

THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC

AND

NEW ZEALAND MAIL

VOL. XLI.—NO. 26

DECEMBER 30, 1908

Subscription—25/- per annum; if paid in advance, 20/-. Single copy—Sixpence.

The Week in Review

The past year has been a memorable one in many ways. At one time the war cloud seemed to rest over the Balkans, and it is probable that it was only the knowledge that England was well prepared that prevented the outbreak of hostilities that might have plunged all Europe into a devastating war. As it is, the attitude of Austria and Servia is still far from friendly, but the resolute stand taken by the great Powers will probably prevent any crisis occurring. Events in the East have moved rapidly. Revolutions have changed the aspect of affairs in Turkey, Persia, and Morocco. We have witnessed the opening of a constitutional Parliament in the great stronghold of Oriental despotism in Europe. China is also awakening, and has been freed from the reactionary influence for so long exerted over her destinies by the late Dowager Empress. India has been in a state of unrest, but this bids fair to be allayed very considerably by the statesmanlike reforms outlined by Lord Morley. Venezuela has made trouble, as usual, and the Venezuelan difficulty has been as prominent as ever. But the power of its erratic president, De Castro, has been practically shattered by the success of the blockade undertaken by the Dutch, and the inhabitants of this troublesome little Republic are getting tired of continual embroilments with foreign Powers. There are signs that the Triple Alliance is weakening. Italy realises her importance in international affairs, and she is by no means disposed to play the part of second fiddle. England has established friendly relations with France and Russia, and this doubtless acts as a check on German ambitions. The Franco-British Exhibition was a great factor in cementing the entente cordiale.

At Home, Mr. Asquith's Government has shown signs of losing power. The bye-elections have gone consistently against it, and it has failed to pass either the Licensing Bill or the Education Bill. Every effort has been made to win the support of the Nonconformists, but Mr. Asquith has not been very successful in his efforts in this direction. Exceptional distress has prevailed in England this winter, especially in the large towns affected by the shipbuilding and the cotton industries, and large sums have been voted, and public works put in hand, in order to relieve the unemployed. This acute trade depression has turned the current of public opinion in favour of some measure of fiscal reform, and both Mr. Ralfour and Mr. Wyndham have promised to make the question of a protective tariff the main plank in their political programme. The Suffragettes have continued their agitation for women's votes with unabated vigour, and some of their tactics have brought them into frequent collision with the police.

Coming nearer home we must note the curious turn of the wheel which has placed Mr. Fisher, the Labour member, at the head of the Federal Parliament. The three-party system in Australia is rapidly developing into a distinct danger to any real representation of the people, and in all probability there will be a general coalition between the present Government and Opposition forces in the different States. In Queensland such a coalition has already taken place. With ourselves the most notable event of the year was the visit of the American fleet. Fleet week will long live in the memory of those who were privileged to take part in its numerous festivities. There has been a certain amount of finan-

cial stringency, but we have not suffered from the acute depression that has invaded England, and there is every indication that the coming year will be one of renewed wealth and prosperity. Sir Joseph Ward has lost little, if any, of his hold on the country, and the newly-elected Parliament should do much to carry on the beneficent and wise legislation of its predecessors. Perhaps the most striking feature of the elections was the success achieved by the No-license party. There is no doubt that it was beyond anything anticipated, and though, of course, much was due to the women's vote, yet there seems to have been a very general feeling throughout the Dominion that our present licensing system is far from satisfactory in many respects. Whether, however, No-license is the best remedy for many admitted defects in the management of the liquor traffic is questioned by not a few who are in a good position to judge, and it is admitted that in spite of the great increase in the No-license vote the drink bill of the colony is rapidly growing. The coming year bids fair to open with every sign of prosperity for the colony, and we trust our readers, one and all, will have a very happy and prosperous New Year.

General satisfaction will be felt at the decision of Sir Joseph Ward to appoint a Royal Commission to make a thorough investigation into the alleged improper proceedings in connection with Ohinemuri licensing matters. The definite charges which have been made have left an uneasy impression on the public mind, and it is universally felt throughout the Dominion that the whole matter should be sifted to the bottom. It has been decided to appoint at least one Judge of the Supreme Court, and thus the public will be able to place implicit confidence in the finding. The Commission will not be of a general character, but is set up to investigate specific charges brought in one particular place. Sir Joseph Ward followed sound constitutional custom in refusing to appoint a general Royal Commission without the sanction of Parliament, but he acted quite within his province in undertaking to investigate certain definite charges, and his decision will meet with universal approval.

The Women's Employment Bureau of the Labour Department has given some interesting facts concerning female labour. The greatest scarcity is in the field of domestic service. In Auckland, during November, 180 applications were made by mistresses, and only 52 could be filled. The report says: "Too much stress cannot be laid upon the dearth of the general domestic. No fewer than 43 employers applied for general domestics during the month, and only six engagements were made. Apparently no amount of persuasion will induce girls to take up these positions. The excuses given are varied. One girl objected to cleaning stoves; she was just as well paid for doing cleaner work, viz., housemaid or pantrymaid. Another—a new arrival—an English girl, said it was not the work, it was the loneliness she objected to where only one general is kept. Hardships are not so noticeable where one had company to work with; and mistresses take advantage of generals. A third—a Scotch girl—said that in a general's place the work was never done; when one took specified work one knew exactly when it was finished."

Every mistress, who has had to look for someone to help her in the house,

knows how fruitless the search often is. The truth is that many people expect too much from those whom they employ, and show them too little consideration. Scarce as housemaids are, a good mistress can nearly always get help. A girl looking for a situation always wants to know what the place is like before she enters into the question of pay. No amount of wages will tempt her to go anywhere where the mistress has a reputation for driving her domestics. And we have known many instances where very small wages have been gladly accepted because the lady of the house was known to be kind and motherly to those around her. There is no greater test of what we call "breeding" than the way in which people treat those dependent on them. The true gentlewoman, as Ruskin reminds us, is always known by the kindness and consideration she extends to those who minister to her needs.

The Papuan Council possesses a very real and subtle sense of humour. It had noticed with regret the laziness of the Papuan native, and it set itself to work to discover some means of instilling into the mind of its dark-skinned subjects a respect for the dignity of labour. This at least is how it puts the matter itself. Others have unkindly suggested that the Council is actuated solely by considerations of its own pocket, and a desire to save money at the expense of the unsophisticated nigger. It proposes that, with a view to fostering a love for work, all natives shall be compelled to labour on some Government plantation or public road for one month in the year without any pay. Should any reluctance be shown by any person in taking advantage of this magnificent opportunity for obtaining healthy outdoor exercise free of all expense, then that ungrateful person is to be imprisoned with hard labour for six months. The system is probably admirable from the Council's point of view, but whether the native views the idea with enthusiasm and grateful appreciation is another question. For ourselves, we rather doubt it.

There is a very strong feeling that the Minister for Justice has not taken a very generous view of the matter in his decision not to grant any compensation in the Westport murder case. Strictly speaking, there is, of course, no legal liability on the part of the Government to compensate men who have been unjustly convicted, but we hold that there is a very great moral liability in the matter. One man has died as the result of the anxiety he underwent after his arrest; the other has suffered imprisonment for an offence of which he was absolutely innocent. The British nation is noted for its love of justice, and it cannot be said that it is altogether just that two men should be put to great expense and suffering by reason of a miscarriage of justice, and that they should receive no compensation from those who control the affairs of the country. We trust that the strong agitation being got up on their behalf will induce the Minister to reconsider his decision.

A very interesting appeal will shortly be argued before the House of Lords. It is down on the paper as "Nairn v. the Universities," and at first sight there is nothing very attractive about it. Yet the case marks a record in the long line of legal appeals, for when it is called on two young women will stand forward to plead, and they will appeal for their right to exercise the franchise before the highest legal Court in Great Britain. The case is peculiar in many respects, and also full of interest from a legal point of view. For the position is essentially different from other cases of a similar kind. Hitherto, in such actions as women have tried to

bring to prove their right to the suffrage, they have never been able to overcome the initial difficulty that their names were not on the Parliamentary register. But the names of the women graduates of each Scottish University are actually on the Statutory Parliamentary Voting Register established by the Franchise Act of 1868. Further, in the section of the Act enfranchising Scottish graduates, the word "person" is used, in contradistinction to the word "man" used in all the other enabling sections of the Act, and to the same word "man," used in conferring the franchise on members of the Convocation of London University.

The case has already been before the Court of Session, and a decision was given adverse to the women graduates. They decided to carry the case to the House of Lords, and Miss Francis Simson and Miss Chrystal Macmillan have been chosen to argue the appeal. Miss Simson was one of the first seven women to graduate in Scotland, and she is at present warden of Mason Hall, the residence for women students in Edinburgh. Miss Macmillan entered Edinburgh University as soon as it was opened to women in 1892, and took the B.Sc. degree with special distinction in mathematics, and the M.A. degree with honours in mental and moral philosophy. Miss Macmillan recently spoke thus about the case: "Our appeal does not depend on any view of the general justice of admitting women to the franchise; it is a question of the proper interpretation of the particular statute; and whether, as it stands, it has not in fact given us Scottish women graduates the same way as men graduates in the election of the officials of the University. Indeed, nearly every class is now open to them as freely as to men. Only in Edinburgh the women medical students, though admitted to the examinations and the degrees, do not study in the classes of the University; but in Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Glasgow they are admitted to most of the classes. Women were admitted to the law classes in Edinburgh just two years ago, and there are several women students. One case has occurred of a woman who wished to practise as a law agent, but the Courts decided they could not admit her."

"The New Zealand Trade Review" has just published some very interesting figures concerning the Dominion's exports for the year ended September 30 last. The exports show a net falling-off in value of some £3,000,000 compared with the previous year. The shrinkage is almost equally divided between the two islands, though the loss in the South has been heavier in such items as wool and sheepskins. The actual figures as given in the "Review" are as follows:—The decrease on wool and sheepskins amounts to £1,979,393; that on meats of all descriptions, £412,794; on tallow, £206,446; on butter, £508,977; on gold £291,618; on kauri gum, £170,044; and on hemp £403,661. Several minor items show decreases to light amounts, while a few exhibit increases, the only case of the latter character of any importance being that of cheese, which shows an improvement of £194,045. Of the decrease in wool and sheepskins, £705,973 occurs in the figures for the North Island, and £1,273,420 in those for the South Island. That in meats shows a slight increase of £25,959 in the North Island, and a decrease of £494,783 in the South; tallow, £23,228 in the North, and £73,218 in the South; butter, £471,480 in the North, and £37,497 in the South. That in gold, as also that in kauri gum, is confined to Auckland. Of the loss in hemp, £281,907 occurs in the North Island, and £121,854 in the South.

The life of the Lord Mayor of London is not altogether so easy as some people might suppose. He has no eight-hour day, and he is outside the award of any Court of Arbitration. Sir John Hill has lately been recounting his experiences, and from a few specimens he gave of what he called typical days, it would appear that from 8 a.m. till long after midnight every hour of the day is fully occupied. He says that he kept 3,500 appointments in his Mayoral capacity during the year, consisting of civic and judicial duties, dinners, bazaars, garden parties, receptions, luncheons, balls, laying of foundation stones, and opening buildings. He dined out every day in the year, except Sunday, and delivered over 500 speeches. On one occasion he attended two dinners on the same evening. He had accepted the invitation of a co-operation committee when the command to attend the dinner of the King to the French President was issued. He managed to tarry with the first dinner, afterwards doing justice to the Royal dinner at 9 o'clock. The amount of correspondence dealt with each day was enormous, the morning post often running into several hundreds of letters. Most of these, of course, were begging letters, the English people having an idea that the Lord Mayor of London is always possessed of unlimited funds for charitable purposes. One man wrote for £150 simply because his name was Bell. It is awful to contemplate the number of similar appeals that might be received if the Mayoral chair was occupied by a Jones or a Smith.

Russia is just at present acting as the mouthpiece of Europe as regards the difficulty in the Balkans. England has taken a very strong stand in insisting that the interests of Turkey must be fully safeguarded, and the Treaty of Berlin upheld, but she recognises that Russia has a predominant interest in the Peninsula, and she appreciates the great sacrifices made by Russia thirty years ago. It is well-known that Russia's action is endorsed by England, France, Italy and Turkey, and it is not by any means likely that Germany and Austria will disregard it. Russia has stated quite plainly in her note that Austria must submit her policy to the jurisdiction of the Concert of Europe. Austria has so far persistently refused to do this unless her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina is recognised. The note says that the clause of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the position of these two provinces was defined, cannot be summarily abolished by the independent action of any one Power. The Kaiser was evidently very much alarmed by this very decided attitude, and has hinted that Austria must not count on Germany's aid if German interests are likely to be imperilled. Even the Imperial Government at Vienna is beginning to fear that it has a very weak case, and it seems more than likely that Austria will be forced to submit the question of the annexation to a conference of the Powers. For it is quite clear that she cannot stand alone, and it is extremely unlikely that any other Power would support her in view of the very emphatic ultimatum just issued.

The great battle between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson for the heavyweight boxing championship aroused an immense amount of interest throughout Australia, and over 20,000 people witnessed the fight. The money taken is said to constitute a world's record for the prize ring. The feature of the contest was the imperturbable coolness of the coloured man and the contempt he seemed to exhibit for his opponent. He not only possessed superior speed, science and power of hard hitting, but he was apparently quite impervious to punishment. Burns was outclassed from the start, the negro having an immense advantage from his size and his long reach. Great efforts had been made by different religious bodies to get the Government to interfere to prevent the fight taking place, but it was felt that it was not easy to draw the line between different boxing contests, and the authorities contented themselves with taking stringent precautions to prevent any exhibition of brutality or ruffianism. The police had full powers to stop the fight at any time they liked, and they did this at the end of the fourteenth round. An actual prize fight cannot be said to be a very edifying spectacle, but Englishmen believe in encouraging the many art of self-defence, and boxing contests under proper

supervision do much to encourage self-reliance and promote a spirit of manliness.

Lord Courtney recently headed a deputation to Mr Asquith to urge the importance of securing proper representation in elections. As a result of his efforts, a Royal Commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Richard Cavendish, and including Mr William Pember Reeves has been set up to inquire into the various schemes designed to secure the fully representative character of popularly elected legislatures.

Considerable impetus has been given to the movement by the report of the House of Lords Committee on the Municipal Representation Bill. This report went very fully into the question, and some very curious instances were given of the anomalies arising from the present haphazard method of conducting municipal elections. Amongst them were the following:—In the Woolwich Borough Council election of 1900, 2098 Progressive votes failed to return a single councillor; 6712 Moderate votes returned 15 councillors. In the 1903 election for the same borough 8121 Moderate votes returned only one councillor; 16,810 Labour votes returned 17. In the last borough election at Woolwich 6147 Labour votes returned only one councillor; 9702 Moderate votes returned 14. In Battersea the Progressives polled 7636 fewer votes than the Moderates—46,274 to 53,010—and yet gained a majority of the seats, 30 to 24.

In parliamentary elections we find pretty much the same state of affairs. Kilkenny, for instance, with 1584 electors is able to elect an M.P.; while all the 34,461 electors of Wandsworth are only represented by one M.P. Thus a vote in Wandsworth has only a twentieth part of the value of a vote in Kilkenny. The Romford division of Essex has 47,614 electors, and only one representative, while Bath, with 8219 electors, is able to return two members. Lord Avebury, at the annual meeting of the Proportional Representation Society, said the General Election of 1906 was a striking object-lesson in defective electoral methods. One party in the House of Commons had a far larger representation than it ought to possess. The Liberal, Labour, and Nationalist parties together were in a majority of 354, whereas if each had had an equal vote in determining the composition of the House of Commons that majority would have been ninety-four only. While in some cases it happened that the majority had an overwhelmingly larger representation than they were entitled to, in other cases it was just the other way, and the minority in the country had a majority in the House of Commons. That had happened both in 1874 and in 1886. In the latter year the Unionists were in a minority of 65,000 in the country, and yet they secured a majority of 104 seats, in the House of Commons. That, surely, was an absurdity.

The report of the Commission will be awaited with great interest, especially in view of the fact that our own second ballot bill cannot be said to have solved the problem in an entirely satisfactory manner, and some reform is urgently needed to secure the proper representation of the people.

SALE OF MILLING TIMBER BY PUBLIC TENDER.

Notice is hereby given that Written Tenders are invited, and will be received at the District Lands Office, Auckland, from the Proprietors of existing Sawmills and Logging Contractors, up till 12 o'clock noon on WEDNESDAY, 10th February, 1909, for the purchase of the Karet and other Milling Timbers standing on the undermentioned lots:—
HOKIANGA COUNTY.
Part 3 Blocks XVI., Mangataniwha R.D. Lots 3, 4, 5, 16, and 17, Omahuta State Forest.
Power plans, with full particulars of sale may be seen at the principal post offices throughout the Auckland Land District, or copies of same will be forwarded together with forms of tender, on application being made to the above office.
JOHN STRAUCHON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Musings AND Meditations

By Dog Toby

The Waning of the Year.

THEY had both suffered, he perhaps more than she had. For in the long ago they had walked hand in hand, they had sworn themselves to love, all the long, idle summer days had they wandered by mead and stream, and sea, streaming as the young alone can dream of unchanging days of happiness and trust. That was in the olden time; summer passed, wintry days came on, the old trust was gone, the leafless tree stood barren to the wind. And he would wander again by the old familiar places, worship again in the memory-hallowed village church, and on the lonely hill he would pray to God in the agony of his soul that his grief of heart might be forgiven and healed by the tender pity of the shepherd of mankind.

which brought all else to life, had found his heart withered. He lay by the sea watching the milky sails moving to their haven under the bill, the calm of evening lay all round him, the vesper bell came with the thought of God over the ripening fields. All bitter thoughts passed away, and he prayed half-aloud, "O God, help me, but I did love her so." And all unknown to him his prayer was already answered. She had wandered also to the same spot; she had heard his agonised cry. Her two arms were round him, her head was sunk upon his breast, and she murmured softly, "Dearie, forgive me, but I never knew." It was still the waning of the year for others, but for these two the New Year had already dawned.

For there had come between them the shadow of mistrust. She could not divine the depth of his love for her, she could not realise the intensity of the nature that was outwardly so reserved. She distrusted herself, she was still but a child, and her simple heart could not understand the attraction that she possessed for him. It seemed to her that other women must surpass her in charm and in accomplishments, she thought he would be happier with someone else who would be cleverer and more fascinating than herself. Yet she loved him, and loved him dearly, and because she loved him she wished to set him free. Poor child, she did not know that when a man loves there is but one woman in all the world for him, and that that one woman possesses in his eyes every grace the gods can give. There were none to tell her this, and because there were none to tell she never knew.

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.

Weather and other circumstances permitting, the Company's steamers will leave as under:—
For Russell.
CLANSMAN... Every Monday, at 7 p.m.
For Russell, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
CLANSMAN... Every Wednesday, at 5 p.m. No Cargo for Russell.
For Awanui, Waiharara, Hohonu, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
APANUI... Every Monday, at 2 p.m. No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.
For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whanauaki.
PAEROA... Tuesday, 15th Dec., 1 p.m.
For Great Barrier.
WAIOTAHU... Every Wednesday, midnight.
For Waikato and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROTOHAHANA... Tues., 15th Dec., 2.30 p.m.
ROTOHAHANA... Thurs., 17th Dec., 7.15 a.m.
LEAVE COROMANDEL VIA WAIHEKE.
ROTOHAHANA... Wed. 16th Dec., 11 a.m.
ROTOHAHANA... 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 Hokiang.
CLAYMORR... Every Thursday.
For Raglan, Kawhia, and Waitara.
WAITANGI... Every Monday or Thursday.

WHANGAREI SERVICE.
DECEMBER.
Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—
S.S. NGAPUHI... S.S. COROMANDEL
Leaves
Train Whangarei Mangapai, Parua Bay, Waikato.
Goods Train, Pas. Train
Leaves
1st-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str.
2nd-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m.
3rd-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 1 p.m.
4th-Prvs. day. 9 a.m. 7 a.m. No str.
5th-Prvs. day. 9 a.m. 8 a.m. 10 a.m.
6th-9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. No str. 11 a.m.
7th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str.
8th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m.
9th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 1 p.m.
10th-Prvs. day. 9 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.
11th-Prvs. day. 9.30 a.m. 7 a.m. 9 a.m.
12th-No cargo. 7 a.m. No str. No str.
13th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. No str.
14th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m.
15th-9.15 a.m. 3 p.m. No str. No str.
16th-11.45 a.m. 7 p.m. 11 a.m. noon
17th-No cargo. 10 p.m. No str. No str.
18th-Prvs. day. 10 p.m. 11 a.m.
19th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
20th-No cargo. 3 p.m. No str. No str.
21st-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
22nd-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
23rd-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
24th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
25th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
26th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
27th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
28th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
29th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
30th-9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. No str.
31st-9.15 a.m. 1 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.

THOS. COOK AND SON
Passenger Agents for
P. and O. Co. Cape Lines
Orient R.M. Line Mess. Maritimes
N.D.L. (German) Canada-Austrian
N.Z. Shipping Co. White Star
Etc., Etc.
Before Booking your Tickets to London or elsewhere write for "COOK'S SAILING LIST" (posted free), giving FARES by all lines, and SAILING DATES. No Booking Fees. Special Advantages. Apply
COOK'S SHIPPING OFFICE
Queen-st., Auckland.
Next G.P.O. Wellington.

Sayings of the Week

The modern thirst for novelty must be slaked at all hazards. We flock to hear the sensational preacher who denounces the sins of society of which he knows little or nothing, except what he has presumably heard at the confessional. We hasten to consult clairvoyants, astronomers, and soothsayers, who are kind enough to sell us information which we already possess on the subject of our habits and character. A revival movement, run upon purely commercial lines, can be certain of financial success if its methods are sufficiently hysterical.—*Mr H. Graham.*

The man who opens his whole being to the broad influence of Nature will often hear whisperings of more than earthly voices, and teach glimpses of more than earthly truths.—*Mr W. Garrett Horder.*

Among the palliatives which make the strenuous life of the hard working business or professional man easier, and help to "tone down" some of his acute worries is the possession of a good "hobby." He needs something to relieve his mind from the pressure of that "daily round," that so "common" task, that "eternal grind," and what better can he have than a good hobby?—*Mr W. H. Webb, F.R.S. Hist. S.*

It is stupid to say that "most people" are stupid. It is like saying "most people are tall," when it is obvious that "tall" can only mean taller than most people. It is absurd to denounce the majority of mankind as below the average of mankind.—*Mr G. K. Chesterton.*

He did not want to be put in the position of it being thought there was necessity for a second deputation to urge upon him the necessity for a Commission to investigate the licensing laws, and he wished to say publicly that the Government proposed to give effect to the petition in this case—that was, to have a Royal Commission appointed to investigate the allegations made.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

He was in favour of visiting with exemplary punishment all offenders rightfully convicted, but zeal for the purity and elevation of the turf should at least be tempered with reasonable solicitude for those who patronised the turf, or were legitimately connected therewith. The necessity for stipendiary stewards had been recognised for many years by the British sporting press. The necessity was cogently illustrated by the happenings at almost every day's racing throughout the Dominion.—*Mr W. B. Hackett, Auckland.*

He was especially grateful for the capable discharge of duty by Sergeant Henry, whom he esteemed as a fair, honest, and straightforward official.—*Mr C. O. Kettle, S.M.*

He urged boys, if they were deficient in one quality, to try to develop another to replace it. If they stuck to that principle through life, they would do credit, not only to themselves, but also to the institution to which they belonged.—*Mr Justice Chapman.*

The visit of the American fleet had evoked warm feelings of cordiality in Australasia, and it was a source of gratification to His Majesty and the Government.—*King Edward VII.*

He had spent his life in the district, and in every possible way striven to serve its interests, but he had made it a matter of principle to first consider the welfare of the country as a whole.—*Sir William Russell, at Hastings.*

He hoped that Sir William Russell would yet take an active part in guiding the destinies of New Zealand, because of the high and disinterested principles on which his actions had always been founded.—*Mr C. H. Williams, Hastings.*

Success stated not on victory in the sports ground or in the school, but in the boys who went out into the world. He prayed that God would help them to live out the life they had learned to live at

the school, and would grant that the country and the Church of God would be better for their upbringing in wise and holy ways. It was to him a great joy to see the old boys rally round the College, ever looking for further benefits to show the school they loved.—*Bishop Julius, at Christ's College.*

In view of the very kindly treatment the Presbyterians had received from the Anglicans in those early days, he thought the kindest relations should now exist in the district between the Presbyterians and the Anglicans.—*Mr W. Souter, Otago.*

It is very gratifying to note that settlement along the Main Trunk line is going apace everywhere. Naturally, conditions are rather primitive and arrangements rough and now. Settlers, however, are full of heart all along the line. North of Ohakune (with the exception of the Waimarino Plain) there is magnificent milling timber on Crown, native, and privately-owned lands—a splendid asset. Although there is a slump in timber at the moment, it will be a great pity if a single tree of this magnificent forest land is wasted.—*Mr Mackenzie, Commissioner for Crown Lands.*

The Celt in emergency or calamity was absolutely indifferent to death, facing it without the slightest fear. This might explain to some extent the fact—or it was a fact 20 years ago—that two-thirds of the officers and engineers sailing out of Liverpool to New York were Celts.—*Dr. Tudor Jones, Wellington.*

A man of sound limb purported to be blind, and consequently received an allowance from a local body. He established himself on a piece of ground a mile or two from the township, and worked away with a will. He bailed up cows and milked them unaided. He walked to town alone nearly every day. For 27 days of the month his eyesight stood him well, but on the 28th, the day of the local body's meeting, at which all recipients of relief have to appear, his vision became impaired, and he had to get a small boy to lead him to the place of meeting.—*Mr A. Willis, secretary Wellington Charitable Aid Board.*

Masterton is duller than usual. Many carpenters are out of employment; the place is suffering from the effects of over-building. Residents, unable to invest their money in other directions, have been putting up cottages, and now the old-fashioned residences are one by one becoming empty. The number of houses "to let" in Masterton is greater than has been the case for years. Many of the residents have gone to take up land along the Main Trunk railway.—*Mr A. W. Hogg, M.P.*

He considered the possibilities in this country, both industrially and in an agricultural sense, very great indeed. That New Zealand has such a small population—rather less than a million—had rather surprised him. They had a country that should be capable of carrying a population of 30 millions.—*Dr. Coulter, Deputy Postmaster-General for Canada.*

The greatest benefit of the cruise of the American fleet was the knowledge gained of Great Britain's unvarying goodwill toward the people of the United States. There is now a happier prospect of welding the English-speaking nations in the friendship of common interests.—*Admiral Sperry.*

Serbia and Montenegro had long cherished the fantastical hope that occupation of the recently annexed provinces would cease. This catchword had been propagated from Serbia as a means of creating unrest in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Therefore Austria was compelled to annex, in order to neutralise the Austro-Serbian agitation.—*Baron von Bierneth, Austrian Minister for the Interior.*

The American parties possess nothing in the nature of veritable and opposing faiths. There is no such thing as a distinctively Republican or a distinctively Democratic policy or frame of mind.—*Count Vay de Vay.*

I am certain that the average visitor to New Zealand, and also the local fisherman, sometimes is only too willing to take his sport for granted and considers he has a right to complain if he does not make large baskets upon paying his £1 fishing license.—*Captain Lyon, A.D.C. to Lord Plunket.*

There were specialists of all descriptions pressing their claims to work in different branches of education, and generally speaking, he was rather opposed to the interference with schools that would be involved by a large number of specialists coming into the different schools. He considered that as far as possible they should try to thoroughly equip the teachers in the training colleges to do all the work required in the State schools.—*Hon. G. Foxley.*

When I took charge of the Postal Department not many years ago, the revenue was £200,000 per year. Since then charges have been reduced in some cases by as much as 300 per cent; in fact there is scarcely anything that has not been reduced by at least 100 per cent. Yet with the end of the financial year our earnings will reach £900,000, and that is a wonderful record for a country as small as ours, especially when it is remembered that the concessions made amount to between £300,000 and £400,000 per year.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The people were looking for a pure administration of the licensing laws, and, in his opinion, it was not desirable that the Commission, once set up, should simply confine its work to just one or two cases. Nothing but a general inquiry would satisfy the public.—*Mr. Westley Spragg, Auckland.*

He intended to bring before the Government the desirableness of establishing colleges for Maoris. There should be two of them in one of the centres of the population. One would be for boys and the other for girls. The colleges, besides providing a good education, would be of a technical character. The girls, for instance, would be taught how to look after a house, laundry work, etc., while the boys would be taught to follow useful vocations.—*Mr. Parata, M.P.*

As a matter of fact, I think that Ireland is now the most prosperous part of the Old Country. I can say that, at any rate, of those parts through which I travelled. A lot of the farmers, especially in the north have now acquired the freehold of their land, and others are doing so on the instalment system. This is producing general satisfaction, and the results are excellent. It seemed to me that the position was a great lesson to New Zealand in regard to land tenure, showing what a pacifying and settling factor the freehold is; and I could not help thinking that the Irish experience quite justified Maturra's treatment of Robert McCab.—*Mr. J. Hazlett, Dunedin.*

Mr. Woodward had gained the respect of all during his sojourn in Whangarei, both as a banker and socially, and they all wished him every fortune and prosperity on the eve of his departure to Kumara, the scene of his new duties.—*Mr. T. McCintock, Mayor of Whangarei.*

Speaking of the Urewera country, it is not generally known that owing to legislation passed in the last week of last session, provision was made, which will enable the Government to throw open within the next two years one-quarter of this virgin district. The natives are very anxious that their lands should be settled and roaded, and generally made available for settlement.—*Mr. T. Ngata, M.P.*

The cheese factories at Ruatoko and Waimana are doing well, and there is a splendid show of grass everywhere. A marked feature of this year's crops is the largely-increased area devoted to maize, from which some very heavy yields are anticipated. There are also some good crops of oats, especially round about Opoitiki.—*Mr J. Duncan, Department of Agriculture.*

It was only those intimately acquainted with the Salvation Army's untiring efforts who could fully realise the value of their humanitarian mission.—*Mr C. C. Kettle, S.M.*

The difficult task which he and his followers had set themselves to accomplish dated from the 1903 elections. Then they secured only 15 seats, or a total of 16, the Taranaki seat being captured at a by-election. In aiming at the formation of a strong Opposition, they believed that popular feeling was behind them, and it was pleasing to find this assumption so amply justified by the results of the last election.—*Mr W. F. Massey, M.P.*

The present lack of accommodation at the Wellington hospital was notorious, and the overcrowding of the fever hospital was a scandal. One or two of the hospital doctors had been attacked by disease, and several nurses had been stricken down. The trustees desired to put up a fever hospital that would suffice for some years to come. The total proposed expenditure on the extension was £25,000.—*Hon. G. M. Luke, chairman Wellington Hospital Board.*

I do not know what the accommodation at Ohakune is like, because I have not seen it, but it is hardly to be expected that the residents of such a new township could provide such full accommodation as one would find in an older settled place, or at a point where there would be a certainty of a large number of passengers stopping over-night.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

The Liberals would deal firmly and boldly with the question of the reform of the Upper Chamber. It was impossible to tolerate the present humiliating condition of legislation on the Marquis of Lansdowne's suffrage.—*Mr Lloyd George.*

The fact is, there is not a man on the Government's side of the House with the necessary technical training to fill the Agricultural and Land portfolios. I could lend them some; but the time may come when I shall need them myself.—*Mr W. F. Massey, M.P.*

The total telegrams handled in the Auckland district in 1897 numbered 1,822,000, of a value of £21,783. Last year the number was 4,660,000, and the value £39,500. The telephone exchange connections in Auckland city increased in the same period from 1027 to 3046.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

Auckland and Wellington firms are both trying very hard to catch the trade, but Wanganui appears to have certain natural advantages, which means that, as the result of the big effort Wanganui trainers are making, they must get a fair cut in the King Country trade.—*Mr W. Jennings, M.P.*

It was plain that agricultural education was coming rapidly to the front, and farmers should recognise the efforts of the Farmers' Union. It had argued for education. Experimental farms, or experiments conducted by farmers themselves under skilled supervision, which was much better, were needed, and that feeling had had its source in and

Aching Heads are Bad for Business

No one can transact business properly when his head is fairly splitting with pain.

No saleswoman or salesman can give satisfactory attention to customers when suffering from this torture.

Business of every kind to-day demands clear-headed consideration—freedom from disturbance as far as possible—and the aching head is a hindrance.

You can assure yourself certain relief from headaches by taking

Stearns' Headache Cure

One dose cures, and you do not want it again until another headache comes; then you take it because you know what it will do for you. It is free from habit-forming drugs.

Justice to yourself demands that you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

been fostered by the leaders of the Union, and they were full of the importance of agricultural education to the farmers.—*Mr. W. Loerie, Director Lincoln College.*

Personally, I do not know anything more magnificent about the rule of the British Empire than the rule in India. Look back at the splendid self sacrifice which has been shown by those who have gone out there to assist in improving the lot of the countless millions resident in India! Grandfather, father, son, and grandson have in many instances spent the best part of their lives in the effort to make that a happier and a better country.—*Lord Plunket.*

It is absolutely necessary that a great exporting country such as ours should not be behind others, and that we should offer every possible facility to enable our people to carry on business with the greatest expedition, so that they may compete on fair terms with other countries. Under such conditions, the annihilation of space is an important matter, and we must do our best to effect it.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

You create a democratic electorate, and you tell it that it holds in its hands the destinies of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, and yet you rush to Parliament to prevent it getting drunk on polling-day.—*Mr. H. Bottomly, M.P.*

It had been made clear that in 1000 B.C. Britain was a civilised country. The national pride of the Cymri had kept the race so pure that even so late as twenty years ago an Englishman was a rare person in the interior of Wales, and regarded with suspicion. The Anglo-Saxon race had never really understood the Celt, nor had the Celt properly understood the Anglo-Saxon.—*Dr. Tudor Jones, Wellington.*

In New Zealand, those parts of the Empire that are not self-governing are not considered sufficiently. The greatest possible interest is, for instance, taken in (Canada and Australia, also in South Africa, but India, which has not self-government, is not much talked about—not made a speciality of, at any rate. I have even heard it seriously discussed here whether India is not, from the colonies' point of view, rather a drag. Practically the same thing has been suggested by some of the representatives at Imperial conferences.—*Lord Plunket.*

The facilities for gaining a knowledge of the management of sheep at Lincoln College were unequalled by any institution with which he was acquainted. There might be places where specimens were kept, a sort of zoological gardens, but the aim of the Board in making the work so severely practical and giving opportunities for acquiring such a knowledge of sheep, made the College the best he knew. The experience he had had at the College had widened his knowledge as it had never been widened before.—*Mr. W. Loerie, Director of Lincoln College.*

Opium in the hands of a skilled physician was a valuable drug. Indiscriminately used it was a deadly poison. It killed the soul and blotted out human feeling of every kind. It destroyed the Divine Image in man and created in its stead the image of the devil. Unspeaking harm was being done the Chinese nation by the opium being forced into the country. In British India money was advanced without interest by the British authorities to persons growing the poppy. The opium trade was a government monopoly.—*Dr. Gibb, Wellington.*

He remembered "D" Battery parading in full uniform, equipped with a field gun horsed. But they could not fire the gun for the very good reason that it was cracked! Since then a great improvement had taken place, and he knew of no volunteer companies in the world, who, for keenness and efficiency, could compare with the artillery volunteers of New Zealand. He attributed this efficiency in no small degree to the valuable assistance of the Royal New Zealand Artillery.—*Captain Richardson, Wellington.*

He hoped to see the speedy supplanting of the present procedure by the rational system of stipendiary stewards, and that would aid all those who desired to present a united front in defence of the turf, for in the very near future it would be called upon to fight for its existence against the organised land that was now making attacks upon every institution that made life worth living.—*Mr W. E. Meekett, Auckland.*

THE new Year," began the cynic, "may be said to be paved like the nether regions with good resolutions. It is a time when people start keeping a diary which they never continue, when they resolve to be good prohibitionists and swear off the drink, a resolution that survives but few of these thirst-compelling days. We all mean to be good and make a fresh start, but they are generally false starts, and we give up all further effort till the next year comes round. I made a virtuous resolve that I would try and believe in the wisdom of my fellow men, but I reflected that if I wished to adhere to my new creed I should be debarred from much social intercourse, and the very charming end, to me, suggestive conversation of our scholastic friend here. No one could listen to some of your fellows talk and still retain his belief in the wisdom of mankind."

"Your resolve does you credit," replied the padre, "and your explanation of the reasons that led you to abandon it go to prove the sincerity of your very virtuous resolution. I believe we are all better for the mere desire to be good, even if our new found goodness is sometimes of short duration. I sometimes wonder whether if we all resolved to try and believe a little more in the goodness of mankind we should not find our belief justified. I know all you chaps wish to goodness I would resolve to give up preaching, but I can't help being a little serious at times. Our friend here would probably say that even a parson cannot help being in earnest sometimes. In my life I come across so much to admire in people from whom one would naturally expect but little. You fellows ridicule the countryman who comes to town for Christmas with his good lady and half-a-dozen raw bush youngsters, but if you knew these rustic folk as I know them you would never laugh at them again. They are the salt of the earth."

"My dear padre," resumed the cynic, "you much mistake if you fancy that I at any rate find any cause for mirth in kind hearts or simple faith. It is rather the coronet and the Norman blood that moves me to satirical reflection. When I think of the advantages some of us have enjoyed—the travel, the society, the education—and then reflect how little use we have made of them, and how mean and petty, and grasping, and selfish most of us are, I confess that I feel I could stand bare-headed before some of our out-back settlers, who, without a tithing of our advantages, so far outstrip us in all things that really make life worth living. I see that the professor has found something amusing in his paper. May we ask to be let into the joke?"

The professor went on with his reading oblivious of all else, at times emitting a huge chuckle of delight. Further pressure induced him to reply to the previous speaker, and explain the cause of his mirth. "I have here," he said, "a copy of the 'Journal of Education' for August, containing a model lesson on English literature. It is the funniest thing I have read for a long time, and all the funnier because it is written in dead earnest. It starts with a long exordium on the landscapes and lofty peaks and dark thick forests of the world of letters. Then we come to the lesson proper, which is to be given on Tennyson's poem, 'Break, Break, Break.' The children are to be taught all the meanings of the word 'break.' Just listen to this: 'Break, a lumbering vehicle designed to carry a party of people, and differing from an omnibus in construction, though performing the same function. The name sound, though the etymology is different, is preserved in the work, 'brake,' meaning a thicket

of wood or fern.' The meaning of the word, as used in the poem, is thus explained: 'The wave-form moves in wave-lengths of compression and rarefaction. (Illustrate on black-board.) This characteristic of wave-motion is the transmission of a certain state of things or state of motion without any corresponding transmission of matter.' The whole thing is most exquisitely delicious."

"I didn't see the original article," said the padre, "but I read a review of it in 'The Treasury' for September. The thing that I thought most ludicrous was the explanation given of the last two lines of the verse. Just lend me your paper for a minute, will you? and I will see if I can find the passage. Yes, here is the part I mean: 'If the poet could have expressed his thoughts in clear and well-chosen words, the poem would doubtless have taken a happier form, and the relief to his mind would have been great. We note with sorrow the struggle for adequate expression, which, indeed, must have added tenfold to the sorrowful thoughts of his brain. The greatness of the man makes us regret the more any deficiency in his mental culture.' Just fancy Tennyson, of all people, being accused of suffering from inability to choose clear and happy expressions, and of being deficient in mental culture."

"If," remarked the Professor, "the whole thing had been an intentional satire one would be inclined to say that it had been overdone. But I never knew the staid and sober Journal of Education to go in for humour of any kind, and I presume it is meant to be a model lesson for the use of Stae school teachers. The geological notes given to explain the words 'thy cold grey stones are very prosaic.' Listen to this hint for skilled teachers in dealing with the line: 'We see at a glance that we are not looking at the chalk cliffs that are so marked a feature in the coast scenery of our island. The cold grey stones would have no past there. Nor can we make the mistake of supposing that we are in the region of crystalline rocks, against whose escarpments the waves would beat without the disintegrating effect that produces grey stones. Just fancy English literature lessons given on these lines. It is bad enough when children have to parse the words and analyse the sentences, but geological notes on Tennyson's lyrics are

something too utterly appalling to contemplate."

"Heaven help us," piously ejaculated the dominie, "if that is what we are coming to in our efforts to teach English. Fancy astronomical notes on Wordsworth, and scientific notes on Keats. I have known a teacher tell his pupils to look up Aeonin on the map that they may the more fully grasp the meaning of Tennyson's line, 'Draw down Aeonian hills.' I wonder if they ever found it, and if so what particular range of mountains they found existing there. It is awful to think of some of our finest and most pathetic passages being dealt with as mere parsing exercises, or as pegs on which to hang nature studies. It would be enough to disgust a child with literature for the rest of its life. If these sort of lessons are necessary, they should be given on political speeches. No amount of notes on these could make them sillier than they are at present, and even the skilled teacher mentioned in the Journal could not spoil their meaning, for the simple reason that they seldom have any meaning worth mentioning."

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

(Established 1817.)

Head Office:
 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Paid-up Capital	£2,488,720	0	0
Reserve Fund	£1,530,000	0	0
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	£2,000,000	0	0
	£6,023,720	0	0

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

Auditors:
 Alfred S. Milson, Esq.; Frederick W. Ether, Esq.

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

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

J. RUSSELL FRENCH, General Manager.

The N.Z. Christmas Number.

Farmer

Ask Your Newsagent to show you a Sample Copy.

A Superbly Illustrated Issue.

The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Fine weather favoured the holiday makers on Boxing Day throughout the Dominion.

A farmer at Takapuna, Auckland, named Nicholas Casey was arrested last week upon a charge of having shot at a neighbour named Wentworth Speck, on Christmas Eve.

For having used the abbreviation "Dr." a man named William H. D. Newth, of Christchurch, who was not registered under the Medical Practitioners' Act, was fined five shillings and costs last week. The defendant had a notice in his window announcing that he did not claim the title of "Dr." in New Zealand, but had practised as a doctor for twenty-three years in America.

A lad named Ivan S. Pierce, aged sixteen, son of Mr G. N. Pierce, Auckland, was killed at Waiverua on Christmas Day. He dived off the end of the wharf, and fractured his skull. Other boys had dived off the same spot a few moments before, and it is supposed that the deceased must have dived into the hollow of a swell, which would, of course, considerably alter the depth of water.

By immigration New Zealand's population was increased by 3330 during November; the arrivals were 4963, and the departures 1633. The newcomers comprised 2978 men, 1454 women, 201 boys, and 270 girls, and the exodus 1028 men, 457 women, 81 boys, and 67 girls. For November last year the arrivals totalled 3656 and the departures 1590, a gain of 2065.

It appears that some of the New Zealanders still on the Rand have remained to see the dawn of brighter days than have been experienced since the conclusion of the Boer war. An old Christchurch resident, writing to a friend, states that the outlook is very encouraging in the Transvaal. For the month of October there was a record gold output, valued at over £2,500,000, and as several producers are being added to the number of mines opened up each month, it is expected that a three million output will shortly be reached.

At the foregathering of employees of the Government Printing Office prior to starting their annual fortnight's holiday the Government printer, Mr. J. Mackay, gave some details of the work done by the office during the past year. The consolidated statutes went to over 4000 pages, and of these 2500 copies in book form were printed. Besides from 50 to 500 copies of all the individual statutes the office had also printed the main electoral rolls, 76 in all, with a total of over 6000 pages. He was himself surprised at the short time in which this work had been done. The ordinary work, which had been very heavy, had been going on all the time. Last year the number of dockets issued was 13,000. This year it was over 15,000, showing that the Department was going ahead by leaps and bounds.

Death of Dr. Bakewell.

The death occurred at Auckland on Boxing Day of Dr. R. H. Bakewell, who was well-known all over New Zealand, more particularly by his writings in the newspapers, and periodicals. Deceased was the son of the Rev. John Bakewell, a Congregational minister, and was born at Manchester seventy-seven years ago. He took his M.D. course at St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, saw two years' service in the Crimea, was appointed officer in charge at Trinidad, and came to New Zealand in 1873, practising at different times in Dunedin, Ross, Hokitika, Christchurch, and Auckland.

Miners' Complaint.

With respect to the difficulty over the Miners' Complaint Bill, Mr. Fryor, secretary of the Employers' Federation, Wellington, in an interview, said that from the first the employers had regarded the proposals put into the bill as dangerous. Although the mineowners were desirous of doing the best for the workers, they were absolutely forced into the position of imposing a medical examination. "When I say forced into the position," added Mr. Fryor, "I mean that intimation had been received from the insurance companies that they were not prepared to

take a risk at any price, without such examination. Now, these risks are tremendous. In fact, it is not a matter of risk at all, but a matter of certain liability, because, without medical examination, a large number of miners, whose lungs are in the least affected, must be a charge upon companies up to £500.

"Take the Miners' Federation estimate, that 50 per cent of the men are affected with miners' complaint," continued Mr. Fryor. "This, applied to Waikato with at least 1,500 workers, means that 750 of these men, sooner or later, will represent a charge of £500 each, or a total of £375,000, on the companies operating in the Waikato district. And, again, taking the Miners' Federation estimate of 50 per cent affected, this would mean that a total of 9,000 workers in the Dominion would give us a total liability of £2,250,000. Is it any wonder, then, that insurance companies cannot see their way to take the risk? The employers have been compelled to act as they have done in order to protect themselves."

Gisborne Native Lands.

Of over 20,000 acres of Native land offered for lease by the Tairāwhiti Land Board in Kaipū and Waikōa counties only 250 acres have been taken up. An additional 6,084 acres have been withdrawn for settlement by natives.

COMMONWEALTH.

The total lives lost in the Broome pearling fleet disaster number 67, including six whites.

A severe drought throughout Tasmania is seriously affecting the pastoral and fruit industries. Sheep have sold as low as 2/8. Swarms of green beetles are destroying the fruit.

Rain has checked the fires at Gundagai and at Corowa they swept an area 20 miles by seven. Many settlers' crops have been destroyed. Fires have done much damage in the Albury and Germananton districts.

An alteration has been made in the goods rates on the N.S.W. railways, operating from Jan. 1, representing a further reduction of £60,000. The new mileage rate reduces the charges on all classes of goods.

For the first time in its history, Lloyd's silver medal has been bestowed upon a woman, the recipient being Kate Gilmore, a stewardess, who saved many Arab lives when a panic occurred among the passengers aboard the blazing steamer Sardinia, off Malta, on November 25.

Dispute at Broken Hill.

The combined unions of Broken Hill have informed the proprietary companies that it was intended to strongly advise the men against accepting lower wages in any of the mines which had not signed the agreement arrived at between the Mining Managers' Association and the combined unions, and that the action of the Broken Hill Proprietary in offering reduced wages from January 1, if persisted in, would be regarded as a lock-out.

Tug Capsized.

A sensational collision occurred off Newcastle on Christmas night.

The tug Advance went out to take the ship Iverna, from Melbourne, in tow, when she was struck by the vessel.

The captain of the Iverna, in giving an account of the disaster, says: "We were seven miles to the south-east of Nobby's lighthouse when the tug came up on our lee bow, and crossed over on to the weather bow ahead of us.

"She then returned and came towards us, and it was all over in a flash.

"As the Advance crossed the bows of the Iverna we struck the vessel on the quarter. We only felt a slight impact, but the next thing we saw was the tug over on her side.

"As she came abreast of our mizzen mast she went right over, and her boiler exploded.

The captain, who was on the bridge when the tug went over, walked along the side of the capsized vessel, and we saw him standing on the bottom with his

pipe still in his mouth. As the tug sank the captain grabbed a grating.

"The Iverna was doing 11½ knots, with a southerly gale behind her. A lifebuoy was thrown towards the capsized tug, and a boat was launched. She searched for two hours, but found none of the crew of eight.

The mate Willis was washed ashore after floating all night on a piece of wreckage.

The crew of the Advance consisted of the following: Capt. Mackenzie, Mate Willis, Chief Engineer Herbert, Second Engineer Wilson; crew, O'Brien, Scott, and two whose names are unknown.

The National Mutual.

At the annual meeting of the National Mutual Life Association, the chairman stated that the new business had amounted to over three millions, and for the second year in succession had exceeded the previous year's amount by £10,000. The interest had been £4 13/2 on the mean funds. The increase in income had been £72,000. The funds had increased by £400,000, and now totalled nearly 5½ millions.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

The National Bank of New Zealand has declared an interim dividend of 10 per cent.

King Edward telegraphed from Aberdeen his greatest satisfaction at the termination of the Dublin carters' strike.

Sir Robert Hart, ex-Chief of Chinese Customs, whose leave has now expired, will not return to China.

Mr. Frederick Selous, the famous explorer, big game shooter, and author, will accompany President Roosevelt on his hunting tour in Africa.

A conference of Lancashire ironfounders and workmen, held last week, decided to establish a conciliation board to avoid strikes and lock-outs.

Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra spent Christmas in company with the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.

A Blue Book has been issued containing an exchange of Notes renewing for five years the Franco-British Arbitration Agreement of 1903.

English insurance companies have agreed to settle claims amounting to £800,000, arising out of litigation connected with the recent Jamaica earthquake.

The application of the London Education Committee for a vote from the rates to provide meals for underfed children has been granted by the London County Council.

Two of the crew of H.M.S. Amethyst—Harold Curtis, an able seaman, and James Yates, stoker, have been sentenced to two years' and 12 months' imprisonment respectively, and dismissed from the service, for throwing overboard a gun spring.

A Royal Commission, under the chairmanship of Lord Richard Cavendish, and including Mr. Wm. Pember Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand, has been set up to inquire into the various schemes designed to secure the fully representative character of popularly elected legislatures.

Mr. J. P. Farrell (Nationalist member for Longford North) having refused to give security to the King's Bench Division in Dublin to keep the peace, was last week sentenced to six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, for publishing in the "Longford Leader," of which he is the editor, boycotting and intimidatory notices emanating from the Irish League, also for delivering an inflammatory speech.

Liberal Party's Intentions.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Lloyd George), speaking at Liverpool, denounced the Lords as a purely partisan assembly.

The Liberals, would, he said, deal firmly and boldly with the question.

It was impossible to tolerate the present humiliating condition of legislation on Lord Lansdowne's sufferance.

The next Budget would, he continued, raise new taxes without interfering with any productive industry. He denounced tariff reform as implying steadily increasing protection, judging by the experience of other countries.

Dalgety.

At a special general meeting of Dalgety and Co., Ltd., Mr. Edmund G. Doxat presiding, it was unanimously agreed to

increase by one million the nominal capital of the company by the creation of new £10 five per cent preference shares.

These will not be offered to shareholders pro rata, but existing shareholders will receive preferential treatment.

Sorry Now.

Mr. Sims, a philanthropist of Cheltenham, who had greatly befriended the local Baptist Church, bequeathed the sum of £100 to each of the nine deacons who should happen to attend his funeral.

None, however, attended. The terms of the will were only disclosed yesterday after the funeral had taken place.

Parliament Procees

Lord Loreburn (the Lord Chancellor), in the House of Lords, and the Speaker (Mr. Lowther), in the House of Commons on December 22, read the King's Speech, proroguing Parliament until February 18.

The speech, probably the longest on record, referred to the recent visit to England of President Hailegiorgis and of the King and Queen of Sweden, and reviewed the work of the session.

Regarding the Balkan question, His Majesty had reason to hope that wise conciliatory counsels would lead to an amicable settlement, with the consent of the parties to the Treaty of Berlin.

Mention was made of the negotiations with Belgium relating to the Congo.

His Majesty discussed the crisis in India, and the exceptional deterrent legislation against the conspiracy of evilly-disposed persons in some parts, but acknowledged the demonstrations of loyalty evoked in all parts of India. This had justified the advancing of measures, long under consideration, for enlarging the share of the peoples of India in the administration, and His Majesty earnestly hoped that these would be received in the spirit of mutual trust and good will in which they had been proposed.

The Speech reviewed the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada. The visit of the American fleet had evoked warm feelings of cordiality in Australasia, and it was a source of gratification to His Majesty and the Government.

His Majesty was assured that the labours of the important convention of statesmen now considering the matter of closer union would conduce to the abiding prosperity of South Africa.

Regret was expressed that there had been no settlement of the licensing and education questions.

It was mentioned that the arbitration with the various States had not yet been ratified settling the protection for literary and artistic works.

Co-operation.

Sir Christopher Furness, shipbuilder, who recently took his employees into co-partnership on condition that they did not strike, has purchased the Wingate Grange Colliery at Derloun.

He will there initiate the co-partnership system on similar lines to that in his shipyards.

Wrecked Off the Irish Coast.

The steamer Irada, with 22,000 bales of cotton, bound from Galveston, a seaport in Texas, to Liverpool, was totally wrecked on December 22 off Cape Mizen Head, Cork, during a fog and heavy sea. Five of the crew, including the captain, were drowned.

The rest clung to the cliffs all night, and were rescued at daybreak.

The steamer and cargo were insured for over a quarter of a million. The loss falls primarily on New York companies, but English companies and Lloyd's are involved.

The Suffragettes.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst and the other suffragettes imprisoned for taking part in the attempt to rush the House of Commons on October 13 have been released, their terms having expired.

They received an ovation on issuing from the goal gates, and were tendered a public breakfast. Subsequently they paraded London in wagnettes.

London's Poor.

The paupers of London now number 130,543, this being the highest number for thirty-eight years.

The expenditure for poor relief this year has reached £387,840.

EUROPE.

The French Post and Telegraph Commission, in its report to the Chamber of Deputies, recommends penny postage with England.

The fund in aid of the widows and orphans whose breadwinners perished in the disaster at the Radbole colliery, in Westphalia, when 320 lives were lost, has reached £60,000, enabling the committee to provide a supplementary annuity of 160 marks for each widow and 76 marks for each child.

Russia's Peasants.

The Russian Government is endeavouring to improve the condition of the peasants by giving them the right of individual ownership of land.

A bill dealing with the question has been submitted to the Duma, which has adopted the clause enabling peasants to own land apart from the commune.

The opponents of the measure complain that it will only create a class of small landowners without satisfying the demands of the bulk of the peasantry.

Vandalism.

Several golden wreaths, valued at £1500, have been stolen from the graves of two of the Danish kings at the Cathedral of Roskilde, the ancient Danish capital and the burial place of the kings.

Queen Alexandra's mother's tomb was rifled, and a silver cross laid there by Her Majesty stolen, but a golden lyre was overlooked.

The desecration has caused the Royal family poignant grief.

German Flour.

Acute tension exists between Germany and Switzerland owing to German millers dumping the finest flour in Switzerland at prices which Switzerland considers only possible by means of disguised export subsidies.

Switzerland wishes to arbitrate the dispute, but Germany will only consent to such a restricted reference that arbitration would be useless.

Lively Students.

Medical students in Paris, resenting the harder examinations imposed upon them for their degrees, rioted in the streets.

A cavalry company was called out to disperse them.

A mob of Apaches (hooligans of Paris) joined the students in a rush to the entrance to the Senate.

A number of windows of the building were smashed, and several rioters were badly injured.

Three hundred arrests were made.

Radium as a Cancer Cure.

Two leading Parisian doctors reported to the anti-cancer League that they had used radium for cancer during a period of three years.

They had treated sixty-two cases in that time, and forty-six had recovered, the treatment failing in only six cases.

The Sinking of the St. Kilda.

The Supreme Naval Prize Court at St. Petersburg, overruling the Libau judgment, declared that while the overhauling of the St. Kilda was justifiable, its condemnation and sinking were not justified, and hence the owners were entitled to submit to another court a claim for damages.

An exception was made to a small quantity of rice destined for the Japanese Government and some cotton, which might, under the circumstances, be considered contraband.

Toucky.

Bulgaria, in a Note to the Powers, describes the passage in the Sultan's Speech at the opening of the Turkish Parliament in reference to Bulgaria's action in proclaiming her independence as an insult to that country and to King Ferdinand. Fresh tension is feared as a result.

Austria and Turkey.

Reuter's Constantinople correspondent reports that Baron Pallavicini, Austrian Ambassador to Constantinople, has submitted to Kaimil Pasha, Grand Vizier, concrete proposals indicating Austria's willingness to agree to an increase in the Customs duties charged on Austrian goods entering Turkey to 15 per cent. She offers some compensation on ac-

count of Bosnia's and Herzegovina's share of the Ottoman public debt to the extent of £4,000,000. If Turkey persists in her refusal to acknowledge the annexation and to accept these terms, Austria will prefer counterclaims arising out of expenditure in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Novi Bazar amounting to 20 million crowns, this sum having been spent on buildings and general administration since the Austrian occupation of the provinces thirty years ago.

ASIA.

Three hundred Nationalists in Teheran, who have failed in their efforts to secure the restoration of the constitution, have taken refuge in the Turkish Legation.

Unrest in India.

Two bombs were thrown at a train conveying Mr. Hume, Public Prosecutor, to Sodepur. No one was hurt.

This is the seventh bomb outrage on this railway.

A Gentle Reminder.

The Dalai Lama has left Peking, and reaches Lhasa in June.

China has officially proclaimed herself the sovereign power in Tibet.

AFRICA.

The mayors of the larger centres of Cape Colony strongly recommend the postponement of any suggestion or discussion on the future capital, lest it should interfere with the prospects of closer union.

Belgium in the Congo.

A remarkable memorandum, signed by many peers, 19 bishops, 76 members of the House of Commons, numerous lord mayors, representative commercial men, philanthropists, and editors, has been forwarded to Sir Edward Grey (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) expressing cordial approval of the Government's insistence that Belgium must give a distinct assurance that the treaty rights in the Congo will be respected, and the native communal and tribal tenure of lands and products be recognised.

Hottentot Murderers.

A Reuter's message reports that the Hottentots in the southern part of German South-west Africa have killed several farmers and three troopers, and captured a quantity of arms and ammunition.

There is much anxiety on the part of the German population on account of the recrudescence of the rebellion.

Simon Copper, one of the leaders of the revolt against the Germans, which began in 1904, and was not ended until January last, took to the warpath again a month ago, and the German settlers then took steps for the defence of their homes and families.

AMERICA.

H. Poor, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, has failed, his liabilities totalling five million dollars.

The Supreme Court of Missouri has ousted the Standard Oil's subsidiary companies from the State.

President Roosevelt has enlarged the scope of the secret service by merging all detective agencies into the Bureau of Criminal Investigation under the control of the Department of Justice.

A Huge Combine.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, when giving evidence before the Tariff Committee in Washington in favour of the abolition of duties on steel, was asked if a combination, including the manufacturers of Britain, Germany, and the United States, fixed for London the price of steel rails, replied: "I am not in it, but I think it highly probable that such a combine exists."

Cheaper Cables.

Mr. R. Lemieux (Canadian Postmaster-General), who has just returned from a visit to England, said, in the course of an interview last week that he was confident that cheaper Atlantic telegrams were near at hand.

Mr. Lemieux predicts that the com-

panies will reduce their charges to avoid the construction of an Anglo-Canadian Government cable.

The White Fleet's Cruise.

A Washington telegram implies that the cruise of Admiral Sperry's fleet of 16 battleships has cost \$10,000,000, the bill for coaling alone running into \$5,500,000.

Experts declare that the experience the officers and men have gained has been cheaply bought.

Power of a Union.

At Washington, Judge Wright has sentenced Samuel Gompers (president), John Mitchell (vice-president), and Frank Morrison (secretary of the Federation of Labour) to twelve, nine, and six months' imprisonment respectively for contempt of court in ignoring an injunction and persistently blacklisting Bucks' Stove Range Company.

The prisoners have been liberated on bail, pending an appeal.

Theatre Burned.

An outbreak of fire occurred during a performance in the "Herald" Square Theatre, at the corner of Broadway and 35th Street, New York, a small theatre with a seating capacity of twelve hundred.

The blaze spread very rapidly, and the building was quickly reduced to ashes, audience and players narrowly escaping.

Weeding Them Out.

At the instance of the new Mayor of Pittsburg, elected by the reform party and the Civic League, seven city councillors and two bankers have been arrested on charges of bribery and corruption. The councillors have been accused of conspiring to secure by bribery the passage of certain ordinances connected with the issue of municipal bonds.

The president and cashier of the German National Bank are implicated.

Strike Warfare.

The Governor of Kentucky has ordered out a company of State militia to assist the county marshals to suppress rioting in Whitley County, where the miners are out on strike.

Already there have been fierce conflicts between the miners and the authorities, and several on both sides have been killed.

Several miners were burned to death in a hotel fire which followed a fight between the marshals' forces and the strikers.

President Castro Deposed.

The frustration of a plot to assassinate Vice-President General Gomez has completed President Castro's downfall.

The conspirators intended to seize the Administration, and with the army to overawe the population. The prisoners include President Castro's brother.

A document filed in the High Court proposes to impeach President Castro for complicity in the plot. His money supplies have been stopped.

General Gomez has issued a proclamation promising the decorous and pacific solution of international disputes. The decree of which Holland complained is to be revoked.

General Gomez discovered that Cardenas, Castro's personal secretary, had been entrusted to incite the assassination of Gomez and to form a conspiracy against the Vice-President with the help of a mutinous regiment commanded by President Castro's brother.

Gomez boldly personally arrested Col. Castro and then accused Cardenas, who denied the existence of a plot.

Gomez pinioned him to prevent the use of a revolver, and then imprisoned him, thus breaking the back of the plot.

Dr. Paul, ex-Foreign Minister, has started for Europe to settle Venezuelan international disputes.

Eighty leading Venezuelans have cabled to President Castro that his power has been destroyed, his property confiscated, and that he would be arrested if he attempted to return to Venezuela, indicating that grave charges would be preferred against him.

Some accounts report that Castro was furious when he heard of the turn of events, and had expressed his determination to return to overthrow his opponents. Other accounts state that he displayed indifference, believing the report

of the conspiracy to be a Dutch invention.

It is reported that Castro possesses a fortune of from £3,000,000 to £29,000,000, lodged in European banks. He is at present living in a Berlin Hotel at the rate of £1500 a week.

General Gomez has expressed a wish to settle the several disputes with the United States, and has invited an American warship to visit La Guayra, the port of Caracas.

This is interpreted in Washington as a precaution to prevent disorders.

Mr. W. J. Buchanan has been appointed United States special commissioner, and is proceeding to Venezuela aboard the cruiser North Carolina.

Holland has suspended her naval demonstration against Venezuela.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr Justice Cooper is spending the Christmas holidays in Auckland.

The Hon. J. D. Ormond, M.L.C., of Hawke's Bay, is at present in Auckland.

Miss Ada Crossley arrives in Wellington this week from Australia, and starts on a tour of the Dominion.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Poulgrain, senr., left Auckland by the Waikare for Gisborne last week.

Sir George Clifford, president of the New Zealand Racing Conference, is in Auckland.

Mr. E. Clifton, chief inspector of stock, accompanied by Mrs. Clifton, is at present visiting Auckland.

Miss Ellen Melville announces that she will commence practice as a solicitor in Auckland on January 7.

Mr. G. P. Darnell-Smith, assistant director of technical education in Auckland, left for the South by the Takapuna last week on a holiday trip.

Mrs. and Miss Mooney (Balclutha), late of Penrose, were recently the recipients of a number of volumes of Shakespeare's plays, sent by the members of the Rakaitia Ladies' Social Club.

Dr. J. M. Withers, of Christchurch, was last week appointed house surgeon at the Wanganui Hospital, vice Dr. Ferguson, who resigned in order to further his studies at home.

The numerous friends of Captain Norbury will be pleased to learn that after being in dock for six weeks at Woodside Nursing Home, he has now sufficiently recovered to go home.

The Rev. W. J. Ormond, who was ordained to the priesthood at Rome recently, was welcomed back to his native New Zealand by a large number of friends in the Hibernian Hall, Auckland, last week.

A large gathering of members of the Ancient Order of Foresters took place in the Foresters' Hall, Auckland, last week, to welcome Bro. Jas. Stichbury, P.D.C.R., who has just returned from a trip to the Old Country.

Mr. S. Thompson (chief draughtsman), Mr. W. E. Sessions (chief clerk), and Mr. H. T. Wadie (assistant draughtsman), of the Lands and Survey Department, at Dunedin, retire on superannuation with three months' leave as from January 1st, 1909.

Mr. H. F. Gladding, formerly superintendent of the City Fire Brigade, died last week at his residence, Cook-street. Since he left the service of the brigade in 1903, Mr. Gladding has been in business as a grocer. He leaves a family of four sons and one daughter.

The death is announced at the age of 65 years of Mr. Michael Andrews. The deceased gentleman was for many years in the service of the Bank of New Zealand. He was formerly manager of the bank at Wanganui, and was accountant in the head office when the head office was in Auckland.

A large and representative deputation of citizens waited on Mr. J. H. Clayton, editor and proprietor of the "Times," Tauranga, last week, and presented him with a handsome dressing-gown as a mark of appreciation of his impartial conduct of the paper during the recent Parliamentary and licensing elections.

Mr. Kyngdon, who some two months ago was knocked down and seriously injured, has so far recovered that his medical attendant has given permission for his removal from Mount Pleasant Private Hospital to Taranaki, of which district he is an old resident. When the accident happened he had just landed in Auckland, being on his way home after an extended tour in New Guinea.

An ordination service was held by the Bishop of Waipapu, in the Napier Cathedral on Sunday when the following deacons and priests were ordained—

Deacons: W. H. Roberts and G. E. Kear (Waipau diocese); H. O. Townsend Hanby (Auckland diocese). Priests: The Rev. F. B. Long (Waipau diocese); the Rev. G. B. Nanson (Christchurch diocese).

A dinner was given by Admiral Poore on the flagship, H.M.S. Powerful, on Thursday evening, those present, besides Sir Richard and Lady Poore, including: Captain and Mrs. Bockewen, Captain and Mrs. Vaughan Lewis (H.M.S. Cambrian), Commander Bowring, Flag-Lieutenant Fisher, Captain and Mrs. Noyes, Surgeon-Captain and Mrs. Cherry, and Lieutenant Bretton.

Mr. Donald Robertson (secretary of the Post and Telegraph Department) came up from Wellington last week, and left Auckland by the Navua to-day for Fiji, to connect with the R.M.S. Arangi for Vancouver, en route to England. He is accompanied on his trip home by Mrs. Robertson. During his absence in England, his position in the Department will be taken by Mr. W. R. Morris.

Miss Renee Queree, daughter of Mrs. Earnest Queree, is at present paying a holiday visit to her friends in Auckland. Miss Queree has been studying at the Melbourne Conservatoire of Music for the past year, and this year she has distinguished herself by passing all the examinations of her year, and by winning a scholarship which will enable her to put in another year at least in the institution.

Mr. Frederick Worley, M.A., who recently occupied the post of lecturer at the Auckland University during the absence of Professor E. D. Brown, has been meeting with considerable educational success at Home. Starting research work with Professor H. G. Armstrong, of the City and Guilds Technical Institute, he has, according to a letter received locally, been elected to a Research Fellowship of the Leather Sellers' Company of the value of £150.

The death occurred last week at his residence, Curran-st., Auckland, of Mr. J. E. Haven, accountant to the "New Zealand Herald." Mr. Haven was a native of Boston, and came over to New Zealand in the days of the early goldfields rush, at Thames, and later on to Auckland. The deceased was highly esteemed and respected by all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a widow, three daughters and three sons, one of the latter being at present in Johannesburg, and the other two in Auckland.

A cable was received last week by Archbishop Calder, announcing the death of Dr. Henry Welchman, a well-known worker in the Melanesian Mission. The death occurred at Florida on November 25. The deceased was known to many people in New Zealand, and his demise will be much regretted. He was born at Birmingham, and had the degree M.R.C.S., England. He joined the mission in the year 1888, was made a deacon in 1891, and priest in 1893. His first appointment was medical missionary in charge at Norfolk Island, he subsequently went to Ysabel, on Florida Island, and latterly has been in charge of the Island of Maramatubu ("All Saints"). Deceased was about sixty years of age.

LONDON, November 20.

Bishop Lenihan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, who is on a visit to Rome, took part this week in the ceremonies held in honour of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Italy and the world assembled in St. Peter's for the special service on Monday last, November 16. Silver trumpets announced the arrival of the Pontifical procession, at the head of which was carried the Cross of Christ, emblem of humility, followed by the Pope's triple crown of gold, emblem of power, loaded with gems and guarded by mace-bearers, Swiss guards and Chamberlains. Pius X. advanced slowly, carried on the Sedia Gestatoria, of peacock-blue velvet, covered with rich gold lace. Around him swung the "flabelli" great fans of ostrich feathers. The Papal chair was preceded by the Noble Guard, proud scions of the Roman aristocracy, and behind it were the members of the Pontifical Court, in due order of precedence. As his Holiness passed to the high altar, which it took him ten minutes to reach, he bestowed his benedictions on the kneeling congregation. His passage caused intense emotion, and many women wept.

The Pope's vestments, his mitre, the rings on his fingers, sparkled with gems, in strange contrast with the humility of the man to whom all pomp and splendour are so foreign that he was even

then wearing a modest nickel watch attached to a bootlace!

At the moment of the elevation of the Host, the silver trumpets again sounded from the dome. It was the culminating point of the ceremony. When the last words of the Mass had been said, the holy father advanced towards the altar to give his apostolic benediction. He turned towards the kneeling crowd, raised his white hand, loaded with jewelled rings, and made the sign of the cross, while in a strong, sonorous voice, which echoed through the arches of the temple, he slowly uttered the words, "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus."

Boatawain Tipper, late of the Royal Navy, who died this week at Riton Heath, near Shrewsbury, at the age of 90, was one of the few survivors of those who fought in the New Zealand war of 1845. He saw service in many parts of the world, having taken part in the Crimean campaign, the China war, and many expeditions against the pirates who in the years gone by infested the coast of Africa and the waters east of Suez.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hood, of Auckland, and their daughter, are on a visit to England, primarily on account of Mrs. Hood's health. They have spent most of their time in Cheshire and the Northern Counties. They will return to New Zealand via Capetown and Australia, leaving Liverpool in February next.

Mr. T. Tichbon, of Stratford, and formerly of Auckland, who arrived by the Perse on October 26, has been revisiting his native town, Hastings, which will be his headquarters during his stay in the Old Country. He expects to leave again for New Zealand in about seven weeks' time.

Another veteran of the New Zealand war has gone beyond these voices, in the person of Major-General C. Blewitt, late of the 65th (York and Lancaster) Regt., who died last week at the ripe old age of 84. He was gazetted to the 70th Regiment in 1864, but subsequently exchanged into the 65th. He served in the New Zealand campaign, being present at the storming of Rangiwhia and the capture of Orakau, at which he commanded a detached force. He was mentioned in despatches in June, 1864. General Blewitt subsequently commanded the West Riding and the Leicestershire Regimental districts. In 1901 he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Two large parties of Scottish settlers within the week have left Glasgow for Liverpool, en route for New Zealand. The second party is one of the largest that ever left St. Knoch Station for the Dominion. The emigrants are described as a very promising set of men, many of whom were accompanied by their wives and families. They had an enthusiastic send off from their friends.

Among the successful candidates awarded the M.R.C.S. diploma at the last meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, was Mr. Philip Scaton Vickerman, M.B., (Ch.B. (Edin.)). Among the successful candidates at the first professional examination in anatomy and physiology for the diploma of F.R.C.S., held this month, was Mr. John Bruce Baird, B.Sc., of Otago and Glasgow Universities.

Mr. Aron Vecht, who died at Antwerp on Sunday last, after an illness of some months' duration, was well known throughout Australasia. Born in Ireland 52 years ago, he settled in this country when quite a young man, and eventually built up a considerable business.

A man of adventurous spirit, the passion for travelling was in his blood, and there was no continent, and few countries of the world, which he had not visited, hardly a part of New Zealand which he had not explored, and he travelled extensively in Australia.

He lived for some years in Cape Colony, and entered into business relations with the De Beers Company, Mr. Cecil Rhodes negotiating with him on behalf of the company. For a year or so he resided in Haarlem, and then took his family to the Argentine, where he made his headquarters at Buenos Ayres. Returning to Europe, he settled in Antwerp, where he died.

Recent callers at the High Commissioner's office—Mr. and Mrs. Walton Fuller (Christchurch), Mr. J. Allen Thomson (Dunedin), Mr. Arthur P. Mathews (Christchurch), Mr. Alex. R. Fraser (Wellington), Mr. Herbert F. L. Beas (Christchurch), Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bourke (Wellington),

Our Illustrations.

THE LATE MR. HERBERT ARNOLD.

The funeral of the late Mr. Herbert Arnold, manager of the Costley Training Institute, took place on Wednesday afternoon, the cortege leaving the Richmond-road at 2 o'clock. A detachment of the Permanent Artillery walked first, with arms reversed, then followed the coffin on a gun carriage covered with the Union Jack. Elder pupils from the Institute walked on each side of the gun carriage, carrying handsome wreaths. Then followed the other boys and members of the Empire Veterans' Association, amongst whom marched Major Morrow, one of the trustees of the Institute. Several carriages followed with mourners and friends of the deceased. In the second carriage were Messrs. C. Hudson and C. J. Tunks, trustees, also Mr. Wesley Spragg, representing the Hon. G. Fowlds, who is chairman of the Institute. At the top of Symonds-street, vehicles were waiting to take the followers on to Purova Cemetery, where the interment took place.

THE HUTTON MEMORIAL MEDAL.

Soon after the death of the late Captain F. W. Hutton in 1905 steps were taken by the Philosophical Institute of Canterbury to establish a Research Fund as a memorial of his many services to science in New Zealand. The Institute's appeal on behalf of this fund met with a ready response from many parts of New Zealand; contributions were also received from other centres, and the Government recognised the value of Captain Hutton's work by subsidising the fund to the amount of £300. When the fund was ultimately handed over to the New Zealand Institute it amounted to a sum of about £600. This is vested in the New Zealand Institute, and is controlled by regulations framed by the Board of Governors of that Institute.

The sum of £100 was set aside for the expense of striking a bronze medal, to be known as the Hutton Memorial Medal. This medal has been designed by Professor Lanteri, of South Kensington, and bears an excellent portrait of the late Captain Hutton, and, on the obverse, a design emblematical of the fauna and flora of New Zealand, namely a tuatara (*Sphenodon punctatus*) prominent in the foreground, a kiwi (*Apteryx*), a cabbage tree (*Cordyline australis*), a New Zealand flax bush (*Phormium tenax*), and other New Zealand plants, while geology is represented by a geological hammer on some rocks in the foreground and by a volcano in the distance.

We give in this issue photographs of the medal, though these, perhaps, hardly show fully how beautifully it has been modelled by Professor Lanteri. The New Zealand Institute is indebted to Professor Arthur Dendy, of King's College, London, for kindly superintending the preparation of the medal. According to the regulations framed by the Board of Governors of the Institute, the medal will be awarded from time to time to persons who have made some notable contribution in connection with the zoology, botany and geology of New Zealand. Unless in exceptional circumstances, it is not to be awarded oftener than once in three years, and the recipient must have received the greater part of his education in New Zealand, or have resided in New Zealand for not less than ten years. The remainder of the fund has been invested, and the interest on it may be used by the Institute for making grants to persons who require assistance in connection with researches in New Zealand's natural history. At its last annual meeting the Institute decided not to close the fund until with additional subscriptions and interest, the sum invested amounts to £1000; and until that time 1 per cent. on the capital invested will be added each year to the principal. Communications with regard to the fund may be addressed to the secretary of the New Zealand Institute, Wellington, or to Dr. C. Chilton, Canterbury College, who acted as honorary treasurer until the fund was handed over to the Institute.

PROSPEROUS AND PICTURESQUE WHANGAREI AND ITS CARNIVAL.

Whangarei, the most prosperous and progressive city north of Auckland, is

this week holding high carnival. Visitors from north, south, east, and west are, if expectations are realised, now pouring into the beautifully-situated township for the Axcmen's Carnival, the Band Contest, and the host of other attractions which are to make Whangarei gay for the whole of the latter end of the present week, from early morn till a very late bed time. A very beautiful double page of the scenic attractions of the town and surrounding districts appears in this issue, and in our next there will be further scenic pictures, besides a series of photos of all events and attractions which can be secured. As the pictures are to be taken by Mr. Radcliffe, who is responsible for the lovely glimpses in the double page already alluded to, patrons have an opportunity of judging of the probable quality of the photos he will supply.

TWO LETTERS IN PRAISE OF THE "GRAPHIC."

The following two letters are samples of those now reaching the "Graphic" by almost every mail. The first is from the editor of the South Wales "Daily News," Cardiff "Times," and other important journals.

T. W. Levs, Esq.,
Auckland, N.Z.

Dear Mr Levs,—I have received a copy of the "Weekly Graphic," first number, and take it for granted that it is yourself I have to thank for its dispatch. It is a very fine production, and would not have been excelled here. The preliminary work of getting together all the matter, and the great variety of pictures, shows an admirable planning, and an equally admirable carrying through of the scheme. Some of the sea pictures are A1, and I heartily congratulate you and your staff upon the good work shown.

I was in London last week, and, calling at the New Zealand Press Agency office, had an opportunity of running through a few weeks of your issues and seeing the pictures. The local scenes interested me more than the pictures of the fleet, and I am particularly struck with the excellent way in which you etch and print your blocks. Trusting you are well, and with kind regards,—Believe me to remain yours truly.

H. READ.

The second is a letter received from Mr. J. Walter Thompson, President of the J. Walter Thompson Co., one of the largest advertising agencies in the world. This gentleman says:—"The proprietors of the 'Weekly Graphic' deserve the greatest credit for the enterprise shown in the production, and we shall take pleasure in showing it to some of our leading publishers here as a sample of the up-to-dateness of the N.Z. production."

"BRETT'S ALMANAC."

NOW PUBLISHED

A VALUABLE BOOK OF REFERENCE.

Brett's Auckland Almanac for 1909 has been published, and is now on sale at all bookellers and stationers, as well as at the "Star" office. As in previous years, an effort has been made in the volume to present the most important of the New Zealand statistics in a comprehensive and intelligent manner. In addition to this important feature, the compilers have included a full official and general directory, calendar, diary, time-tables for ocean and railway mail services, and a large amount of general information dealing with various subjects of importance to all sections of the community.

The statistical section, besides dealing with the Dominion as a whole, has especial and complete references to Auckland province and city, and in this respect purchasers will find the information they require easily obtainable and in every respect reliable, as all returns are compiled from the official records of the different Government Departments. The farm and garden calendar, which is made a prominent feature, will be of interest and value, not only to the farmer but also to the ordinary householder of the city.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

CRICKET.

Resignation of a Veteran.

Dr. W. G. Grace, the veteran cricketer, has resigned the secretaryship of the Gloucestershire County Cricket Club.

Wellington Averages.

Tucker leads in the batting averages at Wellington, with an average of 62.2, and then follow Brice, 59.4; J. B. Blacklock, 47; Mahoney, 46.2; Monaghan, 43.5; Payne, 33; Richardson, 32.5; Bruce, 32; Newbold, 32; Little, 30.2; Ashbolt, 30; S. Hickson, 30.

Among the bowlers, Patrick heads the list, with an average of 4.5, the next eleven being Day, 7; Monaghan, 8.5; Tucker, 9; Connolly, 9.2; Mason, 9.6; Rodgers, 9.8; Mitchell, 10; Smyrke, 10.3; Staples, 10.3; G. S. Pringle, 11; Matthews, 11.3.

Auckland.

A team from Bombay met an Auckland junior eleven on the Auckland Domain on Boxing Day, the match resulting in a win for the Aucklanders. Batting first, the home team made 92 (Levine 23, Speight 21, and Schofield 18), and the visitors responded with 78, of which E. Clarke made 13, Proude 17, A. Clarke 16, and A. Evans 15. With four wickets down for 131 (Goulding 57, Williams 22 not out, Dinmon 20, Speight 12, Browne 10 not out), the juniors declared the second innings closed. The visitors, when stumps were drawn, had lost six wickets for 88 runs (Edgell 37 not out, Balme 18, and Evans 11). Of the Bombay bowlers, Clarke took five wickets for 34 runs in the first Auckland innings. Among the trundlers of the winning team, Schofield took four wickets for 10 runs, and Dingle three for a similar number of runs.

Finance of the Australian Tour.

In discussing the objection of Clem Hill and M. A. Noble to the terms of the Board of Control regarding the finance of the Australian eleven in England, the "Sportsman" advises the Board to go warily and not be too grasping, for if it caused a defection of many leading players the English Board of Control would be quite justified in cancelling the programme, as the invitation was expressly given to the representative Australian team.

"The Board of Control decided that it would take all the receipts from matches in England, retaining 5 per cent. of the total up to £6000 and 12 per cent. beyond that sum. Clem Hill stated that these proposals were unjust, and he would not think of going to England under them. M. A. Noble expressed a similar view. In the past the Australians have divided the whole proceeds more or less equally among the men undertaking the trip."

LAWN TENNIS.

Exhibition Games at Mount Eden.

Auckland players were fortunate last week in having an opportunity of seeing really first-class play. The games played at Mt. Eden were quite a treat. Wilding was the draw, and though he was not on the very top of his game, the exhibition he gave was certainly a fine one. The most noticeable feature of his game is the plain, straightforward way in which he plays his shots. His stand is easy, and his arm describes a plain sweep on both back and forehand. He was not quite as accurate as usual, and Parker, who was playing his usual brilliant placing and tricky game, was too good for him on the day. The latter is still a "wizard" of tennis, and he makes the ball do astonishing things in the way of "breaks." The shortness of his stature enables him to play shots which a taller man could not attempt. On a dry ground, with new balls, the bound of the ball constantly brings it up to the level of his eyes, and he seems to "sight" his shot like a man taking a rapid glance along a rifle barrel. The trouble is that with all Parker's excellence, he is a most difficult man to imitate. Wilding, on the other hand, has an almost perfect sim-

licity of motion, and no one could study his game without getting an idea of some crudities of their own style, which could be pruned with advantage. He provides an example of what practice in serving will do, as his second service is quite as hard as the first. Fisher played his usual brilliant game, which differs from that of Wilding and Parker in that it is more erratic. He can hit harder than either of them on occasion, but lacks the reliability of both. Groseman held his end of the game up well, and his volleying was at times quite first class. He plays best with a man of the calibre of the company he was in on Monday, as his respect for his partner controls a tendency he has to poach for lobs and tosses generally. It is interesting to know that Wilding expressed the opinion that one or two courts in England are the only ones he has seen in the world better than the E. and E. grounds.

An Interesting Point.

One point in the laws of the game caused a good deal of discussion at a recent inter-club match in Auckland. A player in striking at a ball which went into the net, almost simultaneously struck his racket against the net. The other side appealed for the point, but the umpire decided against them. As his decision caused a good deal of comment and discussion among players after the game, and the point is one which often occurs, it is worth some consideration. The laws of the game bearing on the question are as follows: "13. A ball is in play from the moment at which it is delivered in service (unless a fault) until it has . . . or has dropped in the net."

"20. Either player loses a stroke . . . if he or his racket (in his hand or otherwise) touch the net or any of its supports while the ball is in play."

It will be seen that the questions arising in cases of this kind are simply ones of fact, and that therefore the umpire's decision upon them is final. What the umpire has to settle in his own mind is—firstly, did the player strike the net before the ball struck the net. If he did, then clearly his racket touched the net while the ball was travelling through the air and was in play, and therefore he loses the ace. If he did not, then the whole question is—was the ball "in the net" when the racket struck the net? There are some balls which, carrying a strong overspin, will prove veritable climbers and run up two or three inches. If the striker's racket, in the opinion of the umpire, prevented a highly likely "climber" from accomplishing its ascent, then the player should lose the point; but if, as in most cases, it was quite clear that the ball could not have come over, then it was clearly "in the net" within the meaning of the rule, and the contact of racket and net was immaterial.

If a ball had to touch the ground before being dead, a peculiar position would arise if the ball fell into the fold of a net-doubled up from the bottom, as it very often does. Being in play, both players would refuse to touch it for fear of losing the point, and the umpire having no authority to interfere, the game would lapse into a state of suspended animation.

The Davis Cup.

one the eve of his departure from Australia for Europe, said that America would secure the Cup next year. He considers that Brookes, Wilding, Dunlop, Parker, Rice and Heath are equal to the best six players in England or America. Dunlop, he says, is one of the finest doubles players in the world.

New Zealand and the Australasian Association.

A majority of members of the council of the Australasian Tennis Association are favourable to allowing New Zealand to cut the painter. An effort will be made to force Wilding to represent New Zealand in a fight against Brookes in next year's Davis Cup contest. The dividing of the colonial force practically means saying good-bye to the cup next year (says a Melbourne cablegram).

The sec. of the Australasian Lawn Tennis Association, however, thinks that

there is no need for anxiety. Next year's Davis Cup challengers must lodge their nominations before March 1. The Australasian Council does not meet till January 1, and probably several months will elapse from that date before the matter of New Zealand's suggested breakaway could be arranged through the English Association. He suggests that New Zealand should seek to become a separate nation, not when Australasia holds the cup, but when she has been beaten.

FOOTBALL.

The Australian Footballers.

The Wallabies (the Australian amateur Rugby team) defeated North Glamorgan on December 23 by two goals and one try (13 points) to one goal (5 points) scored by the Welsh team.

Swansea beat the Wallabies (amateurs) by a penalty goal and a try (six points) to nil. There were 40,000 spectators present.

Swansea scored its goal early in the game, and the try before half-time. Swansea played a considerably better game forward and outside. During the second half Griffin, the Australian forward, was ordered off the field for rough play.

The Australian League team (professionals) met and defeated Lees on December 26th by a goal and four tries (14 points) to two goals two tries (10 points).

ATHLETICS.

New Sprint Records.

R. E. Walker, the Natal runner who won the hundred metres sprint at the Olympic Games, created a new world's record for the hundred yards by covering the distance at Johannesburg in 9 2-5 secs. last week.

He also put up new time for the 120 yards at the same meeting, running the distance in 11 2-5 secs.

The previous 100yds record of 9 3-5s. was accomplished by A. F. Duffey and D. Kelly, while the record of 11s. for the 120 stood to the credit of Geo. Seward, and has been on the books for 61 years; T. M. Malone, of Victoria, having equalled the time in 1884. It seems probable that Walker has turned professional. He had no employment to go to on return to Durban, and writing from Johannesburg last month, Rufe Naylor, the well-known sports promoter and manager for A. B. Postle, said: "R. E. Walker, the amateur champion, was a fellow-passenger from England, but he went on to Durban, where, I believe, he is to receive a handsome testimonial. I offered to give a purse of £500 for a match of 100yds between him and Postle, to be divided any way that he (Walker) wished. Walker is to give me an answer next week, but I am determined to bring them together if possible, as I reckon the race would draw a couple of thousand pounds here in Johannesburg. The possibility of their meeting has already been freely discussed, and opinion is pretty well divided as to which would win. If terms are accepted they will race at Yuletide."

AQUATICS.

The America Cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton has abandoned his challenge to race for the America Cup in 1909 owing to the New York Yacht Club's restrictions on the challenger.

BOXING.

Johnson Beats Burns.

The battle between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson for the heavy-weight championship of the boxing world was held at the Stadium, Russettter's Bay, Sydney, on Boxing Day. The meeting between these two giants of the ring aroused an immense amount of interest in Sydney and all over Australia, and the attendance was enormous. Interest in the fight far exceeded that of the Burns-Squires contest.

Burns and Johnson faced each other, apparently both in splendid fettle for what was expected to be a battle of giants.

Round after round was fought without either man showing any signs of wavering, but Johnson, the coloured pugilist, was punishing his antagonist

severely, and up to the seventh round Johnson had the best of the fight. It was a fierce encounter, both men attacking fiercely, giving and receiving heavy blows.

From the outset, despite superb fighting by Burns, Johnson had the best of the battle.

The black man maintained a smiling face throughout the contest, treating Burns' body blows with the utmost indifference, addressing remarks to Burns and the crowd.

Johnson never ceased to punish Burns unmercifully.

In the first few minutes Johnson sent in a terrific blow which toppled Burns clear over, and he remained down eight seconds.

In the sixth round a terrific blow from Johnson narrowly missed taking Burns on the point of the chin.

At the tenth round, Burns was manifestly tiring in a terrific combat, his returns coming weakly.

At the fourteenth round the police stopped the fight, and victory was awarded to Johnson on points.

ENGLISH VIEWS.

The "Referee" welcomes the result of the Burns-Johnson fight.

The "Observer" characterises the fight as a degrading spectacle.

Mr. Bettison, manager of the National Sporting Club, said to an interviewer that the result did not surprise boxing circles in England and America.

A rumour was published in London that Burns had died as the result of injuries received during the contest.

A SYDNEY OPINION.

The "Herald" in its leader says:—"The contest was a nakedly brutal struggle, which edified a public which paid the syndicate £26,000 to see the match. To say that these spectacles are a sport in any decent meaning of the term is flatly untrue. The effect is to glorify British practice in quarters where British instinct is already an anti-social force. It may not be amiss to ask the Government which so far has been delightfully acquiescent, whether in the interests of the general community we have not had about enough of these exhibitions. Sydney is worthily ambitious of distinction, but does not exactly aspire to become the cynosure of all the world of toughness."

Big Stakes.

The £7000 purse for which Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson were matched to fight on Boxing Day, seems enormous when compared with the stakes for which other pugilistic champions have fought, particularly the old-time champions of the prize-ring. Just over 60 years ago William Thompson, of Nottingham, fought Ben Caunt at Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamshire, for two hours, says "Tit-Bits," for £200 a-side and the championship belt. It was for a similar purse that Tom Sayers fought his memorable fight with the Tipton Slasher 50 years ago, while Tom Spring—one of the bravest, most honest, and courteous men who ever stepped into a ring—in 1824 fought Jack Langham, who ultimately died worth £30,000, for 509 guineas a-side, at Chichester. Tom Spring won, and he and Jack afterwards became the best of friends. Probably no boxer ever obtained so much money from the prize-ring as George Dixon, the coloured and greatest featherweight of his day, who, before his 35th birthday, had earned and won over £50,000. Pedlar Palmer must have earned between £30,000 and £40,000, while Ben Jordan, one of the few men to beat Palmer, has been able to retire from the ring with a comfortable income derived from the investment of his winnings.

A Fine Record.

"Snowy" Baker, who acted as runner-up in the English Middle-weight Championship, has an athletic record that anyone might envy. His first performance was in the New South Wales Army and Navy competitions (he was a New South Wales Lance), in which he was defeated in the final by D. Parbury, Australasian middle-weight champion. After that he never looked back. For the next four years he annexed the middle and heavy-weight Australasian championships. He was also champion of New South Wales military forces for three years, the competitions comprising wrestling on horseback, cent-pegging, tilting at ring, swordsmanship, and boxing. As a swimmer, he was equally successful, being champion of East Sydney Club, the premier club of New South

Wales, and for two years a member of the famous "Flying Squadron," which still holds the world's record. He was also champion high diver, and a member of the great "Seagull's" champion diving team. Altogether he won over 100 aquatic trophies. At rowing, also, he gained further laurels, capturing a great record by stroking the champion club eight of New South Wales. On one occasion he stroked both the four and eight-oared senior events at the Globe regatta, and secured the double. He was also on the top rung of the football ladder, being representative half-back for New South Wales, besides which he played for all Australia against Sievwright's English team. Truly, a wonderful record for one man.

SCULLING.

Arnst's Movements.

In the course of an interview at Christchurch, R. Arnst stated that he intended to stay in Canterbury for a fortnight, and he would spend the time seeing his friends and relations. He was due in Wellington on the 9th prox. to give an exhibition of sculling at Day's Bay, and subsequently he would give similar exhibitions.

In regard to the Welch-Fogwell match, Arnst said that so far nothing had been finally arranged. The matter would be discussed during the next week or so, and probably the match would be rowed at Easter. He would act as Fogwell's trainer, and training operations would be carried on at Akaroa.

Arnst stated that his supporters were strongly of opinion that Barry, the English sculler, should come out to New Zealand if he wanted to row for the championship. This matter would be discussed in the course of a few days by his backers.

CYCLING.

Dunlop Wheel Race.

The results of the Dunlop Wheel Races run last week at Lancaster Park, Christchurch, were as follows:—
Open Handicap: A. B. L. Smith, 1; G. H. Turner, 2; T. Coleman, 3.
Invitation Handicap (four laps): Smith, 1; J. Tozer, 2; J. Dunnis, 3. Time, 3m. 26s.
Dunlop Wheel Race (15 laps): Smith, 50yds., 1; Wilson, 200yds., 2; Meglinoe, 250yds., 3; Jamieson, 350yds., 4. Time, 13m. 41s.

"Flying The Pigeon."

INGENIOUS TURF FRAUDS.

SCHEMES THAT FAILED.

In the sporting columns of the "Sydney Mail" some interesting reminiscences are furnished by "Mitroy." Referring to the performances in Queensland of Wheel of Fortune, a full sister to Cinnamon, the dam of Abercorn, he gives an account of the ingenious practice at one time pursued of "flying the pigeon."

The story is as follows:—
I do not recollect the exact weights "the Wheel," Echo, and Orphan Boy carried in the first Corinthian at Townsville, but I know the Wheel of Fortune was giving Echo about a stone and a half, and Orphan Boy about 10lbs. Echo won, beating "the Wheel" by about half a length, with Orphan Boy some distance back third. The following day the handicapper allowed Wheel of Fortune a couple of pounds for her defeat, and, I think, lowered Orphan about 4lbs., but he did not know that Orphan Boy's rider "flew the pigeon" in the first race. Perhaps some of my readers, not familiar with turf vernacular, do not know the meaning of the term, "flying the pigeon." I will explain. The rider of Orphan Boy went to the scale weighing out, say, 11st. 7lbs., but in his paraphernalia was a small steel vessel, containing 21lbs. of quicksilver. That weight of quicksilver does not take up much space. When Orphan Boy took his preliminary, he was pulled off the track at the top turn, and the rider deposited "the pigeon" (i.e., the quicksilver) in the fork of a handy tree, and then wended his way to the post. He was, therefore, carrying 21lbs. less weight than the handicapper's assessment. When the race was over, Orphan Boy ran along to the top turn, and his rider retrieved the quicksilver, with which he passed the scale all right. The rider of Orphan Boy, an amateur,

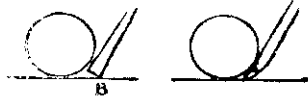
since dead, was the best horseman in the race. He was a semi-professional amateur. On public form, the race seemed to be a match between Echo and Wheel of Fortune, but had backers known Orphan Boy was carrying 21lbs. less than he should have done, they would have laid 4 to 1 on him, instead of allowing him to open up third favourite.

I learned the story of the "pigeon flying" in connection with Orphan Boy from the owner, who was also the rider, when returning south in the boat. I did him a small turn after the man whom he did the work for had "turned dog" on him, and in a fit of confidence, he told me all about it. Some years afterwards, the man who formulated the scheme corroborated the Orphan Boy's story to a party at Randwick, who were engaged in the fascinating pastime of swapping stories. Most of us wondered why he wagered so madly over the Corinthian race at Townsville. He was a bookmaker, and was always "over the odds" against the two favourites, and always ready to back Orphan Boy, with the result that in the end he sent him out at odds on. When Orphan Boy could get no nearer than third, this man's face was a study. I can remember it still. As the horses passed the stand, he raised his glasses, and fixed them on Orphan Boy, satisfying himself, I suppose, about "the pigeon." He, however, did not altogether trust the owner of Orphan Boy, for he sent one of his satellites—one of the half-jockey, half-spieler type—down to the tree to mind "the pigeon," for he had bitter recollections of a business rival in Brisbane having once turned the tables on him

by stealing "the pigeon." His rival became cognisant of his plans, paid somebody to go down to the seven furlongs' post and remove "the pigeon," with the result that the horse it was meant for weighed in 14lbs. light. The same thing occurred at Onkaparinga, about 16 years ago, and the thought of it to this day are enough to drive a well-known Sydney publican into the direction of his own drinking bar, in search of consolation. For Orphan Boy to be beaten with 21lbs. less weight than the handicapper thought was his right portion, can be understood. Any horse with any weight may be beaten on occasion, but the following day Orphan Boy carried his full weight and beat Echo. This time he was not backed for a shilling, and was only put in the field to give the party who controlled him a chance to back Echo, on whom he laid odds. So there you have it: In 24 hours the horse improved nearly a stone and a half. I mention Orphan Boy boldly for the reason that all connected with him are dead; but I know a stronger case, and one which was well enough known up North, but for obvious reasons must not use names. A horse was weighed at St. Tils. to carry in a race; but he only carried 7st. 7lbs. The people in the know went for a royal will, and astonished the bookmakers by the way they wagered. The horse was beaten into third place, and did his best to win. In the last race of the meeting he met his conqueror, this time carrying the right weight, and beat him from end to end. After that, I lost faith in handicapping as an art, and classed it with horse-backing—just a matter of mere "nigger luck."

The difference between the poses of form and golfers and their instantaneous photographs is most instructive. In actual practice few players keep the masher as close to the ground. It is, however, the right thing to do, but at present it is not carried far enough. The letterpress of Davis's book in describing the masher stroke for playing a stymie says: "It is just an ordinary chip up, with a clean and quick rise, the fact being remembered that the green must not be damaged. To spare the latter, the swing back should be low down and near to the surface, which will check the tendency to dig."

The reader will observe that the lozenge of the swing is "lo spare" the green, whereas it really is, or should be, to obtain the most scientific result of the stroke. Before proceeding to deal with the new stymie stroke, I must say a word about the construction of mashies. They are, generally speaking, one-half-inch and two broad in the sole. The result is that often the back edge of the club bites first (as shown in figure 3, B), which is exaggerated as the figure is scratch. This should be obviated by cutting away the back edge most as is shown in figure 5.



This enables the club to fit well in under the ball, which in delicate stymie work is a matter of the utmost importance. Some players on account of this defect in the masher use their niblicks, which are generally cut away more, to play stymies. It is, except in this respect, an obviously unsuitable club for such light work.

Most stymies, especially those calling for masher strokes, occur quite near to the hole. In nearly every case the best way to play them is by the stroke recently introduced. This stroke differs from any other stroke in golf in that it never varies its distance from the ground during the stroke. All other golf strokes describe an arc. This stroke goes straight the whole way, parallel with, but of course not touching, the green. Figure 6 will more clearly explain how it is played.



J is the stymie. The masher A B is drawn back to C D all the time, as close to the green as possible, without touching it. The stroke is then played right through to E F, still keeping the masher within a hair's breadth of the green, if possible. This is the essence of the stroke. This is the science of it. It is not "to spare the green." It is to get the best masher stroke.

It is almost incredible, yet is true, that a well-known golfer asserted that this stroke is the same as the stroke mentioned in "Advanced Golf," wherein one receives careful instructions about the green, but none about the stroke. The stupidity of this assertion is apparent when one remembers the admonition to avoid agricultural operations on the green. As, in my stroke, the masher is never more than "the width of daylight" from the green, it stands to reason that any spade work is out of the question.

The stroke is necessarily mostly arm work for the hands must move nearly parallel with the head of the club. The secret of the success of this stroke far all delicate stymie work is that as the club is kept all the time as low as possible, there is practically very little margin of error in striking the ball—in fact, the stroke becomes almost a putt, and, which is of greater importance, the strength goes into nearly pure left, and pure left with pure back spin. Thus it will be seen that even if the ball were hit a little too hard it would have a much better chance of checking its run than would an ordinary masher or niblick masher shot. Also, although one may get practically the extreme of cut on this stroke with a properly constructed masher, the cut will not, on the ball landing, deflect it from its line of run as in the ordinary cut made, for the plane of the spin, which is produced by pure back-cut, is in the line of run of the hole.

The Stymie and the Hole.

Some Theory and Practice; How to Simplify a Difficulty.

(By P. A. VAILE)

The stymie is a fascinating shot—when you have played it successfully. At other times, especially when the hole depends on it, there is quite a chance of its getting on your nerves, if you have enough of them—either stymies or nerves. I know one unfortunate fellow who, in an important match, was laid three dead stymies in the first nine holes, each of which cost him a hole. He now takes a great interest in the shot.

Many stymies that are usually regarded by players as quite unplayable, or at least extremely difficult, are really quite easy when the art of playing the stymie is fully understood.

In "Advanced Golf" (p. 169) we may read: "In any detailed consideration of the problems and possibilities of putting, a place must be given to stymies, though there is not much that can usefully be said on the matter in any work of instruction." With this statement I do not agree. I consider that there is much both in the mechanical principles involved and the actual playing of the stroke that is of infinite value.

THE STYMIE AS ALLEY.

The writer proceeds, "Given complete confidence, the successful negotiation of

round a stymie, and the putter is mentioned as the instrument. Braid, as is well known, uses a putter of the shape that I class under the heading of driver-headed putters. It is almost impossible to cut round a stymie with one of these, for it is obvious that at the most one can get vertical spin on the ball, as from the shape of the club it is out of the question to try to hit beneath the centre of the ball's height, which is what one must do to cut round a stymie successfully. Reference to the illustration accompanying the letterpress quoted will show Braid cutting round the stymie by a little masher stroke, but it is played as a masher stroke. The same result may be obtained by putting with the masher, for if it be skilfully done the ball gets a large amount of side roll, as shown by Figure 1.

This causes it directly the force of the putt as gone off to roll sideways. There it will be seen that the Masher D, which goes in under the ball C, is being drawn across it in the line A B. This naturally gives the ball a strong tendency to roll in the direction E F.

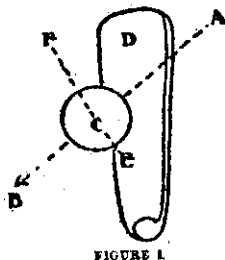


FIGURE 1.

a stymie is a much less difficult matter than it is imagined to be, though in the nature of things it can never be very easy." Again I must venture to disagree. Given complete confidence and that other essential, complete knowledge of what one is trying for, and a full knowledge of the best thing to try for, many, if not most, stymies are as easy as simple putts; in fact, that which, in the ordinary way, is regarded as an obstacle may be found to be a useful guide to the hole.

MASHER OR PUTTER?

In "Advanced Golf" instructions are given in the letterpress as to how to cut

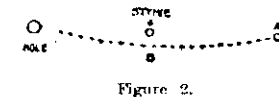


FIGURE 2.

The force of the putt overcomes this tendency to side-roll for some distance, but as soon as that force begins to wane, as it does at say B (Fig. 2), the side-roll asserts itself, and the ball is carried round in a curve to the hole as shown.

The stymie is generally played by an ordinary masher shot, as shown in Fig. 3.



FIGURE 3.

The masher goes back to A, being kept quite low, and then, after playing the stroke, finishes low at B. This is important, and is well shown in the illustration, in "Advanced Golf," which states that the ball has just left the club. This photograph is obviously posed as the bit of wood on which the ball is resting has not been cut away. I mention this because

Another dual winner at Rakata was The Cent, which annexed the Takaka Cup and Dougan Handicap...

Mr. H. A. Knight's speedy filly Bonifant, which was considerably knocked about by colliding with a rail at the Christchurch Racing Club's meeting...

The death of Mr. Victor Harris will be heard of with sincere regret by all with whom he came in contact...

The Wellington Racing Club's executive reviewed the disqualification inflicted on P. Raymond...

The South Canterbury J.C. November meeting resulted in a profit of about £300. The receipts amounted to £1438...

A.R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

The Auckland Racing Club opened their summer meeting at Ellerslie on Saturday last. Although several ominous looking clouds banked up occasionally...

The Auckland Racing Club opened their summer meeting at Ellerslie on Saturday last. Although several ominous looking clouds banked up occasionally...

The course and surroundings were looking at their best, and the caretaker, Mr. C. Hill, and his staff, have reason to be proud of their efforts...

The program was in the efficient hands of Mrs. J. Kitchener, while during the afternoon the Auckland City Band, under Bandmaster John West...

Owing to the illness of the secretary, Mr. J. F. Harland, the managerial duties were entrusted to Mr. G. G. Stead...

With a big attendance and good fields it was expected that speculation would be brisk, and during the afternoon the machines, under Messrs H. H. Hays and Co...

The opening event, the Trial Handicap, brought out a field of nine, the Papakura 18-year-old, winning comfortably, in the fast time of 1:24.

The classical two-year-old event, the Great Northern Foal Stakes, only attracted a field of five, and of these Sir George's was the only one...

Table with columns: Name, Time, and other details for various races like Broadsword, Pedigree of the Winner, etc.

With the Foal Stakes decided, the way was cleared for the event of the day, the Auckland Cup. The eleventh hour withdrawal were Downfall and Rangurara...

The Auckland Cup. The eleventh hour withdrawal were Downfall and Rangurara. The various candidates attracted a lot of attention as they were treated to the usual throng of their toilet.

The Auckland Cup. The eleventh hour withdrawal were Downfall and Rangurara. The various candidates attracted a lot of attention as they were treated to the usual throng of their toilet.

The betting on the machine was as follows: Hobrok (1), Diabolo (2), Zimnerman (3), Master Delaval (4), Pohutu (5), All Red (7), Carl Rosa (8), Stratagem (9), Paritutu (10), and First Gun (11).

PEDIGREE OF THE WINNER, ALL RED. By Stepiak, by Nordenfleit (son of Musket) from Mauder, by (Gosson son of Galpin) from Madras, by Chester.

Table listing winners of the Auckland Cup, including names like M. F. Delamain's Templetou, Mr. W. Walters' Kingfisher, etc.

Table listing pedigree of the winner, All Red, including names like M. F. Delamain's Templetou, Mr. W. Walters' Kingfisher, etc.

The hurdle race saw the favourite, Dolores, come to grief when victory seemed well within her grasp, the mishap leaving Hactupai with a commencing lead...

The Railway Handicap proved the biggest event of the day, and Arnie was in the foreground, at the time he looked as if by the issue lay between Cambrian, Miss Winale, and Gold Lace, but a little further on Aborigines, Master South, Devonport, and Royal South appeared...

The Railway Handicap proved the biggest event of the day, and Arnie was in the foreground, at the time he looked as if by the issue lay between Cambrian, Miss Winale, and Gold Lace...

With Xylophone and Snowfoot racing together four lengths away, Kyslan ran up to within a length of Broadward as they finished...

ALL-UKLAND CUP, of 1000sovs, distance two miles. St. J. Buckley's b All Red, by Stepiak...

St. J. Buckley's b All Red, by Stepiak. T. H. Lowry's b k Zimnerman, by Zimnerman (P. Davis). J. George's b g Paritutu, aged, 7.1 (Buchanan).

The hurdle race saw the favourite, Dolores, come to grief when victory seemed well within her grasp, the mishap leaving Hactupai with a commencing lead...

The Railway Handicap proved the biggest event of the day, and Arnie was in the foreground, at the time he looked as if by the issue lay between Cambrian, Miss Winale, and Gold Lace...

The Railway Handicap proved the biggest event of the day, and Arnie was in the foreground, at the time he looked as if by the issue lay between Cambrian, Miss Winale, and Gold Lace...

The Railway Handicap proved the biggest event of the day, and Arnie was in the foreground, at the time he looked as if by the issue lay between Cambrian, Miss Winale, and Gold Lace...

which was half a length in front of St. Amann. Sharpshooter, with his very good...

ROBINSON HANDICAP, of 1000sovs. Distance, one mile. W. S. Wallace's b g Ngapaku, by South-Paulina, 4yrs, 7.5 (Sparks)...

CHRISTMAS HANDICAP, of 2000sovs; one mile. Mrs. Leonard's b k Waimanga, 4yrs, by South-Roxana, 6.12 (Deeley)...

TARANAKI J.C. SUMMER MEETING.

NEW PLYMOUTH, Sunday. The Taranaki Jockey Club's Christmas meeting opened on Saturday in fine weather...

MANAWATU R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

PALMERSTON NORTH, Wednesday. The Manawatu Racing Club's Christmas Meeting was opened to-day in cold and showery weather...

SUMMER HANDICAP, of 2000sovs; one mile. W. J. McBeth's ch fillo, by San Fran...

ing the home head Crucinella overhauled the leaders and was by a length and a neck for second place. Time, 1.42.

PALMERSTON NORTH STAKES, of 1000sovs; six furlongs. J. R. McDonald's Gold Crest, by Gold Reef-Nymph, 9.5 (L. Jenkins)...

TIRITEA HURDLE HANDICAP, of 1500sovs; two miles. J. Highden's Aorangi, by Merriwee-Panaturi, 10.3 (H. Cairns)...

AWAPUNUI HANDICAP, of 3000sovs; six furlongs. G. P. Donnelly's Gold Thread, by Gold Reef-Purse Stripes, 8.8 (S. Reid)...

TERRACE HACK WELTER HANDICAP, of 1000sovs; one mile. F. Dorset's Blue Ribbon, by Hinetakei-Yataghan, 9.3 (A. Oliver)...

HIMITANGI WELTER HANDICAP, of 1500sovs; five furlongs. F. G. Roe's Probability, by The Possible-Seraph, 8.9 (H. Cairns)...

PALMERSTON NORTH, Sunday. The Manawatu Racing Club's summer meeting was continued on Saturday in lovely weather...

KELVIN HACK HURDLE RACE, of 100 sovs. One mile and three-quarters. Mr. W. Davies' b m Yosumi, 9.8 (A. McCann)...

TARCAHA HACK WELTER HANDICAP, of 1000sovs. Seven furlongs. Mr. A. Jackson's b g Roosevelt, 9.0 (S. Reid)...

MANAWATU CUP, of 500sovs. One mile and a-half. Mr. D. Buick's b m Tangimanga, 8yrs, by San Fran-Waingongoro, 8.8 (S. Reid)...

Also started: Kopp, 8.4 (P. O'Brien); Bourne 7.13 (C. Scott); Muskerry 7.13 (G. Price); Glencloch, 7.12 (R. J. King)...

the post, Apa being the same distance away third. Time, 2.38 1/2.

TOKOMARU HURDLE HANDICAP, of 130 sovs. One mile and three-quarters. Mr. Highden's b g Aorangi, 11.6 (H. Cairns)...

FITZHERBERT HANDICAP, of 2500sovs. Six furlongs. Mr. Ross Alan's b m Bullarat, 7.10 (G. Price)...

GILLIES HACK HANDICAP, of 1000sovs. Six furlongs. Mr. C. A. W. Monkton's br g Longner, 8.1 (N. Campbell)...

NURSERY HANDICAP, of 1500sovs. Five furlongs. Mr. Highden's br c Bonarques, 7.3 (E. Howes)...

GRANDSTAND HANDICAP, of 2000sovs. One mile. Mr. W. H. Nicol's br g Sir Antrim, 6.12 (T. Carroll)...

Also started: Vasa, 7.9; Aboriginal, 7.7; Mussel, 6.7. The race came in first, but was disqualified, as the rider had failed to declare overweight...

DUNEDIN RACES.

DUNEDIN, Sunday. The Dunedin Jockey Club's Summer Meeting opened yesterday, when there was a larger attendance than there has been for many years...

At this stage it was raining steadily. Dunedin Handicap-Cymbiform 1, Cuspian 2, Adage 3. Chinkoo also started. The leaders fought out a great race the whole way...

OTAGO HANDICAP, of 2000sovs; one mile and a-quarter. Messrs. W. T. and L. C. Hazlett's ch h Astrakhan, 7.3 (C. Hack)...

TRIAL STAKES, of 1000sovs; seven furlongs. W. Gardiner's b m Jessie Lewson, 8.1 (F. Yarr)...

FEDERAL HANDICAP, of 1500sovs; six furlongs. T. Tanner's b c Ardleigh, 7.13, including 3lb overweight (Name)...

CAVERSHAM HACK HANDICAP, of 1000sovs; six furlongs. Messrs. Johnson and Paterson's b m Miss Galby, 9.3 (J. McCluskey)...

OTOKIA WELTER HANDICAP, of 1000sovs; one mile. C. Macchell's b gelding, 8.5 (J. McCluskey)...

ASHURST RACES.

PALMERSTON NORTH, Wednesday. The Ashurst acceptances are as follows: Trial Hurdles Handicap, one and a-half mile...

RANGITIKEI R.C. SUMMER MEETING.

The following acceptances have been received for the Rangitikei Racing Club's summer meeting: Rangipapa 9.0, Golden Eagle 8.2...

BULLS, Monday.

The following acceptances have been received for the Bull Race: Longner 8.10, Rosevear 8.10, Teatin 8.5, Elogue 8.5, Cote 8.5...

How to Keep Cool. During the Hot Weather every one can obtain great relief by bathing in water containing a few drops of Condyl's Fluid. A "Condyl's Fluid Bath" imparts a Delicious and lasting sensation of Coolness, Freshness and Purity...

Railway Hack Hurdles—Xavier 10.8, Drill 10.7, Belaire 9.12, Mikotohi 9.11, Moose 9.14, Yeasby 9.2, Maid 9.0, Klappo 9.0, Populicaine 9.0, Sedgemoore 9.0, Makowlii Writer—Mahuta 9.12, Teatohi 9.12, Merris England 8.10, Sir Antrim 8.8, Rose Grove 8.0.

WHANGAREI JOCKEY CLUB.

The following nominations have been received for the Whangarei Jockey Club's Summer Meeting:

Whangarei Cup.—Puhupihu, Franklyn, Jolly Tar, Luros, Quebec, Aureole, Lady Ellen, Sweet Alice, Star Rose, Manapouri, Lord Seaton, Biddy Curran, Hard Rock, Kaitangata, Tui Kitua, Haldane, Nerwine.

Publicans' Purse.—Franklyn, Jolly Tar, Sweet Marie, Nerwine, Luros, Highland Fling, Corporal, Discoverer.

Flying Handicap.—Puhupihu, Frontino, Hukitawhiti, Jolly Tar, Luros, Highland Fling, Discoverer, Paul Beaver, Lady Ellen, Sweet Alice, Aristos, Manapouri, Lord Seaton, Hard Rock, Kaitangata, Tui Kitua, Mozart, Haldane.

Publicans' Purse.—Franklyn, Jolly Tar, Sweet Marie, Nerwine, Luros, Highland Fling, Corporal, Discoverer.

Madison Handicap.—Puhupihu, Frontino, Hukitawhiti, Jolly Tar, Luros, Highland Fling, Discoverer, Paul Beaver, Lady Ellen, Sweet Alice, Aristos, Manapouri, Lord Seaton, Hard Rock, Kaitangata, Tui Kitua, Mozart, Haldane.

Madison Handicap.—Puhupihu, Frontino, Hukitawhiti, Jolly Tar, Luros, Highland Fling, Discoverer, Paul Beaver, Lady Ellen, Sweet Alice, Aristos, Manapouri, Lord Seaton, Hard Rock, Kaitangata, Tui Kitua, Mozart, Haldane.

Madison Handicap.—Puhupihu, Frontino, Hukitawhiti, Jolly Tar, Luros, Highland Fling, Discoverer, Paul Beaver, Lady Ellen, Sweet Alice, Aristos, Manapouri, Lord Seaton, Hard Rock, Kaitangata, Tui Kitua, Mozart, Haldane.

HAWKE'S BAY J.C. SUMMER MEETING.

NAPIER, Friday.

The following acceptances have been received for the Hawke's Bay Jockey Club, on January 1: Maiden Hack Handicap, five furlongs and a half—Oru, Pleasant 8.0, Cork 8.1, Awlia 7.15, Irel 7.15, Obscurity 7.13, Valonia 7.13, Magenta 7.0.

Christmas Handicap, six furlongs.—Gold Thread 9.7 (including 7lb penalty), Antleria 9.8, North Head 7.12, Stylish 7.6, Ed King 7.2, Bluck 7.0, Voicang 6.12, Chamelo 6.7.

New Year Handicap, seven furlongs.—Martyrium 9.4, Auldcarp 9.4, Lotret 8.8, Sontomiale 8.0, Voicang 7.8, Berengaria 7.6, Highben 7.0, Milliciana 7.7, Gold Tressure 7.7.

MATAPOURI RACES.

WHANGAREI, Friday.

The Matapouri meeting was held on Wednesday, December 24, and the results:

Maiden Race.—Highland Fling 1, Irish Girl 2, Gordon 3.

NETHERTON RACES.

The following are the weights for the Nether-ton races, to be held on New Year's Day:

Publicans' Purse.—Nebraska, 10.10, Luneta 10.10, Corroctee 10.9, Lady Mae 10.8, Pall Hall 10.7, W. W. 9.0, Sweet Heart 9.0, Hubertie 9.0, Suetta 8.10, Wai Wai 8.7, Flako 5.0, Cadora 7.4.

Nether-ton Cup.—King Tom U.O., Nebraska 10.0, Lingard 10.0, Tarriet 10.0, Corroctee 10.0, Narva 9.0, Flako 8.0, Outsider 8.0, Sweet Heart 8.0, Buserite.

Maiden Race.—Roburite 8.10, The Water 8.8, Outsider 9.0, Lone Hand 8.4, Lady Love 7.4, Eudora 7.4, Tarulan 7.4, Sunshade 7.4.

Creamery Handicap.—Pall Mall 10.0, Ngarua 10.0, The Master 9.0, Flako 10.0, Chimo 8.0.

THE AVONDALE INQUIRY.

The Auckland Metropolitan Committee met on Saturday, and further considered the decision given by the Avondale Jockey Club in connection with their recent spring meeting, and after discussion, an adjournment was made until January 5, 1909.

AUCKLAND METROPOLITAN COMMITTEE.

The Metropolitan Committee met last Tuesday, the Hon. E. Nicholson presiding. Licenses were granted to the following: Trainers: F. Harkiss, E. Hillary, E. Kelly, Jockeys: Geo. Goldsboro, J. Blake, E. B. Collins, G. I. Comer, J. B. Gaistford, A. J. Kree, J. Greenwood, F. Harper, F. Johnson, Wm. Marchant, J. G. Maher, A. B. Pearce, W. H. Pearson, A. Rhodes, J. Williams, P. K. Pope, M. Quinton, Gentlemen riders: Messrs H. K. Clarke, W. Elworth, Apprentice license: G. Keenan.

The following programmes were passed: Matapouri Racing Club (February 11), Ohineuri Racing Club (March 17 and 18), South Auckland Racing Club (February 25 and 27), Papakura Racing Club (March 29), Otahuhu Trotting Club, three pony races (February 6, 10, and 13).

A meeting of the A.R.C. Committee was held subsequently at the Hon. E. Nicholson's in the chair. Four new members were balloted for and elected. Transfers were passed as follows:—T. Shannon to J. F. Toker; Volt, Byrs, by Merris England—Prologue, A. Baird to Mr. Highton; Dolores, S. Bradley to Chas. Peoples; Puhupihu.

TROTTING DISQUALIFICATIONS.

WANGANUI, Monday.

At a meeting of the Wanganui Jockey Club to-night the Hon. E. Nicholson (A. T. Lake) and rider (J. T. Fairley), were disqualified for 12 months for inconsistent trotting in the Pitrewell Handicap at the recent Trotting Club's meeting. The other two riders were also summoned to appear before a meeting of the Trotting Club committee to answer questions regarding the ownership of the horse.

THE YEARELL SALES.

On Monday, January 4, the annual sales of the thoroughbred yearlings raised at Cambria Park and Glenora Park will be held by the N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Co., the latter lots being submitted first at Papakura, while the Cambria Park yearlings will be afterwards offered at Papatoto. The exceptionally mild winter experienced last season was very beneficial to the yearlings, and a better grown lot it would be hard to find anywhere. At Glenora Park Mr. Walters has 14 of his own breeding to offer, and their condition speaks volumes for the care bestowed upon them by the caretaker, Alec Brown. Sixteen appear in the Cambria Park catalogue, and these also bear evidence of the careful attention of their guide, philosopher, and friend, Al. Cammias. A visit to both breeding establishments is always a pleasure, and both Mr. Walters and Mr. Walters have it in honour to attend at the various lots at any time, so that any visiting or local sportsmen should make a point of taking a run into the country, and it is safe to gamble that they will be well repaid for their journey. As usual at this time of the year, I managed to snatch a few hours from Father Time, and had a look over the lots to be offered next month, and a few remarks might not be out of place.

GLENORA PARK.

As the Papakura yearlings are first to come under the hammer, I will deal with them first. No. 1 in the catalogue is a brown filly by Glitten—Soul Girl, and although a bit underbred, she is best of her kind, and for pony racing alone should realize a decent figure. Something with decidedly more size and substance is the bay filly by Soul—Princess Alice, which claims as full sisters the yearlings by the same sire and dam, and for pony racing alone should realize a decent figure. Another promising one is the bay filly by Soul—Princess Alice, which claims as full sisters the yearlings by the same sire and dam, and for pony racing alone should realize a decent figure. Another promising one is the bay filly by Soul—Princess Alice, which claims as full sisters the yearlings by the same sire and dam, and for pony racing alone should realize a decent figure.

bone, and so useless lumber about him, he should furnish into a handsome horse, and as he is full brother to the speedy Sainte, there should be no doubt as to his pace. The dam of the colt is No. 5, the bay or brown filly by Soul—Hot-berlin, and the filly has to be seen to be appreciated, for not sufficient words can be found to adequately describe her, and it will suffice to say that she is a most evenly made colt, seen at Glenora Park. A beautiful filly is the chestnut one by Glitten—Helen McGregor. Of kind disposition, and perfectly proportioned, she promises to come to hand early. A colt bred on similar lines to the great Wairiki is a brown by Soul—Aureole, which should develop into a racehorse. In the paddock he is a remarkably good galloper, with perfect action, and, altogether, is as nice a colt as one would wish to see. An attractive youngster is the bay filly by Soul—St. Edith, which is strong and robust, with great quarters. The brown colt by Soul—Ceres, consequently full brother to the speedy Loonagana, was not seen at his best owing to a slight accident through contact with a fence. The mishap is nothing serious, and in the intervening week before the sale should be fully recovered. The first foal is a brown colt by Soul—B, which is nicely tanned, and fair size, with good bone. The dam of this colt, Lady B, was specially purchased to mate with Soul, but she has not yet been seen. A colt that has grown out of revolution during the past three months is a brown by Soul—Romola. This youngster shows a lot of quality, and is well grown, with plenty of substance. A double cross of the much sought after St. Simon—Market blood is to be found in this colt, and on breeding lines alone should be much sought after. A second foal is the chestnut filly by Glitten—Lady Rose, which possesses great substance and quality, and in her essays in the paddock shows great pace. In lot 13, a brown filly by Soul—Lady Emeline, one sees a race-looking youngster, which should go fast and come to hand early; while the last on the list is the bay colt by the English sire Hackenschmidt, from the imported Merry Nip. The dam of this colt was in fact when imported, and the youngster is, therefore, bred to English blood. An exceptionally well-bred colt, he should make a valuable sire after his racing days are over, as, besides coming from a great racing family, his blood is new to the Dominion. In addition to Mr. Walters' lot, a number of others will be also offered on account of various owners.

CAMBRIA PARK.

At the Papatoto estate there are eleven Obbligato, three Etana, and two Baule to be offered, and the lot are exceptionally well grown and free from blemish. The first catalogue is a bay by Etan—Cyrreienne, which is a first foal, his dam never being broken in, but reserved for the stud. The youngster is well grown, and bears a most rare appearance. A smart filly, which should come early, is the brown by Etan—Cresce, also a first foal, while a third first foal is the brown filly by Etan—The Bell. A lengthy filly, she is check full of the best

ISN'T IT?

"All the world's a stage." "And yet the young man doesn't always get the girl he wants; the burglar can't break good; the farm is often sold without a grandstand rescue. How different life is from a melodrama!"

My Strange Neighbours THE STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE

THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

Hunyadi János For CONSTIPATION. Professor Dr. LAMBL, of Warsaw, Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University, writes: "Hunyadi János Bitter Water, besides being an excellent general aperient, has proved specially efficacious in the treatment of chronic constipation, venous obstruction and congestion, hæmorrhoids and obesity." 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, ANDRÁS BAKLÉNYI, and the Medals on the Red Cross Flag of the Label.

thing about and should furnish into some thing out of the ordinary. The pick of the bunch is the colt by Soul—Harriet. This is an exceptionally nice colt, beautiful of quality, with plenty of size, and as usual a colt full of bone. A most evenly made colt, he is bred to race, and it is safe to predict that there will be keen competition for his possession. The lady of the house is to be seen in the bay filly by Soul—Miss Annie, and will be seen in the filly by Soul—Miss Annie, from the tip of her ears to her tail, with beautiful shoulders and quarters, she is a perfect gem. Arrandam's contribution is a chestnut filly by Soul—Miss Annie, which is a most evenly made colt, and a nice, sweet made filly, he has modelled on much the same lines as his half-brother, Elysian. A colt with a fearless style about him is a bay by Obligato—Glenwald, which was an exceptionally fast mare. Her sire is well grown, with plenty of bone, and standing over a lot of ground. I tip him to grow into a nice horse, and if he does not gallop I will acknowledge defeat. A lazy, constrained creature is a chestnut by Obligato—Rapid, which, like all the others, is very docile and well grown. See in the paddock, the colt shows a lot of pace, and is a perfect mover. A handsome, well-grown colt is a bay by Obligato—Miss Annie, and a fine-looking youngster it would be hard to find. A nicely developed filly, with plenty of size and substance, is the chestnut by Obligato—Seven, which comes from the great No. 1 and No. 2, which has plenty of size and quality, which has earned her a good reputation, is the bay filly by Obligato—The Hulaing. A nice, evenly made filly, she is hard to pick to pieces. Peace, the dam of Harriet, contributes a bay colt by Obligato, which is exceptionally well grown, and robust, and there is nothing at all mean about him. Elysian's filly, by Obligato, a bay in colour, is a nicely looking young lady, that will go fast and come to hand early, but one that is sure to command attention, is the chestnut colt by Obligato—Turnament, which is well grown, and possessed of a perfect temperament. This is one of the sort that looks like developing into a great stayer. The representative of Lute is a chestnut colt by Obligato, therefore half-brother to the speedy Cadence. Coming from such a swing family, and being well grown, he should turn out useful. The last on the list is a bay colt by Obligato—Kilnara. This is another well-grown colt, with plenty of bone, and handles himself beautifully. In addition to the yearlings, a number of others will be offered, as well as the horses in the estate of the late Mrs. Colombe, which comprise such great horses as Master South, Elysian, Tetrazzini, First Gun, and Christmas. Particulars as to training, etc., will be announced later.

it in many places, and form sharp points which break the smoothness of the turf. The house is square, with a very low roof, designed to resist the strong winds which might sweep it away in this narrow gorge. The mountains, so close at hand, deepen the impression of wild loneliness; a plain, no matter how barren, could not give, to the same degree the delightful sensation of being absolutely alone.

A stone wall and a laurel hedge surround my new home. The garden, abandoned for a long while, is nothing but a tangle of luxuriant verdure and of straggling rose-bushes. Still it has preserved its former character, in spite of this neglect and disorder. The lodge also charmed me with its furniture of the First Empire, and its old keeper, Françoise, who can only speak a language strongly marked by the patois of the mountains.

I was eager to take possession of this place so much in accord with my tastes, and I settled myself here with no other company than the old woman and Paul, my valet, to pass the summer and the autumn far away from Paris.

Robinson Crusoe finding the footprints on his island could not have been more amazed than I was this morning. I had gone out upon a voyage of discovery in my new property. Upon the north my garden is bounded by a grove which has become almost impenetrable. I had not yet carried my explorations thus far, but to-day I decided to go into the thicket. By rigorous blows with my cane I succeeded in breaking out a path for myself. I went forward very slowly, not without scratching my hands on the thorns, when suddenly my cane, having cut through a last screen, met with no further resistance. I was at the end of the grove. My foot slipped. I found myself on the edge of a narrow ditch half-full of rubbish and decaying leaves. Beyond this ditch, I saw a carefully kept lawn, shaded by oaks and chestnut-trees; still farther I could see a path, flowerbeds, an arbor, and, still further off, a white house with green blinds.

I had some neighbours! Yes, and with my own hands I had impudently broken down the natural barrier which separated them from me! I remembered that Paul, my valet, openly opposed to our stay in the country, had said:

"Monsieur is living close to crazy people! There are some strange folks right near us, whom no one cares to see, and who do not visit anybody."

That white house, was no doubt, the place where an unfortunate family had come to hide the sad disease of one of its members. I was considering the matter in this way, when lowering my eyes, I was amazed by a most surprising sight. For a moment I thought that I might be the victim of hallucination; that this was merely the memory of bygone days. But no, these personages were real, and not called into being by the aspect of the scene in which they moved.

One of those engravings which had delighted my childhood was living again before my eyes. A few steps distant from me, under the shade of a fir-tree, a very old man was sitting in a rolling-chair. His large body, wasted and bowed down, was wrapped in a dressing-gown. Long locks of silvery white hair escaped from his velvet skull-cap. His cheeks were hollow, his lips contracted, but his eyes were still bright. This old man seemed to be unnaturally aged. He must be one hundred years old. Near him a young woman, blond, rosy, smiling, was seated upon a camp-stool, and it was she who made the picture so extraordinary.

She was dressed in the gait of fifty-odd years ago; shoes with buskins, showing white stockings; a red poplin dress, very short-waisted; broad leg-of-mutton sleeves; white mittens upon her hands, and her hair drawn up in two high loops.

"My dear Athenais," said the old man in a voice which was still firm, "it makes me anxious to see the youth of our Monette buried alive in this lonely place."

"Do not be troubled about her," Athenais replied. "Monette is happy here."

"I do not know. You are still beautiful and still charming; but, after all, our years must be considered, and the society of two old people cannot be very lively for a young girl."

"Do not be anxious as to Monette. She loves you."

"Certainly she does; but there is one thing which makes me sad, and of which I have wanted to speak to you for some time. Is there nothing between you and her which keeps you asunder?"

The little lady in red laughed gaily. "There is nothing whatever to separate us," she said. "What makes you anxious?"

"Why do I never see you together?" "Oh! Monette has her own occupations and I have mine; and so as not to leave you alone we divide the pleasure of being with you."

"But at meals—" "You know that the doctor has put me on a diet, and to be present at meals would be very annoying to me. But as you want to see Monette I will bring her to you."

She rose, tenderly kissed the old man's forehead, and went away.

Halfway to the house a servant was waiting for her. She said a few words to him and he came at once to the old man, who asked:

"Have you seen my granddaughter?" "Mademoiselle is in the parlour, as I just told Madame, who was looking for her."

I had kept hidden in my thicket, having decided, I must own, to continue my indiscretion. What was the meaning of this comedy? Was it possible that this adorable figure of a grandmother in the flush of youth was merely the result of some fleeting caprice of a deranged mind? Was Paul right, and were my neighbours insane?

Were they all insane? The centenarian who, in speaking to the young woman had said: "We must consider our years; we are both old folks!" That Athenais disguised as an antique portrait! The very servant who seemed to consider all things natural!

A few minutes passed by. The invalid did not speak. Leaning forward, he was watching for Monette. At last she appeared. She came running and singing. She, at least, had nothing strange about her. She was dressed very simply in a muslin blouse and a white linen frock. A large garden hat covered her head, half shading her face. She kissed the old man and said:

"Dear grandfather, grandmother told me that you were asking for me."

"Grandmother!" Then Monette, also, must be insane! Why did she call that blond, rosy Athenais, "grandmother?"

When Monette raised her head I nearly cried out. Underneath the large hat I seemed to recognise the blue eyes, light hair and pretty smile of the improbable grandmother.

Had I made some involuntary movement? Had a creaking of the branches or a rustling of the foliage alarmed Monette? Her eyes, all at once anxious, turned in my direction. I thought that I was completely hidden by the brambles but I was mistaken. The young girl turned pale, and called in a distressed tone of voice:

"Eusebe! Eusebe!"

The servant had turned back toward the house upon Monette's arrival, and he now came running to her.

I did not care to be hunted like a wild beast or driven away like a tramp, and so I jumped across the ditch and boldly came forward, saying:

"Madam, I hope that you will pardon me!"

I do not think that I look like a criminal, yet Monette's pretty face still kept its expression of fear, and Eusebe looked at me in a threatening way. The invalid was the only one who seemed to regard my abrupt intrusion as a natural thing. Bowing to me with the greatest of courtesy he said:

"No doubt you have lost your way, sir. If it will be agreeable to you to take the road by crossing our garden, I shall be happy to show you the way."

I thanked him, and owned that a voyage of discovery in my new property had led me astray.

"What, sir!" exclaimed the old man. "Are we neighbours? I am delighted to hear it. The solitude in which we live—and which is dear to us—far from being disturbed will be made more agreeable by the pleasant relations which we can establish with you."

But if the invalid was pleased by the new interest which my coming would bring into his life, Mlle. Monette seemed to be dismayed, and Eusebe shook his head impatiently.

"Sir," resumed the old man, "I want to receive you in a more hospitable manner than is possible in this corner of the garden. Let me have the pleasure of seeing you in my house. Monette, go first, inform your grandmother, and beg her to come down to the parlour. Eusebe, be so good as to wheel me back to the house."

The servant shrugged his shoulders in

a way which evidently meant: "What am I to do?" Mlle. Monette looked at me with a troubled air, and I could easily read upon her mobile face: "If he would only return!" But I had no idea of refusing. On the contrary, I accepted the invitation with a readiness for which the old man thanked me warmly.

"I see, sir," he said, "that you are not a man to stand upon useless ceremony, and that pleases me. Besides, I am sure that you are an agreeable man. I am a physiognomist, and I read your character at once. My age is really terrible to think of, sir! My life is prolonging itself beyond all natural limits. I am nearly one hundred years old. Yes, a century weighs upon my head. How many more years shall I see? It must be left to the mercy of Providence. I have given my heart to my dear little Monette, my granddaughter, for she is my only surviving child. But she is not alone in cheering my last days. You will see my dear sister, Athenais, an angel of beauty and kindness. She has been the tenderest of mothers to Monette, who has long been an orphan, and Monette calls her grandmother. God gave back my sister to me after a dreadful trial."

Almost involuntarily I glanced questioningly at Eusebe, who turned away his head. He, also, was an old man, but still robust. He pushed the rolling chair without effort.

Monette had gone first and her white dress soon disappeared at the turn of the path. We found the young girl, a few minutes later, standing by a casement window. Eusebe rolled the chair into the parlour, where I followed it, and was charmed to find that there, even more than in my own house, I was surrounded by suggestions of a period very dear to me.

"Many years ago," said the old man, "I built and furnished this house. How the time passes! I have lived here for most of my life, and I no longer go away. Monette, will not your grandmother give us the pleasure of seeing her?"

"No, grandfather, she begs you to excuse her. She has a sick headache, and is lying down."

"These attacks," said the old man, "are very frequent, and so sudden. She has been in the sun without her hat. Well, my good neighbour, we shall meet again, and, if you will come back some day, to-morrow, for instance, you will become acquainted with my sister. But I have not told you my name! I am Baron Raoul d'Outreval."

Eusebe had left us, and now returned bringing refreshments which Mlle. Monette served with grace. She seemed to be reassured and answered my questions freely. I learned that she loved to paint flowers, to read romances, and to embroider.

I was glad to receive these confidences, and rose to go, saying that I meant to come again very soon. Then Mlle. Monette's face grew troubled, and she again became cold and formal.

I waited a few days before calling again, so that there might be a decent interval between my visits, and one morning Paul handed me a letter which Eusebe had just brought to him. The letter was short, and although there was nothing strange or unusual in it, the signature made me still more eager to pierce the mystery presented by my neighbours, even though that mystery might be explained by insanity. This is what I read:

"Sir: Will you give us the pleasure of coming to dine with us, without any ceremony, this evening? Pardon the lateness of this invitation. I did not want to miss your visit, as I did the other day, and I take advantage of a good day granted to me by my capricious health. Come quite simply, as a neighbour."

Athenais d'Outreval. Athenais! Athenais the little lady in red, the grandmother of twenty, the charming portrait of an earlier time come down from its frame. She had written to me, invited me, promised to meet me. She was real. I felt that she could not be a lunatic. The tone of this letter, the very writing, orderly and regular, had nothing suggesting a deranged mind.

I accepted with eagerness. I told my horrified valet where I was going, and directed him to help me with my toilet, which I wanted to have decent and becoming. For Monette, or for Athenais, I scarcely knew for which.

What an evening. Had I been dreaming, or was, I, also, insane,

even more insane that these ghosts who entertained me? I was received in the old parlour by M. d'Outreval and Athenais. Upon seeing her it was hard for me not to show my surprise, not so much at her antique costume, for I was prepared for this, but at her resemblance to Monette.

M. d'Outreval guessed my thought. Cutting short the commonplaces of our meeting, he exclaimed gaily:

"I see that you are wondering at the strong resemblance between my granddaughter and Athenais. You will see them both, very soon. Has not Monette come home? Find out, Athenais, and tell her that our neighbour is here."

"I will look for her," said Athenais. And she went away, smiling, appearing so much at ease in her ancient dress that it no longer seemed strange. M. d'Outreval told me that half an hour before my arrival a woman from the village had come to ask help for a wounded child. Monette had gone there at once. She was a skillful and highly courageous nurse.

"She is not like Athenais, who faints at seeing a cut," said the old man with an indulgent laugh. Athenais soon came back, alone.

"How provoking it is," she said. "Here is a message which Monette has sent by a little boy." And she read: "Sit down at the table without waiting for me. The wound is serious, and I have sent for a doctor. I must stay to help him. Send Eusebe for me in the evening."

"It is a foolish business," muttered M. d'Outreval. "Send for her at once." Athenais shook her head and sighed. "It would be useless," she said. "You know very well that she would not come. She is very obstinate, and as you have let her have her own way—"

"There, there, my dear, you yourself spoil her just as much as I do, so do not scold me. Let us yield once more to this child, especially as what she is doing this evening is very good and charitable."

So we sat down to the table without Monette waited upon by Eusebe, whom Athenais directed to keep a cold supper for the young girl. She herself ate scarcely anything, and yet, every time that he saw her take up a dish, M. d'Outreval became anxious, and said earnestly:

"Do remember that you are on a diet. You will suffer for this to-morrow and will punish me by not coming to the table any more. It is only because you are our guest, sir, that my sister has consented to come to a meal."

"My sister!" That slight little creature the sister of this centenarian! My valet was certainly right. These people were both insane. I was distressed, and regretted having come. Still, the remarkable young woman talked well with a sweet musical voice. She questioned me about my occupations and my solitary life.

I did not notice that the meal was over until I saw Athenais rise. Indeed, I had eaten so absent-mindedly, engrossed in studying the words and faces of my hosts, that I had not observed the different courses. I offered my arm to Athenais, while Eusebe pushed the invalid's rolling chair. I felt that the little hand leaning upon my arm trembled and seemed to hold me back. I paused and turned my eyes towards the pretty face, now very pale under the light curls. A quiet gesture warned me to be prudent. Then, in a low tone, leaning so close to me that her hair touched me, Athenais said:

"To-morrow morning at seven o'clock, be in your grove, near the ditch."

Before I could accept this strange appointment, she left me, and, going to the invalid, began to talk to him very quickly, and rather feverishly.

For the rest of the evening, which I thought it discreet to shorten, I could not catch her eyes. She only spoke to me with an effort, and in my bewilderment, not knowing what to think, I felt that the mystery was growing deeper and deeper. I took my leave before Mlle. Monette's return, Eusebe having already gone to bring her home.

In my haste I went earlier than the time appointed, and was prepared to wait. But, impatient as I was, she was, undoubtedly, even more so, for I saw a light dress in the distance, and quickened my pace.

"I thank you for coming here," said Athenais's sweet voice, while she held out her little hand to me; I pressed her hand gently, joyful and perplexed, already partly guessing the truth. It was indeed Athenais who was smiling at me, but Athenais in modern dress without the monumental arrangement of her

hair, and in this Athenais I recognised Monette.

"There!" she said with a sigh, "I did not want you to think me crazy, besides, I saw plainly that you had your suspicions."

I owned that this had been the case upon my first visit, but that last evening Athenais had played her part so perfectly, and the absence of Monette, detained by a wounded child, had seemed so natural, that my suspicions had begun to fade away.

"It annoyed me a good deal," said Monette, "to be forced to invent a story which made me pose as an angel of charity at the very time when I was playing a comedy. But what could I do or say? I am obliged to lie all the time. Either Athenais must explain Monette's absence or Monette make excuse for Athenais. I regret, sir, that I have been forced to tell you my secret, our secret—for old Eusebe and all our good servants help me to play my part. I was in despair the other day—I own it—when you appeared in our garden and I saw that we had a neighbour. At last I made up my mind, and decided that my best course would be to see you, and to try to find out what sort of a man you were, and whether I could trust you."

Monette spoke with that quiet assurance, that frank self-possession which spring from a lonely life and absolute ignorance of the world, when, indeed, those circumstances do not produce a contrary extreme of shyness and distrust. Monette's eyes met mine frankly, and she was evidently trying to read my inmost thoughts. But it was really I who read her thoughts, and I was profoundly affected. In all sincerity I assured her of my discretion and devotion.

"Yes, yes," she said, nodding her head, "I saw last night that you might become our friend. And so I am no longer annoyed to have you for a neighbour. On the contrary, when I woke this morning I did not have my usual feeling of being all alone and frightened. That feeling comes to me every morning, but I shake it off."

"Oh! Mademoiselle Monette," I said to her, "I am your friend, your friend with all my heart. It seems to me as if we had known each other for centuries. And now, perhaps you will tell me your story?"

"It will not be long. I have been an orphan almost ever since my birth. I was placed in a convent, when very young, and stayed there until I was seventeen years old. I came here to spend my vacation with my grandfather and my great-aunt, Athenais."

"Grandfather adored me. He had lost all his children and gave me all his tenderness. I should not say that he loved even more his sister, Athenais, many years older than himself, and who had brought him up. They had never left each other. Aunt Athenais, whom I called grandmother, had remained single so as to stay with her brother."

"Perhaps you may think that my vacations were dull and sad with these two old people. Not at all. Their hearts and minds were still young, and, despite their many bereavements, they were serenely happy. Two years ago I was sent for in haste. Aunt Athenais had suddenly died."

"I reached here overwhelmed by this death. Still, this was not my heaviest trial. I found grandfather insane. His reason, which, until then, had remained so clear and well-assured, had given way under the new grief. Ah! I lived some dreadful weeks. But at seventeen years old, however sorrowful one may be, there come moments of relief, and, at such a time, having gone into a room where several chests were piled, I took a notion to open one of them. I found that it was full of Aunt Athenais's dresses, those which she had worn when she was a young girl. I did not resist the wish to try on one of these dresses. It fitted me very well. I finished my disguise by putting my hair very high, according to the old fashion, and I was posing in front of a mirror when I heard behind me a loud cry, and then the fall of a body."

"Grandfather, whom I had left asleep, had come out from his room, and, seeing an open door, he had entered. He lay there on the floor as if dead. I called for help. Without thinking to change my dress I helped to carry grandfather and to place him on his bed. He soon came to himself, and, upon seeing me, caught hold of my hands and began to weep, calling me Athenais."

"I knew very well," he said, "that you were very asleep. And there you are just as you were in old days."

"When the doctor came, he said that

this crisis might be favourable, but that it was very important not to oppose or contradict grandfather. The illusion which made him take me for his sister, would not last; it would pass away of itself when the fever subsided. Until then it would be necessary to humour grandfather's hallucination."

"Alas! That hallucination still continues. He has never regained the entire use of his limbs or of his reason. Poor dear grandfather! He only leaves his bed for his armchair, from which he is no longer able to rise. His legs are half paralysed; his hallucination has never waned; he believes that Athenais is still living with him; and, in order not to destroy this beautiful dream, which will be the last joy of his life, I am forced to play a comedy which never ends."

"In regard to everything except his sister's resurrection, grandfather reasons with just as much clearness and good sense as ever. And if you only knew what ingenuity I have to employ to keep from insisting upon the presence of Athenais and Monette at the same time! But the explanation which we give as to our absence satisfy him."

"When I am fairly at my wit's end I pack Monette off to pass a week at her convent, where they want to see her. That gives a respite of a few days during which Athenais no longer has to make excuses for the movements of her niece. It is not always easy to play my part, and sometimes I am much troubled, but I feel that my poor grandfather owes his last days to me, and I believe that our dear lost one blesses me for giving them to him, and inspires me."

"Now you understand how terrible the coming of a stranger seemed to me. But you are no longer a stranger, sir, since you know my secret. You will not betray it; and, in case of need you will help me—will you not?"

"How can I describe the emotion which I had felt in hearing this story? I promised to be a faithful, discreet friend, ready to serve Monette and her unfortunate grandfather to the extent of my power. But how could I help her, except, perhaps, by giving her the moral support of my affection? I saw, affection. The word friendship would poorly express the sentiments inspired by my sweet, melancholy, and courageous little neighbour."

Two days after the dinner I went to see my neighbours again. It was at evening. After a day of intense heat a cool and fragrant breeze was blowing, and so I thought I should find M. d'Outreval and his granddaughter in the garden, but I reached the house without meeting them. The long windows of the parlour were open, and the notes of a song, accompanied on the pianoforte, made me go slowly, that I might not disturb the singer. From the old-fashioned character of the melody and the words I understood that poor Monette was playing her part as a phantom, and I stayed upon the threshold until the song was ended.

The invalid's head was leaning upon his breast and his eyes were closed. Monette, or, rather Athenais, dressed in a gown of pale green organdie, could not see me from her place, and I looked at her with much pleasure. A little embroidered scarf half covered her shoulders, and a flowered ribbon surrounded her waist. Ah! What an exquisite portrait of other days. She turned, and uttered a low cry:

"Oh! You frightened me!"

M. d'Outreval opened his eyes, drew himself up, and welcomed me with a pleasant smile. But I noticed that he had an expression of weariness greater than when I had last seen him. He also looked paler, and had gray shadows in his face, which made me anxious. In reply to my friendly questions as to his health, he complained of much fatigue, an air of heaviness in his whole body. I saw that Monette's eyes were full of distress. Then I tried to explain his feelings by the state of the atmosphere, but the old man shook his head incredulously.

"No, no; I do not feel at all well. I asked my dear Athenais to give me some music. Her voice has always been sweet and quieting to me. To-day I have had a great vexation; my little Monette has left me for several days. She has gone to see the nuns who brought her up. These ladies are sometimes very anxious to see her, and I dare not object to her visit to the convent. It is well that she should have the aid of friends and protectors after we have gone. The future often troubles me, precluding itself to me in dark

colours, and I fall to wondering what will become of Monette."

After a moment's silence the old man continued:

"Heaven be thanked, as to the pecuniary point of view I have no reason to be anxious. My fortune and my sister's will be added to that which my granddaughter received from her parents; but this very fact may expose her to greater dangers. I fear that she may become the victim of some man unworthy of her, and it grieves me not to be able to choose for her husband the proper man to love and protect her. Unfortunately, I have given up all relations with the world; our family is extinct."

"My dear brother, do not give yourself needless alarm about a child," said Athenais.

I looked at her. Her cheeks were crimson. Standing near the piano, she arranged and rearranged the portfolios of music with impatient gestures.

"Mlle. Monette," I said, "is too charming not to be loved."

"I think so," exclaimed M. d'Outreval, while Athenais, still more deeply crimson, turned away. "It is indeed true that she is entrancing, and so gentle and good. But, really, sir, you scarcely know her. You barely had a glimpse of her at the time of your first visit, and, shall I own it, I have heartily cursed these various accidents which have kept her away whenever you have been here. Let me tell you, sir, that you are perfectly sympathetic to me, and I cannot help thinking, since I have had the pleasure of knowing you, that heaven itself has led you so near to us."

"But—" began poor Athenais, quite out of countenance.

"Let me speak, my dear. I am very near to the end of my course, near repose, and I have no more time to waste in diplomatic cleverness. All that our new friend has told me of his family and himself has only confirmed my first very favourable impression of him. On the other side, my dear sister, we are compelled to think of the future destiny of a dear child from whom at any moment our support may be withdrawn. These are sufficient reasons to give me the courage to own the romance which I have been building. Monette knows nothing of this romance, and will know nothing, unless our friend approves of it, and so her dignity is perfectly secure. Will you pardon my frankness, my dear neighbour?"

I did not dare to look at the young girl. I was now almost as much embarrassed as she was, and I inwardly cursed the terrible old man. I freed myself, as well as I could by entire frankness. I owned that until then I had never had seriously thought of marriage, and I did not conceal the value which I attached to my freedom as a bachelor. But I added that no man can tell how completely his feelings may change in a single day, and that Mlle. Monette, more than anybody else, seemed capable of working wonders of this sort. Then without allowing the old man to linger, I left this dangerous subject, and turned the conversation into quite a different direction. But Monette was long in recovering her composure, and I believe that she devoted me to the infernal powers.

I made my visit brief, fearing that M. d'Outreval would return to his matrimonial projects, and went home thinking of Monette's blushing confusion and of her charming prettiness in that antique costume. Her grandfather's words haunted me, and I reflected upon them without anger. Was he not right? Was it not strange and providential that I should have come here, in a misanthropic mood, and have read the notice, "For Sale" on the old iron fence of "The Desert"? And as I looked back upon my life, did it not seem prophetic that in my childhood I should have grown to love a period which, one day I was to find so strangely personified by this lovely phantom with the light hair? Was it my fate which was waiting for me here, and which had signalled to me from so far away?

What a night! I had scarcely fallen asleep when a violent knocking at the front door brought me to my feet. I heard Paul running downstairs from his room, and Françoise's high voice crying, "Alas!" I ran to my window, but the night was dark. A warm wind drifted the low, inky clouds, which were torn from time to time, by flashes of lightning.

I could not distinguish the person who had knocked, and I did not recognise the voice which was answering my valet's questions. I called:

"Who is there? What is wanted?"

"Oh, sir, run you come? M. d'Outreval is dying. Mademoiselle has sent me to bring you."

A few moments later I joined Monette's messenger.

"Come quickly, sir," said this man, "The poor gentleman is very low, and Mademoiselle is greatly alarmed. Eusebe is with her. If you know the way, sir, I will not go with you, but will hurry to the village to bring the priest."

"Go, go."

In spite of my haste, I could only go very slowly, groping, striking myself against trees, and scratching my hands against brambles; but at last I reached the house. There was nobody in the vestibule, and I went up stairs counting on the sounds of voices to guide me. At the end of the hall a door was open and I saw Eusebe. I called to him in a low tone, and he said:

"Oh! It is you, sir. He has asked for you several times."

M. d'Outreval was lying upon a very low bed, with his head propped up by pillows. His eyes were closed, and he breathed heavily through his half-closed lips. Leaning over the old man, trying to warm his cold hands with her kisses, Monette, through her tears, exclaimed:

"Grandfather, do not leave me. Grandfather, look at me. Speak to me!"

The dying man raised his eyelids, but he was not looking for his granddaughter. He saw me, recognised me, and murmured:

"At last. Thanks!"

I leaned over him beside Monette, and his face was again lighted by a smile. I felt his icy hand grasp mine.

"I am happy," he said feebly. "I am going to meet once more all those whom I have loved—all my dear wife, my children, my good Athenais—yes, Athenais is dead; I know it now. Yesterday I seemed to see her near me, and Monette was away. I do not understand it; no, I do not understand it. But I know that Athenais is dead. This evening, as I was going to sleep, I saw her. She called to me, and that awoke me, and since—"

He paused, out of breath. Monette tenderly raised him up.

"I wanted to know," continued the old man, "I wanted to ask you—after my death, Monette will be alone—all alone, and I fear for her."

I understood him, and then, even if Monette had been less alarming, even if I had not loved her, I could not have resisted the heart-rending prayer of that dying gaze which sought mine, of those icy fingers which clung to me. I held out my hand. Monette, without hesitation, laid her hand in mine. I said:

"Do you wish to confide Monette's happiness to me, sir? Will you give us your blessing?"

A gleam of joy transfigured his face. He made an effort to raise his hand:

"Bless you, my —" He did not finish. His arm dropped. He was dead. Two days had passed after M. d'Outreval's death. By a common consent Monette and I had avoided any reference to the promise made to her grandfather. But at last I ventured to say: "Dear, dear Monette, now will you be mine?"

She checked me with a beseeching tone of voice:

"Oh, do not speak so. Do you suppose that I want to take advantage of the generous impulse which led you to yield to the wish of a dying man? Did you not understand when I put my hand in yours that I only did it to calm grandfather, to reassure him. You are free, do not be anxious about me, they will receive me at the convent."

I did not insist. Monette might have refused to believe my protests. I wanted to prove to her that I loved her; that since our first meeting her charm, her confidence, her sweetness, and bravery had conquered me.

I went home. I gathered together my record of all that had passed since our first meeting. I took it to her and said:

"Read these pages, written from day to day without a thought that you would ever see them. And when you have read them, tell me frankly if you still think that I am merely obeying my promise to a dying man when I ask you again, Monette, will you be my wife?"

"Since it is true that you love me, I cannot tell you how happy I am to know it."

Such was the answer in Monette's handwriting, which I have read again and again. What could I add which would more fully end this love story!

Music and Drama

Mr. J. C. Williamson's Musical Comedy Company on Saturday night, at Auckland, will present for the first time in New Zealand "The Prince of Pilsen," a musical play which has had a long run of success in England and America, and which has also recently met with great favour in Berlin and Paris. It is said to be a very bright and amusing entertainment, likely to exactly hit the tastes of those with whom musical comedy is so popular, as it is brimful of fine choruses, eccentric dances, splendid ballets, humorous dialogue and "business" which is always provocative of the heartiest of laughter. The entire cast as at present seen in "The Red Mill" will be utilised in "The Prince of Pilsen," and in addition the favourite young comedian, Mr. Harold Parkes, will appear in an amusing "Johnny" part, familiarised to many by G. P. Huntley. The piece will run for a week, and will then be replaced by "The Belle of New York" for the last six nights of the season.

One of the principal features in "The Prince of Pilsen," to be presented by Mr. J. C. Williamson's Musical Comedy Company at His Majesty's, Auckland, on Saturday next, will be "The Song of the Cities." For its complete rendition several attractive, willow-formed girls appear costumed to represent the principal Australasian cities, amongst which are included Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, whilst Miss Olivia Godwin sings verses specially appertaining to each place. This novel item proved an enormous success in Melbourne and Sydney.

Mr. John Ford, one of the principal comedians in "The Red Mill," is stated to be the acknowledged finest eccentric dancer of America. He was specially engaged by Mr. Williamson in New York to play the part in which he is now nightly seen to so much advantage.

Mr. Edward Nable, a popular comedian on the Australian side, arrived in Auckland on Monday last in order to be ready to appear in the important part of Ichabod Bronson in "The Belle of New York," which Mr. J. C. Williamson's Musical Comedy Company intend producing the last week of their season.

Laughter, free, fresh, clean, and quite uncontrollable, has followed the advent of Miss Lancashire, Ltd., at the Opera House, Auckland, where Miss Baines made her first appearance on Boxing Night before a packed and entirely delighted audience. Nothing better from a mirth-provoking point of view has been seen in New Zealand than Miss Baines herself, and she more than amply atones for the very serious shortcomings of the company, which, save the mark, "support her." Miss Baines is unique. Save Maggie Moore at her brightest and best, there is no one with whom one can compare her; no one she reminds one of. But the genius of these two is akin in that both compel you to laugh with them, and that you forget entirely that they are acting. One might spend a multitude of words in praise of Miss Baines, and in regretting the poverty of the company who surround her, but it is entirely needless. We can, instead, emphatically advise everyone who has a chance to see Miss Baines as Mary Ellen.

The first production of Mr and Mrs Oscar Asche (Miss Lily Brayton), who come to Australia next May for a six months' tour, will be the new play which Mrs Norreys Connell, in conjunction with Mr Asche himself, has adapted from Mr Stanley Weyman's popular novel, "Count Hannibal." A company of twenty-five people, and the necessities for six different productions, will be travelled.

Mr. Julius Knight, who re-appeared at the Sydney Theatre Royal last Saturday night in J. C. Williamson's production of "The Sign of the Cross," began his present tour of Australia in February, 1907.

This will be his third visit to Sydney during his current starring engagement, which is said to be one of the most profitable that the firm has undertaken.

One of the most enjoyable comedies ever introduced to Australians by J. C. Williamson—"Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—finished its mission of laughter-provoking in Auckland early last week, and the principals took ship for Suva, there to join the American liner for San Francisco.

When "The Sign of the Cross" was first produced in St. Louis (U.S.A.) by Wilson Barrett, the author, who later visited Australia, was in financial difficulties, and the piece was regarded as a risk. It proved, however, such a success that in three years, from 1904, its author had wiped off debts totalling £70,000, and by 1899 the profits totalled to two managements £170,000. Seven



MISS BAINES.

The clever actress, whose farce, "Miss Lancashire, Limited," is the most laughter-provoking production recently seen in the Dominion.

English companies at one time toured with it in English provinces. In one year £3000 was realised from the sale of the hymn "Shepherd of Souls." Miss Maud Jeffries and Mr Barrett appeared in the original production.

Miss Ola Humphrey's last appearance with the company of Julius Enormous was marked by the ovations of a thin house (writes the "Bulletin"). Few had the courage to face a procession of embazoned platitudes such as "The Lady of Lyons" affords, just to "so-long" the popular, sweet-voiced lady, but those that had the courage made enough noise to induce a suspicion that they held proxies for thousands of absentees. They banged their hands mightily, and, at the end, declared a dividend of four vegetable trophies. Julius rescued the greenery and subtly-ribbed basket work; which done, he placed them at the feet of the star, and then retired, leaving the smiling lady in full enjoyment of his limelight. Such heroic usefulness as Julius display on occasion.

"The Dollar Princess," secured for Australia by Mr. J. C. Williamson during his recent visit to Europe, is said to have attracted the largest audiences of any musical piece produced on the Continent since "The Merry Widow." "The Dollar Princess" is described as a three-act comic opera, written by Herr A. M. Willner and Herr F. Grunbaum, with music by Dr. Leo Fall. The adaptation is by Mr. Basil Hood.

George Wombwell, the founder of "Wombwell's Great Menagerie," and in his day one of the most famous showmen on earth, is now, at the age of 80 and odd, an inmate of the Edmondton Workhouse (England). A sudden and baffling disease smote his live-stock a few years ago, and the animals died off like Bombay plague subjects. Within six months Wombwell lost £4,000 worth of man-eating quadrupeds. Four hyenas expired in a single night. The next day £500 worth of elephant crashed to earth and never arose. Also many of his trick horse and ponies forded the Styx with horrid suddenness and an air of mystery. When the hand of Death was lifted from the tents of Wombwell, their owner was a disheartened and financially broken man. He got a fresh stock together on borrowed money, but his old "drive" was gone. The Mysterious Horror of the past haunted him unceasingly. His nerve had left him. He had lost his pluck. He felt that the priceless carnivora that were here to-day might be on the Zoo carcass cart to-morrow, and so he let things slide. It is a sad and unusual end for one who neither drank, smoked, nor swore at any period of his life, and was wont to take over £200 a night at the box office when in his prime.

Mr Ernest Toy will be inaugurating a concert tour of New Zealand, under the direction of Mr Leslie D. Miller, commencing at Invercargill about the 18th prox. It will be within the recollection of musical people that Mr Toy toured New Zealand when quite a youth, some ten years ago, with great success.

The managers of some of the most fashionable theatres in Paris are considering the advisability of arranging for the service of dinners in the theatres. The example was set some months ago by the managers of the Opera, who arranged with Paillard, the well-known restaurateur, to serve light suppers between the acts. The arrangement has been so successful that at the recent performance of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung"—between the acts of which there were waits of as long as an hour and a-half—hundreds of people sat down at gaily decorated dinner tables between the cast in the refreshment room at the Opera. Elaborate dinners were served, most of the diners having ordered the meal when the opera began. It seems quite likely that in Paris people will shortly invite their friends to dinner at any playhouse where a successful piece is being presented.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for an actress to lose her jewels, but not every actress can boast of having been stuck up by train robbers. Miss Meredro, Meynell and Ginn's "principal boy" of the "Cinderella" pantomime, who is an American, was travelling on a Western line in the States when the train was "held up." Three armed men proceeded to "clean out" the passengers, and when the robbers came to Miss Meredro, one of the trio recognised her, and, with the remark, "I like your notes, so I won't take your gold," handed back the money and jewels he had taken. He omitted to return, however, a valuable gold watch, which was evidently retained as a memento of the meeting. Apparently, the robber had heard Miss Meredro sing, during her grand opera tour of the States.

News of the doings of many Australians in the United States, most of whom served with Mr. J. C. Williamson when on this side of the line, comes to hand from Will Barnes, himself a Melbournean who has worked to the top flight of theatrical costume designers in New York. In the dramatic world Cyril Keightley is now leading man to Billy Burke in "Love Watches"; Paul Scardon has joined Shubert's; and the same firm has just secured Nance O'Neil for a five years' contract. Charlie Hammond and Orlando Daly are

both with Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick." Marie Majeroni is with John Drew in "Jack Straw," and his brother George in "The Top of the World." Musically things look just as promising for Frances Adler, Fred Risenhand, Stella Tracy and Alma Grey are all engaged in first-class musical productions.

Mr. Hayward, of the Maskelyne and Devant magic combination, has made arrangements for the appearance in the Dominion, about June next, of Mr. C. D. Davenport, a noted London elocutionist, whose readings from Charles Dickens' works have been highly appreciated in the Old Country. Mr. Davenport will, at the conclusion of his New Zealand tour, visit Australia.

Messrs. Fuller and Sons have (so the "Graphic") Wellington representatives) secured the New Zealand rights of producing on canvas the incidents in connection with the Burns-Johnson boxing contests for the heavy-weight championship of the world in Sydney to-day. Mr. Hayward, of the Maskelyne and Devant show, offered £1000 for the privilege, but the management wanted just double that sum, and a bargain could not be clinched.

Miss Cicely Hamilton is as witty as her authorship of "Diana of Dobson's" would lead us to expect. In a paper which she read to the members of the O.P. Club at the Criterion on Sunday night, November 8, she remarked: "The attitude of the critic is inevitably that of the superior person." "His attitude does not necessarily coincide with that of the public." "The theatre-going public is composed of persons who have not seen many plays. The stalls on the first night are occupied by people who have usually seen too many." "Dramatic criticism is the only profession in the world which is best carried on by men who don't know their business." "The actor is generally handled more leniently than the author." "It is a better thing for an author to cower in a box on a first night than to sit in the seats of the scornful—the stalls."

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

Sole Lessee, Mr C. R. Batley.
Under Direction, Mr J. C. Williamson

MR J. C. WILLIAMSON'S
GRAND HOLIDAY PRODUCTION
THE RED MILL
EVERY EVENING.

FULL OF YOUTH AND BEAUTY,
FULL OF LAUGHTER AND COLOUR
AND SUNSHINE,
CRISP HUMOUR AND BRISK INCIDENT,
SPARKLING MUSIC AND DELIRIOUS
DANCES.

Interwoven with Charming
GLIMPSES OF LUTCH SCENERY
And
A PRETTY LOVE COMEDY.

THE RED MILL

His won
THE UNANIMOUS ADMIRATION OF
ALL AUSTRALIAN AUDIENCES.

For the
QUAINT COMEDIANS AND ECCENTRIC DANCERS,
JOHN FORD, FRED LESLIE,
The Famous American Artist, The Popular
Austrian Artist,
CHAS. A. LODER, ED. SIEKRAS,
PAT. BATHURST, PERRY LESTON,
MISS OLIVE GOWIN, MISS IVA SCOTT,
MISS MARIE EATON, MISS ADA STIRLING

During the Season
Another Entirely New and
Equally Successful Musical
Comedy will be Presented,
"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."
Also, the ever Popular
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

OPERA HOUSE.

Direction of
MISS FLORENCE BAINES.

TO-NIGHT.

EVERY EVENING.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS.
ENORMOUS SUCCESS.

MISS FLORENCE BAINES
MISS FLORENCE BAINES
MISS FLORENCE BAINES
MISS FLORENCE BAINES

In
"MISS LANCASTHIRE, LIMITED."
"MISS LANCASTHIRE, LIMITED."
A FARCE WITH MUSIC,
A LAUGHING BOOM.
ATTRACTING ALL AUCKLAND.
Box Place at Williams and Arty's
112½ Bales at Carter's.
PRICES — 4/ 2/6, and 1/
Early Door to Gallery, 6d extra.



FOURTEEN REPRESENTATIVE AUCKLAND CRICKETERS FROM WHOM THE ELEVEN WAS CHOSEN FOR THE RANFURLY SHIELD MATCHES.

TOP ROW—A. Parshin, W. Stenson, L. G. Homes, G. B. Cummings, S. P. Jones, A. E. Ref, E. MacCormick. BOTTOM ROW—E. V. Sale, N. B. Jacobson, F. B. Mason, W. Robinson, A. Francis, A. M. Howden, W. Brooke Smith.



PLEASURE SEEKERS CROWDING THE NORTHERN COMPANY'S FINE FLEET.

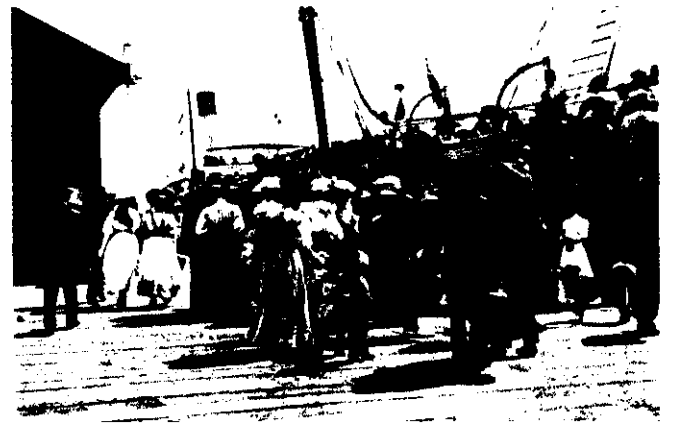


THE NGAPUHI FILLING UP.

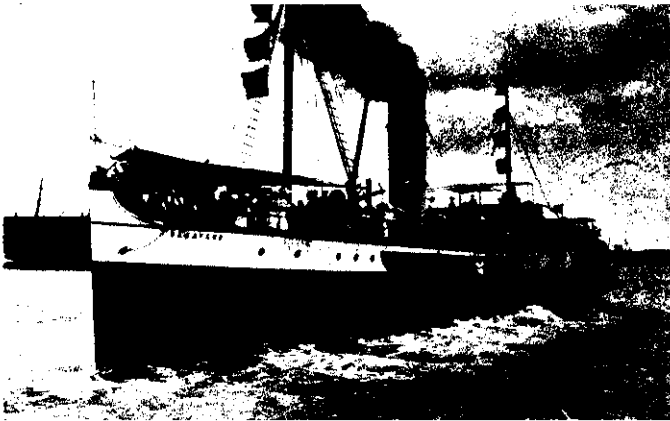
BOXING DAY CROWDS HASTENING AWAY FOR WATER EXCURSIONS ON THE WAITEMATA.



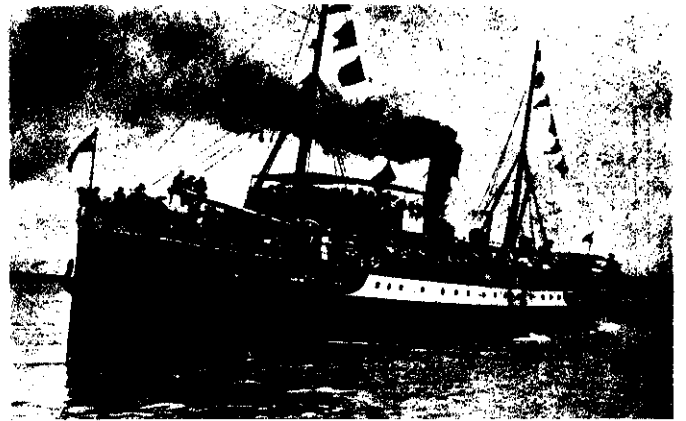
THE NGATIWA LEAVING FOR COWES'



THE CROWD FOR COWES' BAY.



THE WAKATERE LEAVING FOR AWAROA, WAHIEKE.



THE NGAPUHI TAKING A HUGE BOATLOAD TO KAWAU.



QUEEN-STREET AT NINE ON SUNDAY.

BOXING DAY CROWDS HASTENING AWAY FOR WATER EXCURSIONS ON THE WAITEMATA.



GROUP TAKEN AT "MELMERLEY" SCHOOL, AUCKLAND, ON PRIZE DAY, 1908



FLASHLIGHT PHOTO AT THE AUCKLAND LIEDERTAFEL SMOKE CONCERT, WHICH CONCLUDED THE SUCCESSFUL 1908 SEASON.



Schaefer, Sarcus Studio, photo.

HOW THE DOMINION TRAINS ITS LADS TO BECOME FARMERS.

BOYS' TRAINING FARM, WERAOIA.

1. Taking instruction in shearing. 2. Inspection of boys by Major Burlinson, manager of the College. 3. An exhibit by the College. 4. Holstein-Friesian bull born March 22, 1904, bred by Newton King; purchased for the Training College. 5. Playhour. 6. Teams preparing to go out to farm. 7. Cattle on the Training Farm.

The Boys' Training Farm, Weraoia, of which Major G. M. Burlinson is manager, is about 2 miles from the Levin Railway Station, and 60 from Wellington on the Wellington and Manawatu Railway. Only seven years ago the site of the present farm was standing bush, and now, although most of the ground is still cov-

ered with logs and stumps, much work has been done. The main buildings were occupied on November 2, 1905, by the boys from the Industrial School at Caversham, and since then a number of other buildings have been erected, and each year has seen a number of acres brought under cultivation.

One hundred and fifty-five boys from nine years old upwards are housed in the main building and four cottage homes; of these 92 are attending the day school attached to the institution; the remainder, who are over 14 years of age, are taught dairying, farming in all its branches, gardening, fruit growing,

carpentering, engineering, cooking and laundry work. During working hours it is like a beehive, and after tea till dusk on the lawn of five acres the inmates amuse themselves at cricket, marbles, gymnastics, and other games dear to all boys. Our illustrations give a good idea of the buildings and some of the more notable features of the farm.

A TRAMP ABROAD

THE PROGRESS OF MARLBOROUGH

CHEERFUL OUTLOOK FOR FARMERS

By A.J.O.R

TEN years have worked wonders for Marlborough, and particularly that part lying in the valley of the Wairau. In 1896 periodical floods inundated the rich agricultural areas, breaking well nigh the hearts of farmers whose crops rotted under such unendurable visitations. Now all that is changed. The Opawa river, which described a very serpentine course through the valley, having little fall, and used to flood up at the outlet and overflow the valley lands, was relieved by an artificial channel cut in a straight line to the sea, so that no floods have occurred since its opening. Land which at the time could have been readily acquired for about £8 per acre cannot now be readily purchased at quadruple that price, and season after season rich and plentiful harvests gladden the hearts of the industrious agriculturist. And this season, like a certain butter in the market, beats them all.

At "Donsandle," one of the rich blocks of land in the lower Wairau, Mr William Murray, the owner, showed me this afternoon his 200 tons of oats, barley, and wheat, and I have never seen better crops. "That," said Mr Murray, pointing to about 100 acres of oats, "will yield me quite six tons of oaten hay per acre." "That ought to pay," cried I. "Oh, yes," rejoined he; "but, of course, crop-raising is always attended with a certain amount of risk." I noticed as we drove away down the field that the oats had heavy, hard-looking heads, and that the straw or stalks were long and juicy enough. Referring to the price for hay, Mr Mur-

ray said he had refused £4 5/ per ton at the stack, but although prices had somewhat receded since, yet they were showing upward tendencies. Farmers generally anticipate about £3 10/ for this par-

ticular class of produce before the fall. In another cornfield of large extent the whole lands stand "dressed in living green." Here also the oaten stalks stand thickly together, and the heads and ears appear heavy and full to bursting, yet the refreshing sun—and we are having plenty of that—is fast changing the waving heads from green to gold. Further up the valley, particularly where the lands are of a lighter nature, the reapers and binders have begun to harvest, so that before January, the husband of May, shall have become enthroned again many unprecedentedly heavy heads of barley and wheat will have bowed down to the mandate of the season. All the farmers bear smiling countenances, and well they may, for this is a record season, and the earth is willingly yielding her increase—some sixty and some a hundredfold.

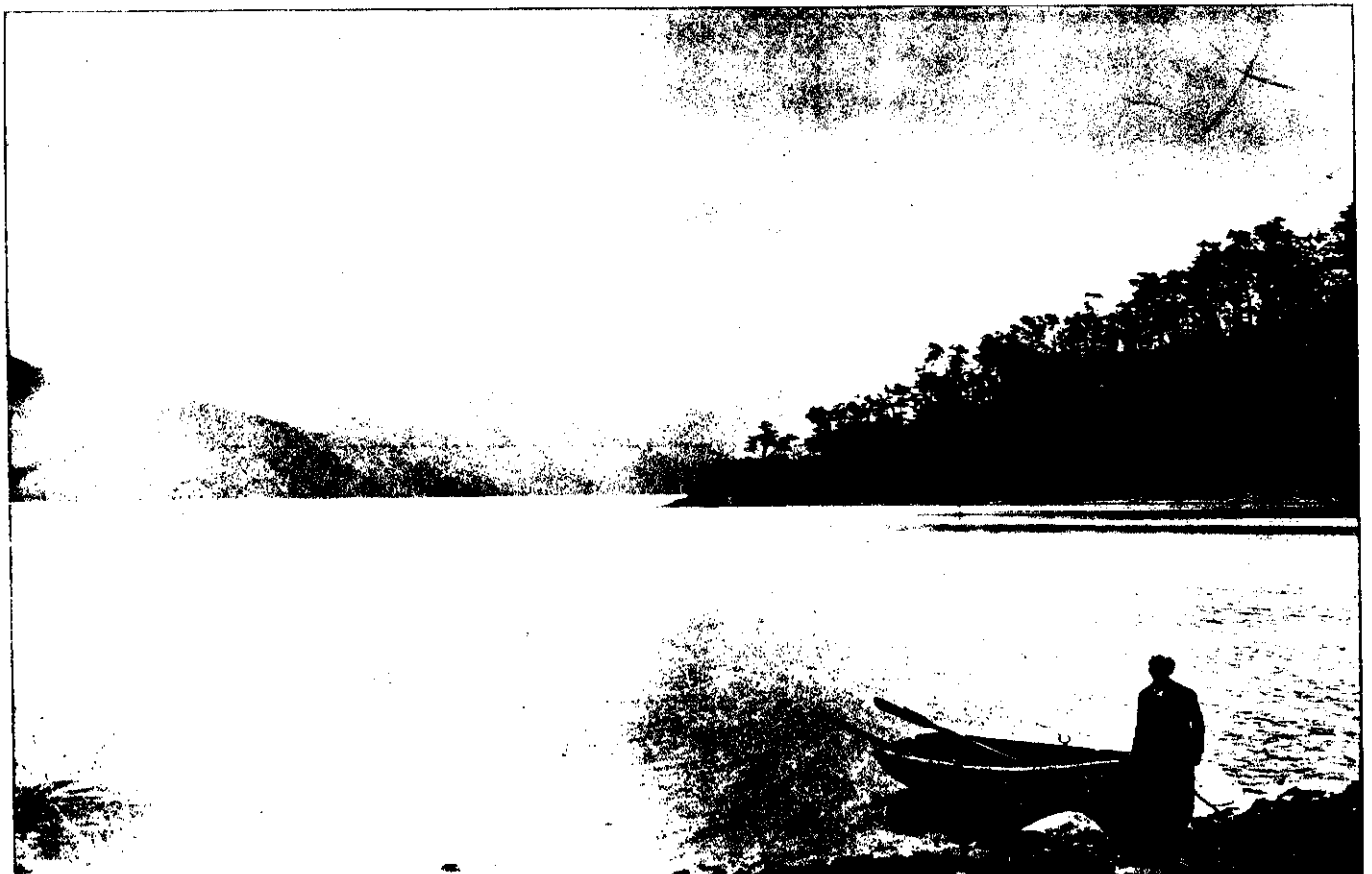
A CHARMING VILLAGE.

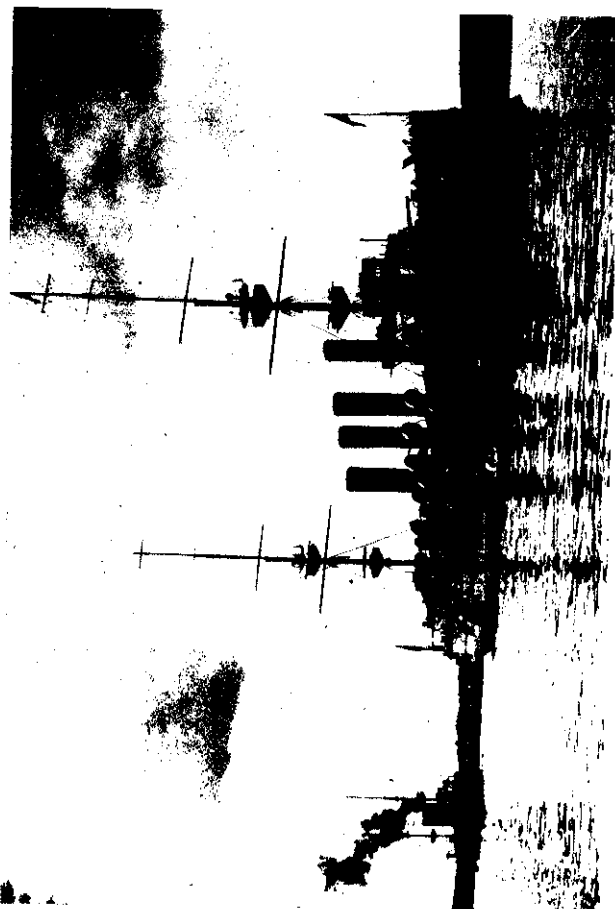
Spring Creek, a charming rural village some four miles south-east of Blenheim, is famed for its well-grassed fields, its gardens of flowers, its untroubled blue, clear creek, giving life and vigour to the big trout, whilst it waters the rich, honey-brand acres of the prosperous farmer. Reverting to the trout of this stream, I am told that recently one big red-spotted fellow taxed the skill of all Benheim's angling experts, until he at length fell a victim to one disciple of Isaac Walton more cunning than his fellows. When landed, the fish is said to have turned the scale at 27lbs. The other attractions of Spring Creek are the everlasting hills, which surround it on three sides. At the foot of a ter-

Continued on page 46.



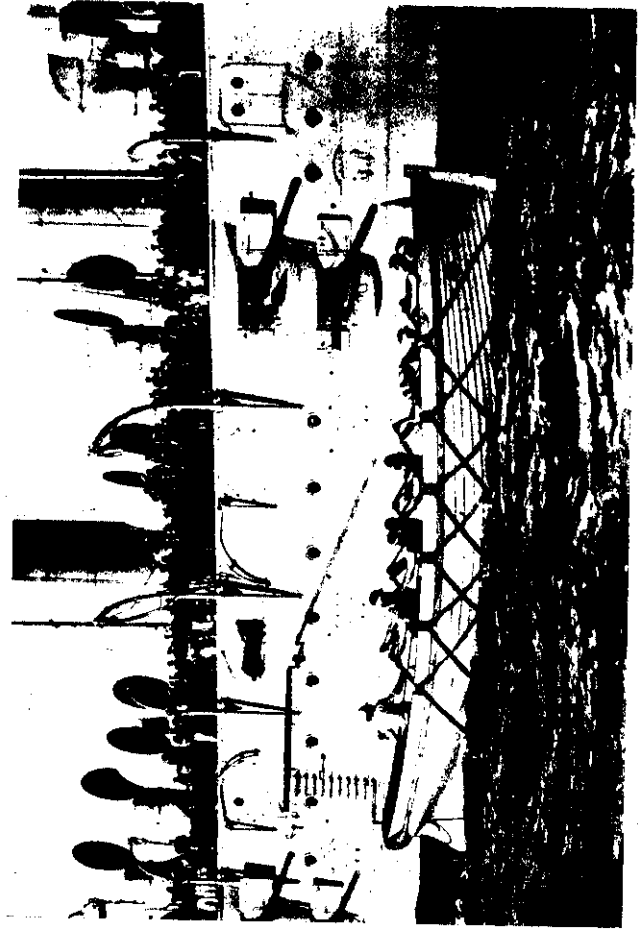
ANOTHER VIEW IN PELOROUS SOUND.





H.M.S. POWERFUL.

Showing the "Wireless" apparatus in the rigging, which attracted the lightning on Christmas Day.



THE CHALLENGERS CREW WINNING BY 47 STROKES.

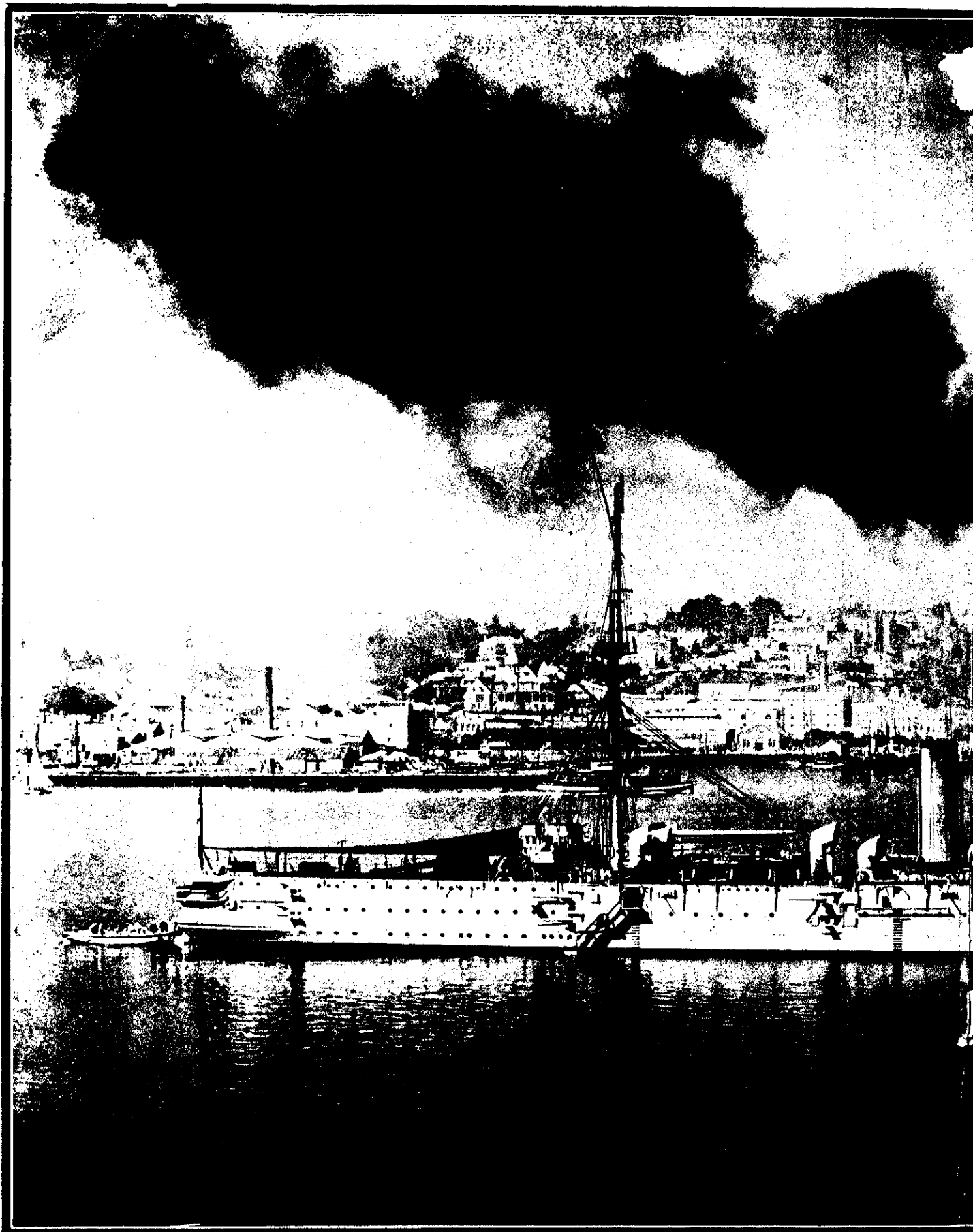


CHALLENGER'S "SPOKER" CREW.

Who won the Cutter Race against the Powerful. Stokers on Christmas Eve. Back Row (left to right): Welsch, Dampney, Mortlach, Kennedy, Walker, Hill, McCall, Jensen. Front Row: J. Mortlach, Proletta, Powerman (cox), M. Budge. (Hull)



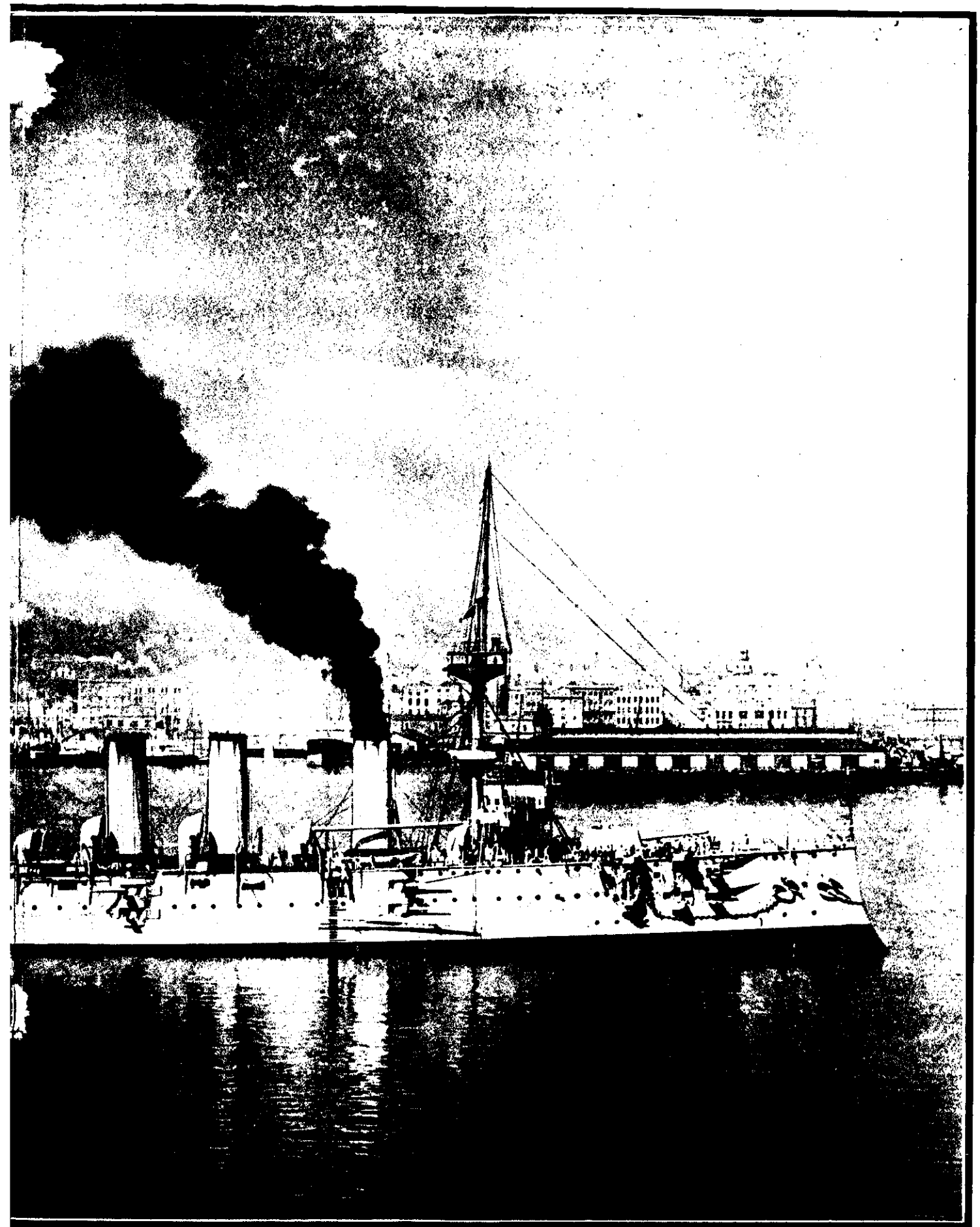
STOKERS CREW OF THE POWERFUL BEATEN BY THE CHALLENGER STOKERS.



41 Winkelmann, photo.

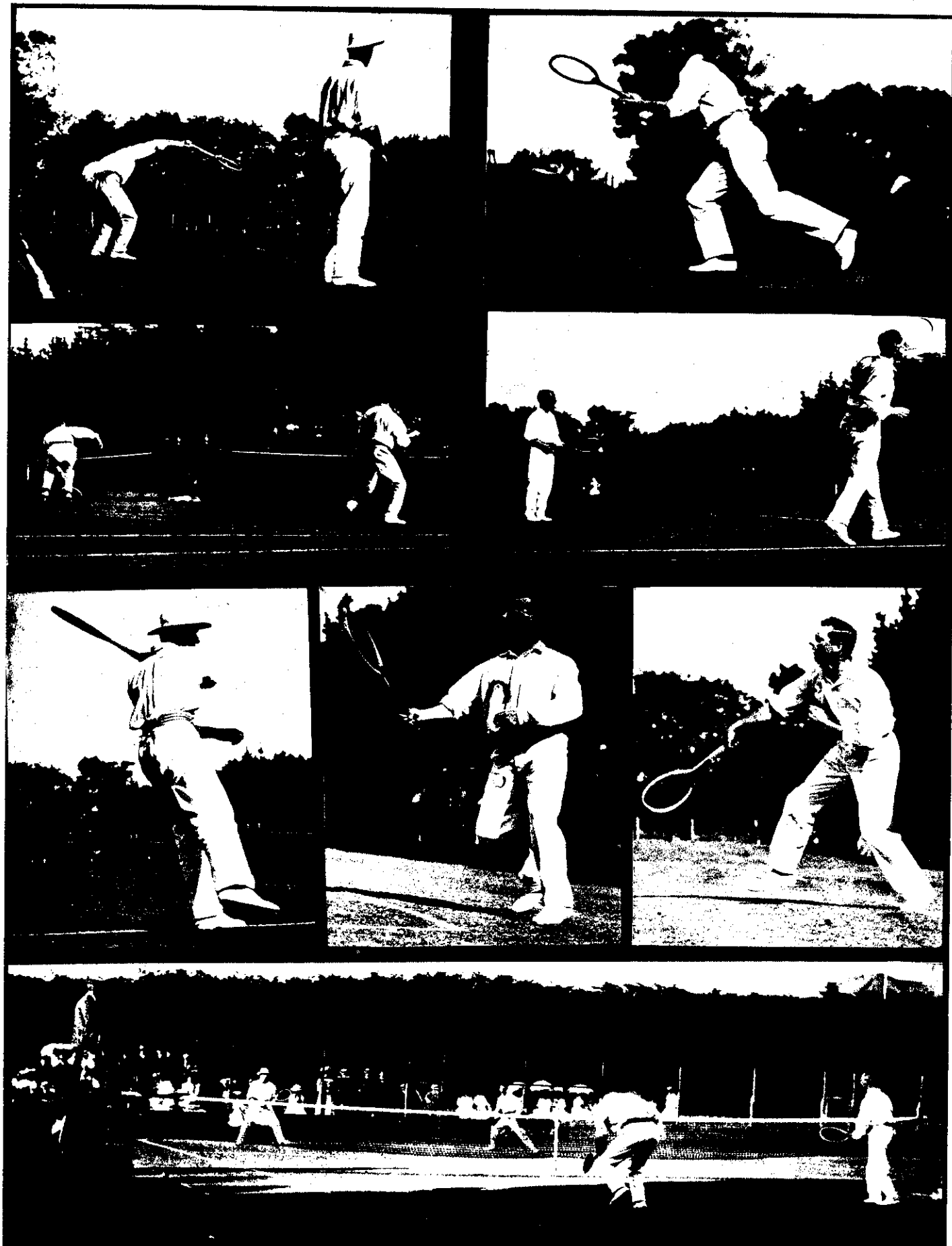
H.M.S. PORPOISE

FLAGSHIP OF THE AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON



POWERFUL

IRON, NOW IN NEW ZEALAND WATERS



SNAPSHOTS AT THE WILDING-PARKER EXHIBITION MATCHES, PLAYED IN AUCKLAND LAST WEEK.

1. Wilding and Grossmann: Grossmann taking a back hand volley. 2. Wilding running in to the net. 3. Fisher and Parker: Fisher chopping a ball short. 4. Parker and Fisher: Fisher volleying. 5. Wilding finishing a forehand drive. 6. Parker serving. 7. Wilding finishing a service. 8. The Doubles: Wilding (left) and Grossmann on the far side of the net, playing Fisher (left) and Parker.



THE PADDOCK, TAKAPENA BEACH.



NORTH HEAD END OF CHELTENHAM BEACH.



PUPU GATHERERS AT CHELTENHAM BEACH.



GENERAL VIEW OF CHELTENHAM BEACH.

BOXING DAY ON AUCKLAND'S SEA BEACHES.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.



ON SHORE AT THE GERMAN PLANTATION, MULIFANAU.

BEING STRAY NOTES OF FIVE YEARS OF TRAVEL

By WINIFRED H. LEYS AUCKLAND.

THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS. SAMOA IN 1899.

THE squabble between the two royal factions of Samoa had gone on for generations, but, in the months of May and June, 1899, things came to a climax. In May there was actual war—Malatua's troops pitched against those of Mutaafa, and the head knives were working some irreparable disaster. Then the Europeans stepped in and shelled the villages on the island

of Upolu, rending great holes in the Vailima house of Robert Louis Stevenson, and in the various hotels and stores of Apia, and doing a fair amount of damage in various ways, but to a certain extent quieting the natives. At one battle, several English naval officers and sailors met their death. For the time being, peace had departed from sunny Samoa, the interests of England,

Germany, and America appeared somewhat threatened.

Towards the end of June, the fighting was suppressed; but the Samoans were still in a very unsettled frame of mind. About this time, a commission was formed on the other side of the world by the three nations interested in Samoan affairs, and, after a conference at Washington, went down from America

to Apia, to enquire into the real reasons for the native discontent, and to devise a scheme for the future good government of the islands. Of the commission, the Hon. G. N. E. Elliott represented England, Baron von Sternberg, Germany, and Judge Tripp, America.

At this juncture, too, a new British Consul was appointed, and the New Zealand Government steamer Tutanekei, courteously tendered to the Imperial authorities by the Premier (Rt. Hon. R. J. Seddon, P.C.) was sent off to convey him to Apia, and also to deliver despatches and orders to the warships then stationed in Samoan waters. It was my good fortune to accompany this expedition, and I was thus enabled to see Samoa in a manner that does not fall to the lot of the ordinary tourist.

Our first glimpse of Apia, and for me at least, the first glimpse of tropical lands, quite upheld all we had heard of the charm of the islands of the Southern Pacific. Robert Louis Stevenson and Louis Becke have written so much of the calm, reef-bound bay, the row of slanting palms along the seashore, of the astounding density of the jungle, which covers the hills behind the town, of the clamour, and chatter of the shining brown fellows, who in cockle-shell katanuanas paddle round the ship, that I was familiar with the physical features of the place; but until I leant over the vessel's side, and breathed in that fragrant odour of tropical blossoms, and the less delicate smell of coconut oil, that is wafted across the sea to us, not till then did I understand how the senses can be overpowered by such things. For in Samoa nature is luxurious. Indeed, she seems almost extravagant in her gifts to these lonely islands.

There is the hot season and the cool season, but never a cold one. There is the rainy season and the dry season, but never a drought. The ogre that the islanders fear is the hurricane, which fortunately rarely visits them. When it does it sweeps all before it. In one village, the natives pointed out to me a house that had been lifted up by a tornado, and planted down several hundred feet away. To have one's home thus unceremoniously removed by no means the worst calamity that can befall, for when the hurricane has worked havoc among the coconut and banana plantations, the islanders suffer from a scarcity of food, and valuable trees may be destroyed or so severely wrenched that they do not recover for many years.

June and July are cool months for Samoa, but cool only in comparison with the moist heat that stews everyone at other times of the year. At all times the nights are unpleasantly muggy, and the voracious mosquito, with his irritating buzz, drives away what little sleep



A GRASSY LANE ON A COPRA PLANTATION.



THE IMITATION MAN-O-WAR MADE BY AMERICAN SAILORS IN APIA, JULY 14, 1899.



A COSY SAMOAN VILLAGE.



THE CATHOLIC MISSION CONVENT NEAR APIA.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

might otherwise be obtained. Sleeping on the ship, however, we suffered very little from these pests because the mosquito seldom ventures across the water.

Some weeks before the Tutanekai was chocked in Apia harbour, the Tripartite Commission had arrived in Samoa from America. The transport ship in which

meetings, so for the space of a week or more we steamed from one little village to another until every important village on Upolu, Savaii, Apolima and Manono had been visited.

During the four months previous to our arrival two English and one German warships had been stationed in Apia, where

may be shining brightly and the sky cloudless, there is no saying at what minute rain may commence. On the 3rd of July—none of us will ever forget the date—our party of the Tutanekai set out

as waterproofs being deemed superfluous. All went well until driving down one of those grass covered roads, so delightful but so treacherous; one of the ponies stumbled in a hidden hole, and calmly



THE LATE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S HOUSE, AND THE HILL ON WHICH HE LIES BURIED.

they had come from San Francisco was hardly suitable to these reef-bound islands, and on our arrival overtures were made to Captain Post to convey the Commissioners in the Tutanekai to the more distant villages. This, on behalf of the New Zealand Government the captain agreed to do, and the Commissioners most kindly invited us to remain on board and accompany them in their tour of peace

European residents are few and far between, so the advent of the Tutanekai, with some ladies on board, was a signal for rejoicing. Indeed, they one and all treated us royally, and before we left Apia on our cruise round the islands, several merry days were spent in picnics, afternoon teas, and tennis parties.

Of the climate of these tropical lands one should be wary. Though the sun

in the most rattling and shaky gigs that anyone ever shivered in, towards the Papanaloa waterfall, with the intention of picnicking there, and returning by way of Vaialima—once the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. When we started from Apia the sun was positively quivering in his strength, hence white clothes and sunshades were the natural covering provided against the elements, such things

set down. Hearing a shout from behind I turned round and saw my friends seated in their wrecked trap and gazing in disgust at the pony who, I am inclined to suspect, was well practiced in such performances, for he was sitting on his haunches contentedly nibbling at the grass that grew around him. At a glance

Continued on page 45.



VILLAGE GIRLS ON UPOLO AWAITING COMMISSIONERS.



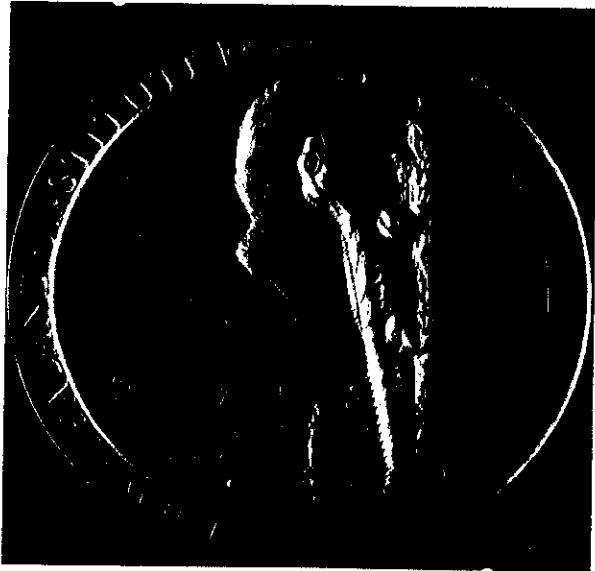
SAMOA BRAVES BRINGING PRESENTS TO THE COMMISSIONERS.



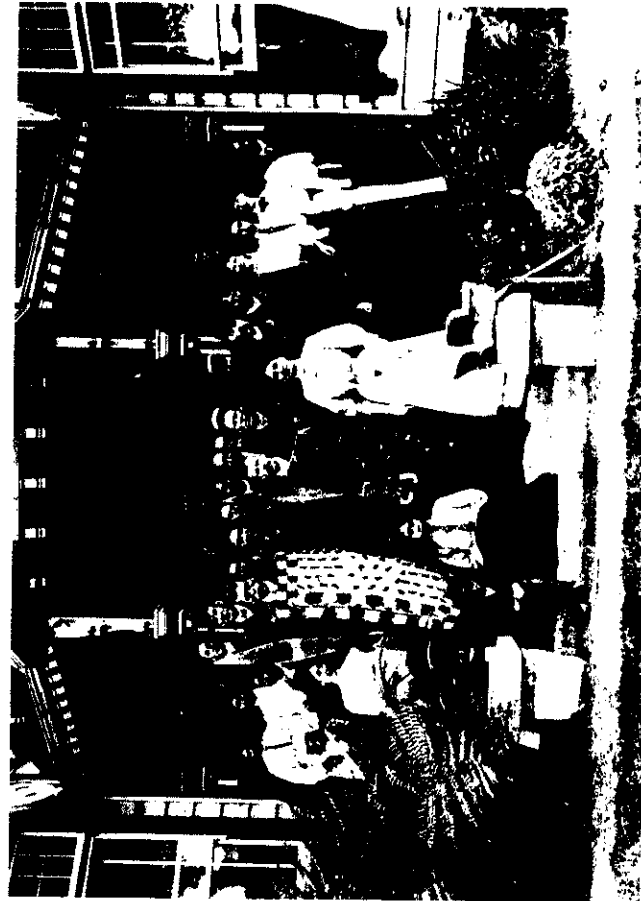
See Our Illustrations.

THE HUTTON MEMORIAL MEDAL.

Reverse and obverse of the medal struck in connection with the Canterbury Philosophical Institute's Research Fund as a memorial of the late Captain Hutton's work.



E. Denton, photo.
OPENING OF THE POLO SEASON, WANGANUI—THE WANGANUI TEAM.
Left to Right—Messrs. L. Strahan, McLeod, James, Higgie.



Watkinson, photo. **SCULLING CHAMPIONS ENTERTAINED AT PUTIKI PA, WANGANUI.**

Arrest and Wells were the honored guests of the Maoris. During the afternoon Wild Keepa, champion of the late Major Kempf presented the champion with a hat and a handsome greenstone tiki. In the shaded afternoon the Maori public, Wells for father to Mrs. Wells, they presented a pretty day's hand basket. Showcases were made to praise of the champion as the Maori maker embraced, the championship had simply gone from one brother to the other, and much gratification was felt that the honor still belonged to a New Zealander. Wild Keepa stands between Arrest on the left and Wells at the right. W. Fogwell, Arrest's father, stands behind Wells, wearing a straw hat.



MR. BEN MYERS AND HIS HORSE "BOWLER"

Who won the High Jump at the recent Tauranga Show, clearing 5ft. 5in.

Gage, photo.



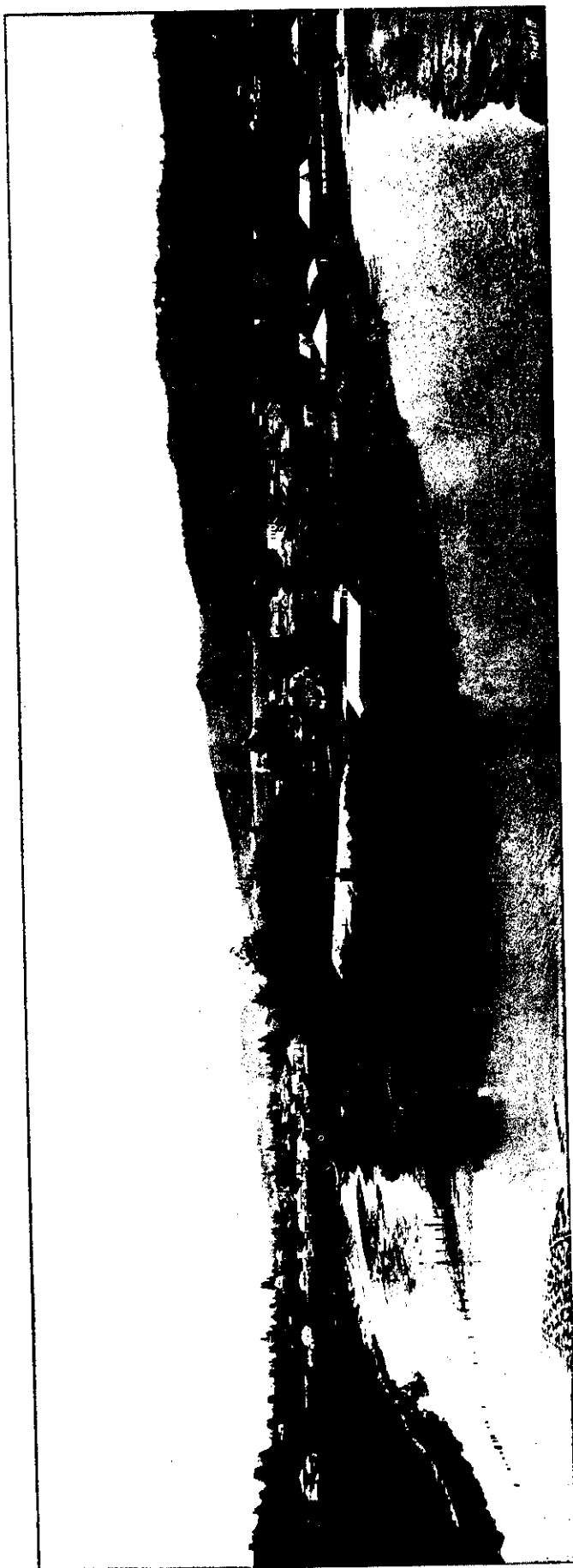
PUBLIC SCHOOLS TEAM, WHICH PLAYED AGAINST GRAMMAR SCHOOL SECOND ELEVEN.

- 1. Jeffrey Phillips, Remuera; 2. Harold Allison, Devonport; 3. John Brown, Remuera; 4. Leslie Taylor, Mt. Eden; 5. Victor Robinson, Normal (captain); 6. R. J. E. O'Shea, 12 and B; 7. Roderick McLaughlin, Mt. Eden; 8. Andrew Jackson, Grafton; 9. Harold Westhead, Ormrod; 10. Walter Howson, Mt. Eden (captain); 11. Russell James, Brossford; 12. Bertie Crawford, Normal; 13. —; 14. Alder Fisher, unaffiliated; 15. —; Van der Heyde (umpire).



GRAMMAR SCHOOL SECOND ELEVEN, 1908

- 1. W. Girardus, capt. (11); 2. N. R. W. Thomas; 3. J. B. O'Loughlin; 4. R. O. C. Marks; 5. F. S. Gardner; 6. R. G. Claw; 7. F. R. Wallace; 8. C. H. A. Soubard; 9. E. F. Pugh; 10. A. C. A. Foxton; 11. J. E. O'Shea; 12 and B; Mr. Fisher and Mr. Van der Heyde, umpires.



A PANORAMA OF WHANGAREI FROM THE HILL

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, Cress, and Turnip.

Plant Out.—Kumera, Celery, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Balsam, Salvia, Dahlias, Celosias, Phlox, Drummondii, Cockscombs, Portulaca, Petunias, Amaranthus, Zinnias.

✽ ✽

EDIBLE LILIES.

Japan last year exported edible Lily bulbs to the value of nearly £125,000. The species eaten are chiefly Liliun speciosum and its variety magnificum.

✽ ✽

NEW ASTER, NOVI BELGII CLIMAX.

This variety is a seedling raised at Aldenham House Gardens, England. And it flowered for the first time last year. It is a rather tall and erect grower, and produces very freely fine spikes of very large, beautiful, pale blue flowers. The plants come into full flower at about the middle of October in England, which is equivalent to April in New Zealand.



Aster, Novi Belgii Climax.

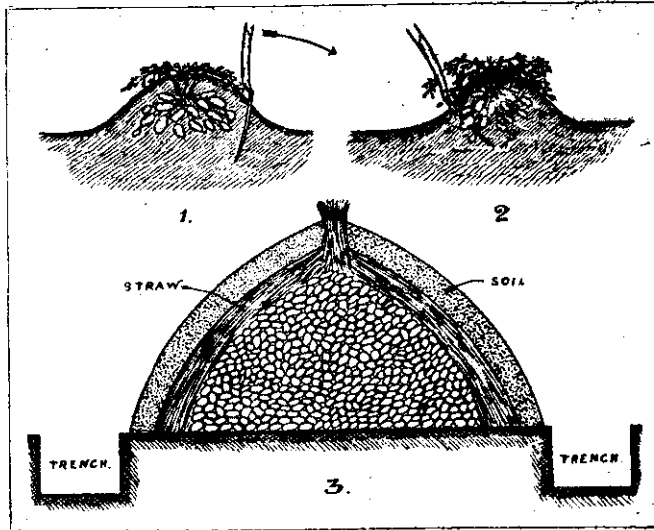
and the variety is very effective when planted at the back of a wide border or in the shrubberies. The flowers are much larger than any known to me of this type. The leaves also are very large.

✽ ✽

Mr. Fox, hon. secretary of the Wellington Rose and Carnation Club writes to make some corrections with regard to the photos sent by our Wellington representative at the recent show. Mrs. Hume was credited with the third prize for table decorations, but this honour was achieved by Mrs. James with 211 votes, Mrs. Hume gaining fourth place. A picture was given of a table of polyanthuses, and marked as staged by Mr. Fox alone, but Mr. Sims was a partner in the exhibit, which was not for competition. The clump rose was a splendid specimen of La France exhibited by Mrs. Olive Spielman.

LIFTING AND STORING POTATOES.

Potatoes should always be lifted when the ground is fairly dry, as the tubers turn up cleaner and keep better and longer than when it is wet, whilst if they are to be stored for eating purposes for any length of time the potatoes must be well matured and quite ripe. The ripeness of the tubers is indicated by the colour of the haulm. A green haulm indicates that the tubers have not reached maturity, but when the haulm and foliage wither and die down naturally, it can be safely taken for granted that the crop is ready for lifting, which should be proceeded with as soon afterwards as the weather allows, a five-tined fork being the best implement for this work. The fork must be inserted in the ground in an upright position a short distance



Lifting and Storing Potatoes.

from the root to be lifted (as shown in Fig. 1 of the annexed sketches), and not for storing.

in a slanting direction on the root (as Fig. 2), or many of the tubers will be pierced, when, of course, they are useless.

Potatoes for eating purposes must not be exposed to the light for any great length of time or they will be spoiled; therefore it is not advisable to lift more at one time than can be collected and stored the same day. The potatoes can be sored with safety in a frost-proof cellar or shed, where light can be excluded, but if the quantity is large, the best plan is to store them in a clamp in the open air. Ridge-shaped clamps are the most convenient, and should be from three to five feet wide across the base, and run from north to south.

Build the clamp on the surface of the ground and pile the tubers as high as they will conveniently stand (as shown in Fig. 3). The heap may be as long as necessary, and when complete the sides and ends should be covered with a layer of straw sufficiently bulky that when compressed it is not less than six inches thick. A layer of earth six inches thick must then be placed over the straw, the usual method of obtaining this covering being to excavate a trench round the clamp as shown, which also keeps the ground dry by allowing any water to drain into it. Chimneys or air shafts must be formed every three or four feet along the ridge of the clamp and the straw be pulled through the holes as shown, thus allowing any heated air that may be generated amongst the tubers to escape. Frost must, of course, be excluded from the clamp, and during

severe weather it may be necessary to add more covering and protection, whilst the ventilation holes must be closed. —
ORTUS.

GROWING VEGETABLES OR FLOWERS FOR THEIR FOLIAGE.

If one lacks either space, time, or strength for the cultivation of both vegetables and flowers, the vegetables may take the place of flowers with no loss of beauty.

Pumpkin, squash or citron vines will climb as readily as a so-called purely ornamental vine; their foliage is luxuriant and free from insects; their golden, trumpet-shaped flowers are beautiful; their fruits are strikingly ornamental and "mighty good" when served on the dining table.

There are new sorts of tomatoes and cucumbers, too, that are climbers and well worth growing. The pole beans, either Lima or string varieties, are as beautiful in every respect as the "flowering" sorts, and have the added virtue of furnishing delicious beans for the table. The bush beans are also fine plants for the mixed garden because of their beauty as well as their abundant bearing. A border of them along some bed of taller plants will well pay their way in both beans and beauty. As an experiment, I

many of the tall grasses, while both of them furnish "good things to eat" as well as beauty.

A thrifty, well-staked tomato plant is ornamental at any stage of its growth — indeed, it was originally known as the love-apple, and grown solely as an ornament. The small fruited sorts are, perhaps, most ornamental, and these may be had bearing either red or yellow fruits.

Plants of the Golden Nugget variety had hundreds of fruits on each plant last year, the tomatoes hanging in clusters of from twelve to twenty fruits each and looking like immense plums. The fact that they made delicious preserves, "figs," and pickles, took nothing from their wonderful beauty, which lasted until the plants were frozen.

Peppers, either the tiny cayenne or the immense sweet sorts, may be grown to perfection in a flower pot, and particularly thrive in a box. Both are ornamental in fact, if not in name.

If there is absolutely no ground space available, put up boxes against the fence or the side of the house, under the window, on the porch, or on the back of the roof, somewhere, anywhere — and grow a few things to eat.

✽ ✽

ROSES ON THEIR OWN ROOTS.

Many people think that roses and fruit trees will only give good results when they are grafted or budded, but in the case of roses I raise nearly all my own from cuttings, and the present is the best time to put them in. Well-ripened young wood should be selected, that which has borne flowers during the summer being preferable; take them off with a heel of the old wood, and cut them in lengths of about 9 inches, and insert quite six inches of it in the soil, and press firmly. A good number of them grow away in the spring, and give some very fine flowers during the following summer, but only the strong growing varieties do well in this way. The ramblers are the best as a rule; about 90 per cent of these strike with me. — Miss Miles.

✽ ✽

CARNATION WINSOR.

In the matter of colour, this variety may be regarded as intermediate between Enchantress and Mrs. T. W. Lawson, though there are a good many shades of difference between them. The blooms are of a pleasing shade of silvery pink, and quite equal in form to those of Mrs. T. W. Lawson. The substance, however, is good and the blooms deliciously scented. The calyx is strong and not liable to burst, so that growers may be tempted to take this in hand who dislike to have the trouble of tying up the calyx of such varieties.

The stem is only of moderate length, but can usually be obtained of sufficient length for most purposes for which it is employed in private establishments and for vases generally. It originated in America, and is quite new, and it is likely to hold its own in this particular shade of colour for some years to come.



Carnation, Winsor.

NOTES ON SWEET PEAS.

Pink. Since the advent of the original Countess Spencer, pink sweet peas of almost every imaginable shade or blending of shades have been offered to the public, and so marked has been the effect of the Spencer type that already no pink has any chance of recognition unless showing Spencer blood, and in a year or two this type will, we are confident, have so established itself, that no other will have any chance against it. Old-fashioned sorts, such as Katherine Tracey, Lovely, Janet Scott, etc., are now quite superseded. Some of the best of the new type are Princess Victoria, a variety which has received a large amount of publicity, and, we think, justifies, in great measure, the praise bestowed. It is a shade lighter in colour than the original Spencer, of slightly wavy form, flowers are large, and it has given general satisfaction. Sutton's Queen is another kind which has been boomed, and it is a fine pea, light pink on creamy ground. Enchantress, Paradise, and True Countess are very similar.

All are good, and any one of the three would answer for a collection. Florence Morse Spencer, Lady Pollock, and Beauty are only very slightly different in shading from those named. Mrs. Hardeastle Sykes is one of the very best in this class; the flowers are a very pleasing shade, large size, and have long, stout stems, with frequently four flowers. Unfortunately, this variety is a shy grower, and consequently scarce, but when the true variety is secured it is a beauty. One of the best pinks we have yet seen is Andrey Crier; it is bright, several shades deeper than any we have already named; leaves magnificent, bold flowers with erect standards; the flowers lose their brightness a little with age. Agnes Eckford is quite a distinct shade, very soft pink almost white; it is a splendid flowering pea, but in our opinion not a taking shade. Queen of Spain, on the other hand, is a very delicate shade of pink, of ivory clearness, a very dainty flower, and much admired; it is usually three-flowered, quite distinct in growth, and has red tendrils. Something quite new has appeared in a variety named Mrs. Henry Bell, a very vigorous grower, producing extra long, stiff stems, usually carrying four flowers. It is a delicate shade of apricot pink. If we may use such a description, and a promising flower; it is not yet in commerce, but we saw a few plants in Messrs. Yates' trial grounds which were very promising, and we think it may prove to be one of the best for the exhibition table owing to its splendid stems and flowers.

Passing from pinks, we can only say that King Edward and Queen Alexandra are without a rival in scarlets. These are magnificent peas, and will take some beating. We understand that our Yankee friends, who made such a boom last year with white Spencers, have developed a waxy scarlet, which is to be sent out, not as President Taft, but as King Edward Spencer; very considerate of our cousins; and we can only hope that the newcomer will be worthy the name. In orange and salmon shades the much-vaunted St. George has proved, so far, very disappointing; it is not a strong grower, the stems are rather weak, and the flowers blister badly in the sun. Evelyn Byatt has the same faults, and though Henry Eckford is completely spoiled in hot sun, yet, when out in the bud stage, and allowed to expand in water under shade, it is, in our opinion, the most beautiful flower of its class. Further trials, of course, may prove that St. George will do better when acclimated, but this we very much doubt. Lavender shades are very popular. Lady Grisel Hamilton has hitherto been regarded as the finest in this shade, but, as we anticipated in our last year's notes, Frank Dolby has now taken the lead. This pea is nearly the same shade as Lady Grisel, but the flowers are larger, the standard more erect, and generally gives four flowers on a stem, which are stout, and the vines are vigorous growers. There are two more claimants for notice which may yet come to the front, viz., Mrs. Charles Foster and Lady Cooper. Both are exquisite shades of lavender, with large flowers, but neither are yet quite fixed in character. Our English growers seem almost to despair of getting the former to produce flowering. Last year both varieties "spoiled" considerably, but this year, although Mrs. Foster has still that characteristic, it is not nearly so bad, while with us Lady Cooper has been almost quite true. Another year's trial may see this variety quite fixed.

There are now some very pretty marbled and striped varieties. Helen Pierce is, perhaps, held in most favour. Marbled Blue, Prince Olaf, and Unique are also good. Jessie Cuthbertson and America adprepsa fled, the has off Inll America are perhaps the best of the red on white grounds, but somehow these mixed colours never seem to command the same attention as others. It were easy to go on naming endless kinds we have tried, but lest the editor should jog our elbow we forbear for the present.

VERONICA.

THE MANURE HEAP.

It is to be regretted that with many gardeners and others so little attention is paid to the manure heap. It seems to be looked upon as being merely the refuse store until the Gun comes to put the manure on to the land. Little wonder it is practically useless for nourishing the ground, after having been left lying about in a loose state, exposed to the rain and sun, and so washing or evaporating the best out of it. The

operation of turning and mixing the manure heap is a simple one, and the extra expense and trouble are repaid over and over again, because of the advantages obtained.

The spreading of the well-rotted manure on the land is easier and more completely accomplished than when not properly prepared. This preparation of the manure heap in readiness to be transferred to the ground should be thought worthy of attention by every gardener. Well-rotted manure can be more easily handled and incorporated with the soil, and is more quickly assimilated than great lumps of strawy manure, which are difficult to dig in with a spade. What I have proved to be an excellent plan for increasing the quantity and quality of the manure heap is to gather up any old sods or turf, and cut them up small with a spade, and put a layer of this material occasionally between the manure. The drainings from stable or cow-house may also be thrown on the heap, but too much must not be used at a time, or all the goodness of the manure will be washed through to soil underneath.

ALBERT J. SHEPHERD.



LILIUM AURATUM PLATYPHYLLUM

From bulb imported from Japan by F. M. Barrt, of Auckland. Measurement across from edge of petal to edge of petal, 11 inches.

manure heap, if properly managed, is a valuable adjunct to cultivation, but if treated with absolute neglect it may become useless. What I suggest is that as the manure comes to hand, from what ever source, it should be stacked up in the same way as making a hayrick, with straight sides, therefore only exposing the top to the elements. The rain will soak into it, and help to rot it. Another advantage of this method is that the whole mass solidifies, so that evaporation is not so free as when the heap is in a loose state, the heating process is accentuated, and the whole stands a better chance of becoming what is required—namely, a rotten mass.

Every manure heap should be turned; that is, stirred over, two or three times before being applied to the ground, and this should be made a thorough job of, commencing at one end and going right along to the other end, and working right down to the bottom, each forkful that is taken up being well shaken to

ARE OLIVES FRUIT?

According to a paragraph in our contemporary, "Le Jardin," the Italian Government, some two years ago, under a law prohibiting the importation of vegetables, refused to allow a consignment of olives from Greece to enter the country. It required an action at law to decide that olives are fruits, and the Italian authorities were mulcted in 400,000 francs damages, as well as in costs, for having acted on the supposition that they were merely vegetables.

C. S. McDONALD & SON

Nurserymen and Florists, EPSOM.

Onehunnen frans pass the Nurseries every few minutes Telephone 842. Send for Catalogue

FOR UP-TO-DATE Lawn Mowers

Arthur Yates AND CO.,

Seed Merchants, AUCKLAND.

ALL PRICES, From 25s. to 105s.

Telephone No. 761. Established 1855.

D. HAY AND SON

Montpellier Nurseries, Auckland.

Respectfully solicit the attention of intending planters to their large, varied and most Complete Assortment of General Nursery Stock, consisting of Fruit trees, all the most Popular and up-to-date varieties for commercial and private orchards, Ornamental Trees and Flowering Shrubs, Shutter Trees, Hedge Plants, Climbers, Greenhouse and Decorative Plants, CARNATIONS, over 100 named varieties; ROSES, splendid collection of over 100 varieties, including latest and best novelties; Annual and Biennial Seedlings, etc. Ecklar Knapsack Spray Pumps, Secateurs, Budding and Pruning Knives, Vermorel and other Gardening Requisites. Write for Catalogues, post free on application.

DIANT 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 6/-; Cactus Dahlias, in great variety, a superb collection, 8/- 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 9d. per doz. Vegetable and Flower Seeds for present sowing at

MACKAY'S,

SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, 195 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

E. & W. HACKETT'S SPECIALITIES.

Cineraria—Large flowered, dwarf, compact fringe vars., 2/8 pkt. Calceolaria—Dalketh Park strain, 2/8 pkt. Mimulus—Giant Queen's Prize, 1/6 pkt. Pansy—Exhibition, fancy choicest mixed, 2/6 pkt. Gloxinia—New French, figured and spotted, 1/8 pkt. Begonia—Tuberous, "International Prize," double and single, 2/6 pkt. Hackett's Giant Cyclamens—1/- and 2/8 pkt. Polyanthus Primroses—"Royal London Parks," 1/- pkt.

Phlox Drummondii Grandiflora, Hackett's Special Strain, in 26 colours, 1/-, 2/6 and 5/- packet.

SEEDSMEN, NURSERYMEN, ETC., 73 Rundle-street, ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.

R. CHEESEMAN

NURSERYMAN, FLORIST AND SEED MERCHANT

Brighton North, Victoria, and Swanston Street, Melbourne.



H 8334.—Case with Silver-mounted Shoe Lift, Button Hook, Glove Hook and Glove Stretcher, 20/-

CHOICE GOODS FOR PRESENTS

OUR New Treasure House is now opened, filled with the very latest productions of Watches, Jewellery, Silversware, Leather Goods, Cutlery, etc., from the best manufacturers. Selection is practically unlimited owing to the great variety to choose from. The quality is of the best, and our system of selling for Cash only, combined with our enormous turn-over, enables us to sell at such marvellously low prices.

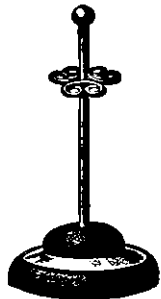
Deal Direct as we have no Agents or Canvassers.

STEWART DAWSON & CO. N.Z. LTD.

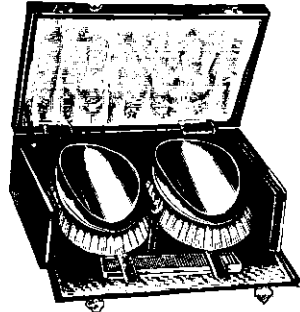
TREASURE HOUSE, AUCKLAND.



G 7508.—Case with Silver-backed Hair Brush and Comb, Best Bristles, 35/- Other designs, 25/-, 27/6, 32/6.



G 8183.—Silver-mounted Hat Pin Stand, 4 inches high, 5/-



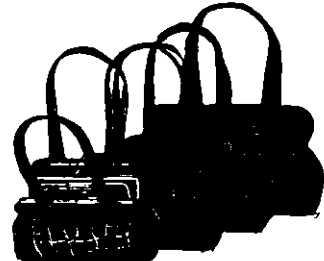
H 1573.—Case with 2 Gent's Silver-backed Brushes and Comb, Best Bristles, £4.



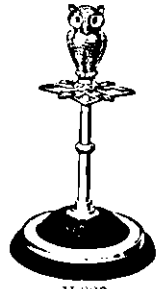
H 1611.—Solid Silver Inkstand
5 1/2 inches Diameter .. 37/6
4 inches Diameter .. 32/6



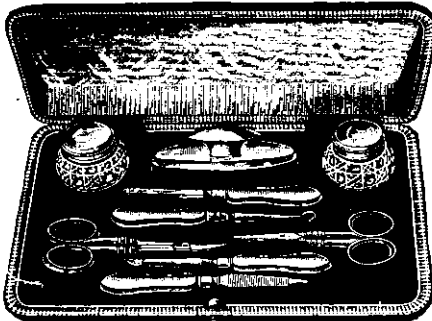
H 718.—Case with Silver-mounted Shoe Lift, Button and Glove Hooks. 8/6
Others at 7/6, 9/6, 11/6



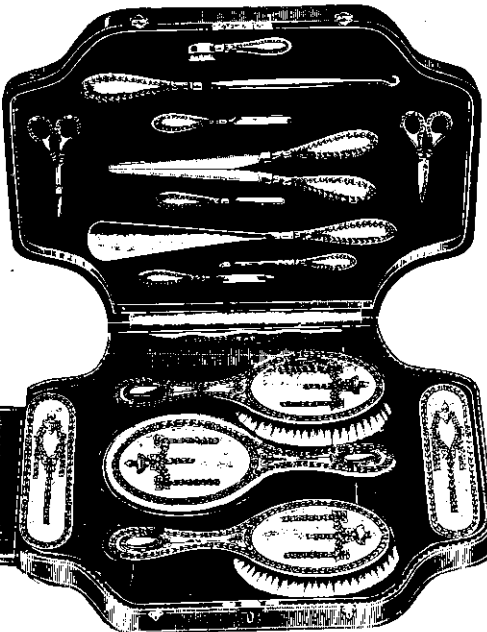
The Popular Peggy Bags, in all the Newest Leathers, at 10/6, 13/6, 21/-, 25/-, 30/- 32/6, 45/-



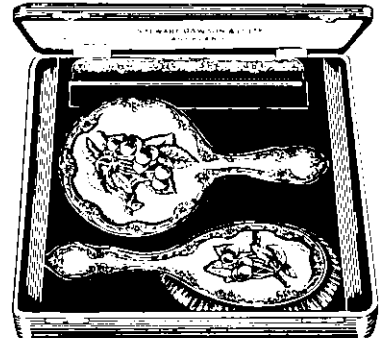
H 880.—Silver-mounted Hat Pin Stand, 5 1/2 inches high, 8/6.



G 5036.—Silver-mounted Manicure Set of 9 pieces, in Morocco Case, £3/10/- Larger Sets in cases at £5/10/-, £6/10/-



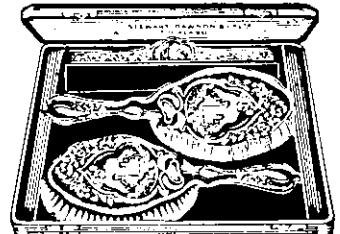
H 2082.—Handsome Silver-mounted Tailor Set, consisting of 2 Hair Brushes, Mirror, Comb, Hat Brush, Clothes Brush, Glove Stretcher, Button Hook, Shoe Lift, Nail Brush, Nail File, 2 Cut-throat Knives, Tweezers, and 2 Pairs of Scissors, complete in a Velvet Lined Case. £15/10/-



H 6748.—Case with Silver backed Hair Brush, Hand Mirror and Comb, Best Bristles, £5 10/-
Price of Pieces Singly,
Brush, 35/6; Mirror, 55/6; Comb, 9/6.



H 6796.—Case with Silver-backed Hair Brush, Hand Mirror and Comb, Best Bristles, £5.
Prices of Pieces Singly,
Brush, 27/6; Mirror, 47/6; Comb, 9/6



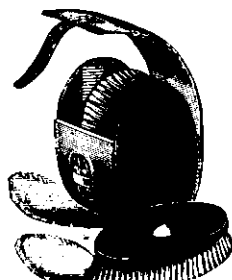
H 5278.—Case with 2 Silver-backed Hair Brushes and Combs, Best Bristles, £3.
Prices of Pieces Singly,
Brush, 18/6; Mirror, 40/6; Comb, 8/6.



H 8158.—Silver-mounted Back Comb, Real Horn, 5/6.
Others up to £2/10/-.



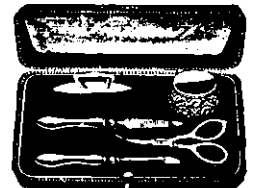
G 4623, G 4624.
4 1/2 inch, 13/6 4 inch, 9/6.
Silver-mounted Cut glass Scent Bottles.



G 2009.—Leather Case, with 2 Gent's Brushes, Ebony Bars, Silver Shield, Best Bristles, 21/-
An extra Special Set at 35/-



H 6511.—Silver Pin Cushion, 3 inches long, 11/6.
Other sizes, 6/6, 10/6.



G 7506.—Silver mounted Manicure Set, 5 pieces, in Morocco Case, 21/-
Others 25/-, 30/- upwards.



F 4233.—Cut glass Hair Pin Box, Silver Top, 3 1/2 inches long, 13/6.



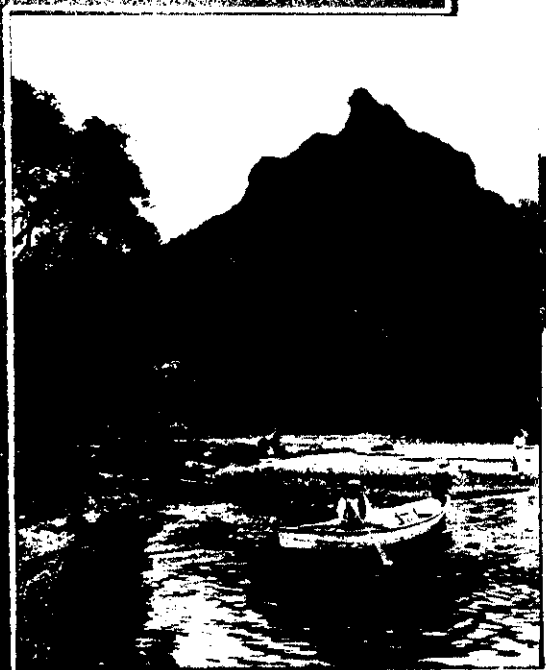
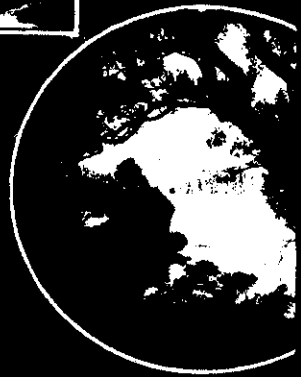
F 7183.—Solid Silver Pin Tray, 4 1/2 inches long, 11/6.



G 3146.—Crocodile Purse and Card Case, Silver Lock and Corners, 5 1/2 inches long, 13/6.

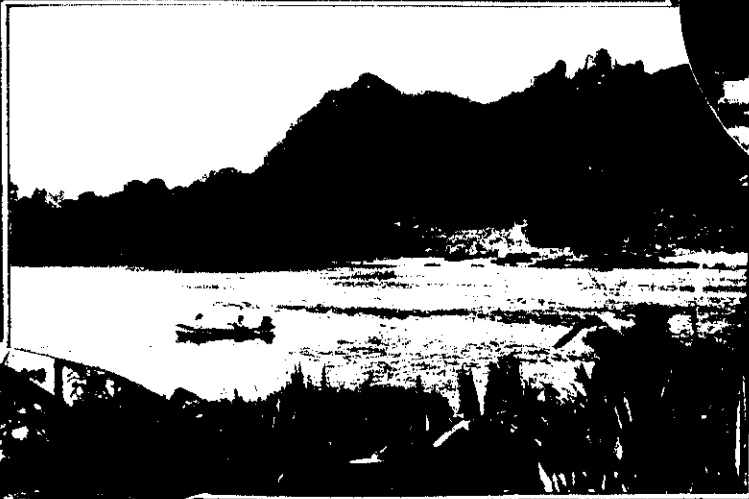


H 1507.—Cut-glass Hair Pin Box, Solid Silver Top, 7/6, 4 1/2 inches long.



PICTURESQUE
WHANGAREI.





F·G·RADCLIFFE
PHOTOS

Mr. Hall Caine.

POPULAR NOVELIST WRITES HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Hall Caine is one of the popular novelists of the day. It has happened to few writers to find so large and so faithful a public, or to have reason to be so satisfied with writing as a profession. In "My Story," his autobiography just published, the novelist says:

"So far as I am able to judge, taking the earnings of books and plays together, it is not improbable that as much money has come to me (though so little has remained as ever came to any one, not now living, who followed the profession of the pen."

But the good fortune did not come all at once.

"I had been paid a hundred pounds

for my first story as a serial, but when I came to publish the book, all I could get some £75 for the copyright out and out. For my second book I fared only a little better, and for my third, my first Manx story, "The Decemster," which contained the work of a laborious year, plus the Manx lore acquired during eighteen years of my youth, I received one hundred and fifty pounds in all."

Without question, Mr. Hall Caine's best work has had the Isle of Man for its setting, and it was in Manxland that he received his first childish impressions:

"I hold myself, however, more fortunate than some of my fellow-novelists (though beginning life with many obvious disadvantages, and under conditions so little likely to develop the literary faculty) in being brought up as a boy in a little self-centred community, where it was possible to see the human

drama very plain, because very close. We were forty or fifty thousand all told in the Isle of Man, and we were really as one big family, whereof nearly every member seemed to know something of nearly everybody else.

"Our isolation from the rest of the kingdom, our inevitable intermarriage, and the unity of our material interests, made our impulses, our passions, our beliefs, our superstitions an open book for any of us to read, and it must have been my own fault if, with so many opportunities of reading the human story in the impressionable days of childhood, I did not learn a little of it by heart.

"Our food was as simple as it could be, and nothing could have been more simply served. On Sundays we usually had two or three boiled sheep's heads, hot for dinner and cold for supper, and on other days of the week we generally had potatoes and herrings. The herrings were put on separate plates about the table, but the potatoes, which were always boiled in their jackets, were piled up in one great dish in the middle and we helped ourselves as we required."



THE LATE MR. HERBERT ARNOLD. See "Our Illustrations."



DAD AND HIS TROUBLESOME CHRISTMAS TWINS.

Puzzle: Find Dad.



BERGING THE QUESTION.

Leap Year (nearing the end)

Ineligible Rooster: "Now's yer time, Miss—yer won't have another chance for four years."



PHOTOGRAPHS OF MARK HAMBURG AND HIS BABY BY A NEW ZEALANDER.

These portraits secured by Mr. Gerard Jones, architect, of Auckland, who makes a hobby of artistic photography, greatly pleased the famous pianist.

IN LIVERPOOL.

Mr. Hall Caine's father lived in Liverpool, and in Liverpool he himself began to work, first as an architect's pupil and afterwards (with an interval of teaching in the Isle of Man) as a builder's assistant. He was interested in literature, met Madox Brown and Lee-

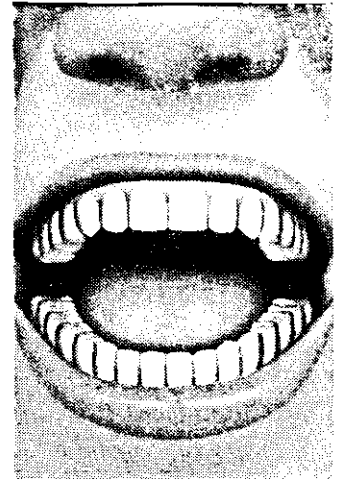
times very long, being six, eight, twelve, and even sixteen pages, constitute perhaps a larger body of writing than all his published compositions put together." Mr. Hall Caine published his recollections of Rossetti many years ago, but, perhaps naturally, a very great part of "My Story" is taken up with the story of the last pitiful days of the poet.

known, and the following anecdote of Carlyle is particularly amusing and characteristic:— "Finally (Rossetti talked) of Carlyle walking with William Allingham in the neighbourhood of Kensington Museum, and announcing his intention of writing a life of Michael Angelo, and then adding, by way of remonstrance against

two very contrary results, the first being that I lost for ever the friendship of Scott, who became for the remainder of his life my bitter enemy; and the second that I received a letter from John Lovell, the then editor of the "Mercury," saying, as far as I can remember: "I have for some time thought of asking you to join our staff as an outside contributor, and I should be glad to know how you would like some such arrangement as that we should pay you, say £100 a year, and that you should write



ETON COLLEGE STEEPLECHASE.—JUNIOR COMPETITORS FAIL TO CLEAR THE BROOK.




You do not clean plate with a blacking brush, but scrub your teeth with more than gold to you? Don't treat them worse than your boots then. Find out the really good cleansing medium and use it. Everything else has its special medium nowadays from bicycles to bath rooms. Oidol is the thing for the teeth. It does not scratch the enamel, injure the gums, nor interfere with the saliva glands. It won't hurt you to try it. Of all Chemists and Stores.

tured on Rossetti, and this lecture was the beginning of his well-known friendship with the painter poet. A correspondence was started between them:— "The correspondence went on without interruption for something more than a year, and during that time there was not, I suppose, a single day in which I did not either receive a letter from Rossetti or write to him. What my own letters were like I cannot any longer recall, nor is it necessary to remember, but Rossetti's letters, which were some-

Rossetti was not always depressed and grey: "I remember that as we dined, Rossetti, who seemed to be in the best of spirits, rattled off one or two of the rhymes, now called 'Limericks,' at the making of which nobody who ever attempted that form of amusement has been known to match him." **ROSSETTI STORIES.** On occasion Rossetti would tell his admirer stories of the great men he had

his companion's quickening interest: "But mind ye, I'll no say much about his art." "Among the few members of the devoted circle which had surrounded Rossetti was William Bell Scott, a poet and painter who had never achieved the fame which I thought was his due. To right this wrong it occur to me one day while we were at Birchington to publish an article in his honour, and for reasons I cannot recall I sent it uninvited to the "Liverpool Mercury." The article was published in due course, and it led to



Pearls, 95/-



Pearls and Sapphires, £5 5/-



Pearls, £5



Pearls, 95/-



Net. Gold, 20/6



Pearls, £6 10/-



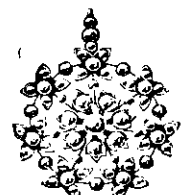
Pearls, 45/-



Turquoise and Pearl, 45/-



Pearl Drop, 50/-



Pearls, £10 10/-



Pearl and Diamonds, £14



Pearls and Diamonds, 20/-



Pearls, 38/-



Pearls, 90/-



Pearls and Diamonds, £14



Pearls, 66/-




Net. Gold, £3



Pearls, £8 10/-



Turquoise and Pearl, £4 10/-



Turquoise and Pearls, 29

By Special Appointment to His Excellency the Governor.

W. Littlejohn & Son

224-222 Lambton Quay,
WELLINGTON.

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



"ON MISCHIEF BENT."

Photographic Study by Ellerbeck, Auckland.

for us as much or as little as you please."

AMERICA.

Then followed years of struggle, the Marx novels and success. Mr. Hall Caine has, it is interesting to learn, a

whole-hearted admiration for America:

"I love America and the Americans. I love America because it is big, and because its bigness is constantly impressing the imagination and stimulating the heart. I love its people because they are free with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth, and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most industrious, earnest, active, and ingenious people on the earth, because they are the most moral, religious, and, above all, the most sober people in the world; because, in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial observers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing towards the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they can preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and natural manner, and a fine independence of sex."

And America returns the liking. Mr. Hall Caine one day jumped on a Broadway electric-car and spoke to the conductor.

"Will this car take me to Fifty-sixth street," I asked.

He did not answer, but looked me over from head to foot.

"Will it?" I repeated.

Instead of replying to my question he asked another:

"Are you Hall Caine?"

"Yes. Will it?" I asked.

Again he did not reply, but smiling from ear to ear, and holding out a grimy hand, he said:

"Shake!"

Bill-sticking on Liner's Bows.

A party of ingenious bill-posters, who were in the act of posting an enormous playbill on the bows of the liner Mauretania shortly before her departure from New York to England on a recent voyage, were discovered and driven away by the crew, who were drawn to the side to rescue a man who had fallen overboard.

SHEER SENSE.

"Sometimes," said the press humorist, "I think my jokes are rotten. I suppose that's my modesty."

"No," explained a friend, "that's your common sense."

Cut-throats at Peace.

Strange scenes are to be witnessed in Salonika on account of the new Constitution granted to Turkey by the Sultan.

The most motley and picturesque assembly of mortals ever seen together fill the streets, and are indulging in all sorts of extravagant antics expressing enthusiasm (says a correspondent).

These wild men, who have for years been cutting each other's throats and shooting each other down, are embracing in the streets and avowing eternal friendship.

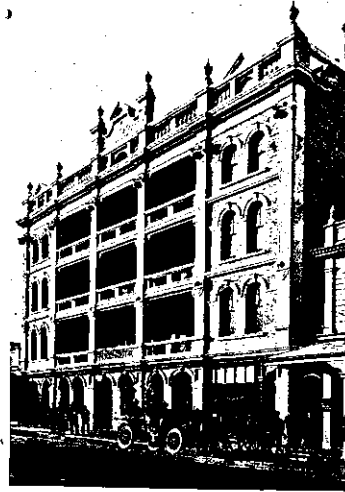
They have suddenly ceased from pillaging and murdering the rival nationalities,

and they are being heartily welcomed on their arrival from their fastnesses in the interior by the Young Turk party who have forced the reforms on the Sultan.

The noisy jubilating crowds are made up of Greeks from Greece, Cretan Greeks, Greeks from Epirus, Macedonian Greeks, Bulgars, Serbs, and Kutzowahiches, and they wear their varied picturesque national costumes, and carry elaborately decorated guns, pistols, swords, and daggers.

Many of them appear to be veritable savages, with masses of unkempt hair almost covering their features. They gather in the market-square speaking all kinds of languages, but the speeches made by their leaders agree in declaring that their years of warfare are now ended, that their fighting must stop, and that all must work together for the common good.

Grand Hotel, Hastings



THIS Hotel

is replete with every modern hygienic convenience; and furnished throughout in the best style. Absolutely fire-proof. Private sitting rooms on every floor. Hot and cold water baths. Commercial and sample rooms. Night and day porter in attendance. Cable: "Grand," Hastings. Telephone 114

George B. Mackay, Proprietor.

If you are thirsty try a glass of **"Montserrat"** LIME JUICE.

"MONTSERRAT" Lime Juice

Is made from cultivated limes, and is always fresh and pleasant to the taste. Mixed with plain or aerated water, it makes a cooling, refreshing healthful drink.

MAD IN TWO KINDS - Unsweetened, i.e., Plain Lime Juice. Sweetened—i.e., Lime Juice Cordial.



"CLIFTON"

RESIDENTIAL BOARDING HOUSE.

Phone 2560.

Telegraphic Address: "Clifton."

Mount Eden, AUCKLAND.

Miss F. B. WRIGHT

A. L. C. M.,

Cert. Trinity College, London.

Pianoforte Pupils Prepared for Examination

Te Puroa, Market Road, REMUERA.



News, Notes and Notions.

Considerable comfort should be derived by certain circles from the discoveries made in ancient Egyptian cemeteries by Professor Minders Petrie. Ailments to which modern flesh is prone, and which are declared to be the result of latter-day luxury and excess, are now found to have been suffered in ancient Egypt; fashionable follies of society women which earn thunderings from pulpit and platform are now shown to be no new thing, but to have been the foibles of the smart set whose homes were on the banks of the Nile. In the course of his excavations Professor Petrie has discovered a case of gout, a case of appendicitis, and pet dogs adorned with ivory bracelets and showing by their teeth that they had led sadly pampered lives. From the strictly ethical point of view there is no answer to the charge of wickedly wasting money on pet dogs in the fact that the thing was a hobby in ancient Egypt; nor should the gouty person, accused of indulgent living, find virtue in the retort that the pangs of gout were known when Pharaoh held sway. But ethics are beside the point in a case of this kind. Half the sting in the denunciations of modern failings lies in the emphasis that is laid on the word modern. The feeling is gaining ground that there never was so extravagant and idle an age among the wealthy as this; and hence the memory of those bejewelled and overfed dogs in the ancient Egyptian cemetery becomes a thought both grateful and comforting.

The recent wedding of the German Prince August Wilhelm to the Princess Alexandra of Schleswig-Holstein brought into public notice a quaint custom which has survived in spite of the modernist tendency. The last act of the Prussian Court ceremony is that of presenting the guests at the Royal wedding with a small souvenir of the event, which consists of a "gas strumpfband" (the garter), a small strip of silk ribbon or velvet, upon which is embroidered a coronet, the monogram of the bride and bridegroom, and the date of the Royal marriage. This is, according to the well-known writer, Dr. von Wilke, a remnant of an old custom, which has gradually declined into the above formality. As a parting gift, the young bride presented her father with her garter, or divided it into pieces, and presented it to her male relatives, who, attaching it to their swords, returned to the festival hall, where it was taken as a sign that the day's festivities were at an end. A complete collection of such garters, belonging to all the Prussian princesses whose marriages have taken place in Berlin, is in the possession of the Privy Council.

The youngest newspaper in London is also the oldest. The "London Gazette," after an existence of close upon two centuries and a half, last month only was registered as a real newspaper on its 22,185th issue. "The Gazette" came in with the great plague of 1665, and for that reason was first published in Oxford. The modern newspaper rots it of much of its importance, for the big appointments have all been announced in the Press before they make their full dress appearance in its official pages. To the death of Queen Victoria, an event which profoundly moved the whole world, the paper devoted only thirteen lines. Of the coronation of King Edward it gave no account whatever. The "Gazette's" leisurely way of imparting the news was amusingly shown during the South African war, when it went on calmly publishing week after week, long accounts of Lord Kitchener's drives more than a year after they had taken place. Once the "Gazette" did have a real "scoop." That was the time of the Crimean war, when it was the first to publish an important item of war news the result of the battle of the Alma. The "Gazette" is the only news journal to which Cabinet Ministers are frequent contributors, and to which the reigning sovereign now and then sends paragraphs authorised with his own initials. It is probably the only paper which retains the original copy to authors with the proofs. This is done in the case of the Sovereign and Cabinet Ministers.

There was a hotel congress in Rome last month, attended by about 2,000 managers and proprietors. The great tipping question was discussed at the final sitting of the congress. M. Hoyer, of Cologne, president of the International Association of Hotelkeepers, presented a formal report upon the problem. M. Hoyer began with a review of the numerous futile attempts made in Germany to stamp out the tipping habit. "The difficulty arises," he said, "from the fact that travellers are unwilling to renounce their right of rewarding servants when they find the services good. Besides, the associations of hotel employees in Germany have always energetically demanded the maintenance of the custom. The tip is one of those time-honoured customs which have taken hold of public life. It cannot be eliminated. Let us try, therefore, to regulate it. When travellers desired it, M. Hoyer suggested, hotel-keepers might undertake the distribution of tips, which should be charged for in the bill at the rate of 15 per cent on amounts of 20f. (18s. 8d.), and of 10 per cent on larger sums. The congress warmly applauded these suggestions, and adopted them practically unanimously.

Bachelors are on the increase in relation to the population. In the United Kingdom, the proportion of bachelors over twenty to other men increased 2 per cent between 1891 and 1901. And some of those who are anxious about the national finances takes this increase as another reason why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should come down upon these unprofitable and luxurious beings. They point out that financially a bachelor bears less than his proper share of the burden of the State. While a bachelor and married man pay income-tax at the same rate, the bachelor pays less than his share of the burden of indirect taxation. For tea and coffee, and wines and spirits for example, every married man pays at least two people's taxes, while the bachelor pays only his own. This is the injustice which is suggested should be remedied by a tax on a bachelor, as such. Bachelorism is to become a dutiable luxury, like tea or alcohol. If you want it, you must pay the State for it. That is the grand principle. And as soon as you state it, you seem to hear people giggling. But they should be warned. There is a precedent for taxing bachelors, it is said. In William III's reign, every bachelor over twenty-five had to pay a tax varying from 1s. to £12 10s., according to his income. Not much more than a hundred years ago Pitt taxed bachelors' servants at a higher rate than other folks'. When he designed a graduated income-tax the bachelors were to fare worse than married men.

Colchester has a curious annual feast of oysters, which took place in October this year. There were 500 guests, including Lord Carrington, the Sultan of Zanzibar, the Chinese Ambassador, and a Bishop. Twenty fishermen began in the morning to open the oysters for the feast, and more than 500 dozen were ready, arranged on plates, when the guests arrived. In the course of the feast more than 10,000 oysters were consumed—the greatest number swallowed by one guest being fifty-three. The record for the feast is held by a clergyman, who ate more than eight dozen oysters at a sitting. The annual cost of the feast, which is about £500, has to be borne by the mayor out of his private pocket.

"Laugh and grow fat," is a cheerful motto, but it is taboo in the London Fire Brigade. Two of the firemen, who have been aspiring for promotion, have been refused, on the ground that they are too corpulent. They had been weighed in the balance, as it were, and found excessive. Naturally, this decision has given the gravest alarm to all the members of the brigade, for it means that in future merit and length of service are not to be awarded unless they are accompanied by a slim figure. Some men are born fat; others have fatness thrust upon them. Nothing they can do short of starvation, which is horrible to contemplate, or vegetarianism,

which is even worse, can prevent the widening of their girth. If Nature has decreed that they shall expand. It is a preposterous injustice to say that because one man is a bit more generous to his tailor than his fellow he is, therefore, unfit to have command. We like fat men. They are a deserving class. They are warm and comfortable, and good humoured, and they lend money. Half the London firemen, it is said, are immediately affected by the County Council's absurd edict. They have put the tape round their middles and found to their dismay that, according to the new rule, they are not eligible for advancement. It would be paying the County Council back in their own coin if all the broad men in the brigade were to declare a strike the next night a serious outbreak occurs. Then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance.

The Americans have been quick to seize upon the commercial potentialities of the aeroplane. A contract for a dirigible balloon, to cost £1420, was given last month to Captain Thomas Baldwin, the inventor and builder of the dirigible balloon recently sold to the United States Government, marks the first step anywhere to establish an aerial transport service available for passengers and freight, while the line, as now projected, will eventually be extended from Boston through South Framingham, Worcester, Brookfield, Springfield, and other points to New York and to Albany. At present it is planned to build one dirigible to operate between Boston and a station in South Framingham, additional dirigibles at stations to be erected later on the route to New York. The first dirigible is expected to be ready for the opening of the line in May next. The cost of the first stretch, including the dirigible and shelters, will be about £4000. The dirigible will be patterned after that furnished to the Army Department, but with a different framework, and seating two or more passengers, and it will be capable of carrying 550lbs. of freight. Unhappily the American papers treat the proposals as a joke at present.

"The German industrial worker is a happy man when compared with his English comrade," says Dr. Albert Sudekum, a member of the Reichstag, who was recently in London, studying political and municipal institutions. "The secret of his comparative happiness is that he is thrifty and fond of home life. Above all, his wife is, as a rule, a model housekeeper. It is, I believe, generally admitted that women of the humbler classes are better educated in the matters of the household in Germany than they are in England. In our system of education, domestic economy, as you know, is now a compulsory subject, and this has yielded admirable results. With the little means at her disposal the German housewife can keep her home in a manner which English women would deem impossible."

Why do men, women, and even children kill themselves? asks the author of "Power and Health through Progressive Exercise." "Suggestion," say the wise psychologists. But "suggestion" is a vague term—what is meant by it? To normal beings all kinds of acts suggest themselves; but the suggestion that is acted on is always the strongest of all the suggestions in the mind at the time. Thus, any man may, when despondent, have a suggestion of suicide; other suggestions, however, such as fear of death, desire to avoid pain, realisation of the wickedness of the act, and feelings of shame, pride, vanity, and hope, will, if he be normal, successfully inhibit the suicidal suggestion. Moreover, hardly any one is so miserable as to be bereft of all means of enjoyment, and any remaining comfort, though small, operates against self-murder. Whether every suicide is insane at the time he commits the act is a moot question. Certainly none is well balanced. Hence we must deal with suicide as a manifestation of abnormality at least. Before any action can take place there must be the action in idea, and ideas are of all grades and strength. Ideas originally weak become strong in the same way that weak muscles become strong—by constant employment. A particular idea being connected with a particular part of the brain, that idea, whenever present, will draw blood to the special convolution that governs it, and thus will continually gain strength. Now, it sometimes happens that the idea is indulged in so con-

stantly as to become an obsession; in which case nearly all the cerebral blood being, as it were, monopolised almost continually by certain convolutions, those will not only develop greatly, but at the expense of other convolutions; in other words, the constant harbouring of any one idea sets up a progressive unbalance of functioning, and pronounced unbalance is insanity. The act of suicide is a sign of degeneracy and unbalance, for when the idea of death overbears all the alternative ideas which in a normal condition are much the stronger the fact is proof positive that the alternative ideas have degenerated. He has a narrow conception of the value of life who can throw it away for any reason whatever. The best preventive of suicide is broad mental and thorough physical culture. Depend for contentment not too much upon others; or, at least, have various external interests and some resources of enjoyment depending wholly on yourself. Absorption on any one thing is a potent cause of mental derangement and suicide, owing to the variety and uncertainty of possession of things temporal. Variety is not only the spice of life, it is a necessity of sane existence.

SCIENTIFIC WASHING!


Washing is a science—there is no doubt about that. The clever woman who has her lines hung with bitowy clothing, and dries the same, may indeed be called clever. The great secret of washing is to make the clothes the whitest, without injuring the fabric. To get this effect, some use borax, some "Auda," some borax—but the clever woman uses SATON. No one who has ever yet used SATON will countenance any other preparation. Try it at once and you will have secured a lasting friend.

Headache, Indigestion, Constipation and Biliousness.

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 the system and blocking the channels that lead to and from them. The beneficial effects of Proctoids are evident by the disappearance of headache, a bright, cheery sense of perfect health taking the place of sluggish, depressed feelings, by the liver acting properly, and by the food being properly digested. Proctoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

Proctoids act splendidly on the liver; a dose taken at bed-time, once a week, is highly beneficial. 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. Price 1/6. Chemists, Medicine Vendors, or the Proprietor, W. O. HOARNS, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK



Important Notice.
Attention is drawn to the fact that Horlick's Malted Milk has been analysed by the Board of Health and admitted as of duty. Chemists, etc. are therefore safe in selling Horlick's and parents are guaranteed a suitable food for children from birth, which contains No Starch. Of all Chemists and Wholesale and Retail Stores. Sole Importers: Messrs. J. H. & Co., Sydney, N.S.W. Horlick's Malted Milk Co., 51, 53, Uxbridge, Eng.

The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE)

Seaside Fashions for Children.

TUSSORE HATS TRIMMED WITH PUGGAREES.

In the month of January the seaside belongs by letters patent to the school-boy and schoolgirl revelling in a tem-

in battle array for an invasion of the rock pools, not to speak of spades and buckets to dig trenches and rear castles on the golden-ribbed sand, make their appearance with much fuss and clatter as the month advances.

Suitable dress for the children's month is always something of a problem, and

favorites. The front panel is punctuated down each side with large buttons, while a green leather belt, a green tie, and a wide lawn collar edged with a gaufrered frill of lace or lawn and sewn with French knots, completes the effect.

Striped duster linens are almost as high in repute for the children as they are for their elders, and the wisdom which dictates that the sleeves shall be made short instead of trusting to the specious promises of the little people that they will "turn them up," is shown in the case of the wader with the bucket and spade, who appears to mean business such as is likely to involve a great deal of splashing from elbow to wrist. The dress in question is made in the sailor shape, and is simply slipped on over a

with a frock of striped zephyr strapped with white linen, the hat in question giving ample protection from the sun and obviating the fear of sun-headache, which is one of the common complaints of children during July.

On Sunday morning, however, all nurserydom turns out en fete, and the esplanade becomes the Longchamp or Hyde Park of the diminutive elegantes. White frocks are almost invariable, and the most charming effect is gained by little coloured linen coats very smartly made and trimmed with white soutache, which are worn over the little "buffy" white dresses. The effect is still more accentuated by the quaint cottage bonnets with which Leech has made us so familiar, and which are trimmed with a little



SIMPLE SEASIDE WEAR FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

porary emancipation from Latin verbs and compound fractions. December, is, however, the babies' season, and an army of small fry from nursery regions, with their white-capped attendants in tow, and a flotilla of toy boats marshalled

mothers are inclined to vote solid this summer for shanting as one of the leading materials, a plain, natural-coloured shanting made in the pleated form which is shown on the right of the illustrations on this page being one of the

little striped and woven bathing dress, fitting to the figure, and which forms a species of vest, where the collar opens in the front - an expedient which in not a few cases is adopted for the first thing in the morning before the daily dip, and which saves the double dressing and undressing, the necessary dry garments being carried to the bathing machine in a bag.

The wide, shady Tussore hat simply draped with a puggaree of spotted muslin is one of the favourite forms of head-gear for small people this summer, being ideally light and cool, and proving a serious rival to the popular sun-bonnet. The little lady on the extreme left of the page wears a hat of this description,

clump of apple, pear, double cherry, or peach blossom on each side.

The favourite material for garden party frocks will, I suppose, always be muslin of one kind or another, but the word is elastic, and it can wear many faces. A simple white muslin, with a blue ribbon, is no longer the inexpensive resource of the pretty, penniless maiden, but rather the luxury of the millionaire's only daughter. Our sketch, made at Panem's, shows a charming creation in white muslin, painted with dainty sprigs of flowers. The fichu and sleeves are in pineapple and white muslin arranged in



A PRETTY MODEL OF WHITE CRINOLINE, Trimmed with red roses and honesty, and loops of willow-green ribbon.



REDFERN

IMPERIAL

Whalebone Corsets.

A very beautiful model, made of white figured Broche.

For Short, Full Figures

Long below the Waist and short above.

Sold Everywhere

alternate folds, and the skirt, though clinging in front and quite plain over the hips, has a fulness behind which is

taffetas. They are quite short in the skirt, and slightly gathered into a high waistband. Some dressmakers have had

ing of black silk and applique as medallions on the ends of sashes, or on net guimpes or round the flat bands of taffetas at the foot of the skirts, a favourite style just now for trimming short garments.

with a yellow ribbon in a bow at one side. The linen of amber hue is made quite plainly, belted with black patent leather, and crowned with a hat of straw to match, with a trimming of jet beads and two black quills.



DINNER BLOUSE.

This is a dainty model for tucked net or crepe-de-chine, and bands of filet embroidery, with touches of gold or silver thread. This design might also be carried out in black chiffon, with bands of black filet insertion and silver thread, and a high belt of silver tissue.

very graceful. Other pretty little summer gowns are being made in simple printed cottons, trimmed with black

the happy thought to cut out printed flowers from odd bits of these materials; these edge round with a tiny pip-



DRESS OF SOFTEST CREAM CASHMERE

Caught at the side with a dull gold buckle, and falling into a sash edged with a dull gold fringe, which is repeated on the sleeves; yoke of cream lace; rustic straw hat with tea roses, and cream silk ribbon caught at the side.

Sunday frocks may well be made of white cotton voile, decorated more or less according to the "person and the purse," while the embroidered muslin dress mounted over chiffon, lined with soft satin, is the easy privilege under a dozen attractive aspects of the wealthy.

Yellows in a lemon shade, and of a deep amber hue, enjoy considerable popularity at the moment. A good example of the former is decked round the hem and on the bodice, which bears a small V-shaped vest of tucked white muslin, with large round spots embroidered in white satin stitch; and this is worn with a frilled black net hat tied

A good example is set by those who use

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder

Evidently they understand the hygienic importance of brushing their teeth regularly. Obviously, too, they are well satisfied with the result of using this pleasant antiseptic dentifrice. Of Chemists and Stores throughout Australia. Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, Eng.



TRAVELING COAT

Of navy blue serge with tweed part in blue and green; blue straw hat with green velvet ribbon.

P.D

CORSETS

being modelled on the finest and sanest principles, enhance the natural grace and balance of the figure, and show those graces perfected. No ordinary strain or wear can destroy the characteristic faultless lines of the P.D.

Books and Bookmen

The House of the Crickets: Katharine Tynan. (London: George Bell and Sons.)

Though indubitably pathetic in parts, this story is the most eminently readable we have reviewed for many a day. That fatherhood should entitle any man of the calibre of the "Patrick Moore" of this book to hold a whole grown-up family in thrall is monstrous and unthinkable, and were we not acquainted with the fact that Patrick Moore has more than one living prototype, we should doubt that such a state of things could exist in this twentieth century. The scene of the story is laid in Dunveagh, Ireland, where Patrick Moore, a small tenant farmer, lived with his wife and his four grown-up children. Mean and sordid, both in person and mind, Patrick Moore's ingenuity was constantly being taxed in order to invent fresh cruelties to inflict on his unoffending family, including his wife, who had gradually become a confirmed invalid, partly from lack of attention to her bodily complaints, and partly through insufficient nourishment both of body and soul. At the time this story opens, Hannah Moore, the book's heroine, is about to be taken in hand by the nuns of the Convent of Dunveagh, she being the possessor of a beautiful voice. But Hannah is loth to leave her brother Michael, to whom she is all in all, for strange to say, these unloved children of loveless parents were strongly attached to one another. "Shamus," another brother, who had in him the makings of a poet, had taken to drink, in order to drown his misery, and "Julia," who was the beauty, and the most spirited of the family, had betrothed herself to a villainous old money-lender, in order to obtain the wherewithal to purchase the delicate food and the fine raiment her soul so delighted in. Of the innumerable cruelties and indignities inflicted upon his family by Patrick Moore, space will not allow us to more than chronicle the fact that they were of hourly and daily occurrence. But just when things looked most hopeless, love came along, and the story ends with Mrs. Moore and Shamus dead of maladies that could not be healed, and Michael, Hannah and Julia happily married, and Patrick Moore living as he ought always to have lived—alone. This book, which ran serially through the "Times" weekly edition, contains more than one example of splendid characterization. The virtuous, the selfless, and the superstitious side of the Irish character are faithfully and naturally depicted, and as we close the book we feel grateful to its author for a book which—though sad enough in all conscience—is as wholesome and as uplifting a book as any we have ever read of Irish life and character.

Joan of Garloch: Albert Kinross. (London: Macmillan and Co., St. Martin's-street.)

A capitally-written book, in which a most uncommon love story marches hand in hand with adventures of an English war correspondent, who had been sent out to the Baltic provinces by his editor to watch the course of the revolution of 1905. The book, while somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Anthony Hope's earlier style, has distinct merits of its own. Russia, we venture to think, would hardly be a safe place for Mr. Kinross to venture in either as a newspaper correspondent or a lover in search of his mistress. That Grand Dukes and high officials, with an eye to personal safety or popularity, or to greater opulence, "would race with the hare and run with the hounds" to the extent Mr. Kinross's Grand Duke and high officials did, borders on the incredulous.

And yet it is not the first time this has been alleged. Intemperate strife is at all times a horror and a blot on the fair fame of any country. But intemperate strife deliberately brought about by the rulers of a country in order to swell their bank accounts is unnatural and inconceivable. Either Mr. Kinross is a very well-informed man on Russian bureaucratic procedure, or he is a great romantic of whom we hope to hear more. But however sceptical we may be as to the veracity of Mr. Kinross's account of bureaucratic procedure, we cannot deny

the fascination of a book that has riveted our attention from cover to cover, and further stimulated our interest in the affairs of that most unhappy country. Our copy of this ingeniously conceived and highly adventurous story has been received from its publishers, Macmillan and Co.

The Hermit and the Wild Woman, and Other Stories: Edith Wharton. (London: Macmillan and Co., St. Martin's-street.)

We had thought that nothing more dispiriting than "The Fruit of the Tree" could have been written by this author until we came to review "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," which, we confess, has sadly tried our patience. With a world of cheerful types and themes to choose from, why will this author persist in presenting life's failures when she might present its winged victories? Beautifully written in a chaste, matured style that is entirely her own, these later books of hers depress where they are not thrown aside in impatient sorrow. To live up to ideals is meritorious; but minor music never inspired anyone to great deeds or victory.

Of the seven short stories that comprise this book we prefer the story from which the book takes its title, which is written in superlatively beautiful language, and with a wealth of exquisite expression. Our copy has been received through the courtesy of Macmillan and Co., who are the book's publishers.

The Book of Animals and the Wonder Book for Girls and Boys: Edited by Harry Golding. (London and Melbourne: Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.)

Never was there a time in which children were so splendidly catered for in the way of literature as to-day. And when we compare the old-time children's books (with a few notable exceptions) with their crude colouring, nonsensical, make-believe stories, and generally inartistic get-up, we are both amazed and delighted with the literary and artistic excellence of the two books now before us, and are tempted to wonder how it can be done at the price. For the talent of no mere tyro's in the realms of art and literature has been engaged in the making of "The Animal" and "Wonder-Books" and every page of them brims over with beauty, interest, amusement and sound instruction. In the "Animal Book" children may learn the appearance, habitat, virtues, vices, and general characteristics of nearly every animal and bird under the sun. Some splendid papers are contributed by Professor W. Percival Westell, F.L.C., M.B.O.U., on butterflies, moths, birds, monkeys and deer, which, while giving children a thoroughly comprehensive idea of the animal, bird, or insect described, are easy to understand, and thoroughly interesting. Some delightfully amusing poetry is contributed by Rognald Rigby, and E. S. Here is a specimen of Mr. Rigby's whimsical humour, where he illustrates and becomes the mouthpiece of a fabulous bird he names "The Scrawk."

Oh, I am the scrawk with the wonderful walk,
And a voice like the rasp of files:
When I open my book, just to laugh or to speak,
All the people can hear me for miles.

The metre of the above will not be new to grown-up readers, but the theme is delightfully and satirically humorous. By a writer whose name is not appended we are told at last the true story of "The Lady and the Tiger," in which, according to the writer, the tiger has been greatly belied. We greatly recommend this highly ingenious new version to that multitude of readers who have been interested and tantalised by the old. Louis Wain also is to the fore with an inimitable drawing of an inquisitive cat, which so perfectly expresses curiosity that the label attached is superfluous. The coloured illustrations, 12 in number, are really triumphs of colouring, and we can imagine the ecstatic delight of the lucky youngster who is fortunate enough to become the recipient of a copy. The Wonder Book, which is written for

younger children, is also profusely and charmingly illustrated. Here again Mr. Rigby is happy both in illustration and verse. To a cleverly-drawn picture of a Russian bear in uniform is appended:

"Major Polar Bruinoff
A Russian and a dandy;
He looks as though he'd eat you up,
Or anybody handy."

"The Blue China Country" is a new version of the old story of the willow pattern plate brought up-to-date, by Agnes Grozier Herbertson, and which will be much appreciated by children acquainted with the old. English dolls, French dolls, German dolls, and Dutch dolls vie with each other for pride of place in the Wonder Book, and the drawings of horses, puppies, rabbits, and birds will make animal-loving children go wild with delight, so numerous, so beautifully, and so originally presented are the specimens with which this book is adorned. The name of Fanny Moodie as a contributor must not be forgotten in this review, though a mention of her talent as a painter of cat and dog pictures is as superfluous as it would be in the case of Louis Wain, whose reputation in this particular branch of art is world-wide and unassailable. To attempt to do full justice to these two books would be impossible with the space at our disposal. But we cannot imagine any gift more suitable or satisfying or pleasingly instructive or better worth the outlay than the Ward, Lock and Co. Animal and Wonder Books, which we have received through the courtesy of Messrs. Wildman and Arcey.

The Great Miss Driver: Anthony Hope. (London: Methuen and Co., 36, Essex-street, W.C.)

Seldom, indeed, have we made acquaintance with a heroine of such composite character as the Miss Driver of Anthony Hope's latest book, "The Great Miss Driver." Left, at the immature age of seventeen, a gigantic fortune, which she had not been educated to spend, Miss Driver, guessing, but not personally acquainted with, her father's unfulfilled ambitions, prepared to bring the county, in which the late Nicholas Driver's estate and large possessions lay, to her feet. For reasons which readers will discover for themselves when they come to read the book, Nicholas Driver had given his only daughter no inkling of the great fortune that was to be hers at his death, and had placed the girl out to board with some very undesirable middle class people, and, in consequence of this, Miss Driver had formed at least one very objectionable acquaintance who, later, was to cause her a great deal of trouble and sorrow. How this individual—described by Mr. Hope as looking like "a beach photographer"—turns up, and by his insinuations leads Lord Fillingford to break off his engagement with Miss Driver, and how, while she has Lord Fillingford's offer under consideration she plays fast and loose with "Leonard Octon" (whom she really loves but whom she will not marry, because she has been received by the county in consideration of her joining it in its boycott of Octon), and Lord Fillingford's son and heir, must be read to be properly appreciated. So naturally is the plot worked out that it is with surprise that at the close of the book the reader finds that what promised to be a tangle too tangled to untie, smooths itself out naturally, leaving the great Miss Driver firmly, if forlornly, crowned as Queen of the County, and her now dead lover's name rehabilitated in the county by the marriage of his daughter to Lord Fillingford's heir.

As a striking example of the eternal feminine, Mr. Hope's heroine would take some beating, and we are as much a slave to her charm as the most abject of her slaves. And though sometimes we thought the play a little long drawn out, it was with real regret that we saw the curtain rung down on the great Miss Driver and the dramatic personae who revolve round her like the satellites they are, by comparison with a character who in many ways reminds us of "Good Queen Bess." Our copy of the book has reached us through Messrs. Wildman and Arcey.

DELTA.

NOT IN THE WAY.

The Heiress: But why should I marry you? I don't love you.
Her Suitor: Oh, that's all right. I shan't be at home very much, you know.

— DOMINION JOURNAL —
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.
THREE PRIZES
of Five Guineas, Three Guineas, and One Guinea respectively.
A KE offered for the most attractive photographs depicting
"THE NEW ZEALAND MOTHER AND HER CHILD."
Full particulars and conditions of the competition on application to:
Dominion Journal, Box 8, Dunedin.

Housekeeping Troubles are smoothed away



by using

BIRD'S

Home Specialities.

BIRD'S Custard Powder,

BIRD'S Jelly Crystals,

DISSOLVE INSTANTLY.
UNEQUALLED BRILLIANCE & DELICATE FLAVOR.

BIRD'S Concentrated Egg Powder,

BIRD'S Pudding Powder.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of the above locally from their merchants, they again ordering through Home Houses only, from

ALFRED BIRD & Sons, Ltd., Birmingham, Eng.



To make Women's Work Lighter and Easier is part of the Mission of BISELL'S "CYCO" Bearing Carpet Sweepers

In addition to this, they save carpets and rugs, confine all the disagreeable dust and dangerous germs within the pan, accomplish the work of sweeping in one-fifth of the time, and with 95% less effort than the conventional vacuum cleaner.

Bissell "CYCO" Bearing

Carpet Sweepers make sweeping day a pleasant duty, instead of a positive drudgery. No woman having even one carpeted room should let a day pass without procuring a Bissell Sweeper, if she is already using one. Price 10s to 18s. For Sale by all first-class dealers. Buy a Bissell "CYCO" Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present. Send for free booklet. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., 28 Warren St., New York, U. S. A.

GOLDEN DAYS IN MANY LANDS.

Continued from page 17.

the mishap appeared only ridiculous, but on examination of the vehicle one of the shafts was found to be broken. With quite unusual foresight the traps were provided with bits of rope, and with these the broken shaft was tied up, and proceeding more gently, we arrived at the Papalaloa.

After luncheon and a paddle in the refreshingly cold waterfall, we made a detour, and stopped at Vailima, the great deserted house in which Robert Louis Stevenson had lived so happily. The house was a pitiable wreck. Huge and barren and absolutely empty, save those rooms that were littered with chips and broken beams of wood from the roof, where it had been ruthlessly torn by shells from the warships when the gunners, some weeks previously, while endeavouring to terrify the natives of a near-by village, had used the Vailima home as a mark for their firing. This appeared to me a most scandalous affair. Altogether, the desecration of the place by the natives, the unweeded garden, and the lonely surrounding wilderness, was most depressing.

Rising within a few hundred yards of the house is the Vaea Mountain, on the summit of which the famous novelist is buried. On our suggesting to our guide that we would like to visit the grave, he protested that the ascent of the mountain would take far too long a time. This, of course, was merely laziness on his part, so we insisted on his guiding us. After a hot and very tiring twenty minutes' scramble up the hill-side, on a track shaded by tall trees, completely overgrown with creepers, and strewn with fallen logs of wood, we at last sat down on the huge concrete slabs that cover Mr. Stevenson's grave. One hears much about the esteem in which Mr. Stevenson was held by the natives, and the knowledge that the stones with which his tomb is formed were dragged up to the summit of that steep Vaea Mountain by his loving native friends will be an everlasting proof of the genuineness of their affection.

Engraved on one side of the tomb in English, and on the other side in Samoan, is Stevenson's own epitaph:—

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave, and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

I have never seen any spot so suitable as this for the grave of a romantic writer. There is a great loneliness about it, but it is a loneliness quite apart from dreariness. Seated on the tomb, we looked through a framework of green trees down a green hill, and across a plain of tangled growth to the beautiful bay of Apia. Just below us was the house that had been his home for what seemed to have been the happiest years of his life.

Stevenson loved Samoa, with its dreamy soothing greenness; he loved his Vailima home and his gentle Samoan friends, so he asked them to bury him on the Vaea Mountain, on the very summit of the mountain where he had so often sat looking cross the green wilderness to the sea, and surely no one had choice of a more beautiful spot whereon to take his long rest.

We were talking of him, and regretting his deserted and dilapidated home, when our guide burst into a most discordant laugh. "What are you laughing at?" we asked angrily, for his mirth jarred on our more serious mood. "It will rain, it will rain, and you will get wet," he gigglingly answered. The prospect of our approaching ducking amused him much, and I suppose he viewed it as a rightful judgment on us for insisting on climbing on the mountain.

As so often happens in tropical lands, the sunshine had suddenly gone, and the air was heavy with moisture, so we turned down the hill, not in time, however, to avoid the deluge that was soon pouring down through the great trees as though they offered no obstruction whatsoever. There was no sheltering from that rain. The heavens seemed to have lost all power of holding water, and to have suddenly let it go, not in drops, but in long, continuous sheets.

To ascend the hill had taken about twenty minutes, and though I guarantee we descended in a much shorter time than that, yet when we reached the level ground again everyone was soaked through and through. The water, too, was sent high in the gign.

As suddenly as it had come, so suddenly did it cease. Consequently, on the jog back to Apia, under a sky so blue and a sun so brilliant, our wet, bedraggled, travel-stained party (for all the dye out of the gig cushions had settled in great red patches on our white clothes) must have presented a very incongruous spectacle.

This was the second mishap of that day, but more were to follow. Half-an-hour after our arrival back at the Tutanekei, when we wandered out of our cabins, a very dreary and ill-clad party, with but one idea between us, and that to get an early dinner and retire immediately afterwards to bed, we were met by a number of sprucely-uniformed officers, whom the captain had invited to dinner, as a pleasant surprise for the ladies. I doubt whether those men ever received a more ungracious welcome, for the knowledge of our unwaved hair, hardly dry from the recent ducking, and our altogether crumpled appearance did not tend towards brightening us.

When the guests were gone—as we were of us, I doubt not, as we were of everything—we turned most thankfully to our cabins, only to be met by another surprise. The captain had arranged to give a fireworks display at the exact commencement of the "Glorious Fourth," in compliment to the American warships anchored near by. At the first wizz of the rockets, down came the rain with a force that seemed to assert that rain had never fallen since the days of the flood. Up went the rockets into the pelting water, completely lost to view a hundred feet from the ship, and seen only by a few stragglers on the Tutanekei, and appreciated by no one at all. It was the dreariest fireworks display you could well imagine. So ended for us the 3rd of July, 1899, a day which, despite its minor irritations, has left many cherished memories.

Certainly the most novel entertainment we attended during those days in Apia was that given by the Americans on their glorious Fourth of July. The regatta, which was the order of the day, had no features distinct from other regattas, but in the method of issuing invitations the Americans proved their boasted originality. Using one of the ordinary ship's rafts, the sailors of the U.S.S. Badger contrived to build quite a presentable imitation of a man-o-war. Dressed and made up to represent the most popular naval celebrities of the day, and accompanied by a few tow-haired mermaids, the crew of this ingenious warship paid a visit to each vessel anchored in the bay. As the quaint craft approached, the guns pointing from her sides let fire a salute which was duly answered by the vessel she was visiting. Then the pseudonymous Admiral Dewey came aboard, and in quite a whimsical speech invited one and all to visit the American transport during the day, and to join in the celebrations of their glorious Fourth; all of which we accordingly did.

On the "Badger" we found novel things to eat and equally novel concoctions to drink—in fact, a spread worthy of the day we were assisting to commemorate. Things were very merry all day, and I heard whispers that towards evening one or two began to more fully appreciate the merits of the native kava, which, if it does somewhat paralyze the legs, and is not so palatable as cocktails, has but little effect on the brain.

A couple of days after this, the Tutanekei got under steam, and then for a week we cruised round Upolo and Savaii, landing in the mornings at one village and in the afternoons at another. At many places white girls had scarcely ever before been seen, and our brown sisters handled us with exceeding curiosity. Everywhere did we find a welcome. In most of the villages the Samoans spoke no English, and our tourist Samoan—our "talofa" and "lufa," our "manuia nia lele feleni"—did not go very far towards conversation, nevertheless a welcoming hand always waved us into the house, where refreshment was offered—a cup of kava, a drink of coconut milk, or a few bananas, for the Samoans are the most hospitable folk dwelling in the South Sea Islands.

The ingenuity of the house builder, for house building has always been a trade in Samoa as elsewhere, is worthy of comment. Great curved trunks of coconut

trees formed the roof, and these are interlaced by a thatching of leaves and supported by more tree trunks. The sides are usually open, but blinds of plaited palm leaves are hung all round, and may be let down so as to keep out the wet. Several layers of stones form the floor, and over these are spread numbers of mats, so that to sit or lie down is by no means uncomfortable. In reality, there is but one room. At night, however, large sheets of tapa, or native cloth, are hung up, and these divide the house into tiny bedrooms, and serve as obstruction to the mosquito as well as means of privacy.

Once or twice we were permitted to peep for a moment in at the Fonos, or Peace Meetings, but these were diplomatic affairs, and the Commissioners preferred to have no outsiders, a fact which we did not regret so exceedingly, for the long interpreted speeches were very monotonous. All much preferred to wander round the village and watch the girls weaving mats, or some woman at work by a stream scraping the white hibiscus bark, out of which the tapa, or native cloth, is made.

Unrest and real fighting had been so widely spread throughout Samoa only a month or so before, that it was surprising how peaceful were the receptions the Commissioners received everywhere. One day, however, the Peace Meeting assumed a most warlike attitude. At each village the chiefs marched to the Meeting-house and, in orders of rank, presented the Commissioners with presents of pigs, fowls, yams, taro, coconuts, bananas, mats and baskets, and all manner of native articles. Everything pertaining to the Fono was carried on with the strictest ceremony and exactitude; persons of high rank always took precedence over those of inferior birth. On this particular afternoon, some muddle occurred at a village a few miles from Mafautu, on Savaii, and a Chief of inferior grade made his presentation of pigs and yams in advance of some more swagger chief. There was some remonstrance by the followers of the important chief, but of this the impudent offender took no notice, and continuing in his boastful demeanour roused general indignation. Before the Commissioners were aware of what it was all about, the air was full of flying missiles, pigs and yams and coconuts raining round their heads in a most alarming manner. Their blood now roused, this cocoanut brawl appeared poor sport to the Samoans, so some more reckless warrior drew that terrible weapon that all Samoans of any importance carry, the head-knife. This is a long wide blade of polished Sheffield steel, with one end beaten fine and curved into a hook.

From the crack of coconuts in the air, and the soft thud of pigs, as they came pounding down on some unfortunate back, the majority of the white spectators fled to the boats. This may not sound very brave behaviour, but while an atmosphere of pigs and coconuts may be amusing, one bristling with head-knives is not so. The Commissioners, be it said, with great presence of mind, managed to calm the fighters, not, however, before several braves had received severe gashes in the back from those formidable weapons. That Fono, when continued, was certainly a peace meeting in the correct sense of the word.

The Samoan is gentle in manner, and he is hospitable to a degree that keeps him almost poor, communism being a general rule throughout the islands, but the love of fighting, though suppressed, runs in the blood of all the Pacific Islanders. The Samoan may be humor-

ous and full of winning ways, but I fear he is not reliable.

In the morning, only a few hours before the cocoanut brawl, we were ashore at Mafautu, the most beautiful spot on all Savaii. There we were welcomed by the young missionary and his most charming young wife, with a welcome such as a white man gives to another when that other happens to possess the only white face the poor man has seen for many a weary month. The nervous excitement of the woman, who for eleven long months had seen no other white woman, impressed me with a more honest appreciation of the brave life these missionaries live. Their home was such a one as the romantic dream about, and their village the neatest and cleanest we

Novena is New!

The Novena specifics are all the better for that. Intelligent women are taking such interest in themselves now that it pays specialists and savants of the first eminence to spend years of investigation in matters germane to the Cult of Beauty. VALAZE (Jars, 4/- and 7/-, post free) is already a familiar friend of the toilet. Novena merits its appointment as First Lieutenant of Valaze.

NOVENA CERATE. The superb skin-cleanser. Unique and delicate. Jars 2/- and 3/6, post 3d.

NOVENA SUNPROOF CREME. Invisible in use, it affords perfect protection against wind and sun. With this at hand you can live in the open without the slightest hazard of your complexion. Golfing ladies delight in it. Jars, 2/- and 3/6; postage, 3d.

NOVENA EXTRACT. Conquers wrinkles, keeps age at bay. Exquisitely refreshing and of ideal fragrance. If you don't think it's cheap, although it costs 12/6 (postage 3d) you haven't tried it.

If you desire to know what to do in any and every emergency, get Mlle. Helens Rubin-stein's remarkable new booklet, "Beauty in the Making," 3d by post, or free with any order.

Leading chemists; or by post direct from
— THE —
VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE,
Brandon St., Wellington.

THE VALAZE MASSAGE INSTITUTE,
Auckland Branch Representative—
Mrs Collins, City Chambers, Queen-st.

ENTIRELY FREE FROM STARCH.

MELLIN'S FOOD

When mixed with fresh cow's milk Mellin's Food yields a perfect substitute for mother's milk, and may be given with safety and benefit to your child from birth.

Prepared in a moment — no boiling required.

Highest awards obtained at International Exhibitions held during the last forty years.

Let us send you a Large Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food and a very useful work — both are FREE on request.

Gellin & Co. Proprietary, 40, Wellington and Auckland.

saw in all Samoa, but the isolation of their life was appalling to think upon. I well remember the pride with which they showed us the chapel and school the native boys had built, and how hopefully they spoke of the progress they had made in teaching Christianity to these dark-skinned fellows. Indeed we were all much impressed with that little Matantua village. So no wonder our hearts were turned in real sympathy to these two young workers, when a day or two later we learned that the natives whom we had seen displayed as models of virtue in Matantua, had been the leading spirits in the fray along the coast.

Samoaans have a keen sense of humour, and laugh most readily on all occasions. In the guest house on Manono were gathered the finest group of warriors we saw. What happened to the women that morning I cannot say, but never a one did I see. While chatting to a brown fellow who spoke English, I raised his head knife from the ground, and asked for what purpose he used it.

"When enemy in battle ahead, you run after him and catch him so," and sniting the action to the word he looked me round the neck with the crooked end of his cold steel knife. Naturally I cried out loud and drew back, whereat the warrior unlooked me, and, in company of the thirty other great well-oiled fellows who were squatting round, rolled on the floor in uncontrollable laughter.

I have long ago lost count of the number of villages at which we landed, though each one possessed some characteristic of its own, but the dash ashore at Apulima in the surf boat, when we were piloted in through a passage that is often impracticable for six months in the year, made the heart beat a little too fast to be easily forgotten.

Samoa is well exploited ground for the copra industry. In 1899 a great deal of that trade was in German hands, and since the absorption of the principal islands by Germany the whole industry is under German control. Thanks to the kind and thoughtful arrangements made by Baron von Sternberg, we were guests for a night and a day at the plantation of Mulfanni, which is one of the most extensive plantations in Upolu.

Even the rattly gigs of Samoa couldn't manage to jolt on the soft grass roads of the plantation over which we drove from one depot to another. At the depots we stopped to see the heaps of coconut kernels drying in the sun, and to hear the planters describe the methods employed in the production of copra. From the appearance of the dry looking kernels one would never guess the quantity and value of the oil obtained therefrom.

The days passed all too swiftly; at least for us in our idle enjoyment of these luxuriant, sunny islands, if not for the Commissioners, whose days were occupied with the more serious work of extracting information from the natives as to their desires and well-being.

The outcome of the Commissioners' reports to their various Governments was that Germany got the control of Upolu, for which she had been hankering, Savaii was given to England, but afterwards ceded by her to Germany in exchange for the administration of Tonga, and America retained her coaling-station of Tutuila, which possesses the finest harbour in the group.

Our hearts were quite lost to sunny Samoa and her hospitable people ere our trip came to an end, and as we steamed away from Apia and from the plaintive strains of "Tafa, mia feloni" (good-bye, my friend), we all vowed to carry with us always affectionate memories of the happy days we had spent there. A vow which I, for one, have not forgotten.

Next Week:

FLIGHT DURING THE CORONATION CELEBRATIONS OF KING EDWARD VII.

A TRAMP ABROAD.

Continued from page 22

race once occurred a terrible tragedy of the long ago, and more particularly described elsewhere. Before I bid farewell to Spring Creek, I first want to tell you that amongst a herd of fawns, I saw to-day a real aristocratic Jersey bull, which would do himself much credit at any agricultural show.

SPRINGLANDS NURSERY.

Springland's Nursery, of four acres, on the Middle-road, Blenheim, as run and owned by Mr. Hale, is one of the sights of the town. It is 25 years old, and the enterprising proprietor must have expended quite a large sum in transforming this well-cultivated spot from its original wilderness. The raising of shrubs, hedges, and ornamental trees appear to be the chief industries of the nursery, and one of the most striking features arresting the eye of the visitor, is the great living wall of macrocarpa fencing, eight feet high, shutting off the nursery from the public roadway. The wonderful pruning and the dense growth of this evenly-clipped hedge testify unmistakably to the skill and patience of Mr. Hale, who told me it took 23 years to grow. Large beds of pinus insignis, pinus ponderosa, barberry, macrocarpa, and other useful hedge plants were in strong evidence. Here and there we found that gracefully tapering ornamental, the Irish Elm (Taxus Gotha Conspicua), the Chatham Islands Ake Ake, and still blooming, the best and largest white rose in the world. The Japanese prunes, the horsechestnut, the magnolia (whose flower passed away with November), is now rich in brilliant leaf. Further on two and three-year-old apple, pear, and peach trees look very healthy, some of them actually in fruit, on the adjoining bed. Yearlings (apples) are just pruned or grafted, while on the main garden walk hundreds of the native matipo are just peeping above ground. These latter, Mr. Hale tells me, are in demand, by Blenheim folk for hedges. In the flower garden pansies, daisies, petunias, phlox, begonias, scented verbenas, and carnations bloom and fill the air with their own particular sweet fragrance. A rare plant, and which grows in time to a tree, is the yucca. The cabbage tree is also here in healthy representation, while not far away the lime tree lends additional attraction. Mr. Hale's garden walks and beds are O.K., and their neatness and cleanliness bear strong testimony to the proprietor's thoroughness as a first-class nursery gardener.

AJOR GETS UP A PETITION.

Blenheim has a population of over 6000 souls, and everyone—well, nearly everyone—drives a vehicle of some sort, and as not one of the least important drives is that by way of Spring Creek, naturally there is a good deal of traffic on that road, both from the town to the country and vice versa, and as there is only the railway bridge over the Opawa river, when the train crosses—an incident which occurs five or six times a day—all other vehicles have either to wait until the pulling lilly has negotiated the narrow causeway, or get mired up into sausage meat. The bridge had long been a standing menace when I got on the scene, so at the request of a few farmers and town folk, Ajor went to work and framed a petition to the Minister for Public Works, setting out the why and the wherefore, and praying him to place an adequate sum on the next year's estimates for a new traffic bridge; and it is now being taken round for signature, so Ajor is getting kudos for his effort from the good, general folks of Blenheim.

BLENHIM'S FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT.

White Bay happens to be Blenheim's one sea-side resort, and it may be easily and pleasantly reached by the river-way in one of the numerous pretty oil-

lanchnes which dot the Opawa in many of its beautiful reaches. During holiday times pleasure seekers make up picnic parties to visit this charming spot, which affords, in its rare scenic effects of rocky shores and caves, food for the eye of the artist; tempting, secluded nooks to sun-bathers, and pleasant places to picnickers.

White's Bay owns a romantic history all its own, but too lengthy for this article. The view presented to the readers of the "Graphic" gives but a faint idea of its actual glories which should be visited and seen by tourists and others.

(To be continued.)

Startling Discovery.

COLDER THAN ICE.

Imagine something as much colder than the coldest thing hitherto known to mankind as ice is colder than boiling water, and you will have some idea of the extraordinary discovery with which a Dutch professor has been credited. He is said to have found out how to liquefy helium, the rarest and most volatile of all gases. The temperature at which this new liquid may be obtained, it appears, is 450 degrees below zero, so its presence in the world will be sufficient to revolutionise human life.

The liquefaction of helium, says a scientist whose opinion was taken on the question, is of the most startling and far-reaching significance. It opens the door to possibilities of which students of refrigeration have long been aware, but which thus far have been beyond our reach in actual practice. It is apparent, for example, that if we can distillute ammonia chilled brise from one room of a cold storage warehouse to all the other rooms in it, we should, theoretically, be able to distribute it from a central point to houses, office buildings, theatres, and the like, at a distance, as is done with gas and steam.

But the size and cost of the plant required, the impossibility of developing a degree of cold which will not be dissipated in transit unless pipes of prohibitive size are employed, has placed the idea in the category of laboratory dreams. Even the use of liquid air or liquid hydrogen would not obviate the last objection. The cost of production and distribution would outweigh the benefits.

Science does not recognise the impossible, however, and if it is possible to produce a liquid which, forced to distant points through pipes small enough to be strung like telephone wires, is so cold that such distribution cannot materially impair its effectiveness—and this seems to be the case—science has achieved a most revolutionary triumph. This discovery, to a mind of scientific imagination, is fraught not alone with the most alluring possibilities for the well being of mankind, as it may be applied to the increase of comfort and health, but with possibilities of destruction and death beside which the engines and munitions of modern warfare are playthings.

Let us divide the proportion into two parts, he continued, upon being pressed for an explanation of such a startling statement. Some ears ago when I was conducting some experiments in a cold storage establishment, I sent a number of workmen through the plants to inspect what are called ammonia gates. These are valve-like openings, by the proper action of which the expansion of the ammonia gas may be regulated at will, the rate of expansion determining the temperature. One of these men, in some way which no one will ever know, kicked open an ammonia gate. Not only was the man instantly killed by the fumes, but he was instantly frozen solid, and broke into pieces when he struck the floor.

Now when you consider that liquid helium is as much colder than vaporised ammonia as a piece of ice is colder than molten lava, you will realise the appalling consequences of its power as an agent of death, should it be employed as an instrument of war or private vengeance. Suddenly liberated in a battleship, it would not only freeze to death every man on board, but the incomprehensible cold would at once cause the ship itself with all its guns and machinery to fall in pieces.

An office building cooled by the medium of liquid helium could be wrecked in an instant by the hand of a maniac or one bent on revenge, and every one of its occupants transformed to ghastly statues of ice. Just as sure as we are now conquering the buoyancy of the air, we shall achieve the control of its temperature. While diplomats are protesting friendship at State banquets, secret wires will be laid, and suddenly, at midday, perhaps, a whole metropolis will become a splintered ruin, and its inhabitants frozen solid at their occupations. It is as possible as the telephone was when St. Paul's Cathedral was built.

But this picture of the future has a bright side as well. It means the practical stopping of the process of putrefaction for one thing. A hollow wire of liquid helium just small enough not to freeze water, run through every pipe in a city would not only absolutely deodorise the city, but it would kill every germ of disease. Water mains and sewer pipes would be absolute non-conductors of death—as they are now its chief thoroughfares.

LIVER TROUBLES.

SUFFERED FOR SIX YEARS - PRO- NOUNCED INCURABLE—ANOTHER BILE BEAN VICTORY.

"For some six years I suffered from liver complaint in an aggravated form," says Mr. A. J. Coombs, of Cowper Rd., St. Albans (N.Z.). "I have spent so much money, consulted so many doctors, and tried so many so-called cures in my vain endeavours to get rid of my trouble, that I think it only my duty to inform you of the wonderful cure Bile Beans have wrought in me. I am a man who has worked very hard in my young days and made money, and when at last I had everything I could wish for, to be affected by liver complaint was, as you can imagine, a great blow to me. I was treated by seven different doctors, and spent a large amount of money, but derived only temporary relief, and was told I should never be cured. It was at this juncture that a friend advised me to try Bile Beans. But I, like a great many sufferers who had tried other so-called cures in vain, had but little faith in them. However, my friend purchased a box of the Beans and induced me to undergo a course. I am pleased to say that after persevering to the extent of ten boxes I find myself thoroughly cured. I am now able to enjoy life, and would only be too pleased to give particulars of my case and cure to anyone who may be suffering, as I consider it my duty to let others know of the great virtues of Bile Beans—a restoration to health after so long an illness being a blessing I cannot be too thankful for."

As a summer medicine Bile Beans are unequalled. By tuning up the liver and stomach, and gently opening the bowels, they promptly dispel summer fog, languor, lassitude, debility, fatigue, headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, anaemia, and ensure sleep by restoring Nature's healthy functions. Bile Beans are the standard family medicine, and owe their consistent success to the fact that they are compounded of Nature's finest herbs and roots. Obtainable everywhere at 1s. 1½d., or 2s. 9d. large family box (containing three times the quantity).

EXPERT LONDON FURRIER.

Experienced Manufacturer and Remodeller of the highest class and most costly furs to the largest London firms of Messrs. George Smith & Co., Bevington & Morris, J. B. Cremer, and Monsieur Konski, Court Furrier. For Xmas and New Year Presents we offer, at Special Reduced Prices, until 31st December only, and of our own manufacture, good large grey Opossum Rugs on dark cloth; also first-class Real White Fox, and finest quality Thibet Stoles; Muffs to match if desired. Electric Seal Throw-overs, lined best Brocade Silks, from 70s. the set, post free. (See November Advertisement.) All goods sold for ready cash only.

A. WENIGER, 52 Vivian Street, Wellington.

Our American Letter.

THE ELECTION AFTERMATH.

NEW YORK, November 14.

It is gratifying to find a better business feeling since the elections, and a prevalent opinion that industrial activity will steadily increase, with the prospect of a good year in 1909. It was no surprise on the evening of election day to find Mr. Taft the choice of the people by an overwhelming plurality, but the most notable illustration of the weakness of Mr. Bryan was the fact that the State of Minnesota voted against him for President, while it handily re-elected to its State Governorship Mr. Johnson, who had been the principal competitor of Mr. Bryan for the Democratic Presidential nomination, the re-election of Mr. Hughes as Governor of New York was somewhat of a surprise to many, and it strengthens him again as a Republican Presidential candidate should anything happen to Mr. Taft before the time to consider him for a second term. The most notable thing on election night in New York was the madness of the street mobs of people who year after year of late seem to increasingly consider the occasion one of similar style to the Coney Island Mardi-Gras night or New Year's Eve on city streets, when the tendency is to abandon all conventionalities and give free reign to confetti-throwing, "licking" with miniature feather dusters and every variety of noisemaking, cow bells and horns being of late most largely in evidence. Bonfires in the city streets have in recent years been largely suppressed by the police on election nights, but the noises accumulate on the principle of "the more the merrier." One of the peculiar incidents of the election was the return of a man who didn't know that he had ever been nominated. It appears that the name of John Wesley Kommerling appeared upon the winning ticket in the State of Michigan as a candidate for the State Legislature and he was elected, but Charles Wesley Kommerling was the man who spent the money and thought he was elected; the gentleman who got the votes is a very humble citizen, living in an obscure section of the constituency for which he was elected. Whether he will claim the rights which have been accidentally accorded to him has not yet been decided.

RETURN OF THE LAURIER GOVERNMENT.

As a result of the elections in Canada, it has not been necessary to have any new Cabinet Ministers, and the colleagues of Sir Wilfrid Laurier have been taking a brief holiday. Parliament will not be summoned at Ottawa until the first or second week of January, and it is expected that the session will be a short one. The Canadian Thanksgiving Day was celebrated last Monday for a change, the usual day of the week for the event having always hitherto been Thursday. The American Thanksgiving Day is always the last Thursday in November, and in some years the Canadians have celebrated on the same date, but this year it was decided to have the event on a Monday so as to enable commercial travellers more readily to be at home.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S PECULIAR POSITION.

An interesting general election, which just took place in Newfoundland, has resulted in a dead-lock, each party in the Legislature having eighteen supporters. The Premier (Sir Robert Bond) has been opposed by Sir Edward Morris on the ground of extravagance and failure to redeem his promises. Newfoundland electors vote on a Manhood Suffrage franchise, and the ballot is secret, but in order to prevent clerical and mercantile influence, the law does not permit the counting of each ballot box in its own polling place, but all the ballot boxes in a district must be taken to the principal settlement and the entire accumulation of ballots counted by the returning officer in the presence of the candidate or agents appointed on their behalf. This makes it impossible to ascertain how any specific hamlet votes, and in Newfoundland in the past, the need was very great. To some extent it still applies, for in the recent campaign several Roman Catholic priests openly distinguished themselves by pronouncing from the altar at Mass in favour of specific candidates. The

method of counting the votes, however, prevented the result being known for several days after the ballot was taken, and now it is intimated that another election may be necessary upon technical grounds.

SOCIETY DIVERSIONS.

New York society is at present in full swing, what with the horse show and the opera season. Grand opera at the Manhattan Opera House, the newer of the two devoted to this form of entertainment, began this week, and the Metropolitan Opera House will open with a large list of stars on Monday night. The papers have printed the lists of those who hold the respective boxes and plans of where the noted millionaires and society people will sit. For many weeks to come, both houses will be filled with fashionable audiences that will divide attention with the greatest singers in the world, for after all is said the Opera is a spectacle well worth seeing on both sides of the footlights. There are many whom a view of the audience on a gala night more than repays their outlay in obtaining places, it may be in an orchestra chair, or it may be only standing room with the opportunity to wander about the houses and gaze on the more fortunate spectators in what is often referred to as the "diamond horseshoe." The horse show has always been conspicuous for the display of fashionable garments. Many new horses have been on exhibition at the show this week, more than fifty new owners being represented in the ring, although there is a notable loss in the breeding classes which, for the past five years, have been slowly dwindling in size. One of the disappointments in the list also is the small show of heavy draught animals, but this is simply because owners will not bother to send good horses to the show. In the hunter classes, carriage horses, light draught and saddle horses, the classes this year have been large, and including many notable specimens.

Society in New York had a sad loss on October 31st, when Mrs. William Astor, who, for thirty years had been regarded as the social leader of the city, died at the age of 82. The society functions given and presided over by Mrs. Astor have gone down into history as the most brilliant in record in America. It was she who established the famous "four hundred," her visiting list being confined to that number of names. It is said that the ballroom in the mansion of her Fifth Avenue home would accommodate a thousand people, but only once in recent years did she "let down the bars," when, in 1905, she invited 1,200 persons to one of the most memorable social events ever given in New York. She continued to hold her social domination up to a year ago, when her failing health compelled her to retire into comparative seclusion.

NEW YORK IMPROVEMENTS.

The steady purpose toward completion of the new Manhattan Bridge across the East River is one of the notable features of improvement in transportation facilities in New York. The new structure when completed will have a much greater carrying capacity than the big Williamsburg Bridge and three times the capacity of the old Brooklyn Bridge, which was opened in 1884. The new structure will have a railroad traffic capacity on two levels of 200,000 passengers an hour each way, besides a 35 foot roadway for other wheel traffic, and two footways, the latter capable of carrying 24,000 persons an hour east and west. The total length of the bridge (including approaches) is 6,855 feet, and the length of the main suspension span 1,470 feet. The steel towers are 350 feet high.

The most important change in the entrance to the Port of New York that has been announced in a long while is that of the substitution of the new Ambrose Channel lightship No. 87 for the Sandy Hook lightship, which has been on duty for many years. It is officially announced that the new lightship will go on duty December 1. She will certainly be a surprise to mariners who have been for a long time away from the port, and is radically different in appearance from the Sandy Hook light vessel.

AUTOMOBILE RACING.

The automobile road-race for the Vanderbilt Cup, which occurred a few days ago on Long Island, was conspicuous in breaking all records. The winner in 1905 covered 283 miles at an average of 61.49 miles an hour; and in 1906 the winner's average was 61.43. This year the winner covered a distance of 258.06 miles in eleven laps of a circuit of 23.46 miles at an average of 64.3 miles an hour. His total elapsed time having been only 4 hours 31 minutes 10 seconds. More than 200,000 people witnessed the finish, but to the majority the spectacle was nothing but a whirl of dust. There would be a cry of "here they come," and before he words were uttered the machines were past. There is no question that the demonstration of speed made in these races, the last one of which was participated in by 17 cars, has done much to increase the demand for automobiles, and the business continues to flourish more actively than ever before.

RAILWAY ADVANCES.

That it may be a considerable time yet before automobiles supersede railroad locomotives is, however, evidenced by the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad planned to reduce the running time between New York and Philadelphia to one hour. Contracts for 100 electric locomotives and power plants capable of generating 250 thousand horse power have been already let, and the locomotives will be capable of making 120 miles an hour. As the distance between the two cities is only about 90 miles, it is anticipated that a running time of one hour when the work is completed, within two years, will be readily attainable. The initial electrification contract was for 5,000,000 dollars.

It is announced that a contract for a new passenger station in Chicago, to be one of the largest in the world, has been let at an expenditure of approximately 5,000,000 dollars, to be completed within two years. The station, with the train shed, will cover more than 10 acres of ground, and the building, which is to be of classical design with a colonnade entrance, will be 120 feet in height. There will be sixteen tracks, each with a capacity of 15 cars.

SOME UNUSUAL SPORTING EVENTS.

In the matter of speed it is interesting to note that a lady's walking race has recently become an annual feature in Toronto. The measured distance is 7 1/2 miles, and this year, on November 2, 69 ladies entered, of whom 54 finished. The winner, Miss Bertha Winter, accomplished the distance easily in one hour seventeen minutes 10 seconds, the second being exactly 2 1/2 minutes behind her, and the time of the third being 1 hour 20 minutes and 20 seconds. This is a marked improvement on last year's record, when the winner occupied 1 hour 23 minutes and 35 seconds to cover the distance. That the contest is a popular one is shown by the fact that more than 50,000 spectators lined the course.

An interesting under-water swimming record was made a few evenings ago in the tank of the Y.M.C.A. Gynasium in Brooklyn, when one of the members covered a distance of 257 feet 8 inches without once coming to the surface. The time of his being under water during the swim was 1 minute and 38 seconds; the former record was 230 feet 8 inches.

A RASCALLY BANKER.

The sentencing of Mr. Charles W. Morse to fifteen years' imprisonment for misappropriation of funds which were in his care or the care of banks in his control, has been the most recent session in the criminal courts. A year ago, he was reputed to be worth 22,000,000 dollars, and lived in luxury. To-day he languishes in a cell in the Tombs Prison, while his lawyers are exercising every possible means to secure at least a suspension of sentence for a new trial, on any pretext whatever. Thus far, the Court has not seen fit to grant any reprieve, and at this writing it looks as though the sentence would be enforced. Mr. Morse was first successful in speculations in ice; to buy ice stock he secured loans from the bank, and speculated with the bank's money in buying not only ice stock but steamship and mining securities, and a string of a dozen other banks, the difficulties of which precipitated the panic of last fall. It is claimed by some that Mr. Morse is a scapegoat, but the jury, which found him guilty, did not make any recommendation for mercy in his case, although they did recommend that Mr. Alfred Curtis, former president of the National Bank of North America, who had been tried with him on the same charges, should receive the clemency of the Court. Mr. Curtis was accordingly set at liberty and a suspended sentence, but Mr. Morse was kept in strict custody.

NEW COINAGE.

The United States mints at Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Denver, have begun the coinage of a new five dollar gold piece, which is of a style slightly different from anything hitherto in circulation. It is designed to permit the coins being piled to a uniform height without danger of falling. To permit this, the design is made lower than the field or face of the coin, instead of being raised above it, which permits the coins being piled without any greater height perceptible in the centre. All coins now bear the old motto, "In God We Trust," which had been eliminated from some by President Roosevelt's orders.

Mary had a little waist.

Where waists were meant to grow.

But everywhere the fashions went.

Her waist was sure to go.

WHY HAVE GREY HAIR?

HEMSELEY BURNETT'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER positively restores grey or faded hair to its natural color, and makes it lustrous and glossy. Price, 4/6 posted. Dealers for permanently and painlessly removing hair from face, neck, or arms, 4/6. Send stamps or postal notes to HEMSELEY BURNETT, Hair Specialist, Cafe Cecil Buildings, Christchurch.

DAWSON'S Perfection
SCOTCH WHISKY
SOLE AGENTS:
HIPKINS & COUTTS, Auckland

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE
ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA, Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE FOR NEW ZEALAND—
CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

FUNDS, nearly	£4,850,000
ANNUAL INCOME, nearly	£900,000

RATES LOW Money to Lend on Freehold Property. Agencies Throughout the Colony.
SEND FOR PROSPECTUS. BONUSES LARGE

J. KEW HARTY,
DISTRICT MANAGER,
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

ORTON STEVENS,
Manager for New Zealand.

The Serpent's Tooth.

WRITTEN BY "PIERROT" IN LONDON.

Because one is abroad it does not follow that one should always obey a self-imposed injunction to stick to travel-notes or impressions of the strange or the novel in the country in which one happens to be. That would be too limiting altogether. No man is perpetually agog with curiosity and the desire to see new things, and places. And if it is not useless to write about a new railway when one is thinking of "graves and worms and epitaphs," or about mushrooms, when one is listening to the sad note in the humour of a clown, at least the work done will be sincere enough to betray itself, and unreal enough to carry its own criticism.

Here in England one lives in a world at once so similar to and so different from the world of the Southern Hemisphere. The same problems, and yet not the same problems, and certainly not to be solved in the same way! The same hopes, that are yet different in their nature and in their effects! A vision, a philosophy, a mental habit that varies elusively just when we think we have discovered its identity with something in the life we left behind us!

This week, however, I have come face to face with a little tragedy that is so universal that it is hardly worth while trying to work into it considerations of latitude, or of social condition. It is the tragedy of Mother and Son. I don't mean a vulgar tragedy—that inflicted by the boy who runs away from home and leaves his mother childless and heart-broken. It is rather that of the boy who leaves his mother childless while he is still at her side—who even condescends to pet her a little in his own good time, and to be fairly civil to her always. He is for the mother as the sweetheart becomes a "sister"; there is a gulf formed, which for him is emancipation, for her spells darkness and dismay.

Why is it that out of the tens of thousands of the world's love-tragedies, that of mother and son has counted so few? In literature it is a rare phenomenon; in life it is a grief as common as it is poignant. Probably every true-hearted, "motherly" mother has spent some wakeful nights craving for a richer return for the richest of all her gifts—and knowing that her cry will echo uselessly into the void.

The case before me is peculiar. Have you ever met a boy who performed things to people? Who, literally and absolutely, however unconsciously, would regard every human being as a purveyor, an arranger, or (among foes), an abstracter of things—whose gentleness was persistent in view of gain, whose animosity was instant in face of deprivation? Of course you have, although your own idealism may often have blinded you. This is how things are in the little problem before me.

It is in human nature that a mother, having found the feet of her idol to be of clay, should feel the bitterness of rejection and account her boy something far worse than other boys. Love—and a mother's love is as any other form of passionate devotion—is guileless of all sense of proportion. The tragedy of the unloved or the half-loved is always to see their grief as something colossal and unheard-of; forgetting that "never morning wore to evening but some heart did break."

The tragedy of the unloved mother is that it is constant, and therefore unforgettable. The rejected lover may be plunged in grief; but he may run from the subject of his torment and in time forget his wounds. The mother, on the other hand, weaves her love every day and all day long, and with perpetual hopes that are ever doomed to be dashed to the ground, that she shall in time be to him what he is to her. She pines for the little sacrifice that never comes—for a sacrifice, I suppose (however valueless, except in so far as it is a sacrifice), is the dearest hope of a mother's heart. The most selfish boy will sometimes say a loving word; but the little sacrifice is the veritable seal of love.

No philosophy can unteach the mother, though philosophy, indeed, is all against her. For boys are not often fit idols, even apart from their feet of clay. And the more idolised they have been, the

less worthy of idolising they will have become. The mother's idolatry becomes the son's indifference or even his contempt; his worshipper comes often to be accounted his slave. And Nature only smiles at the agonised rejection of her law, which knows no tie but necessity, and recognises no love but those of choice. A new Will has arisen which only what we call chance can make parallel with the Will of any other; and which chance may set at variance, even with that of her who gave him birth.

And not the least sad feature of it all is that the wooing of the mother—like the wooing of the rejected suitor—so often tends rather to widen than narrow the gulf. If the love of a boy is not spontaneous, it can seldom be induced. Peace—an unhappy peace—is best preserved by a polite simulating of real affection, in which the slightest hope of a reawakening is watched for from behind the veiled defences of Love. And such reawakenings are not unknown—that is over the flattering notion that a mother lays to her soul. She looks now to the teachings of life for her boy's best lesson; she longs that the sufferings on the highway may tell him the story of his loss, and bring him back in the spirit of the prodigal son to love that which he once despised. She ceases to hope for to-morrow; but a few years, she says, and he may—! Thus she juggles to fill an aching void, building hopes light as gossamer, but for her made real with the strength of intense love.

I think people often fail to realise what a mother means when she says her boy is "selfish." Sometimes, of course, she may mean just what she says; but far more often she means he is deficient in love. She has found out the insincerity of those pretty little words, lisped, then trilled, then grunted in youthful rancousness—and she craves a proof. The proof never comes, and with bitter lightness she says her boy is "selfish," meaning "he is selfish with the self that cannot return a mother's love." And she knows she has no remedy but time, and that there is nothing in which time is so heartless of the claims of a mother as in this of teaching love where it is not.

London at Play.

FUN AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

LONDON, November 13.

The Lord Mayor's Show, as seen (and heard) last Monday from the windows of the London office of the Auckland "Star," afforded a good deal of innocent amusement to the company seated thereat. During the numerous halts of the various portions of the procession one heard some queer remarks passing between the crowd on the pavement and the Kings, poets, playwrights and other celebrities composing the pageant. One gentleman, impersonating King Henry VIII, was thus saluted by a man of the labouring classes:—

"Wotcher, Bill," and "Billy," otherwise Henry, replied, "Elo! Ah, ole boy." "Could yer blow the froth off a pot, Bill?" says Ah, and Henry VIII, curling his tongue round his lips, made answer with emotion, "Not arf!"

Then there was William Shakespeare. It is to be feared that the organisers of the procession had not consulted any of the "authorities" are selecting the representative of the Bard of Avon for Monday's procession. He bore as much resemblance to the accepted notion of Shakespeare's style of beauty, as Landseer's lions in Trafalgar-square do to the half-starved, brow-beaten "King of Beasts" that is to be found in the ordinary travelling circus. And his moustache was a source of endless trouble to him, and incrimination to other people. It would not stop in its proper place, and William's attempts to re-affix it caused yells of laughter. He had no looking-glass, you see.

Another figure that caused a good deal of chaff, "pointed as a bayonet, and delicate as the butt end of a gun," was Caliban. He was really a very ex-

cellent representation of the savage and deformed slave of Prospero—that "freckled whelp of Sycorax," whom Coleridge describes as "all earth, all condensed and gross in feelings and images." But to the crowd at large, he was simply "too funny for words," and the pavement wit, who, inspired by Caliban's fearful head of tousled hair, invited his neighbours to gaze upon "the first introduction of the door-mat into Hingland," had ample reward in shrieks of laughter.

The three witches of "Macbeth" came in for a fearful ragging. At every halt invitations to "ave a drop of gin, ole dear" were freely extended to them by the lookers-on, and genial suggestions made that they would look much more at home on broomsticks than on horseback. They were also wilfully mistaken for Suffragettes, and many an ironic shout of "Votes for women!" marked their passage through the crowded streets.

If Lord Mayor Truscott thought he was going to improve the minds of his fellow citizens with his "literary pageant," his knowledge of the London crowd was greatly at fault. High good humour completely triumphed over any desire for historical education that may have possessed any of those who witnessed the show. Everybody was out for fun, and dignity was at a big discount.

The show, as Lord Mayor's Shows have gone for years past, was a good one, but "the fun of the fair," which used to precede and succeed the passage of the show through Fleet-street, has to a very great extent departed. In the "bad old days," a vast amount of amusement used to be derived from the practice of throwing shovelful of hot pennies in the street, and watching the antics of the juvenile proletariat as they sought to possess themselves of the coins. This primitive and somewhat cruel form of amusement has long been banned by the police, who have also put their foot down upon a much more innocent diversion for which the printers' devils of Grub-street were primarily responsible, and which caused perhaps more fun than anything on Lord Mayor's Show-day.

From the narrow entrance to Boulevard or Whitechapel-streets would emerge a crowd of young fellows apparently intent on lynching some unfortunate fellow creature. Up in the air would fly what at first blush looked like a human being. Down came the body, and then there were sounds of savage kicking. Then high up again in the air the "body" would be flung, to descend with whatever might be adhering to it, on the heads of the crowd. Then there would be a rush of laughing policemen, who made half-hearted attempts to rescue the "corpse," but usually failed to do so, until the crowd was tired of the fun, or the "corpse" had been reduced to fragments of clothing and wisps of straw. Those days have apparently gone never to return. Horse play, "ticklers," confetti throwing, "scent squirts," all seem to be barred by the Lord Mayor's Show crowds of to-day, and nearly all that remains of the old "fun of the fair" is the interchange of language and repartee, not always either delicate or edifying.

A new drill book for cadets has been issued. It consists of suitable extracts from Infantry Training, 1905, Imperial, as adopted for New Zealand defence force. In parts the terms are slightly altered to suit the purpose of the work. Some sections are included, not because of direct application to the cadet system, but because they enunciate principles that officers, and even cadets themselves, ought to know. Officers of corps, as far as possible, are requested to carry out those instructions to enable cadets to be trained with a view to future admission to adult volunteer corps. The books are handsomely illustrated, and are almost ready for distribution.

A fine rainbow trout was inspected at Messrs. Hcllaby's, Ltd., this morning by a member of the "Star" literary staff. It was caught by Mr. J. McRae, in the Waikato River, near Taupo, and sent to Inspector Cullen. The length of the trout is 2 feet 7 inches, girth 1 foot 0 inches, and weight 19lb 10ozs.

GAVE HIM ALL HE HAD.

Little six-year-old Harry was asked by his Sunday school teacher:

"And, Harry, what are you going to give your darling little brother for Christmas this year?"

"I dunno," said Harry; "I gave him the measles last year."

Impressions of Holland.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

LONDON, Nov. 6.

To Miss E. G. Rodgers, of Invercargill, who is at present residing with her married sister at the Hague, I am indebted for some interesting impressions of life in the Netherlands.

"On the way to the Hague," she says, "one is struck by the barrenness of the land—hardly a house or tree to be seen, but water and windmills everywhere. The land is cut up into sections of about three-quarters of an acre, each surrounded by water. The 'sloeten' or ditches, as we would call them here, are about 4ft. wide by about 2ft. deep.

"The cleanliness first impresses one on arrival at the Hague. The narrow streets and footpaths, in some places only wide enough for one person to walk, and the quaint old Dutch silver shops attract a stranger immediately. The woods and avenues here are beautiful. What a pity we can't have some of the oak and elm trees transplanted to Invercargill! A great improvement it would be to the town, I'm sure.

"The most comical sight I saw on arrival was a boy leading a string of horses through the city, with each horse tied to the tail of the horse in front. It is a curious sight to see the women and sometimes children towing the boats along the canals, and the dogs drawing the little milk carts with their brightly polished cans.

"At Scheveningen you see the people dressed in their picturesque costumes—the women with very full black skirts (14 underskirts I am told they wear), plain brown or green bodices, a bright coloured shawl or apron, and a sweet little lace bonnet. The men wear baggy blue trousers, reefer coats, velvet slippers and a peaked cap. The children are little models of their mothers, and look very quaint indeed. These people are always busy scrubbing their floors and doors, and in order to keep clean will take off their wooden shoes and leave them by the door.

"From June to September, phiharmenic concerts are given at the Kursaal, where all the best artists may be heard. Utrecht and Haarlem were the next places we visited. At the latter the hyacinths and tulips fields are very beautiful, one mass of colour as far as you can see. Amsterdam is a very jolly town, and reminds one very much in places of Melbourne. To live in Rotterdam, well—I'd rather not. It is a busy shipping town, but as far as I could see has nothing to recommend it as a place of residence.

"Gouda, now," continues Miss Rodgers, "is a dear, old-fashioned place, with canals in every street. You come along in a dreadful hurry to catch a train, and lo and behold! the bridge swings open, and you must calmly wait till the boat or boats are through and the bridge swings to again. In the meantime you have missed your train! We went over the pipe factory, and before leaving the manager presented us with a set of miniature pipes each.

"Such a thing as a bathroom in a middle-class Dutch house is not to be found. I presume they 'tub' in their hand-basins! A Hollander one day informed me that the majority of the Dutch think a bathroom a luxury, and some even pride themselves on never having had a bath. With their food and homes, though, they are exceptionally clean.

"A Dutch breakfast differs very much from an English one. In Holland the breakfast consists of white bread and rolls, cold ham, tongue, smoked meat, jam and "Kook" (a kind of ginger bread-cut in thin slices and buttered), tea served in tiny cups and a huge glass of warmed milk. Sweets are usually served with afternoon tea. Sunday is the general visiting day."

The oil engines in the barque-rigged auxiliary yacht Modvena have done excellently in service, and the results seem to justify an experiment of the same kind on a considerably larger scale, says a Home newspaper. The statement is made, in fact, by people who ought to know, that auxiliary motor-power is practicable now for trading sailing vessels up to 700 tons. This is, of course, some way off the tonnage of the average ocean-going trading ship. Still, the progress it represents is encouraging, and already it puts the coasting business of the United Kingdom on a new footing.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss Vera Mowlem, youngest daughter of Captain Mowlem, "Northbrook," Palmerston North, to Mr L. D. Paterson, merchant, Cuba-street, Palmerston North.

J. D. WEBSTER

FLORIST

37 Queen Street

Opp. Railway Station and Yates' Buildings, Queen Street

Flowers to suit all occasions at the shortest notice.

PHONES 314 and 124



AWARDED SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL
for Artistic Floral Display of Flower Bouquets, Baskets, and other Designs at the Auckland Horticultural Society's Spring Show, 1908.
Table Decoration and all classes of Floral arrangement undertaken.

Flowers & Basketry, 37 QUEEN STREET
GILBERT J. MACKAY.

The Stage in England.

(By P. A. VAILE, in the "Saturday Review.")

I am not what is commonly called "a dramatic critic." I go frequently to the theatre in London, yet am, as men go in these lugubrious parts, a very cheerful person.

This preamble is, I am afraid, necessary. Without it one might think that I claim to be an authority on the drama and that I am an unmitigated pessimist. It is not so.

I speak but as a child of nature, who has during the last six or seven years wandered far and wide in this little world of ours—who has, in short, put a girle round it several times—and who has in that same space seen nature and acting in many lands. So that when I come to pass judgment on the great men of the greatest city of the greatest empire—of this little dot of ours, swimming in its tiny insignificance millions of miles from anything really big—I am not awed as I suppose I ought to be, for I am on the great foundation level, that is so markedly absent here. I am down to nature, and my judgment is based on nature.

It is the lack of the tone of nature that is killing the stage in England, as it is killing much that is beautiful in everyday life. And it is the fault of those who lead that this is so, for at heart the Englishman is easily stirred and deeply responsive to honest emotion for all his brave show of indifference, and it should be the aim of those whose duty it is to educate to make it known that it is not ignoble to respond generously to an emotion nobly borne, for the pose of to-day is the nature of to-morrow in the cycle of generations.

There is no need for Englishmen to try to bottle up their emotions needlessly. The throat that is not used relaxes, the muscle that is not exercised becomes flaccid, the spirit that is never shown atrophies. Let us then be natural, and we shall improve our national life and our stage life beyond recognition.

I speak now as one who has had a world-wide view, and I say without any hesitation that in my opinion an English audience is almost the most emotional that I know. It is infinitely more so than a colonial audience. The colonial is freer in his ways, perhaps more hospitable, more frank, but you cannot stir him in a body as you can the Englishman.

The Englishman to-day responds nobly to genuine emotion, to patriotism and to pride in deeds of heroic nature. Is there here no scope for our playwrights? Must we feebly endeavour to Frenchify or Americanise our stage because we will not be natural and use and cultivate the very qualities that put us ahead we now are in the forefront of nations?

Shall we continue to less more and more on other nations because we do not know what we want, and have not strength and intelligence enough to use the mine that lies at our feet? Ay, truly it is an old mine, but it is rich in pure gold, and so long as England is England, properly used, it will prove inexhaustible.

It would be too cruel to attempt to analyse the things that are now being used on the London stage. There is no necessity to thrash the dead horse. When we have taken out French caricatures, American cyclones, Shakespearean parodies and those circuses yelped musical comedy we are practically reduced to the feeble thing that is produced at the author's expense, and runs for thirteen days—more or less—"paper houses."

There are good strong patriotic plays that would bring audiences—and hold them—going begging in London because actor-managers do not know the English character and taste—we have had a striking example recently—and always want a play to suit an elderly man with a little Mary, gouty feet, and a wife, who unfortunately also generally requires a part, and although fifty-five or thereabouts has a chronic burning desire to play a poetess of nineteen.

I can write a play of sorts myself, indeed have been rash enough to do so, but I find it impossible to produce anything that even shows a colourable imitation of an inherent power to overcome these difficulties, or should I say, come up to this standard.

The modern play must be written up to an actor-manager and his wife or it won't do. The other characters don't matter, don't you know. They are kind of comic relief, eh what? or anything like that; but really when one considers how diverse are the noble forms of London actor-managers and their rulers, it would puzzle Shakespeare himself, or even super-Shakespeare, to make his plays fit more than one pair. Then the question arises, "Is the game worth the candle?"

If things are in such a condition in this dear old land that genuine British plays, smacking of the soil, and of the strength and patriotism that goes from that soil into our bones and marrow, are not wanted unless they fit a much too prosperous and globulous actor-manager and his wife, who also is probably globular, it is time for England to consider the education of her children in the way that they should go, and so arrest the decline of our drama which is now so apparent.

But they are not!

I am a confirmed optimist, and I feel sure that the time is not far distant when it will be recognised that other things pay better than trash. This may be an ignoble reason for reform, but unquestionably it is an important factor.

I have spoken of the English national calamity, repression. Londoners have recently seen Sicilian, French and American actors in this city. Can it be said that we depict life and nature more accurately than they do?

I leave the answer to this question to those who should know, and I also make them a present of my diagnosis of the English character. They will not find it far wrong. I have held an audience here for a long time merely telling them of the great empire they have never seen—that I have seen three times in five years—and that can be done much better by actors and managers who know how to appeal to their emotions by accessories and acting.

Some enterprising actor-manager will perhaps remember that after all, at heart, the English are natural—and he will make much gold.

"Down in Alabama," said John Y. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time, and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge: 'I have persuaded him to come.' A few days later he rode into town on a mule, leading his prisoner, tied up snugly with a clothes-line. The prisoner looked as if he had seen hard service. 'Why, for heaven's sake, Jim,' said the judge, 'you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?' 'No, sir,' said Jim. 'I hoped not,' said the judge. 'No,' said Jim, 'part of the way I drug him, and when we came to the Tallarosa River, he swum.'"

Orange Blossoms.

PLUMMER—WHITELAW.

SUMMERS—ROBERTSON.

A pretty wedding was quietly solemnised at St. Stephen's Church, Ponsonby, Auckland, on December 21, when Miss May Whitelaw, daughter of Mrs. Whitelaw, of "Rosenheim," was married to Mr. Sidney J. Plummer, of Siddington, Cirencester, England. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. T. P. Robertson and the Rev. Macaulay Caldwell. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. George Whitelaw, looked exceedingly handsome in a gown of pale cream Shanghai silk, the kimono bodice worn over vest and sleeves of beautiful Carrickmacross lace, with a cream and fawn picture hat of cranialine straw trimmed with two large natural coloured ostrich feathers. She was attended by her nieces, Enid Whitelaw and Maisie Gray, who were daintily dressed in soft white silks and large cream hats. They carried bouquets of pale pink sweet peas. After the ceremony, the bridal party returned to "Rosenheim," where tea was served, and the usual toasts honoured with enthusiasm. Later on, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer left for their wedding trip amidst showers of rice and roses, the bride wearing a brown coat and skirt with smart brown straw hat. The couple were the recipients of many valuable and handsome gifts, amongst these being a pair of solid silver entree dishes from Captain Greenstreet and officers of the s.s. Rimutaka, Mr. Plummer's ship.

ROBINSON—TREGEAR.

An extremely pretty and interesting wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on December 19, between Miss Vera Tregear (only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tregear, Wellington), and Mr. Herbert T. Robinson, of Picton. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. H. Sprott, and the bride was given away by her father. She looked charming in a semi-Empire dress of ivory chiffon taffetas, made with a long train. Tucked chiffon formed the transparent sleeves, and the yoke softened with delicate lace and embroidered in silver. Her tulle veil was attached to a coronet of orange blossom, and her lovely shower bouquet of sweet peas, roses, and carnations had been specially sent from Picton for the occasion. There were to have been three bridesmaids, but unfortunately Miss Morrison (the bride's cousin) was not well enough to be present. Miss Myra Robinson and Miss Brenda von Duedelsen were pale pink glaze veiled in pink crystalline, with lace yokes, and their hats of brown cranialine straw were swathed with brown tulle, and trimmed with roses. Sweet peas composed their bouquets, and they wore the bridegroom's gifts, gold cable bangles. The bride received a gold watch and long gold chain. Mr. E. Robinson attended his brother as best man, and the groomsmen were Messrs. F. Williams and C. Budge. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents, at the conclusion of which Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left on their wedding journey. The bride's travelling dress was of pastel blue cloth, and her toque of ivy and forget-me-nots had a pale blue osprey. Among the many presents was a beautiful silver salver, a present to the bride from the staff of the Department of Labour, in which Mr. Tregear holds the leading position.

SYDAL HANDS ARE LADY'S HANDS

No true lady ever has dirty hands. She always sees that they are white, soft, and scrupulously clean. This result is not to be attained without care and attention. She must have a perfect Emollient to rub in at nights; and the one she has proved to be the best is—

SYDAL.

(Wilton's Hand Emollient)

You will remember the name because it is just the word "Lady's" spelled backwards. Price 1/6. All Chemists and Stores.

CLEAN, COOL COMFORT, FOR THE SKIN.



To Nature is due ICILMA NATURAL WATER, the greatest discovery ever made for the skin, that does away with the necessity of greasy and starchy skin-foods. The Icilma principle is to so cleanse and stimulate the natural energy of the skin that this is able to resist heat, cold or age.

Icilma.

pronounced eye-sil-ma, is the name given to the Preparation made with ICILMA NATURAL WATER, and for giving tone and transparency to the skin, preventing and curing irritations from cold, wind, heat or insect bites, and after shaving they stand cool. For healthy transparency, clean, cool comfort, glowing life and velvety softness, Icilma, whether it be the Water, Cream, Soap or Lotion, is unrivalled.

Obtainable from: Ralph H. Perinham, Chemist North Shore. A. Eriess, Chemist, Queen St. W. J. Williams, Chemist, Queen Street. Price Cream, 2/6 per pot.

BAGS! Does this Concern You?

We make and stock all kinds of CALICO, FLAX, JUTE, and HESSIAN BAGS, SACKS, WRAPPERS, COW COVERS, etc.

For Flour, Oatmeal, Seed, Sheep, Beef, Bacon, Chaff, Manure, Potato, Cement and Lime Bags, etc., etc.

LOWEST QUOTES GIVEN for Cornsacks, Woolsheds or Materials

Support Local Industry

JOYCE BROS. 21 BATH STREET, DUNEDIN. And at 31 Stanley Street, Auckland, Sydney, Brisbane, Fremantle and London

Society Gossip.

AUCKLAND.

Dear Bee,

December 28.

Christmas with its usual festivities is a thing of the past, and we are already thinking over good resolutions for the New Year, also new gowns. Town is absolutely packed; shopping is out of the question. Solid banks of patient humanity, four or five deep, are lined along the counters, waiting to be served. As for amusements, "The Red Mill" and the races are the great attractions of the week, and the cricket matches. "The Red Mill" is most popular, and is drawing splendid houses, but I can't tell you much about it because I have been too busy to go this week. Saturday (Boxing Day) was a most perfect day for the opening of the A.R.C. Summer meeting. Early in the morning there was a little rain, but not enough to make us tremble for the daily costumes, but just enough to cool the air and lay the dust. I have never seen such a crowd on our race-course before; in fact, I hear it was a record day. The lawn looked lovely—the bed of carnations and roses, glorious as it was, scarcely presented so brilliant an appearance as the lawn with its immense crowd of gaily dressed people.

THE DRESSES

were altogether charming, and the hats beggar description; they were of the umbrella or tent persuasion, but were certainly in most cases vastly becoming and picturesque. Quite the largest was worn by Miss Olive Godwin, of the "Red Mill" Company, whose dainty white lawn gown was absolutely covered with the loveliest embroidery and insertion; her hat was a Tuscan flop, simply trimmed with a wreath of pink shaded roses. Another extra large hat was worn by a very pretty stranger to Auckland, who was gowned in a lovely ivory nixon toilette; her Tuscan hat was wreathed with pink and red crush roses.

Mrs. Collins was the first Auckland-er to wear the pretty Victorian bonnet, which we are told is so very fashionable at Home just now. It is certainly most becoming, and Mrs. Collins', of pale blue straw, with blue strings to match, was a most effective finish to the smart blue-grey Empire coat and skirt she was wearing.

One of the most beautifully cut coats and skirts I have ever seen was worn by Miss Hilba Williams. It was of fine white cloth, and was smartly braided and "buttoned" with touches of pale blue. An uncommon black plumed hat completed her costume.

Lace coats in black and white were very much in evidence, and I noticed several particularly smart ones worn by visitors to Auckland. I fancy, as the wearers were all unknown to me.

Mrs. T. C. Williams was gowned in a very handsome black chiffon taffeta gown, and wore with it a sweet white and heliotrope bonnet and a white ostrich feather boa; Miss U. Williams wore a very pretty smoke-blue nixon frock with a large black picture hat; Mrs. Seymour George's toilette of black chaille had a vest of cream lace, very effective black dome-shaped hat with long shaded blue ostrich feather; Miss Coates (Wellington), bronze-green and black striped cloth tailor-made gown, black hat; Mrs. Drummond Ferguson wore a charming Melbourne collection of chine silk made Directoire fashion, with perpendicular panels of silk lace embroidered with touches of pink and blue, modish hat wreathed with flowers to match; Mrs. Shannon's striking Directoire toilette of white crepe de chine was finished with lace and a black chiffon sash. Her large white hat was swathed with black and white tulle caught at one side with a black wing. The whole costume was brought from Sydney by Mrs. Meyer; Mrs. Shannon's sister, who is at present her guest, Mrs. Meyer was effectively gowned in ivory crepe de chine, worn with a

smart mirror green hat, shoes and parasol to match; Mrs. Lowrie (Hawke's Bay), was gowned in pale grey celonine, richly embroidered; grey hat to match, with grey ostrich feathers and ospreys; Miss Nora Gorrie, dainty heliotrope and white striped marquisette, with pretty hat en suite; her sister was gowned in a floral mousseline; Mrs. Southey Baker was charmingly frocked in mole-coloured chiffon voile, picture hat to match, with large cluster of shaded ospreys at one side; Miss Pearl Gorrie wore a very pretty lace and silk blouse, with a white taffeta skirt, large white hat; Miss Cooper, effective white Shantung silk, piped with pale pink, becoming white and pink hat; Miss Browning, dainty fine white inserted lawn, with a white hat; Miss Lulu Browning was most picturesque in white crepe de chine, with a white satin hat and white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. McCosh (Clark) wore black with a transparent cream lace yoke and black plumed hat; Mrs. J. C. Smith, black nixon, with black Valenciennes lace yoke, black hat, with a white lace-edged cap; Mrs. Devore was gowned in a handsome violet taffeta, with a very pretty white and heliotrope bonnet, toned with purple; the Misses Lillian and Kate Devore wore becoming floral mousselines, in heliotrope and pink respectively; Miss Blanche Devore looked pretty in pale blue; Mrs. Tonka, pale grey chaille, with black picture hat; Mrs. Frank Ross (Hamilton) was wearing a fine green silk gown, white hat, crowned with pink roses; Mrs. Dennis O'Rourke looked charming in a sea foam blue Louisine, with chiffon scarf, and black hat; Mrs. Wilfrid Colbeck, very pretty pale grey nixon; Mrs. Fred Waller wore a graceful gown of Tuscan hail shower Swiss mousseline, faintly embroidered with black, cherry chiffon sash, and her pale blue hat was crowned with tails of cherry velvet; Mrs. J. A. Toib was strikingly gowned in a buff satin empire gown, with an effective brown and green toque; Miss Tote and Miss Ruby Porch wore the pretty pale primrose crystal-lines, with large Tuscan hats, swathed with cream lace and not ruffles, the gowns they wore as bridesmaids to Mrs. Hector Pierce; Miss E. Toib, cream celonine costume, dainty white lace vest, pretty flower wreathed hat; Miss Bay Toib looked charming in a graceful empire gown of little blue crepe de chine, with white lace yoke and drape; Mrs. John Reed, royal blue Shantung gown, with Y-shaped yoke of cream lace, and smart blue toque; Mrs. Ranson, ivory Sicilian coat and skirt, with silk and lace vest, becoming toque to match; Mrs. Budge, pretty blue silk, softened with white Tuscan and violet hat; Miss Dunnet, beautifully fitting black tailor-made with heliotrope and white facings, heliotrope and white hat.

Another beautiful gown was worn by Mrs. Henry Nolan. It was a lovely myrtle green nixon embroidered with an Indian pattern of shaded red and blue, cream lace yoke and a smart Tuscan hat; Mrs. W. R. Bloomfield wore a graceful gown of black and white striped crystalline with white lace gimp, becoming picture hat; Mrs. Benjamin, dark green taffeta gown, pretty plumed toque; Mrs. Dawson, handsome gown of black taffeta relieved with white, black and white hat with white ostrich feathers; Mrs. B. Dawson, dainty blue costume and white picture hat with cluster of pale pink roses; Mrs. Herz wore a brown striped tailor-made costume, smart brown and green hat; Mrs. G. R. Bloomfield was charmingly gowned in pale grey crepe de chine, picturesque black hat wreathed with roses; Miss Walker wore a lovely Empire gown of white and black striped marquisette with white and black hat to match; Mrs. Markham, cream serge tailor-made costume, Tuscan hat swathed with white tulle; Miss Birch, navy taffeta with cream lace vest, pretty blue and white hat; Miss Cotter, dainty cream costume relieved with cherry coloured chiffon, and a cream and cherry coloured hat en suite; Miss W. Cotter, graceful gown of heliotrope crepe de chine with white lace vest, pretty violet hat; Mrs. Allison, rich cream silk embroidered with black, and black lace and insertion, cream and black plumed toque; Miss Gibson, dainty pale green mousseline gown, black picture hat with white feathers; Mrs. Petheringham wore a beautifully embroidered Tuscan marquisette, becoming black hat; Mrs. G. Roberts,

pale grey costume with grey and white hat and white feather boa; Miss Towle looked sweet in a grey crepe de chine Empire gown with white lace gimp, large black hat wreathed with small pink roses; Miss M. Towle, dainty white costume with pink ruffs at the neck, and a becoming pink and white hat; Mrs. Hambley, handsome buff and brown cheek taffeta with lovely lace on corsage, cream hat with brown wings.

Mrs. W. Culpan, junr., entertained a large number of friends at her present residence, Chesham-terrace, Devonport.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

prior to her sister Anna's wedding. Some delightful music was contributed by Mrs. Archdale Taylor, Mrs. Orr (Gisborne), Misses Alexander, and Miss Ellie Sheath. Miss Anna Bock, the bride-elect, wore a handsome white embroidered muslin frock; Mrs. Culpan, bisent-coloured Empire gown, with touches of pale heliotrope; Mrs. Bock, black taffeta Empire frock, with cream lace; Mrs. Culpan, sens., brown silk striped voile dress, pale blue scarf, and toque to match; Mrs. J. B. Sheath, peau de soie black applique coat and black toque; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, handsome grey velvet Empire frock, and black Napoleon hat; Mrs. C. Wallnut looked well in a rose-coloured silk voile dress and cream floral toque; Mrs. E. Ashton, black silk voile dress with black transparencies, black hat; Mrs. McKay-Grant, white and grey striped gaze de soie, and charming hat en suite; Mrs. Tom Mahoney, white muslin, inset with lace; Mrs. Orr (Gisborne), steel grey voile with cream lace yoke; Mrs. Frank Wilson Smith, beautiful muslin embroidered Empire frock with touches of black velvet, green and heliotrope floral toque; Mrs. B. Culpan, heliotrope silk, and hat to match; Mrs. C. Stevens, black; Mrs. Alexander, dark blue silk dress with lace yoke, hat with large black and cream daisies; Mrs. R. Ingham Howard, pretty pale grey voile, and hat trimmed with heliotrope; Mrs. Hoare, brown taffeta dress; Mrs. Edmund Mahoney, brown costume; Mrs. Hill, black; Mrs. Passmore, pink floral voile, blue and pink toque; Mrs. Cusain (Hamilton), black dress and hat; Misses Cusain (Hamilton), Culpan, Orr, Sheath (3), Hill, and Alexander (3).

PERSONALS.

Mrs. and Misses Grierson, who have spent the last two years touring in England, returned to New Zealand last week, and are now visiting Mrs. Grierson's oldest daughter, Mrs. Harry Bloomfield, St. Stephen's-avenue, Parnell.

Mr. Harold Lusk, of Christ College, Christchurch, is visiting relatives in Auckland, and is taking part in the Canterbury-Auckland cricket match next week, playing against his old comrades.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Hamilton, are spending Christmastide in Auckland, and are, I presume, the guests of Mrs. Ross's mother, Mrs. McCosh-Clark.

Mrs. and the Misses Ireland, "Hulme Court," Parnell, are returning to Auckland by the Mokoia next week, after having spent several months in Sydney.

Mr. Woodward and Mr. Bankart, preferring rural pleasures at this season of the year, are spending the Christmas holidays at Te Aroha.

Mrs. J. L. R. Bloomfield and Miss Thelma Bloomfield, accompanied by Miss Una Saunders, are staying at Waiwera.

Mr. and Mrs. "Tote" Saunders and family are spending the Christmas vacation at Waiheke.

Mrs. Herbert Kissing, Gladstone-road, has taken her family to the Waikato for change of air, and is at "Melville's" farm, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillies, Hamilton, are spending the Christmas season with Mrs. Gillies at her charming home, Gladstone-road, Parnell. Mrs. Gillies, accompanied by Miss Lily Gillies and Miss Williamson leaves for a visit to the Old Country very shortly.

Mr. Tracey Moresby, of Paeroa, paid a flying visit to Auckland last week, and is now enjoying a pleasurable tour in his motor launch, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. F. Upfl.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowry, Hawke's Bay, are in Auckland for the races, as are also the Messrs. Stead, of Christchurch.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Friend, who, since their marriage, have been living at the Esplanade Hotel, Devonport, left for Sydney on Monday last. Whether they return or not is doubtful.

Mrs. Shakespeare, of Kaipara, who has been on an extended visit to England and the Continent, returned to New Zealand by the direct route last week, and is now staying with her sister, Mrs. Percy Gibson, in Symonds-street, Auckland.

Mr. Harry Watson, Oamaru, is spending a brief holiday in Auckland, and is putting up at the Royal Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Worsp, Waikato, are spending the Christmas season in Auckland. Mr. Sydney Worsp is also in town.

Mr. Jim Coates and Miss Coates, Wellington, are in Auckland at present. Miss Coates is the guest of Mrs. Seymour George, "Cotham," St. Stephen's-avenue.

Mr. Archie Denniston, who is at present living at Steelford, is spending the Christmas and New Year vacation in Auckland.

Miss Winifred Leys, of Herne Bay, Auckland, is at present on a visit to Wellington, and intends being present at the Tennis Tournament at Nelson.

Mrs. Coleman Penrice left Auckland last week for Wellington to rejoin Mr. Penrice, and will take up her residence in the Empire City.

PHYLLIS BROWN.

WANTED, Lady Help, 1st February. Apply by letter, to Mrs. Wilson, St. Stephen's School, Parnell.

DON'T FORGET THAT...

"SCOTT'S EMULSION"

IS JUST AS USEFUL FOR SICKNESS IN SUMMER AS IN WINTER

C.B. TAILOR-MADE C.B.

CORSETS. C.B.

The most stylish and perfect corset shape ever created.



C.B. Tailor Made Corsets bear the seal of Public Approval, and render other corsets ordinary and antiquated. They are worn by upwards of Half-a-Million smart Women in Europe, and have been hailed by the Leading Fashion Experts as the Lightest, Daintiest, and most elegant corsets extant.

C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets are Light as Air, yet they are guaranteed to outlast two ordinary corsets.

A Single Trial is sufficient to Convince every woman of the immense superiority of C.B. Tailor-Made Corsets over all other types.

Obtainable in 50 types, at prices ranging from 8/11 to 4 Guineas

OBTAINABLE IN ALL STYLES FROM ALL PROGRESSIVE STORES.

If any difficulty in procuring the correct style write to:

J. E. NEWPORT, SOUS & Co., Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE
Barrack Street, SYDNEY, or
J. BURNING, Central House, Robson Street, AUCKLAND.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, December 24.

The presentation of prizes and exhibition of work at the Hukarere Maori Girls' School took place last week. Among a large number of people were Mrs. Mayne, who wore pale grey coat and skirt, white lace blouse, black hat, touches of pink; Mrs. Bowen, blue and white ninon frock, smart green floral hat; Mrs. McLean, black braided frock, large black and white plumed hat; Mrs. Saxby, golden brown cloth braided coat and skirt, brown plumed toque to match; Mrs. Tuke, cream cloth frock, black lace scarf, black chiffon toque; Miss Tuke, white muslin and lace dress, white and pink floral hat; Miss Snodgrass, smart brown linen frock, broad hat; Mrs. Bosant, cream serge coat and skirt, touches of black, white picture hat trimmed with black; Mrs. Trent, black taffeta frock, black toque with touches of lavender; Mrs. Currie (Wanganui), pretty grey and white muslin frock, touches of grey taffeta, white picture hat; Mrs. Williams, grey ninon frock, touches of lace, large pink and grey hat; Miss Williams, mauve flowered frock, pretty hat to match; Miss Margoliouth, becoming blue coat and skirt, cream lace blouse, blue picture hat, trimmed with taffeta; Miss McVay, black and white striped frock, pretty floral Leghorn hat; Miss Miller, white muslin and lace dress, white picture hat with wreath of roses; Miss Sheath, cream muslin blouse, black skirt, white lace hat; Mrs. F. Williams, smart cream cloth costume, black picture hat; Miss Braithwaite, cream alpaca Eton costume, cream toque; Miss McDonald, dainty white muslin dress, blue floral hat; Miss E. Williams, brown taffeta dress, with guipure lace yoke, pale green crinoline toque; Miss Bulstrode, blue coloune and lace frock, pretty hat to match; Miss Campbell, smart blue outaway coat and skirt, pale pink picture hat.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mrs. R. Duncan, of Napier, is on a visit to Wellington.
 Miss W. Williams, of Napier, is spending some weeks in Wellington.
 Mrs. Henley has returned to Napier from a visit to Wellington.
 Major Hughes, of Wellington, has been on a visit to Napier for a few days.
 The Misses Dean, of Napier, are on a visit to Auckland.
 Miss Neville, of London, is on a visit to Napier.
 Mrs. Currie, of Wanganui, is spending a few weeks in Napier.
 Miss Hall, of Dunedin, is visiting Napier.
 Mrs. St. Clair, of Wellington, is in Napier for some weeks.
 Mrs. Hadfield, of Wellington, is at present in Napier.
 Miss L. Hoadley has returned to Napier from a visit to Wellington.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jardine, accompanied by Miss Jardine, have returned to Napier from a visit to England.

MARJORIE.

PALMERSTON NORTH

Dear Bee, December 24.
THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

was again unfortunate in the weather for its concert on last Tuesday night. Rain fell steadily all the afternoon, and till after 8 p.m., and when many had given up all hope of going, it cleared up. Nevertheless, there was a very large audience, including a vice-regal party. The orchestral items were quite up to their usual excellence, and excited the admiration of those fortunate enough to be present. Mr. Coban's choice of soloists, both vocal and instrumental, was particularly fortunate. Mrs. Johnson, of Wanganui, played, "Study in E" (Thomas) on the harp, entrancing her listeners, and having to respond to an enthusiastic encore. Of the vocalists, Mrs. Broad sang, "The Children's Home," and Miss Gladys Drew, "When the Heart is Young," and "Oh! That We Two were Maying." The accompaniments were played by Mr. Gunter, while Miss Gunstad acted as pianist for the orchestra. Lady Plunket wore a lace coat over a blue taffeta toilette; Mrs. Waterfield was in cream silk; Mrs. Cohen, figured black crepe de chine, with touches of white on corsage, silver Josephine scarf; Mrs. Holmes, green velvet, cream lace trimming corsage; Mrs. Gunter, cream silk and lace; Mrs. J. L. Bannicot, black silk; Mrs. Stone, pink and cream floral muslin, wide silk belt; Mrs. McKnight, cream canvas voile and lace; Mrs. Gully, black skirt, white tucked silk blouse, Mrs. Taplin, crimson velvet and cream lace; Mrs. Palmer, black silk with white lace; Miss Bell, pink muslin and lace; Mrs. Hennell, black silk, cream lace vest; Mrs. A. Rennell, white muslin and lace; Miss D. Wilson, black skirt, pale blue Pompadour silk blouse with black velvet ribbon; Mrs. McPherson, black velvet with Maltese lace berthe; Miss Marjory Abraham, black crepe de chine, cream lace berthe; Mr. and Mrs. Colbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, the Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Harper, Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Miss McLennan, and many others.

At



- A BAZAAR

arranged by a heavy of little girls in aid of the Children's Home, the sum of £14 was realized, which is very credible when one remembers that dolls' clothes, hats, etc., formed the bulk of the goods offered for sale. The youthful stallholders were the little Misses Alma Grey, Aileen McKnight, Dorothy Morrall, Gladys, Ella and Olive Smith, Audrey Harper, and a few others. Amongst others present during the afternoon were Mrs. A. D. Thompson, wearing a striped grey coat and skirt, cream hat with ribbon bows; Miss Wilson, white muslin blouse, pink skirt, hat with white ruching; Mrs. Bagnall, navy coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. C. Smith, pale grey linen coat and skirt, black hat with cerise flowers; Miss Smith, fawn linen Eton coat and skirt, hat with brown silk trimming; Miss A. Reid, grey and white striped linen frock, cream hat with yellow and white Marguerites Mrs. Connell, fawn embroidered crash frock, cream hat with pink roses; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, brown striped

coat and skirt, floral hat; Mrs. McKnight, pale blue and white striped linen, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Gully (Masterlon), brown and fawn striped muslin, trimmed with cream lace and brown velvet ribbon, hat in shades of brown and fawn; Mrs. A. Grey, corn-

flower blue Eton costume, collar of pale shade of blue, white crinoline hat with black tips; Mrs. H. Wytke, black voile with cream lace yoke, black hat with black tips; Mrs. Gunter, violet frock, violet hat with fawn ospreys; Mrs. McHardy Wedgwood, blue frock, floral

DON'T STAY THIN

THERE is no reason why every man or woman should not acquire or regain a **Perfect Figure**. If you want to add flesh, lose male plumpness, or gain weight, strength and beauty, send for **Free Booklet and a Free Trial Treatment** of the "Miraculous" **Nerve Food and Flesh Developer**. This newly discovered **Herbal Specific** is a **Vitalizing Agent and Flesh Builder**. It will soon put your nerves right, tone up your digestive organs, and the alteration in you will be such a comfort and refreshment. Attention, be it in man or woman, is due to a lack of flesh where flesh ought to be, and the prominence of bone where no bone should be visible. Would you like to have perfect health, with a **grand, ornamental figure free of all scragginess**? You can easily obtain this blessing. **There is no time to lose.** Every day you delay means possibly further **decrease in weight**, so write to-day, enclosing threepence in stamps, to pay postage on **Free Trial Treatment and Beauty Booklet**.

London Specialities Agency, Dept. N **44 Castlereagh St., Sydney.**

JOHN COURT

JANUARY, 1909.

A Good Beginning FOR THE New Year.

January is generally considered to be a dull month; many people are holiday making, others have spent their surplus cash during Christmas and New Year. JOHN COURT LTD. have decided that there is to be no "slow down" this January, the rising values and price inducements to be offered must make this January a very busy month

TO SAVE MONEY

WRITE FOR

JOHN COURT'S, LTD.,

January Price List

A BUDGET of Great BARGAINS

JANUARY will be the Month to buy

DRAPERY, CLOTHING & MILLINERY

— At —

John Court's, Ltd., Queen Street.

THE GREAT ENGLISH LADIES' ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Queen

Appeals to the cultured classes throughout the British Empire, and all ladies who want to keep themselves *au fait* with what the fashionable world is doing should order a copy from the newsdealer who supplies this paper, or from Messrs. Gordon and Gotch's stores throughout New Zealand and Australia.

The Queen.

IS READ ALL OVER THE WORLD.

It contains features which are not found in any other ladies' newspaper. Its fashion news is reliable, its illustrations are correct, and its tone from cover to cover is artistic.

The Christmas Double Number will contain a beautiful art supplement, a Reinbrandt Gravure, by A. J. KLSLEY, entitled

"OUT OF REACH."

ORDER AT ONCE.

The coloured fashion number which appears the first week in each month is a charming production.

Every newsdealer in New Zealand can supply

The Queen

the premier English fashion and society weekly.

and Mrs. Morratt; Mrs. and Miss Buick; Mrs. Stowe, Miss McLennan and several others.

TENNIS.

Saturday was a lovely day for tennis, and a large number of players were on the lawns. Several of the finals in the tournament have been played. In the ladies doubles, Miss F. Waldegrave and Miss Mabel Smith beat Miss Lord and Mrs. Beadall. The handicap singles were won by Miss Edith Wilson, who beat Miss A. Reed, 7-6, after a close game. On the grounds I noticed Mrs. Fulton (Wellington), Mrs. Colbeck, Mrs. Morratt, Mrs. McKnight, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. and the Misses Randolph, Mrs. Pickett, Mrs. Wilkinson (Pelone), Mrs. Warburton, Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, Mrs. F. S. McRae, Mrs. Elliot, Mrs. D. Reed, and the Misses Bell (2), M. Waldegrave, Warburton-Lord, Reed, Porter, M. Smith, E. Wilson, F. Waldegrave and several others.

POLO.

The first polo match of the season was played on the Hockowhitu grounds on Saturday afternoon, when a local team beat a team from Wanganui, 6 goals to 2. The visitors were Messrs. L. Strachan, F. H. Jones, L. Higgin and G. McLeod. The local men were Messrs. Goring, Johnston, Giffard Moore, W. Strang and R. Levin. Afternoon tea was provided from Government House by Lady Plunket. The Government House party present were: Lady Jane Gathorne Hardy and Mrs. Waterfield, Captains Gathorne Hardy and Lyon, A.S.D.C. Other spectators included Mrs. and the Misses Abraham, Mrs. A. Strang, Mrs. W. Strang, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. and Miss Munro, Mrs. Russell.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Fulton, Wellington, spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. C. E. Waldegrave.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thompson and Miss Edith Wilson have gone on the Pelorus Sound trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Adams and their little daughter are spending the holidays at Tetahi Bay, Wellington.

Mrs. W. Keeling and children and Mrs. W. Beadall and children have gone for a month or so to Rona Bay, Wellington.

Mrs. Clark, Wanganui, is staying with her sister, Mrs. H. Waldegrave.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rennell have gone to Wellington for Christmas week.

VIOLET.

CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, Dec. 24.

THE FLORAL FETE,

which, owing to bad weather, was postponed from Wednesday last, took place on Saturday. The attendance was not as good as was expected, due partly to the fact that a very large garden party and children's party was given at Fendalton on the same day. Still, the promoters of the fete are to be congratulated on the complete success of all their arrangements. The principal feature of the show was undoubtedly the march past of the Human Posters; the first prize for which was won by Miss Banks, representing "The Canterbury Times."

On the same afternoon Mrs. Beckett gave a

GARDEN PARTY AND CHILDREN'S PARTY

in her beautiful grounds at Fendalton. Mrs. Beckett wore a lovely gown of sea-green muslin, and large white hat; her mother, Mrs. Withnell, wore a handsome black toilette relieved with white. The little ones were entertained with a huge Christmas tree covered with toys of all descriptions, each child being the recipient of at least two toys and a box of sweets to take home. A few of those among the grown-ups were Mesdames Moreland, Hunt, Harris, Rhodes, Wigley, Armistage (Ireland), Lee, Ross, J. Crawford, Wilson, J. B. Hall, Kitto, Day, Pascoe, G. Gerard, Butterworth, Archer, Macdonald, Stewart, Dixon, Irving, Talbot, Campbell, Palmer, Moares, Ford, Boys, W. Harman, Evans, Sedgewick, Wilkin, Anderson, Morton, Balgely, "Slowman, Lucas, Reid, Wall, Puckney, Turner, W. Hall, Cox, Knight, Lawrence, Emma, Archer, Maxwell, D. McFarlane, Toddhunter, Misses Cox, Newton, Orbell, Ceterill, Cotton, Crossley, Joseph, Lucas, Cook, Gerard, Inman and Izard.

A hay party was given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. Archer, at Fendalton. An immense number of guests were pre-

sent, both large and small; all of whom agreed that it was the happiest, merriest party of the season.

On Tuesday evening Miss Pratt gave a small children's party at Worcester-street. A Christmas tree laden with gifts was provided for the entertainment of the little ones.

Mrs. Talbot, Oxford-terrace, gave a party for tiny tots on Wednesday afternoon.

The Christchurch children are having quite a gay time this Christmas, and are being already laden with toys. Poor Santa Claus will be at his wits' end to know what novelty to bring them to-morrow.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Lady Clifford and Miss Clifford left Christchurch on Thursday for Stoneyhurst. Other Christchurch departures are: Miss Nancarrow for Dunedin, Mr. and Mrs. Neave for South Otago, and Miss Westera for Gisborne.

Amongst the arrivals in Christchurch are Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Acland and family, who have returned from England; Miss Collishaw, who has returned from England; Mrs. Rice (America), who has come on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Ikals (Fendalton); Mrs. Duncan Cameron (Methven), and Miss Murray Aynley, who have returned from a trip to Rotorua; and Miss Hawdon, who has returned from England.

Visitors to Christchurch include Mrs. Hawdon (Mt. Peel), who is staying with Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes (Merivale), Miss Lyon (Woodbury), Mrs. Kilian (Clent Hills), Mr. and Mrs. Armistage (Ireland), Mrs. H. Acton Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins (Napier), Miss Wells (Amberley), who is the guest of Mrs. H. P. Hill, Papanui.

DOLLY VALE.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, December 22.

Last Saturday afternoon more matches were played in connection with this year's championship

ON THE MARLBOROUGH LAWN TENNIS

grounds, and there was a good attendance of both ladies and gentlemen, it being such a lovely afternoon. On this occasion Mrs. R. McCallum provided and dispensed a dainty afternoon tea, which was much appreciated. Some of those present were: — Mesdames McCallum, Mowat, Clouston, Clark, Adams, and Bennett; Misses D. Waddy, B. Griffiths, Bell (2), Horton (2), Harley, Neville (2), Burden, Leslie, Easther, Heffer (2), Clarke, Shand, and Anderson, Messrs. Bagge, Burden, Moore, Hill, Anderson, Armstrong, Fisher, Stace, Churchward, Shepherd, Viekers (Picton), Dr Adams, and Bennett.

PRESENTATION.

Mr H. J. Robinson (Picton), and very well known in our midst, left for Wellington, where he is to be married to Miss Vera Tregear, of that city. Mr Robinson was for many years a teacher in the Blenheim Borough School, and then at Tua Marina, and now holds the position of headmaster of the Picton school. His old pupils of the Tua Marina School entertained and presented him with a silver sugar basin and cream jug, as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held there. He was also presented by the Picton school children with a handsome silver inkstand, suitably inscribed. Among those who have left to be present at his wedding are Dr and Mrs Redman, Mr E. Robinson, and Mrs F. Dodson.

PERSONALS.

Mr D. A. Sturrock left for Wellington on Thursday on his way to spend his holidays in Australia.

Mr and Mrs B. Clouston (Springdale) left on Monday for a holiday at Rotorua. Dr and Mrs Naira have returned from a most enjoyable trip to Rotorua.

Mrs Montgomery (Wanganui) is visiting her daughter, Mrs Tripe, "Koromiko." Miss Bennetts, who has been visiting Mrs L. Griffiths, "Springlands," has returned to Masterton.

Mrs H. Tilly, "Springlands," is visiting friends in Wellington.

Miss McDonald (England) is staying at the Club Hotel, with Mr and Mrs Fred Tedwood.

Mrs H. D. Vavasour and Miss Vavasour, and the two Misses Vavasour returned to their home at "Ugbrooke" this week after an extended visit to Europe. Mrs E. Reid (Wellington) is the guest of Mrs W. Bell at "Flaxmere." Miss Ida Green has returned to Napier

after a short visit to her old friends in Blenheim.

Miss Nessie Grace is spending her holiday at "The Parsonage."

Mrs C. J. W. Griffiths left to-day on a holiday to Nelson.

"JEAN."

Appropriate Gifts For Ladies.

If you are giving a lady, a gift it must be something useful, something that she can put to personal use. Such a gift is always acceptable and is always appreciated. The following are some suggestive items:

FANCY LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS

SCOLLOPED and Hemstitched, and effectively embroidered. Half dozen in a box, at 3/0, 3/11, 4/11, 5/6, 6/6, 7/11, 8/11 per box.

FINE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

EMBROIDERED and with Scolloped or Hemstitched borders. Half dozen in a box, at 7/11, 8/11, 11/6, 12/6, 14/6 per box.

SHAMROCK LINEN LAWN HANDKERCHIEFS

HANDSOMELY Embroidered, with Hemstitched or Scolloped borders, at 17/6, 18/6, 19/6, 22/6, 25/6, 30/- to 78/- per dozen.

SILK MALTESE LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

WITH Silk Centres, at 3/8, 7/11, 8/6, 9/11, 13/6, 17/6, 18/6, 22/8 each.

REAL LACE HANDKERCHIEFS

IN Duchesse Point, Point de Gaze, and Point de Floude, with fine linen centres, at 12/6, 14/6, 16/-, 21/- to 63/- each.

Some Special Gifts.

FANCY SILK DOROTHY BAGS

THESE dainty little bags are made of fancy silk ribbon with draw cord fastening, in six different shapes, and just large enough to hold a small purse and handkerchief, or powder puff, at 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11, 3/3, 3/11, 4/11 each.

REAL SEAL HAND BAGS

LINED throughout with leather, and in four good colours, at 12/11 each.

GRAIN LEATHER SCISSOR CASES

CONTAINING three pairs of Scissors of different sizes. The scissors are of British manufacture, and are made of the finest steel, at 6/6, 7/6 the case.

Kirkcaldie & Stains, Ltd. WELLINGTON.

Preliminary Announcement



MESSENGER COY.

beg to announce to the ladies of Auckland that they have made arrangements with a Specialist to attend to customors for their famous Corsets.

NOTICE ADDRESS:

Head Office: **MRS. CASSIDY, O.P.O., NORTHCOE.**
189a Manchester Street, Christchurch



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—Now our exam. is over, I will take the opportunity to write to you to thank you for the badges you sent us, which we thought were very nice indeed. Do you like walking through bush? I went through a bush on Saturday over at Birkenhead. It was at a friend's place, and, oh! it was lovely walking through it. Christmas is very near now. On Christmas Day we always go to grandmother's place, and we always have a good old time there. There will be about 20 people out at grandmother's. I wish all the cousins a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and you the same. Now, with love, from Cousin NELLIE.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—How thankful you must be to have those awful examinations over. Do you know the results yet? I think all the other cousins have passed theirs. Isn't that grand? I love the bush, and always feel so sad when any is cut down; but, of course, it has to be done. Walking through real bush is not at all easy. Very often it takes hours to get even a mile when you have to cut your way through supplejacks and lawyers, and other creepers. Like that; but going through bush with nice paths all ready made is lovely. You will have a lovely time on Christmas Day, but I think I am rather sorry for your grandmother. Fancy 20 extra to dinner these hot days. How big the Christmas puddings will have to be.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—We were very glad to see the rain here in the country. The ground was very hard and dry. Valentine is 21 months old; he tries to sing a few baby songs. He is very fond of bathing, and has no fear of the water. The last service that we had here we went to it, and had to go 14 miles there and back. The Maoris who took us over the river left us in the lurch, so a friend kindly brought us across. Cousins Kathleen and Freda seem to have a lot of dolls, and I should think they would want a special house to keep them all in. In a few weeks now the bush will look very pretty when all the Christmas flowers are out; it is very late this year. We are expecting some friends up for Christmas, and I hope we have a jolly time. With love to yourself and all the other cousins. I remain, your loving cousin, MOYRA.

[Dear Cousin Moyn.—Thank you very much for your card and your good wishes; the same to you, and many, many of them. I think the Christmas flowers are very late this year. I was just saying that to my sister yesterday. We have two big trees in the garden, and there are only a few small flowers out, and they ought to have been out a week ago. What a fuster you must have been in

when those Maoris never came back for you. You were lucky to have a friend close at hand, weren't you? We had quite a lot of rain here last week, which we didn't want at all. We would have been only too glad to give it to you. I got caught in a fearfully heavy shower, and got wet through. I suppose Valentine runs about all over the place now, and has to be watched all the time? Aren't you afraid he will go bathing on his own account? You are so close to the water, aren't you?—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

badge, and was very pleased with it. I am very sorry that I was unable to write to you before, as our first examination is just over, and we are working very hard for the final one. I hope next time I will be able to tell you that I was successful in passing into the seventh standard. The flower show was held here a fortnight ago, but, owing to the rain, the show was not the success it was twelve months ago, the best of the flowers being spoilt. There are two shows held during the year. The general show, which is held in February, that show being quite apart from the November one, which is entirely for flowers. I generally put writing in the February show, which I intend doing again this year. As this is all the news I have at present, I must close, with love to all the cousins.—I remain Cousin HAZEL.

[Dear Cousin Hazel.—I am so glad you liked your badge, and I never really expect any letters when examinations are on; you must have quite enough to do preparing for them; I hope you pass alright, they are such horrible things, aren't they. I remember we used to dread them fearfully. Our flower show was held quite a long time ago, and the flowers were glorious, especially the roses and sweet pea. What kind of writing do you put into the show, just ordinary handwriting, or an essay of some sort? Of course you have begun your holidays by this time; the weather is perfectly lovely for them, isn't it? I hope you will enjoy them thoroughly.—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is my last letter to you before Xmas, so I shall wish you and all the other cousins a very merry Xmas. I did not go to school yesterday because it was so wet, and nearly had to stop at home today, too. We are very busy at school making Xmas presents. I would tell you what I am making for mother and father, only mother always reads my letter, and she would see what I am making for her. Are you going away for Xmas, we are not. I am going to hang up a baby's booties for Franky, I want him to get a little collar in it. I went to a picnic up One-tree Hill last Saturday, and had a lovely time.—I remain with much love to your dear self and all the other cousins, from Cousin HELEN.

[Dear Cousin Helen.—Thank you for your good wishes for Xmas, I hope you, too, will have a lovely time, and a very full stocking. I don't think you will have to bother about the rain for some time now, which is just as it should be for the holidays; it doesn't matter so

much about the weather at school times, does it? I hope mother's Xmas present will be a great success, though she is sure to like it after you have taken so much trouble about it. I don't think I am going away for Xmas, either, but I always go away into the country somewhere about February, just when you are going back to school. I haven't been up One-tree Hill for such a long time, but it is lovely up there, isn't it?—Cousin Kate.]

+ + +

Dear Cousin Kate.—I went to a bazaar the other day, and it was a great success. It lasted for three days, and I went to it twice. Altogether, it made over £74. The money is going towards building a new church. There was an art gallery, and it was very funny, everything in it was a have. Our school breaks up in another week, and our teacher is going up to Auckland for her holidays; we are having six weeks. I have a little pet foal, and it tries to pounce on you; they are very tricky when they are young, and often when they get older. We are having very unsettled weather down here, and I suppose it will be wet for Christmas. I must close now, with love to all your cousins and yourself, from Cousin RUBY.

[Dear Cousin Ruby.—That bazaar certainly was successful, but I am afraid £74 won't go very far towards building a church, will it? Churches seem to be so frightfully expensive somehow, much more than other buildings. Those fake art galleries are very funny, aren't they? Did you ever see a laughing gallery, it is absolutely the funniest thing you can imagine, and all done with looking glasses, I think. I don't think I should care for that pet foal of yours very much if it pounces; it does not matter so much now it is young, perhaps, but it will be decidedly dangerous if it continues to do it when it grows up. I should imagine. I think we are going to have beautiful weather for Xmas, after all, though it certainly did not look like it last week, did it?—Cousin Kate.]

Pineapples for Health.

Dr. David T. Day, a well-known scientist of the United States Geological Survey, lays his own splendid health to the free use of pineapples, and advises all who can to follow his example and be well. "If you have one foot in the grave and a nervous wreck from dyspepsia," says Dr. Day, "drink pineapple juice. It is the grandest tonic that nature has yet offered poor man, and is even better as a weapon against old age and decrepitude than the sour milk diet that has made the Higanian peasants the longest-lived people on the face of the earth."

"Say, that air young Bill Banks was't overly bright, he he?"
"Wa'al, I callate if Bill had just a leffe more sense ye might call him half-witted."

THE HIGH-GLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

(Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK.

FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

Shirts, Pyjamas, &c.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

From Leading Hosiery, Outfitters, &c.

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

THE HIGH-GLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

(Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK.

The Ideal Material for Children's Frocks, Sleeping Suits, &c.

ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

To be obtained from the Leading Drapers.

The Melbourne Leader says:—
"For Children's Clothes Viyella is joy!"

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

THE HIGH-GLASS WASHING MATERIAL

'Viyella'

(Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK.

FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

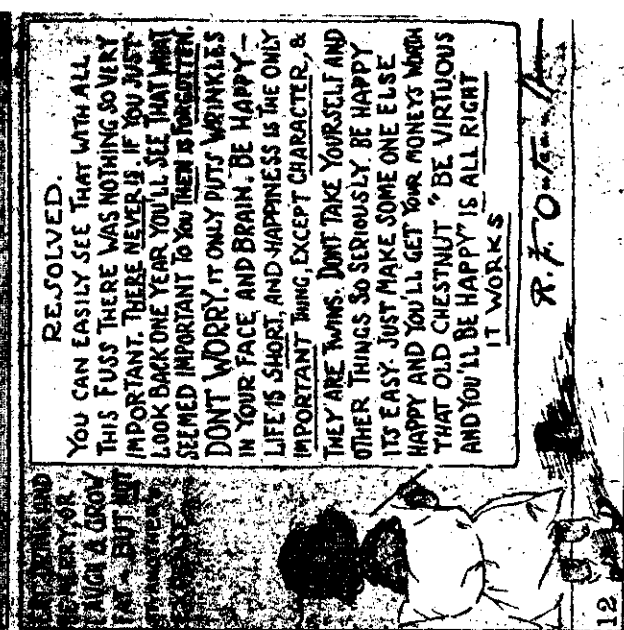
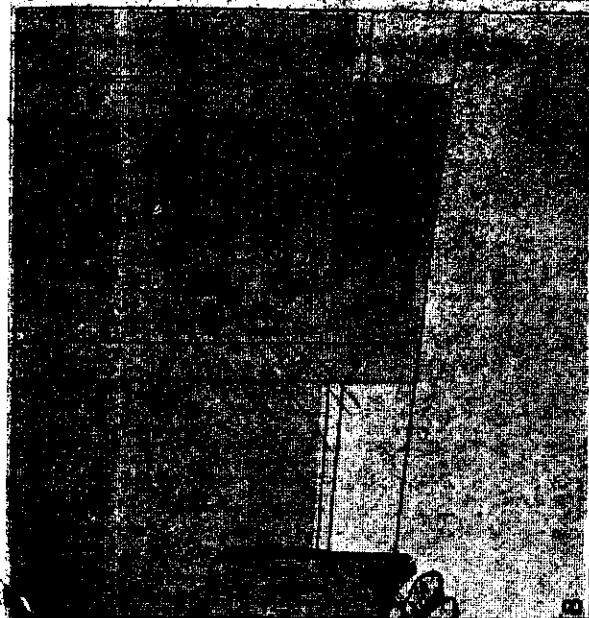
ECONOMICAL BECAUSE DURABLE.

From Leading Drapers

The Queen says:—"You can wear it for night-dresses all the year round."

SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.





R.F.O.



THE "LEADING" HEAVY.

"What's the matter now?"
 "We're playin' circus parade—an' Willie's a-bein' the elephant an' the lion an' the hippotamus an' the cally-ope, an' it ain't fair!"

UNJUSTLY SUSPECTED.

Mrs. Newlywed: Fred, dear, I've done you a great injustice.
 Mr. Newlywed: In what way?
 Mrs. Newlywed: Well, I suspected you without reason. I asked several of your friends that you go to the club with if you knew how to play poker, and every-one thought a minute and said you didn't.



"If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

SO NICE OF HER.

Ethel: Sometimes I really think seriously of remaining unmarried.
 Maud: Think only? Why, I imagined you worried about it.

A SUMMER BOARDER.

"Do you keep boarders?"
 "Nope," answered Farmer Cornlossol. "We don't keep 'em. But there's always new ones dropping along. An' to tell you the truth, a summer boarder ain't very good company after the first three or four days, nohow."



LOST SEVERAL.

Old salt (with his eye on the line): Mister, ain't you got a bite?
 Fisherman: Oh! no-oo; on the contrary.

RATHER!

He: Do you think a young man has as good a chance now as he had twenty or thirty years ago?
 She: Better; this is so sudden, but I know papa will be delighted.

THE IMPOSSIBLE.

Clara: "We girls are getting up a secret society."
 Jack: "What's the secret?"
 Clara: "Don't know yet, but I'll tell you as soon as I'm initiated."

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

Mrs. Shopper: I'd like to look at some hose.
 Floor Walker: Yes, Madam! Garden or limb?

A QUIET ROAD.

"It is easier to be good than great," remarked the moraliser. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "one has less opposition."



"WHERE WE SAT SIDE BY SIDE"



"Well, Hank, I reckon we've goin' to have an early winter. That's the meanest flock of rich folks I seen flyin' south."