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AND

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The Week in Review

The wreck of the Penguin is one of the worst shipping casualties of recent years. The Penguin was a very popular coastal steamer, and was always considered one of the best sea-boats in the Union Company's service. According to a statement made by the captain, the boat left Picton at 6.20 last Friday night, and entered the Strait a little before eight o'clock. When half way across the weather became very thick, and the vessel struck just as its head was being put down the Strait. The pumps were set to work, but the water gained rapidly, and in less than an-hour the vessel sank bodily. Cape Terawhiti, the scene of the disaster, has always been regarded as a dangerous point, especially in bad weather, and both the Grassmere and the Oceanic came to grief there. It has often been urged that a light should be established at this point, and only a short time ago Lieutenant Knox drew attention very emphatically to this matter. In view of the extremely dangerous nature of the locality, it is to be hoped that a lighthouse or danger signal will soon be established.

Nothing has so moved the people of the Dominion as the wreck of the Penguin since the Wairarapa and Ellingmire catastrophes. The disaster in Cook Strait is not only the greatest since the two tragic shipwrecks, but it bears a close resemblance to them. The Penguin was a splendid boat, well-found and well-equipped, and commanded by a thoroughly capable and experienced captain. She had crossed the strait dozens of times in far worse weather than prevailed last Friday, and there was not anything, despite the heavy sea running, to give cause for anxiety or alarm. Yet suddenly a rent is torn in her side, and the sea pours in, confronting all on board with the prospect of death. The heroism displayed by passengers and crew alike shows how great is the courage and calmness of human nature in the hour of danger. In a supreme crisis we Britons of lands beyond the sea have always shown that we possess the brave spirit of our race, and, separated by thousands of miles from the Motherland as we are, we are yet linked to her by the knowledge that when we change our skies we do not change the British spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice and duties nobly done.

The flax industry of the Dominion seems to be threatened with extinction in the near future, unless something can be done to save it. The employers state that the men want more wages than millers can afford to pay, and others assert that the royalties imposed are more to blame than the wage demands. Mr G. Shurtcliffe, who has been connected with the flax industry for over a quarter of a century, considers that the royalties are still far too high, though they have been greatly reduced lately, and are now fixed on a sliding scale. He thinks that further reductions will have to be made if any of the mills are to remain open. But the wages were actually increased when the slump set in, and the labour portion of the cost of production has grown since 1898 by some £4 per ton. The millers' profits have now reached vanishing point, and some readjustment both of royalties and wages is urgently called for if the industry is to be saved.

The subject is an important one in view of the number of men employed and the value to the colony of the bales exported. In 1907, the number of bales graded was 147,000; in 1908 the quantity fell to 89,000; in September, 1907, there were 130 mills at work, while in the same month last year there were only 70 that were able to keep going. The outlook for the present year seems even worse, and it is considered probable that several more mills will be compelled to shut down. In 1907 the industry distributed in wages alone some £390,000, and the owners of the flax properties spent considerable sums for pure and simple, the remaining one-fourth being for fuel, freight, grading, oils, and insurance. It is quite clear that with the prices at present ruling, and the competition of other countries, the wage-earners must either be content to accept lower wages or else they must make up their minds to see the whole industry extinguished, whilst they themselves go to swell the ranks of the unemployed.

The report of the Rhodes Trustees for 1907-8 shows that there were during that period 158 Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford, while for 1908-9 the number had increased to 178. Balliol seems to be the favourite college, and Christ Church comes next, Corpus being lowest with only two scholars. Six students won scholarships or prizes, two being from the United States and four from the British colonies. It is perhaps a little disappointing to find that only four gained a First-class in the Final Honours Schools, 10 getting a Second, and 15 a Third, while 3 only succeeded in getting a Fourth. In athletics the Rhodes scholars seem to have more than held their own; four got Rugby "blues," five got athletic "blues," and one each a cricket and boating. It has been suggested that as we send colonial scholars to Oxford it would be a good thing for England to send some of her scholars to colonial universities. The idea certainly seems a good one, and were it acted on, there would probably be a more cordial understanding between the Motherland and her dependencies.

The subject of the King's English has been much discussed of late, and a Southern paper makes some amusing comments on the way in which English is taught at school and at the university. In the course of a very ably written leading article, it remarks: "At present the term 'English' too often means, in education circles, a smattering of useless Anglo-Saxon, a scaffolding of parts of speech, to be laid bare and pulled apart with vicious curiosity, a list of unread books and dates and authors, with Professor Saintsbury's views thereon—who is Professor Saintsbury?—the endless Latin names of harmless 'figures of speech,' which never deserved to be so branded, and a variety of other useless 'information' of a superficial kind. In consequence, it is a reproach against the university graduate that frequently he is unable to speak or write his native language in a way that does not shock the nerves." All of which is doubtless very true, but the trouble is to devise something better. The old classical education has fallen into disrepute, but there is no doubt that it really did help to form style and give a sense of the beautiful in literature. Nothing has ever been found to quite replace it in this respect, and certainly our modern methods of teaching English do not appear to give very satisfactory results.

It is not always realised how vital it is to England that her navy should be equal to the combined fleets of any other two Powers. Many economists at Home are inclined to protest against the present naval expenditure, and urge that much of the money would be better spent on schemes of social reform. It is indeed reported that there is likely to be a serious split in the Cabinet on this very matter. It would be quite possible for Great Britain to be brought to the depths of misery and even, submission without any great naval disaster or invasion. Her main supply of food and raw material comes from over the sea, and therefore her fleet must be sufficient not only to wage hostile operations, but also to protect her commerce. The Peace Conference of 1907 reinstated privateers, and a single privateer in a distant ocean could play havoc with merchant shipping. A great increase in the price of commodities would be certain to take place, and many millions would be reduced to want or even to actual starvation. The double function that would be required of the navy in the event of war makes it imperative that it should at all costs maintain its present relative superiority.

It would appear that people are still victimised by the free photographic enlargement imposture, in spite of the frequent warnings given by the Press. The usual procedure is to give the picture free and charge an exorbitant price for the frame. Sometimes the people conducting this class of business possess a certain sense of humour. One young lady of ample proportions and of homely features forwarded her photo, for enlargement. In due course she received a reply stating that the picture was ready and would be forwarded on receipt of two guineas, to pay for the frame. The two guineas not being forthcoming, the firm refused to forward either the enlargement or the original photo. When, however, they were threatened with legal proceedings, they returned the photo, saying that it was so utterly hideous and ugly that any enlargement of it would be worse than useless as an advertisement, and as they only gave pictures free for advertising purposes they could not carry out their contract.

Mr. Elihu Root, the United States Secretary of State, has declared himself to be in entire sympathy with Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in regard to the urgent need that exists for radical reform in the administration of the Congo Free State. Mr. Root declares that the conditions agreed to at the Brussels Convention are being violated, and the United States and Great Britain are quite in accord in desiring to secure better conditions in the country. It was hoped that when the Belgian people decided last year to take over the Congo and administer it for themselves some of the iniquities perpetrated by King Leopold would have been done away with, but apparently the Belgian administrators have continued the system of ruthless tyranny and barbarous cruelty. The Powers will now in all probability insist on enforcing the terms of the Berlin Act, under which the Congo was declared to be internationally free commercial land, and it is to be hoped that the unfortunate natives will be rescued from the bloodstained despotism under which they have so long been placed.

The annual report and balance-sheet of the New Zealand Insurance Company shows that the company has quite recovered from the heavy losses sustained at the time of the San Francisco conflagration, and its investments now total £710,512, or within £4,000 of what they stood at before the earthquake. The chairman referred to the unsatisfactory

condition of fire insurance business in the Dominion, and stated that as far as New Zealand was concerned all the fire companies were making losses. This he attributed to the exceedingly low rates that have been ruling, and to the heavy expenses entailed by the contributions payable under the Fire Brigades Act. He also mentioned that the accident business had suffered through the action of the Government in guaranteeing the State Accident Insurance Department against loss in connection with certain liabilities incurred under the Workers' Compensation Act of last session. He thought that the State, by its guarantee, had taken an unfair advantage over private companies. In spite, however, of these difficulties, the Company is in a stronger position to-day than it has ever been before, and it enters on its jubilee year under the most cheerful and promising auspices.

The visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Berlin cannot fail to bring about a more friendly sentiment between England and Germany. A bitter feeling against Great Britain had become one of the most deeply-seated elements in modern German life. Bismarck fostered this feeling in his later years, for reasons of internal policy. German institutions were based on militarism, and he thought any admiration for the Parliamentary and legal institutions of Great Britain might tend to weaken the hold which the army held on the country. There has also always been a keen commercial rivalry between the two nations, since in the struggle for colonial expansion and trade Germany naturally came to look on Great Britain, who held the field, as her rival. King Edward has always been represented as a witty and crafty foe, and the present visit will do much to remove that misapprehension, and to let the German people see that from the King downwards the English people entertain nothing but friendly feelings towards a nation that has so much in common with our own.

All the great Powers would rejoice if something could be done to lessen the ever increasing burden of taxation for military and naval purposes—Germany, perhaps, most of all. It is to be hoped that the more friendly spirit which the King's visit cannot fail to engender will enable some halt to be called in the building of armaments. In both England and Germany many social reforms cannot be carried out because of the enormous expenditure on the army and navy. Japan is already revolted against the crushing load of militarism. In this connection a leading Tonkin paper remarks: "It is very significant to notice that in two Japanese regiments at least the men are deserting in squads and at frequent intervals. If well-informed Japanese are to be believed in their reports regarding the soldiers of the Sixty-second Regiment who recently fled from their quarters, it was bad treatment that drove the men to this extremity. And if the army is inclined to complain of the burden of military service, much more do the people utter energetic protests against the new taxes to meet the expenses of the last war. Their complaints are every day more emphatic. Crushing taxation, dwindling commerce, paralysed industries, and an exorbitant budget form the burden of their lamentation. Such are the charges and retributions which fill the newspapers from day to day." It is possible to buy military glory at too great a price, and national ambition may easily lead to national bankruptcy.

Lord Northcote made a most interesting speech at Exeter on the subject of emigrants for Australia, and the influence of the Anglo-Saxon race. He dwelt on the need that existed for making land readily accessible to British emigrants

Having energy and go. Cultivated lands should be split up as a first step towards developing other industries. Men were wanted for the land, and at present there was little demand for clerks and other city workers. Australia could easily carry twenty-five millions, and with such a population she could make her voice potent in the councils of the nations. He then went on to speak of the great mission of Anglo-Saxonism, and how it always stood for peaceful conquests in commerce and supremacy in life and business.

Few men are more entitled than Lord Northcote to speak with authority on Australian affairs, and he sees with the eye of a statesman that the time has come when the great self-governing colonies must seek to take a commanding position among the nations. But to do this they require population, and population can only be supported if the land is developed. At present the man seeking to acquire land is not always encouraged and helped as he should be. Too much attention is apt to be paid to the city worker, whilst the country settler is neglected. As a consequence, the cities are growing, and millions of acres of land are lying idle. To remedy this state of affairs is the one great duty of all who have the best interests of the Empire at heart.

Mr. A. M. Myers has made such a singularly capable Mayor that the people of Auckland naturally feel that the choice of a successor will be a matter of exceptional difficulty. Fortunately as Auckland has been in the men who have filled the Mayoral chair, it is doubtful if any previous occupant has been able to look back upon such a successful record of municipal work as Mr. Myers can boast of. When he first assumed the reins of office there were not a few who had misgivings on the grounds that he had had no previous experience of municipal organisation. Such misgivings have long been dispelled, and during the four years of his Mayoralty Mr. Myers has shown himself to be possessed of organising ability of the highest order, and he has attended to all civic business with skill, care and patience. Amongst the many municipal works with which he has been associated must be reckoned the initiation of a drainage scheme for the city and suburbs, the commencement of the town hall, the erection of abattoirs, the Trafalgar Road Bridge, and the extension of the Waitakeri waterworks. It is not often that anyone can show such a record, and Aucklanders will long remember with gratitude the capacity and administrative ability of their present Mayor.

The French Budget for this year, which has been passed by both the French Chambers, reaches the huge and unprecedented total of £160,000,000. Immense reserves of gold are also being accumulated in the Banque de France, and it is computed that these reserves amount to over £100,000,000. This immense sum is locked up as a war fund, and it dwarts into significance the few millions which Germany keeps locked up for emergencies. France is in a particularly strong financial position seeing that she can afford to keep idle and unproductive a sum almost equal to her expenditure for the year, and in this respect she compares favourably with Germany, the latter country being faced with a deficit of £25,000,000, and being compelled to resort to largely increased taxation. Many competent critics assert that France is now far better prepared for war than her great rival, and her dream of some day winning back the lost provinces may yet be realised.

Reinforced concrete seems to be effecting a revolution in the building and engineering trades, and is displacing the steel girder, brickwork, and stonework so largely used hitherto. The new method has been applied to a concrete viaduct 3000 feet long at Richmond, Virginia. The spans vary from 18 feet to 70 feet, the latter distance from support to support being a revelation to many builders as to what can be accomplished in this direction. A very fine elevated water-tank has also been erected at Los Angeles of the same material. The reinforced concrete posts, 70 feet high, support a tank of the same material, with a capacity of 200,000 gallons. This tank has been in use for several months without any sign of leakage. We are just beginning to recognise in New Zealand the value of this method of construction, and

in view of the works we have already undertaken it is gratifying to learn that other countries pronounce it to be an unqualified success.

Bishop Selwyn is not the least distinguished amongst the many eminent men the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated this year. Beyond all other celebrations, that in connection with the great Bishop will have a unique interest for New Zealanders, and preparations are being made to suitably mark the event. The 5th of April, the day of his birth, falls on the Monday in Holy Week, and it is felt that for many reasons that would not be a very suitable day for such a commemoration. It has, therefore, been decided to hold it on St. George's Day, April 23rd, and whatever offerings are made in connection with the celebration, are to be divided between the endowment fund of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and the building fund of the Pattenon memorial wing of St. John's College, Auckland. A strong committee has been formed in England in connection with the commemoration, and the Anglicans in New Zealand are working energetically to suitably honour his memory in the land where he worked for so long, and for which he did so much.

Fresh outrages are reported from India, and this time of a very serious nature. The prosecutor in the recent Anarchist cases was openly assassinated in the Alipur Courthouse, and a bomb was thrown at a train on the same line as that on which the Viceroy was travelling on his way to Assam for a few days' shooting. Both these outrages are supposed to have emanated from the Anarchist organisation, some of whose members are now on trial at Alipur for sedition. It would seem that a regular campaign has been commenced against officials, as the train at which the bomb was thrown contained Mr. Ilume, the Public Prosecutor, and the fact that the Viceroy was travelling on the same line would indicate that the outrage was also intended as a warning to him. Six Hindus have been sentenced for inciting to murder, and for having published placards containing recipes for the making of bombs. The editor of one of the Puna newspapers has also been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 1000 rupees for publishing seditious articles. It is gratifying to find that the native princes and most of the Mohammedans are remaining loyal and are demanding that prompt measures shall be taken to quell the growing sedition.

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Musings AND Meditations

By DOG TOBY

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

THE following hints on the art of catching an eligible husband have been sent me by a lady of considerable experience in such matters. The mother of seven daughters, she has lived to see them all happily settled in life, and though feelings of modesty have led her to express a desire that her name should not appear, readers may rely on her advice as being thoroughly sound and as having borne the test of experience. Her letter runs as follows:—

"My Dear Toby,—I will gladly tell you anything I can, on condition that you do not publish my name. You will, I am sure, readily appreciate my motives in making this request. In my own early days it used to be thought that a girl ought to sit at home and wait the advent of the fairy prince, but in these days of fierce competition a girl who did that would soon find herself cut out by her less scrupulous rivals. The best ally a girl can have is a good sensible mother; but such mothers are rare, and the majority fail, from lack of experience, to really assist their daughters. First, therefore, I propose to address the mothers, and give them a little advice.

"It is a great mistake to think that the really eligible young man—that is, of course, the young man of ample means—is more ready to rise to the bait in the evening than in the morning. Encourage him to call somewhere about 11 a.m. The probability is that he has spent the night before with bachelor friends. If so, he is very likely to be feeling a little depressed, and amenable to entertaining a desire to settle down. Your daughter should be fresh and simply gowned, conveying an impression of daintiness, unaffected simplicity. To produce just the right impression both in dress and manner requires much thought and practice, but it is well worth the trouble involved.

"A girl who looks fresh and nice in the morning always appeals to a man. You should entertain him yourself for some little time, and then you might suggest that your daughter should show him some flower or other in the garden. He will think how nice and homelike everything is, and he will begin to wish for your welcome with the ill-contrast the simple, frank, unaffected friendliness of your welcome with the ill-concealed scheming by which other mothers have sought to entrap him. If a young man is really a desirable *parti*, never let him think that you have the least idea that he might be attracted by any of your girls. They are just simple, good girls, who have never given a thought to anything but their home.

"Some mothers are great advocates of trying to arouse an interest in their daughter by giving a young fellow to understand that there are others who have been paying her attention. Personally I do not recommend this plan, as it requires great skill to properly handle it. You don't want the young man to think that you look on him in the light of a possible catch, and if you hint at others you must not convey the impression that you look on them either in that light. You might, however, quite safely make some such remark as this: 'My daughter Eva is so glad that she has been drawn with Mr. Smith in the club lawn tennis doubles, because Mr. Smith is such a splendid player, and she thinks they might win the prize.' That would be quite sufficient to make him feel that there might be a possible rival.

"Encourage your girls to talk about their brothers, and the interest they take in what their brothers do, but do not let them talk about other men. Remember that they have never given a thought to anything of that sort. Do not let them ever show any signs of being over-dressed, but always be careful to see that they have neat gloves and shoes. A man seldom notices what a woman has on, but he can always tell whether she looks

fresh and dainty. Let the young fellow understand that you are perfectly happy in your own home life, that there never was a man quite like your husband, let him see the welcome papa gets when he returns from the city. This will make him think of his own loneliness, and of what a dutiful and affectionate family, yours is. Thus encouraged, and with any reasonable amount of luck on your side, he ought to be successfully landed. Much of course depends on the daughter as well as on the mother, but I have written you such a long letter already that I feel I must postpone my advice as far as the girl is concerned till another time. After all, the mother is the most important, because a wise mother makes a wise daughter."

DO YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM EVERY YEAR?

If you do you are Doctoring Symptoms, not the Disease.

Stratford Man Cured Himself by Driving Rheumatic Poison from His Blood.

Rheumatism will come back year after year, unless it is driven from the system. It's acid in the blood that causes the trouble. The big mistake is to expect liniments and outward applications to cure the trouble. At best they only doctor the symptoms. The complaint isn't cured. It comes back again whenever the weather is bad.

But there's another way—the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills way. They not only cleanse the blood of the impurities, but build up and restore the broken down system. This they did in the case of Mr. Albert Orange, Fleet-road, Stratford. Mr. Orange gave an account of his illness to a reporter, who took down the following statement:

"Three years ago I thought that I would be an old man before I was a young one—I had Rheumatism and Sciatica. My trouble started with a sharp pain in the groin. Soon it got so bad that it was a struggle for me to get to work, and I was in agony all day long. Some work I could not do, because I could not stoop down to it. It was as if the sinews of my right leg were drawn up. It was impossible for me to put on my socks and boots myself—my wife had to do it for me.

"I rubbed my legs with embrocations of all sorts, and spent pounds on other remedies, but it was only wasting my money. I could hardly walk, my leg was so stiff, and I just hobbled along. When sitting in a chair I had to have my legs stuck out straight. I put in a solid twelve months of terrible agony. Through a friend I came to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After the third box I began to get better. I took seven boxes altogether, and then I was cured. All last winter I did not have the slightest twinge, so I reckon that I am cured for good."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for any complaint that a supply of rich, red blood is good for, but one needs to be careful to get the genuine, as substitutes sometimes offered are useless. They are sold by most chemists and storekeepers, price 3/- per box; six boxes 16/6, or if they cannot be obtained locally will be sent post free on receipt of price by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australia, Ltd., Wellington.

Sayings of the Week

The men who are at the helm of affairs will see that the finances of the Dominion are carried on upon sound economic lines.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

He had been exceedingly amused when he found that the very same body which had shown such hostility to the idea of a conservatorium, and had braided him as an agitator, had actually proposed that a professional orchestra should be established—a thing that would cost from £30,000 to £40,000 a year, and which would perambulate the Dominion giving orchestral concerts for the purpose of educating the public taste. He supposed that the professional musicians would all have fat billets in connection with the orchestra.—*Mr G. W. Russell, M.P.*

I should here like to draw shareholders' attention to the fact that our investments amount to the sum of £719,512, which has been only once exceeded in the history of the company. In 1905, the year before the San Francisco calamity, when they were £829,202, less the purchase money due to the New Zealand Accident Insurance Company, amounting to £115,000, leaving net £714,202; so that we have again reached the strong financial position we held at that date. I would also point out that in 1905 our paid-up capital, reserves, and undivided profit were £723,680, whilst at the present date they amount to £758,884, being the record in the history of the company.—*Hon. S. Thorne George, M.L.C., chairman N.Z. Insurance Company.*

They talk of depression when they are exporting £20,000,000 of produce in a year. However, that is no justification of undue expenditure, and administration promoting prosperity must be looked for.—*Sir Joseph Ward.*

In the case of Takapuna the promotion of the Tramway Co. alone caused the district to move, and I am sure it is the sincere hope of all that this progressive movement will not be retarded, but result in the building of a suburb equal to the marine suburbs of the large cities of the world. Already land values have advanced fully 200 per cent., and in one case sales were made at an advance of 2000 per cent. on the Government valuation, and the purchasers seemed quite satisfied with the price.—*Mr Kerr-Taylor, chairman Waitemata County Council.*

The Takapuna tramway would be a convenience well within the reach of Aucklanders. It would assist very materially the progress of the district, and provide, as well, the finest of outings, connected, as it would be, with a good and cheap ferry service.—*Mr John Brown, director Takapuna Tramway Co.*

In New Zealand alone—to say nothing of Australia—it would cost the State from £40,000 to £41,000 a year to give the Catholic children the education they receive. The Catholics in 25 years had spent nearly one and a-half millions to educate their children, and at the same time had contributed to the educational system of the State, maintaining schools in which they did not believe.—*Archbishop Redwood.*

So long as their passions were not aroused, the Moors were kindly and generous in their treatment, but when the waves of fanaticism sweep over the country the white man's life is anything but safe, the Mohammedans being stirred to the belief that they would get a better seat in Paradise for the unbelievers they killed.—*Mr Hugh Paton, Presbyterian missionary.*

After the San Francisco earthquake the labour unions combined, and as building had to be done, very high wages were demanded, and had to be paid. Bricklayers were earning up to 35/ a day, and even hod-carriers received from 11 to 25/. The unions combined to prevent competition by incoming tradesmen, who were not allowed to work without being members of the union, which they were prevented from joining. They had gone too far, with the inevitable result that there was a reaction.—*Dr. A. E. Sykes, Gisborne.*

Every citizen should be able to cast an intelligent vote on every public question, be able to express his opinions, and combat the views of others.—*Dr. Bamford.*

He believed that foreign nations had as good intentions as we had ourselves. He gave them credit for not wishing to be aggressive and not desiring war. None of us desired war. But when we had a great number of nations armed to the teeth, and unfortunately armaments were greatly growing, then we knew that some great of passion might come and stir these slumbering activities, and then we betide the country that was not prepared. History had shown that when nations had been slack, had been careless, had neglected the obligations of home defence, Nemesis had overtaken them.—*Mr R. B. Haldane, Secretary for War.*

As regards the buildings and equipments of the English schools, New Zealand secondary schools lagged a long way behind, although, now that the new boarding-house has been erected at Christ's College, that institution was little behind anything he had seen. In several of the schools in England the old boys did a large amount in the way of assisting to find the funds for the erection of buildings.—*Mr A. E. Flower, assistant master at Christ's College.*

Mr Elsdon Best's history of the Urewera tribes is a very lengthy document, and a very complete history of these tribes, the particular interest of which consists in this, that these people are the representatives of the old original inhabitants of New Zealand before the arrival of the fleet of canoes from Koroonga and Tahiti about the year 1350. The introductory chapter of this history of Mr Best's is, I think, the best piece of writing on the subject of Maori history that has ever been written.—*Mr S. Percy Smith, President of the Polynesian Society.*

Flaxmillers employed a large number of hands, and if these were not kept fully at work the labour market suffer. He should see, without an unnecessary delay, whether something could not be done to stimulate the industry.—*Hon. A. W. Hogg.*

I do not overlook the fact that to a certain class of criminal punishment—even the severest punishment—is essential, but our attitude towards the criminal class as a whole is changing, and must change still further, until we chiefly regard him as a moral defective rather than as a perfectly normal, responsible man, whose delinquencies must be "squared" in the community's books by corporal punishment.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Closer settlement of the land still stood out as one of the problems of the present day. The solution was to get people into occupation of the land on such tenures and conditions as would suit the aspirations, ideals, and pockets of those who took up the land, provided that too much land was not allowed to go to one individual. When they had that the country would have the population that would produce and bring national wealth to the Dominion, because the great basis of a country's wealth came from the soil.—*Hon T. Mackenzie.*

There is no doubt that Auckland has been fortunate in her last two Mayors, and Mr. Myers assumed office at a most important time. The city has made great progress during the last few years, and it would be enthusiastic for us if anything were to prevent the carrying out of the forward policy which the Council has undertaken. Personally, I believe in the policy of electing Mayors from the Council, for it is but rarely we can hope to meet with such a man as Mr. Myers, who came in from outside and took the reins successfully.—*Mr. G. Knight, Auckland.*

Whakarewarewa is a weird and extraordinary place. In fact, I may say that it is the most weird and interesting place that I have ever been in.—*Lord Stanhope.*

In September, 1907, there were 130 flax mills at work, while in September, 1908, there were only 70 that were able to keep going. And it looks as if some of these may have to close down very shortly if present conditions continue. The present perilous condition of the industry shows, I think, how a policy of trying to artificially raise the cost of a commodity that has to compete in the world's markets with similar goods that are produced in much larger quantities in other countries where similar conditions do not exist, must sooner or later either break down or end in the destruction of the industry.—*Mr. G. Shirlcliffe, Flax-miller.*

On December 31, 1908, the total of all arms stood at 20,233, which was an increase of 326 over the figures of the previous year, and a greater total than any previous recorded. A scheme has been practically completed for the institution in New Zealand for officers' training corps in connection with the universities. Considerable good has been done in Great Britain through the institution of such corps, and the New Zealand Council had endeavoured to adapt the English regulations to New Zealand requirements.—*Colonel Robin.*

Formerly we placed the lunatic in chains and imposed upon him the severest conditions, including the lash. The asylum has now become the mental hospital, and every civilised progressive country begins to see that punishment in the treatment of our criminals is less important than reformatory treatment.—*Hon. Dr. Findlay.*

Some of the engineers developed in this country, who have charge of very expensive works, have never passed any proper examination such as they do in other parts of the Empire. There is no board of examiners, and the man who is overseer to-day may be an engineer approving or disapproving of works that he cannot construct to-morrow. The whole system requires revision, because I consider that very large sums of money have been needlessly squandered on works that are not efficient, and in some cases on plans that are obsolete.—*Hon. A. W. Hogg.*

New Zealand was a fine country for a young man with a trade who was determined to work. It was God's Own Country, and deserved the name. He did not remember seeing a drunken man in any town he visited. Religious life was broad and liberal, and the men did not care to which church a parson belonged, as long as he had no "frills" or "side." Although there were dangers, economic dangers, if New Zealand retained her belief in the highest ideals of life and service, she would become one of the brightest and most precious jewels in the crown of the British Empire.—*Rev. Isaac Shimmin, Wesleyan Minister, Cornwall.*

If only you don't spoil it by artificial means, Rotorua will always be perfect. The natural wonders of the place are all-sufficient. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. The scenic grandeur, the grey-ers, the wonderful terraces, and, oh, those awful pools of boiling mud! I think the baths and sanatorium are most up-to-date.—*Madam Ada Crossley.*

A marked feature in the work of the dental profession in America is the desire to have the best, and not the cheapest, people being eager to preserve their natural teeth. Thus people were willing to pay good prices that perhaps could not be commanded in New Zealand.—*Dr. A. E. Sykes, Gisborne.*

I completed my twentieth year as governor of Lyttelton Gaol, and my forty-fifth year of unbroken service in the Prison service of New Zealand. Outside of accidents, I have never had a day's sickness in my life. I took the pledge at the age of 11 years, and I have never touched liquor and have never smoked in my life, and at the present time I feel as fit as ever I did.—*Mr. M. M. Cleary, Governor of Lyttelton Gaol.*

The New Zealand University has lately included Maori as one of the subjects for examination, which is a step in the right direction. But it is hoped that this may some day merge into a chair of Polynesian ethnology and philology, and that funds may be found for the endowment of research in those and cognate matters. The importance of these subjects when studied from the Polynesian basis is as yet hardly appreciated. The light they will yet throw on the early history of mankind is only at present perceived, and that obscurely, by a small band of Polynesian scholars.—*Mr. K. Percy Smith, New Plymouth.*

As far as Otago is concerned there is a sort of wave of conciliation going through the land. The Court at their sitting in Dunedin this month had put up something of a record, for of the eight disputes that had been filed every one had been settled without the Court's intervention. He hoped that this happy state of affairs would long continue.—*Mr. W. Scott, Secretary Otago Employers' Association.*

It is a great mistake to allow prohibition orders to lapse. If the orders were allowed to lapse the person to whom they applied, usually, went on an "awful drunk," and then came back and had a fresh order taken out against him.—*Mr. H. W. Bishop, S.M., Christchurch.*

The number of children at present in the Barnardo homes is greater than at any previous period of their history, no less than 8000 destitute children now finding shelter under the wings of the institution. Nearly 70,000 children have been saved from lives of shame and want and probably criminality through the agencies of the institutions since their inception. It costs £240 every day to feed the huge family of children in the homes, and the institutions are entirely dependent on the benevolence of the public, having no subsidies or endowments of any kind.—*Rev. W. E. Rice, Secretary Dr. Barnardo's Homes.*

In New Zealand women had the right to vote, and there were no suffragettes there. For years he had been in favour of women exercising that power. He had been in three countries, including the Isle of Man, where he came from, and he had never known the women to misuse their privilege on the side of righteousness and morality.—*Rev. Isaac Shimmin, Wesleyan Minister, Cornwall.*

It was very significant that the voting at the recent general election showed increased majorities for the Opposition. The last election demonstrated clearly that people were determined to have reform on sound lines in many directions. During the long term of the present administration many evils had grown up in connection with the government of the country, and it would be the duty of the Opposition to do their best to remove these evils. The party now in opposition was the reform party. That was the name by which they would be known in future.—*Mr. Munsey, M.P.*

HEALTH FOR THE CHILDREN

Every parent notes with anxious eye the first symptoms of the children's failing health: the pale cheek, listless manner and capricious appetite speak more plainly than any words, for the well child is a veritable storage battery of animal spirits.

Renewing the appetite is the first step back to health, and Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil given faithfully for a short time will do it. The children need not even know it is a medicine, for the taste is very pleasant, and does not suggest cod liver oil in the least. But the effect is certain. For persons of every age Stearns' Wine of Cod Liver Oil is an unfailing tonic, appetizer, and strength renewer. Get it at your chemist's, and be sure you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

The present demand for fresh flat fish in New Zealand exceeds the supply, and there should be scope for further enterprise by trawling companies.—*Mr. J. J. Allen, Napier Manager N.Z. Trawling Co.*

The Greater Auckland question cannot be shelved indefinitely, and the sooner it is dealt with the better; and the same may be said of the housing problem. The need for a Greater Auckland was strikingly exemplified in the transactions leading up to the inauguration of the drainage scheme, the necessity for obtaining the co-operation of so many independent local bodies adding immensely to the difficulties of the undertaking.—*Mr. A. M. Myers, Mayor of Auckland.*

The Hon. James Page, a member for Queensland of the Federal Parliament, has publicly stated that he was formerly an inmate of the homes, and that it is to Dr. Barnardo's philanthropic work he owes his start in life.—*Rev. W. E. Rier, Secretary Dr. Barnardo's Homes.*

The Opposition party was now coming to its own. Never for the past 15 years had he seen so much interest in public affairs as at the present time. In going through the country he found a cunning and systematic attempt to slander and libel the members of the Opposition, whose speeches had been misrepresented. The motto of the Opposition was: "We fight on for ever and ever." They fought the Government, not unsuccessfully, on the land question, against the improper expenditure of borrowed money, and against the dairy regulations.—*Mr. W. E. Massey, M.P.*

The condition of life underwriting in the Dominion gives cause for grave consideration. It stands to reason that, in view of the heavy risks we carry, and the conflagration hazard which is always with us, the rates ought to be put on a basis which will allow of a proper provision being made for such a contingency, and also for a fair profit after paying current losses.—*Hon. S. Thorne George, M.L.C., chairman N.Z. Insurance Company.*



PREMIER PICNIC.
To be held at
MOTUTAPU.
SATURDAY, 20th FEB.

STEAMERS FROM EVERYWHERE.
SPECIAL TRAIN FROM CAMBRIDGE.

RAIL PRIZES. RECORD ENTRIES.
RECORD MINIMUM FARES.
Come and See the
GREAT BABY SHOW.
RECORD PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN.
Hot Water Provided Free.
PROFESSIONAL HANDBICAP. — V.
Jackson, 7 yards.
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A. H. CHAPPELL,
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OPHTHALMIC AND MASSAGE PRACTITIONER.
120, TOP OF GREY-ST., AUCKLAND.
Can be consulted on
DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE, AND THROAT.
SKIN DISEASES, BRUITS, ASTHMA, PARALYSIS, RHEUMATISM, etc.
With the Assurance of Ability and Success in his diagnosis and Treatment.
A Patient's need is immediate relief and improvement, followed in due course with a proper recovery.
The name, testimony and address of persons in proof of their success, by Mr Hood's Treatment, can be read at the above Address.
Hours: 9 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 10 p.m. daily.

The Club Smoking Room

By HAVANA

I BELIEVE, said the Socialist member, as he returned a paper to his pocket, "that we are going to have a bad winter as far as employment is concerned. I have just been studying the returns of the Labour Department, and I find that there are over 900 workers on the books of the Department who have registered themselves as being out of work. There are a great many more who are idle, but who have not put their names on the books. In the summer it is not so bad, as there are a good many odd jobs offering, but in the winter the matter may easily become more serious. Many workers are depending entirely on casual work and assistance from relatives. Men employed in the building trade seem the worst off. Unless something is done there will be a good deal of suffering when the cold weather sets in."

"You Socialist people," replied the manufacturer, "are partly to blame for this sort of thing. You try and hamper capital in every conceivable way, and, as a consequence, capital is invested elsewhere. Look at the way in which employers are fined for the most trifling and unintentional breaches of awards. There was a big batch of cases in Wellington the other day, and in nearly every case a fine of £10 was inflicted. The worker who is guilty of a breach either gets off scot free or else he is fined a few shillings. I reckon both classes should be treated alike, and if £10 is a right and fitting fine for the master, the same fine should be imposed on the man. Nowadays there are so many penalties and risks attached to the employment of labour that many people are naturally chary of giving work."

"That may be true to some extent," answered the first speaker, "and I admit that in some cases awards press a little harshly on a few, but that is true of nearly all laws. They are framed in the interests of the majority, and no one can deny that the majority of our workers are far better off as the result of our labour laws. In the old days you had sweating in its worst form, and the labour market was overstocked with the labour of boys and girls displacing that of grown people. If an award is made, it must, of course, be enforced, and the best way to enforce it is by making the fine heavy enough to make an evasion unprofitable. The employer is usually in a far better position to pay his ten pounds than the worker is to pay his ten shillings."

"It is perfectly ridiculous," protested the country member, "to talk of unemployment when there are thousands of acres of good land lying idle, and when the resources of the colony are only beginning to be developed. The truth is that we have too small and not too big a population. But somehow or other we aren't getting quite the right class of immigrant. Mr Tregear says the men won't leave the town for the country; they prefer the chance of picking up odd jobs about the wharves to the certainty of steady work and good pay on a farm. Whilst the Labour Department has 900 men on its books as out of work, it has vacancies for several hundred farm hands that it is unable to fill. If there is any labouring work going in the towns you will get hundreds of applicants; when you want a man to help on a farm you

may whistle for him. A lot of men get assisted passages as farm hands after they have taken a job on a farm in England for a week or two in order to get the passage, and when they come out here they are quite useless for country work. We want really skilled farmers if we are to go ahead. In England agriculture is decaying, and there is a grand opportunity for some of those who have a taste for country life to do well in the colony. But we don't want more workers in our cities. Of course, at Home the congestion is in the large towns, and naturally enough it is the town worker who wants to get away. These men might just as well stay in England for all the good they are likely to do here. One of them said he would sooner go to gaol than go on the land, and people who feel like that are likely to have their wish granted."

"You see," put in the cynic, "the worst of country life is that you can't go on strike. The thing is rather the other way on. If you don't cultivate the ground properly, the soil goes on strike and refuses to produce enough to pay your wages. You can't sue it either, for breach of award, and fine it a tanner on the ground that it has compelled you to work more than the statutory eight hours. Nature is the most inexorable taskmaster, and the Government stroke doesn't pay with her. If you don't weed your garden, or if you neglect your stock, you can't appeal to any trades union to make good your loss of wages. People have an idea that nationalising the land would be as good as ploughing and harvesting it, but dame Nature is not going to be had that way, and even the all omnipotent State would find that nationalised land took just as much working to make it productive as land that was privately owned. You can't make wheat grow by simply passing an Act of Parliament, though I daresay we shall be found trying the experiment some day."

"Talking of strikes," put in the journalist, "I see that they have had a miners' strike on the West Australian goldfields that is quite unique in its way. The sandstone miners have struck against drinking beer. This is not owing to any no license principles or slaking of thirst, it is one rather to a thirst that is found to be too expensive with beer at its present price. The brewers and hotelkeepers have entered into a wicked combination to raise the price of the long sleeper to a shilling instead of ninepence as heretofore. An emergency of this kind called for powerful and energetic action. A meeting of the Miners' Union was hurriedly summoned, and all the men were called out of the pubs, and forbidden to have another drink till the price was reduced. The hotels will, I suppose, be picketed, and any blackleg found sneaking round to the back door will be severely dealt with. The temperance people are jubilant, and are actively supporting both sides. They are urging the brewers not to yield to intimidation and reduce the price, and they are urging the men to stand firm at all costs and resist to the death this iniquitous imposition. The brewers, however, have a powerful ally in the pub. thirst that is bred by the summer heat of the West Australian desert, and if they hang out long enough they will probably win in the end. Why can't our people get up a strike against beer? It would be a most effective form of temperance crusade, but you would want an awful lot

of pickets to keep the blacklegs in check. Instead of a medical examination for pneumoconiosis, you would have periodical examinations for alcoholism, with, in all probability, some pretty vigorous protests against this latest form of medical inspection."

THE INVENTOR OF STAIRS.

Here's to the man who invented stairs
And taught our feet to soar;
He was the first that ever burst
Into a second floor.
The world would be downstairs to-day,
Had it not found the key;
So let his name go down to fame,
Whatever it may be.

DR. A. CAMERON OWEN
HAS RETURNED TO TOWN.

And
RESUMED PRACTICE.

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 Awanihi, Waiharara, Houhora, Whangaroa, and Mangonui.
APANUI Every Monday, at 2 p.m.
No Cargo Whangaroa and Mangonui.
For Whangaruru, Helena Bay, Tutukaka, and Whananaki.
PAEROA Tuesday, 9th February.
For Great Barrier.
WAIOTAHU Every Wednesday, midnight
For Waikae and Coromandel.
LEAVE AUCKLAND.
ROTOMAHANA. Tues., 9th Feb., 3 p.m.
ROTOMAHANA. Thurs., 11th Feb., 4 p.m.
LEAVE COROMANDEL VIA WAIKAEKI.
ROTOMAHANA. Wed., 10th Feb., 6 a.m.
ROTOMAHANA. Fri., 12th Feb., 7 a.m.
FOR WAIKAEKI.
Every Saturday, at 2 p.m., returning Every Monday, arriving about 9 a.m. Monday Morning.

FROM ONEHUNGA.
For Nokianga.

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

WHANGAREI SERVICE.

Steamers leave Whangarei as under:—
S.S. NGAPIHI.
Train Whangarei S.S. Coromandel to Whangarei. Leaves Mangapai. Parca received till Train Bay.
FEBRUARY.
4th—Prev. day, 9 a.m. 7 a.m. 9 a.m.
4th—Prev. day, 9.30 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
9th—9.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 9 a.m. No str.
11th—9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. 11 a.m. 1 p.m.
13th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. No str. Noon
16th—9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. Noon. No str.
18th—11.45 a.m. 3.15 p.m. 2 p.m. 4 p.m.
20th—Prev. day, 9 a.m. No str. 9 a.m.
23rd—8.15 a.m. 11 a.m. 9 a.m. No str.
27th—9.15 a.m. 11.45 a.m. 10 a.m. Noon
27th—9.15 a.m. 1 p.m. No str. 1 p.m.
*Goods outward by steamer leaving on following dates, viz.:—4th, 8th, 9th, 20th, and 23rd, must leave previous day stations by afternoon train previous day.
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The News of the Week

IN THE DOMINION.

Judgment was given last week at Wellington in the compensation case Baylis and others v. the City Council, a claim for £15,647, arising out of the resumption of land at Island Bay for the purpose of making a recreation ground. The Court awarded the claimants the sum of £2925.

Peculiar illustration of the proverb recommending people to be born lucky, at the Auckland Supreme Court last week. Man pleads guilty, and sent for sentence one session. Course of justice stayed by technicality. Man changes his mind, and denies the charge next session, and is found "not guilty."

The Citizens' League, a new organisation recently formed in Auckland for "supporting actively every movement which makes for the betterment of the community"—has decided to run a ticket at the forthcoming election of a licensing committee, and the following have agreed to stand, under the auspices of the League: Messrs. J. M. Mennie, J. J. Holland, W. C. Souers, H. C. Choyce, and Dr. F. W. King.

The Minister for Justice (the Hon. Dr. Findlay) intends having some improvements made in the management of our gaols, several of which he has been visiting, and he anticipates much good will follow. It is intended, among other things, to adopt a more rational method of dealing with the complaints than that now in force. The Minister is very favourably impressed with the influence of the camps like Waitotapu, where the prisoners are engaged in tree-planting, and he will recommend the Government to extend the system.

A waterway from the Waikato district to Auckland has been talked about since the days of the Maori war, and before, but it is only of late years that something more definite has been done. Surveys have been made, and in the case of the proposed canal at the Tamaki isthmus Mr. J. E. Taylor, who has always taken the keenest interest in the project, has even gone to the expense of putting down trial bores, and proved that the excavation offers no obstacles. The proposal to cut a canal from the Waikato River across to the Manukau at Waiuku is being vigorously pushed by the Waikato people, as well as by the Waiuku settlers, and last week a large party of representative men from Auckland, Waikato, and Waiuku went down the river from Mercer, up the Awarua creek (which the canal will probably follow), and across the narrow stretch of land which separates the Manukau from the river, to inspect the route. The total cost of the canal has been estimated at over £100,000. The workability of the scheme, of course, depends on the existence of another canal from the Manukau to the Tamaki, and this work, it is said, could be carried out for some £72,000.

The Takapuna Tramways.

The ceremony of turning the first sod in connection with the track of the tramway which is to run from O'Neill's Point to Lake Takapuna, a popular suburb of Auckland, was performed last week by the Chairman of the Waitotapu County Council, (Mr. V. E. Kerr-Taylor). The track will be slightly under eight miles in length. It is expected that the trams will be running by next Christmas. The time occupied in the trip will be about half an hour. This, together with the fast ferry service it is proposed to run, will bring the Lake very much nearer Auckland than at present, and the popularity of this beautiful neighbourhood will be greatly increased. The proposed capital expenditure in connection with the scheme is £54,000. A liability of £35,000 has already been incurred in the track.

New Zealand Insurance Co.

At the annual meeting of the New Zealand Insurance Co., held in Auckland last week, it was stated that the premium income for the year had been £620,424, a slight increase over that of the previous twelve months. Interest and rents amounted to £26,873, giving a return of 3.78 per cent. The Company's investments amount to £710,512, which has been only once exceeded, in 1903, the year before the great fire in San Fran-

cisco. Losses during the year amounted to £409,357. The dividend to shareholders for the year was at the rate of ten per cent.

The Hon. S. T. George and Messrs. J. J. Bagnall and Chas. Rhodes were re-elected directors, and at a meeting of directors held subsequently Mr. M. M. Clark was elected chairman for the ensuing year.

Letters by the Main Trunk Line.

With the commencement of the daily service by the Main Trunk line postal sorting cars will be attached to trains and mails for Southern offices will close at the Chief Post Office at 8.45 p.m., while letters bearing an extra 1d. as a late fee may be posted on the postal cars up to the time of departure of trains (0.15 p.m.). The present contract for the clearance of street letter-boxes does not provide for letters being taken up on Sundays, so that persons posting correspondence intended for the South must either post it at the Chief Post Office or in street receivers, prior to 5 p.m. on Saturday. The daily afternoon clearance of street letter boxes which is at present taken up between 1 and 3 p.m. will in future be taken up between 5 and 7 p.m. Inward mails from the South will reach Auckland about 7 p.m., and as correspondence will be sorted on the trains letters will be taken out by letter-carriers on their first delivery, while private box-holders will receive theirs on going to business in the morning. On Sundays a few sorters will be on duty at the Chief Post Office in the morning, and private box-holders may expect to get their letters on that day not later than noon. This will give business people an opportunity of replying to urgent correspondence by the Sunday night's mail.

May Hallett in Wellington.

In the Magistrate's Court, Wellington, May Hallett, alias Curtain, alias Baker, alias Bannerman, was charged with having on Jan. 5 obtained the sum of £50 from Walter Clifford by means of a false pretence, by representing that she was the niece of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

In the course of his evidence, Walter Clifford stated that the accused accompanied his party to the Wellington races. Subsequently she called at the Club and said she was in great difficulties. Her father had just left enough money to pay the hotel bill, and she had to pay the D.I.C. and some other bills before she left for Christchurch. She asked him to telegraph to Christchurch to ascertain her father's address.

Witness replied, "Why trouble him. Can I assist you?"

Accused replied that if he (Clifford) could lend her fifty pounds, she would send it back on the following day after she had seen her father. Witness gave her fifty pounds. In parting with his money he understood that the accused was connected with a celebrated family in England.

The licensee of the Grand Hotel stated that the accused booked accommodation at his hotel in the name of Bannerman. In the course of conversation she stated she hoped it would not come out that she was related to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, her reason being that she might attract too much notice.

The accused was committed for trial.

Napier Loan Proposals.

A poll was taken in Hawke's Bay last week on the Napier Harbour Board's proposal to borrow £200,000 for the completion of the breakwater. The polling was very close, but the later returns turned the scale against the proposal, the country vote showing a very solid opposition.

Interviewed on the subject of the rejection of the harbour loan, Mr. Vigor Brown, M.P., chairman of the Board, said he regards it as a calamity to Napier in particular and to Hawke's Bay in general. It has set the progress of the town and the country back for a period of years. One of his first acts on taking his seat in Parliament will be to endeavour to make the Harbour Boards elective. Asked if work at the breakwater would stop, Mr. Brown replied:

"Stop! You cannot stop the wheels of progress. You may also take it from me that the construction of the breakwater, though it may be temporarily delayed, will eventually go on until the work is completed. In this matter people are not to be trifled with."

East Coast Railway.

At the monthly meeting of the Waikato Borough Council, held last week, a letter was received from the chairman of the Tauranga Railway League asking the Council's co-operation in supporting the construction of the Waikato-Gisborne railway, and stating that a meeting would shortly be held at Te Puke, at which resolutions asking Government to authorise the line, and, as a part thereof, the Tauranga-Te Puke line. He said that his League considered it a mistake to support the Gisborne-Rotorua route, as the idea of going inland and up the Mamaku grade with a goods traffic railway was not practicable. His League also intended sending a delegate to Whakatane and Opoitiki, with a view to trying to make the coast unanimous for a coastal route. A public meeting would be held about the 27th inst. at Tauranga, when the Waikato delegate would be welcome. A letter was also received from the Thames Borough Council on the same subject, stating that all local bodies interested in favour of the formation of a standing committee to promote the construction of the East Coast railway had been communicated with, and when replies were received the Council would act with the Waikato Borough Council in bringing about a meeting of delegates.

The Borough Council decided to support the Tauranga League.

The Napier Chamber of Commerce after discussing the East Coast Railway question has adopted the following resolution: "That the members for the district be requested to urge on the Minister for Public Works the importance of completing the survey railway route to Poverty Bay during this summer in terms of the promise made to Mr. A. L. D. Fraser during the last session of Parliament, and to the Chamber of Commerce, by the Hon. W. Hall-Jones on August 29th last."

A New Name.

Mr. Massey, speaking at a banquet to Mr. Buick, at Palmerston North last week, stated that it was very significant that the voting at the recent general election showed increased majorities for the Opposition. The last election, he said, demonstrated clearly that people were determined to have reform on sound lines in many directions. During the long term of the present administration many evils had grown up in connection with the government of the country, and it would be the duty of the Opposition to do their best to remove these evils. The party now in opposition was the reform party. That was the name by which they would be known in future.

The Missing Rio Logo.

The Secretary for Marine has received information that the crew of the missing brigantine consisted of the following persons when she cleared at Kaipara for Dunedin on January 24:—

- W. Spence, captain, aged 55; born in Scotland.
- J. Paterson, first mate, 38 (Scotland).
- H. Harnden, second mate, 38 (England).
- W. Shinnas, engineer, 42 (Scotland).
- A. Quirk, seaman, 25 (Denmark).
- K. Anderson, seaman, 22 (Denmark).
- H. Gotule, seaman, 20 (Nine Islands).
- W. Richards, seaman, 30 (England).
- G. A. Robert, cook, 32 (Jamaica).
- W. A. Spence (captain's son), ship's boy, 14 (Bundaberg).
- B. J. Spence (captain's wife), stewardess.
- A. B. Spence (daughter of the captain), assistant stewardess (Bundaberg).

The Overland Express.

The first through express to take up the regular time-table between Auckland and Wellington left a minute or two after the advertised time, 9.15 on Sunday. The train consisted of five ordinary passenger carriages, a "sleeper," a postal van, and two luggage vans. Nearly 200 passengers left by the overland train, and there must have been a crowd of close upon 1000 people present to witness the departure. The majority of those travelling were returning excursionists, the train being the last by which those

holding holiday excursion tickets could avail themselves of the opportunity of return.

The service is now running regularly, and both north and south trains are well patronised.

Mysterious Disappearance.

One of the principals in a theatrical organisation which visited Christchurch last week concluded his engagement with the company somewhat summarily. He had had several differences of opinion with the management. His connection with the company was finally concluded on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning he was given a return ticket to Sydney. He was last seen at an hotel where he had been residing, between four and five o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

It has been ascertained that he did not leave for Wellington on Thursday night. Telegraphic enquiries elicited the fact that he has not been seen in Wellington, and he did not, presumably, leave for Sydney. His belongings are still at his hotel, unpacked. He did not return to the hotel on Thursday night, and has not been seen since. It is understood he wrote an urgent letter to Sydney on Thursday, which was double stamped, in order to be sure of not missing the mail. Considerable anxiety is felt as to his subsequent movements, as exhaustive private enquiries have failed to elicit his whereabouts.

A Hamilton Sensation.

Residents of Hamilton were shocked on Tuesday to learn that a man named Robert Lock, who lives at Hamilton, had been arrested about 11 o'clock on Monday night on a charge of stabbing his wife in the stomach.

Very few details are obtainable, but the affair is said to have occurred about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Dr. Recco was sent for, and about 10 o'clock last night Mrs. Lock was removed to the hospital, where a very serious operation was performed by Dr. Douglas, assisted by Dr. Recco.

The knife having penetrated the intestines, the unfortunate woman is not expected to recover, and accordingly the police repaired to the hospital to take her depositions, and waited until 3 o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Lock, however, refused to make any statement, and so far the tragedy is shrouded in mystery.

Lock denies that he had anything to do with the injury, and states that it was caused by a fall in the yard. He did not know anything about it until he was told by one of his children, and he at once sent for the doctor.

Accused was brought up at the Police Court on Tuesday and remanded.

The Garroters.

Mr. Justice Cooper, when imposing sentences of ten years' imprisonment with hard labour at Wellington on each of the three convicted garroters—Edward Richard Black, John McCormick, and William Neil, said: "It may be necessary, if these outrages continue, to inflict, in addition to a long term of imprisonment, the grave punishment of flogging. However ineffective the punishment may be to the person suffering, it may prove a deterrent to lawless men haunting the cities of this Dominion."

Neil had nothing to say why sentence should not be passed. McCormick and Black each handed in statements protesting their innocence.

Black is already serving a term of seven years for burglary. The new sentence will be concurrent, and at the end of it Black will be treated as an habitual criminal.

After sentence had been passed, McCormick excitedly addressed the Bench, and vehemently protested his innocence. The Judge ordered his removal.

COMMONWEALTH.

The Sydney Millers' Association has raised the price of flour 10%. Best city brands are now quoted at 110.

It is reported that Lord Chelmsford (Governor of Queensland) has accepted the governorship of New South Wales, in succession to Sir Harry Lawson.

The wreck of the steamer *Acorn* on Christmas Island has been sold at San Francisco to a number of Sydney buyers. It is likely that a small salvage company will be formed.

a steamer Ashore.

Wilson's Promontory reports that the steamer Lady Mildred went ashore near the Promontory on Sunday night in a dense fog.

All hands are safe. The vessel is full of water.

Licensing Legislation.

The report of Mr Carson, who recently visited Victoria, New South Wales, and New Zealand to study the various systems of licensing legislation, was presented to the West Australian Parliament last week.

Mr Carson says that the Victorian system, though bureaucratic in form, has proved an admirable working machine for closing up the worst houses. These have to go from the districts where the licensed houses are thickest, while under the New South Wales system of local option reduction is carried in districts where there are so few publichouses that one more or less hardly affects the temperance or intemperance of the community.

As regards New Zealand, Mr Carson acknowledges the rapid strides made by the No-license movement, and admits the prospect of the licensed trade being wiped out altogether at no very distant date. He claims, however, that the system is still on its trial. Hitherto the experiment has been confined to comparatively small towns, and not until one of the four complete metropolitan areas with all its suburbs comes under No-license can the experiment be regarded as having been thoroughly tested.

In No-license towns he admits that there is less open drunkenness, and that the removal of open means of temptation has tended to wean some men from the old habit. On the other hand, the evidence, he says, is conclusive that the aggregate quantity of liquor consumed is practically unaffected, that much drinking still goes on in the No-license districts, that the closed bar has taken the place of the open bar, that there is more secret drinking and more drinking in the houses of the people, that where a license district is contiguous to a No-license district much drinking is precipitated from the latter into the former, and that the strength of the No-license vote is accounted for by the enthusiasm and splendid organization of the temperance party's woman's vote, influenced by woman's natural desire for social reforms.

It is pointed out that the concrete result of the New Zealand system does not compare favourably with Victoria. After a three years' strenuous No-license campaign about 150 houses are to be closed throughout the Dominion, and not the worst houses at that. More had been done in Victoria in 18 months, with the supreme advantage that the worst houses had been closed, while reduction has proceeded steadily by judicial process.

Schooner in a Gale.

The schooner Maroro, which left Newcastle for Wanganui on the 3rd inst., has returned to Sydney.

During a fierce gale on Friday, she was thrown on her beam ends, and Captain Peast was washed overboard and drowned. The mate narrowly escaped the same fate, being rescued from the rigging.

The vessel lost her mainsail, and sustained other slight damage.

A Marc's Nest.

Hung Yung Liang, the newly-appointed Chinese Consul-General for New Zealand, declared in the course of an interview in Sydney that the "yellow peril" fears were amusing and quite wide of the mark.

The Chinese, he remarked, had not the least idea of giving battle. The love of peace was ingrained in them, and they wished to co-operate in movements best calculated to advance the well-being of humanity as a whole.

Closing up the Ranks.

The executive officers of the Northern Colliery Employees' Federation have held several conferences with Mr Hickey, the New Zealand miners' representative.

The result of the resolutions formulated is to bring the New South Wales and New Zealand mining organizations into closer relationship for mutual support, and the seamen's and water-side workers' unions are also to be asked to co-operate.

The Naval Pinnace Disaster.

In connection with the collision between the steamer Dunmore and a pinnace belonging to H.M.S. Encounter, which occurred in Sydney Harbour on January 5, resulting in 15 bluejackets losing their lives, the Coroner (Mr. Stephen Murphy) found that the collision was caused by the negligent and careless navigation of Samuel Bryant, coxswain of the pinnace, who was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter.

The Coroner said that it appeared to him that if the towline between the launch and the pinnace had been fastened so as to be quickly cast off in case of emergency, there would have been no loss of life. Captain Hansen, of the Dunmore, followed the regulations applicable to a case of this kind, and must be held acquitted of criminal negligence, but the Coroner was of opinion that he and his crew did not sufficiently exert themselves to save the lives of the men who had been drowned, and was also of opinion that Bryant was to some extent the victim of circumstances.

Vancouver Service.

Sir James Mills (general manager of the Union Steam Ship Company) interviewed the Postmaster-General last week, on the subject of improving the Vancouver mail service, in return for a larger subsidy.

It is proposed to increase the subsidy by £19,000, Canada's extra payment being approximately £10,677, Australia's £7,663, and Fiji's £656, making a total subsidy of £85,000.

The contract is to be for three years from July 31, and in return for the increase Sir James Mills said the Union Steam Ship Company would improve the service by additional ships, to give a speed of 14 knots, or 22½ days for the run across the Pacific.

The Postmaster-General states that while he does not object to the increased subsidy, he thinks it should not be chargeable to the Postal Department.

Citizens from Italy.

The suggestion has been unofficially made to the Minister for Home Affairs that 400 or 500 boys, who lost their parents in the Italian earthquake, should be received as citizens of Australia. The boys are under the control of the Carmelites, and are being trained in agricultural work. The Minister thinks the matter is one for the State to consider.

Victorian Politics.

The Governor's speech at the opening of the session of Victorian State Parliament announced that the Government will pursue an active policy of reproductive works and railway construction. It will be necessary to ask for additional borrowing powers, and a loan will probably be floated at the first favourable opportunity.

After a brief recess, the Ministry will introduce some important policy measures.

The Clan Ranald Mystery.

The inquiry into the Clan Ranald disaster has failed to elicit any evidence to clearly account for the sudden evening of the vessel.

The cargo was properly stowed and the vessel well-found, and there is no ground for laying charges against the surviving officers.

There was no evidence to show that the deceased officers on watch neglected their duty.

Australia's Navy.

Leading shipbuilders on the Admiralty list have informed Captain Collins, the Commonwealth agent, that they will submit quotations for the destroyers on February 23 (says a London cable).

The Labour Council protests against the Federal Government letting the contract for the construction of two torpedo destroyers in England, while facilities for carrying out the work already exists in the Commonwealth.

The Federal Government has decided to at once order two torpedo-destroyers of the river class. They are to be of the latest approved type. Money has been allotted to establish a Government ship-building yard. The locality, or even the State, has not yet been determined. The first work to be undertaken in this yard will be the completion of another de-

stroyer. The two new boats will take about twelve months to construct. The river class of boats have a displacement of 650 tons to 700 tons; length overall, 230ft; breadth, 23ft. 6in.; maximum draught, 8ft. 6in.; speed, 26 knots; indicated horse-power, 9210; oil fuel; steaming radius, 2500 miles at 14 knots; over 3000 miles at 10 knots. They carry 150 tons of oil fuel. The armament is one 4in. quick-firing and three 12 pounder quick-firing guns, and three torpedo tubes, despatching 18in. torpedoes. The complement is 50 officers and men.

It is the intention of the Government to send to England skilled operatives to be employed by the successful tenderers on the work of construction. These men will be engaged on the understanding that on the completion of the contract they will return to Australia, and be employed building additional vessels. The cost of the two boats is to be defrayed from the £250,000 which was appropriated under the coastal defence vote. That amount, it is estimated, will be sufficient. The vessels, being efficient sea boats, will be brought from England under their own steam.

THE OLD COUNTRY.

The Indian 7½ million 3½ per cent. loan at 97 has been over-subscribed.

The Admiralty is forming a reserve of operators for wireless telegraphy.

A man named Beckert has been arrested on a charge of having embezzled £1000.

The London and Paris Exchange Company has been ordered to be compulsorily wound up.

King Edward has given a hundred guineas to the Salvation Army for work amongst the poor.

Another thousand men have, in response to the "Daily Mail's" appeal, joined the territorial army.

Orders for new ships aggregating 30,000 tons have been placed with Clyde builders. Full time has been resumed in some of the yards.

Lloyd's silver medal for bravery at sea has been conferred on Captain Ranson of the steamer Baltic, in connection with rescue from the wrecked liner Republic.

The engagement is announced of Lord Dalmeny, the eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, to Dorothy, the daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor.

The trustees of the late Mr James Dick, gutta-percha manufacturer, have allocated £80,000 to the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow, besides £250,000 to Glasgow charities.

Hafeld, one of the Russian workmen who ran amok between Tottenham and Walthamstow, and who was wounded by a shot from a constable's revolver, has succumbed to his injuries.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has ordered a Kentish vicar not to refuse communion to a married couple, on the ground that the woman had been innocently divorced from her husband.

Mr Shipley, a solicitor, has bequeathed £100,000 to various charitable organisations in Newcastle, besides 2500 pictures, including many old masters, and £30,000 for the enlargement of the art gallery.

A conference of the Radical Trade Union Co-operative Associations at Buxton Hall unanimously adopted a resolution urging the taxation of land values. Several members of the House of Commons who were present suggested a penny in the £ on the capital values.

Speaking at Plymouth, Mr J. A. Pease, chief Liberal Whip, declared that a general election would come before many months. The issue would be the abolition of the House of Lords' veto. He recommended a referendum whenever the Lords and Commons were in conflict.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood last week unveiled, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, MacKenna's marble bust of William Howard Russell, the famous Crimean war correspondent, surmounting an inscribed tablet. The subscriptions for the memorial totalled £500.

"The Times," discussing the Budget prospects, strongly hints that the Government may, in order to avoid the re-imposition of the sugar duty, agree to a naval loan, which, besides substantially relieving the taxpayer, will offer the collateral advantage of establishing certainty abroad regarding our future naval strength.

After the fire in the Chancery at Santiago, a body was found in the ruins. The remains were identified as those of a man named Porter, who, it is supposed, had absconded from London. He had been stabbed previously.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford vacates command of the Channel Fleet on March 24, when the ships of the King Edward VII. class will be formed into the second division of Admiral Sir W. H. May's fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir A. Berkeley Milne.

"The Times" describes Mr. Bertram Mackennal's bust of William Howard Russell, the famous war correspondent, as one of the few thoroughly satisfactory works which St. Paul's crypt contains. It adds that sculptors generally recognise that Mr. Mackennal is one of the men most likely to further the advance made by sculpture in England during the past twenty years.

For the Workless.

The Church Socialists' League held a demonstration on Sunday in Trafalgar Square, the speakers including, besides several clergymen, Dr. Clifford, president of the Baptist World Alliance, and a number of other Nonconformist ministers.

Resolutions were passed urging the Government to take immediate steps to compel Mr. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, to distribute the money voted for the relief of the unemployed, and also demanding that Parliament make the question of work or maintenance with training the first business of the session.

A Sudden Termination.

A man named Dunann McIntyre Johnson, who had a sum of £300 in his possession, was arrested while on his honeymoon trip aboard the White Star liner Suevic, which arrived at Plymouth from Melbourne on Saturday on a warrant accusing him of forging a telegram by means of which he obtained £100, with intent to defraud the firm of Youngshusband and Row, Melbourne.

Advertising the Army.

Extraordinary methods to catch territorials are being adopted in London. Regiments are arranging special marches to attract recruits, and in London mayors are delivering ten minutes' speeches in the music halls. An anonymous donor offers prizes from £100 downwards, for the largest number of recruits brought to the colours.

Lord Esher is arranging an Olympic athletic gathering, which will take place on Salisbury Plain during the territorials' encampment.

Possesses a Record.

Hafeld, one of the Russian workmen who ran amok between Tottenham and Walthamstow, and who was wounded by a shot from a constable's revolver, is recovering in hospital.

He has since been recognised as one of the assailants in the Glasgow bank outrage.

A Modest Hero.

John Burns, the heroic Marconi operator of the Republic, was the recipient of an address at the Guildhall.

Burns declared that he had done nothing more than his duty, while the real hero of the Republic collision was an engine hand, who, up to his neck in water, saved all aboard by opening the steam escape valve.

The White Star liner Republic was run down by the emigrant steamer Florida, and, in response to ethergrams, the Baltic arrived on the scene and all the passengers were saved. After she was taken in tow by the Baltic, the Republic suddenly flung her bow in the air and sank stern first. Soon after the collision, and in spite of the practical destruction of the deck-house of the Republic, John Burns, of Peterborough, England, the Marconi operator, stuck to his post and transmitted the messages which saved those on board. The roof and sides of the deck-house threatened to fall at any moment, but though it involved great peril Burns remained on the ship until the last. Tattersall, the operator on board the Baltic, was on duty for 56 hours, sending cheering messages to the Republic and communicating with the stations on shore.

Linking Up Pacific Islands.

The Pacific Radio Telegraph Company, with a capital of £20,000, has been registered. The object is to provide inter-communication between the Pacific Islands, Australia and New Zealand.

Survival of Erse.

The Irish National Convention now sitting in Dublin, against Mr J. O'Donoghue's strong view, carried a resolution by a large majority recommending that the Irish language should be made a compulsory subject in the curriculum of the new university.

Making It a Sacred Cow.

Lady Frances Ballour and Mrs Fawcett are appealing to women to attend a service at Westminster Abbey to coincide for the success of the cause of women's suffrage during the coming session of Parliament.

A glimpse at the progress of women's suffrage abroad is afforded by Mrs Ida Harper, who attended the International Women's Suffrage Congress, which was held in Amsterdam in 1908. She said in a recent article: "That Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and Denmark have given the municipal franchise to women. The Netherlands will probably give it soon after the next elections. Every possible justification seems to exist for saying that the women of the Netherlands will be enfranchised within the next five years. Judging from present indications, it will not be five years before the municipal franchise now possessed by the women of Denmark and Sweden will be extended to include the parliamentary vote. Those of Norway and Finland have the complete suffrage and are eligible for election to parliament."

British Navy.

The "Daily Mail" reports that the Admiralty's programme of five improved Dreadnoughts, or a sixth according to the progress of German construction, has been accepted. It involves an increased expenditure of between three and four millions.

The "Mail" also states that the will be no naval loan, as stated in the "Times."

The Money Market.

Rio Janeiro is issuing in London a million 5 per cent loan at 92. Another million is also being issued on the continent.

The City of Pretoria is issuing million 4 per cent loan at 95, of which the Transvaal Government takes half as an investment for savings bank and pensions funds.

Tinned Meat for the Army.

Referring to the War Office pling a contract for tinned meat with a Cicigo firm, the newspapers state that this was due to the colonial packers' inability to supply the quantity and quality required. The representatives of the colonial packers state that they had not tendered owing to their objection to the replacement clause.

The War Office, however, tends shortly to invite tenders for the supply of half-a-million pounds of tinned meat for delivery in autumn.

Irish Parliamentary Party.

A private meeting of the Irish parliamentary party in Dublin was held for the purpose of electing officers.

Mr Guinness was forcibly ejected or insisted on the submission and examination of the accounts. Afterwards he complained to an interviewer that he had been an unauthorised distributor of the party's money, one setting the funds to attack and undermine another self the same party. Mr Redmond was re-elected leader.

Australia Wants People.

An address has been presented to Lord Northcote, late Governor-General of Australia, at the Guildhall, in acknowledgment of his services to the Empire.

Subsequently, at a luncheon given in Exeter, Lord Northcote, in response to the toast of his health, said he hoped and believed the authorities of Australia would do their utmost to make it land readily accessible to British emigrants having energy and go.

It was of primary importance to split up the cultivated lands as the step towards developing the other industries.

There was no demand in Austria for clerks, and no large demand for people desirous of establishing shops.

One reason why he desired emigrants to proceed to the colonies instead of to

America was that if Australia had a population of twenty-five millions, and she could carry that and double without any difficulty, the nation's voice would be all the more potent in the nations' councils.

Another reason was that if Australia, Canada, and South Africa and the other possessions were strong enough to undertake their own defence, the burden of the British taxpayer would diminish.

Finally, he favoured such emigration because the voice and influence of Anglo-Saxonism stood for peaceful conquests in commerce and supremacy in life and business.

Tall Talk.

Mr. A. Ure, M.P., speaking at Coker-mouth, said a severe struggle with the Lords was about to begin. By a single clause in a single Act, the Liberals would end the Lords' claims instantly and restore the inalienable rights of the people's representatives.

Mr. A. McKenna (First Lord of the Admiralty) and Mr. L. V. Harcourt (First Commissioner of Works), are also threatening the Lords on the lines of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's resolution.

Mandate for Home Rule.

The National Directory of the United Irish League has re-elected Mr John Redmond as president.

The annual report of the League declared that the activity of the branches was never more manifest or the tone or spirit more satisfactory. Owing to inquiries and representation made by the organisation, 2000 tenants had been restored by Lord Londonderry.

"The next general election," the report proceeded, "will be one of the most critical since the Unionist party was formed, because the Liberals, if returned, will say that they have a mandate for Home Rule."

Frozen Meat Interests.

It is understood that the Board of Trade intends to include a special representative of the Frozen Meat Trade Association on the new Port of London Board.

The managing board of the association suggests Sir Thomas Borthwick.

Bible in Schools.

Mr Walter Runciman (President of the Board of Education) said, in the course of a speech at Dewsbury on the education question, that *Zusraith* had obliterated the name of the Deity from the works of Shakespeare and Milton.

Such a procedure, he contended, would not be tolerated in England, and any Government attempting to excise the Bible from schools deserved to be well thrashed at the polls.

Defence of the Empire.

Mr R. B. Haldane (Secretary of State for War), speaking at the Ritz Hotel, after emphasising the opinion of the expert general staff that continuity of policy was essential, argued that the Territorials were a practical force, destined to place the country on a sound basis of defence.

"We are," he added, "in negotiation with the dominions over seas, with a view to the creation and constitution of an army of the Empire, and not of the Motherland merely."

Mr. Haldane concluded by announcing that a third thousand had been added to the London Territorials in response to the "Daily Mail" appeal.

French Tariff and the Entente.

British Chambers of Commerce have been greatly stirred lately at the prospect of losing a large proportion of trade under the projected French tariff revision. Protests were made to the French Government, it being declared that the changes were likely to damage the entente.

It is now announced that the French Government has decided to oppose a number of the proposals embodied in the Customs Committee's Bill, on the ground that they are calculated to unfavourably affect France's relations with foreign Powers.

The committee contend that the bill represents only a million sterling surcharge upon foreign trade, compared with two million surcharge on French trade under foreign tariffs.

EUROPE.

The Stockholm correspondent of the "Times" reports that both Chambers have voted for universal suffrage with proportional representation.

Further heavy shocks of earthquake have occurred in the Messina and Reggio districts, and the inhabitants are greatly alarmed.

The Berlin Jack the Ripper, who murdered a number of women early last year, has renewed his murderous assaults upon women, and during the past week has fatally stabbed six.

French Poet Murdered.

The mutilated body of Catulle Mendes, the French poet, has been discovered in a tunnel close to St. Germain.

From the appearance of the body, robbery is suggested as the motive of the outrage.

Politics in Turkey.

Kiamil Pasha (the Grand Vizier), upholding the programme of the Liberal Union, based on the maintenance of the Turkish Constitution and the rights of all classes and races, has introduced Cabinet changes, and thus frustrated the attempt at military dictatorship under Youssouf Iyzebin, the latter representing the Committee of the Union of Progress, whose influence is waning.

Nazim Pasha, the new Minister for War, is a liberal-minded statesman, who reorganised the Adrianople corps; while Husni Pasha, the new Minister for Marine, was attached for some time to the British Navy.

Kiamil Pasha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, refusing to attend the Chamber of Deputies to explain the charges made against his administration until Wednesday next, was censured by 198 votes to 8, after a stormy six hours' debate.

The vote was superfluous, as prior to the end of the sitting Kiamil Pasha had rendered his resignation, alleging that the Chamber had made a "dead set" against him.

This, he declared, was due to the influence of the Committee of Union and Progress, his ground for the assertion being that his dismissed colleagues enjoyed the confidence of the Committee.

The Committee denies that it intends that Izzet-ain shall supersede the Sultan, and adds that as long as the Sultan respects the Constitution the Committee will respect his life and rights.

The Chamber has asked the Sultan to appoint a Grand Vizier deserving the confidence of the nation.

Royal Visit to Berlin.

Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived in Berlin on Wednesday, receiving a magnificent reception by all classes.

German newspapers cordially welcomed King Edward to Berlin, and expressed the hope that the way would be mutually prepared for a gradual and lasting re-approachment between the two peoples.

The Kaiser's permission to allow a civic welcome to King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with a supplementary official reception, led to remarkable demonstrations.

Berlin has never before displayed such enthusiasm to a visitor.

In spite of 13 public socialistic meetings of protest, the people are delighted at the prospect of better relations with England, but there is no sign of any move favouring a reduction of armaments.

A grand State ball, given at the Emperor's palace in honour of the Royal visitors, was a great success.

At a banquet given in their honour, attended by 160 guests, the Kaiser, in warmly toasting the Royal visitors, markedly associated the whole people with his own view that the visit, besides being a token of friendship, was a pledge of future peaceful and friendly relations between the two countries.

His Imperial Majesty added: "I know how much our wishes for the preservation and strengthening of peace are in accord, and I am firmly convinced that Your Majesties' visit will contribute to the realisation of these, our wishes."

King Edward, in an equally cordial reply, concluded by remarking: "The visit aims at the strengthening of the friendly relations between the two countries, and thus at the preservation of the

general peace towards which all my endeavours are directed."

The "Vossische Zeitung" says that the visit is a proof that the coldness which existed between the two courts is a thing of the past, and that it will not be the fault of Germans if the visit is not the beginning of a better understanding between two kindred peoples.

Some German Conservative papers are unsympathetic.

The "Reichsbote" revives the charge of King Edward's attempt to isolate Germany and destroy the Triple Alliance.

The "Borselt Zeitung" declares that conversations between the monarchs will contain no reference to disarmament.

The "Freundenblatt," one of the leading Vienna dailies, says it is the Eastern crisis and the community of peaceful interests which have drawn Britain and Germany closer together.

Several Berlin correspondents of London dailies state that the conversations between King Edward and the Kaiser, Sir Charles Hardinge (Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) and Herr von Schoen (German Minister for Foreign Affairs) covered a wide field.

Exchanges of views between the two foreign offices will in future be more frequent than in the past, while the general results of the meeting are expected to be highly satisfactory, although nobody expects that they will tend to a reduction in armaments.

The Kaiser, in thanking the Burgomaster of Berlin for the arrangements of the Rathaus visit, declares that the citizens of Berlin substantially contributed to making King Edward's stay pleasant and joyous.

The warmth of their welcome, he continued, betokened an earnest desire on the part of the German people to cultivate and strengthen friendly relations with their kindred nation.

Reuter's Berlin correspondent reports that Prince Buelow, Chancellor of the Empire, is optimistic as to the results of the visit. He hopes that public opinion in both countries will follow the example of the honest, pacific aims and sincere reciprocal understanding arrived at by rulers and statesmen on both sides.

Quieting Down.

In view of Turkey's declaration that she does not intend to seek an increase of territory, and in response to Russia's advice, Bulgaria has demobilised the reserves of the eighth division.

M. Isvolsky (Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs) considers that a pacific solution of the difficulty is now assured, the question at issue being restricted to mere finance.

Steamer Lost.

Owing to a storm shifting a buoy, the British steamer Forest Castle took the wrong channel when entering Brest Bay in France, and struck a rock.

A hole was torn in the bottom of the steamer, which rapidly sank.

The boats were got out, and most of the crew were landed safely, but nine were drowned in attempting to reach the shore.



THE LATE CATULLE MENDES.

The French poet who was murdered at St. Germain. Deceased was 68 at the time of his death. His poetry was of a very high order of merit, and several of his more famous pieces were translated into English.

ASIA.

Indian Affairs.

Lord Minto's Executive Council has considered the report of the Committee of Reform, with the result that a telegram has been framed for dispatch to Viscount Morley (Secretary of State for India) to assist him in preparing Indian legislation.

The authorities in Calcutta recognise that the anarchist movement is of larger dimensions than at first imagined, and that incessant vigilance is necessary.

Indian officials strongly warn the Home authorities that the Indian anarchist leaders are likely to show an increasing tendency to reside in London or Paris.

The Bengali student Bose has confessed that he was given a revolver and twenty rupees to kill Biswas, the Public Prosecutor, at Alipur.

An influential movement is afoot among the Indians to raise a memorial to His Majesty.

The editor of the Poona newspaper "Kat" has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and ordered to pay a fine of 1000 rupees for publishing a seditious article.

A Bengali student named Base, from Barisal, fired three times in the Alipore Courthouse last week, during the trial of anarchists, killing Asutosh Biswas, the Public Prosecutor engaged.

The assassin was arrested. Six Hindus have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment for inciting people to murder, and for having published placards at Kolahapur containing recipes for the making of bombs.

This murder is considered to be a token that a campaign has been commenced for the assassination of officials. The Indian papers demand that severe measures shall be taken with all offenders.

AFRICA.

Menelik, the Emperor of Abyssinia, has improved in health, and is now engaged in a motor tour of his dominion.

The "Standard" declares that the Somali Mullah, whose late aggression necessitated the increase of the British forces, has three columns of 10,000 men each, one-half being riflemen, and apparently is anxious to force a campaign upon the British.

France and Germany in Morocco.

France and Germany have arranged with regard to Morocco, for a signed declaration emphasising the integrity of the State.

France agrees not to impede Germany's commercial and industrial interests, while Germany on the other hand recognises the political claims of France.

United South Africa.

The draft Constitution of the South African Federation, hereafter to be called the South African Union, was published last week.

The Constitution makes provision for a Governor-General with a salary of £10,000, an Executive Council, empowered to nominate eight senators, a Senate to consist of 40 members, each province electing eight—the present colonial Parliaments choosing them in the first instance, and Provincial Councils subsequently—and a House of Assembly comprising 151 members for Cape Colony, 17 for Natal, 17 for Orangeia, and 36 for the Transvaal, all members to be of European descent.

The Federal constituencies are to be defined on the basis of the European adult male population, with a quincentennial redistribution. The principle of proportional representation is to be applied with a single transferable vote.

The English and Dutch languages are to have equal privileges. Each province is to be administered by an administrator nominated by the Governor-General, Executive Council, and Provincial Council. A Federal Court of Appeal is to be established, with power of appeal to the Privy Council.

The Union assumes all assets and debts of the States, and takes over the Civil servants, and as compensation for their acquiescence in the dual capital compromise pays to Pietermaritzburg (capital of Natal) and Bloemfontein (capital of Orangeia) two per centum of their municipal debts for 25 years. On the other hand, if it is found necessary, Capetown and Pretoria are to be allowed one per

centum of their municipal debts. The railways and ports are to be vested in three commissioners and a Cabinet Minister. The interests of the native populations are carefully safeguarded, and the sale of liquor to them is prohibited.

United South Africa.

The preponderating sentiment in South Africa is favourable to the Federal Constitution, subject to certain amendments. The Hon. Louis Botha, interviewed at Capetown, said the Federal Constitution was a natural complement to the Vereeniging agreement.

The two races were united in the resolve to lay the foundations of a South African nation which would be a worthy part of the Empire.

Practical Friendship.

Owing to the Warsamaze tribe imploring H.M.S. Philonell's protection, the cruiser shelled and dispersed the Somali Mullah's followers, and thereby dispelled a growing belief that Britain did not intend to protect the friendly tribes.

AMERICA.

The American-visible wheat supply is estimated at 73,000,000 bushels.

The American battleship Delaware, of 20,000 tons, has been launched.

Mr W. H. Taft, President-elect, confirms a statement that the Board of Engineers fully approve the Panama canal plans, including those of the Latun dam. The tuberculosis campaign is being prosecuted vigorously in New York, and 200 arrests have been made for spitting in railway and tram cars.

Degraded for Drink.

Captain E. T. Quattrough, of the United States battleship Georgia, was tried at Gibraltar on a charge of drunkenness.

He was suspended from the command of the ship and placed in a reduced position on the promotion list.

Japanese in California.

Mr J. N. Gillett, Governor of California, has announced that if the projected census of the Japanese in California shows the necessity for it, Congress will be urged to enact the exclusion of Asiatics.

Mr Roosevelt, in a telegram to Mr Gillett, congratulated all who had aided to kill the Japanese School Children Bill, and added: "The way California has done right for the nation makes it all the more obligatory for the nation to safeguard California's interest. I personally will do my utmost to this end."

Colima Active.

The volcano Colima, near the Pacific coast of the province of that name in Mexico, which burst into activity in 1869, is again in active eruption.

Subterranean rumblings have been heard in the vicinity, and there have been heavy detonations in the pipe of the volcano and under the mountain.

Showers of hot sand have been ejected from the crater, killing the vegetation over a large area, while a stream of molten lava a mile long has devastated the slopes of the mountain.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. Arthur Myers, wife of the Mayor of Auckland, left for Sydney on Monday. Mr. J. H. Pollock, of Wellington, has been on a visit to Auckland.

Dr. G. T. Givler returned to Auckland from the North on Saturday. Mr and Mrs E. Withy, of Rotorua, have returned after a six months' holiday in Europe.

Mr D. Cuthbert, manager of the cable station at Norfolk Island, is on a visit to Rotorua. Mr C. W. Cropp, an old Thames boy, returned last week on a visit after an absence of 19 years.

Mr. Leslie Banks has severed his connection with Messrs. Banks and Grey, and leaves to-day for the Waikato. Mr. T. E. Donne, general manager of the Tourist Department, will leave Wellington for Auckland in a few days.

Mr. J. H. Quilliam and Mrs. Quilliam, of New Plymouth, are on a visit to Auckland.

Mr. R. Cameron, manager of the Auckland Savings Bank, is taking a short holiday at Rotorua.

Mr. M. A. Clark was last week elected chairman of directors of the New Zealand Insurance Company.

Capt. Ross, late chief officer of one of the intercolonial steamers, takes over the command of the Squall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Walkinton, of Kohi Waverley, and their family have been on a visit to Wanganui.

Earl Stanhope left Auckland last week for Rotorua, accompanied by Mr. T. M. Carson, a prominent English golfer.

The Mayor of Auckland, Mr. A. M. Myers, has decided to leave on March 1 for his twelve months' tour abroad.

The Rev. A. F. Smith has returned to Auckland from the Old Country, and resumed charge of his parish of Northcote-cum-Takapuna.

Mr. E. Gerard, the official assignee, is suffering from severe mental overstrain, and has been ordered absolute rest for a time.

Inspector J. W. Ellison, of Wellington police force, and for many years in the Auckland office, is on a visit to Auckland.

Mr T. W. Rhodes, one of the unsuccessful candidates for Thames, was tendered a complimentary social at Coromandel, and presented with a purse of sovereigns.

Capt. G. H. Lacy, of the Hauroto, which arrived from the Islands last week, is leaving the service of the Union Company to take up the position of assistant pilot at Auckland.

Mr B. Kent was nominated last week as president of the Auckland Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. M. M. McCallum as vice-president. The retiring president, Mr. L. J. Bagnall, made the nominations.

The Rev. J. A. Luxford, who has been the senior Methodist chaplain of the Defence Forces, with rank of captain, has been promoted to the rank of major. The commission dates from November 28, 1908.

Defective Arthur Skinner has been transferred to Tauranga, where he will be in charge of the police station. Mr Skinner has been a member of the police force for nearly ten years, and all his service, except a year in Wellington, has been done in Auckland.

The Hon. Jas. McGowan, ex-Minister for Mines, has been suffering from a severe attack of sciatica. Mr. McGowan has so far recovered that he hopes to be about again in a few days, and intends spending some time at Rotorua.

After undergoing a serious operation in Hamilton Hospital, Constable Rock has so far recovered as to be able to return home. He speaks most highly of the treatment and nursing accorded to him.

In consequence of the retirements of officers over the age of 65, Mr J. R. Vaile, of the Auckland Survey Office, has been transferred to Dunedin. Mr McKellar, who is well known in connection with the local Survey Office, succeeds Mr Vaile.

The Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of the Hamilton Primitive Methodist Church, who is taking the place of the Rev. T. R. B. Woolloxall at Waiki, has been paying his future parish a visit. Mr. Woolloxall leaves for Eltham in about a month, and Mr. Armstrong will commence his ministrations at Waiki four weeks hence.

The death took place last week in Wellington of Hone Heke, who for the past sixteen years has represented the Northern Maori Electorate in the House of Representatives. Deceased was very well known among both races, and his genial nature had made him many friends. He was a comparatively young man, being only forty years of age. Death was due to tubercular hemorrhage. The body was brought up to Auckland, and a short tangi held at the Maori Hostel at Mechanics Bay. On Monday evening the body was conveyed to Rus-sell, en route to Kaikohe, deceased's birthplace, where a big tangi will take place. Among the mourners who came up to Auckland was the Native Minister, the Hon. James Carroll.

Mr H. T. Maclean, librarian to the Auckland Law Society, died last week after a brief illness. He was the only son of the late Captain H. T. Maclean, of the Bombay Native Infantry. Mr Maclean was quite a young man, being only 45 years of age. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and was noted for his gentleness, and courtesy by all those with whom he came into contact. His death will be keenly regretted by a large circle of friends.

LONDON, January 8.

The Right Rev. Dr. Neligan, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, is returning to New Zealand by the Tongariro, which has now been repaired after her recent collision in the Channel, and which sailed from Plymouth yesterday (Jan. 7). Bishop Neligan is accompanied by his wife, two sons and two daughters. By the same boat are travelling four lady teachers for the Auckland Diocesan School, and five clergy for the Auckland diocese.

Miss Grace Joel is the only New Zealand artist whose work is on view at the International Exhibition at the New Gallery. Her picture entitled "Mother and Child" has been praised by the critics. Miss Joel also had a portrait in the Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the New Gallery, being the only colonial artist to have a portrait accepted.

Mr. John T. Fox, late of Foxton, Manawatu, and now of Queen's College, Oxford, will be the Labour candidate for Reading at the next general election. He has been selected as a prospective candidate by the Reading Labour Representation Committee.

Miss Florence Naden, of Auckland, has been sight-seeing in London for the past month, and is now in Paris. She travelled here via California, afterwards visiting Niagara and Salt Lake City. Miss Naden is on a pleasure trip, and the date of her departure is at present uncertain.

SHARE LIST.

Paid-up.	Liability per Share.	Company	Last Quotation.
£ s. d.	£		£ s. d.
		BANKS—	
3 6 8	33	New Zealand ..	8 17 6
2 10 0	15	National ..	1 4 6
4 9 0	45	Australasia ..	108 0 0
25 0 0	50	Union of Australia ..	2 10 0
20 0 0	20	New South Wales ..	45 10 0
		INSURANCE—	
2 0 0	8	New Zealand, Limited	3 16 0
0 10 0	Nil	Union ..	1 8 6
0 10 0	41	South British ..	2 10 0
0 15 0	81	Standard ..	1 3 6
		FINANCIAL—	
0 10 0	81	N.Z. Loan & Mercantile	0 4 4
6 0 0	15	Dalgety and Co.	6 10 0
1 0 0	Nil	N.Z. and River Plate ..	1 13 0
		COAL—	
0 7 6	25	Hikurangi ..	0 17 1
0 10 0	Nil	Northern Coal Co., Ltd.	6 13 0
1 0 0	Nil	Tauriri Mines ..	0 18 6
0 10 0	Nil	Drury Brick & Pottery ..	0 2 6
1 0 0	Nil	Hamilton ..	19 0 0
3 10 0	14	Westport ..	1 10 0
		GAS—	
5 9 0	Nil	Auckland (10% paid)	1 0 6
6 0 0	Nil	Auckland ..	14 7 6
1 0 0	Nil	Christchurch ..	9 15 0
1 0 0	Nil	Feilding ..	0 19 9
1 0 0	Nil	Gisborne ..	2 10 0
1 0 0	Nil	Hamilton ..	2 15 0
10 0 0	Nil	Napier ..	25 0 0
5 0 0	5	" ..	3 7 6
5 0 0	8	" ..	8 8 0
2 0 0	Nil	New Plymouth ..	8 5 0
1 15 0	Nil	Thames ..	1 17 6
10 0 0	Nil	Wellington ..	16 25 0
5 5 0	41	" ..	11 5 0
4 10 0	4	Palmerston North ..	7 10 0
		SHIPPING—	
1 0 0	Nil	Union Steamship ..	1 16 0
0 10 0	Nil	New Zealand Shipping ..	6 10 0
0 14 6	Nil	Northern S.S. .. P.U.	0 14 6
0 7 0	776	Devonport Ferry ..	0 7 3
1 0 0	Nil	Devonport Ferry ..	1 10 6
		WOOLLEN—	
4 0 0	1	Wellington ..	3 2 6
5 0 0	Nil	Kaipara ..	2 17 0
3 10 0	11	Moagiel ..	
		TIMBER—	
1 13 0	Nil	K.T. Co.	1 12 0
0 15 0	15	" ..	0 14 0
0 18 0	Nil	Leyland-O'Brien Co.	1 2 0
1 0 0	27	Mountain Rimu Co.	1 2 0
1 0 0	Nil	Parker-Lamb ..	1 6 0
		MEAT	
7 10 0	24	Christchurch ..	8 0 0
10 0 0	Nil	Christchurch ..	10 15 0
5 0 0	Nil	Wellington Meat Ex.	6 4 0
4 0 0	1	" ..	6 0 0
2 12 4	23	" ..	3 1 0
1 0 0	Nil	Gear ..	2 10 0
4 0 0	Nil	" ..	9 17 6
5 0 0	1	Wanganui ..	6 2 0
		MISCELLANEOUS—	
1 0 0	Nil	Auckland Elec. T. Pref.	1 1 0
2 0 0	Nil	New Zealand Drug ..	1 0 6
1 0 0	Nil	Sharnoll & Co.	1 0 0
1 14 6	65	Union Oil ..	1 0 0
20 0 0	Nil	Colonial Sugar ..	42 10 0
1 0 0	Nil	N.Z. Paper Mills ..	1 2 0
1 0 0	Nil	N.Z. Portland Cement ..	1 3 3
1 0 0	Nil	Wilson's ..	1 15 0
1 0 0	Nil	Donagh & Co.	1 1 0
4 0 0	1	Wangry Hops ..	5 2 0

Wreck of the Penguin

FOUNDERS OFF TERAWHITI.

OVER SEVENTY DROWNED.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

News of one of the most sensational wrecks which have ever taken place on the coast of New Zealand reached Wellington to-day, when the information was flashed through that the Union Steamship Company's steamer Penguin was wrecked, with great loss of life, at Cape Terawhiti last night.

Capt. Naylor's statement is that he left Picton at 6.20 last night, and entered the Strait at 7.50 p.m. The weather was clear at the time.

Half way across there was a change, and the weather became very thick. He set a course which would keep him well clear of the land, allowing for a southerly set a course expecting to pick up Pencarrow light, as he could not see it. He was in the act of putting the vessel's head out, down the Strait, to see where he was, when the Penguin struck at ten o'clock on Thom's Rock, the outlying obstruction of Terawhiti.

The Penguin struck about midships on the starboard side. The pumps were set to work, and the well sounded; and it was found that water was making in the Nos. 1 and 2 holds. The water gained slowly on the engine-room pumps.

The life-boats were swung out, and the women and children sent away. A very heavy sea was running, and the first boat was immediately smashed, but the occupants were all got on board, and transferred to another boat.

There was plenty of time to get the boats away, but at 9 mins. to 11, the steamer sank bodily.

The captain and several of the crew were still on the deck, and had to launch the rafts and jump for them. The captain succeeded in reaching a broken boat and got ashore on it.

On the way he picked up a man, but lost him coming over the reef.

Two of the rafts landed about midnight, and neither had seen any of the boats. The captain, however, did not succeed in getting ashore till an hour and a-half before daylight. He found the men on the rafts being cared for by Mr. McMenamin, a resident in the locality.

He was on the bridge all the way, and the third officer was with him. He cannot account for the disaster except on the theory that he was carried in by a heavy swell and southerly sea.

The Penguin was an iron steamer of a registered tonnage of 824 tons, and was built at Glasgow in 1864. Despite the fact that she has been running for nearly half-a-century, the Penguin was looked upon as one of the strongest built boats trading in New Zealand. Her length was 220ft., breadth 28.5, and depth 14.4. The Penguin was chiefly engaged upon the Wellington-Nelson-Picton trade, but occasionally replaced the Takapuna or Rotoiti in the run between Wellington and Onehunga. Captain Naylor, the master of the vessel, was originally chief officer on the Tarawera.

LIST OF PASSENGERS SAVED.

Only 13 passengers are believed to have been saved. The names of those saved are:—

- MRS HANNAN
- HOPKINS,
- BOB JACK,
- ROBT. ELLISON,
- W. H. GREEN,
- GERALD BRIDGE,
- T. ALLEN MATTHEWS (a lad)
- FRANK SHAW,
- L. T. HOGG,
- P. PERKINS,
- RIGGS,
- MILLAR,
- C. E. DOWNES.

NAMES OF CREW SAVED.

The following are the names of the crew saved:—

- CAPTAIN NAYLOR,
- Second Engineer, MR LUKE.
- Purser, MR THOMPSON.
- Stewards: R. WATTS,
- KEYS,
- HULL,
- C. JONES,
- W. REES,
- D. McCORMACK,
- D. FRANCIS.

A.B.'s: JACKSON AND FARRELL.

O.S., SNELLAGROVE.

Greasers: PIERRIE AND WICK-

TOUN.

Cook: LYNN.

LIST OF DROWNED AND MISSING.

The following are either dead or missing:—

THE PASSENGERS (44).

- MRS. BRITAN
- MRS HART
- MRS. BISHOP
- MRS. TOOMER

MRS. HALE
MRS. W. R. SYMONDS AND TWO CHILDREN

- MISS DORAN
- MISS McALLEY
- MISS RIBBANDS
- MISS HUNT
- MISSSES MAGUIRE (3)
- MISS IVY TOOMER
- MISS ALICE TOOMER
- MISS CLUNE
- MISS NODINE
- MISS JESSIE RENNIE
- MISS AMELIA HANNAN
- MISS RUBY MAY HANNAN
- MR. BIRD
- MR. H. G. BONE
- MR. COURTNEY
- MR. HALE
- MR. SYLVESTER HOLCROFT
- MR. HOLMES
- MR. HAROLD UNDERWOOD
- MR. NOO WHITE
- MASTER TROADEC
- MR. EDWARD COUMBE
- MR. JOHNSON
- MR. WHARTON
- MR. SHAW (Melbourne)
- MR. KEITH (Cape Williamson)
- MR. SEED
- MR. ROGERS
- MR. E. MATTHEWS
- MR. HANNAN
- MR. W. HIGGINS HENRY
- MASTER RONALD E. HANNAN
- MASTER GEORGE A. HANNAN
- MASTER MAGUIRE.

OFFICERS AND CREW (26).

- W. A. McINTYRE, chief officer
- F. DRISCOLL, second officer
- G. A. LOOSEMORE, third officer
- R. URQUHART, chief engineer
- W. S. RENTOUL, third engineer
- C. ALEXANDER, chief steward
- W. WATTS, second steward
- ERNEST CROOK, saloon waiter
- G. CLAYDON, saloon waiter

- M. KEYS, forecabin steward
- EDWIN HALL, second cook
- HENRY McGUIRE, scullion man
- C. JONES, first pantryman
- WELLUM, second pantryman
- COOKE, messroom steward
- T. HAYES, boatswain
- C. W. ESTACOTT, A.B.
- BOWMAN, A.B.
- E. GALE, A.B.
- HENDERSON, A.B.
- G. GOFFRU, donkeyman
- RAFFERTY, greaser
- C. FAIRBAIRN, fireman
- S. WARD, fireman
- HENRY LEGGY, trimmer
- BARNES, trimmer
- MRS. C. JACOBS, saloon stewardess
- MRS. HOPE, forecabin stewardess.

THE BODIES IDENTIFIED.

The total number on board was 105, and only 30 were saved. The following is a list of identified bodies:—

THE PASSENGERS.

- MRS. MARY BRITAIN, Blenheim.
- MR. C. BIRD, Wellington.
- MR. H. E. BONE, Wellington.
- MR. J. BATES.
- MRS. BISHOP AND CHILD, Wellington.
- MISS MARY A. DORAN, Wellington.
- MRS. L. EVANS, Kaponga, Taranaki.
- MR. C. H. HALE, Wellington.
- MR. AND MRS. W. H. HENRY, Kelburne.
- MISS JENNIE HUNT, Island Bay.
- MR. HANNAN AND FOUR CHILDREN, Tadmor, Nelson.
- MASTER MAGUIRE, Wellington.
- MISSSES MAGUIRE (3), Wellington.
- MISS MARION McALLEY, Avondale, Randwick.
- MISS CLARA NODINE, Karori.
- MISS JESSIE RENNIE, Wellington.
- MISS D. RIBBANDS, Sydney.
- MR. ROGERS, Newtown, Wellington.
- MR. SEED, Rangiora.
- MR. WHARTON SHAW, Melbourne.
- MRS. W. R. SYMON, Wellington.
- MISSSES SYMON (2), Wellington.
- MRS. AND MISS ALICE TOOMER, Berhampore.
- MRS. TRICE, Newtown.
- GUSTAV TROADEC, Nelson College.
- KEITH H. C. WILLIAMSON, Christchurch.
- FELIX WOODWARD, Brisbane.

OFFICERS AND CREW.

- G. A. BARNES, trimmer.
- ERNEST COOKE, steward.
- C. FAIRBAIRN, fireman.
- EDWARD GALE, A.B.
- MRS. ANNIE HOPE, forecabin stewardess, Wellington.
- MRS. C. JACOBS, stewardess, Newtown.
- W. A. McINTYRE, chief officer, Tasmania.
- JOHN RAFFERTY, greaser.
- STANLEY RENTOUL, third engineer.
- R. URQUHART, chief engineer, Wellington.
- THOMAS WOODFORD, A.B.
- JOHN WOOD (shipped as John Ward), fireman.
- WELLUM, second pantryman.
- H. WOOD, fireman.

UNUSUAL CONDITIONS.

NELSON, Saturday.

Captain Stewart, of the Patena, who interviewed this morning, said he left Wellington at 6 o'clock last evening for Nelson direct. The weather was thick with a moderate southerly gale. The land at times was wholly obscured and he did not see the Penguin. Captain Stewart had expected a moderate ebb-tide, but had not experienced it. He was not disposed to be communicative about tides, but enough was gathered to show that the conditions were very unusual.

Captain Vickerman, of the Anchor Company's steamer Kennedy, which left Wellington at 6.30 last night, said that when off Terawhiti at 9.30 he passed a steamer about five miles off the shore. He supposed it to be the Penguin. The steamer was going slow, and the weather was very thick at the time.

BODIES COMING ASHORE.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

For two miles the beach is strewn with wreckage. Pieces of the vessel, cabins, seats, cushions, and upholstery of every kind are floating about on the water and distributed over the sands. Not a vestige of the vessel itself remains, and it is absolutely impossible to determine where she struck. Even the men who were interviewed said they did not know, but one hazarded the opinion that it was on Tom's Rock.

The bodies, of which sixteen or seventeen have already been recovered, are coming ashore in a little bay to the west of McMenamin's homestead.

The sight on the beach is one which would never be forgotten. Three life-boats are thrown up on the sand and one raft is also high and dry.

Wreckage and the fourth life-boat are floating about in the breakers. The sea is running very high and the weather is very cloudy and misty.

Just round a forbidding-looking bluff

WOMAN'S AWFUL EXPERIENCE UNDER CAPSIZED BOAT.

Mrs Joe Hamman, the only woman who survived the wreck, told a very heart-rending story to a "Times" reporter, her four children being all drowned before her eyes.

"My husband," Mrs Hamman said, "was working on the railway in the South Island, and he had latterly contracted consumption, so we booked our passages by the Penguin, taking our four children with us, our intention being to go to Rotorua, to see if it would do my husband any good. At about 10 o'clock on Friday night we heard a bump, and a little later the stewardess came down and told us to get ready, as the boat was sinking. We all rushed on deck, and I was told to get into one of the boats, which was being got ready.

"I refused to leave my husband and children, but they forced me into the boat, separating me from Mr Hamman, but my children were with me.

"Just as they went to lower the boat the tackle falls gave way, and the boat went down head first into the water. All my children were drowned except the youngest, two years old, which I had lashed to one of the seats. Nobody seemed to have time to rescue the children, but I suppose that could not be helped. There were six women in the boat, and I should think somewhere near the same number of men. We got safely away from the ship. The saloon stewardess (Mrs. Jacobs) helped us before we got into the boat. She was a brave woman; she did everything, got blankets and wrapped me up, and was calm and collected, and didn't hurry us in the least.

"When the tackle falls gave way, I heard one of my children calling, 'Oh, mummy, mummy, help us!' But, God knows, we were powerless to do anything. My husband was on the deck, and I said to him, when we parted, 'Cheer up, father,' he replied, 'Good-bye.' That was the last. We drifted about, and during the night we saw one of the rafts quite close to us. We roared, and tried to get up to it, but could not. We must have been some hours in the boat. We could see the rocks ahead of us, and we tried to keep off them.

"We drifted about, it seemed for hours, everybody straining at the oars and trying to avoid the reefs. My poor little baby was then still alive, and I realised it was all I had left in the world. The boat was filling with water, and those not rowing kept bailing out the water for their dear lives, but we could not check the inflow, and we realised it was only a matter of time when the boat would be right awash. We knew by the rowing of the breakers that we were close on the surf, and, pull as we could, we were unable to keep the boat with her head to the sea. Suddenly an enormous wave struck us side on, and the boat capsized. Everybody was thrown into the sea, but I managed to grasp a rope, and, God alone knows how, I hung on. A young boy (Ellis Matthews) was floating near me, and I got a rope to him and helped him to make himself secure athwart of the capsized boat. We were right underneath the boat, but the air must have forced the water out, and while the bottom of the boat stood out of the water we clung on with our heads towards the floor of the boat. We were thus enabled to breathe. We were really imprisoned between the keel of the boat and the seats, the boat still floating all the time upside down. It seemed that we were floating about for hours, until

finally we were washed up on to the beach.

"We were," continued Mrs. Hannan, "still under the boat in its capsized condition, pinned in under the thwart. Of course the water was very shallow, but the spent waves continued to lap right up to our bodies. We had no way of getting out. My poor little baby had in the meantime died from the shock and exposure. I think the lifebelt must have choked her. Eventually I heard the voices of the station shepherds, who lifted up the boat and got us out, and we were taken to the homestead."

BRINGING IN THE DEAD.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

An awe-stricken crowd of people gathered at the Drill Hall in Buckle-street to witness the indefinitely pathetic spectacle of loads of bodies being brought in from Miramar in vehicles. The faces of the drivers of the vehicles spoke of the seriousness of their mission, and as the crowd parted to allow the vehicles to pass into the shed through the folding doors, mere curiosity gave place to reverence, and hats were doffed and women paled and stood appalled. The police kept the door sternly, and no one who was not a relative or friend of any of the dead was allowed to enter, so that those of morbid tendency and others desiring the mere experience of witnessing an unprecedented sight were deterred.

Inside there were improvised tables running the whole length of each side of the building. All the corpses had been carefully sewn in blankets, sails, pieces of canvas, and other coverings that were available, and so, happily, it was impossible to see the poor faces that were bruised and discoloured by the terrible buffeting the victims had undergone previous to death. Dr. Frangley and a staff of helpers, attired in white overalls, were busy spraying the corpses with a strong solution of formalin, and the fact that it was absolutely necessary to treat the occasion as one for business-like promptitude and quiet effort had a calming influence on those unhappy people who were permitted to enter in order to see if among the many unidentified bodies there were any of their loved ones.

All the afternoon there were conveyances coming and going through the folding doors, and each one bore a burden of heartrending interest. Sometimes an express came in with a load of coffins, then there was one containing the corpses of four little children. Corpses were being loaded from the tables to the carts as undertakers arrived to take charge of bodies for friends or relatives of the deceased.

It is remarkable that of the many women who visited the sad temporary morgue none showed any weakness in the actual death chamber, but many having once got outside utterly broke down and sobbed convulsively. Strong men, too, were prostrated, and some were leaning up against the fences in Buckle-street trying with indifferent success to appear unconcerned. In some cases both men and women were led away by friends, whose physical support was necessary. There were tense moments when some of the numerous undertakers undid the sewing of a cover in order that an inquirer might see the features beneath and decide, if possible, whether they were those of the dead friend he sought.

FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.

WELLINGTON, Tuesday.

The narrow streets round the Drillshed in Buckle-street were packed this morning with people anxious to see the public funeral accorded to the victims of the Penguin disaster. First in order was a lorry with four coffins containing the remains of the Maguire children. On the lorry was seated a little boy, the only one left of the family. It was preceded by a band, and followed by a large number of personal friends. Behind came five lorries, each with two coffins, all covered in flowers. These fourteen were all that started from the Hall, but numerous private funerals are arranged for at the same time, and also at other hours throughout the day. The Government was represented by Dr. Findlay. The Mayor of Wellington and the officials of the Union Company were also present. A long cortege of cabs, expresses, and people on foot made up a train half a mile long. The day is bright and warm.

The following caskets left the Drillshed:—E. Gale, J. Rafferty, Miss Richards, William Ernest Crooke, Keith Cape

Williamson, Barnes H. Wood, T. Woodford, Felix Woodward, and four others, making fourteen in all.

Through crowded streets, headed by the Mission Band, the procession went. After the band was a lorry drawn by two horses bearing four white coffins draped with colours and decked with wreaths. Five waggons succeeded each other, bearing two black coffins, also shrouded in naval ensigns. These were chiefly members of the crew lost in the wreck. They were followed by their sailor friends, bareheaded. The procession was brought up by a large number of cabs containing leading citizens and relatives of the deceased. Many people followed afoot, and many walked alongside. The large crowd was very quiet, very orderly, and intensely sympathetic.

At the Cemetery several thousands of people had gathered, and the police had considerable difficulty in keeping the way clear for the cortege. The burial services were extremely brief, the whole ceremony being carried out as quickly as possible.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Mr. McManemin, the owner of Terra-whiti sheep station, is a truly philanthropic man. He gave all the spare clothes he had to the Penguin survivors on Saturday morning, and now only possesses one suit. He has not even a pair of boots to his name. When seen by a "Times" reporter yesterday, at the homestead, he mentioned casually, not thinking that it would be published, that the pair of slippers he was wearing was the only footwear he now possessed.

The Union Steamship Company, Mr. McManemin said, deserved great credit for the expeditious manner in which they sent out food, spirits, and blankets. Captain Naylor should also be commended for his unselfishness amongst the survivors. When those who were rescued came up to the homestead all the clothing and boots that could be scraped together were placed at the men's disposal, but the captain refused to take a stitch until everybody else was satisfied.

"I would like you to give the captain a notice about it," he said. "I think he deserves praise." As to the police, they did excellent work, especially the two mounted men, Sims and Gardener, who were the first to arrive. They kept at their task all day Saturday, and had the heaviest of the work done before the other men arrived from town. I really can't speak too lightly of the mounted police. Late on Sunday night one of them rode down to Oterangi station for me, with a message, and that was a big job for a pitch-black night, along five miles of treacherous beach.

Asked where he thought the Penguin actually struck, Mr. McManemin said: "I'll tell you where I reckon it was—certainly not on Tom's Rock. The wreckage was going to far south for that. I consider it was Luma Rock. This rock was named by Captain Fairchild, of the Government steamer Luma. A lot of people say no such rock exists. It is certainly submerged at all times, but I think it is there all the same. It lies to the north of Sinclair Head, between that point and the Karori Reef. She could not be on Karori Reef—the wreckage shows this to be the case. If she got on to Tom's Rock some of the wreckage would have drifted against the wind, and tide to get where it was washed up, so that explodes the Tom's Rock theory. There is plenty of wreckage south of Tom's Rock, and with the south-easter it could never have got there if she had struck that point."

Speaking about boat operations in the surf at the homestead, Mr. Manemin said the beach could only be worked in dead calm weather or in a nor-west wind or a very light southerly. He emphasized the fact, however, that no matter how rough the weather or what the direction of the wind, surf boats manned by experienced men could always get out when the tide was receding. "I consider," he concluded, "that the boats could have worked the beach on Sunday when the tide was running out."

EXPERIENCES OF A RAFT.

WELLINGTON, Monday.

Mr. G. Bridge, one of the passengers who was saved, in the course of an interview, said:—

"I, with others, went aft to the poop deck, and assisted in getting the long-boat out, under directions from an offi-

cer. This was done successfully, and the boat, with the rest of the women passengers and the stewardess was lowered without accident. Just after they pushed off, however, those in the boat discovered that there was no bucket with which to bale if necessary, and they sang out to us to throw them one. We could not in the darkness find one, and just then it was plainly manifest that the vessel was sinking fast, being already very much down by the head, so that the boat had to go off without one. We then turned our attention to the rafts, which were on the poop deck. All hands gave their attention to the port raft first, and hauled it clear of the rigging and then threw it over the side into the sea. Some 20 persons, including an officer, then jumped into the sea after it, but only 11 of these, as was afterwards proved, could have got aboard, the rest being drowned.

"This left eight of us aboard, exclusive of the captain, who, I think, was on the bridge. We all cut the lashings of the raft, but there was a heavy list to starboard, and we found we could not shift the raft, as it was too heavy for us, so we all hung on to the raft by any means available, such as lifelines, etc., I myself clatching the woodwork of it. All of us knew that the vessel would founder in a few minutes, but before even this short period had passed the ship suddenly shot forward and downward and sank. As the vessel lurched forward the raft slid a yard or two and got caught in the starboard rigging, and as we took the water the raft was pulled under and capsized, throwing us all into the sea. We were at once sucked down in the vortex, but as the vessel dived down in a slanting direction by the bows it took away the full force of the suction aft, so that though we seemed to go down an awful distance, still with the force of the suction removed our lifebelts brought us up again. I came up, together with one of the crew, underneath the raft, and we kicked and struggled together till we got clear, and were able to come to the surface, a yard or so away from the raft, when we both got aboard it, and then helped others to do likewise until we were all accounted for.

"Gradually we lost sight of the other raft, the boat, and all wreckage, and huddled together, 12 of us, on our narrow raft, all the while clinging on like grim death. We drifted in a north-west direction, towards Terawhiti, and out to sea, all the time battered by tremendous seas, which broke continually all over us. After a while, some of us sang a bit to cheer the others. Fortunately, as it turned out, after what seemed a fearful long drift seawards, a special current, or a turn of the tide, brought us once more in towards land, and eventually we sighted land, and shortly afterwards some outstanding rocks.

"Almost immediately afterwards a tremendous sea upended the raft towards the land and threw us all into the water once more, leaving us to battle for life. We all regained the raft, and got on board, but one man would have been lost but for a rope hanging behind the raft, which had been turned right side up again. This rope floated out towards him, and cheered by us all he managed to grab it. We then hauled him aboard. That sea and capsized, however, really saved our lives, for it brought us into calmer water inside a reef, but we lost our plank, and so had to drift over ledges of rock and on to small reef ends until we came right alongside the main line of rocks, connecting with the shore, alongside of which was deep, still water. One of us got on to these rocks, and held the raft by the rope, when the others got safely ashore, one by one, there being no bustling or hurry, as we felt we were now perfectly safe."

Our Illustrations

EAST STREET HALL.

The official opening of the Methodist Mission Hall in East-street took place at 3 p.m. on Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. Mrs. Caughey had the honour of turning the key in the door and opening the building for the use of the Mission. In a very short space of time practically the whole of the sitting accommodation was occupied. A strong choir of children, conducted by Mr. G. F. Cater, assisted in singing the hymns, and Mrs. Neave officiated as accompanist. Solos were

given by Miss Agnes Tudehope, and Messrs. W. and S. Astley. The Rev. Geo. Bond presided, and there were also on the platform Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Caughey, Sister Esther of the Mission, Rev. James and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. C. H. Poole, M.P., Revs. W. Gray Dixon (Presbyterian), Rev. Knowles Kempton (Baptist), Rev. W. S. Potter (Free Methodist), Revs. J. A. Luxford (Wesleyan), Isitt, Spence, and Gibson of Onehunga. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, also by the Revs. Dixon, Kempton, Potter and Mr. Poole. The offertory was in aid of the building fund. Special services were held on Sunday, when the Rev. G. Bond preached in the morning, and the Rev. James Wilson in the evening. All the services were well attended.

"A" BATTERY, AUCKLAND.

The "A" Battery Field Artillery struck camp on Saturday morning last, and embarked guns and horses for Devonport, preparatory to proceeding to the practice ground beyond Lake Takapuna, for the annual shell firing. The Battery left the wharf at 3.30, and marched out to Brown's Bay ridge, where an instructional series was commenced, but the falling light prevented firing being finished. The guns were then left on the ridge and the men and horses went down to Brown's Bay, where camp was pitched for the night. An early reveille was sounded on Sunday morning, and after breakfast teams were taken up to the guns and the march continued. The general idea on which the battery was acting was that an enemy of superior force had landed at Okura, and the guns formed part of a body of troops fighting a rearguard, or "detaining" action. The enemy was first located from the high ridge near Okura, and Captain Sherson brought his guns into action. The targets representing infantry were placed in a tricky position, and being made of kiaki canvas were very indistinct, but after a few shots the range was found, and an effective shrapnel fire brought to bear. A second series was fired from the same position by Lieutenant Burgess, and excellent results obtained. The shrapnel bullets peeling the clay ground all around the targets, even cutting the wire by which they were suspended. The battery then retired to a position some distance back, and was brought into action by Lieutenant Morton, who was also successful in locating the targets, and bringing a very effective fire to bear on them, many of the canvas dummies being riddled with bullets. "Cease firing" sounding, the battery remained in observation, and on the enemy again appearing in a new position, Lieutenant McGill took command, and started on his series. The position in which the targets were placed this time was a very difficult one to range on, being on the crest of one ridge, with another ridge running parallel, and nearly level with its front. All the shells falling short disappeared in the gully, while those going over were, of course, unobserved. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, Mr. McGill made good shooting once the range was ascertained, the targets being again knocked down. This concluded the practice, and, on reaching the road, the battery made its way once more down to Brown's Bay, where horses were watered and fed, and the men partook of a well-earned lunch. After a short rest the battery was formed up, and a few remarks made by Colonel Davies, C.B., Inspector-general, who, with Colonel Wolfe, O.C.D., and Captain Pilkington, R.N.Z.A., watched the firing. He expressed himself as very well satisfied with the work of the battery, and with the keenness that all ranks had shown. One thing which he had noticed particularly was the indistinctness of the targets, which were sometimes invisible without the aid of glasses, and he was very pleased with the efficient manner in which the officers had ranged on them. In reply to a question from the Colonel, Captain Richardson, chief artillery instructor, said that the shooting had been the best he had seen in the Dominion this year. This would indicate that the "A" Battery has won the Rhodes Cup for the highest marks in fire effect, which is a very pleasing result of the year's work, and one on which the Battery is to be congratulated.

"Men worry more than women."

"Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that women have, but they also have the women to worry about, too."

Sports and Pastimes.

CRICKET.

Auckland.

The first matches of the second round in the matches played under the auspices of the Auckland Cricket Association were concluded on Saturday. Wins in the first grade were recorded by Eden Colts, Parnell, North Shore, and Ponsonby. Eden Colts' sterling innings of 202 put up on the previous Saturday was too much for City, who could only reply with 48 in the first innings, and in the follow on the total was not much better—68. The only double figure men during the afternoon were Neill (25) and MacCormick, who made 23 and 13. Of the Eden trundlers, Relf took four wickets for seven runs in the first innings and eight wickets for 11 runs in the second. Beech, the only other bowler to annex any wickets, took four for 28 runs.

With University's first innings score at 65, and that of Parnell at 247 for seven wickets, this match looked like a three-point win for the eastern suburb; but the Varsity made an unexpected stand, and their opponents had to be content with a two-point victory. Varsity rattled up no less than 327, of which Robinson and Wallace were responsible for more than half, the former making a century and five, and his partner 90, in two hours' batting. Good scores were made by A. Gray (26), Speight (23), and Ellis (17), not to mention extras, which provided 26 runs.

The North Shore versus Grafton match was decided on the first innings. In response to Grafton's 141, the Shore team had six wickets down for 92 runs the previous Saturday. The tail proved to have some vitality in it, however, and before the innings was closed the score had been helped along to 236. Hadden topped the list with 62, McMahon made 53 (not out), Prime 36, Phillips 35, and Spence 20 (not out). Mason took five wickets for 73, and C. Hay two for 59. When stumps were drawn Grafton had 93 up with three wickets down.

Ponsonby's total of 192 was not reached by Eden A, who could only muster 133, playing one man short; Robinson headed the list with 34 (not out), and other double figure scorers were Mills (29), Smith (21), and Murdoch (16). Most of the execution was done by Woods, who took four wickets for 55 runs, and the other wickets fell to Sneedon (two for 18), Hobson and Kavanagh (who captured one each). When time was called Ponsonby had made 223 for nine wickets, Kavanagh making 72, McClellan 50, and Jacobson 34. Stephens had four wickets to his credit for 54 runs, Robinson two for 15, Smith two for 45, and Murdoch one for 47.

Among the second grade players, Eden A secured a three-point win against Parnell B, Grafton beat City by an innings and 54 runs, Parnell A had a three-point win in their match with University, and Ponsonby also had a three-point victory over North Shore A.

In the third grade, University beat Eden by 53 runs, Eden had a three-point win over City, Grafton defeated Ponsonby by nine wickets, and North Shore were defeated by Parnell by an innings and nine runs.

Waihi.

In the cricket matches under the auspices of the Waihi Cricket Association on Saturday afternoon, City defeated West by 138 to 116. For the winners, Quintal (39), Taplin (33), Jones (19), Mitchell (22 not out) were the chief scorers, and Jack (39), Kennedy (40), McLeod (19), for the losers.

Thames.

On Saturday the match between United and Hauraki, commenced last week, was concluded, the game resulting in a win for Hauraki by four wickets and 3 runs.

Hamilton.

The weather was fine for the cricket championships on Saturday. East A met East B, the latter scoring 58 (Lucas 14, Rickett 10, and Milliner 18). East A responded with 73 (James 19, Church 17), Rangitira played, Kaikaha, and in their

first venture totalled 164 (Blauvires 38, Thompson 24, Connolly 13). Kaikaha were all dismissed for 85 (Mahon 30 not out, Vincent 19, Burt 12, Barras 11).

Otago v. Canterbury.

The cricket match Otago v. Canterbury was concluded at Dunedin in splendid weather. As was expected, the game resulted in an easy win for Canterbury, the home team being beaten by 245 runs. The display given by Otago at the wickets was again disappointing, the only men to make a stand being Rutherford (42, not out), Wilson (18), and Ayres (15).

The following are the scores:—

CANTERBURY, first innings	201
Second innings	259
OTAGO, first innings	77
Second innings	143

The Plunket Shield.

Mr. J. H. Watts, secretary of the Auckland Cricket Association, has received a challenge for the Plunket Shield next season, from the Wellington Association. The dates suggested for the match are next Christmas or New Year, 1910.

The Australian Eleven.

The second of the matches between Australia and the Rest of Australia, which are being played to aid the selectors in their task of choosing a team for England, was concluded last week, Australia winning by innings and 158 runs. The Rest made 305 in their first innings, and, following on, were dismissed for 185 in the second.

The selectors have chosen W. J. Whitty, P. A. McAlister, J. Carkeek, S. E. Gregory, and W. Bardsley to complete the Australian eleven. They recommend Hopkins as fifteenth man.

Clem. Hill strongly objected to the choice of McAlister and Carkeek, and urged Gehrs' claims.

He told his co-selectors that he did not think the best men had been chosen, and that he intended to wash his hands of the whole affair.

The team for England is now complete, and consists of the following:—New South Wales: M. A. Noble, V. Trumper, W. Bardsley, A. Cotter, C. G. Macartney, H. Carter, S. E. Gregory; Victoria: V. Ransford, W. W. Armstrong, P. A. McAlister, W. Carkeek; Queensland: R. Bartigan; South Australia: W. J. Whitty; and J. O'Connor. F. Laver, who will act as manager of the team, will also be available as a playing member of the team, and in the light of past experience the selectors are advising that a fifteenth man be sent, enabling four to rest each match.

Following are the inter-State averages of the fifteen this season:—

BATTING.					
	In.	N.O.	I.S.	TL.	Avg.
M. A. Noble	6	1	213	513	102.60
V. Ransford	7	1	182	720	120.00
W. W. Armstrong	7	0	171	235	33.57
J. O'Connor	8	1	40	84	12.00
A. Cotter	5	1	24	76	14.09
H. Carter	4	0	15	34	8.50
C. G. Macartney	6	2	100	229	57.25
P. A. McAlister	7	0	103	280	40.00
S. E. Gregory	6	0	179	263	43.83
A. J. Hopkins	5	0	218	281	55.60
W. Bardsley	6	0	102	430	71.66
W. J. Whitty	7	3	23	46	11.5
F. Laver	7	1	47	163	27.5

Carkeek has made 15 and 13, and Trumper has not played in inter-State matches this year.

BOWLING.				
	R.	W.	Av.	
Noble	265	11	18.43	
Armstrong	283	12	23.58	
Ransford	41	2	36.5	
O'Connor	485	26	20.14	
Cotter	422	13	32.46	
Macartney	179	7	25.57	
McAlister	21	0		
Hopkins	283	7	25.00	

FOOTBALL.

England Beats Ireland.

In the international match on Saturday last, England beat Ireland by a goal and two tries to a goal.

Australian Footballers.

St. Helens defeated the Australian League by three tries to nil. The match between Warrington and

the Australian League resulted in a draw, each side scoring a goal and two tries.

The third test match between the Australians and the Northern Rugby Union ended in a victory for the home team by six points to five, the Union scoring two tries and the Australian League a goal and a try.

The Wallabies (the Australian amateurs now in America), beat a team from the Leland-Stanford University by 13 points to 3, and defeated a represented Californian combination on Saturday by 17 points to nil.

LAWN TENNIS.

Auckland v. Taranaki.

The following players have been selected to represent Auckland in the interprovincial match with Taranaki, to be played on Saturday, February 20th, at New Plymouth.

Men's Singles.—Linton, Brown, Hickson, Skirrits, Simpson, Longuet.
Ladies' Singles.—Miss Gorrie, Miss Woodroffe, Miss Walker, Miss Harvey, Miss Parsons, Miss Walker.
Men's Doubles.—Linton and Brown, Hickson and Skirrits, Simpson and Longuet.
Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Harvey and Woodroffe, Misses Gorrie and Martin, Misses Parsons and Walker.
Mixed.—Linton and Miss Gorrie, Hickson and Miss Woodroffe, Skirrits and Miss Harvey, Simpson and Miss Parsons, Brown and Miss Martin, Longuet and Miss Walker.

Te Awamutu v. Cambridge.

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by the tennis players of Cambridge and Te Awamutu last week, on the courts of the former, when the visitors were defeated by a narrow margin, namely 9 games to 7, or counting the whole of the points, by 100 to 103. The following are the scores:—Gentlemen's Singles.—Miss Cox (Cambridge) beat Miss Bond (Te Awamutu), 7-6; Miss Clark was defeated by Miss N. Bond, 3-7; Miss Jeffries beat Miss Mandeno, 7-2; Miss B. Nixon was defeated by Mrs. Henderson, 4-7.

Gentlemen's Singles.—G. Court (Cambridge) beat S. Empson (Te Awamutu), 9-6; C. P. Stone beat J. McGovern, 9-6; G. Simpson beat Mr. Henderson 9-7; A. Nicoll beat F. Wood, 6-7.

Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Cox and Clark were defeated by Misses B. and M. Bond, 3-7; Misses Jeffries and Nixon were defeated by Mrs. Henderson and Miss Mandeno, 5-7.

Combined Doubles.—Miss Cox and Mr. Court were defeated by Miss Bond and Mr. Empson, 4-7; Miss Clark and Mr. Stone beat Miss Bond and Mr. McGovern, 7-6; Miss Jeffries and Mr. Simpson were defeated by Dr. and Mrs. Henderson, 6-7; Miss Nixon and Mr. Nicoll were defeated by Miss Mandeno and Mr. Wood, 6-7.

Combined Doubles.—G. Court and C. P. Stone beat S. Empson and J. McGovern, 9-5; G. Simpson and A. Nicoll beat Dr. Henderson and J. Wood, 9-5. This gives the total points, 100-103, and the individual games, Cambridge 9, Te Awamutu 7.

ATHLETICS.

Half-mile Championship.

An attempt is being made to induce Treabath, the half-mile Australasian champion, to meet Haskins, the American intercollegiate champion, at Dunedin on March 20. The local man is agreeable providing that Haskins is reasonable in his conditions for the distances. He felt that the match should be run in Gore.

YACHTING.

History of the Sayonara Cup.

An interesting review of the history of Australia's "America Cup," from the pen of "Forward Hand," appears in the current issue of the "Sydney Mail," from which the following excerpts are taken:

"Inter-State contests for yachts date back to the adventurous voyage in 1882 of the little Doris from Sydney to Port Philip. Although this little craft measured only 43 tons, she fought her way against exceptionally heavy weather to Melbourne, which she made after 12 days of hard battling. Dr. Milford was then the owner of the Doris, and to him, therefore, belongs the honour of being the pioneer of intercolonial racing. He sailed his boat to easy victory against a large and representative fleet of Victorians.

"Five years later, in 1887, our southern sister made a bold attempt to retrieve her lost laurels, and found a champion in Sir W. J. Clarke, who sent his 34-tonner, Janet, to Port Jackson, to meet the best of our yachts, Mr. A. G. Milson's Waitangi, 21 tons, and Sir James Fairfax's Magic, 29 tons, representing this colony, in a series of three races. The Waitangi was originally a product of New Zealand,

but was to a large extent remodelled in Sydney by Mr. Walter Reeks, who then found his first opportunity of showing that he was no 'prominent hand.' The Waitangi showed a great turn of speed, and well sailed by her owner, won the first two races of the series; the Magic was unable to beat the Janet in the third race, which was held for the purpose of deciding to whom second place should be awarded.

"The intercolonial regatta of 1888, given by Victoria, was too tempting a feast to be missed by Mr. Milson. Accordingly, the well-known Era, 40 tons, which had been built by Mr. Reeks for Mr. Milson, made her way to Melbourne. She was followed a day later by the Volunteer, 32 tons, another of Mr. Reeks' creations; both boats made the passage in about nine days, after encountering some heavy weather. The Sydney boats met South Australian as well as Victorian yachts, and among the latter was the Iduna. The Iduna won the first race, but a re-sail was ordered on the ground of some informality, and the Era then won easily, an atook the trophy—a handsome golden anchor—provided by Sir W. J. Clarke, and the substantial prize of £400.

"During the late eighties and up to the end of 1903 a storm of financial depression broke over Australia, and these intercolonial contests were only happy recollections of days which to many seemed a long way back in the depths of the past. Brightness, however, broke across the gloom, when, in 1904, Mr. Alfred Gollin opened up negotiations through his club, the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria, with the two Sydney clubs—the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron and the Prince Alfred Yacht Club—with a view to a revival of inter-State contests. He was successful in this attempt, and a series of three races was appointed for a cup presented by the two local clubs. Mr. Gollin was then the owner of the Sayonara, and in her he made his way to Port Jackson to meet Mr. Herbert Binnie's Bona, 42-rater, designed and built by Bailey, of Auckland, in 1900, which had been nominated for the defence by the squadron. Sayonara won the first race, but local hopes rose high when, in the second race, the Bona, well sailed by Mr. S. Dempster, showed some of the speed that was in her. It was not known then what a good boat the Sayonara was, but the third race proved that she was a hard boat to beat, and that the cup was hers.

"On his return to Melbourne, Mr. Gollin donated the cup as a perpetual challenge cup, under the name of the Sayonara Cup, to be raced for by boats belonging to his club and the two Sydney clubs. Further proof of her capabilities was given by the Sayonara in 1907, when she met Mr. C. T. Brockhoff's Rawhiti in the races which followed the first challenge for the cup. The Rawhiti, which is still in active racing trim, is one of the good boats sent us by Logan, of Auckland, but the reliable Sayonara was too much for her, and won the first two races of the three provided for by the deed of gift—the first race in a moderate southeaster and the second in a howling north-wester. Her owner found some consolation, however, for his defeat by winning the Carabine Cup, which was sailed for a few days previously to the Sayonara Cup races, and provided the unusual case of three boats winning the same number of points each after sailing three races, necessitating a fourth race to decide the matter."

The Sayonara beat the Thelma this year, and still retains the coveted cup.

SWIMMING.

N.Z. Amateur Championships.

The N.Z. Amateur Swimming Championship meeting was held at Timaru last week under the auspices of the Timaru Centre. Visiting swimmers from Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Oamaru, and Nelson, together with the local talent, provided for the audience of about 500 spectators a splendid exhibition of aquatic sport. The official list was as follows:—Judges, Messrs. J. J. Mulholland (Auckland), A. W. Price and G. Ganger (Timaru), starter, Wm. W. Johnson (Christchurch); timekeepers, Messrs. F. G. Williams (2), A. Calvert, and J. O'Leary; handicapper, Mr. W. Jordan; hon. secretary and treasurer, Mr. A. Gordon Sanderson.

50 Yds. INTERCLUB HANDICAP.

The winner, D. Jones, of Christchurch, swam from the 9 sec. mark in 35 1/2 sec., thus setting the scratch men Stewart and Buthope—an impossible task.

20 YARDS (3) TRUDGEON CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ZEALAND. R. Healy (Wellington), 2min. 44sec. 1 M. E. Champion (Auckland) 2min. 47 3/5th sec. 2 F. E. Dodge (Canterbury), 2min. 50 2/5th sec. 3 Standard time, 2min. 50 2/5th sec. The New Zealand record is 2 min. 41 sec (H. C. Freyberg).

220 BREAST-STROKE CHAMPIONSHIP. Out of seven entrants, Canterbury claimed five nominees, but the defection of two left their quota four out of five. Messrs. G. L. Bull, A. M. Russell (the present holder), G. Howison, W. Cookson (Christchurch), and D. M. Cowan (Timaru) faced the starter.

Russell won by a yard from Cookson, and Bull was third. Time, 3 min. 29 sec.

NATATORIAL HIGH JUMP. This event went to R. Ronayne after an exciting contest.

80 YARDS TRUDGEON CHAMPIONSHIP. J. R. Healy (Wellington), 12mins 45 4/5-sec. 1 M. E. Champion (Auckland), 12mins 50 2/5-sec. 2 W. Manhire (Canterbury), 13mins 44 2/5-sec. 3 H. Rich (Canterbury), 13mins 55 1/5-sec.

Standard time, 14mins 15sec. New Zealand record, G. L. Bull, 13mins 20 1/5-sec.

QUARTER-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP. The final of the quarter-mile championship of New Zealand saw M. E. Champion of Auckland (the present holder), R. Healy (Wellington), H. Rich and F. E. Dodge (Christchurch) face the starter. The finishing rope saw Healy touch in 6min. 8 3/5-sec., 10 yards ahead of Champion (6min. 10 3/5-sec.), who secured second place three yards from Dodge (6min. 12 2/5-sec.). Rich was twelve yards away (6min. 27 1/5-sec.). The three placed men got well inside standard time (6min. 25-sec.), and better than the New Zealand record of 6min. 19sec. of M. E. Champion.

H. E. Sherwood (Sydenham) won the high dive, and A. Gordon Sanderson registered a popular win in the cigar and umbrella race.

100 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP. R. Healy's withdrawal from the 6100 yards robbed the event of a good deal of interest, and of the five competitors, Auckland supplied three, viz. R. Easthope, M. E. Champion, and J. D. Stewart. Christchurch entrusted their representation to F. E. Dodge, while Wellington interests were worthily shepherded by R. Ronayne. A desperate race up the second lap saw Champion reach the finishing station in 60 4/5 sec.; Ronayne, 67 1/5 sec.; and Dodge, 69 1/5 sec. Champion, however, did not immediately touch the bath, and Ronayne, seizing the opportunity to the discomfort of nearly all present, was declared the winner.

200 YARDS RELAY RACE. East (Christchurch, No. 2) won the 200 yards Handicap Relay Race for teams of four men.

MILE CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEW ZEALAND.

M. E. Champion did not compete, which left W. Manhire (Canterbury), H. Rich (Canterbury), A. McMillen (Otago), and R. Healy (Wellington) to try conclusions. At 1500 yards, Healy was nearly a lap in front, and swimming very steadily, he reeled off the laps at the average of 46 secs. At 1600 yards he complained of cramp, but happily he lunged on, and he touched the rope 45 yards in advance of Manhire, who, unwittingly, stopping at 1740 yards, was caught by McMillen, but he got going again quickly, and, heading McMillen, was three yards in front at the finish. R. Healy (Wellington), 26 mins. 45 3/5 sec., 1: W. Manhire (Christchurch), 27 mins. 25 4/5 sec., 2: A. McMillen (Otago), 27 mins. 28 3/5 sec., 3.

Swimming Club's Conference.

A conference of delegates representing the Wellington, Auckland, Canterbury, South Canterbury, and Hawke's Bay centres of the Amateur Swimming Association was held at Timaru. Mr. George Harris, president of the Council, was present, and was nominated for the chair. He said he must decline to attend the meetings in any other capacity than that of chairman, and as he considered the conference was a very improper one, when

the controlling authority was already in existence, he could not associate himself with it. He then retired.

Mr. Ludwig, of the Wellington centre, was voted to the chair. He pointed out that it was not at all unusual for delegates of bodies affiliated to one association to meet in conference apart from the Association.

A long discussion took place on the method of allocation of the Government grant of £200, dissatisfaction being expressed with the present system of apportioning £100 for humane work and £100 for the competitive branch, of which only £30 was left for the centres after the provision of the Championship medals, school medals and certificates. It was recommended that a larger share of the grant should be apportioned for the competitive than the humane branch.

A suggestion that the Council should hold the monies available for distribution, as a fund for the encouragement of swimming clubs and assisting in the construction of baths was favourably discussed. It was decided to request the centres to consider what minimum number of clubs would constitute a centre, the opinion being expressed that it was not right that one club might form a centre.

An Auckland proposition that the Championship meeting should extend over at least three days, with at least one day's interval between each day's racing, was lost.

It was agreed to make the conference an annual one, the arrangements to be made by the centre holding the championships.

Ponsonby Swimming Club.

The "At-Home" of the Ponsonby Swimming and Life-saving Club took place on Saturday, under magnificent weather conditions.

HANDICAP HARBOUR RACE.

From Northcote Wharf to Shelly Beach. First prize, handsome cup, presented by A. M. Myers, Esq.; second prize, trophy, presented by Chas. Poole, Esq., M.P.; third prize, trophy, presented by P. Virtau, Esq.; and a gold medal for fastest time, presented by Mr. A. Egan.

A. Campbell (Waitemata Club), 41min. 1; H. Brown (Ponsonby Club), 52min. 2; H. Thompson (Ponsonby Club), 49min. 3; A. Brown (Ponsonby Club), 49min. 4; G. Milliken (Waitemata Club), 44min. 5; S. W. Kean (Waitemata Club), 41min. 6. Their starts were respectively, 7m, 15m, 11m, 8m, 4m 30s, and 30s.

The fastest time was made by S. W. Kean (Waitemata Club), covering the distance in 41mins., so winning the gold medal. H. Carson (Ponsonby Club) was unfortunately enough to have an attack of cramp in the leg some within a few yards of the finishing point. Carson is a seasoned competitor, and made a plucky fight for the honour.

50 Yards Boys Race (under 15).—First prize, value 10s, presented by Kirtland Davidson; second, value 5s.—First heat: A. Brewer (5s. start), 1: R. Hunt, (5s. start), 2. Second heat: J. Dawson (5s. start), 1: A. Matthews (5s. start), 2. Final: A. Brewer, 1: D. Dawson, 2: A. Matthews, 3.

Cigar and Umbrella Race, 50yards.—First prize, trophy.—Frankham, 1: J. Rees, 2.

AQUATICS.

Motor Boat Trophy.

The New Zealand Power Boat Association has received a promise of a valuable trophy from Mr. F. Proulx, a business enthusiast of Sydney, who is at present spending a holiday in Auckland. Mr. Proulx has been entertained by various members of the Association, and has had some good fishing in Mr. A. Brett's launch "Allypne." The trophy is a silver tea set, valued at £60, and it is to be raced for next January by bona fide cruising launches belonging to the New Zealand Power Boat Association. The race will be round Cause Rock, the course being about 60 miles.

Manukau Yacht Club.

The Manukau Yacht Club held a series of races on Saturday afternoon, with the following results:—

Champion Cup.—There were five entries for the Champion Cup race: Anderson (E. Fulton, Heather (Rushbrook Bros.), Doreen (S. Hunt), Mauda (W. Shale), Clematis (C. White). There was a fresh south-west breeze from a splendid start. Anderson showed to the front, closely followed by Heather, Doreen, Mauda and Clematis in that order. The Anthers held the lead throughout, winning by 14 minutes from Doreen, with Heather third, 3m later. The winner completed the race in the good time of 2h 5m.

Handicap Race, for non-Cup starters.—Seven boats started, but one was first away, but was quickly overhauled by Maude's Wave, making good headway, overhauled the leader, winning by 1m from Maude, which led 23min. The winner was handled by Mr. A. Jeffs. Mrs. W. McIntyre acted as starter, timekeeper and judge.

Richmond Cruising Club.

The second series of class races in connection with the Richmond Cruising Club, Auckland, were called last

Saturday afternoon. There was a fresh south-west breeze blowing, which enabled the yachts to cover the course in fast time. A feature of the day was the remarkable fast sailing of the new 30ft. open boat "Sceptre," sailed by Mr. Rogers. The following were the finishing times:—

Class I.—Valdora (3m), 4h 40m; Eona (7m), 4h 51m 10s; Tiro (scratch), 4h 40m; Moyal (6m), 4h 53m 30s; Kovchie (12m), 6h 12m. The Valdora is first, Eona second, and Tiro third.

Class II.—Seabird (2m), 4h 51m 30s; Rawhiti (scratch), 4h 51m 40s; Ivy (6m), 4h 54m 8s; Nautica (2m), 6h 1m. The Ivy is first and Seabird second.

Class III.—Sceptre (scratch), 4h 25m; Tomati (6m), 4h 50m 30s; Auita (6m), 4h 52m 30s; Eiste (6m), 4h 54m 5s; Sunday (10m), 4h 53m 5s. The Sceptre is first and Auita second.

Owing to there not being sufficient entries in Classes II. and III., only second prizes are allowed. Mr. Thomsen acted (in the absence of Mr. Chambers) as starter and timekeeper.

SHOOTING.

Artillery Shooting.

No. 3 Company, Auckland Division, carried out its first series of annual class-firing, from 6in. BL guns, at Fort Takapuna on Tuesday, when a very fine performance of big-gun shooting was made.

The range was 4150 yards, 12 rounds being fired, and 12 hits actually made. The series was a very pretty one to observe, as all the rounds fell so close to the rope connecting the two Hong Kong targets that, as observed from the battery, every shot appeared to be a water-line hit.

The officers present at the practice were Col. Davis, Col. Patterson, Major Hazard, and Surgeon-Capt. Girdler. The battery commander for the series was Capt. Moran, Capt. Pilkington acting as umpire. Capt. Richardson, who attends all artillery class-firing, states that this is the best performance he has seen this year.

ROWING.

New Zealand Championship Regatta.

The weather was perfect for the New Zealand Championship Regatta held this year on the Waikato at Mercer. There was a large crowd of spectators, and the racing was most interesting. The officials were:—Executive Committee: Messrs. W. S. Mason (chairman), F. Best, A. G. Busby, B. S. Finn, G. Huddleston, W. Seale, A. M. Wilson, C. T. Edwards, Judges: Messrs. H. A. Marriner and A. J. Farmer. Umpire: Mr. J. Clark. Starter: Mr. J. Maxwell. Timekeeper: Mr. A. Kohn. Weighing stewards: Messrs. Best and Busby. Hon. treasurer: Mr. G. H. Reston. Secretary: Mr. W. W. Benjamin.

Maiden Single Sculls, one mile.—T. Stone (St. George's), 1; N. Falconer (Auckland), 2; Anderson (Auckland), 3. The winner led all the way, and had six lengths' advantage at the winning post. Anderson retired at the half-mile post.

Maiden Fours (10st and under), one mile.—West End, 1; Waitemata, 2; St. George's, 3. Also competed: Hamilton, North Shore. The winners came with a fine spurt at the finish, and gained an advantage, three lengths separating the second and third boats. North Shore was nowhere. The names of the winning crew are: T. Bell, W. Davidson, A. Bennett, W. Massey.

Maiden Pair Oars, one mile.—Union (Napier), 1; Waitemata, 2; Auckland, 3. Won easily by six lengths. North Shore gave up a quarter mile from the post. Champion Single Sculls, 1miles: C. E. Stone (St. George's), 1; G. H. Marshall (Wanganui), 2; E. H. McDonald (St. George's), 3. Also started—Anderson (Wanganui), Richards (Waitemata), and Harper (St. George's). Rowing well within himself, Stone passed the post five lengths ahead of Marshall. Richards beat McDonald by three feet for third place, but was disqualified for fouling.

Youths Fours, 1 mile: St. George's 1; Waitemata, 2; North Shore, 3. Hamilton also started. The winners got the verdict by a length, with North Shore about eight feet behind Waitemata. The names of the winning crew are H. E. Woodroffe, T. Duffy, K. Aimer, and F. R. O'Gorman (str.).

Junior Pair Oars, 1 mile: North Shore, 1; Auckland, 2; Union (Napier), 3. These were the only starters. Won comfortably by a length and a half, with three-quarters of a length between sec-

ond and third. The names of the winners are G. Seager and T. Davies.

Champion Pair Oars, 1 1/2 Miles.—Union (Christchurch), 1; Wanganui, 2. These were the only starters. The winners were never extended, and won by 10 lengths. Wanganui steered a very erratic course. Picton met with a mishap, breaking a rowlock and pen when going to the post. The names of the winners are: J. Fry and E. O'Brien.

Junior Fours (10 stone and under), 1 1/2 miles.—West End, 1; North Shore, 2; Waitemata, 3. Won by a length and a half, with two lengths separating the second and third. The names of the winning crew are: A. E. Carlaw, S. Hazard, J. Kelly and T. Blomfield (stroke).

Champion Fours, 2 miles.—Waitemata, 1; Blenheim, 2; Picton, 3; Clifton, 4. The others gave up at different stages of the race, but there was a magnificent finish between Waitemata and Blenheim, the verdict being in favour of the former by three-quarters of a length, two lengths separating second and third. The races was rowed in 8m 1s. The names of the winning crew are: A. W. Andrews, J. Parkinson, J. Maguire, and F. Herring (stroke).

Maiden Fours (open weights), one mile.—Waitemata, 1; West End (No. 2), 2; West End (No. 1), 3; St. George's, 4. Napier scratched. There was a great finish between the leading boats, barely half a length separating the two first crews, and only a couple of feet between the second and third. The names of the winning crew are: T. Campbell, H. Kerslaw, A. Eudean and B. Becker (stroke).

Maiden Double Sculls, one mile.—North Shore, 1; Auckland, 2; Waitemata, 3. These were the only starters. North Shore won easily by four lengths, with six lengths between second and third. The names of the winning crew are S. Marshall and W. Logan (stroke).

Champion Double Sculls, 1 1/2 miles.—Union (Christchurch), 1; Wanganui, 2; North Shore, 3. Won by two lengths, three feet separating second and third. Blenheim was scratched. Time, 6m. 10s. The winning crew were E. O'Brien and J. Fry (stroke).

Junior Fours (open weights), one mile.—Ngaruawahia 1, West End No. 2, 2, Waitemata 3. Napier retired after covering half the distance. Won by two lengths, with three-quarters of a length between second and third. West End finished fourth. The names of the winning crew are: A. E. Carlaw, S. Hazard, J. Kelly, G. Bloomfield, str.

Junior Double Sculls, one mile.—Union (Napier) 1, North Shore 2, Auckland 3. These were the only competitors. Won by half a length; Auckland finished a couple of lengths further back. The winning crew comprised: J. Cato (bow), T. Kerr (stroke).

Auckland Plate Fours, 1 1/2 mile.—Blenheim 1, Picton 2. Won by ten lengths. The following were the winning crew: C. Heggium, W. J. Girling E. T. Heggium, J. M. Jackson, str.

Mrs. Shellpod—Hiram, some o' them there tramps hev stole their wash offen the line agin!

Farmer Shellpod—How dew you know they wuz tramps!

Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.

UNIQUE PROPOSAL TO REVIVE INTERNATIONAL SCULLING.

As the attention of New Zealanders has been so much focussed on the subject of sculling during the last few months, our readers will doubtless be interested in hearing of a unique offer recently made by the Nugget Polish Company, of London, proprietors of the famous boat polishes.

With the object of reviving English sculling by inviting the world's leading scullers to meet ours in friendly rivalry, this Company, in a letter to "The Sportsman" (London), offers the sum of £500 to be competed for by professional scullers, the settlement of details being left to "The Sportsman."

Wealthy colonial firms would doubtless earn the thanks of local rowing and other sportsmen if they emulated the patriotic example of the Nugget Company for, as "The Sportsman" says:—

"A high standard of professionalism in any sport means also a high standard on the amateur side of the game, which is a desirable thing in itself."



BY WHALEBONE.

RACING FIXTURES

Feb. 17 and 19 - Woodville District J.C. Autumn
Feb. 24, 25, and 27 - Danedra J.C. Autumn
Feb. 26 and 27 - South Auckland R.C.'s Autumn
March 4 and 5 - Wanganui J.C. Autumn
March 17 and 18 - Napier Park R.C. Autumn

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Wager." Parnell.—Defender won the Maiden Hurdle Race at the A.R.C. Autumn Meeting of 1908, and at the Winter Meeting of the same year...

A. McMillan, the Auckland trainer, purchased Kaitahara during the progress of the Gisborne meeting.

The South-Allinga filly, purchased at the recent yearling sale by Mr. G. Mills, has gone into S. Lodge's charge.

The Explosion mare Pohutu has been sent back to his owner, and was shipped South by the Waimera last week.

W. Evans, who won the Melbourne Cup on Apology, rode 14 winners out of 19 mounts at a meeting recently held at Manara.

The Merrivale colt Merriva is reported to have struck himself while working, but it is not anticipated that the injury is anything serious.

The South mare Waibohol, which has been off the scene for some time, is to be put in commission again. She is still an inmate of F. Hill's stable.

There were a lot of sleepers at Alexandra Park last Wednesday; but this does not apply to the racing, but to the piles stacked there for use on the tramway lines.

The South colt Snowfoot was shipped to Sydney on Monday last by the Victoria, arriving on the other side will go into T. Newbould's stable.

The Explosion mare Zinola was stated to have gone into O'Connell's charge, but this is an error, as it is D. Moraghan who is to have the future welfare of the filly to look after.

Says a Southern writer: A feature of Thursday's racing at Riccarton was the excellence of Mr. H. Piper's starting. In no single instance did a horse get badly away.

It is reported that a considerable amount of double-event betting has taken place in Sydney over the Newmarket and Australian Cup. The most fancied selection is Maltice and Signor.

Pesidon is moving along freely at Randwick, and looks as well as ever he did. Whether he will stand a preparation is another matter, but present appearances are as if he would do so.

Mr. J. H. Pollock, the well-known Wellington handicapper, is at present enjoying a visit to Auckland, and has spent a pleasant time renewing acquaintances with his many friends.

Judy Hume has been nominated for a number of the country meetings around Auckland, and evidently an attempt is to be made to get another race out of the daughter of Cuisinier.

Advices to hand from Melbourne credit the Auckland-bred Seidon with galloping attractively at Caulfield. The son of South is likely in the Newmarket Handicap with 7.9, and he has received 41b less in the Australian Cup.

The Wellington Pony and Gallopai Club evidently do not intend to license anyone who cares to apply for permission to ride at their meetings, and the committee have refused several riders who applied for licenses for the new year.

The name of Echo has been claimed for the youngster from Ohihiko — Kitron, and that of voice for the youngster from Ohihiko — Gwendol, both of which were disposed of at the recent Caubria Park yearling sale.

Nominations for all events at the Ohihiko Jockey Club's annual meeting close on Saturday next, February 20th, at 2 p.m. Nominations can be made either with the secretary (Mr. H. Poland, Duxton) or Mr. H. B. Massey, Auckland.

When Theodore won the Wellington Stakes at Trentham last month, he was voted a high-class colt, and when Mr. P. E. Neagle mentioned 800 guineas as the figure at which he would sell, the price was not thought exorbitant. The sale of the colt is now reported, Mr. E. J. Watt being the purchaser at the price above mentioned, and the son of Merrivale has gone into T. Gulderson's charge.

Mr. Morse has given Denis Moraghan every encouragement to take Master Debut to Wanganui for the Cup, and the weight he is asked to carry (8.0) is the highest he has been asked for a long time.

The South - Harpist colt, which was sold at the recent Caubria Park yearling sale, and which was thought to be permanently crippled, is making a good recovery under

Mr Halstead, who is confident of getting the colt perfectly sound again.

Mr. Marshall had the misfortune to lose Waitike, the half-brother to Cannon-gate recently. Waitike, at the time of his death, was in work at Mr Marshall's place at Manku, and was reported to be coming on nicely, and promised to emulate the deeds of his illustrious relative.

It was hardly to be expected that with the A.R.C. autumn meeting proceeding at the same time, the nominations for the principal events of the C.A.C. autumn meeting would attract any Auckland horses, and such proved to be the case, not one of the local-owned brigade appearing in the list.

The victory of Ngapuka in the Hawera Cup was well anticipated in Auckland, and the son of South was strongly supported locally. Ngapuka put up a very fair performance in the event, routing the mile and a-half in 2.37, and winning by a little over a length. Mr. Morse has not been unduly harsh on Ngapuka, giving him the Cup, and in letting him off with 7.5 has given him every chance to add further to his winning record.

Nominations for all events at the Ohihiko Jockey Club's annual meeting, which takes place on March 17th and 18th, close with the secretary (Mr. H. Poland, Duxton) or with Mr. H. B. Massey (Auckland) on Saturday, February 20th, at 2 p.m.

Edna's famous English sportsman, arrived in Wellington from Sydney by the Mokoi last week. If he fancies any of the racing stock now in work in the Dominion, he will probably "talk business" with a view to trying them in English races.

The Auckland Racing Club invite tenders for 1000 loads of soil and 1000 loads of manure. Probably, tenders for the laying of water round the course, in order to allow of the tracks being watered, will be called for shortly.

Needlework, who has been enjoying a lengthy spell on the Messrs Douglas Bros. station, in order to make a recovery from the injury he received when racing at Handwick, has again been put into collar by J. Cameron. Merival, another of the same mentor's jumping brigade, struck himself the other morning, but no serious trouble is anticipated from the mishap.

The Manuka Racing Club advertise the programme for their annual meeting, which is fixed for Saturday, March 13th. In all seven events are set down for decision, the total amount of which is the Waitaki Cup of 20sovs. Nominations for all events close on February 23rd, at 9 p.m., and can be made either with the secretary, Mr. F. E. Simpson, Tukohoko, or with Mr. F. D. Young, Auckland. Mr. F. W. Edwards will frame the handicaps.

The death is reported from Fiddling of the well-known sire The Officer, by The Admiral at Matua Louise. Last season he won eighth on the winning sire list, with twenty-four wins and place money aggregating £3175. He had practically just concluded another successful season at the stud, and his death will prove a substantial loss to the racing world, and a heavy insurance effected. Lyrist and Full Rate may be quoted as two well-known performers sired by The Officer, while Longnet, who during the present season has won the English stakes, and who also claimed the son of The Admiral as his sire.

The majority of the people who attend racing will have forgotten "Bricky" Williams (says a Sydney writer), who served his apprenticeship with the late W. Kelso, and who won one of our best handicap stakes on horses trained by the master of Orville Lodge. Williams was upon Too Noon when he won the Challenge Stakes. Miscellaneous was another good one in the stable at that time. A well-known lad was Williams, as I remember him, and in after years he was the same. Unfortunately he contracted that fell disease cancer, and after a lingering illness, died on the 25th. He was behind him a wife and son. Williams will be remembered as having ridden in Auckland a number of years ago, for the late George Wright.

An enthusiastic admirer of horse-racing in New Zealand is Mr. H. J. Hall, proprietor of English some breed of horses is trained by Mr. R. Wootton, and young Wootton, who has had such a brilliant career in silks, rides for him. The English squire, while expressing to a representative of "The Daily Telegraph" his appreciation of the kindness extended to him by the Australian racing authorities, said that the arrangements on the various points of view, and which were for the States were far in advance of anything of the kind in England. On many of the English courses—important courses, too—the arrangements for the convenience and information of the public would seem very primitive to an Australian visiting the Old Country. Then the charges of admission and the fees for entries in Australia were much lower than in England. There was only one thing that an Englishman missed in connection with racing, and that was that there were no long straight courses, but that there were many short straight courses from six furlongs to a mile. That was the only drawback in Australia—if it was a drawback.

Mr. R. D. Green-Price, writing to the "Live Stock Journal Almanac" last week in the occasion of the meeting of the Government, says: "The Government, in doing this, are considering whether they will give any further, and, if so, what encouragement to light horse breeding. And hunting men and women, who are greatly interested in this question, are doing their utmost, by the Hunters' Improvement Society and by prize-giving throughout the provinces, to bolster up this decaying industry. Another breeding season if at hand; are we to endure seeing for another year the miserable sum of £2500 distributed among 28 thoroughbred sires to supply military as well as hunting requirements throughout England, Wales, and Scotland? Is it an acknowledged disgrace to us as a nation, and although the remedy is so simple, we wait in vain for its application."

"Touching on stall and street betting in Melbourne," "Terlinga" writes: "I thought the House had been stamped out by the Gaming Bill, but apparently the souls of gamblers are not so easily stamped out. I think so, too. Probably there is a little starting-price wagering going on, but very little. One of the suburban proprietors is allowed a very insignificant amount of money for his attendances. This gentleman should let well alone. The proprietors are doing quite nicely, and as long as they are racing there will be a certain amount of starting-price betting. There is only one way of stopping it, and that way would not please proprietary owners. Shut up all suburban racecourses and there would be a temporary stoppage of starting-price betting. But is this the only way of coping with the alleged evil?"

The Otahuhu Trotting Club's summer meeting opened on Saturday last, when the club had a record day's sport. Trotting is making good in Auckland, but there are one or two matters that require talking in hand at once, or the sport is sure to get a set-back, and although both clubs are to blame in the first instance, the Otahuhu Trotting Club are to be held in fender in the other. The first cause to be included in a grow over is the present conditions in connection with the main handicaps. As things are now, horses are handicapped in a very arbitrary manner, but in events out of ten one horse usually gets about this time, while the others generally manage to do about 5 minutes, and one is treated to the unedifying spectacle of horses running in a line, or even four or five away when the winning horse passes the post. This is not as it should be, and although one is prepared to allow for all sorts of marvellous improvement in horses, one is not particularly prepared to allow an unwholesome favour about the whole thing when one sees a horse which could not trot 5 minutes, say, in December, come out in February and spread-angle a field in about 40. If anything there is something radically wrong, and we suggest that in all maiden events competitors that do not get inside a certain limit be either fined or else their entry refused, for any horse that is not fit to race, and is not fit to race, cannot trot 3 minutes, ought not to be allowed to race, and it would be a charity to their owners to prevent them from doing so. In the second instance the Auckland Club are solely to blame, and they will see their error. This is in respect to the limits. The Auckland Club have for some time past been running the 1/4 mts in a somewhat haphazard manner, with the result that we are gradually getting a better class of horse in Auckland; but what is the use of one club aiming for this end if the other does not assist. With long handicaps, horses are hardly overtaxed, and there is no inducement to owners to go in for the best, but with a short limit the "cave de la creme" compete, and the public are treated to some excellent trotting. With the sale of the sport, it is to be hoped that the Otahuhu Club will grasp the situation with a firm hand, and assist the Metropolitan Club in bringing about the fulfilment of their desires.

The resignation of the London "Sportsman" exception is taken by "Vigilant" to Mr. Corlett's statement that Newhaven was the best Australian horse ever sent to England to race. In "Vigilant's" opinion Australia has the best, but as the matter never started in England, the writer is basing his ideas on Australian form, and out here I dare say more people would vote for Newhaven than Aurora, notwithstanding that the latter at his last appearance, was third with 9.3 in an Australian Cup—remarkably good form for any three-year-old. Continuing his remarks, "Vigilant" says: "Holburn, who had Aurora in training at Foxhill, found out enough to know that he was a wonder, and, even when it was certain he would not stand training, an offer of 500 guineas for him was refused. Newhaven was a very good horse, better than he showed in this country, where he was never proved to some extent in making Chislehurst, before anyone knew what a stayer he was, was bought to lead Newhaven in his Ascot Cup work, and such a value did he put on him, that he was a pupil; had had enough of it long before the day of the race came. Newhaven looked a gross horse, but all the same, he ran best on a light preparation, and hence it was that he was so successful in the Ascot Cup at the beginning of the season. Morahan and Maluma were really the most successful pair ever imported to England, and the mare was just as good as the horse that year, but she unfortunately met with a death, but there have been many other good ones, such as Mons, Meg, Harry Hill, George, Australian Star, The Grafter, etc., and the curious point is that while

the Australian-bred ones have with very few exceptions done well, those from New Zealand have almost invariably proved failures. If this phenomenon has never been able to find any satisfactory explanation, the "obnoxious uncertainties" of the 1908 season in the Old Country have elicited from London's "Sportsman" the following: "We are doing a thing from the days of 'superstition' or 'demon'—horses being 'devil-possessed'. The mischief of the matter is that so many of them through the past season were 'possessed' at the wrong time, and in a season's working much that is unexpected is to use an Irishism—generally anticipated. The trouble through 1908 was that prominent horses did so little when they were thought at their best, and so much when they were not seriously regarded. William Waugh no more expected Primer to beat Vanouse in the Derby than he for any other trainer, authorized among trainers a lunch set out in Mr. H. M. Dorrill's private room. None the less, save for the intervention of Mignori-ette, Primer would have won the Derby. When at Ascot and at Newmarket in October Primer was fully expected to win, he knuckled under to, first Santo Strato and next to Siberia. Nobody expects horses to run with unorthodox precision, but there should at least be some reason in their running. After all, it is said and done, racing is largely a matter of form and weights—plus, of course, condition. By this procedure—the only one possible—matters are, so to speak, reduced to an arithmetical problem. In other years the scheme has worked fairly well. This season, however, the answers—that is to say, the results—have been a flat contradiction of the postulates. I am sending an apology for those who prophesy upon races. The prophet scorns apology. He merely indulges in fresh prophecies. I am regretting matters from the point of view of owners and trainers, and in the light of the previous and subsequent running of the extraordinary winners. To work at arithmetical problems and find the figures supplied, one does not furnish a second—that way madness lies. And that way madness we have been working all through the topsy-turvy season of 1908."

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday. In spite of very unsettled weather, the first day of the N.Z. Metropolitan Trotting Club's February meeting attracted a very good attendance yesterday, and there was some splendid racing. Perhaps one of the most promising candidates seen on during the day was the three-year-old colt Crossin, by the well-known Palm Bell, owned by the well-known Greyhound sportsman, Mr. H. W. Kitchingham. He won the first race of one mile and a-half in good style in 3.6.7, and followed this up by running good second in the Queen's Handicap, one mile and a-half, in which he was penalised 5.

TURF TALK FROM THE SOUTH.

The principal race of the day, the Parliamentary Handicap, of two miles, in harness, produced one of the best finishes yet seen on the Ashington track, and Terra Nova's win in 4.42 proved that he is in good form at present. At the same time he was a trifling loser in winning, as Lord Elmo, the scratch horse, had a very hard passage, but finished up a close third. It was left to the well-known gelding Redchill to furnish the surprise dividend of the day by his win in the two-mile saddle race, which he carried off in 2.10.

Before the last race very heavy showers fell, and the effect they had on the track was shown by the fact that in the last race Tuxedo chief took 2.30 to do a mile. At the close of the Canterbury Jockey Club's summer meeting Priso, the disappointing son of Stepiak and Rainbow, was sold to Mr. D. McLeenan for £70.

One of the most striking features of the summer meeting at Christchurch was the excellent starting of Harry Piper, and the veteran has never been in better form. Nominations for the Great Easter and Autumn Handicaps closed this evening, and for the former event the list shows fifty entries, while for the mile and a-half race thirty-nine have been nominated. Practically all the best horses in the Dominion have been nominated, but perhaps the most striking name appearing in that of Bond form, the unbeaten son of Montfleur and Otterdale.

OTAHUHU TROTTING CLUB MEETING.

SECOND DAY. The second day's racing in connection with the Otahuhu Trotting Club's summer meeting took place yesterday as a Wednesday day. The weather was fine and attendance good. Mr. R. Absolom officiated as judge. Messrs A. Selby and F. W. Edwards as timekeepers, and Mr. E. Macmillan made up the official staff. The only absentee, who was absent at the Hawera meeting.

Speculation was brisk, and during the afternoon the staff of Messrs W. Humphreys and G. H. Brown, who were in the city, which is an increase of £400 in the corresponding day last year. In addition 14 bookmakers were licensed, the receipts from this source amounting to £105. The first of the summer meetings occurred in connection with the last race, which caused a lot of impatience, and necessitated the Telegraph Trot Handicap being

A STRONG FAVOURITE. PETER F. HEERING, COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY. Special Appointment Purveyors to the King of England; The Royal Danish and Imperial Russian Courts. SWIFT & COY., 32 O'Connell St., Sydney, General Agents.

run twice owing to an inquiry in connection with the result on the ground the machine having to be held, the stewards ordered the last event to be postponed for ten minutes. This notification was posted on the machines, but unfortunately the messenger sent to notify the starter was delayed on the road, and did not get to the starting post before Mr Macnamara had dispatched the field. This being done exactly on time, the stewards had no option but to order the race to be run, which was done, and resulted in Happy winning, with Major Election and Clyde in the places, the first race having resulted in Phyllistina (the favourite) winning, with Miss Tuxie second, and Clyde third.

The stewards were kept busy during the afternoon, having to sit for three or four occasions to consider different matters which are reported lower down. In connection with the last race, after hearing the statement of those concerned, a motion was passed exonerating the starter, Mr E. Macnamara, from all blame in the matter. An hour was then spent in deliberating on the position, it being eventually decided to impose a fine of £100, the totalisator moneys being impounded pending a decision.

TRIAL TROT HANDICAP OF 25 SOVS. One mile and a half race.
W. Douglas's b m Rita, 6yrs, by Wilmington-Nette Mc-Leanna, 4s (Mc-Leanna) 1
T. M. Wade's b g Manukau, scratch (Wade) 2
H. A. Carter's ch m Belle Gray, 12s (Lower) 3
Also started: Empress 4s, Marsden 6s, Marata 12s, and Tuxie 12s.
Time 4.0. Manukau was favourite.

NOVEL TROTTING HANDICAP OF 30 SOVS. One mile.
A. Watt's b m Le Rose, aged, by La Rue-Rosebud, 1s (Hamilton) 1
Wren's bk m Lady Park, 14s (Wren) 2
C. Clement's b m Hunnui, 11s (Orange) 3
Also started: Autocrat, 8s; Harold Ab-Gathin, 8s; Huon Lee, 9s; Minnie B, 10s; Royal Albert, 10s; Marsden, 17s; and Rita W, 4s.
Time 2.20. Minnie B was favourite.

SUMMER TROT HANDICAP OF 55 SOVS. Two miles.
B. Brad's b m Agnes B, aged, by Wilmington-Little Agnes, 25s (Lower) 1
E. J. Cartwright's bk m Kohinoi, aged, 14s (Hamilton) 2
J. Parsons's b g Scotia, aged, scratch (Orange) 3
Also started: Woodbury, 2s; Arctura, 9s; Little Paul, 14s; All Night, 15s; Harold Hunt, 18s; Macquarie, 22s; O.Y.O., 23s; and Lou G, 25s.
Time 6.15. Scotia was favourite.

TRAMWAY TROT HANDICAP OF 30 SOVS. One mile and a half.
M. Maher's bk m Albert H, 5yrs, by Rockchick, 18s (H. Henderson) 1
S. Turner's bk m Olive, aged, 12s (Tan-gara) 2
F. Good's bk m Clyde, aged, 7s (Good) 3
Also started: Kirikiriroa, 8s; Lady Park, 15s; Back Mine, 18s; Minnie B, 22s; Tuxie, 26s; Northington, 28s.
Time 5.45. Scotia was favourite.

ALEXANDRA HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS. About four furlongs.
T. Davis's b g Fontaine, 6yrs, by South-Lady Daphne, 30s (R. E. Brown) 1
H. Bore's ch m Cleveola, 6yrs, 9s (J. Chaffie, Junr) 2
A. Webster's ch m Mahitahi, 6yrs, 9s (Collingwood) 3
Also started: Nara, 7s; Rex 7.0, Nora 6.0, and Ezzet 6.12.
Time 5.15. Fontaine was favourite.

MANGERE TROTTING HANDICAP OF 25 SOVS. One mile and a half.
W. A. Scott's b m Bogan, aged, by La Rue-Rosebud, 14s (Hamilton) 1
J. Molloy's b g Bogey, 16s (Orange) 2
E. Stockley's b g Tableau, 17s (Tozer) 3
Also started: Papanui, 2s; Kohino 13s, Little Paul 14s, All Night 16s, Huon Lee 18s, Clyde 18s, Kirikiriroa 23s, O.Y.O. 24s, and Lou G, 25s.
Time 4.34. Bogey was favourite.

ONEHUNGA TROT HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS. One mile and a half.
A. Cameron's b g Harold Abdallah, aged, by Berlin Abdallah-Creeping June, 10s (Wilson) 1
W. A. Scott's ch m Minnie B, aged, 25s (Orange) 2
H. S. Canham's ch g Bert, aged, 25s, Time 3.54. Nelson was favourite.

FEBRUARY TROT HANDICAP. Of 45 sovs. Distance, one mile.
W. A. Scott's bk g V. S., 7yrs, (Scott) 1
W. J. Greenwood's b g Waikeauri, 7yrs (Orange) 2
Mrs W. Orange's b m Irish Mollie, 8s (Orange) 3
Also started: Princess Ena 5s, Le Rose 2s, Aaruna 5s, Barmaline 5s, Sude Hue 6s, Little Paul 9s, and Clyde 10s.
Time 3.52. Irish Mollie was favourite.

LADIES' BRACELET HANDICAP. For trophy valued at 25sovs. 1/2 mile.
Mrs E. May's b g Baydown, aged, by Judge Belle - Baydown, 2s (May) 1
Mrs Canham's ch g Bert, aged, 10s, including 5s penalty (Canham) 2
Mrs E. Hannigan's b g Cleveland's Pride, aged, 15s (Stokes) 3
Also started: Le Rose, scratch, Agnes B 14s, Colonel 14s, Wilhelmina 18s, Fife 27s, Northington 27s.
Time 3.23 3/5. Wilhelmina was favourite.

CONCLUDING DAY.
The concluding day's racing in connection with the celebration of the Club's summer meeting took place at Epoua on Saturday last.

In connection with the Telegraph Handicap, which had to be run on the second day of the meeting, and after carefully considering all rules bearing on the matter, decided that under rule 345 they had no power to do otherwise than pay the dividend on Happy and Major Election, which finished first and second in the re-run. Rule 345 reads: "If the stewards order a race to be run again, the totalisator shall be closed as far as the first attempt is concerned, and may be reopened on the second attempt as for a distinct race. The dividends shall be paid out according to the result of the final attempt."

Speculation was brisk during the afternoon. The machines, under Messrs W. Blomfield and C. W. handled the sum of £325, as against £369 last year, which makes a total of £10,722 for the gathering, an increase of £1546. Sixteen bookmakers were licensed, the fees from this source for the three days totalling £675, a substantial increase on last year.

After the running of the Manukau Handicap, which was won easily by Mahuga, the stewards considered a complaint by the owner of the South mare regarding the riding of the first race at the gathering, and, after hearing the statements of the riders concerned (Gallaicher and Pearson) the inquiry was adjourned.

After the running of the Dash Trot, the last event of the meeting, in which Iago only beat Major Election by a neck, a demonstration was made against the Judge (Mr R. Absalom) by a certain section, who, evidently carried away by their investments, loudly voiced the opinion that Manukau had won. Seen from the press stand, the Judge's verdict was undoubtedly a correct one. In connection with the demonstration, in which several horse owners were noticeably present, the stewards do not take action and protect their official duty. There were certain other happenings in the event that also loudly call for investigation.

The results of the racing are as follows:-
PRESIDENT'S TROT HANDICAP OF 30 SOVS. One mile.
T. M. Wade's b g Manukau, 6yrs, by Wilmington-Nette Mc-Leanna (Wade) 1
W. Douglas's b m Rita W, 1s (Mc-Leanna) 2
C. Baker's ch m Elba, 10s (Baker, senr) 3
Also started: Queen Anne, 8s; Molly H, 9s; Bell Gray, 8s; Merry Will, 18s; Cora Bell, 10s; Marata, 10s; and Tuxie, 10s.
Time 2.48 4/5. Queen Anne was favourite.

PAPATOETOE TROT HANDICAP OF 35 SOVS. One mile and a half.
H. S. Canham's ch g Bert, aged, Albert Victor, 10yrs, 10s (Canham) 1
B. Webb's b g Macquarie, aged, 8s (May) 2
A. Cameron's ch g Major Election, 6yrs, 24s (Wilson) 3
Also started: Wild Nell 6s, Olive 6s, Albert H, 7s, Tuxie 24s.
Time 4.0-2.3. Albert H. was favourite.

MANUKAU HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS. About four furlongs.
A. Webster's ch m Mahitahi, 6yrs, by South-Lady Daphne, 30s (H. Henderson) 1
H. Korogwe's ch m Norma, 7s (Dovey) 2
J. B. Williamson's ch m Carmarina, 7.11 (McKinnon) 3
Also started: Glenora 9.7, Fontaine 8.9, Eleanor 8.5, Etonia 7.1, Cleve Rose 7.9, and Laurel Wreath 6.12.
Time 5.15. Mahuga was favourite.

CRITERION TROT HANDICAP OF 65 SOVS. Two miles.
R. A. Shepherd's b m Princess Ena, 6yrs, by Prince Imperial - Camel mare, 6s (Shepherd) 1
J. Molloy's b g Bogey, aged, 18s (Orange) 2
E. Stockley's b g Tableau, 17s (Tozer) 3
Also started: Papanui 2s, Kohino 13s, Little Paul 14s, All Night 16s, Huon Lee 18s, Clyde 18s, Kirikiriroa 23s, O.Y.O. 24s, and Lou G, 25s.
Time 4.34. Bogey was favourite.

ONEHUNGA TROT HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS. One mile and a half.
A. Cameron's b g Harold Abdallah, aged, by Berlin Abdallah-Creeping June, 10s (Wilson) 1
W. A. Scott's ch m Minnie B, aged, 25s (Orange) 2
H. S. Canham's ch g Bert, aged, 25s, Time 3.54. Nelson was favourite.

FEBRUARY TROT HANDICAP. Of 45 sovs. Distance, one mile.
W. A. Scott's bk g V. S., 7yrs, (Scott) 1
W. J. Greenwood's b g Waikeauri, 7yrs (Orange) 2
Mrs W. Orange's b m Irish Mollie, 8s (Orange) 3
Also started: Princess Ena 5s, Le Rose 2s, Aaruna 5s, Barmaline 5s, Sude Hue 6s, Little Paul 9s, and Clyde 10s.
Time 3.52. Irish Mollie was favourite.

LADIES' BRACELET HANDICAP. For trophy valued at 25sovs. 1/2 mile.
Mrs E. May's b g Baydown, aged, by Judge Belle - Baydown, 2s (May) 1
Mrs Canham's ch g Bert, aged, 10s, including 5s penalty (Canham) 2
Mrs E. Hannigan's b g Cleveland's Pride, aged, 15s (Stokes) 3
Also started: Le Rose, scratch, Agnes B 14s, Colonel 14s, Wilhelmina 18s, Fife 27s, Northington 27s.
Time 3.23 3/5. Wilhelmina was favourite.

DASH TROT HANDICAP OF 50 SOVS. One mile.
C. Baker's b g Iago, aged, 13s (Baker) 1
J. J. Lecky's bk g Mandene, 2yrs, 7s (Gallaicher) 2
H. Gallaicher's b g Robex, aged, scratch (Scott) 3
Also started: Happy 3s, Rosebud 3s, Pier-orte 6s, Ballot 7s, Rosie Wilkes 8s, O.Y.O. 12s, Miss Tuxie 14s, Cotenus 12s, Phyllistina 12s, Day Dawn 15s.
Time 2.30. Phyllistina was favourite.

EGMONT RACING CLUB'S SUMMER MEETING.

FIRST DAY.
Flying Handicap.-Lougner 1, Waiuku 2, Sir Arctur, 3. Also started: Lady Menechikoff, Tiptoe, and Golden Endeavour. Flying Handicap.-Lougner 1, Waiuku 2, Sir Arctur 3. Scratched: Waiuku, Waiuku.
Moremore Hack Handicap.-Courier 1, Flying Wind 2, Langshan 3. Scratched: Whareora Hurdle Race.-Xavier 1, Papanui 2, Tonderghe 3. Scratched: Stayboy Bagatelle fell.
Hurdle Race.-Mull 1, Chase Mab, 2, South 3. All started.
Egmont Cup.-Napuka 1, Kilmorock 2, Papanui 3. All started. Time, 2.37.
Hack Produce Stakes.-Walari 1, Coronetted 2, Waitoto 3. Also started: Whana, Dolce.
Waiuku Hack Race.-Clemora 1, Flingot 2, Astara 3. Scratched: Shannon Lass, Bismarck, Robopote, Silva.

SECOND DAY.
Waimate Handicap.-Golden Eagle 1, Waiuku 2, Lady Menechikoff 3. All started.
Farmers' Plate.-Whetumarama 1, Paul 2, Maui 3. Scratched: Mikohiti.
Ethiaka Hurdle Race.-Xavier 1, Tonderghe 2, Okaihu 3. Also started: Papanui, Time 3.18.
Ohaiwa Hack Hurdle Race.-Climax 1, Whitper 2, Somali 3. Also started: Mikohiti Chase Mab, Montage, Time, 2.48 4/5.
Atkinson Memorial Stakes.-Tiptoe 1, Papanui 2, Ngapuka 3. Also started: Waiuku, Kilmorock, Time, 2.9 2/5.
Hack Scurry.-Coroneted 1, Lady Heroine 2, Te Wharora 3. Also started: Te Pua, Tanhara, Daucing Paul, Dolce, Silver Slipper, Nola, Montpelier, Red Wing, Frida, Valentine, Waiuku, Tom Glen, Time, 1.3 4/5.
Nunuanby Welter Handicap.-Sir Arctur 1, Waiuku 2, Mallet 3. Also started: Ashua, Time, 1.49 2/5.
Waiuku Hack Flat Race.-Courier 1, Walari 2, Muga Bill 3. Also started: Clemora, Burton, Hydraulic, Robopote, Flying Wind, Inaba, Shannon Lass, Shining Star, Kaipunga, Time, 1.16 2/5.

POVERTY BAY TURF CLUB'S MEETING.

FIRST DAY.
Welter Handicap.-Paisano 1, Munga Moteo 2, Prince Hassan 3. Also ran: Baldos, Nadine, Sir Benson. Won by a nose, Time, 1.44 2/5.
First Hurdles.-Te Arui 1, Reservoir 2, Te Kaiti 3. Also started: Stripper. Won by a length, Time, 3.30.
County Stakes, six furlongs.-Elya 1, Inez 2, Gatenby 3. Won easily, Time, 1.16 1/5.
Tungurua Stakes, eight furlongs.-Chantuse 2, Hinetaima 3. Won easily by a length and a half, Time, 2.10 3/5.
Maiden Scurry, four furlongs.-Inez 1, Fort William 2, Aron 3. Won by a length and a half, Time, 61 2/5.
Telephone Handicap.-Wharekura 1, Stylish 2, Tino Toa 3. Won easily by half-a-length, Time, 1.3 3/5.
Hack Flat Race, one mile.-Rose Lethy 1, Prince Hassan 2, Miss Rose 3. Won by three lengths, Time, 2.45.
Flying Handicap.-Rock Ferry 1, Pink 2, Lady Robin 3. Won by a head, Time, 1.16.

SECOND DAY.
Stewards' Handicap, seven furlongs.-Mitara 1, Hinetaima and Daruhau (dead heat) 2. Won easily by a length and a half, Time, 1.29 3/5.
Hurdle Race, one mile and a half.-Te Kaiti 1, Reservoir 2. The Stripper fell, and Reservoir failed to jump the last hurdle, but was not booked and completed the course, Time, 2.53. The owner of Reservoir entered a protest on the grounds of interference, but it was dismissed.
Hack Handicap.-Cockatoo 1, Rose Lethy 2, Prince Hassan 3. Won by a length, Time, 1.31.
Sturdland Stakes.-Bully Heich 1, Ant-dearn 2, Chantuse 3. Won by three parts of a length, Time, 1.44.
Maiden Scurry.-Continuance 1, Baldos and Stylish (dead heat) 2. Won by a length, Time, 1.5.
County Stakes.-Paisano 1, Waimoro 2, Montigo 3. Won easily by two lengths, Time, 1.44.
Publicans' Purse.-Inez 1, Carron 2, Link-ber 3. Won all the way, Time, 1.34.
Farwell Handicap.-Pink 1, Cockatoo 2, Mitlenall 3. Won all the way, Time, 1.29.

D.J.C. MEETING.
DUNEDIN, Friday.
The following acceptances have been received for the first day's meeting of the Dunedin Autumn Handicap of 15sovs.

one mile and three-quarters.-Leonard 11.0, Star 9.0, North 9.0, Royal Sheld 8.7, Storm 6.5, Grosvenor 9.0, Grubful 9.0, Tutungarehu 9.0.
Gladbrook Hack Handicap, of 10sovs, seven furlongs.-Effort 8.5, Spinning Flight 8.5, Jessie Lewis 8.5, Optional 8.5, Somer-ter 7.8, Liz 7.7, Stratfield 7.8, Lord Clutha 7.5, Warsaw 7.5, Allide 6.13, Ad-Judge 6.11, Bountiful 6.11, British Fern 6.10.
Stewards' Welter Handicap, of 10sovs, seven furlongs.-Field Gun 8.13, And Reigh 8.5, Apollodorus 7.6, De Witte 9.1, Harvey 9.1, Oyet 8.13, Lone Star 8.10, Fous 8.5, Coolee 8.2, Culrosetta 8.0, Jed and Back 8.0, Linda 8.0, Radnum 8.0, Somateria 8.0.
Berwick Hack Handicap, of 10sovs, five furlongs.-Bancroft 9.11, Effort 9.12, Miss Gal Boy, Kaitoro 8.7, Stratfield 8.13, My Lawyer 8.12, Flavour 8.9, Vagrance 8.7, Rosie 8.6, Count Gordon 8.5, Sacha 8.5, Lady Lochiel 8.5, Little Medallist 8.2, Eaglestone 8.1, Princess Ena 8.0, Feudor 8.0, Scudde 8.0, Miss Adair 8.0.
Publicans' Handicap, of 25sovs, six fur-longs.-Lady Disdain 8.11, Cear Kolobol 8.9, Truganui 8.4, Valdimar 8.3, Inraul 8.2, Lofius 7.13, Lady Orozoin 7.7, Dabchick 7.7, Crier, Lochiel 7.2, Octave 7.0, Contender 6.10, Volodga 6.10, Hebloum 6.7, Capon 6.7, San Severo 6.7, Zealand 6.7.
Champagne Stakes, of 25sovs, six fur-longs.-Cronstedt, Caspian, Riston, Pedometer, Sawnee, Adage, Applecarr, Sharp-shooter, Pionchshier, Bismarck, Multifoot, Bly by Stepiak, Britlman.
Trial Plate, of 10sovs, six furlongs.-Palman 8.7, Rochester 8.7, Lady Eta 8.4, Coruhunga 8.4, Benzoline 8.4, Taieri 8.4, Widdan 8.4, Lady Randa 8.4, Princess Eua 8.4, Ferraro 8.0, Landau 8.4, In-fernal 8.4, Nipul 8.4, Sacha 8.0, Wartyar 7.11, Coroniform 7.11, Ecarte 7.11, Inch-bony 7.11, Lady Lochiel 7.11, Emma 7.11, Night Light 7.11, Grand View 7.11.
The Dunedin Cup, of 90sovs, one mile and a half.-Glenloch 8.7, Erin 8.3, In-nui 7.11, Truganui 7.9, Field Gun 7.6, Grand Slam 7.5, Tikitere 7.5, Outlander 7.5, Rose Noble 7.2, Huro 7.0, Erskine 6.12, White Cascade 6.9, Jack Ashore 6.7, Sant Rosalier 6.7, Gold Dredge 6.7.

CANTERBURY JOCKEY CLUB.

CHRISTCHURCH, Friday.
The following nominations have been received for the Canterbury Jockey Club's autumn meeting:-
Great Easter Handicap of 1000sovs, seven furlongs.-Miss Mischief, Aborigine, Muskery, Gold Tib, Wanganui, Consolida-tion, Gravitation, Downfall, Bobrikoff, Truganui, Cear Kolobol, Bonifom, Ormulu, Glenclloch, Goldbeet, Husbaumann, Phil-antha, Waiuku, Penates, Lady Disdain, Eekine, Ferraro, King, King, De King, Monro Star, Sir Tristram, Bolin, Prin, Cou-tendant, Woodhey, Ballarat, All Guns, Val-dimar, Buccleuch, Tatum, Artillerie, Rose Noble, Petrovna, Zeland, Merrivonia, Sir Frisco, Vico, Waiuku, Gok, Crest, All Red, Los Angeles, Passion, Alexis, Sweet Angelus.

Great Autumn Handicap of 1000sovs, one mile and a half.-Muskery, Tangimoana, Consolation, Downfall, Bobrikoff, Outlander, Field Gun, Bonifom, Wanganui, Husbaumann, Waiuku, Waiuku, Gustiere, Erskine, Perolina, Yasa, Diabolo, Sea King, White Lie, Zimmerman, Sir Tristram, Bolin, Prin, All Guns, Valdimar, Ara, Penates, Frisco, (senr), Artillerie, Rose Noble, Sant Rosalier, Sir Frisco, Gold, Waiuku, Gok, Crest, All Red, Los Angeles, Passion, Alexis, Sweet Angelus.

THE WANGANUI MEETING.

WANGANUI, Friday.
The following weights have been declared by Mr. George Morse for the two principal events to be decided on the first day of the Wanganui Jockey Club's meet-ing:-
WANGANUI CUP. One mile and three-quarters.
All Red 8 lb
Paritutu 7 lb
Bobrikoff 9 lb
Sir Tristram 7 1/2 lb
Frisco 8 1/2 lb
Rossvell 7 1/2 lb
Downfall 8 1/2 lb
Boorthen 7 1/2 lb
Ara 8 lb
Bourrasque 7 1/2 lb
Merrivonia 9 lb
Zimmerman 9 lb
Waiuku 7 1/2 lb
Miss Delaval 8 lb
White Lie 7 1/2 lb
Muskery 8 lb
Iplands 7 lb
Tangimoana 8 lb
Tatoko 7 lb
Artillerie 7 13 lb
Lylest 7 lb
Glenclloch 6 13 lb
Blue Ribbon 7 11 lb
Kilmorock 6 10 lb
Leonator 7 9 lb
First Gun 6 10 lb
Ngapuka 7 8 lb
Janu Rose 6 7 lb
Advocate 7 6 lb

Flying Handicap.-Gold Crest 9.5, Rangipa 8.12, Gold Thread 8.10, Armit 8.6, Sir Frisco 8.6, Maniapoto 8.5, Crainella 8.5, Muskery 8.5, Herd 8.3, Tamunipuno 8.2, Ballarat 8.2, Dawn 7.13, Golden Eagle 7.13, Lounger 7.8, Moriarty 7.4, Kisty 7.3, Waiuku 7.0, Consolation 7.0, Merrivonia 6.13, Waiuku 6.13, Waiuku 6.8, Fox Tail 6.10, Lochiel 6.9, Tanehaka 6.8, Jennie 6.7.
"I'm going to stop being kind and helpful to people," said little Johnny.
"How is that?" asked his mother.
"Well, it's this way: At school to-day I saw Tommy Jones putting a pin in the teacher's chair, so just as the teacher was about to sit down, I pulled away the chair. The master sat down on the floor, and when he got up he licked me for pulling away the chair, and then Tommy Jones licked me for interfering. Yes, I'm going to stop helping people now."

Music and Drama

After a short run, the "Taming of the Shrew" was taken off at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, to make room for "The Silver King," which is, at the time of writing, still running. "The Village Priest" is to come next and, perhaps, "Twelfth Night." Much interest will centre in the Jean Torquenne of Mr. Kolker, and a very fine interpretation of the part is looked forward to.

A particularly life-like pen picture of Mr. G. S. Titheradge has been drawn by Mr. A. G. Stepiens, who was once the leading light of the "Sydney Bulletin" staff. "He waits, alert, smiling his gentle propitiatory smile, a young man of sixty. Off the stage he plays his own part, not the part of age, but of youthful mid-age—slim, sunburnt, straw-hatted, neither short nor tall. With grey clothes, grey eyes, hair that turns grey, he yields a continuing impression of brown greyness. His old actor's face, vividly modelled, mobile, grey shaved, with strong nose above the full expressive mouth crosses as he talks into innumerable smiles, always gentle, always propitiatory. Very courteously he waits his cue."

Mr. Charles Berkeley, touring manager of the J. C. Williamson Musical Comedy Company, tells of a unique experience in the early history of Madame Melba in Australia, when she was singing, unknown to fame, as Mrs. Armstrong. The company arrived at Orange, Mr. Berkeley being in advance, and opened to the magnificent sum of 18/-. Whilst the company were debating as to whether sufficient inducement offered for the future prima donna of the world to sing, a gentleman in the audience offered to give £5 to the hospital if Mrs. Armstrong would sing "Home, Sweet Home." She consented to do so, and then other offers were made of various sums, with the result that £25 was collected in aid of the funds of the local hospital.

Lady Ritchie's charming "Blackstick Papers" contain several essays and sketches of musical interest. The picture of the late great violinist, Joachim, is delightfully drawn. One of the most striking paragraphs is that in which Lady Ritchie tells how Joachim took his violin and went to play to a dying lady:—"In a dim, curtained back room, looking across another garden, the dying mistress of the house sat, propped up with cushions, in a chair. Joachim stood with his back to the window, holding his violin, and we waited in silence by the doorway while he played gravely and with exquisite beauty. The sad, solemn room was full of the blessing of Bach, coming like a gospel to the sufferer in need of rest." Another essay gives a dainty sketch of Haydn, "beating time to his own music, and unable to refrain from sniffling at the approach of some passage with which he was pleased"; and we are also introduced to Gluck, "who had his harpsichord carried out into a flowering meadow, and, placing a bottle of champagne at either end, there and then devised 'Che Faro,' for the delight of generations to come."

It used to be said—and still is sometimes—that Wagner ruins the voice. Now the cry is raised against Strauss. Here, at all events, is the plaint of an American soprano. Miss Frances Rose, who has been invited to sing the part of "Elektra," when that opera is staged in Berlin. "His music," she is reported as saying in "Musical America," "is death to the human voice. I have sung the role of 'Salome' half a hundred times, and feel that vocally it has done me more harm than good. I have gone over the part of 'Elektra' with the composer, and have the score at home now. It is a wonderful part, but, as two Salomes in one, and I don't want to lose my legato. The music is wonderful, and the text more dramatic than that of 'Salome,' but I can't make up my mind to sing the part."

The clergy, taken on the whole, are the most unmusical body of men upon the civilised or uncivilised globe, says Mr. Frederick Kitchener in a recent issue of the "Musical Standard."

People who would appear learned are often given to the practice of introducing an "i" to signify the plural of such words as soprano, concerto, solo, arpeggio, and so forth. On concert programmes of all kinds "soli" is the accepted plural for solo, just as contralti is made to do service for contraltos. This is merely a wild seeking after foreign endings—plain English being apparently too harsh to suit the artistic musical ear. These words have now become Anglicised. "Contralti," "soli," and so on savour of sheer affectation.

It is seldom that a singer with anything like a reputation is caught tripping over the words of a song, yet Ada Crossley erred in this direction while singing at a concert at Stawell (Vic.) last month. Her old favourite, "The Banks of Allan Water," which she has sung hundreds of times, found a weak spot. She forgot the words, and had to stop twice.

Tommy Burns, who was always a showman, is about to break out in a fresh place. The Bijou Theatre Melbourne, will be known as the Burns Theatre from March 1, and Thomas will figure as lessee and manager (says the "Bulletin"). Also Thomas is going to act, he intends to tour Australia in a drama, by George Darrell, entitled "Fame and Fortune," unless Johnson is prepared to "give him another chance"—in London. One may safely predict that Johnson will offer him another chance and if Burns accepts it the tour of "Fame and Fortune" will, presumably, be interrupted. But these are questions quite apart from the interesting announcement of what the new theatrical entrepreneur intends to do at his theatres—for he will want more than one of them, of course. He intends going in for a high-class kind of drama, and with that object in view will bring out from America some of the leading companies. When he isn't importing fast-rising talent from Anurka he will make a point of encouraging Australian actors, of whom he has a good opinion, it seems. Therefore this country may look forward to the day when Mr. Burns specially selected Shakespearean company will appear in "Hamlet," with himself as the melancholy Dane.

There will be published in Brussels shortly a new musical review, styled, "La Musique Internationale," which will be devoted to the interests of the great modern music school. Articles will appear in French, English, German, and Dutch.

The Beyreuth authorities propose to make a rule that no purchaser of a ticket shall part with it without the consent of the management, and only on payment of a penalty of thirty marks. One of the German musical papers expresses the opinion that the condition could not be enforced in a court of law.

One of the principal attractions of Wirth's Circus during its present tour of the Dominion, is the giraffe which the Messrs. Wirth imported at a cost of over £1000. The giraffe requires the careful and undivided attention of an attendant who is always with it, even to occupying the same truck in the course of its transportation by rail. When the animal is carried on the railway it is placed in a telescopic cage in order to allow of its safe conveyance under bridges. The attendant lowers the roof of the adjustable cage, which reduces the height and compels the tall creature to bend its neck so that the cage may pass under bridges and through tunnels in complete safety. Though the animal is considered to be very stupid, it has become used to this method of

contraction, and immediately the attendant commences to lower the roof of the cage the animal lies down. Careful attention must be given to its diet, which consists of porridge and milk, raw onions, salt, phosphates, oats, hay and chaff. It is given six meals a day.

While in Adelaide the Julius Knight mimmers enlisted the services of a local horse to add realism to the opening scene of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (says the "Bulletin"). It was hired for three nights from the owner one of the bottle-oh brigade, and the rent of the beast was 30s. It was a sorry-looking steed, all bones and a handful of skin, but the proprietors said it would just do for the "Pimpernel," as he would insist in calling the drama. The horse disputed honours with Julius for two nights, but on the third evening it did not appear, nor did it send a letter explaining its absence. The owner took it to the theatre as usual, tied it up outside the stage door, and went into an adjacent pub for a refresher. When he returned, the horse was gone. The company was in despair, and played the "Pimpernel" as best it could, minus the horse. Next day was a holiday, and the local students' saturnalism. Most of the Knight mimmers were watching the foolishness from the windows of a leading hotel. Suddenly arose from them all a great shout of "The Pimpernel." There in the procession, garlanded with flowers, was the old geezer that ought to have drawn Julius safely through the painful streets of Paris the night before. Inquiries were subsequently made as to why the animal had accepted a new engagement, and it transpired that some youngsters had "pinched" it from the theatre door, and hired it out for a bob to the mortars-boards. The horse was never destined for histrionic honours again. When it was returned to the bottle-oh man it died.

Madame Melba sailed by the s.s. Orontes, which left London on January 22, and is due in Melbourne on March 3. The first concert of the tour will be given in Melbourne on March 9. Arrangements have been made for two concerts at which Madame Melba will sing, with a grand orchestra under the conductorship of Mr. Marshall-Hall. The full set of normal diapason instruments presented to the orchestra by Madame Melba will be used for the first time at these concerts.

Advices to hand by a recent mail (says a Melbourne paper) show that Miss Amy Castles is steadily winning her way to fame and favour in the Old Land. She is engaged for the best concerts in London and the provinces and on the Continent, and the Press criticism of her voice and art are of a highly appreciative nature. The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, a very select body, of which His Majesty the King is president, and the Prince of Wales vice-president, gave recently a grand orchestral concert in the Queen's Hall, and Miss Castles was the sole vocalist. The hall was packed and the artist got a most enthusiastic reception. The Chief Justice of England presented Miss Castles with a magnificent floral tribute. Miss Castles commences her Australian tour next September in Melbourne.

A German instrument maker named Weber claims to have perfected a system for revolutionising stringed instruments. The principal object of his invention is to provide means for increasing the tone of stringed instruments by means of a second set of strings, which are placed on the supporting frame on the opposite side to that occupied by the usual set. This second set furnishes two series of sympathetic strings, one of them being of the same length as the corresponding strings of the main set.

The offensive London habit of smoking in theatres has received a big impetus. Hitherto it has been the chief mark of music hall (of however high-class) as opposed to the dramatic show (however low). But now the Lord Chamberlain, who has control of these matters, has let the managers of the "regular" theatres know that they can do just as their patrons wish; and apparently those who wish to smoke are enough to carry the day in many houses.

Cyril Knightley, the South Australian, is billed in New York as "Bulle Burke," new "English" leading man."

Charles Warner, the famous actor, committed suicide in New York last week. His body was found hanging behind the door of his room in a hotel.

He left an incoherent, hysterical note alleging that he had been persecuted by blackmailers.

Mr. Harry Warner explains that his father had been suffering from a mental trouble and had not appeared on the stage for over a year.

Mr. Warner left the necessary cash in his room to pay for his board and the funeral expenses.

He hanged himself with a strap, and the marks on the neck show that two attempts were made at strangulation.

Charles Warner was born at Kensington in 1864, and was educated at Westbury College, Highgate. His first appearance on the stage was in 1861, when he appeared as a page in "Richard III" at Windsor Castle, before the late Queen Victoria. For some years after that he played in stock companies and in the provinces, and made his first appearance in London in 1864 as Benvenuto in "Roméo and Juliet." He filled a number of other London engagements after that, the most important being with the late Colonel Bateman at the Lyceum in 1872, succeeding Irving at that theatre in "Dickens" as Jingle. His most striking part was Concan in Zola's "Drain," which he played over 1000 times in different parts of the world. In 1887 he played a phenomenally successful season through Australia, afterwards returning to London, and in 1906 left for America, where he remained until the present.

PARISH OF CHRIST CHURCH, WANGANUI.

ORGANIST, CHORMASTER.
Applications are invited for the above Position. Salary, £72 per annum. Applications, with testimonials, must be in the hands of the Churchwardens, Box 232, Wanganui, not later than MONDAY, March 1st, 1909.



Spencer Pianos

HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO THE FOLLOWING

MEN-OF-WAR.

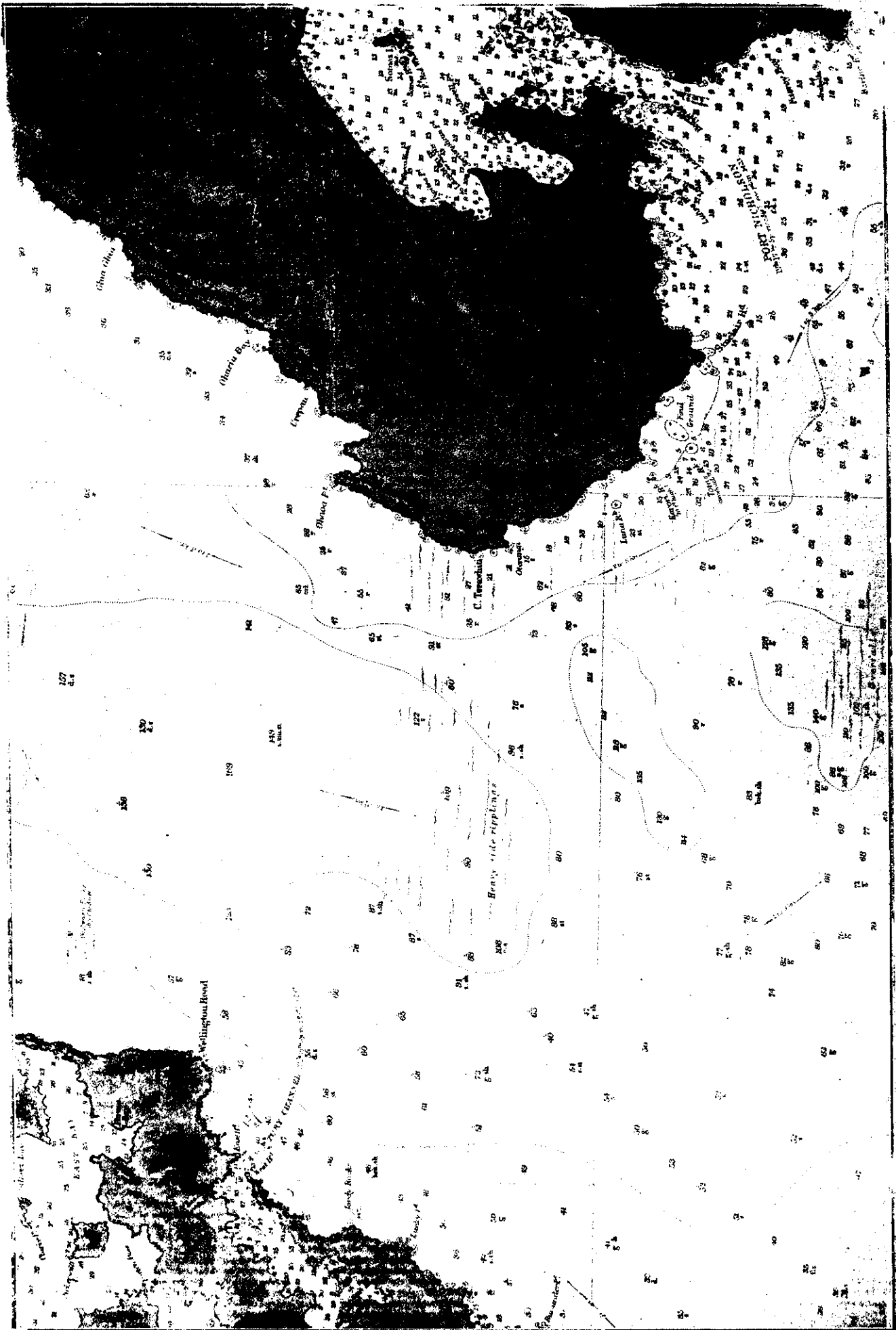
H.M.S. "Albemarle"	H.M.S. "Hindurstan"
"Albion"	"Indefatigable"
"Andromeda" (2)	"Inflexible"
"Argonaut"	"Jupiter"
"Atræa"	"Kent" (2)
"Barham"	"King Alfred"
"Boreas"	"Majestic"
"Canopus"	"Penelope"
"Centurion"	"Persens"
"Commonwealth"	"Pioneer"
"Cressy"	"Russell"
"Haden"	"Prince of Wales"
"Drake"	"Prince George"
"Dryad" (2)	"Repulse"
"Exmouth" (2)	"Russell"
"Glatton"	"Spartan"
"Hercules"	"Superb"
"Hornet"	"Sutherland"
	"Terrible"
	"Thetys"
	"Venerable"
	"Victorious"

Also H.M.S. "BREADFOUGHT."

SOLE AGENTS FOR THESE PIANOS:

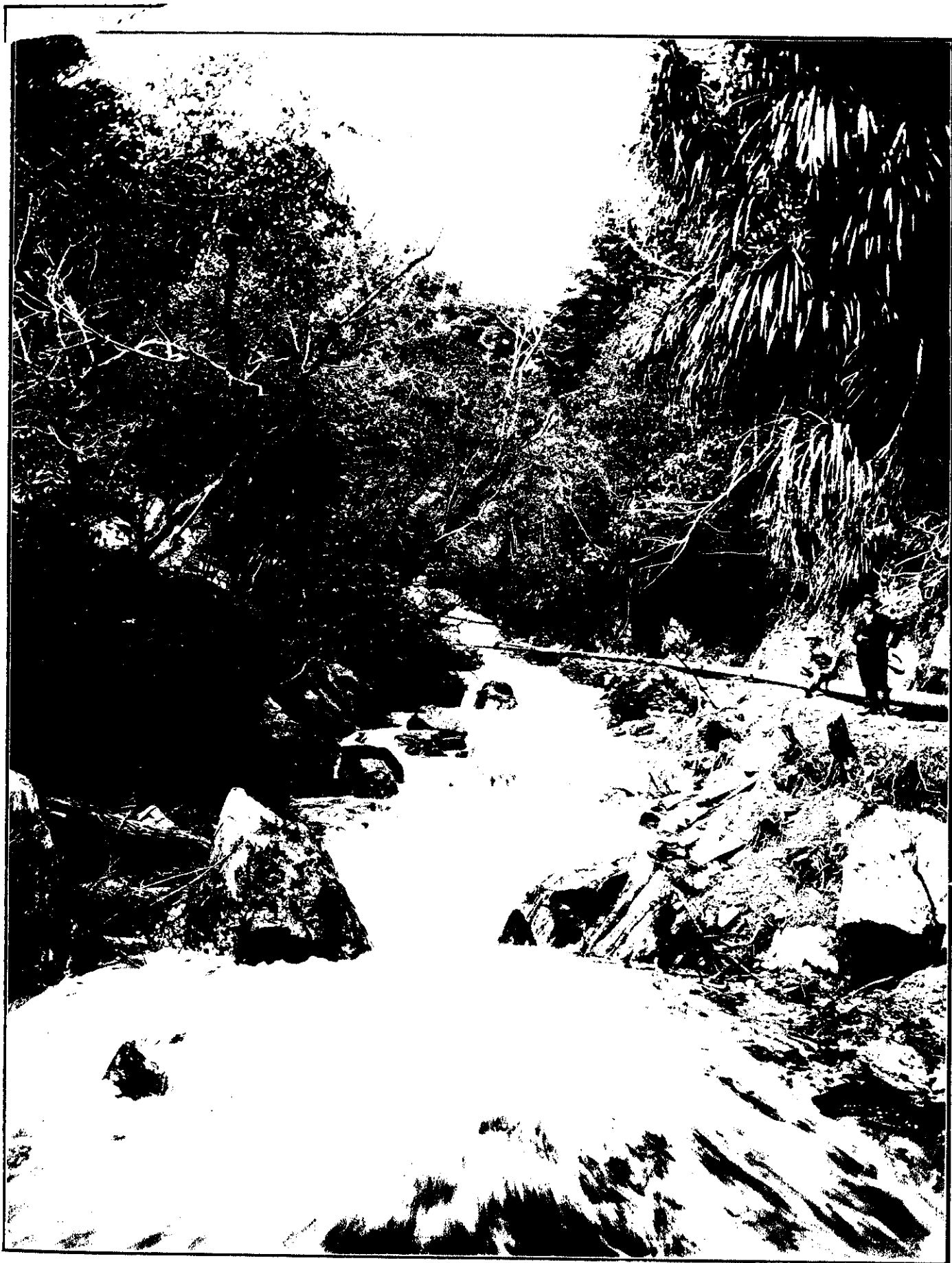
LONDON AND BERLIN PIANO COY.

215-217 QUEEN STREET.



ADMIRALTY CHART SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

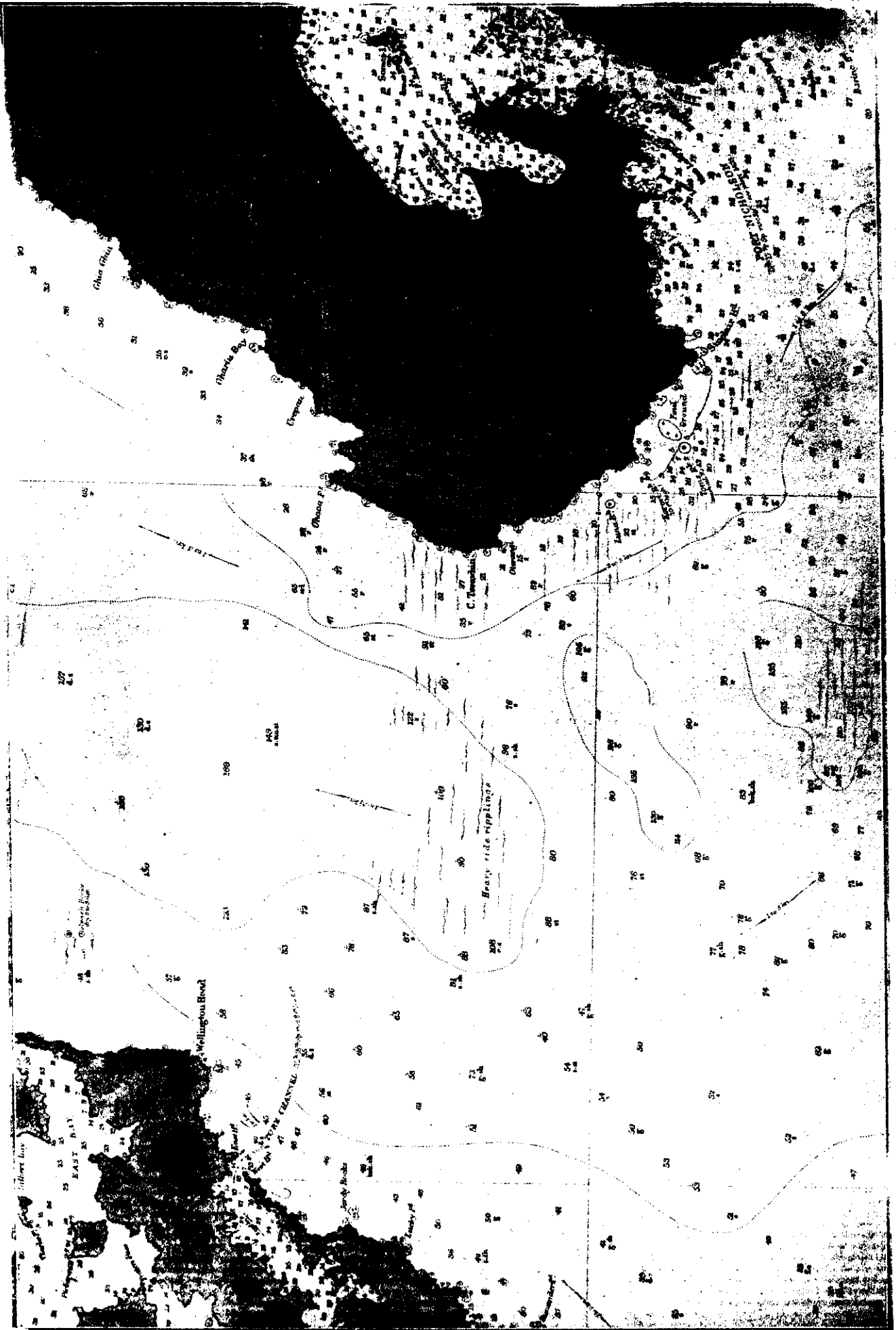
The course of the Penguin is indicated by the white line. The latest supposition is that the vessel was carried out of her track by the tide, and that after striking the Luma Rock she drifted north and foundered in deep water. Most of the bodies and wreckage came ashore at the bay south of Terawhiti. The figures on the chart indicate the depth in fathoms.



F. N. Jones, photo.

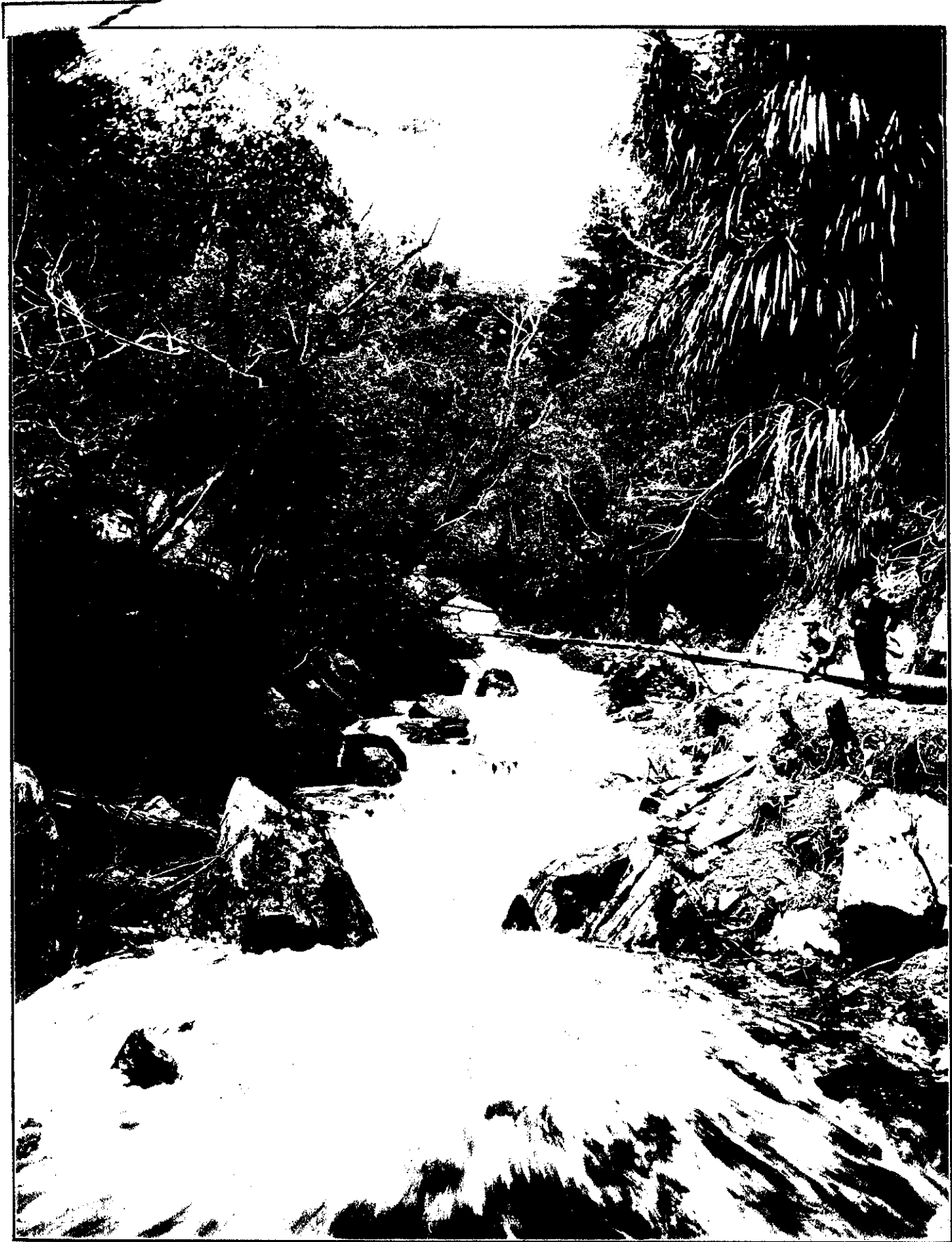
A BEAUTY SPOT NEAR NELSON

OVERFLOW STREAM FROM NEW WATERWORKS WEIR IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION TO IMPROVE THE WATER PRESSURE.



ADMIRALTY CHART SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

The course of the Penguin is indicated by the white line. The latest supposition is that the vessel was carried out of her track by the tide, and that after striking the Luna Rock she drifted north and foundered in deep water. Most of the bodies and wreckage came ashore at the bay south of Terawhiti. The figures on the chart indicate the depth in fathoms.



F. N. Jones, photo.

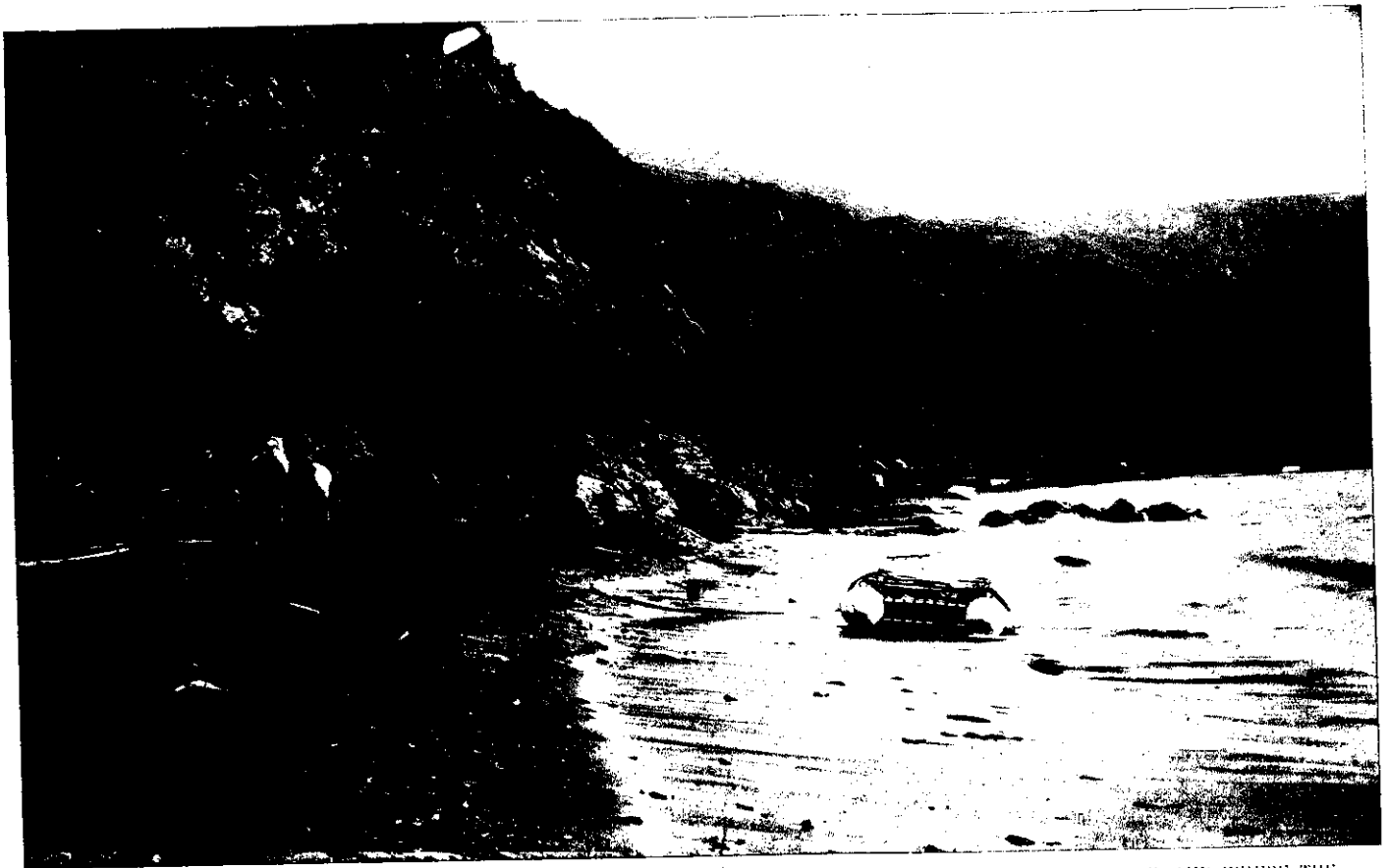
A BEAUTY SPOT NEAR NELSON

OVERFLOW STREAM FROM NEW WATERWORKS WEIR IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION TO IMPROVE THE WATER PRESSURE.



WHERE THE SEA GAVE UP ITS DEAD.

A small bay on the West Coast, just beyond Cape Terawhiti, where a number of bodies came ashore and were entangled in the seaweed, to be seen on the right of the picture.

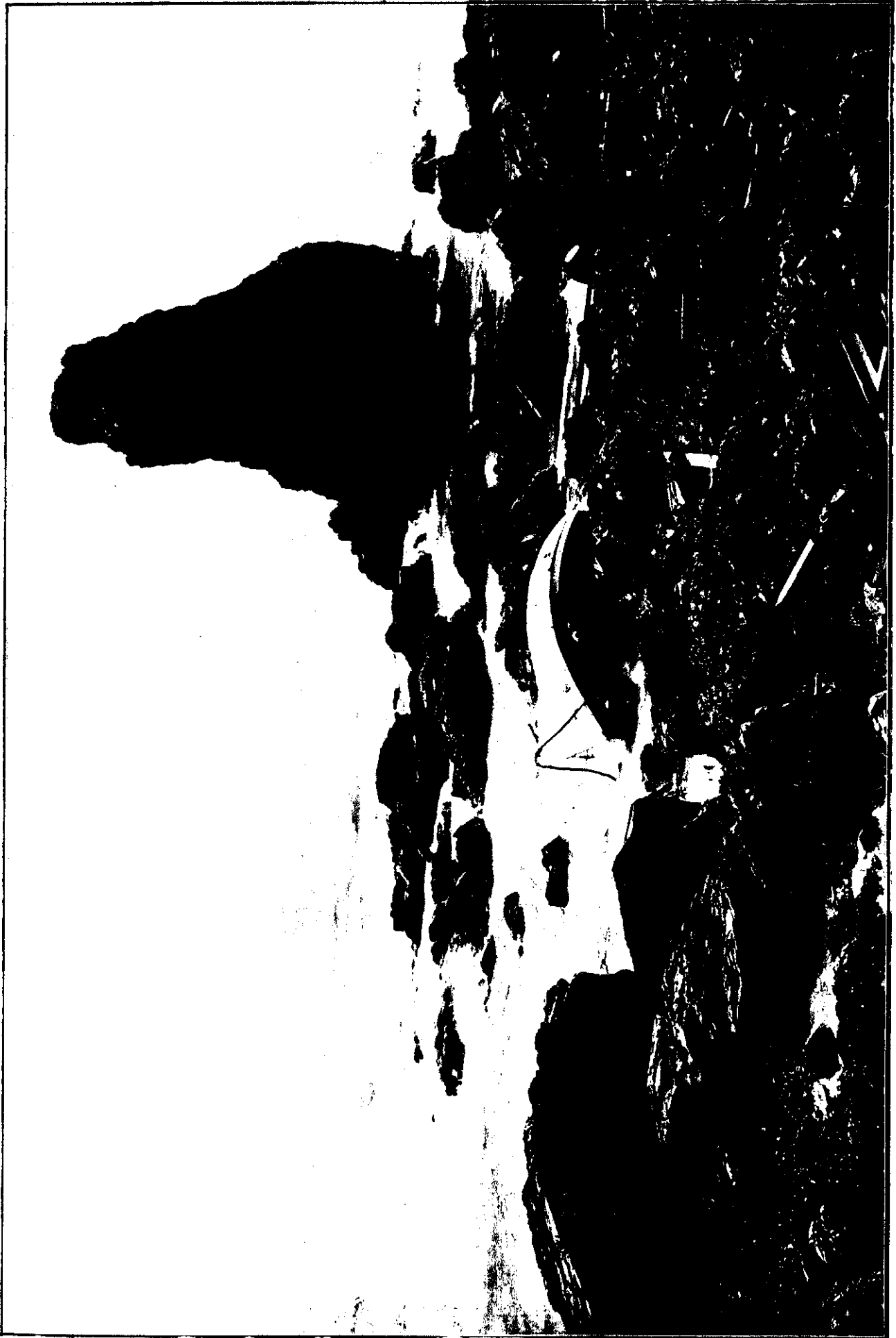


THIS IS ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LITTLE BAY NEAR TERAWHITI WHERE MOST OF THE BODIES CAME ASHORE, AND WHERE THE SURVIVORS LANDED.

Copyright photo by Schaefer.

One of the rafts is seen in the centre of the picture.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.



A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS WRECK OF THE PENGUIN.

The coast line around Cape Torowhiti is very jagged and broken with sharp, treacherous rocks. It was amid such surroundings, in a furious sea, that the tragedy was enacted by which seventy-five lives out of a total of one hundred and five were lost. The loads were flung against the rocks and dashed to pieces. Our photo shows the melancholy remnant that was left to tell its own tale when morning broke across the night of horror.

Copyright photo by S. Haef.

WAIMARAMA

A POPULAR HAWKE'S BAY SEASIDE RESORT

In 1906 the late Mr. Seddon was present at a large Maori gathering at a spot on the Hawke's Bay coast some fifteen miles below Cape Kidnappers, called Waimarama—one of the sunniest spots on a particularly sunny seaboard. He was charmed with it, and with his well-known foresight at once saw its possibilities. He said that when the leases then in force had expired, the estate, comprising some thirty thousand acres, would have to be put to some more profitable use than occupation by two Europeans, and prophesied that in a few years it would become a very popular watering place.

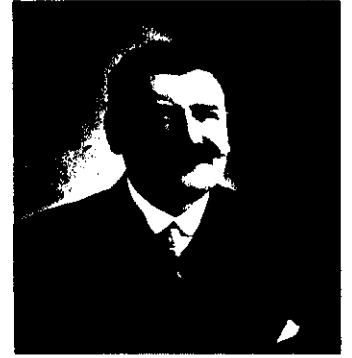
His words have come remarkably

true. To-day we find that the leases having expired some twelve thousand acres have been purchased by the Crown, and will be open for settlement next month. The Native owners are turning a considerable area, and Mrs. Donnelly and her family propose cutting up about five or six thousand acres, and disposing of them by auction. Waimarama is now a favourite resort for camping and picnic parties, and shortly about a hundred acres will be cut up for seaside residences. The long stretch of gradually shelving beach, the wide expanse of the Pacific whose horizon line is unbroken except for the little gap made

by Bare Island, and the ceaseless surf have a peculiar fascination for one, and each summer sees an increase in the number of Waimarama's devotees. The beach is an ideal one for surf bathing, and it has the additional recommendation of being unusually safe for this exciting summer pastime. By a new road which has just been finished Waimarama has been brought within an hour's motor drive of Hastings, and the residents of this town have not been slow to take advantage of the proximity of such a very delightful watering place.

Our photographs were taken on the occasion of the recent annual picnic of the

Frimley Fruit Canning Factory, and Mr and Mrs Donnelly had a party out on the same day.



MR. E. BASIL JONES,
Manager of the Frimley Factory.



FINISH OF A SWIMMING RACE IN THE RIVER.



Photographs by the Rembrandt studio, Hastings.

WAIMARAMA HAS AN IDEAL BEACH FOR THE EXHILARATING PASTIME OF SURF BATHING.



A SNAPSHOT ON THE BEACH.
From left to right: Messrs J. Hart, L. de Pollehet, Whitlock, A. L. D. Finney,
and G. P. Donnelly.



"SEA URCHINS."
The boy on the left is Kauri Karaitiana, grandson of Karaitiana Taka Mouna,
and the little fellow on the right is D. Perry, grandson of Mrs G. P. Donnelly.



RACING ON THE SANDS.



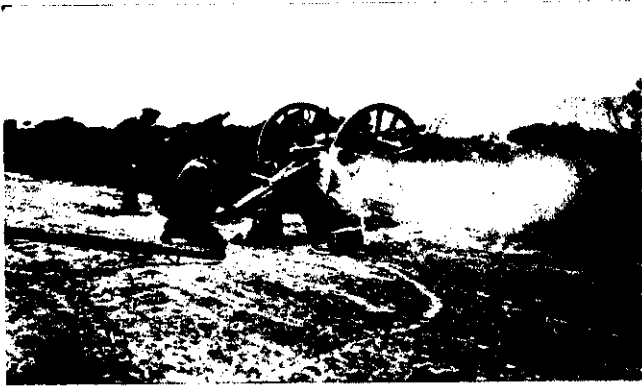
PICNICERS ON THE BEACH: BARE ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.



LUNCH TIME.

A DAY'S OUTING ON THE WAIMARAMA BEACH, HAWKE'S BAY.

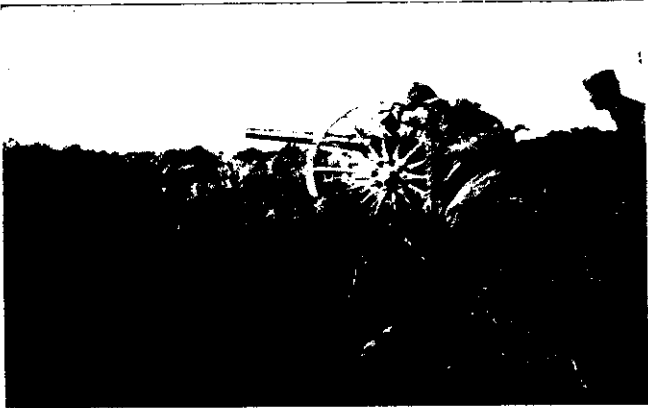
Photographs by the Rembrandt Studio, Hastings.



FIRING NO. 1 GUN.



SIGHTING THE GUN.



NO. 1 GUN FIRING THE LAST SHOT OF THE DAY, SHOWING THE RECOIL.



...DRIVEN BY THE ENEMY, AND RETIRING TO A FRESH POSITION.



TAKING UP A NEW POSITION.



TAKING A GUN INTO ACTION IN ROUGH COUNTRY.



INSPECTOR COL. DAVIES AND OTHER OFFICERS WATCHING THE FIRING.



LEAVING BROWN'S BAY FOR THE FIRING LINE.

HEAVY GUN FIRING AND MILITARY MANOEUVRES BY MEMBERS OF THE "A" BATTERY, NEAR BROWN'S BAY, AUCKLAND.

A GLORIOUS DRIVE

ROTORUA TO WHAKATANE

IT was a cloudy morning, threatening rain, when I started from Rotorua at 7 o'clock, by the mail-coach for Whakatane a distance of 58 miles. The front seats are always at a premium, but I had booked one some weeks before, for I wanted to get as good a view as possible of the surrounding country.

tourists from Rotorua. We had quite a good view of holes from the coach, and the sulphur smell followed us for several miles.

After passing Tikitere, the road ascends and we seem to leave behind us all habitations. We did not meet a single vehicle from there, until we got to our journey's end. Part of the way, how-

The bush in itself is very fine, but as we wound round the lakes and caught glimpses of blue water, with here and there some scattered Maori wharves on the shores, we were delighted. At one time the road runs parallel with the

driver stopped to allow some Maori boys to sell us cherries, which they had gathered and fixed on twigs, about half a yard long. Such a number of them clustered together looked beautiful, and ripe, juicy fruit they proved to be.



AT THE HEAD OF LAKE ROTORUA.

The driver, noticing I had my camera, very kindly offered to stop for me to take photos, whenever I liked. I must say, as we journeyed on, I could have taken a picture at every mile or so; the difficulty was to know where to ask him to stop.

ever, we had the company of a boy who was riding on a bicycle, not an easy undertaking, the road in some parts being inches deep in dust and sand. He seemed to enjoy it all. Even when we passed him in the swampy parts, trying to jump



ROUND LAKE ROTO-MA.

The first ten miles lay over flat country, but rather picturesque in places, but when I remarked about it, I was told that the real scenery was further on. The road passes quite close to Tikitere, that place of boiling mudholes, so much visited by

with his machine, over the little brooks crossing the road, he was still smiling. Some few miles from Tikitere we entered the bush, and then I commenced to exclaim at the beautiful views opening out before us.



A PRETTY LAKE VIEW.

water's edge, and then again is on a cutting high above, the bank on one side covered with ferns, and on the other the lake, many feet below. At one of the sharpest corners on the road I took a photo of the coach just turning, and the lake in the background. The four lakes

More beautiful lake and bush scenery then followed, until Rotorua was a thing of the past, and travelling up and down through the dense bush road, we gradually emerged on to more open country, leaving the hills, clothed with thousands of tree birds, behind us. Here we have



A BEAUTIFUL BIT OF ROAD NEAR WHAKATANE.

we skirted are Lake Rotorua, Rotoiti, Roto-chu and Rotomua. On arrival at the head of Lake Rotorua, we find some signs of life. Stables of the Royal Mail Coaching Co. and a small room, very clean and neat, where we procure some refreshing tea and hot scones from the

a fine view of the ocean, with White Island showing plainly, and White Island in the far distance, with its canopy of steam.

The residents of Whakatane told me, when I was there, that when White Island is active, they have not much fear



WHAKATANE, WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF WHITE ISLAND.



THE WHARF, WHAKATANE.

solitary proprietor. Such a peaceful little spot, only occupied by the man who attends to the horses, and the provider of the tea. Here the horses are changed, and after twenty minutes' rest we take our seats again, and proceed on our way. The sun is now out, and adds to the beauty. Before reaching Rotorua, the

of earthquakes; but when very little steam is rising, they expect a shock.

Speaking of earthquakes, the driver was telling us that he took the coach through on Christmas Day, and "they did get a shaking up." The shocks have been heavier than in previous years, but they always have them in Whakatane,

more or less, during the months of December, January, and February.

We find the dust rather bad here, but feel disposed to put up with anything for the sake of having had such a glorious drive. By-and-by, out of the dust in the distance loomed a black object. I asked what it was, and was told the coach from Matata, waiting at the finger post to exchange mails and passengers. Our number was here increased by two gentlemen, who looked agreeably fresh and clean to our coachful of dusty travellers.

At 1.30 we arrived at Tekeko, on the banks of the river Rangitaiki. Here we dismounted, shook off as much dust as possible, and went into the hotel for dinner. There is no bridge over the river here. Vehicles are taken across in a punt, which is swung over by the current, and prevented from going out of its course by wire ropes. I was taken across first of all, and got a snapshot of the coach and passengers crossing afterwards. The river is very pretty, willows bending to the water's edge on both sides; the loaded punt swinging slowly across was a picture one would wish to represent in natural colours.

Fresh horses again here, so they are not over-worked—about 20 miles for each team, as nearly as they can arrange it.

From Tekeko to Whakatane we passed



AT TE TEKO. THE PUNT WHICH ACTS AS A FERRY.

many homesteads, fine paddocks of maize, cattle grazing by the road-side, and every evidence of cultivation of the land. Although so far from Rotorua we had

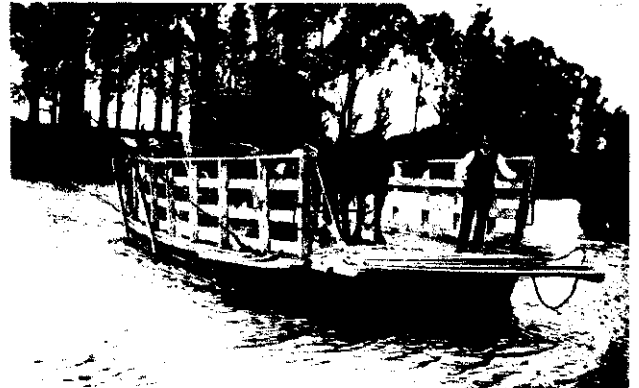
not lost all traces of hot springs, but passed one some 10 miles from Whakatane, which seemed to be much used by Maoris.

There is still the Whakatane river to cross and no bridge yet to use, although one is in course of construction. Usually the coach drives to the bank of the river, and the passengers alight and are taken across to the other side in a small boat; mails and luggage likewise. The driver then gets into the stern of the boat, with two horses, held by a rope, swimming behind, while the remaining horses follow of their own accord. A small coach and brake are found waiting on the opposite bank, in which the remaining two miles are travelled. But on this particular day of which I am writing the river was low, tide being out, and we forded, some half mile higher up, saving all the trouble.

A good many of the inhabitants of Whakatane have their homes in this part, but the township proper is not seen until we turn a sharp corner, between two picturesque rocks, and drive up the one and only street. It is a pretty place, one can see at a glance, and has not nearly so "out of the world" an aspect as one would suppose, being so far removed from a railway. We drove up with a final flourish in front of the post office at about 5 o'clock, feeling quite satisfied that we had had one of the prettiest and most interesting drives in that part of the world.



IN THE BUSH.



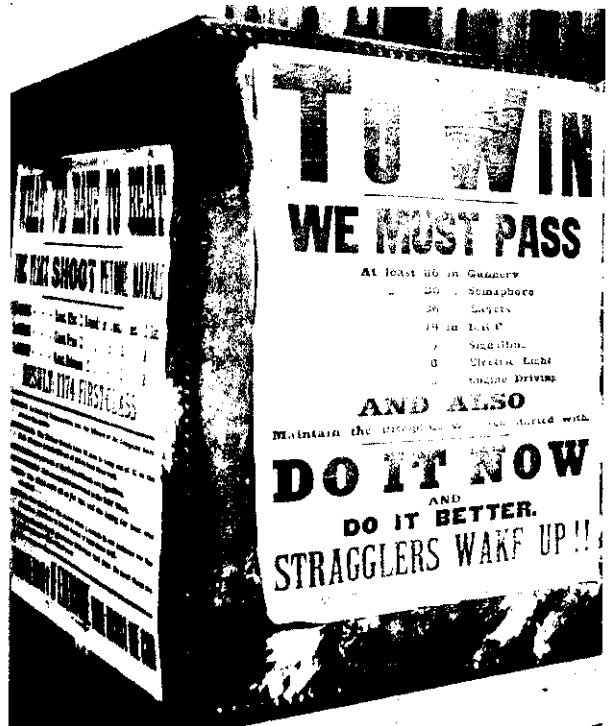
CROSSING THE RIVER AT TE TEKO.

A GLORIOUS DRIVE—ROTORUA TO WHAKATANE.

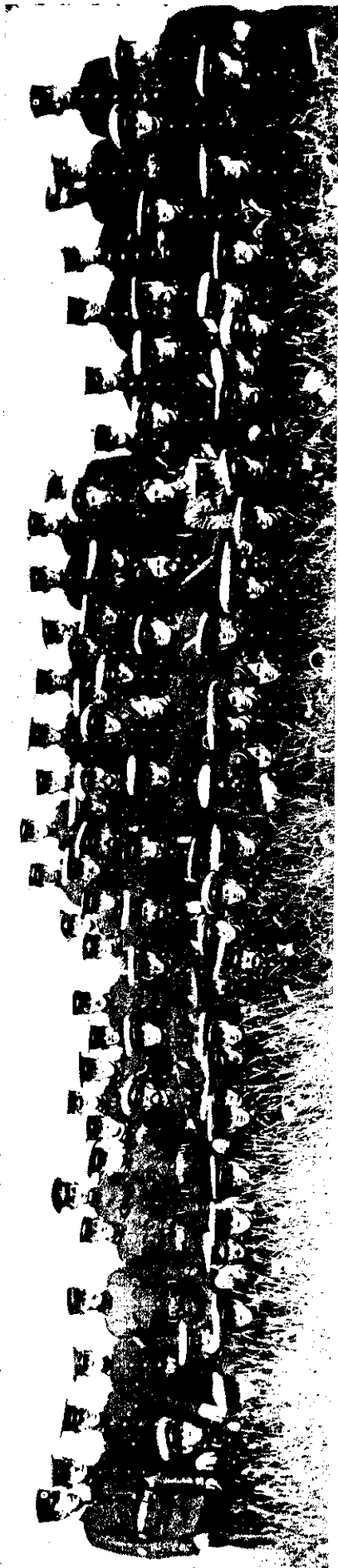


THE OFFICERS OF NO. 1 COMPANY, GARRISON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

Brown, photo.

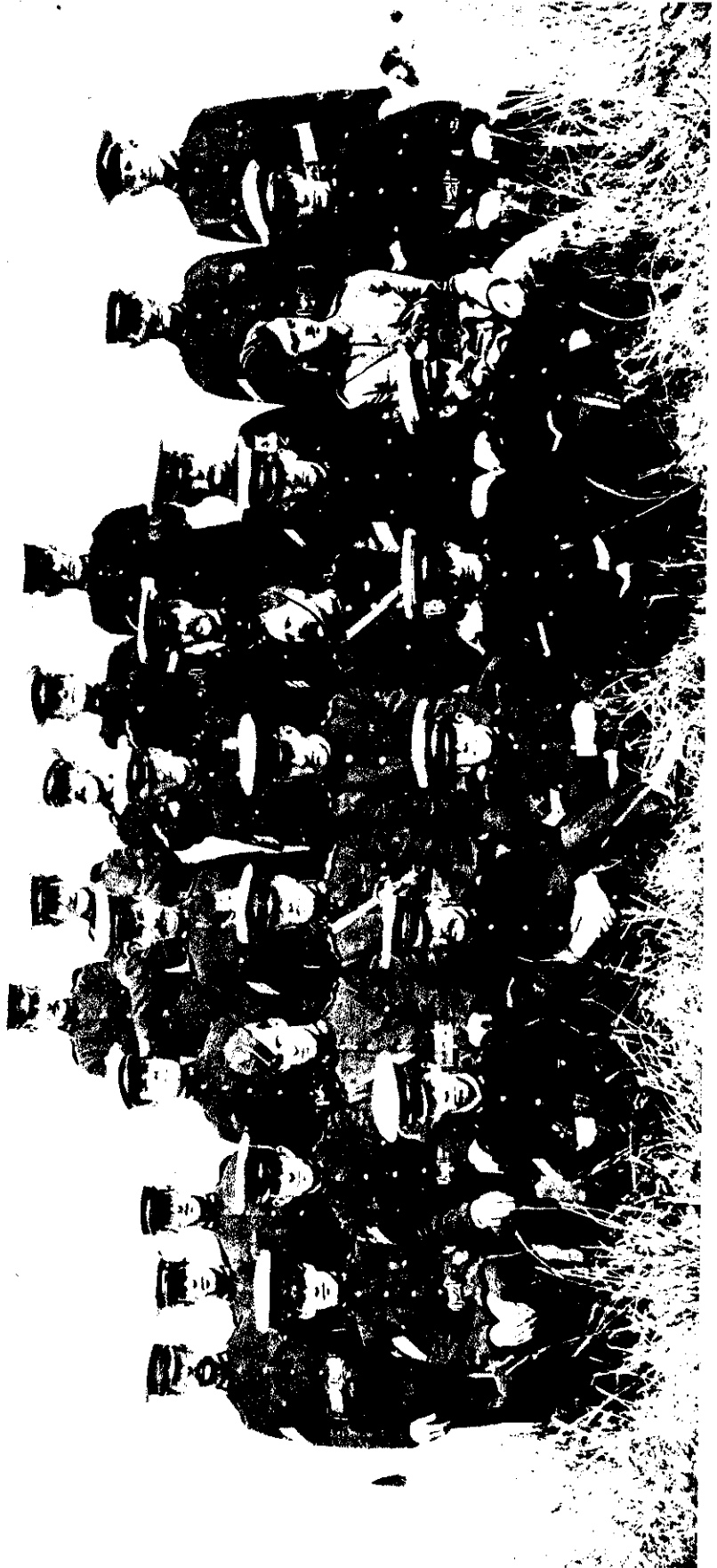


DECORATED TANK IN CAMP, SHOWING THE WAY ENTHUSIASM WAS WORKED UP.



MEN OF THE NO. 1 COMPANY, GARRISON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS, AUCKLAND.

This Company won the Challenge Shield for Big Gun Firing.



Brown, photos.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, NO. 1 COMPANY, GARRISON ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.

MEN WHO SACRIFICE THEIR LEISURE TO PROTECT NEW ZEALAND.



Copy negative no. 1. SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK PENGUIN LANDED ON THE FIRST RAFT.

Back row are three passengers. Centre person is Mr. Bridge of Picton. Sitting are Francis (A.R.), Lynn (cook), Luke (engineer), Thompson (purser), and McCormick (steward). Standing is a Gisborne traveller visiting the scene.

The "Potter's" Husband.

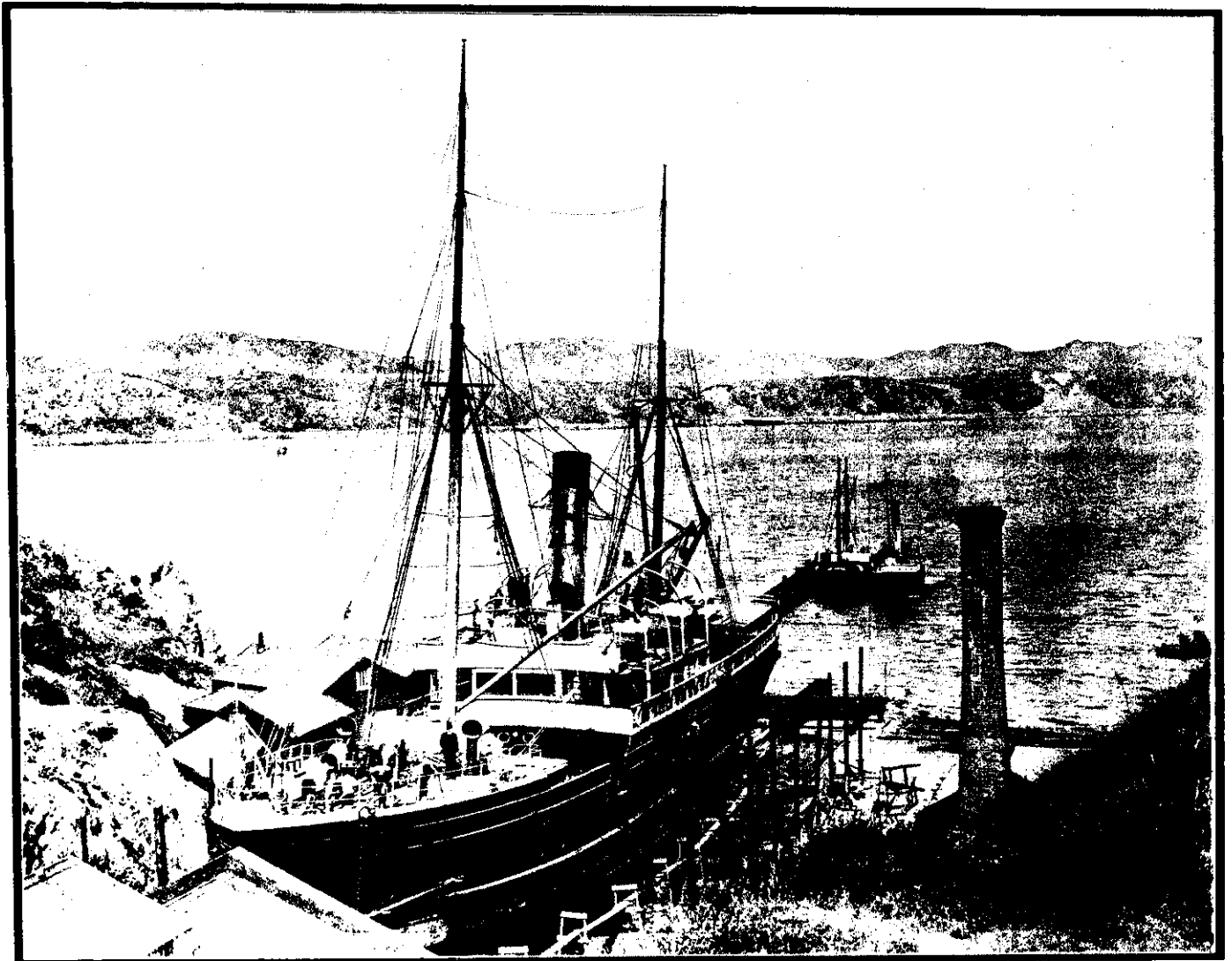
The young husband who most frequently comes to grief in married life is he who becomes merely an ornament in the house. He is of the kind who thinks that, having done the breadwinning, his duty is over. Most wives will agree that it is, but the husband's duty is one thing and making marriage a success another.

A woman likes her husband to be clever, but she prefers cleverness that he can demonstrate at home. She thinks more of the toy castle he makes for little Willie than a business transaction involving much solid cash. It is a woman's way, perhaps, but it is necessary for a man, if he wishes to be happy, to take note of it.

You have seen, I daresay, homes where the hand of the husband is seen all around. Shelves here and there, brackets with amateur carving, a home-made clock, perhaps, or a rude china cabinet. To all of these the wife points with pride, for nobody is so ready as a wife to appreciate a man's industry in the house, and no one else's praise is worth one-tenth as much.

It is just possible that you have turned up your nose at the man who "potters about" at home, and, if it becomes a question of success in the world, you may not be altogether wrong.

But even among the world's most successful men we find this home habit, and there are millionaires who take a greater pride in showing their own handiwork in a home than in the big businesses they have built up by ability far beyond the ordinary.



J. H. Kinnear, photo.

Copy negative no. 2

THE UNION CO'S STEAMER PENGUIN, LOST WITH AN APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE AT CAPE TERAWHITI, ON FRIDAY, FEB. 12

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

Copy negative no. C 9750

Copy negative no. 1071



LUNCHING AND WATCHING THE STAFFS.



A CHILDREN'S RACE.



A REFRESHING DIP.



UNDER THE WILLOWS.

ASSOCIATION OF INSURANCE COMPANIES' PICNIC AT COWES BAY, WAIHEKE.

The Sugar Harvest in France

By B. H. HOW

SUGAR making from beetroot has long been an important industry in France, and consequently thousands of tons of these roots are annually grown in the northern districts, particularly in the neighbourhood of Calais and Boulogne.

white horses stand in the beetroot fields waiting for their respective loads, as the peasants—both men and women—laugh and chat together over their work while they uproot the luxuriant plants and place them together in long, straight rows. Then the dark green leaves are



A LARGE BEETROOT WAGON, WITH ITS FINE HORSES.

The beetroot harvest which takes place every year during the months of October and November is one of the most interesting and picturesque of the many rich harvests for which France is celebrated.

severed from the roots by one swift stroke of the knife-like tool, and the latter are gathered in several large heaps. The carts draw nearer and the roots are thrown dexterously into them, one by



WOMEN AT WORK DIGGING UP THE BEET ROOTS.

and the scenes are often very beautiful which then daily take place beneath the quiet autumn skies. Humble donkey carts and huge wagons drawn by five

one, until they are full. Then with a slow rumbling sound the carts wind down the long white road that leads to the nearest railway station, en route for the



PARTIAL VIEW OF A BEETROOT



SCENE AT ETAPLES RAILWAY STATION SENDING OFF THE BEETROOT BY TRAIN.

sugar factory, and the peasants in their picturesque garments resume their work in the fields.

There are many large sugar factories in France, for not only are thousands of tons of sugar annually made and consumed in the country, but many thousands more are exported to foreign lands, particularly to England.

walls close to the entrance of the factory. Later on, when these particular roots were required, they were thrown into a narrow covered canal which ran through the yard and were thus carried into the factory by means of water power.

There are about twelve different processes in sugar-making, and these were all carefully and courteously explained to



AT WORK IN THE BEETROOT FIELDS AT ETAPLES, NEAR BOULOGNE.

Close to the junction of Rang-du-Fleirs-Verton (not far from Boulogne) stands one of these large factories belonging to the firm of Messrs. Garton, Garry et Cie.; and through the courtesy of one of the directors we were permitted to see it and all the different processes at work by which sugar is extracted from the raw beetroot and converted into the pure

us by Monsieur Torquin (the Company's manager), as we watched the complicated machinery actually at work. About one hundred and fifty men are usually employed in the factory during the months of October, November, January and February, which is the busiest time of the year, and their work consists principally in attending to the machinery.



WOMEN AND GIRLS BUILDING A WALL OF BEETROOT AT THE FACTORY.

white crystallised state with which we are all so familiar.

As we entered the yards one fine October afternoon a picturesque and striking scene met our eyes. Carts of all descriptions were arriving continually, and were at once unloaded by women and girls who, to the number of about fifty, then arranged the roots in long compact

The work is carried on by night as well as by day, the men working in "shifts" of 12 hours each, but changing their hours of work every fortnight. Although a shift of 12 hours seems a very long time, certain hours during that time are always allowed to men for rest and refreshment.

Continued on page 41.



MR. JOHN BROWN ADDRESSING THE GATHERING.



MR. KERR TAYLOR BREAKING GROUND PRIOR TO TURNING THE FIRST SOD.

TURNING THE FIRST SOD ON THE TAKAPUNA TRAMWAY ROUTE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1909.



ALL THAT WAS LEFT.

The remnants of the ill-fated vessel that were washed ashore in the small bay adjoining Torawhiti. Comparatively little wreckage came ashore, the vessel having, it is supposed, sunk in deep water.



Copyright photo by Schaefer.

A MELANCHOLY TASK.

A band of volunteer workers preparing to take the first two bodies overland. The procession that wound over the hills made one of the saddest episodes of the disaster.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

The terrible reality which is associated with a shipwreck off a wild and stormy coast is only too pitilessly revealed by the camera. The scenes represented below are probably the saddest things that have ever been recorded in these pages. They can but speak for the grief that has come to many homes in the Dominion and beyond the sea.



A CLERK OF THE UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY GIVING A DESCRIPTION TO ANOTHER ASSISTANT OF THE WOMEN WHOSE BODIES WERE RECOVERED.



IDENTIFYING THE DEAD. Many of the bodies that came ashore are still not recognised.



A GROUP OF THE VICTIMS.



WASHED ASHORE. THREE LADIES AND A LIFEBOAT.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

Copyright photo. by S. Haef.



RECENT
IMPORTATIONS
BY THE AGRICULTURAL
DEPARTMENT.



*Don't get ill or ewes with lambs
from the quarantine station.*



Happy Hawkins and the Chinese Question.

By Robert Alexander Mason.

Illustrated by C. J. Taylor.

I AIN'T no slave o' habit, I aint. Whenever anyone gets inquisitive about what my graft is, I allus sez to 'em, sez I, "Well, now, I ain't filled with th' lust o' vanity, ner I ain't overly much given to tootin' my own horn; but in my humble and modest way I guarantee to be able to do anything on this good green earth 'at don't require a book education." I never romped over the same range so long in my life as I have right here at the colonel's. Begins to look as if I was going to celebrate my funeral here.

"Are you the man?" sez she. "Well, I'm one of 'em," sez I. "Well, you know I sent clear to San Francisco fer a man," sez she; "an' I suppose 'at you're the man." "Li, now, to tell you the honest truth," sez I. "I didn't stop at Frisco fer my mail—I came right on by. But as long as we're conversing on this subject, I'll jest be bold enough to say 'at I'll take the job without asking what it is." "Kin I trust you?" sez she, looking into my face mighty searchin'." "Well, if you sell me anything," sez I, smiling as near like a baby as I could,



"I'll jest be bold enough to say 'at I'll take the job without asking what it is."

But I do admit 'at what I am going to tell you about now was jest a wee mite out o' my line. I'd been punching cows up in Idaho as contented as a pint o' butter an' not wantin' no trouble with nobody, when alon' come a bilious sleep-herder as anxious for excitement as a stick o' dynamite. He fussed about, fuauntin' fer trouble with his tongue hangin' out, until he finally got in the way o' my fireworks, an' then I was called, as the preacher sez, to a new location. I'd been trailin' cattle so long 'at I I was beginnin' to talk like a two-year-old, so I jest concluded to shut my eyes an' stampeed. I fetched up at a little six-acre ranch down in Californee. One o' those places where they raise lawn grass an' fresh air. I stood out in the road a minute, lookin' in at the place, an' somethin' seemed to be drawin' me inside. I didn't wait more 'en about eleven seconds before I follered the draw, I knocked at the back door, an' the finest little woman you ever saw opened it. She had a worried look on her face, but when she saw me the clouds rolled away, and she smiled clear into my heart. She was a real lady, it stuck out all over her like a keep-off-the-grass sign.

"you'll have to trust me, coz I'm dead broke." She jest stood an' looked into my face, an' I tell ya boys, I was mighty glad that in all this ripsortin' world, the' wasn't one single woman who could rise up an' say 'at I hadn't played fair. She kept on looking to me until I knew 'at she was a-readin' everythin' 'at I'd ever done or said or thought, an' the sweat was a-tricklin' down my back like meltin' snow. "Yes," she sez finally, "I kin trust you." "Don't you never doubt it," sez I. "All you need to do is just to issue your orders, an' if I don't carry 'em out, why, jest tell the folks not to send flowers. I ain't long on talk, but I'll agree to carry out any plan you've got, from ditchin' a limited to shootin' up a Methodist Church. That's me," sez I; "an' now let's have the news." Talk about bein' surprised! I thought she had a fence-war on her hands at least, but what she wanted me to do was to take care of a team of gentle old hosses, milk a cow, tend a garden, cut the grass, an' help about the house. By the time she finished the programme I felt like a bulldog when a

week-old kitten spits at him. Here I'd been expectin' to leave my hide tacked up on her barn, an' all she wanted was a kind o' lady gardener. I jest sort o'

She expected her cousin in a week or so, but as it was, she was all in. Then I was glad I'd put up my little talk, becoz she had joyfulted up like a desert



"Well, you should have seen Uncle Happy bounding up and down. I reckon I went to sleep in mid-air."

wilte down on the steps, an' I must a turned pale, coz she said to me: "Why, you must be hungry. Have you had any breakfast?" "Oh, yes," sez I. "Day before yesterday." Then she began to rustle about an' fix me up a snack, an' I decided to stay fer true. The cookin' seemed specially adapted to my appetite. While I was filling up the chinks and crevices, she dealt out a variegated assortment of facts. It seemed that her husband was in the East, an' would be there for about six weeks longer, an' that she and the little girl were all alone. When he left she had an Irish cook an' a Chinaman as polite as an insurance agent; but as soon as he was gone the Chink began to take all kinds o' liberties, an' the cook, she packed up her brogue and flew the coop; an' then the high-binder did begin to get gay. She finally took a brace, an' told him to hit the trail, an' he had gone off vovin' to come back an' make a cleanin' an' burn down the whole place. This was her first year there, an' she didn't have no friends, an' the closest neighbour was seven miles 'cross country.

pony when he smells water. Well, I put in a rich an' useful day, as the preacher sez. First I rode one of the veterans over to the station about ten miles away an' telegraphed the other man not to bother, then I came back an' wed the onions, an' washed the dishes, an' ran the washin'-machine—say, I was bein' entertained all right, but every minute I felt like feelin' to see if my back hair wasn't coming down. Me and the cow had the time of our life that night. She had missed a couple of milkin's, so I finally had to rope an' tie her an' milk uphill into a fruit-jar. Talk about being handy? I didn't know but what next day I'd be doin' some plain sewin' or tuckin' the crust around a lemon pie. That night after supper she put the kid to bed, an' then came down, an' we went around nailin' the house up. Finally she showed me where I was to flop. It was in her husband's cave, I believe she called it—a little room full o' books an' fished out a revolver about the size was a big leather bunk, an' that was where I was to get mine. Her room was right upstairs, an' she had a rope goin' over the transom with a dinner-bell on

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LADIES' TAN SHOES, 8/11, 10/1, 10/9, 11/6, 12/6, 13/6 and 14/6 pair.
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TENNIS BOOTS and SHOES.

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

At Miller's Boot Palace,

102 and 104 VICTORIA STREET.

it, hangin' close' to the door of my room, an' it was to ring when the Chink made his attack. Jest before she went upstairs she reached into the bosom of her dress an' fishe dout a revolver about the size of a watch charm, an' looked into my face with her lips set.

"What do you use them for?" sez I, thinkin' mobbe the mosquitos was bad. "I carry it all the time," sez she, ruffin' up like a hen when you pick up her chicken. "To defend myself an' child in case the Chinaman should come when we were alone." An' she was so earnest about it that I nearly choked swallowin' a grin; coz, honest, I could a-snuffed the thing up my nose.

I pulled a long face, an' sez to her as solemn as a judge: "Is there enough food an' water in the house to stand a siege in case the Chinaman 'd pen us up?" She looked at me a moment before she caught the twinkle in my eye, an' then she tripped upstairs with a smile on her face, an' I backed into my stall an' took a look about. The' were some swell-looking books on the wall, an' I begun to read the "Ten Years' Conflict," but the guy that wrote it wasted too much time in getting into the scrap, so I started to prepare myself fer to-morrow's duties, as the preacher sez. After I'd onened my roll an' took out my guns so 'at I could show 'em to her in the mornin' an' sort o' cheer her up, I shed my boots an' proceeded to occupy my hunk. Sav, it was like floppin' down on a tubful o' suds. Springs! Well, you should have seen Uncle Harry bounce in' up and down, I reckon I went to sleep in mid-air, coz I was too tired to remember whether I was a husky maid er a tender man.

When I awoke I thought it must be sure the last day an' that I had waited for the last call. The dinner-hell was a-knockin' all the echoes in the house loose, an' they was fallin' on my ear-drums in bunches. I rushed out into the hall an' grabbed that bell by the tongue, an' give a yell to let her know thaff was ready for orders. She onened the door an' came to the head of the stairs an' sez: "Tush-shh! don't make any noise."



"When we struck the earth I knew it would never happen again. I'd shoot first."

"Noise!" sez I; "the' ain't any left. You used up all the raw material. What seems to be wrong?"

"Fido has just been growlin'," sez she in a low whisper, an' I heard a noise out in the bushes.

"What shall I do?" sez I. "Come up there an' toss Fido out into the bushes, so as to kill two birds with one stone."

"No," sez she; "if you are willin' to take the risk, I wish that you would go

out the front door an' lock it after you, an' look around to see if he is settin' fire to the house. Take my revolver an' Fido, an' do be careful not to get hurt, an' don't kill him unless you have to."

"Well," sez I, "I won't kill him unless I see him; an' he won't hurt me unless he sees me first. You better keep Fido an' the gun; I don't want to be bothered with a lot of non-combatants."

Fido was a little black woolly-faced dog; an' he didn't impress me as bein' no old Indian fighter. I went out an' chased a cat out o' the bushes, but didn't find a single thing wantin' to disturb the peace, except the goat. He purt nigh got my tag before I heard him comin'. I rummaged the place pretty thorough, an' after telling her that all was well, I folded my wings an' roosted on the leather bunk again.

Twice more that night I got up and hunted imaginary Chinamen, an' then my patience begun to get baggy at the knees. I wanted to be up in time to gather the milk before the heat o' the day, an' I was a couple o' nights shy on my sleep already. The last time I took Fido along an' dropped him into the feed-bin, where he could hunt Chinamen to his heart's content 'thout disturbin' my beauty sleep.

Our days flowed along, smooth an' gentle; but most o' the nights I put in huntin' Chinamen. No, I wouldn't 'a' killed one if I could 'a' found him—well, not all at once. I got so I could churn an' dust an' do fancy cookin' until if they'd been any men in that locality I reckon one would 'a' chose me to be his wife. An' then came the cousin. She'd been tellin' me all about him. He was from Virginia, an' was goin' to college to study chemistry, whatever that is; an' he was an athlete an' a quarter-back an' a coxswain—oh, he was the whole herd, the cousin was. I begun to feel shy whenever I thought o' him. I feared he might arrive when I was peelin' spuds with my apron on, an' he might choose to kiss me.

I drove to the station after him; but nobody got off the train except a nice-looking boy an' a couple o' trunks. After the train had pulled out, he sez to me, sez he, "Can you tell me the way to Mrs. B. A. Cameron's?"

"I ken sight ya pretty close," sez I; "that's my present headquarters. You— you ain't Ralph Chester Stuart, are ya?"

"You win," sez he, as though we had made mud-pies together. "Come on, let's load the trunks an' trip along. I'm troubled with what they call a famine."

Odol not only beautifies
but it also preserves the
teeth, and the fragrant
taste it leaves in the mouth
is most refreshing.

We drove along, an' he was as merry as a bug; but I was trying to fit his real size with my idea of it. I had been looking for a six-footer with bulgy muscles an' a grippy jaw. This pink-checked boy didn't look like no athlete to me. He was so cute an' sweet that I felt like hangin' a string of coral beads around his neck an' callin' him my adopted daughter. I had just concluded to hand over the dish-washin' right at the start; but he fished up a pipe out of a case an' filled it an' begun to puff like a grown-up; an' then I savvied that dish-washin' wasn't one o' his hobbies.

"Any sport here?" sez he.
 "If you're good at dreamin'," sez I, "you kin have the time o' your life huntin' Chinamen. I never see a place yet where the huntin' was so good an' the Chinamen so scarce."

He got interested right at the start, an' told me that he had a ride an' a shotgun an' three revolvers.

"I wish I could write Chinese," sez I.
 "What fer?" sez he. "So I could put up a sign warnin' him away," sez I.
 "Why, if we'd all three get a bead on that Chinaman it'd take me a solid week to clean him off the lawn."

Ches an' me got along fine. He was a game little rooster, an' it used to tickle me half to death to hear him tell some of his college stories. I never would 'a' believed 'at a little feller could 'a' been a college athlete; but Ches had got his picture in the papers time an' again. At college they race in a boat about the size and shape of a telegraph pole, eight of 'em rowin' an' the coxswain perched up behind, passin' the tutti-frutti an' pickin' out the path. Ches sez that the coxswain is the most important man in the boat. 'I afterwards found out that this was his job. He showed me how to play football, too. It's a nice, exciting pastime, but too vigorous for a frail thing like me. He give me his cap to carry, an' told me to back off about twenty feet an' try to run over him er stick my stiff-arm in his face er dodge him—anyway at all to get by.

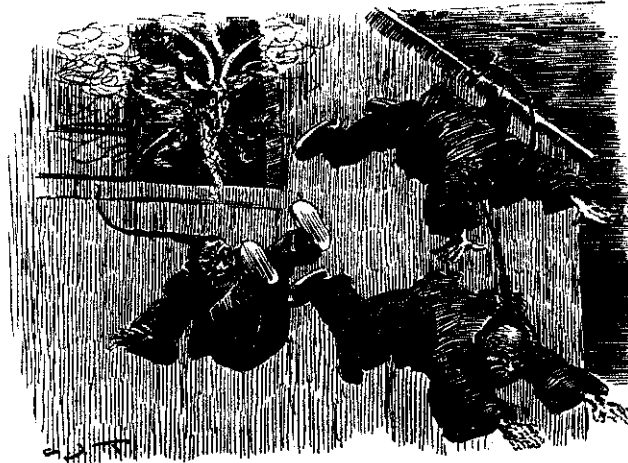
I backed off an' then I looked at him. He looked about as hard to get by as a toadstool, an' I sez: "Now, Ches, I don't want to have any blood on my head, so

if you've jest been jokin', why say so."

But no, nothing would do but I must try an' run him down. I never wost much of a reputation fer bein' slow, an' I weighed one eighty-five when I'm ganted down to workin' trim. I took a breath and ailed into him. I intended

"but I'm about as near bein' in the coffin mood myself as I ever get at this time o' the year. What game did you say we was indulgin' in?"

"This is football," sez he.
 "Well, I'm glad to know it," sez I, "so that in the future when anyone



"An' then the devil himself poked his head out through that mow window."

to give a jump jest before I reached him, an' go clear above his head, but I lacked the time. Jest as I took my jump he gave a lunge an' wrapped a grip about my lower extremities, an' we sailed up among the tree-tops. All the way up I was trying to figure out how it had happened; but when we struck the earth again I didn't care. I knew it would never happen again; I'd shoot first.

We lit on the top of my face an' whirled around a few times an' then sort o' crumbled up in a heap, with him still shuttin' off the circulation in my legs. "Down!" sez he; "and now the ball is dead!"

"I can't answer for the ball," sez I,

issues an invitation for me to play football, I can make arrangements fer providing an alibi. If I had to play a game like this, I should choose to be the ball."

He was full of little ways like this and entertained me fine, but it was mighty hard to get any useful work out o' him. He used to take care o' the hosses, an' once in a while he'd dust; but when I pointed out to him that the garden needed weeding, an' that I had to bake some four-dough bread, he sez to me, "My motto is, 'Live an' Let Live'; I ain't no socialist." When I asked him what he meant, he told me that he didn't know of any exercise 'at would do me so much good as learnin' to think

fer myself; an' that's all I could get out of him.

But he was good about one thing. He jest about took the night trick off my hands. He would load himself down with firearms an' hunt Chinamen two or three hours every night, but he never had no luck. Several times the neighbours would ride by an' they told us that the 'was a gang breakin' into houses an' stealin', but they couldn't seem to git track of 'em.

One mornin' I was tryin' to find out what made the sewin'-machine drop stitches when he came rummin' in, his eyes stiek'in' out like a toad's. "He's been sleepin' in the barn," sez he. "Who?" sez I; "the horse?" thinkin' it was one of his jokes.

"No," sez he, "the Chinaman."
 Well, I looked at him, and he explained how his suspicions had been aroused, an' how he had made a practice o' stirrin' up the straw every day, an' then each mornin' they would be the print of a man's body in it; but that he had put tar on the ladder without gettin' any evidence.

I pricked up my ears at this, an' turned the sewin'-machine out on pasture fer a while. We went to the barn, an' there, sure enough, was the print of a man's body. Then we sat in the shade to study out a crafty plot. I had jest about made up my mind that the foxiest thing we could do was fer me to hide in the straw an' when he lay down to explode my gun against his rib. He had posted me a good bit, an' I never was partial to 'em now. All of a sudden, Ches rose to his feet an' slapped me on the shoulder.

"Happy," sez he, "are ya game?"
 I looked at him a while, an' then I sez gently: "Now, look here, mister, I ain't no hero, an' if you happen to have any more college games to introduce, why I'll have to own up to a yellow streak a foot wide; but I don't recollect jest what day it was that any livin' man ever accused me o' bein' downright pale-blooded. If you got any hair-raisin' projec' in your head, don't bother to break it gentle. Jest tell it right out, an' I'll lean up agin this tree, so as not to hurt myself should I faint."

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



A 218.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 5 Diamonds, £12/10/-.
 With larger Diamonds, £14/10/- up to £75.



A 139.—Marquis Ring, 14 Diamonds and 5 Rubies, 18 ct. Gold, £16/10/-.



A 208.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 19 Diamonds and 5 Emeralds, £17/10/-.



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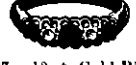
A 222.—18 ct. Gold Diamond Cluster Ring, £35.
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A 120.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, or 2 Diamonds and 1 Sapphire, £9/10/-.



A 48.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 2 Diamonds and 2 Sapphires, £12/10/-.
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A 15.—18 ct. Gold Ring, 1 Diamond and 2 Rubies, or 1 Diamond and 2 Sapphires, £8/10/-.



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"Well," sez he, a chucklin' like a prairie-dog. "I propose we paint up the goat with phosphorous, an' put him up in the barn an' me an' you get up in the trees an' watch."
 "What's the goat done?" sez I.
 "The goat ain't done nothing," sez he; "but he'll scare the Chink to death, an' when he comes out we can shoot him in the leg or somethin'."
 "No," sez I, "it won't work. The Chink knows the goat better'n we do, an' it'll be the goat that'll come out an' get shot in the leg, an' the Chink'll get away."
 "Oh, rats!" sez Ches kind o' hasty like. "He won't even know it's a goat. Can't ya see that?"
 "I don't know what phosphorous is," sez I; "but you'll have to do a mighty

little pause, we heard a queer scratchin' noise. 'Twas gettin' interestin', an' I got out my guns an' held 'em ready. Ches had a whole gun store spread out around him, an' I could easy see a week's work ahead o' me a-policin' up the premises.
 The sky was just literally soggy with stars, an' you could see the outlines o' things pretty plain. It was one o' those silent nights when everythin' is so still 'at you hear with the inside o' your head, an' any little real noise puts a crimp in ya.
 We was leamin' on the rail o' Ches's platform, when all o' a sudden we hear the greatest bleatin' an' jabberin' ever a man heard. A goat an' a Chinaman speaks the same language, an' goodness only knows just what Billy Buck was a-tellin' 'im. I had my ears stretched out to catch every sound—an' sounds wasn't nowise scarce jest then. Squeals and groans, an' wrastlin' an' blows kept a feller all keyed up, an' we was bitin' our lips to keep from laughin'—an' then it happened.
 The door o' that mow swung open as though it had been struck by eleven engines, a dark form shot out, follored by two more, an' then the devil himself poked his head out through that mow window. Talk about faces! Lord! I attended a ghost dance over in the Sioux country once, but it was a Sunday-school picnic alongside the face that poked its way out the huznow door.
 The' was rings o' fire around the eyes an' nose an' mouth, an' the whiskers was one long, waverin', ghastly flame, an' the horns was two o' others. The' was a blue gritchetty sort o' smoke curlin' up around the face, an' my heart laid right down in its tracks an' rolled over on its back. I only saw that face a second, but I kin shut my eyes an' see it right now. Gosh!
 I ain't much superstitious 'cept when I'm gamblin', but o' course, I know the's such things as ghosts an' devils an' sich, an' I don't never take no liberties with 'em. I screeched out, "Great Scott! what's that?" My hands shut up voluntary; both o' my guns went off in the air, the rail broke, an' me an' Ches sort o' chuck-locked to the ground. We didn't miss any limbs, ner the guns didn't neither. Every time they bumped a limb, they went off, an' it sounded like Custer's last stand.

We weren't hurt none, an' scrambled to our feet in a second. The' was an awful squawkin' goin' on under the hay-mow window, an' that horrible, three-faced devil seemed to be eatin' the heads off the Chinamen. I got a better view of it this time, an' I see it was one o' the dragons they worship, an' I felt a little better, 'cause I dun't think he'd have any grudge against a Christian. Still, I wasn't takin' no chances, so I grabbed Ches by the arm, an' headed for the kitchen door, him stickin' his heels in the ground, an' tryin' to stop. I thought he had probably lost his mind, so I didn't pay much attention to him.
 We threw ourselves against the kitchen door, an' I hammered on it with my knuckles while Ches kicked me on the shins an' tried to get away. Finally Mrs. Cameron raised an up-stair window, an' began shootin' with her bean bowler. I had no iddy what she was aimin' at; but she hit me twice in the leg, an' blame if it didn't sting like a whip. Ches jerked loose while I was rubbin' the sore spot, an' as I glanced up, I saw the three dark forms comin' after us, follored close by the devil-dragon, his face fairly drippin' with liquid fire. The three forms in front looked about fifteen feet high, an' I felt about as massive an' stiff as an angle-worm, but at that I managed to open the cellar door, an' tried to get Ches to come in, too.
 "Ches," I whispered, for I hadn't strength enough to yell; "Ches, come on in an' save yourself," but he never gave no heed. He just stood crouchin' over in the shadow while they headed for him, devil-dragin' an' all.

I wanted to crawl into the cellar alone, but lacked jest one grain o' havin' enough moral courage, so I stood up with my knees beating together, watchin' 'em come. My heart was achin' to think that he was out o' his head an' fairly throwin' himself away, an' then all of a sudden it flashed upon me that the blame fool was playin' football. On they charged like a stampeded herd, a-screechin' like a runaway freight-wagon, while that pink-faced tenderfoot stood in his tracks as calm an' cool as the North Star until they arrived at the proper place; an' then he sorted out the big

Continued on page 42.



"We threw some water in their faces, an they began to jabber enough to give a horn toad the headache."

fine job o' paintin' to make that William goat look like a moth-miller. Still, this is your projec', an' if you want to play the wheel one whirl, why, I'll help stick up the stake.
 So that night as soon as I had my dishes washed an' the kitchen red up, we caught the goat, an' took him out to the barn. He was considerable of a goat, this one was, with horns on him a foot long, an' a fright of a temper.
 Ches had brought a lot o' stuff out with him in cans an' bottles. He had had the wood-bed cleaned out, and used to amuse himself by mixing up all kinds o' messes. They always used to smell something ter-

smothered yet; an' then we went into the house an' handled the lights in jest the regular way; but when the time came, instead o' goin' to bed, we went out a' cooned up into a big tree, about on a level with the mow window, an' waited for developments. Ches had nailed up a kind o' a platform, an' first thing I knew he was wakin' me up. He had his hand over my mouth, an' whispered, "He's in the yard now."
 I ain't one o' them what yawns an' grunts an' stretches; I wake up like an antelope—all in a bunch.
 The' was a little rustlin' back in some bushes over by the fence. Then, after a

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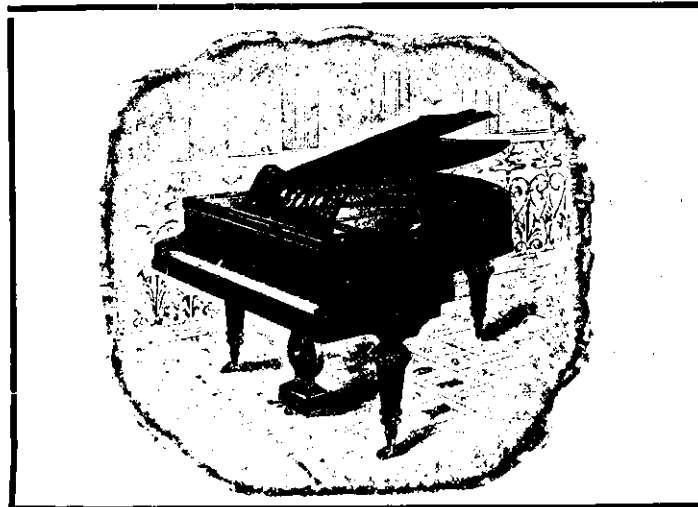
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Mr. Roosevelt and the Whiflepuff.

President Roosevelt witnessed an amusing burlesque of his forthcoming big game hunting expedition in Africa, at the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club, in Washington, one night recently.

This club, composed of newspaper correspondents, is probably the most famous organisation of the kind in the country, and its dinners have been attended by many eminent men.

After the dinner the lights were suddenly turned out and a voice announced: "We are now in darkest Africa." Two hundred voices imitated the cries of wild animals, and amid this din the light was turned on again, revealing a jungle scene on the small stage at the end of the room.

"Sunrise in Southern Senegambia," announced the voice, but Mr. Roosevelt went into fits of almost hysterical laughter, which was echoed by the other guests.

The scene showed a tent in the jungle, guarded by an African chief. Beside the chief was an American in khaki, with the sign "auditor" hung round his neck and a bell punch, similar to those used by London omnibus conductors, in his hand.

The rattle of a typewriter could be heard inside the tent, and a voice resembling Mr. Roosevelt's began the dictation of a magazine article. As each word was pronounced the "auditor" kept count with the bell punch, and announced at frequent intervals the accumulating value

of the article at four shillings a word.

"The lion is a wild and ferocious animal," said the Rooseveltian voice inside the tent.

"One pound twelve shillings," said the auditor.

"It has a soft body and a hairy face," continued the voice.

"Three pounds eight shillings," shouted the auditor.

"It is the king of beasts, and its daughter is a princess."

"Five pounds sixteen shillings," said the auditor.

"The lion roars like distant thunder—"

"Seven pounds—"

"—but it is nobody's business what its religion is."

"Eight pounds sixteen shillings."

The dictation was stopped by the voice shouting, "I want to kill something."

Shots were heard, and the African chief brought in two animals, described as the "whiflepuff" and the "bongo." The voice began to dictate descriptions of these animals, and talked faster and faster, until the typewriter, unable to keep up the terrific pace, collapsed with a loud explosion.

While another typewriter was being produced further shots were heard, and a dead donkey was brought on the stage.

The second typewriter likewise broke down under the strain of rapid dictation, and the auditor said: "There are no more typewriters, sir."

"Then I'm going home," said the Rooseveltian voice, in disgust.

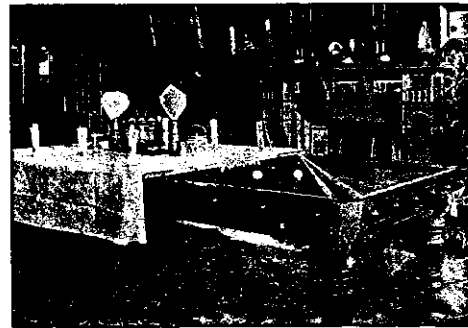
The skit was received with uproarious merriment. Several staid diplomats were in a hysterical condition at the conclusion, while Mr. Roosevelt laughed louder than any one else.



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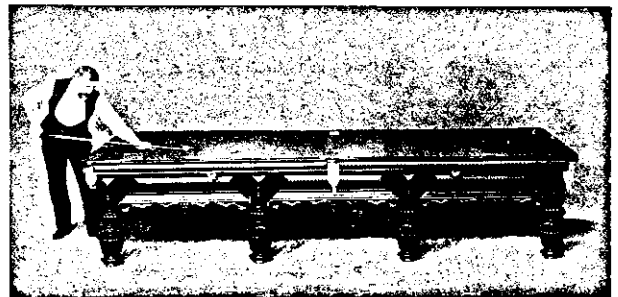
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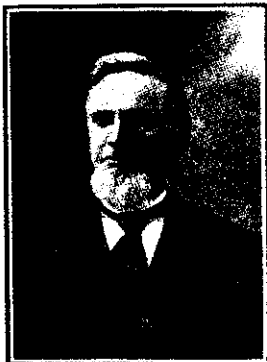


Life in the Garden

Practical Advice for Amateurs

The "Apple King" of America.

The statement that one man owns over one thousand six hundred acres devoted to apple trees sounds amazing; that more than five hundred thousand bushels of apples were sold by him from trees of his own planting for an aggregate above two hundred and five thousand dollars is likewise amazing; yet these figures convey but a slight idea of the operations of Judge Fred Wellhouse, of Topeka, Kansas, known to those familiar with horticultural matters in the United States as "The Apple King" (says F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, in "Suburban Life"). He has long been known by this sobriquet, and is entitled to it for more reasons than one,—but one reason alone is more than sufficient justification for its bestowal, and that is



He is a most Genial and Amiable King.

the fact that he has grown more apples from trees of his own planting than any other one man in the world. This, however, is perhaps a minor reason, when weighed against his potent influence on the horticulture of a great State, and beyond.

Apple-growing has been a life study with Judge Wellhouse.

When, in the late seventies, he was planting 437 acres to apple trees in Leavenworth county, Kansas, many of his neighbours looked upon him as well-nigh denuded.

It wasn't all smooth sailing at first. Not at all. But Wellhouse persevered, using the proceeds from his earlier crops to buy more land to raise more trees to bear more of the apples which by their excellence were attracting far more than local attention and building up a reputation for Kansas fruit. Across the Atlantic, epicures feasted on the products of these Kansas orchards; sturdy Brits further fortified blooming health by the consumption of all the available fruit grown and packed by Wellhouse. "Out there in Kansas," and like the Oliver Twist of their own immortal Dickens, they hungrily appealed for more. In one

year an entire train load of Ben Davis apples was shipped from the Wellhouse orchard to a Baltimore firm for reshipment to Germany. Like most men to whom has come a goodly share of success in the business world, Judge Wellhouse has kept a complete record of all expenditures and receipts during the years he has been engaged in commercial orcharding, and the figures can be taken as being careful records, and not the result of guess work. Although Kansas is so peculiarly fitted for the cultivation of the apple, the State, like most of the others in the Union, has at times been the victim of Jack Frost. For instance, in the spring of 1907, the prospects of a bumper crop of apples were of the best; the trees were loaded with bloom, and the Judge strongly hoped that his great ambition was to be realised at last—to harvest 100,000 bushels of apples in one season. But one night in the forepart of April the frost came, and the next morning there was not a bloom left, and of course not an apple was harvested in 1907. At harvesting time in a prosperous season the orchard is a scene of wonderful activity.

The object of the whole plan is to place before fruit lovers, in the best possible condition, the finest and most toothsome products of the greatest of orchards. Picking, hauling to the packers, sorting, packing, and re-hauling to the railroads are all carried on as parts of a well-ordered plan, and proceed with the regularity and precision of clock-work.

Perhaps in no way can be conveyed a clearer conception of the immensity of these apple-growing operations than by citing the figures from the records. In all, the maker of this record has grown and sold twenty-six crops, amounting to considerably more than half a million bushels. The crop of 1890, approximately eighty thousand bushels, was the largest, and it sold for more than £10,000. This was perhaps the most valuable crop of apples ever grown by any one man in the Middle West, and the total paid for it aggregated more than the earnings of the average citizen during his entire lifetime. The combined yield of the two largest crops, those of 1890 and 1891, was 142,868 bushels. The smallest yield was 488 bushels in 1899.

All these apples, if packed in barrel and loaded on the ordinary railroad freight car, averaging twenty thousand pounds to the load, would fill about one thousand two hundred and fifty cars, or make more than sixty-two train-loads, of twenty cars to the train.

In picking, the men averaged forty bushels each per day,—the packers and pickers were paid for 20,833 days work, at the rate of six shillings per day of ten hours. The pickers worked in gangs of from ten to fifteen men.

For harvesting, £6250 was paid to pickers and packers; £1285 for hauling from the fields to the packing-house, and £2313 for hauling to the railroad and loading on cars. The barrels cost £3400, and about £300 was spent for miscellaneous items, such as boxes, extra hoops, etc. The total outlay for gathering the crops and placing them on the market was £13,500. You see, capital is required for a job like this one.

The gross sales amounted to £41,180; this less the £13,600 expenses, leaves a net return of £27,580. But this amount does not represent all the profit. It does not include the value of the corn

which was grown between the tree rows from the time of setting out the orchards until they began to bear. The corn was grown by tenants, and the landlord received one-third of it for rent. Of the 161,000 bushels of corn grown, he received 53,600 bushels, which sold for an average of 30 cents a bushel, netting about £2950, and paying all expenses of planting and growing the orchards, to the time of their bearing, added to that from the apples, this income from the corn brings the total net profit up to £30,300. And then, too, its planter still owns this largest orchard, and has every reason to hope for many more bumper crops.

Hardy Clematis.

New Zealanders do not as a rule require to be told of the beauty of the clematis. If there is one of our native plants more than any other we specially admire and boast of, we think it is the clematis. For chaste beauty there is no native flower, in our opinion, to equal it. This plant is occasionally successfully transplanted from the bush; it can also be raised from seed, and nurserymen supply plants in pots. There are endless varieties of clematis. We

A "NEW SYSTEM" OF CULTIVATION.

Our Marlborough correspondent forwards a letter, written to the Press by Mr. George Turner, of Blenheim, suggesting what he calls "a new system of growing plants in pots," which, stated briefly, is the substitution of hay or grass for the usual crocks when potting. The idea is by no means new or novel. It is sometimes put in practice, but with the hay or grass on top of one or two crocks. When practising this plan it will be found much better to use the crocks. Well-rotted manure is often preferred to hay for certain plants. As to using semi-circular bags to hold mulch for the top of pots, some such plan might answer, but we have never tried it in bags. For the purpose Mr. Turner indicates we should think the old-fashioned plan of moss or selagin preferable. We cannot detect any chance of anything in the shape of "revolution in the horticultural world" in the idea of the writer of the letter, but we are not too old to learn. We are pleased to give the letter publicity in the hope that some of our readers may be interested, and probably have something to say on the matter. We shall be glad to hear from them.

The letter is as follows:—
"Sir,—In the cultivation of plants and flowers in boxes and flowerpots it is



Clematis Florida.

(The flower are double, white).

give an illustration of a plant of the Florida section, named Lucy Lemoine, the flowers of which are double, and fine white in colour. Clematis are excellent plants for covering large spaces, or for massing in beds, growing in pots, etc. The effect when they are in full bloom is splendid. Clematis like deeply trenched and well-manured ground; indeed, the soil can hardly be over-rich. In planting the roots, select the north side,

usual to fill these vessels with earth. Some drain them with stones, broken bricks and earthenware; these being efforts to find a better system of drainage than has been in practice hitherto. Such a system I claim to have discovered—simple and at everyone's command. Take the flowerpot with the usual hole in the bottom to illustrate my representations. My system is to substitute for the stones, bricks, and crockery, say, two inches of hay, straw, or even grass, firmly packed in the bottom of the pot, filling up with earth and planting in the usual way. It will then be found that the plant can be freely watered without any danger of producing mud at the bottom, while the surface appears too dry (as has been my experience). This drain mulching has the disadvantage of draining too much, requiring watering, say, every day. To remedy this I put the hole, not in the bottom, but in the side of the pot, say, one inch up. We will then have a reservoir one inch deep at the bottom of the pot, which will only require to be filled about once a week,



A Five-year-old Orchard.



Barrels ready for "Heading."

and the water will soak upwards by capillary attraction through the drain-mulch, leaving the soil moist and friable. Another practice in horticulture is to mulch large trees for the purpose of keeping the soil moist. This practice, I claim, can be made use of for every plant—large or small—to which mulching can be applied. For instance, in a lady's boudoir, two semi-circular bags holding the mulch can be made as ornamental as ladies know how, dipped in water and placed on the soil. This practice of mulching and drain-mulching can be applied to the propagation of plants from seed or otherwise. I am under the impression that in course of time this system of propagation and cultivation of plants and trees will quite revolutionise horticultural practice; which revolution will be slow and silent in its course, also permanent, and come to be of ordinary practice. Not being a trained horticulturist there may be flaws in the foregoing representations unseen by me, and it is with some trepidation I submit them to public criticism.—I am, etc.,

GEORGE TURNER.

St. Andrew's, Blenheim.

Black-eyed Susan and the Other Rudbeckias.

I believe the rudbeckias to be the easiest grown perennials. They will thrive in almost any situation in the garden, provided they have direct light for part of the day. It does not make much difference what the soil is, they seem to thrive even if it becomes quite dry, but the best flowers are grown in a rich, moist loam. The rudbeckias are more popularly known as cone-flowers and probably the most familiar of them all is the Black-eyed Susan, because of the fact that it grows wild over the greater portion of the United States. In the East it is more commonly known as the ox-eyed daisy, while in the West it is frequently spoken of as the "nigger-head." The Black-eyed Susan is a biennial and can be cultivated in any garden. It has a flower about 2 or 2½ inches in diameter. The centre is a brownish black while the ray-flowers are a golden yellow.

Golden Glow, the most common of the cultivated cone-flowers, is a double form of Rudbeckia laciniata. It is a rapid grower, profuse bloomer and can be easily increased by dividing the roots, and is a perennial.

In addition to the Golden Glow, there are several kinds of the cone-flowers offered by the seedsmen or nurserymen. One of the best of these is R. Newmanni, which grows about 3 feet high and has orange-yellow flowers with a dark purple cone in the centre.

There are a couple of forms of R. nitida, well worth a place in the garden—Autumn Sun and Autumn Glow. These grow from 5 to 6 feet high and produce a profusion of single primrose-yellow coloured flowers.

There is also a good annual, R. bicolor. It grows 1 to 2 feet high and is a mass of flowers during the summer. The variety Superba has slightly larger flowers than the type—about 2 inches in diameter.

To me, one of the most interesting of the rudbeckias is R. maxima. It grows tall—5 to 6 feet—and usually produces only one or two stalks. The leaves are large, glaucous green. The ray-flowers are broad and yellow, and the cone is large, sometimes as much as 2 inches high.

The giant purple cone-flower is usually sold by the nurserymen as R. purpurea, but it is really Echinacea purpurea. The cone of this is much rounder, having less of the true cone shape than the rudbeckia, and the ray-flowers are reddish-purple, and droop. Under favourable circumstances, these flowers are sometimes 4 inches in diameter, but usually they are only 2 inches across.

All these cone-flowers are easily perpetuated in the garden. The seed may be sown in the fall. Such as do not produce seed can be easily propagated by division.

T. B. PARKER.

MENDEL'S LAW AND SWEET PEAS.

Edward W. Badge, of Carnarvonshire, writes in "Gardening Illustrated":—"Towards the end of 1907 I received a beautifully printed sheet, on which was depicted a group of lovely sweet peas. The central and most attractive flower in the group, I found, was named Evelyn Hemus. I had not previously heard of it.

variety has, unfortunately, failed this year, but will be ready for 1909." In July last year while spending a holiday at Malvern, I met with the name of Miss

quantities, which appeared to me as being thoroughly first-class in every respect and as near to being perfect as any sweet peas I have yet seen; and I may add that they all of them beautifully waved, some of them quite exceptionally so.

1. Evelyn Hemus is a large, well-shaped suggestedly Orchid-like, beautifully-waved flower, the ground colour being a warm, rich cream, with a shading inclining towards yellowishness, finished off by a delicate Piceote edging of terracotta pink.

2. Paradise Ivory.—This is an exceptionally well-waved flower, the colour and appearance of which are similar to those of old ivory. This has recently been placed by the N.S.P.S. at the head of the cream section of sweet peas.

3. Paradise Carmine.—This is a variety after the style of George Herbert, but the colour struck me as being brighter and more pleasing.

EARLY APPLES.

We are now fairly well off for good varieties of early-ripening apples. No matter what other kinds of fruit we may possess apples are always welcome, either for the kitchen or for dessert. The Irish Peach is still a great favourite with large numbers of consumers. It is generally a good bearer and comes in very early. The tree is of rather a straggly habit of growth, but very hardy and does well in most localities. River's Early Peach, bears fruits similar to Irish Peach, and the trees are of good habit, but we are not so sure if it crops so well. A locally-raised seedling named Marjorie Hay, sent out by Messrs. D. Hay and Sons, Parnell, is, we believe, a promising sort. It is blight-proof, the trees grow upright, and are vigorous in growth. It is a dessert apple of the best quality; skin clear yellow, striped and mottled with red. Williams' Favorite is generally catalogued as a dessert, but we prefer to use it for the kitchen, as in our opinion it is more suitable for cooking than dessert. It is a large apple of good colour. One of the very best early dessert apples is known as the Welcome. It is a small fruit, but of the finest quality, extremely juicy and sweet. The trees bear when quite young. It is a regular and heavy cropper, and seldom shows much evidence of the codlin moth. It is an apple we delight to pick off the tree and enjoy as we stroll round our garden. It was ripe this year on the 30th January, but, speaking generally, it is in season the first ten days in February. Mr. Gladstone is a very good kind and bears fairly well; ripens in January; and the tree is blight-proof. One of the most attractive apples we have seen is called Coldstream Guards. We procured a tree from Messrs. Morrison some two or three years ago, and it is a perfect picture at the time of writing. The apples are of good size and of the brightest colour—just the apple to take the eye. We fancy this would be a good apple for marketing. It is very hardy and a heavy cropper, and of very fair quality—usually termed a dessert.

VERONICA.



The Golden Glow.



The Annual Cone-flower, Rudbeckia bicolor, Not Often Grown.

The Black-eyed Susan, Erroneously Called Ox-eyed Daisy.

Its form and colour were so dainty and charming that I at once decided to grow it in 1908. But, looking down to the description to ascertain the price, I found this intimation, "The crop of this

Hemus, Holdfast Hall, Upton-on-Severn. This name at once recalled to my recollection the beautiful flower which had so attracted my attention a few months previously. "Surely," I thought, "this is probably the raiser of that flower. I will write and inquire if I may be allowed to see her sweet peas." That is what I did, and in reply had a courteous invitation to pay her a visit.

"After some interesting conversation, and the inspection of several acres of well-grown and beautiful sweet peas, most of which were quite new to me, I was convinced that Miss Hemus was not the mere lady gardener who grows and delights in beautiful flowers, but knows only a little superficially about them; on the contrary, I found her to be well versed in Mendel's law, and a thorough believer in it. There cannot, I think, be a doubt as to the success she has already achieved being due to sound scientific knowledge guiding her practical skill. Her pedigree sweet peas have not been raised by haphazard hybridising, but with a fixed and well-thought-out method of procedure, and a well-considered purpose.

It seemed to me, when I came to reflect upon what I had seen and heard during the two visits I made at Holdfast Hall, that, much as Miss Hemus has achieved during the few years she has been working among sweet peas, very much more may be expected from her in future years.

I will mention only three of her named seedlings, that I saw growing in large



The Giant Purple Cone-flower.

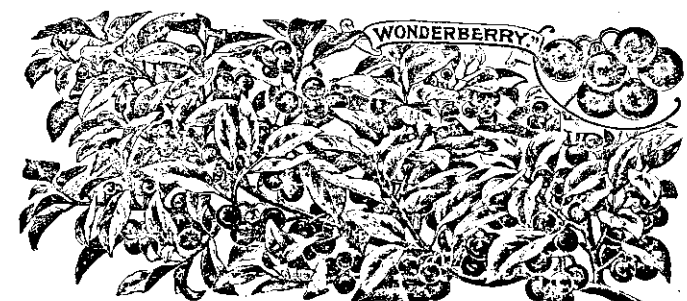
HORTICULTURE WIZARDRY.

A new American berry called the wonderberry, credited to the genius of Luther Burbank, the so-called wizard of horticulture, is being boomed for all it is worth—we had almost said for more than it is worth. From all we can make out, this marvellous thing produces fruit in three months from seed—good either to eat raw, cooked, canned, or preserved in any form. It also grows in any soil, and in any climate. The fruit is like a great luscious blueberry—whatever that is—and it fruits all summer and autumn, and can be proceeded in winter and spring again. Well, now, we do think this thing must be good, very good—maybe too good! At all events, we cannot assimilate all this, and, having been fooled before by garing Yankee puts, we are more than sceptical. It seems to us that this new thing is a Solanum. Burbank has been experimenting with potatoes, and, as we have not heard of any introductions lately, we conclude he has got tired of bottom Solanums, and gone in for tops. This wonderberry is a combination, we understand, of Solanum Guinense of West Africa, and Solanum Villosum of West Coast of America. None of these wild species bear edible berries, but Burbank has, we are informed, produced in the wonderberry a plant with edible fruit, which is wholesome and healthful, great cropper, always comes exactly true from seed! What more can anyone possibly want—unless he is desirous of spreading this knowledge, and longs for the pen of a P. A. Valle to “wake up England” to her great chance of feeding the unemployed?

To show I am not romancing about Solanums, I add a paragraph clipped from an American seedlist:—
“POTATO SEEDS, LUTHER BURBANK'S PRODUCTION.—For the student of nature, we believe we are offering here something of unusual value, having been fortunate enough to secure from Mr. Luther Burbank seeds of hybrid potatoes, which originated from a mixture of the following varieties: Solanum Comersoni, S. Magle, S. tuberosum, and many rare ones from Mexico, South America, Africa, England, Switzerland, Germany, and this country. The result should certainly prove a surprise. Raising potatoes from seeds is a most interesting study and work, and should be encouraged. The quantity of seeds we received is rather limited, and can offer same in packets only. Liberal packet 50 cts.”

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The Sugar Harvest in France

Continued from page 28.

None of the women labourers are allowed to enter the factory. Their work is always carried on in the yards beneath the watchful eye of an overseer, and many are the carts they load and unload in a day; besides building daily the large beetroot walls, which are composed entirely of these succulent roots. The work of the women and girls is not light, for in one year alone 70,000 tons of beetroot passed through this one factory.

It was very interesting to watch the women at work, and to see how cleverly and well they performed their arduous tasks. The whole process of sugar-making takes about 17 hours to accomplish, commencing with the raw beetroot as it enters the yards to the moment when the pure white crystallised sugar lies packed in sacks ready for transportation to England or to some other land.

As we entered the factory with Monsieur Torquin we were interested to see that the first process in sugar-making consists merely in thoroughly washing the roots in a large bath of water, after they have been carried into the factory by machinery. Indeed all the various processes of sugar-making are accomplished by means of machinery under the management of skilled workmen. Water power is very largely employed in the factory by means of a big reservoir placed on the top floor of the building, and capable of containing a large quantity of water.

The second process is an equally simple one. The roots, after having been carried on further still into the factory, and up a spiral staircase, are then made to pass slowly through a drying bath, whose perforated iron floors serves a double purpose. As the roots are carried slowly onwards through this bath, the small rootlets, which are no good, catch in the iron holes, and are immediately cut off.

The third process is a most interesting one to watch. The clean, white roots are now thrown into a large round vat, where a great many small knives are arranged systematically. The machinery is set in motion, and in a few moments the roots (a cwt. at a time) have been cut into thousands of

long, narrow strips about six inches in length. A door is opened, and down the long white funnel sinks a heavy mass of white pulp, which is immediately carried away by machinery into another part of the factory, there to undergo the fourth process. This process consists in boiling the pulp for some hours until the sugar it contains has been all extracted and absorbed by the surrounding water. The refuse pulp is then carried away by machinery to the outside yards, where it is sold to numerous peasants and farmers who feed their cows on it, after mixing it with straw. The sugar now contained in the dirty, sweet water left in the vat has to pass through various purifying processes before it can become pure, white and crystallised. The first of these processes consists in introducing a solution of chalk into the syrup in order to purify it, and when this has been done, and it has been drawn off into another vat (leaving countless impurities behind it) carbonic acid gas is then forced through the sugary mass in order further again to cleanse it. Then the sweet syrup has to be carefully filtered before it passes through another important process, that of vaporisation. During this latter process the crystals of sugar sink as a heavy mass to the bottom of the vat, while much of the water they previously contained has been gradually evaporating.

The sugary mass has now to be boiled for six or seven hours, after which it is poured into a small “turbine” machine, which revolves at the astonishing rate of 1,200 times a minute. During these revolutions, the pure white crystallised portions of the sugar become separated from the inferior ones, which, however, are used later on (during the summer months) in the manufacture of other products, for this factory is never entirely closed. The crystallised sugar is now ready for the weighing machine, and after it has been carefully weighed by the workmen, it is packed in sacks of a uniform size, and is ready at last either for consumption in France, or for transportation to England.

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Happy Hawkins and the Chinese Question

Continued from page 36.

One in the centre, an' dove for his legs. They went up in the air like a long-horn foolin' with the leg throw for the first time, the other two bumped into 'em, the little fire-faced devil-dragon slipped through, caught me full in the pantry, an' we all avalanched into the cellar in one mixed-up tangle. I can't describe it to you. I seen a photograph once of the bottomless pit at a revival; and this layout was a card out the same deck. I ain't stuck up ner proud, but hang if I ever want to get into such a mixed crowd again. We bit an' kicked an' hammered each other till I felt like quartz at a stamp mill. The only light we had came from the Chinese devil—an' I'd a heap sooner had none.

Finally, I got hold of two cues, an' it give me a purpose again. I jest took a short hold an' bumped the heads they belonged to together until that dragon caught sight o' me an' hit me a thump in the back that loosened all my joints. Something was making an awful bawling sound, an' it scared the life out o' me until I see the Chinese devil go up the cellar stairs two steps at a time, an' then I knew 'at one of our own medicines had arrived. This was the worst roar I ever heard. It would start in with a lot o' foreign words an' end up with Rah! Rah! Rah! The voice sounded like Ches, but when I called him he didn't answer, an' then I was afraid it was his spirit.

The' didn't seem to be much use in my bumpin' my two heads together any more, so pretty soon I dropped 'em an' straightened up. There wasn't a sound an' it was enough sight scarier than the noise had been.

I scuttled out of that cellar like a homin' jack-rabbit, an' ran round to the side door. Mrs Cameron put her head out after a bit, an' when she found out who it was, she let her lantern down to me, an' I screwed up my courage an' went back toward the cellar. I listened a minute, and it was quiet as a grave—

it was too much like a grave for me. I went back an' hunted up one o' my guns an' loaded it, an' went down into that cellar, an' I never want my nerves stretched no tighter 'an they were right at that minute. I see three Chinamen an' Ches stretched out in a heap, Ches still hugging the big one he had picked out first.

I carried 'em upstairs still locked together, an' laid 'em on the porch. As I did so, Ches opened his eyes an' smiled weakly an' sez to me most beseechful; "Gi' me the ball, gi' me the ball, an' let Hodge an' Roger throw me over the line. It's no use trying to buck through." The dog-gone loon still thought he was playing football. I don't reckon a railroad wreck would give one o' them football players a single new sensation.

Well, he jumps up after a minute an' shakes himself an' seems as good as new. I was for lettin' the Chinks go, an' gettin' indoors; but not for him; he gets a rope an' we ties 'em, but I ain't a mite easy in my mind. I was still looking for old Mister Devil-Dragon to come charging along with his Fourth o' July face, an' put an' everlastin' erump in us. His man had a cut in the back o' the head, while mine was merely softened up a little, an' as soon as we got 'em in the kitchen an' threw some water in their faces, they revived out of it an' began to jabber enough to give a horn-toad the headache.

"I'd better go an' let my cousin know that we're all right," sez Ches.

"Yes, we'll both go," sez I quickly. "You had better stay an' keep guard," sez Ches.

"The door is locked an' they're tied," sez I.

We went together, an' Mrs Cameron laughed an' wept, and made a great fuss. When we came back the Chinks were gone. "I told you to stay on guard," yells Ches.

"Well, I'm mighty glad I didn't," sez

L. "What do you mean?" sez he.

"Why, can't you see what happened?" sez I. "Their blamed fire-faced dragon came back an' took them off, an' if I'd been here, like as not he'd 'a' took me too. He'd 'a' taken 'em down cellar; but your good medicine came an' gave a shriek an' scared him away."

Ches stood an' looked at me. "If you are really crazy, I don't mind you talkin' this way," he says finally; "but if you have a grain of sense left, tell me what you mean."

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't see him?" sez I. "It had horns an' a long beard, an' was about six feet high, an' spouted fire, an'—"

"Do you mean the goat?" said Ches. "Goat!" I sez, gettin' mad. "Now, don't try to get smart. The goat has tried to butt me fifty times since I've been here, an' I guess I know him by sight, but this thing—"

He looked at me, an' see I was in earnest, an' then he took a match, wet it an' held it in a dark corner. "The goat was painted with that," sez he; an' I saw it all, an' I—well I just natchly shrivelled. Then I thought it all over. "Well, what was that thing that gave the spirit call in the cellar?" I sez.

"That was my college yell," sez Ches an' he give it again, an', gee, but it would 'a' made an Indian's mouth water! The's a heap more in a college education 'an I ever supposed the' was.

Next day we searched the barn an' found it just soggy with stolen stuff, an' we started the news around, an' it was claimed up, an' they collected a purse for us, an' as soon as Mr Cameron came back I took my half an' went on up to Frisco, bein' minded to shed my leather an' kick up my heels a little the same as I always want to do when I've been out to one o' these lonesome, quiet places for a spell.

Hu? Why they climbed a tree an' got in through a trap-door in the roof.

"Miranda, I want to ask you to marry me and to tell me—"

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"To tell me what date you and your mother have decided on for our wedding."

Items of Interest.

In the Rock of Gibraltar there are seventy miles of tunnels.

Young girls in Belgium are taught to do housework and marketing as part of their school lessons.


The residents of the United States are great readers. They read and support as many newspapers and magazines as England, France, and Germany combined.

The greyhound seems to have been developed in level, treeless and shrubless countries, where a moving object is visible at a long distance, and great speed is therefore necessary to enable a pre-daceous animal to overtake its prey.

King Edward's table-linen is of the finest material, and is specially manufactured. The designs are very handsome and elaborate, the Royal monogram predominating, with roses, shamrocks and thistles among armorial bearings. It is also made in sets, each tablecloth having a number of napkins to match it in design.

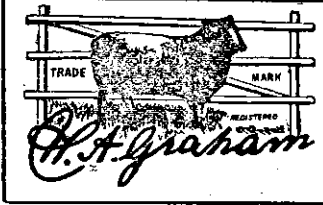
Boucicault's play of "London Assurance" was produced by some amateurs recently in a certain New England village. The house was crowded, and when the programmes were passed round, it was noticed that a suppressed snicker began to pervade the juvenile portion of the assemblage. This was subsequently explained by the discovery that the young lady who officiated as village schoolmarm was down on the bill to appear in the role of Lady Gay Spanker.

Mr. George Grossmith, the well-known British actor, long after the death of his father, received a tax bill assessing the income of the deceased at £2000. Mr. Grossmith returned the document with the following note written across it: "I am glad to learn that my father is doing so well in the next world; £2000 a year is a great deal more than he ever made in this. Kindly forward this notice to his new address, and remember me affectionately to him."



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BILLIARDS.

By AN EXPERT.

Comparing Stevenson and Inman, who recently met in London in a match 9,000 up, the "Daily Telegraph" says:—

"Stevenson is all grace and delicacy at the table. He affects the top-of-the-table game in its most intricate and attractive form. He builds up his breaks by sort range effects at the maximum speed. No more enterprising a scorer can be imagined. Opposed to him is a stolid and slow-scoring opponent, whose chief merit is the accuracy of his long-range strokes, and a partiality for the homely but paying losing hazard. Whenever Inman makes a break, he may be depended upon to move the balls to all parts of the table. It is his stroke-play not his accurate ball-control that keeps him going. He infuses an enormous amount of variety into the play, and a most palpable desire to put obstacles in the way of his opponents by the readiness with which he resorts to safety tactics. I take Melbourne Inman with Cecil Harriverson to be the two last remaining links with the old style of all-round billiards, but in a playing sense only, as both are of the new generation of cue-men.

"Stevenson fills the picture because of his masterly cueing, the fluency of his scoring, and the willingness he shows to

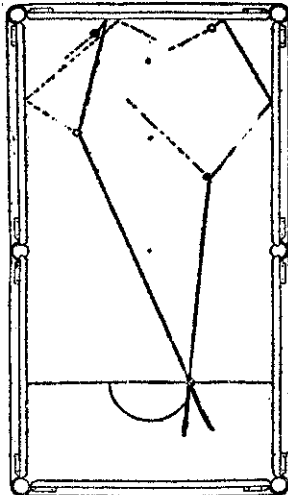
eighths of his 2,000 start on the first two days. Stevenson bustles about from the very start of the match as though he had not a moment to spare. He had a moral sway over his opponent, having twice beaten him on the same terms this season. The professional billiard player is only human, and, like the most humble of amateurs, he can be seriously affected by the conditions under which a game is conducted, and the personal qualities of his adversary. Quite unconsciously one man will follow the example of another. A slow player will tend to take all the dash and fire out of a usually quick scorer, who, in his turn, will at some time or another hypnotise one of the steam roller variety into a jumping-jack. There is no game where temperament tells more strongly than in billiards. It is not the work upon the table alone by which you judge the value of a player, much as his average will reveal his quality. The atmosphere of the game, the vagaries of the balls, and the characteristics of the players must also be taken into consideration. The man of good nerve is not such a winning factor as the one possessed of self reliance and will-power, which breed the true match-playing strain.

"We saw Inman on two evenings affected by the continual presence of Stevenson at the table, with the result that, in an involuntary kind of way, he was playing or, rather, trying to play, the same sort of game as his more talented opponent. He was up to his stroke at the beginning of each innings and between the scoring, in very short order, and lacking his usual hesitation. The consequences proved simply fatal to his effectiveness. The same sort of thing may be seen every day in other keenly competitive games, such as football, cricket, golf, tennis, etc. Personal equation is only to be fairly considered when the individual is left to his own devices without any distracting influences to rob him of his normal degree of skill, or conceivably, in the face of an inferior opposition, to indefinitely add to this. It was not the heavy flow of Stevenson's scoring which enabled him to wipe out all but a small remnant of the 2,000 start he is giving when only a third of the match had run its course. Inman, thus far, had failed to keep the game slow and abounding with studiously applied safety, which may be said to form his chief virtues as a billiard player of the front rank. He has won most of his matches by the exercise of these, the outstanding features of his best work. But, ill at ease and prone to be put off his game, in exactly the same manner that he has himself exercised on others, Inman showed how even the ordinarily most dependable of human beings may be temporarily shifted from their mental balance.

"Only when he began to come back to his usual style of play, a process borne of much trial and tribulation, did Inman succeed in holding his speedy rival. Then we saw the minimum of speed and a painstaking care over every shot, easy or difficult, so essentially Inmanesque. The recurring double-baulk and played safety seemed to make the time drag heavily, and Stevenson's pathway to his proportion of points became more and more set with such impediments. Inman was his real self now. Having outlived his demoralised state, he more than once seemed likely to reduce his opponent to a similar condition. Time was when Stevenson would have assuredly succumbed to the object-lesson in slow scoring before his eyes. There were moments, indeed, when he actually did evidence signs of being so impressed. But his longer experience, and determination not to be overcome by any such weakness, brought him back to his proper form. Still, Inman slowed his man down in very perceptible fashion at both sit-

tings on Thursday, when, for the first time, the scoring was of an even nature.

"Some of the niceties of Stevenson's manipulation, which escape the notice of most of the spectators under whose eyes they are accomplished, are illustrated on the first of the accompanying diagrams. Stroke 1 is ever a deceiver. The appearing cannon is passed lightly by the



Two variations of the drop-cannon, steering the balls to the head of the table, which invariably cause a thrill of doubt to the spectator when played by a skilled hand.

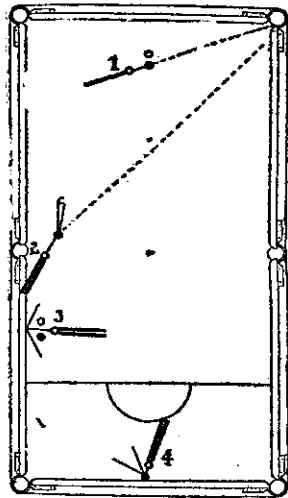
The continuous lines show the courses of the cue-ball, and the dotted lines show the movements of the object balls.

skilled top-of-the-table player, who, to the consternation of most beholders, pots the red ball. A shiver of apprehension goes through the room as the cue-ball passes onward and by the object white, or is screwed straight back, to change to a surprised ripple of surprised merriment at the holing of the coloured ball. Stroke 2 shows how, by one contact and the use of "side," the second object ball may be struck at either extremity, left or right, dependent upon the needs of position. Stroke 3 provides a description of the movement which it is possible, again by the use of "side" spin, to impart to the cue-ball after it has cannoned and passed through the object-balls. Stroke 4 tells, too, of the differing angles of rebound which a cushioned object-ball gives to the cue-ball according to the "side" and pace it carries. These examples provide little subtleties of the play that are not too easy to follow.

"Upon the second diagram there are two varieties of the drop-cannon from the D, the stroke which forms the open door to the top-of-the-table position. A disappointed "Oa, Ooooh!" will follow the career of the cue-ball as it runs past the second object-ball, to change almost immediately into a burst of laughter, as the cushion throws it back to the awaiting ball for a picturesque cannon. The stroke to the left of the diagram shows this particular form of drop-cannon. It is different altogether from the cannon off the off-side and end cushions, represented to the right of the diagram. This is a touchy affair, which keeps the spectators on the tenterhooks of doubt until the slowly-moving cue-ball successfully finds its second objective."

Amateur, holding five aces, leans over to professional poker player and whispers, "Billie, how would you play that hand?"

Professional replies, "My boy, if I were you I think I'd play under an assumed name."



Showing some of the niceties of close-range billiards.

keep the game bright by the aggressive methods he sets against the persistent safety of his rival. He seems to score twice as fast as Inman, whose efforts are cruditous as compared to the refinements of the scratch player's execution. It is gift of exceptional speed which makes Stevenson the wonderful scoring force that he is. He can pack more points into a couple of hours' play than most of his contemporaries can do in three hours. This faculty tells tremendously in his favour when the balls are running his way. Only those who can appreciate the ups and downs of the play, how the scoring runs in grooves, and the fickle conduct of the shimmering balls, will be able to gauge the value of consistently fast scoring. To be able to score a thousand points in an hour and a-half is a feat within the powers of Stevenson when circumstances are propitious, whereas most other players cannot exceed 750.

"Efficiency of pace, or inability to keep him with the scratch man seemed to be the chief reason of Inman losing seven-

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Christmas Notes from London

* A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED

* YULETIDE.

LONDON, January 1.

We have been having in the Old Country what some people refer to as "a good old-fashioned Christmas," which, being interpreted, means that the festive season has been bitterly cold, and the snow has been lying deep and white wherever it has had the chance to do so. ~~was~~ is not in London. The "good, old-fashioned Christmas" is no doubt all right in its way, providing you are in the right place to enjoy it, and you can still take a delight in snowballing and skating. Even in the country the old-fashioned winter entails some discomforts; in London, especially in the city, it entails all manner of unpleasantnesses. The snow falls, melts and freezes where it lays, and then out come men with carts full of ground rock-salt, which is liberally scattered over roadway and path. Under the action of the salt and the traffic the snow is rapidly churned up into a more or less aqueous slush of a chocolate brown or black colour, over or through which you slither and slide, according to its consistency. This slush has all the clothes-damaging qualities of city street mud, and has this further disadvantage: It possesses all the properties of a freezing mixture, and unless you wear stout goshoes over your boots, it will make your feet as cold as ice in the course of five minutes through it. Snow in London is indeed a thing to be dreaded, and anything like a really heavy fall entails tremendous expense and much misery to man and beast. As one colonial friend put it the other day: "Snow looks very pretty as a picture-post-card, and it's all right in some ways in the country, but in London it's simply too bad for words." But he proceeded to find some which seemed almost adequately descriptive. They at any rate very nearly expressed my own feelings with regard to snow in the Metropolis.

In the parks and open spaces of course a snowfall makes pictures entirely pleasing to the eye, and some of the grey old buildings of London look really beautiful under fresh-fallen snow. The Tower of London, for instance, was on Tuesday morning changed into a fairy palace, for the snow lay white upon its roofs and walls, and each iron bar and spike, each turret and bastion was made a thing of beauty by this soft and tender tracery.

There is also some humour to be found in the Snow King's art. Some of his decorative efforts compared to laughter, especially where statues are concerned. He had put a powdered wig upon George III's statue in Pall Mall. The manes of Landseer's lions in Trafalgar Square had grown white in a single night. Boarders on the Embankment wore a crown of snow, her mantle was of fleecy, here steeds were caparisoned in snow-white cloths, and her chariot was outlined with feathery flakes. A woolly beard had been given to the statue of W. E. Forster in the Embankment Gardens, and I made it a most excellent representation of Father Christmas. On the whole, however, snow in London is an unmitigated nuisance, and something worse. Snow, in fact, is the very first weather a big capital can know. For it is the next worst, but that may vary at any minute. Snow, when once it has fallen in any quantity, takes days and even weeks before it can be thoroughly cleared away, and the work may cost many thousands of pounds. In London a heavy fall such as we have experienced this week completely organizes traffic of all kinds, save that carried on below ground, and means the loss of untold money to shopkeepers and the trading community generally. The only thing indeed that can be urged in favour of the snow is, that its appearance gives a brief spell of employment to a large number of men. Even so it may be doubted whether it does not throw out of work a score of outdoor workers for every ten its intrusion causes to be employed.

CHRISTMAS IN SCOTLAND.

The storm which followed on the heels of Christmas Day in Scotland spent its full fury in the Aberdeen district. Such a blizzard is without parallel in the history of the Granite City. For twelve hours snow fell incessantly, and was driven before a tempestuous gale of wind. Aberdeen for a whole day was isolated from the outside world. No mails could reach the city, and business on Tuesday, December 9th, was practically at a standstill. Railways were snowed up, telegraph wires broken down; even the tramways had to stop. Montrose, a little further south, was also completely isolated. A pilot engine, which tried to get through to Montrose, was snowed up in a cutting, and the fireman and the driver had to be rescued with a ladder and rope. A train which left Aberdeen at 9 p.m. for the south, was held up on the line for three long hours, exposed to the full fury of a raging storm. The people on that train are not likely to forget their Christmas holiday of 1908, in a hurry. After moving along a few yards at a time, the train stuck in a snow drift, pulling up with a shock which sent every one off their seats, and scattered two tons of fish all over the guard's van. It was so cold that the passengers could hardly hold the cards with which they tried to beguile the weary hours until a track ahead was cleared.

The present arctic weather is perhaps even worse than the snowstorm of 1906, which began on December 25th and culminated on December 28th, in a terrible railway catastrophe at Elliott Junction, on the anniversary of the Tay Bridge disaster. During that gale the storm swept city of Aberdeen, which seemed to catch all the rough weather that is going, was cut off from the rest of the world for a couple of days, and it was an Aberdeen express which got piled up at Elliott Junction, killing twenty people and injuring many more. This Christmas the storm has been even more severe, but the fury of the wind has kept the snow from piling up to the same extent, and few towns have been cut off from the world. In many places it only wanted a sledge to complete an Antarctic scene, and at St. Andrews it was by sledge that his Majesty's mails reached the snow-bound inhabitants.

BERMONDSEY SCARED.

The Christmas holidays in the Old Country have passed without our pleasure being disturbed by any grievous railway catastrophe, or other heartrending fatality in the United Kingdom. The most serious occurrences indeed were a series of extraordinary gas explosions in Grange-road, Bermondsey, through which a boy lost his life and several children were more or less seriously hurt, and the burning of a cinematograph machine at an entertainment in a hall at Stratford, London, which caused a panic, resulting in injuries, chiefly of a minor character, to more than a score of women and children.

The Grange-road affair on Wednesday night easily has produced fearful results; indeed, it is really a matter of marvel that the effects of the explosion were so insignificant, seeing how densely populated the neighbourhood is and the tremendous force exerted by the exploding gas.

The first explosion occurred shortly before 9 o'clock. Several children returning home from a Christmas treat were passing a doctor's house when the pavement beneath their feet was hurled into the air. With it went four of the children, one, George Langley, being thrown a distance of 40 feet and instantly killed. His brothers, Willie and Alfred, and his sister, were hurled some distance.

The windows of the houses for a considerable distance on both sides of the doctor's residence were shattered, and so great was the force of the explosion that it could be distinctly felt a quarter of a mile away. People rushed in terror from the houses, many of the women bearing children which had been snatched hurriedly from their beds, in their arms. The street lamps were all extinguished by the explosion, and most of the jets in the houses also, and a fearful stench of gas pervaded. Realizing that something serious had occurred the police ran along

the street shouting "Put out your lights! Out with all lights!"

The first idea among many of the people was that an earthquake had occurred, and alarmed by the stories of the horrible scenes in Italy, they gathered together their valuables and stampeded from the danger area.

In less time than it takes to tell, however, another violent explosion occurred, and set at rest any doubts as to the nature of the occurrence, though it added to the terror.

The second explosion occurred within fifty yards of the other, at a beerhouse, where the flooring was blown into the air, and the roof of the premises completely collapsed. Fortunately there was no one in the house at the time, all the occupants having rushed out on hearing the first explosion.

Immediately afterwards a third upheaval of the pavement occurred close by, followed by flames bursting through the holes in the path. Hardly had these fires been extinguished by the brigade than a fourth explosion occurred opposite a factory, where the windows were blown out and considerable damage was done to the premises, but a water-main burst at the same time and prevented an outbreak of fire.

Shortly after, at the junction of Grange-road and Tower Bridge-road, the manhole of a sewer was blown up just as a two-horsed tram was standing over the spot. There was a loud report, a burst of flame, and the tram was lifted bodily into the air and dropped on the rails again. The jar was terrific, and all the passengers were severely shaken. Police and firemen were rushed to the spot in scores from every direction, and speedily subdued all signs of fire. The district was plunged in darkness, no light of any description being allowed in the danger zone. Huge crowds gathered on the scene of the catastrophe, but just before eleven o'clock an alarm was raised which scared the curiosity mongers to the rightabout. People rushed headlong away, shouting to everyone they met: "Keep off the pavement!" Startled pedestrians quickly sprang into the road and joined the frightened crowd. It was not till an early hour on Thursday morning that confidence was in a measure restored, and the people returned to their homes.

Nobles in Novels.

A gentle hint to those society novelists who give their characters noble rank is offered by the editor of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," the 196th issue of which has just appeared.

"How few," says the editor, "take the trouble, when introducing titled personages into their books, to verify the proper titles and relationship!"

"If only they would procure a 'Debrett' and consult it before putting pen to paper, they would avoid some of the more glaring errors which may be found in almost any novel introducing titles into its pages.

"And these mistakes are not by any means confined to new or obscure authors, those of well-known name being also frequently found tripping.

"Either the courtesy title does not fit the peerage referred to, or the succession to the title indicated is wholly impossible; or, again, the same character in the novel is designated by various titles in different parts of the book."

"Debrett" also contains a little statement which will be of considerable interest to students of heraldry.

While armorial bearings are given by the hundred, and "revised by the nobility and aristocracy," it is mentioned that quite a number of members of the Royal Family have no armorial bearings at all.

The Queen had none of her own until recently, when the College of Heraldry officially issued them—the arms of England impaled with those of Her Majesty as a Princess of Denmark. Many royal personages have, however, had no such arms issued, and as they cannot bear the arms of England (which are arms of Dominion) without a properly authorized mark of "difference" they have no coat of arms at all.

A HINT.

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity."

"Yes," said a listener, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here!"



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Medical Annual.

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BEST & GOES
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Peptonised Education

Written by PIERROT in London.

One of the most remarkable changes in England is the change in the methods of education. School, once at its worst a synonym for all that was dull and most repellent in forced instruction, has become to a grown-up mind a medium for delightful causeries and fascinating lectures. To a grown-up mind, one writes advisedly; for one fails to detect signs that the young idea is any more fascinated by French taught by coloured pictures and conversation, or geography instilled by means of diagrams of the school playground, than by the old drilling at French verbs, and lists of the rivers of India. The fact is that these things, like new toys, quickly lose their first charm, and are finally placed on the same terms of blase satiation as their predecessors.

The fact is that children tend to hate anything that in a wide sense is useful. I have satisfied myself of that over and over again. To expect to turn work into play is as wise as to expect to turn pain into pleasure. A boy likes it all the less because he believes that you are playing him false for your own ends. That's where I think the modern schoolmaster is making a mistake—and that's where, I believe, the wily schoolmaster is finding scope for some very remunerative quackery. I know a little girl who attends a school priding itself on the child's play of its decimals who cannot add six to nine without counting on her fingers; while her knowledge of the principles of any one subject is almost infinitesimal.

Without condemning much that is admirable in the new education, it must be admitted that there were some admirable points in the old. And the thoroughness of its ground-work was its best achievement. The new schoolmaster aims too much at ornament and superficial knowledge of a multiplicity of subjects, rather than at the fundamental training of the mind, which began to be neglected at least a decade ago.

Of course, there are other reasons than increased attractiveness for the reasonable simplification of a subject; and the greatest is economy of time. No sane man would return to the old method of teaching foreign languages—by which one left school knowing them, despite long years of teaching, no better than after a few months of practice on the direct or natural method. It is only reasonable to suppose that one best learns a foreign language as one learns one's own, by listening and by trying to talk. But no economy of time ought to entail a real sacrifice of training in the foundations of a subject. And that seems to be the evil in modern English education as well as in that by the colonies.

It seems to me that the difficulties of a schoolboy at school should be relatively on a par with the intellectual problems that will confront him in later life. But, as things seem to be drifting, I believe that the result will be a generation of people utterly averse to serious reading and even serious thinking. It seems almost as if the next generation would spend its time in explaining what should be the obvious to an enlightened mind.

At present there is little attempt to follow the French example of teaching ethics in the State schools, although a beginning is being made in this direction. It seems to be difficult to drive it into people's heads that the mission of education is twofold—a fitting for practical function, and an adaptation to social requirements. It has barely been perceived by the mass of the people that school should involve as much the training of a good citizen as the provision of an efficient worker. Indeed, even more so; for what the State undertakes should always be with a view to the State's direct advantage. And when one knows the hideously sordid surroundings of a vast proportion of the children of England, the need for idealism in education becomes painfully apparent. If it is not taught at school, it will remain untaught anywhere else.

It is inevitable, without question, that there must be constant changes in education, for nothing can remain unchanged in a changing world—in a world in which the spirit of change is gaining strength and accelerating at a rate based on geo-

metrical progression. The child to-day looks out on an earth, that from the intellectual point of view is utterly different from the earth of a hundred years ago. No more is he fettered and clamped to a corner of a town or a village. He lives amid kaleidoscopic change, amid wonders, and his mind embraces the globe, where once it struggled to realise a county. Steam, electricity and petrol, once the wonder of cities, are now the commonplace of the village; a trip to London means less than a journey to a remote market-town meant to our grandfathers; and there is hardly a child of ten in the depths of Cornwall but has seen hundreds of motor-cars dashing along the peaceful lanes. And when the education of life has so changed, it must follow that the education of the school will change too.

One is not surprised amid this vast material transformation to find that the functions of the school tend increasingly to be of a narrowly practical and specialist character. The "modern side" of a school provides a commercial training narrow enough to satisfy the most fastidious of merchants. Perhaps it is not recognised sufficiently that schools, besides keeping pace with what is best in civilised progress, have also to resist what is worst. One of the most evil symptoms of material advancement is the growing superficiality and contempt for that which is not immediately apparent. It should be, but is not, the business of schools to correct this by a study of principle and underlying theory. The teaching of modern life makes for the idealisation of the present; the teaching of the school is the best means of emphasizing the need for a regard for the future.

But at every turn in the road of ideal progress we are met by one unideal obstacle, that of Competition, which seems to be ever blocking our way, and sending us on sidetracks which lead us to endless material and intellectual waste. So it is in education. To enable us to pursue the highest ideals we should need nothing short of a sort of commercial disarmament of the nations. For competition requires not the absolute ideal in education or in anything else, but the breeding of monstrous types having the fitness to survive in a commercial world. That is where the shoe pinches, and that is where we have to make what is perhaps a fatal concession. For if commercial competition bids us breed anarchical monsters under penalty of destruction, breed them we must at the sacrifice of all ideals.

Bicycles at £4 4/.

Mr. Alfred Du Cros, who presided over the Swift Cycle Company's meeting at Coventry last month, said that the large majority of the British public no longer had sufficient money to indulge in cycles.

Price-cutting had been very prevalent, and makers were brought face to face with the necessity of having to sell bicycles at prices which were the lowest ever reached in the history of cyclomaking.

Machines were now being offered as low as four guineas apiece.

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APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL COUNCIL.

The Allenburys' Foods.

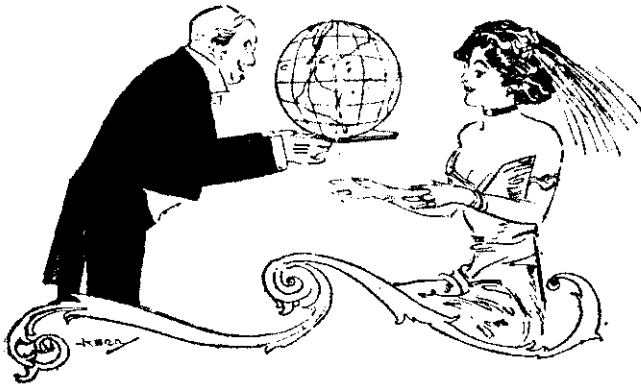
The "Allenburys" Milk Foods are the nearest approach to maternal milk that science has yet achieved. They provide, when used as directed, a complete diet for infants; promote vigorous health and growth; make firm flesh and strong bones; and are so graduated as to give the maximum quantity of nourishment the child is capable of digesting, according to age. Diarrhoea, digestive and stomach troubles are avoided when these foods are given, as by the method of manufacture, they are absolutely devoid of noxious germs, and therefore safer than, and superior to, cow's milk, especially in hot weather.

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ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., LONDON, and Bridge Street, SYDNEY.

"CUPID THE SURGEON"; An Amusing Book.



"To appease babies and women, give them what they think they want."

Comparatively few men are able to appeal successfully to the interest and affections of the opposite sex. They may be shrewd and clever in business deals, first-rate wing shots—but when it comes to making the right sort of impression on the woman of their choice they are lamentably deficient.

Observing this unfortunate fact, and indamed with desire to remedy the most important defect in his fellow-men, Mr. Herman Lee Meader has written, and the Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia, have published, a helpful volume on the subject, having the hope-inspiring title of "Cupid the Surgeon."

With true scientific thoroughness this author went direct to the fountain source of the whole matter, and, from the little rosy god himself, learned the valuable secrets which he imparts to his readers. Says Mr. Meader to begin with:

"There is only one thing in the world worth winning—a woman, yet man attempts to snare no other quarry with such crude pitfalls."

Elsewhere on this page are printed epigrams from "Cupid the Surgeon," which are guaranteed to show men how they can improve upon the lures and traps they have set in the past. Being epigrams, they can easily be committed to memory, and applied anywhere, on the spot of the moment. Perhaps the most encouraging one is this:

"Unlike bass and rabbit, woman wants to be caught—a wise provision of nature that deserves the never-ending gratitude of masculine stupidity."

Now enters the wisdom of Cupid in his surgical capacity. He understands the importance of diagnosis, which is necessary in the case of women for, unlike bass, they are extremely individual, and the bait that will be eagerly swallowed by one will be disdained by another.

Of course, it is impossible to furnish a diagnosis of the case of each individual woman in the world. Fortunately Doctor Cupid is able to overcome this difficulty. He separates them into four classes—the Conceited, the Sentimental, the Mercenary, and the Blase. Therefore, in a general way, there are but four separate and distinct processes involved in the great business of catching your woman.

Now comes a really big discovery. Each of these four typical women has special wants, but you don't need to consider them, and you can't, for she doesn't know what they are herself. But she knows what she thinks she wants—and there's where you get lured.

Perhaps, being a nice man, you are so stupid that you are unable at once to classify your woman. In that case a sure way of diagnosis is provided for you. Is she conceited, or sentimental, or mercenary, or blase? This is how you find out:

"First, give her subtle compliments, hugs next, then rubies, and lastly an automobile smash-up" and note carefully the effect of each. If the first three fail to win her, you may know that she is blase. Perhaps you can hire a cheap and worn-out automobile for the winning effort.

Having made your diagnosis, you proceed to operate on the lady's heart—the

only organ involved in these cases. But first, as the author is careful to point out, there is the necessary preliminary of "sterilising the instruments." You are the "instrument," of course, and you are "sterilised" by being prepared to go in and win.

There are two man-instruments that must be discarded at the start as quite useless. They are the stingy and the lazy man. To quote the author again:

"The real triumph of the operation depends upon four big carvers from the instrument case—strength, flattery, generosity and apparent sincerity."

If you are lacking in any of these qualifications, proceed to repair the deficiency in yourself before you begin on the woman. After that, jump in and win. It is merely a matter of—to use Dr. Cupid's phraseology transcribed by this author—"Dieting the Conceited," "Etherising the Sentimental," "Amputating the Mercenary," and "Trepanning the Blase." In your task of "dieting the conceited," don't imagine that any sort of loosely-constructed compliments will do. The woman whose charms have been sung from childhood has become a connoisseur of flatteries. She has her perfections all accurately catalogued, and likewise



"Unlike bass and rabbits, Woman wants to be caught—wise provision of nature that deserves the never-ending gratitude of masculine stupidity."

her blemishes. If you stupidly exalt her on account of the latter you are lost, for she will be convinced of your insincerity.

And avoid generalities in your compliments, for unless you discern charming details and particularise, she will not believe that you really give her more than a passing thought.

Be bold too. Tell her you are an amateur painter, and would like her to pose for the head; then pretend you are

slightly embarrassed and whisper with regret what a loss art sustains when Mrs Grundy prevents such a Venus from posing without such stupid accessories as diaphanous draperies and fig foliage.

"But I warn you that the lady is as voracious as a boa constrictor after a dormant fast." So if you weary in providing sufficient flattery, get your men friends to help you out—but see that they quote you with full credit to the author!

"Etherising the sentimental" is the



"The conceited woman not only relishes flattery, she requires it. As well expect shrubs to bud without rain, or clergymen to fatten without the guilty conscience of the tainted coin collectors in their parish."

most enjoyable operation of all—especially if you are built that way yourself. But don't keep the sentimental lady too long in a glass globe, "for the dear little doll has a real red heart, and even if it is under a glass globe, she is just pining for someone to break them both."

"You are going to have a perfectly lovely time, so draw up your chair, secure your napkin under your chin, and

your umbrella, for you are about to be deluged in real love."

Of course, there are women who scatter themselves over all these four classes. This means that you are going to have a hard fight of it. There is only one way—use a judicious mixture of all these operations. Don't mind the bumps she gives you—up and at her again!

Don't be afraid to fight to get her. There is sure to be a fight anyway. "The terms of surrender may be entirely satisfactory, but there must be a battle before the lady capitulates. She may consent to an armistice, and accept a long parley in place of actual hostilities, but without some pretence of resistance Cupid would be hailed before a court-martial and shot at sunrise by her own fair hands."

EPIGRAMMATIC UTTERANCES ON A GREAT SUBJECT.

There is only one thing in the world worth winning—A WOMAN—yet man

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Frock Coat and Vest	from 63.-
Dress Suit (Silk-lined)	84.-
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A choice of Tweeds, Flannels, Cheviots and Serges may be had. Kindly state which required—and the colour—when writing for patterns. Self-measurement forms on application. As a register is kept of all Customers' measures, an accurate fit is guaranteed.

RIDING BREECHES
cut on the most approved lines from 35/-

prepare to enjoy your sliced peaches and preserved cream."

"Amputating the mercenary" will prove a severe test of your powers, for you are amputating, not poulticing. "There is absolutely but one course to pursue—get a kit of tools like a cracksmen carries. You want a dark lantern, rubber-soled shoes, a jimmy, a black mask, and a six-shooter, and do it quick!

"Intimate that your reason for carrying an Ingersoll watch is a disdain for bau-

attempts to ensnare no other quarry with such crude pitfalls.

Considered broadly, there are four groups into which most women may be classified, the CONCEITED, the SENTIMENTAL, the MERCENARY, and the BLASE.

FLATTERY is that refinement of polite speech that enables a beautiful woman to realise her charms and an ugly one to imagine hers.

The real triumph of the operation depends upon four big carriers from the instrument case—STRENGTH, PLATTERY, GENEROSITY and APPARENT SINCERITY.

The Pasteur treatment may save you from rabies, but there is no anti-toxin in all materia medica that offers any relief to the young man bitten by a rejuvenated dame whose face is a panorama of warfare between crow feet and cosmetics.

woman as corset stays, and the martyr spirit is never deeper than the epidermis.

Give flattery to the conceited woman, promises of eternal fidelity to the sentimental one, precious gifts to the mercenary and sensational thrills to her who is tormented with ennui.

The man who never parleys over card fare, who never scans the prices on a wine list or a menu, and who hibernates when he's broke, carries an intalibio amulet against feminine criticism.

Supplement an erect carriage with an athletic swing to your walk, and a discreet amount of bluster about your prowess, and the woman will soon have a gladiator on a pedestal.

Nature's Patent Office.

The block and pulley, or "tackle," was a great mechanical discovery, but nature made every man carry several of these around with him at the very beginning of creation. The most important of these tackles is found in the eye. If you turn your eye to look at the tip of your nose you use this block and pulley, which is just as perfect as any erected on a ship to hoist sail. The muscle which moves the eyeball works through the block easily and smoothly, and without friction, for nature has supplied to all her machinery automatic or mechanical oil inventions. These never fail to work unless we are sick, and then the danger of a hot box is to be considered.

The invention of the safety valve for steam engines has saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars of property. It is an invention that stands prominently to the front in this age of mechanical progress. But nature supplied us each with a safety valve, which, for effectiveness, works better than any made by man. If we did not have this safety valve we would not live twenty-four hours. This safety valve is the perspirative or sweat gland, and, to make sure that we would not run short of the

supply, she has furnished the body with some 2,500,000 of them. If our temperature rose seven or eight degrees we would die within a few hours, and yet we could not run, row, play tennis, ball or even walk safely any distance without increasing our temperature to the danger point if we had no safety valve provided so ingeniously by nature.

The cup-and-ball socket and the air-tight valve were first used in the human body. If our hip joints and arms were not provided with air-tight sockets we would get too tired to continue our work for any length of time in just holding these limbs together by muscles. It is the pressure of the air which holds them in place, and thus all physical effort is avoided. In the various air-tight joints and sockets found in the human body one may find nearly all the mechanical principles involved in the air break or the use of the compressed air for a thousand different things.

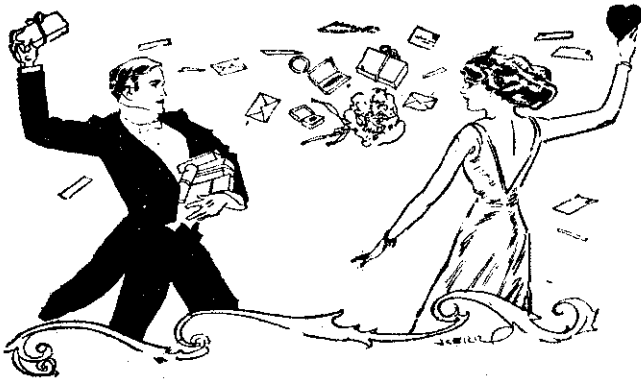
Some one exclaims that nature did not discover ball bearings, a mechanical device which has revolutionized the vehicular world. But the principle is almost developed in the ball of the hip bone and the socket of the hip, which are made so smooth and are so well oiled that they slide back and forth with practically no friction.—A. S. Atkinson, M.D., in "Harper's Weekly."

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TYLER & HARVEY,
Ship, Yacht and Boat Builders.



HAVE now commenced business in commodious premises with water frontage, and are prepared to supply Designs and Estimates for all classes of work. Motor Launches and Repair Work a Specialty.

47 Customs Street, Auckland.



"The terms of surrender may be entirely satisfactory, but there must be a battle before the lady capitulates."

TO APPEASE BABIES AND WOMEN, GIVE THEM WHAT THEY THINK THEY WANT.

First give her subtle compliments, hugs next, then rubies, and lastly an automobile smash-up.

The terms of surrender may be entirely satisfactory, but there must be a battle before the lady capitulates.

Ladies, therefore, I beg you to be artful. Oh! so artful, for without your finesse, our most aggressive gallantry is wasted. Were I allowed to give my despairing brothers but two words of advice, they would be, **PATIENCE** and **PERSEVERANCE**.

Women, by the environment of centuries, are small and narrow. They want to be big, and they admire bigness, just as everyone craves for that which he does not possess.

Skill in sincerity is acquired as it would be in archery—by practise. First, get a very stupid girl, and shoot her full of love darts; then gradually aim at more difficult targets until you will finally be able to lie with the shameless face of a mine promoter or a speculator in suburban real estate. At last you may rely upon a bull's eye at every shot, against even the most sophisticated of women.

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On the Shores of the Magnificent Lake Rotorua; one of the most commanding positions in the district. From its spacious balconies a wonderful view is obtained. Among the GREAT ATTRACTIONS this Popular Hotel has to offer are

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of the latest and most up-to-date design in SEPARATE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BATH HOUSES, situated on its own SPLENDIDLY LAID OUT GROUNDS, which are free to the use of visitors to this Hotel.

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SITUATED IN A UNIQUE POSITION CLOSE TO THE WONDERFUL GEYSERS AND MAORI SETTLEMENT.

From the verandah of this hotel visitors have constant opportunity of witnessing the Geysers playing, and of studying native life and customs.

The Hotel possesses its own private Hot and Cold Curative Mineral Baths, of which the most valued are the "Spout," "Oil," and "Carlsbad" Baths. It is furnished throughout in a most luxurious style, and is on a par with the leading Continental Spa Hotels.

TARIFF: From 10/6 per day.

F. WATKINSON, Proprietor.

News, Notes and Notions.

The wealthier members of the English aristocracy, who are just now wondering how they can contrive to make out a case against "predatory" Radical taxation, have good grounds for feeling annoyed at an exhibition of tactlessness—as it will appear to them from the political standpoint—of which the Duke of Westminster has been guilty. He has chosen the present inopportune moment, when Mr. Lloyd-George confesses that he must presently rob "somebody's hen roost," to issue a notice to the worn-out old workers on his estates, withdrawing the small pensions which it has been the long-established custom of his family to allow them, and curtly telling them that they must apply to the Government for pensions. The Socialists have promptly represented this incident as an example of the greed and meanness which they consider to be characteristic of the class of people who do not know what work means, and who derive their incomes exclusively through the toil of others. The young duke has certainly committed a rather stupid blunder. He inherited a few years ago property valued at the enormous sum of £16,000,000. He is understood to draw from it an almost fabulous income, and there can be no question as to his feeling any need for economies at the expense of a few decrepit retainers on his estates who are tottering on the brink of the grave. Moreover, he must be as fully aware as anyone else in the country that a Government pension of 5/ a week is not sufficient for an old person to live upon who is without other support, and that by saving a few pounds in terminating the allowances, he is consigning at least some of the old people to the workhouse. His action is, fortunately, not typical of the spirit of his class, as the Socialists prefer to believe. Kindness towards old tenants and servants is the rule, not the exception, among the English aristocracy.

In a series of 500 brains, the lowest and highest will, in fact, differ as much as 650 grams in weight, but there will be found no constant relation between the weight and the intelligence. It is significant, indeed, that men of small stature, weak health, and even physical infirmity, have, if anything more than an ordinary chance of becoming famous. Their attention is limited, and they are stimulated to win out in spite of their handicap. Pasteur is a clear case of a truly great man. He was paralysed on one side from 1868 until his death in 1895, but, as Berthollet says, it was after he was stricken that his inventive genius perhaps shone more brightly. Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Von Hartmann hardly had a well day in their working lives. Pope was so feeble that he could hardly draw on his own stockings. Napoleon was of small stature and of weak health and physique.

The professional reporter may become extinct even before the war correspondent if matters develop much further. We are growing accustomed in England to the cricketer who makes his centuries and takes his wickets again in the evening on paper for the next morning's journals (says the "Pall Mall Gazette"); but we have not yet quite reached the murder trial reported day after day by the prisoner, although some incidents during and after the Camden Town trial rather tended that way. But America has attained this pitch of authentic impressionism. Mr. Jenkins Hains, the novelist, now on trial for murder, is supplying the Press with daily instalments of abuse of the witnesses for the prosecution, varied by compliments to the personal attractions of the dead man's widow. In time, no doubt, some enterprising pioneer of the newest journalism will engage not only the prisoner, but all the witnesses, counsel on both sides, the judge, and the court usher to record their daily impressions, while the jury will contribute accounts of the progress of their views.

A social culture club was started recently by the teachers and pupils of Vashon College, in the State of Washington, U.S.A., with the object of improving the table manners of the young people. Fines were imposed on the members who broke the ordinary rules of good behaviour at table, and these are some of the fines:—Using toothpick in public, 1d.; hand in pocket at table, 1d.; smutting under table, 1d.; not sitting erect at table, 1d.; tilting chair back, 1d.; talking with mouth full, 1d.; uncomplimentary remarks about food, 1d.; placing another dish on plate, 1d.; knife or fork misplaced, 1d.; spoon left in cup, 1d.; incorrect holding of knife or fork, 1d.; arms or elbows on table, 1d.; over-reaching, 1d.; eating from knife, 1d.; buttering bread on tablecloth, 1d.; talking across from table to table, 1d.; sparring bread with fork, 1d. The effect on the table manners of the students is said to have been nothing short of a miracle.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is building the largest bridge in the world. It will connect the mainland of New York with Long Island, and, with its approaches, will be three miles long. The greatest span, over Hell Gate Channel, will be 1000ft long. The bridge will be 140ft over the water, permitting the passage of the tallest vessels. The entire structure, except the piers for the arch, will be of steel, having an estimated weight of 80,000 tons. It will have four tracks, two for passenger trains and two for freight, and is designed for live loads on each of the tracks of two 190-ton locomotives, followed by a uniform load of 5000lb per lineal foot. The estimate cost is between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000.

A startling demonstration of the ease with which a great city may be destroyed by bombs thrown from a dirigible airship was furnished on the night of December 18 at Los Angeles, California. The aeronaut, Mr. Roy Knabenshue, in a heavy rainstorm, ascended after dark, unobserved even by those who were watching for him, and dropped scores of confetti shells on the City Hall and other large buildings. Mr. Knabenshue travelled in a circuit of 18 miles and when he descended had theoretically demolished the entire town. The experiment was carried out with the permission of the military authorities, and was to be repeated shortly over the skyscrapers of New York.

the heiress of Barabbas Rockydollar, the multimillionaire, and Angelina, the portionless child of poor Bishop van Brut, whose salary was barely £50,000 a year — "You are charmingly arch," said Bertie to Ethelberta, as he took her into dinner. "It is in the family," she replied archly. "My grandfather was an archdeacon." . . . Angelina's feet strayed listlessly over the pedals of the pianoforte. "I hate music," said Bertie, in low, vibrant tones. . . . Bishop van Brut will be remembered as the author of the famous 5000 dollar prayer that won the prize in the "Jollier's Weekly" competition. . . . "My ancestors came over in the Edna Mayflower," said Bertie, proudly, in an-

The Parisians have a new catchword, which is the equivalent of "If you want to know the time ask a policeman," which held London in thrall for so long. You meet a friend upon the boulevards. "What time is it?" "I'll telephone and see," he answers. The joke was hatched by M. Sacha Guity in a little two-act farce at the Theatre Antoine. The clock has stopped. One of the characters catches up the telephone book, picks out a name at hazard, rings up its owner, asks him the time, and then rings off. The notion was so new, and so absurdly, aggravatingly possible, that the house rocked with laughter at it, and telephoning for the time has become one of the favourite jokes of Paris.

Set a photographer to catch a thief must be the new rendering of the old adage. The subject of a flashlight picture is often a little nervous at his first experience, but seldom with such good cause as the Pittsburg (U.S.A.) town Councillor, who made an involuntary record upon the camera the other day. He was keeping an appointment with a contractor in order to receive payment of certain "boodle," and just as he was counting over hundred-dollar notes, in order to see that honour had been kept among thieves, there was a flare and a puff of smoke, and the unhappy servant of the public knew that he was betrayed. The photograph, we are told, "came out well," and is now going the round of prosecuting officials. The Councillor is said to be a candidate at the forthcoming elections, but it is improbable that this particular likeness will be chosen for circulation by his ward committee.

An American woman, Olive Herford, has dared to publish a skit upon the works of Mr. Charles Danby Gibson, the portrait painter of Miss America idealised. Her book is called "The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet, or the Gentle Art of Illustrating," and it is extremely clever, says an English paper, reviewing it. The heads are heads of Gibson girls—no youths; the bodies are made up of jointed pieces like wooden dolls, to suggest the woodenness of the Gibson figures. But when put together they have the attractive and bold lines which Mr. Gibson has stereotyped. The pictures are nearly all of them full of cleverness, of artistic caricature. The picture of Bertie van Ordinaire dining between Angelina and Ethelberta, hidden behind his shirt-front and jaquet collar, as they are behind beauty roses, is extremely clever. The letterpress is even cleverer. Ethelberta was

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swer to old Rockydollar's first question. "So did mine," rejoined the old man, blandly, "but they were crushed to death on the voyage." This book is admirable fooling, and the pictures are rather pretty, as well as very witty. There are many subtle points, such as giving the bishop, the butler, the billionaire, and the doctor the same face, and all three girls the same face, and all the men at Bertie's club the same face, to satirise Mr. Gibson's sapience:—"What is your fortune?" said Bishop van Brut, dryly. "My face is my fortune," replied Bertie. "You must owe a lot of money, then," said the bishop, eyeing with suspicion the cigar which Bertie had given him.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr John Burns remains easily in the front rank as an interesting study on the personal side of English politics. The ex-Socialist and stump orator continues to exercise his old art at intervals on the conservative majority which controls the London County Council—as often as a middle-aged man with a taste for music contrives to retain some of his youthful deftness of hand at the fiddle or piano by snatching occasional half-hours from a busy existence for hurried practice. But ordinarily Mr Burns is now a person of

grave and responsible air, precise of speech, confident and relentless towards his former associates in the handling of facts, exceedingly difficult to trip up, always careful in laying his mines, not seldom a statesman in breadth of view, and hesitant to the point of Toryism in his attitude towards experimental sociologists. How often he makes the Unionists chuckle by his efforts at judicial caution! Gladly would some of the leaders take him to their hearts, and, if the political rules and conventions permitted, keep him snugly in the chair of the Local Government Board when their party returns to power. Every day in the week since winter began he has found it necessary to impart a lesson in public economy and prudence to some reckless or foolishly philanthropic committee which has approached him with a scheme for spending other people's money. He declares that under Parliamentary pressure he has already gone far in that direction beyond the limit which his own judgment approves. The Socialists, his bitterest enemies, declare that he now adds habitual niggardliness to his arrogance. He replies that, on the contrary, he fears he has been, from the national point of view, dangerously indulgent towards them. "Since I have been in office," he has told a deputation from Battersea

(which first tried to wheedle and then to threaten him), "I have spent £700,000, and I have done more harm by that than I have done good in all my life before."

Alcohol in Germany.

In Germany alcohol is produced from almost all materials containing carbohydrates, such as potatoes, fruits, including cherries, plums, and other stone fruits, berries, grapes, currants, raisins, wine, wine lees, fruit and wine cake, rye, barley, wheat, corn, darr or sorghum etc., but the greater portion is manufactured from potatoes.

During the year just passed the quantities of the principal materials used in the production of spirits were, in metric tons of 2204.6 pounds, as follows:—Potatoes, 2,727,493; barley, 172,201; rye, 103,352; corn and darr, 104,347; other grain 23,772. Gallons: Cherries, 12,684; plums, 64,368; other stone and kernel fruits, 43,116; berries, 2927; wine lees, 949,112; wine and fruit cake, 272,207; grape skins, 6,757,190.

From 2,727,493 tons of potatoes (100-218,204 bushels of sixty pounds each) consumed in the various distilleries, 78-

445,157 gallons of alcohol were produced, or 77.3 per cent. of the total output—101,473,315 gallons.

The potato in Germany has been brought to a high state of perfection by an elaborate scheme of scientific fertilizing and cultivation, organised by the Bureau of Agriculture, and by continued experiments from year to year, until the whole system of planting, cultivating and harvesting has been reduced to exact practical methods.—Consular Report.

Bad Complexion

Then cosmetics won't do much good. The trouble lies deeper—in the blood. Perfect beauty only comes from perfect health. To obtain it you need a medicine that will quickly and gently correct the trouble, and thousands of women have proved that the safest and most effective remedy is

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If your retailer does not stock them send in penny stamps to G. BONNINGTON, Christchurch, and a box will be sent post free.

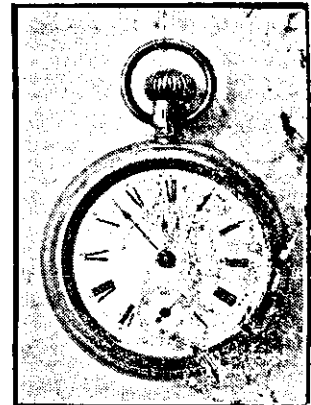
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SERGES

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Plan I. Send Us a Postal Order for 6/-

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FOX'S SERGES HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND SO WILL THE FOX WATCH.

The First New Zealand Consignment of these Remarkable Timekeepers, just to Hand.

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Get this out and send to
W. J. RAINGER, WATCH DEPARTMENT,
P.O. BOX 417, AUCKLAND.

Verse Old and New

Fatlet's Soliloquy.

Hips must go.—Fashion Note.
 Mrs. White adjusted the corset with a few deft movements, and presto!—the model was hipless.—News Item.

To lace, or not to lace, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the flesh to suffer
 The pinch and squeezing of outrageous fashion
 Or sit down upon this dire announcement
 And, by opposing end it? To gasp, to pant
 No more, and being fat, to say we end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 The flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To tug, to pull,
 To squeeze, perchance to pinch! Aye, there's the rub!
 For in this chub of style what frets must come
 Ere we may nullify this mortal flesh
 Must give us pause. There's the tight sleeves
 That make calamity of reaching up:
 For who would bear the grip of bone
 and steel.
 The stifling steam within the Turkish bath,
 The rubbing of masseurs, the gulping down
 Of powders and of pills of anti-fat,
 The stunning sweets and farinaceous food,
 When she herself might her contentment make
 In a loose wrapper? Who would corsets wear
 That neither let her walk nor stand nor sit,
 But that the dread of being out of style,
 That bridge-whistless existence, from whose boume
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear the ills we must
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus, fashion doth make cowards of us all
 And thus the native girth and size and plumpness
 I, skinned o'er with hands of crushing grip,
 And lose the name of fatness. Easy, now,
 My good dressmaker! Nymph, in my directorie
 Be all my fat forgotten!

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Why?

Why is it, Lord, that we should stay
 And work the long, long, weary day,
 While those we love so tenderly
 Are called above to dwell with Thee?
 Why those whose work seems but begun
 Are called away as though 'twere done,
 While others, inefficient stay,
 Though longing to be called away?
 Thou knowest all, and Thou alone
 Canst tell why these strange things are done:
 Thou rubest, and with boundless love
 Dost guide us all from heaven above,
 We know Thou dost what is best,
 And when we, too, will be at rest,
 We then will know, and not till then,
 Why all our plans could not have been
 When in that realm of heavenly light,
 We there shall see that all was right,
 And wonder why we questioned so
 At what seemed strange to us below.

By John Stirling.

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The Legacy.

The poet died, and to a friend
 He left his writing desk;
 Another got his manuscripts,
 A third his pipe grotesque,
 "The editor," so ran his will,
 "Receives the cedar chest
 Wherein the fruits of all my toil
 In tens and twenties rest."
 The editor he straightway sent
 His resignation in,
 "For now I need not work," he cried,
 "I'll loaf and spend my tin."
 But when he got the chest, behold!
 The legacy he found
 Was but his own rejection slips
 In bundles neatly bound.

Spring.

Hymn of Success at the Government
 Land Ballot.

There are many things I the year
 That makes up man's estate;
 Some come wi' fame, an' some wi' gear,
 Some heavy wi' debate.
 But syne I left the muckle boat
 Tae pad ma ain canoe,
 The best hae can, let it be wrote;
 For I'm a cocatoo!

Across o' vale an' hill galore,
 The letter says are mine,
 And they maintain, ere I explore,
 A' guid for rye an' swine;
 The neighbours crack at sic a rate,
 I'm shure it mair be true;
 Sae cheer up, lass, for Kate, oh, Kate,
 I am a cocatoo!

Horses an' cotts, an' droves o' sheep,
 An' mout out on the grass;
 The finest corn, a first-rate neep—
 Our fortune's made nae less;
 A blithe, blithe blink o' fortune's smile,
 O' faur argout ma due;
 I'll drive ye out in richt fine style,
 Syne I'm a cocatoo!
 Our past days hae been troubled, lass,
 Like Rotorua's sel';
 Though sunny showers, wud often pass
 An' cast a welcome spell;
 But now, oh Kate, we're leavin' a',
 Our time o' trial's through,
 On pastures green our footsteps fa',
 Syne I'm a cocatoo!

A fairer fame, a peacefu' life,
 Toil kens a warmer blanket,
 An', wife Kate, oh Kate, ma wife,
 The Government be thankit,
 An' what our friends the tidings find—
 What visions fill the view—
 It wud employ the best yin's mind
 Tae think a cocatoo!

—Heather Lintie.

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Dreams of Youth.

The long, green blades of waving corn
 In my father's field, so long ago,
 Stirred by the winds of the dewy morn,
 Fluttering, swaying to and fro,
 Whispered to me a story sweet,
 Of life when youth and manhood meet.

Sometimes in the restful eventide,
 As I watched the slow-rising moon
 Climb up the old earth's eastern side,
 And scatter its rays in a gay festoon,
 The tasks of the field were then forgot,
 And I was chained with a happy thought.

Ah, bright were those 'castles in the air,'
 I wove in the midst of Nature's heart;
 They came, bright hopes, and still are there,
 And I would not have them depart;
 They are sweet as songs of the hunter's horn,
 Those dreams I dreamed 'mid the fields of corn.

A happy flood of light and thought
 Would fill me with enchantment wild;
 Its promise as I toiled and wrought,
 Was food for me, fell Fancy's child,
 As shadows played beneath the rows
 And I a king and with no foes.

The dews of night came gently down
 In blessings rich on corn blades long;
 The silences all sound would drown
 Save some loud-buzzing insect's song;
 Bright hopes of youth, like fallen leaves,
 Have flown as Time has reaped his sheaves.

Sometimes my burdened heart o'erflows,
 In musing o'er the scenes of life;
 God in His perfect wisdom knows
 The purpose of the stress and strife,
 The years have longer paths revealed
 Than were the rows in my father's field.

And yet, it may be after all,
 A crown will come for all my toil,
 For Fame's rich prizes often fall
 To those who burn the midnight oil,
 Who know? As the years unfold, for-
 sooth,
 They may come true, those "dreams of youth."

By Willis George Emerson.

"Having held a position as field umpire to the South Australian Football Association, and having to go under rather severe training, my constitution had a very severe strain. The tonics I took did not benefit me. I then tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and can faithfully say that it did me a wonderful amount of good. In fact, it built my system up so that I could go through my training without an effort.



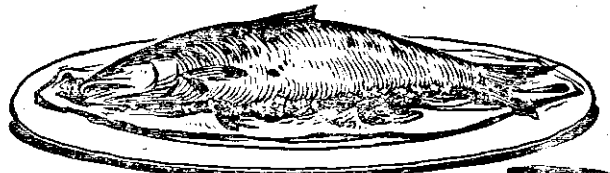
PHIL A. BLACKMAN,
 Now of Penola, S. A."

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

imparts force and vigor, and builds up the whole system to withstand the severe trials and tests which sooner or later come to all of us.

As now made, Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no alcohol. Be sure you get the old reliable Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not some other kind that will only disappoint you.

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FISH has an exquisite delicacy imparted to it by the addition of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

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SOUPS, STEWS, HASHES, &c.



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INVIGORATING

Anecdotes and Sketches

A RASH CONCLUSION.

"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one, and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I live has just died and left me—"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such a recent bereavement. If I could only believe that you are sincere—"

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours."

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too bad! You say he left you?"

"Yes, he has left me."

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless; but with you by my side—why, she's fainted!"

"I AM NOT SURE, ARE YOU?"

People had such colossal faith in Lincoln that they were willing to stake anything and everything on his honesty.

The very consciousness of his honesty of purpose gave him a tremendous power with court and jury, in illustration of

which Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, relates the following story:

Lincoln was engaged to defend a stranger in a Western town, charged with murder. The murder was such a brutal one, and the circumstantial evidence so complete and convincing, that even Lincoln himself, after a most careful investigation, conceded that everything seemed to point to his client's guilt.

He had thought a great deal on the case, he told the men in the jury box, and that, while it seemed probable that his client was guilty, yet he was not sure. With those marvellously honest eyes of his he looked the jury straight in the face and said, "I am not sure. Are you?"

So great was the faith of the jury in Lincoln's honesty that they acquitted the defendant, and the real criminal was afterward convicted and punished.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The weary tramp noticed in his travels that a certain villa in a London suburb had a Scottish name, and he determined to use this knowledge. Glancing again at the house, he saw at the window a big, fair-bearded man wearing a Tam O'Shanter.

"A Scotchman for certain," he murmured to himself; "I must adopt the accent."

He walked up and rang the bell, and the big-bearded man appeared to answer.

"How's a wi' ye, mon, the day?" said the tramp. "Ah'm doon on ma luck, faddie, an' makin' for Glesca, ma ahn toon. Ah ken richt weel a brither Scot like yersel' winna see a kintramon in

sic sair necessity wi'oot handin' oot a helpin' hand."

"Min' vriendt," said the big-bearded man, "I ondershtand ned red Gihnese. I was Cherman, and spik only der language of mine own gountry and der Anglesch. I dink you peiter usk a bolliceman where der Gihnese gonzal lif, and 'taps he send you back to your own gountry free of charge."

"A Dutchman, after all! Wat a sell!" muttered the astonished Cockney tramp, as he went down the steps.

"Na, na, ma liddle," chuckled the householder to himself. "Ye dinna tak' me in. Ye're nae mair Scotch nor Ah's German."

DISINTERESTED MAN.

A year ago, when the broker had requested that his wife write him a few lines occasionally from the summer resort, this good lady sent not only the few words requested, but many others, all relating to the subject of dress. "What we wore yesterday, to-day, and what the children will wear to-morrow," with minute details, was the monotonous news received by the broker from his family.

This year, as the man was bidding his wife adieu, he said, "Send me a line on your arrival, but for heaven's sake, don't hang the family wash on it!"

BISHOP'S WIT.

The letter of Bishop Bloomfield to one of his refractory clergy, whose views of ritual did not correspond with his own, is a witness of terse wit and savage humour. The clergyman, in defending ritual, quoted the authority of Saint Ambrose. The Bishop replied—"Sir, Saint Ambrose was not the Bishop of London, and I am,—Yours, etc., W. Lord."

On one occasion Bishop Lloyd (Bishop of Tetford, a suffragan of Norwich) noticed in a village he was visiting the flag on the church tower flying half-mast, and inquired of the sexton—"Who

is dead?" "There ain't nobody dead," explained that official, "but we don't fly no higher for sufferin' bi-shops; we only give the hull length of the pole t' a real bi-shop."

Surprises are sometimes in store for bishops. An ordination was approaching, and some candidates for the ministry were invited to the palace for their examination and preparation for Holy orders. One of the candidates failed to pass the examination, being rather deficient in the knowledge of that wonderful work, "Butler's Analogy." Before leaving the palace, the bishop spoke a few kind words to him, expressing the hope that he would present himself at the next ordination and be able to pass satisfactorily. "Don't forget the Butler," said the bishop. "Oh, no, my lord; that is all right; I gave him half-a-crown this morning." From "The Old-Time Parson."

A PROFITABLE INNOVATION.

Colonel White: "I understand that your congregation is in a fair way to get the church debt paid off soon?"

Parson Bagster: "Yassah, Uhnnd! Yassah; 'breged to yo', sah, for askin'. De Lawd sholy do 'pear to be wid us in our financials, de-se days, mo' specially since we done engaged a one-armed man to take up de c'lection. Dat's an idee, sah, dat our new-converted brudder, Ahstah-Jack Pullyan, the reborned gambler, man, putt us up to. How true 'tis, as de 'Postle says, dat de child'en o' darkness am wiser dan de child'en o' light. Hadn'tah been for Brudder Jack we never wouldah thought o' dat scheme in de livin' world!"

DON'T FORGET THAT...

"SCOTT'S EMULSION"

IS JUST AS USEFUL FOR SICKNESS IN SUMMER AS IN WINTER

The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow, and of every succeeding day is

HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP? If you have not, you have not done your duty by your skin and complexion. If, on the other hand—that is on both hands, and on the face, and on the skin generally—you **HAVE** used **PEARS**, you can feel happy, for you will have done the best that possibly can be done for the skin's health and beauty. There can be no question about that.

PEARS has been making beautiful complexions for nearly 120 years.

PEARS

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

VOLUNTEER NOTES

(By RIFLEMAN.)

The No. 1 Natives' signallers will hold the annual examinations at the Drill Hall on Monday, February 22nd.

The Victoria Rifles have this season won the Kauri Cup, the Gordon Shield, the Walsh Hooster, and the South Auckland Bauer, in tennis matches.

Colonel Tison, one of the Defence Council, is at present in Auckland in connection with the mounting of the new mark 7 guns at the North Road.

No. 1 Company Garrison Artillery put up a Dominion record at Fort Takapuna from the quick-firing gun, and the figures are causing keen competition.

There is a possibility of the Ranzai Mounted Rifles being considerably strengthened in the near future by the formation of a troop at Kawhia.

The No. 1 Natives are still in a flourishing condition, and new members continue to enrol, three more new members throwing in their lot with the company on Monday night.

It is many years since the rifle championship came to Auckland. It. Douglas, of the A. Battery, being the last winner; Capt. Cox, who won the coveted star, by killing fourth place, in 1904, and Carlsen and Patrick, who filled sixth place, have been the nearest to it since Douglas's win. This year Auckland will have about 35 representatives, and should make a bold bid for the championship.

A combined field day for the King Country rifle clubs has been arranged for the 24th February, when the Upper King Country Rifle Club, Ohura, Kakahi, and Kio Kio Clubs will assemble at Kakahi, where field firing will be practised. A meeting will be held after the field exercises to consider the question of providing a trophy for annual competition, and also consider the question of adopting a uniform.

The Newton Rifles will be represented at the New Zealand Defence Forces Rifles Association's championship meeting at Trentham in March by 7 members, viz., Sergt. MacKerras, Corp. Mudge, Privates Murphy, Boys, Sorensen, Lyford, and Hall. The team is a fairly strong one, and its members should give a good account of themselves in the various matches, as well as in the championship series. Sergt. MacKerras is manager of the team, and Corp. Mudge captain.

Speaking on universal military training, in the House of Lords, Lord Roberts concluded thus: "We are locks in a living chain pledged to transmit intact to posterity the glorious heritage we have received from those who have gone before us in this place. (Cheers.) We know the world is altering, and, indeed, that the conditions of international politics in both hemispheres are changing with unexampled rapidity. Upon the one hand, it is agreed that naval development, in many countries simultaneously, is bringing about a fundamental change to the conditions of sea power. Upon the other hand, we as an Empire have the means of making land frontiers exist, although our military resources are insignificant by comparison with those of the Great Powers of Europe and Asia. It is the most vital necessity of our situation that we should have in the future, as in the past, not only the strongest and most powerful Navy, but complete strategic freedom for that Navy. (Cheers.) Under these new conditions, we can never again enjoy that freedom without a total change in our military arrangements. The Navy, under present circumstances, is fettered to Home waters as it never was before, and without a military force sufficient of itself to make the British Empire safe and to keep these Islands secure under the initial circumstances of war, it surely must be plain to everyone who will give the matter a thought that our military weakness, if continued, will be the primary cause of the loss of our naval supremacy. It is my absolute belief that without a military organisation more adequate to the certain perils of the future, our Empire will fall from us and our power will pass away." (Cheers.)

In the competition for representatives at Wellington rifle meeting, held at the Victoria Rifles, the following succeeded in winning their place: W. Cox, McIvor, Jones, Jack, Yoo, McCarthy, Brownlee, and J. St. Preston. The following members are also attending the meeting: Sgt. Marks, Sergt. Anderson, Corp. Patrick, J. J. Preston, John Preston, E. Preston, Carlsen, Rowe, and Tobin. The corps will be very strongly represented, and should give a good account of this shooting competition. The Engineers have come out of camp after undergoing a course of 16 days' training. The camp was held at Fort Calety, and looking at it from a working standpoint, it is without doubt the hardest and most successful camp the corps has ever held. The engineering staff officer for the Dominion, Lieut. Dizon, was with the corps throughout the camp, and with him was Sergt. 2nd Major Middle. Enough praise cannot be said of the untiring efforts on the part of both the officers in giving instruction. Nothing was too much trouble for them, and to a large extent the success of the camp was due to them. One evening the electrical section went out with the cable cart, and had about 4 miles of wire, and connected up the telephones. This section has made wonderful progress, and was under the command of Lieut. Butler and Sergt. Marks. The field sections did some particularly good work in laying out wire entanglements, both high and low wire in lines. The sections were under Lieut. Hewson, Sergt. Burgess,

and Sergt. Fricker. The signalling section got in a lot of good work with the flags in the morning and helios on Saturdays and Sundays, and used the line lamp and Megh's lamp at night. They got into communication with the H.M.S. Cambrian in the stream, Fort Bastion, and a party of the College Rifles at Mt. Eden. There were a good many recruits in this section, and the work done by them was particularly good, four of them who only joined a month ago qualifying for a badge; this speaks well for instruction received from the staff officers. The section was under Sergt. Love. The corps is only wanting a few more men, and next year will probably see the company making a big bid for the Engineer Shield of the Dominion. It is hoped that this year it will secure second place. One word about the discipline: This was a particularly good feature about the camp. During the whole camp there was no need to reprimand one man, and the lights went out together as soon as the first note of lights out was sounded, there being no disturbance afterwards. The corps should secure 100 per cent for discipline.

The Sink of the Seas.

It lies between the meridians of 40 deg. and 75 deg. west, and between the parallels of 20 deg. and 35 deg. north, and Columbus first brought back to Europe the story of its being. Yet the old-time navigator's account was very hazy and uncertain.

He spoke of a vast stretch of marshy weed, spreading from horizon to far horizon; a place of dim, uncertain horrors, reaching out grasping tentacles toward the broad seas, luring by its uncanniness unsuspecting ships into its rapacious maw, from which no craft might ever hope to win freedom.

And to-day, more than 400 years since

Columbus voyaged forth, but little is known of the weird Sargasso Sea.

Long ago, in the backwaters of time, great rivers poured their mighty floods toward the sea, and on their swift currents were borne vast fragments of vegetation, clinging driftweed, ancient tree trunks, the amazing litter that throngs a river's tide. From the far south, like a river in the sea, great currents swept, all-conquering, lashing the verdant South American coasts, tearing from thence great clumps of weed, long matted tangles of grasses, more driftweed, more vegetation. These currents rebounded from the Mexican Gulf and swept circling out to the broad Atlantic, but other currents met them there, and a gigantic maelstrom ensued. All floating debris was swung into the vortex of this huge floating conflict of rushing water, and little by little, yet resistlessly, the various detached portions of weed took hold one upon the other, until in the slow progress of time a great bed was formed—a floating island—lashed on its borders by the seas, but tranquil and unmoved in its midst. Centuries added to its bulk, the rivers of the Americas contributed their quotas to the whole, and now the entire stretch is one swaying, floating continent, without foundations, treacherous, awful immutable.

Mariners know it, but they shun it as the plague. It is an unhallowed place. Its grasp spells slow and lingering death. Woe betide the unfortunate sailing ship that once gains a position near it, for insidious currents run sub-surface to drag the helpless, windless craft into its maw, where enticing channels open up to allow the inward passage of a vessel, only to be followed by the closing in of the weeds—to lock the unfortunate in a grip that naught can loose.

Even the steamers of high power give the Sargasso Sea a wide berth, for the long, clogging weed binds itself draggily about the strongest propeller, and jams it tight, so that though hundreds of horse-power be called upon to free the useless screw it is all of no avail.

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FACTS, FANCIES, QUIPS & COMMENTS

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN PAPERS.

Mr T. A. Browne ("Rolf Boldrewood") who was born in London on August 6, 1826, and who is therefore in his 82nd year, started squatting or sheepfarming in Victoria, and later in New South Wales, when only 17 years of age. Successive droughts swept away his flocks, and he joined the Civil Service in the threefold capacity of stipendiary magistrate, coroner and goldfields warden. The experience he thus gained led him to write his first book, "Robbery Under Arms," which won world-wide fame. He was 36 years of age when he married the daughter of William Edward Riley, of Raby, New South Wales. The story goes that he met his wife in romantic circumstances. He had heard that a small gang of sheepstealers had made up their minds to "do for Browne" on account of the stern manner in which he had dealt with one of their "pals." The news was conveyed to the police magistrate by Miss Margaret Maria Riley, and it is probable that the warning saved his life. He managed to turn the tables by capturing the gang in their ambush, and married Miss Riley.

Cattleman Sydney Kidman enjoys a joke as much as any of his frisky steers (writes a correspondent in "The Critic"). He was once the cause of a green reporter on the Barrier almost losing his job. Kidman and several others had driven a mob of a couple of hundred of pigs over a big stretch of country, and the reporter called on K. to ask if that was his most unique experience. The cattle king pulled off a fairy yarn about a flock of turkeys he had once driven from Bourke to Broken Hill. The scribe asked: "But how did you get on at night, Mr Kidman?" "Oh," said K. in an indifferent tone, "the turkeys just roosted in the trees, and I sent men around every morning to collect the eggs." And the scribe swallowed the tale, and a believing editor published.

Very unobtrusively a famous American arrived in Melbourne the other day. This was Jack London, the author of the delightful books—"A White Fang," and "The Call to the Wild." He had kept his arrival a secret, and very few people knew he was coming. Mrs Tom Mann was there to meet a brother Socialist, and Mrs Southwell, wife of the manager who was to have toured Jack London as a lecturer. There was also Mr Champion, of the red tie and the Socialistic proclivities. The Socialists all looked for Jack London in the second-class end of the train. He was, of course, comfortably tucked away in the parlour car. Mrs London was with him. She is a charming American woman, with all the naivete, mixed with savoir faire, that characterise the United States woman. There was also a dear little Jap, the cabin boy of the Snark. Jack London's famous yacht, in which he was going round the world, The Londoners are about the nicest pair of Americans I have met. They are so quiet and modest and sweet. He is a charming man, who does not think much about himself at all. She is full up to the eyes with pride in her husband, and

properly, too. If I had a husband like that I'd be too proud to speak to ordinary people. Just at present Mrs London is anxiously looking after her husband. He is very ill. For nearly three months he has written nothing except that account of the fight which was published in Melbourne. It is all nerves, a mysterious disease that the doctors cannot explain or cure. Mrs London is a splendid nurse. She is constant in her care of her husband, but never lets him see it. She knows that with a case of nerves it is essential that the patient should not be allowed to know he is being tended. After meeting Mrs London I am more than ever at a loss to understand why she went to the fight as a spectacle. I firmly believe that she did not want to go at all. "Jack," however, left his bed in a private hospital to go to the fight, and I think Mrs London merely went to watch over him, and see that the excitement of the fight was not too much for him. When that complexion is put on her presence at the fight, it makes a heroine of her instead of an incomprehensibly curious woman. She told me herself that she felt very queer and sick occasionally during the fight. They will have gone to Hobart by the time you get this. Jack London hopes to find strength and renewed health in the cool mountain air of Tasmania.

O'Connor, the Southstralian, got seven Victorian wickets for 38 runs in the last match, and the ignominious defeat of the State is almost forgotten by Victorians in their Australian appreciation of the fact that another much-needed, serviceable bowler has come to the front—

We may invent a mono-rail,
Or something in ballooning;
Our Madane Melba may not fail
To knock the world at crooning.
We may discover planets new,
Or something fresh that's solar;
But what are all these trifles to
The fact that we have found a new
And quite effective bowler?

Speaking about the new Premier of Victoria, Mr John Murray, a Melbourne paper says:—"Indolence has been his besetting sin all through his political life. There is warrant for being sceptical about such a man reforming.

"Of other tyrants, short and strife,
But Indolence is King for life."

But there have been exceptions even to this rule. Mr Reid was one. He was a good-natured, easy-going, dilettante member when a stop-gap leader was wanted for the New South Wales Freetrade party. Sir Henry Parkes was failing. Sir (then Mr) William McMillan was not sufficiently well known to take up the running at once. It was decided that Mr Reid should keep the billet warm for him. Mr Reid kept it so snug that nobody but himself got into it afterwards. He threw off his slothfulness, and became active, alert and energetic. Mr Murray, having attained such a high place, may do the same. He has a big, broad, masculine intellect, and has given glimpses of great force and fixity of pur-

pose. The hour and the honour may bring the best of the man into play. Mr Watt as Treasurer is not a reassuring figure. If his ability were only equal to his ambition, he would be a Rothschild and a Rockefeller rolled into one, but that "what-oh-there!" swing of the arms limns a mental portrait of the King of the Push placed in charge of Sinbad's treasure. The Minister of Railways, Mr Hillson, is one of those men who become intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity. If Mr Murray is wise, he will buy Mr Hillson a phonograph and let him work off his copious flow of words into it. It will be safer than letting him talk in the House. Mr Graham is a battle-scarred veteran, long-headed, slow-thinking, better at listening than talking, and endowed with an engaging frankness which covers a deep vein of shrewdness, which some of his critics call guile. If Sir Thomas Best had taken Mr McKenzie into his cabinet, he might still have been in authority, for Mr McKenzie is another of those level-headed, clever men of affairs, whom the country districts keep on sending into Parliament. Personal popularity is Mr Peter McBride's best claim to fame at present, but beneath a seemingly careless exterior he conceals industry, grip, and grit. With a fat cigar between his lips, he can work out a political problem or a situation as well as any man.

Whatever animosity may have been awakened against Johnson in Sydney, he has reversed the decision here (remarks a Melbourne journal). He is cheered nightly at the Melbourne Opera House, but his "turn" is the weakest and most silly thing I have ever seen. He ought to get on a pedestal as other men have done—Hackenschmidt, Sandow and others—and pose with the light showing up his muscles. His present turn to me is mere foolishness. However, he received an ovation the night I saw him. You know, the shop girl has made a hero of him. The shop girl is a curious creature. She lives in a world of his voice and his legs. English eric- she has just finished, and the other half-plagiarised from "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "Monsieur Beaucaire," or some similar heart-affecting drama. This world of hers has to have a hero in it. Generally it is Julius Knight, because of his voice and his legs. English eric- keters are always heroic. Now, Jack Johnson has been elevated to a place in the calendar of heroes. The shop girl buys photographs of him, and explains that it is only his skin that is black, and that his teeth are just lovely. She always did like gold fillings, and is thinking of having her own done. If you dare to show a suspicion of colour prejudice, she will haughtily inform you that the best man won, and that it is not Johnson's fault that he is black. If he had been white, and Burns black, the sympathy would have been the other way. That is so true that it almost forces you to believe that her next statement is true also, when she declares that Mrs Johnson ought to be proud of her husband, and proud of herself. She ought to be admired for her courage in showing that she did not care for such a small thing as the colour of a man's skin. The shop girl has already got over her love affair with the American Fleet. The Fleet had no sympathy for Coons. Besides, the Fleet has been to Japan since.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

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In her following letter — which is a typical illustration of the unlimited praise past sufferers are ever ready to bestow on Bile Beans—Mrs. Peake, of Wright-street, Adelaide, S.A., voices the sentiments of thousands of her sex. Bile Beans are indeed the housewife's best friend, and their virtues are praised by grateful women throughout Australasia.

Mrs. Peake says:—"I have great pleasure in stating that Bile Beans are the best remedy I have ever used. Since the birth of my third child, five years ago, I have not known what good health was. I consulted some of the leading doctors here, and they told me nothing short of an operation would do me any good, and that I should have to lay up for some considerable time. Just as I was making up my mind what to do, I received one of your Bile Bean booklets. I had heard prior to this what a splendid medicine Bile Beans were, and after reading in the booklet some of the remarkable cures they had effected, I determined to give them a trial. After undergoing a course of Bile Beans to the extent of two boxes my health was restored, and I was as right as ever I was. It is a grand thing for women to know that they have such a friend in Bile Beans. I had tried dozens and dozens of other pills, but I might as well have thrown my money away. Bile Beans are a splendid family medicine, and my home is never without a box, as I firmly believe I owe many a year of my life to them. I cannot speak too highly in praise of Bile Beans."

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THE COUNTESS' DIAMONDS

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By JOHN SWEENEY

THE Countess of Kensington was in tears. Her diamonds had gone. Three thousand pounds' worth. Heirlooms and wedding gifts. This was Lord Kensington's greeting after a late night at his club. Lord Kensington did not show frantic signs of despair, but he looked annoyed.

"Let us send to Scotland Yard after breakfast," he said.

The Countess wept again. "After breakfast! Why, every moment is precious. I have already sent for Mr. Link."

"Who the deuce is Link?" said his lordship.

"Link is a retired detective."

"Seems to me you want a detective who is still in the business."

"Link is still in it. I meant he had retired from the profession."

"He is now an amateur, I suppose," said Lord Kensington cynically.

"No, stupid. He has merely thrown off the trammels of Scotland Yard red tape, and now he seems to unravel easily every mystery."

"Well, bring on your Sherlock Holmes, and let us see what he can do," said her husband. By this time breakfast was served.

Before they had finished Mr Link was announced.

Mr. Link was formerly one of Scotland Yard's most trusted inspectors. Retired on a good pension at an early age, he was in the prime of life. We may learn the story of the robbery as Lady Kensington told it to the listening detective.

"Last night," said the Countess, "I wore all my diamonds. What I have written and sketched on this paper will give an accurate description of the gems and their setting. My husband and I were at the King's Drawing Room yesterday. I wore all my diamonds. We returned in the electric brougham. My husband only remained in the house long enough to change his uniform, and then hurried off to his club in Pall Mall. I did not see him again until half an hour ago. My maid helped me to undress. My diamonds were perfectly safe then. Watkins (my maid's name) checked them with me, and I put them in and locked my jewel case which I left in the dressing-room. After attending to my hair and other little toilet duties my maid saw me to bed, and then left me. Lord Kensington will tell you what time he came home. He sleeps in his own room on the other side of the corridor. My dressing-room adjoins my bedroom, and there is no exit from the former into the corridor except through my bedroom. I sleep fairly well as a rule. I heard no sound through the night. This morning I woke at seven, an unusually early hour for me. Watkins brought me a cup of tea, and I arose about 8.30. While dressing I noticed the absence of the jewel box, and called Watkins' attention to it, she being in the room. I imagined she had placed it on a chair or somewhere else. I shrieked when she said she had not moved it. She remembered the exact spot where I had placed it. We searched all corners of my rooms, and then I sent for you."

Lady Kensington burst into tears again, and the detective finished making a few notes before he asked a few questions of his lordship.

My lady's husband could throw no light at all on the subject. He confirmed his wife's statement as to his own movements. He returned home between 3 and 4 a.m., and, in accordance with custom, he knocked at his wife's door before going to his own room. He received no answer, but this was not unusual. He noticed no light, and heard no noise. Everyone had retired. He

did not lock the front door, which opened with a patent lock in which he had full confidence. He knew the diamonds well. He would recognise them anywhere. They were worth over a quarter of a million. He saw them last when he said good-night to his wife when he went to dress for the club.

The Countess answered the detective's questions with more animation than her husband. Yes, he could see the rooms, of course. She did not suspect her maid, but Watkins was the last person who had access to her rooms before she locked herself in for the night. Watkins had been with her for five years; she came from Sandgate, having been with Lady Sandgate until that lady's death, five years ago. Watkins had an excellent character. There were eight servants in the house. Watkins was 38 years of age, and she did not think there was any follower. She had never heard Watkins speak of any special friend, but one or two old friends from Sandgate House called to see her sometimes. Coming to think of it, one man about her own age had been to the house more than once lately. She understood he was Lord Sandgate's coachman. He had been at the house two days before the robbery.

Before interviewing the servants, Mr Link paid a visit to the Countess's boudoir, and after closely examining both rooms he made a map and rough sketch of the rooms, corridor, doors and windows. The bedroom windows looked on to the lawn and garden. The dressing room had two windows, but both were of stained glass. They opened with difficulty, and not until some rusty screws had been withdrawn. The Countess explained that as the windows overlooked the servants' quarters of the next house in Piccadilly they had not been opened for years. The usual glass ventilator, with an electric fan, kept the room well aired, and the bedroom was fragrant with the smell of garden flowers. Both rooms were on the third floor, the Countess having chosen this high altitude because of the view over the Park which it gave her.

After thoroughly examining the three windows of the bedroom, the detective gazed steadily from each to the garden below. He appeared to be impressed by the beauty of the scene, until the Countess became a little impatient. When she noticed a smile on his face as he returned from the window she said she thought one in his profession would have had little thought of the mere beauties of Nature.

"Ah, your ladyship," he said, his smile dying away, "one can never afford to neglect the inspiration of a morning breath of fresh air."

And now he descended to the garden. "Has anyone been into the garden this morning?" Fortunately no one had, owing to the recent rain. Stooping low, Mr Link carefully searched for foot-steps beneath her ladyship's window. There were none, although the muddy impressions of his own boots showed plainly enough. He found his way to the high wall surrounding the garden. Here was an old door in the wall, which resisted all his efforts to open. Clearly the wall was impassable, and the door unused for ages. Beside the wall grew an old creeper covering it and the door—an unlying witness to the fact that none had disturbed either for years.

During the next few days Mr. Link spent his time in Piccadilly, interviewing servants and taking measurements and other observations. He particularly seemed to divide his time between searching the garden, and finding out all there was to be known of the Kensington fam-

ily history. He did not fail to question Watkins, and at his request Lord Sandgate's coachman was sent for. Link's clever cross-examination put the poor man into the direst consternation. Link made notes and tested his answers, apparently soon arriving at a definite conclusion as to that person's guilt or innocence.

After ten days' search Mr. Link informed the Countess that he had not succeeded, and asked that he might communicate with the regular police, from whom he usually obtained some assistance in these matters. To this the Countess gave an unqualified negative. On being pressed for her reasons she said she never knew who might be proved to be the guilty person, and provided she got back her jewels she had no wish to pose as a prosecutor at the Old Bailey.

Undeterred, Mr. Link continued his researches. He inquired amongst the pawnbrokers of his extensive acquaintance. He wrote to a number of trusted correspondents abroad. Then he disappeared for about three weeks, during which time the Countess received the briefest of letters, apparently written by a clerk, saying Mr. Link was following a promising clue but giving no further hint of where Mr. Link was to be found.

On his return the detective gave instructions for a thorough search to be made in every part of the gardens, in the lake, and wherever the ground seemed fresh enough to warrant the idea that it might have been recently opened. Link asked questions as various unexpected articles were discovered, but there were more things than one which the outdoor servants knew nothing about, but assumed they had been purchased by former gardeners, nothing beyond quite ordinary gardening and similar implements being found. Mr. Link, however, expressed his satisfaction with the search, and it was then abandoned.

A telegram from Paris took Mr. Link to that city, and when he came back, anyone who knew the detective could have gathered from the sly smile that played round his usually impassive features that he had unravelled the diamond mystery.

He met the Countess and informed her that he was now prepared to make a full disclosure.

"Shall we send for Lord Kensington before we begin?" he suggested.

"Well, no," said her ladyship, "we can send for him later on; first let me know all the facts. Besides, who is instructing you? It is I, not my husband. The diamonds are mine, not his."

"Wait a moment," said the detective, "perhaps I had better place the matter in the hands of the police."

"Can't you see how you are torturing me," said the Countess, now moved to tears. "For God's sake go on. You say you know all. Tell me all you know."

Thus bidden, the detective told his tale.

"Those diamonds, my lady, could never be sold in a small city. I knew the most likely markets, and I have had friendly agents watching in the chief continental centres as well as in England, with full instructions from me how to act. While they have been waiting I have studied the history of your family. I wondered from the first why you forbade me to offer rewards or to communicate with Scotland Yard. Your servants, do not ask me which gave me my first clue when I learnt that you were once suspected of having a lover. Ah! Do not speak. I know it was a lie. But with all your precautions a young man has been seen twice here at night. Let me go on. I know all. I traced your husband's history first, and could find no flaw in his unromantic career. I asked him no questions, but I looked for your own family. You were an orphan when you married. Your guardian, Lady Seavers, gave me no more information than she gave your husband. But registers of births can speak, Lady Kensington. Prison rolls and Newgate calendars can be consulted. You have a brother."

Lady Kensington sobbed out. "Where is he? I see you know all."

Mr. Link no longer smiled. Even his serious face looked graver than usual. "Those diamonds, my lady," he continued, "were offered for sale in Paris. Your brother was followed and arrested. He is at present in a Paris prison."

"Charged with the robbery?"

"No, not yet, my lady. He left the diamonds with my agent, and fled as soon as he saw he was suspected. He was followed, and to prevent mistakes he was given into the custody of the Paris police on a charge of assault. He has no friends in Paris, and cannot get bail. If the prosecutor fails to identify him next week the prisoner will be released. It is for you to say if he shall be charged with a more serious crime."

"For me," said the Countess, brightening up a little. "Then, of course, this incident is at an end. You will give me your bill, and my diamonds, and there is an end to the matter."

"Not at all," said the detective. "Those diamonds are not wholly yours. Your husband's heirlooms cannot be dismissed in that way. I charge you with a conspiracy to rob him. You forget I know all the facts. I know how you and your brother plotted and arranged this robbery."

Lady Kensington fell at the detective's feet. "Pity me! O! if you know all, you understand all. I am the most miserable woman on earth. Can you not let this pass? Believe me, I would rather die than offend my husband, who is the only man in the world I ever loved. It would break his heart and mine if he only knew."

Mr. Link's familiarity with the whole facts added emphasis to her affecting

How to Keep Cool.

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

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

appeal. His heart was touched, but he had long ago made up his mind as to the right course in her interests as well as in those of justice and mercy.

"Countess, only on condition that you tell all to your husband, can I save your brother from the prison he richly deserves, and you from exposure and disgrace."

After much ineffectual pleading the Countess sobbed out a broken-hearted consent. When her husband came she looked like a dead woman.

The detective and his lordship were frightened, and the latter would have sent for a doctor, but she begged him to listen and not let her have another hour's suspense. Whilst she was getting ready to speak the detective answered Lord Kensington's quick, eager questions by a few remarks, preparing the way for her confession, begging his hearer not to interrupt, but to wait till the end before commenting.

This was Lady Kensington's story.—Mr. Link bowing corroboration as she proceeded.

"My happiest years have been those of my married life. I never loved till I met you, dear. I shall never love anyone else. And yet I have kept something from you. Lady Seavers never told you of my family. I was an orphan, and you took her word for my history. My father was a clergyman, as she told you, I knew little of my parents, but I know they were good. But I have an only brother. He was in prison when I married. Ah! do not curse me, I pitied him at first, but later I got to hate him. He has never left me a year since he came out of goal. I feared your anger if you knew I had deceived you, and I feared to disgrace you. And I loved you so, I need not tell you of all the money I have given him. I have never been extravagant, and your generosity has always given and asked no questions. When you received an anonymous letter telling you I had a lover, can I ever forget your loving kindness. How you believed me, and how I hated myself for not telling you all. Then I determined to end it. I asked Wilford (my brother) for what price he would leave me for ever. He at once thought of the

Kensington diamonds. This was six months ago, but I never had any peace after that. When at last he threatened to do a mischief I despairingly gave in. He arranged everything, and told me what to do. On the night of the Drawing Room I put the diamonds in the jewel box ready to be put into the safe next day. I went to bed until I heard your knock, and your kind good-night. Then I rose, and gave a signal at my window. Wilford was waiting in the side street outside the garden wall, from where he could see my window. I then fetched the jewel box from the dressing-room, and waited at the open window of the bedroom. As soon as the police patrol had got well away Wilford hoisted a long telescopic iron rod to the window, and I fixed the ring of the jewel box to the hook as he had arranged. The box swayed a little at first, but reached its destination easily enough, and I closed the window quietly, and went to bed again. I could not sleep then, and I have never had a single night's rest since. That is all my story, and I ask you to forgive. Forgive me, and tell me what we can do. The diamonds are safe, and Wilford is in prison. But I am miserable beyond all words. Say that you forgive me!"

Lord Kensington had been an impatient listener all this time. He loved his wife with uncommon love, and her tale of woe filled him with a sympathy impossible for a man of his calm manners to express. Now, instead of speaking, he embraced his wife as he had never done before, and it needed no words for her to understand she was forgiven.

"Go on, Mr. Detective," said his lordship, "I want to know what more there is to be told. But one thing I have known for the past two years. The Countess's worthless brother came to me himself one day, and told me the story of his life. He blackmailed me into allowing him £500 a year on condition that he never troubled my poor wife. So you see we are a foolish couple, and I, too, have to ask forgiveness."

In a few words Mr. Link told all he knew. The grazed paint on the window of the bedroom, and some fresh chips on the old stone, of which the house was built, together with the absence of

footprints on the turf, had first given him a clue to the method of the thief. The garden wall had also been disturbed, and the search in the garden had revealed the telescopic iron rod with a hook at the end. This was found in the old creeper on the wall. We have already seen the other steps Mr. Link took to run to earth the diamond robber.

The restoration of the gems, the reward of Mr. Link, and the complete and lasting confidence which was added to an increasing love between Lord and Lady Kensington brings our story to an end.

In an hotel smoke room in Brisbane, a certain frequenter often boasts in his cups of his relationship to a well-known English peeress.

"Do you know," he sometimes adds, "I get twenty-five pounds every month from a banker here, on condition that I don't leave Australia. Well, what's the matter with Australia? Who wants to leave Australia? Have a drink."

HOUSEWIVES' MISHAPS.

MAKE ZAM-BUK A DAILY NEED.

The mishaps of a housewife are many. She may knock her knuckles whilst dusting, get burnt while ironing or cooking, scald herself with a kettle-spill or get cut with broken crockery and slips of the table knife. The housewife who keeps a pot of Zam-Buk Balm on a handy shelf provides against risks. Her choice of Zam-Buk Balm shows that she appreciates the necessity of purity in her healer, as well as the value of soothing, healing, and antiseptic properties in combination. For the crushed finger, the sprained ankle or wrist, the cut, scratch, bruise, burn or scald that may happen at any moment, Zam-Buk is indispensable.

Miss F. Douglas, of Sussex-street, Lower N. Adelaide, writes:—"Out of gratitude for the great benefits I have derived from Zam-Buk Balm, it gives me great pleasure to send you this testimonial. Some six months ago, while engaged in the kitchen cooking, I had the misfortune to upset a pot of boiled potatoes over my foot. I applied differ-

ent ointments and so-called healers, but at the end of a month my foot still remained bad. One day I bought a pot of Zam-Buk Balm, and after a few applications my foot showed signs of healing, and in a little while it was completely cured. I am exceedingly grateful for what Zam-Buk has done for me, and can recommend it as a handy household healer."

Zam-Buk is a healing, soothing, and antiseptic skin-dressing which no home can afford to be without, and is invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, rashes, prickly heat, insect bites, sun-burn, piles, and all injuries and diseases of the skin and tissues. 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per pot, of all chemists and stores.



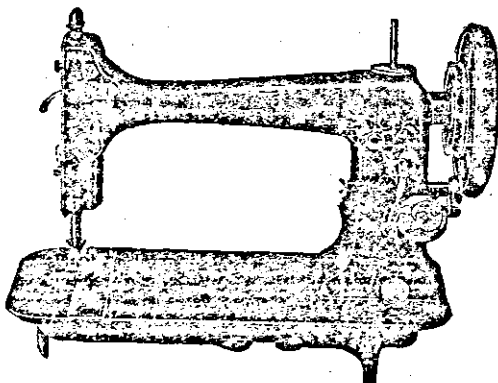
My Favourite Summer Beverage is 'Montserrat' Lime Juice.

I drink it because it is cooling, refreshing and invigorating, and because I know it is good for me.

"MONTERRAT" Lime Juice is always fresh and pleasant to the taste, mixed with plain or aerated water, it makes a cooling, refreshing, healthful drink.

Insist on the genuine "MONTERRAT."

THE 'S. & C.' A Perfect Sewing Machine for £6 10/-



HEAD OF "S. AND C." MACHINE

From a mechanical standpoint expert machinists state that they do not know of one thing that could be added to this machine to improve either its sewing or stitching qualities. It is smooth and silent, and

A Perfect Machine.

Self-letting Needle, Self-threading Shuttle, Automatic Bobbin Winder.

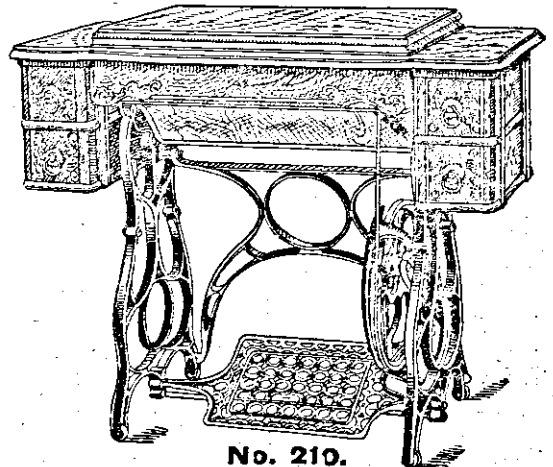
WHEN you buy a Sewing Machine it is not for a few days, or weeks, or months—it is for a life time. This being so, you cannot be too careful in making your selection.

If your choice falls upon SMITH & CAUGHEY'S... MACHINE you will have good reason to be satisfied. Experts declare that in every detail this machine is PERFECT; and this is also the verdict of thousands of users.

It is smooth-running and silent; it will sew anything from dainty lace to canvas. The mechanism is remarkably simple and it is almost IMPOSSIBLE for the "S. & C." to GET OUT OF ORDER. Under the severe strain of constant use in our own workrooms, this machine gives the fullest satisfaction.

"S. & C." Machines are unconditionally guaranteed against defects of material or workmanship for TEN YEARS, and with ordinary care will last indefinitely. PARTS and SUPPLIES always kept in stock.

No matter what price you pay, we believe you cannot get a better machine than the "S. & C."



No. 210.

Hand-lift, Drop-head, 4-drawer, finished in quarter golden oak, with carved front.

PRICE, £6 10/-.

SMITH & CAUGHEY, Ltd.,
Wholesale and Family Drapers, Auckland.

Boudoir Gossip

Syrup for Preserving.

One of the most important features in the art of preserving is to have the syrup of correct thickness. In one of the farmers' bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture, Miss Parlos gives some valuable figures. The quantity of sugar contained in the syrup should be determined by the employment of a syrup gauge, which is a graduated glass tube with a weighted bulb registering from zero to 50 degrees.

As everyone knows, when the proportion of sugar is large and that of water small the syrup is said to be heavy. When the water predominates the syrup is light. In boiling the water evaporates and the syrup grows thicker and richer. When the syrup is boiled in a deep kettle the evaporation is not so rapid as though it were boiled the same length of time in a broad, shallow kettle.

By the use of the syrup gauge the proportion of sugar in the syrup may be ascertained at any stage of the boiling. However, it is possible to measure the sugar and water so that you can know the percentage of sugar when the syrup begins to boil. The following table gives the percentage of sugar at the time when the syrup has been boiled one minute, and tells also the kind of syrup suitable for the various kinds of fruit:

One pint of sugar and one gill of water gives syrup of 40 degrees density; use for preserved strawberries and cherries.

One pint of sugar and one-half pint of water gives syrup of 32 degrees density.

One pint of sugar and three gills of water gives syrup of 28 degrees density; use either this or the preceding for preserved peaches, plums, quinces, currants, etc.

One pint of sugar and one pint of water gives syrup of 24 degrees density; use for canned acid fruits.

One pint of sugar and one and one-half pints of water gives syrup of 17 degrees density.

One pint of sugar and two pints of water gives syrup of 14 degrees density; use either of these two light syrups for canned peaches, sweet plums, cherries, raspberries, blueberries and blackberries.

How to Become Beautiful.

SOME SEASONABLE HINTS TO WOMEN

"The Road to Feminine Perfection," just published, is a little volume that should read many women readers. Its author, "Miss Julie Bon-Ton," says:—

"Everyone agrees that it is the beautiful woman who rules the world, and the most successful in life's battle is she who fights with the weapons of fascination.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed. The object of this book is to expose the many pitfalls that threaten to destroy beauty, and at the same time to erect signposts pointing out the Beauty Spots along the road that leads to Feminine Perfection.

"Worshipping at the shrine of Beauty, no man wants to be recalled to earth by a too intimate knowledge of all that helps to make for Beauty. He prefers not to unveil the mystery that shrouds the many charms he adores; all he asks is that his ideal should practise the rites and ceremonies of beauty—those rites and ceremonies, even sacrifices, that mean perfection in everything appertaining to personal charm, and that she do all that lies within her power to preserve the feminine allurements that first attracted him to her.

"Daintiness, he it remembered, is quite as important an attribute of feminine perfection as beauty; freshness, neatness and dainty delicacy are so much associated with the ideal woman that they play an uncommonly large part in her powers of fascination."

Miss Julie is scornful in her remarks concerning the "rational" brigade:—

"Of the flat-footed 'rational' brigade, who stomp along on all occasions in stout, sensible, hygienic boots that know nothing of such vanities as heels or fl, the less said the better; in themselves, such boots are sufficient to quench all

feelings of romance and utterly to destroy all ideals of femininity.

"Such utilitarian footgear may be excellent to wear when starting to climb the Alps or set forth on an expedition to the North Pole, but they have no place in these pages, for they are as far removed from the idea of feminine perfection as are the practical and hideous hose that invariably accompany them."

PLAIN WOMEN.

The plain woman need not despair: "She may not be able to remedy irregular features, but she can improve a bad complexion. She can also do much to improve her figure and adopt a graceful carriage; pretty hands and feet, a satin skin, glossy, well-kept hair are all details to be attended to.

"Obesity and leanness alike have to be struggled with, and she who would be pretty, though plain, must never allow herself to slip back from the ideal of cultivating elegance and smartness, which, after all, are no mean substitutes for the prettiness denied to a great many women.

"The second lesson the plain woman will do well to lay to heart is the fact that simple perfection should be the keynote of her toilette. Nothing draws so much attention to ugliness as over-elaboration of dress and gaudiness of colour."

Concerning wives, the author writes: "The successful wife is the one who strives to preserve this price of feminine perfection, and to put off the hour of disenchantment—the one who appreciates the fact that it is a far more difficult matter to keep her husband a lover than it was to transform her lover into a husband.

"If a woman has to live with a man for the rest of her natural existence, surely it is all the more reason why she should set to work to make herself more charming and more pleasing to him than to anyone else; for it is very important to her happiness that she should outshine all other women in her eyes. Hers is the greatest gain in this respect, even if hers is the toil of achievement.

"What severer strain can a man's love be subjected to than that of seeing his wife compare unfavourably with every other woman he meets? To see her dowdy and frumpy, ever troubled with the petty cares of domesticity—to return home in high good humour only to have his serenity shattered by a recital of her household disasters?"

Wisdom indeed!

BEAUTY'S DIET.

The woman who would be beautiful, and therefore powerful, should be careful what she eats. Here is a suggested dietary:

"After rising, eat one orange before going for a short walk.

"At breakfast take one cup of hot milk, a soft-boiled egg eaten with toast rather than bread, some ripe fresh fruit, honey, or pure jam.

"For lunch a cup of unseasoned clear soup, an underdone chop, endive or watercress, salad made without vinegar but with plenty of good oil, salt, but no pepper or mustard; two oranges or some fruit salad.

"For tea a cup of milk and water or some very weak China tea, thin slices of brown bread and butter, or brown bread and Devonshire cream.

"Dinner—Boiled fish, unseasoned minced mutton served with lightly poached eggs and some spinach; milk pudding, stewed figs, dessert and olives."

Washing, we are glad to note, is very necessary to beauty, but washing is not the elementary business the mere man might suppose.

"The washing of one's face is not nearly such a simple process as the majority of women suppose it to be, for face-washing is a serious business if it is to be done thoroughly and efficaciously. The right way to set about it is to pin the hair back from the brow and up from the neck.

"Next fill a big washing basin with really hot rain water, which is the only kind that beautifies and cleanses the skin; then take a camel-hair brush, dip it into the hot water, and rub it in some jellied soap made from fine vegetable oil soap, after which set to work to scrub the face thoroughly, beginning with a gentle, short, rotary movement. This must be continued for two minutes, by which

time the entire face, throat and neck are covered with lather, the brush having constantly been re-dipped and soaped during the process.

"The next step is to draw another basin of water not quite so hot, and, using a Turkish face cloth or a bath glove, wash the face free from every particle and trace of soap. When this is done, fill the first basin with quite cold water, and with a clean sponge deluge the face well, afterwards drying it very gently in a soft linen towel, the older the better."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

After that you are clean. Here are a few selected cosmetic dicta:

"The use of cosmetics should be one of the most profound secrets of the toilet. If a woman resorts to such aids, what need is there for her to let her most intimate friend, let alone her husband, into the secret of 'how it is done'?"

"The mysteries of the dressing-room were never meant to be public property. Who wants to see a beautiful woman en deshabille, shorn of her beauty, her locks bedraggled in the process of the shampoo that is to make them all the brighter, or her whole face distorted during the progress of her ablutions?"

"The smartest women are those who dress according to what they mean to do. It is no good to choose a beautiful gown fit only for wearing in a carriage if you have to walk, or to ride in omnibuses; equally unsmart is it to dress in finery in the country, or turn up at an afternoon reception in town clad in a severe serge costume, a motor cap, and big boots.

"If only there were more women ready to throw aside their hair dye, their cosmetics, and artificial aids, and to have the strength of mind to declare if they can't be pretty at least they will be clean, one would find the number of beautiful women in the world increased by leaps and bounds."

Women in Turkey.

The exact relationship between a political constitution and feminine attire is not evident at the first glance, but it seems to be none the less true that emancipation in Turkey applies to the women quite as much as to the men. Harem life, while by no means a thing of the past, has at least been robbed of many of its historic features, and the rules of seclusion, if not abolished altogether, have at least been measurably relaxed. The veil will not quite disappear, but it will be thinner and more transparent, and to raise it will no longer be regarded as a proof of female depravity. Very few Turkish ladies have ever been away from the place they were born in; a few have got away, and under the old regime would not have been allowed to return, but now that is all changed, and in future wives will go abroad when their husbands are sent.

The present dress will only undergo a slight modification. Instead of the shapeless out-of-door cloak, the Turkish lady can now wear well-fitting dresses, or jackets and skirts, and be as smart and trim as her European sisters in public, but she must not wear a hat yet, and her head will be entirely enveloped in a sort of hood attached to the neck of her dress or coat, and made of the same material as her costume. The women will no longer be shut up in a closely-shuttered house on a hot summer's day. They even already go about in open carriages, and are to be seen enjoying themselves on the water in the afternoons and evenings.

But does anyone suppose that Turkish women will be happier than they were before? They are now fairly on the road toward the nightmare called civilisation, and before long they may even have suffragette clubs and be fully initiated into the system of trial marriages which prevails here under the protection of our divorce laws. So far as we may judge from reliable accounts of harem life in Turkey, the lot of the married woman in Turkey seems to be by no means unenviable. Domestic concord is the rule rather than the exception, and the interests of the woman are protected as much by the law of the land as by the kindness and indulgence of the husband. The Turkish woman is now very much in the position of her progenitor Eve when she left the Garden of Eden, except that Eve was driven forth, whereas her descendant has gone voluntarily. Her emancipation may lead to ultimate wisdom. There is a possibility of it, but her progress thereto will be a painful one.

Opera Glass Bags Are Now Spangled.

Opera glass bags are elaborately spangled in fancy patterns or solidly covered with overlapping incrustations of brilliant sequins to make them look like glittering scales. The bags are rather small, and are pointed at the bottom, while the top above the cord or drawing ribbon is usually cut in scallops. One exquisite bag was solidly covered with golden brown spangles and lined with gold tissue. Another one was in silver spangles, with a silver tissue lining and silver ribbons to draw it up. Still another, and one even more elegant than either of these, had crystal spangles over white satin, with an embroidery design in gold thread. White satin embroidered in gold makes a delightfully dainty bag design. There are no dangling ornaments across the bottom of these bags. They are finished perfectly plain, not so much as a cord being used to outline this part.

Light coloured velvet reticules display the same style of decoration, and they are carried with gowns or coats to match. Old rose velvet, embroidered with dull gold or old rose shaded gold, is a novel and fashionable combination. The top of these velvet bags is cut in a point like the bottom, and there is always some little embroidery or spangle decoration across the tip of the point and sometimes outlining the sides.

The new head purses and bags are a marvel of colour blendings. The work looks like exquisite tapestry, but with a faint sparkle that characterises beads. A light wool brown makes a charming background for the band of roses.

DOCTOR ADVISED USE OF CUTICURA

Patient's Arms and Hands in Fearful State—Burning and Itching were Unbearable—No Rest Night or Day—Five Months of Intense Torture.

HOPELESS CASE OF ECZEMA SOON CURED

"Six months ago I used some green dye, and I think some of it must have got into a small cut on my right hand.

Soon I began to suffer intense pain, first in my right arm and then in my left. I tried several remedies, which only aggravated the arms, until I decided to consult a doctor. He said I was suffering from eczema following poisoning. By this time the arms were swollen and in a fearful state; in fact, so bad that I was rendered almost helpless. Needless to say, I obtained no rest night or day. The burning and itching were unbearable. I followed the doctor's directions, but obtained only temporary relief, and the eruption extended from both shoulders to the finger-tips. I felt quite hopeless, and regarded everything with very little faith. However, acting on the doctor's advice, I started using the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills. I am pleased to say instant beneficial results were forthcoming, and with a continued use of the Cuticura Remedies I was free from the intense pain after five months of torture. Mrs. Florence Whittingham, 75, Oakfield Terrace, Cuckoo Down Rd., Plymouth, Devon, Nov. 13, 1907."

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in acne—all demand remedies of extraordinary virtue to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by testimonials of remarkable cures when many remedies and even physicians have failed. One set is sold on subjects of eczema.

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Principal Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 3, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Thorne & Co., Sydney; New Africa, Jamaica Ltd., Cape Town; etc. J. C. Logan, Marine Parade, Brisbane, Queensland; Drug & Chem. Corp., Salt Lake, Utaah.

The World of Fashion

(By MARGUERITE.)

Some Details of a Wedding Robe and Bride's Trousseau.

Beautiful lace is one of the features of wedding attire which the bride of to-day cannot afford to do without. Absolutely simple in itself, the bride's dress in our illustration is carried out in old ivory satin, very rich and mellow in tone, and covered with a filmy veiling of ivory chiffon, which is supplemented with a wide hem.

OLD LIMERICK LACE AND ORANGE BLOSSOM.

The little corsage, which boasts a vest of transparent white tulle, is buried under a lovely drapery of Limerick lace which is caught on the right side with a large clump of waxen orange blossoms, and falls behind over the train—which is fashioned all in one with the gown—in long floating ends, while a little turnover Shelley collar of tacked tulle edged with Limerick lace completes the scheme. The sleeves are tucked and edged with turned back cuffs of lace, while the veil is likewise of exquisite Limerick dentelle, falling in a point over the front of the gown, and is surmounted by a double Greek fillet of myrtle leaves with tight-shut buds, the rich green of which stands out in charming contrast to the ivory tint of the veil.

HATS OF BLACK SATIN WREATHED WITH PINK ROSES.

Very pretty little frocks of "unpressed net" the colour of clotted cream and mounted over pure white silk, are worn by the bridesmaids, the fronts of the corsages being filled in with snowy white tulle illusion, closely pin-tucked, and finished with filmy lace. Puritan collars of tacked tulle edged with gaufered frills of lace, and short sleeves rucked into lace bands, give distinction to the scheme, the deep folded belts being fashioned of soft creamy satin knotted on the left side and finished with long ends, while the skirts of the gowns are very full, and are supplemented with a deep hem, headed with a row of large French knots worked in floss silk. The large hats are designed of black stretched satin encircled with enormous deep pink roses and foliage, the colour of which is partially dimmed by the folds of black tulle which are draped over them, a little gaufered cap of creamy lace being introduced under the brims.

NATTIER BLUE CLOTH AND VENETIAN LACE.

For a going-away gown a soft tone of Nattier blue cloth, with a long narrow vest of deep cream net outlined with square bands of wonderful old Venetian lace, the rich tint of which stands out from the gown with capital effect. A folded belt of self-coloured silk knotted and weighted with tassels gives an additional finish to the gown, while the full sleeves are caught into little straps of cloth and give place to under-sleeves of tacked net edged with lace, the blue of the gown being still further enhanced by some beautiful marten furs.

Among trousseau toilettes is a high-waisted evening frock of pale hazel-green satin in clove with a deep hem, the little bodice being hidden under a fichu of Venetian lace. Another gown is fashioned of black crepe-de-soie, made very full in the skirt, which is gathered under a folded sash of soft satin, crossed behind, and knotted low down on the hip in front. The bodice is drawn over a vest of Venetian lace, across which are looped long chains of great cut jet beads, the sleeves of dead white tulle over white satin being likewise looped with festoons of black beads.

A White Cloth Hat.

At first sight one would say of fashions, at the present moment, that there is nothing new so far as dress is concerned; but already in the quiet corners of the big warehouses autumn fashions are appearing, particularly in millinery, which, this year, is in advance of dress. I have seen countless new shapes, wings, feathers, ribbons, and flowers. The autumn hats will be covered in cashmere, velvet, taffetas, and liberty, and nearly all will show the under brim in a different shade from that with which the hat itself is covered. The model we show is in white cloth trimmed with horticolas made in pink mousseline de



A WHITE CLOTH HAT.

soie set in green leaves. This hat is a forerunner of the more substantial materials, so that one has but to substitute dark cloth for light, and there is an autumn hat. Flowers are undoubtedly a striking feature about millinery. One sees rose, iris, and orchids of such

beautiful colours and fabrication that they make the flowers one finds elsewhere seem unsatisfactory. Great big roses, frail orchid blossoms, dainty, faded XVIII. century rose-buds, are made by the clever fingers of work girls in a fashion which seems to inspire.



WEDDING GOWN AND BRIDESMAID'S TOILETTE.

How the Directoire Gown is Modified for Party Wear.

However stern the curriculum of the modern school may be, and no matter how thoroughly the young pensionnaire may be grounded in sums and science she has always time and to spare for the question of her school outfit. Few mothers realise how high the standard of dress is when judged by youthful critics of fifteen or sixteen, nor gauge the molehills of humiliation which the shabby little scholar magnifies into mountains when she compares her humble outfit with those of her more fortunate sisters. To turn a girl out well is never a case of money thrown away, and the sense of being bien mise will go very far in helping Eve's daughters in the perfecting of their manners and deportment by instilling into their minds at the outset that they are persons of importance, to whose advantage it is to take a definite interest in the details of their toilettes.

COATS OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE WITH RUST-RED COLLARS.

Very smart are the neat costumes of navy-blue serge with long cut-away

terra cotta and green with a design of Indian pines, the only trimming consisting of a huge black velvet bow placed on one side; while an equal fancy is being shown for large mushrooms of stretched Ottoman silk simply wreathed with great velvet cherries with woody stalks and velvet foliage.

SOFT WHITE NINON FOR EVENING WEAR.

No revolution in Directoire fashions can be said to have taken place in the school-room, but there are modifications of this style which are accepted with a great deal of pride and satisfaction by the young people who have the question of party frocks to consider. The evening frock par excellence for the girl of fifteen or sixteen is fashioned of soft white ninon, the skirt being slit up on one side over accordion-pleated ninon, while each side is finished with a deep hem-stitched fold. The little corsage is made with a wide halter band of lace, which gives place to a deep gimp of tuckled tulle or chiffon. High collars and plisse frills of a less exaggerated type than those of their elders are popular for school-girls, while wrist-long sleeves are invariably worn, the fancy for short sleeves for girls—which was never becoming while the arms of the wearers were in the anamorphic stage of development—having entirely evaporated.

modesty to the statue gowns. Some are purely Greek in style, and Oriental shawls with deep fringes are being used by the dressmakers in their construction. Dancing frocks for girls and young women are receiving a great deal of attention just now. They are dancing length, which means short, very fluffy and befrilled. One recently seen of spider-web net of the most gossamer texture, trimmed with flashes of salmon pink just showing at intervals under the net, which was of the truest orange hue. Lit up by the sparkle of paste buttons, this dress was the most original creation that woman's heart could wish for.



This is an Indian Linon Blouse with multi-embroidery, insertion down the front, and on the collar and cuffs, pointed yoke of embroidery and val insertion, outlined with embroidery and heading band, nicely finished with tucks, 4-inch wide.

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COATS FOR THE SCHOOL TERM.

On the right is a dress of willow green cloth, trimmed with bands of tuckled tulle; that on the left is of blue serge adorned with black and gold soutache and finished with a little orange tie.

coats, which are being prepared for school-girls this autumn. These are simply braided down the front or "fringed" with thick, padded satin cords, while the little collars of rust-red, orange or cherry-coloured velvet give just the right touch of relief to the costume. With these will besides, be worn large felt hats trimmed with an immense shaded wing which is cleverly draped and manoeuvred to encircle the whole hat and provides the only trimming.

VELVET CHERRIES AS MILLINERIAL ASSETS.

In Paris, too, an immense fancy is being shown for large hats for school-girls made of Oriental-patterned silks in

Some Lovely Evening Frocks.

All shades of yellow are worn for evening gowns. It is a great mistake to imagine that yellow belongs to dark women alone, the greenish shades of blue and lemon-yellow, together with old gold, are certainly the privilege of the brunette; but the pinky apricot, bright orange, and canary yellow can be worn by golden blondes. The beautiful Empress Eugenie, who owed her ruddy locks to her Scottish origin, was particularly fond of canary colour and maize for evening wear. Evening dresses are made in the Princesse shape, with a touch of drapery which lends grace and

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Settling the Boundary Line.

FARMERS Thompson and White, who had lived neighbours to each other for fifteen long years, had always known that the line fence separating their farms was about a foot or two out of the way, but they had been too sensible to care who was favoured.

Things changed, however, when Carr, the contractor, and Allen, the broker, bought the two farms for building purposes. The services of a surveyor were called in, and each man stood on his rights.

When the surveyor found that the true line took in eleven inches more of the contractor's land, the broker said that settled it. It didn't, however. The contractor sent a lawyer to search through the old laws and fish up musty old documents, determining to continue the fight any number of years to prove that the surveyor was wrong. While the contractor was planning, as contractors will, the broker was acting, as brokers do. In plain English he had that fence moved over to give him the eleven inches due. Two days later the contractor had it moved back.

It was moving time thereafter for two weeks.

Five times in all was that fence moved exactly eleven inches to the west, and five times did it go back eleven inches to the east.

Then the movers rested, but only to get a better hold. While they were drawing their belts a notch tighter, two new actors appeared on the scene. One of these was a good-looking girl, named Nellie Carr, only daughter of the contractor, and the other was Harold, a stalwart Varsity man, the only son of the broker. Young Allen was home for his long vacation, and Nellie Carr had come home because her college had a long vacation, too. Of course, each one heard of that fence, before they had been home an hour, and of course, each one was loyal and indignant.

"As father is busy, I'll just take this quarrel on my own shoulders," observed Harold. "When that scoundrel finds he has got me to deal with, instead of poor old father, who is for peace at any price, there will be no more moving."

"It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of," exclaimed the girl from college, when she had heard the story. "I've always thought that papa was a fighter; but it seems that he has bowed his head and been walked on without shedding a drop of blood. Well, things will be different now I'm at home, thank goodness!" Next day the newcomers went out to view the scene of action. As they didn't happen to go at the same hour, no one was killed or wounded. The fence still rested on disputed ground.

"That fellow Carr has dropped out," observed young Allen, as he strolled homeward.

Fate waited three days longer; then Harold was told that the Carr's forces were advancing, and he cut across the field to the fence.

At almost the same moment Miss Nellie heard a rumour that "old Allen's men" were going to give the fence a new shift, and she clapped on her frilled sunbonnet and made for the spot.

She was not even armed with a hat-pin when she arrived at the scene of hostilities and came face to face with a young man sitting on the fence in dispute smoking a cigarette. She halted. The young man stared, raised his hat, and stammered—

"Good—good morning. Are you looking for someone?"

"Y-yes," was the panting reply. "I heard that that horrid Mr. Allen was going to move our fence again, and—I—well, I just won't allow it."

"And I heard," said the young man, who had the advantage of position, being on the top rail, "that that fellow Carr, whoever he is, was coming out here to take things into his own hands, and I want a chance at him and his gang."

"You said 'that fellow!'" exclaimed Miss Nellie, as her eyes flashed, and her cheeks grew redder.

"And you said 'that horrid Allen,'" replied Harold, as he slowly dropped off the fence.

"Mr. Carr is my father!"

"And Mr. Allen is mine!" They stood staring at each other for a moment, and then began to smile. The smile had become a good-natured laugh, when Harold again lifted his hat and said "Beg pardon, Miss Carr!"

"And I'm sure I also apologise, Mr. Allen."

"I did not know."

"Nor I, either."

"And now that both of us do know, let us sit down and talk things over. There is a dispute about eleven inches of ground, I believe?"

"So I have heard. Your father contends that it is his land—"

"While your father naturally contends that it is his. Very foolish, Miss Carr—very foolish. The land isn't worth the cost of moving the fence over at once. It seems to me that I saw you at the last Varsity ball."

"Yes."

And then they began to talk about college life and the theatre, and new books, and the fence was forgotten. They had been talking for an hour when the girl suddenly stood up with a laugh.

"Goodness me, I wonder what mother will say? She will think I have been murdered on account of that fence."

"Oh, yes the fence," replied Harold, as he scowled at it. "Miss Carr, I think we should take the fence question out of the hands of our respective fathers."

"But why?"

"Because I think we can settle it to our mutual satisfaction. You see, a fence is neither a "bull" nor a "bear," nor yet a building in construction. It wants to be dealt with from an entirely different standpoint. I shall ask my governor—"

"I certainly must go at once," she interrupted.

"And then I shall hope to have an invitation to call—and we will talk—and—"

But Nellie had fled.

Her going, however, did not affect results. The summer cottage, which was a joint wedding gift from two delighted fathers, stands squarely on the disputed territory.

—L. F. YOUNG.

Women to Avoid.

(By COSMO HAMILTON.)

THE SPORTING WOMAN.

The word "sporting" in this particular case should be placed in inverted commas. As a matter of fact the adjective should not be sporting at all, but un-sporting. Used in regard to the fourth type of

woman whom one would do well to avoid, it is a term of opprobrium, a horrid piece of sarcasm, because, although the sporting woman hunts, goes, plays tennis, croquet and billiards, she is utterly devoid of the true spirit of sportsmanship, and plays every game extremely badly.

She does not, it goes without saying, go in for games because she likes them. She takes them up merely as a means to an end—that end being man. She joins clubs as the only way of getting to know decent men, and affects an enthusiasm for games that she is far from feeling.

In a sort of way one is sorry for her. There is something quite pathetic about a woman, born to a dull, humdrum life, who endeavours with obvious effort and great inefficiency to shine in surroundings in every way foreign to her tastes and nature. If, of course, she took to sports in the right spirit, modestly, quietly, and without noisy affectation, one's feelings for her would be different. They would change to admiration.

Unfortunately, however, this fourth type of woman is never modest, never quiet, and is always noisy. On the hunting field both she and her horse are to be avoided. She, because of her loud nasal voice, her slang, her mannish appearance, and her familiarity; her horse, because it is certain to let out behind and jib, and refuse everything.

On the links she is a figure easily recognisable. She pays no attention to rules and regulations. On every possible occasion she leaves the ladies' portion of the club house, and is found criticising clubs or explaining Vardon's grip in the men's smoking-room. This is a crime. Her loud voice rises above every other sound. Her weird and wonderful appearance fills the members with fright and drives the steward and the waiters to silent despair. She wears a picture hat, tied round with a motor veil, her white knitted Jersey has brass buttons and insertions of lace and blue facings. Her skirt, of a doggy design, is two or three inches too short; her hands are encased in a pair of very much too new yellow gloves.

When out she invariably refuses to allow the players to go through, and is always extremely disagreeable when betan. She treats her caddie with shocking disrespect, and does everything in her power to put her opponent off her stroke. She thinks nothing of kicking her ball out of a bad lie, or of putting down a new one on the sly when the one in play is lost. However many strokes she has played she is always one less than her opponent when it comes to putting.

Naturally enough, it is not long be-

fore no member of her club will go round with her, and then it is that she brings down other people almost as objectionable as herself. Not a day goes by that she does not write some egregiously foolish thing in the complaint book, and pester the secretary with letters on the bad management of the club. She has been known, single-handed, to depopulate a club, and drive the professional into drinking habits.

On the croquet lawn the sporting woman is at once the centre of unwilling attraction. Dressed in jarring colours, she instantly plunges the party into a state of mental irritation. On the first excuse she will enter into long and rancorous argument. If a spectator moves when she is about to make a stroke, she will shout. The push stroke is her peculiar property. The ball may be in such a position against the hoop that even a champion—a person who goes round in two with a cigarette and a slight smile—could not put it through. What is that to the sporting woman? She simply pokes it through, to the gasping amazement of all present.

At tennis, she is, if possible, more unpleasant and undesirable. Every service that beats her is a fault. She is never in her own court where she ought to be, and is always in her partner's court, where she ought not to be. Her best services are sent in when her opponent is not ready; and during the whole of play she keeps up a running commentary of what she calls brightness, to the utter despair of the players.

At billiards her usual characteristics are heightened and made more offensive by the fact that she is between four walls. In a room, however large, it is difficult to put oneself outside the range of her voice. Endlessly she talks. Her tongue renders that of the bell of a tin chapel a plaything. When not playing she makes smoking an offence, and throws stale bandinage and quotations from doubtful sporting papers about.

When she plays, her attitudes are so hideous, her loud ejaculations so constant, that, whether she is a very Roberts with the cue, she is appalling to watch.

Not only, as I have shown, is the sporting woman unsporting, but she is also very vulgar, very bad form, and a creature for every reason to be avoided.

"I doubt ye are growing remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three Sabbaths." John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he, "it's not that I'm growing remiss. I'm just tinkerin' awa wi' ma soul mazel."

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LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

By ROSEMARY REES

"Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin
But them in
With their triumphs and their glories and
Love is best.
Robert Browning.

WHEN Miss Nancy Mackintosh, leading lady of "The Hypocrite" Touring Company, paid her penny for admission to the old keep of Dudley Castle and ascending the spiral staircase came out upon the sun-warmed battlements, she found herself to her own infinite relief, in sole possession of the ruin.

Except in the theatre Miss Mackintosh detested crowds; and on this glorious September morning—a morning of warm sunshine, blue sky and big moving clouds—with the whole wide country spread out below the Castle Hill, she could forget the discomforts of a tour in the heart of the Black Country, forget her dingy little lodgings in a back street of the town, and be conscious only of the glory of the view before her. She had turned her back upon the great plain, studded with towering chimneys and hazy with smoke, stretching from Wolverhampton to Birmingham, and was gazing out over the tree-tops below the keep, beyond the hillside where the smoke wreaths floated above the clustered roofs of Dudley town, until at last far in the distance her eyes rested upon the line of the Malvern Hills.

In the air was the fresh scent of the first fallen autumn leaves; the song of a bird came clear to her; the sound of a shunting engine at the station; a horse trotting on the Birmingham road. She seemed to be above the world, alone with the sunshine, the wind, the green of the tree-tops and the distant hills. With a little sigh of contentment she opened the book she had brought with her, and sitting upon the wooden plank, with her back against the warm stonework, began to read.

A step sounded on the spiral stair; someone was evidently ascending. Miss Mackintosh felt slightly injured, it seemed that the joy of her solitude upon the ruin was destined to be short-lived. She kept her eyes upon her book until a figure emerged into the sunlight and then she looked up.

A wave of colour swept over her pretty pale face but she did not rise. She sat perfectly still regarding in silence a clean-shaven, irregular-featured young man, who clad in a rough tweed suit and overcoat, stood before her murmuring something indicative of greeting. His cap was in his hand, and his eyes which were remarkable for nothing beyond their honest kindness and a certain shrewd humour, beamed down upon her. But Miss Mackintosh did not beam in return! It would be nearer to the truth to relate that she glared.

"So it's you," she remarked at last; "you've followed me here."
"Not at all," he rejoined easily; "I came up to look at the view."
"I am not included in the view," she retorted icily, returning to her book.

"My dear Nancy—"
"I am not your dear Nancy, Mr. Brayshaw."

The light in the man's eyes changed and softened suddenly. "Yes, you are dear," he answered quietly; "always—my dear Nancy."

The girl closed her book with a little exasperated movement.

"Just now you said you came up to look at the view."

"Perhaps that wasn't altogether the truth."

"Why have you come to Dudley?"

"Well, the fact is I was out trying the new car early this morning. I told you I'd bought a 40 h.p. Napier, didn't I? I've never driven a Napier before, and we had one or two trifling disagreements to start with. She's a lady whose opinions one has to treat with respect; and when she finally settled down and headed straight for Dudley, I thought it wiser not to argue and—well here I am."
"And has the Napier decided on the date of her return to London?"

"I don't think she's quite made up her

mind yet. It depends on circumstances."
"Meaning me?" Miss Mackintosh looked up at him from beneath the brim of her shady hat. Her clear brown eyes under their pretty brows gazed at him steadily. "In other words you knew that I was playing in Dudley this week, and in spite of what I told you only ten days ago, and against my wishes, you followed me here."

"What was it you told me ten days ago? My memory's shocking."
"So it appears," returned Miss Mackintosh, opening her book once more. Brayshaw seated himself beside her. "You don't mind my sitting down to— to look at the view do you?"

There was no reply. Brayshaw watched her for a moment and then putting out one brown hand covered the open page. "Nancy," he said; "don't be unkind. I want to go over the old ground once more."

But the girl had risen. She was trembling a little. "I think it is you who are unkind," she replied quickly; "you've had my answer. I won't give up the stage to marry you. Now would you mind going and leaving me in peace."

"But I want to look at the view," he objected.

"Very well then," returned the girl; "there is the view. Good-bye." She walked along the battlements to the head of the stairway and then turned uncertainly.

"You promise not to follow me?" she asked.

Brayshaw nodded. "I promise," he answered. His eyes were fixed on her as she stood for a moment looking back at him, her brows drawn together slightly with a half-puzzled expression; her slight figure in its blue frock outlined against the grey stone. There was a little pause.

"Good-bye then," she said at last.

"Good-bye," returned Brayshaw. The puzzled look had deepened in the girl's eyes. She hesitated for a moment longer as though expecting him to speak; then the expression of her face changing to one which suggested some slight indignation, she abruptly turned and made her way down the winding staircase.

Left to himself in the sunshine Brayshaw appeared anything but a forsaken and disconsolate lover. He picked up a guide-book which Miss Mackintosh in her flight had left behind and appeared to derive much interest and amusement from its perusal. Indeed so absorbed was he a few minutes later that he seemed oblivious to the sound of returning foot-steps. When he did at last raise his eyes it was to discover that Miss Mackintosh was standing upon the battlement, regarding him fixedly.

"So you've come back," he remarked, rising with all the appearance of one greatly astonished.

"How much did you give that child to lock the door and go away?" queried Nancy in return.

"What child?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. The child who sat at the door to take the pennies. I've banged and banged until I've bruised my hands all over." She put out her hands with a little unconscious gesture and the man promptly took possession of them.

"Don't be so hateful Jim—Mr. Brayshaw," she said, drawing away from him quickly.

"I only wanted to look at the bruises," he answered with untruthful readiness.

"Why did you send the child away and let her lock the door?"

"I didn't send her away. She went. I'll tell you exactly what happened. When I applied for admission she remarked that it was close upon her dinner time, and explained that the tower was usually locked up during the hour necessary for her partaking of that meal. I've heard of nothing but this view since I reached Dudley and thought an hour spent up here contemplating it would do me good and—"

"And you had also heard from the child that I had received permission to read up here during her absence."

"I believe she did mention something about a young lady who was already in possession, but I didn't pay much attention to her. I was thinking of something else at the moment."

"The view?"

"Probably."

Miss Mackintosh turned away. She had no intention of smiling—openly at any rate.

"I'm not going to stay here," she remarked at last.

"Suppose we call for help?" he suggested. "There's sure to be someone prowling round somewhere with a ladder. If we jumped we might manage to swing ourselves down by the branches of the trees. I'm afraid though they might call that willfully injuring the shrubs and trees (which) the guide-book says 'no respectable right-minded person would ever think of doing.' Are you a respectable right-minded person Nancy?"

Miss Mackintosh's shoulder moved slightly, but when she turned to him a moment later her face was quite grave.

"Is there no way of getting out of this tower until that child returns?" she asked.

"None at all, I believe," he answered cheerfully.

"Then I shall go on with my book." She seated herself once more and began to read.

Brayshaw sitting beside her studied the guide-book aloud. "The erection of the Castle is ascribed to Dad, Dado or Dodo, a Saxon lord about the year 700. I hope you've read all this Nancy. It's very improving. The Eastern Moat Terrace was at one time a very favourite meeting place for young people desirous of indulging in merry games."

Miss Mackintosh continued her book in silence.

"The view from the battlements on a clear day is extremely grand," Brayshaw looked up. "It's clouding over. I believe the rain isn't far off."

Still no reply from Miss Mackintosh. A long silence and then the man suddenly put out his hand, took Nancy's book and closed it.

"Nancy," he said; "I didn't come here to sit and watch you read. I've only half an hour more before that child comes back and I want to ask you something."

The girl gave a quick glance into his face and then looked away. She made no attempt to regain her book, and he laid it down beside him.

"You're still convinced that you wouldn't be happy if you gave up the stage?"

"Haven't I told you that already?"

"Then marry me and continue with your work. Oh I should hate you going on with it, of course, but if it makes you happier—"

"That wouldn't make me happier," returned the girl. "If I married you I should have to give it up. I know myself well enough to realise that I couldn't do both. I couldn't be a success as a wife and a success as an actress at the same time."

"Then why not make up your mind to be the former. You've been on the stage now for six years and you've reached the Theatre Royal, Dudley." He waved his hand to where the slate roof of the pretty red brick theatre showed among the trees down by the station.

"That is unkind," said the girl.

"No," he answered, "it isn't meant unkindly. I don't want to disparage the company you're with now, nor the theatre. I only mean this isn't the goal for which you're striving. In the future you hope to become a recognised London 'star.' Well, if that's your idea of happiness marry me. You can have a London theatre and 'star' yourself."

The girl turned to him with a little flash in her brown eyes. "You know that I wouldn't buy a position," she said, "I'll work my way up, and if I get to the top I'll do it on my own merits as an actress. Not because I happen to have married a man with money."

"Then say you'll marry me and give it all up."

"I've answered that before."

"Yes, but not in a satisfactory way. At least not satisfactory to me. Answer it differently this time dear."

The girl shook her head in silence and Brayshaw went on: "What guarantee have you that you will ever succeed?"

"None."

"You may have talent. I believe you have, but after six years on the stage you know as well, better, than I do—that talent doesn't necessarily ensure success. How can you tell whether you are to be one of the lucky ones?"

"I can't tell—yet," answered the girl; "but I'm willing to work on for a few years longer to find out."

"Willing to work on, wasting all your youth and freshness in this sort of drudgery; week after week in dreary lodgings, weeks of loneliness in smoky manufacturing towns with ungenial surroundings and often ungenial work—playing parts you hate. I've your own word for it, you've told me of it all yourself. Wasting the best part of your life for what—for the chance of success which after all may never come to you."

"You're not very cheering," said the girl. She tried to smile but a little wistful look had crept into her eyes.

"Do you think it makes me feel cheerful to know that while I've more money than I know what to do with, I can't make one of those weeks pleasanter or brighter for you?"

"At least you've made one morning brighter," she said smiling round at him rather wickedly; "you've treated me to an hour's delightfully encouraging conversation with regard to my future, on the battlements here."

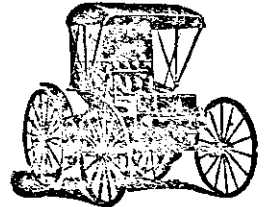
The man smiled in spite of himself. "Yes, that is something," he agreed.

"But you evidently haven't a very high opinion of my powers. You seem to have made up your mind that I am to fail."

"No," he admitted honestly. "I haven't. I believe that given a fair chance you'll succeed in the end. But it's what lies between you and success that I hate to think of. The heart-breaking disappointments and the struggle of it all. Do you think that knowing you for all these years as I have done I don't understand how you suffer. It makes me—"

He broke off abruptly, and after a moment went on, trying to speak more coolly. "And when you've gained the position that you want, do you think that the life will satisfy you if you're alone. You're too much woman Nancy to find your work and the excitement and the flattery surrounding it enough to fill

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your life. If you live solely for that it's an empty purposeless sort of existence, after all.

"You're unfairly prejudiced against the stage," put in the girl quickly.

"Perhaps, I am, in your case at any rate. I'll admit I'm a very ordinary Philistine with only an ordinary primitive sort of idea that I want to keep the woman I—love to myself. I can dispense with her name on the omnibuses and trams. There's only one position worth anything to a wise woman—"

"And that of course is at the head of her husband's table."

"Exactly."

"And if I decided to take your advice and become—someone else's wife?" asked the girl.

Brayshaw was silent for a moment. "Provided he was a decent chap and you were fond of him," he said at last; "I should—"

"Should what?"

The brown hand went out suddenly and caught hers, holding it close, "I should hate him, Nancy."

The girl laughed in a nervous uneven fashion. "Why, it's raining," she said. She tried to draw her hand away but Brayshaw still held it.

"Nancy," he said; "promise me that you will be my wife."

The girl shook her head miserably. "I can't," she said.

"That's final?"

She nodded, something in his voice made it difficult for her to speak.

His hand fell away from hers and he rose and looked out as she had done over the roofs of Dudley towards the distant hills. But now the day had changed. The big clouds, black and stormy looking, had spread over the clear sky, the wind sweeping through the trees with a wintry desolate sound brought down a shower of yellow leaves and the rain drops were beginning to fall heavily. For a few moments Brayshaw remained gazing over that view for which he had professed so much admiration, seeing nothing. Then suddenly he became conscious of the rain, and with a start he turned to the girl behind him.

"You'll get wet," he said quickly. "What a brute I am never to have thought of that. Is there shelter anywhere?"

"Yes, I think so, if we sit on the stairs," answered the girl.

"Come along then," said Brayshaw, hurrying her along the battlements. "It reminds me of the day we steamed into Sydney harbour. Do you remember all the headlands blotted out with the rain and how we had to race along the deck to the chart-room?"

"They had reached the stairs and descending a little way found shelter."

"Just as you—" the girl bit her lips and stopped abruptly.

"Just as I was in the middle of my second proposal to you," finished the man grimly. "If you sit down here I think you'll be all right. It was the second wasn't it, or was it the third? I know the first was out in New Zealand by the light of a camp-fire under the willow above the Wai-tahi Falls. The Maoris were swimming their horses across the ford and calling out from the other side. We'd crossed over that hill in the moonlight before getting back to the camp. You haven't forgotten that have you?"

They were sitting now upon the stairs facing a loophole looking out over the courtyard of the ruined castle.

"That was the first time."

"And where will it be next time? On the top of Table Mountain?" The girl had spoken hurriedly, nervously, scarcely thinking of what she was saying, only dreading a silence. And the moment the words had left her lips she longed vainly to recall them.

There was a pause before the man answered very quietly: "The 11th be no next time, Nancy. I'm leaving England to-morrow."

"Leaving England to-morrow?"

"Yes, that's why I came down here to see you. To try my luck for the last time. I was a fool. I believed—I hoped that —" he broke off for a moment and then continued steadily. "Edinburgh wants me to go out and join leg in South Africa. You know he forms a sort of settlement there for youngsters from the English slums. He's very keen on my joining him and I'm going to-morrow."

"You're going to-morrow?" Nancy repeated dully. All she seemed able to do just now was to echo his words.

"Yes, I've got his letter somewhere. Here it is." Brayshaw pulled out an

open letter from his pocket and gave it to her. Her hand shook a little as she took it from him, and she shivered suddenly. In an instant the man's face changed.

"Nancy, you're cold. Dear little girl, I'm so sorry. You must have my coat." He had pulled off his overcoat and was wrapping it round her before she had time to protest, if indeed she had wished to; in that moment she seemed oddly grateful for the man's protecting care.

"What a confounded ass I was not to remember that you might be cold up here. I should never have allowed that child to go away. But she ought to be back at any moment now. Keep that round you and I'll go up and see if there's any sign of her."

He ascended the stairs and went out upon the battlements leaving Nancy alone. Through the loophole in the thick wall of the keep she could see the driving rain and the sodden yellow leaves flying fast now before the wind which blew in gusts about the tower. The sound of the wind and the sullen drip, drip of the rain seemed in some way to voice the feeling of utter loneliness and desolation which swept over the girl as she sat there on the old stairway in the gloom. In spite of the coat she shivered again. Then her eyes fell upon the letter in her hand. In the dim light the writing was not easy to decipher.

"Come out to us and make some use of your life and your money, Jim. We're doing good work. We're giving youngsters who'd otherwise grow up to swell the ranks of England's criminal class a chance of becoming citizens of whom the Empire may be proud. We're making history. Come and help us—"

Brayshaw's voice sounded above her. "The child's coming up from the cottage now. Have you managed to keep warm?" He was close beside her in the half-darkness touching her shoulder.

"Nancy," he said, "in all these years you've never kissed me once. Kiss me now—it's good-bye."

There was no sound from the girl. Turning he took her in his arms, and holding her close to him, kissed her. "Good-bye my little Nancy," he whispered, "best and dearest—always." His voice ended queerly, and he laid his cheek wet with the rain against hers. The girl pressing her face down upon the damp tweed of his shoulder seemed for a moment to creep closer within the protection of his arms.

"Jim," she said in a very small voice: "do you think the stage could get on without me?"

"I believe it might dear."

"And you're going to South Africa to make history?"

"I'm going to try."

Suddenly the girl raised her head and looked up at him. There were tears in her eyes but a little smile half mischievous, wholly tender trembled about her lips.

"You'll make a fearfully middley lot of history out there, all by yourself, Jim," she said; "so in the interests of the Empire I think you'd better take a—sensible wife to help you, and as I'm the most sensible person you know perhaps after all you'd—would better—take me."

And then in the darkness of the old tower Brayshaw kissed her once more, but this time it was not good-bye.

Appetites of Great Men.

Addison said that when he beheld a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, he fancied that he saw gout, drowsies, fevers, and legarthritis. with other innumerable distempers lying in ambush among the dishes. It is queer that every animal but man keeps to one dish—herbs being the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third, while man falls upon everything that comes in his way. According to history, great men especially seem to have been great eaters. Charles V., for instance, was an enormous eater; he would be awakened at daylight to partake of his favourite dish of fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices; then he would go to sleep again. At midday he dined, partaking of 20 different dishes. He took two suppers, one at twilight, and another at midnight, after meat, consuming large quantities of sweetmeats and pastry, washing the whole down with vast draughts of beer and wine. He hastened his death by his gluttony, and died before

he was 80 years of age. Philip II. was inordinately fond of pastry, and often made himself seriously ill by indulging his appetite so as to require the prompt and active services of his physician in order to save his life.

There is no doubt that the turnpike road to some people's hearts lies through their mouths. Frederick the Great was an illustration of this fact. True, he was a soldier, and could dine upon a bit of bread and a cup of chocolate in war-time; but still he loved good eating and drinking, and is known to have hastened his death by refusing to conform to proper rules of diet. Frederick ate every day of 10 or 12 dishes for his dinner, each and all highly seasoned. But a few days before his death he ate for his breakfast a plate of sweetmeats and sour cream, followed by strawberries, cherries, and cold meat. No wonder that he died of dropsy. Our readers will naturally recall in this connection the parallel of the English king who died of eating too many lampreys, and also the case of King John, who was said to have died of a surfeit of peaches and new ale. Some writer upon digestion has said that as houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice, so the bodies of those that crowd their stomachs with food are full of diseases. Others go farther than this, and declare that gluttony is the source of all our infirmities and the fountain of all our diseases. Gluttony and drunkenness are about on a par, and about equally destructive, making the body and the pocket to smart.

Napoleon was a voracious eater, and his gluttony is said to have been the cause of his losing the battle of Leipsic. He partook of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions before coming to the field, literally gorging himself so as to be incapable of clear-minded and vigorous action. He ate very fast, the state dinners at the Tuilleries lasting but about half an hour; but Napoleon was no lover of wine. Macaulay, the historian, tells us that when Peter the Great visited England, the immense quantities of meat which he devoured, the pints of brandy which he swallowed, and which it is said he carefully distilled with his own hands, was the one topic of conversation at court. But great as was Peter in his gluttony, he might have found more than his match in the Roman Emperor Maximin, who could eat, any day of the week, forty pounds of meat, and drink six gallons of wine; that is to say, if we can believe the historians. There is no doubt that the Roman emperors were not only great gluttons, but epicures as well, and that they racked their brains to invent novelties to satisfy the cravings of their stomachs. Elagabalus loved to sup upon peacocks' tongues and nightingales, and fed his lions on pheasants and parrots.

It is the same with eating as with drinking—every inordinate cup is un-blessed, and the ingredient is a devil. Every mouthful taken after satisfied hunger only adds labour to a tired digestion. "The misfortune is," says John Knox, "that when a man has found honey, he enters upon the feast with an appetite so voracious that he usually destroys his own delight by excess and satiety." Mohammed, though the founder of a sensual paradise, was himself an abstemious man, observing without pretence the simple diet of an Arab and a soldier. The interdiction of wine by the religion he taught was also enforced by his own example, while he subsisted generally upon a sparing allowance of barley bread, sometimes varied by milk and honey, but his ordinary food was dates and water. It has been said that the pleasures of the palate dealt with us like Egyptian thieves, who strangle those whom they embrace. Those who prolong their meals and force their appetites soon outside their pleasures, and, metaphorically speaking, leave their health under the table.

New America Coinage.

The United States mints have begun the coinage of money on a new system, the designs on both sides of the coins being sunk below the face of the pieces, instead of raised in bas-relief, as is now the case with all coins throughout the world. The new method allows coins to be piled in uniform heights, and also protects the designs from being worn. At present the sunken designs will be used only for gold coinage, but if it proves successful it will be adopted for silver money.

Stamp Collecting

The colour of the 8 cents stamp of Brunei—village on the water type—has been changed to deep blue.

With regard to the report that stamps had been issued for Greenland, the Postmaster-General of Copenhagen reports:—"No stamps for Greenland have been issued. Letters from Greenland are by care of 'The Royal Danish (Greenland Trading Company)' forwarded to Copenhagen, and in this city the letters are furnished with Danish stamps."

The new stamps of Switzerland are so simple in design that only numerals are printed, and the buyer may fancy that either cents or francs are intended. Not a word is printed as to the stamps being for postal or fiscal use.

"L'Echo de la Timbrologie" states:—"At the request of the Argentine Philatelic Society the Administration of Posts has decided to issue a special set of stamps in 1910 to commemorate the centenary of the independence of the Argentine, which was declared on 25th May, 1810. The celebrations committee has nominated a sub-committee to take charge of the new set of stamps; the members of this philatelic committee are M. Marcol del Pont, one of the most prominent philatelists in South America, and Messrs. Gregorio F. Rodriguez and Miguel Gambin, who are the President and Vice-President of the Argentine Philatelic Society respectively."

A pair of the Orange River Colony stamps of the type 1d. on 4d., issued December, 1890, sold for £2 6/ at auction in London.

The late Sir William B. Avery, Bart., had since 1885 been an enthusiastic stamp collector, and for some years sat on the Council of the London Philatelic Society.

As there were considerable remainders of the 1891 issue of stamps of Bolivia, the 50 cent red and 100 cent yellow have been reissued, pending the appearance of a new set this year.

The famous American stamp collection of the late Mr. John K. Tiffany, first President of the American Philatelic Association, has been disposed of to Mr. Frank P. Brown, of Boston, U.S.A. A year or two ago Mr. Tiffany's philatelic library was purchased by the Earl of Crawford for £2,000. What the collection realised has not yet transpired.

A new series of stamps is threatened from the United States. A 2 cents red has already appeared. A new special delivery stamp has been authorised, the design being an olive branch, running diagonally across its face; the leaves entwine a Mercury hat, symbolic of peace and haste. In the upper left-hand corner is the inscription, "10c.," while in the lower right-hand corner in bold letters are the words "U.S. Postage, Special Delivery." The stamp measures one inch square, and is dark green in colour.

The 6d. bi-coloured stamp of Tasmania has been punctured T for official use. A 10/- mauve and brown stamp is also reported, watermark crown A and perforated 11.

It may not be generally known with regard to the current issue of stamps of Great Britain that there are two very distinct shades of the 3d. on chaff-surface paper, one on yellow paper and the other on nearly orange.

It is reported that the current Fiji stamps have been surcharged New Hebrides—Condominium in two black lines, the overprint on the stamps in white paper being in heavy narrow block capitals, with the words New Hebrides on a yellow-green background. The overprint on the stamps on coloured paper is in thin narrow block capitals without any coloured background.

Dogs at Ten Pound an Ounce.

About 600 dogs, valued at £50,000, including a Pekingese which is declared to be worth more than £10 an ounce, were on view at the annual show of the Pet Dog Society at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, London.

The champion dog in the Pekingese class was Chu-Feh, owned by Mrs. Askton Cross, while among other successful prize-winners were Mrs. Herbert's Yen-Chu, a typical grey brindle; Miss Keith Wright's Palace Kwung, and Mrs. Brown's lovely little Brackley Kinchon.

Special attention was paid to this exquisite toy animal, for the cage was decorated with trailing ivy and white chrysanthemums, while its brilliant red lining made a striking contrast to the floral decoration.

Other priceless dogs, so tiny that they might be carried inside one of the modern muffs, were lapped in luxury, some of them being provided with quilted satin coverings and frilled lace pillows. Several cages were upholstered in gorgeous Chinese embroideries, and bore embroidered emblems inside the satin-lined walls.

The poodles were decidedly the most haughty denizens of the hall, for they sat stilly in their boxes with curled mou-tachios and be-ribboned top-knots.

Tiny guilfons, diminutive Yorkshire terriers, snub-nosed pugs, and fierce toy bulldogs all tried to outvie each other in this beauty show.

Many of the dogs are valued at from £200 to £2100, while two French bulldogs are valued at £1000 each. A tiny York-hire terrier and a dainty little Pomeranian are also valued at £1000.

Headache, Indigestion,
Constipation and Biliousness.

The immense number of orders for Frootoids, sent by post direct to the Proprietor, is convincing proof that the Public appreciate their splendid curing power over the above-named complaints.

Frootoids are elegant in appearance and pleasant to take; they are immensely more valuable than an ordinary aperient; they remove from the blood, tissues, and internal organs, waste poisonous matter that is clogging them and choking the channels that lead to and from them.

The beneficial effects of Frootoids 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.

Frootoids are the proper aperient medicine to take when any Congestion or Blood Poison is present, or when Congestion of the Brain or Apoplexy is present or threatening. They have been tested, and have been proved to afford quick relief in such cases when other aperients have not done any good at all.

Frootoids 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 Frootoids, instead of an ordinary aperient. The patient thus gradually becomes independent of Aperient Medicines.

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Saturday, February 13.

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Monday, February 15.
Tuesday, February 16.
Wednesday, February 17.

Address: Central Hotel.

NEW PLYMOUTH—

Thursday, February 18.

Address: White Hart Hotel.

WANGANUI—

Friday, February 19.

Saturday, February 20.

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And add beauty to your complexion. CREME DE BEAUTE, a beauty secret of the Turkish Harem (by letter of authority which accompanies each jar) stands unrivalled as a skin beautifier. Unlike other preparations its beneficial effects are noticeable.

AFTER THE FIRST APPLICATION

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MISS McELWAIN,

234 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Society Gossip.

CAMBRIDGE

Dear See,

February 13.

Things are still very quiet with us, as they usually are during the hot weather.

On Friday evening Mrs. E. E. Roberts gave a small but enjoyable Bridge evening. Mrs. Roberts was wearing a very pretty creme net blouse, threaded with a pale blue silk scarf and black silk skirt; Mrs. A. H. Nicoll looked sweet in a white chiffon taffeta gown with lovely Duchess point lace fichu; Miss Dunne, daintily black chiffon taffeta frock with square yoke back and front of white embroidered embon, and elbow sleeves of the same; Miss Wells, white silk blouse with transparent yoke of lace, and creme skirt; Miss Gwyneth, heliotrope chiffon taffeta blouse, tucked creme net vest, bretelles of silk finished with French knots, black silk skirt. Amongst the men were: Dr. Roberts, Dr. Bennett (Devonport), Messrs. Nicoll and Wells.

On Wednesday evening a number of Cambridge people went through by special train and brakes to Hamilton to Ada Crossley's concert. I am glad to say I was one of the party. It was a musical treat; I would not have missed it on any account. Next week we are to have the pleasure of hearing the Cherniavski Brothers in Cambridge. It is not often that we get a good company here, as our present hall is so small.

On Wednesday afternoon a large gathering took place at the Tennis Courts to witness the tennis matches between Te Awamutu and Cambridge. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent, and afternoon tea dispensed by the lady members of the club. The matches resulted in favour of Cambridge, being 9-7, or, counting by points, Cambridge 100, Te Awamutu 83. Before leaving, Dr. Henderson, on behalf of the Te Awamutu Club, thanked the Cambridge Club for the pleasant afternoon afforded them, to which Mr. Isherwood responded.

A cricket match between Hamilton and Cambridge was played on Victoria Square, Cambridge, on Wednesday afternoon, when the visitors were victorious, winning by three wickets.

On Wednesday afternoon three full rinks and one pair of bowlers from the Te Awamutu Club visited Cambridge to play an inter-club match, their No. 1 team having challenged the local holders to play for Hallenstein's Cup. The visitors made a good fight for it, the game being the closest yet played for the Cup. The local team won by 31 points on the aggregate, the scores being: Cambridge, 70; Te Awamutu, 48. Afternoon tea was

dispensed by the members of the local club, which was much appreciated.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Dr. and Mrs. Roberts and Dr. Bennett, of Devonport, left by motor-car yesterday for Rotorua, en route for Wairakei and Taupo, for a month's holiday.

Dr. Campbell-Smith, lately out from Edinburgh, is acting as locum tenens during Dr. Roberts' absence.

Mrs. Smaanan is at present staying in Cambridge.

Archdeacon Willis and family have returned from St. Helier's, where they have been staying for the last six weeks.

Mrs. A. Gibbons has returned from her trip South, having visited at Wellington, Palmerston North, Wanganui, Eketahuna, New Plymouth, and went up Mount Egmont. She thoroughly enjoyed her holiday.

ELSIE.

GISBORNE.

Dear Bee,

February 12.

On Monday night the Garrison Hall presented quite a brilliant scene, the occasion being the opening performance of the military carnival arranged by Signor Borzoni, under the title of "The Birth of the Empire." The proceedings were formally opened with a speech by His Worship the Mayor, who congratulated the volunteers, and all those concerned, on being able to arrange such a high-class entertainment, the object of which, he explained, was to help to lessen the debt on the hall. The performance included tableaux of all descriptions, fancy dancing, character songs, marches, etc., over 200 adults and children taking part, whilst the City Band, under Conductor Lawrence, contributed largely to the success of the evening. Solos were also given by the members of the Rita Orchestra, and Mr. Harold Piper accompanied on the piano in his usual finished style. The audience were seated round the hall on tiers of seats arranged like a circus, with the performers in a ring in the centre, which gave everyone a fair chance of seeing all that was to be seen. During the interval on Tuesday evening

MISS BACON.

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THE COLLEGE, which is built in the highest part of Remuera, is an ideal spot for a BOARDING SCHOOL. The grounds are ten acres in extent, and laid out in playing fields, lawns and shrubberies. Boarders have the use of a good SCHOOL LIBRARY, Gymnasium, Dark Room for Photography, Carpenter's Shop. Their comfort and well-being is made the first consideration in the house.

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THE Curriculum includes all the subjects required for the University and Civil Service Examinations. There is, in connection with the College, a well-equipped Science Laboratory.

All boys, unless specially exempted, are required to play Cricket and Football, and to enter for gymnastic and school sports.

The Religious instruction is under the direction of the Visitor.

the people of Gisborne took the opportunity of presenting Mr and Mrs Townley with a massive silver rose bowl, as a small token of the love and esteem in which they were held by young and old alike. During the 22 years of his life spent in Gisborne, Mr Townley has devoted his time to the interests of that town and people, and has occupied the position of Mayor for 17 years. Mrs Townley's name has become a by-word for good deeds, and she has ever been foremost in helping every charitable work along. The presentation was made by Mr de Lantour, accompanied by an appropriate speech. Speeches were also made by Mr L. W. Bright and Captain Tucker. Mr Townley feelingly replied on behalf of Mrs Townley and himself, and at the conclusion of the ceremony was "chaired" round the hall, whilst the large audience all joined in the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The carnival is to continue for eight nights, and so far there has been a large and representative audience each night, amongst whom were the Mayor (Mr W. D. Lysnar) and Mrs Lysnar, Mr and Mrs de Lantour, Mr and Mrs Rees, Mr and Mrs Mann, Mr and Mrs Symes, Mrs Stevenson, Mr and Mrs Pyke, Miss Pyke, Mr, Mrs., and Miss Bright, Mr and Mrs F. Barker, Mr and Mrs V. Barker, Mr and Mrs A. Seymour, Miss Margoliouth, Mr and Mrs A. F. Kennedy, Mr and Mrs Traill, Mr and Mrs F. Parker, Dr. and Miss Schumacher, Mr and Mrs Waschmann, Miss M. Waschmann, Mrs Bennett, Mrs Donner, Mr and Mrs L. White, Mrs Hughes, the Misses Tucker, Mr and Miss Foster, Mr and Mrs Barton, Mr and Mrs Stock, Mr and Mrs E. Matthews, Miss Williams, the Misses Davies, Miss Evans, etc.

On Wednesday evening

A VERY ENJOYABLE DANCE

was given by Mr and Mrs Nolan at their residence "Otipi." The dining-room and adjoining drawing-room were used as a ball-room, and a most recherche supper was spread in a large marquee erected for the occasion on the lawn just outside the dining-room, the tables being most tastefully decorated. The music was supplied by the Veta Bros' orchestra. The guests consisted chiefly of unmarried people, only a few very "young" matrons being invited. Mrs Nolan was gowned in a most becoming black taffeta dress, relieved with white; her daughter, Mrs R. Barton, wore soft white taffeta with chiffon trimmings; Miss Nolan, pale green ninon; Mrs Gillingham, white taffeta, with trimmings of lace and French knots; Mrs G. Reynolds, cream satin, with trimmings of silver, etc.; Mrs R. Crawford, Empire gown of chiffon, trimmed with chiffon and slight touches of silver; Mrs O. Sainsbury, black taffeta, with turquoise ornaments; Miss Sherratt, blue muslin over silk; Miss Waschmann, black silk, relieved with white; Miss Donner (England), white lace gown, with foundation of satin, made in Empire style; Miss Bennett, pale blue silk; Miss MacLean, floral muslin; Miss Reynolds, white silk, with trimmings of green velvet; Miss G. Reynolds, black taffeta; Miss Lewis, cream lace dress, relieved with blue; Miss J. Lewis, white silk, with floral sash; Miss Bradley was also in white; Miss M. Williamson, deep blue chiffon over white crepe de chene; Miss Gray, soft white satin; Miss K. Sherratt, white taffetas; Miss Murray, old rose, with brown velvet trimmings; Miss Gordon (Opoitiki), white muslin; Miss Pyke, Miss Davies; Miss White, pink taffeta; Messrs W. Nolan, Smith, Sherratt, Gillingham, Barton, Curtis, Murray, Crawford, White, and Reynolds.

PICNIC

Saturday being an ideal day for a picnic, enabled those who were energetic enough to journey out from town to the Ormond quarry to spend a very pleasant day in the bush. The younger members of the party, to whom this form of amusement appeals particularly, were most enthusiastic in their appreciation, and very unwilling to leave when the time came for going home. Amongst those who were there I noticed: Mrs Hine and her children, Mrs Runciman and the Misses and Master Runciman, Mrs W. Sherratt, Miss Sherratt, Miss Gray, Mrs J. R. Murphy, Mrs Tomblason and her daughters, Mrs and the Misses Luck (Napier), Miss K. Rees (London), Mrs Hodge and her small son, Miss Waschmann, Mrs C. Thomas and children, Miss Seymour, Miss D. Bennett, Miss Donner (England), Dr. and Miss Schumacher, and others.

ELSA.

PALMERSTON NORTH

Dear Bee.

February 12.


A tennis match between teams representing Feilding and Palmerston was played on the Palmerston Tennis Club's lawns on Saturday afternoon, resulting in a win for the home team. On next Saturday it is very probable that a return match will be played on the Feilding court. The visiting teams were: Mrs. Kingdon and Miss Spain, Messrs. Spain, Barron, Lawson, Bartleman, Graham, Wiggins, Ray, and Roberts. The home team: Mrs. Pickett and Miss Wilson, Messrs. Thompson, Connell, Stedman, H. B. Smith, W. L. Fitzherbert, D. Reid, D. Waldegrave and P. Hankins. There was a fair attendance of onlookers, including: Mrs. Thompson, wearing a white linen frock, hat with ribbon and green rose; Mrs. Louison, a pale pink spotted cotton voile, effectively trimmed with cream lace and touches of brown, large black hat with black feathers and ospreys, white ostrich feather boa; Mrs. Bell, dark green linen coat and skirt, cream lace vest, black hat with tips; Miss G. Bell, heliotrope and white striped linen frock, green belt, green hat; Mrs. Hill (Feilding), black crepe de chine, fine black lace yoke over white, black hat with black feather; Mrs. J. Waldegrave, rose pink linen coat and skirt, cream straw hat with wreath of pink roses; Miss F. Waldegrave, white embroidered linen coat and skirt, cream hat with green tulle and small pink flowers; Mrs. Randolph, black embroidered coat and skirt, cream lace vest, black plumed hat; Miss Randolph, brown linen coat and skirt, cream lace vest, brown hat with brown tulle and shaded brown feather; Mrs. McKnight, white embroidered muslin, white ostrich feather boa, pale blue hat with a profusion of gaily-coloured sweet peas; Mrs. Rennell, green and white striped pink frock, white lace hat with green floral silk bows; Mrs. D. Reed, brown silk frock with cream lace yoke, cream lace hat with brown rose; Miss Porter, grey and white striped linen, cream straw hat with pink and crimson roses; Mrs. Davis; Miss Glendinning; and several others.

The weather was perfect on Wednesday.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE HORTICULTURAL SHOW.

In addition to the gorgeous display of flowers, etc., for exhibition, there was the usual number of entries for the floral decorations. Mrs J. P. Innes won the first prize for table decorations; Mrs Martin came second, and Mrs W. L. Fitzherbert third. Mrs Mollsoop was first and second for the prettiest mantel-piece. Afternoon tea was under the supervision of Mrs R. Leary, assisted by the Misses Edith Wilson, Humphries, Porter, Gardiner, G. Bell, Gemmel (2), Johnston, and others. During the afternoon I noticed Mrs Matthews (Wairarapa) in a black striped silk toilette, black embroidered net coat, green bonnet, with small pink flowers; Miss Matthews, cream and pink floral delaine, green silk belt, pale pink crimoline hat, with pink silk trimming; Mrs O. Monrath, white embroidered muslin, rose pink hat, with a pale shade of roses; Mrs McLennan, in black, with pale grey dust coat, black and white bonnet, with ospreys; Miss McLennan, black coat and skirt, the white collar embroidered in black, cream lace vest, with touch of lavender, black and white hat, with black and white marguerites; Miss Elsie McLennan, white embroidered muslin, green straw hat, with crimson roses; Mrs Holmes, fawn and brown striped muslin, green velvet belt, hat with mauve roses; Mrs Allan Strang, pale dove-coloured coat and skirt, white ostrich feather boa, dark violet hat, with flowers of same shade; Mrs W. Strang, pale blue cloth coat and skirt, white feather boa, black hat; Miss Feuton, pale pink linen, cream hat, with pink roses; Mrs M. Cohen, pale golden brown crepe de chine, black hat, with white plumes; Mrs A. D. Thompson, embroidered white linen, brown hat, with mauve roses; Mrs Louison, rose pink coat and skirt, large cream hat, with pink roses; Mrs Balfour Kincaid (Woodville), grey tweed skirt, cream spotted blouse, hat with blue and brown roses; Mrs F. Pratt, dark green lustre costume made with a long coat, black hat; Mrs Warburton, fawn crash coat and skirt with white pipings, bright blue straw hat with feather of same shade, and pink rose; Miss Warburton, white embroidered muslin, white hat with pink

silk and flowers; Mrs. W. L. Fitzherbert, cornflower blue linen coat and skirt, burnt straw hat with black lace and crimson roses; Miss Pascoe, rose-pink linen, floral hat; Mrs. C. Langman, cream and pink floral muslin, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. F. O. B. Loughnan, mauve striped toilette, black hat with mauve and white flowers; Miss Loughnan, white embroidered muslin, rose trimmed hat; Miss McLean, white embroidered muslin, hat in shades of mauve; Miss Bond, cream serge Eton costume, white hat with white feather; Miss Vera Moulton, pink linen, hat with deep cream silk trimming; Mrs. Broad, white muslin, cream hat with tulle and flowers; Mrs. McKnight, white embroidered muslin, white ostrich feather boa, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Bennett, white coat and skirt, black and white hat with black tips; Mrs. G. H. Bennett, blue and white check muslin, white lace yoke, black hat with black feathers; Mrs. Rutherford, white embroidered muslin, floral hat; Mrs. Opie, pale blue frock, hat with pink roses; Mrs. Hirsch, cream and pale pink floral muslin, rose-pink hat with roses of a pale shade; Mrs. Holben, navy blue coat and skirt, hat with mauve flowers; Miss Holben, pale grey Eton costume with pale blue collar, blue hat with pink roses; Mrs. Durward, fawn and cream striped coat and skirt, with brown silk collar, cream hat with pink silk trimming; Mrs. Rodgers, white muslin, black hat with black feathers; Miss Scanlon, white muslin, hat with hyacinths; Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. Luxford, Mr. and Mrs. Mellsoop, Mrs. J. M. Johnston, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Kelly, Dr. and Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. and Miss Randolph, Mrs. and Miss Slack, Capt. and Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moore, Miss Collins, Mrs. and Miss Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hewitt, Mrs. J. P. Innes, Miss Akers. VIOLET.



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WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, February 12.

Everyone was so pleased and interested to hear of the arrival of a little son to their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Plunket, more especially as this is the first of their eight children to be born in New Zealand. The new baby's five sisters must be pleased with another brother, as girls are rather out of proportion in the family.

Mrs. Walter Johnston's charming house in Hobson-street was the scene of

A DELIGHTFUL "AT HOME"

on Thursday afternoon. The rooms have been recently redecored, and the effect is most artistic. Red carnations and sweet peas were used to decorate the tables in the dining room, where the walls harmonised with the colour of the flowers. Pink and mauve sweet peas gave fragrance to the drawing-room, with its subdued rose and ivory hues, while the morning room was a delightfully cool retreat. Mrs. Johnston received her guests in a lingerie gown of filmy lawn and lace, with the daintiest embroideries en creux. Two small children who were of much assistance in handing round ices, etc., were Poggie Turnbull, in a frilly lace and muslin frock, and the little son of the house, who looked very bonny in his white duck sailor suit. Mrs. W. Turnbull, who is just back from England, was gowned in faint amethyst ninon de soie with a good deal of beige Irish lace about it, her mu-broom hat of mauve was massed with shaded fly-drangea; Mrs. Williams wore black tulle, with a handsome lace coat and a bonnet of purple chiffon; Miss E. Williams, Wedgwood blue eolienne, the lace yoke finished with gold tassels, pale blue hat with white plumes; Mrs. Martin, Saxe blue Shantung, the coat elaborately braided and buttoned in the same hue, black hat with blue feathers; Miss Johnston, grey blue cloth, smartly braided with white, black hat with pink roses and tulle ruche; Mrs. Spratt, black tulle, and Chantilly lace; Miss Harcourt, ivory marquisette, the Empire bodice having cross-over bands of handsome guipure edged with ball fringe, blue hat with shaded roses; Mrs. G. Harcourt, ciel blue eolienne, with ivory guipure yoke and sleeves, white coque boa, black hat wreathed with white roses and their foliage; Mrs. V. Liddford, pale pink cloth, the coat smartly braided and embroidered, pink picture hat with black wings; Miss Goales, navy tulle, with lace guipure, black and navy hat; Mrs. Hadfield, shrimp pink Shantung, hat with roses; Mrs. Larmach, grey crepe de chine and lace, hat with wreath of flowers; Miss Nathan, amethyst crepe de chine, with guimpe of Valenciennes lace, mauve hat; Miss G. Nathan, white ninon de soie with silk and silver, embroidered white hat with cow-slips; Mrs. Miles, white ninon with a mauve floral design, mauve toque; Miss Miles, pink Shantung, and hat with roses; Mrs. MacTavish, black crepe de chine and lace. Miss MacTavish, pale blue eolienne and black hat; Mrs. Chattfield, white and black foulard, and black hat; Miss Cooper, Wedgwood blue cloth and black Directoire sash, blue hat with black wings; Mrs. Stowe, black tulle; Miss Stowe, pale blue cloth, blue hat with white wings; Miss Duncan, pastel cloth, eoru hat with emerald green wings; Mrs. Alger Williams, grey and white striped tweed, corse hat with black wings; Miss Harding, ivory Shantung torsead with pale blue guimpe, white hat wreathed with Mrs. Von Zoeltz, Saxe blue striped voile, and black picture hat; Miss Hislop, white ninon hemmed and embroidered with pale lilac show together greenw. Jealous pale blue guimpe, hite hat wreathed with wild flowers.

On Thursday the Kelburne Kiosk was the scene of

A VERY CHEERY LITTLE TEA,

the hostesses being Mrs Houston and Miss Blackett. It was a most pictur-

esque day, and the panorama of land and water visible from the verandah windows was a delight to the artistic eye. Sweet peas decorated the tables, which were many in number, and most of the guests came early and stayed late, clear proof of success. Good wishes for a pleasant voyage and all kinds of good luck and prosperity were bestowed on the hostesses, who left for England next day. Their programme includes a long stay in Italy and other places on the Continent.

Mrs Houston wore grey marquisette, with guimpe and sleeves of grey guipure, white hat wreathed with black, white and yellow marguerites; Miss Blackett, black tailor-made, smartly braided, smart hat with clusters of violets. The guests included Mrs Burnett, in black embroidered ninon over ivory glace, black and white toque; Mrs M. Burnett, pale green tweed tailor-made, white hat swathed with blue and green tulle; Miss Richmond, amethyst cloth tailor-made, and purple hat; Mrs Fell, black tulle, black and white toque; Mrs Leonard Reid, black chiffon voile, guipure lace yoke, black and white toque; Miss Baber, brown Shantung, eoru net yoke, brown hat with yellow roses; Miss E. Richmond, brown tailor-made, green coque boa, brown swathed hat; Mrs M. Richmond, navy tailor-made, and black hat; Miss Turner, black and white chiffon tulle, and black hat; Miss M. Turner, navy tulle, lace yoke, blue hat with roses; Miss Harding, green coat and skirt, with wine coloured velvet facings; Miss Ashcroft, dark blue tweed, and black hat; Miss Edwin, grey tailor-made, and Saxe blue hat; Miss Lysight (Hawera), navy blue foulard, and blue hat; Miss Burnett, white serge tailor made, with touches of gold braid, green hat with flowers; Miss Powles, navy tailor-made, and dark blue hat; Mrs Campbell, blue cloth tailor-made, green hat with foliage and roses; Mrs T. Atkinson, black serge, and black hat with wings.

AN INDEFATIGABLE TRAVELLER.

That indefatigable traveller, Miss Holmes, is off again on another delightful journey. This time she takes with her a niece, Miss White, and they travel by the Kaikoura as far as Tenerife. From there their wanderings begin, and they are fortunate in having no formal route to follow, and no time-table dates to keep, so there is an enchanting prospect before them. A short time ago Miss Holmes received a presentation from a literary society of which she is president, and as her friends always take a keen interest in her doings, she has promised to keep in touch with them by means of a special series of letters and notes. Mrs Wilford, who is a niece of Miss Holmes, gave a farewell tea in her honour a few days ago. Mrs Wilford wore white lawn, with lace and embroidery; Miss Holmes, brown tweed, and brown hat; Mrs Scobie Mackenzie (Dunedin), was in black armure, braided and worn with a black and white toque; Mrs Bland Holt was in a smart tailor-made, with a braided fillet and a hat with outstretched wings.

A MORNING TEA.

Mrs Simpson's morning tea on Thursday was in honour of Lady Stout, who, with Sir Robert and their little daughter, leave for England very shortly. Lady Stout is always a leading figure wherever she chances to be, and her absence—even for a short time—will be felt throughout New Zealand. One of her favourite schemes is to bring Maori girls into closer touch with white women, and at the coming Maori meeting it is probable that this matter will be taken up more vigorously than hitherto. It is in Sir Robert Stout's house that Mr and Mrs Simpson are now residing, and on Thursday the pretty drawing-room was bright with montretreas and gudioli. The hostess wore chiffon voile with lace yoke and sleeves; Miss Simpson was in white lawn and lace; Lady Stout's cloth tailor-made was worn with a lace blouse and a smart hat.

Another of the travellers to England this season is Mrs Milward, for whom a farewell tea was given on Wednesday by Mrs Beauchamp. Mrs Milward wore mauve tulle, with net sleeves and vest, and a mauve hat with lace. The hostess wore reseda Shantung, with a guimpe of lace; Miss Beauchamp, purple tulle, banded with velvet; Miss C. Beauchamp, white and pale blue floral muslin, hemmed with lace.

The many friends of Miss Ina Fitzherbert, who has been Mrs Andrew for

the past two years, will be interested to hear that her husband is now private chaplain to the Duke of Buccleugh.

Mrs Bland Holt was the guest of honour at a small tea given by Mrs Quick. Mrs Holt wore a pale ale cloth, the Directoire coat showing a vest of lace and net, toque of forget-me-nots and roses; Mrs Quick wore black brocade, and Miss Quick was in ivory Shantung, with a lace yoke.

OPIHELIA.

A number of tournaments are being played, and members are much keener than at the beginning of the season. Amongst those in the courts were Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Levin, Mrs Fairburn, Mrs Izett, Mrs Richie, Mrs W. Meldrum (Hunterville), Mrs Howarth, Mrs Gordon, Miss Gresson, Mrs Lomas, Miss Burgess, Miss Brown, Mr Sarjeant, Mr Richie, Mr Goodwin and others.

The Welsh Choir Singers had a two nights' season and sacred concert in the Opera House last week. They were not as well patronised as their concerts deserved, but this was probably due to the very large number of good musicians that have recently visited Wanganui. Amongst those present were Mrs Greenwood, Mrs Hughes Johnston, Mrs James Watt, Mrs Jones, Mr Wray, Miss Williams, Mr Neame, Mrs D. Meldrum, Miss Frankish, Mr Saywell, Mr Enderby and others.

Wanganui music lovers were very fortunate in having the three

RUSSIAN BROTHERS CHERNIAVSKI

for a two nights' season in the Opera House. They are a marvellous trio. Amongst the audiences, I noticed Mr and Mrs H. Lethbridge, Mrs Sorley, Miss Lethbridge, Mrs Sarjeant, Mrs Sherriff, Miss Moore, Mrs Barnicoat, Miss Richmond, Mr Johnston, Mr and Mrs D. Lethbridge, Mr Wray, Mrs Kitchen, Miss Willis, Mr and Mrs Foster, Mrs Dodgshun, Miss Dodgshun and others.

Mrs Sarjeant gave a very enjoyable croquet party last week. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs Goodwin, Mrs James Watt, Mrs and Miss Barnicoat, Mrs Mason, Miss Lambert (Wellington), Mrs James, Miss Scott (Gisborne), Mrs Izett, Mrs and Miss Stewart, Mrs Pharyzyn, Mrs Lewis, Mrs McMurdo (Auckland).

WANGANUI.

Dear Bee, February 12.

Last week several enjoyable picnics were given on the river. Amongst those present at one in the launch were Rev. and Mrs Jacobs, Rev. A. O. Williams and Mrs Williams, Mr and Mrs Ashcroft, Mrs Sheriff, Rev. Watson (Wairarapa), Mrs Watson and others.

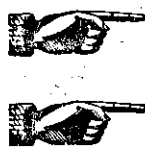
On Saturday there was a very jolly river picnic in some of the club rowing boats. Amongst those who went were Mrs Paterson, Miss Richmond, Miss Ashcroft, Miss Stanford, Miss W. Anderson, Miss Humphreys (Palmerston North), Miss Gresson, Messrs Anderson, Fletcher, McLean, Baddeley, Stronts.

Last week Mrs Colin Campbell gave a bridge party. There were four tables. Amongst those present were Mr and Mrs A. Lewis, Mrs Riddell (Napier), Mr Harper, Mrs Barnicoat, Miss Inlay, Mrs Inlay Saunders, Mr Allan, Mr Butterworth, Mr Lomas.

Afternoon tea

AT THE CROQUET COURTS

on Saturday was given by Mrs S. Gordon, Mrs P. Jotling and Miss Gresson.



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PERSONAL ITEMS.

Miss Morrison, of Auckland, has been the guest of Mrs John Anderson in Wanganui.

Mrs Innes, of Palmerston North, has been staying in Wanganui with Mrs John Wait.

Mrs Dodgshun, of Gisborne, has been staying in Wanganui with friends.

Mrs and Miss W. Anderson, of Wanganui, left this week for a holiday in Wellington, Christchurch, and the Cold Lake district.

Mr and Mrs W. Atkinson, of Wanganui, left this week for a visit to England and the Continent.

Mrs McKnight, of Palmerston North, who has been staying in Wanganui with friends has returned to her home.

Mr and Mrs Gifford Marshall, of Wanganui, have returned from their visit to Auckland and Rotorua. They leave early next month for a trip to England and the Continent.

Mrs H. Peake, of Wanganui, has returned from her holiday in Auckland and the Waikato district.

Miss N. Cowper, of Wanganui, left last week for a visit to Rotorua.

Mr Goodwin, of Wanganui, has returned from his holiday in Rotorua.

Mrs W. Moldrum, of Hunterville, is staying in Wanganui for a few weeks.

Mrs Oldham, of Taihape, is the guest of her sister, Mrs John Stevenson, in Wanganui.

Mrs and Miss R. Hawken, of Wanganui, are staying in the Wairarapa district.

Mrs McMurdo, of Auckland, is the guest of her sister, Mrs A. Lewis, in Wanganui.

Mrs Janisch, of Wanganui, who has been in America and England for some years, returned to New Zealand this month, and is now in Wanganui.

Miss Lambert, of Wellington, is the guest of her sister, Mrs John Mason, in Wanganui.

Mr and the Misses Mason, of Wanganui, are staying in Auckland.

HUTA.

HASTINGS.

Dear Bee, February 13.

The William Anderson Dramatic Company paid us a visit, for two nights last week. They played "The Squatter's Daughter" and "The Face at the Window." A rather amusing incident occurred during the performance. Just as "a face at the window" appears a man is seen to pass. One old lady evidently was so carried away that she rose in the audience and called out, "Catch 'im! Catch 'im!" greatly to the amusement of the audience.

On Monday night we were visited by Miss Florence Baines, who played "Miss Lancashire, Limited." The theatre was crowded, and Miss Baines delighted her audience by her clever mimicry.

The Hawke's Bay Mounted Rifles, under the command of Capt. Davis Cummings, have been camping at Twyford, the residence of H. E. Russell, Esq., and have been doing some smart drill and rifle exercises under the command of Sgt. Major Burr, drill inspector. On Sunday over 50 of the mounted men rode into town to attend service at St. Matthew's Anglican Church. The Vicar (Rev. Hobbs), honorary chaplain, preached a most impressive sermon, which was listened to most attentively by the large congregation. After the service the men rode back to camp, and in the afternoon the camp was visited by hundreds of people, who rode or drove out. Afternoon tea was served and much appreciated. Sunday being such a hot day.

The weather has been very dry, but today a sharp shower fell, which lasted about an hour; it laid the dust and freshened up everything.

Last Saturday our local cricket teams played very successful matches, and the ladies served afternoon tea.

Yesterday, the 11th, many people journeyed out to

WOODTHORPE HACK RACES.

which are held on the natural course situated on Mr. T. H. Lowry's property at Motea. The meeting is considered the best picnic gathering in the Dominion, and yesterday's meeting was a great success, and shows the popularity of the day's outing is increasing. An accident happened to Mr. A. Hyde when doing a preliminary on The Rabbit. The horse swerved on to the winning post, and Mr. Hyde fell, receiving a nasty scalp wound and cuts and bruises on the legs and arms. Mrs. T. H. Lowry pluckily came to the rescue, and bound up the injuries, and after a rest Mr. Hyde was soon able to walk about again.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mr. E. D. Hallet has returned from his holidays, which he spent in New Plymouth, visiting other towns on the way.

Mrs. F. D. Luckie has returned. Mr. and Miss Luckie are still holiday-making. Mrs. George Beamish (Whana Whana) is visiting Mrs. Beamish at Stoneycroft.

Great sorrow is felt among the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton (Matapiro) in the loss of their little son. Mr. Tanner (Havelock) has bought "Dilkhoosha," the well-known and beautiful residence.

SHIELA.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, February 10

SHOW.

On Thursday the Blenheim Horticultural Society held its Summer Show in the Town Hall, and was favoured with a fair attendance, both in the afternoon and evening. Some of those I noticed present in the evening were: Mesdames Adams, R. McCallum, Redwood, Walker, Conolly, Cheek, Misses Mowat (2), Clouston (4), Neville, Leslie (2), Adams (Nelson), Griffiths and Ewart, Messrs Clouston, Redwood, Shepherd, Lodder and Dr. Adams.

"THE KILTIES."

Last Friday evening the much-talked-of "Kilties" arrived by the evening train from Picton. They were afterwards escorted to the Town Hall, with a long line of followers, and were appreciated by an unusually large audience. I need hardly add that the Scotch folk enjoyed the performance immensely, while all other nationalities were more than pleased, as the items rendered were varied and pleasing. Some of those present were: Mesdames Revell, McCallum (2), Mills, Neville, Adams, Redwood, Jackson, Innes and Powell, Misses Leslie (2), Adams, Nelson, Goulter (3), Ball (2), Bull and Neville (3), Messrs McCallum, Mills, Dr. Adams, A. Adams, Moore, Bell, Redwood, Goulter (2), and Jackson.

TENNIS.

Last Saturday afternoon the Marlborough Lawn Tennis Grounds were very well attended. A dainty tea was provided by Mrs. Innes, which was much appreciated by all present. Some of those I noticed were: Mesdames Innes, McCallum, Seat Smith, Brittain, Mowat Hulme, and Griffiths, Misses Leslie (2), and Harley, Messrs Moore, Hill, Burtlen, Chaireward, and Broadmore.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

The Hon. C. H. Mills (Wellington) is spending a few days with his son, Mr. Claude Mills.

Mrs. J. Griffiths is on a short visit to Wellington.

Mrs. G. Wastney (Nelson) is the guest of Mrs. R. Bell at "Riverlands."

Mr. and Mrs. R. Barlow have returned from visiting friends in Christchurch and Ashburton.

Mrs. and Miss Maryham (Nelson) are staying with Mrs. F. Greenfield.

Miss Isabel Rutherford, "Kekerangu," is visiting Mrs. H. Howard in Maxwell-road.

Miss Daisy Conolly (Auckland) is visiting her brother, Mr. J. Conolly, at "Springlands."

Mrs. and Miss Trolove, who have been visiting Mrs. J. Mowat, have returned to "The Shades."

Miss Eileen Adams (Nelson) is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Adams in Maxwell-road.

Mr. and Mrs. Estcourt Parsons (Kalkoura), accompanied by Miss Parsons, left last week for a trip to Rotorua.

Mr. Fred. Farmer is visiting Nelson.

JEAN.

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Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I mean to try and keep up my correspondence once more. It is a very long time since I wrote to you last: I enjoyed my holidays very much this time. At the beginning of them I had a girl down from Hawera to stop for a while, when she went back, Cousin Myrtle and I went back with her. We both enjoyed ourselves immensely. One day we went to the beach and had a row down the river. Another day we went up to McGregor's farm, and we had a picnic there. We went right through the bush and got a lot of ferns and wild flowers, and when we came back we went to Greatford in a motor car. The last week of our holidays we went for a picnic down to the recreation grounds, and on the following Friday we went up to Greatford and back for a drive in a gig. Yesterday we went for a picnic to the new bridge. We started at ten o'clock in the morning, and came back at half-past five. There have been three babies christened to-day. I can was one christened yesterday. I can think of no more news. I will close with best love to you all and the other Cousins.—Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—I am glad you had such a good time in the holidays; the last few weeks in December are so hot, and one has to work harder and more continually than during the rest of the year, so one deserves the holiday. It must have been perfectly lovely on the river. My idea of perfect bliss for this time of year is just to drift about in a boat with lots of cushions and a new book. The only place where there is a breeze is on the water, or to be driven very, very fast in a motor car. I suppose you are rather sorry to go back to school. You can only go to picnics on Saturdays now. It seems such a shame to be indoors this weather. I am glad you are going to write regularly now, but it is rather too much to expect you to write during the holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you will never forgive me, but I had completely forgotten to write to you. So I will make up for my long silence by sending you an extra long letter. To-day we had a friend over to play croquet. Can you play croquet? I have a new pony and a foal; the pony's name is Babette and the foal is called Gingerale. I also have a very late lamb called Maria, a magpie called Yarkup, and a little peacock. We went to Wanganui a little while ago. I had a ride in the trams. I think they

have spoilt Wanganui altogether. We are having such hot weather here just now. We have not had any bad bush fires yet. I enjoyed my Christmas holidays very much. I did not go away for them. I am going for a ride to-morrow afternoon. The willows are beginning to turn colour here, they are very early, are they not? I began school again last Wednesday. Well, dear Cousin Kate, I think that is all the news, from Cousin BERYL.

[Dear Cousin Beryl.—I certainly thought you had grown tired of our page. I am glad I was mistaken. I don't like losing a cousin. What a funny girl you are not to like the trams; they are not pretty, certainly, in the daytime, but they are at night I think, and at their worst they are no uglier than the old buses; and they are so convenient and so quick. I like croquet very much, and I know how it ought to be played; but, alas! that is about as far as I get, because I am a shocking bad shot, and I don't believe I will ever improve. What a number of pets you have; it must take you nearly all your time to feed and look after them. I hope the new pony will be a great success.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you are well. I have just come home from Tokaanu. I had three weeks' holiday. It was not a very good holiday because it rained most of the time. On New Year's Day the Maoris had sports at Waihi. We went to have a look at them. There were a lot of children's races. That same afternoon I went with some of my friends to see the waterfall. It was very pretty with all the bushes around it. We could hardly hear ourselves speaking with the noise the waterfall made. You must excuse me for not writing, for we were always busy. We brought back a girl friend with us on the steamer. She went back yesterday. We drove round to Tokaanu. I must close with oceans of love to you and all the other Cousins.—Cousin JANE.

P.S.—I saw Cousin Olive in Tokaanu.

[Dear Cousin Jane.—The heat in town is so awful that nobody seems to be really well. We all go round looking, and what is really worse, feeling absolutely limp. For your sakes I hope it is cooler at Taupo. I hope you had a good time during your holiday, even when it rained. How far is the waterfall from Waihi. Do you know, I have stayed there, but I never even heard of the waterfall. I can quite understand your not wanting to write when you were away, and quite forgive you, too, though once or twice I began to think all the Cousins had deserted me for good and all. One week I only got one letter; think of that.—Cousin Kate.]

UNSENTIMENTAL TOMMY.

Mother: Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown.

Tommy: Don't want to.

Mother: Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven.

Tommy: Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown!

Sandy's Paper Message.

Simply a scrap of paper; possibly a leaf from an old hymn-book, which had been tossed to and fro by the wind, until it rested, as if by accident, on the lap of little Sandy Gardiner, as he sat by the side of his donkey on the sea-shore.

Sandy was quite a little boy, only six years old, and people would generally smile curiously when he presented him-

self as the sole attendant of the animal which they had hired for their children. But they found him quite equal to his work, so no complaint was ever made.

Sandy was by no means a happy child. He was an orphan, and dependent for his living upon a cross-grained old aunt, who, at the death of his mother, had been obliged "to take to him"; and a very cold welcome she offered Sandy to her miserable home.

The child was "fanciful, and unlike other boys," she said, and she had "no patience with him and his dreams."

The children who rode Sandy's donkey along the sands would sometimes tell the boy wonderful stories of the lands beyond the sea, which would cause him to open very wide his wondering eyes. And often, when he was alone, he would gaze dreamily over the waters and wonder if he should ever sail yonder to that dim country, and there become a rich "grow-up man," no more dependent for his bread upon his cross old aunt.

It was while his fancy was busy in building castles in the air, as he sat on the soft sand, that the paper-message was sent to him. He took the leaflet up eagerly, and though some of the long words were quite beyond his power of understanding, he managed to read enough to learn that somewhere in the sky there was "a home for little children"; and the strange news filled his mind with wonder. Several times he read and re-read the two lines which seemed to have a special significance to him:

"There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky."

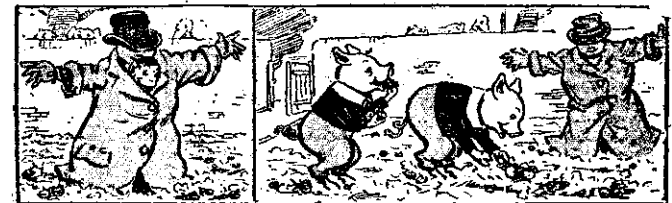
Sandy wondered, first of all, how it was that he had never heard before of

JUNGLE JINKS

JACKO SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING STRAWBERRIES.



1. "The birds have been eating my strawberries remarkably fast lately," said Dr. Lion. "I really must put a stop to it. Here, you boys, come and help me to fix up a scarecrow in the strawberry bed." "Certainly, sir," cried Jacko, like the good little boy that he isn't. "This reminds me of last Guy Fawkes' day," laughed Rhino, "when we made a guy of—". Then he suddenly remembered that Dr. Lion was the guy, and, blushing deeply, broke off in the middle of his speech. "Hee! hee!" sniggered Jacko who noticed Rhino's awkward slip. "That was a narrow shave, wasn't it?"



2. That evening Jacko overheard the Boar's talking about strawberries. "I believe they take them," thought he. "When play-time comes to-morrow, I'll get inside the scarecrow, and watch!"

3. And sure enough those greedy porkers did steal the strawberries. Jacko hadn't been watching inside that big overcoat more than two minutes, when the Boars stole softly into the kitchen garden and began to tuck in at the strawberry patch as though they hadn't fed for a month.



4. "Oh, this won't do," thought Jacko. "If I don't drive them off quickly, there will not be a single strawberry left for our breaking-up day. 'Br-r-r-r! Yow!' he screeched. And when the Boars saw that scarecrow come to life they were so frightened that they rushed straight into the arms of Dr. Lion. Don't ask us what he said.

what was beyond the white cloud which he had so often watched; and this opened a new train of thoughts in the boy's mind. Again, how would it be possible, supposing he made up his mind to go to find out the way to this home of which the paper told him? Surely there was no way, unless it was by the mountains, on the snow-crested summit of which he had often-times seen the fleecy clouds rest. If that was the way thither, he was determined to lose no time in starting off in search of this children's home, which must be specially meant for such as he, without father or mother, or any friend in the world to care for and love him.

Sandy, however, kept his ideas to himself on this all-important subject, and waited patiently for a wet day, when he would be at liberty to start on his travels and explore the unknown country above the clouds.

The day came at last. It poured with rain, and there was no chance of the donkey being required for some time to come; so Sandy after feeding the animal, and putting his arms lovingly round its neck as a sort of farewell, collected his various possessions, consisting of a spinning top, picked up on the sands, and a few marbles, and set off, with the scrap of paper containing the wonderful news in his hand, to find the beautiful home.

As he journeyed towards the mountains, he felt quite another child, and so happy in spite of the rain. By-and-by, however, when the climbing commenced, Sandy, who had never been up the mountain-side before, began to think that the steep hills were very tiring, and he was obliged now and then to sit and rest

on a stone, at which stage he always re-read the paper-message, to be sure there was no mistake.

But gradually the rain came on faster and faster, the wind blew a fierce hurricane, and Sandy, who was usually very brave, sat down and cried—cried quite loud, too; but his wallings only mingled with the weird, wild music of the storm, and were of no avail.

Onward, therefore, Sandy toiled, weary and footsore, until the darkness deepened, and, seeming no nearer his goal, the boy feared lest he should have to sleep on the mountain-side, unprotected from the cold night air and the pitiless rain. He was very hungry, too, and his wet clothes, as they clung closely round him, made him shiver again and again, while his heart almost failed him for fear at the strange sounds on the lone mountains.

By-and-by, however, he espied a bright light in the dim distance, at the sight of which he was very glad, and he quickened his speed and forgot his fears. As he neared the bright light, he discovered that its rays proceeded from the latticed window of a small white-washed cottage. This was disappointing, for it did not look in the least like the beautiful home.

As he passed the low window, he observed that a very old man sat on a rocking-chair before a log-fire. The old man had long curly hair, and a bright and beautiful face, so that Sandy wondered if he could be the King who ruled the children's home. Everything was spotlessly clean, and the child glanced hungrily at the well-spread supper-table.

Passing on, he stopped at the cottage door and knocked gently. It was opened by the white-haired old man, whose face betrayed some alarm, until he observed the tiny boy, so ragged and forlorn, before him.

"Is this the children's home, master?" asked the little child.

The old man smiled, and bade him welcome; and Sandy, wet and weary, stepped inside, while an expression of undisguised satisfaction stole over his wan face as he was relieved of his wet clothes and wrapped up in a warm blanket before the fire. The old man wanted no explanation before doing all this. Enough for him that the poor child was alone and uncare'd-for in trouble.

"Is this the way to the children's home, master?" inquired the child in a very weak and feeble voice.

And the old man, who partly divined his meaning, answered:

"It is one of the resting places by the way."

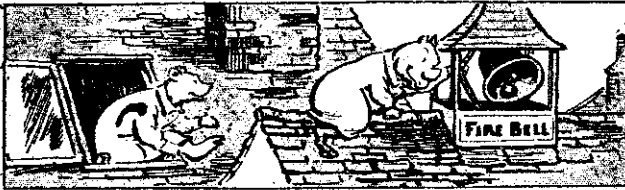
Sandy was very drowsy, and his ideas as to the old man's words were therefore rather hazy, and somehow his eyes refused to keep open, though there was a wondrous vision of white clouds and dazzling brightness before him.

By-and-by the tired child, with his head leaning against the old man's shoulder, and his two hands clasping the piece of paper, fell into a peaceful slumber, where for the time all his troubles were forgotten.

Two years have passed away. Sandy, a bright and happy little Christian, has learned the way to the children's home, and is walking therein. And the aged pilgrim, to whom Sandy is a great comfort and stay, observes that in befriending the homeless little child he has "entertained an angel unawares."

JUNGLE JINKS

ALL ABOUT A FIRE THAT WASN'T THERE.



1. Just look at that! There's naughtiness for you! Bruin and Rhino have crept out of bed in their nightshirts on to the roof of the Jungle School, and now they are ringing the fire-bell to make all the other boys believe the school is being burned down. They seem to think it is the greatest lark imaginable. "Hee, hee!" laughed Bruin. "I can hear them running all about, and shouting downstairs. What fun!"



2. The members of the Jungle School Fire Brigade assembled in a very short space of time, with Doctor Lion as their chief. "Where's the fire?" inquired Lieutenant Jumbo. "I can't see one anywhere. We've looked in all the cellars and the school-room, and there is nothing wrong." "That's queer," said Captain Lion, looking puzzled. "I can't smell anything burning, either. "Perhaps it's on the roof somewhere," said Jacko. "Ah, that's very likely!" said the Captain. "I thought I heard a chuckle in that direction just now. Here, Jumbo, bring up the hose!"



3. "If you find anybody playing on the roof, just play the hose on them! It's a warm summer night, and it won't do them any harm." So Jumbo popped up the ladder, and stuck the hose out of the window. "Oh, it's you, is it!" he cried. "Well, the Captain's compliments, and he thought you might like a drink of water. Here you are—take it!" And Rhino and Bruin had to have it, whether they liked it or not.

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FOR DAY AND NIGHT WEAR.

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THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

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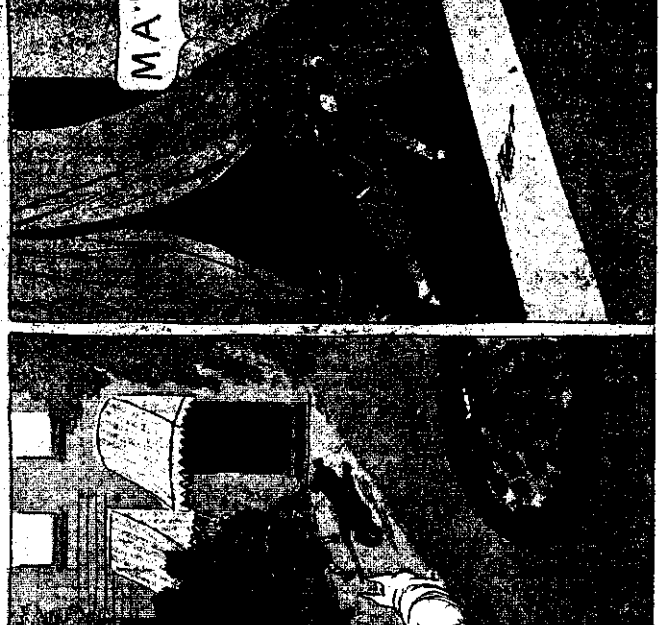
SEE THE LABEL ON THE SELVEDGE.

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UNTOUCHED BY HAND.

Prepared in a moment—without cooking. The ideal substitute for mother's milk. Mellin's Food may be given with safety even to a new-born child. No starch—no dried milk.

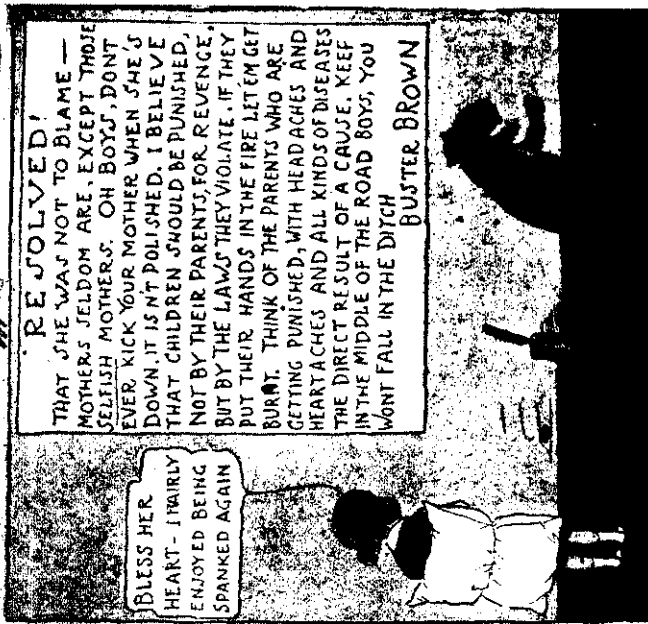
Mellin's Food may be obtained at all Chemists, stores, &c.



My dear Grandma
I will be with you next
Sunday and stay for a
few days. When I will
visit Buster the same as
the school. He is so busy.
Don't tell him I am coming.
We will surprise him by
coming from your house.
The father. Grandma
Buster's Mama

I HOPE SO
DON'T YOU
THINK IT WILL
WORK ALL
RIGHT?

COME ON GIRLS
BUSTER'S MAMA
IS HERE



RESOLVED!
 THAT SHE WAS NOT TO BLAME —
 MOTHERS JELDOM ARE, EXCEPT THOSE
 SELFISH MOTHERS. OH BOYS, DON'T
 EVER KICK YOUR MOTHER WHEN SHE'S
 DOWN, IT ISN'T POLISHED. I BELIEVE
 THAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE PUNISHED,
 NOT BY THEIR PARENTS, FOR, REVENGE,
 PUT THEIR HANDS IN THE FIRE LET 'EM GET
 BURN'T. THINK OF THE PARENTS WHO ARE
 GETTING PUNISHED, WITH HEADACHES AND
 HEARTACHES AND ALL KINDS OF DISEASES
 THE DIRECT RESULT OF A CAUSE. KEEP
 IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BOYS, YOU
 WON'T FALL IN THE DITCH
BUSTER BROWN

BLESS HER
 HEART - I FAIRLY
 ENJOYED BEING
 SPANKED AGAIN



BUSTER BROWN
 YOU LITTLE WRETCH

MA THIS MAKES
 ME HOMESICK



THE RETURN.

Tourist: "My physician advises me to locate where I may have the benefit of the south wind. Does it blow here?"
 Landlord: "My! but your fortunate in coming to just the right place! Why, the south wind always blows here."
 Tourist: "Always? Why, it seems to be blowing from the north now."
 Landlord: "Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's just coming back, you know."



"Algy will never marry you. He is only flirting."
 "Well, why did you tell me? Now you've queered the flirtation."



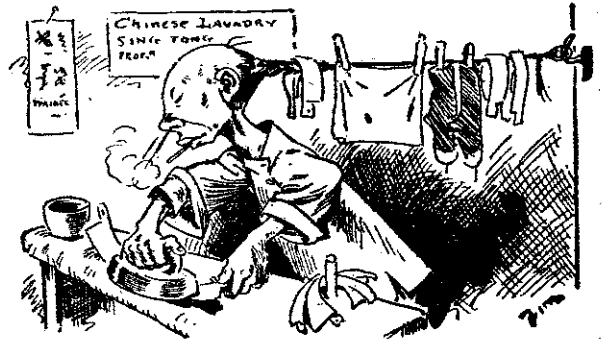
GOOD ADVICE.

Fond Mother: Now, Willie, fly straight to school, and be careful that you are not run over by an aeroplane.



AN ADVANCE GUARD.

Irate Mother—"What you got stuffed in your pants?"
 Son—"A book called, 'Home Protection.'"



THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Is it any wonder that we abhor the Chinaman? He has successfully acquired the much-hated cigarette habit, robbed the faithful washerwoman of her honourable profession, and now, "had luck to him!" he even deprives the miserable clothesline of its duties.



Mrs. Kwoery: "How did you lose your limb, my poor man? Did a shark get it?"
 Bill Topso: "Not egesactly, mum. He only got most o' what I got from the railway company that got it."



The Grawler (to wood-carer): "Say, sweetheart, do you think you'd get along any better if I brought you the nail file?"



SUCH A GOOD BOY!

Willie—"Huh! You always read about good little boys. Anyway, I never make any noise running down stairs like other fellows."
 Sister—"Pooh! That isn't true."
 Willie—"It is so. I always slide down the bannister."