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The Week in Review

The decision of the Arbitration Court in the Canterbury farm laborers' dispute has elicited some intemperate attacks by Southern labour organisations upon the President of the Arbitration Court, Mr. Justice Sim. Yet it is obvious that the farming industry cannot be regulated on the same lines as factories. Harvests must be gathered in, cows must be milked, crops must be sown under conditions that defy any system of "eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep and eight bob a day." It can hardly be disputed that the conditions under which farm hands work in New Zealand are infinitely better than those obtaining in any other country in the world. Farmers are no fools; they recognise the work of a good man when they get one, and treat him accordingly.

Sydney has laid itself out to give a right royal welcome to the American fleet. Over half a million people assembled to view the arrival, and the Admiral said he had never before seen a cliff lined with so great a crowd. A regrettable feature was the large number of accidents. Two people were killed and over fifty injured in the crush. Auckland may well congratulate herself that in spite of our crowded streets we had no accidents of a serious nature. One result of the visit of the fleet to Australia will be to impress on our American cousins the size and vast resources of our colonies. Sydney alone is larger than many European capitals, larger even than their own great towns of Baltimore, Boston, or San Francisco. It will be a surprise to more than one visitor from the States to see that John Bull, in spite of his good-natured traditional complacency, can be quite as energetic as Uncle Sam.

Clubs in London are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. There are clubs for all tastes and purses, and for the furtherance of every possible object from the eating of beefsteaks or asparagus, to the encouragement of spoons. The Imperial Colonial Club, which, it is said, opened its new premises in Piccadilly last week, should, however, fill a niche hitherto vacant. A first-class, well conducted and, above all, central club, where Colonials visiting London, can be reasonably sure of meeting or hearing of friends in the Metropolis, at the same time, will certainly be both popular and genuinely useful, and will save a good deal of roatic work at the High Commissioner's office, where the clerks are often worried with inquiries for visiting New Zealanders, by friends who wish to make appointments to meet them. Also, it will afford refuge from the intensely kind but mistaken persons who, when we visit Britain, not only persist in taking us under their protection, and making all sorts of inconvenient arrangements for our amusement, but, worst of all, insist upon our enjoying (?) their well-meaning hospitality. The irritation of having to live with persons whose acquaintance one has only just made, and whose rules of domestic management one cannot without rudeness, resist, has been experienced by most of us who have travelled. To refuse flatly and to say you prefer the freedom of hotel life is best, but it is brutal, and the Club leaves an excuse of "meeting friends," not so easily put forward in the case of an hotel. We wish the "Imperial Colonial" every success.

Mr. Bryan's "campaign smile" has become proverbial. He is a born canvasser, and is said by his admirers to possess "a ploughboy's handshakes that has become discriminating through long practice, and a smile as pleasant as a harvest moon." Besides these superficial qualifications, he is admittedly one of the most honest and upright men who have ever entered politics. His personal character has never been assailed by even the most bitter of party opponents. But he has been twice defeated, and Mr. Taft, his opponent in the Presidential campaign, is known as a successful man. He has, moreover, the great advantage of Roosevelt's support. Both men are possessed of undoubted ability, and the struggle bids fair to be a keen one.

The Venezuelan trouble is about as portentous as the Eastern question used to be, and to most people, it is quite as unintelligible. Boundary disputes are almost as common as disputes about fences are with our own settlers. Columbia, Brazil, British Guiana have all taken a hand in the game, and in 1895 it was freely asserted that war between Britain and America over disputed Venezuelan territory was only averted by the action of the Rothschilds in making heavy withdrawals of gold from New York. Just now the Dutch are embroiled, De Castro having expelled the Dutch Minister from Caracas. Venezuela has a free and easy method of treating financial obligations that is not as profitable to its creditors as it is to its own exchequer. The representative of Holland allowed himself the luxury of putting into print his private opinion of Venezuela in general, and of its finances and its President in particular, and this opinion was not flattering. Hence his expulsion.

Venezuela has only a small army of some 10,000 men with which to fight the foreigner. The militia are too much occupied with civil war to be able to spare much time to repel alien aggression. Yet De Castro defies all the Powers of Europe. He evidently relies on the known dislike of the Americans to any interference on the part of Europe in the affairs of the Southern Republics. The United States have helped before, why not again? The Monroe Doctrine and the Drago Doctrine are both opposed to any European Power gaining a firm foothold in South America. The Washington Government does not love De Castro or his troublesome little Republic, but, having undertaken the heavy responsibility of checking Europeans from acquiring vested interests in America, it may feel impelled once more to intervene.

We hear so much about the increased cost of living that we have come to accept it as a fact, without troubling ourselves to make any further enquiry. But it is doubtful if there has been any material increase during the last two years. Butter is certainly dear just at present, but then people used so much of it during the recent visit of the fleet; rents are slightly higher; fowl feed has advanced in price. But eggs, sugar, oatmeal, meat, and most tinned goods are slightly cheaper than they were in 1906. It is ridiculous to say that ten shillings in England goes as far as a sovereign in the colony. There is no country in the world where a man of moderate income can enjoy more of the actual comforts of life than he can do in New Zealand. Luxuries are dear, but the necessities of life are cheap.

It is not, however, so much a question of the actual price paid for "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese," as it is a question of social conditions. We are free from that senseless love of display that characterises society in other lands. We entertain our friends because we wish to see them, not because we want to impress them with the length of our purse. A shilling meal at a restaurant serves to satisfy us quite as well as a guinea dinner at the East Room of the Criterion. The Londoner lives in a hansom cab; we use the penny tram, which is quite as comfortable, and far quicker. Some few years ago the London "Daily Telegraph" started a discussion as to whether it was possible for a professional man to marry on £700 a year, and most of the writers thought that it could only be done by the exercise of cheese-paring economy. Many thought marriage on such a pittance was out of the question. To us such a discussion seems ridiculous. Many marry and live well on half the sum named.

Colour-Sergeant Friar, the New Zealand cadet, bids fair to become quite a popular hero at Home. Lord Roberts has presented him with a match rifle in memory of his visit, and his excellent shooting at the Empire Cadets' rifle meeting, and many other distinguished officers have given him high praise for his brilliant performance. He has also been presented to the Lord Mayor of London. At the review in fleet week, nothing attracted more attention than the splendid display given by our public school cadets. Men could not have done better than these lads did. There are those who object to our cadet system as fostering a spirit of militarism in the young. We believe, on the other hand, that the early training of our boys in habits of discipline, endurance, and self-reliance is one of the greatest factors in building up the prosperity of the country. To be prepared for war is the best guarantee of peace, and spartan training is the best corrective of the softness engendered by Capuan luxury.

Horace tells us that men change their skies, but not their tastes, when they cross the sea. The truth of this is strikingly illustrated by the affection that New Zealanders who have gone Home always retain for their native land. Like the Germans, of whom Tacitus tells us, they miss the freedom, the social ease, the open-air life of the Dominion, and the pomp of London attracts them as little as did the pomp of Imperial Rome attract the dwellers on the confines of Sarmatia and Dacia. These exiles love to meet and talk over old times. One of the pleasantest of recent gatherings was a dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, organised by old students of St. John's College. Ten of them were present, and the Bishop of Auckland and Mr. Anson, the former Warden, also attended. New Zealand is, perhaps, more renowned for football than for classical scholarship; it is therefore interesting to learn that the old St. John's men at present in residence at our English universities are holding their own in the schools as well as in the playing fields.

It is very fitting that at a time when local manufacturers are drawing attention to the excellence of New Zealand-made goods, the English Royal Horticultural Society should have given one of its highest awards to a local product. The Banksian medal—named after Sir Joseph Banks, the famous naturalist—has been awarded to Clark Bros., of Whangarei, for the best exhibits of canned peaches and pears, and those who know the excellence of the fruit grown in this favoured district will feel that this much-prized distinction is thoroughly deserved. Some people manifest a strange prejudice against anything produced by the country in which they live,

and always seem to think that an imported article must be in some way superior. It is to be hoped that the recognition of the excellence of our produce far to remove this prejudice.

Mr. Haldane has signally failed in his efforts to find recruits for the territorial army. Employers have been begged, entreated, beseeched to allow their young men to join; but in vain. They will none of it. It was an evil day that ducts by competent judges at Home who prompted the Secretary for War to disband the old volunteers. He did not realise how very conservative we are in anything that touches the nation's army. The old volunteer force was a recognised thing, employers thought volunteering good for young men, and gave the movement every encouragement. Associations clung round the name, and honourable traditions were being built up. The territorial army may be the same thing under a different name; but it lacks prestige and tradition, and no amount of logical reasons for the change can ever atone for lack of cherished associations.

This holds good in every walk of life. It takes years, and often centuries, to build up a tradition, and zealous reformers often shatter these traditions at a single blow. They produce something brand new, free from what they call stupid and antiquated customs, and commending itself as more rational and logical than the old method. Then they stand aside to watch the success of their patent, reformed prodigy, and wonder why it does not succeed as quickly and obviously as it should do. Sentiment is more than logic. We are creatures of habit and feeling, rather than of reason. The heart still overrules the head. No one realises this more than the masters of our large schools. When Dr. Butler went to Harrow someone said to him: "I suppose that the first thing you will do will be to abolish the absurd swallow-tail coats worn by the boys of the upper forms. They are absolutely ridiculous, and you, as a well-known advocate of educational reform, will be looked to to introduce something less grotesque and more modern." The future Master of Trinity replied that he hoped to introduce many changes, but the last thing in the world that he would ever change would be the swallow-tail coat.

Mr David Goldie, of Auckland, is well known as one of the most clear-headed men of business in the Dominion, and his speech before the Auckland Employers' Association is well worthy of the careful consideration of both employers and workers. Industrial peace depends on mutual goodwill existing between capital and labour. The head of a business does not merely sit down and rake in the shillings, as is popularly supposed. He has to plan and devise, to find new markets for his wares, to ceaselessly watch for any change in the public taste. The market for labour is found by the employer. The worker may be quite sure that his own prosperity is bound up with the stability of the business in which he is employed, and the stability of the business depends quite as much on the brains of the heads of the firm as on the honesty, skill, and integrity of the workpeople. All employers are not grasping monsters of greed, and all workers are not saints with halos round their heads. Both are human, with more or less of human frailty. What we want is not men who make a fat living by fomenting discord and playing on the ignorance of the workers, but men who see things steadily, and see them whole, and who can advise what is for the permanent good of both parties.

The splendid list of winners of prizes and certificates at the recent Sunday School Union examinations bears eloquent testimony to the good work being done by those responsible for the religious training of the young. Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian all sat side by side, competing in friendly rivalry for the much-coveted distinction of being a prize-winner. This is as it should be. Differences we must have, but we are all united in one common aim, we all work for one common end. Nothing can be more important to a community than the training of its children in the fear and love of God. The men and women who so nobly and devotedly give their time and their talents to this great work can indeed claim to have deserved well of the republic. Like the mother of the Giracchi, they can claim to be possessed of the best of all riches, for, like her, they can proudly point to their children and say, "These are my jewels."

We sincerely hope that the efforts being made to raise the necessary capital for deep level mining at the Thames will meet with success. The returns down to 500 feet have been phenomenal. The Queen of Beauty shaft and the borings on the Kuramui-Caledonian ground show indications of similar richness at the depth of 1,000 feet. Of course, the cost of deep sinking is considerable, but in view of the enormous interests at stake it is probable the Government would offer some assistance. A thousand feet is by no means an excessive depth. Ages ago the Chinese had sunk bore-holes of 3,000 feet at Schladebach, the Prussian Government sank 5,834 feet in search of coal, while the Adalbert silver-lead mine shaft is 3,432 feet, and the famous Calumet shaft in Canada is close on 4,000. The success of the scheme would put new life into the Thames fields, and everything points to a rich harvest.

Germany would seem to be the one uncertain factor in European politics. All the other great Powers are forming new alliances, and so far Germany has held aloof; she has succeeded to the "proud isolation" for so long the peculiar heritage of Great Britain. Ten years ago we had France and Russia on one side, and Germany, Italy and Austria on the other. Now the entente cordiale has united England and France, and with France goes Russia. Italy and Austria have practically withdrawn from any close relations with Germany. The Kaiser pretends to defy the lot—"Let them all come. We are ready." But this is only his way of putting things. Germany cannot afford to stand alone. The question is, Which Power will she join?

"Woods' Peppermint Cure appears to bring your trade almost the swiftest. I 'pose it won't cure everything?"
"Well, no," replied the druggist.
"It won't cure everything, at least, unless I'm much mistaken?"
"What won't it cure in man or beast?"
"Said he: 'It won't cure bacon!'"
No old-world success has been grander than that of Miss Lulla Miranda.

The tallest trees in the world are the Australian eucalyptus, reaching a total altitude of four hundred and eighty feet. The biggest are the mammoth trees of California, some of which are two hundred and seventy-six to three hundred and seventy-six feet in height, and a hundred and eight feet in circumference at the base. From measurements of the rings, it is believed that some of these trees are from two thousand to twenty-five hundred years old. The oldest tree in the world is said to be on the island of Kos, off the coast of Asia Minor. It is several thousand years old; but just how many no one has dared to say. The tree is carefully preserved by a wall of masonry round it, and the trunk is thirty feet in circumference.

But there are parts of trees in the form of useful timber which are even older, probably, than any on the stump. Beams in old buildings are preserved to-day which are known to be over a thousand years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era are perfectly sound to-day, and it is known that they have been immersed in the water for upward of two thousand years.

Some woods have remarkably durable properties when immersed in water. They decay rapidly on the stump, many rotting in from five to ten years; but when immersed in water they last longer than iron or steel.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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COMMENCE AGAIN

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Society On the Spring Board.

SPLENDID HIGH DIVING AT THE BATH CLUB.

ACROBATIC SWIMMERS.

The members of the Bath Club had a welcome surprise just before the last mail left London. In the middle of the annual swimming exhibition Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson gave a marvellous display of high diving.

The edge of the magnificent bath was lined with an audience of society women. The children stood ready by the spring-board, when a slight figure, with masses of hair hanging to her waist, sprang up the ladder to the 12-foot diving-board.

Eye-glasses were levelled at this daring person, and then a shrill child's voice called out, "Why, it's Lady Constance!" and the mystery was explained.

Before her marriage Lady Constance won the ladies' challenge shield and the gold medal presented by the Bath Club three years running. She proved yesterday that she can still hold her own as one of the most expert lady divers in England.

She dived backwards, forwards, sideways, standing still, or taking flying leaps from the height of the balcony which encircles the hall. Her most daring feat was a performance on the parallel bar, when she swung in mid-air from the shallow to the deep end of the bath, diving into the water at the most critical moment.

A great deal of interest was centred round the keen competition for the ladies' challenge shield this year. It was eventually won by the Hon. Monica Grenfell, who was second, and won the silver medal last year in the same competition, and the year before was the winner of the children's challenge shield.

"Do you really think there are people on Mars?"

"Well, to be candid," replied the professor, "I find that articles making such claim are more popular with the magazines."

Musings AND Meditations

By DOG TOBY

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

OUR judges possess what till quite lately was the absolutely unique privilege of holding their office during good behaviour. Only a unanimous vote of both Houses can remove them. I say till quite lately, because this privilege seems now to be shared by tram conductors and motor-men. These latter are, perhaps, in a still stronger position than the judges, because it is doubtful if even a unanimous vote of both Houses could remove them. Only a reason valid to Arthur Rossac could deprive them of their office. But they are a class apart. Amongst ordinary mortals judges hold an exceptionally strong position. They are quite independent of the Government of the day, and can allow themselves the luxury of saying what they think.

Judge Edwards has recently availed himself of this luxury in a frank and fearless manner by calling attention to what is an un doubted blot in our criminal system—the manufacturing of evidence against accused persons. Now, the blame for this rests neither on the Crown Prosecutor, nor on the police, but on the public. If a theft is committed the public demands that someone must be convicted and punished. If a crime is reported to the police and no conviction follows, people blame the guardians of the law. An official black mark is also recorded against the detectives. Most men regard the police as being there to catch criminals rather than to prevent crime. Promotion, to be just, should be given to the man in whose district least crime occurs; at present it is often given to the man who makes most arrests. A member of the force once went so far as to deplore the absence of any serious crime in his part of the country. He thought a good murder would give him a chance of earning distinction.

This state of things is deplorable, and must of necessity lead to abuses. A case is weak and it has to be bolstered up. Evidence must be carefully revised to secure a conviction, bail must be opposed if by any chance the case against the accused person can be thereby strengthened. A crime has been committed, and somebody must be punished to satisfy the public. It matters but little to the public who that somebody is. Hence we get the tragedies of Beck and Edalji. The law assumes a man to be innocent till he is proved guilty. The public assumes a man to be guilty even if he is proved to be innocent. "There must have been something in it or he would not have been arrested," is the illogical conclusion of that sapient ass, the great British democracy.

A judge is about the only person in this world who can run counter to public opinion. Anyone else who dares to do so is medically examined by two doctors of repute and committed to the safe keeping of a home for incurable idiots. Judge Edwards has drawn forcible attention to the results of this public folly, which judges the success of our police force by the number of convictions it secures, rather than by its ability to suppress crime. The system is unfair to the men in the force. Luck is made to count for

more than good, honest work. If a detective saves a man from committing a crime, no one hears of it. If he allows the man to commit the crime and effects a sensational arrest afterwards, the whole Dominion rings with his praises. How much better it would be if, when a police officer saw a young fellow in danger of going wrong he could go up and say to him, "I want to save you from becoming a criminal. I want my district to have an unspotted record as being free from any offences against the law. I want to warn you, therefore, that you will be watched." The cost of keeping people in gaol would be saved; the expenses of prosecutions would be saved; best of all, human souls would be saved. But if a man kept his district free from crime the public would probably demand his removal, on the ground that he was not wanted in so law-abiding a community. Socrates said the public was a many-headed ass. Socrates has always been accounted the wisest of men.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

LONDON, July 10.

A paragraph describing the New Zealand Court at the Franco-British Exhibition, and announcing reduced-rate passages to New Zealand, appeared in no fewer than 140 newspapers in the United Kingdom in the course of last week. This is, I think, a tribute to the advertising capacity of the New Zealand High Commissioner's Department.

The Australasian competitors at the Olympic Games have been trained at the Stadium by Mr. G. W. Smith, the famous New Zealand runner and footballer, who is now living in this country. He is no believer in the old-fashioned dieting methods for athletes, and even allows his men to smoke cigarettes during their training. "I've smoked cigarettes myself just before starting to win my championships, and felt quite contented," said Mr. Smith. "Fellows who are hungry for a smoke all the time are fidgety and miserable. As long as men avoid pastry and starchy stuff, and drink three or four pints of draught beer a day—not bottled ales—they need not worry about their diet. The more they eat the better. The pink of condition is natural fitness, obtained without altering all one's habits."

The Rev. A. J. Griffith, M.A., Brisbane, dealt with "Elementary Education in Australia and New Zealand," at the International Council of Congregationalists held at Edinburgh this week. The old pupil-teacher system, he said, was doomed—it being recognised that if they were to expect the best results they must not trust the junior and infant classes to pupil-teachers. At the present moment they were building up in Australia a National Guild, and in course of time they hoped to have 80,000 men drilled and well armed. They had no desire for conquest, but they in England had a singular little way of occasionally requiring their service to assist in defending the common flag. (Applause.) They were closing their galls because the accommodation exceeded the requirements. They had manhood and womanhood suffrage; and they were determined, if they could not make men pure and sober by Act of Parliament, they would have their Acts of Parliament made by pure and sober men. It was the elevation of each individual citizen in solid, permanent well-being that guided their legislative acts. At the same congress the Rev. Dr. John Fordyce, Sydney, read a paper on the progress of temperance legislation in New Zealand and Australia, expressing full belief in the popular control of the liquor traffic.

Sayings of the Week

The class of landholder who had grown profitable vegetables on this land, which was supposed to be useless except for gum-working, was the kind of man wanted in New Zealand, and more of them could be done with.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

On the day the first through train arrived from Wellington, Auckland entered upon a new era; a path had been made by which the rest of New Zealand could come to see the wonders of Auckland. Auckland was about to be appreciated.—*Hon. G. Forster.*

There was a possibility of an understanding with Germany in the direction of limiting the future building of new ships and arranging the proportion for each.—*Mr. H. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

No Government which was likely to be in power would depart in any degree from a naval policy securing the country effectively from an outside invasion.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

This is the first occasion upon which I have had the pleasure of having any comments taken down in a substitution for shorthand, such as you are doing now by the touch of the fingers, without the advantage of eyesight, and I would like to express the great pleasure I feel in finding that you are able to use your energies in such a useful and satisfactory manner.—*Sir Joseph Ward to Dorie Algie, a shorthand reporter from the Institute for the Blind.*

To be thorough was to attain to excellence; to aim at cheapness generally led to bad workmanship, and often to sweating. By setting up thoroughness as its goal, New Zealand might become the ideal manufacturing country in the world.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Polygamy was not generally practised in New Guinea, and, indeed, was rather condemned by native opinion—mainly, perhaps, because women were scarce in some villages, and the coveted position of village policeman was never given to a polygamist.—*The Bishop of New Guinea.*

He hoped that in the near future Auckland would have a large agricultural and industrial hall, large enough to take in all the displays now being shown in windows in the city, so as to concentrate the exhibition, and also provide one of the most valuable educational mediums a community could have.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

I hope the Thames natives will not die out, but by leading healthy, industrious lives, will become an active and intelligent race.—*Sir Robert Stout.*

I believe that whether Mr. Hall-Jones expects the High Commissionership or not, he deserves it, because of his long and faithful services to the country.—*Mr. T. Mackenzie, M.P.*

I think the foreshore of Napier is just about as dirty as one can imagine. They talk about Newmarket being dirty, but I can assure you that it is a Paradise to some of the older cities.—*Mr. G. F. Boylde, of the Newmarket Borough Council.*

If it had not been for the State sawmill at Hakahi, this side of Taumarunui, they would have been in a very much worse position than they were now. This mill, the first owned by the State, had proved very successful.—*Hon. W. Hall-Jones.*

When the Main Trunk line was completed, he hoped to see Aucklanders going down and entering into business competition, for competition was the life of commercialism.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The marriage contract among the Papuans was an entirely business arrangement, and was terminable practically at will. A husband had only to refuse to eat the food his wife had prepared and she would take it as a decree of

divorce, and would leave at once. So far as New Guinea was concerned, marriage problems were not likely to be difficult for a long time to come.—*The Bishop of New Guinea.*

Some men think that poverty is a dreadful burden, and that wealth leads to happiness. What do they know about it? They know only one side; they imagine the other. I have lived both, and I know there is very little in wealth that can add to human happiness.—*Mr. Andrew Carnegie.*

The Board should steadily set its face against the splitting up of a school into two inferior schools. The greatest benefits are certainly to be derived from one well-staffed school, instead of two smaller schools, and the sooner the public recognises that the better.—*Mr. E. C. Purdie, of the Auckland Board of Education.*

Nelson is one of the most conservative places you could possibly get into. It has been well named sleepy hollow. Napier is another.—*Mr. A. Rossar.*

When the Irish were appealing to the civilised world on behalf of Home Rule there should be no crime or outrage. They ought to show by the wise exercise of their present powers that they were worthy of larger powers.—*Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne.*

A long line of pure breeding secured a fixity of type and the power of transmitting their characteristics to their progeny, which an animal of short pedigree did not possess.—*Mr. Mansell, of the Sheep-breeders' Association.*

Any fellow who really wants to see universal service avoided should at once constitute himself a recruiter for the territorial force.—*Sir Evelyn Wood, V.O.*

New Zealand could produce and manufacture just as cheaply and effectually as countries abroad. It was by supporting local industries and helping our enterprising manufacturers that we could hope to increase the prosperity which had been shining upon this country for a number of years.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The coming of the American fleet showed how insignificant was that portion of the British fleet pretending to guard our shores.—*Cardinal Moran.*

At present it costs sixpence to collect every shilling subscribed to charities in Victoria.—*Mr. McKinnon, Victorian Attorney-General.*

That organised labour, under the leadership of professional agitators, was doing its best to ruin the industries of the Dominion could not be gainsaid.—*Mr. D. Goldie, President Auckland Employers' Association.*

Dr. Findlay had said a lot about the need wage for workers. The need wage for the Ministry was votes, and it was going to get them at any price, even at the price of selling the interests of the employers for the votes of the workers.—*Mr. J. Miller, Auckland Employers' Association.*

The colonies were pursuing their own path and their own destiny, which would not be altered in the future as the result of any struggle in Europe.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*

In no case should fashion lead the breeder to forget that the ultimate object in breeding sheep was to produce mutton and wool at a minimum of cost.—*Mr. Mansell, of the National Sheep-breeders' Association.*

These witnesses have no business whatever to be coached by the police, Mr. Tole. They must come here and give evidence according to their memory.—*Mr. Justice Edwards.*

An illustration of the petty way in which employers were harassed occurred at Palmerston, when an employer was

summoned for allowing a driver to feed two horses instead of one, the inference being that if two horses were to be fed, two men should perform the arduous task. It transpired, however, that the driver only fed the horses on alternate days, and the Judge, therefore, ordered the case to be withdrawn.—*Mr. D. Goldie.*

He had been astonished at the high price of almost every necessary of life. Articles that were cheap at Home seemed here to be only within the reach of the rich. A tram conductor getting 60/ a week in Wellington declared that he had been better off at Home on 28/ per week.—*Mr. Richard Garnett, of Yorkshire.*

The object of employers must necessarily be to help the Government to do without the socialistic vote, and this could only be done by coalition of the so-called Opposition, whose principles were materially the same as those of the Government.—*Mr. J. Miller, Auckland Employers' Association.*

That Main Trunk line is going to mean a wonderful thing for Auckland, but, as a city, it wants just as much the completion of its North Auckland railway, and of the line from Gisborne along the East Coast.—*Mr. A. T. Johnson, Otago.*

It was a real pleasure to work with officers of the fleet. We found them the best of good fellows.—*Captain Duder.*

I am quite certain that America is just as likely to require the assistance of the British navy as Britain is to require the assistance of the American.—*Mr. Massey, M.P.*

It was distinctly advisable to proceed with the development of the deep levels, as what had been done in this direction in the past certainly pointed to the fact that better country existed at the lower levels than what had yet been prospected.—*Mr. Waine, Manager of the Waitohi mine.*

The absolute majority is all right for the cities, as the electors can easily get to the polling booths. But in the country constituencies we are afraid that the great preponderance of voting power will be secured to the small townships.—*Mr. W. H. Herries, M.P.*

A sacrificing priesthood and baptismal regeneration on the one hand, and the Presbyterian conception of the ministry on the other, are absolutely incompatible.—*Rev. Dr. Gibb, Presbyterian minister, Wellington.*

There is no doubt as to the value of the North Island Main Trunk line to the Dominion as a whole, and I am convinced that it will prove one of the greatest factors we have known in pushing the development of the country through which it runs to its full capacity. Already considerable settlement and development of the resources of the country has closely followed the rail-head.—*Hon. W. Hall-Jones.*

With reduced timber supplies throughout the world, prices must advance, so that the longer the cutting of our timber in New Zealand was delayed the greater would be its rise in value, and the country would get the benefit of that advance. On the whole, he did not look upon the importation of timber from outside as an unmixt evil.—*Hon. R. McVab.*

He believed that there were in New Zealand more different kinds of flowers than most people knew about. Altogether, there were about 1,400 flowering

plants, and the odd thing was that 1,140 of those plants were found in no other place but New Zealand. The reason for this was probably owing to New Zealand having been for so long isolated from other parts of the world, which had allowed the country to develop a great many special forms that were now recognised as species.—*Mr. G. M. Thomson, Dunedin.*

Our lesson has come from the glorious traditions of the British navy.—*Admiral Sperry.*

As an old naval officer I was pleased at the exhibition of the fleet coming here, for it spoke highly of your skill that you should bring this big fleet across, and arrive in the manner you did.—*Sir Harry Watson, Governor of N.S.W.*

The proper standard of the American navy was 16 battleships commissioned in the Pacific and 16 in the Atlantic, with eight in each ocean held in reserve.—*Admiral Evans.*

He wished to say, quite candidly, that neither Dr. Bell nor any Government geologist was going to be used as a mining expert to advise speculators. Gold mining was speculative, and should be carried on by private enterprise. He was not prepared to advise his colleagues to go in for gold mining.—*Hon. J. McCowan.*

What was wanted was the reformatory system of industrial farms, near large centres. Prevention was better than cure. Men should not be cast out of prison without money or means of subsistence, as was the case now.—*Mr. Hogg, M.P.*

There is no doubt that Mr. A. M. Myers is the best Mayor that Auckland has ever had. He is a practical business man, and he brings energy and experience to bear on all branches of municipal works. He is doing a lot to keep Auckland in the front rank of the cities of New Zealand.—*Mr. J. Vigor-Brown, Mayor of Napier.*

As socialism has been such a success in Auckland, I think the socialists should be given 60,000 acres of bush land in North Auckland to clear. They could then establish a colony of their own, and be safe out of harm's way.—*Mr. R. Hall, of the A. and P. Association.*

I have often thought that the man who sits on this Bench has to be more than human if he wants to know what is true.—*Mr. O. C. Keble, S.M.*

The letters posted in the Dominion last year numbered 854 millions, an increase of 64 millions over 1906. The total number of all articles posted was 125½ millions.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

If by the Historic Episcopate is understood some mysterious supernatural power with which the bishop is invested—well, Presbyterians cannot away with it.—*Rev. Dr. Gibb, Presbyterian minister, Wellington.*

An agitator declared that he would force a farmer's own son to join the union, even if by so doing he risked breaking up the home, and when asked what a farmer was to do who could not pay union rates, the agitator, with brutal candour, replied, "That's his funeral."—*Mr. D. Goldie.*

He believed that the bulk of the farm workers were as pleased with the judgment as the farmers, and he had heard of instances last evening in the district where the workers, when the news got

Relief from Headache is Yours if You Want it

You have only to get a box of Stearns' Headache Cure at your chemist's and take one of the little tasteless wafers. This is the most popular headache cure in the world, and has been sold for almost twenty years; the only reason that so many people buy it over and over that it does what it should—cures headache promptly, safely, pleasantly. No one needs to suffer from headache when

Stearns' Headache Cure

is at hand. It is well to keep a box in the house all the time, for headaches always come without warning. This will drive them away as quickly as they come. Stearns' Headache Cure is so much better than others that it will pay you to insist on having STEARNS', and no other.

abroad, had got on their bicycles and joined their mates to rejoice that they still had their freedom.—*Mr. D. Jones, on the Farm Labourers' Disputa.*

It is the ambition of a well-constituted woman to be a happy wife and mother of a rollicking family, and the family life of both is the happiest state that can ever be attained by either in this world.—*Mr. G. Farmer, Blenheim.*

President Roosevelt's administration had been regarded as one of the most successful, and the people were willing to rate him as one of the greatest of the Presidents. They had in a sense displaced Washington by putting Lincoln as the most prominent American, and President Roosevelt was a pretty close second.—*Mr. E. T. Edwards, B.A.*

There is no doubt, in my mind, that Auckland will be the best and finest city in the Dominion. The population is growing by leaps and bounds, and it is as hard to get an empty house there as it is in Napier.—*Mr. J. Vigor-Brown, Mayor of Napier.*

The rapid water erosion of parts of Cape Colony is attributed chiefly to burning of vegetation and the starting of paths by cattle and waggons. Once started, erosion is very rapid, and the Ongar, or Brak River, which did not exist sixty years ago, now averages 300ft. in width, and 15 ft. in depth. The same thing occurs in Australia.

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

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

For Russell.
CLANSMAN.... Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
For Russell, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
CLANSMAN.... Every Wednesday, at 5 p.m.
For Awanui, Waitarara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
APANUI.... Every Monday at 2 p.m.
No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.
For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whanauki.
PAEROA.... Thursday, 13th Aug., 1 p.m.
For Great Barrier.
Waiohaka.... Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waitohu and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROKOMAHANA.... Tues., 11th, 12.30 p.m.
ROKOMAHANA.... Fri., 14th, 1 p.m.
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHEKE.
ROKOMAHANA.... Wed., 12th, 7 a.m.
ROKOMAHANA.... Sat., 15th, 7.30 a.m.

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

WHANGAREI SERVICE.
Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—
S.S. NGAPUHI S.S. COROMANDEL
Leaves
Fralo Whangarei Mangapai, Parua
to Whariki Bay.

JULY.
Goods Train, Paa. Train Leaves
80th—9 Prev. day, 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. 9 a.m.

AUGUST.
1st—9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 11 a.m. 2 p.m.
4th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 10 a.m. No str.
8th—0.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. Noon
11th—11.45 a.m. 8 p.m. 5 p.m. 8 p.m.
13th—11.45 a.m. 8 p.m. 5 p.m. 8 p.m.
16th—9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 7 a.m. 11 a.m.
18th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 11 a.m. No str.
20th—11.45 a.m. 3 p.m. Noon. 2 p.m.
22nd—11.45 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 1 p.m.
25th—9 Prev. day, 9 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.
27th—9 Prev. day, 9.30 a.m. 8 a.m. 10 a.m.
29th—9 Prev. day, 9.30 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.

*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz., 15th, 20th, 27th, and 29th, must go from up-country stations by afternoon train on previous day.

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The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

THE negro problem in the States," began the domine, "seems at present well nigh insoluble. Not only are the negroes increasing far more rapidly than the whites, but the racial hatred seems to grow more and more intense. There is no way out of the difficulty, except wholesale deportation, and to deport some ten million people is a task of appalling magnitude. But the thing will have to be done sooner or later, and the sooner it is done the better. There can never be any mingling of the races. The present outbreaks of mob violence are a standing menace to the civilisation and law of the States, but such outbreaks will continue to increase, and will grow in violence and intensity unless steps are taken to strike at the root of the evil by sending the negroes back to their homes in Africa."

"It is certainly a warning to us," assented the politician, "not to allow anything to interfere with our policy of Asiatic exclusion. Coloured races multiply more rapidly than white. The Japanese problem in America is already almost as acute as the negro. I should like to see all Asiatics absolutely excluded from the British dominions. It is hard enough for the white people to get on as it is; it would be ten times harder if they were called upon to face the competition of races who are popularly supposed to be able to live on the smell of an oil rag."

"The Oriental," remarked the head of a large importing firm, "has a very low standard of living, and is willing to work long hours for very little pay. I have known natives to live on twopenny a day and to work for less than two shillings a week. Most Asiatics are possessed of great powers of endurance and of infinite patience. No white man could possibly compete against them. The danger of moral contagion from Eastern nations can hardly be over-estimated. You have only to read the unexpurgated edition of Burton's 'Arabian Nights' to realise this. Perhaps the worst feature of coloured labour is the baneful effect it has in lowering the estimation in which manual work is held. We want to raise, not lower, the status of our workers. You see evidence of this result in South Africa, where the whites look on working in the mines as beneath their dignity, and fit only for Kaffirs."

"And yet," interposed the cynic, "the unsophisticated dweller in the Pacific isles has solved many problems that still perplex the West. What could be more charmingly simple and practical than the marriage customs of New Guinea, for example? When a couple wish to marry they go into the garden and gather food together. The lady cooks the food on their return, and after they have both partaken of it the marriage is complete. Divorce is easier than even in America. If the husband refuses to eat food which his spouse has cooked for him, the woman is ipso facto divorced, and both are free to marry again or find substitutes, as the modern phrase goes."

"Talking of food," put in the lawyer, "reminds me of the awful threat used lately by the cooks in Paris in order to secure a rise in wages. They have actually threatened to divulge the secrets of the kitchen, and they say that if they do no one will ever have a meal in a restaurant again. The French cook has the reputation of being able to disguise all sorts of horrors by means of his skill in concocting piquant sauces and other dressings. The mere threat to disclose the actual constituents of French dishes must be sufficiently disquieting to restaurant diners. It is certainly a case of ignorance being more blessed than knowledge."

"Had Zola been alive," answered a country member, "he could have written another Jungle dealing with the 'Vol au Vents' and sausages of the cheap eating house. Our system of inspection in New Zealand will be so rigid when the new abattoirs come into commission that there will be little fear of our own people being fed on any but the best of meat. Now that so much farm produce is apt to be condemned for one reason or another in the interests of the general public, it is a question whether the Government should not start some form of insurance fund. The farmers could pay half the premium and the State the other half. It is a little hard on a man who is called upon, for instance, to cut down and destroy all his vines because of phylloxera that he should have to bear the entire loss himself. Though not an advocate of State subsidies in many matters, it yet seems to me only fair that the general public should bear its share in the cost of measures devised for its own protection."

"Nowadays," said an insurance manager, "you can insure against anything if you only pay sufficient premiums. Offices at Home will insure newly-married couples against the misfortune of having twins, caterers for the amusement of the public can protect themselves from loss through any particular day being wet, coin in the slot machines have been devised for the purpose of issuing policies covering every description of accident risk. The day is not far distant when men will be able to insure against the risk of getting married, and women will be able to insure against the risk of not getting married by a certain age. The adjustment of the premiums to be charged in the latter case would call for a considerable amount of diplomatic talent on the part of the Company's manager. It would be a delicate thing to have to tell a woman that you would be compelled to load her policy. It might lead to the manager having to draw on his own accident insurance policy."

"The cheapest insurance in the world," remarked the journalist, "is our own contribution to the British navy. For less than tenpence per head of our population we have complete protection for our shores and our merchandise. It is to be devoutly hoped that the party of retrenchment at Home will not meddle with the navy as they have done with the army. The Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to ridicule the idea of any possible war with Germany, but there is nothing

that so much makes for peace as being prepared for war. The old age pensions and model dwellings would be precious little use to anybody if the fleet could not hold the English Channel against all comers. At the same time, the building of so many Dreadnoughts entails an enormous outlay, and any reasonable scheme of limitation of armaments would be a boon to Germany as well as to ourselves."

Joseph Carruthers is "Hector" now that he is a knight, just as John Bonython became "Langdon," and Neil Lewis became "Elliott." But Tommy Bent had still to be Tommy, for the poor man had no middle name to travel upon (unless, perhaps, it was Bloggs, and he concealed it). If he had been Thomas H. Bent, he might, when he got his indignity, have blossomed suddenly as "Sir Howard," or something like that. But he had no such luck.

BILIOUSNESS AND HOW TO CURE IT

BILIOUSNESS is an ailment caused by derangement of the functions of the Liver. That wonderful organ manufactures bile to assist in the digestion of food, and filters all waste and impure matter from the blood. When the Liver's action is imperfect the bile becomes misdirected, and the inevitable result is Biliousness. By purifying the blood, regulating the flow of bile, gently opening the bowels, and promoting the Liver to healthy action, Bile Beans are the finest remedy for Biliousness and all Liver ailments. Bile Beans don't attack symptoms only, they remove the cause by striking at the root of the trouble.

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Head Office:
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Paid-up Capital	£2,463,720 0 0
Reserve Fund	£1,530,000 0 0
Provisional Liability of Proprietors	£2,000,000 0 0
	£6,023,720 0 0

Directors:
The Hon. Charles K. Mackellar, M.L.C., President.
The Hon. Reginald James Black, M.L.C.
Sir James H. Fairfax, Kt.
Richard Binnie, Esq.
Hon. Sir Norman MacLaurin, Kt., M.L.C.
Custodian the Hon. James Thomas Walker.

Auditors:
Alfred S. Milson, Esq., Frederick W. Uther, Esq.

London Office: Old Broad-st., with Branches in all the Australian States, New Zealand and Fiji, and Agencies and Correspondents throughout Tasmania, the United Kingdom, Europe, India, China, Japan and the West Africa, Canada, the United States, South America, Honolulu, and the West Indies.

The Bank allows interest on Fixed Deposits, collects for its Customers Dividends on Shares in Public Companies, and interest on Debentures; undertakes the Agency of other Banks, and conducts all customary Banking Business; also issues Letters of Credit and Circular Notes, negotiable throughout the world.

J. RUSSELL FRENCH,
General Manager.

The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION,

A tender for £2839 has been accepted for the erection of the Whangarei Post Office.

The result of the year's work of the Canterbury Farmers' Co-operative Association show that their loss by the big fire was £2,822. The profit for the year was £20,851, which, added to £3,615 assets brought forward, gives £24,267 for distribution this year.

Dr. Buck investigated the epidemic amongst the Maoris at Tokaanu, which is a virulent form of influenza, aggravated by the cold weather and the numbers of natives living in tents attending the land court. The judge of the land court has adjourned the court till the summer months, so as to enable the natives to get better.

A letter posted in Dunedin by Messrs. Hellenstein Bros. to a person in Christchurch, Canterbury, has had some varied experiences. It was addressed to a gentleman at Christ College, and as there was a bill inside, it may safely be assumed that the person for whom it was intended was a student. Some person unknown added England to the address, with the result that the letter was sent Home. From England it went to Ireland, over the greater part of which country it must have travelled, as the envelope now has twenty-two postmarks on it and is covered with addresses on the front and has one on the back. The letter was posted on February 29, and was returned on Thursday, August 13.

The Marist Brothers' new brick school in Shakespeare-road, Napier, erected to replace the wooden structure which was partially destroyed by fire, was dedicated by Archbishop Redwood on Sunday. Prior to the ceremony there was a large procession, headed by the band from St. Patrick's Church through the town to the school. In the course of his address, the Archbishop congratulated the Catholics of Napier on the erection of the school, and said it was one of the many evidences that the Catholic body throughout New Zealand were determined that their children should have religious education as well as secular instruction.

Mr. J. Vigor Brown, Mayor of Napier, on returning home at the end of the American fleet's visit, was interviewed by a reporter of the "Daily Telegraph." He spoke most enthusiastically of the manner in which the American visitors were entertained. Asked if he would give a general idea of what had impressed him in connection with the municipal affairs of Auckland, Mr. Brown said, "There is no doubt that Mr. A. M. Myers is the best Mayor that Auckland has ever had. He is a practical business man, and he brings energy and experience to bear on all branches of municipal works. He is doing a lot to keep Auckland in the front rank of the cities of New Zealand, and there is no doubt, in my mind, that Auckland will be the best and finest city in the Dominion. The population is growing by leaps and bounds, and it is as hard to get an empty house there as it is in Napier. The Mayor is not afraid of his own shadow, and the ratepayers recognise his ability in supporting him in all the public schemes which he brings forward for the good of the town."

When attending a hunt club meet at Martindale on the other day, a curious experience befell Mr. C. E. Brewer, a local resident. "It happened," said Mr. Brewer, "that I was wearing a new waistcoat, the front of which was made from the skin of a young fawn. I had never attended a hunt before. With a few friends, including some ladies, I drove up in a vehicle in order, as they said, to see the 'throw off.' Immediately we arrived on the scene of action, the dogs (I believe that the correct name is hounds), well, the dogs rushed over to our vehicle, yelling very loudly. I thought that this was part of the business, and did not take much notice, until some of the dogs tried to jump into our trap. Then the huntsman galloped up on horseback, and tumbled a horn, and when he got up to me, he said, 'Why don't you throw the meat out!' I said, 'There's no meat, only what's alive' (meaning myself and my friends); but he could not have heard my voice, there was so much noise, and he cried out again,

angry Mee, 'Why don't you throw out the meat! At this his dogs seemed to get more excited than ever. They jumped and yelped so much that I thought they were going to tear us all to pieces. The ladies screamed, and one fainted, and all the time the huntsman was crying out, 'Why don't you throw out the meat! By this time our vehicle was surrounded by the hunting party, and all the people who had come to see the hunt. They did not seem to be able to fix things up satisfactorily, and as the dogs were getting more excited and the ladies more frightened, I decided to effect a retreat. I set the horse at a gallop followed by the dogs, but after pursuing me for a quarter of a mile, the huntsman tumbled them back to him, and we escaped. I learned afterwards that the dogs that day were after my new fawn waistcoat."

Premier Reported by Blind Boy.

An unprecedented feat was established in Auckland last week by a student of the Institute for the Blind. The youth, whose name is Doric Algis, is fifteen years of age, and has been taught to record readings at a rate of about 120 a minute upon a specially-constructed machine. The system used is Pitman's shorthand and Braille adroitly applied to one another. The boy touches certain keys, which puncture a tape, and afterwards, by merely running a finger over the punctures, the boy can translate the dictation. He has only been learning nine months, and is wonderfully proficient. Doric could last week be seen at the Industries Exhibition daily writing for marvelling crowds, and he was tested by Sir Joseph Ward. To see what the sightless stenographer could do, Sir Joseph stood behind him and spoke as follows:—"This is the first occasion upon which I have had the pleasure of having any comments taken down in a substitution for shorthand, such as you are doing now by the touch of the fingers, without the advantage of eyesight, and I would like to express the great pleasure I feel in finding that you are able to use your energies in such a useful and satisfactory manner. It is very creditable indeed to the tuition of the institution, in which you are, and shows really what extraordinary facilities can be developed without that great blessing of eyesight which so many of us do not realise the great value of until we see those who unfortunately have not the advantage of it." The trial was most satisfactory, and the lad subsequently took down a speech by the Premier, who moderated his usually rapid delivery to suit the capabilities of his uncommon reporter.

Welcome Visitors.

The steamer Oswestry Grange, due to arrive in Wellington from Liverpool about September 1, is bringing 57 nominated passengers, including eight domestic servants, seven farmers, and several farm labourers. A mother and her two daughters, who are domestic, have declared that they possess capital of £1100, and they are booked for Auckland.

Fleet Week's Business.

Auckland is once more itself, and flags and greenery, lamps, and set-pieces have been dismantled.

As was only expected, the tramway traffic during the week totalled surprising figures. For the eight days from Saturday, the 8th, until Saturday, the 15th, the receipts were £6500, from 1,014,000 passengers; while on Monday 149,000 travelled on the cars. The Railway Department estimates that the inward traffic during fleet week accounted for between 25,000 and 30,000 passengers.

During the five days the Quay-street Postal Bureau was opened, the officers there handled 40,328 post-cards, 9112 letters, 3454 newspapers, 667 parcels, and 2518 book packages. It must be remembered that this bureau was only used by officers and men from the battleships, and only a portion of the correspondence was dealt with there.

The Napier Working Men's Club has decided to call competitive designs for a plan for a new building, the cost not to exceed £10,000. A premium of 100 guineas is offered for the best plan.

The tender for the construction of the Napier municipal bath largely exceeded the amount authorised by the loan (£8000), and the Council will modify the plans and call fresh tenders.

Roderick Campbell, aged 25, grazed his knee a fortnight ago while playing football in Gisborne. Two days later symptoms of blood-poisoning developed, from which he died last week.

Sly-Grog Selling.

In the Wellington Magistrate's Court, Jno. Millante was fined £35 for sly-grog selling, and Joseph Paigie was fined £2 for being found on Millante's premises. William Nolan and Joseph McCarthy, charged with hawking intoxicating liquor for sale, were each fined £25. The alternative for each of the three chief offenders was fixed at one month's imprisonment.

Left to Die.

Magistrate Riddell convicted John Juden and John Olsen of cruelly ill-treating three horses at Hastings. The police gave evidence that the horses were worked in the plough, when one, a framework covered by skin and bones, fell in the furrow, and was left to die. Juden was fined £3 and costs 4/-. Olsen, on account of his youth, was ordered to come up when called.

Tramway Employees' Wages.

It is estimated that the increase of pay either granted or to be granted to corporation employees in connection with the Wellington tramways will necessitate an extra expenditure of £1800 per annum.

Ammunition for the Trentham Meeting.

In order to ensure that ammunition to be used at the next Trentham Rifle Meeting shall be of uniform character, Colonel Collins, executive officer of the New Zealand Rifle Association, has arranged with the Colonial Ammunition Company to manufacture a special order of 120,000 cartridges, made up in packets of 7, 8, 10, and 11 rounds.

Bank Holidays.

A bill is now before Parliament dealing to some extent with bank holidays, of which there is a growing feeling that New Zealand has too many. The Wellington Chamber of Commerce is availing of the opportunity to urge the Government to eliminate the three saints' days from the list of holidays observed by banks, and the Auckland Chamber has agreed to co-operate by doing likewise.

The Missing Acon.

The s.s. Acon, now long overdue at Auckland from San Francisco, has been re-insured at 30 guineas per cent.

The Acon left San Francisco on July 8 last for Apia, Auckland, Napier, and Sydney, and, except that she was sixteen days overdue at Apia (Samoa) on the 4th inst., nothing has since been heard of her, the opinion being held in local shipping circles that an accident has befallen the vessel. The first opinion, that something had happened to her machinery, is now giving place to graver fears owing to the prolonged absence of news of the vessel. The steamer Lord Sefton left San Francisco on August 2 for the same ports as the Acon, excepting Napier, and it is possible that she will have news of the missing steamer. The Lord Sefton is scheduled to reach Auckland on the 31st Aug. The Yeddo is also searching for the missing steamer. The Yeddo, was sighted this side of Norfolk Island on Saturday week, but it is doubtful if the Acon has got further west than Samoa. The Yeddo goes right on to the American coast in pursuance of her quest. A couple of other steamers are also keeping a look-out for the Acon. The Acon's

cargo is as follows:—For Apia, 79 tons; New Zealand, 183 tons; Australia, 276 tons of general cargo and 1,011,000 super. ft lumber. She also has 950,000 ft of lumber for Napier.

The Bakers' Strike.

Andrew Collins, J.P., a member of the Conciliation Board for Wellington district, and general secretary of the Wellington Operative Bakers' Union, is to be prosecuted by the Labour Department before the Arbitration Court this week for having, it is alleged, aided and abetted the recent strike of bakers in this city. He will be charged with a breach of the bakers' award. About 40 other persons will be prosecuted for various breaches of the same award.

Mixed Schools.

Interviewed on the subject of the Education Board's discussion re native schools, the Hon. G. Fowlds says the native health officer went to Tamarunui, and telegraphed that the allegations made were unkind and untrue. The officer found in one case a tubercular gland trouble, and two slight cases of skin disease. Generally speaking, Mr Fowlds says, he has been through many native schools, and had found the standard of cleanliness equal to European schools. Even in the best suburban schools mothers had the same trouble with vermin and skin diseases. He suggested segregation. The matter is one of public policy, on which Mr Fowlds holds strong opinions. The unanimous finding of the Education Committee as adopted by the House, indicates the feeling of members that Tamarunui should be offered to the Auckland Board, as other Board schools open to native and European children.

Auckland's New Town Hall.

A meeting of the Town Hall Committee, in accordance with the decision that the lowest tender should be accepted if the pool of ratepayers passed the loan proposals, called to Messrs. J. and E. J. Clarke, architects, of Melbourne, to send a representative of the firm to Auckland to arrange preliminary matters.

While it is estimated that it will take three years to complete the contract, it is intended to push on with the two large halls so as to have them ready at as early a date as possible, probably in two years time.

Kaipoi Woollen Company.

The report of the directors of the Kaipoi Woollen Manufacturing Company, Limited, for the year ending July 31, 1908, states that, notwithstanding by the late fire, the directors anticipated that the report and balance-sheet would be considered satisfactory by the shareholders. The plant had been kept at the usual high standard of efficiency by the expenditure of £2367 on new machinery, and £1916 on necessary repairs. The sum of £2340 had been provided for depreciation, stock had been carefully taken at present value, and provision made for all bad debts. After paying the interim dividend of 3 per cent., absorbing £3000, the profit and loss account showed an available balance of £7492 6/2, which the directors recommended should be allocated as follows:—Dividend of 4 per cent. for the half-year, making 7 per cent. for the year, on ordinary shares, and on preference shares a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum from allotment, £1500 to be added to the reserve, and the balance of £1432 to be carried forward.

COMMONWEALTH.

The death is announced of Mrs. Ivory, at the age of 109 years in Sydney.

The Queensland National Bank profits for the half-year were £43,481, whereof £23,481 is transferred to the contingency account, £15,000 to depositors' repayment fund, and £5000 to reserve.

The Mount Lyell returns from July 10th till August 12th inclusive show that 23,034 tons of ore were treated, also 218 tons of purchased ore. The converters produced 700 tons of blister copper, yielding: Copper 692 tons, silver 62,730 oz., gold 1595 dwts.

The report to be presented to the half-yearly meeting of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company shows that the depreciation of silver and lead has reduced profits from £137,462 to £22,776, equivalent to a fall in profit from a ton of ore of 8.0 to 1.8.

A Melbourne firm of lithographers has rearranged the working hours in its factory with the object of giving employees as much of time in daylight as possible. From September 1st to April 1st work will commence on ordinary days at 7.30 a.m. and conclude at 5 p.m., with half an hour off for lunch. On Saturday the day will conclude at 10.30 a.m. The manager was in favour of work commencing at 7 a.m., thus allowing an off day on Saturday, and the firm has signified its intention to arrange the hours on this principle next year if the employees are agreeable.

Female Franchise in Victoria.

A unique deputation, consisting of the Women's Suffrage League, formed by women, waited on the Premier (Sir Thomas Bent), who promised to consider the matter with a view to granting women votes.

The Brisbane Young Men's Christian opened. Mrs. W. Crib donated £22,000 to the fund.

Well Out of It.

While playing beside the edge of a well at the back of her house, Sydney, Mrs. Raynor's child fell into the water. Mrs. Raynor heard the splash and, carrying her baby to the side of the well, she jumped down to rescue the older child. The baby, looking for its mother, crawled to the edge of the well and tumbled in. The mother, standing up to her neck in the ice-cold water, held both children above her head for an hour until help came, when all three were rescued in safety.

Sir Henry Weeden (Lord Mayor of Melbourne) has returned from England. He says the Anglo-French Exhibition was the best and cheapest advertisement Australia ever had. He had heard nothing in England regarding the rumour current in Australia that the King was likely to visit Australia, and thinks such a visit improbable.

Captain Colquhoun, commander of the Queensland gunboat Gayundah, died suddenly of heart failure after the vessel arrived in Sydney to participate in the welcome to the American fleet. Deceased was well known in Australian naval circles.

South Australian Politics.

In the Assembly the Labour party succeeded in altering the Constitution Act Amendment Bill against the Government, and in favour of six Ministers with a salary of £1000 each.

At present South Australia has a Ministry of four.

Death of Mr. Crick.

The sudden death is announced of Mr. W. P. Crick, ex-Minister for Lands, from hemorrhage. Mr. Crick attended the races last Saturday.

Across Australia in a Motor Car.

Messrs. Dutton, Aunger, and Allchurch have arrived at Port Darwin overland from Adelaide by motor car.

Both men and machine are in excellent condition after the long and hazardous journey across Australia, which was accomplished on one set of tyres.

The motorists had some trying experiences among the sandhills.

Improved Queensland Butter.

"Weddel's Annual Review" refers to the remarkable improvement in Queensland butter, which is attributed largely to the strictness of grading.

The article advocates compulsory grading, and the stamping of the number of the grade on boxes.

The "Review" considers that the probable average value of butter and cheese during the coming season will be somewhat lower than last.

The American Fleet in Sydney.

The great white fleet of the United States arrived in Sydney Harbour on August 20, Admiral Sperry's flagship in the lead, entering the Heads at precisely at 11 hour arranged, viz., 11.30 o'clock.

The coastline was everywhere black with humanity, and the harbour alive with craft of all descriptions, and it is believed that over 400,000 people viewed the great naval pageant, some estimates giving the figure at half-a-million.

Tramway and other accidents were numerous, many of them being serious. Several seasick passengers fell overboard at the Heads, but were rescued. One man fell from the roof of a train, and was killed. Another man was killed by falling over a cliff at South Head. About 50 persons were treated in the hospitals.

On Sunday there was a church parade of the Commonwealth naval and military forces in Centennial Park, when the Governor presented the colours to the 2nd Infantry Regiment. Over 70,000 spectators were present, including a number of American visitors.

Many of the churches arranged special services, extending invitations to the fleet.

Over 800 officers and men attended High Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral, a subsequent banquet being arranged by the Catholic community.

The round of fleet festivities was well launched on Friday, the official landing, public receptions, and procession of the Admirals and their staffs, and a large contingent of sailors from the fleet taking place under perfect weather conditions and amid scenes of unbounded enthusiasm.

From an early hour people began to gather along the line of route, and long before the march-past took place every inch of space was jammed, balconies, roofs, and every possible point where a view was obtainable being occupied. Business was practically at a standstill.

Seldom, if ever, has a larger or more generously demonstrative gathering been seen in Sydney.

The landing of representative units of the fleet, numbering 150, officers, and 2350 sailors and marines, was made at 10 o'clock at Farm Cove and Woolloomooloo Bay.

Hence the procession marched to the outer domain.

The streets through which the procession passed were elaborately decorated, notably Macquarie-street and Martin Place. There was a citizens' avenue in Park-street, an American avenue in Pitt-street, and venetian masts lined the sides of all the streets. Thousands of flags, the Stars and Stripes predominating, fluttered everywhere, and strung from all the side streets were flags, interspersed with shields and other emblematic designs, mottoes, greetings, and greenery.

Martin Place was a blaze of colour. Tall white plaster columns flanked each side, capped with golden eagles and crowns, long streamers of multi-coloured drapery, roofing the street over, greenery giving a fine finishing effect. Macquarie-street provided a splendid picture, the interweaving of brilliant colouring, greenery, and gleaming white columns, producing fine artistic effects.

The procession of such a large body of the visitors with rifles on their shoulders and their smart appearance and splendid discipline, raised the enthusiasm to concert pitch, and the tramp of the marching feet was constantly punctuated and drowned with rolling bursts of cheering as the bluejackets threaded their way through the sea of people, packed end on end along the route.

Bands stationed at various points discoursed music. The people fully entered into the spirit of the welcome, and everywhere there was enthusiasm and good humour.

The guests at the State Banquet numbered a thousand. Mr. Wade, Premier of New South Wales, in proposing the King and President, said that the feeling of kinship between the United States and Britain was growing stronger year by year. The British were only too willing to regard their friends across the Atlantic as natural allies.

Mr. Deakin, in proposing the toast of Lord Northcote, Governor-General, paid a glowing farewell tribute to the departing farewells. He described the fleet as harbingers of peace, bringing to Australia a message of confidence, and carrying throughout the world an assurance of strength.

No other flag would have received the welcome that was being tendered on this occasion.

Lord Northcote, in his reply, said that

he believed such visits only required development to become an important factor for the peace and progress of the world. He hoped the time would come when an Australian squadron would be able to return the visit.

Admiral Sperry, replying to the toast of "Our Guest," said that their welcome had been cordial and enthusiastic beyond measure from the people, from their representatives, and the representatives of the King, and back of it all was kinship, common interests, blood, and common Christianity. He hoped the ties, which were strong as steel, would become stronger and more numerous.

Admiral Sperry then proposed the British Navy.

Admiral Sir Richard Poore, replying, attributed the enthusiasm and friendship to their interests being almost identical, because each was strong and respected the other's strength, and because of their united efforts to maintain peace.

Mr. Deakin, responding to the toast of the Commonwealth, looked forward to the day when from our harbour would go forth a fleet worthy to be compared with the magnificent squadron which had reached Australian shores.

Lord Northcote sent the following message to President Roosevelt on Thursday:—

"Americans, hundreds of thousands of whom are gathered on the shores of Sydney Harbour to welcome the battleships of the fleet of the United States, at this moment entering the eastern gateway of this continent, unite in cordial greetings to President Roosevelt. The people of the Commonwealth gratefully appreciate the generous response to their invitation by the President and citizens of your great Republic, and rejoice in the opportunity afforded by this demonstration of the might of America's naval power to express their sincere admiration of your sailors, and their esteem and affection for the country whose glorious flag they hope to see always floating beside that of their Motherland."

President Roosevelt replied:—

"I desire to express to the Governor-General and the Government, and through them to the entire people of the mighty Commonwealth of Australia the appreciation which the American people feel for their generous hospitality to the American fleet. The people of this Republic hold in peculiar esteem and admiration the people of Australia, and it is a real pleasure to me, on behalf of the nation, to accept the generous hospitality proffered by Australia to the fleet on its voyage of peace, for the American Navy is a menace to no Power, but is, on the contrary, as we believe, an asset of high importance in securing peace and justice throughout the world."

THE OLD COUNTRY.

The Lusitania's latest passage from England to America occupied 96 hours 18 min., establishing a record.

The Imperial Colonial Club has been opened in new premises in Piccadilly, with a membership of three thousand.

The estate of the late Mr. George Coper, the well-known English book-maker and landowner, is reported to be worth nearly half-a-million.

The Hon. Reginald Lister, Councillor to H.M.'s Embassy at Paris, succeeds Sir Gerald A. Lowther as Ambassador at Tangier.

The promoters of the Brewers' Exhibition on October 17 offer diplomas in six classes for wine and one for brandy, open to the products of colonial-grown grapes bottled in the country of origin. Entries close on October 3.

Negotiations are afoot for making the colonial exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition the basis of a British Empire Exhibition. All the commissioners favour the idea, because the present show is considered to have been highly beneficial.

No Near Yet So Far.

After swimming many hours Burgess, in his second attempt to swim the Channel this season, was within a mile of Cape Griens when an adverse tide carried him back seaward and compelled him to abandon the attempt.

Dr. Clifford, president of the Baptist World Alliance, presides over a European

Congress of Baptists, which opens in Berlin on August 31. Britain sends 806 delegates.

An American has purchased Mr. Baldwin's dirigible balloon.

Mr. Haldane's Scheme Unpopular.

The "Spectator" says that it is most humiliating for the State to have to wheedle, cajole, and beg employers to allow their men to join the territorial army. The "Spectator" again urges the establishment of a system of universal military training.

Success of an Auckland Cadet.

Colour-Sergeant Friar, the New Zealand cadet who came to England to compete at the Empire Cadets' rifle meeting, was introduced to Lord Roberts, who presented him with a match rifle in commemoration of his visit and his good shooting at the meeting.

In both the Chelyesmore and Guinness Cup competitions Friar secured second place, a performance indicating both brilliancy and consistency.

Copeland, an Australian cadet, was ninth in the competition for the Guinness Cup.

Anglo-German Relations.

On the ground that the foreign editor of the "Vossische Zeitung" is an old friend of Prince von Buelow (the German Chancellor), and that the newspaper is often utilised to announce events less formally than semi-officially, the London "Daily Telegraph's" Berlin correspondent credits the statement that Sir Chas. Hardinge (Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) intimated at Cronenberg, where His Majesty King Edward met the Kaiser, that it was the intention of the Government to introduce a bill to arrange a four years' shipbuilding programme.

The Kaiser replied that the step was not regarded with animosity in Germany, and would not provoke counter measures.

The correspondent adds that the myth of Britain's so-called isolated policy is exploded, and the whole account of the interview points to a fundamental change in Germany's attitude towards Britain.

A Disclaimer.

Mr. Lloyd-George (Chancellor of the Exchequer), in a message to the "Daily Chronicle," indignantly repels the "Standard's" accusation against Mr. Winston Churchill and himself, that they are endeavouring to oust Sir Edward Grey from the control of foreign affairs.

He expresses admiration for Sir Edward Grey, and unbounded confidence in his great capacity for dealing with the complex and difficult problems confronting Great Britain.

Good Advice.

Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne, speaking at Mount Bellow, Galway, said that when the Irish were appealing to the civilised world on behalf of Home Rule there should be no crime or outrage.

They ought to show, he said, by the wise exercise of their present powers that they were worthy of larger powers. Then they would win sympathy, and the white bond of union would be preserved, and the supreme rights of the Crown willingly admitted.

The material interests of the country would, he added, increase, and a new Ireland would arise, a new spirit come into the country, and its resources would be developed.

Troubled Ireland.

Owing to lawlessness at Macroom, County Cork, civilian officers refuse to act as writ servers, even under a police escort.

The Master of the Rolls at Dublin, in dealing with an application for the substitution of service at Macroom, declined to transfer the danger of personal violence from the process server to the postman, and ordered the placarding of writs at the police barracks nearest to the residences of the tenants concerned.

Bad Colliery Disaster.

A terrible disaster is reported as the result of an explosion in No. 1 Maypole colliery, at Abram, near Wigan, in Lancashire.

The explosion destroyed the ventilating drift and cage, blowing the timber headgear in all directions, some portions being carried a distance of over 200 feet. Seventy-six of the miners were entombed.

A rescue party descended the Wigan Junction colliery, half-a-mile distant, which communicates with No. 2 Maypole, and penetrated several hundred yards towards the wrecked workings.

Approaching these the air was almost unbreathable. Heavy falls of the roof impeded their progress.

Several dead ponies and then three dead miners were found, one terribly mutilated, with the features unrecognisable.

Many pathetic scenes were witnessed at the pit's mouth after the explosion.

All round the shaft was thronged with frenzied relatives and friends of the entombed miners.

Three men escaped alive, walking through the Wigan Junction colliery. They encountered many obstacles, caused by heavy falls from the roofs of the drives.

The disaster occurred while the shifts were changing. Of the 600 below 524 had stopped work and had ascended to the surface. The position of the corpses found indicated that the entombed men were making their way to the pit shaft when overtaken by the fire following the explosion. Some had their arms across their faces, and one had succumbed in a attitude of prayer.

Twenty-eight bodies have now been recovered from the Maypole colliery. The revised death roll gives the number as 76. The pit has been flooded to extinguish the fire.

Temperance Reform.

What is designated as the True Temperance Association has been started.

It aims at reform on a large scale of public-houses.

Mr. Balfour and Mr. Austen Chamberlain support the new movement.

Hobson's Choice.

Manchester cotton spinners have reduced the wages of all employees by five per cent.

They threaten a general lock-out if the reduction be declined by the workers.

Progressive Company.

The New Zealand Shipping Company has ordered, at Dumbarton, another steamer, longer and finer than the Otaki, which was launched last Saturday.

EUROPE.

Wholesale Fraud.

The renovation and re-issue of used stamps defrauded the Postal authorities at Moscow alone of half-a-million sterling.

Thirty persons, including a Postal official, have been arrested.

Most Popular Emperor.

All the crowned heads of Europe, and President Roosevelt, sent greetings to the Emperor Francis Josef on Aug. 18, on the occasion of his 78th birthday, and there were popular rejoicings throughout the monarchy. At the State banquet, King Edward, the Kaiser, and the Czar received special toasts.

A wonderful reign indeed has been that of the Emperor Francis Josef; nothing in all history resembles it. In March of 1848 the populace of Vienna, headed by students, rose in open rebellion. Milan led the uprising in Lombardy; Venice within her sea cincture became a citadel of revolt; Prague made itself the centre of a Pan-Slav crusade. Under Kosuth, the "Sons of Arpad" sprang to arms. Jelaichich, the Ban of Croatia, raised an army of Slavs, and struck into the heart of Hungary against the Magyars. Civil war raged throughout the Empire. Rebellious Vienna was stormed by an Imperial army. Less than a month after this terrible prelude Ferdinand I. had

at last been persuaded to abdicate, and Francis Josef became sovereign of the peoples who now idolise him. In the whole of human history there are few examples of a reign beginning amid darker or stranger circumstances. The first shot fired in the insurrection at Prague killed the Governor's wife, the Princess Windischgratz, in her own apartment. While she lay dead, Prince Windischgratz addressed the mob in front of the house with superb self-command; but he was seized in blind fury, and would have been hung at the next lamp-post but for the arrival of a rescue party of grenadiers. A little later came the ghastly murder in Vienna of Latour, the Minister for War. The national risings in Italy were quickly trampled out, but in Hungary the desperate brilliancy of the Magyar campaign prolonged the struggle for many months after the accession of Francis Josef, and not until Russia had poured 150,000 men through the Carpathians was a quietus of death restored. The young sovereign, whose name was held up at the outset to the execration of all ages by democrats throughout the world, has lived to introduce universal suffrage upon his own initiative, and to base the Hapsburg throne at last upon the loyalty of his peoples.

Anglo-German Relations.

Mr. Lloyd-George (Chancellor of the Exchequer) has arrived in Berlin.

Speaking to a Press representative, his secretary asserted that the Minister had no political mission, and that no proposals were to be made, but the visit was not without political significance.

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey (Foreign Secretary) have had prolonged interviews with Sir Charles Hardinge (Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) since the latter's return from Cronberg, where he accompanied the King on his visit to the Kaiser.

Conquest of the Air.

The new military airship and Major von Parseval's balloon manoeuvred for two hours last week in Berlin.

They met over the Brandenburg Gate, one 60 yards above the other, and sailed by way of the street Unter den Linden (so called from its double avenue of trees) to the arsenal.

The fund in aid of Count Zeppelin to enable him to continue his experiments in aeronautics, has reached £100,000.

M. Piquant, French Minister for War, travelled in the steerable balloon Excelsior from St. Cloud to Rouen.

Reform in Turkey.

Reuter's Constantinople Agency reports that the Turkish Government has resolved to engage a British officer to reorganise the navy.

The Government has also decided to engage a French financier to advise them in the rehabilitation of the finances.

The new Turkish Government has promised to equitably settle the Persian frontier dispute.

The Sultan, in pursuance of reforms under the new Constitution, has dismissed sixty-four of his aides-de-camp, and has given up his stud farm.

Fresh restrictions are being daily recorded of lands and moucey plundered from the State by ex-favourites and arrested Ministers.

Reuter's Agency reports that the abolition of the spy system is estimated to save Turkey a million and a-half sterling annually.

ASIA.

Sedition in India.

Surodranath Arya was on August 18th sentenced to five years' transportation for seditious speeches at Madras. The severity of the recent sentences for sedition is undoubtedly called for. The "Pioneer" says that short sentences for sedition do not serve the purpose in India. The truth is that the agitator who is sentenced to a year or eighteen months' or two years' imprisonment, shortened as these terms may be by good conduct in gaol, is in no way deterred from his courses. Before the prisoners have well closed upon him he is probably planning to take up his work again where he left off, and before many

months are over his friends will be concerting triumphal demonstrations to celebrate his release. A sentence of seven or ten years' lands itself to a different class of reflections. The agitator is conscious that he will be a changed man before he returns to freedom, that his admirers will have half forgotten him and will have dispersed, and that there may no longer be any agitation in existence to find him occupation.

AFRICA.

The National Convention, which is to consider the question of closer union, is to sit at Durban in October.

Dizulu, the Zulu head chief, now awaiting trial for treason, burst a blood vessel. His condition is serious, but not critical.

A band of ruffians, armed with bludgeons, attacked two trams in Cairo at midnight, and wounded and robbed many of the passengers.

Natal Taxation Legislation.

The Natal Taxation Bill imposes a graduated tax on incomes, with one shilling as the maximum for incomes exceeding £1000 per annum.

A tax of three-halfpence in the £ is imposed on land owned by absentee landlords.

Asiatic Labour.

Following an interview between the Asiatic leaders and Mr. Louis Botha (Premier of the Transvaal) and Mr. Smuts (Colonial Secretary), the Voluntary Registration Validation Bill has been withdrawn, and the registration question has been referred to a select committee of the Assembly.

The Language Question.

The Legislative Council of the Orange River Colony has read a second time a bill placing the English and Dutch languages on an equal footing as media of instruction in the State schools.

A similar enactment has already passed the Transvaal Assembly, which has gone a step further and has passed an Act under which any Government official may be discharged if, on being required so to do, he fails to acquire the English or Dutch language within twelve months.

South African Mail Service.

The South African colonies are unitedly inviting mail tenders for a 13½ days' service from Southampton to Capetown, the subsidy to be increased by the Admiralty, which will be entitled to purchase or hire the liners.

Future of the Congo.

The arrangements in connection with the annexation of the Congo include the payment of two million pounds sterling by King Leopold of Belgium.

The "Times" urges the signatory Powers to insist before confirming the annexation on the abolition of veiled forms of slavery and forced labour. It is difficult to carry out the Belgium promises, it is added, because the native lands have been seized, and therefore compelled to pay taxes by forced labour.

The "Times" also says the Powers should insist on freedom of trade being promised to all nations.

The Congo Reform Association of the United States is urging Mr. Elihu Root to insist on the introduction of free trade and the abolition of forced labour.

AMERICA.

The Bangalore, an American fleet collier, has been posted as missing.

On her voyage from London to New York the great Cunarder Mauritania steamed 650 nautical miles in 24 hours.

The "New York World" supports Mr. Bryan, and describes the issue at the Presidential election as democracy versus plutocracy.

Forest fires are sweeping along the famous Yosemite Valley, and the world famous giant redwood trees are threatened.

Ideal barvoaling weather prevails in South Manitoba, and the threshing is proceeding, the general quality of the crop being excellent.

America's Navy.

Admiral Evans, who has now retired from active service as chief in command of the American Navy, in accepting a loving cup from his friends, urged that the proper standard of the American Navy was 16 battleships commissioned in the Pacific and 16 in the Atlantic, with eight in each ocean held in reserve.

A Fair-play President.

The "Daily Mail" declares that President Roosevelt intimates that he has no sympathy with the complaints of discrimination against American athletes at the Olympic games, but is ready to inquire into matters personally when the men visit him. He is pleased at Carpenter, one of the competitors, declaring that he is tired of the talk about British antipathy to Yankee athletes, for he saw none.

Hayes, the winner of the Marathon race, who arrived in New York from England on August 20, testifies to English fair play at the Olympic games, condemning the assertions made to the contrary.

Halstead, another of the competitors at the Olympic games, also declared that he was perfectly satisfied, adding that practically all the disputes had been due to the difference between British and American rules.

Money no Object.

John Gates, a well-known Washington millionaire, is constructing a golf course, a racecourse, and a concrete automobile track at a cost of over a million sterling.

New York Scandal.

Captain Hains, of the United States Artillery, with his brother Thornton, the son of General Hains, who distinguished himself in the Cuban and Spanish wars, united at the landing stage of the New York Yacht Club, at Long Island, amid a crowd of fashionable pleasure-seekers, until William Annis, a New York publisher, landed. Then Captain Hains shot Annis six times, killing him, while his brother, with a loaded revolver, kept the crowd back. Captain Hains declares that Annis ruined his young wife.

Captain Peter Hains, of the American He had sued for a divorce from his wife, while Mrs. Hains, on Annis's advice, brought a counter action for divorce, alleging grave misconduct involving several military officers.

All the parties are well-known, and the case attracts attention similar to that bestowed upon the famous Thaw murder case.

Venezuela in Debt.

America has assented to the Dutch blockade of Venezuela.

According to the so-called Drago Doctrine, no European Power has the right to use military and naval force in the American Continent to collect debts. This doctrine has been provisionally accepted by the American Government, but as it was rejected by The Hague tribunal, the Americans have apparently decided not to contest the point for the time being. The Dutch Government has pecuniary claims against Venezuela, and the arrogance and folly displayed by President Castro in defying his creditors and ignoring the protests of the Washington authorities have seemingly induced the Americans to leave him to his fate.

Captain Hains has sued for a divorce from his wife, while Mrs. Hains, on Annis's advice, brought a counter action for divorce, alleging grave misconduct involving several military officers.

Peru's New President.

Senor Augusto Leguia, formerly Peruvian, has been appointed President of the republic of Peru in succession to Senor Don Jose Pardo.

The President of Peru is elected every four years, and Senor Pardo's term expires next month, he having assumed

office on September 24th, 1904. An unsuccessful attempt on his life was made in the streets of Lima the week before last.

Caught in the Act.

Mrs. Jack Gardener, prominent in Boston social circles, attempted to smuggle into America £18,000 worth of art objects, alleging that they were goods that had been used in Europe.

Upon detection, she was heavily fined and the duty of £8000 was immediately paid.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Major Lascelles returned to Wellington by the *Rarawa* on Sunday.

Dr. Bell was a passenger from the South by the *Rarawa* on Sunday.

Dr. R. H. Makgill, of the Health Department, left for Wellington via the West Coast on Sunday.

Mr. Edwin Bold has been appointed land purchase officer in the Public Works Department, Wellington.

Mr. J. Duncan, Inspector of Agriculture, in charge of the Auckland district, returned from the South on Saturday.

Messrs D. Goldie, C. Rhodes, M. Clark and J. Miller have been elected the Auckland members of the Executive of the New Zealand Employers' Federation.

Sir George Maurice O'Rorke, the veteran M.L.C., left for Wellington on Sunday. Sir Maurice is now 78 years of age.

Captain James Forquhar, the popular master of the *Wakaters*, has just completed his fortieth year of continuous service on the Thames-Auckland run.

Mr. E. Gerard, Official Assignee, returned to Auckland last week from Hamilton, where he has been attending to the administration of several estates.

At the Central Mission Hall, Auckland, Mr. S. Oglesby was presented by the members of the Mission Band with a silver teapot, on the occasion of his marriage.

The Bishop of Auckland, Dr. Neligan, accompanied by Mrs. Neligan, leaves London for Auckland by the *Tongariro* on November 26, and will reach here early next year.

Dr. Wohlmann, Government bacteriologist, is absent from Rotorua at present on a departmental visit of inspection to some hot springs between Whakatangata and Te Teke.

A very pleasant evening was spent last week in the Mt. Eden Free Methodist Schoolroom, when the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John Rowe met to celebrate their silver wedding.

Mr. John L. Greene, manager for J. J. Niven and Co., Napier, has accepted the position of warehouse manager for A. and T. Burt, Ltd., Dunedin, and will take up his new duties early next month.

Mr. T. Loughnan, licensee of the Windsor Castle Hotel, was presented on Saturday night, by a number of his friends and residents of Parnell, with a handsome marble clock, in celebration of his marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rogers, of Tarururangi, Bell Block, Taranaki, celebrated their golden wedding last week, having been married by the Rev. Joseph Long at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Bell Block, on August 15, 1858.

Having completed 42 years' service in the Customs Department, Mr. T. A. Murphy, who for the past 15 years has been in charge of the Lyttelton office, is resigning into private life. He has been the recipient of a number of handsome presentations.

Major Lascelles, of the Defence Forces Staff, and Mr. John Webster, of Hokiang, visited the Veterans' Home at Mount Roskill, Auckland, last week. Mr. Webster is in his 81st year, and enjoyed a chat with the veterans about the stirring times during the Maori war.

The literary staffs of the "Auckland Weekly News" and "Herald" assembled on the occasion of her leaving to take up the position of lady editor on the "New Zealand Times." The present (a handsome dressing case) was suitably inscribed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Hayr, of Auckland celebrated their golden wedding last week. The anniversary was commemorated by an "At Home" held in the Masonic Hall, Great North-road, where a large gathering of friends and

relations assembled to spend a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. F. W. Hare has been appointed evening class instructor in commercial correspondence and geography at the Auckland Technical School, in place of Mr. T. Warren, who has resigned. Miss G. Probert has been appointed instructor in millinery at the same school, vice Madame M. Westgarth, resigned.

Mr. A. S. Biss, who has been on a four weeks' cruise in the South Sea Islands, returned to Wellington on Saturday. It is the second time he has undertaken the trip, and he returns more convinced than ever that no finer holiday can be spent in this part of the world than in visiting Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji at this time of the year.

Mr. R. McDuff, until recently an instructor in the Thames School of Mines, is leaving for America next week to prosecute his studies in mining. Mr. McDuff is a Thames and ex-Auckland and North Island representative footballer, and at the dinner to the Auckland and Thames teams at the Thames on Saturday night last, he was presented with the ball used in that day's match.

As an appreciation of the kindness shown to their son, Colour-sergeant Friar, who so recently distinguished himself at Bisley, Mr. and Mrs. Friar, of Onehunga, presented Major Robb with a very handsome case of silver, consisting of afternoon tea and jam spoons, butter knife, and cake knife and fork. The young cadet is being right royally treated in England, and has had the honour of being presented to Lord Roberts, Lady Gwendoline Guinness, and the Lord Mayor of London.

Recent guests at the Grand Hotel include Mrs. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Wolters (England), Messrs. C. J. Doran (Niagara), L. O. Ingram (Gisborne), Mr. and Mrs. Edward Newman, Miss Newman (Marton), Mr. F. Thomson (Christchurch), Messrs. H. S. Northcote, A. B. Howitt (London), E. Murphy (Gisborne), H. Williams (Melbourne), W. M. Awdry, J. W. Andrews (Southland), J. W. Penberton (London), Jas. Aures (Christchurch), W. Porter (Gisborne), E. H. Woodds (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Studholme (Ruani), Miss H. MacLean (Wellington), Mrs. and Miss Booth (Wairarapa), Mr. Henry F. Lloyd.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Prime celebrated last week the diamond jubilee of their wedding, which took place in 1848 at St. Michael's Church, Manningtree, Essex, England, the officiating minister being the Rev. Samuel Gall, M.A., uncle of the bride, who was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Burkitt. In honour of the occasion about 30 relatives and special friends of Mr. and Mrs. Prime assembled at Buchanan's Cafe, Karangahape-road, Auckland, for the diamond jubilee wedding breakfast. Many were the good wishes extended to Mr. and Mrs. Prime, who, it may be mentioned, arrived in Auckland 53 years ago. At one time Mr. Prime filled the municipal chair in this city, and has for a great many years been secretary to the Methodist Mission Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jeffrey, Auckland, recently celebrated their golden wedding, and in honour of the occasion a number of their friends made them a presentation. Mrs. E. Hickling, on behalf of the lady subscribers presented Mrs. Jeffrey with a handsome token of their esteem, and Mr. George Lee handed to Mr. Jeffrey a gold sovereign case, which contained several counterfeits of the King in gold. Messrs. H. Waite and E. Hickling in a few neat remarks congratulated Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey, and after wards the deputation partook of some wedding cake made by Mrs. Jeffrey who is still in the best of health in spite of her 74 years. Mr. Jeffrey, who is 72, came to the colonies in 1835, and went through the Maori war from 1860 to 1866. He has been a trusted messenger of the National Bank for a quarter of a century, and holds several positions in the city which speak highly of the general esteem in which he is regarded.

LONDON, July 17.

The Rev. A. F. Smith, of Auckland, is at present acting as *locum tenens* for a vicar in one of the poorest of the South London parishes. The experience thus gained is giving him a vivid insight into the terrible conditions under which the very poor have to live. Mr. Smith gave a lecture on New Zealand to an audience of men in his parish a few nights ago, describing the advantages enjoyed by the labouring classes in the Dominion, and was listened to with the closest attention. Mr. Smith visited Canterbury

with a party of Pan-Anglian Congress delegates, and thoroughly enjoyed his day in the venerable Cathedral town. The party were hospitably entertained by the Bishop of Dover and the Dean of Canterbury, and were shown over the Cathedral, the College of St. Augustine, and other sights for which Canterbury is renowned. Mr. Smith also attended the International Congress of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, held at Keble College, Oxford, and paid a visit to Cambridge University. In Cambridgeshire he spent a day or two with the Rev. Mr. Yorke, late vicar of Masterston, who is now in charge of an English country parish.

Mr. George George, Director of Technical Education and Manual Training for the Auckland province, who arrived home about the end of April, travelled from New Zealand by way of the United States and Canada. In those countries Mr. George devoted his attention to the study of education, but was much handicapped by ill-health. Since his return, Mr. George has visited schools and institutions in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and for five weeks he was similarly engaged in France, Germany, and Switzerland. Mr. George came back from the Continent a few days ago, and has since delivered lectures on "Agricultural Education in Auckland" at the Royal Agricultural Show at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and also before the County Council's Association. At present Mr. George is in London visiting educational institutions, and will attend the summer conference of the Association of Technical Institutions to be held this week at the Franco-British Exhibition. After the International Art Congress, which takes place here in August, Mr. George will leave early in September for New Zealand.

Our energetic New Zealand friend, F. H. Wood, of Tauranga, is back again in London, after touring through Devonshire and Cornwall, where he appears to have been having a good time. There are very few counties in England he has not been through, besides seeing a good deal of Scotland and Ireland. It is his intention now to visit some of the seaside pleasure resorts prior to his departure for New Zealand by the *Ionic* on the 24th inst.

Mr. O. S. Swincock left Auckland on April 15 last for Victoria, B.C., and after a stay of some weeks in this most delightful of Canadian cities, journeyed east via Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, and the Fruit Belt in Colorado, spending a short time in each centre. Thence he travelled via Denver, Omaha, Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo, to New York, spending a week or more at the larger centres, and running down to Philadelphia. He sailed from New York in the *Carmania*, arrived in Liverpool on the 5th inst., and visited Manchester, Halifax, and Leeds, on business, before coming South to East Grinstead, where it is his intention to take a rest for a week or two with relations. Mr. Swincock will visit his brother near Margate afterwards, and one or two of the South Coast watering places; but although his trip is nominally a business one, health and rest enter largely into consideration. A trip up North again to Nottingham, Birmingham, and York next month is on his programme. He expects to return via Suez, if able to secure a berth, about the first week in October, in order to arrive back in Auckland by the middle of November. He hopes to have a short trip on the Continent prior to joining the steamer in the Mediterranean.

Mrs. Aldrich, of Auckland, who came to England last year on a visit to relatives and friends, spent the winter in London and the spring in Bournemouth and Devonshire, and has been in London again since May. After a visit to Ireland for a few weeks, Mrs. Aldrich will leave on her return to New Zealand by the P. and O. *Mongolia* with her two grandsons, Messrs. Alan and Brian Dignan. She has thoroughly enjoyed her stay in the Old Country.

Mr. Reeves informs me that official notice of his re-appointment as High Commissioner for New Zealand has not yet reached him, but he presumes that the re-appointment is for a period of three years, that being the term decided upon when the office was created. When questioned as to whether his re-appointment disposed of the report that he would accept the directorship of the London School of Economics, Mr. Reeves replied that he must leave that to my imagination. Well, my imagination does not presume to fathom the secrets of Mr. Reeves' mind. That he was approached with regard to accepting the directorship there is little doubt, but whether, in view

of his re-appointment as High Commissioner, he will accept it remains to be seen.

Colour-Sergeant Wm. Friar, the Auckland cadet, who has come to England to compete for the Lord Roberts and Lady Gwendoline Guinness trophies in the great Dr. Hanson, of Harley-street, who is honorary secretary to the London cadet corps known as "Lord Roberts' Boys." Dr. Hanson presented Master Friar to Lord Roberts at Euston Station on the morning of his lordship's departure for Canada, and has also introduced him to Lady Gwendoline Guinness and to the chairman of the London County Council. The young Aucklander is practising shooting at Harrow.

Some leading men connected with the New Zealand meat and produce industries are now in England. They include Messrs. Wm. Grant, H. D. Vavasour (Blenheim), Thomas Mills (Loburn), Robert Dalrymple (Burnside), A. Clouston (South Canterbury), John MacMillan (Dunsandel), T. Ernest (Whakatangata), W. Matthews (Blenheim), and D. Ross (Palmerston). Large numbers of farmers from the Dominion are visiting the New Zealand Court at the Exhibition. Over 350 visitors from the Dominion have entered their names in the visitors' book.

Mrs. A. J. Long, of Auckland, who arrived here on May 16, intends remaining till about November. She is on a pleasure trip, and has just returned from an enjoyable visit to Switzerland and Paris. After a couple of months in London Mrs. Long intends going North for the remainder of her visit.

Mr. Harry Nathan is home on a pleasure trip, and has been staying with his sister at Forest Gate. He travelled by the White Star route, and enjoyed the voyage. After a trip to Paris and Monte Carlo, whether he goes this week, Mr. Nathan will cross the Atlantic to New York, but at present his plans are indefinite.

Miss R. Ferguson, who successfully passed her London C.M.B. and Clapham Maternity Hospital examinations, returns to New Zealand, sailing by the *Runic* from Liverpool on July 30.

Mrs. L. D. Nathan, of Auckland, and her son, Mr. David L. Nathan, have been in London for the season, and have much enjoyed their stay here. Since leaving New Zealand last October they have travelled through Australia, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Sicily, Italy and a portion of France, and have very much enjoyed their travels. They intend making a motor tour in their 42 h.p. Daimler motor car through England, Wales and Scotland, and then crossing to the Continent, when they will tour through Belgium, France, Germany, and Austria. They intend remaining in Europe till about October of next year, when they return to New Zealand, probably through America and China, but so far nothing definite has been decided.

The athletes representing Australasia at the Olympic games are enjoying themselves even if they do not meet with great success in the contests. They were received with hearty applause when they marched past at the opening of the Stadium by the King. They were at the reception by the Olympic committee at the Grafton Galleries on Saturday evening and at the Lord Mayor's reception at the Mansion House on Monday. Each representative was presented to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and was welcomed individually. The management of the Alhambra Theatre have placed a box at the disposal of the Australasians.

At a meeting of the council of the Royal Colonial Institute, held on Tuesday last, the following New Zealanders were elected Fellows:—Mr. William A. Beccroft, Mr. Wm. Guise Brittan, Mr. St. John McLean Buckley, Mr. James MacFarlane, Mr. Henry D. Vavasour, and Mr. Henry Wood.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office:—Mr. Oscar S. Swincock (Auckland), Mrs. F. Bull and Mrs. F. Bull (Napier), Mrs. G. Waterman (Dunedin), Mr. Donald O'Leary (Southland), Mr. R. W. Moffitt (Dunedin), Mr. John A. Bruce (Gore), Mr. George Fisher (Alexandra South), Mr. Wm. Friar (Auckland), Mr. Geo. Hutchison, Mr. and Mrs. J. Begg (Clinton), Mr. and Mrs. J. Wakot-Wood (Christchurch), Mr. Henry Nathan, Mr. Henry F. Ingram (Christchurch), Mr. W. A. Donaldson (Napier), Mr. Hugh F. Woolf (Nelson), Mr. Fred J. Brown (Invercargill), Mr. Joseph Kilburn (Invercargill), Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Slocums (Thames), Mr. Wm. Hawton (Auckland), Mr. A. Buchanan (Auckland), Mr. J. A. Thorpe

(Wanganui), Mr. E. J. Turner (Palmerston North), Mrs. Aldrich (Auckland), Mr. E. B. Good, Mr. R. Good, and Miss Ruth Good (Rangiora), Mr. P. H. Luxford (Wellington), Miss L. Vincent (Christchurch), Miss E. Manning (Christchurch), Mr. Thos. Chamberlain Tines, Mr. G. Chamberlain Tines (Te Whaitipahi-Tai, near Rotorua), Mr. John Jas. Alexander, Mrs. L. Alexander and Master Alexander (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. G. Clamness (Wellington), Mr. and Mrs. J. W. H. Piper (Christchurch), Mrs. A. M. Mathews (Dunedin and Auckland), Mr. J. H. Turner (Auckland), Mr. M. B. Riley (Dunedin), Miss K. Clark (Dunedin), Mr. D. O'Donohue (Canterbury), Mr. Jas. S. Young (Hawera), Mr. Robert Johnstone (Canterbury), Miss Ida M. Cowlisham (Christchurch).

Mr. J. Falcut Wood, of Christchurch, is on a trip to England for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his wife. He hopes to leave at the end of next week for Tunbridge Wells, and will then visit Scotland and the Continent, returning in time to leave for New Zealand by the Coromthio on September 17th.

The "Selamik."

PICTURESQUE MOHAMMEDAN CEREMONY.

The ceremony of the "Selamik" at the Mosque of Yildiz, at which—so it was reported recently—the Sultan of Turkey was to be assassinated, is one of the most interesting sights in connection with the Court to be seen nowadays in Constantinople. It takes place every Friday at noon. The origin of it, writes Lady Susan Townley, was the State procession of the Caliph, the "Defender of the Faith," to the mosque, on that day of the week appointed and set apart for prayer in common. The first Caliphs actually led the prayers of the people in person as their Imam, but the practice was gradually abandoned, and when the heritage of the Caliphate passed into the hands of the Sultan of Turkey at the conquest of Egypt, the latter delegated their powers as hereditary representatives of the Caliphs to a deputy, who then as now performed the religious functions in their stead. So great was the esteem in which was held the last of the long line of Abasside Caliphs that, even after he was stripped of all secular authority, the Sultan of Egypt still walked by the side of his horse, holding his stirrup when on a Friday he proceeded to the mosque.

Selim the Fierce, it will be remembered, annexed Egypt to the Ottoman Empire, and carried off the Caliph as his nominal guest, and for his better protection. He was brought to Constantinople, together with the holy relics that were in his keeping, viz., the beard of the prophet, his mantle and slippers. In dying, he bequeathed the authority of the Caliphate to Selim; and the hereditary principle of succession having been well established, it has passed down from one Sultan to another to the present holder, I.M. Abdul Hamid. The latter was returning from assisting at this time-honoured weekly religious ceremony when he was recently placed in such imminent peril of his life. On ordinary occasions, strangers whose respectability is vouched for by their respective ambassadors are allowed to watch the procession to and from the mosque. They assemble on the terrace adjoining the Kiosk reserved for the foreign Ambassadors and their staffs, and thence get an excellent view of the whole proceedings.

Shortly before noon the quiet reigning near the palace gives place to feverish activity.

Two of the special palace guards mount their horses and gallop off in different directions. Their business is to inform the commanding officers of the troops in waiting at various places in the neighbourhood of the approaching departure of the Sultan's procession for the mosque. This mosque stands on the same hill on which is built the palace of Yildiz, just below and immediately facing it.

Simultaneously with the disappearance of these mounted messengers appear a number of small carts full of yellow sand, which is rapidly sprinkled over the road which the Sultan must traverse on his triumphal passage from the palace to the mosque entrance. Curiously enough, I have seen the same yellow sand sprinkled before the Emperor of China on his way to the Temple of Heaven. Military music now breaks upon the ear

as the troops rapidly approach from all quarters, and take up their respective positions lining the Imperial route. First come the Marines in splendid uniforms, carrying at their side, in addition to the bayonet, the now obsolete "tomahawk." Above them waves the banner of the Caliphate, the only existing one in the army, a black flag embroidered in silver, bearing an inscription from the Koran. The origin of this banner is very old, for it dates back to the first Abasside Caliph, who adopted black and white as the distinctive colours of his fighting banner and ornamental horse-trappings. At the top of its staff glitters the Star of the Order of the Mejidieh, the broad red and green ribbon of the Order floating from it. This decoration was conferred upon the banner by the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, who adopted this peculiar method of enhancing the prestige of the flag.

After the Marines come the Albanians of the Imperial Guard, fine fellows in their white zouave uniforms, their belts stuck full of small arms, in addition to the regulation "Mansur" rifle carried over the shoulder. Conspicuous amongst these small arms is a sword-bayonet taking the place of the "yataghan," a formidable weapon in a hand-to-hand encounter, without which no self-respecting Albanian may be seen.

Behind them, in serried lines four deep, the lancers take up their position, their gay pennons floating on the breeze. These lancers are divided into "greys" and "bays according to the colour of their horses. Next the Arab troops call for attention, more picturesque perhaps than any others, swarthy-complexioned men, with irregular features, hauling straight from Tripoli, their African home. The blue of the Zouave uniforms is in striking contrast to the green of the turbans encircling their foreheads. In addition to the above are the various regiments of infantry in garrison at Constantinople, who line every approach to the mosque. With them also is a battalion of artillery without their guns, and one of sailors from the fleet.

Following close upon the Imperial troops come the Imperial princes, escorted by their aides-de-camp and orderlies, gorgeously arrayed in magnificent uniforms. Their faces powdered until they look like death masks, their breasts covered with jewelled decorations, they march on foot down the hill from palace to mosque, and take up their positions with the battalions to which they are attached. Two of the Sultan's sons are attached to the cavalry mount their horses and station themselves opposite the entrance gate to the mosque. Another son, the favourite Prince Boonar-ed-deen, places himself at the head of the line of marines. The youngest son of the Sultan drives to the mosque in a closed carriage. He is a bright little fellow of eight years or so, and opposite to him sit two young orphans, boys of his own age, and sons of the Minister of War. The ladies of the Imperial harem and daughters of the Sultan now appear in a succession of closed landaus, but of them little can be seen except occasionally a fan, a flashing jewel, a white-gloved hand, as the inmates for a moment push aside the down-drawn carriage blinds. These carriages, drawn by splendid Arab horses, gold-caparisoned, and with tiger-skin saddle-cloths, are followed on foot, each by three of those hideous, thick-lipped, sable-visaged, frock-coated giant attendants, who guard the honour of every princess and lady of quality born under the iron yoke of Mohammed. They are ranged in line within the iron railings of the mosque enclosure, and the horses being taken out, their fair occupants are left to see as much as they can from the open doorways.

But this brilliant procession is not yet closed. Following upon the ladies' carriages are five superb Arab steeds, each one led by a groom. A curious tradition attaches to these horses. The story goes that once upon a time a Sultan, returning from the mosque on horseback, as the custom then was, found himself accosted by a ragged woman in the crowd, who, springing suddenly forward, laid a detaining hand upon the Imperial bridle, claiming the royal steed as one stolen from her husband for the Sultan's use. The Sultan, whose conscience was struck by this act of injustice, dismounted and gave her the horse, continuing his way back to the palace on foot. With a view to avoiding the possibility of such a contretemps in the future, orders were then given, and have since been carried out, that five fully-caparisoned horses shall be led in the Sultan's train.

A long line of Pashas next emerges from the palace gateways, all in full-

dress uniform, with their orders upon their breasts, and they also quickly walk down the hill to the mosque. These are the marshals and generals of division, and they move to their appointed position in line, on the right of the steps leading up to the Sultan's apartments in the left wing of the mosque. Amongst them are the three sons-in-law of the Sultan, lately raised to the dignity of marshals. Behind the marshals and generals, but with a respectful interval between them, stretches another long line of generals, admirals, colonels and post-captains, who form with the others the bodyguard of the Sultan, and are on service at Constantinople.

The last to appear are the numerous Imperial servants—the pipe-bearer, the coffee, the prayer-carpet-spreader, the chief-physician, &c. An interval of several minutes occurs after all are in place, and then suddenly the silence gives way to a great shouting as the heralds stand forth and proclaim the near approach of the "Lord of Lords," the "Drinker of Blood," the "Conqueror," the "Lord of the Four Seas and Continents," the Sultan!

Can this be he, this outwardly feeble old man, seated in a simple carriage and swathed in a uniform great coat, the sombreness of which is relieved only by the long row of orders glittering on his breast? His head, with its keene-dyed beard, seems abnormally large, and his body apparently shrunk into itself! Can this be the Sultan, the dreaded ruler of Turkey, the despotic sovereign who for years has known how to make himself feared, the man whose keen wit has played off the ablest diplomatists in Europe one against the other. But, as he is driven slowly by, the answer comes from the well-drilled troops, "Pashah chok Pasha!" (Long life to the Sultan!), whilst the military bands burst forth into the inspiring strains of the "Hamidieh," the Imperial March of Turkey.

As these sounds die down he reaches the mosque. Stepping from his carriage, the faint voice of the Imam reaches him from the minaret overhead, admonishing him in the time-honoured words to abandon all pride. "Remember that with all thy might and power, in spite of all thy bravery and show, there is One greater than thou art. God! the Most High!"

The devotions of the Sultan do not last long. Hardly twenty minutes pass before he appears once more. The landau in which he arrived has meanwhile been exchanged for a big pair-horse phaeton, in which it is his custom to drive himself slowly back to the palace. As he passes under the windows of the kiosk where such of the foreign Ambassadors are assembled, who happen on that day to have business to transact in private audience with him after the Selamik, he raises his white-gloved hand, and with a long look of his piercing eyes leans slightly toward them, giving them a military salute, and at the same time bowing to the ladies who are with them. His Court accompany him on the return journey, on foot as they came, crowding round his carriage, the highest in rank nearest to the Imperial person, and as they press one upon the other, half walking, half running up the hill to keep pace with the horses, they look as if they were actually pushing the carriage of their royal master, a most curious effect!

Such is the weekly procession of the Sultan to the mosque, the ceremony called the "Selamik."

It takes place, as I have said, about noon; but once a year, on the first day of the feast of Bairam, it is postponed until one hour after sunset. That evening Selamik is still more interesting, and if possible, more picturesque than the day ceremony.

The first night of Bairam, coming as it does at the opening of a three-days' festival at the close of the long fast of Ramazan, is the holiest night in the Mohammedan calendar, for on that night, according to tradition, the heavens are opened, and angels pass up and down Jacob's ladder, as of old, carrying upwards the prayers of the faithful Muslims and bringing back the answer.

As we drove down from Pera and across the valley which separates the town from that other hill on which are built Yildiz and the Sultan's private mosque, thousands of lights sprang into being, and night became bright with the myriads of fairy lights, decorating barracks, gateways, and facades in the neighbourhood of the Imperial dwelling. The groups of buildings and the vast open parade ground close to the palace were all decked out with red, green, and white lights, some taking the form of peacocks with outspread tails, others fol-

lowing more conventional designs such as stars, crescents, and catherine-wheels. The men sitting of the parade-ground were picked out with coloured lamps, and over the gate in letters of fire ran the Turkish legend equivalent to our "God save the King." Below the windows of the Kiosk die Ambassadeurs whence we were to view the evening procession, starting from the palace gateway on our left, sharply outlined in white against the darkness beyond, the broad road sloped down hill to the illuminated mosque, and beyond it, plunged into a very sea of torchlights, in the blaze of which objects moved like black devils, formless impressions of moving humanity. These were the troops arrayed in two close lines on either side of the road and massed beyond the mosque, to guard the person of that dread Majesty who presently would appear in all the pomp of Oriental display, making his way to his yearly devotions.

Now and then those troops moved into the light, and for a moment one could distinguish the black and white of the Arabaouts, or the picturesque green of the Arabs from Tripoli. These were no discontented rabble of soldiers, such as one sees all over European and Asiatic Turkey, may these were the pampered body-guard of the Sultan, who after their lord had passed on his royal progress, would be allowed to break ranks and drink coffee, and eat cakes and bonbons distributed by his orders.

How can I give the impression of expectancy which hung over that vast gathering of men waiting in the dark but brilliantly illuminated night for the passing of the Sultan?

Suddenly a white turbaned figure appeared on the parapet of the minaret, whose triple row of lights threw its whiteness into vivid relief against the sable pall of the heavens. It was the muezzin come to call the faithful Muslims to prayer, and his voice resounded far out on the still night air as he sent forth the familiar cry, the watchword and battle cry of Mohammedanism, "La ilah illa Allah!" (No God but the one God!) As the echoes of it died away against the Palace walls, the military bands struck up their spirited music, the clarions sent forth their clear notes, innumerable Bengal lights blazed up, disturbing the golden radiance of a thousand torches with the red, blue and pink of their curling smoke. And then came forth Abdul Hamid himself, summoned to prayer by the voice of the muezzin like the meekest of his subjects. Around his open carriage clustered as close as bees in a hive, a brilliant bevy of officers and aides-de-camp, whose near vicinity to his person probably constituted in the mind of their master his chief security. And so he passed on to his prayer, and as the doors of the Mosque opened to receive him a burst of enthusiasm found vent in the sounding hurrah of a thousand throats.

A scared pigeon, driven from its shelter by the noise of the magnificent fireworks, found its way upwards, and took flight with white outstretched wings across the blackness of the night, whilst a wretched stray dog broke cover, and raced with ears set back and tail between its legs down the drawn line of soldiers.

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In and Out of Parliament.

Notes on Public Men and Affairs.

Mr. James Thorn is announced as the Socialist candidate for Christchurch South.

Mr. J. W. Shackelford, who is a candidate for Eden, returned to Auckland from Napier on Monday.

LINKING UP THE EAST COAST.

Through Mr. Herries, 250 residents of Tauranga County are asking that the East Coast should be linked up by a railway from Waihi via Tauranga, Te Puke, Whakatane, and Opotiki, to Gisborne, thus connecting with Auckland by a short direct route. It is further pointed out that the land along this route is eminently fitted for closer settlement, and the building of such a line would have the effect of developing an already fast-growing trade.

TAURANGA HARBOUR.

No less than five petitions, containing over 200 signatures were presented by Mr. Herries in opposition to the proposed Tauranga Harbour Board Bill. It is contended that the proposed representation is not a fair one, the promoters of the bill, the Tauranga Chamber of Commerce, not being a representative body. The petitioners also urge that a Harbour Board is not required, and its formation would lead to increased charges without commensurate advantages. On these grounds, together with the fact that the ratepayers have not been consulted, it is asked that the bill be thrown out.

THE DENTAL ACT.

Dentists throughout the Dominion are much concerned about a report which has gone the rounds to the effect that an attempt is to be made to amend the Dental Act of 1905 in its relation to the course of training necessary for those desirous of qualifying for the dental profession. Under the provisions of the present Act it is necessary for those studying dentistry to spend two years' apprenticeship with a qualified dental surgeon, and an additional two years in the Dunedin Dental Hospital. Representation has been made by students in various parts of the Dominion that they should be allowed to qualify under the old conditions which existed prior to the passing of the 1905 Act, on the grounds that they paid heavy premiums to qualified dentists before the University Senate undertook the drawing up of the present curriculum, which embraces a serious course of study, and carries with it the title of Doctor of Dental Surgery in all parts of the British Empire. Objection is taken by members of the Dental Association to any further removal of the obligations of the present Act in respect of the qualifications of dental surgeons, and members of the House have been petitioned by those who are interested in both sides of the question. From inquiries made, it is practically certain that no amendment will be introduced to the Dental Act this session.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Wellington Labour Representation Committee it was decided to contest six seats in Wellington and suburbs if funds are available. The nominations received up to the present are: Messrs. D. McLaren (secretary of the Wharf Labourers' Union), W. Jones (secretary of the Federated Seamen's Union), O. Chapman (president of the Typographical Federation), W. Wagstaffe (secretary of the Carpenters' Union), G. Campbell (organiser of the Political Labour League), and W. Young (secretary of the Australasian Federated Seamen's Union).

A rumour has gained currency that Mr. T. A. Morresby, of Paeroa, intends contesting Ohinemuri seat in the Opposition interests. So far, the announced candidates are:—Messrs. J. Fo-

land, present member; J. Foster, who was defeated for Bay of Plenty last election; H. T. Armstrong, president of the Miners' Union, and R. F. Way, Socialist, of Auckland.

THE COUPON SYSTEM.

Stewart Dawson and Co. and 60 others are petitioning that the use of coupons be brought within the scope of the Trading Stamps Abolition and Discount Stamps Issue Act. It is claimed that the use of coupons in packets of tea, baking powder, and other goods, gives a fictitious value to the article sold, militates against honourable competition, and engenders the spirit of gambling. The petitioners ask that the use of coupons, similar devices, and illicit competitions be suppressed, as being injurious to honest trading, and demoralising to the community.

TRAVELLING IN NEW ZEALAND.

Recently the Hon. Mr. Hall-Jones has been more than once called upon to put up a defence of the New Zealand railways. Last week the Minister for Public Works again compared the railway charges of the Dominion with those of the Australian States. The journey from Wellington in Auckland, he said, would cost £1 19/7. To travel a similar distance in Queensland cost £3 8/5, in New South Wales £3 1/, and in Victoria £3 10/. The Wellington-Auckland journey second class would cost £1 1/2. In Queensland over a like distance the charge was £2 1/8, in New South Wales £2 11/, and in Victoria £2 10/.

DREDGING THE MANUKAU.

"Will the Minister for Marine arrange at an early date to send a dredge to the Manukau Harbour with the object of deepening the channel and improving the navigation for vessels to and from Onehunga?" asked Mr. Laug in the House. The member for Manukau further pointed out that the use of a dredge for three or four months would greatly improve the navigation of the harbour. The Minister for Marine, the Hon. J. A. Millar, replied that as the proposal had been submitted by the Auckland Harbour Board to take over the control of the Manukau Harbour, it was not intended to send any dredge there at the present.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Mr. James Allen stated that he had heard a rumour that it was not the intention of the Government to make known the appointment of the High Commissioner until after the general elections. He would like to have the Prime Minister's assurance that there was no foundation for the rumour.

Sir Joseph Ward: "I have stated that the Government's intentions will be made known this session, and I always keep my word."

Mr. Okey said a point he would like to impress on the Prime Minister was the desirability of sending home young New Zealanders to fill the clerical positions in the High Commissioner's office in London.

Mr. Aitken said he would like to know if any change was likely to be made in the High Commissioner's office in London. In his opinion it was high time that some change should be made so that the Commissioner might be located in a more central position. If the Dominion was to keep up its position at Home it would be necessary to establish the office in the city of London proper.

Sir Joseph Ward said that the tenures of the existing offices had five years to run. He was one of those who believed that the office should be in a more central position. It was desirable to get further into the heart of the city of London. At the present time the principal officers in the High Commissioner's staff were New Zealanders, but no particular advantage would be gained by interchange.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

"Vaccination should cease to be a compulsory operation, and it is time that we should have a change in the legislation, dealing with the subject," said Mr. George Laurensen in referring to the vote on the estimates for vaccination inspectors. As a protest and with a view to enabling members to signify the opinions they held on the matter, the member for Lyttelton moved that the total appropriation be reduced by the sum of £1. A division was called for, and resulted in Mr. Laurensen losing his point by 22 votes to 19. Mr. Gray was desirous of moving that the votes for vaccination inspectors should be entirely struck out, but the member for Christchurch North was ruled out of order.

THE DOMINION COAT OF ARMS.

A discussion took place on the Dominion coat-of-arms. Mr. Fisher said hundreds of designs had been received, and, after being held for 12 months without any attempt at selection, were destroyed in the Parliamentary buildings fire. Mr. Carroll said new designs were now now being considered by the Cabinet.

FLEET WEEK EXPENDITURE.

The House last week went into committee on the Local Authorities Indemnity Bill, which legalises the expenditure of the local bodies in the Auckland district in connection with the reception of the American fleet. The bill was put through all its stages, the operation being extended, on the motion of the Premier, to cover all local bodies in New Zealand. In the Legislative Council this afternoon, the bill was put through all its stages at one sitting. The Hon. J. E. Jenkinson took advantage of the opportunity to congratulate the people of Auckland on the way in which the entertainment of the visitors had been carried out. He spoke in a highly eulogistic manner of the way in which the citizens had carried out the reception arrangements, and said the welcome had been worthy of New Zealand.

Saving the Sunlight.

Many striking changes in the habits and customs of the community will be brought about if the scheme of Mr. William Willett, for saving daylight by Act of Parliament, becomes law.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons recommended that the clock should be altered twice during the year, as follows:—

(1) Put forward one hour from two o'clock to three on the morning of the third Sunday in April.

(2) Put back one hour from three o'clock to two o'clock on the morning of the third Sunday in September.

In the event of the Bill being passed this year, the public would awake on the morning of Sunday, April 18, 1909, to find that they had lost one hour while they slept. They would find their watches slow, and they might be late for church, but otherwise they would not notice anything unusual.

Each summer day for twenty-two weeks, however, they would find they had gained an extra hour of daylight, 154 hours in all.

On Sunday, September 13, 1909, at 2 a.m., the clock would perform another curious trick. The hour from 2 to 3 a.m. would pass, and then it would be suddenly 2 a.m. again. Two hours would only count as one to readjust the time-machine.

This performance, suggestive of "Alice in Wonderland," would take place without arousing the sleeping country. Watches would be an hour fast at breakfast time, but nothing else would appear altered.

A dramatic possibility would be afforded by the fact that on the morning of September 19 the clock would in theory move twice round from two to three. It would be possible for a man to be in two places miles apart at say 2.15 a.m. The first appearance would be noted by "local" and the second by Greenwich time.

Mr. Willett has received many congratulations on the success of his measure. Lord Avebury and many other distinguished men have written expressing satisfaction.

Fishing By Electricity.

An offence probably without parallel in the history of mankind has been detected to the south of Berlin. One of the finest engineering works in Germany is the Tellow Canal, which forms the cord to the loop of the Spree, on which Berlin is built, and so enables the water traffic between that river and Havel to avoid the thronged urban stretches. One feature of the artificial waterway is that the haulage is done by electricity, the barges being towed by motor bogies, which run on railway lines, and draw their current from overhead wires. Some ingenious scamp discovered that it was possible to use this apparatus for fishing in the canal on a wholesale scale. All that was needed was that the supply wire should be connected with another, and the end of the latter plunged into the water. The immediate effect was that all the fish within a radius of ten yards were stupefied, and could easily be caught with hand nets. It is believed that this business has been carried on so extensively before it was detected that the fishery of the canal has been seriously injured.

Strange Rifles at Bisley.

In the 300 metres match at Bisley competitors were allowed to use any rifle, and some of the strangest firearms seen at that famous place were used.

Those of the Finlanders were wonderful contrivances. The stocks were carved and fitted in the most original manner. One man had a little bit of wood jutting out for his right thumb to rest against. Another had the left side of his stock carved so as to fit his cheek. Another, instead of gripping his rifle with the left hand, had a kind of wooden corkscrew handle sticking out beneath, which he planted across the palm of his hand, and held between his thumb and little finger.

Most of the Finns had iron shoulder-pieces with curved ends to fit round the shoulder. They were the most childlike and blaud riflemen on the ground, with gentle smiles for everyone, and black powder for their rifles. One of them wore a pretty white pork-pie cap with a black velvet band. If they ran short of cartridges they squatted down, took out a powder flask, and made them on the spot.

For picturesqueness the Greeks led the field, in the traditional short skirts of their land. The Canadians ran them close, in trim khaki, with hats turned up at the side and clasped with metal maple leaves and the word "Canada." But this takes no account of the dusky, stalwart Sikhs, in turbans and puttees, or the bronzed Britons from the West Indies, who are both here for the Kolapore Cup next week.

Innocent Man's Ordeal.

A terrible instance of the miscarriage of justice has come to light in Berlin.

Nearly six years ago a wealthy landowner named Herman Liechtenstein, of Eastenburg, Prussia, was charged with setting his house on fire with the object of defrauding an insurance company. His wife was also charged with aiding and abetting him. Both strenuously protested their innocence, but they were found guilty. The man was sentenced to six years' penal servitude, and the woman to two years' penal servitude.

The man's sentence would have expired in August. A peasant named Henry Meyer has confessed, however, that he set fire to the house and deliberately allowed Liechtenstein and his wife to be condemned, as he had a grudge against them. Liechtenstein's immediate release has been ordered, but he is completely prostrated by six years of convict life. Mrs. Liechtenstein, who was released four years ago, has suffered severely owing to a boycott imposed by her neighbours, who insulted and mocked her.

Increasing Use of Tobacco.

An official report on the consumption of tobacco in the United States says that during the past year there was an increase of 315,000,000 cigars, 250,000,000 small cigars, 1,374,000,000 cigarettes, 14,000,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco, and 700,000 pounds of snuff. The consumption in Great Britain increased by more than 5,000,000 pounds.

FACTS, FANCIES, QUIPS & COMMENTS

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

An aged petitioner in Melbourne Divorce Court the other day was remarkable for being the brother-in-law of his own daughter-in-law. He and son Job had married two sisters, but whereas Job's wife is still living with her husband, the sister who paired off with Job's father has proved a faithless baggage. She lived with her old man for a week or so, 'way up in Alexandra (Vic.), after which he went away to get work and ruminate. He was 64, and a weary toiler at that, when he riveted his affections upon Mary, who was 19. Probably his exile was saddened by reflections upon the disparity in their ages. But after a week's absence he returned to his bride, and she kicked him until he fled. Then she threw stones at his retreating form. Subsequently she broke him up with a poem of dismissal, beginning with "Go and leave me, I don't want you." The moral is very pointed. No gentleman on the shady side of sixty should marry the youthful sister of his son Job's wife.

There is pathos in everything, even in George Robert Beere's rambling address from the dock at Melbourne General Sessions, after he had been convicted of obtaining postcards by false pretences. For example:—

I was to have been married to a girl who came in for £200, and she would have given me whatever money I wanted. If the Court passes sentence upon me her life will be ruined as well as mine. I could never marry her. The wedding bells would not ring out. They will rather ring out a death knell to our hopes. The clergyman had been engaged, and only the ceremony remained to be performed to make two loving hearts one. But now our joy has been turned to sorrow, and all for the small sum of 6/6. For twelve months past I have been teaching in a Sunday-school. I ask your Honor to temper justice with mercy. I have spent my life in rescuing others, and now I shall be sent to prison, and I suppose that the hope I had of seeing the American fleet will be dashed to the ground.

Whereupon Judge Box smote him with a sentence of 12 months' hard labour.

Within the pale of Melbourne Gaol, For fifty weeks or more, George Robert Beere must s shed the tear Of bitterness and gloom. With sympathy for such as he The toughest bosoms beat. Hoigho! if he were only free To go and see the Fleet!

Devoid of hope, he's picking rope, Or moaning round the yard; Sorely caged, he is engaged In doing "12 months' hard." But when he falls asleep at night His dreams are long and sweet; Then comes a vision of delight— A vision of the Fleet.

Can burly Bent withhold consent To Brother Beere's release? A little while from durance vile Let him depart in peace. The learned Judge will not begrudge The prisoner this treat— One week, one day, to go away, And gaze upon the Fleet.

Insolvency Judge Moule, of Victoria, lately pointed out the straight and narrow path to that State's prospective and possible insolvents. When Timothy O'Hanlon went bung, after 12 months in a store at Lilydale, he owned some £270; and, after selling his business, his assets totalled about £180. Having paid £20 worth of local debts in full, O'Hanlon packed up his household goods and his family, and went to Melbourne to talk to his Yarra-side creditors. But being on the way to see one of them next morning with £38 in his pocket, he happened across a friend who was simply dying to take him out to the races and put him on a good thing for

the Ascot Cup. Mr O'Hanlon went to the races, backed the good thing, and returned home with £75 in his pocket. That, as Judge Moule remarked, settled him completely. What were a few pounds to him who could make £20 or £30 a day by backing "good things?" Making no further attempt to see his creditors, he boldly went to Flemington, to Caulfield, Epson, Williamstown, and other courses, until all the money had disappeared. After informing Timothy that he had started business with insufficient capital, had kept his books in a nondescript fashion, and had withdrawn capital for personal expenses without making any attempt to replace it, Judge Moule quoted sec. 141 of the Insolvency Act, which deals with people who gamble with the only means they have for paying their creditors. And then, having quoted his text, His Honor preached a brief sermon to the effect that Timothy must go without a certificate, but could take two months' gaol instead.

"Women, like very young men, are generally able to lug a romance closely, even if it be a disappointing one." So says a leading article of last week, in dealing with the very interesting subject of Love.

Some hug Romance that might have been, and some Hug the dear Dream that Cash has overcome, Nor realise the luck of their Escape From matrimony's endless Martyrdom.

They fain would wake the Echoes of a tongue Once turned to words of Love; the Songs oft sung, The Vows once made by moonlight, haunt them still; Forgive them, ah, Forgive them—they are Young!

Perchance they treasure still some golden Curl In memory of One they deemed a Pearl; But we have learned to let such Phantoms go— We do not hug Romance; we hug the Girl!

The land laws of New Zealand have been the subject of criticism, but they just suited Duigan. He had held a barren selection in a dry district of northern Victoria for a number of years, and becoming dissatisfied with the results of his labour, he sold out and emigrated to New Zealand, where his brother Terence had taken up a farm. Duigan was so captivated by the land laws that he immediately applied for a selection under the 99 years' lease system. His application was about to be granted, when a dreadful thought occurred to him. "Terence," he said, "th' tinure is fr noineyt-noine years only, an' he his an' be that 'tis havin' me th' divls are. Suppose th' Government got me safe on th' land, and thin, at th' end iv th' noineyt-noine years they refused fr to renew me lease!"

The spirit of caution which was inherent in the Duigan family manifested itself in his niece, Mary, in the form of an abiding faith which was an equal protection against risks. Among her most cherished possessions was a bottle of holy water, and one blazing summer day, as she saw a roaring grass fire top the rise and roll on towards the house she bethought herself of her talisman. She rushed into her bedroom, snatched the bottle from the dressing-table, and sprinkled a portion of its contents on each of the four corners of the building. Miraculously the wind changed, and the house escaped. Mary's thankfulness was touching to witness, until a chance remark by her mother filled her with a horrid doubt. She made a hasty search, and found that instead of holy water she had anointed the house with a bottle of eye lotion, the property of her aged parent, who had left it on the dressing-table that morning. But, although Mary's faith received a shock, her mother's belief in the virtues of her pet specific was made firmer than ever, and she now regards it as simply priceless.

At the Sydney Central Police Court last week, Chinese were quite in evidence, not an altogether unusual occurrence this, in view of the frequency of police raids on those haunts where Asiatic sportsmen most do congregate. But one of the number was very wrath at being hauled before a legal tribunal. His only misdemeanour was that of being over-generous, and he could not for the life of him make out why an open-hearted offer of good money should be so harshly viewed. Unfortunately he chose to offer the amount, a five-pound note, to Inspector Roche, and the gift was further to be conditional on the inspector becoming temporarily blind, and thus allow his would-be benefactor to escape an inquiry into certain suspicious actions. In the morning a sad-looking Chinese was commanded to answer a charge laid under section 17 of Act No. 20 of 1899. He listened patiently to the indictment, pleaded guilty in a bored sort of way, and was commanded to pay a sum of £2 10/ and costs, or in default remain a guest of His Majesty for 14 days, provision being made for suitable if somewhat arduous exercise to be constantly taken during his enforced stay. Judging by the expression of his countenance, one Chinese at least considers that the members of our local constabulary are singularly lacking in business enterprise.

Once (and not so very long ago) there was in Australia a daily paper editor with a seventeenth-century preference for Latin over Saxon words in English prose. No one was ever "busy," but always "occupied"; his writers might be "verbose," but not "wordy"; he liked "velocity" but not "speed." One day a casual contributor wrote him an article beginning: "The Premier is being advocated by his more fervent supporters." Advocated? Dictionaries gave no explanation. "I regarded it," said the contributor, "as a well-sounding Latin substitute for 'egged-on,' a somewhat homely phrase." He was not a contributor again.

From Peshurist we have an old tale retold—the tale of the Birds of Prey and the Golf Balls. It will be recalled that some time ago the crows created much annoyance at the Peshurist links by pouncing on the golf balls and trying to fly away with them, under the impression they were some new kind of egg. In this instance many crows and many golf balls are involved, together with a theory of the transmission of hereditary characteristics which would delight a professor of biology. As the crows are alleged to eat the balls, it is not unreasonable to predict that the little crows of the coming spring will no longer remain true to the instincts of their race, and root in the topmost boughs. Instead it is highly probable that they will become a race of gutter-perchers.

The Unwritten Law.

A good deal has been heard of late, more especially in the United States, of what has been called "The Unwritten Law," under which death awaits the betrayers of women. A tragedy on which this law was invoked by a young woman against a prominent New York medical man occurred on the night of June 7, when Sarah Koten, a Russian trained nurse, shot and killed Dr. William M. Auspitz.

Miss Koten gave up her position at a sanatorium owned by Dr. Auspitz in April, and made a serious charge against the doctor. The magistrate, however, dismissed the case on the strength of evidence given by the brother of the defendant. The doctor on June 6 received a telephonic message coming apparently from a patient who was represented as in a dangerous condition. Dr. Auspitz obeyed the call, and Miss Koten waited for him outside the house. As soon as he appeared she shot him in the breast and neck, and then sat down on the steps beside the body waiting for arrest.

When policemen arrived she gave up her pistol, calmly saying, "He murdered my honour." The magistrate refused to grant me justice, so I took the law into my own hands."

Dr. Auspitz was married to a beautiful and charming wife, who is overwhelmed by the tragedy. Miss Koten is a young woman, with features of a pronounced Slav type, and of unprepossessing appearance. Many other women, describing themselves as victims of Dr. Auspitz, announced their willingness to contribute towards the defence of Miss Koten.

BURNING WITH RHEUMATISM FOR WEEKS.

Inglewood woman nearly driven mad with pain.

Grew very weak; arms so stiff could hardly lift them. Got no relief until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her.

After all, the chief interest to Rheumatism sufferers is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured some hundreds of Australian cases. That's a fact. This paper alone has published accounts of scores of cures in New Zealand. Briefly, the proper way to cure Rheumatism is to get the acid that causes the complaint out of the blood. Then there can't be Rheumatism.

Rheumatism can't be got out of the blood with hot cloths or liniments, or anything else that doesn't touch the blood. These things may seem to ease the pain for the moment—but they don't cure. If you've had Rheumatism you know that. They cannot possibly cure. To cure it a medicine that acts on the blood is needed. Such a medicine is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They contain the very elements that go to make pure rich blood. This new blood sweeps out the very cause of Rheumatism. It loosens the muscles, soothes the nerves, and supplies stiff and burning joints. Here is just one instance of how Rheumatism gave way to a supply of good blood. Mrs Emily Middlemiss, Durham-road, Inglewood, says:

"It is some while back since I was first attacked with Rheumatism. The pains came on suddenly, and I wondered what was wrong with me. Gradually I got worse, and first thing in the morning my hands would feel quite stiff, and for a while I would not be able to do anything until they got warmed up. The backs of my hands and up my arms swelled a lot. The pains in my shoulders often stopped me from milking, as I could not lift the bucket. Pretty well all day I had a dull aching in my shoulder—it was always worse after washing. I could always tell when it was going to rain, the pains were always sharper. Often I had to get the girls to brush my hair—I could not lift my hand to my head.

"My appetite fell off, and this made me pretty weak. I became quite run down. I used to go about the house in a listless sort of way, and did not care if I did anything or not. Sometimes I thought that I would never get better. I would have given anything to be free of the terrible aching pains, even for a few days. I was very bad with the Rheumatism while we were living at South Canterbury, but it got worse after we came up North. As a last hope I started Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I must have been taking them for nearly three months before I felt any benefit, and then they began to do their work. I could eat better, and I could do my milking much easier. The awful aching pains did not catch me so badly in the arms and shoulders. As I kept on I could feel myself getting better every day. The pains were getting less and less, and every dose was putting new life into me. For the past twelve months I have not had a sign of Rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all chemists and storekeepers, or may be ordered by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, at 8/ per box, six boxes 10/8 post free. Write for hints as to diet, etc.

A French Chinaman.

Queer is the adventure which has just befallen an old Frenchman. A few weeks ago a decree of expulsion was made out against him, under the impression that he was a Chinese, as he had described himself as a native of Peking, and has acted the part very well. This he did not mind at all, and he was very crest-fallen when the Anthropological department in Paris having been curious about him, he was found to have been born in the provinces, and to have undergone upwards of 60 condemnations as a vagabond. When, during one of the trials which preceded a sentence, the judge asked him what he did, he calmly answered, "I walk." "But what is your trade?" the magistrate inquired. "That depends" was the cool reply. "In the country I am a tramp, in the towns I am a vagabond. As a matter of fact, I am nothing of the kind; only a poor devil who, like you, is trying to live." That time the sentence was heavier than usual.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

The Auckland schoolboy representatives under the management of the Schools' Executive, journeyed to Waikato on Saturday to play a team chosen from the Goldfields centres. There seems to have been some misunderstanding as to the weight limit, the local boys being decidedly big compared with the town lads. A keen contest, however, resulted with honours in Goldfield's favour in the first half. But in the second spell the Aucklanders played with great dash, and were decidedly unlucky in not scoring on several occasions. The match resulted in a win for Goldfields by 7 to 3. For the winners Johnson scored a try, and McGeehan potted a fine goal, while Handcock kicked a penalty for Auckland. Thanks to the generosity of the Auckland Rugby Union the team had a most enjoyable trip.

A Win for Thames.

The return match, Auckland v. Thames, was played at Thames on Saturday in fine weather. About 200 excursionists arrived from Auckland by the p.s. Wakarusa shortly before the match, and the up-country trains brought in a large number of visitors. There was a large attendance at Parawai ground, which was in good order. Hall was unable to accompany the Auckland team, and his place was filled by Williams.

Thames won by 11 points to nil. The better team won! On that point there are no two opinions. After the first spell Auckland never looked like a winning team. Thames played the forward game, and it is high praise for them indeed to state that they outplayed Auckland in this department. The first spell was evenly contested. Auckland frequently got the ball from the scrum, but the Thames wingers were on to the backs before they could do anything with it. Both sides appeared to advantage in the loose, and while Auckland excelled on the line-out, Thames forwards generally put more life into their play. It was thought that the condition of the homeosters would not hold out, but they lasted well, and the dreaded second spell debacle, which happens to most teams which oppose an Auckland pack did not make its appearance. The Auckland men certainly did not appear at their best, but it is doubtful if under more favourable circumstances they would have won. They played with a strong sun in their eyes in the first spell, a disadvantage under which Thames did not have to labour, for, during the interval, rain set in, and continued to the end, making the atmosphere overcast. Then it seems that the referee's decisions frequently gave annoyance, the goal which Francis is alleged to have kicked, and which was disallowed, being a noticeable instance. This undoubtedly affected the play of the men, but, of course, cannot be held out as an excuse for defeat. Thames won on their merits. The incident which led up to Maguire (Grafton) and I. Smith (Thames) being ordered off the field could not be seen from the touch-line.

Of the Thames forwards, H. Hayward stood out prominently. The remainder ably supported their leader, and of an even, hard-working lot, Crawford, Griffin, and McDuff were about the best. The two wingers, F. Hayward and McCollum, gave the Auckland backs a deal of trouble, and coped very successfully with the ubiquitous Gillett, who was a marked man. Hayward's smart following-up was a feature of his play. Francis and Herring stood out among the Auckland forwards for the solidity of their play. The Auckland backs were disappointing. Twiname gave his forwards a lot of unnecessary work by faulty fiddling, and in the second half he was sent back to full-back on this account. Renwick gave a fine exhibition of knee-kicking, and Wilson's pace got his side out of many threatening situations. The five-eighths, Gray and Baser, were closely watched, but, even so, did not play well. However, Baser's aptitude in kicking up from the ruck and kicking to touch was a redeeming feature in his play. Webb played a sound defensive game. Snowling, five-eighths, for Thames, played a useful game, and was about the best of

the local lads. Smith, a junior, who gave a poor display at full-back in the first match, made up for that failure by playing a good game at centre-three-quarters. He is regarded on the Thames as a coming player, who will make a mark for himself. Kingham and Kitching, on the wings, were fair, and Newdick was safe at fullback.

Auckland Juniors defeat Taranaki

At Alexandra Park, Auckland, on Saturday, the sole interest of those loyal to amateurism was in the match between the junior representatives of Taranaki and Auckland. To say that the football public disgraced itself badly describes the lamentable position. Whatever the grievances against the Auckland Union, on the principle that two wrongs do not make a right, there is no excuse for the meagre, the disheartening attendance which turned out.

The teams were as follows:—

TARANAKI.

Full-back, J. Ryan.
Three-quarters, Koru, J. Stohr, and Lova.
Five-eighths, Stantering and Pearce.
Forwards: Taylor (wing), Helier and Maslin (front row), McDonald (lock), Winters, McCallum, Robinson, and McGivern.

AUCKLAND.

Fullback, O'Brien.
Three-quarters: Sargeant, Smith, Cross
Five-eighths: Wyward, O'Brien.
Half: Dick.
Wing-forward, Derran.
Forwards: Baker, Fricker, McKianon, Callaghan, Grundy, Shaw, Hayward.

An interesting game ended in favour of Auckland by 14 points to 5.

The Northern Union Game.

The first match played in Auckland under Northern Union rules took place on Saturday at Victoria Park, when a thirteen representative of Wellington met the local team, and suffered defeat by 16 points to 14. The weather was fine, and there was an attendance of about 7000 spectators, who were rewarded with a fast and exciting game, which was won by Auckland, 16 points to 14 points.

"What do you think of it?" was the question to be heard on every hand, and the reply was, "A great game, and sure to take the place of Rugby." Although this opinion was generally expressed, there were numbers who were still strong in their allegiance to the old game, but it cannot be said that from a spectacular point of view, the Northern Union game is far ahead of Rugby, and throughout the whole ninety minutes spectators are kept on the qui-vive of excitement, so fast does the ball travel from one end of the ground to the other. At one minute one side would be attacking hotly, when a slight mistake would let the other side in, and in a twinkling play would be at the other end of the ground, and interest is thus sustained until the bell rings for the final cessation of play. In the match, so keen was the interest in the game, that practically the whole of the large attendance waited until the bell rang. Taking a fair and impartial view of the question, there is no doubt that it is considerably faster than the Rugby game, and from a spectator's point of view, considerably more exciting. Another strong point in favour of the Northern game is that the risk of accident is considerably minimised, and, although the pace at which they are compelled to play is more distressing to the players, they do not feel the soreness, they do after a hard Rugby match.

The game was very evenly contested, both sides attacking in turn, while the manner in which the attack was turned into defence was an eye-opener of the individual players. Rowe was easily the best of the Auckland backs, and his display was first-class, and a big improvement on anything he has yet shown in Auckland. In the forwards, Mackreth and McDonald were the pick.

For Wellington, Kelly in the back and Spencer in the forwards, were seen to most advantage.

Taranaki v. Auckland.

Mr. D. G. Baker has shown the following team to represent Auckland against Taranaki at Alexandra Park on Saturday next, the 29th inst.:

Full-back: A. Renwick.
Three-quarters: F. Wilson, G. Murray, J. Johnson.
Five-eighths: G. Baser, R. Magee.
Half: F. Morse.
Wing-forward: G. Gillett.
Forwards: F. Herring, J. McGuire, A. Francis, W. Cunningham (lock), G. Nicholson, C. Seeling, H. Hayward.
Emergencies: Coote, Maguire (Grafton).

The team will meet at the City shed for training on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, while as many as can manage it are requested to attend Victoria Park during the day.

Auckland B. v. Northern Waikato.

Auckland B. went to Dargaville last Saturday and met the Northern Waikato fifteen, the game ended in a win for Waikato by three points to nil.

Whangarei Football.

At Rugby football on Saturday at Kensington Park, the game, Hikurangi v. North Ward, Juniors, was won by North Ward by 27 to nil. Hikurangi played four men short.

Thames Results.

Thames Juniors beat Thames Old Boys by 25 points to nil.
Rovers defeated a team of Auckland Juniors by six points to three.

Waikato Matches.

Ideal weather prevailed for football on Saturday, and the attendance was perhaps the largest of the season for the Cup fixture.

Great interest was taken in the final cup fixture between Waitete and Mataura, and those present were treated to a good exhibition of the winter game, Mataura winning by 16 to 3.

The game was more even than the score would indicate. Power's kicking aided no less than 10 points to Mataura's score.

Wellington v. Manawatu.

There was glorious weather for the Wanganui-Wellington match, and a good attendance of spectators. H. Tilley refereed. The game resulted in a rather easy win for Wellington by 25 to 13, which could easily have been larger, for they were far and away cleverer than the locals, who played without spirit or vim.

Professional Football.

There is every likelihood of Northern Union football being played in South Canterbury next season. Several prominent footballers who head the movement state that sufficient support will be forthcoming to start three senior teams. It is proposed to pay teams on tour for loss of time, and assist clubs in erecting training sheds, and to pay part of the expenses of junior teams travelling. Already £100 has been promised to set the game on a footing.

New Zealanders in Australia.

Victoria beat the New Zealand footballers at the Australian carnival by 171 points to 40.

Heavy rain previous to the match interfered with the attendance and made the ground wet and slippery.

The Victorians showed a much better knowledge of the game than the New Zealanders, and from the outset the visitors were outclassed.

At the end of the first quarter the scores were: Victoria 10 goals 8 behinds, New Zealand 2 behinds.

Each separate quarter the visitors were left farther in the rear. As in the previous quarter, the New Zealanders played a better game in the second half than in the first, but the result was a foregone conclusion after the first few minutes.

Improvements to the Rugby Game.

Another meeting to consider the question of Rugby reform was held last week at Christchurch, when the following alterations in the Rugby game were discussed, scrutinized and approved: (1) All goals to count two points, except potted goals (three points). (2) The ball, when kicked direct into touch (except from a penalty) to be brought back to the place where it was kicked from, and there scrummaged. (3) All line-outs to be abolished. (4) When a kicker is taking his kick (from a mark, try, penalty, force down, or kick off), the opposing side shall not be allowed to charge or in any way interfere with the kicker. (5) All players must keep behind their back row of forwards when the ball is being scrummaged. (6) Following a force down, the side forced must kick out from where the ball crossed the goal line, opposing players to stand ten yards from the goal line. (7) Where possible, all injured players must be removed immediately from the field of play. (8) The referee to place the ball in the scrum in all cases.

It was resolved, after further discussion, that the delegates bring the proposals before their clubs at the earliest possible opportunity, and that another meeting of those present be held with a view to further action being taken. The chairman said that if the Canterbury Rugby Union could not get satisfaction from the New Zealand Union, they could go past the governing body to the sister unions.

British Footballers in Australia.

The British footballers visited Newcastle on Aug. 19, and defeated the representative of the Newcastle branch of the N.S.W. Rugby Union by 32 points to nil.

ASSOCIATION.

Pousoy v. Corinthians A.—This match, contested on the Domain, provided an exciting tussle. A rush by H. and J. Webster at the commencement of the game resulted in the latter finding the net for Pousoy. A few minutes later W. Ruckle kicked down to Haddock, who passed to J. Webster, to H. Webster, the latter doubling the figures. Just before the spell ended Pousoy secured a third goal. On resuming play, Pousoy speedily accounted for a fourth, the Corinthians, living up, making their first and only goal shortly afterwards. Before time was called, Pousoy, having the control of the game, netted two more goals, the match ending: Pousoy, 6; Corinthians A, 1.

North Shore (second) v. W.Y.M.I. (first).—North Shore won by 4 goals to 2.
Gordon (second) v. North Shore (second).—North Shore emerged victorious, after a good game, by 8 goals to nil.
Tabernacle Old Boys v. Tabernacle.—The Old Boys won by 5 goals to 3.

SAILING.

Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron.

The Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron held a smoke concert in the club-rooms last week, when there was a large attendance, the commodore (Mr. J. L. R. Bloomfield) presiding. The prizes won during the past season were presented. A musical programme was contributed by Messrs. A. Taylor, H. Phillipson, and J. Ashworth, while Messrs. J. B. Graham and Bonetta gave recitations. Light refreshments were served, and everything possible was done to make the gathering enjoyable, an ambition that was fully realised, the entertainment being voted one of the most successful in the annals of the squadron.

CRICKET.

English Cricket.

In the match between Lancashire and Leicestershire, J. T. Tyldesley, the Lancashire cricketer, scored 243 runs.

Phenomenal scoring has been recorded in county cricket lately.

Twenty-nine centuries have been scored in eight days.

Surrey, 632 for eight wickets, of which Marshall made 107, beat Kent by an innings and 318 runs.

Essex made 573 for nine wickets against Northampton, McGeahy scoring 230.

Middlesex totalled 534 for eight wickets against Notts, Tarrant scoring 245, not out.

Lancashire took their total against Leicestershire to 508, of which J. F. Tyldesley scored 243.

Alan Marshall, the ex-Queensferry bowler for Surrey against Essex, took five wickets for 28 runs.

The World's Greatest Cricketers

By

SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

MR. J. DARLING.

Mr. J. Darling must always loom as one of the foremost figures in Australian cricket in the last five years of the nineteenth century and the first five of the twentieth. Fine bat as he has proved himself, personally the study of the man's individualism as displayed in his captaincy has interested me more. There has always been a feeling that an Australian team on tour is not easy to manage. On one occasion in the later eighties friction was so great that two of the colonials fought with the bats in a saloon carriage which actually was besmattered with blood. Mr. W. L. Murdoch himself had not an entirely happy time as skipper, and the worries which beset his successors were enormous.

Mr. Darling altered all this. His rule was like himself—big and quiet. It was the iron hand in the velvet glove. He kept his men under control both off the field and—more important—on it. Fever was there a trace of disunion, and in that black time in 1902, when illness and bad weather reduced their spirits to zero, some of the new men declaring that they wanted to take ship home at once, Mr. Darling, though depressed from influenza, never lost his steady influence. The clouds lifted and triumph came, but if a weaker captain had been at the helm disaster must have been inevitable.

On different cricket grounds Mr. Darling was wonderfully quick to seize the idiosyncrasies of batmen he had never before met, and modified his field with judgment which was beyond question. The same concentration of purpose he displayed in his own cricket he imparted to his colleagues. In the 1905 tour up to the end of July he obviously felt the want of handling bowling of the highest class. It will always be a matter of debate whether he was wise to instruct Mr. W. W. Armstrong to bowl in the unsporting fashion adopted in order to avoid if possible losing the rubber of Test Matches. But this is the one doubt that can be cast on administration of the highest order, and now that Mr. Darling has retired, in order to pursue the vocation of a sheep farmer, it will be long before we meet his equivalent. He was a formidable left-handed bat, who would have shown even greater results in this country if he had not been burdened with the cares of captaincy. His tenacity of purpose was characteristic of Colonial grit. Never quite the equal of Mr. Clem Hill—the best left-handed bat the world has ever seen—he was always remarkably difficult to dislodge, and Mr. Stoddart considered him as the hardest wicket to obtain when on the Adelaide Oval or elsewhere. Few could come down more severely on bad bowling, none could play with greater coolness at a crisis. I have seen him score with tremendous force. I have also seen him indulge in absolutely purposeless stonewalling—for example on the occasion against Middlesex when the crowd at Lords whistled the "Dead March in Saul" whilst he and Mr. M. A. Noble were laboriously blocking a mild attack. Let it be added he was a splendid field anywhere, with a wonderfully good length return ball which saved the wicket-keeper's hands—no small merit, but one ignored with lamentable frequency. He had a head for finance, was civilly uninformative to inquisitive Pressmen, never indulged in conceit or self advertisement. He did what came to his mind as cricketer and as captain, and never swerved to the right or the left. Commendable and meritorious. My memory of him will be that of a cricketer who corresponds to one of those wonderful statues carved by M. Rodin.

LORD HAWKE.

No other man ever exercised such a superb moral influence over any sport as Lord Hawke exerts upon modern cricket. When he undertook the captaincy of Yorkshire, the side consisted of old-time professionals, half undisciplined. What he has made the modern Yorkshire eleven—apart from their unparalleled achievements—extorts the admiration of the whole world of cricket, and attains the true standard of what a team should be off the field and on. He has taught his professionals to have self-respect, and to lead in their captain's trust friend, whilst his method of remuneration by a system of marks forms the fairest devised, and his fami-

ly, "back up, boys," is the best spur to his men.

It is, however, only as a Yorkshireman that Lord Hawke has rendered incomparable service to the game he loves. To him every umpire owes gratitude, for he obtained the increase of their remuneration. At the head of the Board of Control he has displayed tact in a chunkless and responsible position. Every part of the world where cricket is played, he has not only shown how it should be played, but he has insisted that those composing the teams he has taken must exhibit the highest type of English behaviour. Many makers of the Empire are vaunted, but none have done more to tighten the links of true Imperial federation than Lord Hawke. Unlike others, he never forgets Indian, West Indian, South African, Australian, or American hospitality, and when his hosts from over the seas "come home," he entertains them with cordial delight, doing as much, not as little, as possible.

On his shoulders he bears all the cares of the modern game, he is consulted about every dispute, confessor to all perplexed sportemen, and emphatically remains the great figure-head of cricket. In private life, he has a perfect genius for friendship, is almost the only man of our generation who is a skilled letter-writer, and he is as sensitive as a girl as well as far, far too modest. He abominates making a speech, can sing with taste, is devoted to music, has shot big game everywhere, is deadly on a moor, rides hard to hounds, and was a sprinter at Eton.

Gradually he has become so fine a captain that he is worth playing on any side if he never made a run. As a matter of fact in his twenty-sixth season he is still a tremendously dangerous bat. Going in far too late, he has perfected self-effacement until it has become second nature. Scoring with great power so soon as he is set he makes runs all round the wicket, exhibiting the true Eton cut, and driving with force, so that for his county alone he has scored upwards of fifteen thousand runs. This in no way represents his value as a bat, for, like Ted Wainwright, he always does his biggest just when things look ominous for his side. Yorkshire grit is proverbial, but it is at high water mark when "the skipper" is demonstrating that he does not know when he is at his best. Whatever the public may think, we who intimately know Lord Hawke—and intimacy inspires affectionate admiration—are aware that for him cricket has not always lain in easy places. The more credit to him for all that he has achieved. Truly it may be said that he is sans peur et sans reproche, doing what he has to do with his might and with a singleness of purpose, never looking for praise, but, like his great ancestor the Admiral, doing his duty and doing it as it should be done.

MR. V. TRUMPER.

Brilliance is the attribute specially applicable to the batting of Mr. Victor Trumper, and when the highest honour was intended to be paid to Mr. R. H. Spooner after his great performance in the final Test Match at the Oval in 1905, he was by popular consent called "the English Trumper." In 1902, when in England, the young Australian was absolutely the best bat in the world. Last year, judged by his own standard, he failed. A grave illness may have mitigated some of his former marvellous aptitude, but he gave himself less than a fair chance by persisting in "getting going" at once instead of waiting to "get his eye in." On occasions he was as great as ever, but it was no longer on the greatest occasions.

Memory prefers to hark back to what he did here in 1902, when he was alone comparable with Ranjitsinhji. Prior to that though he had played with fair success from a lad in Australia, he had only been brought here as last choice in 1899. He had not, however, long to wait to make his mark. Though he failed to score in his first match on English soil, and also in his first Test innings, he speedily asserted himself in the second at Lords, that worst debacle ever known to English cricket at headquarters. Playing a big game he scored 135 not out, and the way in which he pulled the bowling of Mead and Rhodes was a revelation.

Then he was an attractive lad. In 1903, at the age of five and twenty, he electrified the public, who had imagined he would not fulfil his promise because he had just failed against Mr. MacLaren's second team, a failure due to officious work at night. He positively dazzled us by batting which justified the observation that it was electric. At

Lords v. M.C.C. he positively handled the attack of Trott, J. T. Hearne, Brand, and Cranfield as though it were that of rustics bowling to him at nets. Agnis at Sheffield, though Hirst, Barnes and Rhodes were opposing him, he scored 62 out of 89 in fifty minutes, doing exactly what he liked with the attack. A feature, quite unique, was that his amazing power of forcing runs predominated when the wicket was on the soft side rather than when it was fast. A great judge wrote, "Only a combination of wonderful eye and supreme confidence could have rendered such pulling as his at all possible. The way he took good length balls off the middle stump and sent them round to the boundary had to be seen to be believed."

I am tempted to assert that he played the cricket of imperishable youth. If the Greeks had batted, it would have been thus. A Trumper grown to be Quail would be the bitterest spectacle of individual metamorphosis. Happily that can never be. Perhaps he will not play much more, for he told me professional occupation must soon absorb him. To us he will remain a beautiful memory of unique realisation of batting. The barefaced attempt to purchase him for an English county was a piece of bribery happily averted. Perchance he might have failed as poor Ferris failed. Personally he was the most delightful and the most modest of all the younger Australian cricketers, "a regular Trump of a Trumper" as was once said of him. Let it be placed on record that he never spared himself for the sake of his batting, but is one of the finest of out-fields, and no less vigilant close in. He is the most enterprising batsman Sydney ever turned out.

MR. B. J. T. BOSANQUET.

The very worst good cricketer in England, but the very best bad one, is the truest description of the ability of Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet. Despite his strength there is something effeminate in the appearance of "Bos," and there is a feminine variability about his cricket. Dealing with the man, in his enthusiasm for the game, it may be mentioned that he will talk on cricket for the hour but only allows one opinion—his own. He is said to consider that no one who has not played first-class cricket should write on it, and he is a standing example that great skill at cricket does not make a good critic.

As a bat he belongs to the gentle tappers, and forms the despair of the orthodox for he is as ungainly in his strokes as he is successful. But though at the opposite pole to a Palairet or Spooner, he is a hurricane hitter. He was not good enough for the Eton eleven until his last year, when he knocked up 120 against Harrow in rather crude style. He has improved on that, for against Sussex at Lords in 1905, he made two hundred in a match, taking less than three hours for the joint effort, and he gave Essex leather-hunting to the tune of 179. Last season he only turned out in six matches for his county, and for ten innings had an average of 35.80.

When in the Oxford eleven, at the end of last century, he was a conventionally ordinary fast bowler. His famous leg-breaks were subsequently developed almost by accident. He discovered them by idly shying lawn tennis balls at a wall. From this he passed on to bowling at any lady who would oppose him with a racket, and thence he brought his new development into cricket. Leg breaks were, of course, not new, for Mr. R. C. Ramsey had tried them up at Cambridge in 1882, Mr. G. E. Palmer had employed them in 1886 on the Australian tour, Mr. C. L. Townsend had debauched as a boy-swarvel with them, and Joe Vise had alone developed speed with them. Mr. Bosanquet at first found them pretty costly. He had one sensational afternoon at Trent Bridge, but it was only in 1908 that the possibilities became recognised, his difficulty then being to acquire command over his length.

Of course it is easy to comment on the fact that he has sent down more bad balls than any other good bowler, and that several times one has pitched twice before it has reached the batsman. These are things intolerable in village cricket. Yet on his day he is more likely to get a great side out than any other bowler. The question is when it is his day; some people declare he has now had it and that one must wait a month of Sundays for any more.

However that may be, on two auspicious occasions he fairly brought off his best work in Test matches. At Sydney in February, 1904, it was he who actually gathered up the mythical ashes,

for in the fourth Test, when the Australians were confident they would make the 320 runs required, he went on with the total at 74, and in conjunction with Lilly for the wicket, he captured five wickets for 12 runs. History repeated itself in the first Test match in 1905 at Nottingham, for the Australians had to go in for some 400 runs on fourth hands. Everything pointed to a draw, but Mr. Bosanquet beat them, changing 63 for none to 03 for four. In a fading light he took eight of the nine wickets that fell, fairly "dummu" the star Colonial bats. Though subsequently the main agent in getting two of the four Middlesex victories of 1905, he materially slipped back in public esteem, for the class of his play when off-colour is more apt to produce irritation than sympathy. In fact, he is the champion freak cricketer. It is a great feat to send down an off-break with a leg action, but it is greater luck to obtain so many wickets by rank bad balls.

Next Week:

MACLAREN, DUFF AND SCHWARZ.

HOCKEY.

Thames v. Auckland.

Perfect weather prevailed for the match between the Auckland and Thames representatives for the Championship Shield on Saturday. The attendance was moderate. The ground was in good order and a fast game resulted. Mr. E. Madden, of the Auckland Referees' Association, ably controlled the match. The following were the teams:—

Thames Team—Colours, Blue and Gold—Goal: Menzies; full-backs, Rockley, Driver; halves, Brokenshire, L. Whitaker, J. Griffin; forwards, Thompson, L. Griffin, Martin, Brownlee and Renshaw.

Auckland Team—Colours Blue and White—Goal, C. H. Howell; full-backs, P. S. Shirriffs, H. D. Speight; halves, J. R. C. Badham, D. K. Purter, V. O. Kavanagh; forwards, W. Brooke-Smith, H. Mather, F. R. Mason, R. W. Barry, H. O. Wellam.

Auckland won by 5 goals to nil, and thus retains the shield.

Waikato B. v. Auckland B.

A team from Auckland journeyed to Hamilton on Friday evening, meeting the Waikato representatives on Saturday afternoon. After a fast game, victory rested with the visitors by four goals to one.

Otago v. Canterbury.

In the hockey match Otago v. Canterbury Otago won by two goals to nil. In the first spell play was pretty even. Canterbury's chance seemed to lie in the weakness of the Otago half-backs, who did not seem to understand where to send the ball, or where it was likely to go. On the other hand, the Canterbury forwards showed want of combination, and, as the Otago backs and goalkeeper were reliable, Canterbury's attacks were fruitless. Nevertheless, it was a hard and fast game, won by the better team.

CYCLING.

World's Cycling Record.

A. N. Wills, in a bicycle contest at Munich, covered a distance of 99 kilometres in an hour, establishing a record.

The previous record for the hour's run was put up in Germany by P. Guignard in 1908, the distance covered, following pace, being 59 miles 86 yards, following 61 miles 1613 yards covered by Wills in the present attempt.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Brisbane Rifle Meeting.

At the Rifle Association meeting, Sergeant Edwards, New South Wales, won the King's Prize with a score of 232 points, Private Guy, Queensland, being second with 228 points, and Hyde, Queensland, third with 226 points.

LAWN TENNIS.

Intercolonial Lawn Tennis.

Invitations are to be sent to the New South Wales and Victorian Lawn Tennis Associations to send teams of six men to New Zealand to play matches about Christmas. Failing this, they are to be asked to induce individual players to come. The Victorian Association has invited New Zealand to send a team to Melbourne to compete in Mars-Buckley match, but the management committee of the New Zealand Association decided last week that it would be unable to comply with the request. Further consideration is to be given by the committee to a letter from the Tennis Association of Australia, which discusses the probability of a team of four English players coming to Australia to compete for the Davis Cup, and afterwards extending their visit to New Zealand.

ATHLETICS.

American Representatives in Davis Cup Contest.

The American team to play England in the preliminary tie for the Davis Cup consists of W. A. Larned, Heals Wright, J. H. Hackett, and F. B. Alexander. W. A. Larned is the oldest and most experienced of the American players. He held the Singles Championship in 1901 and 1902, and was at one time quite invincible, but is now classed below Ward, Wright and Clothier. Heals Wright was American champion in 1903, but was easily defeated by Clothier in the challenge round in 1906. Wright is an expert at the American service, and the low volleying game. F. B. Alexander stands with Wright and Larned in the first class in the American handicap lists, and H. Hackett stands with R. D. Little (last year's Davis Cup representative) in class 2, to which class one owes 2-0 16. Alexander and Hackett held the Eastern Doubles Championship for 1906, but were defeated in the final for the open championship by Heals Wright and Holoome Ward, the famous Davis Cup pair. However, as Ward has now definitely retired from the game, Alexander and Hackett are probably the strongest pair in the United States. With the exception of Ward and Clothier, the team as a whole is probably the best that could be picked. Hackett and Alexander, it should be mentioned, were asked to play in the Davis Cup competition last year, but could not make the trip.

Whangarei Chopping Match.

The various chopping events were decided in the Settlers' Hotel paddock, Whangarei, before a crowd of about one hundred people, including many ladies. Great excitement prevailed, the partisans of the various competitors wildly cheering and encouraging their favorites. The arrangements were in the hands of Dr. Spod, Messrs L. Johnson and P. Smith (judges), Dr. Baxter and Mr. T. Webb (timekeepers), Messrs P. Mulhern and L. Webb (handicappers), Mr. Johnstone acting as starter. The proceedings opened with an exhibition chop, 12 ft. straight log by Maurice Griffin, of Mangakarama (winner of the recent contest). His performance was greeted with loud applause. In the match for a £20 purse, between B. O'Sullivan, of Tasmanian, and W. Mackey, of Whangarei, O'Sullivan conceded Nash ten seconds' start, quickly overhauled his opponent, and proved the winner in 1 min. 31 sec. The logs were 15 ft. upright. The last event was a handicap underhand chop with 15 ft. horizontal logs. There were four entries, Maurice Griffin (Mangakarama), B. O'Sullivan (Tasmania), George Mackenzie (Whangarei), and C. Mackey (Whangarei). Griffin had to concede three seconds' start, but, nevertheless, the prize was his cash. Griffin succeeded in cutting his log through first, in 1 min. 35 sec. He received a great ovation on this splendid performance. The other finishers in the order named: O'Sullivan 2, Mackey 3, Mackenzie 4.

PAKURANGA HUNT CLUB.

The Pakuranga Hunt Club met on Saturday at Pigeon Mountain, Pakuranga, where there was a fair attendance of followers. The hounds were thrown out on Mr John Fitzpatrick's property, and soon put up a hare, which after a good run, in which Messrs Campbell, Roberts, Gies, and other proprietors were traversed, a kill was registered. Two other runs were also had, the last being easily the best of the day, lasting for three-quarters of an hour. Amongst the present were: Mr B. D. O'Rourke, Messrs H. Gorrie, West, Messrs B. D. O'Rourke, J. Dalton, Jack Fitzpatrick, Alf. Hallaway, W. Dalton, Willie, Roy Harris, C. Wilson, Ben Myers, R. F. Kinloch, C. Wallace, H. Nolan, John Bell, Gorrie, Harris, Cam. Selby (acting-huntsman), Frank Selby, Isaac Gray, Grant, Chm. Selby (acting-huntsman), Frank Selby (whip).

SWIMMING.

Burgess again failed in his attempt to swim the Channel on August 22nd. He gave up after getting within 1 1/2 miles of Gravelines, after being in the water 2 3/4 hours.

Assassinated Rulers.

HOW THEY DIED HAS BEEN DONE.

The reported attempts on the life of the young King of Portugal so soon after the awful death of his father and brother at the hands of the assassin reminds us of the long list of crowned heads who have met with violent deaths. In reviewing the number of so-called political assassinations or attempted murders of rulers and royal personages in modern times, one cannot help being struck by the preference which seems to be displayed for the pistol over the knife or the bomb. King Humbert, Shah Nasr-od-Din, of Persia, King Alexander and Queen Draga of Serbia, Prince Milosh of Serbia, and no less than three Presidents of the United States, namely, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, all succumbed to pistol bullets. Alfonso XII, the Duke of Aosta, while King of Spain, King George of Greece, King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, King Louis Philippe of France, Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, Napoleon III. of France, King Leopold of Belgium, the late Queen Victoria, the present King of Wurtemberg, and Edward VII. have been shot at, some of them on several occasions.

Only one, however, sustained wounds, he being the late Emperor William, who for several months in 1878 was prevented from transacting the business of the Government owing to wounds he received at the hands of the would-be assassin, Nobiling. President Carnot died from a knife thrust, as did Charles III., penultimate sovereign Duke of Parma, while Empress Elizabeth of Austria, was killed by a dagger in the form of a sharp-pointed file. Passante's memorable attempt on the life of King Humbert, shortly after his accession to the throne was made with a knife, and would undoubtedly have cut short his reign did not his Prime Minister, Cairrol, thrust himself forward, and shielding his sovereign, received a wound in his side.

Isabella II. was wounded by the poignard of an unfrocked priest, while entering the Church of the Atocha, not long after the birth of the Infanta Isabella, and Francis Joseph was severely injured by a stab between the shoulders shortly before his marriage, and undoubtedly would have been killed had it not been for the devotion of an aide-de-camp, a young officer of Irish parentage, of the name of O'Donnell. Only one monarch has been killed by a bomb, Alexander II. of Russia, whose younger son, the Grand Duke Sergius, was also blown to pieces about two years ago at Moscow.

Attempts to kill the present King of Spain have been made on at least two occasions, once in Paris, and again at the time of his wedding, bombs being used both times. They were likewise used against Napoleon III. and King Louis Philippe. These three sovereigns escaped unhurt, but numerous other lives were sacrificed by the outrages. Thus far only two real attempts have been made to assassinate a sovereign by wrecking a railroad train. On one occasion the baggage train of Alexander III., of Russia, was blown to pieces near Moscow, in the belief that it was the Imperial special, while in the other instance the train on which Alexander, his Empress, and his children were travelling was dived at Borki, and tumbled down a steep embankment. Many of the members of the suite and of the Imperial retinue lost their lives, but the Emperor himself and his wife and children escaped injury beyond bruises and shock in a manner that can only be described as miraculous.

Poison, a favourite agent for cutting short the lives of rulers, apparently no longer finds favour with regicides, and the only case in modern times was an attempt to kill Czar Alexander III. by means of poisoned gloves, which cost the life of one of the members of his suite, Count (Morzeff, whose gloves were mistaken for those of his sovereign.

DEATH INSTRUMENTS DESTROYED.

Superstition is largely responsible for the extraordinary care which is taken after any of these assassinations of rulers or of members of the reigning houses of the old world to destroy the firearms or the knives that have been used by the assassins. It is a custom of ancient origin and extends not only to the weapons of regicides but also to the surgical instruments employed by surgeons in treating the injuries of the victims of these outrages or in post-mortem examinations and embalming. In olden times the weapons and instruments used to be filed to powder or ground to pieces.

When, however, the priest Martin Merino, attempted to murder Queen Isabella of Spain in the manner that I have described above, it was found that the blade of the poignard which he had used was of such exquisitely tempered steel that it resisted every file and stone. This was related in the newspapers, and the superstitious Spaniards became so excited that the Cabinet was forced to take steps for the destruction of the knife by sulphuric acid, to allay public feeling and to remove the impression that there was something ger. Since then sulphuric acid has always been used to destroy such weapons.

It was used for the destruction of the sharpened file with which Empress Elizabeth was assassinated, and of the surgical instruments employed by the physicians who made the post-mortem examination, the weapon being destroyed in the presence of the Austro-Hungarian envoy in Switzerland, and of other representatives of the Emperor of Austria who had been summoned to Geneva. In the same manner the agency of sulphuric acid was used at Lisbon to put out of existence the firearms that brought about the death of King Carlos and the Crown Prince of Portugal, the instruments used by the surgeons and those employed in the embalming the bodies. Thanks to this, there is no chance of their falling into the hands of dealers in curios or of their being placed on exhibition in a museum or travelling show.

CARRIAGE STEPS DANGEROUS.

It is possible that both King Carlos and the Crown Prince might have escaped with their lives at Lisbon had the carriage in which they were riding been constructed after the model of the equipages used by the present King and Queen of England and by the late Queen Victoria. It is related that the regicide who accomplished the most deadly work sprang to the step of the carriage from which he repeatedly shot while Queen Amelia vainly endeavoured to dislodge him by striking him in the face with a bouquet which she held in her hand.

Caserio, when he murdered President Carnot, at Lyons, with a knife thrust, was able to accomplish his object by jumping on the steps of the Presidential carriage. In the first two attempts to assassinate King Humbert the criminal in each instance jumped on the steps of the sovereign's barouche, and when ex-Lieutenant Roan, of the 10th English Hussar Regiment, struck the late Queen Victoria across the face with a rattan cane—a blow so severe that she retained the scar until the day of her death—he jumped on the carriage steps. This resulted in the adoption of an entirely different style of carriage for the Queen. The would-be assassin of the late Shah of Persia made use of the same means to reach the ruler on the Persian monarch's first visit to Paris.

Innumerable other cases in modern and ancient times, comprising the murder of Henry IV. of France and the attempted assassination of Louis XV., of the same country, show that whenever any attempt has been made on the life of the sovereign when out driving, the carriage step has almost invariably played an important role by enabling the assailant to get within striking distance. That is why the carriage used by King Edward and Queen Alexandra is not only very high from the ground but it has no step visible for entering or leaving the conveyance. There are steps, but they are folded inside the carriage door and let down only when needed.

It is said that King Carlos and his two sons were armed, and that the Crown Prince killed one of his assailants and wounded another before being laid low himself. Rulers habitually go armed, though the Portuguese Crown Prince's first son of royalty to have turned his revolver to good account. True, there are

stories of Alexander III. and of the present Sultan of Turkey having shot retainers, mistaking them for would-be assassins, but these rumours have never been authenticated. King Edward, it is well known, carries a pistol. That he used to go armed when still Prince of Wales was shown on one occasion when he was riding in Hyde Park. A horse which had bolted and run into the railings had sustained such injuries as to make recovery impossible. As it was suffering, riders who had assembled on the spot decided that it should be put out of misery, and called on a policeman to shoot the animal.

The policeman declined on the ground that he was unarmed, and added that he had no authority to shoot the horse, even if a pistol were to be furnished. The Prince of Wales, who was looking on thereupon took a small revolver from his pocket and shot the horse, revealing the fact that he was the only man present who carried a pistol.

The Kaiser is never without his revolver. He is extremely skilful in the use of the weapon, and his Jager, or body servant, who accompanies him everywhere, inspects it every morning to make sure that it is in perfect working order. Firmly convinced that he is going to die by the hand of an anarchist, this having been prophesied to him long ago, he is determined to put up a fight for his life, and to have at any rate, the satisfaction of inflicting some injury on his assailant. Nor can anyone blame him or the rulers of Europe for thus going "heeled." They are aware of the constant peril of attempts made on their lives, not merely by anarchists and revolutionists, but also by cranks of the character of the assassin of President McKinley and the experiences of the last 40 years have furnished numerous proofs that not even the most careful elaborately organised system of protection on the part of military guards and police can keep the executive of a country from the reach of a would-be assassin from the reach of a would-be murderer. If rulers usually go armed it is not only for their own sake, but likewise for that of the people over whose destinies they preside, since the murder of the head of the nation invariably leads to a disturbance of the normal course of events. Indeed, it is incumbent on them to take every possible measure that they can devise to protect themselves from the danger of assassination.

Mathematics is called an exact science, presumably to distinguish it from sciences that are inexact. At all events, science, which in the general acceptation of the term is properly defined as an inquiry after truth, does undeniably make mistakes now and then. Take for example the case of the widespread human ailment called malaria. Not long ago it was discovered that the germs of the malady were carried by a certain species of mosquito called Anopheles—a grey, night flying mosquito, with a remarkably deep singing voice. It was proved that this insect, by the help of the little hypodermic syringe that it bears, inoculates people with the microbe of malaria; and immediately it was assumed that all epidemics of the disease were attributable to the marauding vocalist. Recently, however, it has begun to dawn upon scientific investigators that perhaps this idea was not strictly correct; for, if it was so, how would it be possible to account for the frightful epidemics of malaria that have broken out from time to time in districts where there were almost no mosquitoes. Investigation has shown that great epidemics invariably have been preceded by an upturning of virgin soil over wide areas for purposes of cultivation; a fact which leads to the conclusion that the previously undisturbed earth was full of the microscopic protozoa long ago identified as the germs of malaria. Under such circumstances the dry microbes are set afloat in the air, and, being taken into the lungs, or swallowed with food or drink, find their way into the blood of the victims. The result is the same whether they get into the blood in this manner or through the agency of the mosquito. Much digging incidental to building operations often starts small epidemics of malaria in cities in various parts of the United States, and it is notoriously a fact that the workmen under such circumstances are frequently attacked in squads by the malady. Accordingly, it would appear that, though Anopheles is undeniably guilty, there would still be plenty of chills and fever, even though the last mosquito were driven off the earth.

The Negro Problem in America.

A RACE RIOT AND AFTER.

In view of the recent race riots at Springfield and elsewhere in America, we venture to reprint some extracts from an article by Ray Stannard Baker, on the famous Atlanta "riot" of 1906. It is perhaps the most illuminative and suggestive piece of work done by this author, who is the greatest authority on "the colour question" in the States.—Ed., "Graphic."

Upon the ocean of antagonism between the white and negro races in this country, there arises occasionally a wave, stormy in its appearance, but soon subsiding into quietude. Such a wave was the Atlanta riot. Its ominous size, greater by far than the ordinary race disturbances which express themselves in lynchings, alarmed the entire country and awakened in the South a new sense of the dangers which threatened it. A description of that spectacular though superficial disturbance, the disaster incident to its fury, and the remarkable efforts at reconstruction will lead the way naturally—as human nature is the best interpreted in moments of passion—to a clearer understanding of the deep and complex race feeling which exists in this country.

On the twenty-second day of September, 1906, Atlanta had become a veritable social tinder-box. For months the relation of the races had been growing more strained. The entire South had been sharply annoyed by a shortage of

labour accompanied by high wages and, paradoxically, by an increasing number of idle negroes. In Atlanta the lower class—the "worthless negro"—had been increasing in numbers; it showed itself too evidently among the swarming saloons, dives, and "clubs" which a complaisant city administration allowed to exist in the very heart of the city. Crime had increased to an alarming extent; an insufficient and ineffective police force seemed unable to cope with it. With a population of 115,000 Atlanta had over 17,000 arrests in 1905; in 1906 the number increased to 21,602. Atlanta had many more arrests than New Orleans with nearly three times the population and twice as many negroes; and almost four times as many as Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a city nearly three times as large. Race feeling had been sharpened through a long and bitter political campaign, negro disfranchisement being one of the chief issues under discussion. An inflammatory play called "The Clansman," though forbidden by public sentiment in many Southern cities, had been given in Atlanta and other places with the effect of increasing the prejudice of both races. Certain newspapers in Atlanta, taking advantage of popular feeling, kept the race issue constantly agitated, emphasizing negro crimes with startling headlines. One newspaper even recommended the formation of organisations of citizens in imitation of the Ku Klux movement of reconstruction days. In the clamour of this growing agitation, the voice of the right-minded white people and industrious, self-respecting negroes was almost unheard. A few ministers of both races saw the impending storm and sounded a

warning—to no effect; and within the week before the riot, the citizens, the city administration and the courts all waked up together. There were calls for mass-meetings, the police began to investigate the conditions of the low saloons and dives, the county constabulary was increased in numbers, the grand jury was called to meet in special session on Monday, the 24th.

But the awakening of moral sentiment in the city, unfortunately, came too late. Crime, made more lurid by agitation, had so kindled the fires of hatred that they could not be extinguished by ordinary methods. The best people of Atlanta were like the citizens of prosperous Northern cities, too busy with money making to pay attention to public affairs. For Atlanta is growing rapidly. Its bank clearings jumped from ninety millions in 1900 to two hundred and twenty-two millions in 1906, its streets are well paved and well lighted, its street-car service is good, its skyscrapers are comparable with the best in the North. In other words, it was progressive—few cities I know of more so—but it had forgotten its public duties.

Within a few months before the riot there had been a number of crimes of worthless negroes against white women. Leading negroes, while not one of them with whom I talked wished to protect any negro who was really guilty, asserted that the number of these crimes had been greatly exaggerated, and that in special instances the details had been over-emphasized because the criminal was black; that they had been used to further inflame race hatred. I had a personal investigation made of every crime against a white woman committed in the few months before and after the riot. Three, charged to white men, attracted comparatively little attention in the newspapers, although one, the offence of a white man named Turnadge, was shocking in its details. Of twelve such crimes committed by negroes in the six months preceding the riot two were cases of rape, horrible in their details, three were aggravated attempts at rape, three may

have been attempts, three were pure cases of fright on the part of the white woman, and in one the white woman, first asserting a negro had assaulted her, finally confessed attempted suicide.

The facts of two of these cases I will narrate—and without excuse for the horror of the details. If we are to understand the true conditions in the South, these things must be told.

One of the cases was that of Mrs. Knowles Kimmels Kimmel, twenty-five years old, wife of a farmer living near Atlanta. A mile beyond the end of the street-car line stands a small green bungalow-like house in a lonely spot near the edge of the pine woods. The Kimmels, who lived there, were not Southerners by birth, but Pennsylvania Dutch stock. They had been in the South four or five years, renting their lonesome farm, raising cotton and corn and hopefully getting a little ahead. On the day before the riot a strange rough-looking negro called at the back door of the Kimmel home. He wore a cast-off khaki soldier's uniform. He asked a foolish question and went away. Mrs. Kimmel was worried and told her husband. He, too, was worried—the fear of this crime is everywhere present in the South—and when he went away in the afternoon he asked his nearest neighbour to look out for the strange negro. When he came back a few hours later, he found fifty white men in his yard. He knew what had happened without being told: his wife was under medical attendance in the house. She had been able to give a clear description of the negro: blood-hounds were brought, but the pursuing white men had so obliterated the criminal's tracks that he could not be traced. Through information given by a negro a suspect was arrested and nearly lynched before he could be brought to Mrs. Kimmel for identification; when she saw him she said: "He is not the man." The criminal is still at large.

Continued on page 28.

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

The Rev. W. G. Monckton, M.A., has been elected honorary chaplain of the Seddon Horse.

I understand the Garrison Officers' Club will hold their annual ball next month.

The acting appointment of Mr E. H. Andrews as Lieutenant of the No. 1 Chincormis is approved.

The Rev. J. King Davis, M.A., has been appointed honorary chaplain to the Auckland Grammar School Defence Cadets Battalion.

The usual quarterly examination of officers will be held on the 2nd of September. All officers whose acting appointments are expiring will have to present themselves if they wish to retain their positions.

The acting appointments of Messrs H. B. Bosawen, J. B. Litchfield, and A. M. Richardson, as subalterns in the Franklin M.I., are approved in General Orders.

A challenge has been received and accepted by the Te Aroha Rifle Club from the Walkiro Rifle Club, to be fired off at Te Aroha rifle range on Saturday, September 12.

Major A. Bell (2nd Regiment A.M.R.), Capt. H. J. Clifford, A.U.L., and Capt. W. H. C. Walker (No. 3 Walkiro M.H.) have been appointed trustees of the Cambridge Drill Shed reserve.

Captain Richardson, Chief Instructor of Artillery, will spend the rest of the month in Auckland instructing the artillery branches. He lectures on "Reconnaissance and Topography," to the N.C.O. Club on the 28th inst.

When the Battery went to get their guns on Monday in fleet week, they found them stowed in an old coal-shed, covered in coal-dust and begrimed in every part. The spick-span Battery men, dressed with their usual care, had to get to and clean up the guns before they could have them out. Even the breach-blocks were penetrated by the dust.

Two 12pr. guns, which are to be manned by the Fort Chalmers Naval, one to be mounted at Port Chalmers for drill purposes, have been sent from Auckland to Otago. Two field Nordenfelters

are also being sent from Nelson for the use of the Otago Division—one for Dunedin and one for Port Chalmers.

I heard some tall yarns from the American officers. Here's a good sample. "Lieutenant" Jones—not the top-score man—ordered a steak, and it came in very much underdone. He was a quiet man—like Brown of Calaveras—but he took that steak and threw it against the wall, where it stuck. He got his shirt-sleeve, poured about six hot shots into it before it fell. "There," he said, "take it out and cook it. I guess the critter's about dead now!"

The first of the extra Garrison Artillery companies now provided for in each of the four centres was formed in Wellington last November, and has just been accepted. These are the Electric Lighting companies, whose duties are the care of the electric lights of the forts. There is very little probability that such a company will be formed in Auckland for some time to come.

The official disbandment of the No. 6 Co., Engineers (the Submarines at Wellington) is announced as having been effected on November 18 last. Their place has been taken by the new Electric Lighting Section of the Wellington G.A. Division, which company is largely composed of the old Submarines. The Auckland Submarines are actually, though perhaps not yet officially, disbanded, but their official interment can hardly be delayed much longer. The attempt to incorporate the Auckland Submarines into an Electric Lighting Section of the G.A. failed.

Capt. A. Coutts is fortunate to have in the No. 1 Natives such an enthusiastic volunteer as Pvt. Walter Cummins, who has the honour to be presented with the 20 years' New Zealand medal for continuous service by Col. Wolfe at the Fleet week review. After the parade was dismissed, the No. 1 Natives gave Pvt. Cummins three warm cheers. It is interesting to note that Pte. Cummins' father received the 21 years' Imperial medal for long service and good conduct in the Newfoundland Artillery, and therefore he is a real "chip of the old block."

Two or three weeks ago I mentioned that Lieutenant John Weller Dugan (Permanent Force), who arrived from England in July, after undergoing a course in engineering with the Imperial force, had been appointed

to the General Instructional Staff at headquarters as Instructor in engineering subjects. This officer is now making a tour of the Dominion, and is due in Auckland in September, and will conduct a school in engineering services, and for other companies here, from September 1st to 10th. He has already had schools in Wellington and Canterbury, and is at present in Dunedin. He returns to Wellington, leaving there for Auckland. He returns to Wellington on September 12th. (Lucky Wellington she gets any amount of special instruction. And they wonder why the other parts don't progress equally), and visits Nelson on the 16th.

The mounted camp at Green Lane was one of the largest since the visit of H.R.H. Prince of Wales in 1906—four regiments of mounted rifles, numbering between 600 and 700 men, Lieut.-Colonel Hoigate, Brigadier in command of the Mounted Brigade. Majors Bloomfield, Allan Bell, Eccles, and Bennett were in charge of their respective regiments. Major Carolan, N.Z.M.A., was the senior medical officer, and Major Fraser senior veterinary officer. The attempt to occur during the encampment, but the veterinary surgeons were kept busy. The men enjoyed the outing, although undergoing considerable fatigue. I am told that the time spent on the march and in camp will not count towards capitulation.

There is to be a General Staff School of Instruction in Auckland during next January and February on quite an elaborate scale. The dates fixed for the subdivisions are: 14th January to 22nd January—Non-commissioned officers; 23rd January to 31st January—Junior officers; 2nd February to 9th February—Senior officers. A District Order is now being issued in reference to the classes, by which O.C.s and subalterns are requested to send in the names of members likely to be able to attend the classes to the O.C. District. The success of the classes this year was undoubtedly, and it is anticipated that they will be even more successful. It is to be noted that the classes are subdivided better than they were this year, probably in expectation that they will be better attended. It is gratifying to observe that the claims of the N.C.O.'s to greater attention and instruction are provided for. The N.C.O. class is the backbone of the military force, and if they are relatively inefficient or inexperienced, the work of the most capable officers is wasted.

The shooting match at Penrose Range was the biggest success of all the Fleet Week shows, and the Americans, though they lost, were delighted. The victory of the Aucklanders was well deserved, and Capt. Lyman, of the Permanent, assured the command of the Aucklanders a good point above "deep sight" which the Americans had on their rifles, they would have won by a hundred points. As it was, the win by 49 was good enough, and yet close enough to make the stand made by the Americans creditable. The good point above the Aucklanders was their high average—the team scored 92.5 per man on the average.

The committee regretted very much to have to reduce the term, and it is admitted that the men excluded would give the representatives a close run for it, though it is felt they would probably not equal the same high average. The exclusion of some was inevitable, for the Americans would not "take on" a team of more than 25. The re-selection was fairly made, and two members of the committee—Captains Shepherd and Grant—were not included, which is evidence of impartiality. The committee tried very hard to arrange the original 50 match, but could not move the visitors, who did not feel equal to a fifty match. Anyway, the committee deserve warm praise for their carrying out of the scheme, and it is matter for congratulation that Auckland's will be the first name on the cup. It is no small honour that the cup itself was accepted as a perpetual challenge trophy. Its ultimate destiny is to be completed for by the ships of the Fleet, by one of which it will be held till another wrests it from the crew.

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Music and Drama

It is a well-recognized fact amongst well-seasoned professionals, as well as amateurs, that no audience is so trying to the artistic temperament as one composed of enthusiastic admirers, friends, and relatives gathered to welcome the artist "home" after a series of triumphs elsewhere. The experience occasionally results in stimulating the victim of nerves to excel him or herself, but it not unusually has an opposite effect, and so excites them that they fail to do absolute justice to themselves. This was slightly noticeable at Miss Irene Ainsley's first concert in Auckland, and those who only heard her on that occasion, and missed the second concert, are not in a position to judge of what the finest procurable European training has done for the New Zealand contralto. The immense breadth and sonorous volume of Miss Ainsley's voice in the lower register, which was its most striking characteristic before she left New Zealand, has probably been slightly reduced by the rigorous schooling she has undergone, but as this has resulted in an entire elimination of the element of coarseness and roughness which heretofore detracted from that very power and breadth, the advantage is all on the one side. At the first concert it appeared as if the extraordinary desire of all teachers of singing, from the great Marchesi down, to gain high notes, whatever the sacrifice, had resulted in a weakening of the upper register of this truly remarkable voice, but the uncertainty and tendency to strain were not observable on the second evening, and may be, therefore, set down to nervousness and the pleasure of home-coming. In sympathy and diction, as well as in stage presence and general artistic equipment, Miss Ainsley has improved out of all knowledge. That she is likely to assail the position held by Miss Ada Crossley artistically, or that of Miss Butt, as a purely popular singer, we do not think it would be wise to prophesy; but that she will take her place amongst singers of note cannot be doubted, and we offer our congratulations to the Dominion contralto.

Mr. Charles Saunders, the famous English tenor, who has had such a successful tour of the South Island towns, opens a season in Auckland at the Choral Hall on Friday night, August 28th. Speaking of a magnificent performance he gave in "Judas Macabbeus" at Wellington, the "Dominion" says: "Of the solo work, the outstanding feature was, as might have been expected, the singing of Mr. Saunders, whose reputation as the greatest Handelian tenor of the English musical world of to-day, does not seem to be an exaggerated estimate of his abilities, if one is to judge by his singing of the dramatic aria, 'Sound an Alarm.' He possesses a robust tenor voice of remarkable power and range of great sweetness and purity in tone, and his singing method is agreeably free from the races and mannerisms of less able but more pretentious singers. His voice is under perfect control, and from its most undistinguishing characteristic, a clear ringing tone, it is easy to understand that the declamatory recitatives and arias of the great Handelian oratorios have in him a perfect exponent. 'Sound an Alarm' was the supreme effort of the evening. The opening bar, unaccompanied, rang out clear, vibrant, strikingly expressive of the note of alarm, and the spirited aria, with its dramatic accompaniment, was sung with fiery declamation. The second phase of the aria, which gives the singer the widest scope for the full display of his powers, was a veritable triumph for Mr. Saunders, who was rewarded by a perfect storm of applause. The last part of the aria was then graciously repeated. Not less successful was his effort in the recitative, 'Tis Well, My Friends,' with its accompanying aria, 'Call Forth Thy Powers,' the recitatives, 'So Will'd My Father,' and 'Haste, Thee, My Brethren.' The recitative, 'Thanks to My Brethren,' with the aria, 'How Vein is Man,' was a splendid effort, and was loudly applauded. Miss Robson was also very successful, her well-trained contralto voice being heard to advantage

in the incidental work of the oratorio. 'Sound an Alarm' is included in Mr. Saunders' first Auckland programme. The box plan is fast filling up at Wildman and Arey's, and the season promises to be an exceptionally successful one. The opportunity of hearing such a famous tenor, still in the hey-day of his fame, is so exceptional in this part of the world that all lovers of music are sure to avail themselves of it.

"Charley's Aunt" attracted a large and wildly hilarious audience to His Majesty's, Auckland, when revived on Saturday, and will continue to do so till withdrawn to make room for the "Private Secretary."

Both Mr. Thornton and the farces wear well, and the company in the main is clever in the support afforded to the central figure. Mr. Thornton is, if anything, a trifle over boisterous, and a shade too obvious in the real hard work he puts into his famous impersonation of Lord Babi, but it is quite impossible not to laugh consummately at his extraordinary antics. The New Zealand season has, we understand, been exceedingly successful throughout.

Twenty-five years ago there was established in Auckland the "Farnell Shakespeare Club," Farnell being at that time the most favoured Auckland suburb, and on Monday evening last it celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with some natural pride at the residence of its reigning president, Mr. Thompson. The society has had its ups and downs, its periods of depression, and of success. It has seen many similar clubs come into being, and not a few, alas, die out after careers of various lengths. In a quiet, unostentatious way it has kept on working and reading, and will doubtless in good time complete its jubilee. The club lost a good and powerful friend in the late Bishop Cowie of Auckland, some time Primate of New Zealand, and another in Mr. Ebenezer Waymouth, of Auckland, who was for years its secretary.

So encouraging was the reception of "Peter Pan" by Parisians that Mr. Chas. Frohman has set about arranging for its being staged in Berlin, so that the sphere of its sway is gradually being extended over the whole civilised world. Its hold upon English audiences remains as strong as ever, and even at the beginning of last month in London inquiries by the public and references by the Press were being made regarding its revival (for the sixth consecutive year) at the Duke of York's Theatre next Christmas.

The ever-vexed question as to whether an actress should, on the stage, be merely a mirror of emotions, or whether she should really feel the trouble and sorrows of the character she is portraying, was submitted to Margaret Anglin the other day by an interviewer. Her view of the case is a modern one, for she believes in associating herself so thoroughly with the part she is playing that she forgets her own personality entirely and lives and moves and speaks as the woman she is representing. In other words, she must lose herself completely in the part; otherwise there will be an air of superficiality unconvincing and artificial about her work which will keep her from making the strong appeal to the audience which she sets out to do. In her case, she subconsciously absorbs the influence of the character she is playing for the time being into her own entity.

Twenty-six tents, simmers, and so on, in a little over a month, was what Madame Ada Crossley was looking forward to when she last wrote from London five weeks before her departure for Australia in the Orontes. That does not mean, of course, the total of her meals in that period—one supposes she has three meals

a day at least—but the extras thrown in by all sorts and conditions of people anxious to say good-bye in proper form to the Australian contralto, who has made herself so popular in Great Britain. The Austral and the Lyceum Clubs had already organised special "At Homes" in her honour, while several other women's clubs were following suit. Miss Marie Correlli, who boasts that she never gives away a photo to anybody but her nearest and dearest friends, had included Madame Crossley in that charmed circle, and had bidden her to Stratford-on-Avon, there to take a fond farewell. Then, again, Mr. and Mrs. Henniker Henton entertained her at tea on the far-famed terrace of the House of Commons, with a debate in the House of Lords to finish up with. It is highly probable that by the time she sailed the twenty-six functions she wrote about had swelled to nearly double that number, and one can quite understand that now she is reveling in the enforced idleness of ship-board.

Mark Hambourg is full of excellent stories about his experiences up and down the world in pursuit of his art, and he can keep his listeners amused for hours at a stretch with incidents occurring in one or other of his many tours. In South Africa, for instance, his itinerary took in a little country town the inhabitants of which, as events proved, had clearly had no opportunities for musical culture, though they assembled in great force for his recital. That recital embraced both a concerto and a sonata, which were named on the programme in the usual way—that is, with the title and with the different movements mentioned in the centre of the sheet. But these movements were printed in small type, and were easily overlooked. Opening with the concerto, and pausing at the end of each movement, then doing the same with the sonata, Mark Hambourg was surprised to see his audience get up and file out after he had finished the third and fourth number of the programme. But he realised quickly that his hearers had been following the names of the pieces at the side, thinking each movement a separate item, and had arrived at the end of the programme when he was really about half-way through the first part. So he sent his manager out to bring them back. The ultimate denouement was even funnier, for, determined not to be caught again, the audience remained patiently waiting after the concert had really come to an end, and the manager had again to come forward and explain matters.

Mr. John Harrison, the tenor of the Ada Crossley party, had a most romantic debut into solo work. He was a mill-hand in Colne, Lancashire, and a member of the local Philharmonic Society, when the defection of a well-known soloist, specially engaged for the "Messiah," gave him his chance. So well did he take advantage of it that he was at once inundated with engagements, though it was not until some time after that he definitely decided to follow a musical career.

They had a demonstrative scene when the Royal Comic Opera Company said farewell to Melbourne on the 8th inst. Miss Carrie Moore will not be seen there again, and she was called before the curtain several times. Miss Young was also called, and Alfred Higginson, the Prince Danilo of the Widow. Said Higginson, when called on for a speech: "God bless Captain Cook and Australia." The petition on behalf of poor old Cook is, if anything, a trifle belated.

The first Australian performance of "Simple Simon," one of the recent plays acquired by Mr. Herbert Flemming, is recorded as a great success in Adelaide.


Miss Maud Allan, the dancer, makes her contribution to the perennial problem, "Should Actresses Marry?" She writes that when there is true sympathy and love between husband and wife neither need give nor receive "orders." The ideal husband of my dreams would love me so much, and I him, that it would be impossible for either of us to desecrate the affection of the other by failing to observe those mutual obligations and duties which matrimony imposes on both.

Like all stage favourites, Miss Ada Dwyer, who has made such a strong success in Miss Wigga, has, during her stay in Melbourne, been the recipient of scores of letters. Some of them are worth quoting, especially one from a lady who presumably hailed from Ireland, and took care to express herself in the bregue of that country. She wrote—"I have took the liberty to write an askt you for a photo to adorn the white walls of my 'umble home, and I wood be very thankif if you wood send me one. I bought a lovely green frame for it the other day in the market," and signed herself "Your 'umble admirer."

Miss Carrie Moore is to be the Prince in a Christmas Pantomime production at the London Adelphi under the joint management of Mr. George Edwards and Mr. Robert Courtneidge. Miss Phyllis Dare will be Cinderella. It is very evident from this that Miss Carrie Moore goes out of the "Merry Widow" case after the Sydney season of Lehar's work and will not be seen in Auckland at Christmas.

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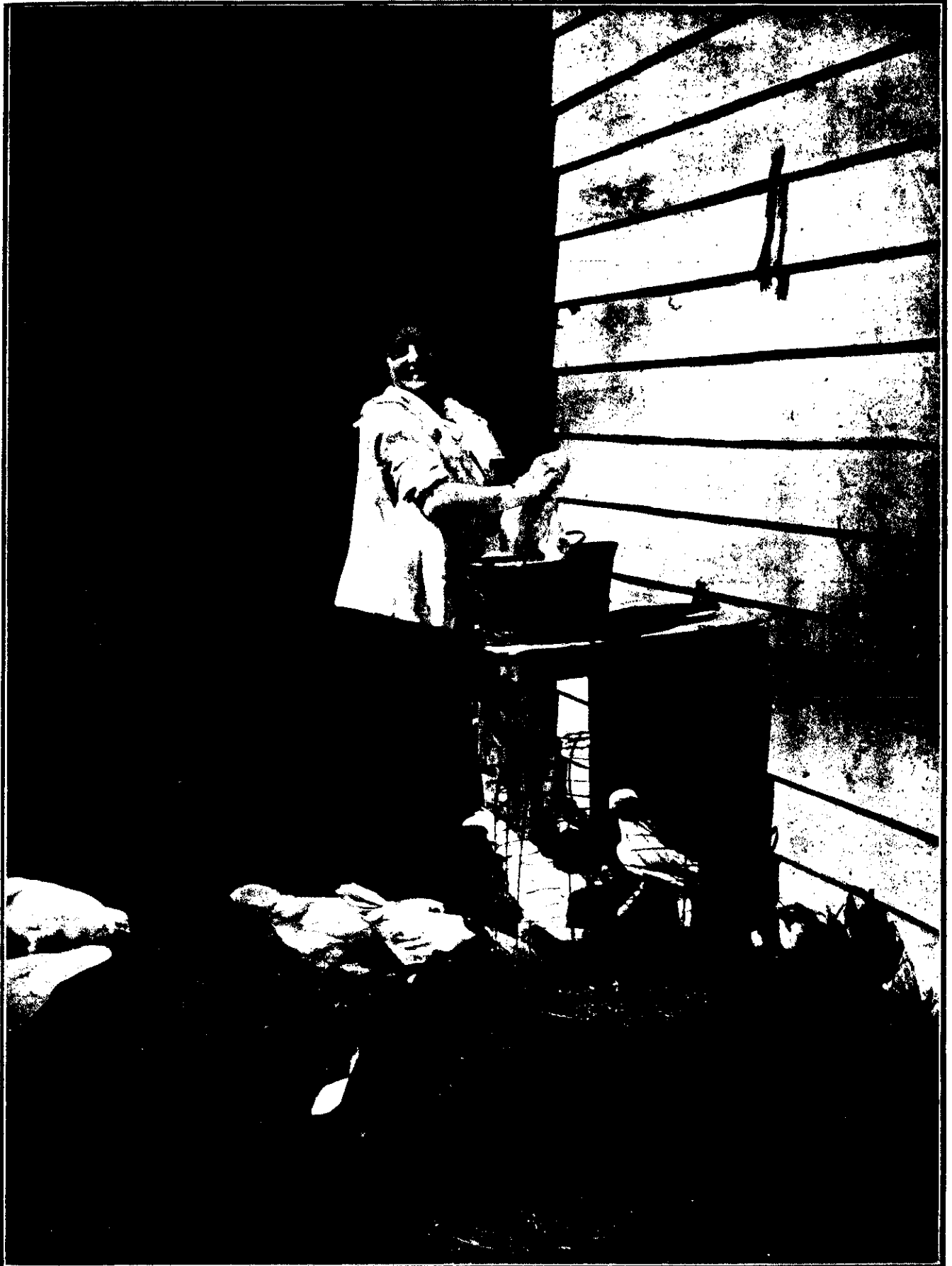
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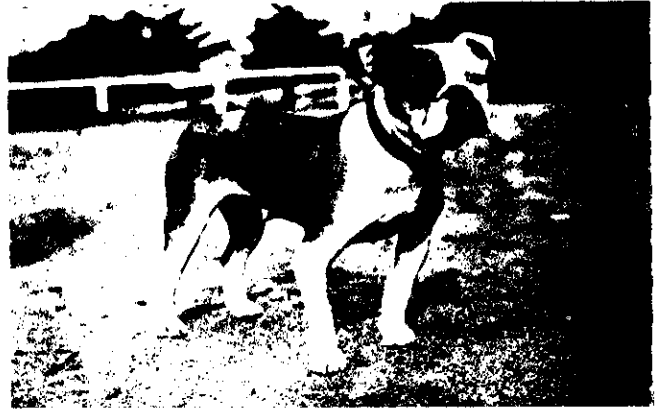
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Cook and Smith—first, special, and challenge.



ROUGH-COATED COLLIE, ZEALANDIA PREMIER.
J. R. Hayne—winner of Dogs' Open, and of the Wishaw Jock Collie Trophy.

PRIZEWINNERS AT THE AUCKLAND KENNEL SHOW.



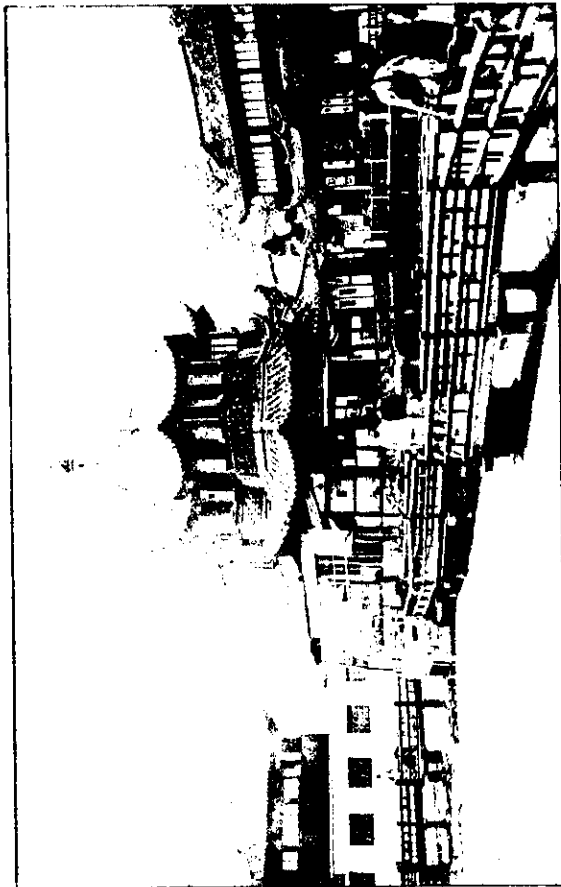
A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A MAMMOTH BATTLESHIP.

OUR LATE VISITOR, THE UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP CONNECTICUT, AT FULL SPEED.

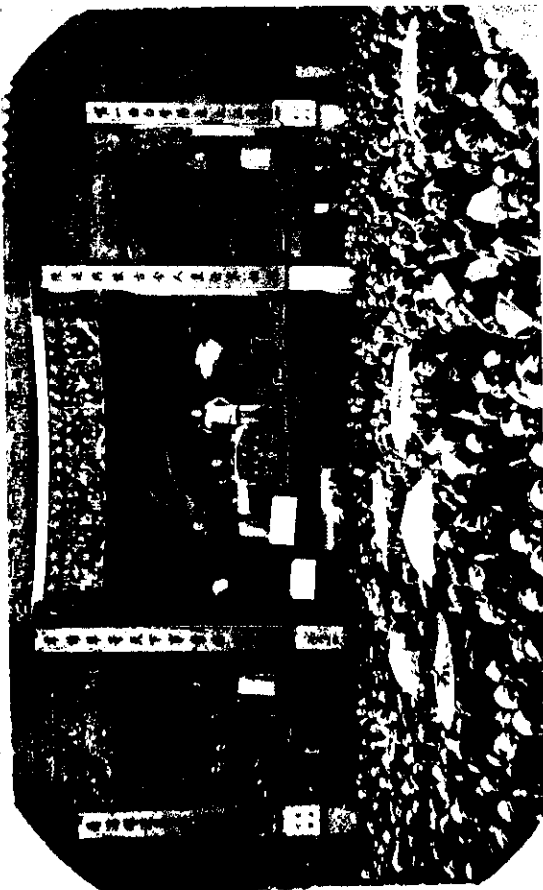
This we consider one of the finest pictures ever secured for the "Graphic," and worthy of a frame. The enormous "bow wave" at once rivets attention.



THE FAMILIAR WHEEL-BARROW, WHICH IS CALLED "THE CAB OF CHINA"
One man pushes this load. Notice the small feet of the lady passengers.



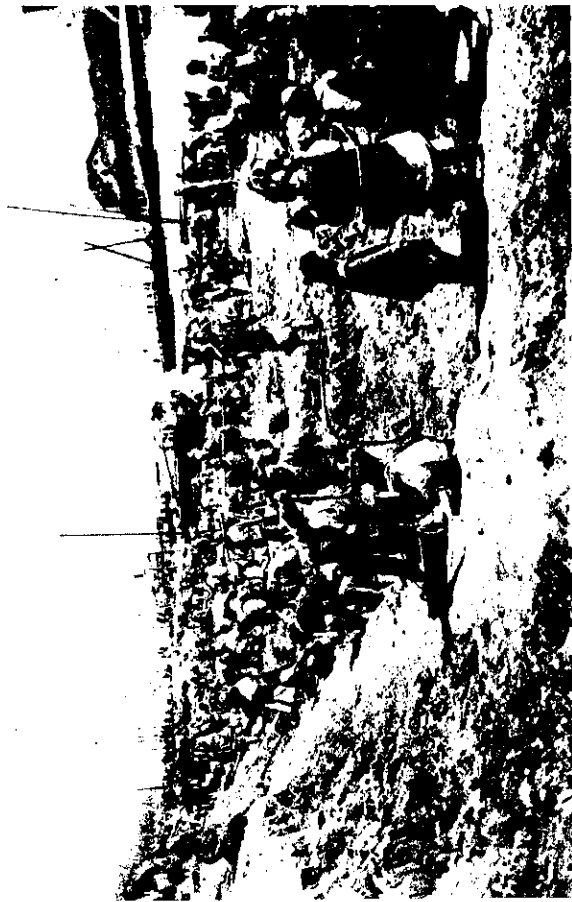
A MANDARIN'S PALACE AND GROUNDS AT SHANGHAI.



DRAWING A LOTTERY.

Every month in Hankow there is a lottery, in which the first prize is £2,000. Everybody buys tickets, and the interest in the affair is very much like that taken in Tattersall's in the colonies. The Europeans take tickets, and the drawing is supposed to be quite fair for all, but rumour says that white ticket-holders never win any of the big prizes. Marbles bearing numbers corresponding to those of the tickets are put in the big brass barrel on the right of the picture, and others with the numbers of the prizes are put in the small barrel on the left. The barrels are whirled round and a marble drops through a small opening at the bottom. In the picture the two men standing in front of the balcony are just calling out the successful numbers. It is said the marbles bearing the numbers of tickets which have been sold to white people are put in hot water, which causes them to swell, and prevents them from dropping through the small opening at the bottom of the barrels.

Photographs by Major G. W. S. Patterson.



AFTER A FLOOD ON THE YANGTSEKIANG RIVER.

This wonderful waterway floods annually, bringing down thousands of tons of silt. When the waters subside, labourers are employed in myriads, scooping up the silt in baskets and taking it upon the banks. Much of it is used to fertilise the land.

PICTURES FROM CHINA OF TO-DAY.



T. Palmer, photo.
THE BARQUE POLLY, WHICH WENT ASHORE IN THE WHANGAREI RIVER, AND WAS REPORTED TO BE BREAKING UP.

Towards the end of last week, however, she unexpectedly floated off, and was towed to Whangarei Railway Wharf, where the photo here shown was taken. She has been towed to Auckland for examination, but it is generally feared that her sea-going days are over, as she must be heavily strained.



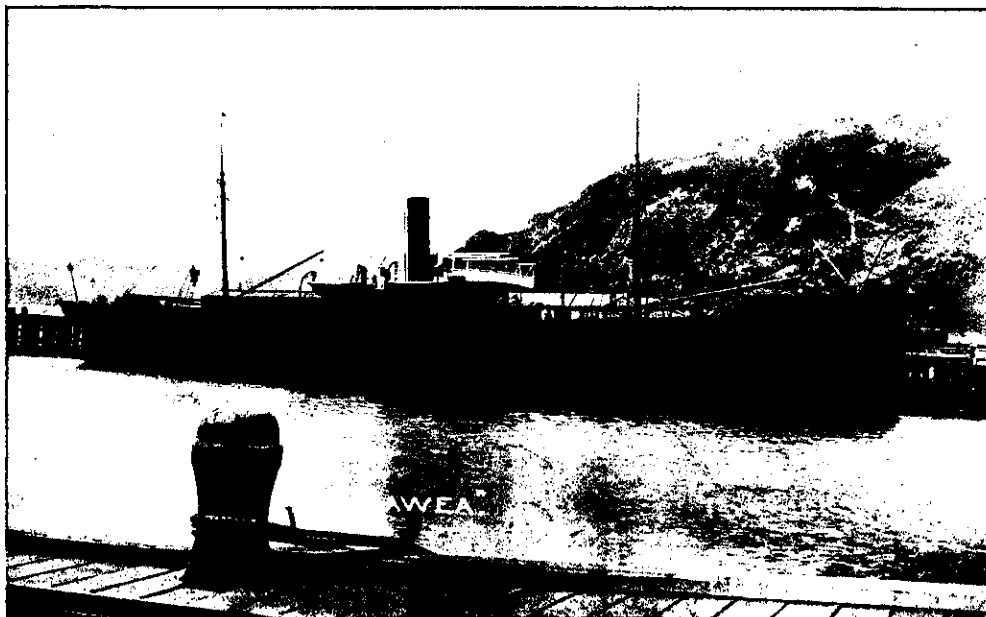
THE SENIOR TEAM.



Whalley, photo.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

FOOTBALL TEAMS AT THE FAMOUS TE AUTE NATIVE COLLEGE, HAWKE'S BAY.



ADRIFT IN THE PACIFIC.

The Union Company's steamer Hawea broke her tail shaft while on the voyage from Australia to New Zealand. Some of her crew landed at Lord Howe Island, when she was some 80 miles off that spot, and gave news of the accident. Steamers are now searching for the disabled vessel.



COLOUR-SERGEANT FRIAR.

of the Owhinga (Auckland) Public School Cadets, who is now in England shooting at Bisley, where he came second in two important matches.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



FLORENCE FROM THE PIAZZALE MICHELANGIHOLO.

In the right hand corner of the picture is Santa Croce, in the centre is the Duomo, and in the extreme left rises the tall tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

FLORENCE, THE LILY AT THE FOOT OF THE APENNINES.

THE lily—how it has entered into the ideal of the Florentines! Superstition ran high in the early days of Christianity, and the origin of the Florentine coat of arms is a pretty story. While a battle with an invading army of barbarians was raging on the hills towards Fiesole, the

aged Bishop Zanobius was praying earnestly for the preservation of his city, Florence. His prayers rising from the valley to the heavens were answered by the appearance, in the midst of the battle, of a young maiden—Saint Reparata—who, carrying in her hand a blood-red banner, on which was embroid-

ered a snow-white lily, put fear into the heart of the barbarian foe, and the day was won for the Florentines. This lily on a red ground, with various additions and modifications, has been adopted as the Florentine coat of arms since that day, 405 A.D. When journeying from Milan, our first glimpse of Florence is the dis-

tant one from the mountains; and as we look down upon her, stretching away on either side of the Arno, she appears very peaceful and self-contained. But, while descending the hills among the vineyards, cornfields, and sweet-scented gardens, there are moments of blackness, as we pass into the depth of a tunnel, that cast a shadow over the brilliancy of the scene, even as did those wars and feuds, that have been as thunder-clouds darkening for brief periods the sunny history of Florence. Though by nature the Florentines are of the nervous temperament that turns instinctively to an artistic rather than to a military life, yet in the middle ages their pride rose to the necessity of the times, and they conquered here and conquered there, and grew wealthy and influential. They enslaved the surrounding cities, but had much ado to keep peace between the nobles within their own walls, Guelph banished Ghibelline, and Ghibelline banished Guelph, and in later years, when Biondi strove against Neri, it was only a continuation of the same old feud of noble against noble. Yet, in spite of the fact that the city must have been in perpetual disturbance with these rival houses carrying their vengeance even into the city streets, the dreamy, sensitive nature of the Florentine was planning and developing and furthering the kingdom of art in a manner that must seem for ever wonderful. It is to us almost incredible to think that Dante himself fought in the battle of Campaldino, and that the beautiful campanile of the shepherd-artist Giotto was rising even while the lower classes were revolting to gain the reins of government.

War and strife came to them from within and without, but the nature of the Florentines asserted itself throughout, and never for long do they seem to have forgotten the things beautiful. Today, as we visit the city, and learn the story of Cimabue, of Giotto, of Ghiberti, of Michael Angelo, we cannot doubt that Florence was the art-mother of Italy for well-nigh four centuries. The progression from Cimabue to Raphael—who, though not a native of Florence, owed much to her influence—was steady, and Florentine art attained its zenith in the sixteenth century. It is of art that we think when we are in Florence, and of the wonderful impetus that this city gave to the whole world of art during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Not so much do we think of the enormous



FLORENCE, THE CATHEDRAL AND GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE FROM THE DOME OF SAN LORENZO.

wealth of Florence in those days, or of the pride with which she boasted that there was gold enough in the coffers to build the whole city in marble. Even the memory of the Medici does not obtrude itself very conspicuously upon us. Yet

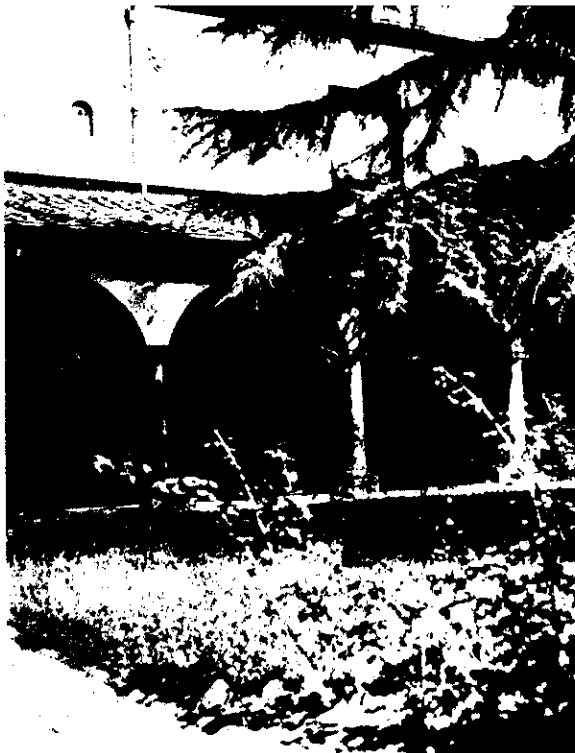
are in the New Sacristy of San Lorenzo. It is not that we remember much of Lorenzo, or Giuliano de' Medici, but our interest is in the master's noble statues of these merchant-princes and in the magnificent symbolic figures which he



THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, ON THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA. THE TOWER BEYOND RISES FROM THE BARGELLO.

they were a wonderful family, raising themselves from the position of merchants to be the first dukes of Florence. But to-day we only care for them in so much as they were the patrons and encouragers of art. The lavish chapel of variegated marble, in San Lorenzo, where most of the Medici family are buried, though it is one of the most costly mausoleums in existence, does not interest us so much as the tombs that Michael Angelo designed for two of their family, Giuliano and Lorenzo, and that

carved upon the tombs. And, besides our natural enthusiasm for genius, how could we help pondering on the people themselves, who, in 1280, followed the Madonna or Cimabue through the streets rejoicing at this supremely beautiful thing. In fact, we thought so much of these art-loving people of the past that we passed day by day through the streets, and very seldom thought of the Florentines of to-day. But when we spent a morning or two in the workshops of the sculptors, the stone-masons, and



CLOISTERS IN THE MONASTERY OF SAN MARCO, WHERE SAVONAROLA LIVED.



THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT FIESOLE.

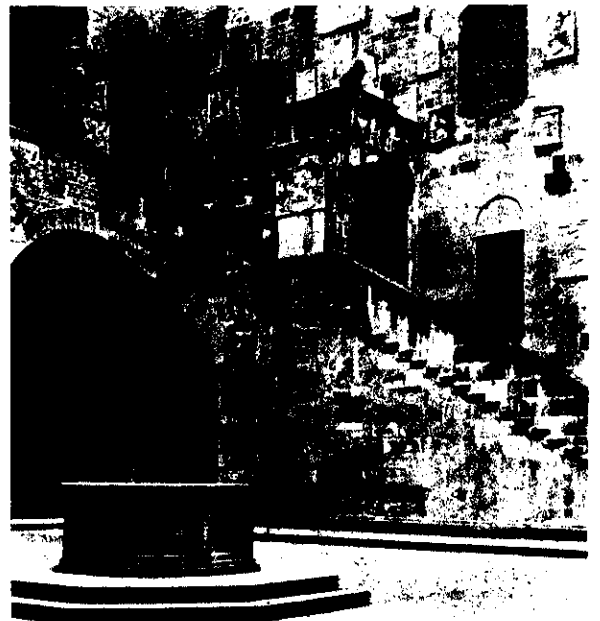
art jewellers, and mosaic workers, then I felt how strongly had this artistic environment affected even the present-day dwellers in the city. Their work is not of the revolutionising order of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but it is full of grace, and in-

genuity, and clever designing that is scarcely equalled elsewhere.

When the hot September sun smiled day after day, compelling us to rest indoors during the hours from 12 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., our time among the treasures of past glory seemed to gallop along so



THE PONTE VECCHIO, OR JEWELLERS' BRIDGE, WHICH SPANS THE RIVER ARNO.



THE STAIRWAY IN THE BARGELLO.

specify that a morning in the art shops admiring the beautiful porcelains or the inlaid stone, or the exquisite statuary, and a few minutes of chaffing with the jewellers as we passed to and fro over the Ponte Vecchio, or jewellers' bridge, was all that we could spare. One of the workers of inlaid stone showed me a piece of jade, which, to his great surprise, I recognised as some of our own New Zealand greenstone. He had only a very small piece and admired the rich colouring very much, but complained that the stone was exceedingly hard to cut.

Half the treasures that are hidden away in Florence we never saw; but if in Milan and in Venice we crossed the borders of the kingdom of Italian art, in Florence we may go as far into the heart of that realm as our inclinations and instincts permit. A little history crept in here and there; a few dates confronted and astounded us; and so, as we moved from the streets to the piazzas, from the piazzas to the churches, from the churches to the galleries, art was the beginning and ending of our quest.

During our first visit to Florence we stayed at an hotel in the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, but none of us cared to repeat the experiment. Not that there is anything wrong with the hotel, nor with the piazza, which is really one of the most modern squares in Florence. But the proximity to the Duomo we found to be a serious drawback. After a long day of sight-seeing we felt the need of a good night's rest, and did not welcome the early awakening we received from the bell of the Campanile, which, when it commenced, seemed to awaken all the bells in Florence; and their combined efforts set up such a jingle-

jangle that the sleep fairies were frightened clean away. On the first morning after our arrival it seemed very romantic to be aroused by these bells, calling

and answering one another in the grey dawn, but when this happened morning after morning we forgot to soliloquise, and, instead, became extremely irritated.

So, on the occasion of our second visit to Florence, we took rooms in the Grand Bretagne on the Lungarno, and found it to be very peaceful. There, when at a sensible hour I threw up my window, I looked out on to the river Arno, which, in the summer at least, is picturesque only when the early morning shadows are cast upon its muddy waters. But even that picturesque element would not persuade me that the fish the men catch out of the river during those early mornings is a wholesome form of diet. Still, it is handy to live on the Arno's banks, for you may, as I saw many do, drop out a sort of shrimp net from your window and draw in a fry for breakfast. If I might write the unvarnished truth I should state frankly that the Arno, at its best, looks unromantic; but then I don't think it is quite permissible to criticise the river of which Dante and Petrarch have sung, and a halo hangs around it that even its twentieth century reality cannot banish.

Our art quest began with Giotto—Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, and builder of the campanile, and painter of the frescoes in Santa Croce. Here, too, we put into practice advice that an art critic once gave to me. "Don't muddle your centuries," he said; "don't contrast Cimabue, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century with Leonardo da Vinci who lived during the latter years of the fifteenth century. Take the masters in their natural order and sequence as far as you are able, and the interest that galleries will yield you is abounding; on the other hand, if you trudge round and look from one picture to another, indiscriminately, you will learn nothing, and become hopelessly bored." So we took three of the churches first, because they were rising in Florence during the same period—Santa Croce, the church of the Franciscans, being commenced in 1294, Santa Maria Novella, the church of the Dominicans, in 1270, and the great Duomo in 1298. The Duomo was built for the glory of the city and the beauty of the world, but the churches of the Black and White Friars are essentially homes of worship. If we are a good deal disappointed in the flat roof of Santa Croce, and miss the high arched vaulting of the northern gothic churches, there is so much of interest in the church that we soon forget its unattractive proportions. It is the home of genius and the resting place of the noble dead. They are to right and left of us as we pass up the aisles. Here lies Machiavelli the statesman, and near by is the poet Alfieri. To Santa Croce come artists and sculptors to pay their homage at the tomb of Michael Angelo, that great and versatile man. Moving on, we stop gently aside marks the resting place of Rossini. Tablets and monuments stand to right and left of us as we pass up to the inimitable frescoes of Giotto, and each is memorial of some worthy life. Three of the twelve chapels that form the eastern end of Santa Croce are completely the work of this pre-eminent genius of Florence.



EARLY MORNING SHADOWS ON THE RIVER ARNO, WITH THE POUTE S. TRINITA AND THE DOME OF S. MARIA DEL CARMINE IN THE DISTANCE.

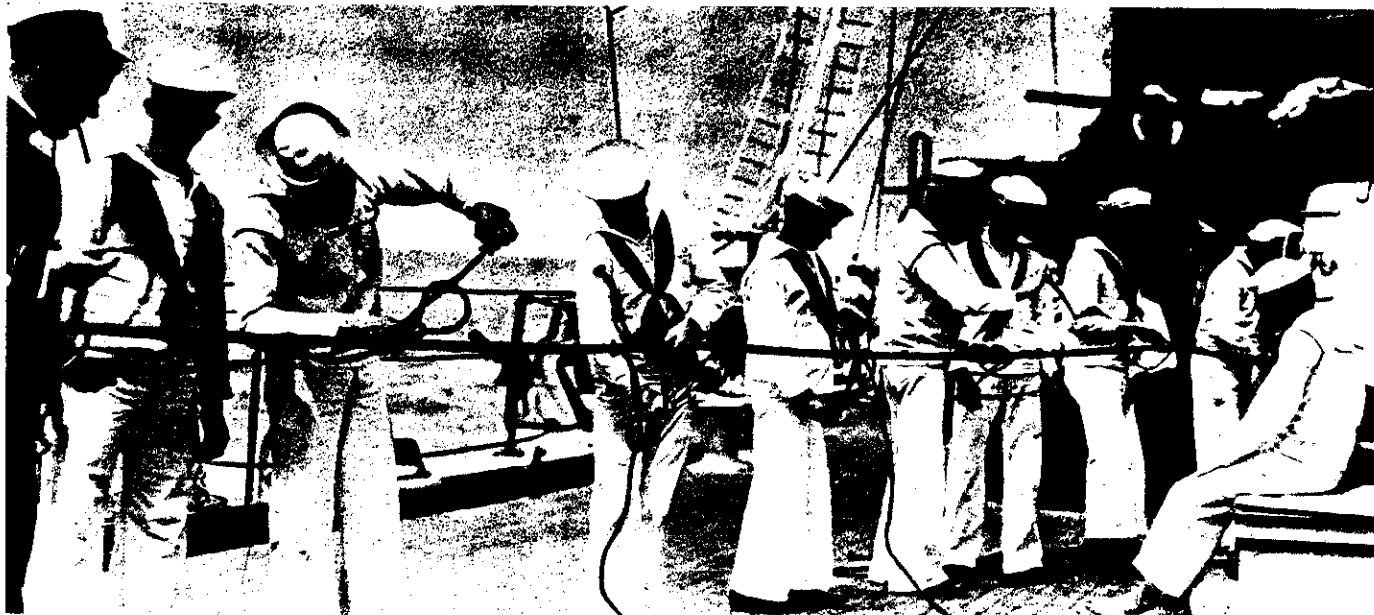


IN THE PIAZZA DEL DUOMO, SHOWING A CORNER OF THE BAPTISTRY AND OF THE DUOMO.

Continued on page 41.



PREPARING FOR GUN PRACTICE.



A LESSON IN KNOT MAKING.



TAKING ABOARD STORES.

LIFE ON AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP AT SEA DURING THE LONG CRUISE.



See "News of the Week."

DORIC ALGIE.

The blind stenographer, who reported a speech by the Premier in Auckland.



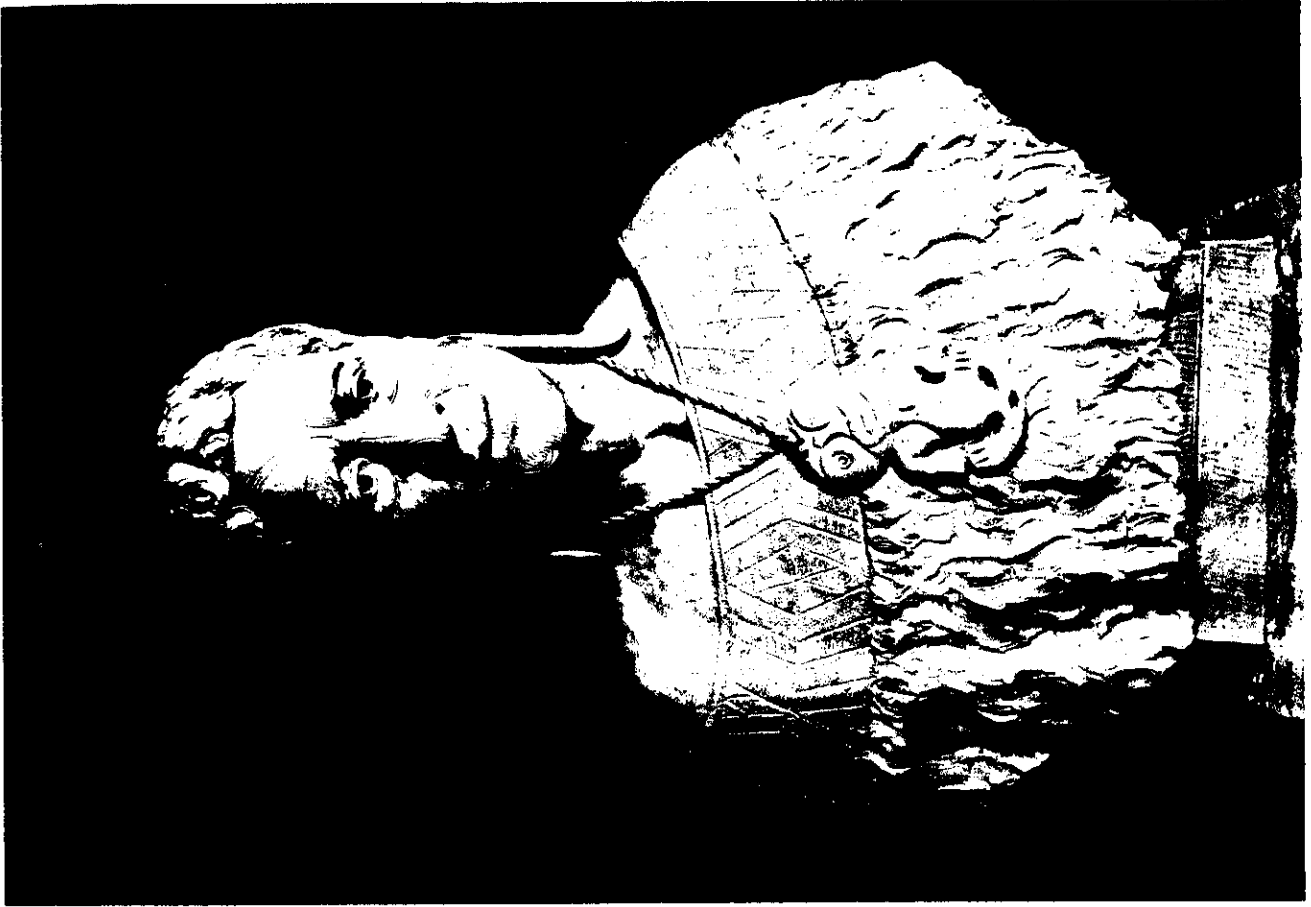
THE NEW ZEALAND CONTRALTO, FOR WHOM A GREAT FUTURE IS PREDICTED.

Miss Irene Ainsley, of Auckland, is the fortunate protegee of Madame Melba, who arranged for her studies under the celebrated Marchesi, and subsequently superintended her debut in London, at which the Princess of Wales was present. Miss Ainsley has sung with great success in Auckland, and will tour the Dominion and Commonwealth.

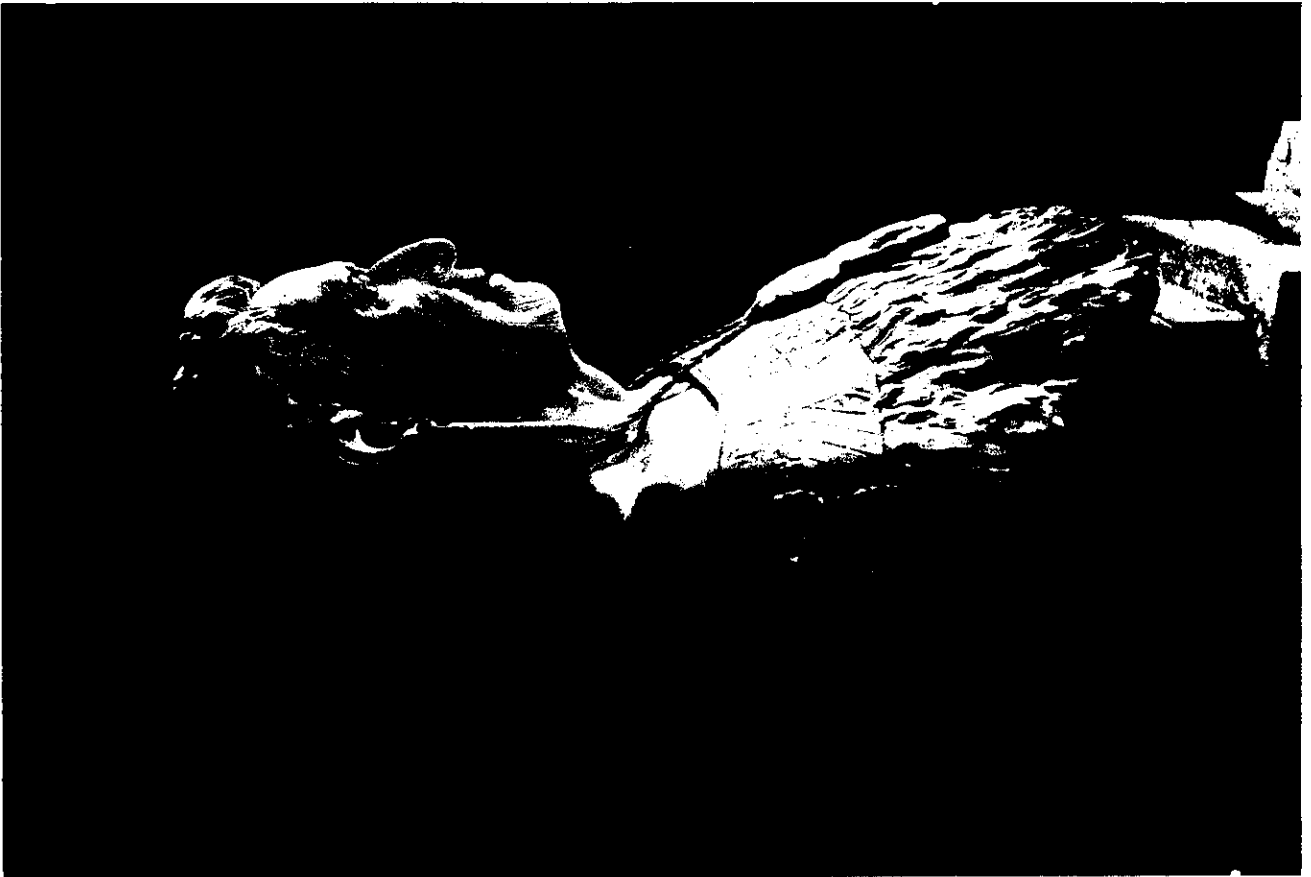


THE SCULPTOR AT WORK—MAKING A HEAD MODEL OF MAGGIE PAKURA.

Mr. Nelson Illingworth, the eminent Australian sculptor, has been for some months engaged in making models and busts of celebrated Maoris, under commission of the Government of the Dominion. A very important example of the fine results secured appears on the next page.



ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF BUSTS OF MAORI CHIEFS SCULPTURED FOR THE GOVERNMENT BY MR. NELSON ILLINGWORTH.



Parkinson, photo. B. J. J. J.

Te Kaitiaki, chief of the Ngati-Uenuku. Kopyaku Hapu. He fought memorable battles, won many victories, and ate not a few enemies. He is probably the finest representative of the old school of unadorned Maori chieftains living. His age is over 80.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

Continued from page 15.

One day weeks afterward I found the husband working alone in his field; his wife, to whom the surroundings had become unendurable, had gone away to visit friends. He told me the story hesitatingly. His prospects, he said, were ruined; his neighbours had been sympathetic, but he could not continue to live there with the feeling that they all knew. He was



NO NEGROES ALLOWED IN THIS PARK.

preparing to give up his home and lose himself where people did not know his story. I asked him if he favoured lynching, and his answer surprised me.



AN OLD MAMMY NURSE.

"There's no Negro problem there: that's just plain human love."

"I've thought about that," he said. "You see I am a Christian man or I try to be. My wife is a Christian woman. We've talked about it. What good would it do? We should make criminals of ourselves, shouldn't we? No, let the law take its course. When I came here I tried to help the negroes as much as I could. But many of them won't work even when the wages are high; they won't come when they agree to, and

when they get a few dollars ahead they go down to the saloons in Atlanta. Every one is troubled about getting labour, and everyone is afraid of prowling, idle negroes. Now the thing has come to me, and it's just about ruined my life."

When I came away the poor lonesome fellow followed me half-way up the hill, asking: "Now, what would you do?"

In Atlanta the proportion of men who go armed continually is very large; the pawnshops of Decatur and Peters-streets, with windows like arsenals, furnish the low class of negroes and whites with cheap revolvers and knives. Every possible element was here, then, for a murderous outbreak; the good citizens, white and black, were far away in their homes; the bad men had been drinking in the dives permitted to exist by the respectable people of Atlanta; and here they were gathered by night in the heart of the city.

And finally a trivial incident fired the tinder. Fear and vengeance generated it; it was marked at first by a sort of rough, half-drunken horseplay, but when once blood was shed the brute, which is none too well controlled in the best city, came out and gorged itself. Once permit the shackles of law and order to be cast off, and men, white or black, Christian or pagan, revert to primordial savagery. There is no such thing as an orderly mob.

Crime had been committed by negroes, but this mob made no attempt to find the criminals; it expressed its blind, unreasoning, uncontrolled rage hatred by attacking every man, woman or boy it saw who had a black face. A lame boot-black, an inoffensive, industrious negro boy, at that moment actually at work shining a man's shoe, was dragged out and cut, kicked and beaten to death in the street. Another young negro was chased and stabbed to death with jack-knife in the most unspeakably horrible manner. The men entered barber shops,

and fed many coloured families, who ran to them in their terror. Even Hoke Smith, Governor-elect of Georgia, who is more distrusted by the negroes as a race probably than any other white man in Georgia, protected many negroes in his house during the disturbance. In many cases white friends armed negroes and told them to protect themselves. One widow I know of who had a single black servant, placed a shot-gun in his hands and told him to fire on any mob that tried to get him. She trusted him absolutely. Southern people possess a real liking, wholly unknown in the North, for individual negroes whom they know.

So much for Saturday night. Sunday was quiescent but nervous—the atmosphere full of the electricity of apprehension. Monday night, after a day of alarm and of prowling crowds of men, which might at any moment develop into mobs, the riot broke forth again—in a suburb of Atlanta called Brownsville.

When I went out to Brownsville, knowing of its bloody part in the riot, I expected to find a typical negro slum. I looked for squalour, ignorance, vice. And I was surprised to find a large settlement of negroes, practically everyone of whom owned his own home, some of the houses being as attractive without and as well furnished within as the ordinary homes of middle-class white people. Near at hand, surrounded by beautiful grounds, were two negro colleges—Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary. The post office was kept by a negro. There were several stores owned by negroes. The schoolhouse, though supplied with teachers by the county, was built wholly with money personally contributed by the negroes of the neighbourhood, in order that there might be adequate educational facilities for their children. They had three churches and not a saloon. The residents were all of the industrious, property-owning sort, bearing the best reputation among white people who knew them.

Of course, the Mayor came out, and the police force and the fire department, and finally the Governor ordered out the militia—to apply that pound of cure which should have been an ounce of prevention.

It is highly significant of Southern conditions—which the North does not understand—that the first instinct of thousands of negroes in Atlanta, when the riot broke out, was not to run away from the white people, but to run to them. The white man who takes the most radical position in opposition to the negro race will often be found loaning money to negroes, feeding them and their families from his kitchen, or defending "his negroes" in Court or elsewhere. All of the more prominent white citizens of Atlanta, during the riot, pro-



A NEGRO OF THE CRIMINAL TYPE.

The lowest stratum, in all American life, is the "worthless negro," as he is called in the South. He is a wanderer, here to-day, there to-morrow; he is densely ignorant and lazy and often with no white man who is his friend. He works only when he is hungry; and he is as much a criminal as he dares to be. It is this class, growing larger every year, though relatively very small compared with the 10,000,000 negroes in the South. It carouses in the saloons, overflows the jails, fills the chain-gangs; the accounts of its horrible crimes against women flood the newspapers, giving a bad name to

the entire negro race.

phoned for police protection on Sunday, but none was provided. Terror also existed among the families who remained in Brownsville; most of the men were armed, and they had decided, should the mob appear, to make a stand in defence of their homes.

At last, on Monday evening, just at dark, a squad of the county police, led by Officer Poole, marched into the settlement at Brownsville. Here, although there had been not the slightest sign of disturbance, they began arresting negroes for being armed. Several armed white citizens, who were not officers, joined them.

Finally, looking up a little street they saw dimly in the next block a group of negro men. Part of the officers were left with the prisoners and part went up the street. As they approached the



The colour line can be followed by means of signs in some places.



The pawnshops, with windows like arsenals, furnish the low class of negroes and whites with cheap revolvers and knives.

group of negroes, the officers began firing: the negroes responded. Officer Heard was shot dead; another officer was wounded, and several negroes were killed or injured.

The police went back to town with their prisoners. On the way two of the negroes in their charge were shot. A white man's wife, who saw the outrage, dropped dead with fright.

The negroes (all of this is now a matter of court record) declare that they were expecting the mob; that the police—not mounted as usual, not armed as usual, and accompanied by citizens—looked to them in the darkness like a mob. In their fright the firing began.

The wildest reports, of course, were circulated. One sent broadcast was that 500 students of Clark University, all armed, had decoyed the police in order to shoot them down. As a matter of fact, the university did not open its fall session until October 3, over a week later—and on this night there were just two students on the grounds.

which he rented. He had a comfortable home, a wife and one child. Another was an inoffensive negro named Wilder, 70 years old, a pensioner as a soldier of the Civil War, who was well spoken of by all who knew him. He was found—not shot, but murdered by a knife-cut in the abdomen—lying in a woodshed back of Fambro's store. McGruder, a brick mason, who earned 4 dollars a day at his trade, and who had laid aside enough to earn his own home, was killed while under arrest by the police; and Robinson, an industrious negro carpenter, was shot to death on his way to work Tuesday morning after the riot.

And after the riot in Brownsville, what here was a self-respecting community of hard-working negroes, disturbing no one, getting an honest living. How did the riot affect them? Well, it has demoralised them, set them back for years. Not only were four men killed, and several wounded, but 60 of their citizens were in gaol. Nearly every family had to go to the lawyers, who would not take their cases without money

to California, some to northern cities. The best and most enterprising are those who go; the worst remain. Not only have negroes left Brownsville, but they have left the city itself in considerable numbers. Labour will thus be still scarcer and wages may be higher in Atlanta because of the riot.

It is significant that not one of the negroes killed and wounded in the riot was of the criminal class. Every one was industrious, respectable and law-

abiding. A white committee, composed of W. G. Cooper, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and George Muse, a prominent merchant, and backed by the sober citizenship of the town, made an honest investigation and has issued a brave and truthful report. It is a report which deserves to be read by every American. Here are a few of its conclusions:

12. Two persons reported as victims of the riot had no connection with it. One, a negro man, was killed in a broil over a crap game; and another, a negro woman, was killed by her paramour. Both homicides occurred at some distance from the scene of the riot.



JACKSON ROW.

One of a number of black settlements in Atlanta. Small, dilapidated houses crowded into irregular alleys are filled with negroes, many of them widows with children, who make a living by serving white families. These negroes are all near the edge of poverty, descending sometimes into crime, but living a happy-go-lucky life.

The next morning the police and the troops appeared and arrested a very large proportion of the male inhabitants of the town. Police officers, accompanied by white citizens, entered one negro home, where lay a man named Lewis, badly wounded the night before. He was in bed; they opened his shirt, placed their revolvers at his breast, and in cold blood shot him through the body several times in the presence of his relatives. They left him for dead, but he has since recovered.

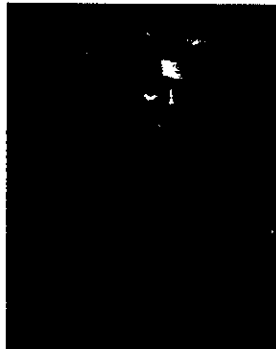
President Bowen, of Gammon Theological Seminary, one of the able negroes in Atlanta, who had nothing whatever to do with the riot, was beaten over the head by one of the police with his rifle-butt. The negroes were all disarmed, and about sixty of them were finally taken to Atlanta and locked up charged with the murder of Officer Heard.

In the Brownsville riot four negroes were killed. One was a decent, industrious, though loud-talking, citizen named Fambro, who kept a small grocery store and owned two houses besides,

in hand. Hence the little homes had to be sold or mortgaged, or money borrowed in some other way to defend those arrested, doctors' bills were to be paid, the undertaker must be settled with. Oh, a riot is not over when the shooting stops. And when the cases finally came up in court and all the evidence was brought out every negro went free; but two of the county policemen who had taken part in the shooting were punished. George Muse, one of the foremost merchants of Atlanta, who was foreman of the jury which tried the Brownsville negroes, said:

"We think the negroes were gathered together just as white people were in other parts of the town, for the purpose of defending their homes. We were shocked by the conduct which the evidence showed some of the county police had been guilty of."

After the riot was over, many negro families, terrified and feeling themselves unprotected, sold out for what they could get—I heard a good many pitiful stories of such sudden and costly sacrifices—and left the country, some going



TWO NEGROES OF THE CRIMINAL TYPE.

abiding. The men who made this brave report did not mince matters. They called murder, murder; and robbery, robbery. Read this:

1. Among the victims of the mob there was not a single vagrant.
2. They were earning wages in useful work up to the time of the riot.
3. They were supporting themselves and their families or dependent relatives.
4. Most of the dead left small children and widows, mother or sisters, with practically no means, and very small earning capacity.
5. The wounded lost from one to eight weeks' time, at 50 cents to 4 dollars a day each.
6. About 70 persons were wounded, and among these there was an immense amount of suffering. In some cases it was prolonged and excruciating pain.

The men who made this brave report did not mince matters. They called murder, murder; and robbery, robbery. Read this:

13. As twelve persons were killed and seventy were murderously assaulted, and as, by all accounts, a number took part in each assault, it is clear that several hundred murderers or would-be murderers are at large in this community.

At first after the riot, there was an inclination in some quarters to say:

"Well, at any rate, the riot cleared the atmosphere. The negroes have had their lesson. There won't be any more trouble soon."

But read the sober conclusions in the Committee's report. The riot did not prevent further crime.

14. Although less than three months have passed since the riot, events have already demonstrated that the slaughter of the innocent does not deter the criminal class from committing more crimes. Rapes and robbery have been committed in the city during that time.



A GROUP OF CHILDREN AT HOME.

7. Many of the wounded are disfigured, and several are permanently disabled.

8. Most of them were in humble circumstances, but they were honest, industrious, law-abiding citizens and useful members of society.

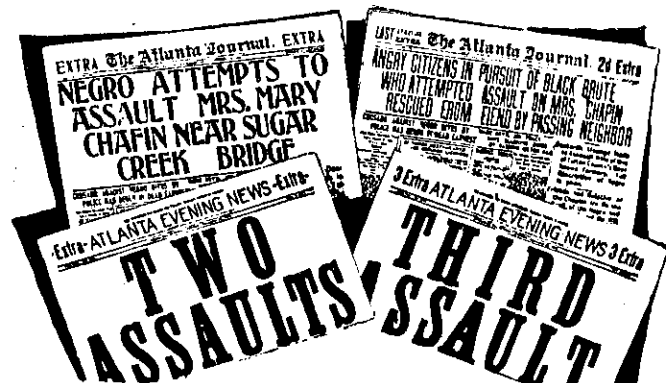
9. These statements are true of both white and coloured.

10. Of the wounded, ten are white and 60 are coloured. Of the dead, two are white and ten are coloured; two female and ten male. This includes three killed at Brownsville.

11. Wild rumours of a larger number killed have no foundation that we can discover. As the city was paying the funeral expenses of victims and relief

15. The slaughter of the innocent does drive away good citizens. From one small neighbourhood twenty-five families have gone. A great many of them were buying homes on the instalment plan.

16. The crimes of the mob include robbery as well as murder. In a number of cases the property of innocent and unoffending people was taken. Furniture was destroyed, small shops were looted, windows were smashed, trunks were burst open, money was taken from the small hoard and articles of value were appropriated. In the commission of these crimes the victims, both men and women, were treated with unspicable brutality.



SAMPLES OF "YELLOW" JOURNALISM IN HEADLINE DURING THE RIOTS.



A GORGEOUS SHOW OF COSMOS BLOOMS IN A NEW ZEALAND GARDEN LAST AUTUMN.

The recent autumn was exceedingly favourable to the beautiful Cosmos plants which flourished and flowered in unexampled magnificence in most North Island gardens. The scene in the photo, shows a drive bordered with Cosmos at Mr. P. M. Hansen's property at Lake Takapuna, Auckland, the huge bushes being from six to seven feet high and simply a mass of bloom for weeks together. From a photo, taken by S. G. Vuile, of Devonport, lent by Mr. Hansen.



OLD SCHOOLFELLOWS FROM THE DOMINION DINE TOGETHER IN LONDON.

Flashlight photo, by Trudelle G. Young, London, of the Wanganui Old Boys' Dinner at the Hotel Cecil, London, July 4, 1908. This was a most successful and enjoyable function. There were songs, brief speeches, and a delightful renewing of friendships and exchange of reminiscences, etc., etc.



Celmisia coriacea, another pretty Mountain Daisy.



Senecio Hectori, beautiful foliage, and fine large flower heads.



Celmisia holosericea, one of the finest of our Mountain Daisies.



Ourisia macrophylla, found in damp, mountainous localities.

SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND PLANTS.

The Education Department of New Zealand now issues large cards, twelve and a half inches by ten, with very fine reproductions of New Zealand Flora, of which we give four examples, reduced, on this page.



PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL IN AUCKLAND.

THE NORTHERN UNION GAME, IN WHICH AUCKLAND DEFEATED WELLINGTON. SOME SNAPSHOTS.

It is claimed that the Northern Union game possesses such advantages over that of the Rugby Union, that it will be the game of the future. About 8,000 people attended the initial game and appeared enthusiastic. At the subsequent dinner, it was explained it was not intended League players should "live on football," they would only be reasonably paid for loss of time.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS



By
Paul Urquhart
author of
"The Eagles," "The Web" etc

CHAPTER I.

THAT makes our little debt twelve thousand in all, Miss Bellairs."

He lifted his eyes for a moment from the small morocco leather note-book in which he had been entering the details of the last disastrous of rubber bridge—disastrous, that is, for Dorothy Bellairs—to shoot a quick glance at the tall, graceful girl standing by the fireplace. Miss Bellairs raised her fan, as if to protect her cheeks from the heat of the glowing coals.

"I know. I will settle with you shortly, Mr. Vereker."

It was impossible to keep a certain nervous tremor from her voice. She knew it was the end of everything. She could not possibly pay the sum. For six months now her debt to him had been accumulating. It had started with a few hundreds, and grown with an ever-increasing rapidity to its present enormous proportions. On nearly every occasion that she had played Bridge she had been opposed to the South African millionaire. Never once in the preliminary cut for partners had she found herself drawn with him. And he always won. It seemed like some diabolical conspiracy on the part of fate.

The last game had seemed so promising. She had been playing with her host, Lord Bellamy. With a strong hand of hearts, diamonds and spades she had redoubled her original call of "No trumps." Vereker, who had doubled the call, had then led a sequence of clubs from the ace downward, seven clubs in all, and so won the odd trick, and the rubber. As they were playing £5 points this had meant a loss to her of close upon a thousand pounds. Against such ill-luck what could one hope to do? Already the beautiful estates that had been left her under the terms of her father's and mother's will were mortgaged up to the hilt. Most of her jewellery had been pledged. She had hardly £500 in the bank, and yet she had just told this man that she would settle with him soon! She would liked to have cried, but her pride kept her from showing any signs of weakness before Mr. Vereker.

"I have no desire to be pressing, Miss Bellairs, especially as the cards have run against you so persistently and so long, but the amount is large, and six months is rather a long time."

"I regret the delay. I have told you so already, but in a few weeks now I shall be able to settle everything."

"Of course I can wait, but—I hate talking of these things, Miss Bellairs, believe me—the sum is large—and—and in short, I think I am entitled to some severity."

She kept her face still shielded from his eyes by her fan. In the great drawing-room beyond somebody was singing one of the beautiful Indian love songs from the "Garden of Kama." She could

not hear the words, but the weirdly lovely music with its haunting undertone of Oriental fatalism stirred her blood strangely.

What did these few thousands matter, after all? Indeed, did anything at all matter much? she asked herself, as the

singer's voice rose and fell with the music. The long struggle against fate, was it worth all the heart-sickness, the loneliness, the almost unbearable sense of mental anguish?

Fifteen years ago a girl of eighteen, she had hidden good-bye to Hubert Carnforth. His father, Arlington Carnforth, the old-fashioned Squire of Coniston Hall, had just disowned him, and turned him into the world to make his living as best he could, simply because his son had refused to accept his theory that he must marry the girl the Squire had chosen for him. On the steps of Simon's Towers—the splendid Tudor mansion her father had since left her—they had bidden good-bye to each other, swearing to be true to their plighted vow. For ten years he had written to her, telling her of his seemingly hopeless struggle in South Africa. Then his letters had

suddenly ceased. For five years she had heard nothing. But she had none the less remembered her promise, and though suitors had sought her hand by the score she still remained single.

None the less his strange, inexplicable silence had told upon her mentally and physically. For a time she had comforted herself with the thought that he would return, but as the months slipped by this hope faded away, and in its place there came to her a dread that perhaps he was no more. She sought excitement to drown the terror of her thoughts. The little green baize tables and the cards were the anodynes she had tried. She had played madly, recklessly, not caring. In society she had the name of a gambler, and there were not wanting many who predicted for the beautiful Miss Bellairs, as she was still called, a catastrophe of the direst sort. And now



"Oh, Mr. Carnforth, what a mess you've made of all our lives!"

it was come. She had lost the man she loved. She had frittered away all her property, everything she possessed—and, after all—what did it matter?

She was oppressed with an overwhelming dreariness. She let the fan drop to her side and turned on Mr. Vereker.

"I have no security to offer. I cannot pay you."

She spoke as one enunciating a simple fact with which everyone was acquainted and at which none could be surprised.

Strange to say, Mr. Vereker's sorrowful face expressed no astonishment.

"I knew that, Miss Bellairs," he said, calmly.

A little flush crept into the girl's cheeks. She was taken by surprise. But the mood only lasted for a moment, quickly making way for the state of fatalism with which she had been inspired by the music in the other room.

"Knowing this, why did you ask me for security, then?"

She spoke with an air of complete detachment.

"I was simply curious to know how you intended to meet your liabilities."

"You seem to take a great deal of interest in my affairs," she said, wearily.

"Can you wonder? I have several reasons for being interested. One of them is that you owe me twelve thousand pounds."

She looked at him dreamily.

"What do you propose to do then?" she asked calmly.

For the first time the studied repose of his features relaxed, and he smiled under his neatly trimmed moustache.

"Surely, Miss Bellairs, it is for you to make a proposal, not for me. It is I who am, not unnaturally, curious as to when or how you are going to pay the twelve thousand pounds you owe me."

"I have already told you I cannot pay you. The only security I have left is the remnant of my jewels, and they, I am afraid, would not fetch a twentieth of the amount required. Even my estates are mortgaged."

"I know that."

Something in his voice aroused a fleeting curiosity in her mind.

"How do you know?"

"I have acquired the mortgage on Simon's Towers myself."

"Then there is no need for me to tell you anything more. You know how I stand. I have no money, no security, nothing left in life. You had better foreclose. That is the only way I can see that you are likely to recover even a small portion of the money."

Mr. Vereker fixed his gaze intently upon her, as if trying to search her inward thoughts. For a second or two he did not speak, and then with a glint of something like emotion in his eyes he moved closer to Dorothy Bellairs.

"You have one security left—one security I would consider as settling the debt a thousand times over. Shall I tell you what it is?"

She nodded with dreamy indifference.

"Yourself."

Startled out of her mood of dreamy detachment, she would have spoken. But his passion carried him on in a storm of words, and he gave her no time.

"I have loved you ever since I first met you four years ago, on my return from South Africa. Up to then I had devoted my time to acquiring wealth. It came to me suddenly, just as my love came to me. I want you to be my wife. These paltry thousands are nothing to me. I will forgive you them. I will forgive you everything, if only you will grant me the dearest wish of my life."

She could not answer the man. She could only stare at him in bewilderment and disgust. He was trying to buy her. Robbed of all pretences that is what it amounted to. He had obtained the mortgage on her estate, and allowed her to run up a debt to him of twelve thousand pounds. Now he had her in his power. If she would marry him he would cancel the mortgage and forgive her the debt. If she refused, poverty and disgrace awaited her. His plan was clear, and judging by the triumphant look in his eyes he had no doubts as to its proving successful.

Suddenly from the room beyond somebody began to sing another of Laurence Hope's Indian Love Songs.

"When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly;

Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
In the wind from the south;

So I may when I wake, if there be an awakening.

Keep, what lulled me to sleep,
The touch of your lips on my mouth."

There came back to her the scent of the yellow roses in the old garden at Simon's Tower, that long ago June evening when she had kissed Hubert Carnforth a last farewell.

The tears welled up in her eyes. How could she be untrue to him? He was dead, but "if there were an awakening" after death? The man in front of her filled her with disgust. His proposal was impossible, even if it were to save her from the hopeless financial embarrassments into which she was plunged. She must have time to think how to act.

"I cannot give you my answer now. You could not expect it," she gasped, gazing at the man with wild, staring eyes.

"I have no wish to hurry you. I am going up to spend Christmas with Mr. Arlington Carnforth at Coniston Hall. It lies near your place. We are certain to meet. You can give me your answer in a week's time, on Christmas Eve."

Her heart suddenly began to beat furiously. This man knew Arlington Carnforth, and had been in South Africa? Perhaps he could give her news of Hubert.

"I did not know you knew Mr. Carnforth," she said—indeed, she knew nothing about Mr. Vereker, except that he played bridge with a consummate skill and an unflinching good fortune which had proved her ruin—"He's a very old friend of mine. I also am spending Christmas there."

"That is all the more fortunate. I have only known Mr. Carnforth since I returned to this country. He heard that I had been acquainted with his son, and begged me to come and see him."

Dorothy Bellairs went suddenly to her old position by the fire-place, screening the deathly pallor of her cheeks with her fan.

"You knew his son, did you, as well?" she exclaimed, with difficulty controlling her voice.

"Yes, poor fellow, we went out prospecting together north of Salisbury in Rhodesia. I had to leave him up country for a short time to return on business. When I got back to our old encampment I found him stretched before his fire with a revolver in his hand and a bullet through his head. He had shot himself, poor chap. He had been depressed for a long time, and the loneliness, I suppose, had been too much for him. It is a very sad story. Poor Carnforth had struggled for years after the gold. He might have struck it lucky, for my mines are situated within a few yards of where I found his body. It seemed a cruel bit of fortune that he should have been driven to take his own life with all that wealth, for which he had searched so many years, practically within arm-reach. His father was very cut up about it. There had been a quarrel or something. Carnforth wouldn't marry the girl his father intended for him, and as a result he was turned out of the house. A curious old man, Mr. Arlington Carnforth. It seems he never even told his son the name of the girl—expected him to be prepared to marry anyone he named. But, of course, you know this story?"

"Yes, I have heard the story," she answered, faintly.

Mr. Vereker hesitated for a moment. Then he exclaimed, awkwardly:

"Well, Miss Bellairs, as we shall meet at Coniston Hall I will wait for your answer till Christmas Eve."

"I promise you you shall have an answer by then. Might I trouble you to get me a glass of water, Mr. Vereker?"

The man hurried away, eager to fulfil the first request she had ever made him. As soon as he had disappeared Dorothy Bellairs slipped from the room, and, hav-

ing got her cloak from a servant, hurried from the house without even bidding good-bye to her hostess.

II.

There was every promise of a seasonable Christmas at Coniston Hall. For twenty-four hours the snow had been falling steadily over the wild tracks of moor and forest land. Down at the bottom of the great sloping lawn, now covered a foot deep in white, the rapid flowing river was held tame and almost silent in the grip of the frost. A small regiment of men from the neighbouring village had been engaged by the Squire all day to keep the long, fire-flanked drive clear of snow. But their efforts had been mostly in vain, for as fast as they swept one place clean it was silently filled up again from the grey sky above.

In the Hall itself great preparations had been made to keep Christmas in the true, old-fashioned way. Huge fires burnt in every room. Holly and mistletoe bedecked the oak-panelled walls. Clusters of red berries peeped over the tops of frames in which were set pictures of the Squire's ancestors in all the quaint variety of costumes that had prevailed from the days of Elizabeth.

The Squire himself was in a perfect fury of excitement. He insisted on inquiring into every detail of the arrangements that had been made for his guests. In spite of the extra trouble they were put to, his servants were glad to see their master in something of his old spirits, for of late years—ever since, indeed, he had chanced on the discovery that Mr. Vereker, the very latest South African millionaire, had been acquainted with his only son, and had learnt from the latter's lips that his boy had taken his own life in Rhodesia—he seemed suddenly to have become an old man. His gruff, hearty spirits had vanished—even



"My God, he's come back from the dead."

his voice had lost some of its old diatonic tone. It was only at Christmastide that his spirits seemed to come back to him. On this occasion his excitement and restlessness were more like those of a boy anxious to be off for the holidays, and girding impatiently at the slowness of the leaden foot of time, than that of a man who would never see sixty again.

It was four in the afternoon, and only one of his twelve guests had arrived. Simon Tower lay hardly a mile from Coniston Manor, and the weather had not therefore seriously affected Miss Bellairs's punctuality. But the eleven other guests who were expected by train from long distances off were already several hours late.

"This Christmastide weather seems likely to spoil our Christmas, Dorothy." Arlington Carnforth had known Miss Bellairs since she was a baby in arms, and was one of the few persons who called her by her Christian name. Sitting by the great fire in the oak-panelled hall, she watched him stalking across the polished floor backwards and forwards. She was thinking how she ought to hate this man, for was it not his obstinate pigheadedness and impervious will, that could brook no opposition, which had sent her lover to die in South Africa. But the tall, broadly-built figure with its white hair and weather-beaten face did not inspire her with these feelings. She liked him in spite of all. During all those weary fifteen years never a word had passed between them regarding Herbert Carnforth. And now something prompted her to speak of him.

"I met Mr. Vereker in town, Mr. Carnforth. He told me the story of your son's death. I was very sorry."

He stopped suddenly in his walk and turned and faced her. Underneath his sun-tanned cheeks she could see a pallor spread. He seemed suddenly to sink into himself; the stiffness and erectness with which he had held himself disappeared. He trembled as if with the weakness of age.

"He told you the story, did he?" she gasped, uttering the words with difficulty. "But why do you talk of it now—at this time? Haven't I to bear it all the year round, all the long nights

and all the long days by myself? Couldn't you have left me Christmas to forget my cruelty and my crime?"

At the sight of his suffering she forgot her own terrible grief, and with a little cry of compassion rose from her chair and hurried across to where he stood swaying beneath a great bundle of mistletoe.

"Oh, Mr. Carnforth, I'm so sorry, so very sorry."

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked into his face as if imploring forgiveness.

"But it was right that you should punish me," he went on, looking down into her eyes. "Listen, Dorothy. Fifteen years ago I came to him and said, 'You've got to marry, my boy. I've got a wife for you.' He had always been taught to obey me, promptly and at once, ever since he was a little chap. I expected him to obey me in this without question. Instead, he turned on me angrily, swore that he wasn't to be mated like an animal to anybody that I had a fancy for, but that he would marry the girl he loved and no one else. He was twenty-one, and I was forty-six, and to my shame my temper was even more rash and youthful than his. I told him that he would either have to marry the girl I had chosen or leave me at once. He answered proudly that he would go, and that very evening he went. I was too obstinate to send for him back. He went out to meet his death at his own hand in that heart-breaking loneliness. I can understand how he did it. I know what it is to be lonely, even here."

He broke off suddenly, as if recollecting that he had wandered from the subject.

"Yes, it was right that you should punish me by reminding me of it when I was trying to forget, for it was you, my dear, whom I wished to make his wife."

Dorothy Bellairs sprang away from him, her face deathly pale. She stared at him wildly, and then gave a little hysterical laugh.

"It?" she exclaimed. "I am the girl he loved and wanted to marry. I have waited all these years for him. I gave

up my life to be true to him. Oh, Mr. Carnforth, what a mess you've made of all our lives!"

The old man made a movement with his trembling hands as if to stop her lips.

Just then the bell of the front door rang. The butler came hurrying down the hall. Dorothy Bellairs turned to the fire to hide her emotion. The Squire, with a little gasp, pulled himself together to receive his guests. They began to come fast, one after the other, stamping the snow off their boots, and shaking the flakes off their hats and coats.

Mr. Vereker arrived at last. He had driven up from London in his motor-car, and had been caught in a drift in crossing the moor from Skipton. He stopped to speak a word to Miss Bellairs as he passed through the hall on the way to his rooms. She noticed he seemed somewhat agitated and confused.

"You look as if you had been seeing ghosts," she said, as she gave him her hand.

"I have," he said, and then, without saying another word hurried away.

The dinner that night was a failure. What merriment there was was of a forced and artificial kind. The Squire, in spite of all his efforts, could not shake off the gloom of remorse which obsessed him. Miss Bellairs made no effort to affect a joyousness she did not feel. She had learnt that day the full bitterness of her fate. But for the obstinacy of the old man at the head of the table she would have been happily wed to the man she loved. And now her fortunes were completely shipwrecked. There seemed to be nothing more worth living for. To be able to live at all in the future she must marry Mr. Vereker, and Mr. Vereker was there to await her answer. She must give it him after dinner. The South African millionaire himself seemed ill at ease. He spoke little and ate little and made up for his abstinence in these respects by drinking a great deal of champagne. But the wine, excellent as it was, neither loosened his tongue nor raised his spirits.

The gloom cast by these three persons affected the rest of the company. It might have been a funeral feast rather


than a Christmas Eve dinner party. The accustomed toasts at the end mirrored the dulness from which everybody suffered. The Squire attempted to make a speech, but stopped abruptly after only uttering a few words. Everybody was relieved when it was all over—everybody, that is, except Dorothy Bellairs. For she had to face an ordeal far worse than the gloomiest of dinners.

She took a seat on the broad sill of the old-fashioned drawing-room. The windows were cosily shuttered, and in the shadows of the curtains she had a wild impossible hope that perhaps she might escape the notice of Mr. Vereker. For even after a week she had not made up her mind. She hated the man, but, as against that, she hated her life, and the misery she already had to endure was not likely to be assuaged when she was turned penniless out of Simon's Tower. She had no one whose advice she could ask, no one to whom she could turn to in her trouble. She was still uncertain what answer to give him. She saw Mr. Vereker enter the room, and glancing quickly round, make straight towards her.


He took a seat by her side, and, like a drowning woman, she snatched desperately at every straw of conversation to delay the crucial moment. She asked about his journey, tried to open a discussion on the pictures in the Squire's gallery, and, as a last resource, begged him to tell her about the ghosts he had seen.

"It was only imagination," he returned, with a laugh. "It was just after we had got the car out of the drift, coming down the long hill. I thought I saw a man I had known out in South Africa at a bend in the road. He seemed to be standing up against the wall to light his pipe. But my chauffeur, who was keeping his eyes about him, said there was nobody, so I allowed him to exercise the phantom from my mind. But, Miss Bellairs, I haven't come here to talk of ghosts. You remember you promised to give me an answer to-night."


Just then there was a tapping on the window-pane, a tapping repeated three or four times.



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A 218.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 3 Diamonds Cross over, £10/10/-.




A 232.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, £5/5/-.

With larger Diamonds, £8/10/- £8/10/- £10/10/-.




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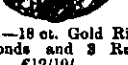
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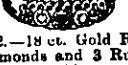
A 18.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, or 1 Diamond and 2 Sapphires, £5/5/-.



A 169.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, Boat Set, £8/10/-.




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A 19.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 7 Diamonds and 2 Rubies, or 7 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £4/4/-.



THE PREMIER, LADY WARD, AND FRIENDS AT THE FLEET WEEK MEETING, ELLERSLIE.

"That must be the ghost," she exclaimed, eager for any excuse to put off her answer. Her thoughtless words seemed to move him strangely.

"It's only a tree branch knocking against the window, like that tree branch over there."

He pointed with a finger that shook perceptibly at the unshuttered window at the other end of the room.

"There's no tree on this side of the house, so it can't be that. Listen, there it is, again."

The tapping was repeated louder and longer this time, Miss Bellairs rose to her feet, and kneeling on the sill, lifted up the heavy shutter bar, and swung it loose. As she turned back one leaf of the shutter, she saw the tall figure of a man silhouetted clear against the long stretch of snow-covered lawn. The man suddenly stepped forward, and peered through the glass.

"The figure I saw!—the ghost!—he's come back from the dead!"

There was a shriek behind her, and a sudden crash, as the South African millionaire fell back on the floor, his features convulsed and distorted.

Immediately an uproar filled the room. People rushed from every quarter to raise him. The men bawled out orders to the servants to fetch brandy. Someone emptied the water from a flower vase over his head. In the confusion that prevailed no one noticed that Dorothy Bellairs had closed the shutter and fled from the room. Nor did anyone hear the opening of the front door, or the soft patter of footsteps on the snow outside.

When the butler, hurrying with a bottle of brandy across the hall some ten minutes later saw a tall bearded man hanging his snow-covered coat upon the rack, he conceived, in his confusion of mind, that it must be the doctor, though the nearest doctor lived seven miles away. Nobody knew how he got in the drawing-room till they saw him, his six-foot-three body clad in loosely-fitting Norfolk coat, knickerbockers, buckskin gaiters and thick boots, standing in the middle of the floor, looking down on the unconscious figure of Mr. Vereker. It was the South African millionaire, indeed, who first spoke to him. As he recovered his senses his eyes opened, and he fixed them on the stranger's face.

"So it is you."
"Yes, it's I, pard. You didn't kill me as you thought you had five years ago."

The stranger suddenly turned to the Squire, who stood opposite him. "This man and I were partners, sir, out in Rhodesia. We had been prospecting for months, and we struck lucky all of a sudden. We were on our way back to Salisbury to make good our claim. He didn't seem to care about dividing the wealth we had come up against with me, so he waited till I was asleep and tried to murder me. He thought he had done the job, but when he had trekked off some niggers found me and nursed me back to life. They took me a long way up country. At the end of the year I got my strength back again, and was thinking of coming back to square up with this man, when I struck a vein of gold myself, and I was too occupied in getting the stuff out of the ground to bother with anything else. Meanwhile he cleared to England. So I let the matter rest until I should return to the old country. I knew I should find him in the end. You had better tell them it's true, pard."

He fixed his gaze on Vereker.
"Yes, it's all true," he gasped, struggling to his feet, "every word. Let me go."

He moved like a drunken man towards the door. The Squire would have stopped him, but the stranger held up his hand.

"No, I'm not vindictive. Let him go. I guess he'll never enjoy the money he's got. That'll be punishment enough for him."

"And who are you, sir?" asked the Squire, for the first time wondering how the man had got into the house.

"I don't know whether I care about mentioning my name," he said. "I'm not very popular about here. But perhaps you'll introduce me."

He turned to Miss Bellairs, who had been standing behind him with a strange, radiant happiness upon her face.

"Mr. Carnforth, don't you know him? It's Hubert."

The Squire looked at the tall, bearded man, and then with a little broken cry staggered forward a step and put his arms round his neck.

"Hubert, my boy! thank Heaven! you have come back again!"

The stranger disengaged himself with an effort.

"I came back to see somebody else," he said in a gruff voice broken with emotion. "They sent me on here from her place. I saw her in the drawing-room through that unshuttered window, so I

played the ghost-trick, which frightened Vereker into fits. And, father, this is the girl I'm going to marry, whether you want it or not!" He slipped an arm round Dorothy Bellairs' waist.

"My boy, she was the girl I always wanted you to marry. That has been the tragedy of it all. Can you forgive me for a stupid, pig-headed old fool?"

"I should just think so, father."

The Christmas at Coniston Hall, so all agreed who were present, was the jolliest Christmas they ever recollected—jollier, even than the wedding of Hubert Carnforth, the South African millionaire, to Dorothy Bellairs, which took place a month later.

The formation of hail through electrical action, according to the new theory of scientists attached to the Weather Bureau at Washington, is an interesting and even wonderful process. The wind draws out a cloud into a long, narrow strip. In that form, owing to the great amount of surface, the cloud evaporates rapidly, and the rapid evaporation pro-

duces intense cold. Dry particles of snow are then formed, and these, by friction with the water drops, quickly become charged with negative electricity. But the water drops themselves carry positive electricity, and since negative attracts positive, a film of water is formed upon each snow particle, and is instantly frozen into a layer of ice.

At this thickness its outer surface remains moist, the water not freezing there so rapidly, whereupon the electrical charge changes from negative to positive, and the particle is repelled by the water drops and driven to the outer parts of the cloud. Here the increased cold covers it with snow again, and the friction charges it anew with negative electricity. Repulsion is now once more changed for attraction, and the particles rush back into the cloud, receiving upon their surfaces another film of water, which is turned into second ice layers.

Thus the growing hailstone darts zig-zag through the clouds, piling up its alternate layers of snow and ice until gravitation gains control, and sends it, with a jingling crowd of its fellows, spinning to the ground.—"Science Siftings."

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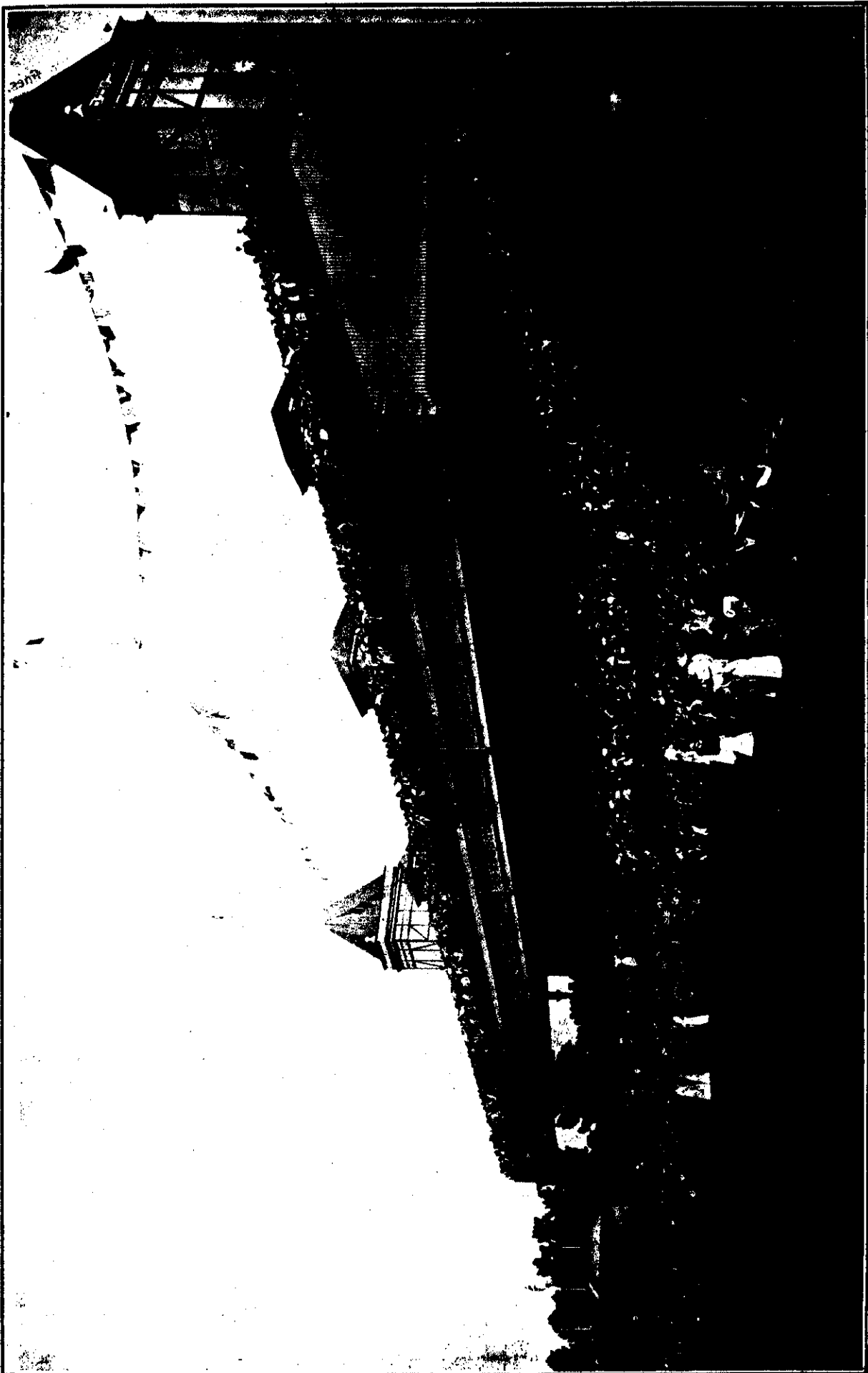
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A1661

THE GRANDSTAND, ELLERSLIE, ON THE OCCASION OF THE FLEET WEEK MEETING.

THIS FINE PICTURE WAS CROWDED OUT OF LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.

Strike out the last two lines.

For WOMEN Only.

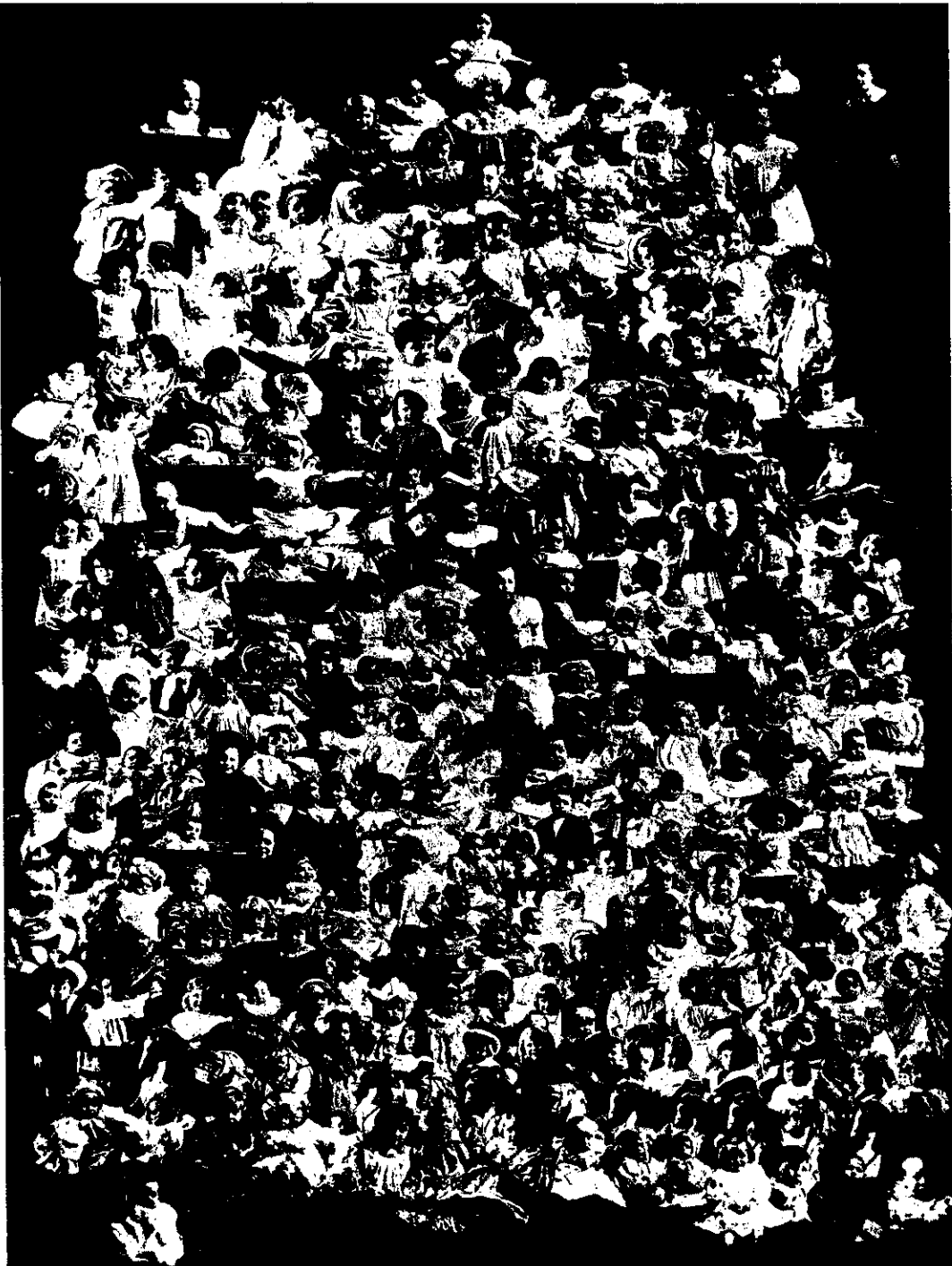
Strike out the last two lines.

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.

CRIMINAL OFFENCES—	
No License, 1907-8	238
No License, 1907	282
License, 1907-8	308
Drunkenness—	
No License, 1907-8	145
No License, 1907	113
No License, 1907-8	80
INDEPENDENT LANGUAGE—	
License, 1907-8	12
No License, 1907-8	11
Failure of No-License in Invercargill.—Official Police Court Records.—Increase of Crime.	
LUNACY—	
License, 1907-8	13
No License, 1907	19
No License, 1907-8	21
PROBATION ORDERS—	
License, 1907-8	60
No License, 1907	51
No License, 1907-8	43
PROHIBITION ORDERS—	
License, 1907-8	3
No License, 1907	13
No License, 1907-8	10
THEFT—	
License, 1907-8	21
No License, 1907	41
No License, 1907-8	41
ASSAULT—	
License, 1907-8	16
No License, 1907	2
No License, 1907-8	4
INDEMNITY—	
License, 1907-8	2
No License, 1907	1
No License, 1907-8	4



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

I Vote that the Number of Licenses Continue.
 †Vote that Licenses be Reduced.
 †Vote that No Licenses be Granted.

STRIKE OUT THE LAST TWO LINES THUS:—

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 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."

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 Pea.

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.

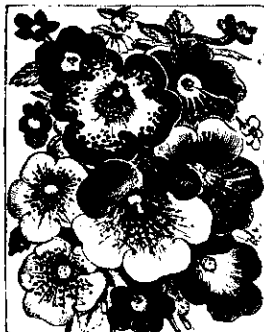
NEW AUSTRALIAN ROSE.

A new deep crimson rose of Australian raising is "Lady Chelmsford." This variety is announced for the first time, and hails from Queensland. It comes with the qualification rose growers generally are looking for, as it is said to be the finest everblooming rose yet raised in Australia, and is quite choice for garden or show purposes. The colour is a deep crimson, changing to purple. This is a colour that is wanted in free bloomers, especially of show form. Queensland is to be congratulated on the lead she is giving the rose garden of Victoria in raising Australian varieties. Queensland begins with varieties quite good, and distinct. Victoria has not yet even, with its National Rose Society, made a beginning.

ACHIMENES IN BASKETS AND PANS.

Although Achimenes make delightful little pot plants, their fullest beauty is revealed when they are grown in baskets and suspended in the conservatory or greenhouse. In this form of culture there are no great difficulties to surmount, and a mass of bloom is the result.

Achimenes have long, slender, catkin-like tubers or corms, by the division



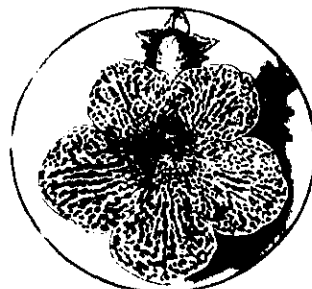
Achimenes.

of which they may be propagated, as well as by cuttings made of tops. They love heat, shade, and moisture during the growing season, but when the flowers begin to expand, if desirable, they may be gradually inured to withstand the temperature of a somewhat cool, but close greenhouse. The soil in which they thrive best is a mixture of peat, leaf-mould, well-decomposed manure, and sand in about equal parts, with the addition of a little loam. In order to maintain a succession of these beautiful flowers, a few of the scaly tubers should be planted monthly, from the be-

ginning of August until the end of October.

When required for hanging baskets, several varieties of different colours judiciously mixed in each basket produce the finest effect when in flower, but for pot culture the colours should be kept separate. Achimenes produce the best effect in suspended baskets, but, in order to get them to display their flowers to the greatest advantage the baskets, after being properly filled and planted, should be placed bottom upwards; the plants will push through the soil and grow erect. As they advance in growth the strongest will be benefited by having their points pinched off, which tends to make the plants more massive through the production of laterals. Owing to the check thus received, the weaker-growing kinds are enabled to keep on a more equal footing with the more vigorous growers. When the plants show signs of flowering, the baskets may be hung up in their proper places; their bottoms will be well furnished, and the gentle curve upwards, which the shoots are sure to take serves to bring the bloom more plainly into view.

When not treated as basket plants, Achimenes are usually grown in shallow



Achimenes.

criminally, when they come into flower, they are apt to have a patched and ragged appearance.

Achimenes being deciduous, will, soon after the flowers are over, cast their leaves, and their stems will decay. During this stage the supply of water must be gradually diminished until they are quite dormant; then the supply should entirely cease.

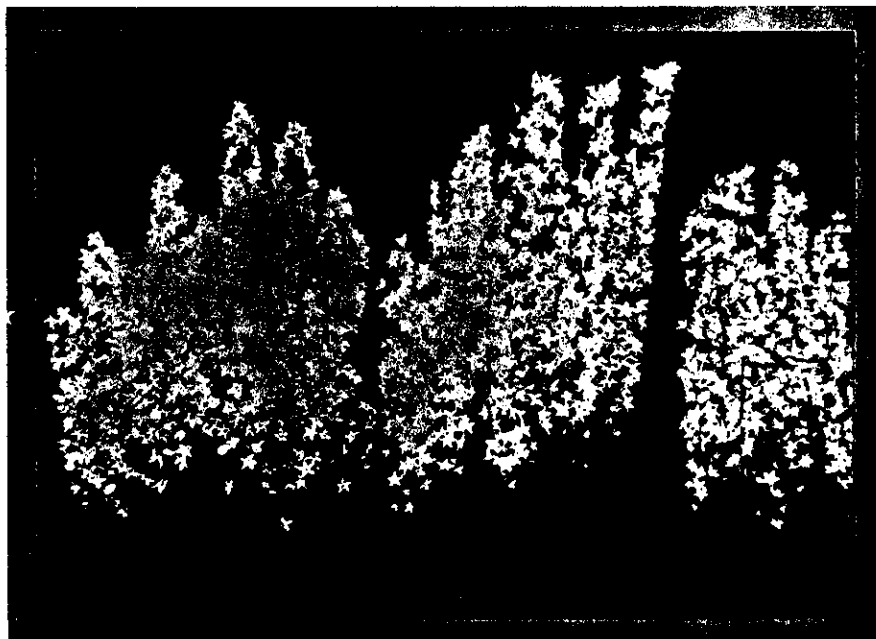


- A—Pot with dormant Corms.
- B—Corm, flowering size.
- C—Corm, small size for growing on.
- D— Flowering Corms, planted in pan.
- E—Small Corms, planted in seed box.
- F—Plant ready for potting.

PAMPAS GRASS.

pans, by which means a greater display is obtained than in pots. Treated either as pot or pan plants, they should not, however, be placed in their flowering positions when first started into growth; on the contrary, when some 2 or 3 inches high, they should be transplanted, selecting for removal such as appear to be about equal in vigour; otherwise, if weak and strong plants are taken indis-

The plants when two or three years old are benefited by burning; it cleans the plant of dead grass, and does not injure the green crown. Plants burnt the year before will next year throw fine plumes two weeks earlier than those not burnt; there is no danger by such process to this wiry grass.



Campanula Pyramidalis.

At Moor Hall, Stourport, the residence of Mr. John Brinton.

This plant is of the easiest possible culture, and succeeds well in New Zealand. Seeds sown in autumn will flower the following year.

GRAFTING.

There are many amateurs who like to try their hand at grafting fruit trees. It is an extremely interesting and useful operation, and with the aid of a few illustrations we hope to make the subject understandable. The object of grafting, from a nurseryman's point of view, is to increase his stock of trees of the particular kinds desired. Amateurs, as a rule, are desirous of cutting down some trees which have not been

face. The scion should be shaped to fit in exactly, leaving a shoulder (see illustration) to project and rest on the top of the stock. It is essential the bark should join perfectly in both scion and stock.

When the bark of the stock peels readily, another mode is sometimes practised called bark grafting. Instead of cutting the bark of the stock, the scion is cut very thin, and pressed down between the bark and the wood. Three or four scions may be inserted in one limb, and should be tightly bandaged and waxed.

If the stock to be grafted is about the

she wanted a salad, was compelled to send to Holland or Flanders on purpose. About this time, apricots, gooseberries, pippins, and artichokes were first cultivated. The currant tree came from Zante, and was planted in England, A.D. 1533. Cos lettuces were brought from the island of Cos, near Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. The pear, the peach, the apricot, and the quince were respectively brought into Europe from Epidaur, Carthage, Armenia, and Syria, and by degrees into England. Cherries are of very ancient date with us, being conveyed into Britain from Rome, A.D. 55. Melons were originally brought from Armenia.

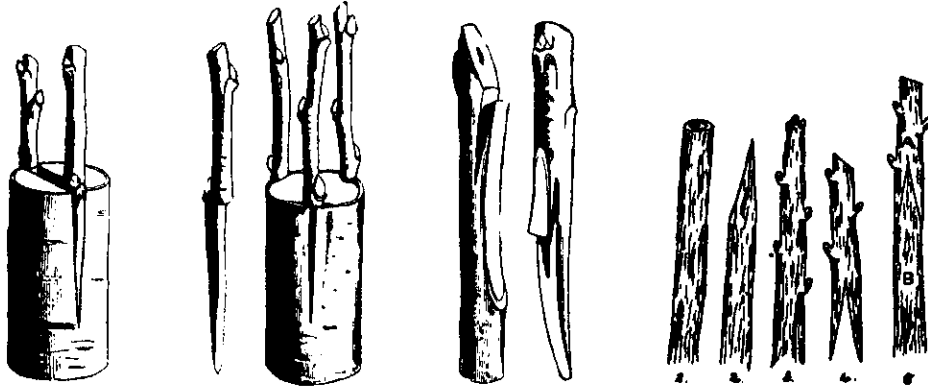


Fig. 1—Cleft Grafting

Fig. 2—Crown or Rind Grafting.

Fig. 3—Whip or Tongue Grafting.

Fig. 4—A very simple but effective mode of grafting fruit trees.

fruiting well, or of doing away with some variety which is not wanted, and replacing it with some more desirable kind. There are several modes of grafting suitable for different subjects, but the object is the same always, namely, the union of the scion, or graft twig, with the stock, or root tree, and the success of the operation depends upon the growing together of the tissue of both. Therefore it will be understood that the tissue between the bark and the wood in both scion and stock should be brought exactly together, and fit closely. The stocks intended for operating on should be cut back some time before inserting the scions, and the scions should be cut from the tree some time before using. They can be heeled in the ground, will keep for a considerable period, and should only be used in dormant state; wood of the previous year's growth should be used. If scions with a small piece of two year old wood are available they should be selected. Flower buds should not be chosen. Scions should not have more than three or four buds. Although one bud is sufficient, the larger number is generally preferred. The proper time for grafting, which varies with the season and the locality, is whenever the sap begins to circulate in the stock early in spring. There are a large number of different modes of grafting, but we only propose giving details of those we consider most likely to be of service to our readers.

Cleft Grafting (fig. 1) is well adapted for large stocks, and is the one generally employed for this purpose. Two scions are usually inserted. By so doing you have a double chance of success, and the stock heals up in much shorter time. The opening in the stock can be made with a cleaver and mallet. Be careful not to loosen the bark, and the incision should be about two inches deep. A wedge is then driven into this incision to allow the scions to be fitted in their place. They are pushed down till the first bud is near the base of the stock. See that the scion fits tightly its full length, then withdraw your wedge and all that remains to be done is to cover with grafting wax or clay.

Crown Grafting is the method usually employed on limbs of large trees; it is somewhat similar to cleft grafting, and is explained in fig. 2. Cut the bark about three inches long on one stock side with a sharp knife, then remove part of the wood until you obtain a smooth sur-

face the same size as the scions, what is known as whip or tongue grafting, is a suitable mode. See fig. 3. Remove a portion of the top from the stock at the joint where it was cut, then make a slit in the bark of the stock in an upward direction. This slit must be made of the same size as the scion so that they will fit perfectly. Make a slit, or tongue, about half-way down the cut surface of the stock in a downward direction, and a corresponding slit on the scion, and fit the scion into the stock. Bind the graft round with raffia, or calico strips firmly, but not too tightly. Then apply grafting clay or grafting wax over the tying to exclude moisture. The selected scions should possess from four to six buds each, the middle portion of a shoot being considered best.

The last method to which we refer is known as saddle-grafting (see fig. 4), so termed because the scion or graft fits on the stock like a saddle on a horse, and it is not a difficult matter to have the bark of the scion and stock to fit on both sides securing a complete union. Young stocks are very suitable for saddle grafting. Fig. 1 shows a stock before it is prepared, and fig. 2 shows it duly prepared to receive the graft. Fig. 3 shows the scion A fitted to the stock B, and now all that is required is to tie it round with raffia or calico to keep the respective barks of scion and stock a close fit; then complete the work by cutting on wax. Where grafting clay is used, it will be necessary to examine the balls occasionally for cracks, as air must be excluded from the interior. It is a good plan to wrap some fresh Sphagnum moss round the clay balls, and to keep the moss in a damp condition. Grafting wax is generally sold by the seedsmen in small tins ready for use. Grafting wax can be made with four parts resin, two parts beeswax, one part tallow. Grafting clay consists of two-thirds clay, one-third cow dung, with some plaster hair added to prevent cracking. It should be thoroughly mixed for a couple of days before using. For tying, old calico cut into strips may be used.

VERONICA.

IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

Fruit was very rare in England in the reign of King Henry VII. Apples were then not less than one or two shillings each; a red rose, two shillings; and a man and woman received eight shillings and fourpence for a small quantity of strawberries. Cabbage, carrots, etc., were introduced about the year 1547. Previous to this period, Queen Catharine of Arragon, first consort of Henry VIII., when

THE NEW "SOLIDEND" GARDEN ROLLER.

The above is the name of the newest pattern of garden roller for 1908, being put into trade by Mr. John Attwood Reeve, Stony Stratford, Bucks. The roller is double, a device intended for mak-



The "Solidend" Garden Roller.

ing it turn easily in a small space, as gardeners have an aversion to needless exertion in covering a deal of ground at the ends of the lawn. This roller is lathe-turned throughout and exquisitely finished. The ends are solid and the edges rounded so as not to unduly dent the grass owing to inequalities of the ground.

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GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Continued from page 24.

When in Italy, I looked upon so much which I fully realised was worthy of all the honour it receives, but which I felt it would be mere pretence to say I understood or appreciated, that it was a very pleasing sensation to find myself in the Cappella Bardi—one of the twelve chapels—in front of Giotto's frescoes of St. Francis, and to feel honestly and wholeheartedly in touch with them. They were painted long ago, but we can still see the warm, bright colouring in the scenes that represent the stirring life of St. Francis, and then the cold, grey, sad colouring with which Giotto tells the story of the death of the saint. Worthily, indeed, are these considered the finest works of Giotto.

Ghirlandajo's bright frescoes behind the high altar of Santa Maria Novella are not so full of religion's intensity as those paintings of Giotto, but, as a church, Santa Maria Novella has more charm. Before we entered we felt captivated by the marble facade, the work of Alberti two centuries after the commencement of the church. After the brilliancy of the piazza the interior of the church seems dim, very dim, almost gloomy. As we entered, the sounds of the organ and of voices mingled in song drowned for the moment our tourist instincts, and we sank down on a seat and listened. The song was reverential and pleading, but, sitting still in the dimness, and looking up the church towards the two raised chapels at the eastern end, I thought how joyfully it rose on the long ago day when the Florentines in triumphant procession brought the Madonna of Happiness from Cimabue's home, and placed it in the Rucellai chapel—one of the two chapels at which I was looking. To one of the twentieth century this Madonna's story seems very mythical, but that morning, amid the lighted candles, the swaying of censers, the heavy odour of incense, and the song of the priests, there seemed to be just a trace of the exaltation that must have possessed the thirteenth century Florentines when they were so delighted with the work of this man Cimabue, who was Giotto's master and who had "recovered the principles of classic composition," that the whole populace flocked to his home, and, when his Madonna was finished took it and brought it to Santa Maria Novella. After the crude and almost repulsive pictures of early Christian art, this Virgin with the human face was indeed something to be joyful over. To-day, with our advancement in art, the Madonna of Happiness seems less beautiful to us, but when I stood in the Rucellai chapel, where the great procession placed her, the thought of the happiness she conferred on the thirteenth century Florentines was so absorbing that all the other wonders of Santa Novella, even the frescoes of the Strozzi and of the Spanish chapels became as dim unrealities in the memory of it.

It was much the same with the Baptistery. Out in the sunlight we were full of admiration for Pisano's and Ghiberti's carved bronze doors—unquestionably the most beautiful and most wonderful doors in all the world—but, as we passed inside, we somehow forgot the art in dwelling on the human associations. A frightened child was crying in its mother's arms beside the font, where every child of Florence, from the twelfth century until to-day, has been baptised—even the long line of great men, of whom Dante seems the greatest. In those days, when Dante grew to manhood, and dreamt of his Beatrice, loveliest of womankind, the Baptistery was a familiar landmark, but the marble Duomo opposite was only commenced some three years before Dante left Florence, never to return, and Giotto's supremely beautiful campanile, that rises beside the Duomo, Dante never saw.

But, for us it is all there in the Piazza del Duomo—the Baptistery which Dante knew, the Campanile that was Giotto's triumph, and the Duomo that Arnolfo planned, and Giotto continued after Arnolfo's death, and Brunelleschi almost finished, crowning it with his symmetrical dome which did not cast its shadow across Florence for fully 100 years after the baby Dante Alighieri was carried from the Baptistery.

My thoughts are wandering at this moment to an amusing incident which occurred one morning as we came out of the Baptistery, and crossed over to the Duomo. A hawk—oh! beware of

the rogue—glided up to us and opened up a box he was carrying, and tried to tempt us with some coarse medallions. We waved him away and passed on, but he was persistent, and, in truth, one of the medallions was rather pretty, so with a careless glance at the tray, one of us asked how much he wanted for them. "Ninety liras each" (£3 12/), was the immediate reply, to which our looks of silent scorn seemed the only necessary answer. "Well, signor, how much you pay?" queried the hawk. "Five liras," my father answered, hoping that by so belittling his wares to freeze off our importunate follower. "Very well, signor," said the hawk, "here it is for you." Goodness me! to be asked ninety liras and to have five liras accepted, all in one breath, this set us all agape. We took the medallion with an unpleasant suspicion that, of all the impudent swindlers this man was the prince. Out of curiosity I priced a facsimile in a shop, and found the real price to be four liras, so the scoundrel had made one lira on the deal, anyway.

Though we must confess that the cathedral facade of various coloured marble is really modern, being completed in 1886, still its newness is no detriment to it, for it follows closely the scheme of marble in which the rest of the cathedral is built. The exterior of the Duomo—or Cathedral—is so brilliant, that the interior seems like the dull grey gloom before the morning mists are raised. However, as our eyes grew accustomed to the sombre light that filters through the glorious painted-glass windows, the great aisles separated from the nave by pillars, the absence of chapels opening from these aisles and the general spaciousness, made the Duomo seem different to all the other churches of Florence. Immediately the idea arose, how splendid it would be if filled with a vast assembly of worshippers. The mosaics on Brunelleschi's lofty dome are so obscure in the dimness that we can scarcely see them, and though some of Donatello's splendid evangelists and the monuments to Brunelleschi and Giotto are here, we somehow felt that the Duomo is not impressive from any detailed ornamentation, but because within its walls such a great host might raise a psalm of praise.

To-day Florence is many thousands of miles away, and the memory of her matchless possessions comes back to me under various circumstances. I think I can best recall the Florentine galleries as I watch a lovely sunset across our own well-loved harbour. The corridors and rooms of the Uffizi and the Pitti galleries and the Academy mass together into a blaze of colour, forming a glorious background in the western sky, out of which, one by one, the noble works detach themselves and float across the sea towards me. Titian's Flora gleams out in her deep dull gold, and in a pale green filmy cloud I find Botticelli's Judith that I searched for in the Uffizi because Ruskin lavished such insistent praise upon it. But Judith and her servant are soon blotted out by Botticelli's Venus in her shell barge, as she floats onwards over the rippling waves. That isolated glowing cloud, how like it is to the Tribuna of the Uffizi, in that it is the triumph of the sunset, for every work the Tribuna holds, both in sculpture and in art, is a masterpiece. The radiant beauty of the cloud is not more supreme than Titian's Venus of Urbino, as she lies before us in her glowing perfection, nor softer and more enrapturing than the beautiful woman's head once known as the Fornarina, and said to be by Raphael, but now attributed to Piombo.

What could be more dainty and ethereal than the wisp of white cloud floating in front of all the rest! Surely only the Venus de' Medici, that most beautiful embodiment of goddess and woman. So many of the Uffizi wonders belong to the peace of sunset. Verrocchio's Annunciation is one of those, for the master—who was, it is said, the first teacher of Leonardo da Vinci—painted the Virgin at her prie dieu in the garden, while through the glowing of the setting sun the angel, with raised wings, kneels before her.

One has seen, and praised, and forgotten so many Madonnas, but the two Raphael Madonnas of the Pitti gallery, one seen could never be forgotten. They hang on opposite walls of the Hall of Saturn, and looking from the Madonna seated in the chair, with the infant Saviour on her knees (Madonna della Sedia) across to the gentle Madonna del Granduca, clasping the beautiful child in her arms, it is, I think, a matter of temperament, which one would

consider the finer. There is a meek, sweet parity in the face of the Madonna del Granduca that is nearest to my ideal of the Virgin. Looking out at my sunset and thinking awhile on the galleries of Florence, a host of impressions drift across my mind with as steady a flight as the sea-gulls that go by to their homes in the glowing west. But it would be wearisome to others if I said much of Titian's portrait of a Young Englishman, or Giorgione's Concert, or Guido Reni's Cleopatra.

When we were a bit bewildered by the pictures, the Bargello came as a wholesome tonic to our perhaps overstrained capacities, for, besides, the number of marble and bronze statues by Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, and Cellini, there are most interesting collections of mosaics, tapestries, ivories, and the beautifully-moulded terra-cotta works of the two Della Robbia. The building itself is of great importance, for it was erected in 1255 for the home of the Podesta, or chief magistrate of Florence.

A few steps from the Bargello brings us to the Piazza Signoria, the most historic square in Florence. It is a very irregular piazza, but it has ever been the centre of the life of Florence. I put up my camera one morning in the court of the Palazzo Vecchio—which, constructed in the 13th century as the seat of the Florentine Government (Il Signoria), rises in one corner of the piazza—for I wanted to photograph Verrocchio's pretty boy on the fountain, and beyond him the Loggia dei Lanzi, with Cellini's Perseus and the other notable marble and bronze statues. But I soon discovered that this court was a short cut to the Via di Ninna, and that the stream of people passing through it was ceaseless. In about ten minutes I had collected such a crowd around, in front, and behind the camera, that a policeman requested me to move on. So I made the best of a momentary opportunity, and was not surprised to find my picture sadly under-exposed. One would need to be up with the birds to successfully photograph the Loggia dei Lanzi from which, in olden times, all solemn declarations were read to the people, for the Piazza Signoria is one of the busiest squares of Florence. Here, in this very square, were enacted the most terrible scenes in the life of Savonarola. What a leap to this arena of civic life from the cells in the monastery of San Marco, where there is naught but a bed and four plain walls embellished only with the pious pictures by Fra Angelico. What a leap from the quiet cloistered garden where he taught a few of the brethren, and into which no sound of the outer world ever penetrated. But the first step from the garden was to the pulpit of San Marco, where his eloquence so stirred the hearts of the people that they brought their art treasures to the Piazza Signoria, and flung these things that the frenzied monk had cursed, upon the fire he had kindled. But, ah! what a fall! It is dreadful, indeed, to think of the tortured monk standing in the same Piazza Signoria with the silent crowd watching the flames as they lick up, and up, and consume his shrinking flesh.

After four o'clock the light in the churches is bad, and the galleries are closed, so in the cool of the evening we several times took the electric car up the winding Viale dei Colli to the Piazzale Michelangiolo, from which we looked down upon Florence and across it to Fiesole. The hills sloping away from the Piazzale are covered with villas, and lovely gardens and patches of olive. On the Piazzale itself is a bronze representation of Michael Angelo's David, the original of which stands in its own little room in the Academy of Florence. Speaking of Fiesole, we rode up the hills on an electric tram one afternoon, and, after an hour or so exploring the ruined Roman amphitheatre and the town, we thought it would be pleasant to drive slowly down amid the olive groves and rose-gardens, following the winding path that keeps the city in view; so we engaged a cab. For a while all was delightful, but when we were about mid-way down the hillside, the wretched driver turned his horse down a steep incline that led, between two high walls, direct to Florence, and setting that horse at a gallop in a twinkling dispelled all ideas of sweetness and repose, and in a few minutes brought us pell-mell back to the city. His haste to be rid of us and gain the promised "sa bere" was most alarming, and if we did not cause the death of at least three inoffensive peasants, it was certainly our good fortune.

As we turn our back on Florence we feel rewarded for the intellectual effort that she has demanded of us. In her streets and churches and galleries she has given us sights and sensations that are not merely pleasant for the moment, but by golden roads she has led us back along the centuries, showing us, if we have eyes to see, that it is well for a people in their prosperity to cultivate the arts of peace, for the power of these never wanes and the appreciation of them belongs to no one race or time, but is universal and for all the ages.

Next week—ROME.

CHAPS, CHILBLAINS, COLDS, SORES AND CHAFINGS.

ZAM-BUK BALM CURES ALL WINTER SKIN-TROUBLES.

Few people can boast of a skin healthy and strong enough to resist the treacheries of these raw, cold days. The effect of the wind, rain and frost is seen in rough, blotchy faces, chafed cheeks, chapped hands, pimply eruptions and cold-sores. One reason is that the skin in winter does not give enough ventilation, heavy clothing and indoor confinement choking and poisoning the pores. As a consequence, the skin becomes un-nourished, chapped, sore, rough and scaly. There is one way in which nature can be safely assisted, just whenever she asks for assistance—by a liberal application of Zam-Buk Balm over the rough patches or nasty sores. Be as prompt in your response to nature's call for help as you know how, remembering that chronic ulcers are, in the first instance, simply a breakdown of tissues that get below par. Frequent dressings with Zam-Buk Balm in the earliest stages of trouble will speedily relieve, and finally cure, the worst skin disease.

Mr. William Bacon, of Verner Street, Goulburn, N.S.W., says:—"During the winter we experience very cold, frosty weather, and nurse the fire very closely. The inevitable result is chilblains. I suffer considerably in this respect, having bad chilblains on the feet, hands and ears. I tried many ointments and salves in the hope of driving out the irritation, but with scant success. Last winter I applied Zam-Buk, and with wonderful results. The first application drove out the irritation and soothed the chilblains considerably."

Zam-Buk is also invaluable for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, tight chest, winter eczema, cuts, bruises, and all injuries to the skin. Price 1s. 6d. per pot, or 3s. 6d. for economical family size.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AND COMFORT
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COVERED Slicker
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The Hon. A. Hicks, J.P., M.L.O., 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 remarkably short time.

THE "GRAPHIC" READERS' OWN PAGE

COMPETITIONS FOR OUR READERS.

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.

COMPETITION NO. 23—THE BEST HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Most probably, the Government will have chosen a successor to the Hon. W. P. Reeves before this competition closes, but opinions will differ widely concerning this, as other important appointments; the selection will not satisfy everyone.

WHOM WOULD YOU HAVE CHOSEN?

Prizes are offered for the selection of the man our readers consider most suitable.

Write the name of the Man you consider would best serve the interests of the Dominion as High Commissioner, and briefly, in twenty lines or thereabouts, give the reasons for your choice.

The Prizes will be awarded to the Competitors who name the gentleman who receives most votes.

N.B.—Humorists are warned that competitors are not allowed to nominate themselves for the position.

Entries, closing on **FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th**, should be addressed "Competition No. 23, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland." Results announced in issue of September 2.

COMPETITION NO. 24—NEW ZEALAND'S BEST LIVING SPEAKER.

Owing to the excellence of several recent speeches, His Excellency the Governor has been pronounced by some the best speaker in the colony to-day; others award the palm in this respect to Sir Joseph Ward, Mr. Massey, Mr. Herries, or a score of others. What is your idea? State whom you think are the **BEST THREE**. The prizes will be given to the competitors whose lists place the three in the position assigned to them by the aggregate votes of "Graphic" readers. Competition closes September 4th. Results issue September 9th.

SPECIAL COMPETITION NO. 25—EXTRA PRIZES.

NEW ZEALAND FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

LIFE IN THE DOMINION IN 1958—WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE?

A chance for Socialists, Reformers, and Dreamers.

The idea of this competition originated with our Australian contemporary the "Sun," and is so excellent, and should prove so interesting, that we have decided to try one likewise.

WHAT WILL BE THE SOCIAL POSITION IN NEW ZEALAND IN FIFTY YEARS' TIME.

Will Socialistic Legislation grow? and if so, what will be the results, good, bad, or indifferent?

Or, will there be a reaction—and if so, again what will be the result?

Letters may be from 100 words (or less) to 500 in length.

Competitors should describe things just as their imagination pictures them to exist in 1958—the occupations of the people, systems of general and municipal government, methods of transit, laws of the period, manners and customs, etc. Mark letter "1958," Competition 25.

Address "Graphic" Office, Auckland, Special Prize List.

FIRST PRIZE, £1 CASH, AND A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE "GRAPHIC."

SECOND PRIZE, 10/- CASH. THIRD PRIZE, 5/ CASH.

DATES OF CLOSING.

The Competition will **CLOSE ON SEPTEMBER 11th**, and results will be announced on September 16th. Competitors sending in early will oblige.

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.

COMPETITION NO. 20.

DISAPPOINTING ENTRIES.

The fleet is the reason for everything still, and perhaps it really was the excitement of that memorable week which made readers disinclined to enter into competition with each other in describing the N.Z. tour of the British footballers in verse.

Or, perhaps, interest in the gallant Anglo-Welsh team fizzled out when our visitors left. At all events, but few attempted the task set on this occasion, and of these only one merits publication. No second prize will, therefore, be awarded.

The first prize is won by

H. J. ENGLEFIELD,
Stock-road, Mania, Taranaki.

This gentleman's contribution is distinctly good, and, though we might legitimately have closed this competition without giving a prize, owing to the small number of competitors, it is considered more fair to reward Mr. Englefield's industry and skill.

OUR RECENT FOOTBALL VISITORS.

ODE TO THE BRITISH LION.

Veni, vidi, vici, is a saying ought but new;
And now this year the British lion has proved it isn't true.

'Tis true, he came; 'tis true, he saw; but, alas! to tell the tale,
He couldn't keep the third part, for therein he did fail.

Now, he started at Wairarapa with a creditable win,
Which caused his loyal supporters to wear a pleasant grin.

But when he met New Zealand, with her picked and chosen band,
They made him act the part of sieve, and they the part of sand.

That is, they went right through him, from forward unto back,
Until he couldn't wag his tail for fear he'd hurt his back.

But still he proved to one and all that he hadn't lost his pluck,
Whilst all good sportsman here will own he'd not the best of luck.

And maybe in the future, when he visits us once more,
He'll take away the ashes to Britain's sea-girl shore.

And if he does, New Zealand will exclaim: "Alas! Alack!
We'll have to cross the ocean blue and bring those laurels back."

MISSING LINES COMPETITION.

SOME FURTHER EXTRACTS.

There were so many answers of more than average merit that, in fairness to competitors, a further selection is this week printed.

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

With peace and with plenty, we will take the risk
Of rightly and tightly holding on to our own.

MISS BERNHENDT, Taihape.

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

Let her take on herself the glorious risk
Of building a nation by efforts her own.

MRS J. J. BOYLAND, Auckland.

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

The answer is simple, for where is the risk—
She's unrivalled and matchless when standing alone (a loan).

W. J. RATTRAY, Auckland.

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

By waiting till needed, there's always the risk
Of asking for meat, but getting the bone.

LYN DAWES, Ponsonby-road.

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

But buildings will burn, so we take all the risk;
You must give our members a home of their own.

F. J. C., Wellington.

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

To subsidise babies, who oft take the risk,
Of getting for food, a curse or a groan.

POPULATION.

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

Well may it be asked why New Zealand should risk,
Burthens of debt 'twill take years to atone.

D. MACLELLAN,

Patea.

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

Because by repute, sir, the recherche risk,
Of having too much, has never been known.

HILDA DAWES,

Ponsonby-Rd.

WELCOME TO THE FLEET. ODE COMPETITION.

SOME MORE INTERESTING POEMS.

Zealandia welcomes thee, oh mighty fleet!

Her children haste, united, thee to greet,
From many different countries they have sprung,

Akin they are to thine in race and tongue.

Accept their greetings in this country's name,

In tongues, diverse, in sentiments, the same;

The good old British "Welcome" thou wilt hear,

And many a hearty, rousing British cheer.

The Maoris chant their "Haerema!" with glee,

A sweet "Willkommen" Germans have for thee;

"Cead mille faithe" comes from the Irish heart,

And "Bien venu" must also take its part.

Through my Dominion, from the North to South,

These words shall spoken be by every mouth:

"Long live the noble fleet," America's pride;

May good luck follow it, what's her betide.

One parting favour I would ask of thee,

To keep my lines in pleasant memory.

—MOIRA, J

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN FLEET.

The outward shield of all your inward grace—
Your armament upon our sea to-day
Is here from havens half a world away,
(And in the shelter of this sea-bound place
We speak the same tongue, standing face
To face,
And make you welcome in your might's
array.)

Yes, we salute you; we, who speak the
tongue
Of him who trod Virginia long ago,
(When England's glory on the waves
did flow
Far out, like sunbeams of the morning
flung,
And life was narrow and the world was
young,
While thoughts of men in splendid
dreams did grow.)

Yet not more splendid than has been
revealed—
Yet not so great, that time could not
unfold
Hope dearer than the fruitless dream
of gold.
It, asking Freedom, Fate could never
yield
In hedge-bound confines of an English
field,
Flew with the sunset, where the waters
rolled.

And found a region marvellous and new,
Where Nature reigned defiant and
austere,
That might have crushed a weaker
race with fear,
Than those strong Pilgrims, great of
heart and thew,
And brave like Standish—like Priscilla
true,
Whose faith and works we cherish and
revere.

And Freedom found its heritage of
dreams,
Where lay no net of Custom for its
feet,
And felt the darkness from its path
retreat;
And saw the morning turn with golden
beams
Earth into heaven, that she sometimes
seems,
When fair Fulfilment makes our lives
complete.

Yet, evermore from England's seeming
ways
Our race had come with freedom for
its boast,
And built its cities up and down the
coast,
By rivers' mouths and lordly sheltering
bays;
And you, the heirs of all those strenuous
days,
Of all our guests, shall share our
bounty most.

And State by State grew north and south
and west—
The English Empire widening over
sea,—
Her first great strides in outward
destiny.
To all the world of Europe manifest,
And drew brave children from her crowd-
ed breast,
Who heard the clarion-call of Liberty.

Old England was a younger mother then,
With heart too narrow for the needs
of Youth,
And soul too sealed by Custom for the
Truth;
Else could she harken to her wisest,
when
They saw estrangement in a freer men,
Through her exactions and her modes
uncouth.

"The King is dead, but lo! the Heir is
born!"
So has it been and will be to the end.
God never meant, that hearts of men
should bend
To breaking point, through cruelty and
scorn,
But rise triumphant, on some fateful
morn,
And all their hopes, exultantly, tran-
scend.

And thus, to-day, we're honoured with
your fame,—
You're onward march of freedom, and
we feel,
In these, your deadly battleships of
steel,
With lightning and with thunder bound
and tame,
Peace, more than strife, they symbol
and acclaim,
These guardians of your mighty Com-
monweal.

What do they guard? What strength
and sweetness, they
Shield with their silence on the laugh-
ing tide?
A splendid fabric of a nation's pride!
In one with Right and Wrong, as all dis-
play,
But strong with threads, that none may
well gainsay,
Wrought with hearts' blood and des-
tined to abide.

For high achievements do we hold you
great,
And feel the honour thus to clasp your
hand
With truest kinship, you may under-
stand,
And give you welcome, and unbar the
gate,
And bid you enter, while we demonstrate
An English greeting in a southern land.

Auckland.

H. YOUNG.

A SONG OF WELCOME.

Unsurpassed in beauty,
Are Hauraki's isles;
Whether wintry seas run high,
And the white gulls inland fly,
Or the sun-kissed beaches gleam
Fair as isles of lotus dream,
'Neath the drowsy azure sky,
And glad summer smiles.

See the great Armada,
To our coast she swings,
Where the mist-wreathed islands lie,
Where the scudding cloud-drifts fly,
Where the great white combers roar
Grim defiance to the shore;
Heeding not she draweth nigh,
And our welcome rings.

Welcome to thee, brothers:
By our flags unfurled
Let us honour thee to-day,
While within our gates ye stay.
Is it naught that ye should roam
To our rugged island home,
Wandering down the water-way
To the outer world?

Perils of the steam-tube,
Breakers on the lee:
Haply we will never know
All that ye did undergo.

Seaboards of a continent
Know the watches that ye spent,
Struggling with man's ancient foe,
Unconquerable Sea.

Britons were your fathers,
We are British bred.
Blood of our blood must ye be
In the coming history;
When the Hydra-headed beast,
Slowly rising in the East,
Turns its eyes upon the sea,
And its fangs are red.
Memories of sea-kings,
Singing as they died;
Viking visions, how they rise,
Quickening hearts and dimming eyes.
May the splendid heritage
Of that grim heroic age
Yielding naught to compromise,
Ever with you bide.

Rangitoto recks not
What the war-god plans,
Calmly watching, passion spent,
With her great sides torn and rent,
Sphinx-like keeper of our gates.
Crouching low, she waits and waits—
Type of Nature's forces pent,
As ye are of Man's.

Gaily drop your anchors
Sea dogs on the chain.
Striving in peace, ye will be free
When our common destiny
Bids the Anglo-Saxon race
Guard her well-won pride of place,
Undisturbed supremacy
Of the world-wide main.

R. H. ASHCROFT,

Mt. Eden.


THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE for £1 1/2 has been sent
to the writer of this verse, Mrs. A. E. G.
Winton.

Having much of SAPON Soap,
I thought that I would try it;
I did—and gave it one fair test,
And now I always buy it.

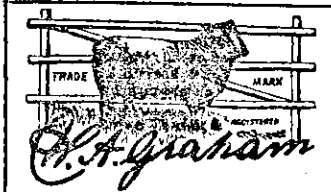
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News, Notes and Notions.

Our Dominion has from time to time been satirized by the envious for its "grandmotherly legislation," and of a certainty we have a sufficiency of laws to make us good, even if we don't become so. Theoretically, for instance, our small boys may be arrested for smoking the deadly cigarette, and divers pains and penalties inflicted on their parents. As a fact, one has not observed many youngsters in the hands of outraged law, and juvenile smoking seems pretty well as prevalent as ever. We have, therefore, much pleasure in drawing attention to a cure for cigarette smoking given by a medical man in a recent number of the "Lancet."

His remedy is peppermint drops. So long as a youth has a "bull's eye" in his mouth there is no room for a cigarette (or anything else for that matter), and even after the delectable confection has dissolved, it leaves a taste on the palate that does not blend kindly with tobacco. This is undeniable. The flavour that will blend well with a consumed peppermint drop has yet to be discovered. The only trouble about the remedy is that it has no consideration for the feelings of the youth's family or neighbours. If he had to go about sucking bull's eyes all day he would be a weariness to everyone who had the misfortune to come near him. Still, that could be borne in view of the good the young man was extracting from the peppermint, and it might be possible to imagine one was taking creme de menthe. The patient also might object to the cure. Smoking, like drinking, destroys one's appetite for sweets, and so crude and powerful a flavour as peppermint is not likely to appeal to the average heavy smoker. However, the remedy is said to have worked well in several cases, so if the office boy appears in future with a distended cheek and a strong perfume of peppermint, one must treat him with kindly tolerance in view of his effort to cure a worse evil.

Here is a hint for New Zealand meat packers. A discovery has been made in Chicago which will, it is confidently believe, reduce by several seconds the brief time now occupied by the able-bodied bullock in transforming himself into corned beef. A beef packer of alert mind observed that his men hustled to much more purpose when an organ grinder was playing outside. Medical men might have told him that irritation is a recognised method of stimulus. The first result was an experiment in a small town in the State of New York. A factory owner there set up some species of music machine in one room, and compared the results of that room with others. The workers to music won hands down. The next step was taken in Chicago, where a full-sized band was established in one of the great meat canning places. The influence of the new system on the death-rate of the industry is not stated.

New Zealand secondary schools, or some of them, at all events, seem to teach geography on a rather strange plan, giving elaborate attention to Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and leaving our own land entirely neglected. The fact is rather clearly illustrated by a correspondent who conducted a large party of children, mainly girls, through Queen-street, Auckland, during the visit of the American Fleet. Across the thoroughfare were hung the banners of welcome from the various towns and boroughs of the colony, and a rapid series of questions from the children not only showed them entirely ignorant of places of minor importance, which was natural enough, but hazy to the last extent as to the location of some of the chief cities of the Dominion. Fort Chalmers, Timaru, Oamaru, Invercargill, Ashburton, and even Wanganui, were mere names, nothing more, while Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin were all lumped together as "down South, somewehers." A query as to which end of their respective islands each of these cities occupy was an absolute "floorer." Yet, one of the tasks set these very same children in a recent examination, was to draw a map of England and Wales, showing countries, principal cities, and rivers, etc. The age

of the youngsters were from ten to twelve and they were bright and intelligent. There seems a screw loose here, surely! That our children should be well grounded in the geography of the old Country and the rest of the world, is, of course, only right, but surely not to the entire neglect of their own. The same thing applies to history. One has found children disconcertingly well up in dates and important matters in regard to English history, who know not a single word of the story of the country of their birth.

Advices from Hometown, Illinois, show that flourishing centre to be worthy of an earnest sympathy that, in the circumstances, will be spontaneously forthcoming. Things have not been going well in Hometown lately. According to the Hometown (Ill.) "Banner," a cow "got into the fire engine house on Sunday night and clewed up most of the hose and ate off the bell-rope; while three hogs were found in the Baptist church Monday afternoon." This is a succession of deplorable incidents that might well wreck the peace of any orderly community. Happily they are unlikely to continue. "If Hometown," says the editor of the "Banner," in his firm, quiet way, "is ever to become a great city these things must be rendered impossible." One feels immediately that Hometown (Ill.) will certainly become a great city. An English village disturbed by a cow eating a fire hose Sunday, and three hogs in the Baptist chapel Monday, would have taken no action beyond claims for damages by the parties interested. Not so Hometown (Ill.). Your American settlement feels itself a San Francisco in embryo, and bears itself accordingly. After this scathing reminder by the "Banner" one feels that Hometown will hustle round and proceed to make these things impossible. Someone will immediately be appointed to guard its public buildings, and the editor of the "Banner" will be able to report with quiet pride that "a hog which attempted to visit the Town Hall Thursday was fetched such a swot with a club by the patrol that it lit out for its sty quicker'n you could think." Meanwhile Hometown might busy itself over devising a coat of arms against the day when it is a recognised city of the States. There are possibilities in three hogs and a cow; and Hometown will be a city all right. As the "Banner" might say (and probably has said): It's a cinch.

The dead Habsburgs have outgrown the limits of their final resting-place in the vaults of the Capuchin Church, Vienna, and a Court Commission has been appointed to consider plans for enlarging the Imperial burying-place. Since the death of the Emperor Matthias II, in 1619, one hundred and thirty-two members of the Habsburg family have been laid to rest there. The array of massive metal coffins, some of which are of immense proportions, have so crowded the vaults that it has been impossible to find proper room for the coffin of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, who was the last Archduke to be brought there. Two projects are under consideration—one to extend the vaults under the garden of the monastery, the other to take in a part of the monastery cellars. The first would deprive the monks of the solace of their small but cool and shady garden, whilst the second would only rob them of some superfluous lumber room.

A few weeks ago Queen Margherita, accompanied by ladies and gentlemen of her suite, paid a visit to the Umberto I. Hospital for the Aged, where she had quite a long chat with several of the inmates. An old woman, aged 103, offered her Majesty a bouquet of orchids. Another woman, named Grimaldi, whose age is 104, besides giving the Queen-Mother some flowers, made herself known as having been in her younger days a great dancer. She used to execute the popular Roman dance, known as the "Salterello," and to show that she had not forgotten her former activity she began to move her limbs and pose her body in the charac-

teristic attitudes of the classic dance. Fearing a catastrophe, her Majesty smilingly advised the enthusiastic centenarian not to fatigue herself too much. The ancient ballerina was at first somewhat mortified, but finally she understood that at her time of life it was scarcely prudent to dance the "Salterello."

Hammer swinging is the latest form of physical endurance test in England. For twelve mortal hours on a recent Saturday, Arthur Lancaster swung "an eight-pound blacksmith's hammer" (which presumably means a blacksmith's eight-pound hammer) round his head at the Crystal Palace without a second's interval; and mathematicians calculate that he had lifted 150 tons of hammer and made them go 150 miles before he had finished. The net result probably was that he was quite ready for a whisky-and-soda and a sleep after it all. A French rival who was to have opposed him very wisely stayed away. The expenditure of profitless energy on the old prison crank is quite undone. It was not profitless to this particular performer, no doubt; but those who are not likely to have opportunities to swing hammers anywhere but in private will rest content with Sandow exercises.

Has it ever occurred to anyone to think of what would happen to our banks in the event of a world-wide war? Sir R. Giffen has been giving his views on this pregnant subject, and among other things he says:—A startling difficulty may be raised among the leading nations should they become engaged in war with each other in a measure that jeopardises the mechanism of credit in the States affected, and throughout the commercial world generally. It appears to me that this is a formidable possibility of the international credit system that has never been adequately considered. And it has not been considered for the simple reason that, as a matter of fact, since this system became developed in its modern proportions there has been no war in which the leading nations most important to the system have been mutually involved.

Such a war would bring upon us, as well as upon the whole community of civilised States to which the system of international credit extends, quite unprecedented calamities and dangers. This would result from the breakdown of the credit system itself and the interruption of international commerce. To make the impression more definite we may classify the mischiefs to be anticipated. I would mention first of all the stoppage or great contraction of the volume of imports and exports between enemy States and the States dependent on them. But the stoppage and contraction would extend yet further, the customers of all the countries primarily affected being unable to escape the effect of the losses of those countries. Next, there would be a run for cash and withdrawal of deposits from banks which would also tend to bring about general failure and bankruptcy. The conclusion is that the banking position in a country is one of real danger in the event of a great war—a war with unlimited liability.

The latest statistical returns for the German Empire show clearly how the number of suicides in Germany has increased of late. At one time Germany stood comparatively low down in the list of "suicidal countries," and a long way behind France; at present it possibly heads the list. Thus in 1906 no fewer than 12,495 suicides were registered, of whom 2922 were females. This works out at the high figure of 41.2 per 100,000 of population. The northern provinces show the smallest number, the large commercial centres, such as Bremen, Berlin, and Hamburg, head the list. No statistics are given from which it is possible to draw conclusions as to the probable factors which are responsible for this high figure, but from time to time attention is drawn to the fact that a large number of those cases of suicide are drawn from the unemployed and from the poorer classes, and that the percentage of juvenile suicides is relatively much higher in Germany than in France.

It was eleven years last month when as it was, acromotus was in its infancy now, with airships that can remain aloft. The fate of him and of his balloon remains a mystery which probably will never be solved. In his day, so recent the intrepid Andreé sailed away into the mysterious regions of the frozen North, for twelve hours, the feat he attempted is nearer possibility. One message came from him after starting, brought by a carrier pigeon to the whaler Aicken. It ran thus:—"July 13th, 12.30 o'clock noon, lat. 82 deg. 2 min. long. 15 deg. 5 min. east. Good speed eastward, 16 deg. to south. All well on board. This is the third-pigeon post.—Andreé." The envelope was of parchment saturated with paraffin, and was made fast by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon.

The whole French Navy has escaped seizure by a Cherbourg lawyer for a debt of £5. The "Matin" tells the amusing story. Letellier, a dockyard workman, lost a hand during his employment in November, 1906, and in an arbitration was awarded a pension of £20. But the Ministry cavilled at the decision, and in March, 1907, Letellier, through his lawyer, M. Leboucher, sued the Admiralty and won his case. Still, he did not get the money. M. Thomson, Minister for Marine, or his subordinates made protests and delays till £5 of the pension was in arrears. Then the advocate marched into the Admiralty office at Cherbourg and announced that, in default of payment, he would be compelled to seize the furniture of the building as well as the warships, torpedo-boats, and vessels of smaller importance in the docks at the moment. A frantic telegram was despatched to M. Thomson, who forthwith capitulated and sent £400, the capital necessary to supply the workman's pension.

"Pneumonia left my son Leslie, aged 4, with very weak lungs"


weak lungs

and such a cough that his poor little body was nearly racked to pieces. I tried many preparations without benefit and really thought he would die. On the doctor's recommendation I gave Scott's Emulsion and he steadily began to improve. Very soon he was stronger and better than he had ever been before; he is now a fine boy and owes his life to SCOTT'S. He likes SCOTT'S."

28 Globe St., Globe. (Mrs.) N. MOORE. SYDNEY, N.S.W. 4/9/07.

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SCOTT'S cured the lungs and strengthened the system because SCOTT'S is made of the finest, purest, most invigorating cod liver oil in the world—the oil, namely, which comes from the livers of cod fish caught off the Lofoten Isles (Norway), where they are prime; and because this oil is made easy to take and digest, by the original perfected SCOTT process. Remember; SCOTT'S cured this little boy, not an emulsion "just as good"—no emulsion is "just as good" as SCOTT'S. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get



Scott's Emulsion

—the difference between them means a cure for you! See that "The Fishman with the Fish" is on the packaging.

Of all Chemists and Dealers in Medicines.

The protest of the London hatters, at the White City, against the neglect of the silk hat, must have been a touching scene. Incidentally, it conveys a warning, for the hatter, like the worm, may turn. When Lord Milner held his first reception, at Pretoria, the officials and legislators were given to understand that frack coats and tall hats were expected of them. There was only one shop in the place in which silk hats were sold, and this had but four of them. The Transvaal legislators rushed off in a body to buy these four, but the hatter, not being mad, saw his opportunity in their extremity. He knew there was no time to get hats from anywhere else, so he resolved not to sell. He offered to let them out on hire at the rate of ten shillings for ten minutes. His shop was close at hand. Four gentlemen could present themselves before his Excellency; after ten minutes they must silently steal away, and hand over their hired finery to another, panting quartet. It was done, and the hatter still repeats dreamily, as he recalls the moment of his life, "It would not have been fair to have sold them. Not fair to my customers, and not fair to myself."

A curious story is current in connection with certain dangerous motor trials which were held recently. There was one firm which stood an excellent chance of winning, and they had implicit confidence in a certain skilled and experienced driver. But two men had been killed in the same race the year before, and this man's wife was determined that whatever other people might do her husband at least should not run. Accordingly, on the day advertised for the race, when she gave him his morning cup of coffee, she inserted a potent drug, which promptly put him into a deep sleep. When the drivers collected at the starting-point, he was not to be found. Inquiries were made in all directions, but his firm had to dispense with his services for the day, with the result that an important prize was lost. Some hours later he turned up, ashen grey and trembling all over, only to receive a

prompt dismissal. His wife attempted to make an explanation, but his superiors refused to believe that she, and not he, was in any way responsible for his disappearance or the state of his reappearance. He is still looking for a job, but has forgiven his wife. Neither of them regrets her act in the least, though they may regret the consequences. Even these might have been worse, had he really gone.

A modern parallel has been found to the devoted lovers of Rose Salterne in Kingsley's "Westward Ho." Eight boys and one girl were born and brought up in the same street, and when they reached what is generally considered a marriageable age, the young men found themselves hopelessly in love with their old friend and playmate. They were not in the least jealous of one another, and were quite reconciled to the idea that only one of them could gain the coveted prize. But when a rank outsider, a veritable Don Guzman, came along and romped in an easy winner, marrying the girl before their eyes, after they had stood her all sorts of treats for years, they were furious, swore female society, formed an anti-marriage club, and determined to remain bachelors all their days. Here are some of the rules which they have taken the oath to abide by:—Never to pay any sentimental attentions to any woman; never to make any presents to any woman except a relative; never to take to the theatre, opera, place of entertainment, or social function, any woman except one belonging to a member's own family; never to buy confectionery, or flowers for any woman; never to call on any woman, except on strictly business matters; never by word, look, or act to betray any preference or other than ordinary respect for any female; never to kiss any woman, except their own grandmothers, mothers, or sisters; never to marry any woman; breach of the last law involves expulsion from the club, though it may be presumed that the offender would hardly care to remain a member. Other offences may be commuted by paying a fine.

In view of the high marriage rate in Canada, "honeymoon cabins" are to be a novel feature of the new Canadian Pacific Railway steamship Princess Charlotte, which is intended for the British Columbia coast service. "The army of young women who go to British Columbia as lady helps," explained an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway, "invariably get married. And as a trip round the coast is the fashionable honeymoon, the Princess Charlotte, with its cabins for two, is destined to become the honeymoon boat." First-class sleeping berths in the new boat are in the proportion of 300 to 30 second-class berths, for it is considered that honeymoon couples do not consider the question of cost.

Stanley Hall, of Boston, made an experiment upon a large number of children of the age of six, or about the time they were entering school. He discovered among these little American citizens absolute ignorance concerning the commonest matters of life. For example:—Something like 45 per cent of the children had never seen the country; 14 per cent had never seen the stars; 20 per cent did not know that cows gave milk; 50 per cent did not know what objects were made from trees; 47 per cent had never seen a pig; 15 per cent could not distinguish by name between the colours yellow, green, blue. One who was taken into the country from a populous city wanted to know at what time the country "closed" in the evening.

The English Midland Railway, by covering, last month, the 308 miles between London and Carlisle in 5 hours 40 minutes without a stop, may have created a speed record, but it is worthy of note that the two centres were many years ago connected by a non-stop run, and that by the King himself. His Majesty left Ballater at 9.20, Aberdeen at 10.30, and reached Carlisle at 3.40 in the afternoon. After a stop of five minutes the train left for Euston, and ran the whole course of 299 miles without a

stop. The special was about 500 feet long and 236 tons in weight, exclusive of the locomotives, one of which was named "Queen Alexandra." When the King alighted at Euston, the London North-Western's terminus, he said he had never enjoyed a smoother run.

Sumatra, the scene of the latest native rebellion, is the westernmost of the Dutch Indian possessions, and one of the largest islands in the world. It is separated from Java in the south by the Strait of Sunda, memorable for its volcanic disturbance. The northern portion embraces the Sultanate of Ache; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth and James I., when we sent ambassadors to its Court, Ache was a great kingdom occupying more than half the island. The Acheneese have never acknowledged the supremacy of the Dutch, and over £20,000,000 has been spent in endeavours to subdue this race of warriors. South of Ache is a large district occupied by the Battaks, a tribe that has practised cannibalism for centuries. Padang, where the rebellion is most active at present, is the chief town in Sumatra, and has a population of 20,000. Port de Kock, which has recently been the centre of the fighting, is the seat of the Resident, and a strong garrison.

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America the Home of the Free

EXCEPT FOR SLAVES

By RICHARD BARRY

Slavery to-day! Yes. Not the wage-slavery that grinds the human undergrowth of these United States, not the other slavery of a hundred forms that holds even you and me chafing to the task, but the ancient slavery, the actual, physical slavery that keeps men worse than animals.

On December 5, 1906, in Pensacola, a United States judge sentenced five officers of the Jackson Lumber Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind in this country, to seven years in the penitentiary. At the same time there were in other courts in Florida requests for seventeen indictments against equally prominent citizens. The charges were all the same—slavery! The law calls it "peonage," which means the holding of a man to unwilling labour to work out a debt. But on this peonage these crafty and cruel employers had ingrafted the antebellum implements of bondage the lash and the bloodhound.

It was all proved incontestably in the courts—that the men were enticed to their work by glowing and fraudulent representations, that once on the job they were held to it with threats, that when a few of spirit rebelled, and tried to run away they were intimidated with firearms, that when some did finally get away they were tracked with hounds and brought back at the point of the pistol, that when the law intervened in the person of the local justice and tried to set them free they were shown to be in debt to their employers, and the strenuous incident of their keep justified on the score of an ancient statute which gave a debtor's body to the creditor until the debt was satisfied.

And all this in the face of a public sentiment that justified the bondage as an essential evil of the land, in the face of a judiciary intimidated by this public sentiment, and a political machinery as much its slave as the poor black bodies which invoked the protection of Uncle Sam. It is difficult to find a man of prominence in Florida who does not condone the system. "Treat a nigger white," they say, "and he'll treat you black." The cases were flagrant, though but a bubble rising from the elemental darkness of the slavery throughout the State, or they never would have forced a trial, much less conviction.

The monumental error made by the employers of Florida was in going beyond the black man with their slavery. Had they stuck to the racial division they might have escaped castigation, as they have for a decade. But, insatiate, and not finding enough blacks to satisfy their ambitious wants, they reached out and took in white men.

From employment agencies in New York the operators in turpentine and lumber got men fresh from Europe, and some staid from the slums of the great city. Those fresh from Europe were not of the best, and those staid from New York's East Side were of the worst. These job lots of humanity arriving in Florida met no welcome.

The employers would have been glad to do well by good workmen, but the good workmen are drafted to more congenial climes and more attractive labour. In some instances where the men were of the best labouring type, they were well treated; but when, as was more often the case, they were starving Jews, decrepit Poles, and many Scandinavians, they were railroaded directly into the peonage camps. In debt when they arrived, they were held in debt; feeble in the beginning, they were more enfeebled by the climate and doubly incapacitated by unendurable labour.

Instead of foremen they found overseers; instead of employers, masters; instead of employment, slavery. If they escaped into the swamps they caught malaria; if they escaped death the bloodhounds found them; if they eluded the bounds the nearest constable took them in and turned them over to another master.

And yet, here and there, a few escaped. A relative of a schoolboy friend of Curtis

Guild, governor of Massachusetts, drifted into Boston one day last year and told his story. Three poor, health-broken Jews came to the officials of the Jewish Protection Society in Jacksonville and showed the livid scars where they had been whipped. Some miserable blacks crawled into the prosperous town of Orlando and pitifully begged from door to door, their legs a mass of sores. A dozen tramp immigrants ran away from the O'Hara camp at Buffalo Bluff and startled the inhabitants of Palatka with their story of frightful wrongs.

Then the United States district attorney took notice. An enterprising lawyer from New York put sleuths on some of the cases. President Roosevelt and the Commissioner of Labour were appealed to. Investigations were begun. The whitewashing process was developed. The Florida East Coast Railway—Flagler-Standard-Oil route—produced affidavits to disprove every statement of the friend of Curtis Guild. The blacks were discredited as natural liars, the Jews as wretches, the "poor white trash" as incompetent. All prominent citizens, the machinery of journalism and politics, combined to spread the whitewash.

And so the slavery lives. There it is to-day. Five convictions prove it; seventeen indictments smell of it; hundreds of newspaper stories floating about the states smooke out the iniquity. To understand it well, let us look a little into history.

Florida, the State, has about the population of Boston, the city. But it has room and natural wealth for millions more. So have been drawn to it in the past 20 years many adventurers. Crackers—poor whites—have come from Georgia, the Carolinas, and Alabama. These crackers have been in the majority, but the North has sent its quota—New York Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch, especially.

Sweeping into the state from above, this ambitious new blood has ousted the ancient aristocracy that once gave Florida the distinction of age and chivalry. Ready to the hand were great forests in which slept turpentine and lumber, and deep mines from which could be disgorged great wealth in phosphate.

Yet there was no money, quick or otherwise, without labour. The blacks already there were both too few and too lazy. The white man could not endure the climate, the immigrant could not be enticed. What was there to do? Confronted on the one hand with opportunities as unbounded as those found in the Michigan forests or among the wheat-fields of Dakota, and, on the other hand, with a population of ignorant, lazy blacks, they did not hesitate to pay the price demanded by fortune.

This price was peonage—and more, for peonage means, as the statutes read, "the securing, holding, or retaking of people for debt." But the men who secured, held, and retook those whom they wanted for their work used legal officers to get them, firearms to hold them, and bloodhounds to retake them.

This had gone along all right, without much complaint, for a period of ten or twelve years. So long as only the blacks were concerned they took the slavery as symbolic of the universal bondage condoned by their ministers. But in the last 18 months it has reached out and embraced immigrants from the North; hence the United States Courts.

A vast system of corruption radiates behind. This corruption concerns every element in the State. It corrodes politics; it blackens industry; it retards immigration; and it clogs the wheels of justice.

The corruption begins in the convict system. Florida has no State prison. She has 1200 convicts and no place to put them. The State, therefore, is compelled to speculate in her criminals. She leases them out to individuals who pay for the privilege. Instead of an expense, her convicts are thus a source of income.

And what is the effect on the convict? He becomes a mere chattel from whom the final lessee, who operates him, must

drive an exorbitant amount of work to make him pay. The convict is a very desirable workman. He can be counted on for six days a week from dawn till dark, and that is more than can be said of any but a very few negroes, most of whom obey their own sweet, wayward, indifferent will.

There has been a semblance of effort by the state to regulate abuses, but, to complicate the system, each county also has its convicts, and these are leased by the same villainous patronage, but with the added disadvantage that they have no supervision. The state inspects its camps; the counties do not have even that formality.

The horrors of this convict system have become so heartrending in Florida during the past few years that the respectable people, of whom there are a goodly number, have at last risen in revolt.

Orange, one of the most prosperous counties in the central district, the home at once of the fruit it is named for and of turpentine, first flew the white flag. The citizens of Orlando, the county seat, month after month were outraged by tales of cruelty from a turpentine camp near Gabriella, twelve miles away in a lonely forest. Sixty convicts from Duval and Osceola Counties were there under half a dozen guards and a convict captain named H. F. Douglas.

Twice there appeared on the streets of Orlando (as pretty, prosperous, and law-abiding town as could be found in New England) wrecks of what once were men—decrepit, with their backs scarred, their clothes in rags, shoeless, their feet splintered and swollen with the ugly wounds of the saw-palmetto. They told tales that would have brought tears from Judge Jeffreys. They were convicts, of course; still, they were human beings.

Strapped across a barrel, these men had repeatedly submitted to the lash, their heads covered by a revolver in the hands of one guard, while another wielded the whip. Their shoes had given out. They had asked for new ones. These refused, they did their work barefoot. This work was often on saw-palmetto, where the sharp teeth worked into the flesh and produced incurable festers.

Often mere caprice brought a whipping. Some of the guards were boys of nineteen. The captain, twice every day, made a tour of his gang, asking the individual guards which men were to be whipped. No overt offence was necessary. The youngsters, ennuied with the monotony of the lonely forest, required the diversion of a whipping nearly every day—just for the fun of the thing! This sounds incredible for 1908 in the United States of America, but only a few months later the writer visited a number of those same camps, and in one of them, expressing doubt that such a condition could exist, was told that he could "have one now" if he wished.

But such a state of things was not to continue. Complaint got to the governor, and he made an investigation. J. A. Kirkwood, a deputy sheriff, and J. H. Jones, a prominent lawyer, went clandestinely to the camp. They caught Captain Douglas red-handed. They failed to find a single convict wearing a whole pair of shoes. The feet of many were painfully lacerated.

Laceration from the saw-palmetto when exposed to the dews of the forest produces intense inflammation, sometimes blood-poisoning—even death. There is always intense pain. One of the guards told Kirkwood that "a stick of palmetto in 'em helps the niggers to work to forget it."

The details of Kirkwood's and Jones's private report to the Governor are too revolting for exact excerpt. They found a man in an outhouse dying from the poison of the palmetto—dying unattended, with no effort being made even for his comfort. On the backs of eight prisoners were huge scars, fresh and livid. The men were driven to and from work on the run, the pace set by a mounted man. They loped and scrambled along pitifully, three guards with drawn guns bringing up the rear.

Asked why he brought them in on the run, Douglas said that he must save time, that they worked eight miles out, and needed all of daylight on the job. Later it developed that most of the gang were 30-day men, serving time for petty offences, and, though soft to the work, were being driven harder than old hands.

A convict serving a sentence of several years would be well taken care of, his body being as valuable a chattel as that of a horse, but a 30-day man was of little consequence at the time, and of

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Constipation, and Billousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power 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 billious 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. HDARNE, Chemist, Guelong, 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.

sons after the month was out; hence he must be worked to a finish in 30 days. All of this and much more was developed under oath at the trial of Douglas, for he was soon indicted on 17 counts, which included everything from assault to murder in the first degree. The information gotten by Kirkwood and Jones, though taken privately for the governor, was of too sensational a nature to remain long a secret, and once loose among the leading citizens of Orange County, brought an imperative demand for justice.

At the trial one witness told of a day when a convict had fallen from exhaustion, how Douglas had ordered two of his fellows to help the man along, how the exhausted convict proved too big a burden for the swift pace of the gang, how Douglas had then ordered them all on to the camp, leaving him alone with the disabled convict. An hour later, the witness said, he and another man had been ordered to the front yard to bring in the fallen labourer, who died the next morning. When the gang returned to work the next day, on the dusty highway could be plainly seen a broad streak, as of a sack of meal dragged along. The story, then, seems all too plain—Douglas had tied the convict to his saddle-bow, and had dragged him three miles along the road.

Yet Douglas escaped on 16 of the 17 counts. A jury of his cracker peers let him off, because no cracker will believe the testimony of a coloured man. They convicted him on only one count—manslaughter. It is popularly believed in Orlando that Douglas would have escaped on the final charge, also, had he not put up too good a story in defence. He swore that he had made it a practice personally to bathe the feet of a certain convict. That was too much for the cracker jury. They knew he must be lying, and returned a verdict of "guilty." That more than three thousand white labourers have been slaving, under the brutal and heartless peonage system, on railroad construction in North Carolina and Tennessee was shown recently by the testimony of a number of fugitive victims before the United States grand jury at Charlotte, North Carolina. The facts brought out were so harrowing and conclusive that the grand jury indicted the Carolina Construction Company, Mayor Radcliffe of Marion, North Caro-

lina, T. C. Baker, a deputy sheriff, J. G. Porter, a superintendent, and Charles Crawford and a man named Drinkard, two foremen of the company. The charge was conspiracy to commit peonage. The company was fined twelve hundred dollars, which it paid with the understanding that the charges against Radcliffe and Baker be quashed.

The testimony of these fugitives adds another chapter or horrors to the almost unbelievable peonage tyranny which exists in many states. The men were honest, hard-working labourers, seeking a livelihood. Like so many thousands of other workers they fell into the snares of one of the "shark" employment agencies in New York. Enticed to North Carolina on the promise of good treatment and good wages, they speedily faced the realities of slavery. The South and Western Railroad, a branch of Thomas F. Ryan's Seaboard Air Line, is being built from Marion, North Carolina, to Johnson City, Tennessee, by slavery methods. The men were shipped in a batch from New York and taken to Altapas, North Carolina, on October 18, 1906, and then marched the next day six miles through the mountains to Spruce Pine, North Carolina. Here they were quartered with negroes in miserable shacks. Rare pine boards were their beds. When they protested Crawford shouted, "Get down and dig in that tunnel or I'll send for the flogger!" The men kept protesting against working under revolting conditions and being forced to do work for which they had not contracted. Crawford's only reply was to point his gun at them and exclaim, "You just march ahead of my mule into that tunnel and no more monkey business."

Headed by William Burke, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, a party of the victims escaped the next day. They had not gone a mile before an armed sentinel, in the person of Baker, abruptly halted their flight. Although he had no warrant, Baker arrested them and drove them back to camp. Here was a fine spectacle—American citizens being arrested without warrant, simply because they chose to flee from unendurable conditions! At the camp more indignities were heaped upon them. Thrown into a hut, they were kept imprisoned for twenty-four hours, with two armed guards stationed at the door. A young

labourer, James Pappello, of No. 63 Oliver-street, New York city, was thrown into the shack with them. Pappello had been dogged by a foreman until his body was covered with cuts and bruises. What was his crime? Like the others he had sought to throw off the shackles of peonage slavery.

The next day the prisoners were marched twenty-two miles through deep mud to Marion. As if they were criminals and not free workmen in a free country, they were held in the country jail for seventy-seven hours without a trial. Upon being taken before Mayor Radcliffe they were sentenced to twenty days in the chain-gang. Ball-and-chain attachments were riveted on their ankles to prevent their escape, and they were put to work hammering rocks. Through Burke's ingenuity the victims brought the outrage to judicial attention.

Fugitives are constantly escaping from the slavery camps of the South, and the peonage employment agencies of the North are as busy as ever recruiting victims to replace those who contrive to escape.

Ships remote from the land are seldom damaged by lightning, despite the fact that some of the most awe-inspiring displays of atmospheric electricity are frequently witnessed by those on board of them. Standing rigging, and even parts of the running gear, is now made of steel wire, and this substitute for the old-fashioned hemp serves the purpose of a lightning conductor when the ship is not fitted with such an aid to safety. The electric current is conveyed down the wire rigging, and reaches the sea through the vessel's metal hull. Damage only occurs if the current be interrupted on its way to earth. In a comparatively large proportion of instances the fore royal truck is struck by lightning, that of the main less frequently, and thence men mast least of the three. Ver- serious casualties under this head occurred to warships and merchant vessels in the days of wooden hulls and hemp-rigging. Many vessels are now fitted with lightning conductors of approve types, lest the wire rigging should fail to carry off the electric current.

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BABY'S daily bath calls for no other cosmetic than Zam-Buk Medicinal Toilet Soap, which is soothing and comforting to the skin, and prevents chafing, rash, irritations and other annoying and painful skin affections. Under its influence sound tissue is developed, and due to its penetrating nature it helps to build a more active and vigorous constitution. From Chemists, stores, and The Sunlight Mfg. Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney.




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."


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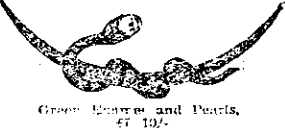
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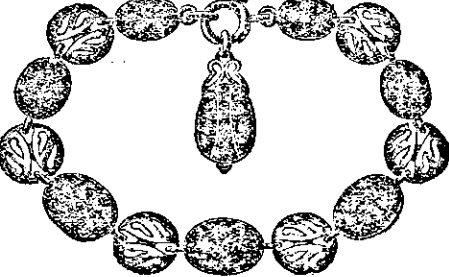
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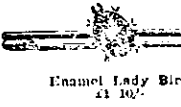
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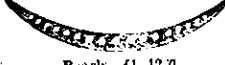
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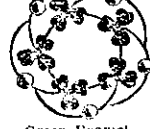
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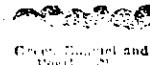
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EUROPE'S MONARCHS IN CARTOON

The "Cri de Paris," one of the cleverest of the satirical papers of the French metropolis, seized the occasion of the recent visits of President Fallieres to the various European capitals, to pass in material review for his benefit the men who would be his hosts. Roubille, one of the most brilliant cartoonists in the world, has drawn a series of caricatures of these rulers, a few of them good-natured, but most of them mordant in their

exceptions were notable at the time of the Boer war, when French sympathy was ardently anti-British, but the very virulence of the cartoons of Willette and one or two others defeated their purpose and left the British sovereign as popular as ever. The "Cri de Paris" prints with these cartoons a story of King Edward which it vouches for as a fact, remarking that the incident is typical of the calm courage



KING EDWARD.

satire, every one of them hitting off the character either of the individual monarch or of the country of which he is taken as the type. It is evident from the spirit of the cartoons that King Edward has lost none of his popularity in Paris. He is such a good-natured, magnetic man that Frenchmen have always loved him. Their caricatures of him have, with few exceptions, been animated by gentle humour. The

that has stood him in good stead so often. The story goes that a few weeks ago at Biarritz King Edward and some of his friends were playing bridge in his rooms at the hotel when there was a fearful crash, accompanied by the smashing of glass right under the window. The bridge players turned pale and gasped: "A bomb!" The King alone smiled and said: "One of the incidents of my profession."



THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSEAS.



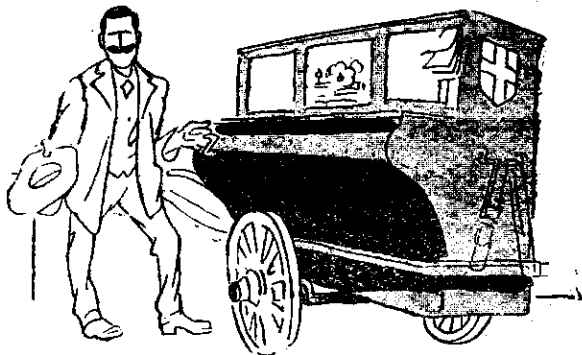
THE SULTAN.

Then, as he stepped to the window and motioned his companions to keep back he added: "This is my affair, not yours." On looking out he laughed, for all the excitement had been caused by a child at an upper window throwing some bottles of milk into the street, where they had made a royal smash. We only reproduce a selection of Roubille's caricatures. King Edward is represented in Scotch costume, cigar in hand, dancing a step which might be Scotch or even possibly French. Leopold of Belgium is represented holding a bag full of Congo gold, with the motto (a play on the phrase "Union makes strength") "Boodle makes strength." The Sultan of Turkey is pictured in truculent pose: "Allah is great and Abdul Hamid is his butcher." King Alfonso of Spain is dancing a



LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM WITH HIS CONGO GOLD.

lition is: "I am the Little Father, though it cost the knout." The Cri de Paris, prefaces its review of rulers with a little story of an evening at the house of the Comtesse de Trudern, when a witty Russian Grand Duchess was the centre of an admiring group. Her name is not mentioned, but it is



THE ITALIAN KING.

will findango: "And what of it? The Queen is not my mother!" The King of Italy figures as an organ grinder, holding out his hat: "If you please * * * the Triple Alliance has not made me rich." The Emperor of Austria is holding a flag, made up of pieces sewn together, representing the heterogeneous parts of his empire: "My poor successor! What an inheritance!" The artist puntrays the Czar on horseback with a caption of which a free trans-

easy to recognise the Grand Duchess Vladimir as the original. The conversation turned on Siberia, assassination, conspiracy, massacre, and other such subjects as arise at the mention of Russia. "And those dreadful revolutionaries?" some one asked. "Why, the Czar is in absolute communion with his subjects," replied the Grand Duchess, calmly and authoritatively. Then, in reply to looks of incredulous interrogation, she added, "He has taken to drink!"



ALFONSO OF SPAIN.

Verse Old and New

Stock Lyric.

(For Moaning Swains,)

Fair are your cheeks as roses rare;
(All who write rhymes have said this.)
Your eyes are bright as stars at night.
(A million girls have read this.)
Ah!—(Here insert her name.)
Your lips are like elixir!
(Or say, "Love's scintillating flame,"—
"Most either one will fix her.)

Girl with the fascinating curl,
(First lesson, THIS is simple!)
My heart beats true to none but you.
(NOW, shy one at her dimple!)
Ah!—(Here insert her name.)
Your lips are like old wine, dear.
(Or put—far more sedate and tame—
"I would that you were mine!" here.)

Love, by yon disc moon high above,
(An oath's the proper caper.)
I swear you this—a true heart's kiss!
(Try THIS on scented paper.)
Ah!—(Here insert her name.)
This passioned rhyme must woo you!
(Here make a bid for lasting fame.)
Who hasn't LOVED ne'er knew you!

—STACY F. BAKER.

The Courteous Cannibal King.

On a sea-girl isle in the grandest style
Lived a king whose name I forget;
A cannibal gay, who was strictly au fait
In matters of etiquette.
Said the monarch, "To roast this 'in-
hospitable coast
In geographies is a sin,
For the big palace pot always holds
something hot,
And we're glad to have strangers
drop in."

Oh, a courteous cannibal king—
A king who had manner to spare;
It filled him with ire
When the cook left "esquire"
Off the names on his bill-of-fare.
He would not put a Jew in an Irish stew,
For he said it was not "just the thing."
Oh, he was the brightest,
The quietest, politest,
This courteous cannibal king.

When a clergyman bland came to cannibal land,
The king read a verse of liturgy;
Served with pepper and spice, and with condiments nice,
He was wonderfully fond of the clergy.
With a fine Grecian bend he would murmur "My friend,
We're exceedingly glad your not thinner.
Our joy none can tell at seeing you well,
We'd be happy to have you at dinner."

Oh, a courteous cannibal king—
A creature above common clay.
"Your clothes we would spoil
If we boiled you in oil,
So we think we will have your soufflé.
We would highly approve if your cuffs
you'd remove.
For starch to the incisors clings;
And we like clergy peeled."—
Said this black Chesterfield—
Most kindly of cannibal kings.

"If my life you will spare, we will both
make a pair,
Like Damon and Pythias of old;
As friend or as menial you'll find me
congenial—
My heart is the purest of gold."
The dusk sov'reign sighed and with sadness replied,
"Your affections I gladly would share,
But if at poker you toil you will notice
in Hoyle
That a king full beats any old pair."

Such a courteous cannibal king—
A monarch devoted to "Don't."
"You'd be good fricasseeed,
But a scraping you'd need,
And escape an acquaintance I won't.
Though 'twould help us, I'm sure, we
decline the gold cure,
So kindly give mother your ring."
To expect a harsh word
Of faux pas were absurd
From this courteous cannibal king.

In two giant tureens, with a sprinkling
of greens,
The minister followed the fish.
"Tis polite," the king said, "to speak
well of the dead—
A jucier bite we'd not wish.
We would like to suggest, when we've
eaten his chest,
That we give the wish-bone to the
cook;
For that leathery taste is a fault of our
haste—
We forgot to remove his hymn-book."

Quite a courteous cannibal king—
A king who had no faults at all.
By his royal command
The best palace band
Through the meal played the Dead March
from "Saul."
When his appetite went he repaired to
his tent,
A solemn requiem to sing;
Then a crepe belt he placed
Round his amply filled waist—
Did this courteous cannibal king.

CHANNING POLLOCK.

King Ad.

The great king "Ad" is a cruel old cad,
And a pitiless cad is he;
But his smile is bright as his ways are
bad,
And big as his family.
His babies grin through thick and thin
In the nebulous magazines,
While his "pork-and" poets sing therein
For the glory of Boston beans.

His daughters beam over "Corn and
Cream,"
Or—(shame to his greedy guile!)

They pose in a corset pantomime,
Till you're thankful they wore the
sash.
His aunts behold! in a photo. bald,
With a cackle for "Almost Tea."
(O Lord! but I'm sick of being told
That coffee is crazing me!)

While his chuckling wife, with a butcher's
haife,
Cuts "Callaban's Pickled Veal,"
His cousins giggle for very life
In the joy of their "Malted Meal."
While his sons in the sub-way pun and
shaft,
And promise: "We raise men's pay."
The "Soul-twin" twists an electric laugh
In the beer-lights of Broadway.

Yes, the great king "Ad" is a merciless
cad,
And he gets faint praise from me,
But I do not blame him for being sad,
"Neath his mantle of outward glee,
Pray, what would you do, if, feeling blue
O'er the "Night Before's" brown lace,
Your family merrily sang to you:

"Eat {
Pie!"
Pills!"
Pickles!"
Cheese!"


—Chester Firkins.

"Jennie Kissed Me," Too.

Sarah kissed me when we met,
So did Kate and Bell and Bora,
So did Jane and Violet,
Dolly, Claribel and Flora.
They all liked me pretty well,
And—dear girls!—they never hid it!
I don't like to kiss and tell—
Still, they did it.

Later in the day I met
(And saluted) Maude and Daisy,
And I also kissed Conzette,
Clara, Julia, Ruth and Maisie—
Oh, I'm sorry for Leigh Hunt,
I who've had so many, many!—
While poor Leigh's one vaunted stunt
Was with Jenny.

—Richmond "Times-Dispatch."



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Anecdotes and Sketches

VERY FORGETFUL.

A minister's wife, a doctor's wife, and a commercial traveller's wife met one day recently, and were talking about the forgetfulness of their husbands. The minister's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful man living, because he would go to church and forget his notes, and no one could make out what he was trying to preach about.

The doctor's wife thought her husband was the most forgetful, for he would often start out to perform an operation and forget his instruments, and therefore travel miles for nothing.

"Well," said the traveller's wife, "my husband beats that. He came home the other day and patted me on the cheek and said, 'I believe I have seen you before, little girl. What is your name?'"

AT THE BARGAIN SALES.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said the lady to the shopman. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," replied the shopman. "We have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion papers says black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The shopman explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

Have you ever almost run into some one on the street, and then dodged from side to side for half a minute, vainly endeavouring to pass, while the other person by some strange fatality blocked your every move by trying to pass you in the same way?

Such was the recent experience of a young man. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by saying:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a walk or a two-step?"

DIFFERENT "COLLECTIONS."

"My collection," said the Numismatist proudly, "is worth about £200, and every coin is genuine."

"Mine," said the minister, sadly, "is worth about £7 a Sunday, and I have to take my chance on the coins being good!"

WARM AND FEVERISH.

Little four-year-old Lyndall B—touched his mother's arm with a stick he had heated in the stove. "What made you do that," she asked, "that was hot."

"Hot," said he, "no 'tain't either, see here," and he clutched it tight in one hand, but quickly dropped it rubbing his hand on the seat of his trousers, "Gee," says he, "it is kind of warm and feverish."

THE SWELL "CHOWS" OF MAORILAND.

Maoriland knows not the most humble Chow of Australian climes. In the country where the white man has exalted the Maori out of all reason, the Chow is a Personage. He is fat and bloated, wears a double collar, spats, and a waxed moustache. When he is a capitalist—and he often is—he grows bald like the white Fatman, and deplores the fact that capital is being driven away from his grand young country by socialistic legislation. The Maoriland fruit Chow is far removed from the humble vegetable John of Australian back-gates. He has large city shop-fronts, and makes big money. He talks

Stac school English, attends the Presbyterian Church, figures on subscription lists, and in many other respects is dull enough to rank as a highly-respected citizen. I fully expect to see one Mayor of Auckland yet. Also, his name is William, Albert, George, possibly Percy or Horace—he looks like either—anything but plain John. One Queen-street (Auckland) Chow told me, the other day, that his doctor had "ordered him away to the seaside, to recuperate." With a faint murmur of "Help!" I faded away from him. Fancy a Chow "recuperating."

REFLECTIONS OF A CYNICAL DINNER GUEST.

The first man who invited somebody to dine with him must surely have been terribly bored in his own house!

Agreed! But what about the first person who accepted an invitation!

The idea of people assembling in order to absorb food is certainly not a natural idea; the lower animals never invite each other to dinner—on the contrary!

Where in the world do all the distinguished-looking butlers come from? Remember how few people there are among all those you are acquainted with who possess the attributes necessary in a successful serving-man!

You have, all the time during which the soup is on the table, to rack your brains for something to say to your neighbour.

If, by the middle of the fish, you have found nothing to say, you must reconcile yourself to the knowledge that you have already been written down a dull blockhead.

The last novel or the last play is your safety buoy, unless, as sometimes happens, you have the misfortune to be next to a lady who has "no time to read" or "never goes to the theatre."

Pray heaven in such a case that there has recently been a nice little catastrophe of sorts which will allow you to remark that "it is terrible," in order that your neighbour may retort, "Yes, truly awful!"

However noisy the general conversation may be, it is sure to come to a dead stop at the precise moment when you decide to take advantage of the babel of tongues to say something very confidential to your neighbour!

In spite of all their drawbacks, certain dinners might be delightful were not the consciousness ever with you of the big stain you made right in the middle of your shirt-front during the first course!

When you go out to dinner you ought to be able to leave your stomach at home.—"Grand Magazine."

THOUGHTFUL MISS VINTON.

The small boy's mother was the only one who sat unmoved, while the small boy himself—most unwelcome addition to the informal afternoon tea—gleefully galloped around the circular table, daintily spread with silver and china, and towered over by a cut-glass lamp.

"It's a squirrely pony!" shrilled the infant, joyously, as he tossed his flaxen locks and twinkled his besocked legs with ever-increasing speed.

"Mercy! He'll have the lamp over!" shivered a nervous young woman, as the human gyroscope stumbled over the edge of a rug, clawed at the table for support, then triumphantly continued circling. Conversation froze on pallid lips as they sat awaiting the inevitable crash. Only the voice of the small boy's mother rippled along serenely.

The nervous young woman could stand it no longer. In sheer despair she ventured, "Mrs. Archibald—er—pardon me—your dear little boy—"

The lady addressed stared blankly, then grasped the situation. "Malcolm!" she said, sweetly. "Malcolm, dear, run around in the opposite direction, darling. Miss Vinton's afraid you'll make yourself giddy."

Throat and Lung Troubles

Angier's Emulsion is positively the best remedy for coughs, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles. It not only soothes and heals the throat and lungs, but it promotes appetite, aids digestion and builds up strength. One day's trial will convince you of its soothing, cough-allaying, lung-healing powers. Write to-day for a free sample.

Angier's Emulsion (PETROLEUM WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES)

"IT IS A GRAND TONIC."

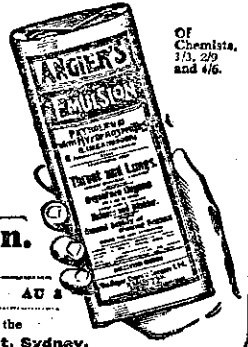
Merindee, N.S.W.
Dear Sirs,—I received the sample of Angier's Emulsion, for which accept my thanks. It is a splendid medicine and I have got a further supply from Mudjee. One bottle has nearly cured me. I mentioned it to my doctor and he says it is a grand tonic. I shall continue with it as long as necessary.

(Signed) ROBERT CRICHTON.

Free Sample Coupon.

Name _____
Address _____

Fill in Coupon and send with 4d. for postage to the ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 7 Barrack St., Sydney.



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Books and Bookmen

During Her Majesty's Pleasure: M. E. Braddon. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

Despite the fact that Miss Braddon has been writing for over a quarter of a century, anything from her pen is seized upon with the greatest avidity. Nor is there any sign of falling off in "During Her Majesty's Pleasure," which, if not so full of mystery as "Lady Audley's Secret," has the qualities that come from a deeper understanding of man, his motives, his fulfillings, and his shortcomings. There is the usual tragedy that overshadows all this author's stories, and the usual worthless man or woman that is at the bottom of it. The usual mystery, too, which is ferreted out by the usual tabby cat, to the temporary undoing of the hero or heroine. There is also the usual sound moral. And, as is not always usual with the novel of to-day, it justifies its existence by the splendid example it affords of a great filial love. Our copy of this book has reached us by the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

A Bounty Boy: Frank T. Bullen. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1 Adelphi Terrace.)

Those readers lacking in faith, or in some personal knowledge of the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty of half a century ago, may find it difficult to believe that such an idyllic state of things could have existed amongst the descendants of the perpetrators of a crime so cruel, and so lawless as to be unmatched in the annals of the Royal navy, and which had shaken the United Kingdom to its depths, by the knowledge that the discipline hitherto considered the strongest factor in the management of the united service forces, had proved utterly futile. Mr. Bullen's motive for writing this book will be found in his short prefatory note, where he says, "I have endeavoured to sketch a community for whom I have the highest admiration, the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, who I maintain are a standing proof of the miraculous power of the gospel in the regeneration of mankind when unhindered by sacerdotal interference. And in order to make the subject as full as possible, I have taken one typical islander, the Bounty Boy, out of his surroundings into the world and told his adventures therein, with a view of showing how the Christian, who is in one indeed, may fare." The most sacerdotal of Mr. Bullen's readers will thank him for his delineation of "Christmas Bounty Adam." But sacerdotalism and monarchies are the outcome of large communities, and of civilization, and instituted at their own wish. And the methods of primitive Christianity, as the hero of this book soon found, are called by other names than Christianity, in kingdoms, and sacerdotal circles. And the Bounty Boy, and "Mary Stewart," and her father did well when they shook the dust of the ultra-civilized world off their feet, and returned to the island which its inhabitants had turned into as near a precinct of Arcadia as could well be by a people who had in their veins the blood of those who had once helped to people Avernus. Those "who go down to the sea in ships," and especially those who are engaged in the whaling industry will wax enthusiastic over the realistic description given of sperm-whaling in the Pacific, and the expert knowledge shown by Mr. Bullen, who is no tyro at the game of whaling. Of the danger, the strenuousness, and the innumerable hardships that attend the hunting—harpooning, cutting up, and the boiling down of the blubber of these leviathans of the deep, the landman has not the slightest conception. But Mr. Bullen, with marvellous simplicity of detail, has shown all that is worth knowing of the process of whale-fishing, from the sighting of the whale to the consigning of the barrels of crude sperm oil to the hold. Mr. Bullen is nothing if he is not instructive and convincing. And he is more than this. He is sincere and uplifting. And what Rudyard Kipling has done for "Tommy Atkins," Mr. Bullen is in a fair way of doing for the sailorman.

Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

Redemption: Rene Bazin (London, George Bell and Sons).

No finer review of this book could be given than that contained in its preface which has been written by its translator, A. S. Rappoport. In this preface Bazin is introduced to the reader as a writer who will open up "A new vista of reflections." What Mr. W. B. Maxwell has done for the shop girls of England, and of London in particular, Bazin has done for the shop girls of France, and of the milliners of Nantes in particular. Referring to the play "Diana of Dobson's," Mr. Rappoport says:—"When witnessing the performance, melancholy thoughts crowded my brain. I thought of all the human beings whom Nature has treated like a very step-mother. She has given them appetites and desires, cravings and inspirations, but—with a grin of irony on her impenetrable face—has thrown them into a social atmosphere where it is an impossibility to satisfy these cravings and aspirations. And what is the result of this craving of Nature? If not endowed with strength of personality and a powerful sense of morality, these beings at the end have to yield to temptations and are swallowed up by the vast stream of vice. Their moral lungs become corroded and they find a premature end. And who will dare to throw the first stone at them? It is of such unhappy beings that Rene Bazin is talking in this novel." And, further, he says:—"The obstacle lies in their very profession. This profession refines them and raises them above their class. By their birth they belong to one world, and by their profession and their dreams, to another. They are placed between the luxury in which they dwell by day and the misery of their homes at night; they live in affluence when at work, and in poverty when out of it—they are unable to forget the riches which they contemplate and the modest conditions from which they spring." "Oh, you rich of the earth," exclaims Bazin, "did you but know of the sad hours linked with the charming creations you wear. Girls from Dobson's, girls from Kay's, and girls from Jay's, here is your history in a few words; here is your psychology and characterisation drawn in a few lines by the pencil of the master. For the young milliners in De toute son ame, and especially the heroine Henriette Madiot, are not typically French characters. Henriette, Marie, Irma, and Reine are human, and might just as well be placed in a Regent-street establishment as in the work and show-rooms of Madame Clemence at Nantes. They would serve for the identical picture, which differs only in its framework. The suffering, the struggle, the poignancy will be just the same on the banks of the Thames as on those of the Loire." "And is it artistic intuition, or conscious design, which makes the author, when drawing the picture of his heroine, say that one might have taken her for an English woman?" Of the system in vogue in the workrooms of France the writer of this article has no reliable knowledge. But while there is still much to be deplored in the system that prevails in the shops and work-rooms of England, it is certain that a great amelioration in the lot of this class has been gradually taking place: wages are higher, sanitary and housing conditions in the houses of the poor are better, while free libraries, free education, and free art galleries are having their effect on the minds of the workers, and gradually—though it is greatly to be deplored—women are discovering that there are avenues open to them outside marriage, and also that gauds and ease are an absolutely inadequate return for loss of virtue. Of the quality of this book there can be no two opinions. Written in chastely simple style that is worthy of the highest admiration and emulation, it is worthy of a place amongst the classics. No more delicate appeal has ever been made in the interests of the toilers. And no work girl who knows, or reads, her Bazin, can ever be wholly comfortless.

Scarlet Runner: C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (London: Methuen and Co., 30 Essex Street, W.C.)

The uses and misuses to which a motor car can be put would almost seem to have been exhausted by the versatile collaborators of this book, "Scarlet Runner," which is as exciting, and amusing, if not as originally conceived, as "The Lightning Conductor," "The Botor Chaperon," etc. Several sensational incidents of topical interest that have appeared in the columns of the great dailies, have evidently been seized upon and worked up into a consecutive story, in which the chauffeur of "Scarlet Runner" figures as top sayer. Briefly outlined, the story is as follows:—"Christopher Race," accustomed to regard himself as the heir to his Uncle's ("James Race") vast wealth, suddenly has his allowance of £800 a year reduced to £100. In a subsequent interview with his uncle, Christopher is informed that his uncle is dissatisfied with the use he has been making of his allowance, and unless he can prove within the next twelve months that he is capable of making money by his own exertions, his uncle will leave his wealth to a charitable institution. In order to prove his willingness, Christopher sells everything he possesses, except his wearing apparel, buys an up-to-date motor car ("Scarlet Runner"), qualifies himself as a first-class chauffeur, and advertises himself as willing to hire himself and "Scarlet Runner" out on tour for the usual consideration. Of his clients, and his, and their adventures, escapades, and hairbreadth escapes from total annihilation, the reader may not be allowed more than a glimpse in this review. Sufficient it is to say, that in generously losing a great motor race, the winning of which had been one of the conditions imposed by James Race, in order that a girl driving a rival motor car might win, the said win meaning to the girl's father either vast wealth and scientific distinction, or total ruin, Christopher not only wins a wife, but his uncle's money, as the girl turns out to be the daughter of the only woman James Race had ever loved. Of love affairs that end in marriage, this book contains ten. "Scarlet Runner" also is instrumental in placing on the throne the King of Dalvania, in the bringing of criminals to justice, in the acquittal of the innocent; it also helps to bring about a reconciliation between a recalcitrant husband and his wife, and acts the part of fairy prince to the sleeping beauty (in distress). Brings over too, in safety, from Amsterdam in its petrol tank, the diamond presented by the South African magnate to the King. In short, the only thing this Bayard of a motor (we use the cognomen advisedly, since the collaborators have invested it with human attributes) does not seem to have been able to do (like the elephant of the famous commedown) was to climb trees. Probably the members of that Rivier dinner party to whom "Scarlet Runner" is dedicated will be able to extract a glimmer of sense from the book's 380 pages. But the reader, like the fen country rustic, who, asked his opinion of Toole in his inimitable performance of Terpsichore, is said to have replied "He's the darndest fool I ever see." A criticism that would have delighted Toole, and which is respectfully passed on to the brilliant, but sadly unvarnished and volatile authors of "Scarlet Runner." We are indebted to Messrs. Wildman and Arey for our copy of this book, which to read is to thoroughly enjoy.

DELTA.

The well-known firm of Nelson, Moate, Ltd., tea merchants, have lately moved into their fine new warehouse. Situated at the corner of Victoria and Blair-streets, Wellington, the building presents an imposing front, easily distinguishable from the central and northern ends of the city, as well as from the harbour. The construction is unique, being the first entire reinforced concrete building in the city, and the absence of any wood other than doors and window-sills in the construction makes it entirely fire-proof. The space within the building is capacious, and provides sufficient room for the handling of 4,000,000 lb. of tea per annum. It is Nelson, Moate and Co.'s intention to eventually supply the trade in all parts of New Zealand direct from Ceylon and Wellington, instead of having branches at the various centres, as at present.

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Conqueror of the Air.

A Talk with Mr. Wilbur Wright.

Mr. Wilbur Wright, the famous American aviator, who is now in France giving most successful exhibitions of his machine, is tall and thin. A man with an enormous forehead, deep-set eyes, and the long, bony hands with square fingertips of the scientist. Much thought and many tightly-fitting caps have worn away all hair from the cranium, around the base of which is a scanty fringe. The shape of the head is extraordinary.

Strangely enough, there is something bird-like about the face. If you can imagine a sun and wind-browned eagle with kindly eyes, full lips and a prominent, dimpled chin, you will get a picture of Mr. Wilbur Wright, writes an interviewer in a Home paper.

"Will you tell me," I asked him, Mr. Wright smiled. "Fly," he said. "What you are going to do in France?" "Just fly, without troubling to wait for a calm and windless day." We had been speaking of M. Delagrangé's flight in Rome, and Mr. Berg (Mr. Wright's guide, philosopher, and friend), who had been called up on the telephone, said that the man to whom he spoke alluded to it as a triumph. "It certainly is a triumph," Mr. Wilbur Wright said, "on that machine."

"Then you —"

"Oh, I don't say a word against any of the French aeroplanes. But they are in another plane altogether from our own. Their aeroplanes are ingeniously constructed toys. Ours is a practical airship, a commercial asset, an airship that can be used for practical purposes." And then the extraordinary man clasped his long, thin hands round his knees, and made the most surprising statement he had made as yet, in the low, purring voice which is another of his peculiarities.

"You know," he said, leaning forward, and looking steadfastly at the carpet, "you know we have not done much yet. We are just beginning to see clear."

"But," I said, "do you not claim to fly twenty miles with two people on board in a high wind?"

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wright, "we can do that. We have flown twenty-four miles, I think, at about forty miles an hour, and we can fly fifty, or possibly five hundred. Our machine carries two men easily enough. I think as far as that goes that it would carry three. But we are only just beginning."

"What made you begin at all?" I asked.

"Why, I have always been interested in everything," said Mr. Wright, "and there did not seem to be any reason why we should not learn to fly if we thought a little, worked hard, and kept out of the way of the reporters. We have been eight years at it now, and we had begun gliding and flying a long time before any one took any notice of us. That was the time when we put in the real work. Since then we have been making improvements. But we had the principle all right nearly eight years ago."

Before my eyes Mr. Wilbur Wright turned himself into an aeroplane. He sat upright on his chair, and his two long arms shot out at right angles to his thin body. "Look at my hands," he said. As I watched him he turned the one hand one way, from the wrist, and the other simultaneously in the opposite direction. "Now do you see what the wings do," he said. "You have seen the little paper mills which children hold up in the wind. They are fixed lightly to a stick by means of a pin, and when the wind catches them they whirl. Well, our machine's tiltable wings turn the whole aeroplane into a helioid, just like the paper mill when it is still, and by so doing they ensure absolute stability in any wind."

MARVELLOUSLY SIMPLE.

"It's marvellous," I said.

"Marvellously simple," said Mr. Wright, "and otherwise not marvellous at all, but just common horse sense. What was the good of an airship that would only sail in a dead calm? We thought, and set about to get over the difficulty. There is really nothing wonderful at all about it."

In the improved machine the driver and his companion sit side by side on a seat as comfortable as that of a motor-car.

"The whole thing is very like driving a car," said Mr. Wright. "You look down on the air-way under you just as you look down on to the road from a motor-car, and really the only difference is that you look up a bit more often."

"What do you think about," I asked.

"Nothing but just the driving. As a matter of fact, I never even hear the machine now unless it stops," said Mr. Wright. "I have got so used to it, and I have no more sensational impressions in the air than you feel in a taxicab. But if you care to come up with me I daresay you will have some few new sensations, as it will be your first time aloft. Will you go up?"

"Like a bird," I replied.

"That's exactly how you will go up," said Mr. Wright.

A Visit to the Franco-British Exhibition.

(By Pierrot.)

I have been once to the Exhibition. That is as though a day-tripper to the French capital were to say, "I have seen Paris." What have I brought back? A jumble of infinitely numerous impressions dominated by a vision of endless beautiful white castles and palaces edging a series of peaceful lakes and canals—a vision of a great mediæval Italian city, but as startlingly, dazzlingly new as it might have been in the days of the Medici. And although one goes upon these waters in motor-boats, they are electrically driven and move in such wondrous silence, that one is apparently in a rowing-boat with a big watch or a little clock ticking away somewhere beneath one's feet. Thus the illusion is not spoiled.

"I do not care for exhibitions," said a relative to me the other day, which seems to me as though one should say, "I do not care for the wonders of civilisation concentrated and accumulated." If he admits the inference I am prepared to allow the logical possibility of his attitude. Otherwise I cross swords with him, not only in defence of exhibitions, but in defence of civilisation against an implicit but unconscious attack. For here is not an exhibition in the ordinary sense, but the quintessence not merely of this, or that, or the other, but of EVERYTHING—or at least of everything that has social significance. To the Utopian, the dreamer of a better and more efficient world, such a collection is inexpressibly fascinating. Here you have exhibits that show the latest economical applications of electricity to the work of the household, there are shown the latest projects for the housing of the worker, or an ideal arrangement of a school class-room, here, there and everywhere you see how things are conceived and planned and made that hitherto you had accepted as finished, concrete realities. Outside you see the whole bodies of things; here they are dissected and explained, as you have never seen them dissected and explained before, and may never see them again. Your mind works incessantly, not at sight-seeing, but at learning the real inwardness of a complex civilisation.

Then you see palaces of art—aesthetic and applied. Hence the idealiser of the past, or the worshipper of specialized forms of beauty, can maintain his warfare with the utilities to the top of his bent. And he has material to work upon for weeks and months without casting the most fleeting glance upon a Maxim gun, or a spiral lathe, or an electric motor. Or the musical-minded can feast upon the strains of four of the greatest bands of the two great nations, without once hearing the "rough" of a suction gas plant, or the buzzing of wheels from the palace of machinery. Hence there is something for everybody; each can look intently on the facet of civilisation that appeals most to him, and neglect that which appeals to his fellows.

Then, for the more frivolous, there are those endless nausea-producing, heart-tearing monstrosities that mark some new adaptation of the dreadful old switchback; there is the more stately giant man-lifting pair of cranes that are collectively but inexplicably described as a "Flip-Flap"; there are free cinematograph "shows" to advertise a French railway, and sixpenny ones to show a French firm's films; there are innumerable "side-shows" with weirdly-costumed people to emphasize their attractiveness with all the colloquialism of Coney Island or an English provincial fair. The gourmand and the gourmet are catered for in a profusion of restaurants, at which you can get a meal at anything from sixpence to the best part of a pound. I can conceive of no human being who could not find something to enjoy or to learn in this collection of universal wonders. The doctor, the social reformer, the electrician, the railway engineer, the architect, the connoisseur, the musician, the quack with the cauld, the glutton, the drunkard, the fop and the imbecile can here pass many hours of instruction or delight. But above all it is to the man of wide interests that this vast collection makes its greatest appeal. And after all, why cannot we have wide interests? Why cannot a man see the poetry of great machinery—symbol of the power of man—equally with the poetry of man's soul? I suppose the journalist is the only man who has professionally to be interested in every aspect of human life; but why do people want perpetually to be "professing," and why should they limit themselves to the interests of a clique, bind themselves with the iron hoops of a fixed idea?

Perhaps that is the finest purpose of a great exhibition—to interest one man in the work and aims of others; to bring civilisation into ordered relationship, and implant an active sense of human progress. As I mingled with tens

of thousands of people, active and feeble, loitering and strenuous, prosperous and down-at-heel—I could not avoid the conclusion that a very large proportion of this inebriated mass of men and women might be unconsciously learning the greatest lesson of their life-time—gaining the sense of civilized co-operation and civilized purpose! Ordinarily we are so blinded by theoretic imagination, by terminology, by false idealism; here, all is clear, naked, unexplained reality. The facts are there as facts of life; the theory, good or bad, is your own. Thus nothing limits you as you may be limited to a lecture or a play; you only limit yourself.

From whirling machinery to the soft mellow languishing tones of a Guards' band, and on through discordant yells from Cookney door porters in three-cornered hats and knee-breeches, on again through a Babel of voices, projecting and admiring and smartly business-like, I regained the water, and silently glided through a good part of a mile of Venetian-like streets to a crowded exit. The greatest sense remaining to me—and there is no sense of it all that is not one of greatness—is that of a world in miniature. And you cannot see the world in a day, even when it is most cleverly concentrated for you within the enclosure of a great exhibition. A man with specialized interests could easily spend fifty or sixty hours in seeing the exhibits bearing upon his subject; I think it is no exaggeration to say that the man with general interests could visit the grounds fifty times and still find new sources of instruction. The newspaper description of the place as "The Great White City" is in no way an exaggeration. It is a city in which you are constantly getting lost, a city in which you see human nature, satisfy your senses and enlarge your knowledge. I have already derived life-long profit from the Great White City, and more remains to come.

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Mrs. Caesar's Champion.

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

Recounting Several Improvements on Shakespeare and The Famous Roman Statesman.

HE sat on the end of the pier, dangling his long legs above the water while he watched the afternoon shadows play hide-and-seek among the spars of the fishing-fleet at the next wharf.

His bullet-shaped head was crowned with an aureole of fiery red hair; his protruding jaw gave the impression of dogged determination; but, to offset this, his watery blue eyes, one of which had a decided cast, roved restlessly here and there with an air of melancholy indecision. His name began valiantly with Daniel Webster, and ended—with something of a shock to the senses—in O'Reilly.

Beside him on the pier-stringer lounged a smaller and meeker man—a satellite, evidently, if one were to judge him by the manner in which his eyes sought almost reverently O'Reilly's ugly features and the way he hung attentively on O'Reilly's every word.

"'Tis bein' too intellectual that begun it," quoth O'Reilly, borrowing the satellite's newly-lighted pipe and puffing away with contented indulgence.

"If I hadn't been thinkin' too much of my intellect I wouldn't have been perusin' borrowed literature behind a pile of packin'-cases, an' if I hadn't been perusin' the literature, the head shipper wouldn't 'a' found me there an' fired me incontinent for doin' the same. As it was, I stuffed the literature into my pocket, said good day to the shipper an' wished him luck, sarcastic, an' havin' drawn the pay that was due me, departed into outer darkness.

"Three weeks I was jobless, an' at the end of that time, what with tollin' not nor spinnin', I found myself facin' the terrible possibility of a personal famine in the midst of plenty.

"'Twas at that stage of the proceedings that I run across Andy McConahey—success to the white soul of him! He took me down the street to a place an' listened to my troubles most sympathetic.

"I happen to know," says he, when I had finished, "where you can land a job most suitable to your peculiar talents. This feller, Hagan, who is playin' Julius Caesar at the Grand Opera House, is shy a couple of centurions.

"Nature has cast you in the mould of a centurion," he goes on, runnin' a critical eye over my contour. "You've the build an' the air of one. Why don't you go up an' make a try for it?"

"Who do I want to see up there?" says I, brightenin' up with hope.

"The stage-door keeper is a good friend of mine," says Andy. "I'll give you a note to him. Go up an' see him an' he'll put you wise."

"An' that is how it came about that on the same evenin' I trod the boards in 'Julius Caesar,' with an unaccented pair of tights encasin' my legs, a dinky little skirt danglin' from my waist, a bit of tin armour on my chest, an' a brass helmet, which sported a plume of rooster-feathers, for a lid.

"'Twas little enough I had to do—nothin' but march on to the stage now an' then with a crowd of supes an', occasionally, at a signal from the stage-manager in the wings, to let out a beller or mayhap a bit of a groan, as circumstances demanded. I seemed to get the spirit of the thing from the start.

"Maybe the Shakespeare I'd read on the sly behind the packin'-cases accounted for it. At any rate, the stage-manager told me I done it all right, except the bellers, which he said was a little too strident.

"For two weeks I led a care-free life, disportin' my innocent tights every night, doin' my groans an' my bellers an' drawin' my pay regular every Monday. I might have been doin' the same yet if my heart hadn't got away with my sense an' I hadn't give Julius Caesar a much-needed chastisement one night when the house was packed.

"This feller, Hagan, who was doin' the title role of the show, was a pompous,

orderin' every one about an' makin' a grabbed sort of a chap. He was always most amassin' fuss if everything didn't go just as he wanted it to. He had a wife—nice little clingin' sort of a creature that thought the sun rose an' set by him. He was forever findin' fault with her an' abusin' her something fierce, but she used to stand for it all with never a murmur. She'd pass it off by sayin' he had the artistic temperament, which I took to be something that relieved him of all responsibility of actin' like a civilised man.

"To make things worse, Hagan would drink sometimes, an' when he was tanked up a bit the shameful way he'd treat that meek little bunch of skirts was enough to make the hair of any half-ways respectable man rise on his head. There was a good deal of talk about the way he treated her, even among the supes, for she was one of the kind of women that was always doin' some one a good turn, an' every one connected with the show liked her as much as they hated Hagan.

"She was cast for a small part, an' if she didn't do it just to suit his lordship's taste—which was frequent—the way he'd run on an' the names he'd call her was enough to make your blood run cold. But I never saw him abuse her except with his tongue, till this night I'm tellin' you about, when I resigned from the company sorter sudden.

"Hagan must 'a' been drinkin' pretty hard all day, an' when it came time for the evenin' performance he was in his crankiest frame of mind. He cursed everybody an' everything, free an' impartial. We all noticed, too, that when he got his first cue his legs were wobblin' a good deal as he stumbled through the wings.

"Mrs. Hagan was watchin' him anxiously, but, once he got goin', he seemed to sober up all right, an' the show run on smooth as clockwork, with Julius Caesar gettin' the glad hand every time he stuck his nose out of the wings, for, somehow, he was outdoin' himself.

"After this first scene of his he come marchin' off the stage most majestic, but the minute he hit the wings he seemed to lose his grip on himself an' to go all to pieces. He stood there for a minute, shakin' an' sort of confused-like; then he went staggerin' toward his dressin'-room, with his wife, white an' anxious, trailin' after.

"A minute later a door banged viciously, an' even in the wings we could hear Hagan's voice howlin' an' cussin'. The members of the company, waitin' for their cues, begun droppin' their eyelids at one another an' bobbin' their heads very knowin'.

"'Twas shortly afterward that I caught my tights on a nail in a piece of scenery an' tore 'em something scandalous. It bein' almost time for the centurions to show up again, I rushed down the passageway between the dressin'-rooms to the property-room, meanin' either to get the tear sewed up or to get a fresh pair of tights.

"When I come back the door of Hagan's dressin'-room was wide open an' I could hear two voices—his wife's, sort of low an' pleadin', an' Hagan's roarin' back at her as if she was the inmate of a deaf asylum. I come along more cautious till I got to where I could see through the open doorway.

"Hagan was standin' back to me. In one hand he held a bottle an' in the other a glass. 'Twas plain as the nose on your face that Julius Caesar intended to take a little refreshment. His wife had hold with both hands of the arm that held the bottle. Her eyes were big an' frightened an' she was talkin' fast in a low, scared voice.

"'You sha'n't,' she was sayin', 'you sha'n't!'

"An' then Hagan wrenched himself free. He put the bottle on a chair an', turnin' round, struck her with his fist.

"She gave a little sigh an' sort of crumpled up an' went down in a heap on a trunk just back of her.

"Something seemed to give way in-

side of me. For a minute I couldn't seem to move, an' I guess it was lucky I couldn't, for there was murder in my soul, an' I guess if I'd got hold of Hagan then I'd have wrung the neck of him.

"But before I could get my wits back sufficient there was a fortunate interruption in the shape of Brutus, who come hurryin' down the passageway to the dressin'-room, an' pulled Hagan through the door.

"Come, come, Hagan! Where the devil are you?" says he, apparently not noticin' the huddled heap on the trunk. "Do you want to queer the scene? Come on, now, an' get a grip on yourself."

"An' off he goes, pushin' Hagan on in front of him.

"I went down the passageway, an' got some water in a dipper; then I come back to the dressin'-room, an' liftin' the woman on the trunk, I bathed her temples till she opened her eyes an' said 'Thank you,' very weak.

"Then I propped her up comfortable with some costumes an' went out to the wings.

"My head was swimmin', an' red sparks was floatin' in front of my eyes, but I walked into the wings very steady an' stopped there for a minute to listen. Julius Caesar stood alone near the footlights, swayin' uncertainly while he delivered a soliloquy.

"Only a moment I waited there before I stalked out on the stage, my tin breastplate slakin' an' the rooster-feathers in the plume of my helmet streamin' out most virtuous.

"Hagan heard me comin' an' turned round. When his eyes lit on me he fair turned yellow with anger.

"'Get out of here!' says he under his breath. 'What do you mean, you crazy fool! Get out of here!'

"An' with that he swings round an' goes on with his soliloquy, thinkin', of course, that I'd dive crestfallen into the wings; but he was takin' a chance on uncertainties, for on I stalked an' caught him by the back of the neck with my right hand. The soliloquy stopped sudden; he let out a yell an' begun to cuss so violent that I had to hug him up to me an' clap my other hand over his mouth to choke him off.

"Then I turned to the audience, which was starin' in open-mouth wonder.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' says I, bowin' my lowest an' smilin' my sweetest, 'I'm sorry to interrupt Julius's soliloquy, but there's a few things that ought to be said, out of fairness to you, before he goes any farther.'

"Julius, here, ain't just what he seems to be. He's been deceivin' you an' 'tis now my intention to show him up for what he is. When he struts these boards every night an' gets the glad

hand from you all you good but misguided folks think of him as an upright an' honourable man, which he ain't by no means. He's a low-down undeservin' hound.

"But, like a good many people of his kind, he's got as good a wife as the Lord ever made. Julius ain't appreciative of this fact. He seems to think she's only something to cuss at an' wipe his feet on. This is his usual course with her, but to-night he went a step farther an' struck her a dirty cowardly blow in the mouth. All of which makes me think that our friend, Julius, here, is badly in need of chaastin' in public. An' this, if you will kindly give me your undivided attention for a minute, I will proceed to do."

"All this time Hagan had been buttin' his head into my ribs, an' kickin' me in the shins something cruel, but by dint of exertin' all of my strength I'd managed to hold on to him an' keep him quiet.

"At the left of the scene was a flight of steps, an', when I'd dragged him up, down on these I sat, an' after considerable of a struggle I managed to get him across my knee. Then I laid on some good, honest welts with my bare hands, the while he howled an' kicked an' bit most vicious.

"I'd only got in a half-dozen or so when a bell tinkled an' the curtain come down with a rush. People come swarmin' from every direction. I let go Hagan, gave him a push an' a kick, an' jumped up to defend myself. I was makin' a pretty creditable job of it when Brutus got a strangle-hold around my neck an' Cassius tripped me up, an' then Mark Antony give me a jolt in the shorts, that took the wind clean out of me an' put me down an' out.

"When I come to I was layin' in the alley that runs back of the stage entrance, still togged on in my centurion rig, but with my civilised clothes piled up beside me.

"Say, I'm out of a job, all right, an' I'm on my uppers for fair, but it's worth it."

"I hear Hagan is treatin' her better now."

The famous apeman, Pithecanthropus erectus, was found about 16 years ago by Dr. Eugene Dubois in the gravel beds of the Bengawan river, near Trinil, in Japan. The recent explorations in the same locality by Dr. J. Eberts, the German geologist, seem to indicate that Java had still earlier inhabitants, who built fires, cooked deer, pigs, and ancient buffaloes and elephants, and had pottery and stone arrow heads. These people, whose bones are not reported among the remains found, are supposed to have lived 20,000 years ago.

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THEY were two sisters of one race! daughters of the Hon. Stanhope Macgregor. Celia was a beauty. Hilda was plain, still compensation had been equalised. Hilda was clever and attractive, Celia was un-demonstrative and apathetic.

That they could ever be love-rivals no one would either have expected or believed, still the unexpected always has a place in the world's daily doings.

Their mother, Lady Agnes Macgregor, had been dead for many years—neither of the girls had the slightest recollection of her. Old Nurse Brown had from childhood stood to them in the place of a mother, and to her they both clung with a pertinacity that was touching in its intensity. It almost seemed as if they cared more for Nurse Brown than for their father, though he gratified their every whim; still he was a cold, reserved man, whom it was not easy to love or coquet, thus the outpourings of these two young hearts were expended on Nurse Brown, till—

It was a clear frosty day in early January. No hunting could be thought of, and the Hon. Stanhope stood looking out of the library window, a frown on his somewhat gloomy brow; it might be supposed because to indulge his favourite pastime was impossible, but there was an open letter in his hand, and from the tight grip his fingers held of the delicately-tinted paper on which it was written, it almost seemed as if it were the letter, and not the imprisoned fox that had produced even a gloomier expression of feature than was usual.

The two girls, skates hanging on their arms, clad alike in dark green sable-trimmed serge, walked past the window. Surely—pretty picture that they made, it were a sight to gladden the heart of any loving father, especially as they both looked up laughingly at the windows of the house. Mr. Macgregor, however, stepped back. It was not to him they were signalling, but to Nurse Brown, who from the floor above was bidding her "dearies to be careful, and not get into any accident or trouble."

"Thanks to the old woman for the care of his children did not, however, spring spontaneously in the heart of the master of Rooks Nest, where the Macgregors dwelt.

"Curse her," was the muttered exclamation. "It was an evil day when that hag took possession of me and mine, silent she has been, kept her word so far, but plotting ruin nevertheless."

Then he re-read the letter, on which he had closed his fingers—locked it carefully away in the drawer of his writing-table—and, after giving a few orders to men servants, planted his soft Panama hat firmly on his head and went out—walking with a determined stride in a totally different direction from that chosen by the girls.

As he went down the terraces, it was Nurse Brown's turn to make observations about him, as she still sat working at an upper window.

"Lord of the earth but not of himself—poor lassies—poor lassies. Woe me for the future," she murmured.

Although she did not recognise it, the future was dying out. It had already become the present.

The two girls had reached the lake, and were looking about them as though expectation was keen. Whatever the Hon. Stanhope and his "bete noire" the confiding Brown might believe, it was scarcely likely that two young girls

would regard with anticipatory pleasure a day's skating, without the society of an escort—or rather two escorts were necessary to make the Paradise they longed for, since "Happiness was born a twin."

Only one escort nevertheless was awaiting them, and there was a look of such blank disappointment on both their faces, when Hugh Lethaby came up unaccompanied, that it almost seemed as if both the sisters were in love with the absentee.

And all the time no one at Rook's Nest, not even Nurse Brown, knew that they were in any way acquainted with Hugh Lethaby, or the straggler, who was perhaps a fairly near relation of the Hon. Stanhope and his somewhat independent daughters, since he bore the name of Macgregor Wilton. For reasons, which in his wisdom he considered expedient, he had, however, omitted to give himself double-barrelled importance, and thus called himself plain Charlie Wilton.

"Where is Mr. Wilton?" asked Hilda, who was ever the spokeswoman.

"He has been telegraphed for to go to his grandmother—rather rooco, isn't it?"

Celia smiled and showed her pearly teeth—she had not a notion what he meant by rooco. The better informed Hilda laughed outright.

"Not so dangerous as the modern girl," she said in her light way, while Hugh Lethaby wondered what this fair maiden, who had passed her life at Rooks Nest, knew about the modern girl.

He evidently was not a believer in intuition, and being unable readily to solve the problem he had set himself, he took the practical line of proceeding to put on the young ladies' skates. He began with Celia—Celia was the preferred one—her beauty appealed to him. He had no predilection for smartness and allusions to the modern girl.

Hugh Lethaby was the eldest son of a neighbouring squire, rich withal, having inherited a large property from an aunt. He was in every way qualified as a "parti" for the beautiful daughter of the Hon. Stanhope Macgregor. Even Nurse Brown would surely not flout Hugh Lethaby, although she thought no king on earth was good enough for either of her "dearies."

The individual who did damp his ardour was Celia herself—cold as an iceberg, her stereotyped smile was ever sweet and beautiful—but try though he might, and with all the fire and electricity of youth, he strove hard, yet he could not succeed in awakening into volcanic life this seemingly unimpressionable mountain of stone. Among loving words and strong terms of endearment, that would have set most girls aglow with feverish excitement, Celia remained unreciprocal. She only smiled and gave no sign. Whether Charlie Wilton would have had more power to rouse her slumbering senses, who knows—but he was Hilda's attendant knight. In their case the fortunes were reversed. Wilton laughed and talked, and made himself pleasant without any committal of especial interest. Hilda laughed, too, and chatted glibly, while in the garden of seeming pleasantness a little flower bloomed,

"And still it lived and thrived, And men do call it Summer growth, But the angels call it love."

The day and ice were everything that could be desired, yet the skating advan-

ture, to which both the girls had been looking forward, had scarcely proved a success, and as they, towards dusk, wandered back to the old house—Nurse Brown having already sent one of the men to look for them, and see if they had come to any grief—the spirits of both seemed to be at zero, and during the brisk walk home but few words were interchanged.

Neither seemed anxious to confide what was in her mind, and yet till to-day these two sisters, of whom Hilda was the elder, had been as one, the difference in their temperaments being merely as the changeful moods, that frequently occur in the same individual.

Could it be that jealousy had been awakened—that the absence of Charlie Wilton was accountable for the sudden silent reserve, because neither chose to confess her disappointment to the other?

They went into the house by the garden door, inside of which Nurse Brown was standing waiting for them in fretful impatience.

"My dearies—my dearies, I began to think you were drowned!"

"Nonsense, Nana—don't be foolish—we are all right."

It was Hilda who answered. "Or all wrong, I'm afraid—there is sometimes worse things than drowning—things that even artificial respiration won't help back into life."

"Whatever are you talking about? Don't get docty, Nana—we are both tired—come and help us to get ready for dinner."

"Ay, dinner—dinner and the master—He has come in."

"Has he been asking for us? Does he—"

Celia now spoke for the first time, and nearly gave them both away in her fear lest her father had discovered that the skating expeditions, of which there had been several, were not simply under the care and supervision of an old faithful pensioned gamekeeper.

That Jim would tell tales she did not for a moment suspect, but that her father was Argus-eyed she knew full well, though of course he might expect lovers sooner or later.

Had not Brown been telling them for years that girls were only sent into the world to marry and settle down. But whether the master of Rooks Nest would approve of the manner of the settling was quite another question; nor did it appear to either of them that the pairing was quite arranged.

The want of absolute certainty on this subject it was that was making them both testy and uncommunicative.

It was with some trepidation that they joined their father in the dining-room. Nurse Brown's insinuations whilst she was helping them to dress, being most mysterious—nothing inducing her to speak out—she had by no means given them courage, nor did the first glance at their father's face in any way help to

reassure them. While the butler was in the room no pertinent remark was, however, made; they were not even asked if they had enjoyed their day on the ice. It was not till the time arrived when they usually left Mr. Macgregor to the enjoyment of his post-prandial port, that he bade them remain where they were, as he wished to speak to them.

A shiver passed from one to the other, as they both wondered what was wrong. Their father, however, only by a curl of his lips gave sign that he remarked it.

He knew, as well as they did, that the greater part of the day had been passed in the society of Hugh Lethaby, since by a circuitous route he had himself gone to the lake, and been an unseen witness of their "gambols," as he was pleased to consider them.

Nevertheless, it did not suit him to refer to what he had seen, though during a stormy interview he had had with Nurse Brown, thus had he designated the escapade of her two charges.

Nurse Brown had, however, been strictly forbidden to speak in any way to his two daughters on the subject of lovers, until he had done so himself; but, being an old woman, whose garrulity was with difficulty suppressed, she had treated them to much mystery and innuendo, as quite to upset their nerves.

Mr. Macgregor's remark when, after they had resettled themselves, and he had permitted himself the effect of a short pause—it had been spoken was so unexpectedly startling, that it brought the colour into both their faces.

"We have hitherto not had many visitors, but I have instructed Brown to see that the guest chamber is prepared, as I expect a visitor in the course of to-morrow—a young man—a relative, in fact—his name is Wilton."

It was a bomb with a vengeance—especially coming from the Honourable Stanhope, who was by no means given to explosives.

For a second there was silence, then Hilda managed to murmur,

"Yes, father."

It was not very expressive, or like the lively Hilda, who usually asked endless questions—that she asked none about this Mr. Wilton a little bit surprised Mr. Macgregor, who had been preparing himself for them. As for Celia, she did not speak at all, thus her father was compelled to continue—

"You will both be civil and make yourselves agreeable—not leave him to his own devices, while you amuse yourselves on the ice. To your care especially, Hilda, since you are the eldest, I commend him. I do not think he is a hunting man, so in the event of a thaw, which seems imminent, I do not want to have him always on my hands—you understand."

"Yes, father," repeated in the same meek, somewhat cowed voice.

Neither of the girls could comprehend, either why Charlie Wilton was coming

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there, or their father's interest in the matter, and since both of them felt guilty of having kept their acquaintance with him a secret, silence suited them best.

Nor were their tongues loosed with their usual freedom, when they left their father to the enjoyment of his port. They went into the drawingroom, and knelt together in front of the fire, as if warmth was a necessity, if they wished to regain their wonted geniality.

Hilda was the first to speak.

"I love him," she murmured beneath her breath, while a sudden flame lighted up her face, the light in which died away as suddenly as the flame, when Celia, whose silence had till now been truly golden, gave herself away by also murmuring—

"I also love him."

Hilda sprang to her feet.

"My father has placed him in my charge, and if you interfere—"

But Celia's arm was round her.

"Dear Hilda, let events shape themselves—I will show no sign."

The beauty possessed the sweeter nature of the two, still strong love would never in her stir the depths, that would be stirred in the heart of the more impassioned Hilda.

Meanwhile the first rift had appeared in the lute, on which the sisters had both so harmoniously played since childhood, nor was concord re-established by old Brown. She was so garrulous, and yet so mysterious, that both girls were more perplexed about the coming of Mr. Wilton, than they had even been when their father had announced it.

When he arrived, the master was out—purposely it almost seemed.

It was Brown who came forward fustily, as if it were her province to receive him.

"My boy, my bonnie boy," she said, "welcome to Rooks Nest. That I have lived to see this day is good for my longing heart."

"What did she mean? What did Nana know of Mr. Wilton?"

The girls' eyes asked the question of each other.

Everybody seemed to have been secretly acquainted with him. Altogether it was most uncanny. Would he explain it? They both devoutly hoped so—yet the

explanation might come in a form, for which they were wholly unprepared.

For the moment it did not come at all. Mr. Wilton accepted Nurse Brown's welcome cordially, shook hands with the sisters—they were his hostesses, but except by the smile that lighted up his handsome face and his mischievously wicked eyes, that were beaming with fun, there was no betrayal of previous acquaintance.

Before any unwitnessed interview could take place between him and the young ladies, he was summoned to one of a far more sedate nature in Hon. Stanhope Macgregor's private sanctum, from which not till the dressing bell had rung did he emerge—his hands full of papers.

All this time the girls were on the tiptoe of expectation—while none of the cross-examination to which they had subjected her would induce old Brown to gratify their curiosity, as to who this man really was, or why he had come there.

"He'll tell you himself—or perhaps the telling will come from the master—'taint likely as I shall reveal family secrets now, as I've known afore you was born, Missie Hilda."

Not till the morrow was any light permitted to dawn from behind the mysterious cloud, by which the Rooks Nest seemed to be shrouded. Sleep only in snatches had come to the excited girls, who rose betimes, and donning their green serge frocks went on to the terrace, as the first rays of the sun were causing the icicles to drip.

"I am getting bored by this perplexing nonsense, and I mean to accept Hugh Lethaby," said pretty Celia, just as a manly form emerged from a clump of laurel bushes, and stepped on to the terrace at the far end.

It was Hugh Lethaby.

The plot was thickening—a fresh surprise—what was he doing here? Mr. Macgregor did not as a rule court the society of young men. Though he and Squire Lethaby, the father, often met on the Justices bench, and he was occasionally invited to come and sip post-prandial port with the master of Rooks Nest, yet Hugh had certainly never before been invited within the precincts of

the old place, and surely he would not presume to intrude without an invitation.

He came up laughing, and looking quite at home.

"Funny, isn't it?" he said, as he shook hands. "When we were on the ice together I didn't think the climax would be quite so soon, though of course I and my governor have known all about it for weeks past. Ah, there is Mr. Macgregor, he sent word I was to come over to breakfast."

No time for questioning Hugh Lethaby, the Hon. Stanhope was coming along the terrace accompanied by Charlie Wilton. The girls naturally went up to their father forthwith to wish him "good morning," but he was so strangely altered in appearance, that they both started back aghast. There was a gray look in his face, that made them fear that he was seriously ill. He noticed the shade of anxiety that had come over them, and at once sought to allay it by speaking cheerily, and trying by every means he could to make that terrible English ordeal, the breakfast hour, pass pleasantly.

Hugh Lethaby was in reality the only individual who was wholly at his case. He devoted himself to Celia with an assiduity that showed he had no recollection of little snubs and coldnesses, especially forgotten were they, since she now elected to receive his attentions with gracious acceptance. The beauty was wise. "She was not going to throw away such a good match as Squire Lethaby's heir, because she fancied this mysterious Charlie Wilton, who was not only devoted to Hilda, but probably merely a pauper to boot—some outlying relation, whom Nurse Brown had induced their father to acknowledge out of kindness."

At least, this is what Celia decided, as she looked across the breakfast table. No one had ever heard that this Wilton had any money, and the rather grave manner in which he received Mr. Macgregor's courtesies, while he meantime cast occasional longing glances at Hilda, quite settled Celia in her belief, that if permitted to sue at all it would be "in forma pauperis!"

What Hilda thought and felt was undefinable—but she was very quiet—all the sparkling fun and repartee, in which

she was wont to revel, had been suppressed, and as she glanced every now and again from her father's face to Charlie Wilton's she dreaded she knew not what, and was thankful that she had an old-fashioned breakfast urn in front of her, which to a great extent, concealed the play of her features. As soon as she possibly could she made a move, and went out by a side door on to the terrace. To get away from them all, and hide herself with her own thoughts in the den below the terrace was her aim. She had apparently quite forgotten, that Charlie Wilton had been committed to her hospitable care, and that she was expected to entertain him.

It seemed almost as if he were aware of the fact, and did not intend to let her off, for no sooner had she settled herself in a spot sheltered from the north wind, and on which the sun's rays were shining, than looking up she saw him standing in front of her.

"Dearest Hilda," he said. "I am come to make my peace if possible. I wonder if you will ever forgive me."

"Forgive you? What for?"

"Was this a new riddle propounded for her to guess?"

When he gravely answered "for living," she quite thought that it must be so.

But Hilda felt weary. She was in no mood for guessing conundrums.

"What does it all mean! I am tired of mystery, Mr. Wilton!"

"It means, darling, that I love you, and that I have my uncle Stanhope's consent to woo you—not clandestinely on the ice, but here in open day on terra firma at Rooks Nest."

She looked at him with wide open eyes.

"Uncle Stanhope," she murmured, "you are—"

"The outcast nephew—whose mother was supposed not to be the lawful wife of my late father, though old Nurse Brown was always positive that the marriage ceremony had been legally performed. It had taken place in France. The proof, however, was not obtainable, till about a month ago, when an old priest sent for my maternal grandmother, told the tale of his death-bed, and the legal certificate was found among the archives of the church."

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"Then you—you are the son of my father's eldest brother, and —"

Hilda grew deadly white, as she clamored out these few words, but it was for her father, not for herself, she was suffering. She knew now why he had suddenly become aged and altered. The proud man—the assertive lord of the soil must give up Rooks Nest to this scion of the elder generation.

"There need be no change—Rooks Nest, as long as he lives, shall have Uncle Stanhope for its master. You and I will save the situation."

She looked at him askance.

"Dearest, you love me," he went on. "Do not say that I have been deceiving myself."

She put her hand in his and pressed it—while she whispered:

"But my father—how can our love save my father—since you—"

"If I did not exist you are his heiress—jointly we will let him know no difference. Luckily, there is no title, so society need not be taken into our secret."

"And Celia?"

"She is not in it. She is only entitled to a younger son's or daughter's portion—besides, of course, she will marry Hugh. He is rich enough for both."

"Oh, Charlie, how strange it all is."

It was the first time she had called him Charlie, and it spoke volumes. His arm was round her, and she was clasped to his heart, only managing to free herself just in time, as Celia came to tell them, how she had decided to accept woman's inevitable lot, matrimony, in the form of Hugh Letchaby.

To say that Stanhope Macgregor was ever again the proud master of the Rooks Nest would be wide of the mark. His step was less firm, his head less erect, nevertheless he was a happy, contented man, and never was allowed to remember that, save for Charlie's generosity, a terrible society bomb might have exploded in his home.

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A GUESSEME TRADE.

(By LOUIS BECKE.)

When I was supercargo of the brig Palestine we were one day beating along the eastern shore of the great island of Tombara (New Ireland), or, as it is now called by its German possessors, New Mecklenburg, when an accident happened to one of our hands—a smart young A.B. named Rogers. The brig was "going about" in a stiff squall when the jib-sheet block caught poor Rogers in the side, and broke three of his ribs. There were then no white men living on the east coast of New Ireland, or we should have landed him there to recover, and picked him up again on our return from the Caroline Islands; so we decided to run down to Gerrit Denys Island, where we had heard there was a German doctor living. He was a naturalist, and had been established there for over a year, although the natives were as savage and warlike a lot as could be found anywhere in Melanesia.

We reached the island, anchored, and the naturalist came on board. He was not a professional-looking man. Here is my description of him, written 15 years ago:—

He was bootless, and his pants and many-pocketed jumper of coarse dungaree were exceedingly deserted, and looked as if they had been cut out with a knife and fork instead of scissors—they were so marvellously ill-fitting. His headgear was an ancient Panama hat, which flopped about, and almost concealed his red-bearded face, as if trying to apologise for the rest of his apparel; and the thin, gold-rimmed spectacles he wore made a curious contrast to his bare and sun-burnt feet, which were as brown as those of a native. His manner, however, was that of a man perfectly at ease with himself, and his clear, steady-blue eyes showed an infinite courage and resolution.

At first he was very reluctant to have

Rogers brought on shore, but finally yielded, being at heart a good-natured man. So we bade Rogers good-bye, made the doctor a present of home provisions, and a few cases of beer, and told him we should be back in six weeks.

When we returned Rogers came on board with the German. He was quite recovered, and he and his host were evidently on very friendly terms, and bade farewell to each other with some show of feeling.

After we had left the island Rogers came aft, and told us his experiences with the German doctor.

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"He's a right good sort of a chap, and treated me well, and did all he could for me, sirs; but, although he is a nice cove, I'm glad to get away from him, and be aboard the brig again. For I can hardly believe that I haven't had a horrid nightmare for the past six weeks." And then he shuddered.

"What was wrong with him, Rogers?" asked the skipper.

"Why, he ain't no naturalist—I mean, like them butterfly-hunting coves like you see in the East Indies. He's a head-hunter—buys heads—fresh 'uns by preference, an' smokes 'em cures 'em himself, and sells 'em to the museums in Europe. So help me, sirs, I've seen him put fresh human heads into a barrel of pickle, then he takes 'em out after a week or so, and cleans out the brains, and smokes the heads, and sorter varnishes and embalms 'em like. An' when he wasn't a-picklin' or embalmin' or varnishin', he was a-writing in half a dozen log books. I never knew what he was a-doin' until one day I went into his workshop, as he called it, and saw him bargaining with some niggers for a freshly-severed human head, which he said was not worth much because the skull was badly fractured, and would not set up well.

"He was pretty mad with me at first for comin' in upon him and surprisin' him like, but, after a while, he took me into his confidence, and said as how he was engaged in a legitimate business, and, as the heads was dead, he was not hurtin' 'em by preparing 'em for museums and scientific purposes. And he says to me, 'You English peoples have got many beautiful preserved heads of the New Zealand Maoris in your museums, but, ah! Gott, there is not in England such beautiful heads as I haf myself breared here on this island. And already I haf send me away fifty-seven, and in two months I shall haf breared sixteen more, for which I shall get me five hundred marks each.'"

Rogers told us that when he one day expressed his horror at his host's "business," the German retorted that it was only 40 or 50 years since many English officials in the Australian colonies did a remarkably good business in buying smoked Maori heads and selling them to the continental museums. (This was true enough). Rogers furthermore told us that the doctor "cured" his heads in a smoke-box, and had "a regular chemist's shop," in which were a number of large bottles of pyrologeneous acid.

This distinguished savant left Gerrit Deny's Island about a year later in a schooner bound for Singapore. She was found floating bottom up off the Admiralty Group, and a Hong Kong newspaper, in recording the event, mentioned that "the unfortunate gentleman (Dr Ludwig S—) had with him an interesting and extremely valuable ethnographical collection."

Rogers' horrible story had a great interest for me, for it had been my lot to see many human heads just severed from the body, and I was always fascinated by the peculiar expression of the features of those unfortunates who had been decapitated suddenly by one swift blow. "Death," "Peace," "Immortality," says the closed eyelids, and the calm, quiet lips to the beholder.

I little imagined that within two years I should have a rather similar experience to that of Rogers, though in my case it was a very brief one. Yet it was all too long for me, and I shall always remember it as the wierdest experience of my life.—"Westminster Gazette."

Jinks, M.I.R., grew desperate, drugs by the quart was quaffin', and yet his cough would indicate He'd soon require a coffin! He took Woods' Peppermint Cure! And Hucc He's been of all delubers Tho' he plus ultra, and the prince Of loud-lunged legislators!

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(BY WHALKBORNE)

RACING FIXTURES.

Marton J.C.—Sept. 2 and 3
Horowhenua H.R.C.—Sept. 9 and 10
Haungitaki H.C.—Sept. 10 and 11
Avondale J.C.—Sept. 23 and 26
Wanganui J.C.—Sept. 24 and 26
Hawke's Bay J.C.—October 7
Waitara R.C.—October 9
Napier Park R.C.—October 14 and 15
Otago H.C.—Labour Day
Wellington R.C.—October 21 and 24
Masterton R.C.—October 26 and 30

TURF NOTES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.N.—Yes. Whalabura finished the journey.

Several persons who are on the disqualified list were removed from the course at Riccarton last week.

A most noticeable absentee from the list of nominations for the Avondale Cup is the New Zealand Cup candidate, Master Delaval.

At the Newmarket June Meeting, L. H. Hewitt rode the winner of a two-year-old race.

At Glenora Park, Gold Web has foaled a colt to Glutea, and Princess Alice a filly to Sout.

M. Cannon, the one-time crack English jockey, suffers from rheumatism, the malady having attacked his arms and legs.

F. Macmannein, the well-known local trainer, returned to Auckland after witnessing the C.J.C. Grand National meeting, by the Rawara on Tuesday last.

Stanley Wootton, the younger brother of the better-known Frank, won his first race in England last month, and in doing so he proved himself a most capable boy.

Mr J. M. Cumming, who is well-known in Auckland, has been appointed managing steward and handicapper for the Wellington Pony and Gallopway Racing Club.

The horses Scotty and Le Beau were brought from the South by the Rawara on Saturday, after their efforts at the C.J.C. National Meeting.

Private advice received in Wellington states that the pony Outliner (late Dr. Quest) won the principal event at the recent Rosebery Meeting in Sydney.

The annual meeting of the members of the Auckland Trotting Club is fixed for September 3rd, and that of the Otago Trotting Club for September 26th.

The total sum paid away over the C.J.C. Grand National meeting was £5945. Mr J. Plancor was the largest winner with £240.

At the annual meeting of the Australian Jockey Club the chairman said that the policy of the club was to gradually increase the prize-money.

The N.Z. Cup candidates Frisco, Mahuta, Seaman, Maharaui, Sago, Aui, Glenallan, and Dr. Shinoue are all engaged at the Marton Meeting, which takes place next month.

It is understood that the price paid for the horse Moutain, recently sold to go to India, was £2200 cash and 20 per cent of any stakes he may win in Australia prior to his departure.

Not a single three-year-old claims an engagement in this year's contest for the Avondale Cup. The event has not been won by a horse of that age since Nomette triumphed in 1901.

According to "Observer" in the "Hawera Star," Maitimupo was a trifle sore in front after working, which means that probably this is the last track note of the brilliant son of Sout.

It transpires that the Auckland horse Scotty struck one of the fences very hard during the running of the C.J.C. National Hurdle Race, and it was with difficulty that he was got home to be stable.

The Southern crack horseman, C. Jenkins, has been engaged to ride Mahuta in the New Zealand Cup. Evidently some owners can form a pretty good idea of the weight they are likely to be assessed at.

The American crack Colin has now scored 15 successive wins, and the total prize money to his credit is £38,832. Since his reported breakdown he has won two good races.

The Steplack Colt Bonny Glen, which broke down during the running of the last Auckland Cup, was a starter at the recent C.J.C. Winter Meeting, but failed to earn a winning bracket.

The Melbourne trainer Adam Skirving, during his visit to Christchurch, purchased Cianachtan from Sir George Clifford. The price paid for the son of Cianaranid is said to have been 200g.

While in Christchurch, Mr W. Thompson, of New South Wales, purchased the thoroughbred stallion Slat Harlo for a substantial figure, and the son of St. Leger was shipped to Sydney last week.

According to "Agnur," of the "N.Z. Times," Paritutu was very sour at the post for the Jumpers' Flat Race on the opening day of the C.J.C. National Meeting, and delayed the start considerably.

As evidence of C. Jenkins' popularity, that accomplished horseman was greeted with cheers as he rode the All Red down the straight at Riccarton on Tuesday prior to the running of the Winter Cup.

The suggestion emanating from the New Zealand Racing Conference that the Wai-pawa Racing Club and the Waikopuru Club amalgamate is already being acted on, and delegates have been appointed to confer on the matter.

New Zealand sites played a prominent part at the Brisbane Jockey Club's meeting on August 3. Division of the Stage Gun won a double. Brilliant (by Antares) was a race, and Aileen (by Birkenhead) was second in another race.

A Perth writer delivers himself as follows with regard to Post Town: "It will probably be proved to the Eastern turf followers that Post Town, in the absence of Mountain King, is the best four-year-old of the season."

The Dunedin Jockey Club has increased their stakes by £270, making the total £470. The Dunedin Cup stake is unaltered, but the hurdle races of the autumn meeting are so increased that the owner of the winner of each event gets £100 net. Of the increase, £465 is allotted to the spring meeting.

Mr M. McLean has resigned his seat on the Auckland Racing Club committee. Mr McLean has taken this step owing to his business necessitating his absence from Auckland during the greater part of the racing season.

The North Island Challenge Stakes winner Diabolo is stated to be training on satisfactorily, and all going well in the meantime, is expected to make his appearance as a three-year-old in the Wanganui, Guinness next month.

The V.R.C. has tucked another £100 on to its Oaks of 1909, £250 on to its St. Leger of 1910, and £100 on to its Stewards' Stakes of 1911. It appears that of the leading Southern body intends keeping the A.J.C. on the move.

It transpires that the crack filly Golden Slipper was purchased for Mr J. A. Brown, the owner of Sir Foote and other horses, says "Glenace," of the "Dominion," but according to other writers, Mr W. White, of N.S.W., is the filly's new owner.

Formula, the full-sister to Multiform, and dam of the promising colt Formative, has foaled a colt foal to Gold Reef, at her owner's stud in Hawke's Bay. This is the best foal Formula has had since Formative was foaled.

The nominations received for the principal events at the Avondale Jockey Club's Spring Meeting are very satisfactory, and included in the number are several outside horses, notably Comedian, King Post, Wattleha, Douche, Sir Artogal, and Waihuha.

Word from the South states that Mr C. J. Parker, of Gisborne, has purchased Multiform. Mr Parker has now a large collection of bloodstock, which includes a lot of successful running horses. It would be pleasing to record his having bred something high class.

The following racehorses were sold by Messrs. Fyne and Co., at Christchurch, on Saturday: Rose Nolle, 140 guineas; Master Leslie (Mr. J. W. McCracken), 30 guineas; Mango (Mr. F. W. Wilson), 70 guineas; Pretty Maid (Mr. H. C. Chisholm), 150 guineas; Myrtle Braid (Mr. M. O'Neil), 30 guineas.

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The following names have been claimed for several Auckland-owned horses hitherto unnamed:—Ch c, by Wairiki—Nora, Norway; br f, by Sout—Lady Musket, Salute; br g, by Eton—Rapid, Fleetnote; br c, by Seaton Delaval—Lady Heester, Royal Scotland; br m, by Sout—Sapphira, Meutira.

M. Deoble arrived from the South on Thursday with Pierre and took him on to the Thames yesterday. The Muskapeer gelding ricked himself badly during the running of the C.J.C. National Steeplechase and was pulled up. Pierre will require attention and his trip to Australia has been cancelled.

I have to acknowledge receipt of the Wanganui Jockey Club's book programme for the season 1907-08. A perusal shows that an all-round increase in stakes has been made, and the total money for the coming season will be £505 more than last. The Club has now no race on their programme of less value than £100.

The late Duke of Devonshire's yearlings excited keen competition, and the twelve lots made an average of 73 guineas. Most money was realised for a Galliotte colt, purchased by Mr. W. Cooper for 2000 guineas, the same gentleman acquiring another colt for 1300 guineas, and a couple of fillies for 880 guineas and 200 guineas respectively.

A rumour is current in the South that R. J. Mason, for many years private trainer of the late Mr G. G. Stead, is to take over the charge of a team which Mr G. D. Greenwood, of Canterbury, is getting together. The six lots Mr Greenwood purchased at the Stead dispersal sale, Perie D'Og, Formelina, Lady Wayward, Singlow, Acrostic, and Arnet, cost him 6250g.

The first foal of the season made its appearance at Cumbria Park on Wednesday last, when Tournament, by Sir Laurelet—Malori, foaled a nice bay colt to Hierarch. With two Melbourne Cup winners close up on his pedigree, the youngster should turn out a galloper. On Saturday, at the same stud, Kilroa, by Cyrenian—Blineman, foaled a colt to Obligado.

A rumour has been current during the past few weeks that J. Stewart, the well-known Auckland horseman, had met with a fatal accident while riding in Australia recently, but so far, no particulars as to the truth or otherwise of the rumour can be ascertained. His parents, who for some time have had no knowledge of his whereabouts, are naturally anxious, and any information would be gladly received.

At the last meeting of the committee of the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, a letter was received from the Jockey A. Erickson, stating that, as a result of his accident, which occurred on Saturday last, the doctor had advised him to leave work again, and asking for further financial assistance. After consideration, the committee re-commended the payment of 15/ per week for three months.

I have to acknowledge with thanks, receipt from the publishers, the Christchurch "Press" Company, of the "N.Z. Turf Register" for 1907-08. As usual, the "Register" contains a vast amount of information, but unfortunately, owing to the provisions of the new Gaming Act, a certain void is created by the absence of the figures on the various races. The little volume should be in the hands of all racing men.

The enterprising breeders of South America were quickly on the track of the English horse, Star (see "Sporting Chronicle"), after Colonel Hall-Walker's brilliant colt had struck form again, and it would seem that Colonel Hall-Walker has been induced to part with the son of Flosser—Go, even as he parted with the dam. The price has not transpired, but it may be taken for granted that it is pretty substantial.

English flies to hand show that at the Provincial meeting on July 8, Mr. Wm. (late) Australian bred filly Victoria, which won the principal event at the meeting, was ridden by L. H. Hewitt. The winner started third favourite, and won by a neck, but a account of the race says that Hewitt won a good price. The filly's mount had a warm favourite in Faldorf, which is owned by Mr. W. H. Walker, the owner Hewitt was reported to have been retained by.

At Newmarket (Eng.) last month The Victory filly triplet, who is owned by Mr W. H. Walker, was sent out favorite for the Stud Produce Stakes. Although ridden by E. Wootton, she did not get a place, the winner turning up in L. Hewitt's mount, Trigena (Lavone—Salop), who started at a good price. The filly's mount had a warm favourite in Faldorf, which is owned by Mr. W. H. Walker, the owner Hewitt was reported to have been retained by.

Some people evidently don't value money, says the "Dominion." A bookmaker, who did not wish to be licensed to bet, but who wanted to gain admission to the laws at Riccarton on Tuesday, was asked the price of £30 10/ for the privilege. Before taking the money, the secretary of the Jockey Club asked the other bookmakers if they had any objection to such a course being adopted.

The attention of the stewards of the English Jockey Club has been called to the fact that horses having a sharp flange round the outer edge of the shoe, to prevent slipping, have been used on horses running in races, they have given notice that they consider such shoes, and those known as American toe-clipped shoes, very dangerous to other competitors and direct that horses running in them shall be disqualified, and the trainer responsible reported to them.

Ben Nichol, who has been training in the Taranaki district for some time, arrived from the South on Thursday last week. Nichol brought three horses with him, amongst them being the New Zealand Cup winner of 1901, Star Rose. When offered at auction recently in New Plymouth only one bid of £15 was received, at which he was passed in. After he was submitted, says a Taranaki writer, the owner of the horse made him a present (under certain conditions) to Nichol, and this being so, he will probably carry his colours in the future.

Sceptre's first foal was seen on at the Fullbrook Stakes at Newmarket (Eng.) last month, and being by a sire who was sold for 30,000g, and out of a dam whose price was £25,000, she naturally attracted a lot of attention. She is as yet unnamed, and has the occasion, though dividing second favouritism with another competitor, failed to get closer than fourth. She is said to be somewhat like her dam, though not possessing the same individuality, and the critics are optimistic, though she runs with races, she will never be the performer Sceptre was.

For a long time past H. Howe has had anything but the best of luck, and at the Fleet Meeting ill-fortune still pursued him. The Spectre, which he had bought, which ran in his nomination, was in the lead when he struck and about his rider over his head. At the time of the mishap, Cresset was going great guns, and looked all over a winner. Spectre, however, refused to let him, it would have been more satisfaction to his owner to see him finish. It is a long lane that has no turning, but Howe must be nearly tired of getting to the corner, and it is to be hoped that he will reach it soon.

Certain jockeys who ride on French tracks have so little in common with the entire cordiale (says the "Sporting Chronicle") that the treatment meted out to visitors appears to be no different than in the old days. It is related, and with truth, how on one of these occasions Fred Webb, after being knocked about like a shuttlecock, took the law into his own hands on arriving at the dressing room, and effected his assault on the race right heartily, and, according to his jockey's description of the contest the other Sunday, the English horse St. Magnus was a "marked" horse throughout the early stages.

What has come over Tattersall's Ring? (says the London "Sporting Times"). There was an even greater falling off in the attendance of its members at Newmarket than ever, and the same has been noticed elsewhere. A number of the members were regarded as the most coveted pitch by the layers of odds; but at many meetings some of the biggest business is transacted by men who seldom go near the odds, and who never bet near the middle of the flag. Can it be that the gentlemen who frequent the Club enclosures and "bet over the rails" are no longer so ready with their money as they used to be?

Says "Ribbleton" in the "Australasian":—Racing men, and especially those who back horses, sometimes called "the talent," will not, in a hurry, forget the few months which made up the year of 1906. From the meeting held at Flemington to celebrate the birthday of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, to the meeting just concluded at Cardiff, backers have encountered an extraordinary series of reverses. I have not considered the statistics of the contemplated in training the measure. One of the foremost American horse-breeders, who played a prominent part in the International Horse Show just concluded at Olympia, in London, in an interview on Tuesday, 19th, states that disastrous consequences have already followed in the wake of impetuous law-making, while the ultimate result must be an enormous setback to horse-breeding.

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In the United States, I have heard it stated," says the gentleman referred to, "that it would be no great matter to make an important centre. There seems something in the Irish air which seems to suit thoroughbred better than anywhere else I know of. The Irish scheme, so far as it has gone, has done a great deal and really first-class racing in Ireland. Most of the money will be American money, and the idea is to equip the place on the most modern principles. It will be an excellent thing for the Island, and naturally to interest the people, by reason of the influx of American horses, the things on the turf will probably awaken greater interest than ever before."

It is indisputable that the "Sporting Times" had the advantage in a conflict largely helped Signoretta to beat the majority of the Derby field, and rarely has there occurred, in a race of such import, so good an opportunity for fitness to prevail over superior class. It appears in fact that Signoretta was gifted with standing to any greater degree than was her dam. I firmly believe that had there been another farling to go on Derby Day she would have been beaten. In the Oaks, the fall of Signoretta retarded the magnificent rival signoretta's path, so that, while the dual classic heroine may have been fighting under an unlucky star when she was beaten, her owner can well regard himself as a fortunate man, and as a lucky boy, if only he will discover that there are animals of the same age as his filly able to beat her over whatever distance he likes to name. The Derby illustrated that her pace is not needless, as she did not appear in the same way as after the majority of her partially-trained opponents had raced each other down, and I shall not be in the least surprised if future racing proves that she was immensely favoured in both of these classic ventures.

At the annual meeting of the Dunedin Jockey Club held last week, a most satisfactory balance-sheet was placed before the members. The statement showed that the club started the year with a credit balance of £2000 and after increasing the stakes by £1000, and spending £2000 on improvements, they closed the year with a total credit of £1824 2/2. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and balance-sheet, which was carried unanimously, said:—"The increased receipts ought to justify the club in still further increasing the stakes in certain directions. He did not wish to dictate as to the way any increases should be made. The committee would, no doubt, act as they thought fit, and a right to do so in the thousand-pound stakes would fetch thousand-pound horses. The races that paid the club best were the wetters and back races and so forth (hear, hear). If the club were really in a position to do so, he would not say that they should not make a matter upon the big events. This, however, was a matter that he was sure the committee would take into consideration during the year. The present strong position was the unanswerable reply to all that had been said against the removal to Winchester. The only drawback to the success of the meetings there was the railway arrangements, but he thought that after the stand the committee had taken, and the proceeds received, such a basis as might be desired would be possible. The meaning of sending out an engine that could not draw the train, would not be repeated. The double line that was being laid out would help the club materially. But he had a right to say something in his meaning, and he understood that there would be no reason to complain in the future."

Lord Durlam, a prominent member of the English Jockey Club, writes to the London "Times" on the subject of owners' deaths and void nominations as follows:—"No rule of racing is better criticised than that which states that stakes become void on the death of the person in whose name they are made. So much misapprehension exists and such violent outbreaks as 'dilett' and 'infamous' are used about the subject, that I am tempted to defend it. This difficult question of void nominations has engaged the attention and the deliberations of the Jockey Club for at least fifty years. One of the main existing rules is less injurious to the estate of deceased horse-owners, and fairer to the general body of living owners, than any of the alternative suggestions I have seen proposed. Is it credited to the Jockey Club, consisting as it does of many of the principal and richest owners, would deliberately adhere to an 'infamous' rule? It will be admitted that the greatest losses the turf has sustained since the death of Sir Richard Little, Colonel Malcolm, Sir James Miller, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Derby, all members of the Jockey Club, was any sensible person think that they have put off their nose to spite their own face, and that it willfully maintains a rule detrimental to the prosperity of the turf? The outcry against the rule is generally caused by the fact that some well known horse amongst a number of bad or useless ones in the stud, whose share is debared from competing for certain races by the death of his nominator. But to those who, from sentimental reasons, or for gambling purposes, desire this horse to be allowed his regular share of money over another when the 'infamous and idiotic rule' relieves all the bad horses from the liabilities incurred by the deceased nominator? Horse-owners themselves are so generous as to take no account of the diminution in the value of the stakes by the withdrawal of a dead man's subscription to them. But they would have every cause to complain if the heir, or the purchaser, or the agent of a deceased nominator's horses were allowed to retain the engagements of a good horse and to repudiate the liabilities of the last owner. Yet this is a suggestion often made, in good faith, by people who have not considered

the result. The adoption of such preferential treatment would be manifestly unjust to the dead owner, and the alive, subject to and agree to abide by the Rules of Racing, and who are liable to pains and penalties if they fail to pay the entrance fees and stakes and forfeits of all their horses, and who are liable to be expelled ever the turf, it must not be optional in its provisions, but dramatic and drastic. Otherwise the injustice is obvious. All the nominations of a deceased owner must be paid for, or forfeited (as a penalty). But how can the Jockey Club force trustees or purchasers to be legally responsible for a dead man's turf liabilities? It might easily happen that the liabilities would exceed the value of the horse. Were I an executor in such a case eventually, I should flatly refuse to recognise the rules of racing, and would defy the Jockey Club to recover the money in a court of law. In Australia, the chief clubs are the Victoria Racing Club and the Australian Jockey Club. Each club has a different rule for dealing with this difficulty. The very fact that they are not in unison is sufficient proof to me that neither rule would be practicable in England. The rule of the Victoria Club of any horse made by a deceased nominator may be taken over by any person subject to the sanction and the discretion of the stewards. Imagine English stewards of the Jockey Club sending an inquisition upon purchasers of horses to say, 'Give us proof that you are not insolvent?' 'We understand that your income is derived from brewery shares, so you will probably fail to pay your forfeits.' 'You have extravagant liabilities, so you will probably fail to pay your forfeits.' 'The other rule is that every horse of a dead owner is placed in the forfeit list, and remains there until taken over by some one who becomes responsible for the engagements. But the name of the dead owner is omitted from the forfeit list. This, to my mind, is damning evidence that it would be a slur and a slur to include it. The rule is not in unison, and the adoption of this rule in England would be impossible in England. If strictly honourable and highly-respected deceased owners are to be gibbeted by having their names put in the forfeit list, the Jockey Club and the 'Racing Calendar' will have to spend their income in defending libellous actions instead of devoting it to the encouragement of racing. There is only one possible solution of the difficulty, or rather only one way of avoiding it. That is, that nominations shall be entered into the registry office the full liability of each engagement at the time of entry. This would entirely destroy the 'credit' system in vogue in English racing, and would press so hardly upon all the very quiet nominators that I do not think it worth while to elaborate the scheme. It will merely point out that it would tie up an immense amount of unproductive owners' money, and would inevitably diminish the number of entries."

We endorse to the full the views expressed by Lord Durlam, with regard to nominations rendered void by death (says the London Sporting Times). The benefits or advantages conferred by the rendering of nominations by death void are so much in excess of the grievances that the subject appears to us to be almost needless, for are not nearly so numerous or important as some would have us believe. We cannot call to mind any horse who would have won the Derby but for the death of the nominator, Sir Simon, for instance, and even if he had been it is doubtful whether he would at public sale have fetched more than he actually realised, and therefore the estate cannot be said to have suffered. Derby horses having any pretensions to winning that race whose nominations were rendered void, may be counted on one's fingers. The most important instance that we can recollect in this connection arose out of the Derby of 1883, when two favourites disappeared, viz. the property of the Duke of Crawford, and Falmes, who belonged to Prince Balthazary. These are, in fact, the only two instances that we can call to mind of a favourite becoming disqualified. The disqualification of the Duke of Crawford saved his backers from loss, as neither was equal to the Derby course. With a nominator dying, his horses are sold for their real value, whereas with the nomination void, the value is fictitious value. The nomination holding good, some horse would fetch a larger sum than would be the case if they had no engagements; but, on the other hand, there are many that it would not be possible to sell at all, so it comes out as broad as it is long. Take the 'Calendar of Races to Come,' and especially with some horses that belonged to the late Duke of Devonshire, and say what would be the value of those horses with their nominations void? In fact, how many such animals without them? Not long ago Mr Sammy Leates bought a really good horse belonging to the Duke for about £100. The animal seemed to be worth a thousand pounds worth the day after it was that Leates got him for such a small sum. 'Look at the forfeits he will have to pay,' was the answer.

An ex-owner of racehorses, writing to the "Times" on the subject of void nominations, and Lord Durlam's reply to the matter, says:—"In a utilitarian age one fears to be accused of sentimentality, though the objection may diminish in acerbity if it be shown that substantial advantages are to be derived from it. Imagine the pride felt by the son or brother of a successful breeder of blood stock in some colt or filly that incidentally, if the opportunity for showing it be provided, may prove an £2000 and a £1000. It is no means to be forgotten—may do good, even to the cause of horse breeding. The owner dies, the horse comes into operation, and practically all hope of proving what the horse really is at once vanishes. Would it not be better to make the colt or filly, if the heir who becomes possessed of the horse cares to do so, he may pay all the sums due for entries, forfeits, etc., and

retain the horse's engagements? If he did not care to do so he would not. The law of the land would indeed probably be the Jockey Club law if the attempt to enforce payment were made; but is such an option impossible, and if so may we ask why? It would be for the good of the turf, which largely lives on what is entered and paid over the turf, and for the good of racing generally. Will Lord Durlam or some other authority tell us why this could not be done?"

Commenting on the recent case where a London magistrate sentenced a bookmaker to two months' imprisonment for a contravention of the Betting Act, Mr. Labouchere, in "Truth," says:—"His business was done on the credit system which is not in itself illegal. It was shown, however, that large numbers of persons went to the defendant's office and put slips relating to their bets in his letter-box, and on this evidence he was convicted of keeping premises to which persons resorted for the purpose of betting. Really this case is an illustration of the ridiculous state of the law in reference to betting, for if, instead of delivering their 'slips' by hand, the bookmaker had employed a Government Department to transmit their commissions to the defendant by post or telegraph, no offence would have been committed. There is another point which is worthy of notice in connection with the prosecution last week. It was not suggested that the defendant treated his customers otherwise than fairly and honestly. Yet while the law comes down on two bookmakers for an offence of a more or less technical character, it takes no cognizance of outright swindling in connection with betting businesses. There are quite a number of self-styled turf accountants," continues Mr. Labouchere, "who are habitual swindlers, but who never get into the dupes' list, but never settling winning accounts. When the defrauded booker makes a complaint to the police against one of these rascals, he is told it is not a matter for criminal proceedings, for by failing to pay the bookmaker, the man incurs a civil liability, or, rather, a debt of honour, which cannot be enforced by a court of law if he chooses—as, of course, he does—to plead the Gaming Act."

Writing upon the question of 'Who pays the piper?' the well known turf critic "Spearhead" says:—"Somewhere in a magazine a little while back I read a striking article by an old racegoer, in which, among other things, he dealt with the sources of turf revenue. Who, he asked, pays the piper? I, the money I, with my little sovereign, or half-sovereign, or crown; I pay the piper. I take out all my argument all exceptions, and do not allow my mind to be confused by a few anomalies that it has excluded. But if we consider that racing as it exists to-day could not continue to be racing without the profit which is made out of the public, which enables the managers of meetings to add money and the necessary values, then it is fair to say that the public pays the piper. Some controversialists urge that a race-horse owner may call any time he please because he pays the jockey and finds the forfeits, and need consider no one else. Together, I don't see how it can be disputed that the public are the largest payers of the piper, and, that being the case, they are entitled to sometimes call the tune. What would you think if I were to propose that before many years we should will 'call the tune' for a 10/ Tattersall's? You can see the Melbourne Cup—the Cesarewitch of Australia—properly and comfortably for half a sovereign, but it costs you the same time that you pay the National from the principal stand. I look on the growing cultivation of the 'five bobber' as the forerunner of a cheaper 'Tattersall's'. Already, where they happen to be good, the 'silver' stands are sending people away from the high priced enclosure, and I can imagine a time—not, perhaps, so very remote—when Melbourne Cup Day prices will prevail on the Jubilee and Eclipse celebrations, even if not on Derby Day itself, and when the family element, which is such a conspicuous feature of French racing, will be recognised and catered for over here. For the installation of the 'fortissimo' or automatic bookmaker, we shall have to wait longer, but it may come eventually, along with the stipendiary steward, who is now officially declared to be a bookmaker. Present high prices and the bookmakers' short odds must be altered if the racing orange—i.e., the public—is not to be sucked dry."

Writing under date of June 11, the New York correspondent of the "Sporting Chronicle," writing of Governor Hughes' Anti-betting Bill, says:—"The law at one swoop undoubtedly depreciated the value of every racehorse, brood mare, stallion, and breeding farm in the United States, and less than 75 per cent of the owners have had about a thousand police in uniform and plain clothes to awe a peaceable gathering of about 8000 daily. Men have been arrested and paid the personal debts, anti-dating the law, for writing the names of the jockeys to ride on a programme, for scribbling what the individual thought should be the prices against a horse in a certain race, after receiving 'something' on the card, showing it to the friend, and then rubbing it out before the 'cop' could see it! No one must pause to stand in the betting ring, no groups of two or three must gather. Like 'Poor Joe', we must be 'one man on' no more, we're just 'on'. To date, right through the above described turmoil and police brutality, these well-known individuals who had credit and were trusted by prominent layers had been kept and kept and kept in the papers daily published in the papers. The gross volume, however, has been small, and unless it is visibly augmented American racing would not be worth carrying on. There is, however, a quantity of silver being to the land. The District Attorney (reigning in the absence of his chief in Europe) has now come to the publicly-expressed opinion that it will

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be very hard to "prove" a bet where no visible setting place and that the words used will not be taken as evidence. Along this line several of the arrests already made will be carried into test cases, an injunction restraining the legal action of the Sheriff, pending a final decision on the points raised. In the cases will be carried through the Court of Appeals to the Supreme Court. There will also be argued the matter of "repressive legislation" specially provided for the Constitution, showing that to make the man unking a small wager is not far short of "oppression." Also that the said Constitution clearly specifies "all kinds" of gambling, prescribing an "indivisible" bet upon any one occasion and that to spread upon only while hundreds of thousands of bridge, whist, and poker parties each night sustain the excitement left over from the Stock Exchange, that Estate Exchange, and others during the day is "scarcely" "equity." As the Supreme Court is the one body under the Constitution empowered to rule what is constitutional, what is not, and what is "meant" by the Constitution, it would seem there was a number of debts yet to be fought before American racing is buried. There is no doubt that we shall never see betting as it has been, that purses and stakes will be bred and smaller prizes realised, that speculation will be tremendously decreased—to the poor man, of course, he always "gets it in the neck"—at least three or four of the present racing associations will be left out, but the aristocratic Conroy Island Jockey Club, dominated by W. K. Vanderbilt, and Belmont Park, will assuredly raise hopes for better days. In this State 110 trotting meetings and 27 fair horse shows were declared "off," and if anyone thinks these voters will not be heated from the repeal of the Hughes Law, it is the mistake of their lives. Many prominent Americans have already "quit" the "big game" of great wealth has ordered his stable shipped to France next month. Another great breeder scarcely let the Law be signed before he started to make arrangements to send his big lot of yearlings to England for sale. "That is all that is left of it," says one. Several of the arrests will come to the full hearing shortly, and between then and the future beyond, and the yet unwoven web of Fate which has never yet been woven without a fault, but through its glittering and through its warp and woof. With Monte Cristo, "All human wisdom is contained in these words, 'Wait and Hope,'" remembering that American racing is still very, very far from dead.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday. Most of the visiting horses that emigrated at the Grand National Meeting were sent home early in the week, and matters at Riverbank are again decidedly quiet. Several small jumps are being kept going in view of the Amberley Steeplechase Meeting, which takes place on Thursday next, but only second-class horses are engaged at the fixture, which is an unimportant one for the horses and the only sportsman there at Stead's sale were shipped on Thursday, while those destined for Melbourne went South on Friday. In conversation I had with Mr. Chisholm, who secured Golden Slipper on behalf of Mr. E. W. White, of Sydney, he mentioned that there was no chance of her being left here, or being sent over to fulfil her classic engagements, at least most probably to appear at her mercy. Multiforum's brilliant daughter claims an engagement in the Australian Jockey Club's Derby, besides several valuable handicaps, and a win in the big race at Melbourne would be worth more value to her new owner than twice the number in New Zealand. Mr. Chisholm does not appear to think the present batch of Australian three-year-olds are a particularly good lot, but that he is waiting to see Golden Slipper should have an excellent chance of making an early return for her outing. Unfortunately she was not engaged in the N.Z.C. Derby or any of the big weight for age races, at least not in any of the races, the habit of patronising the A.J.C. Spring Meeting. From the tone of his remarks, Mr. Chisholm was evidently quite pleased with his bargain, and I have an idea that he would have preferred to get another five hundred rather than miss the filly. Crutcheon was secured on behalf of the Bundamba studmaster, Mr. J. V. Smith, who also owns the stallions Chaucer and Wallace, and it is quite likely that she will be mated with the latter on her arrival. Mr. Smith received a substantial offer of a rise on his bargain soon after making the purchase, but would not enter into it. Problem and Rattler were bought on behalf of Mr. Sol Green, and will join Gladstone at the Shipley stud. Multiforum, who was shipped on Thursday, was secured on behalf of Mr. J. V. Smith, N.Z.C., and whose stud he will have an excellent opportunity of earning further sire honours. Otterden, who has already thrown two good ones in Bonifant and Singsed, to Multiforum, also goes to Mr. the collector. The Christchurch sportsman, Mr. H. P. Nicholl, intended sending his two yearlings, Cross Battery and Sea King, to Sydney yesterday to fulfil their engagements in the big Australian Derby. Unfortunately no accommodation could be found for them on the steamer, consequently the trip has had to be postponed till next week. Ten King was secured for the only, and will ride them in any of their races. If their recent form is to be taken as a fair criterion, however, the prospects of either annexing any of the big races seems very remote. The Melbourne sportsman, Mr. A. Skelving, who secured Jolly at the Yaldhurst sale, also purchased Chaucer and Wallace for 200 guineas. Mr. Skelving and his two daughters left for Melbourne on Friday. The well-known hurdler, Southern Cross, who has been in commission for the last year, has been sent to Mount Nessau.

Stallion for six months' spell.

The New Zealand Cup candidate Bony Glen made his first appearance since going amiss in the last Auckland Cup at the Grand National meeting. He was very backward in condition, and failed to show anything like encouraging form, but pulled up sound. Bony Glen raced in bandages, but though he pulled up well enough I am afraid his trainer will have great difficulty in getting him to stand anything like a strong preparation.

The horses owned by Messrs W. and G. Stead are now being trained by R. O'Donnell at Yaldhurst, which track has been purchased by them. It is one of the best in New Zealand, and with so much promising material to work on, O'Donnell should not be long in sending out a few good winners.

Mr. A. J. Hattray, secretary of several trotting clubs and the Christchurch Racing Club, left on a flying visit to Australia on Thursday. He does not anticipate being away more than a fortnight or three weeks at longest.

The speedy trotting horse Advocate, however to Advance, who received a nasty fall when competing at the New Zealand Metropolitan Trotting Club's meeting, is now quite recovered from the effects of the mishap.

The well-known trotting stallion, Boldwood, who holds the two mile record of 4.41, was shipped to Melbourne on Friday. He was purchased by Mr. Trotter. The same buyer has also taken with him two brood mares, My Lady and Kately Gee. It is intended to race Boldwood against Emulator at the Melbourne show.

WELLINGTON PONY RACES.

WELLINGTON, Saturday. The Wellington Pony and Galloway Club had a meeting to-day. The results were as follows: Pony Handicap.—Kaohoe 1, Firefly 2, Lady Dauphin 3. Maiden Plate.—Dorina 1, Prince Roy 2, Sidney Ocean 3. Winter Cup.—Miretta 1, Inspiration 2, Yecouine 3. Kilburne Handicap.—Billy 1, Dorina 2, Firefly 3. Galloway Handicap.—Miretta 1, Lady Mason 2, Prince Roy 3. Hopeful Handicap.—Billy 1, Heretania 2, Kaohoe 3.

THE NEW ZEALAND CUP.

CHRISTCHURCH, Monday.

The following handicaps have been declared by Mr. J. E. Henrys for the New Zealand Cup:—

Table with 3 columns: Name, st. lb., Name, st. lb. Includes entries like Zimmernan 9 0, Elberton 7 0, Master Delaval 8 13, Prochob 7 0, Frisco 8 9, Glenhull 7 0, Waipuna 8 9, King Post 7 0, Moral 8 5, Dr. Shimose 7 0, Pangimona 8 4, Diamond Star 7 0, Tuhango 8 4, Shaga 7 0, The Lark 8 2, Prina 6 13, Grand Slam 8 2, Landweru 6 13, Bony Glen 8 2, Kilts 6 12, Cross Battery 8 0, Field Gun 6 12, Bouquet 8 0, Saga 6 12, Signor 7 13, Pandanus 6 12, Molech 7 12, Nobel 6 12, Bobrikoff 7 12, Collia 6 12, Apa 7 10, Christiana 6 10, Sir Eriksen 7 9, Boneform 6 9, Stratagema 7 8, Miss Abscheit 6 9, Riflemaid 7 8, Artillerie 6 9, Utlander 7 8, Miller 6 8, St. Joe 7 8, Lamsdorf 6 8, Count Witte 7 8, San Fernando 6 8, Doyent 7 7, Houston 6 8, Crichton 7 7, Camper 6 8, Ringdove 7 7, Gulling Step 6 8, Armamento 7 5, White Lie 6 7, Fenika 7 5, My Darling 6 7, Sir Arlan 7 5, Zetland 6 7, Pennant 7 4, Don Quixote 6 7, Paragon 7 3, Restless 6 7, Master Smit 7 3, Outlander 6 7, Seaman 7 2, Lowen Rose 6 7, Lapland 7 1, Red and Black 6 7, Thiptoe 7 1, Coralie 6 7.

Cost of Speed on Atlantic.

The cost of speed on the Atlantic is strikingly shown in a recent issue of "Engineering," where full details are given of the performance of the Cunard liner Lusitania, as prepared by Mr. Thomas Bell, of the famous Clyde firm which built her—Messrs. John Brown and Co., Limited. This cost is due more to the great power required for speed than to any lack of efficiency in the turbine machinery, as the coal consumption per horse-power per hour is as low as 1.44 lb. It is found that the coal for the voyage of 3100 nautical miles would only be 2980 tons were the speed 15 knots, or 3670 tons for 21 knots; but 25 knots requires 5390. An important factor again is the large quantity of hot water used for passenger purposes—in baths, hand-basins, galleys, etc. This increases the coal consumption at 25-knot speed to 5490 tons. The consumption for full-speed works out to 11 lb per 100 nautical miles per ton of displacement.

Stamp Collecting.

A 1d dull carmine N.Z. stamp, the London print of 1855, sold for £3 at auction in London.

The new six sen dark lilac brown stamp of Japan has been over-printed for use in the Japanese post office in China. The over-print is the word "China." The 3 kop. blue of Russia has also been over-printed for use in China.

For use in the Dutch Indies a 7 1/2 a grey lilac and 12c brown and olive stamp, figure design, have been issued.

A 5 yen green stamp and 10 yen purple have been issued in Japan. The main feature of the new stamps is the portrait of the Empress in an oval nearly filling the stamp. This is surmounted by a band having the value "5" or "10 yen," below Japanese characters and square tablets at each side, with other native characters. The chrysanthemum appears at top, with cherry blossoms on either side.

A 4d green and blue stamp and 1 green and carmine Britannia type have appeared in Trinidad. They are water-marked C.A., and are on chalk-surfaced paper.

A new set of stamps for Hayti is being prepared in the United States. Pending the arrival of these stamps, two provisionals have been issued, one cent being over-printed on the 5 cent deep blue and 10 cent orange brown stamps of 1904.

The following high prices were paid for Tuseany stamps at auction in London: 2 soldi brick (strip of five), £42; 6d crazie, lilac grey, £5 and £6 10/.

Some high prices were realised at auction in London for old Continental stamps. The 3 sgr blue of Brunswick issued in 1852 was sold for £4 15/; the 5 c green of Alsace and Lorraine, net downwards, brought £12; the 80 c of Modena of 1859, a used specimen, £10 10/; the 1/2 blue of Naples, £8 10/; the 5 reis red brown of Portugal, 1855, £2 5/; and the 20 grana of Sicily, 1859, £2 3/.

Stanley Gibbons' Monthly Journal has ceased to exist, having been merged into the weekly journal. It has been running within a few months of 18 years.

An unused pair of Cape Woodblocks, 1d red, sold for £56 at auction in London, while £68 was paid for the 1d blue error, and £30 for a block of four 1d bright red; 9 crazie lilac grey, £4 10/; 3 lire yellow £20; do used specimen, £27.

The list of French stamps over-printed for use in French post offices in China has been increased by no less than 112 new items, a set of 16 surcharged stamps for each of seven cities being issued.

The following values of stamps of Gramuda of the "Ship" type are recorded:—3d, purple on yellow; 6d, purple; 1/2, black on green; 2/2, blue and purple on bluish; 5/2, green and red on yellow; 10/2, green and carmine on bluish.

The Irish political society, "Sinn Fein" (ourselves only) issued two stamps. The central design of the first stamp is a harp, formed by Erin rising from the sea. The arms of the harp provinces appear in the corner squares, Munster, Connaught, Ulster and Leinster. "Erin," the ancient name of Ireland, fills the top label, and an Irish wolfhound the lower label. Printed in black, green, black and white. The second design consists of a Celtic high cross, the full size of the stamp, with "Erin" at its central junction, and "Sinn Fein" on the upper and

lower quadrants of the ring, a shamrock in each corner outside the ring, and two Celtic scrolls at the base. Colours, black, white and St. Patrick's blue. Printed in sheets of 110, in eleven rows of 10. Each sheet of the harp stamps has the first stamp in the second and third rows inverted, showing that the manufacturers were aware of the additional interest which a couple of tete-beche varieties would lend to the issue. A first printing at 250,000 was made. As a means of raising money these stamps may succeed, but they have no philatelic interest.

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Round the World Paragraphs.

A London Tragedy.

There have been visitors to London who have shrunk from it in horror. Edward Fitzgerald, for example, "though no prude," was appalled by its wickedness; and a colonial bishop at the recent Congress said if he lived to a hundred he would never get the tragic look in the London horses' eyes out of his mind. In regard to Fitzgerald there is nothing new to be said. There is wickedness, and always will be; but there is more goodness. With the bishop, however, we can speak comfortably. The overworked horse, with bent head and bloodshot eye, dragging his cab or his omnibus along over creaking streets, is gradually passing out of sight. At the present moment, says the Home Secretary, considerably more than a fifth of the licensed vehicles in London are motor-propelled. There are over 1500 motor-cabs and more than 100 motor-omnibuses; and the drivers of the growler and the hansom are saying that the motor-cab is urging them and their trade to perdition. Some of us have even noticed, of late, a pathetic willingness on the part of "cabby" to accept his legal fare with comparative calm. The taxi-cab is, indeed, achieving great marvels. That the horses it is relieving from one kind of drudgery are being utilised in another is probable; but sensitive visitors will not see that; and in their ignorance will be bliss.

Fifty-six Million Rats.

WAR ON PESTS WHICH COST £1 A YEAR EACH.

The war on rats and other vermin is to begin in real earnest in England on October 1.

On that date the Society for the Destruction of Vermin, of which Sir James Crichton-Browne is president, will initiate competitions among all the existing sparrow and rat clubs, which they hope to organise into one body.

"All clubs with a membership of twenty will be eligible for the competitions," an official of the society told an "Express" representative. "The club which kills the greatest number of rats in twelve months will receive a prize of ten guineas, and there will be two other prizes of five and three guineas. In addition, there will be offered fifty prizes of one guinea each to individuals who can prove big bags."

"No prize will be given to an individual who has destroyed fewer than 200 rats. The entrance fee for clubs will be 10s."

"For the country clubs there will be offered five prizes of ten guineas each and ten prizes of five guineas each for the fifteen clubs providing the largest 'bag.' We estimate that the champion club should show a bag of 10,000 rats."

"In our investigations we have taken the lowest possible basis. We estimate that there are fifty-six millions of acres under cultivation in the British Isles, and, merely for the sake of calculations, we put one rat on each acre. Each rat can do one pound's worth of damage per annum."

"In May next the Society will hold an exhibition in which will be shown not only the history of the war on rats, which dates back to ancient Egyptian and Etruscan times, but the most modern methods of exterminating these and other pests. We ourselves do not advocate any particular methods of extermination. We hope the exhibition will do that for us."

No More Sunday Golf in the Highlands.

In the Highlands, as might be expected, Sunday golf has always been frowned upon—"Auld Lichts," "Wee Frees," "Big Frees," and other varieties of Scottish religionists being at one in denouncing the "desecration of the Sabbath."

But, in spite of this, there were two or three golf courses in the North on which a quiet game might be played on Sunday. The golfer who made use of the privilege had to act circumspectly, taking care that his paraphernalia were not dis-

played so conspicuously as to offend local susceptibilities. Indeed, he had to take his game almost surreptitiously; and it is want of circumspection on the part of certain players which has now put an end to all Sunday golf players in the Highlands.

Not long ago there was a rising of the crofters whose grazings form part of the club had to face the alternatives of forbidding Sunday golf or having their course curtailed to such an extent as to make it useless. Since the Fleet began to visit the Cromarty Firth many of the officers have been in the habit of playing over the Nigg Golf Club's course; but the popularity of the pastime among the officers doomed their Sunday play. The club has issued a notice that henceforth the course is to be closed on Sunday. Which means that now there will be no golfing on Sunday north of the Highland line.

Fifty Years After.

Half a century ago, or nearly so, a boy named Shortland won a prize at Cheltenham College for excellence in the entrance examination for Woolwich, but, having to leave school before the prizes were distributed, he never received it. At last month's prize-giving, Master Shortland, now a veteran colonel on the retired list, came forward to receive his long-deferred reward. We imagine that the gallant colonel must have felt an exceptionally happy man. Not to many of "the old brigade" is it given to turn back the tide of time, and to become a boy again so completely as he did, after 50 years. And we will be bound that, in his heart of hearts, Colonel Shortland will cherish that prize for the rest of his life with a peculiar tenderness which he will not feel for any honours that he may have won during all the years that have intervened since he gained it. But it must have been a strange feeling, that of being at once an old man and a boy, a feeling as of one who is having a second time on earth, not on the dull earth of later life, but that of youth—"youth," as Thackeray has called it, "the golden time, the happy, the bright, the unforgettens."

Why Hamlet Went Mad.

"HAD BEEN TOO LONG AT THE UNIVERSITY."

A new and amusing theory regarding Hamlet's madness, which will be of particular interest to "varsity men," is put forward by the writer of "The Point of View" in "Scribner's Magazine."

"I am convinced," he says, "that I know the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy. The simple truth of the matter is that Hamlet had been too long at the university."

"We find him at thirty still a student at Wittenberg, prolonging his college life nearly ten years beyond the legitimate time, whether from difficulty with the curriculum or from desire to participate longer in collegiate amusements, or from sheer lust for scholarship, we do not know."

"Most of the problems that have puzzled the critics can be explained in the light of this simple fact, and the evidence in favour of this supposition is overwhelming when the text is examined."

"When the terrible revelation of a father's murder, a mother's shame, an uncle's guilt, is made to Hamlet by the ghost, what does he do? He hunts for his note-book

My tables! meet it is I set it down
That one may smile and smile and be
a villain.

"The undergraduate habit of mind! That which should have burned itself into the memory for ever, written down to save the trouble of remembering it; moreover, the damning, concrete fact turned into a generalisation!"

"Here two phases of the training of the schools are clearly set forth by Shakespeare, who had escaped the university himself, but whose association with the scholar playwrights of the time made him aware of its evil effects."

Tin Plate King.

The tin-plate king has just died. This was Mr. Leeds, known popularly as the "Tin-Plate King." His career was singularly like the tens of thousands of other Americans. He started life at the very lowest rung of the ladder; as a boy he was employed by a railway company, working fiercely hard—as is the custom in America—for a few shillings a day. He saved a little; then, with that extraordinary initiative which characterises the true American, he started in a small way, then in a bigger way; until in the end he became the chief figure in the manufacture of tin plate. When the big steel trust was formed by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, he sold out; and he got—it is said—eight millions sterling for his property. If he had been a European he would have retired with his eight millions—at 4 per cent., it brings in an income of £320,000 a year—which ought to be enough for any man; but instead of doing this, Mr. Leeds went on working, put all the money into a big railway scheme, and in time became as great a power in the railway world as he had been in the world of tin plate. Then he—like so many other millionaires—thought of a new wife; and got rid of the old one by the huge bribe of £200,000; and now with all his millions he is dead, leaving behind the younger woman he married instead of his first wife, and one young child.

"I don't know," says T. P. O'Connor, in "M.A.P.," what was the age of Mr. Leeds, but I should be surprised to find that he was an old man; millionaires in America usually have worn themselves out before they reach much more than respectable middle age. I have met a great many of them in my time, and I have known few of them who were healthy, and fewer still who were happy. Grim, silent, absent-minded, joyless creatures, that is my usual experience of what they are. It is largely due to the fact that most of them have had to begin the work of making money very young—just, in fact, after they have left the common school, as the public elementary school in America is called—and that means that they have not acquired yet the art of living, and especially that portion of it which consists in taking an interest in intellectual things.

Beaten by 'Phone Clerks.

FRENCH COUNT IS GLAD THEY WERE NOT GIRLS.

Count Drouet d'Aubigny had an unpleasant adventure recently, owing to a complaint he made about the telephone service, which in Paris is indescribably bad.

He had failed to get communication, and, receiving an impudent reply over the wire from a clerk, called at the offices to complain.

He was very rudely received, but worse followed when he explained that he had come to pull the ears of the operator who had insulted him.

At these words about twenty telephone clerks set on him, smacked his face, pulled his hair, trampled his hat under foot, and, running him down stairs, kicked him out into the street. The Count went to the police station and brought a charge against the clerks.

He stated next day that he congratulated himself on the fact that the incident had happened to him in the evening when men clerks were on duty. "I dare not imagine what my fate would have been," he said, "if I had been attacked by twenty telephone girls."

Millionaire Insures His Son's Toys.

All the toys of the little son of Mr W. K. Vanderliit, who was recently visiting Paris, were insured by his father in case they should get lost or damaged on the journey.

Duke of Argyll Mistaken for a Fenian.

Once on a visit to Ireland the Duke of Argyll had the uncomfortable experience of nearly being arrested for a Fenian. Waiting at Sligo for the Dublin express he encountered a genial policeman whom he found communicative, and with whom he smoked cigars in the station waiting room. The constable seemed very friendly until the noise of the train's approach was heard; then, turning to the Duke, he said: "I must arrest ye." "Nonsense! Whatever for? You'll catch it for making mistakes," cried the Duke. "I'm going to the Vice-regal Lodge, where they'll be after inquiring if there's an intelligent policeman at Sligo, and how can I say, there is?" "Well, I fear ye're under arrest," said the policeman. "Oh, rubbish! here's the train—I'm going to get in," answered the Duke. "Taking up his bag he went to the train, while the policeman beckoned to the guard, and a muttered conversation ensued. Then the guard's voice, raised louder, was heard: "What's he look like—does he look like a gentleman?" The Duke of Argyll was pleased to hear the answer; "Yes, I think he does." After some further talk, the constable approached the carriage window. "I think I'll risk it and let you go as far as Dublin," he said. "But, mind, ye're in the guard's charge." On his arrival, the Duke hid him to Lord Spencer, and then he learnt that a "head-centre," as the Fenians called their chiefs, was being searched for, and later Lord Spencer said he saw the man in the street, and he was so like the Duke that he had nearly ridden up to him to greet him.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

In a Worst Factory.

Society Gossip.

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 Louison, eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Louison (Christchurch), and Mr. Herbert Nathan, of Wellington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Harriet Acland (Mt. Peel, Canterbury) and Major Spencer (England).

The marriage of Miss Bertha Julius and Mr. Percy Elworthy is fixed to take place on October 1st.

News comes from England of the engagement of Mr. Cyril Towsey (formerly of Wellington), to Miss M. Cooper, of Auckland.

Invitations are issued for the marriage of Miss Elsie Joseph (Wellington) to Mr. F. Nathan (Palmerston), which will take place at the Synagogue on September 16th.

The marriage of Miss May Harding, who has for some years been on the nursing staff of the Wellington Hospital, to Mr. Clive Sommerville (Wellington), will take place at Waipukurau on September 16th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Yolande Sherratt, third daughter of Mr. W. G. Sherratt, (Gisborne, to Mr. Osborne Sainsbury, solicitor, also of Gisborne.

"Yes," said the suffragist on the platform, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

"There is one way in which they never suffered," said a meek-looking man, standing up in the rear of the hall.

"What way is that?" demanded the suffragist.

"They have never suffered in silence."

By A FACTORY GIRL.

All textile factory workers are allowed so many regular holidays per year—holidays which cannot be altered to suit the whims of individual employers, but are strictly specified by Act of Parliament. I have never found that the work connected with worsted factories is particularly hard or particularly unhealthy.

The combing department is perhaps the most injurious to women, owing to the intense heat, but no special complaint can be made of other departments.

One of the chief drawbacks to modern factory life is its monotony. When I have been standing in the middle of a large weaving-shed, watching the weavers at their work, I have often thought how applicable to the scene was a sentence which, when first I read it, made a deep impression on my mind: "The perfection of mechanism, human and mechanical."

Just as the machinery is always droning, and whirring, and grinding; just as the shuttle flies through the warp, always in the same groove, and just as the wheels of the loom turn round and round without variation, so is the life of the factory worker. Day follows day. The same faces are seen, the same routine of work is gone through, backwards and forwards from the home to the factory, the same hours for meals, the same circle of never-ending daily duties, and then to bed.

This kind of treadmill existence, this "mechanical plying to and fro," goes on year after year, until one is often tempted to kick against the pricks just by way of a change. Small wonder that gossip and even scandal are looked upon as recreation.

THE MORALS OF A FACTORY.

At different times I have both heard and read a great deal about the immorality practised in factories. As far as my own experience goes, I have never thought that there is a greater tendency to immorality among factory workers than among any other class of workers. For instance I have been told over and over again that the vices of drinking and gambling are becoming very common among women factory workers. That these vices do exist in most factories among men and boys I have not the slightest doubt; but I have known very few women who gambled and not many habitual drunkards.

DEPEND LARGELY ON THE EMPLOYER.

Now, the morality of a factory depends largely upon the character of the employer, and also upon the individual character of the managers and overlookers. Of course, it naturally follows that where the masters are upright, clean-living men, the morality of their factories is necessarily higher than where the employers set a low standard. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that the temptations of factory life are many and varied.

THE TEMPTATION OF FACTORY LIFE.

There is the temptation that leads so many promising girls astray—the love of admiration and fine clothes. There is also the morbid craving after pleasure and excitement which, in time, makes a girl frequent the dancing saloons and other objectionable places of amusement. As far as I am concerned, I cannot say that I have ever regretted the circumstances which compelled me to earn my living as a factory worker. I always found the work fairly congenial, and I soon learned that the three graces—faith, hope, and charity—can be found in a flourishing condition, even in the somewhat unsuitable soil of factory life and work.

Personal admiration never turns a woman's head as it does a man's. She is not naturally vain like a man, and compliments after a time become too much a matter of course to disturb her equanimity. If she is pretty she is already aware of the fact without being told it, and, if she is not, she will have sufficient imagination to believe that she is.—"The Ladies' Field."

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

August 25.

Society is having a delightfully quiet time just now, and those who followed every event of the Fleet Week are living on the memories of the past, or recuperating after expending so much energy in the search of enjoyment. The social lull was broken when Mrs. Louis Myers gave a very enjoyable

AT HOME

at her charming residence, "The Mount," on Tuesday afternoon as a welcome to Miss Irene Ainsley, the gifted young contralto artist, who has just returned to New Zealand. Miss Ainsley, who is a protegee of Mollie's, has for the past four years been studying music in Europe, and her musical career has been watched with much interest by Aucklanders. The reception given by Mrs. Myers on the afternoon of Miss Ainsley's arrival was a happy idea, as it gave the guest of honour an opportunity of renewing old friendships before her departure this week for her Southern tour.

Mrs. Myers received her guests in a handsome black striped marquisette gown mounted on a glace foundation, and a lace bodice over white silk, with lovely Honiton lace V; Miss Ainsley was charmingly gowned in a pale blue striped skirt and coat, and an electric blue hat with blue plumes all over the crown; Mrs. A. Myers was attired in grey chiffon velvet, and grey plumed hat; Mrs. Coleman wore a smart electric blue cloth gown over white lace bodice, and a brown hat with shaded roses; Lady Stout was in a mole grey cloth costume, and white plumed toque; Mrs. Cussen wore a black silk toilette, with a black and white chiffon ruffe, and black hat with feathers; Mrs. Leo Myers favoured a reseda green cloth gown, a black hat, and lovely brown furs; Miss Ruby Coleman was pretty in a pastel green cloth frock over a white lace blouse, and a green hat; Miss Brown, ruby silk semi-Empire frock over a white lace bodice, and a black hat; Mrs. Hacon (Wellington) was strikingly gowned in mauve chiffon taffetas, with vest and yoke of silver diamante net, smart hat in shades of heliotrope and purple; Mrs. T. C. Williams, black velvet gown, handsome black silk applique coat, white velvet bonnet with long osprey, and beautiful white ostrich feather stole and muff; Mrs. O'Rorke, olive green skirt and coat with black soutache, and floral toque of violets; Mrs. Bosawen, gazelle fawn corduroy velvet robe, and large white felt hat with long white ostrich plumes; Mrs. Fyler, dark costume, and white furs; Mrs. Rankin Reed, ruby gown with velvet coat, and white plumed toque, and lovely ermine furs; Miss Edith Isaacs, cream serge Eton costume, and black picture hat; Mrs. Arthur Nathan, black toilette, and handsome Stone Marten furs; Mrs. Rathbone, black marquisette over white silk, smart velvet ermine-toque, with violets and touches of cerise velvet; Lady Lockhart, violet cloth skirt and coat with black soutache, violet hat with shaded roses in the same tone, and rich bear furs; Mrs. Edward Russell, black serge Norfolk costume, white felt hat, and white ostrich feather stole; Mrs. (Dr.) Kenny, mole grey cloth tailor-made gown, white felt hat, and white furs; Mrs. F. Waller, violet cloth costume, black picture hat, and ermine furs; Mrs. Willoughby Kenny, black silk with touches of white, and black hat; Mrs. Ruck, black silk, long sealote coat, and black hat; Mrs. McDowell, ruby chiffon velvet gown over a cream lace bodice, black hat, and sable furs; Mrs. Chalinor Purchas, black chiffon taffeta over a white lace blouse, and a white and black hat; Mrs. H. W. Seagar, claret

cloth costume, and hat of the same tone wreathed with crimson chrysanthemums; Mrs. Buckland, black silk toilette, with touches of white; Mrs. H. Isaacs, smart Havana brown skirt and short coat, and a white felt-hat with ruffled chiffon; Mrs. Alfred Nathan, pale grey tailor-made, and brown and peacock green hat; Mrs. Cupeland Savage, dark myrtle green cloth costume, and large stylish black plumed hat and lovely white ostrich feather stole; Miss Winnie Leya, cyclamen violet cloth frock, and stylish violet hat with roses and grapes in the same tones; Miss Ada Lockie (Wellington), graceful pastel green semi-Empire frock with tucked net chemisette, and Leghorn hat with shaded crimson roses; Mrs. Parkes, black Marquisette gown, black hat with long black and white ostrich feathers falling over the brim; Mrs. Ziman; Mrs. R. Bedford, olive green gown with Directoire coat, and green hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. Whitney, myrtle green velvet robe, and green hat with blue and Damask roses; Mrs. Colbeck, brown cloth Directoire coat and skirt, vieux rose hat and white fox furs; Mrs. Cross (Christchurch), pale grey silk with lace encrusted vest relieved with black, white and black hat; Miss Beauchamp (Wellington) was daintily frocked in Havana brown, and wore a becoming heliotrope hat; Mrs. Lindsay, Parma

ECZEMA MADE HER GIVE UP WORK

Hands, Arms, and Feet Affected—Medical Treatment Made Hands Swell and Run Water—Was as Helpless as a Baby—Followed a Neighbour's Advice and Her

CURE BY CUTICURA HAS BEEN PERMANENT

"My daughter, Mrs. Hannah Austin, lives with me, and in September, 1906, something came on her hands and feet which a doctor said was eczema. He gave her a box of ointment which caused her hands to swell and run water. She was in a dreadful state and as helpless as a baby. A neighbour, whose child had had a similar disease on the head, recommended me to try Cuticura Ointment. Finding that it did her good, we went on trying Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. Being employed in the mills as a silk worker, my daughter had had to give up work for a fortnight, but after using Cuticura Remedies for a few days she was able to resume her occupation. The disease not only affected her hands and feet but went up to her elbows. In all she had two tablets of Cuticura Soap, three boxes of Cuticura Ointment (some of which is still left), and one bottle of Cuticura Pills. There has been no return of the distressing eruption and she is now working as usual. Margaret Dooey, 43, Broad St., Leek, Staffordshire, June 19, 1907."

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases.

LET MOTHERS KNOW

That a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single anointing with Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients, will afford instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tormented babies, and rest for tired, worried mothers when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Pleasant Pills (Chocolate Coated) to Purify the Blood. A single set after Cuticura will cure almost all the worst Eruptions. London, 27, Chancery Lane, Paris, 2, Rue de la Paix, Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney, 21, Street, Sydney, 1, George Lane, Melbourne, 17, S. A., Foster Drug & Chem. Co., Cape Town, 18, Market.

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Violet gown with white lace guimpe, and white hat with pale blue and pink roses; Mrs. Coleman Peirce, graceful pearl grey voile de soie over white silk, and black picture hat; Mrs. G. Roberts, black point d'esprit with white lace V, and black plumed hat; Miss Ward (Wellington), olive green silk, and hat en suite; Mrs. Spith; Mrs. Goertz, smart French grey nylon de soie over white silk with touches of black velvet, and black plumed hat; Miss Alice Walker, stylish electric blue cloth frock, and black picture hat to Mrs. Pilling (Te Aroha), lined green chiffon taffeta, and dainty green hat to match; Mrs. Egerton, black chiffon tulle with touches of white, and black and white hat; Mrs. Pabst, navy silk and cream lace, hat en suite; Miss Peacock, rusky silk shawl Empire frock and pale blue hat; Mrs. Talbot-Tubbs, pale grey costume and black hat; Mrs. Raynor, olive green cloth tailor-made with soutache, and black and blue hat with pale blue ostrich feathers; Mrs. A. Bunt; Miss A. Whitelaw, rosea green tailor-made and electric blue velvet hat; Miss E. Whitelaw, cream serge coat and skirt and electric blue hat; Mrs. Hellaby, brown tweed and violet velvet hat; Mrs. Macgregor, cream nylon costume and black velvet plumed hat; Mrs. C. J. Parr, royal navy tailor-made gown and roseate straw high-crowned hat; Mrs. R. Anthony Carr, sapphire blue brocade gown and black toque; Mrs. Tewsey (Wellington) wore an effective toilette of heliotrope satin cloth a la Empire and modish hat of same shade; Mrs. Elliott, beautifully-fitting dark grey striped tailor-made, heavily soutached with black, small black and white hat; Mrs. Moore was gowned in dark blue, and wore lovely white furs and white plumed hat; Mrs. T. Peacock, black silk, black silk applique coat, and black bonnet with pink roses; Mrs. Caro, black brocade, black and white toque; Mrs. D. Peacock, floral chiffon gown and black hat; Mrs. C. M. Nelson, black brocade and black hat; Mrs. Ernest Benjamin, black and pale grey striped tailor-made and black hat; Miss Keogh, pastel blue nylon frock and black hat; Mrs. Napier, dark green tailor-made, sable fur toque with shagreen silk rosettes; Mrs. Morton, navy cloth tailor-made, olive green tulle toque with violets; Mrs. Hudson Williamson, brown and green plaid cloth costume and brown sable toque with bunches of blue; Mrs. Lyons, smart orchid mauve cloth gown with velvet bolero and black hat; Miss Lusk, cream serge Eton costume with pretty carnation pink tulle toque; Mrs. Pritt, black toilette with emine furs; Mrs. Phillips; Mrs. Sutherland, pearl grey with black soutache and olive grey toques; Miss Maude Peacock, violet cloth tailor-made costume and white felt-hat; Mrs. Sholto Douglas, smoke grey cloth costume, hat en suite; Mrs. Barry, black tailor-made and flaming pink silk hat; Mrs. Mackay, brown cloth skirt and coat, hat en suite; Mrs. Clark, handsome black toilette of chiffon velours with a yoke, black picture hat with black and white plumes; Mrs. Guinness was prettily gowned in a green and grey heather mixture tweed tailor-made, worn with a dainty rolled lawn vest, small dome-shaped hat with floral crown; Mrs. Clem Lawford wore a navy cloth coat and skirt, black plumed hat; Mrs. J. Alexander was charmingly gowned in grey and white, striped tulle, effectively toned with pale blue touches, black picture hat; Mrs. Sweet, periwinkle blue mirror velvet toilette with dainty lace encrusted net yoke, picture hat to match with shaded ostrich plumes; Miss Alban, and blue cloth gown with lace vest, smart hat en suite; Mrs. Bullock, smart navy chiffon taffeta with cream lace overbodice and green and blue up-turned hat; Mrs. J. J. O'Brien, black velvet and black and white hat; Mrs. Armitage, olive green cloth gown with black soutache, hat en suite; Miss Savage, black coat and skirt and white felt hat with pale grey; Mrs. Oxley, navy tailor-made and black velvet hat; Mrs. Sherman, smart white chamois silk with a design of posies of violets and white tulle high-domed crown hat with small flower wreaths encircling the crown; Mrs. Stewart, pretty white and grey striped chiffon tulle gown and white hat with forget-me-nots; Mrs. C. Phillips, cream costume; Mrs. Dawson, black silk toilette; Mrs. Colegrove, elarete-coloured gown and small toque to match.

Miss Hall, and other willing helpers. These "At Homes" rank as the early flower shows in Auckland, and the flowers were lovely, some very fine specimens being shown. The table decorations were a feature, and Mesdames H. Campbell, Seager, and H. Clark found judging no easy matter. The prizes presented by Mesdames R. A. Carr and H. Campbell, and Mr S. Hesketh, were won by Miss Craig (1), Misses Towle and F. Edgerley (2) a tie. For the Children's Baskets, the prizes presented by Mesdames Buckland and R. Rowe and Mr Coltrane were won by Misses Elouner and Ruth Robertson, and Bertha Lusher and Doris Dive. Afternoon tea was served to those present, and was much appreciated. Mrs. A. Myers wore a handsome plum-coloured cloth costume, hat with plumes to match; her friend, dark blue; Lady Lockhart, blue costume and hat, white feather boa; Mrs. Tewsey, dark costume, heliotrope toque; Mrs. Coltrane, handsome black costume; Mrs. Gaunble, dark grey, putina bonnet; Mrs. Pritt; Mrs. E. Hesketh, black; Miss Lucas, dark blue; Mrs. H. Clark, brown; Mrs. H. Campbell, black; Mrs. Seager, pretty tailor-made; Mrs. Hall, electric blue; Miss Towle, crimson; Mrs. Clayton, navy blue; Mrs. Petrie, dark tailor-made costume; Mrs. Finlayson, black; and Mrs. Sellers, brown.

A novel idea for raising funds, or rather materials, for the "Creche Bazaar" was originated by Mrs Munro Clark last Thursday. Mrs Clark issued invitations to a large number of her friends to an

AT HOME

at her pretty residence, "Waratah," Valley-road, Mt. Roskill, and each guest was asked to bring with her an infant's woollen garment. The result was an unqualified success, and it is comforting to know that for the remainder of this winter, at least, there will be no difficulty in adequately clothing quite a number of unfortunate nites who otherwise might have shivered through the rest of the cold weather. We had most delicious afternoon tea, and the tables were most beautifully decorated with yellow and white and large fragrant bunches of violets. Mrs Clark had provided an amusement for her guests in the shape of two fortune tellers, who were kept busy foretelling the future and reading the past.

Our hostess, wore a graceful gown of black chiffon taffeta, the bodice veiled in fillet net and insertion; her sister, who was a most energetic "aide-de-camp," to Mrs Clark, was prettily frocked in hydrangea blue nylon, with becoming floral hat to match; Mrs Arthur Myers wore dark blue, with a large blue picture hat; Mrs Culing was gowned in black taffeta, smart black and gold hat; Mrs Grant, navy blue tailor-made costume, pretty periwinkle blue hat, crowned with ostrich feathers; Mrs Lindsay, dark blue cloth toilette, white and blue hat; Mrs Peter Moir, black and white check, with small black and white toque; Mrs Fred Kenderline, dark green, with white facings, black and white hat; Mrs Mahoney wore a striking green toilette, and green hat, brightened with touches of gold; Mrs Wilton, dark blue coat and skirt, dainty brown and green hat; Mrs Frank Wilson (New Plymouth), dark tailor-made costume, black-plumed hat; Mrs Griffiths, brown cloth gown, brown hat en suite. Others present were: Mrs Oliver Nicholson, Miss Outwaite, Mrs Jones, Mrs Hunt, Mrs Lawford, Mrs Macfarlane, etc.

MISS IRENE AINSLEY'S FIRST CONCERT IN NEW ZEALAND.

Miss Irene Ainsley's first concert given in New Zealand after her four years' sojourn in London and Paris, evanuated in the Choral Hall on Thursday last. A very large and enthusiastic audience greeted our New Zealand contralto, and Miss Ainsley must surely have been gratified by the reception accorded her. All her contributions were vigorously cheered, and numbers of really exquisite floral emblems were showered on the young artist, testifying to the pride taken by her townspeople in the first Auckland who has really made a "strife" in musical circles at home. Miss Ainsley's gown for the occasion was very beautiful. It was composed of rich lustrous folds of ivory satin charmeuse, made "a la Empire" with a prettily draped skirt, the bodice was softened with lace and had a V-shaped vest of pearl encrusted net. The centre was also heavily embroidered with pearl panemeterie. Mrs. Queree (the accompanist of

the evening) was charmingly gowned in eau de nil chiffon taffeta, the double skirt accentuated with edgings of ecru lace, daintily gathered net tucker. Mrs. Cussen was gowned in black silk finished with jotted lace sleeves and deep berthe of ecru Bohemian lace. Amongst the large and fashionable audience were the Mayores (Mrs. Arthur Myers) and her guest, Mrs. Fryer, the wife of the Commander of the Encounter. Mrs. Louis Myers and Miss Northcote, Mrs. Gillies, Miss Williamson, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Hoazard Brown, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Hacon (Wellington), Mrs. Cross (Christchurch), Mrs. and Miss Buckland, Miss Lockie (Wellington), Misses Moss-Davis, Mr. and the Misses, Keogh, Mrs. Goodhue, Miss Goldie, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Bayloy, Mrs. Hellaby, Mrs., and Miss Sholt Douglas, Mrs. Rose, etc.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs Eliot R. Davis has returned to Auckland after her lengthened visit to Sydney. The Misses Jessie and Grace McVay left by the Waikare for their home in

Napier, after a most enjoyable visit to Auckland, where they participated in the festivities of Fleet week.

Mrs T. Cotten, of Renuera, Auckland, left last week for Sydney, via the South. She is accompanied by her niece, Miss Vera Latimer.

Miss Fanny Glasgow, of Wellington, has been staying with Dr. and Mrs Robertson for the fleet week festivities.

Mrs Arthur Kenderline, Tauraruaui, is staying with Mrs W. A. Knight, "St. Roman's," Mt. Eden.

Mrs Fryer, wife of the commander of the Encounter, is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Myers, "Cintra," Symonds-street.

Mrs Frank Wilson, of Taranaki, is at present on a visit to Auckland, and is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs Wilson, St. Stephen's avenue, Parnell.

Mr and Mrs Newell Arber, of Hamilton, left Auckland last Tuesday for Timaru, where their future home is to be.

The Misses Leila and Winifred Webster, who have been staying with their sister, Mrs Bob Lusk, "Ohau," Parnell, returned to New Plymouth last week.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

"I attribute my present good health to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is now three years since I first used it. Previous to that I was in very bad health. Had no appetite, could not sleep, always felt tired. It has built me up and I feel like another woman. I strongly advise women in delicate health to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as I am sure it will do them good."



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SHORTLAND ST. AUCKLAND

St. Mark's Ladies' Guild held their popular

DAFFODIL "AT HOME"

last Thursday under the management of Mrs Dayton and Miss Winifred Westwood, assisted by Miss M. Herrold and

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, August 20.

The Frank Thornton Company played three nights last week to crowded houses, Friday night, the closing of the season, "The Private Secretary" being played. Amongst those in the audience that night were: Mrs. White, in handsome black silk, trimmed with silk Spanish lace; Miss White, soft cream silk; Mrs. Coop, cream silk; Mrs. F. B. Barker, black and white silk gown, dainty pink silk opera coat; Mrs. A. Rees, white silk; Mrs. Barker, sen., very rich black and violet brocade with lace trimmings; Miss Barker, cream net, pale blue touches; Mrs. W. R. Barker, black silk, handsome pale blue brocade opera coat; Miss Nolan, pale heliotrope chiffon, pale grey opera coat, trimmed white fur; Mrs. Morgan, white silk, smoke grey coat; Mrs. E. Matthews, black guaze silk; Miss Murray, electric blue and black silk; Mrs. Kennedy, pale blue and black silk gown; Miss Adair, white silk; Mrs. Symes, pink embroidered silk, opera coat of smoke blue, trimmed velvet and fur; Mrs. Stephenson, crimson silk, cream velvet and satin opera cape.

THE LADIES' BRIDGE CLUB

held their meeting on Monday last at Mrs. Sainsbury's, in Childer's Road, there being a good number of players as well as spectators present.

The Golf Tournament for Ladies, held on Friday afternoon, was won: The A Section by Miss Adams, B Section by Miss L. Barker.

A LARGE BALL

was held at Tologa Bay on Thursday night last, a good number of Gisborne people braving weather and swollen rivers to be present at it. Mrs. Ludbrook, who has been visiting Mrs. W. L. Rees, "Bungalow," returned to the Coast for this dance, Miss Rees accompanying her.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolan, who returned to Gisborne on Wednesday last, have been spending race week in Christchurch. Dr. and Mrs. Scott also attended the races in Christchurch. Mr. G. J. Black, who has been wintering in Australia, returned to Gisborne last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Lysnar, travelling from Auckland and the festivities of Fleet Week, reached Gisborne on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and Mr. A. F. Kennedy also returned on Sunday. Mr. Preston, local manager of the Union S.S. Co., accompanied by Mrs. Preston, left on Saturday for a tour of the South Sea Islands. Mr. Falla, of Dunedin, relieves Mr. Preston. Drs. de Lisle and Gilruth are at present visiting Gisborne.

ELSA.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, August 20.

JOLLY LITTLE DAN

was given in the Foresters' Hall by the lady members of the Marora Hockey Team. The floor was in perfect order, and the dance went with a swing throughout. The supper table was prettily decorated with violets and daffodils. Enticed Mrs. Dr. Henley, wearing a becoming black taffeta frock, bodice draped with white point lace and black velvet; Mrs. Tylee wore a white taffeta frock, touches of lace, white feather stole; Mrs. Westall, black lace frock; Miss Dowes wore a charming pink and white flowered chiffon frock, touches of pink; Miss McLean, white muslin and lace frock; Miss Williams, becoming blue taffeta frock trimmed with lace and chiffon; Miss McVay, dainty white frock, trimmed with floral taffeta; Miss Todd, black taffeta frock trimmed with lace; Miss L. Davis, white silk and lace dress, touches of rose pink; Miss Simpson, can de nil coupe de chine frock, lace vest and sleeves, floral sash; Miss Wellwood wore a becoming red velvet frock; Miss B. Wellwood, black taffeta; Miss Neville, pretty hand-painted chiffon frock; Miss Dean, white frock, trimmed with lace; Miss M. Dean, blue chiffon frock, touches of pink; Mrs. Baker, pink and green taffeta frock, trimmed with gold braided Miss S. Malone, pretty pale blue frock, undervest of white chiffon; Miss Broad-

beat, becoming black frock, touches of white lace, and green velvet; Miss McKenzie, pretty scarlet taffeta frock; Miss Miller, pale pink muslin dress, trimmed with lace; Miss Margoliouth, floral taffeta and lace dress; Miss Vera Margoliouth, smart sky-blue taffeta frock; Miss Seal, white silk dress trimmed with silver embroidery; Miss Clark, pink chiffon frock; Miss Graham, white lace frock, touches of scarlet.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Wood, of Napier, is on a visit to Auckland. Mrs. Matthews has returned to Featherston from a visit to Napier. Mrs. S. Williamson, of Gisborne, is spending a week in Napier. Miss Kettle, of Christchurch, is on a visit to Napier. Mrs. Parn, of Martinborough, has been staying in Napier. Miss Campbell, of Wellington, is visiting friends in Napier. Mrs. Hiddell, of Napier, has gone on a visit to Auckland. Mrs. Hull, of Wapana, is on a visit to Napier. Miss McVay has returned to Napier from a visit to Auckland. Mrs. Strang has returned to Palmerston North from a visit to Napier. Mrs. K. Brown, of Wellington, is on a visit to Napier.

MARJORIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, August 19.

Last Wednesday evening Mrs. J. Harvey gave a most

ENJOYABLE EUCHRE PARTY

at her residence in Courtney street, and prizes were won by Miss Bedford and Mr. J. Brailsford (first), Miss Evans and Mr. V. Mackay (booby). After the prizes were given, the guests adjourned to the diningroom, where a most recherche supper was served. During the evening piano-forte and vocal items were rendered by Misses Deacon, Evans, Crawford, and Black, and Messrs. Johns, T. Anderson, V. Mackay, and W. Crawford. Mrs. Harvey received her guests in a pretty pale pink silk blouse, finished with cream lace and insertion, black silk skirt; Miss Crawford, very pale heliotrope silk blouse, with rich cream insertion trimming, black voile skirt; Misses R. and A. Crawford, dainty white tucked and insertion muslins; Miss Skinner, pale yellow floral muslin, with shoulder straps of velvet of a darker shade; Miss D. Skinner, dove-grey silk, finished with cream lace frills; Mrs. Richards, cream muslin, relieved with magenta silk and flowers; Miss Evans, heliotrope floral muslin, inset with cream insertion; Miss Bedford, cream tucked costume, trimmed with heavy cream insertion; Miss Deacon, cream silk, scarlet outlining decolletage, and scarlet silk empire sash; Miss Colson, white muslin, folded silk belt; Miss Dempsey, pale green silk blouse, berthe of cream lace, black voile skirt; Miss Brailsford, cream silk, decolletage threaded with deep red silk, claret coloured satin ribbon sash.

The annual

SOCIAL

of the Star Football Club was held in the Theatre Royal last Thursday evening, and the attendance, which was large, included members of the Taranaki and Wellington Rugby teams. The music was rendered by Mrs. Arnold George's orchestra, while extras were played by Misses Kirkby, Brewster, D. Bedford, and M. Clarke. Those in the ladies' committee were as follows: Mesdames Backell (president), G. Tisch, Simmons, R. Jury, F. Richards, Bach, Clarke, Coleman, E. M. Smith and Ryan, and Misses Humphries (2), Capel, Hanna, and Nicholl. During the evening, in the absence of Mr. Dockrill (president), Mr. Arthur Humphries presented the first junior team with the Dan O'Brien Shield, which was won this season by the team. Mr. G. Bishop's gold medal for the best forward in the senior team was presented to Mr. C. Brown. The supper table was prettily decorated by Mrs. M. Clarke with masses of spring flowers. Among those present were: Miss Humphries, black satin, real lace berthe; Miss H. Humphries, rose-pink muslin, heliotrope floral ribbon sash;

Miss Capel, white silk taffetas, corsage relieved with pale blue choux; Miss Bayley, black silk, decolletage threaded with turquoise blue velvet ribbon, turquoise ornaments; Mrs. G. Kebbell; Mrs. H. Stocker, pale blue silk, with berthe of white lace; Miss Bedford, lettuce green ninon do soie, trimmed with a darker shade of silk; Miss D. Bedford, cream insertion silk; Miss Hanna, turquoise blue silk, trimmed cream lace; Miss N. Hanna, pale blue silk, inset with cream lace; Miss Healy, pale pink silk, trimmed with lace, and black velvet ribbon; Miss Emery, cream silk; Miss Gross, vieux rose voile, with cream net vest and sleeves; Miss — Gross, turquoise blue cashmere, long blue silk shoulder scarf; Miss Nicholls, black frilled net; Miss A. Hunter (Hamilton), dainty pale blue silk taffetas, white net chemisette and under sleeves; Miss Brewster, pale shell pink muslin, with deep floral silk bands on skirt and ribbon sash, deep red roses in coiffure; Miss Haganson, pale blue silk. Miss Roberts looked well in deep red silk trimmed with bands of black velvet, decolletage relieved with cream lace; Miss A. Roberts was much admired in pale green silk, with chemisette of cream net; Miss L. Preston looked very graceful in a white muslin Empire frock, with sash of canary coloured ribbon; Miss Kirkby, cream spotted net over glace.

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Valaze will make you as Nature intended you should be— Beautiful!

An almost perfect complexion is within the reach of every woman, in spite of the ravages that worry, occupation, or the approach of age have wrought upon her. The Valaze is a Skin Food—actually a food—not merely covering up blemishes for the moment, but nourishing those delicate tissues that lie beneath the skin, so that skin, and will both preserve present beauty, and restore it when lost. The coarsest skin must yield to its gentle influence. Valaze is positively guaranteed to remove Freckles, Blemishes, Sunburn, Eczema, Sallowness, and Pimples. Price, 6/- and 8/- a Jar. Post free.

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WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, August 21.

The weather on Friday was glorious for the monthly golf match, which had been postponed from the previous week on account of the bad day, Miss O. Stanford won the senior. Miss Darley 2nd, Miss Cave 3rd; the junior's was won by Miss D. Brettagh, Miss Harper 2nd, and Mrs R. Jackson and Miss P. Nixon tied for third place. Amongst those on the links were Mr James J. Anderson, Good, McLean, Alexander, Howarth, Jackson, Muirburn, Hawke, Lomas, J. Watt, Misses Moore, Stanford, Darley, Nixon, Barri-coat, Parsons, Dymock, Greerson, N. Cowper, A. Cowper, Hawken (2), Cave, Mrs. Sergeant, Mrs. and Miss Nixon, Mrs. Paterson, Miss Brettagh, Miss Bates, and Miss Harper.

On Wednesday an approaching and putting match was played on the Belmont links by the juniors for a prize presented by Mrs. H. Nixon. Mrs. Howarth and Miss M. Brown tied for first place, and in the play off Mrs. Howarth was victorious. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and Miss Nixon. Amongst those present were Mesdames Hawke, Lomas, Good, Sergeant, Brookfield, J. Watt, Lomas, Imlay Saunders, J. Anderson, Mel-drum, Misses Greerson, Darley, Stanford, Bates, Dymock, Nixon, Conte (Hawera), Cave, Cowper (2), Brettagh, Harper, Oliver. During the afternoon several rounds of the championship were played.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. A. Blundell, of Nelson, was in Wanganui for a few days recently.

Mr. A. Nixon, of Wanganui, has returned from his visit to Christchurch.

Mrs. Nevens, of the Wairarapa, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. Harrison in Wanganui.

Mr. and Mrs. Imlay Saunders, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Christchurch and Wellington.

Mr. Fitzherbert, of Rangitikei, is staying with friends in Wanganui.

Mrs. S. Gordon, of Wanganui, is staying with relations in Christchurch.

Miss Dargyple, of Bulls, was the guest of Mrs. H. Sargeant recently.

Mrs. and Miss Wilson, of Bulls, have been staying in Wanganui.

Miss Conte, of Hawera, is the guest of Mrs. H. Nixon in Wanganui.

HULA.

PALMERSTON NORTH

Dear Bee, August 21.

The annual football match between the Te Aute (Hawke's Bay) and Wanganui Colleges took place on the Palmerston Show Ground on Saturday afternoon. The Te Aute boys arrived on Friday, and the entire Wanganui College by special train on Saturday. The junior match resulted in a draw, both sides playing well and scoring 3 points. The senior match was very exciting, and ended in favour of Te Aute by 21 points to 8. Amongst the spectators I noticed: Mrs. Empson (Wanganui), wearing a long blue coat over a green costume, lighter shade of blue straw hat with feathers; Mrs. Harper, navy blue coat and skirt, cornflower blue hat; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, navy blue coat and skirt with pale blue cloth collar, stylish pale blue hat with green feathers; Miss Abraham, in navy blue with very short coat, braided in black, electric blue hat; Miss Marjorie Abraham, green coat and skirt, old rose straw hat with cream, yellow and crimson roses; Mrs. Lionel Abraham, green coat and skirt, brown hat with brown wings; Mrs. Harold Abraham, brown tweed coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. A. Fitzherbert (Feilding), wine-coloured costume, braided in black, black hat with black tips; Mrs. Knight (Dannevirke), navy blue Eton costume, brown hat with brown feather and ospreys; Mrs. Pratt, green striped tweed coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers and touch of blue; Miss Hewitt, brown tweed coat and skirt, brown motor hat; Miss E. Levin, green tweed coat and skirt, white fox fur, white motor hat with pale blue piping; Miss Price, in navy blue, hat

with green silk bows; Mrs. Munro, green coat and skirt, green hat with silk bows; Miss Munro, in navy blue, pale blue straw hat with roses, white fox fur; Miss Nina Levett, strawberry-coloured Eton costume, white hat with white silk bows; Miss Snow, brown tweed coat and skirt, hat with scarlet berries; Mrs. Warburton, navy blue coat and skirt, green hat with green feathers and touch of brown; Miss Warburton, navy blue coat and skirt, braided in black, pale blue hat; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, navy blue coat and skirt, pale blue hat with pheasant feathers; Mrs. G. Sim, light grey coat and skirt, grey motor hat; Mrs. Peter Sim, navy blue costume with white cloth collar, pale blue hat with grey feathers; Mrs. Broad, in navy blue, made with very short coat, large white hat with flowers; Mrs. A. Guy, brown and blue striped coat and skirt, black hat with band of gold and black coque feathers; Mrs. Porritt, light cornflower blue coat and skirt, brown hat with pheasant wings; Mrs. Frances Hewitt, cream cloth coat and skirt, braided with cream silk braid, large pale blue hat with blue silk bows and grey feathers tipped with pale blue; Mrs. F. S. McRae, green tweed coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Raudolph, navy blue coat and skirt, fawn felt hat with blue feathers; Mrs. J. Waldegrave, navy blue costume, sable fur, burnt stray hat with coloured roses; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, navy blue coat and skirt, sailor hat; Miss Trixie Waldegrave, brown tweed Norfolk coat and skirt, brown felt hat with brown wings; Mrs. A. D. Thompson, navy blue, made with very long coat, white felt hat with scarlet berries; Mrs. McKnight, navy blue coat and skirt, braided in black, white fox fur, large navy hat with white feathers; Mrs. McLardy, black coat and skirt, black hat with black silk bows; Miss Bell, navy blue coat and skirt, green silk hat with green wings; Miss Barry, black cloth Eton coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Miss Mills, navy blue Eton costume, pale blue straw hat with paid silk ribbon and pale blue quills; Mrs. G. Luxford, navy blue coat and skirt, fawn cloth collar and cuffs, navy blue hat; Mrs. Stowe, brown cloth coat and skirt, brown motor hat.

THE DANCE GIVEN BY MRS. C. SMITH.

Bank of New Zealand, on last Saturday evening, was a delightful break in the social monotony of the past few weeks. The drawing-room upstairs made a nice little ball-room, and the passages and landing were suitable for sitting out between the dances. Bridge was played in a card-room by a few non-dancers. Supper was laid in the dining-room, the table looking most attractive with its decorations of mimosa. An abundance of partners left nothing to be desired from a ladies' point of view. The hostess wore a rich black silk skirt, and dainty cream silk blouse; Miss Smith, an effective frock of cream spotted net over rose pink silk, cream embroidered silk straps finishing the bodice; Miss Gladys Smith, cream nun's veiling, with cream silk sash and scarlet ribbon in hair; Miss Ella Smith, a very pale blue muslin frock, with cream silk sash; Miss Olive Smith, in cream, with crimson silk sash and crimson ribbon in hair; Miss Ethel Collins, a very pretty white silk frock, the bodice finished with white tulle and satin straps; Miss Porter, white embroidered muslin, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Miss Wilson, cream silk and lace; Miss Reed, black silk with cream lace berthe, shaded pink silk poppies on corsage; Miss Lord (Melbourne), white and pink floral muslin, rose pink velvet straps on bodice, floral silk sash; Miss Randolph, blue silk, with cream lace berthe; Miss F. Randolph, white skirt, white net and lace bodice, silver belt; Miss B. Robinson, cream silk, the bodice finished with cream tassels, pale blue ribbon threaded through hair; Miss Genndel, white embroidered muslin, cluster of pink flowers on corsage and in hair; Miss Bell, white muslin and lace, pale blue silk belt, blue ribbon threaded through her hair; Miss Austin, white muslin and lace.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. Popplewell (Gore) is visiting Mrs. C. Smith.

Mrs. Toogood (Wanganui), is staying with her sister, Mrs. McKnight, in Palmerston.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Rennell, New Plymouth, spent a few days with Mrs. A. Rennell, Palmerston, at the end of last week.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, Aug. 20.

Scarcely a spark of gaiety has enlivened us these last ten days. The monotony has only been relieved by the excitement of seeing the new spring hats. These have afforded a great topic of conversation, and private canoes at all the big shops have been thronged.

People are returning again after their trips north and south, and comparing their various experiences. Many amusing stories are told of the Parliamentary trips.

The Kelburne Rifles distinguished themselves lately by adding another

SUCCESSFUL DANCE

to their list. It was held in the Druid's Hall, which was gorgeous with its decorations of scarlet and gold. Military uniforms gave another cheery note of colour, and many pretty dresses worn by the guests enhanced the scene. Mrs. Foley wore amethyst chiffon taffetas with lace bretelle and bands of sequins; Mrs. Dutton, white radium silk, sewn with silver sequins; Mrs. Bolton, malmalson chiffon taffetas, with lace vest and sleeves; Mrs. Browne, pearl grey crepe de chine, softened with lace; Miss Veitch, rose du Barri chiffon taffetas, with touches of velvet and lace; Miss Redwood (Napier), white ninon de soie, finished with lace, and lightly embroidered on black; Miss Pettigrew, lilac soie de chine, with lace sleeves; Miss Davies, rose pink messaline lace; Miss Price, cinnamon brown mousseline de soie, with lace epaulettes; Miss Moore, white chiffon taffetas and sequins; Miss Budwell, sky blue crepe de chine; Miss Bohan, white crystalline net and lace; Miss Hartnett, white esprit net and lace over can de nil glace; Miss Strange-Muir, petal pink crepe de chine, lace berthe; Miss Hunter, ivory messaline satin and lace; Miss Ferguson, sky blue chiffon taffetas, with lace sleeves and berthe; Miss Brown, white messaline and sequins; Miss Bohan, white chiffon taffetas and lace vest and sleeves; Miss Geary, white ninon de soie, hemmed with taffeta and finished with lace.

Mrs. Von Haast's tea on Tuesday was a charming break in a dull week. There was a large contingent of men present, and Mrs. Von Haast was ably backed up by her husband and Mr. Merton, who assisted to entertain the guests. Mr. Von Haast is a leading member of the Savage Club, and has a widespread fame as a writer and singer of witty topical songs; consequently, he was listened to on Tuesday with undiluted joy. One of his greatest successes is a skit on society letters, and a lady editor of a local paper scored neatly when he referred to the knowledge he showed of "some of the best modern literature."

Mr. Merton, who hails from Christchurch, is at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. von Haast. Besides being an artist—the exhibition of his pictures is attracting much favourable attention—he is also an excellent musician, and his contributions were greatly appreciated at the tea, which, by-the-by, was given in his honour. Primroses were used in profusion for decoration, and graceful vases of daffodils and anemones added to the effect. Mrs. von Haast's white Marquise dress was hemmed with taffetas, and had a good deal of lace about it; Mrs. Quick was in black taffetas, and a black and green toque; Miss Quick, biscuit tweed coat and skirt, and ermine toque; Mrs. Burnett, black coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Burnett, green tailor-made and green hat; Mrs. Richmond, heather tweed, and brown toque; Miss Richmond, dull purple cloth, and black hat; Miss Turner, striped taffetas, and black hat with wings; Mrs. Hogben, black tailor-made, with white facings; Mrs. Rankin Brown, green tweed, braided, green hat with wings; Mrs. Salmon, blue cloth, white vest, dark blue hat; Mrs. Harcourt, striped Fedan cloth, with braided revers and cuffs, tricourne hat with tips; Dr. Agnes Bennett, tweed tailor-made, and hat with wings; Miss Dean, striped Newmarket costume, and cloche hat with fantaisie; Mrs. Young, glycene Mohair, with yoke of net and lace, black picture hat.

MORNING TEA ENTERTAINMENTS.

Morning tea is always a particularly enjoyable affair, and has been a popular method of entertaining lately. Music was a feature of the tea given by Mrs. Rutherford, songs by Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Wilson, and Miss Hislop being a source of much pleasure to the guests. Mrs. Rutherford wore a smart cloth dress having a gilet of Alet net and lace.

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HEMSLEY BURNET,
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Mrs Miles was hostess at

AN "AT HOME"

on Thursday. The spacious rooms were gaily decorated with daffodils, jonquils, freesias and other spring flowers, while the tea table was effectively done in shades of crimson, blue and purple anemones and quantities of violets, the electric lights being veiled in red to harmonise. Mrs Miles wore sapphire blue velvet, with a fichu drapery of lovely old lace; Miss Miles was in a semi-Empire frock of Malmesbury Marquise, with a yoke of lace and net; Miss Bertha Miles, ivory eolienne, relieved with pale blue chine ribbons; Miss Hilda Miles, white broderie Anglaise, finished with lace. Among the guests were Mrs Litchfield, wearing black tailor-made, white lace blouse, and a smart black hat; Mrs Dean, black chiffon taffetas, lace vest, and smart hat; Miss Dean, brown tailor-made, and brown hat; Mrs Kennedy, black Eton coat and skirt, black hat with wings; Mrs McEwen, frieze tailor-made, and sealskin coat; Mrs Joseph, black chiffon, glaze and black picture hat; Mrs Fisher, navy cloth, black hat with feather fantasia; Mrs Prouse, brown tailor-made, with white revers, brown hat; Miss Simpson, tweed check tailor-made, and smart hat; Miss Ewen, blue frieze, and black and white hat; Miss Nathan, green eolienne, and black picture hat; Miss —, Nathan, cream serge Eton costume, and hat with flowers; Miss Reid, grey striped tweed, and green and black hat; Miss Beauchamp, blue tailor-made, and black hat.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY"

is having a very good run here, in spite of the fact that the leading actor is incapacitated. On Wednesday afternoon there were crowds of children at the matinee, and it was amusing to hear their excited comments and shrieks of merry laughter. Among the audiences have been Mrs Johnston, in black chiffon taffetas, and a handsome coat; Mrs Young, ivory chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs Nathan, black satin and sequins; Miss Nathan, white crystalline and lace; Miss Joseph, ivory radium silk, sea blue Liberty satin burnous; Miss Miles, rose-pink crystalline and lace; Miss —, Miles, white messaline, handsome embroidered Japanese coat; Mrs Duncan, flowered chine, with draperies of lace; Miss O'Connor, white chiffon taffetas and lace; Mrs McEwan, ivory eolienne and lace coat.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, August 21.

THE ANNUAL BALL

of the Canterbury Mounted Brigade was held in the Alexander Hall. The ball-room and drawing-room were tastefully decorated with festoons of red, white, and blue, and the corridors with tall palms and foliage plants. Hanging baskets of ferns were suspended from the ceiling, and the walls were lined with mirrors, and outlined with sprays of native lycopodium. The supper, which was excellent, was served in the large upstairs room, the tables being gay with spring flowers. Amongst those present were: Mrs Julius, in a robe of black Spanish lace over white satin and chiffon; Mrs George Rhodes ("Meadowbank"), white spangled tulle over white satin, diamond ornaments; Mrs John Deans, black striped chiffon velvet, relieved with handsome lace; Mrs Denniston, black radium, with sleeves and plastron of white filet net and lace; Miss F. Denniston (Dunedin), white satin and lace; Miss Johnston ("Glenmark"), debutante, white radium, with silver trimming; Miss Nicholls, frock of shell pink crepe de chine; Miss Marks, white lace and satin; Miss A. Rutherford, pale pink crepe de chine, with Greek key pattern outlined in velvet; Mrs Denniston ("Pool Forest"), black crepe de chine and sequin trimmings; Mrs Johnston, pale pink brocade, with lace panel; Mrs J. V. Moore, black lace and insertion over white silk; Mrs Hope, charming grey figured silk and velvet; Mrs McMaster, cream lace and black velvet; Mrs Kettle, pale blue silk and lace; Mrs Peache, black, with touches of turquoise velvet; Mrs Symes, pale blue brocade and silver tissue; Mrs Bealey, black crepe de chine and cream net; Mrs G. F. Ronalds, violet chiffon, with gold embroidery; Mrs Kitchin, cream blond lace, with touches of apple green velvet; Mrs J. D. Hall,

white sequined gown; Mrs A. Elworthy, black lace over white silk; Mrs Acton Adams, blush pink satin and roses; Mrs H. Reeves, pale blue chiffon over silver tissue; Mrs M. Harper, white satin and yellow roses; Mrs Bethell, silver spangled tulle; Mrs Bond, white, with rainbow rosettes; Mrs H. Elworthy, striped yellow chiffon, with black velvet; Mrs Grey, amber and black chiffon; Mrs Burdon, sky blue satin; Miss Hawkins, scarlet taffetas, berthe of white lace; Miss Julius, pink silk; Miss B. Julius, cream filet net and gold ribbon; Miss Russell, black, with embroidery of silver; Miss Wilson (Bulle), yellow taffetas; Miss Humphreys, white chiffon, with touches of blue and silver; Miss A. Humphreys, white satin and pearl trimming; Miss Macdonald, sky blue chiffon, with bretelles of gold; Miss Wells, rose-pink; Miss M. Wells, pale blue satin; Miss D. Wells, white satin; Miss Symes, black crepe de chine, with gold embroidery; Miss Raine, salmon-pink brocade; Miss Nancarrow, white taffetas, with berthe of lace; Miss Denniston, white satin; Miss Beltham (Masterton), pale blue taffetas; Miss Denniston, pink and white floral taffetas; Miss Barker, white nimon; Miss Inman, white satin; Miss Mathias, pale pink silk and lace; Miss Cracroft Wilson, cream satin and gold; Miss M. Cotterill, black sequined net; Miss Rhodes (Timaru), pale pink taffetas; Miss Hope (Timaru), white taffetas; Miss McMaster, white chiffon over silver tissue; Miss Park, white satin and lace.

Mrs. and the Misses Humphreys gave

A CHARMING DANCE

on Thursday evening at their residence, "Daresbury", Fendalton. Miss Humphreys wore a beautiful gown of vieux rose chiffon, looped up over a lace underskirt, the bodice trimmed with gold tissue and lace; Miss A. Humphreys, sweet Empire frock of white tulle, spangled with silver; Mrs T. Cowlishaw, emerald green chiffon over white silk, and trimmed with bands of silver tissue; Mrs Thomas, black satin and chiffon; Mrs J. D. Hall, rose pink silk and white lace; Mrs B. Acton Adams, cream satin and net, and draped with ribbon of silver tissue; Miss Russell (Hawke's Bay), sky blue Roman satin; Miss Williams (Dunedin), white satin and cream lace; Miss Brandon (Wellington), white and silver sequined gown, with touches of pale blue; Miss Beetham (Masterton), pale blue Empire frock of taffetas; Miss Denniston (Dunedin), cream lace over white satin; Miss Barker (Woodbury), white nimon and lace; Miss Denniston (Pool Forest), pink and white floral taffetas; Miss V. Lyon (Woodbury), white-crepe de chine; Miss Wells, pale blush pink nimon, with flowers of same colour; Miss Thomas (debutante), pretty frock of white flowered net over silk, large bouquet of white flowers; Miss Macdonald, white chiffon and silver; Miss Park, pale pink silk; Miss Symes, black crepe de chine, the bodice trimmed with cream lace and gold embroidery; Miss Maling, pale pink satin; Miss C. Kettle, rose pink Indian muslin, and bands of gold tissue; Miss Nancarrow, white taffetas, with berthe of lace; Miss B. Julius, cream filet net and gold tissue ribbon; Miss Cracroft Wilson, green crepe de chine; Miss Denniston, white satin and gold; Miss Mathias, cream lace over satin, and touches of sky-blue velvet; Miss Inman, white crepe de chine; Miss Williams, cream lace over silk; Miss Secretan, pale pink taffetas; Miss E. Secretan, mauve satin; Miss Wilding, pale blue satin and black velvet ribbon; Miss Anderson, heliotrope silk, trimmed with ribbon of a deeper shade; Miss Burns, cream lace over pink silk; Miss Banks, silver and white spangled net; Miss Sims, black, the bodice relieved with white.

On the same evening a small dance was given by Mrs Leicester Matson at her residence, "Orwell". Merivale, which was a delightful affair, and much enjoyed by those present.

One of the most enjoyable dances of a very gay week

WAS GIVEN BY MRS. DEANS

at Riccarton on Monday evening. Mrs. Deans wore black satin with Indian shawl of cream embroidered crepe de chine; Mrs. J. Deans, handsome gown of black sequined net over silk; Miss Park, blush pink crepe de chine, the body trimmed with cream lace; Miss L. Brandon (Wellington), white satin gown, the bodice trimmed with lace and touches of Tangerina velvet; Miss Beetham (Masterton), pale pink spangled net, and rosettes

of chiffon to match; Miss Denniston (Dunedin), gown of cream lace over white satin; Miss Murchison (Lake Coleridge), shell pink taffetas, the bodice relieved with black velvet; Miss Wells (Amberley), black taffetas frock with key pattern in black velvet; Miss Symes, Empire gown of white satin and silver tissue; Miss Anderson, mauve silk Empire frock trimmed with velvet of a deeper shade; Mrs. Symes, black taffetas relieved with white lace; Miss Wilding, pale blue satin and black velvet; Miss Chaffey, pale blue taffetas with bretelles of heliotrope chiffon; Miss Denniston, pale heliotrope silk with chemisette of cream net; Miss Macdonald, white chiffon over silk, spangled with silver; Miss A. Humphreys, dainty Empire frock of white satin and pearl trimming; Miss C. Kettle, yellow crepe de chine and white lace; Miss N. Burns, pale blue figured silk; Miss Moore, white satin; Miss Cracroft Wilson, white muslin wash of floral ribbon; Miss Merton, white net Empire frock with rose pink ribbons; Miss Mathias, gown of blond lace over satin, with touches of turquoise velvet; Miss Hamner, pink silk and cream lace; Miss Wilkin, white satin and chiffon; Miss Banks, pink net and red velvet rosettes; Miss Hill, black net.

On the same evening

THE CANTERBURY COLLEGE STUDENTS

gave a dance in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms, at "Te Whare". The chaperones were Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Arnold Wall, and Mrs. Coleridge Farr. Mrs. Chilton wore a gown of silver grey brocade and white lace; Mrs. Arnold Wall, black satin and net with scarf of white Emericke lace; Mrs. Coleridge Farr, white satin with lace panels, and chiffon flounces; Mrs. Fitchett (Wellington), pale blue and white striped satin, with cream lace, diamond star ornaments; Mrs. Davis Hunt, black voile relieved with white lace; Miss Ferguson, white chiffon taffetas with silver fringe, red flowers; Miss B. Ferguson, mauve silk with insertions of cream lace; Miss Williams, white silk and net; Miss Allison, bright pink glaze silk; Miss Meredith Kaye, black chiffon taffetas relieved with

white tulle and lace; Miss Hawkins, Empire frock of white crepe de chine, with insertions of blonde lace; Miss Guthrie, pink floral muslin and lace; Miss Elsa Thomas, white silk with bands of yellow silk; Miss Hunt, white chiffon taffetas; Miss Grace, pale pink crepe de chine with cream lace; Miss Wallace, bronze crepe de chine with cream lace; Mrs. C. Stavelly, white silk and chiffon; Miss Williamson, white muslin embroidered in pink and green, over pink silk; Miss Wauchope, frock of white muslin, with pale blue belt; Miss Cuthbert, black voile; Miss M. Cuthbert, pale blue silk and lace.

A CHILDREN'S DANCE


was given on Saturday night by Mrs. Walter Macfarlane in Miss Cox's Assembly Rooms. The hostess was assisted by several of her young friends in looking after the little ones, who spent a right merry time. After the children had left the grown-ups had some delightful dances.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss L. Brandon (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs. John Deans at Riccarton. Mrs. C. Williams (Dunedin) is staying with Mrs. H. Beawick at Park Terrace, Christchurch. Mrs. Vernon has left Christchurch for a trip to the Islands. Mrs. Gray (Wellington) is the guest of Miss Anderson at Armagh-street, Christchurch. Miss O'Brien Hodge (England) is staying with Mrs. Julius at Bishopscourt. Mrs. A. M. Olivier and Miss Olivier (Christchurch) have gone on a visit to Napier.

DOLLY VALE.

The sweet girl strolled along the beach. The cheeky dude remarked: "Ahem!" Not dreaming of the sudden shock that would reward his stratagem! The maid remarked, with innocent grin: "Your count seems bad to-day! I'm sure you'd best take this!" and handed him a bottle of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



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The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

Among Novelty Straws.

What strongly recalls a sort of rough plush, but in reality is composed of bristly fibres, is that called moss straw. This is at its best in wood brown and foliage green shades. It is used chiefly for the foundation of flower hats and for those small turbans trimmed wholly with wreaths. In the plaited straws also there are many novelties, especially in the shapes to be worn by children and young girls. One of these has a wide brim of loosely plaited straw edged with neat braiding, which rolls slightly all round, but at the left

Small Foundations for Large Effects.

Hats which look large are in many instances built upon small foundations. The crown of the revived Tam O'Shanter, when of net, lace or chiffon, is an infinitesimal affair in its wired condition. While those of fine, flexible straw are merely box plaited out of curving brims, the joining being concealed beneath a flower wreath, a twist of velvet or a frilling of lace, while the left side may be decorated with a satin bow or choux. Most bewitching hats of mob cap order, familiarly recognised as the Charlotte Carday type of headgear, are certain to be considerably worn with lingerie

The Vogue for Shantung Silk.

Although it has no longer the charm of novelty to recommend it, Shantung silk still holds its own as one of the favourite fabrics for smart race gowns. It has been manufactured this season with such a wonderfully smooth and bright surface, and dyed in so many new and lovely shades, that it has the appearance of a much richer fabric than the silk that was known as Shantung last year in fact, in some of the finer qualities, it closely resembles a soft heavy satin.

a specially soft and silky kind. The skirt is made in the latest Princess style, moulded closely to the figure in the region of the waist, but flowing out afterwards into a long and graceful train. The design of the bodice is quite new, with its three straps crossing over in front and fastened with diamond buttons and satin rosettes. A wide strapping of the same silk outlines this Shantung bodice, which is cut away to show an upper-bodice and sleeves of Alençon lace, the latter being crossed and recrossed by silk trappings, and finished at the elbow with frills of chiffon. The pretty way in which the chemisette is continued, in the form of a high collar-band, and carried up in a point under each ear, is worthy of note as being very significant of the mode of the moment. One of the newest picture hats, made in a very large size, will be worn with this dress. It is chosen in ermine, matching exactly the pale green colour of the gown, lined underneath the brim with ivory white taffetas mouseline, and adorned with a number of long and very full white ostrich feathers. Across the front there is a chain of large jet beads.



SMART SIMPLICITY YIN SHANTUNG SILK.

Since it is also practically uncrushable, it makes an ideal fabric for race-gowns, and it is safe to predict that among the most successful Ascot frocks there will be a great number made in Shantung silk, in pale shades of pink and lily-leaf green, as well as delicate tones of hydrangea mauve and blue, and the always becoming biscuit-colour.

Our illustration represents a very simple but exceedingly effective race-gown, carried out in lily-leaf green Shantung of

Flower Favourites.

Not for years past have so many geraniums been employed for hat garnishing, and it is a fact worthy of note that they have come into prominence with the queer veils bordering upon crests, which brighten so much of the present day millinery. A black hat literally laded with brilliant flowers is no longer an astonishing sight, and no one stares aghast at huge clusters of hyacinths, horse chestnut blossoms or dandelions, those rather plebeian blooms being now quite as commonly used as are dainty lilies of the valley, daisies, and pansies. Lilacs, however, are bidding for first place among floral trimmings, and certainly there is much to be said in their favour. In addition to absolute purity of whiteness, their natural tints are of the fashionable mauve shades—purples never quite go out of date—and, therefore, they combine charmingly with the aristocratic looking orchid, which is seen on so many of the latest Parisian importations.

Popularity of Velvet Bands.

Ribbons in silk and velvet weaves are very popular as trimmings of the summer hats. They are used for both wide and narrow bands or crowns, as rosettes and knots—in the latter instance with short loops and long, pointed ends. The velvet band is the favourite trimming of the sailor. It appeals strongly to the practical amateur as an adequate means of concealing the method by which she has raised the crown of last season's hat to the requisite height of the present models. If contrasting trimmings are employed, as in the case of a natural coloured straw, trimmed with emerald, two or three half-inch wide velvet bands may define the crown, and the wide ribbon be used only as a side cluster or bandeau trimming.



TWO SUMMER BLOUSES.

Pale blue muslin and white embroidery. Painted chiffon with a finely tucked Hat of blue muslin with white double- yoke and undersleeves. rack.

front to curl against the low, flat crown with a large rosette of velvet, from which spring two long, slender wings.

Aside from sailor shapes, high crowns are a conspicuous feature of the present hat styles. This is noted not only in the so-called tailored shapes, but in the models offered for use with elaborate costumes, and which, of course, must be worn on less ornate. The treatment of the high crown is an important matter, for while it may be practically concealed beneath plumes, flowers and wings, its outline must not be lost. This idea is defined perfectly in the moderately-sized hat, so much used for sunabout purposes, which has a slightly dipping brim, curving widely at the left side and turning sharply against the high, square crown, almost covered by a wide velvet ribbon, which, nevertheless, serves perfectly to define its proportions.

frocks of the more elaborate order. They are chiefly of white point de-sprit, with wide, puffy crowns and narrow ruffled brims, which may be wholly of lace edging or of the plaited ullover fabric. Some of the daintiest of these picturesque hats are developed entirely of lace, with, perhaps, a band of velvet encircling the crown and tying directly in front, or they are trimmed with wreaths and sprays of fine flowers, such as violets and forget-me-nots and arbutus. These are ideal concoctions for garden parties, birds'-nests' wear and occasions demanding elaborate headwear.

The same type of hat will be used somewhat with one-tone costumes, developed in black or dyed nets matching the gown with which they are to be worn, the trimming being of self-coloured velvet ribbon or of shiny tulle. Do not contrast too decidedly with the colour scheme of the costume.

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Wide-brimmed Picture Hats.

For the wide-brimmed picture shapes rather coarse-pleated blooms make an ideal garnishment, for so much surface must necessarily be covered lest the hat have a skimpy appearance suggestive of economy at the expense of beauty. To make the brim of the picture hat balance, the flowers must be spread irregularly about the medium-sized crown, the tall, exotics hunched slightly at the left front and drooping over the right brim so as to give it a somewhat overloaded air. If the brim is bent at intervals, faced with dark velvet, and slightly tilted at the right angle, such a hat cannot fail to become any woman between the debutante period and the invisible line separating middle age from the avowedly elderly epoch.

of in the front that was modish recently. In little details such as this do the dressmakers differentiate one week's efforts from those of another!

Value of Vivid Colourings.

On most hats, of whatever character, there is a touch of vivid colouring to relieve the density of the tone scheme. This device was deemed necessary because of the prevalence of neutral tints, such as taupe, London smoke and elephant's breath, used for mohair, lightweight serge, voile and ponge street suits of both the plain and elaborate order. With the three acknowledged shades of gray—slate, smoke and mouse—may most effectively be employed peacock or emerald

The Tailor-made Gown.

A certain number of tailor-made gowns are always in request; and we are giving, therefore, a sketch of a very neat little frock of this description intended for morning wear which should be of special interest to those of our readers who are on holiday thoughts intent. Although it is carried out on intentionally simple lines, this gown embodies one or two

waistcoat of white pique, which is arranged at the throat with a white lawn vest and a high collar of folded muslin, finished with a neat little-eravat of white silk ribbon.

The favourite Shanghai silk in a beautiful shade of chestnut brown is used for the smartly cut coat, the novel and chic shape of which adds considerably to the charm of the toilette as a whole. It is made in the latest semi-Empire shape, with habit tails, divided in the centre of the back. The short-waisted effect is cleverly accentuated by a stitched belt of the same silk, while other lines of stitching are used with decorative effect upon the upper part of the coat, and again upon the full epepepaulettes. These epaulettes, by the way, are cut in one with the coat and arranged so that they fall over the elbow-sleeves and help to emphasize the outdoor effect of this smart little garment, which is further embellished with a collar and buttons of darker brown velvet. A neat hat, quite suitable for travelling, is worn with this gown. It is made in soft brown Manila straw, with a band of darker brown velvet to encircle the crown, and at the side a clever touch of contrasting colour, in the shape of a Nattier blue wing, fastened with a gold ornament.



A SMART TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

Fashion's Latest.

Big straw rosettes, silky and fine, are taking the place of many feathery pom-poms.

One of the newest millinery fancies is to have big bows and rosettes of cretonne veiled in tulle.

Soft dove grey and mist grey are mixed with splashes of brilliant colouring.

The alliance of slate grey with parsley green is being much approved of.

What is known as jockey and jade green are tones that serve well in trimmings this season.

Many narrow ties of silk braid are edged with a piping of linen.

On evening gowns waistbands are of lace, with rather large butterfly bows of the lace fixed with a buckle.

The girl with the long slender neck should rejoice, for fashionable collars are higher than they have been for some time, if not in the front certainly at the back and sides.



A SPRING SUGGESTION.

Original design for a muslin frock with vest and sleeves of finely-faceted tulle; buckle and buttons of imitation jade. White linen hat with Liberty scarf and green beads.

The New Sleeve.

Pay attention to the matter of sleeves. Do you regret the passing elbow model? Do you welcome the new severely simple substitute, which moulds the arms so closely that their shape is faithfully revealed?

The new sleeve does more than that. It is put into the shoulders without a single suspicion of puff, though the thin fabric of which it is composed is ruffled down the arms. Certainly, this is an extreme vogue, and the half measure will be widely preferred of merging the corsage drapery into the upper sleeve, thereby producing a Chinese effect that is infinitely becoming to many women.

From beneath as a rule the long sleeve emerges; it is now cut in a straight bar over the back of the hand, instead

green, as well as cerise and the more decided of the crushed berry tints. Browns and castors should always be enlivened, and with them may be used almost any of the apricot shades, the Empire greens and old-rose tones. Black and white or white and black costumes—for there is a difference as well as a distinction—are the better for a vivid colour relief in the hat. This selection should be governed by the complexion of the individual. To deepen the shade of her blue eyes; a blonde would best face her hat brim and trim its crown with one of the pottery blues, unless she prefers to yellow her hair and whiten her skin by the use of canary facings and trimmings. Cerise with a brunette colouring forms an elaborate combination, and so also do some of the geranium shades and the bright greens.

of the latest notions for summer costumes of the tailor-made persuasion.

In the first place, the skirt, which is of very fine white serge, is made in a short walking length, and although it fits quite closely round the hips, where it gives an Empire effect to the figure, it nevertheless flows out with a very becoming fulness at the hem. Then, again, just below the line of the waist there is a double row of those gold buttons which seem to shine out now from all the smartest tailor-made costumes with an effect which is delightfully bright and cheerful under our too often sad grey skies. Buttons of a similar kind are also used to fasten the close-fitting and very becoming

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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate—May I become one of your cousins? I am eleven years of age, and am in the fourth standard. We get the "Graphic" every week, and we always look forward to the cousins' letters and Buster Brown's page. We live two miles out of town; this part is called Mangapapa. I have a sweet little baby sister; her name is Evelyn, and she is nine months old, and we are all very fond of her. There has been a lot of snow lately, and it has been very cold. Please send me a blue badge. I like doing fancy-work, and am making a table-centre. What sort of weather have you been having? We have been having a fearful gale, and the sea has been very rough; the boat has been waiting for two days to take passengers from here to Auckland. We went down to the beach to-day to have a look at the rough sea, and we could hardly see the breakwater once or twice, because of the big waves that covered it. Well, now dear Cousin Kate, I must say good-bye.—From your loving cousin, FLORENCE.

Dear Cousin Florence.—I am delighted to welcome you as one of my "Graphic" cousins, and I hope to number you amongst them for many years. I'm sorry I cannot send you a blue badge just now; I am quite out of them, but we are going to get in a fresh lot this week. I don't know whether there are to be any blue ones; though, if not, I will send you one of my favourite colour. We have been very fortunate in the weather just lately; we have scarcely had any rain during the last three weeks. We were so pleased that we had such glorious weather for fleet week. I love watching the waves when they dash over the breakwater, as you describe, but I am always very thankful to be safely on land.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sure you have forgotten me after all these years; but I thought you would like to hear from me. I have two little kittens, and would you please give them names.—I remain, your loving cousin, NORMA.

[Dear Cousin Norma.—I haven't forgotten you entirely yet, though it is such a very long time since you wrote to me last; it must be nearly three years ago, isn't it? It is rather difficult to think of two suitable names for kittens when you haven't even told me what colour they are. I like Tricks for a kitten's name and I am very fond of Dandy for another. If they are black, I should call one Moori and the other Darky or Nigger. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please may I be one of your cousins, and have a blue badge. I hear that you know my Auntie Ed, who works at the "Star" Office. I have no sisters, and only one brother, whose name is Enard, and he is three

years old. I go to Bayfield School, which I consider a very nice school. I am ten years old, and I am in the fifth standard. Are you going to see the American fleet? I am. I am looking forward to a week's holiday. Please excuse my writing, as I have a bad pen. I must close now.—With love from Cousin MAVIS.

[Dear Cousin Mavis.—I shall be very pleased indeed to have you for a cousin, and you must write nice long letters often, telling me all that you and Enard are doing. Yes, I know your Auntie Lil very well indeed, and if you don't write often enough to please me I will be able to send a message to you through her, shan't I? I had a lovely time while the American fleet was in the harbour; I wish they could have stayed a little longer, don't you. I hope you enjoyed your week's holiday as much as you expected to. I don't think anyone could help enjoying themselves, do you? We had such lovely weather, and there was so much to do and see.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I should like to be one of your cousins if you will let me. I am eight years old, and am in the first standard. I have been very ill all the winter, but am getting better now, and mother often reads the cousins' letters to me, so I thought I should like to be one, if you will send me a badge please—I should like a blue one. We have two cows, one of them is very quiet, and we are fond of her; we call her Pot. We also have fowl and ducks, and a canary. I have five brothers. From Cousin LEONARD.

[Dear Cousin Leonard.—Of course you may become a cousin, and I shall be delighted to hear from you whenever you feel inclined to write, which I hope will be often. I am very sorry to hear that you have been so ill all the winter. What has been the matter with you, and are you really feeling better and stronger now? I will send you a badge as soon as I can get some new ones made. I don't know whether there will be any blue ones this time though, if not I will send you a nice red one. Are all your brothers older than you? I expect you would like a little sister, too, wouldn't you?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I become one of your cousins and have a red badge? I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth standard. I am learning dancing, and like it very much. Your cousins who write from Bulls write very interesting letters, and I enjoy reading them. I am going to the "Cinderella" pantomime this week. It has been very cold lately. Cousin Jessie's badge is very pretty. As this is my first letter I will not make it too long. Love to yourself and all cousins. Cousin WINNIE.

[Dear Cousin Winnie.—I shall be very pleased, indeed, to have you for one of my cousins, and I will send you a badge as soon as possible. I think nearly everyone likes dancing, and certainly it is one of the prettiest accomplishments, and is very good exercise for one, too. I think I am glad you find the Bulls' cousins' letters interesting; I do, too. I think they must be too busy enjoying themselves to write to me this week,

because, so far, I haven't had a letter from any of them. I hope you enjoyed your visit to the pantomime.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Once more I will write to you. I received my badge safely, and I think it is very pretty. I will try to write to you every month. Our school was examined on August the third and fourth, and I hope I have passed. We broke up school yesterday (August the fourth), and we have for holidays the rest of the week and next week. It has been snowing and hailing here all day long. I know it is your birthday this month, so I will wish you many happy returns of the day. I think this is all I have to say this time. Love to all the cousins, including yourself. I remain, your loving cousin, ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice.—I am very glad you liked your badge, and am pleased to hear that it arrived safely. I suppose you are very glad that your examination is over for this year; I know I used always to hate examination time when I was at school. Don't forget to tell me whether you passed or not, as soon as you know yourself. You are a very lucky little girl to be going to have nearly two weeks holiday. I wish I were going to have them, too. What are you going to do to amuse yourself? Thank you very much, indeed, dear Alice, for remembering my birthday, and for your good wishes.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—As there is not much news in Bulls, I cannot write you a long letter. There was a football match here yesterday, against Hunterville. The Huntervilles won by eleven to three. The girls of the High School have arranged to play the girls of the District School on Saturday if it is fine. We are expecting some visitors for the Old Pupils' Ball, which is to be held on Friday next. I must close now, with love to you and all your cousins.—From ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice.—You say you cannot write a long letter this week because you have so little news, and I have had so much to write about this last week, that I cannot find time to write it, isn't it a pity we cannot divide the news and the time equally between us. I wish all my Cousins could have been in Auckland for "fleet week" if only to see the ships; at night they were like fairy ships outlined with electric light, and when the whole sixteen warships turned their searchlights on the harbour, you cannot imagine what a perfectly lovely sight it presented. I expect you are all wondering why there were no Cousins' letters in last week's "Graphic"—Cousin Kate was so busy that she hadn't time to answer them, so they were all held over until this week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Please excuse me for not writing for such a long time. I have five dolls; their names are Thelma, Teddy, Susy, Snowy, and Micky. I have not so many dolls as Cousins Kathleen, and Friend have. My little sister has three dolls, Rose, Tom, and Jessie. I



Before going out
drink a cup of

**VAN
HOUTEN'S**

The Cocoa that
Warms, Comforts
and Cheers.

**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 and Retail Stores, etc., etc. Samples: 82, Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Elmhurst, Bucks, Eng.

is blowing very hard to-day. Ruth and I have a flower garden each. We have some primroses, snowflakes, and pansies. We all went to the big football match at New Plymouth, and Taranaki beat Britain, and I was so glad; did you go and see the match when they played at Auckland? We have a mouse in the cupboard; he is too cute for dad; he cannot trap him, and every night we hear him scampering down the passage. We are going to have our examination next week, and I hope I shall pass. If I pass I will be in Standard II. I must now close, with love to all the other Cousins and yourself, from Cousin OLIVE.

[Dear Cousin Olive.—I think you have quite a large enough family of dolls for you to look after properly. I don't know how Cousins Kathleen and Frieda manage, they have so many, it must take them all the week just dressing them nicely for Sunday. I would like to have seen the football match between Auckland and Britain but I was not able to get there; I hope to see the Taranaki-Auckland match, though. Of course, you want Taranaki to win, and equally, of course, I want Auckland to. Mine are rather cute I think; we have some in one of our cupboards at home, and for weeks we have been trying to catch them, and so far have never even managed to see one. Be sure and let me know the result of your examination. I shall be very anxious to hear of your success.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—May I be a cousin, for I have read the cousins' letters in the "Graphic" and some of them are very interesting to read. I have seven dolls, and I do not know what to call them. I am nine years old. I go to Parnell public school. We have a very nice teacher at our school. Please Cousin Kate, will you give me a blue badge, for I like blue best? I have only one pet, and that is a cat. There is a lady living next door to us and she has a little baby boy named Stanley. I live in Stratford-street. I know several cousins. I have a sister named Nellie. My sister is eleven years old, and she goes to the same school as I do. We all saw the fleet come in and go out. Have you been to see "Humpty-Dumpty" or "Mother Goose"? From Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel.—Of course you may become a cousin; I am always only too pleased when new cousins join. Haven't you any names that you have a particular fancy for? if you haven't, you might copy some of Cousins Kathleen and Frieda's names, they have ever so many dolls, and have names for all of them. I will send you a blue badge if I can find one; we are having new ones made this week, they are to be all one colour, red, I think. I pass the Parnell school every day when I come in to the office, so perhaps one of these days I may see you there. Yes, I went to see "Humpty-Dumpty," and liked it very much, but not so well as "Mother

Goose." I did not see "Mother Goose" this time, but I went when it was here last year.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received the badge safely, and thank you very much for it. I was also very pleased to see my letter in print. I went to a "Song Title" afternoon last Tuesday, and had a fine time. The place was about two miles out of town, so a girl friend and myself biked out. It was a lovely day, and the road was so pretty. We have two sweet little black Shetland ponies, which we drive in the phaeton. They are so small, they look just like a pair of dogs. We have a motor launch, in which we go out on the river; it is lovely on the river in the summer time, on a moonlight evening, to see the shadows in the water, and the fish jumping about. We have not been out lately, the weather has been too cold. I think I must conclude now with love and best wishes to yourself and cousins, from Cousin BERYL.

Dear Cousin Beryl.—I am glad your badge arrived all right, and glad you liked it. I always think letters in print look so much nicer than they do in the original handwriting; did you think your's did? "Song Title" afternoon teas are often very amusing. We went to one a short time ago, and one had to write a story bringing in the titles of a number of modern songs, and some of them were really very good indeed. I suppose you did not win the prize at the tea you went to. I quite envy you your pair of Shetland ponies. I have always wanted a low four-wheeled American buggy and a pair of black Shetland ponies, with touches of red on the harness; it would make a splendid little "turn-out," especially for a lady to drive, wouldn't it?—Cousin Kate.]

Royal Children's Toys.

The relatives of a rich American child have just expended a sum of £300 on purchasing for him an elaborate toy railway. It is said that this child already possesses so many toys that they have been insured for £5,000 against all fire and theft. Many of his playthings have been specially made for him, and are richly engraved and finished in gold and silver. Nothing that he may ask for, however costly, is denied him; wherein he has the advantage over children of Royal birth, whose early toys are chiefly leaden soldiers, dolls, and plain wooden bricks.

THE YACHT "CORISANDE"

The perfect little brig which was the gift of the King to the Princes Edward and Henry of Wales is a practical toy which has served the double purpose of affording keen enjoyment to the Royal children and also enabling them to master all the details of the construction of the vessel. The brig was originally

a 42ft. steam launch, and was converted to its present design by command of the King, who had it launched on Virginia Water and manned by petty officers of the Navy. The yacht Corisande was the Prince of Wales's gift to his eldest son, and it has taken the place of the toy battleships and other model craft which delighted his boyish heart in the nursery and on the ornamental waters in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. The Corisande is a boat of 160 tons register, and is Prince Edward's first real seagoing vessel. It has been purchased for the young Prince with a view of enabling him to go sailing in the Solent during the summer months.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLLS.

Princess Mary of Wales is allowed on special occasions to play with the late Queen Victoria's dolls, of which no fewer than 132 are still in a good state of preservation. A copy-book, yellow with age, has been preserved along with the dolls, and in it is entered in Queen Victoria's own handwriting a record of each doll's history, with particulars of who it was supposed to represent, and by whom it was dressed. Another doll which Princess Mary is permitted to nurse was once the favourite of Queen Alexandra, and was sent over from her Majesty's former home in Denmark in accordance with the desire of King Edward, who some years ago had it included in the collection of Royal playthings stored in Buckingham Palace. The doll is clad in garments made entirely by Queen Alexandra when she was quite a little girl, and is one of the best-prized articles in the collection. Whenever Princess Mary plays with this precious object a nurse is in constant attendance to see that no harm may befall it.

OLD TOYS MOST FAVOURED.

The Royal children seem to find their chief delight in the toys which were played with by the children of a generation ago. A few of the mechanical animals at Buckingham Palace, new and rare in the fifties, can still be made to work, and endless amusement is caused when an ancient looking woolly dog ambles placidly along, or a skin elephant jerks his trunk up and down. Princess Alexander of Teck sometimes brings out for her young relatives the Punch and Judy show which used to delight her and Prince Leopold at Claremont.

MERE SHAVINGS.

There is nothing very ingenious or costly in any of these toys, which tends to show that costliness and grandeur have nothing to do with the charm which they exercise in the minds of their Royal possessors. Prince Olaf of Norway, however, favours toys which are models of mechanical ingenuity, as well as some small boxes which contain what look like mere shavings; but throw them into water, and these shavings quickly resolve themselves into something more than mere bits of wood. They gradually expand as they absorb the moisture, and take definite shapes. One piece of stick

develops into a rose bush in full bloom; another becomes a mandarin carrying an umbrella; another takes the form of a notable person riding in a motor-car; and yet another, perfect as regards facial resemblance, is a king or a queen seated upon a throne. How they are made and compressed is a secret jealously guarded by the persons engaged in their manufacture.

Tied With a Snake.

Whilst a number of gentlemen were sitting at dinner in India, one of the party was seen to grow pale. Presently he said calmly to his friends, "A snake has twined itself round my leg and the leg of the table, and gone to sleep." The company at once rose to their feet, proposing to kill the animal. But the snake-bounded man warned them that if they aroused it, it would stick its fangs into him and he would be a dead man. "Leave me alone, and I will sit here quietly smoking till the creature awakes of its own accord, when it will probably uncoil itself and go away peaceably." This plan was agreed to, not without some opposition from the other guests, and for more than one hour, which seemed insufferably long, the prisoner sat in grim silence. At last, however, his prudence and patience were rewarded by the snake untwisting itself and gliding off without taking the smallest notice of its human pillar.



A good example is set by those who use

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder

Evidently they understand the hygienic importance of brushing their teeth regularly.

Obviously, too, they are well satisfied with the result of using this pleasant antiseptic dentifrice.

Of Chemists and Stores throughout Australasia.

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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

The Famous Remedy for
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA & CONSUMPTION,
 Has the Largest Sale of any Chest Medicine in the World.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Its healing power is marvellous. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds in the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the Throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to arise where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

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 simple-minded, 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 to see that you get it.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

NOTICE.—Hearne's Bronchitis Cure No. 1a does NOT contain any poison within the meaning of the Act. It is equally beneficial for the youngest child and the most aged person.





RESOLVED
 THAT PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO KIDS
 DONT KNOW THE JOY AND SUNSHINE
 THAT A BABY BRINGS INTO A HOME.
 I'M NOT JOKING; I MEAN IT. LOOK AT
 ME, MA SAYS I AM A COMFORT TO
 HER - BUT THEN OF COURSE SHE ISN'T
 NERVOUS. NERVOUSNESS IS JUST PURELY
 MENTAL AND CAN BE OVERCOME. IF
 YOU DONT OVERCOME IT, IT WILL OVER-
 COME YOU. NERVOUS FRETFUL FOLKS
 FINALLY GET SICK, THERES NOTHING
 IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO
 WORRY ABOUT.



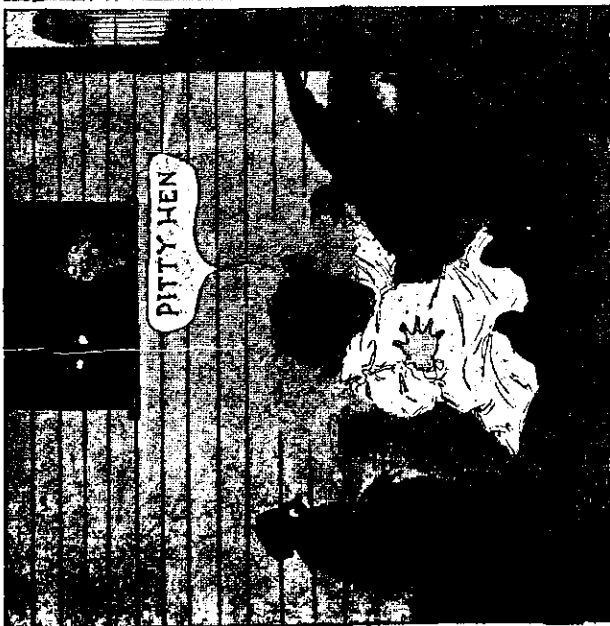
PITTY WOOSTER

YES, PITTY ME

HERE TOO



NICE TEZZERS
 FOR MAMA'S HAT



PITTY HEN



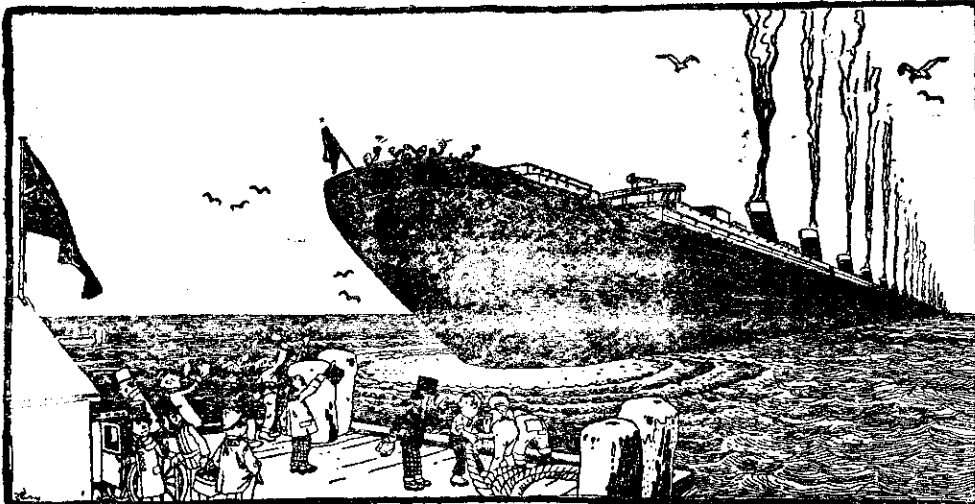
AND HIS NAME IS
 LITTLE SAMSON STRONG



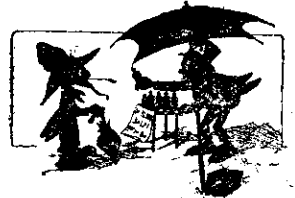
THE SHAME OF IT.

Miss Dateup: "She is lovely, but don't you think she is dreadfully old-fashioned?"

Miss Moderne "Oh, I do! I was so embarrassed the other afternoon when I went shopping with her and discovered she had a pocket in her dress."



"Look here! I say, me good man, she's slowed down already. I 'ope nothink's appened to the hengines."
"No, sir; I think naut, sir. She's probably warping hinto the dock, sir, hon the hother side, sir."



"One dollar a bottle, sir!"
"But what will it cure?"
"What have you got?"

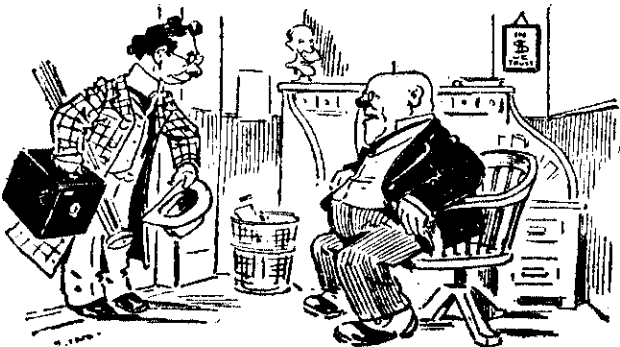


She (enthusiastically).—Oh, isn't this fine!
He (anxiously).—It will be if we don't shake that bike cop pretty soon.



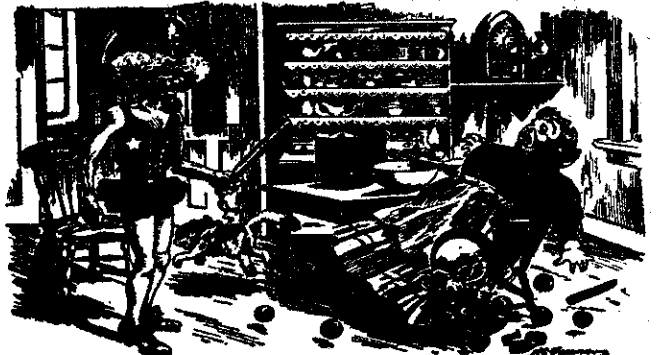
ON THE CARD.

"Well, what's on the bill-of-fare to-day?" inquired the genial guest.
"Beg pabdon, sah—Ah guess dey's fly-specks. Ah'll git ye 'anudder, sah."



LEVEL-HEADED.

"The 'Town Optic Magazine' sen. me to make a photo of you for an article on level-headed financiers. You have no objection, I hope?"
"Decidedly not! Just wait till I go and arrange my hair."



Mrs. Constable Shufflesopp—"Josh way! be ye loony! Why are ye rigged out in thet-thet—"
Constable Shufflesopp — "Mayor's orders fer th' beautifyin' uv the' town. He sez he seed gal cops like this to a show down ter N'York, an' they was mighty ornamental."