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The Week in Review

The Federal Labour party has succeeded in overthrowing Mr Deakin's Government, and the three-party system has received a severe check. The situation was much the same as that created in the English Parliament of 1885, when the Home Rulers, though in an absolute minority, were in complete control. The actual numbers then were: Liberals, 333; Tories, 257; Irish Home Rulers, 86. By voting with one side or the other as suited them best, they rendered all attempts at party government abortive, and it was only the secession of 93 members from the Liberal ranks that caused the defeat on the second reading of Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Queensland has already been forced into a coalition between the Government and Opposition, and it seems more than probable that the Federal Parliament will be compelled to revert to the two-party system. For all over the world old lines of cleavage between Conservatives and Liberals are rapidly disappearing. We are face to face with problems that go far deeper than those touched by old-time politicians. The principle of Liberalism can never satisfy the extreme section of the Labour party. For the one side believes in evolution and the other in revolution. Let an employer be never so just, let him be never so fair and considerate in all his dealings, there will be found those who grumble and who consider themselves the victims of oppression. They aim at the complete subversion of the existing state of things; they indulge in wild, impracticable schemes of nationalisation of all industries; they seek to reduce all men to a dead level of uniformity, limiting all ambition and crushing all aspiration. Should men with such ideas ever come into power, it is impossible to forecast what the result would be to the nation. The Australian papers are urging that all anti-Socialist parties should close up their ranks and present a united front to the foe, and there does not seem to be any good and sufficient reason why this should not be done.

The London "Times" has been publishing an exceptionally able series of articles on "Australian Ideals," and these possess a peculiar interest at the present time. The writer sketches the progress of Australia, which has grown hitherto in almost cloistered isolation and peace. He shows how no foreign country threatens its frontiers, and no shadow of any neighbouring Power, possibly hostile in policy, falls upon it, nor has it any native question such as confronts South Africa. This being so, Australia has been left free to exploit the natural resources of the continent, and devote itself to material advances and social development. The rise of the Labour party brought to Australian politics a force with definite ideals, fervid beliefs and passionate convictions. "The Labour propaganda," says the writer of the articles referred to, "is the only definite political creed, articulate, efficient, and organised, that has yet made itself felt in Australian politics." For the Labour party is united by class interest, and it hopes by the solid vote of a class to obtain through the ballot box, and by means of legalised spoliation, the success others achieved by personal energy. It has become a machine, crushing all individuality, and the tyranny of the trades union is more dreaded by many workers than any tyranny exercised by the private employer. One has only to read François Coppee's fine poem, "La Grève des Forgerons" to realise how ruthless and pitiless a Labour organisation can be in enforcing obedience to its behests. The intense hostility displayed by this party to personal freedom and liberty has alienated outside

sympathy and support, and the coming battle will be between all lovers of liberty on the one hand and those who would crush all personal freedom on the other. We may yet see a new Runnimeade and a new Magna Charta of the people's rights.

The incoming Moderator (the Rev. J. Chisholm, of Roslyn), of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Dunedin, delivered a very striking address on the subject of "Back to the Home." He deprecated the tendency of parents to shift the responsibility for the up-bringing of their children on to others. He pointed to the growing lack of parental control, and urged that the Church's energy should be directed towards a new revival of filial piety and home training. The Lambeth Committee on Education dwelt with special emphasis on this all-important matter. It said in its report: "Last, but most important of all, is the testimony of the Church to parents in all conditions of social life as to their responsibility and privilege in respect of the religious instruction of their children. None have endeavoured to discharge this duty wisely without earning love and gratitude from their children, long after the days of childhood are over. None have discharged it without untold spiritual benefit to themselves." The ancients regarded family life as the basis of national prosperity, and no virtue was placed higher than the virtue of filial piety. They treasured the Trojan tale of how Creusa had placed the child Iulus in his father's arms, and, to the child's head there played a lumbent light of flame. The mother and Aeneas would have sought to extinguish it, but Anchises recognised it as a sign from heaven. The two noblest of the Greek tragedies centre round the filial piety and devotion of Antigone. One of the best known passages in Cicero is that in which Cato the Censor refers to the death of his son: "O, glorious day! when I shall set out to join that blessed company of the departed. For I shall go my way to my son, than whom was never better man born, nor more full of dutiful affection." In days when there is an ever-increasing tendency to rely on the State for everything, there is a danger, and a very real danger, of our overlooking the claims of the home, and the decay of home-life has ever been the first and the surest sign of the decay of national greatness.

The present session of the Auckland Supreme Court has witnessed one of the most sensational incidents in the criminal annals of the colony. A powerful-looking man named McLean, with several aliases, was tried for a murderous and brutal assault on a constable named Maher at Taumarunui in July last. From evidence it was quite clear that the prisoner had intended to murder the constable, and it was only the timely arrival of others on the scene that prevented his doing so. As it was, he inflicted injuries of a very serious nature, there being three severe cuts on the scalp, whilst the constable's left eye was closed for three days, the upper and lower jaws were badly lacerated, three teeth were knocked out, an ear was torn, and a rib fractured. The prisoner had a bad record, having served several previous convictions for crimes of violence, and the judge passed a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour.

Then followed one of the most extraordinary scenes witnessed in a court of justice. The prisoner at first seemed

stunned, then, realising the position, he made a bold dash for freedom. He let out at the warders on both sides of him, brushed them aside, and darted towards the centre of the recess at the back of the dock. Here he was met by a solid line of constables, who threw him back, while more police came in from the other side. Nevertheless, the prisoner, a man of Herculean build, more than held his own, and it took fifteen constables and warders to overpower him, this being accomplished by means of applying a hold known as "the bridge," by which pressure is brought to bear on the eyes. McLean was then safely conveyed to Mt. Eden gaol. To find a parallel to this extraordinary exhibition of human strength one must turn to the Old Bailey during the trial of the Muswell Hill murderers. On that occasion two men, Fowler and Milsom, were placed in the dock on a charge of robbing and murdering an old man. After sentence of death had been passed, Fowler tried to strangle his fellow-prisoner, whom he suspected of having turned informer. Several policemen came to Milsom's assistance, but Fowler threw them about as if they had been so many nincomps. One was hurled bodily into the jury-box, another was sent crashing against a window, whilst a third was thrown amongst the ink pots and papers on the barristers' table. It took eleven members of the city police, men picked for their strength and physique, to overpower the prisoner, and after the struggle was over the court presented the appearance of a shambles. Fowler and Milsom died on the same scaffold, and precautions had to be taken by the authorities to prevent any repetition of violence during the closing scenes.

The King has conferred the Order of Merit on Sir Alfred Russell Wallace, and has thus honoured one of the foremost and most distinguished men of science of the day. Wallace in early life devoted himself exclusively to studies and researches in natural history. He spent four years on the Amazon, and eight amongst the Malay Islands, making extensive zoological collections. It was while living in the East that, unaware of Darwin's cognate researches and speculations, he formed and committed to writing a theory of development by natural selection, though not using the term. His book on the Geographical Distribution of Animals practically founded a new science, and the phrase "Wallace's line" has passed into our scientific vocabulary. He is keenly interested in occult phenomena, and attaches great value to the teaching and philosophy of spiritualism, which he sums up in the following words: "The universal teaching of modern spiritualism is that the world and the whole material universe exist for the purpose of developing spiritual being—that death is simply a transition from material existence to the first grade of spirit-life—and that our happiness and the degree of our progress will be wholly dependent on the use we have made of our faculties and opportunities here." In his later works, Dr. Wallace considerably modified some of his earlier views on evolution, and he is often referred to as the last apostle of Darwinism.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, having lived to see the almost universal adoption of his scheme of penny postage, has now turned his attention to a scheme of Penny Cables throughout the Empire. He pointed out in a recent speech that English merchants spent five millions a year in cabling, and only three millions were spent on inland messages by the whole of the United Kingdom. He characterised cheaper rates as being one of the greatest of humanity's needs. The Canadian Postmaster-General is favourably disposed towards the scheme, and Sir

Joseph Ward long ago told us that it would be possible to send expense-paying messages to Australia for a half-penny per word. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. Heaton's scheme would be financially possible, as the initial cost would be enormous, but something might surely be done to reduce the present prohibitive charges. Including land charges it costs 43d per word to send a message from Auckland to Sydney, 2/- a word to Canada, and 3/- to the United Kingdom. In view of the immense strides made lately in the science of telegraphy, these charges might be substantially reduced without involving any real loss, and though penny cables may not come for several years, there is no reason why twopenny cables should be considered as outside the range of practical politics.

Mr. Asquith's speech at the Guildhall Banquet was an emphatic declaration of Britain's intention to maintain, at all costs, her naval supremacy. He also emphasised Britain's clear attitude on the Balkan question. No alteration of the Treaty of Berlin was permissible without the consent of the other parties, especially of Turkey. On the other hand, the Government had done its utmost to promote a general agreement, and restore things to a normal and recognised position. Speaking of the navy, he declared that the people of Great Britain held with unshaken unanimity that the maintenance, unquestioned and unquestionable, of their command of the seas was the best safeguard of their national existence, and the peaceful intercourse of mankind. This effectually disposes of the proposal advocated by the Labour party that the money for old age pensions should be provided by curtailing naval expenditure. Nevertheless, the money must come from somewhere, and it seems more than likely that some scheme of fiscal reform will be forced upon the nation, and that the increased expenditure will be met by the imposition of protective duties.

We have received a very interesting letter from a correspondent at Whangarei, dealing with a paragraph that appeared in this paper on the hardships of the country clergy. He instances a case in which the promised stipend was not only never paid, but the minister had actually had to pay out of his own pocket for repairs done to the church building. He points out that a clergyman can never sue for his stipend, as there is seldom any written contract, and the debt is a debt of honour. He rightly observes that many of those who deplore the alleged paganism of the back-blocks seem to care nothing as to how the parson lives, and while continually quoting from the Bible, they do not give effect to the maxim that the labourer is worthy of his hire. We know from various reliable sources that what our correspondent says, is only too true of many of the country clergy. They are expected to live on a sum that a crossing-sweeper would scorn to accept, and they are continually hampered in their work by financial anxieties. All religious bodies are deploring the lack of candidates for ordination. Conditions such as our correspondent describes make one wonder that they ever get any candidates at all. For no man, however earnest he may be, can live on a salary that is never paid, and financial promises that are never met.

However much opinions may differ as to the merits or demerits of Sir Joseph Ward's general policy, there can be no two opinions as to his success as an administrator of our postal affairs. The post and telegraph revenue for the first six months of the financial year shows a satisfactory increase of £26,033 over the first two quarters of last year. Towards

This result postal items contributed £12,685 and telegraph £13,378. The increase would have been considerably larger had it not been for the 50 per cent. reductions in money order and postal note commissions made last January. The period under review shows a falling off of £4443 on these items, but there is every probability that in the course of two or three years increased business will more than make up the deficiency. The increase in postal business has been very marked in the Wellington district. In ten years the number of articles dealt with has leaped from 19 million to 53 million. In the same period the money order business has more than doubled, and savings bank deposits have more than trebled. But perhaps the most remarkable increase is in the number of telegrams handled, over five and a-half million messages having been forwarded or received last year by Wellington residents, an average of over a hundred apiece. This speaks volumes for the commercial activity of the Empire City.

The prices realised at the Wellington wool sale came as an agreeable surprise to those who had forwarded consignments, a general advance of 3d a pound being shown on the closing rates of the last London sale. About 1400 bales were submitted, mostly Wairarapa and Manawatu clips. The best price realised was 8d for ten bales of crossbred hoggets, but several lots fetched over 7d, and the bulk averaged about 6½d. This is the more surprising as there was no American bidding, and the quality of the wool was not so bright and clear as that usually offered at the opening sale. Prices all round were much better than had been anticipated, and a rise at the sales to be held in London this month is being confidently expected by local growers.

Sir Oliver Lodge's latest work, "Modern Views of Electricity," is a book of absorbing interest even for the reader who is not professedly scientific. Though much of it is necessarily difficult reading, yet the author gives delightful illustrations to make his meaning clear to the ordinary mind, and his definitions are transparent to the least scientific understanding. "Matter," he tells us, "is that which is susceptible of motion. Ether is that which is susceptible of stress." Here is one of his humorous illustrations: "There are two ways of calling the attention of a dog; one plan is to prod him with a stick, another is to heave a stone at him. There are no other known methods for one body to act directly on another than by these two—by continuous medium and by projectile." In dealing with figures, the great scientist puts Sir Joseph Ward completely in the shade. What is our national debt or even our anticipated record surplus, compared with the vibrations of an atom of sodium? "An atom of sodium," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "executes five hundred million complete vibrations in the millionth part of a second." All matter is shown to be simply a modification of ether, "a continuous, incompressible, perfect fluid." We are on the eve, he tells us, of some great sun-burst of discovery, and for the scientist the world is at the dawn. To quote once more his own words: "The suspense is becoming feverish, at times almost painful. One feels like a boy who has been long strumming on the silent keyboard of a deserted organ, into the chest of which an unseen power begins to blow a vivifying breath." What will that great discovery be?

The Emperor of China, whose death was reported to have occurred on Friday last, was a remarkable man in many respects. He was keenly interested in reform, and much of the recent awakening of China has been due to his personal efforts in this direction. In 1896 he issued several decrees in favour of the adoption of Western ideas, and method of government. He was a great reader, especially of books dealing with Christianity. In 1898 he sent for 129 different kinds of books, and of these 91 were issued by the Christian Literature Society. He established a University in Peking for the study of English and Western science; he also extended the railways, established a Patent Office, and introduced an imperial post. He sought to change the Buddhist and Taoist temples into schools for the education of the people. But his zeal for reform was checked by the sudden and unexpected action of the Dowager Empress. She seized on six of the most

prominent of the reformers whom the Emperor had gathered round him, and she sentenced them to be beheaded. Others she imprisoned or banished from the country. Native newspapers were suppressed, and a new series of edicts were issued exactly countering those issued by the Emperor and his party. The Empress gave the Emperor a severe scolding, calling him a naughty, foolish child, and she assumed full control of the reins of government. It was through her influence that the famous "Boxers" came into being, with the avowed object of driving all foreigners out of China. The death of the Emperor is at present shrouded in mystery, but many allege that he was murdered, and it is far from improbable that he may have fallen a victim to the bitterness with which his efforts at reform were viewed by a large section of the people over whom he ruled.

To Find the South Pole.

Dr. Jean Charcot, the well-known explorer and scientist, who recently left Havre on board the *Ponourou Pas* (Why Not) for the South Polar regions is making his second Antarctic expedition, and it is noteworthy that the day he left was the anniversary of the day on which he started on his first expedition. The *Ponourou Pas* is a three-masted sailing vessel, with an auxiliary engine of 500-h.p., and has a speed of about eight knots. Dr. Charcot is accompanied by a scientific staff of eight and a crew of twenty-two men. The expedition is expected to last two years, and large stores of food have been laid in, of which the following are a few items:—

- 12 tons preserved meat,
- 22,000 bottles of wine,
- 5 tons of desiccated vegetables,
- 6 tons of flour,
- 1 ton of dried fruit,
- 1½ tons of chocolate and jam.

Among other things which the *Ponourou Pas* carries are several motor sledges, a large number of books, and a phonograph. The expedition will head for a part of the Antarctic continent south of Cape Horn, and will attempt to make its way along the coast as far as Alexander I. Land, where the vessel will take up its winter quarters. Excursions will then be made towards the Pole by means of the motor sledges.

M. Falliere's Big Mail.

Interesting statistics recently published show that President Fallieres receives daily more than eight hundred letters, three hundred from beggars and about one hundred from inventors and others suggesting ideas demanding financial support. Others apply for a position or political support.

AUCKLAND A. & P. ASS'N.

ANNUAL SPRING SHOW.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

November 27th and 28th.

Live Stock, Farm Produce, Machinery, etc.

Entries close Saturday, November 14th.

W. B. FORDYCE,

Acting Secretary.

16, Hall of Commerce,
High Street, Auckland.

SALE OF MILLING TIMBER BY PUBLIC TENDER.

NOTICE is hereby given that written tenders are invited and will be received at the District Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, up to 12 o'clock noon on WEDNESDAY, 2nd December, 1908, for the purchase of the Milling Timber standing on part of the unmentioned Timber Reserve.

PART TIMBER RESERVE (Crown Lands), adjoining Pastoral Run No. 12, Block IX., Thames N.D.

85 Kauri Trees, about 186,205 s. ft.
31 Rimu Trees, about 69,567 s. ft.
16 Totara Trees, about 10,210 s. ft., and
1 Mixed Trees, about 126 s. ft.

Full particulars of sale may be seen at the Post Office, Thames and Pariti, or at the above Office.

JOHN STRAUCHON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Musings AND Meditations

By DOG TOBY

AN ELECTION CROWD.

THE great interest displayed in politics can only be appreciated by those who move amongst the crowd on election day and listen to the different remarks. The intelligent grasp of the great questions of the day is astonishing, and should make candidates feel that their oratorical efforts have not been wasted. I have selected a few scraps of conversation, which serve to show how closely our people study the momentous matters on which they are called to decide.

The first speaker to attract my attention was a working man. "I tell you what it is, Bill, we don't want these toffs going into Parliament to represent us. We want to send one of ourselves. I'm going to vote for Jack. I remember him when we were mates together in the bush. He could always talk, could Jack. He used to tell us we were all fools to be slaving away while other blokes had all they wanted. Said we ought to be Socialists; then everyone could have all he could wish for without doing any work at all. Used to pitch us long yarns about the missus and the kids slaving under the heel of capital. Used to come it a bit strong on the silent heroism of women racket. Reckon he's altered his views a bit since he got spliced."

Excited female: "What I say is that men are like children. They all want their beer, and they ought to be stopped getting it. I never drank a glass of beer in my life. No, nor I wouldn't never let John touch a drop neither. Nasty, poisonous stuff I calls it, as does no good to nobody. I said when we was married, John, you don't have no beer in this house, nor any horrid, smelly pipe either. Do you think I'm going to slave day and night for you to waste money on such rubbish? I always made him help with the dishes and the children when he came home, instead of letting him idle away his time smoking and drinking. Poor dear, he's gone now! He took work up North, and I said only the day before he left that he would want me to look after him, and I remember he told me not to be surprised if he fell ill and died. I got a letter a few weeks later to say he was dead, and not to bother to go up as they had buried him decent. It's my belief he got drinking." "There's a lot dies in the bush, ma'am," put in a quiet-looking working man, "especially when they've been looked after at home as well as your John was. You see, they don't have no one to make 'em clean knives and boots and dishes and such like, and they gets sort of home sick and pines away. Most likely your John pined away a-thinkin' of you."

"What I say," maintained a prosperous-looking farmer, "is just this. Here is our debt, sixty or seventy million, and who's going to pay it? We want a man like Massey. I always vote Opposition, they don't waste money like the other chaps. The country is just going to the dogs with all these inspectors and regulations and arbitration acts. The farmer makes the country, and yet they treat him as if he was a milch cow. You should have heard our man the other night. He gave us figures to show—" "Oh, he did talk something lovely," confided a gushing damsel. "And he came up and spoke to me, and he shook hands with Tom, and said as how he hoped we would vote for him. And he said he would tell Sir Joseph Ward that Tom wanted a farm of his own, and he's going to get him one so as we can get married. And he talked beautiful about women and what sense they had, and he said about keeping the cradles full, and Tom squeezed my hand and giggled, and I told him not to be a great silly, as we wasn't married yet, and mightn't never be if he didn't behave proper..." "Young

man," an austere female was saying, "have you thought about the great question to be decided to-day? Are you with us in the matter? You say you don't agree with Mr. Smith's politics? What do politics matter? What are party views? If a man is sound on No-ticence, what difference does it make to us which side of the House he sits on? The great question for the country to-day is not as to whether the Government or Opposition gets in, but as to whether that top line is to remain as a disgrace to our civilisation." "What do I want with a vote?" said a tired-looking mother. "I reckon such things should be left to the men, who understand about them, or think they do. By the time I've washed up and put the children to-bed, I'm too tired to go and listen to a lot of talk about nothing. I've been worried out of my life with people messing round, wanting to know who I'm going to vote for, I reckon it don't make much difference to us who gets in; we've got our work to do, all the same, and Bill don't seem no better off for all his big wages. What with rent, and food, and the children's boots..." "What do they want to shut the pubs for on voting-day?" queried an agrieved elector. "How is a man to know who to vote for if he can't talk it over with his mates over a 'ripint'?" "Do you know," said a young mother, "I'm going to plump for Mr. Jones! He's such a dear. Government, is he? I'm sure I don't know what he is. But he was so nice to baby, and said he was the loveliest child he'd ever seen, and so 'on is, isn't he? The duckiest little tootsy-wootsy that ever was. Goo, goo, goo..."

Food Faddists.

The "British Medical Journal" has discovered that Britons are getting faddy about their food; and not only faddy, but priggish and self-opinionated about it as well.

"In no country in the world, save perhaps in the United States," says the article, "do we meet with so many persons who display idiosyncrasies in respect of food as in England, and the most striking results are obtained by observing a party of English men and women at the table d'hôte in a foreign land.

"One section abhors omelettes, another is equally emphatic in refusing Italian pastes, macaroni, and the like, while others declare that the sight of oil-dressed salad inspires nausea.

"The noteworthy feature in this pick-and-choose dietary is the solemnity with which the idiosyncrasies are asserted, with an accent of sincerity which betokens the consciousness of merit. It is not merely a question of disliking this or that article of food; the tone is such as to cast aspersions on all who think otherwise.

"If, by way of contrast, we watch foreigners at dinner we shall be struck by the fact that while they may vary as to quantity, old and young alike, partake of the dishes in due sequence:

"Why is that the English stomach in general shows such antipathy to olive oil, which is the ordinary culinary fat in so many parts of the world? How is it that the Englishman who revels in such light delicacies as roly-poly pudding fights shy of nouilles and vermicelli.

"One explanation may be that children in many families are allowed to pick and choose, or, at any rate, to express approval or dislike, a licence which bears pernicious fruit in later life.

"It may be added that in no country is the culinary field as limited as in England."

Teacher.—"What is wrong about this sentence: 'I am twenty my last birth-day?'"

Little Johnnie.—"It should be 'forty' instead of 'twenty.'"

Sayings of the Week

Since the Government had inaugurated the lands for settlement policy 182 estates had been purchased comprising 1,122,134 acres. How many of those acres were near Napier? A sum of £3,217,254 had been spent in acquiring land for settlement. Where had it been spent? Everywhere but in Napier—Napier was "to let."—*Mr. J. Vigor-Brown, Napier.*

Many people get their politics from their paper. I trust that the editors of this country realise their responsibility in this direction.—*Mr. Gardner, Manawatu.*

Farmers could get medical advice gratis for their beasts, and it was high time that a poor man should get free medical advice for his wife and children. Every person in New Zealand was said to be worth £355, and it was the duty of the State to save that money to the country, and that little home from being broken up. Medical advice should be given free by means of a system of State doctors for people who would sign a declaration to the effect that they were unable to pay for it.—*Mr. Chalk, Port Chalmers.*

Mr Ngata he had known from babyhood, and his speeches were an intellectual treat to those that heard him. He was an M.A. and LL.B., a polished orator, a barrister and solicitor, and one of the noblest representatives of the native race that New Zealand had ever seen.—*Mr. A. L. D. Fraser, Napier.*

Buying your votes with your own money. It's hard to beat a Minister, my word it is. They come along with a few smooching words, and £100 here, a metal road there, a post office here, and so on.—*Mr. Darton, Gisborne.*

The poor man's bicycle had a tax of 20 per cent on it, while half of the rich man's motor-car came in duty free. The duty on silks, satins, and so on was reduced. The poor man's packet tea paid 2d. a lb., while the rich man who could get his tea in bulk was let off duty altogether.—*Mr. Byron Brown, Porirua.*

This is the usual Socialist's lack, that a man who employs labour is an exploiter and robber. As a matter of fact, he himself worked as hard as any man in his employ. He took his turn at the linotype machine, and all his permanent hands were paid higher wages than the awards demanded. As for himself, he drew no more wages out of the business than the men, and he earned whatever he got by his own effort.—*Mr. R. A. Wright, Wellington.*

There is one power in this country that is greater than all the newspapers put together—the platform.—*Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, Wellington.*

The Government seem to think that Petone is a pocket borough, and that they can do as they like with it, but let us show them that it is not so. We want our just and rightful dues, and I think we have every right to be regarded as a centre, and that we should have full facilities.—*Mr. R. W. Short, Petone.*

People say I look too closely into things. I don't. The real defect in this country is that other people don't look into things as closely as I do.—*Mr. F. Fisher, Wellington.*

I believe that a representative Parliament should be composed of business men, legal men, and industrial men.—*Mr. George Winder, at Hataitai.*

I have, at times, been fearful of what looked like a tendency to substitute Government intervention, a sort of State paternalism in all things, for individual effort and self-reliance, which process, if deemed to have no limit, must lead inevitably to an entire dependence on the State instead of upon ourselves.—*Mr. R. B. Williams, Johnsonville.*

They were paying £3,000,000 a year in indirect taxation and excise duty, be-

cause it was easily collected. They did not know they were doing that, but in every £4 they paid the man behind the counter they paid £1 in duty, and yet they did not seem to bother themselves about it.—*Mr. G. B. Darton, Gisborne.*

If you dispose of the whole of the land in the Dominion—our public estate—to strangers just now, you place our boys and girls of to-day in a worse position for the future than were the old settlers when they first came to New Zealand.—*Mr. F. Lacey, Parnell.*

The only portion of the liquor question which was a political question was that relating to the majority. That question was being unfairly brought up at the present time.—*Mr. F. E. Haume, Auckland.*

If you want to know my views on No-license, I am in favour of national prohibition, and no liquor in private houses.—*Mr. Nicholson, Auckland.*

The native lands were only breeding noxious weeds at present, but it was not the fault of the natives, but of the wretched system. The titles should be individualised, and the land dealt with, giving the natives a fair share. It was waste of opportunity to have vast blocks of lands and thousands of natives idle.—*Mr. W. F. Massey.*

There was but one road for a man who desired solely and disinterestedly to promote the best destinies of his country. It should be as clear to him as the King's highway, and along that road he should guide the country, no matter what the people said or thought of him.—*Mr. Herdman, Wellington.*

I am in perfect sympathy with all the reasonable aspirations of Labour. I believe that it is possible for master and man in this country to live and thrive and be happy in this country if let alone. I believe it is possible for Labour to get his fair share of the fruit of his hands, and the employer a fair return for the investment of his capital. But that state is not to be obtained by irritating legislation, nor will it be accomplished while each looks on the other as his natural enemy. I look forward with great confidence to a very much better understanding between Labour and capital in this country.—*Mr. R. B. Williams, Wellington.*

There are many people who live, or hope to live, on the amount of strife they can stir up between employers and employees.—*Mr. Fisher, Wellington.*

Unlike the Government and their labelled voting machines, if I am elected to represent this constituency I shall take my seat in the House fully recognising and appreciating that I am the political servant of the people, and therefore duty to the master must take precedence.—*Mr. W. T. Young, Wellington.*

It is commonly supposed that people in business are rapidly making fortunes. Colour is lent to this idea because they always wear a smile. A pleased look is merely part of their business. As a matter of fact, the average business man is just able to pay his way. The reason why business is bad is to be found in the fact that there has been over-borrowing and a drop in the prices of some of our products at home. And the prospects of an improvement in the near future do not seem to be very bright.—*Mr. Wright, Wellington.*

It makes my blood boil to hear the Socialists and labour agitators yelling at the unfortunate farmers who happen to be getting a few pounds more in a good season. How would those Socialists and labour agitators like to work on for a whole year and never know whether they were to be paid or not, as the farmer has to do? Let those men go out into the bush and carve out homes for themselves, and there would be no talk of single tax. The best citizen of all is the big-hearted fellow who goes into the back-blocks on to some small section, and takes some good country girl with him

to found a home and rear a family. And that is the man the town Socialists and labour agitators would put their land tax on. That is the very man who should be taxed as lightly as possible.—*Mr. W. Richardson, Auckland.*

The difference between the Liberals and the Conservatives is just the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.—*Mr. Wright, Wellington.*

My idea of national reform is not by beginning cutting down the screws of the poor devil who gets 7/- a day. I am not going to urge the saving of money by whittling away the wages of any man. It is on the bigger questions, where hundreds of thousands of pounds are concerned, that money is to be saved.—*Mr. Fisher, Wellington.*

The Government expects to drive the Labour vote when the Labour candidate does not get into the second ballot, to vote for the Government candidate. By this means they kill two birds, or, shall I say three, with one stone, namely, defeat the Opposition candidate, keep out the Labour candidate, and get the Labour vote in spite of themselves.—*Mr. R. B. Williams, Wellington.*

We are getting along all right with the totalisator, and it is a degrading thing for the people of the Dominion to recognise the bookmakers as a necessary evil. He produces nothing, he never works—never does a tap—but goes about scheming how he is to get money out of other people. Members of Parliament are fearfully blameable for allowing that sort of thing to be legalised.—*Mr. Murrell, Wellington South.*

Having agreed, as we all have agreed, that the best education, and none but the best, is what we want for our children, how are we to expect to get it without paying this service the very best wages? No pay that is in reason is too high for the moulders of the thought and opinion (in the formative period of their lives) of those who shall succeed us.—*Mr. R. B. Williams, Wellington.*

There were farmers in the North Island who could stand at the door of their homesteads and see the smoke from passing trains, but who were obliged to travel forty miles to the nearest railway station for lack of a bridge across a river.—*Mr. Banner at Linwood.*

I favour equal pay for women as for men, provided that the women can do equal work.—*Mr. J. U. Broome, Grey Lynn.*

The workers talk of capital as of an enemy. Supposing they were shown a reef carrying 9oz. of gold to the ton in a deep level, what would they do with it? Capital would have to come in and develop the reef so that the working men could receive their wages on Saturdays, and capital takes the risk of loss.—*Mr. W. Richardson, Auckland.*

He would put the position of his opponent in cricketing terms. Mr Fraser has had nine innings, and he has never made a run. Never a run! I hope that on the 17th of November you will bowl him right out.—*Mr. J. Vigor-Brown, Napier.*

It was a fact, whatever might be said to the contrary, that for the September quarter of this year—the first time in 15 years—the expenditure exceeded the revenue. The revenue for the September quarter of the current year was £2,038,521, while the expenditure was £2,065,239.—*Mr. W. F. Massey.*

There were many no-license men who drank, and no-license men who kept liquor in their own homes, after depriving the people of the opportunity of getting liquor.—*Mr. F. E. Haume, Auckland.*

What disgraced Parliament was the entrance of men who went into the House in a state of intoxication. There were things that occurred last session that would be unfit to be referred to in a mixed audience, and these things were well known and talked about. If he were returned he could be depended upon to endeavour to stop that sort of thing.—*Mr. W. Richardson, Auckland.*

History teaches us that no great country can let its agriculture decay, as we have let our agriculture decay, without ultimate ruin. The time will come sooner or later when reliance upon foreign food will prove to be the ruin of a nation so foolish and so neglectful of the direct teaching of Nature.—*Mr. Holt Schoaling.*

I do not object to any criticism upon the management of any institution under my charge, so long as it is fair and truthful, particularly the latter. I have nothing to apologise for or to explain.—*Hon. G. Forde.*

ELECTORAL HUMOUR.

"The Micawber system of finance" is Mr. Herdman's phrase for the Government's system of raising money by short-dated debentures. He reminded his audience that Mr. Micawber used to hand a promissory note to his creditor and congratulate himself on having paid the debt.

"You never mentioned Mr. Field's name. Why don't you cook his goose about that £400 a year?" was a question asked Mr. Byron Brown. "Why," said the candidate, "should I cook Mr. Field's goose when he has done it so well for himself?"

"Most of the supporters of the present Administration are merely 'phonographs' who re-echo the platitudes of others, and vote-registering machines."—*Mr. Wright at Newtown.*

"If the Government, in their wisdom or unwisdom, choose to select me as their candidate, that's their funeral, not mine."—*Moderate but suggestive remark by Mr. Izard.*

Mr. Herdman: There was no doubt at all that money was tight, Sir Joseph Ward himself had said that, so had the Attorney-General. A Voice: They are all tight.

"If you are elected will you introduce legislation to prevent families from parading the streets without any hats on?" was a question put to a candidate.

Mr. W. Richardson, of Auckland, was asked if he was in favour of roofing Queen-street with a glass shade, and if he was in favour of putting hotels on trolleys.

"Are you in favour of bookmakers plying their culling, and allowing the totalisators to remain open on election day, in order that we may back our fancies?" was a question put to a candidate.

"When the wolf and the lamb consort together there will come a day when the lamb will be missing."—*Mr. Richardson at St. Benedict's.*

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 came.

Stearns' Headache Cure is so much better than others that it will pay you to insist on having STEARNS', and no other.

"Are you in favour of paying Government employees weekly instead of monthly?" Mr. O. Nicholson was asked. "Yes," was the reply. "What about two Saturdays a week, Billy?" cried a voice to the questioner.

"Forty per cent. of the working men of Auckland are not on the jury list," declared Mr. J. U. Browne at Mount Eden. "Why should any special man be put on the jury list?" he added. "Ask a policeman," was the laconic reply from a member of the audience.

"There is not the slightest doubt about the real question at issue," declared the Auckland electoral registrar. "Rights are being taken out in nine cases out of ten simply in order that electors may vote on the liquor question. The general election is quite a secondary matter."

What encouragement is there for doing "Little deeds of kindness; little acts of love," in this hard, calculating selfish world? For instance, when Mr. Bolton was speaking, and his voice became husky, an elector thoughtfully rose in the body of the hall, walked up the aisle, and poured out a glass of water for the candidate. "Oh, you'll get a job if he gets in," shouted someone at the back of the hall, to the amusement of nobody more than the candidate.

During his speech at Remuera, Mr. E. G. B. Moss recalled an amusing incident of the old provincial days. Amongst other taxes levied was one on bachelors, and another on houses with chimneys. Twenty-five members of the Armed Constabulary were run in at Tauranga, and a well-known priest, according to Mr. Moss, had the bailiffs in his house. He was talking recently to the rev. father about this experience, whereupon the latter remarked, "The bitterest point of the whole thing was that it was to get the payment of the bachelor tax."

In his speech at Port Ahuriri Mr. Brown challenged his opponent's political theory, and said: "If Mr. Fraser can get a new post office for Napier, that should not prevent him being a statesman. If I am returned to Parliament, I will not only sit on the doormats of Ministers, but, bedad, I'll take my blankets and sleep there until I get what I want."

An overworked editor of a Southern paper comments thus on the strenuous life of the clerks in the Native Department in dealing with Sir Joseph's Ward appeal for a legislative rest: "Everyone knows that behind the doors of the Native Department lies a lotus-eating land, where it is always afternoon; a place of 'dreamful ease.' The motto of its occupants is, 'Why do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow?' and as to-morrow never comes the spiders spin webs over the documents of the Department, and are hardly disturbed by the heavy breathing of the sleeping officials. Some day Wellington doctors will discover the value of the Native Department, and will take to recommending temporary clerkships therein to patients suffering from insomnia."

Mr. Byron Brown's suggestion for the business card of a government-supporting M.P.—"Mr. Smiling face Fakeum, M.P. Government labour agent. Billets procured on the shortest notice for dutiful voters. Government grants arranged for docile electorates. Loans from the Government Advances to Settlers and Workers negotiated. Business commissions strictly confidential. Terms, £300 per year, with a prospective rise to £400, procreation fee, your votes and interests."

"There are several things I have not done during this election contest," said Mr. Herdman. "I have not delivered a speech on any elector's doorstep, nor posted any cards containing a portrait of myself, nor kissed any babies."

"New Zealand is now coming to be regarded as a huge political laboratory. You have the Hon. R. McNab making up the formula, the Premier working the pestle and mortar, the Hon. Mr. McGowan blowing the bellows, and the Attorney General holding the nose of the New Zealand public while noxious drugs are forced down their throats."—Mr. Herdman's metaphor.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

BARRING the second ballot business," began the dominie, "we ought to have a rest for a time from the torrents of talk that have been hurled lately at our devoted heads. The masses of figures that have been brought forward are perfectly bewildering, and it is surprising to note the different conclusions drawn from them. The Opposition people say that our expenditure exceeds our income, the Government people say that we are going to have another record surplus. Yet they both use the same financial statistics. The average man finds himself in a perfect maze of conflicting opinions, and if he quits politics and takes refuge in the No-license camp, he finds the same bewildering Babel of discordant tongues, and he is confronted with statements one day that absolutely contradict what he has read the day before. The big wagers flying about, backing both sides to be speaking the truth, mystify him still further, till he says in his haste that all men are liars."

"Some speeches," said the padre, "have been good, but the majority have been mere meaningless repetitions of Blue Book statistics and reports. A man named Nosworthy, one of the Christchurch people, developed quite an unusual turn for apt classical quotations. His references to Herodotus were delightful, but I wonder how many of his audience knew who Herodotus was. He might have quoted, as descriptive of some of our candidates, the famous words of the Pythian oracle: 'The savour of the hard-shelled tortoise boiled in brass with the flesh of lamb striking on my senses; brass is laid beneath it, and brass is put over it.' Quite ten different candidates have confidently stated that they expected to get a portfolio, which led to the caustic remark in one of our papers that the bunch of carrots was being most effectively dangled before the noses of those aspiring to become M.P.'s. Some of the wittiest speeches have come from the Labour men. Perhaps that is because they don't take themselves as seriously as most of the others."

"I have noticed," commented the military man, "that all our candidates receive unanimous votes of thanks and confidence. This is, I suppose, merely a way electors have of concealing their hand. It is absurd to suppose that it is any true indication of the real state of affairs. For my own part, I think it is a gross violation of the secrecy of the ballot for people to come to your house and ask you how you intend to vote. Why should I be pestered with people wanting to know if I am going to support such and such a person, and as often as not roundly abusing me if my views don't harmonise with their own. You not only have political canvassers, but you have liquor and anti-liquor people worrying you on all sides. It leads to a lot of lying, because hundreds of people say they will vote one day, and on election day they vote another. I believe you would get much better results if you had no speeches at all, but if each candidate carefully wrote out his views on all the important questions of the day and posted a copy to each elector. It would be more dignified, it would save expense, and we should be spared the undividing spectacle of rowdy meetings, personal abuse, and constant backings, as to whether this or that was said at any meeting. You would get far better men to stand for Parliament if some such plan were adopted, and the people would be better informed on the real political points at issue. At present there are thousands who have not the slightest conception that a general election means anything more than a decision as to how many pubs there shall be

in the district."

"Hang politics!" broke in the country member, "and the liquor and anti-liquor people too! I really don't care two cents who gets in, or whether they close or open all the pubs in New Zealand. It doesn't make much difference any way. What interests me is Mr. Vavasour's report on our frozen mutton trade. He has spent several weeks in London investigating the position, and he says that as regards mutton New Zealand is being knocked right out of the market by the Argentine. One of the largest dealers, who used to take nothing but prime Canterbury, now takes Argentine mutton exclusively. The reason alleged is the extremely haphazard way in which our consignments are made, sometimes a famine, at other times a glut. There is no regularity about the thing, and delivery is too uncertain. Since the beginning of the century the Argentine has enormously developed its trade with Great Britain, and it is developing all its energies to capturing the market for frozen meat. We are apt to go to sleep out here, and we want a little waking up that we may attend to things that really matter. The whole of our prosperity as a nation is bound up with our ability to command good prices for exports. We can never be a manufacturing people, and if we let our country produce decline we shall be in a bad way."

"Why, dear fellow," replied the cynic, "in these matters you speak as a publican and a heathen, in short as a pagan, the ancient term, I believe, of a dweller in rustic solitude who refused to abandon the worship of his ancient gods. You actually hold to the absurd idea that we depend for our wealth on the money we get for exported produce. That idea, let me tell you, vanished with the coming of what is called the new age. We are not going to work the land any more, nor are we going to breed stock, and shear sheep. We are going to get all the money we want by the simple process of nationalising the land. When it is nationalised nobody will bother to work it, because the State is going to work it for us. The tender succulent lamb, the green pea, the sauce not innocent of mint, will all be plated on our tables ready cooked by that mysterious power we call the State. We are on the eve of that golden age referred to by the Mayor of Dunedin, when everything will be free, and our country will become a sort of New Jerusalem. Besides, our Labour friends strongly object to this export of meat and butter. They say, 'Why should we send away our food for others to eat when we have thousands in our own land who are on the verge of starvation?' Why should the farmer who only works 15 hours a day be allowed to sell his produce instead of giving it away to the poor city toiler who labours at his task for a solid 44 hours a week? These Argentines are an uncivilised people. They have no Labour laws, and they only pay their workpeople the wages they actually have earned. They live in outer, nay, in Cimmerian darkness, and they know not, neither do they heed, the many blessings that result from advanced labour laws. They actually do their best to attract capital to their shores, instead of straining every nerve, as we do, to banish for ever the capitalist and all his tribe. Their end will be that many of them will become rich, the value of land will increase and that hateful thing—the unearned increment—will become unpleasantly prominent in their midst. From that fate, at least, our Socialist friends hope to save the inhabitants of these fortunate isles."

"I know a little of the Argentine," said the professor, "and I believe it will

be one of the great countries of the future. The people realise the importance of not hampering trade and commerce by absurd and impossible legislation. It would surprise you to see how interested they are in keeping up the quality of all their exports. We are accustomed to speak of them in disparaging terms, but whilst we have been pottering about with labour laws and top lines and other utilities, they have devoted all their energies to developing and improving their country, and now they are reaping the reward in increased prosperity and a growing demand for their produce. They have taken as their political maxim the very sensible one of 'Revenez a vos moutons.'

THE GUINEA POEM.

A CHEQUE for £1 1/4 has been sent to the writer of this verse, E.H., 67, Seaford View-rd., Auckland:—
*I cannot do without it,
And I do not mean to try;
So send and get some SAPON,
Or I must say—"Good-bye!"*
WIN A GUINEA! Prize Poem published every Saturday. Best original four SHORTEST line dist. verse about "SAPON" wins each week. "SAPON" wrapper must be enclosed. Address:—"SAPON" (Oatmeal Washing Powder), P.O. Box 633, Wellington. Write for free Art. Booklet, containing 23 valuable hints on Washing.

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, Whangara, and Mangapai.
CLANSMAN... Wednesday, at 5 p.m.
No Cargo for Russell.
For Awanihi, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangara, and Mangapai.
APANUI... Every Monday, at 2 p.m.
No Cargo Whangara and Mangapai.
For Whangaruru, Helens Bay, Takaka, and Whanauaki.
FAERUA... Tuesday, 13th Oct., 1 p.m.
For Great Barrier.
Waiotahi... Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waikato and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROTOHIANA... Tues., 22nd Sept., 10.30 a.m.
Rotomahana... Fri., 25th Sept., 1.30 p.m.
LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIKATO.
ROTOHIANA... Wed., 23rd Sept., 6 a.m.
ROTOHIANA... Sat., 26th Sept., 7.30 a.m.

FROM ONEHUNGA.

For Hokanga.
CLAYMORE... Every Thursday
For Raglan, Kaitiaki, and Waitara.
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Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—
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Leaves
Trains Whangarei Mangapai, Parua Bay.
Goods Train. Pas. Train. Leaves
17th-11.45 a.m. 2 p.m. 11 a.m. 2 p.m.
19th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
22nd-11.45 a.m. 3 p.m. 2 p.m. No str.
24th-9.15 a.m. 9 a.m. 7 a.m. 9 a.m.
26th-9.15 a.m. 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
28th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 9 a.m. No str.

Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz. 5th, 12th, 15th, 19th, 24th, 28th, and 29th must go from up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

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The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

The first race for the Stead Memorial Gold Cup was won by Bobrikoff on Saturday.

A southern farmer has a ewe that has had 16 lambs in five seasons, and all but two were successfully reared.

A fire occurred at Dargaville early on Sunday morning, destroying about £400 worth of property in Victoria street.

The returns from the Komata Reef mine to date total £311,632, to which the crushing for the last month contributed £3,278, the ore crushed being 2,350 tons.

The engagement is announced of the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, sister of his Excellency the Governor, to Capt. Ed. Lyckett Lyon (18th Hussars), A.D.C. to Lord Plunket. The marriage will take place in England.

The New Zealand Crown Mines during September and October got bullion worth £1,484 from 1,324 tons of ore. In August 1,724 tons of ore were crushed for a return of £2,165. The total amount which has been won from the mines is £743,222.

The manner in which the temporary two days' service between Auckland and Wellington is being patronised from both ends would seem to indicate that when the nineteen hour through run is properly established the route will be the popular means of communication between the two cities.

The Commercial Property Finance Co., one of the oldest established financial institutions in Otago, is going into voluntary liquidation. The chairman says this step is due to the extreme tightness of the money market and to the fact that assistance was not forthcoming from bankers. Depositors are fully protected.

The Auckland Society of Arts, in order to meet the requests of a number of artists has decided that in the competitions for the coming year, special prizes will be offered for studies from the nude, the antique and the head. Should sufficient enthusiasm be shown in connection with the proposed life classes, Mr. C. F. Goldie has consented to act as director.

The stranding of the Union Company's Hawea while trying to get out of Grey-mouth recently, was enquired into by a Marine Court, and the finding completely exonerated everybody concerned. It was suggested by the Court that vessels of deep draught in negotiating this narrow entrance should engage the services of a tug if any doubt existed about the depth of the water or the weather conditions prevailing.

To be shipwrecked twice within eighteen months is the unpleasant experience of Mr. John Judge. Mr. Judge (states the "Christchurch Press") was an able seaman on the ill-fated four-masted barque Dunderland, which was totally wrecked last year on the Auckland Islands, on the passage from Sydney to Queenstown, twelve of the crew being drowned. The sixteen survivors suffered terrible privations, and lived on the island for nine months until they were rescued by the Hinemua. Judge remained on the New Zealand coast, and recently he again had the misfortune to be shipwrecked, he being one of the crew of the Hawea, which went ashore on the north tip at Greymouth.

The wool clip in the North this season has been a particularly satisfactory one, and the quality of the fleece coming into the stores is particularly good. Farmers are feeling anything but happy over the prospects of the market, however, and it is considered that the average price for the coarser qualities will not go beyond 3½d per lb at the opening sale on the 25th inst.

The Hawke's Bay Land Board has approved of the Wipiripi Block being opened for settlement under the optional system. The block comprises 9000 acres, and it is within two miles of Dannevirke.

More immigrants are expected to arrive in New Zealand by the steamers Ruapehu and Papanui this month. The former steamer is bringing 27 assisted passengers with a declared capital of £172. The Papanui has on board 148 assisted immigrants. The declared capital of the Papanui's passengers, exclusive of non-assisted passengers, is £500.

Vivid Imagination.

Some time back the miners at the Otiira end of Arthur's Pass tunnel complained that the water met with during boring operations was of a mineral nature, and acted injuriously on the hands of the men. A sample of the water was sent to Mr. A. A. Bickerton, Government analyst, and in his report, just received, he states that it is exceptionally pure, and free from any injurious matter.

Hanging Fire.

The movement inaugurated in Wellington some considerable time ago to establish a City crematorium seems to hang fire (says our correspondent). In the trust fund there is £800 to credit on account of subscriptions, etc., and in addition a vote of £400 has been made by the City Council. Tenders have been invited for the supply of a furnace, and responses have been made by firms in various parts of the world. At this stage the matter seems to be halting. It is known that the grant of £400 by the City Council will not be sufficient with the £800 now in hand to foot the bills that will have to be met for purchase of a completed installation. There still remains a difference of opinion as to where the crematorium should be erected.

Long-distance Launch Race.

The 50-guinea cup, known as the "Rudder Cup," presented to the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron some time ago by Mr. T. Fleming Day for competition amongst the power boat owners of New Zealand over an ocean course of 100 miles, will be competed for, for the first time, on December 12th next. The conditions stipulate that the launches must be bona fide cruisers of a length not less than 25ft water line. The preliminary course for the race has been mapped out as follows: Starting between Queen-street Wharf and mark buoy moored due north, thence round Sail Rock, distance 115 knots, or round first buoy inside Mare Bank, Whangarei Heads, distance 130 knots. The final course will be at the discretion of the Sailing Committee, posted in the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron's rooms previous to the race. A list of all the conditions available at the Squadron's rooms.

Interchange of Teachers.

Two applications from English teachers for inclusion on the employment list of the Auckland Education Board were received by the Board last week. The chairman (Mr. C. J. Parr) expressed his opinion that the time was not far distant when there would be an interchange of teachers, the New Zealand teachers going home to the Old Country for a year or so, or to America and Canada, and the English and Canadian teachers coming here for a like period. In his opinion it would be a most desirable thing, if some half-a-dozen of the most promising young men of New Zealand should have, free of cost, an opportunity to go home to the Old Country and study the methods there, thus affording them the same chance as the English teachers. This would tend to brighten the outlook of a teacher, and thus give a much greater value to his work. The secretary (Mr. V. Rice) remarked that applications were coming in from English teachers as a result of the increased salaries and superannuation.

The Tuatara.

Inquiries made in Wellington recently show that contrary to prevailing opinion the tuatara lizard has not been given legal protection. Its name is included in a list of native animals in a schedule of the Animals Protection Act, 1906, but the Act merely provides that the animals may be protected by an announcement in the "Gazette." It does not state that they shall be protected. The tuatara has not been gazetted. It is, therefore, not under protection, and there is nothing to prevent its destruction. The very comprehensive clauses of the Maori Antiquities Act, passed a few years ago, operate against the export of tuataras, dead or alive, from the Dominion. "Maori antiquity" is defined by the Act

as "anything of scientific value relating to New Zealand," and no "antiquity" can be sent away from New Zealand without the consent of the Minister of the Interior. The provision is so general in its scope that it has been put into force. Further inquiries show that there are good grounds for the statement that tuatara lizards are sent in fairly large numbers to England and other countries.

Improving Napier.

Within the next few weeks work on the extension to the Glasgow wharf at Napier will reach the stage which will preclude the time-table steamers of the Union Steamship Company and Huddart-Parker Company mooring alongside. This is expected to continue till the middle of next year, and during this period the companies announce that tendering will have to be reverted to. It is proposed that the steamers shall lie under the lee of the breakwater, passenger work being done from the Glasgow wharf, the short distance to be travelled thus ensuring a minimum of inconvenience.

The Servant Problem.

The report on the Auckland Women's Bureau in the Labour Department's Journal for November states: Applications by employers for domestic assistance numbered 180 for the October period, whilst 100 workers applied for engagement. Out of that number 62 were sent to work.

The dearth of generals is very seriously and keenly felt, and some persuasion has been used to try and induce housemaids and others, whom it is difficult to place, to take up situations as generals, but few can be induced to take this step. During the month the steamer Surrey was met, but very few of the domestics on board felt inclined to take immediate employment; in fact, this means of getting domestic servants seems to be very unsatisfactory, as the girls arriving are either unsuitable for the work or seem disinclined to take it up.

Norfolk Island Stokers.

The Pacific Cable Board's chairman, in a letter to the Government, states:—"The Norfolk Island stokers who replaced the Chinese at the close of last year, though at first raw and untrained, and requiring considerable supervision, are becoming seasoned, and have proved a well-behaved set of men. The employment afforded by the cable ship to the natives of Norfolk Island has contributed very materially to the prosperity of this small and interesting community."

Hongi's Armour Found.

The armour of Hongi, the earliest Maori chief to arm his warriors with muskets, has been unearthed by Dr. Pomare with the assistance of the native sanitary inspector at Pukehika Pa, opposite Jerusalem, on the Wanganui river. For about half a century its whereabouts was unknown except to a very few. The armour was given to Hongi by King George IV, when the chieftain made his visit to England. The helmet is still missing, but Dr. Pomare states that he knows where to locate it. The armour has been taken to Wellington, and will be exhibited in the Dominion Museum.

Backblocks Roads.

The whole of the authorities for the expenditure of the quarter of a million voted and allocated by Parliament, at the close of last session, for roading the backblocks, have been distributed to the various district engineers of the Public Works Department, and to the local bodies concerned. The work can now proceed at once.

Progression.

The produce exports for the month of October, as compared with October, 1907, show increases in mutton, lamb, and oats to the value of £25,680, and decreases in butter, cheese, beef and hemp to £7,916, or an increase in principal exports for October, as compared with October last year, to the value of £17,743.

No-license Demonstration at Auckland.

Long before 2.30 o'clock on Saturday afternoon a crowd, which gradually increased to within 4000 to 5000 people, assembled around the Grey Statue at the foot of Grey-st, the starting point of the great No-license demonstration. Before

long gaily decorated lorries, filled with daintily-attired children, drove up, followed by many other smaller vehicles, such as pony and dogcarts, each bearing banners and No-license emblems. Amongst these, the following were the most noticeable:—A vehicle filled with little girls bearing the motto, "Mothers, protect us by your vote." Another had the words, "Parents, as you love us, save us"; while in a third, a girl was enthroned, and had a sceptre in her hand. Her motto was, "Tyrants tremble; we are growing."

An interesting vehicle was a large life-boat, manned by a juvenile crew, while still another represented an enormous bottle escorted by a squad of juvenile police. This had a flaring burner. "Nothing doing in Gtutha, we are coming here." Considerable amusement was caused by a woman, evidently emblematical of the Goddess of Freedom, who was dragging a very dejected-looking devil by chains. Many of the lorries presented a pretty sight, being filled with children, all waving small flags, while the youngsters were continually singing "No-license" songs, and every now and then shouting "Strike out the top line."

The van of the procession, comprising some 70 vehicles, reached St. Matthew's Church, via Queen, Customs, and Hobson streets, before the last unit had left the Grey Statue. The streets en route were thronged with people. The Western Park was reached shortly after 4 p.m. Here a crowd of about five hundred had gathered, and the proceedings were of a very enthusiastic nature.

Desperate Prisoner.

There was a scene at the Auckland Supreme Court one day last week, when a man named William Richard McLean, twenty-seven years of age, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour, upon a charge of having attempted to murder Constable Maher at Taurarunui. The evidence showed that the prisoner had been accosted by the constable when alighting from the train at Taurarunui (in the prohibited area) with some whisky. McLean resented the constable's enquiries, and made a murderous attack on him, in fact the man's life was only saved by the timely arrival of two other people on the scene. When the sentence was announced by the judge, the prisoner, who is a man of abnormal strength, created a terrible scene, and before he was overpowered and carried out of court fifteen constables and warders handled him.

Government House Site.

In his Pahiataua address, the Prime Minister stated in reply to the criticism of the Leader of the Opposition, as to the cost of the new Parliament buildings and Government House, that the cost of the site of the new residence for his Excellency the Governor, need not be taken into account, as the Government had decided to erect the Governor's residence on a reserve, for which the Government would not pay a penny piece. There is good authority for saying that the site referred to by Sir Joseph Ward is what is known as the Mount View site at the back of Wellington College, and it is upon this reserve that the antiquated and unsuitable wooden building now used as a mental hospital is situated.

Men as Churchgoers.

At the Presbyterian General Assembly held at Dunedin the State of Religion Committee, which issued circulars in order to prepare a careful study on the religious condition of men and boys, and to suggest recommendations as to methods of work based on the facts ascertained, reported that the response was not so complete as might have been desired, nor the answers always sufficiently precise to be found of much value to the question as to whether many Presbyterian families within the bounds of a charge were not in regular church connection and attendance; 61.2 per cent of the answers were favourable, 12 per cent indifferent or ambiguous, and 26.7 per cent unfavourable. The proportion of men attending Sunday services was:—Auckland, 42.4 per cent; Taranaki, 39.2; Wanganui, 41.1; Hawke's Bay, 48.1; Wellington, 41.5; Nelson, 37; Westland, 37.2; Christchurch, 39.9; Tamaru, 43.5; Otago, 41.6; Dunstan, 41; Dunedin, 43.9; Gtutha, 41.7; Mataura, 41.5; Southland, 45.8. Three unplaced congregations gave a percentage of 40.3. Returns from several Presbyteries were as

complete, notably from Wellington and Nelson. The average for the Dominion worked out to 41.5 per cent. The average for the Dominion of persons connected with various church organisations stood at 37.7. The ratio of male communicants to female was: Auckland, 39.5; Taranaki, 30.4; Waikato, 31.2; Hawke's Bay, 43.7; Wellington, 35.3; Nelson, 30.6; Westland, 39.8; Christchurch, 37.9; Timaru, 38.5; Otago, 31.5; Dunstan, 32.5; Dunedin, 36.2; Clutha, 38.9; Maitauri, 40.7; Southland, 38. The total average for the Church was 36.6 per cent. The committee was of opinion that a definite aim in the working of Sunday schools, Bible classes, and church services was indispensable. The painfully small percentages of young communicants showed where there was the greatest scope for development. The committee recommended the establishment of Decision Day in the Sunday-schools, also that it be shown that it is a perfectly natural thing for children of from 12 to 15 years of age to take part in the Lord's Supper.

Clubs and Reduction.

A rather interesting point has been raised as to the exact position in which clubs will find themselves, so far at least as their charters are concerned, in the event of reduction being carried at the local option poll. The point is whether the clubs will be dealt with independently, or will they be added to the total of hotels with whose licenses the Licensing Committees have to do? On the matter being referred to an officer in the department of the Minister for Internal Affairs, it was found to be one of some importance, which, as far as was known, had not been previously raised. The Licensing Act is quite clear as to what is to happen when No-license is carried, for it is laid down in section 263 that this would mean the suspension of all club charters; but, strange to say, no provision seems to have been made for dealing with cases such as that referred to, and the carrying of reduction would apparently have no effect upon the number of club charters. There is no provision for reducing their number in any way beyond suspending them altogether.

Necessary Accomplishment.

In the basement of the new training college, at Auckland, is an institution which should be adopted in every large building erected for education purposes. It is almost a necessity that every teacher should be proficient in the art of swimming. Teachers are sent in charge of small pupils on water excursions, and it is essential that those in charge should be capable of rendering assistance in case of mishap. The idea is an innovation in New Zealand, but is not new in England and some other countries. It is hoped that the student teachers at the training colleges will take full advantage of the opportunity afforded them of becoming good swimmers.

COMMONWEALTH.

A plague of grasshoppers in the Molong district is causing great destruction.

Burglars secured a thousand pounds' worth of property from the premises of Mr. Coomber, Jeweller, Sydney.

The number of Queensland electors on the roll this year is between 50,000 and 60,000 more than last year.

Mr. Frederick A. Cooper, a barrister, who formerly practised in New Zealand, died in Sydney last week.

H.M.S. Powerful, the flagship of the Australasian squadron, and H.M.S. Pegasus, have sailed for New Zealand.

The Premiers of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia have signed an amended Murray waters agreement.

The Premier of Victoria, Sir Thomas Bent, in the course of a speech last week, announced a surplus for the year of £460,000.

In the Tasmanian Assembly, a motion for a referendum on the abolition or retention of Tattersall's was rejected by a large majority.

The Queensland harvest prospects are very favourable, and the official estimate of the wheat harvest is that it will average about 60 bushels to the acre.

The Salvation Army well-dressed week collections totalled £33,731. New Zealand contributed £11,562. New South Wales being next with 19875, and Victoria 15040.

A Sydney man was undergoing an operation for a supposed growth in the

armpit when a bullet was extracted. It entered his arm during the Boer War, eight years ago.

The Mount Lyell Company's net profits for the half-year total £152,157. The company also paid off £40,000 balance of the debenture debt. The liquid assets are valued at £396,078. The prospects of the mine are most encouraging.

The Mount Lyell Company have declared a dividend of 1.3 and a bonus of 6d. per share, payable on 15th December.

Which and Thoroughgood are doing a lot of hard work in their preparation for the sculling championship of Australia, and both are in excellent order.

The Anglican Synod has entered a strong protest against the Burns-Johnson fight, "hoping," the resolution says, "that the Government will intervene to prevent a spectacle which, by its inherent brutality and dangerous nature, cannot fail to corrupt the moral tone of the community."

Defeat of Mr. Deakin.

Following on their withdrawal of support from the Deakin Government last week, the Federal Labour party took steps to overthrow the Government when the House of Representatives met on November 10.

Mr. Deakin, after making a statement regarding the position, moved, "That the House do now adjourn till Wednesday." He indicated that any amendment would be taken as a vote of want-of-confidence.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Deakin stated that as the Government could not expect to carry measures in view of the support of the Labour party being withdrawn, they proposed to submit themselves to the pleasure of the House.

Mr. Fisher, leader of the Labour party, thereupon moved the omission of all words after "that."

The amendment was carried by 49 votes to 13.

The Federal Prime Minister (Mr. Deakin) handed in his resignation on Wednesday to the Governor-General (the Earl of Dudley), who summoned Mr. Fisher, the leader of the Labour party.

Mr. Fisher, who has succeeded Mr. Deakin as Federal Prime Minister, submitted his new Ministry to the Governor-General (the Earl of Dudley), as follows:

Prime Minister and Treasurer, Mr. Fisher.

Attorney-General, Mr. W. M. Hughes.

Minister for External Affairs, Mr. E. L. Batchelor.

Minister for Home Affairs, Mr. Hugh Mahon.

Postmaster-General, Mr. Josiah Thomas.

Minister for Defence, Senator Pearce.

Minister for Customs, Mr. F. G. Tudor.

Vice-President of the Executive Council, Senator McGregor.

Honorary Minister, Mr. James Hutchinson.

The "Sydney Morning Herald" says that Mr. Fisher's Ministry is in some respects an agreeable disappointment. The counsel of moderate members of the caucus has prevailed, and instead of an impossible set of colleagues Mr. Fisher seems to have been able to associate himself with men largely in sympathy with his own views.

The "Telegraph" considers the Cabinet fairly representative of the Labour party and has no fault to find with its personnel.

The Labour members of the House of Commons have cable congratulations to Mr. Fisher.

The K.T.C.

The Kauri Timber Company announce that, subject to audit, it proposes to pay a dividend of 8 per cent.

The company's financial position has been greatly improved by the payment of the debenture debt.

The directors report that the revaluation of the company's assets will furnish sufficient to wipe out the depreciation account of £220,000. This means that the valuation of the company's funds has resulted most satisfactorily, owing to the care with which the timber has been conserved, and the increased value of kauri pine.

Barque Wrecked.

The four-masted barque Falls of Hal-lalade, bound from New York to Melbourne, went ashore at the mouth of the Curdie River, near Cape Otway, and

became a total wreck. It was a bright moonlight night, but a deceptive mist hung over the land. The officers thought they were ten miles off the land. When they discovered they were in the breakers, it was too late to change her course, and she went ashore with all sails set. The crew all got safely to land.

Anglican Church Service.

The Anglican Synod at Sydney carried a motion requesting the General Synod to take action for the removal, so far as the Australian Church is concerned, of the obligation for the liturgical use of the Quinquage Vult. The decision was arrived at largely because of the resolution passed at the Lambeth Conference to the effect that several churches of the Anglican community might decide for themselves what in their trying circumstances was desirable.

Bush Tragedy.

Eight natives, including two women, were found dead in the bush near Laverton, Westralia, last week.

Apparently their camp was surprised at night by a party of blacks from the Darlot district, with whom they had a feud.

The bodies bear spear and nullah (club) wounds.

A body of Darlot blacks passed through the district a week before, and the police are now in pursuit of them.

Westralia Progressing.

The Governor, in opening the Westralian Parliament, referred to the encouraging development of the agricultural and mining interests. The legislation proposed includes measures dealing with early closing and the licensing question, Mr. Quinlan was re-elected Speaker.

Filling Up Australia.

The Immigration League has accepted the offer of the Central Emigration body in London to send selected immigrants to Australia free of cost and maintain them until they obtain situations. At the outset the number will be limited.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

During the past week Frank Wootton has ridden winners in nine races.

Victoria makes a good display of dairy and other produce in the Colonial Produce Exhibition at Liverpool.

Mr. Asquith gave a sympathetic reply last week to the Proportional Representation Society's deputation.

Mrs. Asquith and other ladies appeal for personal service amongst the London poor during the winter.

Mrs. Pankhurst has been released from Holloway Gaol on the ground of ill-health.

The Order of Merit has been conferred on Sir Alfred Russell Wallace, President of the Land Nationalisation Society.

The Rev. Crozier has resigned his living at St. George's Church, Dublin, worth £800 a year, to assume the leadership of the Bush Brotherhood in Queensland.

Mr. Asquith has received a petition signed by 244 members of the House of Commons, requesting him to include a tax on land values in the next Budget.

The municipal elections have resulted in the return of 165 Conservative Mayors in England and Wales, 10 Liberal Unionists, 121 Liberals, and five Labour nominees.

The death is announced of Sir J. J. Duveen, the great art dealer, who, besides presenting the nation with a number of valuable paintings, recently presented the British Art Gallery with funds for the erection of a new wing.

A coal dealer of Wigan has been sentenced to two months' hard labour for attempting to bribe L. B. Todd and H. Johnston, the New Zealanders now playing with Wigan Northern Rugby Union football team to lose a match.

The sculling cup for £500, presented by the Nugget Polish Company for an international race on the Thames, has been fixed for the end of July, on the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake. Colonial entries close on May 1.

In replying to a presentation made at a complimentary dinner, the late Agent-General for South Australia, Mr. Jenkins, advocated a strong Commonwealth immigration policy. The greatest protection

for Australia would be to fill the country with British people.

Sir Joseph Carruthers' proposal to erect a memorial in London to Captain Cook, is supported by a number of Admirals and other influential people.

Mrs. Armstrong, wife of Madame Melba's son, who was only married this year, has obtained a divorce from her husband on the grounds of cruelty and misconduct.

The Bishop of Melanesia complains publicly that the British Government's refusal to place the Mission steamer Southern Cross on the same footing as vessels of the Royal Navy, forms one of the greatest difficulties confronting the Melanesian Mission.

A Double Error.

The Elcho Challenge Shield contest has been declared void, as a Scottish competitor used a rifle which did not comply with the regulations.

England top scored in the match, but the team was disqualified owing to a slight technical breach by one of the competitors, the Shield being then awarded to Scotland.

Possible Way Out.

A hundred Nonconformist members of the House of Commons met, and resolved by a large majority, to support the negotiations of Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Education, towards a compromise in the Education Bill deadlock.

Mr. Runciman explained to the meeting the result of his negotiations with the Archbishop of Canterbury for an Education Bill compromise. The chief points at issue were whether absolute right of entry to all schools should be permitted in school hours, and whether the head teacher should be forbidden or permitted to give denominational instruction.

Mr. Runciman explained that the Government would proceed with its own bill, unless the compromise was supported by the general body of Nonconformist members.

The meeting, though not unanimously, adopted a resolution which is interpreted to mean that Mr. Runciman is authorised to continue the negotiations.

Opposition to the Education Bill compromise is increasing both from Nonconformists and Churchmen, despite Mr. Runciman's warning that there is no hope of legislation this Parliament if the present opportunity passes.

Dr. Clifford declares that the statutory right of entry into council schools, or allowing head teachers to become Church officers is inadmissible.

Cheap Cabling.

In an address delivered at the Colonial Institute last week Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., again advocated his universal penny-a-word cable scheme.

Mr. Heaton believed that the collapse of the relentless opposition that had been offered to Imperial penny postage justified the belief that the chief cable scheme would be successful in the nearest future. If political frontiers were abolished or ignored by an arrangement with foreign Governments, the chief obstacle would be removed. If that were possible, he relied on Marconi.

The Postmasters-General of the Empire ought, he considered, as a first step, to meet in London and the Home and Colonial Governments should offer to construct land lines to portions of the Empire along the route to British overseas possessions.

The money the various Governments now expended on cabling was more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the cables and land lines it would be necessary to acquire.

If the cable monopolies would not move in the direction of reducing rates, reformers were, he declared, independent of them. If a cable to Canada were constructed the land lines would do the rest. The natural trade route to Australasia was via India and China. The British and Colonial Governments together could either buy out the cable companies at the market price or act as indicated.

The first step was to call an Imperial conference, and then a conference with the American postal authorities, and also to link up the land lines of Europe with India, China and Australia.

Signor Marconi added that if the Governments would pay the working expenses of stations on both sides of the Atlantic, and give a comparatively moderate subsidy, he would be prepared to

transmit penny-a-word messages to Canada wirelessly.

Mr. Neilson, director of several cable companies, speaking in defence of the cable companies, argued that in the case of the Antipodes, 36 times the present traffic would be needed at a penny to earn the same gross revenues as is now earned at 3/ a word, and that at least 72 cables would be needed at the penny rate, necessitating the construction of 68 new lines at a cost of 170 millions, and then there would be only the present gross revenue to provide interest on capital, working expense, repairs, and depreciation.

Australian Footballers.

In their return match with London last week the Wallabies again handsomely defeated the Metropolitan team, scoring 24 points, three goals, a penalty goal and two tries, to three, one try.

The English Rugby Union entertained the "Wallabies" at dinner last week.

Mr. Rowland Hill, president, who was in the chair, congratulated the team on their great achievements. They were, he said, playing the game according to the best traditions of British sport.

Colonel Laffan, in the absence of Lord Desborough, president of the Olympic games' committee, presented the team with the medals which they won at the Olympic Rugby football championship, when they defeated Cornwall, the representatives of England.

The Wallabies (the Australian amateur Rugby team) defeated Cambridge University on Saturday by one goal two tries (eleven points) to one converted try and a dropped goal (nine points).

The only score in the first half was a try by Moran, which was unconverted. Carroll and Dix secured tries early in the second half, and Carmichael converted the first. Then Wright scored a try for Cambridge. Wright added a dropped goal during the last minute of play.

The Cambridge forwards gave a brilliant exhibition, and frequently they nearly scored, but their backs were unequal to the Wallabies.

Warrington beat the Australian League (professional) team by two goals and two tries to a try.

Messenger did not play. Warrington scored an unconverted try in the first half and pressed the Australians almost throughout the second half, scoring a try which was converted and another unconverted. Then Courtney scored for the League, and a Warrington three-quarter dropped a goal in the last minute.

Colonial Investments.

Mr. Arthur C. T. Beck, Liberal M.P. for the Wisbech division of Cambridge, asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he would consider the advisability of giving small investors facilities for investing in remunerative colonial securities, while making plain that the colonial and not the Home Government guaranteed such securities.

Mr. Hobhouse, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, replied that such facilities ought to be provided by the Colonial Governments.

England's Policy.

The King's Birthday was celebrated throughout the British Empire.

In London the Lord Mayor's show was the principal sight, the chief feature being Mr. Louis Parker's pageant of literature—the Canterbury pilgrims, Spenser's knights, Shakespeare's sprites and heroes, and later literary association with Fleet-Street. Glorious weather prevailed, and immense crowds witnessed the spectacle.

The gathering at the Guildhall banquet, which followed, included the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Hart (late Chief of Customs in China), numerous judges, diplomats, and other distinguished persons.

The new Lord Mayor, Sir George Truscott, read a message expressing King Edward's cordial thanks for the numerous birthday congratulations that had been received.

Mr. Asquith, responding to the toast of "The Ministry," referred at the outset to the present trade depression. He was sanguine enough, provided the peace of the world was maintained, to believe that permissible without the consent of the other parties, especially of Turkey. There was never any foundation for the suspicion that the Government had proposed, deprecated, or discouraged direct negotiations between Turkey and Austria, or Turkey and Bulgaria.

"We have," he continued, "no prefer-

ence for any particular method of settlement, and wish to do our utmost to promote a general agreement, and restore things to a normal and recognised condition."

Referring to the Kaiser's emphatic and impressive declaration at the Guildhall, on the occasion of his recent visit to this country, that the governing purpose of his policy was the maintenance of the peace of Europe, and good relations between Britain and Germany, Mr. Asquith remarked, "It is in that spirit we desire to deal with the other Powers, with Germany not less than the others."

Commenting on the navy, Mr. Asquith remarked: "People of Great Britain hold with unshaken unanimity that the maintenance, unquestioned and unquestionable, of our command of the seas is the best safeguard of our national existence and the peaceful intercourse of mankind."

Mr. Asquith's speech met with general satisfaction, and criticism is limited to the absence of a distinct affirmation of the two-Power standard.

The Monorail.

Colonel Seely, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in reply to questions in the House of Commons, said that Brennan's gyroscopic monorailway was a most interesting invention. He would consider the possibility of enabling members to see it at work.

Until it had been practically tested it was impossible to say whether it was suitable for the purpose of opening up British areas in Africa.

An Expression of Disapproval.

Three men motored out from London to the "Abode of Love" at Spaxton, and raided the headquarters of the Agapemones.

They seized Piggott's secretary, Read, and one of the three, Buxton, placed on his head a helmet full of tar and feathers.

They were subsequently arrested, and Buxton was sentenced to a month's imprisonment with hard labour, the others being fined.

Suaviter in Modo.

Mrs. Henry Fawcett, on behalf of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, has addressed a circular letter to the members of the House of Commons expressing deep regret at the militant methods of the suffragettes, and asking Parliament to enfranchise women next session.

The Advancement of the Sex.

Dr. Elizabeth G. Anderson has been elected Mayor of Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. She is the first lady Mayor to be elected in England.

Mrs. Anderson has sat in the Aldeburgh Municipal Council for a year. Her last husband was managing director of the Orient Line. She is now 72 years of age. Fifty years ago she began the study of medicine, but being refused admission to the examination of the College of Surgeons and Physicians, she went to France, and there won her M.D. degree. She is now secretary of the Imperial Vaccination League.

Our First Line.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith said the Government accepted the two-Power naval standard, defined as 10 per cent above the combined strength of the ships of the two next strongest Powers.

The announcement was received with cheering from both sides of the House.

Most of the newspapers express great approval of the announcement.

The Licensing Bill.

The "Times" advises the House of Lords to reject the Licensing Bill, since it is impossible for the Chamber to amend the consensatory principle.

Mr. Asquith will move the recomittal of the Licensing Bill in order to add a new clause providing that no new licences be granted to "tied" houses.

Unsociable Socialists.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, in the course of a sermon at the City Temple, attributed the setback to Socialism received at the recent municipal elections to the actions of some professing to be its spokesmen.

It was deplorable when the sufferings of the poor were calling forth almost universal commiseration and sympathy that some so-called Socialists should use language inciting mobs to violence—language that was the very negation of the ideal professed, and expressive of greed and cruelty and not of love and brotherhood. Possibly Socialism would suffer similarly at the Parliamentary polls.

Reforming the Lords.

It is understood that the committee appointed, on the motion of the Earl of Rosebery, to consider suggestions made for increasing the efficiency of the House of Lords recognises the expediency of altering the composition of the Chamber, so as to secure wider representation of the varied interests of the country than the hereditary system ensures.

The committee believes that the reform will be doubly valuable if effected at a time when the House occupies a high position in the country's estimation.

At It Again.

A number of suffragettes greatly interrupted an address delivered at the City Temple last week by M. A. Hurrell (Chief Secretary for Ireland), under the auspices of the Liberation Society.

Several free fights took place between the supporters and opponents of the suffragist movement, and 13 women and three men were ejected.

The Unemployed.

There is much comment on the action of Mr. Asquith, at the instance of the Labour party, in promising almost apologetically after consulting Mr. John Burns (President of the Local Government Board) to revise Mr. Burns' circular to the distress committees.

The complaint made by Mr. Henderson (the chairman of the party) was based on the fact that Mr. Asquith's promise to abolish two disqualifications regarding distress and employment had been modified, the circular leaving it optional to the committees to withhold such employment from improper applicants. Mr. Burns' policy was intended to stultify the habitual loafer.

Unionist newspapers protest against Mr. Asquith's flinging of his colleague to the Socialist wolves instead of defending him.

The "Times" urges Mr. Asquith to rise above constitutional precedent, which is hardly applicable in the present circumstances, and forthwith place the contracts for the new battleships and destroyers needed, thus simultaneously alleviating distress in the shipbuilding centres.

Barry Declines.

Ernest Barry, who recently defeated Geo. Towns for the sculling championship of England, has decided that in view of the £500 sculling handicap fixed for July next it is inadvisable for him to accept the invitation to go to Australia.

Barry was asked by Mr. McIntosh to name his own terms for a visit to Australia to row the winner of the forthcoming match between Ernest and Webb, other matches being also in contemplation.

EUROPE.

Sincere satisfaction is expressed in Paris at the passing of the cloud between France and Germany.

The North German Lloyd's George Washington, a vessel of 36,000 tons, has been launched from the Vulcan yards.

The Oriental Railway Company demands £5,800,000 as the price of the Eastern Roumelian branch. This delays the negotiations for the Balkans settlement, Bulgaria deeming the price exorbitant.

A semi-official denial is published of the story of the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" that a petition had been presented to King Peter of Serbia, asking him to abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince.

The Kaiser Scolded.

Unprecedented interest was taken in the debate in the Reichstag upon the Radical and Socialist demand for the abolition of the personal regime, people waiting for seven hours in the sharp frost for admission to the public galleries.

Prince von Buelow, on arriving, was warmly cheered, but a minority of the crowd raised shouts of "Resign." The House was never so packed.

There was remarkable unanimity among the speakers, all parties condemning the Kaiser's personal policy and its effect abroad, also repudiating the allegation that Germans were unfriendly to Britain. Prince von Buelow agreed with them, and described the interview that has given rise to so much feeling as an incorrect and exaggerated report of various conversations with private persons. He denied that there was any "plan of campaign." It was merely an aphorism. He denied that any other than commercial ideas regarding the Far East had been expressed by the Kaiser.

Germany's desire, he continued, was for peaceful and friendly relations with Britain. He was convinced that the Kaiser would in future observe in even private conversations the reserve which was indispensable for consistent policy, and to the authority of the Crown. Were it otherwise, neither the present Chancellor nor any of his successors could assume the responsibility.

Cheers greeted the statement, and the debate was adjourned.

Prince von Buelow's statement created a favourable impression in the lobby.

The debate eventually collapsed after unspurring criticism of the Kaiser.

The so-called Chancellor crisis discussion was shelved, but the chronic constitutional crisis is more widespread and acute than at any time in the history of the Empire.

The indications are that Prince von Buelow's position in Imperial favour has weakened.

It is stated in Berlin that the Kaiser is dissatisfied with Prince von Buelow's attitude towards the attacks made upon his Majesty.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" declares that von Buelow will resign before 1909.

The "Hamburger Nachrichten," a Conservative paper, declares that the people should receive the Kaiser with cool reserve whenever he appears in public.

The "Leichbote" appeals to the Kaiser for a manifesto promising the abandonment of his absolutist methods and the establishment of Ministerial responsibility.

The Casablanca Affair.

The report of the French commissary of police at Casablanca has been submitted to Berlin.

It is recognised as putting a new complexion on the case.

A semi-official statement in Berlin is to the effect that, owing to important discrepancies between French and German reports, the actual facts need fresh investigation on the part of the respective authorities, or an arbitration tribunal.

France has accepted the German formula expressing mutual regret that the incident at Casablanca involved acts of violence, and providing that whichever country the arbitrators found responsible must apologise to the other for the action of its agents.

Asked to Abdicate.

According to the "Neues Wiener Tagblatt," 280 Serbian officers on active service, and 100 retired officers have petitioned King Peter to abdicate in favour of Prince George as the only way of abolishing the constant conspiracies and restoring the armies to unity of spirit.

King Peter has occupied the throne since the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga, in June, 1903. He is 64 years of age. His son, the Crown Prince George, is 21 years of age. He became notorious for his wild excesses, but during the past six months has shown some signs of realising the folly of his earlier dissipation.

An International Scolding.

France and Britain have admonished Serbia for her attitude in the dispute with Austria.

Serbia is semi-officially accused in Vienna of preparing bands in order to raise an insurrection in Bosnia.

Thanks are expressed by the semi-official Press at the admonition of Serbia by the Powers.

The Czar has forwarded messages to King Peter of Serbia and Prince George, emphasising the necessity for a moderate and pacific policy in respect to the dispute with Austria.

Coal Mine Disaster.

An explosion of firedamp shattered the galleries of the great Kadkol coal mine, situated at Harz, Westphalia.

The full staff of miners was at work when the explosion occurred, and four hundred men are now entombed.

Rescue gangs were at once set to work, and a portion of the debris was quickly cleared away, with the result that thirty-six men, all injured, were discovered and rescued.

The spreading of the flames stopped the search for the entombed men. There are 360 in the mine, and all hope of saving them has been abandoned.

The Radbod mine has been flooded in order to extinguish the flames.

Prince Eitel Friedrich of Prussia, brother of the Kaiser, arrived during an angry demonstration against the owners of the mine, who are accused of providing insufficient precautions.

A crowd of 1500 broke the police lines, and mobbed Prince Eitel's car.

Scenes at the pithead beggar description when the lists of dead were issued, women attempting to hurl themselves into the shaft screaming "Let us be buried with our husbands."

ASIA.

Reform in Persia.

The Shah has summoned the members of the Tabriz Anjuman (Council) to Teheran in order to negotiate in reference to measures for reform.

Crowded meetings are held in Teheran daily, the clergy demanding that the Shah shall fulfil his promises of a new constitution.

Troops are occupying the open places in the streets.

The Unrest in India.

The intimidation exercised by terrorists, the unsatisfactory attitude of many

rushed to collect the ashes, sending fragments of the bones as relics to their towns.

Several desperadoes waited outside his home, intending to kill Chandra Dass, who gave the evidence for the prosecution at the trial of conspirators at Alipur that led to their conviction, but another man, one of his relatives, who emerged from the house, was terribly stabbed by them in mistake, the wounds proving fatal.

The desperadoes escaped, and there is no clue as to their identity.

The Indian Government and Press now recognise that the demonstration at Kanopi's funeral was a seditious manifestation of a pronounced type.

Death of the Emperor of China.

Tsai-Tien-Wwang-Hsu, Emperor of China, died on the night of the fourteenth instant. There were rumours that he was murderously attacked some few days ago, and that death was the result of his injuries. The Dowager-Empress is reported to be mortally ill. Prince Chun, the late Emperor's brother, has been appointed Regent, and his son as Heir-Presumptive.

AFRICA.

Dinizulu has pleaded not guilty to indictments on twenty-three counts alleging encouragement of rebellion, harbouring of rebels, and collection of arms.

United South Africa.

Mr. Abe Bailey's Closer Union Society in South Africa is developing an extension movement with a view of bringing all the British Dominions and depen-

against Britain while Britain did not impose high duties against the United States.

Love Levels All.

Senator Elkins having refused to sanction a morganatic marriage between his

the Government Tourist Department, is at present visiting Rotorua.

The Revs. I. Jolly and E. Mackenzie, were nominated as next Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, the Rev. Jolly being elected on a vote.

Mr. James Loerger, who is going to Australia to continue his musical studies,



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS, FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.

From "Le Monde Illustré."



THE EMPEROR KWANG-SU AND HIS FATHER, THE LATE PRINCE CHUN.

of the crowd after the attempt on the life of Sir Andrew Fraser, and other ominous signs in Calcutta, have aroused intense indignation in Northern India, and a strong feeling is expressed in favour of the establishment of a Court of Summary Jurisdiction.

The detective-inspector who tracked Blakai, the murderer of the Kennedys, at Muzzafarpore, was shot dead in a street in Calcutta by three Bengalis, who escaped.

Kanaipe, one of the murderers of the informer Gossain, was hanged at Alipur gaol.

Many women, contrary to the Indian custom, followed the body to the burial place.

The remains were placed on a pyre of sandalwood and specially anointed, as in the case of distinguished persons.

The murderer's uncle delivered an oration, which was greeted with shouting. The mourners included thousands of students.

After the cremation of Alipur of Kanope, one of the murderers of the informer Gossain, crowds of Hindus

denies into closer mutual relations with the Motherland.

Zulu Treason.

Oakijuna, Dinizulu's principal lieutenant, has been sentenced to seven years' hard labour on charges of high treason and acts of rebellion in conjunction with Bambata.

Judge Smith remarked that there was no evidence that Oakijuna had acted on the direct or indirect orders of Dinizulu.

AMERICA.

Count Bernstorff, German diplomatic agent at Cairo, has been appointed to succeed Baron Speck von Sternburg as Ambassador at Washington.

The Ways and Means Committee of the American Houses' Association has decided that if a special session of Congress be called to revise the tariff and a maximum and minimum tariff are adopted, care should be taken not to discriminate

daughter and the Duke of the Abruzzi, cousin of the King of Italy, King Victor has consented to accord Miss Elkins the position of a Royal Princess.

Street Duel.

A sensational street duel was fought in Nashville, Tennessee.

A political feud existed between ex-Senator Carnum and a rival politician named Robin Cooper.

The pair met in one of the principal streets of Nashville last week, and immediately drew their revolvers and opened fire.

The duel ended in Cooper shooting Carnum dead.

Shot in Court.

During the trial of Abe Reuf, on charges arising out of the San Francisco municipal frauds, Mr Francis Heney, district attorney, who prosecuted ex-Mayor Schmitz and others in San Francisco, for "graft," was murderously assaulted in Court, receiving a bullet wound, and is believed to be dying.

His assailant, a saloon-keeper, named Morris Haas, who has been arrested, declared that he had been ruined by Heney and therefore shot him.

A Fatal Quarrel.

A man named McGrath shot his former employer, Walter Ammon, a millionaire oleomargarine manufacturer, dead as the result of a business quarrel.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Drs. Ingles and A. R. Talbot arrived from Sydney by the Wimmera on Sunday.

Dr. Mason, Chief Health Officer, arrived in Auckland from Wellington by the Takapuna on Sunday.

Mr. T. E. Donne, Superintendent of

was farewelled last week by the Auckland Marxist Brothers' Old Boys' Club, and presented with a token of the members' esteem.

Mr Lyall Hector, the youngest son of the late Sir James Hector, died at Dunedin last week from pneumonia. Deceased was a student at Selwyn College, and was about to sit for his final medical examination.

Dr. Goldie left Auckland on Friday for Wellington, where he joins the s.s. Ripplingham Grange for London. On the voyage home he will occupy the position of surgeon.

The Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) and Lady Ward arrived at Christchurch from Wellington on Saturday morning. They attended the Canterbury Jockey Club's races at Riccarton, and left by the Maori again in the evening for Wellington.

At the invitation of the Waikato Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, as Minister-in-charge of the Department, will open the new buildings of the Waikato Hospital at Hamilton on Thursday afternoon next. On the same date, he opens a sale of work in connection with St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at Hamilton.

The Melanesian Mission steamer Southern Cross which arrived from Melanesia and Norfolk Island on Saturday. She brought the following passengers: Misses Hurse, Palmers, Bongard, L. Christian, A. Christian, Kinsey, Messdames Brindle and child, M. Adams, Boyle and child, C. Christian, Messrs. Morton, G. Bailey, C. Quintal, J. C. Palmer.

The following railway transfers are announced:—Mr E. G. Wilson, stationmaster at Invercargill, is to take charge at Taihape; Mr J. Hanning, the present stationmaster at Taihape, will take up the duties of chief clerk; Mr W. McNicol, clerk at Taihape, will succeed Mr P. Cooney as stationmaster at Waverley, and the latter takes charge at Okakune; Mr Barclay, relieving officer on the Auckland section, is to take charge at Taumarunui.

Miss Irene Ainsley, the young Auckland contralto, who has, for the past

three months, been touring the North and South Islands, giving a total of 37 concerts, came over the Main Trunk line on Friday as far as Te Aroha, where she will remain for a few days for the purpose of resting. On Monday she leaves for Sydney, where another series of concerts will be given, and where a tour of Australia may be arranged. Miss Ainsley Her Southern tour has been an immense success, especially as regards the concerts given in Christchurch, Dunedin, and Invercargill.

Mr V. Rice, secretary of the Auckland Education Board, leaves New Zealand in February on his vacation. At the meeting of the Board last week, it was decided on the motion of the chairman (Mr C. J. Parr) that for the period of the secretary's absence, on leave in 1909, Mr Richard Crowe, inspector of schools, should be appointed to act as secretary and treasurer, with salary at the rate of £500 per year, Mr Crowe thereafter to resume his duties as inspector at his present salary. Mr Geo. H. Plummer, first assistant at Richmond-road, will be temporarily engaged as assistant inspector for the same period at a salary of £320 in place of Mr Crowe; and Mr R. P. J. Ray, chief clerk, will be designated assistant secretary, with a bonus of £25 to his present salary.

LONDON, October 9.

Mr. Henniker Heaton discloses, in a letter to the Home Press this week, the part that Sir Joseph Ward played in establishing the penny post bond of union between the United Kingdom and the United States of America. Referring to the congratulatory cable on this matter Sir Joseph sent Home a few days ago, Mr. Heaton says it "deserves special attention, because it refers to a stage in the progress of universal penny postage not generally known," and goes on to draw attention to the fact that the first country in the world to establish universal penny postage was New Zealand. He continues: "On July 17th of last year (1907), the Postmaster-General of America, the Hon. G. Von L. Meyer, wrote to me offering penny postage with Great Britain and Ireland if I could (privately) ascertain that the British Government was favourable to the scheme. I had left for Australia a few days before, and the important letter followed me there. On receipt of it, my friend, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, telegraphed its contents to the British Government, with a strongly expressed wish that England would agree to the proposal."

Mr. Heaton adds: "The subsequent negotiations, so happily concluded by the Postmaster-General of Great Britain and the United States, are well-known; but I think it interesting to record the part taken by a daughter of the Empire in this splendid work."

It is news to me that Sir Joseph Ward is "a daughter of the Empire," but little slips such as this may occur to any of us, especially when we are elated, as no doubt Mr. Heaton was when he wrote his letter to the newspapers.

For most postal reforms made by St. Martin's-le-Grand during the past 20 years we have to thank Mr. Heaton, and regarding many of the most notable, he would not be claiming too much credit if he pointed to them and said, "Alone I did it."

Sir James Mills purposes returning to the Dominion by the P. and O., or Orient line, about the first week in December, reaching Dunedin shortly after the New Year. Lady Mills remains with their children in this country for the winter, and they have taken a furnished flat for six months in Parkside Buildings, Knightsbridge. I gather that Sir James has not been devoting much attention to business while here, and that negotiations for renewal of the contract for the Canadian-Australian service are suspended until after the Canadian elections, which are now approaching. Sir James has taken advantage of the favourable state of the shipbuilding market to contract with Messrs. Doxford and Sons, of Sunderland (who, it will be remembered, built the company's turret steamer Koroniko), for a cargo vessel of about 4000 tons, to be employed in the local coal and timber trades. She will not, however, be a turret ship, but a vessel of the ordinary type.

The Bishop of Auckland and his wife and family leave for New Zealand by the Tongararo on November 26th. They will be accompanied by five clergy (all Oxford men) for the Auckland diocese, and three mistresses for the Diocesan High School. The Bishop has a long list

of preaching and speaking engagements to get through before his departure. He is to give two lantern lectures on New Zealand next week to Eastbourne schools, and a similar lecture at Harrow on October 20th. Next Sunday he officiates all day at Chiswick Parish Church, and on the following Sunday visits Southsea and Portsea on behalf of the Melanesian Mission. He is also engaged to preach at St. John's (Notting Hill), St. Luke's (Chelsea), St. Jude's (Harrow-road), St. Stephen's (Paddington), Holy Trinity (Paddington), St. Barnabas (Addison-road), and Oxford House (in the East End). He will speak on Foreign Missions at a midday service at Kensington Town Hall on November 5th, and will take the chair on November 12th at a meeting of the Order of Divine Compassion. Mrs. Neligan will speak at Church House on November 14th at a meeting of the Women's Diocesan Association.

Mr. Smith Hozier, F.R.C.S., of Auckland, who landed in England about the middle of last month, travelled Home by way of Vancouver, and does not seem to have been much impressed with what he saw of Canada en route. In Winnipeg, for instance, he saw some thousands of unemployed, and all across the prairies he was struck by the dry and barren state of the country and the general absence of stock along the railway line. After spending a month in London, Mr. Hozier crossed the North Sea for a tour in Sweden and Norway, coming away vastly disappointed with the famous forests of the latter country, which, he declares are not to be compared with the Sounds on the West Coast of New Zealand. Since his return to England, Mr. Hozier has been devoting his time to professional work at the London Medical Graduates' College and the West London Post Graduate College, where he has specialised in eye, ear, nose and throat work. He is also interesting himself in Sir Almroth Wright's new bacteria and serum vaccine treatment of disease, and intends before returning to New Zealand to take a course at St. Mary's Hospital, under Sir Alaroth himself. During his stay in England, Mr. Hozier has been much struck with how much people know or hear of Canada and how little of Australia or New Zealand. "Parts of Canada," he says, "are certainly grandly picturesque, but the cost of living there is far and away dearer than in Australia, and not nearly so comfortable. Besides, the people have only about four or five months to work in, and the rest of the year they are snowed and frozen up." Mr. Hozier expresses himself much disappointed with the New Zealand Court at the Exhibition. "It is a very poor one, and there Canada certainly scores, but then she is two centuries older than Australia in European settlement, and I was surprised to find in a city like Montreal that hardly a single man you met in the street casually could either speak or understand anything but French."

The Rev. A. F. Smith, vicar of Northcote, Auckland, and his wife and children, have booked their return passages to New Zealand by the tonic, leaving London on December 10th and arriving in the Dominion on January 26th. During his stay in London Mr. Smith had received two more offers of permanent work if he would stay in England, but New Zealand draws him back to its sunny shores. After completing three months' work in charge of the parish of St. Philip's, Lambeth, Mr. Smith joined his family at Eastleigh, near Southampton, and had a few days cycling about the neighbourhood. He visited Winchester amongst other places, and saw over the Cathedral and St. Cross Hospital, where a dose of bread and ale is given every bona fide traveller. He is now spending a week with relations at Sandiaca, and on Saturday begins a preaching and lecturing tour through the dioceses of Lichfield, Southwell, Oakham and Norwich, till December 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fox, of Auckland, are revisiting the Mother Country after 36 years residence in New Zealand. They arrived on August 24th by the Orory, after a pleasant voyage, and have since renewed old associations at Southend, Essex, and have done some sight-seeing in and around London. They will leave England about the middle of November, spending a few days in Paris and joining an outward bound Orient boat at Marseilles.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Richardson (late of Auckland) entertained a numerous company at their residence 9, Upper Addison Gardens, Holland Park, W., on the occasion of a farewell reception to their daughter Essie, who leaves shortly for

South Africa to marry Mr. Clinton Mackenzie, of Hyde Park Estate, Bulawayo. A large number of New Zealand and English guests were invited, amongst whom were Mesdames Haines, Edmiston, Witham, Wright, Burnes, Tripp, Malcolm, Colquhoun, and Taggart, Messrs Mackenzie, Colquhoun, Craig, E. F. G. G. H. Haines, Blackwell, and Tillyard, Dr. C. H. Haines, Messrs. P. A. Vail, Blackwell, E. Ware, P. Edmiston, Guy Pierce, Cantor, Charles Neville, Leastr and "Crichtain" Rangitia.

Miss Richardson was the recipient of many valuable and artistic tokens of regard from her numerous friends. She leaves for the Cape in about a fortnight.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's Office—Mr. C. H. Smith Hozier (Auckland), Mr. E. O. Harrison and J. V. Harrison (Christchurch), Mr. Robt. Kirk (Timaru), Mrs. Y. T. Herbert and Miss E. Herbert (Kelso, Otago), Mr. A. M. Finlayson (Dunedin), Mr. A. A. Adams (Greytown), Mr. M. M. Thomas (Dunedin), Mr. C. M. Wilson (Blenheim), Miss A. E. Bellamy (Invercargill), Mrs. J. S. Buxton and Miss Buxton (Christchurch), Mr. J. C. D. Crewe (Pahiatua), Mr. and Mrs. W. Hudson Davis and Miss Davis (Wanganui), Mr. F. H. Carrick (Picton), Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore Morrison (Geraldine), Bishop of Wellington (Wellington), Mrs. R. L. Hutchens (Hawera), Mr. H. Maslen and Mrs. C. G. Maslen (Invercargill), Mr. G. Barclay Pirie (Auckland), Mrs. H. Faulke and Miss G. Faulke (Wellington), Miss Maud Meldrum (Christchurch).

LOW VITALITY.

A Dangerous Attendant Symptom of Anaemia.

Many Serious Disorders May Result from Impoverished Blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Prevent and Cure Them.

Besides the thinning of the blood in anaemia there is a low vitality which is a matter for serious consideration because it gives opportunity for any latent trouble to develop. Thus, anaemic (bloodless) people often have reason to fear consumption, and the blood failing to give proper nourishment to the nerves, debility, neuralgia, and even paralysis may result.

Mr. Lucy Buchanan, 26, Tuongstreet, Linwood, Christchurch, recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they restored her to health when she was run down, weak and miserable.

"I got that bad with poverty of blood that it was as much as I could do to get about," said Mrs. Buchanan. "I could hardly eat a morsel and my face was white and colourless. How I suffered with my head no one knows. For two and three days at a time I had the most wretched headaches, and often I had to leave off working and go and lie down. Right across the back of my head the throbbing nearly maddened me. I was awfully restless at night and could not sleep much. Often I would be awake for hours after going to bed. Then in the morning I felt more tired than when I went to bed. I dreaded getting up time coming round, because I felt so worn out. Walking a distance exhausted me very much. I was a martyr to attacks of neuralgia for days when one was on I was in perfect misery.

"Sudden sharp burning pains would shoot up my face and up into my head, and it felt as if my head and face were being split open. Very often I would be taken suddenly with giddiness, and very nearly fall down. Everything spun round and went black before me. Every day I was getting weaker and more languid. I had often read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills curing people of Anaemia, so I got some from Dr. Williams' chemist's shop to see if they would do me any good. I took two boxes before there was any improvement, and then every day I could feel my health coming back. I could eat and sleep better and my head ached less, and the neuralgia was not so bad. By the time that I had taken six boxes all my pain had gone and I was eating better than ever. Ever since I have been in splendid health, and have not had occasion to take any more medicine of any sort."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People can be had from chemists and storekeepers in all the principal towns of New Zealand, or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, at 3/6 a box; six boxes for 18/6. But don't take anything else offered in place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sold at half their cost. Get the genuine article.

A quaint speech was made by Mrs. Anderson at a meeting of ladies held at Taradale to support Mr. J. Vigor Brown's candidature for the Napier seat. Mrs. Anderson was appointed chairwoman, and in introducing the candidate said: "Ladies, we are here assembled to further the interests of the candidature of Mr. J. Vigor Brown. Before leaving home I chanced to be dyeing a blouse for election day, and happened to read the label, and even the maker of Maypole soap recommends brown to stand sun, rain, and wind without changing colour, and I am sure our worthy candidate will do likewise. Even if they do throw mud, a brown coat won't show the stain, and remember, ladies, brown is the predominant colour this season, and keep it so."

"It is impossible to say how many inspectors there are running about just now. About the only one we have not yet got is an Inspector of noxious weeds on canbustands."—Mr. E. G. B. Moss at Remuera.

Mr. J. C. Williamson has booked the following tour for his dramatic company, headed by Miss Titled Bruce:—Auckland, November 30-December 16; Gisborne, 21-23; Napier, 24; Christchurch, 26-January 9; Wanganui, January 11-12; Palmerston North, 13-14; Masterton, 15; Wellington, 16-30; Timaru, February 1; Oamaru, 2-3; Dunedin, 4-7; Invercargill, 18-20. The chief pieces in the repertoire are "Diana of Doloson" and "The Girl From the Golden West," with revivals of several of the old favourites.

SHARE LIST.

Paid-up.	Liquidity per share.	Company	Last Quotation.
£ s. d.	£	BANKS—	£ s. d.
2 5 8	31	New Zealand	8 1 0
3 10 0	35	National	5 0 0
40 0 0	42	Australasia	103 0 0
25 0 0	50*	Union of Australia	42 0 0
20 0 0	20	New South Wales	35 10 0
2 0 0	8	INSURANCE—	
0 10 0	Und	New Zealand, Limited	3 11 9
0 10 0	41	National	1 7 6
0 15 0	91	Scottish	2 6 0
		Standard	1 3 0
0 10 0	81	FINANCIAL—	
6 0 0	15	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile	0 4 3
1 0 0	NH	Dalgity and Co.	6 10 0
		N.Z. and River Plate	1 12 6
0 7 6	275	COAL—	
0 11 0	NH	Hikurangi	0 14 0
0 10 0	NH	Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	0 12 0
0 10 0	NH	Laupiri Mines	0 17 9
1 0 0	NH	Drury Coal Co., Ord.	0 2 6
3 10 0	11	Westport	1 10 0
		Gas—	
5 0 0	NH	Auckland (not paid)	19 0
5 0 0	NH	Christchurch	14 5 0
1 0 0	NH	Pelting	0 19 6
1 0 0	NH	Blancaine	2 10 0
1 0 0	NH	Hamilton	2 10 0
10 0 0	NH	Napier	15 0 0
5 0 0	NH	New Plymouth	3 7 6
5 18 0	NH	Thames	0 5 0
10 0 0	NH	Wellington	19 10 0
10 0 0	NH	Palmerston North	16 0 0
4 10 0	8	SHIPPING—	
1 0 0	NH	Union Steamship	1 15 6
0 0 0	NH	New Zealand Shipping	6 0 0
0 11 6	NH	Northern S.S. Co., P.O.	0 16 9
0 7 0	76	Devonport Ferry	0 7 6
1 0 0	NH	WOOLLEN—	
3 0 0	1	Wellington	3 2 6
5 0 0	NH	Rangiora	—
3 10 0	11	Mosgiel	—
1 13 6	NH	TIMBER—	
0 15 0	13	Kauri Timber	1 13 0
2 0 0	13	Lyland O'Brien Co.	0 15 4
1 0 0	NH	Mountain Rimu Co.	1 2 3
1 0 0	NH	Parker-Lamb	1 6 0
7 10 0	21	MEAT—	
10 0 0	NH	Christchurch	7 12 6
6 0 0	NH	Wellington Meat Ex.	10 0 0
4 0 0	NH	Wellington	6 4 0
1 0 0	NH	Beef	5 0 0
		Wool	2 9 0
1 0 0	NH	ISCELLEANOUS	
1 0 0	NH	Auckland Elec. T. Prof.	1 0 6
1 0 0	NH	Shorland & Co., Ord.	1 0 9
1 0 0	NH	New Zealand Drug	2 0 0
3 0 0	NH	Shorland & Co., Ord.	1 0 0
2 0 0	NH	Union Oil	1 0 0
6 10 0	NH	Colonial Sugar	42 10 0
1 0 0	NH	N.Z. Paper Mills	1 3 6
1 0 0	NH	N.Z. Portland Cement	1 3 0
1 0 0	NH	Wilson's	1 16 0
1 0 0	NH	Wool	1 17 6
5 0 0	NH	Dunphy Rope	1 2 6
4 0 0	1	Ward & Co.	4 15 0

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

Lieut. J. L. Barton's appointment to the staff of the 2nd Regt. A.M.F. as adjutant has been approved by the Governor.

Dr. Purdy, District Health Officer, who is a surgeon captain in the N.Z.M.C., has been appointed District Sanitary Officer under the new medical organization of the Defence Council.

The No. 1 A.C.A. have formed an electric light section of about 20 members. This should be a valuable adjunct to the company, for it will take charge of the electric lights, and be directly responsible to the O.C. company.

An innovation which has proved very popular amongst the members of the Gordons is a weekly competition, after drill, for a trophy on the miniature range.

Murphy was once brought up for breaking into barracks, that is, getting over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Murphy," said the officer, "though you are late you should have come in by the gate." "Please, yer honour," said Murphy, "I was afraid of waking the sentry."

Our London correspondent states that Dr. A. Miller-Thomson, the Surgeon Major of the 9th New Zealand Contingent in South Africa, has been gazetted lieutenant in the 3rd Wessex Field Ambulance Corps, the appointment to date from July 8th last. This corps is a detachment of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

I understand that the committee formed some time ago in the No. 1 Battalion of Auckland infantry to consider Capt. Grant's scheme for the improvement of drill exercises by a general instructional scheme meets this week to consider the proposals further. The idea, I believe, is to set up competitions between the companies and so stimulate the interest of the men.

Three promotions have been made in the Auckland M.R. for the camp. Pvt. W. Morgan is made sergeant, Pvt. Spencer corporal, and Pvt. M. Fergus corporal.

The Marseus Mounted Rifles have elected Lieut. McCauley as their captain.

Saturday next has been fixed as the opening day for the Gordons' annual competition for the Abbott Shield, and the matches will extend over three Saturdays, one of the three ranges (300, 200, and 500 yds) being used each day. This event is always keenly contested, as it carries with it the virtual championship of the company, and the shoot this year promises to be especially interesting, in view of the large number of comparatively young members who have been shaping well. In addition to the usual runner-up and B Class trophies, several additional prizes have been provided this year. The Abbott Shield, of course, cannot be won outright, but the winner is

presented with a memento in the shape of a handsome gold medal.

Amendments recently made in regulations as to the direction of conferring more direct power on the O.C. district, but one outcome of the Dunedin controversy is said to be that the power to actually dismiss volunteers has been removed to the Defence Council. An addition to section 61 of the Defence Act, 1908, reads as follows: "An O.C. a district may discontinue any non-commissioned officer thereof for any cause mentioned in par. A (disobedience or any lawful command or order of any of his superior officers, while doing any military duty, or misconduct by him as a member of a corps) of this section, the existence or sufficiency of such cause to be determined by such district commanding officer." It is also claimed as another important outcome of the affair that the regulations have been so amended that the approval or non-approval of an officer conferred by a company will be at the discretion of the Council of Defence in future. In the case of an election the O.C. company will report the result of the election to the district, but do nothing more than forward the report on to the Council of Defence. On the face of it, this seems to take too much out of the O.C.'s hands.

In addition to the innovations already telegraphed regarding the 1909 meeting of the N.Z.R.A., there will be a new feature in the form of 25 special badges for the highest half of the Final Fifty, based on the practice followed at Bisleigh. Bisleigh regulations in regard to back sights have also been adopted for this meeting, the effect being that Metcally sights may be used by every marksman who is rich enough to buy one (remarks the "Post"). In short, any sight made of metal, and suitable for military service conditions, provided it can be adjusted to the service side by the removal of the hinge pin of the present style of sight, may be used. It is provided that instead of ten men teams' matches the number shall be six, each in the championship teams' match, where the number remains at five. Members of rifle clubs and volunteer companies alike may compete in all service matches, and one entry fee covers all six of the contests. At the end of the championship shooting at Trentham, next March, the team to represent New Zealand in the Empire stave at Sydney in 1909 will be chosen. The selection is to be made on form shown at the Trentham meeting. It has been arranged that in the cover matches all shots shall be marked, so now competitors will have the full knowledge of their hits as soon as each range is fired, and so be able to make more accurate shooting in the later stages. The institution of a "Service Aggregate" and a "Teams Aggregate"—additional to the Championship Aggregate—is sure to enhance the general interest taken in the meeting both by competitors and the public.

A Tragic Career.

The death last Tuesday at Maidenhead, of Mabel, Countess Russell, at the early age of 38, removes from this world a woman whose adult life was one long tragedy. Mabel Scott was the daughter of Sir Claud and Lady Selina Scott, and years ago shared with her sister considerable notoriety as the most charming of up-river sirens. "Babs" and "Giddy" Scott were experts in managing boat, punt, or canoe, and were prime favourites in the boating world. Mabel was quite a girl when she attracted the notice of Earl Russell, grandson of the famous Lord John Russell, who subsequently married her. Never was a more unfortunate matrimonial venture made. On returning from the church the bride was taken ill and had to take to her bed, and whilst on the postponed honeymoon she was again stricken down, and for a time her life was in danger. The Earl and his Countess proved an ill-assorted couple, and before many months had elapsed, the Countess was petitioning for a judicial separation, basing her suit upon charges against her husband of such a character that they were never made public. The Earl strenuously denounced his wife's allegations, and the petition was dismissed. Four years later the Countess gave point to the Court's dismissal of her petition by asking for restitution of her conjugal rights. Her petition was met by her husband by one for judicial separation on the ground of his wife's cruelty, which consisted of the charges the Countess had made against him in her first petition. Again the Earl was successful, but the matrimonial troubles of the unhappy couple were by no means at an end.

In 1897, Earl Russell prosecuted his mother-in-law and three men at Bow-street for criminal libel. The case was sent for trial, and while the proceedings were in progress one of the prisoners, a man named Kest died. The others were convicted by Mr. Justice Hawkins. When next the Countess came before the public eye it was as an actress in Mr. George Edward's "Runaway Girl" touring company. From the provincial theatres she came to the London variety halls, and appeared at the Tivoli in coon songs. Her stage career, however, was a brief one, and as soon as it was ended the youthful countess obtained a divorce

from her husband, the earl having meanwhile divorced his wife in Nevada, and married Mrs. Molly Somerville. Earl Russell was tried by his peers for bigamy, and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, after which he re-married Mrs. Somerville in England. The Countess was now free to marry again, and soon became infatuated with a young man who posed as Athrobald Stuart, Prince of Modena. In reality the "Prince" was simply William Brown, the son of a coachman. This, however, the Countess did not discover till after she had married him at Portsmouth. "The Prince" was another "bad bargain" matrimonially, for he deserted his wife a week after the wedding. He was arrested later and imprisoned for making a false entry in the marriage register. But Mabel loved him still in spite of his deception and desertion, and on his release from prison joined him again. But Brown proved an unmitigated brute, and his cruelty and unfaithfulness drove the Countess into the Divorce Court once more. She had no difficulty in obtaining the desired decree.

Broken in health and impoverished by years of litigation, the Countess now sought for some healthy occupation, and finally decided to go in for poultry farming, and established a small farm at Dray. Her intention, if the scheme proved successful, was to open a shop in the West End for the sale of the produce of the farm, but the undertaking did not prove so lucrative as had been hoped, and the business seems to have been confined to the sale of poultry and eggs for the market.

Three months ago the Countess developed symptoms of consumption, the fell disease rapidly developed, and finally ended her tragic career.

Sarasate must have got rich in spite of himself. In his early days he was so careless about money that he left behind him on the table in a hotel in Brazil all the vast pile of notes which his triumphant tour had brought him. Every impresario who had to deal with him was loud in his praise. He had no petty caprices and no small vanities. There seems to have been a certain loneliness in his life. We never heard any story of such love episodes as usually mark the life of the great musician—always a class that has proved irresistible to female adores. He lived simply as a sort of paying guest with a family attached to him by personal affection and common interests.

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FACTS, FANCIES, QUIPS & COMMENTS

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

Because a story was printed a week or two ago concerning one public servant, others have been arriving. There is one relating to the Something-General, a rather strait-laced and pious man. He travelled through insufficiently-surveyed parts of Gippsland with a driver who swore fluently. The Something-General protested; the driver promised amendment, and kept his promise. But, leaving the bog called the main road, the buggy tried to move along the forest of stumps called the side track. There were bumps and scrapes and jolts; a wheel came off.

"—the—track!" the driver roared.

"Hey, hey, my friend!" the Something-General cried. "Your promise, your promise!"

"—and—the—Something-General!" the driver bellowed more loudly than ever.

A Sydney medical man just back from his first tour through the far-out country gasps with horror when poison is mentioned. "It's marvellous there's a man alive out there," he exclaims. He tells of the careless ways in which bushmen handle arsenic, strychnine, and other deadly drugs. "I've seen rabbit-skins, painted with arsenic, suspended over a shearer's dining-table. I've seen the stuff dripping on to the table within half a foot of a round of salt beef. On the table in the cook's galley I've counted three strychnine bottles, two half-full, jumbled up with sauce and pickle bottles in constant use. Men treat skins with poison, handle them, pack them up, and, without washing their hands, grasp their food and help themselves with their fingers. Don't eat them!" said a cook to me. "It was a bit of damper I picked up. I didn't mean to eat it; I was merely smelling it and wondering what it was composed of." "A bit of poison slipped into the dough, remarked the cook."

On returning home the Monday night before the Cup was run, a well-known sport found his wife simmering with excitement. "I've got the winner of the Cup, sure," she said. "Mrs. Pippikin, the grocer's wife, dreamed the winner for two years in succession, and now she has dreamed Mother Goose, so I'm going to back it." "I wouldn't if I were you," said her husband, with just sufficient irony in his voice to irritate. "Oh, I know—I know, of course! You're sure to say that I know more about rags than racehorses, and you won't put any money on for me." "No, I won't," said her husband decisively. "Then I'll get someone else to do it." "No, you won't," he said with quiet decision. The lady was surprised. She had never known him to be quite so brusque—almost rude—for he generally got his way by smiling persuasion. "It's very hard," the lady said plaintively, "if I cannot even ask my brother Charlie to make a little bet for me, as I'm so sure about Mother Goose winning." "I wouldn't let Charlie do it," said the husband, and then, as he noticed that his wife was verging closely upon tears, he added, "Because Mother Goose was scratched to-day."

At a meeting lately in the "richest borough" in Sydney, which shortly celebrates its jubilee in best suburban style, it was decided that women should not participate in the big banquet. Ten to one the women hadn't the slightest wish or intention of doing so, but one large-hearted man wanted to bring his wife, and said that many of the other wives would feel proud in sitting alongside their husbands at such a fine jubilee function. Consternation arose at the very idea, and dissentient voices were heard. "No self-respecting woman would care to sit among men, although their husbands," one declared stoutly, "and not only inhale the smoke of cigars, and the fumes of whiskey and other spirituous liquors, but suffer the added penalty of listening to long and dry political speeches." Such a programme was not a proper attraction

for women, in his opinion, and many more would agree with him, and would not care to have their wives with them on the occasion. Another speaker put the finishing touch by averring that woman's place was in her home, where she could be of some service, and be appreciated. The ultimatum arrived at was that ladies, married or single, were not to come to the banquet, but a "mutual" afternoon tea is to be arranged for another day. Perhaps the ladies won't go. Who knows?

Brindley is the local character when he lickers up; he's a commonplace individual when he's sober. He was staggering along the street the other day in company with a well-filled bottle. Around a corner appeared a vision in a soup plate hat and funeral garments.

Brindley instinctively tucked the bottle under his coat, holding it lovingly to his chest with his strong right arm.

The vision bore down on him with hand outstretched. "Go-ood da-ay, Mr. Brindley. Ho-ow are you to-o-da-ay?" it said.

"Go-od da," echoed Brindley, unconsciously thrusting out his hand to grab the parson's fin.

There was a crush, and six-penn'orth of ale created fantastic designs on the toepath.

Brindley looked at it in anguish. So did the parson; but his anguish was of another brand.

"Well, I'm—" began Brindley.

"Tis better the are," interrupted the pilot. "Tis better the-are. You should be glad to see it fall."

"Glad!" choked Brindley. "Glad! I'd sooner see a dashed church fall."

Then a great silence fell, and as it hadn't got up again when I finished counting ten, I reckoned the fight was over.

An Adelaide business man had up to a certain stage an extraordinary run of luck a few days ago. On dismounting from his bicycle on the hottest morning of the late hot spell he found a shilling under his feet. Decided to spend it in drinks, which cost half-a-crown, as he happened to meet a few friends. Returning from the hotel to the office he found another shilling, and considered it to be quite a coincidence. He had never picked up a coin before, and here were two in one day. He mentioned the coincidence at lunch; his friends were much interested, and advised him to have a wager of some sort on the Melbourne Cup, as his luck was "in." He was amazed a little later when posting a letter at a street pillar to see another coin—this time half-a-sovereign—gleaming in the dust. He slipped it quietly into his pocket, and then—picked it up again, for there was a hole in the pocket, and it had slipped through a second time. He had been losing his own coin all day, and finding some of it, but without counting drinks his run of luck had cost him about twenty-five shillings.

The ancient game of "gowf" has entered upon a period of renaissance in Sydney since the arrival of the new Governor-General. The club at Rose Bay has been regarded hitherto by many of the haughtiest as a mere place for tea and talk. All that is now changed. Contemporaneously with the discovery that both the Dudley Earl and his Countess are expert propellers of the haskell, fair young matrons who would have seen their lawful hubbies blown before they (the matrons) took to golf at their (the hubbies') request, starting practising long drives and short "putts"; and plain old spinsters did the same. The female loyalist may be identified just now by her sun-disfigured nose and the blisters on her hands. A golfing friend says that the above-mentioned efforts are so much wasted energy. It is impossible to become a "gowfer" of merit at short notice. But hope springs eternal in the Government House worshipper's breast, and the shops that stock cleeks, mashes, and such like weird engines are benefiting accordingly.

PIANOS AND POPULATION.

The other day Mr Deakin declared that the primary need of Australia is more population—and laid the foundation stone of a piano factory, which will be able to turn out 2000 instruments a year. Had he declared that the primary need of Australia was more pianos, and made arrangements for importing 2000 immigrants, it would have been more to the purpose. But then his masters do not object to pianos, and they do object to immigrants, and while he will receive the Embroidered Order of the Sack if he does more than talk about the latter, he is allowed to encourage the production of the former to any extent he chooses.

Pianos are very good things in their way, but population is better. A man or woman without a piano may still be of some use to the country. A piano without a man or woman is of no use at all.

There are fewer people to the square mile on this continent than on any other—and it is estimated—there are more pianos per head of the population than anywhere else. Though the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a genuine patriot, the same is not, therefore, true of the man who causes two pianos to be played where only one was played before.

HAVE SYDNEY GIRLS BIG FEET?

As one who observes pretty closely, I say unhesitatingly No, writes "Scotty." The Melbourne man who says they have must be blinded by his rank provincialism, and it is coming to a pretty pitch when he even descends to the feet of Sydney women for comparisons! I have travelled a good deal, and I can honestly say, and without any thought of provincialism entering my mind, that Sydney girls' feet are what a woman's "walkers" should be. In the days of the long train it did not matter whether women had big or small feet, because in the majority of cases they were not seen, but now, with the rational dress women wear, it is different, and we can judge for ourselves of these things.

Anyone who walks along George or Pitt streets any afternoon, and takes note cannot but be struck with the dainty feet and graceful carriage of the average Sydney girl. In colder climates I have seen girls with feet bigger than the average, and this is perhaps because of the shoes they are compelled to wear in the wet weather, and thus their feet become used to larger circumferences. This would apply in the case of Melbourne, where, if you stood on the block for half an hour, you would see more big, ungainly feet and shuffling walkers than

you would see in Sydney. But we have always to go away from home to find how favourably we can compare with other

"For years I suffered with

ANAEMIA

and although I tried many preparations I could only get relief for a short time, and then was again as bad as ever. After the first bottle of SCOTT'S Emulsion I found my condition improving, so continued with it, and now can positively say I am cured. I look and feel a very different woman."

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OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

CRICKET.

The weather was fine in Auckland on Saturday for the third round of the championship fixtures. The ground was hard and the wicket fast.

Grafton, against University, put up the notable score of 349 runs. Reeve and Sloman were in excellent form, and punished the bowling severely before being respectively caught, the former having 70 to his credit, and the latter 79. Mason, as usual, played "pretty cricket" in compiling his 60 runs. D. Hill just managed to overtop the 50 mark, and was then caught, this fate overtaking seven out of the eleven batsmen. The 'Varsity had but a brief period at the wickets before time, and scored 7 for no wickets.

In the City "A" v. Eden "A," the first-named team were dismissed for 169, of which Stevenson made 33 by very vigorous hitting. He opened by getting four fours in succession, and also added a sixer, Cummings and Elliott opened for Eden "A," and are not out for a total score of 56.

Possibly played Parnell, being dismissed for 157, of which Hemus and J. Gavin contributed 41 apiece. Parnell lost six wickets for 124. Sale is not out with 24 to his credit, and Marcroft secured 41.

THAMES CRICKET.

The cup matches were continued on Saturday when Hauraki met Tararua, and Tararua played United. Against Tararua Hauraki scored 40 (Kitching 14), Tararua being dismissed for 36 (Coote 16). Bowling for Hauraki, Stevens took 7 wickets for 15 runs. Tararua beat United by 35 to 26.

PAEROA V. KARANGAHAKE.

The Paeroa and Karangahake Cricket Clubs played a match at Paeroa on Saturday, Karangahake winning by 40 runs. The chief scorers for the winners were Venable, Lewis, and Clava, and for the losers Bickett, Le Comte, and Shaw.

WELLINGTON RESULTS.

There was fine weather for the cricket matches on Saturday. Old Boys commenced a senior match against Newtown, and made 300 runs (Tucker 101, C. P. Blacklock 50, Monaghan 45). Wellington opened against Gas Company and were dismissed for 264 (Mahony 117, S. Hickson 49).

CHRISTCHURCH MATCHES.

Fine weather was experienced for the commencement of the third round of the district competitions on Saturday, and high scores were the order of the day. Playing for Linwood A. E. Ridley made 217 not out. The team's total was 402, which places them in a substantial position. The scores were: Linwood, 402 (A. E. Ridley 217, not out), v. Riccarton, 30 for one wicket. St. Albans, 93 and 17 for no wickets, v. West Christchurch, 205 (E. J. Norman 90). East Christchurch, 197 (R. R. Ward 73), v. Sydenham, 54 for five wickets.

DUNEDIN FIXTURES.

The cricket matches were continued on Saturday in splendid weather. Carisbrook B, playing against Albion, declared their first innings closed with 326 for four wickets (Austin 171 not out, Sledge 79). Albion lost three wickets for 74 (Williams 55 not out). Dunedin made 140 against Carisbrook A (Wilson 59, and Carisbrook lost seven wickets for 65. Grange made 63 against Opatua, the latter responding with 126 for eight wickets (Kilgour 45, not out).

English Cricket Captains.

SOME MEN FAMOUS IN THE GAME.

Although the captain of an English county cricket team is not possessed of autocratic powers like the president of a 'Varsity boat club, he is, nevertheless, a most important person in the world of sport, and county committees, if they are wise, which, unfortunately, is not always the case, allow him to have a voice in the selection of a team, and never on any account interfere with his management of the eleven on the field of play.

OLDEST COUNTY CAPTAIN.

The oldest county captain in England both in regard to years and length of service, is Lord Hawke, who has led Yorkshire for twenty-five years; the youngest is Mr. T. E. Manning, of Northamptonshire—the latter of the competition—who only took over the reins last season.

Cricket, perhaps, owes more to Lord Hawke than any other player of the

present generation, and there is no more popular captain in England to-day.

Like all great leaders, Lord Hawke is of course a strict disciplinarian on the field, but off it he is the friend as well as the leader of his men. It is said that this will be the last year of Lord Hawke's captaincy, and it will certainly be a fitting wind-up to his career if Yorkshire win the championship again.

As captain of Yorkshire, Lord Hawke takes his cricket very seriously indeed. It is the game and nothing else.

HIS SPECIAL SONG.

It is a different thing, however, when he is a member of a touring side or a holiday team. On these occasions he is in great request as a vocalist. He has one special song, beginning with the



words "I hear that the old home is haunted," but off it "he is in great request as a vocalist," and "only one man has had the temerity to criticise the captain's singing."

words "I hear that the old home is haunted," with which he can bring tears to the eyes of his audience. Only one man has ever had the temerity to criticise Lord Hawke's singing, and that is Yorkshire's other captain, the Hon. P. S. Jackson; but then Mr. Jackson criticises most things.

The next best-known captain to Lord Hawke is undoubtedly Mr. P. F. Warner, of Middlesex, or "Plum," as he is called by ever visitor to Lord's. His barbequin cap is the most familiar headgear in the cricket field, and very few people have seen him without it.

"PLUM"



Mr. Warner "has played cricket in every quarter of the globe, and has written enough books on cricket in strange lands to fill a small library."

There are few keener cricketers than "Plum," and certainly none with a greater knowledge of cricket history and statistics. He has played cricket in every quarter of the globe, and has written enough books on cricket in strange lands to fill a small library.

It is said fielding is his weak point; but he seldom drops a catch, and his only failing is that he is a trifle slow on his feet. When in the field he has a quite unconscious habit of hitching up his trousers after the delivery of every ball.

Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, the latest captain of Surrey—to deal with the peculiarities of all of them would fill a small volume—is another old Oxonian, whose diminutive stature and general perky appearance have earned for him the nickname of "Shrimp."

He is, perhaps, the most restless cricketer alive, never being still—even for a second. His characteristics are grit and determination; he never knows when he is beaten, and, what is better still, he imbues his team with the same spirit. He is also the sworn foe to all average-mongers and playing for a draw. In his opinion matches are made to be won—or lost—and so he never countenances anything like waste of time, even when a little judicious loitering might save his side from defeat. A real sporting captain, his succession to the Surrey leadership has done much to brighten cricket at the Oval.

Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop, the captain of Gloucestershire, is as good a judge of a run as he is of a limerick, and that is saying a great deal. There is no keener player between wickets, and although that swift return of his from extra mid-off has been the cause of many men's dismissal, it is very seldom indeed that any fieldman is found smart enough to get rid of him in similar fashion.

FAME AS A GOLFER.

He is rapidly acquiring fame as a golfer, a game which he is said to prefer to cricket. His wonderful hitting abilities and the curious attitude he adopts at the wicket, which causes him to be known as "The Croucher," are also noteworthy characteristics.

"SHRIMP"



Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower is "the sworn foe of all average-mongers. . . In his opinion, matches are made to be won—or lost. He never countenances anything like waste of time, even when a little judicious loitering might save his side from defeat."

Mr. A. O. Jones, of Notts, has been described as the best fieldman in England, and the praise is scarcely an exaggeration.

Despite the misfortunes of his team in Australia, which were in a great measure due to his own illness, Mr. Jones is one of the best captains in England, being a particularly clever manager of bowling.

His clever working of Hatlam and Waas had a great deal to do with Notts winning the championship last season with only two bowlers. In his younger days he used to be a great Rugby football player, and there is nothing he enjoys more nowadays than refereeing in one of the big matches. The South African footballers considered him to be the finest Rugby referee in England, and many people are of the same opinion.

Perhaps, with the exception of Lord Hawke, there is no county captain who has a greater hold upon the affections of his team than Mr. E. M. Sprot, of Hampshire. It has been said that he does not play with a straight bat, but he gets plenty of runs, and his professionals idolise him. What more can a county captain desire? His great hobby in private life is billiards, a game at which he is certainly extraordinarily skilful.

Mr. H. K. Foster, of Worcestershire, is the second of the most famous brotherhood of athletes that this country has produced of recent years, worthy to rank with the Lyttons, the Studds, the Lucases, and the Walkers of the past.

Like his brothers, "W. L." "R. E.," and the rest of them, the Worcester captain is a marvellous all-round athlete, his quick eye and flexible wrist enabling him to excel at any ball game. He is, perhaps, the soundest batsman of all the brothers, and his courage, is not his discretion, is proved by the fact that he has been known to field silly point to Mr. Jessop.

For many years he held the championship at racquets, and there is one particularly effective stroke which he has brought from the court to the cricket field.

Mr. C. H. B. Marsham, of Kent, is a much finer cricketer than his modesty would have us believe. During the last few years he has been somewhat overshadowed by the brilliance of his colleagues, but with so many of them failing this year, his opportunity has come at last, and he has taken to making hundreds himself.

THE YOUNGEST COUNTY CAPTAIN.

There are plenty of other captaincy county and club, including his Highness the Jam Sahib, "W. G.," and C. B. Fry, but their little peculiarities are too well known to need recapitulation here.

There is one, however, who deserves a paragraph all to himself, and that is Mr. T. E. Manning, of Northamptonshire, the youngest and merriest of all the county captains. There is nothing he appears to enjoy more than fielding out all day under a hot sun, while the missing of catches by members of his own side seems to afford him unbounded gratification.

He is also the only man who has ever been known to smile and thank the umpire when given out "lbw" from a ball which takes the bark off his left elbow. Despite his idiosyncrasies, however, he is a keen captain, a good cricketer, and a thorough sportsman.—F.T.P., in the "Daily Mail."

GOLF.

Scoring in Inter-club Matches

The attention of clubs belonging to the Ladies' Golf Union is drawn to the I.G.U. method of scoring in inter-club matches. One point is counted for each nine holes, and two points for the match. Thus there is a total of 4 points if the winner has won both "out" and "home," 3½ if the winner has won either "out" or "home" and squared the other half (the opponent scoring 1), and 3 if the winner loses either the "out" or "home" halves (the opponent scoring 1 for the half won). By this method of scoring the game is played to the 18th hole with interest to both sides. Its effect is much the same as the plan of playing out the eyes when the match has been won with more than 3 holes to spare. But since a bye is not played unless the match is won on or before the 11th green (as it reckons as a quarter of a game), the I.G.U. method seems an improvement, as it carries on the interest to the 18th hole in all matches. The Ladies' Golf Union does not insist on associated clubs scoring their inter-club matches in this manner, but any clubs who are anxious to try anything else than the old way of counting a match as won, lost, or halved, irrespective of the margin by which it is decided, should give the matter their consideration.

The Yorkshire Ladies' County Golf meeting, held at Ogden in September, gives a splendid record of accurate handicapping, and an irrefutable argument in favour of the I.G.U. system. In the Challenge Bowl Qualifying Round and the L.G.U. Coronation Medal, no less than four players tied for first place, three for second, two for third, three for fourth, and there was only a difference of seven strokes among the first sixteen competitors, whose handicaps varied from scratch to 24.

Golfing Tales and Tips.

FUN ON THE LINKS.

(By TOM YARDON.)

I suppose that there are few games calculated to appear more mysterious to the uninitiated than golf, but that there is a tremendous lot in the game is proved, I think, by the devotion of its numerous votaries. Its apparently mysterious character is doubtless responsible for many of the golfing anecdotes which one hears, and which, for humour, are certainly not behind the tales that deal with any other field sport. Who, for instance, has not smiled over the story of the gentleman who knew nothing about the game, but determined to take it up, learning it beforehand from its written instructions? With this worthy end in view, he wrote to a certain firm of universal providers who undertake to supply anything from a teaspoon to an elephant, requesting them to forward him the implements necessary for the game, together with full printed instructions. In due course these arrived, and, after close study, he managed to identify the various clubs, etc., but found that there was one thing (and that apparently an essential) which was missing—

TO WIT, THE "LINKS!"

Search as he would, he could not find it (or them), so in the end he sat down and wrote a letter to the providers, blaming them for their evident carelessness in overlooking so important an item. Their surprise on receipt of the letter can perhaps be imagined better than described. Then, again, there was the non-golfing spectator, who, on returning from a short visit to St. Andrews, greatly edified his golfing acquaintances by assuring them that for the true St. Andrews "swing" the caddy ought to be swung right round your head—not half-way round, as some men do it, you know! The language of golfers has long been a most fruitful source of anecdote, and reminds me of the Frenchman who was met, carrying his clubs, one morning by a young lady of his acquaintance. "Ah, I am so glad to see that you play golf," she exclaimed cheerfully. "But, no, mademoiselle," was his doleful response; "I no play him yet." Then, brightening considerably, he added

"I ALREADY SPEAK ZE LANGUAGE, THOUGH!"

Evidently the gentleman considered that in this particular he had made an important step towards mastering the science of the game. If the golfer is often remarkable for his powers of language, this is not his only peculiarity, since another of his weaknesses is undoubtedly his readiness to lay the blame for a bad stroke upon anything and anyone except himself. A story illustrating this little weakness which always rather tickles my fancy was that concerning a choleric old colonel, who had always been accustomed to play golf at an inland resort in the South of England. Upon one occasion, however, he was induced to try a round on a seaside links where he had never played before, where he gave so very bad an exhibition that his partner at last had the temerity to hint that he was a bit off his game that day. "Off my game," spluttered the exasperated old soldier in reply: "I should think so, indeed! Who the dickens could play decent golf

WITH THOSE CONFOUNDED SHIPS sailing up and down the Channel?" Here he pointed to one or two tiny specks that slowly moved along the distant horizon. It is, of course, only natural that the caddies on the links should get to know the weaknesses of the players well enough to be able to extract no small advantage therefrom, in the shape of tips, and a story which illustrates this may well be told at this juncture. There was upon the St. Andrews Links not many years ago a caddy known as "Long Willy," who in his knowledge of the weaknesses of the various players coming under his notice easily surpassed all his fellows. Now, amongst others, there was one player, an old gentleman with very short sight, who played a worse game of golf than anyone else upon those links. So hopeless was he, in fact, that it was with difficulty that he ever found anyone to play with him. Under these circumstances, "Long Willy" would lead him off to a quiet spot, and there tee up several balls for the old gentleman to drive. The balls seldom travelled further than twenty or thirty yards, but

"Long Willy" overcame this difficulty by stationing a small boy in ambush at this distance, with instructions to pick up the balls and carry them to a distance of 1500s away. Then, at each of the old gentleman's heroic efforts, "Long Willy" would exclaim admiringly, "Ah—h—h! Well, noo, did anybody ever see the like?" at the same time, shading his eyes with his hand as though to watch the course of the golf ball travelling through distant space. Then, when they came to move on, the player was invariably delighted to find the tremendous distance over which he had managed to drive, and in the end "Long Willy" never failed to depart richer by half a crown, sixpence of which went to the urchin who had carried and placed the balls. The only thing that puzzled the old gentleman was why he could never drive like this when he happened to be engaged in a match!

HOW TO BECOME A GOOD GOLFER.

is, indeed, a moot point. Some people recommend practise of one kind or another, while others maintain that, like poets, golfers are born, not made. It is really impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in the matter, but it is easy to put one's finger upon the mistakes that are made every day by would-be golfers. Loss of temper must upset a man's game more effectively than almost anything else, and another fruitful source of extra strokes arises from over-eagerness on the part of the player. For instance, it is often an irresistible temptation for a man who has got into a bad lie to try and get a long ball by using a brassy where probably a niblick would serve the purpose more effectively. The result of such methods is too often most disastrous, and means the piling up of strokes which, with proper judgment, would never have become necessary at all. Perhaps the best advice to the man who wishes to improve his game is that he should watch the methods of the best players and try to imitate to the best of his ability the means by which they reach the desired end. Then if they do not improve they can always fall back on the other theory—that golfers are born, not made!

LAWN TENNIS.

The contests for the Mars Buckley Cup have been completed. Victoria defeated New South Wales in the singles matches by 81 to 64 games. The totals for doubles and singles are: Victoria, 170; New South Wales, 107.

Davis Cup.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICANS.

Messrs. Beals C. Wright and F. B. Alexander, America's representatives to challenge for the Davis Cup at Melbourne on November 26, 27, and 28, have arrived in Sydney. Mr. Wright is massively built, and of splendid physique, whilst Mr. Alexander is of the lithe and wiry nature, and both apparently are keen and enthusiastic, and will use every endeavour to take the coveted cup back to America with them.

Mr. Alexander's "armoury" consists of 11 "rats" of American make, six of which are kept strung and the others unstrung. In stringing he uses fine English gut of the best manufacture.

"Lawn tennis," Mr. Alexander remarked, in reply to a question, "is very strong in America just now, and rapidly gaining in popularity. You ask me if I place it at the head of all sport. Well, I'm prejudiced. I think it is the greatest sport of them all. I play a little golf sometimes when I'm out of form. It is a good thing to rouse up one's muscles, but I think it can be overdone, especially in hot weather."

"What do you consider a fair amount of practice before beginning play?"

"Well, it depends all upon the condition I am in. If I'm pretty fine and don't want to lay off, I go out and bang the balls round; don't play any sets at all. But if I want to lay off and get the muscles into shape—well, I play hard for, say, about an hour a day."

"We practise an all-round game, which we find most serviceable. I have never seen Brooks play, but have of course heard a great deal about his game. Almost all the Americans are net players, though most of them have a back-court game to fall back upon. We favour a crisp game, however. Wright and I play a good deal together in practice, although we know each other's game very well."

SAILING.

Royal Yacht Squadron.

The Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron opened their season on Saturday afternoon last, when a cruising race was held to Cowe's Bay, Waikake. The finish was: *Thelma*, 2h 50m; *Tuistie*, 2h 5m; *Aorere*, 2h 15m. *Ida* sailed some time later, and her time was not taken. On time allowance *Tuistie* is first, *Aorere* second, and *Thelma* third. Owing to the late hour at which the race finished the times were taken by Mr Jagger, of the *Thelma*, the first boat in.

Manukau Yacht Club.

The Manukau Yacht and Motor Club opened their season on Saturday afternoon last. The yachts and motor boats assembled off the (Unbunge) wharf at 2 p.m., and proceeded in company to Walkowhai Bay, where the guests and members on board the vessels were entertained by the club.

FOOTBALL.

RUGBY.

The Theory and Practice of Welsh Combination.

(By E. GWYN NICHOLLS and W. J. T. COLLINS.)

Admitted that the primary object of Rugby football is to provide healthy recreation, no one will deny that the first thought with every team is how to win matches. The theory of Welsh combination was evolved in order to help teams to gain victories; the practice of it has undoubtedly tended to that end. Study the early history of the four three-quarter game, and what do we find? That the Welsh club which first practised it scored tremendously heavy scores over those which did not adopt it. Cardiff, under the captaincy of F. E. Hancock, were the first team to play four three-quarters as a system, and they simply heaped up points, not only against English teams, but against their Welsh rivals. It was soon recognised in Wales that the new system gave a distinct advantage to those who adopted it, but there is a natural conservatism about English football methods. Scotland and Ireland came less under the influence of the new system, and it was not until 1893 that the missionary enterprise of Wales bore fruit and the system was generally adopted. It took nine years to convert the football world to the Welsh system; another nine years have gone by, and still the secrets of the system elude the comprehension of many who profess to play it.

THE ROOT IDEA.

Now, what is the theory of Welsh combination? what is its aim?—what is the root idea? The aim of Welsh combination is to secure the maximum of points with the minimum of effort; its root idea is that the fifteen players of the team are parts of a whole, each part connected with and dependent upon the other, each having his own definite duty, yet all working in harmony (and even interchangeably) to produce a given result—to secure victory. We hear people speak of the machine-like accuracy of Welsh combination, yet it is hardly an appropriate description. By pulling a lever to a certain point a man may make a steam hammer crack a nut—crack it, and no more. He may repeat the performance a dozen times with a dozen nuts by repeating the movements of the lever. That is the accuracy of the machine. But that is not the accuracy of Welsh football. A clever swordsman with a downward stroke can cut an orange in halves without marking the stand on which it stood; a crack shot can hit the heart on a card and not graze the hand that holds it. This is accuracy, but it is accuracy of eye and hand, directed by human intelligence, restraint, and nerve, and perfected by practice. And such at its best is the accuracy of Welsh combination in Rugby football. Let not anyone imagine that there is a theory of Welsh combination which can be worked out like a problem in Euclid. There is nothing of geometrical accuracy and mathematical certainty in football. It is not a game which can be learnt from the blackboard. The possibilities of varying combinations are so enormous that it is impossible to say—"There he shall pass, there you shall kick, here I will run, and so we will score." Nor is it of the least use to try to lay down any theory as to the se-

quence of passes. The only thing to be done is to get a thorough grasp of the principles which govern the game, and then apply them in actual practice. The first thing for a player to realise is that he is one of many working for a common end (to score goals and tries), and that the end is of more importance than the individual effort. A man is not a member of a team in order that he may have an opportunity to make brilliant runs and flash upon the public eye in all the splendour of a dazzling individualism. Not a bit of it; he is in the team to help the team to win; so long as his brilliant effort is a help to the team, so long it is both permissible and commendable; immediately it hinders the general scheme of attack it is an offence. In the Welsh game there is an opportunity for the exercise of every power that the most brilliant player may possess; but the theory of the game is that individual brilliance must only be a means to an end, and that the brilliant man must hand on the work of attack to another when he has reached that point where another can do it better. How often do we see a half or a three-quarter make a great run, and then spoil the effect of it by keeping the ball and trying to go further when he has only to pass to a man in a better position for a score to be assured? Every section of the team must work together as part of a combined whole; each section—forwards, halves, three-quarters, and full-back—must fit their play into the general scheme; and where this is done, the man who has done his part will know when to transfer to a comrade.

AN ORTHODOX ATTACK.

In order to illustrate the theory, let us take a common idea of typical attack by a Welsh team. A scrimmage is formed (say) near the left touch-line, one half-back skirts the scrimmage, the other stands out, and behind him in line across the field are the four three-quarters. The ball is heeled out of the scrimmage by the forwards, one half picks up and passes to his partner, he transfers to the left wing, left wing sends it on the left centre, left centre dodges his man and runs, while right wing and right centre follow up. When the left centre faces the full-back, he passes to the right centre, who either runs in himself or transfers again to the right wing, who has a clear field and runs in. This is how matches are won on blackboards. Yet it does in a sense illustrate the theory of attack, for it shows the forwards, the halves, and all the three-quarters working together. But you cannot dispose of men on a football field as you can on a draught board. Ten thousand variations are possible, and players are continually driven back upon the first principle—that the action of the moment must be determined by the amount of advantage which the side will derive from a given move. This judgment is one of the supreme qualities necessary in the Welsh game. To know what to do, and when to do it, is a quality more rare than individual brilliance, and the strength of the Welsh system is that from the first it teaches a man to think of himself in relation to the team as a whole, so that by the time he is fit to play in first-class football, he almost instinctively runs, passes, or kicks, as it falls in with the general advantage of his side. At any rate, mistakes of judgment are more rare with average Welsh players than they are with the average players in English, Scottish and Irish teams. A man does not argue out with himself as he runs—"I can get past opponent A, but opponent B will probably cut me off, comrade A cannot get past opponent C, but if he passes promptly to comrade D on the wing he will be clear of opponent E." But though he does not consciously shape his thought, he is trained from the first to look ahead, to see beyond his individual effort and the next move to the ultimate possibility, and almost instinctively he sees the opening for a fellow-player which may be obtained by the regression of his own individualism. Let there be no mistake, nothing is attained without strenuous individual effort. Matches are not won by passing on the ball to some one else with a happy hope that something good will come of it. A man must do his best, as if he were the only man in the team, as if everything depended upon him, till he sees that someone else is in a better position, and then he must hand on the work to that other. It is the capacity to see when that moment has arrived which makes the accomplished player.

SOME HINTS ON PRACTICE.

It is clear that the theory of Welsh combination cannot be reduced to a series of set rules and regulations, but let us try to give some hints as to practical play which may be useful. First, as to the forwards. To play the Welsh game aright, the first necessity of a team is a good pack of forwards. First and foremost they must be strong and resolute scrummers; clever in getting the ball, quick in heading. They must know how to form a combined scrum in which the eight men are bucked together in a solid mass. With heads well down, they must not only be able to see the ball on the ground, but they must watch it. There should be a thorough understanding among the men; they must know what is the proper game of the moment—whether to heel, to keep the ball close, or to wheel and dribble. In the course of a game of seventy minutes' duration there is generally ample opportunity (and actual necessity) for the forwards to practise all the arts they know, and there never was a more striking illustration of the criticism of ignorance than the description of Welsh forwards as mere heeling machines. But as it is easier to score by back play than by the forwards, in the majority of instances a Welsh pack heels. "Watch the ball" is the word to the forwards in the scrum. When the front rank men get possession the ball must be heeled back quickly, and the forwards must continue to push—so as to hold their opponents, and prevent them from breaking up—till the ball is fairly away. That is the first contribution of the forwards to the combined game, but there are many other ways in which the forwards ought to combine with the other sections of the team. For instance, at the line-out a forward occasionally has the opportunity to start an attack by passing promptly and with judgment to the threequarters (this applies especially to a forward on the "long line"); forwards should be able to make a combined run among themselves—if one man breaks away from the line-out the others should follow up, spreading out, ready to take and give a pass; a forward may occasionally with advantage pick up in the loose and give a long pass to a back who is following up wide, and this is a very difficult attack to check if the pass is given with judgment, to a man well-placed; while, when backs are attacking, forwards should follow up, as it often happens that a forward, by going straight for the point of a possible opening while a threequarter or half is boxing his way across or dodging opponents, may get into a position to take a final transfer and score when the defence would be sufficient to check the halves and threequarters. If the forwards are inspired with the idea upon which so much stress has been laid already—that they are part of a team as a whole, playing only for the success of the team—they will recognise that their duty does not end when they have scrummaged and got the ball away, or when their opponents have got the ball away; they must be prepared to take their part in whatever plays come within their reach, whether in attack or defence, while the great forward will frequently make his way to the critical spot to strengthen defence or to carry on attack.

COMBINATION BEHIND THE SCRUMMAGE.

The half-backs are the link between the scrum and the threequarters, and upon their play the success of the threequarters largely depends. Here again there is a misapprehension to combat. It is often thought that the best half-back is the one who most regularly throws the ball to his threequarters, but there never was a greater mistake. The half, of course, is there to form a link in the chain of combination, but the half who is content simply to "feed" his threequarters by passing to them regularly upon getting possession from the scrum or his fellow-half is making it easy for his threequarters to be stopped, since it leaves the threequarters of the two sides man to man, with the full-back thrown in for the defenders. No, the half-back who simply passes is a failure. In truth, more variation of play should come from the half-backs than from any men on the field. Both should be able to work the scrum and to stand out, there should be a perfect understanding between them, and there should be such a variation of their tactics as to keep the defence continually on the alert. There is not space to describe at length the varieties of half-

back play, it must be sufficient to point out that they must be able to kick, dribble, run, dodge, and pass, and they, more than any section of the team, must have the judgment which tells them when to pass, and how to pass. The Welsh threequarter game is most successfully played when the team has a half of the type of Selwyn Biggs or Llewellyn Lloyd, men capable of making brilliant runs, who deceive their opponents by not passing when expected to pass, and thus divide the attention of the defence between halves and threequarters. Individualism is not the same thing as individual ability directed by judgment and inspired by a desire for the success of the team; the really great half is daring, experimental, but never selfish. His own effort is directed to making ground and getting the threequarters into position. So long as he is serving his side best by going on, he must not pass, immediately he has worked his threequarters into a position where they can carry on the work of attack better, it is his duty to transfer. There are times, of course, when the only thing to be done is for the halves to send the ball direct from the scrum to the threequarters; but halves who do no more than that are doing only a very small section of their work. Next to the halves, the chief responsibility for initiating and developing attack lies with the centres. The four threequarters should be formed up in a line, about five yards apart, and practically level. The aim of each should be to make ground by going as directly for the line as possible, and while each man is bound to make his individual effort at times, the test of his ability in the Welsh threequarter game is his capacity to see, by the disposition of his own men and the opposing players, whether it is better to pass, to run himself, or to kick. If a combined attack has made a clear opening for a wingthreequarter, unless the centre is sure that he can score he ought to pass. If two players appear to have a bare chance of getting away, the slower man should pass to the faster. The members of a team should practice passing together, and every man, forwards and all, should be able to give and take a pass. The most useful pass is given, with both hands, with a level swing, about waist high; the ball should be thrown, due regard being had to the pace the runners are travelling, not at a "kick" but just in front of him, so that at the moment of taking the ball he is not obliged to slow up, but may be at the point of highest momentum. In kicking, the backs should study the position of the forwards, so as to place the ball in touch, if possible, nearest them, rather than far from them by making them chase across the field. In every move the position of comrades should be considered, and a long pass (missing two or three men) or a cross punt, should be resorted to if a man is lying out unmarked. There is an important feature—combination in defence. The halves, after the ball has been got away by their opponents, can often follow and tackle a threequarter from behind; when opposing threequarters are attacking by passing across the line, the defending wing, when the ball has gone towards the opposite side of the ground, should make his way to what seems likely to be a weak spot. Forwards also can help defence by concentrating at the weak

point, while a centre-threequarter can often save a try by falling behind the full-back in readiness to field when he is beaten by a forward rush. It would be easy to write columns upon varieties of combined attack; but it would be of little use. The really material thing is for players to keep in mind the root principles referred to above, and, while developing individual ability as far as possible, try to attain in actual practice the judgment, the quickness of perception, and the self-restraint which enable a man to see when he has done all that it is wise to do, and shows him when the work must be handed on to another.

The "Wallabies" in England.

THEIR FIRST TWO MATCHES.

WHAT ENGLISH CRITICS THINK.

English newspapers have come to hand containing accounts of the first two matches played by the Australian Rugby Union footballers ("The Wallabies") in England.

Regarding the display in the opening match of the tour on September 26 against Devon, and which the visitors won by 24 points to 3, one paper says although "The Wallabies" won the match comfortably, they did not impress one as being such brainy footballers as the New Zealanders. But against that must be placed the fact that they were keener and more anxious to win than either of their predecessors—New Zealand and South Africa. The Australians were over-anxious to a man, and missed many good chances of scoring in the early part of the game. However, when, through the agency of Smith, they scored the first try, they showed more confidence, and began to develop their true game. Up to this point the wing three-quarters had indulged in far too much punting instead of opening up the game by passing and trusting to speed, in which they were superior to the Devonians' backs.

The second half was marked by an unfortunate incident, Burge breaking his leg above the ankle.

Commenting on the individual players, one sporting writer said, "Every now and then one saw symptoms of brilliant combination; but the attack frequently suffered from nervous breakdown."

"Two men to be carefully watched outside the scrum are Wood, the 'nuggetty' scrum half, and Mandible, a three-quarter with a roving commission. Nearly every dangerous attacking movement was initiated by one of these men. Mandible reminds me by his play of those brainy New Zealand players, and, in spite of the fact that Carroll or Bede Smith may be most prolific try-getters, I fancy Mandible will prove the most dangerous man."

"The forwards play a fine determined game, but on Saturday," continued the English critic, "they were very slow on the line-out, and, contrary to expectations, did not get the ball nearly as frequently as the Devonians."

Now, the "Winder," will have to be careful, or he will keep the referee busy with the whistle, for the player is inclined to get off-side, and his foot is up in the scrums too soon.

Moran, a real good skipper, who is keen and hard-working, gets over the ground quickly. He also tackles beautifully.

In one respect the "Wallabies" are far ahead of the "All Blacks," and that is with their war-cry. When they lined up in three rows, and howled it in time, with an appropriate gesture, they fairly captured the crowd.

Commenting on the second match against Gloucester, which the Australians won by 16 to nil, a critic says:—"The 'Wallabies' never rose above common play. True, they won by two goals and two tries to nil, but the scores obtained were through mistakes of their opponents rather than because of the excellent quality of their own play."

Considering the almost monotonous regularity with which the visiting forwards obtained possession of the ball from the scrum, and the way they controlled the ball in the loose, the Australians should have scored at least a dozen tries. Their backs, however, gave a very disappointing display.

Wood, the scrum half, played in a restrained manner throughout. Mandible, the "Napoleon of the team," the man whose subtle brain is supposed to be responsible for the plan of campaign which enables the side to win matches, met with rather rough usage in the early part of the afternoon, and, after proving ineffective in his usual position as a roving centre three-quarter, retired with a damaged knee to the wing, where he was given little chance of showing off his powers of attack.

Carroll, on the other wing, with equally few opportunities, showed more resource, and on several occasions displayed a nice turn of speed, which, in happier conditions, would have led to better results.

Undoubtedly, the best form among "The Wallabies'" backs was shown by Carmichael, who tackled surely, fielded skilfully, and kicked with judgment.

As regards the forwards, one can only speak in terms of praise. They packed up well, broke up quickly, and were always down upon the opposing backs before they could get going. Richards, Row, and Barnett were the three most conspicuous, but all did well, and those that were least often seen were by no means the men who did the least work in the forward department. "The Wallabies" are not likely to be found wanting.

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Our Illustrations.

HEAVY FLOODS AT HYDERABAD- BAD-DECCAN, INDIA.

An unprecedentedly devastating flood has caused heavy loss of life and property at Hyderabad, the capital of his Highness the Nizam. Rain had fallen in torrents for 30 hours, during which time 15 inches had been registered, and was still steadily falling when on the morning of Sunday, September 27, a huge volume of water from the Hussain Saugor Tank, a lake seven miles in circumference, the surface of which is 30 feet above the level of Hyderabad, hurled itself down the valley of the little river Mouli, which flows between the city and the British Residency, and spread itself over an area of ten square miles, causing immense loss of life and property. The torrential rain continued till noon on Monday, and the flood had completely isolated Hyderabad. The work of rescue was strenuously carried on by means of boats and elephants on the Residency side, but the city was quite isolated by a torrent of raging waters, and communication could only be carried on by signals. On Tuesday, the rain had ceased, and the flood subsided as rapidly as it had come down. A number of European and native officials hastened to the help of H.H. the Nizam's troops and police, who had been doing all in their power to rescue the drowning, and were now hard at work extracting corpses from the debris. The scene of the Afzul Gunj Hospital and the Begum's Bazaar was worse than a battlefield; the hospital and houses, roads and lanes had been completely wiped out and the ground was strewn with dead bodies and debris. Four bridges, including the Afzul Gunj and Oliphant bridges, and the whole of the western suburbs of the city, the Malakpet bridge and bazaars, and the small villages around had also been completely destroyed, and it is estimated that ten thousand lives have been lost. The amount of property destroyed and damaged is calculated at a hundred lakhs of rupees or more. The new Victoria Zenana Hospital, of which her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales laid the foundation stone on February, 1906, has been badly wrecked; the staff and patients narrowly escaped death by climbing to the highest portion of the roof by an outside staircase, from which they were rescued by boats, after being exposed several hours to the heavy rain, and when the waters had crept to within two feet of the top. Thousands of people have been rendered homeless and destitute, and the near future looks dark with the prospect of pestilence and famine. Another large tank, the Jeedimutla, which supplies Secunderabad with water, is in a dangerous condition, and troops are being employed to work at the embankments. A relief fund and temporary shelters have been started for the destitute by the officials of H.H. the Nizam's Government, and his Excellency the Viceroy has telegraphed his concern at the news of the disaster.

AUCKLAND'S NEW TRAINING COLLEGE.

(See pictures, page 29.)

The new Training College was opened by the Minister for Education, the Hon. Geo. Fowlds, on Wednesday afternoon last. There was a representative gathering of those interested in Education present, including Mr. C. J. Parr, chairman of the Board of Education, several members of the Board, several of the University professors, and the Mayor (Mr. A. M. Myers). The students and staff presented Mrs. Fowlds with a lovely bouquet of flowers in blue and white, the college colours, and Mr Fowlds with a silver key with the college badge. After the opening ceremony the visitors made an inspection of the building, the exterior of which is shown in our illustrations, No. 1. The motto, "Totus Voluntas," means "With all your might." Our illustration No. 2 shows the Criticism Room. Immediately in front is a class from the Normal School having a lesson, while to the left the students are seen taking notes. This room can be darkened in a few moments to allow of magic lantern lessons being given to illustrate geographical or historical teaching. Illustration No. 3

shows the swimming bath in the basement, with some boys from the Normal School swimming. The bath is 50ft. by 25ft. There are 25 dressing boxes. No. 4 shows a group of students who took part in presenting "She Stoops to Conquer" to a crowded house on the evening of the opening day. The piece was enthusiastically received, and was repeated on the following night.

THE WHANGAPE'S MISHAP.

Continued from page 29.

Reeves, the second officer, to convey the news of the accident to Suva, which was so comparatively close that it might readily have been expected assistance would reach the crippled vessel. But, as matters turned out, the Whangape had a long drift before she was taken in tow. After the boat had been sent away, Chief-Engineer Swann and his staff set to work to effect temporary repairs. Having located the break in the shaft as being close up to the inner side of the stern post, they were faced by a great difficulty in applying the patent coupling used for such mishaps. The laborious task of breaking out seven feet of the heavy stern-tube necessitated drilling 160 holes through two inches of cast-iron.

The cramped position and the water continually coming in on them, made the job a hard one, requiring great patience. A considerable amount of framing work had to be cut away, and a portion of the inner gunmetal bush through which the shaft runs, had to be drilled through and cut away, as also had the brass liner on the shaft itself.

The propeller was then drawn up tightly by means of ropes and winches, until the fractured shaft ends were brought together, and over the break was placed the patent coupling. The men worked sixteen hours a day, and it took ten days before the vessel was under her own steam again. In the meantime the boat despatched by Capt. Chrisp reached Suva, and the Union Company had several steamers out in search. The Atua eventually found her, took her in tow, and reached Suva.

At Suva, the vessel was tipped sufficiently to allow of the broken shaft being taken out and a spare one fitted. On her arrival in Auckland a new stern tube and bush was made, weighing upwards of 3½ tons by Messrs. G. Fraser and Sons Ltd.

The highest credit is due to Chief-Engineer Swann and his staff for facing such a stupendous task, and the success attained reflects great praise on the skill and pluck of all concerned.

Sweating.

"Sweating" was defined by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., who was the principal speaker at a conference on "Sweated Industries" held in connection with the Co-operative Congress at the Crystal Palace, London. The following was his definition:

"A condition of employment in which, through any or all of the factors: (a) low rates of remuneration; (b) excessive hours of labour; or (c) unhealthy environment during labour, the workers are unable to sustain physical efficiency.

"The song of the Shirt" is as true now as when Tom Hood wrote it," said Mr. Chiozza Money, "as true, as it was before the sewing machine was invented. Some of the worst sweating is undoubtedly to be met with among home workers, but in view of the conditions which exist among some factory workers, and especially female factory workers, it is simply absurd to regard sweating as an evil confined to home work.

"The 'half-timer' must go. The child must be saved from that parental greed which so often springs from the under-payment of labour.

"There has, happily, been a marked change in public opinion in the twenty years since Lord Dunsraven's Committee reported, a change which may be termed a growth in consciousness of the need for a larger measure of the spirit of co-operation in our legislation. Public opinion is now ripe enough to welcome legislative interference with the rates of wages, which is but the logical sequel of legislative interference with hours of labour and conditions of labour."

A resolution urging legislation on the subject was adopted.



BY WHALEBONE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Nov. 14 and 15—Otahuhu Trotting Club.
Nov. 28, December 2, Takapuna J.C.
Nov. 30, Dec. 1—Felding J.C. Spring.
Dec. 20 and 21—Taranaki J.C. Christmas.
Dec. 26, 30, Jan. 1 and 2—Auckland R.C. Summer.
Feb. 10, 13—Otahuhu Trotting Club.

TURF NOTES.

The weights for the Auckland Cup, Race-way Handicap, and Grafton Hurdles are due on the 20th inst.

The following foalings are announced: Lady Marlon, a filly; Signet, a filly; and Rapid, a colt, all to Monoforn.

The position of favourites in the last two New Zealand Cups has been occupied by the Auckland horse Master Delaval.

The Auckland-bred gelding Haeremai won the Tararua Handicap at the recent Carterton meeting, paying a long price.

Downfall credited the Hawke's Bay sportsman, Mr. T. H. Lowry, with his first win in the New Zealand Cup.

The time held by Downfall in winning the New Zealand Cup, 3.28.25, has only been beaten once, when Anteen won in 1903.

F. Davis has the honour of being the first in New Zealand who has ridden and also trained the winner of the New Zealand Cup.

The well known mare Dolores, by Freedom-Scotch Mist, is to be offered for sale at auction by Messrs. A. Buckland and Sons, on Friday next, the 13th inst., at noon.

L. G. King had the mount on Master Soul in the C.J.C. Derby, and H. Donovan on Master Delaval in the C.J.C. Metropolitan Handicap.

Mr. Douglas's horses, Ikon and Bullworth, were not kept for the concluding day's racing of the A.R.C. spring meeting, the pair being taken home by J. Cameron by the Mokoia on Tuesday.

Mr. Dan Twobill is in receipt of a private telegram to the effect that both Souldine and Waipuna have been sold, the price realised for the first being 1000 gns. and for the second 300 gns.

W. H. McKay's saddle literally fell to pieces some distance from home in the Cup, and he was practically riding High-maid bareback all the rest of the journey. No wonder she finished last.

The thoroughbred mare Dolores, by Freedom-Scotch Mist, was sold by auction at Messrs. A. Buckland and Sons' yards on Friday for 110gns, Mr. Insley being the purchaser.

At Glensora Park, Mr. D. McLeod's mare Winsome has foaled a filly, and Mr. J. O. Hayward's Waioira a filly to the same sire; whilst Helen McGregor has foaled a colt to Glutea.

When they had gone only two furlongs in the Stewards' Handicap, cries of "No chance Bobb'uff" were heard from many lips. He did wonderfully well to get up where he did at the finish (says a Southern writer).

Apa, the winner of the Metropolitan Handicap on the second day of the C.J.C. meeting, ran second in the event last year to Master Delaval. This is the first handicap of any note that Apa has been successful in.

With a dearth of good jumping horses about, the connections of Luscombe, which walked away with the Maiden Hurdle Race at the A.R.C. Spring Meeting, have every reason to congratulate themselves on the possession of such a promising leaper.

An old race-course favourite in Hayda was seen at Havelock on Saturday performing the mean duty of back to Mr. Kelly, the clerk of the course. Old Hayda bore a very robust appearance, and evidently his lines are cast in a very pleasant place.

In winning the Spring Handicap on the second day of the A.R.C. spring meeting, Tui Cakobua hoisted a time record for the course, and also for New Zealand, the previous best being 1.40, which was down to the credit of Ned Gauntlet and Gold Crest.

The bay horse Moral was purchased by Mr. F. Douglas before the A.R.C. spring meeting started, and he raced in the interests of the Hawke's Bay sportsman on both days. It is stated that the price paid for the possession of the son of The Possible was 700gns.

The following times for the various stages go to show that the R.C. Cup was run at a solid but throughout. The first half-mile, almost a straight one, was left behind in 51; six furlongs, 1.17.35; ten furlongs in 2.10; twelve furlongs in 2.38; and the full distance of sixteen furlongs in 3.25.25.

A woman asked the Kingston on Thames Race recently if it might be allowed to postpone payment of her rates until after Sandown Park Races. The Chairman: I hope you are not relying on winning the money. Applicant (with a smile): Oh, no sir; I keep a coffee-stall there.

The result of the Canterbury Cup would go to show that the R.C. Cup was run at a solid but throughout. Signor would probably have won the New Zealand Cup had he been as well forward as the winner. Although he is a small horse, Signor appears to be a great stayer, and does not appear to be a serious trouble to him.

The biggest disappointment at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting was undoubtedly Muskerry, and in no event in which she competed did the daughter of Merrywee display any brilliant features. During her trip to Auckland, Muskerry broke a rider's leg, and also disabled a horse, by her kicking propensities.

The performance of Royal Soul on the concluding day of the A.R.C. Spring Meeting stamps the son of Soul as a much better horse than he has hitherto been assessed. To win two good races in fast time, and meeting different fields within an hour and a half is something considerably out of the ordinary.

A pleasing victory at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting was that gained by Carmania in the colours of her trainer, J. B. Williamson. The purple jacket has been out of luck for a long time, and a win was considerably overdue, but now the title has turned in their favour it is to be hoped it will continue.

The severe race extracted from "Conseff" in the Otahuhu Steeplechase on the second day of the A.R.C. Spring Meeting evidently took all the starch out of the son of St. Hippo, and in the Hunters' Steeplechase on the concluding day he was beaten a long way from home, and eventually finished a very bad fourth.

The most successful sire at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting was Soul, the descendants of which accounted for six races. Neaton Delaval was next with four; Cyrenian and Freedom had two each, and Merriman, Major, San Fran, Fairstair, Eton, Huldig, St. Hippo, Linstock, San Francisco, and Hotchkiss one each.

J. Buchanan has always ranked as one of our leading horsemen, but it is doubtful if he has ever appeared to better advantage in the saddle than on the concluding day of the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting. To ride four winners on end, and only to be defeated in the fifth by a head is a performance of no mean order.

It is a long time since a better collection of two-year-old colts have been seen out to Auckland than at the recent A.R.C. Spring Meeting, and it seems pretty safe to say that under ordinary circumstances our three-year-olds next season should be a splendid lot. First Wairiki, Hyperion, St. Amans, and Royal Scotland are a quartet that for looks would be hard to beat anywhere.

Continued on page 60.

TRY PETER F. HEERING'S

CHERRY BRANDY WITH SODA.

SWIFT & COMPANY, 52 O'Connell St., SYDNEY, Agents.

Music and Drama

Maskelyne and Devants' entertainment did most excellent business with their first programme, which ran for the full week to crowded and highly appreciative Auckland audiences. The cabinet mystery remains as mysterious as ever, and it seems improbable that anyone will ever discover how the sailor, the monkey, the witch and the butcher boy get in and out of the cabinet, but the sketch itself might with advantage be re-written and very considerably compressed. This is also the case with the "Valentine Eve" sketches, which long-windedly works up a pretty enough illusion, some modernised first cousins of which have been seen here before under Carl Hertz, Dante, and others. Mr. Gammon is a clever entertainer, a little more vociferous and juvenile in manner, and obvious in effort than some who have visited us in the last few years, but without amusing enough, especially if one has children with one, to help to hilarity with the contagion of their laughter. The subjects of the "Living Pictures" are excellent, but during the first week of the Auckland season there was some fault in the lighting and projection, which marred one's enjoyment. Perhaps the finest item on the programme is the "cello solo" by Mons. Martinengo, which is worth while going a very long way to hear.

Mr J. N. Maskelyne, promoter of the Maskelyne-Devant entertainment at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, is one of the best-known Englishmen of the present day. His peculiar talents, which might have led him to a high place in scientific circles, have taken an extraordinary bent, and ever since early youth he has interested himself in those inventions which are the nucleus of the illusions he presents at St. George's and Egyptian Halls, London. With Henry Labouchere, he has interested himself in exposing all those shams which have practised by people posing as spiritualists, and he leaped into notice in Britain after his clever exposure of the methods by which the Davenport Brothers had fooled a following of most learned men. Mr. Maskelyne is an electrician, a mechanic, an inventor of many wonderful machines, and is closely associated with the British Wireless Telegraph Company. His knowledge of chemistry has considerably helped him. The remarkable invention round which is built the sketch which his company has been presenting in Auckland, "Will, the Witch, and the Witchman," is a cabinet made by Mr. Maskelyne himself, 40 years ago. Though it has been used in London eleven thousand odd times, its secret has never been discovered. Nor does it appear likely that we shall prove cleverer than the British public in this respect, as none of the committees called from the audience at His Majesty's have yet offered any clue.

M. Clémenceau's well-meaning circular abolishing the humiliating practice for artists of passing a saucer round among French music hall audiences for pennies after each "turn" has safeguarded their dignity but thrown many of them out of work. Owing to the new measure, 300 managers of provincial café-concerts, rather than pay their companies higher wages, shut up shop, and about 2,500 men and women singers were deprived of employment.

The New York theatrical managers have been discussing the habitual "first-nighters," and saying some very hard things about them according to a leading newspaper of that city which has been gathering their views and publishing them. The "theatrical death watch" is the odious descriptive title bestowed upon a certain clique that makes a practice of attending all the first performances and never by any chance finds anything good in them.

Mr. Bert Royle, representative for Mr. J. C. Williamson, has received advice that, owing to an urgent engagement in New York, Miss Margaret Anglin, the distinguished American actress, will not be able to visit New Zealand, though an extra inducement was offered her to

extend her highly successful tour. The season booked for Miss Anglin to commence in Wellington on Boxing Night will be filled by a strong dramatic company headed by Mr. Henry Kolker (leading actor with Miss Anglin) and Mr. George Titheradge, with whom players will be glad to renew an old acquaintance. The Christmas dates at Auckland will be filled by the "Red Mill" Musical Comedy Company, headed by that brace of clever comedians, Mr. John Forde and Mr. Fred Leslie, whilst the firm's theatrical Christmas box for Christchurch will be Miss Tittel Brune and Mr. Thomas Kingston in "Diana of Dobson's," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "Sunday." With three first-class companies flying the Williamson banner at the same time, the Dominion should be well catered for from the theatrical point of view during the approaching holidays.

One of the clever turns at the London Oxford was that done by Mr. Smiler Lee, who tells a story of meeting a boy who was trying to sell his dog that he might raise enough money to visit the Oxford to see "Mr. Lee." This so moved the comedian that he gave the boy a shilling, and meeting him later asked how he enjoyed his "turn." "Well," said the boy, "I'm glad I didn't sell my dog."

So many of our stage productions depend upon spectacular effects that it seems scarcely credible that in these days of educated women it should be necessary for a theatre manager to ask any individual to show a little common consideration for the rights of other people. Besides, there comes a point in the appreciation of all lovers of acting when the expression of every emotion must be watched before the performance can afford any real pleasure.

The Salome fever is still raging in England. "Countess" Romanoff, whose name is remembered in connection with the living statuary vogue, has been astonishing the natives at New Brighton Tower Theatre, near Liverpool.

The Royal Welsh Male Choir, till the end of the year, will be railway journeying round the Eastern half of Australia, singing at every important town along the route. Their New Zealand tour is to commence (probably in Auckland) not later than 15th January.

The Tasmanian soprano, Madame Amy Sherwin, who recently returned to England after her Australian tour, has decided to form a new ladies' choir in London.

Frances Alda, nee Davis, is a singer not long ago well known to Sydney playgoers as Francis Adler. She comes of a musical family, for her mother was Leonora, eldest daughter of Martin and Fanny Simonsen. Recently she sang with considerable success in opera in Paris, and now she has appeared before what is generally conceded to be the most critical audience in Europe, at La Scala, Milan. The opera was Charpentier's "Luisa," not exactly new, for it was produced seven years ago at the Teatro Lirico, Milan, and neither on that occasion nor on this with very much success. "L'illustrazione Italiana," one of the best illustrated papers published in Italy, thus speaks of her:—"Among all distinguished herself Mrs. Frances Alda, new to our public, an Australian who has all the grace of a true Parisienne. In the part of the protagonist she is perfect. She sings with security and suavity, and is a skilful and intelligent actress. She was accorded the greatest applause of the evening, particularly after the romance in the third act." There is no mistake about Australia being a voice factory.

A Sydney critic, referring to the performance of Miss Katherine Goodson, says that never in Sydney, it may be claimed, has there been a more poetic

player, or one who has exhibited greater tenderness of feeling or variety of expression, than this distinguished artist. In this respect Miss Goodson is entitled to take her place with Paderewski. Before Miss Goodson appeared in Australia, her name was familiar only to those who read of what is going on in the musical world of Europe and America. They knew of her as a pianist who, after her four years' study with the celebrated Leschetizsky, promptly gained distinction in the capitals of Europe, and later on won the unrestrained admiration of the American public. But to the great majority the star appeared as a stranger, modest and unaffected in manner, a tall young woman of graceful, willowy figure of the Burne-Jones type, whose appearance betokened the artistic temperament, though her slight physique conveyed no impression of the technical strength she revealed at the keyboard in the Grieg Concerto or the "Fantaisie Hongroise" of Liszt. The brilliant success she achieved was, therefore, a manifestation of her unaided genius.

The series of surprises in the matter of theatrical marriages has been supplemented by the announcement of the wedding of Miss Marie Studholme, the popular musical comedy actress, and Mr. Harold Giles Borrett, which took place at the Marylebone Registry Office. The wedding was a very quiet one, only a few friends being present. Miss Studholme was appearing in "My Mimosa Maid" at the Pleasure Gardens, Folkestone, where she had an enthusiastic reception.

From a volume of musical anecdotes just published in Leipzig the following anecdotes are taken:—

A beautiful young woman once asked Rubinstein whether she might play to him, so that he might advise her whether or not to continue her musical studies. After an indifferent performance she timidly asked, "What shall I do, Herr Rubinstein?" "Marry," said Rubinstein.

Liszt, playing at the St. Petersburg Court, was annoyed by the Emperor's continued conversation with a neighbour, and suddenly stopped. "Go on," said the Emperor, "I don't mind." "But I do, Your Majesty," replied Liszt. Twelve hours later he had left St. Petersburg.

Chopin, after a supper party, was asked by the hostess to play. Having a great objection to this method of exploiting artists, he sat down at the piano, played his shortest composition—the prelude No. 7, op. 28—and then rose. "But, my dear M. Chopin, only so little?" expostulated the hostess. "But, my dear Madame, I have eaten very little," returned Liszt.

The Corrick Family of Entertainers, who are well known throughout New Zealand, have arrived here from the Far East (says our London correspondent). From their manager, Mr. Harold G. Coulter, I learned some details of their movements and plans this week. "For upwards of seven years," said Mr. Coulter, "Mr. Corrick and family

have been travelling as a professional concert party, visiting Australia, Ceylon, India, Burma, Malay Straits Settlements, Java, and Sumatra, and Mr. Corrick has come to London with the idea of placing his young folk under the best masters in their different branches of the profession, for further training. The second eldest daughter, Miss Alice Corrick, is specially well known throughout New Zealand, great public interest being manifested in her musical advancement, and her many admirers will be pleased to learn that whilst in Paris last month she called on Madam Marchesi, who pronounced her voice to be a "fresh pure soprano," capable of even greater development, particularly in the higher register, her shake being perfect—an accomplishment which often takes three years' hard study to acquire. We travelled direct from Penang (Straits Settlements) by the Japanese Mail boat Wakasa Maru, reaching London on 23rd August. We have been spending a few weeks' holiday at Brighton, and on the 1st October returned to London, where we have taken a house for three months ("Woodfield Lodge," Mt. Ephraim-lane, Streatham, S.W.), and a heavy course of study will be immediately entered upon." Mr. Corrick is at present in Somersetshire, visiting his birthplace, and is accompanied by his son, Mr. Leonard Corrick.

Several Australasian singers appeared at the National Sunday League Concert at the Camberwell Palace, writes our London correspondent. They included Miss Carrie Lanceley, Miss Alice Hollander, and the Misses Aileen and Doris Woods, the New Zealand twins. Another artist from the Antipodes—Miss Henriquette Maud, who is billed as "The Little New Zealander"—is appearing at the Euston Music Hall. Miss Maud comes on in the dress of a Texas cowboy, and relates the adventures which befell her a few years ago on her travels from New Zealand to New York and England. She claims to have done a great part of the journey across Canada and the United States on foot. An interview with Miss Maud appeared in the London letter of this paper, shortly after her arrival in England three years ago. "The Little New Zealander" gets an excellent reception nightly at the Euston, and winds up her entertainment by reciting the ever green "Lassie," which is always loudly applauded.

Mr. Tree has defended himself ingeniously against the reproach of having engaged ladies to represent Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael in Faust. The eminent actor needed only a few words to justify himself, and they were expressed in the simple but pertinent sentence: "I regard angels as sexless." It may be recalled that George Colman, the younger, when he was censor of plays, prohibited a stage-lover from addressing his sweetheart as an angel, his reason being that an angel "was a character in Scripture, and not to be profaned on the stage by being applied to a woman." That would scarcely suit the hero of melodrama nowadays!

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—
CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

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ANNUAL INCOME, nearly - - - - - £900,000

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SEND FOR PROSPECTUS.

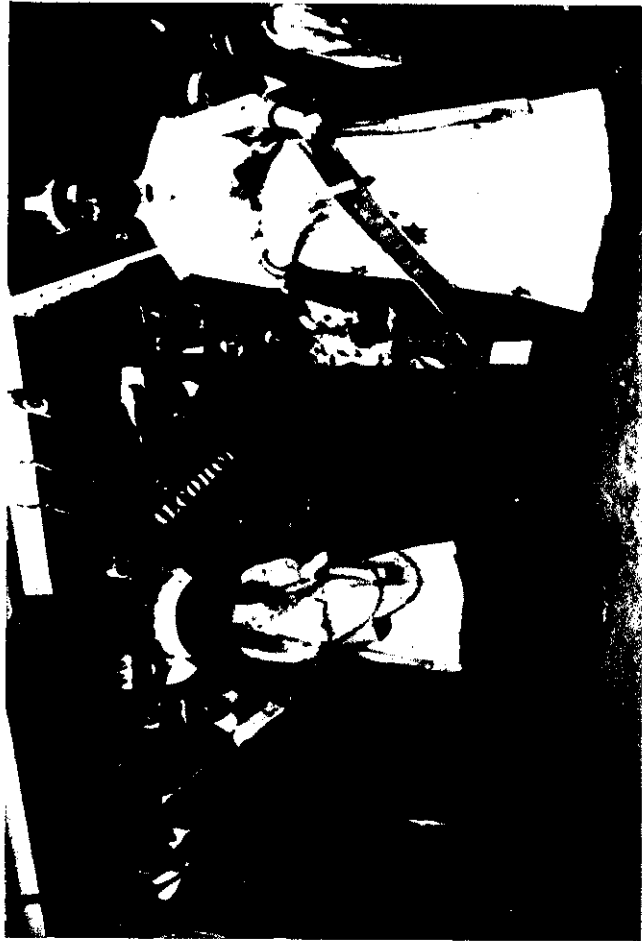
Bonuses Large.

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ORTON STEVENS,
Manager for New Zealand.



MR. POOLE, CANDIDATE FOR AUCKLAND WEST, ADDRESSING THE CHILDREN.



A NOTABLE FEATURE IN THE PROCESSION.



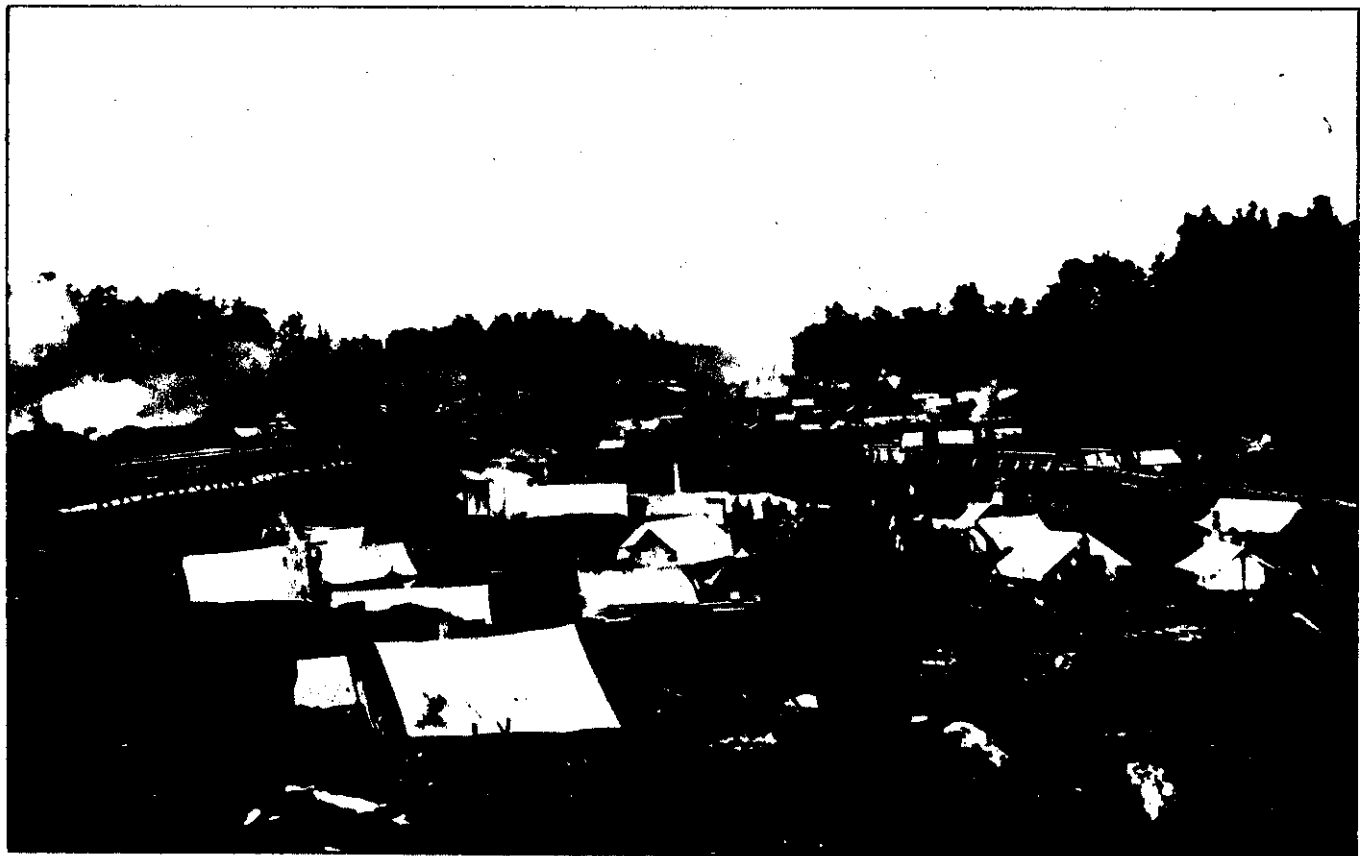
THE ASSEMBLAGE IN WESTERN PARK.

THE "NO-LICENSE" PARTY'S MONSTER GATHERING OF CHILDREN IN AUCKLAND ON SATURDAY.



WAIOURU.
HIGHEST STATION ON THE NORTH ISLAND MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.

WAIOURU, THE HIGHEST STATION ON THE LINE.



Ohakune. GENERAL VIEW OF OHAKUNE STATION AND WORKS. THE TOWN IS ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THIS POINT.

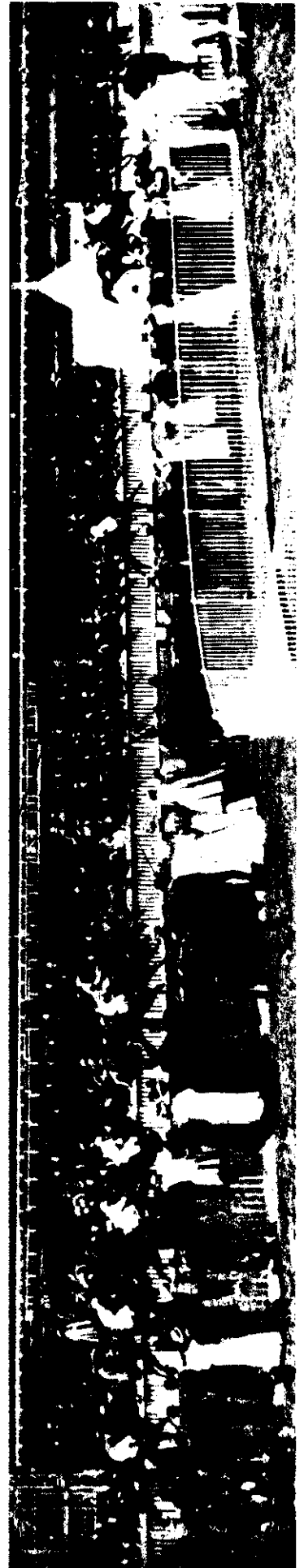
COMPLETION OF THE NORTH ISLAND MAIN TRUNK RAILWAY.



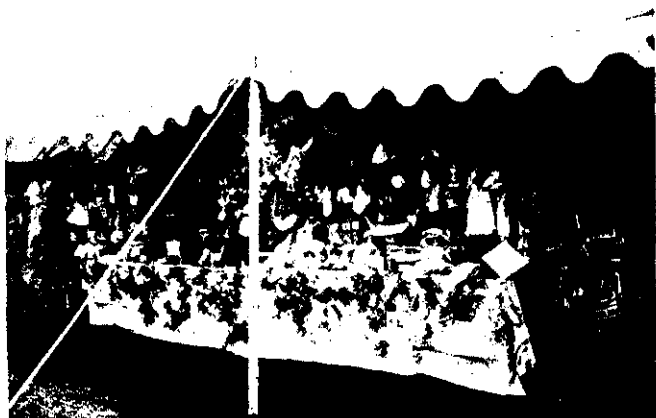
THE START.



FOUR FURLONGS FROM HOME.



THE FINISH: DOWNFALL WINS.
THE RACE FOR THE NEW ZEALAND CUP, 1908.



THE FANCY STALL.



THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.



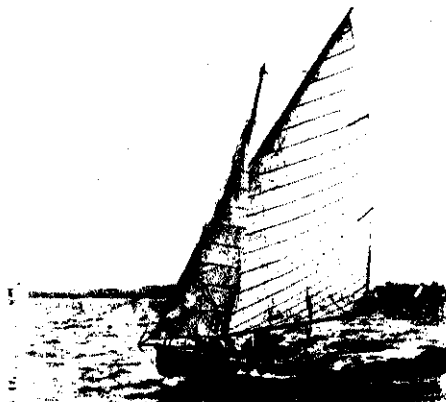
ON THE LAWN.



THE SWEET STALL.

P. Fabricius, photo.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR HELD AT "BINSWOOD," MOUNT EDEN, AUCKLAND, IN AID OF THE ORPHANS' HOME, REMUERA.



Barrell, photo.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE OPENING OF THE SUMMER SAILING SEASON AT NAPIER.



HONE HEKE, Northern Maori.



J. A. HANAN, Invercargill.



J. GRAHAM, City of Nelson.



J. P. ARNOLD, Dunedin South.



C. A. C. HARDY, Selwyn.



A. R. BARCLAY, Dunedin North.

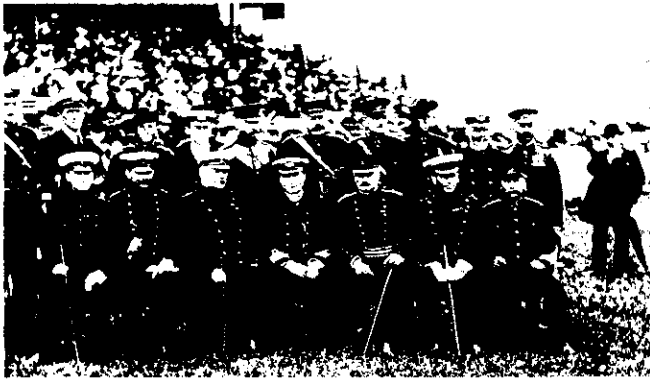


HON. T. DUNCAN, Oamaru.



C. HALL, Waipawa.

MEMBERS OF THE LAST PARLIAMENT WHO ARE WAITING THE VERDICT OF THE ELECTORS AS WE GO TO PRESS.



GROUP OF OFFICERS ON EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. Captain Collins is third, and next to him on the right is Capt. Tyler, of H.M.S. Encounter.



FIELDING MOUNTED RIFLE TEAM, WHICH WON THE LLOYD LINDSAY COMPETITION. From left to right are Sergeant Crane (in command), Troopers H. Taylor, Bateson, J. R. Taylor.



PARADE OF MANAWATU MOUNTED RIFLES FOR THE MUSICAL RIDE, THE MOST INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE TOURNAMENT.

E. Denton, photo.

MILITARY CARNIVAL, PALMERSTON NORTH.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RING, WAIRARAPA A. AND P. SHOW, CARTERTON.

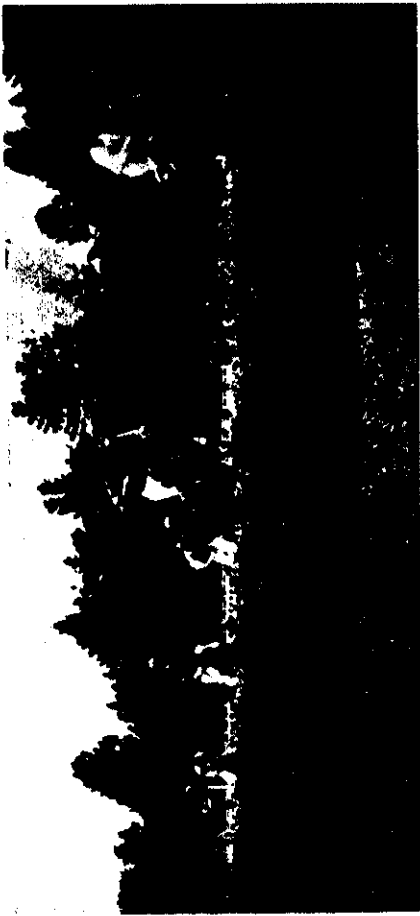


Forwarded to the "Graphic" by A. M. Forbes, Hyderabad Bazaar.

THE RECENT DEVASTATING FLOODS AT HYDERABAD, INDIA. THE AFZUL GUNG BRIDGE AND BAZAAR AFTER THE FLOOD.

The water stood 60 feet high at the bridge. The middle distance was the most densely populated part of the city, and was swept from end to end by the waters.

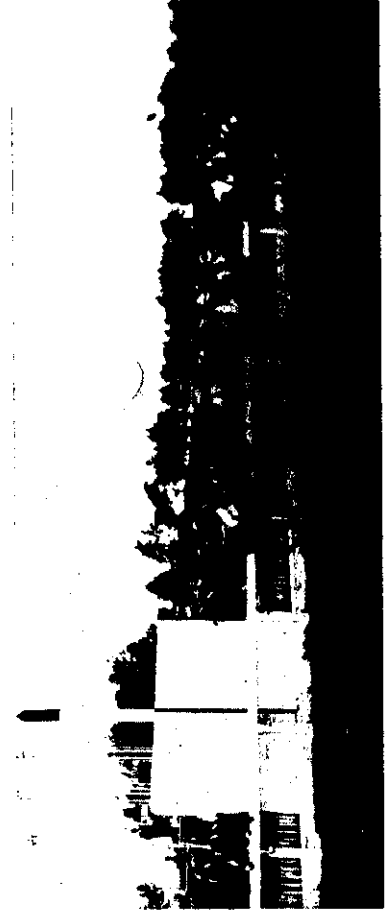
See "Our Illustrations."



WAYER JUMP, HUNTERS STEEPLE, MOZART AND CONNECTICUT IN THE LEAD.



TE ARDHA WINNING THE ASCOT HANDICAP, LOCHBUCHE, 2; MORAL, 3.



FINISH OF PARNELL HANDICAP: ROYAL SOULT, 1; CAMBRIAN, 2; HALDANE, 3.



FINISH OF THE JUVENILE HANDICAP: J. J. CHARG'S SEA ELF, 1; SARLUTE, 2; ETNA, 3.



AT THE FIRST JUMP, MAIDEN HURDLES, MARK TIME LEADING.



AT THE SECOND FENCE, HUNTER'S STEEPLE.

Mozart, who hit very hard, leading from Connecticut. Note position Jockey Solly.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE LAST DAY OF THE SPRING MEETING. AUCKLAND.



MR. W. DAVIS' B. M. TE AROHA, WINNER OF THE SCOT HANDICAP.



ROYAL SOULT, WINNER OF THE WYNARD AND FARRELL HANDICAPS.



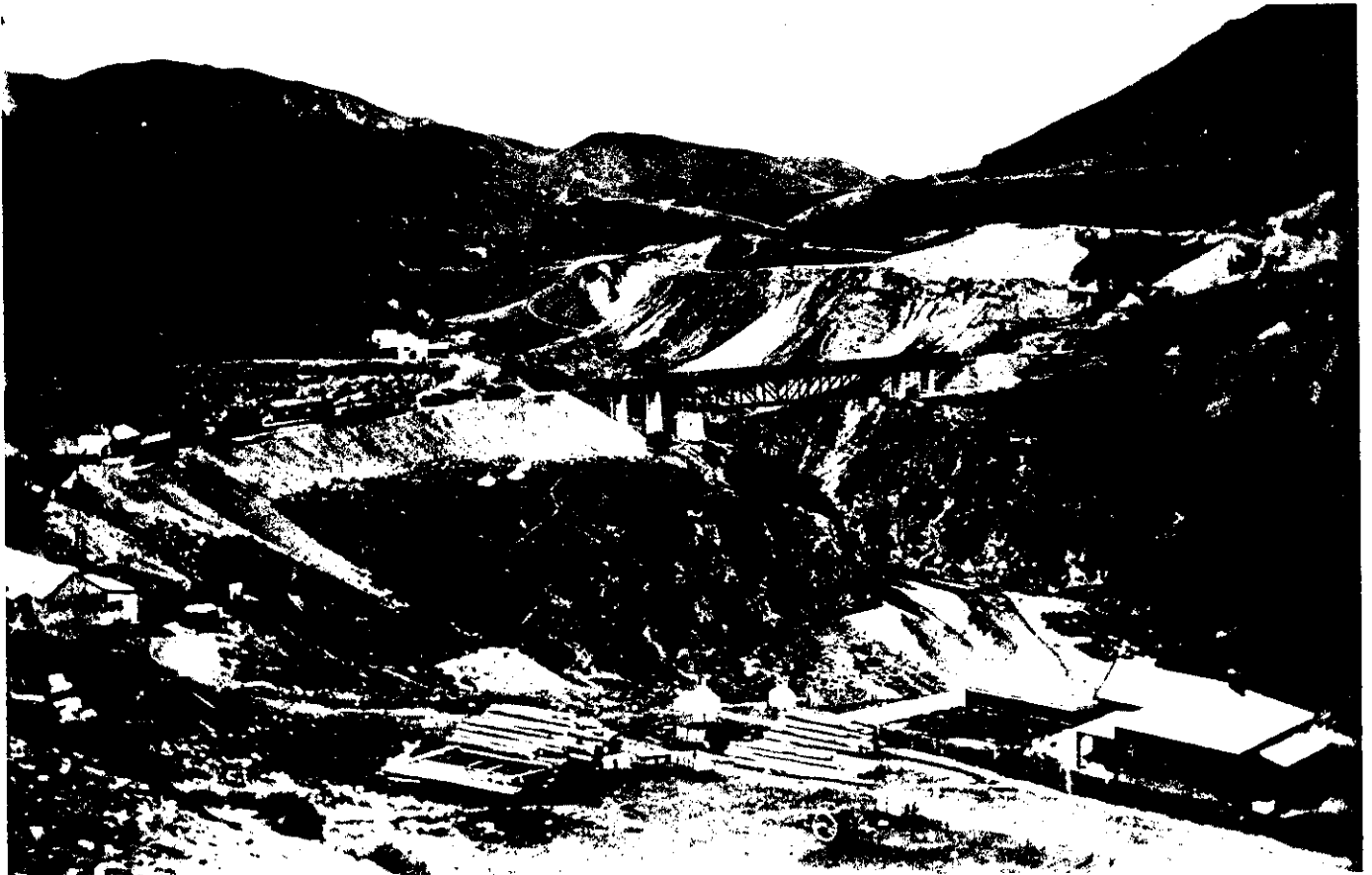
MR. J. G. SUTHERLANDS LUSCOMBE, WINNER OF MAIDEN HURDLES (THIRD DAY), AT THE LAST FENCE.

SNAPSHOTS AT THE LAST DAY OF THE SPRING MEETING. AUCKLAND.



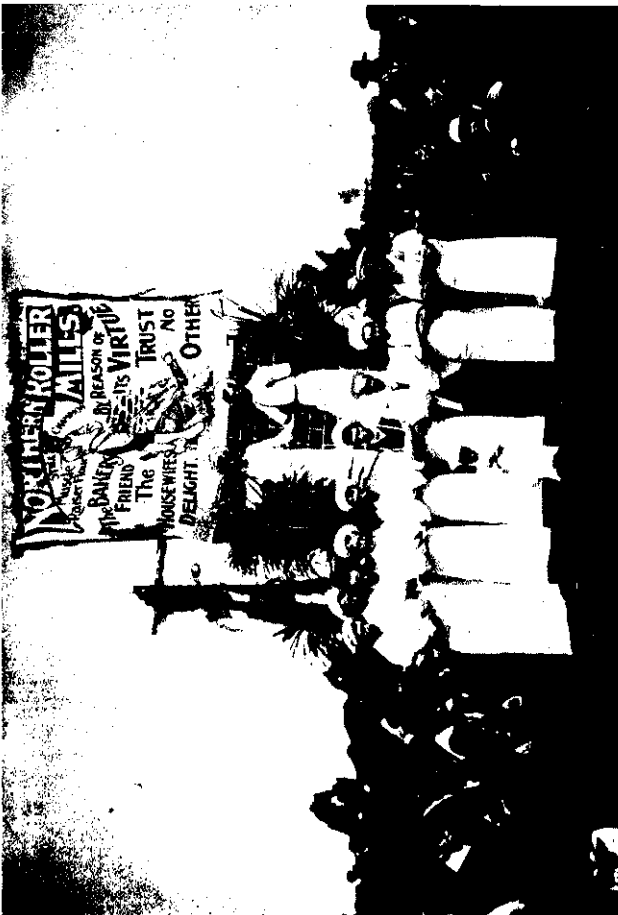
THE RAILWAY PASSING LAKE SARAH.

The railway bends round the lake through the gap on the right of the picture, and then turns sharply to the left and runs parallel to the dividing range in the background.



The line may be seen emerging from a tunnel in the centre of the picture, and winding through cuttings and over embankments to the bridge. This is about the most difficult few miles of the whole route.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY OF THE DOMINION OF NEW ZEALAND.



NORTHERN ROLLER MILLS' "CHAMPION" DISPLAY AT THE RECENT PROCESSION IN GISBORNE.
T. Thomas, photo, Gisborne. Sent with the compliments of the Gisborne Operative Bakers.



FOUR GENERATIONS OF COLONISTS.

On the right and left of the picture are seated Mr. and Mrs. James Davis, who came to New Zealand in the Queen of the Age, starting the now well-known bakery business of James Davis. Standing behind are Mrs. M. A. Harvey and child and Mr. James Davis, jun.



THE NEW PAVILION, GREENMEADOWS BOWLING CLUB, NAPIER.



OPENING DAY, GREENMEADOWS BOWLING CLUB, NAPIER.

THE WHANGAPE'S MISHAP.

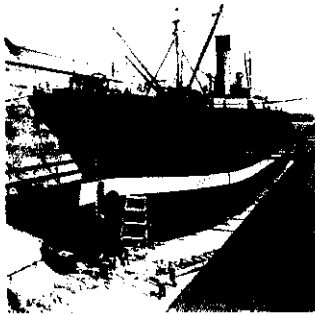
REPAIRING A BROKEN TAIL-SHAFT AT SEA.

It is hard for the landsmen to realise what it means when he reads that after many difficulties the engineering staff of some steamer, which has had the misfortune to break her tail-shaft miles from land, "reflected temporarily, and got the vessel under her own steam again." The hours and hours of hard work this simple statement means appeal to the man who knows. The accompanying photographs of the accident, which recently befel the Union Company's Whangape, will give the reader a very good idea of the task the engineers accomplished in the face of difficulties, which would easily daunt men of less resolute nature. It will be remembered that the steamer, on her last trip from Westport to Suva, Fiji, broke her propeller shaft, when about 165 miles from her destination. Captain Chrisp immediately despatched a boat in charge of Mr R. J.

Continued on page 15.



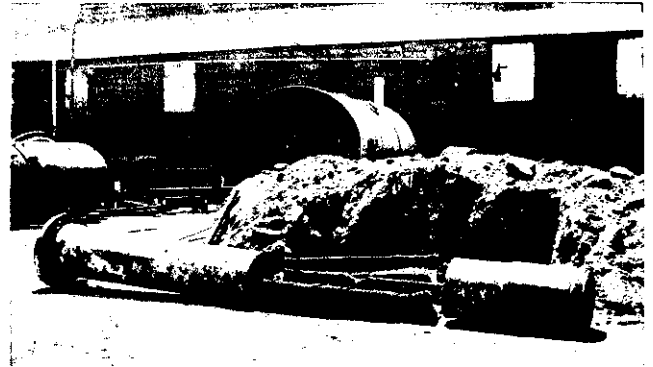
SWORD FISH CAPTURED AT AUCKLAND LAST WEEK AFTER BEING DISABLED IN A TERRIFIC COMBAT WITH A COW WHALE IN THE HAURAKI GULF.



The Whangape in the Calliope Dock, Auckland, having a new shaft fitted by Messrs George Fraser and Sons, Limited.



Boat in charge of Mr. R. J. Reeves, second officer, leaving the Whangape for Suva. When 27 miles from Suva the boat was picked up by the Atua and taken into port.



THE WHANGAPE'S STERN TUBE.

In order to effect temporary repairs, Chief Engineer Swann and his staff had to drill 150 holes through this steel tube two inches thick, and the difficulty was accentuated by the cramped situation in which the whole work had to be done—close up to the stern post, the narrowest part of the ship.



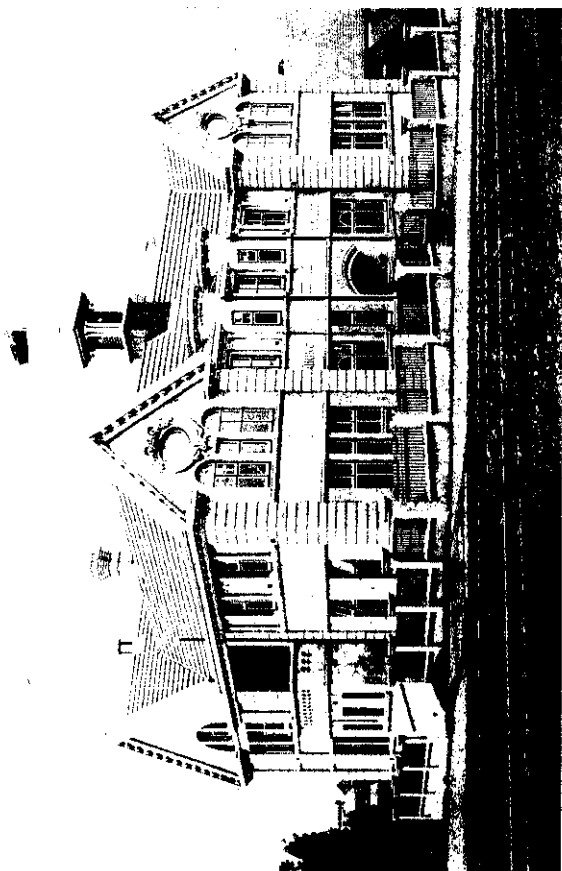
THE SUMMER SHOW OF THE WANGANUI A. AND P. SOCIETY.



THE CRITICISM CLASS IN SESSION.



A GROUP OF STUDENTS WHO ACTED "SHE STROPS TO CONQUER."



THE NEW BUILDING.



THE SWIMMING BATH.

OPENING OF THE NEW TRAINING COLLEGE, WELLESLEY STREET, AUCKLAND.

See "Our Illustrations."

Golden Days in Many Lands.



THE GANGES NEAR THE SATI CHAURA, OR MASSACRE GHAT, CAWNPORE.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL.

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

CAWNPORE, LUCKNOW, BENARES. TWO MUTINY MEMORIES AND A HOLY CITY.

A FEW HOURS suffices for a visit to Cawnpore, the memories of the place are too dreary, too bitter for an English man or woman to desire to remain long among them. We arrived there from Delhi early one morning, having spent half the night on an uncomfortable railway journey. After breakfasting at the

station restaurant, we drove in to the famous entrenchments where General Wheeler and his few hundred men defied the rebel forces for three weeks. The ground chosen by Wheeler was some flat land which surrounded a small barracks. Here earthworks hardly exceeding four feet in height had been hurriedly raised and a few guns dragged into

position, and this constituted practically the only defence which the besieged force had. Surely the enemy were completely lacking in courage, as they were in most cases lacking in generalship, when they could be kept at bay for even one day by such poor battlements as surrounded the British at Cawnpore.

The first object of interest that at-

tracts our attention as we enter the line of fortifications is the Memorial Church, erected in 1875, in the centre of the entrenchments, and dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate men and women who lost their lives during the siege. From the belfry of the church a view is obtained of the surroundings, which, to a certain extent, are green and peaceful, and show no ugly scars left by the dreadful deeds perpetrated in the vicinity; but otherwise the country is flat and monotonous. Peeping through the trees a mile to the south-west is the Savada Kothi, in which the fugitives from Fatehgarh were massacred by the Nana's troops. North of the railway station rise the chimneys of the Government flour mills, and further north again lies the city itself—a fairly clean city as Hindu cities go, mainly given over to the manufacture of harness, shoes, and other forms of leather goods. A few white pagodas and minarets gleam among the trees which surround the city, but we had no heart to admire or feel interest in these.

Near to the Ganges, which slinks moodily by this city of atrocities, is the Memorial School. To the English visitor the whole place seems a memorial of the brave men and women who underwent the most dreadful horrors of the Mutiny. Around the Memorial Church are the scenes of the three weeks' siege, when the Nana Sahib, embittered by the action of the Government in withholding from him the pension which he considered should have descended to him on the death of his foster-father Baji Rao Peshwa, the last sovereign of Puna, took the leadership of the mutinous rebels, and was the instigator of the deeds that make the memories of Cawnpore so ghastly. Across a field from the church is the well to which the besieged had to go daily to obtain water, for this was the only water supply within the lines; few days passed without some woman or child meeting death in an attempt to draw the water under the vigilant fire of the enemy. At another corner of the entrenchment is a well surmounted by a cross, beneath which we read the mournful story of how two hundred and fifty of the garrison were buried there by their fellow sufferers. In this unconventional grave, men, women, and children lie bunched together. Very terrible, indeed, it must have seemed to those brave defenders to add day by day to the number of their comrades who already lay in the well. Yet, had they known it, these were happier in their early call than they themselves were to be. At the end of three weeks the state of things within the British lines

Continued on page 41.



THE MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.



A RIVERSIDE SCENE, BENARES.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GHATS, BENARES.



THE BURNING GHAT, BENARES, WHERE THE DEAD ARE CREMATED.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW.

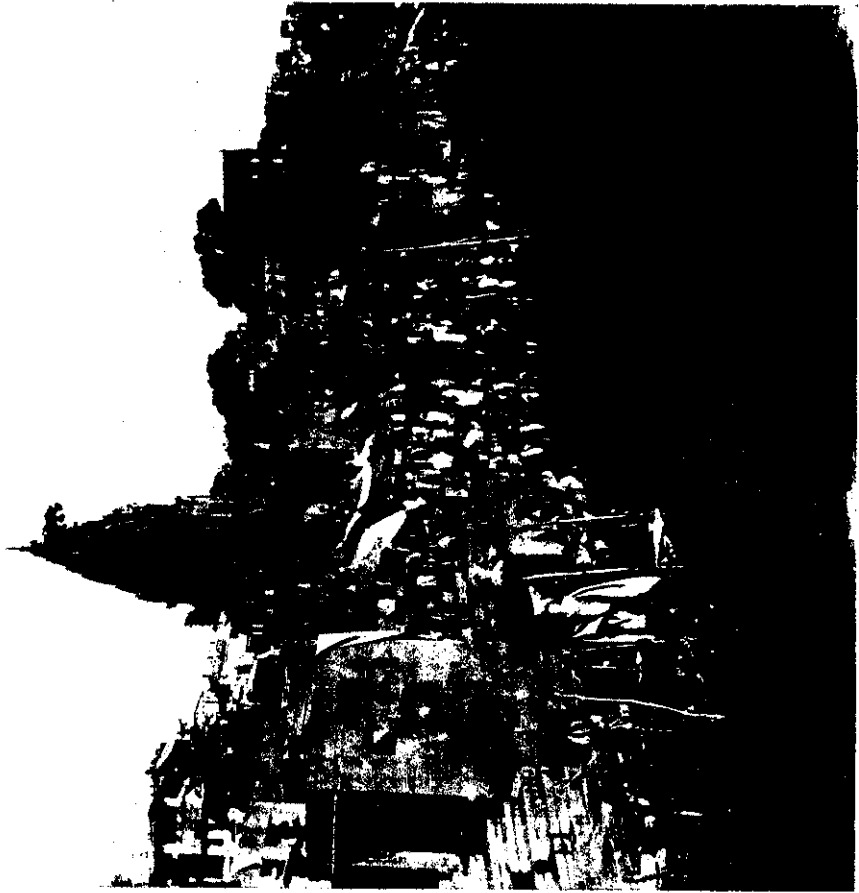


A STREET SCENE, BENARES.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT QUAMRAAH, LUCKNOW.



A BUSY MORNING ON THE GHATS, BENARES.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Concerning the New American President

A Discursive and Descriptive Life Story of the Uncrowned King of the United States of America

The Tafts are the kind of people who most of their lives have lived in a house of nine rooms, on an income ranging from two to six thousand dollars a year, with one or two servants, a horse and buggy, and a child at college. The independence of America is in that class. For the man who does not need a valet is not much awed by a king. If Taft should be made President of this Republic he would never cease to be in the heart of him a strap-hanger, a commuter, not of the city, with its crass wealth and biting poverty, nor of the country—but a suburban president, the first of his type.

NOT WILLIAM OR WILL OR WILLIE OR BILL.

Often an illuminating squint at a man may be had by looking at his boyhood. In his early teens he resembled the type of tall, rawboned, lubberly, squeaky-voiced, milky-eyed, shock-headed, big-footed boy who laughs at himself more than at anyone else; and Taft's whole boyhood career is epitomised in the fact that a dozen or so of men now in their late forties and early fifties scattered over this planet remember the Honorable Secretary of War, not as William, not even as Will, certainly not as Willie, and not as Bill, but as "old Bill" Taft.

When he entered Yale, where his father had been a student before him, young Taft, in spite of the fact that his father was a member of Grant's Cabinet at the time, still remained "old Bill." He didn't let his father's honours bother him, but in school went after his own honours. And he did that job well, finished it up, rounded it off, put in good measure, and quit the second man in a class of 120 boys. That was his effectiveness showing itself.

Five generations of Yankee ancestors—hard-working, painstaking, efficient and quick-witted—were bred into him, and blood told, so he went into life with the desk cleared. He worked on the newspapers as court reporter, studied law, and accumulated some degrees and some honours in studying it, and—with his father's prestige to start upon—went into politics in Cincinnati. He knew the gang.



THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE ON A SUMMER VACATION AT MURRAY BAY, QUEBEC.

and worked with it when he could, and against it when he had to. But he was half-fellow with every one—good people and bad people. He was so diligent that he was hired by the county prosecutor as an assistant when he was 21. As a reporter in his late teens, he had helped a young man to be prosecuting attorney by pushing a fight on a crooked attorney, and the young man made Taft his assistant. When he was 23 he was far enough along in Cincinnati politics to be made collector of internal revenue, a compromise candidate, at Congressman Benjamin Butterworth's suggestion, without applying for the place; but as the job was a mere money-getting job, paying

Condensed from the brilliant article by WILLIAM ALLAN WHITE in the "American Magazine."



MR. TAFT AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

about ten thousand a year, he gave it up. His father was a lawyer, and his father's father was a lawyer; the race was a race of gentlemen, not of money-makers, and young Taft instinctively slipped back into the law. He had no faith in money as a generator of power. It was not in his blood. So when he married the sweetheart of his youth, he was practising law, and was probably good for something over \$100 a month to keep the wolf from the door.

A GLUTTON FOR WORK.

In those days he was a hulking six-footer, just under 30, moon-faced, good-natured, who threw off work by the ton,

to sow wild oats he would have harvested them by the car-load. But he sowed no wild oats, and turned into his thirties a clean-skinned, clear-eyed, sharp-brained, hard-muscled, soft-hearted, well-read, well-bred young gentleman, whom the younger men were pointing to with some pride, and their ambitious elders, seeing him climb, were viewing with some alarm.

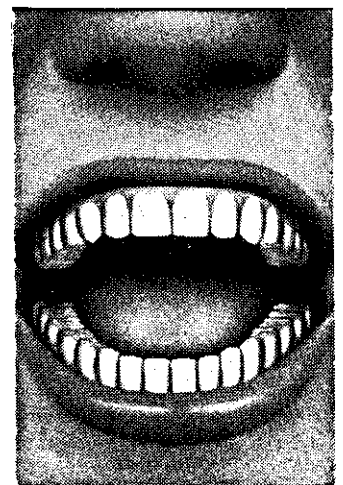
Then, in 1890, Benjamin Harrison, being President, made young Mr Taft, aged 33, solicitor-general of the United States, and he had a man's work on his desk when he sat down to it. But the yellow moustache of youth shaded a firm, strong mouth, and the blue eyes were awash with visions that sometimes flooded through them into the world about him, and the moon-face of adolescence was growing sturdy and full of character.

HOW TAFT AND ROOSEVELT MET.

But the most important thing that came into the life of Solicitor-General Taft in Washington was not his legal victories. They were incidents of the day's work. He was 33 years old, and, as they say, "young for his age." Youth was still afire in him, and the interstices of his mind were waxen. So when in knocking about Washington young Taft, living in the real world of ideals, and scorning the dream world of material things, met a short, stocky, bull-necked, high-souled young man with the Harvard pickle nearly washed off his mind—a civil service commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt by name, as full of energy as a newly wound clock—the stars of two destinies hatched up a notch in their orbits and prepared for a long parallel journey. Never were men who were basically one so entirely antipodal in their expression of the same ideals. Externally, Taft is everything that Roosevelt is not. Taft begins each day by a weary, painful, perfunctory, half-hour of gymnastic pyrrations—a kind of canned exercise—which, having been opened and devoured, finishes his physical duty for the day. Roosevelt takes his exercise in the open, with the joy of a satyr in it. Roosevelt's mental processes are quick, intuitive, and sure. Until he has made up his mind he is a most open-minded person. Taft works it out. He is never too sure to receive new evidence. Taft grasps a proposition, wrestles with it without resting and without fatigue until it is settled or solved. His joy is found at the end of the road. Roosevelt's joy is found in many roads.

He wearies of monotony, and keeps divers interests in his mind, many things to employ him under the head of unfinished business. If Providence is slow in sending wars and rumours of wars—what ho, for the nature fakers! Let us be up and doing.

Roosevelt has a marvellous moral sense; he has a detective's nose for finding iniquity in measures. Taft has a prodigious capacity for hard, consecutive work and an instinct for evidence founded on a broad, charitable affection for men, whom he knows as a hunter knows his dogs; and Taft finds the right of things, as Roosevelt finds it, but by a different path. Taft enjoys his meals. Roosevelt, absorbed in work or play, would eat hay and not know it. With Roosevelt culture is like bear-hunting, trust-fighting, muck-raking or fence-jumping, a rampant, gorgeous reaction upon his insatiable soul. With Taft culture is a sweet, indelible mental and moral digestant tincture that colours his soul's eyes so that he may see a delightful world; or, to change the figure, it is an easy garment, a sort of drapery of his spiritual couch, which he wraps about him and lies down to "pleasant dreams." He has read widely—though not so widely as Roosevelt probably. To find that Taft has read a certain book pleases but does not amaze one. Yet the two men are fundamentally of the same stuff, of the same mind and of the same heart, and when in Washington in those early days of the nineties Taft and Roosevelt loafed together and invited their souls, they established one of those strong friendships that may be established only by men whose exteriors form such antipathetical sutures that they unite by a spiritual affinity. Both of them scorned money. Neither cared for the thing known as society. Each knew the vanity of the thing called power, and with all their hearts they despised the selfish, sordid, greedy, money getting tendency of the times. Each was the complement of the other. Taft gave Roosevelt poise. Roosevelt fired the soul of Taft. No other friendship in our modern politics has meant more to the American people than has this youthful attachment of William Taft and Theodore Roosevelt, for it has made two most im-



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portant and devoted public servants wiser, kindlier, more useful men.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S DISLIKE OR ROOSEVELT.

It is curious how men so similar at heart can affect other men so differently. Whenever Commissioner Roosevelt of the Civil Service came into President Harrison's room on official business, the precise, punctilious little president would begin drumming on the table nervously and show in a number of ways his impatient

Judge Taft went into his life's work. Thirty-five is rather young for a man to sit in a Court, but one remove from the highest Court in his country. It was said of him that he lacked dignity; that he laughed too easily; that he romped with his wife and babies too much, and that—horrible dictum!—he hummed and whistled at his work in his office, and surrounded himself with no ceremonious outer guards, but worked by an open door. His blond moustache, his merry blue eyes, his heavy mop of dark-brown

country terrorised. No judge among all the graybeards on the Bench had reached out an effective hand to stop the spread of disorder. And Phelan took a casual glance at the youthful-looking person on the Circuit Bench, and after the Court had enjoined Phelan from inciting the men to strike, he held a meeting, defied the Court, and called out the boys. But Phelan made a bad guess, and went to gaol for contempt of Court, as a result of that casual glance at the young judge, who whistled in his office. Phelan overlooked the jaw, a broad, hard, canine feature, well upholstered in adipose, but still a powerful lever that did not budge under pressure. Judge Taft gave Phelan a trial. Having heard the evidence, the judge announced that he would render his decision at noon on the fourth day thereafter.

As the second and third day passed, the forces of disorder attempted to terrorise the judge. Feeling grew bitter, and the judge's friends urged him to defer his decision; or to postpone the reading of the decision; or to let it be read and absent himself from court—at least to have a bodyguard. But Taft and his stenographer worked on. All the night of the third day he spent on his decision, going over it and over it. The stenographer wearied toward morning, and the judge went on alone. At half-past nine of the fourth morning the stenographer came back, and the two worked until noon. A great crowd had assembled in the court-room. There was danger in the air. Judge Taft, with the bland smile still on his cherubic face, mounted to the bench and read the decision which sent Phelan to jail. As he read, the fires of just wrath began to glow in the judge's eyes, and colour began to flame in his face. As he finished he addressed the sullen crowd before him, and his voice rang out in a clear challenge like the blast from a horn. "When you leave this room I want you to go with the conviction that if there is any power in the army of the United States to run these trains, these trains will run," and the big iron fist banged on the bench, and the man of wrath looked into the faces of those who had threatened him, and they saw their

master. The judge rose, strode to his room, and the crowd melted silently away. He had stood the test. Moral courage, backed by physical courage, had been welded into his soul.



MR. TAFT, MISS HELEN TAFT, AND MASTER CHARLES TAFT.

irritation at the length of the interview, however short it might be. Yet so greatly did he admire Solicitor Taft, who believed in the same thing that Roosevelt believed in, and was working toward exactly the same end, that President Harrison promoted Solicitor Taft to a judgeship in the United States Circuit Court—an honour rarely conferred upon so young a man and a distinction which marked him as a man among ten thousand at the American bar.

So with the spring of youth still in his step, a firm, hard, masculine step, young

hair, and the cherubic look on his big face, conspired with his soft, sibilant, self-deprecatory voice to create the impression that he was like the good aster of the song, "Mild and lovely, gentle as the summer breeze"; and so in the Debs strike of 1894 a labour leader named Phelan came down to Cincinnati to call the boys out on a railroad which, for the moment, was in Judge Taft's Court in a receivership. It looked like an easy proposition. Here was the whole Mississippi Valley paralysed by a strike of railroad employees, who had the



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Three times in his judicial career was Judge Taft compelled by the evidence and the law to decide against organised labour. And not once did he flinch.

For eight years Judge Taft sat on the federal bench, and just when it seemed that the time was ripe for his promotion to the supreme bench of the United States—the goal of his life's ambition—he was called away from his work, and the course of his life was changed.

It was in 1900 that President McKinley called Judge Taft to Washington, and begged him to accept the presidency of the Philippine Commission. The Judge frankly protested that he had not believed in holding the Philippines, and that he was not the man to send to govern them, even if he had come to feel a duty toward the Filipinos as wards of the nation. But McKinley prevailed—prevailed even over Judge Taft's further protest, that his ambition was judicial and not executive—by replying: "You will make a better Supreme Court judge for having served on this commission than you will make if you remain on the circuit bench." So McKinley sent Taft to the Philippines. Now it is really more significant for the uses of this narrative to vote that McKinley sent Taft to the Philippines than to set down the fact that he went there: for McKinley's greatest strength as a public man was his inflexible judgment of men. He chose men for tasks with an intuition that was marvellous considering the obvious limitations of McKinley in other directions. McKinley's greatest heritage to his country probably will be found to be the men he chose as public servants, men like Roosevelt and Root and Taft and Knox, and Hanna with all his intensely human faults. Without these men and the public service they have done since McKinley's defeat, the country would be much behind its present progress. And the fact that McKinley, living in the State where Taft had grown up and done his greatest service, chose him for the most important office in the president's gift that last year of the passing century, is even a greater compliment to Taft, and a surer index to his sturdy character, than is the manifest fact that President Roosevelt prefers Taft to all other candidates as the next president of this Republic. For Roosevelt knows measures infinitely better than he knows men.

Taft's work in the Philippines was that of the benevolent despot. He went without let or hindrance. His job was somewhat judicial, more or less legislative, and largely administrative. A man is a remarkable man who can spend his whole life in legal work holding positions largely judicial, and then step without faltering or stumbling into a place requiring rare executive ability and extraordinary executive skill. Only a man of genius could do it, and when one reflects that genius is the capacity for hard work, one sees

how Taft did it; one understands why he succeeded, and why McKinley knew that Taft could do the work.

Then Taft came back to serve in the cabinet of the young man who had walked and talked and worked with him a dozen years before. They never let their friendship grow stale. And twice while Taft was in the Philippines did he refuse the offer of a place in the Supreme Court



MRS. BRYAN.

which Roosevelt tendered, because Taft believed that the Filipinos needed him as governor worse than the Supreme Court needed him as judge. And when he got home after his four years' work, all that he had to show in material goods for nearly fifty years of life was fifteen hundred dollars in money and a good name. Yet he went whistling to his work, happy in the belief that he had done something in the world that money could not do.



MR. BRYAN'S CLEVER ELDER DAUGHTER, MRS. W. H. LEAVITT

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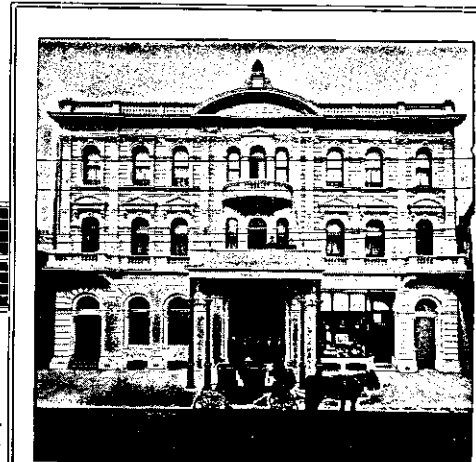


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they peak out occasionally through the cracks of his smiles. It is not the benign face of meditative inaction, but the kind, charitable face of the man who has worked with men, and found them for the most part good. The body of this man is six feet high and more, still unbent, still with some reminiscences of youth in it. The skin of the face and hands is fresh and unwrinkled, and tells of a clean, well-regulated life. And the whole creature, soul and body, each visible in the natural, unaffected expression of the figure, seems to tell a straight, simple, direct story of a strong, kindly, gentle, hearty, highly cultivated man. "Old Bill" has gone, and a rather serious man has come into his kingdom—a man who has quick humour, but little malice in his wit, a diligent man, who sighs sometimes and smiles sometimes when no one is talking, and who at rare intervals and early in the morning will whistle if he is alone.

What kind of a president, all things considered, will he make? That, after all, is the reason why this article was written. If its facts are passably correct, one may deduce certain things from

them. Assuming that the facts hereinbefore set down are correct, it is obvious that first of all we may expect a president who will work hard—for he has but two meals a day and toils without resting from ten until six every day; then we may expect that he will work hard with a kind, self-offering spirit, then that he will work hard unselfishly and without much initiative. For he has rarely gone from beaten paths, though he has shown that he can go alone. The great things he has done in this world have been done at the desk. He is "no orator as Brutus is." He will say little and do much.

But what is there to do? That is important in considering his relation to the presidency. In the first place, in the executive department of this Government there is much unfinished business—begun with entire propriety and in the fire of the heart, but still only begun. There are a dozen and more great epoch-making law-suits pending—mostly in federal courts of the first instance—which must be pushed through by the executive department to a successful adjudication by the Supreme Court before certain laws



MR. AND MRS. TAFT AND THEIR SON CHARLES.

and that he was worth more to his country and to his family than if he had set himself to make money and do good with it. He set to work digging the Isthmian canal as cheerfully as a boy builds a dam across a brook. It was not judicial work. His ambition still lay in another direction, but again, the third time when he could have satisfied that ambition to go on the supreme bench, he squinted up his eyes, took the case under advisement and handed down an opinion against himself and for the work in hand. Trouble in Cuba came, and he humped himself under

it, and carried it, feeling its thanklessness, its hopelessness, and its galling burden the while, but laughing through it all, and working overtime at the miserable business.

And now we have a rounded, full-grown man of fifty more or less, with a streak of grey in his blond moustache, with a thin patch in his brown hair, with a firm, manly stride, with rather a husky, soft-spoken drawl, with blue eyes sometimes vaguely dimmed by moisture; he is a man with a large face from which the cherubs have been driven by care, though



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Pearls, 66/-

15ct. Gold, £3

Pearls £3 10/-

Turquoise and Pearl, £4 10/-

Turquoise and Pearl, 21

By Special Appointment to His Excellency
the Governor.

W. Littlejohn & Son

224-222 Lambton Quay,
WELLINGTON.

Finest Quality London-made Jewellery. All Settings 18ct. Gold. All Prices include Cases. Discount for Cash, 5 per cent

may be enforced. We have statutes but little law upon the great vital questions now before the American people for first settlement. The railroad law is an undigested statute, new and raw and not entirely understood, certainly not entirely adjusted to our commercial life. The Sherman law, which Judge Taft's opinion revived and reinforced, still lacks much of being a perfect statute. Many of its provisions literally and maliciously enforced would work more harm than good. The Pure Food law is still in the making before the courts. The Panama Canal is only well begun. Our relations with Cuba loom big on the horizon, unsettled and portentous, and even with our insular possessions relations have assumed no time-worn security. There is enough unfinished business in the executive branch of this government to keep an active man in the presidential office busy night and day for half a dozen years, if he does nothing else. Indeed, the most rapid progress towards a more equitable distribution of the common wealth of this nation may be secured not by piling up new work on the executive desk, but by clearing off the desk.

The times demand not a man bearing promises of new things, but a man who can finish the thing begun. Such a man is Taft, a hewer of wood, who has no ambition to link his name with new measures, but who, with a steady hand, and a heart always kind and a mind always generously just, can clean off the desk.

He knows the desk is cluttered up. He knows that it may take six or eight years merely to get down to the mahogany under things now pending. But the American people know that some way this must be done before this nation can go further. And hence, in the Mississippi valley at least, there is a belief that the man who can make the Hepburn railroad law as much a part of our common life as the postal regulations, who can grind the rough edges off the Sherman law through the courts, who can finish the canal, and deal with Cuba kindly, honestly and firmly, who can lead the brown men of the islands further into the light, is this big hard-working soft-hearted, fair-minded, unselfish man, Taft. He can clean off the desk.



BALAAAM BRYAN.
 "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?"—
 Numbers xxii. 28.
 —Baltimore "Sun."



Says Bill to Bill: "What's the use of holding these conventions anyway?"
 Cleveland "Plain Dealer."



THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.
 Theodore Roosevelt (to William H. Taft, his candidate for the Presidency): "There, sonny, I've fixed you up so they won't know the difference between us."
 —"Punch."
 (See Illustration, Page 48.)

pered, much to the annoyance of the latter.

Meanwhile, the invasion of Scotland by rich men who have taken to shooting late in life has sent up the expenses of guests in every direction. In many Scotch houses the large staff of servants are out of all proportion to the size of the domains, and this means a list of "tips" to be added to the out-of-door expenses.

The modern gillies have taken the cue from their temporary masters, and their ideas of recompense have grown. The head keeper expects and receives nothing less than £5, and £1 each is the usual "tip" to gillies.

When there is a chauffeur as well as a coachman, the guest must part with at least another sovereign. Added to these expenses are "tips" to indoor servants travelling expenses, cartridges, and a game licence, so that an invitation to one northern shoot means an expenditure of about £20.

The White Plague.

The terrible ravages of consumption in Great Britain are graphically illustrated by two statements made in a new book by Dr. Arthur Newsholme, chief medical officer to the Local Government Board, entitled, "The Prevention of Tuberculosis":—

"No fewer than 60,205 persons died in England and Wales from consumption in 1904.

"The total of the deaths from the acute infectious diseases was only 67,154 in the same year."

More than one-tenth of the death-rate, he says, is attributable to consumption.

Ten million pounds a year, he declares, would be saved if the country could eliminate pulmonary consumption alone. A well-known insurance company has estimated the loss on each person who dies from consumption at between £20 and £25.

The importance of the pasteurisation of milk is emphasised by Dr. Newsholme's strong remarks on the danger of children acquiring the disease in the milk they drink.

Decadence of Sport.

Many sportsmen of the old school resent the manner in which modern shooting parties are conducted in the North, says a Home paper.

In the "good old days" the "glorious Twelfth" saw three or four "guns" tramping over the heather quite content to shoot over dogs and ready to continue this method for many days until the grouse became impossibly wild.

To-day the owners of "big shoots" invite treble the number of guests, who would not dream of walking up the moors or of doing much tramping when they reach them in brakes and motor-cars.

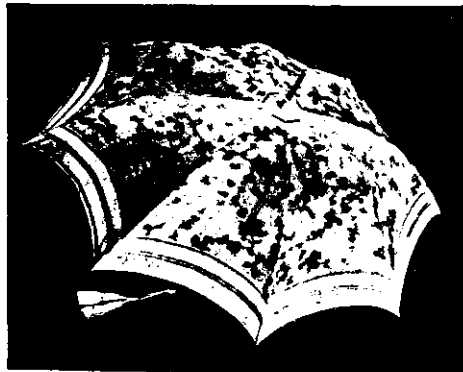
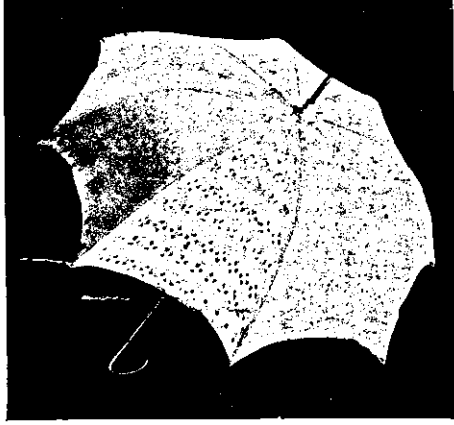
It is the day of driven grouse, and the driving begins on the opening day. The times of sandwiches and flasks have gone, and the modern luncheons on the moors are as elaborate as those served in any London restaurant.

The butts are made as comfortable as possible, and the fair sex at some "shoots" are allowed to accompany the "guns"—sometimes, it should be whis-

Smart Sunshades for Summer.

THE Sunshade plays a double part in a lady's summer outfit. It is useful in keeping off the rays of the sun, and, if it blends with the costume, adds greatly to the appearance of its user.

We have sunshades in every design and colouring, of all suitable materials, and at prices to suit the lean purse or the stout.



- PLAIN COLOURED SILK PARASOLS, in Pink Sky Navy Green Brown Cardinal White, and Cream, 5/6, 7/6, 9/6, 11/6, 12/6, 13/6 each.
- PLAIN COLOURED BORDERED GLACE PARASOLS, in Pink Sky Navy Green Brown Wine and Violet; newest handles; very smart goods, 18/6 each.
- SPECIAL VALUE IN FANCY TUSSORE PARASOLS, with assorted coloured borders, 13/6 each.
- TUSSORE PARASOLS, lined Green, Brown or Sky, 7/11 and 11/6.
- ECRU LAWN PARASOLS, lined Green or Sky, 4/11; splendid value.
- PLAIN AND FIGURED TUSSORE PARASOLS, 4/6, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6, 8/11.
- LIGHT FANCY COTTON PARASOLS, all latest designs, 3/11, 4/9, 4/11, 6/3, 7/6 and 8/6.
- LIGHT FANCY SILK CHENE PARASOLS, newest colourings and designs, 10/6, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6 upwards.
- FANCY WHITE EMBROIDERED LAWN AND MUSLIN PARASOLS, 7/11, 10/6, 14/6, 15/11.
- BLACK AND WHITE, and WHITE AND BLACK PARASOLS, in newest effects, 5/6, 7/6, 8/6, 9/6 to 16/6.
- CHILDREN'S PARASOLS, in almost endless variety, 1/-, 1/3, 1/6, 1/9, 2/3, 2/6 to 5/6.

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Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

COMING EVENTS.

Auckland Summer Exhibition, Nov. 21 and 22, Choral Hall.

Nelson Summer Show, Nov. 20 and 21; Sweet Pea Show, about middle December (date later).

NEXT WEEK'S WORK.

By VERONICA.

SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

Flower.—Balsam, Cockscomb, Celosia, Cosmos, Impatiens Holstii, Phlox Drummondii, Portulaca, Miniature Sunflower, Nasturtium, Zinnia Elegans, Variegated Maize.

Vegetable.—Beet, Broccoli, Celery, Carrot, Cucumber, Egg Plant, Kidney Beans, Runner Beans, Lettuce, Radish, Parsnip, Peppers, Spinach, Turnips, Rhubarb, Peas, Melons, Pumpkins, Squashes, Sugar Corn.

Plant Out.—Tomato, Cape Gooseberries, Cabbage, Lettuce, Kumeras, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, Bedding-out Plants.

GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

There is plenty of work to be undertaken during this month. Owing to the showery weather we have had, crops are generally in a forward condition, and weeds are growing most luxuriantly. Every effort must be made to destroy weeds before they get strong. Sow Kidney Beans and Scarlet and other Runners; continue successional sowings of Peas, and earth up and stake those sufficiently advanced. Celery can be transplanted into prepared trenches; Cape Gooseberries and Tomatoes should be got in as soon as possible. Towards the end of the month plant out Kumeras, Cucumbers, Melons, Squashes and Pumpkins should be planted out when properly hardened off. Seeds of these may also be sown where they are to grow. Strawberry beds, if not already attended to, should be mulched with short grass or litter of some kind to keep the fruit clean. Sow saladings as required, and continue transplanting lettuce. Carrots, Turnips and other similar crops, thin out, and keep the hoe constantly at work stirring the soil. Spray Potatoes with Bordeaux mixture or Vermorite.

In the flower garden, bedding plants should be set out as soon as possible. Dahlias and Chrysanthemums are best planted out this month. Early flowering bulbs should be lifted when ripe, dried, and carefully stored. Roses may be given liquid manure once or twice a week, and also syringed once a fortnight with Gishurst's Compound, soft soap or other insecticide to destroy green fly. Carnations and Pinks need regular staking and, where practical, mulched with manure.

The lawn will require frequent mowing and rolling. Fruit trees in bearing will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of manure; those recently planted should be examined and securely staked where this has been overlooked; stir the soil lightly with a fork (a spade should not be used). Spraying the orchard will require careful attention; it is now generally admitted that Swift's Arsenate of Lead is the best known preparation to use for codlin moth. It is manufactured from the best chemicals, under expert supervision, and if used according to the directions will not scald the foliage.

GARDEN NOTES.

The annual summer show of the Auckland Horticultural Society takes place within the Choral Hall on 20th and 21st inst. The chief attractions at this exhibition are roses and sweet peas, and as the season has been a favourable one, we anticipate the quality of the blooms will be above the average. The popularity of the rose and sweet pea is universal, and we strongly urge all to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing one of the best displays of the year.

Apples are setting fruit freely, plums are extremely promising, peaches and nectarines so far as we have observed are also well laden, and providing no untoward circumstances arise the fruit crop promises to be much above the average.

Strawberries are fruiting early and freely this season, and unless we have a dry spell there will be a very good yield; gooseberries also are a fairly good crop.

Nemesia Strumosa Suttonii.—Those who sowed this seed early are now enjoying a magnificent display of bloom. Beds planted with this splendid annual are conspicuous in any garden. They last a long time in flower, and are easily grown.

The Autumn Show of the National Rose Society took place in London on Sept. 17. The function was a most success-

were first, Mr. George Prince, Longworth, second, Messrs. D. and W. Croft, Dundee, third. In the class for twelve blooms with seven competitors, Mr. H. Dickson, Belfast, was first; Messrs. J. Cocker and Sons, Aberdeen, second, Messrs. J. and R. Ferguson, Dunfermline, third. A class was provided for twelve blooms of one variety, and the three premier ones all contained Fran-

shown by Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons.

The blooms of Charles J. Grahaime were considered the best in the nursery-men's classes, and were awarded a silver medal.

GROWING RUNNER BEANS FOR EXHIBITION.

The following method of growing runner beans, both for exhibition and home use, has proved highly successful with me, and may, therefore, be useful to readers of this paper:—

The site chosen is always an open one. Two lines are laid at a distance of 2ft from each other, and running from north to south. When so grown, the beans have equal sunshine on both sides. The space between the lines is taken out fully 2ft deep, the top spit, together with the crumbs, being placed on one side, and the next spit put on the opposite side, the bottom being dug up and allowed to remain. This gives a good deep root run and ensures perfect drainage, especially on heavy soils. The trenches are then half filled with any kind of garden refuse which will rot quickly, followed by three or four inches of well-decayed manure, and after a light treading, four or five inches of soil is placed over the manure and left thus until the beans are sown. Some grow a single row in each trench, but I prefer two rows, grown as follows: Two lines are laid down in the trench, each line being three inches from the side, thus giving 18in from row to row. Plant the beans three inches deep and nine inches apart. A good way to ward off the attacks of slugs is to sprinkle a mixture of wood ashes, soot and lime over the ground. When the first bean is seen up, continue this after every shower until all danger is passed. Staking is done early by placing a strong rod 12ft to 14ft long to each bean, and to secure the rods from rough winds props are set in the ground 2ft deep and 15ft apart, battens being tied to the rods in pairs with strong string; treated thus, they stand firm throughout the season. The growths are assisted with a tie to enable them to take to the sticks more readily.

This crop is rendered more productive, the season prolonged, and the blooms set more freely, when kept well watered, giving manure water occasionally. Gather the beans as fast as they become fit.

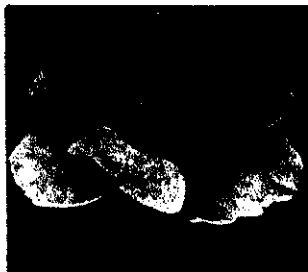
Those intended for exhibition need a little more attention. In selecting the most promising ones, these should be situated so as to get plenty of sun and light, in order to give them a deep green colour all over. Leave only two pods on a stem, keeping to this number on a plant. Endeavour to keep them straight by drawing the band lightly down them a few times as the growth proceeds. Should black fly put in its appearance or red spider, means must be taken to rid the plants of these pests, otherwise much damage will be done to the crops. Syringe the plant twice a day until they are destroyed, with soapy water or an insecticide.

Varieties are very numerous now, and all more or less good. For many years past I have saved my own seed, selected from the very largest and best pods. Now and then I buy a pint to grow alongside of them for comparison. One pint of seeds sown as above will plant a double row of 108ft long. Runner beans grown as described have evoked much admiration for the quality of the production.

H. POWLES.

STAKING RUNNER BEANS.

It is really wonderful how quickly these plants grow when once the runners form, and if the weather be warm. Runner beans, peas and all kinds of plants that



The 1908 Gold Medal Rose, Alice Stanley.

HT, Colour Pale Silvery Rose.

Karl Druschki, Messrs. Jefferies being first, Messrs. Ferguson second, Messrs. Cocker third. A great display was formed by the collections of thirty-six distinct varieties in trusses, arranged as far as possible to show the foliage and habit of growth of each variety, Messrs. Frank Cant and Co. taking first place and Messrs. B. R. Cant and Sons second. There were four new varieties exhibited which gained the coveted honour of gold medals, viz.:

Lady Alice Stanley.—A Hybrid Tea variety of pale-rose colour, the inner surface of the petal being of a silvery



1908 Gold Medal Rose, Alex. Hill Gray.

Rich yellow tea variety.

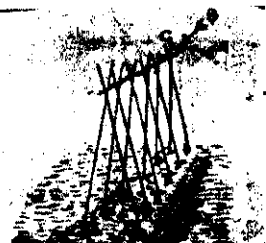
ful one, the Horticultural Hall and annexes were filled with exhibits and there were crowds of visitors. It is worthy of note that in the home of the rose, the growers from Scotland and the Emerald Isle scored heavily. English growers will need to look to their laurels and not allow their Scotch and Irish competitors to carry off all the big prizes. In the class for thirty-six distinct blooms Messrs. James Cocker and Sons of Aberdeen were first, Mr. Hugh Dickson, Belfast second, Messrs. Alex. Dickson and Sons, Newtownards, third. In the class for eighteen blooms Messrs. J. Jefferies and Son, Cirencester,

shewn; the centre is somewhat globular, and although the flower is not, perhaps, of the choicest form, it possesses fragrance, an attribute not always to be found in new roses.

His Majesty.—A fine dark red rose, sweetly scented, and with a well-formed centre. Both these were shown by Messrs. McGredy and Son, Portadown.

Alex. Hill Gray.—A beautiful yellow Tea variety, with very elegant form and richest shade of coloring.

Dr. O'Donnell Brown, HT.—A good red rose, slightly paler on the exterior of the petals, which are of good substance. These two last-named were



cling to stakes for support always grow more quickly after the stakes are placed in position. There are various methods of staking runner beans. Some growers use the tallest of ordinary pea sticks, others put in single rows of plants and one row of upright stakes, while others, again, grow two rows of plants in parallel lines and stake them as shown in illustration. One stake is placed to each plant, and they are crossed near the top; then a row of stakes are laid in the openings formed by the crossing of the sticks, made secure by twine B to the stakes C. A row so treated is practically storm-proof.

FLOWER SEEDS.

The uncertain germinating properties of certain seeds affords an instance of one of those problems in nature, the satisfactory solution of which will never be arrived at. It is the general belief that the seeds of Anemone, Hellebore, Primula, Iris, and of plants belonging to the Lily family should be sown as soon as they are ripe, and this habitless been followed in many instances with totally different results. I believe the late Professor Michael Foster gave an experience of his in the "Gardener's Chronicle" not long before his death with certain seeds of Iris of his own sowing remaining good and producing plants each year for a period extending to 15 years, and he saw no reason why even that long period could not be extended. In my own experience, I have known seeds of a sowing of Iris to produce plants each year for five years, by which time the whole of the seeds had germinated. If seeds, under the same conditions of light, heat, and moisture, can remain dormant and good for 15 years, whilst similar seeds, under the same conditions, germinate within a year of the sowing, we are confronted with a problem. At the same time, I am of opinion, based upon experience, that the seeds of certain plants lose rather than gain in point of time in germinating from being sown as soon as they are ripe. Some years ago I took from the opening capsules a large quantity of seeds of *Androsace filifera* var. major and sowed them in several boxes within a few hours. A portion of the same seed was placed in a brown paper bag to await orders, and, the season over, the surplus was sown in the usual way. This latter seed, dried and rested for several months, produced plants abundantly in the course of a few weeks from the date of sowing, while that sown as soon as ripe remained dormant for upwards of two years, and then the plants appeared as thickly as Mustard and Cress, quite lifting the surface soil that covered them. In this case it would appear that a certain change or development was necessary internally before the seeds were capable of growth, and that such change was more quickly brought about by the dry condition of the seed bag. What is of importance to the gardener and the seedsman is that they may know to what extent seeds may be kept in the dry state advantageously. Old seeds of the *Cyclamen* are as good as any, and seeds a dozen years old are as full of vitality as the newest. Fresh *Primula* seed is regarded as essential to success; yet both these plants belong to the same order. Seeds of annuals and biennials usually germinate quickly and in great abundance; whilst seeds of perennials of the same genera are often slow and erratic in growth, the herbaceous and the annual *Phloxes* being an example. It is not improbable that, in the case of annuals and biennials, the vitality of their seeds may be influenced, to some extent at least, by the length of the plant's existence. Seeds of *Dahlia* and *Fernand*, if sown two or three months after harvesting appear with considerable uniformity in the following spring; while year-old seeds of the last named plants may not appear at all. *Dahlia* seeds sown four years appear to be as full of vitality as the newest. Many seeds appear to do best when sown in the spring-time, and some will refuse to grow if planted two months later. E. H. Jenkins, Hampton Hill.

VIOLET FARMING.

Some years ago, we learn from the April "Windsor Magazine" two ladies, the Misses Allen Brown, retired to the charming little Sussex village of Henfield, and commenced a business as general farmers and growers of all kinds of

herbaceous plants. One of the primary reasons for the starting of the enterprise was that one of the ladies was suffering from ill-health, and it was thought that the light horticultural work would be a means towards improvement. After a period it became evident to the enterprising lady horticulturists that success was more likely to be attained in a specialised branch of horticulture than in general growing, and they accordingly decided to confine their efforts to the production of sweet English violets. The success of the enterprise is now assured, and a daily despatch during the season of these lovely flowers in perfection goes out from the Henfield Violet Farm all over the British Isles. Orders also come from such distant places as Egypt, Switzerland, and even Russia and India, these being to supply friends at home with boxes costing from one to ten shillings each. On many occasions the ladies have been commissioned by the wealthy people of England to provide the whole of the floral decorations for such important events as weddings, and an old Chesbire family in the winter of last year had a complete violet wedding prepared from the Henfield farm. As a scent, too, attar of violets has become increasingly popular each year, and the flowers bid fair to oust even roses in the public taste. One thing in its favour is that violet scent is extremely economical, a very tiny drop being sufficient to scent a handkerchief. Violet farming is an increasing industry, and, though the farm at Henfield was probably the first started, there are now quite a number of others in existence.

CAMPANULA LONGISTYLE.

Although it is likely to prove only a biennial with the majority of us, if not with all, as will probably be the case, the long-styled bellflower, *Campanula longistyla*, is a plant which has surely a future before it, both from its serviceableness in the garden as a blue flower and from its good habit of growth. When it was first offered one expected that it would prove to be its ally, *C. macrostylis*, another beautiful annual or biennial bellflower, but it is quite distinct from that fine but now little seen plant. I have met with it in a few good gardens this summer, and in all it was delightful with its tallish stems of deep blue pendant flowers, resembling almost in size those of the smaller Canterbury bells, but on a less stilly arranged plant. This *campanula* grows from a foot to about two feet high, and gives many flowers, which are of good substance and last for a considerable time. Plants will be best raised from seeds, sown either when the seeds are ripe or in spring, and the seedlings pricked off in time. —S. Arnott.

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R. CHEESEMAN

NURSERYMAN, FLORIST AND SEED MERCHANT Brighton North, Victoria, and Swanston Street, Melbourne.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES (Established 1817.)

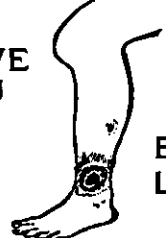
Head Office: GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. Paid-up Capital £2,493,720 0 0 Reserve Fund £1,530,000 0 0 Reserve Liability of Proprietors £2,000,000 0 0 £6,023,720 0 0 **Directors:** The Hon. Charles K. Mackellar, M.L.C. President. The Hon. Reginald James Black, M.L.C. Sir James R. Fairfax, Kt. Richard Blunde, Esq. Hon. Sir Norman MacLaurin, Kt., M.L.C. Senator 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 East, 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.

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Wise parents always keep a bottle of Bonnington's Irish Moss in the house. There is no remedy so safe, so sure, so effective. That's the reason that for over forty years it has been the standard family remedy. But remember it must be BONNINGTON'S. Refuse to accept a substitute. Insist on **BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS**

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Continued from page 30.

was well nigh unendurable. All the gunners were dead, and some of the guns incapacitated; the only building that had offered shelter for the women and the wounded lay in ashes, and its inmates, lying on the bare ground, were compelled to suffer the awful tortures of the summer sun and the fierce fire of the enemy. Of shelter by day or by night there was none. At this juncture word was brought in that, on the compliance of the garrison to certain conditions, the Nana would give them safe conduct to the river and supply boats to convey them all to Allahabad. There was little choice in the matter, as the capture of their fortifications was only the matter of a few more days, so putting their trust in the promise of the Nana Sahib, the garrison marched out of their insecure entrenchments, and along the road to the Sati Chaura Ghat, where boats awaited ostensibly to conduct them down the river.

We left the Memorial Church and its historic surroundings, and passed on to the river, which lies a little over a mile distant. Here was enacted the second act in the dreary history of the siege of Cawnpore; the act which whetted the revengeful spirit of the Nana Sahib, and was the forerunner of the even more heart-rending tragedy of eighteen days later.

On the bank of the Ganges is a temple to Siva, slowly crumbling to ruin. From the temple is a flight of steps and then the river. When in flood the width of the Ganges at this point is very great, but when we saw it in December, half the bed of the river lay brown and dry, and the stretch of water beyond looked sullen and uninviting. Or was that only imagination, only the mist of painful memories hiding for the time the sunshine? May be, but no Britisher worthy of the name could stand on the Sati Chaura Ghat, and see aught but a picture of the betrayed men, women, and children huddled in the boats under the murderous fire from the enemy. Down these very steps, and into the boats passed the brave little garrison with hearts, no doubt, full of thankfulness, and not a little wonder at what appeared to be a miraculous deliverance. But they were scarcely seated, when the dreadful truth of the treachery that was to be practised upon them became evident. From the trees which shade the river bank the enemy burst upon them with a fire so murderous that few of our countrymen were left alive when orders came from the Nana to desist from slaughtering the women and children. The men who still lived were put to death with the knife.

A cluster of natives away by the water tempted my brother to cross the mud in search of a photograph, so I was left alone sitting on the steps of the temple, and scene by scene I revived the never-to-be-forgotten story. Every detail of the massacre seemed more atrocious than the last; even the thought that one boat had escaped and drifted down the stream afforded me no comfort since history tells us that this boat fared little better than the rest, for on being overtaken, its occupants were all massacred. All buoyancy of spirit deserts one at the Massacre Ghat; the sluggish stream between its banks of sand and mud, the forsaken, crumbling temple, the absolute dreadful silence that pervades the spot oppressed me painfully. Yet, in spite of my sickening horror at the place and its associations the thought came uppermost in my mind that the Nana Sahib would have done better to have completed his ghastly deed here, and not reserved the few women and children to inflict upon them greater agonies eighteen days later.

I confess that I was glad when my brother returned, and we gave our last glance at the Massacre Ghat. But the sequence of events in Cawnpore shows no relieving touch of humanity. In following the path taken by the ill-fated women and children we fall into even deeper despondency. Within the Memorial Gardens, which are situated about a mile and a half to the west of the ghat, is a black tablet buried in the carefully cut grass, and this is the only indication of the position occupied by the Bibi-Garh, or house wherein those were kept who were spared from the massacre by the riverside. From the 27th of June until the 15th of July, they were confined here, but on that fateful 15th of July news came to the Nana Sahib, who was living in drunken revelry in a palace in Cawnpore, that his troops

had been defeated by Havelock, and that Cawnpore was likely to be recaptured by the British. Then, as a final act of vengeance, he gave the orders for the women and children in the Bibi-Garh to be killed. It is said that those who were first commanded to do this dastardly deed refused, and that the women and children were slaughtered by five men brought from the Nana's quarters. No one but must have a sigh of relief to find that the house is gone and the green grass covers the spot where it stood.

Near the scene of the massacre is the well into which the bodies of the dead and living were hurled next day. How many of our countrywomen and their children lie in this well can only be roughly guessed at, but the number has been estimated at quite two hundred. Over the well is a large white marble figure of an angel, with folded wings and hands crossed upon her breast, the beautiful face in sad repose, looking down upon this ghastly grave of the murdered English women. A high iron fence encloses the well and its simple monument. The enclosure was opened to us by a soldier-guardian, and most fitting did it seem that no native is permitted to enter here. This is the most terrible spot in all the scenes of the Mutiny, and the hatred it still inspires is so great that a few years ago an English Tommy, who was visiting the well, became so overwhelmed by a passionate anger at the memory of the dreadful deed that had converted the well into a gruesome tomb, that he attacked and killed a native who was within the gardens, for which act the poor fellow forfeited his life.

We drove on through the garden, proceeding at a walking pace, for such are the regulations, carrying with us the memory of tragedies, the grim horror of which neither growth of garden nor song of birds will ever soften and an eternity of time fail to obliterate.

How different it all is down at Lucknow. Fifty miles by rail, and we seem in another atmosphere. Not that the lesson of the mutiny is forgotten here, but it is made bearable by the memory of noble and successful achievements. The long, severe trial adds to the heroism of the final triumph. But above all other attractions is the beauty of the English station, which, with its wide streets bordered by the most homelike bungalows that are set amid green lawns and tall, shady trees, has a touch of that elysian atmosphere which I had failed to find in any other city in India. Truly, it is easy to understand why Lucknow is one of the favourite stations in India. To those English men and women who have lived amid the parched surroundings, the dirt and dust and filth of many of the other towns of India, Lucknow must seem a veritable garden of beauty.

Beautiful parks separate the European from the Hindu portion of the town, which last-named lies on the right bank of the Goomti river and stretches from the present cantonments away to the north-west of the old Residency. Lucknow is the fourth largest city in the Indian Empire, but somehow this point never appealed to me when there. Three-fifths of its population are Hindus, but one walk through the native city sufficed, the bazaars being dirty and unattractive. The Lucknow specialities in art ware are silver goods, which are not very well executed, and terra-cotta figures, which are excellently moulded and sometimes quite lifelike in their colouring. Temples and palaces are numerous, and one or two of the mosques are comparatively fine; but, though the houses are several stories in height, the architecture of the native city is mean and unimpressive, and the monkeys that hop and swing in unrestrained freedom from roof to roof are elements enough of dirt and horror to banish one from the precincts of the bazaars. Besides, I had just come up from Cawnpore, and was not feeling kindly towards the natives, so that when I saw the beautiful homes of the civil and military city, and the kindness with which Nature has softened the tragic scenes connected with the mutiny, I felt so strongly drawn by the ties of blood and race that I readily thrust the modern native city out of my mind.

North-west of the Residency stands the huge fort of Machedhi Bhawan, which was, fortunately, incapacitated early in the siege. Since then, however, it has been largely restored, and with the vast building known as the Great Imambarah and the mosque opposite, the whole is the most impressive cluster of buildings in Lucknow; in fact, about the finest piece of architecture with which the old kings of Oudh graced their capital.

But I found that we could not keep our interest on the palaces and mosques of long-dead kings when the scenes of

the heroic stand made 51 years ago by our fellow-countrymen called to us from the midst of it all. Only by judicious restraint did we visit the museum ere going to the Residency. But this was a prudent move, for, as the Residency lies today in the centre of a 36-acre park, it is exceedingly difficult to picture it as it stood during the siege, hemmed in on all sides by the houses of the native city. In the museum is a model of the exact position which the various buildings held at that time. This does most assuredly give one a keen appreciation of the dreadful task that the defenders of the Residency and its surrounding buildings must have had to keep out that horde of armed natives. Here also the enemy was certainly lacking in leaders, and I cannot but think greatly lacking in pluck. Had the rebels been as courageous as were the natives who remained true to us, the story of Lucknow might have exceeded the horrors of Cawnpore. An incident is related of a Sikh who was among the party that stormed the Sikandra Bagh (or Alexandra Garden), into which a number of Sepoys had retreated. The Sikh put his right hand through the gate in an endeavour to open it, but the hand was immediately cut off. Without a moment's hesitation, the Sikh put in his left hand, raised the latch, and succeeded in opening the gate, the English party rushing in behind him. Ah! it was a time to stimulate heroes, and many must be the unchronicled deeds of heroism enacted by both the British and the faithful natives. For every man was on his mettle, and the call to duty was right nobly obeyed.

The enemy were stationed in tall houses, no further distant from the British entrenchments than across the street. Their guns were good, and their gunners trained by the British, yet only in one instance did they break through the fortifications, which in many places were merely heaped up bags of sand or piquet fencing, and on that occasion they were speedily repulsed. From the houses outside the enemy burrowed and mined under the Baillie Guard and other effective posts within the British lines, but the constant watch that was kept was equal to such attempts, and even when the rebels did succeed in exploding a mine they were unable to follow up the advantage gained thereby. The British did a fair amount of this sort of work themselves, and managed to blow up or capture several of the troublesome strongholds of the enemy. How the garrison, thinned by disease and bullet wounds, and with their food supply retrenched to a point of almost starvation, held out during those months seemed more and more amazing as we looked at the model of the crowded city as it stood in the days of the siege. This model was explained to us by a tottering old native soldier who had been in the Residency with the besieged garrison. His lined old face lit up as he described the daily anxiety, the fear of the explosion of mines, the daring sorties which the British made, and the ceaseless watch that had to be kept within the British entrenchments. How many hundreds of times had he told the story, I wonder? Yet it had power to move him still, and always would do so.

And what of that gallant march into the Residency of the men under Havelock and Outram; how was it done? From the Alum Bagh, in which garden is Sir H. Havelock's tomb, to the Char Bagh is two miles, two miles of road sheltered by garden walls and cornfields, both of which gave admirable cover for the enemy, who kept up a heavy firing all the time. This sounds bad enough, but was safe compared with the awful scramble through the city streets which followed. The streets were so narrow that one might almost shake hands from house to house, and practically every house was occupied by armed rebels. Across many streets batteries had been raised by the rebels, so guns had to be rushed and captured—captured amid a hailstorm of shots from the upper windows of the houses. It is amazing how it was accomplished, considering the extraordinary advantages which the enemy possessed, considering the lanes that had to be won through, with the enemy in front and on either side pouring in their fire from the house tops, and closing in at the rear as step by step the British soldiers advanced. And when it was all over and many lives had been lost on one of the most gallant feats of arms in British history, the heroic little army entered the entrenchments and found that they were powerless to withdraw the garrison, being indeed themselves prisoners.

For nearly two months more the rein-

forced but still besieged garrison lived on, with the daily roar of cannon in their ears, with their strongholds battered and riddled by shot and shell, and their numbers reduced day by day. From morning till evening they watched for news of Colin Campbell and his relief force. Is it any wonder that fever-stricken Jessie Buteman, in her dungeon within the Residency, dreamed in her delirium that she heard the joyful sound of the piper. "The Campbells are coming!" she cried. "Yes—yes, but not soon enough to save the life of poor Jessie! To-day, when the troops pass by the Residency on their way to parade, the regimental band strikes up the tune—

The Campbells are coming, hurrah, hurrah. The rebels are running, burrah, burrah."

More surprising even than the entry of Havelock into Lucknow was the quiet way in which, two months later, Colin Campbell withdrew those 7000 souls—about 5000 of whom were incapable of making any resistance had they been attacked—from the Residency fortifications and placed them in Dilkusha, without the rebels ever suspecting that a single individual had left. Thus, at last, the dreadful siege was won through.

How different the Residency and its surroundings would seem to-day to anyone who knew it during those terrible months. The native village that crowded closely round is gone, and in its place are acres and acres of green lawns, shaded by tall, spreading trees. The Residency itself peeps forth—a picturesque and creeper-bad ruin. Torn and crumbling, it still bears visible wounds of the fight, which scarlet and purple bougainvillea and jasmine endeavour to hide. Most of the houses that are connected with the famous siege are gone, or are in a crumbling and ruined condition, peeping through the trees at the Residency, which they too did their best to shield. The position of the batteries and the earthwork fortifications are marked by small pillars, and in the cool of the evening we wandered from one to another until we came back to the high mound, surmounted by a cross, which stands near the Residency. This is the memorial to General Lawrence, who was killed during the early part of the siege. His grave is in the cemetery near by—a most unpretentious tomb, among the 2000 other graves of the brave men and women who died in those awful months. The little cemetery is very beautiful, shaded by tall trees; the graves cared for in loving memory of those who suffered so terribly. The scene of the British entrenchments is heavy with sorrowful memories, but peaceful—yes, and pleasing. It did us good to wander there and recall the great and small acts of heroism and self-sacrifice, in praise of which the whole world rang half a century ago, and of which the British will be proud so long as a Briton walks this earth.

But, much as we desired to linger in beautiful Lucknow, Father Time called to us to hasten on, and passing south-eastward to one of the most frequented of pilgrim haunts on the sacred Ganges, we passed for a few days at the most holy city of Benares, which literally bristles with temples, sacred to Siva, or Vishnu, or to monkeys, or cows, or peacocks or to any other animal a heathen mind can be found to worship. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in our estimation, but these temples and streets and houses of this most holy and most godly (if many gods make godliness) city do not seem to point that the Eastern considers it so. Benares is a filthy place, and the dreadful streets, a few feet wide, up which one walks to visit the Cow, or Monkey, or Golden Temple, cannot be pictured in words. To see is to believe, but in no other way could you realise that people live and apparently thrive in such filth. At the Monkey Temple you stand, your nose embedded in the largest handkerchief available, and all around you in the dirty courtyard the repulsively human monkeys jump and chatter. At the Cow Temple the same picture confronts you, only the cows do not jump and chatter, but walk aimlessly round the courtyard, in the centre of which is the usual pointed-towered temple.

Quite unwittingly, I was the cause of a mild uproar at the Cow Temple. In a flower stall near by were wreaths and wreaths of flowers destined by the pious worshippers as offerings to the sacred animals. Having rather a fondness for strong-scented flowers, I stooped down and snatched a heap of frangipani wreaths that lay near to the street. Immediately the flower seller picked up the whole bundle and flung them at me, clattering all the while in a most intimidating manner. Naturally, I was surprised, and turned helplessly to our guide to enquire

what dreadful thing I had done. "Oh, mem-sahib," he replied, "you have polluted the flowers by smelling them, and they cannot be offered to the sacred animals. But it does not matter." So saying, he flung the flower seller a coin, and poking up the wreaths he placed them round our necks, and thus bedecked with the polluted flowers we made a somewhat hasty retreat.

Benares has commercial distinctions that bring it within the ken of most people. Among those who are interested in such things, it is famous for a peculiar kind of hand-woven brocade, but in truth this is high in price and not particularly attractive. However, its brass manufactures find their way to all corners of the globe, and to the majority of people the very word Benares is synonymous with brassware.

To the tourist the most interesting portion of the city is the river front. Here, too, we viewed the Hindu and his amazing customs without coming into moon-fortably close quarters, for a rich native has played a large barge, known as the "Pearl Boat," at the disposal of the visitors, so that, seated in chairs on its raised deck, we were rowed past the various bathing places, which in the early morning are so crowded with worshippers. This early bathing in the sacred river is part of the religious duties of the Hindu. For something over two miles the river bank is covered with steps, leading from different temples on the bank to the water, and each series of steps is called a "ghat." Worshippers of the different gods come to the ghats at which the temples of their favourite gods are built, and here two hours are spent in bathing and prayer, and in the washing of their clothes. While one man or woman is scrubbing away at himself or herself in the sacred water, the man or woman next is busily engaged washing his or her clothes, and yet another one is dipping and drinking from the same water. From 7 a.m. till about noon these ghats are crowded with worshippers, who bathe and drink and wash their clothes, or sit on the queer rickety wharves, a few feet long, shaded by huge straw umbrellas, and pray.

In Benares, and especially at the ghats, the religious ascetic or fakir is seen at his best. There he stands on the river bank, having bathed in the holy water, now smearing himself from head to foot with white ashes, his black beard and long hair hanging lank on his chest and shoulders. Half an hour afterwards we find him among a crowd of admirers, sitting on the ground twisting his arms and legs into all manner of horrible contortions. But queerest of all was the fanatic who carefully evaded my brother's camera on the Benares railway station. In accordance with some religious vow, he had held his arms straight above his head for a long period of years, and at the termination of the allotted time he found it impossible to lower them, so would be compelled to go through the remainder of his life with outstretched uplifted arms; exactly as we had seen him pass along the station platform.

Some of the ghats are more sacred than others, because of their positions on the river and because of incidents which have happened there; and one is especially set apart for cremation. This is by no means the last ghat, so the bathing of a corpse will go on next to a ghāt where men and women are bathing themselves and drinking the water. As we passed the burning or burial ghāt, a corpse covered in a white cloth, was lying at the edge of the river with the feet just touching the water. This is called the last bathing in the sacred Ganges. Above, on the bank, were four log fires burning away, and from one the white linen-covered feet of a corpse protruded—after the bathing the body is cremated and the ashes are thrown into the river. But more gruesome than this was the scene at a ghāt higher up, where a man was busy tying a rope round the neck of a few-months-old child, who little body showed plainly through the wet cloth as it lay at the water's edge. To the rope was attached a large stone, and that poor little body was carried out into the centre of the river, and then dropped away down into the sacred waters. Still farther up, a boat was towing a heavy mass towards the current—a sacred hull, whose carcass must also be disposed of in the river. When fuel is scarce a mere pretence is made at cremation, and the charred body quickly disappears in the secret depths of the river. All the time the Hindus go on with their bathing, and washing of clothes, and prayers, quite heedless of these everyday sights around them. Day

by day, week by week, month by month, the picture changes little, except that at festival seasons the crowd at the ghats increases. The tourist comes and goes, but the stream of dark figures descending and ascending the steps by the muddy river never ceases. Great is the faith of the Hindu in the efficacy of the waters of the sacred Ganges. Millions have washed and prayed at the Ghats of Benares, and have risen and gone away, maybe still

carrying their sufferings with them, but who can say that they are not happier at heart for the fulfilment of this duty?

Next Week:
CALCUTTA AND DARJEELING.
The Busy Capital and the Beautiful Retreat Among the Hills.

BILLIARDS

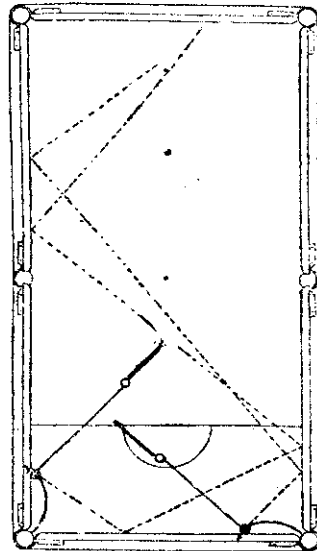
By an Expert in London
"Daily Telegraph."

Ever since snooker's pool—originally an American game—became popular in this country the penalties for misses, running-in, off or pocketing wrong balls, with which this entertaining side-light of the billiard table abounds, have been added to the non-striker's score. The result is one can never be sure of the highest possible points to be scored. As the balls are set up on the table you can estimate the full total which may be made. Fifteen red balls, each paying the way for a black ball to be taken, counts 120 points—seven 15's and

amateur general council. It has been stated that the present very complex and quite unnecessary list of penalties will be considerably lessened. If true, this will be a move in the right direction. From the time that the Billiard Association issued its revised set of rules—now ten years ago—the number of penalties has fogged the ordinary player, and there is barely one professional able to keep stock of them. A much more simplified code, with a uniform penalty, as nearly as can be devised, is urgently needed. If the Billiards Control Club can supply the public with this it will have at once justified its creation.

We look to the Billiards Control Club, too, to revive the professional billiard championship, which has lain dormant for a long five years now. The Billiard Association has done its level best to kill this fine sporting competition by imposing restrictions which were warmly resented by the professionals. As a consequence, we see one entry—that of Melbourne Inman—for the attempted renewal of the Billiard Association Championship this year. Inman has claimed the championship, even if the Billiard Association has not done so for him. His attitude, as may be supposed, has not ingratiated him in the minds of his contemporaries. There is a tremendous keenness existing in the ranks of the billiard professionals. It is a healthy sign of the times, telling that those at the head of affairs, the Stevensons and Dawsons, will not be able to rest on their laurels. They must be up and doing, and keeping themselves fit and in form to meet their younger and ambitious rivals. Of these Inman and Reece stand out most prominently, with Diggle and Harverson in easy touch of them. A real championship, which only the Billiards Control Club appears able to promote, will give such a fillip to billiards as it has never before received. But it will be no championship unless it is thrown open to all earnest and willing players who desire to take part.

Harverson's name has several times been mentioned in these notes, and it recurs by reason of the strokes shown on the accompanying diagrams being played by him. For several years this one-time holder of the



TOP-SIDE CURLING HAZARDS.
The continuous lines ——— denote the course of the cue ball and the interrupted lines the movement of the object ball.

fifteen 7's. Then there are the six pool balls—the black, pink, blue, brown, green, and yellow—which have to be operated upon after all the red balls are off the table. They count 27 points, and so bring the total up to 147 points. This is something definite. But if a non-striker is getting all the points given away by his opponent placed to his score, then there is no telling to what extent his total may not rise. The merit of one's performance at snooker's pool, just as in a brook—by the way, the record stands at 73 points, scored both by J. Harris and John Roberts—should be gauged by the game total. As that clever and studious professional, Harverson, suggests, all penalties incurred might well be deducted from the striker's account instead of being added to that of the non-striker. There is a possibility of such a condition being made in connection with the snooker's pool competition, which runs coincidentally with the professional billiard tournament at Soho-square.

Several rumours have been in circulation as to the rules which the Billiards Control Club intend to issue. But none of these can give a real clue as to what form the innovations, if any, will take. Nothing can be definitely known until the Billiards Control Club places the rules before the public, and that cannot be until they have been overhauled by the professional advisory committee, and then submitted to the

Championship of South Africa was a wonderfully exact strokeplayer, of almost double-strength propensities. He had rare power of cue, but he was lacking in the more delicate touches. His screw-shots, particularly those of the screw-back variety, were second only to those of John Roberts in accuracy and power. He was, indeed, quite famous in this direction. In the past two seasons, Harverson has made wonderful progress in his art. He retains his cue-power and accuracy, and he has added to these a more refined touch and improved execution with the balls at close quarters. Yet he is still the dashing player he always was, and fond of effects of this kind.

His topping of the cue-ball for forcing run-through strokes, in the style of those played at the corner pockets on the diagram, and the contact on the back of the cushioned object-ball affords a nice object lesson to the amateur. The deadening effect of the two contacts—first on the object-ball, then on the cushion—gives the top-side full play, and it makes a curving run to the pocket. The small cross marked on the cushion by the side of the object-ball shows the cue-ball should strike after coming off the object-ball from its thickest, but not full, contact. Check "side," which is pocket "side," for either corner pocket is used. The two middle pockets are nothing like so difficult as they look. It is again a case of top-side and check "side," with the object-ball struck slightly behind the centre. The ball and cushion contacts again impart an eccentric run to the cue-ball, as a few experiments will show. This middle pocket run-through off the cushion was, at one period of billiard history, a most fashionable fancy-stroke.

A WIFE'S BREAKDOWN.

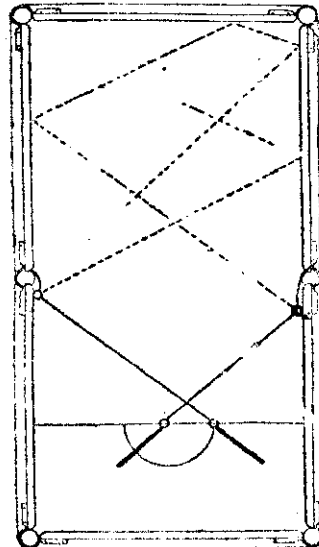
BILE BEANS RESTORE HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Bile Beans have earned their reputation as the standard family medicine solely by their proved value, and the happiness they have brought to millions of people, who once suffered as Mrs T. Norton, of 16 Turner Street, Auckland, N.Z., suffered, until Bile Beans brought her back to health.

Mrs. Norton says:—"Bile Beans have worked wonders for me, and I feel myself remis in not sending you some word of my gratitude ere this. For some six years, I was a great sufferer from poverty of blood and indigestion. I was forced to neglect my home, my husband, and my children, owing to the weak state of my health. I felt helpless, and certainly useless, and could not walk a hundred yards if my life depended upon it. I sought the advice and treatment of doctors, but they failed to do me any good beyond giving slight, temporary relief. The pain caused by the indigestion was so severe that at times it used to double me up, and I could scarcely breathe. My life was becoming a perfect misery, and I felt a burden on those near and dear to me. Many were the so-called cures I resorted to, but they, one and all, proved useless. One day I was advised to try Bile Beans, which I am pleased to say I did, and am thankful to your wonderful medicine for my restoration to health, as I am really a new woman—all aches and pains have left me."

For biliousness, headache, indigestion, constipation, piles, bad blood, liver trouble, anaemia, and all ailments arising from liver, stomach or bowel disorders, Bile Beans are a never-failing cure. All stores and chemists stock Bile Beans, at 1s. 1d., or 2s. 6d. special family size (containing three times 1s. 1d.).

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."



PRETTY MIDDLE-POCKET VARIATIONS.

The Federal Capital of the Commonwealth of Australia

THE YASS-CANBERRA SITE

Pictures of Yass and Yass Country as it is to-day

The Yass-Canberra site has now been definitely chosen for the Federal capital of Australia, and a hard-fought battle is thus ended. Yass is an important inland town, situated on the banks of the river of the same name, and is some 190 miles

S.W. of Sydney, to which it is connected by the great Southern Railway. It lies 1657 feet above the level of the sea, and at the present depends mainly on its agricultural and grazing resources. As may be seen in our pictures, the country is exceedingly picturesque and fertile,

and the town is beautifully situated. There are several fine public buildings, including a library of 5000 volumes. There are eight hotels and two banks, and in the future the mineral wealth of

Yass is likely to be much heard of. The country is rich in copper, silver, and lead, and samples of these ores have been exhibited in Sydney. The climate is said to be exceedingly fine.



TOWN, LOOKING EAST.



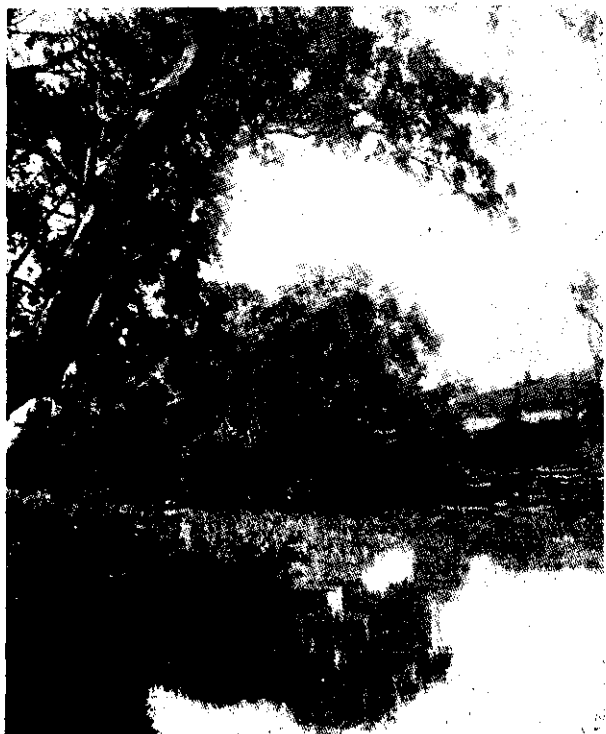
VALLEY OF THE MURRUMBIDGEE.



FOREST CREEK, YASS.



VIEW OF SITE ON BELLE VALE FROM DOWNING HILL.



YASS RIVER.



KENILWORTH STATION.

The Romance of Chicago

THE RECORD OF A DOMINANT SPIRIT OF HUSTLE

By NEWTON DENT

The Growth of the Western Metropolis—Its Tremendous Impetus and its Contribution to the Making of America

CHICAGO is seventy-one years old this year. She will not celebrate her birthday; she is too busy. But the amazing truth remains that this immense city—more populous than any one of half the States of the Union—is of no more years than threescore and ten, the fleeting life time of a man.

Of all the hoary cities in Europe, Africa, and Asia, none but London, Paris, and possibly Berlin, are equal in size to Chicago; and they were two thousand years old before our giant of the Middle West was born. Incredible as it may seem to foreigners, it is one of our startling American facts that when Chicago was twenty-seven years old she was as large as Athens or Damascus was in the height of its glory; at forty-three she had caught up to Rome, the Eternal City; and at fifty-six she had surpassed Tokyo, Vienna, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg—four of the greatest empire-centres of the world.

The growth of Chicago is past the power of fancy. How can the mind imagine a city as populous as the kingdom of Greece, with twice the public revenue of Denmark, with more newspapers than Africa, a greater railway mileage than Norway, and more schools than Portugal, yet whose entire history can be told from the memory of men and women still alive?

Only one century ago the first seed of Chicago was planted when John Kinzie built his log-cabin in a wilderness. The heritage of that log-cabin is now half a million homes. Fifty-nine years ago there was neither railway nor telegraph in what is now Chicago; to-day the city's passenger-trains average one a minute, day and night, and its telephone wires would encircle the earth ten times. Men who are now sitting at their desks in a twenty-storey sky-scraper talk of the time when they could have hinged ground beneath them for an old gun or a pair of shoes. They tell of paddling canoes where the Art Institute now stands, and of hunting quail and wild ducks on the site of the City Hall.

There are more millionaires in Chicago, so these old men say, than there were voters in the town when Van Buren was in the White House. The whole city of 1840, in fact, could be housed in the Monadnock Building, without the necessity of an extra chair. And the more floating population at the present time is greater than the Chicago that the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., saw in 1869.

A NAME WITH SOMETHING IN IT.

Chicago is big. That is what the name meant, in the Indian language—Che-ca-goo, a thing that is great and powerful. It was a word that the Miami used to describe the thunder and the falls of Niagara. Even if Chicago had been founded by a Pharaoh or a Caesar, its greatness would still be surprising; but when we are taken up to the hurricane deck of the Masonic Temple, and told that this overpowering city beneath us is no older than many of the people in its streets, we have no answer. The truth is too wonderful to believe.

And this is not yet the whole truth. In seventy years these Spartans at the foot of Lake Michigan have built their city not once, but twice. First, they built it on a swamp—a vast waste of slush and sink-holes. Nature had forgotten to put a crust on the earth at this spot, so the Chicagoans made one ten feet thick. For a generation the city grew. Then came the Great Fire, and eighteen thousand buildings went down. There was no Chicago—nothing but an ash-heap. The Spartans were dismayed, but only for a moment. They dashed the tears and cinders out of their eyes, and began to build a second city before the ruins had ceased to burn.

No failure is final—that is the Chicago idea. When their river was crooked, they made it straight. When it fouled their drinking water by flowing north into Lake Michigan, they dug their famous drainage canal and compelled it to run south into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. When the lake trespassed on Lincoln Park, they drove it back with a marvellous sea-wall of masonry and marble. Nothing that either man or nature can do, apparently, can check the growth of this city that has spread back from the lake like a prairie fire, until now its great bulk covers nearly two hundred square miles of Illinois.

Chicago stands as probably the fourth city in the world in population. She has doubled her people in fifteen years. But she is the first city of the world in many things—in enterprise, in growth, in energy, and in her indomitable optimism and self-confidence. Nowhere else is there such human voltage. No other city strains more in the harness of commerce, or pulls as much per unit.

Every State in the unit hurries at the call of Chicago. "Bring me your lumber," she demands. "I want two billion feet of it a year. Bring me every week-day fifty thousand of your farm animals and a million bushels of your grain. Bring me your ore and oil and cloth and paper and tobacco, and be

quick, for I am Chicago—the City of Speed!"

As a region of rapidity, Chicago has always stood in a class by herself. She is ruled by the Big Minute. Her people are more than quick. They are electric. Whether the game is business or baseball, they carry off the pennants. They spend fast, but they earn faster than they spend, and think faster than they earn. The living torrents of her streets clash and plunge like a battle of cavalry. The power of the hurrying feet would drive all the machinery in Illinois, if some Edison or Marconi could only devise a way of storing up their energy.

The twenty-hours trains to New York were too slow for the hustlers of Chicago. At their demand, the time has been reduced to eighteen. Nearly ten hundred miles in eleven hundred minutes! Such luxurious trains have never been put



MELVILLE W. FULLER,

Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—he practiced law in Chicago from 1856 to 1888.

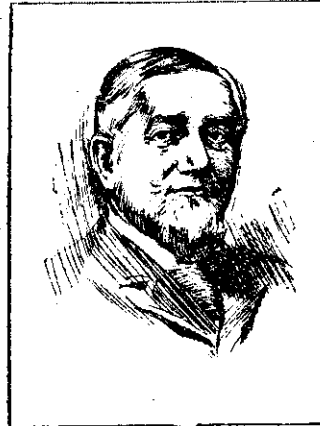
upon any other line. A passenger in one of these mile a minute fliers may read in its library, bathe in its bath-room, or be shampooed in its barber-shop. At the stations he may receive stock-market bulletins or telephone to his friends. There is a valet to press his clothes and a stenographer to write his letters.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE BIG IDEA.

Chicago is the headquarters of the Big Idea, too, as well as the Big Minute. No other city has created so many new industries and commercial institutions. Here, for example, are a few of the big things that were born and bred in Chicago.

THE SKY-SCRAPER.

When the Rookery was built, in 1887, it was the first of its kind in world-history. To-day there are miles of such



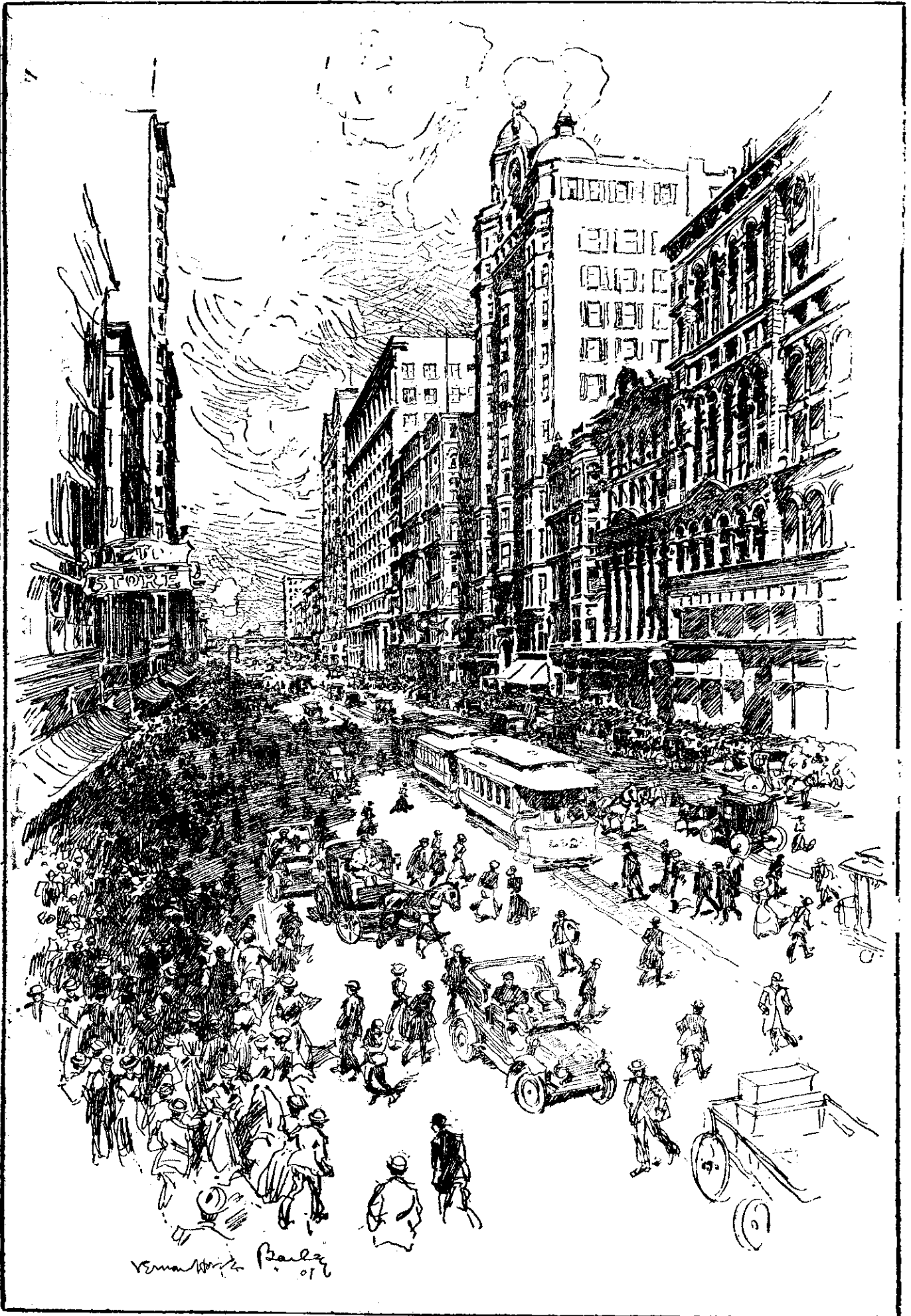
GEORGE M. PULLMAN,

Who founded the Pullman Car Company, and established near Chicago the industrial town that bears his name.



THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.

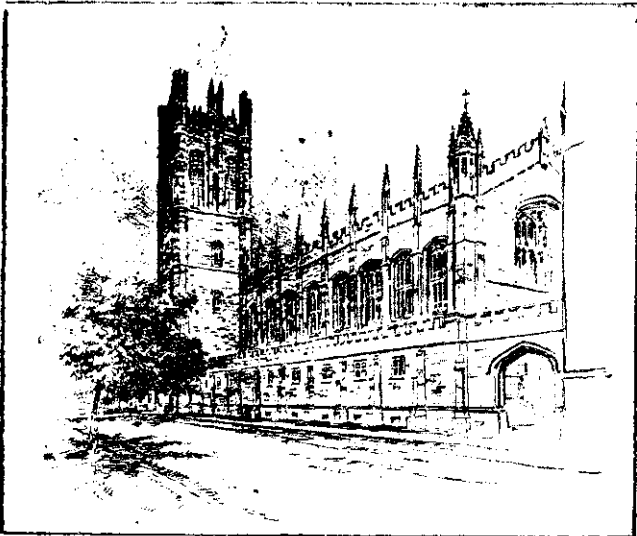
In the building are the famous grain and provision "pits," in which so many fortunes have been won and lost.



STATE STREET--THE HEART OF CHICAGO'S SHOPPING DISTRICT.

buildings, standing in double rows, like monstrous stalagmites. Many are as costly as a Bourbon palace. At least five millions were spent upon the last one—the First National Bank Building, which is ribbed with ten thousand tons

scythes. The bread that fed the world was provided by myriads of serfs, who gathered in the wheat with bent backs and bleeding fingers. Then Chicago sprang into existence, with a million farmers at her back door.



HUTCHINSON HALL AND TOWER,

The chief architectural feature of the University of Chicago.

of steel and lit by eight thousand electric lights. Sky-scrapers are common enough now in all large American cities. They are, in fact, the one physical feature which is said to best represent our highly organised civilisation; and the old Chicago Rookery is the mother of them all.

THE HARVESTER.

For thousands of years the human race could think of no better way to reap its grain than by the sickle and the

Chicago sprang into existence, with a million farmers at her back door.

"Why," she inquired, "is there no labour-saving machinery for the field as well as the factory?"

It seems a simple question to us, who have eaten the bread of harvesters all our lives; but no one had thought of it before. The McCormicks and the Deering's answered it by manufacturing machines that were almost clever enough to be alive—machines with strong arms that never tired and quick fingers that never bled. These wizards of wood and steel have changed the agricultural methods of all civilised lands. They have pushed civilisation within reach of the outdwellers. They have transformed the man with the hoe into the man with the harvester. And they have made possible the unparalleled prosperity of American farmers.

THE REFRIGERATOR CAR.

The vegetarian can have no justified grievance against Chicago, for it gives us our fruit as well as our meat. To-day the ice-cooled car, first used by the packers, makes it possible for the most perishable of fruits and vegetables to be carried three thousand miles to market. It was a Chicago idea that linked the hot-house States with the cities of the North—a union which has added so much to the prosperity of the one and to the health of the other.

THE PULLMAN.

To make travel not only swift, but luxurious—that, too, was a Chicago idea. "Why not put a parlour on wheels?" This was the question that smote the brain of George M. Pullman; and as a result of his thinking there is now a whole city, the Thirty-third Ward of Chicago, in which 8000 workmen are rolling out 20 new Pullmans and 300 freight cars every week.

THE MAIL-ORDER STORE.

No other Chicago institution embodies the spirit of the twentieth century more than this. While there has been, in all civilised countries, more or less shopping by mail, it has been left to Montgomery Ward and R. W. Sears to bring this idea to its highest development. In the letters that were sent to these two Chicagoans last year there was the stupendous amount of 75 million dollars—more than the total yearly receipts of all the railroads on the continent of Africa.

THE PACKING HOUSE.

Of all the ideas, this has been the most profitable. Now that Chicago has become the butcher-shop of the earth, her meat and cattle business has risen to a total of six hundred millions a year—almost as much as the value of the cotton crop, or the combined exports of Canada, Switzerland, and Spain. In fact, Packingtown is now a great city in itself.

Anywhere, in Chicago, the current of life runs swiftly enough, but the very centre of the maelstrom is the square



THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, ONE OF CHICAGO'S NEW SKY-SCRAPERS.

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1893.

This was the most brilliant idea that ever flashed into the Chicago brain, and it did more than any other one thing to establish the present commercial prestige of the United States. Never before had there been an industrial fete upon so vast a scale, nor under auspices so extraordinary. Here was the youngest great city of the world—nothing but a heap of ashes only 22 years before—calling upon all the nations of the earth to celebrate the four-hundredth birthday of America. It was the acme of audacity and self-reliance, and it succeeded. The nations came with their handiwork and their curiosities, even with their religions; and for half a year Chicago became a central clearing-house for the whole human race.

THE FREIGHT SUBWAY.

This is the latest Chicago idea. It is so new that few of the hurrying throngs in the down-town district have seen the wonderful railway system that is operating 40ft below the sidewalk. Yet it has already displaced 70 postal wagons and hundreds of drays. When it is in full swing it may go far toward clearing the streets of 40,000 turbulent teamsters, and toward making Chicago the handiest city in the world.

mile of the stock-yards. Here, encircling twenty-one thousand cattle-pens, an army of fifty thousand men and women are engaged in transforming life into food. As though in revenge for the incendiary act of Mrs. O'Leary's cow in 1871, there is here an annual massacre



GUSTAVUS FRANKLIN SWIFT,

Whose name is unforgettably associated with the building up of the meat-packing industry.

WINCHESTER



CARTRIDGES
For Rifles and Pistols

Winchester make of cartridges in all calibers from .22 to .50 are accurate, sure fire and reliable. In forty years of gun making we have learned many things about ammunition that no one could learn in any other way. When you buy Winchester make of cartridges you get the benefit of this experience

Buy Only Winchester Make



THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, JACKSON PARK.

This building was originally erected to house the fine arts exhibit of the World's Fair of 1893.

of three and a quarter million cattle—twice as many as there are in all the valleys of Switzerland.

Bang! Bang! Bang! As fast as these words can be written the steers from the Western plains are struck down by the death-hammers. Sheep—four and a half

have been slaughtered by Chicago, for which she has paid seven billion dollars to American farmers—enough money to buy Japan, or to give twenty-five dollars to every family in the world.

The Chicago packers are now in daily communication with the four corners of

half of the men who made it are still alive. Vast as Packingtown is, it is for the most part the creation of half a dozen men who began life at the foot of the ladder. In the biographies of Armour, Swift, Morris, Libby, and the Cudahys, almost the whole history of the packing industry would be told. But this is a Chicago characteristic that is noticeable in all trades—the extraordinary output of a single life.

(To be concluded next week.)

Criminal Paris.

The "Red Series," as the newspapers call the daily list of murders and other crimes of violence in Paris and the provinces, is not, as some optimists declare, a passing phase, remarks a Paris correspondent. Statistics show that the tide of crime in France during the last thirty years has been steadily rising, the figures having almost doubled in that period. What criminologists regard as a most disquieting symptom is the enormous proportional increase of juvenile crime. The proportion of murders and attempted murders on the part of young people between the ages of 16 and 21 is 4.20 per cent. of the general volume of crime, as compared with 2 per cent. for all ages above 21. The bands of armed "apaches" who infest Paris are, for the most part, boys between the ages of 16 and 20. Of undiscovered crimes the number increased from 57,073 in 1896 to 105,998 in 1904, and 107,710 in 1905. These are the latest statistics available, but it is estimated that the returns for the vast year or two will be still more formidable.

As to the causes, they appear to be so numerous that no agreement on the subject has been found possible. Absinthe drinking, the tolerance accorded to vice, the spread of a degraded materialism, the idleness and misery arising from the disorganisation of labour, and the practice now so common, es-

pecially among the lower classes, of carrying revolvers, are among the causes suggested by an eminent writer on the subject. Opponents of the abolition of capital punishment see a remedy in recourse to the guillotine, and protests have been made against the abuse of clemency in many other ways, nominal sentences for first offences, which mean instant release, conditional discharges, the increased comfort of prisons, and the relaxation of penal servitude conditions.

Whatever may be the real cause or the most practical remedies, it is imperative, in the opinion of M. Bostand, the writer referred to above that in the interests of society an effort should be made to check the number, the precocity, and the immunity of the criminals, and the overwhelming preponderance of public sentiment heartily supports that view.

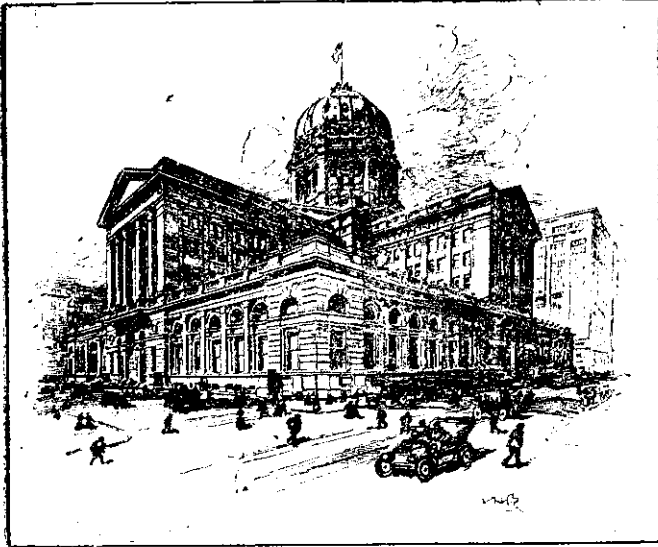
DIFFERENT NAMES.

"I understand," said the old time friend, "that you are gettin' right exclusive."

"Well," answered Mr. Newrich, "that's what mother and the girls call it."

"What do you call it?"

"Plain 'Jonesome.'"



THE NEW CHICAGO POST-OFFICE.

million of them—huddle along to the executioners; and hogs—forty-three a minute, eight million a year—are caught by the moving hooks and then swung from knife to knife. Not all the swine of France could keep these swift knives busy from January to September.

All told, since Sylvester Marsh began to kill cattle under an elm-tree on Monroe-street, four hundred million animals

the globe. A map of their business is a map of civilisation. They ship fresh beef to the cities of Africa and Asia. The empty tins that were filled in Packingtown are scattered along the Congo; they mark the trail of the North Pole seeker, and litter the bed of every ocean.

If this unparalleled business had been the work of ten generations, it would still be remarkable; but the fact is that

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. Makers: E. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Christmas, 1908.

One of the finest descriptions of the Good Old English Christmas to be found in all literature—

Washington Irving's "Old Christmas,"

Illustrated by Two Full-page Pictures in colours (facsimile of the original water-colour drawings) and numerous other illustrations in tints, is contained in

Pears' 1908 Annual

In a superb pictorial cover, printed in eight colours, together with

Three Beautiful Presentation Plates

Printed in the best and most artistic style of Chromo-Lithography, viz. :—

- 1. "THE OLD OLD TALE," By A. Solomon. Size, 23½ in. by 18½ in. Printed in 13 Colours.
- 2. "A WINTER'S MORNING," By Frank Dadd, R.I. (A brilliant Hunting Scene). Size, 14 in. by 19 in. Printed in 13 Colours.

- 3. "A WINTER'S EVENING," By Edward Brewinall, R.W.S. (A Christmas Card Party). Size, 14 in. by 19 in. Printed in 13 Colours.

The last two form an excellent pair.

Now Ready. Sold by all Booksellers.

Agents for Australia—Gorden & Gotch,

News, Notes and Notions,

Linking-up—and the consequent figuring-up (in the shape of banquet)—being accomplished, the Dominion is shaking itself down to the new conditions of travel and, incidentally, some diligent reporters have met the trains arriving at both Wellington and Auckland, counted the through passengers, and buttonholed several "pioneers" (as the first voyagers may be called) as to how they liked the journey. Exactly how the enterprising members of the "fourth estate" discovered who and which were the through passengers is just one of those semi-Masonic secrets which no member of the Press will "give away," but the man in the street believes that the habit of stepping off the train, the jamming the hat firmly on the head with the right hand, betrays the Wellingtonian to the Northerner, while the latter's apathetic and "somebody come and help me" gaze, is equally significant to watchers at the Empire City end. Putting persillage apart, however, the idea of interviewing first travellers by the "Trunk" was felicitous, and the resultant opinions are of topical interest. The "weariness" of the experience is the dominant note in the answers of those questioned, but this is a phase which will soon pass. We are as yet in the Dominion unaccustomed to long journeys by rail, but it is astonishing how quickly one accustoms oneself to them. As in all other things, "C'est le premier pas que conte." The first drive to a place distant, say, a couple of hours from one starting point seems intolerable in its length, but when one has been over the route half-a-dozen times it is reduced by half to the imagination. And so it will be with the Main Trunk. Nineteen hours is really nothing in railway travel. The fatigue is mainly after the first eight or ten, after which even the novice probably gets his "second wind," as the saying is. At present, the stay at Ohakune on the up journey must certainly be unpleasant, the two-mile coach drive each way and indifferent accommodation being unenviable experiences; but this is but temporary, and as most of the interviewed passengers agreed, "anything is better than seasickness," though, by the way, not a few travellers nowadays seem to suffer from train-sickness to some extent.

The collars of English Cabinet Ministers, considered mainly in their relation to the wearer's character, is a subject which has engaged the attention of the "Outfitter." The majority of the members of the Cabinet consider comfort before appearance. With only two or three exceptions, the collars of the Cabinet seem calculated to give not only the greatest possible amount of ease, but also the maximum amount of room. Only one Cabinet Minister, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, affects the high, straight

ventional polo or Shakespeare" style, and the suggestion is proffered that the adoption of the double or turn-over variety would gain him more admirers.

The King is patron of the club, and he has approved the proposals, which will cost upwards of £250,000 to fulfill. The lease of the land is for 99 years—the rent nominal for the first year, £3,750 for the second, £7,000 for the third and fourth years, £7,500 for the fifth and subsequent years. The entry will be between pillars 40 feet high. On the ground floor will be a magnificent hall with a grand staircase and beautifully furnished waiting, writing, and smoking rooms. Besides the usual club rooms, the building will contain a restaurant, a suite of tea-rooms, a salle des fetes overlooking carnation-gardens, a photographic studio and dark rooms, and a barber's shop. It will be possible for members to engage in various kinds of recreation, as there will be a large swimming bath, "squash" racquets courts,



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF MR. W. J. BRYAN, THE UNSUCCESSFUL DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.
See Illustrated Article, "Concerning the New American President," pages 34 to 38.

Twenty years is a terrible sentence; but that it was deserved by the heroic brute for attempted murder of a constable at Taurarunui cannot be doubted. The writer's fate decreed that he should be on the Grand Jury in this case, and more appalling evidence of savage temper and unbridled brutality he has never heard, or read of, in even thirty years of journalism in three of the earth's four quarters. Grand jurors do not, as most folk know, see the prisoners, but curiosity led several of them to have a look at such a perverted specimen of humanity, and certainly no more startling replica of "Bill Sykes" could be imagined. The face, the head, the whole person of the man was typically criminal, and his well-nigh insane outbursts of savage temper (for he must have known he was damaging his chances) make it comfortable to reflect that it will be many years before he can again murderously indulge.

It may be doubted whether a "diseaseless era" would not be as colourless and uninteresting to the ordinary human as Milton's heaven. What should we be if it were not for our small ailments? Fortunately—or otherwise—Nature (that infinite humorist) evolves new diseases as fast as Science flatters herself she has obliterated the old. The reflection is prompted by some remarks of Sir John Broadbent in England recently. Sir John said he looked forward to some Utopian era when such diseases as influenza, pneumonia, measles, and scarlet fever would become more or less extinct as a result of proper ventilation of office, shops, public buildings, and private houses, and other sanitary measures, such as the avoiding of overcrowding, the abolition of children's parties, and the habit of indiscriminate kissing. One can imagine the Parliamentary candidate in 1920 using an antiseptic sponge on his lips after kissing the baby!

style, and even the popular "up and down" collar has only one adherent, in the person of the Earl of Crew. The Prime Minister's collar is very open, with large turned-down points, a shape which the "Outfitter" recalls as being very popular at the time of the Parnell Commission. Lord Lorcburn's collar is dismissed as being of the style in vogue fifty years ago. Lord Morley of Blackburn, is somewhat careless of his neckwear. The corners of Mr. Haldane's collar "curl back in a very decisive fashion." Mr. Lloyd-George's collar, somewhat of the same shape, is bent back in a negligé style. Only conjecture is made as to the shape of the collar of the Marquis of Ripon, as his beard is too massive to allow any detailed description. Comparisons are indulged in regarding Mr. John Burns in Court dress and in everyday attire. The collar he affects with the latter is rather contemptuously described as "the old con-

wafers and milk. He enviously eyed his gormandisers stowing away the difficult food—but not difficult for them. "Hod carriers!" he commented, "I would give everything I possess to own your digestions!" Whereupon each of the men present silently assessed his digestive apparatus as being worth something like thirty millions of dollars. (Note.—Each of the men present, however, I believe, would have sold his digestive apparatus for the thirty millions cash on the nail on the venture that (arishad or some such place might make him stomachically whole again.

fully equipped gymnasium, fencing-room. Other features of the new premises will be a post and telegraph office, telephone exchange, 120 bedrooms, 60 private bathrooms, touring department, dressing-rooms, committee rooms and offices. At present the number of members of the club is over 3,750. On the opening of the new premises the number, it is expected, will reach 5,000. One can readily believe the assertion that the club building will be the finest of its kind in the world—if the American automobilists don't, as usual, go one better in the meantime!

A huge home is being built in London for the Royal Automobile Club, but it is anticipated the building will not be ready till September, 1910. The facade will be 228 feet long and 80 feet high, and the building will be 120 feet in depth,

The Crown Prince of Servia has just been presented with a motor-car by his father, who up till now had considered the pastime of motoring too dangerous for his impulsive heir. King Peter put many restrictions on his gift and pre-

vided a very careful chauffeur. But the Prince got rid of the chauffeur after two days, and is now careering through the provinces at topmost speed, his own hand on the wheel. Motor-cars are still almost unknown in Servia, and the villagers gaze aghast at the vision of their future Sovereign rushing past like a whirlwind. Dr. Dobra Rujitch, Minister of Justice, begged for permission to slight after a dizzy spin, and under pretext of indisposition went to bed in a village inn. The Prince offered to call for him in half an hour, but as soon as the terrible motor-car was out of sight, Dr. Rujitch got up and hurried back to Belgrade, where he assured his friends that he returned to them, as it were, from the brink of the grave.

When we talk of borrowing money for the country or the city, we don't as a rule have before us the prospect of being "sold up" if we can't meet our liabilities. It never occurs to us quite that way. But this was the fate of the little town of Beresooka, in the province of Elizabethgrad, Russia, which was to be sold on October 3 by public auction. The municipality owes £1,200 to a merchant of Odessa, who, after fruitless efforts to obtain his money, decided that the town must come under the hammer. It would be pleasant to feel oneself become the proprietor of a whole town for a paltry £1,200.

Since the Brooklands track was laid down various other motordromes have been projected, notably in Western Germany and in France where it was proposed to encircle that curious extinct volcano the Puy-de-Dome, in Auvergne, with a double track. None of these schemes has apparently made any material progress. About six months ago Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, jun., one of America's pioneer motorists, suggested laying down a sixty-mile motor course on Long Island, and that scheme has been partially carried into effect, over ten miles of the Vanderbilt Cup race on October 24 being covered on it. It is pronounced to be the fastest motor track in the world. The construction of this section has cost between £70,000 and £80,000; but a fur-

ther £80,000 has been spent on acquiring the rights of way for the whole length of sixty miles. The construction of the remaining 49 1/2 miles is estimated to cost some £7500 a mile, or about £375,000. Adding the amounts already spent, the track when complete will have cost considerably over half a million sterling. The track is composed of two layers of concrete, reinforced with iron mesh wire netting. The concrete consists of trap rock and a mixture of Portland cement, sand, and water, which has been tinted in various shades from grey to black to check any glare from the sun's rays. The surface is naturally dustless, and the track has been banked at all turnings. A speed of over 100 miles an hour was exceeded several times during the testing runs on the first section. The full length of sixty miles is expected to be completed in about two years.

"In fair Verona—" Who has not read "Romeo and Juliet?" There is a sort of melancholy in the reflection that the ancient palace of the Capulets, which is associated with the story of "Romeo and Juliet," has been destroyed by fire. The city of Verona recently bought the old Capulet home, where the most famous of all love stories had its beginning. The house stood in one of the principal streets, and was tall and narrow and deep. In the rear is the famous orchard, where Romeo stood as he poured out his impassioned love to his sweetheart on the balcony above. What memories the old palace would have had for the Shakespeare enthusiasts of the future!

The present Emperor of China is a much-worried individual. There are certain distinctions made with reference to the Empress and the Emperor which are rather curious (says "M.A.P."). She, being his Ancestress, is first in everything. She sits upon the Throne in the Great Audience Hall, while he sits on a stool at her left. He walks beside her chair when they go out, and stands in her presence, but when they dine together he sits in the place of honour at the end of the table. When their Majesties dine apart, then chopsticks and spoons, as well as

the covers of the yellow porcelain dishes, are of silver. When their Majesties dine together, the covers of the dishes are of gold, and his Majesty's chop sticks and spoons are also of gold. Personally, the Emperor is passionately fond of music, plays on a number of Chinese instruments, and has even tried the piano. He has a good ear for music, and can pick out any air he has heard upon any instrument at his disposal. He is very clever also in a mechanical way, and can take to pieces and put together a clock with fair success. The Empress Dowager is constantly fearing that he will take some of her favourite clocks to pieces and not be able to put them into working order again.

A quaint story comes from Tangier, recalling the adventures of Haroun-al-Raschid in the dear "Arabian Nights" of our youth. The deposed Sultan, Abdul Aziz, was riding with his vizier and retinue through the Showia country when there appeared before him some of the tribesmen and expressed their joy at his coming. Abdul Aziz looked on smilingly, and his good-natured face beamed as the tribesmen continued: "That traitor and unbeliever—Abdul Aziz—whom Allah destroy—brought the Christians into our land to devastate our homes, to burn our villages, to loot our cattle, and to slay our women and children." Abdul Aziz listened with a countenance full of gravity, but the twinkle in his eye showed that he was aware that the suppliants had mistaken him for his brother, Mulai Mahomed. "All the tribes round Showia," proceeded the Moors, "await your coming in order to proclaim you Sultan. When will you unfurl your standard among your faithful servants?" Abdul Aziz laughed merrily, and replied: "You must be more careful next time. My brother, Mulai Mahomed, has only one eye. I have two." The terrified tribesmen flung themselves at his feet and cried for mercy, whereupon Abdul Aziz assured them: "I am no longer your Sultan, but I pardon you all the same." Then he gave them money, and bade them depart and be sure of their Sultan next time they proposed a rival.

BOILS PROMPTLY BANISHED.

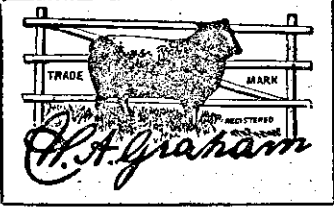
ZAM-BUK IS NATURE'S SPRING SKIN-CORRECTIVE.

Boils and abscesses generally occur on some part of the body subject to chafing or friction—the back of the neck for instance. It should be remembered that chronic eczema often develops from a trifling spring eruption, and obdurate ulcers from a simple pimple. In every case Zam-Buk is the ideal remedy, as witness the case of Mr. H. Christie, of 18 London-st., Enmore, Sydney, who, says:—

"I was troubled with boils, and tried all manner of things to get rid of them. For three weeks I persevered with different treatments, but to no avail. Seeing Zam-Buk Balm advertised as a cure for my complaint, I procured a pot, and applied it as directed, with the pleasing result that the boils had entirely disappeared after three days of this treatment. It is with pleasure I add my testimony to the great worth of Zam-Buk."


Skin eruptions are very prevalent in the spring, but Zam-Buk will be found to cure them all — from a common pimple to the ugliest ulcerated sore. Zam-Buk is obtainable from all stores and chemists, at 1s. 6d., or 3s. 6d. family size (containing nearly four times the 1s. 6d.), and a pot should be in every home.





GRAHAM'S

Patent
Permanent




FOOT ROT CURE


A 10/- TIN will PERMANENTLY Cure 250 Sheep.

TESTIMONIALS from leading Squatters throughout the Dominion. Ask your Storekeeper or write direct to
104 VICTORIA ARCADE, AUCKLAND, Or, 184 GLOUCESTER STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

BEWARE of Imitations.

All Tins MUST
 bear this Trade Mark and
 Signature.





The Lighter Side of Prison Life

By LONG SENTENCE.

V.—The Barbarian Irishman and the Inquisitive Major

Of all the curious characters possible to imagine congregated together within prison walls, Tim Kirtou was easily first. Irish to the last hair of his head; possessed of great natural force, had he been able to control himself he would probably have done well, but as everyone knew him, he was a most uncouth, uncontrollable barbarian.

My first recollection of him was hearing someone yelling at the top of his voice: "I'm kill! I'm kill!" On reaching the room where he was working by himself, there was Tim, dancing about with the left-hand little finger jammed firmly between the stone he was cutting, which had slipped, and the stone bench on which it stood. It was impossible for the moment not to laugh, and as Tim's vocabulary was choice, we had the full benefit. The finger was so badly crushed he lost the first joint. Of course, he petitioned for time off for injury sustained while on the works, and was allowed four months' special remission. During the remainder of his sentence, his mind was constantly occupied with the proposition: "If the first joint of the little finger was worth four months, how many joints would it take to wipe out a three years' sentence?" or, as he called it, "silence." This recalls the case of a great, strong healthy man named Birk, with a short sentence, who deliberately induced a fellow-prisoner to hit one of his little fingers with a stone hammer—he lost the first joint in consequence—so that he might get into the prison hospital for the winter. Shortly after the two fell out, the story got wind, and Birk was sent to a cell, where he spent the winter, limited to the smallest amount of exercise the law allowed. These sort of cases are extremely rare.

To return to Tim. He was often ill-tempered and morose. One day a fellow-prisoner said to him: "What's up, Tim! Aren't you well?" No answer; question repeated. "Why should you think anything the matter with me?" said Tim. "You did not speak!" "Can't I speak when I like?" "Can't I speak when I like?" "I don't want to speak?" "No," said the other, "but we get on alright, and I thought something was wrong." "There's nothing wrong with you, but how the — do you expect me to get on with you, when I can't get on with myself?" was Tim's reply.

Later Tim returned for a long sentence. There were a large number of charges against him—all paltry but one, for breaking into a place and stealing a safe, which, as he had wheeled it away on a barrow, was easily tracked, and which,

after all his trouble, he could not open. When tried at the Supreme Court, the safe case came on first or second, and Tim received three years' hard labour for it. The other charges followed quickly one on top of another, until the judge, getting tired, gave him eight years for stealing a 30/ watch. This of course, covered the other sentences. During the whole of the eight years Tim's complaint was he hadn't got justice. He would say: "Three years for a safe, and eight for a bloomin' watch. Do you call that justice? If he'd given me eight for the safe, I wouldn't have minded."

It has been stopped now, but at one time for several years, through the kindness of outside people, some palatable additions were made to the Christmas dinner. Milk and butter for breakfast and tea, roast beef, vegetables and pudding for dinner. Do you think Tim would touch them? Not he. He wanted his rights—dry bread and milkless tea for breakfast. And he would touch nothing else.

The following lines were written by a public school man, now in England, in which allusion to the dinner is made:—

King Xmas is here, let us give him all hail,
As the blithesomest day of the year;
Whose presence adorns the grim walls of
The gaol.

And makes the place look less severe,
They may stop the dinner — they can't
stop the day.

Or the thoughts that spring up in the
mind;
In spite of the rules, Xmas still holds its
sway.

And ever will, time out of mind,
The thought of the grand federation of
men.

Two wish to be thoughtful and kind;
The honest resolve to do what we can,
To cheer those anxious in mind,
Xmas looks in our eyes, Xmas love in our
hearts.

Helping hands that, when needful, won't
fall;
No reason why all should not bear manly
parts.

Because they reside in a gaol.

*At Xmas and Easter, the prisoners, for
over 20 years, have been allowed, and take
great interest in, decorating the chapel.

To return to Tim. On one occasion, for
some ten days, he refused all food; and
as far as could be discovered, nothing
passed his lips but a little water. He
was placed in an observation cell and
closely watched; and as he was ailing,
was daily allowed a pint of milk. This,
each morning on receiving, he deliberately
poured down a sink in the presence of the
warder, who gave it to him. At length
the late Dr. Philson told him that unless
he ate his food, other means of adminis-

tering nourishment would be resorted to.
An instrument for the purpose was dis-
played for Tim's benefit, and its method
of use explained to him. The indignity
accompanying the forcible carrying out
of these proceedings was too much for
Tim. "Do you tell me you'd do that to
a man?" he said to the doctor. "Well,
you shan't do it to me—where's my dinner,
I'll eat it!" From then he took his
rationals like anyone else.

He learned to read in prison. For years,
through fear of ridicule, he would not
try. When once started, he got on amaz-
ingly. He slept in a large room with a
number of others, one of whom taught
him. He was most trying—would only
work when inclined, and was often very
abusive. "What letter is that?" inquired
his tutor, when he was learning the al-
phabet. Tim hesitated; "F" said the
tutor. "It's not F," said Tim. "Yes,
it's F; it comes between E and G." "I
tell you it's not F," shouted Tim. "Do
you think I don't know F when I see
it? What do you take me for? To
Tipperary wid you and your F!" And
the lesson book was thrown with all his
force, just missing his tutor. However,
when once he had mastered the alphabet,
he got on rapidly, and was soon able to
read without assistance.

Tim was constitutionally not strong.
On one occasion, at the public hospital,
it was thought he could not live through
the night. A screen was put round him—
he was told it would be more comfortable
for him. He said, "You think I'm
going to die; well, I tell you I'm not!"
Next morning, on seeing the doctor, he
said, "What did I tell you? You call
yourself a doctor; a nice sort of a doc-
tor you are, to try and make a man think
he's dying when he's not." "And what
do you think the doctor said?" remarked
Tim to a friend: "That I must have got
a heart like a horse."

"You're right; that's just what it is—
a fool's game getting in here," said Tim.
"When did I begin; I'll tell you now.
I was living in a boarding house. There
was a bloke there with plenty of beans,
and I thought som av them would just
do me. As the clock struck twelve I
went into his bedroom. What do you
think I did? I sitruck a match—when
there was my bloke, lying awake, wid a
revolver in his hand. Sez he: "Eve bin
ixpecting you but I didn't ixpect you
to be so obliging as to bring a light wid
you. (Go back to bed," sez he, "and don't
disturb me agin." He was a good bloke,
that," said Tim.

"The next toime it was a cheque I
thought I'd loike. Got it all right.
Nixt morning, when the bank opened, I
went in an' prismitid it, when out comes
a detective from behind a door. He says,
'Eve bin ixpecting you,' and Tim laugh-
ed.

Tim was rarely punished. To some
prisoners it seemed unfair that one man
should be punished for a fault and not
another. The prison authorities have
great powers conferred on them by law,
which are used generally with discretion.
Considering Tim's peculiar nature, pun-
ishing him would have done no good, and
would have been downright cruelty. So,
with many others, while the application

of the law outside may occasionally ap-
pear vindictive, within the walls, al-
though discipline must be maintained, it
is very rare there is any suspicion of
anything of the kind, and a great deal of
forbearance is shown.

One fine morning, a large, rather
froid-looking man of military ap-
pearance—eye-glasses, cane, knicker-
bockers, spats—sauntered into the
prison, sending in his card, Major
Russell, to the gaoler. The latter came
in greeting him with effusion. The Major
inquired if he could be shown round the
prison, mentioning that he was a Deputy
Governor of Dartmoor on a tour of the
colony. He was escorted by the gaoler
and chief warder, Mr Ironsides, over
every part of the prison. He examined the
rationals, tasted the soup, remarking
it was better than they got in the Old
Country, complimented the gaoler on the
cleanliness and up-to-dateness of the
place, and concluded by saying that
when he left they were thinking about
having the telephone laid on at Dart-
moor. Exactly who this humorist was
I don't think was ever known. Some
few months, later, however, he returned
to Mount Eden for a term of three years.
He was educated, had a cultivated
accent, was amusing, and not at all a
bad fellow. His own account of his first in-
terview with the late Mr Severn was
something as follows. He explained his
visit had been made while under the
influence of drink, and hoped it would
not be remembered against him. Mr
Severn looked at him, then, as if in soli-
loquy, said, "In this case I should hardly
have thought it." To the Major: "Every
year confirms me in an opinion formed
many years ago—that 19 out of 20 of
the men who get into prison, especially
of the educated men, suffer from curious
delusions. From your appearance I
should have expected you to be one of
the exceptions, but appearances are fre-
quently deceptive. One man assured me
he was the Duke of Newcastle; another,
to whom I handed a letter showing he
had not a shilling in the world, claimed
to be a millionaire. Incidentally I may
say they both went to the asylum. My
advice to you is, go along quietly, get
rid of your hallucination, and you will
get on all right. I have never set eyes on
you before, but if you are interested
in prison matters, and make good use of
your time, you have now an excellent
opportunity of studying the practical
working of the system." "Pon my
soul," said the Major, "I wondered if I
was on the way to the asylum."

£2,200 Thrown Out of the Window.

While going to work one morning re-
cently a Parisian picked up a packet
containing £2,000 in securities and £200
in notes. The money proved to be the
savings of a wine merchant, who hid it
each night under his pillow, and it had
been thrown out of the window by his
wife while she was making the bed.

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 on 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 exist 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.

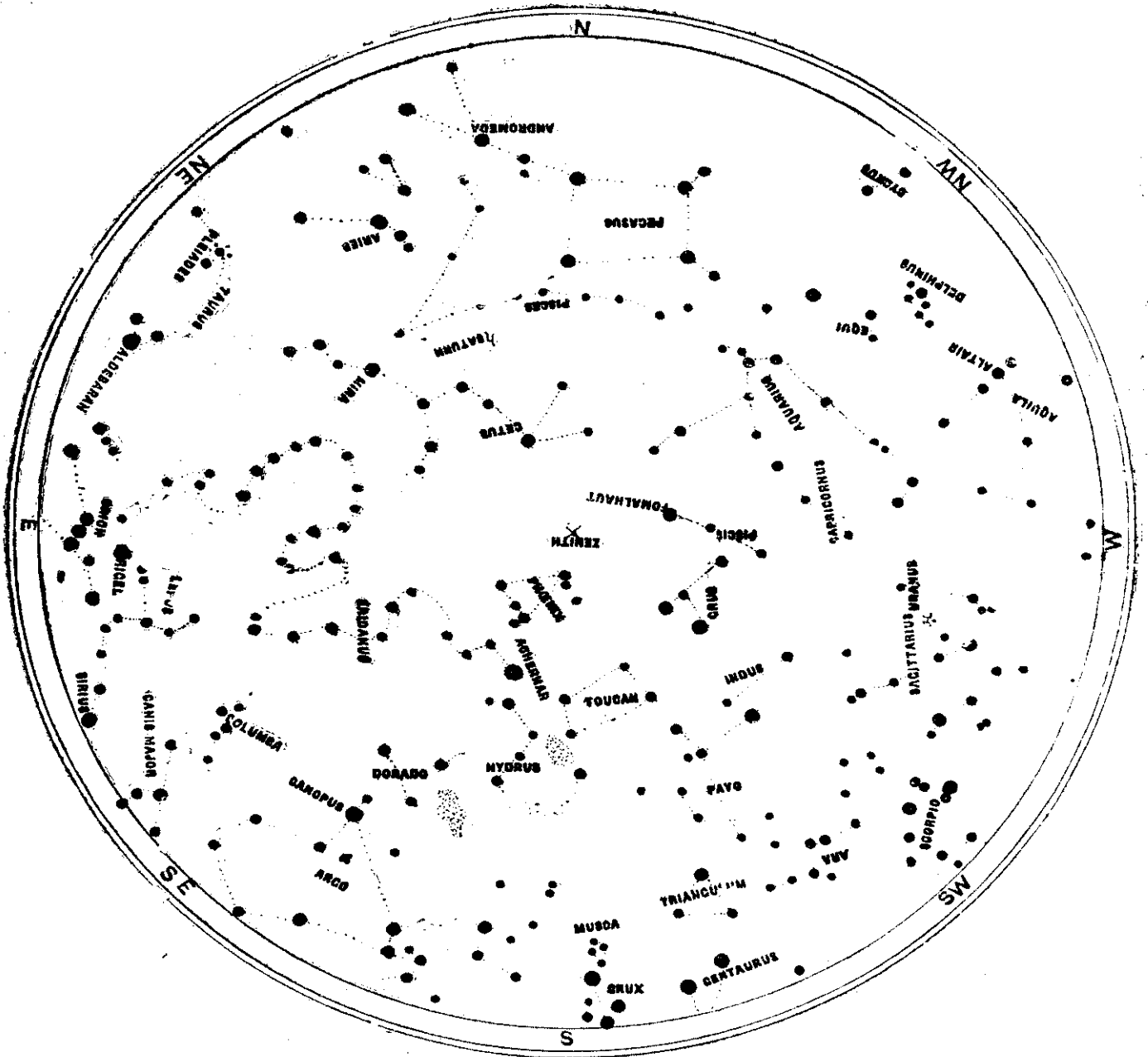
Beware of Imitations! The great success of HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, has induced a number of unprincipled persons to make imitations, each calling his medicine "Bronchitis Cure," with the object of deceiving the simple-minded, and so getting a sale for an imitation which has none of the beneficial effects 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.

THE NIGHT SKY IN NOVEMBER

Specially drawn for the "Graphic" by Mr. J. T. Ward, Director Wanganui Observatory



The stars and other celestial bodies depicted upon the above chart are shown as they will appear on the 15th of the month at about 8 p.m. If the observer wishes to see the same stars in the same relative positions he may do so by making an allowance of four minutes for each evening. The stars change their places night by night, certain stars being visible at certain seasons and not at others. If a star rises on the 15th at 8 p.m. it will rise on the 1st at 9 p.m., and on the 30th at 7 p.m., or very nearly so, because it is not exactly four minutes. In this way the observer may make use of this chart for any evening during the month, excepting that towards the end the increasing daylight renders it difficult to "pick up" the constellations in the early evening.

The observer should hold the chart with that point of the compass marked on its margin to correspond with the same direction on the horizon, then the stars will be correctly placed as they appear in the sky. It will be seen by comparing the November chart with that of October that several constellations visible in the west during last month have entirely disappeared, while others have come into view above the eastern horizon. Turning towards the north we see Pegasus—the Great Square formed of the three principal stars in this constellation and Alpha of Andromeda—standing nearly due north and nearest the horizon while above and on either hand are Cetus and Aquarius. Taurus the Bull has now partly risen, the two pretty

asterisms the Pleiades and Hyades being well above the horizon. Orion may be seen almost clear of the horizon due east, while above him are Teles and the great trailing form of Eridanus, the River having as its gem or head the brilliant Achernar. The Phoenix is nearest the zenith, and under this and towards the south-east are the two Magellanic clouds with Hydrus the Toucan and other southern constellations. A very beautiful star cluster is that just to the right of the smaller "cloud," but it requires a fine telescope to show the separate stars, of which there are thousands, compressed by distance in one faint dot. Nearer the east may be seen Canis Major and the fine star Sirius just emerging, while further south Argo the Ship is again rising into prominence. The Cross is nearing

its greatest depression beneath the southern pole followed by the Centaur, its two brightest stars Alpha and Beta, the "Pointers," with the Southern Triangle being the most noticeable objects in this direction. The Scorpion is now partly set in the south-west, its brightest star Antares being on the horizon. Sagittarius follows closely upon the Scorpion and farther west may be seen Aquila, the Eagle, with Capricornus above him. The moon at this time is in Leo and below the horizon, while the only one of the older planets visible is Saturn in Pisces. This planet is again placed very favourably for observation, his ring system being fairly well opened out again and the first great division, "Cassini's," being now visible in the greatest extensions, or gaps.

Anecdotes and Sketches

"LANGWILKIE" AND THE TRICK.

A military wagon at the rear of a marching regiment had stuck in a ditch. A military wagon at the rear of a marching regiment had stuck in a ditch, and not all the efforts of the horses, assisted by the soldiers, in charge of the chaplain, could budge the vehicle. The soldiers held a brief conversation, and then sent a spokesman to the chaplain. "If you wouldn't mind, sir," said Mr. Atkins, "we would like you to go ahead. We think we could get the wagon out if you wasn't with us." "How? I thought you would have been glad of my assistance," said the chaplain, reproachfully. "So we are, sir," the soldier hastened to say, "but the fact is we can't swear at the 'osses when you're within 'earin', sir; and there's nothing like a bit o' langwidge to make 'em pull."

BRUTE.

After a long and tearful interview with his better half, the unfeeling husband wrote and sent to the daily papers the following advertisement: "Lost—A mangy lap-dog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."

TOO TRUE.

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her of the baby sister who had come in the night. "Well," she said after due thought, "I s'pose it's all right, papa, but there's many a thing we need worse."

INTERPRETATIONS.

A cricket match had been arranged between the married and the single of Midland village, and postcards had been sent to those selected, worded thus:—

"Dear Sir,—You are selected to play in the (married) team next Saturday at He.—Yours truly, Mr.—, Hon Sec. Swipems C.C."

"N.B.—Be there at 2.30 sharp." One of the recipients, a cowboy named Biles, was rather puzzled to know what "N.B." meant, and asked his employer.

"Why," said that worthy, with a twinkle in his eye, "N.B.—no beer, o' course!"

"Oh, ah!" said Biles, looking very much surprised.

Next morning Mr.—, hon. secretary of the Swipems C.C., received the following communication:—

"Dear Sir,—I rite these few lines to tell yer as 'ow Father ain't comin' ter yer match. 'Tain't as 'e wants the beer, it's the hinsult of it.—Yours truly, T. Biles."

THE COLD HARD FACT.

The poultry editor of a country paper received this letter from a poetical summer cottager:—

Dear Editor: What shall I do? Each morn when I visit my hen house I find two or three fowls on their backs, their feet sticking straight up and their souls wandering through fields Elysian. What is the matter?

The prosaic editor replied by return mail:—

Dear Friend: The principal trouble with your hens seems to be that they are dead. There isn't much that you can do, as they will probably be that way for some time.

Yrs respily.—

PROVING HER FALSE.

Few possess the quickness of thought and action characteristic of the costermonger's wife, who exclaimed: "She said I wasn't a loidy, she did, and the next minute I 'ad 'er 'ead in the gutter."

WAS IT FLATTERY?

A gentleman who discovered that he was standing on a lady's train had the presence of mind to remark: "Though I may not have the power to draw an angel from the skies, I have pinned one to the earth." The lady excused him.

ALMOST PATHETIC.

A deaf man was walking on the railroad track with a friend when an engine rounded a curve behind them and opened its whistle full blast. The deaf man smiled and turning to his friend said: "Listen; that's the first robin I've heard this spring."

POOR CHILD.

An advertisement of a nursing bottle printed in a wayback newspaper concluded with the following: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

HE HAS SYMPATHISERS.

"There," exclaimed Major Shifly, pointing to a notice on an otherwise blank wall, "is a sentiment that I would like to see proclaimed, in circus-poster type, over the doorway of every post-office in the land."

"What notice?" inquired his dull witted companion.

"Why that!" viciously rejoined the major, pointing to the offending edict, with his cane; "Post no bills."

EASY MONEY.

An expert golfer had the misfortune to play a particularly vigorous stroke at the moment that a seedy wayfarer wandered across the edge of the course. The ball struck the trespasser and rendered him briefly unconscious. When he recovered a pound note was pressed into his hand by the golfer. "Tanky, sir," said the injured man after a glance at the money. "An' when will you be playin' again, sir."

AS HIS NEIGHBOURS SEE HIM.

If he is poor he is a bad manager. If he is rich, he's dishonest.

If he needs credit he can't get it. If he is prosperous, every one wants to do him a favour.

If he's in politics, it's for what he can get out of it. If he is out of politics he is no good for the country.

If he doesn't give to charity, he's a stingy cuss. If he does it's for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite. If he takes no interest in religion, he's a hardened sinner.

If he shows affection, he's a soft specimen. If he seems to care for no one he is cold-blooded.

If he dies young, there was a great future ahead of him. If he lives to an old age, he has missed his calling.

The Hon. A. Hicks, J.P., M.L.C., the ex-Mayor of Eaglehawk, Vic., says that Dr. Sheldon's New Discovery for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption cured him of a severe cough and cold in a remarkably short time.

Patronised by the Prince and Princess of Wales,



Governors of Australia, New Zealand, etc.

THE GRAND HOTEL, ROTORUA.

THE LEADING HOTEL IN HOT LAKES DISTRICT.

Close to the Railway Station and the Government Gardens, and Famous Curative Baths. Superbly Furnished and Supplied with every Luxury, Comfort, and Modern Convenience. Attendance and Cuisine equal to the best in the Dominion.

TARIFF: From 12/6 per day.

GEO. M. BROWN, Proprietor.

LAKE HOUSE HOTEL, OHINEMUTU, ROTORUA.

On the Shores of the Magnificent Lake Rotorua; one of the most commanding positions in the district. From its spacious balconies a wonderful view is obtained. Among the GREAT ATTRACTIONS this Popular Hotel has to offer are

TWELVE NEW HOT MINERAL BATHS

of the latest and most up-to-date design in SEPARATE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BATH HOUSES, situated on its own SPLENDIDLY LAID OUT GROUNDS, which are free to the use of visitors to this Hotel.

TARIFF: From 8/6 per day.

CHAS. A. SANSOM, Proprietor.

GEYSER HOTEL, WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

SITUATED IN A UNIQUE POSITION CLOSE TO THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS AND MAORI SETTLEMENT.

From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

Continental Spa Hotels.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

Books and Bookmen

The Firing Line: Robert W. Chambers. (New York: D. Appleton and Co.)

It had seemed impossible to us that Mr. Chambers could write a more virile book than "The Fighting Chance." But while in that book he showed us the effect of heredity he has gone farther in "The Firing Line" and shown us both the cause and effect of the degeneracy of the American aristocracy, as represented by the south-eastern race. He also shows us that as a dominant, or as a useful race they are dying out, and declares that unless they follow the advice suggested in this book another generation will see them extinct as a result of too close inbreeding.

The principal scenes of the book are laid at Palm Beach, Florida, and the story opens where Garret Hamil, in the assumed character of Ulysses, meets Shiela Cardross, who masquerades as Calypso, with the difference, that whereas Ulysses of the Homeric epic was a Benedict ere he made the acquaintance of the Ogygian nymph, the Calypso of Palm Beach has a husband, though only in name. "Shiela Cardross," whose real parentage was absolutely unknown, had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Neville Cardross, who had taken her from a foundling hospital. This adoption had been kept a profound secret from Shiela until the day when she had refused a certain callow youth named Van Dieman, his mother had, in her indignation, blurted out the obscurity of Shiela's parentage which so crushed Shiela, that in spite of the love and care that had been lavished upon her by the entire Cardross menage, she had conceived herself disgraced, and nameless. While in this rebellious and morbid mood Louis Malcourt, an intimate friend of the Cardross family, and the last representative of a degenerate, though noble family, had offered to marry Shiela and give her a name, and she had accepted conditional on the marriage remaining a profound secret between them. And afterwards Shiela had learned to loath Malcourt, and though he would have released her she would not hear of an annulment of her marriage for fear of the disgrace that would fall on the Cardross name. In the meantime Malcourt had been leading the life that is affected by the degenerate man of fashion, who, possessing next to no fortune, lives by his wits, in this case gambling, in the interval of acting as his friend's man of affairs on his Long Island estate. Now Louis Malcourt, though degenerate, was not unlovable, and his successes, with the fair sex were notorious. That he possessed grit and a keen sense of honour was apparent whenever the necessity arose for him to toe "the firing line." His offer of marriage was a sacrificial and supremely unselfish act, an act foreign to his reputation. Shiela neither understood its value nor appreciated the nobility that prompted it, for it cast him adrift, took from him the possibility of the salvation a strong, good woman's love might, nay would, have wrought for him. But for this or of her duty towards him, Shiela does not seem to have had the faintest comprehension. Hamil, in contradistinction to Malcourt, belonged to "the younger set," to whom Mr. Chambers looks for the regeneration of America, and it was inevitable that Shiela, who also belonged to that set, should fall in love with Hamil. And though Shiela, after Hamil declares his love, confesses that she is already married, she still further increases the wrong done to Malcourt, by suppressing the fact that he is her husband, so fearful is she lest the Cardross family be disgraced. So complication follows complication, and with each phase Louis Malcourt's "fighting chance" recedes, and he is driven to the only reparation he can think of and that is to straighten the tangle out of Shiela's life by giving up his own. And "greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friend."

and toeing "the firing line." No more powerful delineation of the distorted workings of a brain, predisposed to insanity by heredity, and driven over the border line that separates sanity from insanity by misunderstanding, can be imagined than this characterisation of Louis Malcourt. And no stronger or more reasonable plea for the regeneration of America could be put forth than that which furnishes the motive for this book, for out of the welding of the old and new race shall come forth a more perfected race, the old supplying the polish to tone down the crudities of the new, and the new bestowing strength and vigour to supplement the graces and impaired intellect of the old. Shiela Cardross, though lovable enough in some respects, seems to have been entirely lacking in the intuition that is said to be the special prerogative of her sex, but Garret Hamil, though we admire his superabundant good qualities, is not our hero, for we think a lack of understanding a fatal blemish in a hero. And though ultimately the union of East and West will be beneficial to the American race, there are bound to be rude shocks in store for those who belong to the old order that is to give place to the new. The other characters of the book, though subsidiary, are well drawn, especially Virginia Surdam, for whom the reader will feel the most profound sympathy. The book is splendidly illustrated, and not a little of its charm lies in the superb description given of the vegetation, animal, reptile and bird-life indigenous to the torest reserves of Florida. In the sporting phrasology, of which Mr. Chambers so well knows the use, he lays down the dictum that "it is on the firing line that character shows; a person is what he is in the field—even though he sometimes neglects to live up to it in less vital moments." And as we linger over the last few chapters of the book, we fervently wish Mr. Chambers an increasing fecundity. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of George Robertson and Company Pty. Ltd., booksellers and stationers, 107-113 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne.

The Song of Hyacinth: John Oxenham. (London: Methuen and Co., 30, Essex, Street, W.C.)

Though Mr. Oxenham is not always in his happiest mood in the narration of the twelve short stories that comprise this book, want of vigour in the telling of them cannot be laid to his charge. Indeed in the depiction of the crimes, adventures, sufferings and pitiful ending of the characters that form the dramatic personae of the grim story entitled "The Legion of the Lost" (the strongest story of the book) he has almost overstepped the line that divides the ghastly from the merely sensational. "The Song of Hyacinth" is a piece of dainty sentiment that has a strong undercurrent of pathos running through it, and has evidently been suggested by the numerous parallel episodes of the much to be regretted Boer war. But underlying all the tragic or serio-comic element of the book, is the intimate knowledge of human beings and their motives, at their best—and worst—that so marks Mr. Oxenham's work, and in the sympathetic analysis of which he is such an adept. "A Simple Beguiler" is a strong Dickensian snack, while "The Two Old Maids From School," is the quaintest reading imaginable, and we strongly advise readers to get the book for themselves, as every note in the human gamut is struck, and there is a story to suit every mood that humans are subject to. Our copy has been received through Messrs. Wildman and Arey.

Musings in Maoriland: James Silvers. (Masterton, N.Z.: "Wairarapa Daily Times.")

"Musings in Maoriland" has much true poetic expression running through it. Its author does not lay claim to a high standard of merit, his preface being depreciatory and apologetic for the defects which appear, but which he lamely says he has neither the patience nor per-

severance to correct. To the thoughtful readers it will seem that time spent on more immature poems would have been better employed in revision and correction of previous faulty effusions. These faults be largely in errors of judgment, in an apparent ignorance of the proper meaning of words, and in "illogical expression or faulty grammar, to say nothing of what might be termed innocent slang. A few examples may suffice: The secondary part of the title of the book is "Stray Thoughts and Fugitive Fancies." "Stray thoughts" may bear a meaning of occasional or rare thoughts, but "fugitive fancies" are fancies that have eluded the grasp, not fancies seized and recorded. In the poem, "Who Dares to Say That England's Might has Fied?" the fault in the third line is merely an ungrammatical change of person, but the fourth line, "Her heart still throbs exultant at war's blast" is a serious libel on England, and out-jingles the jingoes, who have the grace in their wildest moments to state, "We don't want to fight." The spirit of that last line of the verse puts the cautious, peace-loving and peace-preserving heart of Old England on a par with that of an impetuous, ravaging savage, thirsting for gore. Then take the next poem, "The Decision." In the construction of the first verse logic is discarded. The second line of the second verse, "Whose knowledge was astute," makes the word "astute" an attribute of knowledge, whereas it is purely an attribute of mind. Poetic license cannot be urged for sins of this sort. Further, in the same poem, the artist's and the poet's pleas (their respective claims to superiority over each other) are woefully superficial, and reflect the author's poor conception of the vitalising inspirational spirit, his "pleas" more fitting the description of works of the genus pot-boiler. As a light literary repast the book will have a mildly beneficial, and to some extent amusing, for there is humour as well as sentiment and pathos in its pages. There is no vulgarity, but the essence of a kindly nature pervades every page. Some of the pieces have real merit, as "Pygmalion and Galatea," "My Garden," "The Legend of Te Ore Ore," etc. The author's frequent longing for the land of his birth (Scotland) gives the reader the rather sad impression of a caged bird fretting to escape.

The Sunny Side of the Hill: Rosa Nouchette Carey. (London: Macmillan and Co., St. Martin's-street.)

To read and properly appreciate one of Miss Carey's pleasing old-world stories requires a detachment that is difficult to acquire in these days of hurry and bustle, superficiality and ceaseless change. But the reader who possess this gift of detachment will be richly rewarded, for so invigorating is the pure wholesome sentiment that breathes from its pages that it works like magic, leaving the reader refreshed, reassured and rejuvenated. "No fool like an old fool" is the expression we have heard used in the case of lovers who, having delayed

the consummation of their happiness, from various reasons—some too sacred to become public property—or from motives of expediency until after they have passed the meridian of life. But, it, after reading the deeply pathetic love story of middle-aged "Margaret Brydon," the reader can still justify the indelicate use of this too often misapplied epithet, or declare that love is unsexually or impossible in middle or old age, he must stand convicted as a fool, young or old. Though Margaret Brydon's history is only incidental to this charming story, which depicts the fortunes, limitations and idiosyncracies of the Brydon and the Chaylor families, it supplies the most absorbing interest of a book that is a fount of interest and ideal from cover to cover. Nothing that Miss Carey has ever written (and she is a past-master in the art of depicting the seemingly trivial round of daily duty that filled, if it did not always satisfy, the lives of the gentlewoman of the Mid-Victorian age) has so fully demonstrated the quiet happiness that follows the conscientious discharge of duty. In short, Margaret Brydon's character, as conceived by Miss Carey, is a practical expression of Carmep Sylvia's beautiful lines which head the tenth chapter of the book:—

There is but one happiness, Duty;
There is but one consolation, Work;
There is but one delight, The Beautiful.

And though "Nellie's Memories" has ever occupied a very high place in our esteem, it is to "The Sunny Side of the Hill" we shall turn when Dan Cupid shall have played us one of the scurvy tricks he so delights to play on lovers young or old. Our copy of this book has been received through the publishers, Macmillan and Co.

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Thorgunna's Ghost.

By
S.
Haring-
Gould.

Author
of
Mchalah,
etc.

Copyright Story.

THE following very curious story is from the Eyrbyggja Saga, one of the oldest and noblest of the Icelandic histories. As it results in an action unique in its way—a lawsuit brought against a party of ghosts, who haunted a house, it well merits attention from all lovers of curiosities.

In the summer of 1000, the year in which Christianity was established in Iceland, a vessel came on the coast near Snafellness, full of Irish and natives of the Hebrides, with a few Norsemen among them; the ship came from Dublin, and lay alongside of Rifi, waiting a breeze which might waft her into the fieth of Doggertharness. Some people went off in boats from the mess to trade with the vessel. They found on board a Hebride woman called Thorgunna, who, hinted the sailors, had treasures of female attire in her possession, the like of which had never been seen in Iceland. Now when Thurida, the housewife at Frod-riuer, heard of this she was all excitement to get a glimpse of these treasures; for she was a dashing, showy sort of a woman. She rowed over to the ship, and on meeting Thorgunna, asked if she had some really first-rate ladies' dresses? Of course, she had; and she was not going to part with them to any one, was the answer? Their might she see them? humbly asked Thurida. Yes, she might see them. So the boxes were opened, and the Iceland lady examined the foreign apparel. It was good, but not so very remarkable as she had anticipated; on the whole, she was a bit disappointed. Still, she would like to purchase, and she made a bid. Thorgunna at once refused to sell. Thurida then invited the Hebride lady home on a visit, and the stranger, only too glad to leave the vessel, accepted the invitation with alacrity.

On the arrival of the lady with her boxes at the farm, she asked to see her bed, and was shown a convenient closet in the lower part of the hall. There she unlocked her largest trunk, and drew forth a set of bedclothes of the most exquisite workmanship, and she spread over the bed English linen sheets, and a silk coverlet. From the box she also extracted tapestry hangings and curtains to suspend against the partition; and the like of all these things had never been seen in the island before.

Thurida opened her eyes very wide, and asked her guest to share in the bedclothes with her.

"Not for all the world," replied the strange lady with sharpness; "I'm not going to pig in the straw for you, ma'am."

An answer which, the Saga writer assures us, did not particularly gratify the good woman of the house.

Thorgunna was stout and tall, disposed to become fat, with black eyebrows, a head of thick, bushy brown hair, and soft eyes. She was not much of a talker nor very merry, and it was her wont to go to church every day before beginning her daily task. Many people took her to be about sixty years old. She worked at the loom every day, except in hay-making time, and then she went forth into the field, and stacked the hay allotted to her to save. The summer that year was wet, and the hay had not been carried on account of the rain, so that at Frod-riuer farm, by autumn, the crop was only half cut and the rest was still sowing.

One day appeared bright and cloudless, and the farmer, Thorodd, ordered the boys to turn out for a general hay-making. The strange lady worked along with the rest tossing hay till three in the afternoon, when a black cloud cross-

ed the sky from the north, and shortly after such a darkness had come on that it was almost impossible to see. The hay-makers, at Thorodd's commands, raked their hay together in cocks, but Thorgunna, for no assignable reason, left hers spread. It now became so dark that there was no seeing a hand held up before the face, and down came the rain in torrents. It did not last many minutes, and then the sky cleared, and the evening was as bright as had been the morning.

It was observed by the hay-makers on their return to their work, that it had rained some red matter like blood, for all the grass was stained. They spread it, and it soon dried up, but Thorgunna tried in vain to dry hers; it had been so thoroughly saturated that the sun went down leaving it dripping blood, and all her clothes were discoloured. Thurida asked what could be the meaning of the portent, and Thorgunna answered that it boded ill to the house and its inmates. In the evening, late, the strange woman returned home, and went to her closet, and stripped off the stained clothes. She then lay down in her bed, and began to sigh. It was soon ascertained that she was ill, and when food was brought her she would not swallow it.

Next morning the lender came to her to enquire how she felt, and to learn what turn the sickness was likely to take. The poor lady told him that she feared her end was approaching, and she earnestly besought him to attend to her directions as to the disposal of her property, not changing any particular, as such a change would entail misery on the family. Thorodd declared his readiness to carry out her wishes to the minutest detail.

"This then," said she, "is my last request. I desire my body to be taken to Skalholt, if I die of this disease, for I have a presentiment that that place will shortly become the most sacred in the island, and that clerks will be there who will chant over me; and do you reimburse yourself for any outlay in carrying this into effect from my chattels. Let your wife, Thurida, have my scarlet gown, lest she be put out at the church; but my bed, with its curtains, tapestry, coverlet and sheets, I desire to have burned, so that they go into nobody's possession. This I desire, not because I grudge the use of these handsome articles to anybody, but because I foresee that the possession of them would be the cause of innumerable quarrels and heart-burnings."

Thorodd promised solemnly to fulfil to the letter every particular. The complaint now rapidly gained ground, and before many days Thorgunna was dead. The farmer put her corpse into a coffin; and then took all the bed furniture into the open air, and raising a pile of wood, hung the clothes on top of it, and was about to fire the pile, when, with a face pale from anxiety and dismay, forth rushed Thurida, to know what in the name of wonder her husband was about to do with those treasures of needle-work, the coverlet, sheets and curtains of the strange lady's bed.

"Burn them, according to her dying request," replied Thorodd.

"Burn them!" echoed Thurida, casting up her hands and eyes; "what nonsense! Thorgunna desired this to be done only because she was full of envy; had others should enjoy these incomparable treasures."

"But she threatened all kinds of mis-

fortunes unless I obeyed strictly her injunctions; and I promised to fulfil her intentions," expostulated the worthy man.

"Oh, that is all fancy!" exclaimed the wife; "what misfortune can these articles possibly bring upon us?"

Thorodd still stood out; but in this, as in many another's house, the grey mare was the best horse, and what with entreaties, embraces and tears, he was forced to effect a compromise, and relinquish to his wife the hangings and the coverlet, in order that he might secure immunity from burning the pillow and the sheets. Yet neither was satisfied, says the historian.

Next day preparations were made for fitting the corpse to Skalholt, and trustworthy men were secured to accompany it. The body was swathed in linen, but not stitched up; it was then put into the coffin, and placed on horseback. So they started with it over the moor, and nothing particular happened until they reached a plain, where there are many pools and morasses, and the corpse had repeated falls into the mire. After a bit they crossed a river at Eyar-fjord, but the water was very deep, for there had been heavy rains, and the corpse got soaked, as did the men who attended on it.

At nightfall they reached Stafholt and asked the farmer to take them in. He declined peremptorily, probably disliking the notion of housing a corpse, and he shut the door in their faces. They could go no further that night, as the river Hvita was before them, which is very deep and broad, and could only be traversed in safety by day; so they took the coffin into an out-house, and after some trouble persuaded the farmer let them sleep in his hall; but he would not give them any food, so they went supperless to bed. Scarcely, however, was all quiet in the house before a strange clatter was heard in the shed serving as larder. One of the farm servants, thinking that thieves were breaking in, stole to the door, and on looking in beheld a tall naked woman, with thick brown hair, busily engaged in preparing food. The poor fellow was so frightened that he fled back to his bed, quaking like an aspen leaf. In another moment the nude figure stalked into the hall, bearing victuals in both hands, and these she placed on the table. By the dim light the bearers recognised Thorgunna, and they understood that she resented the churlishness of the host, and had left her coffin to provide food for them. The farmer and his wife were now speedily brought to terms, and leaving their beds displayed the utmost alacrity in supplying all the necessities of their guests. A fire was lighted; the wet clothes were taken off the travellers; curd and beer, and a

stew of Iceland mase, set before them. And they undertook to dry the dripping shroud.

Then all heard a noise in the out-house. Thorgunna was stepping back into her coffin.

Nothing transpired of any moment during the rest of the journey. The bearers had but to relate the story of the previous night's events, and they were sure of a ready welcome wherever they halted. At Skalholt all went well; the clerks accepted the gold ring, and chanted over the body; they buried her deep, and put green turf over her. So their errand accomplished, the servants of Thorodd returned home.

At Frod-riuer there was a large hall, with a closed bedroom at one end of it. On each side of the hall were closets; in one of these dried fish were stacked up, and flour was kept in the other. Every evening, about meal-time, a great fire was lighted in the hall, and men used to sit long before it ere they partook of supper. The same night that the funeral party returned, the men were sitting round the fire, when suddenly they perceived a phosphorescent half-moon glow into brilliancy on the wall of the apartment, and travel slowly round the wall against the sun. This appearance continued all the while that the men sat by the fire, and was visible every evening after. Thorodd asked Thoriv Stumpleg, his bailiff, what this portended; and the man replied that it boded death to someone, but to whom he could not say.

Shortly after a shepherd came in, gloomy, and muttering to himself in a strange manner. When addressed, he answered wildly, and they thought he must have lost his wits. The man remained in this state for some little while. One night he went to bed as usual, but in the morning when the men came to wake him, they found him lying dead in his place.

He was buried in the churchyard. A few nights after, strange sounds were heard outside the house; and one night when Thoriv Stumpleg went out of the door for some purpose, he saw the shepherd stride past him. Thoriv attempted to slip indoors again; but the shepherd grasped him, and after a short tussle cast him in, so that he fell upon the hall floor, bruised and severely injured. He succeeded in crawling to his bed, but he never rose from it again. His body was purple and swollen. After a few days he died, and was buried in the churchyard. Immediately after, his spectre was seen to walk in company with that of the shepherd.

A servant of Thoriv now sickened, and after three days' illness died. Within a few days five more died. The fast preceding Christmas approached, though in those days the fashion of fasting was



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not introduced. In the closet containing dried fish, the stack was so big that the door could not be closed, and when fish were wanted a ladder was placed against the pile, and the top fish were taken away for use. In the evening, as men sat over the fire, the stack of dried fish suddenly was upset, and when people went to examine it, they could discover no cause.

Just before Yule, also, Thorodd, the bonder, went out in a long boat with seven men, after some fish, and they were out all night. The same evening, the fires having been kindled in the hall at Frod-river, a seal's head appeared to rise out of the floor of the apartment. A servant girl, who first saw it, rushed to the door, and catching up a bludgeon which lay beside it, struck at the seal's head. The blow made the head rise higher out of the floor, and it turned its eyes towards the bed-curtains of Thorgrinna. A house-churl now took the stick, and beat at the apparition; but he fared no better, for the head rose higher at each stroke, till the fore-fins appeared, and the fellow was so frightened that he fainted away. Then up came Kiartan, the bonder's son, a lad of 12, and, snatching up a large iron mallet for beating the fish, he brought it down with a crash upon the seal's head. He struck again and again, till he drove it into the floor, much as one might drive a pile; he then beat down the earth over it.

It was noticed by all that on every occasion the lad Kiartan was the only one that had any power over the apparitions.

Next morning it was ascertained that Thorodd and his men had been lost, for the boat was driven ashore; but the bodies were never recovered.

Thurida and her son, Kiartan, immediately invited all their kindred and neighbours to a funeral feast. They had brewed for Yule, and now they kept the banquet in commemoration of the dead. When all the company had arrived, and had taken their places—the seats of the dead men being, as customary, left vacant—the hall-door was darkened, and the guests beheld Thorodd and his servants enter, dripping with water. All were gratified, for at that time it was considered a token of favourable acceptance with the goddess Ran if the dead men came to the wake; "and," says the Saga writer, "although we are Christian men and baptised, we have faith in the same token still." The spectres walked through the hall without greeting anyone, and seated themselves before the fire. The servants fled in all directions, and the dead men sat silently round the flames till the fire died out; then they left the house as they had entered it. This happened every evening as long as the feast continued, and some deemed that at the conclusion of the festivities the apparition would cease. The wake terminated, and the visitors dispersed. The fire was lighted as usual towards dusk, and in, as before, came Thorodd and his retinue, dripping with water; they sat down before the hearth, and began to wring out their clothes. Next came in the spectres of Thorir Stumpleg, and the six who had died in bed after him, and been buried; they were covered with mould, and they proceeded to shake the mould off their clothes upon Thorodd and his men, who were drowned.

The inmates of the house deserted the room, and remained without light and heat in another apartment. Next day the fire was not lighted in the hall, but in the other room; the farm-people reckoning on the ghosts keeping to the hall.

But no! in came the spectral train, and upon the living men vacating their seats, the ghosts occupied them, and sat grimly looking into the red fire till it died out, whilst the terrified servants spent the evening in the unwarmed hall.

On the third day two fires were kindled—one in the hall for the ghosts, and another in the small chamber for the living men; and so it had to be done throughout the whole of Yule.

Fresh disturbances now began in the fish closet, and it seemed as though a hull were among the fish, tossing them about; and this went on night and day. A man set the ladder against the stack, and climbed to the top. He observed emerging from the pile of stock fish a tail like that of a cow that had been stung, but soft and covered with hair like that of a seal. The fellow caught the tail and pulled at it, calling lustily for help. Up ran men and women, and all dragged at the tail, but none of them could pull it out; it seemed stiff and dead, yet suddenly it was whisked out of

their hands, and rasped the skin off their palms.

The stack was now taken down, but no traces of the tail could be found, only it had been discovered that the skin had been peeled off the fish, and at the bottom of the stack not a bit of flesh was left upon them.

Thorgrima, the wife of Thorir Stumpleg, fell ill shortly after this; on the evening of her burial she was seen in company with Thorir and his party. All those who had seen the tail were now attacked, and died—men and women. In the autumn there had been thirty household servants at Frod-river; of these now eighteen were dead, the ghosts had frightened five away, and at the beginning of the month Goi (the end of February and the beginning of March), there remained but seven.

Things had thus come to such a pass as to render ruin imminent, unless some decisive measures were pursued to rid the house of the spectres which haunted it. Kiartan, accordingly, determined on consulting Snorri, the Headman, his mother's brother, and one of the shrewdest men Iceland ever produced. Kiartan reached his uncle's house at Helgafell at the same time that a priest arrived from Gizur White, who did more than anyone else for the conversion of Iceland.

Snorri advised Kiartan to take the priest with him to Frod-river, to burn all the furniture of Thorgrinna, to hold a court at his door, and bring a formal action at law against the spectres, and then to get the priest to sprinkle the house with holy water, and to shrive the survivors on the farm. Along with him Snorri sent his son, Thord Kausi, with six men, that he might summons Kiartan's father, considering that there might be a little delicacy in the son bringing an action against the ghost of his own father.

So it was settled, and Kiartan rode home. On his way he called at neighbours' houses, and asked for help; so that by the time he reached Frod-river his party was considerably swelled. It was Gandlemass Day, and they drew up at the farm door just after the fires had been lighted, and the ghosts had assumed their customary places. Kiartan found his mother in bed, with all the premonitory symptoms of the same complaint which had carried off so many others in the house. The lad passed the spectres, and going up to the bed of Thorgrinna, removed the quilt and curtains, and every article which had belonged to her. Then he pushed boldly up to the fire past the ghosts, and took a brand from it.

In a few minutes he had made a pile of brushwood, and had thrown the bed-furniture on the top. The flames roared up around the luckless articles and consumed them. A court was next constituted at the door, according to proper legal forms, and Kiartan summoned Thorir Stumpleg, while Thord Kausi summoned Thorodd for bringing mischief and death among the retainers of the family.

Every spectre there present was summoned by name in due legal form. The plaintiffs argued their case, and witnesses were called and examined. The defendants were asked what exceptions they had to plead, and upon their remaining silent, sentence was pronounced. Each case was taken separately, and the court sat long. The first action disposed of was that against Thorir. He was ordered to leave the house forthwith. Upon hearing this decree of the court, Stumpleg rose from his chair and said:

"I sat whilst sit I might," and hobbled out of the hall by the door opposite to that before which the court was held.

The case of the shepherd was next disposed of. On hearing the sentence he rose:

"I go; better had I been dismissed before," he vanished through the door.

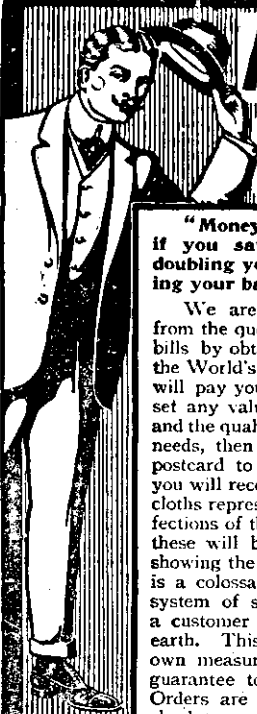
When Thorgrima was ordered to depart, she followed the others, saying: "I remained whilst to remain was lawful."

Each who left said a few words which evinced a disinclination to desert the fireside for the grave and the sea-depths. The last to go was Thorodd, and he said:

"There is now no peace for us here; we are sitting one by one."

After this Kiartan went in, and the priest took holy water and sprinkled the walls of the house; then he sang Mass, and performed many ceremonies.

So the spectres haunted Frod-river no more, Thurida got better rapidly; and the prospects of the farm smiled speedily.



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Boudoir Gossip

How to Travel in Comfort.

In no way does the woman who is a good manager shine so conspicuously as when it comes to a question of herself and her belongings travelling in comfort—for even though the luxury of first-class is denied her, it makes no whit of difference, save in so far as the actual carriage is concerned, and to travel in her company is a liberal education in the art of making the best of things under all possible combination of circumstances.

To begin with, on top of everything else in her dressing case will be found a small sponge, a small clean towel, and a flat bottle filled with eau de Cologne and water, not pure eau de Cologne, as it is remarked, which for sponging purposes is not nearly either so suitable or so refreshing as eau de Cologne mixed with water, since it is far too strong for the average skin, and distinctly unsuitable where children are concerned.

In close proximity to this will be found a small bottle of lavender water, and a tiny case of smelling salts. So much for mere cleanliness. Then conspicuous among her hand luggage is a small flat case of American cloth or oilskin, which, when opened, will be found to contain two cushions, and only those who have known what it is to travel on a hot day with, perhaps, a blinding train headache, can properly appreciate what a cushion and a handkerchief soaked in lavender water mean in these circumstances.

The cushion case will also accommodate a pair of easy old slippers for use on long journeys.

Now as to creature comforts. Tea, we know, is to be had at intervals, but it sometimes happens, especially when very fatigued, that one craves for tea long before the chance of getting it occurs.

A little flat case which, in addition to sandwiches of egg, cress, and perhaps, cold tongue or chicken, will also accommodate a bottle filled with sportsman's tea, that is cold tea, China for preference, sweetened to taste and flavoured with lemon juice, is, in this case, an absolute godsend to the tired traveller, and when children are of the party a bottle of nursery milk should also be included.

These are the little things which, though small in themselves, make all the difference between a comfortable and an uncomfortable journey, therefore let us one and all take a hint from the woman who is a good manager.

What is Most Necessary to a Woman's Happiness?

What is most necessary to a woman's happiness? Is it money, and the things that money buys? Cynical people say that it is. These same cynics also advise women to marry for money, because they say that in a little while romance is bound to fade and illusions be scattered, and then that the rich woman has her establishment to console her, whereas the poor woman has nothing.

But if you started out to paint a picture of happiness you would never select as your model the disillusioned wife whose existence is bounded on the north by clothes, on the east by bridge, and on the south by a yacht, and on the west by a motor-car.

You cannot pile enough rose points and diamonds above an empty heart to stop its aching.

In spite of all this, however, probably nine-tenths of the women in the world think that if they had plenty of money they would be perfectly happy.

Other women think if they had fame and success they would be perfectly happy.

They think that to see their names in print, or to hear the plaudits of an audience, would bring them complete bliss.

But fame never satisfied anybody; least of all a woman. The woman who is eminently successful has to buy her laurel crown at a great price.

She must give up all the sweets of home and domesticity.

She must either live a solitary life, or else turn over to hirelings all the

dear little familiar services that a woman loves to do for her own.

Hired hands must put her babies to sleep; hired ears must listen to their prayers; hired watchers must sit beside their beds when they are ill, while the mother toils with pen, or laughs and grimaces upon the stage.

Still other women think that if they had only love they would be happy, but love alone does not suffice.

It is a strange contradiction, but it is true, that as a general thing the people who love us best treat us with least consideration.

All know women who lived for years with husbands who never paid them a compliment, or gave any more indication of the state of their feelings than if they had been graven images; yet when the wives died, the men were broken-hearted over their loss.

All know men who spend their lives slaving to indulge their wives in luxuries, but who never show the slightest affection in any other way.

Any woman with such a husband can sit down and by reasoning can convince herself that her husband loves her, but that sort of logic only satisfies the head. It does not feed the hungry heart.

The one thing that makes a woman happy is tenderness. Give her that and she can make shift to do with very little else. She may be poor and may have to wear made-over clothes and last year's hats, but if her husband is sorry for her because she cannot have the things she ought to have, if he tells her how he would like to dress her if he could—she will wear her old clothes over a heart that is ten times as light as that of many a lady who has on the latest thing from Paris.

And the man who swears his devotion to his wife at every turn need do little else for her. She has got the koh-i-noor of happiness, and she feels that she can afford to dispense with all smaller jewels.—Ex.

A Feminine Mania.

Numberless women have a perfect mania for "keeping things." "Thrift," they call it, and are inclined to preen themselves on their foresightedness in saving what may "come in handy."

Rubbish men of the family scornfully dub the odds and ends that their women-kind treasure from year to year. And rubbish most of these precious sayings are; nerve-racking rubbish that makes house-keeping a burden and moving a tragedy.

If only women never began putting away bits of lining, three or four buttons, scraps of lace and embroidery, gowns that have become slightly back numbers, half-worn hat trimmings, men's faded shirts and threadbare coats—but the hoarding spirit once acquired, its licks are tough.

Bathe Your Face.

To begin with, hot water is a necessary adjunct, and with this the face and hands should be well bathed. It is as well for the busy woman, who has been out all day, to use soap to her face, and cleanse it from the dust and impurities which a day in town has necessarily brought. The soap should be well rinsed off with clean, warm water. The teeth should next receive attention, and will last much longer and look whiter if cleansed before retiring. This careful cleansing of the teeth before sleep will do more than anything towards preserving them sound to old age. Much of the mischief and decay of the teeth is caused by the neglect of cleansing them after their day's work. The hands should be carefully washed and dried, and, if they are at all harsh, a little emollient cream or glycerine and rose water should be rubbed in. So much for the ablutionary part. Now for the hair. This should be thoroughly well brushed and be freed from all tangle. A certain amount of dust is sure to collect in one's hair, and brushing is the only way to remove it. The hair should then be loosely braided and left hanging down. Try this regularly for a week or two and the habit will become second nature.

Have They Come to Stay?

That the Directoire modes—the sheath skirt and the slashed skirt, worn over a petticoatless form—are the most startling things in the way of fashions that have been launched in many moons there is no denying. But have they been launched? Isn't it rather a case of flags flying, bands playing, the champagne bottle smashed on the bow—and the ship stuck fast on the ways? One swallow doesn't make a summer, nor do three dress-maker's models parading at a French raccourse create a fashion. It would not be at all surprising, viewing the recent trend of fashion, to see smart Parisiennes going to the limit of the Directoire style. But if they elect to do it, how well it will be done. In picturesque, luxurious surroundings, with softened lights and appropriate background, will the startling costumes be worn. Their movements will be the result of long and careful study before a mirror in the solitude of their boudoirs. Their poses, will be carefully thought out, for gowns modelled on these extreme styles require most delicate wearing.

But the average Australian woman is not the pampered pet of Fortune. She leads, and is all the better for it, a strenuous life. Class distinctions do not exist here, except in the matter of official invitations necessarily influenced by official positions. For the busy woman there remain—for which heaven be thanked!—the dark skirt and shirt blouse for morning wear, and the frilly fullness of the petticoats she will never really abandon, with the flowing skirts of soft, inexpensive silks and voiles for the afternoon.

A Cup of Tea in Morocco.

Much quaint ceremonial attaches itself to the drinking of tea in Morocco, making our own simple preparations pale into insignificance by comparison.

When a party of guests enter the house or tent of a rich Moor, one of the near relatives of the host is charged with the duty of making tea. He squats in one corner, having on either side of him a large server or platter. Upon one of these servers is a number of cups, and upon the other a sugar bowl, a box of tea, a pile of fragrant menthe leaves, a copper apparatus for heating water, and a tea-urn.

MUCH TASTING IS DONE.

The tea maker sets the water boiling with a little fuel, and then pours the boiling water into his tea-urn, quickly adding to it some tea and some sugar, and allows the compound to steep a few moments. Then he pours out a cup of the tea, and tastes it, smacks his lips, sniffs the odour of the liquid, and draws a deep breath—all with an air which says, "I am going to get this tea exactly right." Perhaps he does not find the compound to his taste at the first attempt, for he pours the tea in his cup back into the teaurn, adds a little sugar or a little tea, and pours out another cup for a second test.

CUPS CHANGE HANDS WITHOUT WASHING.

This process goes on, the teamaker testing his tea and pouring it back again until he gets it just to his liking. Then the guests are called, and if any one of the moos does not finish his cup, he is expected to pour it back into the urn, for it is the custom in Morocco to take three cups in succession, and the tea making has to be begun over again. The first of the three cups offered is plain tea with sugar, and the two succeeding cups are perfumed with menthe or yervine.

In preparing these successive kinds of tea, the cups go back to the teamaker, and change hands at the next serving without any washing.

The Clerk and the Duchess.

If the people who use "lady" rather than "woman" knew the proper meaning of the word, we could understand it, but they do so out of sheer snobbishness, as did a parish clerk of whom I have heard (remarks the Rev. E. J. Hardy, M. A.). A curate, when churched a duchess, called her, in the words of the Prayer Book, "this woman, Thy servant." The clerk, shocked at such a liberty, looked reprovingly at the clergyman, and responded, "who putteth her ladyship's trust in Thee." Everyone now is called

a gentleman, but the words fell on the face of it to whom alone it ought to be applied—to those who are gentle in thought, word, and deed. Unfortunately, clothes, money, and even idleness are what are too commonly considered as constituting a gentleman. A friend of mine told me that the other day, coming over from Ireland, he heard two men in the steamer talking of a third. "Who or what is he?" one of them asked. "I don't know," was the reply, "but he is a gentleman; he always wears a tall hat." This note was found on the margin of the register-book of a certain parish: "A gentleman, but with less than £300 a year."

When Love is Dead.

There is only one thing to do when a man's love is dead, and that is to let him go. To "win back his love" is next to an impossibility. It is a pathetic sight to see two people, one madly in love with the other, and the other unable to reciprocate. And yet, "Try to forget" is the only advice that can be offered.

A man shows it plainly enough when he has ceased to love. Appointments cease to be sacred, he cannot summon up courage to write letters, he is moody and silent, and shows in his manner all that his tongue refuses to say.

If he can get an excuse to go off somewhere away from his fiancée he seizes hold of it, and gives her no explanation for his conduct.

The signs of a dead love are unmistakable, and no woman who values her self-respect will seek to keep a man by her side who cares for her no longer. The parting will be hard, but afterwards she will be glad that she made her decision before it was too late.

Novena is New!

The Novena specifics are all the better for that. Intelligent women are taking such interest in themselves now that it pays specialists and savants of the first eminence to spend years of investigation in matters germane to the Cult of Beauty. VALAZE (Jars, 4/- and 7/-, post free) is already a familiar friend of the toilet. Novena merits its appointment as First Lieutenant of Valaze.

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NOVENA SUNPROOF CREME. Invisible in use, it affords perfect protection against wind and sun. With this at hand you can live in the open without the slightest hazard of your complexion. Golfing ladies delight in it. Jars, 2/- and 3/6; postage, 3d.

NOVENA EXTRAIT. Conquers wrinkles, keeps age at bay. Exquisitely refreshing and of ideal fragrance. If you don't think it's cheap, although it costs 12/6 (postage 3d) you haven't tried it.

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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for such a long time. I have been in bed with chicken-pox for a good while, so I have not been able to write to you. We have got three broods of chickens out, and they are dear little things. A cat stole two of them out of the youngest brood and ate them. Guy Fawke's day is dying out now. I think, only a few people have any fireworks at all. My cousins did not have their fireworks last night, so they are going to have them on Monday. Before I was ill I was getting on well at school, but I am afraid I will be all behind when I go back again. Haven't it been beautiful weather lately, but rather windy and dusty. We have got plenty of loquats ripe at present. My sister and I made a garden the other day, and we planted a number of plants. I'm trying for the nature-study prize that is to be given at Christmas, and so far I think I have some chance of winning it. Good-bye. — From Cousin BOBS.

[Dear Cousin Bobs,—I am sorry you have had chicken-pox. Isn't it a nasty, hot, itchy kind of illness, and you can't rub because if you do it leaves such ugly scars; I quite understand that you could not write while you were ill. What are you going to do with the cat that killed those chicks? Kill it if you can catch it, I suppose. Did you and your Cousins have a good time on Monday with the fireworks, and did you have a bonfire? One of our neighbours had some lovely ones, and the children thought them perfect; they just yelled with enjoyment; if you had seen them you would not have thought Guy Fawke's day—or night, rather—was dying out. I hope you did not find yourself very much behind the others when you went back to school.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Katie's letter and mine must have gone astray last week. Last Monday Katie and I and the dog went for a picnic, and we got such a lot of pretty shells. I often go to the Convent with mother to see some girl friends. We have a new horse and a donkey, also a nice cow, and her name is Bessie. Sometimes she gets into a temper. We had fifteen chicks, but one died, and now we have only fourteen. Katie has left the collegiate school now.—Cousin MINNIE.

P.S.—I would like a blue badge.—M. F. N.

Dear Cousin Minnie,—Isn't it dreadful the number of letters that go astray. You must have a regular farm to keep all those animals; I don't think I would call Bessie a very nice cow if she gets into a temper. She might get into a temper

with you one day and chase you, then what would happen? Do you get many different kinds of shells on your beaches, we have some very pretty ones, but not a very great variety. I think you are lucky only to have lost one of your chicks; a great many of ours have died or been killed, and now our ducklings are being taken by the rats.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Our rabbits had six little ones, but the mother killed them all. We are going to a picnic on Wednesday if it's a fine day. Last Tuesday I went to the Hamewood beach with Mrs McWilliams. On Thursday we are going to a party at Mrs More's, from 3 to 6 p.m. Yesterday we went for a donkey drive, and Neddy, the donkey, tripped. Once Bessie, the cow, tramped on Sam's foot. Yesterday the donkey ran away when Jack was leading him home from the paddock. I am nine years old now. I am going back to Mrs Mattingley's to have lessons with May's governess. With love to yourself from Cousin KATIE (NEAVE).

[Dear Cousin Katie,—What a horrid rabbit that old mother rabbit must be. Didn't you want to kill her when you found what she had done to her babies; she deserved to die, I think. We had a cat that killed her kittens, so we poisoned her; we were so angry. You are having a gay time now with parties and picnics and donkey drives. That donkey doesn't seem to be too amiable, but I suppose you know how to manage him when he is naughty. I think donkeys are awfully funny animals, but so aggravating. Were you tipped out when Neddy tripped? Would you rather have lessons with May's governess than go to school? I suppose it is easier to do your lessons when there are only a few, but then you miss the games with so many others in playtime.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you have forgotten all about me; haven't you? I am sorry I didn't write before, but I will try and write regularly now. I have been for a holiday in Wellington, and I went out every day, wet or fine. A school friend of mine has asked Vera and me to go to a bonfire on Guy Fawke's night, and I hope it will be fine. On the King's Birthday we are going for a picnic at Westshore, if it is a nice day, and the Sailing Club opens on Saturday, the 7th of this month. I think it is time to stop now. With much love for yourself and other cousins.—Cousin AIRINI.

[Dear Cousin Airini,—I have not forgotten you, but I thought you had forgotten us completely. I am glad to find I was wrong; I hate to lose any of my cousins. Was that your first visit to Wellington; would you like to live there? Guy Fawke's night here was quite fine, but I don't think people are so enthusiastic about fireworks as they used to be. There was a huge bonfire on the North Shore beach, which set two lovely fir trees alight and burnt some poor unfortunate person's fence. I hope you had a finer day on the 6th than we had; it was very showery all day, and, of course, the guns firing the salute made it worse. Nearly all our tennis and rowing clubs opened on the 7th; it was very fine, but rather windy.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I suppose you thought I had forgotten you and my other cousins, or else, that I was dead; but, whether or no, I am happy to say that that is not the case. I have been ill for the last two months, but have nearly recovered. I went up the country for three or four weeks, and the fresh air did me good. It was quite a change from the noisy, dusty city. I was almost sorry to leave it when I had to return. Is it very hot in New Zealand now? It is extremely hot here. We are having real summery weather. How are you and all my other cousins? I suppose you have plenty of work to do? Melbourne is thronged with visitors for the "Cup" races, which are to take place on Tuesday. Well, dear Cousin Kate, as I have no more news to tell you now, I will conclude with love to you and all my other cousins, and wishing the "Graphic" every success.—I remain, your affectionate Cousin, ANNIE.

[Dear Cousin Annie,—I am so sorry to hear you have been so ill, and for such a long time; what has been the matter with you? However, I am glad to hear you are better, and by the time you get this, I hope you will have quite recovered. To go into the country for a few weeks is lovely, but I would not like to live there, would you? The noisy, dusty cities appeal to me much more than the quiet of the country. We have had lovely weather lately, but not very hot yet, though everybody prophesies a long, hot summer. All the other cousins are very well, I think, and, as you say, very busy; the last two months before Xmas are always busy times, I think, for everybody. Cup week in Melbourne is always very lively, isn't it, and such crowds of people?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for a long while. I went to a native school concert, and they acted very well. Some of the items were the fan dance and hoop drill, done by native and white children attending the school (girls), dressed in white dresses, with red and blue sashes. One native boy sang the solo, "Polly Wolly Doodle," and about twenty children joined in the

chorus. Another item that took well was "The House that Jack Built," acted with live animals, except the cow, which had to be painted on a board on account of its size. The exciting debate I went to was "Should spring cleaning be necessary in a well ordered house?" Two ladies took the question, and the one that said it was necessary won the debate. We will be having our examination very shortly, and I think I will be pleased when it is over. Love to all the cousins and yourself.—From Cousin RUBY.

[Dear Cousin Ruby.—The concert must have been a great success; I should think; the programme sounds very attractive. I love to hear children singing chorus songs. Did they sing them in parts? Having the animals real for the "House that Jack Built" was certainly a novelty, but how did you manage to keep them all quiet behind the scenes, especially the cat and rat? We wanted a bull for some tableaux once, so we got one of the huge Bovril advertisements, and pasted it on to the scenery at the side; it was really most effective, so I expect the cow was quite as good. I should like to have heard that debate on "Spring Cleaning."—Cousin Kate.]

A Witty Peasant.

A thunderstorm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph when out shooting in 1873, with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emmanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked after a while of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then, addressing Victor Emmanuel, "and you, my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good, indeed! And who are you?" addressing Prince Joseph.

"I am the Emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head, and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?"

Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.

"Why, I am His Holiness, the Pope."

A Queer Compact.

Van is seven years old and hates to go to Sunday school. One day he found his best loved friend, the house cat, as old as himself, stretched out on the ground in the garden. His cries brought his mother, who did all she could for a poisoned and apparently fast dying cat, but it seemed of no avail.

As a last desperate resort Van knelt down beside the poor creature and, clasping his hands, uttered his tear-stained face and prayed, "Dear God, make my cat well. Make her well! Oh, dear God, if you will I'll go to Sunday school every time this summer and not want to be spanked!"

The cat got well and Van faithfully kept his compact with God.

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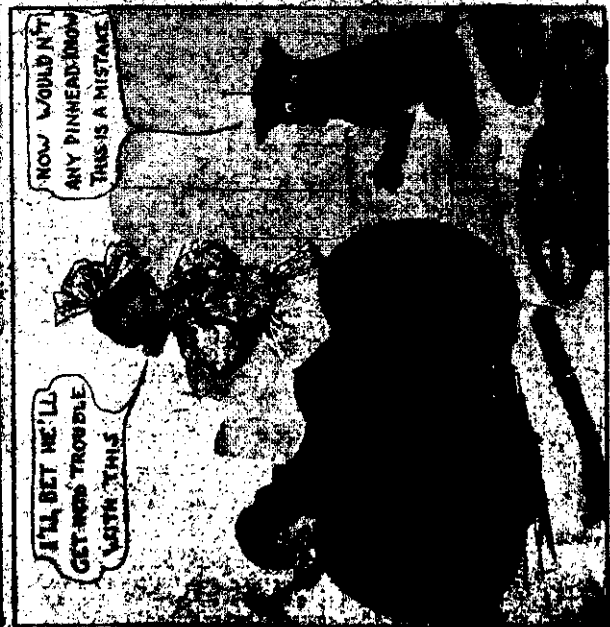
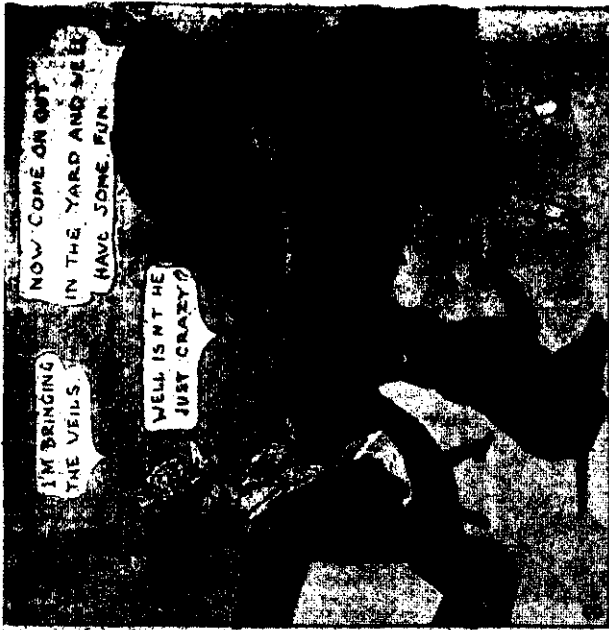
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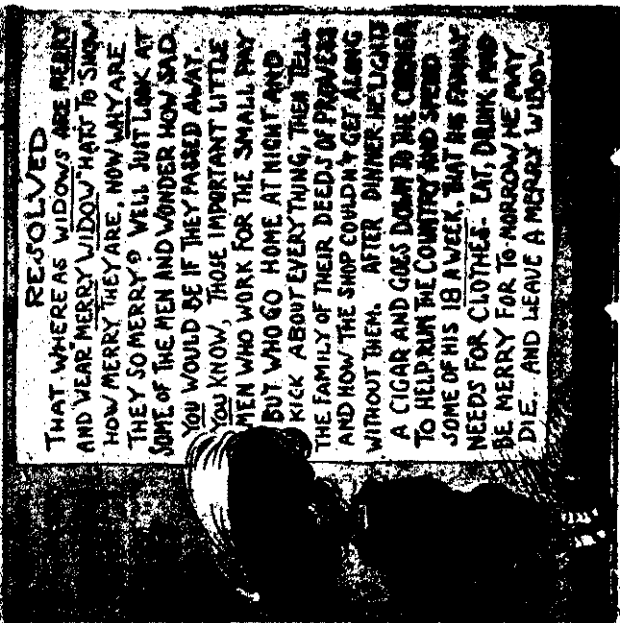
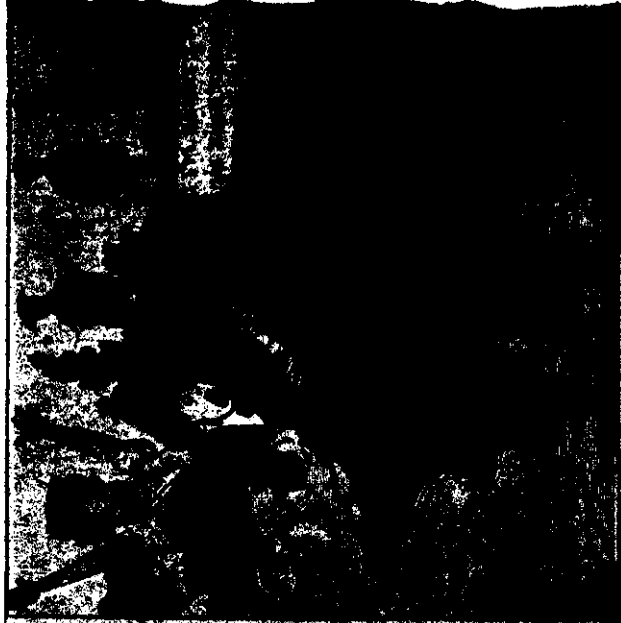
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SPRING HONOR HANDICAP of 5000vs. Seven Six and a half furlongs.

Henry Barry's br in Glenora, 4 yrs, Soult 1 - Novr, 7.8 (Sparks)
T. Davis' br in Wailou, 8.0 (Husbandman) 2
J. Murphy's ch in Otoronui, 9.2 (Gibbs) 3
Wailou was quickest on her feet, and showed the most consistency of furlongs, when Glenora heated her, and as they crossed the top stretch had a couple of lengths advantage of the other pair, which were in close company until the distance was reached, when Otoronui challenged, but they could not reach Glenora, which won comfortably by a length from Wailou, which was a head in front of Otoronui. Time, 1:25-5. Wailou was favourite.

OTAHUHU SPRING TROT.

Handicap, of 50 Sovs. Two Miles.
E. Stockley's b g Tubercan, aged, Plate 1
Gipsy (Orange), 8 sevs. 13
F. Brady's br in Agnes B. (Glover), 13 sevs. 13
T. J. Mulloy's br g Bogey (Hird), 4 sevs. 8

Also started: Robex, sev. Miss Dunmore, 4 sevs.; Lady Love, 5 sevs.; Wally, 6; Hazy, 8; Cleveland, 8; Pride, 10.
When they passed the stand the first time Agnes B. was in the lead, followed by Cleveland's Pride, Tubercan, and Gipsy. The former still had charge as they passed along the back and came to the stand the second time, with Tubercan in second position, and Gipsy, Happy, and Lady Love following in that order. Half a mile from home Tubercan had caught and passed Gipsy, while Bogey, who followed Lady Love and gained considerably on the leaders. Tubercan had a couple of lengths advantage of Agnes B. when the distance was reached, but an interesting finish was seen, with latter heading Gipsy, and Tubercan, trotting in good style, won by ten lengths, Agnes B. beating Bogey two lengths for second honours. Lady Love was fourth. Time, 5:12. Bogey was favourite.

TROTTING HANDICAP.

E. Croft's ch g Harold Huon, 6 yrs, 10 sevs.
Huan Junior Beenech (Croft), 10 sevs.
Geo. Herbert's b g Colosso (Herbert), 13 sevs.
J. O'Dowd's b in Adelaide (Orange), 28 sevs.
Also started: Lady Love, 5 sevs.; Huan Leo, 7; Iago, 18; Junior B.; Castaway, 19; Rita W., 24; Inula, and Star Pointer, 28.

Adelaide was the first of the limit horses to settle down, and when six furlongs were covered had a dozen lengths advantage of Harold Huon, who was in the ground and in style, but then came Colosso and Iago. At the half-mile post Harold Huon had headed Adelaide, and from that point the issue was never in doubt, the issue of Huan Junior heading, ending up by four lengths from Colosso, which caught Adelaide in the straight, and beat her four lengths for second honours. Lady Love was fourth. Time, 3:20-3:5th. Harold Huon was a hot favourite.

ONEHUNGA TROT HANDICAP.

Of 40 Sovs. 1 1/2 miles.
Mrs N. Hill's b g Viscount, aged, Albert Victor-Duchess (Croft), 8 sevs.
J. G. Lecky's b g Maplewood (Orange), 3 sevs.
George Herbert's b g Orlando (Herbert), 20 sevs.
Also started: Princess Eba, sev.; Le Rover, 7s.; Antocrat, 10s.; and Agnes B., 15s.

When they came past the stand, Colosso had charge, followed by Agnes B., Viscount, and Antocrat, with Maplewood at the head count moved up and up the back of the others. Going along the back Viscount and Antocrat were in front, and from that out was never afterwards troubled, winning easily at the finish by five lengths from Maplewood, who was six lengths in front of Colosso. Time, 3:47. Maplewood was favourite.

TRAMWAY HANDICAP, of 25 sovs., 4 furlongs.

A. Webster's br in Mablago, Soult - Spitfire, 7.0, McMillan
T. Davis, b g Fronton, 8.4, Buchanan
J. Murphy's b g Quadrone, 8.4, Greenwood
Also started: Miss Tine, 9.2.

Mablago and Miss Tine gave a lot of trouble at the post, and when the word to go was given the latter lost several lengths. Fronton and Mablago were quickest to commence, the latter being out by several feet when they were a furlong, never letting the rest of the field near her, winning easily by one and a half lengths from Fronton, which was a similar distance in front of Quadrone. Time, 35-25. Quadrone was favourite.

ELECTRIC TROT HANDICAP, of 35sovs. One mile.

T. Ealey's b g Cavalier, Takapo Dulce, Biscoe (Hukeri)
B. Webb's b g Macquarrie, Huan Junior
Unknown, Biscoe, including penalty
W. Douglas's b g Black Rose, Pleasanton-Akaroa, 20sevs (Hauitutu)
Also started: Wattlekauri, Biscoe; John Harrier, Biscoe; Albert Edward, Biscoe; O.Y.O., Biscoe; Rode Wilkes, Biscoe; Hena, 20sevs.

When they had gone two furlongs, Cavalier was in front, and, starting by several feet, was ahead of the way to Black Rose and Rode Wilkes. At the turn for home, Macquarrie had run into second place, but he was unable to reach the leader, who won comfortably by four lengths. Black Rose was six lengths further back, third, and then came O.Y.O. and Rode Wilkes. Time, 2min 45secs. Hena was favourite.

C.J.C. SPRING MEETING.

CHRISTCHURCH, Wednesday.

The Canterbury Jockey Club's meeting was continued on Wednesday in ideal racing weather. A few light showers in the morning served to lay the dust and freshen up the lawns, while there was an almost continuous drizzle after tea. The racing of the day was highly satisfactory, and the racing was well up to the best standard of that usually witnessed at this fixture. Fifty bookmakers, who contributed £500 in losses, were on hand, while the total amount of bets was £10,000, as against £20,716 last year. Ten well-bred two-year-olds went out to contest the Spring Nursery Handicap, amongst their number being Sir George Clifford's Kilwinning, a handsome colt by the lately defunct Kildelone, who, supported by Applgarth, was made a staunch favourite on the machine. The Chokelore pair and Cymborin did not get under way any too smartly, Bontade and Memo coming in the number, but a solid lead to the distance. There Kilwinning and Applgarth put in their claims, and in a few strides the result was placed beyond doubt, Kilwinning heading his stable companion Bontade by a length and a quarter, and he, in turn, the winner's performance was an attractive one, and stamps him as likely to develop into something above the ordinary. Tangimau's withdrawal left but half a dozen to contest the rest of the day, and in view of past experience, together with his form at the meeting, backers were justified in sending Husbandman out favourite. Really well looked, but the same could not be said for the remainder of the field, the third age and during his preliminary, showed unmistakable signs of soreness. Diabolo set out to make the pace, and, so well did he accomplish his mission, that he led the six furlongs out by 1 1/2 and 1 1/2, and the mile and a quarter in 2 1/2, the black colt's nearest attendants at this stage being Master Delaval, Signor, Zimmerman, and Downfall. When well into the race the form of the remainder of the field was lost, and thus early it was quite apparent that neither of the pair could win. Sticking to his task with the utmost gameness, Diabolo held his own all into the home straight, where Signor put in a strong challenge, and ran home a comfortable winner in 3:53-2 1/2, which constitutes a fresh Australasian record for the distance. The winner's achievement stamps him as a really big game, and he, with a little better luck, he might have won the New Zealand Cup. Diabolo also showed out in quite a new light, for his achievement of making all the running, and of finishing being a mile and a half in front of the rest, is a feat which few horses could equal. Evidently Husbandman was feeling the effects of his two former essays at the meeting, or else he found the pace too fast, while Zimmerman was too sore to have the best of it.

It was a splendid field of sixteen that went to the post for the Jockey Club's Handicap, the only withdrawal of those listed being Penates, who went lame when he was in a strong challenge, and ran home a comfortable winner in 3:53-2 1/2, which constitutes a fresh Australasian record for the distance. The winner's achievement stamps him as a really big game, and he, with a little better luck, he might have won the New Zealand Cup. Diabolo also showed out in quite a new light, for his achievement of making all the running, and of finishing being a mile and a half in front of the rest, is a feat which few horses could equal. Evidently Husbandman was feeling the effects of his two former essays at the meeting, or else he found the pace too fast, while Zimmerman was too sore to have the best of it.

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The day's operations were brought to a close with the Electric Plate, a race that usually brings together the pick of the sprinters engaged at the meeting. Armet and Naumal were the main contenders, but quite up to the average usually found disputing possession for the ladies' race, while one of their number, in Artillerie, is without doubt, a really good three-year-old. The race was a close contest, but the Electric Plate, Royal Artillerie's fine-looking daughter, was rightly made favourite, and, after being in front for most of the journey, she won easily in 2:37-4 1/2, which constitutes a fresh record for the distance.

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CANTERBURY CUP of 700sovs. Weight-forage. Two miles and a quarter.

G. F. Moore's b g Signor, 4 yrs, by Phipps' Progress-Mr. Mrs. K. H. Rickett, 8.0
J. O. Cameron
J. H. Mank's Diabolo, 7.4
T. H. Lowry's Downfall, 9.0
Also started: Zimmerman, 9.5; Master Delaval, 9.3; Husbandman, 7.0.
Diabolo and Downfall were the first to get under way, followed by Zimmerman, Signor, and Master Delaval. At the mile post Diabolo was still in front, followed by Master Delaval and Signor, with Zimmerman some distance back. Reaching the home straight, Signor and Delaval were clear of Zimmerman, with Downfall closing up, once in the straight Signor closed on the leaders, and went on and won by four

lengths from Diabolo, who finished five lengths in front of Downfall. Master Delaval was fourth, Husbandman a foot and a half back, and Zimmerman last. Time, 3:53-2 1/2.

WINNERS OF THE CANTERBURY CUP.

- 1882-Mr. D. Proudfoot's Sir Mead, 4 1/2
1883-Mr. J. Phipps's Welcome, 4 1/2
1884-Mr. J. Phipps's Welcome, 4 1/2
1885-Mr. J. Phipps's Welcome, 4 1/2
1886-Mr. P. Butler's Artillerie, 7 4 1/2
1887-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 7 4 1/2
1888-Mr. P. Butler's Maxim, 7 4 1/2
1889-Mr. S. H. Gollan's Prillman, 7 4 1/2
1890-Mr. P. Butler's Prillman, 7 4 1/2
1891-Mr. D. O'Brien's Freedom, 9 4 1/2
1892-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 7 4 1/2
1893-Mr. J. B. Reid's Skink, 4 4 1/2
1894-Mr. M. Hobbs' Prime Warden, 4 3 1/2
1895-Mr. H. Craig's Enticement, 7 3 1/2
1896-Mr. M. Hobbs' Lady Zealand, 3 50 1/2
1897-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 3 1/2
1898-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1899-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1900-Mr. D. Gordon's Advance, 9 3 1/2
1901-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1902-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1903-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1904-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1905-Mr. G. Stead's Maxim, 4 2 1/2
1906-Mr. D. O'Brien's Maxim, 9 4 1/2
1907-Mr. W. E. Whitwell's Elevation, 4 11 1/2
1908-Mr. G. F. Moore's Signor, 9 3 1/2

Note.-From 1882 to 1886 the distance was two miles and a quarter. The distance was altered in 1889 to one mile and three-quarters, remaining so in the following year; the original distance (two miles and a quarter) being reverted to in 1892.

Jockey Club Handicap, of 600sovs. one mile and a quarter.
H. H. Lowry's b g Bobroff, 4 yrs, by Finlay-Gossip, 8.0 (Davis), 1 trustees of the late Mrs. Coulmer's Master Soult, 7.11, 3. Also started: Sir Ersko, All Red, Moth, Royal Artillerie, Harvort, Outlander. At the distance Bobroff had Master Soult's measure and won by half-a-length, Full Rate being three lengths away at the post, and by 1:39-4 1/2. Third and Morarty four lengths away at the post, and by 4:08sovs, weight 8.10, one mile and a half-J. S. Thane's b g Artillerie, by Royal Artillerie-Nautes (E. Hatch), 11. T. H. Lowry's chantusee, 2. G. D. Greenwood's Singlow, 3. Also started: Pellicle, Southey, Dabchick, Bouffant, and Thickett. From a splendid start Chantusee and Artillerie were the first to break the line with Pellicle close up. Artillerie held the belt past Chit's and being to Pellicle; Thickett and Chantusee being together, a length away. Entering the straight Artillerie was still in front, Pellicle, Thickett, and Bouffant following in that order. Singlow was in the run home Artillerie held her advantage, and won by a length and a half from Chantusee, who was the same distance in front of Singlow. Dabchick was fourth. Time, 2:37-4 1/2.

As they came past the stand, Colosso had charge, followed by Agnes B., Viscount, and Antocrat, with Maplewood at the head count moved up and up the back of the others. Going along the back Viscount and Antocrat were in front, and from that out was never afterwards troubled, winning easily at the finish by five lengths from Maplewood, who was six lengths in front of Colosso. Time, 3:47. Maplewood was favourite.

The New Zealand Cup meeting was concluded today at Riccarton in beautiful weather, and with a good attendance. The majority of the field were smaller than in full of interest. The last event of the day the Foundation Handicap, which brought out a field of 10, was responsible for one of the finest races ever seen at Riccarton. The contest was brisk, the totaliser investments amounting to £28,200, making a total for the meeting of £83,219, as against £88,133 last year. Fifty-two bookmakers were present, their fees amounting to £728. The best of the four days the bookmakers paid in license about £300.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

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MEMBERS' HANDICAP of 500sovs. Seven furlongs.

Master Soult, 3 yrs, by Soult-Lady Heer, 8.5 (H. Brown)
Trainor, 7.7 (H. Brown)
Dawn, 8.5 (F. D. Jones)
Also started: Sir Ersko, Conat Witte, Full Rate, Morarty, All Guns.
Dawn lost several lengths at the start, and Master Soult, All Guns, and Conat Witte plotted the field round the top turn, and into the straight, where Dawn moved up. At the distance Master Soult was clear of All Guns and Truganini, and held his advantage to the finish, winning by two lengths from Truganini, who was a length and a half in front of Dawn. Full Rate ran into fourth place. Time, 1:27-1 1/2.

PIONEER HANDICAP of 300sovs. For two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

Expansion, by Birkenhead-Immerdon, 8.5 (S. Reid)
Cueplan, 7.5 (Wilson)
Broadword, 9.5 (F. E. Jones)
Also started: Klystan, Sharpshooter, Arma.
Broadword and Mylan were first away, and led into the home straight. At the distance Expansion was beaten, but Broadword was then challenged by Expansion and Cueplan. Expansion won by a neck, with Cueplan a head in front of Broadword, and Mylan fourth. Time, 1:18-1/2.

G. G. SUFFAL MEMORIAL GOLD CUP, of 750sovs. Weight-forage. One mile and a quarter.

Bobroff, by Finlay-Gossip, 8.11 (F. D. Jones)
Artillerie, 7.7 (H. Hatch)
Master Delaval, 9.0 (C. Brown)
Also started: Grenadier, Signor, Ring-dove, Diabolo.

Ring-dove gave considerable trouble at the post, but the field was eventually despatched to a good start. Diabolo and Artillerie were first to show out, with Signor and Bobroff next. This was the order at the mile post, where Ring-dove moved up. There was little to be gained in the last turn, except that Bobroff had dropped back, and Artillerie had a slight lead from Diabolo. Once the straight was reached Bobroff was with the leaders, and a good race was seen, with Artillerie resulting a length, Master Delaval by three-quarters of a length, Bobroff by three-quarters of a length, third, with Diabolo next. Time, 2:7.

HANDICAP of 250sovs. Five furlongs.

Armet, by Mensechoff-Armilla, 8.9 (H. Hatch)
Naumal, 9.2 (H. Hatch)
Inuasar, 8.13 (C. Monk)
Also started: Gold Thread, Sunbonnet, North Head, Sister Anne, Volodia, Advantage.

Armet and Naumal, with North Head next, were the first into the course proper. The three were in the lead, but Naumal to themselves, Armet winning a great race by a head. Inuasar was three lengths away, third, with North Head fourth. Time, 1:14-1/2.

FRINDALTON HANDICAP of 350sovs. One mile and a quarter.

Apa, by Addington-Mutual, 8.11 (A. Oliver)
Outlander, 6.7 (H. Curran)
All Red, 8.13 (C. Jenkins)
Also started: Tangimau, St. Aidan, White Lie, Strathmore, Hebblethwaite, Grand Slam, Tip-top, Rifenfeld, Singlow, Armamento, Prim, St. Joe, Field Gun, Lady Lucy, Monkey Puzzle, Talsihar.

Armamento cut out the running along the back, but was beaten rounding the top turn. The leading division, in which Hebblethwaite, Grand Slam, and Strathmore, a magnificent finish resulted in Apa winning by a neck from Outlander, with All Red, who was a length and a half in front of the head away, third, and Prim a similar distance back, fourth. Time, 2:9-2 1/2.

NOTES ON THE RACING.

The C.J.C. Metropolitan meeting was brought to a successful conclusion in ideal weather, and the attendance was quite up to previous years. The course was somewhat harder than on any of the previous days, which accounts for the fast times registered in several of the events. A strong order was made of Master Soult for the Members' Handicap, the only other runner up at the distance being Signor and Truganini. Getting well away, the Auckland held a handy position throughout, and, galloping in great style down the straight, he won comfortably from Truganini and Dawn in 1:27-1 1/2. Dawn was last to leave the mark, and put up a great performance by running into third place. Master Soult's victory was extremely popular, and made a fine showing for his race. The other winners' Handicap and Jockey Club Handicap. His performance stamped him as the best three-year-old seen at the meeting up to a mile, but beyond that journey Husbandman should always prove his master.

Great interest was evoked in the contest for the Stead Memorial Cup, which attracted a select field of seven. After his great performance in the previous days, it came as no surprise to find Bobroff installed a warm favourite. Artillerie being the only other supporter to any extent. The latter mare made the most of her light weight, and, with Diabolo, cut out the running at a strong pace, with Bobroff always handy. Once into the straight, the favourite ranged alongside the Oaks winner, and for a few strides it looked as if Diabolo was to be a close struggle for supremacy, but once Diabolo called on his mount for a final effort, however, he drew clear, and won with a little in hand, by three-quarters of a length. Master Soult was a length and a half in front of Diabolo, third, followed at a similar interval by Diabolo. That the pace was solid throughout was demonstrated by the time recorded, 2:7, which constituted a new mile and a quarter record for the course.

Orange Blossoms.

BENNETT—OTTERTON.

There was a small but pretty wedding at St. Paul's pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on Wednesday, November 11th, when Miss Kathleen Otterson was married to Mr Maurice Burnett. The bride's mother being an invalid, only relations and very intimate friends were invited. The bride looked very charming in her wedding gown of white chiffon tulle, semi-Empire effect. The skirt opened over a panel of ruffled chiffon, vest and sleeves of the same, with motifs of lace and silver, draped with Limerick lace, which fell softly over the skirt. Her veil was of tulle, worn over real orange blossom. The bridesmaids, Misses Veda Otterson and Alison Burnett, wore simple frocks of tucked white muslin, and Valenciennes lace with pink silk sashes. Their hats were of white mousseline de soie, much ruffled and finished off with small pink roses. The bride carried a lovely bouquet of white roses, azaleas, and asparagus fern. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of sweet peas, tied with pink ribbon.

The bride and bridegroom received in the dining-room, which was most artistically decorated. From the ceiling were laid bands of white satin ribbon, from which hung floral baskets, mostly filled with roses. Lecs were to be had in the morning-room, and the wedding presents were on view upstairs, conspicuous among them being a tea and coffee service and hot-water kettle from the staff of Murray, Roberts and Co., where Mr Burnett is employed, and another from the officials at the Parliamentary Buildings. Mrs Burnett wore a black lace gown over white silk, black crimoline hat with white ostrich feather tips; Miss Burnett, orchid mauve silk, vest and sleeves of embroidered flit net, mauve hat with green and mauve hydrangeas and tulle; Mrs Hackworth (sister of the bride), grey tailor-made, black and white toque; Miss Hackworth, white embroidered muslin, soft white hat; Miss Laura Turton, black muslin, with touches of blue velvet on the bodice; Miss Violet Turton, brown Shantung, smirburn straw hat with clusters of Banksia roses and green tulle; Miss Lily Turton, white muslin and lace, hat with pink roses; Miss Ivy Allen (Dunedin), cream Sicilian, with strappings of petunia velvet, white hat with tulle and roses; Mrs F. Lowe, brown souped cloth, cream hat with shaded roses; Mrs Stanton Harcourt, floral muslin, and pink Shantung bands, white lace hat with small pink roses, and blue tulle; Mrs D'Arcy Chaytor, white silk, striped with pale blue, nude picture fashion, over vest and sleeves of flit net, the upper sleeves being of blue lace; Mrs Houston, pale grey colienne, with white chiffon vest, black hat with plumes; Miss P. Chaytor, pale blue glace, cream lace blouse; Miss R. Fitzgerald, cream voile, with tucks of cream glace; the bodice finished off with lace and silver tassels, large white hat; Miss Ashcroft, blue and white striped voile, white hat riched with blue. During the afternoon Mr and Mrs Maurice Burnett left for the Main Trunk railway, the bride travelling in a smart gown of pastel blue cloth, and black picture hat, with white ostrich feathers.

APPLEBY—BENNETT.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at All Saints' Church, Taradale, last week, when Miss Eva Bennett was married to Mr. Herbert Appleby. The church was decorated with white roses and lilies, and the choir sang "O Perfect Love." The bride was given away by her mother (Mrs. John Bennett), and was dressed in a handsome white radium satin frock, trimmed with lovely Honiton lace, made in Empire style and with a long train. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms with a net veil, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white roses. There were four bridesmaids—the Misses Clark and Waldegrave and two little nieces of the bride, Misses Molly Cato and Mary Bennett. Miss Clark wore a lovely gown of pale blue mousseline de soie, trimmed with white guipure lace, leghorn floral hat to match; Miss Waldegrave wore a becoming frock of peach pink tulle, touches of lace, plis-

sure hat, trimmed with pink roses; both carried shower bouquets of pink roses. The two little girls wore white muslin frocks with pale blue sashes, and Juliet caps made of blue chiffon; they carried baskets of blue flowers. The bride's mother was dressed in a handsome gown of the latest style of grey, and beautifully trimmed with silk embroidery, she wore a pink and grey chiffon toque; the bridegroom's mother (Mrs. Appleby, of Christchurch) wore a rich black and white glace silk dress, trimmed with point lace and touches of rose pink, her hat was black with black feathers and pink roses. The bridegroom had with him as groomsmen the Messrs. G. and K. Thorburne. During the afternoon the bridal party were entertained by Mrs. Bennett at "Waratahi," and guests were: Mr. and Mrs. R. Appleby, Sr. and Mrs. Stanley Bennett, Sr. and Mrs. C. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. D. Ballharry, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cato, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. McLernon, Mr. and Mrs. T. Cato, Mrs. H. Hancock, Mrs. Kight, the Misses Balfour, Clark, Borritt, Bates, Nash, Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Appleby left by motor-car for Hastings, en route for Auckland, via the Main Trunk railway. The happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful and valuable presents.

PACKARD—ROBINSON.

At the Church of Nativity, Blenheim, Miss L. Maud Robinson, youngest daughter of Mr. James T. Robinson (Blenheim), was joined in wedlock to Mr. Leslie Packard, youngest son of Mr. P. Packard, Takaka, Nelson. The officiating minister was the Rev. Archdeacon Grace, and the bride was given away by her father. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the service was fully choral. The bridesmaids were Miss Packard (sister of the bridegroom), Miss A. Robinson (sister of the bride), Misses Maud Dodson, and Dora Nesworthy. Mr. F. Robinson was best man, and Mr. H. A. Fenselow acted as groomsmen. The bride, who looked handsomely, wore blue chiffon tulle, with silver tassels and cord, with the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore blue chiffon tulle, with veils, while the two little bridesmaids were attired in white book muslin, and dainty hats to match. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaids gold bangles and brooches. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a set of silver-backed brushes and strap. The large number of presents testified to the popularity of the parties, some valuable silver ware and a large number of cheques being amongst the collection. The wedding breakfast was held in the Church of Nativity Sunday-school, where suitable toasts were proposed and responded to. The bride's travelling dress was cream serge, with Tuscan straw hat trimmed with roses.

HAMER—WHYTE.

A wedding took place in Carterton last week, in which great interest was taken, both by reason of the great personal popularity of the two young people, and because of the high estimation in which the bride's family, long resident in Carterton, is held by the people of the district. The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, which was thronged with guests and spectators. The parties were Mr. Walter J. Hamer, second son of the late Mr. J. Hamer, of Forbes, New South Wales, and Miss Margaret Whyte, youngest daughter of the late Mr. A. L. Whyte, Carterton. The Rev. Jas. McEwan, Martinborough, was the officiating clergyman. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. W. Whyte, looked very charming in her wedding robe of white chiffon tulle; the hem of the skirt being ornamented with French knots. The bodice was handsomely trellised with trimmings of applique work and French knots. The beautiful design of the costerion and the exquisite handiwork won the highest admiration of that most critical of jurors; the ladies present at the ceremony, who were most complimentary to the modiste, Miss Chew. The bride wore as an ornament a gold-ameyth brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss

Sarah Whyte (sister) and Miss Lessie Fairbrother, both in white Swiss muslin, embroidered. Their hats were of white leghorn with trimmings of white glace silk ribbon, with blue and white puppies and blue and white hydrangeas respectively. They also wore pretty gold brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. Messrs. E. T. Hamer and W. Campbell were groomsmen and best men respectively. The bride's shower bouquet was composed of white roses, heath, maidenhair fern, lycopodium and swaza (tomata), and the bridesmaids' bouquets were of pale pink roses, sweet peas, maidenhair fern, and lycopodium. The service was fully choral, the bride having been a prominent member of the choir for several years. The church was tastefully decorated for the occasion with white flowers, and over the heads of the bridal party a large floral bell was erected of orange blossoms and Guelder roses. As the party left the church the wedding march was played by the choirmaster, Mr. W. Moore. A reception was subsequently held at the Fire Brigade Hall.

The bride's travelling dress was of cinnamon-brown cloth with facings of French white cloth embroidered with brown, ornamented with French buttons, and dainty blouse with cream Paris lace. Her hat was a Paris model of cinnamon brown crimoline, trimmed with brown and nouvelle rose ribbon and rose petals.

PAPESCH—PRINCE.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Roman Catholic Church, Pirongia, on Wednesday afternoon last by the Rev. Father Lynch, the contracting parties being Miss Mary Prince, daughter of Mr. C. Prince, of Pirongia, and Mr. Joseph Papesch, of Hukamui, and late of Mangapiko. The church was nicely decorated with shrubs and flowers for the occasion. The bride, who was given away by her father, was prettily attired in a cream silk dress, trimmed with lace and insertion, and carried a lovely bouquet. She also wore the usual bridal wreath and veil. She was attended by her sister, Miss Annie Prince, who was quaintly dressed in white book muslin, trimmed with lace and ribbon, white picture hat, and carried a pretty bouquet. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. J. S. Prince as best man. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents, and a dance in the evening in the hall was well attended, and kept up with spirit until a late hour.

POLLARD—PEARSON.

A very pretty and popular marriage was celebrated at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, last week, the contracting parties being Mr. Michael Charles Pollard, of Blenheim, a member of the telephone exchange at Hamilton, and Miss Amelia Minnie Pearson, eldest daughter of Mr. G. S. Pearson, of Claudelands. The church was prettily decorated by members of the choir of which Miss Pearson has been a member for some years. The bride's dress was a striped cream silk ninon raye, trimmed with insertion and silk ball fringe, and she wore a veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of pale cream roses, clematis and maidenhair fern. The bride was attended by her two sisters, the Misses Malcol and Louie Pear-

son, who were attired in floral silk muslin costumes, the colours being pale pink and blue respectively. Each wore a picture hat to match. Mr Norman Day acted as best man, and Mr. T. Pearson, brother to the bride, was groomsmen. The bride's travelling dress was of sage green voile tulle, with hat to match.

MACDONALD—HALLETT.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Luke's Church, Havelock, when Mr. Duncan Macdonald, of Maharaia, eldest son of Mr. Donald Macdonald, of Havelock, was united in matrimony to Miss Jean Barker Hallett, second daughter of Mr. Enoch Hallett, of Havelock. The church was prettily decorated, and over the portico entrance was suspended a large floral wedding bell. Over 100 persons were present at the service, which was performed by the Rev. Gardiner.

The bride wore a dainty dress of white silk, trimmed with silk lace, and the orthodox veil, and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet of clematis, white azaleas, dentia and maidenhair fern. The three bridesmaids, Miss Olive Mary Hallett (sister of the bride), Miss Alice Lily (cousin of the bride), and Miss Mary Macdonald (sister of the bridegroom) were attired in dresses of pale pink mercerised muslin trimmed with cream lace, and wore white hats trimmed with pink roses and chiffon. They carried handsome shower bouquets of pink wild roses and clematis, with streamers of lycopodium. The bridesmaids wore handsome gold brooches set with pearls and rubies, the gift of the bridegroom.

The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold spray brooch, set with pearls.

Mr. Outhbert Carr acted as best man, and Mr. Charles Macdonald as groomsmen.

The wedding breakfast was laid out in a large marquee erected on the green, between 80 and 100 persons being present to do honour to the toast of the happy couple, which was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner.

Miss Goddard officiated at the organ, and played the Wedding March at the conclusion of the service.

The large number of valuable and handsome presents received bear testimony of the good wishes of the many friends of the happy couple.

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Banana Salad: A Novelty.

Of the making of salads there is no end. Banana salad savours of novelty, and is certainly excellent, especially for winter, when crisp lettuces look less alluring than they do in November. The bananas should not be too ripe. To make the salad, cut four of them into cubes and mix with them half a cup of chopped celery and half a cup of chopped walnuts. Make a dressing of a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of red pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of oil. Pour over the bananas, nuts and celery, and serve on lettuce leaves. Another novelty to many women are grilled bananas. These make an excellent as well as very inexpensive dish, rich enough in sugar to be specially valuable just now. The bananas are simply grilled in their skins on an ordinary gridiron, and served as they are. On opening, the banana will be found to have been transformed into a fragrant and luscious quantity requiring no addition but a teaspoonful of castor sugar.

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, November 18.

There have been quite a lot of different sorts of entertainments this week. First and foremost, the Maskelyne and Devant Company, which opened here last Monday. They are really splendid, and are leaving packed houses.

On Wednesday evening the students of the Training College gave an excellent rendering of "She Stoops to Conquer" under the able management of Mr Milne, the president.

Wednesday, the last day of the races, was beautifully fine, and the course and the horses looked lovely. Of course, there was not such a big crowd as there was on Monday, but still a very fair number arrived out. Amongst those I noticed: Mrs Wilfred Colbeck, who was wearing a natter blue skirt, with a blue plumed hat draped with cream lace; Mrs V. Ridderford was becomingly gowned in a pale blue mousseline-de-soie, with edgings of cream lace, and a Tuscan hat garlanded with pink roses; Mrs George Bloomfield, beautifully fitting white cloth costume, with a smart cornflower blue hat; Mrs Edwin Horton, grey and white striped coat and skirt, becoming flower wreathed hat; Mrs Dawson, graceful pale blue cloth Empire gown, with white lace guimpe, white plumed hat with clusters of pink roses; Miss Stevenson, grey cheek gown, with Tuscan and green hat; Mrs Ranson, grey and white striped tailor-made, braided with black, cream hat garlanded with black and white daisies; Miss De Camp, dark cloth coated skirt, black felt hat with green; Mrs Foster, violet cloth costume, relieved with cream, small violet toque to match; Mrs T. H. Lewis, grey and white striped tailor-made, braided with black, large black hat wreathed with white roses; Mrs tiny Williams, white cloth costume, piped with green, white and green hat; Mrs Markham, cream serge coat and skirt, with Tuscan and white hat; Miss Russell, blue cloth costume, cream lace yoke, with touches of velvet of a darker shade, black picture hat; Miss Towle was daintily gowned in white, with large black lace hat wreathed with small pink roses; Miss Cotter, in a becoming pale heliotrope crêpe de chine, with taffeta bands, cream lace yoke, and a pretty picture hat; Mrs R. B. Lusk was gowned in a leaf green Louise, with trimmings of a deeper shade, and a pretty blue plumed hat; Miss Ida Thompson, white cloth Eton costume, with becoming white hat; Miss R. Gorrie, pretty blue figured mousseline, with blue hat to match; Miss M. Moss Davis was wearing a blue and white striped frock, with large flower-wreathed hat; Mrs C. Hume, white cloth tailor-made, with a becoming black hat; Mrs Hamby wore an effective toilette of black and white striped silk, braided in black with Grecian design, white lace yoke outlined with pale blue, and a black and white toque; Miss Ethel Martin, grey coat and skirt, dainty white vest, and a large blue hat; Mrs Walker, black cloth tailor-made costume, black plumed toque; Miss Nora Walker, pretty pink striped gown, with becoming rose-crowned hat; Mrs C. Owen, reseda green costume, relieved with white, pretty white and black plumed hat; Mrs. Ross was gowned in white with a white hat garlanded with pink roses; Mrs. Mc'osa Clark, black striped nixon with V-shaped yoke of white lace, black toque; Mrs. T. Firth, Patrick green taffeta with white lace yoke, chine ribbon bretelles, becoming plumed hat; Mrs. Lawford, Saxo blue cloth costume, black and white hat with black plumes; Mrs. N. Banks, green taffeta with white lace guimpe, pretty picture hat; Mrs. Tomko, grey tailor-made costume, smart blue hat; Miss Buckland, pretty pale grey gown, blue hat with shaded roses; Miss Buller, leaf green Eton costume with knife-pleated frills, Tuscan hat wreathed with roses; Mrs. Harland, navy coat and skirt, dainty white vest, navy toque to match; Miss Hartland, striped green Eton costume, faced with a deeper shade, white and green hat; Miss —, Hartland, white cloth tailor-made with Tuscan hat wreathed with pink roses; Mrs. Agnes Gordon, dark blue coat and skirt, faced

with white, white lace vest, and a black and white toque; Mrs. Jones, grey cheek skirt, blue coat, and a blue toque with touches of white; Miss Davy, navy mohair coat and skirt, navy hat to match; Mrs. W. Loyde, smoke blue costume, pretty flower-wreathed hat; Miss Loyde, brown tailor-made with cream vest and a smart brown and green hat; Miss Smith, grey Eton coat and skirt, white vest, hat en suite; Miss Thorpe, dark blue cloth tailor-made, faced with white, Tuscan hat, garlanded with roses; Mrs. G. Cummings, white cloth costume, becoming black hat; Mrs. Keesing, pale grey summer tweed with a pretty blue hat; Mrs. Louison, graceful gown of pale blue bordered muslin with rose design in pale pink, white lace hat with touches of blue; Mrs. H. Keesing was gowned in white embroidered muslin, long pale green coat, pretty floral hat; Mrs. T. Keesing, white cloth costume, black plumed hat; Miss Carr, white Eton coat and skirt, white vest and Tuscan and white hat; Mrs. berry wore a grey and white cheek gown with touches of black, becoming pink and black hat; Mrs. Mitchelson, handsome gown of grey chiffon velours with cream vest and medallions of cream lace, pretty toque to match; Mrs. Roy Wilson, graceful toilette of claret-coloured taffets, cream lace guimpe, pink hat with shaded roses; Miss G. Douglas, white coat and skirt with becoming black hat; Miss Douglas, brown tailor-made costume, very pretty brown hat; Miss A. Coffee, navy coat and skirt, white hat, garlanded with pink roses.

A very delightful

CHILDREN'S CONCERT AT TAKAPUNA

was given on Wednesday last in the Parish Hall. The attendance was a record one, every available seat being taken, and many were only able to find standing room. The children had been splendidly trained, and the different action songs in which they took part were given with spirit and vivacity. These were, of course, the main items in the programme, but there were in addition vocal solos and duets, a Maori laka, dialogues, and pieces on the pianoforte. Altogether it formed one of the best entertainments that has yet been given in the hall, and reflected great credit not only on those actually taking part, but also on those who gave so much time and attention to perfecting the children in their various parts.

At the Federal Club rooms, Wellesley-street, Miss Alice Law, L.R.A.M., and her pupils held an

"AT HOME."

at which the musical programme was provided by the junior pupils. The young performers nearly all played their items

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from memory. The programme consisted of piano solos and duets and violin solos, and the way in which the items were rendered reflected great credit on the training received by the pupils, who all played with precision and expression. At the close of the programme, afternoon tea was handed round by the senior pupils, and formed a fitting close to a very enjoyable afternoon. The following is the programme—

Piano Duet, "Borethy" (Seymour Smith), Misses Elsie Small and Ida Robson; piano solo, (a) "Military March," (b) "Merry Keasant" (Schumann), Miss Dulcie Short; piano duet, "Hide and Seek" (Zweibel), Miss Bronette and Master Joe Paykel; piano solo, "March" (Faylow), Master Roy Winstone; piano duet, "Youthful Days" (Kleinmichel), treble, Miss Lilian Martin; piano solo, "Valse Pimpante" (Wachs), Miss Betty Kenderline; violin solo, "Invention" (Harold Henry), Miss Ethel Paykel; piano duet, "Spanish Dance" (Moffat), treble, Miss Marjorie Williams; piano solo, "Slumber Song" (Korn), Miss Rosey Paykel; piano solo, (a) "Turkish March," (b) "Allegro" (Beethoven) Miss Ethel White; song, "Heather Song" (R. A. Boissier), Miss Amy Thompson; piano solo, "Love's Oracle" (C. Bohn), Miss Marjorie Ashton; piano solo, "Polka Biblante" (Branner), Master Elis Prime; violin solo, "Valse" (A. von Carse), Miss Lucy Ashton; piano solo, "Narcissus" (Wickens), Master David Outram; piano solo, "Barenolle" (Dolmetsch), Miss Bertha Lusher; violin solo (a) "Chanson Joyeuse" (Espoff), (b) "Polonaise" (Hofmann), Miss Olga Paykel; piano solo, "Sonatina op. 20," "Allegro con Spirito," "Larghetto" (Kuhlau), Miss Maunie Harvey; song, "Spring" (Paolo Tosti), Miss Amy Thompson.

Miss Alice Law received in a moss green taffeta chiffon trained gown, trimmed with cream lace. The pupils all wore soft white dresses and blue rosettes. Among the audience were: Mrs Law, black silk relieved with white and black tulle with black roses and green leaves; Mrs Gilling, grey silk; Mrs F. B. Winstone, pale blue silk lustre; Mrs Liston Wilson, black silk and cream, pink roseleaf hat; Miss Keeble, brown taffeta chiffon; Mrs John Reid, navy blue tailor-made; Mrs Lusher, black silk; Mrs Kenderline, pretty black and white striped silk; Mrs Prime, navy blue tailor-made; Mrs Mains, black; Mrs Paykel, grey silk; Mrs Ashton, pretty brown dress; Miss L. Cameron, blue walking dress; Mrs Ryburn, dark green tailor-made and soft feather boa; Mrs Spence, black silk; Miss Hewin, nattier blue silk, hat en suite; Mrs Plummer, dark blue; Miss Minchin, dark grey tailor-made; Mrs Clifford, grey coat and skirt; Mrs David Harvey, black silk; Mrs Rolfe, navy blue tailor-made; Mrs (Dr.) Stopford, heliotrope costume with feather boa; Mrs Gilmore, pretty brown chiffon taffeta; Mrs Duncan, black silk; Mrs Meredith Smith, black silk.

PERSONAL.

Miss Dora Judson and Miss J. Hemus, of Auckland, left by the Manuka on Monday for India on a ten months' tour through the Eastern Empire. They rejoin Mrs Judson and Miss Lilian Edger in India. Miss Boris Bonit, the young violinist who went to England and the Continent to complete her musical studies a few years ago, has returned to Auckland. Mrs Willoughby Kenny, of Parnell, is visiting the hot lakes, and will not return until early next month.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, November 14.
THE CAMBRIDGE TENNIS CLUB

held their opening day on Monday afternoon, the King's Birthday. Amongst those present I noticed, Mrs Isherwood, in cream Siadiah cloth, trimmed with silk insertion and tacked, black hat trimmed with black figured net and black plumes; Mrs C. Hunter, tailor-made tweed coat and skirt, and white hat trimmed with green and Oriental trimming; Mrs Hammond, cinnamon brown silk voile, with cream vest, brown hat trimmed with pale blue and cream silk; Mrs Cox, dark grey tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, and black hat; Miss Cox, white blouse, navy blue skirt, and white hat; Mrs B. Couper, grey tailor-made coat and skirt, and burnt straw beehive hat trimmed with

brown and pale blue ribbon; Miss Cave, grey Eton coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with black and white tulle rosettes; Mrs J. Hally, black cloth coat and skirt, coat handsomely braided, cream brocaded waistcoat, black hat with quantities of pansies and green wings at the side; Mrs A. Gibbons, navy blue cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, Maltese lace scarf, and green straw hat with roses; Miss Hally, grey coat and skirt, white muslin vest, and black picture hat; Mrs Richardson, blue cloth coat and skirt, burnt straw hat trimmed with brown silk and brown wings; Miss Richardson, white silk blouse, dark tweed skirt, Tuscan straw hat trimmed with black and dark red roses; Mrs McDermott, white muslin frock, and fawn and pink hat; Mrs Banyard, navy blue coat and skirt, and nattier blue hat; Mrs J. J. Edmunds, navy blue and white striped cambric, and white hat with pink rosettes; Mrs J. Ferguson, black voile gown, black hat with sprays of lilac; Mrs R. Fisher, black gown and brown hat; Miss M. Fisher, brown skirt, cream blouse, Leghorn hat with roses; Miss P. Ferguson, mauve and white checked gingham and white hat; Mrs C. Stewart, white silk blouse, dark skirt, and white hat; Mrs (Dr.) Edmunds, grey coat and skirt and white hat with pink roses veiled in green tulle; Mrs G. Clark, black gown and mantle, and black and white bonnet; Miss Clark, blue and white striped cambric, and white hat; Miss Willis, pink cambric, and black and white hat; Miss K. Willis, white blouse, navy blue skirt, and white hat; Miss Ruge, brown voile, and black hat; Mrs A. H. Nicoll, white cambric, with black spot, and white hat, with ruffle of white muslin edged with black lace; Miss Gwyneth, navy blue coat and skirt, and black hat with black wings; Mrs P. Laurence (Auckland), dark tweed coat and skirt, and brown hat trimmed with Oriental trimming; Mrs Gow (Tamaru), grey tweed coat and skirt, grey hat trimmed with floral silk; Miss Wells, mauve and white checked gingham, burnt straw hat trimmed with brown; Miss H. Wells, white silk blouse, green cloth skirt, and green hat trimmed with green and blue silk rosettes; Miss Brooks, white muslin blouse, dark skirt, cream hat trimmed with brown; Mrs W. Firth, navy blue cloth coat and skirt, and blue hat; Miss Reese, white blouse, dark skirt, and gem hat; Miss Nixon, black voile, and black hat; Miss Jeffries, navy blue cambric, and white hat.

A COMPLIMENTARY SOCIAL AND DANCE.

was tendered by the residents of Cambridge to the Town Band on Tuesday evening in honour of its recent success in the band contest at Hamilton, and also to the officers of "D" Squadron W.M.R., and the winners of the Challenge Shield. The gathering was a very large one, and passed off most successfully. His Worship the Mayor (Mr. W. F. Buckley), who presided, presented the medals to the Band. Conductor C. Stewart received a gold and silver medal, also a dressing case, from the members of the band, and a sum of money from a number of his admirers. Each bandsman, and the drum-major, Mr. H. Ferguson, received a silver medal. Captain W. R. C. Walker returned thanks for the honour paid the volunteers, and expressed a wish that more interest was taken by the young men of the district in the volunteers. Instead of being only forty strong, they should be 100 or 120. Conductor Stewart also returned thanks for the reception the Band had received. At the conclusion of the speeches, at the Mayor's suggestion, the audience sang, "For they are jolly good fellows," and cheers were given for the Band and conductor, after which a musical programme was contributed.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

The matron of the Government Sanatorium, Cambridge, Miss Rochford, returned on Saturday from her annual holiday, and was accorded a warm welcome from the patients and staff. She left again on Tuesday for Rotorua to visit the camp of patients there. On her return she is to be entertained at a fancy dress afternoon tea at the Sanatorium.

Miss Watson, who recently arrived from India, is at present staying with Archdeacon and Mrs Willis, of St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge.

Mr M. Wright has returned to Auckland, after staying a month with his daughter, Mrs A. L. Nicoll, of Cambridge.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee, November 13.
THE KAITI TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB

had a beautiful afternoon for the opening of their season, which took place on Saturday last, and a great number of members and guests were present. The new pavilion recently built is a great acquisition to the club, and being so conveniently sited up with a cold shower, gas, etc., should prove a boon to both players and those giving afternoon tea. The lawns were in splendid order, and some good games were played. Delicious afternoon tea was provided by the lady members of the club, the tables being tastefully decorated with flowers and tervens.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

A team of tennis players, including Messrs. W. J. Barlow, Colthart, W. L. Coleman, Evans, R. Willock, and Blackburne, Messdames Carmichael, Barlow, and Miss de Latour, left on Sunday evening to play the Dannevirke and Hastings teams.

Mr and Mrs McGovern left for Auckland by the Tararua on Wednesday last.

Mrs E. B. Buckridge is visiting friends in Gisborne, and is at present the guest of Mrs A. W. Rees.

Messrs. Barker and de Latour left for Auckland on Wednesday by the Tararua.

Mrs Hoadley, who has been staying in Gisborne, left for Napier by the Mokoia on Wednesday evening.

Miss Mabel Schumacher left by the Mokoia for her home in Lyttelton after having spent some weeks with her brother and sister in Gisborne.

Miss M. Williamson returned on Wednesday, having had a very pleasant trip to Australia.

ELSIE.

NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, November 14.

The Fire Brigade held their annual PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS BALL

as usual on November 9th, in the Theatre Royal, and it was a great success. The fancy dress competition resulted as follows: Best girl's fancy dress, Miss Dora Hawke (Cupid); most original, Miss Dorothy Martin (Witch); best fancy dress for boys, Master Leo Kendall (Clown); most original, Master Teddy Lambert (Fireman). Mrs. L. W. Alexander's special prize was won by Miss Clarice Moverley (Ruinination). During the evening a presentation of a purse of sovereigns, and an illuminated address from the townspeople of New Plymouth was made to Mr. A. L. Humphries, Chairman of the Recreation Sports Ground Committee. Among those present I noticed: Miss Nellie Coombes (Bourville Cocoa); Miss Annie Hawke (Butterfly); Miss Dora Hawke (Cupid); Miss Mabel Coombes looked well as a Court Gentleman; Miss Leo Lambert (Fire Brigade); Miss Nellie Ewa (Nelson); Miss Lily Ewa made a sweet Fairy; Miss Ida Roberts (Folly); Miss Nessie Roberts (Cigarette); Miss Ivy Davidson (Night); Miss — Sale (Highland Lassie); Miss M. Moon (Fire Brigade); Miss G. Powley (Dancing Girl); Miss Clarice Moverley (Humination); Miss Sylvia Ladner (Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary); Miss Ruth Ewa (Spanish Dancer); Miss Elsie Stanley (Flower Girl); Miss Ivy Scott (Bower Girl); Miss Doris George (Little Lord Funtlerly); Miss Queenie Patterson (Christmas); Miss — George (Cinderella); Miss Rena Revell (Italian Dancing Girl); Miss Alma Revell (Topsy); Miss Katie Fuller (Sergeant of the Regiment); Miss Violet Davidson (Queen of the Roses); Miss Zoe Callaghan made a sweet Old Lady who lived in a Shoe; Miss Zola Belfringer (Jap.); Miss Elsie Callaghan looked it charming Little Spanish Lady; Master Fiften Belfringer (Humanned Milk); Master Jack Cliff (Monkey Brand Soap); Miss Olive



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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 ease. 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.

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Ward (Butterfly); Miss Mabel Powley (Folly); Miss Alma Broad (Jap.); Miss Lily Davidson (Little Lord Fauntleroy).

Miss Alice Brewster gave a most

ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON TEA

In the Kia Ora Tea Rooms last Thursday afternoon, and it took the form of "A Literary Love Story." The Tea Rooms, which belong to Mrs. Arthur Kirkby, were beautifully decorated with masses of yellow lathyrum, making a dainty relief against the charming green wall-paper. The prizes were won by Miss Magninity (Nelson), Miss Olive Mackay and Miss M. Fookes. Miss Brewster received her guests in a very pretty semi-Empire pin-frock of pale blue and pink floral voile over a blouse of cream net and lace, pink ribbon velvet sash; Mrs. Brewster, navy blue silk with grey feather boa, black hat; Miss Deacon, pale green silk blouse, dark skirt, grey feather boa; Miss L. Webster, white inserted muslin, pale blue hat; Miss Bindell, white embroidered muslin, pretty cornflower blue hat, trimmed with roses; Miss Simpson, white tucked muslin, pink and red roses in hat; Miss H. Humphries, cream costume with silk blouse, black feathered hat; Miss S. Capel, cream costume, pretty cornflower blue hat; Miss Colson, white tucked muslin, hat trimmed with brown ribboned bows; Miss Doris Skinner, heliotrope muslin, heliotrope and white hat; Miss S. Thomson, Tussock silk, embroidered with white, pretty Tuscan hat, trimmed with pink and brown tulle and red roses; Miss Olive Mackay, pink floral muslin, pretty pale blue hat, trimmed with pink hydrangeas; Miss Magninity (Nelson), blue floral muslin, fawn hat with dark blue flowered silk crown, relieved with pink roses; Miss Leatham looked well in white muslin, pretty white hat, trimmed with pink and red roses; Miss N. Hanna, pale blue pink and heliotrope finely striped zephyr, gold belt, pretty brown hat, relieved with gold; Miss Skinner, cornflower blue voile, cream silk yoke, finished with medallions of blue Matisee lace, white hat en suite; Miss L. S. Skinner, white tucked and inserted muslin, black hat with cerise silk crown; Miss B. Evans looked well in white embroidered muslin, pale green crinoline gray hat, massed with pale green plumes and tulle; Miss E. Evans, pretty rose pink floral muslin with lilac yoke of cream lace, Tuscan hat, swathed in green tulle and pink roses; Miss McKellar, white muslin, wine-colored velvet belt, white hat; Miss Standish, white costume, white toque, trimmed with brown wings; Miss L. Brown, grey striped tweed costume, cream silk vest, cornflower blue hat; Miss Saxton, white muslin, trimmed with bands of pale blue silk, cream coat, pale blue hat; Miss Tenn, dainty pale green striped muslin, trimmed with silk passementerie trimming, pale blue and green flowered hat; Miss Doris Roy looked well in white embroidered muslin, pale blue hat, trimmed with brown autumn leaves; Miss Whitcombe, pale blue check costume, Tuscan hat, trimmed with large blue daisies; Miss Vera Kirkby was much admired in lettuce green linen, piped with white, very pretty white hat, trimmed with a deep black and white ruche, relieved with a touch of pale blue silk; Miss Bedford, pale blue costume, black and white hat; Miss Dora Bedford, white tucked and inserted muslin, hat en suite; Miss Cutfield looked extremely well in white embroidered muslin, pretty white hat, swathed with green tulle and finished with one large pale pink rose; Miss Mathews, pale pink flowered muslin, black hat; Miss Kingston, pretty Tussock silk with full pleated skirt, Tussock hat with red roses; Miss Quilliam, pale blue costume, pretty biscuit-colored hat, lined with frilled Valenciennes lace and trimmed with pale pink roses; Miss Clarke, cream Eton costume, pretty heliotrope hat; Miss Hayley, brown and grey checked silk taffetas, trimmed with bands of brown silk, brown hat, prettily trimmed with green tulle and wallflowers; Miss Kemp, Tussock silk, green hat with roses; Miss Fookes, white muslin, black feathered hat; Miss G. Fookes, brown costume, hat to correspond.

Last Friday evening the young unmarried people of New Plymouth gave a farewell

"AT HOME"

to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Alexander (a noted host and hostess), to wish them bon voyage before they leave for their future home in Auckland. The dance was held in the Brougham-street Hall,

The committee of boys and girls received Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, the latter being robed in a rich black lace frock over a white glace foundation, on sleeves and at hem of skirt full tiny frills of white net, edged with black Valenciennes lace. Miss Humphries wore a very handsome black silk costume, lovely lace scarf; Miss K. Humphries, black silk with cream lace blouse; Miss Read, apple green silk taffetas with cream net yoke and sleeves; Miss Standish, pale blue satin, profusely trimmed with bands of black silk; Miss Vera Kirkby, pretty rose pink silk with glaze, pink roses in belt; Miss Fitzherbert, pale blue chiffon taffetas, cream net tucker and undersleeves; Miss Bedford, pale heliotrope muslin, trimmed with bands of velvet a darker shade; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink muslin, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; Miss S. Capel, white chiffon taffetas, cream net sleeves and undersleeves; Miss Leatham, pale crepe de chine, pink roses on décolletage; Miss K. Saxton, white muslin; Miss M. Fookes, narrow black and white striped silk taffetas, trimmed with bands of black velvet; Miss G. Fookes, pale blue chiffon taffetas, cream net chemise and puff sleeves; Miss Brewster, pale green muslin semi-Empire corsage, relieved with red roses; Miss Bayley, cream lace robe over glaze, pale blue silk medallions on décolletage; Miss Doris Roy, cream silk taffetas; Miss Skinner, cream nylon over glaze, trimmed with bands of silk, pink roses on corsage; Miss L. Skinner, looked well in white tucked chiffon over silk, folded bodice with spray of pink roses; Miss Quilliam, very pale heliotrope silk with spray of violets on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Wade, cream lace robe with scarlet flowers on décolletage; Miss George, vieux rose silk semi-Empire; Miss Evans, pale green tucked silk with embroidered chiffon sleeves; Miss B. Evans looked extremely well in white silk, pale blue floral ribboned sash and lovely blue ornaments; Miss F. Evans, pretty rose pink silk; Miss Webster, black tucked net over satin, pale blue floral chiffon shoulder scarf; Miss L. Webster, pale pink silk; Miss Bindell, pale pink floral silk with bands of pink silk; Miss S. Thomson, cream silk, gold belt; Miss Doris Skinner, cream silk.

ON THE HAWERA TENNIS COURTS last Saturday, the Secretary's wife (Mrs. Webster) gave a very dainty afternoon tea. Amongst those on the lawns I noticed: Mrs. Webster, in a white blouse, navy blue skirt, white straw hat, black and white ribbon bows; Miss Koch, white blouse, grey skirt, cream straw hat with black bows; Mrs. A. C. Parkinson, navy blue coat and skirt, navy blue hat with pale blue roses; Miss N. Coult, cream serge Eton costume; Mrs. A. B. Stewart, smart green striped tailor-made costume, grey hat with brown quills; Miss Caplen, white blouse, navy blue skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Wright (Wanganui), black, black hat; Mrs. Caplen, black, navy blue dust coat, black hat; Mrs. Dingle, black, black toque; Miss Dingle, navy blue costume, burnt straw hat trimmed with a navy blue and white spotted scarf; Miss White, wine-colored costume, hat to match; Miss Nolan, green costume, green hat with pink roses; Miss Day (Gisborne), smart brown and white striped muslin, brown hat with masses of blue and white violets; Mrs. Banks, grey costume, motor cap; Miss O. Glenn, white linen, pink motor cap; Miss Brewer, navy blue costume; Miss E. N. Caplen, brown holland frock, sailor hat; Miss Pratt, white silk blouse, navy blue skirt; Miss Jackson, white muslin, white hat with puppies; Mrs. Bain, navy blue tailor-made costume, burnt straw hat with rosettes of pale blue, pale pink and pale heliotrope ribbon; Miss McAllum, navy blue and white spotted debrine, white hat.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Miss Magninity, of Nelson, is the guest of Miss Ethel Leatham, of New Plymouth. Mrs. and Miss Quilliam, who have been on a short visit to Nelson, have now returned to New Plymouth. Miss E. Day, of Gisborne, has been spending a short holiday in Hawera. Mrs. H. B. Williamson, who has been staying with Mrs. Glenn at Hawera, has returned to Christchurch.

Mrs. Wright (Wanganui) is the guest of Mrs. Dingle, of Hawera. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Miss Evans, who have been on a visit to Napier and Rotorua, returned to New Plymouth last week.

NONCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee,

November 13.


The Campbell-street Tennis Club opened their season on Saturday afternoon, the weather being cold and windy. Afternoon tea was provided by Mrs. and Miss Barnicoat. Amongst those present were Mrs. Lomax, in a slate gray tweed coat and skirt, with stitched binding of black silk, black straw hat with tulle and wreath of deep cream roses and foliage; Mrs. Barnicoat, black and white striped coat and skirt, strapped with the same material, green straw hat, with killed silk o fa pala shade; Mrs. Wall, pale heliotrope and white striped cambric frock with collar and front of insertion and lace, cream hat with scarf; Miss Barnicoat, pale mauve embroidered muslin gown, the skirt made with wide French tucks, straw hat, with heliotrope scarf; Mrs. Morris (Wellington), white serge costume with lace, long navy blue coat, navy blue crinoline straw hat with chiffon and lace; Mrs. Hutton, white embroidered muslin gown, green mushroom hat with green straw and tulle; Mrs. Pattle Izott, navy blue skirt, long pale grey coat and black straw hat with glaze silk at the side; Mrs. James Watt, pale grey tweed costume with kimono straps and pale grey embroidered silk blouse, pretty white hat with pale heliotrope silk; Mrs. Lomas, pale grey tailor-made costume, the coat three-quarter length, cream vest, black straw hat with chiffon and ostrich tips; Mrs. Gore-Gillan (Auckland), handsome gown of Liberty shaded green silk, the underskirt of plain silk with panners of Louisiana silk, edged with cream medallions, the same on the bodice and sleeves, picture hat of black crinoline straw, with killings of old rose shaded ribbons and green leaves; Miss R. Jones, very becoming cream serge costume, with silk military braid and buttons, vest of net and lace under-sleeves of the same; Mrs. Good, Empire violet cloth costume with a wide band of velvet, the same shade on the trained skirt, vest and sleeves of fillet net, and touches of the velvet on the bodice, violet felt hat with coque feathers; Mrs. H. Sarjeant, white serge coat and skirt, vest of fillet net and lace, green straw hat with dull green shaded silk swathed round it; Miss C. Anderson, white cambric gown, net hat with floral ribbons and green tulle coquette; Mrs. Brettargh, golden brown Melton coat and skirt, gram vest, hat with golden brown in it; Miss Brettargh, blue and white striped cambric frock, wide sailor hat with Oriental band round it; Mrs. Colin Campbell, white embroidered muslin frock, with wide white silk belt, white hat with upturned brim and heliotrope ribbons on it; Miss Moore, white linen pique gown, with bands of embroidery, green sailor hat, with ribbons and quills; Miss Heaps, white muslin frock with lace, white straw hat and scarf on it; Miss Newcombe, brown tweed skirt, white blouse, brown straw hat and ribbons to match; Mrs. Mason, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, white straw hat with blue and white striped ribbons; Miss J. Mason, pale grey tweed costume, white motor cap; Miss Huskon, pretty blue frock with lace vest, blue beret hat with silk on it; Mrs. Coverdale (England), very stylish Saxe blue and white striped tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, mushroom straw hat the same shade with wreath of cream roses and foliage; Miss Cave, white linen costume, navy blue crinoline sailor hat with tulle and flowers; Miss O'Brien, white serge Eton coat and skirt, with silk military braid, pretty hat with roses and foliage; Miss Richmond, pale apple green and cream striped voile costume with kimono sleeves and straps edged with cream medallions, cream straw hat with chiffon and flowers.

The Wanganui Agricultural Society were very fortunate in their weather on Wednesday for the first day's show, there being bright sunshine and a cool southerly breeze. Amongst the dainty toilettes worn, I noticed Mrs. Paterson in a white embroidered muslin frock, with bands of insertion and lace, white feather boa, cream Tuscan straw hat, with cream and crimson check ribbons and crimson velvet geraniums; Miss Inlay, navy blue crash costume, piped with white linen, cream vest, black straw hat, with black chiffon, ostrich tips, and silk Oriental embroidery motifs; Mrs. Inlay Saunders, pale blue and white striped cambric gown, with frills of killed cambric on the bodice, black picture hat, with ostrich feathers, and two large pink roses at the side; Mrs. Lomas, pale grey tweed coat and skirt,

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cream linen blouse, cream straw hat, with navy blue glace silk bows; Miss Wilford, pale heliotrope gingham gown, with belt of heliotrope velvet of a darker shade, green straw hat, with chiffon and wreath of shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. Lomax, pale slate grey tweed coat and skirt, banded with black silk, cream vest, black straw hat, with chiffon and wreath of maize-shaded roses and foliage; Miss Wray (Timaru), white muslin frock, with bands of Valenciennes insertion and lace, black crinoline straw hat, with ostrich tips; Mrs. McGrath, pale blue and cream striped, cambrie frock, cream straw hat, with ribbons and flowers; Miss O. Williams, white muslin gown, with bands of insertion, cream hat, with daisies on it; Mrs. Fred Moore, navy blue coat and skirt, cream vest, blue straw hat, with blue ribbons and quills; Mrs. N. Moore wore a stylish green tweed tailor-made coat and skirt, cream blouse, green straw hat, with rosettes of green shaded ribbons; Mrs. Hawke, white linen costume, white crinoline straw bee-hive shaped hat, with tulle, and a wreath of violet velvet panies; Mrs. Wall, pale grey cloth coat and skirt, with revers of cloth, edged with fancy braid, green straw hat, with green tulle, a wreath of heliotrope flowers and pink roses in the crown; Mrs. Cowper, black silk costume, with cream lace, black toque, with feather and aigrette; Miss Alexander, black cloth coat and skirt, black hat, with feathers; Mrs. Polson, pale grey tweed coat and skirt, cream vest, black straw bonnet, with maize cowslips and tulle; Miss Polson, grey cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, revers of blue cloth, cream hat with crown of figured cream net and wreath of tiny blue flowers; Mrs. P. Forlong, white linen costume, black hat, with feathers; Mrs. P. Forlong, black voile, with V-shaped yoke of cream net and lace, black hat, with rosettes of black and white chiffon; Mrs. Moore, fawn cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, pretty violet straw hat, with chiffon swathed round it, and large waving aigrette feathers the same shade at the side; Miss Moore, pale grey Norfolk coat and skirt, cream vest, fawn straw hat, with brown shanting silk bows and quills; Mrs. Griffiths, black and white striped voile, with shoulder straps, edged with cream lace and vest, black hat, with ostrich feathers and aigrette; Mrs. P. Hatherly, white muslin gown, with bands of insertion and lace, cream straw hat, with foliage, pink roses, and tulle; Mrs. Gill-Carey, black and white check coat and skirt, black velvet collar, white embroidered linen blouse, black felt hat with black velvet and coque feathers; Mrs. Fairburn, navy blue skirt, apple green silk blouse with muslin and lace ruffle, straw hat with green tulle and wreath of green rose leaves, with a bunch of petunia roses on the crown; Mrs. Good, dark heliotrope cloth costume with touches of velvet, vest and sleeves of filet net, large heliotrope straw hat with rosettes of shaded ribbons and wreath of shaded heliotrope and pink stock; Mrs. G. Marshall, black serge Norfolk coat and skirt, black hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. O. Russell (Nukununa), black tailor-made coat and skirt, black straw hat with black killed ribbons; Mrs. H. Lethbridge, brown cloth Eton costume, brown furs, brown straw toque with ribbons and flowers; Miss Lethbridge (Hangingtree), bright navy striped flannel coat and skirt, cream vest, cream crinoline boat-shaped hat with ribbons; Miss H. Anderson, navy blue serge coat and skirt, white chip straw hat with up-turned brim and green glace silk bows on it; Miss E. Anderson, pale grey coat and skirt, grey felt hat with velvet; Miss Todd, pretty pale heliotrope muslin, made in pinafore style, vest and sleeves of white, mushroom-shaped hat with white and pale blue, figured silk scarf; Miss — Todd, pale violet and white striped cambrie, cream straw hat with killings of net on the crown and a wreath of tiny pink roses and foliage; Miss Jardine, apple green gown with overskirt of cream voile, vest and sleeves of lace, large cream hat with wreath of flowers and foliage; Mrs. R. Jackson, grey tweed coat and skirt, brown and

cream straw-toque with brown feather at the side; Mrs. Wickham, fawn voile costume with lace and wide swathed silk belt, cream hat with fawn shaded roses and foliage; Mrs. Gore Gillon (Auck-land), olive green silk gown, the trained skirt had a band of green velvet at the foot of a darker shade, shoulder straps of the silk with edgings of velvet, vest and sleeves of cream lace, large black picture hat with killed old rose shaded ribbons on the crown and green roses and foliage; Miss R. Jones, white muslin frock with insertion and lace, cream Leghorn hat with pink roses and foliage on it.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lysaght, of Hawera, are staying in Wanganui for a visit.
Mrs. Atkinson, of Hawera, is the guest of Mrs. Mason in Wanganui.
Mrs. Coverdale, of England, is staying in Wanganui with Mrs. Hawken.
Mr. and Mrs. Bull, of Rangitikei, were in Wanganui for the Agricultural Show.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Addebrooke, of Manganahu, have been staying in Wanganui.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilde, of Rangitikei, were in Wanganui last week.
Miss E. Smith, of Marton, has been staying in Wanganui.
Dr. Anson, of Wellington, has been in Wanganui recently.
Miss Lethbridge, of Feilding, was in Wanganui for the Show.

HUIA.

PALMERSTON NORTH.

Dear Bee, November 13.
The A. and P. Show of 1908 will long be remembered for the variety and wickedness of the weather.

THE PEOPLE'S DAY

was no improvement on the two previous days. A high wind in the early part of the morning was followed by a violent hailstorm shortly after midday. Certainly after that things did calm down a bit, but everyone was thoroughly depressed with three days' battling with the elements. There was an immense crowd present, which says a lot for the popularity of the show. On the last day I noticed: Mrs. A. E. Russell, wearing a navy blue costume, the short coat braided in black, burnt straw hat with black silk trimming; Miss Russell, brown and black striped coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Munro, pale green, made with a short coat, large cream Leghorn hat trimmed with white lace, pink flowers and a touch of turquoise blue silk; Miss Snow, green coat and skirt, burnt straw hat, with black silk and crimson roses; Mrs. F. Hewitt, dark skirt, long black and grey plaid coat, small brown velvet toque with wings; Miss Marjory Abraham, brown striped costume, rose-trimmed hat; Mrs. Harold Cooper, navy Eton coat and skirt, white fox fur, hat with cerise flowers; Mrs. Hewitt, black coat and skirt, black and white hat; Miss Hewitt, brown coat and skirt, cream hat with strawberry trimming; Miss Levett (Bulls), a slate blue toilette, hat of same shade with feathers; Mrs. Taxward, navy coat and skirt, green hat with silk of same shade; Mrs. Cohen, dark skirt, sealskin coat, toque with quills; Mrs. Pratt, green striped tweed coat and skirt, green hat with white cowslips; Miss Elsie McLennan, navy blue coat and skirt, green hat with pink and purple roses; Mrs. R. Jones (Feilding), navy blue frock, hat with green tulle and feathers; Mrs. Sorley, light grey coat and skirt, black hat with black tips; Miss O'Brien, brown tweed costume, green motor hat; Mrs. Holmes, black coat and skirt, white cloth collar, white hat with black tips; Mrs. Ward, in black, with black embroidered silk coat, black and white bonnet; Miss Ward (Hunterville), green tweed coat and skirt, large black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Tripe, light grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with pink roses; Miss Bell, navy blue,

made with a long blue coat, rose-trimmed hat; Miss Green Bell, navy costume, navy motor hat; Mrs. E. W. Hitchings, navy coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Hitchings (Levin), pale blue cloth Eton coat and skirt, hat of same shade with pink rose; Mrs. V. Hitchings (Otakei), green coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. McKnight, navy, braided in black, pale blue hat with many coloured sweet peas; Mrs. Mason (Wanganui), navy coat and skirt, blue hat with blue and green tulle and blue wings; Mrs. H. Waldegrave, black coat and skirt, black hat with black and white wings; Miss Waldegrave, navy coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with cerise roses; Miss Trixie, navy blue, brown hat, brown silk bows; Miss Robert-on (Wellington), cream voile, cream lace blouse with cream straps, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Pickett, cream serge Eton costume piped with pale blue, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. Porritt, light grey coat and skirt, cream hat with black silk bows; Mrs. Paisley, navy coat and skirt, pale blue felt hat with wings; Mrs. Randolph, black coat and skirt, braided in black, black hat with black feathers; Miss Randolph, navy blue, made with long coat, blue motor hat; Miss F. Randolph, green striped coat and skirt, fawn collar and cuffs, hat with two shades of green silk; Mrs. Putnam, navy blue, braided in black, hat with green and mauve silk rosettes and coque feathers; Mrs. Broad, light grey coat and skirt, blue sailor hat; Mrs. Rennell, brown coat and skirt, brown sailor hat; Mrs. Wallace (Hawera), brown Eton costume, floral hat; Mrs. F. S. McRae, cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat with roses; Mrs. H. Hankins (Levin), light grey coat and skirt, bright blue hat with pink rose; Mrs. P. Sim, light blue coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Warburton, navy blue coat and skirt, brown hat with brown and green silk and brown quills; Miss Warburton, navy blue, hat of brighter shade of blue, with silk rosette; Miss Dorothy Waldegrave, navy Eton costume, green motor hat; Mrs. Louison, in navy, large cream rose-trimmed hat; Miss Hayward, grey green coat and skirt, hat with pink roses; Miss Buick, in grey, with fawn cuffs and collar, grey hat with shaded feather; Mrs. Walter Strang, navy blue coat and skirt, navy sailor hat; Miss Reed (Wellington), grey and black striped coat and skirt, hat with silk and quills; Mrs. Wheeler, brown cloth costume, brown hat with wings; Mrs. Wheeler, light grey coat and skirt, cream hat with cream silk trimming; Miss Smith, green coat and skirt, heliotrope floral hat; Miss Reed, long green coat, cream hat with pink silk; Miss Porter, dark skirt, green coat, cream hat with pink and crimson roses; Miss Gemmel, pale pink muslin, cream hat with tulle; Mrs. G. Bagnall, navy coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. A. Ward, grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with green silk and quill; Miss Knight, pink linen, floral hat; Mrs. Matier (Levin), rose coloured coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. A. Guy, Wedgwood blue costume, cream hat with pink silk; Mrs. O. Moeller, navy blue costume, pink motor hat; Miss Coombs, light grey coat and skirt, cream hat with black tips; Mrs. Jamieson (Marton), navy coat and skirt, black hat with black wings.

Crowded with competitors for

THE MILITARY SPORTS.

Palmerston had quite the aspect of a garrison town during the last week. Included amongst the naval and military visitors were Captain Eyer, (H.M.S. Encounter) and Mrs. Eyer, Colonel Bauckner (officer commanding the district), Col. Robin (chief of the Defence Council), Col. Collins (financial member of the Defence Council), and Lieut. Colonel Duthie (officer-in-charge of the Wellington Battalion). The presence of a large body of Encounter Jack Bats taking part in the different competitions proved a great attraction. The attendance on Saturday was good, and splendid on Monday, the King's Birthday. Amongst the lady visitors to the sports I noticed were:

Mrs. Eyer, wearing a navy blue toilette, with white furs, blue hat with long feathers shading from dark blue to the palest shade; Mrs. French, a most becoming cream costume with effective touches of green, black hat with long black feather; Mrs. W. T. Wood, in green, green hat with green and brown roses; Mrs. Palmer, navy blue coat and skirt, blue hat with tulle and pink flowers; Mrs. McLennan, black toilette, black silk coat, black and white bonnet; Miss McLennan, black braided costume, mauve hat with white feathers; Miss Elsie McLennan, navy blue Eton coat and skirt, rose-trimmed hat; Mrs. Munro, green tweed coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with blue silk trimming; Miss Munro, grey tweed coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black silk and cluster of cerise roses; Miss O'Brien, brown coat and skirt, cream hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Porritt, turquoise-blue coat and skirt, brown hat with brown, pale blue, and lavender silk; Mrs. Stowe, brown striped coat and skirt, cream straw hat with brown tulle and pale pink flowers; Mrs. Pratt, green striped tweed coat and skirt, green hat with black wings; Mrs. R. S. Abraham, black mourning costume; Miss Marjory Abraham, brown tweed coat and skirt, rose-trimmed hat; Mrs. Lionel Abraham, grey

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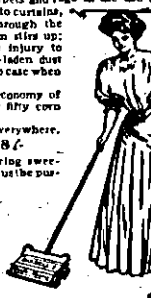
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TERMS NET, AND READY CASH WITH ALL ORDERS AND WORK DONE.

coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. Walter Strong, in navy blue, peacock-blue feather boa, blue hat with brown wings; Miss Reed (Wellington), grey and black striped coat and skirt, hat with silk and quills; Miss Fenton, navy braided costume, navy sailor with silver band; Miss Bewick, navy blue coat and skirt, brown hat with ribbon of paler shades; Miss Wilson, dark grey coat and skirt, cream hat; Miss Dolly Wilson, pale grey coat and skirt, sailor hat; Mrs. Pickett, pink linen, black hat with feathers; Mrs. Wripe, navy Eton costume, blue hat with pale blue flowers; Mrs. Kennell, black coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers and petunia-coloured roses; Mrs. A. Kennell, navy blue, with long cream dust coat, black plumed hat; Mrs. Paisley, blue check frock, pale blue felt hat with green wings; Miss Oliver (Wanganui), dark green coat and skirt, green hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Loughnan, grey coat and skirt, scarlet hat with black silk bows; Miss McLean, navy coat and skirt, blue hat with shot green trimming; Mrs. Randolph, black, braided in black, cream lace vest, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Randolph, brown linen coat and skirt, brown hat with tulle and shaded brown feather; Miss Robertson (Wellington), green tweed coat and skirt, blue hat with green silk ruching; Miss T. Waldegrave, navy coat and skirt, brown hat; Mrs. Warburton, navy coat and skirt, brown and green hat; Miss Warburton, in navy blue, blue hat with pater shade of silk roselle; Mrs. McKnight, long blue coat with fawn natter collar and cuffs, black hat with brown and blue tulle; Mrs. R. Levin, light green tweed coat and skirt, cream motor hat; Miss Levett (Bulls), rose-coloured Eton costume, cream hat with ribbon and pink flowers; Miss Isabel Fraser, in navy blue, straw hat with crimson roses; Miss Frances Fraser, navy coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Miss Park, dark green Eton coat and skirt, floral hat; Miss F. Park, navy coat and skirt, white hat with long white ostrich feather; Mrs. W. Keeling, in cream with long cream coat, brown hat with brown and green roses; Mrs. A. Ward, grey tweed coat and skirt; Mrs. Bagnall, dark skirt, sable coat, brown and green hat; Miss Gemmel, brown coat and skirt, cream hat with brown tulle and pink flowers; Miss Bell, navy coat and skirt, cream motor hat; Miss Owen Bell, navy coat and skirt with cream and blue striped collar and cuffs, blue sailor hat; Miss Holben, cream and black striped frock, burnt straw hat with green silk trimming; Mrs. Moeller, navy coat and skirt, pink motor hat; Mrs. Buick, brown tweed coat and skirt, navy and green hat; Miss Buick, grey coat and skirt with fawn collar and cuffs, brown hat with fawn shaded feather; Miss Ivy Buick, navy blue coat and skirt with pale blue collar and cuffs, blue hat with silk trimming; Mrs. Cohen, in cream, and wearing a smart black hat with white plumes; Mrs. Hewitt, black coat and skirt, black hat with black and white feathers; Mrs. Beudall, navy Eton coat and skirt, blue hat with bows of blue and white striped ribbon; Mrs. Thompson, navy coat and skirt, cream hat with pink and green roses; Miss Wilson, dark green coat and skirt, pink floral hat; Mrs. Putnam, navy coat and skirt, hat with green and mauve silk roselle and quills; Miss M. Hayward, pale green tweed coat and skirt,

sailor hat; Mrs. Opie, navy blue Eton costume, pale blue hat with white feather; Mrs. Rutherford, green cloth coat and skirt, green hat; Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Kelly, Mrs. O. Monrad, Mrs. H. Akers, Miss Akers, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Bond, and many others. Mrs. Bell, Cook-street, entertained a few friends on Thursday night. Mrs. J. Bell (Wellington), Miss Cavehill (Petone), Mrs. Bailey (Wanganui), Mrs. Wallace (Hawara), Miss Robertson (Wellington), the Misses Frances and Trixie Waldegrave, Mrs. A. Kennell, and Miss Hayward were those present.

VIOLET.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, November 13.

A RECEPTION.

Given by Mrs. Dennie, in honour of the victorious Patea ladies (Bowling Club), was a delightful one. There was a profusion of flowers everywhere, the Patea colours being massed together. There were several bridge tables, and a fine musical programme was contributed. Among the performers were Mesdames Gardner and McVilly, Messrs. Park and Wilson.

Mrs. Dennie wore black ninon de soie, with garniture of Honiton lace; Mrs. Thompson (Patea), ciel blue chiffon taffetas; Mrs. Devine, black sequin gown; Mrs. McVilly, cream satin over dress of pearl embroidered net; Miss Cameron (Patea), champagne satin, lace berthe; Mrs. Gardner, blue silk with chiffon and lace; Mrs. Cohen, black brocade, with lace and touches of pale blue velvet; Miss Baldey, cream silk; Dr. Edith Huntly, black ninon, with bretelles of chenille ribbon; Mrs. Church, white crepe de chine, with berthe of point lace; Mrs. Munro, pale grey silk, with chiffon roses; Mrs. Worboys, tomato-red silk, with cream lace. Both the Kelburne and Patea ladies are quite pleased with the success of the tournament, and hope "to fight their battles o'er again" some day. They are also convinced that it is an ideal game for women, and are quite sorry for their poor sisters who are devotees of golf, croquet, and tennis.

Much sympathy is felt for Lady Hector, her youngest son, Mr. Lyell Hector, having died in Dunedin, after a short illness. It will be remembered that another son, Mr. Douglas Hector, died at Vancouver a few years ago whilst travelling.

There were two dances last night, and one is coming off to-morrow night, which is rather a record for such a quiet time.

MRS. BURNETT'S DANCE AT KEL-BURNE

was given for the wedding party, and proved a most enjoyable one. The floor was in capital order, and there were plenty of partners, so what more could the heart of woman desire? Mrs. Burnett wore black lace over white, with chiffon and tulle ruffles; Miss Burnett wore heliotrope silk and lace.

To-night a dance is to be given on the Encounter by the officers of the ship, and is being eagerly looked forward to. Fortunately, the weather is all that could be desired.

Mrs. Dean gave a

PLEASANT LITTLE DANCE.

Two rooms were devoted to dancing, and a third to bridge. Mrs. Dean wore a grey chiffon taffetas with lace berthe; Miss Eame Dean, a pretty pale blue ninon de soie, trimmed with chiffon and lace; Miss Bessie Fitzgerald, cream glaze with garniture of lace. Among those present were Misses Mary Jones, Beauchamp, Stuart, Simpson, Ewen, Watson, Butts, Parkins, Mrs. Izard and McLean, Messrs. Bridge, Butts, Follock and officers of H.M.S. Encounter.

Mrs. J. Blundell gave

A PROGRESSIVE EUCHRIS PARTY

for her daughter, Mrs. Price (Nelson). Mrs. Fulton carried off the prize, a silver button-book. Mrs. Blundell wore black satin; Mrs. Price was in pale blue glaze and chiffon.

Lieut. Knox, R.N., organising secretary to

THE NAVY LEAGUE,

who is paying a short visit to the Dominion, gave the first of a series of lectures, to be delivered in the four principal centres, at the Town Hall on Saturday night before a large and appreciative audience. Capt. Fyler, R.N. (H.M.S. Encounter), was present with Mrs. Fyler, who wore a graceful gown of embroidered chiffon and ostrich feather boa; Miss Hishop wore an Empire gown of black crepe de chine with yoke and sleeves of filet net, and handsome embroideries of lace with pale blue motifs. Also present were Messames C. Palmer, Edwin, Harcourt, Ward, Fulton, Stevens, Hayes, Cohen, and Moss.

THE KELBURNE LADIES' BOWLING CLUB.

who have been playing in a tournament with the Patea Ladies' Club for some days, had their official opening on Wednesday, Lady Ward performing the ceremony. Lady Ward wore a gown of black and white striped voile, inset with Irish crochet lace, which also draped the bodice; white hat with roses, and a long white ostrich feather; Miss Ward, faxe blue ninon de soie with guipure yoke, hat with shaded roses; Mrs. Dinnie, wine-coloured silk, vest of cream lace with pretty embroideries, white hat with ospreys.

PERSONALS.

Miss Skerret, who has been spending some weeks in Australia, has returned.

Mrs. Charley Warburton (Palmerston N.) is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Fulton.

Mr. Walter Clifford has taken Dr. Collins' house in Hobson-street for some months.

Mrs. T. K. Macdonald is making a short stay in Christchurch.

Miss Eileen Ward is making a short stay in Christchurch with her aunt, Mrs. Hayes.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan won the Mixed Foursomes at Trentham on Saturday, thereby gaining the trophy presented by Mrs. H. D. Bell.

The Bishop of Wellington and Mrs. Wallis are extending their stay in England, and will not be back before the end of January.

OPHELIA.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, November 12.

THE RICCARTON RACES

attracted an immense crowd of ladies on Saturday, "Cup Day." On Monday, "Derby Day," Mrs. E. D. (O'Rourke of Auckland) wore pale blue silk and cream lace, pale blue and grey hat, grey chiffon scarf; Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, Directoire gown of heliotrope with very large violet hat, covered with violet ostrich

VICAR COMMENDS CUTICURA

Which Brought Him Relief from Affection of Face and Forehead—Tried Several Other Remedies and Consulted Two Physicians.

IN MIDST OF BUSY LIFE SENDS LETTER OF PRAISE

DUNKIRK VICARAGE, FAVERHAM, July 10, 1907.

"Dear Sir:—I am very busily engaged in preparation for the reopening of our parish church which has delayed my reply to your recent letter. I may tell you that I have been vicar of this parish since January 1854, and am now in my eighty-fifth year. My ailment affected my face and forehead. It commenced five or six years ago and I had recourse to several remedies and consulted two physicians. After a while I happened to read an advertisement about Cuticura and determined to give it a trial. So I began with the Cuticura Soap, then purchased Cuticura Ointment, then added the Resolvent, for which I have substituted the Pills. Now I consider myself virtually cured and neither trouble doctor, nor myself, nor any one else about skin affections. I have much pleasure in recommending Cuticura Remedies. I use no other soap but Cuticura for my face and hands.

"Yours very truly, W. J. Springett."

ECZEMAS

And Other Itching, Torturing Humours Cured by Cuticura.

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointments with Cuticura Ointment afford instant relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, crusted humours, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and permanent cure, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies fail.

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. A Single Set often cures. Depots: London, 27, Finsbury-street; New York, 6, Rue de la Paix; Australia, B. Towns & Co., Sydney; South Africa, Lehmann, Ltd., Cape Town; East Africa, J. P. White Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston.



THE GREAT ENGLISH LADIES' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Queen

Appeals to the cultured classes throughout the British Empire, and all ladies who want to keep themselves au fait with what the fashionable world is doing should order a copy from the newsdealer who supplies this paper, or from Messrs. Gordon and Gotch's stores throughout New Zealand and Australia.

The Queen.

IS READ ALL OVER THE WORLD.

It contains features which are not found in any other ladies' newspaper. Its fashion news is reliable, its illustrations are correct, and its tone from cover to cover is artistic.

The Christmas Double Number will contain a beautiful art supplement, a Rembrandt Gravure, by A. J. ELSLEY, entitled

"OUT OF REACH."

ORDER AT ONCE.

The coloured fashion number which appears the first week in each month is a charming production.

Every newsdealer in New Zealand can supply

The Queen

the premier English fashion and society weekly.

feathers; Mrs. Arthur Elworthy, pale blue striped chiffon, burnt straw hat with black ostrich feathers; Mrs. Pyne, mauve silk Empire dress, black hat and feathers; Mrs. McLean (Auckland), cream lace dress over maize-coloured silk; Miss McLean, pale blue Empire dress, cream hat; Miss Gorrie (Auckland), pretty blue muslin, white hat; Mrs. George Rhodes (Meadowbank), grey voile, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, white embroidered muslin, cerise silk sash, cerise hat to match; Mrs. J. D. Hall, cream dress, black hat; the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, grey dress, faced with pale blue silk, blue hat with blue feathers; Mrs. Waterfield, white muslin dress, Tuscan hat with flowers and black feathers; Mrs. Willfred Stead (Disborne), navy blue silk, navy blue hat with Saxe blue feathers.

On Wednesday, "Oaks Day," the Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore grey and violet striped tweed coat and skirt, grey hat with purple roses; Mrs. Waterfield, a white embroidered cloth and silk Empire gown, white hat with pink roses; Mrs. Arthur Rhodes, pale pink cloth costume, white picture hat with white ostrich feathers and pink roses; Mrs. Pyne, dove-grey cloth Empire gown, Tuscan hat with black wings and pink roses; Mrs. E. D. O'Rorke (Auckland), an Empire gown of slate grey cloth, grey and pale blue hat; Mrs. Arthur Elworthy, green and white tweed skirt, green cloth coat, mauve hat; Mrs. Sydney Williamson (Hastings), cinnamon brown cloth coat and skirt, black picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. Willfred Stead, vieux rose linen costume, brown hat with pink roses; Mrs. Bond (Timaru), biscuit-coloured costume, Tuscan hat with feathers; Mrs. W. Moorhouse (Wellington), pale sage green taffeta with velvet bands of a deeper shade, green and white floral toque.

A MOST ENJOYABLE DANCE

was held at the Art Gallery on Tuesday night, the hostesses being a committee of ladies who had taken great trouble to make it a success. Hon. Kathleen Plunket wore a handsome gown of gold tissue over mauve, the corsage being wreathed with tiny mauve flowers; Mrs. Waterfield, frock of white nixon, trimmed with bands of ivory satin; Mrs. Pyne, corselet gown of pale heliotrope taffetas with fichu of net and lace; Mrs. J. D. Hall, scarlet satin gown, trimmed with chiffon of the same shade; Mrs. C. Thomas, a black spangled net robe over white silk, with trimmings of white net; Mrs. G. Hamner, turquoise blue and white lace; Mrs. A. Elworthy, white satin, relieved with gold; Mrs. Westmacott, handsome gown of yellow brocade satin; Mrs. Denniston, mauve brocade, relieved with lace; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, bright green chiffon over white, and bands of silver tissue; Mrs. E. Reid (Timaru), pale blue satin and lace; Mrs. Ranaid Macdonald, vieux rose nixon and handsome embroidery to match; Mrs. E. D. O'Rorke (Auckland), Empire gown of white satin with touches of gold; Mrs. G. Helmore, white satin; Mrs. H. Knight, black satin and lace; Mrs. Kettle, pale grey flowered crepe de chine with touches of blue; Mrs. Bond, yellow and white brocade with rosettes of yellow satin and lace; Mrs. H. Elworthy, mauve silk and chiffon; Mrs. Ogle, pale grey striped grenadine, the corsage trimmed with drappings of lace; Mrs. W. Wood, pink and white floral silk; Mrs. H. Reeves, pale blue corded silk; Mrs. Killian, gown of blond lace with touches of emerald green; Mrs. Cooper, black satin; Mrs. Beatty, black crepe de chine and cream lace; Mrs. Bethell, white and silver spangled net; Miss Denniston, white satin frock, Empire style; Miss Julius, pale blue figured chiffon over blue satin; Miss O'Bryan-Hodge (England), pale green satin; Miss Humphreys, rose pink nixon over white and cream lace; Miss A. Humphreys, Empire frock of white satin with pearl trimming; Miss Ogle (debutante), simple frock of satin with wide silk embroidery; Miss Barker (Woodbury), pale blue and white striped floral silk with girdle of blue silk; Miss Macdonald, white chiffon and silver spangled net; Miss Loughnan (Palmerston N.), white satin and chiffon; Miss Knight (debutante), white satin; Miss Gorrie (Auckland), black taffetas; Miss Williams, charming gown of pale pink crepe de chine and cream lace; Miss Cox, black satin; Miss Toddley (Napier), pale

blue silk with net; Miss Monckton (Wairarapa), pale blue silk; Miss Moore, pale blue chiffon; Miss F. Moore, white satin; Miss Mills (Auckland), pale blue figured chiffon, trimmed with Oriental embroidery; Miss Symes, white satin Empire frock, relieved with silver tissue; Misses Burns, gowns of tangerine chiffon over silk; Miss Hamner, white crepe de chine; Miss — Hamner (debutante), white taffetas; Miss Campbell, salmon pink crepe de chine, the bodice draped with cream lace; Miss H. Campbell, sky blue cologne; Miss Denniston, pink and white floral taffetas; Miss M. Cotterill, white lace dress over pale blue satin; Miss Cracroft Wilson, Empire gown of ivory satin with trimmings of gold; Miss Thomas, white net and silver tissue; Miss Wells, pink satin; Miss D. Wells, pale pink crepe de chine and cream lace; Miss Nancarrow, white silk net over pale blue satin; Miss Wood, white satin; Miss E. Wood, white nixon and silver embroidery; Miss Rose, white muslin; Miss N. Rose (debutante), white silk and lace; Miss Kettle, cream net; Miss C. Kettle, rose pink muslin.

A MORNING TEA

in honour of Mrs. Willowby, the wife of the well-known English composer, was given by Mrs. Walter Macfarlane, of Kawarra at Warner's Hotel on Tuesday. Some delightful songs were sung by Mrs. Willowby, Miss Fairhurst, Mrs. Le Cren, Mrs. Macbeth and Mrs. Rose.

DINNER PARTIES.

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rhodes entertained His Excellency the Governor and a small number of friends at dinner.

This week Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes have given several dinner parties.

The Judge and Mrs. Denniston also gave a dinner.

A LARGE AT HOME

was given by Miss Nan Todhunter at her residence in Merivale Lane. Mrs. Todhunter wore black silk with white lace and net insertions; Mrs. Moreland, blue silk dress, blue hat; Mrs. George Harper, black and white costume; Mrs. Denniston, grey cloth coat and skirt, black and grey toque; Mrs. George Rhodes, grey crepe de chine, black picture hat with feathers; Mrs. Hugh Reeves, pale blue lustre costume, cream straw hat with pink roses; Miss Mills (Auckland), white embroidered muslin, large black hat; Miss Julius, navy blue coat and skirt, hat trimmed with black ribbon; Miss Loughnan (Palmerston North), tailor-made costume of black and white striped flannel, white hat, black and white net ruffe; Miss Nancarrow, violet cloth coat and skirt, straw hat with roses; Mrs. Robert Todhunter, gown of orchid coloured muslin and white lace; Mrs. Borthwick, pale grey cloth costume; black hat; Miss Humphreys, white muslin dress, pale blue hat; Miss A. Humphreys, violet muslin frock, large black and white hat; Miss Moore, pale green voile, trimmed with cream net and lace, black picture hat with feathers; Miss Symes, a pinafore frock of pink Shantung silk, pink hat; Miss Westmacott (Waimate), white cloth costume, burnt-straw hat trimmed with green and white scarf and green quills; Miss Burns, green striped Empire frock, burnt-straw hat with cream roses, white chiffon neck ruffe; Miss H. Burns, tailor-made costume of heliotrope cloth, Leghorn hat with pink daisies; Miss Macdonald, blue and white linen dress, straw hat with blue and white flowers; Mrs. Andrew Anderson, violet cloth gown, white feather boa, violet hat; Mrs. Benham (Dunedin), navy blue coat and skirt, blue straw hat, blue feather boa; Miss Ogle, pale blue linen pinafore frock, pale blue hat; Miss Cicely Gardner, white coat and skirt, vieux-rose hat; Miss Parson, white muslin dress, with bands of pink ribbon, Leghorn hat with pink roses; Miss Zoe Parson, heliotrope muslin frock, heliotrope and white hat; Mrs. Cowlishaw, matter blue cloth costume, blue hat with pink roses.

On Friday afternoon Miss Reeves gave

A TEA

in honour of Miss Janet Ogle, who is leaving Christchurch shortly for England. The guests were Mrs. and Miss Ogle, Mrs. Hugh Reeves and her two children, Miss Denniston, Miss Mills (Auckland), the Misses Kitson, Macdonald, Loughnan (Palmerston), Murray-Aynsley, Helmore and Burns (2). The prize was won by Miss Heather Campbell.

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C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets are Light as Air, yet they are guaranteed to outlast two ordinary corsets.

A Single Trial is sufficient to Convince every woman of the immense superiority of C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets over all other types.

Obtainable in 50 types, at prices ranging from 8/11 to 4 Guineas

OBTAINABLE IN ALL STYLES FROM ALL PROGRESSIVE STORES.

If any difficulty in procuring the correct style write to:

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

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THE "VIENNA MEDICAL PRESS" SAYS:—
"Hunyadi János may be regarded as a specific for obesity."

AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS BALEKNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

CAUTION.

The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

Fashion in Linen.

Linen combined with silk, satin, velvet, lace or beautiful hand embroidery—we see it everywhere this summer.

And for once fashion goes hand in hand with common sense, for what could be more appropriate for wear in our summer temperature than linens? There's nothing cooler looking than crisp, snowy linen when the mercury begins to climb ambitiously upward, and for cooler days the linens which are here this year in all kinds of fascinating and unusual colourings are just the thing.

eye, besides a host of more usual colours. For smart tailored suits there were the inevitable two-toned stripes, as well as the more exclusive hair line checks. There were linens which so well imitated rajah silk that it needed the sense of touch to distinguish between the two. French linens were more than usually soft and velvety looking.

If these things are a satisfaction to behold in the piece, how much more admirable are they when we see them skilfully combined with contrasting fabrics and made up into dresses or suits—or that nondescript, but nevertheless most useful, jumper frock.

lawn and embroidery or lace, these dresses are charming and cool, and adaptable into the bargain.

The particular point in which this year's linen gowns and suits differ from other years is in their trimming. But we have become so accustomed to seeing all kinds of fabrics combined that linen trimmed elaborately with satin or expensive lace does not seem at all incongruous. From French designers we have learned the trick of using touches of black on coloured gowns to give chic or bring out some particular point, and this season a costume without its brilliant black note is seldom seen. It may be only a minute neck-bow of black velvet or satin, but it is there.

Black velvet is being used very effectively on coloured linens. Coats cut on the strictly tailored lines, which never really go out, let butterfly sleeves and queer, floppy French coats come and go as they may have cuffs, collars, pocket flaps and buttons of black velvet, and skirts, too, are often trimmed with velvet coloured buttons to match.

Of course you've noticed what an important part buttons are playing in the way of trimming. From being a merely useful part of dress they have been raised to the position of being most ornamental. Especially on linens are they found in all their glory. Buttons covered with linen and embroidered by hand in silk which tones or contrasts with the dress are almost a necessity to a well-regulated linen frock. They run in lines down the front of the skirt hank and down the front of the skirt, they transfix trimmings, but more often are used solely and quite frankly for effect with no thought of use.

Cretonne-covered buttons lend a quaint air to dresses of linen and are a most up-to-date trimming, for at last women seem to have accepted this upholstery fabric as a possible dress trimming.

Now we see parasols of cretonne in lovely designs and charming colourings, cretonne coats, hats swathed in cretonne, shopping bags made of cretonne, collars and cuffs of cretonne, belts and, as I have said, buttons—all of this effective material. Even delicate evening gowns of net and lace bear applied roses and other exaggerated large flowers cut from the material which we formerly associated only with cottage furniture. But this is only what French women have been doing for several seasons.

Some Suggestions for Sunny Days.

There has been a delightful reaction this year in favour of the simple linen frock for sunny days in the country or by the sea, a reaction which should be welcomed gladly as a sign of grace, and a protest against the modern tendency towards over-dressing. Not that these little gowns are economical by any manner of means, since their chief charm lies in their absolute freshness, and it is impossible to wear them more than three or four times without having them washed or cleaned. They are so becoming, however, in their dainty coolness, that no one stops to consider their ultimate cost, while there is comfort in the fact that

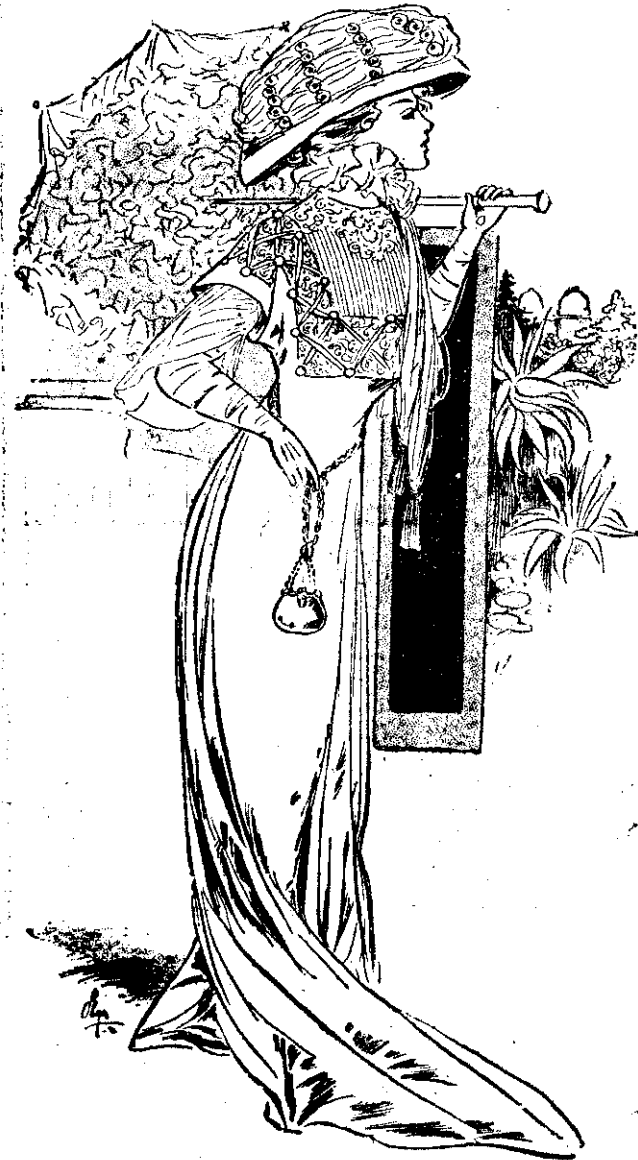
many of the new linens are of so substantial a texture that a clever maid with a cool-iron can do much to restore them to their pristine charm.

Such a linen gown, for instance, as the one which we illustrate, need present no difficulties from this point of view, since both skirt and bodice are inten-



A LINEN FROCK FOR SUNNY DAYS.

tionally of the simplest design. The lining is one of those which closely resemble Shantung silk in appearance, and it is chosen in a cool-looking shade of lily-leaf green. The skirt, which is made in a sensible short length for walking, is fully pleated all the way round, and trimmed some little distance above the hem with a flat fold of black and white striped glace silk. This striped silk is used to make the waist-belt, and it appears again in the form of a trimming on the bodice, where it outlines the pinafore effect, and also borders the top of the vest, which is of the same pale green linen as the skirt. The under-bodice and sleeves are of ivory-white broderie anglaise, and help to give a very pretty finishing touch to this dainty little gown. The hat which is worn with this linen frock is of an appropriate simplicity of design. It is made of fine white straw and in quite a new shape, which shades the eyes from glare, and also protects the back of the neck. Round the crown there is a very full ruche, formed of many loops of leaf-green silk ribbon, gathered up closely together and finished on one side with a large bow.



A RACE COSTUME.

Charming costume in Shantung silk with pink and cream shot ribbon and fastened with white chiffon; girdle and bag of white with pink roses; white sunshade trimmed

deep cream lace, crossed with coral with coral buttons; vest and sleeves leather and coral beads; white hat with coral pink chiffon.

Those who visited the shops when the summer fabrics were first on view could not fail to be impressed by the variety and novelty of this year's linens. In the first place the art of dyeing linens seemed to have taken several forward strides, such soft and beautiful colours were everywhere to be seen. Queer, soft, faded-looking blues, and bluey-violets and all the raspberry and coral shades were there to delight an artist's

The jumper dress of linen is to the fore again this year, and it has much to be said in its favour. No wonder the majority of women refuse to discard it, although it has already been worn for a longer time than fashion usually permits. As if to make jumper dresses more irresistible, the designers have taken particular pains with this year's models, and the result is most satisfactory. Worn over delicate guimpes of

WARNER'S

RUST-PROOF

CORSETS.

DIRECTOIRE MODELS.

The long soft skirt of this new and beautiful model encloses the figure comfortably and gives unusually graceful lines.

Every Pair Guaranteed.

Security Rubber Buttons Knee Supporter Attached to Every Pair.



TUCKED NET BLOUSE.

seem to be diminished this season, for our coat and skirt costumes still need their compelling and charming presence, and so many dresses, too, are being made in pinafore style, or with corselet skirts whose graceful career is continued into braces, that there is much scope for choice in the way of blouses which can lend an appearance of variety to the one costume. The seated lady wears a demi-toilette blouse of tucked net and trimming of soutache braiding on net, arranged with a becoming square effect.

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FOR ALL TIMES AND ALL CLIMES

For all ages, from the nursery upwards, Horlick's Malted Milk is an ideal food-beverage, easily digested, nourishing, invigorating. It is indispensable to invalids and the aged, and provides a full diet in sickness.

Horlick's Malted Milk is a delicious substitute for tea, coffee and cocoa. It is prepared in a minute, and requires no cooking.

Of all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores, &c., &c. Samples: 8s, Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W. Horlick's Food Co., Slough, Bucks, Eng.

In spite of the vogue of the complete Directoire gown and the Princess models, our needs in the way of blouses hardly



OVERSKIRT DRESS OF BATISTE AND LACE.

Shantung, Japanese and other Summer Silks.

THE NEW SILKS are here in plenty, and beside the regular range of popular colours, all the new shades find full representation, and every yard is moderately priced.

SHANTUNG SILKS, 32in. and 34in. wide, in Clematis, Apricot, Lusitania, Light, Mid and Dark Brown, Grey, Moss, Bronze, Myrtle, Navy, Mauve, Pink, Sky Blue, and Vieux Rose. At 3/11 and 4/11 a yard.

BRITISH TUSSORE SILKS, for Costumes and Dust Coats, 36in. wide. At 2/6, 2/9, 3/9 a yard.

JAPANESE SILKS, 27in. wide, in 500 different shades; the greatest assortment and the greatest value in New Zealand. At 1/11 a yard.

YOKOHAMA SILKS, 54in. wide, in Golden Brown, Bright Navy Blue, Bronze, Green, and a pretty shade of pink. At 3/11 a yard.

JAPANESE SILKS, 46in. wide, in Sky Blue, Moss, Turquoise, Navy Blue and Black. At 3/6 a yard.

SATIN MESSALINE, 40in. and 45in. wide; the fashionable silk for evening wear, in dainty tints of Sky Blue, Heliotrope, Turquoise, and Eau de Nil. At 5/9 and 7/6 a yard.

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JAPANESE SILKS, 27in. wide, in all colours. Specially imported for motor veils. At 1/2 a yard.

IVORY SATIN ROYAL, for Bridal Costumes, 46in. wide. At 7/6 a yard.

IVORY SATIN SUPREME, 46in. wide, for Bridal Costumes. At 12/6 a yard.

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THERE is no reason why every man or woman should not acquire or regain a Perfect Figure. If you want to add flesh, be made plump and rosy, gain weight, strength and beauty, send for Free Booklet and a Free Trial Treatment of the "Miraculous" Nerve Food and Flesh Developer. This newly-discovered Herbal Specific is a Vitalizing Agent and Flesh Builder. It will soon put your nerves right, tone up your digestive organs; and the alteration in you will astonish yourself and friends. Attention, be it in man or woman, is due to a lack of flesh where flesh ought to be, and the prominence of bone where no bone should be visible. Would you like to have perfect health, with a grand symmetrical figure, free of all scragginess? You can easily obtain this blessing. There is no time to lose. Every day you delay means possibly further decrease in weight, so write to-day, enclosing threepence in stamps, to pay postage on Free Trial Treatment and Beauty Booklet.



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confer that suggestion of rare distinction which marks the gentlewoman. They give to an effective costume the necessary note of personal quality, the indefinable grace of style. Wear no other. All stores sell them.





One commonplace person at the head table + one wine list = one screamingly funny after-dinner speaker.

SHAMEFUL.

Mrs. De Riche (showing her home to Mrs. Windfall): "What do you think of my Venus de Milo?"
 Mrs. Windfall: "Ain't it a shame how careless servants are! Rust couldn't you glue the arms on again?"

COMMERCIAL.

Mother: "What did Mrs. Meanly give you for cutting her grass?"
 Willie: "Nothing."
 Mother: "Why she promised you sixpence, didn't she?"
 Willie: "Yes, but I used her sickle to do it with and she charged me sixpence for the use of it."



AT THE POULTRY MASQUERADE.

He: "Why in the world are you wearing those rubber overshoes?"
 She: "Sh! I'm disguised as a duck."

THE CURIOUS PART OF IT.

"Germany publishes every year nearly twice as many new books as are brought out in France."
 "But that isn't the curious part of it."
 "What do you mean?"
 "The German emperor doesn't insist on writing all the books that are printed in Germany."

A POSER.

Oldum: "Persevere, my boy, persevere! There's only one way to accomplish your purpose, and that is, 'stick to it.'"
 Youngman: "But suppose your purpose is to remove a sheet of fly-paper that you've sat down upon unthinkingly?"

WON BY A LENGTH.

"Well, Bobby, how is your sister?" asked the parson.
 "Oh, she's sick in bed. Hurt herself terrible," replied the youth.
 "I'm sorry to hear that. How did it happen?"
 "We were playing who could lean the farthest out of the window—and she on."

THE DIFFERENCE.

As nearly as can be differentiated, a job is where a man does most of the work, and somebody else gets most of the pay, and a position is where a man gets most of the pay and somebody else does most of the work.



ONE OR THE OTHER.

She: "How do you like your part in the new play?"
 He: "Not for a cent. I die in the first act."
 She: "Well, I suppose it had to be you or the audience!"



Husband: "How much do you pay that new cook of yours?"
 "Sixty dollars a month. Don't you wish you could earn as much?"