperial Sports Club, it is pleasantly but not extravagantly furnished, the lights being purposely subdued in order to make a pleasant contrast from the glare of the Exhibition lights. The clubs certainly afford a cool and delightful retreat after a tramp over the Exhibition grounds. Members of the Garden Club have also a private entrance into the Exhibition.



THE COURT OF HONOUR.

HANDLING THE VISITORS.

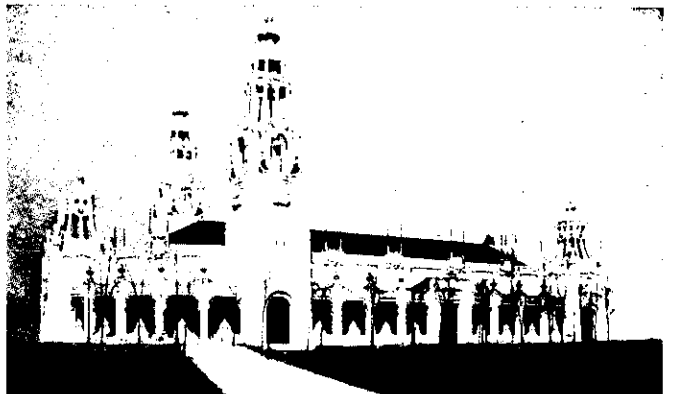
When one hears that the promoters of the Exhibition hope for a minimum of 30,000,000 visitors during the summer, it is natural to inquire what means have been adopted for bringing this multitude to the grounds and for providing for

their comfort there. From the outside there have been several short lines of railways and tramways built to serve this purpose alone. The Central London Railway has even driven a special short length of tunnel to meet the requirements of the Exhibition traffic, and are constructing a new surface station oppo-

site the Wood Lane entrance of the Exhibition. The Metropolitan and the Great Western lines have built a joint station on the Hammersmith branch between Latimer Road and Shepherd's Bush, which is practically in the Exhibition itself, while the Exbridge Road Station of the West London Extension



THE PALACE OF MUSIC, WITH THE FINE ARTS PALACE IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE PALACE OF WOMEN'S WORK.



A VIEW OF THE COURT OF HONOUR BY NIGHT.

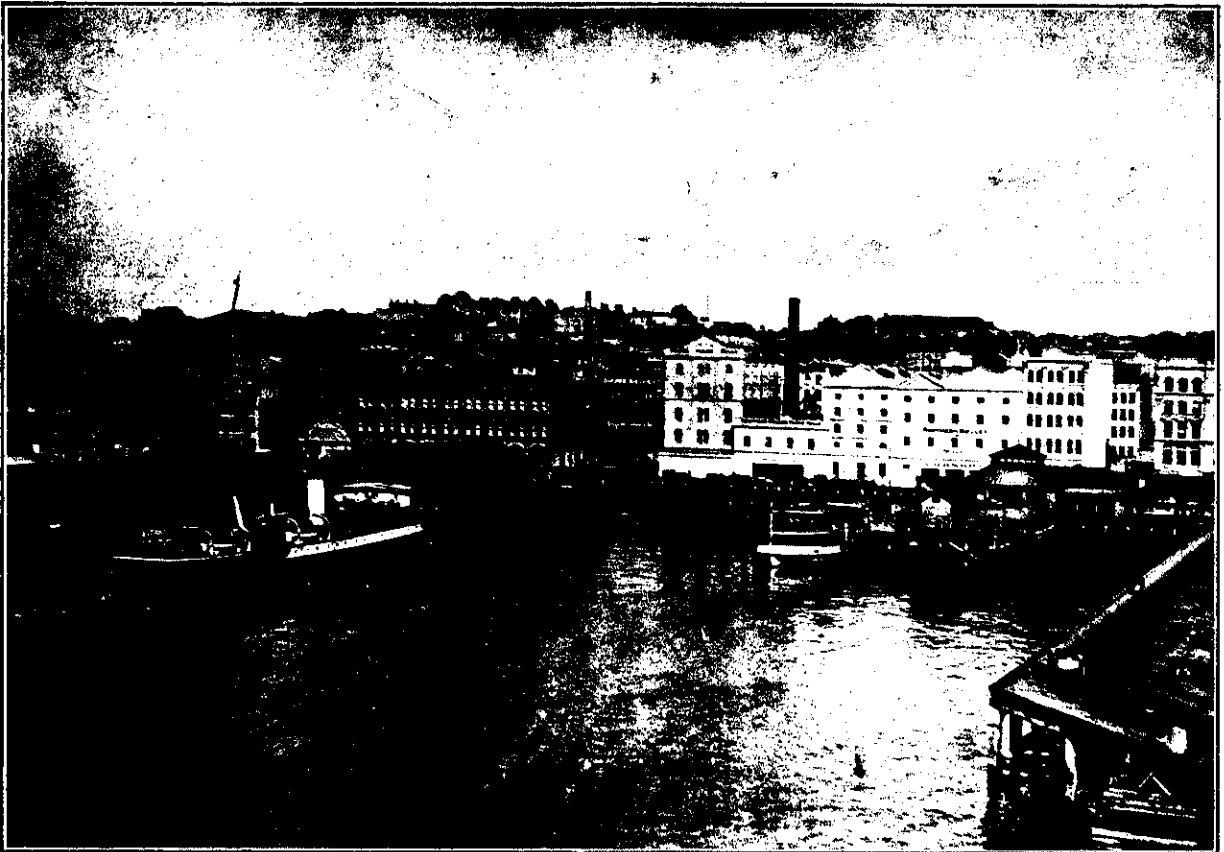
THE GREAT ANGLO-FRENCH EXHIBITION AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH, LONDON.

Railway gives direct access to the covered way into the Exhibition. The District Railway has also opened a new station practically in the grounds, and special tramway lines have been laid from Shepherd's Bush to the Wood Lane entrances. Special motor omnibuses, taking only Exhibition passengers, are to run from the heart of the city. Those who have estimated the capacity of these various methods of transport declare that they are quite equal to the task of bringing 100,000 passengers an hour to the gates. It is also possible for Continental travellers who desire to do so, to go direct from the landing stage at Dover to the Exhibition stations.

These figures, more than any others, perhaps, illustrate the magnitude of the undertaking. A system of turnstiles has been installed, which allows visitors to pour into the grounds at the rate of 1,000 a minute. Mr. Imre Kiralfy hopes that on some of the great days he will be able to break the record heretofore held by the Chicago World's Fair of 600,000 visitors in one day. He also points out that if the number of visitors to the Paris Exhibition in 1900 reached 50,000,000, his estimate of 30,000,000 at Shepherd's Bush is a modest expectation in view of the density of the neighbouring population, and the frequency with which citizens of the whole United Kingdom come to London.



LOOKING UP QUEEN-STREET, FROM AN ELEVATION ON THE QUEEN-STREET WHARF, WHICH IS NOW BEING REBUILT IN FERRO-CONCRETE.



A PART OF QUAY-STREET.

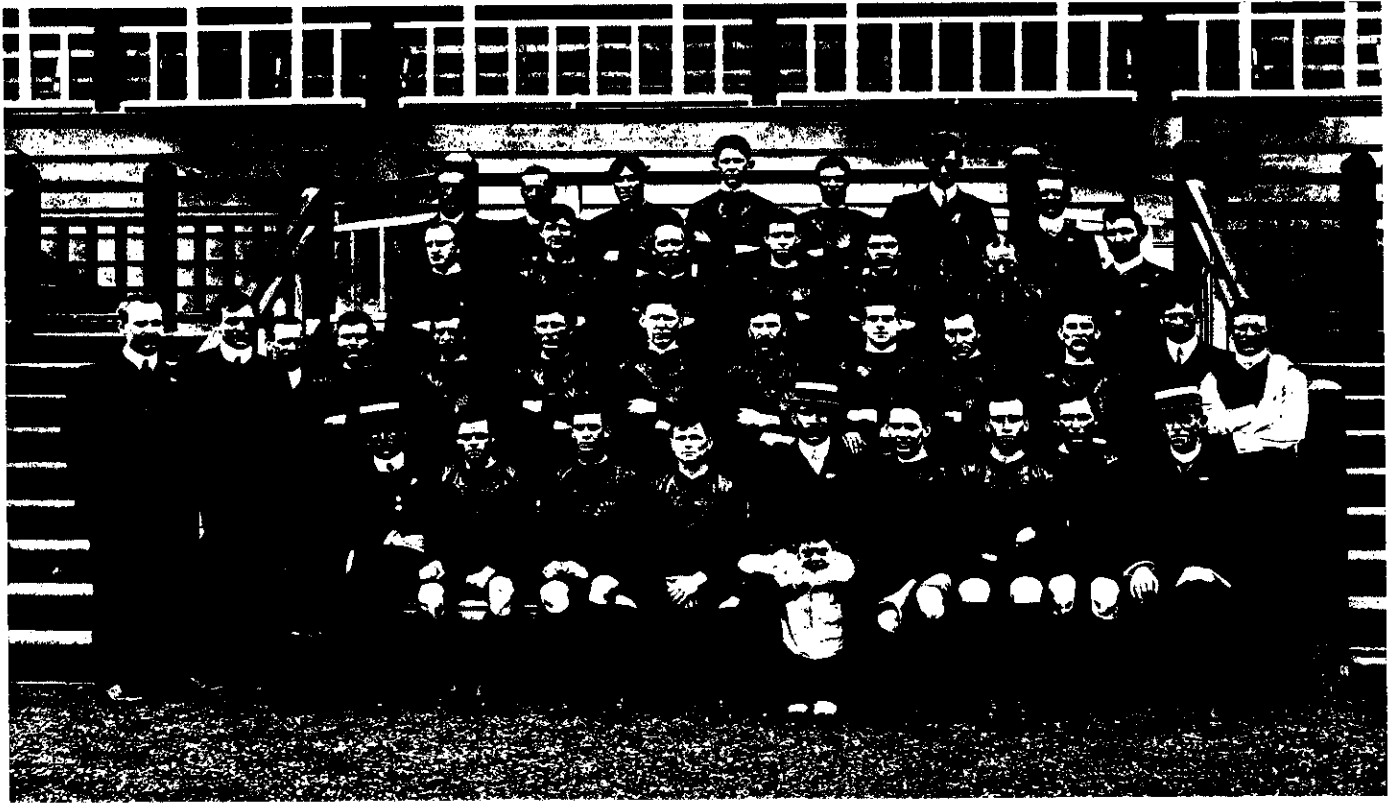
AUCKLAND CITY ALONG THE WATER FRONT.

Some idea of the improvements that have taken place in this portion of the city, which is built on reclaimed land, can be gathered from the fact that the capital value of Quay-street, from Beach road to Queen-street has gone up from £53,000 in the year 1893, to £152,360 at the present time.



A FIJIAN FAMILY FISHING PARTY.

The women do nearly all the work in Fiji, where the suffragette has not yet arrived, and much of their time is spent in fishing, wading along the in-shore kow-doo, and sometimes deeper as the picture shows. They are generally armed with a net about a yard or so long made fast to sticks running down either side, and a basket very like a trout fisher's creel, slung over the shoulder. Ten or a dozen of them form a half circle, which gradually diminishes in size as they walk slowly along with their net in the water and the fish are driven into a corner. When the fish attempt to get past the besiegers they are deftly caught in the nets, and popped into the baskets through a small opening left in the top.

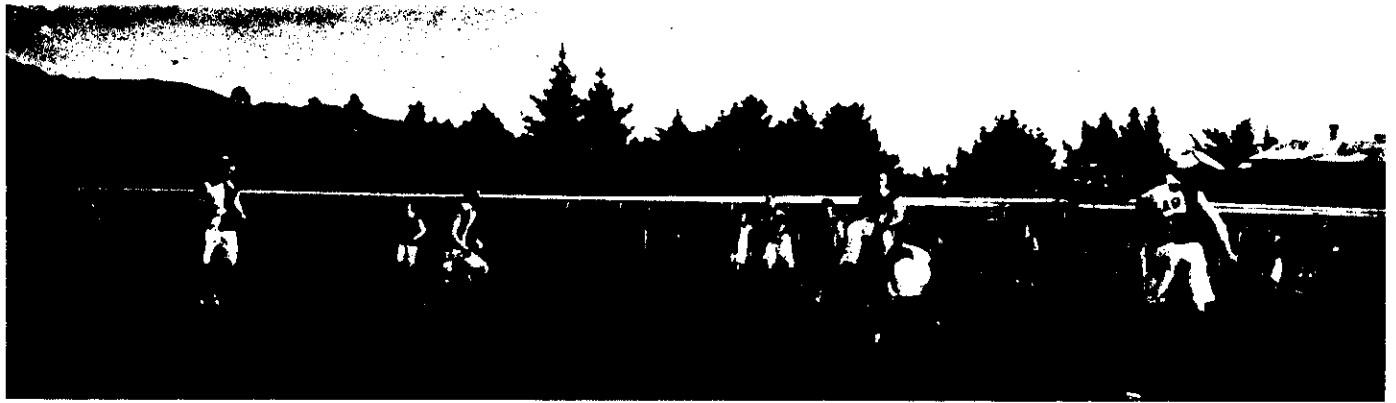


MEMBERS OF THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM PLAYING THE AUSTRALIAN GAME WHO HAVE LEFT FOR A TOUR OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



Whalley and Co., photo., Pilmorston North.

THE SOUTH CANTERBURY FOOTBALL TEAM NOW TOURING THE DOMINION.



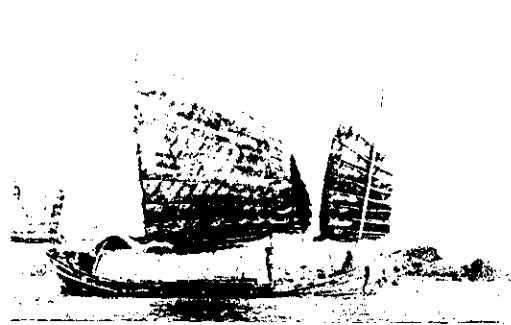
INTER-PROVINCIAL HOCKEY—MANAWATU V. AUCKLAND—AT REMUERA.

THE MATCH WAS WON BY AUCKLAND AFTER A HARD CONTEST BY THE SMALL MARGIN OF 4 GOALS TO 3.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

This pretty little picture is a photograph of a school in Central China.



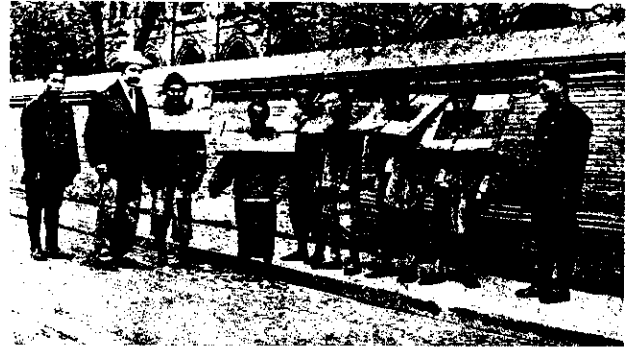
JUNK ON THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG.

The rivers teem with these craft, and China has literally an enormous "floating population." In Canton there are over two hundred thousand people who know no other homes than these junks.



TIMBER CUTTERS.

Primitive method of sawing logs into planks.



THE KANG.

This is the favourite method of punishment. The prisoners are handcuffed together, and round their necks are slung two boards which fit together, and bear a document setting forth the delinquencies of the wearer, and the time he has to serve.



A SHANGHAI BEGGAR.

Like mendicants all over the world, the Chinese beggar carries round pathetic-looking infants to excite the generosity of the public.



BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Men are cheaper than horses in the Flowery Land, and a sight such as this is quite common. The whole gang, overseer and all, would not cost as much as a horse.



"THE CAB OF CHINA."

This is the only means of travelling in the back-blocks of Central China, and is a tribute to the Chinaman's powers of endurance rather than his inventive faculties. Major Patterson speaks of seeing as many as six people being wheeled on one of those lopsided conveyances. The amount of energy expended by the wheeler in keeping his cab upright is enormous, but these men have remarkable powers of endurance.



UNWILLING TRAVELLERS.

John Chinaman has a marked partiality for roast pork, as readers of "Elia" will remember, and when he takes his pigs to market he gets over their well-known aversion to such a proceeding by encasing them in what looks like a wicker torpeda lashed to the familiar barrow.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN CHINA THROUGH THE CAMERA.

These charming snapshots, taken by Major G. W. S. Patterson, of Auckland, during his recent tour, which led him right into the heart of this interesting country, show us phases of the Chinaman's life not familiar to all, and they form a decided contrast to those of modern China published last week.



IRRIGATING THE PADDY FIELDS BY MANUAL LABOUR.



CLEANING THE CORN.

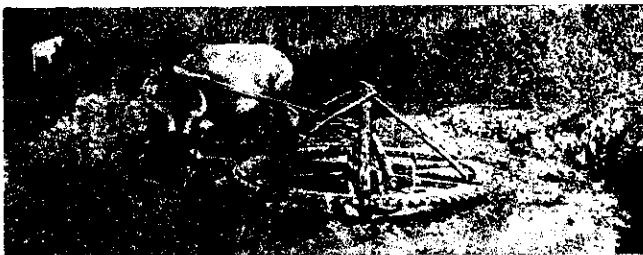


THRESHING RICE.



WATER BUFFALO.

Which is employed in all work done by horses in other parts of the world.



GRINDING MILL.

The water buffalo is blindfolded by two pieces of bamboo strapped over the eyes, in order to prevent it getting giddy while making its continuous and circumscribed circle.



WOODEN PLOUGH, USED IN THE TIME OF CONFUCIUS, AND STILL EMPLOYED BY THESE CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE.

THE CULTIVATION OF RICE, THE STAPLE CROP OF CHINA.



STROLLING PLAYERS.

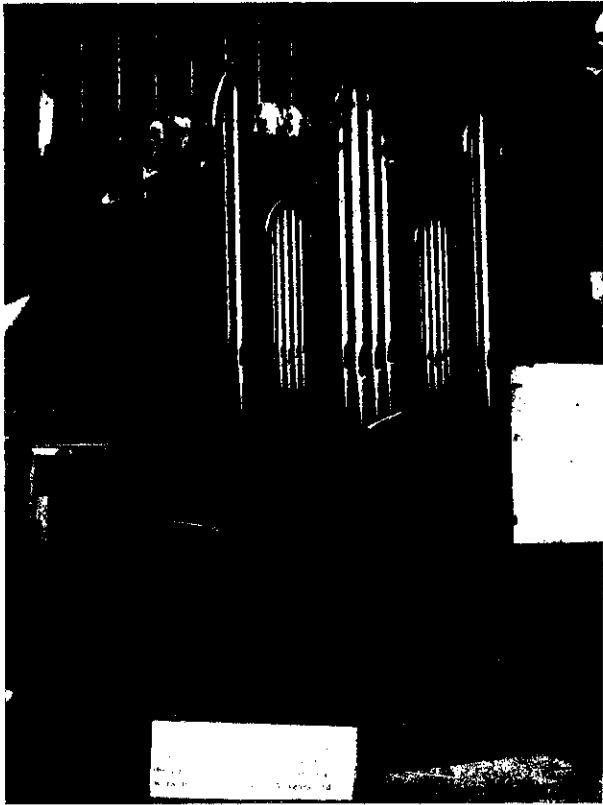
A travelling troupe of jugglers making their mid-day meal in the street. Notice the chop-sticks held by the man on the left.



BRINGING GEESE TO MARKET.

In China there is no doubt about the freshness of the poultry, as everything is brought to the door alive.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN CHINA THROUGH THE CAMERA.



A LINK WITH THE PAST: THE OLDEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT IN NEW ZEALAND.
The Crown Studio, photo.

Mr Edward M. Williams, of Roston, Pukehon, Te Aute, Hawke's Bay, in response to a request for some particulars about this quaint old organ, wrote a most

interesting letter, and gave the following information:—"This organ was the first musical instrument to reach New Zealand, being sent out from England for my father, Archdeacon H. Edwards, by an uncle of the family, in the year 1828, five years after our arrival in the country. I well remember the excitement generally felt during its unpacking and setting up, and the emotional feelings produced when the first musical notes sounded forth, notes so new and strange in the then uncivilised country, and the Maoris stared in utter astonishment at what they called a most wonderful musical box. For some time afterwards many of them used to come round asking to hear it played. The organ was placed in a little chapel which had just been built at Paiaia, Bay of Islands, and for many years it was regularly played at English and Maori services. The Maoris quickly learned the few hymns which in those early days had been translated into their language. These services continued uninterrupted throughout the Maori war in the north. The instrument is a barrel organ, with pipes in front for ornament, and is, on rather was, turned by hand, giving a good volume of sound. There are three barrels, each supplying ten tunes of sacred music. When, in later years, a small church had been built at Pakaraka, whither my father had retired, the organ was removed from Paiaia, and placed in the new building, and here it did duty until replaced by a harmonium. The old organ was given to me by my father, and it was placed in my own house. When I left the Bay of Islands it found its last resting place in the Wanganui Museum, where it now stands, an interesting memento of by-gone days."

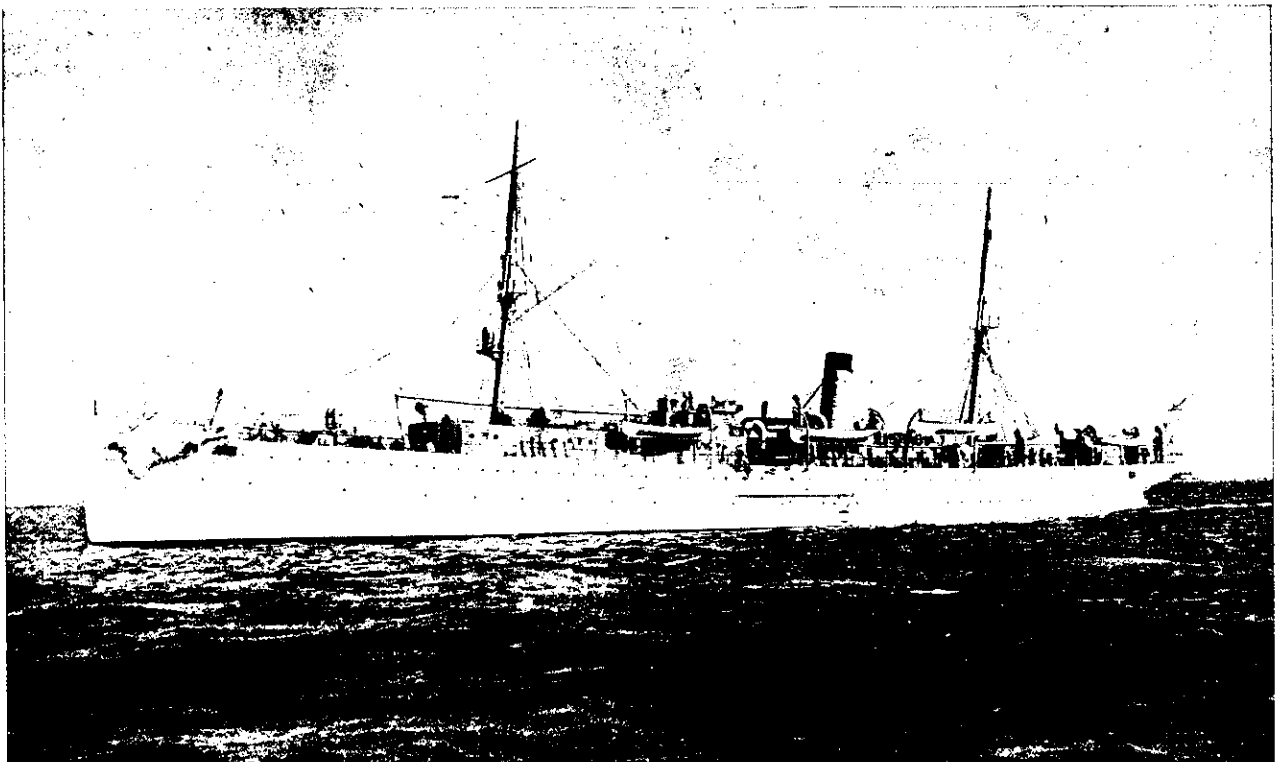
Tragedy in Music.

A terrible tragedy, reminiscent of Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata," occurred on June 8 at Brum, Austria, owing to the mad jealousy of a lover. Joseph Lizal, aged 26, who belongs to a well-to-do family, was engaged to a young widow. She was an accomplished pianist, but Lizal had no ear for music,

and could not distinguish one note from another. On June 8, Lizal's cousin, a violinist, studying in Vienna, arrived in Brum to pay him a few days' visit, and Lizal took him to his fiancée, so that she might hear him play. The cousin played to the accompaniment of the young widow the whole of the afternoon. The widow was enraptured, and though Lizal suggested that the performance might very properly come to an end, she insisted on the violinist continuing. Lizal, in a frenzy of jealousy, instantly drew a revolver and fired at his sweetheart and his cousin, killing them on the spot. He then attempted to shoot himself, but was disarmed by a domestic, and was arrested.



"PUT IN THE CORNER."



THE U.S. PROVISION TRANSPORT CALGOA, DUE TO ARRIVE IN AUCKLAND ON SATURDAY WITH PROVISIONS FOR THE FLEET ARRIVING SUNDAY.

It is one of the features of the present great cruise that the fleet transport carry all the provisions it requires.



At this season of the year a novelty in the way of amusements is always welcome, and especially in these stage-struck days, when the novelty means a theatre in our own house; a real stage of our own, on the boards of which we can command the appearance of dramatic stars of the first magnitude without paying a penny in salary.

The Shadow Theatre I am going to describe should prove an endless source of amusement to the youngsters, and even their elders, as all the favourite jokes of the pantomime can be repeated on their little stage. But this theatre at its best is more than a pastime, and capable of a development which Paris, the centre of things artistic and intellectual, realised to the full in the days when the world-famous "Chat Noir" revived the decayed art of the Shadow Theatre. Not only were compositions arranged by well-known writers and artists, but clever amateurs made great successes of their little theatres. One of these dramatised the "Thais" of M. Anatole France, a book full of Eastern splendour, all the riches of which he suggested to perfection with his little pasteboard silhouettes.

crowd of artists, musicians and poets who displayed their varied talents on its stage and charmed "le tout Paris" to its doors, saw the great Renaissance of the Shadow Theatre. A few elite souls in open revolt at the overstagging of great dramatic masterpieces, and the cabotinage of certain stars, seized on the idea of the Shadow Theatre to show how the grandeur of simplicity and self-effacement enhanced the beauty of masterly prose and verse. Caran d'Ache, the now celebrated caricaturist, drew large crowds by his exquisitely drawn silhouettes of Napoleon's army. The soldiers filed across the stage to the accompaniment of martial song and music, shouldered arms, fired, and fell amidst the roar of cannon and clouds of smoke. When the smoke cleared the stage was seen strewn with the slain.

But how is all this done, you will ask? The designing and mechanism of our little figures can be very complicated if perfection is the goal. But as my space is limited, and I have only undertaken to write on a novel pastime for the winter evenings, I will leave perfection alone and make the directions as simple as possible.

To begin with the stage. Either the

transparent cloth stretched so as to leave room for the drop curtain in front. The box should then be suspended by ropes from its four corners and fastened to walls and floor, curtains being thrown over the ropes to hide the operators.

A shadow stage is usually about one yard and a quarter wide and one yard high. A piano is placed in the front of the scene where the performer, with back to the audience, takes the place of an orchestra. The figures can be first drawn then pasted on to card-board and cut with scissors or knife. But those wishing to go to work seriously and have a stock company of lasting, clean-edged shadows should cut them in zinc, as decorators do their stencils. If they are to move they must be jointed as in Fig. IV., which shows how a Gibson girl can be made to trail and sway rhythmically across the stage after the manner of her kind. The limbs are cut off, and a piece of cardboard being added, they are replaced with wire and manipulated by means of cotton or string, kept in place by little wire hoops, thus preventing the string projecting, and becoming visible to the audience. The cardboard clowns sold in toy-shops which dance and gesticulate when a string is pulled would be of great help in understanding the mechanism of our little shadow figures.

The arrows pointing to the forearm of Fig. IV. indicate that the arm has been jointed here, but replaced by a knot of elastic, which gives a lifelike springy motion, without requiring to be manipulated with string.

A pretty Dutch scene could be reconstructed by taking a similar subject as Fig. II. The mill (Fig. III.) could be fastened to the side of the stage, as shown in diagram to represent the middle distance. The sails, if fastened on according to diagram, have only to be touched to be set in motion. Subjects similar to Fig. I., representing the fairy tale of the Princess of the Geese, will suggest themselves readily to those who



Figure II.

are fond of telling fairy tales to children. Indeed, there is no reason why the telling of fairy tales, illustrated by a shadow theatre, should not prove a remunerative profession to ladies of ingenuity and artistic gifts.

To those who can draw and design their own subjects a vast field is open to them. But those who cannot, and those who prefer to have their favourite actors and actresses on the stage must resort to

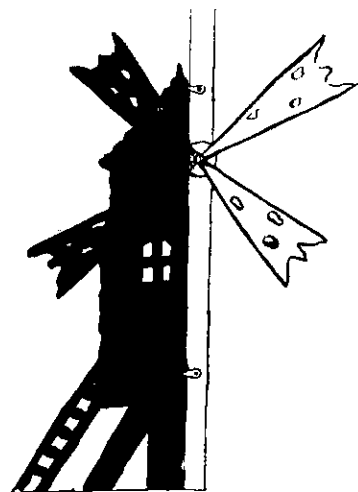


Figure III.

theatrical periodicals and the picture postcards, which they can enlarge by means of the pantograph or ruled squares after the manner taught in kindergarten schools. The figures are cut about half the height of the stage. Those



Figure I.

Our Shadow Theatre is not without its history. The "Ombres Chinoises," as the French call them, originated in the East. The Chinese, the Japanese, and the Indians have had their Shadow Theatre for centuries. In India, the Wayang, as it is called, is quite an important affair, employing a staff of men, one to manipulate the figures, another to cut them out on leather and mount them on ivory, and another to recite. It was introduced into Europe in the eighteenth century, but it was of a very primitive nature, appealing mostly to children, although it is recorded that their Majesties the King and Queen of France and their suite often honoured the performance with their presence.

The "Chat Noir," that semi-Bohemian cafe so celebrated in its day for the

folding doors between two rooms would be suitable, or a three-leaf screen with the upper half of the middle cut away, and placed in a doorway (or, failing this, in the room itself), so arranged as to hide the stage manager and reciter from the audience. A transparent tracing-cloth or muslin dipped in water and well wrung out, must be strained across the opening. A drop or sliding curtain must be arranged over the stage, which must be high enough to admit of the operator standing or sitting at the back below. A very narrow ledge runs along the inside to rest the figures on, so that they nearly touch the transparent sheet. They are held in the hand by a piece of cardboard or wood glued to the back (see Fig. IV.). If a screen is not available, the framework of a shallow box would do, the

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.

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At Miller's Boot Palace,

102 and 104 Victoria Street, Auckland.

for the background must be cut smaller, according to the perspective, and each group for the background must be arranged so that one part of it can be fastened to the sides or top of the stage as in Fig. 111.

As regards the lighting arrangements, an ordinary oil lamp with a tin reflector would do for all simple purposes, placed on a shelf or on the wall so as to shine on the middle of the stage.

Other stage accessories will suggest themselves to an ingenious stage-manager as he proceeds. Cigarette smoke or cotton wool is generally used to represent smoke, which, together with the firing of a squib and the noise of cannon is suitable for a battle scene or earthquake. Coloured gelatine can be used for lighted windows.

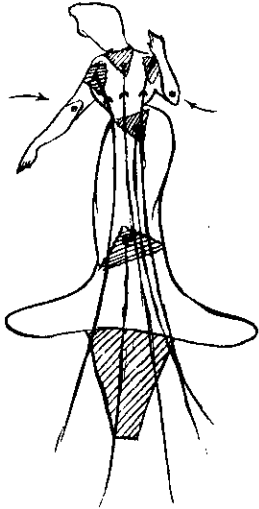


Figure IV.

Sometimes the magic-lantern is combined with the Shadow Theatre. Thus two figures can be made to fight a duel in the snow by moonlight, or fishermen be represented drawing in their boats, with the sea in the background. But all those who feel the artistic possibilities of a Shadow Theatre must agree that the introduction of colour and the employment of too many stage tricks detracts from the staid and dignified simplicity which is its chief charm.

A well-known writer once said of the Shadow Stage: "It will not, of course, kill the theatre, but it may perhaps teach its great conferees that simplicity is the soul of greatness and the chief characteristic of true feeling."

"Les ombres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense."

C'est le rêve par l'art, un monde, un monde immense."

Flora Wiggins on London.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE WAITRESS' IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

(By Gertrude Quinlan.)

Miss Gertrude Quinlan, who has been appearing in London as Flora Wiggins, the "slangy" boarding-house girl in "The College Widow," by Mr. George Ade, the Chicago humourist, is a charming Bostonian, and in the following article she gives Flora Wiggins' impressions of London. Flora Wiggins is the typical American boarding-house waitress. It is in the character and language of Flora—she of the cheap and gaudy attire, the frilled apron, the rhinestone jewels, and the marvellous Pompadour, with its amazing Alsatian bow—that Miss Quinlan has written the following article.

"You ask me what does Flora Wiggins think about this old town? There



Figure V.

are others, maybe, who have told you what they think, but I say there's only one Flora Wiggins, and that's me. If you don't believe me, ask George Ade.

"Well, after a pretty swift jump from Liverpool to London, during which time I noted that all the fields looked as if a barber had been round clipping, I fell into my hotel, and next morning I met an English reporter. This put me wise to the fact that I must be some pun'kins in this village, and so must be careful of the line of dope that I shall hand out to you. This reporter fellow was the politest thing that ever happened. He began: "I should be most awfully obliged," and then he just blushed and collapsed. 'Ge! isn't he smooth—he's as good as a vaudeville act,' I said to myself. Then I just had to say right out: "Come out of your trance, young man, and get in the game."

HOT AIR.

"Of course, at first I thought he was a shine, but when he started handing out some English hot air, I knew he was "it."

"He was ever so nice, and told me that the City Sheriff's coach was in the courtyard below. I just few down, and there was the coach, and when I saw it I asked my young friend as gently as I could if a circus had struck the town. Over home, if we heard that the Sheriff was around we would get to wondering who'd been doing the shooting or getting away with the goods, or figuring in a divorce matinee. On this side, it seems, the Sheriff is a perfectly quiet man, and not calculated to scare anyone.

"I just walked round and round that coach, and I wanted to get right in, until I saw the coachman. He was grand. He was just as covered with gold as a Coney Island lion-tamer, and, having

a great thirst for news, I asked my young friend if the coachman had a police permit to appear in abbreviated trouserettes.

When I managed to break away from the Sheriff's coach I blew out into the Strand, so as to see the street show from the upper deck of a motor-omnibus. So I just stood at a corner singing "Me for the 'bus-top."

MOTOR-OMNIBUSES.

We have a few motor-omnibuses on Fifth-avenue, but, say, here—! Why, you get dizzy with them as soon as you start out, and what struck me most about them, apart from the seductive intense that they spread around, was the frigid hauteur of the chauffeurs. The first one whizzed by like a hot streak, and I let it go. The second one whizzed a little slower, so I raised my hand and

THE NEW

P.D.

CORSETS.

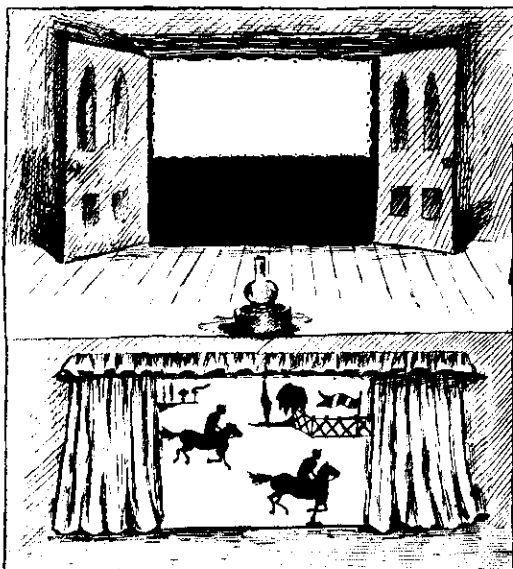
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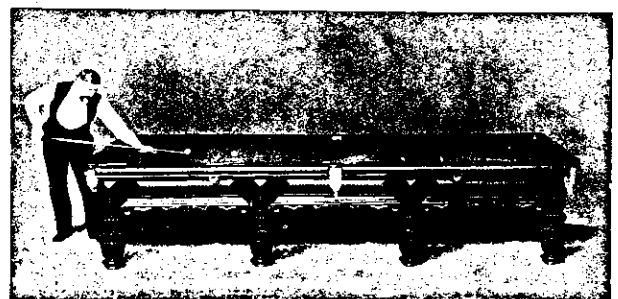
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gave the chauffeur the soft eye. But I didn't get a come-back. Then I held up both hands (and my purse), and received the frozen face from the third chauffeur. Maybe six omnibuses passed me before I was dragged into one by a young man, who offered me the velvet mit. I fell into a heap in the corner, and everybody laughed. Motor-omnibus chauffeurs are a bunch of Indians.

"I experienced a 'Where am I?' feeling when I struck the first store. The floor-walkers in London are just crazy about showing you upstairs. Now, there is one thing I have no use for, and that's a roof, so when three floor-walkers had made me tired of their Alpine stories I passed them the ice-pitcher and lusted around next to myself. Gee! the politeness of the young things behind the counter! Over home our store ladies are all 'Dethroned Empresses,' with a sort of 'you needn't have-it-if-you-don't-want-it' set of expressions. Here they say 'Thank you, madam,' every time you cough or sneeze your change. But I like it, and I think I'll go on liking it.

"I shall take cabs all the time I'm in London, and one day I shall take three taxi-bansome at sixpence each, just to tell friends over home about it.

LONDON POLICE-MEN.

"Everyone talks about London policemen, so I shall only say that when I struck the first one he was standing pat in the middle of the road, looking like a real king and keeping back two thousand wheels for me—and others—and I just had to say: 'Well, that's a scream.'

"I blew into a tea-shop when I came to after the shocks the cheap prices in the stores had caused me, and I struck one of the toughest biscuits that ever grew old from neglect. It reminded me of George Ade's biscuit in the railroad saloon. Some went in for refreshment, and suddenly got next to a biscuit of the same species. After a careful examination it was discovered that on the face of that old biscuit were the words, 'Forget me!' (scratched with a diamond, maybe, by a previous victim.)

"But the waitresses over here! Why, one of them said 'Thank you!' as she gave me the check, just because she had got next to me for ninepence.

"The waitresses out West wear 'Pompadour rolls' and Louis Quinze heels and big bows, and aprons about the size of a dollar. There is not four cents' worth of 'Thank you, madam!' about those queens. I struck a small hotel out West when I was on a one-night stand, and the first dish that came along looked like nothing on earth, so I said to the waitress: 'I don't care for this fish.' The waitress carefully adjusted her 'Pom,' clanked away on her Louis Quinze heels, and gave me the come-back, thus: 'There's no laws here to make you eat it. And it's veal, anyway.'

epadlou arefullynbt "ynogwu'r-nueud "Last night I just unplugged and threw on all my joyful jetsam and went to a London Theatre. Gee! the dresses and the men, looking as if they had materialised from the pictures of a smart set. I know I shall feel like a quab when the time comes for me to face a bunch like that. But I'll stand for it, because I'm just tickled to death with London and Londoners."

Woman versus Architect.

English architects have been weighed and found wanting in consideration for women. Their French confreres have been demonstrated reasonably kind and progressive. And the Americans? They are ingenious and willing. The real question concerning them is: Do they not conceive too much and too often? And, again: Do the conveniences of life, multiplied beyond a certain point, simplify or complicate the business of living?

New York is a city of experiments. As it has no inhabitants who lead conventional, traditional lives there is no settled New York way of living. The one thing certain is that no method of existence will escape a trial. New York is not an abiding place. It is a kaleidoscope being whirled. The architect flies around with it, undoubtedly worn out early with the jerks of everlasting readjustments. As there is no settled system, one can only give a side glance at two or three that have been tried.

At one time, for instance, there was a craze for few rooms and folding furniture. Nothing was esteemed that was what it appeared to be. A music-stand might be either a washstand, a gas-stove or a boot cupboard. A Chesterfield was not only a couch, but a receptacle for bed-clothes during the day-time. It was the furniture makers' holiday; but the architect was kept busy, too; He would be called upon to make a room that should be a bedroom, bathroom, and drawing room in one; or, perhaps, servant's room, kitchen, and dining-room in one. Cupboards and hiding places were a sine qua non, and never more ingeniously devised.

Wainscoting all opened and shut, and in some cases ceilings let down. Often there were cupboards in the floor; and things were made to revolve that never revolved before. It is easy to see that, with each metamorphosis, there were objects to be concealed. Every possibility was utilised. There were mantelpieces that un bent and expanded into a commodious combination of sideboard, entertainment cabinet, and coal scuttle. Decks were easily cleared for action, as even the embroidered velvet chairs were folding-chairs.

It soon became evident that mysteries in the home make life without a guide precarious. Appalling occurrences became chronic. A man tried to take an apparent book from a presumable book-case, and was struck to the floor with a washstand that descended upon him with well-oiled celerity. A lady adjusting her veil before a mirror in the alleged drawing-room touched a spring by accident, and was confronted by a revolving bathtub in use.

Each morning brought its stories of men, women and children smothered in automatic folding beds, that had got out of order. Small wonder that this craze was abandoned for the next. The architects undid their work. And untold thousands of most expensive pieces of furniture that were not what they seemed went to the second hand dealers, who doubtless have them still.

NO KITCHENS.

Another happy idea that spread like influenza was nothing less than the abolition of the kitchen. Architects flew nobly to work, building houses and flats without kitchens, and turning existing ones into smoking-rooms or boudoirs. Kitchens went to the scrap heap. And that awful person, the Irish cook, as found in America, got a long, salutary holiday that almost put her in her place. Great catering firms burst into being.

For a time it was like a Socialist's dream. All was blithe and bonny. Three times a day a caterer's van left on the happy door-step what looked like a large dress-box with trays. These were really meals, with linen, silver and glass, all packed in a sort of enormous Swedish oven, a contrivance designed for keeping things warm.

But, alas, poor human nature. After a season brief as love's young dream the new plan failed. People ceased to be grateful for piping-hot table-cloths and well-toasted knives and forks. The fluency of ice-cream was as nothing to the language they used in complaining of it. Appetites were lost, and never found again.

Yet, rather than seem peculiar, people paid for food they refused to unpack. Rebellious sons and daughters were found cooking chops on shovels over drawing-room fires. There was no help for it. Architects began to do an exclusively kitchen business, caterers dissolved like their own ice-cream, and the cooks came back.

COKE FURNACES.

The American architect is as devoted to abolishing as to inventing. A few years ago he abolished the use of coals and firewood in the home, and the reform still holds. Private and apartment houses have coke furnaces in the basements that are never allowed to go out while the premises are tenanted. By this means, hot and cold water in summer, and steam heat and cold water in winter, are furnished ad libitum day and night. There is not space to attempt to catalogue incorporate into the middle-class American home of to-day. And still inexhaustible ingenuity goes on devising until the danger grows that it will, as Charles Lamb would say, "inflict more bliss than lies in our capacity to receive."

Engagement Rings

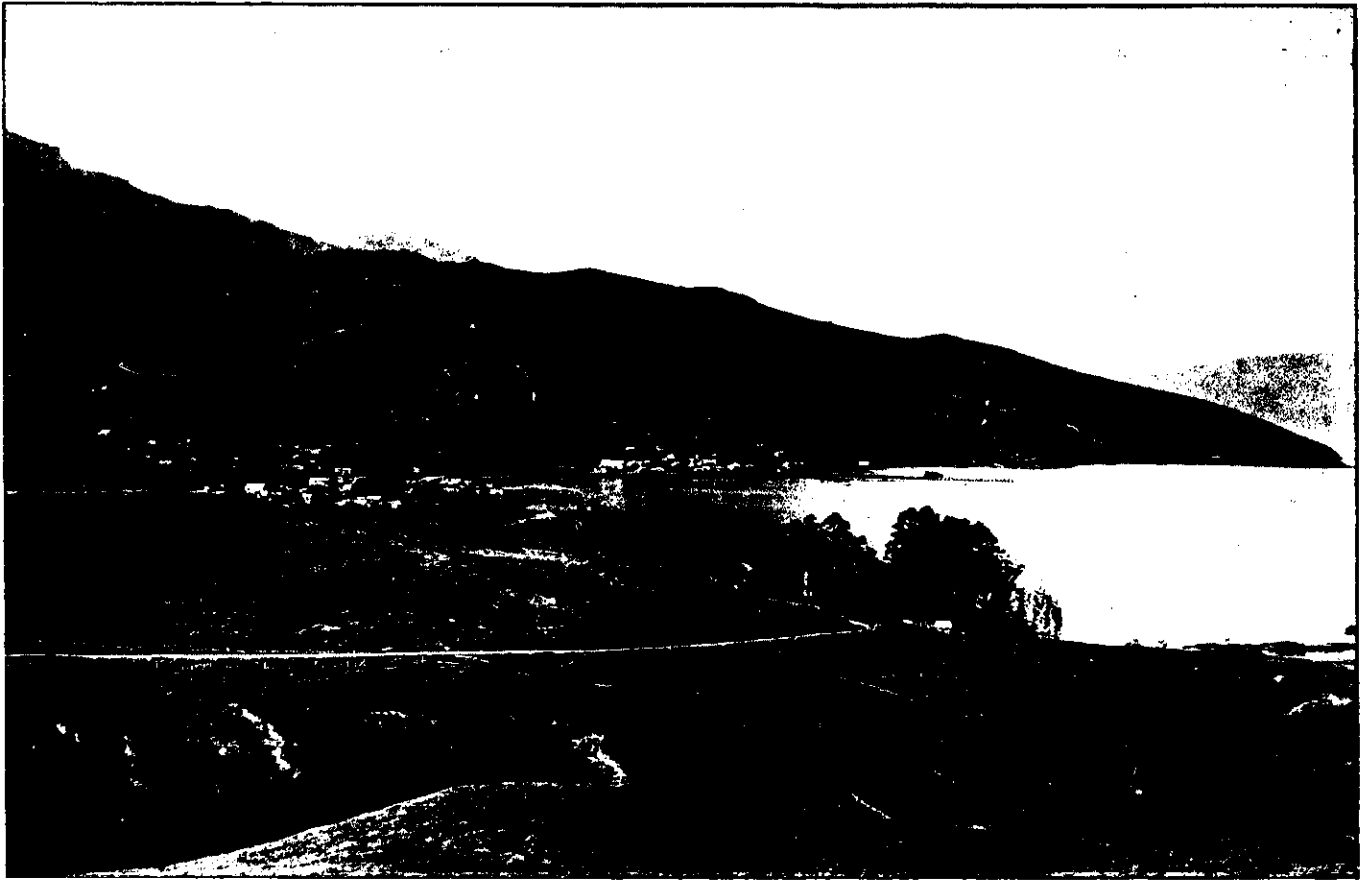
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QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

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 A 139.—Marquise Ring, 14 Diamonds and 6 Rubies, 18 ct. Gold, £16/10/-.	 A 208.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 19 Diamonds and 6 Emeralds, £17/10/-.	 A 222.—18 ct. Gold Diamond Cluster Ring, £35. With smaller Stones, £17/10/-, £20 and £21.	 A 238.—Marquis Ring, all Diamonds, £18/10/- Others, £25, £30, £35, £40 and £50.
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 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 6 Sapphires, £16/10/-.	 A 15.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, or 1 Diamond and 2 Sapphires, £5/5/-.
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The cocksfoot is the best in the Dominion.



Tourist Department, photo.

ON THE WANGANUI RIVER OF THE SOUTH ISLAND.

Strike out the last two lines.

For WOMEN Only.

Strike out the last two lines.

THE LOCAL OPTION POLL INTERESTS YOU.

Are Nursing Mothers to be deprived of Stout? Dr. Bakewell urges the necessity of nursing mothers taking three half-pints of stout daily.—*Vide "Auckland Star."*

UNDER NO-LICENSE IN INVERCARGILL, CRIME HAS INCREASED 13 PER CENT. See Official Records.

Failure of No-License in Invercargill

Official Police Court Records.

Increase of Crime.

Criminal Offences
License 1905-6 338
No License 1906-7 382
No License 1907-8 368

Drunkenness.
License 1905-6 143
No License 1906-7 113
No License 1907-8 86

Affiliation
License, 1905-6 13
No License 1906-7 13
No License 1907-8 21

Prohibition Orders
License 1905-6 66
No License 1906-7 51
No License 1907-8 43

Lamney
License 1905-6 13
No License 1906-7 19
No License 1907-8 21

Procuring Liquor while prohibited
License 1905-6 3
No License 1906-7 18
No License 1907-8 10

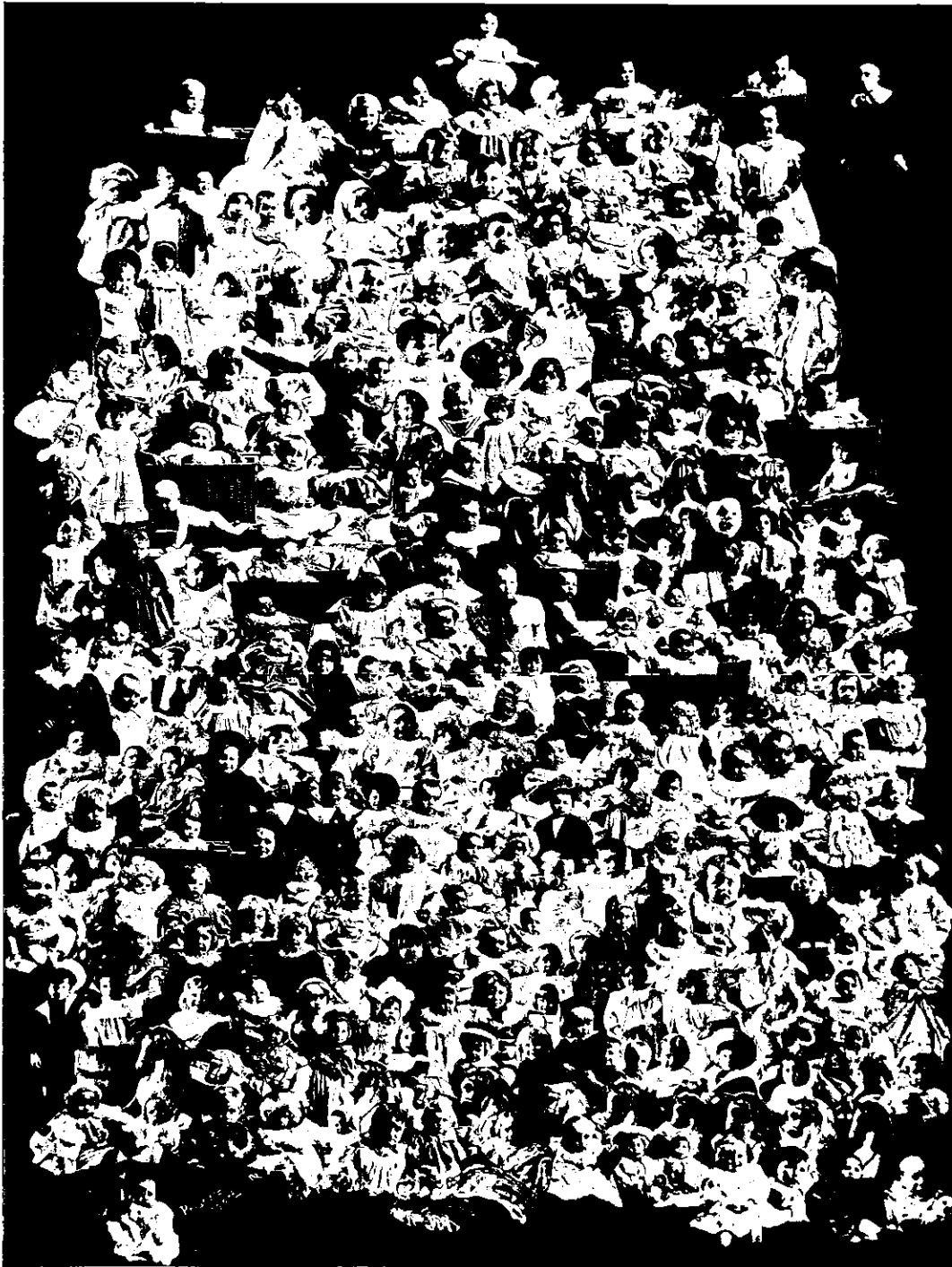
Sly-grog Convictions
License 1905-6 1
No License 1906-7 9
No License 1907-8 3

Theft
License 1905-6 21
No License 1906-7 41
No License 1907-8 71

Assault
License 1905-6 16
No License 1906-7 8
No License 1907-8 4

Indecency
License 1905-6 3
No License 1906-7 1
No License 1907-8 4

Indecent Language
License 1905-6 12
No License 1906-7 12
No License 1907-8 7



STRIKE OUT THE LAST TWO LINES, THUS :—

I vote that the Number of Licenses Continue.

I vote that Licenses be Reduced.

I vote that No Licenses be Granted.

Records of Crime in Ashburton under No-License Confirm Invercargill's experience of Increase.

GENERAL BOOTH says:—"It is no use attempting prohibition when the majority wish to drink." General Booth believes in moral suasion. Is it not better that a man should openly enter a clean, well-regulated hotel (which is always under police supervision) where he can get a glass of good wholesome beer, than that he should steal round the corner into a sly grog den where he probably obtains only raw spirits of a most harmful character, and where the surroundings are immoral and degrading? No intelligent man or woman who has the moral and financial welfare of Auckland at heart can vote for No-License.

NO-LICENSE A FAILURE.

MR. GEO. HARNETT, Manager of the British football Team, said (*vide "Auckland Star,"* 25th July, 1908): "I saw drunken men in Invercargill (No-License) at 9 in the morning, and later in the evening I saw more drunken men in Invercargill than I have seen in any other city of the Dominion. This seems to show that where there is No-License liquor can be obtained, and as it has to be obtained on the sly, it is doubtless of the worst description. From undoubted sources I learnt that drinking in private houses down there was daily on the increase. This leads to the same evil as the grocers' licenses do in England. Personally, I may say that I have always taken a glass of beer, but in strict moderation. The locker system for controlling liquor seems to me to be another very undesirable method of dealing with alcoholic refreshment. In fact, the whole thing seems to be too full of deceit and fraud to appeal to those who desire to see a nation built up of strong, clean characters."—(ADVT.)

Importance of Playing Golf.

THE GAME THAT HAS WON ITS WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

By Mark Allerton.

Everybody is playing golf now, but there was a time when the game was not regarded with such enthusiasm. An old Scots Parliament, lacking any opportunity for legislation in the direction of licensing or education, passed the Act, 14 Jac. 2, which provided that "Fute ball and golf be utterly cryed down and not be used." In 1491 it was included in a statute among a list of "unprofitable sports." We read that, in all, three Acts of Parliament were directed against the game of golf, and yet King James IV., who had set his own royal seal to one of these Acts, broke his own laws by playing in 1503 a ding-dong match against the Earl of Bothwell.

Such records as these prove only the tremendous fascination of the game, a fascination which led Mary, Queen of Scots to court public scandal by playing golf at Seton Palace when Bothwell was not cold in his grave. A friendly historian tells me that Charles I. was playing golf at Leith when the news of the Irish Rebellion of 1642 arrived.

DUKE OF YORK.

His son, the Duke of York, was part-

"Scotification of England," and the enthusiasts who braved the derision of the small boys round Greenwich have been rewarded by posterity. This club has always been well supported by Scotsmen, and Mr. A. J. Robertson puts on record the fact that in 1850 the chief supporters of the club were Lord Wenyness, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Colville, Lord David Kennedy, General Sir Hope Grant, Sir Robert Hay, Sir Robert Anstruther, Sir Alexander Kinloch, Mr. James Blackwood, and a host of other well-known Scots.

IN ENGLAND.

To Manchester, to Westward Ho! to Wimbledon Common, the home of the London Scottish, to Hoylake, and to other parts of England, golf spread, at first slowly, and then with marvellous rapidity. Twenty years ago there were scarcely three hundred clubs in all the length and breadth of the land. To-day there are 3,000. London alone has fifty great tracts of valuable land, mown and rolled and dotted with magnetic bunkers, over which many thousands of golfers play every week. The club-houses rival those of the most luxurious West End clubs, the easy chairs are as comfortable, the luncheons are as appetising, the wines are as choice.

Recent tournaments have drawn attention to the Riviera, which is studded with golf-courses. In Egypt there are half a dozen, where on mud baked "greens" enthusiasts contrive to indulge

FINANCIAL GOLFERS.

The position of golf in the world of finance is perhaps unique. It has changed the coast line of these islands. It has peopled the desolate places and made glad the hearts of sorrowing villagers. Enterprising men, finding themselves in out-of-the-way hamlets by the sea, have formed themselves into syndicates and laid out golf courses. And other men, tired of crowded links, have flocked there, until the new course has in its turn become crowded. The bleak foreshore has given place to a well-trimmed links, and where the tiny cottages of the fishermen used to be are now palatial hotels. Every room is filled with keen golfers, and since many have brought with them their wives—unsympathetic golf-widows who have no enthusiasm for the fine turf and big sand bunkers—these must be amused.

Not only the hotel proprietor, the builder and the shopkeeper have reason to rise and call golf blessed, but the railway companies and the steamship owners have reason to know its value. Most of the railway companies have laid out courses of their own. At least one steamship company has seen fit to advertise a special sailing to a well known golf-course.

Golf is bringing the people back to the land. The tendency now is to remove from the town to a residence near a golf-course. The suburbs have lost much of their dullness because most of them are adjacent to a decent links. We are enduring long tram journeys every day in order to get a game in the evenings. A

new district, "charming, residential, near a golf-course," as the advertisements have it, is springing upon the Londoner every week or two, and builders are putting one brick on the top of another as fast as they can in order to keep up with the demands of the people who have heard of the sixteenth hole or the bunker guarding the fourth at Bunker Hill and Styvie Green, and who want to go to live there.—From London "Express."

Dr. J. C. Reisner has been carrying on exhaustive excavations for some six years in the neighbourhood of Naga-ed-Deh, in Egypt. The site of the work is supposed to be that of the first settlement of man in Egypt, some 9,000 years ago. A number of prehistoric mummies have been discovered, preserved in salt, and wrapped in matting of halfa grass. These are specially interesting as indicating the first stages in the art of embalming, which afterwards attained such perfection in Egypt. They seem also to indicate that these primitive people held the belief that the body would be wanted again. A careful examination of these very well preserved skeletons reveals the important fact that the type has not changed in the long interval of 9,000 years. The contents of the intestines are also preserved, showing the food they ate and the medicine they took when they were sick. The diseases of which they died could also sometimes be diagnosed. Some had perished of kidney disease, others of gall-stones or diseased bones.



CHILD STUDY BY ELLERBECK, PHOTOGRAPHER, AUCKLAND.

nered in a foursome by John Paterson, a shoemaker, against two of his English courtiers, and was successful in anticipating a revenge for Flodden. James gave all the stakes to the shoemaker, and they must have exceeded those in vogue at our most fashionable clubs, for the shoemaker built a house in the Canon-gate with the money, and carved above the door the motto: "Far and sure."

All this, and more, we are told by history and tradition, but when we come to the seventeenth century, we find definite traces of golf in Scotland. The clubs then in existence were few, and the patrons of the game were to be found among the leisured gentry of Edinburgh, St. Andrews and Aberdeen.

When the court of James VI. was resident at Greenwich the time was passed with profit in playing golf, and in the year 1608 there was founded near by the ancient club of the Royal Blackheath.

The Royal Blackheath gave birth to what Mr. Balfour has described as the

in their favourite game. In the West Indies and in Africa there are golf-courses, poor enough and ill-constructed maybe, but nevertheless patent witnesses of the far reaching influence of the game.

Golf has as firm a hold on the citizens of the United States as it has on ourselves. New York rivals London as the metropolis of the game, and in Arkansas, Arizona, Connecticut, Dakota, and so on through the alphabet may be found keen golfers, loyal to their sport, but plotting to overthrow St. Andrews from the high position to which all good golfers on this side have raised it.

Golf, like the poor, is with us wherever we may go. But the very simile detracts from this proof of its importance. Nor does the fact that the annual outlay in club subscriptions, patent putters, and new balls must run into many hundreds of thousands of pounds, prove that neither height, nor depth, nor Principalities nor Powers, matter to us one jot in comparison with the game of golf.

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Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

NEXT WEEK'S WORK.

By VERONICA.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flowers—Asters, Ten-week Stocks, Calliopsis, Nemesis, Mignonette, Dianthus, Gaillardia, Sweet Peas.

Vegetables—Asparagus, Broad Beans, Cabbage, Carrot (Early Horn), Cauliflower, Celery in frames, Cress, Lettuce, Mustard, Onions (Brown Spanish), Peas (Little Gem, Daisy), Parsnip, Radish, (Long Scarlet), Tomato in frames.

Roots—Potatoes, Rhubarb, Herbs, Gladioli, Lilies.

Planting—Shelter Trees, Hedge Plants, Shrubs, Fruit Trees, Roses, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Loganberries, Strawberries.



GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

August is a very busy month in the garden. Every favourable opportunity should be seized for pushing on the general work to be got through. Any fruit trees or shrubs or roses not yet planted should be got in with as little delay as possible. Early potatoes may be planted, choosing a dry, sheltered situation. Continue to sow broad beans for succession, and also peas. There are endless varieties of this grand vegetable, and many people have their own favourite variety. We generally find Little Gem and Daisy suitable for this month's sowing. Onions may be transplanted. Seed should be sown not later than August. Continue to plant out cabbage and cauliflower. Sow saladings every ten days where a succession is required. The first sowing of early carrots can be got in. Parsnip may be sown on deeply-dug or trenched ground.

Roses should be pruned this month and given a liberal dressing of decayed manure. Spring-flowering bulbs are advancing in growth, and the plots or borders occupied by these should have the soil loosened around them and all weeds removed. Carnations, Hollyhocks, pansies, antirrhinums, etc., can be planted out when the weather is suitable and the soil in a workable condition. Edgings, such as Golden Feather, Scheveria, Golden Thyme, etc., should be got into place without delay. Dig over any vacant piece of ground in readiness for later plantings. Where seedlings are being raised in frames or greenhouse, see that plenty of air is admitted without cold draughts. Unless this be carefully attended to the seedlings will get "drawn" and will never make nice hardy, "stocky" plants.

Continue pruning and regulating the branches of fruit trees, and where these have not received their winter wash this should be attended to at once. August is a suitable month for grafting fruit trees and we hope to give details of this interesting operation in another issue.



PERENNIAL GAILLARDIAS.

There are few plants which produce a greater or more lasting display of bloom than the one under notice. They are splendid subjects for table and other decorations, lasting well when cut and are extremely showy in the garden either in beds or borders. Their requirements in the way of soil, situation, and culture are exceedingly simple, indeed, the ease with which they can be cultivated would appear to be one reason why more of these flowers are not grown. During dry seasons the Gaillardia is

greatly prized, as it will stand a continuous drought much better than the vast majority of other flowers. This was very noticeable during the past dry season, when so many flowers gave out, the Gaillardia continued to bloom most profusely, and those who had a few



Kelway's New Large-flowering Hybrid Gaillardias.

plants in their gardens could always depend on securing some flowers. Like many other plants the Gaillardia has been taken in hand by the specialist and under the skilled manipulation of the well-known Langport firm of Kelway and Sons very great improvements have been effected. Starting with the old-fashioned Gaillardia picta, or Grandiflora, these specialists by careful selection and hybridizing have secured larger blooms, brighter and more various colours, and flowers of much better form and substance. Some very striking forms obtained are frilled, quilled, and semi-double blooms. Plants growing only one foot in height are procurable where dwarf-growing sorts are wanted, but we prefer the taller growing kinds as they have fine long foot stalks which are very desirable where required for decorations. Gaillardias are perennial plants, absolutely hardy, and the only pests which attack them are slugs and snails when the plants are starting into fresh growth in the spring. Propagation may be by division of the roots, or they are easily raised from seeds. If seeds are sown, care should be exercised to procure a first class strain. Common or ordinary strains only pro-



Kelway's Hardy Perennial Gaillardias.

duce small flowers of the older forms. We have invariably found that seed grown from Messrs. Kelway's selections give every satisfaction. Seed may be sown in autumn or spring in boxes, or outside in sheltered situations. A contributor to the "Ladies' Realm" in writing of this flower says, "I think I never fully realised till lately the great beauty of Gaillardias. They are wonderfully rich in colour, and have come much into favour. I might say into fashion, for I have seen them repeatedly in the homes of the great; in one instance, a very lovely drawing room was entirely decorated with these flowers in tall glasses."



PATIENCE.

This may appear rather a curious title for an article in a gardening paper, but I do not know that in any other profession is this virtue more often required than in that of gardening. I was tempted to touch on this subject at this time by an experience I had this spring that had never formerly troubled me. I have to confess to a "weakness" for the tuberous-rooted Begonia, and annually raise a considerable number from seed. As it is quite as easy to grow the very best strains as it is to grow the poor, weedy kinds sometimes seen, I invariably endeavour to secure seed of the best. This season I pro-



Kelway's Gaillardias, Ragamuffin and Somerset.

cured packets of singles and doubles from two different firms, both renowned for their strains of these glorious flowers. I sowed both at the one time and in the same kind of soil, and placed them together in a fairly high and steady temperature. Ordinarily, the double seed germinates first, and one may look for signs of growth in about a fortnight. This year the single germinated well in about three weeks' time, but there was no sign at all of the double. As the firm I procured the seed from is above reproach—and it appeared to be of even extra freshness when sown—I could hardly blame the

seedmen. Instead of throwing away the contents of the pans at the end of the month, I decided to exercise a little patience, and in due course had my reward, as eventually every seed seems to have come, and the little seedlings are extra strong and healthy.

I am unable to advance any theory



Kelway's Gaillardia Glory.

as to the cause of this (with me) unprecedented occurrence, for, during twenty-five years' experience of raising Begonias, I never had the same happen before. Had the single seed also failed to spring until five or six weeks after sowing, I would have said that most likely the temperature was wrong, although similar to what had given best results in former years. Nor was the seed buried too deeply, as it had only the merest pinch of silver sand sprinkled over it. On another occasion, some years ago, I sowed a packet of *Lobelia fulgens*



Gaillardia Picta.

Queen Victoria. No one had ever told me that this seed takes weeks to germinate, and, when it failed to appear in the course of a month, I intended to throw it out and blame the nurseryman for sending me old seed. For some reason or other I failed to carry out my intention, and the pan was shoved into a corner, and no attention paid to it for some time. Some weeks later, in going to empty the pan, I discovered a fine bladed, and eventually raised quite a number of good plants from this discarded pan. This shows that patience, especially with seeds that



Dimorphothecca Aurantiaca.

Which gained an award of merit at the Temple Show.

one has not hitherto cultivated, is essential before one begins to miscell the seed merchant. As every gardener knows, many kinds of seeds germinate

very slowly and unevenly, and, unless one is prepared to exercise a considerable amount of patience, there is no use attempting their cultivation. Auriculas, Primulas, Gentians, Cannas, and many others are usually very slow to appear. I have known Auriculas take twelve months to germinate, and yet eventually do well.—"Scottish Gardener."

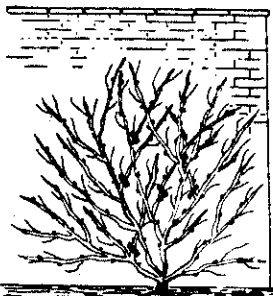
ROSE PRUNING.

At the last meeting of the National Rose Society of Victoria, Mr. James Allen, of Surrey Hills, gave a practical demonstration on rose pruning. He recommended amateurs to follow the advice given by the Rev. Foster Meliari, who stated that the rose bush was not a tree, but rather a plant. The rose bush did not grow like a tree, properly speaking, as it expanded, including roots, in all directions. The first thing to be considered in pruning was what branches were to be practically untouched. Different varieties required methods of pruning. A variety that was very vigorous for producing wood should not be pruned to the extent of the weaker growing varieties, which should be cut well back. For instance, if Frau Karl Druschki were cut back, no blooms would be obtained during the season, as it would devote its energy to produce wood for blooms for the following season. Good pruning renewed the life of the plant. After pruning, liquid manure and fresh soil should be applied. Unless the plant was looked after subsequently to pruning, it would not do well. He had not discovered the best way to grow Mildred Grant. To grow it successfully, he believed that plenty of wood should be left on it. As a rule, champion blooms were secured from shoots from the base of the plant. These shoots later on required to be pruned, with the result that later on another shoot will appear lower down the stem. Cleopatra did well in yellow clay soil, and should be pruned down to the dead wood. Be always careful to prune to an eye, a good healthy red eye, if possible. Some of the specimens submitted to Mr. Allan to prune had been neglected in the matter of pruning. Mr. Allan produced one specimen, which he stated was an awkward one to bring back into shape, explaining the fact that there was no plant in his garden requiring pruning which puzzled him half so much. (Laughter.) He did not think that D. R. Williamson was going to be the success it was first anticipated.

Mr. S. Brundrett, nurseryman (Ascot Vale), also gave a lecture and demonstration on pruning. He agreed that plants did well in yellow clay soils up to ten and fifteen years, but in sandy soils it would attain its best at six or seven years. The union should be planted just above the soil. If planted just below the soil, it tended to produce roots. Climbing roses produce all their strong woods from the base. For trellis work, climbers should not be pruned the first two or three years before being bent into shape, and all base shoots removed. He preferred to have climbers fan-shaped. The strongest shoots started from the bend. He thought that all the Irish single roses would come into popular favour, and a class provided for them at shows.

PRUNING AND NAILING HARDY CLIMBERS.

In many instances the greater portion of this work will be done already; but there are many persons who do put off different kinds of work as long as possible; and where the pruning and nailing



How to Prune Deciduous Climbers.

of hardy climbers has still to be attended to, the work should be carried out without delay, because there will be a vast amount of other work to attend to later on.

Deciduous climbers are very deceptive in appearance during the winter months. Their leafless branches do not seem to be too much crowded, but when they are clothed with beautiful leaves the latter often suffer through overcrowding. It is easier to arrange and manipulate the branches at the present time than later, when the young shoots are growing freely.

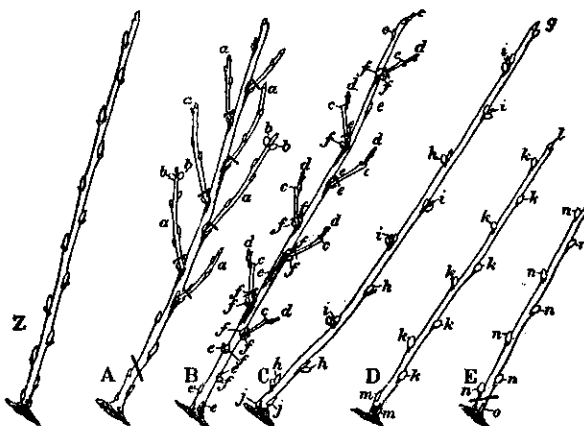
The illustration shows how the pruning or thinning out should be done. First remove any extra strong, sappy shoots, unless such are required for filling up vacant spaces, then cut other shoots which cross main branches, as shown by the dark lines in the sketch. Keep the centre of the tree open and neatly fasten all the remaining branches to the wall or trellis, without using too many ties, nails or shreds.

Young climbers newly planted, should be so fastened to the wall that the shoots will grow and fill the vacant space from the bottom upwards.

PRUNING FRUIT TREES.

In the illustration herewith, young orchardists can readily perceive characteristic growths.

The shoot Z is the most desirable class



Characteristic Growths of the Peach and Nectarine.

References:—Z, young shoot, with wood buds only. A, over-luxuriant shoots with laterals (a) unpinched; (b) blossom buds—all the others wood buds, bars, points of cutting off the laterals at the winter pruning. B, vigorous shoot, with the laterals pinched at the first joint (c); d, sub-lateral; e, wood bud; f, blossom buds; bars, points of pruning the laterals in winter. C, bearing shoot; g, terminal wood bud; h, double buds; i, triple buds; j, basal wood buds. D, bearing shoot with single blossom buds (k); l, lateral wood bud; m, basal wood buds. E, barren shoot (because containing no growth buds above the bar); n, blossom buds; o, wood bud; bar, point of winter pruning.

of wood, medium sized, not so weak as to remain short, nor so vigorous as to push laterals; but short-jointed, brown and hard. It can be left its full length as an extension, or be cut back to any bud desired.

The over-luxuriant shoot (A) is practically useless when unripe, and the only sound part of it is that represented by the three buds below the bar, to which it is best shortened, and then, if root action is also checked, better growths will follow.

B is a similar shoot to A, transformed into well matured wood and fruitfulness by the careful management of the laterals. By pinching these at the first joint, and to one afterwards, the buds at the base become round and plump—blossom buds from base to extremity, yet with ample wood buds for supplying bearing shoots. It is an excellent extension, often 4 feet long, and when thoroughly ripened to its extremity, bears the finest fruit. In C is represented a fair example of a long-pruning shoot, with blossom and wood buds form near the base to the extremity. It is the best type of a bearing shoot, as it can be laid in its full length, or cut back to any desired extent. It can hardly be cut in wrongly either for fruit or wood, as there is a wood bud with every blossom bud.

D is a bearing shoot common on the weaker parts of a tree. It has only single blossom buds (k), a wood bud at the extremity (l), and wood buds at the base (m). A free thinning of such growths

will generally induce bearing shoots with double and triple buds, and these are much superior to the weaklings. Such shoots, as in E, should be cut bodily away at the bar, to encourage the wood bud (o), to push a bearing shoot.

The object of pruning is not to increase but to modify vigour; balance the several parts, accelerate and regulate the production of fruit, and maintain the health and profitability of the tree. There are different methods, and it is not necessary to decry any, for experience proves that "which is best administered is best."—"Journal of Horticulture."

LONICERA JAPONICA HALLIANA.

(Hall's Honeysuckle.)

There are several varieties of the Japanese Honeysuckle in gardens, differing chiefly in the form of the leaves. That under notice has larger flowers than the type, and they are also more freely produced. They are produced in pairs from the axils of the leaves, and the latter being closely disposed on the slender shoots, a leafy spray of flowers has a very pretty effect. At first the flowers are wholly white, but later on change to a pale yellow, both stages occurring on the same spray. They are pleasantly though not powerfully scented. The leaves are broadly ovate, cuspidate, light green, and larger than *L. Japonica* or its variety, *L. j. aureo-reticulata*.

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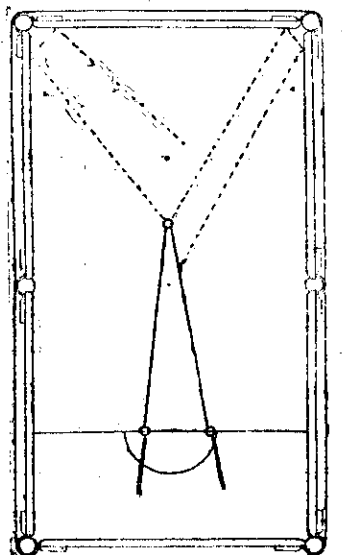
BILLIARDS

BY AN EXPERT

Avoiding the Natural Angle.

It is one thing to mechanically allow the balls to steer their own course, and a totally different matter to dictate their movements. In a measure, we may here find a reason for the wide gulf that is fixed betwixt the professional and the amateur billiardist. The avoidance of pitfalls forms one of the chief difficulties of the play. All the way through the length and breadth of a break the skillful player is endeavouring to avoid all complications in the re-position of those terribly elusive spheres. To do so he has more often than not to tend to the most simple "leaves" with some intricate stroke arrangement which passes the notice of all but the very observant and critical onlooker. It is the little things which count for so much in good billiards. Once the balls are nicely under the player's control he has to exert all his knowledge and best powers of execution, shot by shot, to retain his hold over them. The greatest test of merit may be found in the way one operates upon the balls at loose quarters. It is then with what is, apparently, only a succession of the most simple positions that one's capacity to direct matters can be fairly measured. What looks more absurdly easy to the uninitiated than a run of close cannons? Not knowing the inwardness of things and the delicacy of the work, it is assumed that, because the actual scoring stroke is practically always assured, nothing could be easier. But, so far from this, these sequences of little cannons with the balls turned and twisted into fantastical triangular shapings represent the highest flights of the game.

By deep studying and unending practice the professional expert has revealed the greater possibilities of billiards. He has elevated his profession to the level of the fine arts. He is, indeed, an artist, a master of technique, a controller of effects of light and shade, of power and of gentleness. It takes as long to train and send forth the cultured article in billiards as in music, singing, or painting. The finer senses are, however, less developed among the professional than with the amateur class. A strongly competitive nature is one of the chief needs of a great billiardist. He has not the same beautiful traditions to soften his nature as have the students and the professors of the greater arts. Only by sheer force of character, allied to the most masterful cueing, can he rise to the head of his profession. He must be ambitious, and even jealous of his contemporaries; true to himself and patient and unwearied in his efforts to put his foot upon the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. Few who may see the leading lights of the billiard world can conceive



How the professionals avoid pocketing the object-ball.

the years of unalloyed attachment theirs has been to the game they adorn. There is no college to educate the youthful player, and he has to pick up the hints and the thousand and one details that go to polish him into one above the ordinary by close attention, the keenest observation, and diligent workings out upon the table.

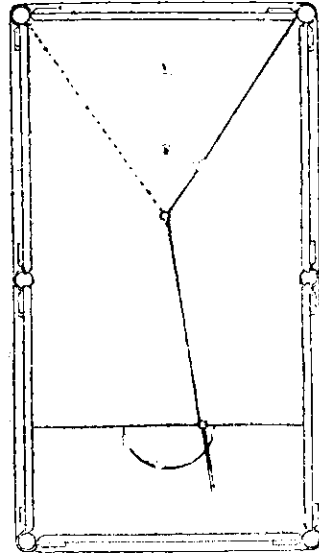
The path of the would-be champion is, indeed, a thorny one, as knowledge of the chief essentials to success is not exactly spread broadcast. There is, of course, much that the rising young player may do for himself, but the time of his probation would be infinitely shortened if the first-class artists were more expansive.

John Roberts, and his father before him, were the exemplary billiardists who may be said to have laid the foundations of English billiards. Both were—and one still remains—bewitching masters of the cue, who believed in the game as a game, and who set themselves to solve its hidden mysteries. They conjointly form the patterns which the new generation of billiard experts have adopted. No greater freedom of plying the cue can be imagined than that which the natural style of the Robertses gave to them. Being tall men, verging on six feet in height, and of proportionate physique, their long arm leverage provided enormous power of cue. And it was by such means, by dazzling stroke-play, in which forcing hazards were much to the fore, and the balls consequently moved about to a greater degree than is usually associated with billiards of the first-class, that the foundation stone of the game was laid. Not until that most eminent demonstrator of the delicate touch (a faculty inherited by his son, the present bearer of this illustrious billiard name), the late William Cook, burst unexpectedly on the scene and acquired championship honours, was the finer side of billiard technique employed. It only needed the force of this example and a grasp of the immeasurable strength. It gave to one able to combine the two extremes of stroke play to show John Roberts the younger the path he should pursue. It was uphill work for him, however, for many a long day. Having learned in the old school, he did not too readily adapt himself to the new one, much as he appreciated the added power these lessened ball movements afforded to a player. That is the course of his trials and tribulations, which none will admit more freely than the father of modern billiards, John Roberts, jun. He contrived to fashion himself into a more effective playing instrument than had been thought possible.

With an increased and seemingly ever-increasing command over the willful balls, Roberts invented any number of strokes by playing them in unconventional ways. Position was his great objective, and his numerous conceptions always leading up to the best of results, made him the idol of the billiard world, as well as the exemplification of one bearing all for the future. The spot-stroke was hedged with too many limitations and a certain monotony, despite its inherent value as a scoring force and the pivot of play, and he discarded it for a more attractive and, assuredly, more complex game. As a precursor of the present all-round, or, at any rate, open style of play, the spot-barred billiards exercised a world of good. The real beauties of the game have been unearthed by its means, and a vastly more accomplished band of cue-men has been trained to the pocket form of billiards, which, by the way, has no equal in point of variety of spectacular effect. Both Dawson and Stevenson wisely made John Roberts the younger their model. Then, in the fulness of time, it became an open question whether the pupils had not improved upon the master. They gave an incentive to another group of rising players, of whom Reece is rapidly giving himself a right to challenge comparison with his mentors. Apart from him there is that prodigy of match-player, Melbourne Inman, whose adherence to old-fashioned but still charming losing hazard, has made him a veritable billiard hero in the eyes of Australian and Indian enthusiasts. Other than these, there is that unconventional cue-man, Edward Diggle, who opposes every cannon of the

game in his preliminary address to the ball, yet manages by some occult means to impart to it a trueness of aim, and an exact strength and fitting motion which cannot be excelled.

When players of the stamp of those I have quoted break down, as they usually do at some seemingly easy stroke, you may depend upon it they have endeavoured to score by the most difficult of the several possible ways which are ever at the option of a skilled cueist. As an idea in point, I recommend a glance at the diagrams given herewith. They represent the object-ball in a position which it not infrequently runs to—equidistant between the middle and pyramid spots. When so placed the natural angle will regularly and automatically bring about the disappearance of both cue-ball and object-ball. They will respectively



The recurring "pair of breeches" stroke.

find the depths of the two top pockets, if, as I say, played with the customary half-ball stroke, as the amateur is wont to do. He does not enter into the avoidance of this double-pocketing, nor of guiding the object-ball, especially if it is the white, on to the end or side cushions. The actual scoring is only one part of the scheme, and the remaining part of it—the control of the object-ball—is more finished and difficult than the mere sending of the cue-ball to the pocket. Upon the second diagram is shown how the professional gives the object-ball a direction to the top cushion or side cushion, as the position of the second object-ball advises him to do. If either spots his ball nearer the centre of the D, and using check "side," strikes it fuller than half-ball, or by placing it near by the corner-spot, and using running "side," and taking the ball somewhat thinly, keeps it away from the pocket.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Continued from page 20.

Aldo's manoeuvres in his cage were somewhat erratic, and the snap was not a success, but each time we passed Aldo's home some neighbour was sure to see and recognise us, and rushing in, would bring out little Aldo, best clothes, cage, and all. I haven't the very faintest idea what is the technical name of this cage, nor for what you would ask if you went to a shop to buy one, but without doubt it is the cleverest thing I have ever seen for the assistance of a toddling baby.

The triumph of Venice, even greater than the Grand Canal and its palaces, is the Piazza San Marco. What an unequalled square it is, with its three massive colonnaded sides, and inviting church of San Marco at one end! When I first walked into it years ago, the tall rugged campanile was standing, compelling all eyes towards the beautiful church; after standing for a thousand years it

fell, and with its fall the Piazza lost one of its most striking features. But a new building, reproducing the features of the old structure, is now in course of erection. All round the colonnaded sides of the Piazza are the numerous picture, glass, marble and jewellery shops, inter-crypted here and there by a cafe—Florians and the Quadri, famous in history, and many a more insignificant one. A storey above these is the Imperial Palace at the end facing the church, and the Old and New Procuratie on either side. Towards sunset and again after dinner, when the music of the band resounds from those pillared colonnades the tourist and resident life of Venice collects in the cafes. Every morning we found countless tourists feeding the pigeons in the Piazza or dodging in and out of the shops of the Merceria—that famous and busy highway that leads from the Piazza to the Rialto.

Beside San Marco, facing the Piazzetta on one side, and the Riva Degli Schiavoni and the lagoons on the other, is one of the most famous palaces in the world—the home of the Doges for many a year. From the Piazzetta and from the Grand Canal the palace is most beautiful, but inside it is gloomy. To climb the golden staircase and wander through profusely decorated halls and find them all empty of living creatures; to crane one's neck to view the wonderful works of art that are "skayed" on the ceilings, and to find that even in the far-away days of Tintoretto, Paradise was overcrowded, all this is, I confess, depressing. When will genius condescend to invent a chair, somewhat on the plan of that used by dentists, by means of which one can recline in a comfortable position and view the beautiful pictures on the ceilings of Italian palaces? It is full time this want was attended to. After a few weeks in Italy one begins to have grave suspicions that all the pictures one likes best are in most-unlook-at-able positions on the ceilings.

In the Doges' Palace we wandered by the hour through numberless halls—those of the Council of Ten and those of the Grand Council, and many another—and in spite of the picture-covered walls, and ceilings our footsteps echoed ominously and our spirits sank. After passing through the Sala Della Bussola, and peeping into the Lion's Mouth, which had received so many false accusations in the Fourteenth Century days, and then continuing on from the Halls of Justice across the Bridge of Sighs and down into the tiny dungeons—but there at least we had Ruskin's authority that we need waste no signs for persecuted righteousness—we felt not a little bit relieved to come out again on to the Riva and find the motley crowd of modern Venetians dodging in and out of the Piazza quite unaffected by the history we had just been recalling.

Sweetest of all in Venice are the cries of her night. When the sound of the band on the Piazza has died away, and the hush of slumber hangs over her noisy canopies; just as my drooping senses had almost lost themselves in sleep, there came to my ears the lap, lap, of the water against the walls of our house. Not a bit like the uneven clamorous noise of the waves on the sea shore or on your vessel's side, but the very softest and gentlest of tapping, that of a lover who knows his lady is awake and will hear, and who fears to arouse others from their sleep. It did not rise and fall, it never grew harsh and impatient, but ever continued to gently caress the walls of my room, and indeed I grew to love it, and to listen tremulously for it, fearful lest by any sound I might drown its gentle murmur. Sometimes sleep forsook me and then at intervals all through the night I would hear the cry of the gondoliers, as they turned the corner into our canal—very, very often they were singing—singing in the strong baritone of the Venetians; they sang at midnight, during the hours between midnight and the dawn, and a voice still rang as a gondola hurried by when the first rays were waking the pigeons of St. Mark's.

Next of the Series—

FLORENCE, THE LILY AT THE FOOT OF THE APENNINES.

Jinks, M.P.R., grew desperate. Drudge by the quart was quaffin', And yet his cough would indicate He'd soon require a collin'; He took Woods' Peppermint Cure! And since He's been of all debaters The one plus ultra, and the prince Of loud-lunged legislators!

New Zealand Scenery

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS BY "GRAPHIC" READERS.

We append selections from competition papers descriptive of New Zealand scenery:—

THE MANUKAU FROM TITIRANGI.

What a glorious panorama meets the eye on every side—
Fern-clad ridges, sloping seaward, lapped by each incoming tide;
Forest ranges, where huge kauris high above the skyline tower.
And the giant ratas dazzle with their gorgeous wealth of flower;
Nikau palms and graceful tree ferns hem the bush as with a fringe,
Living up the sombre foliage with a green of brighter tinge.
On the listener's ear, like cannon slowly booming from afar,
Falls the sound of ocean billows, breaking on the treacherous bar.
From the hillside, sweetly tinkling, cattle bells their echo ring,
Blending with the tui's warbled farewell to departed spring.
Through high flax and white-flowered ti-tree, russet fern and tupaki,
Steals a creek with tortuous windings, gliding onward to the sea.
Trim white homesteads, bright and cheerful, in the early sunlight gleam,
Sleek-skinned cattle slowly browsing by the sparkling, hill-fed stream.
Sea-girt cliffs, with rocky outline, crimson with pohutukawa,
Dotted o'er with ferns and pampas, freshened by a recent shower.
Now a sportive mullet, jumping, glistens in the sun's bright rays;
There, a white-winged seabird, skimming; yonder, sandy, fern-fringed bays;
Here a silvery shoal of small fish, fleeing from some scaly foe.
There two noisy, harsh-voiced gannets, gliding softly to and fro.
Here, at eve, the stealthy shadows slowly vanish all too soon;

There at night the merry ripples sparkle 'neath December's moon.
Melting in the hazy distance, bush-clad ranges pass from view,
Even as in morning sunshine vanish sparkling drops of dew.

Auckland.

FRANK M. BURT.

CENTRAL OTAGO IN WINTER.

Maniototo Plain is typical of Central Otago. From Mount Ida to Lanerlaw ranges is 40 miles across, with a river and small lake on one side. In winter, the serrated and grooved ranges surrounding this plain are covered in snow, which lies on the ground ten miles from their base. Dry and crystalline it remains thus for months, as the nightly frost is intense, but the days are clear, keen and invigorating. Mountains and plain being bushless and bare, the view presents an amphitheatre of hills in light and shade, glistening in the sun, with a white carpet bordering the plain. Dotting it are homesteads, belted with firs or poplars, and patches of frozen snow.

Rocks staring through the snow, gaunt, bare and brown, lie around the foothills, and perhaps, a hungry hawk. Here roses of speargrass; there tawny tussocks or snow grass; everywhere patches of matagouri, sheltering rabbits and wekas, a few native larks, with sheep feeding around. Raupo swamps border the Taieri lake, hiding pukeko and paradise duck. At sunset these ranges display colour scenes in purple, violet and dark blue, so vivid from the white background. The miners, workless during the winter, betake themselves to snowshoeing, curling or skating.

Tailhape.

BERTHA BEHRENDT.

A KAURI BUSH 50 YEARS AGO.

A sudden descent brought us to the edge of the bush. A narrow road fringed with ti-tree, glowing in white star flowers, or flaunting in borrowed plumes of clustered clematis, ushered us into the bush proper. "The woods are God's temple." Here in very truth is an inner room, and the tall rounded trunks of finest symmetry are the pillars of the sanctuary. Reverence and awe, akin to worship, are the feelings uppermost in the mind on being admitted for the first time to the sacred precincts of this marvellous relic of the past. A stillness is here, solemn as that of cathedral aisle, but not for ever silent, for, as one involuntarily halts in an endeavour to realise the magnitude of the trees, the vista between the trunks, or the variety and delicate tracery of the foliage, the murmur of water dripping over obstructing roots is heard, while the ringing note of the bell bird answering to its mate, or the liquid call of tui to tui from topmost branch makes fit melody for this other Eden. Dominating everything are the lofty trunks of half a hundred kauri trees, rising direct from a carpet of green ferns and graceful toi; crape ferns, each delicate frond glistening with dew gathered from the dank air; kidney ferns of almost transparent hue; tall pungas, whose great black stems unfold gigantic fronds, protecting their lowlier sisters. So the curtain drops, while the sweet resinous scent, unique, remains a pregnant force able to make the scene live again and again.

NGARUAWAHIA—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Maoriland holds many beauties, bosky dells and tree-crowned hills,
Rugged mountains, ferny gorges, foaming cascades, rippling rills;
But there's one my mind's beholding, as I stand in fancy free,
Where the rivers merge their waters as they flow to meet the sea.

There Waikato meets the Waipa—"water long" and "water deep"—
Two in one in tranquil travel to broad ocean's bosom creep,
While the pendant weeping willows kiss them as they flowing go
Decked by dancing, sun-kissed wavelets, when the sighing zephyrs blow.

When the shafts of early sunrise dart across their confluence broad,
Then it seems the shimmering waters are with sparkling radiance flooded;
Soon they reach the western margin-glint upon the tree-clad range—
Mounting, chase the shadows upward in an ever-varying change.

When the day's meridian glory glows with golden glamour bright,
Then the rivers clash and quiver in the scintillating light,
Silvery now, then liquid amber in kaleidoscopic change,
As they flow and lap the margin of the lofty looming range.

Sweet, secluded, silvery reaches just above the confluence lie—
River avenues of verdure; almost shutting out the sky;
Right and left, soft sylvan beauty, and the towering range above—
One might linger there for ever, deeply wrapped in Nature-love.

When the close of day approaches, and short summer twilight fades,
Sweet it is to watch the shadows gather on the watery glades—
Dark, then darker, grow the ranges, looming through the purple air,
Till night's sable mantle falling, shuts us out from scenes so fair.

Lovingly I linger over thoughts of this riparian scene—
They'll remain while memory lasteth, ever fresh and ever green;
Oft in day-dreams shall I see them as I stand in fancy free,
Where the rivers merge their waters as they flow to meet the sea.

Epsom.

W. C. CASTLETON.



GRAHAM'S

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A 10/- TIN will PERMANENTLY Cure 250 Sheep.

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THE "GRAPHIC" READERS' OWN PAGE

COMPETITIONS FOR OUR READERS.

COMPETITION NO. 19—MISSING LINES.

Prizes are offered for the **BEST TWO LINES**, completing the Verse and giving the most pertinent and piquant reply to the question propounded hereunder, viz:—

When money is ample and business is brisk,
Why should New Zealand go raising a loan?

The lines must be in the same metre as the above, and must respectively rhyme with "brisk" and "loan."

First—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
Second—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

Entries, closing on **FRIDAY, AUGUST 14**, should be addressed, "Competition No. 19, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland. Results announced in our issue of August 19.

COMPETITION NO. 20—BRITISH FOOTBALLERS' TOUR.

Prizes are offered for the **BEST RHYMING ACCOUNT** of the New Zealand tour of the British Footballers, not exceeding Thirty-two Lines of Verse.

First—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
Second—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

Entries, closing on **FRIDAY, AUGUST 21st**, should be addressed "Competition No. 20, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland. Results announced in issue of August 26th.

COMPETITION NO. 21—ALPHABETIC ACROSTIC.

Prizes are offered for the **BEST ALPHABETIC ACROSTIC**, consisting of 26 lines of Verse on "The Four Cities—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin"—of lines commencing with the letters of the Alphabet from A to Z in their proper order. The use of the letters must not be in the form of "A is for Auckland" or "Z is for Zealand," but each letter must be employed as the initial of a word.

First—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
Second—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

Entries, receivable until **FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th**, should be addressed "Competition No. 21, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland. Results will be announced in issue of September 2nd.

COMPETITION NO. 22—MISSING LINE LIMERICK.

Prizes are offered to those who supply the **BEST LINE** to complete the following Limerick:—

A youth, out at Lake Takapuna,
Strolled off 'neath the rays of pale Luna;
He gazed and he gazed,
Till his eyes became glazed,

For the finishing line the word "Takapuna" or "Luna" may be used as the rhyme, but this is entirely optional.

First—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC," Value £1.
Second—FIVE SHILLINGS CASH.

Entries, addressed "Competition No. 22, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland," receivable till **FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th**. Results will be announced in issue of September 9th.

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. Any of the Competition Papers may be published in the "Graphic." Contributors who may not wish their names published should sign initials or motto. The names of all Prize Winners will be published.

+ + +

BOUS RIMES SONNET.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 18.

There was an excellent response to our invitation for sonnets constructed on rhymes supplied to competitors, the subject being optional. In no previous competition was such a high standard of literary merit attained by competitors. Over a score of the sonnets received are worthy of being classed as poetical in conception and execution, while at least a dozen are so nearly equal in point of excellence that we should

have liked to give a prize to the writer of each. Since that could not be, we had, perforce, to proceed critically, and, by a careful process of elimination on account of minor blemishes, reduce the number to two. Most of the competitors have followed the obvious line of incident and thought suggested by the rhymes; but several efforts show striking originality of treatment, more especially one sonnet on "The Suffragettes" (awarded second place), and another addressed "To a Stag." Other excellent sonnets are those entitled "To Morn," "Ascent of Ruapehu," "An Alpine Climb," "The Hill of Poesy," "Mount Egmont," "The Calling Mountains," "Ambition," "Life's Upward Path," and "An Incident in the Life of Queen Elizabeth." We

hope to publish selections from these in future issues. After full consideration, the first prize has been awarded to

MR. J. S. BROWNE,

Hinuera,

and the second to

MISS EVA P. CATO

(who is requested to forward her address).

We print the prize sonnets and several others:—

"AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

(First Prize.)

The rugged rock-strewn mountain side I climb,
With willing spirit, but with weary feet,
Toward the line where snow and verdure meet,—
The boundary of perpetual wintertime.

The tussock plumes are decked with sparkling rime,
The balmy mountain-air is pure and sweet,
And all the world with peace and joy replete.
Far down the vale I hear the vesper's chime.

At Nature's shrine, in contrite adoration,
I linger, heedless of Time's rapid flight,
Till sunset's splendours drape the western sky.
The burden falls; my heart thrills with elation;
Surely my unvoiced prayer some seraph bright
Will waft unto the mercy-seat on high.

THE SUFFRAGETTES.

(Second Prize.)

Thrust back, misunderstood, they try to climb,
That they may help the bruised and fallen feet;
Derision, doubt, contempt and scorn they meet;
Yet as the sun dispels the morning rime,
Shall their true purpose bring a triumph sweet,
And in uplifted lives a joy replete:—
"She hath done what she could" the winds shall chime.

Then may they vote to render adoration,
When by their voice foul wrongs have taken flight,
And faces bowed to earth are raised to sky.
—A peaceful triumph brings deserved elation.
May patient zeal fulfil the prospect bright,
And large-souled men help raise the race on high.

ON RANGITOTO.

Up Rangitoto's rugged side I climb,
And joyful stand, though with well-worn feet,
Gazing entranced, where sea and harbour meet,
Regardless of the swiftly passing time,
Far, far above the black rocks splashed with rime,
The salt air, brushing cheeks and hair so sweet,
Surrounds me with an atmosphere replete

With charms that with my pleasing fancies chime.
With lifted eyes, compelled in adoration,
I follow on the sea-bird's heavenward flight,
Watching the white wings, 'gainst the azure sky,
Till heart and bosom swell with glad elation.
Lift, my soul seabird, on thy pinions bright,
And bear me soaring to those regions high!

—B. SPEDDING.

Auckland.

TO A STAG.

Unseen by thee, I pause to watch thee climb
From craig to craig with dainty nimble feet,
And flying leaps, now hast'ning on to meet
Thy gentle mate, who waits thy coming time.
With softest calls, that seem to blend and rime,
A mutual greeting passes low and sweet;
And now thy world's with peace and joy replete.
What bids my hand to check the rifle's chime?

Thy noble mien, thy hind's deep adoration,
Puts lust for cruel destruction fast to flight,
Uplifts my soul, speeds it across the sky
Its own love mate to meet. In this elation,
I bid thee, antler'd king, take freedom bright,
And ever hold thy royal head on high.

MRS. ALFRED DYER.

Mount Eden.

THE CALLING MOUNTAINS.

For ever luring feeble man to climb
Their perilous paths ne'er trod by mortal feet,
The Shadow feared but earlier to mock—
To reach the Bourne before the wotted time,
Ere age has flecked the clustering locks with rime;
When Life's cup brims with amber, nectar-sweet,
When morn and eve with music are replete—
The dew-drops trembling to an eld's chime.

Their call conflicts with Hymen's adoration,
Pulse-quickening is the Condor's cry
A magnet mirror the immediate sky.
Infusing courage and a strange elation,
Till scaling iron crags, and glaciers bright,
God-like, he treads cloud-piercing summits high.
Auckland.

M. A. SINCLAIR.

THE HILL OF POESY.

Had I the power new steep's of song to climb,
To view strange fields unrolled beneath my feet
With willow-margined streams; that murmur meet.
And realms forgotten since the birth of Time;
Were but my vision clear as is my rime,
Then all the songs I sing were doubly sweet,
With all the wealth of every muse replete,
And ringing clear as Heaven's own bells may chime.

MRS. T. VERCOE.

Nelson.

Soap is not regarded as dangerous, but a German physician records two cases of fatal poisoning by it, says "Science's Siftings," and warning is given: that the material should be kept out of reach of the insane and children. Each of the victims—both insane persons—ate a cake of ordinary soap, death following in one case in an hour and in the other case in two days. Analysis showed no distinctly poisonous ingredient, and the fatal effects could be attributed only to the material as soap. First action was rapidly diminished before death.

News, Notes and Notions.

Invercargill is just as unreasonably touchy about its reputation for sobriety as Auckland is on the subject of its "glorious climate," and a hard, sceptical world is prone to conclude that reputations that require constant bolstering are of the kind popularly described as "no better than they should be." The clergy of the Southern "city of magnificent distances" has issued an indignant manifesto, protesting against certain alleged "wild statements" made by Mr. Harnett, manager of the British football team. Mr. Harnett had the temerity to state to an Auckland Press interviewer that the accommodation in the Invercargill hotels was inferior, that there was extensive drinking in private houses, appalling drunkenness in the streets, fraud and deceit on the part of the inhabitants, and complete failure of no-license reform. These charges, the "douce" clergymen assert, are completely answered by a manifesto signed by the Mayor and hundreds of leading Invercargillites, testifying to the splendid results accruing from the adoption of No-license. It is hard to see how an "answer" published half-a-year ago can dispose of charges made last week; but the Invercargill clergymen are too excited to observe the flight of time.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Harnett spoke from bitter personal experience of the cold comfort offered by the No-license hotels; from pleasant personal experiences of the "extensive drinking" in private houses; and from actual observation of drunkenness in the streets, etc. These things therefore exist, and it does not help matters to say that they did not exist last year, or to assert vaguely that "splendid results" have followed the closing of the bars. In the opinion of some people, extensive drinking in private houses may be a "splendid" thing. We "miserable bodies" probably feel easier after throwing off such phrases as "gross misrepresentation," "an outraged community," "bosmiring the name of our town," etc.; but facts are not to be put down by strong words. It would seem, however, that what is really objected to is plain language in describing the state of things in Invercargill. There are enthusiasts in the un-Sunny South, as may be inferred from the defence offered to a recent charge of supplying drink to an intoxicated person. It was urged that the man had collapsed owing to "a sudden fit of weakness." Now, if Mr. Harnett had known of this super-sensitive Southern aestheticism, he would never have said there was appalling drunkenness in the streets—he would have hinted that unfortunately a large number of respectable citizens were subject to "sudden fits of weakness." Mr. Harnett is hereby convicted of "gross misrepresentation," and ordered to come up for sentence when called upon.

According to several interesting Consular reports transmitted to Washington, now is the time when the Old World lays nets to ensnare American tourists, and the victimisation of unsuspecting Yankees is practised not merely in the cities of Europe generally, but even in the by-ways of Scotland, where in former years all the people were deemed unsophisticated. American tourists are very well able to look after themselves as regards hotels and sight-seeing, and insist upon getting good value for their money. It is quite a delusion to think that the average American when abroad is not every whit as keen as the European in seeing that he gets twenty shillings for a pound, and he gives no more in tips than most people. There is one department, however, where Europeans, to quote New York slang, "have the Yank skinned." We refer to the purchase of antiques. Americans in later years have been taught to love the antique, but in their blissful ignorance the modern creations of Birmingham have been sold to them as genuine old Italian brass oil lamps. As regards antiques generally, American tourists certainly have cause to protest. Supplementing a recent Consular report from Belgium, warning American tourists against the purchase in Europe of so-called "antiques," Mr. Maxwell Blake, Consul of the United States, at Dunfermline, sends ad-

vice pertaining to Scotland. "As the summer approaches," says the Consul, "in anticipation of the usual annual influx of Americans, many of whom continue under the delusion that all things in this country are as old as its history, the growing legion of so-called 'antique' dealers, from cities to remote villages, and unfrequented farmhouses, are now occupying themselves in arranging for the display of their various stocks of made-to-order antiquities." Mr. Blake sums up: "Don't look for bargains in antiques. If one wants genuine things he should visit a dealer of recognised standing and reliability, for there are a few such, pay him his price, which is sure to be high, and purchase only upon his written guarantee that the article is as represented."

Whether Esperanto will end its career, with Volapuk and other forms, on the scrap heap of languages, or whether the excellent start which congresses, publicity, and enthusiasm have given it will enable it to survive, is a question on which science may be excused from pronouncing an opinion. But the struggle to retain "native" languages was never keener than it is now; and a struggle at present going on in Switzerland is reproducing in only a slightly less violent form the strife between the Flemings and Walloons in Belgium. Switzerland accommodates three races, which normally live on terms of the greatest amity—the German Swiss, some 2,000,000 strong; the French Swiss, 700,000 strong; and the Italian Swiss, numbering 200,000, who, besides Italian, speak two idioms that are not patois, but real languages having literatures of their own, Romance and Latin, both Latin derivatives. The struggle, however, is bilingual merely between French and German, and at Neuchâtel a union has been founded for the encouragement and teaching of the French language. The quarrel has a humorous side, and the journals of the two languages act as organs of mutual defiance and recrimination. Professor Paul Seippel, of the Zurich Polytechnic School, complains that the usage has been established of translating into German, good or bad, the foreign Christian names of children who are to be registered. A French professor had a son, and wished to call him Rene. The clerk in the municipal office was perplexed. How should he translate that into German? Wiedergeboren (Re-ne, "born again"). No, that would not do. Happily, in virtue of a tradition that dates from the time of the Holy Roman Empire, the Germans consider Latin as an annex to their language. The Zurich registrar therefore finally decided to write the name Renatus!

It is not surprising to learn that a demonstration is being organized, to take place at the Franco-British Exhibition, in favour of the silk hat. The visible decline in the popularity of that coiffure (the sale is said to have shrunk 50 per cent. in the last few years) must have seriously affected the trade, and it is only natural that the Silk Hatters' Union should be taking the matter up. Whether it be true, as a representative of the Union has told a reporter, that "from a hygienic point of view a silk hat is the best headgear a man can wear," is perhaps open to question; some men might even go so far as to say it is about the very worst. But one thing is certain—that fashion has not yet discovered any form of hat that adequately takes the place of the silk hat. A bowler is a mean thing, of course, when worn with a suit which makes no pretensions to the dignity of full dress. A straw labours under the same disability, with the added one that it is only suitable for summer. A cap is unthinkable, except as a cap. On the whole, we believe that the silk hat can never be displaced in its relation to the well dressed man.

A machine has now been devised for writing short-hand. The stenotyper, as it is called, is in bulk and weight a mere fraction of the standard typewriter, and can readily be worked on the operator's knees. It has just six keys, and by permutations and combinations of these

six keys, taken two or three together, a complete alphabet is built up—an alphabet of a dot and dash, similar in kind to that of the Morse code. The learner has simply to commit this alphabet to memory, and the machine will do the rest. The construction of the machine is of admirable simplicity. The keys print on paper that is self-feeding from an endless roll. A spring-lever and a few cogwheels make up the essential working parts. There is none of the mechanical intricacy of the type-writer, and, therefore, there is nothing to go wrong. The machine is so easily portable and works so silently that there is no reason why it should not be used in ordinary reporting work.

"Is the system of government in Russia getting better or is it getting worse?" asks Sir Edward Grey, Britain's Foreign Minister, in the House of Commons. "I say, with full knowledge of the reports which we have been receiving for the last two years, that the system of government has been getting emphatically better. And the evidence is there. There is a Douma is Russia to-day. The complaint is that it is not elected on a democratic franchise. How long has this House been elected on a democratic franchise? Within my lifetime the change has come to what we should now call a democratic franchise. Are there no other countries in Europe of high standing whose parliaments are not elected on a democratic franchise? You can easily find other instances. Three years ago in Russia there was no Douma, constitution or Parliament of this kind. There is to-day a Douma which, even if it be not a democratic franchise, criticises the Government, votes money, and sometimes refuses to vote money, and is composed of different parties, some of them advanced parties, and many opposed to the Government."

Professor W. A. Newman Dorland has just gone deeply into the records of achievements of the world's chief workers and thinkers, and finds that the average age for the performance of the master work is 50. For the workers the average is 47, and for the thinkers 52. Chemists and physicians average the youngest, at 41; poets and inventors at 44; novelists at 46; explorers and warriors, 47; composers and actors, 48; artists and clergymen, 50; essayists and reformers, 51; physicians and statesmen, 52; philosophers, 54; mathematicians and humourists, 56; historians, 57; naturalists and jurists, 58. Professor Dorland concludes that if health and optimism remain "the man of 50 can command success as readily as the man of 30." He adds that "health plus optimism are the secrets of success; the one God-given, the other in-born, but capable of cultivation to the point of enthusiasm."

After studies extending over years, and prosecuted in every country of Europe and America, Professor Gieler, of Munich, has come to the conclusion that women's feet are rapidly growing larger, and that the time will come when in the matter of feet there will be little difference between the two sexes. He has made careful measurements of the proportions of feet on ancient statues and as delineated in drawings and pictures of other times and has compared these measurements with the feet of modern women, always to the disadvantage of the latter. In England he finds the most striking confirmation of his theory. He attributes the change to the growing taste of Englishwomen for walking and other outdoor exercises.

A German newspaper destroys the pious fiction that Emperor William writes those remarkable sermons for whose delivery he has gained such a unique reputation. Before His Majesty goes travelling or cruising on the Hohenzollern, expecting to stay away a certain number of weeks, the Court Chaplain on duty, it is said, is ordered by the Court Marshal to prepare a sermon for each Sunday, coinciding with the religious significance of the day and the environment in which the Emperor and the crew find themselves. When the Kaiser goes to the North Cape, for instance, he always orders six sermons, each appropriate to the neighbourhood he expects to visit on the date set. Even the prayer with which he closes services is written by the Court Chaplain and read by him from the manuscript.

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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 diseases 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.

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Wholesale
Vapo-Cresolene Company,
New York, U.S.A.



FROOTOIDS

For Headache, Indigestion,
Constipation, and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciates their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints. They are elegant in appearance, pleasant to take, and, what is of the utmost importance, are thoroughly reliable in affording quick relief.

Frootoids are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient, in so far that they not only act as an aperient, but do remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Frootoids are evident at once by the disappearance of headache, the head becoming clear, and a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all. It is of the utmost importance that this should be borne in mind, for in such cases to take an ordinary aperient is to waste time and permit of a serious illness becoming fatal.

Frootoids act splendidly on the liver, and quickly cure bilious attacks that "antibilious pills" make worse. Many people have been made sick and ill by "antibilious pills" who could have been cured at once by Frootoids. People should not allow themselves to be duped into contracting a medicine-taking habit by being persuaded to take daily doses with each meal of so-called indigestion cures that do NOT cure. Frootoids have been subjected to extensive tests, and have in every case proved successful in completely curing the complaints named.

The ordinary adult dose of Frootoids, of which there are 72 in a bottle, is 2 to 4 more or less as required—taken preferably at bedtime, when constipated, or at the commencement of any other disease requiring an aperient, as an auxiliary with the special medicine necessary for the case. A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient; making the interval between the taking of each dose longer and the dose smaller. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

For sale by leading Chemists and Storekeepers. Retail price, 1/6. If your Chemist or Storekeeper has not got them, ask him to get them for you. If not obtainable locally, send direct to the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

NOTICE.—The materials in FROOTOIDS are of the VERY BEST QUALITY and consist amongst other ingredients, of the active principle of each of FIVE different MEDICAL FRUITS and ROOTS, so combined and proportioned in a particular way that a far BETTER result is obtained than from an ordinary aperient.

"A good jackdaw story is told in an English provincial weekly. A Bramham labouring man was returning home at noon with his wages, and on the way he called at the baker's shop. Afterwards he discovered he had lost half-a-sovereign. Near where this person lived was a jackdaw, which had the run of the village, and he came up and joined in the quest. "John" strutted about unheeded, until it was seen to seize something and fly away. "John" was tracked to a hole in a wall at the back of the premises, where he had his residence. He was proved to be a thief of the worst kind, for in the hole was not only the half-sovereign, but jewellery and numerous coins.

A medical man has discovered a very simple and pleasant way of curing a boy of smoking. It is by means of peppermint. He says:—"To break the cigarette habit is a youth there is nothing better than peppermint drops. He cannot smoke with one in his mouth, and even for some time after it is dissolved tobacco will not blend kindly with the taste that remains. Socially the cure may seem worse than the disease, but from a medical point of view the sucking of peppermints is far less hurtful. A common peppermint will prevent smoking for nearly an hour, so the amount of sweets used need not be great."

It means regular contributions to the party funds from 489,654 new members. This will bring the total membership of the party up to nearly 1,500,000, and a tax of only 1d per member per year will bring in £12,500, a sum sufficient to allow of 82 members being maintained in Parliament at £200 a year, or 48 at £250. But the rate of contributions will probably rise a good deal higher. As a correspondent of the "Times" puts it, "the working classes are being rapidly converted to the belief that Parliament offers a short cut to the Labour millennium. The passing of the Trades Disputes Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act, as well as the approaching approval of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill and the old age pension scheme, are all financial gains, demonstrating that it is easier and cheaper, and entails less suffering, to fight out Labour's battles on the floor of the House of Commons than by resorting to strikes. When such a conviction dominates the masses, it will be a comparatively easy matter to raise the contributions to the Labour party, so as to maintain 200 and even 300 members. A contribution of 6d per year would bring in £37,500, sufficient to allow 183 members £200 per annum each. Little wonder that the time-honoured Radical item, State payment of members, has been quietly shelved."

Assuring sign of the times, showing clearly that "the overwhelming influence of the best elements of Labour are on the side of evolution rather than revolution."

Labour in the Old Country.

The success of the Labour party in winning over the members of the Miners' Federation, hitherto allied with the Liberal party, is the most striking feature of British politics at the present time. The official figures published this week show that the Miners' Federation have decided to affiliate with the Labour party by 213,137 votes to 168,294. Two years ago a similar proposal was rejected by a majority of 10,000, but much water has flowed under the bridges since then, and the Labour party has greatly increased its hold on the working class. The defection of the miners from the Liberal party means the extinction of the trade union or Liberal Labour group in the House, which will only have seven members left after the 13 miners have gone over to the Labour benches. The miners' votes preponderate in about 90 seats in the United Kingdom, of which 59 are now held by Liberals, 26 by Labour members, and five by Unionists. If the electorates follow the example of their leaders and vote on the Labour ticket, the Liberals stand to lose a good many of these seats at the next election, and the Labour party to gain substantially.

The out-and-out Labour-Socialist view of the situation is that the new alliance marks the first stage in the conversion of the working-class from its allegiance to Liberalism and Toryism by the Independent Labour Party. The second stage, says Mr. Keir Hardie, is to make all the workers Socialists. "They were clearing the issues, and the fact that no miners' leader in any part of Great Britain could stand on any political platform outside Labour was itself a great gain. The fight of the past had been for political freedom; that of the future was for economic freedom. They were only in the beginning of the struggle, but he predicted that in ten years Liberalism and Toryism would have disappeared from the political arena." The "Times," on the other hand, sees in the alliance of the miners with the Labour party a useful check on the Socialist element in that organisation, and describes it as a re-

PILES CURED.

A LIFELONG SUFFERER'S GRATITUDE TO BILE BEANS.

Piles are caused by the defective and irregular action of the bowels, such as constipation and diarrhoea. They are the direct cause, but the predisposing cause of piles is invariably a disordered liver. It is to this organ that the bowels look for support and assistance in performing their proper functions, and it is only by acting directly on the liver that a regular action of the bowels may be obtained. Under such circumstances piles cannot exist. Bile Beans act directly on the liver, and through it on the bowels, and by so doing have gained the reputation of being the best remedy for piles and constipation.

"For years," writes Mrs. H. Lihou, of Welsh Place, Kooronga, S.A., "I have suffered from piles and constipation. Doctor after doctor did I consult, but in vain. I continued suffering in this way until, eighteen months ago, I found one of your booklets about Bile Beans under my door, and reading of the many cures Bile Beans had effected, I determined to give them a trial. The first few doses relieved me greatly, and I have since undergone a long and steady course, and the change they have worked in me is wonderful. My heart has become stronger, and the piles have completely left me. I bless the day Bile Beans were brought to my notice, as I feel a new woman. I have been subject to piles and fits from my childhood, and the good Bile Beans have done me is all the more gratifying."

Bile Beans are the best reasonable remedy for constipation, piles, liver chill, indigestion, biliousness, headache, liver and stomach trouble, and by giving tone to the system ward off colds and influenza. Of all chemists and stores at 1s. 1½d., or 2s. 0d. family size.

The American quick lunch is going out of fashion, even in America. Business men in the States are gradually waking up to the fact that bolting the midday meal in the shortest possible time does not agree with them. A little time ago the American man of business was seldom absent from his desk more than half an hour at noon, and in the busiest part of the season, scarcely more than ten or fifteen minutes. Many indeed had their luncheons sent to their office, or paid a flying visit to a "quick lunch counter," for a sandwich, and a cup of coffee. But things are altering now, the business man's lunch time has grown from thirty minutes to an hour and sometimes more.

At a recent meeting of learned men, one of the most important of them all remarked that mental arithmetic did not train a child's mind, and that a mathematician per se was incapable of moral reasoning. A story that seems to support this theory is told of a great mathematician. Once he was ill for a long time—a very long time—and he used to say that when he became convalescent he discovered that the mathematical was the lowest order of the mind. He wanted to read; he tried poetry, and that would not do; nor would fiction, or philosophy, or history—but when he at last tried mathematics he found that his enfeebled mind could master that.

Patronised by the Prince and Princess of Wales,



Governors of Australia, New Zealand, etc.

THE GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN HOT LAKES DISTRICT.

Close to the Railway Station and the Government Gardens, and Famous Curative Baths. Superbly Furnished and Supplied with every Luxury, Comfort, and Modern Convenience. Attendance and Cuisine equal to the best in the Dominion.

TARIFF: From 12/6 per day.

GEO. M. BROWN, Proprietor.

LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, OHINEMUTU, ROTORUA.

On the Shores of the Magnificent Lake Rotorua; one of the most commanding positions in the district. From its spacious balconies a wonderful view is obtained. Among the GREAT ATTRACTIONS this Popular Hotel has to offer are

TWELVE NEW HOT MINERAL BATHS

of the latest and most up-to-date design in SEPARATE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BATH HOUSES, situated on its own SPLENDIDLY LAID OUT GROUNDS, which are free to the use of visitors to this Hotel.

TARIFF: From 8/6 per day.

CHAS. A. SANSOM, Proprietor.

GEYSER HOTEL, WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

SITUATED IN A UNIQUE POSITION CLOSE TO THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS AND MAORI SETTLEMENT.

From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is Furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

The Real Olympic Games

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE GREEK OLYMPIA.

By A. E. JOHNSON, in "Pall Mall"

IN connection with the fourth Olympiad, held in London with troops of athletes competing from all parts of the world, it is interesting to consider this ancient institution in its origin, its ideals, and rewards. Nothing is more evident in classic annals than the manly influence of the Olympian games upon the Greek national character, except, perhaps, the equally convincing proofs that when professionalism supervened they dwindled away, and the period arrived of luxury and national degeneration. It is well, therefore, that in modern times these contests should be kept as nearly as possible in their primitive purity and thoroughness.

The Olympic games of old were the outward expression of that sentiment which welded the Greek States, whose warring interests often set them in conflict, into one national whole. Dating from pre-historic times, the story of their origin belonged to that legendary lore of heroes and demi-gods which was accepted by the Greek mind as symbolical, if not actual truth, and was invested with all the sanctity of an inspired myth. At first a shrine of local repute only, Olympia became presently the centre of an alliance between the neighbouring States of Elis, Pisa, and Sparta, and, with gradually expanding fame, rose to be a point of focus for the Hellenic world. The various elements of the Greek race, though often antagonistic, were held together by four ties—common blood, common language, common gods, and common customs; and every four years within the precinct of Olympia Zeus, their met together, under the sacred trice claimed for the purpose, a vast assembly of Greeks belonging to every race, for the purpose of making mutual sacrifice to their mutual deities, and of witnessing in the same sacred cause the rivalry between the representative youth of the nation. Hence the Olympic games constituted not so much an athletic as a religious festival, for it was then, by special grace of the gods, that the feelings of kinship and association were fostered.

The athletic aspect of the Olympic festival was subordinate to its social, political, and religious significance. In the discussion so often pursued of the relative merits of the ancient and modern athlete, the essential difference between the two does not seem to be grasped. The distinction is not a physical one of greater or less speed or endurance, but a mental one. In the Greek view the cult of the body was complementary to a cult of the mind, and the two things in conjunction made up the ancient Greek ideal of life. The Greek athlete, in brief, ran or wrestled for an ideal. Such things as "records" did not concern him; the lust of the pot-hunter had no place in his desires.

THE OLYMPIA OF TO-DAY.

Olympia, unique among the cities, dead and living, of the world, occupied a natural site in the plain of Elis, through which ran the Alpheios. This stream was wont to overflow its banks, leaving a deposit of mud after its retirement, with the result that with the lapse of centuries the site of the ancient city became buried beneath a deep succession of layers of soil, which thus silted up. In 1875, however, excavations upon the site of Olympia were begun, under the auspices of the German Government. Out of the earthly accumulation beneath which they were buried, the extensive remains now to be seen were dug, and at the present day it is possible for even the least imaginative man to stand amidst the ruins of what was once the very hub, social, political and religious, of the Greek world and to reconstruct in his mind's eye the ancient scene in all its splendour and magnificence.

Though little is left standing, the foundations of all, or nearly all, the buildings remain, and the plan of the city can be followed with almost complete accuracy. It would be impossible, however, within the narrow limits of this

article, to attempt a description of all the various remains which have been revealed.

The competitors in the games were accustomed to undergo a long and arduous course of training. This extended over a period of ten months, during the first nine of which the athletes remained in residence at Elis, preparing themselves in the public gymnasium there for the supreme test. The last month of training was passed in Olympia itself, and in the western part of the city, outside the boundaries of the Altis, or sacred precinct, were situated two important buildings, devoted to the accommodation of the athletes, and used by them for the purposes of practice.

THE GYMNASIUM AND THE PALAESTRA.

The gymnasium was the place of exercise for the runners, jumpers, discus throwers, and javelin hurlers, the probable object of the long portico upon the eastern side being to provide a covered course for the first-named in bad weather.

The palaestra, or place of exercise for boxers and wrestlers, was in the form of a square, on the southern side, enclosing an inner building surrounded by a colonnade of Doric pillars. Upon the north, east, and west sides of the square, facing the inner building, were various rooms of different sizes, which it is supposed were set apart for the service of the athletes. Amongst them, for example, would doubtless be the anointing room, in which the ancient method of massage with oil was practised for the purpose of rendering limbs and bodies supple. Adjoining would be the sanding room, where sand was sprinkled over the shining skins of the wrestlers, in order to counteract the slipperiness of the oil.

The central court of the palaestra was a clear arena, in which both wrestlers

and boxers had room for their practice. Obviously it must have been paved; and of all the mute relics of the past which made impression on the mind as I wandered through the places of desolation, perhaps that which with a vivid touch of realism most fired my imagination was the discovery, amidst the encroaching weeds and turf choking the floor of the great chamber, of the very

stain upon their character, civil or religious. Then, their hands upon the altar, they swore to contend fairly in the trials of strength about to be commenced, using neither fraud nor guile. Then a procession was formed, and judges and athletes passed in solemn state to the Stadion, every point of vantage along the route being crowded with eager spectators.



THE DISC-THROWER.

tiles, most cunningly ribbed and grooved, that had afforded foothold to the naked soles of the athletes as with swaying bodies they strained and struggled at grips.

THE GATHERING TO THE FESTIVAL.

Just beyond the south wall of the Altis lay the Bouleuterion, or Council Chamber, which was a building of high importance. Here was enacted the opening scene in the ceremonies, for hither from their quarters came the would-be competitors at dawn on the first of the appointed days, in order to pass the ordeal of formal entry for the games. Assembled before the ten judges, the athletes were required to prove their pure Hellenic descent, and the absence of any

So large a gathering of men in a day when travel was no light matter is a thing remarkable, but the complex nature of the attraction goes far to explain it. Not only was a pilgrimage to the great pan-Hellenic festival a pious act and a token of patriotism, but a source of amusement, of recreation, and (to many) of profit.

THE FOOT-RACE.

In the early history of the games the foot-race was the only contest, and though other trials of strength and skill were added later, running always remained the most important. It is curious to note how closely the procedure at a modern athletic meeting follows the



This diploma, designed by Mr. Bernard Partridge and exhibited in the Royal Academy, is given to all winners of the gold medal presented to victors in the twenty-one various sports (including about 120 different events) of the Olympic games completed last week. A smaller size of the same design is also presented to the club or association of which the winner is a member, and to competitors who gain second or third places in the various events.

The central figure represents Victory offering a crown, with Hellenas and Britannia at her side. At the spectator's right, in one corner, sits a competitor resting after his race, typifying the athletic purposes of these games; and in the other corner of the foreground is a figure representing International Concord, the chief result which, it is hoped, will flow from meetings like the present. The design is completed by various figures of athletes on each side, grouped in a classic temple which looks out over a landscape in the background.

Only the essential outlines of Mr. Partridge's beautiful and complicated picture are reproduced here, as drawn for the "Daily Telegraph."

ancient model. The races were run in heats of four, and lots were drawn for the various stations. The presence of a number of square holes, at regular intervals, in the length of each limestone sill, suggests that in all probability posts were erected therein, between which the runners took their places, and that between opposite posts ropes were stretched along the length of the arena, so as to provide a separate course—exactly in the modern fashion—for each runner.

Furthermore, it seems not unlikely that the athletes, having stripped and anointed their bodies, were wont to favour that crouching attitude for the start, which a few years ago was known as the "American fashion," and is now generally popular. The sills, at all events, are scored with two grooves, to afford a purchase to the bare toes of the runners, and the few inches which separate them suggest that the feet must have been placed very closely together. The umpires were chosen from among the presiding officials. A herald officiated as starter, and his preliminary announcement, "Let the runners put their feet to the line!" is exactly parallel to the modern starter's warning cry of "On your marks!" The signal for the start was a trumpet blast, and instant upon the strident note the tense muscles leaped into play, and the gleaming bodies sprang forward in straining endeavour towards the goal.

catch can rules, or under the code misleadingly called Graeco-Roman. At all events, no struggling on the ground, such as is exhibited in the famous group of statuary at Florence, was allowed. The third throw, which gained the victory, became proverbial.

The Pentathlon comprised five exercises—leaping, running, wrestling, throwing the disc, and hurling the javelin.

Boxing began in the 23rd Olympiad. In its main features the practice of the pugilist was the same then as now, fist and wrist being bound with leather thongs instead of being gloved. This dressing of straps is not to be confused with the murderous cestus used by the Roman boxer, for under the rule of the Olympic games, the death of an antagonist entailed not only disqualification, but a heavy fine. Wrestling was combined with boxing in a form of exercise introduced later, and called the Pankration; but in this contest no straps were used, and the use of the clenched fist was forbidden.

The most noteworthy innovation of all, however, was that in the 25th Olympiad, (680 B.C.), when a race for charioteers with four full-grown horses was first held. The introduction of the chariot-race marks an important departure, for whereas participation in the games had previously been open only to competitors who appeared in person, rich men could now, without personal effort, be repre-

draw Dick Whittingtons to town in thousands and in tens of thousands—no longer, however, to fortune, but to doom. Why? Because the times are stale for such enterprises as our Dick Whittingtons may hazard, and they are ill-adapted to triumph over circumstances.

Of the thousands of Dick Whittingtons in the country, and of the thousands in the town, many are as good men as the great Dick Whittington, many are better men. You and I might have been thrice Lord Mayor of London had we lived in the great Dick's day.

It is terrible to look into the faces of these potential Lord Mayors of to-day. They have hungry faces; and with strained, eager eyes they scan the advertisement columns of the newspapers that may lead them to their bread. At last they read of a job that may suit their powers; they make a note of it, and hurry away, only to return next morning.

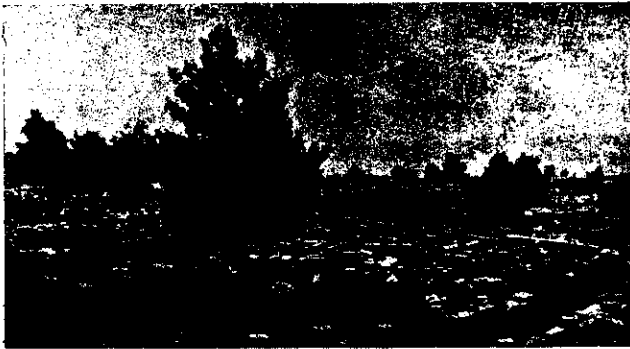
RAVENOUS WOLVES.

Or see what happens when a foreman of building works steps into the street to demand labour. He is a foreman, perhaps, where ten thousand workmen are employed. He asks for six navvies; and at his appearance a hundred labourers who have been waiting to be hired spring forward as one man, or as a pack of ravenous wolves.

leaves have the thickest hairs upon them will absorb the most moisture from the air, and will thrive best. Those falcons with the most powerful retractile talons wherewith to seize their prey will survive longest. Varieties of the antelope of the giraffe with longer necks than usual at once secured a fresh range of pasture, and on the first scarcity of food outlived their shorter-necked companions. The birds strongest in the wing reach the land whither they migrate, while the weaker perish.

No with man; victory is assured to him with some advantage, however slight, which his opponents lack. It may be that survival is secured only by retreat, as the sloth goes to the tree, the mole to his burrow, or man to the mine which others fear to enter; but the victory is none the less complete.

A retreat, a falling from a high estate, does not necessarily prevent a corresponding advance, or ascension, should occasion come. On the vast pampas plains of La Plata there lives an opossum which, perfectly adapted by Nature to a life in trees, yet has existed for thousands of years where no trees are to be seen, its beautiful, grasping hands pressed to the ground, its prehensile tail dragging, idle and useless, behind it. Yet if the opossum should be brought to a tree it will climb at once with all the agility of a monkey.



This portion of the photograph contains the view looking from west to south east, and embraces the remains of the Bouleuterion.



Here are seen the remains of the palaestra and the great gymnasium.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RUINS OF OLYMPIA.

The first Olympiad of which any definite record was preserved was that of 776 B.C., when the name of Korobus, a citizen of Elis, was inscribed as winner in the single race which was then the only contest. For some time this solitary footrace, over the measured distance of the Olympic stade, from one end of the arena to the other, constituted the entire programme of the games. It was not until the fourteenth Olympiad, fifty-two years later, that a second one was introduced. This was the Diaulos, or race up and down the course, the runners finishing at the mark from which they started. In the next Olympiad, (720 B.C.) a third race was added—the Dolichos, or (as we should call it) distance race, in which the runners had to traverse the course several times. The number of laps varied, being sometimes seven or twelve, or even twenty-four, making a total distance of over three miles. It was in this race that, according to historic tradition, the Spartan Ladas dropped dead at the very moment that he came first to the goal—an incident which illustrates, even if untrue, the spirit in which the Olympian athlete spent his every inch of strength.

THE WRESTLERS AND THE REST.
Wrestling, the most artistic and cunning of games in the opinion of Plutarch, made its appearance in the eighteenth Olympiad, when also the Pentathlon, or fivefold contest, was introduced. The method of the Greek wrestler corresponded, so far as can be judged, rather to those adopted at the present day under Cumberland and Westmorland rules than to those employed under catch-as-

sented by chariots driven by professional charioteers.

Thus, the seed of corruption was sown, and though long in maturing, eventually bore fruit. With the introduction of the chariot-race the principle of personal endeavour was abandoned; the prize was no longer to the swift nor to the strong, but to the rich.

Whittingtons of To-day.

WHY THEY FAIL IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

The recent case of the father summoned to the Marylebone Police Court for "conscientiously objecting" to send his sons to school until they are eleven raises the question whether the education given in our schools is really calculated to make successful and efficient citizens, remarks a writer in a London paper.

Dick Whittington, the son of a gentleman, came to London to make his fortune—and succeeded. Why? Because the time was ripe for his enterprise, and he was perfectly adapted to make the best of his environments.

The lights of London drew Dick Whittington to his fortune. They have not lost their power of lure. Still they

Or look at the men waiting outside the doors of the night-shelters—clever men, brawny men, Oxford men, skilled mechanics, rubbing elbows with the wasters. A police report says of a night-shelter at Parkirk, which housed 2,860 people in three months: "The total amount of money found on these 2,860 was £2 4/; in sums ranging from 4d to 4d."

Advertisers are astounded at what happens when they offer a post. A firm seeks a packer at £1 a week, and is besieged by 500 applicants. A glass-bottle blower advertises for an apprentice, and turns away 300 applicants before noon. A staging obstructs the way to a foreman's office in a City building where a job is vacant, and eleven men rush over it so furiously that it crashes in beneath them; and they have to go to hospital with broken legs and ribs. Were you to advertise for a red-haired man who squinted to do secretarial work, your street would be full of red-haired, squinting Dick Whittingtons. Or were you to advertise for a perfect lady to take charge of a little girl in return for a comfortable home and dress allowance, a thousand perfect ladies would proffer their services.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

Now science teaches that in all life there is a struggle for existence, but that whether the battle is fought between allied or unallied species, the victory is never doubtful—it is assured to the plant or the animal that has some advantage, however slight, which its opponent lacks.

So those plants in a dry soil whose

FALLING TO RISE.

And so, if a man adapted to one set of circumstances—say, a red seat in the House of Lords—retreats to another for which he is also adapted, though not designed for it—say, to a carpenter's bench or to the tail of a plough—he will survive, he will conquer; and in the end, if the chance comes, he will sit quite naturally on the predestined red seat.

If there is a moral to these reflections it is to be found in this idea, which has taken hold of a few far-sighted people (the Marylebone parent among them)—that in these days of a struggle for existence more terrible than England has ever known before, children should be so educated as to be ready to hold their own in more than one set of circumstances.

Nobody is secure to-day. The rich man may lose his money, and is likely to be despoiled of his estates. Let him, then, educate his sons to be able to succeed as foresters, carpenters, ploughmen, packers, or glass-blowers; and let his daughters be mistresses of the languages, the typewriter, the cooking-range, the sewing machine, the piano, or the arts that raise flowers from seeds, or sell cuttings on markets.

Let every Dick Whittington start for London with some advantage, however slight, which his opponents lack, and his victory in the struggle for existence shall never be doubtful.

Why Dick Whittingtons fail to-day is because they have not got longer necks than the other giraffes.

What is wanted is a practical and all-round training for the battle of life.

"HYGENO" FOR HOUSEHOLD USE. As an air purifier and germ destroyer. It is indispensable for use in cleaning floors, woodwork, etc., in hospitals, sick rooms, dwellings, all public halls and buildings.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY, 3 HUNTER STREET, WELLINGTON,

Books and Bookmen

Mr. Crewe's Career: Winston Churchill. (London and New York: Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

A new book by the American Mr. Winston Churchill is a most important event in the annals of the literary world, for he is without doubt the greatest novelist of the day. In "Mr. Crewe's Career," Mr. Winston Churchill has made his second entry into the literary crusade, that is now being waged in America with a view to purifying its corrupt politics. In "Coniston" the reader was shown the corrupt system of political wire pulling that prevailed in the States, and in "Mr. Crewe's Career" is shown the iniquitous methods indulged in under the misnomer of "inalienable vested rights" by the railway monopolists of America. Like Mr. Chambers, Mr. Winston Churchill believes that the ultimate regeneration of America is to be achieved by "the younger set." It has passed into an axiom that noblesse oblige cannot be achieved in one generation. And the earlier generations of America have been too occupied making and amassing money either to study "the humanities," the proper way to spend money, or, what is of infinitely more importance, that there are things that are unpurchasable by money, such as true patriotism, love, honour, and a few hitherto unconsidered trifles. Mr. Crewe, millionaire, who is not by any means the hero of the book, though his so-called career has supplied the mis-scene for the political drama in which the hero (Austen Vane) figures so nobly, was one of those egotistical busybodies who, because they possess the practically unlimited power that immense wealth gives, came to imagine that he had only to enter the field of American politics in order to exclaim, after the manner of Caesar, "Veni, Vidi, Vici"; not that Mr. Crewe can be denied the possession of certain good points, but they are too negative to be worthy of the prominence given to him, and them, in this book, except as a background to throw into higher relief the transcendent qualities of his hero. In order to understand the component parts of which Austen Vane's character was made, it is necessary to show the reader something of his parentage. Austen Vane was the son of Hilary Vane, of Puritan stock, and Sarah Austen, of Cavalier stock. Their most salient characteristics had been strengthened, fined down, and blended into harmony in their son Austen.

Space forbids the retelling of the numerous escapades that Austen Vane had emerged from before he reached the stage in which he is first presented to the reader. After his last scrape, in which he had nearly killed a man in a righteous cause, Austen had returned to Rip-ton, his birthplace, to resume the study and practice of that profession of which his father was so distinguished a member. His first chance to prove his metal came to him through an accident which had nearly proved fatal to his client. The accident in question had taken place at a crossing which was notorious as a death-trap, and the North-eastern, with its usual disregard of anything but dividends, had commissioned their agent to offer the usual inadequate compensation. Austen, who had long been indignant at the iniquitous methods the North-eastern had adopted in their dealing with the life and property of the people of the lands through which its railroads ran, took the case to the courts and won it. His attitude towards the North-eastern may be guessed at, when Mr. Green, secretary and treasurer of a great company, "suggested with all kindness that however noble it may be, it does not pay to tilt at windmills." Austen is said to have replied, "Not unless you wreck the windmill." And wreck the windmill of the North-eastern Austen Vane surely did, as far as its corrupt practices were concerned, and in wrecking it, Austen Vane nearly wrecked the physical part of his father, Hilary Vane, who, however, came to see the wrong and the shortsightedness of the policy the North-eastern had persisted in so long and so dishonestly. The story ends with the power of the North-eastern Corporation as a corrupter of politics, broken;

not, as in Hilary Vane's case, from the conviction that their practices were dishonest, but because their assumed title to inalienable vested interest had been challenged in the broad light of open day, and found wanting, by a fearless man whose business methods were above reproach. The best thanks of the readers are due to Mr. Winston Churchill for his soul-stirring book. Though strongly denunciatory of the corrupt politics, and of the enormous power wielded by the great monopolies of America, it is not merely an indictment of their methods. A way out is indicated, which, while purifying the present system, need not affect the standing of corporations as keen men of business and shrewd politicians, or the acquisition of wealth in moderation. America is notorious for its millionaires, and no man ever becomes a millionaire without using the Car of Juggernaut, unconsciously may be, but none the less fatally. The love story of Austen Vane and Victoria Flint—daughter of that great railroad magnate, Isaac D. Worthington, of "Coniston" fame, and who was now president of the great North-eastern—is, as all Mr. Churchill's love stories are, strenuous, virile, and wholesomely pure. Mr. Churchill's heroines, and indeed all his women, may have their little peculiarities and follies, but they have no vice, and his conception of the heights they can reach has helped many women not only to strive after his ideals, but to reach them. Number 7 at the Pelican House comes in for the same graphic description as it did in "Coniston," with the difference that, while the scene and the play remain the same, the actors are new. "Coniston" was good, but "Mr. Crewe's Career" is better. To express properly our opinion of the book would be to exhaust the superlatives. Everyone should get it, and while reading it, learn and inwardly digest the great truths that are scattered broadcast throughout its pages. The quaint humour that characterises the depiction of Mr. Churchill's politicians, and their constituents, is, if anything, intensified in "Mr. Crewe's Career." In this respect Mr. Crewe is a host in himself.

The Wheel of Fortune: Louis Tracy. (London: Ward, Lock and Co., Limited.)

An altogether admirably written narrative, in which exciting adventure, glamorous romance, broad humour, slight historic fact, and a dash of Egyptology are skilfully blended into a harmonious whole highly creditable to Mr. Louis Tracy, and supremely satisfying to the reader. Richard Royson, a descendant of Cour-de-Lion, and a penniless gentleman to boot, though heir to an ancient baronetcy, is fortunate enough to save from what would assuredly have been a fatal accident, Irene Fenshawe, granddaughter of Hiram Fenshawe, millionaire. Baron Von Kerber—whose interests were wholly vested in the Fenshawe Millieu—offers monetary reward to Royson for saving Miss Fenshawe's life, which is scornfully refused in the words Royson had that day seen embroidered on the banner carried by the leader of a great unemployed procession: "Curse your charity, we want work." Struck by the reply, Von Kerber, at a subsequent meeting, offers Royson work of an adventurous kind, and makes him swear not to divulge its nature to anyone. Royson accepts on being assured that nothing incompatible with honour will be required of him. Some time before this story opens, a roll of papyrus, which had been found in the tomb of Demetriades (a Greek), had been acquired by Von Kerber, dishonestly as it afterwards transpired. This papyrus set forth that in a certain place in the Egyptian Desert was hidden the spoils taken by the Romans in the year 24 B.C., when they sacked the city of Sheba, or Saba. It also gave minute directions where this hidden treasure was to be found. Mr. Fenshawe, besides being a great millionaire, had a world-wide reputation as a keen archaeologist and Egyptologist, and his ardour had been so fired by Von Kerber's glowing description of

the art treasures, and objects of archaeological interest, that formed part of the hidden treasure, that he had consented to finance and command an expedition to Egypt to search for and exhume this Sabaean treasure. Of the difficulties undertaken and surmounted, which include the imprisonment of Mr. Fenshawe and Von Kerber, by the Italian Governor of Massowah, who, informed by Aferi, one of the villains of this story, of the existence of this treasure, considered, justly enough, that Italy had the premier right to any treasure found in its territory; the abduction of Irene Fenshawe, which gave Royson a second chance to win her—a chance of which he was not slow to avail himself—and the fight between the rival factors when the treasure is eventually discovered, and the unmasking and punishing of the two villains, must be read to be fully appreciated. Richard Royson is as gallant a hero and lover as was ever conceived by author, and Irene Fenshawe as womanly a heroine. The book has the right atmosphere and colour that any narrative having the East for its locale should have. There is a wonderful description, and explanation given, of what it known as mirage. Brimming over with vitality, colour, dash and picturesque description, this book should please the most exigent reader. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

The Magic of May: Iota. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

That some lines of Browning's are responsible for the existence of this book explains in part its complexities. Whether it has been written in order to denounce the leaders and followers of strange cults, or to show the insuperable difficulties that lie in the way of a woman ever loving or trusting a man who had once shown funk at a time when every reason, moral and physical, forbade its presence, even though after the lapse he had earned canonization in the effort to redeem his error, or whether it has been written to show how utterly unfit the neurotic girl or woman is to undertake the duties of wife or mother, will remain a mystery to the majority of readers. But this book, while clever, is too morbidly analytic to be pleasant reading. And how a writer who has climbed to the heights needed for a conception of a Ronnie Parre can descend into the Mærcma in order to create an Eleanor Forrester can only be accounted for by the vagaries of the author's sex. There is much in this book that is reminiscent of "The Heavenly Twins," with the difference that the saving humour of that book is not to be found in this. With the exception of Ronnie Parre, there is not a single normal character in the book. The study of the abnormal does not conduce either to comfort or sanity, and in any case vivisection is not the cure for temperamental disease. Nor does it seem morally fitting that so many victims should be immolated in order that one soul shall come into "the magic of May." Our copy of this exceedingly interesting but morbid book has been received through Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

DELTA.

INDIGESTION

18
SLOW STARVATION.

Food is to the human body what fuel is to a furnace. Without the aid of food the body starves and dies, just as a furnace fire dies, grows cold, when not supplied with fuel. Undigested food is simply decaying food; so long as it lies in the stomach it is fermenting and giving off noxious gases and acid fluids that poison the blood and flow with it all through the system.

You cannot be healthy in such a condition. You must surely lack the snap, the energy of mind and muscle, of brain and body, which are necessary to secure success in this age of competition, of strenuous effort in every walk of life. You must "keep up with the procession" or else fall by the wayside and be lost sight of in the hurly burly for success.

When your food-fails to supply nourishment through rich red blood, you are being starved in muscle and nerve—

starved as truly as the man who has nothing to eat—only yours is slow starvation.

Mother Seigel's Syrup, the great remedy for indigestion, has had 46 years of unvarying success all over the world. By aiding the organs of digestion to perform their work naturally, it has given health and comfort to millions. We have thousands of letters attesting such cures. Here is one from—

Mr. Joseph Fitzgibbon, 1, Hugo Street, Redfern, N.S.W.—"For years," says Mr. Fitzgibbon in his letter of March 18th, 1908, "I suffered most severely from acute indigestion. I tried quite a number of different medicines, and spent much money; but nothing did any good until, at last, I got Mother Seigel's Syrup. The first bottle enabled me to eat and to digest, and soon I was quite cured."

**Mother Seigel's Syrup is the
World's supreme cure for
Indigestion.**

A SAFE COUGH REMEDY.

BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS proves the truth of the old adage, "Time will tell." For over forty-five years this preparation has been the standard cure for coughs and colds, and every year has seen a large increase in its sales. The reason is that

BONNINGTON'S CARRAGEEN IRISH MOSS

is a safe remedy and does what is claimed for it.

It contains absolutely nothing injurious, mothers know they can give it to the children with perfect safety. Millions of bottles of this celebrated remedy have been sold throughout New Zealand and Australia, and there has not been a single instance where it has proved other than beneficial. Do you wonder that we are proud of our record?

ONE WORD MORE.

In order to make more profit, unscrupulous retailers sometimes try to sell a substitute for Bonnington's Irish Moss by asserting it is "just as good," and some will even make malicious statements regarding our preparation. There is no remedy so safe and sure as Bonnington's Irish Moss—insist on getting it.

There is satisfaction in cleaning the Teeth with

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

Whether you want the added charm to your personal appearance, or the teeth sound and fit for work.

That is why every year more and more people commence and continue its regular use.

Of Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of OXORIN the onset. It has cured hundreds of the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. English price 9/6 and 11/- Thousands of Testimonials.

Of all Chemists, Stores, etc.
Wholesale Agents:
SHARLAND & CO., LTD., AUCKLAND AND
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

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

Verse Old and New

The Carriage Waits "Without."

"The carriage waits without, my lord,"
 "Without what, gentle sir?"
 "Without the left-hand running-board,
 Without the French chauffeur,
 Without a drop of gasoline,
 Six nuts, the can of oil,
 Four pinions, and the limousine,
 The spark-plug and the coil.
 Without the brake, the horn, the clutch
 Without the running-gear,
 One cylinder—it beats the Dutch
 How much there isn't here!
 The car has been repaired in fact,
 And you should be right glad
 To find that this much is intact
 Of what your lordship had.
 The garage sent it back, my lord,
 In perfect shape throughout;
 So you will understand, my lord,
 Your carriage waits without."

—Harold Lampoon.

* * *

Requiescat in Pace.

Here lies a poor woman who always was
 busy;
 She lived under pressure that rendered
 her dizzy,
 She belonged to ten clubs and read Brown-
 ing by sight,
 Showed at luncheons and teas and would
 vote if she might;
 She served on a school board with cour-
 age and zeal;
 She golfed and she kodaked and rode on
 a wheel;
 She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew mi-
 crobes by name,
 Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter"
 and "Dame";
 Her children went in for the top educa-
 tion,
 Her husband went seaward for nervous
 prostration.
 One day on her tablets she found an hour
 free.
 The shock was too great, and she died
 instantlee!

—"Saturday Evening Herald."

* * *

Will Yours ?

A waiting cottage by the sea,
 A packed and-ready Family,
 In state of glad expectancy
 Arrayed in smiles.
 Advantages beyond compare,
 Not least a Multi-Millionaire
 Whom each Fair Daughter plans to snare
 With maiden wiles.
 A Despot's adamant decree,
 A panic-stricken Family,
 On verge of wild profanity,
 Or depths of woe.
 Dejected wait the Daughters Fair,
 Some other'll get that millionaire!
 But vain are bribe, invective, prayer—
 THE COOK WON'T GO!

—Camilla J. Knight.

* * *

Chosen.

"The wine list!" With patrician air
 I order. And each vintage rare
 That beckons from the sober print
 Bids Fancy riot without stint.
 Apon, beneath its fairy spell
 I trend the banks of the Moselle;
 Apon I view, at its behest
 The Rhenish vineyards, sun-caressed.
 The page I turn and gaze on thee,
 Fair vine-clad land of Burgundy;
 On verdant slope and flowered plain
 Of Gascony and of Champagne;
 On thee, Bordeaux—come, turn the page!
 Amontillado, ripe with age,
 Brings visions of Granada's bowers,
 Of Moorish palaces and towers,
 Of raven-locked Castilian maids
 And flashing of Toledo blades.
 Again I turn—afar I stray
 To dream of fire-franght Tokay,
 Of feasts where red Chianti flows
 And proud Madeira darkly glows
 And Port—but hush! the waiter's here—
 The dream is o'er. "One glass of beer."

—Thomas R. Ybarra.

Slambengo and Brazene.

Slambengo and Brazene
 "Oh, strolling in the garden
 There generally can be seen
 The well-known sketch and comedy team
 Slambengo and Brazene!"

In all their gay apparel
 We watch the artless pair
 Jig on R. I. and carol
 The latest shameless air.

How merrily they caper
 Before us simple folk,
 With brick and club of paper
 To point their slightest joke.

Slambengo rough and hasty,
 His face a gentle green,
 Performing with that tasty
 And polished gent Brazene.

We watch them at their inning
 And chuckle at the pith
 Of those remarks beginning
 "Who's that I seen you with?"

And next in order duly
 Until the wood wings shake,
 "Ye Shoulda Hov Called on Hooley
 The Night He Hod His Wake."

'Twould stump all but another
 When, finishing the song,
 B. says: "Why does your brother
 Look at his watch so long?"

But slightly—aye and daily—
 Slambengo plays the ace;
 "Because," he answers gaily,
 "A woman's in the case."

Crack! crack! the slapstick clatters
 Kerflop! Slambengo falls,
 And then the seltzer spatters
 Upon the canvas walls.

What peasant, prince, or chappy,
 What man of toil or ease,
 Could be aught else but happy
 With comrades such as these?—

Who help our had digestions
 With gapes of age and size,
 And point each other's questions
 With thumps upon the thighs?

So, though the purse be meagre,
 Yet let us pay our way,
 And listen tense and eager
 While they to them do say:

"Oh, strolling in the garden
 There generally can be seen
 The well-known sketch and comedy team
 Slambengo and Brazene!"

—HORATIO WINSLOW.

* * *

The Sweets of Life.

Sweet are the flowers in summer time,
 Sweet is the dewy morn,
 Sweet is the rustling of the wind
 As it plays 'mong the yellow corn.

Sweet is the scent of the new mown hay,
 Sweet is the summer rain,
 Sweet the odour of fresh turned earth,
 And sweet is the breeze from the main.

Sweet is our rest when the day's work's
 done,
 Sweet is an action good,
 Sweet is the kindly, soft-spoken word,
 And it's sweet to be understood.

Sweet is a calm and contented mind,
 Sweet is a conscience clear,
 Sweet it is to be always just,
 And to govern by love not fear.

Sweet is the love of a loyal wife—
 Sweet-heart for aye is she—
 Sweet and true, come storm, come calm,
 As we sail o'er life's troubled sea.

Sweet is our life if we try to get
 Of its lavender springs a few,
 If we garner them well in our heart of
 hearts
 Then never we'll gather its rue.

By W. C. Castleton, Auckland.

AROUND THE WORLD

YOU CAN GO, AND YOU
 WILL NOT FIND BETTER
 DENTISTRY THAN WE DO.

WE do not claim to be the only dentists, and to do better work
 than our fellow practitioners, but we know our work is good.

We are pleasing thousands of people every year with
 PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS.

GOOD
 FITTING
 ARTIFICIAL
 TEETH
 GUARAN-
 TEED.
 FILLING
 AND
 CROWN
 AND
 BRIDGE
 WORK.



TROUBLE-
 SOME
 TEETH
 MAY BE
 FIXED
 BY US
 THAT
 YOU
 FORGET
 YOU
 HAVE
 THEM.

And then rest assured that your teeth are receiving the Best
 Care at a Fair and Reasonable Charge.

There ISN'T Any EXPERIMENT BUREAU CONDUCTED Here.

Every Branch of our Business is conducted by Expert
 Dentists.

WE ARE SKILLED IN OUR PROFESSION. USE THE BEST
 MATERIALS, AND CHARGE THE LOWEST FEES.

J. H. KINNEAR,
 DENTIST, QUEEN AND DARBY STREETS.

Arthur Nathan's

RELIABLE
TEAS

ARE

SURE

TO

PLEASE

The Housekeeping and Servant Problem

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY

To show what is being done in other countries in connection with the above subject, we subjoin an extract from an article published a short time ago by a well-known German periodical. We have no doubt it will interest our readers, and especially those who have the furtherance of technical education at heart. The extract is, of course, a translation.

"Modern conditions of household management make it necessary that the education of young women of every position in life for household work or superintendence, can no longer be abandoned to accident or even to traditional instruction, but that systematic teaching and schooling should be substituted, not only as a preparation for work in our own home in the capacity of wife and mother, but also for work done for wages among strangers, as lady helps, teachers of household management or domestic servants. Expert education for the calling of housekeeper is of the utmost importance not only to the single family, but to the whole population.

The Female Workers Home Union (of Munich) has extended its care to women and girls of every position, while it has added to its already highly prosperous and successful arrangements a department for teaching housekeeping, which is connected with the lately opened housekeeping seminary and the old housekeeping school of the Princess Arnulf. The latter includes a cookery and sewing school, housekeeping courses, and domestic servant education courses for girls just left the public schools.

The seminary is in one of the best positions in Munich, and provides also in connection with it a really practical and well organised modern home for ladies living solitary, or for married people without families, a number of apartments in a distinct part of the building being let for this purpose unfurnished.

The cooking school and the courses for chambermaids are beginning in September. They will be held every year, and have for their object the education of servants. The seminary and house management school is quite separate from this, and the superior class of instruction in the higher school, may be assumed from what takes place in the lower. The young women trained in the seminary for the calling of teachers of cookery and home management, require to undergo instruction of a year and a-half, while for the calling of housekeeper, a one year's course is usually found sufficient for a pass, without examination.

In connection with the above a fine building has been erected in Romerstrasse, which is an ideal home for education in household work, where all the newest material for teaching and illustration are at hand. By a free passage through a charming garden, there is entry into the public dining-hall, where the productions of the cookery school are served to visitors or the occupiers of the apartments. This dining-hall presents a very attractive appearance, with its walls in white stucco work, high wainscoting, elegant buffet, sideboards, fountain, cherry tree furniture, brass chan-

deliers and some decorative pieces of Munich art. From this spacious apartment the dining-room of the young ladies of the seminary is separated by folding doors, which admit of the occasional union of the two apartments into one large dining hall. Beyond the small hot kitchen (Warme Kuche), there is the great instruction hall. The red wall colour and white stucco work, with the green furniture, give a special tone to this bright, comfortable room. Here learning is made easy. The desks are made suitable for all school purposes, and provided with all necessary material and aids for the study of chemistry, physics, grammar, hygiene, needlework and garden cultivation, while all the methods of the most refined and thorough household management are taught, including knowledge of the qualities of all utensils, eatables and goods, from raw material up, distinguishing bad from good. There are convenient wardrobes for the young ladies of the seminary, reception rooms for the lady directors, and a number of other rooms for the different objects of the institution.

A nice staircase leads down to the lower storey, where a practical knowledge of the treatment of all fruits and vegetables is taught. Here, also, is the great kitchen of the cooking school, and in the middle of it an extensive kitchen range, all shining bright and clean, while beautiful dish covers and crockery of all kinds look down from the wall faced with white tiles. Still more attractive, in fact a real household gem, is the adjoining teaching kitchen of the Seminary. All kinds of requisites, utensils, and modern machines are found here, in copper, brass, nickel, aluminium, enamel, and clay, and there is a beautiful water fountain in larchwood. The products of this kitchen are made use of in the seminary dining-room. Outside this under storey there are further instruction and dining-rooms for the cookery school, the apparatus for heating water for the house, baths, large and practically got-up cold storage rooms and pantries, and a well-lighted room with platforms for stores.

Equally practical and comfortable as the lower and ground storey of the in-

stitute are the sleeping rooms of the seminary, with their walls picked out in white and gold, nice furniture, and abundant bed clothes. A large and not less agreeable apartment is the rest room, intended for pupils who may be delicate or convalescent from illness. The living rooms of the teachers of the seminary are charming and arranged with all the comfort which distinguishes the rooms of the parties who rent the apartments in the third and fourth stories. The expert teachers live outside the school. As an addition to the instruction room, there are for the sewing and washing courses a large washing kitchen, smoothing room, drying room, etc., in the fourth storey of the new building. Ventilating shafts, the most modern ventilation arrangements for the windows, and large balconies allowing abundant entrance to light and air, assist to make residence really agreeable in this large and beautiful house, which represents in fact a kind of model home.

To see the troop of young girls in their practical and becoming working dresses, engaged in their earnest work, gives real enjoyment to every onlooker. For the Munich ladies who have founded this new institute, and unselfishly carry it on, it is a real honour and a matter of fact contribution to a great economic question.

How much better would it be if parents came to the conclusion that a year spent in a well-organised housekeeping school would widen the outlook for their daughters, and perfect their training in a direction which lies quite outside the programme of the young ladies' school, and which would fit them better for practical life than the privileged 'finishing touch' of a distant boarding school."

He went to the butcher: also the baker;
He went to the grocer and cabinet-maker;
He even enquired of the new undertaker,
And asked the distiller and brewer!
And all of them said—
That for colds in the head,
And the best for the chest as proven by test,
Was Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

PEARS

SOAPMAKERS

BY ROYAL WARRANTS



to

Their Majesties



THE KING AND QUEEN.

HOLDER OF THE ONLY GRAND PRIX EVER AWARDED

FOR TOILET SOAP—

IN GREAT BRITAIN—ON THE SEA OR BEYOND THE SEAS.

Anecdotes and Sketches

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Some people find it hard, in using the telephone, to realise that they are not face to face with the person they are addressing.

A prominent merchant sat at his desk one hot day. In order to secure some degree of comfort he had taken off his coat and his collar and necktie.

A clerk came into the room. "His excellency, the governor, wishes to speak with you through the telephone," said the clerk.

"The governor, dear me!" said the merchant.

He rose, hastily put on his collar, his necktie, and his coat, gave his hair a stroke, and went to the telephone to answer the governor's call.

HEAVEN INDEED.

Not long ago Rev. Frank W. Sneed, D. D., of the East Liberty Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, preached a sermon on the delights of Heaven. In the course of his talk he said that although all would be perfectly happy, the amount of bliss accorded to us would be regulated to our capacity. In illustrating this he compared different men to different sizes of cups, and said, "Some of us will be pint cups and some quart cups, but we will all be full."

PROOF POSITIVE.

A certain small boy of my acquaintance was the proud possessor of a goat and one day went to a harness-maker's to see about getting it some harness. The man set his price, but on viewing the huge dimensions of the animal he tried to back out of his bargain.

"Look here, sonny," he cried, "that ain't a goat!" To which my small friend disdainfully answered: "You just smell him and see."

GOT THE SPOON.

The hotels of New York watch their silver very closely during these days of souvenir fends. In one place in the Tenderloin, which is the home of a large number of bachelors, the care with which the silver is looked after has become a standing joke. One evening at dinner, a facetious guest called his waiter and said in a confidential tone: "If the steward is through with the teaspoon, please let me have it long enough to stir my coffee."

He got the spoon.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS MAKES USE OF YOU.

A suburban householder was awakened in the night by strange noises below. He realised in a flash that his house was being burglarised. Just then he remembered that he had forgotten to mail a letter which he had written early in the evening containing his monthly burglary insurance.

"I have it," he said. Leaning over the banister she called out to the burglars: "Pray, don't let me disturb you, but when you go—if it's not putting you to too much trouble—would you be so very kind as to mail this letter? Catch it!"

TO SAM JOHNSON.

He had a disposition to appropriate the earth, and he went about it with a determination that was grim; He was disappointed cruelly, his tone has lost its mirth. Since he sadly realised the earth appropriated him.

A LOST PATIENT.

There had been interesting goings-on that morning at the little cabin home of Mr. Erastus Johnson, the neighbourhood's most expert and artistic wielder of the whitewash brush. In fact, the stork had made a special call, not an event uncommon in years gone by, but very rare of late.

Rastus had been hastily summoned from the somewhat distant scene of his labours, but had only arrived as the doctor and the kind-hearted neighbour women were giving to Mrs. Johnson those little final pats destined to insure her future comfort.

On the bedfoot lay the new arrivals. Carefully he counted them—one, two, three! As the extent of the stork's generosity gradually dawned upon him his lean jaw dropped and his face lengthened visibly. His glance wandered from the wife to the neighbours, and finally rested with a look of scorn upon the doctor. At last he blurted out:

"Doctor Smiff, I'll nevah, nevah hiah you agin!"

OPPORTUNITIES MISSED.

A Manchester gentleman who is devoted to the "Sport of Kings" brought a Scotch friend who was visiting him to see the races. As the Scotchman had never before seen a horse race, everything connected therewith was a source of great wonder and interest to him; and especially absorbing did he find the betting ring. The friend explained to him the process of laying a wager, finally inducing the Scotchman to place a bet of a sovereign at odds of 10 to 1. He won. When he received his winnings, which his friend had collected for him, he gazed earnestly at the money in his hand, and asked, "Is this all mine?"

"Yes," replied the friend. "You mean to tell me I get £10 for 21?"

"You do." The Scotchman glanced about him nervously before speaking again. Finally, lowering his voice to a most confidential pitch, he said, "Tell me, how long has this been goin' on?"

INNOCENT MERRIMENT.

A man read in the paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterises such occasions.

The idea struck him so favourably that when his family had gathered round the tea-table that evening, he said:

"Now, this sort of thing of keeping so mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me, you girls? You begin to tell stories, and keep up an agreeable sort of talk like; and you boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets till you can't stand. Now begin!"

The glare that he sent around the table made the family resemble a funeral party.


A COMPENSATION.

It was not always possible for Mrs Leahy, from her permanent station at the wash-tub, to appreciate the silver lining which Mr Leahy discovered in every cloud, and pointed out to her.

"I've lost me job, Nora," he said, cheerfully, "but this is the time you ought to be thankful I'm not as smart as some."

"Why should I be thankful for that?" inquired Mrs Leahy, pausing for an instant to wipe her glistening forehead with her damp apron.

"Tis aisy seein'," and her husband gazed tolerantly at her from his comfortably tipped-back chair by the stove. "It I was Terry Dolan, now, and out of me job, I'd be losin' five dollars a day instead o' wan sivity-five. You think o' that, me darlin', an' 'twill put the heart into you, same as it has into me."



"I have worked on the Barrier off and on for several years, and had to lose a good many shifts through ill health. I could neither eat nor sleep well. In fact, work of any kind was out of the question until I struck a good thing in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had only taken one bottle when I felt a lot better. In all, I have taken seven bottles and now am quite well. I always tell any one that feels off color to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and it will put them in working order."

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Broken Hill, N. S. W.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

will strengthen the stomach and make the digestive juices more active. As a remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion we cannot recommend it too strongly.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST CRUISER,

The Prince of Wales on his present visit to the tercentenary celebrations at Quebec, made the Atlantic crossing on the nation's greatest cruiser, "the Mystery ship," the Indomitable.

She is one of three sister ships, the other two being the Invincible and Inflexible, which were voted in 1905, but not laid down till 1906, and which are to all cruisers of the past what the Dreadnought is to all earlier battleships.

She is at once the fastest, the largest, and the most heavily armed cruiser afloat; indeed, in many respects she resembles a fast battleship rather than a cruiser. Begun some months later than

each mast, the details of the system being absolutely confidential. But the general arrangement is that electrical transmitters from the fire control positions aloft send down to indicators at the guns the range in yards, the deflection to right or left, the order to commence or suspend fire, and the final signal, a loud ring on a gong, to fire the gun.

Where the guns are all of the same calibre or size, as they are in the Indomitable, the work of fire-control is simplified. In battle with a big antagonist she would use only her 12in. weapons, and they would have to do the work of knocking out the adversary.

the Parsons turbine type, developing over 41,000 horse-power—the most powerful ever put into a British warship. They drive four screws, and on her recent official trials, which were carried out under war conditions, propelled her at a rate in excess of 25 knots.

The reports that she can do 27 or 28 knots are not correct, but she is none the less one of the fastest large ships in the world, though at sea she will probably be at least two knots slower than the new monster Cunarders.

The turbine engines run smoothly and almost without attention; indeed, it is said that the engine-room staff in these

at battle range of any guns under the 10in. weapon. Her turrets are of 7in. steel.

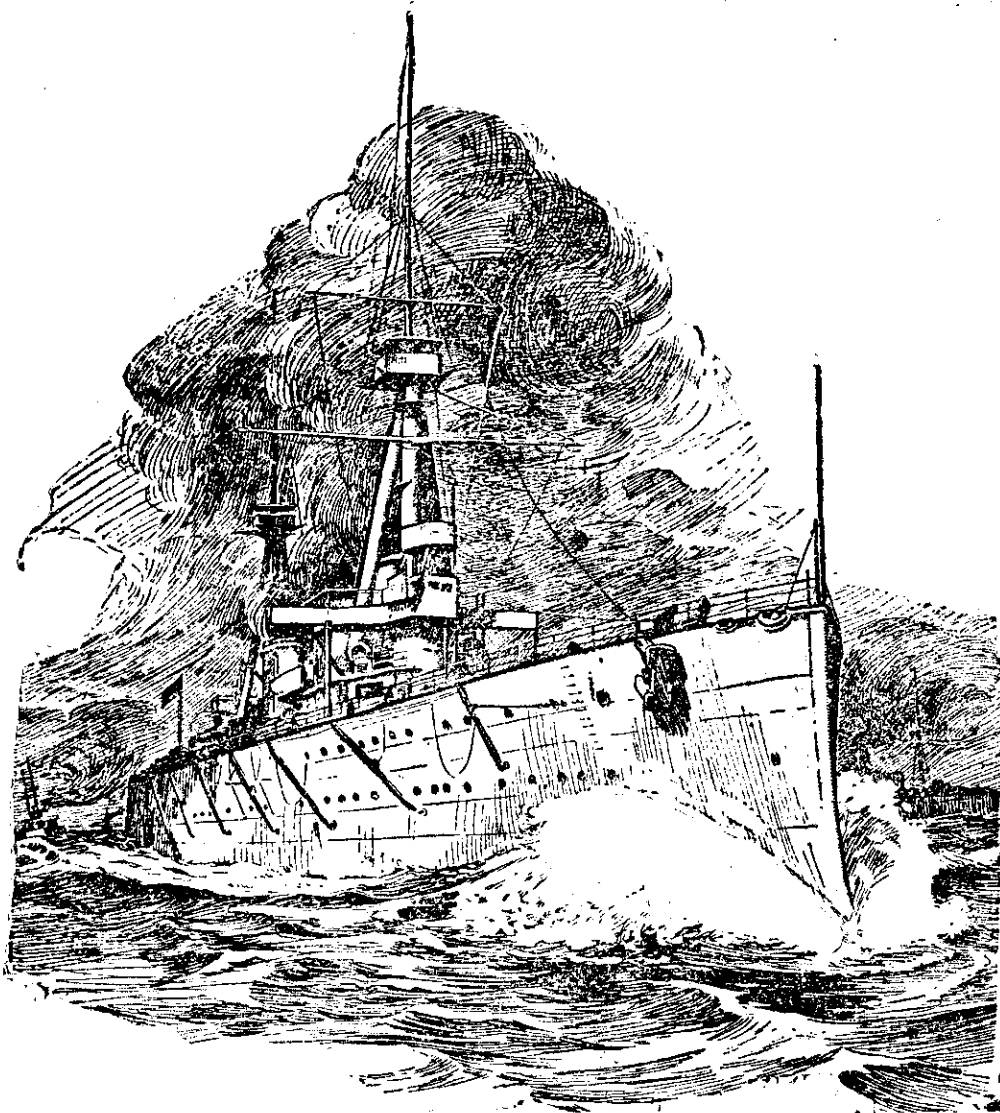
All her equipment is of the latest pattern. She has a long-distance wireless signalling installation, which will exchange signals at distances up to 600 or 700 miles, and for shorter distance signalling the very powerful form of flashing searchlight devised by Sir Percy Scott. With this messages can be rapidly sent to a range of thirty miles.

The immense advance in signalling which the last twelve years have witnessed will be understood when it is remembered that in 1898 there was no form of signal fitted in warships which could be trusted to send messages more than ten miles with any certainty.

In external appearance, the Indomitable, with her two masts of equal size, is a more graceful-looking ship than the Dreadnought. She is in every way worthy of representing the British Navy at the Quebec tercentenary, and will surpass the foreign warships present on that occasion. Her effect on naval construction has already been remarkable.

In Germany two even more gigantic and powerful cruisers are now being built of her special type, while Japan is also constructing cruisers of the same general design.

It is gratifying to British national pride to reflect that she represents the conception of British genius, and that the highest compliment to her qualities is being paid by those who are copying her many novel features.



THE GREAT CRUISER INDOMITABLE.

the Dreadnought, and built much more slowly, she embodies many improvements upon that famous ship.

The first point to notice is the immense power of her artillery. She carries eight huge 12in. guns, each 45 feet long, and each capable of firing an 850lb. shell twice in the minute.

These guns are mounted in pairs in four turrets, and the turrets are so arranged that all the eight big guns can fire on either broadside, and six of them ahead or astern. As in the Dreadnought, there is some risk of the turrets injuring one another.

To meet this danger special alarm trumpets are fitted in the turrets, which sound when there is any obstruction in the line of fire. The word "danger" appears and the trumpet emits a note which no one can mistake, even in the tremendous din of battle.

The guns are directed from fire-control stations, which are duplicated, one on

Some idea of the blast and the force of these guns can be gained from this fact—that during her trials two of the amidship turret guns were trained right ahead and fired simultaneously.

A boat was hanging on the davits, well out of the actual path of the projectiles, but in the track of the blast of gas which accompanies them.

After the shots had been fired the boat was left a mass of matchwood, lying on the deck. The projectiles from these mammoth guns will pierce 4ft. 3in. of solid iron placed close to the muzzle. At 5,000 yards they will penetrate with ease 14in. of the best and strongest steel armour now made.

Besides her eight big guns, the Indomitable carries sixteen 4in. guns for the purpose of meeting torpedo boat attack; eight of these are mounted, two on the top of each turret, and the other eight on the upper works.

The engines of the Indomitable are of

new turbine vessels have so little to do when running at high speed that there is danger of the men going to sleep. Truly an enormous change from the reciprocating engine, which had always to be watched with the closest attention when the machinery was working at full power.

The boilers are fitted with appliances for burning oil, though coal is the main fuel. But if it is desired to raise the speed in an emergency with the help of the oil the work can be done without imposing any strain on the stokers.

This capacity for making sudden spurts and maintaining the speed for many hours almost without effort is one of the most valuable results of the mixed oil and coal fuel system in modern British warships.

The Indomitable displaces 17,250 tons, and is 530 feet long, so that she is the longest vessel in the Royal Navy. She has armour of Krupp steel 7in. thick on her side, or sufficient to defeat the attack

The sweet girl strolled along the block.
The cheeky dude remarked: "Ahem!"
Not dreaming of the sudden shock
That would reward his stratagem!
The maid remarked, with humour grim:
"Your cough seems bad to-day! I'm sure
You'd best take this!" and handed him
A bottle of Woods' Great Peppermint
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A MAN OF LETTERS

By EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL

(Author of "The First Mrs. Mollivar," etc.)

I.

"H, mother and father will be sorry to be out," Elsie Verrall said apologetically, "but we didn't know what time you would arrive. Your letter must have gone astray."

She was a pretty, dark-eyed girl, and the panelling of the country drawing-room emphasised her bright young colouring. The lad standing in front of her was, however, too embarrassed to notice these details. Jack Fleming had come on a visit to the Verralls, old family friends, whom he himself had never met. He had not expected this tete-a-tete commencement, and the girl's self-possession abashed him.

"To think that the pater said she was only seventeen," he reflected with stupefied astonishment. "There'd be some chance if she hadn't her hair up; that always turns them silly." Aloud he murmured: "I ought to have wired. I'm awfully sorry."

"It doesn't matter at all," the girl replied, and then wickedly waited for him to speak.

Poor Fleming sat in a state of perspiring silence, hoping he didn't look such a fool as he felt. He was not wanting in brains but, apart from being shy, the effort of setting them in motion was always painful. He belonged to the type of man who turns instinctively to a physical solution of every problem, and one felt sure that, had he to capture an enemy's fort, he would have charged up any number of hills sooner than plan out a flank attack. Owing to his mental sluggishness it would be following the lines of least resistance, in spite of the maxims of modern warfare. Such as he have been England's strength in the past, and may be her weakness in the future.

"You are at Cooper's Hill, aren't you?" asked Elsie at last, breaking the silence.

"Yes, oh yes." Again there was a pause.

"Do you have to work very hard?" his companion enquired with an amusing air of matronly solicitude.

"No—that is there isn't time."

Jack Fleming did not explain that a reputation for athletics had preceded him to Cooper's Hill, and he felt bound to live up to it. At school he had been the best half-back, and in the Henley boat, and so had had his work cut out for him in the playing fields. It was only the swift realization, during the last year, that the alternative of Cooper's Hill and India was an office in the city, that had forced him to study.

"Oh, how careless of me! I've never rung for tea, and I'm sure you haven't had any," cried Elsie.

Fleming hailed the interruption with joy, although he privately considered tea to be a silly sort of beverage only fit for girls. He drank four cups, however, by way of passing the time.

"Do you play football?" he asked with a sudden conversational inspiration, and then cursed himself for the idocy.

"Of course not." Elsie's tone was scathing; presently she relented. "I used to play once when I was a child, a very long time ago. In the spring I saw one of the Southern League matches; it was exciting," she commenced describing it.

Fleming began to forget the limpness of his collar; also he took his eyes off his boots, which were distressingly dusty. He looked at Elsie instead, and suddenly discovered that she was pretty. He was so astonished that he sat star-

ing at her for a minute and a half with his teacup in his hand. After all there might be something in the rot that some fellows talked about girls, he reflected.

"Oh, that was nothing to the scrum we had in the final match," he said unguardedly at one point in Elsie's account.

The girl stopped short. "Were you playing in it?" she asked.

He nodded, blushing furiously. He felt that he had been guilty of "beastly bad form."

"Did you win?" Elsie's tone was admiring.

"Oh, yes, three goals. It was a walk over."

"And here I've been telling you about the game," Elsie laughed. "Do you do other things, too—tennis?"

"Rather."

"Then we must practise lots and lots. I do want to get on, but they are all old fogies staying here, not one under thirty I should think. But I expect you are much too good for me," she added dependently.

"Rather not; come and have a knock up now," he cried. They made their way to the tennis court.

Certainly in the days that followed Elsie ought to have improved, for they did play "lots," much to Mrs. Verrall's annoyance. The games were chiefly remarkable for the ingenuity and perseverance that Fleming showed in plausibly giving his opponent points; for the first time in his life winning became a secondary consideration. Indeed he had always before refused to play with girls. "They were for ever tumbling over their silly skirts and squealing," he had said. Now he listened with adoring smiles to Elsie's shrills little cries of delight or dismay as she hit or missed the balls, and her hampering dress gave him a sort of protective pleasure. He sank so low that he began to think the fielding was the best part of the game, for occasionally in handing the balls to the girl, he would touch her little soft hand, and then turn hot all over with a sudden thumping at his heart.

What Elsie thought of it was not so clear. Although she was very young, she was not too childish to feel the difference in her life; no girl ever is, although she may not quite understand. She used to lie awake at night with a curious still excitement, not knowing whether she were ashamed or gratified. There was a sort of glamour over it all, the fair summer weather, the lovely garden; the handsome admiring boy, that made her drift along unresistingly and almost unconsciously.

In addition, she really did want to improve her tennis, and Jack Fleming seemed to be a necessary factor. Even when the others joined them and they had doubles, he always seemed to be her partner. They generally won too, for Jack's play improved wonderfully under these conditions. Everyone was surprised, however, when at the club tournament he and Elsie came off victorious. She had all a girl's ambition, and was wildly delighted at the triumph. Jack was probably equally pleased; it seemed such a good omen for the future. Afterwards the recollection was clouded by an absurd anguish, as to whether Elsie had considered his jumping the net as "showing off."

The same night there was a supper and dance at the club-house. Fleming arrived very late, although from the wispy condition of his tie, no one would have guessed that it represented half-an-hour's hard labour. In spite of his unpunctuality he secured three dances running with Elsie. At the end of them they were permanently engaged, al-

though Elsie's parents would not accept the situation. "It's ridiculous; he hasn't got a penny. I thought they were both too young for it to be dangerous," Mrs. Verrall moaned.

"Well, it's no good making a fuss and letting them think they are martyrs," Mr. Verrall urged sagely. "The young fellow sails for India in a month, and long before five years are up they'll have forgotten each other's existence."

Jack and Elsie naturally did not take this view of the case. Life is very serious when one is young enough to be one's own star performer. When it came to saying good-bye, the boy wondered whether the city office would not have been preferable. "Only I'd have never got enough screw to marry on, and anyway it's no good talking about it," he said.

Elsie did not answer. They were standing in the drawing room and her face was hidden against her lover's coat; he could feel her sobbing.

"It isn't for so very long," he whispered, with an attempt at consolation. "Don't cry so; it's only for five years. Then I'll be able to marry you. Oh, it's beastly leaving you, Elsie."

"We'll write by every mail, lots and lots," she murmured, trying in her turn to comfort him. Each being sure of the other's sorrow lessened the pain. The bitter parting is when one can display one's grief in all its nakedness, knowing that the other can well bear it.

They were silent for a moment, then there came a tap at the door. "The cab's here, Sir," said the discreet domestic.

Jack kissed Elsie again, but he did not speak. Indeed, he could not; after all he was only a boy. He left the room softly. Elsie suddenly realised that she was alone, and rushing upstairs she flung herself upon her bed, a poor little heap of desolation.

II.

Contrary to Mrs. Verrall's expectation, the young people did not forget each other. Certainly Jack did not have much chance, for he went from one jungle village to another and his sweetheart's photograph was the only white woman's face that he saw. As for Elsie, "the ridiculous child won't so much as look at another man. She really seems to get more and more in love with that young Fleming every day." Mrs. Verrall said despairingly. The engagement was not recognised, but Elsie entirely refused to lay aside her ring or to talk less openly about her fiancée. The crowd of eligible young men with whom her mother surrounded her, would in any case have been discouraged by the evidently disparaging comparison to which she subjected them. There was one exception, whom she treated with more kindness, a Mr. Morris, a literary man and an orientalist, but although unmarried, he was old enough to be her father. He had been touched by the

girl's loneliness and her open adoration of the absent lover, and when he came to know her better, he was surprised by her intelligence and even sometimes by gleams of originality. Elsie made a very good listener he found, although he was rather less complimented, when one day she exclaimed, "You see I'm trying to cultivate my mind so as to be more of a companion for Jack, and you're very improving."

After a moment of annoyance, Morris acquiesced. "Shall I teach you a little Hindustani, that will be useful?" he said. Secretly he did not think a high mental development was very necessary for Fleming's wife.

"Oh, yes, please," Elsie replied enthusiastically. Then she blushed. "Shall I read you some of Jack's last letter? It's about a tiger hunt and is very interesting, I'll just read bits." The emphasis on the last was very amusing.

Morris acquiesced, although he was prepared to be rather bored by his young Nimrod's eloquence. "I suppose it will be all in the 'pigsticking and niggers' style," he thought.

As Elsie read he began to show more attention. It was about hunting as she had said, a subject that did not appeal to him, but it was strangely living. As he sat there in that peaceful English drawing room, he began to feel the hot blush of jungle with its continuous under-sounds and the soft tramping of the elephants. He seemed to be by the side of young Fleming straining his eyes to catch sight of the yellow black-barred patch among the trees and creepers. The search appeared to be fruitless and, as evening came, they reached the fields of young barley ringing a native village. There was a man-working in them, clear-cut against the pale sunset and unconscious of any other presence. Suddenly the stinging crack of Fleming's martini ripped the air. The native started running, foolishly, wildly. He did not know that a great shadowy Fear had silently, so silently, been creeping up behind him and had now rolled over, a heavy mass of death.

"So I'll send you the skin, darling," Jack concluded; but Elsie had stopped reading and was looking at Mr. Morris with a tender pride in her eyes.

The Orientalist was genuinely surprised. He had written, a good deal about India himself, chiefly on the subject of mythology and language. Now, suddenly his most luminous theories seemed unimportant compared with the lad's realities. "How well he writes," he murmured with a certain envy.

"Yes, doesn't he? You can understand now why I want to set to work and learn things. The funny part is that everyone said he was a poor correspondent and never would write at all. I suppose it's partly because it's all so new and interesting; and then he says—it's me." Elsie's voice quivered.

After that Mr. Morris used often to hear expurgated editions of Jack Fleming's letters. They were not very profound, he felt, but they all had the same

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curious vividness. To these word pictures, Morris fell in the way of interposing a sort of letterpress. He had never been to India himself and he enjoyed talking over his work with reference to these bits of fresh local colour. "You ought to tell Mr. Fleming to take up literature," he once remarked.

Elsie laughed. "Oh, I did tell him, but he says writing is such a grind that when he once has me, he doesn't ever want to see ink or paper again. You see he is so tremendously good at riding and shooting and all those things," she explained with pardonable pride. Then she looked uncomfortable. Mr. Morris was not good at those things; indeed, his figure was so ungainly that it almost suggested a deformity.

"I think we had better go on with the Hindustani," he said.

III.

The five years passed at last although in looking forward they had loomed an eternity and even in looking backward they seemed half a lifetime. The time however, had not made much change in either of the young people; indeed, when Jack came again into the old panelled drawing-room, Elsie thought that he looked younger than she remembered him. "Had he always seemed so absurdly boyish?" flashed through her mind. She supposed that the old feeling would come back when he kissed her, which he did after a moment's shy hesitation; to her surprise she remained cold. "It's only because it's strange," she told herself angrily; "I'm so very, very happy, that I can't realise it." She sat down beside him on a sofa and consciously gave herself up to deliberate love-making.

There was no doubt at all as to Jack's feelings, he was evidently completely happy. In the days that followed he could hardly bear Elsie out of his sight, and when he could combine her and ping-pong, he seemed to have reached the summit of earthly felicity. He had come home to find the game at its height and he promptly set to work to become a crack player. Besides it afforded him a pretext for being alone with Elsie, and he could claim a reward or a consolation after each set. They always took the same form.

"I wish you'd talk more about serious things," Elsie said one day during one of these interludes.

"What am I to talk about? Isn't this serious enough?" he laughed, putting his arm around her.

The girl disengaged herself quickly. These endearments had not yet become an unconscious habit and she suddenly felt that she could not bear it. Oh, do talk about other things. Tell me about India and the natives," she urged rather pettishly.

"A lot of lazy beggars, I'm jolly well glad to be quit of them," Jack said lightly, intent on a new serve.

It almost seemed to Elsie during these days that she was missing somebody, but she told herself the idea was absurd. Was not everyone round her whom she cared for? Of course Mr. Morris discreetly kept away, but that was nothing. On other occasions she had not seen him for months and she had never minded very much. What could it be?

At last the first week came to an end and Saturday came round. "Indian mail day," Elsie cried jubilantly as she came down. They all laughed at her, Jack most of all; indeed she laughed at herself. "I do really quite miss not having your letters though," she said after breakfast.

Jack laughed again. "Come and have a go at ping-pong," he said.

Elsie stamped her foot. "I hate ping-pong," she said.

Fleming looked astonished but he did not take umbrage. "Well, it does seem a shame to be indoors on a day like this; let's have some tennis instead."

Elsie followed him unwillingly. She did not want to play. She had got tired of these long days of games and idleness, kisses and chaff. She craved for some more serious conversation that she might bite her intellectual teeth upon. It was exhausting to be in her own company always, but Jack hated to see her read. The vision of months and years of this sort of life came before her suddenly. "Oh, I can't, I can't," she cried.

Fleming turned. He was not very quick in such matters, but when he saw her face, he looked troubled. "What can't you?" he asked.

Elsie had begun to sob. "It's you, it's

your fault, you aren't the same," she moaned.

"The same as what?" Jack's tone was indignant. "Look here, I wish you'd talk sense."

But Elsie would only sob. Suddenly she realised that she was doing him an injustice. He was the same, terribly the same. It was her own development, and Mr. Morris's thoughts that she had read into Jack's letters as well as his own real but extraneous gift of description.

"When you were you were different," she faltered at last.

Jack smiled in a relieved fashion. "Oh, come, I say that's rather funny. You wouldn't like me to be for ever on the spout, would you?" He went up to her.

But Elsie pushed him away. "It's true, it's true it isn't funny. You can't understand anything," she cried incoherently.

"It's that other chap, that chap whom you were always talking about in your letters, he and his rot about native mythology, curse him," Fleming said slowly.

Elsie looked up in genuine astonishment. "What chap?" Then she coloured hotly. "Mr. Morris—why, I never even thought of him in that way. He's ever so old and—and ugly."

Fleming's face cleared. "Didn't you, dear?" he said, but Elsie did not hear him, she had begun to cry again. "Oh, I want you, you," she whispered.

"But that's all right, isn't it, darling?" Fleming again went nearer.

"No, no, no; my you, the one in India. And I shall never find him, never, never," and sobbing she turned and fled into the house.

A fortnight later Jack Fleming went back to India, puzzled and hurt at Elsie's desertion; fortunately he met another pretty girl on board and before they reached Bombay, she had successfully consoled him.

As to Mr. Morris, he stopped the lessons in Hindustani, but he instructed Elsie in many other difficult subjects although love was not one of them; this he did not attempt, for he knew that she had already learnt the lesson perfectly and with another master.

And Elsie did not marry and lived fairly happily ever after; she found many small happinesses and no large sorrows. But she never found her lover again, never, never, never, for he had been only a man of letters.

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Information Wanted

By HENRY KIRK

How one who looked wistfully up from reading a book of life saw that the sun was shining.

SELMA JANSEN waited until the last of her girls had gone before she left the spinning-room. She saw that everything was in readiness for the following morning, and then, went out of the mill, pausing only at the entrance to speak to the watchman in inquiry after an ailing baby.

At the corner of the street she met the foreman of the mill, who paused, as if he hoped that she might do more than bow to him, but the girl only inclined her head and went on. She passed through the streets of the grimy mill town, now alive with mill hands released from their daily toil. Many of them looked at Selma as the foreman had done, but with the smaller degree of assumption that went with their lower positions. None, however, received more than a faint bow and a smile.

Selma had been in Crayville for three years, and in that time had worked herself up from a very humble beginning in the huge silk mill to the very head of one of the most important weaving departments.

No one knew very much about her, except that she was Swedish, that she was pretty and quiet, and that she lived simply. This prettiness and simplicity had woven itself into the dreams of many a man in Crayville, but the dreams had all come to nothing, and the favour of Selma Jensen remained as far away and as intangible as the very stuff those dreams were made of.

The girl pursued her way through the narrow streets of the old mill town, pausing at last before a very tiny house. She opened the gate, and went up the little path between the two very modest flower-beds. In the hall she found a letter, and went out again upon the porch to read it. The letter was from Sweden; but as it was in a woman's handwriting, her heart held none of the thrills which seemed so eager to come, every night at just this time, when she looked for a letter upon the little table in the hall.

She sat down upon a low chair upon the porch and read her letter. It was from Olga, her sister in Stockholm, and contained simply the news that Selma might expect her sister upon the following steamer. She folded the letter in her hand and looked out over the little flower-beds, and over the tops of the houses to the sky beyond.

The last light of the day was slowly fading into the shadows of the night. The thin crescent of the new moon was beginning to form itself in the dark.

She thought of her sister's coming and of the change it would make in her life. She thought of a thousand other things—of her own beautiful country, where it was not dark now, but clear and light. How would Olga reconcile herself to the long nights at this time of the year?

She thought of Stockholm, and Crayville seemed uglier than ever. The rows of dingy brick houses opposite stared at her as she figured the head of King Oscar upon the envelope, and she thought of King Oscar's palace, and of all the other things she had left behind her when she turned her face to this new country.

Then there was Joseph—back there in her own land, there was always Joseph. It was impossible for her to smile at any one—the foreman or the others—when there was always Joseph, the companion of her infancy, the sweetheart of

her later years—always Joseph, and as far away as if he had never existed!

Selma rose and went into the house. She got her little supper and ate it, and as she washed and put away the dishes she thought how Olga was coming. Now she would no longer sit alone—no longer feel that things were empty. When she left her work there would be some one waiting for her.

She would rather hold the thought that there might be a letter from Joseph, but Joseph did not know where she was; but Joseph did not know where she was. Olga had written little of him, and she herself did not even know where he was; but when Olga came she would ask her. She would ask her everything, and even if her heart broke, she would listen to it all.

She went out upon the porch, and sat again in the low chair in which she had read her sister's letter. The stars were all out, and the moon was lower in the sky, almost touching the top of the house opposite. The foreman of the mill passed.

"Good evening, Miss Jansen," he said, raising his hat.

"Good evening." The girl bowed her head.

"Pleasant, isn't it?" The man stood at the gate.

"Very." The girl scarcely smiled; but added quickly, as though she felt that she should say something: "I heard from Annie Richardson. She will be at work again in the morning." Annie Richardson was one of her girls, and had been on the sick list for some days.

The man made some trivial remark, then, after a moment's hesitation raised his hat and went on.

Selma looked after him. That was one thing, she thought—the men in America had treated her well, and had given her every consideration and courtesy. There was not a man in the mill, from the night watchman to the foreman and the owner himself, who did not accord her a proper attention and respect. There was no reason why they should not do so, but Selma was grateful.

She looked after the retreating form of the foreman, and thought of Joseph. If it were only he, how different it would be! Here was this man within sound of her voice, and Joseph thousands of miles away.

She thought again of Olga, who would

be with her in a few days—her little baby sister, Olga! She would no longer be alone, and sometimes she would forget the aching that never seemed to leave her. She gave a last look at the stars, and went into the house.

Selma counted the days, down to the minutes and seconds, for the coming of Olga. The last day seemed interminable. The hours literally dragged, and once or twice she felt that she would have to throw herself into the canal, or do something to ease the gnawing in her heart. It was not Olga alone who was coming, but also the recounting of dead days, and the spirits of other hours that were new in a long ago.

When she got home she found Olga awaiting her. The steamer was ahead of time, and the girl had come on to Crayville before her scheduled arrival. Selma kissed her passionately—her little Olga, her baby sister! She kissed her eyes, her hands, her hair—and wept softly.

"My little sister—my baby Olga!" she said, over and over.

"Ah, Selma!" the girl sighed. "It was so long coming! It is a strange country, how can you live here?"

"It has not been living, Olga—I do not know what it has been. But you are with me now, and it shall all be different!"

The two sisters sat on the little porch late that night and talked long together.

"It is the same moon, Selma," whispered Olga, "and the same stars. And you are my Selma; but there is nothing else like home."

Selma held her closer.

"There is no place like our beautiful country, Olga; but this is our home now, and we shall be happy here. It has been good to come to this America, and so we shall love it together. How did it all look when you left?"

"I left some roses upon our parents' tomb. When I had done that there was nothing else to do!"

Selma looked up at the stars, and a half-bitter smile came into her face. "Our parents!" she said in a low voice.

"Why is it that they do not always know? Since they do not—they should let us think sometimes for ourselves!"

"Selma!"

"Olga, what can I do but think of it and blame myself? Joseph was young

and strong and brave! What has become of our parents' fortune? It is gone! Who knows that it was not taken from us to give him? I loved him—I should have gone with him, in the face of all the world—but you know how afraid we were of our parents. Fear of one's parents—how awful it is! There must be something wrong always when it is there."

She paused and stared on into the stars. The smile of bitterness had left her, but the bitterness remained. Then her face softened.

"Did you see him?" she whispered.

"Joseph? No." Olga shook her head. "But I hear of him in the papers. He is in the state council, and is a great man. Why does he not look for you, Selma? Aunt Trude is very ill, they say, in Christiania. There was no use in going to her."

"You should see the old place, Selma. You would not know it—things are so changed and different. Ah, I am glad I have left it all behind me."

"What ugly houses, Selma! Have they no palaces in America?"

"Not in Crayville, Olga; but there are many wonderful things here. Some day we shall travel and see them all. It is a great land."

"So Joseph is in the state council? Do you remember when we were children, Olga? We were happy, then. Why can we not be happy always?"

"He was a dear child—a dear boy. We loved each other then, though we did not know it until the days that came after. What is this thing we call money? If our parents were living now they would seek to bring us together, since he has it; but I swore that I would never seek him. I have kept my oath, and I am cursed since I have kept it!" The tears came very quickly. "Joseph! Joseph! I have kept my oath, and I am cursed in keeping it!" She buried her face in her sister's arms, and the blessed tears brought relief.

Several Sundays later, Selma spread out for her sister's inspection one of the Sunday papers. "This is America, Olga," she said. "Imagine reading all this! See, here are some of the American palaces. They are not old, like those in Sweden, but they are very beautiful. They say not even in ancient Rome were there such feasts, so splendid are the yere in this country. See how fine must be those marble columns, and it says that this room was taken whole from an old palace in Italy—the walls, ceiling, furniture, and all!"

She spread out the picture supplement. "You see what money will do, Olga. You must learn to read English. It will not be hard. Ah, Olga, you cannot know how happy I am in having you with me! It is good to know that there is someone waiting for me. The day's work loses all its terrors."

Olga gave a little exclamation. "What is this?" she cried, staring at an elaborate page of pictures.

"That—do not look at it!" Selma turned the page quickly. "It is one of those awful murders. It is what they seem to like: I am glad he does not defend murderers. Divorce and murder—it is frightful! See, this whole page is for people out of work, and here are paragraphs about missing people. I read them sometimes; there are often Swedish names."

"Why, here is our name, Olga!" The girl started violently. "It is for me!" she said quickly. "Yes—listen! If Selma Marie Jansen, of Stockholm, will communicate with John Brack, Unity

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Club, New York City, she will hear of something to her advantage."

"For you, Selma?"

"It must be, though there are many Selma Marie Janssens in Stockholm. I shall write to Mr. Brack to-night. Perhaps Aunt Trude is dead!"

"Yes," echoed the younger girl, "perhaps she has left us some money!"

"I wonder—I wonder!" Selma looked intently at the paper.

"What a great country, Selma—what a wonderful paper! Yes, let us write at once. Will you write in English?"

The letter was written and sent to Mr. John Brack at the Unity Club, New York City. Three days went by slowly.

Selma wondered what was going to come to her. If Aunt Trude were dead, it would not matter very much financially. Aunt Trude had some money, but she had been making her own way. If it had only come a little sooner it might have been different, but now there was only one thought that mattered, and the fulfillment of that thought would not come through money.

The old days and the old life were dead and behind her. She had Olga with her, and there was nothing in the world for her—save one man, who was now a state councillor. And she was a forewoman in a Crayville silk mill! There was a difference between them that was more than miles.

The fourth day came, and with it came Mr. John Brack. He was a tall, dignified man, with a blond beard and a quiet, judicial air.

"I am John Brack," he said, when Selma opened the door. "You are—"

"Yes," the girl replied slowly, under her breath, "I am Selma Marie Jansen, of Stockholm, though there are many Selma Marie Janssens. I do not know—won't you come in?"

The man followed her into the little parlour.

"You were born in Stockholm?" he queried.

"Yes, sir, in Stockholm; but in the suburbs, almost in the country."

"Your father was—"

"Peter John Jansen, and my mother—Marie Christina Bunsen." Mr. Brack nodded his head. Selma leaned back in her chair. "Yes, yes, it must be that you are looking for me. Is my Aunt Trude dead—Mrs. Guttman? My sister is with me. Shall I call her?"

"In a moment." The man took some papers from his pocket. "These are my credentials," he said. "I have been in America for three months, looking for you. Your aunt, Mrs. Guttman, is not dead, but I have a legacy for you from another relative, a very near one."

"Another near relative?" Selma looked up in wonder. "But I have no other near relative—that is, none who could possibly leave me money. There is only old Uncle Peter Hofer, in Norway; but they leave nothing!"

The man shook his head.

"Who is it, then?"

"My dear young lady"—he smiled faintly—"what does it matter, since you have the money? It is here—amounting in all to ten thousand dollars, in American money." He started to count out a roll of bills.

Ten thousand dollars! Selma looked strangely at the man, then clasped her throat. "I could buy back the old place," she said faintly. "You did not know it?"

"I have seen it," he said. "A quaint old place. I visited it once. I knew one of your playmates—"

"Joseph—Joseph Uhlman?" she almost whispered, in her effort to control herself. She rose from her chair and went to the window, although there was nothing to be seen in the darkness outside save a light or two in the opposite houses.

"Yes. He is now in the state council. Did you not know it?"

"My sister told me. I do not hear much from home." She came back from the window and sat down again. She did not look at him, nor at the money in his hand, but upon the floor. "And you—know—him!" She loosened her collar.

Mr. Brack nodded. "Yes, I saw him in Christiaua just before I left. I—er—see you are not married."

The girl spoke up very quickly. "Married!" Then she laughed a little, but there was no mirth in the sound.

"Married! No. Is—is—" She tugged at her collar again.

"Mr. Uhlman?" Mr. Brack dropped some of his bills and stooped to pick them up. "Mr. Uhlman married! No." "No!" Selma rose again from her chair. The man rose after her.

"You will forgive me, Mr. Brack," she said, "but I am not well. So, if I seem strange—why—" She laughed again. "It has been a long day—and my sister coming, and you. Here is a picture of my father, and this, of my mother. I shall show you the certificates of my birth and baptism. Did you know my parents?" The man was looking earnestly at the portraits.

"Ah, yes, I remember them. I had some business with them at one time." He looked straight into the two faces in the photographs—two cold faces, hard and calculating, and showing clearly the spirit which had juggled with their children's happiness. He put down the pictures quickly, as if he had looked at them too long, and laid the money on the table.

"I wish I knew—" The girl stared at the bills—this fortune that had so suddenly come to her.

"Some day you may," he said, then looked for his hat.

"You are going back to Sweden, Mr. Brack? You will not wait to see my sister? But when you go you will be with—Mr. Uhlman!"

"Yes." The man was looking at her curiously, but she did not know it. Her heart was too full—and her eyes.

"You will remember me—to him. If you will—tell him—that I—do not—forget him—I—"

Very quickly she looked up at the man before her and gave a sudden cry. "Who are you—who are you?"

The man came nearer and held out his arms. "Selma!" he said simply.

"Joseph!"

"You think of me, Selma?"

"Joseph! Joseph!"

He took her into his arms, and she sobbed out her sorrow and joy.

"I had sworn to my parents, Joseph, to leave you! What could I do but keep that oath, though it was not registered in heaven?"

"I have looked for you many months, Selma. I had heard that Olga was with you, long ago—but I have found you now!"

"Joseph! Joseph! You have come to me! There is nothing else in all the world now, since you are with me. I thought of you always. I could hear your voice above all the looms; there was no sound that could drown it. I could see you in the stars, and you were

in my heart. Joseph! Joseph—you—did—think of me!"

"You shall come back with me, Selma—Mrs. Councillor Uhlman—my dear love, my dear heart!"

"And this was from you!" She looked from him to the bills on the table. The man laughed.

"Was I not—am I not a near—relative?"

"My Joseph—I cannot think!"

"But you must tell me that—am I not—something to you?"

Selma raised her eyes to his. They were full of happy tears.

"Something—to me?" she whispered.

"Something! Only my life and death—this world and the next—and all that comes after!"

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR COUGH

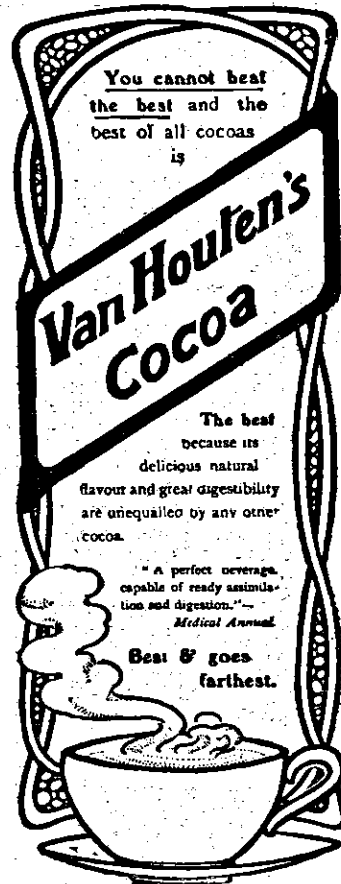
PEPS QUICKLY END ALL DISTRESSING SYMPTOMS.

Don't look upon a cough as merely a cough, and nothing more. A cough is always a symptom of some complaint of the throat or chest, and because of what lies behind it and what it may lead to, attend to it at once. The cough that is associated with pains and tightness about the chest and much fever following a chill, may indicate pleurisy or pneumonia. Fits of coughing that follow on a tickling in the throat, huskiness and tightness in the region of the breastbone, indicate one of the worst forms of bronchitis; sudden difficulty in breathing in association with a cough, points to the appearance of asthma. The throat cough may harass one from week to week, or immediately on the arrival of the cold, damp, or fog.

In Peps we have a wonderful medicine compressed into handy tablet form; a volatile medicine, which, immediately a tablet is crushed in the mouth or allowed to dissolve on the tongue, passes down the throat and bronchial tubes into the lungs. These wonderful fumes reach the furthest corners of the lungs and produce a beneficial effect which can be produced by no liquid remedy or cheap lozenge, both of which are merely swallowed into the stomach, which is an organ without any passage to the lungs.

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(BY WHALEBONE.)

RACING FIXTURES.

Aug. 12—First Meeting, Ellerslie.
 August 11, 13, and 15—Canterbury J.C.
 Grand National Meeting.
 September 9 and 10—Horowhenua Hack
 R.C. Annual.
 September 16 and 17—Hautikiel R.C.
 Spring.

TURF NOTES.

Aboriginal is booked for the Riccarton meeting next month.

Mr C. Thede, owner of Lora Fyus, was present at Wellington to see his horse competing.

The Birkenhead colt Hous changed hands in Invercargill last week for a little more than £50.

Mr E. J. Watt has had several inquiries regarding the price of Merritree. So far, however, no business has eventuated.

An Australian writer refers to the Stepak—Ingenue mare, Marguerite, as the New Zealand pony.

Signorina (dam of Signorinetta) has this season been mated with Missitbrush, and is considered safe in foal.

A substantial offer was recently made for the Merritree—Daxle gelding California, but no deal resulted.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond is reported to have sold Rock Ferry to a patron of P. J. McLaughlin's stable at Napier.

There is a probability of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club's Winter Meeting of 1908 extending over three days.

The ex-Auckland pony Mutineer (Dr. Quest) was sent over to Sydney last week, to compete in pony races on the other side.

Fabric, who won a Sydney Tattersall's Cup, recently ran unplaced in the Bides Handicap at Lingfield (Eng.) in a field of eight.

The New Zealand-bred pony Rnatamata, by Mahaki—Amoureux, won the Fourteen-three Handicap at Kensington, Sydney, last month.

Mr J. Wren has applied to the Victorian Chief Secretary for permission to hold a race meeting on one of his courses while the American fleet is in Melbourne.

It is reported that Mr John Wren contemplates taking a part in Tasmanian race affairs. He may purchase or lease the track at Bardon Park (Hobart).

The gelding Cyrenus, formerly trained at Kolumaras by H. Howe, is now in work at Ellerslie, under the charge of C. Walker.

Motoa, who has been allotted 10.5 in the Winter Cup, is almost certain to be sent south to fulfil his engagement, says a Wellington paper.

Irydat is making encouraging progress in jumping (says a Hawera exchange), negotiating the schooling hurdles in a workmanlike style.

R. Hatch, who has been riding with much success since Christmas, has been retained to ride "Mr Higden's" horses during the coming season.

The gelding Shrapnel was brought back from Wellington at the end of last week, after his unsuccessful efforts at the W.R.C. winter meeting.

A Christchurch scribe, after discussing the merits of all the three-year-olds sent out in New Zealand this season, gives the palm to Elevation.

The New Zealand pony Mighty Atom was made favourite for the Height Class Handicap, at Wairoa, Melbourne, recently, but was beaten by a short head.

The disqualification of the New Zealand Jockey, J. Stewart, in connection with the running of Irydat at Flemington, has been removed by the V.R.C. committee.

According to the Sydney "Referee," Mr Spencer Gillan's unnamed colt, by Collar—Freda, which is at present racing in England, will shortly come to New Zealand to do stud duty.

When Mr W. Clarke's Victrix, a daughter of the Melbourne Cup winner The Victory, won the Redfern Two-year-old Plate, of £500, at Kempton Park (Eng.), last month, she was ridden by F. Wootton.

After being out of the saddle for some months, B. Deeley, the well-known horseman, has been granted a temporary license by the Committee of the Auckland Racing Club.

The acceptances received on Friday for the various events at the Fleet meeting are of a highly satisfactory character, and, given fine weather, a record gathering should result.

The Flemington jumping brigade is reported by recent returned visitors therefrom to be exceptionally formidable, and nothing but one of the record Reiga type would hold his own with them.

One of the dead-beaters in the last French Derby was Seascik II, a son of the Upaw horse Elf. It is a coincidence that Upaw, the sire of Elf, ran a dead-heat in a previous contest for the same event.

The Seaton Delaval mare To Aroha, which has been enjoying a spell of about a couple of months at her owner's place, is back again at Ellerslie. She is still under F. Macmanam's charge.

The owner of that good mare Regulation informed a southern writer that she is likely to present him with her first foal during the approaching season. She was mated with Field Battery.

The Freedom mare Dolores was brought from Papakura on Wednesday by H. French, and gave a turn over the big country at Ellerslie, going over the hill in company with Pipi and another. Dolores shaped really well.

Chevalier Glinstrell had intended to leave for Italy after the Epsom Derby meeting, but he was so pleased with the reception given him when Signorinetta won The Oaks that he has decided to remain in England for some time yet.

The amount to be charged the pencillers for placing their calling at the forthcoming Fleet Meeting, is, to say the least of it, excessive, and it is hardly likely that a large number will be found paying £20 10/ to bet on half a dozen races.

From "The Town and Country":—Maranui, in Wills' stable, is a bookmaker's favorite for the Metropolitan, but if the intentions of Maranui's patrons could be ascertained, things would, no doubt, change with the twinkling of an eye.

An English writer says that Messrs Robinson and Clark, two Australian sportsmen racing in England, have been ill-rewarded for the large amount of capital invested in last year's yearlings, for none has developed into a good horse.

Of the thirteen runners for the Oaks at Epsom (Eng.) last month the rider of only one wore spurs. By some followers of racing we know of, that would have been regarded as incontrovertible evidence of the "deadness" of the other twelve.

The Grafton mare Trece made her reappearance in the Parliamentary Handicap at the recent Wellington meeting, after a lengthy retirement. She was the unlikeliest outsider of the 14 runners, and she fully justified being thus passed over.

Writing of California, a writer in the "Weekly Press" says:—"He is a grand goer, and it would not surprise me in the least if he should turn out to be as good as he looks—and this, mark you, is saying a good deal, for he has every appearance of being a racehorse."

R. Hatch, who was still 8 wins behind the Auckland homebred B. Deeley, did not reduce in the Parliamentary Handicap at the Wellington meeting. That Deeley will top the list for the season despite his being sent out for a part of it is now practically assured.

Maniapoto, during his retirement reached such a condition, which it is said will take some time to reduce to racing form. Inquiries for his purchase have been made, but nothing has emanated so far. His batch of foals are reported to be very good looking.

At the Racing Conference, a letter from the Foxton Racing Club, asking for a ruling as to whether a caretaker was an official of a club, was dealt with, the president ruling that he was, and was therefore not justified in racing horses at the club's meeting.

Writing of Dr. Blincoe, the winner of the Karori Hack race at the recent Wellington meeting, a Southern writer says:—"The colt was much admired in the Melbourne before he was sent to the States, but he took the big side." He was the second of Advance's progeny to win at the meeting.

Campfire (Carbine—Revelry) ran unplaced in the Trial Plate at the Wellington meeting. This is his first race since the Napier Park Winter Meeting of last year. He served a season at the stud in Taranaki.

Although it was announced that Sol was to be given a toughly spell, the little son of Soult is evidently to be seen out at the forthcoming fleet meeting as he was brought from the Walkato on Wednesday last by G. Morris, who is now superintending his preparation. Sol looks in great heart.

In connection with the disqualification of the horse Mill Cry at the recent races, the stewards of the Wellington Racing Club met to continue the inquiry. After a lengthy sitting, it was decided to disqualify Mill Cry, C. Chesterman, the owner; and T. O'Brien, the licensed jockey, during the pleasure of the club.

A football match between trainers and jockeys of the North Island, and trainers and jockeys of the South Island, was played at Trentham last week. The game was a very even contest, played in a friendly spirit throughout, and ended in favour of the North Island, by 15 points to their opponents' 12 points.

Even the strongest opponents of the book-makers, will, I think, frankly admit that the 14 men who parted with £20 10/ a-piece, did not get a bad bargain. The jockeying machine in every race at Trentham on the first day of the recent meeting, had considerably the worst of the deal, says a Wellington paper.

The Thames-owned gelding Pierre was sore after his fall at the Wellington Steeplechase, and was unable to be started on the concluding day of the Wellington R.C. winter meeting. Pierre is to be taken on to Christchurch to fulfil engagements at the C.C. National Meeting, after which he will be taken across to Sydney.

Duart (says the Wellington "Post") burst a small blood-vessel in the head whilst running in the Stewards' Handicap at the recent Wellington meeting. B. Lead, who was riding Duart, had to pull him up at once, but the little Soult gelding had too much pace on, and covered about a furlong at top after his mishap.

Mr F. P. Bigwood, who, with the New Zealand pony Belgioioise was successful in annexing "Wren's Thousand" at Melbourne recently, was among the spectators at the Trentham races. Belgioioise is at present on offer to an Australian buyer, and there is every probability of the well-bred filly being sold at a handsome figure.

The V.R.C. Derby winner F.J.A. (who now races as Scarpia) was well backed for a race at Kempton Park (Eng.) last month, but, though ridden by F. Wootton, finished last. As Scarpia is rising eight, and a son of him, it is safe to say the best has been seen of him.

At Ascot (Eng.) last month the eight-year-old Trenton stallion Torpoint won the Alexandra Plate, 2 miles, 8 furlongs, 85 yards, for the second year in succession. Earlier in the week he was beaten by The White Knight in the Ascot Gold Cup. Torpoint is undoubtedly one of the best stayers in England.

Europe contains some very liberal sportsmen, and one of these is Prince Ladislaus Lubomirski, whose colt Intzygant won the Austrian Derby of £4000 at Vienna on the 7th of last month. The Prince was so highly pleased at the result that he divided the amount mentioned between his trainer, Reeves, and the jockey, G. Stern. Rather a good day's pay for both.

Mr Vanderbilt is a lucky man (says the "Sporting Times"), as the fall of his hind legs seems to be the strongest part of it. The crack of the stable having fallen, Sea Sick II, came to the rescue and ran a dead-heat for the French Derby. Sea Sick II, thro went amiss, and North-east came to the fore and won the Grand Prix of Paris, which is the richest stake ever run for in Europe.

A statement is going the rounds (says a Wellington paper) to the effect that the hazy old Whakaraui occupied the usual position of top-hauler on the Runnallunga Flats previous to his racing career. This is not correct. As a two-year-old the Letho gelding was taken in hand, broken in, and put into work during the winter. He was started in the Waitraps Guineas as a three-year-old.

The Prosser stable has (says the "N.Z. Times") frequently in the past held a strong winning hand at Trentham. On the first day of the recent meeting it was represented in five events, by Karawana, Ghoorka, Beaming Bell, Esmore, Conculio, but none of the quietest was a

place-getter. Seldom has Prosser such a weak jumping team for the winter as this year.

Referring to the Winter Hurdle Race, run on the first day of the recent Wellington meeting, a writer in the "Dominion" says:—"When the straight was reached, Compas came right away and won with ridiculous ease, while Scotty was a long way ahead of the third horse, Enip. Compas was so far in front of Scotty that he must have distanced several of the candidates."

The Press Association account of the Jumpers' Flat Race, at the recent Wellington meeting, credited Scotty with winning by half-a-dozen lengths. A report in a Wellington paper says:—"When the business end of the journey was reached, Scotty was taken to the front, and won rather easily by half-a-length from Lecherin. The latter had to be ridden hard over the last seven furlongs, and finished resolutely."

On Tuesday morning, at Ellerslie, a fair bit of schooling work was indulged in. Regent (who was sent a visitor of the big fences, going over the hill) Conus and The Abbot jumped the big fences in the centre of the course, both jumping well. Carlyle, English, Ooteroon, Mark Time, Dogger Bank, and Angus (who were all schooled over the hurdles). With the next approach of the Fleet Meeting, matters at Ellerslie are beginning to get a bit livelier.

Mr L. Anderson, of Pahiatua, has purchased the stallion Daystar from Mr R. J. Mathews, of Waitara. The price paid is said to have been 300 guineas, and the horse will be placed on stud duty at Pahiatua. Daystar (sire of Cissy) was a good performer on the racing track, and with limited opportunities at the stud, he has bred a number of good winners, including Star Rose (New Zealand Cup), Compass (Wintery), Gleam, etc.

At the recent Racing Conference, the Hon. J. D. Ormond spoke in favour of a mile and a quarter race on each day a programme of every club. He thought such an innovation was not unreasonable; that it was a step in the direction of improving the character of the thoroughbred; that it would meet with public favour; and that, as less depended on the start, it was a fair test; but the proposed alteration did not meet with the support of the majority.

On Friday morning, at Ellerslie, Putaruru, Bobstay and Laddie were schooled over the big fences in the centre of the course. The two latter proved in good style, but Putaruru came down at the double bar, Deerey, having his foot badly bruised. Putaruru was afterwards recomended by A. Gray, and taken over the fences, but gave a moderate display, running off at the sod.

The Wanganui Country Club desired the Conference to pass a rule compelling the starter to dispatch his fields from "the outside of the course," and also to raise the maximum that a starter can fine a jockey for any fault found in good style, but Putaruru came down at the double bar, Deerey, having his foot badly bruised. Putaruru was afterwards recomended by A. Gray, and taken over the fences, but gave a moderate display, running off at the sod.

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America is the land of big things, but a £10,000 race for trotters is something out of the way even for that country. It is to take place on the Reedyville track, near Boston, and the entries total 127. It was anticipated there would be a much larger amount, and that the success of the race is attributed to the conditions being unusual, the race being a handicap on the lines obtaining at European tracks. No less than 24 horses engaged have records of better than 2:10.

Mr J. McDonald's two successful brood mares, Lady Moatyn and Bonnie Rosette, both of whom are in foal to San Francisco, are to be mated with Wallace during the coming season, and previous visits by the mares named to Mr Smith's stallion have resulted in Derby winners in Lady Wallace and Mountain King for Mr McDonald. As Bonnie Rosette is rising 22 her term of stud usefulness is nearly over, but Lady Moatyn is only 13 next month, so there is still plenty of time for her to give the Turf another Lady Wallace.

The Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, at the Racing Conference, sought to have the disqualification for taking part in unregistered meetings fixed at not less than two years. Mr G. Hunter said it was apparent that persons who took part in these meetings relied on the good nature of clubs to remove their disqualification after a brief period. His club had made a rule of not removing these disqualifications under two years, and the conference, however, voted against his motion.

Several applications were received at the Trotting Conference for totalisator permits. The president said the difficulty was that there were not enough permits available to be granted to all clubs, and it was

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Barrely reasonable to expect that the old-established clubs would give up their permits to younger clubs. The only solution of the difficulty appeared to be that the Government should grant more permits, but it was unlikely that they would do so. It was realized that the Government permits be allotted as in previous years.

The following, from an American paper, suggests that the "totalbator" may yet be the popular medium of investment in that country:—A call for a meeting of the Lexington State Breeding Commission, for the purpose of taking action on a proposition of the Latawa Jockey Club to permit bookmaking, has been issued. Four or five members of the Commission are opposed to any sort of betting other than Paris mutuels and auction pool, and a rule prohibiting bookmaking under penalty of a reversion of a license will be passed by the Commission.

The fine weather experienced of late has worked wonders at the horse race course, and the tracks and course proper, as well as the lawn and surroundings have dried up splendidly. With anything like decent weather between now and the first gathering, the racing should be carried on under exceptionally favourable circumstances. The Club intend decorating the place liberally with bunting, and a number of new flagpoles have been erected at various vantage points, and, with a rule of the whole should have a most pleasing effect.

Word has been received from Constantinople (says "The Town and Country Journal") of the death of the New Zealand bred stallion Dunked, the result of a kick from another horse. The death of Dunked results to mind the occasion when at the starting-post for a race at Cambridge he tried to savage Mr George Watson, the starter. He shaped at the veteran with his fore-foot like a heavy-weight boxer, and actually kicked the leg of the starter's horse, when Mr Watson beat him off with the handle of his flag.

Another fatal accident to a jockey has unfortunately to be recorded. It took place at Caulfield in connection with the V.A.T. July meeting. There was a steeplechase on the card, and Envoy was a strong favourite. She jumped all right for the first time, but tumbled at the last of the treble in front of the stand, the legs, and rolled over her jockey, Frederick Hayhoe. His chest and head were terribly crushed, and on being taken to the emergency room he immediately expired. His horse, B. He rode in the Hurdle Race earlier in the day, and was a witness of the accident.

It is an old saying that it is the unexpected that happens. In the case of the totalbator, Mr. J. N. Jones, the well-known totalbator proprietor, has proof (says the Nelson "Colonist"). During the many years he has worked the totalbator in different parts of the South Island, he has met with some strange experiences, but it has never before been his lot to be the recipient of "conscience money." In an envelope addressed in an obviously disguised handwriting, Mr. Jones found, on his return to his hotel, the butt of one of the notes bearing a scrawl:—"This belongs to you, as at a race meeting once you paid me 5, too much. — Horsey."

Mr John Wren is giving evidence of the keen interest he feels in betting by coming forward with a generous offer to put up a purse of £50 for a race between the two-year-olds, Kibboko, the fast filly by Robbinston, the N. Wales champion, the filly, and Twinkle Belle, by the successful sire Abley Belle, dam Twinkle, the speedy filly belonging to the Allendale Stock Farm. The race was to have taken place at Rotorua on Thursday. Mr. Wren has understood that Mr L. Robertson, on behalf of the Allendale Stock Farm, has staidified his willingness to race. The contest should prove a big draw, as it would take place in an interesting district, and be highly interesting to trotting men.

Gravitation (says a Southern writer) is growing the right way, furnishing evenly, and this half-brother by Birkenhead to Elevation, will satisfy the keenest critics that racehorse content and form. In substance and symmetry Gravitation is one of the finest colts that ever trod the New Zealand turf. He recalls St. Hippo more than any other horse, but has rather more grace and dash than the big St. Hippo. His pedigree will make his debut as a three-year-old in the Waikanae Guineas in September, and all lovers of a grand colt hope that he will have a more lengthy turf career than Elevation.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond put in a word for the "chessers" at the recent Racing Conference, and proved that each day's programme of every club holding meetings between June 7th and September 1st contains, at least, two chesses. He pointed out that the public took a great interest in this class of race. As far as owners were concerned, it scarcely paid them at the present time to keep chesses, as there was at a few weeks' end it was likely that the chesser would almost disappear if some steps were not taken. The motion met with considerable opposition and was lost.

The Thursday prior to the running of the club at Belmont, the New York paper (New York) last month, the New York paper full of the "complete breakdown of Mr. J. K. Keep's great colt 'Colla.' Some of the papers let themselves go on the subject,

and the trainer and owner were depicted as "blowing the incident with 'tears running down their cheeks.'" (The colt was dead), however, Colla duly took part in the Belmont Stakes, and won, though his rider, Notter, is said to have nearly thrown the horse, and falling up from a horse. No doubt there was something slightly amiss with Colla, but the reports as to his critical condition and the fear-stained owner's trainer were due to American journalistic imagination, which is particularly vivid.

A Detroit man, a practical bootmaker and horseman, lately brought forward an invention, which it is thought may bring about as great a revolution in trotting harness as did the invention of the pneumatic sulky. It is a pneumatic horsehoe. The model is in four parts—a flanged aluminium plate affixed to the hoof in exactly the same manner as the regular shoe; a rubber bag with a stout leather steel-studded casing; and an aluminium hoop that frames the cushion and fits the flange of the plate. The bag is connected (a writer states) with a pump on the heel, and the inventor will supply a set of tubes connecting all four feet with an air tank in the sulky seat. The latter scheme is somewhat cumbersome. However, the inventor, not being a show man, says that it has been tried on a trotter that improved his record 13sec. in a private trial.

Writing of the Wellington Steeplechase a Southern writer says:—"Bullworth talked off in the first round, and, though he negotiated the country safely, he finished a long way in the rear of the placed horses. Pierce was going well when he brought down his rider (Deeble) being uninjured. Nadador, who had the services of J. Hall for the first time since the steeplechase season commenced, once again showed his mettle, and when she was taken to the front she never caused her backers the least anxiety. Loch Fyne performed very creditably, and, in being beaten by Nadador at the difference of the weights, he was by no means disgraced."

A Sydney trainer referring to the V.R.C. Grand National Steeplechase, is reported to have said that the race was one of the most ferocious he ever saw, so far as the rush for positions was concerned. Several of the riders said to him as they went out:—"Here goes to make every post a winner. Some of us will come down, but we'll have a better chance of standing up in the front than we will running in the mud and slush behind this field!" And sure enough, they set to work in great style, and it was, indeed, the tightest and the most exciting few furlongs. The field being the largest that ever started for a Grand National made the mud and slush worse than usual for those behind. The trainer in question did not think away the race was won, but a good old plug like Cardinal (the winner) had much chance, and he considers that under the same conditions, the same horse would win nine times out of ten.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. The weather has shown a decided improvement this week, and with visiting agencies arriving every day, matters at Riccarton are becoming more animated. Unfortunately a succession of hard frosts has made the tracks as hard as an uncamdashed road fit well into the forenoon, and this has interfered with the training work. The country arrivals, headquarters are Whatakurua, Maid of Astolat, Loch Fyne, Le Beau, Scotty, Pierre, Mahara, Nal, Peruvian, Showman, Aurang, Vasa, Lingerer, and Mussel. All look in the same condition, indeed, in this respect they are no more advantage than the majority of the Riccarton trained horses.

On the Thursday morning the track was very hard, but nevertheless some useful work was got through. Slow Turn covered the three-quarters, and three-quarter, while Eurus and Northern Star went a mile and a half on the course proper, finishing the last mile in 1.58. Ability, Shimmer, and Cavatina were kept to half pace work, and the Scotch dragoon in a large 75, finishing over four furlongs fast, but the Winter Cup candidate did not handle himself at all well, the going evidently being too hard for his liking. Bonny Glen got through a couple of rounds at half pace, but did not pull up too well, and I am afraid Aynstey will have a stiff task to keep him going till November. Aubrey went twice round at half pace, and jumped the double in his first circuit. Harvest and White Cockade ran seven furlongs in a large 75, finishing together. Probable and Stronghold left a mile behind in 1.49; while Leeds took 2.20 to compass ten furlongs.

The Christchurch sportsman, Mr G. Payne, returned from a trip to Australia a couple of days ago, and he has a number of good idealists and the two-year-old by St. Aubrose—Martin in a patron of D. J. Price's stable, who will keep them with the New Zealand trainer. The party behind idealist had a good run over that horse's work in the July handicap at the V.R.C. meeting, and Mr Payne expects to see the son of Birkenhead some again before long, now that Price has him particularly fit. Price and a number of other Melbourne trainers intend visiting New Zealand for the Grand National meeting, and the sale of the late Mr. Reid's horses.

The South Canterbury hunt held its annual steeplechase meeting on the Washdyke racecourse on Thursday. The weather was favourable, and there was a large attendance of sporting enthusiasts, including several visitors from North Canterbury. As a result of the recent rains the going was somewhat heavy, but the racing was nevertheless of a high standard of character. The Owners' Cup Steeplechase was won by Dr. C. E. Thomas' Brownbill. The

Hunt Club Cup was annexed by Messrs Elworthy Bros' Craigmore, Dr. Thomas' Brownbill being a good second. The Talley-bro Steeplechase was won by E. M. Harder, Rose Morn, and the Ladies' Braecliet to Mr Leonard's Leonardo. The Hack and Hunter's Hurdle Handicap was also won by Leonardo, with Mr J. C. N. Gigg's Mata-mata second. Another field in the Hack race, but was disqualified for crossing Leonardo, who finished second. In the Hack race, Mr G. E. Rhodes' Bravenose won easily.

The North Canterbury Jockey Club held a meeting at the end of Thursday, but, though the day was beautifully fine, only a handful of people attended the fixture. There were seven starters in the Hunters' Steeplechase, but Lilly B was the only one to complete, the others making a mistake, the others all falling or running off. Lilly B, the aged daughter of Fleur De Lys, had altogether too much pace for Deerstayer and Canton at the end of the Open Steeplechase, and was a treat to the spectators. Several of the obstacles heavily, his display being anything but pleasing. The Hunters' Flat Race produced an exciting finish between Cannonier, Master Leslie, and Laibola, the trio finishing in that order, separated by heads only. Thunderstorm and Ca' Annie contested the Hunters' Steeplechase, the former winning with a narrow margin, after outquitting his opponent with the race was a long one was negotiated. Pop Gun, the aged son of Banner, had an easy win in the Welter Handicap, his nearest opponents at the finish being Mita and Boan Banner.

The well known cross country horseman, H. Carr, was before the stewards to explain his handling of Pacific in the Hunters' Steeplechase, it being alleged that Carr purposely pulled his mount off at one of the jumps. As a result of the inquiry, Carr was disqualified during the pleasure of the stewards, which will prevent him riding at the Grand National Meeting.

THE FLEET MEETING.

LARGE ACCEPTANCE.

The following acceptances were last night received by Mr Hartland at the A.R.C. office for the meeting to be held at Ellerslie on the 12th inst.:

Table with columns for horse names and odds. Includes WELCOME HURDLE RACE, ADMIRAL'S HANDICAP, and ROOSEVELT HANDICAP.

SPERRY STEEPLCHASE.

Table with columns for horse names and odds. Includes SPERRY STEEPLCHASE, FLEET HANDICAP, and CONNECTICUT HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE.

CONNECTICUT HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE.

Table with columns for horse names and odds. Includes CONNECTICUT HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE.

FLEET HANDICAP.

Table with columns for horse names and odds. Includes FLEET HANDICAP.

CONNECTICUT HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE.

Table with columns for horse names and odds. Includes CONNECTICUT HUNTERS' STEEPLCHASE.

AUSTRALIAN RACING.

AUSTRALIAN HURDLE RACE.

MELBOURNE, August 1. The V.A.T.C. inaugurated their meeting at Caulfield to-day. The following is the result of the principal event:—

THE AUSTRALIAN HURDLE RACE of 1200yds; 900yds of the said sum to go to the owner of the first horse, 300yds to the owner of the second, and 100yds to the owner of the third. Three miles and a half, less 92 yards.

Mr H. P. W. Rocks' ch g Dagoba, aged, by Dagobert—Pearl, 9.11. Mr J. Lynch's ch g Charlemagne, aged, by Medallion—Sweet Briar, 9.0. Mr F. E. Brennan's blk m Lady Quiz, 5yrs, by The Inquisitor—Lucella, 10.11.

Paraloch led over the first hurdle, but running down the railway side Atahua was out in front with a twenty lengths' advantage from Lady Quiz and Charlemagne. Bribery fell passing the judge's box, Atahua was still a long way in front running down the railway side the second time, where Regret fell. Atahua turned into the straight well in front of Charlemagne and Lady Quiz. Along the back Atahua kept a long lead, and at the turn was 15 lengths out from Dagoba. The New Zealand horse fell at the second last hurdle. Dagoba led into the straight by ten lengths from Charlemagne, and going on he won by three lengths, eight lengths separating second and third horses. Time, 6m 30.1s.

AUCKLAND HORSE'S SUCCESS.

SYDNEY, August 2. The Auckland-bred pony, Frederick (by Souff), with 8.12 up, won the Rosehill Highweight Handicap.

ENGLISH RACING.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.

LONDON, July 30. At the Goodwood meeting, the Goodwood Cup, of 800sovs, 2 1/2 miles, resulted:—

Radium, b h, by Bend Or—Tala, 5yrs 2. Torpoint b h, by Trenton—Doncaster. Beauty, aged, 2. White Knight, b h by Desmond—Pella, 5yrs 3. Radium was a fine performer last year. He was second fourth in the Queen's Prize at Kempton Park 1 1/2 miles; first in the Newmarket Biennial Stakes, 1 1/2 miles; second in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, 1 1/2 miles; first in the Rutland Handicap, 1 1/2 miles; first in the Doncaster Cup, 2 miles; first in the Southern Handicap, 1 1/2 miles; and first in the Jockey Club Cup, Newmarket, 2 1/2 miles. The White Knight won the Goodwood Cup last year.



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Orange Blossoms.

HOAR—HANSEN.

An interesting wedding took place at 2 o'clock on Thursday, July 23, at the Methodist Church, Carterton, when Mr Arthur Hoar, of Masterton, youngest son of Mr M. Hoar, of Wellington, was married to Miss Matilda (Tilly) Hansen, eldest daughter of Mr W. Hansen, of Brooklyn-road, Carterton. The bride was very pretty in her wedding dress of creme taffeta, draped with lace and accordion-pleated chiffon. She wore the bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of jonquils, asparagus, and maidenhair fern. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Alma Hansen (sister of the bride) and Miss Gertie Hoar (sister of the bridegroom), who were gowned alike in creme, trimmed with lace and insertion, and wore stylish hats of mauve silk with wings. Their bouquets were composed of jonquils, violets, and maidenhair fern, with mauve streamers. Their ornaments were gold brooches set with rubies and pearls, the gifts of the bridegroom. The Rev. W. J. Elliott performed the ceremony, and the bride was given away by her father. The service was fully choral, and the church was tastefully decorated by girl friends of the bride. Messrs H. Andrews, of Carterton, and H. Lowe, of Wellington, were best man and groomsmen respectively. Miss Pepper, the organist, played the "Wedding March." After the reception at the home of the bride's parents, the happy couple left for Masterton, where they will reside. The bride's travelling dress was a costume of navy blue, stylish hat of green and brown shot silk, with gathered crown, adorned with a cluster of autumn leaves. Mrs. W. Hansen, mother of the bride, wore a frock of black Cielian, trimmed with chiffon and lace, black hat trimmed with chiffon and osprey.

BUTLER-HARRISON—PATON.

A wedding that took place at St. John's Anglican Church, Dannevirke, Wednesday morning, July 22nd, created a great deal of local interest, both the bride and bridegroom being extremely popular. Miss Euphemia F. Paton, fourth daughter of Mr. T. Paton, stationmaster at Dannevirke, was married to Captain F. A. Butler-Harrison, who is prominent in volunteering circles. Although the wedding was fixed for the early hour of 9.30 a.m., the church was crowded for the occasion. The wedding was of a military character. Captain Harrison wore the uniform of the Fifth Wellington Rifle Battalion, and was supported by Lieutenant H. Marsh, as best man, and by Captain F. J. Knight as groomsmen. Several other volunteering officers were present in uniform, including Captains McLennan and Nielson, Lieutenants Adams and Davidson, and Sergeant-Major Drummond. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of cream mervelleux, with veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Paton (sister of the bride) and Miss Gordon. They wore dainty dresses of cream crystalline and lace, and black hats with handsome plumes. The bridegroom being a member of the choir, the service was fully choral. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. E. Robertshaw, B.A., and at its conclusion the bridal party, on leaving the church, passed out under an arch of swords. Subsequently, a large number of guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Harrison left by the midday express for Wellington, en route to Christchurch. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue tailor-made costume, with hat to match.

COBB—EDWARDS.

A pretty wedding, which attracted a large number of interested spectators, was solemnized at Trinity Church, on Wednesday, July 23rd, by the Rev. A. C. Lawry, between Mr. H. D. Cobb and Miss M. Edwards, both well known and highly esteemed residents of Napier. Miss L. Edwards was bridesmaid and Mr. G. D. Lyford, best man. Mr. F. Spackman played the "Wedding March" and the choir sang two hymns during the

service. Immediately after the wedding the bride and bridegroom, who were the recipients of many valuable presents, left for Wellington by the express. They will take up their residence at Te Kuiti, on the Main Trunk line.

PIRANI—MILLAR.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at Palmerston North on Monday, July 27, the contracting parties being Mr. David Pirani and Miss Emily Margaret Millar, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Millar, of this town. The wedding was of a private nature, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. J. Lewis at the residence of the bride's parents, "Te Wharua," Ferguson-street. The happy couple are well-known, and respected in Palmerston, and they will have the best wishes of their many friends for a happy married life. Since relinquishing newspaper work in Palmerston, Mr. Pirani has been engaged in farming pursuits at Mauku, Pukekohe, near Auckland, and the newly-married couple will take up their residence there after their honeymoon, which is being spent in the Hawke's Bay district.

BAKER—LEE.

A pretty wedding was quietly solemnized at St. Sepulchre's Church, Auckland, on Wednesday morning, July 22nd, when Mr. Sydney G. Baker, third son of Mr. Wm. Baker, manager of the May Queen G.M. Co., was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss S. Lee, youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. Lee, of Kaitiaki. The bride looked very graceful in a handsome gown of white embroidered Japanese silk made with semi-Empire effect, the bodice having a bolero of Valenciennes lace. She wore an exquisite veil daintily arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried a spray bouquet of snowdrops and maiden-hair. She was attended by her niece, Miss Fanny Richards, who was attired in a becoming gown of pale blue Louisiana silk with moss green velvet touches, green hat en suite, and Miss Alice Geldard, who wore a pretty white embroidered muslin and cream hat. After the ceremony, which was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Smalles, the bridal party were entertained at the residence of the bride's mother. Mr. Harold Baker acted as best man. The bride's travelling dress was a smart redingote costume of ruby cloth, with velvet facings, cream felt hat with puffings of silk and wings. The young couple were the recipients of numerous presents, amongst them being a handsome marble clock and gold-mounted watch-guard, presented to Mr. Baker by the May Queen employees.

RUSSELL—MORRISON.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at Waihi on July 22, the contracting parties being Miss Ada Mary Morrison, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morrison, and Mr. James Russell, of Hawera. The Rev. Mr. Shore, of Hawera, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Maniaia, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely dress of ivory silk trimmed with silk lace and French knots. She also wore a handsome bridal veil and orange blossom, and carried a lovely bouquet of white camellias and heath. She was attended by Miss Russell (sister of the bridegroom), who wore a pretty dress of cream lustre trimmed with chiffon and ribbon, with hat to match, and two little girls, Misses C. M. Morrison (sister of the bride) and H. M. Morrison (cousin of the bride), who looked nice in dresses of pale blue voile and white. Mr. W. Russell was best man, and Mr. J. Morrison groomsmen. The bride's travelling dress was a brown costume with cream vest and white felt hat trimmed with white silk and brown feather. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaids a garnet ring and gold brooches. Afternoon tea was handed round to a large number of friends, after which Mr. and Mrs. Russell left for Auckland and Rotorua. The wedding presents were numerous and costly, including a number of cheques.

STRATTON—BEEHAN.

A quiet, but very pretty little wedding was celebrated on Thursday, July 23rd, in the Catholic Church, Hastings, by the Rev. Dean Smyth, who united in matrimony Mr. Hector P. Stratton, youngest son of the late Mr. John Stratton, of London, and Miss Irene Mary Beehan, second daughter of the Hon. W. Beehan, M.L.C., Auckland. The bride, who was charmingly attired in a dove grey cloth, was given away by her father, whilst her little cousin Miss Dallas Beehan in creme silk, made a dainty little bridesmaid. Mr. W. J. Stratton discharged the duties of best man, and, at the conclusion of the ceremony, the wedding party were entertained at breakfast by Mrs. Beehan at her residence in Heretaunga-street. The young couple left by the express train for the south on their honeymoon. Mrs. Stratton wearing a tailor-made costume of navy blue serge. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Stratton received many valuable, as well as useful, present, and, as they are widely known and held in high esteem, they carry the most sincere wishes for their future happiness into their married life.

LAWN—GREENWOOD.

A wedding which aroused great interest was celebrated at St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton, on Wednesday morning, July 23rd, when Miss M. L. (Winnie) Greenwood, of Hamilton, was married to Mr. B. Lawn, also of Hamilton. The bride was prettily dressed in white silk with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a choicer shower bouquet. She was attended by Miss Maud Chappell (sister), who wore white silk with white felt hat; Miss Clarke, cousin, blue silk with white felt hat, and two other wee bridesmaids, a sister of the bride and a niece of the bridegroom, daintily attired in white silk dresses. They carried baskets of flowers. Mr. Fred Greenwood acted as groomsmen, and his brother Frank was best man. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. E. Adams, and subsequently the happy couple left for Rotorua, where the honeymoon will be spent.

GUTHRIE—INGLETON.

St. James' Church, Kaikora, was crowded on Wednesday afternoon, July 22, the occasion being the marriage of Miss Phoebe, eldest daughter of Mr. John Ingleton, of this town, to Mr. R. H. Guthrie, eldest son of Mr. D. H. Guthrie, of Ruahine, Mangaweka. The service was fully choral, and the Rev. Canon Eccles, of Woodville, was the officiating clergyman. The church was handsomely decorated by girl friends of the bride, and prominent amongst the decorations was a large marriage bell and club streamers from the girls of the Ngatiawa Hockey Club. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a cream silk crystalline Empire frock, trimmed with tuckered chiffon and Venetian lace, with wide silk wadded hem at foot, veil and orange blossoms and bouquet with red and white Ngatiawa Club streamers. There were three bridesmaids—Miss Edwina Ingleton (sister of the bride) wore cream cashmere, with insertion and silk bands, and carried a white prayer-book with streamers of red and white; Miss Guthrie (sister of the bridegroom) wore cream crepe, trimmed with tuckered net and bands of silk, and carried a bouquet of red and white; and Miss McCure wore cream cashmere and silk bands, and carried a bouquet of red and white, with streamer of same colour. Mr. Norman McKenzie (cousin of the bridegroom) was best man, and Messrs J. Guthrie and R. Moore (brother and cousin of the bridegroom) were groomsmen. Miss E. Clark was at the organ and played the "Wedding March" at the bridal party left the church. The friends of the young couple were entertained at afternoon tea by the parents of the bride at their residence. Canon Eccles proposed the health of the newly married couple; Mr. Graham that of the bridesmaids; and the Rev. G. K. Stowell that of the parents of the bride and bridegroom. The bride's travelling dress was a claret and brown cloth coat and skirt; green felt hat trimmed with stitched brown silk and wing; and she wore a handsome set of fur and muff, a bridal present. The presents were numerous and handsome, and included several cheques for substantial amounts. The happy couple left on their honeymoon tour by the evening train, en route for the South, amidst showers of rice and good wishes.

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 Hamilton, only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Gisborne, to Mr. T. A. Coleman, jun., solicitor, Gisborne.

The engagement is announced of Mr. J. Harold, of the Collegiate School, Wanganui, to Mrs. Hawke, "Belmont," Wanganui, third daughter of the late Captain T. B. Taylor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ethel Isabel Bannister, elder daughter of Mr. R. E. Bannister (Palmerston N.), to Mr. Richard Linton, Lavender Bay, Sydney.

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The Hon. A. Hicks, J.P., M.L.C., the ex-Mayor of Eaglehawk, Vic., says that Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption cured him of a severe cough and cold in a remarkable short time.

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No more terrible affliction can come to any home than the craving of a husband or son for strong drink. **ANTIDRINK**, a tasteless, odourless powder, gives without the patient's knowledge in food or drink, will quickly cure this craving. Further particulars about post-free in plain packages.
J. W. COPITHORNE.
Department J., Ingestre Street, Wellington.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, August 3.

An altogether delightful
AT HOME

was given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Cotter at "Oaklands," Remuera, last week. Oaklands is a charming home for entertaining, and certainly no trouble had been spared to make the evening the success it undoubtedly was. The pretty rooms for sitting out were full of exquisite spring flowers and shaded lights, and lovely glowing fires added to the picture. The floor of the ball-room was splendid, and Burke's band supplied the music, also there was no wallflowers, so you can guess that we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. The Misses Cotter and Mr. Harold Cotter were most exemplary vice hostesses and host, and assisted Mr. and Mrs. Cotter right royally in the entertainment of their guests. Supper, a most delicious repast, was served in a large marquee, and the tables were unusually prettily decorated with vases of anemones and trails of smilax. Our hostess wore a most beautifully fitting gown of black point d'esprit, the skirt finished with ruffles of gathered net, the bodice had a deep square yoke of white lace interlaced with tiny braids of narrow ribbon velvet, and the whole was mounted on white chiffon taffeta, she also wore a black velvet hair ornament caught with a diamond crescent; Miss Cotter's gown of diaphanous mist grey chiffon had a dainty tucked net vest outlined with crystal and silver fringe, and was worn with a folded ceinture of chine silk, emerald green ribbon threaded through hair; Miss Winnie Cotter was charmingly gowned in pastel mauve messaline, the effective fringed bolero bodice displaying a very pretty net, lace guimpe, narrow mauve velvet ribbon, filet in hair; Miss Letimer wore a dainty frock of white mousseline de soie inset with narrow Valenciennes lace, corsage spray of roses; Miss Bristow (Wellington) looked pretty in soft white ninon over taffeta, hair snooded with a green ribbon; Mrs. Foster, gowned in ciel, blue taffeta; wore a large corsage posy of exquisite violets; Mrs. Steggall, becoming white gown, large crimson crush rose catching the lace berthe; Miss Maggie Frater, disc spotted net mounted on white taffeta, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Ghauss Rundcock wore black messaline with V-shaped vest, sleeves of buttercup gathered Valenciennes lace; Miss Stevenson, mirage blue chiffon taffeta, with lace draped decolletage; Miss D. Stevenson was gowned in white taffeta and lace, brightened with clusters of roses; Miss Pearl Gorrie, dainty sea-blue silk toned chiffon and silver; Miss Hazel Buckland, white chiffon taffeta with lace sou-tache, spray of violets on corsage; Miss M. Towle, effective semi-Empire frock of white taffeta; Miss Tole was strikingly gowned in ivory metecore with deep insertion on skirt of filet net, silver in hair; Miss Rois Nathan's gown was a becoming white messaline; Miss Miles (Wellington), very pretty gaze de soie and lace toilette; Miss Martyn, dainty white taffeta; Miss Nellie Upton's gown was of sea-green Roman satin, toned with lovely lace; Miss Katie Nelson, effective chine silk toilette, with design of pink roebuds; Miss Richmond, black chiffon taffeta, with cream lace vest; Miss Jean Richmond, white crepe de soie; Miss Winnie Leys, charming toilette

of ciel blue Louisine, with V-shaped vest of ruffled net lace of same shade; Miss Lusk, white taffeta with touches of black; Miss Gwen Gorrie, lovely Roman satin toilette; Miss Rachael Gorrie wore her pretty debutante gown of white taffeta; Miss Gwen Nathan was strikingly gowned in a lovely Directoire gown of ivory satin, with heavy silver embroideries; Miss Winnie Leys charming toilette of ivory satin charmeuse with silver encrusted corsage and skirt panel, bodice draped with lovely real lace; Miss M. Peacock was gowned in dainty white messaline with spray of pink chrysanthemums on corsage; Miss Bulles, black point d'esprit, relieved with touches of white; Miss Ivy Buddle was strikingly gowned in nut brown metecore with velvet ribbon ceinture; Miss Lennox, very pretty white gown effectively combined with pale blue and pale pink; Miss Browning was daintily attired in white satin charmeuse; Miss Cooper's dainty cameo pink chiffon was mounted on silver tissue and was finished with square corsage effect of encrusted lace; Miss Beryl Keesing was gowned in ivory lace over a gold tissue foundation; Miss Benjamin, lovely Pompadour silk with delicate blue and pink floral design; Miss Mills looked charming in a floral chiffon toilette with green ceinture and touches of black on square cut corsage; Miss Davy, effective black satin striped ninon with insertions of lace, white ruffled lace vest brightened with touches of pale blue; Miss Devore, dainty white crepe de chine gown, with corsage spray of roses; Miss Paton, eau de nil satin charmeuse with lace berthe.

BALL AT DEVONPORT.

The Society for the Protection of Women and Children, etc., gave a very successful

BALL.

at North Shore last Wednesday evening. The hall was artistically decorated with ropes of greenery, flags and Japanese umbrellas, and the music was supplied by the North Shore Brass Band (twenty-five instruments). The supper tables were very prettily decorated with yellow and green, and the committee are to be congratulated on the success of the affair. Amongst those present were: Mrs. Macky, wearing a rich black silk spotted eolienne, with taffeta strappings; Mrs. Benjamin, dainty toilette of white glace silk finished with frills of net lace embroidered with silk; Mrs. Guinness looked charming in white surah silk veiled in silver spangled lace; Miss Marks wore cream paillette silk inserted with lace; Mrs. Young, black net with ceinture and bretelles of gold tissue; Miss Graham, pretty briar pink silk with Greek Key pattern of black velvet; Mrs. Boylan, handsome black brocade; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, lovely gown of Wedgewood blue taffeta strapped with pin tucked panels, white net sleeves and vest; Mrs. Burgess, black brocaded Oriental satin brightened with clusters of crimson roses; Mrs. Ralph, black filet net frilled and beribboned with V-shaped vest of black and white lace; Mrs. Coyle, black satin Directoire toilette; Mrs. Goetz, lovely French toilette of palest prune pink over taffeta, aigrette in her hair; Mrs. Sinclair, daffodil yellow tucked chiffon over taffeta; Mrs. Pilkington, white beribboned net; Mrs. Evershed, picturesque white silk gown; Mrs. Napier, ficelle net over Nile green taffeta; Mrs. Rainger, black velvet Princess robe, with cream tucker and sleeves; Miss Philcox, shrimp pink French mousseline, banded with taffeta; Miss Ivy Philcox reseda green taffeta, finished with cream lace; Miss Oxley (England), dainty primrose paillette silk; Miss Metcalfe, becoming toilette of silver spangled black chiffon; Miss Handley, white silk, with corsage spray of blue flowers; Miss Rogan, black Oriental satin, with ivory lace bretelles; Miss K. Graham, creme point d'esprit over pale green taffeta, with ceinture of velvet a shade darker, and gold trimming; Miss K. Mathias, creme ninon; Miss K. Rogan wore her pretty debutante frock of white filet net; her sister was wearing ciel blue silk; Miss Beryl Graham, pale apricot mousseline Empire gown; Miss MacLodoe,

black chiffon taffeta; Miss M. Ansenne, creme chiffon velours; Miss Cardno, pretty pale blue silk, with panels of creme lace; Miss P. MacLodoe, very pale pink silk; Miss Ansenne, white inserted muslin; Miss Sinclair, dainty blue and pink mousseline; Miss Z. Sinclair, creme silk, white corsage spray of red roses; Miss Jackson, white eolienne; Miss Trafford (England), pale green chiffon, over taffeta, with trails of chiffon roses; Miss Allison, handsome mole coloured chiffon velours; Miss Ralfe, pink crepe de chine; Miss P. Cardno, dainty heliotrope silk; Miss Cussen, azure blue silk, with Honiton lace berthe, and touches of silver; Miss G. Graham, pale rose pink silk, toned with black; Miss Poesenskie, black silk and Velvet; Miss Dolly Metcalfe was effectively gowned in apple green chiffon taffeta; Miss George, black silk, relieved with cluster of crimson roses; Miss Stewart, palest blue paillette silk and chiffon; Miss Perrett, ciel blue crepe de chine, toned with Wedgewood blue; Miss Bennet, dainty white muslin; Miss N. Sinclair, mauve silk, with violet velvet ribbons; Miss Duder, sky blue taffeta; Miss Best, black satin, with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Wynyard, pale green, with pearl embroidered lace bretelles.

The Auckland Hockey Association's ANNUAL BALL.

eventuated at the Royal Albert Hall last Thursday, and was a pronounced success. The hall was very prettily decorated with ropes of lycopodium and palms, etc., and here and there were displayed the banners of the various Auckland teams, which gave the required touch of colour. Burke's band was in attendance, and the floor was, as usual, in very good order. The Manawatu hockey team were the guests of honour, and were formally welcomed during the evening by the president, Mr. Coleman, who also made the presentation of a very beautiful banner to the Auckland Ladies' Association, on behalf of the Men's Association. Mr. Gresham, on behalf of the ladies, received and acknowledged the banner, and thanked the gentlemen's Association for the uniform courtesy they had always shown the ladies. A delicious supper was served downstairs, and here the efforts of the ladies' committee were very evident. The tables were all most effectively and artistically decorated with spring flowers and greenery. Amongst others present were: Mrs. Coleman, wearing a dainty toilette of white hand-painted chiffon over glace, the bodice finished with lovely lace; Mrs. Rea George, handsome black merveilleux gown, relieved with touches of white; Mrs. Gresham wore a graceful silk toilette, with white V-shaped vest, and violet aigrette in her hair; Mrs. Waller, lovely black chiffon taffeta, combined with cream lace, very handsome black evening coat; Mrs. Benjamin, black satin striped Metecore over white taffeta, effectively finished with insertions of black and white lace, black jetted coronet in hair; Mrs. Somers was wearing a dainty toilette of ciel blue satin and lace, with pink roses in her hair and on corsage; Mrs. Craig, lovely ivory Renaissance lace gown over white glace; Mrs. Sinclair, pretty daffodil chiffon, over glace of same shade; Mrs. Macklow wore a striking gown of blue chiffon taffeta, worn with a lovely lace bridge coat; Miss Gresham, Misses Metcalfe, Hill, Newell, Bell, Thorne, Sinclair, Cooke (2), Macklow (2), Sellars, Parsons, Davy, Noakes, Kidd, Sloman, Cooke, Goodwin, Garlick, Slater, and many others.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, August 1.
On Thursday evening, in the Alexandra Hall, the Oddfellows of Cambridge held their annual ball, which was most successful, over 80 couples being present. It was an ideal night for dancing. The music was supplied by Mr Booth's orchestra from Hamilton. The extras were played by Misses McFarlane and Sharp. An excellent supper was provided by Messrs Boyce and Sons. The arrangements for the ball were ably carried out by a committee of members of the lodge.
The Waikato hounds hunted at "Brunwood" on Wednesday, when there was a very large and representative gathering. The followers were hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Frank Ross, of Brunwood. Amongst those

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The Shine That Won't Explode

present were The Master (Mr Norman Banks), and Mrs N. Banks, Miss Banks, Mrs E. Firth (Auckland), Mr and Mrs A. J. Edmunds, Messrs Souter, Miss Souter (Auckland), Miss Kathleen Willis, Mr and Mrs H. Worsp, Mr and Mrs W. Thornton, the Misses Gleeson, Miss Ida London, Miss Richardson, Miss H. Wells, Mrs Paton (Auckland), the Messes Pickering.

Great interest is being taken in golf this year. The monthly medal is keenly competed for. Mr Shanahan was the winner of last month's medal competition. For the ladies' monthly match the club are giving silver buttons with the initials C.G.C. on them. Mrs A. J. Edmunds has been the winner of two, and Miss Ida London one. The buttons are much appreciated by the lady members of the club.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs Paton (Auckland) is staying with her niece, Mrs Frank Rose, of Bruntwood, Cambridge.

Mrs E. Firth, of Auckland, is at present on a visit to her mother, Mrs Banks, of Gwynnlands, Cambridge.

The Misses Willis, of Cambridge, have returned from Waikato, where they have been visiting their aunt, Mrs A. Clarke.

Miss Souter, of Parnell, is at present visiting her brother, Mr. W. Souter, of Cambridge.

ELSIK.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, July 30.

Golfists had an ideal day for their mixed foursomes last Saturday, when over forty couples went out. Teeing off commenced at 1.30 p.m., thus enabling the players to get back early and the ladies dispensing tea to get their duties over before the dusk.

On Monday and Tuesday last Mr. H. R. Roberts' finance were playing to good houses. "Pince Chap," the first night's performance, was of somewhat a pathetic character, but "The Case of Rebelious Susan," played the second night, was very amusing. Amongst those in the audience that night were Mrs. Barton, in a black gown, pale blue lace trimmed opera coat; Mrs. Blair, black and white silk, pretty opera cape of cream cashmere and pale blue strappings; Mrs. Barker, black satin, kimono of claret-coloured bengaline silk, embroidered in Japanese embroidery; Miss L. Barker, white mouseline de soie, bandings of pale blue lace; Miss M. Barker, cream silk and lace; Mrs. White, Wedgwood blue silk gown, handsomely trimmed with lace, and lace applique; Miss White, pale grey, white fox furs; Miss Coop, white gown, white grey opera wrap; Mrs. Kenedy, black gown, slate blue silk Japanese, embroidered kimono; Mrs. W. Barker, black silk, cream lace tucker, pale grey coat; Mrs. F. B. Barker, black silk and chiffon, covered with black sequined net, pale pink roses at corsage; Mrs. Maclean, black and white silk gown; Mrs. Tombleson, soft black silk taffetas silk, white touches at corsage; Mrs. Symes, pink silk embroidered taffetas silk, long coat of smoke blue trimmed velvet and fur; Mrs. Nolan, black and white silk, lace berthe; Miss Nolan, soft white silk; Mrs. Stephenson, pale yellow satin covered sequin net; Mrs. A. Rees, black silk, blue cashmere opera coat; Mrs. Hawkins (Auckland), salmon pink pin-striped silk, piped with black velvet; Mrs. Parker, pale blue and white silk gown, lace finishes; Miss Schumacher, pale blue and white pin-striped silk, lace tucker; Miss M. Schumacher (Christchurch), cream silk gown, handsome opera cloak of peacock blue mirror velvet.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruby (Gisborne), returned last Saturday from their wedding trip to Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin and Invercargill.

Mr. Jackman (Gisborne) returned on Saturday from a short visit to Napier.

Mr. Cripps (Dunedin) was in Gisborne for a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp (Murwai) left for the South on Sunday last.

Quite a number of Gisborne residents left on Wednesday to be present in Auckland during Fleet Week, amongst those being Mrs. Willcock, who is to be the guest of Mrs. Bloomfield (Auckland), Miss Foster, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman go to Wellington first to attend the Borough Council conference there, proceeding to Auckland by the Main Trunk railway.

ELSIK.

PALMERSTON NORTH

Dear Bee, July 31.

The Frank Thornton Company played a short season here at the beginning of the week. "Charley's Aunt" and "The Private Secretary" were the pieces staged. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Plunket, Mr and Mrs Waterfield, Capt. Gathorne-Hardy, and Capt. Lyon were present on Wednesday night. Mr and Mrs Walter Strang, Mr and Mrs Harold Abraham, Miss Marjorie Abraham, Mr H. Cooper, Mr and Mrs Porritt, Mr and Mrs Louison, Mr and Mrs W. Keeling, W. Bendall, Mr and Miss Goldingham, Miss Keeling, Dr and Mrs Wilson, Miss Russell, Mr and Mrs W. L. Fitzherbert, Mrs F. S. McRae, Mr and Mrs Park, the Misses Park, Dr and Mrs Stowe, Mrs Peach, Mr and Mrs Broad, Miss Waddy, the Misses Reed, Miss E. McLennan, Mr and Mrs J. Pascal, the Misses Pascal, Mr L. Pascal, Mr Norman and Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, Miss Warburton, Mr and Mrs Guy, Miss F. Randolph, Miss Wilson, Miss Joseph, Miss Smith, Messrs. Loughnan-Wither, and many others, were there on different occasions.

A Fancy Fair in connection with St. Peter's Guild was opened on Tuesday afternoon by his Worship the Mayor (Mr J. Nash), and extended over two days. Business was brisk, and a satisfactory sum taken. The object of the fair was to clear St. Peter's parish of the debt on the church. The stalls and stallholders were:—Tea-rooms, Mesdames, T. R. Moore, Mansford, Bunn, Porteous, Seeker, and the Misses Fox, Seeker, and Drury; Fancywork Stall, Mrs Davidson and the Misses R. Drury, C. Seeker, M. Nash, R. Sollitt, Wood, and Fowler; Plainwork Stall, Mesdames Bennett, Levein, and Fairbrother; Flower Stall, Mesdames W. H. Lewis, Runnerstrum, and Le Grange; Doll Stall, the Misses Yortt, Anderson, and Page; Produce Stall, Mesdames Brunton, Halburry, and Yortt; Sweet Stall, the Misses Batchelor, and Levein; Children's Stall, the Misses Sollitt (2), Sutton (2), and Allan; Young Men's Stall and Gipsy Caravan, Messrs. Kuhlitz, J. Nash, and J. Bennett. Mr Hockley had charge of the musical arrangements for the evenings. Those contributing items were the Misses Drew and Messrs. Hockley, Rodgers, Smith, and Watson.

On the first day Lady Plunket attended by Capt. Gathorne-Hardy, was present, and visited the various stalls. Mr and Mrs Fairbrother, Mrs. and the Misses Levein, Mrs. Batchelor, Mrs R. K. Reed, Miss Wilson, the Rev. and Mrs C. C. Harper, the Rev. and Mrs Davidson, Mr and Mrs Moore, were amongst the many who visited the fair.

A team of lady golfers visited Wanganui at the end of last week, and played a match with that club. They suffered rather a decided defeat. The Palmerston representatives were Mesdames Innes, L. Abraham Warburton Mellor, Monro, and Abraham, P. Sim and Porritt, and the Misses Monro, O'Brien, and Warburton. The Wanganui players were Mesdames Sargeant, Harvey, Armstrong, and Misses Cave, Cowper, O. Stanford, Darly, Gresson, Hawker, Nixon Bates, A. Cowper, and Oliver.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr and Mrs Renell, Wanganui, were the guests of Mr and Mrs A. Renell, Palmerston, for some days last week.

Mrs Hankins, Palmerston, is staying in Masterton.

Miss P. Jones, Wanganui, spent a day or two with Mrs McKnight, Palmerston, on her return journey from Wellington.

Mrs. W. Bendall, Palmerston, has returned from a stay in Wellington.

Miss F. Waldegrave, who has been in Christchurch for the past two months, returned to Palmerston to-day.

VIOLET.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, August 1.

Mrs. Laing gave two most

ENJOYABLE BRIDGE PARTIES

at her residence in Gilbert-street last Monday and Tuesday evenings, and there were six tables each night. The prizes were won by Mesdames Mathews and Percy Webster (first), and Mes-

dames Pope and Claude Weston (second). Mrs. Laing received her guests in a pretty frock of cream figured silk, full-tucked skirt, rich bolero of cream lace; Mrs. Wood, white silk and lace blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. Messenger, black silk, relieved with white; Mrs. McKellar, black satin, cream lace yoke, and deep cuffs; Miss J. McKellar looked pretty in a black shirred voile skirt, black silk taffetas blouse, cream lace scarf; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin, white lace berthe; Mrs. Walter Bayly, cream silk and lace blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. Mathews, pale blue silk blouse, trimmed with white lace, black merveilleux skirt; Mrs. King, brown silk taffetas, with cream silk vest; Miss Reed, yellow silk, veiled in black lace; Miss Curtis, canary coloured flowered silk blouse, trimmed with bands of narrow black velvet ribbon, black silk skirt; Mrs. H. Stocker, cream silk bodice, prettily trimmed with lace and insertion; Mrs. Atkinson, black velvet, with kimono shoulder straps over a cream silk blouse; Miss Hamerton, cream silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss Pike, heliotrope floral muslin, prettily trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss Bayly, pale green silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs. W. Shaw, white embroidered silk blouse, black satin skirt; Mrs. Sumner, black voile skirt, black silk blouse, with cream lace fichu; Miss Tidy, black silk, with kimono bodice over cream silk blouse; Mrs. Simpson, pretty cream point d'esprit blouse, over cream lace, black silk skirt; Mrs. Gibbons, navy blue silk, relieved with cream lace; Mrs. F. Fookes, black silk taffetas, cream lace scarf; Mrs. Morris, cream point d'esprit over a silk foundation, bodice trimmed with bands of a darker shade of silk; Miss Wade, cream lace frock; Mrs. Blundell, black silk, cream lace yoke; Mrs. Collins, pretty pale blue corded silk blouse, with shoulder straps of Maltese lace, black satin skirt; Mrs. Heard, black voile skirt, cream net blouse, with black silk shoulder straps; Miss Brown, black brocade silk, relieved with cream lace; Miss Sladden, rose pink silk; Miss A. Hemp-ton, black silk; Mrs. Fitzherbert, black silk taffetas, relieved with white lace; Mrs. Jack, black silk, Maltese lace berthe; Mrs. Addenbrooke, black net, with lace yoke and sleeves; Mrs. Butler, black net, with sequined berthe; Mrs. Percy Webster, rich black silk taffetas, bodice trimmed with dainty cream lace insertion; Mrs. Claude Weston, black voile, cream lace vest, trimmed with black and white silk strappings; Mrs. H. Fooke, black silk, berthe of white lace; Mrs. J. Wilson, black, trimmed with frills of accordion-pleated chiffon; Mrs. C. Burgess, dainty pale grey voile, with accordion-pleated skirt, bodice trimmed with silk and lace passementerie.

Another of the Misses Humphries'

LONG NIGHTS

was held in the Freemason's Hall last Tuesday evening, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present. A most recherche supper was served in the supper room, the table decorations being camellias and spring bulbs. Amongst those present were: Miss Humphries, black satin trimmed with white chiffon, pale blue opera coat; Miss H. Humphries, rose pink muslin, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss E. O'Brien, pale pink silk, trimmed with bands of moss-green velvet; Miss G. O'Brien, heliotrope silk; Miss Colson, turquoise blue silk finished with white lace; Miss Miller, cream; Mrs. Penn, shell-pink silk with strappings of myrtle green velvet; Miss D. Bedford, cream silk; Miss B. Rennell, black frilled net; Miss Morey, black silk, relieved with scarlet flowers; Miss G. Morey, white silk and lace frills; Miss Saunders, cream silk; Miss Haganson, black frilled net; Miss Carroll, pretty black net, trimmed with nixon silk bands, white lace berthe, relieved with scarlet roses; Miss Capel, silk, pale blue ribbon sash; Miss N. Capel, pale heliotrope floral silk muslin with narrow Valenciennes lace trimmings; Miss Hunter (Hamilton), yellow veiled in cream net, with yellow silk sash; Mrs. H. Stocker, white silk and lace frock; Miss A. Crawford, white tuckled silk, pale blue silk Empire belt; Miss Kirky, cream lace frock; Miss E. Collins, pale blue frilled muslin; Miss N. Collins, pale pink silk, trimmed with cream lace.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Last Wednesday evening, at St. Mary's Vicarage, Miss Olive Kelly and Mr. E. Lighthand, who are leaving New Plymouth, were farewelled at a musical evening by members of the choir.

AWFUL AGONY OF ECZEMA ON FACE

And Head was Beyond Words—Suffered for Six Months—One Remedy After Another Failed—Even Medical Aid was Ineffectual.

WAS CURED IN A MONTH BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My trouble started with swelling on my face which became red and very painful and irritating. From there it went to my head and it is impossible for me to give any idea of the agony I went through during the six months that the eczema continued. I tried first one remedy and then another, only too glad to test anything that my friends suggested. Nothing seemed to be of the least good. I went to a doctor several times and his treatment was as ineffectual as the rest. I was almost in despair. One day I read of a similar case of eczema having been cured by the Cuticura Remedies, so I thought I would have at least one more try to get my head and face right. I bought the whole treatment (Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills) and persevered with it for a week. By that time the improvement was apparent to anyone and the relief I felt was great. I continued with the Cuticura Remedies for about a month, using two complete treatments, and I can tell you candidly and heartily that I was cured. I have occasion to have great faith in Cuticura for skin ailments, not only because of the great good it has done me but because of the benefit I know has accrued from its use in other cases. My experience with other remedies for eczema, and I should think I tried them all, enables me to appreciate Cuticura to the full. Miss Maggie Hynes, Eaker, Kilkelly, Mayo, Feb. 13, 1907."

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head—all demand a remedy of extraordinary virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such stands proven by testimonials of remarkable cures when many remedies and even physicians have failed. One set is often sufficient.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Depot, London, 27, Charterhouse Sq., Park St. Rue de la Paix, Australia, H. Towns & Co., Sydney; So Africa, Lewinsohn, Capetown; U.S.A., Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props, Boston.

Do you get the protection offered by **Calvert's** 20% Carbolic Soap.

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

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

Of Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia. Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



Important Notice. Attention is drawn to the fact that Horlick's Malted Milk has been analysed by the Board of Health and admitted free of duty. Chemists, etc. are therefore safe in selling Horlick's and parents are guaranteed a suitable food for children from birth, which contains No Starch.

Of all Chemists and Wholesale Retail Dealers. Sole Proprietors: Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks, Eng.

Mrs. Alexander, who has been visiting her friends in Wellington, returned last week to New Plymouth.

Mr. W. Sheffield, who has been manager in the staff of Messrs. Burgess and Fraser, New Plymouth, for the last nine years, has lately severed his connection with the firm, to enter business on his own account at Waituna East (Wellington), but before leaving was presented by Mr. Fred. Asher (on behalf of the staff) with a handsome silver water kettle, suitably inscribed. Mr. Sheffield made a short but appropriate speech.

NANCY LEE.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, July 31.

On Friday evening

A VERY ENJOYABLE EUCHERE PARTY.

was held in the Athenaeum Hall, the promoters being the lady members of the Bluff Hill Croquet Club. The object was to pay off a small deficit, in which they were most successful. There were over a hundred players, and the Hall presented an animated sight. A delightful supper was provided by the ladies. The prizes were won by Mrs. Lawlor (Hastings), first prize, a handsome photograph frame; Miss May Williams, second prize; and Mrs. Dr. Moore, booty. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Steadman, president of the Club.

Among those present I noticed Mrs. Brabant, black silk and lace gown, trimmed with black jet. Mrs. Steadman wore a black lace over pale green lace, touches of pink and black on bodice; Mrs. Maclernen wore a becoming black velvet dress, with point lace on bodice; Mrs. Machary, pink brocade trimmed with moss green velvet, silver spangled scarf; Mrs. Bilton, black taffeta, berthe of white lace on bodice; Mrs. Baker, lovely pink and green flowered chiffon frock, trimmed with gold embroidery, knots of moss green velvet; Mrs. Triggs, dainty white frock trimmed with white velvet; Mrs. W. Brabant, pale green chiffon blouse, black taffeta skirt; Mrs. H. Newton, white taffeta dress, the bodice prettily trimmed with peacock blue velvet; Mrs. Riddel, black lace gown, touches of scarlet, scarlet bows in hair; Mrs. A. Kennedy wore a handsome black taffeta dress, ecru lace vest, touches of pale pink; Mrs. Smallbone, white lace dress, touches of black velvet; Mrs. Baxter, pale blue taffeta; Mrs. Crawshaw, peacock blue satin, trimmed with point lace; Mrs. A. Williams, pretty pale blue silk, trimmed with pale pink velvet and lace; Mrs. Hill, black lace trimmed with black velvet; Mrs. Lawlor, all black satin gown; Miss F. Morecroft, white flounced muslin, pale blue rosettes on bodice; Miss Hill, white, brocade, kimono bodice over white lace; Mrs. Wright, white and black striped taffeta frock, touches of pale blue; Miss E. Hill, dainty pale green taffeta, trimmed with white net; Miss McLean, pale blue taffeta blouse, black skirt, white cloth coat with Paisley trimmings; Miss Neville, white net frock, trimmed with pale blue velvet and silver tassels; Miss Shaw, white muslin dress, trimmed with lace; Miss Sheath, white embroidered silk blouse, black skirt; Miss May Williams wore a cream net frock, trimmed with rose pink velvet; Miss Broadbent, pale blue taffeta; Miss McVay, pale pink flowered chiffon frock, touches of violet on bodice, flowered chiffon scarf; Miss J. McVay, pale pink frock trimmed with lace; Miss Graham, white lace frock, pale pink roses on bodice, pretty chiffon scarf; Miss Locking wore scarlet taffeta; Miss Smallbone, eau de nil chiffon taffeta, trimmed with white lace, touches of rose pink on bodice and in hair; Miss Hetley, pink ninon de soie, deep berthe of cream lace; Miss Kennedy, cream frock, touches of pale blue, forget-me-nots in hair; Miss Robohns, pretty pink crepe de chine, panopie of Paris lace on skirt, wreath of pink roses in hair; Miss Bowman, white lace blouse, black skirt; Miss Palmer, grey and white striped muslin dress, white lace under bodice; Miss Riddel, becoming all black frock; Miss Ellison looked charming in a white frock, pale pink roses; Mrs. Tylo, smart black frock; Miss Grudly, pretty white lace dress; Miss Macdonald, white frock, scarlet opera coat; Miss Miller, pale pink embroidered muslin; Miss Paisley wore white silk; Miss Green, black taffeta with a berthe of point lace; Miss Gillies, pale pink satin, pink roses; Miss Newbold, black taffeta, trimmed with white lace; Miss Newbold, white

MARJORY.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, July 31.

On Friday a match, played on THE BELMONT LINKS,

between the Ladies' Club and a number of players from Palmerston North, resulted in a win for the local club. Lunch and afternoon tea were provided at the golf house. Unfortunately, after lunch, a heavy shower of rain somewhat spoilt the day's outing. Amongst those on the links were:—Mrs. and Miss Munro (Palmerston), Mrs. Barnicoat, Mrs. Good, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Innes (Palmerston), Mrs. L. Abraham (Palmerston), Mrs. Brookfield; Mrs. James Watt, Mrs. H. Bayley, Mrs. Mackay, Miss Dalrymple (Bulls), Mrs. H. Abraham (Palmerston), Mrs. A. Izard, Miss Anderson, Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Miss Wilford, Miss Moore, Miss Cave, Miss Darley, Mrs. Paterson, Miss O'Brien (Palmerston), Mrs. Sim (Palmerston), Mrs. Fitzherbert (Palmerston), Mrs. Surjeant, Miss N. Cowper, Miss A. Cowper, Miss Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Warburton (Palmerston), Miss Stanford, Miss Dugan, Mrs. Howarth, Mrs. Izett, Miss Hawken, Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Mrs. Frankish (Christchurch), Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Hawke.

Last Wednesday the golf match for the two best cards returned on consecutive Wednesday was concluded. The prizes were given by Mrs. Lomax. In the senior division Miss Hawken and Miss Nixon tied. Miss H. Bates won the junior. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. Allison and Miss O'Brien. Amongst those present were:—Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. O'God, Mrs. Gonville Saunders, Mrs. John Anderson, Miss C. Anderson, Miss E. Anderson, Mrs. Hawke, Miss Bates, Mrs. Izett, Miss Moore, Miss Cave, Miss Wilford, Miss Darley, Miss Cowper, Miss Knapp, Miss E. Anderson, Miss O'Brien, Miss Thomas (Greymouth), Miss N. Cowper, Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Miss Hawken, Miss Dymock.

PERSONALS.

Miss Morton Jones, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to relatives in Wellington.

Miss Russell, of Christchurch, who has been staying with relatives in the Wanganui district, has returned to the South.

Miss Barnicoat, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Australia.

Miss Moore, of Hawera, who has been staying in Wanganui, has gone to Rangitikei on a visit to friends.

Mrs. Montgomerie, of Wanganui, is staying with friends in Wellington.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle, of Wanganui, are at present in Wellington.

Miss Dalrymple, of Rangitikei, is the guest of Mrs. Innes in Wanganui.

Mrs. and Miss Munro, of Palmerston North, have been staying in Wanganui.

Mrs. Russell, of New Plymouth, is staying in Wanganui with her mother, Mrs. Stanford.

Mrs. R. Aldworth, of Rangitikei, has been staying in Wanganui for a few days.

Mrs. Pharyzyn, of Wanganui, has gone to Napier for visit to her daughter, Mrs. Steadman.

Miss Empson, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to friends in Hawke's Bay.

Miss R. Acland, of Canterbury, is staying in Wanganui with her sister, Mrs. Empson.

"HUIA."

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, July 31.

Already quite a number of people are en route to Auckland for the gaieties of Fleet Week, and I hear rumours of some lovely dresses which are being packed with a view to wearing them at the State Ball. Elsewhere I tell you of the party who intend to brave the excitements and adventures of the unfinished Main Trunk route. Most of the travellers, however, will go up by the West Coast, and prefer the risk of a bad sea voyage to being snowed up.

Sayer's Court has been the scene of much hospitality since Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bell have been living there. On Thursday there was

A BIG AFTERNOON TEA, and many guests were entertained by Mrs. Bell and her daughters. The rooms

are many and spacious, so there was no overcrowding. The decorations were mainly daffodils, set in silver and china bowls, and interspersed with violets. Two rooms were used for tea and coffee, and a third for chocolate; while in the billiard room Melba and Terazzini could be heard on the gramophone. Mrs. Bell received her guests in the drawing-room, wearing blue eolienne with a rucked bodice, draped with lace and net; Miss Enid Bell wore white voile with a net blouse having heavy applications of guipure lace; her younger sister was also in white with a blouse of chine ribbon and lace; Mrs. Harold Johnston, black chiffon taffetas, lace vest and black picture hat; Mrs. Hector Rulleston, pastel cloth tailor-made with yoke of lace; Mrs. A. Duncan, striped tweed tailor-made and hat with wings; Mrs. O'Connor, black taffetas and lace; Mrs. C. Pharyzyn, blue and green taffetas and a picture hat of blue with a long white plume; Lady Miller was in black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Johnston, black chiffon taffetas, lace yoke, and black hat with tips; Miss Elsie Joseph, brown and white striped taffetas with a lace yoke and long wrinkled sleeves of brown chiffon, brown picture hat; Mrs. Johnston, black chiffon taffetas with a yoke of ecru filet lace and a black hat; Mrs. Duncan, black chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs. Edwin, black crepe de chine and long seal coat; Mrs. Brandon, dark green cloth and green hat.

It is difficult to do justice to the success of

THE LADIES' NIGHT GIVEN BY THE SAVAGE CLUB.

No end of trouble had been taken, and by the end of the programme the audience was weak and limp with laughing and applauding. The members of the Club, clad in their best war-paint, made a most imposing entrance, Professor Easterfield being the chief savage. Mr. von Haast's topical song on the subject of society correspondents was received with an ovation, and there was much laughter over his suggestion:

"Why shouldn't we have chronicles, so quaintly to record

What was worn at every keroreo by members of our horde?

I'm sure such information on the garb of every beau

Would be read by all the squaws at our savage keroreo!"

Lady Ward wore black chiffon velours with a berthe of lace and embroideries of cut jet; Mrs. Easterfield, white brocade; Mrs. Fowlds, black lace and net over ivory silk; Mrs. Baume, pink crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Picken, black taffetas and Honiton lace; Mrs. von Haast, pale grey satin with berthe of lace; Dr. Elizabeth Gunn, white taffetas with touches of gold; Dr. Agnes Bennett, white eolienne and lace; Miss Prouse, black crepe de chine and lace; Miss Beauchamp, ivory satin with lace frills; Miss C. Beauchamp, ecru lace and net over lace; Miss Simpson, pink eolienne; Miss Bendall, pale pink crystalline; Miss Wylie, eau de Nil crepe de chine; Mrs. Dykes, black net with a sheath skirt of overlapping black sequins; Mrs. Firth, mauve chiffon taffetas with berthe of lace; Mrs. Elder, black taffetas, embroidered in jet; Miss Elder, white and pink taffetas; Mrs. Myers, rose-coloured chiffon glace with lace bretelles; Mrs. Fitchett, grey chiffon taffetas, relieved with chine silk; Miss Kember, vivid red satin with medallions of ecru guipure; Mrs. A. Ballance, black chiffon taffetas and jet; Miss Hardinge-Malby, blue chiffon, veiled in tambour lace and net; Miss Putman, eau de Nil crepe de chine and lace; Miss Rubi Seddon, white mousseline de soie; Mrs. Newton, white chiffon taffetas and lace.

Luncheon parties have sprung very much into favour lately, and several big affairs have been given at hotels. Mrs. J. Williams was hostess at one on Thursday, when the floral decorations were particularly good. Broad ribbons of orange, red, and green were stretched across the tables and tied in big flat bows at the corners, while the centre was done with rush baskets of vivid-hued berries. It was a daring scheme of colour, and immensely effective. Mrs. Williams wore wine-coloured ninon de soie, the yoke being of Irish crepe in a deep ecru shade, her toque was composed of shaded dahlias in the same rich tones. The guests included Mrs. Baume (Auckland), in "pale pink cloth" with a lace vest and a black picture hat; Mrs. Galloy (Dunedin), in a navy cloth, braid-

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DOES NOT SHRINK.

The ideal Material for Children's Frocks, Sleeping Suits, &c.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

To be obtained from the Leading Drapers.

The Melbourne Leader says: "For Children's Clothes Viyella is a joy"

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

Three days' treatment with Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery entirely cured me of a severe cold on the chest. I can heartily recommend it, writes John W. Riall, Hon. Sec. of the Melbourne Press Assoc., and Publisher of the Port Melbourne "Standard."

ed, and worn with a smart hat; Mrs. Seaton (Sydney), ivory cloth and a petunia-tinted hat with shaded purple flowers; Mrs. Major (Hawera), navy cloth and hat with wings; Mrs. Turnbull (Dunedin), black chiffon taffetas and Irish lace; Miss McNeil, tweed tailor-made and coral hat; Mrs. Kennedy, black crepe de chine and lace; Mrs. Fitchett, grey chiffon gace and lace yoke; Mrs. Chaffey, black tailor-made, braided, and black picture hat; Mrs. Moss, dark blue cloth and blue hat with wings.

There were many guests at the LUNCHEON PARTY

given on Tuesday by Mrs. Louisson, who, with her daughter, has come up from Christchurch for the Session. The tables were decorated in shades of mauve and purple, violets being the most in evidence, interspersed with freesias and sprays of copper beech. Mrs. Louisson wore mauve souple cloth with touches of velvet and yoke and sleeves of richly-embroidered net, her mauve hat was wreathed with flowers and lined with cerise chiffon; Miss Louisson was in mulberry taffetas with a yoke of delicate filet lace; Lady Ward wore grey blue cloth with a lace jabot, and a vieux rose toque with a pink plume; Mrs. Walter Nathan, tabac brown cloth with velvet revers, and a brown picture hat; Mrs. J. Joseph, black crepe de chine and lace, black hat with long white plume; Mrs. David Nathan, rose pink crepe de chine with wheat-ear embroidery in gold bordering the lace yoke, white picture hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. M. Myers, brown taffetas with yoke of ecru filet net, brown hat with many coloured choux; Mrs. Baume, pink cloth and large black hat; Mrs. Knox Gilmer, amethyst cloth with lace vest, and black picture hat; Miss Rutherford (Canterbury), white cloth tailor-made and white hat with wings; Mrs. R. Brown, grey tailor-made and green hat; Mrs. Ross, grey tweed and toque with roses.

MUSIC AND PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE

were the principal amusements at a party given on Tuesday by Miss Kember. The hostess wore white crystalline, bordered with gold tissue, and softened with lace; her mother was in black taffetas, embroidered in jet; Miss Eileen Ward, pastel ninon with epaulettes of lace; Mrs. McLean, chiffon taffetas with lace sleeves and vest and touches of embroidery; Miss Fulton, eau de Nil taffetas with lace, vest touched with gold; Miss Simpson, pastel messaline and lace; Miss Jones, orchid mauve messaline with lace berthe. Among the guests were several officers of H.M.S. Encounter.

At Mrs. Tweed's tea on Friday a number of guests came on from a similar function at Mrs. Bell's. Mrs. Tweed wore black velvet and ivory lace; Miss Tweed was in white crystalline.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE R.N.Z. ARTILLERY. (WELLINGTON: GARRISON)

came off with much success in the Town Hall on Friday night. Military weapons were interspersed with the gay red and white of the Jockey-Club Ball (which was held the night before), and the variety of smart uniforms added to the ensemble. Among those present were Colonel and Mrs. Webb, the latter wearing grey brocade with touches of black; Miss Webb, poppy red silk; Miss Robin, pale green taffeta, veiled in ivory lace and sequins; Mrs. Hume, black crepe de chine; Miss Butta, tambour lace with pale blue choux; Mrs. Gilmer, flowered taffetas and lace; Mrs. F. M. B. Fisher, rose pink brocade; Miss Beauchamp, floral silk and lace; Mrs. Frank, black crepe de chine with berthe of lace.

Mrs. Newman given

A VERY PLEASANT LITTLE TEA

on Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. J. G. Wilson and her daughter (Rangitiki), who are spending a few days in town. The tea table was a mass of lovely long-stemmed violets, in low silver vases. Mrs. Newman wore a graceful gown of cream cloth, the bodice draped with handsome lace; Mrs. Wilson, black silk grenadine over cream chiffon taffetas with touches of pink on the bodice; Miss Wilson, smart frock of pale pink silk edienne, bodice of cream lace with strappings of pink silk, pale blue hat with pink and blue flowers; Mrs. Buchanan, cream serge, hat with green bows; Mrs. J. Stidholme, blue cloth with black velvet bands and buttons, large white hat; Mrs. Heaton Rhodes (Christchurch),

navy blue skirt and Eton coat with Oriental embroideries, cream lace vest; Mrs. Moorhouse, black tailor-made; Mrs. H. Crawford, prune tailor-made, white fur, black hat with white tips; Mrs. A. Crawford, smart gown of natter blue cloth with white strappings and vest; Miss B. Fitzgerald, blue voile with brestelles of lace and silk; Miss Mentestah, cornflower blue with folded bodice, lace vest and sleeves; Miss Duncan, grey Venetian cloth, grey hat, and furs; Mrs. Duncan, black braided gown, black and white hat; Mrs. O'Connor, black with sealokin coat, violet bonnet; Miss Barron, cream serge coat and skirt; Mrs. Head, dark grey tailor-made, smart toque; Mrs. C. Johnston, black gown, hemmed with velvet, sealokin coat, small toque. Others present were Mesdames A. Duncan, Ineson, McTavish, Fitzgerald, Barron, Menzies, Misses Coates, Holmes and McTavish.

The Ministerial residence in Tinakiroad was the scene of

A BIG "AT HOME"

on Thursday, when Mrs. Hall-Jones entertained a number of her friends. Pink camellias decked the tea table, and trails of green smilax were placed about the centre piece. Mrs. Hall-Jones wore black chiffon taffetas with a vest of lace and net; Miss Hall-Jones was in pale blue ninon with net sleeves; Mrs. Christie, pale pink taffetas and lace; Lady Ward wore blue souple cloth with lace jabot, and a picture hat; Lady Steward was in black chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs. Donne, white and black taffetas and black picture hat; Mrs. Tringham, pale pink cloth with delicate embroideries and pink picture hat with feathers; Mrs. Rutherford, white cloth tailor-made; Miss Rutherford, white edienne and lace; Mrs. Macarthy, natter blue tailor-made and hat with pink roses; Miss Gill, navy cloth and black hat; Mrs. Hamer, ciel blue cloth, lace jabot, and a pale blue picture hat; Mrs. Seddon, black edienne with medallions of black guipure; Miss Seddon, black tailor-made and black hat; Miss Cooper, Wedgwood blue, tailor-made and hat with roses; Mrs. Dyer, grey tweed, lace blouse and black hat.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Next Wednesday is the date fixed for the marriage of Miss Avis Edwin and Colonel D'Arcy Chaytor. The bridesmaids are to be Misses Macintosh, Morrah, Otterson and Chaytor.

Colonel and Mrs. Gorton (Bulls) are in town to meet their son (Mr. Denis Gorton), who has been away five years in Argentina and England.

Among energetic people who are making the overland journey to Auckland for Fleet Week are Sir Joseph and Lady Ward and their daughter, the Hon. Dr. Findlay and Mrs. Findlay, the Hon. G. Fowlds and Mrs. Fowlds, Mrs. and Miss Louison (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. Izard, Mr. and Mrs. Baume, Mrs. and Miss Sinclair (Dunedin), Miss Rufi Seddon. Others going North are Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, Mrs. Mason and Colonel D'Arcy Chaytor.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Riddiford are expected back from Japan next Wednesday.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, July 31.

A PROGRESSIVE BRIDGE PARTY

for girls was given on Saturday evening by Mrs. Beswick at her residence, Park Terrace. The hostess, who received her guests in the drawing-room, wore a charming frock of pale pink French muslin with silk underskirt, the bodice trimmed with lace; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, pinafore gown of purple silk with chemise-like of cream lace; Miss Denniston, vieux rose delaine and cream net; Miss Humphreys, cream striped grenadine trimmed with lace and touches of old rose velvet; Miss Agnes Humphreys, an Empire frock of pale heliotrope edienne; Miss Cook, pink and white floral muslin; Miss Cracroft Wilson, green crepe de chine with fichu of net and lace; Miss Macdonald, nut brown ninon relieved with white and touches of pale blue; Miss Symes, pink and white Rural net with insertions of lace and pink ribbon; Miss Hill, black crepe de chine; Miss E. Hill, black net with satin ruchings; Miss Campbell, pale green silk and lace; Miss Anderson, mauve and white muslin, mauve sash; Miss C. Kettle, cream silk with gold belt. The first prize, a book, beautifully bound in green suede, was



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won by Miss Humphreys. The second, a pretty belt buckle, was won by Miss Symes, and the booby prize, a purse, was won by Miss Campbell.

AN AFTERNOON PARTY

was given by Miss Betty Meares at "Fendalton" on Wednesday, to a number of her girl friends. Amongst those present were Miss Humphreys, Miss A. Humphreys, Miss Denniston, the Misses Devonish Meares, Miss Jessie Wilkin, Miss Anderson and Miss Campbell.

THE COLLEGE RIFLES' DANCE

took place in the Art Gallery, Armagh-street, on Friday evening. There was a large attendance, and the affair passed off most successfully. The ball-room looked very gay with its decorations and hanging baskets of pot plants. Most of the volunteer officers present wore their uniforms; Mrs. Hawkins was in pale primrose silk and lace; Miss Hawkins, an Empire frock of white crepe de chine and lace, with red geraniums; Mrs. Collins, black radium silk; Miss Barker, black satin; Miss V. Barker, mauve and pink floral delaine with pale pink ribbons; Mrs. Alfred Evans, gown of heliotrope satin; Miss Meredith Kaye, pale blue chiffon taffeta; Miss D. Holmes (Raikaia) white embroidered silk, belt and shoulder straps of pale blue velvet; Miss Ferguson, white muslin frock with red belt and red flowers; Miss B. Ferguson, pale heliotrope silk; Miss Muriel Allen, pale yellow Liberty satin gown; Mrs. Gerald Russell, pale

yellow silk strapped with black velvet; Miss H. Gardner (Dunedin), soft white silk; Miss Murray, pale blue chiffon taffeta and white lace; Miss McFarlane (Victoria), pale pink silk and velvet; Miss Spooner, black lace over black silk; Miss Croxton, pale pink crepe de chine; Miss E. Croxton, pink chiffon taffeta and cream lace; Miss Bain, rose pink kimono frock with sleeves of pink and white striped chiffon and trimmed with rose pink velvet; Miss St. Veley, pale green silk and white lace; Miss Wilson, eau de nil silk and lace; Miss Bruce, white muslin with pale blue silk; Miss N. Guthrie, pale blue chiffon taffeta with cream lace and violets; Miss Duncan, pink and white floral muslin worn over pale yellow silk; Mrs. Parker, black satin; Miss Garrick, black satin with silver sequins; Miss Waldegrave (Master-ton), green pongee silk trimmed with velvet and lace; Miss Collins, Empire frock of white muslin with lace insertions; Miss A. Collins, a pretty cream dress; Miss E. Thompson, white muslin and gold braid; Miss Cook, white silk and lace; Miss Williamson, white embroidered muslin and pink flowers; Miss Simms, white chiffon taffeta trimmed with ruchings of net, edged with pale pink ribbon; Miss B. Corley, green nun's veiling and white lace; Miss Thomas, white silk frock with bands of pale yellow silk and black velvet flowers; Miss Jennings, white silk; Miss Dobson, pale blue voile and lace; Miss C. Dobson, white muslin with pale blue silk belt; Miss Wallace, pale blue silk; Miss Ma-

ture, pale blue radium silk; Miss Allard, pale lemon satin trimmed with white tulle.

AN AFTERNOON TEA

was given by Mrs. Beckett at Fendalton on Wednesday, July 29, in honour of Mrs. Butterworth (Dunedin). Mrs. Beckett wore a fawn Eton costume, relieved with green; Mrs. Sanders, black silk dress, black bonnet; Mrs. Withnall, black costume, with lace yoke; Mrs. Julius, brown cloth braided with black, small sealetta coat, black and white bonnet; Mrs. C. C. Bowen, black silk dress, velvet mantle, edged with fur, black bonnet with pansies; Mrs. Butterworth, gown of black cashmere, heliotrope scarf and fur toque; Mrs. Neave, black brocade, black bonnet with pink flowers; Mrs. George Harris, black coat and skirt, black toque with mauve feathers; Mrs. Way, dark tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. John Deans, costume of purple cloth and chiffon velvet, purple velvet hat; Mrs. Charles Clark, handsome black gown, black and white bonnet; Mrs. Michael Campbell, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs. Brittan, costume of dark blue checked cloth, black and white hat; Mrs. Percy Cox, black and white striped cloth coat and skirt, heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. George Hamner, costume of green frieze, green hat; Mrs. Westera, a brown tweed coat and skirt, hat with brown wings; Mrs. Symes, navy blue cloth costume, blue hat; Mrs. Bowden, coat and skirt of petunia cloth, toque to

match; Mrs. Arthur Bennett, sage green tweed costume, green and brown bag; Mrs. Teesbaker, dark tweed dress, sealetta coat, hat with heliotrope flowers; Mrs. Archer, costume of dark cloth, black and white toque.

A BRIDGE PARTY

was given on Saturday by Mrs. Nan-carrow, Armagh-street. Those present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Condell, Mrs. Michael Campbell, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Cory Thomas, Miss Cook, Miss Ned-will, and Miss Campbell.

OTHER HOSTESSES OF THE WEEK

were: Mrs. C. Reid, who gave a bridge party at Riccarton, and Mrs. H. Knight (Armagh-street), who gave a small "at home" in honour of Dr. Eleanor Baker.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Tripp (Orari) are spending a few days in Christchurch. Miss Sise (Dunedin), after paying a round of visits in the North, is now in Christchurch, the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. Reid (Riccarton).

Miss Macdonald (Christchurch) is staying with friends in Timaru. The Misses Wood (Christchurch) are going to Auckland for the American fleet week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Macdonald (Christchurch) have gone for a trip to the North Island.

DOLLY VALE.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The Famous Remedy for Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Asthma & Consumption

BRONCHITIS and PNEUMONIA Cured by HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

After other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir.—From a strict sense of duty I feel that I should publish the following statement, so that others may know what to do when the awful fact is evident that a life is in danger of being lost.—In September, 1906, my little girl, aged at that time 3 years, contracted Measles, and in the following October was attacked by Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Congestion of the Lungs. She was attended by a legally qualified doctor of high standing, but his treatment was not successful in arresting the progress of the illness. On Saturday, the 21st October, 1906, he said that her life was in danger—that there was very little hope for her. For eight days and nights she had been prostrated by Cough, Pain and Fever, and was lying like a statue, unconscious. At this stage I was persuaded by a friend to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, with its auxiliary medicine for the Fever and Congestion of the Lungs, as directed in the Catalogue of Medicines which accompanies each bottle of the Bronchitis Cure. I gave the medicine as directed, and there was an improvement from the first dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. The improvement continued after each dose of the medicine. In a week she was perfectly free from the Pneumonia, Congestion, Cough, Pain and Fever, and was well, except that she was 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. GARDNER,
Fall-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,
Reddy 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 patient's case, quite bear what treatment was successful in curing a serious and complicated case when the medicine, directions and treatment of a legally qualified doctor had failed, state as follows:—

My son, Henry M'Kee, then aged 8 years, had been attended by a legally qualified doctor, who pronounced him to be suffering from Pneumonia, Pleurisy and a stoppage of the passing of Urine. Under the doctor's treatment the child gradually got worse, and the doctor pronounced the case hopeless. He told me that the child could not live. At this stage I obtained from Mr. W. G. Hearne, Chemist, of Geelong, a bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and gave it to the child, according to the directions which accompany each bottle of it. The child improved after the second dose of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and 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. 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 have been tried, but without benefit. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent to you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived, I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved.—I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks. Yours gratefully,
W. WESTMINSTER, Bridge-road, S.E., London.

BRONCHITIS and PLEURISY.

A Severe Case Cured by Two Bottles of
HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

After Other Treatment had Failed.

Mr. Hearne, Chemist, Geelong.
Dear Sir.—Some months ago, in Sydney, I suffered from a severe attack of influenza, and was confined to my room for about a week, at the end of which time, feeling somewhat better, I got up and tried to transact my business as usual. But I got up too soon, for the very next day I had a relapse, and suffered tortures from what the doctor told me was pleurisy and bronchitis. The pain from the former in my chest and shoulders was frightful, and for four long weeks I was confined to my bed under the care of a well-known Sydney doctor, and all the time his medicine gave me but temporary relief. The landlady of the hotel (the Cleveland), where I resided, told me of a medicine—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure—from Victoria, which had cured her of a bad attack of bronchitis and pains in the chest, and begged of me to try it. I did so, and, in thanks and gratitude to you, tell you that, after the second bottle, my cough had ceased; but what is more astonishing, the pain from pleurisy entirely left me, and in about a week I was able to attend to my duties as usual.—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, writes:—"After suffering from asthma for seventeen years, and having been under a great many different treatments without benefit, I was induced to try Hearne's Medicine for Asthma. After taking three bottles of this medicine I quite got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was the beginning of 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 felt for years—in fact, I feel splendid."
C. WISEN, Meredith, Victoria.

Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the unsuspecting, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects that HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure has. Consequently it has become necessary to draw your attention to this fact, and to request you in your own interests to be particular to ask for HEARNE'S, and see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1A does NOT contain any Morphine or any Opium whatever. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.

THE WORLD OF FASHION

BY MARGUERITE

THE BECOMING PRINCESS SLIP.

The Princess Slip has been growing in favour ever since it was introduced as a part of the princess gown outfit. It was found so unusually becoming that many persons have adopted it altogether for afternoon and evening wear, instead of the separate petticoat and corset cover. It does away with all unnecessary fulness around the waist and hips, and also has the great advantage of always staying properly together and requiring comparatively little attention in the putting on. A perfectly fitting princess slip is a marvellous aid to the figure, and the costume also gains immensely in style and fit if the underslip fits perfectly. Almost all slips are now fastened in the back, although some persons prefer to have them fastened up the side, and for certain frocks it is even possible to have the slip fasten in front, which is convenient if one is obliged to dress without a maid. But, alas! it is very rarely practicable, for most frocks demand the slip fastened in the back.

Narrow laces and small, dainty patterns in embroidery are now considered correct for the decoration of the princess slip. The same design is used on the bodices and the flounces of the skirt, except that the bodice trimming is usually made perfectly flat, so as not to interfere with the lines of the outer bodice. The skirt flounces, on the contrary, are always more attractive when there is something quite fluffy in their decoration.

Many of the white slips to be worn with gowns of pale colours—pink, blue, etc.—are trimmed with narrow Valenciennes and Olney and with delicate

The lingerie flounce still continues popular for these slips, especially for those to be worn with frocks of an elaborate nature.

Most attractive are the styles this season for the afternoon frocks for girls from twelve to seventeen years of age. The apparent simplicity of the models is most becoming to any girl, and the colours and fabrics seem to be especially suitable this year to bright complexions and clear skins, while the fashions are not so involved or complex as is sometimes the case.

More and more is it noticeable that time and thought are bestowed upon this question of fashions for young girls, and no longer are the same models used for young and old, as was done a few years

since. On the contrary, the line is most distinctly and definitely drawn, and it is considered quite as incongruous for a young girl to be dressed like an older woman as it is for the older woman to be dressed like the young girl. Certain styles certain colours and certain fabrics are assigned to each, and the rules are extremely strict in regard to what is correct for each.

Blue, pink, cerise, tan and grey are all youthful colours and are extremely becoming to young girls, but mauve and purple in the more exaggerated and darker shades of brown are relegated to the older women. A pearl or silver grey is becoming to and suitable for young girls, but all the shades of steel or dark grey are inappropriate.

The old-fashioned cashmere that was so popular years ago is once again coming into fashion—it always has been and

is a most attractive material for the style of frock suitable to a girl and is to be found in all shades of colour. There are many varieties of voile and a cotton crepon that is most inexpensive, is effective and durable. It is rather hard to decide upon materials for school girls' frocks in one way. While they are not required to wear any length of time, they must at all events be well woven, so as to stand the hard wear they will receive during their short term of usefulness.

This year the fichu and bertha of embroidery that are worn are a great aid in making a simple frock look smart, and the touches of narrow velvet ribbon are also useful and effective. Older women are always being told to study their lines when choosing their clothes, and young girls should do the same.

The fichu draped in bertha effect around the shoulders gives breadth; put on in different style, like the every day fichu, it adds height and slenderness. A wide bodice is becoming to some figures; a narrow belt is more becoming to others. It is not necessary that every change in fashion be slavishly copied by the school girl, who can and should have a distinctive style of her own, and yet if any really marked change of fashion rules the world of dress it is reflected, but always in a modified form, in the young girl's outfit.

Skirts are more generally becoming if made with some fulness. The tight fitting, many gored skirt, is not satisfactory or smart, and is, in truth, not well adapted to a girlish figure. At the same time care must be taken not to have the skirts too full, and if there



NARROW LACES AND EMBROIDERIES TRIM THE SILK SLIP.

little embroideries in colour. The skirt shown in Figure 2 is trimmed in this fashion. Vertical insertions of Valenciennes are set in in a row across the lower part of the bodice, and above this are little vertical embroideries of sweet peas in delicate pink and green.

The skirt flares very much at the bottom, and the lower part has two flounces set in, one above the other, the upper one being cut out in deep points around the bottom. Both of these flounces are trimmed with vertical insertions of Valenciennes, those on the lower flounce being set on at regular intervals. The insertions on the upper flounce are set on in groups of three to trim each point. Above this trimming there were the delicate sweet pea vines, as on the bodice, all put on to run up and down.



COSTUME IN CHAMPAGNE-COLOURED SHANTUNG SILK AND WHITE CHIFFON.

Hat of very pale blue chiffon with long white feather; pale blue sunshade.



JIRI'S FROCK.

are gathers, shirring or tucks, they must be most carefully worked out, otherwise the hips are made to look too large. The double skirt is rarely to be seen for young girls, and the pleated skirt, in the many variations that are so fashionable, is the most generally popular of all. The favourite double skirt is made on the double flounce, order, for there is one wide flounce on the drop skirt, and then the upper skirt, cut on the same lines, hangs over it. The objection to the double skirt or overskirt is that it cuts the figure and makes a girl look so much shorter, and at the moment it is fashionable for girls as well as older women to look tall and slender.



GIRL'S FROCK.



SMART FROCK IN SATIN CHARMEUSE.

The latest notes from Paris show unmistakably that the close fitting and sheath-like skirt, with a semi-Empire effect at the back, remains still very high in fashion's favour, while they also demonstrate in a remarkable degree the charm of the long flowing lines, and the beautiful embroideries which will be so pleasantly characteristic of the modes of the immediate future.

The beauty of the latest metallic embroideries, most artistically arranged and used with discreet reserve, is admirably illustrated in the lovely frock mirably illustrated in the lovely frock of soft satin charmeuse shown in the accompanying illustration. This charming gown is carried out in a wonderful shade of pale flame-colour, shot with a warmer tone, and reminding one of the tints which are seen in the heart of a gloire de Dijon rose. Round the hem of the skirt there is a trellis-work of embroidery, with large roses at intervals in raised metallic tissues, in which copper, silver, and aluminium are cleverly combined.

On the bodice, which shows the very latest shape for smart frocks of this description, the same embroideries are repeated, adorned with heavy encrustations of raised roses; while the chemisette and under sleeves are of ivory-white net and lace, with narrow strappings of flame-coloured satin, each one tied with a tiny ribbon bow. With this gown, a very becoming hat, in a dark shade of copper-coloured straw, which looks almost purple in the light. This hat is trimmed in front with draperies of spotted net to match the colour of the straw, caught in the centre with a mass of roses, and trimmed high with clusters of shaded primulas.

New Materials for Spring Attire.

In their enthusiasm for stripes, yet not unmindful of the popularity of spotted fabrics, the manufacturers have designed combinations of the two upon one material. I examined several of the latest fabrics produced for spring, and early summer wear the other day, and found among them the old-time favourite foulard, a silk always distinguished for its elegance and refinement. In one instance, upon an oyster-white surface were showered clusters of tiny blue spots, which at the foot of the skirt were magnified enormously, so that the deluge looked like one of sixpences. Another pattern showed stripes of raspberry pink separated by bands of

spots of a darker shade, and I observed also an exceedingly smart cloth with chevron stripes divided by clusters of vertical ones—a scheme rather more curious than beautiful, and provocative of despair to the ordinary dressmaker, who would justifiably regard such a piece of material as full of mental disturbance as a Chinese puzzle.



DAINTY EVENING CLOAK.

The Millinery of the Moment.

Long ostrich feathers grouped together gracefully, so that as many as six or seven are sometimes employed to make one magnificent "panache" for the sole adornment of a large hat in crinoline or fine chip, will undoubtedly remain a favourite form of trimming all through the season, and one which has everything to recommend it, except perhaps its costliness. Setting aside this consideration, however, one can but admire the lovely curves which these long feathers take, and the air of graceful elegance which they never fail to give to the large picture hats with the new high crowns and wide flat brims sweeping upwards at the side and yet bending down over the hair at the back. Sometimes three ostrich plumes are seen in three totally different shades on one and the same hat, but there is a considerable risk in thus mixing one's colours, and the most successful of the feather-trimmed hats are undoubtedly those in which the ostrich plumes are of the same tone as the straw or crinoline of which the shape is made.

- LINSEED COMPOUND, 'The Stockport Remedy' for Croup and Colds. Of 40 years' proven efficacy.
- LINSEED COMPOUND, for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, &c.
- LINSEED COMPOUND, for Coughs and Colds. Of proven efficacy for Bronchial Irritation.
- LINSEED COMPOUND, for Coughs and Colds. Relieves Asthma and difficult breathing.
- LINSEED COMPOUND, of 40 years' proven efficacy for Coughs, Colds, and difficulty of breathing.
- COACULINE, KLINX, TENASITINE. Cements for broken and other articles.
- MOUNTAIN FLAX ('Linnam Catharticum' Trade mark) PILLS. An Agreeable Aperient. Worth a trial.
- LINSEED COMPOUND. Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed for Coughs and Colds.



WARNER'S

Rust Proof Corsets.

EVERY PAIR
Guaranteed, with
"Security" Rubber
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porters attached.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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GIRL'S SPRING COAT.

THE FINAL TOUCH OF PERFECTION.

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AUCKLAND.



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges, are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your many cousins? I often read with great interest the cousins' letters, especially Cousin Hilda's interesting letters on her travels. What a delightful trip she must have had. Don't you think so, Cousin Kate? Would you please send me a badge, Cousin Kate? I should prefer a blue badge, if you have any. Blue is my favourite colour. Do you collect postcards, Cousin Kate? I do, and think it a grand pastime. Have you ever been to Foston, Cousin Kate? It is a pretty little place, I think. There is a big hill at the back of our paddocks, and one day last week my sister and I went up this hill for a blow. It was a very windy day, and it took us all our time to get up there; arrived at the top, we couldn't stand up, it was so windy. When we came down I started to run, and what with the wind behind me, really, Cousin Kate, I thought I would have broken my neck. Now I must conclude, with best wishes to yourself and cousins.—From Cousin BERYL.

Dear Cousin Beryl,—I shall be delighted for you to join our band, and I will post a badge to you as soon as I can. I am so glad you like the cousins' letters, and I am sure we can all learn a great deal from Cousin Hilda's interesting and instructing letters. No, I don't collect postcards, not because I do not want to, but because I haven't any spare time, and to have a really good collection one needs to give a good deal of time to it. I can quite imagine that you made very good time down the hill with the wind behind you. Doesn't it give one a queer sensation to feel that you cannot stop.—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wonder if I may become one of your cousins. My mother often reads me the cousins' letters out of the "Graphic," and I think they are so nice and interesting. I have a little sister called Rona, and we drive or ride to school every morning. Our little pony is called Spray, and is such a quiet animal. I have only one brother, called Berthon, and he is seven years younger than I am, but already he is great fun to play with, and delights in swinging with me. I am going to try very hard and get a prize at Christmas. I have been asked to dress a doll in aid of a bazaar which is going to be held in September. Will you please send me a badge? Hoping you will find time to answer this letter.—With love to you, from Cousin EILEEN.

Dear Cousin Eileen,—Of course, you may become one of my cousins. I am very pleased indeed to have you, and will send you a badge at once. It must be very nice to have such a quiet little pony as Spray to take you to school every day. Can you drive as well as ride him? I hope you will get a prize at Christmas time,

you are sure to, I think, if you work hard for it. Tell me next time you write how you you get to dress the doll for the bazaar.—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your cousins? I am ten years old, and am in the fifth standard. I go to the Mayfield School. We have just started again after our mid-winter holidays. Will you please send me a blue badge, for which I enclose a stamped envelope? We have just lately taken the "Graphic," and are very pleased with it. The pictures are very good indeed. I have been reading the cousins' letters, and thought I would like to write to you, too. We live very near the hills, and it is very cold here in the winter time. We have a brown, curly-haired dog called Rover, and he is such a good watch-dog. I will now close my short letter, hoping to tell you more next time. With love to yourself and all the other cousins. From Cousin MYRTLE, Canterbury.

Dear Cousin Myrtle,—I shall be very pleased indeed to add your name to our list of cousins, and I hope you will like the badge, which I am forwarding to you by first mail. Were you sorry when the mid-winter holidays were over? I expect you find it dreadfully cold sitting in school all day this weather. How do you manage to keep warm? We think it is quite cold enough in Auckland. Of course, it is not nearly so cold here as it is in Canterbury.—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received your last letter on Friday, and you said it was ages since you got a letter from me. I had written to you three weeks before I got any answer, so I think the letter must have gone astray. I suppose this will be my last letter, as we are leaving here in three weeks' time and are going to town, so I won't be writing to you again for some time; but when we get settled I will write to you again. Buster is quite out of the question with his page this week, but the "Katzenjammer Boys," and the "Daddylike Trio," can't come up to Buster. Well, I have no more news, so I will close this letter, with love to yourself and all the other cousins. From Cousin RENE.

Dear Cousin Rene,—Your last letter certainly must have taken a little trip on its own account, because I answered it immediately. I received it. I wonder where it could have been in the meantime? Are you sure you posted it when you thought you did? I am quite surprised to hear that you are coming to town to live. You must be sure and let me know your new address; and next time you write tell me whether you are coming to Auckland to live for good, or only just for the winter months.—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been reading the "Weekly Graphic" for some months past, and like reading it very much, especially the "Children's Page." I would very much like to have a badge, and be one of your many cousins. I am living in Melbourne, and have never left Victoria in my life time. I hope I am not too far away to correspond with you. I am not a little girl, as perhaps

you may think. I was 15 my last birthday, which was on the 23rd March. I have left school about eight months, and I am working in the office of a well known firm as postal clerk. I like business very much, almost as well as school. Well, dear Cousin Kate, I will conclude with fondest love, hoping you will comply with my wishes. I am, yours sincerely, Cousin ANNIE.

Dear Cousin Annie,—It is very gratifying to hear that the "Graphic" cousins' letters are appreciated so far away from "home," and I shall be delighted to welcome you as one of my cousins. I have several cousins in Australia, and one in South Africa, so you see that distance is no bar to anyone wishing to join our band. Fifteen doesn't seem to be very old for a girl to commence making her own way in the world, but you seem to have been lucky enough to find a billet that suits you, and half the battle is to like one's work, isn't it? I am posting a badge to you, and next time you write, will you tell me what your duties are as "postal clerk"?—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I wish to become one of your cousins, and please will you send me a red badge. I have two pet dogs, one of which is called Muff and the other is called Prince. I have also a pretty little canary. I am only ten years old, and I am in Standard III. I live quite near the school, and I would not like to live very far away from it. The street I live in is very quiet and country-like. From our verandah we can see the Waitemata harbour, and it is a lovely view. We can see all the big ships coming up the harbour. We have a very nice garden and many kinds of plants. I have two sisters, but no brothers. Both my sisters are older than me. I go to the Parnell public school, and I like it very much. I have many play-mates, and I like going to school. We are having our exam. by the inspector, and I hope I will pass. I like our teacher very much. My favourite subjects are spelling, arithmetic, writing, composition and brushwork. I must now stop. I will write every week.—From DULCIE.

Dear Cousin Dulcie,—I am delighted to add your name to my list of cousins, and I am sure you will prove a most faithful little correspondent. I have posted your badge to you, and I hope you will like it. Don't you love having a sea-view? We have a most extensive view of the harbour from our place, and it seems to change every few minutes, and even on the dulllest, dreariest-looking day it is beautiful. Last year I spent some months in an inland town, and you cannot imagine how I missed the sea. I suppose I missed it more than most people, because I have lived within sight and sound of it all my life. I hope you will be successful in passing your examination. When will you know the result?—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have a lot to tell you. My friends, named Dot and Frankie, came and spent the night with us in the holidays, and we had such fun. After tea mother put some chairs against the wall and sat us in them; then she Devonport

blindfolded us, and put some rags around one of our arms; then she got a pen and ink and made a baby's face on our arms, and then let us see them. We are having very wet weather just now. Please excuse my writing, as it is nearly dark, and mother and daddy are outside. We are only going to keep Migga and Sambo after all, and are going to give my kitten away. I was nursing Sambo a little while ago, and he scratched me. Last night I drew some very funny people. Mother got us a nice slate each. Bunny has a very squeaky slate pencil. The concrete tank daddy made is nearly finished, and the water comes from it through pipes to the house. There are six taps—one in the bathroom, two in the kitchen, two in the wash-house, one in the dark-room, and two outside. I have a nice little garden of my own, and a little while ago I had a bad cold, and had my breakfast in bed, and while I was in bed mother brought me in a violet out of my own garden. Lots of love to you and the other cousins.—I remain, your loving cousin, NANCY.

Dear Cousin Nancy.—You have written me quite a long letter this week, and I was so pleased to get it. I expect you and Dot and Frankie had great fun; it was a pity they could only stay one night though, wasn't it? I think I should be very much inclined to give Sambo away if he is naughty and scratches people when they are playing with him. I don't like squeaky slate pencils at all; they always make my teeth ache. Have you seen those nice ones that look exactly like lead pencils; they never squeak. Is your cold quite gone now?—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I be a cousin, and have a blue badge. I read the Children's Page in the "Graphic," and like the letters very much. Are you fond of flowers? I am, and have a garden of my own. My brother Cyril has a nice black dog called Kim. One day mother gave him some porridge, and it was so hot, he picked up the pot and emptied it all on the ground to cool and then ate it. He does such funny tricks, and simply hates cats, and swims over the bay after sea-gulls. I am ten years of age. I was at the picnic that Cousin Rosamund wrote about; it was a splendid day, and I enjoyed it very much.—Cousin MARGARET.

Dear Cousin Margaret.—I shall be very pleased indeed for you to join our Cousins' band, and I hope you and Fredie will write to me very often. I know Pahi very well indeed, and have often stayed there; so you see, I shall be interested in everything you tell me about. Kim seems to be a very clever dog; who taught him so many tricks? I am glad he did not eat the porridge until it was cool, because a burnt tongue is so very painful. I suppose you are looking forward to lots more laugh picnics in the summer time.—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing you a few lines. I hope you are well. We were going to plant trees on Arbour Day, but it was very wet; we are going to plant them on Friday. I can do strips of crochet. I made three scarves in hocky-to-day. My father went to the sale to-day, and he is going to a meeting to-night. The bishop is coming to Methuen to preach, and my uncle is going to get confirmed. My mate lent me a book to read, and as far as I have gone it seems to be a good one. We saw a wagon coming through a gate, and one of the bags caught on the gate-post, and tore the top off it.—I remain, your loving Cousin PERCY.

Dear Cousin Percy.—I am very well indeed, thank you, and I hope you are, too. What sort of trees have you planted this year? Always before I have planted one or two trees on Arbour Day, but this year I forgot all about it. You are quite accomplished, aren't you; I'm sure there are very few boys who can crochet. I have a cousin, though a real one, not a "Graphic" cousin, who can knit very well indeed. What is the name of the book you are reading?—Cousin KATE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become a "Graphic" Cousin? If so, may I have a red badge. I have two such dear little friends. Their names are Ivan and Valerie, and they are brother and sister. We have two ducks and a drake, a canary and a cat. Our examination is on Monday, and I hope I pass, and then I will be in the fifth standard. At the

all, which is very exciting, but I like basket ball the best, because hockey is too rough, and I do not like it.—I remain, your loving Cousin VIDA.

[Dear Cousin Vida,—Of course you may become a Cousin, and I hope you will like the badge which I have already posted to you. Such a number of new Cousins have joined this week, and I am so pleased about it. How do you play basket ball? I don't think I have ever seen it or heard of it before, but I am quite sure I should prefer it to hockey, too. Hockey always seems to me to be a rtoe rough for girls to play. Be sure and let me know if you pass your examination.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you are thinking that I am never going to write to you again, but I do not like to write too often, as there are such a lot of cousins, and they are all such good correspondents, that I wonder at you being able to put their different letters in so often. I received the badge quite safely, and thank you very much; it is rather a pale blue, but I am pleased to have it. My brother writes to you pretty often, but I am sure I do not know what he can find to say, but there is one thing that every cousin has to put in their letters, and that is the awfully wet weather we are having; but, of course, it is only in keeping with the winter, and I hope it will be fine for fleet week, which is not very far off now. I do not know what I shall do for news, nothing seems to happen out here—at least, nothing interesting. We have a concert now and again, and a dance, but, of course, it is quite a different place in the summer; there is never a week passes without something to look forward to. I will be glad when the bathing season begins, although I can't swim, but I can just keep myself afloat, and I hope to learn this season coming (that is, if we still live in Avondale). I hope we will have left Avondale by Xmas, as I would like to go to Miss Bew's college, but it is too far for me to go back and forward every day, as we live a mile and a quarter from the railway station; but there are quite a lot of girls who have to walk four and five miles to and fro to school every day. Are you fond of music? I am very fond of it. We have such a nice gramophone, that was given to father for an Xmas-box, and we have between thirty and forty records. I am also learning the piano, and have been for the last six years. I have played at several concerts. I am fond of singing, too, and I will take lessons when I am older. Well, Cousin Kate, I must close now this interesting letter, hoping I will have something better to say next time. Love to all the other cousins, including yourself.—I remain your loving cousin CLARICE.

P.S.—Please excuse mistakes and scrawl.

[Dear Cousin Clarice,—Despite your plaint of scarcity of news, you have managed to write quite a long letter, and I don't think you need fear that you are writing too often. I like my cousins to write about once a fortnight, you know. I like summer weather ever so much better than winter, too, and when I am very cold I comfort myself by thinking that the winter is more than half over now. Couldn't you be a weekly boarder at Miss Bew's College in the winter time, and I should think you might easily get in and out in the summer, especially now that the Mt. Eden cars are running. I am very fond of both music and singing, but I am a very poor performer. I didn't practise very well when I was young, I'm sorry to say.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am writing to you again. I hope you do not mind me writing to you so often; if so, you must tell me. Well, dear Cousin Kate, we had our annual school ball here last Friday. I think it was a great success; nearly all of the school children were there to look on, and I think everyone enjoyed themselves. The proceeds are for the school prizes, so that we shall benefit by the dance in the near future. Don't you think that they should have had an extra dance for the children?—I do. We had our examination last week, but we do not know who came top yet, so I shall be able to tell you next time I write. We are having very fine weather here now for this time of the year, but it is a little dull in the evenings. I must now close, as

I am short of news this time. With my best love to you, and all the other cousins, Cousin MARY.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—I am glad to hear that the school ball was such a success, and I certainly think the school children should have been allowed to dance until nine o'clock; there would have been plenty of time for the "grown-ups" to enjoy themselves after that. It is a grand way of raising funds for the prizes; I wonder how they manage in Auckland, because they don't have balls here, I'm sure. We are having lovely weather, too, just now; I hope it will last.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be a cousin, and have a red badge. I like reading the Children's Page very much, and always read Cousina Nancie and Rosamund's letters. I am twelve years old, and I am in the fourth standard. My brother and I heard at Naparua, and attend the school there. We had a fancy dress ball on the 10th July; it was to close the dancing class. All the children enjoyed themselves, and danced till twelve o'clock. I learn music, and like it very much, and hope to get on well. We have had very bad weather for this last month. We have a launch, and we often go for picnics; there are so many lovely bays and creeks here. With love from Cousin FREDA.

[Dear Cousin Freda,—Certainly you may become a cousin, and I will send you a red badge at once. I suppose you know Nancie and Rosamund quite well. I haven't had a letter from Rosamund for a long time, but I hear she is coming to Auckland for fleet week, so I expect she will write and tell me lots of news when she gets home again. What did you go as to the fancy dress ball? I expect you were rather tired next day?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was very pleased to see my letter in the "Graphic" last week. All mother's spring bulbs are coming into flowers, some of them are out. Grandma and grandpa came home on Saturday morning for a week, and then they are going up to Auckland with the members of Parliament to see the American fleet. My brother Jim got a lot of prizes at the poultry show—1st for geese, 2nd for turkeys, 1st and 2nd for Guinea fowls, and second for a cockatoo we used to call Dummy, because he wouldn't talk. We passed our examination, and are in the fifth standard now. Sambo is getting on nicely; whenever I go out gardening he comes with me and plays with my hand. What a lot of letters there were in the "Graphic" last week. Last week dad made arrangements to take all the Stoke school children out to the warship Encounter, and we did have a jolly time. We went out in one of the tug boats called the Motura; the sea was lovely and smooth, and when we got there we were shown all around the man-o-war. Love to all the cousins and yourself. I remain, your Cousin MABEL.

[Dear Cousin Mabel,—The spring flowers seem to be coming out very early this year; we have primroses and daffodils out already, and the anemones, narcissi, and snowflakes have been in flower some weeks. I must congratulate Jim on getting so many prizes; what a long time it must take him to feed all his pets every day. Are your grandfather and grandmother coming over-land to Auckland? It is a very interesting trip to take, but it will be a dreadfully cold one at this time of the year. I expect you did have a jolly time on the Encounter. Did the sailors show you all their pets?—Cousin Kate.]

OLDER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—As Cousin Hilda suggested, we should give our opinions on Woman's Suffrage, I am just writing a few lines thereon. I quite agree with both Cousina Hilda and Diana that women are unfit for public life. A woman's first consideration should be her home, and, if she is married, her husband and children. The behaviour of the women in the suffragette agitation at present going on in England is disgraceful, and makes one blush for our sex. I imagine the politics of a country in the hands of shrieking, hysterical creatures like these. A woman often lets her personal feelings overcome her political principles; I know of a case, out here, where

... got for a certain member because he was good-looking and ... considered, not his policy. Now, what is the good of Women's Franchise when they vote like that. Of course lots of the women out here vote as their fathers and husbands tell them. This is the best way, I think, for in a great many instances they know very little about politics, and it is best for them to follow the judgment of the men who do. There are lots of intellectual women who are extremely clever and capable, and you will notice that these women are quite content to shine in their own homes. They take an interest in politics perhaps, and if they are the wives of politicians, often advise them. Many eminent politicians acknowledge that the advice and assistance given by their wives have been the means of helping them in their careers. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, is one who has often spoken of his wife's assistance to him in this way. A woman loses all the charm and true womanliness that is synonymous with the sex when she leaves her proper sphere, viz., home life, and rushes, or attempts to rush, into politics, which is entirely man's sphere alone. I wonder if any of the cousins have read "In Subjection," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. I suppose they have. Isabel is such a charming character, I think, clever, intellectual, and a devoted wife to Paul. She takes a keen interest in his politics, but in no case is her judgment better than her husband's; she recognises this and is content to remain in subjection.—Cousin VIOLET.

Nellie and the Dark.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELLA.

Nellie could hardly believe it,—she wouldn't believe it, she wouldn't! she wouldn't! Not locked in? Why, people starved to pieces and—froz and froze got locked into places! Plenty of 'em did,—Nellie read of them, and heard of them.

It was mild, sweet May, but Nellie did not think of that. In May people do not freeze, anyway, but there is always the danger of starving. She sat down hard on Joey Hoy's seat and wondered if two whole days—a Saturday and a Sunday—besides a supper and a breakfast, could starve a person to a skeleton. Skeletons died, of course—people found 'em, and held up their hands in horror, and cried, "Can this be little Nellie Page, starved into a heap o' bones?"

She shuddered. Already she was hungry. She stretched out one of her plump arms and pried it because it would be a poor bone so soon. Then in a sudden tempest of revolt she ran to the door and shook it again—to all the windows and shook them. They were just as locked as they had been before—there was no difference. There never would be any difference until next Monday morning, and that would be too late. You didn't care to be let out when you were a skeleton. You'd just as lieves starve then.

Nellie had crept back into the dusky little schoolroom while Miss Eddy was patiently correcting papers at her desk. It had been later than usual, not because there were so many papers, but because there were so many mistakes. X—X—X—the patient pencil made them over and over again opposite the cramped, unsteady words. The weary little teacher's brain had seemed to be ticking out X's in a monotonous procession.

Nellie was the worst scholar in the Four Corners School, and, if the truth must be told, the patient little teacher's prickliest thorn. Nellie almost always pricked. She had crept back into the schoolroom to—prick. It would be such fun to hide behind a desk and jump out.—Boo! Teacher was the scariest person! You could scare her with a mouse or a nice slippery frog from the swamp, or a snake, or anything. So if you said "Boo!" of course she'd jump like anything. It would be such fun.

"I'll pay her up for sayin'," Nellie Page, stop whisperin'!—Nellie Page, stop eatin'!—Nellie Page, stop pinchin'! She's always Nellie Fagin'. I'll pay her up."

But down behind the desk Nellie had found something glistening in a wide crack in the floor, and while she was industriously sacking for it with a pin Miss Eddy had jocked up quietly and gone home. In her preoccupation Nellie had heard no warning sound; she had been intent on finding out what that glistening

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thing was. You never could tell. Supposin' it was a diamond!

It was a bit of glass. A vagrant ray of the low Western sun had selected it to shine on and to set a-glistening in its narrow prism. Nellie's cheeks blazed with fierce resentment. Think of being starved to pieces and—frozen for a little bit of glass!

It did not occur to her at first to break a window—breaking windows was not one of Nellie's sins. If she was locked in she would have to stay locked in and starve the best she could. The idea to think of breaking windows was not yet, but it was on the way.

It grew a little duskier in the room, then a little dusker still. By and by it would be as dark—as a stove! Oh dear! stove reminded Nellie of mother at home getting supper over her. About now she was filling the kettle—or toasting the bread—or slicing the potatoes to fry. Was anything in the world much slier for tea than fried potatoes, mother's kind!

Nellie felt of her arm. It felt a little thinner, seemed as if. Probably very hungry persons starved quicker. Perhaps it only took a day!

There was a crust or two in Nellie's dinner-bag—Nellie had always despised crusts till now. Now she caught at them eagerly. Mother made such good crusts. Perhaps Joey Hoyt had forgotten his dinner-bag again and there were crusts. He had! There were! And somebody had thrown away an apple because it was small. It looked big to Nellie. She ate that and all the crusts, and then went back to her desk to starve. On the way she stopped at the teacher's desk. A queer little notion seized her to sit down at it and be Miss Eddy! She put out a finger and tapped the little bell sharply.

"Order," she cried. Then pointing sternly at one of the seats before her, she called, "Nellie Page, stop that whisperin'! Stop pinchin' anybody, Nellie Page! Nellie Page you bring that apple be here!"

What a dreadful girl Nellie Page was! If she hadn't been starving she would have laughed at the idea of sitting up here pointing her finger at herself and "Nellie Page" herself! She was actually ashamed of Nellie Page—things looked different when you sat in the teacher's desk and put yourself in the teacher's place!

Suddenly Nellie's eyes fell on one of the papers Miss Eddy had been correcting. It had evidently been the last one and she had left it spread out on the desk. There were X's—X's—X's—all over it, but Nellie was not looking at those. She was looking at the crumpled spots on it—all over it, a rain of crumpled spots.

"Looks like Nellie Trotter's paper when she cries over it because she can't spell the words," thought Nellie. Probably it was Nellie's paper; she bent over it scornfully. Cry baby, to cry just because she couldn't spell!

It wasn't Nellie's paper. It was Nellie Page's—but Nellie Page never cried over hers because she couldn't spell the words—Oh, no! Nellie Page never!

The dingy room was getting gradually dimmer and dimmer. It was hard to read the writing lesson on the black-board across the room now. But Nellie gazed at it, in order to get her eyes away from the crumpled paper which lay on the teacher's desk. For, on account of the new idea that had occurred to her, she didn't want to look at that paper any more. It made her feel—queer. Who'd ever have thought Teacher cared like that.

"Enough so—to cry over it!" Nellie thought, in scorn, but there was no scorn in her deep-down soul. Down there she wanted to cry—herself. It had never occurred to her that Teacher cared that way—oh, not that way. You just think—enough to cry crumpled tears on your spelling-paper because it's all spelled wrong! When a teacher cares like that, she must—seems as if she must—care for you.

"Oh, my goodness!" murmured Nellie. The murmur sounded loud in the silent room and startled her. It didn't sound right.

"Oh, my badness—my badness, I mean!" she groaned.

"To think own self be true," her eyes read peeringly, across the room. Nellie had written that writing lesson ten times down the blotted page of her writing-book. It had grown crooked and crooked and blotter at every line. Until this minute, Nellie had never really read it—she read it now ten times. The tenth time she understood

it. Things were coming home to Nellie, here in this silent room, alone. Perhaps people could think clearer when they were starving.

"It means learn your spellin's and 'rithmetics, an' don't whisper, nor pinch, nor eat," she thought, solemnly. "Don't make your teacher cry over you. Be good instead of bein' bad—that's what it means. I never thought before. Of course you can't be true to thine own self if you whisper an' eat things in school, an' spell your words so bad that it makes the teacher cry."

"To thine own self be true." Nellie went across the room, stumbling between the desks, to get nearer to it. She reached up and traced the words slowly with her little blunt forefinger.

"I never was true to mine own self," she murmured sadly, "an' now there won't be any chance. They won't be able to tell from my bones that I was goin' to begin. They'll just say, 'Here lies that bad Nellie Page, and the Lord have mercy on her soul!'"

But Teacher—Nellie started and a sob gripped her throat—perhaps Teacher would know. Perhaps she would cry over the little heap of starved bones and say, "She was goin' to begin to be true to her own self—I know she was goin' to begin! But she didn't have time."

Still there was a good deal of doubt about it. And Nellie did not like to think that the teacher would not know.

"I'll tell her!" she exclaimed, suddenly, the echoes waking again in the empty room. She got a pencil and paper and hurried to a window. By squeezing up close she could see to write.

"Dear teacher,"—she rubbed it out and spelled it the other way, but not until she had tugged the great dictionary over to the window and heated it up laboriously. Nellie had "begun" already.

"Dear teacher," she wrote with patient care, "I was going to begin to be true to mine own self, but I didn't have time enough"—again a patient hunt in the great book—"before I starved. When you find my bones I want you to know I was going to. I'm sorry you cried—some words Nellie could not stop to hunt up, it was growing dark so fast—so. I mean I'm glad. I'm glad to know you cared, it makes it easier to starve. If I had had wood have loved you, Nellie Page."

The last word written, Nellie dropped her head on the nearest desk and cried softly to herself. She would have liked so much to have lived so she could have loved the teacher and begun to be true! It was harder to starve than she had expected it was going to be. She had thought that being hungry would be the worst part.

"It's bad enough," sobbed Nellie in muffled woe, "to be so hungry you could eat the g-g-graphy globe, but it's worse not to be able to begin to be true."

In sudden fear lest Teacher would never find out, she stumbled to her feet and hurried to the desk on the little platform, across the room. Between her tears and the darkness she lost her way once or twice. Even after the little letter was safely deposited on top of the tear-crumpled paper, Nellie was not quite satisfied.

"I'd rather be satisfied," she thought, wistfully. "She might never find it—perhaps she'd think it was one of the spellin' papers an' never look. I wish I could tell somebody sure!" But she could think of no one—no way.

It was altogether dark presently and Nellie shuddered gently with the dread of it. She had always been a little afraid of the dark; when she was little she had been very. Mother said all the little Page children, clear back to little great-grandmother, had been afraid. Mother had never been, but then mother hadn't been a Page till she grew up. Speaking of mother—

"Oh, I wish she was here!" sobbed little forlorn Nellie Page. A new thrill of horror shot through her as she remembered for the first time that she had been going after school to Grand-ma Page's house, to "stay over Sunday." So mother would not worry. No one would worry or come to find her.

Nellie sobbed on softly. She did everything softly on account of the echoes. Echoes are almost as bad as shadows. A queer little crackly noise began in a corner somewhere, but it reminded Nellie so much of the crackle of mother's fire when she got supper that she was not afraid of that. But it made her hungrier. A sort of desperation took possession of her then. She would not starve—no, no, no, not. She would get out somehow. She would break something

—why, yes, a window! Nellie had got to that point now. But only one pane— it couldn't be very wicked to break just one pane when you'd starve if you didn't.

"The panes are very small," thought poor Nellie, "I shall have to wait until I get pretty thin." And she felt of her arm in the darkness. It felt pretty thin already, by morning it would be thinner still. She would be thin enough all over then.

Nellie did not think of the Lord until the last thing. She had never remembered Him very often. You can say your prayers when you go to bed without remembering Him at all.

"I guess I better say my prayers," thought Nellie, worn out with her poor little vigil in the dark. And she slid to her knees and began at once. When she got to, "If I should die before I wake," a violent shudder shook her little frame. She had said those words a great—oh, a great—many times before, but she had never been so near to dying before she woke, before.

No, saying her prayers had not helped much. She felt just as afraid exactly.

"I'll pray," Nellie said, in sudden remembrance of the Lord, for it was then she remembered. She had never prayed before. A solemn awe clutched at her soul and sent her heavy head down on her arms on the desk. This time she did not think to kneel.

"Oh, Lord,—Lord,—Lord, I'm all sole alone. Won't Thou come and stay with me? It's very dark. I'm not certain, but I think I'm beginning to die—I feel 'aif. Won't Thou come quick?"

Only that, but He came. In the moments of peace that followed, Nellie fell asleep. She had a beautiful dream that the Lord told Teacher about her having been just going to begin to be true when she died. And that dying wasn't bad at all—and that there was plenty to eat in heaven. It was beautiful.

The night tucked the child in as softly as a mother tucks her little one into bed. It was a peaceful, pleasant dark, after the Lord came. And short, too, for very soon the east grew rosy—grew rosier—and it was light. But still the child slept on.

"Nellie Page! Nellie Page!" It was the same voice, but it had never Nellie Page-d like this before. Never so tenderly, no, never. Nellie opened her eyes in wonder.

"You little Nellie Page!" sobbed Teacher, with the inert little body in her arms, "you little—little—little Nellie Page!"

"Why, it's you," smiled Nellie, still in heaven. "Why I didn't know that you died too! Then you didn't find my letter and know I was just a goin' to begin—"

"I found it, Nellie—I know!" The arms around her tightened. "I came for something else, but I found that, and then I found you! You've been shut in here all night, Nellie—I shut you in."

"Yes'm, thank you," murmured Nellie, drifting bewilderedly back to earth. Then as she got quite near. "Why, yes, I remember now. Then—why, then I've got time to begin!"

—From "The New Idea."

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Prepared in a moment—without cooking. The ideal substitute for mother's milk. Mellin's Food may be given with safety even to a new-born child. No starch—no dried milk.

Mellin's Food may be obtained at all chemists, stores, &c



Don't Trifle With a Cough! Cure it Now.

There is positively nothing equal to Angier's Emulsion for coughs, bronchitis and all lung affections. By its peculiar soothing and healing effects it stops the cough, allays soreness and inflammation, improves the breathing, and makes expectoration easy. At the same time it keeps the digestive organs in a healthy condition and acts as a tonic to the entire system. One day's trial will convince you of its soothing, cough-allaying, lung-healing power. Write to-day for a free sample.

Angier's Emulsion

(PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

"VERY NICE TO TAKE."

Cummins St., West Broken Hill.

Dear Sirs,—I have great faith in Angier's Emulsion. It has cured me of a very nasty cough, and it has also cured the cough of my little girl aged 10. It is very nice to take, much better than the fishy-tasting emulsions I had tried.

(Signed) E. HIGHMAN.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name _____

Address _____

AU 3

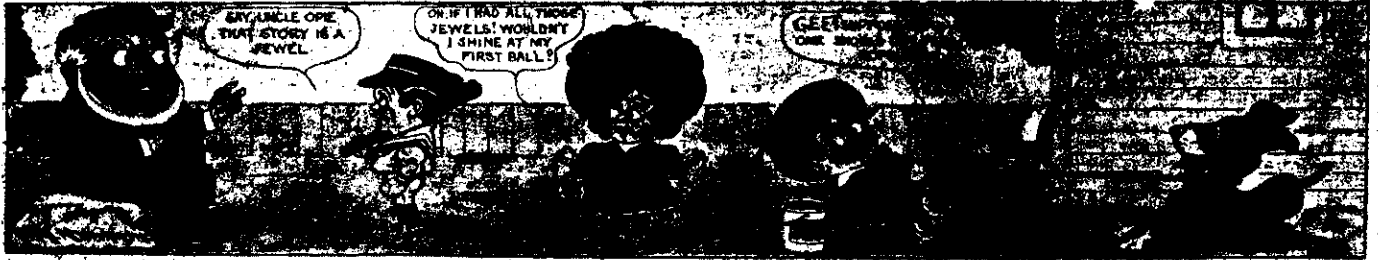
Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack St., Sydney, N.S.W.



Of Chemists, 111, 278 and 476.

WHEN OPIE SAVED HIS LIFE AND MADE A FORTUNE.

Old Opie Dilldock is a relative of that well-known nobleman—Baron Munchausen, and no very distant one either. For the edification of his nephews and his niece, Opie recounts some of the more exciting incidents of a very exciting life, which is kind, but he unfortunately expects them to believe him, and the regrettable part of the story is that his touching and hair-raising narratives do not always meet with that sympathetic reception they deserve.



OLD OPIE DILLDOCK'S STORY



Our good ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Anaxian. I had gone ashore to view the charming harbor from the surrounding heights. Suddenly I was aroused by the yell of three approaching sailgers. They were the Head-Hunters of Rotterdam.



I had been playing upon my wits, and getting into the habit of means of getting into the habit. All the diamonds, pearls, and rubies I had were hidden in a secret place, and I was now in a position to head several thousand in a day.



Just as they were about to take me to the harbor, I observed three other sailgers. I was in a position to head several thousand in a day.



I had been playing upon my wits, and getting into the habit of means of getting into the habit. All the diamonds, pearls, and rubies I had were hidden in a secret place, and I was now in a position to head several thousand in a day.



Now these savages knew the whereabouts of the secret mines of gold and precious stones, and their bodies were decorated with golden bands and with the marks of war. They proposed they take off, giving a common sign and pull tag of war. The wrong side to take off—including my head.



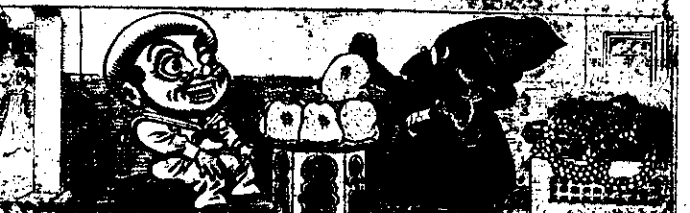
Being of that sporting blood, both sides readily agreed to the proposition and stacked up their almost priceless ornaments into the most valuable for no record. Then, giving them the rope, I arranged it in proper position on the high strength exerted by human beasts, their sinews stood out like whip-cords and their muscles served made of iron. They pulled with such equal force that neither side gave a fraction on an inch. I encouraged them with shouts and yells although my head was in the balance.



Then came the crucial moment—the moment to put into execution my plan of escape and also to become the possessor of fabulous wealth. I never hesitated. Just as the tension on the rope was at its height, I gave the signal to pull. Never have I seen my head in the balance.



When our good ship arrived at Anaxian, I was going with my gold and pearls and rubies worth two million or hundred thousand dollars. Full of the gold I distributed among the crew of our ship. With the other half I purchased a fleet of merchantmen. These ships I later lost during a rebellion in the Indian Ocean.



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THE ROYAL GAME OF WOOZ.

Happy Hooligan, Lord Hooligan, Alphonse, and Gaston, although they have travelled about the world a good deal, are not what one would call "cute," and their extreme innocence leads them into situations which cause a considerable amount of amusement—not to Happy and his band, but to the inhabitants of the benighted countries upon which they deign to shed the light of their presence. Here we have them on a visit to the realms of His Highness King Kalamazoo, who tries to teach them the grand old game of Wooz.





"Jee-hoshephat! missed ye again!"



"That's right—crawl under somethin'!"



"But y' don't lose yer uncle by any sick tricks!"



"Got ye, by cracky—I got ye! Y' will wake us up nights, will ye?"



"Oh, my poor, abused Tom! Git to bed, you slab-aided, old, good-fer-nothin'! And hereafter you let my cat alone!"

WONDERS.

"We live in an age of wonders," remarked the inventor.
"Yes," answered his discontented spouse; "wondering when the money went out and where it's going to come from."

THE USUAL WAY.

"How do you expect to spend your vacation this year?"
"Judging from the number of people my wife has invited to visit us at our cottage, by sleeping on the floor as usual."



What though four kings my suitors be,
They're euchred—Jack's the card for me!

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES;
Or, the Troublesomeness of Women.



"Ya'as, 'Mandy; it's Tom. I'll put him right out the winder."



"Here, pussy, pussy! Dara yer hide, thought I hed ye!"

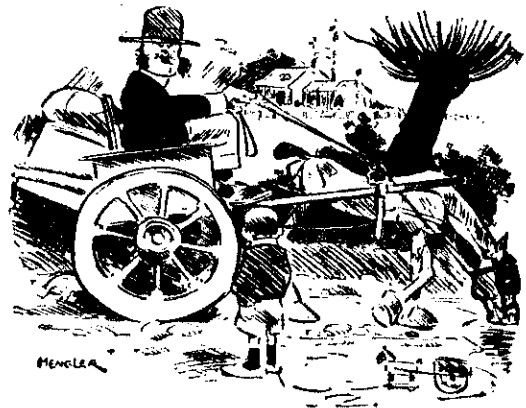


"Quit yowung, ye feline idiot!"



"REPLYING TO YOURS OF RECENT DATE—"

If you are a busy man, the time you spend going to and from the office is dead waste. Take the hint.



FAIR ESTIMATE.

Driver—"How long'll it take me ter git ter Redlands?"
Boy—"Well, judgin' by yer turn-out, three months."