

# THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

## NEW ZEALAND MAIL

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### The Week in Review

New Zealand has experienced several sharp earthquake shocks lately, though, fortunately, but little damage has resulted. But Professor Nowack prophesies a great upheaval in the neighbourhood of Wellington in 1911. Mr. Massey and his friends have been making similar predictions, but they look forward to such a gigantic shock that the whole Government will be unseated and the Opposition will occupy the vacant benches. From the strong hold which Sir Joseph Ward's party has on the country, it looks as if nothing short of an earthquake would suffice to shift them. The learned Professor, however, bases his conclusions on scientific deductions and investigations. He has discovered a weather plant which enables him to make accurate forecasts of impending disasters. He has also made several charts of the movements of seismic disturbances, and also of barometric pressure, and the phenomena of the sun known as sun spots. By these means he claims to be able to indicate the exact spot where an earthquake is likely to occur. The plant on which he so much depends is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric changes, and it becomes violently agitated by sun spots. The leaves curl or point upwards or downwards as the case may be, and each movement has a definite significance.

We might be the more inclined to dismiss the Professor's ideas as fanciful were it not for the disquieting fact that he has been singularly lucky, or, as he would probably phrase it, singularly accurate, in his many predictions. Some 14 years ago he deposited a plan of the earth with the Meteorological Office in London, giving dates and places when and where volcanic disturbances could be expected for a period of years ending 1910. Amongst those shown were the outbreaks at Martinique, Jamaica, San Francisco, India, Turkey, and Valparaiso. Many prominent scientific men believe that there will be an enormous earthquake in the neighbourhood of New Zealand in the near future, and the Professor's confident forecasts, joined to recent seismic disturbances, are anything but reassuring to persons of a timid disposition, whilst even the bravest might do well to be prepared.

The action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Licensing Bill was, to say the least of it, ill-advised. The bill was an honest attempt to deal with an admitted evil, and the time limit after which all compensation would cease was sufficiently generous to satisfy any reasonable person. Of course, immense financial interests are involved, and in some particulars the bill could have been amended with advantage. It has also encountered a certain amount of opposition from prominent temperance advocates, like Sir Robert Anderson, who is a recognised authority on all matters dealing with hotel licenses. There is no reason to suppose that the bill as sent up to the Lords was considered perfect even by Mr. Asquith, but it would have been far better had the Upper House suggested reasonable amendments instead of rejecting the bill in its entirety. For no one can deny that if the State grants licenses, the State should have the power to control such licenses, due regard being paid to those who may have any claim for compensation. It is round this ques-

tion of compensation that the fight has mainly raged, but the Government had shown its willingness to deal with the matter in a generous spirit, and questions of detail could doubtless have been amicably arranged had they been approached in a fair and judicial manner.

Even the most zealous total abstainer at Home admits the great difficulties that beset the path of any legislator who attempts to grapple with the thorny question of temperance reform. Prohibition could never be carried without women's suffrage, and the Pankhursts have not yet succeeded in winning a vote for their sex. The total abstainers only number about 1 in 10 of the electors, and the problem confronting statesmen is as to what can be carried through Parliament with such a volume of public approval behind it that it will be accepted and vigorously administered as the definite expression of the will of the nation. For 35 years no Liberal Government was able to carry to a second reading a Licensing Bill for England, and Mr. Balfour's bill, carried on his "khaki majority," did little or nothing to solve the difficulty. During the last half-century earnest and enthusiastic temperance workers, when they have had governments in power which were committed by their election pledges to legislation on this question, have so strenuously and persistently insisted that the measure which should be introduced must be one which contained proposals which each Ministry in turn was convinced could not be carried, that extremely little could be accomplished. Mr. Asquith's Bill was the best proposed so far, and it is to be hoped that something may yet be done to give effect to its main principles.

The rejection of the bill by the Lords has re-opened the question of the reform of the Upper House. Even the hereditary peers themselves feel that something ought to be done in the matter. The total abolition of a second chamber is altogether too drastic a measure to find much favour in a country so conservative as England. People at Home are very loth to radically change the English Constitution, the product of so much slow growth and gradual change. But it is being increasingly recognised that the Upper House should be an aristocracy in the best sense of the word, and should contain the leading men in the world of science and of letters, as well as those who represent our old feudal nobility. That some change will be made appears certain, and it is highly probable that it will be in the direction we have indicated.

The Wanganni Board of Education is faced with a rather puzzling problem. It appears that facilities for technical education—buildings, equipment, apparatus, and material—have been provided at great cost to the country, and their maintenance also involves considerable expenditure. But pupils are lacking, parents do not seem eager to take advantage of these excellent arrangements for the training of their children, and the question is what ought to be done to ensure a greater attendance. Obviously, if our young people do not want technical education, there is only one possible remedy for this state of affairs—they must be compelled to go to technical schools by legislation. The thing is so simple that we wonder it was not thought of long ago. The Wanganni Board has accordingly passed the fol-

lowing resolution: "That the Minister be asked to consider the advisability of bringing in legislation regarding all young people residing within reasonable distance of a technical school to attend on two evenings per week, at such continuance or technical courses as may be provided for them; and that for the furtherance of this proposal the co-operation of the other boards of the Dominion be sought, and that a copy of the board's report be forwarded to each board and to the Education Department." The Board's grammar expert was presumably absent on leave when the above was drafted, but the meaning is plain enough, and the Wellington inspectors cordially endorsed the proposal, and suggested further measures in the same direction. This is quite in accordance with modern views. If people want a thing they must be stopped from getting it; if they don't want a thing they must be made to take it. So far, of course, all is plain. One of two members of the Wellington Board of Education, in considering the proposal, made some faint protest against interfering with the liberty of the subject, but that is too old an argument to carry any weight. It is quite evident that if our young people don't go to the technical classes it is because they don't want to go, and if they don't want to go the law should step in and make them go. The principle is at once so excellent and so simple that it might well be extended with advantage. Auckland spent a large sum of money in building a house for the Admiral to live in. When it was built the Admiral said quite plainly, in his bluff sailor fashion, that he didn't want to live in it. A law should have been passed to compel him to take up his residence in the mansion so generously provided for his comfort and convenience. Similarly, with the Hansard reports of Parliamentary debates. These cost a lot of money to print, and it is to be feared that but few people either read them or want to read them. If everyone was compelled to go twice a week to hear these scriptures read and expounded, members would feel that their oratorical efforts were not being wasted, and the whole tone of our national life might be raised. Compulsory attendance at technical schools is only one step in the direction of regulating our lives. When anything is provided for us by a generous Government at great cost to the country, if we are ungrateful enough not to take advantage of it, we should be compelled to patronise it. Under the system advocated by Socialists the matter would be greatly simplified, as the rights of the individual and the liberty of the subject would no longer be allowed to bar the way.

Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kemmerley Rumford had a unique experience recently, when they gave a concert at Brixton gaol. They arrived at the prison in their motor car, and were escorted by the governor to the chapel, where their audience was assembled. There were between 600 and 700 prisoners present, all men, and no applause was allowed. Madame Butt sang "The Promise of Life" and "Abide with Me," and her husband sang "There is a Green Hill Far Away" and "Nazareth," while together they gave the duet, "Night Hymn at Sea." Many distinguished singers give their services for hospitals, workhouses and even asylums, but it is not often they think of visiting our gaols. And yet so much might be done if our prisons were made more reformatory and less punitive. Punishment by itself more often hardens than converts. Necessary it doubtless is to the preservation of society, but otherwise are needed for the regeneration of society, and we can conceive of few things more calculated to do good in this direction than the influence of high-class music rendered by artists so capable and so sympathetic as Madame Clara Butt and her intrepid husband.

Much of the credit for England's firm attitude during the Balkan crisis is undoubtedly due to Sir Edward Grey, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Many consider him to be the best Foreign Minister that we have had for several years past. He had an excellent training as Under Secretary during the Liberal Government of 1892-5, and his firmness, tact, and judgment so conspicuously displayed in his recent treatment of difficult international questions, have confirmed the high opinion then formed of his abilities. He is one of the many distinguished statesmen who were educated at Balliol, the present Premier being another. The curious thing is that he has a great distaste for political life, and is far happier in the world of sport. He is a noted tennis-player, and has won both the M.C.C. and Queen's Club tennis prizes. He is also one of the finest fly-fishers in England, and his book on fly-fishing is recognised as the standard work on the subject. Gladstone said of him, "I have never remembered so signal a capacity for Parliamentary life, and so small a disposition to it. High character, reflectiveness, a sound intellect, contribute to his Parliamentary power." His skill in playing his fish may be part of the same skill that he has recently displayed when angling in Balkan and German waters. England, at any rate, has no reason to be dissatisfied with the results.

Captain Dominik, of the German Army, has performed a feat hitherto regarded as impossible. He has succeeded in capturing, alive and unharmed, these fully grown gorillas, and there is no authentic record of any other capture of an adult gorilla. The difficulty of capturing these animals is immense, owing to the fact that they lead a nomadic life in almost inaccessible forests and morasses, infested with fevers, and surrounded by hostile savages, and, above all, to their skill in climbing trees. The orang outang is captured by the simple process of making him drunk and dragging him into a wicker cage, but the gorilla is a prohibitionist and a determined fighter. During the hunt one of these animals killed three natives, and another tore off and devoured a man's leg. The three who were eventually taken were captured by throwing nets over them and holding them down with long forked poles. The sport seems to have been sufficiently exciting to gratify the most exacting tastes, but we doubt if many will be found desirous of emulating the intrepid German.

New Zealand is not the only country which neglects the graves of its illustrious dead. The Italian newspapers have recently drawn attention to the neglected condition of Virgil's tomb, which is situated on the hill of Posillipo, at Naples. It is visited only by a few solitary pilgrims, and the grotto in which the great poet rests is damp and dirty, unweeded for, and almost forgotten. There is very little doubt as to the genuineness of the tomb still shown to travellers, as we know that he was buried, as was the custom of the Romans, by the side of the public road leading out of Naples to Puteoli. More than any other writer of ancient times, Virgil has influenced our own literature. Spenser may be said to be full of Virgil. Tompason betrays the influence in every line of him whom he so aptly describes as "the wisdest of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." Now that attention has been called to the matter, we do not doubt that steps will be taken to erect a permanent memorial to mark the last resting place of the singer of lofty Iliad.

Englishmen, who have a horror of hasty legislation, must sometimes envy the rough-and-ready way in which the colonies dispose of difficult questions. We solve the licensing matter by giving no compensation at all, thus barring the door on all discussion as to time limits and amounts and levies. Similarly, we dismiss the question of religious education by giving none at all. But the House of Commons rejected the secular solution by 414 votes, and it has been trying to evolve a bill that shall do justice to all parties. It is most sincerely to be regretted that Mr. Runciman's statesmanlike measures failed to be carried by reason of the action of the extremists on both sides. It was far and away the best and fairest Education Bill that we have had as yet, and while remedying many injustices of Mr. Balfour's Bill, it was not so neglectful of the just claims of church schools as were the proposals of Mr. Birrell and Mr. McKenna. Englishmen are tolerant of delay, tolerant of long discussion and repeated failure, because they are intolerant of anything that savours of injustice or interference with the rightful liberties of the subject. A new country wants to make the pace and show the world how easy it is after all to dispose of difficult questions. But it is questionable whether we have the same traditional love of true liberty and justice to one class is often secured at the cost of gross injustice to another.

Speaking at the half-yearly meeting of the Bank of New Zealand last Friday, the chairman (Mr. Beauchamp) stated that the profits of the bank for the six months ended September 30 were exceedingly satisfactory, and he confidently anticipated a like favourable result for the current financial year. The bank has pursued the policy of accumulating large reserves in preference to paying large dividends, and this has done much to inspire public confidence in the institution. The chairman dwelt on the temporary financial stringency, and expressed the opinion that the strong demand for our staple products and the rise in the price of wool and other pastoral and agricultural products, would soon redress the balance of the financial market in our favour; and the relative scarcity of money would be repaired as soon as ever the effects of the present upward movement in market value had had time to make itself felt. This optimistic outlook for the future should be a sufficient answer to those who have been making ominous and pessimistic predictions regarding the financial condition of the colony.

It seems a little late in the day to refer to the winning of the Davis Cup, but the news arrived last week while the portion of the paper containing those notes was already in the press, and our congratulations to the Dominion in general, and lawn tennis players, and Wilding in particular, had of necessity to be held over till this issue. For it would indeed be ungracious and unfitting were such a feat to pass without some gratulatory remark. Wilding, by his brilliance and endurance, wrested the Cup almost out of the very grasp of the gallant Americans. The defeat of the supposedly invincible Brookes— idol of Australian tennis players— seemed to make its possession a certainty for the Land of the Stars and Stripes, and it is a proud thing for the Commonwealth and New Zealand that they should have, in face of so homeric a fight as that set up by America, been able to hold their own and retain the Cup, showing that it is not only in football that the best men in this part of the world can more than hold their own with Old World champions. It is a pity the British Lawn Tennis Association should have been suddenly shaken with a spasm of niggardiness which caused them to refrain from sending a team to Australia to compete for the Cup, but we are proud to believe that had they done so the result must have been the same. Brookes and Wilding competed for the Cup in 1905, and won much kudos, and tried again in 1906, and it was not till last year they succeeded in gaining the much-desired trophy. That they should have succeeded in retaining it again is, as we have said, a feat of which every one of us may feel justifiable pride.

# Our Illustrations.

## A RARE PLAN OF RUAPEKA-PEKA.

PRESENTED TO AUCKLAND CITY.

On page 23 of this issue we reproduce a plan of the famous Ruapekapeka pa, captured on January 11, 1846, after a bitter struggle. This plan was the property of Mr. C. Ruck, of Parnell, Auckland, whose father, the late Capt. Atkyns, played a distinguished part in the engagement, as will be seen from the following letter from his commanding officer. It is written rather over a year later:

"Royal Engineer's Office,  
Auckland, 10th August, 1847.

"Sir,  
"Being about to give over the command of the Royal Engineer Department in New Zealand to Lieut.-Col. Bolton, R.E. I deem it but just before doing so to acknowledge the great obligation I am under for your services whilst serving in the field with me at Ruapekapeka by your so gallantly, with the pioneers under your command, cutting away the dense wood, and removing every obstacle that obstructed the view of the batteries, up to the very base of the enemies' work, exposing yourself and those under your command to very great danger from the fire of the enemy, and I have not the least hesitation in saying that it was principally by your great exertion that the pa was taken much more speedily than it otherwise would have been.— I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

W. B. MARLOW,

"Major Commanding Royal Engineers,  
"Captain Atkyns,  
"etc., etc., etc."

## HONGI'S ARMOUR.

Hongi left on his visit to England on March 2nd, 1820, taking his friend Waitako with him. Hongi was well received in England, and had an interview with King George IV., who gave him a helmet and a suit of chain armour, which became as famous as that of his owner, and were used by him till his death. He was also loaded with presents from other persons, but his great desire was for guns and of guns he had but a few. On arriving in Sydney, Hongi sold his presents and bought muskets and powder enough to arm 300 men. How he devastated the country and exterminated his enemies is well known. The armour was buried after his death, and has only just been recovered, and placed in the Wellington Museum.



## NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued from any station to any station on the Auckland Section, from WEDNESDAY, 16th December, 1908, until SATURDAY, 2nd January, 1909, inclusive, available for return up to MONDAY 15th February, 1909.

## SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAINS.

From Friday, 18th December, 1908, until Monday, 18th January, 1909, an Extra Express train will leave Auckland at 10.35 a.m. daily for Thames, Waihi, and Tauranga.

Passengers for Rotorua and Cambridge must travel with the 10 a.m. ordinary express.

Passengers for Thames, Waihi, and Tauranga must travel with the 10.35 a.m. extra express train.

On Thursday, 24th December, 1908, a special train will leave Auckland for Rotorua at 10.40 p.m., returning leaving Rotorua for Auckland at 6.0 p.m. on Sunday, 27th December, 1908.

For full particulars as to train arrangements, see posters and future advertisements.

BY ORDER.

# Musings AND Meditations

By Dog Toby

## PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

IT is doubtful if New Zealand will ever be really progressive in the best sense of the word, till women sit in our Houses of Legislature. In England they are discussing the use of an Upper House, and we in this country have often done the same. That is because both legislative chambers are composed exclusively of men, though I believe Press reporters employed in the House of Lords refer to that august body as "the old women" because of the presence of the bishops with their lawn sleeves and pious demagogue. There is no reason whatever why the Upper House both here and at Home, should not be entirely for women, elected by women voters, and the Lower House would be for men, elected by men voters. This would make politics far more interesting, and it would do away with the many reproaches urged against a system that does not really represent the will of the people.

For if you come to think of it, our present method is grossly unfair. Men will never introduce reforms that fall against their own tastes and inclinations, and many of what we call "the crying evils of the day" remain unredressed because of the selfishness of the mere man. A House of women members could carry a bill to put a heavy tax on bachelors. This question was treated by our late candidates in a spirit of unbecoming levity. Women urge that it is a tax on luxuries, and thus essentially democratic, and they ought to know. It is difficult to see any valid reason that could be urged against it, there is no doubt that, once imposed, it would be cheerfully paid, and if heavy enough, our revenue should be considerably benefited. Another thing that would be gained by women sitting in Parliament would be the greater attention that would be given to questions of social reform in regard to female labour. Men are essentially selfish in these matters, and never consider the conditions under which women work. Women are noted for their considerate treatment of their own sex, as witness the way in which the average mistress always considers the comfort and happiness of any woman she employs.

But the greatest benefit of all to the community that would arise from having women legislators would be the great reform that could be effected in the male character. This is a thing our Parliaments have too long neglected. Men waste on selfish indulgence the money that should go to their wives. Smoking should be absolutely prohibited, as also clubs. How many a man spends on tobacco in different forms a sum that would be more than sufficient to buy a really stylish summer hat, and not a few stay at their club when they might be far more usefully employed in helping with the dishes and general tidying up. If men will not be unselfish of their own accord, they should be made unselfish by law; and if a woman cannot make a man contented with his home by her own attractiveness, the moral agents of the policeman and the gaol should be invoked to induce in him a spirit of content. As the famous Dr. Grimstone remarked on an historic occasion: "I'll establish a spirit of trustful happiness and unimmuting content in this school, if I have to log every boy in it as long as I can stand over him"; or as a temperance advocate recently put it: "We'll make the men drink water, even if we have to make them do it at the end of the cat of nine tails." A law could be passed compelling men to be home at a certain time at night, and the hours of business could be so regulated that all offices should be compelled to close at five o'clock, and thus the laconic wire, "Detained at office," would be impossible. Also, all buying and selling of canines

should be prohibited, or hours fixed for mercantile transactions in these animals, as by this means a check would be placed on men describing the society of their wives on occasions all and sundry that they may go and see a man about a dog.

How strange it seems, now that we have found that men can be made good by Act of Parliament, to read of the old days when people believed in the power of the grace of God. Even as I write my eye falls on an old-fashioned tract. It is headed, "Make Home Comfortable," and says that if women thought more of their homes and their husband's comfort, there would be fewer bad men. With what a curious Old World sound do the words fall on our ear that God's Holy Spirit can make us good, childish faith, some call it; childhood's faith, if you will, for those of us who were children when Platenus was Consul. The modern poet says prayer is vain, the modern orator says the goal is our moral agent, both proclaim the way of salvation to be through the ballot-box and the power of Parliament. Be it so. And yet from the far-away Galilean hills there comes the faint echo of a voice, an echo almost lost 'mid the din of faction and party strife, and we catch the tender accents of the man of sorrows, "No man cometh to the Father, but by me."

## BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

(Established 1817.)

Head Office:  
GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Paid-up Capital	£2,403,720	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.  
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J. RUSSELL FRENCH, General Manager.

## TAUHARA SETTLEMENT.

District Lands Office, Auckland, 18th Nov., 1908.  
It is hereby notified that Sections in the Tauhara Settlement will be opened for application under Renewable Lease at this Office on MONDAY, 21st December, 1908. They are classified first, second, and third class and village lots. Access by the Auckland-Wellington Main Trunk Railway to Te Awamutu, 101 miles from Auckland, thence by road through Kihikihi. The soil is good, being sandy loam on clay formation, well suited for sheep or dairy farming. Most of the settlement is under grass. Poster Plans, giving full particulars, can be seen at all principal post offices, and copies obtained on application at this office.

JOHN STRAUCHON, Commissioner of Crown Lands.

THE Manager of the Auckland Industrial School will be glad of applications from persons in country districts who are willing to take charge of young children. Remuneration is given, and children on leaving the institution are supplied with a good outfit.

# Sayings of the Week

Grading and packing are the most important things in the fruit industry. It is very easy to lose 6d or 1s. per case through bad grading or packing. You must grade and mark each case, and the invoice accordingly, so that the fruit is sold according to size. It is absolutely necessary for this to be done, to enable the brokers to send the large apples where they are wanted, and the small where they will sell best.—*Mr. E. Baldwin, Tasmania.*

The Architects' Institute was now out of its infancy, and was showing strong and vigorous growth. The motto of its members should be truth and honesty in all their work, so that the future antiquarian might form a favourable judgment on the history of the present day from the remains of the works of the architects of New Zealand.—*Mr. Petre, Dunedin.*

I found the feeling of the leading Canadian people who have thought upon the question of imperial co-operation more in favour of the establishment of ships than of cash contributions to the Admiralty at Home. The universal feeling was that any ships provided by Canada should, in time of war, be under the entire control of the Admiralty, and form part of the Imperial Fleet.—*Mr. Howard d'Eyville, Imperial Defence Federation.*

My opinion with respect to the strength of New Zealand is that the best team of "All Blacks" would beat any team in the world unless a very exceptional side was turned out in opposition. At its best, New Zealand football is wonderfully attractive; they have perfected their system, and, if anything, their back play is superior to the forward play. But backs and forwards can be admirable, as we have already seen in England.—*Mr. G. Harnett, Manager British Rugby team.*

No development of the Y.M.C.A. has more justified its existence than the boys' department. The Association touches the boy just as he breaks from the close influence of home, and adapts itself to his entire needs. The opportunity of the Association is only limited by the number of young men and boys in Wellington, and the accomplishments of the past should be lost in the achievements of the future.—*Mr. H. N. Holmes, Wellington.*

Children were not to buy text books in future, and it therefore followed that the "free" books would be passed from hand to hand. Funds would only permit of the purchase of 40 books for a class of, say, 120. It would therefore be necessary to institute a system of disinfection, to be carried out each term.—*Mr. Fleming, Inspector of Schools, Wellington.*

The tonnage of Wellington for the year was ahead of that of Belfast, Bristol, Dover, Dublin, Leith, Manchester, Middlesborough, Newport, Sunderland, and Swansea; it was ahead of ten of the principal (seventeen) ports of Great Britain. From the last annual report of Melbourne Harbour Commissioners, they learned that the total number of vessels, including lighters, which had berthed at Melbourne for the year 1906-7, was 5437, of 4,622,624 tons. Therefore, Wellington had attained to 76.2 of the number of vessels, and 60.1 per cent. of the tonnage of Melbourne.—*Mr. T. M. Wilford, Chairman Wellington Harbour Board.*

In the dead hours of night hogsheads of beer were carted in to Maori pas, and sold to Maoris, especially if there was a tangi in progress. He wanted to expose this thing to the whole of New Zealand, for it was a downright shame. One case had been unearthed by the president of the Maori Council of Taranaki, and a prosecution would be brought in a week or two.—*Rev. Robert Haddon.*

During recovery the patient has to be tempted to eat by food skillfully prepared and daintily served, and by changes and surprises that create and stimulate appetite. Everyone who has passed through

a long illness knows the distaste, the almost loathing, caused by sameness and routine in meals and careless and untidy ways in serving. These details may seem trifling, but attention to them not seldom makes the difference between complete recovery and lasting bad health.—*Dr. MacKellar, Auckland.*

No finer harbour exists than Auckland, and, though Rio is larger than Auckland, the natural beauties and advantages of the latter are far superior to anything elsewhere.—*Mr. Richard Hobbs, Auckland.*

He congratulated Mr. Hall-Jones on the way in which he had pushed on the Main Trunk railway as soon as he had funds at his disposal, and said that he felt sure the Minister would have done the same earlier if funds had been available. Mercantile people continually had to go to the Railway Department about certain matters, and he thought that, on the whole, their requests had been fairly considered, and that the interests of the public had been properly regarded.—*Mr. John Duthie, Wellington.*

He hoped to end his days in New Zealand, and to see our present prosperity continued and extended. He saw no reason why this should not be. His first duty would be to New Zealand, and in doing that he believed he would be doing his best work for the Empire as a whole.—*Hon. W. Hall-Jones.*

Though Germans work longer hours for less wages than Britishers, they get more out of life than Englishmen, who drink and gamble more.—*Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P.*

He thought the Australasian Governments should support the proposals for an international conference, which might formulate some agreement under which immigration of coloured races into countries where they were not desired might be amicably controlled. We ought to recognise the rights of the Asiatic races before they compelled us to do so; but if we approached the problem fearlessly, and in a calm and tolerant spirit, there was hope of a permanent and satisfactory conclusion.—*Mr. Aldis, at the Leys Institute, Ponsonby.*

There are three schools at Chofoo in connection with the missionaries' children, one for boys, with about 200 pupils; another for girls, with a similar attendance; and a preparatory school, also for about the same number. The advanced work of these institutions will be understood when it is mentioned that the scholars are prepared for the Oxford examinations.—*Mr. C. E. Bullon, Auckland.*

In regard to Thames, the position there is that there is comparatively little real mining, with the exception of the companies that are already "on gold." Development there seems to await an important "find," which is very probable, or the expenditure of capital to develop what is believed to be by geologists and miners, a valuable area in the lower levels of the field.—*Hon. J. McGowan.*

Parliament should be forced to take steps by which the country should be prepared with a force adequate to repel any possible invasion of New Zealand. This country had covetous eyes centred upon it from all parts of the world. We certainly had the protection of the British navy, but that navy could not be everywhere.—*Mr. F. B. Baume, M.P.*

Fichte taught Germany in its darkest hour that "regeneration must be from within, from the inner depths of the spirit." Our hour is bright and our country is at the dawning of greater times than it has yet seen, but we need to keep before us the teaching of the German philosopher.—*Dr. John Clifford.*

There is one newspaper published for every 82,000 inhabitants of the known world. In Europe, Germany heads the list with 5600 newspapers, of which 800

are published daily. England comes next, 3000; newspapers, of which 800 are "dailies," and then comes France, with 2819 newspapers, of which only one-fourth are daily or published twice or thrice a week. Italy comes fourth, with 1400 papers, and is followed by Austria-Hungary, Spain, Russia, Greece, and Switzerland, the last having 450 newspapers. Altogether, Europe has about 20,000 newspapers.—*Mr. Eugene Raoul, Paris.*

The condition of the Dominion in respect of land values was a false one. The prices now asked for land were not in accord with its value. It was said that these questions were regulated by the supply and the demand, but that was a fallacy. The prices asked for land were exorbitant, and they would certainly come down.—*Mr. Alvin Fischer, Adelaide.*

He had always interested himself in public affairs and current events that were for the good of the community. In that regard he rather regretted that there did not exist the same good feeling among commercial men in Wellington as was the case in Auckland. He did not mean to imply that there was anything the reverse, but there was room for a much better feeling than did exist, and he exhorted all to do their best to bring about that happier condition in business relations.—*Mr. H. C. Teasley, Wellington.*

There was no doubt the housing problem interested all classes. The working man paid 5/ or 6/ out of every pound in rent, and at the end of a few years he was in the position of having paid for his home two or three times over, but no more owned it than he did at first.—*Mr. Alvin Fischer, Adelaide.*

The millers could get through the present depression if it were not for the competition of Oregon pine. If the milling industry were destroyed here, the American millers would have this country at their mercy, and instead of sending us cheap timber, they would make the price dear. The country would then be at the mercy of a foreign monopoly.—*Mr. W. H. Field, M.P.*

At Damsvirke seven mills had closed, discharging over 200 men, and the other men were working only half-time. On the West Coast of the South Island ten mills had closed, and the balance were working only four days a week, principally on Australian speculative trade. They all intended closing from the middle of December until February, except five mills working on white pine. A great quantity of the country's timber would be lost by bush fires if it was not cut.—*Mr. W. A. L. Bailey, Rangitikei.*

They must know that, apart from all attainments, was the factor of the personality of the individual. The personal charm of manner which had the faculty of "drawing" people, was very strongly emphasised in the art of teaching.—*Mr. Robert Lee, Chairman Wellington Board of Education.*

The education of character was the most vital element in teaching. As Ruskin said, it was to make a man "what he was not." The seeds of character developed in obedience to primary influences, unless warped by untoward influence; hence, the education of character in school was an important fundamental. A number of the educational influences might be said to bear on character, one of these, so far as his experience of New Zealand went, showed signs of disappearing. He referred to the influence of the

home, of the parents. This, he thought was rather a pity.—*Professor Rankine Brown, Victoria College.*

China was opening its door to education of the newer kind in all departments. When the Board of Education completed its programme, the Government students would number tens of millions.—*Sir Robert Hart.*

It would astonish many who thought the public cared only for sensation, novels to know that the Caxton Company had sold 180,000 volumes of Dickens within the past year, and that the demand was continuous and increasing. It was interesting to note that Dickens was four times as popular as Thackeray and twice as popular as Shakespeare, and that Scott came next to Dickens in public estimation.—*Mr. Le Bos, Manager Caxton Publishing Co.*

By patient, long-continued labour in the minute sifting of numerical results, the grand discovery has been made that a great part of space is occupied by two majestic streams of stars, travelling in opposite directions. And in the cryptograms of their spectra has been deciphered the amazing truth that the stars of both streams are alike in design, alike in chemical constitution, and alike in process of development.—*Sir David Gill.*

If the Christian cause should perish at last, it would not be because historical critics had explained the Gospel away, but because the followers of Christ were too faint-hearted to walk in the steps of their Master, and venture everything for the Kingdom of God.—*Professor F. C. Burkitt, Cambridge University.*

The unfortunate fact remains that the rich character of many of the smaller reefs at the Thames lends itself more to "market" mining than industrial mining. Such operations often lead people to think that they have lost money in gold mining, whereas their money has merely gone into the pockets of some other individual, and this carried to the extent that it has been over a number of years, cannot have a good influence on mining.—*Hon. J. McGowan.*

The nine provinces, with their clashing interests and intense jealousies, were politically abolished more than thirty years ago; but some of the local feeling which they stood for and suffered for still remains, and will remain so long as mountain ranges and straits of the sea divide New Zealand. Troublesome as its divisions are to politicians, merchants, ship-owners, councils of defence, and men, other persons and interests, they nevertheless have their advantages. They breed emulation, competition, civic patriotism; and the local life, parochial as it looks to observers from larger communities, is at least far better than the stagnation of provinces drained of vitality by an enormous metropolis.—*Mr. W. P. Reeves.*

The financial stringency which had been experienced in New Zealand for some time has now eased considerably. The Advances to Settlers Department is bringing money into the country at the rate of £100,000 a month for lending purposes. No money lent out by the Advances to Settlers Department is being borrowed within the Dominion.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

With our vast Empire and the enormous extent of territory, and the great interests at stake, it is desirable that there should be some general system of service. In England, although the regu-

## Business Care brings Nervous Wear

The petty cares of business life wear away nervous strength, and this applies as much to the clerk at the desk as to the manager in his luxurious office. A thousand little details of duty requiring attention exhaust the nervous energy and cause one to fret over trifling things that would not receive a second thought under conditions of perfect health.

Nervous, fretful persons of either sex are usually poorly nourished, and in all such cases the surest and quickest permanent relief is to be had by the use of

## Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil

which first quickens the appetite and aids the digestion and enriches the blood, thus providing the tired nerves with the nourishment they need. This condition banishes the wakefulness that so many nervous people suffer from, and permits them to enjoy sound, restful sleep. Get Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil at your chemist's—and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

# The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

has been reduced, Mr. Haldane has been unable to get the required number of men to serve in the new territorial force, which is designed to take the place of the volunteers and militia. The fact that only about 75 per cent. of the men required have offered for service as "Haldane's Terriers" indicates that we have not yet got matters placed on a satisfactory footing.—Major Pole-Soppitt.

Almost too much was expected from the Government to-day. It did not tend to improve the character of the individual to be "spoon-fed" by the Government.—Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P.

In many cases the local schoolmaster is the only man in a district who knows anything about sickness, and has any appliances, and to him, not only the Maoris, but also the Pakehas, are often deeply indebted in times of sickness and trouble.—Dr. Mason.

I do not see why every able-bodied man should not be qualified to serve his country in case of necessity. Every youth should be given an opportunity for rifle practice especially, as if he cannot shoot straight he is of very little use. Look at the example that the Boers have given us. The moment almost that a Boer boy learns to run he also learns to shoot. Universal training is good, not only for the nation, but also for the individual, as it tends to encourage him to take an interest in matters of national importance.—Major Pole-Soppitt.

An American miller could lease a square mile of timber land for 21 years at £40 dollars (£28) a year and have no rates or taxes to pay. He could take up any number of blocks on these conditions. In New Zealand the Tongarirua Timber Company recently purchased 40,000 acres of timber from the Maoris at £10 an acre—£4,000 a square mile.—Mr. W. Butler, Sawmiller, West Coast.

Our principal difficulty is in getting drugs to the outlying districts, but Dr. Buck, Dr. de Lisle and myself, had a conference on the subject on the way down from Wairoa, and with the assistance of Dr. Pomare, we hope to devise some means of facilitating access to every native district. We found a little sickness at some places, including a few cases of typhoid fever, but generally the health of the Maoris is good.—Dr. Mason.

It was argued that the duty on Oregon timber should be practically doubled, a dimension tariff being arranged, the same as is levied on New Zealand kauri and white pine for export. The duty should be heaviest on the smaller sizes, since for the importation of large sizes there is actual need, and when cutting up is necessary it can be done by New Zealand labour. The timber that is being sent here is not the whole product of the log. It is an inferior quality, which the American millers cannot help producing, and while they have a market for their better quality at home they will continue to export this.—Mr. W. Butler, Sawmiller, West Coast.

The aeroplane was a very important military weapon, enabling the bombardment of towns from a great distance, and creating a revolution in warfare equal to that resulting from the invention of gunpowder.—Sir Hiram Maxim.

The profits of the Bank of New Zealand for the six months ending September 30 were exceedingly satisfactory, and there were reasons to anticipate that the current financial year would compare favourably with its predecessors. The combined advances and discounts of banks transacting business in the Dominion are the highest on record, being: September 30, £21,217,939, compared with £18,498,184 at the same date last year—an increase of £2,719,755. Private deposits decreased by £1,344,995, and Government deposits by £887,194—making a total change of £4,951,963.—Mr. Harold Blanchamp, Chairman, Bank of New Zealand.

Being a soldier was not an easy matter. It was not a case of just singing "Rule Britannia." It took some time in preparation. All young men who held dear their homes and the honour of their women ought to be prepared to give a certain period of their lives to fit themselves for defence. This should be the pride of every man.—Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P.

“SEE, padre,” began the dominie, “that all you people are talking about what you call the re-union of Christendom, and you pave the way by more or less virulent disputes amongst yourselves about matters that, to the mere layman, seem trivial when they are not unintelligible. At all your synods and assemblies you discuss subtle points of doctrine that pass man’s understanding, and you pass fraternal resolutions of sympathy with other bodies, whilst you utterly fail to agree amongst yourselves. You are not even agreed on the great doctrine of the top-line, though I must say that you show more unanimity of thought on this matter than on questions purely theological. But the ordinary person gets a bit confused in listening to the Babel of tongues, and wonders what he ought to believe out of all the varying creeds presented for his acceptance. You chaps could drop a lot of your antiquated ideas with advantage; what we want is something more spiritual and more in touch with modern thought. A fellow told me the other day that he had attended six different churches on six successive Sundays, and every time the sermon had been about beer.”

“Then again, my good padre,” said the lawyer, “your men bewilder us with all sorts of ritual. How are we to follow some of the elaborate services they have in England? I went to a church once at Brighton, and ‘pon my soul, you couldn’t tell it wasn’t a Roman Catholic affair. You may call it prejudice, or ignorance, or pig-headedness, or sheer cussedness, but most of us have a sort of instinctive love of Protestantism, and by Protestantism we understand a dislike of ceremonial that we associate with pre-Reformation times. Of course, I know that we lawyers are not the only people who can split hairs, and I have heard subtle arguments to show that Puseyism is the antithesis to Romanism. But the lay mind is woefully dense both in things clerical and things legal. It upsets our own nice points of law by a sort of rude common sense that is eminently distressing to the skilled forensic advocate, and I fancy it does much the same with the refined distinctions of some of your learned divines.”

“Every profession,” put in a prominent churchman, “has its own ritual. You lawyers put on absurd wigs and silk gowns to impress us with your learning. Judges wear elaborate robes, and the judicial ermine is the outward sign of incorruptibility. Saluting the quarter-deck is an act of ritual, saluting the flag comes in the same category. Even dressing for dinner might be denounced as ritualistic. You put on clothes the least suited for any kind of work to signify to the world at large that you are free for social intercourse and have laid aside the day’s work and worries. And this very act, trivial as it may seem, has a very real effect on us. We are all to some extent influenced by our clothes, and we all more or less pay reverence to clothes. The judge wears his robes to excite a feeling of reverence for law. Would the people have the same respect for the majesty of the law if the judge pronounced judgment sitting on a candle-box and clad only in singlet and dungarees? It is the pageant of royalty that makes royalty real to most men, and so ritual brings home to men’s minds the majesty of God.”

“That is all very well,” answered the schoolmaster, “if the ritual seems to you impressive; if it seems trivial, it has an opposite effect. Some of us feel that grandeur, solemnity, and dignity are spoilt by a multitude of small and petty ceremonies. We feel that simplicity tends to greater reverence than elaborate ceremonial. Personally I think that the stately rhythm of our prayer-book is spoilt by a multitude of ritual acts that tend to distract the attention. Then, of course, many of us either have, or think we have, Protestant leanings. I daresay we are unreasonable, behind the times, out of touch with Catholic truth, and a host of other things. But the prejudice against certain things is there, and it has to be taken into account. Of course, I admit that anything that lends real impressiveness to any act is not a thing to be lightly dispensed with, but we must distinguish between solid gold and mere tinsel.”

“The truth is,” suggested the padre, “that we don’t make sufficient allowance for different types of mind. Some men can worship best on the bare hillside, others need all the accessories of rich vestments, altar lights, and solemn ritual. I don’t think it is so much a question of doctrine, though, of course, that has much to do with it. It seems to me to be mainly a question of mental disposition and taste. The High Churchman has an historical mind, the Broad Churchman has an enquiring, reasoning mind, the Low Churchman has an emotional mind. The difficulty lies in the fact that we all want others to think exactly as we do. Every man should recognise that he is cast in a certain mould, and he should do the best work he can in his own particular line. It is the same at cricket. A man like Jessop is a hitter, and succeeds at that. Barlow was a stone-waller, and succeeded at that. It would have been fatal to success if either had attempted to change his style. Our only hope of reunion is to look on the church as we look on a cricket eleven. One man is chosen for his bowling, another for his fielding, another for his batting, and another for his all-round play. To have them all bowlers or batsmen would not be conducive to winning matches, and if a man excels in any department, let him stick to that department.”

“It takes all sorts to make a world,” replied the cynic, “and the curse of life is that everybody wants everybody else to think exactly as he does, or as three-fifths of other people do. Why should I surrender my views on any question at the bidding of a vulgar, and sometimes very vulgar, fraction of my fellow-men. I remember a noble marquis at home who put the matter rather neatly. He owed a large account to a celebrated West End tailor, and the tailor offered to compromise for a week-end invitation to the noble lord’s country seat. When he got there he met the usual mixture of people, and somewhat resented the fact that they were not all princes of the blood. ‘It’s all right,’ he said to his host, ‘as far as the entertainment goes, but the society’s a little mixed, my lord.’ To which my lord promptly retorted, ‘Well, hang it all, Jones, we can’t all be tailors.’ I think some of us are apt to forget that fact.”

“That is all very well,” answered the schoolmaster, “if the ritual seems to you impressive; if it seems trivial, it has an opposite effect. Some of us feel that grandeur, solemnity, and dignity are spoilt by a multitude of small and petty ceremonies. We feel that simplicity tends to greater reverence than elaborate ceremonial. Personally I think that the stately rhythm of our prayer-book is spoilt by a multitude of ritual acts that tend to distract the attention. Then, of course, many of us either have, or think we have, Protestant leanings. I daresay we are unreasonable, behind the times, out of touch with Catholic truth, and a host of other things. But the prejudice against certain things is there, and it has to be taken into account. Of course, I admit that anything that lends real impressiveness to any act is not a thing to be lightly dispensed with, but we must distinguish between solid gold and mere tinsel.”

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

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CLANSMAN .... Every Monday, at 7 p.m.  
For Russell, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.

**CLANSMAN** ... Every Wednesday, at 5 p.m.  
No Cargo for Coleridge.

**For Awanui, Waiharuru, Honehe, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.**  
APANEI .... Every Monday, at 2 p.m.  
No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.

**For Whangaruru, Heleas Bay, Tutakaka, and Whananaki.**  
PAEROA .... Tuesday, 15th Dec., 1 p.m.  
For Great Barrier.

**WAOTAHU** ... Every Wednesday, midnight  
For Waikato and Coromandel.

LEAVE AUCKLAND.

**ROTOMAHANA** ... Tues., 15th Dec., 2.30 p.m.  
**ROTOMAHANA** ... Thurs., 17th Dec., 7.15 a.m.

LEAVE COROMANDEL, VIA WAIHEKE, ROTOMAHANA, Wed., 16th Dec., 11 a.m.  
ROTOMAHANA, Sat., 19th Dec., 6.30 a.m.

FOR WAIHEKE.  
Every Saturday, at 2 p.m., returning Every Monday, arriving about 9 a.m. Monday Morning.

**FROM ONEHUNGA.**  
For Hokiangā.

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## WHANGAREI SERVICE. DECEMBER.

Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—

S.S. NGAPUHI	S.S. COROMANDEL	Train Whangarei to Wharf.	Goods Train, Pae.	Train Mangapai, Paruru Bay.	Leaves
1st—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.		No str.
3rd—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	1 p.m.		1 p.m.
5th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.		1 p.m.
8th—Prvs. day.	9 a.m.	7 a.m.	No str.		No str.
10th—Prvs. day.	9.30 a.m.	8 a.m.	10 a.m.		10 a.m.
12th—9.15 a.m.	11 a.m.	No str.	11 a.m.		No str.
15th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.		1 p.m.
17th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	1 p.m.		1 p.m.
19th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.		No str.
22nd—Prvs. day.	9 a.m.	8 a.m.	No str.		No str.
24th—Prvs. day.	9.30 a.m.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.		9 a.m.
25th—No cargo.	7 a.m.	No str.	No str.		No str.
27th—9.15 a.m.	1 p.m.	11 a.m.	No str.		No str.
30th—No cargo.	3 p.m.	No str.	No str.		No str.
31st—11.45 a.m.	7 p.m.	11 a.m.	noon		noon
1st—No cargo.	10 p.m.	No str.	No str.		No str.

JANUARY, 1909.

1st—No cargo.	5 p.m.	No str.	No str.
3rd—No cargo.	2 p.m.	No str.	No str.

\*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz., 8th, 10th, 12th, 22nd, and 24th, must leave up-country stations by afternoon train previous day.

NORTHERN S.S. CO., LTD., Agents.

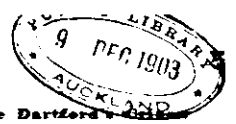
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The Dartford

# The News of the Week

## IN THE DOMINION.

Well-sinkers at Aratuki at a spot indicated by the Rev. Mason, "struck" water at 128 feet. Previously wells had vainly been sunk to great depths.

The Whangarei Agricultural and Pastoral Show last week was a great success.

A petition has been lodged for the upsetting of the Licensing poll at Masterton at which No-License was carried by 31 votes. The petitioners allege a number of irregularities.

Six tenders were received for the erection of the new post office in Auckland, but it is understood that they are all higher than the estimated price of £85,000.

Ten boys who have recently completed their term of eighteen months' training on the Government training ship *Amokura* have joined vessels trading out of Wellington.

After several attempts to refloat the steamer *Hawea*, which went ashore at the entrance to the Greymouth bar, the Union Company has decided to abandon the vessel.

The Waitotahi mine at Thames, Auckland, got 302 oz. 1 dwt. of bullion, valued at £829 9/-, from 149 tons of ore during November, which is a better return than last month, although the amount of ore treated is less.

The New Zealand winners in the world-wide essay competition of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society of London are:—North Island: Lenore M. Sutherland (Onehunga District High School), South Island: Gretta M. Isdale (Waitaki Girls' High School, Oamaru). The subject was, "What does the nation owe to Nelson and her sailors?" The prizes are plaques bearing the King's initials and made from copper used in Nelson's old flagship.

A burglar who entered the house of Mr R. Williams, Napier, last week disturbed Mrs Williams, who pluckily fired two shots at the intruder with a revolver. One apparently told, as he dropped his swag, containing a lot of valuables, which he had packed up for transport. Mr Williams was away from home at the time.

When the *Nimrod* was leaving Lyttel-

ton last week for the Antarctic regions to pick up Lieutenant Shackleton and his party a small boy was discovered on board, stowed away among the stores. The would-be explorer was promptly put on board a shore launch, a proceeding which he resented in a very juvenile fashion—copious tears.

Dr. Mackellar is urging the Auckland Hospital Board to pay more attention to the training of nurses in the art of cooking food for invalids, which is much neglected at present. He suggests that the Education Board should be approached and some arrangement made by which hospital nurses undergoing training should receive the benefit of the instruction given at the technical classes under the control of the Department.

In accordance with a resolution passed last month, the sawmills in Southland have been closed down. About 35 mills, employing upwards of 700 men, will be closed down to-morrow. About 35 mills, employing upwards of 700 men, will be affected.

Three youths and one old man were sentenced at the Auckland Supreme Court last week for offences against young girls. One man was sent to prison for seven years, and ordered to receive fifty lashes in two instalments, another to two years, a third to twelve months, and the oldest prisoner, a man of 70 years, received a sentence of three years. The judge was most severe in his remarks, and expressed his determination to put down this crime.

The Hon. Hall-Jones and his family left Wellington on Friday by the *Corinthia* for London, where he will assume the office of High Commissioner in place of Mr W. P. Reeves, who lately resigned. Mr Hall-Jones was one of the most respected members of the Ward Ministry, and his farewell was attended by many expressions of regret at his departure and wishes of success for the future.

The Bluff correspondent of the "Otago Daily Times" states that a haul, reminiscent of the old whaling days, was recently made at Mason's Bay, on the west coast of Stewart Island. Two men were off the bay fishing, when suddenly the waters inside became a mass of life and animation. Proceeding to ascertain the cause, they discovered

such a shoal of black fish as has not been seen for many a day. Thereupon, they set about driving the fish on shore, succeeding in stranding no fewer than 320, of full size. They improvised a "try down," and were expecting to cask from 60 to 70 tons of oil.

A sunfish, which has been scientifically designated "Orthogoriscus moia," was washed ashore on the Awatuna beach a few days ago (says the Grey mouth "Star"), and was discovered by Mr W. Roux, of the Dominion dredge. The fish is a marine curiosity of great dimensions. He measures from head to tail 10ft. 6in., depth of body, 5ft. 6in., width of body, 2 ft., and length from the tips of the fins, which are horizontally situated near the tail, 11ft. 6in. The weight of the fish is estimated to be about two tons and a half, and some idea of the size of the monster may be gathered when it is stated that it required the power of two draught horses to drag it a few feet on boards.

## The Main Trunk Line.

In addition to the ordinary two days' service, it is reported that the Railway Department, at Christmas time, will put on trains leaving Wellington and Auckland at 7.30 in the evening, which will connect with the ordinary trains at Taurarunui and Ohakune, thus giving practically a through service, though there will not be any sleeping cars on the night trains, and passengers will require to change trains. There is also talk of a three days' service, to enable passengers to get a better idea of the country. The holiday fares will be about £3 18/2 for the return trip first-class, and £2 2/4 second-class.

## A Temporary Arrangement.

A temporary readjustment of portfolios has been arranged by the Prime Minister. The Department of Railways will be taken over by the Hon. J. A. Millar and that of Public Works by the Hon. J. McGowan.

## Poor Pay.

In consequence of statements having been made that dressmakers who have been 17 years at the trade are only receiving £1 2/3, the Dunedin Trades Council decided to take steps to form a dress-makers' union early in the new year.

On Friday the Union Steamship Company's training-ship *Dartford* left Wellington in tow of the cargo steamer *Kamona*, for Kaipara. Following is a complete list of the *Dartford's* first complement of apprentices—Candidates: N. B. W. Hazard, Pansolny, Auckland; R. M. Wright, Mount Albert, Auckland; E. J. McClellan, Glenmore, Auckland; R. H. Baigent, Wellington; J. A. Bunting, St. Albans, Christchurch; C. F. Carey, Popanui, Christchurch; A. G. M. Christie, Ashburton; E. A. Peters, Dunedin; G. S. Wilson, Dunedin; G. V. Jenkins, Green Island; William Whitefield, Waikaka Valley, Southland; A. T. Adam, Lilydale, Victoria. The lads will receive such instruction in seamanship and navigation as will help them to qualify as officers after serving the necessary time afloat.

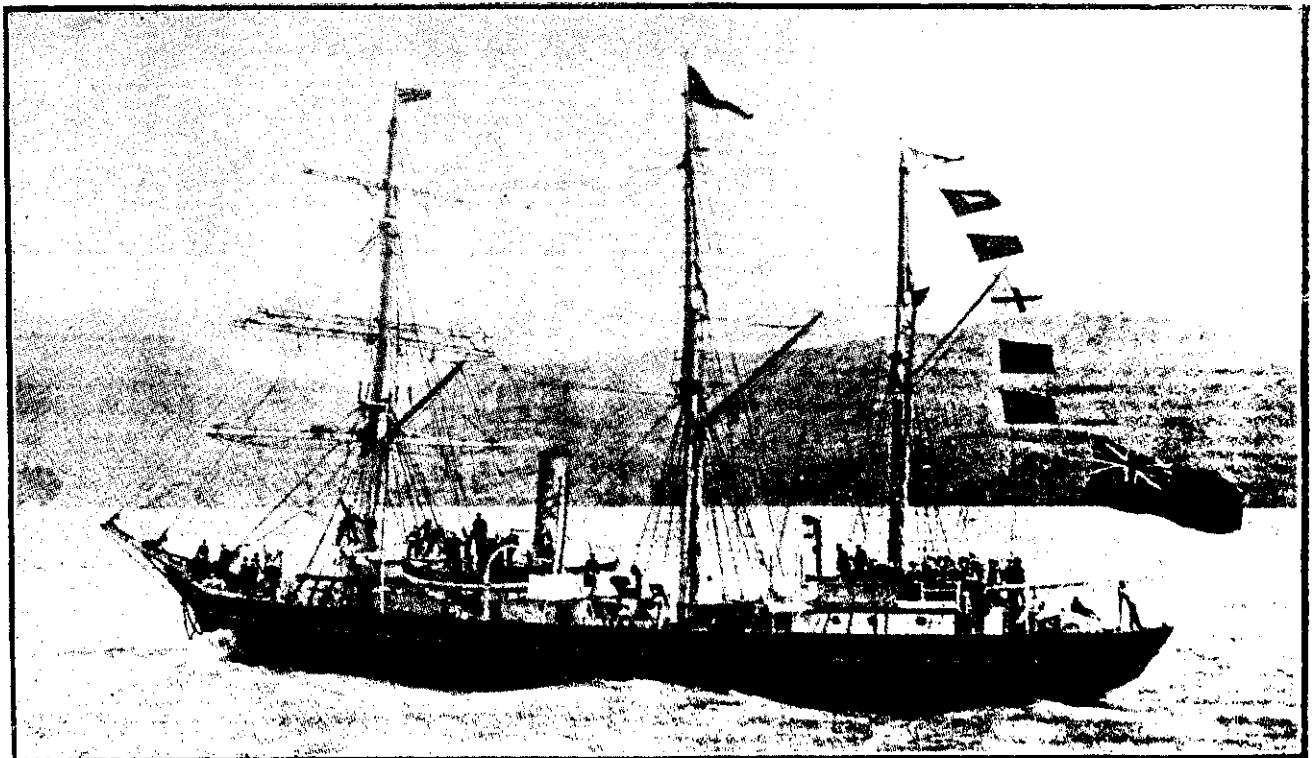
## The Border Brewery.

In reference to the protests against the proposed erection of a brewery just outside the no-license district of Ashburton, Sir Joseph Ward has replied that whatever the law requires the Government will carry out. The Prime Minister has intimated his opinion that whoever is responsible for the proposal is acting unwisely. He is satisfied that it was never contemplated where the people had decided in favour of no-license that practically a defiance of the law should take place.

It is evident, says Sir Joseph, that such a brewery can be legally erected, but he has no hesitation in saying it ought not to be done. He is determined that the will of the people shall be respected, and if it is decided to erect a brewery on the borders of Ashburton, Parliament will be asked to legislate to prohibit it.

## Varsity Judgment.

There is a pretty little sonnet of Shakespeare's, beginning: "Canst thou, O Cruel, say I love thee not . . ." Many people who know Shakespeare esteem this as possibly his best. Not so the Auckland University College Debating Society. They had an "Olla Podrida" last week—one of those affairs where the members submit "original" compositions which are read by someone else to the critical members. The non-competitors vote according to the supposed merit of the effusions. Two wags with more hum-



THE DASH FOR THE POLE: DEPARTURE OF THE NIMROD FROM LYTTLETON.

On Tuesday the Antarctic exploring ship *Nimrod* left Lyttelton to pick up the party under Lieutenant Shackleton, left at McMurdo Sound last February, when the *Nimrod* came North to New Zealand before the ice closed in.

one than the average Tarsity student, picked out this pretty sonnet of Shakespeare's, and sent it in as their own. There was great difficulty in getting anybody to read the poetry. Really it bristles with elocutionary difficulties, but the main difficulty was that it seemed such awful "rot." At last one impetuous youth—a distinguished student of sciences, a man of irreproachable character, a very hot-spir as to ballad-mongery—accepted the task, under protest. There was a ghastly silence when the "reading" was done. The audience was grim dead, soundless. Then they took up the marks allotted by the critics. It is literally and absolutely true that Shakespeare came out where many another good man has been found—at the bottom of the list! Then the fraud was confessed, and the students shrank sheepishly out of the room and into more congenial darkness.

**Etoumaie Poisoning.**

Last week Mrs. Arthur Raven, wife of a baker on Clyde-quay, Wellington, her three children, and Ethel Cook, the servant girl, became seriously ill after eating tinned sardines. A doctor was summoned, and, after he had attended to them, they were taken to the hospital.

**The New Parliament.**

The second ballot for the Bay of Plenty took place last week, with the following result:—

W. D. S. Macdonald (G)	2641
J. G. Gow (O)	2204
Majority for Macdonald	437

The results of the voting for Maori members of the House of Representatives are as follows:—

<b>NORTHERN DISTRICT.</b>	
Hone Heke (late member)	1183
Hore Te Rangī	333
<b>EASTERN DISTRICT.</b>	
Apirama Ngata (late member)	4136
Tiki Paaka	1481
<b>SOUTHERN DISTRICT.</b>	
Whareata Uru	351
Tane Parata (late member)	356
Charles West	22
<b>WESTERN DISTRICT.</b>	
Honore Kaihau	2035
Pepene Eketeone	1486
Te Heuheu Tukino	1185
Tea	1145
Te Kahu	565

**Wealthy Organ-grinders.**

Street organ-playing is not an unremunerative occupation, as the public trustee by this time has discovered. A well-known blind barrel organist, whose music was frequently heard in Wellington streets, has passed away, and his estate is being administered by the public trustee. The organ remains were surprisingly large, and no less a sum than £2500 has been carefully invested in city real estate. The testator's wife and family, from whom he had been separated for the past twenty years, are residing in Sydney. It is not long since that another street musician accumulated during his lifetime £4700 in hard cash.

**The Nimrod Sails.**

Lyttelton was en fete on the 1st December, in honour of the departure of the Nimrod for Antarctica, to pick up Lieutenant Shackleton and the remainder of the shore party left at McMurdo Sound in February last. All the shipping in port and most of the public and commercial buildings displayed flags. The whole of the Nimrod's company were in the highest of spirits, and there is every possibility of the vessel returning to Lyttelton some time during March or April next.

**The Rhodes Scholarship.**

A meeting of the Professorial Board of the Auckland University was held on Monday for the purpose of selecting the next Auckland candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship. There was only one applicant, Mr. V. C. Aldridge, whom the Board decided to select. The Auckland representative for the Rhodes honours is the sixth and youngest son of Mr. George Aldridge, of Auckland, who has been for twenty-five years pastor of the

Church of Christ now meeting in the West-street Church, Newton. The young student was born in Auckland, and has not yet attained his majority. All his education has been received in Auckland. His career has been brilliant and unchequered. His schooling commenced at the Grammar School, at which institution he gained a scholarship which entitled him to tuition at the Grammar School, where he was always high in the forms. From the Grammar School he graduated to the University, also by scholarship. Last year he put up a record by securing three senior scholarships within the twelve months. The scholarships were for pure mathematics, applied mathematics, and geology. At the present time Mr. Aldridge is president of the Auckland University Students' Association. The candidate has always had remarkable success in his examinations, and is a worthy representative of the North.

The candidate has gained his B.Sc., and has the distinction of being the first to win in one year three Senior Scholarships since the present regulations came into force, in 1883.

The Dinedin Professional Board has nominated Hector Maclean, M.A., of Otago University's candidate for the Rhodes scholarship for the current year. He took first-class honours in mental science. Professor Gilray replaces Professor Benham on the Rhodes scholarship selection committee.

**Earthquakes in the Bay of Plenty.**

Considerable excitement was caused in the Bay of Plenty last week by a series of earthquakes of unusual severity. The effects were principally felt at Whakataane, and there were evidences of considerable volcanic activity at Whale Island, which lies seven miles off the mainland, opposite the entrance to the Whakataane River.

There were reports of Whale Island being rent by an earthquake, and the outbreak of a volcano, but an investigation showed that though there had been considerable disturbance on the island, and the appearance of the steep rocky seaward face had been quite altered by landslips, there were no signs of thermal action.

The crew of the ketch Albatross, which was at Otiria at the time of the disturbance, had a most uncommon experience, which was described by one of their number to a "Graphic" reporter.

**WILL THE TARAWERA OUTBURST BE REPEATED?**

"To assume that the Whale Island eruption is a preliminary to a greater catastrophe is perhaps an unnecessarily alarmist view, but the circumstances nevertheless warrant serious attention being paid to any further developments." This was the opinion expressed by Professor A. W. P. Thomas when interviewed by a "Star" representative.

Raurimu Rocks and Whale Island, which Professor Thomas points out, are between four and five miles apart, lie almost in a direct line between Ruapehu, Tarawera, and White Island, which is the main line of volcanic activity in the North Island. All deductions, he stated, have to be based upon the accuracy of the newspaper reports, since that is the only information available to work upon. The Professor regards the statement emanating from some fishermen to the effect that a large crevier has appeared in the seaward wall of the island as one of very great importance. Presuming that there, has actually appeared such a fissure, it might possibly be a prelude to a volcanic eruption.

"We have no right to assume that volcanic activity has ceased, or that it is dying out," the Professor declared. "To my mind, the indications may be interpreted in two ways. Either the sea water has obtained access to the heated volcanic rocks, which undoubtedly exist below, and the volcanic steam pressure has accumulated until it has produced this fissure, or else we may have a stage in volcanic development along the main line of activity with a fresh supply of lava working its way to the surface. In such a case a volcanic explosion may ensue such as that which occurred at Tarawera. At present the evidence before us is insufficient to say whether the phenomenon is comparatively a minor one and will quickly subside or whether a more serious event is likely to occur."

Referring to a report that yellow clouds of sulphur were rising from the

island, the Professor remarked that this was hardly feasible. Sulphur clouds would be white, and what has actually been seen is, in his opinion, dust.

It is also pointed out by Professor Thomas that at the time of the Tarawera eruption, apart from the loss of human life, and the damage to property, the country, to the extent of over 6000 square miles, was covered with fine ash, two-thirds of it being over an inch deep. After the Tarawera eruption the Professor visited Whakataane, and the ash deposit there was two inches deep. Whether any permanent harm was done by the ash it is difficult to say. If a volcanic explosion of serious intensity occurred at Whale Island, a north-east wind would probably bring quantities of ash to the mainland, but the damage likely to ensue in that way would not, he thinks, amount to anything serious. In any case, Professor Thomas says the more hopeful view to take is that the worst of the seismic activity is over, and that even in the event of an eruption on Whale Island, no great injury to the mainland need be anticipated.

**More Immigrants.**

The Arawa, which arrived in Wellington on Sunday morning, brought 330 passengers, of whom 218 were in the third class. Of the third-class passengers 129 were "assisted." There were twenty farmers, and six farm labourers. The capital possessed by those immigrants who were assisted out by the Government is £1,700.

**COMMONWEALTH.**

The Senate has passed the Iron Bonus Bill through the committee stages.

The Sydney business of the Kauri Timber Company has been purchased by Hudson and Sons.

The Federal House of Representatives has passed the Capital Site Bill through its committee stages.

Owing to inability to raise funds, there will be no Commonwealth team sent to Bisleigh this year.

Sir Geo. Rutherford Le Hunt, governor of South Australia since 1903, has been appointed Governor of Trinidad.

The Federal Government is being harassed over the Estimates by its own followers, especially in regard to increases in salaries.

The South Australian Assembly has passed a Loan Bill authorising the raising of a sum of two and a-half millions for expenditure on public works.

The Government statist estimates the wheat yield at 24,164,000 bushels, an average of 12.84. This gives an exportable surplus of 16,000,000 bushels, valued at £3,000,000.

The Federal Attorney-General is drafting a Bill to amend the Patents Act. It provides as a condition to the issue of a patent that the invention must be manufactured in Australia.

The heaviest flood on record has occurred at Norfolk Island. The low-lying lands are under water. Heavy east-

south-east winds and torrents of rain were experienced from Tuesday to Friday.

Mrs. Fanny Wilson, wife of the manager of Carpentaria Downs Station, has, with the aboriginal, Billy Wilson, been committed for trial on the charge of murdering Nellie Duffly, at Carpentaria Downs Station, on September 28.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General, in reply to Mr. Honniker Heaton, said that the penny postage delivery of Australian eight ounce newspapers to the United Kingdom was not reciprocal, and did not extend to newspapers from the United Kingdom to Australia.

**Chinese Stowaways.**

Twenty Chinese stowaways were discovered on the steamer Eastern which arrived last week at Sydney from Hongkong. They had formed a cavity beneath 300 tons of cargo, consigned to Melbourne. All their faces were covered with revolting sores.

**Cruise of the Coronet.**

The mysterious yacht Coronet has sailed, from Sydney for Melbourne. It transpires that those on board belong to an American religious body known as "The Holy Ghost and Us," of which Sandford, owner of the Coronet, is founder.

The Coronet is a fine-looking vessel. According to yachting registers, she is 152 tons, and 352 Thames measurement, having been built in 1885 at Brooklyne, Maine. She is 118ft 7in long, 27ft beam, and 11ft 7in depth. The name is given as the "Kingdom Yacht Club, of Portland, Maine." There is a fairly large party on board, including several ladies. From what can be ascertained, she is two years out, and was originally from New York. She sailed round Cape Horn, and encountered severe weather. There were other ships off this famous point, which were having a hard time, but the Coronet made splendid weather of it, and found an anchorage in a bay which they called "Beautiful Bay." A statement has been made that after the vessel left New York she proceeded to the Mediterranean, where visits were made to the spots of interest, and then some of the party went on to Jerusalem.

**Sir Thomas Bent's Administration.**

Mr. Murray, in moving a motion of want-of-confidence in Sir Thomas Bent's Administration in Victoria, said his charge against the Government was that it had done nothing according to fixed principles. Ever since Sir Thomas Bent's advent it had become more and more a one-man Government. Sir Thomas Bent was weak, vacillating, and extravagant. He had outlived his usefulness as a Leader of the Government.

Mr. Watt charged Sir Thomas Bent with making a false statement in denying that he had purchased land along the route of the Brighton-St. Kilda tramway. He had misled Parliament in stating he had no land along the route, and thus secured the passage of the bill which had

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placed thousands of pounds in Sir Thomas Bent's pockets.

Sir Thomas Bent characterised Mr. Watt's statement as untrue. The route he had proposed for the line was not adopted, the present route taking its place. A syndicate of 10, including himself, had purchased land at auction. He bought it because it was not on the route he had proposed. He had made no secret of his purchase.

Mr. Murray's censure motion was carried by 37 votes to 25.

The Governor subsequently granted Sir Thomas Bent a dissolution.

The granting of a dissolution by the Governor created surprise.

Mr. Murray, mover of the censure motion, declared it an unprecedented step which should only be taken when there was no chance of a stable Government being formed.

The Leader of the Labour party said it seemed an extraordinary procedure, giving Sir Thomas Bent two chances.

Sir Thomas Bent, in a speech at Ben-Zigo, said it was true he had been defeated by his friends. Intriguing was going on, but he was not going to take it lying down. Overture had been made to him to go to the Labour party, carry the Land Valuation Bill, and break up his own party. He replied, "Go to you know where." He was not very polished on such occasions. The proper thing to do was to ask the people for a verdict.

**Queensland Budget.**

The Queensland Treasurer, in his Budget speech, said the revenue last year had been £4,488,000. The year had closed with a surplus of £1,152,000. The loan expenditure had been £1,034,000, of which £285,000 had been spent on railways. The loan expenditure for the coming year was estimated at £1,500,000. The deposits in the Government Savings Bank had increased in four years by £1,180,000. The deposits in the Government banks equalled nearly £50 per family, which was a gratifying index of the general prosperity of the State.

The estimated revenue for the current year was £4,595,700, and the expenditure £4,390,500. He urged the need of keeping a close rein on the expenditure, in order to prevent additional taxation.

**THE OLD COUNTRY.**

A graving dock is to be constructed on the Clyde of sufficient size to take the largest battleship afloat.

Over 500 assisted emigrants, with capital, are sailing in the steamers Mamari, Wakanni, and Ionic for New Zealand.

A large and influential committee has been formed, irrespective of party, to oppose the extension of the franchise to women.

The Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund has received between £600,000 and £700,000 under the will of the late Mr. George Herring.

It is rumoured in London that Mr. Lloyd-George (Chancellor of the Exchequer) contemplates an ad valorem tax on dealings in securities.

It is reported that the British India, Federal, Boulder and Shire lines have arrived at an agreement in connection with the new direct mail service to Queensland via Torres Straits.

Mr Horatio W. Bottomley, Liberal M.P. for South Hackney since 1906, and a prominent city financier, has answered a summons to appear at the Guildhall on a charge of conspiring to defraud the public in connection with the operations of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation.

**Death of a Millionaire.**

The death is announced of Harry Barnato, founder of the firm of Barnato Brothers.

Mr. Barnato left a fortune of five millions, and bequeathed a quarter of a million to charities.

**Tariff Reform Win.**

The election for the Chelmsford division of Essex, due to the resignation of Major Sir P. Carne Inagh, has resulted in the return of Mr. Prettlyman, a tariff reformer, the polling being:—

Mr. Prettlyman (C) ..... 6142  
 A. H. Druce (L) ..... 3587  
 Majority for Prettlyman 2555.

**Compared with Germany.**

Mr. W. C. Steadman, Liberal and Labour member for Central Finsbury, after visiting Germany, reports that Germans work longer for lower wages, but are better cared for and get infinitely more out of life than Englishmen, who drink and gamble more.

**Old Age Pensions.**

The number of applications for old age pensions in England is 367,197, in Ireland 193,138, in Scotland 67,785, and in Wales 23,950.

The total originally estimated was half a million, a number which is exceeded by 132,070.

**Protection of Children.**

The House of Lords has passed the Children's Bill previously passed by the House of Commons.

The Lords introduced from the dead Licensing Bill a clause prohibiting children entering the bars or licensed premises.

**A Reckless Chauffeur.**

A chauffeur named Dalley, who was convicted at Guildford of the manslaughter of a lad whom he ran over while driving a car at excessive speed, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labour, and he is then to be deported.

**More Passive Resistance.**

Following upon the rejection by the House of Lords of the Licensing Bill, Dr. Clifford (President of the Baptist World Union) has come forward with an extension of the "passive resistance" scheme.

He projects a league of taxpayers who will refuse to pay the income tax until Mr Asquith introduces a measure to deal with the House of Lords for its action in what Dr. Clifford describes as thwarting the will of the people.

**Abandoned.**

It is officially announced that the Education Bill has been abandoned.

Cabinet's decision was practically unanimous, and was due to the impossibility of arranging contracting-out terms.

**A Valuable Library.**

Great prices were realised at the final sale of Lord Amherst's library.

A first volume of the Mazarin Bible fetched two thousand guineas.

It is believed that Mr J. Pierpont Morgan bought the famous sixteen Amherst Caxtons.

Last week it was announced that owing to the alleged defalcations of Charles Cheston, a London solicitor, Lord Amherst lost £250,000, partly trust money, and this may account for his sale of his most cherished possessions. At the time of the former sale it was announced that his Lordship had lost heavily through misplaced confidence.

**To Reform the Lords.**

The report of Lord Rosebery's committee has been published. It recommends a remodelled House of Lords, to consist of three peers of the blood Royal, peers nominated by the whole of the peers of the realm for one Parliament, 130 qualified hereditary peers, 10 spiritual peers, and five lords of appeal.

The committee recommended that the life peers should not exceed 40, and that only four be created in any one year.

**A Deadly Machine.**

Sir Hiram Maxim, in the course of a speech, asserted that the aeroplane was a very important military weapon, enabling the bombardment of towns from a great distance, and creating a revolution in warfare equal to that resulting from the invention of gunpowder.

**Riotous Suffragettes.**

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, was announced to speak upon womanhood suffrage at a meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation in the Albert Hall.

A demonstration from the militant section of the suffragettes was anticipated, and a large force of stewards was engaged

for the purpose of suppressing any disorder.

The building was crowded, and it was quickly evident that the militant suffragettes were there in large force. As soon as the Chancellor attempted to speak pandemonium broke loose in various parts of the hall, women shrieking the suffragette war cry, "Votes for Women," and refusing to give the Minister a hearing.

The stewards seized and carried out dozens of women, who struggled and fought until ejected.

A number of others, adopting tactics used outside the Premier's residence and in the galleries of the House, chained themselves to the pillars and chairs and kept up their fire of interjections.

Finally, Mr. Lloyd George was compelled to abandon his attempt to address the meeting.

The uproar was tremendous, and sometimes twenty scurrages were proceeding simultaneously in different parts of the hall.

A number of women who have served terms of imprisonment for causing disturbances at earlier suffragette demonstrations, dramatically threw their cloaks aside and appeared in prison dress.

Several of the interrupters were very badly handled by the stewards during the process of ejection.

Between the bursts of interruption Mr. Lloyd George succeeded in stating that the Government would draft an electoral Reform Bill, which would enable a private member to introduce a clause extending the franchise to women. If such a clause were carried by the House, the Government would accept the responsibility of carrying it through the remaining stages.

They were unable to introduce a Bill themselves, because a sincere and powerful minority of the Cabinet was opposed to the extension.

**EUROPE.**

Germany has ordered six submarines to be built at Danzig.

**A Popular Monarch.**

In connection with the Emperor Francis Joseph's jubilee, extensive illuminations took place in Vienna. A panic occurred in the densely-crowded streets, 60 persons being injured in the crush. A deputy of the Reichsrath and a woman were crushed to death.

Forty-four of the Emperor's grandchildren gave a fairy play at the Schonbrunn.

After Mass at the Cathedral, the Emperor received the congratulations of princes, ambassadors, and officials.

Finally a brilliant performance was given at the Opera House.

**Killed in a Fog.**

A dense fog hung over Paris early last week, making street traffic a difficult and dangerous undertaking.

Many serious accidents have occurred in the semi-darkness.

The worst of these was at Poissy, about fourteen miles to the northward of Paris, where a train collided with a carriage containing four wedding guests at a level crossing.

All four were killed by the impact, but the train was not derailed.

**Antediluvian Monsters.**

The German Government is sending an expedition to investigate the remains of gigantic antediluvian animals discovered by Professor Fraas in Southern German East Africa.

The hind leg bones of one animal are 114 feet long, and the spine is a third longer than that of any animal yet discovered.

**Germany's Population.**

An estimate of the population of Germany shows that the increase during 1907 was 282,000.

The population of Germany at the census of 1905 was 60,641,278, the increase for 1906 being of about the same ratio as that recorded in the cable above. Germany's neighbour, France, shows a declining population, and it is only a matter of 20 years when, at the present relative rates of increase and decline, there will be two Germans to every Frenchman.

**The Casablanca Incident.**

France desires that Sir Edward Fry be one of the arbitrators in the Casablanca dispute.

Sir Charles Fry is a member of the Hague Tribunal, while he was Ambassador Extraordinary and first British Plenipotentiary to the Hague Peace Conference in June last year. He is an ex Lord Justice of Appeal, and has held many other high and honourable posts.

**The Balkans.**

A message from Belgrade asserts that Austria is moving 100,000 more troops to the recently annexed province of Bosnia. A Buda Pest telegram states that Austria is assembling at Ragusa transports for 8000 troops.

Prinen von Bulow, Chancellor of the Empire, conversing with representatives of the Powers, expressed his complete confidence that peace would be maintained, and that Austria would satisfactorily settle her differences with her neighbours.

The Paris correspondent of the "London Daily Telegraph" declares that Britain, France, and Russia are about to address to Austria firm representations regarding her menacing preparations, emphasising Serbia's prompt and effective compliance with the recent appeal to cease warlike preparations on the frontier.

**Instead of a Ransom.**

Herman Neufeld, a wealthy German resident of Holfstadt, in the Caucasus, was kidnapped by brigands, who took him to the village of Petrovsk.

They refused a ransom of £2,000 which was offered, demanding double that sum.

A party of mounted police, armed with a couple of machine guns, then bombarded the village, and killed the ring-leaders of the bandit gang.

Neufeld, by throwing himself on the ground, escaped the hail of bullets, and was rescued uninjured.

**Celebrating the Constitution.**

An enthusiastic procession, two miles long, including Turks, Armenians, Jews, and Greeks, with their spiritual leaders, marched through Constantinople, escorting the ballot boxes used at the first election and cheering the Constitution.

Gussinje, an officer of the Turkish Army, assassinated General Maber Pasha at Constantinople, a supposed spy of the old regime.

**Curbing the Kaiser.**

All the resolutions submitted to the Reichstag dealing with constitutional guarantees have been referred to the Procedure Committee.

Herr Singer, a Socialist member, urged that the Reichstag's assent to the proposal for financial reforms be made dependent on the granting of the constitutional guarantees. He declared that at present the Reichstag was in a condition of impotency.

**ASIA.**

**Fishing Fleet Destroyed.**

A disastrous typhoon is reported from the Japanese Island of Hatan, involving much loss of life and damage to property.

The typhoon came down very suddenly while the fishing fleet was at sea.

Before they could get back to port 75 of the boats were wrecked, while three hundred and fifty fishermen employed on the fleet were drowned.

**Infant Emperor.**

The infant Pu-Yi was crowned Emperor of China at the Royal Palace today, the coronation being attended with great ceremony.

The Emperor added to the throne without assistance, and received the congratulations of the princes and officials.

An Imperial decree issued in Peking orders the convocation of a Parliament in nine years from 27th August last.

**The Changeful Shah.**

The Shah's proclamation abolishing the Constitution and refusing to summon a Parliament has again been placarded in Tehran.

It is believed that the action has been

taken with a view to testing the earnestness of British and Russian representations. The Shah subsequently disclaimed responsibility in connection with the repudiating of the proclamations abolishing the Constitution, and promised to adhere to the pledges he had already given.

**Unrest in India.**

Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, against whose life five attempts have been made and have failed, has survived another plot to murder him. He is sailing shortly for Tuticorin, on the south-east corner of India, leaving that port on his homeward voyage to England.

Three Bengalis, aware of this intention, proceeded to Tuticorin by an earlier steamer in order to make another attempt to murder him before he left India. They were arrested, however, and many incriminating documents found in their possession were seized.

**AFRICA.**

Rosette tribes attacked a patrol of General Carman's troops in the Cameroons, a German colony on the west coast of Africa, killing four men, including an officer, and wounding ten.

**United South Africa.**

London's Agency reports that it is understood that the South African Conference now sitting at Capetown unanimously favours unification on the Canadian plan.

An important section of the South African Chamber of Commerce desires to model the Constitution as closely as possible on the lines of the British Constitution.

**Egyptian Nationalists.**

The Egyptian Legislative Council has unanimously urged the Khedive's Government to confer upon the nation the right of effective participation in the interior administration of the country.

**Dinizulu's Trial.**

At the trial of Dinizulu, the paramount Zulu chief, who is accused by the Natal Government of fomenting the native rising of 1906, Mshini, one of Dinizulu's wives, testified that she heard Dinizulu order Mankulwana to summon regiments for a war, and also plot with his followers to murder Sir Charles Saunders, Chief Magistrate and Civil Commissioner in Zululand, and the late magistrate Stembek.

The Court consists of Sir W. J. Smith, judge of the Supreme Court of the Transvaal; Mr. H. G. Boshoff, judge of the Native High Court of Natal; and Mr. Henrique Shepstone, C.M.G., son of the late Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The indictment comprises 23 counts, including the collecting of arms, the encouragement of rebellion and the harbouring of rebels. The trial is expected to last until Christmas, as the Crown intends to call 150 witnesses and the defence 300. Cakijana, who was Dinizulu's principal lieutenant, has already been found guilty of high treason by this court, and has been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment with hard labour. In passing sentence, Mr. Justice Smith said there was nothing in the evidence to show that Cakijana had acted under the direct or indirect orders of Dinizulu. Mjombolwana, another Zulu chief, was found guilty of murdering Sit-sithili, a chief loyal to the British, and was sentenced to death.

**Indians in the Transvaal.**

Eight thousand out of ten thousand British Indians in the Transvaal have registered under the Act of last session.

A thousand applications for registration were rejected, and the remaining thousand will be prosecuted for refusing to register.

The new law provides that after December 31, 1909, no new trading licenses shall be issued to Indians, and that no license shall be issued to or held by Indians after December 31, 1910. The Indians resolved to ask the Imperial Government to veto the measures, in order to prevent the ruin of the Indian traders. The "Natal Mercury," foreboding an ending of the conflict's importation declines that South Africa, whether federated or unified, will not permit it longer. It relies upon Queensland's example in dealing with the coloured question.

**Echo of the War.**

A monument to Commandant Scheepers and his companions, who during the South African war were convicted of murder and executed, has been unveiled at Graat Reinet.

Mr. M. T. Steyn, who was President of Orange Free State from 1896 to 1900, sent a message declaring that if Commandant Scheepers had done anything conflicting with the laws he had only obeyed the instructions of his superiors. "But," Mr. Steyn added, "I am unaware that anything conflicting with the laws was done."

**AMERICA.**

The agreement between America and Japan relative to the status quo in the Far East has been signed at Washington.

Mr. J. D. Archbold, vice-president of the Standard Oil Trust, testifies that the trust owns or controls companies with a capital of 163,000,000.

The Rev. W. Bayard Hale, writer of the interview with the Kaiser, which was excised from the current number of the "Century Magazine," reiterates that the account of the interview which the "New York World" and "New York American" published, is a silly concoction.

**The U.S.A. Tariff.**

The New York correspondent of the "Times" states that the Ways and Means Committee on Tariff Revision at Washington is started by the numerous proposals in favour of free trade.

Demands have been received for free trade in lumber, steel, hides, and works of art, and for the substantial reduction of duties in other directions.

Throughout the States both parties have been clamouring for tariff amendment, and Mr Taft is committed to revision. At the Republican Convention in Chicago there was a contest between those who wanted revision and the "stand-paters," but the former won easily.

Heavy influence is being brought to bear on the Ways and Means Committee on Tariff revision urging them to include hides in the free list.

Roof manufacturers declare that if the duty is abolished they will be able to secure complete control of the British market.

**No Respector of Persons.**

President Roosevelt, while walking to church in Washington on Sunday week, was knocked down by a motor-car. The President was unhurt, but had a very close shave.

**Revolt in Hayti.**

After the success of the Southern revolutionaries under General Simon, the people of the Haytian capital, Port-au-Prince, rose against the present President, General Nord Alexis, and his Government.

They ousted the administration from office, and formed a provisional Government, with General Legitime as President.

When the rebel forces, under General Simon, approached the capital, the Government forces sent out to oppose them offered no resistance.

Instead they retreated before the advance of the rebels, and voluntarily laid down their arms, thus giving Simon's followers a free entrance to the city.

The populace are now clamouring for the elevation of General Simon to the Presidency, the administration under General Legitime being but provisional.

When it was evident that the revolutionaries would succeed in capturing the capital the French Minister at Port-au-Prince, throwing the folds of the tricolour round the shoulders of the overthrown President Alexis, escorted him to the quay and took him aboard a French cruiser anchored in the harbour.

The populace looted the French Minister, and endeavoured to assassinate their aged President, but he was protected by the French guard.

Both the American and French Ministers have stationed parties of bluejackets round their respective Legations.

Pillaging has begun in the market place, and a butcher was killed while defending his stall from the mob.

foiled in its attempt to assassinate the President, the mob in Port-au-Prince pillaged the shops and houses.

They fought among themselves for the spoil, and four were killed.

Ultimately General Poidevin and a party of soldiers and civilians fired on the mob, killing twelve.

Order was then restored.

**In the Heart of the City.**

A "hold up" gang, consisting of four men, armed with revolvers, and three women, boarded a trolley in the heart of New York at three o'clock on Wednesday morning.

They murderously assaulted the conductor, and covering the 65 passengers with their revolvers, robbed them of their jewellery and money and then decamped, getting clear away.

**Remorse.**

The San Francisco correspondent of the "London Daily News" states that Chief of Police Biggley has committed suicide.

Biggley was severely criticised for neglect of duty during the campaign against the grafters.

**Statesmanlike.**

President Roosevelt has made 15,500 fourth-class sub-postmasters, formerly on the temporary list, and subject to dismissal when their nominators were displaced from political power, permanent officials. They are thus removed from political influence, and their positions are made secure.

**Escaped in a Motor.**

A gang of burglars dynamited the vault of the National Bank at Pepperell, Massachusetts.

They secured a sum of £3000, which they placed aboard a motor car and drove away.

**Defence of Canada.**

The "Toronto Mail," discussing Lord Roberts' warning to Britain of the necessity for preparing to resist a land invasion, urges Canada to reduce expenditure on her militia by a million and spend that amount in the purchase of four cruisers for the Atlantic, thereby offering a better defence for the coastal and river fronts.

**PERSONAL NOTES.**

Mr and Mrs. G. T. Seymour, of Meadowbank, Blenheim, intend leaving on a visit to the Old Country in March next.

Mr. C. Ranson, manager of the Northern S.S. Company, left by the *Rarawa* for Wellington on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Charles Hughes, who have been on a visit to the Old Country, have returned to Hastings.

Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice, is at present at Taupo on business connected with the Native Lands Commission.

Mr William Miller, a well-known resident of Gisborne, has returned to Wellington after making a tour of the world.

The Ven. Archdeacon Calder, of Auckland arrives from England by the *Arawa* this week.

Mr and Mrs S. H. Meredith, of Apia, Samoa, are at present on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. L. Birks, engineer-in-charge of the railways at Rotorua, is spending a week in Wellington on Departmental business.

Mr. J. Kirker, general manager of the South British Insurance Company, left for Wellington by the *Rarawa* on Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Mahoney, architect, Auckland, has been elected president of the New Zealand Architects' Association, Wellington.

The Christchurch Artists' Club gave a farewell dinner to Mr. Raymond F. McIntyre, who is about to leave for England to pursue his studies.

The death is announced of Mr Douglas C. Gilmour, one of the proprietors of the "Southland Times." Deceased was only 27 years of age.

Mr M. R. Hunter, of the New Zealand Tourist Department, Wellington, has gone to Sydney to take up an appointment in the Sydney branch.

Mr J. Gifford, clerk at the Masterton railway station, has received notice of his transfer to the traffic manager's office at Wellington.

Mr and Mrs R. Green and family, of Masterton, will leave Wellington on the 23rd inst., by the s.s. *Devon*, en route for England.

Mr W. C. Kensington, Under-Secretary for Crown Lands, has been laid up with a severe attack of influenza, but is now recovering.

Mrs. Jacob Joseph, Miss Joseph, and Mrs. Joseph Joseph are to leave Wellington next month on a trip to England. Mr. Joseph Joseph will follow in March.

Mr Mark Oliver Mosen, aged 56, licensee of the Club Hotel, Carterton, died recently of heart failure, following on

WHY  
Smith Stays Home!

The dull evenings are the persistent enemies of happiness at home. All ordinary devices fail, and conversation gets into ruts. The one game that never fails, and never becomes mechanical, is Billiards. And there is one firm in the world that owes its reputation of fifty years solely to the fact that it makes none but Perfect Billiard Tables.

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Bright's disease, after a very short illness.

Mr Henry J. Lepper, a prominent Wellingtonian, died last week. He had only been ill for two days. He was District Resident of the Wellington district.

Mr C. Wallmatt, officer-in-charge of the Auckland tourist bureau, has resumed duty after three weeks' holiday. Mr. C. Freyberg, who has been relieving in Auckland, returns to Wellington.

Mr. C. H. Macdonald, of the Public Trust Office, Christchurch, who is leaving for Queensland, where he intends to take up farming, was presented with a pair of field glasses by the staff.

The death occurred at the Napier Hospital recently of Mr John Michael Ryan, proprietor of the Temperance Private Hotel, Clive-square. Deceased was 47 years of age.

About fifty members and friends of the Silverstream (Wellington) Cricket Club recently assembled at Menzies' Hall to bid adieu to Mr Chas. P. Cotter, their late president, who is on the eve of his departure for Otago.

Mr James Currie, senr., who has retired from the Wellington and Manawatu railway workshops on superannuation after twenty-three years' service, was the recipient of a valuable present from his schoolmates.

Mr P. McColl, on the Parliamentary library staff, Wellington, and well-known in athletic circles, was presented on the eve of his marriage with a handsome marble clock by fellow-members of the staff.

Mr A. D. Riggs, of the counting-house staff of Messrs. Sargood, Son and Ewen, Wellington, received a presentation from his fellow employees, the occasion being his departure for Canada, via the Old Country.

Mr Geo. Schmidt, who has been for some years private secretary to the Hon. W. Hall-Jones, will not go to London with the High Commissioner, preferring to continue in the public service in New Zealand.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, Dunedin, recently the Brotherhood of St. Andrew presented the Ven. Archdeacon Gould with a surplice, in recognition of his valuable sympathy and encouragement with the young men of his parish.

Mr Hector N. Simson, an old Auckland boy, arrived by the Mokoia on Monday on a visit to New Zealand, after an absence in South Africa of seven years. Mr. Simson is accompanied by Mrs. Simson and their infant son.

Mr James M. Skinner, formerly of Wellington, and a member of the Eighth Contingent, was married at Durban recently to Miss Grace B. Burness, late of Edinburgh. Mr Skinner is a member of the staff of the Criminal Investigation Department of Natal.

At Messrs. R. O. Clark's yard, Auckland, on Saturday, Mr. Geo. Lloyd was presented by his fellow employees with a handsome travelling bag, suitably inscribed, on the occasion of his promotion to the charge of the company's branch depot at Wellington.

The committee of the Rhodes Convalescent Home, Christchurch, has appointed Miss Lena Wood matron of the home. She has been for the past five years matron of the Warracknabeal Hospital, Victoria, and has won a high reputation as a matron and a nurse.

From Australia comes news of the marriage of Mr. Reynolds Denniston, of the Julius Knight Co., to Miss Valentine Radney, formerly of the "Peter Pan" Company. Mr. Denniston comes from Dunedin.

Mr. and Mrs. James Godber, who have just returned to Wellington from a trip round the world, were entertained last week, by the employees of Godber's, Ltd., at their rooms in Cuba-street, and presented with an illuminated address and photograph of the staff.

An old resident of Parnell, in the person of Mr James Gannon, passed away last week at his residence, Park-road. The deceased was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1847. He is survived by a widow, two sons and one daughter. He had resided in Auckland 35 years.

At a business meeting of the Dunedin Operatic Society, Miss May Black, to whose services the society were greatly indebted in connection with the production of "The Mikado," was the recipient of a purse of sovereigns, subscribed by the members and committee of the society.

The Ven. Archdeacon Calder, of Auckland, arrived in Wellington by the Arawa from London on Sunday, after attending the Pan-Anglican Congress. The Archdeacon is in excellent health, and had a

most enjoyable voyage. He returned to Auckland by the Main Trunk express on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Willeby, wife of the well-known London composer, and sister of Fergus Hume, author, is spending a few weeks in New Zealand, and is at present staying in Auckland at "Glenalvon." Some of Mrs. Willeby's friends are endeavouring to induce her to give a recital, introducing some of her husband's latest songs.

A farewell social was given at Taumarunui on Wednesday last to Mr. M. Hickey, who is leaving Taumarunui. Mr. Hickey has been in charge of the railway works on the Main Trunk line in the neighbourhood of Taumarunui for about seven years, and is being transferred to the North Auckland section.

Mr G. H. F. Rolleston, the recently appointed British Trade Commissioner for New Zealand, is at present on a visit to Auckland, and is stopping at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Rolleston's headquarters will be in Wellington, but he is at present touring the Dominion in order to make himself thoroughly acquainted with local conditions.

Dr. P. F. McEvedy, one of the most prominent members of the Anglo-Welsh football team which toured the Dominion last winter, was one of the twenty-eight applicants for the position of medical superintendent of Wellington Hospital. Dr. McEvedy is a New Zealander, and remained in the Dominion at the conclusion of the team's tour.

Mr O. E. Stout, son of Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, has arrived in London, and will shortly proceed to Cambridge University to go into residence there. Sir Robert Stout now has four sons studying in the Old Country, two of them being medical students in Guy's Hospital.

At Hamilton last week Mr C. L. Hooper was presented with a travelling bag, a Mossiel rug, and a set of pipes by the members of the Waikato Hockey Association on the eve of his departure for America. Mr A. W. Green, horticulturist at the Government farm, was presented by the club with an easy chair and a pair of vases on the occasion of his approaching marriage.

Mr A. T. Ngata, M.P., arrived in Auckland on Saturday, after completing a very extensive tour of his very big electorate. The leader of the Young Maori party goes into Mount Pleasant private hospital for the purpose of undergoing an operation. Though painful, it is not anticipated that the operation will be of a serious nature, or that Mr Ngata will be long indisposed.

Mr George Washington Schwartz died suddenly at Palmerston North recently, in his 76th year. Mr. Schwartz was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1832, and arrived in Wellington in the early fifties, where for eighteen years he was confidential clerk to the Hon. John Martin. Later, he was a resident at the Hutt for many years, and for the last eighteen months resided in Palmerston North. Deceased leaves a wife and two grown-up daughters.

Ramour is busy with the names of possible Conciliation Commissioners under the new Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act (says a Southern paper). The consensus of opinion seems to be that Dr. McArthur, S.M., will be appointed for the North Island, and Mr J. R. Trigg, ex-chairman of the Canterbury Conciliation Board, for the South Island.

At the Auckland Fire Underwriters' rooms on Friday the chief clerks of the various fire insurance companies in Auckland assembled to bid farewell to Mr. H. Marshall, of the New Zealand Insurance Company, who has been promoted to the position of manager of that company's Napier branch. Mr. A. C. Baker, on behalf of the subscribers, presented Mr. Marshall with a case of silver-mounted pipes, at the same time wishing him every success in his new position.

LONDON, October 30.

Bishop Leman, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, is on a visit to Rome. He accompanied the English Pilgrimage from London, and was present at the Vatican last Monday, when the pilgrims were received by the Pope. His Holiness, dressed all in white, was attended by his domestic prelates, and escorted by the Noble Guards, while the Swiss Guards rendered military honours. The pilgrims, who had carried with them many religious objects to be blessed, kept forming a line, along which the Pope passed, smiling benevolently, giving to each his hand to kiss. On one

side of the hall were ranged the chalices and other church vessels forming the jubilee present, bought with subscriptions collected by the ladies of England.

Archbishop Bourne read an address, signed by the whole English episcopate, in which he said that, to take part in the common joy for the jubilee of the Pope's priesthood, which the Divine goodness had granted him, English people of every station in life had come to Rome to place at his feet their homage and good wishes. Father Danford next presented to the Pope, on behalf of the pilgrims, £121, independently of the offerings presented by Archbishop Bourne and the other bishops present, for their respective dioceses. Archbishop Bourne's offering amounted to £6000.

The Pope answered the address in Italian, thanking the Pilgrims most warmly for their greetings and the offering, and expressing his appreciation of the loyalty of the faithful of Great Britain. His Holiness then imparted to the pilgrims and their families the Apostolic Benediction.

Miss Muriel Matters, the young suffragette who chained herself to the trellis work in front of the ladies' gallery in Parliament, and then harangued the House, is a South Australian. This fact was mentioned in the Police Court the day after the "raid," when Miss Matters was tried for attempting to re-enter the House, and refusing to go away when moved on by the police. The following dialogue ensued when she was ushered into the dock.

"Yes?" said the magistrate, looking up.

"I beg your pardon?" responded the lady.

"Have you anything to say?"—"I should like to ask for a remand, to enable me to prepare my case."

"I will grant a remand if you think you can bring any evidence to bear on the charge, but not to prepare a speech only."—"I think I ought to be allowed to prepare my defence."

The magistrate: I should be glad to hear an expression of regret from an Australian lady, and an assurance that she will respect the laws of this country while she is here, and go back to Australia, where she can vote.

Defendant: No, sir. While I am here I must do my absolute best to get the conditions altered.

The magistrate: Five pounds!

Defendant: No option!

The magistrate: A month's imprisonment.

This means that Miss Matters, who refused to pay the fine, will have to serve a month in gaol in the third division, wear prison dress, and eat prison fare, and work from six to eight hours a day at prison labour. The Government evidently think that by increasing the severity of the punishment—it used to be imprisonment in the first division—they can overawe the suffragettes. If that is their idea, they are making the worst possible mistake. The spirit of revolt which animates these champions of woman's suffrage will not be crushed by coercion. On the contrary, punishment only serves to fan the flame.

A page of the "Spectator" is devoted this week to a review, highly eulogistic in tone, of Mr W. P. Reeves's new book on New Zealand, recently published by Messrs A. and C. Black, with illustrations by the brothers Wright, of Auckland.

"Mr W. P. Reeves," says the "Spectator," signals his retirement from the office of High Commissioner for New Zealand by writing as charming a book as we ever hope to read about the country he has so well represented. The authorship of it, even though it be unofficial, we think, one of the most considerable services he has rendered to New Zealand. It is written with enthusiasm; it does not pretend to be either a guide-book or an exhaustive treatise; it describes what is in the heart of one who dearly loves his country; and it touches nothing without illuminating it with some learning, humour, or curious observation. Mr Reeves, in fact, has written the book in his own way, and a very good way it is. The text is more than worthy of the numerous illustrations, which are a true pleasure to the eye, and are by far the best pictures of New Zealand we have ever seen in a book.

"We unreservedly commend this book," concludes the "Spectator." It is romantic because Mr Reeves is a poet, yet it nowhere exaggerates. New Zealanders will behold here the lineaments of their land glorified yet truthful; those who have never seen New Zealand will not die happy unless they do so after reading this book."

The Rev. F. Stubbs is at present lecturing in London upon New Zealand, and leaves next week for Leeds, Liverpool, etc., which will occupy him for about four months. Next spring he hopes to visit Europe, and spend several months in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

Mrs and Miss Binney, of Auckland, left London for the winter and are staying in Brighton. Mr Binney is on a visit to France.

Recent arrivals at the High Commissioner's office:—Mr Robt. Johnstone and the Misses Johnstone (Hawke's Bay), Miss J. E. McLeod (Invercargill), Mr Wm. Eagle, Mr F. C. Tattle (Wellington), Mr Percy C. Bridgman (Dunedin), Mr W. G. Hendle (Rai Warra), Miss Agnes M. Herbert (Kelso), Miss Jessie Bannatyne (Dunedin), Mrs C. E. R. Mackey (Auckland), Mr Albert T. Board (King Country), Mrs A. G. Hume (Wellington), Mr and Mrs Robt. Buchanan (Christchurch), Mr F. F. Maynard (Poneto), Mr C. H. E. Maynard (Christchurch), Mr G. E. Benson Mickle (Wellington), Mr and Mrs E. J. Hylton (Wellington), Mrs A. J. Crawford (Wanganui), Dr Arthur de Renzi (Christchurch).

Among recent arrivals in London is Mr Maxwell Walker, of Auckland, who travelled to Europe, via Suez, by the Messageries Maritimes route. Mr Walker, after a spell of sight-seeing in London, intends going to Paris for the winter, to study French and German at the Sorbonne (University of Paris).

Tourist Paths Made Easy.

Tourists who visit Switzerland need no longer risk their limbs and lives in perilous climbs up mountains which they can now ascend comfortably seated in a carriage to a height of from three to ten thousand feet amid the snow.

It is estimated that during the summer season of 1907 about 400,000 visitors made trips on the Swiss funicular line, while the total this season so far amounts to 250,000.

There are twenty-five mountains—and Alpine resorts—which have already been "conquered" by the railway engineers, and the following lines are the twelve most notable in Switzerland and the most patronised by tourists:—

Mountain Lines	Length in miles	Height in feet
Bliez Rothorn	5	7,713
Glion Naye	5	6,608
Mont Geneser	5	5,409
Pilatus	3	6,988
Stanserhorn	3	6,236
Rorschach Heiden	4	2,645
Ytznau Right	4	5,903
Art Right	2	5,905
Gorner Grat	4	9,312
Schwige Photo	4	6,180
Wengeralp	4	6,768
Jungfrau	5	10,273

Another line of entirely novel form was completed last month up the Wetterhorn. It is an elevated "Alpine lift," which starts near Trindelwald, and by means of perpendicular cables climbs directly up the side of the mountain.

Several new mountain lines are projected, among the most important being to the summits of Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. In the near future, at the present rate of "progress," every Swiss peak will have its railway and its hotels.

Early Rising Record.

John Brett, a resident of Shanklin, Isle of Wight, has seen the sun rise every day for the past fifty-three years.

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HOW A MAN IN WELLINGTON CURED HIMSELF OF STOMACH TROUBLE

"Back in '95 I had bad health through Chronic Indigestion," said Mr. Henry Wilkins, Club Hotel, Wellington, N.Z. "Every time I ate anything I had a tightening pain in the chest, as if the walls of the chest were meeting and grinding. The food laid on my chest in a hard lump, and then some time after it would all come up. My breath was disagreeable and there was always a dragging pain in my stomach and a heaviness in the pit of it. I was always constipated and this caused me a lot of trouble. When I got up in the morning my head started to swim round and I felt that I would fall. I had to sit down until I felt better. I used to feel depressed and miserable. I was drowsy all day and had to shake myself up to look after my business. Attacks of biliousness affected me cruelly. I used to get splitting headaches, and the pain that shot through my head made it feel as if it was opening and shutting all the time. For three years I suffered like this, going to some of the best doctors, who did not do me a bit of good. I tried pretty well every patent medicine advertised but it was money thrown away. Then a friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I started them, and after the first box I regained health every day. By the time I had taken nine boxes I was thoroughly cured. For the last three years I have not had the least return of the old complaint."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

At all chemists and storekeepers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, 3/- per box; six boxes for 16/6.

America's "Smart Set."

MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST ON "SENSELESS FESTIVITIES."

Mrs. Cornwallis West has an article in the "New York World" in which she scathingly criticises the New York "Smart Set."

She declares that the eccentricities of these people are due to "a desire to attract attention as a means of getting into the best society by a display of wealth." She adds:—

"The empty lives and ostentations, not to say vulgar entertainments of certain would-be fashionable women are naturally condemned by all sensible and right-thinking people. The glorified detailed accounts of some of these senseless festivities have brought blushes to the cheeks of their compatriots abroad, who have been mercilessly chaffed on the strange doings of their country people."

Mrs. Cornwallis West says that in England individual merit is more appreciated in the most exclusive circles than rank or fortune, and that the English society woman has an advantage over her American cousin in mixing in politics, thus giving her an additional outlet for her energies.

She expresses the belief that the mistakes some American society women are making will soon be eliminated by their own good sense and intelligence.

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OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

CRICKET.

Auckland.

The fourth round of the matches for the Auckland championships was concluded on Saturday, and as on the previous week the batting was extremely creditable, and the highest individual score put up this season was recorded, 192 not out, which was made by E. MacCormack of the City team.

In the seniors, Parnell and Grafton drew, each side scoring a point. Parnell, with 337 on the board for three wickets, continued batting and carried the total to 362 for four wickets when the innings was declared closed. Hutchings made 60, not out. Grafton started out to catch up the magnificent score of their opponents, and when time was called they had lost nine wickets for 290 runs, the game ending in a draw. S. Cottell compiled 93, S. P. Jones 54, F. R. Mason 39, C. Hay 19, and E. Horspool 17. Fairburn took two wickets for 79, Hutchings four for 70, E. V. Sale two for 45, and C. Olliff one for 41.

In response to the 200 put up by North Shore, Eden A continued their first innings, and carried the score from 57 for two wickets to 97—Cummings 54, G. Mills 23, Robinson 24, Elliott 12. Hadden, the Shore bowler, had the fine average of five wickets for 37 to his credit, and MacMahon took four for 31. When stumps were drawn Shore had three wickets down in the second innings for 168 runs. Shore won on the first innings by 46 runs.

The Eden Colts failed to reach Ponsonby's first innings of 205 by 18 runs, and the latter scored a two-point win. Towards Eden's 191 Relf contributed 87, J. Murray 34, R. McLaughlin, 19. Woods took four wickets for 75, Hobson two for 29, White two for 43. In their second attempt Ponsonby made 75 for three wickets down.

City put up 366 in reply to University's 205, and scored a two-point win. MacCormack gave a fine display for 192 runs, the highest score recorded this season, and the other principal scorers were Archer 32, Rose 30, Cooney 29, W. Harvie and C. Harvie 16 each, Heney 13, and Cobb 11. Of the Varsity trumblers Fenwick did the most execution, taking five wickets for 82 runs.

In the second grade matches University scored a three-point win over North Shore B by beating them by nine wickets and 5 runs. Toward's Shore's second innings of 103 Wallace made 31, and Andrew 16. Budd took seven wickets\* for 34 runs for the winners. In their second innings the University lost one wicket for 45, Wills making 26 not out. Parnell A beat City by an innings and 127 runs. City could only reach 63 in their first attempt, and the second was only productive of 24. Of the Parnell bowlers Resteaux took three for 24, Barnside six for 31, and live for 19, and Schofield took four for 4. Parnell B were not so successful as their club mates, and suffered a defeat by three wickets and 12 runs at the hands of Ponsonby. Parnell scored 64 in their first innings and 133 in the second. Ponsonby's first attempt realised 116, and in their second innings they made 93 for seven wickets.

In the third grade Parnell beat City by nine wickets. In the winners' second innings Doble made 20 not out, and Wilson 25.

Thames.

The senior matches were resumed on Saturday, when the matches, United v. Tararu, and Turua v. Hauroki, were concluded. In the former game, Tararu closed their second innings with four wickets for 66 runs, and quickly dismissed United, eventually winning by 86 runs. Hauroki defeated Turua by seven wickets.

Hamilton.

The senior matches commenced last Saturday were concluded today. Hamilton East A beat Hamilton South B by seven wickets. Humphreys (41) and Stonehouse (30) being the chief scorers for A team; and Hirkitt (40) for the B team. At Seddon Park, Haugaitia beat Kia Kaha by an innings and 23 runs. For Rangitira, Rev. Humphreys scored 66, and took seven wickets for six runs.

Paeoro.

At Paeoro on Saturday the Thames Valley East Cricket Club were defeated by Mackaytown by one run, the scores being 60 and 59.

At Mackaytown, Thames Valley West were defeated by Karangahake by an innings and 27 runs. Karangahake scoring 91 and Thames Valley 38 and 25.

Southern Cricket.

WELLINGTON.

Another round of the senior cricket championships close on Saturday. Midland lost to Old Boys by an innings and 80 runs. Moutanham taking five wickets for 28 runs and four for 52. Wellington defeated Phoenix by 270 (for seven wickets) to 140 and 95. Petone secured an easy victory, over Waitetu by an innings and 200 runs.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The fourth round of the first grade matches was concluded on Saturday in the weather. Linwood, 294 (E. Humphreys 100, F. Wilding 47, S. H. Orchard 36), defeated East Christchurch, 158 and 104 (Edward 28, Edmunds and Addison 18 each). West Christchurch, 220, beat Riccarton, 111, by 109 runs on the first innings; Sydenham, 189, beat St. Albans, 147, by 42 runs on the first innings.

DUNEDIN.

Splendid weather prevailed on Saturday, when the cricket matches were continued. Dunedin beat Albion by 25 runs on the first innings. The former made 169 (Willson 93), and Albion 144 (Drake 50 not out) and 69 for two wickets (Edwards 33, not out). Carisbrook B beat Ophelo by 170 runs on the first innings. Carisbrook compiled 332 (Adams 103 not out, Austin 54, Drum 46), and Ophelo 162 (Casey 47). Carisbrook A beat Grange by 38 runs on the first innings. The former made 210 for nine wickets (Rutherford 67, S. Foster 61 not out), while Grange made 172 (Ogg 44, C. Beal 41 not out).

The Plunket Shield.

The following team will represent Otago against Auckland in the Plunket shield match:—Auslin, Arles, Downes, Fisher, Gowden, Hopkins, Siedeberg, Torrance, Williams, Wisner, and Wordworth; emergencies, Rutherford and C. Beal.

FOOTBALL.

The Australian Footballers.

The "Wallabies" (Australian amateur football team) suffered their second defeat on Dec. 2 when they met the combined Midlanders, Midland and East Midlanders.

The home team had the better of the game, and won by eight points, the scores being: Midlands, two goals and one try, (13 points) to one goal (five points).

The Wallabies on Saturday played the Anglo-Welsh team of footballers who recently toured New Zealand, and defeated them by 24 points to nil.

The following table gives the results of the matches played by the "Wallabies," and also shows how games played by the New Zealanders against some of the same teams resulted:—

Table with columns: Australian, New Zealand, and scores for various teams like Devon, Gloucester, Cornwall, etc.

The League match against Swinton was not played, owing to the ground being enveloped in a thick fog.

Halifax beat the Australian League team on Saturday by 12 points to eight. Halifax secured a goal in the second half from penalties due by their opponents for rough play, O'Malley being ordered off the field for deliberate obstruction.

The Australian League players (professionals) have played 19 matches, of which they have won 12, lost 5, and 2 have been drawn.

## Wallabies Winning.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, October 30.

The Australian Rugby football team is a puzzle for the critics. One day the "Wallabies" show themselves in the light of a moderate combination, and a day or two later give a display that suggests that they are very little inferior to the famous "All Black" team or the South Africans. Last Saturday at Richmond against a scratch team representing London, the Australians had to struggle hard to gain victory by a single try to nothing, and were lucky winners at that. On Monday at the Stadium they opposed Cornwall—the champion county, and presumably, therefore, a stronger side in their collective aspect, fore and aft, than the scratch fifteen they met on Saturday—and "smothered" the Cornishmen, winning by the big margin of 5 goals 3 tries (32 points) to a try (3 points).

For the purposes of Olympic football, Cornwall was England. The Australians should first have met France, but the Frenchmen could not raise a team, and scratched, leaving "England" and "Australia" to fight out the Olympic Rugby Championship.

"Australia" won, and fully merited victory. At Richmond their play seldom rose above mediocrity. They were certainly very sound in defence against plain attack, and the forwards were excellent. But, behind the scrum, nothing like brilliance was in evidence; there was a good deal of fumbling and misfielding, and good opportunities for scoring were lost time and again. A three-quarter back like George Smith, of the "All Blacks," would have revolved in the openings offered by the London defence, of which the "Wallabies" seemed quite unable to take advantage.

At the Stadium we saw the Australians in a far better light. Their forwards were first-class, and their back division gave a display of combined and individual excellence that made it difficult to realise that one was looking at practically the same division that played against London. The Cornish backs were certainly slower than those who did duty for London, but, allowing for this, there was no escaping the great improvement of the Australian backs.

The ample margin by which the Australians won would undoubtedly have been still larger had their backs realised earlier how easily the Cornish defence could be pierced by individual runs. Hickey showed this when he gained the first try, but the Australians only grasped the fact after they had scored twice by converting defence on their own line into attack the length of the field. Once they realised the effectiveness of the individual run the Australians made great use of it, and scored pretty much as they pleased, for the Cornish backs were as weak in defence as in attack, and seemed quite incapable of pulling down the straight running Colonials, who "handed off" in a very neat and effective fashion.

By virtue of the triumph at the Stadium, the "Wallabies" have given Australia the World's Rugby Championship. It is however an empty honour, for of the few countries where Rugby is played, only three even entered the Olympic competition, and one scratched. Moreover, the Cornish team is by no means representative of England, and, though the county won the Championship last year, it is not in the least probable that she will do so again this year.

## Humours of the Game.

By

E. GWYN NICHOLLS and W. J. T. COLLINS.

Football has its humours. On the field and off it, in the team and in the crowd, there are humorous incidents and sayings, and as it does no harm to keep in mind the lighter side of things, we will try to recall a few of them. The seriousness with which the majority of football followers take the game is in itself amusing to those players and others who look upon it as a pastime, and the gullibility of numerous partisans gives the wit or funny man (most teams include such a man) the chance to have his little joke. Many are the yarns, more or less plausible, told of the joker coming in contact with the football maniac. On one occasion a team, dressed and ready to go on the field, had to wait for one of their players. Ten minutes or so after the ad-

vertised time for the start, an onlooker, more impatient than the rest, and puzzled by the unaccustomed delay, went round to the dressing room, where all the players but the absent one were assembled, and asked the cause of the delay. There had been a slight shower of rain a few minutes before, and he was solemnly told that they were waiting for the grass to dry! Quite satisfied with this explanation, he returned to his comrades to allay further anxiety. In districts where the public are accustomed to punctuality, these delays generally bring forth anxious inquiries, and on other occasions excuses were confidentially made that the "players could not get the money on" or that the captains "could not agree which team should win." For there is a sad sort of humour in the fact that an ignorant section of football enthusiasts do believe really that teams arrange the results, and back themselves or their opponents accordingly.

Before important matches, players are besieged by their followers and questioned in all seriousness as to the result of the game. "Who's going to win?" they ask, as though the players were prophets or gifted with clairvoyance. The questioners do not confine themselves to the day of the match, but at all times and places to pounce on players and question them as to how a certain game will go. A player had been pestered for a long time by one of these inane querists and at last lost patience on being buttonholed, in the middle of a conversation with a friend, with the usual question: "What are you going to do to-morrow?" "I am going to have a good breakfast for a start," he replied, and after that he was not questioned further.

A popular player becomes public property, and is treated most intimately and familiarly by all classes. Even the newspaper boys claim acquaintance and greet him by his Christian name, or the name by which he is commonly addressed by his personal friends. "Paper to-night, Arthur?" they will say, for they believe that football, like love and death, "levels all ranks," and makes the international brother to the newspaper boy who punts his ball of old newspapers, tied about with string, to the danger of hurrying pedestrians in the back lane. Once a team who had been away on a successful tour were met at the station on their return home by a crowd of their admirers, who followed them, cheering. One of the players, a man of big stature, managed to get clear of the "madding crowd," by turning down a side street. He was met, however, by two ragged mites, who at once recognised him. Much to his amusement, one said: "Here's ——— Let's shoulder him!"

While on a visit to Edinburgh, a team having nothing else to do on the Saturday morning, accepted an invitation to visit the Medical Schools of the University. They were shown through the dissecting room, and the sight of disjointed members of the human body thoroughly upset some of them. During a short stoppage in the match, one player, feeling something wrong inwardly, consulted a comrade—a doctor—saying he thought there was something wrong with his heart. The doctor examined him, "Heart be blowed," he said. "It's your d—— stomach that's out of order." And that particular player—now one of the "has-beens"—strongly advises present players to put off a visit to the dissecting room until after the match.

The advice given to players by spectators, and the remarks made from the ropes, are often very funny, and during the hushed and excited moments voices can be heard very plainly by those in the arena. It was during one of those moments that a player, receiving the balling appeal from one of the opposing forwards, who asked if "the gentleman with the jockey club breath" would kindly keep in the back row.

The reporter is sometimes the victim of the funny man. Whilst paying a visit to a Varsity team, one of the visitors was struck by the number of initials be-

At a small country town, the captain of the local team strutted on to the field with the word "captain" worked in large letters on his jersey. At another small town a first-class team played a match which was looked upon rather as a practice by the stronger team, and as an opportunity for scoring by individual members. In the course of the game a visiting player—noted for the tenacity with which he stuck to the ball once he got it within his grasp, got possession, and started across the field in his purposeless way. A colleague in a better position than himself called for a pass. "Wait," shouted the selfish one, "I'll be

back in a minute." Whereupon the other cried, half in despair, half in sarcasm—"I'll give you two bob for it!" In the same match a forward had been eating onions, and his deep breathing soon made itself—smelt. Then there came a touch in his own 25—from 70 to 80 yards from the goal—was instructed by an onlooker (evidently full of "confidence and refreshments") to "drop a goal." The shouts of satisfaction and the groans of disappointment heard during the progress of a game are a source of much amusement to the players.

There are humours connected with queerly-situated grounds. The top of a mountain was the most suitable one team could find, and every time the ball was kicked out of the field of play it rolled down the mountain side. Runners were in attendance to fetch it back. Another club had their ground alongside a railway. During a game the ball was kicked out of the ground, and at the same time a goods train was passing. The ball fell into one of the trucks, wedged itself in among the contents, and was carried away, to the consternation of the players.

fore many of the collegians' names. He thought to outdo those when he gave the names of his own teams, and there was much laughter when the papers were read the following morning. Each player found that he possessed at least three front names. On another occasion the same man was asked to give the weight and height of the individual players of his team, and on referring to the papers it was found that the long and lean man was given as short and of great weight, and the diminutive half back appeared as a man of immense proportions.

Practical jokes while on tour are numerous. One member of a travelling team went to the night porter, and gave instructions that he was to be called at an unearthly hour in the morning. He was careful to impress that he was on no account to be allowed to sleep on, as it was of the utmost importance that he should catch a certain train. But instead of giving the number of his own room he gave that of a room occupied by a member of the Committee. He told the porter that he would no doubt experience some trouble in getting him to turn out, and if necessary he was to be pulled out. The ruse worked well. The committee-man sat up late, and he had not been in bed long when he was awakened by loud knocking at the door. The porter, only receiving drowsy mutterings of "Go away!" entered in the dark and shook the occupant of the bed. There was an angry protest, a scuffle, but what really happened after that no one except the porter and the committee-man ever knew. But it is a fact that the porter got a guinea in the morning as compensation for damages received.

A mischievous member of a team once went round the corridors after all were a-bed, and collecting the boots cut all the laces to pieces, replaced them, giving each man an odd boot. The next day was Sunday, and laces were at a high premium. He was smart enough to cut his own, to prevent being found out. Many are the tricks that are performed—from the simple making-up of the apple pie to the cutting off the legs and sleeves of pyjamas, but there is not much fun in that.

Of humour on the field of play itself, there is some, of course, but not so much as on the fringe of the game. It was the practice of one team, whose captain was a very short man—very little over five feet—on entering the field to place immediately behind him their two tallest members, men standing a couple of inches over six feet—a contrast which was a great source of amusement to spectators.

While playing in a match on Boxing Day, a forward who had been eating and drinking during the festive season not wisely but too well, soon found himself fairly pumped out, and unable to rise. A fellow player, grasping the situation, stooped, and started rubbing his leg vigorously, thus giving him time to recover his breath, while at the same time deceiving others as to the real cause of his distress. A great many "injuries" received in matches could be accounted for in this way.

One incident which happened some years ago was not without an audacious humour. A team who had been scoring phenomenally against all opponents, as the result of magnificent combination and individual ability, scored try after try, goal after goal, against a team in a far distant town. The beaten players were demoralised, and the full-back was flustered, after repeated experiences of tackling the man who had the ball when he went for him, but had it not when he

laid hands upon him. At length the ball was in his possession. One of the visiting forwards, before he could do anything with it, was up to him. "How dare you have the ball?" he asked, took it out of his hands, and ran in with a try.

The performers of touch judges often call out ironical remarks from the spectators, and certainly some of them are a little peculiar. On one occasion the touch judge with a visiting team aroused the ire of the home crowd, and it reached the climax when he allowed a try for his side when the player had gone into touch on his side. The home captain took the visiting captain aside at half time, and said: "You might say a word quietly to that touch judge of yours. We don't want any bother, but I am assured by men on the spot that your man was at least six inches in touch before he scored. You might give him a hint." So the captain went to his touch-judge and said that he must be careful, as their opponents complained that the player who scored was in touch. "Indeed he wasn't," said the touch-judge. "It was like this, Jimmy had got the ball under his left arm, and it was only his right foot that went into touch, so the ball wasn't in touch at all!" But one rather suspects that this was guile in the guise of innocence.

## LAWN TENNIS.

Alexander Visits New Zealand.

F. M. Alexander, the American tennis player, has arranged a six weeks' tour of New Zealand at the conclusion of the Australasian tournament.

## Auckland Inter-club Championships.

In the second series of matches for the inter-club championship banner of Auckland, West End beat Devonport by 21 points to 3, Eden and Epsom defeated Auckland by 19 points to 5, and Parnell beat Onehunga by 19 points to 5 also.

## THE DAVIS CUP.

MELBOURNE, Dec. 1.

The concluding stages of the Davis Cup competitions were fought out yesterday. In the end Australia won by 3 matches to 2, Wilding winning his single against Alexander, and Brookes losing his against Wright. Now that all is over, it must be admitted that much of the success of the recent contest—for a memorable sporting success it was, irrespective of which side won or lost—was due to the address of the men America sent across. Whether the result would have been different had Larned and Hackett made the journey it is useless now to inquire. The two who came were thoroughly representative of the flower of American tennis, and both, as is generally admitted, played right up to their home form. They were not only representative but an admirably matched pair. A better doubles combination has seldom been seen anywhere. The freedom and dash of Alexander, with his magnificent sweeping shot from the base line, could not have been better placed than alongside the coolness, generalship and overhead work of Beals Wright. In beating this pair on Saturday, even by the narrowest of margins, Australia deserved to retain pride of place.

Interest in the series of games was maintained right up to the finish. Despite the heat, and the absence of shade, some 3800 people were present to see Wilding make the winning stroke. The young New Zealander was the hero of the occasion. There were many who thought, after Brookes' defeat, that he was leading a forlorn hope. Some doubt of how he would fare against such an opponent as Alexander, and the majority thought the test would be a trifle too severe. No one underrated Wilding's ability, but the downfall of Brookes had prepared them for anything, even for the loss of the cup, which on Saturday seemed almost won. As it happened, the second string proved a brilliant success when most wanted. Wilding has played many fine games and has won many trophies, but he has never done anything finer than his performance yesterday. He championed a wavering cause, and his championship was its salvation. Even the way he gripped his racket as he walked on to the court put heart into those who already, in imagination, saw the cup on its way to America. Serving finely, hitting out finely, judging every-

thing to a nicety, and making every shot with the strength and accuracy of a man who was master of any situation, Wilding did for himself and his country what it most wanted. Alexander, as already remarked in these columns, is a player who seems to be not wholly free from nerves, and he may have felt the importance of the occasion. It is probable, however, that on his very best form he could not have beaten Wilding yesterday. "Two sets all, Australia leads," was the cry as the third set was entered on. Even then there were hundreds, remembering Wright's great uphill game, who expected to see Alexander do likewise. They could not see the match won even then. Wilding, however, played better and better as he got nearer the goal. He led five games to one in last set. He got up to 40 against Alexander's service. The latter sent in a double fault—the game at this stage was practically over—and Australia had won the Cup. The crowd rushed Wilding, and carried him in shoulder high. It was an ovation never better deserved.

Although beaten in his match against Wright, Brookes also put up a great contest. It was stated in the morning that the Australian champion was not at his best, and he certainly did not look in the bloom of health as he walked on to the court. To an anxious inquiry, however, he responded that he was "all right." In the first two sets he certainly did himself ample justice. He quite outplayed the American, his placing shots time after time leaving the latter standing. Wright, in the meantime, was moving about the court in the laborious fashion of one who was doing penance for his sins. But this, it appears, is his normal manner. The harder he puffs, and the more laboriously he gets about the more dangerous, not to say deadly, he is becoming. In the third set they won alternate games, each man taking his service to 5-5. Then Wright, going on, won the next two games and the set, and the next set he captured easily, 6-1, Brookes playing at this stage like a beaten man. His volleying, which had been wonderfully accurate, became suddenly feeble and uncertain. Instead of passing Wright with beautiful strokes down the side, he kept on finding the net. When Wright led 4-1 in the concluding set, the match looked as good as over. By a game effort, every stroke of which was cheered, Brookes pulled up to 5-5, and then to 6-6. The desperate, ding-dong battle went on till 10-10 was called. The games were long, as well as numerous. Deuce after deuce was called, until the issue seemed likely to be determined by sheer process of exhaustion. Brookes led at 10-9, and as he then had the service it seemed as if he must, after all, win the match. His opponent, however, is the kind of man who is never beaten. He plugged away with desperate gameness, and finally had the satisfaction of winning the 22nd game—Brookes's service—to 30, and with it the match. The two players shook hands across the net, and two more weary contestants have rarely done so at the close of any athletic game.

The match began punctually at 2 o'clock, Brookes commencing to serve from the northern end. Both men wore their hats, but half way through the second game Wright discarded his, and for the remainder of the match did the strong Australian sun. It soon became evident that Brookes was in his very best form. Right through the first set he outplayed his opponent. As usual, he got up to the net very quickly, and when he got his racket on to the ball for the volley it was seldom that the visitor could reply. The game was called 3-0 in Brookes's favour. "Wright is a slow starter," said one admirer of the American to another in explanatory tone. During the first set he never got properly started. His opponent's placing beat him repeatedly, while he failed to show the dash and vigour of his game on Friday and Saturday. The only deuce game was the fourth, which, like the others, went to the Australian. Brookes took the set 6-0.

In the next set Brookes began by taking his service as usual. He had won the first seven games in succession, but now Wright began to improve. When he picked up the balls for the second game of the set he got in a number of particularly hot ones, and though Brookes was still playing a remarkably fine game, the American made it one all. Thereafter each man won his service, until 3-3 was on the board. At this point the visitor seemed to have a fair chance of winning. His decisive killing shot at the net—it is about the most decisive

thing seen on an Australian ground for a long while—was doing excellent work, while his placing had almost risen to his opponent's standard. In the seventh game he made a bold bid for Brookes's service, but lost it after deuce had been called once. Brookes took the game—4-3, and winning the next two games rather easily, took the set—6-3.

With two sets against him Wright was facing a difficult situation. He faced it, however, with characteristic gameness. Beginning the service, he won his game, and Brookes did likewise. There were alternate successes, until 4-4 was called. At this point Brookes made a forward movement, and looked like winning the set and match. He led by 40 to love against Wright's service in the ninth game; but the latter, who is surely the most determined "plugger" against odds yet seen on a tennis court, carried off the next six strokes and the game. He then led at 5-4. Brookes won the next, and thus equalised matters; but the redoubtable American, hatless, perspiring, yet undaunted in the sun, pulled off the next two games and the set, 7-5. The last game he won against Brookes's service, after some brilliant rallies and fine net play on either side.

The fourth set saw the position equalised. Wright began serving and took the first two games. The next went to Brookes, but thereafter matters were all in favour of the challenger. He was serving admirably and placing infinitely better than at the start of the match. For the last four games of the set he was easily on top. Brookes was not getting up to the net with the dash he usually displays, and when he did get up he was frequently beaten by passing shots down the line. His service, too, seemed to have temporarily lost its sting. The set went to Wright, 6-1.

The early part of the fifth and deciding set was all in Wright's favour. He won the first three games straight out. His opponent had tired perceptibly, and the result seemed now a foregone conclusion. Brookes won his service, however, but as the American did likewise, the game was 4-1, America leads. Then the tired Australian made a gallant effort. He won the next three games amid great enthusiasm, and the score was 4-4. A few minutes later it was 5-5. Then began a long, ding-dong, exhausting struggle for the deciding two games. Wright led at 6-5, but Brookes took the next two, and led at 7-6. As he had the service it looked as if, after all, he must pull the match out of the fire. "What a reception he will get," said one man to another, in loud appreciation. But it was not to be. He lost his service, and Wright led at 8-7. A little later he was leading 9-8. But the lead of two games was slow in coming. Both men were all out; for nearly two hours and a-half they had been fighting a desperate battle. Brookes's turn came again, as, with his service on come, he led at 10-9. Again Australian hopes rose high, and again they fell. Wright took the next three games and the match at 12-10, after a tremendous contest, the like of which is rarely seen.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

No. 2 Company Native Rifles.

No. 2 Company Native Rifles had quite a busy day on Ferris rifle range on Saturday, firing no less than three competitions at 200 and 500 yards. Lieut. A. H. Skilton's gold medal, Sergt. W. Phillips' trophy for B and C classes, and the weekly challenge "trooster." The shooting was very good, especially that of Lance-Corporal C. Sperry, who obtained first place in all the above competitions. The following are the principal scores:

Table with columns for name, score, and class. Includes names like L. Corporal C. Sperry, Sergt. F. Strong, etc.

The No. 3 Company Native Rifles.

The No. 3 Native Rifles fired the first match at Ferris on Saturday last for a trophy presented by the New Zealand Clothing Co. The match was won by Private C. J. Huntly, with the good score of 64. Private Hill also made 63, but Private Huntly beats him through having the least handicap.

No. 2 G. A.

Last Saturday the members of the No. 2 Co. G.A. shooting team fired a match for the Webster Hros. gold medal. The match was won by Corp. Thompson with the score of 63. The following are the chief scorers:

Table with columns for name, score, and class. Includes Corp. Thompson, J.L. Ewan, etc.

SWIMMING.

English Help for Commonwealth Swimmers.

The Southern Counties Amateur Swimmers' Association has voted £100 towards a fund to enable the Amateur Swimming Association to send a team of English swimmers to Australia in 1909.

AQUATICS.

Auckland.

The Waitemata Dinghy Club's race on Saturday was won by Keeka, with Olive second, Rita third, and Rosina fourth.

The final in the subscription fours rowed on Saturday by the North Shore Rowing Club was won by W. Logan (stroke), W. Buchanan, L. Sheffield, R. Allen, L. Spinley (cox.); T. Davies' crew being second, and S. Marshall's third.

Three heats were rowed by St. George's Club in their trial fours last Saturday, and the final was won by D. S. Harris (stroke), A. H. Gyllies, S. Stichbury, and H. Reilly.

The crew stroked by Grierson won the final of the Auckland Rowing Club's trial fours, rowed on Saturday, for trophies presented by Messrs. H. Schmidt and F. E. N. Crombie.

A picnic was held on Saturday afternoon at Kollmarra by the New Zealand Race Boat Association, fifteen launches taking about two hundred picnickers to the delightful spot. During the afternoon, Mrs. A. Brett, wife of the Commodore, presented the prizes won on previous occasions.

The first cruising race of the season under the auspices of the Devonport Yacht Club was sailed on Saturday, the course being to Rakino Island, a dead slog all the way. Ariki won the Class A with Ilex second, and in Class B Tomaki was first and Iris second.

The result of the Victoria Cruising Club's first series of races sailed on Saturday, was as follows:— First class, Gladly 1, Why Not 2, and Emerald 3. Second class, Komine 1, Encounter 2, and Rose 3. Third class, Fairy Bell 1, Hetty 2, Moewai 3. Fourth class, Mamu 1, Avona 2, Bronzewing 3.

BOWLING.

N.S.W. Bowlers.

The proposed visit of a team of bowlers from New South Wales to New Zealand has been abandoned.

ATHLETICS.

The match between Shrubh and Longboat is "off" in consequence of Canada wanting Loughat to compete in the Toronto Marathon race. A match may be arranged for this month. Shrubh has taken Harvard College cross-country team in hand to coach until the championship race on November 27. He will live in America if successful in getting a permanent position with a college team.

The result of the meeting held in Auckland last week was that a New Zealand Marathon race, to be held in Auckland early next year, is now an assured fact, and this should go a long way towards reviving amateur sport. The Amateur Club holds its annual meeting on the 14th inst., and an endeavour will be made to run a sports gathering on the same day as the Marathon race.

A conference between delegates representing Otago, the Southland, and Wellington centres affiliated to the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association, was held at Christchurch. Nine delegates were present. Mr A. Paufe was in the chair. It was decided to set up an executive to administer the sport in the Dominion, consisting of Messrs. A. Newman, R. W. McVilly, J. Dawson, W. Coffey, F. Ross, A. Davies, A. Marryatt, F. W. Larkin, and M. H. Pollock. It was also decided to write to the Amateur Athletic Union of Australasia, detailing the circumstances leading to holding the conference and requesting recognition of the executive as a governing body to the administration of amateur athletics in the Dominion. It was further decided that the next championship meeting be allotted to the Southland centre. The conference was the outcome of the recent deadlock between the council and the affiliated centres.

SCULLING.

The World's Championship.

TRAINING NOTES FROM WANGANUI

On Saturday afternoon both Arnst and Webb put in some good rowing. Webb gave Green (his pacemaker) a fairly good start in a two-mile spin, and though the latter rowed particularly well, the champion got very close to him at the finish.

Starting off at a 26-27 rate, Webb drove his skiff along in splendid style, and his pace was satisfactory all the way.

On Sunday afternoon both men were again afloat. Starting at 24 to the minute, Webb gradually drew ahead, and when a quarter of a mile from the finishing post, quickened up considerably, striking 26, and finished at a fast bat, apparently without having turned a hair.

Arnst and Fogwell were out twice, covering the full course both morning and afternoon. The morning row was of the usual steady order. In the afternoon a large number who watched the men were much impressed with the ease and confidence with which Arnst drove his skiff through the steamer's wash, which proved that he is a much better waterman than some have been inclined to think. Arnst's weight is down to 13st. 11lb, but he expects to row 13st. 3lb.

There is some talk of a double sculling race between Arnst and Fogwell and Webb and Green. It is understood that friends of the former are willing to back them against the local combination, who did well together as amateurs.

Railway Humour.

The Erie Railway, which provides the comedians in the American theatres and the comic papers with the same sort of material that is furnished in New Zealand by a certain Northern line, has adopted the policy of printing on its limo-tables these references to its methods. Here are some of the criticisms of itself to which the Erie calls the attention of its patrons:—

A traveller on a dining-car of the Erie Railway had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give you fried eggs, boss, lessen you want to wait till we stop," said the negro waiter. "Why, how is that?" queried the passenger. "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough that chery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

A passenger riding on one of the Erie trains became disgusted with the slow rowing, and, calling to the guard, said: "How far to the next station?" The guard replied: "Fifty miles." "And how long have you worked on this road?" was the next question. "Twenty-five years," answered the guard. "Is this your second trip?" the passenger wanted to know. Then the guard wanted to fight. "It's a wise child who knows his own father, especially when father has bought a suburban home on the Erie and spends all his time in transit."

SERIOUS OVERSIGHTS.

"How did you like my talk last night?" asked the beginner in the lecture field. "Well," replied the candid critic, "you didn't take advantage of your many opportunities." "I didn't?" "No; you had a number of opportunities to quit before you did."



BY WHALEBONE.

RACING FIXTURES.

Dec. 9, 10 - Woodville J.C. Summer
Dec. 20 and 28 - Taranaki J.C. Christmas
Dec. 26, 30, Jan. 1 and 2 - Auckland R.C. Summer
Dec. 23, 28 - Manawatu R.C. Summer
Dec. 26, 29 - Dunedin J.C. Summer
Jan. 1, 2 - Hawke's Bay J.C. Summer
Feb. 4, 10, 13 - Otahuhu Trotting Club

TURF NOTES.

B. Dooley has been engaged to ride Carl Eoa in the Auckland Cup.
Mr. Friedlander's mare, Casarina, by Stephanie-Britomarte, has foaled a colt to Soult.
The purchase of Motos has been completed, and the son of Conqueror is to be shipped to Melbourne at an early date.
Mr. C. O'Connor left for the South on Sunday to undertake starting duties at the Woodville J.C. Spring Meeting.
Mr. Morse got very poor fields on the second day of the Takapuna meeting, and out of 140 horses handicapped only 42 were seen under silk.
Mr. R. Wuyard's adjustments for the first day's racing of the Thames Jockey Club's Spring Meeting are due on Friday next, the 11th inst.

John O'Connell, the well-known cross-country horseman, met with an accident at Hastings recently, while schooling Master Douglas.
The horse swerved badly at one of the fences, and threw his rider on to a picket fence close by.
It was at first thought he was seriously injured, but luckily he escaped with a few bruises and a shaking.

According to an English writer a big effort has been made by Mr. W. Bailey for Rot (dam of the Cesarewitch winner, Yentoi), who is in foal to Desmond, and next year will again be mated with Santoi, a son of the latter.
The mare is a top performer in India, and her appearance when racing did not suggest she was at all likely to make a successful brood mare.

S. Hodge has severed his connection with Mr S. Williams, and the horses Maupouri and Dainty are now in T. A. Williams' charge.
The pony Gleora has three wins in succession to her credit, two being gained at the Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting, and one at the Takapuna meeting.
The Hotchkiss home at Auckland seems to have a liking for the Takapuna course, and out of the three successes against his name, two have been gained at the North Shore.
The penitents had all the worst of the deal on the opening day of the Takapuna meeting, and with the exception of one event, well backed ones got home on every occasion.

The sale of Mr August Belmont's American-bred yearlings at Newmarket last month was not a success.
Thirteen were sold, and only three reached the three-figure mark, the highest price paid being £100 for a colt by Hastings 2.
Wooden gave 100gs for a filly by the same sire.
The average was 50gs each, which will scarcely encourage American breeders to send young stock to England.

Two very warm favourites, in Wauchapa and Mandon, were beaten in their respective engagements on the second day of the Takapuna J.C. meeting.
Nominations for all events at the Auckland Trotting Club's Summer Meeting close with the secretary (Mr. C. McKee) on Friday next, the 11th inst., at 9 p.m.
The nominations received for the minor events at the A.R.C. Summer Meeting comprise a record, and total 434, as against 387 last year.
Mr. Morse's adjustments for the first day are due on Friday next.

The Thames Jockey Club have every reason to be satisfied with the response made by owners in connection with their Summer Meeting.
The entries, all round, are probably a record, and every season in train for a most successful gathering.

Mr. J. E. Heurys, the well-known handicapper, started upon his twenty-first year as a handicapper at the recent Feilding meeting.
It was at Feilding that Mr. Heurys first made his appearance as a weight-adjuster.
The 35th Great Northern Derby promises to be a more than usually interesting race this year, and the field will probably consist of Diabolo, Nohel, Aborigine, Master Soult, Shuja, St. Aidan, Santa Rosa, Husbandman, and Chanteuse.

Both Ikon and Muskerry incur penalties for being out of the money in the Auckland Cup, for his dead heat in the St. Andrew's Handicap last Saturday, the amount in that event being just under the stated sum which would give him the extra poundage.
The explosion horse Pohutu has at last got his name on the winning list, and is owing for a double on the opening day of the Takapuna meeting.
Escamillo is very well at present, and should credit his owner with further stakes before the season closes.

The most successful sire at the recent Takapuna meeting was Soult, the representative of which won four races; Escamillo was responsible for three, Lintock and St. Clements two each, and Hotchkiss, Sun Fnu, Salvdan, St. Crispin, Menschieff, and Freedom one each.
In winning the Spring Handicap on the concluding day of the Takapuna meeting, Royal Soult gave further evidence that he is probably the most-improved horse in Auckland to-day.
Royal Soult did not beat a very high class field on Wednesday, but his winner in which he won under 8.5 left no doubt as to his ability.

Honours amongst the trainers were fairly divided at the recent Takapuna meeting.
M. Cunningham, W. G. Irwin, T. McLoughlin, and Mr. E. Rowley were each, and J. Chaske, Junr., A. Robertson, J. George, H. Barr, J. B. Williamson, Lindsay, Hanlon, R. Hall, and D. Baunayne one each.
B. Heurys was the most successful horseman, filling five places (one dead heat), J. Buchanan, E. R. Brown (one dead heat), A. Cowan, A. McMillan, P. Brady had two each, and McKinnon and A. Whittaker one each.

With an acceptance of 18 in the Auckland Cup, everything at present points to a strong field contesting the big two-mile race on Monday next.
The field is staked to 18, and will probably include down to All God (6.6), with the exception of Erlsco and, of course, Signor.
Mr. Lowry is evidently still undecided about his pair, and probably will not start, but such a proceeding is hardly likely.

The foalings of Glenora Park are now completed, and the result is eight colts and seven fillies, representing being second class, third class, and obligato.
The list is as follows: To Soult; Golden Mavis, a colt; Merry Nil, a colt; Erry Roe, a colt; Caller Og, a colt; Lady Emmeline, a colt; Lady B., a filly; Princess Alice, a filly; St. Edith, a filly; and Hotchkiss, a filly.
To Glendon; Gold Web, a colt; Lady Rose, a colt; Helen McGregor, a colt; and Saint Rose, a filly.
To Seaton Delaval; Lady Lou, a filly.
To Obitgado; Soult Girl, a filly.

To Mr. J. A. de Rothschild the English Ring is extending a most cordial welcome.
Backed up with vast wealth and the luck of his historic houses, and young scion of the great money-lending firm he had departed from hereditary tradition and policy as to blossom out as a punter of the dashing Hastings and Benzon type.
At a recent English meeting he had a very great de is surely superstitious—took 5000 to 1000 three times that his colt Roubia would beat Lord Howard de Walden's smart two-year-old Glasfing.
He did not collect, however, for Glasfing won, and he was The Ring, with its book and pencil can be backed to stop even a Rothschild.
The only question is how many rounds will they take to do it.

These odds are to be considerable difficulty in the South over the starting question, and, according to all accounts, not a meeting passes but at which horses have their names in the book.
Fortunately, in Auckland this trouble is not a very great one (thanks to the firmness of Mr. O'Connor), but there is one question that arises, and that is for how long is a starter liable to be liable to be liable to a vagaries of one of the contestants.
In point occurred in the two-year-old races at the recent Takapuna meeting.
One of the starters kept hesitating the field, refusing to depart until after a long delay, when the barrier lifted she got away to a flying start.
Now, this is altogether unfair, and the fact that quiet horses are usually and perhaps should usually ones need more attention to be made aware that the starter is placed in an awkward position, and that if a stand was taken with a well-backed horse (by starting the field without it) there would be a bow, but nevertheless something ought to be done, and the stewards of the various clubs ought to take action, either by refusing the nominations of such horses or else ordering such to be placed in the paddock when it was performing in such a manner as to upset the rest of the field.

According to the reports, the appointing of Mr. P. R. Aldworth as starter by the Feilding Jockey Club does not appear to have been a happy selection, and after the seventh race on the first day he resigned the position, and the stewards appointed Mr. Cameron for the remainder of the meeting.
But the opinion of the clever Mr. Aldworth fined C. Jenkins £2 in the Feilding Stakes and £2 in the Kiwi-tea Welter, and R. Hatch and G. Price £2 each, in the same race.

According to a writer in the "N.Z. Times," one of the races at the recent Feilding meeting was pretty strong.
In his remarks he says: "There was only one point of an unsatisfactory nature at the race, and that was the opinion of a stipendiary official being supervising the running he would have called the stewards together without a moment's hesitation, and betting with his big pointer, and snapping up a short price about one starter, and the gallery display of one horseman after entering the straight when it was quite safe to do so, all clearly pointed in one direction—that the race was a disgrace."
As already indicated, the strongest evidence was forthcoming that such was the case.
Needless to say, not a little discussion subsequently ensued amongst those equally competent and fearless to express their opinions about such doings, especially when one of those most closely connected therewith should, from the position he occupies in racing circles, have been one of the very last to be a party to such a barefaced arrangement to dupe the unsuspecting portion of backers, of whom still a good many remain.
Readers are proposed left in doubt as to whether success attended the little scheme or not!"

Writing from London on October 23, my London correspondent says: "That essaying brilliant performer in Australia, Nocturniform, has been secured by the patience of his English owner, Mr. Buchanan, to breaking point, and last Friday at Newmarket the horse was sold to Captain Fenwick for 100,000 guineas."
The money seems worth the horse, if our look at the bargain in the light of Nocturniform's performances at home; but Captain Fenwick has refused, it is said, an offer which would have given him a profit of 50 per cent on the turnover.
It has not yet been decided what will be done with the horse, but there is it is stated, some hope of sending him to the Antipodes, where he would probably be appreciated as a stallion, seeing that at the sale of the late Mr. G.

Stenil's horse in New Zealand Nocturniform's sire Multiflorus made 30,000 guineas.
Verence, winner of the Sandhurst Cup, was owned by Mr. S. G. Grew until a fortnight ago, when she was purchased by her trainer, J. Lynch, for 3000 guineas.
The mare was originally entered for the Melbourne Cup, but was scratched some weeks before the two mile event.
The following story was told in connection therewith: On the Friday night before the Melbourne Cup a Chinese called at one of the city clubs, and inquired for 'Lilly Lynch.'
"Who's Lilly Lynch?" "The Chinese gave Lynch on seeing him."
"Who's Lilly Lynch?" asked the Chinese.
"Yeh! that's Sweetness, and one give you money to start in Cup race," he replied.
"I don't train Sweetness," was the response of the genial Flemington man.
"Who's Lilly Lynch?" "The Chinese gave the response of the Little Bourke street stallion to the interview.
Then it dawned on Lynch that the Chinese referred to Verence.
He explained that Verence was scratched for the race.
"Ah! you said the Chinese 'me catches Velly Nice in sweep. You put me back again, and me pay you!' When he was convinced that Verence had departed with a look of sadness on his face, he remarked: 'What for! Velly hard luck!'

After Lord Nelson won the Melbourne Cup he had a good long drink of champagne.
This reminds one of the Fordham story about giving a horse some of the best.
Fordham was engaged to ride a horse, and just before starting he was told he was handed a bottle of rare old port, which he promptly, with the assistance of the trainer, put out of sight.
After the race the owner, in congratulating Fordham on his success, said: "You must have done the horse a lot of good to make him run such a great race."
Fordham replied that the wine no doubt had something to do with the win, but it was carried on top of the saddle and not into the horse's stomach.

That August Belmont shook him by the collar, and called him a "little jackass" because he failed to tip his hat to the banker and horseman, by whom he was employed, before starting his race.
The banker made recently by John H. Freit, a jockey.
Freit was testifying in the suit for 300,000 dollars, damages that he instituted against Mr. Belmont for publication of a backbiting paragraph in the Morning Standard on his leaving Mr. Belmont's employ.

August Belmont, the defendant in the suit, followed Freit on the witness stand, however, that he was not present because he did not tip his hat to you?
Mr. Belmont was asked by his counsel, Mr. Rand, "No," replied Mr. Belmont.
"Did you call the boy a 'd---' a little jackass?"
"No," answered the witness.
"The case was still proceeding when the nail left.

On the score that it was injurious to public morality, the totalisator has been abolished in England, and especially at a standard in that country, all the big meetings set down for last month having been postponed.
The step taken by the Government in abolishing the horse quarters, but in others it is considered to precipitate, seeing that all preparations had been made for the autumn meetings.
It is also suggested that the totalisator, deprived of their main source of revenue, the clubs should be compensated by the State.
It would be pretty safe to bet, however, that the new order of things is not stated whether bookmaking is also prohibited, but, if so, racing will lose interest for the Japanese, who, according to those residing in this country, are a decidedly speculative party.
According to a Japanese paper, many of the foreign members of the Nippon Race Club were disposed to rebel against the new order of things, but the Japanese recognized that there could be no discrimination between foreigners and Japanese, and therefore there was nothing for the club to do but to accept the new order.

Criticism of the remarks of the Victorian cleric who said that "those who back a horse they know will win are rogues, and that those who back horses that they are not sure will win are fools," "Quality More" says: "Well, if this is so, there are more fools than rogues in Tasmania, which is a sort of grim consolation.
But let me right here remark that I am a little bit of a stickler to theology, and leave 'parology'—if I might coin a word—to the sporting scribes, otherwise the latter might want to swap places with the former.
Where there are two or more competitors for a race, no one should know what's going to win.
When the Pharisee and the publican had a spurt in the long ago, the latter was, by some, considered the rank outsider of the pair.
But for all that the 'outsider' won through putting in some good work while the Pharisee was running wide with his head too high in the air.
Had the Victorian cleric confined his remarks on racing to saying 'for the dear ye weep seven days, for a fool all the days of his life,' the horsey men of his congregation would have seen the light of the world."

Commenting on the sale of the American yearlings in England, the "Special Commissioner" says:—"At Newmarket this year 115 American bred yearlings have been sold for 1,000,000 guineas.
They had realized an aggregate of 1,000,000 guineas.
Precise facts, these: facts that are not calculated to afford much consolation to some of our own public breeders.
It is almost certain that if a similar number of English-bred yearlings of the same class had been offered they would not have realized as many as half as much.
They are over here known so little of the qualifications of American sires that they have had to assess the yearlings sent over here at their face value.
It is only rarely that

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The Favourite Liqueur.
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# Music and Drama

It is said we may prepare ourselves for something in the way of a novelty when the curtain rises on "Diana of Dobson's" this evening, this being the second production of the Tittell Brune season. Half a dozen shop girls are seen going to bed in one of Dobson's dormitories after a heavy day's work. One of the assistants, "Diana," comes into a legacy of £300, and a new life of freedom, travel and pleasure opens out to her. At a fashionable hotel in Switzerland the detested shop is forgotten, and Diana soon has a lover, a lazy ex-guardian, who is living aimlessly on £600 a year. When she has spent her £300 Diana returns to London, only to find a place in the ranks of the unemployed. On the Thames Embankment in the early morning the out-of-shop girl meets her unlucky guardian. Brought together by the currents of misfortune, Diana and the Captain resolve to sink or swim together, and the play ends with a marriage engagement and the dawn of a day of hope and happiness. The part of "Diana" should be right into the hands of Miss Tittell Brune. Others in the cast are Messrs. Thos. Kingston, Greghan MacMahon, T. W. Lloyd, Frank Harcourt, Mrs. Robert Brough, Misses Emma Temple, Nellie Calvin, Florence Kelley, Georgie O'Meara, Adele Kelley, and Edith Lewis. "Diana" will be staged for four nights, followed by a revival of "Sunday" for three nights and "Romeo and Juliet" the last two nights.

The average theatre-goer is, it would seem, a perverse fellow, who persists in knowing what he likes rather than what certain sapient critics tell him—or it may be a her—they ought to like. For example, the publications of both morning and evening papers were far from complimentary to "The Girl of the Golden West," which is, as was indicated last week, really not much better or much worse than "Sunday" (also a conspicuous success). Despite adverse criticism, however, "The Girl" has drawn big houses for over a week, and it is, at the moment of writing, still going strong. High art in drama, evidently, is as poor a band to play as it is in painting. Emotionalism wins every time, and it must be confessed there is emotionalism—"good and plenty," as "the Girl" herself would say in Belasco's western drama.

"Diana of Dobson's" promises to be a boom in Auckland, all the best seats being already sold, and the booking for "Sunday" is exceedingly heavy. To conclude the season there are two nights of Romeo and Juliet.

Before a large attendance at His Majesty's School of Music, Parnell, last Saturday evening, the pianoforte pupils of Mr. J. F. Bennett gave their sixth and last concert of the season, the following contributing to the programme, and acquitting themselves most successfully:—Mr. G. H. Woolley, Grieg's Sonata Op. 7 in E minor; Miss Mary Geddes, Hiller's "Marche Elegiaque" in D minor; Miss Flora Maclean, Heller's "Etude in B minor," and Mozart's "Sonata in B minor"; Miss Joannie Wright, Grieg's "Au den Fouchling," Stranky's "La Plaint d'Amour," Bobby eddies; Horvath's "La Mento," Miss Jessie Geddes; "My Garden," Miss Norma Downs; Gillet's "Danse Ancient," Mr. W. Geddes; Mozart's "Magic Flute," Misses Dorothy Parker, D. Cardno, K. Curtis, C. Keale, R. Bushaw, and A. Morrison; Chopin's 2nd Nocturne, Mr. Alexander Geddes; Weber's Concert Stuck in D minor, Mr. Woolley and Miss D. Cardno; Chopin's Mazurka in G minor, Misses Marion Henderson and Isabella Cardno; Gillet's "Pizzicato," Misses M. Cardno and M. and J. Geddes; Liszt's "Rhapsody, No. 2, and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture, Misses Phyllis McKeckie, Clara Keale, M. Cardno, M. Geddes, Anna Morrison, K. Curtis, Nellie Renshaw and Mr. Woolley; Reinecke's "King Manfred" overture arranged for pianoforte quartet, Misses Renshaw, Morrison, Cardno and Woolley; Weber's "Jubel" overture, Misses Cassie Macky, D. Cardno and Woolley; Gillet's "Dance Carosse," Miss M. Geddes and Mr. A. Geddes; recitation, "The Picture Hat," Miss Eileen Cottrell, Mrs. E. R.

Cardno presented the 21 theory certificates secured at the June examination of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London, and gave Mr. G. H. Woolley Mr. J. F. Bennett's gold medal for highest marks gained in his last examination. During the proceedings, in a few well-chosen words, Mrs. J. McKail Geddes presented Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, on behalf of the students, with a handsome silver tray, as a token of the high esteem in which they are held by the pupils.

Mr. Cyril Monk, who was solo violinist at the Exhibition concerts, was the leader of the orchestra recently at the first production in Australia of Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth."

The music of Moussorgsky is unlike any other music. It is almost alarmingly personal, but it leads one into a new world, where an unhappy soul wanders in darkness. He hears wild lamentations, and shadowy figures, like Dante's in hell, float past his sight. They mutter of obscure sorrows, hopeless and endless misery; and the few words that they speak, with long silences between, express a grotesque despair. Overhead, sudden thunder rumbles and sharp flashes of forked lightning illuminate, with a ghastly clearness, this world of sufferers.—Arthur Synonis, in the "Saturday Review."

Speaking of Mrs. C. M. Brooke's first appearance in Melbourne at a recital given by Miss Rita Hope, the "Argus" says:—"Mrs. C. M. Brooke, a pupil of Marchesi, and a New Zealander, made her first appearance in Melbourne, and created a very favourable impression. She has a light, flexible, soprano voice, and her style is full of vitality and charm. Her songs were the well-known soprano aria from Massenet's "Cid," and Arditi's famous valse song, "Se Saran Rose." There was an emphatic encore, and Mrs. Brooke honoured her native land by singing Alfred Hill's Poi-Dance Song, with which Mr. Kennerley Rumford made such a success both here and subsequently in London."

Mrs. A. C. Orr-Loring will assist the King's Trumpeter, Mr. William Short, L.R.A.M., at his recitals in the Town Hall, Wellington, on Wednesday and Monday, December 2nd and 7th. Mrs. Orr-Loring ranks as Dunedin's most popular soprano, and has been specially engaged for these recitals. A pure soprano of excellent quality and great range is Mrs. Orr-Loring's voice, her mezzo-voice work being particularly sweet and effective, and a glance at the programme shows that her items are all standard soprano solos.

No one has ever accused the Chinaman of being songful. Nevertheless he has a peculiar musical taste of his own. He is charmed, for instance by the singing of a peculiar breed of mice which he had especially cultivated and which a German scientist, Dr. Eichelberg, who has just spent a term in a Chinese prison, declares capable of producing vocal harmonies quite equal to those of the canary. The structure of a mouse's throat is shown, moreover, not to be much different from that of the little yellow bird, there being likewise a distinct physical analogy between the two, even to the peculiar nibbling manner in which they take their food.—"Science Sitings."

There will arrive in Melbourne on 9th December, and in Sydney on 14th December, a little Australian, Dorothy Lawson (age 11) described as a brilliant child pianist and infant prodigy. This child is coming from South Africa. She is a gold and silver medalist, and is the winner of the silver medal of Trinity College of Music exam. (junior), held in Johannesburg recently. She obtained 93 out of a possible 100 for theory, sight-reading, ear test, etc., etc. She won a gold medal at the Pretoria Fintedoff. "Her technique is wonderfully good, while her expression is spontaneous and marvellous," said the Cape "Argus."

Miss Amy Castles, who is busy preparing for her coming tour of Australia, has refused an excellent offer for a series of concerts in America.

Saxhorns, so called after a famous Belgian family named Sax, who invented and introduced these instruments some 60 years ago, are the mainstay of all modern brass bands. They are manufactured in many different sizes, from high soprano to the huge contrabass or bombardon, and the most important of the lot is euphonium, which supplanted the now obsolete "serpents" and ophicleides. The tallest saxhorn ever made stands 8ft high and contains more than 40ft of tubing.

As was to be expected of a King's trumpeter, Mr. William Short was enthusiastic in the praise of his instrument. It far surpassed the cornet, he said, in the course of a recent interview at Wellington, in the nobleness, purity, and brilliancy of its tone, which, in addition, was a good deal more piercing. This latter he proved right away by standing up and blowing a blast which would have gone through a battleship, then following by playing a few phrases to demonstrate his former assertion. He admitted that the tone of the trumpet was harder to get, but then it was worth while in the end. The trumpet was making very great headway now at home, for every orchestra of importance had trumpets instead of cornets, especially in London. The best of the big composers wrote parts for the trumpet, and though cornets had been used for them, very often they could not play them at all properly. The use of trumpets added greatly to the brilliancy of a performance. That was why he recommended their introduction into bands, all of which should have a couple in addition to their cornets, as was very frequently done in England.

The New York correspondent of "The Times" on October 13 last wrote:—"No demonstrations yet accorded Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan approached the rousing welcome which Mr. Harry Lauder received at the Lincoln-square Theatre last night from the audience, which packed the theatre to its doors. His delighted admirers, including the members of several Scottish societies, were present in force, and kept him on the stage for an hour and twenty minutes, and wrung two speeches from him. The crowd was so dense outside that police reserves, I hear, were summoned to maintain order. The impression made by his humorous personality and his mere presence, without movement or speech, consuming the audience with mirth, evoked a reception which a Presidential candidate might well envy."

A peculiarity of the actor's art is the inability of the actor to see himself as others see him (says a London critic). He cannot get outside himself. He cannot walk in the procession and look out of the window. The poet, the painter, and the musician can study their work objectively. The actor can never be a spectator.

Big hats led to blows, not among the wearers, in a music-hall last summer, and to a lawsuit the other day. At the Alcazar, two men in the stalls sat behind two hats, and saw nothing else. To while away the time they shouted "Hats off!" and thumped the floor. The husband of one of the hats turned round, and said, "You are hooligans!" The result was a fight, the exact circumstances of which will never be known, as even the exhaustive evidence given in court could not clear the matter up. In the witness-box one of the ladies swore that blows from a walking-stick rained upon her hat. "Luckily, madam," said the judge, "the hats of to-day are large, and you were thus adequately protected." In the end the Court found that two spectators, both gentlemen of honour and renown, one a well-known architect and the other a mayor of a seaside borough, had lost their tempers in a just cause, "large hats in theatres being an acknowledged nuisance," but that one of them, the architect, had lost his temper too completely, and while acquitting his friend, the Court sentenced him to twelve and sixpence fine.

The Zancigs, who are filling a two months' engagement at Berlin, have given a command performance in the Marble Palace at Potsdam before the guests of the Crown Prince and Princess. Their Imperial Highnesses subjected the "mind readers" to a test which was so severe that the performers were absolutely exhausted. The Crown Prince and Princess wrote down two characteristic German compound words, and asked Mme. Zancig to guess them. The words were "hinterbliebenenversicherungsfonds" (survivors' insurance funds) and "zwanzigversteigerungsergebnisse" (results of compulsory auction). Mrs Zancig gasped for breath when she attempted to negotiate these mountains of syllables, and begged the Crown Princess' permission to write the answer, which was given amid great laughter from the guests.

## HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

DIRECTION OF J. C. WILLIAMSON.  
THE TITTELL BRUNE SEASON.  
Supported by  
MR THOMAS KINGSTON,  
MRS ROBERT BROUGH,  
J. C. WILLIAMSON'S  
COMBINED DRAMATIC COMPANY.

SECOND GRAND PRODUCTION.  
WED., THURS., FRI. AND SAT.  
Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th.  
Cleoly Hamilton's Romantic Comedy,

DIANA OF DOBSON'S  
DIANA OF DOBSON'S  
An Episode in the Life of a London Shop Girl.

A DELIGHTFUL SPRING NOVELTY.  
MON. TUES. AND WED.  
Dec. 14th, 15th, and 16th.

WELCOME REVIVAL OF  
Thomas Reewood's Comedy Drama,  
"SUNDAY"  
"SUNDAY"

"Stand by the Gal in the days to come, as we stood together in the days that are gone."

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,  
Dec. 17th and 18th.  
Two Marvellous Performances,  
Shakespeare's Immortal Live Story,

ROMEO AND JULIET  
ROMEO AND JULIET  
"The Love Story of the World"

Box Plans at Wildman and Arey's.



# Spencer Pianos

HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO THE FOLLOWING

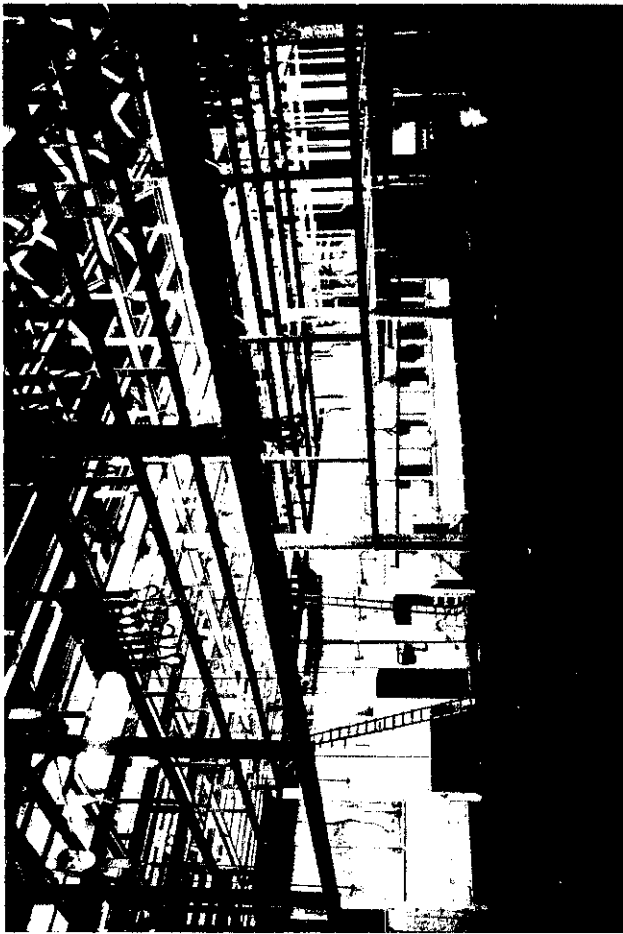
## MEN-OF-WAR.

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| H.M.S. "Albatross" | H.M.S. "Hindustan" |
| "Albatross"        | "Indefatigable"    |
| "Andromeda" (2)    | "Irresistible"     |
| "Argonaut"         | "Jupiter"          |
| "Asra"             | "Kent" (2)         |
| "Basham"           | "King Alfred"      |
| "Berwick"          | "Majestic"         |
| "Canopus"          | "Pembroke"         |
| "Centurion"        | "Pegasus"          |
| "Commonwealth"     | "Pioneer"          |
| "Cressy"           | "Powerful"         |
| "Diadem"           | "Prince of Wales"  |
| "Drake"            | "Republic"         |
| "Dryad" (2)        | "Russell"          |
| "Eamouth" (3)      | "Spartan"          |
| "Gladstone"        | "Superb"           |
| "Glory"            | "Sutlej"           |
| "Good Hope"        | "Terrible"         |
| "Hector"           | "Theseus"          |
| "Hermes"           | "Vanguard"         |
|                    | "Vindictive"       |

Also H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT"

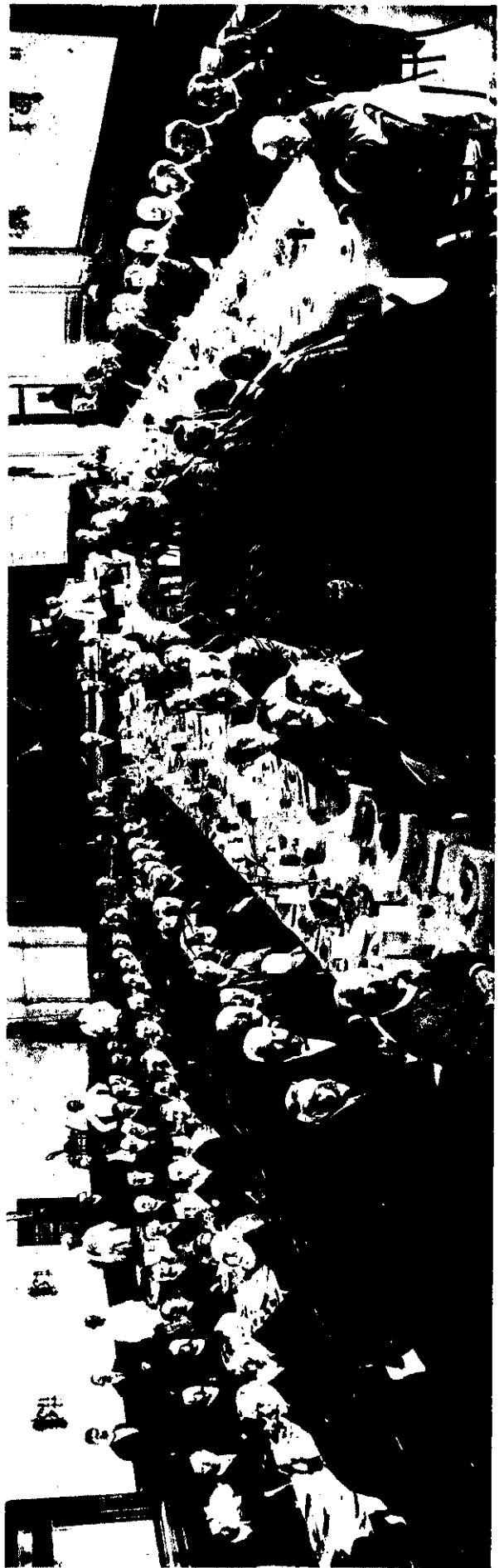
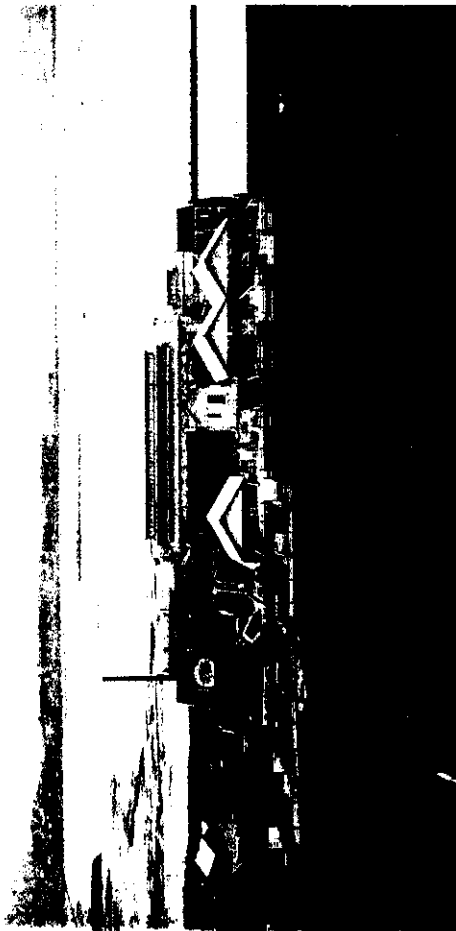
SOLE AGENTS  
FOR THESE PIANOS:  
LONDON AND BERLIN  
PIANO COY.  
215-217 QUEEN STREET.





AUCKLAND'S NEW AND SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED ABATTOIRS, OPENED LAST WEEK.

The new abattoirs cost £37,000, adjacent -shayards costing between £10,000 and £12,000, are being erected for the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile, Messrs. Buckland and Co., and Dalgety and Co. in conjunction. At present 20,200 cattle, 3,000 calves, 4300 pigs, and 110,000 sheep and lambs are killed in Auckland, and in the near future all these will probably be dealt with at the abattoirs.



WELLINGTON CITIZENS' FAREWELL LUNCHEON TO THE HON. W. HALL-JONES, NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR NEW ZEALAND, PRIOR TO LEAVING THE DOMINION FOR LONDON, LAST WEEK.



MARRIED v. SINGLE CRICKET MATCH.  
Married won by 8 runs.



THE SMALL GIRLS' RACE.  
Won by Rosalie Herkt.



STARTING MARRIED v. SINGLE LADIES' TUG-OF-WAR.



START FOR UNMARRIED LADIES' RACE.  
Won by Miss J. Barnes.



A SMALL PRIZE WINNER.



MARRIED LADIES WINNING TUG-OF-WAR.



GROUP TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE LOVELY BIT OF NATURAL BUSH ON THE PROPERTY. MR. E. YATES AND MRS. YATES, SITTING IN THE CENTRE WITH THE ORNAMENTAL ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE EMPLOYEES.

CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY OF ARTHUR YATES AND CO., AUCKLAND.

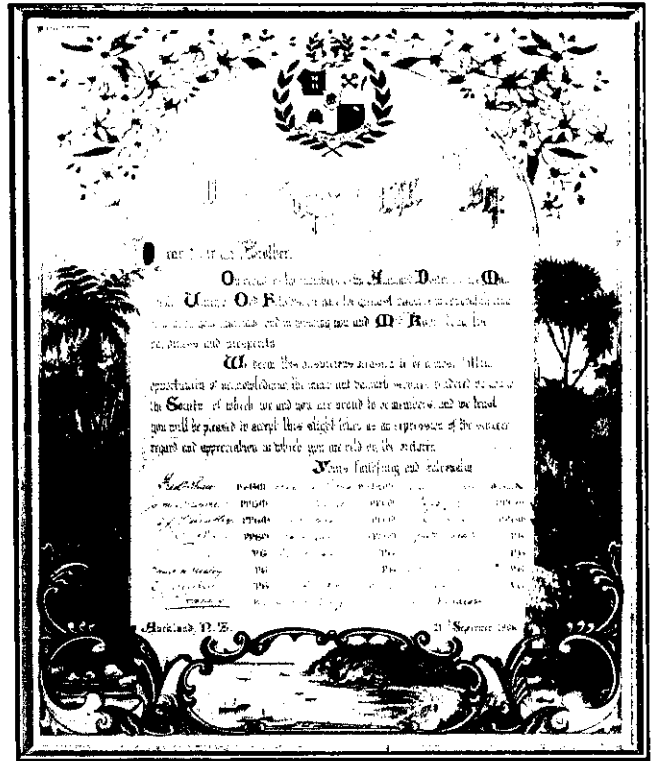
PICNIC AT THE FIRM'S BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED SEED FARM, BUCKLAND, WAIKATO.



See "Our Illustrations."

**A RECENTLY-RECOVERED RECORD OF THE PAST.**

Hongi's armour, presented to that famous chief by King George IV., and after the death of Hongi, buried until this year, now recovered by Dr. Pomare.



Brother Adolph Kohn, of the Manchester Unity Oddfellows, Auckland District, was the recipient of an artistically executed illuminated address on the occasion of his marriage from the members of the Manchester Unity Oddfellows' Premier Picnic Committee. The presentation, which was made by Brother H. A. A. Le Houx, Provincial Deputy Grand Master, on behalf of the Committee, took place at a banquet which was given to Brother Kohn in the Fountain of Friendship Lodge room, Lorne-street, on Wednesday, 25th November.



COMPETITORS IN THE DECORATED BICYCLE RACE.



SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.



THE POTATO RACE.



A GROUP OF SCHOLARS.

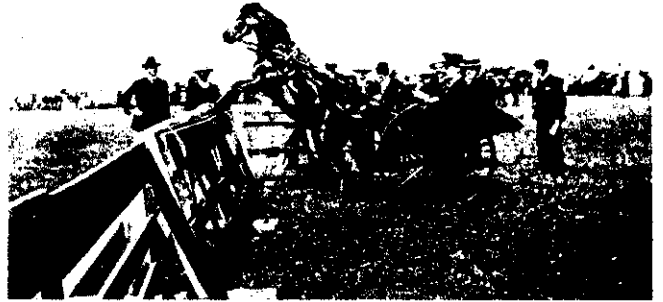


LADY STOUT JUDGING DECORATED CYCLES.

GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS WELLINGTON.

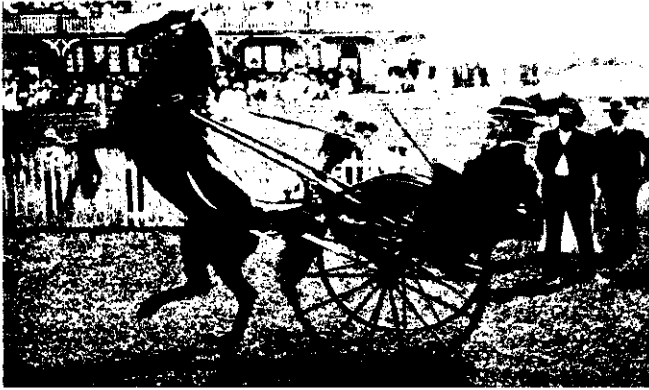


TAKING IT EASY.

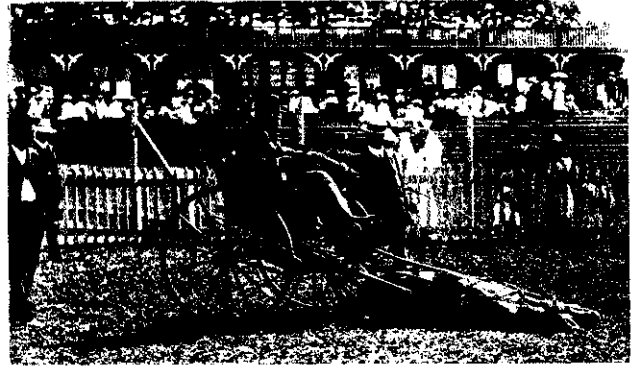


A CASE OF "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

Mr. O'Neil driving with Mr. E. T. Webster, Show Secretary.



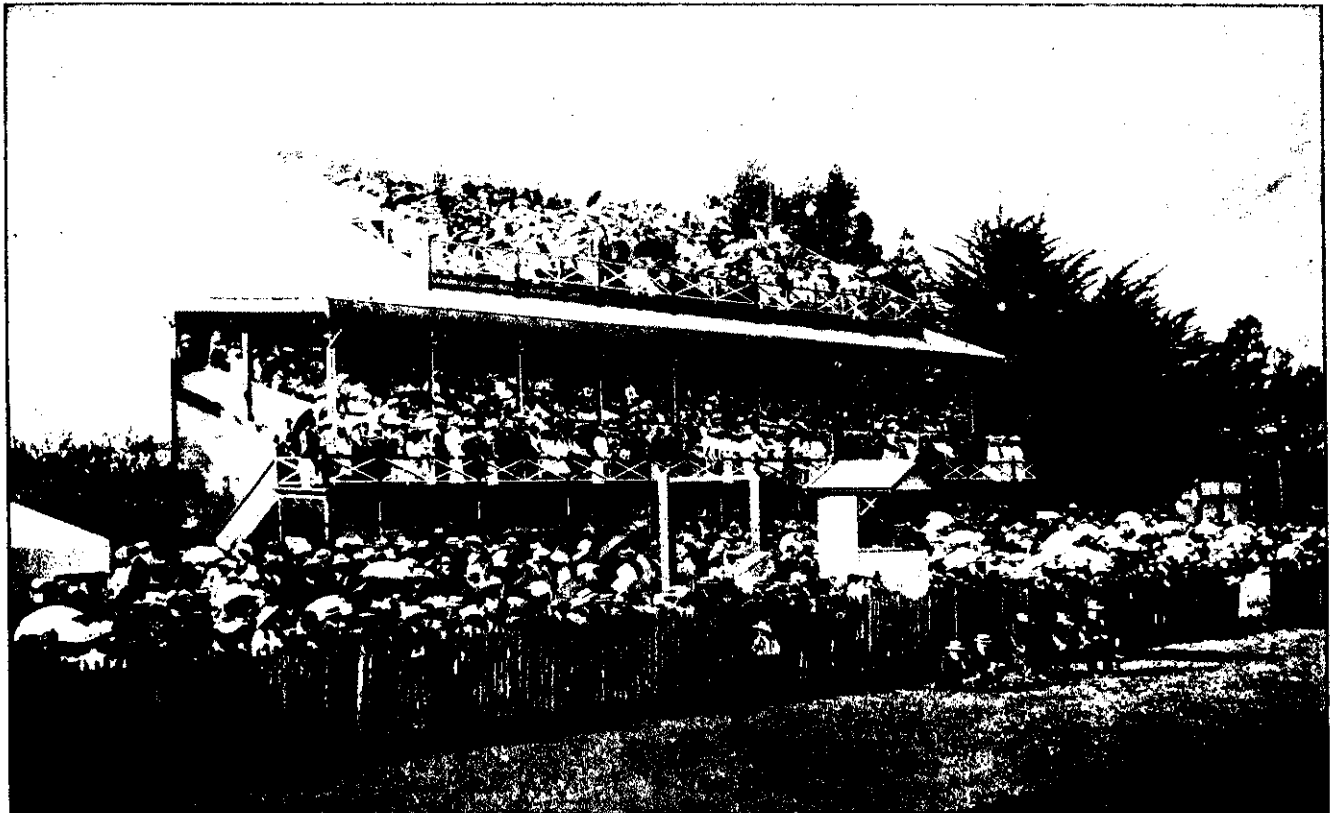
A CAKE WALK.



"DEAD TO THE WORLD."

**A CLEVER PONY AT THE TARANAKI SHOW.**

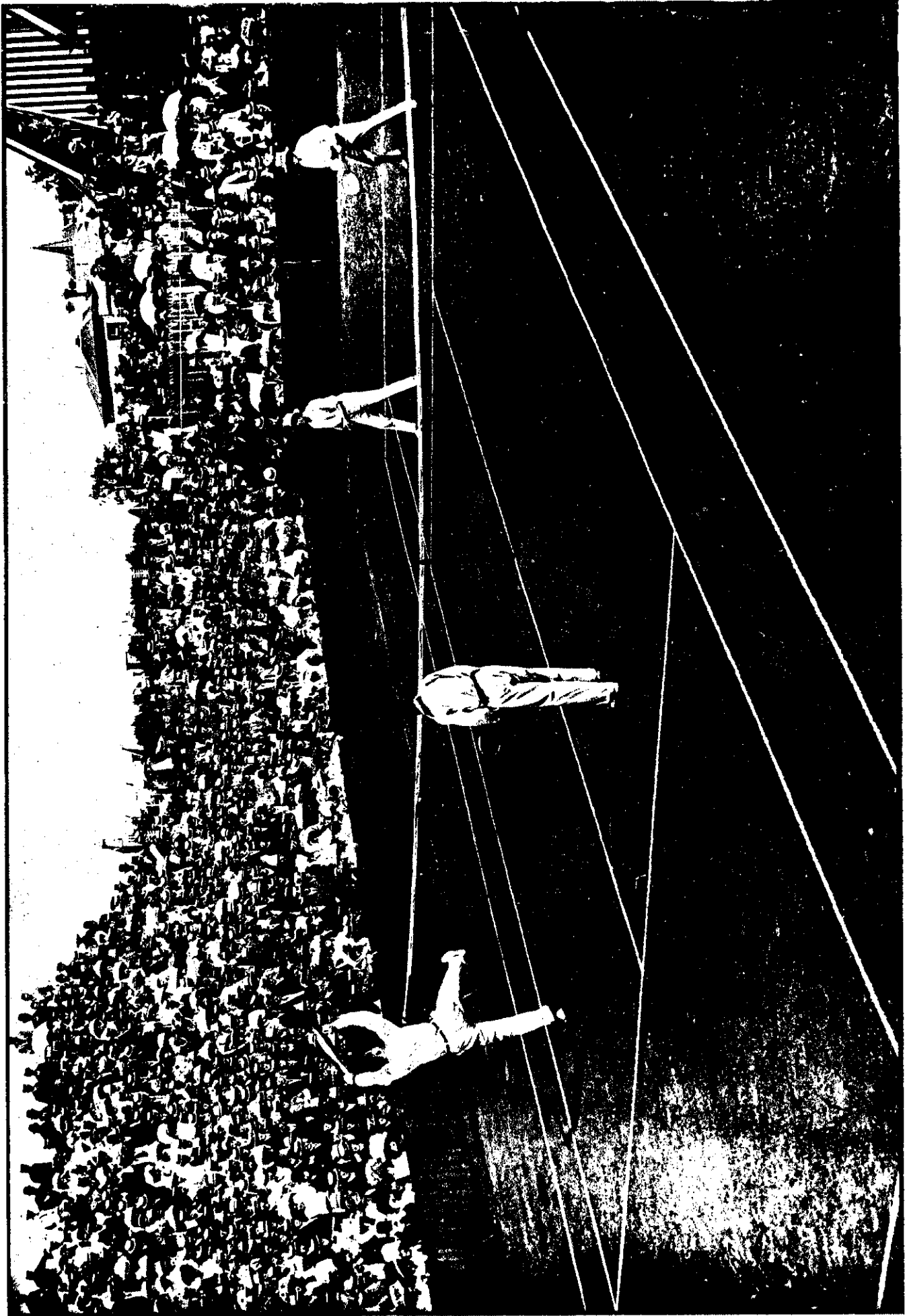
This handsome and highly-educated little equine, owned by Mr. E. O'Neil, caused much amusement by its remarkable tricks. It also took first prize for the best pony.



E. N. Jones, photo.

THE SPLENDID ATTENDANCE AT THE NELSON A. and P. SHOW.

Watching the Jumping Events from the Grandstand.



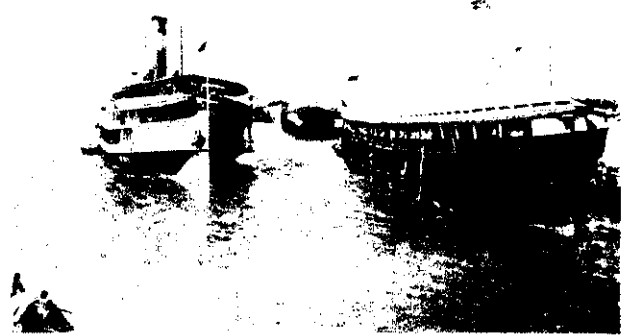
See Out-door Sports for an interesting account of this exciting contest.

**FINAL IN THE GREAT DAVIS CUP DOUBLES, MELBOURNE, 1908.**

THE AUSTRALASIAN PLAYERS VEE WILDING (New Zealand) AND BROOKES (Australia), ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE NET. WRIGHT (the left hander) AND ALEXANDER (the American players) ARE ON THIS SIDE.



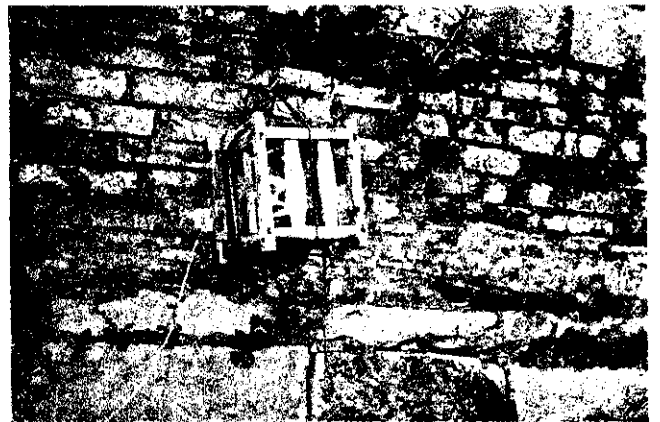
ON THE BANKS OF THE SOOCHOW CREEK, SHANGHAI.



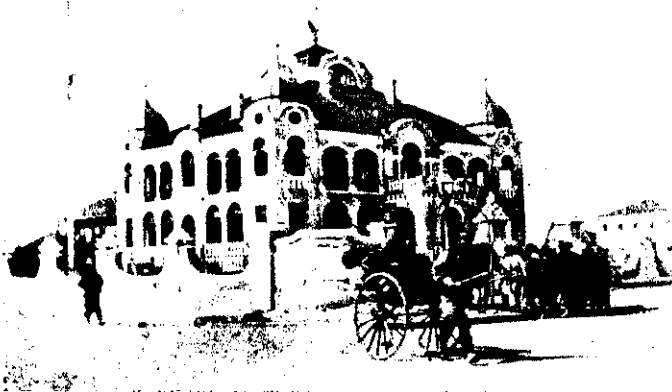
RIVER BOAT, YANGTSEKIANG RIVER.



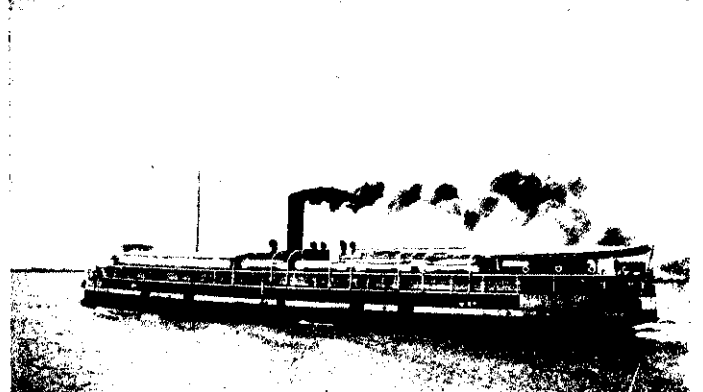
THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES THROUGHOUT CHINA LIVE ON THE CREEKS AND RIVERS IN THESE HOUSE-BOATS.



HEAD OF AN EXECUTED PIRATE, HUNG UP ON THE WALL AS A WARNING TO EVILDOERS.



THE MAGNIFICENT GERMAN CONSULATE AT HANKOW, CENTRAL CHINA.



ON THE YANGTSEKIANG.



THE GUARD.

From Central China right across Russia every train is met by a guard of soldiers, a precaution which is not altogether unnecessary, as one would judge from the cablegram last week giving details of the boating of a quarter of a million roubles from the Siberian mail train, those men being killed in the scuffle with the escort.



CHINESE SOLDIERS.

The traveller whose only knowledge of the Chinese is derived from seeing the indifferent specimens who seek their fortune in foreign lands receives a shock when he sees the fine material from which China is now evolving an army trained by European officers and equipped in the most up-to-date manner.

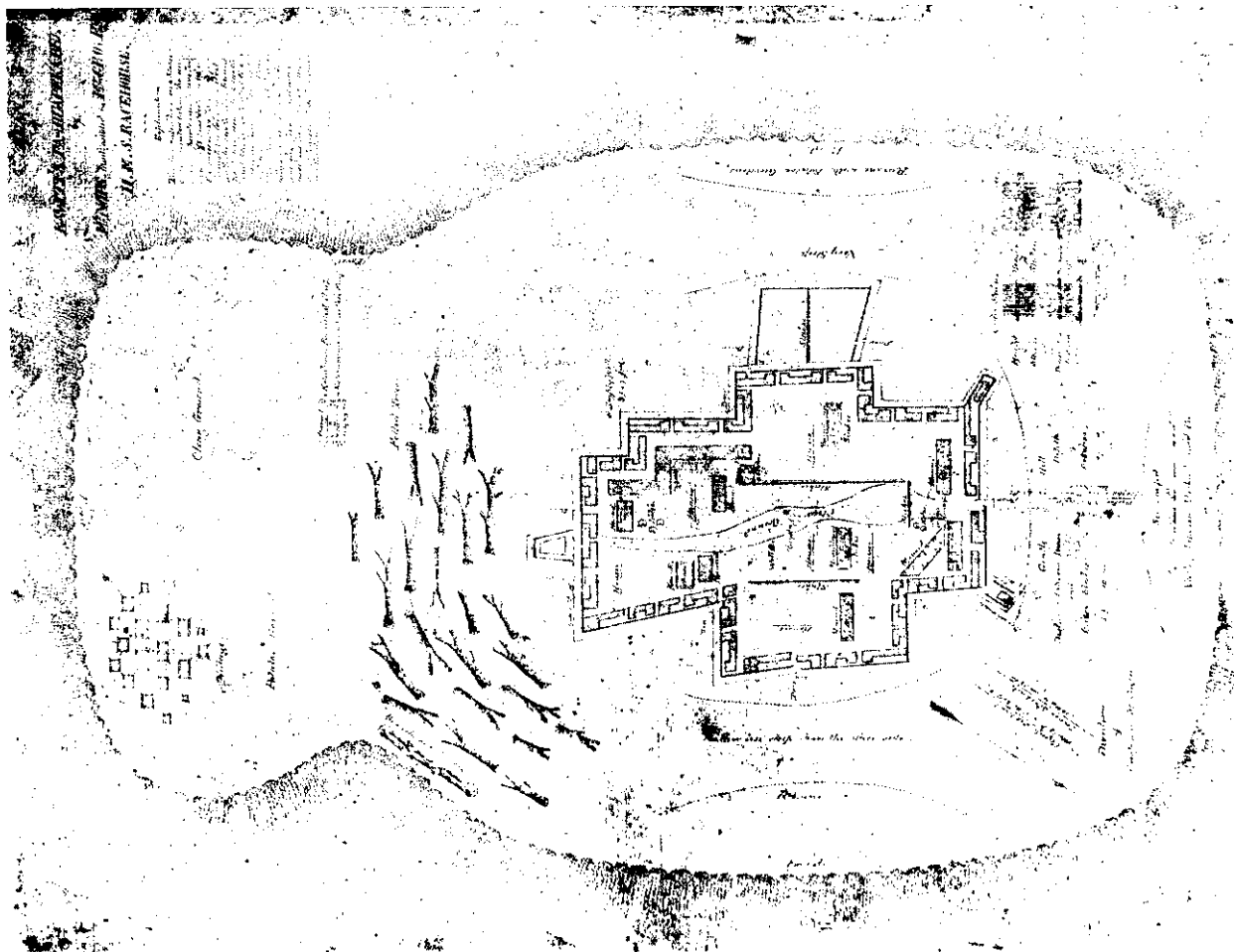
### THE MYSTERIOUS EAST: THE LAND OF STRANGE CONTRASTS.

These interesting snapshots, taken by Lieut. Colonel G. W. S. Patterson, of Auckland, on his recent trip through unfrequented parts of China, and across Siberia to the capital of Russia by the Trans-Siberian Railway, give a vivid idea of the odd juxtaposition of Oriental and Occidental ideas one encounters.



AN HISTORIC TREE.

Under this fine Kahikatea tree, the late Premier, Mr. Richard Seddon, addressed the largest gathering of Liberals ever held in the Wairarapa, and unfurled the Liberal flag. It stands in the grounds of the Masterston A. and P. Society.



A VALUABLE SOUVENIR OF THE GALLANT DEEDS OF BYGONE DAYS.

Rare copy of a plan of the famous Ropokepeke pā, drawn by an officer engaged, and presented to the Auckland Library by Mr. C. Euck, of Parnell, Auckland, whose father, Captain Atkins, distinguished himself in the famous capture of this Maori stronghold.

See our Illustrations.



LADY AND CHILDREN BATHERS.



MEN AND BOY BATHERS.

Serrell, photo.

THE SUMMER SURF BATHING SEASON, NAPIER, HAWKE'S BAY.





ENJOYING THE BACK WASH.



A QUIET ROLLER.



Surrell, photo.

SEA URCHINS.



A GLORIOUS DIP.



AWAITING A BIG ONE.



BEAUTY ON THE BEACH.

THE SUMMER SURF BATHING SEASON. NAPIER. HAWKES BAY.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS ON THE BEACH.



ONE OF THE PADDOCKS SET ASIDE FOR VISITING STOCK. THE TARARUA RANGE IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



A SECTION OF BUSH SET ASIDE FOR SHOW DAY PICNIC PARTIES.

SCENES ON THE NEW SHOW GROUNDS SPIRITEDLY ACQUIRED BY THE MASTERTON A. AND P. ASSOCIATION.

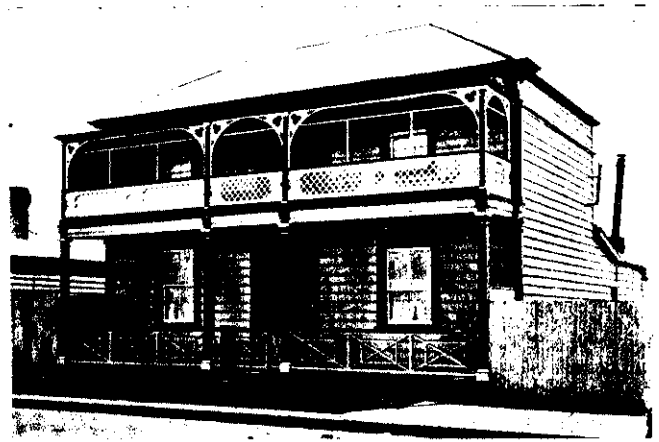


SCENES ON THE NEW SHOW GROUNDS SPIRITEDLY ACQUIRED BY THE MASTERTON A. AND P. ASSOCIATION.

ONE OF THE MANY BEAUTY SPOTS. A CREEK RUNNING THROUGH A BELT OF LOVELY NATIVE BUSH.



Gaze, photo., Hamilton. **JOHN SEARLE,** Of Hamilton (Waikato), N.Z., who celebrated his 101st Birthday last week. He served in the Waikato and Taranaki wars, and both he and his wife draw the Old-Age Pension.



**THE HOUSE OF MRS. R. WILLIAMS,** The intrepid Napier lady who shot a burglar, who had entered her premises, and made him drop his booty.



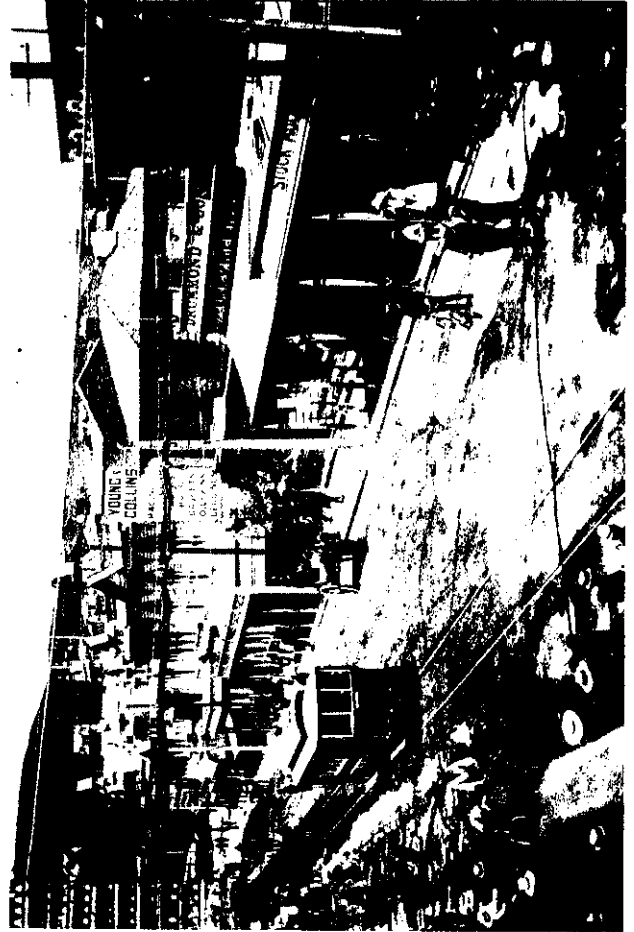
**THE LAST OF NEW ZEALAND FOR SOME YEARS.**  
Mr. Hall-Jones looking down from the Corinthic as the huge liner moved off.



Muir and Mackenzie, photo. **THE CROWD GATHERED ON THE WHARF, WELLINGTON, TO FAREWELL THE HON. HALL-JONES AND FAMILY. DEPARTURE OF OUR NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER, THE HON. HALL-JONES, FROM WELLINGTON.**



A. E. Watkinson, photo.  
OPENING THE QUEEN'S PARK CROQUET CLUB, WANGANUI: A GROUP OF MEMBERS AND PLAYERS.  
Mr. Hogan, M.P., declaring the laws open for play.



Lampie Tesla Studio, photo.  
INSTALLATION OF MUNICIPAL ELECTRIC TRAMS IN WANGANUI  
The first car passing up Victoria Avenue

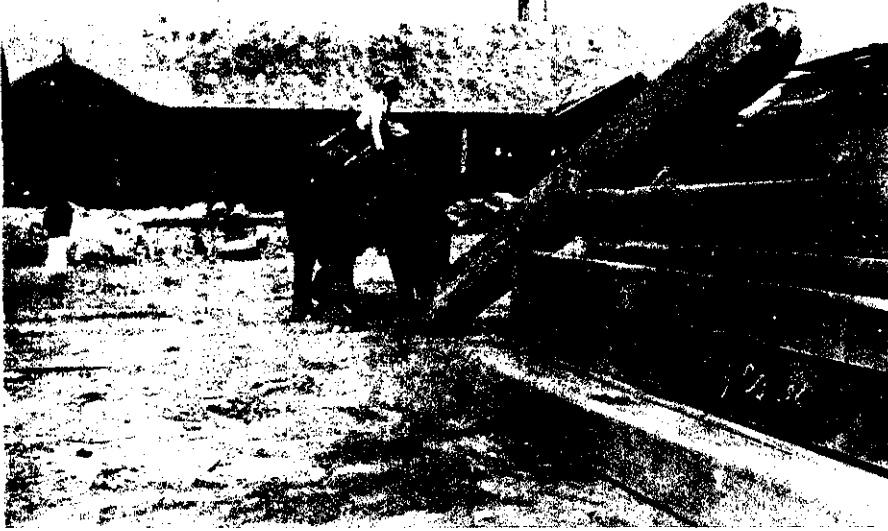


MR G. HATCHER'S TANDEM.  
First Prize-taker at the Auckland Show.



Lampie Tesla Studio, photo.  
THE FIRST DIP OF THE YEAR—OPENING OF THE SWIMMING BATHS, WANGANUI.

## GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



ELEPHANTS WORKING IN THE TIMBER YARDS.

## BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL

By WINIFRED H. LEYS, AUCKLAND.

### BURMA: A SUNNY LAND AND A VERY MERRY PEOPLE.

**W**HEN we landed in Rangoon, which is situated twenty-one miles up the Rangoon River, the Burmese were holding a festival. Besides this diver-

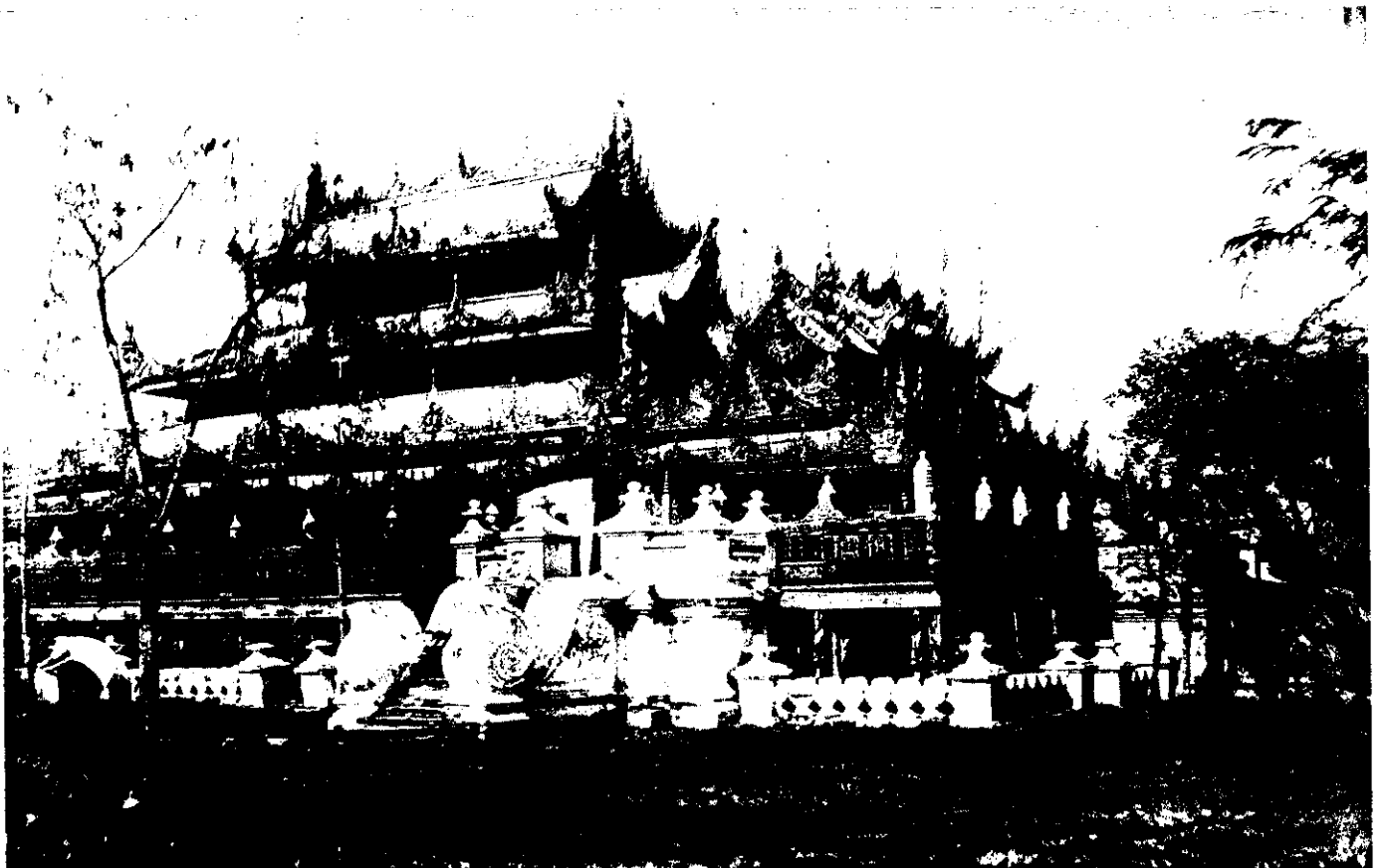
sion, the air was full of excitement at the prospect of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and peculiar arches had been erected on the straight road which runs parallel to the water-

front, and is termed the Strand. As the various nationalities resident in Rangoon had erected each a separate and typical arch, the reception promised to be of a most unique description. However, ex-

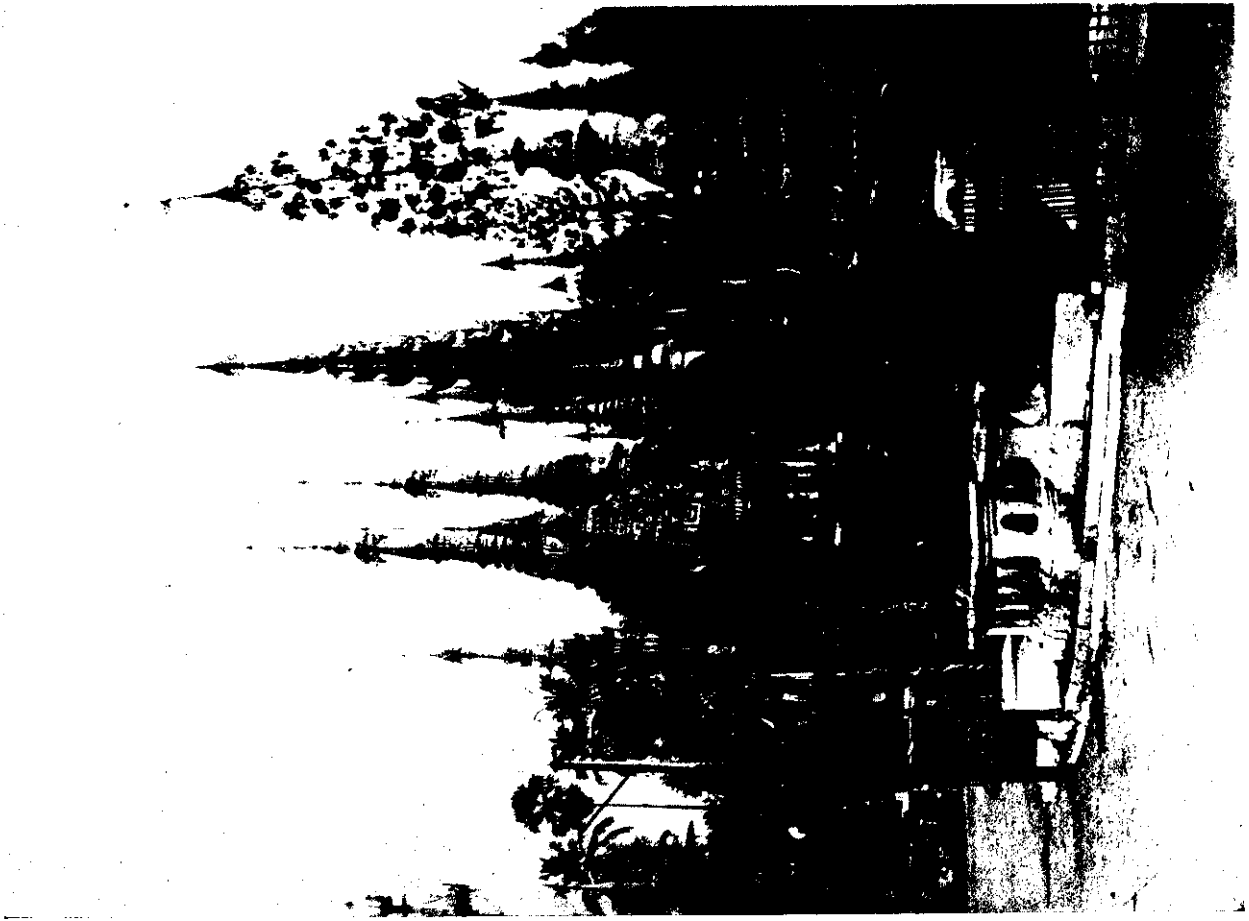
cept for the Government offices and Government House, there is little of architectural beauty or interest in Rangoon city. Fifty-six years ago it was but a fishing village; now it is an influential seaport, consequently its buildings have been somewhat hastily erected to cope with the increased commercial need. Near the Strand is the Suli pagoda, which is an interesting pagoda indeed, but so dwarfed by the Shwe Dagon pagoda, which rises on a hill about two miles distant, that the traveller pays it little attention. The native shops are not particularly attractive, mainly because the Burman prefers to have a stall in the Municipal Bazaar, which is a large covered-in area extremely like an English municipal market. The wood-carving shops and those where Burmese silver goods are sold, are, however, attractive, for the Burmans are adepts in both these arts, their double carving being exceptionally clever and effective. On the average, their silver work is of better finish than that of the Hindus.

As soon as we branch away from the Strand and have passed beyond the more densely populated quarters of the city, the pretty homes, with their thatched roofs drooping over the tiny verandahs, on which the brilliantly-dressed Burmese women sit, and the general appearance of shade and cleanliness, make up a very attractive scene. This characteristic reaches a point well nigh of perfection in the English quarter, where the homes of the civil and military officers are set amid a freshness, a greenness, a beauty that is positively idyllic.

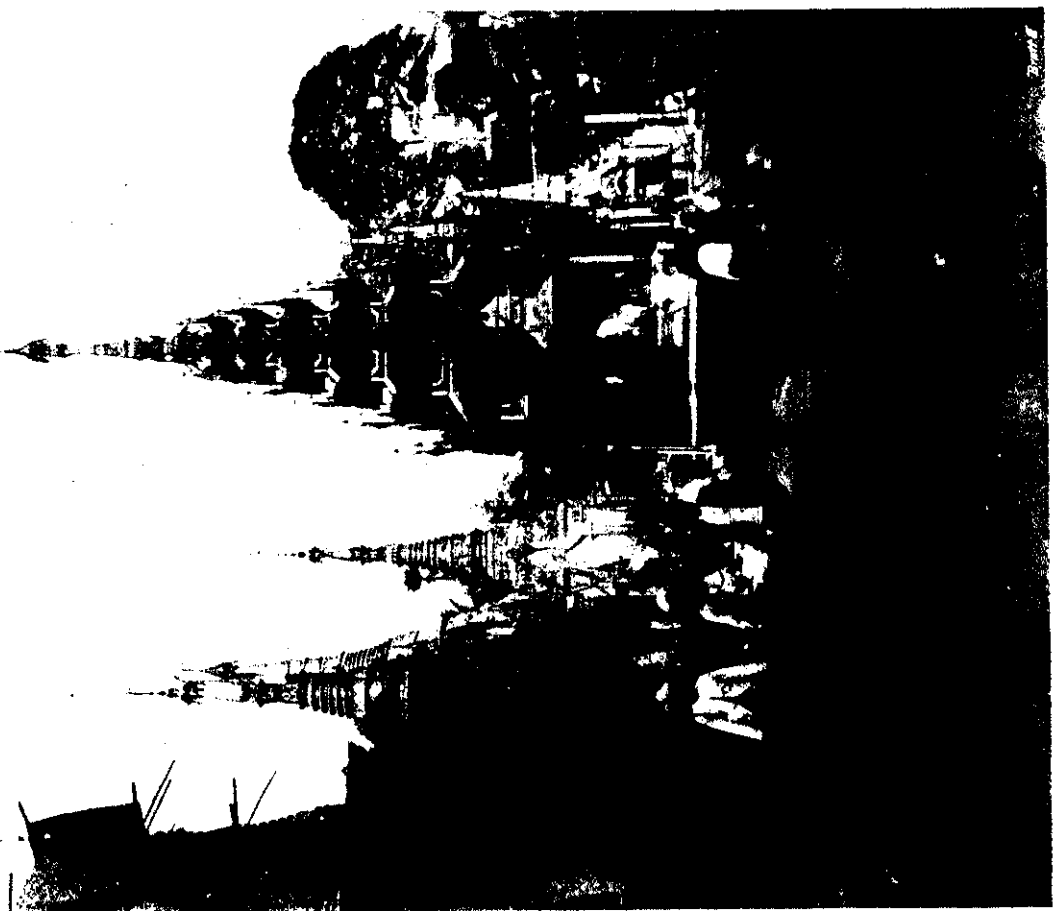
Each station throughout the Indian Empire has its social club, where, on certain days of the week, the members of the European society gather to play games, or merely to chatter with their friends. Our first introduction to this custom was at the delightful Bombay Yacht Club, where every Tuesday and Friday the long lawn which stretches in front of the club-house and overhangs the harbour, was gay with the chatter of the well-dressed European residents and visitors walking up and down or sipping tea at the little tables spread about for that purpose. We had several more opportunities of enjoying this phase of Anglo-Indian life, but nowhere did it seem so entrancing as out at the Rangoon Boat Club. Thanks to the thoughtfulness of a member of the Rangoon Boat Club, we spent our first afternoon in



THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY, MANDALAY.



ANOTHER SCENE ON THE TERRACE OF THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.



ON THE TERRACE OF THE SHWE DAGON TEMPLE, MANDALAY.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



A BURMESE VILLAGE ON THE IRRAWADDY RIVER.

Burma out on the Royal Lakes, deservedly considered the prettiest spot in Rangoon. Afternoon tea was served to us on the wide verandah of the club-house, overlooking the lakes with their heavily-wooded islands, through the trees of which peeped the red-roofed, picturesque houses of the European residents. In the cool of the evening we had a row on the lakes, in and out among the islands, watching the children playing on the banks, carefully guarded by their ayahs, and the carriages of the European residents drawing up in line beside the bandstand in Dalhousie Park, where all were meeting in the brilliancy of that Burmese sunset, a little band of white faces drawn into friendly social intercourse by the ties of blood and race. Of the many interesting and contrasting features of the life of the European in the East, these social clubs seemed to me the most attractive.

But the most impressive thoughts when entering Burma was that we had left Hinduism behind and come to the land of Buddhism; had left temples and mosques behind and entered the land of pagodas. That is to say, that while there is in Burma a fair sprinkling of all the religions of the East, the national religion of the country is Buddhism. As we steamed up the river towards Rangoon, and later on when rowing on the lakes, we had admired the golden spire of the Shwe Dagon pagoda, so on the second afternoon of our stay we rattled out in a shaky, much varnished and sticky gharry, to view it at close quarters.

From a distance, the tall tower, dwindling in size until it ends in a sharp spike, forms a landmark it is impossible to escape. Almost the whole of the Pagoda, some three hundred feet in height, is covered by pure gold leaf, the last twenty feet or more being composed of solid gold bricks, representing a wealth of some thousands of pounds; the value of the circlet of jewels that dance and sparkle in the sun, some twenty feet or so from the summit of the pagoda, I should not care to even guess at.

That the Shwe Dagon pagoda is the greatest pagoda in the world there seems to be no two opinions, and without a doubt it is the grandest monument ever erected to the Buddha. Those who live in sight of it say they grow more and more under the influence of its predominantness until, when returning to Rangoon, after a long or short absence, they welcome the sight of its shining tower, as others welcome the pyramid, the winged lion of St. Mark's, or the great dome of St. Paul's.

In Burma pagodas are tall, conical towers, varying in size with regard to the amount of money spent upon them. Usually they are made of brick, and the smooth, plastered surface is painted white or gilded. The most ancient and most sacred pagodas contain the relics of Buddha, but there are many hundreds in Burma that are merely monuments to the great teacher, raised by

pious Burmans as acts of reverence. In themselves pagodas are not temples, but being usually raised on a platform they

are then surrounded by shrines, in which are figures of the Buddha. The Shwe Dagon pagoda is held in especial rever-

ence, for it is believed that under this tomb lie the ashes of the great teacher himself.

On that sunny afternoon, as we walked past the two enormous white plastered griffins, and on up the flight of steps between the stalls where are the sellers of candles, incense sticks, and flowers, a stream of brightly dressed worshippers passed us, going up and down.

What we saw when we came out on to the terrace, which, hidden from the road by a circle of tall trees, completely surrounds the pagoda, was one of the greatest surprises of my life. Here was a perfect village of shrines—large, and small, and tiny—perfect gems of carved wood and Burmese lacquer, and each containing an alabaster figure of the Buddha. Men, women, and children knelt before them, holding up some spray of flowers or lighted candle, and now and then the passing breeze set ringing all the thousands of little bells that crown the summits of the shrines. Nowhere does India afford such a picture of real Oriental feeling as is to be seen on the terrace that surrounds the Shwe Dagon pagoda. The great golden pagoda itself, the clusters of brilliantly-dressed worshippers, the misshapen beggars who lie before the shrines and cry plaintively as you pass, the stray fowls and pariah dogs, the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the myriads of tiny bells, all create in the mind a fervour almost equal to that of the worshippers themselves.

The Burmese are an intensely religious people, each man spending a great part of his boyhood in a monastery; but though the end they strive after is no



THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

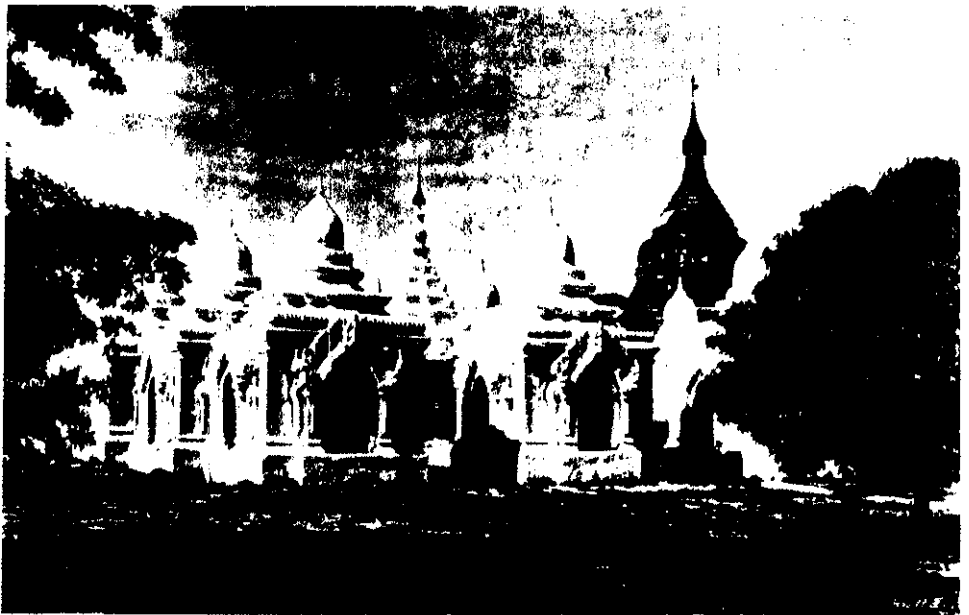


heaven of reward, but the Great Peace, the freedom from all existence, they are yet the very, very happiest folks that live.

That same evening we drove out towards the big Pagoda to witness the continuation of the Pwe, or festival. None of us knew our way, and our driver seemed to know less, so it took some time and much excitement on our part and protestation on the part of the driver ere we were eventually turned out of the trap and told we must walk the rest of the way. However, it was no hardship to walk through that moonlit Burmese village, where the beams came shimmering through the heavy tropical vegetation and cast fantastic spiky-palm shadows across our path.

A turn in the road brought us to a spot where a wooden staircase led up to a building gaily lit with Chinese lanterns. This we found to be a theatre, and at the moment of our arrival a powdered-faced clown was carrying on an argument with a girl, and both were receiving huge applause. The Burmese are great jokers, and the clown performance is, I'm told, part of every large festival.

A burly Burmese policeman, who had taken it upon himself to conduct us, hustled us away and up a neighbouring flight of steps, past a street of temporary stalls containing sweets and fruit and food of one sort and another and the most delightful paper mache toys, all jointed, and representing dogs, and griffins and tigers, through a temple where was a large figure of Buddha, and so out on to the brow of a hill, from



AMONG THE 450 TEMPLES, MANDALAY.



TEMPORARY STALLS OUTSIDE THE MUNICIPAL MARKET, MANDALAY.

nut and banana palms cast shadows on the brown platted-leaf houses.

The men are not far behind in their choice of a brilliant costume. In addition to the white coats and bright silk or print loongis, they wear round their heads a brightly coloured satin handkerchief tied in much the fashion of an Italian brigand of ancient days. But the point that strikes one most is the personal cleanliness of everyone. Oh! What a relief it is after the filth and grime of India. Though the folk make merry at their festivals they do not forget the religion which is really an origin of the festival. On the last day many hundreds of presents were given to the monks of the neighbouring mona-series—presents mainly of food and clothing.

But it would be indeed an in-sult to the cleverest workers of Burma were I to forget to mention the elephants that shift timber in the yards of Rangoon. In spite of their enormous size they are the neatest animal workers imaginable. In the yard we visited, there were three at work, one aged seventy years and the smartest of the lot. It made us laugh to see him go up to a log, weighing some ton, and place his foot on it, and hopping on three legs, shove that log down the yard to the pile where it was to be stacked. Arriving at the pile, down on his knees he would flop, then, curling his trunk into his mouth, with the aid of his half broken tusks, he would hoist that log up until it rested on the pile, and there, with his still bent trunk, would hold it in position

Continued on page 42.

whence we could see the whole of the festival grounds.

Here were acres and acres of flaming torches, streets and streets of temporary stalls, containing all manner of foods and clothing and household goods, hundreds of men, women and children, all dressed in bright silk clothes and moving to and fro or squatting in the hollow below us, watching a somewhat extensive Punch and Judy show, while from the tent to the right came the loud applause that greeted the performance of the dancing girls.

On the other side of the valley, the whole of which was occupied by the stalls and swings, merry-go-rounds, and miniature Ferris wheels, was another theatre, from which issued the strains of the typical droning Oriental music—the sort of thing that charms a snake, but why it should charm anything else is beyond comprehension.

Hours soon slipped by in the valley of gaiety. The garing of torches, the whizzing of the merry-go-rounds, the swaying of the dancing girls, the droning of the music, and most of all the laughter that resounded everywhere, carried us back to the merry days of childhood, and

we too laughed and applauded with the very merriest around us.

The women of the audience in the dancing tent were most bewitchingly pretty, and they sat so quiet and seemed so happy that I felt my heart go out to them—one and all: unveiled, free from all caste and purdah restrictions, hard-working and yet well-treated by their husbands, they lead a perfectly happy life.

Their faces, which are of a Japanese type, with a clear brown skin, which unfortunately is sometimes very over-powdered, their mass of jet black hair coiled in a heavy crown on the top of their heads, their spotlessly clean white jackets and folded silk loongis varying in colour from cerise to pale pink or green, make them the very daintiest little women that ever captivated the hearts of men. It is a picture charming enough to make any man pause in his walk when three of these dainty little souls, each in her clean white jacket, each with a bright silk loongi or tight petticoat, and a differently coloured scarf thrown gracefully across her shoulders, and her jet black hair shining in the light, go arm in arm down a shady street where cocoa-

# FOOTWEAR.

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WE HAVE 42 Varieties to Select from; by far the largest selection in Auckland

LADIES' TAN SHOES, 8/11, 10/5, 10/9, 11/3, 12/6, 13/6 and 14/6 pair.  
LADIES' TAN BOOTS, 12/6, 13/6, 14/6, 15/6 and 16/6 pair.

### TENNIS BOOTS and SHOES.

LADIES' TENNIS SHOES, 2/6, 2/11 and 3/11 pair.  
GENT'S TENNIS SHOES, 2/11, 3/11 and 3/11 pair.  
GENT'S TENNIS BOOTS, 4/11, 5/6 and 5/11 pair.

At Miller's Boot Palace,  
102 and 104 VICTORIA STREET.



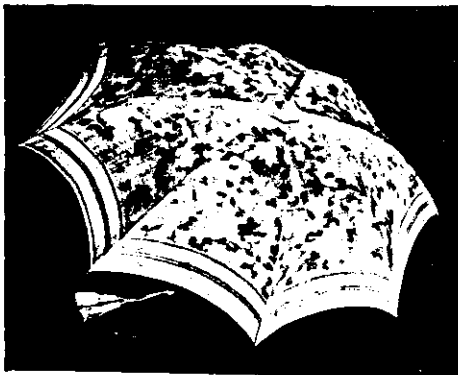
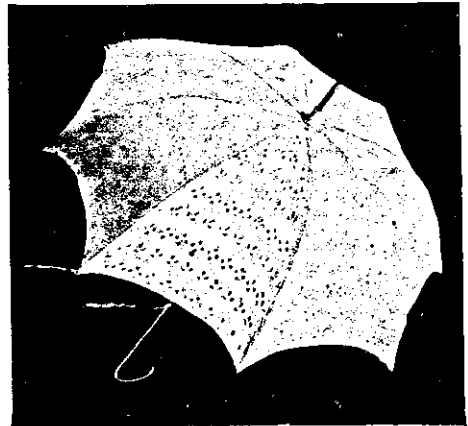
GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

THE RANGOON LAKES, SHOWING THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA IN THE DISTANCE.

## Smart Sunshades for Summer.

**T**HE Sunshade plays a double part in a lady's summer outfit. It is useful in keeping off the rays of the sun, and, 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.

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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.

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PLAIN AND FIGURED TUSSORE PARASOLS, 4/6, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6, 9/11.

LIGHT FANCY COTTON PARASOLS, all latest designs, 3/11, 4/9, 4/11, 6/3, 7/6 and 8/6.

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FANCY WHITE EMBROIDERED LAWN AND MUSLIN PARASOLS, 7/11, 10/6, 11/6, 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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AUCKLAND.**

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Now Open! ————— Now Open!

# STEWART DAWSON & Co.

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## TREASURE HOUSE

# At the Corner of Queen and Durham Sts.

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### DAINTY BROOCHES.

This illustration shows only a few of our lovely Brooches. We have all the latest and best designs to select from. You can rely on the quality of our Goods. We pay postage and guarantee safe delivery, and if you are not satisfied with your purchase on receiving same, we will exchange, or refund your money in full. If inconvenient to visit our Treasure House, write for our illustrated Catalogue. It contains greater variety and we will send it free by return.

Deal direct with us as we have no agents or travellers.

### STEWART DAWSON & CO.,

Treasure House, Queen Street, Auckland.



F 303.—15 ct. Gold Pearl Set Half Moon and Spray Brooch in Morocco Case, £5 10/-.



H 145.—9 ct. Gold Brooch, with raised Letters and Fern, 14/6.



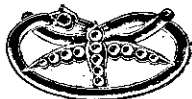
H 2832.—Greenstone and 9 ct. Gold word Brooch, 23/-  
Other Designs and Sizes from 18/6 up to 1/1.



H 1654.—9 ct. Gold-mounted Pearl Set Greenstone Brooch, 21/-.



G 9789.—15 ct. Gold Brooch, Set 1 Sapphire, 2 Diamonds, in Morocco Case, £5/10/-.



H 4766.—9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, 27/6.



F 5031A.—15 ct. Gold Crescent on Bar Brooch, 13 Diamonds, 17 Rubies, and Whole Pearl, in Morocco Case, £15/10/-.



H 4949.—9 ct. Gold Watch Pendant Brooch, 14/6.



H 4220.—15 ct. Gold Brooch in Morocco Case, £2 2/-.



G 9310.—9 ct. Gold-mounted Pearl Set Greenstone Brooch, 16/6.



H 2479.—3 ct. Gold Brooch Amethyst Centre, 7/6.



G 2367.—9 ct. Gold, Turquoise, and Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, 32/6.



H 4245.—15 ct. Gold, Opal and Ruby Brooch, in Morocco Case, 37/6.



F 7032.—9 ct. Gold, Diamond and Ruby Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, 21/-.



H 2282.—9 ct. Gold-mounted Greenstone Brooch, 27/6.



G 3771.—15 ct. Gold, Amethyst and Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, £3/10/-.



G 2569.—15 ct. Gold Pearl Set Spray Brooch, in Morocco Case, 44/-.



H 1389.—9 ct. Gold Topaz Set Brooch in Morocco Case, 22/6.



H 2011.—9 ct. Gold-mounted Pearl Set Greenstone Brooch, 14/6.



H 4942.—9 ct. Gold Brooch, Set with Pearls, 13/6.



G 5210.—9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Safety Pin, 6/6.



H 4393.—9 ct. Gold Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, 21/-.



H 2530.—Greenstone and 9 ct. Gold Brooch, 19/6.



H 1172.—9 ct. Gold Amethyst and Pearl Set Brooch, in Morocco Case, 16/6.

The Art of Making

POT-POURRI

By Mervyn Jones

IN these days of strenuous living, when we hurry through the hours as though we wished to get level with Father Time himself, the very sound of the old-fashioned word "Pot-pourri" makes us pause.

Who, in the early years of the twentieth century, cares to waste valuable moments in making such old-fashioned stuff, when scents are plentiful, and flowers are to be had all the year round?

Nevertheless there are some noble dames who have notions respecting the "Simple Life," and who are setting a good example to their more flighty sisters in Society by reviving lost arts of needlework, and by passing some of the summer days in collecting rose leaves and sweet-smelling herbs, in order to fill quaint old jars with the same fragrant mixture as their long-departed grandmothers delighted in producing.

A hundred years ago it was not thought

dishonourable for the Grand Dame to bribe the stillroom maids of her intimate friends in order to obtain recipes and



SEVRES POT-POURRI VASE.

ingredients necessary for the plishing of their own favourite pots. On the



A THREE CORNERED CASKET.

staircases, in out of the way corners, and on shelves, wide-mouthed jars or vases filled with pot-pourri made the air fragrant with subtle scents.

They had not so much variety of entertainment in those quiet days. Words

There are many recipes for the making of pot-pourri. A convent near Brussels holds a famous one, said to have been written out by a French queen centuries since. A Sister told one of the boarders that fifty ingredients went to



SILVER POT-POURRI CASKET, WITH BLUE ENAMEL PANELS DECORATED WITH GROUPS OF CUPIDS.

were perhaps more profuse, actions less ready, and very likely the thoughts of their inmost hearts went the way of wickedness more than at present—because they had no outlet for their energies, and perforce made a serious business of household trifles.

No perfume procured from abroad can ever have the same wonderful effect on tired nerves as a good and well-mixed pot-pourri. The subtlety and elusiveness of the fragrance suggests restfulness; at times the scent is faint, and hardly noticeable; yet before and after rain the stuff sends out strong whiffs of sweetness. A lady who has for years studied this art assured me that her pot-pourri jars are a kind of diary.

On such a night some one gave her red roses—the dead leaves lie in the pot-pourri jar; or a lover brought her violets, and these too went towards the making of her sweet concoction. Tonquin beans came from a dear brother; so did cinnamon and spices; an old broken sandal-wood fan had played a part in a little love affair, and these fragments had also been committed to the quaint jar, which held her memories, some sad, some sweet.

its making, and that it was forbidden for any one to reveal the secret of its special spice.

The ingredients (if one is intent on getting a sweet and long-keeping pot-pourri) should be gathered by degrees. The rose leaves can be purchased at a herbalist's shop; but to store them oneself, to pluck a few at a time from a gar-



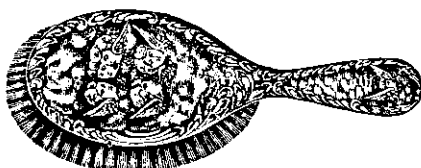
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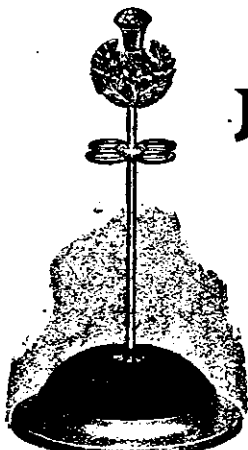
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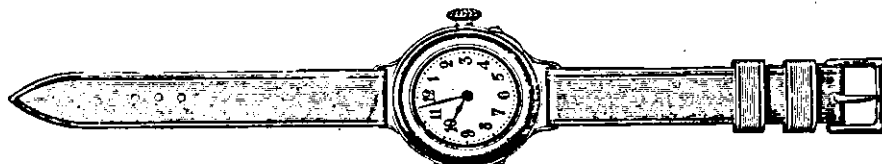
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den, or beg them from one's friends, is a daintier method of collecting. Lavender is not always to be found—at least in every garden; it can be bought when the season comes round, or at any other time, from a florist's. The rosemary, thyme, and sweet-scented marjoram, should be got fresh from some country place, and dried in the sun.

Sandal-wood chips, manna, orris root, cinnamon, crushed cloves, and nutmeg—all these are advisable. It is best to mix a small quantity at a time, for a preponderance of any one ingredient over the other will spoil the whole. Rose leaves, however, are excepted; of these there must be ten times the quantity of other leaves, lavender a proportion of a quarter, and rosemary a sixth part. This is why the making of pot-pourri is an art—one must study the value of its component parts. To send to a shop and buy just so many ounces of this or that will make your jars of no historic value; they are to be filled for time, not for days.

I have in my study an old vase which a friend filled for me seven years ago; it still smells as sweetly as it did then, although it has simply been turned out occasionally and spread on a sheet of paper in the sunshine.

We know by our jar when it will rain, and when the wind will be easterly. Pot-pourri does not give off much fragrance during the prevalence of easterly winds, but after an April shower the scent is particularly strong.

The recipe given here was obtained from an old servant of the Vane Tem-

pest family. She has in her possession a casket of silver, with enamelled panels, representing "The Loves." It still contains some Pot-pourri in its velvet-lined interior which has been there no doubt since the late Queen Victoria was young. A pretty love story goes with that little casket. There was a lock of light brown hair folded in a scrap of paper yellow with age, and on the paper the date, 1837, with a short but telling sentence, written in the very round schoolboy hand of that period—

FROM ARTHUR TO DEAR DORA.  
LOVE FOR EVER.

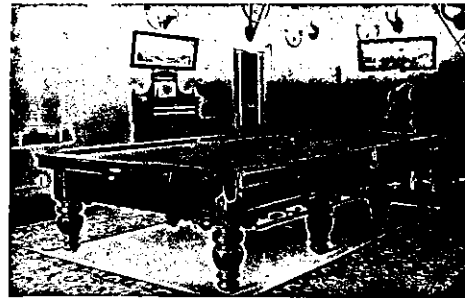
Holding the faded bit of writing in one's hand, and fingering the faintly perfumed dead rose leaves, we wonder did Dora hide this little love token from prying eyes, to be wept over, and taken out on rare occasions? Was the Arthur faithful to his Dora, or did he die young? Could the old casket speak, what a tale might emanate from its velvet-lined interior!

Other quaint and odd-shaped vases, which were much valued by our grandmothers, are being brought out of old lumber rooms, in hopes that the orifice in the base, which lets the air permeate through the Pot-pourri, may exist, and so become once again the receptacles of the fresher mixtures.

Should the special pot which the maker of Pot-pourri wishes to fill have no outlet, it may be sent to a shop where good riveters are employed, who understand how to bore china without cracking it.

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The recipe given by the old house-keeper is as follows—Rose leaves a double handful, half that quantity of fresh and well dried lavender, a dozen sprigs of rose-mary, with just a small bit of rue, if obtainable, half an ounce of cinnamon in stick, an ounce of manna, two dozen cloves, some sandal-wood chips, and an ounce of orris root.

The leaves of dead violets retain their scent a much shorter time than the roses, but they make a good addition to the above; also Tonquin beans which are not included in the recipe.

Having obtained by degrees all the ingredients, they must be well pounded and crushed, sprinkled with salt, and a few small lumps of bay salt should be added. The mixture must be covered over for one month, but turned or stirred with a bit of wood each day.

An unglazed earthenware pan is the best receptacle for the ingredients, and a large flower pot is useful for storing the rose leaves.

Some recipes recommend a small admixture of those sweet herbs which grow in kitchen gardens, thyme and sweet marjoram. But if good old-fashioned cabbage roses are obtainable, they possess a stronger scent than the highly cultivated ones; Gloire de Dijon, also, are very strongly scented.

What better occupation for an idle summer day than to sit on a grassy lawn and spread out the roses you have gathered and turn them over as they lie on a wide sheet of paper? It is an idyllic pastime. Those who have plenty of roses may find amusement in making Pot-pourri for their less fortunate friends. I do not know of any gift which has given me so much pleasure as the jar of Pot-pourri which has scented my study for seven years, and still wafts fragrance on the air, bringing back memories of one happy summer.

A word of advice to the intending collector of Pot-pourri. Let your pots be wide-mouthed if unable to get them bored at the base; and, if too smooth of interior a roughened surface may be made by the use of sand-paper. The quaint head of a Japanese woman shown in our illustration has a perforated lid which allows the air to enter and keep the leaves and spices dry.

The peculiarity of this vase is that if one stares at it intently for a few seconds the smile seems to broaden out perceptibly. Whether this was originally intended for Pot-pourri we do not know, but the perforated lid would indicate that this was its use. It was brought from the West Indies by a sailor. At a period when the trading vessels of England were sailing vessels whose voyages lasted for many years at a stretch, the men would invariably bring home some curio as a gift to friend or sweetheart, and these were handed down to their children.

Unfortunately, the illustration of the two-handled vase cannot give any idea of its beautiful colouring. The body is of a deep cerulean blue, the flowers raised and painted in most delicate tints—rose pink, faint lilac, and yellow. It has also an inner cover with five holes; there are two smaller vases, exactly the same, which complete the set.

The Oriental vase is composed of some porcelain not made now; the white surface is glossy, but not shiny; the tinting of the bird, flower, and butterfly brilliant without being hard. Though the age is unknown, it has the correct aperture in the base.

**Read Four Languages at the Age of Four.**

A ten year old prodigy of learning, William J. Sidis, has astonished the intellectual world of Boston by passing the entrance examination in to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the highest institution of its kind in the United States, where the average age of entrants is twenty-one.

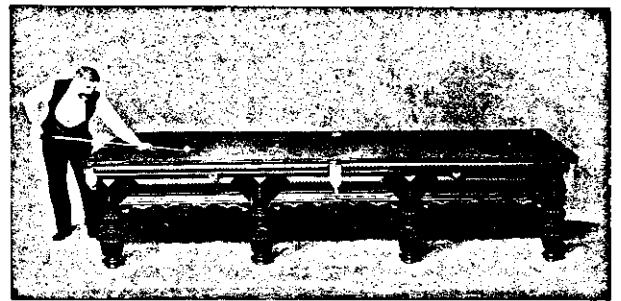
The boy is attracting the attention of psychologists, who consider that he gives support to the theory of inherited characteristics. His father, Dr. Boris Sidis, is a Russian of exceptional intellectual attainments, and his mother is a physician of unusual skill.

The youngster could read and write at two years of age, and at four he spoke fluently, and read at eight four languages. Now he is capable of holding his own in discussions on the nebular hypothesis, or debating abstruse problems in trigonometry.



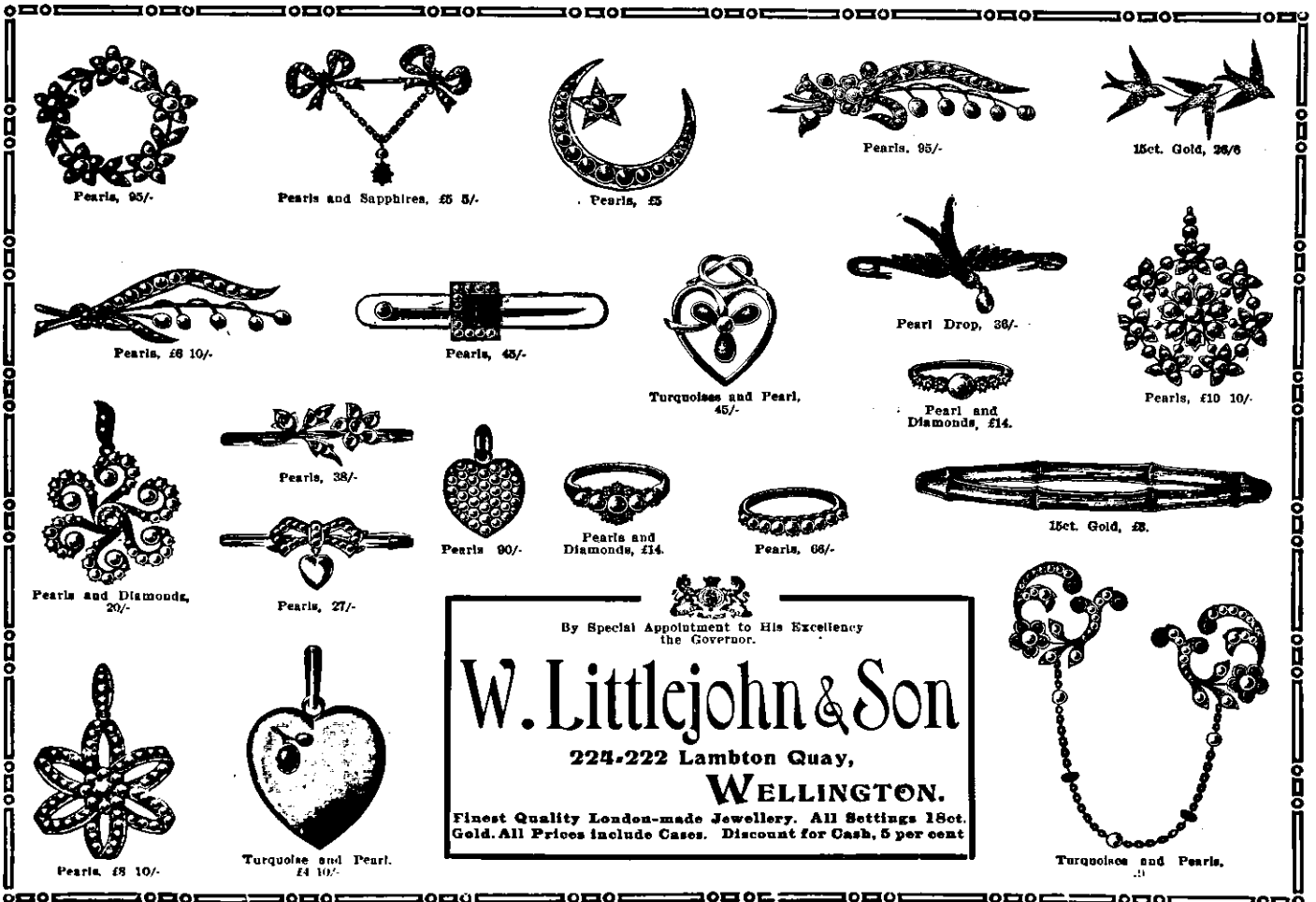
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**HAILSTONES EXTRAORDINARY.**

The photos herewith were taken on board the P. and O. s.s. "Moldavia" at Port Said. A clap of thunder and flash of lightning were followed by a light shower of rain, after which blocks of jagged ice fell for three minutes with great force. We are told two persons were killed, whilst 40 to 50 were injured by the hailstones. The canal where the steamer lay was a sight to see. It look-



ed as though cannonballs had dropped into it, and the water rose some five to six feet in splashes. The weight of hail caused one side of the heavy awning on board to give way. The thimble shows the stones to be large, though they were larger when they fell.

**Summer Toilet Hints.**

Just now the war which is being waged against freckles and sunburn is fully occupying the attention of the woman who suffers from these summer scourges in a greater or lesser degree. Stationary freckles are, of course, impossible to eliminate, and should be accepted with due resignation, but in many cases both prevention and cure are well within the power of most people, and quite simple means can be employed. Lemon-juice represents a most valuable toilet asset in this connection, but in some cases it has an irritating effect upon the skin, and cannot therefore be recommended universally, although nothing is better

for the hands than to be rubbed over immediately after washing with a cut lemon. For enlarged pores on the face, the simple method of making a solution of alum and water has been suggested as a

air directly after washing it in hot water, sponging the face in cold water or tepid water being the best method of closing the pores after using the hot water. Luke-warm water is, however, far better for the skin than that which is really

ing iced beverages immediately after indulging in hot soup or anything of the kind is exceedingly bad for the digestion, and doctors are all in accord in condemning it. Another evil which is equally to be deprecated is that of eating anything after a heavy dinner at night and immediately before going to bed, an exception being, however, made in the case of a glass of hot milk.

An excellent provision for every washing stand is a perfumed flannel soap-bag, which can be hung upon a nail or in a string sponge-bag over the washing apparatus, and can be used for cleansing the hands. The bag should be filled with a mixture of a pint of bran, half an ounce of orris-root and a little pure white soap shredded down finely and sifted well through the powdered ingredients. This makes a delightful mixture, deliciously perfumed and wonderfully soft for the hands after exposure to the sun in the hot weather, the bag being tied with a piece of tape when filled, and dipped in the warm water in which the hands are washed, and rubbed over the backs and palms till a soft glow is experienced.

Much belief is placed nowadays in the value of a hot bath as a nerve tonic, but the action of the hot water will be found to be enormously increased if a sufficient quantity of some aromatic substance be added to it. The pine-bath has a value all its own, and as an alleviation in case of rheumatism and stiffness it has been tried with considerable success, while it taken after severe exercise of any kind, it will be found wonderfully refreshing.

In the country nothing is simpler than to prepare a bath of this description—all that is required being pine cones and needles, which are usually easily procured. For a single bath, about a pound of the needles and cones is required, and these should be crushed into small pieces and boiled for about forty minutes in a saucepanful of water, the liquid after it has been strained, being then added to the bath.

Another excellent mixture may be made of tincture of benzoin and tincture of camphor, in the proportion of an ounce of the former to two ounces of the latter, mixed with 4ozs. of eau de Cologne. Sufficient of the liquid should be added to the bath to make it milky.



This photograph is of little Benjamin Hooker, who took champion prize at a recent Auckland Baby Show. His age is eight months. There were 52 babies entered, and all competed.

cure, and in lieu of this a good method is to apply a lotion of pure lemon-juice and a little glycerine, provided its application proves harmless to the skin. All women who suffer in this way should be careful not to expose the face to the open

hot, while in cases where soap is used, too much care cannot be extended on the choice of a soap which suits the skin, and this should be adhered to on all occasions.

The practice of eating an ice or drink-

**Communal Oven.**

The public oven at Ickwell Green, a tiny village near Bedford, England, has been repaired, and is again at the service of the villagers, who have for years been in the habit of cooking their Sunday joints in England's only communal oven. The gigantic oven, of whose origin little is known, is in a picturesque old half-timbered shed, and it is large enough to cook dinners for the whole village.

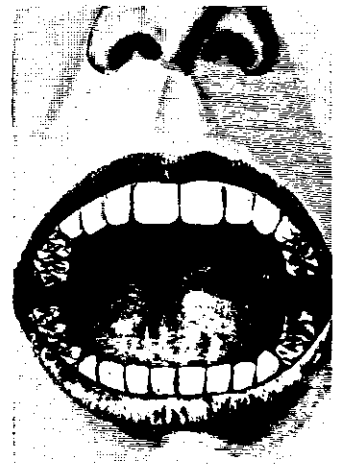
**LADIES HOCKEY IN ENGLAND—MIDDLESEX v. HAMPSHIRE AT NEW.**

Middlesex won by 5 goals to 2.



Miss Turner, the Hampshire goalkeeper.

Miss S. A. M. E. Everett, Middlesex outside left.



The mouth should be opened on three occasions only.

1. When you have something clever or beautiful to say.
2. When you wish to eat, drink or breathe something wholesome.
3. When you use Odol.

# Life in the Garden

## Practical Advice for Amateurs

### NEXT WEEK'S WORK.

By VERONICA.

#### SEEDS TO SOW THIS MONTH.

**Flower.**—Balsam, Cosmos, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Portulaca.

**Vegetable.**—Broccoli, Cabbage, Cucumber, Celery, Kidney and Runner Beans, Lettuce, Radish, Mustard, Cross, and Turnip.

**Plant Out.**—Kumeras, Celery, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Balsam, Salvia, Dahlias, Celosias, Phlox, Drummondii, Cockscombs, Portulaca, Petunias, Anaranthus, Zinnias.



### GENERAL GARDEN WORK.

The recent heavy rainfall has done an immense amount of good. Planting operations should now be well forward. Every opportunity should be taken advantage of for planting out tender annuals. Celery and kumeras ought to be set out at once, and successional sowings of kidney and runner beans, peas, and saladings put in about once a fortnight. Thin out the fruit on plums where heavy crops have set. This will give far better results than allowing the trees to carry too heavy a load. Lawns will require constant attention. Hedgings require trimming. Keep garden paths clean. The rain not only brings along growing crops, but also a bountiful crop of weeds. Constant hoeing will be necessary to keep them down. Thin out all growing crops of turnips, carrots, parsnips, etc. Many crops are spoilt through lack of sufficient space in which to grow. Carrots and parsnips should have 3 to 4 inches between each plant, turnips and beet 4 to 6 inches according to variety and size of root wanted. Late planted potatoes should have the ground well worked between the rows before moulching up. Bulbs of hyacinths, narcissus, etc., when quite ripe should be lifted, dried, labelled, and carefully stored. Attend to staking and pinching tomatoes and keep them well tied up to support. See that carnations and pisoties are properly tied up and where fine blooms are required thin out the buds. Carnations will be greatly benefited by a moulching of manure. Chrysanthemums require staking and tying up as they advance in growth. Climbers of all kinds should be secured to their supports.



### HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Roses are now making a gorgeous display. Seldom has such an enormous crop of blooms been seen. Wall roses especially have done well, and the climbing Kaiserin Augusta Victoria and Madame Marie Roberts have been a mass of bloom. Fine as these sorts are they are lacking in that, which to our mind constitutes a real rose—they are scentless. We confess that any rose however perfect in form is discounted when we find it without perfume. Such good sorts as Ard's Rover, and the newer and more perfect form, Ard's Pillar and Grass and Toplitz, are deliciously perfumed, and make good wall roses. Marechal Niel is yet by far the finest yellow.

So many delicate shades are being offered by sweet pea specialists that it will be necessary for our seedsmen to specify it yet by far the finest yellow.

Sweet peas, which were such a conspicuous feature at the recent Auckland Show, are doing well this year. Many of the novelties are proving very disappointing. Some kinds are very sportive, and prove that the raisers in many cases have been in too great a hurry to put their new varieties on the market. Imported

sweet pea seed was very weak in germination, and some growers only have three or four plants out of their 1/2 to 2/3 packets. Still one would not mind that if these were all true to description. So many delicate shades are being offered by sweet pea specialists that it will be necessary for our seedsmen to specify in their lists, what sorts can be successfully flowered in the open. Such delicate coloured sorts as Henry Eckford, St. George, Evelyn Byatt, Earl Cromer, etc., are practically useless, unless stalks are cut when in the bud stage, and allowed to develop in shade, but when so treated they are very beautiful. Some of our readers are keenly interested in the newer kinds of sweet peas, and it is our intention when our notes are complete, to give the result of observations on a very large number of novelties. One

### PINKS.

Market gardeners and others, or at least those who specialise in good hardy plants, have not been slow to appreciate the value of the garden pink, the double flowered varieties especially being largely grown. But, as with other things, too frequently out of this great abundance springs neglect, and a slipshod or makeshift method—which, of course, is no method at all—takes the place of cultivation, and indifferent results ensue. The makeshift way is too often in evidence even in gardens where gardening is supposed to be well done. No pains are taken to maintain that vigour of youth in the garden pink that one might expect, and young plants are few where they might abound. The too frequent neglect consists in pulling to pieces very old edgings of the plants, taking out a deep trench and burying the roots, probably, a dozen inches in the earth, to make some pretence at dwarfness, and all because there is plenty of material at hand. It seems never to occur to those who do this thing that a far simpler way would be to take pipings or cuttings, and having these in readiness to discard the old plants and start afresh. Those whose business it is to increase these plants

that is abundant will soon put the operator in the way of taking pipings in an expeditious manner.

**Cuttings.**—The best type of cutting is that which can be secured with a small heel attached, and in the garden pink may usually be had in some abundance about the centre of the plant. All that is necessary is to secure a reasonably long shoot and tear it away from the main portion of the plant by a downward pull to secure the heel referred to. Such cuttings make splendid tufts for planting in the following spring. A cool frame is much the best and safest, and with ordinary care every one of the cuttings, if dibbled out in sandy soil, will root. Any ordinary spare frame-light will do, and the only thing to avoid is too much closeness when the cuttings are first inserted. By inserting the cuttings rather thinly room for development will exist, or the young plants may be transplanted as soon as rooted. For the double varieties and where the material is plentiful the heel cuttings are to be preferred, and not only do they make better plants in a shorter time, but breaking away freely from the stem portion one is always sure of securing sturdy, compact bushes. These young plants quickly spread out into vigorous tufts, and give much the best



THE FLOWER OF THE MONTH.

A beautifully arranged basket of roses, which gained first prize for Miss H. M. Craig at the Auckland Horticultural Society Show.

of the most charming plants for the garden is Kalmia, latifolia, or Calico bush, now flowering. The plant is hardy and should have similar treatment to rhododendrons. The flowers are in large trusses, white with delicate pink spots, very graceful, and useful for cutting. It is rather difficult to propagate, but can be grown from layers.

Shirley poppies are, we think, the most gorgeous, and at the same time the most graceful of the whole family. The new shades of colour, are very fine indeed. What a pity they can't be improved to last a little longer.

by either of these methods will fully appreciate their merits, while those who have yet to learn should lose no time in so doing. The details are simple enough.

**Pipings.**—These consist of the points of the season's growth pulled from the socket or joint of such growth and inserted without more ado. Take a shoot of the current season's growth, hold it firmly in the left hand near the ground, and with the right hand take the point of the growth so as to insure a 4-inch long cutting, and by a sharp, upward pull the shoot comes usually away at a joint. A little practice with a variety

blooms into the bargain. By adopting either of these methods of increase every other year the fullest vigour of the plant will be maintained, and an abundant flowering withal. Very often the edgings of divided plants are planted late in autumn or winter, and much too late to obtain a good display the following spring. By planting the fresh young stock as soon as the flowering of the old plants is passed, plenty of time will remain for the forming of sturdy bushes full of growth that will flower splendidly the ensuing year.

The above remarks on propagation ap-



gly equally to all forms of the garden pink, whether double selfs, laced, fringed, or perpetual flowering. Occasionally, however, one hears of layering being adopted, and, considering the thin character of the stem and the numerous shoots, this method must be tedious indeed.

**HINTS ON EXHIBITING BEET-ROOT.**

Growing vegetables for exhibition is a fascinating occupation. There are thousands of amateurs who grow and stage kitchen garden produce, and who are always on the lookout for fresh information.

Those persons who know how to select, prepare, and stage their product in the right way always appear in the top list. The following hints on beetroot will be found useful. Beetroot has a tender skin, is deep-rooting, and thrives best in



A Good Specimen of Beetroot, with only a Portion of Leaves Removed.

a warm position. The ground for the crop to supply exhibition beet should be thoroughly well worked, be of a light nature, or rendered so if clayey by being dug up and left in a rough state throughout the winter so that the weather may act upon it and cause the lumps to crumble.

It is essential to success that the subsoil be also thoroughly broken up, as any hard lumps, stones, or straw litter would cause deformity in the roots, and this must be avoided.

When selection of roots is made, be careful not to bruise the skin. Use a garden prong to lift them with, and do not select the largest beet. Those of



A Bad Specimen of Beetroot.

medium size, even in shape, and good in colour will gain more points than a larger root would. Sow the seeds about eighteen weeks before the date of the show.

Instead of cutting off the leaves—which would cause bleeding and loss of colour in the root—twist them off quite 3 in. from the crown of the root.

Soak the beet in water for one hour, and then very gently sponge off any soil which adheres; a brush would make marks on the skin. Each specimen should be wrapped in paper directly it is dry.

**HOW TO GROW PENTSTEMONS.**

Pentstemons are not difficult to grow and their profuse blooming qualities, together with the brilliance and variety of colour obtainable, make them one of the most useful hardy border plants.

Although Pentstemons are perennials it is advisable to treat them as annuals and raise plants from seed or cuttings each season, because, not only are better results obtained, but old plants cannot be depended upon to withstand the winter, except in very favoured localities. Old plants of very choice and scarce varieties should be lifted before the arrival of severe frost and wintered in a cold frame, or sheltered spot.

Named varieties of Pentstemons do not come true from seed and should be propagated from cuttings, but a great variety of colour is obtained by sowing a small packet of choice seed during September or early October in a pan of sandy soil. Sow the seed very thinly, cover the pan with a sheet of glass and stand in a cool greenhouse or frame and keep the soil moist. When the seedlings appear give as much light and air as possible and transplant into boxes as soon as they are large enough to handle.

January is the best month to insert Pentstemon cuttings, suitable shoots being more or less freely produced in the leaf axils of the main stems and may be removed when about four inches long, as shown in Fig. 1 of the sketches herewith, and be prepared by removing the lower pair of leaves and cutting the stem across just below the joint as shown.

A cutting bed may be made up in a cold frame or the shoots be inserted in a pot or boxes, soil consisting of two parts light loam, one part well decayed leaf

soil, and one third of the part sand, the whole well mixed together and passed through a sieve, being suitable. Well drain the pots or boxes, fill up with compost, which should be made fairly firm, and cover with a thin layer of sand. Make the holes for the cuttings about three inches apart with a blunt pointed stick, similar to Fig. 4, working some of the surface sand to the bottom of each for the base of the cutting to rest on, as indicated in Fig. 2. Insert the cuttings to the depth shown in Fig. 2 and 3, and make the soil quite firm round each, and after giving a good watering, stand the pots or boxes in a cold frame.

Keep the lights close and shaded until roots have been emitted, when air should be gradually admitted, the quantity being increased as the young plants gain strength, whilst gentle waterings must be given as required. The plants must not be coddled in any way.

The original carnation, known to hybridisers for some 2,500 years before the Christian era, was a five-petaled single bloom, about one inch in diameter, of a pinkish-mauve colour. In its original state it grew generally throughout the southern portion of Europe. In 1874 it was found covering the Castle Falaise, in which William the Conqueror was born. It was described by Theophrastus as early as 300 B.C.

The present carnation with which we are working is the product of several centuries of culture and hybridisation. It is an open pollinated species, and mother plants can be used from the hybrid plants as well as inbreeding upon the same plants, or upon the same variety. Improvements in varieties may be made by bud selection and bud variation, as well as from seed variation due to hybridisation. In raising varieties from hybridised seed very few improved sorts are produced, the proportion being about one good variety for each thousand hybrids grown. Up to the present time the writer has been breeding for colour alone, basing the work upon the theory that any laws developed in colour work would hold good when applied to the development of other desired qualities.

The tools used in the work of hybridising are very simple indeed, consisting of a pair of delicate tweezers and a microscopic magnifying glass. The method employed is to find the anther just bursting, so that the pollen is in a condition of dry powder. The anther is removed by means of the tweezers, and the pistil of the flower desired to be fertilised is lightly touched by the pollen-bearing anther.

In order that the work may be done vided into sections, as follows:—Crimson with reasonable method, it has been dissection, comprising crimsons or scarlet maroon in colour; dark pink section, which comprises all rose, cherry and deep pink tones; light pink section, which comprises the light salmon or daybreak



Propagating Pentstemons from Cuttings.

soil, and one third of the part sand, the whole well mixed together and passed through a sieve, being suitable. Well drain the pots or boxes, fill up with compost, which should be made fairly firm, and cover with a thin layer of sand. Make the holes for the cuttings about three inches apart with a blunt pointed stick, similar to Fig. 4, working some of the surface sand to the bottom of each for the base of the cutting to rest on, as indicated in Fig. 2. Insert the cuttings to the depth shown in Fig. 2 and 3, and make the soil quite firm round each, and after giving a good watering, stand the pots or boxes in a cold frame.

Keep the lights close and shaded until roots have been emitted, when air should be gradually admitted, the quantity being increased as the young plants gain strength, whilst gentle waterings must be given as required. The plants must not be coddled in any way.

**CARNATION BREEDING.**

Members of our local society, and many others of our readers, will be interested in an address recently given by Mr C. W. Ward, of New York, before the American Breeders' Association at Campaign, Illinois. The address is too long to give in detail; only the more important points are selected.

The original carnation, known to hybridisers for some 2,500 years before the Christian era, was a five-petaled single bloom, about one inch in diameter, of a pinkish-mauve colour. In its original

lints; scarlet, section, which comprises all of the colours which may be termed red or scarlet; white section, comprising only the creamy white and snow-white tints; yellow, variegated with scarlet, crimson or pink, upon yellow grounds, as the yellow varieties are almost invariably marked with pink, scarlet, or some other tint; white variegated section comprises varieties of a light pink, with scarlet or crimson markings.

In hybridising carnations we sometimes meet with what is termed seed sports. These have been invariably light pink varieties, more or less marked with crimson edgings and stripes, that have been produced by crossing crimson sorts which have comparatively pure crimson pedigrees for several generations.

**SCIENTIFIC PRUNING.**

By means of scientific pruning the principal of a school of horticulture in Tasmania has obtained a yield of apples amounting to twelve bushels per tree, which were sold for export at 6/- per bushel, thus making no less than £360 per acre.

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PLANT NOW: Choice Chrysanthemums, named varieties, all colours, 8/- per doz. The Prize Chrysanthemum Set, 25 prize winners for 12/-, my selection, unequalled value. "The Gem" Set of Chrysanthemums, 12 distinct varieties, my selection, for 4/-. Cactus Dahlias, in great variety, a superb collection, 9/- per doz.; 12 distinct colours, my selection, for 7/6. Send for Catalogue, a complete list, post free on application. Seedlings of choice annuals and perennials, an extensive selection, the largest in the Dominion, from 3d. per doz. Vegetable and Flower Seeds for present sowing at

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Brighton North, Victoria, and Swanston Street, Melbourne.

## GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Continued from page 33.

While another elephant pushed it along until it rested quite evenly on the pile. Once or twice the log slipped, and while another elephant came lumbering to his assistance he never forgot to hold it in place, no matter how awkward the position might be.

The other elephants, when not assisting the odd-man-of-seventy, spent the time showing timber about the yard. The youngest, aged five years, was a bit of a humorist I fancy. He got possession of a piece of paling which he started to chew, and his manoeuvres to stow it away in his mouth while he worked with his trunk, or to hold it curled up in his trunk when his tusks were to be used, were most ludicrous. At last the paling was all munched away save a small piece which he held in the end of his trunk—someone suggested that he destined this for a tooth-pick; however, he seemed at a loss what to do with it. Suddenly nature came to his assistance for his left hind foot became itchy. Can anyone, after having looked at the thickness or apparent thickness of an elephant's skin imagine it ever becoming itchy? Anyhow, the fact remains, for while I watched the young elephant raised that foot and deliberately scratched it with the piece of wood that he held in his trunk, winking all the while through those tiny eyes as if nothing at all unusual was happening. The elephants shift great weights in the yards, but year by year their numbers decrease and their value rises in consequence so that in many of the timber yards they have been discarded in favour of hydraulic power.

Between Rangoon and Mandalay the country is very flat, but very green. Innumerable paddy fields there are, in which men—very often Chinamen—work, shaded from the intense sun by hats, the enormous size of which would make the present-day Parisian green with envy. The streams we cross are small and muddy—muddy enough to delight the heart and plaster the sides of the ever-prevalent water-buffalo. Little groups of thatched houses, raised on piles to avoid the ants, I suppose, peep through clumps of banana and cocopalm; while white plaster or golden pagodas shine in every town or pierce the horizon like numerous watch-towers. The railway stations on which piles of bags filled with "paddy" await transportation, are not so crowded with people as in India, for the Burman, unlike the Hindu, will take the trouble to discover the time of departure of the train he desires to travel by, and thus one does not find groups of natives camping on the station awaiting to-morrow afternoon's train, as so often happens in India.

A little scene was enacted before my eyes on a railway platform in Burma, which, even now, makes me laugh to think upon. A young imp of a Burmese boy, in his picturesque costume of loongi and white coat, but with his head surmounted by a red Turkish fez, was seated on a fence swinging his legs to and fro and at stated intervals gently flogging John Chinaman's pig-tail. John Chinaman himself was leaning forward and scratching his leg with steady and untrifling persistence. As we neared the station, John Chinaman was scratching; during the whole five minutes we remained there, John Chinaman scratched; we left him scratching, and alternately arguing with the boy who pulled his pig-tail. You may say that there was nothing very noteworthy in all this—wait a moment! In John Chinaman's hand was a sort of bone stick, with a scoop at the end. This, it seems, is a "scratcher," and such things are especially manufactured in Burma, and put to such use as a handy door-edge or any other cornered furniture is, at distressing moments, in the Western world. I afterwards saw these scratchers, on sale in Rangoon.

There is real jungle between Rangoon and Mandalay, where great heavy trees, that look like acacias, like shiny-leaved New Zealand karakas, like pointed-leaved blue gums, but are none of these—are almost strangled by the dense creeper undergrowth.

At night comes, little lights twinkle everywhere; outside, there are fires to

drive away mosquitoes; inside the houses glimmer the tiny oil-lamps, with which we had grown so familiar in India.

Mandalay is a city of very modern growth. Its very foundation only dates to 1860, when the then reigning King of Burma transferred his capital from Amarapura to the foot of the hill now known as Mandalay Hill. Originally, the city was enclosed with high walls, around which ran a wide, deep moat; now this enclosure is occupied by the English barracks, and is known as Fort Dufferin. When the annexation took place in 1885 much of the old city was swept away, and a new section built south and west of the moated fort. This new Mandalay is well laid out, with wide streets and plaited bamboo leaf or wooden houses, all looking very natty and clean. An opportunity was recently destroyed the old bazaar, so that now a very commodious municipal bazaar has been erected, in which hundreds of dainty little Burmese women have their stalls. Here other charming little ladies, in their bright silk loongis and clean white jackets, come to bargain for the very unattractive Manchester goods, the Burmese silver and ornaments of precious stones, or the bright cerise silk of which they are so fond. Or, perhaps, if your visit be one of early morning, it is the vegetable or grocery or dried fish section of this enormous bazaar that is most largely patronised. Behind the stalls, where business was slack, the little stallholders brushed their hair and powdered their faces and darkened their eyebrows—oh! these beauties of the East are not all guileless—and around the market the children played. Such funny little souls they looked, with heads shaven like Chinese dolls, a round tuft being left long on the crown. Everybody was merry and laughed much; no doubt we were the subjects of some of the banter, but no one was rude or obnoxious to us in any way. Though kind-hearted and courteous, the Burmese are fond of practical joking. One of the B.I.S.N. Co.'s captains with whom we travelled told us a good story illustrating this side of the Burmese character. He had done much trading up the Salween river in Lower Burma, and on one occasion when his steamer appeared for the first time at one of the up-country towns, a large crowd had gathered on the river bank to welcome him. When the shriek of his siren rent the air, the Burmans nearest to the edge fell into the water—so great was their surprise. When his vessel appeared at this town some months later an even larger crowd of Burmans was gathered on the river bank. At the sound of his siren the startled Burmans again fell into the water. The mirth which this mislay created among the remaining onlookers somewhat surprised the captain, and on inquiring, he was told that, hearing of his approach, the residents of the town had invited their inland friends down to see his steamer, and had carefully placed them as near to the edge of the river bank as possible, well knowing that the unfamiliar shriek of the siren would alarm them. However, those on the bank at once pulled their friends out of the water, and then everyone sat down and joined in the hearty laughter at the success of the practical joke.

Mandalay has so recently come under British rule that the land still echoes with tales of the deeds of the wicked King Thibaw. We visited his palace within Fort Dufferin, and examined the lacquered columns and glass staircases, and gilded ceilings; but, though lavish and fantastic, the palace does not show the arts of the Burmese to best advantage. One portion of it is used as a military church, and another is occupied by the Upper Burma Club. The most historically interesting is the pavilion in which King Thibaw surrendered to Colonel Sladen on November 29, 1885.

Monasteries are many in Burma. Those in Mandalay are large teak buildings with the exterior and sometimes the interior lavishly carved. The architecture of these is peculiar. On the roof tier rises above tier, each dwindling in size and each ornamented by a cornice of carved wood, with all the corners turning upwards and ending in a sharp spike. This feature is characteristic of all Burmese architecture, and gives an airy appearance even to massive buildings. On many of the monasteries the exterior carving is gilded, but often where the gilding has worn off the wood is to be seen cracking in the heat of the sun. Especially is this true of the splendid Queen's Golden Monastery, and it was sad to see the fruits of so much labour so neglected. The yellow-robed monks who dwell in the monasteries subsisting on the charity of the people, number thousands. Every boy goes to

school at the monasteries, and for some part of his life lives the life of a monk. The village girls, I fear, have little or no schooling, but they soon learn how to draw water from the well, to husk rice, and to weave their clothes. When they are older, they spend several hours of the day in their stalls in the bazaar, for in large and small towns alike, hundreds of laughing but shrewd little business women attend to the trade in the bazaars. However, this contact with the business-side of life does not make them hard or coarse. One has only to walk through the streets of a Burmese village on a moonlight night to understand that romance enters largely into the life of every Burmese maid. The houses have each a verandah, and when the moon is high she gives light enough for the maidens, seated on the miniature verandahs, to see the faces of their lovers, who stand in the street below, repeating the oft-told story. For throughout all Burma the nights of full moon are recognised by parents, maidens, and lovers as the time for soft words and the courting of man and maid. It is all quite decorous, for the Burman respects his womenfolk; but surely in this national recognition of lovers there is the essence of that romance with which we of the West credit the life and customs of the East.

Almost at the foot of Mandalay Hill is a strange collection of buildings known as the four hundred and fifty pagodas. In the centre of an enclosed space, about half a mile square, stands a gilded pagoda, and around this, in long straight lines, are the four hundred and fifty white buildings, absolutely alike and each containing an upright stone tablet on which is engraved some commendment from the holy books of Buddhism. In reality there are a great many more than four hundred and fifty buildings, and this imposing work was carried out by King Mind-u Min, Thibaw's father, whose idea it was to have the commendments engraved on stone so that they might endure for ever in the sight of men. Viewed from Mandalay Hill, the numerous white buildings attract the eye instantly.

There is a pagoda scene which rises vividly to my mind as I think of Mandalay. The sun had been unstinting in his rays that day, and it was with much relief that we strolled up the tall-bordered aisles of the Arrakan pagoda to see the much-revered brass statue of Buddha, which is considered to be the most sacred statue of the teacher in the land. The Arrakan pagoda is not a tall tower, as is usual in Burma, but it is a large building, containing rooms and long aisles, and in the centre of the building is a shrine in which the famous statue stands. The legend which gives especial sanctity to this possession is that when Bodaw Paya brought the statue to Mandalay from Arrakan, it had to be moved in pieces, and when the brass workers of Mandalay endeavoured to erect it, they were unable to fit the pieces together. Buddha, seeing from afar these fruitless struggles, came himself, and embracing the image, he welded every piece in its true position, so that not one join was visible.

Having gained the temple, we found it almost impossible to get near enough to catch a glimpse of the great statue, which is enclosed in a gilded shrine, for the whole width of the aisles that ran to the front and sides of the figure was densely packed with kneeling worshippers, each holding a lighted candle or an incense stick or a bunch of flowers. The Buddhist does not pray as we do, to give thanks to God for benefits we have received or to ask help in the life we must lead; but his love for the Buddha is great and real, and he goes to the pagoda to look at the sacred one's image and repeat the laws of life the Buddha has left for his people to follow. Before that silent, peaceful image the Burman can free his mind of all worldly troubles and open his soul to the teaching of the man who understood

that life is hard and who left behind him the laws whereby the eternal peace may be gained. Next to the Shwa Dagon pagoda this statue is the most sacred thing in all the land, so it was quite understandable why the crowd gathered there that afternoon was so great and so particularly earnest.

It is a pity not to go further north than Mandalay if one intends to return to Prome by way of the river, for the upper defiles of the river, nearing Bhamo, where the stream narrows and the high banks are densely covered with forests, are unquestionably the finest scenic parts of the Irrawaddy. Between Mandalay and Prome the Irrawaddy is a wide, winding stream, bordered by low-lying banks, on which are perched innumerable pagodas and occasional villages, at which the steamer stops to take on cargo. For the best part of one day we passed through the country of oil wells, many huge shafts being visible on the river bank. The great quantity of oil which is extracted from the Burmese wells places Burma well up in the ranks of the oil-producing countries of the world.

The only life on the river was when a great raft of teak or a raft of penned-in cattle passed us. Each night we anchored, and if we had grown a little weary of the muddy river during the day, then the brilliant sunset—the gorgeous sunsets from which the Burmese gains his love of colour—compensated for all.

And so it was most interesting to get this glimpse of the green land of Burma, whose future is so bright. The capacity of her oil wells has not yet been fathomed; year by year she will send forth a fresh supply of rubies to sparkle on beautiful white fingers and throats the world over; when famine strikes her neighbours in India her products of grain will pass speedily across the sea to their relief. Success is the swelling song of this delightful land, where the sadness and dirt that pertain to Eastern civilisation are swept away, and laughter and cleanliness prevail; and where the faith of Buddha is exercised in almost its pure and original form. Political economists say that the Burman is too indolent, and will soon be ousted by the more canny and hard-working Hindus and Chinese. I hope not. He is so picturesque, and so truly a growth of his luxuriant land. While his dainty wife is a sunbeam amid the tragedy of the East, and every Westerner, seeing the laughter on her face, must wish her a long life in the land which makes so true a setting for her beauty.

Next Week:

A REST IN GREEN CEYLON.

### Picture Postcards.

It is a peculiarity of the French that they are extremely jealous of their reputation for invention. No matter what is the thing in question, whether it be a flying machine or the use of tobacco, the French Press will invariably claim that a Frenchman had the first idea of it. It was mentioned one day in one of the Parisian papers that a German was the first to think of the picture-postcard. The French Press have now unearthed a bookseller named Bernardeau, who claims to have invented the picture-postcard during the Franco-German war, and says that they were the first ever used.

Bernardeau's cards, which he sold to the soldiers of the Army of the Sarthe in camp, were decorated with a little picture of the camp and the inscription "Souvenir of the National Defence." Beneath this were the words "Family, Honour, Fatherland, Liberty." The cards were mostly used by the Breton soldiers, who by means of them kept their friends at home informed as to their whereabouts.

### How to Keep Cool.

During the Hot Weather every one can obtain great relief by bathing in water containing a few drops of **Condy's Fluid**. A "Condy's Fluid Bath" imparts a Delicious and lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity. It cools, strengthens and invigorates the body and braces the nerves. The Cooling effect is Simply Magical. It is so lasting.

Of all Chemists and Stores. Buy "CONDY'S FLUID." Guaranteed to contain NO Permanganate of Potash. **CONDY'S FLUID CO., GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

# Verse Old and New

**With Apologies.**

In the tramcar, oh, my darling,  
When the lights are dim and low,  
And the evening hordes of people  
Wildly come and wildly go—  
In the tramcar, oh, my darling—  
Think not bitterly of me,  
Though I slid into an end-seat,  
Left you lonely—set you free.  
For my hat was crushed and battered—  
My cravat a sight to see;  
It was best to leave you thus, dear—  
Best for you and best for me.

Laura, Simmons.

\*\*\*

**We Two in Arcady.**

When we two walked in Arcady  
(How long ago it seems!)  
How thick the branches overhead,  
How soft the grass beneath our tread!  
And thickets where the sun burned red  
Were full of wings astir, my dear,  
When we two walked in Arcady  
Through paths young hearts prefer.  
  
Since we two walked in Arcady  
(How long ago it seems!)  
High hopes have died disconsolate;  
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate  
Stands with drawn sword before our gate  
That shuts out all our dreams, my dear,  
Since we two walked in Arcady  
Beside the crystal streams.

Beyond the woods of Arcady  
The little brooks are dry,  
The brown grass rustles in the heat,  
The roads are rough beneath our feet,  
Above our heads no branches meet,  
And yet, although we sigh, my dear,  
Beyond the woods of Arcady  
We see more of the sky!

London Dispatch.

**Too Previous Alike.**

Yesterday Alice gazed out of her window  
And noticed the roadway with sunlight  
ablaze;  
The blue of the skies was as bright as  
her eyes,  
And she said: "Spring is here with her  
wonderful days.  
So bless me  
I'll dress me,  
In costume befitting the advent of  
spring:  
I will don,  
I'll put on  
My peek-a-boo waist, and my furs I will  
fling."  
This she did, for the truth must be  
told,  
Is morning fair Alice is down with a  
cold.

Yesterday Alice arose bright and early  
And noticed the sunbeams that danced  
all about;  
The birds' merry chatter her heart made  
to patter;  
She said: "I'll look swell when to-day  
I go out.  
Hooray! Now here goes  
For my openwork hose.  
My oxfords of tan without rubbers I'll  
wear.  
Though mother may scoff,  
My heavies I'll doff  
And go for a stroll while the weather is  
fair."  
This she did—and of course all the  
truth must be said,  
To-day her blue eyes are most woe  
red.

To-day Alice speaks with a thick, foggy  
accent,  
So cloudy her voice, which was clear as  
a bell;  
She gurgles and splutters, each word  
that she utters  
Proclaims the sad fate that to Alice be-  
fell.

"I've got a bad cold,  
I'll a sight to behold."  
She murmurs, "My head is stuffed up, I  
can't talk;  
I've bot sure the way  
I got it, I say,  
But I think that I caught it white out  
for a walk."  
So she says, but her waist and her  
openwork hose  
Have gone back on the shelf till the  
Mayblossom blows.

—Detroit "Free Press."

\*\*\*

**Scrupulous.**

Oh, a model of propriety  
Was Seraphina Blair;  
Her virtues and perfections—  
They were talked of everywhere,  
Unto her home one evening  
Came the parson, tall and square,  
In the course of conversation,  
Of most edifying kind,  
The good and worthy parson made the  
utterance:  
"Now I find,  
From my previous dissertation,  
I am forced to change my mind."

Then arose the stately maiden,  
With a highly virtuous air;  
"If you find that it is needful—  
I must ask you to repair  
Straightway to an adjoining room,  
And make the change in there."

\*\*\*

**Jane of Boston.**

Jane is a heterogeneous maid,  
Incomprehensible, too, I'm afraid.  
Postulatory, in dress—  
Nor lives the man who could quite un-  
derstand  
Her odd insinuatoriness and  
All her salubriousness.  
Yet she's no acatalestial girl,  
No unaccountably statuesque pearl,  
No plus-phenomenal freak;  
She is purely compatible bud  
Of that confabulatorial blood  
Which must evolve the unique.

All her marked cognoscibility proves  
She breathes deep exigencies when she  
moves.  
Uncoquettish as can be:  
Hyperaesthetic. Yes, but I'll state  
Incrystallizableness makes that trait  
Superegregatory.  
Sum her up then as an alogy lass,  
Rather microphyllous, in the nose,  
Ultra-mundane when she talks;  
Still she's as good as there is in (the  
land  
I'd like her well could I but understand  
Half what she says when she talks.  
Richmond "Times-Dispatch."

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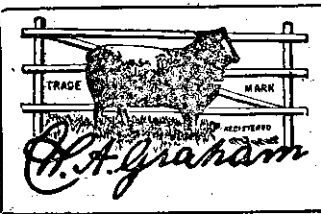
**The Lost Glamour.**

The world has lost its glamour, some  
declare—  
Life is a round of immaculose days;  
Fled are the nymphs and dryads,  
fauns and fayes,  
That ranged the forest ways and found  
them fair.  
Gone is the dream that moved mankind  
to dare  
Heroic enterprises, nor brook delays:  
Round the unknown hangs no mysteri-  
ous haze  
To tempt the adventurous hand the veil  
to tear.

The world has lost its glamour? Nay,  
not so!  
The valiant knight may slay the dra-  
gon still,  
For there are wrongs to right with ring-  
ing blow,  
Discovery but waits the ardent will!  
The glamour lost? Ask those who gaily  
go,  
Hand clasped in hand, adown yon  
grassy hill!  
Clifton Scollard, in New Orleans  
"Times-Democrat."


**NOT AFRAID.**

"Pa, I wish we were Christian Scien-  
tists."  
"Why?"  
"Cuz, Willie Green's folks are, an'  
he ain't afraid to eat green apples."



## 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**  
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# THE RICH KINGDOM OF COTTON

The dominant industry of the world—the value of the crop to Southern farmers last year twice the whole world's product of gold—its export value half the value of all other agricultural products, vegetable, animal, and forest combined—the story of cotton from planting to manufacture.

By CLARENCE H. POE

**N**AD PLANT, unless it be wheat, is of so much importance to the human race as cotton. Destroy any fruit in the world, and men would grow other fruits. Let any tree become extinct, and other trees will take its place, and our building would go on as before. Even if either corn or wheat should grow no more, we could grow enough of the other, supplemented by rice, oats, barley, rye, peas, beans, and the like, to feed both man and beast with comfort. But for cotton there is no substitute that can be cultivated cheaply on a large scale—no substitute, animal or vegetable product, which can compare with it for cheapness. Nor is there any plant with a history more marvellous or more romantic—more suggestive of the legend and

The factory, the bank, the church, the school, the newspaper—all are benefited by the increase in prices paid for the South's great staple crop. The architect will tell you that he is building better houses than ever before; the furniture dealer will tell you that he is shipping more furniture than ever before; the manufacturer of implements and machinery will acknowledge that southern progress astounds him; the schools report greatly increasing numbers of pupils; and even the preacher says that, for once, his salary is paid promptly and in full, and that a sermon on foreign missions is now unprecedentedly effective.

The social changes that prosperity will bring will remodel southern life. It will restore the country life again to its dignified place of the old time. For years the



A PICKER WAITING TO HAVE HER BASKETFUL WEIGHED.

### HOW COTTON GROWS.

Cotton is planted throughout the South just as soon as danger of frost passes, this time varying from March 10th in Texas and Louisiana to May 1st in North Carolina. Except in Texas, the guano bill is enormous, commercial fertilizers costing North Carolina cotton growers alone nearly 5,000,000 dollars each season. Of late years there has been more improvement in methods of planting than in any other phase of cotton farming. Formerly, one man and one horse

first day, pluck the next, and the third day comes the tiny green boll. Opening gradually, the boll shows four or five distinct lobes of cotton. Picking or harvesting begins in August in Texas and in September in the latitude of North Carolina. This work must be done entirely by hand labour, just as it was done in India a thousand years ago. In this part of the South, from 40 to 50 cents per hundredweight is paid for picking, while in Texas as much as one dollar is sometimes paid. At seventy-five cents per hundredweight of seed cotton—two-thirds of the weight being seed and one-third lint or fibre—the cost of packing is 2½ cents per pound of lint, and this, a few years ago, was more than one-third the selling price. Now, however, the seeds sell for enough to pay the entire expense of picking.

Three acres is considered a fair day's ploughing, and the following account, given me by a farmer, will indicate the work required in cultivating this area:—

### THE COST OF CULTIVATING THREE ACRES.

To break ground .....	\$3.00
To open rows .....	.50
To 3 sacks guano .....	6.00
To scatter guano .....	.50
To make ridges .....	1.80
To plant .....	1.00
To seed .....	.75
To three hoeings .....	4.50
To four ploughings .....	4.00
To picking 1800 pounds ..	6.00
To hauling .....	2.00
To ginning .....	2.00
<hr/>	
By 600 pounds lint at 9c ..	\$54.00
By 36 bushels seed .....	9.00
<hr/>	
Selling price .....	\$63.00
Cost .....	31.25
<hr/>	
Profit .....	\$31.75



STAPLES OF (1) WILD, (2) UPLAND, AND (3) SEA ISLAND COTTON SHOWN CLINGING TO THE SEED.

The value depends on the length of the fibre.

mythology of the Orient from whence it came. If Frank Norris had lived in the South instead of in California, what

### AN EPIC OF COTTON

he might have given us! Cotton, whose influence did most to bring us an alien race from Africa, and then did most to perpetuate in America the institution of slavery; Cotton, on which a "Dixie Land, the Land of Cotton," once built its hopes, while it waged a great war; Cotton, which helped the vanquished people to their feet again, and now bids fair to restore them to the proud position in wealth and industry which they held before the Civil War.

### WHAT COTTON MEANS TO THE SOUTH.

Much as cotton means to the United States, and much as it means to the world, it means infinitely more to the twelve States and Territories of the South, in ten of which it is the chief farm product. Here cotton is the life-blood of commerce, its condition the thermometer of trade. Every man talks cotton; every man has an opinion about the size of the crop; the weather conditions in Texas and throughout the Cotton Belt are subjects of general interest; the Government crop report is read with closer attention than anything else in the newspapers. Well and truthfully did Henry W. Grady say in his tribute to the cotton plant:

"The sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of the people. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard around the world. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian goals."

countryman has been in the townsman's debt. Now the farmer has money to lend. This will, in time, bring a complete social change.

"If cotton brings about 10 cents for the next ten years," said a thoughtful business man in North Carolina to me the other day. "The South will again become, as it was before the war, the most prosperous section of our country. I know of no industry in the world that will yield larger returns, in proportion to the capital and the intelligence required, than cotton-growing at 10 cents a pound."

opened the furrow; another man strewed the fertilizer; another man dropped the seeds; and another man with a horse covered them. Now one machine, with one man and one horse, does all this work at once. A few days after planting, the long green line of two-leaved plants in each row begins its battle with grass—a long, thin line, for the cotton seeds are dropped only one inch apart, though later the plants are thinned out so as to stand 12 inches apart. Cotton begins to bloom when the plant is from five to eight weeks old—beautiful white blooms the



COTTON BLOSSOMS, UNRIPE BOLLS, AND OPEN BOLLS ON A STALK AT THE SAME TIME.



WILD COTTON IN SOUTHERN FLORIDA.

**FEW TYPICAL COTTON FARMS.**

One of the largest cotton farms in North Carolina is owned by Crossland and Everett tells me. "We make it a point conducted by share tenants, who furnish labour, pay one-half the cost of the fertilizer, and receive one-half the crop."

"Two-thirds of our croppers are white men with their families as labour," Mr. Everett tells me. "We make it a point to secure tenants who have families of boys, thereby having labour under their control. We specify in our agreement with tenants that the crop is to be planted, worked, and gathered under our direction. We stipulate also the amount of supplies they are to have each month, being careful that they do not consume as much as their labour is worth, thereby causing them to feel that, if they fail to comply with their contracts, they will be the losers. Thus they have an interest in the crop in excess of the advances made. We provide our croppers with comfortable houses; allow them to have garden, potato and other vegetable crops for the use of their families; encourage them to keep cows, pigs, etc.; and thus have them feel they are at home. Last year, they cleared, after paying all their crop expenses, from 100 to 200 dollars to the horse; hence they are contented and work well. We have a good school, and the children, when not in the farm work, are in school from three to six months in the year. We have churches also, and they attend services and Sunday school regularly."

On one of the best cotton farms near Raleigh—Waverley Farm, owned by Mrs R. S. Tucker—no tenants are employed. The white manager and his family do much of the work, and this is supplemented with hired labour. On 80 acres last year, with a total labour cost of 2372 dollars and a fertiliser expense of 600 dollars, the manager, Mr Bagwell, raised 144 bales of cotton, which, sold at 15 cents per pound, brought 9000 dollars—a gross profit of 6128 dollars, or 76 dollars an acre.

**THE AVERAGE NEGRO FARMER OF THE MORE THRIFTLESS SORT**

can hardly be said to be even "half way between slavery and ownership." Under the crop-lien law, at the beginning of each season he mortgages his yet unplanted crop to the merchant in order to get supplies to live on through the year.

Then his recklessness, coupled with the exorbitant rate of interest, leads him to buy more than his crop pays for; and the usual condition of the merchants' books at marketing time has been pretty accurately set forth in the popular negro couplet:

"Naught's a naught; figger's a figger: All for the white man and none for the nigger."

The next year this story is repeated, and the next, and the next. But now the

marketed in North Carolina this year was grown by a negro, and for the last seven years the first bale of Georgia cotton has come from the farm of Deal Jackson, Dougherty County's leading negro cotton grower. His story is an interesting one. Eighteen years ago he borrowed 1000 dollars to buy a run-down farm, giving a mortgage on the place as security. He has since made purchases of adjacent farms, and now has 2000 acres of the most fertile land in Georgia. He and his family run nice ploughs, and his tenants 36.



A TYPICAL COTTON PLANT.

crop mortgage is disappearing rapidly before the advancing prices of cotton. Many white farmers, as well as coloured, have been the slaves of this crop-lien system. "And the pathos of the lien-farmer," as has been well said, "is that he is always only 12 months from freedom. Better that he should eat one coarse meal a day and wear his cheap clothes to the last frazzle of decency, and, by one unremitting struggle, break his chains."

But not all the negroes are of the improvident class. The first bale of cotton

**GINNING AND BALING METHODS.**

Until Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin in 1793, the work of separating the seed of upland cotton from the lint was done entirely by hand; and it is said that the most expert picker could not clean more than three to five pounds of seed cotton a day. The essential features of the Whitney gin have never been supplanted or improved upon; but, in recent years, gin manufacturers have



PICKING COTTON.

"Pneumonia left my son Leslie, aged 4, with very

# weak lungs

and such a cough that his poor little body was nearly racked to pieces. I tried many preparations without benefit and really thought he would die. On the doctor's recommendation I gave Scott's Emulsion and he steadily began to improve. Very soon he was stronger and better than he had ever been before; he is now a fine boy and owes his life to Scott's. He likes Scott's."

78 Giebo St., Glades. (Mrs.) N. MOORE, Sydney, N.S.W. 2/10/07.


**ABOVE IS THE PROOF IN THE FACTS. HERE IS PROOF IN THE REASON WHY:**

SCOTT'S cured the lungs and strengthened the system because SCOTT'S is made of the finest, purest, most invigorating cod liver oil in the world—the oil, namely, which comes from the livers of cod fish caught off the Lofoten Isles (Norway), where they are primest, and because this oil is made easy to take and digest, by the original perfected SCOTT process. Remember: SCOTT'S cured this little boy, not an emulsion "just as good"—no emulsion is "just as good" as SCOTT'S. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion," ask for and get

# Scott's Emulsion

—the difference between them means a cure for you! See that "the Fishman with the Fish" is on the package.

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*Healthy wholesome Confectionery*

Wholesome, delicious, and absolutely pure.

Sold by all Confectioners, Grocers, and Stores.

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HOEING YOUNG COTTON.

perfected the machinery, until the modern gin sucks the seed cotton from the farm wagon, divides the lint from the seed, and returns the lint cotton baled, with its seed separated, to the same wagon within an hour. These new gins have an average capacity of thirty bales a day. Under the old system, the completion of two bales in a day was regarded as an achievement.

After the lint cotton is separated from the seed, it is packed in bales of an average weight of about 500 pounds. Endless trouble to shippers and exporters has been caused by the utter lack of uniformity in the size of cotton bales.

Just now a new baling system—the Whitman—is coming into prominence, but not enough is known of it as yet to justify a final word as to its merits. Its promoters claim that it packs cotton at the gin to such density as to do away with the necessity for recompressing. This company proposes to sell its machinery outright, thus avoiding the blunder of the round-lap promoters.

#### MARKETING AND EXPORTING THE CROP.

In marketing the cotton crop, there has been in recent years a marvellous gain in directness and economy. Formerly, the farmer sold to his merchant at the nearest town; the merchant sold to the commission merchant in the city; the commission merchant sold to the dealer at the seaport; the seaport dealer sold to the New York exporter; the New York exporter sold to Liverpool; and Liverpool sold to Manchester. Now all this is changed—how greatly changed will be seen from the report of a cotton-exporting house which handles more than 300,000 bales each season.

The old method of the planters, of

consigning their cotton to factors for sale," said the manager of an exporting house, "is almost wholly abolished, intermediary charges having been gradually overcome through competition, and the producer and the

whole cotton belt, by the representatives of large exporting houses and by the mills. Our firm employs more than 100 buyers for this purpose, and the cotton is shipped daily to the port, where it is expeditiously sampled, classified,

same day—in the evening—it has been stowed on board a foreign ship, and bills of exchange drawn and negotiated!"

The general opinion in the south is that we have now entered on a longer era of high prices for cotton, and that the supply is not likely to become large enough to depress them to their former level. The south might increase its acreage, but the scarcity of labour makes this impracticable. Texas and Mexico might add much to the total supply, but the boll-weevil now stands in the way of any considerable increase there. Mr Edward Atkinson predicts that, for 50 years to come, the south will have a virtual monopoly of the world's cotton supply. During the Civil War Mr Atkinson imported cotton from every foreign country now mentioned as a probable competitor of the south, and his verdict is that all were found wanting.

There are yet many wastes in cotton culture. One waste, which went on for a full century, and has not yet been completely stopped, was the waste of cotton seed. The farmers used to realise only 5,000,000 dollars a year for their cotton seed; now they receive 100,000,000 dollars. Another waste is in the reckless use of commercial fertilisers, and another, the even more reckless selection of seed for planting. Still another waste, likely to have attention now, is the total loss of unopened bolls. By threshing these in parts of Texas last year nearly 2,000,000 dollars was added to the value of the crop. If it is possible to invent an effective cotton-picker, then it is fair to assume that we are wasting 50,000,000 dollars yearly in depending on hand labour for this work. Millions, too, are wasted by the use of inefficient tools, and millions more through unwise



THE MARKET IN MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

consumer are thus brought closer together; and the farmer gets the benefit of this advantage. The cotton is now bought on the plantations, or at the railway stations, throughout

weighed, compressed and loaded upon ships for foreign ports, with almost incredible swiftness. We have had a train loaded with cotton 50 miles from port at 7 in the morning, and by 7 o'clock of the

**"CAPILLA."**  
THE ONLY HAIR RESTORER.



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8 HUNTER STREET, WELLINGTON.



A COTTON FIELD READY FOR PICKERS.

methods of cultivation and failure to rotate crops. The cotton boll-weevil also threatens a loss of hundreds of millions if not checked. Lastly, we are still shipping 60 per cent. of our cotton to Europe—almost as uneconomic, as has been said, as it would be to ship our iron ore instead of turning it into the finished product here.

The market for cotton products will continue to increase. They will probably increase till every acre of tillable land in the south may be profitably cultivated; and these States will realise, in a different way, the kingship of cotton that the Old South dreamed of. Fifty years ago the whole world produced only about 3,000,000 bales (little more than the present product of Texas). This

By day the anxious Queen might hold tearful levees with churlish preachers and rude cavaliers, who clamoured for a settled religion; by night she loved to dance, even in male attire, to play the galliard, to sweep through the dark alleys and streets as a masked nigger, and to play cards till break of morn. . . . She was not a nervous, timorous girl, cowering at the sight of haggard Knox, as some conclude. Her letters prove that she possessed the courage of the Stuart race, and the invincible fidelity of a Joan of Arc consecrated to a holy mission. . . . She played, however, at sixes and sevens with her 'chance.'"

One of the most striking chapters in Dr. Hewison's work details by means of

**Medicines for Motorists.**

Miniature medicine chests are the newest thing for the motorist. Every kind of medicine for any emergency is compressed into a neat leather case, about four inches by three.

Should an accident occur, should my lady faint or collapse, then in a twinkling the little leather box is opened out before you. It is a complete dispensary.

Here is sal volatile to restore shattered nerves, there tannin to stop bleeding; an apparatus for binding a broken limb, and Carron oil, of linseed and lime water, to allay burns; brushes to

remove grit from the eyes, smelling salts, tonics, and sleep inducers.

In the case of a breakdown on the road the motorist can be independent of a doctor. Everything is marvelously compact; three yards of gauze, one inch wide, for instance, are compressed in a square-inch box.

**The Dignity of the Navy.**

The appearance of naval men dressed as clowns and in other fantastical garb at regattas and athletic meetings will be henceforward forbidden by an order issued by Admiral Sir Arthur Fenshawe, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

"It has come under my observation," he says, "that on occasions of local regattas in which the Royal Navy has been invited to take part, it sometimes occurs that the boats' crews appear dressed in an absurd or fantastic manner, which I do not consider to be in accordance with the dignity of the service.

"Some relaxation of strict uniform regulations is quite permissible, but I rely on commanding officers to see that such relaxation is not carried to an extreme.

"I object to men of the Royal Navy, appearing in public in fantastic dress, or dressed up as clowns and females."



WEIGHING THE DAY'S PICKING.

year the world's product is 15,000,580 bales. This 15,000,000 will become 20,000,000 within a few decades; and half this vast product will probably be grown, spun and woven in the south. The economic significance of this reasonable prediction is simply this—that no other part of the world will become so rich from an agricultural product.

In this article nothing has been said about the enormous value of the by-products of the cotton plant. Nor have the southern cotton mills been described; yet more cotton is now spun in the south than in the north.

**From "the Covenanters."**

Attention has been attracted in the literary world by the trenchant critical style of Dr. J. K. Hewison's recently published book, "The Covenanters." The following is his summing up of the role played by Queen Mary in 1562:—

"The giddy queen became giddier. The sedate Scot has always taken pleasure sadly. When the 'mad world' prophesied by Randolph appeared at Holyrood. . . the Covenanters believed that the devil was running loose in the land.

examples from the records the appalling difficulties which the Scottish clergyman of the sixteenth century had to face. Confronted often with a congregation "as fully armed as South Sea Islanders, gaping for any oratorical indiscretion, lying in wait behind the tombstones to be avenged of fancied wrongs, and still half-purged of the old leaven of Roman Catholicism," the pastor could tax his "sheep" with their wanderings only at the risk of having a whinger flung at his head or even of having to use the sword with which he was usually armed in defence of his life. Stipends were incredibly small, and as often as not paid in "kind;" manes were a luxury, one enthusiast living in the steeple of his church; and a library worth more than one or two pounds was the exception.

**HAPPY THOUGHT.**

A Japanese saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weepeth; kill her, her spirit haunts you." We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.

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**J. H. KINNEAR,**  
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# News, Notes and Notions.

The gay Parisians have discovered a new sport, which is nothing less than that of cask-rolling. Leg-rolling, our own national pastime, is nothing compared to this new French sensation, which is rapidly displacing other games. A few years ago someone recognised that in cask-rolling a good deal of skill was used, and that when speed was added to the skill the cask-roller was no less clever in his way than a boxer or footballer. Thereupon optimistic sportsmen conceived the idea of organising competitions to test this skill and speed. A race of 25 miles was projected recently, and a large field put in an appearance. The winner has since been challenged by quite a number of competitors anxious to wrest from him his title of champion cask-roller, and a large purse has been put up. The sport already has an amateur branch and a professional branch, and immense crowds assemble to witness the contests. Skill, speed, and strength are required in no small degree in this novel form of amusement, and the general public has discovered that it has the further advantage of being both inexpensive and free from danger. When casks are no longer needed for beer, we may, perhaps, see them put to a similar use in New Zealand, or a cask race might be added to the attractions of the next No-license demonstration.

In the woman's department of King's College, London, they are starting out to create a new race of wives and housekeepers. A course of "oikonomic" lectures just announced includes applied chemistry, where the student will have the mysteries of the atmosphere unraveled for her, will be shown how to judge of the fitness of water for drinking, cooking, or laundry purposes, and will learn all about the relative wholesomeness of foods, their adulterants and preservatives. There is a course in practical domestic arts, from which the budding housewife emerges with a complete knowledge of the elementary processes of cooking and of the materials to be used. Besides sanitary science, applied hygiene, economics and bacteriology, thirty lectures and sixty hours of practical work will be devoted to biology. It appears the student will have to grasp the structure, life and history of selected types of plants and animals, such as haematococcus, spirogyra, amoeba, the earthworm, and the rabbit, to say nothing of the development of frogs and eggs. Heat, light, sound, electricity, and magnetism in their relation to the home will also come within the range of the Varsity housewife, while the whole family will be dissected psychologically in her study of its perception, instinct, emotions, memory, ideals, and even language. It will cost only £30 to create one of these new model housewives, and many bachelors are waiting for the end of the university term next summer to learn what the finished product will be like.

In Queenland the natives get the earth-eating habit, and it is considered a disease. In America a middle-aged carpenter, of Long Island, named King, has been securing enormous attention, because he claims to have proved that a simple diet of sand will cure almost every human ail, and more particularly indigestion. Hypnotics have made pilgrimages to King's home, and in their presence the carpenter explained "how to eat sand three times a day and feel grand." Yellow sand, according to King, has the best curative properties, but you should pick out shells, and do not eat too much at once. "Take it on a spoon at first," he says. "There is time enough to use a shovel when you get accustomed to it." On the other hand, John Williams has been trying to persuade the American people that they can live most healthfully by munching fresh grass like sheep. The medical papers denounce these dietetic freaks as impostors, but the police have no more power to interfere than to prevent a circus from exhibiting men with a gift of swallowing swords or broken glass. It is a strange, a weird country, a very Paradise for the mediæval charlatan.

Captain Derby, whose early death deprived America of one of her most original humourists, evolved "a new system of grammar," which Prof. T. R. Lounsbury discusses in a recent "Harper's." It is well known that the orthodox means of expressing degree are few and inadequate, and Derby devised a numerical scale with 1 as the unit, and 100 as the maximum. As an aid to truth and exactness, it is unrivalled, and this is a fair example of how to use it in a letter:—"On a 76 fine morning I was 55 slowly walking down the minus 54 clean Queen-street, when I chanced to meet the 22 young and 85 charming Miss Smith about whom you ask. We at once exchanged the 91 usual meteorological observations. 'It is a 76 beautiful day,' I remarked. 'Indeed, it is a 55 beautiful day,' she replied, 'and I am 97 glad to have met you, for it is a 99 long time since I have seen you.' I felt 77 flattered by words like these coming from a 75 lovely girl, but proceeded to make the 71 usual inquiries about her health, for I knew that on that point you had been 85 anxious. She told me in reply that it had been 78 poor, but she was 106 glad to say it was now 87 good."

"Canned" medical advice is our latest American product. Following the practices of the State Charities Association, of New York, and the New York State Board of Health, graphophone lectures are being used throughout the States as an auxiliary in the fight against tuberculosis. The campaign began with a large phonograph, with megaphone attachment, mounted on an automobile. The phonograph had, besides three short lectures on the prevention and cure of tuberculosis, a number of musical pieces for the purpose of attracting a crowd. At each stop a few musical pieces are first ground out, then a lecture in the simplest language given on the prevention of the spread of the disease. Then comes more music and again a lecture on the treatment of the disease.

M. Lepine is concerned with the solution of a grave problem—the regulating of aeroplane traffic in Paris. No aeroplane has yet landed in the boulevards, but M. Lepine is convinced that the time is not far off, and when they do come it is necessary that they should be subject to a proper police regulation. A Paris contemporary found M. Lepine quite absorbed in the question. As long as aeroplanes stick to the air, we have nothing to do with them, but once they land in the streets, it is quite another matter. Ladies might faint, horses take fright, or cabbies lose their temper, if the flying machines landed unexpectedly in the wrong places. Public squares, or special places would have to be set aside as aeroplane stations, and, of course, the inevitable fine provided for the aeroplaneist who should land on the steps of the Opera House just as the performance is over. A lieutenant of M. Lepine has even seriously discussed the advisability of drawing up rules for the future brigade of aerial police. The Parisian comic papers have been treating the matter as a joke for some time past, but at the police headquarters the problem is looked forward to in dead earnest.

Banknotes of the value of £400 have had a curious adventure at Nanterre, near Paris. Ten £40 notes were placed by their owner, a lady of independent means, in an envelope, which in some way got thrown into the dustbin. Ransackers, desirous to open the envelope, threw it aside, and it fell into the gutter. The envelope was picked up by a carter, who thought he had found a fortune, but another carter convinced him that the notes were spurious, and they were torn up and thrown away. Then two women found the scraps, and took them to the police office, where the superintendent pieced the seventy torn bits of paper together, and when the owner reported her loss she was gratified to have the precious papers restored to her.

Here is a man's description of the new cup frocks, given by an Australian writer:—"Upon my word," he said, "I believe I could have made some of the dresses myself; they just looked like a straight piece wrapped round them, and just two holes out for the arms, and for coats they were things like antimacassars cut down to fit 'em."

America has some daughter communities which eclipse the mother's record for divorce. The recent report of the Census Bureau at Washington that 1,300,000 petitions for divorce have been filed in the United States during the last twenty years, is totally eclipsed by the record of Los Angeles (California) county in the three years ended July 1, 1908. More than three thousand petitions for divorce have been filed in this county alone in the past three years, and last year nearly thirteen hundred petitions for divorce were filed in this county. This is probably a world's record, far surpassing the whole state of South Dakota, infamous for divorces. Marriage licenses granted during the same year numbered 4446. If petitions for divorce were equally prevalent in all the United States, there would have been 360,000 divorces asked in a year.

The great benevolent scheme of the late W. E. Sutton, the millionaire carrier of London, is becoming actively a reality. The Sutton Trust has the administration of funds amounting to nearly £2,000,000, bequeathed by Mr. Sutton for the erection in London of model dwellings for working men, and the building of the first block of tenements, situated in three-street, Bethnal Green, has now so far progressed that it will be ready for occupation in January or February. The rents will be arranged upon a sliding scale, as follows:—Four rooms, 10/ per week; three rooms, 7/6 per week; two rooms (average), 5/ per week; one room, 3/6 per week. "We have at the present time a little more than £1,000,000 at our disposal," said one of the trustees. "The buildings at Bethnal Green, when complete, will cost about £50,000. We are now in negotiation for other sites in crowded parts of the East End. The rents asked in such thickly-populated neighbourhoods are frequently enormous, and we intend to strike the best bargains we can."

A tax on cats is the latest financial expedient of the French "Chancellor of the Exchequer." But there is a universal wall from the cat-loving community of France, and this fraternity is large and influential. Dr. Lepinay, who has a stray-cat home, protests volubly against the threatened imposition, on humanitarian, hygienic, and scientific grounds—first, because it will decimate Puss; secondly they decimate rodents, thirdly the tax is impracticable. There are about 380,000 dogs in Paris, and only 100,000 pay the tax. There are seven or eight hundred thousand cats, by a mild estimate, and these can only bring in about £800 a year. Some find a virtue in the tax, since it involves official acknowledgment of cat existence. By the way, the British War Office has an official cat. The senior cat, Trilley, came to her demise last month, and there were some hundreds of competitors for her honourable place. But the War Office door has slammed pitilessly on every unemployed cat that sought the job. Major, who was second in command, now succeeds to the senior place, and he is to reign alone. The War Office, in short, has retrenched, and will make one cat do the work of two. It is horrible to see such "sweating" in high places.

We who live in a land flowing with fresh water hardly can conceive what a drought really is. Take such a place as Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, said to be the hottest on earth. It is usual there to find the thermometer at 140 degrees Fahrenheit. On the coast of this island, where practically all of the people live, there is no fresh water, which is needed above all things is so seething a temperature. And it is to be had from the bottom of the sea. Here and there, scattered over the floor of the harbour of Bahrein, are springs of pure fresh water. These waters well up through the sand to mingle with the salt water of



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the sea. It would seem a difficult task to find these threads of fresh water amid the ocean's volume; but the thirsty islanders are thought to have found them ages ago and to have passed on their location from generation to generation. A diver equips himself with a water bag made of skins, the mouth of which is closed, and descends to the bottom of the harbour at a point where one of the springs issues. The bag is carefully inverted over the current of fresh water as it flows up from the sand, the mouth is shut fast and the diver returns to the boat awaiting him on the surface. One scientist gives it as his belief that at some period in the shadowy past that which is now the harbour's bottom was not touched by the sea. The springs were then on the shore and ready for the islanders' needs. Little by little the sea encroached on the land, but the location of the wonderful springs was not forgotten.



Some important decisions affecting the construction of motor-cars were reached at the international conference of the world's great automobile clubs in Paris last month. This conference is held annually, and the recognised motor clubs of the various nationalities are represented at it. There was an animated debate on the question of the revision of the international rules for speed contests. The actual maximum bore permitted in international speed contests is 155 millimetres (6.132in.), and the minimum weight of the car 1100 kilogrammes (191cwt.). But the experience of the great international motor contests during the past year has been such as to make a reduction of speed and weight advisable. After a long debate it was decided that the high power and weight agreed to at the Ostend conference last year were excessive, and it was therefore agreed to reduce the bore in all cars entering for international contests from 155 to 130 millimetres, and the weight of racing cars from a minimum weight of 1100 to one of 900 kilogrammes. One of the principal reasons given for the change was that the tyres were unable to stand the strain of the weight, combined with the speed hitherto allowed. The resolution is undoubtedly a step in the direction of the building of lighter cars of lower speed. It was decided in effect that roads are appreciably damaged by cars running more than fifteen miles an hour, but not below that speed. It was also resolved: The weight of the heaviest axle should not exceed three tons, except in vans, etc., going between six and nine miles an hour, when the limit should be four tons. The pressure per centimetre (3.8in.) of the wheel rim should not exceed 3cwt. A sub-committee of the English-speaking section of the Congress decided the maximum weight per inch of width of the tyre should not exceed 600lb. of the basis of a wheel 3ft. in diameter.

### How Kipling Discovered America.

Bailey Millard, who was the first American to welcome Kipling to the United States, writes interestingly on "How Kipling discovered America." Mr. Millard, then a reporter on a San Francisco daily in 1889, ran across Kipling at an hotel, and celebrated his arrival with a twelve-line personal, which was probably quite enough for an almost unknown young writer.

Even to a man who knew nothing of his consummate genius (writes Mr. Millard), just then beginning to bud, there was something distinctive about Kipling, as there is about all men of marrow. Once his reserve was broken, one could not help being attracted by him and his conversation, and yet one was never convinced of his great culture. Over his brandy and soda he could be eloquent for five minutes at a time, but, on the whole, I remember him as a man more given to enquiry than ready to impart information. Indeed, it was only after several talks with him that I learned he was the correspondent of the Allahabad "Pioneer," and that he intended to write his impressions of America for that paper.

On that first evening of his arrival he wanted someone to pilot him around the town, which I readily volunteered to do. We walked up Market-street while the theatre crowds were pouring into that thoroughfare. He was plainly disappointed in all that he saw, for he was

looking for something Western and raw. One thing that worried him was the rapid step of the crowd. He wanted to know if they always walked that way. The gorgeously lighted and lavishly spread shop windows made him stare, and he said it was all vastly different from anything he had ever seen. The wonderfully decorated and bemirrored cafes, which were the boast of old San Francisco, were something amazing to him, and never failed to bring forth admiring comment. The prodigal free-lunch system of the town, by which you could buy a glass of wine and have a whole meal thrown in, appealed to him strongly.

I led him into the big newspaper building where I worked, and showed him the presses, the composition room, and the editorial staff preparing the paper for the next issue. In the things he took morning. In these things he took much interest, and when I introduced him to some of the choicest spirits of the Press he talked with them in a friendly, though somewhat condescending way. But we had always looked for this from Englishmen, and did not mind it. He made a strong impression upon the folk of the Press, and, in fact, upon everyone to whom he was introduced. After his first brief pose of insular indifference, he revealed himself as a dynamic personality, readily conversable, strongly assertive, and as English as they make them.

I well remember that night our walk along Kearny-street, through which thoroughfare I was conducting him back to his hotel, that he might not get lost. He had much to say of literature, particularly of the big Frenchmen. He evinced a fondness for Maupassant and Gautier and we talked of Taine's comparison between Alfred de Musset and Tennyson, which was so much to the discredit of Tennyson. As I remember it, he did not greatly disagree with Taine in the salient points made in favour of de Musset's youthful warmth and his abounding love of life, on the one hand, Tennyson, which was so much to other; but, being British and Tory, he must needs, after all, give Tennyson a much higher place than that of the Frenchman.

On our way we picked up a late wandering friend of mine, who, because he knew all about politics, greatly interested Mr. Kipling. The conversation was a long and, to me, highly entertaining one. Kipling was the "chief among us taking notes." I had never known a foreigner who asked many and such strange questions about American affairs. Some of them seemed inspired and touched the very heart of our economic system, but for the most part they were naive enough. Boss methods in politics interested him greatly, and as my political friend, for the sake of drawing his fire, made bold to defend them, Kipling rushed hotly to the other end of the argument, and ventured such opinions upon our undemocratic democracy as would have won him the lifelong friendship of Mr. Dels.

During the fortnight or so of his stay in San Francisco I saw much of Kipling and heard more, for the rather convivial set of men around town who took him in tow seemed to revel in the novelty of him, and they recounted with delight the various ways in which they "strung" him. They once told him yarns—ancient, shrivelled ones, baggy at the knees; tales known everywhere, except in Allahabad—and these he afterward solemnly related in his book as new stories. His innocence, as manifested by his artless questions, was a source of infinite joy to these reckless raconteurs, and inspired them to outdo themselves for his edification. But, on his own side, Kipling has told some yarns in his "Notes" that compare quite favourably with those told by the Californians, while they are almost as moss-grown. For example I should select the narratives of his own experience with a bunco-steerer and that of the Irish priest and the Chinaman as being purely apocryphal.

Please to remember that none of the club-folk, who rejoiced in getting hold of this young man fresh from India, had the slightest idea that he had literary greatness concealed about his person. We were used to the globe-trotters in San Francisco—the man who dared all sorts of things, even to the wearing of tweeds at formal dinners, and who puffed his pipe and wore his knee-breeches and long woollen hose down Market-street in defiance of the local ordinances in such made and provided. Kipling was

hardly of that sort, but he shared one trait with all his countrymen—that is to say, he regarded his visit to San Francisco as a sort of slumming tour, and was ready to go anywhere, in almost any company. Something is to be allowed for the youth of the man at that period and much for his curiosity, which seemed insatiable.

One of the men about town with whom he foregathered on more than one occasion was a festive club fellow named Higelow, whom everybody called "Petie." Petie endeared himself to Kipling by showing him through Chinatown and into all the worst dives of the Barbary coast. Kipling seemed to be "game" for whatever was forward. Even when he found that his new friend could embrace the flagon with more warmth and frequency than any other man on "the route," and was, in fact, the bibulous prize of the town, he was not terrified.

It was "Petie" who showed Kipling into the Barbary coast resort where he found his "dive girl with a Greek head," so rapturously set forth in his "Notes" as among the eight American maidens with whom he fell "hopelessly in love." Mr. Miller retells with such detail,

the circumstances of Kipling's dinner at the famous Bohemian Club, and the rage with which literary San Francisco read the young writer's abusive criticisms of his hosts in his "American Notes." That is an old story. This seems to be new—

In the San Francisco Press Club they will tell you a story of how Kipling, who was anxious to raise money to meet travelling expenses, offered two Mutaney manuscripts to the Sunday editor of a local journal, and of how the editor after reading them over, returned them to the author with his thanks and his comments that, while they were well written, they were not "available," as they were not were not available as there was no interest in East Indian tales in this country. I have heard this story repeated so many times that I am inclined to think it is true, though the editor, probably covered with confusion by the wonderful popularity of those very tales would never admit the authenticity of the report. If it was true, as many believe and declare, here was another believe and declare, here was another Kiplingian reason why San Francisco was "a perfectly mad city."

"Having held a position as field umpire to the South Australian Football Association, and having to go under rather severe training, my constitution had a very severe strain. The tonics I took did not benefit me. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and can faithfully say that it did me a wonderful amount of good. In fact, it built my system up so that I could go through my training without an effort.



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# On the Management of Savings Banks

By ROBT. H. BAKWELL, M.D.

There are some subjects which are "taboo" to the newspaper writer—at any rate, in Auckland—unless he has nothing but what is laudatory to say of them. For some reason which, with all my 21 years' residence in Auckland, I cannot even make a guess at, savings banks and banks in general fall within this category. Honestly and without irony, I have never lived in any city in the world where the motives, the inner springs, the "wheels within wheels," of all important matters are kept such a profound secret. Cliques of the most rigid kind dominate everything. If you happen to get into the favour or inspire the confidence of any member of a clique, you may get on; but if not, as I have seen proven a hundred times during my term of residence, you may pine away or starve unless you can get outside help. But for all that, the universal patron of praise arises from the newspaper Press; everything is for the best in the best of all possible cities; you must not venture to do more than just gently hint that even Aucklanders are but human, and that no human being can be absolutely wise and good. Now the reader—if this is ever published, which I very much doubt—will doubtless say or think, "Then how comes it that Dr. Bakwell's severe and sometimes scathing criticisms have been printed?" Well, one reason is that for the same reason that a pinch of Cayenne pepper or a touch of garlic adds a pleasant flavour to a dish, and prevents that insipidity which would otherwise spoil a good but flavourless dish, so the stinging sarcasms which I address—never against any particular persons—even I should never venture on that—give a spice to what would otherwise be rather tame and tasteless.

I must now ask my reader to imagine that he is Mr John Smith, of Kaikiriwiri, in the provincial district of Auckland, an engineer by profession. Mr Smith has, by thrift and self-denial, accumulated a small capital of (say) one hundred pounds, or a little more, which he is desirous of safely investing at compound interest. The only institution in which he can do this is by placing the money in the Post Office Savings Bank, where, every 31st December, the interest will be calculated and added to the capital sum. The Auckland Savings Bank sternly refuses any interest on any sum over one hundred pounds. Why it does this I have never been able to discover. Probably the rule was made in the early days, when £100 seemed a fabulous sum for a working man to possess, and the other banks wanted to get hold of small deposits as they do now—whenever they can get them for nothing!

And why, by the way, did the directors of the Auckland Savings Bank give away £10,000 of the depositors' money to build a training college, or something of that kind? What right had they to give money belonging to the depositors without the consent of the depositors? I was not a depositor at the time, or they would have heard my mellifluous tones asking a good many unpertinent questions—e.g., how are the directors appointed? But a trust to this matter for the present. My life is very precarious, but if the A.S.B. directors value their own peace, they will pray for my death regularly night and morning.

Now, to an ordinary observer, it would seem that given a Government Department that is desirous of forming a Savings Bank, and given a man with a hundred pounds, desirous of investing in the Government Savings Bank, the latter Department would do all it could be reasonably expected to do to facilitate the proceedings of the would-be depositor. After all, Mr. John Smith may reflect, as with fear and trembling, he approaches the Post Office: "It is no crime to have saved a hundred pounds," (is it?) Let him wait a few minutes.

Mr. Smith goes up to the counter, and a crowd of clerks—for the Bank premises are teeming with clerks—glance generally at him as he wants to make a deposit in the P.O. Savings Bank.

"Have you an account here already, or do you wish to open a new one?"

"I want to open a new account."

"Then you must sign this paper—"

Smith retires to read it, but finds it so comprehensive, and so incomprehensible, that he strolls up to the Albert Park, in order to be able to peruse it at leisure. He finds that his signature must be witnessed by "The Postal Officer, who receives the deposit, or by a solicitor of the Supreme Court, or by a Justice of the Peace!" And he is informed that "if such Declaration, or any part of it, be untrue, the Depositor making the same will be liable to a penalty under the Post Office Act, 1900, besides the forfeiture of all interest paid, or payable in excess of the prescribed limit."

Now, just fancy any ordinary Bank doing business in this preposterous way—sizing the intending depositor by the scruff of his neck, and threatening him with unknown penalties, and the forfeiture of all interest in case he should have placed more in deposit than £500! What would be the reception given at a Directors' meeting to the Bank Manager who should propose that every intending depositor should be treated to threats of fines or imprisonment, before he had ever declared how much he intended to deposit, for fear that his deposit should exceed £500. I guess the Directors would glance round at one another, and politely ask the manager to withdraw for a few minutes. And when he returned the Chairman would kindly inform him that he was showing marked symptoms of overpressure, and that he was granted sick leave on full pay for three months.

Well, Mr. Smith finds that he "is" to declare that he will never be entitled to interest on more than £500 on his own behalf, or as trustee for some other person, and that he is not now and never shall directly or indirectly be interested in any sum above £500. But why need he make any such declaration? Surely an entry in the Deposit Book, stating that no interest is paid on any sums exceeding £500, would be sufficient. Why insist on a solemn and formal declaration, which really frightens many females?

Then, come a whole series of rules, marked (a) to (j), about all sorts of persons who may or may not become depositors. The first (a) is exquisite:—

"Deposits may be made—"

"(a) By persons of full age, and under no legal disability." Why did not the official add: "No objection made to persons having two arms or two legs?"

There is another funny clause:—

"(e) By married women. Deposits, made by a married woman, or made by a woman who afterwards marries, will be repaid to any such woman."

I am not a married woman, nor in fact a woman at all, but if I had been a female depositor under this section I should decidedly object to the last three words of the rule. I should want the deposit to be repaid to myself, and not to "any such woman." Suppose it does not get to the right woman?

But I must hasten on, for the troubles of a depositor have not yet even begun. He fills up the paper: an entry is made in the deposit book—which is supplied gratuitously—and duly stamped, and he takes his departure. But on looking again into the book, as he is sure to do, he finds that before he can be certain that his deposit is duly entered, he must wait until he gets a notification from the head office in Wellington, which does not reach him for ten days or a fortnight. Why is this? Does any bank in the world adopt such a system? What a waste of time and clerical labour! There must be a duplicate system of ledgers in Wellington, involving the services of dozens, if not scores, of clerks.

Now suppose for any reason Mr Smith wishes to withdraw a few pounds from his deposit, again he is confronted by extraordinary regulations. He cannot do as he would in an ordinary bank (write out a cheque); he must go in person to the post office. But if he has removed since he made his first deposit, he must either go in person to the chief office (if he made it there) or apply for payment to be made at the nearest office to the place of his residence. This is made on a

solemn form called "Notice of Withdrawal."

If the unhappy depositor happens to be too sick to go in person to the office or sub-office—then his troubles are multiplied. He is not merely an ordinary criminal who has become a depositor in the Savings Bank; he is one of that aggravated type that actually wants to draw out money when he is too sick to make a personal appearance. So they punish him by sending a highly complicated form, which must be signed in the presence of a witness, who must subsequently be sent as a messenger for the money. Then this witness must sign his or her name, and it must be signed in the presence of a doctor, who must also certify to the illness of the depositor. You could really make a will leaving millions with less trouble and formality.

The whole of the procedure seems to be based on one fundamental maxim—the depositor is a rogue and probably a thief, and all the P.O. officials are rogues or thieves. Everything is done to inconvenience the depositor and to frighten him away. Why on earth such a fuss should be made about the £500 limit is incomprehensible to any non-official. Persons with more than £500 that they do not know how to employ in business can easily lay it out on mortgage, and get at least 1 per cent. more than the P.O. Savings Bank will give them.

What really feeds the department is the small depositor. A man with a hundred saved cannot invest it on mortgage—the sum is too small. There are thousands of persons in the colony who could profitably employ a hundred or two, and pay 6 per cent. per annum for two or three years, but they have no securities to offer except their own honesty and good character. We want some institution for bringing together the small capitalist and the needy struggling farmer or small shopkeeper. They have them on the Continent of Europe, and hence the success of the small farmer.

Perhaps some of my readers may detect in the above article an intimate knowledge of the sorrows and sufferings of a depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank, which could only have been attained by a personal experience. I frankly acknowledge that I have been, and am, a depositor, and that it is partly the personal inconvenience I have experienced in getting a few pounds out during my illness which has prompted me to write and show up the imbecility with which the Savings Bank Department is managed. I could have drawn a cheque on the National Bank of New Zealand in half a minute, sent it down to the bank by a messenger, and got the cash in about a quarter of an hour. To get the same sum out of the Post Office Savings Bank I had to sign three documents, and get the money only after three visits to the post office and three days' delay! When a person is very sick this kind of thing is doubly annoying.

Onehunga,

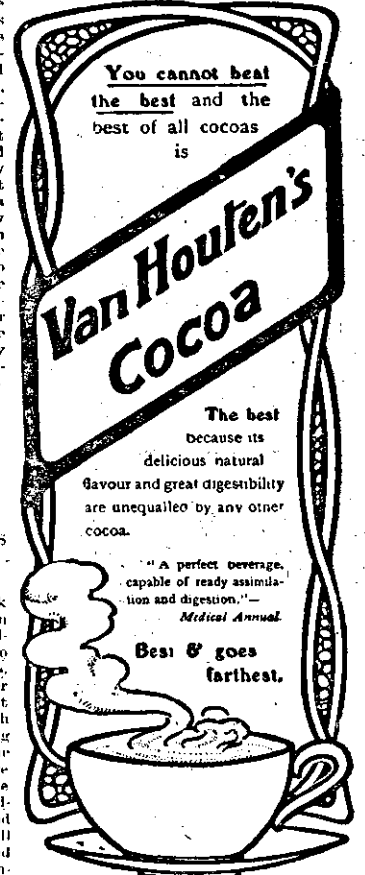
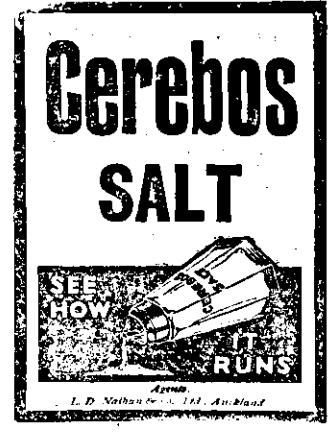
November 30, 1908.

## A MOTHER'S PRAISE.

ZAM-BUK BALM CURES HER SON'S PAINFUL POISONOUS SORE.

Out of gratitude for what Zam-Buk Balm has done for her little boy, an appreciative mother sends us the following letter:—"I cannot speak too highly of Zam-Buk Balm." says Mrs. E. N. Bonney, of Shannon and Baxter Streets, Gympie, Q. "I have used it on so many occasions, and with such good results, that I am sending you along these few lines to acquaint you with the facts. My boy contracted a small sore on his leg, which gradually became larger and sorer. I thought it was blood-poisoning or something of that kind, and began to worry about it. I applied all kinds of ointments, but the leg refused to get better. I was on the point of consulting a doctor when I received one of your little booklets, and noticing the splendid cures Zam-Buk had effected, I bought a pot and applied it to the lad's leg. After treating the place for about a week—one week, mark you—the leg was healed right up—ample compensation for the trouble I took to read your little booklet. I had run up a big bill at the chemist's, but Zam-Buk soon put an end to that expenditure, and the sore leg too. I always use Zam-Buk now for any kind of sores, and with always the same result—a certain cure." Zam-Buk Balm is invaluable for cuts, bruises, burns, sores,

chafings, rashes, blisters, prickly heat, and all injured and irritated conditions of the skin. Price 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot, of all chemists and stores.



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Van Houten's Cocoa

The best because its delicious natural flavour and great digestibility are unequalled by any other cocoa.

"A perfect beverage, capable of ready assimilation and digestion."—*Medical Annual*

Best & goes farthest.

# BILLIARDS

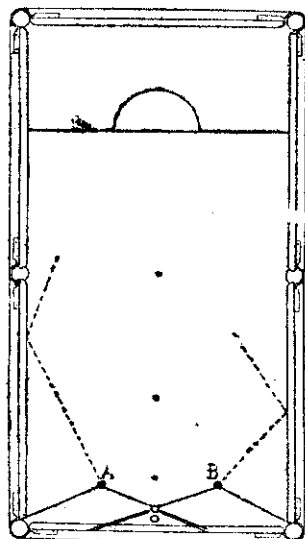
By an Expert in London  
"Daily Telegraph."

If coming events really do cast their shadows before, we are likely to see a record break materialise within the next six or seven months (says a writer in the London "Daily Telegraph"). The number of 500 and 600 breaks which have already been recorded hold out the promise of bigger things to come. In the four or five weeks he has been playing in the Burroughes and Watts' provincial tournament, Stevenson has made three breaks beyond the 600 mark, and the same number exceeding the fifth hundred. There is every indication that his 800, which stands as the duly-accredited highest on record, will be cut. He has more than once given it as his opinion that the day is bound to come when he will compile a full 1000 points in one break. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Stevenson is the successor to John Roberts, who still, however, plays as no other man has done, or may hope to do, at 61 years of age. The great faculty for scoring at the highest attainable speed makes Stevenson build his big breaks with a less expenditure of effort than any of his rivals have to put forth. He does not take so much out of himself, and, therefore, the strain of keeping the stroke combinations going—for the billiard professor like the chess expert, frames his conceptions four, five, and six moves ahead—is minimised. Quickness of judgment and execution are all in a player's favour. They seldom go together, though. Hand and eye, dexterous as they may become, and harmonious as they may work, must abide by the dictates of the controlling power, which is, by nature, slow. Only the billiard genius can do his work with precision at the full limit of billiard speed. The quick scorer can retrieve all sorts of hopeless situations.

Mention of Stevenson reminds me that he is the happy possessor of a cue, without an equal among all the professional players, carefully as they all select and care for this important accessory to the game. He has a length of wood so rigid and stiff that there is no fear of its ever going crooked; a fault which sooner or later overtakes the majority of cues. To my mind, Stevenson has devised the ideal cue. Like other players, he has, in his time, suffered from want of knowledge and lack of the proper instrument. For day, however, there is no eye to be compared to his. It is part and parcel of himself, as it were, a true-moving and straight rod that may be likened to a perfectly turned gun barrel. Of course, there is something more behind the cue than the ordinary seasoning of wood and the cue-maker's art. Stevenson has turned his experiences to account. Knowing what is wanted and what to discard, he has had his cues built to a new principle. There need be no fear of their warping even if rested against a wall in an unright position, or bent out of the straight line. The properties of the wood are so remarkable that it works back to the true line again. Only those who can appreciate the benefits of a good cue, with the balance better set by reason of the weight being more evenly distributed, and more strength being given to the thinner fore-end, will be able to realise the enormous advance in cue-power and rigidity that the new Stevenson cue gives. I understand that he is shortly about to place it before the public.

The story of the evolution of the top-of-the-table game, as told by John Roberts, is decidedly interesting. He states that as a youth, when the old-fashioned

spot stroke, which meant the monotonous repetition of holing the red ball in one of the two top pockets prevailed, he assiduously practised the stroke. His method was to place the ball on the billiard spot, with a white ball quite close to it, within a few inches of the coloured ball, directly in a line with it in the longitudinal run of the table, with the cue-ball dead behind the red and commanding the situation. The positions are shown upon the first of the diagrams. The idea was to maintain the attack upon the red ball, holing it in the adjacent corner pockets, leaving the object-white out of the game until the spot-stroke play became too difficult or was lost altogether. The attendant white ball was the reserve force it still continues to be in all details of billiard playing. It was



Recovering position for top-of-the-table practice, by either a winning hazard or a cannon.

not used except for the express purpose of again getting the red under control. For the red ball is the real scoring force, whether it was in the old spot-stroke days, in losing hazards, or in the top-of-the-table refinements. Any hazard with which the coloured ball is directly concerned earns the player a 50 per cent. greater gain than a hazard from a white object-ball or a cannon shot does.

To anyone who knows anything of the way the balls are manoeuvred around the billiard spot and the extreme use made of the top pocket by the leading professional cue-men the statement made by Roberts as to the cause of its creation is at once made manifest. The top-of-the-table game is only evasion of the old spot stroke. The spirit of the play is still the same. To hole the red ball in the pockets

nearest to the billiard spot remains the central idea. But, as the rules practically forbid two successive spot hazards, the player has to be contented with playing a cannon, and removing from that leading landmark of the table by means of a cannon. He now holes the red, and with its return to the billiard spot he holes it again. Another cannon will, or should (and I may say it generally does), enable him to repeat this performance ad infinitum. The principle of the scoring is two red winning hazards to one cannon. This is too exacting, however, and the series of such strokes is never prolonged. The object white has to be more frequently attended to at the expense of more prolific hazards. There is no perfection in anything, not even in professional billiards, marvelously proficient as its leading exponents are. And for all the years he has spent in studying and keeping in practical touch with his own creation, Roberts finds the two hazards to one cannon proposition beyond him. Yet, as may be seen at the Grand Hall in Leicester Square any day in the week, the veteran can juggle with the balls in the old sweet way when he does get them to close quarters in that section of the table between the two top pockets which is bounded by the pyramid spot.

Some most instructive practice is to be had by placing the balls in either of the two positions shown on the first diagram. I have frequently indulged in it with someone of good amateur calibre, and occasionally with a professional expert. The idea is to try and keep the balls going on the top-of-the-table game principles. You start, of course, with a winning hazard, such as the simple-cannon position invites you to play at it. Put the cue-ball up as close as you like to the red, and try to play the correct game, working up to the two-hazard to one cannon method. You will quickly find how extremely difficult it is to keep the object white ball near the billiard spot, as the professionals contrive, and the very awkward winning hazards, which are the very essence of the play in these latitudes, which keep cropping up. It is fine practice, however, particularly if you take your scores, say in half-a-dozen innings, against those of a friend's. Nothing connected with the game will teach its difficulties more soundly. When the professionals engage in this sort of play they rule out any kind of losing hazard, and simply limit themselves to cautious and winning hazards. But the average player should leave himself the option of using all possible strokes, so that the return movement to the head of affairs when the top-of-the-table work has become set with complications may be entered by the medium of the two key-strokes shown on the second diagram. There is the cross losing hazard, a shot always to be looked for. It puts the red ball over the middle pocket, where it may be pocketed, and a speedy return made to the head of affairs. Then there is the losing hazard, which leaves the potent "drop" cannon, a gathering shot of the best kind, which also provides a direct return to the top of the table.

## NOT THE HEAVENLY MAID.

"And have you music at the church?"  
I asked the rural squire.  
"Wall, no," said he; "wan't say we hev;  
Just singin' by the choir."

# Have you tried GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT?

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Bad Legs, Bad Arms, Poisoned Hands, Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Carbuncles, Bad Breasts, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Bunions, &c., &c

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The immense number of orders for Proctoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints.

Proctoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

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A constipated habit of body will be completely cured if the patient will on each occasion, when suffering, take a dose of Proctoids, instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

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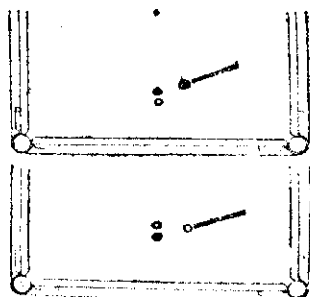
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It is extensively used by Medical Men in their official and private practice, at Home and Abroad, who have given numerous written testimonials of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Chemists all over the world, in bottles, 1s. 1/4d.; 2 oz., 2s. 9d.; 4 oz., 4s. 6d., each.

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Agents: ROCKS, TOMPERT & Co., Melbourne. Sole Proprietors: FREEMAN'S CHLORODYNE, LTD., London, S.E., England.



The evolution of the now fashionable scoring method known as the top-of-the-table game, made in the days of the spot-stroke.

# VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

The No. 3 A.G.A. intend to get in at least three daylight parades before the Xmas vacation.

Battery men are talking about organising a dinner to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the formation of the company.

The 1st Battalion Infantry fire for the Ranfurly Cup on Saturday next. It is expected that there will be about eight teams competing. The Victorians will be entering two, the Battalion staff one, and the other companies the remaining five.

Col. Wolfe, O.C. District, is at present visiting the northern corps. He left Auckland for Whangarei on Monday week, and will not be back till the 12th. Capt. Carpenter, A.A.G., who has been absent on leave, returned to duty last week.

I regret to hear that Lieut. Morton, of the Battery, has been laid up for some time with the demon rheumatism, which got hold of him pretty severely. He escaped rheumatic fever, and is once more about, but he has been advised to go to Rotorna or Kams for the waters. I hope he succeeds in shaking off this old enemy of the Contingenter.

The Franklins have finished their classing for the year. They will capitulate at full strength this year. This is a tribute to the efforts of Captain McKenzie and his officers, commissioned and otherwise. The remaining squadrons will now be firing pretty steadily on the coming Saturdays till classing is done.

There was another meeting of the O.C.'s of the 1st Battalion Infantry last week for the discussion of the adjutant's (Captain Grant) scheme for the increasing of the Battalion's individual and collective efficiency. The scheme, as my readers may remember, is to hold year-long annual competitions in five subjects, i.e., attendance, drills, field work, musketry, and discipline, the maximum of marks being 100, and the winner of the most marks being awarded the championship of the Battalion. The scheme is being warmly taken up, and it is expected that after two or three more meetings workable conditions will be evolved and issued for next year.

There is every chance that the Waitukus will revive themselves, after their spell of ill health. They have nearly 50 members available for a camp, and I have heard that they are likely to be granted a camp in February next. It is puzzling why this squadron, once so healthy, does not pull itself together and resolutely readjust matters for itself. Surely some of the reasons for their present difficulties can be found. The trouble is that personal differences are so hard to readjust, and where neither party is prepared to concede anything for the sake of peace, the "whole show" suffers. I hope to hear shortly that the solution has been found, and that the old squadron is once again firmly on its feet.

The No. 2 Troop of the Seddon Horse are to be inspected at Kaurakapapa or Heleasville on December 10th by Major Bloomfield. This troop, formed not very long ago, is in the charge of Lieut. Jolly, who, on the expiration of his English service, as a Q.M.S. in the Leicestershire Regiment of the Yeomanry was elected subaltern in the Seddon Horse. The troop members are taking a keen interest in the shooting, and are also exercising some care in the selection of their new members. Few corps are able to do this latter, and it is a very healthy sign. The Seddon Horse have been steadily improving since Major Bloomfield took them over. They are now about 65 strong.

The Auckland Grammar School no doubt considers the Campbell Challenge Vase its peculiar property. It has won it pretty considerably—no less than seven times in succession—and the other schools don't seem able to touch the school teams for shooting in these days. St. John's got it three, and King's twice before the Grammar got its "eye in." Which in itself is a pity, since it tends to discourage competition. I wondered to see King's College, which drills so well, figure so badly in the scoring as compared with Grammar School.

The champion way of encouraging volunteering in a local way I have heard of has been adopted by a generous Boniface up north. He has three sturdy sons in the local M.R., and to help along the cause has announced that he will charge volunteers in uniform only 1/6 for meals, instead of the standard 1/3. That's patriotism if you like!

A healthy sign is the warm way the Seddon Horse are taking up shooting. They have got the old range at Takapuna, but neglect the needs of distant members have secured sites for ranges at Kaurakapapa, Wainui, and Heleasville. These will probably be approved. The work of making them fit for shooting is being done by the men themselves in a series of working bees. The Seddon Horse, by the way, have challenged the Rodney M.R. to a shooting match, and this will take place shortly at Warkworth.

The Auckland M.R. will be inspected by Lieut.-Col. Holgate on December 10, and the Seddon Horse will probably be visited in February next. Lieut. Holgate last month saw the Pukekohe, Franklin, and Rodney M.R., and appeared much pleased at the improvement they have made during the past year. Much of this improvement is, no doubt, due to the system adopted of attaching a Staff S.M. to each regiment, and making him directly responsible to the O.C. Regiment; but much is due to the officers and the men themselves, not forgetting the energy of the S.S.M. himself.

The Council of Defence has been asked by the Overseas Rifle Association to consent to the abolition of the 100-mile limit for free railway passes, and the substitution of a free pass granted for any distance to home site competitors at any rifle association meeting where Government money is included on the prize list. It was mentioned that a similar resolution had been passed at the previous annual meeting, but had not been favourably considered by the authorities. Various speakers referred to the absurdity of the restriction, which prevented Lavercaill and Dunedin volunteers, for example, from travelling free to take part in the meetings at each other's centres. The chairman expressed the opinion that the limit was a reasonable one.

The No. 2 A.G.A. are not yet decided as to whom they will have for captain of the corps, but I understand it is the wish of the men that an O.C. should be elected before the camp. This seems to be obviously a bad time to choose an O.C., for the company is going into camp shortly, and will be rated according to the efficiency of the numbers on the roll. If the O.C. should happen to be taken from any other branch than the Garrison Artillery, or even if he be an Artilleryman, unaccustomed to command, he would be a handicap rather than a help. However, it's the company's business. By the way, Lieut. Vaughan is now acting in command, for Lieut. Ewan has handed over the company to him. Mr. Ewan has had a long spell of volunteering. He got his 21 years' medal last year, and it is my impression that he was, if not an original member, one of the earliest members of the No. 2 Company. He has been a

solid worker, and his record is very creditable. He is a distinct loss to the attached list, but I hope to see his name at least on the A.U.L.

## GOSSIP.

"So there is a coolness between Count Pucash and his wife's relations?"  
 "Yes. They say his conduct was atrocious."  
 "Surely he didn't beat his wife!"  
 "No. But he beat his father-in-law out of several hundred pounds."

## BILIOUSNESS AND HOW TO CURE IT.

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

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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.

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SITUATED IN A UNIQUE POSITION CLOSE TO THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS AND MAORI SETTLEMENT.

From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

# FACTS, FANCIES, QUIPS & COMMENTS

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

Excuses are one of the necessities of life. Ever since the incident of the apple, man has been in need of excuses to present to wives, sisters, aunts, landladies, creditors, friends, judges, bosses, gods and posterity. For thousands of years the human animal has been constructing the story that turteth away wrath, but the one that is sound in all its legs and can be guaranteed to go the full distance and pull in good order has still to be invented. The best of excuses always limps a bit in the off fore-leg; the ordinary hack excuse that hobbles into the divorce case or breach-of-promise action is so lame that it has to arrive on all fours. An aged but giddy person of 62 was lately sued in an English court by a lady of 24 with whose affections he was alleged to have trifled. A number of his letters were read out, and in one of them he stated: "My reason for not writing before was my swollen feet."

A sermon on "Horses and Horseracing" was delivered recently by the Rev. C. Hudson in Holy Trinity Church. He showed that for staying power and long distances the present-day thoroughbred had sadly deteriorated. This was owing to the animals being bred too leggy. In 1700 the average height was 14 hands, in 1800 it was 14.3, and in 1900 it had reached 15.2. Short races were also responsible for the depreciation, the animals being now trained for sprinting. Real sport had departed from the past-time, which was now merely a gambling medium. If the owner were straight, the trainer might not be, and if both were right there was the jockey to consider. If all were right they would be run off the course. "Sed" Green had declared in the Melbourne "Argus" that gambling, not betting, was the bookmaker's vocation. Those who betted were either thieves or fools. If they knew the winner they were thieves, and if they did not they were fools. God's design was that the horse should be man's aid and friend, but through racing the attainment of this purpose was lost.

Entering the Sydney General Post Office, a recent arrival from Germany, who wanted to register a letter, found himself ushered into a room in which was seated a medical man, who examines certain applicants for employment.

"Take off your coat and vest," said the doctor, addressing the young German.

"Vat for?" replied the astonished one. "Oh, come on," said the doctor, in businesslike fashion; "no humbug; hurry up. Does that hurt?"

After getting several sharp taps in the region of the lungs, the doctor again inquired, "Does that hurt?"

With a look which betokened trouble, the German answered, "Nien (no); but if dis tam nonsense don't soon stop somebody gets hurt!"

"Vote for A. Farthing" is a legend that was familiar about Melbourne last week. Mr A. Farthing was a candidate for the City Council. At a little distance his window bills read: "Vote for Farthing Reform." We are reminded of the time when a Mr Penny put up for the Legislative Assembly in one of the country constituencies. "The People's Penny" was his catchline. He played on his name for a long time, till one night a derisive selector cried at a meeting: "Garn! what are you? Why, it would take twelve like you to make change for a Bob!" "Bob" was the Christian name of the popular rival candidate.

A Newcastle (N.S.W.) cabinan was telling a friend he had an idea of visiting the North of Queensland. The friend, however, advised him not to go, because the heat in the summer rose to 150 in the shade.

"But," the cabinan replied, "do you think I should be a darn fool to stop in the shade all day!"

A youth from the country, who was new to the delights of city lodgings, recently entered a small general store, and, producing a bottle labelled "Best Unsweetened Gin," asked for a pint of kerosene.

"Better take the label off in case of accidents, hadn't I?" asked the store-keeper.

"Don't matter a bit," was the reply, "there's only me and the cat ever go to the cupboard, and I don't mind if I do kill the cat."

"Killed the cat yet?" asked the store-keeper, as the youth was passing next day.

"No, I ain't," said the youth, with a puzzled look, "but there's a bit of a mystery somewhere. My landlady has been queer since last night; she won't open her mouth within yards of a box of matches, and she smells something awful o' kerosene."

"A.C.N." sends to a Melbourne paper a note upon the introduction of English shell snails, which are now the worst of garden pests. "The late Baron von Mueller, when director of the Melbourne Botanical Gardens (1857-1873), took a keen interest in the Acclimatisation Society of Melbourne. One of the things he sought to introduce were glow-worms sent from England. But, alas, when the case was opened the little lamps were in darkness—the glow-worms were dead. However, the shell snails, whose slimy moisture was to have fed the glow-worms, were alive. The Baron, who was sometimes—indeed usually—very pitiful, said, 'Put dose snails in de garden,' and I did so, though many a time since I have wished that I had been less obedient. They multiplied as only snails can, and only this evening, in his 'private path,' they were being crushed under foot. No doubt many shell snails and their eggs came to this country in plant

cases and by other means, but those turned out in the Melbourne Botanical Gardens in 1860 or 1862 were the first seen here, though perhaps not the sole progenitors of the hosts that have come to stay unless vigorously dealt with."

Some quaint stories re a Tatt's sweep winner are circulated in Melbourne. The favoured child of fortune in this case was a cautious old agriculturist, who took his luck rather gloomily. Too cautious to collect his unearned thousands through a bank, he went over to Hobart to present his ticket in person, and with the idea of getting all the prize in gold he borrowed a money bag from a neighbour. The neighbour had been in the habit of keeping a couple of bent three-penny bits in the bag "for luck," and they were there when he loaned the receptacle to the farmer, but when the bag came back from Tasmania it was as empty as a drum. The old chap had gathered the two thrums into his personal estate. Presently he crowded his fortune into a pocket-book, put a horny hand of the breast pocket in case of accidents, and went off to Premier Bent for information as to the best Government stock to put his sweep money into. Bent seemingly was in too much of a hurry to listen to all the yarn, so he said, "My good man, go on the Land!" "But, sir," said the gloomy visitor, "I'm just off the land." The story ends here.

There was something extra in the way of a clearing-out sale in Sydney the other day. Freeman and Wallace, the don't-you-feel-well-young-man people, who used to spend thousands a year in advertising—their bill in one year, it is alleged, reached £14,000—had poured over them recently the most blistering remarks that have come from the N.S.W. Supreme Court Bench for many a year; and what with that, and the verdict, and costs, and other hard knocks, the auctioneer was called in to sell up the whole show. And an amazing show it was. The offices—piles of offices—looked as though two earthquakes had fought three rounds in each room. The letters from the young men who didn't feel well were scattered six inches deep over the floor, and the firm's typewritten letters to the man who had specks before the eyes rose like icebergs in half a dozen corners. The crowd that turned up to get the bargains jammed itself into poky offices and winding stairways, and squeezed out the ghosts, and any man who happened to wink off a bead of perspiration found that a gross of "No. 7" medicine had been knocked down to him for 1/11. Remarkable-looking, weird electrical contraptions which must have cost £50 or £100 were sold to daring speculators for 2/6 or £8. The boss of a city social-purity mission, who was nosing round in search of thrills in a new "den of iniquity," found a typewriter handed to him for £6—a typewriter that had been worn out in the struggle to assure the young man that if he didn't send £19 10/ at an early date he would be Lost. And then desk after desk was sold—desks that looked as though they had been left in a hurry (evidently when the two earthquakes arrived on the landing), and,

probably on the strength of what might be inside them, they sold for as much as £15. Still the social-purity mission man who bought the wicked old typewriter will probably get the most beautiful revelations, if only he can get the weary instrument to tell all it knows.

## HOW BAD BLOOD IS MADE.

Do you know that impure blood is one of the many common disorders that result from indigestion, from a stomach out of order? Your blood is the chief product derived from the food you eat, and if that food is not well and properly digested, it stands to reason that some of the nutritive elements, contained in the blood and distributed by the blood all through your body can be healthy. The blood furnishes the nutritive properties, the building-up and sustaining material for bones, muscles, nerves, sinews; for all the tissue and fibre of the body, including the hair, teeth and finger nails.

When your food is not digested, it simply begins to decay, first probably turning sour in your stomach. Poisonous fluid acids and gases are formed and spread all through your system. The result may be and almost certainly is constipation, headache, blotchy skin, dizziness, pains in the stomach, back and loins, loss of appetite and sleep and general weakness.

The one thing you may depend on to cure you of such a condition and to prevent it in the future is the great hereditary remedy Mother Seigel's Syrup. It abates all these evils by simply strengthening the digestive organs—the stomach, liver and bowels—putting them in condition to do their natural work.

Read what Mr. Frederick Bailey, of Lacey-course-road, Hamilton, Queensland, says in a letter of May 4th, 1908. "For a long time," he writes, "I suffered from severe indigestion, brought on by hard living in the back country. I was hardly ever free from pain. After eating I was doubled up by acute spasms in the stomach, with severe vomiting. I had frequent headaches and flatulency, and my whole system was weakened."

"From time to time I tried many medicines, but none gave me more than temporary relief until on a friend's advice I used Mother Seigel's Syrup. Four bottles of it were sufficient to complete my cure, and I am now as well as a man could wish to be."

### A Cold in the Chest

is dangerous. If neglected it may lead to serious lung troubles. You need a medicine that will break up the cold, soothe the cough, and cure the trouble. The remedy that will do this most quickly and safely is the one that has for 40 years been the favourite family cough medicine.

### BONNINGTON'S IRISH MOSS

Tell your Chemist it must be Bonnington's.

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# The Future of Travelling

WRITTEN BY "PIERROT" IN LONDON.

To anyone who has not had experience both "before" and "after," the change in the conditions of railway travelling in England in less than five weeks would seem almost incredible. Only that length of time ago one journeyed in comfort in half-filled trains the length or breadth of the country; to-day one swelters in packed carriages, with a fellow-passenger's elbow pressed into one's ribs from either side. The sensation is irritating, then exasperating, and finally maddening. One goes to the restaurant car and eats a three shilling dinner one does not want merely to kill an hour or so of one's time of penance.

The fact is that scores of trains have been "discontinued" because the railway companies have agreed to terminate what they describe as "ruinous competition." The public may in time grow to tolerate the effects of what they may be so impatient as to consider a "ruinous" monopoly; but meantime a long journey is becoming an unmitigated terror to those who like fair freedom of movement in their seat in a railway carriage. To-day's paper shows that things are to grow still worse, for the North British Company, as a result of the "pool," is to cancel no fewer than one hundred trains a day!

The railway investor regards all this with equanimity, not to say with keen satisfaction. And I am afraid that his self-complacency is not without a suspicion of hypocrisy. He is trying desperately to make himself believe that the ill-wind is blowing everyone some good! He has even the confidence to allege that the service of trains has been improved by its very deflection. It is well that there should be some optimists to cheer us up in looking to the future of the British railway service under the influence of combination.

But there is another class of defenders of the new order, and it is at least characterised by honesty. This class acknowledges that the public is losing heavily by the new order of things, but holds that it is right that it should lose. "The companies," it is maintained, "have played a losing game long enough; it is now time the traveller had his turn." Others go so far as to say that the companies would be right, according to modern business precedent, in squeezing every farthing and every farthing's worth of comfort out of people who are quite capable of defending their own interests. Now this last is an argument that is getting dangerous, and I am surprised how frequently it is still employed. It appears to me that the wise corporations, in the present state of the Western world, will study moderation. An educated public is not so malleable as the proletariat of fifty years ago, and it is clearly perceptive of what it takes to be its right. Three railway companies, in a recent manifesto, after stating that particular trains to Scotland were only half full implying a complement that is usually found remunerative, proceeded to announce a reduction from three trains to one—or, in other words, a readjustment providing that trains hitherto half full should be filled up one and a half times over! Such high-handedness as this may be overlooked for the moment, but it will assuredly meet with its due appreciation before very long.

But I deny in any case that companies or individuals have the ethical right to demand their pound of flesh—and least of all companies engaged in the supply of food or in the maintenance of communications. Theoretically, one may do anything in business that the law allows one to do; but practically if one pushes this doctrine to its limit, one may well expect to be accused of very sharp or very heartless behaviour. And so, I think, may railway companies, which hardly acquire their running rights on the understanding that they might eat down their traffic facilities to a minimum.

So far only the number of trains (and, incidentally, of course the accommodation) has been affected. But the time cannot be far distant when the pooling system will also result in serious postponement or speed. Obviously it would not pay, apart from the demands of competi-

tion, to run trains at a maximum pace, and companies which are beginning to herd their passengers like cattle can hardly be expected to be philanthropic enough to maintain an unprofitable mileage per hour. It is darkly hinted to me on many hands that the real aim of the companies is to force on the Government purchase of the lines. And the suddenness of the deterioration of the service certainly disposes one to see some cogency in this explanation. Probably, as in most human actions, the motives are mixed. "Let us scrape the uttermost farthing, because we have nothing to fear," may be the attitude. "Either the public will submit, or we shall be compelled to sell at a valuation, and realise our capital value without taking the slightest risk."

There is something very disappointing to one who has returned from a long absence, full of enthusiasm for many great improvements in the English railway service, to find that those gains to the public may so soon be lost in the adoption of a reactionary policy that tends to counteract every new development in comfort by the horrible discomforts of waiting and overcrowding. The new radiator system, for example, is delightful; but what will be the pleasure of it to people warming one another like rabbits crowded in a cramped little hutch? Better freeze in a carriage by oneself than be warmed by the corpulent persons of one's squeezing fellow travellers.

Then the freights, high enough already, are bound to rise still further with the removal of competition. And this is all apart from the wholesale dismissal of railway employees—which in the whole kingdom must affect thousands of workers. That, of course, is hardly a result for which the public can blame the companies, but it is nevertheless one of the saddest features of the new combine, especially in view of the prevailing unemployment. And it is not even as if we could see our way out of the wood. The new movement has barely begun, and it is impossible to say how far it may not go within the next few years.

Frankly, I think the railway companies are overreaching themselves—unless, indeed, their primary aim is to secure State purchase. My present resolve is to keep my railway travelling at the absolute minimum, and I don't doubt that thousands of others are tending to the same conclusion. If a train journey is to become as unpleasantly necessary as a course of disagreeable medicine, it is unlikely that people will take it except under the influence of sheer compulsion. And railway companies surely reap some of their profits from people who regard railway travelling with equanimity, or at least not with rank aversion.

## Marriage of Miss Marie Studholme.

One of the most popular of all musical comedy actresses—Miss Marie Studholme—was married, recently, to Mr. Harold Giles Borrett, to whom she had been engaged for three years, says the "London Express."

The marriage, which was kept secret, took place at the Marylebone registry office, and only two friends of the bridegroom were present as witnesses.

Mr. Borrett is a son of General Borrett, C.B.

Mrs. Borrett is still on tour with "My Mimosa Maid."

Miss Marie Studholme's career in musical comedy began when she understudied Miss Letty Lind, at Daly's, in "An Artist's Model," "The Greek Slave," and "The Gipsy." She then went on tour with "San Toy," and returning to London in 1900, began her successful career at the Gaiety.

When the wedding was announced Miss Studholme's audience expressed their congratulations by long spells of cheering. A bouquet was handed over the footlights, and there was a deluge of presents at the stage door.

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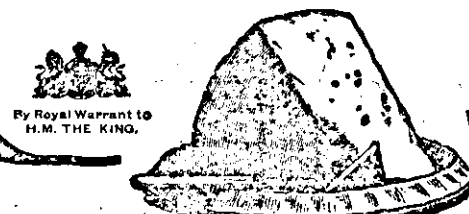


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MISS CHETWYND, may I introduce Mr Carrington for this waltz?"

The pretty, keen-eyed girl and the tall young man did not catch each other's names through the noise of the band and the buzz of conversation, but they started on their dance with a sense of satisfaction in each other's attractive appearance and excellent dancing.

At the first pause they began with those tentative remarks which are calculated to reveal personal facts without direct questions. Yes—both were visitors at Southbridge. Miss Chetwynd was on a long visit to Mrs. Dayman, who was so kindly giving this dance partly on her account. She and Violet Dayman were schoolfellows.

They were having some theatricals. "Oh, good—are you in those? So am I, worse luck. I shall make a mess of it to a dead certainty."

"I'm frightfully nervous, but I know I shall love it! What are you going to be?"

"That abject idiot, Marlow!"

"Oh, well, I'm Kate Hardecastle."

"Really? Fancy our being introduced as strangers. Well we ought to get used to each other. So you'll give me another dance, won't you?"

"Yes, sir, if I've one to spare," said Miss Chetwynd, with just a touch of Miss Hardecastle's coquettish deference in her sweet, clear voice.

"Nine—no six—don't put me off till thirteen? Well six then—that's lucky. Oh, Marlow wouldn't be content with one—six—nine and an extra—Miss Hardecastle?"

He was a slim, dark-eyed boy, with an air of youthful good spirits that was very agreeable—a very clearly cut aquiline nose, and arched eyebrows. She was small, with a quantity of light brown hair dressed high on her head, and had a charming likeness to a picture by Romney, which augured well for her appearance as Kate Hardecastle. The pair concluded their dance, and met again for number six—with much mutual satisfaction. They were both very young, the girl was enjoying the novel independence of a first visit away from home, the youth had hardly ceased to feel the satisfaction of being a grown up and eligible partner instead of a boy who was regarded as a make-shift. They were both quite young enough also to make the dancing their first object, and number six was devoted chiefly to business, Miss Chetwynd, during the intermediate seven and eight, found herself eagerly looking forward to number nine, although everything that occurred was charming in this delightful scene of colour, light, and movement. It was so nice to see pretty dresses, when one's own was among the prettiest and to be at a real ball in a soft pink frock instead of in the dear old village at home, where one wore one's oldest skirt and shabby hat, and felt that the school Christmas tree was the only likely diversion. Something of all this she told, when her partner appeared in very good time for number nine.

"You see, we live at the Hall, and our rector has no children, and the house in the next village is empty. We're very glad of that."

"And where—" began the young man, when the son of the house came up, smiling.

"Ah, Carrington, so you and Miss Chetwynd have found each other out! Have you discussed the play? To-morrow's the first rehearsal."

He passed on, and the two young

people looked at each other with startled faces—and in sudden silence.

"Miss Chetwynd, of Chetwynd," said Carrington, with some formality, through which nevertheless a little amusement struggled.

Every line of Miss Chetwynd's pliant young figure stiffened up, as she replied with a little bow, and a scarlet countenance.

"Well," said he. "I'm the unlucky owner of Downes. Dear me!" with rather a nervous little laugh—"it's quite curious—quite an odd thing—our meeting here."

"I think—if you please—I should like to sit down. I'm a little tired," said Miss Chetwynd, suddenly stiff and grave.

Mr Carrington drew himself up with equal stiffness and bowed and retired. He did not come to claim No. 13.

"But I say—what? Oh, come, Carrington, deadly feud be blown! That girl can't have anything to do with it," exclaimed young Dayman, as, the dance over, Rupert Carrington, before bidding him good-night in the smoking-room, stammered out his opinion that he could not play Marlow to Miss Chetwynd's Kate Hardecastle.

"It began in the wars of the Roses, when her ancestor gave up mine as a traitor."

"Then it's high time it was over."

"Then it was the other way on, and a Carrington was said to do something sly to a Chetwynd in the reign of Edward VI."

"Then it should have worn itself out by the reign of Edward VII."

"Well—it's been made up off and on. But—there was some desperate business about a racehorse in my grandfather's time, and since then, we've never spoken at county balls nor magistrates' meetings. It's known we can't be asked to meet each other. But times were so bad, you know, my father left Downes, and I've hardly been there since I was a boy. It's—its extraordinary!"

"It is," said Dayman. "Elsie Chetwynd is a nice little thing enough. And I'm sure I don't know where we are to get another Marlow."

"She—we were getting on like a house on fire. But—of course it does seem preposterously absurd!"

"I agree with you. It does."

"Well—of course. I don't like to upset Mrs. Dayman's plans. If—if Miss Chetwynd would agree—we might go through with it, I suppose. It wouldn't make any difference."

"Oh, no, the feud could go on just the same afterwards."

"Well—I don't know what my people would say."

"I shouldn't mention the fact to them. My family's not ancient enough to keep feuds or ghosts, or anything of that sort. But if you could see your way to smothering your feelings for a week—we should all be no end obliged to you. And there's no need to have much to say to Miss Chetwynd off the stage, you know."

"No," said the representative of his ancestors, meekly, and with an air of depression. "Well, then, if it is not disagreeable to the lady—"

"Well, we'll see about that," said Dayman, as he wished him good-night.

Meanwhile, Miss Chetwynd, with a scarlet face and tearful eyes, was preventing Violet Dayman from going to sleep.

"I couldn't, Vi! I couldn't! His grandfather made up a story that mine did something wrong about a racehorse—and ruined him, and that's why father has always been so short of money, and—they would send for me to come home to-morrow, if they knew a Carrington was here. Grandmama has told me such tales about them. You must be Kate!"

"You know perfectly well I can't see one bit, Elsie. All this acting is to please Charlie. You'll ruin the whole thing. And what does it matter? Rupert Carrington's quite a respectable young man. He's gone into his uncle's business because he is so poor. He can't live at Downes."

"But my great-grandfather looked up my great-aunt Elsie because—because—she liked this Rupert Carrington's great-uncle, and his father said he'd cut him off without a shilling. And I—I shouldn't have any feeling for my family if I went against all our traditions—"

"I thought Christians ought to forgive their enemies," said Violet.

"So I do! I always think of the Carringtons in church. I'd go to his rescue if he was being killed. But to act with him—"

"Well," said Miss Dayman. "I'm going to sleep. But I hope you're not going to be ridiculous. You can go on with the feud afterwards just the same. But perhaps he won't act with you."

"I hope not," said Elsie, but somehow she did not quite like the idea of this solution of the difficulty.

The Dayman's were comfortable, prosperous people, who, as they expressed it, "hated a fuss," and Mrs. Dayman prac-

tically made it impossible for either of the young people to refuse to keep the engagement to act. She made Elsie feel that to stand out would be ridiculous, and insinuated to Rupert that good manners obliged him to swallow his family feeling.

Elsie found it very hard. She was full of sentiment and romance, and had spent many dreams on the hereditary enmity. Most of these culminated in some tremendous generosity on the part of the Chetwynds, which might bring the Carringtons to repentance. She knew much more about the details of the quarrel than Rupert Carrington did, and knew now it had been reinforced till the recent death of the latter's father by every kind of opposition, in politics, in Church and parish matters, on all county occasions, in every way that one man can make life unpleasant to another.

The Wars of the Roses were remote, but the action of the County Council about Mr. Chetwynd's pet school was recent—and Elsie thrilled with anger when she thought that the late Mr. Carrington had pronounced it inadequate.

However, feeling perfectly certain that her acting would be quite spoiled, and determined never to open her mouth to the representative of Marlow, off the stage, she consented to play her part.

But if there was one thing on which Elsie Chetwynd was keener than on the traditions of her family, it was on anything connected with the drama. She had a real talent for acting, and forgot everything but her part. She might avoid Mr. Carrington all day, but she could not help making her scenes go with all her might. He was as he himself said, more or less of a stick at it. She had to help him and give him hints—she found herself drilling the company, getting the scenes done as she wished—and when Rupert—a most willing pupil responded—and improved, how could she help saying, "That's right!"

And he did improve, and moreover was so helpful and handy, that in all the thousand and one difficulties of a very amateurish boy and girl company they found themselves of necessity hand and glove. Silently each resolved to "behave like other people," a short truce in the feud must be observed. Elsie did not write home about her fellow actor, she could tell her mother everything when the play was over.

"Of course," she said, loftily, to Violet. "It was quite easy to behave natur-

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ally. Mr. Carrington is just like everybody else to me."

No they silently agreed to be civil, to talk, to consult, to "behave naturally."

And their eyes never met, and their hands never touched, without a queer little thrill. Rupert Carrington was extra civil, and as Miss Chetwynd had come to the conclusion that it would be too absurd to let their fellow actors guess, she had to talk to him more rather than less than she would otherwise have done.

Altogether, what with the excitement of the feud and the excitement of the getting, she had probably never enjoyed herself so much in her life.

She had had a very dull life. A country house, with shabby furniture, empty stables, and few servants is apt to be a very dull place, and Elsie was an only child. Poverty had been a little glorified in her eyes by the belief that it was due to the machinations of the Carringtons, but to say nothing of former extravagances on the part of the Chetwynds themselves, there were many other causes why a small landed estate was a ruinous possession. Farms would not let—there was no money to spend on repairs, and when Elsie should come into her kingdom, she would find but little to reign over. Nevertheless she felt that all the weight of the family traditions rested on her slender little shoulders.

Downes had been nearly in as bad a case but it was a bigger place than Chetwynd, and had more capabilities. Rupert's mother had brought some money into the family, and now that his uncle had taken him into his business, and made him his heir, there was a hope of better days for the old place. In fact, its future lay in that uncle's hands, for it was heavily mortgaged to him. Mr. Chetwynd despised business, and when some new fences and clean paint appeared on the neighbouring estate he felt the sight a better one, when he had hardly a gate that swung properly on its hinges, or a barn that was water-tight.

But Rupert and Elsie, or rather Marlow and Kate Hardcastle forgot all this. They "felt it a duty" to concentrate their thoughts on the play. Acting is

a very engrossing amusement. Elsie thought of nothing but her part, and her get up, and the success of the whole business; she thought of nothing else, and she had no time to find out what she might be feeling.

As for Rupert, he was a less dramatic person, but he devoted himself heartily to the play, and he thought—he thought a good deal about the difference between the mediæval and the modern point of view, as to the demands of "proper feeling."

Hayfield where the Daymans lived, was one of those charming old villages, which are being rapidly swallowed up by the suburbs of London. Mr. Dayman's house was in a smart and new "residential district," but one of the old unspoiled houses was owned by a certain Miss Glover, who many a long year before, had been at school with Mrs. Chetwynd, had walked with her two and two, in front of a very particular schoolmistress, and had learnt with her to curtsy to her partner, to hand a book to a friend, with a smile and a graceful curve of the elbow, and to step out of a carriage with lady-like propriety. Her house, Hawthorn Lodge, was nearly as rural as Chetwynd Hall, and her old garden contained varieties of flowering trees and shrubs which would put any place further away from London to shame.

When she heard that Elsie was playing so important a part in the Dayman's play, and was told that the little maiden was going to make a "great success of it," it struck her that it would be a delightful surprise to all parties if she persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd to come up and stay with her, and go with her to see the play.

Elsie should not know they were expected, and the old people would thoroughly enjoy the treat.

They came, a fine stately old couple, as they took their seats on the second row, where, as they hoped, Elsie's eyes might not fall on them, as they sat in the dim light.

Mr. Chetwynd was exactly like the Vandyke of his ancestor, Sir Hugh Chetwynd, who was killed at Naseby, and Mrs. Chetwynd, in a well preserved vio-

let brocade, and a cap of exquisite old lace over her white hair, was such a lady of the old school as in these degenerate days is not often witnessed.

Elsie, meanwhile, had thrown herself heart and soul into her part. She had forgotten the family feud, she did not distinguish Rupert Carrington from Marlow, she thought all the thrill and the excitement was dramatic and nothing more. How silly it would have been to let anything interfere with this all-important, this utterly-delightful play, she could not look five minutes beyond it. As for Rupert, he knew well enough why acting was no longer a bore, and he indulged in many wise reflections on the folly of keeping up old grudges, and the advantages of common sense. His plans went far beyond the play; or even the dance that would follow it.

However through a dress rehearsal may be, the real thing is always different, and Miss Hardcastle came upon him like a surprise. Her acting was admirable, and her beauty far above mere stage prettiness. The other performers were only respectable, but Elsie carried all before her, and at the end of the first act there was a loud call for "Miss Hardcastle."

Marlow led her forward, and as she curtsied and smiled, she gave a little start, for through all the clapping and the buzz of tongues, a peculiar little cough met her ears. Could anyone except Grandpapa cough exactly in that way?

"Good looking young fellow, Marlow," said old Mr. Chetwynd. "Can you see the programme, my dear? Who is he?"

"His name appears to be Carrington," said Miss Glover, "a friend of young Charlie Dayman's."

Mr. Chetwynd pulled out his glasses and read his programme. "Rupert Carrington" was not a common name—nor were the Carrington features unrecognisable. Rupert in powder, and the dress of the 11th century, was the very image of his great great grandfather, whose place among the "Worthies" of their country in the county history was an old grievance to Mr. Chetwynd.

He hardly saw the play as it went on, he sat stiff and silent by his wife's side, while Miss Glover, who had also discovered the state of the case, managed to prevent her from seeing the list of performers.

The last scene was in progress. Kate Hardcastle's hand was in Marlow's, and all the puzzles were being cleared up, when, suddenly, without warning, there was a blaze and a flare—a great shout and outcry of "Fire."

Old Mr. Chetwynd sprang up, as if his seventy years had been but thirty. He pushed aside the first rows of chairs, and scrambled to the low platform, seizing his grand-daughter as a piece of flaming grasper hovered against them both. The frail side scene fell, there was a rush of air, a rush of flame, and then he found himself dashed, smothered, enveloped in darkness, all power of movement taken from him, as with his arms round Elsie, he was dragged across the stage, and out at the back of it.

"Let go—let go, sir. It's all right—you'll stifle her—Miss Hardcastle—Elsie—you're not hurt! You're safe!"

The curtain which had been thrown round her was slowly unwound. Charlie Dayman caught the old gentleman as he staggered, not having been able to find his feet. There was a terrifying smell of scorched stuff—as Elsie, gasping, half fainting, her muslin apron burnt away, her hanging curls scorched, was lifted out of her grandfather's grasp, and put on a sofa—while their rescuer finally getting rid of the smothering curtain, his fine clothes smoked and singed, stood for a moment breathless and silent.

"All right, all out, no harm done! Only the curtain at the side scene blew into the lights."

"Someone opened the back window—made a draught!"

"All right—all right—come along! No one hurt. Abrupt conclusion! Come to supper!"

The reassuring statements were shouted from the stage over the heads of the surging crowding audience, while the lady at the piano, with great presence of mind, struck up "God save the King,"

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under cover of which the majority of the guests were got out into the hall and supper served.

Elsie, as her breath and her senses came, put up her hands to her head, and found the ends of her long curls came off in them.

But her eyes were fixed on the figure in front of her.

"Grandpapa—oh, is it grandpapa! Oh, grandpapa—I couldn't help it."

She flew sobbing into his arms, while the old man, too much agitated to speak, kissed and hugged her, and murmured blessings and thanksgivings under his breath.

In another moment she freed herself and stood up.

"Grandfather—I want you to thank—oh— as she looked vaguely round— "Where is he?"

"Carrington! Oh, he has burnt his hands a bit, and Dr. Cooper is looking after him. It's nothing to matter."

"Come, Elsie, come," cried Violet Dayman, still half crying and shaking with fright—"come along and get your dress to rights—and come and have some supper."

But Elsie had hardly stepped off the platform before she was caught in her grandmother's arms and found herself crying on her shoulder, so much confused and upset that she could not control herself, and was fit for nothing but her own room. Thither Violet led her—bringing her wine and soup, pulling off the acting costume, and satisfying the anxious grandmother that no harm had been done beyond burning off half the pretty curls on one side of Elsie's head, and destroying the cap which she had worn so prettily.

"But," she said "I'm afraid—Mr. Marlow—he has been hurt with saving me."

"Yes," said Violet, "he has burnt his right hand a good deal, but the doctor hopes it will soon be better, only he won't let him go down to-night."

"How can we ever thank him enough?" exclaimed Mrs. Chetwynd. "I thought he acted beautifully, and such a good-looking young man. So prompt he must have been, too! Who is he, my dear? What don't we owe to him?"

"Grandmama," said Elsie, "you don't know. Indeed I meant to tell you! I never thought of your coming here! It's so strange I feel as if I was crazy. He is Mr. Rupert Carrington of Downes."

"Yes—and Elsie will be crazy—at least she will have a fever—if we don't have her quiet," said Violet. "she must not talk about it at all. Dear Mrs. Chetwynd—won't you come and see if Mr. Chetwynd is all right? I don't think he got burnt at all—"

This suggestion, added to Elsie's own entreaties, induced Mrs. Chetwynd to leave the girl alone to recover herself. For Elsie was in a dream, the real world seemed to waver, the scenes of the play rang in her ears, danced before her eyes, then the flame and the smoke and the terror, the sudden vision of her grandfather, and then the clapping arms, the rescue, the half-whispered words—what was real—what was acting? And what would be the end of the play?

Rupert Carrington, almost equally dazed and excited, had been sufficiently overcome by the pain and shock of his burns to submit to the dressing and the remedies, and the bed that was ordered afterwards. He too felt in the grasp of fate.

Although the hospitality of the Daymans impelled them to start the dancing after supper and to interest their guests to forget the untoward accident that had happened, and to enjoy themselves thoroughly, no one was really in tune for a ball, and everyone departed as

soon as their carriages could be summoned, and it was not at a very late hour that Charlie Dayman softly opening the door of Carrington's room, met a pair of wide-open eyes, and the abrupt question, "How is she?"

"All right, Violet says. She was not burnt in the least."

"And the old gentleman?"

"He and Mrs. Chetwynd have gone home with Miss Glover. They will come up first thing in the morning."

"Dayman," said Carrington. "I may as well tell you at once that I am going to ask Miss Chetwynd to marry me. Probably to-morrow."

"What? I say—after a week—and the feud—the family feud?"

"The family feud—may go—to the Powers that started it! And my mind was made up after ten minutes, before I knew who she was. She is the one girl for me."

"And your uncle—and the grandfather—and—everything?" said Charlie Dayman, weakly.

"We live in the twentieth century," said Carrington, "and if our minds are made up they'll have to give in."

"Well, good-night—I'll look in first thing in the morning," said Charlie, retreating.

"I propose," said old Mr. Chetwynd, to his wife, as they drove up to the Dayman's house the next morning, "I propose to thank Mr. Carrington in the most cordial and handsome manner for his promptness in saving Elsie from the fire. That will end this unlucky acquaintance, as I shall take Elsie home at once, and shall endeavour to make her see how wrongly she has acted in consenting to act with this young man. As to his conduct and that of his host's, in allowing the intercourse, I say nothing."

"Well, my dear, you see he did save her life. It's very unfortunate of course that he did so—I mean that he had to do so. But so it is."

"Girls should never stay away from home," said Mr. Chetwynd.

The old couple asked for Miss Chetwynd, and were shown into the drawing-room still in all the confusion of the recent festivities, and in a moment there was a footstep, and—not Elsie—but Rupert Carrington stood before them, with his arm in a sling.

"I have to express my very sincere gratitude to you, sir, for your promptness and courage in rescuing my grand-daughter from the flames. A nd I regret to see that you have suffered yourself from the effects of them," said Mr. Chetwynd, in the tone of one saluting an antagonist before a duel.

"Gratitude is quite out of place, sir. I went to the rescue of the dearest thing on earth to me. My whole happiness depends on Miss Chetwynd, and I ask you to give her to me—if I have the unspeakable happiness of pleasing her—. In short—I worship the ground she treads on."

Mr. Chetwynd's breath was taken away He gasped with astonishment.

"Such a proposal from you to me—" he began.

"Oh—the feud, you mean," said Rupert. "Of course, we're all very proud of the feud. But it isn't a thing to stand between the happiness of our whole lives. Ah—there she is! Elsie, tell them we have learned to know each other—tell them we are ourselves—and all the old feuds in the world can't separate us—"

"Elsie!" cried her grandmother, "don't tell us you have given away your heart in a week! I couldn't have believed it—"

"Oh, Granny—Granny! I don't know—I don't think so! But it doesn't matter about the feud, really!"

"Well," as Violet Dayman afterwards told a friend, "there was no end of a fuss, and Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd did take Elsie home in ever so great a hurry. But they said a great deal more about the short acquaintance than about the feud. Because, when they saw an ordinary young man in a tweed suit, instead of a mailed warrior, or a hypocritical Roundhead, they found the feud difficult to realise. And then, they saw something else. Chetwynd all dropping to pieces. And no money for Elsie, and not many chances. And she was determined, and he was determined. And Rupert Carrington's uncle came and talked of settlements, and settling Chetwynd on second son—and there was Downes being set to rights. And in short, no one could prevent their marrying if they wished. And so the old people gave in, and the old gentleman burnt up several nasty letters that had been exchanged with the Carringtons through the ages, and he sort of apologised to Rupert for the spiteful things the Chetwynds had done, and Rupert, as he said 'expressed a very proper regret' for what his forefathers had been up to. And so they were married next week—in Chetwynd Church—and I'm one of the bridesmaids."

**Famous Impostor.**

Cecil Broun de Smith, the most famous of begging impostors, and the living counterpart of Sir Conan Doyle's "Man with the Twisted Lip," appeared in public once more at the South-Western Police Court recently after a period of retirement, says the "London Express."

He is the "paralysed" beggar who was once so familiar and pathetic a sight in the City.

For months he dragged himself painfully through the streets with a trayful of matches, from the sale of which he was supposed to eke out a miserable existence. His head hung on one side, his face was distorted, and his right arm dangled limp and useless.

One night, after business hours, a City detective was amazed to see him mounting the steps of the Crystal Palace Railway Station two at a time. He was watched, and it was found that he lived in a substantial villa at Norwood, and had a taste for oysters and similar luxuries. A term of imprisonment followed.

On this occasion he was described as a vocalist, of Wroughton-road, Clapham Junction, and was brought up on a warrant for the non-payment of £83 due to his wife under an alimony order.

Some later incidents in his career were narrated. It was stated that he had been preaching religion at Clapham Common, and had been cheating people right and left by posing as a philanthropist. Numerous complaints had been received about him.

The magistrate made an order for the immediate payment of the money, or three months' imprisonment in default.

**AS THE OLD MAN SAW IT.**

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Her Father: "Well, don't come to me with your troubles."

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Small Size, 2/6; Large Size, 4/6 Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, and by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. Forwarded to any Address, when not obtainable locally.

# The World of Fashion

(MARGUERITE.)

A year of colour this undoubtedly is! Hats of such vivid and daring shades—when have we seen them before? Giddy parasols of cerise or grass green; flaunting Pierrot ruffles, not at all backward in their colour schemes. The world feminine when arrayed in its new summer clothes looks like an old-fashioned garden—flowers of all colours gaily blossoming together.

And after all, why not? Is it not summer, and is not the sun shining? The flowers are all blooming—why not we?

Even gowns which in other years have kept a virginal whiteness this year show touches of colour. It may be only a silk tie, narrow passed around the throat and knotted in front with long ends dangling; it may be a sash of soft blue or coral pink swathing a slender waist; it may be but an artificial rose tucked into the laces of the bodice, but colour there must be.

Each summer, in preparation for hot weather days, models of muslin and lace appear. Each summer we vow them lovelier, more fascinating, than before. As each year brings some novelty to add to the beauty of the frocks, perhaps we are not so far wrong.

This season Paris has sent us over

some charming models of batiste and lace—a great deal of different laces used in combination and very little batiste. Their new beauty consists of wonderfully artistic lines, cleverly applied touches of colour, and the most fetching little balls and dangles of Irish crochet lace. These little balls are used lavishly to edge sleeves and draperies and to outline over-skirts—in fact, anywhere that they can be applied they are to be found.

Braiding of fine soutache has taken a new departure in its use on the sheerest of white fabrics. It is sometimes combined with English eyelet embroidery, but is quite as often used by itself, and is undoubtedly one of the smartest novelties of the season. Skirts of quite diaphanous mulls are weighted with a braiding of soutache put on in intricate design sometimes a foot deep. Waists or little jackets are lavishly braided to match. There is a piquant charm about the use of this substantial trimming on such delicate stuffs—the fascination of contrasts again proved. But one shudders when one thinks of the effect of laundering on this combination! The cleansers will profit by the new fashion.

All-over Valenciennes lace was used in a very good model gown I saw the other day. Of course, other lace was com-

lined with it, and the inevitable little Irish lace danglers—I call them this for want of a better name—swayed merrily up and down the front.

White gowns, both of the so-called lingerie variety and of still more elaborate fashioning, will be worn over slips of delicately coloured silks. Pink and blue will be, as always, the favourite choice, but under dresses of pale yellow, of violet and cool green, will all be seen. This has the advantage of exhibiting the work and the patterns of the laces to good advantage. It also has the practical and economical recommendation of giving a seeming variety of dresses with one white dress worn over different coloured slips with girdles and other small accessories to match.

These underslips are made of taffeta silk, of China silk, or of coloured lawns. They are invariably cut on a princess model, and should be carefully fitted, for the appearance of these unlined and unboned gowns depends very much on what is worn under them. A light boning is advisable in these underslips, and as much or as little time and expense as you feel inclined can be expended on their trimming. A deep flounce, either shaped or gathered and lace edged, and a lace beading and edging around the armholes and low-cut neck are necessary.

Scarfs, sashes and belts of coloured materials will play an important part in these white costumes. The vogue for scarfs knotted in all kinds of audacious ways, which was the sartorial sensation of Fashion's capital last winter, will be with us in a much modified form this summer. Long scarfs of wide Liberty ribbon, of chiffon and of thin silks, will be worn around the waist, tied as the fancy of the wearer dictates.

The Empire influence is felt in these white gowns as in all others. The waist-line is raised, if not always in front, then almost invariably in the back. To emphasise this, coloured ribbon girdles define the short waist-line, ending in twin rosettes at the back or some other definite conclusion.

If lace is used to join the waist and skirt together, ingeniously designed medallions or lace are placed directly in front to simulate a large buckle.

specially significant of the coming mode for the early autumn. The colour selected for this Shantung gown is a new shade of cedar-wood brown, with just a hint of pink in its composition, a mixture of colouring which makes it very becoming. The skirt, which is perfectly plain and fairly long, is arranged with a short-waisted Princess effect, and finished with a draped belt of black soft satin, while the incroyable coat has long tails at the back, and is cut with a very smart double-breasted front, fastened with buttons.

The revers and the turn-over collar are partly of leaf-green, and partly of cedar-wood brown Shantung, a contrast of colour which is most effective, as the green comes at the top and the brown underneath. There is an inner vest of cream lace, partly hidden under a jabot of pleated lawn, while the sleeves are perfectly plain, following exactly the line of the arm, as many of the newest sleeves will do, in the case of smart tailor-made coats, this season. Quite a simple hat, but one which is, nevertheless very becoming, has been sketched with this brown Shantung coat and skirt. It is made in leaf-green Italian straw, to match the shade used for the upper revers and part of the collar, and trimmed with sharply pointed wings,



DRESS OF OYSTER-COLOURED CREPE DE CHINE.

With Irish lace, turquoise-blue buttons, and a white chiffon fichu, which includes sleeves, and is fastened on to the bodice with turquoise enamel buckles.

## Coats and Skirts in Shantung Silk.

Prominent among the gowns which are certain of success at the races must be reckoned the coat and skirt costumes carried out in Shantung silk, of that specially bright and beautiful texture in which this delightful fabric has been procurable this season. In some instances very smart effects are being produced by the combining of coats in Shantung silk, with chiffon skirts in the same colour closely tucked and pleated, and made up over foundations of white soft satin.

Coats and skirts of Shantung silk of the kind shown in our other illustration have a certain smart simplicity to recommend them, while at the same time, the coat, which is carried out in the newest Incroyable shape, is interesting as being



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A very beautiful model, made of white figured Broche.

For Short, Full Figures

Long below the Waist and short above.

some brown and some green. In front, there are choix of cream chiffon. This same design might be carried out very successfully in pale rose-pink or turquoise-blue tulle, with the revers and part of the collar in black moire.



WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSE.

Trimmed with fine muslin embroidery, outlined with embroidery, beading, and finished with fine tucks, 3/4-length sleeves, finished with embroidery cuffs, edged with val. lace.

Once more the pouched corsage is modish, and, as this sketch of a bridesmaid's dress demonstrates, the vogue is charmingly presented in the design, opened at the left side, to be laced across by means of silver cord. There is no collar to the bodice—a very strong feeling against the tall neckband has arisen this season—but the lace guimpe is edged with silver ribbon tied in a minute bow, beneath which accordion-pleated white chiffon falls in snowy fairness.

The skirt is draped en tunique, with an edging of embroidery, and is opened from the knees downwards over accordion-pleated chiffon. A high-waisted effect is given to the bodice, and a long, sweeping train completes the picturesque impression of the toilette. So important a matter as that of sleeves must not be passed over without comment. They are of the double order, comprising an oversleeve of satin, laced across with silver cord, over an under one of white pleated chiffon and lace.

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BRIDESMAID'S DRESS.

Supposed of biscuit-tinted satin with traceries and lacings of silver cord, and a black picture hat wreathed with pale pink camellias.



CHARMING TEA GOWN.

of Mist-grey, Mousseline-de-soie over Charmeuse in a soft shade of Bleu-lavande, and trimmed with Gam-sewn lace.

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# Books and Bookmen

David Syme: Ambrose Pratt (London and Melbourne: Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Some years ago, when at home, we were often asked the reason of, and indeed often twitted about Australasia's forward legislature, and our reply, invariably, was the same in essence, if not as clearly and concisely put, as that of David Syme's, who declared "That only those who felt a noble discontent with their surroundings, and men who were self-reliant and enterprising to a degree could be induced to sever their homelands, and emigrate to the Antipodes."

In the volume now before us, we have the life history and work of an emigrant, in whom self-reliance, enterprise, calculation, prudence, initiative, and power were developed to an abnormal degree. That the writer of David Syme's biography has had a keen sense of the magnitude of the task entrusted to him, and that his enthusiasm has developed as his task proceeded, is plainly evident in the work, which reflects great credit upon Mr Pratt, not only for its exhaustive quality, but for the utter absence of that dry-as-dust matter, that almost invariably creeps into the biographies of great men whose lives, so to speak, have been bounded by an almost exclusively economic and political horizon, and for whom the social amenities have not existed beyond the confines of their own domestic circle. The Honorable Alfred Deakin, in his introduction to the book, shows us the man when matured. Mr Pratt shows him to us in the making. What Victoria is to-day in a prosperous and economic sense, she owes to David Syme, who for 30 years, through good report and ill, fought her battles single-handed, and single-heartedly. At what cost, said in spite of the valuable information afforded by its biographer and the writer of its introduction the travail by the way, no man can more than guess. But Mr Deakin assures us that to David Syme "a political plot was a delight, and a crisis the climax of his joys," for his ambition for "The Age" was to see it "conducting a continuous campaign of resounding victories won with or from either side as occasion offered." But by his own showing, Mr Syme had no predilection for fighting for mere fighting's sake. The policy of "laissez faire," which has ever proved the stumbling-block to Australasia's progress was his bete noire, and he fought with all his might to counteract its stultifying effects.

As a journalist, Mr Syme is said to have been an anxious rather than a brilliant writer. "But he possessed the supreme merit of being able to put his points clearly and concisely. Also, a critical faculty abnormally developed by exercise upon his staff. Until his confidence was won, every new contributor was submitted to something like an ordeal by fire. Departures from familiar English, new adjectives, or ornamental phrases, whether happy, vivid, or the reverse, were treated as excrescences and struck out at sight." Slowly, as confidence came, alterations diminished. What Mr Syme wished to see in "The Age" was exposition of argument, strong, terse and virile; severe, censorial criticism and the stinging irony of an offended advocate set forth in the simplest English.

A giant for work, he devoted his leisure to traversing fields of thought, economic, constitutional, biological, and physiological, with results that may be found in the latter part of this volume. "His books were all scientific in method, and in each of them he sought to break up new ground. He was in no instance a follower of the authorities he examined, but always a pioneer who had a new step to take—cautiously but boldly—beyond the accepted doctrines of his day."

Of his unique position in Australia, Mr Deakin says:—"Since Kinglake's fascinating picture of 'The Times' and of the part played by its great editor during the war in the Crimea, potent newspapers, and those responsible for them, may be said to have entered into history. Even correspondents, when men of remarkable ability, like the late Mr. de Broux in Europe, and the gifted Dr. Morrison (to-day 'The Times' correspon-

dent in the Far East), have attained a quasi-ambassadorial authority, occasionally overshadowing accredited representatives of the King. Having regard to the isolation of Australia and the smallness of its population, it may easily be understood why the influence of 'The Age,' while it was the mouthpiece of Mr David Syme, placed him in a position of greater supremacy and endowed him with more prestige here than were attained in our time and in similar circumstances by any publicist in the Empire."

In proportion to his greatness, every great man has his corresponding weaknesses. David Syme's chief weakness lay in his insatiable love of power, and in his delight of appearing a "legendary being rather than a creature of flesh and blood." When David Syme, in 1856, took over the "Age" from the brothers Cooke, who had started it in 1854, it was with the belief that there was not room for a third morning paper in Melbourne. He, however, threw himself with energy into the new enterprise, and before long decided that the income of the "Age" would not support himself and his brother Ebenezer, who, formerly employed by the Cooke's in the capacity of editor, was now co-proprietor. So David found other employment until the fortunes of the paper should improve, leaving Ebenezer to manage and edit it on lines of the policy he had laid down. Contracting was his next occupation, and in this, though at first signally unfortunate, he managed to make money. Then, when he was beginning to see his way to assured success his brother Ebenezer died, and he had to choose between continuing the contracting business or taking over the management of the "Age." He accepted the latter alternative, not because he preferred to, but for three reasons, each of which was sufficient in his eyes. First, he had a lot of money invested in the paper, and it would not sell; secondly, his brother's family depended entirely on the income derived from the paper; and thirdly, David Syme believed "he knew what the country required." "At this period thousands of people were leaving the country, many of them rich miners, who would gladly have settled on the land had it been available; others could not find employment in their own vocations. To open up and settle the land, create employment by the imposition of protective Customs duties were, in his judgment, absolute necessities." The first of these necessities, after a terrible struggle, in which David Syme was nearly worsted by his two powerful antagonists—the Government and the land monopolists—the Government not disclaiming, in company with the wealthy squatters, to boycott the paper, so that for months it had to exist without advertisements—David Syme had the satisfaction of seeing the land monopoly broken up and the land re-settled. Then he turned his thoughts towards Protection. "From its inception the colony had run an unintercepted course of Free Trade. Free imports had prevented industrial expansion. The importers were bringing in imports to the value of £15,000,000 a year in exchange for Victoria's gold, wool, hides and tallow. The colony was visibly enormously rich in its resources, but the land was a primeval wilderness. Ship-loads of flour poured in from abroad, while tens of thousands of men who could have grown the wheat and ground it into flour stood idle in the streets—the helpless victims of the two monopolist classes, who conceived it their divine right to enslave the masses by land monopoly and foreign trade for ever." David Syme had long foreseen that a society dependant exclusively on raw products was doomed at the first blast of misfortune. The decline of the gold yield brought the people to the verge of ruin. Syme proved himself "the man of the hour." He commenced, in defiance of all that was orthodox, to attack Cobdenism, and in so doing aroused the antagonism and active hate of the majority of the people of Victoria, official and unofficial alike. Quietly, unostentatiously, but plausibly, David Syme conducted the propaganda of protection, showing by analysis that the free trade tariff of Great Britain was a sham. He also proved that Adam Smith had admitted the superior merit of a home to a foreign market, and that John Stuart Mill had emphasised the necessity of all young countries establishing new industries and securing their

growth by means of a protective tariff that would repress importation and encourage domestic manufactures." And by this time those who had laughed loudest had now adopted a painful silence and a strained attention. "The colony, no less volens, was compelled to put on its thinking cap, and with such effect that a dozen protectionist leagues sprang into existence, and the protectionist campaign was fairly launched." Under the stimulus of the new fiscal question, the prosperity of Victoria advanced by leaps and bounds, and history repeated itself in an era of as great extravagance as ever characterised any prosperous nation. Land speculation and booms, assisted by the folly of the Banks demoralised Parliament to such an extent that a Bill to authorise the expenditure of £41,075,121 on absolutely unneeded railways, which had received the approval of the Chief Railway Commissioner, Mr. Richard Speight, and his colleagues, had been placed before the Assembly for passage. Mr. Syme indicted the Government and hurled it from power. The new Government, after deposing the Railway Commissioners, set up a Railway Standing Committee, who effected an annual saving of £594,746, by cutting down useless and wasteful expenses authorised by the Commissioners.

The outcome of this indictment was an action for libel, brought against Mr Syme, by Mr Speight, who chose to assume that it was his own, and not the system that Mr Syme had attacked. The result of this action will be fresh in readers' memories. Mr Syme's position as the power behind the Government was now universally acknowledged. The democratic legislation suggested and carried through by this remarkable man was compulsory, and secular education, universal manhood suffrage, payment of members, the enactment of a series of anti-sweating and factory acts, regulating hours of work, terms, and conditions of labour, etc. His ideal of Government was a state that was neither a lender nor a borrower; a State that accommodates its expenditure to its income. One of the last of his Liberal Acts was the Indeterminate Sentences Act, and the installation of an Income Tax." At the time he proposed this tax his own income was the largest of any citizen. Comment is needless.

Enough has been said to show the character and life work of this extraordinary man, of whom it is said "that there is not a single Liberal progressive Act on the Statute Book of Victoria of which he did not either solely or partially originate. On the other hand, he prevented the enactment of several reactionary measures and nipped in the bud many crude and hair-brained projects designed to rush the State into ill-considered Socialistic experiments." Mr. Syme, like Lord Bacon, may have been said to be the embodiment of practical philosophy.

Looked at from any or every point of view, he is, without doubt, the most heroic figure, not only in the annals of Australian journalism, but in the annals of her public men—a maker and unmaker of governments, a man of high, lofty ideals, single-hearted, and incapable of trickery; irrefragable, too, in his domestic and financial relations, and a patriot of patriots; sympathetic to real distress, incapable of personal hatred, yet capable of real intellectual hatreds. Dominant to a fault, but incapable of petty tyranny; abrupt with his equals, yet ever generous and thoughtful to his dependants.


Such is the impression of David Syme we get from a perusal of a biography, that is as fascinating as it is virile, illuminative and well limned. The illustrations, 22 in number, will be interesting alike to those readers who have seen Melbourne as she is to-day, and others who have watched her growth. The book is well printed in large, clear type, and the mass of material has been fairly well arranged. But a table of dates would have been of great assistance in placing events in their proper sequence. Fault may be found by some readers as to the bulk of the book, but we do not see how, considering the mass of material to be dealt with, every item of which is of interest, the book could have been further condensed without losing some of that interest. For our own part we have not found the book too long to outlast our keen interest, and the reviewing of it has been a pleasure long denied us in the review of books with greater pretensions to importance. Our copy has reached us through the publishers, Ward, Lock and Co.

DELTA.

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The Queen says:—"You can wear it for night-dresses all the year round."

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

# Wise and Otherwise

By "OLD SALT"

Some talk has been made lately as to the use of babies as thermometers, and before no less an august assemblage than that gathered at the Guild Hall in London. It appears that the common or garden nursemaid is in the habit of dipping her charges into the bath, and then ascertaining from the change in colour, from blue to red, whether the water is too cold or too warm. For the information of such amateurs, who form details received appear to require education, it may be stated here with authority that babies should not be regarded as thermometers—the mercurial spirit develops itself later.

"Thorough! that's what we are," said a patriotic New Zealander the other day. "There are no half-measures about us; we want the lot or nothing. Look at our footballers; weren't they all black? Isn't our cable route all red? And now our new Commissioner is 'all Jones. Yes! that's what we are—thorough!'"

Dickens has made famous the "Tale of Two Cities," but here is another one:—"Dogs' nightgowns made of soft flannel, lined with mauve-coloured satin, are announced in Paris."

"There are a hundred and twenty thousand starving children in the streets of London."

If true Socialism would perform what it promises; that is—to take from those who have according to their means, and give to those who have not, according to their necessities, then a hundred welcomes to Socialism. We have been assured for many years that things were going to the dogs; but it is not right that all the good things of this earth should go literally in the same direction.

No doubt people will wonder what the dickens I was doing in such a pulley, but it was my good fortune the other night to be present at a juvenile party, and so infectious are the sentiments of adolescence that I felt myself again a "chiel amang" the youngsters, and incidentally, I was taking notes. The dominant note appeared to be self-consciousness, and a consequent absence of ease; so for the benefit of young people at large, let me repeat (I think it has appeared before in this column) a joke which contains a large dose of wisdom in tabloid form—"The keynote of good breeding is B natural!" To be natural is in itself a charm; it is affection and self-consciousness which makes so many girls appear awkward and gauche, so now for a few words of fatherly advice:—

### AUX DEMOISELLES.

You may sometimes lose a button from your shoes,  
Or a ribbon from your very charming hair;  
It's annoying; but much more you will may lose,  
If you cannot use with grace a common chair.  
There are places for your elbows and your knees,  
There are places for your hands and for your feet;  
And the compliment that never fails to please,  
If overheard, is "Yes! good form and neat!"  
So cultivate a manner of repose,  
With eyes and hands and feet sometimes at rest;  
Don't wonder if you snouts upon your nose,  
Nor grieve because your neighbour's better dressed.  
For the chignon does not matter. Tie the chignon  
That depends not upon blouses or on bows;  
But on manner and good taste. Here ends this psalm,  
Complied, with all respect, by "Lynda" who knows.

"new"? set of teeth, but the above discovery is, I fondly hope, mine own. Once, ages and ages ago of course, at an "at home" in Australia, a young lady was noticed repeatedly, amongst different groups of guests, to artfully lead the conversation to a drought, which had occurred some years previously, and each time announced that the water in their well at the homestead was "only so deep." The "so" was represented by a downward-pointing hand, and the indicated depth, curiously enough, was just on a level with a many-coloured gemmed ring, which it is to be hoped secured its proper meed of admiration. It really was a very handsome ring, and must have cost at least fifteen shillings—if it didn't come out of a prize packet.

In a recent issue of the "Wellington Times" appeared a paragraph, in which the writer referred, in a spirit of good-humoured indulgence, to the ignorance of New Zealand geography and nomenclature displayed by foreigners generally, and in illustration quoted from what he referred to as the "Peking Gazette." Possibly that superfluous "g" was intended to demonstrate to the benighted foreigners that even the great may slip. That superfluous letter reminds me of another. Upon election night the success of Mr. Fowlds was announced by our contemporary, by means of a pictured representation of a rooster—the campaign was remarkable for "fowls" all through. The humorist, however, who was responsible deserves censure; certainly, "fowls" and "Fowlds" are something similar in appearance (the words of course!); but who would ever anticipate that the "Herald" would drop the tiniest "D" no matter who was beaten?

"Miss Madge Temple is now appearing at the London Coliseum in a hat which measures 14ft. in circumference," and at last it seems the limit has been reached. When a hat like that blows off there is going to be trouble, and over a considerable area, too. If my arithmetic has not grown rusty, that hat has a diameter of four feet eight inches, and if such monstrosities ever come here, may close friendships will inevitably be ruptured—the wearers will be compelled to keep everybody at a distance, and another proof afforded of the folly of the Government in building narrow gauge railways. Just after writing the above, I read that "small toques of the pork-pie shape are coming in, and the large hats going out." I wonder just how they will "go out."—I hope up on to their edges and wheeled, I suppose.

"Farewell!" hear Angelina cry.  
While Edwin smiles delighted;  
Two fond hearts smothered by a hat,  
Since 'ere their truth they mightied.  
Out with the old, on with the new,  
Small, dainty, chic and charming,  
The big hat falls behind the scenes,  
With noise almost marauding.  
So arm in arm and hat in hand,  
Through fair and stormy weather,  
They tread Life's path, the while their heads  
Are nestled close together.

### SCIENTIFIC WASHING!

Washing is a science — there is no doubt about that. The clever woman who has her lines hung with billowy clothing, outwishing the snow, may indeed be called clever. The great secret of washing is to make the clothes the whiter, without injuring the fabric. To get this effect, many use kerosene, some "Buda," some borax — but the clever woman uses SAPON. No one who has ever yet used Sapon will countenance any other preparation. Try it at once and you will have secured a lasting friend.

### MYSTIFIED.

Mr. Younghusband: "Don't you understand how to do it, darling!"  
Mrs. Younghusband: "Yes, I understand alright; but it says, 'first clean your chicken,' and I don't know whether to use toilet or scouring soap."

# Orange Blossoms.

TOVEY—CLARKSON.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mrs J. Whittaker, South-road, Masterton, on Monday afternoon, 30th ult., the contracting parties being Miss Lurline Clarkson, late matron of the Patea Hospital, daughter of Captain Clarkson, harbour master at Timaru, and sister of Mesdames J. Whittaker and E. J. Dupre, of Masterton, and Mr Hamilton Dunbar Tovey, of the Bank of New South Wales, at Patea, and son of Captain Tovey-Tennent, of Tauranga. The bride, who was given away by her father, was handsomely attired in white tulle, with the usual veil and orange blossoms; she carried a shower bouquet, and was attended by Miss Vera Edwards as bridesmaid, who wore a becoming grey silk frock and carried a pale pink bouquet. Mr H. H. Reynolds, of Masterton, was best man, Mr Alexander Tovey, brother of the bridegroom, was groomsmen, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Newman Buttle. The reception was held at Mrs Whittaker's, and the newly-wedded couple left by the evening train for the North on their honeymoon tour. The bridegroom presented the bride with a Marquis ring of rubies and diamonds, and the present to the bridesmaid was a gold brooch. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold compass. Both received many presents from their numerous friends.

ficus, and large white crinoline hats wreathed with white daisies. They carried lovely shower bouquets of pink sweet peas, and wore handsome wreath brooches set with turquoises and pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. Mr H. Free acted as best man, and Mr Marples as groomsmen. After the ceremony afternoon tea was served in the dining room and on the spacious verandah. The tea table was artistically decorated with pink sweet peas and tulle of pink silk ribbon, while four tiny wedding bells, with ribbon, were suspended over the table. The Rev. Macaulay Caldwell proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. The presents were numerous and valuable. Later Mr and Mrs Free departed amidst rose leaves for Howick, the bride wearing a stylish electric blue striped cloth costume and blue crinoline hat with large pale pink roses and foliage. Mrs Sloane (mother of the bride) wore a black tulle, with touches of white lace; Miss Free (New Plymouth), cream frock, with lace threaded with pale green ribbon; Miss Sloane, white silk and cream skirt; Miss Robertson, black and white floral gown; Misses M. and T. Sloane wore cream and white respectively. Among others present were: Mrs T. F. Robertson, Mrs Sotham, Misses Tizard, Walker, Hall, Kennedy, Scott, Bellhouse, Mrs and Miss Thorburne, Mrs H. Cooke, Mrs R. Watt, Mrs Oxley, etc.

FREE—SLOANE.

An unusually pretty home wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Margaret Sloane, youngest daughter of Mrs. Sloane, Marine Parade, Ponsonby, Auckland, was carried to Mr. William H. Free, of New Plymouth post office. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room at "Dunbar," the residence of the bride's mother. At half past two o'clock, to the strains of "Lochgrin," played by Mrs. Thorburne, the bridal party entered the drawing-room, and stood under a beautiful wedding bell. The Rev. A. Macaulay Caldwell conducted the service. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Dunbar Sloane, of Wellington, looked lovely in a soft white crepe de chine, with a V and panel in front of skirt of tulle chiffon, bordered with superb cliffon lace, embossed with silk flowers. She wore a soft white tulle veil, arranged over real orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. Miss Lassic Sloane and Miss Bessie Watt attended as bridesmaids, and wore charmingly frocked in white Indian muslin with pin tucks and French Valenciennes lace, made semi-Empire, with

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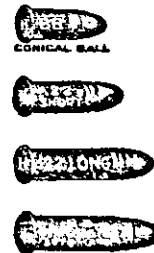
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# Society Gossip.

## AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee, December 7.

There is very little news to tell you this week; once tennis, croquet, and boating are started all sorts of entertainment died out. Of course, we have Tittell Brune and Company playing here, but I have not heard any very enthusiastic reports of the new play; frankly, I think most people are rather disappointed. I know I was. On Friday last the Melmerly girls held a most successful bazaar, in aid of the Melanesian Mission. Mrs. Hanna had kindly lent them the schoolroom for the occasion, and they had decorated it beautifully. The stalls looked so gay and attractive, and nearly everything had been made by the girls themselves. Daintily-attired little maidens, looking rather like giant butterflies fluttering about added greatly to the general effect. In the evening the entertainment arranged by some of the "old girls" was much appreciated. This took the form of a series of tableaux representing a number of Gibson's pictures. These were excellently arranged, and the types carefully chosen. The effect showed us plainly that America has not a monopoly of that style of beauty.

Another bazaar was held in the grounds of the Remuera Ladies' College on Wednesday. The bazaar was most successful, and the money made goes to the St. Aidan's Church fund. In the evening the grounds were lit up with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, and I don't think I ever saw anything so lovely before.

### AT HOME.

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Whitelaw, "Rosenheim," Ponsonby, entertained a large number of friends at an afternoon tea, prior to her daughter May's wedding, which takes place early this month. The beautiful day, pleasant room, and dainty repast, all contributed to the success of the function, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Some delightful music was contributed by Miss Edith Whitelaw, Mrs. D. Peacock, Miss Lilian Devore, and Miss May Whitelaw. The hide-elect looked charming in pale pink floral voile frock over emerald pink; Mrs. Whitelaw wore a handsome black and silver grey brocade; Miss Whitelaw wore a cream and black striped blouse and black skirt; Miss B. Whitelaw, white silk and pale grey cloth skirt; Misses A. and Edith Whitelaw wore pale blue checked ninon de soie, and white silk and cream respectively; Mrs. Marshall, black striped marquise over coral-coloured silk, and large black hat; Mrs. Shaylor-George, black and violet brocade, and black floral toque; Mrs. Macaulay Caldwell, white costume and

floral hat; Mrs. Devore, black peau de soie, black applique coat, and black bonnet; Miss Devore, cream ninon and black crinoline, Merry Widow hat, with plumes; Mrs. McGregor, cream ninon, lace transparencies, black velvet coat, black hat; Mrs. D. Peacock, opal blue silk, and black hat; Mrs. T. Whitelaw, white and mauve striped ninon; Miss Duncan, golden brown striped eolienne, hat en suite; Miss M. Carrick, sapphire-blue chiffon taffetas, and black Napoleon hat; Mrs. Bruce Carrick, white and grey striped gaze de soie, white hat with three large pink roses; Mrs. Lequense, tabac brown costume, hat to match; Mrs. T. Brown; Mrs. Runciman, black brocade poplin and black bonnet; Mrs. Gittos, black silk; Mrs. Earle, white muslin, inset with lace; Miss Oxley, fawn chiffon taffetas and cream crinoline hat; Mrs. R. Watt, black costume; Mrs. Hughes-Jones, apple-green silk and floral hat; Mrs. H. Baker, brown silk, with cream lace; Mrs. Metcalfe, black silk; Miss Metcalfe, charmant green frock, and hat en suite; Mrs. T. C. Wells, white embroidered Indian linen costume and black plumed hat; Mrs. Oxley, pearl grey silk and black velvet hat; Mrs. Dickinson, black chiffon taffetas, over white net bodice, black and white hat; Miss George, white muslin; Miss N. Stewart, white silk blouse, with touches of blue, cream skirt; Miss Gittos, white muslin, inserted with lace.

### MR. WEBBE'S RECITALS.

The Webbe School of Music Recitals given at St. Andrew's Hall on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings last week by about seventy five pupils of Mr. W. H. Webbe and Miss Margaret Spooner were unqualified successes. The audiences were very large and enthusiastic, and the students, from the very (my little ones to the most advanced performers, seemed thoroughly earnest in their work. The playing was of a very high standard of excellence both in solos and concerted pieces. No work of such magnitude as Tchaikowski's Concerto in B Flat Minor, which was so magnificently played, and from memory, by the Misses Madoline Webbe, L.A.B., and Gertrude Spooner, has yet been performed by any New Zealand pianists. The solos by these gifted young players included Liszt's "Liebestraum," and "Sixth Rhapsodie Hongroise," and Chopin's "Tarantella," which were also played from memory, as were several of the duos for two pianos, and with only a few exceptions, all the solos which numbered twenty-six in all. The music for these recitals was well chosen, and most varied; in the easier grades were pieces by Gurliitt, Sturmer and Krause; in the intermediate grades the compositions were those of Bohm, Holst, Scharwenka, Bendel, Gluck, Englemann, Heller, Sinding, Schubert, Karganoff, Milde, Manners, Milder and Pauer. The advanced grades included some of the favourite pieces for piano by Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Wolff, Chabrier, Goria, MacDowell and Tchaikowski. Players

in all divisions, from very little girls to the most advanced performers, were well represented, those in the latter divisions preponderating. In addition to Misses Madolene Webbe and Gertrude Spooner, the advanced soloists were the Misses Vera Henderson, L.A.B., Annie Dawson, Jessie Little, Catherine Sale, Maude Luxford, Nellie Fowler, Bertha Cleave, Jessie Webster, Sibel Hamilton; Messrs. William Fishwick and L. Alfred Eady. Other senior players who took part in concerted pieces only were Mrs Worthington, Misses Augusta Roche and Freda Hunter. The other soloists were Misses Vera McLavin, Meta Webster, Ruth Spencer, Paub Poukkaemper, Dorothy Hamilton, Vera Becroft, Muriel Gower, Idoline Varle, Noel Pacey, Merthyr Lewis; and in either a duo or piano quartet Misses Margaret Carr, Gladys Nathan, R. Carlow, G. Ehrman, O. Clarke, G. Biggins, A. Fuller, H. Smerdon, W. Death, A. Spedding, Irene Thornton, Muro Bush, Zoe Moses, Lena Cleave, N. Macky, E. Massey, P. Freeman, L. Burns, E. Anos, E. Burton, V. Page, Dorothy Palmer, Freda Larsen, L. Roe, E. Hayden, K. Fouhy, V. Lewis, E. Mackie, J. Mackie, L. Paterson, N. Moses, Messrs V. Ehrman and Gordon Moses and Master Alister Clarke. Miss Peggy Bain, A.T.C.L., a very talented violinist, played each evening. Vocal items were contributed by Miss Ivy Alison on Monday, by Mrs Hamilton Hodges on Wednesday, and by Miss Blanche Garland on Friday. The accompanists were Misses Vera Henderson L.A.B., and Madolene Webbe, L.A.B. Many of the performers were recalled, Miss Bain, for instance, four times on two occasions, but encores were not permitted, enabling the programme to be concluded before 10 o'clock. Two full-sized horizontal concert grand pianos used for these recitals were supplied by the London and Berlin Piano Company.

### MR. WALTER IMPETT'S PUPILS.

The sixth pianoforte and vocal recital by pupils of Mr. Walter Impett was held in St. James's Hall last Wednesday evening, when the building was crowded. The audience was very enthusiastic over many of the numbers, and listened with close attention to the twenty-six items presented. Many of the performers showed great promise for the future, and more should be heard of their efforts. The pianoforte solos were given with sureness of technique and attention to expression, and the vocal items were rendered with taste and good vocal production. Conspicuous success was gained in the pianoforte contributions of Miss Daisy Tall, and Master W. Green, which were encores, while acceptable solos were also provided by Misses S. Callaghan, Ivy Crisp, Iris Baker, Madge Steele, Flora Histed, Elsie Spinks, and Nellie Crawford. The piano quartet, "Polish Dance" (Sharwenka), was rendered with precision by Misses Elsie Spinks, Katie Campbell, and Messrs. E. Hicks and W. J. Brain, while another acceptable number was the piano quartet "Marche des Concerts" (Lott), participated in by Misses I. Baker, D. Tall, K. Campbell, and Mr. Walter Impett. The Misses W. E. and M. Steele rendered the piano trio "Lucrezia Borgia," and Mr. R. Waite and Mr. Walter Impett gave a spirited performance on two pianos of Gottschalk's "Tarantelle." Vocal solos were given by Misses Jessie Jones, Ada Scott, L. Carter, Madge Stubbs, Isa Russell, and A. Powell

and Messrs. A. Gow, J. Smith, L. C. Trembath, and Stanley Simons, the latter being recalled for his telling numbers "The Trumpeter" and "Down in the Depths." The voices of Misses A. Powell and Madge Stubbs blended to good effect in the duet "In the Dusk of the Twilight." The excellence of the work put forward reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Impett's tutorial abilities.

### A WELCOME SOCIAL.

A pleasant gathering took place on Thursday evening, when the residents of Rayfield gave a social in the Mission Hall, as a welcome to Mr R. Hobbs, upon his return from England. An excellent programme of music was contributed by a number of young ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Horseley acting as accompanist. Mr Beaumont presided, and the Rev. W. Bond and the Rev. J. A. Luxford gave addresses. Later refreshments were handed round which brought a very enjoyable evening to an end.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

## CAMBRIDGE.

Dear Bee, December 5.

When it became known that Mr and Mrs A. J. Edmunds were leaving Cambridge, it was decided by a few of Mrs Edmunds' friends to entertain her in some way before leaving, and Mrs (Dr.) Roberts very kindly put her house and grounds at their disposal. So it was decided it should take the form of a garden party. The lovely garden looked its best, and two sets of croquet were arranged. Afternoon tea was served in



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the dining-room, the decorations being entirely of sweet peas and pretty grasses. Almost all invited responded to the invitation. There must have been between 60 and 70 present. It was one of the smartest functions held this season. The guest of the afternoon, Mrs. A. J. Edmunds was gowned in a charming reseda green chiffon taffeta gown, made in semi-Empire style, all over lace, V-shaped vest worked with gold thread, and bordered with gold guimpe and gold tassels, white chip hat edged with black, and a ruche of white tulle edged with black lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Roberts, an exquisite gown of white chiffon taffeta, with a narrow green stripe, made in semi-Empire style, the skirt was made on the cross, with a band of green velvet at the hem, the bodice was also on the cross, with a lovely yoke of white gauze worked in pale pink, green ribbon work and sequins, some lovely silk lace was draped on the bodice, and little tassels of white chiffon finished the yoke and sleeves, white chiffon toque with black and white feathers; Mrs. Buckland, prune coloured brocade and handsome creme silk Maltese lace scarf, and black hat trimmed with black tulle and purple rose; Mrs. G. Clark, black gown and mantle, and black and white bonnet; Mrs. Hammond, black silk gown, and black crinoline straw hat trimmed with tulle and green hops; Mrs. Cox, black voile costume, and creme lace scarf and black hat; Miss Cox, a lovely creme Japanese crepe embroidered in silk, and russet straw hat trimmed with green silk; Mrs. Braithwaite, black coat and skirt, and black bonnet; Mrs. Hopkirk, creme voile gown, and black hat; Mrs. Richardson, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, and black hat trimmed with black tulle, ribbon velvet, and pink roses; Miss Richardson looked sweet in a blue and white striped linen, and black crinoline straw hat with a frill of creme lace inside the brim and a ruche of black net on the outside; Mrs. Landon, a heliotrope silk zephyr with cream lace yoke finished with ribbon velvet the same shade, and hat to match; Miss I. Landon, white muslin embroidered frock and white hat, with white ruche; Mrs. P. Laurence (Auckland), black and white striped linen frock and brown hat; Mrs. W. A. Scott, white embroidered gown and white hat trimmed with green and pink roses; and black velvet bow; Mrs. Dr. Edmunds, white muslin gown, and white hat with pink roses swathed in green tulle; Mrs. Bunyard, a floral muslin, with brown border, and white hat with white silk ruche; Mrs. McDermott, brown and grey checked gown, with touches of brown velvet and brown hat with brown and pink roses; Mrs. Middleton, black silk gown and black hat; Miss Middleton, brown velvet and brown hat; Miss Gleeson, green and white muslin trimmed with green silk, and white hat trimmed with green; Miss M. Gleeson, pink floral muslin and leghorn hat, with wreath of pink roses; Mrs. M. Banks, reseda green chiffon taffeta, with a band of green velvet at the foot of the skirt, bodice had a creme vest worked with green French knots and green velvet, large green straw hat, with a wreath of shaded roses; Miss Banks, creme voile and navy blue hat with blue feathers; Miss Taylor, white embroidered muslin and green hat trimmed with roses and magnonette; Miss M. Taylor, pale blue frock and green hat; Mrs. Wynn Brown, pale green gown and brown hat trimmed with pink roses; Mrs. B. Couper, creme silk voile frock and white hat trimmed with white silk; Mrs. A. Souter, white muslin gown and creme hat trimmed with green silk; Mrs. E. Souter, white muslin gown and black hat; Mrs. A. H. Nicol, was gowned in a dainty white chiffon taffeta, the bodice made with bretelles worked with French knots, transparent yoke of white embroidered net, white hat trimmed with fine white lace and tulle and natter blue chiffon and rose the same shade; Mrs. Wells, a handsome gown of tabac brown chiffon taffeta, with brown ribbon velvet put on in key pattern on bodice and skirt, and vest of creme net and lace, brown toque with large creme roses; Mrs. Wells wore a cool, dainty toilette of white embroidered muslin, with a becoming hat, white lace rosettes, pink roses and pink and heliotrope silk; Miss O'Halloran, black costume and creme dust coat and black hat; Mrs. F. Ross, a dainty gown of white muslin, inserted with lace and embroidery, leghorn hat with wreath of roses; Miss H. Wells was gowned in a pretty white embroidered frock with a becoming white crinoline straw hat, a wreath of pink roses; Miss Rockfort looked charming in a lovely Empire gown of pale reseda green Louisiana silk, with creme lace yoke,

outlined with mole coloured velvet and black chiffon rosettes, creme lace sleeves with epaulettes of silk outlined with French knots, a Tuscan straw hat trimmed with brown tussak, a most effective finish; Mrs. A. Bell, pink and grey muslin, Tuscan straw hat with roses; Miss I. Cox, white floral muslin, trimmed with green, large white hat, trimmed with green and roses; Mrs. Chitty, navy blue linen, trimmed with white lace, and hat to match; Mrs. Hally, pale pink floral voile over pink glace, trimmed with pink silk and green velvet, and large green hat with shaded green feathers; Mrs. Gibbons, creme chiffon taffeta blouse, trimmed with lace, creme serge skirt, and creme hat with large green and white rosettes; Mrs. C. Hunter, handsome gown of reseda green chiffon taffeta with V-shaped vest of creme lace with touches of pale blue, large white hat with brown, pink and green flowers; Mrs. A. Stone, creme striped gown and hat to match; Mrs. J. Ferguson, black chiffon taffeta and black hat with sprays of blue; Miss P. Ferguson, white embroidered muslin and creme crinoline straw hat, trimmed with sweet peas; Mrs. Cameron, fawn canvas voile over pale blue glace, pink and blue hat; Miss Overton, white figured muslin frock, natter blue hat with blue hydrangeas; Miss Edmiston, grey silk voile and pink hat with long pink feather; Miss Keesing, pink muslin and pink hat; Miss Shera, black and white striped linen gown and white linen hat; Miss Brooks, creme St. Etienne frock, trimmed with creme insertion, and white hat; Miss Jackson, black silk gown and black hat; Mrs. C. Peake, pink muslin frock and green hat, trimmed with roses; Mrs. L. Peake, floral muslin with brown border, and white hat; Miss Willis, white silk blouse, creme skirt, and pale green hat, trimmed with black silk; Miss K. Willis, white silk blouse, creme skirt, russet straw hat, trimmed with black silk and frill of white lace resting on the hair inside the brim; Miss Gwyneth, grey and white striped gingham with yoke of white embroidery, and black hat, trimmed with black wings; Miss Russell, black gown and black bonnet; Miss Dudley, black gown and black hat.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,  
December 4.  
The annual  
HOSPITAL SOCIAL,

which is for so worthy a cause, passed off successfully on Monday night, the Garrison Hall, which was used for the occasion, being well filled. The programme opened with the grand march, headed by his Worship the Mayor (Mr W. D. Lysnar) and Mrs Lysnar, and the ordinary programme was merrily proceeded with. The music, which helped to make the evening such a successful one, was provided by the Federal Band and the Vita Orchestra, whilst the extras were ably played by Mr Wootton's orchestra. The musicians had a position in a prettily decorated stand in the centre of the hall, which had been specially erected for the occasion. The numbering of the bays was much appreciated by the dancers, who had no trouble in finding their partners, as is usual in a large dance. The large supper-room arranged on the stage was a most inviting one, and proved that the appeal to the ladies of the town for supplies, etc., had been generously responded to. Those who attended to this department, and the many who assisted in various ways, are entitled to special thanks. On the following evening the children's gathering, which is always a popular function, took place and it is estimated that over a 1000 young people took part in the jollifications, while the hospital fund should benefit substantially by the results. The secretaries, Messrs J. R. Little, T. G. Lawless, and R. Somerville, and the M.C.'s, Messrs A. F. Kennedy, W. Webb, H. Millar, A. W. Rees, O. Hansen, S. J. Spiers, and S. Breingan, are certainly to be congratulated on the results of their efforts to make the social a success.

THE GISBORNE HARMONIC SOCIETY

gave the first concert of the season in His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening in their beautiful production, "The Holy City," by A. R. Saul, was given. The choruses were splendidly rendered,

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NEW PLYMOUTH.

Dear Bee, December 6.

Last Wednesday evening, Miss Leatham gave a most

ENJOYABLE BRIDGE PARTY

at her pretty home, "Cairn Dhu." There were seven tables, and the prizes were won by Miss Fitzherbert and Mr. Norman Bewley. During supper, Dr. Leatham played several very appreciative selections on the piano. Mrs. Leatham received her guests in a black lace voile over a silk foundation, decolletage relieved with scarlet carnation; Miss Leatham, cream silk voile, trimmed with silk, lace yoke finished with red carnations; Miss McGinty (Nelson), cream crepe de chine trimmed with frills of lace on corsage; Miss Kemp, black striped grenadine, over white silk, decolletage finished with a spray of heliotrope flowers; Miss Bedford, green and pink floral border muslin semi-Empire, scarlet rose on corsage; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink and blue border muslin, floral ribbon Empire sash, spray of pink carnations on decolletage; Miss Brewster, pale pink floral voile, semi-Empire, trimmed with bands of pale pink velvet; Miss Leila Webster looked sweet in a pale blue silk and cream lace blouse, dark skirt; Miss Blundell, blue floral voile, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; Miss S. Thomson, pretty cream Louise silk, inset with silk insertion, dark skirt; Miss W. George, cream voile costume with lace yoke; Miss Wade, scarlet silk blouse trimmed with cream lace, black silk skirt; Miss Standish, pale blue voile, cream net yoke and undersleeves; Miss L. Brown, turquoise blue silk, inset with cream lace insertion; Miss Whitcombe, white muslin blouse trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion, black skirt; Miss Fitzherbert, very pretty cream voile, with tiny green embroidered silk flower, kimono bodice piped with moss-green and pale blue silk; Miss B. Evans, pale pink and blue floral muslin, inset with Valenciennes insertion; Miss F. Evans, white and violet floral muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and insertion; Miss Saxton, white muslin, piped with cornflower blue.

Thursday seemed almost a gala day in New Plymouth, it being the first and only visit of the

KILTIES

to our town. Favoured with glorious weather, people began to pour into the town early in the morning, excursion trains bringing crowds from as far down the line as Eltham and Stratford. Two performances were given by the Kilties—a matinee in Pukekora Park, and in the evening in the Theatre Royal, the latter being crowded to the doors. Amongst the audience I noticed in the afternoon were: Miss Collis, dainty white muslin, heliotrope floral ribbon sash, very pretty heliotrope hat; Miss N. Collis, white tuckered muslin, inset with lace, pretty white and black hat with large white and green ruche; Miss Olive Mackay, white muslin, pale blue hat with pink hydrangeas; Mrs. C. Davies, navy blue and white costume, black toque; Miss B. Smith, Mrs. Walker, dainty white Persian lawn, richly embroidered black feathered hat; Miss Millington, green and white striped linen, burnt straw hat, trimmed with green and brown ribbon; Miss —, Millington, pale heliotrope costume, white hat; Mrs. Oswin, pale blue and white muslin, inset with white embroidery, pale blue hat, trimmed with ribbon and shaded blue roses; Miss Campbell, white muslin, hat en suite; Miss Ray, white muslin, Tuscan hat with scarlet roses; Miss McKellar, white muslin; Miss Standish, white linen costume, white and brown hat; Miss L. Brown, white muslin blouse, dark skirt, cornflower blue hat; Mrs. Mellard, cornflower blue costume, strapped with black silk, cream and brown feathered hat; Mrs. Kimbell, heliotrope and white striped linen costume, pretty lettuce green hat; Miss Curtis (Stratford), brown and white check coat and skirt, green and white hat with touches of pale pink; Miss I. Fabian, white muslin with heliotrope sash, pretty moss green hat, trimmed with pale green tulle and rosettes of heliotrope ribbon; Mrs. Fraser, black and white costume, pretty grey and black bonnet; Miss Jean Fraser, a lovely white embroidered English robe, pretty Tuscan hat with deep fold of white muslin, piped with cornflower blue silk and finished with one large quill; Miss Kerr, pretty insertioned muslin, dainty pale pink fop hat with floral crown, fin-

ished with spray of pink roses; Miss O. Wordsworth, white muslin, hat massed with shaded roses; Miss Bryden, pale blue floral muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, brown hat trimmed with roses; Mrs. McIlvry, dainty white-embroidered muslin, pretty pale green and white frock, pie toque trimmed with brown shaded roses; Miss D. Roy, lettuce green linen trimmed with white embroidery, Tuscan hat with loops of moss-green velvet ribbon, and pink roses; Miss G. Roy, pretty pale blue muslin, Tuscan hat trimmed with Marguerite daisies; Mrs. S. Cottler, white muslin, black feathered toque; Mrs. Fitzherbert, brown costume, cream silk vest, brown hat to correspond; Miss Fitzherbert, white muslin, hat trimmed with blue; Miss Loris and Sybil Fitzherbert, dainty white muslin full tuckered skirts, bodices trimmed with wide insertion and narrow Valenciennes lace, pale blue belts, hats to correspond; Mrs. Halse, Mrs. J. Avery, black, bonnet relieved with salmon pink; Miss Morely, white muslin, dainty hat trimmed with heliotrope silk rosettes; Mrs. Stanley Shaw, pale green linen, kimono bodice over white muslin blouse, cream hat with ribbon rosettes; Miss Bedford, white embroidered muslin, black hat; Miss D. Bedford, pale pink zephyr, with white embroidered yoke, Tuscan hat with pink floral crown; Miss Brewster, white embroidered muslin, Tuscan hat with green floral ribbon crown; Miss N. Hanna, pale green heliotrope striped zephyr, hat to correspond; Miss Brett, white muslin, Tuscan hat, trimmed with magenta silk; Miss M. Fleetwood, cream costume, cream hat with rosettes of pale pink ribbon; Mrs. Clem Webster, white frilled muslin, Tuscan hat with red and cream roses; Mrs. R. Bayley; Miss Bayley, white embroidered muslin, brown hat trimmed with shaded cerise roses and loops of brown ribbon; Mrs. W. Webster; Miss Webster, lettuce-green linen, hat en suite; Miss L. Webster, white muslin, hat relieved with pale blue; Miss B. Evans, black and white flowered muslin, trimmed with narrow black Valenciennes lace, white hat with large black feather; Miss F. Evans, pink floral muslin, Tuscan hat swathed with moss-green tulle and pink roses; Miss Harie, pretty pale blue floral muslin, kimono bodice outlined with pale blue silk, charming violet floral hat; Mrs. Broome, pretty cream striped costume, dainty cream hat with shaded red roses; Miss Hallett, pale pink chiffon taffetas, trimmed with bands of cream insertion, pale pink and green hat; Mrs. Davy; Miss Cart; Mrs. Quilliam, chocolate brown

costume, cream pink floral silk veil, black hat trimmed with violet flowers; Miss Quilliam, white muslin, pale blue hat; Mrs. Penn, pale blue floral border frock, Tuscan hat with rosettes of pale blue floral ribbon; Miss Penn, chocolate brown muslin, cream silk vest, hat to correspond; Miss Read; Miss Messenger, white muslin, white and black hat; Mrs. Balthary, white muslin, dark green belt, white hat to correspond.

NANCY LEE.

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, December 4. Last Saturday evening Madame Briggs' pupils gave

A MOST SUCCESSFUL CONCERT

in St. Paul's Hall to a large and appreciative audience. Madame Briggs wore a beautiful gown of emerald green moire silk made with a trained skirt and wide swathed belt, the corsage had cream lace on it, and wide collar and revers of the silk edged with cream motif; Mrs. Watt, black silk gown with lace; Mrs. James Watt, pale-tinted pink chiffon taffetas, with the skirt ornamented with festoons of the silk forming roses, the corsage had wide shoulder straps with vest of filet net and under sleeves of the same; Mrs. Peter Lewis black chiffon taffetas, made in Empire style, with pastel blue silk belt and trelis work of the blue silk bordering the corsage and sleeves; Miss Sutherland, white silk gown with berthe of lace; Miss Paul Saxe, blue silk gown in Empire style, with cream filet net on the corsage; Miss Todd, pretty pale grey slanting silk gown with round yoke of fine tuckered chiffon, and revers of the grey with buttons covered with the same; her sister wore a similar frock with deep and shaped yoke of very finely tuckered net; Mrs. John Stevenson, black silk skirt, cream chiffon blouse with handpainted crimson shaded flowers on it; Mrs. Oldham, black silk gown with cream lace; Miss D. Brettagh, white muslin frock with lace and insertion; Miss Brewer, white tuckered silk blouse, black silk skirt; Miss D. Jones, very becoming cream lace and net blouse; Mrs. Morton Jones, black silk with lace; with touches of floral shaded ribbons, cream silk; Mrs. C. Jones wore a black silk with yoke of net and lace; Mrs. Alison white

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Blair and Miss Evans entertained a number of young people at a pleasant afternoon tea at their pretty home, "Bushmere," the occasion being to bid farewell to Miss Yolande Sherratt, who is to be married on the 10th of this month. Games of tennis and croquet were played, and part of the afternoon was devoted to a competition, guessing the authors of various books described, a newer form of entertainment than the book title one we have indulged in so often. The prize (a book) for guessing the greatest number of names was won by Miss H. Black, and a most dainty afternoon tea was spread on little tables dotted about on the lawn. The guests included: Mrs. Sainsbury, the Misses Sherratt (4), Miss Bennett, Miss Waeslmann, Miss Woodbine-Johnstone, Miss Worthington, Miss Schunacher, the Misses Williamson, Mrs. de Latour, the Misses Black, Miss Pyke, Miss Nolan, Miss Walls, the Misses Barker, Miss Miller, the Misses Broderick, etc.

JUVENILE PARTY.

Mrs. Williams, senr., gave a small juvenile party at her residence, Russell-street, on Thursday afternoon, in honour of her little granddaughter's birthday, when about 20 tiny tots enjoyed themselves to the full, and games, strawberries and cream, cakes and sweets, etc., were the order of the day. Mrs. Mann invited a few croquet enthusiasts to play on her lawn on Friday afternoon. They included: Mrs. F. Parker, Mrs. A. W. Rees, Mrs. and the Misses Broderick, Mrs. Kells, and Mrs. Williams. The keenest interest is being taken in

THE TENNIS AND CROQUET TOURNAMENTS.

which are being played off now at the Whatapoko courts, and every evening many are to be seen playing as long as the light will permit it, whilst on Saturdays, from 2 o'clock till 6.30 p.m., quite a crowd of players and others looking on are to be seen. Last Saturday afternoon tea was provided by the Misses Davies.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Eric Caro (Napier) is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. T. Sherratt. Judge and Mrs. Smith, Auckland, are the guests of Mr and Mrs Kinsling. Miss Long (Folding) is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Walter Barker.

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rlk blouse with lace, black skirt; Mrs. Barton, black silk with yoke of fine cream net; Miss Barton, white silk with berthe of silver sequin net and shoulder scarf of cream chiffon; Miss Alexander, beautiful black silk evening gown with jet and chiffon, and white feather boa; Mrs. Couper, black Louise, with cream filet net on the corsage; Mrs. Izett, black silk evening gown with jet and lace, and white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Gore Gillon (Auckland) wore a beautiful pale blue silk evening gown with lace and net, and long blue cloth opera coat with collar of deep cream lace, and large blue rose at the side of her corsage; Miss R. Jones, pale heliotrope silk gown, with the skirt banded with silk of a darker shade, and shoulder straps edged with the same; Miss Moore, white muslin frock with bands of wide insertion and lace; Miss Barnicoat, pale blue silk evening gown with cream lace vest embroidered in pale blue, the same trimming on the sleeves; Miss Gifford, white silk gown with lace and belt of golden brown silk; Miss Fraser, black silk gown with cream lace, and scarf of cream silk lace; Miss Sandilands, pretty cream silk gown, made in Empire style, with touches of gold thread on her corsage; Mrs. Coverdale (England) wore a very smart Empire gown of black crepe de chine; Miss Hawken, becoming white silk frock with wide shoulder straps of the silk, and cream net vest.

On Saturday afternoon tea was given at the tennis courts by the Misses Brettagh. Amongst those present were Mrs. Moore, Mrs. McNaughton Christie, Mrs. Sarjeant, Mrs. Hawke, Misses Brettagh (2), Cave, Darley, Miss O'Brien, Mrs. Wall, Miss Barnicoat, Miss Moore, Miss Alexander, Miss Anderson, Messrs. Harold, Strouts, Anderson, Drs. Christie and Wall, and many others.

**THE WANGANUI CHORAL SOCIETY,**

which has been formed this year, under the very able conductorship of Mr Louis Cohen, held its first concert in the Opera House on Thursday evening, when the cantata, "The Ancient Mariner," was most successfully performed. There was a very large and appreciative audience. Amongst those present I noticed: Mrs. Montgomerie, Mrs. A. Lard, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. James Watt, Madame Briggs, Mrs. Lomas, Mrs. Inlay Saunders, Miss Inlay, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Hughea-Johnston, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Izett, Miss Norris, Mrs. Empson, Miss Empson, Mrs. John Stevenson, Mrs. Mackay, Miss Fraser, Miss Jones.

**PERSONALS.**

Mr R. Stevenson, of Wanganui, is staying in New Plymouth.  
Mr and Mrs Webster, of St. John's Hill, Wanganui, who have been living here for some years, leave this month for Auckland, where they intend to reside.  
Mr and Mrs Forde, of Auckland, who have been staying in Wanganui with Mr and Mrs D'Arcy, have gone on to Canterbury.  
Mrs Oldham, of Canterbury, is the guest of her sister, Mrs Brettagh, in Wanganui.  
Mrs Good, of Wanganui, has returned from a visit to Wellington.  
Mrs John Stevenson, of Wanganui, who has been at Moawhanga for some months, has returned home.

Miss Mason, of Wanganui, is visiting friends in the Hawera district.  
Miss Griffiths, who has been in South Africa for some years, is at present with her parents in Wanganui.  
Mrs F. Jones, of Wanganui, has returned from her visit to Wellington.  
Mrs Gore Gillon, of Auckland, who has been staying in Wanganui with friends, left this week for Wellington.

**HUIA.**

**PALMERSTON NORTH**

Dear Bee, December 4.

Monday and Tuesday were glorious days for the

**FEILDING RACES,**

large contingents going from here for the day's outing. Included amongst others were: Mrs. Lionel Abraham, wearing a cream coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. H. Watson, brown Eton costume, white feather boa, white hat with white feather; Mrs. Goring-Johnston, a dainty cream and pale green muslin toilette, large hat with pink roses; Mrs. Harold Cooper, a lavender frock, trimmed with cream lace and pipings of black, large black and white hat with ribbon and flowers in shades of pink and lavender; Mrs. F. Pratt, black coat and skirt, black plumed hat; Mrs. Louissen, rose pink serge coat and skirt, black hat with black feather; Mrs. J. P. Jones, white linen coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses and white feather; Mrs. Warburton, light grey Eton coat and skirt, golden brown feather boa, hat with pink flowers; Miss Warburton, Wedgwood blue cloth Eton costume, hat of same shade with fawn quills; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, fawn and pale blue muslin, navy hat with large pale blue roses and green ospreys; Mrs. P. Sim, bright blue coat and skirt, cream hat with flowers; Mrs. Davis, brown striped coat and skirt, black hat with green tulle and ospreys; Mrs. (Dr.) Wilson, cream skirt, dark slate grey coat, hat of same shade with ospreys and large cluster of yellow, pink and deep crimson roses; Miss O'Brien, cream serge coat and skirt, cream hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Rennell, white embroidered muslin, cream dust coat, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Adams, grey check Eton coat and skirt, cream hat with pink silk and white feather; Mrs. Pickett, cream serge Eton coat and skirt, cream hat with pale blue silk and pink flowers; Mrs. Tripe, grey coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs. Dauiels, grey and white striped toilette with white lace and narrow black velvet trimmings, hat with brown silk and pale blue roses; Mrs. Bagnall, Wedgwood blue cloth frock, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Jounnaux, navy coat and skirt, hat with heliotrope flowers; Miss Marjory Abraham, brown striped coat and skirt, cream hat with flowers; Mrs. J. Pascal, grey and white striped toilette, cream hat with pink flowers; Miss Pascal, white muslin, floral silk sash, cream hat with ribbon and pink flowers; Mrs. Knight, green linen coat and skirt, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Knight, pale green striped silk, a darker shade of green straw hat with lace crown and small green flowers; Mrs. Buick, brown striped coat and skirt, hat with brown and lavender

silk trimming; the Misses Buick, in pretty floral muslin frocks, large cream Leghorn hats with flowers; Miss Bannister, white embroidered linen, green hat with electric green silk trimming; Miss —, Bannister, cream Eton costume, cream hat with white bird; Mrs. Wood (Wellington), black and white muslin toilette, black hat with black feathers; Miss West, brown muslin over silk, hat in shades of mauve; Miss —, West, a striking wine-coloured frock, brown hat with brown and wine-coloured feathers; Mrs. Jenkins, the palest green chiffon taffeta, hat in shades of rose; Miss Wheeler, (Stanway), light grey striped coat and skirt, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Connie Wheeler, grey coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with cream and pale blue striped ribbon. Amongst the Feilding ladies present I noticed: Mrs. A. Fitzherbert, wearing a grey and white striped silk over pink silk, grey hat with pink flowers and black leather; Mrs. (Dr.) Willis, a lovely frock of the palest rose pink Shantung silk, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Norman Gorton, turquoise blue Shantung toilette, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Cotterill, black and white striped silk, white lace threaded with narrow black velvet trimming bodice, black and white hat with white wings; Mrs. Lawson, pink and cream striped muslin, black hat; Mrs. Carr, rose-coloured crepe de chine, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Good-behere, pale green canvas voile, a darker shade of green straw hat with cluster of petunia-coloured roses; Mrs. R. Jones, white embroidered muslin, black hat with black feathers; Miss Hill, white and pink floral muslin, cream hat with pink roses; Miss Luxmore, pink muslin with brown trimming, brown straw hat; Miss Johnston, black silk, hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. S. Fitzherbert, white embroidered muslin, black hat with pink roses; Mrs. Clapperton, black coat and skirt, black hat with feathers; Mrs. F. Haggott, dark brown silk voile frock, mauve floral toque.

**TENNIS AND CROQUET.**

At the tennis courts last Saturday were: Mrs. Morrish, Mrs. F. S. McKee, Mrs. Warburton, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. and the Misses Randolph, Mrs. Thompson, Miss Wilson, Miss Gibbons, Miss Smith, Miss A. Reed, Miss Porter, Mrs. Pickett, Mrs. Rennell, Mrs. Adams, Miss F. Waldegrave, Mrs. McKnight, Miss Lord, and many others.

At a croquet party given by Mrs. A. Elliot, Alexandra Street, on Tuesday afternoon, a "Break-making" Competition was won by Miss Gwen Bell, Miss Hill (Auckland) coming second. Afternoon tea was served in the garden. The hostess wore a black muslin frock, the bodice of Paris-tinted lace, having muslin straps, a burnt straw hat with brown tulle and lilac; Mrs. Gibbons, a black toilette, richly embroidered black silk cape, black and white bonnet; Miss Gibbons, cream and pale blue floral muslin, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Gemmel, black silk, vest of cream tucked chiffon, black plumed hat; Miss Gemmel, old rose muslin, trimmed with lace and velvet of same shade, large cream hat with pink and green tulle and pink flowers; Miss Barbara Gemmel, cream and pink striped muslin, hat with two shades of pink tulle; Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave, Oxford blue coat and skirt, fawn suede vest, braided in pale blue, hat with

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coloured roses; Mrs. Jack Waldegrave, cream cloth Eton costume, cream lace vest, cream hat with long cream feather; Miss F. Waldegrave, white linen coat and skirt, cream straw hat with crimson roses; Mrs. W. H. Smith, black embroidered crepe de chine, white hat with white feather; Miss Smith, white embroidered muslin, Nil green silk sash, large cream hat with flowers; Mrs. W. Harden, white linen, cream hat with crimson roses; Miss Hill (Auckland), white muslin, navy hat with coralflowers; Mrs. Randolph, black cloth costume, white satin revers, braided in black, black ermine hat with black tips; Miss Randolph, pale blue cloth coat and skirt, black net collar and cuffs, black plumed hat; Mrs. Bendall, brown silk, cream lace vest with pipings of old rose, rose-coloured hat with flowers of same shade; Mrs. Kennell, rich black silk taffeta, lace and black and white spotted chiffon trimming bodice, black hat with white feather; Mrs. A. Kennell, pale green silk taffeta, white embroidery trimming bodice, white lace hat with green silk bows; Mrs. Connell, white embroidered muslin black hat with black and white margarites; Mrs. McKnight, dark green Shantung silk, net vest and sleeves, green hat with shaded feathers; Mrs. Morrish, pale grey crepe de chine, pale blue hat with white flowers; Mrs. A. D. Thompson, cream serge skirt, cream silk blouse, green hat with hyacinth and blue roses; Miss Wilson, white embroidered linen, green hat with pink roses; Miss Bell, white muslin and lace insertion, large cream hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. R. K. Reed, black voile frock, black and white hat; Miss Reed, cream and pink floral muslin, cream hat with pink flowers; Mrs. C. Smith, white and heliotrope floral muslin, black plumed hat; Miss Smith, blue and white floral muslin with strappings of blue silk, blue hat with blue flowers.

#### SAVAGE CLUB LADIES' NIGHT.

The Savage Club had a Ladies' Night on last Tuesday, which was largely attended and much enjoyed. Songs, recitations, and kakas, by a band of Maoris from Levin, followed one another in quick succession. Perhaps the most popular items of the evening were several comic songs by Mr. Jeffries, who seems to have a special gift that way, and is wonderfully amusing without being in the least vulgar. Some lightning sketches by Mr. Hope were also very clever. Amongst other ladies present I noticed: Mrs. Cohen, wearing a white silk toilette richly embroidered with silver sequins, cluster of pink roses on corsage; Mrs. (Dr.) Martin, cream silk with cream lace bodice; Mrs. Sommerville Brown, rich black silk, the bodice finished with black sequin insertion and cluster of roses; Mrs. P. Sim, frilled white net, white flowers on corsage; Miss O'Brien, cream silk, cream lace and touches of yellow on bodice; Mrs. R. Davis, white satin Empire frock, silver sequin insertion on bodice; Mrs. Louison, cream net over yellow silk, gold sequin insertion trimming corsage; Miss F. Waldegrave, white frilled muslin, cluster of crimson roses; Miss Boswick, black silk, spray of white flowers in hair; Miss Wilson, black muslin with white spot; Miss Fenton, cream satin and lace, pink roses on corsage; Miss Randolph, blue silk, cream lace berthe, crimson roses on bodice; Mrs. Jomaux, white net lace robe over turquoise blue silk, blue silk sash; Miss Gardner, black spotted net; Mrs. McKnight, cream canvas voile and lace, crimson roses; Mrs. Morrish, black silk and lace; Mrs. Bendall, bright pink frock with white lace; Mrs. W. Keeling, cream, with gold Grecian design; Miss Keeling, black silk with cream lace berthe; Miss P. Keeling, cream skirt, cream silk blouse; Miss E. McLouan, black silk, the white chiffon bodice having straps of black sequin insertion; Mrs. T. Moore, cream taffeta skirt, cream lace blouse; Mrs. Larcomb, pale blue silk taffeta; Miss Park, pink voile, trimmed with lace and pink silk; Mrs. J. M. Johnston, black silk, the bodice elaborately trimmed with

green and silver sequin insertion; Mrs. A. N. Gibbons, saxe blue silk and cream lace; Miss W. Watson, white muslin and lace, wide lavender silk belt; Mrs. Young, white silk taffeta, cluster of crimson roses on corsage; Mrs. Palmer, cream skirt, cream silk blouse; Mrs. Rodgers, black crepe de chine, cream spotted net blouse with black straps; Mrs. Lang, black silk toilette; Miss Mowlem, cream silk frock; Miss Batchelor, cream silk; the Misses Drew, K. Lutze, Paget, Bond and many others.

#### PERSONAL NOTES.

Miss Hill (Auckland) is visiting Mrs. W. Harden (Palmerston).  
Mrs. Gibbons (Wanganui), who has been visiting her son (Mr. H. F. Gibbons), has gone on to visit friends in Wellington.

#### VIOLET.

#### WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee,

December 4.

The Corinthic has sailed with quite a complement of Wellington people on board. Most of them must be badly in want of a rest cure, as a violent epidemic of afternoon teas, lunches and farewell entertainments broke out during the last week. Among the passengers was the Hon. Kathleen Plunket, who received many floral offerings on board. Her numerous friends are delighted to hear she hopes to return to New Zealand again some day. His Excellency the Governor and Captain Lyon, A.D.C., were here to see her off.

#### THE GARDEN PARTY

given by Miss Coates at "The Lawn," Hobson-street, on Wednesday, was an exceedingly bright and pleasant affair. The day was a perfect one, and the garden ablaze with flowers. Seats were placed in all directions, and were eagerly taken advantage of, to watch the various games of golf croquet, etc., being played on the lawns. Viewed from the broad verandah, the scene was a pretty and animated one. Everyone seemed to have worn their gayest frocks, whilst, looking further ahead, beautiful glimpses of the harbour and hills, veiled in a soft purple haze, were to be seen. The house itself was a veritable mass of flowers, mostly roses; some exquisite ones, sent from the Hutt, were especially noticeable. One table was devoted to sweet peas, and was very much admired; indeed, the only difficulty was to decide whether to stay inside or outside—both were so delightful. Other attractions were a string band and a fortune-teller, the latter being in much request, for to young and old alike there is a wondrous fascination in these "dips into the future."

Miss Coates was assisted by a number of helpers, amongst whom were Mesdames Stolt, V. Widdiford, Messrs Nathan, Somerville, Ewen, Horton (Auckland), and Tolhurst. Miss Coates wore a smart gown of blue and white silk, with appliques and motifs of cream lace; Mrs. V. Widdiford, pale blue silk, with insertions of Valenciennes lace, white hat with roses; Mrs. Tolhurst, navy blue tailor-made; Miss Joan Hills, white crystalline, with band of pale blue embroidery at hem, smart little coat of blue Shantung, large white hat with white flowers and one large pink rose; Mrs. Algar Williams, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. C. Fitzgerald, grey voile, grey hat with tips; Mrs. Harcourt, white muslin, with floral design of roses, white lace hat with wreath of rosebuds and one large rose; Mrs. D. Nathan, cornflower blue nixon de soie, white hat with long ostrich feather; Mrs. Brandon, black crepe de chine, the bodice finished off with fine cream lace; Miss Brandon, grey and white foulard; Mrs. Moorhouse, cream cloth coat and skirt; Mrs. Fitzgerald, blue and white striped tweed; Mrs. Mantell, mauve floral muslin; Miss Elsie Watson, old rose cloth, semi-Empire; Miss Horton (Auckland), blue silk, white hat with tips; Mrs. Beauchamp, moss green gown,

braided in black; Miss Z. Nathan, white Marquissette, with insertions of lace and touches of silver on the bodice; Miss Hilda Miles, rose coloured linen, rose trimmed hat; Miss V. Kennedy, pink muslin, white hat with plumes; the Misses Grace and Anna Fell were dressed alike in soft white muslins, powdered with rosebuds, white lace hats with roses; Lady Ward, cream Indian muslin, embroidered, green hat with tulle and pink roses; Mrs. Russell, grey radium gown, "Merry Widow" hat; Mrs. Stolt, pink chine silk, large black hat; Mrs. McCarthy, white cloth, semi-Empire, with handsome embroidery in blue and gold, large hat quaintly trimmed with clover in different shades; Miss Seddon, black nixon de soie, with insertions and motifs of Chantilly lace, black hat with ostrich tips; Mrs. Purdy, moss green silk voile over cream taffetas, made with double skirt, and handed with silk of a deeper shade; Miss Edwin, old rose chiffon taffetas, rose hat, thickly ruffled with tulle of a darker shade; Miss Tollhurst, white embroidered muslin, black hat; Mrs. Firth, pale blue Eton gown, blue and green hat; Mrs. Chaytor (Blenheim), blue and white striped silk, black lace hat with carnations; Mrs. Duncan, black nixon de soie and lace, black and white toque. Others present were Mesdames Fitchett, McTavish, Nathan, Izard, Sulmond, Miles, Kennedy, Watson, Knox, Gilmer, Bucholz, Mantell, Litchfield, Misses Stafford, Kane, Dean, Russell, Bristow, Skerrett, Payne, G. Morrish, and Somerville.

#### FAREWELL TEA TO MRS AND THE MISSSES HALL-JONES.

A tea was given on the same afternoon by Mrs. Tringham, Talavera Terrace, as a farewell to Mrs and the Misses Hall-Jones; many went in there from Miss Coates'. It might be described as a pink tea; all the flowers were pink, all shades, mostly sweet peas and roses; most of the cakes and sweets had pink icing, and the hostess wore a lovely gown of pale pink Shantung, with yoke and sleeves of chiffon and lace, pink silk, high-waisted sash, pink coral ornaments; her little daughter wore a pretty white silk and lace frock, and pink sash. A fortune-teller did much business with the aid of tea cups and leaves. Mrs. B. Wilson sang charmingly during the afternoon; also Misses Robertson and Treadwell. Mrs. Hall-Jones wore grey tailor-made, black hat with ostrich tips; Miss Hall-Jones, pink Shantung, cream lace blouse, pink hat, with brown, and tinted leaves; her sisters were dressed alike in soft cream silk frocks and floral hats; Mrs. Christie, white embroidered muslin and blue tulle hat; Mrs. Smith, white mousseline de soie, sunburnt hat, with clusters of sweet peas and roses; Mrs. E. Bundell, white embroidered muslin, rose-crowned hat.

#### MISS CONSTANCE PROUSE'S TEA

was in honour of Miss Elinor Davidson, and her fiancé, Mr Cyril Ward. The weather was glorious, and after tea the guests went on to the lawn, where several photographs were taken by Mr W. Prouse, the setting of trellised walls smothered in roses being a most artistic one. Indoors, there was capital music provided by Mr Prouse and his sons and daughter. Delicious strawberries and cream were highly in favour in the dining-room, where the tea tables were done with pink roses, sweet peas, and white gypsophila.

Miss Prouse wore white chiffon voile with a tiny black spot, the sash and bretelles of black velvet terminating in black tassels, the cluster of deep red velvety roses tucked into the belt was a birthday greeting from one of her friends; Miss Elinor Davidson had a most becoming frock of white Marquissette faintly striped with palest blue, a yoke of narrow ruffled Valenciennes lace, teal hat with pink roses; Mrs. Prouse wore a chiffon taffetas skirt and a blouse of lace and net; Miss Eileen Ward was in white with a rose-trimmed hat; Miss Perkins, lotus blue Shantung with yoke and sleeves of white Renaissance lace.



## The Red-headed Woman: Her Mark!

It is graven deep on History. It is eloquent of her conquests and might. It seems unquestionable that very many of the women who have achieved notable distinction have had in their hair some shade of red—even the brunettes. Why? Is there some special charm in red? Is the enthralling quality in the colour? Probably not. But the women with the red touch have almost invariably luxuriant and lustrous hair. It is the quantity and the quality that tell.

Whatever the colour of your hair, thanks to the triumph of modern science in the field of Beauty Culture, you can make it luxuriant and fine, so that none of the red women can surpass you.

If you want to succeed, have abundant and beautiful hair. It is quite easy, if you use Dr. Lykaski's HAIR TONIC (bottles 3s 9d, post 3d). It is easier still if, with the Tonic, you use Valaze PNEUMATIC COMBS (3s each, post free). It becomes yet easier if with these you use the Special Herbs for washing the hair (packets 1s, post free) and the MARKO WATER-SOFTENING PASTILLES (boxes 1s, post free).

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3

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TERMS NET, AND READY CASH WITH ALL ORDERS AND WORK DONE.

**CHRISTCHURCH.**

Dear Bee, December 4.

**On Wednesday afternoon  
A DELIGHTFUL GARDEN PARTY**

was given by Mrs. J. Cracroft Wilson at "Cashmere" in honour of the officers of the Fleet, who are stationed for a few days in Lyttelton Harbour. The day was a perfect one for an out-of-door fete, and the beautifully-situated terraced garden on the slope of Cashmere Hills was looking its best, with its magnificent wealth of roses and other flowers. Mrs. J. C. Wilson, who stood on the lawn to receive her guests, wore a becoming gown of pale grey satin with vest and sleeves of cream lace, floral hat of blue and brown; Mrs. J. D. Hall, a dress of cream colienne, inserted with silk embroidery, large picture hat; Mrs. Heathcote Gray, pretty frock of striped grey voile, black hat and feathers; Mrs. W. Fox, gown of grey mousseline de soie with hat to match; Mrs. G. P. Ronalds, an Empire frock of pale mauve nion, large picture hat with white osprey; Miss R. Cracroft-Wilson, pale blue colienne, Tuscan hat with black roses; Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, Empire gown of shell pink chiffon, very large hat with flowers; Mrs. Heaton Rhodes, pale pink crepe de chine, picture hat with ostrich feathers; Mrs. George Rhodes, pale grey silk and cream lace, grey hat; Mrs. Dalgety, pastel cloth costume, bordered with black, black hat; Mrs. Pyne, mauve taffetas gown with Empire coat of cream lace; Mrs. Ronald Macdonald, black mousseline de soie with chine silk bordering and insertions, black feathered hat; Mrs. C. Reid, gown of green crepe de chine with cream lace, hat with white feathers; Miss Nedwill, coat and skirt of fawn cloth, Tuscan and black hat; Mrs. Blunt, costume of duck-egg green with Oriental embroidery, hat with pink and red roses; Mrs. George Harper, grey checked taffetas, black hat; Mrs. Denniston, gown of green silk, black and white hat; Miss Denniston, champagne-coloured dress with pretty blue hat; Miss Turnbull, dark blue muslin, bordered with pink, hat to match; Miss Strachey, a frock of white embroidered muslin, floral hat; Mrs. Wilding, French grey costume, black hat; Miss Wilding, floral silk, bordered with green, floral hat to match; Mrs. Henry Cotterill, white coat and skirt, white hat; Mrs. Nanarrows, black lace over white silk, black hat; Miss Nanarrows, dress of Saxe blue, large black hat; Mrs. Leonard Harley, pink and white floral muslin, pink hat; Miss Harley, old rose silk gown, Tuscan hat with roses; Mrs. Mestonra, black crepe de chine, black hat; Mrs. Thomas, grey striped silk grenadine, black hat; Miss Thomas, tussore silk frock, relieved with blue, blue hat; Mrs. J. C. Palmer, cream flit canvas over silk, floral hat; Mrs. Lee (Sydney), dark blue striped mousseline de soie, hat to match; Mrs. T. Cowlishaw, white muslin dress, with rose pink sash and hat; Miss Lee, cream nion Empire frock, with silk embroidery and girdle, hat with pink

roses; Miss Ogle, pale green muslin, black hat; Mrs. Palmer, black taffetas gown, pink and heliotrope bonnet; Mrs. Symes, Saxe blue Shantung, with Oriental embroidery, hat with shaded lilac; Miss Symes, Empire frock of champagne silk, with black girdle, and large black hat; Miss Westera, white muslin dress, white hat; Miss L. Westera, frock of blue Shantung, white muslin hat; Mrs. Neave, black dress, violet bonnet; Miss Neave, costume of brown and pink, with hat to match; Mrs. Merton, gown of black chiffon, black hat; Miss Merton, roseda green frock, hat with magenta flowers; Miss G. Merton, rose pink dress, pink hat; Mrs. G. Hammer, pale blue taffetas, black toque; Miss Hammer, pink and white striped muslin frock, floral hat; Miss M. Hammer, white muslin frock, and hat Mrs. J. S. Thomson, heliotrope dress, black hat; Mrs. Arthur Reeves, natter blue flit net over white silk, black hat and feathers; Miss Helmore, gown of champagne coloured crepe de chine, hat trimmed with wall flowers, brown tulle riddle. Others present were: Mrs. Morton Anderson, Mrs. Gower Burns, the Misses Burns (2), Mrs. and Miss Bronley Cocks, Mrs. Andrew Anderson, Mrs. R. Anderson, Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. and Miss Cook, Miss Nicholls, Miss Campbell, Miss Hoadley, the Misses Anderson (2), the Misses Gorard (2), Misses Kettle (2), Misses Hill (2), Mrs. and Misses Moore (2), Miss Rhodes, and Miss Gossett.

**A TENNIS PARTY**

was given on Tuesday by Mrs. J. D. Hall, "Middleton," for the officers of the fleet. The guests were Mrs. J. Cracroft Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Moore, the Misses Hill (2), Lee, Kettle (2), Symes, Wilding, Wood (2), Nicholls, Cotterill, Harley, Mills, Denniston, Hammer (2), and Symes.

**A SMALL TENNIS PARTY**

was given by Mrs. Pyne at Bealey-avenue. Those present were Mrs. C. Cooper, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. J. Palmer, Mrs. and Misses Moore, Miss Symes.

**THE ROSE SHOW**

was opened in the Alexandra Hall on Wednesday afternoon. There was a magnificent display of roses, but the season was rather far advanced, as too many of them were over-blown. The sweet peas, pot plants, vases and baskets of cut flowers, and dinner table decorations were all excellent, and were greatly admired. The attendance was good, but Alexandra Hall is too small for such an interesting and attractive function.

**PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.**

Miss E. Rhodes (Timaru) is staying with Mrs. G. Harper (Christchurch). Miss Strachey (Timaru) is the guest of Mrs. Gower Burns. The committee of the Rhodes Convalescent Home (Cashmere Hills) has appointed Miss Lena Wood (Victoria) as matron, in consequence of the resignation of Miss Higgins, the present matron, who has accepted the position of matron of the McLean Institute for Distressed Gentlewomen. Mrs. G. G. Stead (Christchurch) left last week with Mrs. Wilfred Stead for Hawke's Bay, where Mrs. Stead proposes to make a stay of some months. Miss Howell (Timaru) is staying with Mrs. Wilding at Opawa.

blue hat with plumes; Miss Finch, white India muslin with cape sleeves of heavy Irish guipure; Miss Bauhop, navy and white check taffetas and black hat; Miss Macintosh (Sydney), sky blue taffetas and scarf of mauve chiffon, cream hat with hydrangeas; Miss Beauchamp, white spotted muslin and blue hat; Miss E. Ward, white muslin and hat with roses; Miss Quick, cream Shantung and brown hat; Miss Moseley (Sydney), brown marquette with ivory yoke and sleeves, hat with pink poppies; Miss Bristow, white tailor-made, large white hat; Miss D'Oyley, pink floral muslin and hat with roses; Miss Stuart, mauve Shantung, yoke of broderie Anglaise, purple hat; Miss McKellar, ivory voile and lace, black hat with roses; Miss Ewen, blue linen and Leghorn hat wreathed with lilac; Miss G. Ewen, white cloth tailor-made, black hat; Miss Kane, white picque Eton costume and hat with yellow roses; Miss Kennedy, white muslin and white feathery hat; Miss Webb, white muslin and white hat ruffled with blue; Miss Kember, pale pink marquette, lace yoke and white picture hat.

**GUESTS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.**

By the last Sydney steamer Lady Jane Gathorne Hardy and Mr. W. Gathorne Hardy arrived to spend some weeks in New Zealand with their Excellencies Lord and Lady Plunket. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a keen fisherman, and hopes to get some sport out here. At present he and Lady Gathorne are staying at Karori with the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Johnston before going on to Palmerston.

**MRS. J. DUTHIE'S AFTERNOON TEA.**

The Misses Hall-Jones were the principal guests at the tea given on Tuesday by Mrs. Jack Duthie. A very pleasant musical programme was much enjoyed, several of the guests contributing. Sweet peas made the room fragrant, and the red and gold of galliardias gave an effective note. Mrs. Duthie wore a graceful gown of cedar brown chiffon velvet with a guimpe of ecru lace; Miss Rogers (her sister) was in white India muslin and lace.

**A KITE-FLYING PICNIC.**

in honour of the Misses Hall-Jones came as a welcome change in the vortex of afternoon teas. Mrs. Malcolm Ross was the hostess, and the scene of operations was in Houghton Bay, where the sheltered green valley is encircled by hills. A gentle breeze lifted the kites sufficiently, and they all behaved with the utmost decorum. Afternoon tea was hailed with glee after the competitions were over, and a walk along the beach back towards home was delightful in the cool of the evening.

**THE KELBURNE KIOSK**

was the scene of a pretty tea on Friday, when Mrs. Tregear entertained her daughter's friends. Miss Tregear's marriage is to be celebrated on December 19, and her future home will be Marlborough. The hostess wore nut-brown chiffon taffetas with a yoke of ivory lace, outlined with Oriental embroidery, her brown toque was massed with pink roses; Miss Tregear was wearing white broderie Anglaise and a black picture hat banded with gold.

OPHELIA.

Miss May Fabart returned to Christchurch from the North Island last week. Miss Mills (Auckland) is the guest of Mrs. Beswick, Park-terrace (Christchurch). Mrs. C. Kidson and her children have left Christchurch for Nelson, where they intend to reside. Miss Macdonald (Christchurch) is visiting the Southern Lakes. Mr and Mrs. Wardrop (Christchurch) are at Mount Cook. DOLLY VALE.



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**NAVY CLOTH COSTUMES**—Smart, 26/9, 35/9, 45/9, up.

**UNLINED STRIPED FLANNEL**, new Eton and Cutaway Coats, plain Gorets Skirts, 39/6, 43/6, 49/6.

**CREAM ETON LUSTRE COSTUMES**, trimmed Braid and Strappings, 29/11, 39/6, 45/9, 59/6.

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**THE POSTMAN KNOWS.**



## Children's Page

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

#### YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate, — I received my badge quite safely last week. I think it is very pretty. Thank you very much for it. We had a bonfire party on the 4th of November; it was splendid fun. Our holidays begin in about three weeks. We are going to the show on Friday. Are you? We have a homer pigeon for a pet now.—With love from Cousin GORDON.

[Dear Cousin Gordon,—I am glad you like your badge. Why did you have your bonfire on the 4th instead of the 5th? Two of my little friends put theirs off till the following Saturday because they were asked to go and see a very big bonfire, so they had two nights' fun instead of one. Is that what you did, too? I went to the show, but I don't think it was as good as usual except the horses; and I think they were better. Did you enjoy it very much?—Cousin Kate.]

\* \* \*

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thanks for the nice badges. I think they are so pretty. The red one is very pretty, so is the blue. We have been to the Funnel three times since I wrote last week, and enjoyed it so much. The Funnel is a funnel-shaped part of the river near the mouth of the Wairoa, and we go past it when we go to Auckland. It is very hot to-day, and the birds are singing gaily. I have just been digging a place to put some dahlia bulbs into. Fritz is going to write you yourself now. I am nine years old now, and I can read the fourth standard book, Fritz is seven, and can read standard one book. Fritz, Kim and I have two little ducks each. Winnie Upton was so good. She gave me a pet lamb; it is such a dear little thing, and its name is Barbara. I have two gardens, a flower garden and a vegetable. I must close now. I remain your loving Cousin ROSAMOND.

[Dear Cousin Rosamond,—I had not heard from you for such a long time, I began to think you had forgotten me, so directly the new badges came, I sent one off to you as a gentle reminder. I have been up your way once or twice, but I didn't remember the Funnel a bit. If ever I go again I must look out for it. You must be a very energetic gardener to keep two gardens going at once. Which garden do you like best? Miss Upton's present was lovely, wasn't it? What a pretty name you chose for it. We had a pet lamb once. The mother died, and we tried to feed the lamb with a baby's bottle, but it didn't live very long. Our little ducklings disappeared; we think the cat must have eaten them, or perhaps the rats got them. I hope you will have better luck.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you for the badges; they are so pretty. I have the blue one. My little ducks are always in the water, and the mother hen does not like it. We have two little calves; one is black and the other one is a brindle colour, and their names are Darkey and Nancy.—With love from Cousin FRITZ.

[Dear Cousin Fritz,—Rosamond told me you were going to write your letters yourself now. I am glad; it shows how well you are getting on with your lessons, doesn't it? I am glad you liked your badge. What made you choose the blue one. I thought boys liked red best. Those poor old mother hens do have a worrying time with ducklings, don't they? It must be bad enough to manage ten or twelve chicks all at once, but to have ducklings that will go into the water, and do all sorts of things she doesn't understand, must be awful. Do you ever feed Darkey and Nancy? I tried to feed two calves last year, but they used just to butt me away, and knock the milk bucket over, so I gave it up.—Cousin Kate.]

\* \* \*

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am very sorry I have not written for so long; the reason is that we have been without help for a good long while. Thank you very much for the nice red badge you sent me; it was very good of you. I have got such a dear little niece; she is eight months old. She lives 10 miles out in the country, so we don't see much of her, but every time she comes in we make a great fuss over her. I have two pets—a puss and a fowl. One day my pussy's tail got caught in the door. I am very fond of reading books. Thank you very much for putting my letter in the "Graphic." I will try to write more regularly now we have got help. With much love, from Cousin ISOBEL.

[Dear Cousin Isobel,—I am glad you have got somebody to help you at last; it seems so hard to find anyone to work for you nowadays. It is the same cry everywhere. The badges are pretty, I think. I am glad you are pleased with yours. I think little baby girls are sweet. You must be sorry your niece lives so far away, but perhaps you would spoil her if she lived closer. I can quite understand what a pet you make of her when she comes in. Poor old puss! I hope her tail won't come off all together. That happened to one of ours once, and she looked so unhappy about it; but she got used to it quite soon. I am very fond of reading, too. What books do you like best? I used to like all boys' books best; they were more exciting.—Cousin Kate.]

\* \* \*

Dear Cousin Kate,—As I have not written to you for a long time, I must try and write you a long letter. It was a busy day election day with the motor-cars and cats. Monday, November 16, Motograph moving pictures were here. The pictures were: "A Trip to the Clouds," "Through Ireland on a Jaunting-Coach," "The Adventures of an Irish Terrier," "Hilda's Lovers," "A Tour through Scotland," "Thompson's Night Out," "Captain Starlight," "Mother

Goose and her Magic Eggs," "The Life and Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Maskelyne and Cook," and "Tom, the Piper's Son." They played games and sang songs, too. Cousin Lorry has a bad cold. We will soon be having our examination. I was reading some of the letters in the farmers' paper. One of the new writers was telling about himself, and he said that he had big feet and red hair. In the farmers' paper all the cousins have names of birds, flowers and other things. I think that I have written you a long letter, so I will close now, as I have no more news to tell you. With love to you and all your cousins, from Cousin ALICE.

[Dear Cousin Alice,—It is a fearful long time since you wrote to us. I really thought you must have stopped for all time. Election day here was very busy too, though very quiet, but in the evening there was great excitement. Such crowds of people in town waiting for the results to come through. The boy that wrote to the "Farmers'" cousins was not at all conceited, was he? Not a very flattering description, was it? though I love red hair, and always wish mine was red instead of brown. I haven't been to see any moving pictures for ages; last time they made my eyes so sore and tired that I vowed I wouldn't go again, but those you saw sound very fascinating. Did you enjoy them very much? I hope Lorry's cold is better by this time; it is time he wrote again, too—more than time.—Cousin Kate.]

### The Lament of the Unsold Doll.

Heigh-ho! I'm very lonely here,  
And can't suppress a sigh  
To think that, though I'm far from dear,  
There's no one comes to buy.  
The ticket on my pretty shawl  
Is marked in letters red—  
"Look! One-and-six, this handsome doll!  
Including dress and bed."  
Yet children through the window stare,  
And eye me up and down,  
While grown-ups buy (with lots to spare)  
Some golliwog or clown.  
Three wooden dolls and two of rag,  
Five monkeys climbing string,  
One polar bear that waved a flag,  
One rabbit on a spring—  
All, all have left me one by one,  
Some other home to seek,  
And I must say it's far from fun  
To lie here week by week!  
My hair is clustered locks of gold;  
My cheeks a healthy red,  
And yet, till I am some day sold,  
I'm doomed to lie in bed.  
The skies are blue! I see them through  
The dusty window-pane,  
And long to rise as others do,  
Yet only long in vain.  
"Upon my word," the shopman said,  
"It stands to commonsense  
That such a doll, with dress and bed  
Must sell for eighteen-pence!"  
I think so too. But week by week  
In loneliness I lie,  
And those who come a doll to seek,  
Some other doll will buy.

### Vanishing Three-decker.

The Implacable, which was once a training ship for boys at Devonport, but which is to be sold out of the service next month, is the last of the old walls-of-oak still in commission that were captured from the French.

Originally named the Dugay Trouin, she and two of her consorts were taken by Sir Richard Strachan about a fortnight after Trafalgar.

When she has gone, the Victory at Portsmouth and the Impregnable at Devonport will be the only three-deckers remaining in the British Navy.

The Implacable's figure-head is to be added to the collection of these trophies which line approach to the Admiralty Terrace in Devonport Dockyard.

### A LARGE GAP TO FILL.

The Boss—What's that?  
Office Boy—I says, you better send out and get a half dozen boys to do my work to-day; I'm goin' to be sick about three o'clock!

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

# Hunyadi János

## For GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

Professor Immermann, Basle, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University—  
"Hunyadi János has invariably shown itself an effectual and reliable Aperient, which I recommend to the exclusion of all others. Never gives rise to undesirable symptoms even if used continuously for years."

AVERAGE DOSE.—A wineglassful before breakfast, either pure or diluted with a similar quantity of hot or cold water.

**CAUTION.**—Note the name "Hunyadi János," the signature of the Proprietor, ANDREAS BAKLEHNER, and the Medallion, on the Red Centre Part of the Label.

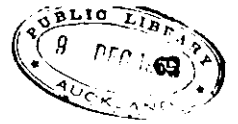
# Mellin's Food

## UNTOUCHED BY HAND.

Prepared in a moment—without cooking.  
The ideal substitute for mother's milk.  
Mellin's Food may be given with safety even to a new-born child. No starch—no dried milk.

Mellin's Food may be obtained at all chemists, stores, &c





THE GREAT SUMMER RIDDLE.

Why are people eager to leave a room like this—

In order to occupy, during the warmest weather, a room like this?

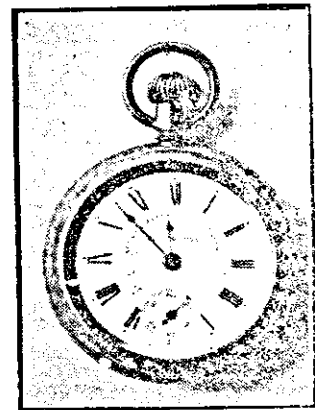
# The "FOX" Watch.

Would YOU like this  
HANDSOME WATCH ?

The Proprietors of FOX'S Renowned

## SERGES

Make You this Remarkable Offer:—



**YOU CAN OWN** ONE OF OUR GENTLEMEN'S GOLD-FINISHED WATCHES  
BY COMPLYING WITH EITHER OF THE THREE SCHEMES MENTIONED BELOW:

Plan I. Send Us a Postal Order for 6/-

Plan II. Send Us a Postal Order for 4/6 and 4 Weekly Graphic Watch Coupons

Plan III. Send Us a Postal Order for 4/- and 6 Weekly Graphic Watch Coupons

## FOX'S SERGES HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND SO WILL THE FOX WATCH.

The First New Zealand Consignment of these Remarkable Timekeepers, just to Hand.

Orders will be taken in Strict Rotation  
Address: Box 417,  
Auckland.

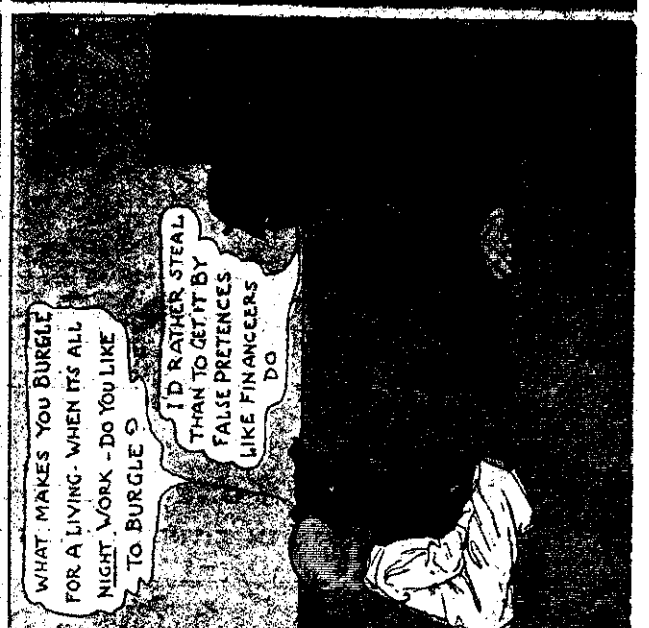
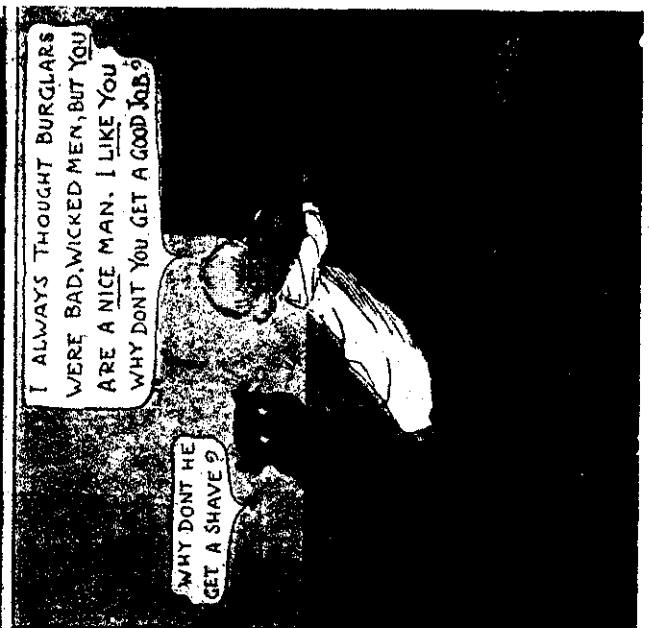
"FOX" WATCH COUPON.

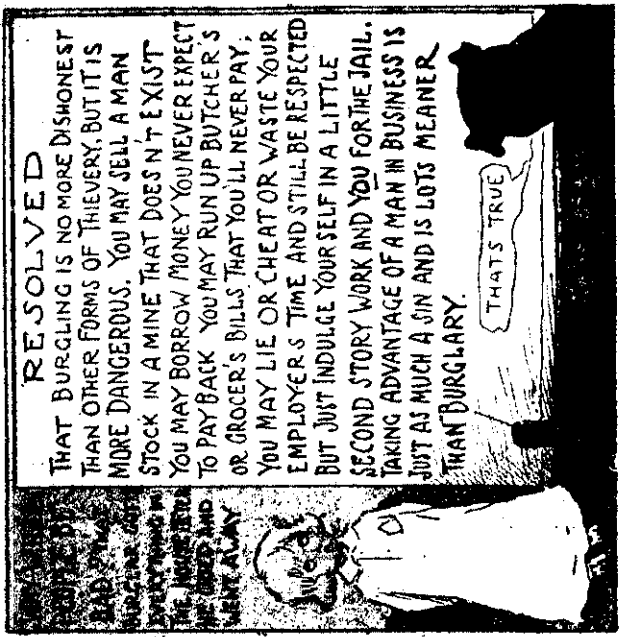
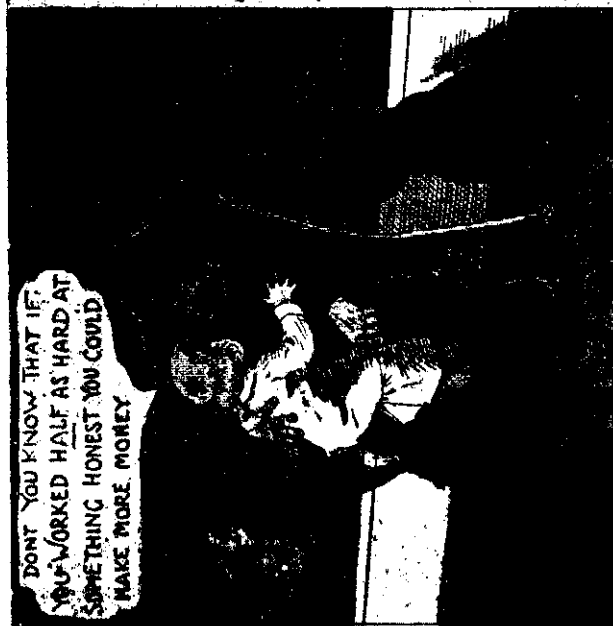
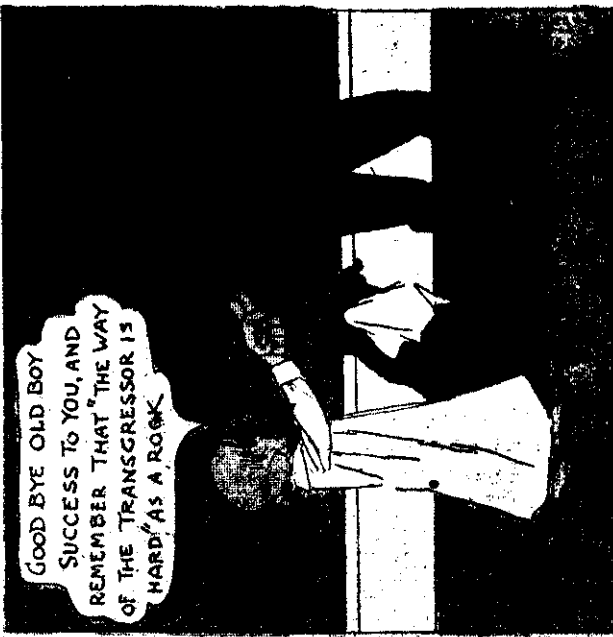
December 9th, 1908.

Cut this out and send to

W. J. RAINGER, WATCH DEPARTMENT,

P.O. BOX 417, AUCKLAND.







**THE POLICEMAN'S CHARGE.**

"Officer," said the judge, "this woman at the bar declares that first you tried to coax her to marry you, and then you arrested her."  
 "Oh did, sor."  
 "What's the charge?"  
 "Resistin' an officer."

**WHERE IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.**

Customer (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his ticket)—Is that my name in Chinese?  
 Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—No; 'scription. Mean "fit" ole man; cross-eyed; no teet."  
 Customer—For thank you.

**CUTTING THEIR WEEDS.**

Hyker—"Why did you give up smoking?"  
 Pyker: "In order to marry a rich widow."  
 Hyker—"I fail to see the connection."  
 Pyker—"She refused to give up her weeds unless I would give up mine."

**LOVE IS BLIND BUT NOT DEAF.**

She smiles—my darling smiles and all  
 The world is filled with light.  
 She laughs—'tis like the bird's sweet call  
 In meadows fair and bright.  
 She weeps—the world is cold and gray.  
 Rain clouds shut out the view.  
 She sings—I softly steal away  
 And wait till she gets through.



"Is this boat safe?"  
 "Perfectly! You simply can't sink her. I know, because I've capsized in her half a dozen times."

**VOLUNTARILY.**

Sinkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion?  
 Timkins—Yes.  
 Sinkins—How did he lose the title?  
 Timkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.

**NOT HIS FAULT.**

Magistrate (sternly)—"Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?"  
 Prisoner—"Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it."



The marriage of opposites may be advisable—but not in extreme cases.

**NO BUTTING-IN.**

A valuable hint to Mr. T. E. Doane, the Tourist Department.



Tourist Department Clerk (to summer man): Sorry, sir, number seven is occupied this morning, and so is number nine, but number five, on the knoll, isn't taken yet. Two hours! One dollar. Thank you



WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.